



# Us

**Episode 4**

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**Based on the novel by David Nicholls**

Final Shooting Script      04/10/19

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US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

1           INT. KILBURN FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB19           1  
(17.00) - EVENING

In C.U. a mixtape cassette is placed into a tape deck. Press play. 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes' by Fairport Convention. MUSIC plays throughout.

A cascade of Lego bricks emptied on to a tray. Douglas - here just ten years younger, is with SEVEN YEAR-OLD ALBIE. Douglas is in shirt and tie - just in from work, weary, with a glass of whisky but pushing through. YOUNG ALBIE in pyjamas.

DOUGLAS

Okay, Albie. This is exciting,  
isn't it?

YOUNG ALBIE

Can I watch TV?

DOUGLAS

No, because we're going to do this!  
Let's GO!

(The scene should have a looser, freer feel - JUMP CUTS.)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

So step number one. We need the red  
six by two. You see - six dots long  
and one, two dots wide. I call this  
a 'twelver' because - what are you  
doing?

YOUNG ALBIE

Making a dinosaur.

DOUGLAS

But it's a space shuttle. Look, at  
this thing, it's magnificent.

YOUNG ALBIE

But I like dinosaurs.

DOUGLAS

(patience)

Okay. You do that and I'll get on  
with the space shuttle.

JUMP CUT -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

And now we slide that section into  
here - can you see how that works?  
Isn't that satisfying? Click.

YOUNG ALBIE

I'm bored now.

JUMP CUT -

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DOUGLAS

Okay, what have you built over there? Wow. That's amazing, but it's a bit of a side project, isn't it? And we're going to need that piece just there -

YOUNG ALBIE

No! I need it too!

DOUGLAS

But we can't move forward unless... Will you snap it off, or shall I? Okay, give it to me and I'll -

YOUNG ALBIE

No! Leave it! It's mine!

CONNIE appears from work -

CONNIE

How are we getting on?

DOUGLAS

We're having a lovely time, thank you.

YOUNG ALBIE

Dad's stealing my pieces.

DOUGLAS

I'm not stealing, I'm just following the instructions -

But Young Albie is off into her arms - a wild, loving embrace.

TITLES - white on black. 'Us'

2

INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB19  
(20.00)- NIGHT

2

Music continues. Young Albie lies, reading in their bed. Douglas watches for a while, a little jealous.

DOUGLAS

He should really sleep now.

CONNIE

In a minute!

DOUGLAS

But not in our bed. It's a school night.

CONNIE

We want to know the ending!

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And she carries on reading. TITLES continue.

3 INT. KILBURN FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB19 3  
(22.00) - NIGHT

Post-work exhaustion.

DOUGLAS

Well, so much for quality time. I'm  
not even sure if he likes me -

CONNIE

(she laughs - that's  
ridiculous)

What makes you say that?

DOUGLAS

The way he runs away when you walk  
into the room.

CONNIE

It's a mummy phase. In a while  
he'll have a daddy phase.

DOUGLAS

(the Lego-thing)

What is this anyway? It's not even  
a good dinosaur.

CONNIE

Does it matter? If he's using his  
imagination -

DOUGLAS

But the whole point is to match the  
picture! If he doesn't follow the  
instructions then it's just  
expensive stuff to tread on -

CONNIE

Lego Fascist. Come to bed.

DOUGLAS

I've got work to do. If I come home  
early I have to work late. You go.

TITLES continue.

4 INT. KILBURN FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB19 4  
(23.00-2.00) - NIGHT

Douglas types by the light of the laptop, whisky by his side.

But he can't concentrate, his eye drawn to Albie's Lego  
object. JUMP CUT to -

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Douglas breaking it up. Douglas starting again on the model.

Two in the morning. Douglas fitting the last piece into place. Does he glue it? Perhaps.

He sets it on the table, with a post-it note. 'For my boy. Love, Dad!'

TITLES continue.

5 INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB20 5  
(07.15) - DAY

And now, the next morning, Douglas pulls on his jacket, ready for work. The sound of a child's voice, shouting protest.

TITLES continue.

6 INT. KILBURN FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB20 6  
(07.18) - DAY

Douglas enters to find Young Albie, tearful and upset, his arms around Connie. The completed Lego model in front of them. She doesn't see Douglas.

CONNIE

Come on now, I'm sure he didn't mean to. We'll smash it up and start again tonight. Okay?

Over her shoulder, Young Albie glares at Douglas.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We'll smash it up and start again.

CUT TO BLACK

Final TITLES. White on Black -

7 EXT. FONTA MAGICA, MONTJUIC HILL, BARCELONA. PRESENT: 7  
DAY 13 (12.00) - DAY

Ten years later, Douglas and Albie stand facing each other.

DOUGLAS

Hello, Albie. It's me.

ALBIE

I can see that.

DOUGLAS

What are the chances!

(no response)

I've been looking for you. It's been quite an adventure actually -

ALBIE

Where's Kat?

DOUGLAS

Italy I think.

ALBIE

She sent me a weird text.

DOUGLAS

Yes, I know all about that.

ALBIE

Like she was pregnant or something.

DOUGLAS

That wasn't my idea and she's not, but she thought it was very important that we meet and so -

ALBIE

It was a trap?

DOUGLAS

Well, not 'trap' exactly. She just helped me find you.

ALBIE

But I didn't want to be found!

DOUGLAS

No, I realise that -

ALBIE

I thought I was going to be a *DAD!*

DOUGLAS

Yes, she did imply that, didn't she?

ALBIE

Do you know what that feels like?

DOUGLAS

I do, as a matter of fact.

ALBIE

But I'm seventeen! Fucking hell, Dad -

DOUGLAS

Hey, there's no need for -

Albie heads off at speed, pounding towards the Montjuic Hill steps. Douglas follows -

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DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Now I'm here, can't we have a chat?  
I've come a long way, Albie -

ALBIE

I wanted to be alone, just to be  
left alone in the world and you  
couldn't allow it -

DOUGLAS

We were worried.

ALBIE

Because you don't trust me, you've  
never trusted me.

DOUGLAS

We simply wanted to know you were  
happy and well, that's not a crime,  
is it, to care?

ALBIE

Yes, you always say that! I care! I  
care, while you're pressing the  
pillow down on my face.

DOUGLAS

Bit melodramatic.

And Albie's off again, bounding up the steps.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I know what it's like, you need to  
discover yourself, but is it really  
so terrible to have us around while  
you do it?

ALBIE

Yes, it is!

DOUGLAS

Could we have this conversation  
sitting down? I don't think I  
can... at least let me apologise!

Albie is some way away, and could keep going. But he stops  
and turns.

ALBIE

What for?

DOUGLAS

For what I said in Amsterdam.

ALBIE

What did you say?

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DOUGLAS

You know what I said.

ALBIE

Remind me -

DOUGLAS

That you were an embarrassment. And I still think you handled it badly, but I didn't express myself the way I should have. I've been under a lot of strain, at work and... elsewhere and I should have stuck up for you. So. I apologise.

ALBIE

Well, I don't think you should apologise.

DOUGLAS

No?

ALBIE

Not if it's what you really think.

On the move again -

DOUGLAS

And what do I really think?

ALBIE

That I am an embarrassment, a disappointment. Everything you do, everything you say, there's this contempt, this stream of dislike and irritation -

DOUGLAS

Albie, that's not true. You're my boy, my dear boy -

ALBIE

Christ, I'm not even your favourite child.

DOUGLAS

What do you mean, Albie? Albie?

8

INT. KILBURN FLAT: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2009: DAY FB21  
(15.00) - DAY

8

YOUNG ALBIE looks up at something.

The shoebox, high on the shelf. He drags a chair, reaches up.

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And now sits with it on his lap, curious - the hospital tag, Polaroids, the hand and foot prints of his dead sister, a lock of hair in an envelope.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. MONTJUIC HILL: STEPS. PRESENT: DAY 13 (12.04) - DAY 9

A quieter part of the steps. Douglas catches up with Albie, who waits.

ALBIE

I used to take it down and look at it when you weren't in the house, your weird little shrine -

DOUGLAS

Hey! It's not like that!

ALBIE

Don't you think it's weird?

DOUGLAS

I don't think so. We've always been honest about it, she isn't some secret. We loved your sister when she was born and when you were born we loved you too. She's gone but we have you and we are so, so grateful-

ALBIE

Except she never fucked-up, did she? She never failed at school or embarrassed you in public -

DOUGLAS

Albie, come on, you're just feeling sorry for yourself.

ALBIE

She never got called *stupid* -

DOUGLAS

I've never called you stupid.

ALBIE

You have! To my face!

DOUGLAS

Have I? I suppose I might have. Once or twice. Can I sit down?

He sits, suddenly feeling very old, very tired.

ALBIE

You okay?

DOUGLAS

Just very tired. Please, sit with me a minute.

Albie looks left, right, sits too.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say to you. I'd hoped it would just come spontaneously. God knows why, I've never been very good at - but you should know I have regrets about things I shouldn't have said. Or things that I *should* have said, not sure which is worse. I regret we haven't been... more at ease with each other, though you haven't always made it easy, Albie -

ALBIE

I know.

DOUGLAS

- the state of your room, it's like you do it deliberately.

ALBIE

You'll get it back soon enough.

DOUGLAS

You're still going to art college?

ALBIE

I am. Why, are you going to talk me out of it again?

DOUGLAS

If it's what you're passionate about -

ALBIE

It is.

DOUGLAS

- then I'm pleased. Not pleased you're leaving home. I'm terrified in fact, your mother too, the hole you're going to leave.

(here it comes -)

So much so that she's thinking about moving on as well. But I expect you know that.

(Albie nods)

Well, you've always been close. Did she tell you or - ?

ALBIE

I worked it out.  
(he shrugs)  
She doesn't seem very happy.

DOUGLAS

No, she doesn't, does she? I'd not noticed or I'd noticed and chose not to think about it. I hoped I might change that this summer, but - I'll find out. In the meantime, at least I can tell you that I am very proud of you, though I might not show it. You'll do great things in the future, I know you will. You're my boy and I'd hate for you to go out into the world not knowing that we love you. Not just your mum, you know she loves you, God knows she never stops saying it, but me too. There. That's what I meant to say. I love you, very much. And now you can go.

ALBIE

What - now?

DOUGLAS

Albie. Do whatever you want. As long it's safe and you phone your mum. I won't follow you. I'm just going to sit here. Catch my breath.

But they continue to sit.

9A INT. KILBURN FLAT: BATHROOM. FLASHBACK, 2009. DAY: FB21B 9A  
(21:00) - NIGHT

Ten years ago. Connie is brushing her teeth, joined by Douglas. It's late.

DOUGLAS

Okay. I've read as much as I can, I think he'll sleep now.

CONNIE

Did you do the voices?

DOUGLAS

I did, but he told me it was embarrassing. He's going to be funny, I think.

CONNIE

Well, he's brilliant.

DOUGLAS

He is.

(beat)

Of course, we would think that.

A moment. Then -

CONNIE

What do you mean?

DOUGLAS

Well everyone thinks their own  
children are brilliant. Clearly not  
all children are brilliant and  
so... Maybe we're hardwired to love  
our children. Survival mechanism.  
That's why it's unconditional.

CONNIE

You mean... the love you feel for  
your child is not real, it's just  
science.

DOUGLAS

It's real *because* it's science.

CONNIE

But it's an instinct, a 'mechanism' -

DOUGLAS

I was thinking out loud. It's just  
a theory.

CONNIE

I'm not sure we need a *theory*.

DOUGLAS

But maybe there's a reason. For  
loving him so much.

A moment.

CONNIE

I think that's the strangest thing  
I've ever heard anyone say.

And she goes. Douglas stands alone -

10

EXT. CAFE, BARCELONA. DAY 13 (12.30) - DAY

10

Now they sit together at a cafe bar; churros and chocolate  
and Albie is wolfing them down, starved.

DOUGLAS

I worry that Spanish people don't  
eat enough fresh vegetables. All  
that cured meat too.

(MORE)

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DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
(casually)  
Where are you staying?

ALBIE  
At this hostel.

DOUGLAS  
How's that?

ALBIE  
It's an 'experience' I suppose.

DOUGLAS  
It's nothing special but if you wanted a hotel. While you decide what's next. They can separate the beds in my room. Of course you may not want -

ALBIE  
(eating Douglas's churros)  
Okay.

DOUGLAS  
How do you stay so skinny?

ALBIE  
(shrugs, mouthful)  
Nervous energy.

He knows something about that.

11 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. DAY 13 (14.00) - DAY 11

Albie's rucksack, his clothes, his mess, are scattered across the floor. While Albie freshens up in the bathroom, Douglas dials a number.

12 INT. BERKSHIRE: PARKLAND / HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. 12  
DAY 13 (13.01 GMT) - CONTINUOUS

Connie is walking Mr Jones. Her phone rings in her pocket and she scrambles to answer it.

INTERCUT.

CONNIE  
Douglas! Where are you? I've been expecting you back! I thought something terrible had happened to you. Are you at the airport?

DOUGLAS  
No, I didn't get the plane.

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Albie is shaving. Douglas watches through the gap in the door.

CONNIE

Then why aren't you answering the phone? Are you still in Italy?

While Connie speaks, a mouthed conversation between Douglas and Albie. Albie - 'what are you doing?' Douglas - 'nothing, watching', Albie - 'weird'.

DOUGLAS

I'm in Spain, Barcelona in fact.

CONNIE

Barcelona?

DOUGLAS

Yes, you remember that hotel we stayed in?

CONNIE

(concerned)

Why have you - ? It's a little morbid, going back to all these places. I think you need to just -

DOUGLAS

Trip down memory lane. It's not morbid, I liked it! Didn't you like it?

CONNIE

- come home, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

I will. But there's someone you need to speak to first.

(covering the handset)

Albie?

With some trepidation, he takes the phone.

ALBIE

Hello? Mum?

And in England, Connie stands, stunned.

CONNIE

Oh, there you are.

Douglas, happy to leave them, closes the door.

13

INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. DAY 13 (14.15) - DAY 13

A little later. Douglas reads the City Guide, while Albie finishes the call.

ALBIE

Dad?

His eyes are a little red though he's careful not to show it.  
Douglas takes the phone.

DOUGLAS

Hello.

A long pause -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Connie, are you there?

CONNIE (V.O.)

Clever man.

And she hangs up. Douglas allows himself a smile. Albie, dressed now, comes out of the bathroom.

DOUGLAS

Did you have to use *all* the towels?  
I swear you treat this place like a hotel.

ALBIE

Such a dad.

(back in the bathroom)

So what are we going to do tonight?

Douglas smiles.

14 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: BEDROOM. DAY 13 (19.00) - EVENING 14

Blinds down and they lie on the two single beds. Eyes closed.

DOUGLAS

I can't sleep at this time of day.

ALBIE

Nightlife doesn't start until one.  
If you don't have a siesta, you'll never make it.

DOUGLAS

If the evening started at a reasonable hour -

ALBIE

They're not eating enough veg,  
they're not getting enough sleep;  
you do know Spain is not your responsibility. Relax. Sleep.

Pause.

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DOUGLAS

One last thing.

ALBIE

Hm?

DOUGLAS

Bit of a fun-fact. You were  
actually conceived in this hotel.

ALBIE

(awake now)

Oh, Christ, Dad!

DOUGLAS

Not this actual bed. Though it  
might have been. Anyway. Little bit  
of history. Now. Let's sleep.

Albie's eyes are open.

15 EXT. STREETS, BARCELONA. DAY 13 (21.00) - DUSK

15

And now they're out in the narrow streets, El Raval perhaps,  
walking side-by-side.

16 INT. TAPAS BAR. DAY 13 (22.00) - NIGHT

16

They sit in the window seats of a packed tapas bar.

DOUGLAS

Is this sherry, or vermouth? Tastes  
like sherry.

ALBIE

So I'm leaving tomorrow. First  
thing.

DOUGLAS

Oh. Where to?

ALBIE

I thought I'd travel along the  
coast.

DOUGLAS

Barcelona has a coast, we're on the  
coast -

ALBIE

I just want to leave the city, move  
on.

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DOUGLAS

Really? Because I had this idea.  
Bear with me - we've still got the  
tickets, the hotel rooms. Rome's  
next. Mum could fly out, we could  
pick up the trip where we left off -

ALBIE

Sorry.

DOUGLAS

But the glory that is Rome! The  
Colosseum! St Peters! I've pre-  
booked the Sistine Chapel, which is  
actually very hard to get into -

ALBIE

I just want to swim in the sea.  
Like a normal holiday.

DOUGLAS

Of course. Well, you should go.  
It's very drinkable, isn't it?

But he senses his father's disappointment.

ALBIE

You could come with me if you  
wanted. Even up your tan. Just for  
a day or two.

DOUGLAS

Did your mother suggest this?

ALBIE

No.

She did.

DOUGLAS

Won't I cramp your style?

ALBIE

What style?

DOUGLAS

Okay. Let's swim in the sea.

Dance music - Balearic House - and now they're in a different bar. Douglas is a little drunk, knocking back glasses of vermouth and eating chorizo, dazed by the fashionable, youthful crowds and noise but happy. Albie is talking to a girl next to him.

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DOUGLAS

This is very dehydrating. Would either of you like more sherry?

ALBIE

- and this is my Dad, Douglas.

BEATRIZ

Hola, Douglas! I'm Beatriz.

ALBIE

Dad's a scientist, a very brilliant scientist.

DOUGLAS

Well, not *brilliant*...

(Albie heads off. To the bartender)

Tres vermouth, por favor.

18

EXT/INT. DISCO BAR. DAY 13 (01.00) - NIGHT

18

And now the night has entered yet another phase. Three or four in the morning. Maybe Beatriz is dancing a little, while Douglas talks.

DOUGLAS

So what's public transport like in Barcelona?

BEATRIZ

Hm?

DOUGLAS

I mean do you use the Metro or the buses or - ?

BEATRIZ

I think it's so *wonderful*.

DOUGLAS

What is?

BEATRIZ

That you can spend time with your son.

DOUGLAS

Yes. Isn't it?

But Douglas is distracted by Albie at the bar.

BEATRIZ

No tension between you and no judgement. It's very rare -

Douglas frowns and watches Albie talking to a good-looking YOUNG MAN at the bar. A gesture, the man's hand on Albie's arm, tells him something.

19 EXT. SQUARE OUTSIDE DISCO BAR. DAY 13 (01.01) - NIGHT 19

And now Douglas has stepped out of the bar into the fresh air. Exhausted, drunk and he lies on a bench, a fountain maybe, looking up at the sky. Albie joins him.

ALBIE

Dad? You okay?

DOUGLAS

Don't mind me. Sherry binge. I haven't danced for... twenty years.

ALBIE

Oh, God, Dad, don't say that. Too depressing.

DOUGLAS

So how long has it been now?

ALBIE

How long what?

DOUGLAS

That you've liked men.

ALBIE

'Liked men?'

DOUGLAS

Oh, Albie, I've not had this conversation before.

A moment, while Albie thinks.

ALBIE

Don't know. I mean there's not a start date.

DOUGLAS

No, I suppose not.

ALBIE

How long have you known?

DOUGLAS

Well, known, just now. I've wondered sometimes, parents do, but you've always had such lovely girlfriends -

ALBIE

That old trick -

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DOUGLAS

I know and I fell for it. Such nice girls as well.

(A look)

I don't know Albie, I'm trying, really I am. Of course I worry that things will be harder for you, but I'm not... upset. The only thing I feel sad about is that you couldn't tell us.

ALBIE

(his surroundings -)

I thought, well, he's a scientist -

DOUGLAS

- but before now, why didn't you say? Did you think we'd be angry?

ALBIE

(shrugs)

Didn't want it to be another way.

DOUGLAS

Another way?

ALBIE

To disappoint you.

(a beat)

Anyway, you had your own things to worry about, you and Mum. Will you tell her?

DOUGLAS

No, you should.

ALBIE

Will she be upset?

DOUGLAS

I think she'll be thrilled.

ALBIE

Let's hope so.

Long pause - Douglas looking for words.

DOUGLAS

You know, when I was at college, I used to have a crush on this boy -

ALBIE

(quickly)

Let's go back inside, yes?

DOUGLAS

Yes. Why not?

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20 INT. DISCO BAR. DAY 13 (03.00) - NIGHT 20

And now they're dancing, all of them, Beatriz, Douglas, Albie, the young man -

21 EXT. STREETS, BARCELONA. DAY 14 (05.00) - DAWN 21

- and now walking home through the early morning light, sweaty and exhausted.

## DOUGLAS

Oh, God. It's light. How can it be light?

22 INT. HOTEL DUERMES BIEN: RECEPTION. DAY 14 (05.30) - DAWN 22

They walk up to the reception, looking like two clubbers, sweat-soaked and haunted. Douglas is draining a bottle of water.

## DOUGLAS

I can still hear the beat, duff-duff-duff, in my head.

ALBIE

(to receptionist)  
We'd like to check out, please.

## DOUGLAS

Can you still hear that? Duff-duff-duff -

23 EXT/INT. ESTACIÓ DE FRANÇA TRAIN STATION. DAY 14 (07.00) 23  
- DAY

And now they're running - running! - with their luggage towards the station (or across that brilliant concourse perhaps). Douglas a vivid green now.

DOUGLAS

Hold on - hold on just one second -

And he peels off and stops, hands on knees, fighting the urge to throw-up.

DOUGLAS

Oh God, oh God. Never again...

ALBIE

Come on! We'll miss it.

[NB: NO SCENE 24.]

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25

EXT. BEACH HOTEL, SITGES. DAY 14 (08.15) - DAY

25

They step out of a taxi at a large, pleasant hotel on the seafront, Douglas somewhat recovered. A resort feel.

DOUGLAS

At last - the sea.

ALBIE

Can you afford this?

DOUGLAS

I can if we share a room.

(Albie's not keen)

One night then I'm gone.

ALBIE

Okay let's swim.

DOUGLAS

I don't have any trunks. 'Trunks'?

'Bathers'?

ALBIE

We'll find a shop.

DOUGLAS

And Albie? Last night's conversation; if you need to talk more...

ALBIE

I'm okay. Let's just swim.

[NB: SCENE 26 NOW CUT. Some content now in scene 25.]

27

EXT. BEACH, SITGES. DAY 14 (13.00) - DAY

27

Douglas has the city dweller's tan - brown arms, everything else a ghostly white. The swimming costume, too, is not ideal - not comedy-small but not quite meant for him. Too bright, patterned.

His 'History of World War II' has long gone, and he's having to read Albie's copy of Camus' 'L'Étranger' while Albie sunbathes.

DOUGLAS

What are you meant to do? Just lie here? It's so uncomfortable. They used to torture people like this. Stake them out on the hot sand.

ALBIE

You can always go back to the room.

DOUGLAS

Maybe I will. I'll swim then leave you to it. Put some lotion on, will you? Tops of your ears.

And he takes the goggles and heads through the crowd towards the sea.

28 EXT. OCEAN. DAY 14 (13.05) - DAY

28

He swims, away from the crowds.

And it's true, further out the water is delicious, cool. He floats on his back and finally, finally begins to let go a little.

The sun on his face - peace at last.

And then he splashes, contorts, a sudden stab of PAIN.

He's underwater for a moment, then resurfaces. Feels down to where the pain comes from. A shark? Can't be a shark.

And then another stab of pain. Panic now. He calms himself. With shaking hands, he lowers his goggles and sees -

Underwater - a great sea of JELLYFISH.

From a short distance away, someone shouts -

SWIMMER

Medusa!

DOUGLAS

Oh, yes, medusa now. I can see them now.

He dips his head once again, looking for a path, and starts to swim - a cautious breast stroke through mined territory. But then -

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow, fuck. I'm going to die. I'm going to die here.

Meanwhile -

29 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.05) - DAY

29

- on the beach, Albie sits and looks around, concerned.

SWIMMER

Medusa! Medusa!

He gets up and walks towards the shore.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

30 EXT. OCEAN. DAY 14 (13.06) - DAY

30

Douglas is catching his breath. He takes one more last look at the jellyfish - still there, in great numbers - and makes a decision.

DOUGLAS

God help me. Here goes -

And he starts to splash madly towards the shore.

31 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.06) - DAY

31

- where Albie stands at the sea edge, looking for him, anxious now.

32 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.10) - DAY

32

- some way along, Douglas crawls from the waves, staggering through a beach-side volleyball game.

33 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.15) - DAY

33

Albie still looking -

DOUGLAS

Albie!

Albie turns - Douglas, blotchy, arms out to the side, walks towards him. He's in a bad way -

ALBIE

What happened?

DOUGLAS

I got mugged by jellyfish.

ALBIE

Where?

DOUGLAS

Up there in the car park, where do you think?

A little burst of the old Douglas - snappy, critical.

ALBIE

It's on your neck and face and everything.

DOUGLAS

Yes, Albie, I am aware of that. Christ, it hurts.

ALBIE

So am I meant to pee on you or something?

DOUGLAS

No, thank you very much-

ALBIE

Because I don't think I can handle peeing on you. That's years of therapy right there.

And now with some pain, and some rage, Douglas starts to dress and gather up his stuff.

DOUGLAS

It's a myth anyway. I've always said, the beach is a hostile environment. People should run from this place! RUN! All of you! Just flee!

ALBIE

Dad?

DOUGLAS

I'm going back to the hotel. I'm going to take some painkillers and I'm going to stand in a cold shower and then I'm going to lie in the dark -

ALBIE

Okay -

DOUGLAS

What protection factor are you wearing, Albie?

ALBIE

Eight.

DOUGLAS

Eight! Do you WANT cancer, Albie?  
Look at the sun!  
(he does so)  
Don't literally look at the sun!

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Here - thirty - that's the absolute minimum, put it on every half an hour, especially if you go in the water. And don't go in the water!

ALBIE

Okay - could you not shout maybe?  
Shall I come with you?

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

But Douglas is already walking away, arms out to the side -

DOUGLAS

Don't forget the tops of your ears!

33A INT. BEACH HOTEL: LOBBY. DAY 14 (13.20) - DAY 33A

Douglas walks through the lobby, his agitated state a stark contrast to the cultivated calm of the hotel.

34 INT. BEACH HOTEL: CORRIDOR. DAY 14 (13.22) - DAY 34

Back outside his room, struggling to get the electronic key to work, his whole body smarts with pain and he punches at the door with his fist -

**[NB: NO SCENE 35.]**

36 INT. BEACH HOTEL: BEDROOM. DAY 14 (13.23) - DAY 36

- and tumbles through the door. All movement hurts, and he feels increasingly panicked as he searches through his meagre luggage for a paper bag.

Painkillers, Paracetamol, for the hangover in a screw-top jar.

He sits on the bed, tries to unscrew it - no good. He tries again - a gasp of pain.

And now he's falling, slipping in between the two beds, pushing them further apart, grasping at the covers, as if sucked down into the ground.

37 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.23) - DAY 37

- while Albie, restless, sits suddenly. He can't relax. Not while his father is stomping around like this. He searches for his phone.

38 INT. BEACH HOTEL: BEDROOM. DAY 14 (13.25) - DAY 38

Douglas, meanwhile, is panicking. His phone is on the bed, where he tossed it, and now it starts to ring - Albie on the line.

Douglas tries to haul himself up from the gap between the beds, but as he tugs at the bed cover, it comes loose and it's impossible to gain a purchase. The cover falls on him, like a shroud.

The phone stays where it is, still ringing.

39 EXT. BEACH. DAY 14 (13.26) - DAY 39

- but at least Albie is walking towards the hotel now, hanging up the phone as he goes.

[NB: NO SCENES 40 and 41.]

42 INT. BEACH HOTEL: BEDROOM. DAY 14 (13.30) - DAY 42

Albie enters. Sees the dishevelled bed. A whisper -

ALBIE  
Hello? Dad?

DOUGLAS  
Albie! I'm down here.

Sees the feet protruding.

ALBIE  
Dad?  
(he laughs - peers between  
the gaps)  
Did you fall out of bed?

DOUGLAS  
Actually - something's wrong with  
my heart.

A beat, then Albie is gone, straight to the phone, decisive.

ALBIE  
Hola? Hablo Inglése? Okay, I'm in  
room 701 and we need an ambulance.  
Pronto, please, straight away - Now  
- I don't know.

DOUGLAS  
'Corazon'.

ALBIE  
Hold on a second - Dad?

DOUGLAS  
I said 'Corazon'. I think it means  
'heart'.

43 INT. BEACH HOTEL: BEDROOM. DAY 14 (13.42) - DAY 43

A little later, and Albie has pushed the beds further apart and is laying next to his father on the floor.

DOUGLAS  
There's someone's comb under here.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

ALBIE

You're sure you shouldn't sit?

DOUGLAS

I can't.

ALBIE

Should I lift you?

DOUGLAS

I feel I should stay still. If I had aspirin, that would help.

ALBIE

(the painkillers)

What are these?

DOUGLAS

Paracetamol. Oh, God, typical.

ALBIE

Sh. Just lay still, keep breathing.

DOUGLAS

That's my intention.

ALBIE

What happens if you go unconscious?

DOUGLAS

Then that's cardiac arrest. I'm afraid you'll have to do CPR.

ALBIE

The kiss of life?

DOUGLAS

I'm not thrilled about it, Albie.

ALBIE

I don't know how to do that -

DOUGLAS

Then look it up online.

(Albie reaches for his phone)

Phone away, please.

They manage to laugh, then silence again.

ALBIE

Should I call Mum?

DOUGLAS

I don't want her to worry.

ALBIE

God's sake, Dad.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS

I mean now's not the best time.  
When I'm better.  
(pain, fear)  
I'm very frightened, Albie.

ALBIE

They're on their way, you're going  
to be fine -

DOUGLAS

I know. But if I'm not - if I'm  
not, tell your mother -

A moment.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Oh, she knows. Let's just lie here,  
shall we? Lie quietly. Wait.

And he reaches for Albie's hand. Albie takes it.

44 INT. HOSPITAL, CLÍNIC DE BARCELONA: CORRIDOR. DAY 14 44  
(14.30) - DAY

And he remains laying down, on a gurney through the corridor,  
Albie by his side, holding his hand as they roll along.

45 INT. CLÍNIC DE BARCELONA: WARD. DAY 14 (16.00) - DAY 45

And now Douglas lies in the curtained-off bed. There's a drip  
in his arm, he's still pale but stable now. Albie arrives  
with supplies.

ALBIE

There's some clean clothes in the  
bag. Unless you want to keep those  
trunks on -

DOUGLAS

Thank you.

ALBIE

Also grapes, 'cos, you know -  
cliché.

DOUGLAS

They're going to do an operation.

ALBIE

Oh. Really? Surgery?

DOUGLAS

Keyhole surgery. A procedure  
really.

(MORE)

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Apparently they're going to make a hole in my thigh and thread this tube all the way up and put in a stent, to widen the artery.

ALBIE

That sounds - is it dangerous?

DOUGLAS

Well, if they go too far there's a very real danger it will poke out of my ear.

ALBIE

Oh, God.

DOUGLAS

Albie - there's no danger.

ALBIE

Oh. Okay.

DOUGLAS

But they're doing it tomorrow morning.

ALBIE

That soon? Right. Okay.

They take this in.

46

INT. CLÍNIC DE BARCELONA: WARD. DAY 14 (23.00) - NIGHT

46

Dim light.

The ward at night - Albie is by his father's bedside, Douglas with his eyes closed. He takes out his camera (or the one on his phone) and secretly takes a picture or two - close and abstract. The shutter click causes Douglas to open his eyes.

DOUGLAS

Albie, did you just take a picture of my drip?

ALBIE

You said I never take your photo.

DOUGLAS

But my *face*, not my cannula. No more pictures. Please.

Hospital noise - groans and cries from the other beds.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Spanish nightlife.

ALBIE

It doesn't really get going until one in the morning.

DOUGLAS

You can go back to Sitges if you want.

ALBIE

No, I'm going to stay here.

DOUGLAS

But the hotel's paid for. I can't bear the idea of it going to waste.

ALBIE

You see that's the kind of thinking that put you here in the first place.

DOUGLAS

You could at least go out for a bit, have some fun.

ALBIE

Dad - I'm not leaving you, but I might just pop out for an hour.

DOUGLAS

Please. Do.

Albie goes. Douglas smiles a little, eyes closed.

47 INT. CLÍNIC DE BARCELONA: CORRIDOR. DAY 15 (09.00) - DAY 47

And the next day, Douglas is wheeled towards the operating theatre. Albie goes as far as he can and leaves him.

Douglas takes one last look back. Albie raises his hand.

FADE TO BLACK.

CONNIE (V.O.)

Hello, there. Can you hear me?

Douglas - step away from the light.

48 INT. CLÍNIC DE BARCELONA: WARD. DAY 15 (12.00) - DAY 48

From Douglas' point-of-view - Connie's wonderful face, very close. She smiles.

CONNIE

Hey there.

DOUGLAS

You came!

CONNIE

Well, I didn't have much on and TV  
was lousy so. Here I am.

She kisses him.

DOUGLAS

I stink I'm afraid.

CONNIE

That's okay. Shows you're alive.

DOUGLAS

Unless it's decay.

CONNIE

Douglas, you're not dead yet.

DOUGLAS

I feel it.

CONNIE

How do you feel?

DOUGLAS

Bruised, but inside. It was very  
strange. Like someone's got a  
finger, two fingers, inside your  
chest and they're wiggling them  
around.

CONNIE

I thought it was keyhole surgery?

DOUGLAS

More Chubb than Yale.

CONNIE

The lengths you'll go to to keep  
this holiday going.

DOUGLAS

And I can't even go home, it's not  
safe to fly.

CONNIE

No, Albie told me.

DOUGLAS

Not for two weeks at least.

Perhaps she joins him on the bed.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Quite a holiday.

CONNIE

Let's do the same trip every year,  
exactly the same.

DOUGLAS

Holiday of a lifetime.

49

EXT. BARCELONA STREET. DAY 16 (14.00) - DAY

49

Albie is waiting outside a door onto the street, pacing a little nervously. Connie and Douglas climb out of a taxi, Douglas just a little slow, Connie taking his arm.

ALBIE

Good afternoon, señor, señora,  
thank you for coming, it's this way

-

**[NB: SCENE 50 NOW CUT.]**

51

INT. BARCELONA HOUSE. DAY 16 (14.06) - DAY

51

A beautiful old-fashioned Barcelona townhouse - potted palms, cool air.

ALBIE

I got you somewhere without stairs  
just in case, you know -

DOUGLAS

I can climb stairs, Albie.  
(an adjustment)  
But - thank you.

CONNIE

It's gorgeous, Albie.

ALBIE

It belongs to some architect or  
something. He's away for the whole  
summer, so until it's safe for you  
to fly you can stay here -

DOUGLAS

Looks expensive -

CONNIE

- but thankfully someone insisted  
on comprehensive travel insurance.

ALBIE

- and there's a little kitchen,  
somewhere to read -

DOUGLAS

How many bedrooms?

ALBIE

Just the one.

(a beat)

I'm leaving. Tonight actually. If you like it I can give you the keys now -

DOUGLAS

Hang on. Where to?

ALBIE

Ibiza. You know. For the museums.

Douglas looks to Connie.

CONNIE

We've talked about it. He won't be alone, he's meeting friends there. There's somewhere to stay. It's all organised.

ALBIE

And it's nearby, so...

A moment, a decision.

DOUGLAS

No, that makes sense. Good. Good.

(moving on)

Oh, it's got a terrace -

And he opens a door and we -

CUT TO:

52

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: BEDROOM. FLASHBACK, 2010: DAY FB22 52  
(11.00) - DAY

An unfurnished room in a suburban house, the very house in which, nine years later, the story will begin.

DOUGLAS

And I suppose this could be our room, or Albie's. Nice and bright. Not today, bit grey, but it could be. Pictures on the wall.

CONNIE

Hm.

DOUGLAS

You're not sure.

CONNIE

No, I like it. I do.

(silence)

(MORE)

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

CONNIE (CONT'D)

It's so quiet. Do you think I will get used to that?

DOUGLAS

You don't want to move, do you?

CONNIE

Well, you can't keep commuting, it's going to kill you. At the same time -

DOUGLAS

You don't want to move -

CONNIE

I do, Douglas, but I've lived in the city all my life.

DOUGLAS

Seventy minutes from our door -

CONNIE

You said the journey was miserable.

DOUGLAS

That was commuting every single day, but if you got a new job here, locally. There'll be something, I'm sure there will.

CONNIE

What about my friends? I don't know anyone here and on a wet Sunday in February -

DOUGLAS

- we'll make friends. We'll go for walks with Albie. And maybe if we have another kid -

(a shared look. Too late  
for that now.)

Look. Look at the massive garden.

Out of the window, eight year-old Albie kicks at the lawn with his heel, bored and angry to be here.

CONNIE

Doesn't it feel too big?

DOUGLAS

It's just three bedrooms.

CONNIE

Not too big. Too empty.

DOUGLAS

We'll fill it. With noise and... fun. New friends, a new start.

(MORE)

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

There's a good school for Albie.  
You could paint again -

CONNIE

Maybe we could get a dog.

DOUGLAS

If that's what you want.

CONNIE

Okay. We'll get a dog.  
But we mustn't get steady. We  
mustn't get dull.

They look out at Albie in the garden -

CUT TO:

[NB: SCENE 53 IS CUT.]

\*

54

INT. ESTACIÓ DE FRANÇA TRAIN STATION. DAY 16 (17.00)  
- DAY

54

Albie gets his ticket. Connie and Douglas watch him.

DOUGLAS

So I imagine it's no surprise for  
you.

CONNIE

Well I read his poetry and that was  
pretty... clear. But I had my  
suspicions.

DOUGLAS

Why didn't we ever talk about it?

CONNIE

I suppose it was just something  
else on the list. You okay with it?

He thinks a moment.

DOUGLAS

I am, I think. Eighty, ninety per  
cent. But I worry. It's what I do.

CONNIE

Because you're usually so calm.

DOUGLAS

A while ago, it would have been  
pure panic.

(Albie's returning, ticket  
in hand)

He'll work it out.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

And now he's here, rucksack and all. Douglas watches Connie and Albie embrace - the ghost of that old sense of isolation.

CONNIE

Call me. Not constantly, but a lot.  
We'll see you in September.

And then Albie embraces his father.

DOUGLAS

Goodbye then.

ALBIE

'Bye, Dad.

DOUGLAS

Do everything I wouldn't do. Here -

He's palming notes into Albie's hand.

ALBIE

Are you really slipping money into  
my hand?

DOUGLAS

I am.

ALBIE

That's so old school. Thank you.

He's walking briskly away, smiling, confident.

And we return to Connie and Douglas, left alone.

55

INT. MARKET, BARCELONA. DAY 17 (10:00) - DAY

55

Somewhere local, un-touristy - Mercat de Sant Antoni or Santa Caterina.

CONNIE

Of course we'll have to make  
changes, but that's okay.

DOUGLAS

No alcohol. Can you believe it?

CONNIE

But that's good, isn't it? Waking  
up with a clear head every day -

DOUGLAS

So you'll be stopping too?

CONNIE

Are you mad? But we are going to  
have less salt, less meat, less  
dairy. A Mediterranean diet.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS

That's fine while we're in the  
Mediterranean.

CONNIE

They have olive oil in England now.  
We'll keep it up.

DOUGLAS

I'm not eating anchovies.

56 EXT. MONTJUIC HILL. DAY 17 (12.00) - DAY

56

The top of the Montjuic Hill. Connie stands alone, the  
magnificent view before her. Thinking.

DOUGLAS

(approaching)

OK?

CONNIE

I can see our house from here.  
There's the cathedral.

DOUGLAS

Actually the cathedral's there.  
Sagrada Familia is not the  
cathedral.

(a look)

Sorry -

CONNIE

There's Sagrada Familia -

DOUGLAS

- and in that direction is the  
hotel where I thought I was dying.

CONNIE

But you didn't. Did you?

57 INT. BARCELONA HOUSE. DAY 18 (14.30) - DAY

57

And now they're lying side by side on the bed, the shutters  
lowered against the heat of the afternoon. Quiet, intimate, a  
siesta.

CONNIE

What did you think? Did your life  
flash before you?

DOUGLAS

Thankfully not. Mostly I just  
swore. *Fucking hell, this is it,*  
*I'm dying and in these terrible*  
*bathers.*

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I worried you'd come to identify  
the body and just laugh. They had  
to cut me out of them. A 32 inch  
waist.

CONNIE

Maybe that's what brought it on.  
Bather thrombosis.

DOUGLAS

It's a recognised condition.  
Then when Albie was there I wanted  
to say... it's quite sentimental...  
sorry I wasn't a better dad...

CONNIE

Oh, come on...

DOUGLAS

... I mean more, I don't know, fun.  
Before I was a parent, I thought  
'never, ever say the following  
things; eat your vegetables. Don't  
cry, don't eat then swim, brush  
your teeth. All those boring things  
my parents said, just don't say  
them'. But then you open your mouth  
and they just... pour out.

CONNIE

I think it's fine to tell him to  
brush his teeth.

DOUGLAS

- as long as you say other things  
as well. Not sure I did. And he was  
always so in love with you...

CONNIE

Bit more complicated than that.  
Anyway, there's still time.

A moment - 'Let's hope so.'

DOUGLAS

I was going to give him a message  
for you too, but you already know  
it.

CONNIE

Your pin number?

DOUGLAS

Exactly. With my last breath -

CONNIE

I already know your pin number.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS

You do?

CONNIE

Oh, please -

DOUGLAS

Go on -

CONNIE

5987. Mine?

DOUGLAS

Well when we met it was 1234, which  
was just... unacceptable to me -

CONNIE

Sssssh, your heart.

DOUGLAS

- but about ten years ago you  
changed it to... 9271 -

CONNIE

Ah. That's nice.

(smiling, eyes closed)

Is there anything we don't know  
about each other? Well, Douglas -  
5987.

DOUGLAS

And 9271 to you too.

CUT TO:

58

INT. KILBURN FLAT: HALLWAY. FLASHBACK, 2010: DAY FB23  
(10.00) - DAY

58

Nine years earlier. Moving house. Boxes are piled in the  
hallway, ready for the removal van. Douglas is stuffing  
rubbish into a bag when he finds something -

Pictures, paintings - Connie's work, the same ones that he  
saw on their first night together, torn in two and rammed  
into plastic bags.

He frowns, heads into -

59

INT. KILBURN FLAT: KITCHEN. FLASHBACK, 2010: DAY FB23  
(10.05) - DAY

59

- where Connie is tidying, ready for the new owners.

DOUGLAS

I found these.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

CONNIE

What? Yes, I'm throwing them away.

DOUGLAS

You can't throw them away.

CONNIE

Why not? It's just student stuff,  
it's so embarrassing -

DOUGLAS

But I love these.

CONNIE

Is that why they've been in a  
cupboard for the last ten years!

DOUGLAS

They're from when we met!

CONNIE

Exactly! It's just nostalgia, I  
can't bear it.

DOUGLAS

(in the bin bag)  
Your paints are in here too, your  
brushes -

CONNIE

They're old, they're dried out,  
it's over, I was a bad artist, and  
it was all a waste of time. The  
whole thing just makes me... sad.

DOUGLAS

That's not true. None of that's  
true.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Well, can I keep the pictures?

She doesn't turn around or look at him.

CONNIE

Just put them out of my sight.

CUT TO:

60

INT. JOAN MIRÓ FOUNDATION, BARCELONA. PRESENT: DAY 19  
(14.00) - DAY

60

A Miró canvas - large, abstract and strange.

Reverse on Connie, taking it in, and Douglas, a little bored,  
discreetly looking at his phone.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

CONNIE

Are you peeking at your phone?

He puts it away. They move on.

DOUGLAS

I've been thinking. When we get back, you should paint again.

(she laughs)

No, really.

They walk on a little further.

CONNIE

What's brought this on?

DOUGLAS

You were so good, you are so good -

CONNIE

That's very nice of you, but I don't think anyone's holding their breath for another middle-aged hack

-

DOUGLAS

You're not a hack. Even if you were, if it gives you pleasure -

CONNIE

You're telling me to get a hobby.

DOUGLAS

Nothing wrong with hobbies -

CONNIE

Except it wasn't a hobby, I was so serious about it. It was everything to me, the only thing I wanted to do, the only thing I could do. I'd rather not do it at all than... dabble.

DOUGLAS

Everyone dabbles to begin with, then you see what happens.

CONNIE

You're very philosophical these days.

61

EXT. JOAN MIRÓ FOUNDATION: SCULPTURE GARDEN. DAY 19  
(15.00) - DAY

61

DOUGLAS

I thought I might leave my job too.

CONNIE

Really?

DOUGLAS

It's not real science, is it? It's just stressful admin. I never loved it, not like I loved actual research. I miss my fruit flies.

CONNIE

So what will you do?

DOUGLAS

I don't know. Something hands-on, research again, or teaching maybe. Something that won't have me clutching my left arm again in a couple of months.

They walk on a little further.

CONNIE

I think that sounds like a good idea.

62

INT. BARCELONA HOUSE. DAY 19 (16.30) - DAY

62

Their last full day, bags packed now. Again, the shutters lowered against the heat, and they lie facing each other.

DOUGLAS

So, given that we leave tomorrow -

CONNIE

Go on.

DOUGLAS

Do you think we might have sex again at some point? I mean, without me dropping dead on top of you.

CONNIE

Actually, funny enough, I've already looked that up.

DOUGLAS

You have?

CONNIE

Uh-huh. I Googled 'heart attack sex'. That took me to some dark places, but the headline information -

DOUGLAS

Go on -

CONNIE

They recommend four weeks, but it's okay if you stay still and don't get excited, and I thought -

DOUGLAS

- why break the habit of a lifetime?

CONNIE

- exactly. And this might, you know, give it an edge.

DOUGLAS

It's a chance I'm prepared to take.

They kiss, and move closer together.

62A INT. BARCELONA HOUSE. DAY 19 (17.00) - DAY

62A

Afterwards, pouring wine and water, Connie is in the kitchen area.

CONNIE

The flight's at eleven tomorrow, so I guess we should leave at eight-thirty. Of course I realise you'd like to set off now.

(the last of the wine)

What do we do with the glass bottles, d'you remember?

But silence from Douglas.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Are we emptying the fridge?

(silence)

Douglas?

She looks back towards the bed. REVEAL -

Douglas, sprawled, dead of a heart attack. She stands, then goes back to what she's doing.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Not funny.

But privately, she smiles.

And Douglas smiles.

[NB: SCENE 63 NOW CUT.]

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

62B EXT. BARCELONA STREET. DAY 20 (09.00) - DAY 62B

And there's that sound, the trundle of suitcase wheels.  
Connie and Douglas heading home.

CONNIE  
Okay with that bag?

DOUGLAS  
Of course.

And from the Barcelona street we slam cut to -

MATCH CUT TO:

[NB: NO SCENES 64, 65 and 66.]

67 EXT/INT. PETERSEN HOUSE. DAY 20 (13.00) - DAY 67

And here they are. Back home. Everything grey, everything suburban, as if we'd switched filters from colour to black and white. Douglas is carrying a suitcase.

CONNIE  
Let me carry that.

DOUGLAS  
I'm not an invalid.

CONNIE  
No, but you must be careful.

A small tussle. Both irritable. She takes the bag. He opens the door, pushes at it, but it jams - a great pile of newspapers.

DOUGLAS  
You forgot to cancel the papers!

CONNIE  
I'm sorry, it slipped my mind.

DOUGLAS  
There's three weeks' worth!

CONNIE  
(snapping)  
Douglas, I thought you were dying!

They both take a moment.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Shall we wait until we're indoors?

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Irritable, with Connie and himself, Douglas elbows the door open. As he goes in -

DOUGLAS (O.C.)  
It smells of cigarettes.

68 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 20 (13.00) - DAY 68

Still shots of the kitchen - the tap dripping, an apple mouldering in the bowl.

69 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: BEDROOM. DAY 20 (13.00) - DAY 69

The bed unmade, dust hanging in the air. The buzz of a bluebottle.

70 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: ALBIE'S BEDROOM. DAY 20 (13.00) - DAY 70

Albie's bedroom, tidy, vacant.

71 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: BATHROOM. DAY 20 (13.45) 71

In the bathroom, Connie puts one - two - toothbrushes in the holder.

Douglas, meanwhile, lines up the small plastic bottles of hotel shampoo that he has taken from the Barcelona hotels.

DOUGLAS  
I don't even know why I do it.  
We've got plenty of shampoo. Force  
of habit, I suppose.

A moment. Connie and Douglas stand, frozen, stunned by how sad the house now feels.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Let's go and get Mr Jones, shall we?

72 EXT. BERKSHIRE: PARKLAND. DAY 20 (14.45) - DAY 72

They walk MR JONES, the usual route. Connie throws a stick, watches him bound off. Silence between them.

DOUGLAS  
It's colder.

CONNIE  
Autumn coming on.

DOUGLAS

I should have got a coat.

CONNIE

I'll go back.

DOUGLAS

No!

CONNIE

You have to look after yourself  
now, it won't take a moment -

DOUGLAS

I'm fine, don't go back! Stay here.  
In fact stay.

She has already started to walk away.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I want you to stay with me.

She stops.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I understand why you wanted to go  
but I don't think you should, not  
now. I know it's frightening, it  
just being the two of us again, it  
frightens me too, but I know that  
we can make it feel... more like it  
was when we began -

CONNIE

A long time ago, Douglas -

DOUGLAS

I know -

CONNIE

It can't ever be like that again.  
I'm not even sure I'd want it to be  
-

DOUGLAS

Then it'll be better! I've changed,  
and I don't just mean I've had a  
stent fitted. I'm different and it  
will be like... starting over.  
Besides, not having you around  
every day, it's inconceivable, I  
can't conceive of it. I want us to  
stay together, to grow old together  
but in a... fun way. And if that  
means moving house, starting again  
in a new town, a new country even,  
that's fine.

(MORE)

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DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

There are only good things ahead of us from now on. I promise you.

Connie stands and takes this in.

CONNIE

Let's see, shall we? There's no rush. Let's wait and see what happens.

FADE OUT.

73 INT. HALLS OF RESIDENCE: ROOM. DAY 21 (10.00) - DAY 73

A few months later, early October.

A suitcase.

A rucksack. Pictures wrapped in bubble wrap lean against the bed frame of a tiny bare room. Loud music from next door. A bedsit.

DOUGLAS

Well. Here it is.

CONNIE

It's fine. It's meant to be like this. A desk, a bed, a wardrobe. A sink, he doesn't have a sink at home.

Albie joins them, carrying his guitar. REVEAL these are his STUDENT DIGS.

ALBIE

Exactly. It's fine.

DOUGLAS

(the wall-heaters)

You see this warning label? 'Do not obstruct vents. Risk of fire.' This is not a lie. Do not dry clothes on here.

ALBIE

I won't.

CONNIE

Shall we help you unpack?

ALBIE

No.

CONNIE

Shall we... go?

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ALBIE

Yes. Please. Go.

[NB: Scene 74 now CUT.]

75 INT. CAR, HALLS OF RESIDENCE. DAY 21 (10.15) - DAY

75

Douglas sits in the car, crying.

Connie joins him. She is crying too.

They look at each other and laugh.

CONNIE

Oh, Christ. Look at us. You can't cry and drive, it's not safe.

DOUGLAS

You're worse. I'll drive. But let's sit here a minute, shall we?

And they sit, laughing and crying at the same time.

76 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HALLWAY. DAY 21 (12.30) - DAY

76

Then, arriving home, they stand in the hallway a moment.

CONNIE

Okay, how shall we do this?

DOUGLAS

I thought I'd start in the loft, then work down.

CONNIE

Shouldn't we be in the same room?

DOUGLAS

Okay.

CONNIE

I can't face the loft.

DOUGLAS

The kitchen then.

(he heads in)

I'll put some music on.

MUSIC UP. Mozart, something calm and serene -

77 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: KITCHEN. DAY 21 (13.30) - DAY

77

The following a series of snapshots. Moments from the day.

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Flat-pack cardboard boxes are knocked into shape and taped at the bottom. There are a lot of them.

With a fat marker pen, Connie writes a letter 'C'. Douglas writes 'D'.

A pile of twelve dinner plates.

DOUGLAS

Eight and four I think.

CONNIE

You'll need them as much as I do.

DOUGLAS

For all the dinner parties?

CONNIE

Yes! Six each.

Now cups and saucers.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You can have all of these.

DOUGLAS

They were a wedding present!

CONNIE

I hate them. I'll get new ones.

DOUGLAS

I'll take six. You've hated these for *twenty years*? Why didn't you say something?

78

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: LIVING ROOM. DAY 21 (16.30) - DAY 78

Old magazines, papers, letters, ancient bank statements are scattered on the floor. The detritus of life together.

DOUGLAS

Old VHS tapes.

CONNIE

Dump.

She has an old film canister - she rattles it, opens it.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Albie's baby teeth. What do you think, six, seven each?

DOUGLAS

I'm all right for children's teeth.

CONNIE

You can pick out the nice ones?  
Charity shop?

DOUGLAS

You keep them.

Another cupboard door - bottles. The drinks cupboard.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Oh God. Where to begin?

JUMP CUT as they sit surrounded by sticky, dusty bottles.

CONNIE

Ouzo from Crete -

DOUGLAS

Recycling. Limoncello, souvenir of  
Sicily - 2002?

CONNIE

Not for me, thank you. Look -  
(whisky)  
Edinburgh, 19...98?

DOUGLAS

You can have that.

CONNIE

It's hardly worth packing. Come on.  
You can have one.

She grabs two dusty shot glasses.

DOUGLAS

Crème de menthe - whose idea was  
that - some kind of Turkish brandy.

CONNIE

Here. To... all the holidays.

They touch glasses, knock it back. And then -

Later. A drawer emptied out on the floor. The cognac has been opened, though Connie is a little drunker than Douglas, who wires up an old tape-deck to the modern stereo.

DOUGLAS

This is such a waste of time. Come on, we have to get on with packing!

CONNIE

No, it's not. Just some background music.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

They're all online.

CONNIE

Not the same. This is the first mix-tape I ever made you. It took hours and it is truly excellent.

She puts the tape in - our opening shot, the same cassette. The hiss of the tape.

DOUGLAS

Dolby on.

CONNIE

(flicks a switch)

Do you remember the first track?  
Without looking...

And it starts to play. Once again, 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes' by Fairport Convention. MUSIC UP.

And a series of short scenes. They wrap glasses in old newspaper, framed photos in bubble-wrap. No slow-dancing, or hand-holding, just the methodical dividing up of a life. Then.

CDs and photographs dealt into piles like playing cards.

LATER. They lie exhausted on the floor of the bare room, surrounded by bags and cardboard boxes, all marked D or C.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I think that's enough.

(holding out her hand)

Let's go to bed.

[NB: Scene 80 is CUT: content now in Scene 79]

81 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: HALLWAY. DAY 21 (23.30) - NIGHT 81

They walk up the stairs to the bedroom. Connie opens the door, waits a moment.

They kiss, and kiss again, and she closes the door...

82 INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: BEDROOM. DAY 22 (07.00) - DAY 82

Very early morning. Autumn light. The room is empty, except for the bed in which Connie and Douglas lie, curled around each other having made love the night before.

But waking brings a self-consciousness. They pull apart.

CONNIE

I'd better think about going. I'll head to the dump then set off.

DOUGLAS

Do you want me to drive to London  
with you? I can get the train back.

CONNIE

I'm quite capable of driving a van.

DOUGLAS

But at the flat, you'll need  
someone to unload.

CONNIE

I'd rather do it myself.

DOUGLAS

Fine. I'll finish up here.

They sit, weary. Tension hangs in the air.

83

EXT. RECYCLING CENTRE. DAY 22 (08.30) - DAY

83

Back at the recycling centre, but with Connie this time. She stands at the edge of the skip and hurls one of the mugs - the ones she never liked - into the rubbish.

One, two, three. There's a kind of terrible satisfaction. She throws another and another, confused and angry, her eyes red. Four, five, six...

**[NB: scenes 84 and 85 CUT.]**

86

INT. PETERSEN HOUSE: LIVING ROOM. DAY 22 (09.31) - DAY 86

Connie enters the living room, where Douglas shifts boxes around.

DOUGLAS

I've put your essentials on the  
lawn, the stuff you can fit in the  
van.

CONNIE

I saw that. You have to be careful,  
lifting by yourself -

DOUGLAS

I'm not an old man, not just yet.

(brisk, formal)

I'll take what I need now for the  
flat and get the removals guys  
booked. The stuff we can't use  
we'll put it in storage, sell it,  
whatever. I'll do the charity shop  
run. Estate agent can show the  
house, I think, like this, don't  
you?

CONNIE

Shall I... leave my key?

DOUGLAS

I guess so.

As he talks, she finds the box that contains their memories of Jane.

Douglas sees her holding the box.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

There's no way to divide this up.  
You have it.

CONNIE

Are you sure?

DOUGLAS

I'd like copies of the photos. When you can. That's all I need.

CONNIE

And you're sure?

DOUGLAS

I'm not going to forget anything.

87

EXT. PETERSEN HOUSE: FRONT DRIVE. DAY 22 (12.00) - DAY

87

The boxes have been loaded into the van.

CONNIE

Thank you. For making that easier.

DOUGLAS

I found it hard.

CONNIE

Yes, me too. But it could have been worse.

(a pause)

You seem angry today.

DOUGLAS

You're sure you'll be all right driving on the motorway?

CONNIE

Of course.

DOUGLAS

Use the wing mirrors.

(A pause. With an edge - )

And don't drive too fast. I know how keen you are to get away.

He goes to walk away.

CONNIE

It was not a mistake. I've never thought it was a mistake, never regretted it, and never will. Listen to me! Meeting you, marrying you, it was the best thing I ever did. When our daughter died I wanted to die too and the only reason I didn't was because you were always there. You are a fine, brilliant man, Douglas, and you have no idea how much I loved being married to you and now you can be my fine, brilliant ex-husband. We have a son who is exactly as maddening as he should be and he is ours, mine and yours now. Part of both of us. And the fact that you and I didn't last forever, you have to stop thinking of it as a failure or defeat. We were good, the two of us together, and it is not the end of the world. It is not. I swear, Douglas, life will go on and it will be good. It will.

And now they are together, holding hands and then embracing in the middle of the suburban lawn, among the cardboard boxes.

Fade out.

CAPTION: ONE YEAR LATER.

88

INT. ART COLLEGE. SUMMER 2020. DAY 23 (13.00) - DAY

88

Grainy images. Douglas in a hospital bed. Pixelated.

His face, pale and ill, the eye lids fluttering. Stubble on his chin.

A black-and-white still image of the veins in his arm. An intravenous drip. Reveal -

ALBIE'S FIRST YEAR SHOW. An art installation. 'Corazon. A Study.' Large, high-contrast black-and-white.

Connie and Douglas look at the artwork. They're both dressed-up for a special event. They ponder the work (which is good, if a little derivative).

DOUGLAS

I suppose I'm just grateful it wasn't my prostate.

CONNIE

And at least he's got some photos  
of you now.

DOUGLAS

Hm. I like the one of me drooling  
on to the pillow.

CONNIE

Yes, I don't know when your  
passport runs out, but that's the  
one. What do you think?

They smile. Albie arrives.

ALBIE

You hate it don't, you?

DOUGLAS

Not at all.

CONNIE

Your father was just saying how  
compelling it all is.

DOUGLAS

Not just compelling. I think it's  
wonderful.

89

EXT. ART COLLEGE, 2020. DAY 23 (14.30) - DAY

89

And now Douglas and Connie are out on the street, getting ready to go their separate ways. They both look good, healthy, different. Some of Connie's friends wait nearby.

DOUGLAS

Well, I should get on.

CONNIE

So, I'm seeing you next week.

DOUGLAS

Exactly. Let me know where.

CONNIE

I will.

DOUGLAS

Not small plates next time. I don't  
like sharing my food.

CONNIE

Yes, I noticed.

(a beat)

We're all going to go for a drink,  
if you wanted to join -

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DOUGLAS

No, I'll get on.

CONNIE

Okay. You look well, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

You too.

CONNIE

Got the corduroy out, I see.

DOUGLAS

Lasts a lifetime.

CONNIE

Is that a good thing?

DOUGLAS

I think so. Back in fashion  
apparently.

CONNIE

Is it now. And who told you that?

DOUGLAS

I'm pleased to see you.

CONNIE

You too.

And they kiss and head off in different directions.

90

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON. DAY 23 (15.00) - DAY

90

*Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne.* On the bench in front, a figure, her back to us.

DOUGLAS

There's a lot going on, isn't there?

The figure turns. It's FREJA.

FREJA

There certainly is.

She stands, comes forward - a kiss - not their first.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry, I'm a little late.

FREJA

That's fine.

He sits with her in front of the painting.

US - Episode Four - Final Shooting Script

DOUGLAS  
Wonderful painting.

FREJA  
It is.

A little time passes.

FREJA (CONT'D)  
So. Shall we move on?

91 EXT. NATIONAL GALLERY: ENTRANCE. DAY 23 (15.01) - DAY 91

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Yes. Let's move on.

We stay in the porch as Douglas and Freja walk away.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.