

The Walshes
'50 Shades of Graham'

by
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and
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SHOOTING SCRIPT
WITH PINK PAGES
November 28th 2013

A tiny bedsit.

Graham lies in bed, reading a Penguin classic-- OF HUMAN BONDAGE.

Key in the door - swings open. In saunters O'Leary, slimy landlord, forties - with a YOUNG COUPLE in tow.

*

O'LEARY

*

All mod cons. Heating's actually free cos it comes up from the launderette downstairs. That's a real feature.

Graham stares at them.

GRAHAM

Eh...

O'LEARY

*

...space is really optimized. Everything has two or three uses. Very Scandanavian. There's a window there. You can look out of that and so on. Fantastic location. Equidistant from two really great chippers.

GRAHAM

I'm...I'm...here. I'm here. I'm here?

O'LEARY

*

Ceiling goes all the way across as does the floor.

GRAHAM

I'm...are you...

The husband whispers something.

O'LEARY

*

(to one of the couple)
Wha? No, he won't be here. I'll have him gone by tomorrow.

GRAHAM

Tomorrow. That might not...hello?

O'LEARY

*

No, no, no, no I don't do leases or anything like that. You're obviously an honourable gentleman, I trust you completely so a handshake is all I require.

Murphy and the guy shake hands and all three leave.

GRAHAM
But we shook hands? We shook
hands? We also shook hands?

Too late, they're gone.

2

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE - DAY

2

Rory snoozes at the control desk of 'New York Cabs'. Over the radio, we hear several ANNOYED DRIVERS shouting.

DRIVER 1 (O.S.)
Hello? Dispatch?! Anyone there?

DIGSY (O.S.)
Digsy here. Can you call me fare
and tell him I'm outside?

DRIVER 3 (O.S.)
Is that Tony's young lad again?
Rory?! Rory?! Wake up!

Rory snorts awake from a dream, raising his arm in the air.

RORY
Offside!

There are loads of taxi drivers shouting now. Rory, not knowing what to do, just... turns the radio off.

COLLETTE, buxom cougar shouts over.

COLLETTE
Rory? Can you give me a hand
please?

RORY
Eh, yeah. OK.

Collette has four boxes of printer paper stacked on the floor, beside an open storage closet.

COLLETTE
You're a big brute of a man,
aren't ya?

RORY
Yeah, I'm *really* strong. I'm the
strongest out of all me friends.

COLLETTE
I hope you're not going to attack
me.

RORY

I wouldn't do that. Unless it was self defence, and even then I'd only do the bare minimum needed to survive the encounter.

COLLETTE

Haha.

RORY

Haha.

Pause.

COLLETTE

Would you mind?

RORY

Wha? Oh, yeah, no bother. I lifted five boxes that were bigger than these last summer.

Rory tries to lift all four together, very aware of Collette watching. She looks him up and down and smiles.

COLLETTE

What did I ever do without you, Rory?

RORY

(struggling)

...hgggh... Probably just left boxes on the ground...hggh!

Rory's being serious, but Collette reads this a joke and laughs.

COLLETTE

Your girlfriend must have you liftin' things all day long for her.

RORY

Hggh...don't have...a girlfriend.

Tony sticks his head in.

TONY

Howrya.

RORY

Howrya, Da!

TONY

How are you gettin' on? She's not riding you too hard, is she?

RORY

No, Da. She's not ridin' me at all!

Tony gives a big thumbs up and leaves.

COLLETTE

No girlfriend? A handsome lad like you?!

Rory manages to get the boxes up onto the shelf, exhausted. Collette gets him a glass of water.

RORY

Ah, I suppose I'm really just tryin' to focus on Call of Duty right now.

COLLETTE

Oh, is that a video game thing?

RORY

Yeah. Do you game?

COLLETTE

Me? Oh, no. No. Although I'd like to play with you sometime, Rory.

RORY

Fair enough. But just so you know. I won't be goin' easy on ya. When I play Call of Duty...

He downs the rest of his water.

RORY (CONT'D)

...I play for keeps.

He walks out.

3 Omitted

3

4 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

4

Tony grasps a meat tenderising hammer.

TONY

All right, everyone, let the record show that this Walsh family meeting is in session.

Ciara has her head down on the table.

CIARA

Do we have to do this like this?

CARMEL

Do we have to do what like what?

CIARA

Judge Judy here.

TONY

Strike that from the record.

CIARA

There's no record!

Cut to Rory, who is holding a notepad.

RORY

Eh, what am I doing?

CIARA

Probably drawing something stupid.

RORY

Actually, Ciara, I'm not, actually.
I'm doing the record.

CIARA

Show us, then.

Pause.

RORY

No. Shut up, Ciara. You were the
one who called the meeting.

CIARA

I didn't call a meeting! I just
want to talk to yis! Like normal
people!

CARMEL

What's on your mind, love?

CIARA

Well--

TONY

Apapapapap! Hold your horses
there. There's a little something
called the *agenda* - that has to
be observed.

CIARA

For God's sake, Da. I just--

TONY

I said hold the horses! Right,
now. Rory? What's the first item
on the agenda?

RORY
There's just one. Car...ca...

Rory consults the pad.

RORY (CONT'D)
It's eh - Cara's announcement?
Who's Cara?

CIARA
Are you fucking serious?

CARMEL
WHOA WHOAH WHOAH. TIME OUT! Time
OUT.

(simultaneous, as Carmel starts to go off on one)

TONY	RORY	*
(to Rory)	(striking something	*
There's no need to tell you--	through)	*
	Way ahead of you, da... dear	*
	oh dear.	*
Back to Carmel.		

CARMEL (CONT'D)
...I will stand for any number of
things, but I won't have language.
Not in this house. I do not want
any cocks and wangers stuffed into
my ears, thank you very much.

TONY
Ciara, you may take the floor.

CIARA
Thank you!

TONY
You see how efficiently things
work if you just observe the
agenda?

CIARA
Yeah, yeah, great. Ah, Graham--

TONY
Ciara Walsh has the floor.

Ciara glares at him.

CIARA
Graham got evicted from his flat.

CARMEL
Oh, no. Why?

CIARA
His landlord's a chancer and you
know what Graham's like.

CARMEL
He's a gentle gentleman. That's how
I'd put it.

CIARA
Anyway, point is - he's got
nowhere to live. So...

Ciara looks anxiously at Carmel, who just smiles back...

CARMEL
Yes?

CIARA
So... I've asked him...

CARMEL
Yes?

CIARA
...to move in.

CARMEL
Move in where?

CIARA
...in here.

Carmel looks confused.

CARMEL
In here?

CIARA
Yeah.

CARMEL
In this house?

CIARA
Yeah.

CARMEL
But... Where will he sleep?

CIARA
Well... In my room.

Carmel's still not computing this.

CARMEL
Where will *you* sleep?

CIARA
In my room too.

CARMEL
What, on the floor?

CIARA
No, in the bed.

CARMEL
And put him on the floor? We
can't do that!

CIARA
No, Mam. He'll sleep in the bed.
And I will sleep in the bed too.
With him.

Carmel looks confused, but then... It all comes together.
She jumps with a tiny fright.

CARMEL
Are you fucking serious?

CIARA
Ma - you said I could do me own
thing. Treat the place like a
flat, that's what you said. Those
were your *exact* words.

Carmel goes quiet.

Ciara looks at Rory.

CIARA (CONT'D)
What?

Rory is staring at Ciara as if she's just grown an extra
head. His mind is completely blown.

CIARA (CONT'D)
What is up with you?

RORY
Ah...ah...

He doesn't know how to react. He tries to laugh, but that
doesn't seem right, so he tries something else. His face goes
through a number of different emotions. It's a very odd
sight.

Finally, he's rescued by Carmel.

CARMEL
I'll be back in one second.

CIARA
Ma? Ma? Are you OK?

CARMEL
I'm fine, Ciara. I'll just be one
second. Excuse me, everyone!

Carmel rises and walks out of the kitchen. She walks down
the hall and out the front door.

5 **EXT. OUTSIDE WALSHES' HOUSE - PRESENTLY**

5

Carmel walks up the drive way and crosses the street, traffic
honks. She turns off the road and crosses the grass.

She reaches a secluded area and climbs a hill. She stops atop
a windswept hillside. She blinks. And she bursts into tears
and then throws up.

She alternates between crying and throwing up for a few
minutes, sometimes throwing up while crying.

After a moment, she calmly wipes her eyes and mouth with a
hankie. She takes a breath, turns and walks back the exact
way she came.

6 **INT. KITCHEN.**

6

Rory is still staring at Ciara. He is still trying to settle
on an appropriate face but having no luck.

TONY
Cup of tea! That's what we all
need! Who wants a cup of tea?

He picks up the kettle by holding it like a bowl.

TONY (CONT'D)
Ahh!

He immediately puts it down.

TONY (CONT'D)
I held the kettle there by the hot
part. What am I doing that for?
Would anyone like a cup of tea?
Jesus...Christ.

He's obviously suffering, trying to make the tea while
pressing his hands in his armpits.

The front door opens/closes and Carmel re-enters and calmly
sits down.

CARMEL
That's fine. Of course that's fine.
Of course that's fine. That's
completely fine. Of course that's
fine.

CIARA

You sure?

CARMEL

Of course! I'm fine. That's fine.
Everything is wonderful.
Look at the state of these blinds.
I'm just going to clean these
blinds.

TONY

(in pain)

Do you want a cup of tea, Carmel?

CARMEL

I'd love a cup of tea. Would anyone
else like tea?

TONY

I'm making it. Actually, no, I
can't make it, I've seriously hurt
my hands.

CARMEL

I'll make the tea and you clean the
blinds. That's the best way to
approach this.

Carmel starts to make the tea, and Tony starts cleaning the
blinds.

Ciara watches them, totally lost.

CIARA

What is wrong with yis all?

She looks at Rory, who is still going through some sort of
internal struggle.

RORY

Ssssssssex.

Everyone freezes.

7

INT. KITCHEN / TOILET UNDER THE STAIRS - DAY

7

Tony comes in to the toilet.

TONY

What are you doing?

She looks very worried.

CARMEL

Nothing. Just sitting. None of
your business. Go away.

TONY

Carmel? What's up with ya?

Carmel anxiously pulls Tony in and closes the door. They're now standing nose to nose.

CARMEL

Are you OK with this?

TONY

With what?

CARMEL

With what. With the feckin' EU.
With yer man moving in. Russel
Brand.

TONY

He's hardly Russell Brand. You
were calling him a gentle
gentleman a second ago!

CARMEL

What do we really know about him?
We've only just met him. He could
be a drugs mule or a text pervert.

Rory appears round the door.

RORY

Toilet meeting?

TONY

Wha?

RORY

Is this a toilet meeting?

TONY

No. What's a toilet meeting? Go
away, Rory.

They close the door on him.

CARMEL

That's another thing. What effect
is it going to have on Rory? he
doesn't have the mental wherewithal
to take something like this on
board. This is a whole new world
we're entering into, Tony.

9

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE - DAY

9

Rory's back at the dispatch desk. Collette walks in and Rory looks at her.

RORY
Hi. Hi, Collette. Hi, Colette.
Hello.

Collette sits on the desk in front of him.

She's not really trying to be sexy, but something has certainly awakened in Rory.

He seems very uncomfortable at her proximity.

COLLETTE
Not much goin' on today, is there?

RORY
No.

COLLETTE
Boring.

RORY
Yeah.

Once again, Rory is having immense trouble deciding on an appropriate expression.

Collette turns around with a mischievous smile.

COLLETTE
I might know something we can do.
To entertain ourselves.

RORY
Nyahah?

10

INT. DISPATCH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

10

Collette looks at Rory seriously.

COLLETTE
All right, Rory, we're being very
naughty, so you mustn't tell
anyone.

RORY
I won't tell anyone.

COLLETTE
All right.

She puts two receiver down next to each other.

TONY (O.S.)
Hello?

DIGSY (O.S.)
Digsy McGuiggan here.

TONY (O.S.)
No, this is Tony Walsh.

DIGSY (O.S.)
No, this is Digsy McGuiggan. Tony Walsh is one of the other eijits.

TONY (O.S.)
No, *I'm* Tony. Tony Walsh. Now, who's that?

DIGSY (O.S.)
Digsy. McGuiggan. Who are you?

TONY (O.S.)
I'm Tony. What are you callin' me for Digsy? What's up?

They're both starting to get annoyed now.

DIGSY (O.S.)
I didn't call you. You called me.

TONY (O.S.)
No! You called me. I got the hail here and picked up.

DIGSY (O.S.)
No, I got the hail here and I picked up. Stop your messin' now, Walsh. I'm with a fare.

TONY (O.S.)
You're the one who's messin'. *I'm* with a fare.

DIGSY (O.S.)
Ah, here. You're takin' the mick Tony. You're takin' the mick now.

TONY (O.S.)
I'm not takin' the mick. You're the one takin' the mick!

MICK (O.S.)
Hello, yes this is Mick. Who's that?

Desperately trying to hold back tears of laughter Collette, has introduced a third radio receiver to the conversation.

DIGSY (O.S.)

Mick Lyons? Ah, for Jaysus sake!
Where'd you come from?

TONY (O.S.)

What in God's name is goin' on?!

Collette and Rory can't take it anymore. They explode with laughter and hastily end the calls.

RORY

That was - AMAZING! God, you're even better at pranks than Da is. You're a really sound girl.

Rory takes a deep breath.

You're actually... the soundest girl I ever met.

Pause.

COLLETTE

Do you mind if I kiss you, Rory?

RORY

No. I don't mind. I would...I would...I would welcome that.

Collette leans in and kisses him.

RORY (CONT'D)

That was mental.

COLLETTE

Did you not like it?

RORY

Oh, no, no, I did. Can we do it again?

COLLETTE

I'd love to.

She leans in and kisses him again.

RORY

I thought the first one was mental. But that was even more mental.

COLLETTE

Well, much as I'd love to, we can't just keep snogging here like a couple of teenagers.

RORY

Yeah! We're not teenagers!

COLLETTE

Come around to my place tonight,
I'll cook you dinner and we can
pick up where we left off.

RORY

Ho-ho! WOW!

11 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

11

Graham comes in and puts a pile of boxes on the ground.

Carmel approaches, holding some papers, magazines and bubble wrap she's about to throw out.

CARMEL

Graham - Hello. Welcome.

GRAHAM

Oh, hello Mrs. Walsh. Thank you so
much for letting me stay. It's
very, very kind of you.

CARMEL

What? Kind? No, not at all. It's
normal. That's what it is. Kind
doesn't come into it. It's just a
normal thing that's happening right
now in front of my eyes.

Tony comes in and deposits a big bunch of books.

TONY

No-one help me at all. I'm fine.

He goes out for another box.

CARMEL

We couldn't be happier to have you
staying here. In my home. With my
little girl. Who I held in my arms.

She turns away, choked.

GRAHAM

(oblivious)

All right, so. I'll just help with
the rest of the boxes. Oh, and I'd
love to make dinner for you
tonight, Mrs. Walsh. As a thank you.

Tony comes in and drops another box.

TONY

There's about twenty more of these.
Don't throw that out, Carmel, will
you?

CARMEL

The paper?

TONY

Not the paper, the bubble wrap. I want to pop it.

Graham comes in.

TONY (CONT'D)

What have you got in here, rocks? Are you having a rock concert?

GRAHAM

Haha, no, no, they're me books.

Looks at the box.

TONY

What, this is full of books?

GRAHAM

They all are.

TONY

They all are what?

GRAHAM

They're all full of books.

Tony is stunned.

TONY

All the boxes?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

TONY

What are they all about?

GRAHAM

You know. Different things.

TONY

Right. Right.

Carmel approaches.

CARMEL

Here.

TONY

What.

CARMEL

Here's the bubble wrap.

TONY

What? I didn't want that.

CARMEL

You just said you wanted to pop them.

TONY

I did no such thing.

CARMEL

Am I going mad? I thought you said you wanted to pop the bubbles.

TONY

"Pop the bubbles". No, no, I wanted the paper. Give us the paper.

He takes the paper and reads the front page, aware of Graham looking at him.

TONY (CONT'D)

Tschoh. They've discovered a "Higgs Bison". (**or something**)

11A INT. KITCHEN

11A

Carmel has Graham's coat. She hangs it up and notices a book sticking out of the jacket pocket.

She slides the cover out to read it.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE.

Carmel has a minor panic attack and makes her way over to the sink.

Through the closed kitchen door, we can hear CRYING alternating with VOMITING.

12 INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING

12

Tony sits laughing his head off at 'Mrs. Brown's Boys' on the television. Carmel sits on the couch, looking anxious.

TONY

Ahaha! Look out, Mrs. Brown.
Ahaha!

Graham enters. Tony sees him and hastily changes the channel to a stuffy looking arts discussion show and pretends to nod along thoughtfully.

GRAHAM

Hello.

TONY
Oh, Hi Graham.

GRAHAM
(sitting)
What are you watchin'?

TONY
This, thing. It's about doors.
Streets. Dublin.

The sound from the TV is about as boring as it's possible to be.

VOICE
...and it was here in the streets
of Dublin, that Joyce found his
odyssey...

TONY
Joyce, hah?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

TONY
"James Joyce".

Graham smiles.

TONY (CONT'D)
That's some writer.

GRAHAM
Have you read him?

TONY
Just. You know. The basics.

GRAHAM
Portrait?

TONY
Sorry?

GRAHAM
Portrait?

TONY
No...I...I wouldn't know what he
looks like.

GRAHAM
No, have you read 'Portrait'?

TONY

Oh! Oh, yes. 'Portrait'. Of course.
No, I don't know that one as well
as...I read the big one. The one
that everyone knows.

GRAHAM

Ulysses?

TONY

Yeah, that's the one.

Rory sticks his head in.

RORY

Da, can I have a word?

TONY

God, yes.

He jumps up and leaves.

12A INT. TOILET

12A

Rory and Tony in the toilet.

TONY

Rory, I really don't want to start
doing "toilet meetings".

RORY

Da...you know women?

TONY

Yeah...

RORY

Well...what do you...how do you...

TONY

Oho! There's a young filly on the
scene, is there? All right, listen.
There's only one thing you need to
know about women. Respect. Always
respect women. You know James Bond?

RORY

Yeah?

TONY

Don't be like him.

RORY

Right.

TONY

They are beautiful holy creatures,
and we are disgusting weird-looking
monsters. So show them nothing but
the greatest respect, and you'll be
fine. Got it?

RORY

Got it.

Martin comes in.

MARTIN

Oh. Excuse me.

TONY

Sorry, Martin, we're finished in
here.

MARTIN

Is it a toilet meeting?

TONY

No, where did this come from all of
a sudden that there's such a thing
as toilet meetings?

MARTIN

You shouldn't be using it at the
same time if that's what's
happening.

TONY

We're not using it at the same
time!

MARTIN

You'll break it, Tony.

TONY

We're NOT-- look, what are you
doing, Martin?

MARTIN

Carmel asked me to take the lock
off Ciara's door.

TONY

Listen to me--

RORY

Thanks, Da! That was brilliant! See
ya, Martin!

He exits.

TONY

Listen, Martin, do you have a book
I could borrow?

MARTIN

Huh? Yeah, what kind of book?

TONY

I dunno, anything. Something
...something grown up. You know?

MARTIN

Yeah, I might have something, I'll
just pop home and get it.

13

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

13

Tony, Carmel and Rory sit at the set table. Carmel fidgets,
uncomfortably. Pause. Carmel stands.

CARMEL

Should I check on them? He
doesn't know my stove.

Cut to Tony. He is wearing GLASSES and reading a dog-eared
copy of 'FIFTY SHADES OF GREY'

TONY

It's not the space shuttle, love,
it's a cooker. I'm sure he's
fine.

Carmel sighs and sits.

RORY

OK.

Enter Ciara and Graham, dishes in their arms.

CIARA

Eh, Ma, the cooker's on fire. Is
that what it's meant to do?

Carmel rises.

CARMEL

Oh, God!

CIARA

Joking.

CARMEL

Oh - right. Haha.

CIARA

This is Graham's speciality.

GRAHAM

Hope you like it.

CARMEL

Nothing too fancy I hope, Graham.
We're not exactly foodies in this house.

TONY

Ehhh. Speak for yourself, Carmel?

Tony casts Graham a despairing glance RE: Carmel. Carmel's irked by this.

CARMEL

Hah! You a foodie! If I don't give him chips he looks like he's going to cry.

GRAHAM

Don't worry, Mrs. Walsh. It's quite simple.

Graham goes to get it. he meets Ciara in the kitchen.

CIARA

Am I going mad, or is Da reading Fifty Shades of Grey?

Cut back to dining room. Carmel leans over to Tony.

CARMEL

What are you reading a mucky book for?

TONY

Wha?

CARMEL

That's a mucky book. Are you going sex mad and all?

Graham comes back in and puts the plates in front of him.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Graham, I hope this isn't a rude question, but... what is it?

GRAHAM

It's seafood risotto.

TONY

(leaping in)

Have you never had seafood risotto before?

(tuts)

'What is it?' she says.

CARMEL

OK, Jamie Oliver. Tell us then..
What *is* seafood risotto?

TONY

Well, eh, it's a sort of -
(sniffs)
- fish - porridge.

CARMEL

A fish porridge? Is it a fish
porridge, Graham?

GRAHAM

Not exactly, no.

TONY

No, Carmel not *exactly*. It's a
little bit more complicated than
that.

Tony rolls his eyes while holding up a bottle of wine.

TONY (CONT'D)

Pinnot Grigit?

GRAHAM

Em, yes - please.

Rory has a big spoonful.

RORY

Ugh! It's gross.

But then he just continues shovelling it in.

CARMEL

So. What's the plan for you two
tonight?

CIARA

Huh? Oh, nothing, just... head to
bed. I'm pretty tired

*
*

GRAHAM

Yeah, it's been quite a day. I
could do with an early night.

CARMEL

I bet you could.

*

GRAHAM

Sorry?

*
*

CARMEL

Well, don't be running off too
early now. Don't forget it's family
night.

*
*
*

CIARA
It's what? *

CARMEL
Family night. *

CIARA
Family night? We don't have
family night. *

CARMEL
What are you on about?! Course we
do. You're up for a family night,
aren't you, Graham? Generally
everyone living here tends to
join in.

RORY
Ah...I can't.

CARMEL
What? Why not?

CIARA
(aside, to Graham)
Never heard of this before. No such
thing as family night. *
*
*
*

RORY
...eh, meetin' Barry.

CARMEL
Oh, God, that eejit. Well if you'd
rather have a fart competition than
spend time with your own family...

GRAHAM
(to Ciara)
What happens on family night?

CIARA
I have no idea. It doesn't exist.

CARMEL
We play board games as a family.

CIARA
Since when?

CARMEL
Shush up, Ciara. We're starting it.

CIARA
We want to go to bed!

GRAHAM
No, no, Ciara, I'm not that tired.
A family night sounds great.

CARMEL
That's settled then.

14 OMITTED& INSERTED AS SC. 12A 14

15 INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING 15

Carmel sits on the couch, going through a pile of board game boxes. Ciara, Tony and Graham join her around the coffee table.

TONY
So...what do we have
here...Monopoly?

CARMEL
No. It's too mean spirited.

TONY
That's the real world, love.

CARMEL
Oh no, Tony. I don't like the
people we become when we play
Monopoly. Charging your own
family rent? No, no. It's not
right.

TONY
(to himself)
Dunno about *that*.

Graham holds up Trivial Pursuit.

GRAHAM
Mr. Walsh. This'll be right up
your alley.

CARMEL
What's that one, Graham?

GRAHAM
It's a quiz game, Mrs. Walsh.
General knowledge sort of thing.
Lots of different categories.
Chance to flex our brains.

CARMEL
OK we'll we play that so.

TONY
Ah, I dunno Carmel.

CARMEL
Well, we have to play *something*,
Tony.

CIARA
Do we though?

TONY

Ah, is there nothing else?

CARMEL

No! There's nothing else.
Everything had *something* wrong
with it. We're playing this, OK?

TONY

OK. Just give me... two seconds.

CIARA

How did Rory get out of this?

16 OMITTED

16

17 **EXT. COLLETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

17

From wide, we see Rory nervously walking up to a terraced house, holding a cheap bunch of flowers..

He rings the bell. The door opens and Rory steps inside. The door closes.

18 **INT. SITTING ROOM / MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

18 *

The Trivial Pursuit game is underway. They look tired. Tony leans his head on his hand. Ciara holds an answer card.

GRAHAM

Em... is it Stalingrad?

CIARA

No, sorry. It's Leningrad.

GRAHAM

Ah, close.

TONY

No points for close, Graham.
Alright, my go.

Tony rolls and moves his counter. Ciara takes a card up.

CIARA

Blue.

CARMEL

Now, Ciara. Project this time.

CIARA

Is there a problem with the way
I'm reading the questions?

CARMEL

You mumble. You're turning into
an awful mumblor.

CIARA

Would you like to read it
instead?

CARMEL

No, no. You do it.

CIARA

(reads)

What country is Belgrade the
capital city of? *That's...* What
country is Belgrade the capital
city of?

*

TONY

*

Belgrade. Let me think. What country is Belgrade the capital of? Belgrade. The capital of what country. Let. Me. Think. Belgrade.

The phone rings.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ah, hello, Martin. No, no, nothing. Just sitting here wondering what country Belgrade is the capital city of. Haha. Nice talking to you too, Martin!

He puts the phone down.

Cut to Martin putting down the phone and turning to an ancient looking desktop computer. He presses a button and ENCARTA '95 comes up on screen.

*

TONY (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Belgrade. I know this. You know when you absolutely know the answer and it's on the tip of your tongue but you can't say it.

CIARA

Aw, come on, Da. Hurry up.

TONY

I can see the word in my mind. But I just can't eh... Hmmm. Hurry up, Tony. Hurry up with that feckin' answer...

We hear a MESSAGE ALERT tone. Tony looks down at his phone.

TONY (CONT'D)

Martin again, just texting to say goodnight.

CARMEL

Awww, text him goodnight from me, Tony.

TONY

So! Belgrade. What country is...
(sly look)
Is it Yugoslavia by any chance?

CIARA

No.

TONY

Wha?

CIARA

No.

TONY

Whadaya mean 'no'?

CIARA

It's the wrong answer.

TONY

It can't be though.

CIARA

Well it is.

*

TONY

Hold on. It must be right. Check it again.

CIARA

The answer's Serbia. OK?

GRAHAM

There hasn't been a Yugoslavia since 2003, Mr. Walsh.

*

TONY

Ah, well, I eh, personally don't recognise the break up of Yugoslavia. So, I suppose. That's what happened there.

CARMEL

More coffee everyone?

MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

*

Tony answering questions, Graham shaking his head (wrong again). Graham and Ciara nodding off. In every shot, a coffee pot comes into shot and gives an unasked-for refill. Carmel looking more and more crazed as the evening goes on.

*

*

*

*

19 INT. SITTING ROOM 19 *

Carmel still looks wild-eyed. *

CARMEL *

Well, that was great fun. Congrats, *

Graham! *

Graham accepts the congratulations with a humble nod. *

TONY *

(crestfallen) *

Yeah. Yeah. The best man won. *

CARMEL *

How about a sing-song? Or shall we *

go for a drive!?

CIARA *

No! I'm tired, I'm going to bed. *

I'm sorry, thanks for the family *

night, but that's it. I'm done. *

Come on, Graham. *

GRAHAM *

Oh, right. Thanks for the game, Mr *

and Mrs.Walsh. Really enjoyed that *

now. *

CIARA *

Great! See you both tomorrow so. *

They leave the room. *

TONY *

Ah, that was awful. *

CARMEL *

Listen... *

TONY *

Yugoslavia.... *

CARMEL *

Listen, it's about to kick off. *

TONY *

Feckin' Martin with his-- What do *

you mean it's about to kick off? *

CARMEL *

Just...back me up. *

TONY *

What? *

CIARA
(from upstairs)
MAM!

*
*
*

CARMEL
Back me up, just back me up.

*
*

TONY
What have you done?

*
*

CARMEL
Shush.

*
*

Ciara runs back into the room, then stops in front of them,
livid. Graham follows behind.

*
*

Ciara stares for a second.

*

CIARA
Where is it?

*
*

CARMEL
What?

*
*

CIARA
Where IS it?

*
*

CARMEL
Where's what?

*
*

CIARA
You know what.

*
*

CARMEL
Ciara, I honestly--

*
*

CIARA
Where's the bed?

*
*

CARMEL
I don't know what you're talking
about where's the bed.

*
*
*

CIARA
The BED. My BED is GONE.

*
*

CARMEL
Your bed's gone? How could it be
gone?

*
*
*

CIARA
I DON'T KNOW!

*
*

CARMEL
Well, where did you last see it?

*
*

CIARA
You hid it! You hid the bed!

*
*

CARMEL
That's the most ridiculous thing
I've ever heard.

CIARA
I can't believe you actually hid
the bed.

TONY
Ah, Carmel, where'd you hide the
bed?

CARMEL
I don't have to stand here and
listen to wild accusa--

CIARA
Why? Why would you do that, Mam?

CARMEL
BECAUSE I'M NOT READY! ALL RIGHT?

This shocks everyone into silence.

CARMEL (CONT'D)
I'm... I'm not ready. I'm not ready
to take that step. It's too soon.
Maybe other mothers can do that
sort of thing, but I was brought up
different. I'm sorry, Graham, it's
just moving too fast.

CIARA
Mam, it's fine. Graham doesn't have
to sleep in with me. Do you,
Graham?

CARMEL
Really?

GRAHAM
Of course! We don't want to do
anythin' to upset you. It's your
house. I'm just happy to be here. I
never had a family night before.

CIARA
Well, as I say, neither have we.
Now, Mam, where's me bed?

CARMEL
The mattress is under my mattress
and the posts are in different
places. I'll get them.

Suddenly, Graham's phone rings ('Bad to The Bone' by George
Thorogood. He answers it, and stiffens.

GRAHAM

Oh, hello, Mister O'Leary. I...I left the keys in there. Really? How much would they cost to replace? How much? It seems like a lot, but ok--

Tony grabs the phone off Graham.

TONY

O'Leary! Hello! Tony Walsh here, Mister Gill's solicitor, do you mind if I ask you a few questions for my notes her? I assume first of all you gave the standard fourteen days notice to my client before evicting him? You didn't? Oh, dear, oh dear. And am I right in saying that my client was woken one day by your good self offering a tour of the premises? Nah, that couldn't be right, because that'd be trespassin'. Wha? Oh, dear, oh dear, oh dear. What are we going to do about this, then?

Carmel comes in, carrying one corner of a bed.

CARMEL

What's this?

CIARA

Graham's landlord, trying to charge him for the keys.

CARMEL

Is he now?

TONY

(into phone)

No, no, calm down, calm down, no-one's in trouble yet. Let me ask him. Calm down, I'll ask him.

(to Graham)

Here, Graham, do you want your old flat back?

GRAHAM

R-really? I...ah...

TONY

You see? You don't need to be a rocket surgeon to deal with chancers like this. What do you say?

GRAHAM

Oh, ah--

CARMEL

Give us that.

(she grabs the phone)

Graham's with us now. Get lost, you
ass-hole.

She hangs up the phone.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Now!

GRAHAM

Are you sure, Mrs.Walsh?

CARMEL

Em, no. But, feck it.

Ciara and Graham exchange a look.

TONY

Hang on, where's Ron Jeremy going
to sleep?

GRAHAM

I could - sleep on the couch
maybe?

CARMEL

Well, not the couch. That's the dog's. But we'll find somewhere nice for you.

20 **EXT. COLLETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

20 *

Rory leaves the house with a big broad smile on his face.

Collette follows him out in her dressing gown. She leans against the door jamb and smiles.

Rory stops, thinks, then turns.

He walks back up to her and shakes her hand in a pointedly respectful manner.

He turns and walks away, leaving a charmed, if slightly bemused, Collette standing at the door watching him.

21 **INT./RORY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

21 *

Early morning. The door opens and Rory enters. He trips over something in the gloom and lands on the floor with a big thud.

RORY

Aaah!

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Aaah!

Graham flicks the bedside light on. He's bedded down on the floor in a sleeping bag. Rory is now lying on top of him.

RORY

What are you doin' in here?

GRAHAM

Sorry. Your Mum said I could bunk in with you. Hope that's OK.

RORY

What? Like a sleep over?

GRAHAM

Eh - yeah - I suppose.

It isn't clear yet whether Rory is annoyed about all this or not. But he suddenly lights up.

RORY

Rapid! Haven't had a sleep over in ages.

Out of nowhere, Rory punches Graham on the arm.

GRAHAM

Ow! What was that for?

RORY

Hit me back! Hit me back!

Graham tentatively/limply hits him back. Rory laughs and hits him back even harder. Graham smiles. He's getting it now and thumps Rory again.

22

OMITTED

22 *

*

23 **POST CREDITS. TONY & CARMEL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

23 *

Carmel lies reading Fifty Shades intently.

*

Tony has his glasses on, but is popping bubbles on the bubble wrap.

Tony? CARMEL

 TONY
Hmm?

CARMEL
Put that bubble wrap down.

THE END