



# Us

## Episode 3

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Based on the novel by David Nicholls

Final Shooting Script      16/10/19

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US - Episode Three - Final Shooting Script

1 INT. ALBIE'S SCHOOL: CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (19.25) - NIGHT 1

A BLACK SCREEN.

November. The sound of heavy-breathing, footsteps slapping on parquet -

Douglas, in suit and tie, briefcase hammering against his hip, rushes down a corridor and barges through double-doors.

TITLES BEGIN, white on black.

**[NB: NO SCENE 2.]**

CUT TO:

3 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (19.26) - NIGHT 3

A large room with parents and students - not hordes, maybe twenty-five, thirty. A small stage, other chairs arranged in small groups. The recent past - November, early in the second year of sixth form, so Albie is only six months or so younger than the present.

It's the sixth form annual quiz. Panting, Douglas pauses to catch his breath.

In the crowd he finds CONNIE and ALBIE chatting to MIKE, Albie's sixth-form art teacher - handsome, charismatic, cool and youthful.

Douglas notes Mike's arm around Albie's shoulder. Connie's hand on Mike's arm. Connie laughing. Douglas - deep breath. 'here we go!'

TITLES continue.

4 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (19.30) - NIGHT 4

And now Douglas approaches, all smiles and good humour.

CONNIE  
Douglas!

ALBIE  
Hi, Dad!

MIKE  
Mr Petersen! We meet again!

CONNIE  
We thought you weren't coming!

DOUGLAS  
Oh, I couldn't miss the quiz.

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CONNIE  
Three-times winner!

DOUGLAS  
Four, four-times winner.

MIKE  
And how are you feeling this year?  
Fancy your chances?

DOUGLAS  
That depends. Are they real  
questions this time, or just a lot  
of celebrity trivia?

MIKE  
Well, if you mean do the arts and  
humanities feature -

ALBIE  
Dad thinks if it's not the periodic  
table, it's not real knowledge.

DOUGLAS  
I don't think that, I just think a  
few more science questions -

QUIZMASTER  
Ladies, gentlemen, if you'd like to  
take your seats please for this  
year's Oakbrook Sixth Form Quiz.

But to Douglas's surprise, Connie goes to leave with Mike.

DOUGLAS  
Connie?

CONNIE  
Actually, I'm on Mike's team this  
year.

DOUGLAS  
(stung)  
Oh, really?

MIKE  
Beer, Douglas? Loosen you up a bit?

DOUGLAS  
Not before a match, Mike. I'm quite  
loose enough.

MIKE  
Well, may the best man win.

Albie follows Mike to the bar.

DOUGLAS  
You're quizzing with other people.

CONNIE  
That's allowed, isn't it? You  
weren't here and -

DOUGLAS  
But you're Arts and Culture, I'm  
Science and Geography, that's how  
we win.

CONNIE  
I'm not completely ignorant about  
those things -

DOUGLAS  
Flags of the world?

CONNIE  
I know my flags. I'm trying  
something new -

QUIZMASTER  
Your seats, please!

CONNIE  
It's meant to be fun. Remember?

TITLES continue.

5 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (19.31) - NIGHT 5

Douglas joins his team. Throughout the following he can't  
take his eyes off Connie and Mike.

SIMONE  
We need a funny team name.

DOUGLAS  
Oh, God.

TEAM MEMBER 2  
Quizzard of Oz.

SIMONE  
Les Quizzerables?

DOUGLAS  
Can't we just be Blue Team?

SIMONE  
Where's the fun in that?

DOUGLAS  
Look, can we just - Quiztopher  
Wren, alright? Sir Quiztopher Wren.

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SIMONE  
Who's going to have the pen?

QUIZMASTER  
First round! Let's dive into 'Lakes  
of the World'!

Douglas takes the pen.

TITLES continue.

6 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (19.31-20.30) 6  
- NIGHT

A series of quick cuts.

DOUGLAS  
- and this flag here is Mozambique.

JUMP CUT -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Potassium, Iron and Silver -

JUMP CUT -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
The Swedish Prime Minister. Trust  
me.

QUIZMASTER  
And our final round, ladies and  
gentlemen - celebrity tattoos.

DOUGLAS  
(to Simone)  
Here, you have the pen.

JUMP CUT -

QUIZMASTER  
Okay, time's up, if you could pass  
papers to the team next to you,  
please.

The answer sheets are being passed to other teams. Douglas  
hands his to Mike.

MIKE  
Pretty tough, yeah?

DOUGLAS  
Oh, we're quietly confident.

MIKE  
You are?

DOUGLAS  
Yes, Mike, we are.

MIKE  
Well. We'll see.

DOUGLAS  
We'll see.

7 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (21.00) - NIGHT 7

And now the results -

QUIZMASTER  
In third place, with twenty-three  
points, it's 'The Kranium  
Krushers'!

The third-place team console each other.

DOUGLAS  
(to his team)  
Twenty-eight points. I think we've  
done it.

SIMONE  
How do you know?

DOUGLAS  
I kept a copy of our answers.  
Twenty-eight points.

QUIZMASTER  
And in second place, with twenty-  
six points - 'Sir Quiztopher Wren'!

Douglas's team laugh, pat each other on the back, shrug.

QUIZMASTER (CONT'D)  
Which means this year's winner,  
with twenty-seven points is  
'Mobiles at the Ready'!

- as Connie and Mike's team punch the air, laugh, throw their  
arms around each other.

Albie too is clapping and cheering them on. They're handed a  
bottle of champagne, they pose for photos and meanwhile.

DOUGLAS  
No, that's not right. No, no, no -  
(to team member)  
There's a mistake in the marking -  
we've got twenty-eight. They didn't  
mark us properly.

SIMONE

Oh well. Never mind, eh?

But look at them! Look at their pleasure!

DOUGLAS

Excuse me.

(louder)

Excuse me, I think -

(louder still)

Excuse me, but I think we need a recount!

The room falls silent.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

We got twenty-eight. I made a copy here and I checked it and I'm pretty sure, I know, we got twenty-eight.

QUIZMASTER

Sorry, you'd like us to... mark them again?

All eyes on him - Connie, Mike, Albie. The champagne in Mike's hand.

DOUGLAS

Yes. I'd like a recount.

8 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 (21.30) - NIGHT 8

The room is clearing. Even some of Douglas's team have their coats on. Mike is saying goodbye to Albie and Connie. On the microphone -

QUIZMASTER

Okay everyone, it's getting late but before you all go, I can confirm that this evening's winners are indeed - Quiztopher Wren!

(a smattering of applause)

Quiztopher Wren with, yes, twenty-eight points.

Albie, taking pity applauds too. Douglas just about manages a smile. Mike crosses, Albie and Connie too, Connie seething.

MIKE

Well, Albie, your father's a genius! Well done, Douglas. We thought we had you for a moment.

DOUGLAS  
Well, no point doing these things  
unless you do them properly.

MIKE  
We won't see you next year, with  
Albie off at university.

ALBIE  
If I get the grades.

DOUGLAS  
'Get the grades'! It's art!  
(beat)  
And you're so good at it.

MIKE  
(ruffled hair, a hand on  
his shoulder)  
He'll get the grades.

Mike hands him the champagne.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Maybe you could come back by  
yourself, Douglas. Just for fun.

DOUGLAS  
Or maybe we could just attack each  
other with rocks, I don't know.

The three of them awkward, embarrassed.

CONNIE  
Let's go home.

9 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HALLWAY. FLASHBACK, 2018: DAY FB9 9  
(22.00)- NIGHT

The family arrive home in a tense silence.

DOUGLAS  
(the champagne)  
Save this for another time?

Connie heads into the kitchen, Albie runs upstairs.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Off to bed? Yep, me too. Goodnight,  
Albie! See you tomorrow! Goodnight!

CUT TO:



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TITLE, WHITE ON BLACK: 'US'

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Goonight, everyone! Goodnight.

CUT TO:

10 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM, VENICE. PRESENT: DAY 10 10  
(07.00) - MORNING

In the present, Douglas wakes.

A moment of disorientation - how did I get here? Where am I?

Now dressed, he sits on the edge of the bed, overwhelmed by a feeling of terrific melancholy.

He knows he must move, but can't. He looks down at his feet - a mess of bandages and blisters.

With some effort, he opens a shoebox.

Giant trainers, a radiant white. He pulls them on.

**[NB: NO SCENE 11.]**

12 EXT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BREAKFAST TERRACE. DAY 10 (07.46) 12  
- DAY

At the buffet again.

DOUGLAS  
The breakfast cake or the breakfast  
cheese?

FREJA  
Today, I think the... cake.

DOUGLAS  
Me too. How was the Accademia?

FREJA  
Actually, it's pronounced  
Accademia. Like the nut -

FREJA/DOUGLAS  
Macadamia!

DOUGLAS  
Of course. And how was it?

FREJA  
I didn't go. Too many tourists.  
Like me.

DOUGLAS

Ah the tourist's paradox.

They are now sitting together.

[NB: NO PAGE 9.]

FREJA

I thought Italy would be a huge treat. I imagined myself sitting at cafe tables, with a glass of wine and a novel. But in every restaurant they put me by the toilet or they ask 'will your husband be joining you?' I certainly hope not.

DOUGLAS

In Berlin I once went to the zoo by myself. Christ, that was a desolate couple of hours.

FREJA

Why did you -

DOUGLAS

I heard it was a great zoo. And it was, it just felt like the animals were laughing at me. Never go to the zoo by yourself -

FREJA

- or the circus.

DOUGLAS

Or the circus. Cinema's okay.

FREJA

Theatre too, karaoke not so much -

DOUGLAS

- paint-balling -

FREJA

- the bowling alley -

DOUGLAS

Bungee jumping. 'I'm ON MY OOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWNNNNN'. Last night I was so exhausted I ate a sandwich with my head out the window so I wouldn't get crumbs on the bed.

FREJA

Congratulations, Douglas, you win the lonely tourist award.

They smile at each other.

FREJA (CONT'D)  
Douglas, are you busy this morning?

[NB: NO SCENES 13-17.]

18 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 10 (08.45) - DAY 18  
Douglas ready to leave - a holiday feeling.

DOUGLAS  
And you have my number?

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST  
Yes, Mr Petersen.

DOUGLAS  
- to text me, or call me but -

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST  
- don't tell him you're here -

DOUGLAS  
(the photo)  
Do you need another - ?

The RECEPTIONIST has a copy under the desk.

FREJA (O.S.)  
Are we ready?

DOUGLAS  
(startled, guilty)  
Yes! Let's go.

18A EXT. ARSENALE. DAY 10 (09.45) - DAY 18A  
Douglas and Freja are in sightseeing mode.

DOUGLAS  
This is the Arsenale, the world-famous shipyard. Instead of building them one at a time, they had teams who specialised - the hull, the sails, the rigging -

FREJA  
'And so the idea of the production line was born'. I think maybe we have the same guidebook.

DOUGLAS  
Christ, I'm an old bore. This is why I'm travelling alone.

She waits for more but... a little further on.

FREJA

So do you know about art or history  
or -

DOUGLAS

God, no, I'm in pharmaceuticals.  
Administration now, no hands-on  
science but that's what I trained  
in. Biochemistry.

FREJA

Fascinating.

DOUGLAS

Not to everyone.

FREJA

More interesting than dentistry.

DOUGLAS

A dentist!  
(hand in front of mouth)  
Now I'm suddenly self-conscious  
about my teeth.

FREJA

(hand in front of mouth)  
Yes, me too. People want to take a  
peek, they want to know if you  
practise what you preach.

DOUGLAS

You speak very idiomatic English.

FREJA

'Idiomatic'. You charmer.

[NB: NO SCENES 19, 20 & 21.]

22

EXT. CAFE, SQUARE, VENICE. DAY 10 (10.15) - DAY

22

They're now in a small square nearby, at the same cafe as the  
day before.

FREJA

He had an affair with our hygienist  
which was an achievement in itself,  
given that we shared the same  
practice. Of course I found out  
eventually, and we screamed the  
usual remarks. 'Don't I make you  
happy? Interest you? Aren't I  
enough for you?' In all instances  
the answer was no and so ...  
They're together now in Copenhagen.

(MORE)

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FREJA (CONT'D)

I imagine them, flossing away,  
flossing, flossing -

DOUGLAS

And how did you -?

FREJA

Cope? To begin with it was awful, a catastrophe. No-one wants to see their dentist cry, tears dropping into your open mouth. It got easier. It had to.

DOUGLAS

How did your children take it?

FREJA

They had already moved out, but they were furious or they pretended to be. Children always know more than you think. Now they worry about my being alone, which I don't much care for. We should worry about our children, not the other way around.

DOUGLAS

But if they'd been younger, would you have stayed together?

FREJA

'For the sake of the kids'? I expect so, but this is better. Not that I wanted him to go; we were friends, I thought we'd grow old together. But it's undignified to hold onto the sleeve of someone who wants to leave. I'm sorry, this is the most I've spoken in weeks, apart from 'table for one, please'. Now it's your turn.

DOUGLAS

What did you want to know?

FREJA

Well, what brings you here?

His phone rings.

22A INT/EXT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN / CAFE, SQUARE.  
DAY 10 (09.16 GMT) - DAY

22A

At home, Connie sits at her laptop.

CONNIE  
You'll be pleased to know you were  
absolutely right.

INTERCUT. Douglas moves away from Freja.

DOUGLAS  
About what?

CONNIE  
I've sent you a link. Have a look -

Douglas looks at his phone, opens the link. 'Look where we  
are!'

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
I couldn't sleep last night and at  
four in the morning I remembered  
the name of Kat's old band, she'd  
told me, and I searched online and  
found her - it's Kat with a K, not  
a C - and found this -

On Connie's computer -

22B EXT. BUSKING SPOT, CONSAFELZI. DAY 9 (14.30) - DAY 22B

Insert: Albie on iPhone footage, a little grumpy, pushing the  
camera away. O/C Kat insists 'smile!' and he forces one. Then  
Albie, busking.

22C EXT/INT. CAFE, SQUARE / PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. 22C  
DAY 10 (10.17 CET) - DAY

Continue to INTERCUT. Douglas has seen the image. Back on the  
phone -

DOUGLAS  
I was there! I walked past there,  
six times yesterday.

CONNIE  
Then you must have just missed each  
other.

Freja is watching -

DOUGLAS  
I'll head there now -

CONNIE  
No! No rush. He won't be up for  
hours yet, he might not go there at  
all. Take the morning off. Go to  
the Accademia.

DOUGLAS  
It's Accademia, like the nut. The  
macadamia nut.

CONNIE  
Okay.  
(impatience, then -)  
I thought you should know you were  
right.

DOUGLAS  
Well, you found him.

CONNIE  
But you're there. On the ground.

DOUGLAS  
Listen to us. Like a team of spies.

CONNIE  
Something like that.

He hangs up and returns to Freja, bundling his tablet away.

DOUGLAS  
I'm sorry, I have to go -

FREJA  
Okay. Should I come with you?

DOUGLAS  
Christ, no! I don't know what I was  
thinking, I'm sorry -

FREJA  
Why do British people apologise for  
things that aren't your fault?

DOUGLAS  
But it is, it is my fault, that's  
the point!  
(his wallet)  
I only have twenty euros - here.

FREJA  
But I'm leaving early tomorrow -

DOUGLAS  
That's all right, keep the change.

FREJA  
That isn't what I meant. Please,  
sit down for two minutes -

DOUGLAS  
I don't have two minutes!

FREJA

But I won't see you again...

This brings him up short. A pause, then -

DOUGLAS

(holding out his hand)

Well, it was nice to meet you.

FREJA

And you too, Douglas. Now you must go.

And Douglas leaves.

23 EXT. CONSAFELZI, VENICE. DAY 10 (10.30) - DAY 23

- Douglas hurries, not knowing where to turn, wondering - left or right? Where now? Until -

24 EXT. BUSKING SPOT, CONSAFELZI. DAY 10 (10.50) - DAY 24

- he stands at the spot where Albie stood in the video. He looks around, checking the photo against the reality. Hopeless. He takes a seat for a long wait.

25 EXT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA. DAY 10 (16.30) - DAY 25

He heads back to the hotel, exhausted, sweating, limping.

26 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 10 (16.35) - DAY 26

He doesn't even need to speak to the Receptionist who just shakes his head gravely.

27 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (16.38) - DAY 27

And now, with a terrible sucking noise, Douglas removes his new trainers. There's blood, sweat. JUMP CUT to -

He applies plasters and bandages. He's a mess, exhausted, falling apart.

28 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 10 (13.30) - DAY 28

At home, Connie puts cleaning materials in a plastic bowl.



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29 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 10 (13.31) 29  
- DAY

The room is a monstrous mess, just the way Albie left it. Connie puts on some music, on Albie's stereo, and starts to tidy. MUSIC continues.

30 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BATHROOM. DAY 10 (16.50) - DAY 30  
Douglas washes his clothes in the hand-basin.

31 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 10 (13.40) 31  
- DAY

From under the bed, Connie pulls mouldy plates and mugs and ancient socks, and drops them all in the washing-up bowl.

A packet of condoms, unopened. Connie puts them back where she found them.

32 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (17.00) - DAY 32

Surrounded by his dripping laundry, Douglas has set up his tablet (and keyboard) and is searching online for clues. Snapshots of the search bar -

Venice buskers

buskers Venice best spot

street musician banjo kat

busker kat banjo Venice

And then simply -

Albie Petersen

- an image search. The screen fills with images - his photographic work mainly - black and white, pretentious but good.

33 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 10 (14.00) 33  
- DAY

Connie pins the same photos to the pinboard - appraising but quite proud -

34 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (17.05) - DAY 34

- then Albie himself - with friends in photo booths, at a party, his hand in front of his face, not wanting to be seen.

Albie posing with his arms around his friends, a cigarette dangling from his lips -

DOUGLAS  
Put it out. Silly boy.

He regards the picture, full of love but uncertain as to who this person really is.

The wet clothes drip-drip-drip. Impossible to stay here. He goes to leave -

35 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 10 (14.30) 35  
- DAY

At the top of the wardrobe, Connie finds an ashtray, overflowing, tobacco, papers, matches. Something else - a notebook, Albie's diary.

She rolls a cigarette, sits among the chaos, starts to read. Next to her a half drunk bottle of wine and her wine glass.

36 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: CORRIDOR. DAY 10 (17.30) - DAY 36

Douglas knocks on room no.9. No reply.

He curses himself and limps away -

Freja is in the corridor, returning to her room.

FREJA  
Douglas?

DOUGLAS  
You're still here.

FREJA  
I'm about to pack. I have your change, from the 20 euros -

DOUGLAS  
No, please, I am sorry. I'd like to explain and I can't eat another sandwich with my head out the window. Will you join me for dinner?

Freja contemplates this.

FREJA  
Downstairs at eight.

And she squeezes past him and goes into her room.

37 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 10 (19.55) 37  
- EVENING

Douglas is talking to the receptionist, a card in his hand.

DOUGLAS  
I want somewhere functional.  
Pleasant, but not romantic, not too  
many candles.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST  
(with a wink)  
I understand.

DOUGLAS  
No, please don't wink. I'm serious.

ITALIAN RECEPTIONIST  
I think the lady will like this  
very much.

Douglas sees Freja coming down the stairs.

DOUGLAS  
Hi there.

CONNIE  
Hi.

And now his phone is ringing. He looks - it's Connie. He  
cancels the call.

**[NB: NO SCENE 38.]**

39 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: RECEPTION. DAY 10 (20.01) 39  
- CONTINUOUS

Guilt. Douglas takes a moment to almost physically shake it  
off. Then he crosses to Freja.

FREJA  
Oh you are -  
(awkward hug)  
Damp. You're damp to the touch.

DOUGLAS  
I've been washing my clothes in the  
hand basin. Very ritzy.

FREJA  
And your trainers are spectacular.  
You could play basketball.

DOUGLAS  
Well, it is my sport. I actually  
got them for walking. Look -  
boxfresh!

FREJA  
(beat)  
Shall we go?

[NB: NO SCENE 40 & 41.]

[NB: NO PAGE 21.]

41A INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 10 (19.10) - EVENING 41A

A new glass of wine. Back at the computer, Connie refreshes Kat's Instagram feed - the one that showed us Albie in Venice. She sees something. A glimpse of Albie. Bad news.

42 INT. RESTAURANT, VENICE. DAY 10 (22.00) - NIGHT 42

The phone lights up, vibrates (perhaps it is on the table and Douglas puts it away. Or perhaps we can see the glow and the buzz through the linen jacket's pocket). Either way, Douglas doesn't notice.

CANDLES! Piano music! The restaurant IS romantic, absurdly so. They've eaten, are on their second bottle of wine and are sitting next to each other. Freja is leaning in, showing Douglas photos on her phone.

FREJA  
This is Babette, the oldest, she's a doctor, but for now she's travelling in South America, God help me. And this is Anastasia, she works in film, she's a location manager, or she was until she had the baby. *That* was a surprise.

DOUGLAS  
So, you're a grandmother!

FREJA  
It still takes me by surprise to be called a mormor at my age but -

DOUGLAS  
(a photo)  
Whoa, whoa - what's *that*?

FREJA  
That's us at the birth.

DOUGLAS  
Who's this?

FREJA  
My husband.

DOUGLAS

He was present at his grandchild's birth? When the baby... came out?

FREJA

Of course. We both were.

DOUGLAS

That's very Scandinavian.

FREJA

Given that you have a son, not something you have to experience.

DOUGLAS

No. He's very handsome.

FREJA

My ex? Yes he is. Little shit. That's where my daughters get their looks from.

DOUGLAS

Well, that's clearly not true.

A FLOWER-SELLER arrives, single roses for the lady. Too loudly -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

No, thank you, it's not a date.

FLOWER-SELLER

Ma tua moglie è così bella!

FREJA

Grazie, ma no.

(The FLOWER-SELLER goes.)

He said you have a beautiful wife.

DOUGLAS

I do, but she's in the process of leaving me.

FREJA

I don't have the Italian to explain that.

DOUGLAS

Best not mention it.

They smile. A moment.

43

EXT. STREET, VENICE. DAY 10 (22.45) - NIGHT

43

And now they walk along a Venice street, broad and lively on this summer night.

FREJA

Perhaps - I'm thinking aloud here -  
it's harder between fathers and  
sons.

DOUGLAS

Why's that?

FREJA

Because with a daughter you're not  
so directly a role model. They  
can't turn into you.

DOUGLAS

I don't think Albie's ever thought  
of me as a role model. More like  
some terrible warning -

FREJA

Can you talk to each other?

DOUGLAS

Not since he was, I don't know -  
six? Now it's like we're appearing  
on some terrible chat show. 'So -  
what are you up to these days?' On  
this holiday, we were meant to 'get  
to know each other'. Maybe that's  
why he ran off.

FREJA

I'm sure not.

DOUGLAS

Can you talk to your daughters?

FREJA

About most things.

DOUGLAS

Oh, God.

FREJA

Girls are no saints, believe me,  
but if you'd had a daughter -

DOUGLAS

I did have a daughter. We didn't  
get to speak to each other though.

They walk a little.

FREJA

I thought you said -

DOUGLAS

She died. Albie had a sister, he  
just never really met her.

FREJA

I'm so sorry -

DOUGLAS

Don't be. My wife and I, we have a pact never to avoid the subject. We still acknowledge her birthday... think about her. She'd be nineteen now, same as your daughter. A sort of phantom I suppose, except we're not scared of her. As I say this, I realise how strange it must sound.

FREJA

Not at all, but I've been so insensitive -

DOUGLAS

But why would you know?

FREJA

Even so -

DOUGLAS

It was a long time ago.

FREJA

May I ask - what happened?

In the distance, the sound of a phone ringing...

DOUGLAS

Well, she was early and very small but we thought it would all be fine. They kept her in, just a few days and just as she was coming home -

CUT TO:

44 INT. KILBURN FLAT: LIVING ROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999:  
DAY FB10 (10.00) - DAY

44

Young Douglas lies on the sofa, crashed out, fully-dressed. Exhausted. He picks up the phone...

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Nothing to worry about, she's just having trouble breathing, and I thought well, that *is* something to worry about, because breathing and living, it's the same thing, isn't it?

44A EXT. KILBURN FLAT. FLASHBACK, 1999: 44A  
DAY FB10 (10.10) - DAY

Young Douglas rushes out the door, heading toward their car.

45 INT. HOSPITAL: CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB10 45  
(10.30) - DAY

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
It was, um, sepsis, neonatal  
sepsis, and they gave her  
antibiotics and we were told to  
wait.

Young Douglas approaches Young Connie, waiting outside of  
intensive care - ashen-faced, frantic with worry. They fall  
into each other's arms.

46 INT. HOSPITAL: DOOR/CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB10 46  
(21.00) - NIGHT

Later, vinyl furniture. Young Douglas and Young Connie cling  
to each other.

YOUNG CONNIE  
I can't breathe, I'm so frightened.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
Shhh.

YOUNG CONNIE  
I keep making these promises, I  
don't know who they're to,  
ridiculous really, but I keep  
thinking I'll do anything, anything  
at all, if she's all right.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
She will be. We'll have her back  
soon. Try and sleep now.

46A EXT. STREET, VENICE. PRESENT: DAY 10 (22.46) - NIGHT 46A

DOUGLAS  
So we started this vigil, one day,  
then two then three, four, too  
scared to go home.

47 INT. HOSPITAL: DOOR/CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB11 47  
(14.00) - DAY

Another day. Connie and Douglas step out of the intensive  
care room. Both of them pale, drained, just about keeping it  
together.



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48 INT. HOSPITAL: DOOR/CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB11 48  
(22.00) - NIGHT

Days pass. Collapsed on a row of vinyl furniture outside intensive care. Cold coffee, sandwiches, magazines, the debris of their vigil.

49 INT. HOSPITAL: DOOR/CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB12 49  
(07.30) - DAY

And sure enough, Connie has succumbed to a fitful sleep, her head in his lap.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
But I think we always knew what was coming.

The door of the ICU opens. Young Connie wakes, watches.

A conversation between doctor and nurse, sombre. They glance over towards Young Connie and Young Douglas.

YOUNG CONNIE  
No. No, no, no, no...

CUT TO:

50 EXT. SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE. PRESENT: DAY 10 50  
(22.47) - NIGHT

They're seated now in silence. After a while.

FREJA  
That must be the hardest thing that can happen to a couple.

DOUGLAS  
Perhaps.

FREJA  
It could destroy you -

DOUGLAS  
- or tie you together. Finally we had something in common; guilt, rage, this irrational... shame.

FREJA  
What for?

DOUGLAS

Letting her down, I suppose. I remember holding her when she was born and making all these solemn vows to look after her, protect her - doesn't every parent do that? All worthless really. Anyway.

[NB: NO SCENE 50A.]

51

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL / HOTEL SAN BIBIANA, VENICE.  
DAY 10 (23.15) - NIGHT

51

They're nearly back at the hotel, their pace slowing.

DOUGLAS

What time do you leave?

FREJA

Ten tomorrow. Florence for two days, then Rome, Pompeii, Naples, then back home.

DOUGLAS

We have matching itineraries! If I can get everyone back together, perhaps we'll bump into you.

FREJA

I could meet your family! 'This is my friend Freja -'

DOUGLAS

'- we spent an evening together in Venice - '

At the hotel door. They're very close.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Holiday of a lifetime.

FREJA

I certainly hope I never have to do it again.

DOUGLAS

Has it been so bad?

FREJA

It's beautiful, the art and architecture, all extraordinary, but I keep opening my mouth to say so, and realising there's no-one to tell, which... frightens me. I like to think I'm independent, and it's good for the soul to be alone.

(MORE)

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FREJA (CONT'D)  
But sometimes it feels like a test.  
I miss *company*. Which is why...  
(*'I'm grateful'*)

DOUGLAS  
To you too.

52 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: CORRIDOR. DAY 10 (23.20) - NIGHT 52

A civil kiss on the cheek at Freja's door.

DOUGLAS  
Goodnight.

FREJA  
Goodnight and... goodbye!

The door closes. Douglas walks away.

53 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (23.21) - NIGHT 53

Back in his room, Douglas closes the door, bemused, confused. The room is almost unbearably lonely - the washing on hangers, maps, guide books. He sits, unsure what to do.

A knock on the door. Freja stands there.

54 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (23.30) - NIGHT 54

They lie next to each other, rather stiff. Perhaps Freja has her head on his shoulder but no more.

FREJA  
(eyes closed, sleepy)  
Not much of a seduction.

DOUGLAS  
No. Just as well.

FREJA  
This temptress. Falling asleep.

A little LATER, Freja sleeps soundly. Douglas does not.

55 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: LIVING ROOM. DAY 10 (22.30) - NIGHT 55

And neither does Connie, lying on the sofa in the empty house. The bottle of wine is empty. She checks her phone. Nothing. She closes her eyes to sleep as we -

CUT TO:

56 INT. HOSPITAL: RELATIVES' ROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999: 56  
DAY FB12 (10.00) - DAY

In C.U. - an empty box. Various items are added. A lock of hair. A footprint on a piece of card. An envelope of photographs.

The lid is placed on top. We recognise this as the box that CONNIE cradled towards the end of Episode Two. On the lid - **'Jane'**.

They sit, the box held on Young Connie's lap.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
I'll go fetch the car.

57 EXT/INT. HOSPITAL: CAR PARK. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB12 57  
(10.05) - DAY

Young Douglas knows what he must do. He opens the back door of the car and attempts to remove the baby seat.

But it's too much. The dam bursts and behind the car down he crumples to the ground - a great outpouring of grief.

58 INT. HOSPITAL: RELATIVES' ROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB12 58  
(10.20) - DAY

But it's a very different Young Douglas who returns, all grief and guilt stowed away. He holds out his hand, smiles.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
Okay...?

Young Douglas helps her, steadying her.

**[NB: NO SCENE 59.]**

59A EXT. KILBURN FLAT, LONDON. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB12 59A  
(10.55) - DAY

They've arrived home, weary and dazed. Young Douglas opens the door.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
So - here we are.

But YOUNG CONNIE stands dazed at his side.

YOUNG CONNIE  
Look at everyone. Just carrying on,  
like nothing's happened.

He doesn't know what to say. Picks up the bags. They enter.

60 INT. KILBURN FLAT. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB12 (11.00) 60  
- DAY

They let themselves in. In the communal hallway, a great bouquet of congratulatory flowers. Young Connie stares at it in horror.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
I'll get rid of them.

He takes them away and Young Connie stands in the empty flat, horrified by the silence.

61 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM, VENICE. PRESENT: DAY 10 61  
(04.45) - NIGHT

Douglas and Freja lie in parallel like figures on a tomb. Abandoning all hope of sleep, Douglas rolls out of bed.

Guilt, anxiety. What am I doing? He takes his phone and tablet -

62 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BATHROOM / PETERSEN HOUSE: LIVING 62  
ROOM. DAY 10 (04.48 CET) - NIGHT

- and sits whispering, his back against the door.

DOUGLAS  
I'm so sorry about earlier, I was  
distracted.

CONNIE  
Why are you whispering - speak-up.

DOUGLAS  
(only slightly louder)  
I said I was distracted. Obviously  
there's nothing I'd like more than  
to hear my son's poetry.

Connie on the sofa where we last saw her, sleepy, hungover.  
INTERCUT -

CONNIE  
I can't right now. I think I drank  
too much wine. I got a bit blue.  
When you get back we'll -

DOUGLAS  
It wasn't about losing Jane, was  
it? With us. I mean did I handle  
that badly? Was there something I  
should have said or done -

CONNIE  
No! No, of course not -

DOUGLAS  
Because I thought we got through  
that pretty well together -

CONNIE  
We did. It was never that. Let's  
wait until you're home. I'm sorry  
it didn't work out with Albie.

DOUGLAS  
Well, we don't know that yet. I'll  
look again tomorrow.

CONNIE  
Oh. Did you not get my message?

He puts the phone down, clicks on the link. Kat's Instagram  
page. Venice, Venice, Venice, then -

- an unhappy Albie holds up the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

DOUGLAS  
I'll call tomorrow.

He hangs up. Pisa. A great wave of despair.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Oh no. No, no, no -

He scrolls on. The next shot - a train. Albie sleeping.

The next shot. A railway platform. Douglas uses his thumbs to  
zoom in. 'Siena'.

The next shot; Siena Duomo in the evening light. He quickly  
checks the date of the posting. 19.23 on 3/08/19.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Yesterday.

He checks his watch. 04.48. A decision.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Dear Freja...

[NB: NO SCENES 63 and 64.]

65 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 10 (05.00) - NIGHT 65

- and packs as quietly as possible, tugging down his damp  
clothes, cramming everything in his rucksack without waking  
Freja.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
I believe this is what is called a  
'French exit' - leaving without  
saying goodbye. Apologies if it  
seems rude or melodramatic.

He swallows aspirin for his thick head, then sits at the tiny desk, pen in hand, and writes while Freja sleeps.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
While you were asleep I came across  
a 'hot lead'. It seems Albie has  
moved on and I need to be in Siena  
before I miss him again.

Bags in hand, he takes one last look at Freja - should I wake her?

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
I so enjoyed our evening together -  
On the bedside table - the letter.

66 EXT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA. DAY 11 (05.15) - DAWN 66  
Douglas exits the hotel.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
But our conversation also served to  
remind me why I'm here, my promise  
to myself to find my son and try to  
make amends. I'm sorry we couldn't  
have spent longer in each other's  
company.

67 EXT. RIO TERA, VENICE. DAY 11 (05.30) - DAWN 67  
The main drag to the train station, deserted at dawn. Hung-  
over, unshaven, plastic bags in hand, damp clothes draped on  
the back of his rucksack. Falling apart -

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Perhaps I might even have joined  
you in Florence. But this can't be.  
I hope you enjoy your holiday and  
consider myself extremely fortunate  
to have shared part of your  
journey. I will always think of you  
with fondness, gratitude and  
perhaps some regret...

67A EXT. TRAIN STATION, VENICE. DAY 11 (06.30) - MORNING 67A  
Douglas boards the train from Venice to Empoli.

68 INT. HOTEL SAN BIBIANA: BEDROOM. DAY 11 (07.00) - DAY 68  
Freja wakes with a hangover and finds herself alone. Open  
wardrobe, empty shirt-hangers.

US - Episode Three - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
... Douglas Petersen.

She finds Douglas's note. Sits and reads.

On Freja - thoughtful.

Then she tears the letter sharply in two and drops it in the waste-paper bin.

68A INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 11 (9.45) - DAY 68A

Connie, also hungover, swallows two aspirin with water and opens the cupboard where they keep the dog food. Empty.

68B EXT. PETERSEN HOUSE. DAY 11 (10.30) - DAY 68B

In sloppy clothes, head down, she takes a deep breath and makes a run for the car. But -

SUE  
You're back! We thought we'd seen you!

CONNIE  
Hello there!

SUE  
What happened to the trip of a lifetime??

CONNIE  
Can't stop!

SUE  
Where's Douglas?

CONNIE  
Just got to - I'll explain later -

And she scrambles into the car and drives off -

68C INT. PET SHOP. DAY 11 (10.45) - DAY 68C

And now she stands, dazed and unseeing, in the dog food section. A voice behind her -

MIKE  
So much choice.

It's MIKE, Albie's art teacher.

CONNIE  
Oh, my God. Hello! Hello, what are you doing here?



MIKE

I'm just, um... I don't want to undermine my image. Shall I just come out and say it?

CONNIE

Go on.

MIKE

I have an aquarium.

CONNIE

Oh. Goldfish?

MIKE

Exotic. I like fish. There it is, now you know. Don't tell Albie. Kids can be cruel.

(A smile. A beat.)

You have a dog?

CONNIE

No, I just like browsing. Yes, we have a dog.

MIKE

I'm surprised to see you. Albie said something about a Grand Tour?

CONNIE

Oh, that? Yes, that... I had to come back. I... it didn't work out.

MIKE

Are you okay?

CONNIE

I am. I am. It's just so strange seeing teachers in the real world, with your jeans and your... aquariums. I'm sorry, I've been in the house alone too long, so -

MIKE

Where's Albie?

CONNIE

Oh, Christ knows. To be honest it is a cause for concern.

MIKE

There's a cafe here if you wanted to talk about it. Nothing special. Slightly greasy sausage roll.

CONNIE

Hmmmm. Okay.

- 69 EXT. PLATFORM, EMPOLI STATION. DAY 11 (11.34) - DAY 69
- A nondescript provincial station, a connection point between national and regional trains. Sleepy, provincial.
- Douglas crosses the glass walkway to change platforms, then boards the local line train.
- 70 INT. LOCAL TRAIN, EMPOLI STATION. DAY 11 (11.35) - DAY 70
- He stores his bag in the rack by the door and finds his seat.
- He looks out of the window. On the platform, a kiosk. Sandwiches! Coffee!
- He is suddenly ravenous. Face pressed to the window. He looks at his watch. A decision.
- 71 EXT. PLATFORM, EMPOLI STATION. DAY 11 (11.40) - DAY 71
- And now he's waiting at the kiosk, glancing nervously back at the train. He's at the front of the queue, but on edge.
- DOUGLAS
- Scusi. Parli Inglese? No? Okay, okay. Doubla espresso. And this -
- KIOSK CHEF
- (he points at a sandwich)
- Caldo?
- DOUGLAS
- 'Caldo'. Is that cold or hot? You think it's going to mean 'cold' but it's actually 'hot'. Or the other way round?
- KIOSK CHEF
- Caldo?
- DOUGLAS
- Caldo, si.
- (He puts the sandwich in the toaster)
- No. Not caldo! No caldo! Just like that. Just cold, cold...
- KIOSK CHEF
- Si, caldo.
- DOUGLAS
- No, no, freddo! Doesn't matter. No time.
- (the conductor's whistle)
- I've got to go.

KIOSK CHEF

Hey! Hai chiesto questo! Tu devi pagare!

DOUGLAS

No, I can't, no time, oh, God. My wallet's on the -  
(fumbling in his pocket,  
throwing cash)  
I must go, my train...

KIOSK CHEF

Uno momento.

DOUGLAS

No... scusi, keep the change, I have to go...

The train is pulling out. He runs, banging the door button.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

No, this is no good. My bag! My bag is on the train!

72 INT. PLATFORM, EMPOLI STATION. DAY 11 (12.40) - DAY 72

And now he sits on the platform bench, eating the sandwich that has cost him his luggage. The KIOSK OWNER puts his thumbs up. Douglas manages a smile.

The next Siena train is pulling in -

73 INT. SIENA TRAIN. DAY 11 (12.45) - DAY 73

Once again in his seat, Douglas empties his pockets: smartphone and a handful of coins, tangled headphones. Passport. His sole resources. Twenty-five Euros in notes. Checks phone: 3% battery remaining.

74 INT. PETSHOP: CAFE / SIENA TRAIN, ITALY. DAY 11 (11.46 GMT) - DAY 74

A greasy-spoon, nothing special. Mike and Connie sit in thoughtful silence. Then -

CONNIE

On one of our first dates, Douglas took me to his lab canteen. Stood there with our trays, helping ourselves to gammon and chips. I didn't mind, not in those days, I thought it was funny. For a date.

MIKE

Do you know where Douglas is now?

CONNIE

No idea.

MIKE

And have you told Albie about what's going on?

CONNIE

Not yet. Though I'm sure he'll have an idea. It's so predictable, isn't it? Empty nests - it's even a syndrome. I haven't lived alone for twenty-five years. If I do go, will I be lonely, will I, I don't know, go on 'dates'? I mean, do you?

MIKE

Sometimes.

CONNIE

And isn't it hell?

MIKE

Not always.

A beat, a held moment. The phone rings. Startled, she grabs it, steps away. INTERCUT -

CONNIE

(into phone)

Hi, hi, how are you?

DOUGLAS

(into phone)

I'm going to have to talk very quickly, my phone's about to run out. I've lost my stuff.

CONNIE

What do you mean, how? Douglas, slow down - you lost your luggage at the airport?

DOUGLAS

My fault. I thought I could do it in time. I was about to pass out, you see, with hunger, and they had these, what are they called, like a cheese toastie, an Italian toastie -

CONNIE

A panino.

DOUGLAS

No, a panini.

CONNIE

Panino is singular. One panino -

DOUGLAS

What are you talking about, Connie?  
Don't correct my Italian, we  
haven't got time -

CONNIE

Douglas, where are you?

DOUGLAS

On my way to Siena. 2%. Christ!  
I've got to dim the screen. Putting  
you on speaker.

CONNIE

I thought you'd be at the airport!

DOUGLAS

I'm not giving up! Siena's tiny,  
it's got a wall around it. If I  
wait in the main square -

CONNIE

What?

DOUGLAS

It's WALLED. It's got a WALL!

CONNIE

Okay - you need to calm down - you  
need to calm down and think this  
through.

DOUGLAS

My battery is extremely low - 1%.  
I have to go now. No charger.

CONNIE

Douglas! Come. Home.

DOUGLAS

I will come home when I've found  
him.

CONNIE

But you're not really looking for  
him anymore, are you?

DOUGLAS

What?

CONNIE

I know what you're doing.

DOUGLAS

Sorry. 0%.

Panicked, unwilling to go there, he hangs up the phone.

CONNIE  
Douglas, I think you're running  
away.  
(nothing)  
Hello?

He's gone. She stands for a moment. Looks back at Mike, self-conscious. She puts the phone away and returns.

[NB: NO SCENE 75.]

- 76 EXT. STREET 1, SIENA. DAY 11 (13.45) - DAY 76  
Douglas walks alongside this main road up to the walled city. Sun is white hot. Exhaust fumes. A raised hand covers his eyes. Cars NEEEEOW past.
- 77 EXT. SQUARE 1, SIENA. DAY 11 (14.00) - DAY 77  
Siena is lovely but crowded, baking hot, wind-blown. At a fountain, Douglas splashes his face, then dunks his whole head.
- 78 EXT. SQUARE 2, SIENA. DAY 11 (14.10) - DAY 78  
The most popular spot for buskers. There's a musician, a human statue, somebody selling giant bubble-makers. Someone else with a rug of wares for sale spread on the ground.  
Douglas finds a spot, somewhere to surveil the crowd. Keep watch. JUMP CUT to -  
Douglas sound asleep in the glare of the sun.
- 79 EXT. SQUARE 2, SIENA. DAY 11 (18.00) - EVENING 79  
And now the crowds have cleared at the end of a long, hot day. Douglas wakes -  
His lips are chapped, he's sweating - think *Lawrence of Arabia*. As he un-sticks his face from his arm, we see - though of course he does not - that one half of his face is bright, brutal red.  
He looks at his watch - curses, stumbles to his feet.
- 80 EXT. STREET/SQUARE 3, SIENA. DAY 11 (18.10) - EVENING 80  
In a side street, he cracks open a bottle of water, glugs it down, pours the rest over his head. He touches his face.  
He curses - listens - APPLAUSE.

US - Episode Three - Final Shooting Script

Douglas heads into another square. Up ahead: small, appreciative CROWD watching, listening. Douglas continues. Gaining shambolic momentum. He hears -

A banjo!

Kat!

Sheer relief propels weary Douglas toward Kat:

DOUGLAS

Kat, Kat!

She is surprised to see him, to say the least. But is mid-Dirty Old Town and as such doesn't want to stop. A small CROWD is watching, listening. They regard Douglas during the following as if he were a madman.

KAT

I met my love by the gas  
works wall/Dreamed a dream,  
by the old canal/Go away, Mr  
P/I kissed my girl, by the  
factory wall/Dirty old town/  
Dirty old town/Clouds are  
drifting, across the  
moon/Don't touch me!

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Kat. I can't tell how pleased  
I am to have found you. Is  
Albie here? Okay look, here's  
ten euros, for you to stop  
playing. Ten euros to for you  
to talk to me. Just nod if  
he's here. Is he safe? I've  
come a long way to see him,  
Kat. Okay I've literally just  
paid you to STOP -

Douglas grabs Kat's banjo, and one or two of the crowd react, restraining Douglas, addressing him in Italian -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

We know each other, it's okay, we  
know each other -

Off-screen: Male Italian voices cry out: two POLICE OFFICERS (*Polizia Municipale*) arrive on the scene. Kat instantly returns her banjo to its case. One of the officers addresses Kat, the other Douglas.

KAT

Now look what you've done!

DOUGLAS

(to Polizia)

No, we are friends!

KAT

I'm not his friend!

DOUGLAS

You are! I am here to see her!

POLICE OFFICER  
(in Italian)  
You need a permit. We've told  
you this before, but still  
you come back and still no  
permit.

KAT  
They want a permit. I'm meant  
to have a permit.

DOUGLAS  
Well, I'll buy you one.

KAT  
Too late, they've already warned me  
three times.  
(to the policemen)  
I can't pay the fine. How can I pay  
the fine if you don't let me earn  
money?

DOUGLAS  
I have money! I have, here -  
fifteen euros?

But it's no good. The police take an arm each and lead Kat  
away, marching, very fast.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
No, no, no. You're overreacting.  
(following, desperate)  
No, you can't take her, she's my  
last chance. I'll pay the fine when  
I get my stuff back.

He grabs the police officer, too hard, spins him round. The  
police officer is furious.

POLICE OFFICER  
(in Italian)  
Hey! You want to come too?

DOUGLAS  
(to Kat, in a low voice)  
Okay, Kat. Listen to me. I'm going  
to give the word and you're going  
to *run* as fast as you've ever run  
in your life. Ready? Here it comes.  
(he pushes the policeman  
in the chest)  
RUUNN!

And he runs.

But no-one else does. He turns. Kat's still there. The  
policeman beckoning - 'come here'. Douglas walks slowly back.



81 INT. STAZIONE DI POLIZIA: WAITING AREA, SIENA. DAY 11 81  
(19.00) - EVENING

Douglas, sweaty and shabby, sits on a bench in the waiting area.

On the other side, Kat sits and scowls. They've clearly been here some time. The DESK CLERK passes by, and Douglas springs up.

DOUGLAS  
Scusi! Scusi, signora -  
(his phone)  
Charger for telephone? Per favor?  
(the DESK CLERK hesitates,  
then softens and takes  
the phone. To Kat.)  
That was nice of her.

And they lapse into fraught silence again.

KAT  
What happened to your face?

DOUGLAS  
This? I fell asleep. Midday sun, so  
-

KAT  
You look like a football hooligan.

DOUGLAS  
Well, that's a first.  
(finally a smile)  
If you won't tell me where he is,  
can you at least assure me that  
he's okay?

KAT  
Define 'okay'. He's a very confused  
and angry boy.

DOUGLAS  
Well, he's a teenager, so -

KAT  
But on top of that, a lot of  
issues, a lot. With you, I mean, he  
talks about you -

DOUGLAS  
Does he?

KAT  
- and not in a good way. I'm not  
going to sugarcoat things for you,  
Mr P -

DOUGLAS  
You can if you want.

KAT  
He tries to seem all cool but he's  
very confused and angry.

DOUGLAS  
How so?

KAT  
He thinks he disappoints you.

DOUGLAS  
Well that's not true -

KAT  
He can't bear all the tension.

DOUGLAS  
What tension?

KAT  
You and Mrs P. He thinks you might  
be splitting up.

DOUGLAS  
'Might be' or 'definitely are'

KAT  
'Might be'

DOUGLAS  
OK.

KAT  
- but he thinks you will.

DOUGLAS  
I see.

KAT  
If it makes you feel any better,  
we've split up too.

Douglas comes and sits next to her.

DOUGLAS  
Oh, Kat, that doesn't make me feel  
better. What happened?

KAT  
We were just arguing all the time,  
about politics, life. He said  
Astrology was bullshit.

DOUGLAS  
Did he? Well, he's a Capricorn so -

KAT

Then there was the sex -

DOUGLAS

- okay -

KAT

- that was a whole can of worms -

DOUGLAS

Yes, but you don't have to tell me  
about that if you don't want to -

KAT

He said I was smothering him, I was  
too much. But I just really liked  
him, Mr P.

Somewhat awkwardly, Douglas puts his arm around her.

DOUGLAS

I'll talk to him. If you could just  
give me the name of the hotel or  
hostel -

KAT

I don't know the hotel, I just know  
the city.

DOUGLAS

He's not in Siena?

ARRESTING OFFICER

(to Kat)

Madam? Please?

She considers a moment.

KAT

Barcelona.

DOUGLAS

Barcelona? The one in Spain?

ARRESTING OFFICER

Madam, per favor -

DOUGLAS

And you don't know - ?

KAT

That's all I know. Barcelona.

DOUGLAS

Then I've lost him, Kat. That's it.  
He's gone. I was so, so near -

(a terrible blow)

It doesn't seem right.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
If you want something this much,  
you ought to get it. Don't you  
think?

The policeman is waiting, opening the office door.

KAT  
Better pay my fines. Goodbye, Mr P.

DOUGLAS  
Bye, Kat.

KAT  
If they ask about the hotel buffet -

DOUGLAS  
Hey, I'm no snitch.

She smiles, and leaves and with her all of Douglas's hope.

82 INT. STAZIONE DI POLIZIA, WAITING AREA. DAY 11 (02.00) 82  
- NIGHT

Late night. Douglas has fallen asleep but the DESK CLERK  
shakes him awake -

DESK CLERK  
Hey! Hey -

DOUGLAS  
I'm free to go now?

She hands Douglas his mobile phone, waves him towards the  
door.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
It's two in the morning. Scusi,  
parli Inglese?

DESK CLERK  
Of course.

DOUGLAS  
I wonder. Could I ask a favour.

83 INT. STAZIONE DI POLIZIA: POLICE CELL / PETERSEN HOUSE: 83  
BEDROOM. DAY 11 (02.05) - NIGHT

Douglas takes a seat on the vinyl bed, testing it for bounce.  
The DESK CLERK is in the doorway.

DOUGLAS  
If you could leave the door open?  
Grazie.

A moment later, and he's lying on the cell bunk.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
The good news is that he's very  
happy and very well.

Connie is in bed with Mr Jones lying across her. INTERCUT -

DOUGLAS  
Kat says he's having a great time,  
I just don't know where. So you're  
absolutely not to worry.

CONNIE  
Well, that's good to know.

DOUGLAS  
Is Mr Jones on the bed?

CONNIE  
(he is)  
No, because if I let him on the  
bed, he'll get used to it.

DOUGLAS  
Exactly right.

CONNIE  
Where are you?

DOUGLAS  
Just a little hotel I found.

CONNIE  
Is it nice?

DOUGLAS  
It is. If I lean out far enough I  
can see the cathedral. Little bit  
touristy though. I think I've had  
enough of travelling.

CONNIE  
Oh, Douglas. Shall I come out  
there?

DOUGLAS  
No, I'm going to come home now.

CONNIE  
Okay. Come home. We'll... talk.

But both dread this. Changing the subject -

DOUGLAS  
So I'm going to head to, I don't  
know, Florence airport I guess, or  
Milan. I'll let you know when I  
land. I was so close, Connie.

CONNIE

I know.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry I failed.

CONNIE

You didn't *fail*.

DOUGLAS

No. I just didn't succeed.

CUT TO:

[NB: NO SCENE 84 + 85.]

86 EXT. KILBURN STREET. FLASHBACK, 1999: DAY FB13 (18.10) 86  
- DAY

Douglas walks towards the flat. Steels himself before going in.

87 INT. KILBURN FLAT: LIVING ROOM. FLASHBACK, 1999: 87  
DAY FB13 (18.11) - DAY

And with a kind of enforced jollity -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I'm home!

No reply. With some trepidation, he enters.

Young Connie sleeps on the sofa, curled up. Mugs, debris, mess, curtains drawn.

Young Douglas watches Young Connie, concerned. She wakes.

YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Hello there.

YOUNG CONNIE

I fell asleep.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

(without judgement)

Did you speak to anyone today?

YOUNG CONNIE

The messages are on the machine.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

But I think perhaps you should pick up the phone, if you can.

(nothing)

Go out again, see your friends.

(MORE)

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YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

It's been a while since you went out.

YOUNG CONNIE

They don't want to see me, not really. They just want to be able to say they've seen me -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Not true. They love you and they want to -

YOUNG CONNIE

- and anyway I know what they're going to tell me.

YOUNG CONNIE (CONT'D)

'You're young, you can have another baby. But I don't want another baby, I want our daughter.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I know. So do I.

YOUNG CONNIE

I'm sorry. It comes in waves and sometimes they knock me over.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Maybe we should go away somewhere together.

YOUNG CONNIE

The trouble with going away is you have to come back.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

That's true.

YOUNG CONNIE

I think... I think I might be a bit depressed.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

That's my diagnosis.

They both manage to smile.

YOUNG CONNIE

Oh, God.

(she kisses his hand)

If you want to leave me, Douglas, I'd understand.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Shh. Don't be ridiculous. That's enough.

YOUNG DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Hey. I'm never going anywhere  
without you and I'm never going to  
leave you and I'm never going to  
give up. All right?

CUT TO:

88 INT. STAZIONE DI POLIZIA: POLICE CELL. PRESENT: DAY 12 88  
(05.30) - DAWN

Douglas wakes, perversely rested. The burn on his face has lessened a little and there's a melancholy acceptance of defeat.

He lays out his belongings on the mattress - a few crumpled Euros, a passport, change, headphones. Phone. Nothing else.

89 EXT. STAZIONE DI POLIZIA, SIENA. DAY 12 (05.40) - DAWN 89

And now he walks on towards the train station. From behind, the sound of an instrument. Kat is waiting.

KAT  
Hey, Mr P. How was life behind bars?

DOUGLAS  
Better than some hotels. The trick is to establish yourself as top dog straightaway. A single act of extreme violence.

KAT  
You clearly thrived.

DOUGLAS  
Though I regret the tattoos.

KAT  
What did you get?

DOUGLAS  
Gang-related stuff.

A moment. Then Kat gets out her phone and starts to type.

KAT  
I suppose you've tried texting Albie.

DOUGLAS  
Of course, emails and phone calls too. He said he wouldn't respond and he hasn't.



KAT

Still got your passport?

DOUGLAS

I do, but no money. I was going to  
'get some wired' but I don't know  
what that actually means -

KAT

(typing away)

I shouldn't really do this, it's a  
betrayal of trust, but seeing as  
you've come this far -

(presses send)

There.

And she shows the phone to Douglas.

DOUGLAS

'Meet me tomorrow. There's  
something you need to know. Big  
news. By the magic fountain. 12  
noon. Don't call, don't be late.'

KAT

I've arranged a rendezvous.

DOUGLAS

That is a terrifying message.

KAT

You want him to turn up, don't you?

DOUGLAS

Of course, but... Barcelona, by  
tomorrow morning. Can I do that?

KAT

If you run.

DOUGLAS

Can't you change it to...?

KAT

We don't know how long he'll be  
there.

DOUGLAS

No, I suppose not. What the hell's  
a magic fountain?

KAT

Ask someone! You'll find it.

DOUGLAS

(embracing Kat)

Thank you, Kat.

KAT  
Send him all my love.

DOUGLAS  
I will.

KAT  
No, but proper love.  
(Douglas smiles, embraces  
her)  
You really need to shower, Mr P.

DOUGLAS  
Yes, I know, I will. And thank you!

He starts to run off. Kat watches and still watches as he  
returns to her, out of breath.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Actually, I wonder... if you give  
me your bank details, I don't  
suppose I can borrow some cash?

90 EXT. STREET 1, SIENA. DAY 12 (06.00) - DAWN 90

And now he's running again, towards the train station, away  
from Siena in the early morning light -

Music up: dance music, hardcore and relentless.

91 INT. NIGHTCLUB, BARCELONA. DAY 12 (05.45) - DAWN 91

A tiny sweaty room, starting to thin out as the new day  
begins. Dry-ice, strobe. ALBIE dances alone, exultant but in  
the grip of something too - drink or drugs, in his own kind  
of private crisis.

92 EXT. MOVIMIENTO NIGHTCLUB, BARCELONA. DAY 12 (06.00) - DAY 92

Sweating, dazed, Albie stumbles out into the daylight,  
wincing, and turns his phone on.

His phone bleeps with Kat's message. He frowns - Leave me  
alone, Kat! - then opens the message.

Reads.

Shock. Sober now. Panic.

93 INT. TRAIN, MOVING (SIENA TO EMPOLI). DAY 12 (08.00) - DAY 93

Douglas, meanwhile, is back on the local train, optimistic  
once again.

With a pen and paper and his phone, he works out an itinerary. A glimpse, times and places - Florence 10.04 - Milan 12.15 - Malpensa 13.22 - Barcelona 18.55.

94 EXT. PLATFORM, EMPOLI STATION. DAY 12 (09.00) - DAY 94

The same platform as before, interchange between local and national.

Waiting for the train, Douglas sits in the sun. He feels his face. One side burnt, one pale.

Rather awkwardly, he adjusts the angle, until the sun beams down on the pale side. Evening things out. Making himself presentable.

He relishes the warmth of the sun on his face.

95 INT. TRAIN, MOVING. DAY 12 (09.30) - DAY 95

- and continuing his journey, he's on the phone.

DOUGLAS

Ola, um, habla usted Ingles?  
Gracias. I'm coming to Barcelona today, unexpectedly and I wonder, do you have a room? Yes, I've stayed with you before. You won't have the details, it was many years ago.

CUT TO:

96 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: RECEPTION, BARCELONA. FLASHBACK, 2000: DAY FB14 (14.00) 96

The Receptionist is on the phone. Two figures walk in and wait patiently. We reverse and find that they're -

YOUNG DOUGLAS and YOUNG CONNIE, and we are in a FLASHBACK. It's a mid-range hotel, central and anonymous but still a treat for this couple. They whisper -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Don't be surprised. I'm going to speak some Spanish now.

YOUNG CONNIE

What if he replies in Spanish?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

No-one has ever done that. Watch.  
(Receptionist hangs up)  
Hola, como estas?

RECEPTIONIST

Good evening, sir. How can I help you?

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Hola, we have a reservation.  
Petersen is the name.

And we -

MATCH CUT TO:

97 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: RECEPTION, BARCELONA. PRESENT: 97  
DAY 12 (19.45) - DAY

Douglas stands in the same lobby. He wears a sweaty, stained 'I Love Venice' t-shirt, his crazy trainers, three days of stubble. His few possessions are in a plastic bag. He might almost be a tramp, wondering in off the street.

He looks around the lobby as if summoning up the memory. Perhaps the younger incarnations are still at reception. Either way, for the FIRST TIME we have a sense of past and present occupying the same place, memory and living experience coming together.

The STAFF eye DOUGLAS warily. He snaps out of his daze and approaches reception.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, we will have to ask you to leave.?

DOUGLAS

Hola. No, I have a reservation.  
Petersen is the name.

98 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. DAY 12 (19.55) - DAY 98

He opens the door. The room is pleasant, corporate, clean, but unbelievably luxurious in Douglas's eyes.

He drops his plastic bag on the floor, collapses on to the bed - clean sheets - and closes his eyes.

The light in the room has faded.

MATCH CUT TO:

99 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2000: 99  
DAY FB14 (19.00) - EVENING

The same room, the same bed.

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Young Douglas and Young Connie lie in bed. They've made love. Young Connie is on her side, while Young Douglas reads from a city guide.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

'Barcelona's nightlife is spectacular but don't expect much to happen before midnight.' If everyone started at seven, they could all be home by twelve.

(curling up)

Maybe we should have a 'disco nap', is that right?

(but Young Connie is crying)

Hey, what's up?

YOUNG CONNIE

Nothing bad, the opposite -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

But you're crying, tell me -

YOUNG CONNIE

I'm pregnant.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Well, you don't *know* that.

YOUNG CONNIE

No, I do, I absolutely do.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

I mean, you might suspect it but we won't know for a few days -

YOUNG CONNIE

But I do know. It's not rational, there's no evidence -

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Well, then.

YOUNG CONNIE

But I know. We're going to have a baby. Please, Douglas, just believe me.

YOUNG DOUGLAS

Okay. I do.

And they laugh and kiss.

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100      EXT. FONT MAGICA, BARCELONA. PRESENT: DAY 12 (21.30)      100  
- NIGHT

- Douglas stands at the bottom of the Montjuic Hill, in the plaza around the Font Magica. It's night and there's a sense of anticipation -

- as the fountain suddenly bursts into life, a great explosion of water and colour. It's a cheesy, ridiculous spectacle - piped Mozart and crowds of tourists - but Douglas can't help but smile.

                         YOUNG CONNIE (V.O.)  
Douglas? Douglas, can you feel it?  
It's happening.

101      INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2001: DAY FB15      101  
(22.30) - NIGHT

The bedside light is turned on. A reprise of Jane's birth, almost.

                         YOUNG DOUGLAS  
Yes. I can feel it.

                         YOUNG CONNIE  
Oh, God. Are we ready?

They exchange a look, delighted. Anxious too.

**[NB: NO SCENE 102.]**

103      INT. HOSPITAL: CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, 2001: DAY FB15      103  
(23.00) - NIGHT

- as in the previous episode, Young Douglas hurries with Young Connie, in a wheelchair, through the familiar corridors towards the delivery room.

                         YOUNG DOUGLAS  
This is Connie Petersen, Petersen  
with three 'e's. She's at thirty-  
nine weeks -

Young Connie is squeezing his hand hard.

                         YOUNG CONNIE  
It's going to be all right?

                         YOUNG DOUGLAS  
It's going to be absolutely fine.

104      INT. HOSPITAL: WARD. FLASHBACK, 2001: DAY FB16 (07.00)      104

- then silence.

An echo of Jane's arrival in the previous episode; same room, morning light. A NEWBORN BABY, tiny, eyes scrunched shut, flesh pinky, rose red.

YOUNG CONNIE  
Does he look like an Albie?

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
Exactly like an Albie.

For both of them, an almost overwhelming feeling of love and satisfaction.

105 EXT. HOSPITAL: CAR PARK. FLASHBACK, 2001: DAY FB16 105  
(10.00) - DAY

A moment of calm and absolute peace, as Young Douglas sits alone in the car, door open.

Quiet. Thoughtful.

Then he gets out, opens the boot of the car, finds the baby seat.

He installs it correctly, following the instructions and checking that it's secure.

**[NB: NO SCENE 106.]**

107 INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2001: DAY FB16 107  
(11.30) - DAY

And now the newborn baby lies between them. They're shattered, but blissfully happy.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
At some point we'll have to sleep.

YOUNG CONNIE  
I'm not. I'm going to just sit here and watch him.

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
For how long?

YOUNG CONNIE  
Until he can drive. Even then -  
(close, quiet)  
D'you think it's possible to get him through his whole life without any harm or sickness or sadness, without anything really bad happening to him at all?

YOUNG DOUGLAS  
I'll see what I can do.

YOUNG CONNIE  
I know you will.  
(she closes her eyes)  
Okay, we'll take it in turns. You  
first. Stay awake.

She closes her eyes. Young Douglas keeps them open, watching  
his wife and new son -

CUT TO:

108 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM, BARCELONA. PRESENT: 108  
DAY 13 (07.30 - 11.00) - DAY

YOUNG CONNIE (V.O.)  
(a whisper)  
Stay awake. Don't sleep.

Then wakes alone in the hotel room. Sits. A new day, a new  
mission.

He stands at the sink, shaving with forensic care.

He sits, dressed neatly as if for a job interview. Looks at  
his watch. Waits.

109 EXT. FONTA MAGICA, BARCELONA. DAY 13 (11.55) - DAY 109

And now, back at the Magic Fountain, Douglas walks. The  
fountain is plainer during the day but still large and Albie  
could be anywhere on its circumference.

So Douglas starts to walk around its edge, looking anxiously  
from side-to-side. No sign of him.

He walks faster -

Breaks into a trot -

110 INT. ALBIE'S SCHOOL: CORRIDOR. FLASHBACK, EARLIER 110  
IN 2019: DAY FB17 (20.30) - NIGHT

Douglas, in suit and tie, briefcase hammering against his  
hip, rushes down a corridor and barges through double-doors.

Not the PTA Quiz this time, but the end of year A-Level Art  
Show. Albie, talking to Mike and Connie, looks up as his  
father arrives, smiles nervously.

111 INT. SCHOOL HALL. FLASHBACK, 2019: DAY FB17 (20.45) 111  
- NIGHT

Douglas is frowning at a canvas.



Reverse, and we find that its Albie's work. Photographs, abstract paintings.

Albie stands by, nervous and self-conscious. We're in the RECENT PAST. Douglas has come straight from the office. He's exhausted, and has no time for this stuff, but Mike the Art Teacher is there.

MIKE

He has an eye, don't you think?

Connie is there. Smiling, supportive, she takes Albie's hand.

CONNIE

They're wonderful, Albie.

ALBIE

Thank you.

He turns to his father.

DOUGLAS

Yes. They've very... compelling.

112 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2019: DAY FB17 112  
(22.00) - NIGHT

But later - a terrible row, late at night, just Douglas, drink in hand, and Albie, tearful.

DOUGLAS

My point is -

ALBIE

- what's your point, Dad?

DOUGLAS

- give someone paints or clay or a camera, and they'll make something. Anyone can make something and call it *art*. But in the laboratory -

ALBIE

- here we go -

DOUGLAS

- in the laboratory, there's a process, a system, and it requires knowledge, expertise and hard work. It's difficult, it just *is*, it's just more difficult.

ALBIE

So, what, because you're a scientist, you're smarter?

DOUGLAS

Yes! In my field, yes! Anyone can paint, Albie, anyone can take a photo, the whole world's a photographer now and the environment you're going into, the working environment, well I want you to be a success!

ALBIE

Mum thinks I can be a success! My teacher -

DOUGLAS

Well of course *Mike* says that, he doesn't have to pay the fees -

And we now see Connie on the landing, hearing the argument, walking downstairs then hesitating, out of sight -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

The problem with telling people they can do whatever they want is that it isn't true. Wanting something doesn't work. Life has limits, it just does.

ALBIE

Oh, Christ.

DOUGLAS

Success comes to people who work hard at things that are difficult, and I want you to be a success.

ALBIE

Like you?

DOUGLAS

Would that be so bad?

(Douglas is stung. Connie almost makes her presence known)

The future is frightening, Albie, so frightening. I want you to have skills that will help you survive. And... colouring-in, taking your snaps - it's not going to do it.

This hangs there for a moment.

ALBIE

So basically I should be scared.

DOUGLAS

Albie -

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ALBIE

- and base what I do on fear,  
because I have no talent.

DOUGLAS

I just think it's a mistake to  
believe that you're special.

And that's it. Albie storms out and in doing so, passes  
Connie.

On Connie, troubled -

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

Are you still awake?

112A INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: DOUGLAS AND CONNIE'S BEDROOM: 112A  
DAY FB18 (04.00) - NIGHT

And FADE IN on Connie in the double bed, troubled at 4am.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

The good news is it's not burglars.  
It's the thermostat. The  
thermostat's way too high. It's  
heating up the water and the  
water's expanding and of course  
that makes all the taps drip.

**And of course we're back, in a replay of episode one, scene  
one.**

CONNIE

I need to say something.

DOUGLAS

Don't overtighten them, it won't  
help -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Not sure why it should be  
happening now. Unless Albie's  
fiddled with it. Anyway, try  
to sleep, I'll look in the  
morning.

CONNIE

Douglas, my love - Listen,  
please? That's not why I'm  
awake. I can't sleep because -

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Douglas, I've been thinking about  
leaving.

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

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I think our marriage might be over.

CUT TO:

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113 INT. FONT MAGICA, BARCELONA. PRESENT: DAY 13 (12.00) 113  
- DAY

And now, in the present, Douglas slows and stops.

A familiar figure has appeared at the edge of the fountain.

Douglas smiles. Laughs. Then stops. He has to say something.  
What will he say?

He approaches, slowly.

He stands next to his son, wanting to embrace but unsure.

Finally.

DOUGLAS

Hola.

(Albie turns)

Como estas?

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE THREE.