

**LIFE, DEATH, LAGER AND LIES**

**BY**

**ANTHONY HUDSON**

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the  
permission of the author

**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 morn 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 rooms 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...

### **CORRIDOOR**

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**