



# Us

## Episode 2

Written by  
David Nicholls

Based on the novel by David Nicholls

Final Shooting Script      16/10/19

Drama Republic Limited © 2020

Drama Republic Ltd  
11-15 Emerald Street  
London  
WC1N 3QL

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 7A  
(10.18) - DAY

- 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 -

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  
Wooh!

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -

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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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-

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.'

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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, COFFEESHOP, 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.

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!'

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

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?

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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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)

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 59  
(10.00) - DAY

- 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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 64  
GIOVANNI E PAOLO. PRESENT: DAY 8 (19.10 GMT) - EVENING

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?



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

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 -

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

FREJA DOUGLAS  
Did you have the cake or the Well, I should get going -  
cheese?

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.

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 cappuccini.

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?



US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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 -	

- 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  
Winching, 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?

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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.

US - Episode Two - Final Shooting Script

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