

"It's passed"

by
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(Based on, Fleabag)

Season 3 Episode 1

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1. INT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

We open to a close up of an ultrasound screen with a blue slow-moving image of a tiny specimen. We hear swooshing of gel against skin.

Shot on NURSE'S hand administering ultrasound on a belly, in a slow circular motion.

NURSE

So - here it is.

Now we see the full picture and FLEABAG lying on a hospital bed.

FLEABAG

What? No, tell me it isn't.

Points to the screen in disbelief. FLEABAG (CONT'D)

That! That thing - is in me? NURSE nods to Fleabag.

NURSE (RATHER CLINICAL)

Yes, for about eleven weeks now it appears.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Well, shit. Just when you thought you've got a handle on your life.

NURSE

Well, when was your last cycle?

FLEABAG I have no clue.

NURSE

Don't keep track of it?

FLEABAG

Not if I can help it.

FLEABAG

(to camera,
bewildered)

Do people actually still do that?

NURSE

Well, that might help you in the future. There are apps and the like for it.

FLEABAG

Now, how many months did you say?

NURSE

I'd say, just under three now.

FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FLEABAG is dressed in the same as the last scene of the season two finale, eyes just beginning to brim with tears.

Priest and Fleabag sit on the bench waiting for the bus.

FLEABAG

Let's just leave that out there
for a second on its's own - I love
you.

The priest reaches for her hand. Deeply looks into her eyes.

PRIEST

It'll pass.

FLASHBACK - INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

FLEABAG barges into a grocery store on a mission, makeup muddled. Appearance callous, tunnel-visioned and determined she grabs a bottle of wine.

Bulldogging her way through she bumps shoulders with a tall, dark haired man walking towards the register. A baguette falls out from under his arm.

CHARMING MAN

(before seeing her)
Woah! Careful there.

FLEABAG

(still carless,
miserable)
Careful there, your-bloody-self!

Looks up to a familiar face, whose countenance softens once he recognizes it's FLEABAG.

FLEABAG

(Startled and slowed
down)
Oh, God.

FLEABAG melts.

CHARMING MAN
 (softly grins)
 Well, hi there.

FLEABAG
 (melted & discombobulated)
 Hello.

INT. FLEABAGS APARTMENT - NIGHT

FLEABAG and CHARMING MAN are at FLEABAG'S front door. FLEABAG's back is up against the door, as she attempts to unlock it while simultaneously making out with CHARMING MAN.

Through this sequence FLEABAG occasionally finds time to come up for air.

FLEABAG
 You know when you are caught...

The door is still open, as the two are pressed against the wall, kissing.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 At the most inopportune moment...

FLEABAG struggles to get the key in.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 When you are at your lowest of
 low...

FLEABAG forces it in while still trying to engage a kiss, but slips and falls.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Your defenses are down.

They've twirled, switching positions and now FLEABAG facing the door forcing the key to turn, as he still kisses her and she then pushes him through the door.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Nothing can soothe your mind.

They do a 180 turn again, as FLEABAG manages to pull off his jacket.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Let alone distract you.

She leads him down the hall.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

From the deep...

She takes off an arm of his shirt.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Pathetic...

Awkwardly struggles to take off the rest of his shirt.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Self-pity you're wallowing in...

She pauses to take it in - his chest and shoulders, that is. She looks at his chest, back at camera as if in deep thought in a flashback.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(rushed, gutted)

You know your guard is down, but you have been so good up until this point, you feel you deserve it, maybe even earned it, even though you know you'll wake up in bed alone again, and it will make you feel like utter shit?

Charming man is mid center of the bed, and we see from the vantage point of the bed frame, behind his head at FLEABAG'S face as he pulls her down with him to the bed.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Then you realize later, what seemed like the best timing.

FLEABAG pops up again for air, a shot of FLEABAG'S face dead center of bed frame.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What you had convinced yourself was the best timing. . .

Back down and up. This time she looks to the side and camera shot is up close just to catch her words.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Was actually the worst - timing ever.

Shot back at center behind the bed, facing FLEABAG. She looks down at the CHARMING MAN. They've finished and are now still. FLEABAG looks back up at camera.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I mean whoever said shagging your
dead best friend's ex was a good
idea to begin with.

We see an image of a guinea pig in its crate chomping
away at a snack, who seems to pause for a moment to look
at FLEABAG. Or at least that's what she thinks.

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - PRESENT DAY

A close-up shot of FLEABAG. She slowly begins nodding her
head.

FLEABAG (WITH REALIZATION)

You bloody, idiotic, selfish
whore! NURSE looks up as if she is
talking to her.

FLEABAG (APOLOGETICALLY)

Oh, God no! I was talking to
myself. This explains why I've
been feeling like shit the past
few weeks.

NURSE

Well, now you can think this over
for a few days -

FLEABAG

I'm good.

NURSE

You are sure you're -

FLEABAG

Absolutely. No question.

NURSE

Ok, because you will want to plan
it on a day you can rest. After
you may feel queasy, may have
cramps, bleeding, mild headaches,
fainting...

Pulls out a notepad and browses.

NURSE

Let's look at our calendar.

FLEABAG

(rushed)
Today. Now if possible.
(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Like this very moment would
actually be perfect.

2. INT - CAFE

CLAIRE and GODMOTHER are eating. FLEABAG comes rushing into the cafe, bumps into a random customer. CLAIRE rolls her eyes as FLEABAG stumbles in.

GODMOTHER

Oh, God dear. You look horrible.

FLEABAG

Ah. What a lovely thing to say.

GODMOTHER

Are you hungover? Oh, never mind.

Well, well. We were just sitting here wondering if we'd have the pleasure of your company. But here you are.

FLEABAG

Sorry - just got a little caught
up in a little, uh...

Catches Claire's eye and darts away.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Inconvenience.

FLEABAG grabs a seat by CLAIRE.

CLAIRE

(apathetically rolls
her eyes)

As usual. Truly, though - what a
pleasure.

FLEABAG gives CLAIRE a look.

FLEABAG

(smiling)

And, you're looking lovely CLAIRE,
with your knickers all up in a wad
as usual.

CLAIRE

Well, I don't need anything
detering my schedule today. I've
got big fish to fry - and a
divorce to finalize.

FLEABAG

Oh joy. What fun.

GODMOTHER is unfettered, nothing can deter her flighty spirits.

GODMOTHER

(sing-songy)

All right, all right, darlings
well I will get right to it.

FLEABAG

(intense)

God! I'm hungry.

FLEABAG eyes CLAIRE'S plate and proceeds to snatch a crumb of a scone. CLAIRE nearly jabs FLEABAG'S hand with a fork.

CLAIRE

(whiny)

Get your own.

FLEABAG

Shit! Well then, I will.

FLEABAG places her phone on the table between she and CLAIRE and reaches for a piece of bread.

GODMOTHER

Now, before we order. I want to
fill you two in on some exciting
developments. You know how I'm
teaching at the University this
year?

FLEABAG'S phone goes off. A pic of CHARMING MAN pops up. CLAIRE sees who it is, FLEABAG'S eyes first widen and then she shrugs it off when CLAIRE sees it.

CLAIRE

(prolonged in
stating)

Why the hell is he calling you?

FLEABAG

Huh? What?

GODMOTHER

(intrigued)

Ooooooo. Who's he?

FLEABAG

No one. There is no "he".

CLAIRE

Her dead best friend's boyfriend.

FLEABAG

God Claire. Can you be more morbid?

GODMOTHER

Ah. (clicks tongue) Well then, he must be lonely, poor fellow.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh, he wasn't so lonely the past few nights I'd say.

GODMOTHER

So, anywho... I'm beginning my Sexploration series. After the exhibition my mail has been flooded with requests for a follow-up and

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

If you haven't noticed already, the married life has in no way dampered my step-mother's strange obsession with always luring us in with fancy lunches, tea and crumpets, as a way to gain her step-daughters affirmation on everything petty thing she is doing. Better pay attention though - might be a chance for free booze.

GODMOTHER

I will be teaching on a study of sexual works in the arts - an exploration of the scintillating, a celebration of the erotic human body.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Oh, dear God help us.

GODMOTHER

And I thought my two step-daughters would be just the subjects to feature.

CLAIRE (CONCERNED)
Um, I don't mind being a subject
for you from time to time. But
what exactly are you suggesting?

GODMOTHER
Oh, you two are just the perfect
imperfect modern average females -
particularly with your thick neck
darling -

FLEABAG goes to insecurely hold her neck, looks at
camera.

GODMOTHER
And your sad eyes, Claire - to
help students capture and be
inspired by the beauty of modern
imperfections of the female
physique. And I have just the
title - Sisters in the Rough.

CLAIRE
Absolutely not.

FLEABAG
Ha! No way in hell.

CLAIRE
You do mean naked?

GODMOTHER
(smiling gleefully)
Yes. And of course, I'd pay you
for it.

CLAIRE
(assertive)
Not a chance.

FLEABAG
(nonchalantly)
Oh, in that case.

CLAIRE gives FLEABAG a look.

FLEABAG
What?!

CLAIRE
Do you have no self-respect?

FLEABAG
(to camera, laughs
out) Ha!

Returns to inhale half a scone in one bite.

CLAIRE
Yes, well it shows.

FLEABAG suddenly grabs her stomach, a look of nausea washes over her face.

Beat.

FLEABAG
(feeling it come up)
Oh, shit. I have to go.

CLAIRE
But you just arrived!

GODMOTHER
Is everything alright?

FLEABAG
Oh, I just suddenly feel a little -

Fleabag heels over, as if about to puke.

WAITRESS
Do you know what you'd like?

GODMOTHER
You must be hungry. Just go ahead
and order something.

FLEABAG grabs her stomach in more intense pain.

FLEABAG
Really, I can't. I need to go.

CLAIRE
Since when can you not eat?

FLEABAG grabs her things, rushes and proceeds to leave.

GODMOTHER (CALLING AFTER HER)
Well, don't forget, your father's
birthday dinner is tomorrow.

OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - FLEABAG runs out the door of the restaurant, heels over and appears to be throwing up.

INSIDE RESTAURANT - CLAIRE sees FLEABAG outside, kiltered over against the wall. FLEABAG lifts her head. Beads of sweat covering her forehead.

BACK OUTSIDE - FLEABAG inhales deeply and exhales slowly, regains her composure and begins to slowly walk off.

FLEABAG flushes the toilet, leaning over it and done vomiting.

FLEABAG
 (to camera, catching
 her
 breath)
 I swear, the Bible lied and God
 solely cursed women - that is, if
 I believed in God.

CHARMING MAN is calling FLEABAG's phone, which is on the
 bathroom counter. We see a pic of the Charming Man pop
 up.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
 Oh, guess I need to come clean
 with this one. Well, one thing is
 certain. This man would make
 beautiful babies.

FLEABAG picks up the phone, pretending to not be in pain.

FLEABAG
 Hello?

Playing it cool.

FLEABAG
 Ha, tonight? Um, yeeeeeah. I could
 be up for that. Ah, well yeah, I
 may need to talk to you anyhow -

Someone is pounding on the front door. FLEABAG looks up
 and begins walking down the hall. Another cramp hit and
 causes her to heel over. She grabs the wall. Someone
 continues to pound on the door.

FLEABAG
 (startled, rushed)
 Uh, yeah. Got to go. Ok, see you
 then.

Banging at the door continues.

FLEABAG
 Coming!

FLEABAG opens the door. It's CLAIRE.

CLAIRE
 (emphatically)
 WHAT is up with you.

FLEABAG

What? Haha, what do you mean what
is up with me?

CLAIRE invites herself in and begins sizing up the place immediately, looking up and down the walls and she walks through.

CLAIRE
(in total disgust)
Dear God! When did you last clean
up?

Fleabag stops and thinks.

Flashback - Int. Fleabags apt.

Her boyfriend, HARRY weeps and audibly sobs as he scrubs down the floors, as he was known to do before each breakup.

FLEABAG
Not too long ago.

CLAIRE walks towards the couch in the living room and FLEABAG follows.

FLEABAG
Yeah, sorry I'm not a norotic type-
A that needs each square inch
around me santized every hour of
the day.

CLAIRE suddenly turns to her, remembering why she came in the first place.

CLAIRE
(forcefully)
What is going on?

FLEABAG
On? What? Nothing?

CLAIRE
Since when do you give up free
food? Something is up. I know it.

Fleabag visibly lets down her guard. Another wash of nausea hits Fleabag and she grabs her stomach.

FLEABAG
 (tried to hold it
 together)
 Oh gosh! Nothing.

Nausea washes over her again.

FLEABAG
 Oh God.

CLAIRE
 (overlapping &
 matching Fleabag's
 pitch)

Oh, are you just hung over?

FLEABAG
 (overlapping Claire)
 -oooooo, argh!

Both are about to snap. Claire is facing Fleabag with her back to the couch.

CLAIRE (YELLING)
 You are acting so strange?
 Something is going on with you.
 What is it?

FLEABAG
 (exaggerated,
 matching Claire's
 tone)
 Since when do you care?!

CLAIRE
 Something is up - I know
 it.

FLEABAG
 Argh! Okay! I had an
 abortion.

CLAIRE freezes. She stares into FLEBAG's eyes, shocked.
 She's speechless.

Beat.

CLAIRE drops to sit on the couch. She stares at the wall,
 slowly breathing in and out.

Beat.

FLEABAG
 That's it.

CLAIRE
How long?

FLEABAG
What?
(still in shock)

CLAIRE
(yelling, impatient)
How long have you known?

FLEABAG
Known bloody what?

CLAIRE
How long you've been pregnant, you
idiot!

FLEABAG
This morning.

Claire shuts her eyes as her jaw drops in disbelief.

FLEABAG
What?

Beat.

Claire is still speechless.

FLEABAG
(slightly timid)
Well, Claire.

Beat.

FLEABAG
Say something.

As she continues to sit silent, Claire stares past Fleabag. It's uncomfortably silent for a moment. FLEABAG is searching for words.

FLEABAG
(almost laughing)
Well... are you just going to sit
there or?

Claire stands up, eyes welled up, gives Fleabag a death stare and picks up her bag.

CLAIRE
Fuck you!

It finally hits FLEABAG that her sister is still processing a recent miscarriage. CLAIRE walks right up to FLEABAG and is a breath away from her.

CLAIRE

Do you ever think of anyone other than yourself?

FLEABAG stays in the same position as CLAIRE walks out the door. It's silent, sombering, sad.

We hear the door slam as Fleabag stares into the camera, it appears to hit FLEABAG that CLAIRE is still processing her miscarriage. FLEABAG seems deep in thought, sentimental, as though she may cry - then Fleabag heels over and throws up on the ground. We only here it as we end scene.

INT. FLEABAG'S CAFE - DAY

Close up shot of a cup of coffee as it is set down and served.

Medium shot of FLEABAG, courteously smiling. Cut to a shot of an OLD FUNKY LADY has big round Jackie-o glasses, a funky sweater and big pearls earrings.

FLEABAG

Here you are.

FLEABAG hands a cup of coffee to go for an old, funky woman at the counter. FLEABAG smiles.

OLD FUNKY LADY just stares, carefree, smiling and slightly deaf.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Mam, here - here is your coffee.

OLD FUNKY LADY

Sophie's here? Oh, where is Sophie?

Old woman turns around slowly, as quick as she can.

FLEABAG

No, mam - you cof-fee.

Fleabag pushes the coffee toward her. The deaf woman continues to stare at Fleabag.

OLD FUNKY LADY
 (in another world)
 Ah, my daughter's name is Sophie.

FLEABAG
 (playing nice, but
 uninterested)
 Would you like anything else? A
 scone?

OLD FUNKY LADY gives a close, intent look at FLEABAG.

OLD FUNKY LADY
 (mesmerized)
 My, my - well aren't you a
 beautiful looking thing!

The OLD WOMAN continues to stares at FLEABAG, still not seeing the coffee. FLEABAG stares back with an awkward smile, patiently waiting for the woman to move on.

FLEABAG
 (flattered, following
 the lady's delayed
 rhythm)
 Pssst. Awe. Me? Schucks.

FLEABAG shews off the compliment with her hand.

OLD WOMAN
 (leans in whispering)
 You look like a spitfire of a
 thing. Actually you look just like
 my daughter.

FLEABAG
 Oh, really?

OLD FUNKY LADY
 (smiling bit)
 Oh, yes. That lost-puppy-who-can't-
 find-their-way-home, a little
 confused, stuck-in-something-deep-
 and-heavy kind of look. Just
 darling.

FLEABAG eyes widen open and she opens her mouth looking for a response but nothing comes out.

FLEABAG
 Ah - ha, well...

JACK, a whiny, obnoxious four-year old boy attached to his MUM by an anti-lost wristband, enters with MUM and a baby in a stroller.

JACK runs ahead to view the glass case of scones and cookies, as the MUM attempts to push a stroller up the step, and the band pulls the MUM along.

OLD FUNKY LADY

You just wait 'til you have one of your own.

JACK and MUM'S argument barely overlaps, following Fleabags interaction with the old woman.

JACK

(as if life or death)
Mum. Mummy! I want a cookie!

MUM

(sternly, tired)
Jack, no. Jack! I said not yet.

OLD FUNKY LADY

There is simply nothing more fulfilling in life like you're own children.

Jack runs from one end of the glass cookies to the next, dragging his mom along who fumbles with a stroller.

JACK

(crying,
hyperventilating)
Now! I want one now!

OLD FUNKY LADY

You will just loose yourself in them

MUM struggles to gain control of her child and maintain composure as JACK screams and FLEABAG observes.

FLEABAG

(returns gaze to OLD Lady)
Ah, how delightful.

OLD FUNKY LADY

Oooo! My coffee.

Slowly smells the coffee as the boy still screaming, causing a scene.

OLD FUNKY LADY (CONT'D) Mmmm, smells wonderful. I think I'll take a scone as well.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)
Of course you will.

5. INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5.

5.

A cozy restaurant spot, FLEABAG sits at with CHARMING MAN, who's suddenly not as charming as before. Open scene on FLEABAG's stare, trying to be amiable, but she can't help but be an open book. We see it all on her face.

We hear CHARMING MAN'S overemphasized descriptions as we only see FLEABAGS facial expressions.

CHARMING MAN
(overly intense &
excited)
Those races are just like...
vrrrrrom! Oh my gosh, and the
stunts & Bam!

His noise causes FLEABAG to jump in her seat.

CHARMING MAN
The effects! I means the tension,
the drama -

FLEABAG tries hard to appear interested.

FLEABAG
So. Fast and Furious, eh? Favorite
film of all time?

CHARMING MAN
(correcting)
Fast and Furious 9.

FLEABAG
(holding back a
laugh)
Oh, excuse me.

CHARMING MAN
Ahhh, but it's really a toss up...

FLEABAG
Oh, right. With the other eight?

CHARMING MAN
Oh, no. Avatar.

FLEABAG
 (emphatically faking
 it)
 Ah, yes. Right.

FLEABAG continues to pick away at her salad and then looks up to the camera.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) (TO CAMERA)
 Someone tell me how one can have
 so much physical chemistry with a
 man you have about as much
 emotional chemistry as you'd have
 with a gerbil.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Hormones. They always screw with
 you.

FLEABAG guides her attention back to CHARMING MAN & quickly glances back at camera.

FLEABAG
 (under her breath)
 Fast and Furious?

\CHARMING MAN is eating shrimp cocktail and proceeds to eat the entire shrimp, including the tail.

FLEABAG
 (motioning to her
 mouth)
 Um...

Still pointing at her mouth, CHARMING MAN just looks confused.

FLEABAG
 You know you're not supposed to
 eat the entire ... tail.

CHARMING MAN continues to chomp away.

We see PRIEST from behind walking from the bathroom to the bar, facing CHARMING MAN. He's dressed casually. We just see a torso and pant leg before knowing who it is.

PRIEST
 Well, bloody hell - look who it
 is!

CHARMING MAN

You've got to be kidding me! Shit,

man! What are you doing here?

PRIEST

Oh, you know just living it up, in

a-

A medium close up on FLEABAG, worry, panic and dread wash over her in a moment. PRIEST glances down and realizes it's FLEABAG.

PRIEST (CONT'D) (STARTS OFF
SPEECHLESS)

. . . Oh, hello.

PRIEST is completely off guard. FLEABAG fakes a grin.

FLEABAG (A TAD LOW KEY)

Hi.

CHARMING MAN

Wait, how do you two know each

other?

FLEABAG (matter-of-fact, but

searching for the words) Oh, he just married my dad and step-mom.

PRIEST Um, yeah. We -

Priest looks down to Fleabag, with a twinge of pain from the awkwardness.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) (TO CAMERA)

Oh, God - of all times.

PRIEST What did you say?

FLEABAG (QUICKLY)

It's been such a long time.

PRIEST

Yeah - some time indeed.

CHARMING MAN, completely unaware, looks amused at connection.

FLEABAG

And how do you two know each other?

PRIEST

Oh, back in my pre-convert days.

CHARMING MAN

Still taking the high road, I see?

PRIEST

Yeah, ah, just having a good time

well ... so, uh, are you two...?

FLEABAG CHARMING Dating? Psh. Us? Just hanging out.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) Um, no. Not quite -

Just before the two have a chance to look at each younger blonde walks up.

the

You ready?

YOUNG BLONDE

MAN

other, a

laugh which

CHARMING MAN

Still taking the high road, I see.

PRIEST gives Charming man an all-knowing grin and dies out as he gives sheepish look to FLEABAG.

PRIEST

Well, you two have fun.

PRIEST and YOUNG BLONDE walk off. We see FLEABAG watch them exit, as CHARMING MAN chatters.

CHARMING MAN

Man, that guy, a priest of all

things? Ha! What a legend! -

CHARMING MAN (CONT'D) (SERIOUS)
So what was it you have to tell
me?

FLEABAG
Uh -

Ever so briefly, internally debates on what to say.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) We're done.

Jumps up, drops napkin, grabs purse.

Yeah.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Begins walking off a step or two
as Charming Mans face follows her.
Quickly comes back and grabs bread
from the basket.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) Thanks for dinner!

7. EXT. FATHER'S HOME - EARLY EVENING 7.

7.

FATHER's party takes place in the backyard. The sun is just beginning to set. There are fancy white and silver large balloons, strings of delicate lights and a long, full charcuterie and wine spread.

It's a crowded and busy party with a soft-buzz. GODMOTHER is the center of attention, standing alongside FATHER. We come in the midst of a conversation. FLEABAG is engaging EAGER MAN, working to get a laugh out of her.

EAGER MAN
Is Google male or female?

FLEABAG forces a smile, lifts her brows and shrugs her shoulders. EAGER MAN is awaiting her reply eagerly.

FLEABAG (THROUGH PURSED LIPS)
Hmm... no clue.

EAGER MAN (EAGERLY)
Female...

He awaits laying out the punch line, eyes bugging out.

EAGER MAN (CONT'D) Because - it doesn't let you finish a sentence before making a suggestion.

FLEABAG looks to the camera and gives a side glance of grave disapproval. FLEABAG looks back at EAGER MAN.

Beat.

EAGER MAN gives FLEABAG a "get it?!"- look, desperately awaiting a laugh. She pretends to let the punchline hit her.

Beat.

FLEABAG (LIGHT BULB)
Bahahaha-

FLEABAG (CONT'D) (TO CAMERA,
UNAMUSED)
Hilarious.

CLAIRE walks by with MARTIN, heading to the bar. FLEABAG finds her escape, however awkward it may be it can't be as awkward as this. She inserts herself into a conversation.

GODMOTHER
You know, "Women are the largest
untapped talent in the world."

MARTIN
Oh, sure. Where did you get that
one - Pinterest?

GODMOTHER
No - (proudly) Hillary Clinton, as
a matter of fact.

MARTIN
So what you're saying is all
women's talents are untapped?

MARTIN (CONT'D) (TO CLAIRE)
Babe, this explains all your
talents and success. That's why
you found me, to untap you, to
broaden your horizons.

CLAIRE
(with rolled eyes and
under her breath) Oh,
fuck me.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 FLEABAG is baffled by MARTIN'S
 obstinance. FLEABAG

Aha! You think Claire needs you?

MARTIN
 Well, she wouldn't have the job
 she

has if it wasn't for me.

FLEABAG
 (to Claire, who's not
 going to fight it) He
 is unbelievable.
 MARTIN (overly
 aggressive)
 Like you can even make decisions
 FOR YOURSELF. You're still
 lounging in that cafe, waiting for
 some guy to sweep you up your
 feet.

FLEABAG (AMUSED)
 Ha, I mean if Megan Markle can
 take Prince Harry and up and leave
 royalty, then I think women can
 bloody well do whatever and make
 my own decisions, without
 egotistical prick to "untap" them.

CLAIRE
 And you had an abortion this week.

So look at you, you can make your own decisions.

FLEABAG is shocked, jaw-dropped. FATHER and GODMOTHER
 gasp.

FATHER Oh, honey.

GODMOTHER
 (goes to console
 Fleabag)
 Oh, darling! You poor thing. No
 wonder you weren't feeling well.

MARTIN Are you shitting me?

GODMOTHER
 And, of course you are untapped,
 darling.

CLAIRE (UNINTERESTED)
I'm getting food. I'm hungry.

MARTIN (EMPHATICALLY)
We just ate. CLAIRE begins to walk off.

CLAIRE
Well, I'm getting food.

CLAIRE storms off, staying quiet but firm.

MARTIN
How in hell can you be hungry?

MARTIN goes to chase her.

MARTIN (CONT'D) Slow down there tiger.

Back to the family still standing.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I always like her when she's
fiesty.

FLEABAG (DISGUSTED, TO CAMERA)
Ugh - I just puked a little in my
mouth.

GODMOTHER
Well, darling if you need anything
you know you could always have a place with us.

FLEABAG Stay the night?

GODMOTHER (releases outburst of
laughter)

Ha! Oh God, no. Dinner? Tea? Let's do tea. Next week?

Godmother begins walking towards other guests, and concludes her conversation with Fleabag on the way.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D) And make sure you get some food,
dear. You need to feed that frail, lanky frame of yours.
It's beginning to make your neck look awfully thick.

FATHER is walking behind, waits a moment longer with
Fleabag. He puts his arm around her, half-hugging her.

FATHER

Are you sure you're alright

darling?

FLEABAG (refraining any

sentiments)

Pshh. Yeah. Totally fine.

FATHER

I hope you know, really, if you

ever need anything...

FLEABAG

Thanks Dad. Really though, I'm

fine. It's your birthday! You need to go celebrate.

FATHER

Well, alright. I do love you

darling, and want to be here for you.

FLEABAG (SINCERELY)

Happy Birthday, Dad.

FATHER smiles at FLEABAG and kisses her forehead. FATHER walks off towards GODMOTHER who is entertaining a group of couples.

Shoot to another part of the party, CLAIRE and MARTIN are standing by the bar. MARTIN is on his third or fourth drink, hovering over CLAIRE as she bites eagerly into a cream puff.

MARTIN

What has gotten into you? What

happened to the Ketotarian diet?

CLAIRE Fuck off.

CUT TO - FLEABAG standing alone.

FLEABAG looks around to see a pattern of couples throughout the party. Shot overhead of many couples and FLEABAG to the side.

CUT TO - GODMOTHER flirting with another man who is eagerly biting into little pig in a blanket appetizers. FATHER stands nearby.

GODMOTHER (TO A RANDOM GUEST)
 My, my, you do have a ferocious
 appetite for sausages don't you?

GODMOTHER (CONT'D) (TO FATHER)
 Darling, fetch me another drink.

FATHER (reluctantly) Of course - dear.

CUT TO - FLEABAG slurp her wine and observes the couple
 trend for a moment.

FLEABAG downs the remainder of her drink. As a server
 walks, FLEABAG snatches a champagne and a caviar canapes.
 SERVER stops for her.

Beat.

SERVER begins to walk off. FLEABAG suddenly hurriedly
 decides to grab two more appetizers. SERVER walks off.
 FLEABAG jams a caviar canapes in her mouth and
 immediately, clearly detestable, spits it out on the
 ground making a scene. She throws down the other two,
 still leaning over spitting.

PRIEST walks up.

PRIEST You alright, there?

FLEABAG, still trying to spit it out, looks down to see a
 pair of familiar men's dress shoes.

FLEABAG (SPITS OUT MORE)
 Oh! Yeah. Just a hair.

FLEABAG regains composure and forces an awkward smiles
 for PRIEST. A piece of black caviar is stuck in her front
 tooth. PRIEST motions his hand to his teeth to point out
 FLEABAG'S dilemma. She digs with her tongue to get it
 out, while covering her mouth with her hand.

Beat.

Takes the opportunity to spit quite undiscreetly to the
 side. Gets it out.

PRIEST Hi there.

FLEABAG (NOT WELCOMING)
 Hello, again.

PRIEST
 Well, I wondered if I'd see you

here.

FLEABAG (SARCASTICALLY)
Well, look at that - here I am, at
my own father's birthday party.

PRIEST (IGNORES THE BURN)
Yes, they were kind enough to
invite me.

Looks around as if he's waiting for a moment.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
How've you been? Oh side of dating
old jocks around town.

FLEABAG
Oh just dandy. Life has been one
treat after another. - Why are you here?

PRIEST
Well your Godmother invited me, so
how could I say no?

FLEABAG (TO THE CAMERA)
Quite fucking easily - you just
say -

PRIEST (CATCHING HER)
Are you alright?

FLEABAG (STARTLED)
Huh? What? Yeah, I'm fine.

PRIEST Where'd you go?

FLEABAG
Where'd I go? Ha, I'm right here.

PRIEST (TOYING)
Ahh, I think you just like to
leave when things get awkward?

FLEABAG
Are you kidding, I am the epidomy
of awkward.

PRIEST
Yeah, in fact I'm pretty sure I

know you like to escape uncomfortable moments.

FLEABAG (MATTER OF FACT)
 Look, if anyone likes escaping
 uncomfortable moments you bloody
 well know it's not me.

Hands crossed, one hand near his mouth, contemplating what he's about to say. Priest lowers his hand from his mouth.

PRIEST I uh - yeah -

He looks around a moment.

PRIEST (CONT'D) (QUICKLY SPITS IT
 OUT)
 I miss talking to you. I miss -
 you.

FLEABAG is frozen, unsure of how to respond.

GODMOTHER sees PRIEST and interjects.

Beat.

GODMOTHER
 Ooooh! Look who it is! I didn't

know if you would be coming. Oh, and look at this face - I honestly don't understand how a woman hasn't defiled you yet in confessional.

PRIEST (UNRESERVEDLY)
 Well, who's to say one hasn't.

PRIEST smiles. GODMOTHER looks at him speechless and then looks to FLEABAG - FLEABAG breaks in an awkward smile. GODMOTHER looks back at PRIEST & breaks out in an uncontrollable laughter.

They all begin to laugh. GODMOTHER walks off laughing.

FLEABAG and PRIEST stop laughing. FLEABAG stops smiling, glances to the ground, purses her lips. PRIEST is unsure of what to do or say next, but is mustering up something.

THE PRIEST
 So you two have a good time the
 other night?

FLEABAG (SLIGHTLY LAUGHS)
 Yeah, well if I wanted a fourty
 minute review of Fast and Furious
 nine.

PRIEST
 Ooo, yeah. Ha that one, he doesn't
 run too deep, eh?

FLEABAG Ha - yeah.

Fleabag thinks for a second.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) (SINCERELY)
 But, at least he's honest, you
 know.

PRIEST I'm sorry?

Laughing.

wasnt it.

FLEABAG
 Honesty - he's not pretending to
 be
 something he's not. He's to the point. Not playing games.

PRIEST (CLUES IN)
 Oh, because other people - play
 games?

FLEABAG
 Yeah, and you know it's funny
 because I thought if I'd get honesty anywhere it would be
 the church.
 But now that was a bonkers idea,

PRIEST (NOT PLAYING)
 Look my profession doesn't really
 give me the luxury of playing
 games even if I wanted to.

FLEABAG
 Oh, but it gives you the luxury to
 date around?

PRIEST Date around?

FLEABAG The woman?

PRIEST Woman?

FLEABAG The other night?

PRIEST At the pub?

FLEABAG Yes, at the pub.

PRIEST chuckles and wipes his forehead.

PRIEST

That - That is my cousin. She was
visiting while shes on a break from uni.

FLEABAG (EMBARRASSED)

Your cousin? Ah, well then, how
about another drink?

PRIEST Why not.

Priest grins at her remaining envy and affection for him.
Fleabag is uncoy about it all.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I know I said you can't come to my
church again, but ...

FLEABAG

Oh, no - of course not. I wouldn't
-

PRIEST

You know it can never be -

FLEABAG

Right, right. No, never -

PRIEST

But it doesn't mean...

FLEABAG waits with unabated breath.

FLEABAG

What? Doesn't mean what?

PRIEST

That I don't want to see you.

Oh?

FLEABAG

PRIEST

Well, you know I can never -

Reality sets in.

PRIEST (CONT'D) We can never -

FLEABAG Oh, I know.

PRIEST (CUTS HER OFF)

- again. Ever. (MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

But, what I've been trying to say
is that when I said that - that I

don't want to come back to my church - I meant... I
meant...

Fumbling for the words.

PRIEST (CONT'D) Well, I didn't mean it.

FLEABAG

Oh. Well that, I did not know
that.

More lights are lit as Happy Birthday song begins being
sung. People gather around and singing to FATHER.
GODMOTHER comes out with a hideous nude sculpture replica
of her work, in the form of a cake, singing. FLEABAG and
PRIEST begin singing and look at each other smiling as
they're surrounded by a sound.

8

EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

8

A swell of iconic music fills the ending scened to fit
the mood. FLEABAG we follow behind her as she walks dead
center of the elevation/face of the cathedral. FLEABAG is
dressed appropriately. Her pace almost matching the song.
She walks up the stairs, up to the glorious doors of the
church, opens the door and turns to the audience,
revealing the profile of a popped pregnant belly.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

It's a fine day for church, don't
you think?

Looks in to see the PRIEST surrounded with laypeople and socializing before mass, catches the eyes and a brief smile from PRIEST. FLEABAG turns back outside, to the camera.

FLEABAG (CONT'D) I would dare say so.

FLEABAG winks to the camera, enters the church and the door closes behind her. The camera backs away as the music continues. Scene fades.