

FLEABAG SPEC SCRIPT (S03E01)

Written by

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Based on Fleabag by Phoebe Waller-Bridge

Address
Phone Number

1 EXT. FLEABAG'S HOUSE - MORNING

Fleabag looks flustered. Her hair is a mess and she's wearing pyjama bottoms, an outdoor coat and slippers despite the ground being wet with rain. Last night's eye make-up is smudged around her face. She roots around in her bag for her keys.

She drops the bag in the floor, the contents spill everywhere. She looks like she's about to cry.

FLEABAG
Shit! Fuck! Shit!

She bends down and scoops the contents back into her bag. As she stands up she notices an attractive man in his thirties, HOT NEIGHBOUR, watching her from the pavement.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Hi.

He stares at her oddly.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
Hi. Is everything -

FLEABAG
It's fine. I'm fine. It's not you.
Don't worry. You can go.

There's an awkward moment and then he walks away.

Fleabag gives the camera a look of despair.

SUBTITLE FADES IN: THREE DAYS EARLIER

2 INT. CAFE. DAY

The cafe is almost full. Fleabag is behind the counter steaming milk in a jug. There's a queue forming at the counter.

A young woman, DEE, (late teens, skinny jeans and an apron) approaches the counter carrying a pile of dirty crockery. She places it down on the counter.

DEE
Can I take my break now?

FLEABAG
Just help me serve these customers first and then you can take it. Make Mrs Marsden a toasted tea cake.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
I have staff now.

Dee looks perturbed.

DEE (GLUMLY)
Fine.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
They do everything I tell them to do!

A teenage boy swaggers in with a staffie on a chain.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Hey! No dogs. Take it outside.

DEE
He's with me.

Dee takes off her apron and throws it on the counter.

DEE (CONT'D)
I'll finish those when I get back.

Dee grabs the boy by the arm and swans out of the door.

FLEABAG
Dee! I said -

The door slams behind her.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Most of the time.

3 INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

A group of teenagers are performing a musical recital. Jake is playing bassoon but is barely paying attention to his sheet music. Instead he intently watches Claire who sits alone on the end of the third row.

Fleabag rushes in. She spots Claire and runs over. There is clearly nowhere for her to sit so she sits on the edge of Claire's chair forcing her to scoot over, much to the annoyance of the man next to her.

CLAIRE
What are you doing here?

FLEABAG
You never answer your phone.

CLAIRE
I've been busy.

FLEABAG
Doing what?

CLAIRE
Stuff.

FLEABAG
Klare?

CLAIRE
What?

WOMAN (O.C.)
Ssshhhh!

Fleabag turns around and glares at her.

FLEABAG
Have you been doing Klare.

CLAIRE
I don't want to talk about it.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
Trouble in paradise?

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Have you seen him - since?

CLAIRE
Not here.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
She's ditched him. I knew she'd be
crap at adultery. She hasn't got it
in her.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Tell me you're not here because you
want to get back together with
Martin?

CLAIRE
I'm here to support my son.

FLEABAG
Ex stepson.

CLAIRE
I broke up with Martin, not Jake.

FLEABAG
Only because you're afraid he'll
slice you up and wear your face as
a mask.

A woman's head appears over Claire's shoulder.

WOMAN

Can you please keep it down. My daughter's violin solo is coming up.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

She turns to Fleabag.

CLAIRE (WHISPERED) (CONT'D)

Her daughter sounds like a hyena had its throat slit.

The music comes to an end and everyone claps politely. a TEACHER (Male, 50's, perky) walks to the front of the stage.

TEACHER

Thank you, everyone. Next we'll hear Meredith Cross perform Minuet in G.

Another polite applause. The woman behind Claire beams. Jake waves enthusiastically at Claire as a girl of about 13 begins to play the violin badly. Claire raises one hand in acknowledgement.

CLAIRE

I'm late.

FLEABAG

You go. I can stay until the end. Dee's probably burned the cafe down by now anyway.

CLAIRE

I mean - I'm late.

Realisation dawns.

FLEABAG

Shit! How late?

CLAIRE

A week.

FLEABAG

A week's nothing.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

She's pregnant.

CLAIRE

Maybe two.

FLEABAG

What?

CLAIRE
I've been very stressed. It's hard
to say.

FLEABAG
So it is Klare's? Or does that mean
it's Martin's.

CLAIRE (MUMBLED)
I don't know

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
Holy Shit.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
What?

CLAIRE
I don't know.

WOMAN
Ssshhhh

CLAIRE
I shouldn't have said anything
until I'd taken a test.

FLEABAG
Are you still on the pill?

CLAIRE
No, I came off it didn't I when
Martin and I were -

FLEABAG
Were you using condoms?

CLAIRE
Klare used a condom.

FLEABAG
But not Martin?

CLAIRE
Martin's never used a condom. He
says they're too small.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
Of course he does.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
So it's Martin's?

CLAIRE
I told you. I don't know. Me and
Martin weren't exactly - and the
last time we did it he didn't - you
know.

FLEABAG

Cum.

Claire looks around anxiously.

CLAIRE

This is a private school.

FLEABAG

Climax. Ejaculate. Bust his nut. He didn't drop his ghost load into your witches' pocket.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

I got that from a book.

Clare looks at her in disgust.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

It wasn't a good book.

CLAIRE

I hate you - He did but not - you know - where it matters.

FLEABAG

Oh! Where then? On your tits? Was it on your tits?

Claire stands up, furious, squeezes past Fleabag and walks to towards the back of the room. Fleabag follows her.

Claire stops in the atrium at the back of the hall.

CLAIRE

It was on my back if you must know.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Of course.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Probably not him then.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

That's how it works, isn't it?

The screeching violin comes to an end. Claire looks at her watch.

CLAIRE

Now I actually am late.

Claire starts to walk off. Fleabag roots around in her bag.

FLEABAG

I have something for you.

Claire isn't listening. She rushes out of the door leaving Fleabag standing alone as people begin pouring out of the hall.

Jake appears at her side.

JAKE
Where's Claire?

4 INT. HAIR SALON. DAY

Fleabag sits in the salon chair in front of a full length mirror. She has a stack of magazines in her lap. She takes one and holds it up to her face, copying the pouting expression of the red head on the cover.

A bubbly blonde HAIRDRESSER (Female, late 20's) appears behind her.

HAIRDRESSER
That's too warm for you. I think more ashy with hints of copper. It will really brighten your complexion.

Fleabag nods contemplatively.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
I have no idea what she's talking about.

She smiles brightly.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Great! Sounds perfect.

5 EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. DAY

Fleabag stands outside the front door. Her hair is scattered with blonde highlights, cut to frame her face and straighter than usual. She takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell.

Godmother answers the door. She looks surprised to see Fleabag but smiles, opens her arm and places a hand on either side of her face.

GODMOTHER
What a lovely new hair style. Did somebody break up with you?

FLEABAG
I just felt like a change.

GODMOTHER

Well, it's as good as a rest, they say. And God knows you get enough of that.

She turns walk down the hallway. Fleabag makes stabbing motions behind her back just as Dad comes out of the sitting room.

DAD

Sweetheart! You should have told me you were coming!

FLEABAG

I told you yesterday. When I called.

DAD

Did you?

GODMOTHER

Silly thing doesn't know if he's coming or going. Let's pop the kettle on, I have terribly exciting news.

6 INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY

Fleabag and dad sit on opposite sides of the living room.

DAD

Have you spoken to Claire? I haven't heard from her in ages.

FLEABAG

Yes. I saw her yesterday. I think she's just busy. Finland and - Martin stuff.

DAD

Oh, yes. Martin.

Godmother enters the room carrying a tray of tea with a large slab of cake. She places it down on the table and sits on the sofa next to Fleabag despite there being more room next to Dad and an empty chair.

GODMOTHER

Scooch up.

Fleabag shuffles along giving her a sideways glance.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Power move.

GODMOTHER

What was that about poor Martin?

FLEABAG

He died in an autoerotic
asphyxiation ritual. They're
burying him on the next full moon.

DAD

Oh dear.

GODMOTHER

She's just teasing, darling. Poor
Martin *is* taking it terribly hard
though.

FLEABAG

Have you spoken to him?

GODMOTHER

Of course. Whenever he gets the
chance to pop over. He's posing for
a portrait for me.

FLEABAG

Why on earth would you want to
paint a portrait of Martin?

GODMOTHER

It's a gift for Claire. Well it was
and I'd started so I thought I may
as well finish. That's what I
wanted to tell you.

FLEABAG

Your exciting news is that you're
painting Martin?

GODMOTHER

No, I have a new exhibition and I
think Martin is going to be the
centerpiece. He's coming along very
well.

Fleabag looks appalled.

FLEABAG

Does Claire know?

GODMOTHER

Of course not. That would spoil the
surprise.

7

EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY

Fleabag exits the back door and leans against the wall. She
lights a cigarette and takes a long, slow drag. She closes
her eyes.

She hears a rustling sound so opens her eyes and looks around. The sound seems to be coming from behind the shed at the end of the garden.

She looks at her cigarette miserably and then stubs it out against the wall. She walks up the garden and peers around the shed. Three baby foxes scamper about playfully. She smiles at how adorable they are. Sensing someone watching her she looks around and sees the mother's face peering out at her intently from under a bush. She backs away slowly.

GODMOTHER (O.C.)

What are you doing down there?

Fleabag turns around.

FLEABAG

Nothing. Just thought I saw a cat.

GODMOTHER

Well tell it to shoo. I think one of them has been shitting in my rhododendrons.

FLEABAG

Don't worry, it's gone.

GODMOTHER

Come back inside, your father will be very upset if you don't eat your cake. He made it himself. It's disgusting.

8 EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. DAY

Fleabag stands in front of the house as the door closes behind her. She's holding something wrapped in a paper napkin. She pulls aside the napkin and looks sadly at a large slice of victoria sponge. She wraps it back up and shoves it roughly into her bag as she walks off.

9 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY

Fleabag sits staring at her therapist who stares back at her in silence.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

I hate this bit. I'm not going to crack this time though. I'll just sit here for the whole hour if I have to.

The therapist clears her throat and looks down at her notes.

Fleabag gives a triumphant smile to the camera.

The silence resumes.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
I have a date.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Arse!

THERAPIST
Anyone special?

FLEABAG
A Neighbour. I mean my Neighbour.
Specifically. He's pretty hot.

THERAPIST
Is that why the? -

She gestures to Fleabag's hair.

Fleabag touches it anxiously.

FLEABAG
No, I just wanted to do something
different. I'd already made the
appointment.

The therapist nods and makes a note.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
You're going to tell me not to shit
where I eat, aren't you.

THERAPIST
I'm not going to tell you anything.

FLEABAG
Right.

Another awkward silence.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
He stole my parcel. I mean he
didn't steal it. He took it in but
then forgot he had it. That's how
we met.

The therapist nods.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Why can't I shut up?

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
He just moved in. I think. I've
never seen him before. I would have
remembered. He's pretty hot.

THERAPIST
You already said that.

FLEABAG
It was a copy of *The Joy of Sex*.
The parcel. It wasn't for me, it
was a gift for my sister. She's
just spilt up with her husband.

Fleabag rolls her eyes at her own verbal diarrhea.

THERAPIST
Did she like it?

FLEABAG
Splitting up with her husband?

THERAPIST
The book.

FLEABAG
I don't know. I haven't given it to
her yet.

THERAPIST
Do you think your sister needs a
copy of *The Joy of Sex*?

FLEABAG
Her ex was kind of boring in bed so
it's kind of a... joke.

THERAPIST
Do you think she'll be amused.

Fleabag ponders this.

FLEABAG
I don't know.

THERAPIST
Do you care?

Fleabag looks stumped.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
I'm just wondering if you're giving
it to her for her amusement or your
own. Who is the gift for?

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
Fuck.

10 INT. CAFE. DAY

Fleabag holds the door open for an elderly man as he shuffles
out.

FLEABAG

See you on Monday, Frank.

Frank waves as he heads off down the street.

She closes the door behind him and turns the sign to closed.

She starts to wipe down the tables when she hears the bell of the door ring. She doesn't turn around.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

We're closed.

DAD (O.C.)

Sorry, darling. I just wanted to -

Fleabag spins around.

FLEABAG

Dad! I didn't realise it was you.
Sit down I'll make you a cup of
tea.

She looks at the door.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Are you on your own.

DAD

You mother's just parking the car.
She won't be long.

A quick flashback to Dad sitting alone at her mother's funeral.

FLEABAG

What?

Godmother breezes through the door.

GODMOTHER

Sorry, it's so late, dear, but
silly Daddy thought you might be
busy so we decided to wait until
you were almost closed. We didn't
want to steal your focus from any
paying customers.

She looks around with distaste.

DAD

Here she is! I told you she
wouldn't take long.

Fleabag stares at her dad. She's speechless.

GODMOTHER
 Make sure you use soy milk in mine.
 Dairy gives me the trots.

FLEABAG
 She's not my mother.

GODMOTHER
 What's that?

FLEABAG
 He called you my mother.

GODMOTHER
 Oh, ignore him. He's just getting
 in a muddle.

Dad looks flustered.

FLEABAG
 Are you alright, Dad?

GODMOTHER
 He's fine.

Fleabag places two mugs of tea in front of them.

Godmother takes a sip.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)
 Is this definitely soy?

FLEABAG
 Yes.

She looks at the camera and gives a sly smile.

11 INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Fleabag admires herself in the mirror. She's wearing tight jeans and a top that shows a hint of cleavage. She holds up a brightly coloured scarf to her throat.

12 INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM. EVENING. FLASHBACK

Fleabag is standing in the mirror holding the same scarf and wearing a similar outfit. Her hair is dark again and a little longer. She looks carefree.

Boo is sitting on the bed amongst a pile of discarded clothes holding a glass of wine.

BOO
 It covers up your tits.

FLEABAG
I don't have any tits.

BOO
Exactly! So don't hide what you do
have.

Boo swigs from the wine. She spills some of it on the pile of clothes but tries to style it out.

FLEABAG
I like the colour though. Besides,
Harry's classy. He might appreciate
a woman who holds a little back.

She draws the scarf across her face and winks at Boo seductively.

Boo stands up and walks towards her. She takes the scarf out of Fleabag's hand and tosses it on the bed.

BOO
Then why is he going out with you?

Fleabag smiles.

BOO (CONT'D)
Don't be who you're not, when who
you are is you.

13 INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM. EVENING. CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings.

Fleabag hangs the scarf over the mirror. She picks up the discarded clothes and tosses them onto a chair. She positions a cushion on top so they can't be seen. She pushes her feet into a pair of kitten-heeled mules and rushes to the door.

14 INT. FLEABAG'S HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Fleabag takes a deep breath, smiles brightly and opens the door.

Martin is standing there.

The smiles drops from Fleabag's face.

He points at her face and gives a shit-eating grin.

MARTIN
That is exactly the reaction I was
hoping for.

He pushes past her into the house and turns and looks her up and down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Nice hair! Did you do it yourself?

FLEABAG

I'm going out.

MARTIN

So I see. Which category of poor bastard have you got your claws into this time? A monk? A rabbi? The Dalai Lama?

FLEABAG

I really hoped I'd seen the last of your smug fucking face once my sister finally came to her senses but here you are again, turning up unannounced like PM fucking T.

MARTIN

If I'd told you I was coming it wouldn't be nearly as satisfying.

FLEABAG

What do you want, Martin?

Martin moves closer.

MARTIN

You.

Fleabag backs away looking panicked.

FLEABAG

What?

Martin laughs viciously.

MARTIN

Calm down. I'd rather crawl back inside my mom's pussy than go anywhere near your banged-up snatch.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Charming as ever.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Why are you here then? If not to sexually assault me in my own home.

MARTIN

I need you to tell me what's going on with Claire?

CLAIRE

So you're here to ask me for a favour? You should have said.

MARTIN

It's not a favour. You want what's best for Claire, so do I. We don't need to like each other, we just need to do the right thing.

FLEABAG

What's best for Claire is that you fuck off and the right thing would be if you never came back. She doesn't want to be with you anymore. It's not a hard concept to grasp.

MARTIN

She doesn't know what she wants. She's been through a lot with the miscarriage and work has been stressful. She's just confused.

FLEABAG

Why don't you go and mansplain her feelings to her instead of me. See how that works out for you.

MARTIN

I can take care of her. You know that. I just need one more chance and she'll listen to you.

Fleabag draws herself up and puts her face close to Martin's.

FLEABAG

There is no scenario in which I will ever tell Claire to get back together with you. You are delusional.

MARTIN

And you're as cuckoo as your father.

FLEABAG

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

MARTIN

Did I hit a nerve?

FLEABAG

Go home, Martin.

MARTIN

Enjoy your date.

Martin turns and opens the door. Fleabag's surprised Hot Neighbour is standing on the doorstep. Martin looks at him in disgust.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Wear a condom. I know where she's been.

He stomps off into the night leaving a flustered Fleabag and a confused Hot Neighbour staring after him.

Hot Neighbour looks at her, puzzled.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

Did you change your hair?

15 INT. PUB. EVENING

Fleabag and Hot Neighbour sit across from each other at a small table in a busy pub. It's brightly lit and there is a scrum at the bar just a few feet away from them.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

I can't believe you've never been here before. It's your local.

FLEABAG

I just never really got around to it. It's got lots of - atmosphere.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Most of it is stuck to the floor.

Fleabag takes a drink of her wine and winces in disgust. She tries to hide it with a smile just as someone squeezes past, knocking her elbow and causing her to spill wine down her top.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Oh Crap.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

Here use this.

He pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and extends his arm across the table knocking over his pint of beer.

HOT NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)

Oh God! Sorry.

Fleabag stands up and moves away from the table as the beer spills into her lap. In doing so she knocks into a man trying to juggle three pints and he drops them all on the floor. Beer splashes up her legs.

Hot Neighbour looks at her in shock as Fleabag stares down at her wet clothes.

16 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING

Hot Neighbour sits on the sofa as Fleabag walks in. She's barefoot, wearing pyjama bottoms and a sleeveless top and is holding a bottle of white wine and two glasses.

She waves them at Hot Neighbour and sits down next to him.

He nods and smiles.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

I'm really sorry. This was not how I wanted tonight to go. I had a reservation at that Chinese place with the ducks in the window.

Fleabag hands him a glass of wine.

FLEABAG

Don't worry. They do takeaway. I've got a menu somewhere.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

They've probably got a website.

He takes out his phone and messes with it for a moment.

HOT NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)

What's your wifi password?

FLEABAG

Sorry?

HOT NEIGHBOUR

I get a really shit signal here. I need to get onto your wifi.

FLEABAG

It's okay. I'll get my laptop. We can use that.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

I have my phone right here.

He looks at her expectantly.

17 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. DAY. FLASHBACK

Boo is sitting cross-legged on the couch with the laptop while Fleabag unpacks boxes. She's holding Hilary the guinea pig in one hand and typing with the other.

BOO

Okay. It's asking me to put in a password.

(MORE)

BOO (CONT'D)

It says it should be memorable but not easy to guess and you shouldn't write it down anywhere.

FLEABAG

Just put password123 or something.

BOO

It specifically gives that as an example of one you shouldn't use.

FLEABAG

I'll forget anything else. Especially if I can't write it down.

BOO

That's why you pick something personal to you, so you won't forget.

She looks lovingly at Hilary and strokes her head.

Boo (CONT'D)

What about Hilary? You'll remember that.

FLEABAG

Okay. Put Hilarypig. All lower case. With ones for I's.

Boo types away rapidly.

Fleabag picks up a bottle of water from the table and sits down next to Boo. She looks at the screen.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Why is it so long?

BOO

That's what you wanted. Besides, it says the longer the better.

Fleabag leans across her and clicks on the icon to reveal the password:

hilarypigalllowercasewithonesforeyes

Fleabag bursts out laughing. She puts her arm around Boo and pulls her closer.

FLEABAG

Never change, Boo.

BOO

Will you remember it?

FLEABAG
Yes, I'll remember it.

18 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Hot Neighbour is still looking at her expectantly.
Fleabag puts out her hand.

FLEABAG
Give it here. I'll put it in.

19 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. LATER

Fleabag and Hot Neighbour are now sitting on the floor, the coffee table is strewn with the remnants of a Chinese meal. The first bottle of wine is discarded on the carpet and they are deep into the second. Hot Neighbour has removed his shoes.

Hot Neighbour is laughing at something Fleabag has said.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
Why do you think she married him then?

FLEABAG
It was next on the list wasn't it. Get degree, get second degree, get career, get Burberry coat, get husband. Kids would have been next but first she has to get over the fact that can't stand the sight of him naked and I don't think she ever did.

Hot Neighbour takes a sip of his wine and looks at her thoughtfully.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
So what's next on your list?

FLEABAG
I've never been very good at lists. I usually write things down after I've done them just so I can have the satisfaction of ticking them off. Open cafe. Tick!

She makes a ticking motion with her hand.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Fall in love with a priest - Tick -
Where did that come from?

HOT NEIGHBOUR

Ah, yes. The famous rodent cafe.
Quick question. Why guinea pigs?

20 INT. CAFE. DAY. FLASHBACK

Fleabag sits opposite the priest who is cradling a guinea pig.
He looks around.

PRIEST

Can I ask, why so many guinea pigs?

21 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Fleabag looks vaguely amused.

FLEABAG

Everyone asks that.

Hot Neighbour looks at her expectantly.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I just like guinea pigs. They don't
expect anything. Or as ask too many
questions.

22 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Fleabag sits in the confessional booth cradling a glass of
whisky.

FLEABAG

Frightened.

PRIEST (O.C.)

By what?

FLEABAG

Forgetting things - People -
Forgetting people.

23 INT. FLEABAG'S SITTING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Fleabag shakes her head to clear the thought.

HOT NEIGHBOUR

Are you okay?

FLEABAG

Yes, you've just got me thinking
about what I need to put on my
list.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
 Maybe you could put me on your
 list.

He moves forward to kiss her. Fleabag pulls away.

HOT NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)
 Sorry. That was way too forward -
 I'm not usually - it's wine. It
 makes me -

FLEABAG
 It's fine. Honestly. My head was
 just somewhere else and you took me
 by surprise. I'm not interested.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 That's not what I was going for.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 I mean I'm not *not* interested. I'm
 just - I just came out of a thing.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
 I get it.

FLEABAG
 Can we just pretend that never
 happened.

HOT NEIGHBOUR
 Of course.

There's an awkward silence.

Fleabag tips the rest of the wine into his glass until it's
 almost overflowing.

HOT NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)
 I don't think I should have any
 more. Maybe you should finish -

FLEABAG
 It's fine I have loads. I'll go and
 get some more.

She rushes out of the room before he can argue with her.

24 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag leans over the sink and stares at herself in the
 mirror. She talks to herself in the reflection.

FLEABAG
 You're fucking this up.

She adjusts her gaze so she's looking into the camera.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
I'm fucking this up. Do I want to
fuck this up? I don't think so. He
seems nice, doesn't he?

She turns back to the mirror. She looks like she's staring deep into her soul. She closes her eyes.

Quick flashback to the priest kissing her.

Fleabag slides her hand into her jeans and touches herself.

Another quick flashback to the priests face above her as they make love.

Her hand begins to move more vigorously.

The bathroom door bursts open.

Hot Neighbour is standing there, mouth agape.

Fleabag pulls her hands out of her jeans

HOT NEIGHBOUR
I didn't know you were - I should
go.

Hot Neighbour turns on his heel and walks out of the door.

25 INT. FLEABAG'S HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Hot Neighbour walks out of the sitting room carrying his coat and shoes. He heads towards the front door.

FLEABAG
It wasn't what it looked like. I
was just - scratching myself.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
How is that better?

HOT NEIGHBOUR
I just really have to go.

Hot Neighbour rushes out of the front door. The slam of the door echoes behind him as Fleabag stands there in despair.

26 EXT. STREET. LATER

Fleabag is rushing down the street. It's cold and windy. She pulls her coat tightly around her.

She approaches a brightly lit convenience store. A hooded teenage boy emerging from the store gives her a quick up and down but doesn't seem to like what he sees.

Despite herself, Fleabag is offended.

She pauses outside the entrance to the store and looks down at herself. It suddenly occurs to her that she's still wearing her pyjamas and a pair of slippers.

27 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. CONTINUOUS

Fleabag picks up the only pregnancy test on offer and walks over to the counter.

She places the pregnancy test down on the counter.

The shopkeeper smiles at her warmly.

Fleabag points over his shoulder at the selection of spirits.

FLEABAG
Bottle of scotch. Whatever's
cheapest.

The shopkeeper frowns.

28 EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE. LATER

Fleabag rings the doorbell.

Claire answers the front door wearing a dressing gown and with a towel wrapped around her hair.

FLEABAG
I fucked up.

Claire looks at her in alarm.

CLAIRE
I've think I've got some dye in the
bathroom.

29 INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Fleabag and Claire walk into the kitchen. Claire is removing the towel and running her fingers through her damp hair.

Fleabag puts the bag down on the counter. She pulls out the whiskey.

FLEABAG
I brought this. But before we can
drink it you have to do this.

She takes the pregnancy test out and puts them both down in front of Claire.

Claire drums her fingers on the counter.

CLAIRE
I don't think I want to know.

FLEABAG
Why not?

CLAIRE
Because if it's positive, that's a whole new storm of shit I have to deal with.

FLEABAG
And if it's negative?

Claire shrugs.

CLAIRE
I don't know. I think I'll be happy.

Fleabag takes two glasses from the cupboard and pours a shot of whisky in each. She hands one to Claire.

FLEABAG
Either way, one shot can't hurt.

They down the shots in unison.

CLAIRE
Okay.

FLEABAG
You'll do it.

CLAIRE
Yes.

She picks up the test and heads out of the door. She pauses in the doorway.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Will you do it with me?

30 INT. CLAIRE'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

Claire is sitting on the toilet holding the pregnancy test between her legs. Fleabag is leaning against the sink cradling another glass of whisky. A showercap covers her head as some brown hair dye takes effect.

FLEABAG
Hurry up.

CLAIRE
I'm trying.

Fleabag fills the toothbrush mug with water and hands it to her.

FLEABAG
Drink that.

Claire chugs the water.

CLAIRE
I think you're supposed to do it in the morning.

FLEABAG
You'll have lost your nerve by the morning.

She stares into her glass.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Does Dad seem alright to you?

CLAIRE
As alright as he can be living with the wicked bitch of the south-west.

FLEABAG
He doesn't seem a bit - weird?

CLAIRE
No more than usual. Why? Is something wrong?

FLEABAG
It's probably nothing. She just gets me riled up sometimes. I hate that she never lets him speak for himself.

CLAIRE
Yes, I'd noticed that. It's like speaking to him through an interpreter. I called in on them earlier by the way, she says you gave her the shits - Well done.

FLEABAG
I do my best. Are you still holding out?

CLAIRE
I'm thinking about it too much, I just need something to distract me. Talk to me.

FLEABAG

I went on a date with my neighbour. He soaked me in beer, tried to kiss me and then caught me masturbating in the bathroom. I don't think we'll be seeing each other again.

CLAIRE

Almost there.

FLEABAG

Godmonster is painting a portrait of Martin and wants to base an exhibition around it. I'm not supposed to tell you.

The sound of a steady stream of water. Claire looks relieved.

CLAIRE

There we go.

FLEABAG

You seem less mad about it than I thought.

CLAIRE

Jake already told me. Besides, she'll probably run out of paint before she finishes his forehead.

They both give an evil laugh.

Claire pulls her underwear up and stands up, holding the pregnancy test like it's made of glass.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your turn.

FLEABAG

My turn?

CLAIRE

You said you'd do it with me.

FLEABAG

I thought you meant come into the bathroom with you.

CLAIRE

There's two in the box.

FLEABAG

I'm on the pill.

CLAIRE

It'll make me feel better if I'm not alone.

Claire looks at her pleadingly. Fleabag sighs and picks up the box.

FLEABAG

Fine.

She sits down on the toilet.

CLAIRE

So do you normally masturbate on a first date?

FLEABAG

I usually wait until after they've fallen asleep.

Claire laughs.

Another steady stream of water.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I needed to get something out of my system. It would have worked if I'd remembered to lock the bathroom door. You get out of the habit once you've lived alone for long enough.

CLAIRE

I'm sure I'll find out.

She looks down at the pregnancy test in her hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Or maybe not.

Fleabag stands up.

FLEABAG

Okay. How long?

CLAIRE

Two minutes. Mine's nearly done.

FLEABAG

Oh! I almost forgot.

She picks up her bag and pulls out a copy of *The Joy of Sex*.

She hands it to Claire who immediately bursts out laughing.

Fleabag looks smug.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

I knew she'd find it funny.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I knew you'd laugh. My therapist thought you might be offended.

CLAIRE
I'm not laughing at this you idiot,
I'm laughing at that.

She points at the pregnancy test. There is one clear line,
the other window is empty.

FLEABAG
Is that negative?

CLAIRE
Definitely negative. Two lines is
positive and it's been more than
two minutes.

Claire looks like a weight has been lifted off her shoulders.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh God! Where's that whisky? I'm
going to get so drunk.

She walks out of the bathroom.

CLAIRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you want another one?

She receives no reply.

Claire reappears in the doorway.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I have some wine if you - what's
the matter?

Fleabag is standing in the bathroom staring down at the
pregnancy test in her hand. She looks up, straight down the
camera.

She opens her mouth as if to scream.

FADE TO BLACK.