

# THE A WORD

Episode Four  
SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1

**EXT. LAKE DISTRICT. ROAD. DAY 13. 07:35.**

A small boy in a massive landscape. JOE is walking down the middle of the road, headphones on. He is carrying an ornamental garden toadstool under his arm, listening to 'Something Changed' by Pulp. And, getting louder and more urgent, a car horn.

PULP

(ON HEADPHONES)

"I wrote the song two hours before  
we met  
I didn't know your name or what you  
looked like yet  
Oh I could have stayed at home and  
gone to bed  
I could have gone to see a film  
instead . . ."

Pull out to reveal not the "Polish Lads" but an angry middle-aged man - KEITH - sounding his horn. JOE turns and looks back at the car. He doesn't move. KEITH gets out of his car and marches towards him, irate, his voice above the sound of Pulp.

KEITH

What are you doing! Get out of the  
road! What are you doing!

KEITH is furious, even though JOE is so young. JOE looks at him but doesn't move.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Just get out of the road! What are  
you doing out on your own!

KEITH reaches for JOE's headphones and JOE puts his hands over them to prevent the man from taking them off. KEITH reaches for them again and JOE resists as the familiar blue van appears with DAVID, PAVEL and MAYA in the front - sounding its horn.

MAYA gets out of the van, and starts walking towards KEITH, shouting.

MAYA

You! Angry Man! Stop touching that  
child!

MAYA walks across to JOE, and steers him back to the van without holding his hand. Her expression is so fierce that KEITH says nothing until she is a distance away.

KEITH

He shouldn't be out on his own. You  
do know that?

MAYA  
(TURNING)  
Neither should you!

MAYA gets in the van with JOE. DAVID gets in the back. PAVEL sounds the horn of the van, winding KEITH up until he returns to his car.

KEITH  
All right! All right!

KEITH gets back in his car and we . . .

CUT TO:

2

**INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 13. 07:40.**

Very early morning. MAURICE is wide awake. LOUISE wakes up and looks at him watching her. He smiles. Uncomfortable.

LOUISE  
You don't have to force yourself to stay the night every time we have sex, you know.

MAURICE  
I'm not.

LOUISE  
I really don't want to wake up to the sight of your polite smile. It makes me feel like I'm being visited in hospital.

MAURICE  
Oh. Right.

LOUISE  
Now I've hurt your feelings. I thought you'd be relieved.

MAURICE  
I am. I am, really . . .

MAURICE does look more relaxed as he starts to get dressed.

LOUISE  
If you go now can you be quiet. I don't want Ralph knowing you stayed.

MAURICE  
Of course.

LOUISE  
I think he would find it hard to understand what's going on here.

MAURICE  
He's not alone.

LOUISE  
I daresay it'll be the same for  
your Joe. When he's older. You'll  
see.

MAURICE nods in agreement as he pulls on his trousers but something troubles him about this thought.

CUT TO:

3     **EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE. DAY 13. 07:45.**

MAURICE comes out of Louise's house in his stocking feet, carrying his shoes. He sits down on the step and puts on his shoes. He thought these days were long gone. He looks up and sees NICOLA walking by on the opposite side of the road. She is looking straight at him but says nothing. MAURICE doesn't acknowledge her. He watches her go and thinks, "Oh, shit."

CUT TO:

4     **EXT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY 13. 08:35.**

MAYA walks with JOE to school - side by side not hand in hand. JOE is wearing his headphones. MAYA stops in front of the school and JOE turns to face her. She smooths JOE's hair down. A familiar joke routine.

MAYA  
Hair? Done. Tongue?

JOE sticks his tongue out.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Done. Ears?

MAYA reaches behind one ear and finds nothing.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Good.

MAYA reaches behind JOE's other ear.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Ah. I think I've found something.

MAYA brings a clenched fist and opens it. There is a sweet in the palm of her hand. JOE smiles and takes it and heads into the playground.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Have a good day, Joe.

JOE stands in the playground, away from the other kids as they arrive.

ALISON (V.O.)  
I agree he's going to need help.

CUT TO:

5

INT/EXT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. HEAD'S OFFICE/PLAYGROUND.  
DAY 13. 08:37.

ALISON and PAUL sit in the office with the Head - MRS FOX - and the class teacher - MISS REES. In front of them is a file full of reports ALISON has handed them.

PAUL  
We both agree.

ALISON  
But we don't want that help to be public knowledge.

MRS FOX  
We would always be discreet about any issue regarding a child's needs.

ALISON  
I'm not being funny here but do all the staff need to know?

Even PAUL looks surprised by this. He smiles slightly and ALISON catches it.

MRS FOX  
I do think all the staff need to know, yes. We do have other children with a variety of special needs in the school so we are aware of the sensitivities around the issue . . .

MISS REES  
And you'd be amazed how little the children worry about such things.

ALISON  
Well, I'll be able to see for myself in about ten minutes.

MISS REES  
Oh?

ALISON  
(BRIGHT)  
I'm on the parents reading rota.  
Two times a week.  
(MORE)

ALISON (CONT'D)

If I'm going to commit to this school then believe me, I'm going to commit.

PAUL

(JOKING)

I think you're scaring them, honey.

MISS REES and MRS FOX smile nervously.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It was called a Statement when I was at school. It's called an EHC plan now. So nobody knows what it means. (JOKE FALLS FLAT) Isn't it? To get him extra help in the classroom?

ALISON

But not in your face help that all the other kids notice.

PAUL glances at ALISON. Some tension.

MRS FOX

Well, there are stages that the school goes through first. We try him with an education action plan and then . . .

ALISON

I think we can cut to the chase here. The reports you have in front of you. They're all you need. We've got a customised speech therapy plan. All in there. These are the top people we've consulted.

PAUL

I think what Alison means is that they are very thorough reports. Paediatrician. Clinical Psychologist. Speech and Language Therapist. (BEAT) Just don't ask me to spell any of them.

Again that spike of tension between ALISON and PAUL.

MRS FOX

Even though your autism team has diagnosed Joe, we still have to be seen to have tried to meet his needs within the existing school budget before we start to ask for extra funding earmarked just for Joe. The council need to know that before we can move forward . . .

PAUL

I don't want him to fail before he can get the help he needs. And I'm telling you he will fail. I did a lot of that myself. It's not nice.

MRS FOX looks at ALISON who looks away into the playground. There she sees the Reception class being shaped into a queue by GAIL - the kindly teaching assistant. JOE away from the action in the corner of the playground.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's not nice at all.

MRS FOX

We need to play the game. And we need your support. Getting what we used to call a Statement is never easy. It involves the council spending money it hasn't got.

ALISON

The funny thing. I thought I would never be one of those parents who was a pain in the arse. Joe's been at school a month and I've decided to be that parent.

ALISON smiles pleasantly but again it sounds like a threat.

CUT TO:

6

**EXT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. PLAYGROUND. DAY 13. 08:50.**

PAUL is coming away from the school. He turns and looks at Joe's RECEPTION CLASS in their line with GAIL, waiting to go in. Tugging at each other, turning and chatting, animated. And there, at the back, his coat done up to the top button, JOE, waiting like a businessman for a train, a good yard back from the others, staring at the jacket of the kid in front of him. Not unhappy, but very much alone, on the outside.

CUT TO:

7

**INT/EXT. PAUL'S CAR/THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. DAY 13. 08:58.**

PAUL is still turning over this moment in his mind when he arrives at the gastropub to see two MEN lowering a tailgate with a huge cooker on it. He can't believe what he is seeing.

PAUL

Shit!

PAUL gets out of the car and runs into the gastropub.

CUT TO:

8

**INT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. KITCHEN. DAY 13. 08:59.**

PAUL enters, there are plasterers, electricians, hoods being fitted on the kitchen wall. The bar being put together. PAUL, irate, races over to SALLY.

PAUL

What's going on? The cooker shouldn't be here for another two weeks! They're unloading it outside.

SALLY

We can store it.

PAUL

Where? We haven't even got a proper floor!

SALLY

We're better off having it here to fit rather than having the gas lads here and nothing for them to install.

PAUL

We've barely finished the second electrics.

SALLY

So what do you want me to do? Stand here while you shout at me or get on with bringing the flooring forward and booking an electrician for tomorrow.

PAUL is looking down at a form he has to sign.

PAUL

I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to manage this myself.

SALLY

Don't be a dick, Paul.

PAUL

Look at it. It's chaos. I can do chaos all by myself. I don't need to pay someone else to do it for me! That's how I'm going to save money. By getting rid of you.

SALLY

I thought I said, "Don't be a dick."

PAUL looks at SALLY and shrugs.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(SHAKING HER HEAD IN  
DISBELIEF)  
The paperwork's on that table over  
there. Call me in an hour when you  
find you can't cope.

SALLY walks out on PAUL. He nods to himself. He is going to make this work. He is going to take control. And the more he walks about and nods to himself the less convincing he looks.

CUT TO:

9

**EXT. CONISTON. BUS STOP. DAY 13. 09:00.**

REBECCA and TOM wait for the school bus. REBECCA obsessively checking her phone.

TOM  
If it's any comfort he hasn't  
replied to any of my texts either.

REBECCA  
He didn't sleep with you.

TOM  
(PUZZLED)  
Is that what he's telling you?  
(BEAT) That was a joke by the way.

REBECCA  
I know.

TOM  
He was away with his Mum and Dad.  
Bad signal. No credit . . . it  
happens.

REBECCA  
So why isn't he here now?

CUT TO:

10

**INT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. AREA BY CLASSROOM. DAY 13.  
09:55.**

ALISON is sitting on a tiny chair just outside the classroom with a little girl, DAISY, reading in that familiar breathy monologue of new readers.

DAISY  
(READING)  
"Woof, woof" said Floppy. "Where's  
Chip?" "I don't . . .

As DAISY reads, it is clear that ALISON isn't really listening but instead peering through the glass partition at JOE, who has flitted from 'Water Play' and is staring at an inert computer screen and tapping the keys and waiting for something magic to happen. ALISON watches MISS REES gently talking to him but can't hear for the sound of DAISY reading.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
(READING)  
"I don't k . . . I don't k . . . n  
. o . . . "

ALISON turns back to DAISY.

ALISON  
"Know". It says, "Know." It  
doesn't look like it should but it  
does.

A smile from DAISY who reads on at rattling speed. No expression whatsoever.

DAISY  
(READING)  
Then Mum came in. "Where's Floppy?"  
She said. "I don't know" said Biff.

ALISON is watching JOE playing in a non-committed way at the sandpit, then drifting to book corner, never settling, ALISON's attention emphatically not on DAISY.

CUT TO:

11     **INT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. CLASSROOM. DAY 13. 10:14.**

ALISON returns a LITTLE BOY to the classroom. He is clutching his reading book and card. ALISON looks again at the hive of activity in the classroom. GAIL, the assistant, is trying to coax JOE away from a threading toy and to the reading corner.

GAIL  
Shall we see what stories you like,  
hey? Joe?

JOE  
Not now, thank you.

MISS REES  
Thanks very much, Alison. I'll see  
you next week?

ALISON  
I can stay for longer if you like.  
I can stay all day!

MISS REES just manages to disguise the slightest note of alarm.

MISS REES  
That's lovely, Alison. But we don't  
like to wear out our parent-  
helpers.

MISS REES smiles beguilingly, but it is a smile that says,  
'Get the Fuck Out of My Classroom or I'm Calling Security.'

CUT TO:

12     **EXT. MILLCROSS PRIMARY SCHOOL. PLAYGROUND. DAY 13. 10:20.**

ALISON stands by the gate, about to let herself out using a security code, but can't resist watching JOE play. On his own but then joined by two boys - BILL, who has hearing aids, and RAMESH - one of only two Asian boys in the class.

Their play is pretty perfunctory fighting and pulling at each other but ALISON notes this before turning to press the exit buttons . . .

CUT TO:

13     **EXT. WORDSWORTH HIGH SCHOOL. COURTYARD. DAY 13. 12:39.**

REBECCA sits in the corner of the courtyard with TOM, watching LUKE at a distance. LUKE is rather self-consciously trying to ignore her glances as he talks to his mates. REBECCA finally gets up and walks across to him.

REBECCA  
Hi.

LUKE  
Hi.

LUKE hopes that might do the trick but REBECCA isn't going anywhere. He pulls away from the group. He is noticeably cool and awkward.

REBECCA  
Your phone hasn't been working.

LUKE  
I lost it. Then I was out of credit.

REBECCA  
How do you know?

LUKE  
What?

REBECCA  
How do you know it was out of credit if you lost it?

LUKE  
I found it again.

REBECCA  
You didn't come in on the bus this morning.

LUKE  
Dan's passed his test. He's got him a car now. He gave me a lift.

Silence from LUKE. He looks over his shoulder towards his MATES.

REBECCA  
Right. Well. I'll see you in History. Unless Dan's got a Tardis too and you're travelling back in time with him.

LUKE  
(BEWILDERED)  
Right.

LUKE turns and walks back to his mates. REBECCA takes the long walk back to her bench feeling stung and humiliated.

CUT TO:

14 **OMITTED**

14A **INT. WORDSWORTH HIGH SCHOOL. ART ROOM. DAY 13. 14:30**

Maybe another couple of sixth form art pupils in the background.

TOM is sketching REBECCA as he talks - a charcoal drawing. REBECCA is trying not to look as upset as she feels.

TOM  
Maybe he's just confused. (BEAT) Or a dick. He could be just a dick.

REBECCA  
Tom. I don't want to talk about it now.

TOM  
(SENSITIVE)  
Okay. (BEAT) What about now? Do you want to talk about it now?

REBECCA  
Tom. I can't.

TOM

Okay. Okay. But if you are going to  
cry then bear in mind that this is  
in charcoal . . .

REBECCA gets up and walks.

REBECCA

I've got to go.

REBECCA gets her things and rushes out.

CUT TO:

15     **EXT. HUGHES & SCOTT HOUSES. DAY 13. 16:21.**

REBECCA tries her key in the lock and as she does so she  
turns to see EDDIE arriving.

EDDIE

Hiya, Rebecca.

REBECCA looks at EDDIE and bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

16     **INT. SCOTT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 13. 16:30.**

REBECCA and EDDIE sit opposite each other at the table. A cup  
of tea in front of both of them. NICOLA moving in and out of  
the kitchen. REBECCA red nosed and red eyed.

EDDIE

You feeling any better for the tea?

REBECCA

Not really.

EDDIE

That's good. It means you've got  
depth. That'll stand you in good  
stead when you're older even if it  
means the world feels like shit  
right now.

REBECCA

You know what's the absolute worst  
thing?

EDDIE

Apart from everything I just said?

REBECCA

(SMILES)

That I'm a cliché. We have sex and  
then he blanks me.

NICOLA

He might just need a bit of time to  
come to his senses.

REBECCA

(A BIT HOPEFUL)

You think?

EDDIE

If he doesn't then he's a prick.

NICOLA

And it's good to find these things  
out early.

EDDIE

Nicola found out I was a prick very  
early and learned to adjust her  
expectations accordingly.

REBECCA

(A SHARD OF HOPE)

So he might just be having a bit of  
a wobble?

EDDIE

Obviously I don't know him that  
well. I only met him the once and  
it was hard to judge because the  
condom stuck to the back of his  
shirt was making it hard to  
concentrate on his character, as  
such.

REBECCA laughs, sniffs again.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You know what? If I was going to  
bet? I'm saying in a week's time  
he's on the phone sending you poems  
by text. Or at least a sad face  
with a tear in lieu of a poem.

Out on REBECCA, smiling again, some of the spark back. EDDIE  
smiles reassuringly despite NICOLA looking doubtfully across  
to him behind REBECCA's back.

CUT TO:

17

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 13. 18:35.**

ALISON, opposite JOE who is looking anywhere but at ALISON.

ALISON

Joe. Concentrate. No. Listen, love,  
Joe?

REBECCA comes in, looking happier, starting to graze for snacks as this conversation goes on.

ALISON (CONT'D)

The little boy you were playing with in the playground? The one with hearing aids? Do you know his name? Huh? He had things in his ears?

JOE

(NODS)

He had things in his ears.

ALISON

He did, yes.

JOE

Let me see now . . .

JOE turns to see what REBECCA is doing.

ALISON

Joe. Joe?

ALISON gets a biscuit out and puts her hand over it.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What about the other little boy? He has a brown face. We have pink faces. He had a brown face?

JOE

Let me see now. . .

REBECCA

Oh come on Joe, you're hardly spoilt for choice at that school.

REBECCA bursts out laughing.

ALISON

Not helping, Becky. Joe? Can you remember his name?

JOE

Whose name?

PAUL walks in, still full of false confidence from his earlier decision.

PAUL

Someone's busy . . .

ALISON

Joe was playing with two boys in the playground. I'm inviting them to a sleepover.

PAUL

On day one? Really?

ALISON

An Asian boy and a boy with hearing aids but Joe doesn't know their names.

PAUL

Really? A deaf kid too? They could form a boyband and go on Britain's Got Talent. Although the odds are they'd probably go out at the semi-final stage.

REBECCA

The kid with hearing aids? He's called Bill Hibbs. His brother is two years below me.

ALISON

Why didn't you say so?

REBECCA

I was enjoying myself too much.

ALISON writes down the name.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So it's paying off, then, the spying, sorry, "helping with reading" . . .

ALISON

Oh, I think spying pretty much covers it.

REBECCA smiles and exits. PAUL affectionately puts his arms around ALISON.

PAUL

I like to think that there is just a little altruism under there.

ALISON

(WRIGGLING FREE)

I don't do altruism. Remember. I'm the bully.

PAUL lets her go. Silence.

CUT TO:

NICOLA is clearing up after dinner and EDDIE is looking over some alternative beer label designs for the relaunch.

Preferably laid out side by side and printed on a large sheet. He scribbles some notes on the side of one particular design - concentrating as he talks.

EDDIE

The thing about losing your virginity as a young man is that it's pretty much a culmination of your life's ambitions. You have been thinking of little else since you were 12. When it happens, it can't help but be an anti-climactic experience.

NICOLA

I'll take your word for it.

EDDIE

Especially if the event takes place in her older brother's bunkbed with his football posters staring down at you. (BEAT) Not every young man can maintain an erection while staring at a celebrating Gary Neville.

NICOLA

This theory of yours isn't at all based on personal experience by any chance.

EDDIE

My point is. Afterwards. The real shock is that you struggle to work out what it all means. You don't know how to be anymore. You feel you should have been changed by the experience so you act as though you have.

NICOLA

So you don't think it's true. What you told Rebecca about her boyfriend coming back?

EDDIE

No. I was just softening the blow.

NICOLA

By hiding the truth.

EDDIE

An age old and trusted technique handed down from Father to Son.

NICOLA

I know that much is true.

EDDIE

I sense a theory coming on . . . is this about the brewery expansion. I know exactly how it's going to work . . . so whatever Dad says. . .

NICOLA

(INTERRUPTING)

I saw him this morning. On his music teacher's doorstep. Putting on his shoes.

EDDIE

So?

NICOLA

So it was 7.30 this morning. He's clearly having a secret relationship with her.

EDDIE

He might just have had an early singing lesson.

NICOLA

Why would he take his shoes off to do that?

EDDIE

7.30 in the morning. Really?

NICOLA

He looked right at me. He didn't even say, "Hello."

EDDIE

Did you say, "Hello"?

NICOLA

No. I respected his privacy.

EDDIE

Of course you did. Like you're respecting it now. By telling me all about it.

NICOLA

How do you feel about it?

EDDIE

A little shocked to be honest. I wouldn't have thought Dad was the kind of man who took his shoes off to have sex.

NICOLA

Seriously . . .

EDDIE

Seriously. My widowed Father is having a sexual relationship. That's just another thing in my head not to think about when I see him in running tights.

NICOLA laughs.

CUT TO:

19

**INT/EXT. CONISTON. MINIMART. DAY 14. 08:55.**

EDDIE is in the shop, finds himself behind MAURICE at the checkout. MAURICE is in running gear, hot and sweaty from a recent run.

EDDIE

All right, Dad.

MAURICE

(CHECKS HIS WATCH)

I was normally at the brewery by now.

EDDIE

I've already been. Got a nice golden ale coming in at 4.4%. I just popped out for some provisions. What about you?

MAURICE

What about me?

EDDIE

You've worked up quite a sweat there. Running, was it?

MAURICE

Of course it was running. What are you talking about?

MAURICE walks out of the shop with his shopping, irritated. EDDIE has spotted LUKE picking up crisps and cola and two Magnums, DAN in car outside, playing loud rap - something current like Dizzee Rascal. Seriously, though, bass heavy, urban . . .

EDDIE

Luke, isn't it?

LUKE

(NERVOUS)

Yes. You're Rebecca's Uncle. (BEAT)  
Nice to see you again.

LUKE moves off but EDDIE blocks his way with his basket.

EDDIE

Now, listen. I don't care what you say - whether it's good news or bad news, but you go to my lovely niece and you talk to her. Okay? You don't just ignore her like a prick. Okay?

LUKE

(NERVOUS)

I was going to talk to her.

EDDIE

Was? I was going to invent a flying machine that ran on dogshit but I never got round to it. You talk to her. Today. All right? Otherwise you have me to answer to.

LUKE nods, fearful.

LUKE

Can I go now? My Magnum is melting.

EDDIE

If you don't talk to her, you'll have more than a melting Magnum to worry about. Am I getting through?

LUKE

(PUZZLED)

I think so.

EDDIE

Good. Good. Now let me get to the Quinoa before I tear you a new one.

LUKE heads to the counter, looking back at EDDIE, both worried and bemused.

CUT TO:

20

**INT. WORDSWORTH HIGH SCHOOL. CORRIDOR WITH LOCKERS. DAY 14. 12:16.**

REBECCA corners LUKE as he stuffs his bag into his locker.

REBECCA

I think we should talk.

LUKE

Really? And then will you report our conversation back to your psycho Uncle?

REBECCA

What? I don't know what you're talking about.

LUKE

That Uncle of yours. He threatened me this morning. He told me I had to talk to you.

REBECCA

That had nothing to do with me.

LUKE

For the record I wasn't ignoring you. I just didn't know what to say to you after we'd done it.

REBECCA

Why? Was it that bad.

LUKE

No. It was great. But it . . . I didn't know how to be with you after we'd done it. It's just dead weird seeing you at school after, you know . . .

REBECCA

Why didn't you explain any of that? To me?

LUKE

I wanted to. But I didn't know how to.

REBECCA

So you just ignored me instead.

LUKE

I was about to call you and then your Uncle came and threatened me and that nailed it for me. It's your family. You're all so intense. I can't see you again.

LUKE turns and walks away. REBECCA watches him go. Heartbroken.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT 14. 18.01.**

ALISON stands nervously and welcoming at the door as BILL is ushered in by his Mum, SARAH, who is handing ALISON a tupperware box and a carton of coconut water as she steps into the hall.

BILL heads off into the living room. SARAH hovers with ALISON.

SARAH  
His sandwiches are in there. This  
is his drink. And a treat for  
afters.

ALISON  
We do have gluten-free . . .

SARAH  
I never know, you know. And I can't  
be too careful. He's lactose and  
gluten intolerant. And here's my  
phone number. Ring any time. In the  
night. And to be on the safe side  
if the boys are going to eat nuts  
best if they do that outside and  
wash their hands afterwards.

PAUL appears in the hall.

PAUL  
Well, bang goes the blindfold nut  
tasting game!

ALISON  
He's joking. Shut up, Paul.

SARAH  
(A LITTLE BEMUSED)  
Thank you for having him. I'll pick  
him up at 8.30. He has African  
Drumming at 9.

PAUL  
Of course he does.

ALISON  
He'll be ready for you, I'm sure.  
Thanks for the food.

SARAH steps forward again.

SARAH  
This is the first sleepover he has  
ever been to, and he's a little  
nervous. Anytime. Just call me.

She isn't leaving.

CONTINUOUS:

21A **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 18:02**

BILL is rifling through the DVD collection, RAMESH is sitting on the sofa reading 'Harry Potter - The Philosopher's Stone', JOE there with his headphones on and SARAH has popped her head in from the hall.

ALISON  
We'll look after him.

SARAH  
Thank you. Bye, Bill!

BILL gives a vague wave in SARAH's direction.

CONTINUOUS:

21B **INT/EXT. HUGHES HOUSE. HALL/FRONT DOOR. NIGHT 14. 18:02.**

SARAH  
(EXITING)  
Bye, now.

The door shuts. ALISON and PAUL look relieved. A knock on the door. ALISON answers it. SARAH there.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He doesn't sleep in his hearing aids.

ALISON  
Great. Thanks, Sarah.

SARAH backs away again, they slowly shut the door.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 18:14.**

PAUL is sitting with a box on his lap. RAMESH is blindfolded and being led down a series of objects by ALISON that he has to identify by touch. First off is marbles in jelly.

RAMESH  
Ah, yes. That's clearly marbles in jelly.

ALISON  
It's an eyeball!

RAMESH  
That's the idea, yes. But I don't think that eyeballs would actually feel that tough.

ALISON plunges RAMESH's hand into some pasta.

ALISON  
And this is worms?

PAUL and ALISON make stagey sound effects.

RAMESH  
It's spaghetti.

BILL  
I'm not allowed spaghetti.

PAUL  
It's gluten free, Bill.

ALISON leads RAMESH over to the box on PAUL's lap. The family guinea pig is inside there.

ALISON  
Careful . . .

ALISON puts RAMESH's hand in the box.

RAMESH  
It's a rodent of some kind.

RAMESH strokes the guinea pig.

PAUL  
Your turn next, Joe!

JOE  
I don't think so.

PAUL  
Bill?

BILL  
I've got allergies.

PAUL tries not to laugh with despair.

CUT TO:

23

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 18:47.**

PAUL is lining up the DVD player. ALISON enters with crisps, maltesers and twiglets and drinks. The boys are in their pyjamas now, and RAMESH is wearing a dressing gown and slippers.

ALISON  
Now then boys. Here we go. Diet  
Coke, Fanta and coconut water.

PAUL sets the DVD running. 'Wallace and Gromit: The Wrong Trousers'.

PAUL  
Going to leave you to it, lads!  
Give us a shout if you need  
anything.

Nobody replies, not even JOE. ALISON and PAUL retreat.

CUT TO:

24

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 14. 18:55.**

PAUL and ALISON sit at the kitchen. The dialogue from 'The Wrong Trousers' can be heard but no other noise.

ALISON  
Should we have stayed in with them?

PAUL  
Of course we shouldn't. They'll be  
farting and wrestling by now.

ALISON  
Stop it.

PAUL  
Just a guess, but probably not the  
coolest boys in the school.

ALISON  
Did you have cool friends when you  
were five?

PAUL  
I was the cool friend. And that  
never really went away.

Some laughter and maybe the slightest exchange of words comes from the living room. REBECCA enters, miserable.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Hey, Becky. We think we may have  
heard sounds of enjoyment in there!

REBECCA shrugs and silently heads for her room. PAUL looks at ALISON, puzzled, for an explanation. ALISON shrugs back. PAUL can't resist, heads back for the door.

ALISON  
Don't go in!

PAUL  
I'm not!

PAUL peers through the gap in the door.

CONTINUOUS:

25      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 18:56.**

From PAUL's POV:

Not the party he was expecting. JOE is on the floor, watching 'In the Night Garden' on his portable DVD player and eating his way through all the snacks.

BILL is watching the film and RAMESH is reading 'Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone.'

PAUL steps in.

PAUL

Joe. Joe. Joe. You've got to be a better host than this. Come on, mate. Watch the film! It's a classic!

PAUL pulls the DVD player away from JOE. He looks up and then back at the screen.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Are you enjoying the film, boys?

BILL and RAMESH look at PAUL blankly.

CUT TO:

26      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 19:05.**

BILL, RAMESH and JOE now happily watching 'In the Night Garden'. ALISON giving pizza slices to JOE and RAMESH. PAUL handing BILL his sandwiches.

ALISON

Take more than one piece, Ramesh.

RAMESH

I'll take one of each flavour then see if I'm still hungry.

ALISON

Very sensible.

ALISON glances at JOE who is piling slices on to his plate. She feels sudden embarrassment on his behalf.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Think that's enough for now, hey, Joe?

PAUL

There you go, Bill. Gluten free houmous sandwiches and rice cakes. A sentence that says pleasure in any language.

PAUL and ALISON retreat from the room.

CUT TO:

27

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 14. 19:11.**

PAUL and ALISON sit in the kitchen. They can hear the dulcet tones of 'In the Night Garden' playing loud in the other room. They pick at a pizza of their own.

PAUL

Is it just me or is Ramesh actually an accountant in his early 40's?

ALISON

He's just got good manners.

PAUL

I get the feeling he'll be coming to tell us to keep the noise down at 10.30.

They hear laughter. They exchange a satisfied look. This might just be working out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think it's going really well. Well done, you.

ALISON

Not bad for the school bully.

PAUL

I didn't mean, bully, all right. I meant bullish. Like in a China Shop. (BEAT) I'm sorry. I know it's hard. And what do I know. You got him some mates. So, what can I say . . .

ALISON

Nearly an apology sneaking out there.

PAUL holds his hands up in surrender. They smile and . . .

RAMESH

Mr. Joe's Daddy? Something bad has happened.

PAUL and ALISON share a look of alarm.

CUT TO:

28

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 14. 19:12.**

JOE is throwing up spectacularly on the carpet. RAMESH and BILL are both watching JOE and glancing at the TV at the same time.

PAUL

You think that's it, Joe? You think that's everything?

Gazing at the pool of vomit with disdain as ALISON comes back in carrying a bowl of hot water.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It certainly looks like everything. You get it all out. That's right.

RAMESH

You need to lie him on his side. He could choke on his own vomit. The gag reflex doesn't work well enough when it's overloaded.

PAUL

Thanks, Ramesh.

RAMESH

My Uncle is a Paramedic in Blackpool.

PAUL tenderly rubs JOE's back.

BILL

Is he poorly? I think he's poorly?

PAUL

I think so.

BILL

Does he have an allergy?

JOE looks at PAUL, nods, smiles.

PAUL

Poor Joe. You're burning up.

JOE promptly throws up again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When I said "Get it All Out" I wasn't actually talking internal organs but . . . oh, poor lad.

CUT TO:

29      **INT/EXT. PAUL'S CAR/BILL & SARAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT 14. 19:30.**

PAUL sits in the car with BILL while his Mum, SARAH, comes to get him out of the car.

PAUL  
I'm really sorry. It just seemed best to be on the safe side.

SARAH  
And Bill didn't eat any of the same food as Joe?

PAUL  
No. Not at all. To be honest, with Joe, I think it was the alcohol and the dope rather than the wheat.

SARAH looks alarmed, then puzzled, then feigns amusement.

SARAH  
Well. You can never be too careful.

PAUL  
Indeed not. Goodnight, Bill.

SARAH  
Come on, young man. Thank you, Paul. Nice to meet you.

She says this with the tone of someone who never wants to meet PAUL again. PAUL waves and drives away.

CUT TO:

30      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 14. 20:35.**

PAUL looks in on JOE fast asleep. Next to him a bowl, and next to the bowl, ALISON, also fast asleep on a pile of cushions. PAUL tenderly pulls a cover over ALISON, strokes JOE's hair and exits.

CUT TO:

31      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY 15. 09:32.**

NICOLA taking JOE's temperature as he lies in his bed, stunned and co-operative. ALISON hovering.

NICOLA  
He's got a high temperature. It's the usual routine. Get as many liquids down him as you can. And Calpol every four hours. Yeah?

ALISON  
So it's not food poisoning?

NICOLA  
More of a bug. His glands are up.  
Just bad timing for his sleepover.

ALISON  
Thanks, Nicola.

NICOLA  
Call me if you're worried about  
anything. Rebecca okay today?

ALISON  
As okay as any teenager can be.

NICOLA  
Good.

ALISON  
Why would you ask that?

NICOLA  
I saw her the other night. And she  
was a little upset.

ALISON  
Really? Any idea about what?

NICOLA  
I think if she wants to tell you  
she will.

NICOLA gets up and exits. ALISON is torn between leaving JOE where he is and following her out. Finally she gets up and follows her.

ALISON  
Are you really going to just leave  
it there?

NICOLA exits, leaving ALISON puzzled.

JOE (O.S.)  
Mummy? Mum?

ALISON  
Coming, sweetheart!

ALISON heads back to JOE's bedroom.

CUT TO:

32      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 15. 11:27.**

ALISON sits with JOE watching kids' telly. He has a bed made up on the sofa. He slowly falls asleep.

CUT TO:

33      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 15. 13:08.**

ALISON slowly turns the pages of a photo album, gazing at the early milestones of JOE's childhood. She looks at the photo of the baby JOE and looks at her son lying there. JOE opens his eyes. There is something calm about him, he seems more focussed, less fidgety. ALISON touches his forehead.

ALISON

Poor Joe. You're burning up again.

JOE

That means I'm hot.

ALISON

Yes. That's right.

JOE

Not on fire.

ALISON pauses for a moment. This isn't the kind of conversation she has ever had with JOE before.

ALISON

No. That's right. It's just something people say.

JOE

Let me see.

ALISON settles down next to JOE. She shows him the first page of his photo album.

JOE (CONT'D)

Who is that?

ALISON

That's you. When you were a baby.

JOE

What's baby Joe doing?

ALISON

He's sleeping. He's had some milk.  
You've had some milk I mean.

JOE

(POINTING AT THE PHOTO)

That's me.

ALISON  
That's right.

JOE  
(POINTING TO HIMSELF)  
And this is me.

Again ALISON puzzled for a moment, her heart skips a beat.

ALISON  
Yes. It's confusing, isn't it.

ALISON turns the page, JOE looks at the photos. Really looks.  
A picture of JOE in his Grandma's arms.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Who is that holding you?

JOE  
It's Grandma. Grandma hold Joe.

ALISON  
Yes. She did.

JOE  
And sings, "Horsey, horsey"

ALISON  
(SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED)  
You remember that? You do? You  
remember that?

JOE looks at ALISON. She looks at the picture of JOE and his  
Grandma.

JOE  
Is Mummy sad? You look sad.

ALISON  
Well, that's my Mummy there.

JOE  
And she's not here. So Mum's sad.

ALISON hugs JOE, kisses him.

ALISON  
That's right, love. That's right.

ALISON strokes JOE's hair, a growing euphoria.

CUT TO:

JOE is asleep again. ALISON comes in from the kitchen with  
the "poorly tray".

Lucozade, dry toast, Calpol and fruit pastilles. She stands watching him for a few moments, watching him sleep. He opens his eyes and looks at ALISON.

JOE  
I've been asleep.

ALISON  
Yes, love. You have.

He closes his eyes and falls back to sleep. ALISON puts down the tray. She can't stay still. She walks around the room, thinking about what has just happened, smiling to herself.

CUT TO:

35     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. CONSERVATORY. DAY 15. 14:13.**

ALISON smiling as she leaves an answerphone message for PAUL.

ALISON  
Paul? Paul. Ring me when you can.  
There's nothing to worry about but  
I want to tell you something. It's  
important. It's good! About Joe!

ALISON hangs up, smiles to herself again and we . . .

CUT TO:

36     **INT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. DAY 15. 14:39.**

PAUL is taking some paperwork from a man - GARY - without quite knowing what it is. Around him workmen getting on with plastering, painting, laying a floor.

PAUL  
What is this? Who are you?

GARY  
It's my CV. I heard you were  
looking for a Chef.

PAUL  
What?

GARY  
That's what it said on the website.  
You were interviewing this week.

PAUL  
Does it look like I need a Chef,  
right now?

GARY looks around in the chaos.

GARY

I've cooked in worse.

PAUL turns to see EDDIE walking across towards him carrying two coffees.

EDDIE

I've got the three launch brews underway. (ENTHUSIASTIC) Got an Indian pale Ale using Jester Hops for added kick, a low ABV stout and a limited edition bitter.

PAUL

(TAKING THE COFFEE)

There wasn't a delivery van outside with half a kitchen hanging off the back of it, was there?

EDDIE

Not that I noticed. I just need the final name of the restaurant. So I can work it into the launch brews.

PAUL

I told you already. 'The Fellside'

EDDIE

'The Fellside'? Right. I thought that was a working title.

PAUL

Yes. What is wrong with that?

EDDIE

Nothing is wrong with it. Just thought you might do more to pick up on the poetry theme. You've already got the Daffodil Diner. After Wordsworth so . . . what else did he write?

PAUL

(MOCK THINKING)

Let me see. I think 'Bitches 'Aint Shit' was one of his later works. I don't know. All right? It's called the Fellside.

EDDIE

(WALKING OUT)

I'll do what I can but it doesn't give me a lot to go on.

PAUL walks across to a waiting plasterer. EDDIE turns and regards the chaos before exiting.

CUT TO:

37

**EXT. DAFFODIL DINER. DAY 15. 15:05.**

TERRY is serving a CUSTOMER at the diner as EDDIE and MAURICE peel away, carrying their coffees.

TERRY

You having a pastry with the latte today, Madam? Got an almond croissant on today that has made grown men weep. Go on . . .

EDDIE and MAURICE reach a table and sit down, looking up at the restaurant.

MAURICE

The Fellside? Really? Bit dull.

EDDIE

You go and tell him. He won't listen to me.

MAURICE

You need to stop sticking your nose in other people's business, Eddie.

EDDIE

Here speaks the master.

MAURICE

I've stayed away from the brewery, haven't I?

EDDIE

For a whole week. Bet it's killing you wondering what's going on . . .

MAURICE

Not really. I know when to be discreet.

EDDIE

You certainly do.

MAURICE

What's that supposed to mean?

EDDIE looks at MAURICE. Penny finally drops.

EDDIE

Dad. If you're seeing someone else I'm glad for you. You don't need to sneak around like some teenager. You're a grown man and it's been a year and good luck to you. OK. Just wanted to say that.

EDDIE walks away with his coffee. MAURICE looks shattered.

CUT TO:

38     **EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE. DAY 15. 15:25.**

MAURICE knocks on Louise's door with real urgency. LOUISE answers the door, is pleased to see him.

                 LOUISE  
         Why, Mr. Scott. Twice in one week.  
         You're spoiling me.

                 MAURICE  
                 (UNSMILING)  
         Our secret's out.

LOUISE steps to one side and MAURICE goes in.

CUT TO:

39     **INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 15. 15:33.**

LOUISE and MAURICE getting undressed.

                 LOUISE  
         Is it really such a bad thing?

                 MAURICE  
         Yes. It is. I don't want my family  
         interrogating me about my love  
         life. Or whatever we're calling  
         this!

                 LOUISE  
         Well, deny anything is going on,  
         then. Don't indulge them. I don't  
         mind.

MAURICE and LOUISE, both naked now, climb under the sheets together.

                 MAURICE  
         There's so much going on in the  
         family right now. The last thing we  
         need is them having to cope with me  
         making toast under another woman's  
         grill. They'll think I've betrayed  
         their Mother. That me doing this  
         with you means I love her less  
         somehow.

                 LOUISE  
         That's what they'll think, is it?

MAURICE

I'm pretty sure they will.

LOUISE

Of course you are. Because it's what you think. That's only natural.

MAURICE

What?

LOUISE

You're ashamed of yourself for betraying your wife.

MAURICE

Ashamed? Give over.

LOUISE

Why not? You love your wife. Still. Don't you?

MAURICE has pulled away now, firmly in conversational mode rather than any sexual zone.

MAURICE

Of course I do.

LOUISE

Yet here you are in bed with me. So that isn't going to always be easy for you or something you want to think about.

MAURICE

Well, I'm thinking about it now. Thanks.

LOUISE

Shall we make love and then talk.

MAURICE

I thought only men said that.

LOUISE

I'm rewriting the rule book. Page by page.

MAURICE can't re-engage.

MAURICE

Then there's Joe of course. He doesn't need any more complications in his life right now.

LOUISE finally stops trying. She breaks away.

LOUISE

Maurice. First ten years with Ralph it was like, I don't know, "all time stands still." I couldn't plan. I couldn't live. Everything was Ralph. Because without me there worrying about him 24 hours a day he was going to fail. Struggle. And, you know what, it didn't work. Ralph found his way. Joe will find his way. And sometimes he'll find it because of you and sometimes he'll find it despite you. Take it from someone who has been through all this. If you want to put your life on hold then that's your business. But don't make Joe your excuse.

MAURICE looks at LOUISE, gets out of bed, and starts to get dressed. He is furious.

MAURICE

Joe isn't Ralph.

LOUISE

I know that.

MAURICE

You keep talking like he is. You don't know Joe. He could be anything!

LOUISE

Yes. He could. God knows, if he's really lucky he could even be happy!

MAURICE, dressed now, rushes out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

40

**EXT. LAKE DISTRICT. FELL. DAY 15. 16:08.**

MAURICE runs up the fell with grim determination. He gets to the very top. His face contorted with both rage and the sheer effort. He gets to the top of the hill and looks down at the view below. He shouts into the empty sky.

MAURICE

Fuck off!!!!

He stops, for a moment, panting like an Old Testament prophet, and only then is he aware of two hikers one rugged and youthful, looking a little like a young Morrissey, the other short, ginger, a kind of middle class Paul Scholes - regarding him with some trepidation.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Afternoon.

HIKERS

Afternoon.

CUT TO:

41

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. STUDY. NIGHT 15. 19:40.**

PAUL stands over ALISON who has nodded off in front of the laptop. He shakes her gently by the shoulder. She smiles and embraces him then kisses him hard, on the lips.

PAUL

Well, my day just got better.

ALISON is beside herself with excitement.

ALISON

You won't believe this, love. But Joe's been brilliant. He asked me about my Mum.

PAUL

What? Joe did?

ALISON

He asked me if I felt sad. I mean. This is empathy stuff. He remembered stuff I didn't even know he'd registered! This is the stuff he isn't meant to do.

PAUL

I don't understand. What do you mean?

ALISON

It's like, he's turned a corner. It's like . . . well, I don't know, something's fallen into place.

PAUL

I don't get it.

ALISON

He's just been different. He's changing, Paul. I don't know what we're doing, but we're doing something right. God, I love you!

She hugs PAUL and the hug turns into a kiss. Then they look at each other, for the first time in a long while, and see each other. And they kiss and we . . .

CUT TO:

42

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT 15. 19:44.**

ALISON and PAUL kissing and holding each other.

ALISON

Shhh!

ALISON and PAUL look in on JOE. Fast asleep.

PAUL

Where's Rebecca?

ALISON

Drama till 9!

PAUL

I knew those classes would pay off  
one day.

They kiss again, undressing as they go, like teenagers and we  
. . .

CUT TO:

43

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 15. 19:47.**

PAUL and ALISON - half undressed - fall back on to the bed.  
They kiss and then PAUL stops.

PAUL

No, no, no. Stop! We can't just go  
to it without any preamble.

ALISON

Preamble? Is that what we're  
calling foreplay these days.

PAUL

This is reconciliation sex, right?

ALISON

Don't count your chickens.

PAUL

If it's reconciliation sex then you  
have to dress in a variety of hats  
while a classic soul track plays in  
the background.

ALISON

I don't have the time. Or the hats.

PAUL

It'll just have to be the classic  
soul then. Do you prefer download  
or vinyl?

They kiss and start to undress. ALISON gets up to head for the bathroom.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

ALISON  
I think you know. It's not been that long.

PAUL  
No, no. Not tonight. Hey?

ALISON  
Now, Paul, you know that doing this kind of thing without precautions is how babies get made, don't you.

PAUL  
Would that be such a bad thing?  
Hmm. Would it? I don't think so.  
(KISSING HER) I really don't think so.

ALISON  
(SMILING)  
Are you serious?

They kiss again, they start to make love.

CUT TO:

44     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 15. 22:42.**

PAUL wakes up. ALISON fast asleep beside him. He smiles to himself. Disentangles himself from ALISON and gets up . . .

CUT TO:

45     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT 15. 22:43.**

PAUL (holding his water glass) picks up the discarded clothes from their earlier race to the bedroom and puts them in the laundry basket.

CUT TO:

46     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 15. 22:44.**

PAUL comes into the kitchen with his water glass to find REBECCA sitting at the kitchen table in the dark.

PAUL  
Love? What are you doing sitting in the dark?

REBECCA  
Luke finished with me.

PAUL  
Oh, love. I'm sorry. That's never  
easy. Who's Luke?

REBECCA  
He said Eddie scared him away.

PAUL  
Eddie? What's it got to do with  
Eddie?

Out on REBECCA, looking at PAUL and feeling exposed.

CUT TO:

47

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 15. 22:52.**

PAUL sits opposite REBECCA. When he talks about her sex life he is doing his best impression of good liberal matter of fact Dad while just beneath the surface he is secretly planning Luke's death.

PAUL  
So let me get this straight. You  
slept with Luke. Okay. (BEAT)  
You're nearly 17 and as long as you  
were sensible.

REBECCA nods her head, "Yes".

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I get all that but why would you  
confide in Eddie?

REBECCA  
He saw I was upset. And he's easier  
to talk to than you and Mum right  
now.

PAUL  
(A LITTLE HURT)  
Fair enough. But I still don't know  
why he had to go off scaring the  
lad.

REBECCA  
I think he thought he was helping.

PAUL  
Story of Eddie's life.

REBECCA  
You won't say anything will you? To  
Eddie.

PAUL  
Of course not.

REBECCA  
Or Mum?

PAUL puffs out his cheeks.

PAUL  
Well, that's a big ask.

REBECCA  
I will tell her. Just not now.

PAUL  
Okay. But make sure you do. (BEAT)  
Eddie. How does Eddie scare  
anybody?

REBECCA  
Eddie's great, Dad. You just need  
to give him a chance.

PAUL  
Yeah. Maybe.

REBECCA gets up and goes to bed. PAUL left thinking. Clearly  
pissed off with EDDIE.

CUT TO:

48

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 16. 07:28.**

ALISON wakes up. PAUL asleep beside her. She smiles to  
herself at the memory of the new JOE. Then she hears the  
unmistakable sound of JOE's music.

PULP  
"I want to live like common people  
I want to do whatever common people  
do."

A small silence and then repeated . . .

PULP (CONT'D)  
"I want to live like common people  
I want to do whatever common people  
do."

ALISON gets up and exits, her heart already sinking.

CUT TO:

49      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. LANDING. DAY 16. 07:29.**

ALISON walks to JOE's room, intercepted by a nervous REBECCA.  
(NB JOE won't sing along with the track).

PULP

"I want to live like common people  
I want to do whatever common people  
do."

(PAUSE)

"I want to live like common people  
I want to do whatever common people  
do."

REBECCA

Mum? Can I talk to you about  
something.

This is clearly a big deal for REBECCA but ALISON puts her  
finger up to her lips to stop REBECCA from talking. ALISON  
pushes open JOE's bedroom door.

ALISON

Now then, Mister, are you feeling a  
bit better? I think one more day  
off school to get over it, don't  
you?

ALISON enters JOE's bedroom, leaving REBECCA hanging.

CUT TO:

50      **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY 16. 07:30.**

ALISON enters JOE's bedroom, where he is obsessively playing  
the same phrase over and over on his iPod dock.

ALISON

Turn that off now, Son.

JOE flicks on to the next track (TBC), skips it forward and .  
. .

FRANZ FERDINAND

"I say don't you know  
You say you don't know  
I say take me out"

ALISON feels a stab of disappointment. She turns off the iPod  
and she reaches for the photo album from yesterday which she  
had left by the bed.

ALISON

Do you remember, Joe? We looked at  
these pictures, yesterday? Do you  
remember?

JOE turns on the iPod and plays it again.

FRANZ FERDINAND

"I say don't you know  
You say you don't know  
I say take me out"

ALISON reaches across and takes the iPod out of the dock, gripping it tightly.

ALISON

No, Joe. Look at the photo album.  
Do you remember? Yesterday. You  
were asking me about the pictures?

JOE

Asking me about the pictures.

ALISON

That's right. Who's this?

JOE doesn't look at the photo. Sings without the iPod accompaniment.

JOE

(SINGING)

"I say don't you know  
You say you don't know. . ."

ALISON taps the photo of her Mum holding the baby JOE with a little too much emphasis.

ALISON

Who is this? Joe. You're not  
looking.

JOE

You're not looking.

ALISON grabs JOE's hand and points his finger at the photo.

ALISON

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH)

Yesterday. We talked about this.  
Who is this? Do you remember? Who  
is this?

JOE

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH)

Who is this? Who is this?

ALISON realises she is holding JOE's hand a bit too tightly and is shocked by her anger coming back at her through JOE's impersonation. She lets his hand go, drops the album and walks out. As she does so the music starts up again.

FRANZ FERDINAND  
"I say don't you know  
You say you don't know. . .

CUT TO:

51     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 16. 07:41.**

ALISON sits with her head in her hands. Half-ashamed, half depressed. FRANZ FERDINAND goes on. PAUL enters.

FRANZ FERDINAND  
"I say take me out."

PAUL  
(OF THE MUSIC)  
Somebody's feeling better.

PAUL kisses ALISON on the head.

ALISON  
Well, it sure to God isn't me.

PAUL  
Is he okay? Back to normal?

ALISON  
If by that you mean back to abnormal then, yes.

PAUL  
(TRYING TO BE CALM)  
Okay.

ALISON  
(LOOKING AT HIM)  
You never really believed he'd changed, did you?

REBECCA enters, getting ready for school, listening in.

REBECCA  
He doesn't need to change.

ALISON  
Rebecca. I don't need your attitude right now.

PAUL  
He was ill. So he was calmer.  
That's understandable. And you were with him all day . . .

ALISON  
So what? I imagined it? It was wishful thinking?

REBECCA  
(SPITEFUL)  
Well, the alternative is that you  
performed a miracle but none of us  
were there to see it.

PAUL  
She didn't mean that, did you,  
Becky?

REBECCA exits.

REBECCA  
Who knows?

ALISON  
What's wrong with Madam this  
morning?

PAUL  
(EVASIVE)  
Not sure. Maybe you should ask her.

PAUL gives up.

CUT TO:

52     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. CONSERVATORY. DAY 16. 09:35.**

MAYA is with JOE, making a rubbish monster out of egg boxes  
and cardboard boxes.

MAYA  
Will this be a scary monster, Joe?  
Hey? Or a gentle monster? Shall we  
give it big teeth? (PICKING UP AN  
EGG TRAY) And these could be  
scales!

JOE is looking away, gazing hopefully at a ukulele case  
behind MAYA.

CUT TO:

53     **EXT. HUGHES HOUSE. DAY 16. 09:38.**

Through the conservatory window we see MAYA and JOE, now with  
the ukulele out of its case.

ALISON is loading cafe gear into the car from inside the  
outbuilding, coat on, ready to go to work, talking to NICOLA  
as she does so.

ALISON  
It felt like. It felt like, for a  
few hours, I saw the real Joe.  
(MORE)

ALISON (CONT'D)

And under that autism there he is .  
. . if only I could get to him.

NICOLA

It's a thing.

ALISON

It is indeed.

NICOLA

No. I mean. The evidence only seems to be anecdotal but an American study observed that when a child on the spectrum has a fever some of their more extreme behaviours diminish. Temporarily. There's even a name for it.

From inside the house we hear the sound of MAYA playing ukulele chords with JOE.

MAYA (O.S.)

You try and play it. That's right.  
Put that finger there. And strum.  
That's it. Very good. Now 'F'

ALISON

Oh, well, as long as there's a name for it.

NICOLA

It's called, the 'Fever Effect'.

ALISON

(LAUGHS, BITTER)

Right. Of course. I'll file it right next to the 'Broccoli Effect'.

NICOLA

(RESIGNEDLY)

You saw that article too, did you?

ALISON

We've got our very own Maya effect, of course.

NICOLA listens for a moment.

MAYA (O.S.)

Why don't you strum and I'll hold down the chords. That's it. Very good, Joe!

NICOLA

What is she doing?

ALISON

She seems to be teaching him the uke. Just another of her many skills. Along with beauty, love and a fast track to my son.

NICOLA

That's very honest of you to admit your jealousy.

ALISON

Can you get me the morning-after pill?

NICOLA

Is that a "cure for autism" or a "cure for jealousy"?

NICOLA laughs at her own joke. ALISON doesn't.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

Oh. I finally get your sense of humour and then I get it wrong. You're serious?

ALISON

Paul and I had sex last night. We didn't use contraception. And I woke up this morning and realised the time isn't right. Not now. I need all my energy for Joe.

NICOLA

The local pharmacist should be able to sort (that kind of thing . . .)

ALISON

(INTERRUPTING)

The local pharmacist is my Dad's best mate. It happens in small towns. So I was just wondering if there was any way you could get me one.

NICOLA

No problem. We keep a big jar of them on the counter at the surgery.

ALISON

Are you being sarcastic now? Because that's a bit confusing. Because you've never been sarcastic before.

NICOLA

I won't be trying it again for a while. (BEAT) I'll sort it out for you.

In the background MAYA and JOE can be heard singing together an unlikely uke version of 'Perfect Skin' - the first chorus.

MAYA (O.S.)  
(SINGING)  
"When she smiles my way  
My eyes go out in vain  
She's got perfect skin"

ALISON  
Thank you. And, Nicola, don't  
mention it to Eddie or  
anyone, will you?

MAYA (O.S.)  
Very good, Joe. Do you want  
to try again?

NICOLA  
Of course not. By "anyone"  
you mean Paul, I take it.

ALISON nods. A silence between them. ALISON turns and pins  
NICOLA with a look.

ALISON  
So. Now we've bonded do you want to  
tell me what's troubling Rebecca?

NICOLA  
I thought you needed to get to  
work.

ALISON isn't moving. Out on NICOLA. Who can never lie.

CUT TO:

54

**INT. SCOTT'S BREWERY. BREWHOUSE. DAY 16. 13:50.**

EDDIE is transferring beer to the bright tank, PAUL behind  
him.

PAUL  
Respect her wishes? What? If my  
daughter is having sex I should be  
the first to know!

EDDIE  
Have you any idea how dodgy that  
sounds.

PAUL  
You know what I mean.

EDDIE  
(TURNING TO PAUL)  
No. I don't. You should be thanking  
me. For being there for her. For  
listening to her.

PAUL  
And then scaring her boyfriend off.

EDDIE  
Oh, I see, so now it's not the fact  
she had sex that's upsetting you.  
(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It's the fact that I went and confronted the scumbag who had been blanking her since they had sex!

PAUL

Well, now he's dumped her because of what you said.

EDDIE

Well, if he's that weak it sounds like I did her a favour.

PAUL

Eddie. Please. No. I know you like playing the "understanding Uncle" but you haven't got kids. You're out of your depth.

EDDIE

At least she's got someone who listens to her, Paul. At least she's got that.

EDDIE, pissed off now, turns away.

CUT TO:

55

**EXT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. DAY 16. 14:22.**

PAUL parks the car. He heads up to the gastropub. We go with him, climbing the hill. As we do so we watch him realise he has acted like a shit. As he gets closer to the gastropub he is surprised to see the familiar figure of SALLY talking to workmen.

CUT TO:

56

**INT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. DAY 16. 14:25**

SALLY is talking to a couple of ELECTRICIANS as PAUL enters.

PAUL

What are you doing?

SALLY

Sorting out your electricians.

PAUL

You don't need to. I'm doing fine. All right! Turns out your job wasn't so hard.

SALLY

So what time are you going to start interviewing the chefs?

SALLY nods towards the corner of the room where four CHEFS, including GARY are sitting on boxes, CVs to hand, waiting for PAUL.

PAUL  
Shit. That's today, isn't it.

SALLY  
It looks that way.

PAUL looks from SALLY to the ELECTRICIANS to the CHEFS.

PAUL  
What am I going to do?

SALLY  
Well shouting at me isn't an option anymore now I don't work for you.

PAUL walks across to the prospective CHEFS.

PAUL  
Guys. Sorry I'm late. I'm Paul. The owner . . .

PAUL offers his hand and we . . .

CUT TO:

56A     **INT. MAYBROOK MEDICAL CENTRE. SIDE ROOM. DAY 16. 15:55.**

NICOLA is searching through the small pharmacy cupboard in the side room when DR. GRAVES enters clutching a pile of kids' drawings and letters.

DR. GRAVES  
Raiding the pharmacy, hey? I hope we don't have a Nurse Betty situation on our hands.

NICOLA  
(BEAT)  
Do you mean Nurse Jackie?

DR. GRAVES  
That's right. Do we?

NICOLA  
No. I was just . . . teenage sexual health clinic tomorrow so . . . did you want me for something?

DR. GRAVES, unsmiling, hands her the pile of letters and pictures.

DR. GRAVES

Fan mail. From the kids you did the  
measles talk to . . .

NICOLA

(SURPRISED BUT PLEASED)

Oh. That's nice.

DR. GRAVES

Don't get too excited. I expect  
they were responding to your  
novelty value.

NICOLA

Meaning?

DR. GRAVES

Young. Female. Ethnically atypical.

NICOLA

This 'ironic racism' thing you do.  
You might want to keep an eye on  
that.

DR. GRAVES

So what would be the correct  
terminology in these circumstances?

NICOLA looks at her fan mail.

NICOLA

Oh. I don't know. "Well done"  
perhaps.

DR. GRAVES

Okay. Well done. You're such a hit  
that two other schools want the  
same talk. So, yes, well done.

NICOLA

Thank you.

DR. GRAVES exits. NICOLA is relieved and then pleased with  
herself when she glances down at her "fan mail".

CUT TO:

57

**INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 16. 16:32.**

ALISON is filling in a form. REBECCA appears at the door.

REBECCA

Where's Joe?

ALISON

Football practice.

REBECCA

He hates football practice.

ALISON

But he loves Maya so I thought it'd be worth a try. And it means I can get this done in time for the deadline.

REBECCA

He loves me more. I would have taken him.

ALISON

You weren't here, love. (BEAT) I'm standing for School Governor since you ask.

REBECCA

I'm going to Dad's for the weekend.

ALISON

As long as you've warned him. What should I put as my electoral slogan?

REBECCA

(IRRITATED)

What?

ALISON

My tagline? For my manifesto.

REBECCA

How about "All children matter. But mine matter the most." Or, better still, "I won't listen because I'm always right."

ALISON

Don't be like that, Rebecca. I know you're growing up. I know it's difficult. But try not to take it out on me all the time. Okay?

REBECCA looks at ALISON. For a moment we feel this might be a breakthrough moment.

REBECCA

Don't spend all your time being a bitch and then playing "understanding Mum" when it suits you.

REBECCA exits.

ALISON

I know you and Luke are sleeping together. (BEAT) Is that what this is about?

REBECCA steps back into the kitchen. For a moment ALISON feels she has shocked REBECCA into conversation.

REBECCA

No. It's not. And if that was your big moment to bring me down to earth it didn't work.

REBECCA exits, slamming the door behind her. ALISON winces at the sound of the door slamming. And then curses herself, annoyed with how she just handled that encounter.

CUT TO:

58     **EXT. FOOTBALL GROUND. DAY 16. 16:35.**

A football coaching session for 5 year olds. All of them running around under the well meaning coaching of a young FOOTBALL COACH. We slowly pull out to reveal PARENTS on the touchline and, beyond them, up a tree, JOE, in full football kit, and, beneath him, sitting on a lower branch, MAYA.

CUT TO:

59     **INT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. NIGHT 16. 18:03.**

The bar area is empty apart from SALLY painting. PAUL shakes hands and sees off GARY the Chef applicant.

PAUL

Thanks, mate. I'll be in touch.

GARY

Don't leave it too long. I'll get snapped up.

PAUL crosses to SALLY.

SALLY

All good.

PAUL

I feel like Gregg Wallace. They all talk a great meal. You've made your point. You can stop now.

SALLY

Really? What point do you think I'm making?

PAUL hands SALLY a beer from the new fridge.

PAUL

That I've been an utter dick.

SALLY

I'll drink to that.

They both drink.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I shouldn't take it out on you. This is scary stuff.

SALLY

Taking shape though, hey?

PAUL

Not bad for a thick kid.

SALLY

Indeed.

PAUL smiles at SALLY.

PAUL

Here's to us. Nearly there. More debt than the Greek economy but optimism to burn.

They clink bottles.

SALLY

(LAUGHS)

That's more like it. That's the Paul I remember. You've already built a successful business from scratch.

SALLY nods down at the Diner.

PAUL

Yes. But if that had failed then I could have towed it away. But this thing. Can you imagine? 'Hughes' Folly.' People would come and visit the ruins in a hundred years time and wonder about the vanity of the man who built it.

SALLY

You always were big on humiliation. I've always thought that's why you finished with me. To spare yourself the humiliation of me finishing with you.

PAUL

Ah, the pre-emptive chucking. Still a modern classic.

SALLY  
I blamed Oasis at the time.

PAUL  
I blamed Blur.

They both look at each other and smile.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Christ, I haven't talked shit like this for years.

SALLY  
Happy to oblige.

They smile at each other. At that moment EDDIE enters carrying a pack of four bottles.

EDDIE  
If you think that's good, wait till you taste this.

SALLY  
Sorry, Eddie, I'm driving.

EDDIE  
Sample bottles. Limited edition. For the launch night.

PAUL  
You sound like you're actually enjoying yourself.

EDDIE  
I am.

EDDIE shows them the bottle label with enthusiasm. 'Fellside Fuggles'

SALLY  
"Fellside Fuggles'. Sounds vaguely sexual.

PAUL laughs, a bit too much.

EDDIE  
Alliteration. Always punches through.

SALLY  
I get the fuggles. What's the Fellside bit?

PAUL  
(SHEEPISH)  
Just what I'm calling this place at the moment. Work in progress . . .

SALLY

I hope so.

SALLY exits, PAUL looks at EDDIE, shifty.

CUT TO:

60

**INT. THE FELLSIDE GASTROPUB. NIGHT 16. 18:58.**

EDDIE and PAUL stare at the imaginary balcony and drink from EDDIE's limited edition.

PAUL

(SMACKING HIS LIPS)

This is good. Really good. "Crisp, hoppy and refreshing." Like the label says . . .

EDDIE

That isn't what the label says but . . .

PAUL

It's great.

EDDIE

English hops with a full bodied malt base. First of a series of pale ales.

PAUL

I look forward to the next episode.

EDDIE

Chocolate stout for the Christmas menu, a rye beer for spring. It might surprise you to know that I do have some clue what I'm doing.

PAUL

I never doubted it.

EDDIE

And do you know what you're doing? Late nights bonding over fuse boards and boiler options with the delectable Sally.

PAUL

Me and Sally? No. Now that would be sad.

EDDIE says nothing but makes a little movement with his mouth.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What was that?

EDDIE

What?

PAUL

You did the "doubting" face.

EDDIE

Is that an official face? You've got history, you and her. And she's still a very attractive woman.

PAUL

I think it might be you that's hoping to get something going with Sally.

EDDIE

I think we should stop this conversation before it becomes a Bruce Springsteen song.

PAUL

(RELAXED)

You know what it's like. You talk to someone outside the family. No bills to argue about, no kids, no stuff. You can just be yourself again. You can be that guy you used to be.

EDDIE

The sad dyslexic loser who stayed behind and took a labouring job at a brewery when all his mates left for Uni. That guy?

PAUL

(AMUSED NOW)

There was more to me than that. I had trials for Morecambe, remember.

EDDIE

Everyone had trials for Morecambe, Paul.

PAUL

So for five minutes. A breath of fresh air. A bit of flirting. But, me and Alison. Rock solid, mate.

EDDIE

Glad to hear it.

PAUL

In fact. Well. Between you and me. We're trying for another kid.

EDDIE

Really? That's great. That's amazing.

PAUL

Just feels like the time's right, you know.

EDDIE

Good for you. Good for you.

Both men watch the sun setting over the hills . . .

CUT TO:

60A **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 17. 09:00.**

ALISON is embroiled with writing her details on the laptop. JOE with his headphones on. REBECCA appears at the door, clutching her holdall.

REBECCA

I'm off then.

ALISON

(TURNS ROUND)

Okay, love.

ALISON gets up and offers her a tenner.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You'd better take some money.

REBECCA

It's all right. Dad already gave me some.

ALISON shoves the money in REBECCA's pocket anyway.

ALISON

You might want to buy the new baby something.

REBECCA

Don't you think I've already thought of that.

ALISON

Sorry about blurting that out about you and Luke. That was wrong of me. I'd just like you to talk to me more I suppose. I just want you to know that I do know what you're going through.

REBECCA  
No, you don't. You really have no  
idea.

ALISON bites her lip, tries to be the 'grown up'.

ALISON  
Say, "Hello" to Stuart from me.

REBECCA  
What's that supposed to mean? Bye,  
Joe!

REBECCA exits. ALISON sighs but then turns her attention back  
to the laptop.

CUT TO:

60B **EXT. CONISTON. BUS STOP. DAY 17. 09:10.**

REBECCA waits at the bus stop with her holdall looking rather  
forlorn.

CUT TO:

61 **OMITTED**

62 **EXT/INT. HUGHES FRONT DOOR. DAY 17. 09:14.**

ALISON has answered the door to NICOLA, who hands her a small  
pharmacist's package. As they talk, the sound of JOE's DVD  
player from the kitchen - a repeated moment, growing louder  
and louder.

NICOLA  
It might make you feel sick or give  
you a headache.

ALISON  
Thanks, I know.

NICOLA  
If you vomit within two hours of  
taking it, come and see me.

ALISON  
Right. Thank you. (BEAT) And I'm  
sorry about asking you about  
Rebecca. I shouldn't have put you  
in that position.

NICOLA  
Well. No. You shouldn't.

NICOLA smiles and retreats.

CUT TO:

63     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. HALL. DAY 17. 09:15.**

ALISON shuts the door and stares at the packet. From the kitchen, the sound of the DVD player, loud, very loud.

CUT TO:

63A    **INT. SCOTT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 17. 09:20.**

NICOLA sets about sticking some of the kids' fanmail on the kitchen noticeboard. She is playing music - Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane at the Carnegie Hall - and there is a cake baking in the oven. EDDIE enters, in a good mood too and looks around, hears the music. NICOLA kisses him, "Hello".

NICOLA

Hello.

EDDIE

Baking? Difficult Jazz? A greeting kiss. This can only mean one thing. Your Dad's coming to stay . . .

NICOLA

(KISSES HIM)

Think again. I just had a good day yesterday. So I thought we could celebrate.

NICOLA takes him by the hand and starts to lead him out.

EDDIE

A Victoria Sponge? And you think I'm just going to fall in to bed with you?

NICOLA

Pretty much.

They leave the kitchen and head to the bedroom hand in hand.

CUT TO:

64     **EXT. CONISTON. BUS STOP. DAY 17. 09:25.**

REBECCA, holdall at her feet, waits at the bus, TOM now keeping her company. Both on their phones.

TOM

What was it like? The sex? On a scale from terrible to disastrous.

REBECCA

Tom. You can't ask that.

TOM

Just the way Luke's behaving it looks like disastrous. So he's embarrassed. And that's why he has had a complete personality change.

REBECCA

I don't know. I didn't have anything to compare it to . . .

TOM

Was it? I don't know. Vaguely enjoyable? Exciting?

REBECCA

I enjoyed the fact that we were finally, you know, doing it . . .

TOM

Is that it? Hardly Fifty Shades of Grey, is it?

REBECCA

I don't know what to say. What is there to say?

A car pulls up at the bus stop. LUKE is in the passenger seat and a friend, DAN, is driving.

LUKE

Do you want a lift?

REBECCA

I'm going to my Dad's.

LUKE looks at DAN.

LUKE

He lives in Lancaster.

DAN looks doubtful.

DAN

Sorry. No can do.

TOM

"No can do." My Dad says "No can do"? You've only been driving for a fortnight and you're talking like you're 30 or something. How about telling us about how many miles you are getting to the gallon.

DAN

Go and suck a big one.

TOM

Sadly, that rules you out, Dan.

They drive away. DAN giving the finger from the car as they go. REBECCA laughing. TOM gives her a hug.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

REBECCA

Not really. Be good to get out of this shithole. See my Dad. See my step sister. She's like three months old.

TOM

Listen to you. With your special needs brother and your blended family you're like a set text in GCSE English.

They hug as a familiar car pulls up, driven by MAURICE.

MAURICE

Do you two need a lift?

REBECCA

No. It's all right. I'm going over to Lancaster to see my Dad.

MAURICE

That's a coincidence. I'm going that way.

REBECCA

(LAUGHS)

No, you're not. You're not even facing the right direction.

MAURICE

How do you know I'm not reversing there? (BEAT) Come on. You'd be doing me a favour. I'm on the run .  
. .

REBECCA

You too, hey?

REBECCA smiles and picks up her bag and we . . .

CUT TO:

65

**INT/EXT. MAURICE'S CAR/LAKE DISTRICT ROAD. DAY 17. 09:30.**

MAURICE driving, REBECCA by his side.

MAURICE

So. Is that your boyfriend?

REBECCA

(AMUSED)

Tom. No. Tom isn't my boyfriend.  
Tom's gay.

MAURICE

Oh. Right. (BEAT) Probably just a phase.

REBECCA

(DISAPPROVING)

Granddad.

MAURICE

I'm just saying. We had David Bowie. He was fitter than half the girls in school so, you know . . .

REBECCA

Is that what you are on the run from? Your sexual confusion?

MAURICE

(LAUGHS)

Closer than you think! (BEAT)  
You know anytime you want a lift to your Dad's, you only have to ask.

REBECCA

I thought you hated him.

MAURICE

I do. But you don't. And I love you.

REBECCA

Sometimes I miss him. Not him exactly because I don't remember a time when Paul wasn't my Dad but I miss, like, the idea of him. Do you know what I mean?

MAURICE

Yes. I do. I know exactly what you mean.

REBECCA looks out of the window at the passing landscape and when she looks back MAURICE a great tear is falling down MAURICE's face.

REBECCA

Granddad? Granddad. Are you okay?

MAURICE

I'm fine. Yes. I'm fine.

REBECCA

Do you want to stop?

MAURICE wipes his tears away with his sleeve.

MAURICE

Stop? No chance. If I stop then  
I'll be weeping like Louis Walsh.  
It's only the driving that's  
holding me together.

REBECCA laughs.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Just sometimes I miss the  
conversations I'll never have with  
your Grandma. You know. Hell. I  
even miss the arguments.

REBECCA

I miss Grandma too.

MAURICE

Of course you do, love. Of course  
you do.

They drive on in silence for a few moments.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Are you going to text your Mum now  
and tell her you're on your way?

MAURICE drives on, staring straight ahead. REBECCA looks down  
at her phone.

CUT TO:

66     **OMITTED**

67     **OMITTED**

68     **INT. HUGHES HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 17. 09:35.**

ALISON sits at her laptop, staring at the package that  
contains the morning after pill. Cup of coffee beside it.

Her phone goes. A text message. She starts to read it but  
doesn't really take it in. JOE enters and she puts the  
morning after pill back in her pocket. He looks at her. She  
looks at him.

ALISON

(LIGHTHEARTED)

I am doing all this for you, young  
man, I hope you appreciate it.

JOE  
I don't think so.

ALISON grabs JOE and hugs him.

ALISON  
Come on. Hey? For me? One more try.

ALISON grabs the photo album, sits JOE next to her on the pew, and lets him turn the page.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Do you remember, hey? Because I think you do. (TAPS HIM PLAYFULLY ON THE HEAD) Calling, Joe! Calling, Joe! Are you in there?

JOE laughs, wriggles away from ALISON, looks at her.

JOE  
Are you in there?

ALISON  
I'm in here. But I know you're in there too. Somewhere inside. I know, Joe. I saw it.

JOE looks back at the photo album and flicks the pages increasingly quickly, until they start to rip.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
All right. All right. Fair enough.

ALISON wrests the photo album from his hand and it tears some more. She pulls again. He lets it go. She takes the album and turns away from JOE to hide her disappointment. When she looks back he has already got up and left the room.

She stares at the door, turning this moment over. A silence. And then, inevitably. Music. Loud music.

Arctic Monkeys - 'I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor'.

The sound of the music strengthens ALISON's resolve. She takes the morning after pill out of her pocket, out of its wrapper, and swallows it.

END OF EPISODE