



Us

Episode 2

Written by
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Based on the novel by David Nicholls

Final Shooting Script 16/10/19

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US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

1 INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING, THE LOWLANDS. PRESENT: 1
DAY 6 (06.45) - DAY

A BLACK SCREEN.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Okay. Are you ready? Let's give a
Petersen family 'bonjour' to
Belgium in 3 - 2 - 1 - NOW!

We're on the train, zipping across the rather dull plain
between Paris and Amsterdam.

DOUGLAS

(the map on his phone)
See? Belgium. The Benelux. Belgium,
Netherlands, Luxemburg.

Connie and Albie are reading. Douglas returns to his own
book, a dense history of World War II. But the habitual need
to fill the silence is strong...

DOUGLAS

So this is Belgium! Hello, Belgium!

TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Mesdames and Messieurs, ladies and
gentlemen, in a few minutes we will
enter Belgium...

DOUGLAS

(back to his map)

Hm. Not sure that's right.

CUT TO:

TITLE, white on black: 'US'

[NB: No SCENE 2.]

3 INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING. DAY 6 (06.49) - DAY 3

DOUGLAS

Albie, I just realised, over there
is the Ardennes.

(nothing from Albie)

The Battle of the Ardennes. It's
where your great-grandfather died.

Douglas flicks through his book for a map. Albie isn't
terribly interested, looks at his phone instead.

DOUGLAS

Just here, you see -

ALBIE

Okay.

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Connie, sensing tension, looks.

DOUGLAS

German counter-attack against the
Allies. Awful, terrible battle.

(Albie returns to his
phone.)

He's buried nearby. We could have
gone to the cemetery. Got off at
Brussels and rented a car...

ALBIE

Hm.

Connie sensing danger-

DOUGLAS

Don't sound too keen, will you?

ALBIE

No. I am. It's just. It's history,
isn't it?

DOUGLAS

Well, yes.

(reasonable)

Your family's history.

CUT TO:

TITLES continue:

4

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING. DAY 6 (06.50) - DAY

4

Both straining to be civil, both struggling -

ALBIE

It's like a school trip, except
it's just me and two teachers.

CONNIE

Thank you, Albie!

DOUGLAS

I thought you'd be interested.

ALBIE

- no, sure, but it's just sort of
difficult to make an emotional
connection to stuff that happened
so long ago.

DOUGLAS

'Emotional connection'? It's not
about emotion, it's about -

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DOUGLAS

My father's father, Albie. Two generations ago, we'd have been divebombed by Stukas by now -

CONNIE

Can we keep voices down please? No-one's being divebombed by Stukas -

DOUGLAS

Do you always have to take his side?

CONNIE

I'm not taking sides! I don't even understand what you're arguing about.

ALBIE

He thinks I don't care enough about 'The War'.

DOUGLAS

You don't!

ALBIE

I know the history... you're making me out to be ignorant, I'm not, I just don't think it's healthy to fixate on -

DOUGLAS

You don't think about what that's like, being called up for the army, standing in the middle of a Belgian forest, dead of winter, scared half to death.

(a nervous tic, Albie reaches for his phone)

No phone to play with back then, Albie!

A beat, and Albie storms off.

CUT TO:

TITLES continue.

5

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOVING. DAY 6 (06.55) - DAY

5

Albie's seat is empty.

CONNIE

You okay?

DOUGLAS

I'm fine.

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Beat.

DOUGLAS
I am trying.

CONNIE
('And it shows.')
You can't expect him to have the
same interests as you because he's
your son. World War II is not
passed down on the father's side.

DOUGLAS
Not the same interests, one
interest, one thing, one shared
point of view or opinion -

CONNIE
But why? You want to get to know
him. This is what he's like.

CUT TO:
TITLES continue.

6 INT. TRAIN, FURTHER DOWN, MOVING. DAY 6 (07.00) - DAY 6

Albie stands alone, texting on his phone. We glimpse a
conversation. 'Heeelp me' 'no better?' 'worse'

DOUGLAS
There you are! I've just walked all
the way from Brussels!
(ALBIE tries to smile)
Sorry about that.

ALBIE
('Me too.')
We can go to the war cemetery if
you want -

DOUGLAS
No, too many other things planned.
Do you want something from the
buffet? Bit early in the day for
Pringles. Kinder Bueno?

ALBIE
I'm not nine, Dad.

DOUGLAS
No, I am very much aware of that.

He puts his hand on Albie's shoulder.

It stays there a moment.

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Then he takes it away again.

CUT TO:
TITLES end.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
And we're officially in
Hollaaaaand...

7 INT/EXT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION. DAY 6 (10.15) - DAY 7

The Petersens travel on an escalator and walk across the concourse.

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

Then step outside, taking in their new surroundings.

DOUGLAS
No point spending money on a cab.
Let's walk. It's not far.

7A EXT. BIKE RACKS, AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION - DAY 6 (10.18) - DAY 7A

- past the bike racks outside the station -

DOUGLAS
We're staying in Grachtengordel,
literally 'the girdle of canals',
like concentric - nice word -
concentric horseshoes
Prinsengracht, Herengracht,
Keizersgracht -

8 EXT. BROUWERSGRACHT. DAY 6 (10.30) - DAY 8

Over a zebra crossing away from the station - over bridges,
past the glorious houses -

DOUGLAS
Or is it Herengracht first?

ALBIE
Look at the map!

DOUGLAS
I don't need the map!

Connie and Albie sit and wait.

DOUGLAS
Herengracht, then Keizersgracht
then Prinsengracht -

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ALBIE

You know it so well.

DOUGLAS

I did a conference here.

ALBIE

Any wild stories?

CONNIE

Yes, any wild stories, Douglas?

DOUGLAS

What happens at conference, stays
at conference.

CONNIE/ALBIE

Woooh!

DOUGLAS

Let's just say it was a very
productive exchange of ideas...

9

EXT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (10.35) - DAY

9

Walking beside the canal.

DOUGLAS

It doesn't have to be a party city,
it's also a conference city,
perfectly civilised place.

CONNIE

Are you going to spend the whole
holiday walking twelve steps ahead?

DOUGLAS

Now.

(they arrive. Canalside,
boutique hotel)

Look - four stars. Best behaviour,
please.

10

INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: RECEPTION. DAY 6 (10.45) - DAY

10

Douglas, Connie and Albie speaking with the RECEPTIONIST.

PETRA

We have some good news here for you
today, Mr and Mrs Petersen. We have
been able to upgrade you to our
honeymoon suite!

Connie and Douglas manage a polite smile.

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11 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: STAIRS/CORRIDOR. DAY 6 (10.55)- DAY 11

Connie, Douglas and Albie lug their luggage up a spiral staircase. The hotel is lush; lots of black silk and purple velvet, erotic art on the walls.

ALBIE

Dad, did you book us into a
brothel?

DOUGLAS

It's not a *brothel*-

CONNIE

It does seem quite... sexual.

DOUGLAS

It's just a nice boutique hotel.

(handing out keys)

Albie, you're in 'Delta of Venus',
your mum and I are in 'Dangerous
Liaisons.'

12 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 6 (10.57) - DAY 12

Douglas and Connie enter. Lots of silk and velvet. Erotic art. A four-poster bed.

CONNIE

The Honeymoon Suite.

DOUGLAS

Otherwise known as The Irony Suite.

Connie approaches what looks like a bath, inspecting it...

CONNIE

I worry about baths in the bedroom.
All that steam.

DOUGLAS

Except it's not just a bath...

Douglas presses a button. Lights come on. A loud CHURNING and WHIRRING follows as the jacuzzi kicks in.

DOUGLAS

SEXY.

CONNIE

SEXY AND NOISY.

DOUGLAS

MAYBE LATER. FIRE THIS UP, GLASS OF
CHAMPAGNE -

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CONNIE

HOW DO YOU HAVE SEX WITH YOUR
FINGERS IN YOUR EARS?

ALBIE

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

CONNIE

YOUR DAD GOT US A JACUZZI!

Douglas turns it off.

ALBIE

Dad, you dark horse.

DOUGLAS

I didn't ask for the jacuzzi, we
just look like jacuzzi-types.

CONNIE

Maybe it's for lower-back pain.
It's an orthopaedic thing.

DOUGLAS

We probably won't use it anyway.

CONNIE

What's your room like?

ALBIE

Like inside a vagina.

DOUGLAS

Albie, please!

ALBIE

It's definitely a brothel.

CONNIE

Hm. Let's get some fresh air. And
some penicillin.

13 EXT. CANALSIDE, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (11.30) - DAY 13

And now they're on bikes, swooping along the canal.

14 EXT. RIJKSMUSEUM: TUNNEL. DAY 6 (11.40) - DAY 14

- through the central tunnel that separates the museum's wings.

15 INT. RIJKSMUSEUM: ENTRANCE HALL. DAY 6 (11.45) - DAY 15

- and now they're entering the imposing entrance hall, high-ceilinged, spectacular -

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16 INT. RIJKSMUSEUM: GALLERY OF HONOUR. DAY 6 (11.55) - DAY 16
- and the galleries. It's a little less stern than the Louvre, Douglas a little more at ease. He has joined the crowd, looking at *The Milkmaid* by Vermeer. Albie too.

DOUGLAS

Nice milk. He gets the physics of it just right, doesn't he? Liquids in motion. You could almost drink it. Or is this too corny for you?

ALBIE

'Course not.

And Douglas is heartened by this.

[NB: NO SCENE 17 + 18.]

19 INT. RIJKSMUSEUM: THE NIGHT WATCH GALLERY. DAY 6 (13.30) 19
- DAY

'The Night Watch', behind the restorers' glass box. Connie and Albie look.

DOUGLAS

I think I'd be quite good at art restoration.

CONNIE

What makes you think that?

DOUGLAS

I did that chest of drawers.

CONNIE

Give him a bottle of white spirit.

ALBIE

Nice fat paintbrush.

Albie moves away and starts taking photographs.

DOUGLAS

Albie seems happier -
(- Albie -)
Having a good time.

CONNIE

The trick, when having a good time, is not to draw attention to the good time.

DOUGLAS

And you, you're having a good time?

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Connie smiles, and they watch Albie, taking photographs: of empty chairs, of the floor, of the back of people's heads.

DOUGLAS

He keeps missing the pictures.

CONNIE

Ssssh.

DOUGLAS

You know about... art and photos and stuff. Is he any good? Will he be okay?

CONNIE

Oh, God, Douglas, I don't know. He might, he might not, but it's what he's passionate about -

DOUGLAS

- it's one thing to be passionate about it, another to actually make a living.

CONNIE

Yes, I do know this.

(moving on)

He's only a kid. Give him time.

[NB: NO SCENE 19A.]

19B INT. RIJKSMUSEUM: GALLERY. DAY 6 (13.15) - DAY 19B

'The Jewish Bride'. Connie and Albie look, Douglas reads.

DOUGLAS

'The Jewish Bride' it's called, though Rembrandt didn't call it that.

CONNIE

It's beautiful.

DOUGLAS

'One of the most touching depictions of sensual and spiritual love in all of art' it says here.

CONNIE

So look at it.

DOUGLAS

Yes, it is lovely. He's getting a bit fresh, isn't he?

ALBIE

Dad -

DOUGLAS

How do they know it's their wedding day?

CONNIE

Well, it's not a first date is it?

DOUGLAS

No, but they could have been married a while. They're getting on a bit.

CONNIE

Maybe it's the... physicality of it.

A moment, and Albie walks off.

20 INT. CAFE, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (15.30) - DAY

20

The Petersens are trying out their accents.

CONNIE

... so itsh a little bit cockney and a little bit shing-shong. 'Sho, did you enjoy your cheeshe toashtie?'

ALBIE

That's *really* bad.

DOUGLAS

We mustn't stay here too long -

CONNIE

Again, please.

DOUGLAS

(sighs -)

We mushn't shtay here too long.

CONNIE

That's amazing!

ALBIE

That is very good.

DOUGLAS

Well, you know -

ALBIE

(his phone beeps)

We can't go just yet -

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DOUGLAS

Seriously though, we're at the Anne Frank House at five, so if we want to see the Tulip Market -

Hands SLAP the glass by Douglas. Connie and Douglas jump.

CAT

(through the glass)
Hello, Petersens!

DOUGLAS

Oh, Christ!

ALBIE

Dad!

CONNIE

Cat's here! Well, that's a nice surprise.

CAT

(tumbling through the door)

You alright, Mr P? Clutching away at your heart there? Albie thought it would be fun to leap out on you.

CONNIE

(teeth gritted)

Albie, you trickster.

DOUGLAS

It's very nice to see you, Cat.

CAT

I'm stalking you, Mr P! Can I call you Mr P?

DOUGLAS

Well, no-one's ever done it and I don't like it but -

ALBIE

I said Cat could join us. Just for a day or so -

CONNIE

Okay, but it might have been nice to -

CAT

Albie says you're booked into some sort of brothel...

DOUGLAS

It's not a brothel, it's a boutique hotel.

CAT

All the more reason to check out
the buffet. Look - big pockets, Mr
P.

(sensing the irritation)

But I totally get that this is a
family thing. If you want it to be
the three of you -

Albie looks to Douglas and Connie for affirmation... a
flicker of hesitation...

CONNIE

We're very happy to have you here.

21 EXT. CANALSIDE/SQUARE, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (15.50) - DAY 21

On the move, wheeling bikes. Cat's on Albie's saddle. Connie
and Douglas watch from behind.

DOUGLAS

No point fighting young love, I
suppose.

CONNIE

(sceptical)

I don't think it's anything like
love. He's trying too hard, going
through the motions.

They come to a halt.

CAT

Albie says there's a strict
itinerary. Where to next, Mr P?

ALBIE

Tulips or something -

CAT

Quite touristy -

DOUGLAS

Well, we are tourists, so that's
what we're going to do. Then it's
the Anne Frank house, but I'm
afraid I only booked three tickets.

CAT

They can squeeze me in -

DOUGLAS

I don't think so. It's very small,
that's the whole point -

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CAT

Or I could show you the *real*
Amsterdam -

DOUGLAS

No! No, we don't have time for the
real one, we're seeing this one -

CAT

Museums are great, but it's such a
party city.

DOUGLAS

It doesn't have to be a party city.
Besides, I've pre-booked so -

ALBIE

(casual as can be)

Actually Cat says there's this
coffee shop she really likes.

(tick-tick-tick)

So we might do that. Instead. If
that's okay.

Douglas fighting it, fighting it...

CAT

When we say 'coffee shop', Mr P -

DOUGLAS

Yes, Cat, I know, you mean drugs.

CAT

Of course, there's your itinerary
but -

(a glance to Albie)

- you'd be totally welcome to join
us.

DOUGLAS

Oh, I don't think so, but-

CONNIE

Okay. Let's do that.

CAT

Yay, Connie!

DOUGLAS

Oh, God, really?

CONNIE

We spent the whole day in a museum.
Let's have fun together and go
tomorrow.

CAT

You, Mr P?

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DOUGLAS

Cat, I'm paranoid and anxious enough, thank you.

ALBIE

How d'you know, until you try?

DOUGLAS

Albie, you didn't *invent* these things. Now - if we're going to make it to the Anne Frank house -

ALBIE

Christ, Dad, even the Gestapo weren't this keen.

DOUGLAS

(snapping. Real anger -)
Albie, please shut-up!

A moment of embarrassment.

CONNIE

Give us a minute, would you?

They step away a little.

CONNIE

I think this is an opportunity to join in and have fun. *Be* fun -

DOUGLAS

By encouraging him to smoke drugs?
He's barely cogent half the time as it is -

CONNIE

Douglas!

DOUGLAS

I'd just like him to have... a clean, sharp mind, a clear head!

CONNIE

He's a teenage boy in Amsterdam, I'd be more worried if he didn't want to -

DOUGLAS

But you don't need to sanction it!

CONNIE

'Sanction' is a bit over the top.
We'd just be there to keep an eye on him -

DOUGLAS

Oh, *for safety reasons*? You're not just playing the 'cool parent'!

CONNIE

I'm not playing anything. Isn't it more sensible to watch them than not? It might even be quite fun -

DOUGLAS

Fine, but please stop making me out to be some sort of killjoy. I'm being careful. It's not caution, it's... care.

CONNIE

I know what it is.

DOUGLAS

(a moment, then -)
You go. I'll rearrange the booking.

CONNIE

Oh.

(she glances to Albie)
He might want you to come.

DOUGLAS

Don't be ridiculous.

They return to Albie and Cat.

CONNIE

Your father's very kindly going to rearrange the tickets for tomorrow.

CAT

Mr P, you're an absolute star.

DOUGLAS

Just be sensible. Don't eat the cookies, you can't control the dose. I tried that once and had a massive whitey.

ALBIE

'Massive whitey.'

CONNIE

You're sure you don't want to come?

DOUGLAS

You'll have more fun without me.

He waits for a contradiction, but they're already heading off.

Douglas watches. Connie turns at the last minute, raises her hand.

CUT TO:

22 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE. FLASHBACK, 1996: DAY FB4 (20.30) 22
- NIGHT

A converted warehouse in East London; exposed brickwork and pipework. An exhibition launch - lots of very cool and beautiful people. A mixture of abstract, conceptual and more traditional stuff. Not silly, jokey art, but still intimidating to Douglas.

YOUNG CONNIE and YOUNG DOUGLAS arrive. He has dressed for the occasion, but the dark corduroy suit he wears is too hot.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Corduroy was a mistake.

YOUNG CONNIE
Too revealing? You'll be fine.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I'm soaked in sweat, it's like I've
got out of a pool.
(the art)
And what am I meant to say?

YOUNG CONNIE
Just... chat.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No-one's *chatting* here. What if
someone asks my opinion?

YOUNG CONNIE
Tell them your opinion.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I'm going to need more than that.

YOUNG CONNIE
I usually say 'it's compelling'.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
'Compelling'. Okay, compelling. Now
which one is your ex-lover?

YOUNG CONNIE
Yuk. 'Ex-lover.'

As if in reply, ANGELO barrels into Young Connie. Intense, shaven-headed, handsome.

ANGELO
Hello, my beauty.

CONNIE

Douglas, this is Angelo -

ANGELO

The new man! Come here.

(a smacking kiss)

Douglas, how are you mate?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I'm good, I'm good. Bit warm.

YOUNG CONNIE

I'm going to get drinks.

Young Douglas watches her go, pleading. Angelo just stares.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Hello.

ANGELO

Hey.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

So, what about all this!

ANGELO

It's not my work, you don't have to
pretend to like it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I don't like it but I do find it
compelling.

ANGELO

Compels me to smash things up.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

But aren't all reactions to art
equally valid?

A long pause. Angelo's gaze is intense, scrutinising.

ANGELO

Sorry, were you asking if -?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Oh, I don't know what I'm -

ANGELO

Connie told me that you've moved in
together.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Yes, for a couple of -

ANGELO

Yeah, we tried living together.
Didn't work. Just too *intense*.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Well, it can get pretty intense
with us too but we work around
that. There's a rota.

ANGELO

(his jacket)

You know they have a cloakroom -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

No I'm okay -

ANGELO

Just give it to me, I'll -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

To be honest, I'm a little sweaty
underneath. The perils of corduroy.

ANGELO

'The perils of corduroy.' Douglas,
if they make a film of your life -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Who'd want to see *that*!

ANGELO

Yeah.

(beat)

Here she comes! Talk about punching
above your weight -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I'm sorry?

ANGELO

No offence, you seem nice enough,
but she is extraordinary. I just
wouldn't get too attached, that's
all.

(and before Douglas can
respond)

Sweetheart, I've got to mingle.

Come here, you -

(a huge embrace)

Douglas: we should hang out some
time, compare notes!

And he's gone. Douglas still shaken. Connie narrows eyes.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I have no intention of 'comparing
notes.'

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CONNIE

Good.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

By the way, 'compelling' doesn't work.

YOUNG CONNIE

No, it doesn't always.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I like the way he stares. Why is that? Is blinking no longer fashionable or -

YOUNG CONNIE

I thought we might skip this part.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

What part?

YOUNG CONNIE

You know what I mean. He was an important part of my life at one time. *Was* - in the past.

(a kiss)

I've moved on. Moved up.

MUSIC UP as we -

CUT TO:

23 EXT. TOURIST BOAT, CANAL. PRESENT: DAY 6 (17.30) - DAY 23

Determined to complete his itinerary, Douglas is taking a boat tour. As instructed, his fellow tourists look left... then right... Unhearing, Douglas looks straight ahead.

24 INT. BAR, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (19.00) - DAY 24

Noise and music in a central bar. Douglas sits, nursing his beer, ordering another. Very much aware of his solitude. In the background, the wump-wump-wump of Nineties dance music.

CUT TO:

25 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE. FLASHBACK, 1996: DAY FB4 (22.30) 25 - NIGHT

The music is much louder and Young Douglas is a little drunk, doing his best with ART STUDENT, CASSIE. Shouting -

CASSIE

So what're you working on?

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YOUNG DOUGLAS

I'm not an artist, I'm actually a
biochemist -
(CASSIE leans in)
A chemist, a BIOCHEMIST.

A moment, then -

CASSIE

I need to piss. Do you know where
the toilet is?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

The toilet, yes I thought so -

Young Douglas is ready to leave now. He looks for Young Connie, talking heatedly with Angelo - intense, an ex-lovers argument. The attack from Angelo still stings, but Young Connie catches his eye, smiles, crosses.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I've made a discovery. Every time I
tell someone what I do, they
suddenly need to go to the toilet.
It's like I'm a human diuretic -

YOUNG CONNIE

What?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

A diuretic, it's a - doesn't
matter.

YOUNG CONNIE

We're going on somewhere.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I think I might head home.

YOUNG CONNIE

Okay! Should I come?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

No, you stay - you'll have more fun
without me.

YOUNG CONNIE

(over the music)

What?

DOUGLAS

I said 'you'll have more fun
without me!'

And there it is again - the same beat as he waits - longs -
to be contradicted.

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YOUNG CONNIE

Okay.

(a kiss)

I'll see you later.

Despondency shifts to irritation:

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Or you could contradict me.

YOUNG CONNIE

Okay. Is that why you said it, as a test?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

No, but -

YOUNG CONNIE

So why don't you stay?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I don't want to stay. I'm bored, I can't talk to these people.

YOUNG CONNIE

Then... I don't see what the problem is.

26 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE. FLASHBACK, 1996: DAY FB4 (22.31) 26
- CONTINUOUS

Young Douglas leaving, Young Connie following:

YOUNG CONNIE

Douglas - if you don't tell me what's wrong, I'll just have to guess -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Why do we never go out with your friends?

YOUNG CONNIE

We are literally out with my friends.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

And those other times, all those parties - ?

YOUNG CONNIE

I'd love you to come out but I don't think you'd enjoy it -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I'd spoil your fun.

YOUNG CONNIE

You wouldn't have fun which means
that I wouldn't have fun. But I
come back every night to *you*,
because I love it, the two of us -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

So you're not even the tiniest bit
embarrassed?

YOUNG CONNIE

To be with you? That's ridiculous.
I'm not remotely embarrassed, I
love you.

Beat.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Well. That was a first.

YOUNG CONNIE

I know. It sort of... slipped out.

Not sure what to do.

YOUNG CONNIE

So. Do you want to go home? Or stay
and have fun?

CUT TO:

27 EXT. CANALSIDE, AMSTERDAM. PRESENT: DAY 6 (19.30) - DAY 27

The area is crowded now. Douglas tries to untangle his bike - buried under great piles of other bicycles - and talking into phone at the same time.

DOUGLAS

(on the phone)

So I checked the guide book and
apparently it is a party city after
all. I don't really want to be by
myself, so let's go wild within
reason. Call me or -

(as he struggles)

The problem with this city, too
many fucking bikes. Sorry. Call me,
text me, let me know where you are,
I'll find you.

Hangs up. He's a little drunk, and increasingly frustrated -

DOUGLAS

Oh, for fuck's sake -

- and in one of those sudden fits of rage, he grabs the bike
that blocks his own and hurls it to the ground.

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The basket falls off, the lights, the mudguards clang and clatter, people stare and as he looks up, there's the bike's owner, helmet in hand, watching him in horror.

JUMP CUT TO:

Douglas hands over some cash to the affronted CYCLIST.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry. Just so many bikes. Here - apologies.

[NB: No SCENE 28.]

29

EXT. BRIDGE, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (20.00) - DUSK

29

As night comes on, he is on his phone again -

DOUGLAS

Albie! Just to say that I'm very, very keen to get this party started. Call me. Doesn't matter how late...

30

INT. COOL BAR, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (21.00) - NIGHT

30

A tiny, noisy, packed bar - they've moved on from the coffee shop. Connie is waiting to get served. She's listening to the message. We hear a murmur - 'too many fucking bikes' - she smiles, as Albie joins her.

CONNIE

Your dad wants to know where we are.

ALBIE

I got that too. He's keen to get this party started.

CONNIE

Well, we should tell him.

(Albie's look)

He's making an effort, Albie. I know you can see the veins pulsing in his forehead but he's doing his -

ALBIE

Fine. I'll do it.

CONNIE

Would you? I'd love that. He'd love it too.

The drinks arrive. Connie carries them off as Albie looks at his phone, and hesitates...

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

31 EXT. LEIDSEPLEIN, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (21.30) - NIGHT 31
And now Douglas is roaming the neon-lit stores, distracted, at a loss -

32 INT. SMOKE SHACK, COFFEE SHOP, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (22.00) 32
- NIGHT
- and in a coffee shop, looking at the menu of joints. To the cashier -

DOUGLAS
I wonder - do you have anything
that might help me just relax?

32A EXT. BRIDGE, AMSTERDAM. DAY 6 (22.30) - NIGHT 32A
- and now a slightly hazy Douglas stands alone on the bridge, stoned, taking in the sights.

33 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 6 (23.00) 33
- NIGHT
'Turbo' on the jacuzzi. Douglas smokes another joint, deep in the foam. On the side of the jacuzzi, he checks his telephone. No messages.

34 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 6 (00.15) 34
- NIGHT
Douglas climbs into the bed. Looks at his watch. Picks up the history of World War II. Tries to read, still a little stoned -

JUMP CUT TO:

- and now he lies entirely asleep.

YOUNG CONNIE (V.O.)
Hey. Don't let me wake you up.

MATCH CUT TO:

[NB: No SCENE 35.]

36 INT. EAST LONDON FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 1996: DAY FB4 36 (00.30) - NIGHT
Young Connie is next to him, face close, drunk or stoned.

YOUNG CONNIE
- go back to sleep.

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YOUNG DOUGLAS
(eyes closed throughout)
You woke me up to tell me to go
back to sleep?

YOUNG CONNIE
I thought you'd be pleased to see
me. Open your eyes... open...
open...

YOUNG DOUGLAS
(opens them, closes them)
There. Was the party fun?

YOUNG CONNIE
More of the same. Too old for that
stuff on a weekday. Or a weekend.
Prefer it here. Let's never go
anywhere again.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Sorry about earlier. I'm trying to
be less of an idiot but I fear it's
a lifetime's project.
(she laughs kisses him)
You too, by the way.

YOUNG CONNIE
Me too what?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
That thing you said earlier.

YOUNG CONNIE
Go on.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Well. You too.

YOUNG CONNIE
No.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
What do you mean 'no'?

YOUNG CONNIE
'You too's' not the same, you have
to say the words.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
You can't make me.

YOUNG CONNIE
I can. It's easy. Take it one word
at a time.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
No -

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

YOUNG CONNIE
Go on. Start with 'I' -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I'm going back to sleep now.

YOUNG CONNIE
'L' - make the 'l' sound.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
'Night.

YOUNG CONNIE
Say it! Say it.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I love you.

Young Connie smiles. Triumphant, she falls back.

CONNIE (V.O.)
Hey. Don't wake up.

MATCH CUT TO:

37 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. PRESENT: DAY 6 37
(02.00)- NIGHT

Connie joins him, drunk, still a little stoned, face close.

CONNIE
Go back to sleep.
(a moment passes)
Why do they put so many pillows - ?

DOUGLAS
Fun?

CONNIE
(hurling pillows)
In a teenage kind of way. You
should have been there. We went to
a club, we danced. I thought I was
too old for that stuff.

DOUGLAS
Did you get my messages?

CONNIE
Hm. Albie texted you back. Maybe,
you know. Europe.

DOUGLAS
That'll be it.

CONNIE
What did you get up to?

DOUGLAS

Drank alone. Smashed up a
stranger's bike, got stoned, then
jacuzzi.

CONNIE

Hm.

DOUGLAS

I missed you though, both of you.
You were right, I should have come.
Maybe if I'd been more spontaneous -
I know we're not supposed to be
talking about this - maybe if we'd
done more things together, gone out
more, all of us, over the years,
instead of being too tired, too
busy.

(he looks to her)

You asleep? Connie? Probably
wouldn't have made any difference
but I do regret not being more...
light-hearted. And I do love you.
Can I still say that? Whatever
happens, I do, the both of you.

(nothing)

You're asleep aren't you? Okay.
Goodnight.

38 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY 7 (08.50) - DAY 38

Again, Connie and Douglas sit dazed with exhaustion. Connie has sunglasses on and is hesitating over the boiled egg in front of her.

CONNIE

The moment I crack that egg, I will
throw up.

(Douglas says nothing)

I know. My own fault.

A great gale of laughter. On another table, three BUSINESSMEN are talking too loudly. Loud and sleek, brash and confident.

DARREN

So this is 4, 5 in the morning,
it's starting to get light, we're
in a warehouse in the middle of
nowhere and the taxi-driver won't
take us, says we're too drunk, and
Charlie starts waving the money at
him. 'It's the law!' he says,
'You've got to take us! It's the
law!'

CONNIE

Who talks that loudly at this time
in the morning?

DOUGLAS

Here he comes.

Albie and Cat enter, again, a little frail, past the
obnoxious businessmen, towards the table.

CONNIE

Go easy, please.

Albie and Cat sit. Douglas is doing his best.

CAT

Morning!

ALBIE

Sorry we're a little late.

DOUGLAS

It's fine. But we're due at the Van
Gogh Museum in ten minutes.

There's a great crash as the WAITRESS drops a tray of the
dirty plates that she was clearing from the BUSINESSMEN's
table. Ironic CHEERS from the men.

CAT

(heads towards the buffet)

I'll go get started.

DOUGLAS

Thank you for letting me know where
you were last night.

CONNIE

(believing this)

Albie sent a text.

ALBIE

Maybe it got lost.

A beat as both Connie and Douglas realise this isn't true.

DOUGLAS

Yes, probably. Europe.

And now two things happen at once, one of them over Douglas's
shoulder, so that Albie and Connie can see it but Douglas
can't.

Best describe that first. The buffet takes Cat close to the
businessmen and the waitress, new here, overworked and
fretful, now attempting to clear the mess.

DARREN

Hey, what are you going to do about this?

There's a stain on his trousers.

WAITRESS

I'm very sorry, sir -
(a cloth)
Here.

Cat is watching.

DARREN

Well, that's no good, that's dirty.

WAITRESS

(a napkin from the table)
Try this?

DARREN

It's a suit, it needs dry-cleaning.

CAT

(helping the waitress
clear)

Don't be an arsehole, man.

DARREN

Beg your pardon?

CAT

Well you heard me but if you want
me to say it again, fine. I said,
you are being an arsehole.

DARREN

Sorry darling but this has got
literally nothing to do with you.

CAT

Don't talk to her like that, don't
talk to ANYONE like that. Jesus, it
was an accident -

DARREN

Do you want to clean it up?

Albie is approaching.

CAT

What are you, a baby? It's a splash
of juice on a really shitty suit.
Do it yourself.

ALBIE

What's going on?

CAT

It's fine, go, sit down -

DARREN

Yes, fuck off out of it.

(back to the Waitress)

And you - clean my suit!

REWIND. AT THE SAME TIME as the above, Douglas is speaking to a distracted Albie. Both are attempting to be reasonable, but Albie can't help but see the events unfolding behind his father;

DOUGLAS

I think perhaps it's worth having a conversation about Cat.

CONNIE

Do we have to do this now?

This riles Albie, who looks to Cat - into his P.O.V. as she argues head-on with the BUSINESSMAN, shoving the napkin back at him.

DOUGLAS

I think we do. She's a lovely, bright girl -

(Douglas glances over his shoulder, but he wants to say this.)

- but this was meant to be *our* holiday, the three of us. Who knows when it will happen again -

But Albie gets to his feet, heads over to the buffet at speed. [Getting there as the Businessman asks Cat, 'do you want to clean it up?'.]

DOUGLAS

I'm being very calm -

CONNIE

Oh, Albie -

DOUGLAS

What's he doing now?

Douglas turns just in time to SEE -

Albie picks up a glass of juice and empties it into Darren's lap.

DOUGLAS

For Christ's sake.

Immediate UPROAR, Cat attempting to intervene as Darren lunges for Albie, shoving him, so that Albie shoves back.

A scuffle has broken out. Douglas marches over to the skirmish at speed, Connie following, calming Cat, Douglas holding Albie back.

DOUGLAS
Hey! Let's all calm down, shall we? Whatever's going on here, I'm sure there's no need -

ALBIE
Dad, I am calm. It's not me who started it. You're not listening to me, why don't you listen?

DOUGLAS
Because you're being an idiot!

EVERYONE in the restaurant is looking on. Douglas addresses everyone, offering a general apology:

DOUGLAS
I'm sorry, everyone, I'd like to apologise for my son. I've no idea why he's being so stupid... I'm sorry, we, can we, um...

Albie shakes off his father. A beat of silence, stillness. Connie has been on her feet for some time now, watching. Waiting Staff clear up, and Douglas helps. Albie watches Douglas, briefly: disbelief. He goes. Cat follows.

Douglas watches them go then, suddenly fearful, turns to Connie - Connie's long look of utter disdain.

39

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM. DAY 7 (09.30) - DAY

39

And now they're striding in the direction of the Van Gogh Museum, Douglas persistent in the face of Connie's silent fury. She checks her phone.

DOUGLAS
Any word?

CONNIE
Nope.

DOUGLAS
I'm sure he'll turn up. We'll meet at the hotel later. We must hurry.
(Connie stays put)
We'll be late!

CONNIE
How could you do that?

DOUGLAS
What?

CONNIE
Call our son an idiot.

DOUGLAS

I did not.

CONNIE

I heard you! Everyone heard you!

DOUGLAS

I meant that his behaviour was
idiotic, and it was.

CONNIE

Why did you apologise?

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry?

CONNIE

To those awful men, you said 'I'd
like to apologise for our son.'

DOUGLAS

Well, he was throwing orange juice -

CONNIE

He was sticking up for Cat and
sticking up for that poor waitress
and you acted like you were
embarrassed.

DOUGLAS

I was embarrassed! He was trying to
start a fight -

CONNIE

You held his arms!

DOUGLAS

I did not... only to calm things
down!

CONNIE

You should have stood up for him.

DOUGLAS

I did!

CONNIE

No, you said, and I quote, I would
like to apologise for my-

DOUGLAS

So? He's always acting as if I
embarrass *him* -

CONNIE

Because he is seventeen years old!
And even if he *was* in the wrong,
when that guy went for Albie, you
should've punched him in the face -

DOUGLAS

Yes, you're right, I should have
fought them all, all THREE of them.

CONNIE

Yes! They could have kicked the
shit out of you and I would have
wanted to *kiss* you, but you saw the
suit and tie and then you
apologised for your own son when he
was doing the right thing!

DOUGLAS

Fine. Point taken. Now - can we get
on.

CONNIE

No. I can't do this journey any
more. It's... unbearable.

DOUGLAS

It was your idea!

CONNIE

And I was wrong and you were right!
Is that what you wanted to hear? I
was wrong, wrong, wrong. Happy now?

DOUGLAS

So why did you suggest it?

CONNIE

I don't know, maybe I thought -
maybe I thought he can change,
clearly he wants to, maybe we can
find some... spark, some flicker of
life or fun or empathy or
imagination or passion, maybe I'll
recognise some tiny trace element
of the man I fell in love with -

DOUGLAS

That's exactly what I'm trying to
show you!

CONNIE

But it's gone, Douglas! It's out!
I've tried, I swear, but the reason
I can't love you is because it's
you.

(walking away)

(MORE)

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CONNIE (CONT'D)

I don't even like Van Gogh. I'll
see you when we check out.

And she walks away, leaving Douglas alone, lost.

40 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 7 (11.00) - DAY 40

Connie lies on the bed, her back to the door. Douglas stands in the doorway, heavy-hearted.

DOUGLAS

We need to start packing. I've arranged a late check-out, but still -

(nothing. He sits, reaches for her)

Clearly it's taking me a while to settle into the holiday rhythm. I still don't think we should give up just yet -

CONNIE

Douglas, it's too late.

DOUGLAS

No, hear me out.

CONNIE

I mean it's too late.

But she offers up a letter, scrawled on hotel paper. He takes it and sits on the bed.

ALBIE (V.O.)

Dear Mum, dear Dad. I appreciate the money and the effort, but I feel like the Grand Tour isn't quite working out so I've gone.

All the breath goes out of Douglas.

41 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 7 (11.45) - DAY 41

Douglas and Connie pack their bags in silence.

ALBIE (V.O.)

I'm sorry if I've let you down, but I feel at the moment like I can't do anything right, and that's not much of a holiday for me.

In the bag, a glimpse of travel guides to the cities they never reached - Berlin! Rome! Barcelona! He takes them out - leaves them on the side.

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42 EXT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION. DAY 7 (11.50) - DAY 42

Albie and Cat head into the station.

ALBIE (V.O.)

I can't face going home either, so I've decided to head off with Cat for a while. We're not sure where, somewhere in Europe.

43 INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL: HONEYMOON SUITE. DAY 7 (12.00) - DAY 43

Connie sits, bag packed, waiting.

ALBIE (V.O.)

Please don't worry. Like you said, I'm old enough to do what I want. Maybe you two can carry on with the Tour. I don't know what's going on but clearly you need some time together.

Douglas, fretful, sits on the bed, texting away.

ALBIE (V.O.)

The one thing I do ask is - please don't try and get in touch. I won't answer. Just give me time to think and work things out.

A glimpse of Douglas' text. 'Albie, I'm sorry. Call me. Love, Dad'.

43A INT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION: 'SANDWICH WALL'. 43A
DAY 7 (12.15) - DAY

As Cat chooses a snack. Albie, pen and paper in hand is on his phone.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Buongiorno?

ALBIE

(on the phone)

Ah, buongiorno, my name is Mr Petersen. We have a reservation at your hotel, but our plans have changed -

44 INT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION: CONCOURSE. DAY 7 (12.30) 44
- DAY

As Cat and Albie hurry for their train, with their sandwiches, Albie looks at his phone.

ALBIE (V.O.)

I might stay with Cat, I might not.
I'll be back in touch when the time
is right.

His father's text. He reads. Deletes. Hurries on.

And we track around them to find, just feet away -

Douglas and Connie arriving at the station. A painful near miss. The London train.

ALBIE (V.O.)

Mum - don't worry. And Dad, I'm
sorry if I disappoint you.

45 INT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION: BENCH. DAY 7 (13.45) 45
- DAY

A bench. Connie and Douglas sit with their luggage, waiting for the train to be called. Barely looking at each other, barely able to speak.

ALBIE (V.O.)

See you whenever, Albie.

DOUGLAS

He's probably on a train somewhere.
(nothing from Connie)
Or he's making plans with friends.
He's got a little money. He can
always busk.

CONNIE

That doesn't reassure me. We should
wait on the platform.

DOUGLAS

Let's keep going. We'll worry just
as well in Munich as at home.
Maybe he'll come back and we'll
finish the tour.

CONNIE

No. It was a mistake. Let's get
back and... get on with it.

DOUGLAS

But going home - I don't think I
can bear it.

CONNIE

So what's your plan? The two of us
just keep getting on trains,
roaming round Europe, avoiding the
truth for the rest of our lives?

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DOUGLAS

I think I'd prefer that.

CONNIE

And when the money runs out?

She's gathering up bags.

DOUGLAS

I don't know. We could busk?

But she has gone.

[NB: No SCENE 46.]

47 INT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION: CONCOURSE/ESCALATOR. 47
DAY 7 (13.55) - DAY

Connie and Douglas on the move.

DOUGLAS

What do we tell people?

(silence)

Neighbours, people at work. We're back three weeks early. We don't even have any photographs.

CONNIE

No-one wants to see our photographs.

DOUGLAS

But they might notice our son is missing.

CONNIE

I don't know, Douglas. Tell them the truth.

And this hangs in the air. Douglas' phone rings. Connie alert
-

DOUGLAS

0039. Italy. He can't be in Italy yet.

(he answers)

Hello?

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Buongiorno, Mister Petersen?

DOUGLAS

(to Connie)

Hotel confirmation. I'll tell them.

(on the phone)

Si?

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
We spoke a moment ago?

DOUGLAS
I don't think so.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
About your reservation -

Connie rides the escalator as Douglas hangs back talking to the hotel.

[NB: No SCENE 48.]

49 EXT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL STATION: PLATFORM / CONCOURSE. 49
DAY 7 (14.15) - DAY

ANNOUNCEMENT
- to arrive at Platform 14 is the express service to Brussels".

Connie looks up, anxious. Where is he? Her phone rings.

CONNIE
No, it's fine, I'll carry the luggage myself.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
I know where Albie is.

CONNIE
What?

Douglas is on the concourse walking briskly away. INTERCUT -

DOUGLAS
That call was from our hotel in Venice. About moving the reservation.

CONNIE
Okay, so -

DOUGLAS
So I didn't call the hotel. It must have been Albie. He's on his way to Venice and I'm going to find him.

CONNIE
You're not, because the train's about to arrive.

DOUGLAS
Not for Munich. I've still got the tickets, I get in at dawn, get the train to Italy, I'm there by ten -

CONNIE

But he doesn't want to see you -

DOUGLAS

He doesn't now, but he will do. And clearly we can't leave things as they stand -

CONNIE

But even if he is in Venice, even if you find him -

DOUGLAS

Any mistakes I've made, I'm going to put them right and I'm going to bring him back home.

CONNIE

But think about it. Take a moment to think clearly. It isn't practical!

DOUGLAS

I have my passport -

CONNIE

Oh, God, you make me so -

DOUGLAS

I've got my passport, money, cards, I've got everything I need. Just don't let on I'm coming. I want it to be a surprise.

CONNIE

Oh, it will be a surprise.

(acceptance)

What am I supposed to tell everyone?

DOUGLAS

I suppose you tell them the truth. I'm looking for our son.

He hangs up. He has reached the bank of escalators to his train. He bounds upwards...

Connie, meanwhile, sits exasperated, alone, surrounded by all their luggage. From Connie -

YOUNG DOUGLAS (V.O.)

I'd like to thank the caterers and my sister Karen for doing the flowers, and finally I'd like to -
(over the applause)
Quiet please! Quiet!

[NB: No SCENE 50.]

51

INT. WEDDING VENUE. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB5 (15.30)

51

- DAY

Young Connie, listening. Young Douglas picks up her glass, starts tapping it.

A little too hard. The glass shatters. Laughter and cheers from the smallish crowd. NB: Karen Petersen and Angelo are amongst the GUESTS.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

That was your fault!

(the noise subsides)

Now God knows what she's going to say, but I'd like to pass you on to my wife here, who wants to add a few words. So - Mrs Connie Petersen.

Cheers as Young Connie stands, radiant, *hugely* pregnant.

YOUNG CONNIE

So, I have a confession. The thing is... I'm pregnant.

(laughter, cheers)

The old tradition is that wedding night's an opportunity for the bride to lose her virginity but, um, that ship sailed some time ago so -

(laughter, cheers, smirks from Angelo)

So we're going to need something else to celebrate and I wanted to take this opportunity to say a few words about - let's see if I can say it - my husband. What can I say about Douglas Petersen? The first thing to say is that ever since I met him, he's been my rock.

Whether that's igneous, sedimentary or metamorphic rock is something you'd need to ask him, because all I know is that he has been a constant source of support and inspiration and love and jokes too, often terrible jokes, but still he makes me laugh, and there's no-one else I'd rather be with, except perhaps this person here -

(she touches her tummy)

Why am I saying 'person'. It's a girl, by the way. Happy now? It's a girl!

(laughter and cheers)

(MORE)

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YOUNG CONNIE (CONT'D)

And I can't wait for it to be the three of us, because I know he's going to be an exceptional father too! So please raise your glasses to... my husband.

They kiss. CHEERING and APPLAUSE. Over this:

52 INT. WEDDING VENUE. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB5 (20.30) 52
- NIGHT

... Young Connie and Young Douglas's first dance. They move slowly, unhurried, in circles (perhaps "Who Knows Where The Time Goes?" - see Ep.4). Karen, Douglas's sister, watches tearfully, bursting with pride; 'all my work! I did this!'

(Or perhaps - Karen sings! Heartfelt, lots of vibrato, at the electric piano, Young Douglas and Young Connie stifling laughter.)

YOUNG CONNIE

Hello, husband.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Hello, wife. Feel any different?

YOUNG CONNIE

Not particularly.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Trapped, confined, jaded? Looking for a way out?

YOUNG CONNIE

Sore feet, that's all.

(her head on his shoulder)

Still. Early days.

And we stay with them for a beat or two, content.

[NB: NO SCENE 53.]

54 EXT/INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: FRONT DOOR. DAY 7 (20.30) - 54
EVENING

Back in England, the front door is pushed open, over the pile of mail. Connie struggles in with a month's worth of suitcases.

She stands for a moment in the doorway. The house has never felt emptier, Connie never more alone.

54AA EXT. CANAL, VENICE. PRESENT: DAY 8 (10.20) - DAY 54AA
Douglas arrives in Venice on a water taxi.

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54A EXT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA. VENICE. DAY 8 (10.40) - DAY 54A

Douglas, shabby and alone, exhausted, heads into the hotel.

55 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 8 (10.45) - DAY 55

Douglas now stands at Reception.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

You requested room sixteen.

DOUGLAS

That's the one.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

And room fifteen also -

DOUGLAS

For my son, yes, when he turns up -

A WOMAN arrives at the desk. This is FREJA and we'll get to know her more, but for the moment, she waits, listens -

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

(back to Douglas)

I'll get someone to help you with the luggage.

DOUGLAS

I have no luggage.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

You must have luggage.

DOUGLAS

No. Is there somewhere nearby for the immediate purchase of clothes, shoes, underwear. Hello -

(he smiles at Freja. The receptionist gives him a map.)

I have a map. Here.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

You have no luggage, but you have a map.

DOUGLAS

It's a long story.

(to Freja)

Would you like to?

FREJA

Oh. My key stopped working. Room 9. Thank you. Grazie.

The ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST hands her the key, and she goes.

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DOUGLAS

Just let me know if my son turns up. And if he phones again, please tell him come now. But don't tell him I'm here too. It's a... surprise.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST

And if Mrs Petersen arrives?

DOUGLAS

Oh, she had to return to England. She wasn't feeling well.

56

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 8 (09.46) - DAY

56

Connie fills the kettle, opens the bills. The drab, the everyday. She opens the fridge - empty.

She stands for a moment, closes her eyes as if fighting back panic. 'Pull yourself together'. The kettle has boiled. She picks it up, goes to pour -

Reveal that she has automatically put out two mugs. A moment. She returns one to the cupboard.

[NB: NO SCENE 57.]

58

INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 8 (10.50) - DAY

58

Meanwhile, Douglas opens the shutters. A view of the city's rooftops, all the way to St. Mark's. Remembering -

YOUNG DOUGLAS (V.O.)

So we're here, near the Arsenale, we're going to walk along here to the Accademia bridge -

59

INT. HOTEL BIBIANA: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB6 (10.00) - DAY

59

- and Young Douglas and Young Connie are on their honeymoon, looking at the map. Young Connie still noticeably pregnant -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

(pen in hand)

- then head east, along the Grand Canal -

YOUNG CONNIE

You can't draw on a map! It's a betrayal of everything you believe in.

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YOUNG DOUGLAS

Ah, well, I'm glad you've brought
that up, Connie, because -
(moistening his thumb)
This is a very special, deluxe
laminated *wipeable* map -

YOUNG CONNIE

God help me -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

See. By what strange witchcraft -

YOUNG CONNIE

Too many of your possessions are
wipeable -

He wipes again. It's not coming off -

YOUNG CONNIE

(amused)

Oh, does it not work?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Must be the wrong kind of pen -

CUT TO:

60 INT. HOTEL BIBIANA: BEDROOM. PRESENT: DAY 8 (12.00) 60
- DAY

Back in the present, Douglas rubs at the map with a wet
thumb. All these years later, the ink still won't come off.

He gives up, slumps a little.

61 INT. SOUVENIR VENEZIA, VENICE. DAY 8 (12.20) - DAY 61

And now Douglas shops for clothes from the meagre stock in a
souvenir shop.

61A INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 8 (17.55) 61A
- DAY

And stands in the doorway of her son's room. The bed unmade,
the curtains drawn, it has never felt emptier, more
abandoned.

She sits, then lies on his bed.

She feels fantastically, frantically alone.

62 EXT. ALLEYWAYS / CAMPO SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO. DAY 8 (20.00) 62
- EVENING

Douglas in an 'I Heart Venice' souvenir t-shirt. At least it's clean.

Map in hand, Douglas walks through the darkening evening alleys, until the passageway suddenly opens out, revealing -

The Salute - that extraordinary view down the end of the Grand Canal.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. CAMPO SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB6 63
(20.00) - EVENING

A similar evening, some years before. Young Connie, Young Douglas, sit on the steps, taking in the view, Young Connie with her head in his lap.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
We should get back. Can you walk?

YOUNG CONNIE
(exhausted)
You're going to have to roll me onto a barge. Float me down the canal.
(she closes her eyes,
takes his hand)
Do you think we're going to be any good at it?

YOUNG DOUGLAS
What?

YOUNG CONNIE
Being parents.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
I don't see why not. Frankly when you see some of the idiots who get away with it -

YOUNG CONNIE
Exactly. How hard can it be? I think we're going to be all right.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Strict but fair.

This lands with Connie.

YOUNG CONNIE
Except not at all strict.

Another beat.

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Well, a little strict. Sometimes.
(subject change)
You ready?

YOUNG CONNIE
A little longer. Let me sleep.

He looks at his watch -

YOUNG DOUGLAS
Okay. Because we really need to
move on -

A glimpse of the Douglas to come as we -

CUT TO:

64 INT/EXT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM / CAMPO SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO. PRESENT: DAY 8 (19.10 GMT) - EVENING 64

Connie has fallen asleep on her son's bed. Her phone rings. She picks it up, contemplates hanging up. But - INTERCUT -

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
Hello, Connie?

CONNIE
So. Have you found him?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
No. No, not yet.
(she slumps)
I just wanted to say I arrived
safely. In case you were
interested.

In his 'I Heart Venice' t-shirt, Douglas sits in the exact same spot, many years later. Connie, meanwhile, takes in her surroundings. INTERCUT -

CONNIE
Be nice to be in Venice.

DOUGLAS
Really? Because yesterday you said
the idea was unbearable -

CONNIE
I just mean... let's not do that.

DOUGLAS
How is it there?

CONNIE

Very quiet. I've decided to go into hiding from the neighbours. I'm eating weird things from the back of the freezer -

DOUGLAS

Are you having more fun without me? Doing all those things you apparently can't do when I'm around?

CONNIE

Oh. I see. You *do* want to do that -

DOUGLAS

No one holding you back or suffocating you, no limits, no restrictions?

CONNIE

Is that why you called?

DOUGLAS

No. No, I'm just very tired.

CONNIE

Then go to bed. Talk tomorrow -

DOUGLAS

But tell me - were you always looking for a way out? Was that what the marriage was, twenty years of you waiting to jump?

CONNIE

No -

DOUGLAS

I know I'm not the most, what is it, 'emotionally intelligent', but it didn't seem like that to me -

CONNIE

Because it wasn't.

DOUGLAS

So when did that start?

CONNIE

I can't provide a date and time -

DOUGLAS

Was it being a parent, did we, did I, do something wrong?

A moment.

CONNIE

I think something changed. We're tired. You're angry. Let's not talk about it now.

(nothing)

I hope you find him.

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They hang up. He lies on his back, quite exhausted.

[NB: No SCENE 65.]

66 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 8 (19.15) 66
- EVENING

Connie, meanwhile, sits for a moment. Then stands and we follow as she -

67 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: LANDING/BEDROOM. DAY 8 (19.16) - 67
CONTINUOUS

- walks into her bedroom.

Goes to the wardrobe.

On the top shelf, a shoebox. It's old but clearly precious.

On the lid, we glimpse a name - 'Jane'.

She takes it to the bed, holds it on her lap. Opens it.

BLACK SCREEN

YOUNG CONNIE (V.O.)

Douglas? Douglas, can you feel
that? It's happening.

68 INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB7 68
(22.30) - NIGHT

July. The bedside light is turned on. Their new flat - futon on the floor, half-decorated, unpacked boxes.

YOUNG CONNIE

My waters have broken.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

It can't be. It's too soon.

YOUNG CONNIE

Can we agree, in this situation at least, that I might be right. Here -

She takes his hand it beneath the covers.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Oh, my God.

YOUNG CONNIE

I know. It's too soon.

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YOUNG DOUGLAS

Not too soon, just a little early.
It's fine. We're ready. Aren't we?

[NB: NO SCENE 69.]

70 INT. HOSPITAL: CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB7 (23.00) 70
- NIGHT

Young Connie is taken towards the delivery room in a wheelchair, Young Douglas at her side, holding her hand, checking his watch. To staff -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I have a folder here, it has all the information, there's a birth plan, the letters and scans. There's a CD in there of relaxing music -

YOUNG CONNIE

Oh, fucking, fucking hell.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

She's at thirty-four weeks but she's having contractions -

YOUNG CONNIE

(clutching her stomach)

Here comes another one -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

(checking his watch)

- every seven minutes. That's every seven minutes.

Young Douglas grips her hand, as she readies for another spasm. Great shouts, screams.

71 INT. HOSPITAL: WARD. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB8 (07.00) 71
- DAY

- then silence.

Morning light. A NEWBORN BABY, tiny, eyes scrunched shut, flesh pinky, rose red. Head of dark hair. She lies in Young Connie's arms, worn out and relieved.

YOUNG CONNIE

Did I swear at you?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

You did. I mean a lot.

YOUNG CONNIE

So much for that CD.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Yes, that was a waste of time. I think even the midwife was taken aback.

YOUNG CONNIE

Don't take it personally. She's so tiny.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

She was excited to come out, weren't you?

YOUNG CONNIE

She wanted to get on with things. Get started.

72 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 9 (07.00) - DAY 72

Douglas opens his eyes in the drab old room.

[NB: NO SCENE 72A.]

73 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BREAKFAST ROOM. DAY 9 (07.40) 73
- DAY

In his 'I Heart Venice' t-shirt, DOUGLAS stands alone, dazed and weary before another breakfast selection. The room is almost empty, early morning.

VOICE

Another early bird. Do you mind if I -

He snaps out of it to find a WOMAN reaching across him for the milk.

DOUGLAS

Of course. I'm sorry. Miles away.

It's FREJA, the lady from reception yesterday.

FREJA

Cake or cheese?

(she has an accent -

German? Scandinavian?)

Italian food is marvellous but I can't help thinking they've never quite mastered breakfast.

JUMP CUT. He has taken his plate to his table and now is scrutinising the laminated map. Freja is on the next table-for-one.

Nervously, Douglas is just slipping a banana into his rucksack when -

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FREJA

That's quite a map you've got
there.

Douglas speaks in the slightly mannered voice he reserves for
foreigners.

DOUGLAS

Well, if ever a city demanded a
good map, it is Venice.

FREJA

You heart Venice.

DOUGLAS

Hm?

FREJA

You heart Venice.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry, I don't know what that -
(The terrible t-shirt)
Oh, this. It's all I could find
last night. It is awful, isn't it?

FREJA

Have you been here before?

DOUGLAS

Twenty years ago.

FREJA

It must have changed a great deal
in that time?

DOUGLAS

Excuse me?

FREJA

All the new developments!
Skyscrapers!

DOUGLAS

Oh, I see. Yes, back in those days
it wasn't even flooded!

FREJA

May I say something? - there's no
need to talk like that. I will
understand your normal voice.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry. Of course. Your English
is beautiful. Better than my son's!

Another self-conscious silence.

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FREJA
Did you have the cake or the cheese?

DOUGLAS
Well, I should get going -

FREJA
Sorry, you were saying

DOUGLAS
I've got a lot of ground to cover, so -

FREJA
Well, goodbye.

Douglas smiles and goes -

[NB: No SCENE 74.]

75 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 9 (09.30) - DAY 75

ALBIE's face emerges from the hotel's printer - a recent photo, reluctant, his hand covering part of his face in that teenage way. Another copy, then another.

The photos are tapped into a pile and handed to Douglas.

DOUGLAS
Thank you, I appreciate it. And if you see him here -

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST
- we will call you -

DOUGLAS
- but make sure you don't -

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST
- tell him you're here -

DOUGLAS
- it's a surprise -

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST
I understand.

And Douglas sets off.

75A EXT. CANAL / BRIDGES, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (09.35) - DAY 75A

Douglas strides through Venice, peering at faces -

76 EXT. STREETS, VENICE. DAY 9 (09.45) - DAY 76

Striding through the August heat and crowds, a man on a mission.

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77 EXT. BUSKING SPOT, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (10.45) - DAY 77
Douglas passes a cellist, busking.

78 EXT. PESCARIA, MERCATO. DAY 9 (11.45) - DAY 78
He scans left and right, through the crowds at the market.

79 EXT. SQUARE, VENICE. DAY 9 (12.00) - DAY 79
In the Campo, a boy and girl are busking - they might almost be his quarry. Almost.
The song ends. He takes out some money, a note, which he offers up -

DOUGLAS
Scusi, I wonder - could I have a word?
(producing a photo)
I'm looking for someone -

A distant P.O.V., Douglas is talking to the buskers, pen lid between his teeth as he marks off spots on his wipeable map. We hear nothing, just watch -

- along with FREJA. As Douglas thanks the buskers - more money - she approaches and joins him.

FREJA
It's quite normal to get lost here.
In fact you're meant to.

DOUGLAS
I'm sorry -

FREJA
We spoke at breakfast? I'm Freja.

DOUGLAS
Hello, yes, Douglas. I'm not lost.
It's a very long story.

80 EXT. CAFE, SQUARE, VENICE. DAY 9 (12.30) - DAY 80
And now they're at the outside table, drinking cappucini.

DOUGLAS
So imagine you've got two mice in a maze -
(two sugar cubes on the map)
- wandering around separately, random left and right.
(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

It's not a regular maze, you've got narrow alleys and dead ends and wider spaces, but it's big, proportionally, big as, well, Venice, and you want them to meet. Now is it better for one of the mice to sit still in the hope that the other passes by? Or for both to wander at random?

FREJA

I think it would be best to wander, but not at random.

DOUGLAS

Exactly! Random is never random anyway. Cities are like a supermarket or an art gallery, there's a natural route. You don't go down the back alley that smells of wee, you go past the bakery that smells of fresh bread, and so does everyone else and you go with the crowd. Now it takes about 90 minutes to do the most popular circuit, and if I go round and round -

FREJA

- all day?

DOUGLAS

- six, seven times, then I stand a chance of finding the other mouse.

FREJA

Or... one mouse could phone the other and arrange to meet.

DOUGLAS

Yes, that's not an option.

FREJA

I don't mean to pry -

DOUGLAS

No, it's fine. It's all very eccentric. In fact, the more I think about it, the more impossible it seems.

FREJA

Except I bumped into you.

DOUGLAS

You did.

(beat. Self-conscious now)

Are you here with... anyone?

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FREJA

No, by myself. I'm celebrating my divorce.

DOUGLAS

Oh, I'm sorry.

FREJA

It was best for both of us. That's the cliché, isn't it? Your wife -

DOUGLAS

- had to return early. Family reasons.

(a moment)

I should carry on -

FREJA

Yes, I'm off to the Accademia -

DOUGLAS

(the bill)

I should -

FREJA

My treat. Good luck with your quest.

DOUGLAS

Well, thank you. No time to waste.

He strides on again, walking at speed.

80A EXT. CANALS / STREETS, VENICE. DAY 9 (1305) 80A

Douglas continues his search.

81 EXT. CANAL / BRIDGES, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (14.30) - DAY 81

Douglas repeats his journey, back over the bridges.

81A EXT. BUSKING SPOT, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (14.35) - DAY 81A

Douglas trudges again past the place he previously saw the cellist. (Perhaps the cellist is still there.)

82 EXT. PESCARIA, MERCATO. DAY 9 (15.00) - DAY 82

- through the Pescaria -

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83 EXT. BUSKING SPOT, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (15.15) - DAY 83
And back past the cellist's spot again. The cellist no longer there.

[NB: No SCENE 84.]

85 EXT. CANAL / BRIDGES, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (16.00) - DAY 85
Then crossing canals again, quite exhausted.

[NB: NO SCENE 85A.]

86 EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL, VENICE. DAY 9 (19.00) - DUSK 86
Evening is falling as he trudges back to the hotel.

87 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 9 (19.10) 87
- EVENING
Douglas looks to the receptionist, who sadly shakes his head.

CONNIE (V.O.)
I've been texting him; please call us, we're not angry, we'd just like to know all is well -

88 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM/BATHROOM / PETERSEN HOUSE: 88 LIVING ROOM. DAY 9 (19.20 CET) - EVENING
Wincing, aching, Douglas removes his shoes.
- examines his feet - winces.
- sits on the edge of the toilet, soaking them in the bidet.

DOUGLAS
It's almost as if he deliberately wants me to feel bad.

CONNIE (O.S.)
I know. Imagine. Nothing on his Facebook page either.

- he patches his feet with plasters and bandages.

DOUGLAS
I thought he kept you out of that.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Albie2001

DOUGLAS
What's that?

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CONNIE (O.S.)
His password. I'm his mother.

DOUGLAS
It looks like my feet have exploded
inside my shoes.

- collapses on the bed, the phone pressed to his ear. Clothes drip dry from hangers around the room (I Heart Venice included).

INTERCUT -

Connie lies on the sofa, MR JONES on top of her.

DOUGLAS
You're not letting the dog on the
sofa, are you?

CONNIE
Of course not -

DOUGLAS
Because he'll get into the habit -

CONNIE
(changing the subject)
How's the hotel?

DOUGLAS
I didn't want to tell you. It's the
one we went to on our honeymoon.

CONNIE
I remember. Very gloomy. All that
old furniture.

DOUGLAS
Even the towels are the same.

CONNIE
Same cake for breakfast.

DOUGLAS
Cake or cheese. What a stupid idea
that was. Sentimental, I suppose.

CONNIE
It's okay to come home.

DOUGLAS
He's definitely here, Connie.

CONNIE
How do you know?

DOUGLAS
I feel it.

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CONNIE

Because you want it. What's that called? Confirmation bias?

DOUGLAS

D'you think I've gone mad?

CONNIE

A little bit mad.

Douglas takes this in. It's true, he does feel a little mad.

DOUGLAS

I think you're right. Not sure if it's nervous breakdown or midlife crisis. Or an intriguing cocktail of the two.

MUSIC starts here. A plucked guitar, hummed singing -

CONNIE

Well -

DOUGLAS

I miss you.

A beat. Then -

CONNIE

You too.

And she hangs up. He lies there. Back in England, Connie does the same. The MUSIC continues, taking us out into the night and into -

[NB: No SCENE 89.]

90

EXT. SQUARE, VENICE. DAY 9 (23.30) - NIGHT

90

- in a small square, the cafe where Freja and Douglas drank earlier.

- where ALBIE now sits and plays the guitar.

- No-one's listening. Disheartened, he gives up, and sits. Alone.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE TWO