



Us

Episode 1

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Based on the novel by David Nicholls

Final Shooting Script 13/09/19

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US - Episode One - Final Shooting Script

1 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 1
DAY 1 (04.00) - NIGHT

A BLACK SCREEN.

FADE IN on CONNIE PETERSEN and DOUGLAS PETERSEN in the double bed. Douglas asleep, Connie beside him, eyes wide and fixed on the ceiling. Troubled at 4am.

CONNIE
Douglas... Douglas...

No response.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Douglas, I need to say something.
I've been thinking about leaving.

He turns the light on, the words taking their effect.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I think our marriage might be over.

CUT TO:

TITLE, white on black: 'US'

2 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 2
DAY 1 (04.02) - NIGHT

Lights on. They lie in silence in the glare. Douglas shell-shocked and dazed.

CONNIE
So. We should talk about it.

DOUGLAS
Yes. Of course. Okay. Okay, when
you say leaving -

CONNIE
Starting again. A new life, but not
together.

DOUGLAS
So - divorce?

CONNIE
That's not the most important thing
at the moment -

DOUGLAS
Ah, so a *trial* separation -

CONNIE
- except not a trial. I mean
breaking up.

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DOUGLAS

Don't say 'breaking up', sixteen
year-olds break up. What you're
saying is you'd rather be alone.
We're going to be alone, Connie.

CONNIE

Yes, I know.

CUT TO:

TITLES CONTINUE

3

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM.
DAY 1 (04.30) - NIGHT

3

Later, more emotional, angry, perhaps out of bed.

DOUGLAS

So, what is it, you want to... go
off to India or something?

CONNIE

Well I do *now*.

DOUGLAS

So tell me! Tell me clearly.

CONNIE

I just feel that things between us
might have run their course.

DOUGLAS

I don't agree.

CONNIE

Well, if you don't *agree* -
(a beat, a breath)
We don't talk.

DOUGLAS

We talk.

CONNIE

About the boiler, about holidays
and insurance, we don't have
conversations.

DOUGLAS

So what *do* you want to tell me?

CONNIE

I've not been happy.

DOUGLAS

I think we're quite happy -

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CONNIE
You're doing it again -

DOUGLAS
- happy enough for married people.
I mean, compared to some. I didn't
realise the extent -
(cascading)
I thought it was a... time-of-life-
thing -
(CONNIE groans)
- well, I don't know, Connie! If
you never tell me -

CONNIE
- if you never ask -

DOUGLAS
- I'm asking now! Specifically -

CONNIE
It's everything! It's how we are.
We're stuck, we're bored, we're too
familiar, we finish each other's
sentences but we get them wrong.

DOUGLAS
These are all very general. Is
there something you can put your
finger on that I've done, recently,
specifically, to make you feel -

CONNIE
It's cumulative. An accumulation of
things.

DOUGLAS
Oh, Christ.

CUT TO:

TITLES CONTINUE -

4 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 4
DAY 1 (05.45) - DAWN

5.45am. Anger, panic, Douglas pacing.

CONNIE
It's not you -

DOUGLAS
Don't say 'it's not you, it's me'.

CONNIE
- it's not me either, it's us -

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DOUGLAS
No, it's not 'us' because I don't
want to leave!

CONNIE
I just feel -

DOUGLAS
- and don't say '*I just feel, I
just feel*'? Say what you want!

CONNIE
I want CHANGE!

A silence.

DOUGLAS
Right. So what can I do?

CONNIE
What do you mean?

DOUGLAS
Well, this is obviously a catalyst,
a what d'you call it, wake-up call.
So what can I change about myself
or -

CONNIE
I don't want you to be
someone else -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Because I'm quite capable of
change -

CONNIE (CONT'D)
- and I don't want you to,
you're... great. I just don't think
I can spend my whole life with you.
(too much, a slap)
I'm sorry I'm not able to be more
articulate.

DOUGLAS
No. No, that bit was quite clear.

CUT TO:

TITLES CONTINUE -

5 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 5
DAY 1 (08.00) - DAY

8am, the sky lightening. Faces close, speaking fast and low.

CONNIE
All those years as a parent, being
'Mum' until it's like my name and
then suddenly it stops.
(MORE)

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CONNIE (CONT'D)

And I think how empty it's going to be, every evening, for the rest of our lives, the two of us rattling around. Doesn't that frighten you?

DOUGLAS

No, we wouldn't rattle, we'd do things, we'd work. We'd travel -

CONNIE

- and then we'd come home. I have this word in my head; 'box-sets'. Every time I hear it, I feel my heart racing. I don't know what it is yet, but I need to find something else.

DOUGLAS

Great. Let's find it together.
(an idea occurs)
Have you only stayed because of Albie?

CONNIE

No. We've been through a lot. I think we've been happy. But now - don't you ever think our work is done?

DOUGLAS

It was never work to me.

CONNIE

Well, it was for me. Sometimes. D'you think we can get a little sleep now?

DOUGLAS

I do feel quite relaxed.

She laughs, then closes her eyes.

CONNIE

Let's try.

Douglas does the same. But RING - the doorbell, loud and persistent.

6

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 1 (08.10) - DAY

6

A crate of groceries. Their supermarket delivery has arrived and they're unpacking on to the units, Douglas in pyjamas, Connie in dressing-gown.

CONNIE

Why do you always do this?

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DOUGLAS
It's very hard to get a slot!

CONNIE
On a Sunday too!

DOUGLAS
If I'd known you were leaving me
I'd have pushed it to nine.

The DELIVERY MAN is there. They snap into smiles.

DELIVERY MAN
Do you want to accept the
substitutes?

DOUGLAS
I don't know, Connie, do *you* want
to accept the substitutes?

CONNIE
Yes, we will accept the
substitutes.

The Delivery Man goes -

DOUGLAS
Is there someone else?

CONNIE
No! I told you, I just -

The Delivery Man returns -

DELIVERY MAN
Check the eggs?

CONNIE
I'm sure the eggs are fine.

DOUGLAS
I'll check the eggs.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
(Douglas checks the eggs)
Yes, they're fine.

DELIVERY MAN
And who wants to do the honours?
(Connie signs)
Have a great weekend.

7 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 1 (09.00) - DAY 7
Douglas and Connie watching the toaster. Toast springs up.

CONNIE
Piece each.

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DOUGLAS
(puts it back in)
I like mine darker.

CONNIE
I know that.

DOUGLAS
Of course, we'll have to cancel our holiday.

CONNIE
You think so?

DOUGLAS
Well, I don't want it to be the trip of a lifetime for all the wrong reasons -

CONNIE
No. I can see that.

DOUGLAS
Three whole weeks, it's too long to fix a smile.
(she ejects the toast, he puts it down again)
Of course we'll lose all the deposits, hundreds of pounds, thousands actually. The hotel rooms, the train tickets -

CONNIE
Isn't it all insured?

DOUGLAS
Not against despair!

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)	CONNIE
Clearly I should have thought of that. 'If my wife feels suffocated all of a sudden, are we covered?'	Shhh - Albie can hear you! I've never said - You see, this is exactly what I'm talking about -

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Well if you're so worried about the money -

DOUGLAS
Connie, do you really believe the money is my main concern here?

Smoke rising from the toaster...

8 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 1 (09.05) - 8
CONTINUOUS

And as the sniping continues downstairs, we meet ALBIE, 17.
Handsome, earnest, dark skin beneath his eyes, anxious,
listening to the raised, muffled voices.

Clearly this is not the first time, and he reaches behind and
puts headphones on. The bang-bang-bang of someone running
upstairs, bursting in. (Perhaps the following in captions?)

DOUGLAS
(a whirlwind)
Afternoon! Please don't bring food
up here, it's like a petri-dish.
And open the window!
(he does so)
Birds have been smoking cigarettes
on the windowsill again I see.
Swallows rolling their own little
cigarettes -

Cut to Albie's aural P.O.V. - Douglas inaudible. Then back -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
I'm going to the dump. Have you got
anything for the dump? No?
Fine, you stay there. All day.

9 EXT/INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: FRONT WINDOW (GROUND FLOOR). 9
DAY 1 (10.30) - DAY

And now Douglas can be seen manically cramming old magazines,
tatty furniture, cardboard boxes into the back of the car.
Connie's P.O.V. Albie joins her at the window. She quickly
produces a smile.

ALBIE
What's up with him?

CONNIE
Nothing! He just fancied going to
the dump. His fortress of solitude.

They watch, as Douglas drives off. MUSIC UP: 'Soave Sia Il
Vento' from Così' Fan Tutte. Exquisite, soaring -

10 INT/EXT. CAR/BERKS REUSE AND RECYCLING CENTRE. 10
DAY 1 (10.50) - DAY

MOZART continues - it's Douglas's tranquilliser. At the
recycling centre, he sits alone in the car, trying to control
his breath - his grief - while all around him people drop old
chairs, scruffy china, old TVs into their respective skips.

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He starts to cry, great sobs, as the music soars, his hand to his face. Then a KNOCK on the window - a REFUSE WORKER taps his watch. 'Get on with it!' Douglas nods.

And gets out of the car, and starts to unload; garage detritus, old planks of wood, cardboard boxes, shelves. Quick cuts as he hurls the stuff into skips. 'Boxes must be broken down' says a sign.

Douglas stamps on a bulky cardboard box. STAMPS again, and again. Tears at it. Watched by the others, he stamps again with all his might, taking out all his fury and confusion and rage -

11 INT/EXT. CAR/PETERSEN HOUSE. DAY 1 (11.30) - DAY 11

- then ostensibly calmer, he returns home and fixes a smile. Connie is waiting for him with their dog, Mr Jones, tugging at the lead.

DOUGLAS
That's better!

CONNIE
Douglas - DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
I'd better e-mail those
hotels, see what I can
salvage.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Let's go for a walk.

12 EXT. BERKSHIRE: PARKLAND. DAY 1 (11.40) - DAY 12

Suburban views. They sit on a bench, take in the view - a regular spot.

DOUGLAS
Should one of us... move out, check
into a hotel? That's what you're
meant to do, isn't it?

CONNIE
Do you want me to?

DOUGLAS
I don't think it's necessary. Not
while Albie's at home. Can you
stand it until the autumn?

CONNIE
I think so. Here's the thing
though. Bear with me. I think we
should still go.

DOUGLAS
On holiday?

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CONNIE
For Albie's sake.

DOUGLAS
We're going on holiday for the sake
of the kid?

CONNIE
Why not?
(DOUGLAS laughs)
You've done all that planning and
it would be good for you and Albie
to spend some time together. Could
be a nice memory, before he goes to
college.

DOUGLAS
And maybe if he flunks his art
exam, we could have another year of
marriage. But then maybe you can't
flunk art. What is there to get
wrong?

CONNIE
You see, this is exactly why you
and Albie need to -

DOUGLAS
- and when we come back, you don't
even have to unpack. You and Albie
can just chuck your suitcases into
the taxi -

CONNIE
I'm not going anywhere unless you
want me to. Let's have this one
last summer as a family.

DOUGLAS
No. I'm sorry. I don't think I can.

13 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 13
DAY 1 (23.30) - NIGHT

The same shot as the opening, but now it's DOUGLAS who lies
awake, mind buzzing.

Unable to sleep, he reaches for the headphones that he keeps
there, puts them on. Mozart again, something soothing, the
1st movement of *Piano Sonata no.11 in A*.

14 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: BATHROOM. DAY 2 (07.00) - DAY 14

MUSIC CONTINUES through Monday morning rituals. Douglas and
Connie stand at the sink, brushing teeth.

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Everything strained, awkward - maybe she rinses and spits on the back of his hand, or the other way round. But all is self-conscious.

15 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 15
DAY 2 (7.30) - DAY

In the wardrobe, identical suits and white shirts. Routine, days stretching ahead. Douglas tears the dry-cleaner's cellophane from a suit.

16 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM/
LANDING. DAY 2 (08.00) - DAY 16

MUSIC CONTINUES. DOUGLAS adjusts his tie. He sees Connie and Albie talking, Albie's arms around his mother's neck - close, comfortable, physical. Watches.

She heads out.

CONNIE	DOUGLAS
So I'll see you -	Yes -
CONNIE (CONT'D)	DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
What time will you?	Usual.
This is poisonous, miserable; hell.	

17 EXT/INT. PETERSEN HOUSE/CAR. DAY 2 (08.01) - DAY 17

MUSIC CONTINUES. Ready for work, Connie gets in her car. She sits for a moment, emotional, teary-eyed.

18 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 18
DAY 2 (08.01)- DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES. In shirt and tie, Douglas watches her from the bay window, numb, shaken. Behind him -

ALBIE (O.S.)
Okay, I'm off.

DOUGLAS
(automatically)
Room?

ALBIE
When I get back.
(but no reply)
Dad? What's wrong?

Outside, the car starts. He bolts past Albie -

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19 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE. DAY 2 (08.02) - CONTINUOUS 19
MUSIC CONTINUES as Douglas pounds down the stairs, followed by their dog -

20 EXT/INT. ROAD/MOVING CAR. DAY 2 (08.02) - THAT MOMENT 20
Connie driving. She spots a crazed-looking Douglas in her rear-view mirror.

CONNIE
Oh, Douglas -

She slows -

21 EXT. ROAD. DAY 2 (08.03) - THAT MOMENT 21
Douglas catches up with the now stationary car.

DOUGLAS
You're right. We should still go on holiday. Do the Grand Tour for Albie's sake as much as anything -

CONNIE
But not just Albie's sake.

DOUGLAS
- for *all* our sakes. Like you said, it is the last time.

CARS have arrived behind them. One sounds its horn.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
And maybe I haven't been paying attention-
(to the CAR behind)
ONE MINUTE!
(to Connie)
- but I'm noticing now. Whatever happens in the autumn we'll have this summer together.
(more beeping)
I'm not wearing shoes. There's probably glass. I'll go back. But I did just want to say I -
(a car horn BLARES.
Turning to the driver)
CAN YOU GIVE US ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!
I wanted to say -

CONNIE
Let's not do this here.
(More beeping. She takes off the hand brake)
I'm driving off now. Here I go.

Connie drives away. Douglas stands in the road, disappearing in the distance. Car horns blare and a doorbell rings once, twice -

22 INT. KAREN'S FLAT: HALL/KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 1995: 22
DAY FB1 (21.00) - NIGHT

We open the door to find -

YOUNG DOUGLAS. It's July '95 (though nothing shouts this) and he has come from work. Cord jacket, checkered shirt, knitted tie; he's not dressed badly, just a little... old for his age.

KAREN
Douglas, you're late.

Despite being the younger sister, KAREN has a tendency to bully. A hair-ruffler, a tie-straightener. Fast, familiar.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I came straight from the lab -

KAREN
It looks like it. Cords and checks.
What is this shirt? Is it graph paper?
(removing pens from his top pocket)
You look like something from the Millets catalogue. You'll have to go home and change.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
If I go home I won't come back.

KAREN
Fine! Fine.
(removing his coat, his knitted tie)
Who *knits* a tie? Honestly, Douglas, I love you but you're a liability. Dinner's ruined -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Can you ruin pasta bake?

KAREN
(by the shoulders)
Don't ask people what they do for a living or how they got here this evening tube-or-bus in fact don't talk about transport at all, and don't ask if they have any holidays planned. And don't go on about work. What I'm saying is don't be yourself. Come here -

(MORE)

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KAREN (CONT'D)
(she opens the door a
crack. DOUGLAS's P.O.V.)
Connie Moore.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
What?

KAREN
Connie Moore, Connie.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Who's Connie?

KAREN
That's who you're sitting next to.

And we glimpse YOUNG CONNIE. Side on, dressed for the party,
cigarette in hand, very cool, glamorous, amused but a little
aloof, separate from the chatter all around her. Young
Douglas groans -

KAREN (CONT'D)
She's newly single, she's smart,
she's funny and intelligent -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
You said you wouldn't do this again
-

KAREN
- and what's great is she's not a
snob about how people look -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No, no, I'm off.

KAREN
Too late!
(an entrance)
Da-daaaa!

Lots of large candles glowing, 90s chill-out on the stereo.
Cigarette smoke swirls. Twelve or so noisy late-twenty-,
early-thirtysomethings, an intimidating arty crowd.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Everyone! EVERYONE! This is my
brother Douglas. Be nice to him,
he's very SHY!

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I'm not shy.

KAREN
Connie? Connie!

Young Connie turns and smiles and from now on Young Douglas
can't take his eyes off her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Can you make room?

YOUNG CONNIE
Hello.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Hello.

23 INT. KAREN'S FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 23
(21.15) - NIGHT

KAREN drops the steaming pasta bake, like a bowling ball, on the table in front of them. Everyone applauds. 'Wow!' 'Delicious!'

YOUNG DOUGLAS
(to CONNIE, whispers)
Don't clap yet.

And to his delight, she smiles. He catches Karen's eye - 'talk to her!'

YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
So - how do you know - (Karen)

YOUNG CONNIE
So Karen says that you're a -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Sorry. These are hard, these things, aren't they?

YOUNG CONNIE
They needn't be. Deep breath. So, you're a scientist -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
That's right.

YOUNG CONNIE
Evil scientist or mad scientist?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I alternate. I can't really talk about it.

YOUNG CONNIE
It's a military-industrial thing.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Too dull. My sister's torn up my list.

YOUNG CONNIE
List?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Conversational gambits.

YOUNG CONNIE
An actual written-down list?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
In my head. 'Where do you live?',
'How do you know Karen?', 'What do
you do for a living?'

YOUNG CONNIE
Let's skip that one -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Well now you have to tell me.

YOUNG CONNIE
It's not a living but I trained as
an artist. I still do it, I just
always feel stupid saying it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Art! Watercolours, or oils or -

Sitting opposite, JAKE, large, handsome, scoffs.

JAKE
It's a bit more complicated than
that -

YOUNG CONNIE
Douglas, this is Jake -

JAKE
Who are you? I wasn't listening.

YOUNG CONNIE
This is Karen's brother, Douglas.

JAKE
I always thought Karen was the
classic only child.

Young Douglas bridles - defensive of his sister.

YOUNG CONNIE
Jake's a kind of artist too.

JAKE
A trapeze artist!

YOUNG DOUGLAS
(oh, God)
Wow. In a circus?

JAKE
No, in a shop. Yes, a circus.

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YOUNG DOUGLAS

So - how do you join a circus? Is it just a question of running away to it or -

JAKE

You want the long version or the -

YOUNG DOUGLAS/YOUNG CONNIE

Short version.

During the following, YOUNG DOUGLAS and YOUNG CONNIE share tentative looks, in solidarity against JAKE's preening.

JAKE

Climbed as a kid, worked in mountain rescue, did some rope work for a trapeze workshop, gave it a go, fell in love with it. I mean I'm not saving lives like I was with mountain rescue, but still it's addictive, it's a drug. - and that's what I love about it, when you're flying through the air there's this point, this sustained moment just before gravity kicks in, and it's sexual, it's like that moment just before orgasm. You've had that feeling?

YOUNG CONNIE

I'm having it now.

JAKE

Well that's what it feels like to defy the laws of physics.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Except you're not *defying* them, you're exploiting the laws of physics-
(But Jake walks off.)
Oh. Never mind -

JUMP CUT - they've turned to each other, speaking more earnestly.

YOUNG CONNIE

Tell me about your - 'speciality'?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

- 'specialism'. This -
(- the pasta bake -)
- is a speciality -

YOUNG CONNIE

- or not -

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YOUNG DOUGLAS
- or not, but scientists have
specialisms. Mine is Drosophila
melanogaster a.k.a. the common
fruit fly -

YOUNG CONNIE
Oh. Flies.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Did you want to move seats?

YOUNG CONNIE
Keep going.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Okay, well, we're investigating
mutagens. We're using chemical
agents to induce genetic mutation -

But Jake's back, pouring more wine.

JAKE
Why would you mutate a fruit fly?
It's not natural.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
There's nothing inherently
unnatural about mutation. It's just
another word for evolution -

JAKE
It's like pesticides, fungicides,
it's wicked.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I don't think a chemical compound
can be wicked in itself. It can be
used irresponsibly or foolishly but
-

JAKE
We've lost touch, with what's, you
know, with our roots. Nobody knows
what a carrot tastes like anymore -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Sorry, I've lost track.

JAKE
Everything's chemical.

And now everyone is listening.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
But everything *is* a chemical.
Carrots are chemicals, Karen's
pasta bake is chemical -

KAREN

Hey!

YOUNG DOUGLAS

- you're chemical.

JAKE

No, I'm not.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

You're sixty-five per cent oxygen,
eighteen per cent carbon -

JAKE

Don't try and limit me!

YOUNG DOUGLAS

But it is literally true!

JAKE

I still think we'd all be better
off if scientists would stop
mucking about with stuff.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Okay, let's say, I don't know, one
day, you're up there, on your
trapeze and, God forbid, something
goes wrong and you break your legs.
And you're in hospital in chronic
pain and you pick up an infection,
and the only solution is to
amputate. And let's say you refuse
any kind-of so-called chemical
intervention, antibiotics or pain
relief or anaesthetic, and let's
say you *die*, you *die in agony*, and
your family and your friends are
rightly distraught, but thank God,
they'll say, he may be *dead*, but
thank God there was no 'mucking
about with stuff.'

A moment, then -

KAREN

LET'S SIT SOFT!

24

INT. KAREN'S FLAT: LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM ROOF TERRACE.
FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 (00.30) - NIGHT

24

Guests dancing, drinking, smoking. Off their faces.

Young Douglas watches Young Connie across the room; Jake is
monologuing. Young Connie pulls a face for Young Douglas's
benefit. He laughs. She leaves Jake mid-sentence.

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YOUNG CONNIE

Do you realise you're the only one here who's not working on a one-person show? Which, in most cases, is one person too many. Your sister says you're a professor.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Her nickname. Technically I'm just a doctor.

YOUNG CONNIE

Just a doctor.

Young Douglas catches sight of Karen, off-her-face, two thumbs up.

YOUNG CONNIE (CONT'D)

Well, doctor, she's actually very proud of you. She says you're practically a genius.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Really?

YOUNG CONNIE

'Like Dustin Hoffman in *Rain Man*'.
(the music's too loud)
Shall we?

She takes his hand, through the mad party.

YOUNG CONNIE (CONT'D)

I wish I knew about science. I don't know why the sky's blue or the difference between an atom and a molecule. My niece asked me why the sea comes in and out and I told her it was something to do with magnets -

(into the kitchen)

It is magnets, isn't it?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

- or gravity acting on large bodies of water -

(she's blinking, rushing)

Are you alright?

YOUNG CONNIE

Yes, yes, sorry. It's... well, chemicals.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Ah. Okay. I wondered why my sister kept touching my face.

YOUNG CONNIE
This is the answer.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I saw your pupils dilate and I
thought, well, that's a first -

YOUNG CONNIE
Did you want to - ?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No, I've just had an indigestion
tablet. Cheeky half, for the pasta
bake -

YOUNG CONNIE
Has it kicked in yet?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I think it was a dud.

A frightening moment of silence, then -

YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Of course, the interesting fact
about methamphetamine -

YOUNG CONNIE
I think your sister's trying to fix
us up -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I got that impression too.

YOUNG CONNIE
She thinks I'd be good for you or
you'd be good for me or, either
way, nothing's going to happen.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No, I wasn't expecting it to.

YOUNG CONNIE
I mean you're clearly brilliant and
it's such a relief to talk to
someone who actually knows
something, a proper grown-up.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Grown-up sounds bit dull.

YOUNG CONNIE
Believe me, it isn't, not after the
last - I'm on the rebound. Bad
break-up, you see, so -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No, I understand. I do.
(beat)
I should probably head off anyway -

YOUNG CONNIE
Douglas - you give in far too easily.
(beat)
Would you walk home with me?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Of course. Where do you live?

YOUNG CONNIE
Whitechapel.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
That's... eight miles?

YOUNG CONNIE
I want to walk, clear my head. Do you mind?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Not at all. I'll tell -

YOUNG CONNIE
Let's make a French exit.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
What's a French exit?

But she is already walking out. He follows.

CUT TO:

25 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HOME OFFICE. PRESENT: DAY 3 (10.00) 25
- DAY

DOUGLAS sits, deep in thought, in front of a screen on which are written the words -

Note to Self

He leans forward. Types 1). Then, in a flurry, he types.

The following very fast, lots of jump cuts -

26 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM. 26
DAY 3 (15.00) - DAY

Douglas and Connie stand side-by-side, packing bags.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
*One - energy! Never be too tired or
'not in the mood'.*

27 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HALLWAY. DAY 4 (09.20) - DAY 27

Suitcases in the hall. Douglas shouts upstairs -

DOUGLAS
Albie!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
*Two. Avoid conflict with Albie. Be
interested. Good humour at all
times.*

DOUGLAS
(shouting)
Albie, can you bring your stuff -
(Albie appears)
You're bringing your guitar?

ALBIE
(hands him the guitar)
Is that alright?

DOUGLAS
Yep. Of course. Great!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
*Three. It is not necessary to be
right about everything, even when
right.*

Albie goes, Connie arrives.

DOUGLAS
(the guitar case)
You know who'll be carrying this
across Europe, don't you?

CONNIE
You mustn't panic; he wants to
busk.

DOUGLAS
Well, I suppose there are worse
things he could do.

CONNIE
I'm sure he'll do those too.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
*Four. Try new things! Be light-
hearted, open-minded.*

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28 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 3 (10.05) - DAY 28

Maps, guide books, pages marked with post-it notes - Paris, Amsterdam, Munich, Venice...

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Five. Be organised but maintain a sense of fun and spontaneity. Do not dwell on the future. Or the past. Live in the moment.

29 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HALLWAY. DAY 4 (09.30) - DAY 29

And now, surrounded by luggage, Douglas and Connie wait in the hallway for the taxi in silence.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Six. At all times be aware of Connie. Listen and talk.

The suitcases, the rucksacks -

DOUGLAS
Look. It's our emotional baggage.

CONNIE
Hm.

Beat.

DOUGLAS
Exciting! Isn't it?

CONNIE
It is.

Beat.

DOUGLAS CONNIE (CONT'D)
All those cities - Three whole weeks away -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Sorry, you say it.

CONNIE
Oh, nothing. Just - I'm glad we're doing this.

DOUGLAS
Me too.

CONNIE
We'll have fun -

DOUGLAS
See the sights -

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CONNIE
You can talk to Albie.

DOUGLAS
I talk to Albie.

CONNIE
But conversation. In a calm voice.

He goes to protest, then takes the note.

DOUGLAS
Okay.
(doorbell. Too loud -)
ALBIE! TAXI!

30 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HOME OFFICE. DAY 3 (10.10) - DAY 30

On screen, he types the words -

Change. Her. Mind.

He looks at the words. Selects them. Deletes them.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
So we're in France exactly...

31 EXT. CHANNEL TUNNEL, COQUELLES, FRANCE. DAY 4 31
(13.09) - DAY

WHOOMPF. High-speed passenger train erupts from the tunnel.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
... NOW!

32 INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING. DAY 4 (13.10) - DAY 32

As they leave the tunnel, everyone except Douglas reaches for their phone.

DOUGLAS
Or perhaps the border's halfway
down the tunnel. They should have a
sign. Except nobody would see it.

Connie reads, Albie toys with his expensive SLR camera while Douglas chatters on; a nervous habit, a fear of silence.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Who designed the Channel Tunnel? No-
one knows, do they? If it was a
bridge we'd know. Bridges are show-
offs, but a good tunnel;
underrated.
(MORE)

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DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
All that rock and water over your
head and yet you feel entirely
safe.

ALBIE
I don't feel safe.

Douglas laughs, goes to speak but holds his tongue.

DOUGLAS
Three weeks, six countries, twelve
cities. We're like, I don't know,
U2!

And Albie puts a pair of headphones on, moves to a spare
seat. Connie touches Douglas' hand - 'relax!'

Now Albie is taking pictures of the concrete bunkers, the
dirty napkin -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
I hope we can get a copy of that.
The coffee cup.

CONNIE
He's experimenting. It's what he's
meant to do at his age.

DOUGLAS
Three years to study photography.
Can't he just read the manual?
(a look from Connie)
I know! It's not that kind of
photography -

CONNIE
It's Photography and Art -

DOUGLAS
- and he's very talented. I just
don't think he's ever taken a
single photograph of me. If he sees
an old fridge in a skip, he's
snapping away, but his father -

CONNIE
Ask him, then.

DOUGLAS
I'm sorry?

CONNIE
If you'd like him to take your
photograph, all you have to do -

DOUGLAS
I don't want to be photographed.

CONNIE

He thinks you're not interested. Go on.

Meanwhile, Albie deletes with his finger on the 'trash' symbol - delete, delete, delete...

DOUGLAS

May I see?

He has joined his son. Placatory, self-conscious. Connie watches.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Mm. Always in focus.

(peering)

What is that? It's sort of abstract isn't it? When we get to Paris, I want lots of the Eiffel Tower. With me, sort of leaning against it.

But the joke just lies there. Albie seeks out Connie.

33 EXT. STREET. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1(00.45) - NIGHT 33

Young Douglas and Young Connie on the long walk home.

YOUNG CONNIE

Of course, as a career it's insane. 'Art'. No-one makes a living. At least you get to do the thing you love. Bio -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

- biochemistry. Literally the chemistry of life. Every living thing, what's more interesting than that?

The following at various spots on their route.

34 EXT. CLAPHAM COMMON SOUTH. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 (01.15) - NIGHT 34

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Even as a kid, I loved it. I'd get these magazines, World of Wonder, Amazing Science, fun facts about proteins, how to make a battery out of a lemon.

YOUNG CONNIE

You can do that?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I can, if you ever need me to -
(too much too soon)
At that age it all goes in. I used
to fantasise about having some
sudden beautiful realisation -
perpetual motion or clean, safe
fission. Time travel! Or - are you
alright?

YOUNG CONNIE

Yes, of course, I'm just still a
bit... buzzy.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Should I stop talking?

YOUNG CONNIE

No, you're bringing me down. In a
good way.

She pulls herself under his arm. For warmth.

35 EXT. RIVERSIDE. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 (02.35) - NIGHT 35

YOUNG DOUGLAS

The trouble is, someone always gets
there first. If I went back to, I
don't know, 1820, I'd tell them
about evolution and penicillin -

YOUNG CONNIE

- get the doctors to wash their
hands -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Exactly! Even twenty years ago, I'd
have something to say. But that's
what true genius is; future
thinking in the present.

YOUNG CONNIE

But if you invent time-travel -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I have actually given that some
thought.

YOUNG CONNIE

Oh, okay. And?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

It's harder than you think. I'm not
sure I'm the one to crack it.

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YOUNG CONNIE

But if you can make a battery out
of a lemon... you'll do something
brilliant some day. You'll have
your moment.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

How do you know that?

YOUNG CONNIE

Just seems like you might.

On Young Douglas, lifted.

35A INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING. DAY 4 (15.50) 35A
- DAY

Nearing Paris now - Douglas has a map of Europe and is
showing Albie and Connie the route he has planned.

DOUGLAS

So. Paris, the food, the culture,
the romance. North to Amsterdam for
the museums, then through the night
to Munich, very exciting, and hop
over the Alps to Venice! Bologna!
Florence! Siena! On to the glory
that is Rome, then south to Naples,
and still there's more. For the
first time - a plane. Madrid,
Barcelona across the border to
Marseille. Then... back to Paris.

Paris on the map and -

36 EXT. GARE DU NORD STATION. PRESENT: DAY 4 (16.30) - DAY 36
- PARIS in July, the sweaty madness outside Gare du Nord.
Douglas carries the guitar.

DOUGLAS

Keep an eye on your bags -

CONNIE

Every train station we've ever been
to, your father says keep an eye on
your bags -

DOUGLAS

Wallets too. It's -

ALBIE

- Pickpocket Central.

CONNIE

- Pickpocket Central.

37 EXT. HOTEL BONTEMPS, PARIS. DAY 4 (16.45) - DAY 37
They arrive.

 DOUGLAS
 'Hotel Bontemps'. Literally, Good-
Times Hotel. Technically two-stars
but with five-star reviews.

38 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: CORRIDOR. DAY 4 (16.55) - DAY 38
The corridor, keys in hand -

 DOUGLAS
 So I thought I'd save some money
 and put us all in the same room.

 ALBIE
 You're kidding me!

 DOUGLAS
 There's bunk-beds, or you can
 squeeze in with me and your mum.

 ALBIE
 I refuse to sleep in a...
 (Douglas hands him his
 key)
 Oh. Okay. Thanks, Dad.

 DOUGLAS
 We're next door. Don't touch the
 minibar, the mark-up's outrageous.

 CONNIE
 Remember, your father can hear a
 minibar open from three rooms away.

 DOUGLAS
 Exactly. Buy stuff outside and
 smuggle it in, like everyone else.

 ALBIE
 (going into his room)
 'Bunk-beds'. *Such* a dad-joke.

39 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. DAY 4 39
 (17.05) - DAY

A little drab, functional. Connie has flopped back on the
bed, legs dangling.

 DOUGLAS
 What d'you think?

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CONNIE

It's fine. A bit more pubic hair
than I'd want in a hotel room. It's
like a mattress has burst. Or
someone's come in and just *strewn*
it.

(she swats at the sheets)
All in all, I'd've preferred a
chocolate on my pillow.

DOUGLAS

(heading for the door)
You're right -

CONNIE

Where are you going?

DOUGLAS

Reception. Ask them to clean the
room -

CONNIE

Hold on. In French, please.

They've played this game before. An old routine -

DOUGLAS

Okay. Excusez-moi, est-il possible
de -

CONNIE

Nettoyer -

DOUGLAS

Nettoyer le chambre il-y-a beaucoup
de chaussure?

CONNIE

Lots of shoes.

DOUGLAS

- beaucoup de cheveux... intimée?

CONNIE

It's your own private language.
(holding out her hand)
Let's just rest a moment.

He sits, and they flop backwards.

DOUGLAS

I want everything to be perfect.

CONNIE

I sense that. But it won't be, not
all the time. I don't mind.

And they lie on the bed, Connie with her eyes closed.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I caught myself napping the other day. In the armchair, in the middle of the afternoon. Never done that before. I thought - here we go. I'm becoming a woman who naps.

DOUGLAS

It's the death of the cell. Slowing down, it's bound to happen.

CONNIE

Already?

DOUGLAS

We're lucky to get this far. In the 15th century, we'd be a miracle. Like ancient gods.

CONNIE

Well, that's okay then.

DOUGLAS

I just mean it's not a surprise. I expected you to get older. It's still you. I always thought; Albie leaves home, we have time together, travel, go for long walks, then eventually - slow down, get old, look after each other and die; short illness or a fall.

(A moment)

I realise that, as a vision of our future, I'm not necessarily selling the idea.

CONNIE

Let's not think too much about it. Let's make it a rule. Live in the moment.

A beat. They close their eyes -

DOUGLAS

I'll make sure Albie's ready -

- and he leaves. Connie closes her eyes then -

JUMP CUT. She starts awake, hearing raised voices -

DOUGLAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What d'you mean you're not coming?

ALBIE (O.S.)

I want to do my own thing!

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

The reservation's for three people -

[NB: NO SCENE 40]

41 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: CORRIDOR. DAY 4 (17.08) - CONTINUOUS 41

Fast, overlapping -

ALBIE
They can remove a chair -

DOUGLAS
What'll you do instead?

ALBIE
Walk around, explore -

DOUGLAS
Explore with us!

ALBIE
Dad, I don't want to!

DOUGLAS
The whole reason we're here is to
spend time together as a family!

Connie joins, unseen by Douglas. From Connie's P.O.V. we can see Douglas's desperation, his need for this to be right.

ALBIE
We spend plenty of time together -

DOUGLAS
Not in Paris!

CONNIE
Douglas -

ALBIE
What's different about Paris?

DOUGLAS
Money for one thing. D'you have any
idea how much all of this costs?

ALBIE
No, tell me -

CONNIE
Douglas -

DOUGLAS
The money's not important!

ALBIE
So why bring it up then?

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'Because this might not last much longer, because I have to make it work.'

DOUGLAS

Because, I want it to be the three of us.

ALBIE

Dad, I've basically come backpacking with my parents. You have to give me a bit of time to myself.

CONNIE

Douglas -
(turns for the first time)
Please - take me out to dinner.

ALBIE

There you go. It's date night. You can settle that whole tunnels-versus-bridges thing.
(he goes)
I'll see you at breakfast.

DOUGLAS

Up at eight sharp! On the street by eight forty-five. We're beating the crowds!

And he heads off with his guitar case. Douglas sighs.

41A EXT. PARIS STREETS. DAY 4 (17.32) - DAY 41A

Albie out on the streets of Paris. Taking pictures of everything but the tourist favourites (his back to the Eiffel Tower while he photographs a bin, and so on)... Trying to busk, ignored by every passer-by...

41B INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: BEDROOM. DAY 4 (18.45) - EVENING 41B

Douglas and Connie get ready for their evening out. Combing hair... putting on make-up... Douglas decanting Euros into his wallet... finishing touches...

[NB: NO SCENE 42.]

43 EXT. PONT DES ARTS. DAY 4 (19.30) - EVENING 43

A beautiful summer's evening. Douglas and Connie, walking north to south across the Seine.

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DOUGLAS

We don't have to talk at dinner by the way. I mean you can read your book, if you want.

CONNIE

I think, on the first day, we'll be okay.

They walk in silence for a moment.

DOUGLAS

Does Albie have any friends in Paris?

CONNIE

I think 'friends' means something different now. He goes online and writes 'I'm in Paris' and someone says 'my friend's in Paris, you should meet' and so he does.

DOUGLAS

That sounds... terrifying.

CONNIE

I know. All those new people! Maybe it's easier when you're young.

DOUGLAS

I found it terrifying when I was young as well.

CONNIE

Yes, me too.

DOUGLAS

Really? You always seemed like you could talk to anyone.

CONNIE

Well, most of the time I was drunk -

CUT TO:

44 EXT. LONDON BRIDGE. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 (03.30) 44
- NIGHT

- and TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EARLIER, they walk south to north across the Thames.

YOUNG CONNIE

- but I'm sober now. Sorry about that. Bit embarrassing.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I don't mind.

YOUNG CONNIE

My friends always say, take this pill, have one more drink, lose those inhibitions. I want something that'll give them back. Imagine, waking up, nice clear head, thinking 'God, I was so *inhibited* last night.'

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Actually, that's how I do wake up.

YOUNG CONNIE

And doesn't that feel incredible?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Not always.

YOUNG CONNIE

I think it sounds like... bliss. This walk is ridiculous. You okay to keep going?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

'course.

YOUNG CONNIE

How far is that now?

45 INT. RESTAURANT, PARIS. PRESENT: DAY 4 (20.30) - EVENING 45

Douglas scrutinises his Fitbit.

DOUGLAS

8,459 steps. Just under.

CONNIE

What I don't understand is...

DOUGLAS

Go on -

CONNIE

- surely you know how far you've walked because you've walked that far.

DOUGLAS

It's about goals, measurable data.

The restaurant is very French, candlelit and comfortable. Alone now, they're slightly self-conscious; something of a first date quality.

Around them, some couples sit in silence, looking at phones. Perhaps another couple kiss, out on a first date. Connie watches them - the intensity of their conversation.

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CONNIE
(turning to the menu)
This restaurant really is very French.

DOUGLAS
Maybe we'll cross 10k on the way home.

CONNIE
They're *really* going for it.
On the menu there's a -

DOUGLAS
You look very beautiful, by the way.

CONNIE
That's the candles. In the 15th century, I'm a miracle. Look - there's an Edith Piaf Burger.

DOUGLAS
Probably the only thing -

CONNIE/DOUGLAS
- she regrets.

DOUGLAS
All dad-jokes from now on.

CONNIE
I like dad-jokes. You look nice too by the way.

DOUGLAS
Tie too much?

CONNIE
Not at all. You've got the job!

Awkward beat. Thankfully, a waiter passes.

DOUGLAS
C'est possible avoir deux verres de champagne -

WAITER
(leaving)
I'll bring them straightaway.

DOUGLAS
How *do* they know I'm English?

CONNIE
C'est un mystère.

DOUGLAS

Maybe if I'd had lessons, like you -

CONNIE

I didn't have lessons. I learnt it from French people.

DOUGLAS

French boys. Twenty year-old French boys - with skinny chests and Gauloises -

CONNIE

Not at all. It really wasn't like that, and they weren't boyfriends - it was more - 'Je t'aime mais comme un ami.'

DOUGLAS

What's that?

CONNIE

'I like you but as a friend.'

(beat)

Long time ago now.

(change the subject)

It was all a bit of a waste of time, all that travelling around, instead of getting on with stuff. At least you were doing something useful -

DOUGLAS

Me and my fruit-fly friends? Not that useful in the end. Ultimately, bit of a plodder.

CONNIE

Douglas -

DOUGLAS

I know. In the moment.

CONNIE

So - tell me something new!

A beat. Just in time, the champagne arrives.

DOUGLAS/CONNIE

Thank you/Merci.

CONNIE

Let's get hammered, shall we?

46 EXT. PARIS STREETS. DAY 4 (22.30) - NIGHT

46

Connie is fiddling with trotтинettes, the little motorised SCOOTERS, now a little drunk.

DOUGLAS
Are you sure?

CONNIE
Of course, why not?

DOUGLAS
Doesn't feel very dignified. What
about my 10,000 steps?

But Connie is pulling away, and now Douglas follows, and we follow them, racing down the back streets in the summer night.

47 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. DAY 4
(23.00) - NIGHT

47

Douglas and Connie, drunk, and trying to solve the mysteries of hotel room electrical wiring.

DOUGLAS
So if this one turns on that light -

CONNIE
- then that one turns on the
bathroom light. See -

DOUGLAS
This wiring, it's the work of a
maniac. What happens if I - ?

CONNIE
Why don't you just -?

All the lights go off - darkness.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Oh, hello. Why don't I just -

One light, dim, silhouettes.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
All right?

Beat. Anticipation -

48 EXT. EAST LONDON STREET. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB1 (04.00) 48
- DAWN

- in the past too, Young Douglas and Young Connie on her doorstep.

YOUNG CONNIE

This is me. As they say. Thanks for walking me home, I feel more sober. Bit saner. If you'd not been around I'd have just called my ex, so -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

It's only four, you could still catch him.

YOUNG CONNIE

I'll leave it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Well, I had a nice time. I didn't refer to my list once.

YOUNG CONNIE

Throw the list away, Douglas.

Beat.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

There's a night bus, isn't there?

YOUNG CONNIE

Back to Balham?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Working tomorrow, so, you know, school night. Trafalgar Square, then the N77 -

YOUNG CONNIE

Douglas, I am *literally* inviting you up to see my etchings.

And she goes inside. Douglas follows.

49 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. PRESENT: 49
DAY 4 (23.05) - NIGHT

On the bed, Connie and Douglas kiss, uncertain. Suddenly -

DOUGLAS

Stop! Stop a second!

CONNIE

You okay?

DOUGLAS

Yes, you've just got -
(from her hair)
Complimentary chocolate.

CONNIE

Ah. Thank you. For later -

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And they kiss again.

50 INT. EAST LONDON FLAT: CONNIE'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK 1995: 50
DAY FB1 (04.10) - DAWN

Young Douglas struggles with Young Connie's tights. They get a bit tangled around her feet as she falls backwards -

51 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. PRESENT: 51
DAY 4 (23.07) - NIGHT

And now they make love, half-dressed perhaps.

CONNIE
Is this okay?

DOUGLAS
We're just 'in the moment'.

They continue -

CONNIE
Maybe stop saying 'in the moment'
though.

DOUGLAS
Understood.

And again. But they're out of the moment and -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Should we - (stop?)

CONNIE
I think so.

And they disentangle themselves, while -

52 INT. EAST LONDON FLAT: CONNIE'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 1995: 52
DAY FB1 (04.30) - DAWN

- they clutch one another as they steady their breathing.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I thought nothing was going to
happen.

YOUNG CONNIE
No, well, I changed my mind.

She laughs, takes his hand, and in the present -

53 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. PRESENT: 53
DAY 4 (23.20) - NIGHT

They're eating their squares of complimentary hotel chocolate.

CONNIE

Bit waxy.

DOUGLAS

Really it's the worst thing you can eat before you go to sleep.

CONNIE

We don't have to eat it.

DOUGLAS

Of course we do, it's free. Anyway, too late now. I'll walk it off.

(his Fitbit)

9,973.

CONNIE

So near.

The remark hangs there.

DOUGLAS

I should walk up and down the corridor.

CONNIE

You can, but I won't let you back in.

DOUGLAS

Fair enough.

They slide further under the covers, kiss. She turns out the light.

CONNIE

I'm sorry if this is confusing. I'm confused too.

DOUGLAS

The great thing is we're talking.

CONNIE

Exactly. Though let's stop now.

54 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. DAY 4 54
(02.00) - NIGHT

Darkness. Silence.

Again, Connie lies awake - our opening shot again.

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Then MUSIC strikes up in an adjacent room. A guitar, followed by some singing. Then another instrument - a banjo perhaps - seems to join in, along with a loud FEMALE voice.

Bedside light snaps on. Douglas, rudely awoken, groggy.

CONNIE
For Christ's sake, Albie. It's two
in the morning.

DOUGLAS
Shall I go in?

CONNIE
Not yet, not if he's with people.

DOUGLAS
How many has he got in there? I'm
going to call reception -

CONNIE
No! Don't inform on your own son.
Just text him.

He reaches for his phone, but -

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Shhh. It's stopped.

Then a bang, as if someone has leapt onto the bed. Silence.
They turn off the light. JUMP CUT to -

Huffing and puffing, and perhaps a little THUMP-THUMP-
THUMPING.

DOUGLAS
Is that what I think it is?

CONNIE
Let's hope it is just two of them.

DOUGLAS
I should text him. What do you text
in this situation?

CONNIE
It's not something I've thought
about.

DOUGLAS
Or email?

CONNIE
He's not checking his emails!

DOUGLAS
Okay, I'll text. Just 'NO'.

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CONNIE

All caps.

DOUGLAS

I don't want to be a killjoy -

CONNIE

'No' and then a smiley face.

DOUGLAS

(typing)

'Precautions' exclamation mark.

CONNIE

No! No, let's just -

She reaches for her novel. Douglas reaches for his history of World War II.

55 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY 5 (08.15) - DAY 55

And now they sit, ragged, exhausted and somewhat self-conscious next day, both reading side-by-side.

DOUGLAS

We should have that talk.

CONNIE

What talk?

DOUGLAS

The sex talk.

CONNIE

Okay. My feeling is that while you and I are still together and sharing a bed, there's no reason why -

DOUGLAS

I meant with Albie.

CONNIE

Oh. Well, if last night taught us anything it's that it's a little late for that -

DOUGLAS

Even so, I'll talk to him later.

CONNIE

Really? Okay.

DOUGLAS

Do we need to talk?

Too late. Albie and a YOUNG WOMAN appear, arms around each other. This is CAT, 20, carrying her banjo. Albie alternates between a mature swagger and self-consciousness.

ALBIE
Mum, Dad, this is my friend -

CAT
I'm Cat, pleased to meet you -

DOUGLAS
Cat, as in Catherine?

CAT
No-one's called me that since I was five. You're Connie, yeah!
(a kiss)
Albie was right, you are gorgeous.
As for you, Douglas - grrr!
(she shakes her fist, mock anger)
So, I hear talk of a breakfast buffet -

Connie and Douglas share a look. Okay. Keep calm.

56 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY 5 (08.17) - DAY 56

At the buffet, a little four-person ballet, with Cat filling her plate, her pockets, drinking glass after glass of juice, to Douglas's growing irritation.

CAT
It's so cool that you guys can do this. Inter-railing but with your Mum and Dad.

DOUGLAS
It's more of a Grand Tour really.

CONNIE
So Albie can see some art, some architecture -

CAT
I don't know how you don't all kill each other.

ALBIE
First day, so -

CONNIE
What brings you to Paris, Cat?

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CAT

Well, Connie, music, music brings
me to Paris. All this free stuff,
it just goes on and on -

Cat pours juice, drinks it, pours juice, drinks it -

DOUGLAS

Well, it's not *free* exactly -

ALBIE

Cat's in a band.

CONNIE

Yes, we heard you last night.

CAT

Thank you! Oh. You didn't like it.

CONNIE

You play very well, it was just a
little late.

CAT

Why do they only have these tiny
glasses?

ALBIE

Yeah, you just have to keep filling
it up.

DOUGLAS

You could just lie underneath and
open the tap.

CONNIE

(move on)

So where are the rest of the band?

CAT

They've all gone back home.

(still draining juice)

I thought I'd stay on, bum my way
round Europe. That's how I met
Albie. He was on my patch so I put
him straight, we had a chat, one
thing led to another as they say -

DOUGLAS

(change subject!)

You're a busker then -

CAT

I prefer 'street performer'.
'Busking' suggests a lack of
professionalism.

(food in her pockets)

Breakfast AND lunch.

(MORE)

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CAT (CONT'D)

Look at this ham - I'm essentially
vegan, with the exception of cured
meats -

DOUGLAS

(Too much. Polite, but-)
I'm sorry, Cat, but can you put
some of that back?

CAT

Hm?

DOUGLAS

Just maybe don't put stuff in your
pockets.

ALBIE

Dad! Jesus!

CAT

Are you accusing me of stealing?

CONNIE

He didn't say stealing -

DOUGLAS

- but it's meant to be eaten on the
premises, otherwise it's anarchy.

CAT

I'm a thief?

DOUGLAS

No, you're just getting carried
away. It's not how buffets work.
It's a system of mutual trust -

CAT

It only gets stale and thrown away -

DOUGLAS

Not these, not the *preserves*,
that's why they're called
preserves! I mean, take *one* by all
means, the jam *or* the honey -

CAT

Okay. Bit awkward.

ALBIE

I'm so embarrassed.

CONNIE

Let's - let's all just go and sit
down shall we?

57 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY 5 (08.20) - DAY 57

They're sitting now. Cat has the most to consume.

DOUGLAS

How do your parents feel about you travelling, Cat?

ALBIE

Dad!

DOUGLAS

What?

CAT

Search me, Douglas, I've not seen then for three years.

CONNIE

You've not seen your parents for three years? Cat, that's terrible -

CAT

Not for me it isn't. For me it's *great*.

CONNIE

Do you call them?

CAT

My mum, twice a year, Christmas and birthday.

CONNIE

Yours or hers?

CAT

What?

CONNIE

D'you speak to your mother on your birthday or her birthday?

CAT

Hers. It's her treat. Connie, Albie says you used to be an artist but you gave it all up.

CONNIE

(taken aback)

Well. I was never really an artist -

ALBIE

You sold paintings!

CONNIE

A few, to friends, to my parents. I didn't really make a living.

CAT

But you're still *artistic*, Connie.

CONNIE

I'm in Community Arts. I don't create anything myself, just... facilitate. That's the word. I facilitate others.

CAT

Doug, Albie tells me you're an evil scientist. Big pharma, yeah?

Albie bashful. Connie nervous. Carefully -

DOUGLAS

I work in the pharmaceutical industry, yes, in research and development. I know some of Albie's concerns about the ethics of this -

ALBIE

I didn't say anything! Don't get at me, I just said what you do -

DOUGLAS

All I can say is let's just imagine if, God forbid, you should require new medicine, developed by the *evil* corporation, let's just -

He catches Connie's eye. Remembers his resolution.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Let's just say I think it's important work, but there's always room for improvement. Shall we go?

58 EXT. HOTEL BONTEMPS. DAY 5 (08.45) - DAY

58

Douglas and Connie stand and watch Albie and Cat say goodbye.

DOUGLAS

I liked her.

CONNIE

Is that why you asked her to put her breakfast back?

DOUGLAS

Not *all* of it -

CONNIE

'The buffet system is a system of trust.'

DOUGLAS
Was it too much?

CONNIE
(Albie and Cat kiss, Albie
a little shy)
Oh, God, look at him. Our boy's all
grown up.

And Cat heads off, shouting back.

CAT
Bye, guys! See you around, maybe!
Douglas, check it out -
(juggles apples from the buffet)
Stop! Thief!

59 EXT. RUE DE SEINE. DAY 5 (08.50) - DAY

59

The three of them walk towards the Louvre, Connie in front.
Albie's embarrassment lingers.

DOUGLAS
We liked her. She has a very quirky
view of the world! So will you see
each other again, d'you think?
(ALBIE walks faster)
You know it's not unnatural, two
adults talking about relationships.

ALBIE
It is unnatural. I'm your son.

DOUGLAS
But you're a man now. Technically,
you could fight in a war -

ALBIE
I would rather fight in a war than
have this conversation -

DOUGLAS
You and your mum talk all the time!

ALBIE
That's different!

DOUGLAS
Well, maybe it needn't be. I'm just
trying to be more open -

ALBIE
Well close it down. Please. Let's
just get there, shall we?

He trots ahead, seeking refuge with Connie.

60 EXT. THE LOUVRE: THE PYRAMID. DAY 5 (09.00) - DAY

60

DOUGLAS

You see, this is why we got up early, to beat the crowds.

ALBIE

This holiday, are we going to do anything spontaneous?

DOUGLAS

I hadn't planned to. Now, Albie, if you're serious about art, this is the place. We're doing it for your sake.

CONNIE

For all our sakes. Shall we start?

Connie and Albie are already heading off.

DOUGLAS

We can't do the whole thing, so the trick is to focus on a few key paintings -

61 INT. THE LOUVRE: SALLE MOLLIEN. DAY 5 (09.10) - DAY

61

Faces in anguish, screams and despair. The Petersens stand in front of the great, terrible, spectacle of 'The Raft of the Medusa.'

DOUGLAS

Well, at least someone's having a worse holiday than us.

(Connie looks to him)

I'm having a nice time. Really.

(back to the picture)

There's a lot going on, isn't there? A lot going on. Awful situation. Nightmare to frame.

62 INT. THE LOUVRE: GRANDE GALERIE. DAY 5 (09.15) - DAY

62

A group of tourists wearing headphone guides move on to a neighbouring painting, revealing 'L'Été' (1573) by Giuseppe Arcimboldo. Staring right at it: Douglas and Albie.

DOUGLAS

I like this one. Look, all the different vegetables. It's very original.

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ALBIE
It's kitsch.

DOUGLAS
But if you had to eat one of the
four -

Albie walks off. Douglas is starting to feel sidelined.
Connie, watching, sees this and takes him by the arm.

62A INT. THE LOUVRE: STEPS APPROACHING SAMOTHRACE. DAY 5 62A
(09.25) - DAY

Douglas and Connie at the foot of the stairs towards The
Winged Victory of Samothrace. Albie trailing behind taking
photos.

DOUGLAS.
(checking his Fitbit)
2,839 steps. Feels like more. Why
are art galleries so exhausting? Is
it all the pondering?

They start climbing the stairs.

CONNIE
You could wait in the cafe, if
you're bored.

DOUGLAS
I'm not bored, I just wish I knew
how long you're meant to look. And
what you're meant to say -

CONNIE
Don't say anything. You don't have
to talk about music while you're
listening to it. Just look. Look
around you.

He does so.

63 INT. THE LOUVRE: MARLY COURTYARD. DAY 5 (9.35) - DAY 63

Connie and Douglas rest a moment while Albie takes in the
sculptures and takes pictures. He's happy, engaged.

DOUGLAS
(consulting the floorplan)
The Mona Lisa's back there.

CONNIE
Let's leave it. Too many people.
You know what it looks like.

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DOUGLAS

Okay. Seems strange, being in the Louvre and not seeing...

CONNIE

It's smaller than you think and the eyes follow you around the room. Let's find something new.

DOUGLAS

Okay.
(whispers)
I really want to tick it off!

CONNIE

(whispers)
I know.

They laugh, and watch Albie.

DOUGLAS

Do we need to talk about last night?

CONNIE

Hm?

Now Albie wants to show her something, calls her over -

ALBIE

Mum?

She crosses with some relief. Douglas watches -

[NB: NO SCENE 64.]

65 INT. EAST LONDON FLAT: CONNIE'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 1995: 65
DAY FB2 (08.00) - MORNING

A great wall of art - a collage of postcards, cuttings, photographs. Old Masters, modern paintings. The morning after. Young Douglas lies in Young Connie's bed, looking at it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I like it. I just don't know anything about it.

YOUNG CONNIE

You don't have to *know* anything.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

The only thing hanging on my wall is a fire extinguisher. Just a great blank sea of magnolia.

(MORE)

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YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
I'll have to do something about
that, before you come round.

And this remark hangs there a moment. As distraction -

YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
What about those?
(canvases tucked in the
corner)
Are they yours?

YOUNG CONNIE
We don't talk about those.
(she turns them away)
It's art school stuff, rubbish, all
ripped-off from other people -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
They're wonderful!

YOUNG CONNIE
Well, like you said. You don't know
anything about art.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I can tell when someone's *good*. Can
I buy one? For my walls.

YOUNG CONNIE
You're very nice. Not on a first
date.

A moment.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I should go.

YOUNG CONNIE
Oh. Okay. It's Saturday, can't you
skive?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No, I have to go to the lab. But
are you... silly idea... are you
busy?

66 INT. UCL: DROSOPHILA LAB. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB2
(09.30)- DAY

66

In extreme C.U. The red compound eye of a male in all its
bristly glory. It might almost be a piece of abstract art.

Except that Young Connie is looking through a microscope.
Young Douglas at her side.

YOUNG CONNIE (O.S.)
It's amazing.

Other close-ups over this - a weird, alien spectacle. Douglas is genuinely passionate.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Sixty per cent of the genes responsible for disease in humans are found in *Drosophila*. We can investigate Parkinson's disease, Huntington's. It's exciting stuff.

YOUNG CONNIE

So what am I looking for?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Conspicuous phenotypes-

YOUNG CONNIE

Ah, conspicuous phenotypes.

During the following, with Young Connie's eyes to the microscope, Young Douglas acknowledges the amazement of his COLLEAGUES; 'I know! Isn't she amazing!'

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Observable characteristics. Manifestations of the genotype and the environment. Wing shape, eye pigmentation, changes in genital architecture-

YOUNG CONNIE

Good name for a band. And how do you examine their genital architecture?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

We knock them unconscious.

YOUNG CONNIE

Tiny truncheons?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Carbon Dioxide.

YOUNG CONNIE

You don't kill them?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

We're not monsters.

YOUNG CONNIE

Science, eh.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Isn't it amazing?

67 INT. DROSOPHILIA LAB: BREEDING ROOM. FLASHBACK, 1995: 67
DAY FB2 (09.33) - DAY

- a room draped with muslin nets, warm, low-lit. Swarms of flies behind the gauze.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
The best thing about them is they
have this very short,
straightforward reproductive cycle.
Many generations in a matter of
months.

YOUNG CONNIE
Well, they are very sexy.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Just constantly at it. Multiple
partners, drunk on rotten fruit.
It's like one of my sister's
parties.

YOUNG CONNIE
And this is -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
This is the breeding room.

YOUNG CONNIE
Oh, the *breeding* room.

A beat, and then they're kissing, passionately, noisily
clearing the surface of a stainless steel table.

68 INT. DROSOPHILIA LAB. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB2 (09.33) 68
- DAY

In the lab, Young Douglas's colleagues react to the CRASH of
equipment falling to the floor.

CUT TO:

[NB: SCENE 69 NOW CUT. Content moved to SCENE 70.]

70 INT. THE LOUVRE: SPIRAL STAIRCASE, UNDER THE PYRAMID. 70
DAY 5(11.00) - DAY

The family now on their way out of the Louvre. Connie and
Albie walk up the spiral staircase deep in conversation.
Douglas a little behind.

Douglas watching them talking, talking all the time. How do
they do it? And with such ease.

Connie turns to look back at Douglas, catching his eye, she
smiles and turns back to Albie.

71 EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY 5 (11.30) - DAY 71
Douglas a little way behind.

72 INT. HOTEL BONTEMPS: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S ROOM. DAY 5 72
(20.00) - EVENING
Connie comes out of the bathroom.

DOUGLAS
Here, this is for you -

CONNIE
From the minibar! What's come over
you?

DOUGLAS
I know. I'm like some oligarch.

CONNIE
Where's yours?

DOUGLAS
There's just one. I'm not insane.

CONNIE
You have it. I've brushed my teeth.

A tension in the air. They both feel it.

DOUGLAS
Is our son joining us tonight?

CONNIE
I guess so. Ask him.

DOUGLAS
He doesn't talk to me.

Douglas drains the vodka.

73 INT. POIVRE DU SICHUAN RESTAURANT, PARIS. DAY 5 (20.30) 73
- EVENING

- and then a beer. Albie is on his phone. Douglas tries to
fight it, fight it, but -

DOUGLAS
Put your phone down, please.

ALBIE
I'm reading!
(keen to be here, reading
from the screen)
(MORE)

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ALBIE (CONT'D)

'While many of Paris's Sichuan restaurants turn down the heat for local palate, food here packs an intimidating punch.'

DOUGLAS

Why would you want to be intimidated by your food?

CONNIE

(noting his irritability)
I'm sorry, I just can't face any more cheese.

DOUGLAS

- intimidated then punched.

CONNIE

It's exciting, eating outside your comfort zone -

DOUGLAS

I don't see what's wrong with being comfortable -

CONNIE

Don't be like that -

DOUGLAS

Is there a menu in English?

Albie shudders, Douglas sees.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I'm not being... I just don't see the point in pretending we're not tourists. We are tourists, we're meant to see the Eiffel Tower and the Mona Lisa, that's why we're here.

CONNIE

Douglas -

ALBIE

I'll order for you.

DOUGLAS

Fine, but order sensibly please.

74 INT. POIVRE DU SICHUAN RESTAURANT. DAY 5 (21.00) - EVENING 74

Connie and Albie are eating quite happily, Albie gnawing at ribs coated in chilli sauce.

Douglas, eating a bowl of soup, is in some pain.

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DOUGLAS
This red stuff -

ALBIE
Tomatoes I think.

DOUGLAS
(from his mouth)
It's chillies, it's pure chilli -

ALBIE
Here, try this. Careful with your
fingers, it burns -

DOUGLAS
If it burns your fingers, why would
you put it in your mouth?

Albie starts to giggle. Connie shushes him while Douglas
drains a beer.

ALBIE
Bit much?

DOUGLAS
I can't feel my face, so -

He's really contorted now, gasping, unable to keep still.

CONNIE
Have my beer too.

DOUGLAS
It's completely numb -

Douglas coughs, shakes his head. His eyes are watering and he
fumbles for a napkin. Determined to keep things light.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
Well, it certainly packs a punch!
Personally I'd prefer food that
doesn't actually injure you but -

CONNIE
Douglas, you've not been *injured* by
your soup.

ALBIE
(the napkin)
Don't use that -

DOUGLAS
What?

ALBIE
It's got chilli sauce on -

Too late. It's in his eye.

DOUGLAS

Ow. Ow, ow, ow...

Douglas gets to his feet.

75 INT. POIVRE DU SICHUAN RESTAURANT: TOILET. DAY 5 (21.01) 75
- EVENING

- and he hurls himself at the sink, turning on the taps, Douglas leans in and catches THUMP his forehead on the tap. Douglas splashes water all over his face and into his mouth. And more, and more...

... Douglas turns off the tap. Silence. He looks at his sodden reflection. There is a mark on his forehead from the tap. It's on the cusp of bleeding. One eye swollen and red. As at the REFUSE CENTRE, he lashes out, punching the paper towel dispenser then, when the cover falls off, he takes some time to pick it up, repair it, put the paper towels back -

- then stops, on his hands and knees. Losing it -

76 INT. POIVRE DU SICHUAN RESTAURANT. DAY 5 (21.02) 76
- CONTINUOUS

- struggling to hold it together. But Albie and Connie are sitting close together, laughing - about him? - and the uncontrollable sadness floods back.

Douglas exits the restaurant, and sets off at pace. MUSIC UP -

77 EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY 5 (21.10) - NIGHT 77

Douglas walks, almost runs, alone. There's nothing ornate or polite about Paris now. Noise, chaos. Manic, troubled. His phone rings. He hesitates. Looks at the screen. Assumes a calm manner and answers -

CONNIE (O.S.)

Where are you?

DOUGLAS

Just walking. It wasn't really my thing, so -

CONNIE (O.S.)

But where exactly are you?

DOUGLAS

Just towards the river.

CONNIE (O.S.)

How far now?

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DOUGLAS
Hm?

CONNIE (O.S.)
Steps?

DOUGLAS
10,026.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Well, then stop walking.
(he does so)
You disappeared.

DOUGLAS
Yes, thought I'd make a French
exit.

CONNIE (O.S.)
It's only a French exit if no-one
notices. Did you think we
wouldn't?

DOUGLAS
No, but... I don't think I can
keep this up, Connie.

CONNIE (O.S.)
No?

DOUGLAS
I can't live in the moment when the
moment is so hard. It's too
confusing -

CONNIE (O.S.)
I'm sorry if I confused you. Last
night -

DOUGLAS
Oh, that's all right. I mean I'd
rather we'd tried it than not, but
I find the prospect of... I feel
like I'm losing you all.

CONNIE (O.S.)
I know.

And now a figure appears on the pavement behind him; Connie
has come after him and now embraces him. (Over the embrace,
the opening dialogue from the next scene.)

78 EXT. RIVERBANK, LONDON. FLASHBACK, 1995: DAY FB3 (13.15) 78
- DAY

A bright blast of London summer light, the young lovers near the river. Douglas eating lunch, Connie smoking.

YOUNG CONNIE
Can I tell you a secret? You might not like it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Um - can I say no?

YOUNG CONNIE
'fraid not. I was going to end it today.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Oh.

YOUNG CONNIE
Just the usual thing, lovely to meet you, lots of fun, let's stay friends. But now... the men I've known before, soon as they open their mouths I think, oh, here we go. One of those. But there's nothing familiar about you. You know things, you ask questions, you're so passionate about it all -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I sense a 'but'.

YOUNG CONNIE
It's not you, it's - I'm not very good at this, 'relationships', even the word, makes me feel - claustrophobic. I need to know there's a way out, and I don't want to get caught up in anything that I can't leave without upsetting both of us. If we were to carry on, you'd have to know that was a possibility. Am I making sense?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I think... it will be worth the risk.

YOUNG CONNIE
Good. I think so too.

She reaches for his hand in the PAST and -

79 EXT. RIVERBANK, PARIS. PRESENT: DAY 5 (21.30) - NIGHT 79
- holds it in the PRESENT. They've made it to the river.

 DOUGLAS
It's harder than I thought.

 CONNIE
Going on holiday for the sake of
the kid?

 DOUGLAS
Especially when the kid doesn't
even want to be here.

 CONNIE
He does, he just doesn't want to
show it.

 DOUGLAS
Maybe... maybe if there'd been four
of us, after all. Perhaps it would
be less fraught. There'd be more -

He draws little lines in the air.

 CONNIE
Maybe.

 DOUGLAS
Do you think about her?

 CONNIE
Our daughter? You know I do.

 DOUGLAS
I think - what would it be like,
what would we be like, if she was
with us?

 CONNIE
We'll never know.

 DOUGLAS
I'd still send you crazy, I'm sure.

 CONNIE
Probably. Would I?

 DOUGLAS
Now and then.

 CONNIE
Come back to the hotel.

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DOUGLAS
I thought I might walk around a bit longer.

CONNIE
You've walked far enough. I can't sleep without you.

DOUGLAS
Or with me apparently.

CONNIE
No, it's a dilemma. Come back and try, and tomorrow -

DOUGLAS
Home. Or Amsterdam?

CONNIE
Well. I don't want us to go home.

DOUGLAS
Amsterdam then.

CONNIE
Amsterdam.

Very slowly -

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE.