

The Walshes
'50 Shades of Graham'

by
Rory Connolly
Philippa Dunne
Niall Gaffney
Shane Langan
Amy Stephenson
and
Graham Linehan

*SHOOTING SCRIPT
WITH PINK PAGES
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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 Scandinavian. 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.

COLLETTTE

Haha.

RORY

Haha.

Pause.

COLLETTTE

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.

COLLETTTE

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.

COLLETTTE

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
WHOAH WHOAH WHOAH. TIME OUT! Time
OUT.

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

TONY
(to Rory)
There's no need to tell you--

RORY
(striking something
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.

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 ejits.

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.

COLLETTTE
Do you mind if I kiss you, Rory?

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

Colette leans in and kisses him.

RORY (CONT'D)
That was mental.

COLLETTTE
Did you not like it?

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

COLLETTTE
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.

COLLETTTE
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

Oh! 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 mumbler.

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)

Hmmmm. 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... Hmmmm. 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

Yogoslavia....

*
*

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 here? 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.

CARMEL

Tony?

TONY

Hmm?

CARMEL

Put that bubble wrap down.

THE END