

MR LOVERMAN

EPISODE 5

by
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Based on the novel by Bernardine Evaristo

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F A B L E
PICTURES



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"Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind"

-King Lear

OVER BLACK

The sound of wine being poured. *

VOICE
You're astounding!

1 **INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 1 *

CLOSE ON a **BLACK ADONIS**. Smartly dressed, gazing right at us.

ADONIS
Your beauty is like a time machine,
transporting me back to an age when
magnificent Black women reigned
supreme. Amina, Nefertiti, Kandake
Amanirenas of the Kingdom of
Kush... Legends all, but there's no
one I'd rather devote my loyal
service to more than you, my queen.

REVEAL DONNA. Smiling. Seated. Taking it all in, almost regally, as Adonis pours her a glass of wine. *

DONNA
Tell me more.

Adonis takes her foot into his hand, tantalisingly. *

ADONIS
Your voice is a rhythm I yearn to
spend my life dancing to.

She likes the sound of that. Closes her eyes.

DONNA
More.

We hold on Donna as, over the course of the below, Adonis appears in various surprising positions around the chair, interacting with her in an increasingly odd sensual manner. His actions include sniffing her armpit, kissing her legs, sucking her fingers. *

ADONIS
It would be my greatest honour to
join with you as one - to enter
into your kingdom, melt into your
body and feel the base of your
heavenly warmth.

Donna, eyes still closed, leans back, really concentrating.

DONNA
More.

Adonis, now topless, takes her arm and runs his face from her hand to her shoulder, inhaling her aroma deeply as he goes to her neck and then ear where he begins to whisper seductively. *

She's focusing so hard now, bites her lip. *

DONNA (CONT'D)

More!

Adonis smiles, massaging her earlobes, about to hit her with the real magic when: *

THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING!

*

2 INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

*

DONNA'S near delirious eyes snap open as she sits up, pulls her hand from out of her skirt. Her wine glass, still on the side but absolutely NO ADONIS in sight. **NOTE: The mood feels completely different to the previous scene.** She looks over at the hallway, from which the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR sounds.

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DANIEL (O.S.)

Hey mum, what's for dinner?

*

Her face falls as she SNAPS CLOSED the BOOK balanced on her chest. Close on its title: SOCIAL CARE - BEST PRACTICE.

*
*

'MR LOVERMAN'

3 INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

3

A new night. Lighting candles, Donna is putting the finishing touches to an INTIMATE SETTING FOR TWO at the table as **DANIEL**, t-shirt and tracky bottoms and sliders, ambles in.

DANIEL

(attempting patois)

A wah dis?

Donna looks up at him, unimpressed.

DONNA

Excuse me?

DANIEL

(normal voice)

What's all this?

Daniel gestures at the setting as though an alien concept.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You have a date or something?

DONNA

As a matter of fact, I do.

Daniel is most surprised by this news.

DANIEL

With whom?

She switches on some old school R&B music. Pulls out a chair.

DONNA

My most favourite man in the whole, wide world. Come, take a seat.

Daniel, horrified, just looks at her. She can't be serious!

DONNA (CONT'D)

What? Don't look at me like that. Soon you'll be off to Uni - to Oxford - God willing - starting a whole new life. And where will I be? Here. Abandoned and alone.

DANIEL

Oh, God, not this again.

DONNA

(yes this again)

But until then - until then, I intend to spend some good quality time with my only son, who I raised alone, all by myself. So sit.

DANIEL

(not sitting)

Are you seriously trying to make me have therapy?!

DONNA

Don't be so ridiculous. All parents go on dates with their kids.

DANIEL

Um, no, they don't.

DONNA

Course they do. It's all the rage.

DANIEL

Rage being the emotion felt by the kids after the shame no doubt.

Donna motions to the TAKE AWAY CONTAINERS on the side she's just taken out of a brown bag. Daniel reluctantly starts unwrapping. And that's when Donna spots it. Incandescent:

DONNA

Daniel Eustice Wesley Walker,
your arm!

She JABS at what looks like a TATTOO on his arm, just visible underneath the sleeve of his T-SHIRT.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I know I didn't go through 5 days of labour, 4 botched epidurals, 3 forceps shoved up me, 2 vaginal tears, and 1 blood transfusion to bring you into this world, only for you to repay me by desecrating your body this way!

DANIEL

Well if I wasn't hungry before-

DONNA
Boy answer me!

DANIEL
Relax. It's just a henna.
(off her look)
Temporary!

This helps Donna simmer down a bit as she transports the containers to the table, chuckling slightly to herself.

DONNA
(rolling eyes)
No one likes a bad boy, son.

DANIEL
You did!

Donna stops, speechless for a moment. Shuts off the music.

DONNA
Do you think I could've ever - EVER
got away with disrespecting my
parents the way you just did me?

Daniel moves cautiously over to her.

DANIEL
Mum, I'm... sorry.

Donna doesn't respond. Just looks morosely at the empty chair she pulled out previously for Daniel. He registers. Sits.

DONNA
See. This is nice, isn't it?!

DANIEL
No, Mum. I'm sorry but - if you
want a date so bad, it's time you
went out and found yourself a man!

Boom! This lands as Daniel exits, leaving Donna alone.

PRE-LAP: '90s MUSIC...

4

EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT - 1993

4

YOUNG DONNA (16), strutting along, listening to a WALKMAN. Looking like a Janet Jackson clone from "*Poetic Justice*" in baggy jeans, crop top, hoop earrings, with braids under a baker boy cap, when something catches her attention. She stops. A sense of happy recognition adorning her face as we snap back to:

5

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

5

Donna, same get-up (business suit, etc.) as **Ep 3 Sc 11**, is trying to make sense of the deluge of work files strewn across the table as **MAXINE**, who she's just let in, donning shades and looking more than worse for wear, takes a seat.

DONNA

Come then, Maxi. What's up?

MAXINE

Ah. Hit the tiles with Daddy and Uncle Morris last night, didn't I, so paying the price today.

Donna scowls. In need of a pick-me-up, Maxine reaches for the big family size packet of MALTESERS and takes a deep inhale of their aroma. Donna snatches the bag and stashes it away.

DONNA

No, why're you here? At my house.

MAXINE

What? Can't say hi to my big sis?

Donna just gives her a look. *Be for real!*

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Fine. I could use a little help drawing up a business plan.

DONNA

I've a lot on my mind at the moment. Work and... Daniel.

(to herself)

Maybe I should call Dr Lee, he's under the weather.

MAXINE

Look, just, relax! Dan's fine. You always worry too much.

DONNA

Excuse me if I don't take parenting tips from a childless 36-year-old, raised in a life of luxury.

MAXINE

Erm, weren't we raised in the same house or did I imagine that?

DONNA

Don't mean we were raised the same!

Donna whips the bag of Maltesers back out. Starts popping them in without offering a single one to Maxine.

MAXINE

Sorry for being born and ruining your life, okay? Now are you going to help me or not?

Donna hesitates a beat, then reaches for her LAPTOP. Maxine smiles and scooches over next to Donna, just in time to see her open up the screen. There in full view is an APPLICATION to join a DATING WEBSITE. Donna slams it back shut.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Let me see.

DONNA

No.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Let me see.

The sisters wrestle with one another like two small children.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Oi, stop it. Stop it.

Maxine manages to prise the laptop away from Donna.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I mean it, Maxi. Give that back.

But Maxine's already opened up the screen and is gawping at it in amazement.

Donna tries to grab it.

MAXINE

I think it's great. Personally I don't know how you've lasted so long without, you know...

Donna eyeballs Maxine, who, relenting, hands the laptop back.

MAXINE

Let me help.

DONNA

If I need help finding my local STI clinic, I know who to call.

MAXINE

Slut shaming? Really?

DONNA

If the shoe fits.

MAXINE

Hey! Even Cinderella should've tried out a few more balls before settling.

Maxine pulls a face. Donna tries to suppress a giggle.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Come on, D. Let me help.

Reluctantly, Donna puts the laptop back on the table and opens it up as the sisters huddle around it. Maxine reads quietly for a moment. Donna watches on, apprehensively.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're not after much are you?

DONNA

What?

MAXINE

(reading)

Criteria: A Caribbean man or of Caribbean descent. Very successful and solvent professional, aged between thirty-five and forty-nine, with no children from previous relationships. Must be very intelligent and educated to at least degree level. Tall, ideally 6ft plus, of muscular build and without a pot belly. Handsome - but not so handsome other women will chase. Absolutely no men with hairy chests, backs, hands, nose, ears or any ingrowing hairs need apply.

DONNA

Did I put he must really 'get me'?

MAXINE

You don't think maybe you're being a tad bit excessive do you, D?

(off Donna's look)

You know what they say; gotta crawl before you walk.

Donna scowls.

DONNA

Haven't I done enough of that?!

6

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 2007

6

DONNA lies in a hospital bed. Her face, bruised and badly beaten. Every small movement, agony.

Sat beside the bed, overwhelmed with worry, are **BARRY** and **CARMEL**, who is clutching a sleeping **BABY DANIEL**.

CARMEL

We should call the police.

Donna winces in pain as she shakes her head, panicked.

DONNA
No, Mum, please.

BARRY
She right, Carm. No police.
(off Carmel's look)
Let it be. It neither theirs nor
your place to intervene.

Off Donna, staring sadly at her father.

7

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

7

DONNA
You know what, forget this!

Donna goes to shut her laptop. Maxine interjects.

MAXINE
D, not every man's going to be like
Frankie, so go *carpe* those *DM's*.

Maxine, shielding the laptop away from Donna, hits a few
buttons, types something we can't see, then with a rather
mischievous grin, hits enter.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
There.

Maxine closes the laptop.

DONNA
I know you just didn't do that.

MAXINE
Relax. These things usually always
take time. You might change your
mind.

8

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

8

LEGEND: **'THE NEXT NIGHT'**

A pair of freshly shaved legs, under a sleek dress, walking
towards us. Reveal, amazingly, they belong to Donna, looking
uncharacteristically chic in make-up and heels.

She clutches her handbag as she makes her way towards the
entrance - nervous but trying not to let it show, until she
sees him... A BLACK MAN IN A SUIT. **TONY**. 50s. Waiting by the
entrance. SMILING. A pleasant face we instantly warm to,
decent build and hairline. Holding a single RED ROSE.

TONY
Donna.

Donna is pleasantly surprised by his appearance.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's lovely to meet you.

Smiling, he hands her the rose.

DONNA
Uh, thanks.

PRE-LAP: A DEEP RUMBLING SOUND...

9

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

BARRY'S eyes creak open. Dry and red, take a moment to adjust - surprised now to find the darkness beyond the open curtains. Barry sits up, untangling himself from the sheets, reaches over and starts to unscrew a bottle of rum.

INSERT FLASH IMAGE: MORRIS STANDING AND MARCHING OUT OF THE CAFE FROM EP 3 SC 45 AS BARRY CAN ONLY WATCH ON, HELPLESSLY.

Barry shakes away the memory. Drinks.

10

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

-Barry, ravenous, scours the cupboards for food.

-Barry picking mould from the last of a LOAF of BREAD that's on the turn.

-Barry pops the BREAD into the toaster.

-Barry searches through a drawer of appliances for something.

-SMOKE begins to whisper out of the toaster.

-Barry now jabs frustratedly at a can of tomatoes with a KNIFE, accidentally knocking a tumbler off the side in the process, which SMASHES on the floor.

-The toaster beset now by smoke.

-The Fire alarm goes off and Barry takes a tea-towel to the toaster trying to disperse the smoke.

11

INT. MORRIS' FLAT - NIGHT - THE SAME TIME

11

Here too, we find smoke only we quickly land on its cause: a
STICK OF INCENSE burning gently next to a record spinning,
sending its soft aroma throughout the small room, past vinyl
covers lying strewn across the floor, over to MORRIS - lost
in a melancholic reverie.

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TONY

Do you enjoy it?

DONNA

It pays the bills but... I dunno, I like to think what I do is important, at any rate. Makes a difference in some way at least.

He nods. Fully respecting the sentiment.

TONY

I hear that.

DONNA

What about you? What do you do?

TONY

I'm a doctor. Well, consultant.

Donna perks up even more at the sound of this, takes a sip of wine.

DONNA

Oh, wow. What kind?

TONY

Gynaecologist.

Tony proudly takes a sip of his drink. Donna halts.

DONNA

And what made you choose that? Spending all day looking at muffs? A weird teenage fantasy is it?

TONY

No not all day, sometimes there's the fun of x-rays, lunchtime seminars, oh and paperwork too.

DONNA

But seriously, what made you choose that particular field?

TONY

My mum. She died of cervical cancer when I was ten.

Donna is mortified.

DONNA

Shit! I'm so-

TONY

Please! There's no need. Really.

He smiles warmly. Donna nods, thankful for his generosity.

TONY (CONT'D)

I love what I do. But one good thing about becoming a consultant is it's allowed me to take on a more supervisory role, freeing up more time for my real passion.

DONNA

Which is?

TONY

Rambling.

DONNA

Well, I didn't want to say anything, but...

She raises her eyebrows, cheekily, takes a sip of her drink.

TONY

(chuckling)

You're funny.

Donna, surprised, tries to hide her delight.

14

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

A CANDLE flickers, spreading its soft light across the small room. Neat shelves of books, the odd poster or two...

On the bed find Daniel, making out with a pretty WHITE GIRL:

This is Christine. Aka "**CHRIS**". 17. His posh, privileged, on-off girlfriend, whose brashness masks her own set of insecurities.

Both are fully clothed. Sloppy and inexperienced in their pursuit. He fumbles a hand downward from her face towards her bust. It hovers there, anxious whether to touchdown or not.

After a moment, Chris, herself unsure, takes Daniel's hand and places it firmly on her breast. Oh! He likes the feel of that. His first time. So does she. Smiling as she comes up for air:

CHRIS

What time's your mum home?

Daniel wriggles a little, clearly turned on but nervous [**N.B. Daniel affects a more "street voice" whilst with Chris**].

DANIEL

Um, boy, not for a while, still. She's on a date.

Chris bites her lip, an idea forming.

CHRIS

Good.

She starts to lift the apprehensive Daniel's top off. Stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is that a... henna?

Frowning, she points at his arm. Daniel shrugs sheepishly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What happened to getting a real one?

DANIEL

Gotta try before you buy. Plus a real one's for life, you know.

Chris is clearly unimpressed but tries to ignore it, running her hands through his hair like a dog owner would their pet.

CHRIS

(in her clipped voice)
You know what would be proper gangsta?

DANIEL

What?

CHRIS

If you got plaits. Like Kendrick.

She smiles. He half does. His turn to be a little turned off.

DANIEL

My dad has dreads.

Chris, impressed once more, though a little confused.

CHRIS

I didn't know you still saw him?

DANIEL

Yeah, well, there's a lot people don't know about me, innit.

Chris smiles, kisses him. Reaches up to the shelf above.

CHRIS

What's this?

It's a CHESS TROPHY. From only a year ago. Daniel grabs it.

DANIEL

Nuttin.

Stashes it away. Chris pulls out a dry herb vaporizer .

CHRIS

Wanna get, like, really fucked?

Daniel looks horrified.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Dab some weed with me and I'll let you taste it, or...

She saddles up close. Whispers in his ear.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Who knows... Maybe finally see if I
can handle that BBC.

Daniel, confused, mouths BBC as she reaches a hand downward.
He flinches. Oh! He smiles an uncomfortable smile as Chris
set the vaporizer to heat up. She takes a long inhale and
blows vapor seductively into his face. She offers the
vaporizer to him. He hesitates, then:

15

INT. BAR - NIGHT

15

DONNA

(enamoured)

He's my world. Has been for the
past 17 years.

TONY

Oh, so soon no longer a boy but a
man, ready to fly the nest. I bet
he doesn't even want to hug you
anymore.

Donna's smile vanishes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry, I-

DONNA

No, it's okay. Like you said I am
proud of him. 'Specially being
Oxford bound. Hopefully.

TONY

Wow. You have raised him well.

Donna, though appreciative of the praise, shrugs, as:

16

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

Daniel copies her, taking a long inhale of the vaporizer...
and hurls right into Chris' bag.

CHRIS

(horrified)

My bag!!

17

INT. BAR - NIGHT

17

TONY

I hope my girls do as well when
they are of the same age.

DONNA
(spluttering a little)
You have kids?

Donna takes a gulp of her wine, almost finishing the glass.

Appetite now lost, he pushes his plate away, FOCUSING ON:

The nearby TELEPHONE. Not ringing.

*

*

*

MERLE

Haven't lost your taste for the dramatic I see.

BARRY

All the world's a stage...

Barry shivers a little.

MERLE

Well, let's get you back inside before it's your final curtain call.

She rolls up her sleeves.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Step aside, Uncle.

He does as he's told and she ascends the steps.

25 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 25

The FRONT DOOR opens to REVEAL Barry's amazed face regarding a cocky looking Merle, holding a bank card and hair clip.

26 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER** 26

Barry and Merle sit at the table drinking a cup of something hot. As Merle takes in the place that's looking even more neglected than ever, Barry slips some RUM into his drink.

He takes a big, warm, satisfied sip.

BARRY

Mi owe you big time.

MERLE

You, owe me?! Are you serious?!

Barry nods.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Christ. It's the least I could do after what you did for me. Now that debt, Mr Walker, is one I can never repay.

Barry waves her off.

BARRY

No need. Dat long in the past.

MERLE

Still-

BARRY

It was the least I could do.

She smiles, ever thankful.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Tell me... how you learn to break
into folks place so easily like
that?

Merle goes to take a sip of her drink.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You want a little sup'm-sup'm?

Barry offers her the rum.

MERLE

Sì va bene.

Barry pours some in. Merle takes a sip. Smiles. It's good.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Let's just say, before your kind
intervention, there were times I
was forced to do things I didn't
necessarily want to do.

As Merle sips, Barry notices a couple of round burn marks
garnish her hands.

She shrugs. Drinks. A part of her clearly still haunted.

Barry tops up her cup with rum...

MERLE (CONT'D)

Shukriya.

...and then his own.

BARRY

We all must do what we haffu do to
survive. Doesn't make us bad
people.

Merle nods. It's clear she's one tough lady who's lived a
full and varied life. One Barry evidently cares for fondly.

They drink in silence for a moment.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You know I've always admired you,
Miss Merle.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(off her look)

Um-hm. Right from the moment we did meet...

27 **EXT. CAZENOVE ROAD - STOKE NEWINGTON - NIGHT - 1993** 27

A hot, sticky, summer's night.

MORRIS'S FORD FIESTA (looking almost new) is parked up a few houses down from the Walker Residence.

28 **INT. FORD FIESTA - NIGHT - 1993** 28

Barry, tipsy, sleeves rolled up on his fine tailored suit, sporting gold rings and chain, lounges in the passenger seat as Morris, more sober, clothes less fine, cuts the engine.

MORRIS

Good night, spar.

Barry takes in his lover's face with drunken affection.

BARRY

Good night, Morris. My Morris.
You've always been my Morris.

MORRIS

Okay...

BARRY

A goodhearted man, a special man, a sexy man, a history-loving man, a loyal man, a man who appreciates a good joke, a man of many moods, a drinking man and a man with whom I can be myself completely!

MORRIS

You about to burst into song?

BARRY

I might. I want to sing your name out into the night...! That rhymes!

Morris is sceptical. Can see this for what it is.

MORRIS

Well... you forgot soon-to-be-divorced-man! Going back to his one bed besit. Alone.

Barry grabs Morris's hand.

BARRY

Yuh free, Morris. That make yuh a richer man than most. Far richer man than me!

29

EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - NIGHT - 1993

29

Barry approaches the gate, unsteadily, fumbling for his keys. Pleased to have found them before he looks up to notice the two teenage girls sitting on the steps:

Young Donna - short cropped hair, army fatigue tee, beads - and Merle - looking more like a skinny teenage boy than girl. Sharing a CIGARETTE and a CAN OF LAGER.

Young Donna jumps up at the sight of her father, tries to drag Young Merle inside, who is having none of it.

YOUNG MERLE

Hello, Mr Walker.

It's said a little bit warily, but pleasant enough.

BARRY

Hmm, it speaks.

He parks himself on the wall of the stoop, ignoring Young Donna, who has bundled her knees up to her chest and buried her head.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I was starting to think maybe you were merely an apparition.

YOUNG DONNA

(into her knees)

Jesus.

YOUNG MERLE

Oh, no, Mr Walker, I'm very much real. I have a name and everything.

BARRY

And what would that be, young lady?

YOUNG MERLE

Merle.

Barry outstretches a hand.

BARRY

It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Merle.

Slightly warily, she accepts, fixes him with a stare.

YOUNG MERLE

And you.
(and then)
I'm a lesbian.

Young Donna's head shoots up and her eyes nearly pop out.

Barry's a little taken by surprise, but he holds onto Merle's tiny hand as her eyes stay transfixed on him with an openness that is prepared for either a negative or positive response.

BARRY

Merle... *my she a brave girl, fi true* - that's fine by me. You do what you want - I'm no bigot. You girls have my blessing, but I can't speak for the wife.

Barry gestures to the upper floors of the house. Young Merle smiles, slightly relieved. But Young Donna is furious.

YOUNG MERLE

You're really cool.

Young Merle slips Young Donna a look as if to say Barry's not at all how she expected him to be.

YOUNG MERLE (CONT'D)

I wish I had a dad like you. Mine kicked me out a year ago when he caught me with my ex. I had to move into a hostel.

BARRY

You love and support your children no matter what. *Barry, you sanctimonious old-* Where yuh mother?

YOUNG MERLE

Back in Montserrat. They divorced when I was young.

BARRY

Well, far as I'm concerned, you girls can do as you please. So long as my daughter happy, so am I.

Young Donna scowls. Young Merle smiles. Something about it unsettling and yet reassuring to Barry in equal measure.

He looks away, up at his house. Contemplating.

Barry turns back to Merle, taking a drag of the cigarette.

He smiles to himself, takes a step forward.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Uh-Oh, Barry, yuh eedyat, wha yuh a do-? Merle...

The two girls look down at him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

...lemme tell you something. I really admire your courage. Most folk pretend they just the same as everybody else. But you now, you stay true to who you are, and few of us are brave enough to do that. However... there comes a time when even the biggest cowards got to-

Young Donna suddenly stands.

YOUNG DONNA

Don't be so bloody patronising and spare us the lecture, Dad. I don't need your approval or permission! Merle, let's go inside. We need to talk!

Young Donna heaves Young Merle up by her arms. Young Merle just about manages to mouth an apologetic 'sorry' before being propelled into the house.

Off Barry, alone in the night, ruing what could have been.

30

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

Barry, the very same look now as he sits and reflects.

BARRY (V.O.)

Um-hm. The first and last time mi had the slightest urge to spill the beans about who I really was.

Merle smiles.

MERLE

*You were always very kind to me. Sounds funny but
(sincere)
I always felt you understood me in a way most others didn't.*

They lock eyes. A deeper meaning at play.

BARRY (V.O.)

Tell her now, nuh man. Tell her it cause yous a raging pooftah.

BARRY (V.O.)
*She won't care. Love you even more
in fact.*

Barry, unable to go through with it, breaks the eye contact.

BARRY
Never mind.

The moment lost, he takes a sip of his drink.

BARRY (V.O.)
*No, that's right. You drink yuh
drink.*

MERLE
I'd better get goin'.

She takes out a pen and scrap of paper from her bag.
Scribbles down something.

MERLE (CONT'D)
*'Case you ever get locked out again
or anything... you know where I am!*

He looks at the paper with Merle's address and number.

BARRY
Thank you, Miss Merle.

MERLE
Give my love to Morris.

Barry looks her in the eyes. Nods.

They start out.

MERLE (CONT'D)
And Donna. How is she?

31

INT. BAR - NIGHT

31

Donna, juiced-up, losing all inhibition, staring at a detail of Tony's appearance she's just noticed and finds unpleasant. She downs a fresh drink he's just bought. Suppresses a sly, would-be-burp.

DONNA
Why is it that all men, without
exception, are vampires?!

TONY
Is this a punchline for a joke?

DONNA

Oh they can be charming. By lord
can some of them be charming. But
their sole remit, ultimately, is to
suck - the life out of a woman.

Tony goes to speak but Donna isn't finished.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Take my dad. King of the vampires.
Charm-iest of the charmers. He - Is
'charm-iest' even a word?

TONY

I don't think so.

DONNA

You should see what he's reduced my
mother to, with all his lies and
all his phil- phila - philan...

TONY

Philandering?

DONNA

Don't mansplain at me. Where was I?

TONY

Philandering vampires.

DONNA

Right. The lies he tells to the face of the woman who has given her whole life to him. Ungrateful bastards.

A WAITRESS approaches the bar from behind Donna, about to enquire whether they could do with more drinks. Tony stealthily signals that they do not. The waitress backtracks.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter how much of her life she sacrifices - you'll find a way of letting her down - of abandoning her. You always do. I know it, my mum knows it, hell I bet even your wife did - amicable though it may've been. And one day, I'm pretty sure your daughters will too.

Tony reacts. Donna is instantly aware this is perhaps a step too far. An awkward, tense silence.

TONY

You want to insult me? Fine. Be my guest, if it makes you feel better. But please, do not speak of my daughters as though they are you. They are not. Just as I am not your father.

(small beat)

I'm sorry for wasting your time tonight. I'll sort the bill.

It's sincere. Tony gathers up his things. Stands to leave.

| | | |
|----|----------------|----|
| 32 | OMITTED | 32 |
| 33 | OMITTED | 33 |
| 34 | OMITTED | 34 |

35

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN / HALLWAY - NIGHT

35

Barry puts the paper with Merle's address up on the fridge. Stares at it a moment. A look of resolve descending onto his face.

BARRY
(muttering to himself)
Love to Morris.

Barry marches out and over to the TELEPHONE, takes a deep breath and is just about to pick up the receiver when...

RING! RING! RING! The phone bursts into life.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(hopeful)
Morris?

Barry lets it ring for a moment, nervous with anticipation as he wipes his hands on his dressing gown. Finally, he answers:

BARRY (CONT'D)
Hu-
(clears throat)
Hullo?

On the other end, CARMEL'S VOICE is barely a whisper.

CARMEL (V.O.)
He's dead Barry. Papi... he's gone!

Barry's face falls. A sense of fatalism over what's to come.

BARRY
I sorry, Carmel.

CARMEL (V.O.)
Mi feel like an orphan, Barry.

Carmel's voice on the other end is heavy with hope:

CARMEL (V.O.)
When... when you coming for the funeral?

Barry doesn't respond. Just hangs his head.

CARMEL (V.O.)
Barry?

BARRY
You know I don't business with funerals.

CARMEL (V.O.)
Yes, but this mi papi. I need you -
I really need you to come out.

BARRY
I sorry, Carmel. I sorry.... But I
just can't.

A sigh on the other end, then: CLICK.

PRE-LAP: MUSIC UP...

36

INT. BAR - NIGHT

36

Donna sitting at the bar alone, Tony's rose in front of her, she's deeply contemplative until... her PHONE STARTS TO VIBRATE.

WAITRESS
Excuse me, can I get you anything
else? It's last orders.

Donna shakes her head at the waitress as she takes out her phone. It's an international number.

DONNA
Hey mum!

CLOSE ON DONNA, now, her face like thunder.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
He said what? I can't believe it! I
seriously can't believe he would do
that to you, Mum. Again!

CARMEL (V.O.)
I said it before, Donna. Men...
they're not to be relied on.

37

EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT - 1993

37

Young Donna, backing up into a DOORWAY, shutting off the mangled sound from her Walkman, removing her headphones as her devastated eyes take in the sight of someone exiting a cemetery - a MAN in a suave suit. BARRY! Closely followed by what looks like a WOMAN in CHEAP CLOTHES.

38

INT. BAR - NIGHT

38

Back on Donna, on the phone.

CARMEL (V.O.)
I don't whan put yuh out.

Donna shakes her head, sadly.

DONNA

Don't be silly. Not like I'm doing
anything important anyway.

CARMEL (V.O.)

Well, if yuh sure...

Donna looks at the rose in her hand before releasing it and letting it fall to the ground.

DONNA

You need me, Mum. That's all that matters.

Off Donna, once again finding some purpose in her life.

END OF EPISODE.