

LIFE, DEATH, LAGER AND LIES

BY

ANTHONY HUDSON

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buckrogers_10@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Small pockets of MOURNERS are gathered in the grounds.

With his hands deep in his trouser pockets, DAVID (38) bounces on his toes. Beside him, TREVOR (64) looks round to see who is attending.

David catches a glimpse of the over weight BARBARA (52) who glares back in disgust.

He stops bouncing and blows out his cheeks with boredom before getting a nudge in the ribs from Trevor.

DAVID
(loudly)
What?

Trevor glances round with embarrassment as a few people look over at the volume of the reply.

TREVOR
(whispers)
Shut up!

David removes some tiny earphones.

DAVID
What is it?

TREVOR
Do you have to listen to that
now, son?

DAVID
Why, no one's bothered.

TREVOR
I'm bothered, turn it off.

David sighs.

DAVID
Fine.

He removes a mobile phone from his inside pocket and switches the music off. He grimaces as he drops it into his trouser pocket.

TREVOR
Are your nuts still giving you
grief?

DAVID
(sarcastically)
No, dad, I'm just milking it.

David gives his crotch a gentle adjustment.

TREVOR
You need an appointment making?

DAVID
No, I'll be fine. The swelling's gone down now, they're just a bit tender.

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR
You should be more careful who you insult.

DAVID
Thanks for the advice. Anyway I wasn't insulting someone, I was talking to a woman.

TREVOR
And she kneed you in the nuts?

DAVID
Yes.

TREVOR
Sounds like you were insulting her to me.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
I was inquiring about her status.

Trevor looks bemused.

DAVID
I was trying to chat her up.

TREVOR
Obviously don't have the charm like your old man then.

DAVID
Obviously. Besides it was just a misunderstanding.

TREVOR
That's what they all say. Are you sure you're alright?

David looks to his dad.

DAVID
Yes, I'm fine, and what do you mean, that's what they all say?

TREVOR
When a chat up line falls flat, it was just a misunderstanding. Saves face.

DAVID
Saves face?

TREVOR
How is your face?

DAVID
Fine.

TREVOR
Same woman?

DAVID
Different incident.

TREVOR
Different woman?

David nods.

TREVOR
You best be more careful next time.

He chuckles to himself.

DAVID
What next time.

TREVOR
Oh don't be down hearted, son, there's plenty of fish in the sea.

DAVID
I can't fish either.

TREVOR
What?

DAVID
Nothing, dad.

TREVOR
You'll have to try a different approach this weekend.

DAVID
I'm not out this weekend.

TREVOR
Oh, you seeing Thomas?

David smiles and nods.

TREVOR
That'll be good.

Trevor looks at his son, who seems deep in thought. He over exaggerates rubbing his hands together.

TREVOR
Nippy isn't it?

DAVID
Not really.

Trevor leans in.

TREVOR
You're okay with your music thingy in your pocket, it's not causing discomfort?

DAVID
No, I'm fine.

Removing a large glasses case from his pocket, Trevor hands it to his son.

TREVOR
Then you can look after these then.

DAVID
What have you brought them for?

TREVOR
I need them for driving.

DAVID
We got a taxi.

TREVOR
In an emergency I might need to drive somewhere.

David checks his watch.

DAVID

If there's an emergency, and you need to drive to it, it better be in the next couple of hours because as soon as we get to the wake you'll be too pissed to drive anywhere.

Trevor gives his son a stern look.

TREVOR

I resent that. Now look after them for me...please.

David sighs loudly.

DAVID

Do I have too?

TREVOR

They weigh my trousers down. You know I've lost a few pounds.

Trevor tugs his waistband for effect.

TREVOR

We don't want another Tesco incident do we.

David snatches the case and gently slides it in his other trouser pocket.

DAVID

Bloody things are ridiculous. You look like fucking Biggles in them.

Not listening, Trevor nods and looks round the church grounds again.

TREVOR

It's a bit of poor show isn't it? I can't see Ted's kids or cousin Archie's.

DAVID

So?

TREVOR

So, I just thought they'd have the decency to be here. I mean you're here.

DAVID

Yeah, they obviously thought of a good excuse.

TREVOR
While you're back under my roof,
you'll do what I say.

He notices a sombre look wash over David.

TREVOR
Sorry, son, I know I'm not your
first choice but I'll always have
a bed for you.

David accepts the apology with a nod.

TREVOR
Anyway, it'll do you good to stay
out of the pub for one day.

DAVID
I suppose.

Trevor's eyes burst from their sockets.

TREVOR
Oh Christ, your aunty Judith's
here.

David leans left and right to try and see his aunty.

TREVOR
I bet she comes over.

DAVID
So what if she does?

TREVOR
I'd just rather she didn't.

DAVID
I've not seen her in years.

TREVOR
Lucky you.

DAVID
Dad, why do you hate her so much?

TREVOR
I don't hate her, son, that's
such a strong word. I just don't
like her.

David frowns.

DAVID
Okay, why don't you like her?

TREVOR

Just something that happened a long time ago. The less said about it the better.

DAVID

Well I can't say anything about it cos I don't know what happened.

TREVOR

And that's the way it should stay.

A shrug from David.

DAVID

Alright. I just find it strange that you never mentioned it.

Trevor looks away as a means to end the conversation.

David looks at his watch again and sighs as his boredom grows.

DAVID

Oh come on, what did you do?

TREVOR

What have I just said, the less said...

DAVID

Alright, I've clearly touched a nerve there. I'll leave it.

TREVOR

Good. That's for the best.

David looks round.

DAVID

Go on, no one's listening, just tell me.

Trevor looks away from his son and tries to ignore him.

DAVID

Were you pissed, I bet you were pissed?

TREVOR

This conversation is over.

DAVID

It never started did it? Right, well if you're not going to tell me I guess I'll just have to ask aunty Judith then.

As he starts to walk, he's pulled back by his dad.

TREVOR

Alright, but keep this under your hat, I don't want the whole world to know.

DAVID

I'm not wearing a hat.

David chuckles. Trevor, not amused, sighs.

DAVID

Sorry, dad, go on.

Trevor looks round. No one in ear shot.

TREVOR

Well, erm...I'd had a few.

DAVID

Told you, it's always the same.

TREVOR

What do you mean?

DAVID

Every stupid thing you've done starts with, well I'd had a few.

Trevor looks genuinely shocked.

TREVOR

Name one.

DAVID

One, I could reel off about fifty.

Trevor waits for an example.

DAVID

Alright, what about the time you pissed on the Christmas tree, the time you got stuck to the Hoover, the time...

TREVOR

When was that?

DAVID

The tree or the hoover?

TREVOR

The Christmas tree?

DAVID

Christmas day nineteen eighty
four.

Trevor looks surprised.

TREVOR

Eighty four, you were what, six?
How do you remember that?

DAVID

It's pretty hard to forget the
sight of Father Christmas
urinating on your Millennium
Falcon.

Trevor's concentration wanders as he searches his memory.
His shoulders drop when he recalls the incident.

TREVOR

Anyway, this happened when your
mother and me were...going
through a bit of a rough patch.
Your aunty Judith, who I always
suspected fancied me, suggested
something to spice up our
relationship.

Behind Trevor and David, the other mourners attention is
drawn to the hearse, as it pulls up at the gates.

TREVOR

And the 'our' didn't include your
mother.

A surprised look washes over David's face.

Four male PALLBEARERS slide a large coffin out of the
vehicle. Their legs buckle under its weight and it thuds
to the ground.

Not listening, David looks over his dads shoulder at the
commotion that now surrounds the hearse.

TREVOR

God knows where she got that much
whipped cream from? Are you
listening?

DAVID

What?

Trevor looks round to see the men now trying to lift the coffin.

Holding a handkerchief to her face, AUNTY JUDITH (60) barges into the back of Trevor.

TREVOR
(under his breath)
What the f...

She stands with her back to father and son.

DAVID
Hello, aunty.

Judith turns.

JUDITH
(sniffing)
Hello, love.

She quickly turns back to the action.

DAVID
No idea who I am.

JUDITH
Oh, it's such a shame, cut down
in his prime he was.

David leans in to his dad.

DAVID
He was eighty six wasn't he?

Trevor eyes Judith and shivers with disgust.

DAVID
Dad?

Trevor nods.

TREVOR
Aye, he was, son. Three strokes
and two heart attacks and he made
it to eighty six.

A black car pulls up behind the hearse.

DAVID
So was it old age then?

TREVOR
No, it was a heart attack. He
didn't help himself though, he
was...shall we say, big boned.

He nods toward Judith.

TREVOR

Not unlike some other members of
the family.

He blows out his cheeks and makes a barrel shape with his arms.

Two male MOURNERS finally go over and help the struggling pallbearers. The six men struggle but are able to lift the coffin, and slowly begin to carry it toward the church.

TREVOR

He was bed ridden for years.

DAVID

Because he was fat?

Trevor nods.

TREVOR

I think so, or maybe it was the strokes, I don't know. Shall we go and get a good seat?

David's eyes focus on SARAH (32) who walks beside RACHEL (30), in the group behind the coffin.

His stare buries deep between her ample breasts which are exposed thanks to a few unhooked buttons.

Trevor takes a few steps and looks back to his stationary son.

TREVOR

Are you coming?

DAVID

Er, yeah alright.

They gently push their way through the other mourners, including FRANK (80), with both giving him a lingering glance as they pass.

Frank's plush new suit and gleaming new shoes stand him out in the crowd. His thinning hair slicked back with grease and a set of bright white false teeth give him a strange comedic look.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

David and Trevor take their seats near the back.

DAVID

Who was that?

Trevor's eyes are open but his mind is clearly elsewhere.

DAVID

Dad?

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: CHRISTMAS DAY, 1984

A large Christmas tree stands in the corner, decorated in tinsel and baubles.

David (6) sits by a three bar electric fire, his cheeks glow from the heat. He is surrounded by an array of new toys and wrapping paper, but concentrates his play with a few Star Wars figures.

JEAN (O.S.)

Look at the state of you.

David looks at the open door, but just for a second.

TREVOR (O.S.)

You said you liked me in this?

JEAN (O.S.)

I'm not talking about the bloody outfit you, dickhead!

A crash echoes from the other room.

JEAN (O.S.)

For Christ's sake, will you sod off before you ruin the entire dinner.

Trevor (33) staggers in and walks up to the tree. He is suited in full Santa attire.

He unbuttons his trousers and urinates on the plastic foliage, soaking the toys beneath, including a toy Millennium Falcon.

David stares in disbelief.

Finished, Trevor shakes and turns to leave. He catches sight of David and his eyes refocus on his surroundings, looking at the TV, the fire and then back David.

TREVOR

Ho ho ho, kid. Merry Christmaaaagghhhh!

He stands on a toy car, sending one leg racing away from his other.

He grunts in pain as the gap between left and right foot becomes too wide, and he inevitably falls forward onto his hands.

Quickly he straightens up and gathers his composure.

TREVOR

Ta-da.

He raises his hands to mimic an athlete's dismount. He takes a step and stands on an action figure.

TREVOR

Aghh! Bloody hell!

He hops in pain before losing his balance and toppling backwards into the Christmas tree, sending both crashing over.

JEAN (O.S.)

What the hell is going on in there?

David giggles.

A clunk from the front door as it opens.

JUDITH (O.S.)

Afternoon. Merry Christmas.

JEAN (O.S.)

I'm through here.

David now uses the stricken and silent frame of his dad as part of his imaginary playground. He walks his new Star Wars figures across the bright red festive outfit.

JUDITH (O.S.)

Where's Trevor?

JEAN (O.S.)

Sleeping off his lunchtime pint
I'm guessing.

JUDITH (O.S.)

And the boy?

JEAN (O.S.)

Playing in the front room.

David continues his play as Judith (29) enters with a mug of steaming coffee. A festive jumper hugs her slender figure.

JUDITH

Merry Christmas, David.

Not even a glance from David.

DAVID
Hello, aunty.

Judith looks at Trevor and the fallen tree.

JUDITH
(quietly)
A pint of what, Gin?

She looks at David, who finally gives her a moment of his attention.

JUDITH
Is Santa taking a nap because
he's had a very busy night
delivering all the presents?

David shrugs and goes back to his toys.

Judith notices the wet stain beneath the Christmas carnage.

She inspects the carpet with a finger dab and sniff.

With David's attention taken with his toys, she throws her coffee over the stained area.

JUDITH
(loudly)
Oh dear, I've spilt my coffee.

JEAN (O.S.)
What was that? Did you say you'd
spilt something?

JUDITH
It's fine, I'll sort it.

JEAN (O.S.)
Not on the carpet, I've just had
it cleaned?

JUDITH
Don't worry sis, I'm sure the
stain will come out.

JEAN (O.S.)
Stain!?

Judith notices David, who has ceased playing and is now staring at his aunty. She holds her finger to her lips for him to be quiet but quickly repulses at the smell of her digit.

She exits the room, leaving David to look over the coffee stain. He grabs his Millennium Falcon toy, removes the top and peers inside.

JUDITH (O.S.)
Don't panic it will be fine.

Judith enters with a bucket and cloth but stops and watches in disbelief as David pours urine from his toy onto a fresh piece of carpet.

Trevor exhales a groan.

JUDITH
Are you awake, Santa, you really should be going. Don't you think so, David?

David looks down on Santa.

DAVID
Yes, he should go home.

JUDITH
The elves will be getting worried about you, and you're going to miss your dinner.

Judith puts down the bucket and grabs Trevor by the arm.

JUDITH
Come on, time to go home.

Trevor's eyes flicker.

TREVOR
I thought I was home?

With all her effort, Judith drags Trevor toward the door.

JUDITH
(whispers)
Get up you, moron, David's watching you.

Oblivious to the drama, David plays with his toys.

TREVOR
He's seen me before you know, I am his dad.

David glances over.

JUDITH
Shut up and get up.

Trevor shrugs off Judith's grip and with a struggle stands.

TREVOR

See, I can manage. I'm not
pissed you know, I've only had a
couple.

He stretches out a hand to casually lean on the door frame,
but misses, and his momentum causes him to charge out the
door at lightening pace, followed by a loud thud.

JEAN (O.S.)

Jesus, are you alright?

TREVOR (O.S.)

Why wouldn't I be?

JEAN (O.S.)

Because you've just gone
headfirst into the sideboard.

Judith shakes her head and turns to see David watching.

JUDITH

Erm, bye, Santa, safe trip.

She closes the door and returns to the stain, dunking the
cloth in the bucket and begins to scrub the carpet.

DAVID

Why did you spill your drink,
aunty?

Judith looks to David.

JUDITH

Honestly, I don't know.

DAVID

Do you like cleaning up mess?

She looks to the stain then behind her to the door.

JUDITH

Not really, David, but sometimes
you have to. Sometimes you'll do
anything to help the ones you
love.

DAVID

Do you love Santa as well?

Judith contemplates a moment.

JUDITH

Everyone loves Santa, don't they.
No matter how stupid he is.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH - DAY

DAVID
Dad, are you listening?

Trevor looks round.

TREVOR
What, yes I'm listening.

DAVID
Well?

TREVOR
Well what?

DAVID
Who was that weird looking old
guy?

TREVOR
No idea? Probably lives in the
home.

DAVID
What's with his teeth?

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR
I never noticed them over the
shoes.

DAVID
How did you not notice them, they
looked like they belonged in the
chops of a fucking grand national
winner.

TREVOR
Language.

The pallbearers struggle the large coffin down the aisle
and set it down on a stand, which immediately creaks under
its weight.

The mourners shuffle in and take their seats as a VICAR
(50) enters at the front and begins a reading.

VICAR
Ladies and gentlemen, we are
gathered here today to mourn the
passing of a great man...

Bored, David scratches his head and turns to look over at the seating opposite. Spotting Sarah, he nudges his dad.

DAVID
(whispers)
Who's that over there?

Trevor ignores him and concentrates his focus on the service.

DAVID
(whispers)
The good looking lass. Is it
er...Donna, Tracy's daughter.
Are we related to them?

TREVOR
(whispers)
Son, this is neither the time nor
the place.

David quietly chuckles.

DAVID
(whispers)
That's rich.

TREVOR
(whispers)
What's that suppose to mean?

DAVID
(whispers)
Er, forgive me if I'm wrong but
did you or did you not meet mum
at her Grandfathers funeral?

Trevor spins his stare at David.

TREVOR
That's completely different.

A rumble of annoyance from nearby mourners prompts Trevor to hold up a hand in apology.

DAVID
(smugly)
How is it different?

David wags his finger.

DAVID
(whispers)
You told me you were only there
in the first place cos you never
made it home.

TREVOR
(whispers)
Look, son...

Suddenly everyone stands and opens their hymn books, causing Trevor and David to quickly follow suit.

INT. PUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1972

Busy and boisterous. A cloud of cigarette smoke hovers just above head height.

Trevor (21) stands beside ROBSON (19) and KEITH (21). All suited and booted, and clutching a frothy pint.

TREVOR
I said to her, I said, hop in the
Zephyr love and I'll take you for
a good ride.

Trevor and Keith laugh, Robson ponders.

ROBSON
I thought it was busted?

The laughter dies.

TREVOR
What?

ROBSON
I thought the Zephyr was busted,
the engine's knackered you said?

TREVOR
Yes, it is.

ROBSON
So how you going to take her for
a ride then?

Keith gives his head a shake.

TREVOR
We were stood on the drive, next
to the car.

Robson looks more confused. He slowly takes a sip of his beer, waiting for an explanation.

TREVOR
I give up on you, boy.

KEITH

He wasn't going to actually take her for a ride in the car.

Slowly the penny drops.

ROBSON

Oh, you mean you were going to roll around in the back.

TREVOR

Well as much as could be done in the back of it.

They all laugh, and drink. Robson downs his entire pint in one go.

KEITH

Jesus, Robson, you drink like a fish.

TREVOR

And about as smart as one.

Trevor and Keith chuckle.

ROBSON

Another?

TREVOR

No, I'm taking it steady tonight, don't want to impair my faculties.

Keith and Robson stare in disbelief.

TREVOR

What?

KEITH

You feeling alright, Trev?

TREVOR

Fine thanks.

Robson looks at Keith.

ROBSON

You?

Keith downs his pint.

KEITH

Aye go on then, if you insist.

Robson heads to the bar.

KEITH

You got someone in mind then?

TREVOR

Nope, but you never know when the perfect lady will come into your life, and when that moment comes, I don't want to be completely sloshed.

KEITH

So until then you're going to take it steady on the drink?

TREVOR

Don't be ridiculous, Keith, I'm giving her till nine o'clock. If she doesn't arrive by then she'll have to wait till tomorrow night.

Keith laughs as Trevor drinks.

KEITH

Aye aye, look at the skirt over there. Maybe your lady has arrived?

Keith points to a couple of YOUNG WOMEN (19). Both wear short skirts and sweaters.

TREVOR

Let's find out. Here, hold this.

He passes Keith his glass.

KEITH

Good luck, skipper.

Trevor pats Keith on the shoulder and heads toward the women. Keith watches as his friend engages in conversation with the pair.

Robson returns with two fresh pints of froth.

ROBSON

What's he up to?

KEITH

Working his magic.

ROBSON

Eh?

They watch as Trevor shares a laugh with the two women. All is going well.

KEITH

Now slowly reel her in.

Trevor slinks his arm around one and whispers in her ear. She turns, looks him in the eye, and slaps him round the face.

KEITH

Ooh, I felt that.

Robson chuckles as Trevor retreats back to his friends.

TREVOR

Nope, she's not the one.

He takes his drink back from Keith and downs it.

TREVOR

Anyone for another?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain spits from dark clouds.

Still suited and booted, Trevor lays face down in a ditch near the cemetery wall.

Muffled singing emanates from the small church.

Trevor stirs and struggles to his feet. Brushing himself down, he notices a stain over his crotch.

TREVOR

Oh, bugger.

He sways his way toward the church, trips and stumbles over the slightest tuft of grass.

The singing inside fades out as Trevor lifts his head and spits dirt from his mouth.

He again struggles up and makes an unsteady way to the church. As he reaches the door, it opens from the inside, startling him.

Confronted by a teary eyed ELDERLY LADY (70), Trevor beams a drunken smile to accompany a bloodshot eyed wink.

TREVOR

Lovely day for it.

The elderly lady bursts into tears and barges past him, quickly followed by an equally upset COUPLE (40's).

A fresh faced JUDITH (17) stops in the doorway and stares Trevor up and down.

Trevor smiles back with an open grin. His smile quickly turns upside down and his eyes flicker before he turns and wretches.

Judith looks back over her shoulder.

JUDITH
Look at the state of this, Jean.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Everyone is seated again and the vicar continues the reading.

David looks over at Sarah. He pouts his lips as his eyes fill with lust.

Barbara, who is seated in the row behind Sarah, sees David pouting and assumes it is for her. She smiles back.

With embarrassment, David quickly turns eyes front.

DAVID
(whispers)
Shit.

TREVOR
(whispers)
Language.

DAVID
(whispers)
Whatever. How long does this last?

Trevor shrugs.

Slowly, and with caution, David turns back to look at Sarah again. He eyes her up and down, pausing on her large chest.

Trevor nudges him out of his trance.

DAVID
(whispers)
What?

Chitter chatter starts amongst the mourners.

TREVOR
That's it.

DAVID
What, we're done?

Everyone stands and quickly begin to filter out of the church.

David stands and raises on his tiptoes, trying to see Sarah over the exiting crowd.

He gets a nudge in the back from his dad.

TREVOR
Come on, what you waiting for?

Trevor shakes his head and exits the other side of the aisle.

DAVID
I'm going, I'm going.

Stepping into the aisle, David is confronted by his aunty Judith. He looks past her and tries to see the movements of Sarah.

JUDITH
It was a lovely service don't you think?

David catches a glimpse of Barbara, who gives him wink.

DAVID
Sorry?

JUDITH
Very moving.

He loses sight of her as she leaves the church. Disappointment descends over his face and he looks back at Judith.

DAVID
Yeah, it was lovely, aunty. Very moving.

JUDITH
Oh, come here my love.

She grabs him and gives him a tight squeeze.

David's eye bulge with surprise, Judith's bulge with shock. She holds the embrace long enough for it to become uncomfortable.

JUDITH
You must be Trevor's boy?

Judith and David both look down to the large bulge in the front of David's trousers.

David looks up with an embarrassed smile.

Judith winks and walks away.

DAVID
No, it's not....oh, Jesus.

The vicar overhears and glares at David.

DAVID
Our Lord in heaven.

He looks round, but his dad has gone. Turning back he is face to face with Barbara.

DAVID
Sorry.

He quickly exits in a state of shock.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - BUFFET ROOM - DAY

A few PEOPLE, with paper plates, hover round tables topped with buffet food and drinks.

The other mourners are seated on chairs and stand by empty tables.

BUFFET TABLE

Trevor gulps down a glass of wine and bangs it on the table. He picks up a plate in one hand and dives into a bowl of salted nuts with the other.

Judith enters the room, closely followed by David.

David immediately walks up to the table, snatches a plate and stands behind Trevor.

DAVID
Thanks for that, dad!

Trevor drops a hand full of mini sausage rolls onto his plate.

TREVOR
What's that, son?

David puts a number of sandwiches on his empty plate.

DAVID
Thanks for leaving me at the
church.

TREVOR
I didn't leave you, you weren't
there when I left.

David grabs a handful of nuts.

DAVID
You left before me!

Trevor holds up a sandwich and sniffs. He repels and drops
it back on the table. He picks up another glass of wine
and knocks it back.

TREVOR
Well you're here now, stop
moaning.

DAVID
Stop moaning. I had to share a
car with aunty Judith, and after
I made a complete tit of myself
as well.

Trevor now looks interested.

TREVOR
You made a tit of yourself?

DAVID
Yes.

TREVOR
How?

Trevor picks up a different sandwich and puts it on his
plate.

David picks up the one just dropped by his dad.

DAVID
Because of this.

David takes his dad's glasses case out of his trouser
pocket and hands it back to him.

TREVOR
My glasses caused you to make a
tit of yourself?

DAVID
Yes!

TREVOR
How so? Been banging on your
balls, causing you discomfort?

A nearby WOMAN looks over at the conversation.

DAVID
No, I've told you, my balls...

David notices the woman staring.

DAVID
(whispers)
...my twins are fine. It was
something else, now just take
them back.

TREVOR
Well where am I suppose to keep
them?

DAVID
In your pocket! Where you had
them before making me carry them!

Trevor sighs, slips it in his pocket and picks up another
glass.

TREVOR
My trousers will sag now.

DAVID
Then tighten your belt! And how
many of them have you had?

He points to an empty wine glass.

TREVOR
A couple. Don't worry, I know my
limit, son.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
Then why do you never stick to
it? The last thing I need is to
spend the rest of the day baby
sitting you.

Barbara moves over to the buffet table and glances at
David. She catches his attention, winks and mouths
something.

David tries to read her lips, but fails. He reluctantly
smiles and turns away.

DAVID
Brilliant, the day's getting
better and better. What's with
everyone?

TREVOR
How do you mean?

DAVID
That old dear thinks I'm hitting
on her, and then aunty...

TREVOR
What, who?

David nods toward Barbara.

TREVOR
Are you?

DAVID
Don't be stupid, dad. I was
staring at someone else, only she
thinks I was staring at her. She
didn't look happy when aunty
Judith gave me a hug either.

TREVOR
Judith gave you a hug? Where was
I?

DAVID
You'd buggered off hadn't you.

TREVOR
Why'd she hug you?

DAVID
I don't know, I think she was
upset, or thought I was.

Trevor looks nervous.

TREVOR
She never said anything to you
then, about me I mean?

David shakes his head.

DAVID
No, your secret is safe. She
might say something to you about
me though.

David sniffs the sandwich in his hand.

TREVOR

I doubt it, son, we've not talked for years, hardly at all since your mum passed. Anyway, I'm surprised she recognised you.

DAVID

She didn't at first, which is weird as I've been by your side all morning.

He gives his dad a suspicious look and takes a bite.

DAVID

(mouth full)

I know you said she came on to you, which is very wrong by the way...

Trevor looks surprised.

DAVID

...I was listening, but nothing happened did it?

Silence between the two.

DAVID

Did it?

David slowly takes another bite from his sandwich and waits for an answer.

Trevor smirks like a little kid and looks away from his son.

TREVOR

What can I say, it just happened.

David chokes and coughs up a piece of half digested bread. It lands on the buffet table.

DAVID

Oh my God, you dipped your wick in her!?

TREVOR

It just happened.

DAVID

It just happened. It just fell in did it?

TREVOR

Son, don't be so coarse.

Walking away, Trevor stops and loiters around a large pot plant in the corner of the room.

David rushes after him, just as Sarah enters and walks over to a group of relatives.

CORNER OF THE ROOM

David and Trevor both stare at Sarah. Her slender figure and ample breasts hypnotise them.

DAVID
You slept with her?

TREVOR
I wish.

David notices his dad's eye's on Sarah.

DAVID
Not her, aunty Judith. You slept with aunty Judith. Isn't that incest or something?

Trevor stuffs a whole sausage roll into his mouth.

TREVOR
(chewing)
I'm not proud of it, son. And no, it's not incest.

DAVID
But you're not proud of it, which is why you wouldn't tell me.

TREVOR
Why would I tell you?

A YOUNG BOY (3) runs into the room screaming.

The whole room's attention is drawn to him and watches as he crashes into the buffet table, sending food flying everywhere.

The room falls silent.

The boy is quiet for a few seconds and then bursts into tears.

An elderly WOMAN checks on the boy and the conversations start up again.

DAVID
I can't believe you cheated on mum, and with her sister!

Trevor stops eating.

TREVOR

Like I said, I'm not proud of it,
and we were going through a
difficult time, your mother and
me.

DAVID

Oh and I bet it was all fucking
hunky dorey afterwards.

A WOMAN (35) enters the room, grabs the boy by the arm and
lifts him to his feet.

TREVOR

Not exactly?

DAVID

No shit Sherlock.

Trevor looks annoyed.

TREVOR

How many times are you planning
on swearing today?

DAVID

It depends how many more
bombshells you're going to drop
on me?

The woman slaps the crying boy across the buttocks.

The room falls silent as attention is again drawn to mother
and child. She sniffs her hand and repels.

WOMAN

Oh, you dirty little boy!

Nearby people back away.

The boy is dragged toward the exit.

WOMAN

You did it, you can stay in it.

They exit and the conversations begin again.

Sarah moves to the buffet table and picks up a plate.

DAVID

Unbelievable. You're
unbelievable. I'm lost for
words.

TREVOR
You don't sound it.

DAVID
What did mum say?

TREVOR
Well we didn't tell her did we!
How stupid do you think I am?

David raises an eyebrow.

TREVOR
Don't answer that.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
You and aunty Judith. Your
wife's sister. My aunty. Your
sister in law.

The annoyance grows in Trevor's eyes.

TREVOR
Can we drop it now. You know why
I don't like her, now let's move
on with the conversation.

Deep in thought, David rubs his brow.

DAVID
So you don't like her because you
blame her entirely?

TREVOR
Yes.

DAVID
Takes two to tango, dad.

TREVOR
But when one's had a skinful it
doesn't take much to persuade him
to put his dancing shoes on.
Especially when they've been in
the cupboard collecting dust.

DAVID
Are you actually talking about
dancing?

TREVOR
What, no.

DAVID
Oh, right.

The two eat from their plates in silence, watching the mourners share stories and joke.

Both men seem unsure about starting up a conversation.

TREVOR
Always thought it weird that
people joke at a funeral.

DAVID
I've just heard the best yet.

They share an uneasy look.

David scans the room and settles his gaze on Sarah.

DAVID
Right, who is that?

Trevor turns to see.

TREVOR
That's er...

He suddenly becomes aware of Judith as she approaches, but she is stopped in her tracks by a teary eyed RELATIVE.

A sighs of relief exits Trevor.

TREVOR
She was slimmer at the time.

David looks over Sarah.

DAVID
There's not much of her now.

TREVOR
What?

DAVID
What?

Confusion descends upon both.

David takes a bite of his sandwich.

DAVID
I'm thinking of asking her out
but it's a bit of a minefield. I
mean we could be related couldn't
we. But then that doesn't stop
some people does it, dad.

Trevor lets the comment slide, choosing to ignore it.

TREVOR

Are you sure it's not too soon?

DAVID

Maybe, which is why I'm trying to find out how she's related to the stiff.

TREVOR

I meant too soon for you.

A sombre look descends upon David.

DAVID

It's been six months, I think it's time to get back on the horse, or at least try to.

TREVOR

Right. Funny things horses, you never know what they're going to do. You can pet them, feed them and love them and what do you get in return, a bite, a kick...

He points to David's crotch.

TREVOR

...but only when they're happy will they let you ride them.

More confusion descends David.

DAVID

Is that another piss poor metaphor or are you talking about horses now?

Trevor looks at his son and shrugs his shoulders.

DAVID

Are you feeling alright?

TREVOR

I could do with another drink.

David shakes his head.

DAVID

So do you know her or not?

Trevor looks over to Sarah.

TREVOR

I don't think so.

DAVID
You're bloody useless, I thought
you knew everyone in the family?

TREVOR
Then maybe she's not in the
family?

David nods.

DAVID
Then I'm going to mingle.

TREVOR
At a funeral?

DAVID
Yes, at a funeral.

David walks to the buffet table.

Trevor watches his son approach Sarah and then pans his gaze around the room of family mourners. His eyes settle on Frank who is surrounded by a group of younger WOMEN.

TREVOR
What the hell is with those
teeth?

BUFFET TABLE

Sarah places a handful of salad on her plate.

Rachel, who stands beside her, fills her plate with pork pies, sausage rolls and anything with meat.

SARAH
I'm telling you, that guy keeps
staring at me.

Rachel looks round.

SARAH
Don't look.

RACHEL
Why not?

Sarah risks a look round.

SARAH
I think he's going to come over?

RACHEL
He probably fancies you, I mean
who wouldn't.

SARAH

Stop it.

Her face drops.

SARAH

Oh God, he is coming over.

RACHEL

Well I'll leave you two to get acquainted.

SARAH

Don't you dare.

Rachel winks and walks away.

David saunters over, beside Sarah, and casually places a sausage roll on his plate.

DAVID

Lovely spread isn't it.

SARAH

Sorry?

DAVID

The food, there's a nice selection.

SARAH

Oh, er...yes, very nice.

DAVID

I'm David by the way.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Okay.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: EARLIER THAT DAY

Tidy and modern.

Sarah sits in front of a mirror and straightens her hair.

SARAH

Are you nearly done in there?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Nearly.

A final check and Sarah is happy with her appearance. Her smile wilts and she looks somber.

SARAH
God I hate funerals.

Rachel enters wearing only a towel.

RACHEL
Thought you'd be used to them by now?

SARAH
You'd think.

She notices Rachel is far from being dressed.

SARAH
I thought you said you were nearly ready.

RACHEL
I am, don't fret.

Sarah taps her bare wrist to make a point.

SARAH
We've got to go in about twenty minutes.

Rachel grins.

RACHEL
We really need to get you a watch, you look proper mental when you do that.

She laughs.

SARAH
You make me mental.

Sarah chuckles.

RACHEL
I think work's the real culprit?

They nod in unison.

SARAH
Thanks again for coming today, they get so boring. All the family teary eyed, and I never know what to say.

RACHEL

It's alright, I don't mind, I've got nothing on today.

Sarah looks Rachel up and down with sultry eyes.

SARAH

You might have to put something on for the service.

Rachel responds with a wink.

RACHEL

How long have we got?

SARAH

Not long enough. Now go get ready.

Rachel salutes and exits.

SARAH

Thanks though, I can't say I'd want to go to a funeral for someone I'd never even met.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I might never have met him but I do feel like I know him.

SARAH

Is that a dig at me to stop wittering on about work when I get home?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Of course not, you know me, if I didn't want you talking about work at home I'd just tell you.

SARAH

Yeah, I'm sure you would. Thanks though.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Stop thanking me, you do rabbit on sometimes.

Rachel laughs. Sarah's eyes are drawn to the small bin beside the bed.

SARAH

You know I'm going to miss him.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I thought you said he was a miserable old bastard?

SARAH
Not Jack, Roger the Rabbit.

Rachel bobs her head round the door.

RACHEL
Sorry about that, I just got a
bit carried away. I'll buy you
another one I promise.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - CORNER OF THE ROOM - DAY

Trevor surveys his plate and stuffs another sausage roll
into his mouth.

He looks up and is startled by Judith, who stands in front
of him.

JUDITH
You not talking to me then?

Trevor motions to his full mouth.

JUDITH
Still a pig I see.

Trevor quickly munches and swallows.

TREVOR
It's so good to see you, Judith.

JUDITH
There's no need to over do it.

Trevor smiles.

TREVOR
How are the kids?

JUDITH
They're fine. Debbie's off to
university next month and...

Trevor, uninterested, picks salad from his sandwich.

Judith stares into the top of his head.

JUDITH
...I see your manners have not
improved.

TREVOR
Why do they always put salad in
sandwiches?

Judith takes a sausage roll from Trevor's plate and pops in
her mouth.

TREVOR
Manners yourself.

JUDITH
(chewing)
Not the first time I've had your
sausage.

TREVOR
Do you have to?

JUDITH
What?

TREVOR
Always bring it up, we agreed it
was a mistake.

JUDITH
What am I bringing up?

Trevor looks uneasy.

TREVOR
The thing we did.

JUDITH
Thing? You mean when we had...

TREVOR
Yes.

JUDITH
Oh, I was just meaning that I've
pinched your sausage rolls
before.

TREVOR
Course you were.

Judith smiles.

TREVOR
Do you not feel guilty at all?

JUDITH
Jesus it's only a sausage roll,
look there's loads more over
there.

She points to a table.

TREVOR
You know what I mean.

A more serious look falls across Judith.

JUDITH
At the time I did but a lot has
happened since, not least the
passing of Jean. God bless her.

TREVOR
And that's eased your guilt has
it?

JUDITH
It's not like I broke the perfect
marriage.

They both slowly look away. Trevor's eyes focus on Frank.

TREVOR
Who is that?

Judith looks round.

JUDITH
Who?

TREVOR
Dapper Dan over there.

He gives his sagging waistband a tug up.

JUDITH
He was Jack's neighbour. He was
the one who found him. God rest
his soul. Sprawled out on the
floor, his life already left him.

TREVOR
On the floor, I thought he was
bed ridden for the final years?

Judith nods.

JUDITH
Yeah, he must have struggled for
help. Always a fighter was our
Jack.

TREVOR
Heavy weight was he?

INT. NURSING HOME - JACK'S ROOM - FLASHBACK**SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER**

Small but tidy, everything in one room residence.

JACK (84) wearing pin stripe pajamas, sits up in bed. His large size is still obvious despite being half covered under the bedsheets.

Frank, wearing a shabby old suit, sits beside him on a chair.

Both study the chess board that sits on the bed tray.

JACK

Go on then, I've not got all day.

FRANK

Yes you have, or have you got some special occasion lined up that you're keeping to yourself?

JACK

Just make your bloody move.

Frank hesitantly moves a pawn but doesn't release the piece from his fingers, instead he rocks it back and forth on its base before moving it back.

He studies the board and then moves the same pawn to the same position as before.

JACK

Christ sake, is that it? I don't think my heart can take much more of the excitement.

Frank scowls.

FRANK

Lets hope not.

Jack flashes a sarcastic grin.

Game face back on, Jack studies the board.

FRANK

Come on then, make your move.

JACK

Hold your horses, you took plenty of time to make yours.

FRANK

Yes but I need a piss now and I want you to make your move before I go.

JACK

Don't trust me eh?

FRANK

Of course I don't, you're a cheating old bastard.

Jack laughs and moves a pawn a single square forward.

FRANK

Thrilling.

He stands to leave.

JACK

Make your move so I can think about mine while you're gone.

Frank reaches for his queen.

FRANK

But then you'll cheat while I'm gone.

JACK

I will not.

Frank stares at Jack, then at the board. He moves his queen and takes Jack's knight. He stares at the board again.

FRANK

Photographic memory me you know.

JACK

(sarcastically)
Really?

FRANK

Never forget a thing.

He taps his head for effect.

JACK

Except where the laundry room is?

FRANK

What do you mean by that?

JACK

Nothing, just that I don't think you've ever washed that suit have you?

FRANK

It doesn't need washing. It's like new this.

He rubs the lapels.

JACK

New, my arse, you got it from the rag man.

FRANK

I did not.

JACK

Did.

FRANK

Did not.

JACK

Oh go have a piss will you.

Frank slowly retreats, keeping his eyes on the board as he nears the door. He stops and walks back to the board.

JACK

What now?

Frank carefully lifts the bed tray up and moves it to the bottom of the bed. With a smile he exits.

JACK

Bastard.

Jack tries in vain to stretch his arms long enough to reach the board but can't. He sighs in frustration.

He glances to the door before rolling back the bedsheets and swings his legs off the bed.

With a grimaces he raises his frame and casually steps to the end of the bed.

Jack moves his king away from the advancing queen and then moves several other pieces to benefit his game.

Happy, he gets back into bed and waits.

Frank enters, brushing the crotch of his trousers with his hand.

FRANK
Bloody splash back.

He moves the board back up the bed and studies the board.

FRANK
Hang on...

JACK
What?

FRANK
How did I not spot that earlier.

JACK
What?

FRANK
You're trying Usanov's tactics
aren't you?

Jack looks bemused.

JACK
Oh yes, caught me out, Frank.

FRANK
Well I was world champion.

JACK
A world champion what,
bullshitter?

FRANK
Moscow nineteen eighty four, I
won in Boris' backyard.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
What a lovely story, now make
your move.

Frank looks over the board again. He points to where he
thought his pieces were and where they are now.

FRANK
Have you been tampering with the
game?

JACK
How could I, you moved the board.
There's more chance of me winning
the lottery than walking to the
end of the bed.

FRANK

Really?

JACK

What are you implying?

FRANK

Who said I was implying anything?

JACK

You did, just then. Implying I'm faking.

FRANK

Are you?

JACK

Why would I? Why would I pretend I couldn't get out of bed?

A tap on the door cuts him off.

SARAH (O.S.)

You decent, Jack?

JACK

Yes.

Sarah enters with a trolley in tow.

SARAH

Time for your bed bath I'm afraid.

FRANK

Yes, why would you pretend I wonder?

SARAH

What have you been pretending now, Jack?

JACK

Oh just my good friend Frank here thinks I'm pretending that I don't know chess just so he'll go easy on me. He was world champion you know. Eighty five wasn't it?

Frank slowly shakes his head.

FRANK

Eighty four.

JACK

Oh, I was close.

He grins at Frank.

SARAH

Right, well I'm sorry but you'll have to finish this game later. Don't worry Frank, I'll make sure he doesn't cheat.

FRANK

Too late for that, my dear.

Shaking his head, Frank exits.

Sarah dunks a sponge in a bowl of water as Jack unbuttons his pajama top.

JACK

Hang on, you've not taken my keks off yet.

Sarah reaches under the covers as Jack's smile broadens.

LATER

Jack stands in front of a television wearing only a pair of white briefs, half hidden under the rolls of hanging fat.

In his hand he clutches a small piece of paper.

JACK

Come on, come on you bastard.

The television shows a lottery programme. The final numbered ball rolls out of the machine.

Jack gasps and quickly studies his ticket.

JACK

Oh my God, oh my God!

His flesh ripples as he bounces his ample frame with joy.

JACK

Oh my God, oh my...

He clutches his chest and crashes through a nearby table on his way to the floor.

A moment of silence is interrupted by a knock on the door.

FRANK (O.S.)

You alright in there, buddy?

The door opens and Frank enters.

FRANK

Jesus, are you...

He looks down at Jack and then up at the television.

His eyes drift down again, this time studying the hand that still clutches the ticket, and then back to the television.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - CORNER OF THE ROOM - DAY

Trevor and Judith stare at Frank.

JUDITH

I can't imagine finding a body like that, it must have been awful for him. Some struggle to get over such a shock, but he's putting a brave face on, which is nice.

They watch as Frank laughs and jokes with the young women.

TREVOR

(sarcastically)

Yes, he's certainly hiding the trauma well.

Judith catches sight of David.

JUDITH

He takes after you, well in one big way he does.

She grins.

Trevor continues to watch Frank.

TREVOR

He's nothing like me.

JUDITH

I'm talking about your son David.

Trevor looks round to view his son, who talks to a miserable looking Sarah.

TREVOR

Yes, his life's certainly taking the same path as mine recently. Failed marriage, despair, drink, depression. But he's not got the silver tongue like me, that's for sure. Poor cow looks bored out of her skin.

JUDITH
Silver tongue?

TREVOR
With the ladies. In my day I
could charm the best of them.

JUDITH
Shame that's all you could do.

INT. HOUSE - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1985

Trevor slouches on the sofa. He clutches a can of beer and watches the television.

David drives a toy car round the carpet with his hand.

A door bell chimes.

TREVOR
Will you answer the door, son?
I'm busy here.

David drives his car out of the room.

JUDITH (O.S.)
Where is he, the useless git!

Trevor rolls his eyes as Judith storms in.

JUDITH
Oh what a surprise, you're on the
sofa drinking.

TREVOR
Judith, what can I do for you?

JUDITH
You know what. My sister, your
wife, is round our mums in tears.

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR
Bit of an overreaction because I
forgot to Hoover up.

Judith walks over to the television and turns it off.

TREVOR
Oh, what?!

JUDITH

It's not all because you forgot to Hoover. Jesus Trevor open your eyes, this marriage is falling apart.

TREVOR

I didn't know we were married?

His chuckle is met with a harsh stare.

TREVOR

Don't be so over dramatic. So we had a row, it's nothing that won't be forgotten tomorrow.

JUDITH

Really. Well I beg to differ.

David drives his toy car back into the room.

TREVOR

It's not all one way traffic you know. She gets on my goat too. Like she's always got a headache.

JUDITH

And there it is, it's always to do with sex isn't it!

TREVOR

Hey, my arms been doing over time lately.

David drives his car into the foot of Judith.

Trevor and Judith look at David.

JUDITH

You go play in your bedroom, David. Your dad and me have some things we need to talk about.

David drives his car out of the room.

TREVOR

You going to start shouting at me like your sister does?

JUDITH

No. I'm going to offer you some advice.

Trevor looks up with sceptical eyes.

JUDITH

If you're not happy, you should
spice things up.

TREVOR

Spice things up? What you want
me to start cooking? Look, I'll
do the hoovering but that's as
far as I go.

JUDITH

You're a moron. I'm talking
about the bedroom.

TREVOR

I know what you mean.

Trevor swings down his beer and stands.

JUDITH

Where are you going, I'm not
finished.

TREVOR

Look if you're going to start
yaking on I'm going to need
another drink.

Trevor walks past Judith, who rubs his bottom as he passes.

He turns and is greeted with a wink.

TREVOR

What was that for?

JUDITH

Shall I write it down for you?

TREVOR

Write what down, are you coming
on to me?

JUDITH

Jean's my sister and I love her
but you two are just not a fit.
She talks about how you two don't
get on and what's best for you,
her and David. Thing is she
knows what's best for all parties
but she can't bring herself to
make the step, admit defeat. I
figure I can help her along.

With eyes glazed, Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

Help?

JUDITH

With this.

Judith pulls a can of whipped cream from her bag.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - BUFFET TABLE - DAY

Sarah stares into the abyss, beside her, David takes a bite from a sandwich.

DAVID

Are you on Susan's side of the family?

Sarah is unmoved.

SARAH

Sorry, what?

DAVID

I was just wondering how you were related to the decea...erm, I mean to Jack?

SARAH

Oh, I'm not. I work at the home.

David tries to conceal his smile.

DAVID

I thought I'd not seen you before. If I had, I'm pretty sure I'd remember.

This time he doesn't hide his grin.

Sarah counters with a frown.

SARAH

I've not seen you before either. Which mean's you've never been to visit.

David's smile wilts immediately.

DAVID

Yes, I always meant to, but I've...

SARAH

Been busy?

DAVID
Something like that.

SARAH
Work?

DAVID
Felt like work.

Sarah waits for more explanation.

DAVID
Family stuff.

Sarah notices David rubbing his naked wedding finger.

SARAH
Oh I see, trouble in paradise?

DAVID
Death in paradise.

Sarah looks shocked.

SARAH
Oh God, I'm sorry...

DAVID
No, no, I didn't mean she died.
I just meant...

Relieved, Sarah nods.

SARAH
I get what you mean.

Sarah spots Rachel hovering nearby, talking to Barbara.
She signals for her to come over.

DAVID
I, er...was wondering...if
after...

SARAH
Hi, Rachel, where have you been
hiding?

She grabs Rachel by the arm and drags her in close.

David is a little taken back by the joy on Sarah's face.

DAVID
Hi, do you work together or are
you here...

He struggles for the right words.

RACHEL
We work perfectly together.

DAVID
What?

Sarah smiles, Rachel winks.

DAVID
Oh right, that explains it.

RACHEL
Explains what?

DAVID
It doesn't matter.

RACHEL
Were you trying to hit on my
girlfriend?

DAVID
What, no, I was...

BARBARA (O.S.)
She's not his type is she, Jamie?
You prefer the older woman.

Barbara muscles into the group.

BARBARA
We've not been properly
introduced, I'm Barbara.

She holds out a hand but there are no takers.

BARBARA
I've just been talking to Rachel
here. Seems she knows Sue, who
knows Gail, who is friends with
your mum. And I know you know
Gail, don't you Jamie.

DAVID
Who's Gail?

SARAH
I thought you said you were
David?

DAVID
I am David.

Barbara withdraws her hand as confusion envelopes everyone.

Leaning in to within an inch of David, Barbara studies his
face.

BARBARA
Are you sure?

DAVID
Of course I'm sure.

BARBARA
Oh okay, sorry to have bothered
you.

She walks away, leaving David and Sarah to look to Rachel
for answers.

RACHEL
Don't look at me, I only met her
ten minutes ago.

DAVID
I need a drink.

He walks away shaking his head.

RACHEL
Well, is he a weirdo then?

SARAH
Who isn't in here.

They share a giggle.

CORNER OF ROOM

Trevor and Judith stand in silence, both stuffing their
faces with buffet food.

David strides over.

TREVOR
I see your mingling went well
then?

DAVID
Shut up, dad.

He looks down with uneasy embarrassment to greet Judith.

DAVID
Aunty.

JUDITH
David.

DAVID
Have you heard of someone called
Jamie in the family?

Trevor looks to Judith.

JUDITH
I'll leave this to you.

She walks away.

TREVOR
Erm, I think he's Yvonne's son.
You remember Yvonne, she used to
live over the road from us?

David stares at his dad, who looks nervous.

TREVOR
Why?

DAVID
Well I'm guessing he's some kind
of mature gigolo. Oh and
apparently I'm his twin.

TREVOR
Really?

DAVID
Weird that isn't it?

TREVOR
No, there's some queer folk about
these days, son.

DAVID
I wasn't referring to his sex
antics.

TREVOR
What then?

Trevor studies the floor.

DAVID
I'm going to find a drink.

TREVOR
I'll have one.

David exits, leaving his dad to scour the table. He drops a few cocktail sausages onto his plate and then spots a half drunk glass of red.

Slyly he looks round, checks no one is watching, and quickly downs it.

TREVOR
Needed that.

INT. PUB - BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**SUPER: 3 DAYS EARLIER**

A few PATRONS stand by the bar, beside them, David waits to be served.

TABLE

TONY, (37) in casual but smart attire, sits. a couple of shopping bags are at his feet.

He fumbles his phone out of his trouser pocket and begins swiping the screen.

DAVID (O.S.)
Checking in?

Tony quickly puts his phone away as David puts two pints down and takes his seat.

TONY
No.

DAVID
Why not just tell her you're having a pint, it'll save you the grief later when she finds out.

TONY
She won't give me grief, I'm allowed a pint you know.

DAVID
Why keep it from her then?

TONY
I'm not.

David smiles and lightens the mood.

DAVID
Relax, I'm just joshing with you.

Tony takes a slurp.

TONY
Anyway, if I stick to a couple I can easily get back with the shopping and she'll be none the wiser.

DAVID
Right.

Tony takes another large gulp.

DAVID

Look if you want to get going just go, mate, I don't want to get you in the doghouse. You seem to spend a lot of time in there, maybe you should hook up a tele or something.

He chuckles as Tony glares back, not amused.

DAVID

(laughing)

Sorry.

Gulping a mouthful, he wipes the drips from his chin.

TONY

(sarcastically)

Something you don't have to worry about now is it.

David frowns, hurt by the comment. He takes a sombre drink.

TONY

Sorry, bud.

DAVID

You should be.

A widening grin grows across Tony's face.

TONY

If you want to borrow my doghouse I'm sure Julie will let you?

They both chuckle at the joke, and drink.

TONY

How is it at your dads now, still doing your head in?

David quickly drinks.

DAVID

He's not too bad really.

He contemplates a moment.

DAVID

Who am I kidding, he's a nightmare actually. He's on my case twenty four seven. Get up, do this, do that, get a job, I don't know who he thinks he is?

TONY

Your dad.

DAVID

Yeah, like I'm going to take advice from him, an alcoholic bum.

David finishes his pint and stands.

DAVID

Another quick one?

TONY

No I better get going.

DAVID

Never thought I'd see the day you turned down a free pint.

TONY

Never thought I'd see the day you bought two rounds in a row.

DAVID

Well?

A seconds thought then...

TONY

Go on then.

DAVID

Nice one.

LATER

The two are now visibly drunk. A couple of fresh pints sit next to countless empties.

DAVID

You know, I kind of miss this.

TONY

Miss what?

DAVID

This.

He flings his arms out wildly, suggesting the environment they're in but also slapping the backside of a YOUNG MAN who is stood beside him playing on a fruit machine.

Oblivious, David continues as the annoyed man stares at the back of his head.

DAVID
Been out for a few, checking out
the talent and, you know?

TONY
The talent's not up to the
standard I remember.

Tony smiles at the young man, and a fist shake is returned.

DAVID
I don't know, I wouldn't kick
either of them out of bed.

He nods to two YOUNG WOMEN at the bar.

Tony turns and tries to focus.

TONY
My round?

DAVID
About time you were off back to
the wife?

TONY
Isn't it time you did?

Confusion hits David.

TONY
Go back to your wife, not mine,
obviously.

The confusion grows.

TONY
I know you're not together, but
shouldn't you get back in touch,
sort things out. I mean I know
she dumped you but a phone
call...

DAVID
Keep digging.

Tony takes a drink.

TONY
Flirting's not a crime.

DAVID
Tell that to Jules, or shall I?

He reaches into his pocket for his phone but the tightness
of his trousers means he can't pull it free.

TONY

Alright spoil sport, calm down.

David leans back on his stool and yanks to free his pocketed hand. The force doesn't release his appendage but does cause him to topple off his seat and onto the floor.

Tony erupts...

TONY

Ha, you daft twat!

Drunk and embarrassed, David stands and finally pulls his hand out of his pocket. He dusts himself down and checks no one noticed his fall. No one did.

DAVID

I'll get them in.

With double digits, he points to his eyes and then to Tony.

DAVID

Watch and learn. I've still got it.

He leans over, snatches his drink and takes a swig.

DAVID

Least I hope I have or I'm gonna have a hell of a right hook.

He plonks down his drink and heads for the bar, stops and heads back.

TONY

Bottled it?

David holds out his hand.

DAVID

Still your round.

TONY

Tight get.

He hands over a note and David drunkenly swaggers to the bar.

BAR

Scantily clad, CARLA and KIRSTY (both 20) wait to be served.

The BARMAN (40) serves at the other end of the bar.

David stands beside Carla. He waves his money at the busy barman trying to gain his, and Carla's, attention.

DAVID
Come on, mate, I'm dying of
thirst here.

He laughs, but no response from the two ladies is forthcoming.

The barman saunters toward them, stopping in front of Kirsty.

BARMAN
What can I get you?

DAVID
I'll have two...

A look of authority is flashed in David's direction.

BARMAN
Wait your turn, the lady was
first.

DAVID
No it's alright I was going to
get theirs.

The barman looks to Kirsty, who peers round her friend to see David. Who greets her gaze with a smile.

KIRSTY
No thanks, we'll get our own.

She turns to the barman, leaving David stunned.

KIRSTY
Two vodka cokes, please.

BARMAN
Certainly.

He readies the drinks as David readies himself for a second offensive.

DAVID
So you going to a club later?

He leans uncomfortably against the bar, soaking the wet bar up with his cuff.

CARLA
Club?

KIRSTY

Look piss off will ya, we're not interested. I mean how old are ya anyway?

CARLA

Old enough to be my dad I reckon?

DAVID

I'm not that old.

KIRSTY

How old are ya, about forty?

David squirms.

DAVID

No, less than that.

He straightens up, sticking out his pigeon chest and calmly places his hand on Carla's shoulder.

DAVID

Look I was just asking...

Kirsty lurches forward with a swift knee in his groin.

David takes a sudden injection of air and doubles over in immense pain.

KIRSTY

Pervert!

CARLA

Try that again and I'll call the old bill.

The barman returns with the ladies drinks. They pay and retreat.

BARMAN

What can I get you?

Heaving, David holds up two fingers and points to beer tap.

TABLE

Gingerly, David returns with the drinks.

Tony still rubs the laughter from his eyes.

TONY

Well that went well. Did you get her number?

DAVID
No, have you got a plunger?

He sits with a grimace.

TONY
So you've still got it then?

DAVID
Bloody assault that, did you see it? She called me a pervert.

TONY
Oh so she knows you then.

Tony bellows.

DAVID
Oh fuck off, man.

David takes a long drink.

TONY
Still, could've been worse.

DAVID
How, how could it have been worse.

Tony shrugs and drinks.

TONY
I don't know, mate, I was just trying to cheer you up.

DAVID
Well that's what you're suppose to have been doing all day, but you're failing miserably. Look, look at me..

He points to his own downturn face.

DAVID
Miserable.

TONY
All day.

DAVID
What?

Tony looks at his watch.

TONY
Shit, she's gonna kill me!

DAVID

Don't sweat it, I text her ages ago and said you were having a few with me.

Panic engulfs Tony.

TONY

You...did...what?

David nods.

DAVID

Yeah, while you were taking a slash earlier. I didn't want you "getting in the doghouse".

Tony drops his head.

David drinks.

Slowly, Tony's head looks up.

TONY

How did you text her, my phone's been in my pocket?

DAVID

I used mine.

TONY

Why have you got my wife's number?

DAVID

For emergencies.

TONY

Emergencies?

DAVID

Yeah, like this one, today, saving your arse from a damn good thrashing when you get home.

Stunned, Tony takes a drink.

TONY

(calmly)

Did she text back?

DAVID

Said, okay, have a good time.

TONY

Have a good time?

DAVID

Or something like that. Maybe it was worded differently. I mean it might have said something like, don't bother coming home then, but I read between the lines.

Tony buries his head in his hands.

DAVID

Might as well stay out all night now, give her longer to calm down eh?

TONY

(muffled)
I hate you.

DAVID

I fancy a shot of something, get the night really started cos I suddenly feel a lot more sober now.

He slowly stands and hobbles to the bar.

TONY

(muffled)
Me too.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - UNDER STAIRS TOILET - NIGHT

A cramped space. Everything miniaturised.

David stands over the toilet, his back to the slightly ajar door. His hands rummage inside his pants.

JULIE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?

Jumping out of his skin, David lurches forward, slips and crashes face first into the cistern.

The door opens to reveal Julie (34) wearing a dressing gown.

JULIE

Were you wanking in my toilet?

David, looking groggy, groans in pain and slowly picks himself up, one hand still in his pants.

DAVID

What!? No, I was, was just checking myself, wasn't I.

JULIE
Checking yourself?

David steadies his swaying frame by holding onto the towel rail with his free hand. With the other, he gently forages around his crotch.

Julie shakes her head in disgust and walks away.

KITCHEN

Tony has his head in the sink, his back to Julie as she enters.

TONY
Keep the noise down or you'll
wake her upstairs.

He points to the ceiling, the mere action causes him to groan and feels for his stomach.

TONY
I'm dying, man. I'm never
drinking again.

He heaves up a burp.

TONY
She's going to kill me in the
morning. I said I'd only be an
hour or so, and I've been...

He tries to focus on his watch.

JULIE
Nine hours!

Slowly Tony swivels, his eyes like a deer in headlights.

TONY
Hi, Jules, did we wake you?

JULIE
No you didn't wake me because
I've not been to bed. I've sat
in the room plotting your slow
death.

She points a finger to her husband.

JULIE
Getting that dipshit to text me
and say you were cheering him up,
it's been months, how much
cheering up does he need?

Tony shrugs.

TONY
I didn't know he'd...

JULIE
Pathetic, you're bloody pathetic.
You two have been acting like
teenagers and I'm not having it,
I know he's depressed but...

She suddenly scans the room.

JULIE
Where's the shopping?

Tony's head sinks into his shoulders.

JULIE
You left it in the pub didn't
you?

TONY
Sorry.

JULIE
I don't believe you. I suggest
you get yourself on the sofa for
the night.

She turns to leave.

JULIE
And you better check on David, he
might have a concussion?

END FLASHBACK

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - SEATED AREA - DAY

A number of plastic chairs line one wall and four foam seats have been pushed together to create a rudimentary sofa.

Trevor and David sit on this sofa, boredom etched across their faces. Both clutch a glass of wine in one hand and a paper plate of cake in the other.

DAVID
Strange all this isn't it?

TREVOR
All what?

DAVID

This. Someone's died and we're all here eating cake and getting drunk.

Trevor looks at his cake, then at his sons.

TREVOR

We're not eating cake.

DAVID

You know what I mean.

TREVOR

A celebration of life. Better than mourning death I suppose.

David shakes his head.

DAVID

I don't know, it all seems a bit weird. It's like a fucking party...

Trevor turns to him.

DAVID

...sorry, faux pas, I mean it's like a fudging party without the main guest.

He takes a drink and looks to his dad.

DAVID

If he lived in a home I'm guessing he wasn't flush so I'm also guessing we the family are paying for this?

TREVOR

'We the family'?

DAVID

Well not us obviously, we're not immediate are we. Are we?

TREVOR

I doubt his immediate would pay, they're all so tight they could peel an orange in their pocket.

Trevor looks to Jack, who is encircled by a number of WOMEN, some young, some old. Barbara is among them.

TREVOR

A friend maybe?

DAVID

How many friends do you have that would pay for a party when you snuff it?

TREVOR

Well I'd like to think you wouldn't have a party when I go. I'd prefer you all to sit in the pub, looking miserable and having a quiet toast to how great I was.

He grins.

DAVID

Dream on, dad, there's going to be a massive party when you go. Most of the family can't stand you.

David chuckles as Trevor reluctantly nods his agreement.

Trevor stands and taps his son on the knee.

TREVOR

I'll get us another drink, son.

He turns and stops.

TREVOR

(over his shoulder)

Perhaps I should start being nice to everyone?

He gives his trousers a yank up and walks away.

Deep in thought, David's eyes drift around the room until they meet Sarah's. They share an awkward smile and involuntary nod of acknowledgement.

Something catches his attention and he moves his gaze to a group of FAMILY MEMBERS by the fire exit. The three females swarm around JAMIE (32), who has his back to David.

The conversation appears quite jovial and there's plenty of friendly flirty contact.

Jamie finally breaks free and wearing a broad smile, heads in David's direction. Jamie looks remarkably like David.

David stands and holds out his hand, readying his greeting, but Jamie walks past and into the arms of an ELDERLY WOMAN.

Embarrassed and annoyed, David sits back down as Trevor arrives with two cans of lager.

TREVOR

Here you go.

DAVID

Where did you get these from?

Trevor sits and snaps the ring pull back, spewing froth everywhere.

TREVOR

I bumped into Chester. I really should keep in touch with him as he's one of the only buggers in our family who actually likes me.

DAVID

Who the hell's Chester?

Trevor contemplates this...

TREVOR

He's my second cousin or something. He's a nice chap, we've always got on well.

INT. HOTEL - FUNCTION ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1981

Bustling with well dressed people.

Trevor swigs from a pint, as does Keith and Robson who stand either side of him.

KEITH

Well you've done it now, there's no going back.

TREVOR

I don't want to go back.

KEITH

Give it six months and she'll stamp out our weekly pub night, then the football will go and before you know it you're home every night watching some soap opera.

TREVOR

Rubbish.

KEITH

I'm telling you, that's what happened to our Neville, we never see him now, do we?

He looks to Robson for confirmation.

ROBSON
Yeah well he's got a kid now
though hasn't he. Got
responsibilities.

KEITH
Yep, that will be next too.

Keith gestures a pregnant stomach to a slightly concerned looking Trevor.

TREVOR
No, Jean and me aren't ready for
kids.

KEITH
You mean you're not. Trust me,
she'll be plotting and planning
for a baby as soon as the
honeymoon's over.

TREVOR
We're not having a honeymoon.

KEITH
Sooner then.

Robson nods.

TREVOR
Another?

He downs his pint

KEITH
Might as well, while you can.

A nervous laugh escapes from Trevor and he heads to the bar, taking the congratulations as he makes his way through the crowd.

ROBSON
We see Neville all the time.

KEITH
I know we do, I'm winding him up
aren't I.

ROBSON
Why?

KEITH
For a laugh.

ROBSON
It's his wedding day.

KEITH
Exactly, if you can't have a joke
and a laugh today, when can you?

He laughs and gulps down his pint.

Robson doesn't look convinced.

BAR

The BARMAN puts down the third pint and holds out a hand
for the money.

TREVOR
No freebee's then?

The barman looks confused.

BARMAN
Why?

TREVOR
I'm the groom. I've just got
married, like an hour ago.

A shrug and a glum look set the tone for his response.

BARMAN
Congratulations.

TREVOR
Are you not married then?

BARMAN
Divorced.

Trevor's mood sinks to the same level.

BARMAN
That'll be one pound fifty nine.

TREVOR
I'll have a whiskey too, and get
yourself one.

BARMAN
Thanks.

He fills two glasses from the optics and hands one over,
downing the other.

TREVOR
Thanks.

He chokes it down with a cough and a splutter.

TREVOR

Nope that hasn't helped, best get me another.

BARMAN

You sure, you don't want to upset the wife already? Too many and you'll be in no fit state to consummate anything.

TREVOR

Make it a double.

The barman hesitates.

BARMAN

She'll make sure you never forget it. Trust me, I know.

TREVOR

Get yourself another too.

The barman manages a slight grin and gets the drinks.

HOTEL RECEPTION

Wearing a flowery dress and matching hat, Judith jingles the reception bell and waits for service.

An ELDERLY COUPLE enter.

JUDITH

Lovely service wasn't it.

They ignore her and exit.

JUDITH

Charming.

The RECEPTIONIST (20), fresh faced and giddy, enters.

JUDITH

Ah, can you tell me if the bride is in her room please?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, you are?

JUDITH

I'm her sister.

The receptionist turns and looks at the rack of keys behind her.

RECEPTIONIST

The key to the honeymoon suite is still here so the bride and groom can't be up there I'm afraid.

JUDITH

I know the groom's not up there, he's in the bar, where he always is, it's the bride I can't find.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you worried about her?

JUDITH

(unconvincing)

Why would I be worried?

With a smile, the receptionist shrugs.

RECEPTIONIST

Have you tried the toilets?

JUDITH

Of course, the windows were all locked from the inside.

The smile wilts.

JUDITH

Just a joke.

RECEPTIONIST

Perhaps she's taken a walk?

JUDITH

Perhaps.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry I can't be of more help.

Judith exits down the...

CORRIDOR

She passes a door and stops, back tracks and places her ear to it.

She looks at the sign above, it reads '*Store Room*'.

Hesitation hampers her hand from turning the door handle. She takes a deep breath and swings it open.

Shock and surprise bursts from her eyes. A few seconds pass as she takes in the picture before closing the door.

JUDITH

Sorry, Jean. I was getting a bit worried. I hadn't seen you anywhere for ages.

Silence as she waits for a response. A muffled conversation behind the door.

JEAN (O.S.)

That's okay, no need to worry. I'll be out shortly.

JUDITH

Sorry, Trevor. I thought you were in the bar.

More silence.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That's okay.

Suspicious, Judith slowly walks away.

FUNCTION ROOM

Judith enters the smoky haze. A little relief escapes her body when she spots Keith and Robson through the crowd, and no sign of Trevor. She makes her way toward them.

ROBSON

Hello, Judith, where have you been hiding?

JUDITH

Nowhere.

KEITH

So when is it our turn then?

JUDITH

Dream on, Keith.

They all share a chuckle. Judith's anxiety fades.

KEITH

Come on, I'm not that bad.

ROBSON

Bet you've had worse?

She looks Keith over and shrugs.

JUDITH

Only when I'm drunk.

KEITH
A drink then?

She thinks.

JUDITH
Maybe just a small one. A small
glass of white wine.

KEITH
A small glass of white.

He turns and shouts over the crowd.

KEITH
Get a small glass of white, Trev.

Immediate shock returns to engulf Judith.

KEITH
Oh he can't hear me, I'll go get
it.

He pushes through the crowd.

ROBSON
You alright, you've gone very
pale?

JUDITH
I'm fine, just a little...cold
flush. Have you three been in
here since we arrived?

ROBSON
Where else would we be?

JUDITH
Where else.

ROBSON
Have you seen Jean about, I
haven't congratulated her yet.

JUDITH
(quickly)
No. No idea where she is.

Keith returns with a glass of wine, closely followed by a very drunk looking Trevor, who sloshes three pints in his grasp.

Judith takes the glass from Keith and downs it in one, much to the surprise of the three men.

JUDITH
I'll have another please, Keith.

KEITH
Right you are.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - SEATED AREA - DAY

David slouches and dabbles on his mobile phone, a can of lager rests at his feet.

Looking a bit worse for wear, Trevor finishes his can and slides it under his seat, with the other empties.

DAVID
When are we making a move?

TREVOR
We can't be the first to leave.

David looks to his dad.

DAVID
Why?

TREVOR
Wouldn't look good.

DAVID
To who?

Trevor waves his arms.

TREVOR
Everyone.

David looks round, some are eating, others drinking, but almost everyone looks bored.

DAVID
Barely anyone knows who we are.
You said yourself not all the
family bothered in the first
place. We've shown our face,
paid our respects, so lets just
make our exit.

TREVOR
Somewhere better to go?

DAVID
No.

TREVOR
The pub?

David laughs.

DAVID

That's rich. How many have you had now?

Trevor leans forward to look under his chair.

DAVID

How many did Chester bring?

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

He works for a brewery, or he used to last I heard.

DAVID

He works for a brewery and you don't keep in touch? The world's gone mad.

He stands and adjusts his crotch with a grimace.

DAVID

Well I'm off, sure you can manage to get yourself in a taxi?

Trevor looks up at his son with glazed eyes.

TREVOR

You're leaving me.

DAVID

The tables have turned, dad. The tables have turned.

He takes one step and is stopped by the tinging sound of steel on glass.

Frank stands on a table, plated food underfoot, and bangs a knife against a bottle of wine. Two young WOMEN hover behind him.

FRANK

Can I have everyone's attention.

Sarah races over.

TREVOR

This should be good.

David reluctantly sits back down.

TABLE

Sarah stands in front of Frank.

SARAH

What are you doing, get down
before you kill yourself.

Frank waves her caution away.

FRANK

Just a few words about my old
pal, Jack.

The mourners hush and listen.

FRANK

I only knew Jack a short while,
since he moved in next to me, but
I'd like to say he cheered up my
days...I'd like to say...

He waits for a response, none is coming. He smiles and the
fluorescent light bounces off his gleaming teeth.

FRANK

We spent our days, his final
ones, talking about old times,
when times were better.

He looks up as if picturing a memory.

FRANK

When we were free and
independent, could do what we
wanted, not like now in our
Stalag.

He shoots a look to Sarah, who laughs off her
embarrassment.

FRANK

Shame neither of us did anything
with our lives. Well he knocked
out a few dozen sprogs and I went
to the Moon in seventy four and
Mars in seventy six, but I can't
really talk about that.

Skeptical murmurs sweep across the room. One laugh escapes
from the corner but quickly ceases, remembering the
occasion.

FRANK

We argued but...

Sarah gives his trouser leg a tug.

SARAH

Will you get down, you're making
a spectacle.

FRANK

...we were friends, and that's
why I couldn't let him go out
without a good do. Besides he
always said, left up to my
family, they'd bury me in a bin
bag.

A few gasps ring out from the crowd as the murmurs turn to
muttering.

SARAH

Right that's it, get yourself
down now.

FRANK

I'm coming but you'll have to
help me, my hips are knackered.

SEATED AREA

Trevor and David watch as Sarah struggles to help Frank
down from the table. The two women rush to his aid and try
to hamper Sarah.

TREVOR

Told you. I knew none of this
lot would have paid for a do.
(under his breath)
Tight bastards.

DAVID

Well you didn't offer.

TREVOR

Why should I, I'm not immediate
family.

David hangs his head and lets out a long sigh.

TREVOR

Hello young man.

David looks up to see the young boy from early, standing an
inch from him. A food stain rings the boys mouth.

DAVID

Oh, hello.

The young boy's mischievous grin slowly contorts to a face straining to eject another bowel movement. After a few head jerks the smile returns.

DAVID
Jesus Christ!

David grabs his nose.

TREVOR
Better out than in, kid.

The boy's mother appears and takes him by the arm.

WOMAN
I've told you about wandering
off.

She smiles to Trevor and David.

WOMAN
Sorry.

She sniffs the air.

WOMAN
Have you had another poo?

The boy looks at David as his mother checks the back of his pants.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 6 MONTHS EARLIER

Minimal fixtures and fittings. Modern and tidy.

David scoops out the entire contents from a bedside drawer and dumps them into a suitcase.

AMY (O.S.)
How's it going?

David shrugs for no one's benefit, and sits on the bed.

Amy (32), pretty and slim, enters.

AMY
Are you nearly done?

DAVID
Yeah, nearly.

AMY
Well if you need a hand?

DAVID
I can manage thanks.

Amy nods and retreats.

David looks round the room, taking it in for one last time. His eyes settle on the half open door.

He drops his knees to the floor and pulls the bottom drawer completely out. Another quick glance to the door, then removes a hidden carrier bag. Drops it in his case and returns the drawer to its runners.

As he stands, Amy ducks her head round the door.

AMY
Don't forget your secret porn
stash.

She nods to the drawers.

DAVID
I won't, I've got it thanks.

Amy smiles.

AMY
At least you won't have to hide
it away now.

DAVID
(sarcastically)
Bonus.

Her smile fades as she exits, leaving David to shake his head.

DAVID
No more tactical wanking.

He zips up his case and exits with it.

EXT. DAVID & AMY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Carrying a small toilet bag, David exits. He stops just outside the door.

DAVID
I'm off then.

Amy appears in the doorway.

AMY
Okay.

An awkward silence as both ponder...

AMY
Don't forget Wednesday.

DAVID
I won't, I'll pick him up about
four if that's alright?

AMY
Yeah that's fine, I'll have him
ready.

David nods and looks past Amy into the house.

DAVID
Bye, son.

Amy turns.

AMY
Come here then.

THOMAS (2) appears and is hoisted up by his mother.

AMY
Say bye to daddy.

DAVID
Bye, kidda.

Thomas looks back blankly

David manages a smile.

DAVID
Can I have a kiss then, son.

THOMAS
Yeah!

As David leans in, Thomas grabs him by the nose in a pincer grip.

DAVID
Aghhh, let go, Thomas.

AMY
Thomas let go of daddy.

Both parents pull away causing more discomfort for David before Thomas relinquishes his grip.

David rubs the pain in his nose.

DAVID
See you Wednesday, son.

THOMAS

Yeah!

DAVID

(to Amy)

See you then.

AMY

Bye, David.

She closes the door, leaving David alone. He picks up his suitcase and leaves.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

Flowery wallpaper and too many pictures on the walls.

David sits on the single bed and looks into his open suitcase. He takes his phone from his pocket and types.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

DAVID [TEXT]

Hi, it's me.

AMY [TEXT]

What have you forgotten?

DAVID [TEXT]

Nothing. It's just I've found something in my case. Must have been in my drawer.

AMY [TEXT]

And?

DAVID [TEXT]

It's not mine.

AMY [TEXT]

Which drawer?

DAVID [TEXT]

Pants.

AMY [TEXT]

Keep them, I don't mind. See you Wednesday.

DAVID [TEXT]

Wednesday. OK.

AMY [TEXT]

Bye.

DAVID [TEXT]

Bye.

BACK TO SCENE

David drops his phone onto the bed and peers into his suitcase. Using his fingertips, he pulls a pair of mens underpants out.

DAVID

Keep them my arse.

At arms length he drops them into a carrier bag and ties the top.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - EXIT/CARPARK - DAY

Trevor leans against the wall, beside the door, and demolishes another can of lager.

David stands a few feet away, peering out onto the road.

DAVID

Where the hell is this taxi?

TREVOR

Should have brought the car.

DAVID

And who's going to drive it home?

Trevor shrugs.

David returns his attention to the empty road.

The community centre door opens and Sarah and Rachel exit enjoying a giggle.

TREVOR

Ladies.

They turn to see Trevor grinning. He gives them a wink.

SARAH

Holding up okay then?

Trevor pats the wall.

TREVOR

It's doing a grand job.

The women smile and walk away, passing an increasingly agitated David.

DAVID
Bastard taxi driver said he was
just round the corner.

He notices Sarah and Rachel.

DAVID
Oh, hi.

SARAH
Hello again. Having trouble?

DAVID
Just waiting for our lift. Need
to get him home.

RACHEL
(sarcastically)
Why?

They all look at Trevor who is now swaying back and forth.

DAVID
You're free to jump in with us,
if you're desperate?

He chuckles.

SARAH
Thanks but we're fine.

DAVID
Okay, well it was nice...

His mobile rings.

DAVID
I swear if he says he's five
minutes away again...

He takes out his phone and studies the screen: AMY CALLING

SARAH
Bye then.

David blindly waves to the two women as they depart the scene.

DAVID
Yeah, bye.

TREVOR
Is it the taxi, son?

DAVID

No.

He answers the call.

DAVID

Hi.

INT. DAVID & AMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy sits on a plush comfy sofa, her eyes flick between a large wall mounted television showing a soap opera and Thomas who plays with his toys that are strewn across the floor.

AMY

Hi, David.

INTERCUT

DAVID

What's up, are you and Thomas alright?

AMY

Yeah we're both fine, I was just wondering how you were?

DAVID

Oh, I'm just dandy.

He looks round to his dad, who is now against the wall.

DAVID

(sarcastically)
Having a great day.

AMY

Oh what you up to?

DAVID

I've been at a funeral all day.

AMY

Oh God I'm sorry, anyone I know?

DAVID

Some distant relative of my dad.

Amy looks at Thomas who plays with a toy car.

AMY

How is your dad?

DAVID
Drunk as usual.

AMY
I was talking to him the other
day, said you've been making a
tit of yourself lately. His
words not mine.

David gives his dad a stern look, but Trevor's attention is
focused on staying upright.

DAVID
Well that's carried on today too.

AMY
What?

DAVID
I didn't know you'd been ringing
my dad?

AMY
I haven't, he's been phoning me.

DAVID
Why?

AMY
To see if his grandson is okay.

DAVID
Oh right, of course.

AMY
And also to see if I've been
alright?

DAVID
And have you?

AMY
Not really, no.

DAVID
Oh?

Silence from both parties.

AMY
I know it's a bit late, David,
but I'm sorry how things turned
out. I miss you, and so does
Thomas.

David rubs his hair, contemplating a response.

AMY

I know you miss us, your dad told me.

DAVID

Big mouth.

AMY

Sorry?

DAVID

Not you, I meant my dad.

AMY

Anyway, if you want to come round and see us sometime, just let me know. We'd love to see you.

A taxi pulls up near David. He gives the driver a wave of acknowledgment.

DAVID

Would Wayne love to see me too?

Amy hangs her head.

AMY

I've not seen him in months. My choice not his. He's an arsehole.

David manages a brief smile.

DAVID

Told you.

AMY

I know, I'm so sorry. Anyway, let me know if you want to come.

DAVID

I will. Thanks.

AMY

Bye, David.

DAVID

Bye, Amy.

END INTERCUT

David looks round to his dad.

DAVID

Taxi's here, dad.

TREVOR

About time.

With his hands buried in his pockets, he staggers over. As he passes his son, David gives him a hug.

DAVID

Thanks, dad.

TREVOR

For what?

DAVID

Just thanks.

Trevor reciprocates the hug. Now free of hands, Trevor's trousers drop to the floor.

DAVID

Have your...

TREVOR

Told you they would.

Judith and a few fellow relatives exit the community centre. They stop and stare at the sight of Trevor's underpants.

FADE OUT