

FLEABAG
THE SCRIPTURES

THIS IS
A LOVE STORY

PHOEBE WALLER-BRIDGE



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Also by Phoebe Waller-Bridge

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FLEABAG

The Scriptures

Phoebe Waller-Bridge



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For my family

How to Use this eBook

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Introduction

Fleabag is a television series based on the play of the same name.

The first series appeared on our screens in 2016 and was an instant hit.

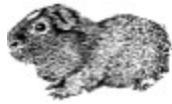
It tells the story of a woman living in London grappling with family, work, sex, love and loss.

The second series aired in the summer of 2019 to further critical acclaim.

It is a love story.

Enclosed in the pages of this book are the filming scripts of the two series, alongside commentary from creator Phoebe Waller-Bridge on the writing and filming of the multi-award-winning show.

SERIES ONE



EPISODE 1

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Sounds of a woman breathing.

Shot of the inside of a front door. Fleabag's POV.

Shot of Fleabag a few steps away from the door, watching it as if she's ready to pounce. Smudged makeup, hair tousled.

Out of breath.

Shot of the inside of a front door. Fleabag's POV.

Shot of Fleabag. She turns to camera.

FLEABAG

(earnest, touch of pain. To camera)

You know that feeling when a guy you like sends you a text at 2 o'clock on a Tuesday night and asks if he can 'come and find you' and you've accidentally made it out like you've just got in yourself, so you have to get out of bed, drink half a bottle of wine, get in the shower, shave everything, dig out some Agent Provocateur business, suspender belt, the whole bit, and wait by the door until the buzzer goes—

(buzzer goes)

And then you open the door to him like you'd almost forgotten he was coming over.

She opens the door to a HANDSOME MAN.

FLEABAG

(casual)

Oh hi!

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

FLEABAG

Hey.

Beat.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And then you get to it immediately.

They start snogging violently.

INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

They are going at it on the bed; we are looking at Fleabag's back while she is on top. In a throe of passion Arsehole Guy flips her over onto her side so she is facing us, with him behind her.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

After some pretty standard bouncing you realise that he is edging towards your arsehole. But you're drunk, and he made the effort to come all the way here so, you let him. He's thrilled.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(whispered)

I'm so thrilled.

INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – MORNING

Fleabag lies in bed, peacefully.

She suddenly opens her eyes and talks to us.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And then the next morning, you wake to find him fully dressed, sat on the side of the bed, gazing at you ...

REVEAL: Arsehole Guy is sat on the bed, gazing at Fleabag earnestly. Fleabag looks at him, and then back to camera.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He says that—

ARSEHOLE GUY

Last night was incredible.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Which you think is an overstatement, but then he goes on to say that—

ARSEHOLE GUY

It was particularly special because I've never managed to actually ... up the bum with anyone before—

FLEABAG

(to camera)

To be fair, he does have a large penis.

ARSEHOLE GUY

And although it's always been a fantasy of mine, I've ... never found anyone I could do it with.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And then he touches your hair.

He touches her hair.

FLEABAG

And thanks you with a genuine earnest.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(earnest)

Thank you.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

It's sort of moving. Then he kisses you gently.

He kisses her gently.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And then he leaves.

He leaves.

Beat.

Fleabag frowns.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And you spend the rest of the day wondering—

CUT TO: INT. CAFÉ – MORNING

Fleabag sits with a cup of tea looking up into the distance pensively. A moment of real consideration passes before ...

FLEABAG

(to camera, concerned)

Do I have a MASSIVE arsehole?

TITLES: FLEABAG

INT. BUS – DAY

Fleabag sits, reading a newspaper. On the page we see an advert boasting: ‘Thinking of getting a mortgage?’ with an inexplicably naked woman advertising it. Fleabag does not react. Because none of us do.

She looks around and catches the eye of a MAN who is looking at her over his paper. We can only see his eyes. He looks away shyly. She looks at the camera and raises her eyebrows slightly. Hello ...

He pulls his paper down and smiles and reveals that he has extraordinarily large front teeth.

She quickly looks away with a small grimace.

INT. BUS – DAY, LATER

Fleabag and BUS RODENT are getting off at the same stop. They do a little awkward laugh at each other.

They stand next to each other.

BUS RODENT

(giggly)

Wow ... Um. This doesn't happen very often, does it?

FLEABAG

(really giggly)

Nooo no ... I er – I suppose it's ... I suppose it's quite rare, yeah.

(to camera)

I hate myself.

BUS RODENT

Um, are you going to work?

FLEABAG

Oh, no actually I—

BUS RODENT

Ok, um. This is gonna sound crazy, um, but I think that I should take your number and I think I should call it and I think I should ask you if you wanna go out for a drink with me.

FLEABAG

Um ... I—

BUS RODENT

Fuuuck me, you've got a boyfriend.

FLEABAG

Um, no ... No, we broke up quite recently actually.

BUS RODENT

Oh my God, I'm so sorry slash really pleased.

Errrrm, how the hell did he manage to fuck that up?

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag is lying in bed with her computer in her lap, eating pizza. She is watching a video of OBAMA giving a speech.

He is very serious.

She is very serious.

She starts touching herself.

Suddenly a YOUNG MAN's head pokes up on the other side of the bed.

HARRY

What are you doing?

She flips the laptop down quickly.

FLEABAG

Nothing!

Beat.

Harry gets out of bed.

FLEABAG

Harry—

He grabs his bag and starts packing some things from a clothes rail.

HARRY

I know what you were doing.

FLEABAG

I was watching the news!

HARRY
(genuine)

Really?

FLEABAG

Yeah!

HARRY
(genuine)

Really?

FLEABAG

Yeah!

HARRY
(vulnerable)

What was he talking about then?

Beat.

FLEABAG

What?

HARRY
(vulnerable)

Please. I – I just – need to hear this. What was he talking about?

Long pause.

FLEABAG

Iraq.

Hurt and furious, Harry manically starts packing again.

HARRY

Don't say anything.

She doesn't.

HARRY

Please don't stop me leaving.

She doesn't move.

HARRY
(angrily)

Please don't.

FLEABAG

Ok.

HARRY

DON'T!

He pauses. Then picks up his stuff.

HARRY

I've really tried to be there for you through this. You can't say I haven't tried.

She doesn't say anything.

HARRY

Don't say anything. And please don't contact me. Or turn up at my house drunk, in your underwear. It won't work this time.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

It will.

HARRY
(sadly)

I'm taking the posh shampoo.

He goes to leave, then stops at the door and looks at her.

HARRY

He was talking about democr—

HARD CUT TO:

They giggle and walk off in opposite directions. As she walks, Fleabag checks her phone. She suddenly BOLTS it down the street.

INT. AN OFFICE – DAY

Sounds of panting breath. Close-up of Fleabag, out of breath and slightly sweaty. A man sits opposite her reading a document.

Beat.

BANK MANAGER

Thanks for coming in today. We really appreciate you considering us for your ...

(reading it)

Small business start-up loan.

FLEABAG

No problem.

BANK MANAGER

I have read your application.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

BANK MANAGER

It was ... funny!

FLEABAG

Oh – Ok – that wasn't my intention but ...

BANK MANAGER

As you are probably aware, we haven't had the opportunity to support many – any – women-led businesses since the ...

FLEABAG

Sexual harassment case.

BANK MANAGER

The sexual harassment case. Yes.

(beat)

Are you alright?

FLEABAG

Oh yeah, sorry, I just um – I ran from the station, so I’m just a bit ... hot. But I’m really excited about, um ...

BANK MANAGER

Water?

FLEABAG

(desperately wants water)

Uh, no, thanks I’m fine – actually, yeah, water would be great, if I could ...

BANK MANAGER

Sure.

He doesn’t do anything about the water.

BANK MANAGER

There are a couple of details that we need to iron out, and one or two bits and pieces I’m gonna need to see some more of. It says in here that you opened the business with your ... that your partner in —

Fleabag pulls her top above her head. Realises she hasn’t got a top on underneath and pulls it back down again.

BANK MANAGER

Ok. I’m sorry, that kind of thing won’t get you very far here any more.

FLEABAG

(awkwardly laughing)

Oh no sorry. I thought I had a top on underneath.

BANK MANAGER

Yeah Ok, but—

FLEABAG

No seriously, in this case, genuine accident.

BANK MANAGER

I can see, given our history, why you might think that—

FLEABAG

No, seriously I wasn’t trying to ... I was hot!

BANK MANAGER

I take this kind of thing very seriously now.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

I'm not trying to shag you, look at yourself!

Beat.

BANK MANAGER

Ok. Please leave.

FLEABAG
Oh – no, you don't understand, I need this – I need this loan.

BANK MANAGER

Please just leave.

Beat.

She gets up and starts to leave.

FLEABAG
Perv.

BANK MANAGER
Slut.

FLEABAG
WOW.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE – DAY

Fleabag runs down the stairs hurriedly and takes a seat next to a serious, well-dressed woman – CLAIRE.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
My sister. She's uptight and beautiful and probably anorexic, but clothes look awesome on her so ...

Claire doesn't look at Fleabag.

CLAIRE
You're almost late.

FLEABAG
I had to do a flash poo in Pret.

CLAIRE

Ugh Christ, did you wash your hands?

FLEABAG

(wiping her hand on Claire's face)

Course not.

CLAIRE

Oh my GOD. You are DISGUSTING. Fucking hell.

Claire takes antibacterial gel out of her bag.

FLEABAG

Course I washed my hands, it's not like I grew up without a mother.

Claire glares at her.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Heard from Dad?

FLEABAG

Nope.

(to camera)

Dad's way of coping with two motherless daughters was to buy us tickets to feminist lectures, start fucking our godmother and eventually stop calling.

(beat)

(to Claire)

You look tired.

CLAIRE

Thanks. I've been sleeping really well recently.

Fleabag starts taking her coat off.

Claire eyes her top. Fleabag pulls the coat back on.

FLEABAG

(whispering, to camera)

Shit.

(she glances at Claire)

I'm wearing the top that she 'lost' years ago. So. This is gonna be tense.

CLAIRE
(pointed)

Do you want to take your coat off?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

Ok.

Beat.

Someone squeezes past them along the row. They're very smiley and polite as they stand. They sit back down.

CLAIRE

So, any luck with—

FLEABAG

Oh GOD, can we just have two seconds—

CLAIRE

I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK HOW IT WAS GOING WITH
THE CAFÉ?!

FLEABAG
(simultaneously)

I KNOW, I JUST DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT YET.

CLAIRE

FINE. WE WON'T TALK THEN.

FLEABAG

FINE.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Hair looks nice.

CLAIRE

Fuck off.

Beat.

Fleabag stares at Claire.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

The only thing harder than having to tell your super-high-powered-perfect-anorexic-rich-super-sister that you've run out of money is having to ask her to bail you out.

Beat.

She looks at Claire.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

I'm just gonna ask her.

(beat)

I'm just gonna ask her.

(beat)

I'm just gonna ask her. I'm just gonna come—

CLAIRE
Do you need to borrow money?

FLEABAG
(petulant)

NO.

(to camera)
Can't do it. Can't do it. Can't do it.

CLAIRE
So business is good then?

FLEABAG
(petulant)
Yeah! It's good, it's really good. It's really, really good. Yeah, it's really good.

CLAIRE
Sounds like it's really good.

FLEABAG
It is.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag is at the counter. A YOUNG MAN has just sat down at one of the tables.

FLEABAG

Hey.

YOUNG MAN

Hey.

He takes out his laptop.

FLEABAG

Can I get you anything?

YOUNG MAN

No thanks. I'm good.

Fleabag watches him. We stay on him while ...

He plugs in his computer.

He then plugs in his phone.

He then takes out a Kindle.

He thinks, unplugs his phone.

Plugs in a multi-plug, plugs in his phone again and plugs in his Kindle.

FLEABAG

Are you sure I can't get you anything at all?

INT. LECTURE THEATRE – DAY – CONT.

Back with Fleabag and Claire.

CLAIRE

Is Harry helping?

FLEABAG

Uh, we broke up.

CLAIRE

What?! Again?

FLEABAG

Hm. If you see him, I'm a wreck Ok.

CLAIRE

God. Just don't get drunk and scream through his letter box again.

FLEABAG

Wow, thanks for the vote of confidence. Don't get drunk and shit in your sink again.

CLAIRE

(flipping out)

When are you going to stop bringing that up?

FLEABAG

(laughing)

When you do something better!

CLAIRE

I have two degrees, a husband and a Burberry coat.

FLEABAG

You shat in a sink.

Someone squeezes past. They're really polite again. They sit.

FLEABAG

Nothing is ever going to be better.

(beat)

I swear there are pants that give you thrush.

CLAIRE

What are yours made from?

Fleabag looks down at her pants.

INT. FLASHBACK, CHANGING ROOMS – DAY

BOO and Fleabag are concealed in adjacent changing rooms. We don't see them.

FLEABAG

(from her cubicle)

I need to get sexy pants.

BOO

(from her cubicle)

I hate my body I hate my body I hate my body. Fucking last-minute bastard trendy parties. Why do we do it to ourselves?!

They step out of their cubicles. Fleabag is holding her coat. Boo looks at Fleabag's outfit.

BOO

Oh God definitely not. That does nothing for you. I hate that.
Fleabag just looks at her.

BOO

What?

FLEABAG

These are my clothes, Boo. I've been wearing these all day.

BOO

Oh God. Were you wearing your coat?

FLEABAG

Yes, but ... nothing here looked nice so I thought I'd just wear what I was wearing anyway.

BOO

Are you joking?

FLEABAG

Are you joking?

BOO

(unsure)

Yes ...?

Beat.

Fleabag chucks her clothes at Boo while shouting.

FLEABAG

OH MY GOD WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME. I'VE GOT TO GET A WHOLE NEW OUTFIT NOW. I'VE BEEN SO MANY PLACES TODAY. FUUUUCK OOOFF.

BOO

(simultaneously)

IT'S REALLY NOT THAT BAD IT'S REALLY NOT – OH MY GOD I'M SORRY. I LOVE YOU. I'LL BUY YOU PANTS I'LL BUY YOU SEXY PANTS!

Boo tries to hug Fleabag while she retreats back into her cubicle.

BOO

I'M SORRY, IT'S A LOVELY DRESS.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag still looking at her pants. Claire sees them.

CLAIRE

Ugh, you shouldn't wear such cheap materials, they don't let your fanny breathe.

FLEABAG

I know.

Everyone claps. A LECTURER settles on stage. She is a middle-aged, confident, middle-class woman.

We INTERCUT with their reactions.

LECTURER

Gosh, look at you all! Thank you so much for coming to 'Women Speak – opening women's mouths since 1998'. Now, before we begin, I would like to ask you a question. I don't know about you, but I need some reassurance.

Lecturer laughs a little.

Fleabag grimaces at the laugh.

LECTURER (CONT'D)

So, I pose the question to the women in this room today: Please raise your hands, if you would trade five years of your life for the so-called 'perfect body'?

Fleabag and Claire raise their hands instinctively. Everyone stares at them.

They put their hands down guiltily.

FLEABAG

(whispering to Claire)

We are bad feminists.

CLAIRE

I want my top back.

FLEABAG

Ok.

INT. LECTURE HALL – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag, with her coat tied tightly around her, walks towards Claire and hands back her top. Claire takes it.

CLAIRE

Won't you get cold?

FLEABAG

Nah, I've got really hairy nipples.

Pause. Claire looks sadly at her.

FLEABAG

What?

Weird beat. Claire suddenly tries to hug Fleabag. Fleabag flinches and ends up smacking her on the head.

CLAIRE

OW FUCK.

FLEABAG

What was that!

CLAIRE

What?! It was a fucking hug.

FLEABAG

Well why the fuck did you do that – that was terrifying! Never do that again.

CLAIRE
(hurt)

I was just trying to—

(this is not easy)

Are you Ok?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Do you want to go for a drink or ...

FLEABAG

Uh, no I've got plans.

CLAIRE

(frosty again)

Ok. Fine. Sure. See you next time Women Speak, then.

She leaves. Fleabag feels a tinge of regret for turning her down. A woman from the lecture passes.

FLEABAG

Do you want to go for a drink?

The woman looks at her confused and hurries away.

Some time goes past. She gets a text. It reads: *Still smiling. :)*. She grimaces.

INT. PUB – NIGHT

Bus Rodent now sits opposite Fleabag. He is talking animatedly through his enormous teeth. They both have drinks.

BUS RODENT

(this speech was improvised by Jamie Demetriou)

Yeah my sister blows glass. She has done for a long time. The other thing – I've never like, been in a fight, well I've been in a fight, I've never been punched in the face – you know what I mean? I've been punched in the leg. And someone once threw some punch in my face. So, my colours this season are sort of brown, mainly, but like, you know, I wouldn't say no to a, to a maroon. I wouldn't like, jump down the throat of someone wearing something blue, it's just not for me.

(beat)

SO. I'm gonna go for a wazz.

He laughs and leaves as Fleabag smiles at him. As soon as he's gone she exhales with exasperation. She steals a twenty-pound note out of his wallet.

He reappears.

BUS RODENT

Same again while I'm up? Or a little cockytail? Or like a, another shot?!

FLEABAG

Yeah, or we could just go back to mine?

BUS RODENT

Wow, erm thanks. Uh, I've actually got work, uh, tomorrow, but, another drink here—

FLEABAG

Or we could just go back to yours?

BUS RODENT

(shaking his head)

Gotta be up really early so—

FLEABAG

Well I'll just get you a cab in the morning.

BUS RODENT

(laughing nervously)

Well, that's ridiculous, I can't—

FLEABAG

Ok, what the fuck is your problem?

BUS RODENT

Oh. Um, nothing. I um ... I like you.

FLEABAG

(grabbing her bag)

Ok. You're a dick.

BUS RODENT

What's going on?

FLEABAG

You're pathetic.

She gets up and walks to the door.

BUS RODENT

Wait—

FLEABAG

Don't follow me.

BUS RODENT

Oh, I wasn't.

(picking something up from the floor)

You dropped this.

He hands her the twenty pounds she stole from him. She takes it and struts off towards the door, giving us a smug look.

BUS RODENT

Um ...

He looks after her, confused.

EXT. BUS STOP – NIGHT

Fleabag stands at the bus stop.

There is an incredibly DRUNK GIRL sitting on the kerb. Fleabag watches her.

Drunk Girl suddenly crashes to the floor. Her boob falls out of her top.

Fleabag helps her back up and puts her boob back in. They both settle.

The girl rests her head on Fleabag's shoulder.

After a while she looks up.

FLEABAG

You Ok?

Drunk girl nods.

DRUNK GIRL

Are you Ok?

(touches Fleabag's face)

Sad face.

FLEABAG

I'm fine.

The girl nestles into Fleabag's neck.

Beat.

DRUNK GIRL

Aw.

(beat)

You're such a lovely man.

Fleabag looks at the camera.

EXT. BUS STOP – NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER

Fleabag has hailed a cab for Drunk Girl. She picks her up.

FLEABAG

Ok.

(Drunk Girl moves towards the cab)

Stay there, you're Ok.

She opens the cab door.

FLEABAG

Hey – do you, do you wanna come home with me?

DRUNK GIRL

WHAT?! NO WAY! You naughty boy—

Drunk Girl gets into the cab and Fleabag watches it drive away.

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Boo closing the door. She joins Fleabag, who is pouring wine, at a table.

FLEABAG

Oooh, sing a song Boo Boo!!

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER

Boo and Fleabag sit opposite each other with a glass of wine each. They are happy in their little kingdom they built.

FLEABAG

(singing)

Another lunch break another abortion!

BOO

(singing)

Another piece of cake another two—

FLEABAG

(singing)

Fuck it twenty—

FLEABAG/BOO

—Cigarettes. And we're happy, so happy, to be modern women.

They laugh. Boo pulls Fleabag's face close to hers.

BOO

Come here. Let's never ask anyone for anything. They don't get it.

FLEABAG

(nodding her head)

Deal.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT – CONT.

Fleabag stands on the street. She looks at the camera.

FLEABAG

Fuck it.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR – NIGHT

Fleabag is drunk. She is yelling through the letter box.

FLEABAG

Helloliliiiiooo!

(to camera)

This is totally fine.

She hammers relentlessly on the door.

FLEABAG

HELLLOOOO! OPEN UP!

Eventually the door opens. It's an exhausted man in his fifties.

FLEABAG

Alright Dad!

DAD

What's going on?

FLEABAG

Oh I'm, I'm absolutely fine!

DAD

Ok.

FLEABAG

I just, uh ...

Fleabag starts tearing up.

DAD

Yeah.

FLEABAG

Uh – it's nothing. It doesn't – It's ...

DAD

You know it's nearly two o'clock in the morning.

FLEABAG

Ok. Yeah, Ok. I'm— I don't wanna, I'm gonna. It was ...

(she turns but then turns back)

Oh fuck it. I have a horrible feeling that I am a greedy, perverted, selfish, apathetic, cynical, depraved, morally bankrupt woman who can't even call herself a feminist.

She looks desperately at him. She needs him now.

DAD

Well ... Um ...

(pathetic, trying to make a joke)

You get all that from your mother!

She laughs a sad laugh.

FLEABAG

Good one!

DAD

I – I'm going to call you a cab, darling. And um – don't go upstairs.

He goes inside. Fleabag follows and climbs the stairs.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM/ STUDIO – NIGHT. CONT.

Fleabag walks into a room revealing GODMOTHER, with her back to the door, painting thick black paint delicately onto a canvas. Fleabag watches her.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
To be fair. She's not an evil stepmother.
(beat)

She's just a cunt.

(to Godmother)
Hi!

GODMOTHER
(really lovely)
Darling! I thought that must have been you. Everything alright?

FLEABAG
(really nice)
Yeah! Just thought I'd ... swing by.

GODMOTHER
Ah, how lovely. Lucky us.

FLEABAG
Oh, don't worry. Dad's already booking me a taxi.
(beat)

What you doing?

GODMOTHER
Oh, painting. I find the night-times very ... peaceful.
(she laughs sweetly)

Usually!

Fleabag laughs too.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oop. Warming up.

Fleabag walks over to the bookshelves, looking at the objects on there.

GODMOTHER
Look. I know it's not really my place. But – are you Ok?
Everyone's been worried ...

Fleabag sees a small sculpture of a female legs and torso with large breasts but no arms.

FLEABAG

Poor fucker.

GODMOTHER

Yes. She's actually an expression of how women are subtle warriors ... strong at heart. You know, we don't have to use muscular force to get what we want. We just need to use our—

FLEABAG

Tits.

GODMOTHER

Innate femininity.

FLEABAG

Tits don't get you anywhere these days. Trust me.

She picks up the statue.

GODMOTHER

It's very valuable actually.

FLEABAG

How much?

GODMOTHER

Thousands.

FLEABAG

Can I have it?

GODMOTHER

(laughs)

No.

Godmother takes the statue off Fleabag and puts it back on the shelf.

Beat.

FLEABAG

(gesturing to the thick, black canvas)

What's that?

GODMOTHER

Oh, um. My self-portrait.

They look at each other.

FLEABAG

Oh!

Godmother smiles.

GODMOTHER

Oo.

(wanting her to leave)

I can hear your da—?

Godmother heads to the door. Dad's voice weakly from the bottom of the stairs.

DAD (O.S.)

CAB'S HERE!

FLEABAG
(a bit too loud)

THANKS.

GODMOTHER

Ah. Nice of him.

FLEABAG

Bye.

GODMOTHER

Bye.

They kiss on each cheek.

GODMOTHER

Um, please look after yourself.

(she holds Fleabag's arm)

You really do look ghastly darling.

INT. TAXI – NIGHT

Fleabag is in a taxi riding smoothly through London. The DRIVER talks to her.

DRIVER

A café eh?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

DRIVER

On your own?

FLEABAG

Kind of.

DRIVER

Kind of? Go on!

FLEABAG

It's kind of a funny story actually.

DRIVER

Oh that's good! It'll keep me going! Shoot.

FLEABAG

I opened the café with my friend Boo.

DRIVER

Cute name.

FLEABAG

Yeah. She's dead now. She accidentally killed herself. It wasn't her intention but it wasn't a total accident. She didn't actually think she'd die, she just found out that her boyfriend fucked someone else and wanted to punish him by ending up in hospital and not letting him visit her for a bit. She decided to walk into a busy cycle lane, wanting to get tangled in a bike, break a finger maybe. But as it turns out bikes go fast and flip you into the road. Three people died.

(she laughs)

She was such a dick.

He doesn't know what to say. She laughs.

FLEABAG

So yeah ... Kind of on my own.

He looks at her in the rear-view mirror. She drunkenly, and sadly, smiles. He drives on in silence.

She undoes her coat. She only has her bra on underneath.

She pulls out the little sculpture of the woman with no arms from her trousers. It sits on her lap.

Two women. One real. One not.

Both with their innate femininity out.

She looks at the camera and smiles.

END OF EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2

INT. TUBE – DAY

Fleabag sits on the tube.

‘Sail’ by AWOLNATION starts playing. We do not hear the sound of the real world.

Each seat opposite is taken by random members of the public. They all sit silently. A few people are standing.

It’s your regular, bored, anonymous tube carriage of commuters. No one engaging with each other.

Fleabag looks at each one individually.

At each break in the music each person breaks into a brief, but eviscerating, sob before snapping back to their usual expressionless face.

Just as we hit the climax of the music, it cuts out.

Fleabag looks sideways at the camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

I think my period’s coming.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. CLAIRE’S HOUSE – DAY

The last echo of a DOORBELL fades. Fleabag is standing outside. Claire opens the door. She is surprised to see Fleabag, who never comes over. Plus no one ever just ‘knocks’ any more.

CLAIRE
Oh ... kay ...

FLEABAG
(smiling)

Hi!

CLAIRE
Are you alright? What’s happened? Are you hurt?

FLEABAG

No?

CLAIRE

Oh good.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Nice haircut.

CLAIRE

It's better.

Another beat.

FLEABAG

Can I come in?

CLAIRE

Why didn't you text?

FLEABAG

I just thought I'd pop by.

CLAIRE

Tell the truth.

FLEABAG

I need to speak to Martin.

CLAIRE

Martin?

FLEABAG

(to camera, disgusted)

Martin.

(to Claire, chirpy)

Martin.

CLAIRE

Why on earth would you want to speak to—

INT. MARTIN'S STUDY – DAY – CONT.

MARTIN (forties, American, twinkly, alcoholic) sits at an old oak desk with piles and piles of paper everywhere.

He has both hands on his desk, watching something on his laptop. There is something a little sweaty about him.

CLAIRE

Martin?

The door opens and Claire and Fleabag enter. Martin looks up and jumps up from his computer.

MARTIN

(guilty and over the top)

HELLO HELLO MY WIFE IN MY STUDY! Hello, give me ...

(holds up two fingers)

Two ...

He looks closely at the laptop.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Gangbangs. Asian. I'd put a tenner on it.

MARTIN

(looking at the screen, clicking something, shuts the laptop)

Finished.

(seeing Fleabag)

Well hello you!

Fleabag holds up her hand in unenthusiastic greeting.

CLAIRE

She wants to talk to you about something.

MARTIN

Oh, well it must be my lucky day. You said she only talks to people she fancies!

Claire and Fleabag 'laugh'.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Ugh.

(to Claire)

Can you leave us?

CLAIRE

Why?

FLEABAG

He's organising your surprise birthday party.

Pause. Claire is stony-faced. But secretly thrilled.

CLAIRE

You know I ... hate ... Ok.

She leaves quickly, before she gives away how touched she is, closing the door as she goes.

MARTIN

I have a week to organise that now.

FLEABAG

Best of luck.

MARTIN

Nice top.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Ugh.

(beat, to Martin)

Thanks. Do you deal in sculptures as well as paintings and papier mâché?

MARTIN

Depends on the quality of the piece.

Fleabag pulls out the statue.

MARTIN

Fuck me.

(he takes it)

What a pair.

FLEABAG

I know, right.

He laughs.

MARTIN

Where d'you get this?

FLEABAG

Oh just I – stole it ... From a market.

He laughs. Still examining.

MARTIN

Uh it's quite a piece. Who's the artist?

Fleabag shrugs.

FLEABAG

Just a ... Market artist.

MARTIN

If I sell it I take 10 per cent. Deal?

FLEABAG

Deal.

MARTIN

Ok. Well. I'll get her photographed now.

FLEABAG

Don't tell Claire. Please.

MARTIN

(teasing)

Or what?

FLEABAG

Or I'll ...

MARTIN

(grossly)

Ha! You got nothing on me, princess!

Fleabag laughs.

FLEABAG

Or I'll tell her you're watching gangbangs.

Beat.

He is totally taken aback.

MARTIN

(earnest)

Please don't do that again.

She smiles. She would.

MARTIN
(busted)

I wasn't. By the way.

He starts walking out, shaking his head. He leaves.

Beat.

Fleabag looks at the camera and then goes to Martin's laptop.

Pulls up the screen. It flashes on. She looks at what he was looking at, but we don't see it.

FLEABAG
(disgusted)

Ugh.

We see the screen. It's not an Asian gangbang. He's looking at buying a necklace that says 'Claire' in big swirly letters. Tacky. But sweet.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Disappointing.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE – DAY

The doorway again. Claire is showing Fleabag out. Fleabag is holding a loo roll.

CLAIRE
Ummmm ... Where did you get that?

FLEABAG
Oh I brought it with me.

CLAIRE
No you didn't. Give it back.

Fleabag gives it back.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Tight.

CLAIRE

Patch things up with Harry?

FLEABAG

Yeah we're ... we're engaged.

CLAIRE

(horrified)

God, what?

FLEABAG

(laughing)

No we're not engaged. He's back at the flat packing up all his stuff again.

CLAIRE

(trying to come across caring – doesn't suit her)

Well ... I'm sorry. He really used to make you laugh.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He also used to say things like—

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S KITCHEN – DAY

Fleabag's POV. Harry looks up lovingly.

HARRY

You're not like other girls ... you can
(taps his temple)
keep up.

He sips a smoothie from a straw.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE. DOORSTEP – DAY

Back with Fleabag and Claire.

CLAIRE

(wistfully)

I like Harry. I liked his songs.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag stands, stunned, staring at the stripped bed and the emptiness of the whole room.

She looks momentarily lost.

Then she turns to us. She covers her loneliness. She doesn't want us to see.

FLEABAG

I admire how much Harry commits to our break-ups.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. KITCHEN – DAY

The kitchen is totally bare. She opens the fridge. It's empty.

FLEABAG

I mean, this is a new detail, but he does usually go the extra mile.
A few times he's even cleaned the whole flat.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S FLAT. KITCHEN – DAY

Harry is furiously scrubbing the floor on his hands and knees, sobbing.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. KITCHEN – DAY

Fleabag looks at us.

FLEABAG

Like it's a crime scene. I've considered timing a break-up for when
the flat needs a bit of a going-over ...

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag and Harry are snuggled happily in bed watching a movie. She looks
genuinely happy for a moment. Then she eyes around the room.

She grimaces at some dust on her side-table. She runs her finger through it.

She turns the movie off.

FLEABAG

I don't think this is working.

He looks totally ambushed.

HARRY

Wha—?

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

Fleabag in the kitchen. She is looking for something. She looks at some shelves.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

But he always leaves ...

She finds what she's looking for. There is a small toy dinosaur in there. She picks it up.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Him. To come back for.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BATHROOM – DAY

Fleabag sits on the loo holding the dinosaur.

FLEABAG
Gotta think about all the people I can have sex with now.
(beat)

I'm not obsessed with sex.
(beat)

I just can't stop thinking about it.
(beat)

The performance of it. The awkwardness of it, the drama of it. The moment you realise someone wants your body ... Not so much the feeling of it.

(beat)
I've probably got about forty-eight hours before Harry comes back.

Slightly exhausted by having to fill her emptiness. She turns and pulls some loo paper. There's hardly any left – the cardboard roll falls to the floor.

FLEABAG
I should get on it.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Fleabag is rushing down the street. We are slightly behind her.

FLEABAG
(to camera, bit depressed)

I took half an hour trying to look nice ... And I ended up looking ...

The camera pans round to her face.

FLEABAG

(to camera, amazed)

AMAZING. Just one of those days. Gorgeous. Fresh-faced, new top, little bit sexy. On my way to open my café and— Oh God.

She sees a large, bruiser-looking man walking towards her. He is fixated on her. He is quite far away to begin with so it doesn't matter if we can't see his face clearly.

She starts strutting, pulls a face like 'ugh' to camera.

He approaches. He looks like he is building up to saying something.

FLEABAG

Yeah you check me out chub-chub cos it's neeeever gonna happen.

He gets a bit closer. He is starting to smirk.

FLEABAG

Oh God, he can't believe how attractive I am ... Kinda worried I'm about to make a sex offender out of the poor guy.

She is clearly loving that he is checking her out. She holds her head up.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Here we go. This better be good. Here we go.

He's about to pass. He shamelessly looks her up and down as he passes her.

MAN

(coughs)

Walk of shame.

Beat.

She is put out.

Because she was talking to us she forgets to look where she is going.

She is about to cross the road. A CYCLIST passes and dings the bell.

CYCLIST

OI!

It makes Fleabag jump.

EXT. FLASHBACK, ROAD – DAY

Boo stands on the side of the road. Bicycles and traffic fly past.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY, LATER

A MAN sits in the café. She watches him seductively.

She deliberately pushes a cucumber off the counter.

FLEABAG
(seductively)

Oh. Dropped my cucumber.

He looks up and makes no comment. He goes back to his work. Not interested. She picks it up. Tries again –

FLEABAG

Just dropped my ...

He's not listening. She gives up. The man walks up to the counter.

MAN

Um, could I get a cheese sandwich to go.

FLEABAG

Sure.

She reaches for some cheese sandwiches wrapped in clingfilm.

FLEABAG

That'll be ... um ... £12.55, please.

The man frowns.

FLEABAG
(explaining)

London.

He hands over a note.

FLEABAG

Thanks.

He turns and picks up a picture of Boo and Fleabag. He points to Boo in the picture

MAN

Where do I recognise her from? Is she famous?

EXT. FLASHBACK, ROAD – DAY

Boo stands on the busy road and steps into the traffic.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Back with Fleabag and the man.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Boo's death hit the papers. Local café girl gets hit by bike, and a car, and another bike.

(to man)

She used to work here.

He waits expectantly for his change.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry, I don't have any change.

He shakes his head and goes. Fleabag sits down and looks bored. She sighs.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

The next man who walks in here is getting ridden to death.

The bell dings. Her dad walks in.

FLEABAG

Dad?

DAD

Hi.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Not ideal.

DAD

Um ... how're you ... Uh ... Darling.

Fleabag looks very confused. It's awkward.

DAD

You busy?

FLEABAG

A bit.

DAD

(looking around at the empty café)

Well I won't ... keep you ... uh ... I just want to talk about ... ah ... when you ... you dropped in the other night.

FLEABAG

Ok?

DAD

I can't help thinking that I ... I ... We ... I know that we ... don't have much of a chance to ...

(beat, quietly)

Did you take the sculpture? Did you, um, take the sculpture?

(more confident)

Did you take it?

FLEABAG

(looks at camera, then back at Dad)

No? What sculpture?

DAD

(relieved)

Oh right ... Good. You said no. That means I can go. Alright. Great.

As he gets to the door he panics. He wants to ask her if she is happy.

DAD

(turning)

Um ... Are you ... Happy ... um

(beat)

Healthy?

She nods.

He smiles awkwardly and exits.

TWO YOGA GIRLS come in.

YOGA 1

Hey, do you do like hot, organic-y food?

FLEABAG

Of course. What would you like?

YOGA 2

Um ... like a risotto?

FLEABAG

Sure. Grab a seat.

INT. SHOP – DAY

A cheap, microwave risotto in a fridge. Fleabag grabs it.

She turns and walks through the shop until she finds the tampons.

She stops and stares at the shelf. She goes for the small tampons sold in a yellow box, and then hesitates, eyes the camera, and then sheepishly puts them back and picks up the box of massive tampons sold in the green box.

Just then, Arsehole Guy appears.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

She panics and quickly swaps the green box for the yellow.

They play it super cool.

FLEABAG

Hi.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

FLEABAG

Hey.

ARSEHOLE GUY

It's nice to see you.

FLEABAG

You too.

(to camera, chuffed)

Fucked me up the arse.

He gestures to the items she's holding.

ARSEHOLE GUY

What you getting?

FLEABAG

(flirty)

Oh just these. For my tiny, bleeding ... vagina.

Beat.

He looks at her intensely.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hot.

FLEABAG

You?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Stock cubes.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Hot.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(beat, serious)

Hope it's a light flow.

FLEABAG

(flirty)

Oh, it never is.

(more intense)

It never is.

Beat.

He's not sure what they're doing any more. Neither is Fleabag.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Listen, er ... You around later?

FLEABAG

Uh ...

(to camera)
YES FUCKING YES PLEASE YES.
(to him, calm)

Yes.

ARSEHOLE GUY
Cool.

FLEABAG
Cool. Bye.

He smiles and goes. She puts the yellow box back and picks up the green ones.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
YES.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag is staring at the risotto cooking in the microwave. We can hear the yoga girls' conversation.

YOGA 1
I'm just so – happy ... with my body now. Like ... I don't have to define myself by how I look because I've just got a fucking great body.

YOGA 2
Yeah!

YOGA 1
I can like do other stuff now.

YOGA 2
That's so great!

YOGA 1
(suddenly serious)
Mike wants to start trying for a baby.

YOGA 2
Ok?!

YOGA 1

No – I can't blow this body on a baby, Steph. I'm going to have to leave him.

They giggle, then notice something and scream.

In the middle of the room, there is a guinea pig, just looking at them.

Fleabag rushes over.

FLEABAG

Ah shit.

YOGA 2

That is not hygienic!

FLEABAG

Sorry.

YOGA 2

Ugh gross. We're leaving now.

They grab their yoga mats and rush out. Fleabag picks Hilary up and turns to camera.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I suppose you should meet Hilary. Two years ago I—

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag stands nervously in front of Boo, who is sat with a birthday cupcake and some tea.

FLEABAG

Ok. The most important thing is if you don't like it we can't take it back, Ok?

BOO

Ok.

FLEABAG

Happy birthday.

Hands her the box.

FLEABAG

Sorry. I panicked.

BOO

As long as I can wear it or eat it I'm happy.

FLEABAG

You can do both of those things.

Boo opens the box. She looks in, then at Fleabag in disbelief.

BOO

Oh my God – did you get me a –?! – what is this?! What the—
what is it?

Lifting up the guinea pig.

FLEABAG

I dunno ... something to love?

BOO

She's beautiful.

(affectionately smacking Fleabag)

You idiot.

She is thrilled with her present.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag puts the guinea pig back in her cage.

FLEABAG

(to the guinea pig)

Escape artist.

(to camera)

I don't feel anything about guinea pigs, they're pointless, but Boo took Hilary very seriously as a gift and soon everything became guinea-pig related.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

We see shots of Boo putting up a guinea-pig picture. She turns once she has hung it.

BOO

This is an excellent one.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag looks at the same picture on the wall.

She misses Boo.

She snaps out of it.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Drink?

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S PAINFULLY COOL STUDIO FLAT – NIGHT

Fleabag is holding a drink. The studio is immaculate. Not a thing out of place.

Arsehole Guy glides in, also holding a drink and a piece of prosciutto.

ARSEHOLE GUY
Look, I'm sorry about the mess.

FLEABAG
No problem.

ARSEHOLE GUY
You want some prosciutto with that?

He approaches her and puts it in her mouth before kissing her. It's a bit awkward because she has prosciutto in her mouth.

He starts kissing her neck.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

So reliable. Utterly inaccessible, relentlessly profound. All he wants is to get you in the bath and ask questions like—

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BATHROOM – NIGHT

CUT TO: a close-up of Arsehole Guy's perfectly dampened hair and glistening face in the bath.

ARSEHOLE GUY
What are you afraid of?

Fleabag sits at the other end.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
And you find yourself saying things like –
(to Arsehole Guy, profoundly)
I guess ... losing the currency of youth.

He looks at her, intrigued, impressed. Fleabag looks to camera. Smashed it.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Ask me a question.

She thinks.

FLEABAG
(tongue in cheek)

When did you realise you were so good-looking?

ARSEHOLE GUY
(serious)

I knew I was different when I was about nine. But shit got real around eleven.

FLEABAG

Shit got real?

ARSEHOLE GUY

You know. Aunts got weird.

Fleabag frowns and nods.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I've got another question.

FLEABAG

Ok.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Do you ever feel lonely?

Beat.

FLEABAG
(earnest)

Yeah. Of course. Do you?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Never.

He sits up and leans forward.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Do you want some pineapple?

Fleabag looks to camera, then back at him.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

He stands up and gets out the bath. She looks to camera, reacting to his body.

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

They are in bed. They are passionate. He has his hands on her tits.

ARSEHOLE GUY

God yeah ... They're so small.

Fleabag frowns.

ARSEHOLE GUY

They're so small.

Fleabag frowns.

FLEABAG

What?

ARSEHOLE GUY

They're so small. God they're so fucking tiny.

FLEABAG

Yeah I guess—

ARSEHOLE GUY

(so aroused)

Oh my God they're hardly even there. Where the fuck even are they?

FLEABAG

Bit much.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Excuse me.

He turns her around to FUCK HER UP THE ARSE.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I'm having a Harry Panic. Madame Ovary is telling me to run back to safe place. I can make baby in safe place. But I've got to ride it out. Mustn't –

(beat)

Call. H—

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Harry sits opposite Fleabag. Who looks very morose and proper.

FLEABAG

Thanks for coming.

HARRY

That's Ok. Are you Ok? Your message sounded urgent.

FLEABAG

Were you busy?

HARRY

No, I was in the interval of—

FLEABAG

Oh cool.

HARRY

Cats .

FLEABAG

Ok. Was it good?

HARRY

Really good actually. Really good.

FLEABAG

Sorry for interrupting.

HARRY

No it's Ok. I got the feeling it wasn't going to end well for the cats so – it's probably good to remember them like that – before they all — um. Sorry. Um. Are you Ok?

FLEABAG

Who were you with?

HARRY
(coy)

A work friend.

(beat)

A girl.

Beat.

She looks at the camera. Who ...?

She pulls the little dinosaur toy out of her bag.

FLEABAG

I found this.

She places it on the table.

Beat.

HARRY

Thanks. I didn't realise I left it.

(beat)

Why's your hair wet?

She looks at him flirtatiously, running her hands through her hair.

HARRY

Don't look at me like that.

FLEABAG

(to camera, flirtatious)

Like what?

(to Harry)

Like what?

HARRY

(suddenly)

Look, I don't want to sound cold or cruel or ... I don't want you to think I'm just off happy at the theatre all the time either. I'm not ... But I'm not going to – I just – if this is about getting back together. I was serious. This time I'm just not going to come running back, I really just need some time away fr—

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT – NIGHT

Harry is on top of Fleabag. They are ‘making love’.

HARRY
(gently)

I’m so glad you called.

FLEABAG
(gently to Harry)

I’m so glad you picked up.

HARRY
I’ve missed you. I’ve missed you.

The ‘lovemaking’ is happening very slowly. Very ... very ... very ... slow ... ly. It’s full of meaning for Harry.

HARRY
My gosh you feel good.

FLEABAG
Mmmm.

(to camera)
I wish he’d just fuck me. All he wants to do is make love.

HARRY
Are you Ok?

FLEABAG
(gently)
Yeah I’m really good. I’m amazing.
(to camera)

He’s wasting me.

(beat)
I was once fucking a guy who would breathe on every thrust—

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Same shot, but OLDER MAN is fucking Fleabag. He says ‘young’ on each thrust.

OLDER MAN
You’re so *young* . You’re so *young* .

INT. FLEABAG’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag with Harry making love. Fleabag frowns.

FLEABAG

I masturbate about that all the time. I masturbate a lot these days.
Especially when I'm bored, or angry, or upset ... or happy or ...

She moves him off her gently. She starts masturbating. He smiles.

HARRY

Shall I—

FLEABAG

No, could you just ... stay there ...

He frowns. He stops. She orgasms. He kisses her. She jerks away, still enjoying her orgasm.

INT. FLEABAG'S KITCHEN – MORNING

Harry and Fleabag eat toast.

HARRY

Look, I think we should stop masturbating.

Massive pause.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't say anything yet. I just ... I just think it would help us focus on each other ... Being more present. Really successful couples do it.

FLEABAG

Um—

HARRY

I've hidden our vibrators.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

'Our.'

HARRY

I thought it would be fun.

FLEABAG

To find them?

HARRY

No. Just to try to not ... touch ourselves. To try and ... Save our touches for each other.

(beat)

What do you think?

FLEABAG

I think you're being really sexy.

She mimes moving her hand towards her vagina.

HARRY

DON'T.

FLEABAG

I'm joking. I never masturbate! I don't know how!

HARRY

Also, I thought we should try and surprise each other once every day. Just a sweet little something. To keep it ... You know.

FLEABAG

Are you getting this out of a book?

HARRY

(excited)

I've already planned your first surprise so ...

(really pleased with himself)

Don't eat too much before dinner ...

See you later.

He smiles. Kisses her. Bends down to her vagina.

HARRY

And I will see *you* later too.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag looks through her mail. Claire enters the café. Awkward.

FLEABAG

Oh. Hi.

CLAIRE

Just thought I'd ... pop by for some lunch.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Bit weird.

CLAIRE

Yes well.

(beat)

How are you? Quiet day?

FLEABAG

Yeah I'm fine. You Ok? You look stressed.

CLAIRE

Well, I'm successful so ... Do you have rye bread?

FLEABAG

No. But I have normal bread you could just puke up after.

CLAIRE

Great.

FLEABAG

What do you want in it?

CLAIRE

Oh, just tomatoes is fine.

FLEABAG

Just tomatoes? Just a tomato sandwich.

CLAIRE

Yes. Is there a problem?

FLEABAG

Nope.

Fleabag tries not to smile. She makes the sandwich.

CLAIRE

Listen, I don't want to know anything about this party. But if you could just um ... Have it at mine this Friday at 7:30 that'd be great. I can organise it and act surprised but if you could just – you know what why don't I just do it. I can organise it, do the food, and act surprised and just to take it off your hands. I can see that you're busy so ...

FLEABAG

Ok, if you want—

CLAIRE

Well I don't want to but I think it would be easier for everyone if I could just—

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

I meant I've done it, it's done. It's this Friday at 7:30 at mine.

FLEABAG

Great.

Claire frowns. She picks up and looks at the FINAL DEMAND bills on the counter.

CLAIRE

How behind are you? If it's money that you need—

FLEABAG

I don't need money.

(hands Claire sandwich)

That'll be £25 please.

CLAIRE

London!

Claire gets out her wallet. Claire pays, then looks at Hilary.

CLAIRE

I can't believe that thing's still alive.

She starts to leave.

CLAIRE

Oh. Any news on Harry?

FLEABAG

Yeah we're back together.

CLAIRE

God I can't keep up.

Claire shakes her head and leaves.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT – NIGHT

Fleabag opens the front door.

FLEABAG
(calling out)

Hello!

(beat. Nothing.)

Harry?

Nothing. She is about to go into the kitchen, when she stops. She spots the candles and a present wrapped up on the table.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh shit.

She hurry-creeps to the bedroom, past the bathroom, where we catch a glimpse of the oblivious Harry in the shower. She has an idea.

INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

She finds a black t-shirt and ties it around her head so she looks like a ninja – whole face covered, with a slit for the eyes.

We follow her creeping out.

INT. FLEABAG'S KITCHEN – NIGHT

She grabs a huge knife from the kitchen. She is giggling to herself.

INT. FLEABAG'S CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BATHROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag swings open the door silently. Harry is in the shower facing away from her, rubbing his face.

We follow her into the bathroom.

She gets really close.

She gets closer. He stops rubbing his face. Sensing something. She is trying desperately not to giggle.

She gets really close. She holds up the knife over her ninja-mask-covered face

He turns around, he sees the ninja, AND TOTALLY FREAKS OUT.

FLEABAG

SUUURRPPPPRRRRRIISEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

He SCREAMS, his hands flap about, he bursts into tears and drops to his knees shaking and crying.

Fleabag is both horrified she has scared him so much and in a fit of hysterical laughter. She tries to tear off the t-shirt-mask.

FLEABAG

It's me! It's me! It's me!

Harry continues to scream. He is in a proper panic. The shower is still running. She climbs in to hold him.

HARRY

Why would you DO THAT?! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO GET RAPED.

FLEABAG

(can't help her laughter)

I'm so sorry! I'm sor— baby I'm sorry, I thought you wanted a surprise. It was a ninja surprise ...

HARRY

Oh my God my heart is. I'm shaking so much. Oh my God.

(beat. He takes a deep breath. Then starts to properly cry)

Oh my God. Oh my God. Ok. It's Ok. Are you Ok? Oh my God.

Did you – did you have a good day?

FLEABAG

(concerned laughing)

Yes. Fine thanks. I'm so sorry. I didn't think you were going to react like that – sorry, it was a joke.

HARRY

It was a good joke. Jesus. I thought you'd be later.

FLEABAG

Yeah—

Harry jumps and screams.

HARRY

Oh GOD sorry. I just – I think I’m – I’m still in shock – I’m still –
Ok.

They both sit, damp, in the bath under the shower. He breathes deeply.
Fleabag rubs his back and occasionally giggles.

HARRY

(deep breathing)

That was horrible.

FLEABAG

It was a surprise.

HARRY

I know. Thank you. It’s fine.

She rubs his face and looks at the camera, trying to hide a grin – whoops.

FLEABAG

Shall I go and get us some wine?

He nods.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Fleabag running back down a street being chased by someone. She has just
stolen a bottle of wine.

SHOP OWNER

I KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE! I KNOW WHAT YOU
TOOK! THAT IS THE LAST TIME!!

INT. FLEABAG’S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Fleabag walks in.

FLEABAG

Splashed out on a special bottle for a special—

Harry is sitting dramatically with his towel around his hair in the dark
kitchen. His laptop is in front of him.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Harry?

Opening his laptop—

HARRY

I had to go into the history on my computer to find something I'd seen on the H&M website this morning and – I don't want to point fingers, but ...

He takes a deep, brave breath and reads the history.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anal, gangbang, mature, big cock, small tits, hentai, Asian, teen, MILF, big butts, lesbian, gay, facial, fetish, bukkake, young and old, swallow, rough, voyeur ... and public.

Long pause.

FLEABAG

Why you being so sexy?

Beat.

She's taking the piss. He looks at her bravely.

HARRY

Don't make me hate you. Loving you is painful enough.

Beat.

Fleabag tries to hold it together but she can't help but—

FLEABAG

Ok, sorry ... but I really think you should write that down. I know it's not appropriate, but I really think you should write that down. It's a really good for your – a line for—

HARRY

I'm not going to write that down—

FLEABAG

No no, I'm serious. For your songs and stuff – it's perfect. It's poetic yet real ... Serious.

She mimes writing. He hates her.

Beat.

But he does it. He reaches for a pen and scribbles it down in a notepad. He angrily dictates to himself.

HARRY

Don't make me—

FLEABAG

Hate you—

HARRY

YEAH I KNOW THANK YOU.

(beat. He continues to write)

Loving you is painful ...

(throws the pen and notepad down)

WHAT AM I DOING?

He grabs his laptop and a bag and starts piling his things into it. They speak at the same time. He is distraught while packing away.

HARRY

Look, there is someone at work who loves me. She told me she loves me and I said we couldn't be together because I had to know and – do you want to be alone?

(beat)

You will never see me again.

(he goes to leave)

I will always love you but I just can't take it any more.

(beat)

I-I don't hate you. I'm scared for you.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's going to write that down.

Beat

He can't help but write it down.

He hates himself.

He leaves.

HARRY

I'm gonna go pack up my things up from the bedroom again, but I'm ... I'm not going to clean. It's still in pretty good shape, so ... If I don't see you after that – goodbye.

He exits.

Beat.

Fleabag stands there. Harry comes back through the door.

HARRY
(sincere)

Forever.

He leaves the room again. Fleabag looks at his dinosaur. She looks at the camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

He'll be back.

Harry opens the door again.

Beat.

He walks slowly past her. He takes the dinosaur. He tries not to look at her as he walks out.

Fleabag is left standing alone. She is shocked. This time really is forever.

END OF EPISODE 2

EPISODE 3

EXT. CEMETERY – DAY

Fleabag is jogging through the cemetery. She stops to stretch.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Jogging.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. CEMETERY – DAY

Fleabag and Claire sit next to each other on a bench. Opposite them is a grave with fresh flowers on it.

Fleabag is still in jogging gear and trainers. Claire is in her work clothes.

FLEABAG
I did a fart the other day that was exactly like Mum's.

CLAIRE
(deadpan)
A door opening or suspicious duck?

FLEABAG
Door opening.

CLAIRE
Means you're getting Mum's bum.

FLEABAG
God, I'd be lucky. My bottom dropped ages ago. My farts used to be like (loud and strong) PAH. Now they're just sort of ... fighting their way out.

CLAIRE
I haven't farted in about three years.

Fleabag reaches into her pocket and takes out a tiny box with a tiny cake in it.

FLEABAG
Happy Birthday.
(to camera)

She won't eat it.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

She starts eating it. Fleabag looks surprised.

CLAIRE

So it's a 7 p.m. arrival tonight for a 7:30 surprise, Ok?

FLEABAG

Yeah, I got your email.

CLAIRE

It's really a business birthday thing. It won't be much fun so just – don't expect a party-party.

FLEABAG

I won't.

CLAIRE

And maybe just wear trousers and don't drink too much. There's this huge promotion in Finland. So this party – is quite a serious – I mean it's basically a business meeting.

FLEABAG

Sounds like a blast. Can I bring a date?

CLAIRE

Harry?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

Who?

FLEABAG
(grins)

Don't know yet.

Claire smiles in a weary way for Fleabag.

CLAIRE

It's really inappropriate to jog around a graveyard.

FLEABAG

Why?

CLAIRE

Flaunting your ... life.

They both look at the grave. Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

God, I can't wait to be old.

FLEABAG

If it's any consolation you look older than you are.

Beat.

Claire gives her a sideways look. She is not going to rise to her.

Claire's phone rings.

CLAIRE

(to the grave)

Sorry.

(to Fleabag)

Sorry.

She picks it up and walks away out of shot.

CLAIRE

(on phone)

Hello, Claire speaking ...

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Mum died three years ago. She had a double mastectomy but never really recovered. It was particularly hard because she had amazing boobs. She used to tell me I was lucky cos mine would never get in the way.

Claire sits back down, her call over.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

My sister's got whoppers.

She looks at her sister's breasts.

FLEABAG

But she got all of Mum's good bits.

Claire comes off the phone.

FLEABAG

What's Martin given you?

CLAIRE

A cursory stroke would be nice.

FLEABAG

What? No bang-bang?

CLAIRE

He's still got that thing on his ...

FLEABAG

What ...

CLAIRE

On his ...

FLEABAG

Come on, you can do it.

CLAIRE

I don't have to say—

FLEABAG

Come on.

CLAIRE

No. Not here.

FLEABAG

Say it. Come on.

CLAIRE

No.

FLEABAG

Please—

CLAIRE

Penis.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

Beat.

CLAIRE

He says he has a thing on his penis.

(to the grave)

Sorry.

Fleabag gives the camera a look.

EXT. CEMETERY – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag and Claire are now walking together.

CLAIRE

Christ. Look at that man. Tragic.

A MAN cries heavily by a grave.

FLEABAG

Nah he's a con.

CLAIRE

You can't call someone who is grieving a con.

FLEABAG

That is shit g rieving! No one grieves like that unless they're in a film or from Italy!

CLAIRE

(simultaneously)

Look at him, he's properly grieving. Who are you to pass judgement on his grief?!

FLEABAG

Trust me, he's at a different grave every day. Can't get enough of it.

Beat.

Claire stares at her.

FLEABAG

What?

CLAIRE

You come here every day?

Fleabag shrugs slightly.

CLAIRE

Don't do a jumpy outy surprise thing. And don't sing 'Happy Birthday'. I couldn't bear it.

Beat.

She smiles shortly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm um ... I'm actually looking forward to it.

Fleabag smiles at her. Ugh.

EXT. STREET – LATER – DAY

Fleabag is walking down the street, dialling a number on her phone.

FLEABAG

(on the phone, emotional)

Hi, Harry, it's me. Ummm ... Listen I know we're broken up but it's, it's Claire's birthday tonight and I thought that um ...

Fleabag approaches a couple sitting on a bench with a dog beside them. The dog is looking directly at Fleabag.

FLEABAG

(distracted by the dog)

Er I thought that maybe you'd like to come to her ... birthday party. Anyway give me a call and um, hope you're Ok. Bye.

As she walks past, the dog continues to look at her. She looks back.

The dog is looking back at her over his shoulder too.

She is surprised at how flattered she feels. She goes a bit coy.

She looks back again. He looks back at her too.

She turns to camera, getting serious.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Can't go out with a dog.

EXT. CAFÉ – DAY

Establisher of Fleabag's café.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag sits at the counter. She has her back to us. She has her leggings pulled down and is taking pictures of her vagina.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

My boyfriend before Harry used to make me send him pictures of my vagina wherever I was. Ten or eleven times a day. One day when I was temping, he asked me to—

INT. FLASHBACK, OFFICE – DAY

Fleabag walking quickly down a corporate corridor towards a disabled toilet. Her phone goes. We see the message.

Send me one of your favourite bits of your body

She stops and looks exhausted. She starts to turn when her phone beeps again. She reads.

Your pussy or tits please

INT. FLASHBACK, DISABLED LOO – DAY

Fleabag is in the disabled toilet taking pictures of her vagina.

She chooses one and sends it.

She's about to go when she gets another text.

Oh my God, I'm wanking! Send me another ...

Unbuttons her top. Bored. Takes a photo of her tits. Sends it. Another text.

ANOTHER ONE. ANOTHER ONE!!!!

Fleabag unbuttons her top again, looking at us.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag takes a photo of her vagina. She scrolls through the photos she's taken.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Time to throw the net out ...

She sends multiple photos. Suddenly Martin enters in a panic. He is dishevelled and drunk.

MARTIN
I AM IN SO MUCH TROUBLE.

Fleabag stands and hurriedly pulls up her leggings.

FLEABAG
Jesus Christ!

MARTIN
WHAT AM I GOING TO GET CLAIRE?! I AM MEANT TO
GET HER THE PERFECT PRESENT. I AM NOT DRUNK.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Always drunk.

MARTIN
I AM NOT DRUNK.

He knocks something over accidentally.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Which is odd cos Claire's so straight.

MARTIN
Smack me in the face. Really hard.

FLEABAG
Really?

MARTIN
Yes.

A customer walks in just as Fleabag SLAPS Martin in the face hard.

The customer makes a muffled 'oh God' and leaves.

MARTIN
Fuck. Think you've given me a semi.

He laughs. Fleabag's grossed out.

MARTIN

Can I get a water or a sandwich or something.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I mean, the man's got a problem.

Martin stands by the sandwich fridge dancing at the sandwiches and takes one.

MARTIN

Speak to me. Speak to me ...!

FLEABAG

(to camera)

But no one wants to admit there's a problem because then they don't get to have crazy nights with fun drunk Martin.

MARTIN

(to sandwich)

Chicken ... Are you chicken?

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's one of those men who is explosively sexually inappropriate with everyone but makes you feel bad if you take offence because he was just 'being fun'. Honestly, you could tell him you were going to pop to the loo. And he'll say—

INT. FLASHBACK, PARTY – NIGHT

Martin is sitting with Claire, Fleabag and two other women.

MARTIN

(jovially)

Yesss you pop to the loo, pull down your knickers and I will come in and FUCK YOU!

He laughs uproariously. Everyone sort of half-laughs, including Claire.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Martin looks at Fleabag's café.

MARTIN

I mean this place is ridiculous. Does anyone ever come in here? I mean it is creepy as fuck!

FLEABAG

Why don't you get her a guinea pig? It was a surprise hit here.

MARTIN

What? You think she'd like a pig? Can I take this one?

He steps towards Hilary.

FLEABAG

No . Not that one.

MARTIN

CHRIST WOMAN! Something wrong with that one. Got death in its eyes.

FLEABAG

Yeah. Vet says she's depressed.

MARTIN

(to Hilary)

Aren't we all, girl.

(to Fleabag)

You know guinea pigs can die of loneliness.

FLEABAG

Can they?

This hits Fleabag. She looks at the camera.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY – CONT.

Boo is holding Hilary in front of Fleabag.

BOO

Hold her.

FLEABAG

No!

BOO

She needs it!

FLEABAG

No!

INT. CAFÉ – DAY – CONT.

Martin has had an idea. He's right up close to Fleabag.

MARTIN

Sssssshhh, I have an idea.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Urghhh – he's sexually inappropriate and he eats raw sausages, but no one's made her laugh like he does, so I guess I have to give him that.

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, END OF SAME PARTY – NIGHT

Martin is drunkenly putting Claire's coat on her. He is teasing her by always handing her the wrong hole to put her arm into. She can't help but release a little laugh.

MARTIN

I'll just put your ... Where're you going?! What are you doing?
Stop it!

(puts coat on Claire's head)

There – there we go!

INT. CAFÉ – DAY – CONT.

Martin is now very upset, eating sandwiches right up in Fleabag's face.

MARTIN

(almost crying)

I'm an innocent man. I bought her a necklace with her name on it, which she found and told me not to buy. I bought her a book that she already has and she says not to buy her any clothes because she probably won't wear them. SHE SCARES ME.

(almost crying)

This sandwich is so good.

FLEABAG

Look this is London. Just fuck off and buy something weird and expensive.

MARTIN

No no, it's gotta be good, alright, HELP ME!

FLEABAG

Pay me and I'll help you.

MARTIN

Fuck off.

(beat)

How much?

FLEABAG

Sixty pounds.

MARTIN

Seventy.

FLEABAG

Done.

MARTIN

YEAH!

INT. SHOP – LATER – DAY

Martin is staring blankly at a wall of shoes.

Fleabag looks at him expectantly. He turns. Hollowed out.

MARTIN

I don't know who she is.

Beat.

MARTIN

Is she ...?

Picks up a red loafer.

FLEABAG

No.

MARTIN

What about ...

A wedge.

FLEABAG

No.

MARTIN

Just get whoever you are. Who are you?

FLEABAG

I dunno ...

(beat)

I want to be that person.

She points to really cool shoes.

FLEABAG

I have been that person.

She points to some awful shoes.

MARTIN

Huh.

FLEABAG

But most of the time I am that person.

She points to some boring boots.

FLEABAG

Like everybody else.

MARTIN

They're good right? Chic?

FLEABAG

Chic means boring.

(to camera)

Don't tell the French.

MARTIN

What about these?

He holds up another awful pair.

FLEABAG

No! God.

Fleabag looks at her phone.

MARTIN

Nooo, stop checking. Alright? Nobody loves you. Help me here.

FLEABAG

Who is this person?

She holds up a gold trainer, admiring it.

MARTIN

FUCK NO!

FLEABAG

THIS IS PERFECT. Get her something she'd never get herself.
Surprise her.

MARTIN

She'll think I've gone nuts.

FLEABAG

No, she'll think you see her as this person. And everyone wants to
be this person.

He fiddles around with the shoe.

MARTIN

I dunno ... Aren't these for children?

FLEABAG

No!

MARTIN

Let's keep going. I saw some more stuff she'll hate over there.

Fleabag puts the shoe back. Then freezes. Beyond Martin, a young man is
helping his girlfriend try on shoes.

It is JACK. Fleabag's face drops.

Fleabag can't stop staring at Jack, who is kneeling by a girl and helping her
choose a shoe. They are clearly a couple.

Jack looks up and catches Fleabag's eyes. His face drains of colour. His
girlfriend turns to look at Fleabag.

INT. FLASHBACK, BOO'S FLAT – MORNING

The girls are still up and really high. They are giggly.

BOO

My neighbour is really fit.

FLEABAG

Which one?

BOO

The fit one.

FLEABAG

The one with the sexy big belly?

BOO

No no, he's the other neighbour. He's like ... he's like ... Ok. I'm gonna hold his face in my head so you can see him.

FLEABAG

Ok.

Fleabag frowns but totally goes with it.

Boo really thinks hard.

FLEABAG

I'm not getting anything.

(beat)

Make your face his face.

BOO

Yeah Ok.

She tries really hard to morph her face into his. Her face doesn't change that much.

FLEABAG

Is he mixed race? I'm getting mixed race.

Boo gasps with joy – he is!

BOO

Yes he is!

They laugh. There is the sound of his door opening. They jump up.

BOO

That's him!

FLEABAG

Come on.

BOO

Noooo. Ok.

EXT. FLASHBACK, CORRIDOR – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag and Boo are in the doorway. Their faces are squigged in the door.
Jack walks past checking his mail. He suddenly notices them.

JACK

Jesus!

BOO

(intensely whispered)

I'm really sorry. We're really high.

FLEABAG

We just really wanted to know what you looked like.

He points to his face.

FLEABAG

She thinks you're lovely.

Boo winces. He focuses on Boo, then smiles at her and then goes. They close the door laughing.

INT. SHOP – DAY – CONT.

Jack is still looking at Fleabag. Fleabag is in shock. Jack waves.

Meanwhile Martin has come back and has put on a pair of heels.

MARTIN

(admiring them)

Oh my God. Look at my ELEGANT feet!

Fleabag can't deal with the proximity to Jack. She grabs her bag and legs it.

EXT. STREET – DAY – CONT.

Martin chases Fleabag down the street. He's still wearing the heels.

MARTIN

(calming her)

Hey hey hey hey hello hey HEY!

He makes her stop.

MARTIN

What's your problem? Who was that?

FLEABAG

Er ... No one, it was – What? No, no one. I just need to go and get a drink – or something.

MARTIN

Ok. Well. Excellent. Can I go get my shoes?

FLEABAG

Yeah?

Fleabag waits for him as he runs back.

INT. BAR – DAY

Fleabag and Martin are sat in a bar. Fleabag downs a drink.

MARTIN

(recovering)

Woah. Easy tiger.

FLEABAG

Coming from you.

Beat.

MARTIN

So come on. Who was that heartbreaker?

FLEABAG

He used to go out with Boo. And then he slept with someone else and ... she ...

EXT. FLASHBACK, ROAD – DAY

Boo stands by the busy road and walks into it.

INT. BAR – DAY

Back with Fleabag and Martin.

MARTIN

(sensitively)

Yeah. Yeah, I know. Ok. Fuck.

Beat.

MARTIN

I've never really said how sorry I was-

FLEABAG

You should get the trainers.

He realises she doesn't want to talk about it.

MARTIN

She'll say I don't know her.

FLEABAG

You don't.

MARTIN

You're just as bad. It's never clear what she wants – I should just get her some perfume.

FLEABAG

(losing patience)

Jesus, just fuck her. Please. For the love of a good woman. Just wrap your willy up in a bow and screw her. She's going insane.

He sits back. He looks at her, defensive suddenly.

FLEABAG

What is it?

(beat)

You having an affair?

He smiles in a slightly smug, defensive way.

Beat.

MARTIN

Think you're a clever little puss don't you.

FLEABAG

A little marital poke isn't going to kill you.

MARTIN

Would it kill her to take me out to dinner? You girls, Jesus. Anyone said that to her they'd be hung.

FLEABAG

If they were hung she probably wouldn't be complaining.

Beat.

He didn't like that. He laughs – holding back his rage.

MARTIN

A little advice from a married man ... You should probably get yourself out there, sweetie.

(beat)

You're juuust tipping your prime.

There is a weird beat between them. Martin holds up his glass. He's trying to cover the weird beat, but ends up making it worse with this suggestion.

MARTIN

Another drink?

Her phone beeps. At last! She grabs it.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Bingo.

(to Martin)

Excuse me. I have a date. Get the trainers. The shop closes in an hour.

She leaves.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Bus Rodent and Fleabag are walking down the street. Bus Rodent is very out of breath.

BUS RODENT

Whooooaaaa, I was not expecting to see you again.

FLEABAG

(to camera, embarrassed)

Shut up.

BUS RODENT

Don't get me wrong. I'm chuffed to my boots. But um ... And thank you for the text. Saucy. And sorry I'm late.

FLEABAG

Oh no, it's fine. It was last-minute! It's really nice to see you—

BUS RODENT

No no I'm such a toolbox. I'd like to say I was trying to save a puppy or something, but I just got my coat caught on someone else's coat outside the tube – we had to separate ourselves. It was fucking intense. I had to give him my coat. What are we doing?

FLEABAG

Well it's my sister's surprise birthday party—

BUS RODENT

Cool, yeah, love surprises. Go on.

FLEABAG

I just thought I need to get her a present first.

BUS RODENT

Woahh, what are you going to get her? I know this beeeautiful soap shop. I mean this stuff just gets you straight. In. The. Bath.

FLEABAG

Oh, I was thinking more like—

INT. SEX SHOP – DAY

Bus Rodent, surrounded by sex toys, looks terrified. He can't cope with being in a sex shop.

BUS RODENT

(slightly under his breath, totally freaking out)

Um. Yah ... Yah ... These places. All the time ... Yah.

FLEABAG

You Ok?

BUS RODENT

N—yes.

FLEABAG

Sorry, I won't be long.

He waves his hand like he's super chilled and it like totally doesn't matter.

The WOMAN who works there approaches. They all greet each other.

WOMAN

Hi. What you craving?

FLEABAG

Oh just a really, really, cheap thrill.

WOMAN
(slightly flirtatiously at Fleabag)

For you?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Hello.

Bus Rodent notices them flirting.

BUS RODENT
(defensive)

No. It's for her sister.

The Woman looks amused by his jealousy.

FLEABAG
(to Woman)

It's for my very sexually frustrated sister. Just a basic bunny would be great.

WOMAN
Ok, I'll see what I can dig out. You go browse.

Beat.

Fleabag smiles and turns to look at the goods for sale on the wall. Dildos, whips etc.

As she looks at the vibrators, behind her, Bus Rodent is freaking out. He switches a vibrator on, and then can't switch it off and panics.

FLEABAG
Oh I think you just – at the bottom.

He finds the off switch. They laugh awkwardly.

BUS RODENT
It's always a twist.

Fleabag turns. He's found a new sex toy.

BUS RODENT
Whoa.

FLEABAG

I know.

BUS RODENT

You should totally get one of those.

Beat.

FLEABAG

A vagina?

BUS RODENT

Yah!

She looks again at the penetrable vagina he is suggesting she might need.
She decides to try some intelligent banter.

FLEABAG

Ah I've already got one.

BUS RODENT

(not getting it)

Really ... you – you've got one?

FLEABAG

I take it with me everywhere.

BUS RODENT

No you lie! You do not have one on you now ...?

FLEABAG

Yup.

(to camera)

Never gonna get it.

BUS RODENT

Where?

FLEABAG

Where is my vagina?

BUS RODENT

Yeah!

FLEABAG

Where is my vagina?

BUS RODENT

Yeah!

Beat.

FLEABAG

Ah you got me! I don't carry a vagina around with me!

(beat)

That would be way too provocative.

They laugh.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Didn't get it.

Woman walks up with a vibrator. Bus Rodent starts panicking again.

WOMAN

Ok, this one is really great. It's half price because it's quite relentless. It called the Burrower.

(beat)

Basically, it doesn't stop until you come.

Bus Rodent panics, feels a bit sick.

BUS RODENT

Excuse me.

He exits.

FLEABAG

Oh don't worry about him. He'll be fine in a minute.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE – EVENING

Bus Rodent is more than fine. He is REALLY fine and totally enthusiastic.

They are walking towards Claire's house.

BUS RODENT

Oh my God I LOOOVE surprise parties! I love them I love them! I love them. Will your parents be there?

FLEABAG

My dad might be—

BUS RODENT

Ugh intense! Parents adore me. I want you to be totally in love with me by the end of the night. Ok?

There is a beep of a car.

Fleabag and Bus Rodent see Claire waiting in the car. She waves them up to the house and taps her watch.

BUS RODENT

Who's that?

FLEABAG

That's my sister.

He starts ducking behind the cars.

BUS RODENT

Oh noooo, are we are going to ruin the surprise?! Oh nooooo! Get down!

FLEABAG

It will be fine—

CUT TO: INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Claire walks in to—

EVERYONE

SURPRISE!

CLAIRE

My God thank you so much! I'm SO surprised.

FLEABAG

(to camera, impressed)

She's very good.

Godmother and Dad stand close to each other, her arm around his back.

GODMOTHER

How divine. What a lovely husband you have.

DAD

Where is he then?

They all turn to see the back of Martin swaying with a drink.

GODMOTHER

Ah. Busy.

CLAIRE

I'm blown away. I had absolutely no idea.

Everyone smiles. Claire turns to talk to a guest. Godmother turns to Fleabag.

GODMOTHER
(sweetly)

Hello.

FLEABAG

Hello.

Fleabag smiles. Dad smiles. Bus Rodent smiles at everyone. They all stare at his teeth.

BUS RODENT

Dad. Hi.

They shake hands.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN – EVENING

The party is in full swing. Godmother, Bus Rodent, Dad, Martin and Fleabag all stand around. Claire is in the background, on her computer with some business-looking people.

BUS RODENT
(mid-conversation)

Thank you for asking. I'm essentially a doc maker. Docs.

Martin roars with laughter.

DAD

Oh really. What is your latest project?

BUS RODENT

Well sir, I'm interested in life. And how it affects lots of people in all sorts of different ways.

Dad smiles encouragingly.

BUS RODENT (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's awesome.

MARTIN

How did you two meet?

BUS RODENT

Oh I met her on a bus. So easy to pick up girls these days. I was like 'hi' and she was like 'TAKE MY NUMBER'. I was like yeah.

Everyone laughs.

GODMOTHER

I'm just going to see if there are any wines to try. It's lovely, I'm just going to see if there are any others.

Fleabag watches Godmother move across the room.

FLEABAG

'Scuse me. Can't resist.

Fleabag follows her.

Godmother is looking for more wine.

FLEABAG

Found anything nicer?

GODMOTHER

Oh I was so sorry to hear about Harry. Lovely Harry. Love Harry.
(beat)

Exciting news about his new job.

Fleabag looks to camera. She doesn't know what Godmother is talking about.

FLEABAG

Oh yes very exciting.

GODMOTHER

I was so pleased that you found someone else so fast. I just can't stop conjuring an image of you sitting around in that café. Just all alone. Feeling so terribly lonely. Just can't stop picturing it.

FLEABAG

I don't think you have to be alone to be lonely. Dad always taught me that.

GODMOTHER

Did your father tell you that one of my pieces has gone missing?

FLEABAG

He did. It's awful. I'm so sorry.

GODMOTHER

So sweet of you.

(beat)

Very sweet.

Bus Rodent comes over, munching on a canapé.

BUS RODENT

May I cut in?

GODMOTHER

Yes of course.

(admiring them)

Do you know you are the most perfect-looking pair.

Godmother moves off.

BUS RODENT

Such a great gang.

FLEABAG

Do you want some normal food ...?

BUS RODENT

No ... No. What I really want to do is this—

He tries to gallantly twizzle her around and kiss her, but they crash into a load of glasses. There's a crash.

FLEABAG

(shouting)

NO SORRY NOTHING HAPPENED.

BUS RODENT

I was trying to be sexy!

FLEABAG

No it was, it was really sexy!

BUS RODENT

Was it?

Claire comes over.

CLAIRE

What broke? What broke? Show me.

FLEABAG

Nothing, I just slipped. Claire, this is my frie—

CLAIRE

Yes we've already met.

Martin appears. He is drunker than before.

MARTIN

MY WIFE MY WIFE. My wife. All your desires are wrapped up in ... Here.

He hands her a shoe box.

CLAIRE

Ok.

FLEABAG

Open it!

He hands it to Claire. She opens it.

CLAIRE

Well gold has always—

She pulls out the statue. Fleabag glares at Martin. He grins. Claire is touched.

CLAIRE

Wow. That's really rather wonderful. Thank you. What is it a paperweight or ...?

MARTIN

It is a shrine to your BODY. Because I love your body.

CLAIRE

(she smiles)

Thank you.

Fleabag takes it.

FLEABAG

WOW! Wow. This is really. Can I – can I see this? Wow I think it's really – probably a bit inappropriate for your guests to see your body. I'll just ... Shall I put it somewhere safe? Ok?

She shoves it a drawer.

Claire and Martin have an awkward kiss on the cheek.

EXT. CLAIRE'S GARDEN – NIGHT

Fleabag is smoking.

Martin comes out grinning.

FLEABAG

Smooth.

MARTIN

I told ya I'd find you a buyer!

(beat)

Your boy is hilarious. Smart. Funny—

FLEABAG

Fuck off.

MARTIN

You'd fuck anything wouldn't you.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Just don't tell her you got the statue from me.

MARTIN

How much you want for it? Finger up the ass? Nipple tickle?

He laughs. Fleabag just smokes.

MARTIN

Come on! Lighten up.

FLEABAG

She's going to leave you one day.

He is stopped in his tracks. He almost lets his guard down but he can't. He guffaws.

MARTIN

You looking forward to that?

Fleabag just stares at him.

He pantomimes staring back at her.

He is right up at her face. He is drunk. There is tension between them. He is playing with fire in the proximity of his face to hers. She is not moving.

He stops pulling faces, but remains close to her lips.

He leans right in. He's not even sure if he's going to do it ... But then he does.

He kisses her.

She doesn't move. She doesn't kiss back or recoil. She just bears it.

He pulls away. He looks pathetic. He's just realised what he's done.

MARTIN

You're an asshole.

He turns away and stumbles back inside.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE – NIGHT – CONT.

Fleabag is walking away. Claire comes out.

CLAIRE

HEY!

Fleabag is worried she knows what happened. Claire catches up with her holding a coat.

CLAIRE

I think you took my coat!

Fleabag looks down at it.

FLEABAG

Oh.

CLAIRE

Sorry. I just – my coat.

FLEABAG

Oh. Sorry.

Fleabag takes it off and gives it back to Claire. Who takes it and hands her hers.

CLAIRE

Why are you leaving so early?

FLEABAG

I have to give Hilary some Earl Grey ... She's not feeling well, so ... Oh I got you this.

She pulls out a present wrapped in a bag for Claire.

CLAIRE

I wasn't expecting anything ...

She unwraps it. It's the Burrower.

FLEABAG

It's called a Burrower. It basically won't stop until you come.

CLAIRE

Sounds horrendous. Thank you.

FLEABAG

Good birthday business?

CLAIRE

Oh huge. Yeah I don't want to jinx it but ... Huge. Could be life-changing.

There is a moment between them. They both smile.

FLEABAG

Great. Ok. Happy Birthday.

CLAIRE

Thanks ... Are you Ok?

FLEABAG

Yeah?

CLAIRE

Tell the truth.

Bus Rodent appears.

BUS RODENT

Are we leaving?

FLEABAG

Yes.

BUS RODENT

Birthday girl! Awesome party, thank you so much, we had such a great night.

They hug. Claire's still holding the Burrower. It gets trapped between them as they hug.

BUS RODENT

What's that?

(realising)

Oh.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Goodnight.

CLAIRE

Goodnight

BUS RODENT

Night.

Claire returns to the house. Bus Rodent touches Fleabag's hair.

BUS RODENT

Shall we?

INT. CAFÉ – NIGHT

Bus Rodent is pounding away at Fleabag from behind. They are both clothed. She is leaning over the counter. It's a rushed job.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Surprisingly bony.

BUS RODENT

I'm nearly finished ... I'm nearly finished ...

FLEABAG
(to camera)

It's like having sex with a protractor.

BUS RODENT

I'm finishing ... I'm finishing ... I'm – I'M DONE. I'M DONE.

He catches his breath.

BUS RODENT

I'm done. Are you done?

FLEABAG

Oh yeah.

BUS RODENT

Amazing. That was amazing. That was amazing.

(beat)

That was amazing.

He looks at her, realising.

BUS RODENT

Oh for fuck's sake.

FLEABAG

What?

BUS RODENT

You don't go through life with teeth like these and not ... know when someone's pretending.

He walks away.

BUS RODENT

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? I'LL KICK IT. I'LL KICK IT.

Fleabag looks to the floor and sees Hilary in the half light. Bus Rodent tries to kick her suddenly.

FLEABAG

No! NO!

She pushes him aside and picks up Hilary.

BUS RODENT

Uh ... Do we catch that or is that yours? That is a rat!

FLEABAG

It's a guinea pig.

BUS RODENT

That is a rat!

Fleabag holds Hilary, shaken.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Boo is happily stroking Hilary as Jack strokes her hair.

INT. CAFÉ – NIGHT

Later. Fleabag sits alone with Hilary on her chest. Music begins to play.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Montage of Boo and Fleabag with Hilary, having a great time.

INT. CAFÉ – NIGHT

Back with Fleabag. She starts to smile and strokes Hilary.

EXT. CEMETERY – MORNING

It's a new day. Fleabag jogs and notices the crying man again.

She waves. He waves back.

END OF EPISODE 3

EPISODE 4

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR – DAY

Fleabag and Claire are in the car.

Claire is driving. They are mid-argument.

CLAIRE

You cannot know this. No one can hold a map in their head.

FLEABAG

I CAN. It's three turnings away.

CLAIRE

You're so going to get this wrong. Stop it.

FLEABAG

What?

CLAIRE

I can feel you judging my driving.

FLEABAG

I'm not judging your driving.

CLAIRE

Let go of the handle then.

FLEABAG

Oh we were supposed to go down that turning.

CLAIRE

WHAT? YOU SAID THREE TURNINGS.

FLEABAG

Yeah well I missed one.

CLAIRE

JUST USE YOUR PHONE. YOU HAVE A SAT NAV ON YOUR PHONE.

FLEABAG

Oh my God THERE. Mindful oh God Farm. There it is. We're going the right way. I was right.

(to camera)

I was right.

Claire sees it and shuts up. They sit in silence.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Do you know what the lesbian app for Grindr is called?

Claire doesn't respond.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Twat-nav.

CLAIRE

(bursting into tears)

DON'T MAKE THIS FUN.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR, PARKED ON HARD SHOULDER – DAY

The car is now parked up on the side and Claire is crying in the way that people cry when they wish they weren't.

She is desperately trying to hold it down, which only makes her hyperventilate.

CLAIRE

It's Ok. I'm fucking Ok. I'm excellent.

Fleabag looks suspiciously at the camera.

CLAIRE

I know I seem mental, but I'm fine.

FLEABAG

Ok ...

CLAIRE

I just – I just sometimes need – need you not to—

FLEABAG

To take the piss-

CLAIRE

DON'T FINISH MY SENTENCES – take the piss—

FLEABAG

Out of you when you're—

CLAIRE

YOU DON'T ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY
Ok?

FLEABAG

Sorry.

(to camera)

Out of her when she's driving.

CLAIRE

Out of – me while I'm driving.

Pause. She wipes her eyes and looks in the mirror. She breathes out.
Relaxes.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry. Is it home or work or Martin or –

CLAIRE

It's fine. It's fine. Martin's being lovely.

FLEABAG

Really?

CLAIRE

It's fine.

(beat, calming down)

I'm Ok.

Fleabag nods.

Beat.

FLEABAG

(to camera, terrified)

Fucking psycho.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. RETREAT HOUSE/CAR PARK – DAY

The sisters are walking up a path carrying their bags.

FLEABAG

Wow. Dad really splashed out this time.

CLAIRE

He must be about to do something awful.

FLEABAG

No, it's just Mother's Day.

This jolts Claire slightly. She hadn't realised.

CLAIRE

Oh.

FLEABAG

Happy Mother's Day.

A few moments go by. They don't speak.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

We're not supposed to bond on this, are we?

(beat)

Because I really don't think that's going to end well.

CLAIRE

We're not supposed to talk at all. It's a silent retreat. God help us.

They walk for a bit.

CLAIRE

How's everything at the café, are you—?

FLEABAG

You really don't have to—

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Some very peaceful people walk calmly by.

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

(very politely)

Hi. Hi. Morning.

The calm people smile and nod and continue off.

Claire rings the bell.

No one comes to the door.

Claire rings again.

CLAIRE

Come on.

Claire looks at her phone.

FLEABAG

They're probably going to think we're a couple.

CLAIRE

The fact that your mind even goes there is beyond disturbing.

FLEABAG

Hey! We'd make a really cute couple.

Claire sighs and shakes her head.

In the distance they hear a man shout.

MAN (O.S.)

SLUUUUUUUUUUUUTS.

They both frown and turn around. There is no one there.

They both frown.

FLEABAG

(shouting back)

YEEESS?

She turns to Claire.

CLAIRE

We're gonna die here. We're going to be raped and die.

FLEABAG

(shrugs)

Every cloud.

CLAIRE

(through her teeth, to the door)

Just open the fucking door it's been fucking
forev—

The door is opened by a MONK.

Both girls smile super politely.

MONK

Welcome.

As they walk in –

CLAIRE/FLEABAG

Thank you so much. Really wonderful. Really beautiful grounds.
Extraordinary energy.

INT. RECEPTION – DAY

There is a sign saying ‘Talking Zone’ and an hourglass counting down to silence.

The RECEPTIONIST is writing in a big leather book.

RECEPTIONIST

(very softly spoken)

I see you’ve been gifted this retreat. How lucky you both are.

The girls smile.

RECEPTIONIST

I hope after this weekend you’ll feel rested, inspired—

CLAIRE

Do you have wifi?

RECEPTIONIST

No. Would you ... like two single beds or a double ...?

CLAIRE

Two singles.

FLEABAG

A double please.

CLAIRE

Actually, do you have a separate room?

RECEPTIONIST

I’m afraid not. Everyone has to share here. It’s part of the communal fee—

CLAIRE

Singles then. Do you get newspapers in the morning?

RECEPTIONIST

(laughs)

No. We try and keep the outside world on the outside during your stay here. You’ll appreciate it in the end, I promise. So, here’s your

key. I hope you have a restful weekend.

FLEABAG

You too.

They move off.

FLEABAG

Wow. No papers.

CLAIRE

You don't read the news.

FLEABAG

Yes I do.

CLAIRE

What happened yesterday?

FLEABAG

Sting wore white jeans and a puppy got stuck in a fan.

Claire looks at her blankly as they walk up the stairs.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Big day.

INT. DORM – DAY

Claire is laying out all her moisturisers.

Fleabag has one moisturiser.

It takes ages. Claire has so many lotions.

FLEABAG

What's that for?

CLAIRE

My neck and chest.

FLEABAG

What's that for?

CLAIRE

My legs and knees.

FLEABAG

What's that for?

CLAIRE

The ends of my hair.

FLEABAG

What's that?

CLAIRE

For my under-eyes. What's that?

FLEABAG

That is for my face and body. What would you do if someone stole all those?

CLAIRE

I'd kill myself. Why are there no plugs in here?

(beat)

Don't touch my stuff.

Fleabag is fiddling with some of Claire's things. She's holding a pouch and finds some batteries.

FLEABAG

What are these for?

CLAIRE

Nothing.

FLEABAG

Hm.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

Well it's ... Why would you bring such tiny batteries?

CLAIRE

I'm just prepared.

FLEABAG

Just I've only ever see them used for remote controls ...

CLAIRE

Yes well—

FLEABAG

Or alarm clocks or—

CLAIRE

Yes alright.

FLEABAG

And vibrators—

Claire goes bright red.

CLAIRE

YES ALRIGHT.

Beat.

FLEABAG

You didn't have to ask for a separate room.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

If you want to have a wank I can give you some space.

CLAIRE

(mortified)

Oh my God.

FLEABAG

If you want to take ten minutes, I'll just go into the bathroom and moisturise my wrists for a bit.

CLAIRE

You are so immature.

Claire opens the door to the bathroom.

FLEABAG

Oh give it a minute.

The smell hits Claire.

CLAIRE

OH GOD. Seriously WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOUR INSIDES?

FLEABAG

Why did you bring the tiny BATTERIES?

Claire storms out. Fleabag looks at the camera – chuffed. She sits on the bed. She looks at the batteries.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Boo is standing on the sofa taking the tiny batteries out of the clock.

BOO

Ah ha!

She throws them to Fleabag, who is packing a vibrator.

FLEABAG

You're a genius.

BOO

Always know where the reserves are.

She grins.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM – DAY

Close-up of the RETREAT LEADER (forty, serious, gentle).

LEADER

Let go of your past.

Beat.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Bit on the nose.

There are about twenty women and one man all sitting on the floor. Some of them in proper yoga poses.

LEADER

Now is the time to let it go. Open up your senses. Close your mouth and live ... now.

(beat)

Welcome to the female-only 'Breath of Silence' retreat ... Women:
Don't Speak.

Pause. The ONLY MAN gets up, embarrassed.

ONLY MAN

Sorry, I think I'm meant to be at—

MALE VOICE (O.S)

FUCKING SLUT!!!!

ONLY MAN

That one ...

He runs out.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Shame.

LEADER

The first major consideration is 'why are you here'. Can anyone here answer that question?

Fleabag puts up her hand. Claire looks at her, suspicious.

FLEABAG

I want to shut the noise out and reconnect to my inner thoughts on the road to feeling more at one with myself.

Claire gives her a look. Fleabag nods profoundly at her.

LEADER

Excellent attitude. Well you're in the right place.

(beat)

This weekend is about being mindful. It's about leaving your voice in your head. And trapping your thoughts in your skull. Think of it as a thought prison in your mind.

Fleabag and Claire look at each other. Christ.

LEADER

Firstly we are going to teach you how to breathe.

(beat)

Then we will have a short meditation. Then we will find our sanctuary in the partaking of menial tasks. All in perfect silence.

Claire is unmoved.

LEADER

Principal rules are: No talking. If you need to communicate with any of the other superiors you can write on that board.

(points to a tiny board)

Under no other circumstances must you communicate. Even with each other.

FLEABAG

What if there is an emergency—?

LEADER

Thank you all for coming here today. No matter what happens, a word must not be heard.

EXT. GROUNDS – DAY

Everyone is outside doing menial, and apparently mindful, gardening work. They occasionally look up and nod at each other. Fleabag is working on some grass.

A wasp attacks a woman in the background. She is trying not to scream. She is shushed by the Leader.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

ARGHHH.

The women look up. They are not impressed.

Fleabag, intrigued, leans over the hedge.

She wanders away from the women and down a path to find a room of men, shouting at blow-up dolls who are sat in chairs.

Nobody notices her.

INT. WORKSHOP – DAY

Fleabag creeps along the corridor and peers through some glass doors.

We watch it all from her slightly-too-far-away POV.

There is a workshop of about forty men in motion. All the men are shouting ‘SLUT’ or other sexist insults to the blow-up dolls in the chairs.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Back here, back here! Back to me.

They all stop and listen to the very enthusiastic, highly energised
WORKSHOP LEADER.

WORKSHOP LEADER
(they quieten down)

Ok. Now wherever it's come from; your upbringing. Your experiences with women. *Now* is the time to turn that around. To reprogramme your mind, your body and your mouth, to be the better man. Alright?

(beat, he holds up a blow-up doll.)

So – this is Patricia, yeah? She's a friend. Now Patricia has just earned a promotion at work, beating six other candidates. She's the youngest person ever to achieve this role. What should we not say when we meet her?

The men speak up at random.

JAMES
Clever little munchkin?

WORKSHOP LEADER
Excellent.

MARK
Who did you have to blow to get that job?

WORKSHOP LEADER
Ok.

FRANK
SLUT you FUCKING STUPID SLUT.

Beat.

WORKSHOP LEADER
Ok. Ok. What should we say to her?

Long pause. The men seem slightly confused.

Longer pause.

Then Bank Manager from Episode 1 steps forward.

BANK MANAGER
Well done, Patricia.

All the other men nod and murmur, 'Well done, Patricia'.

Fleabag squints at Bank Manager. She recognises him. She smiles.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Very good. Well done, Patricia.

He turns and sees her.

INT. FLASHBACK, BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE – DAY

Flashback to Episode 1.

BANK MANAGER

Please leave.

FLEABAG

Perv.

BANK MANAGER

Slut.

FLEABAG

WOW.

INT. WORKSHOP – DAY

Back at the workshop. Fleabag and Bank Manager smile a little in recognition.

Suddenly a man notices her.

FRANK

(to Fleabag)

SLUT.

All of the other men notice her and begin to act shifty and nervous.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Guys. It's Ok.

A very NERVOUS MAN nervously interrupts him.

NERVOUS MAN

Oh my God. Um excuse me miss, you can't be here. You really can't be here. It's for your own good.

FRANK

(whispering)

Ok!

Fleabag nods, waves to Bank Manager and backs off.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM – DAY

Touching workshop. Everyone is sat opposite a partner. Fleabag and Claire are together.

On the tiny board is written: ‘I’ve been stung by a wasp’.

LEADER

And now, hands up! Mirror your palms. Look each other in the eye. And ... touch.

Fleabag winks at Claire.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Literally her worst nightmare.

Fleabag touches Claire’s palms, who shudders.

INT. DORM – NIGHT

Fleabag and Claire are whispering. Fleabag is in bed. Claire is getting ready for bed.

FLEABAG

Are you alright? Talk to me!

CLAIRE

It’s nothing.

FLEABAG

God. I can’t feel my feet.

CLAIRE

Do you remember when we used to go top to toe?

FLEABAG

Yeah. Kids are so weird.

CLAIRE

We used to do that all the time.

FLEABAG

Yeah, when we were TEN and CUTE. Now we're thirty and angry.

CLAIRE

God, I'm not suggesting that we—

FLEABAG

Just no. Ok.

Claire gets under the covers.

Beat.

Fleabag looks suspicious – we hear a buzzing sound start, coming from under Fleabag's covers.

Claire looks over. Fleabag waggles the vibrator at her.

CLAIRE

Stop stealing my things!

FLEABAG

I'm just checking it's working!

CLAIRE

Oh it's working, it's definitely working.

There's a loud knock on their door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Shhhh.

Fleabag puts the vibrator on again, laughing. She hands it back to Claire.

FLEABAG

Have fun!

Claire puts it on the bedside table.

CLAIRE

It's actually a really thoughtful present. Thank you. And Martin getting me that sculpture. He must have bent over backwards to get something like that. I feel very lucky.

Beat.

FLEABAG

I have to tell you something.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

I stole that sculpture ... From a certain somebody's studio. And then I tried to sell it through Martin. But Martin took it and gave it to you. Just don't put it pride of place when Dad ... well when they come over, Ok, because—

CLAIRE

Right.

Claire switches off the lamp and turns over to go to sleep.

FLEABAG

Claire? ... Claire?

CLAIRE

Shhh. Go to sleep.

FLEABAG
(to herself)

Shit.

INT. DORM – MORNING – 6 a.m.

A loud gong goes off. Fleabag jolts awake. The clock says 6 a.m.

Claire is already dressed.

CLAIRE
(whispering)

The sooner we get o—

Fleabag mimes at her to be silent.

CLAIRE
(whispering)

The sooner we get on with it, the sooner we are out of here.

FLEABAG

That's a really nice outfit.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

She exits.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM – DAY

Everyone sits in the hall with their eyes closed except Fleabag.

LEADER
(sing/speak)

Delve into your past.

Everybody does.

LEADER
Think of something you can't let go of in the past.
She frowns. The Leader mimes for Fleabag to close her eyes.

LEADER
A moment of noise. A moment of tension.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

We see a woman's hands unbuckling a guy's trousers.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM – DAY

Fleabag opens her eyes. She is a bit shocked.
She shakes the flashback off.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Not for now.

Fleabag closes her eyes again.

LEADER
Now a moment when you were peaceful.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Boo and Fleabag are lying in bed facing each other. They are whispering.

FLEABAG
If you could change anything in the world what would it be?

BOO
My thighs.

Fleabag pisses herself.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

In the whole world?

BOO

Don't tell anyone I said that. You?

FLEABAG

I've always been insecure about my face. You know that.

BOO

I know, you shouldn't!

FLEABAG

Thank you but—

BOO

No seriously! There's nothing wrong with your nose!

Beat.

Realising—

BOO

I mean there's nothing—

FLEABAG

Sorry?

Boo realises what she has said.

BOO

I mean ...

FLEABAG

What?

BOO

I don't know.

FLEABAG
(starting to laugh)

OH MY GOD.

BOO

NO I ALWAYS SAY THE WRONG THING.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

Claire and Fleabag and the other women eat soup silently.

It's too hot for Fleabag. She yells. The other women stop and stare at her.

INT. CORRIDOR – DAY

Everyone is cleaning the floors. The Leader walks around them nodding.

CLAIRE
(whispering)

What is this? I don't even do this in my own home.

FLEABAG
Oh it's very simple. We've paid them to let us clean their house in silence.

Claire laughs loudly. Everyone looks round at her. Her laughter suddenly morphs into crying.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

JESUS.

INT. SMALL OFFICE – DAY

Claire and Fleabag sit opposite the Leader like two naughty children. The tired, but understanding Leader takes a deep breath.

LEADER
I don't want to come down on you like a school teacher, but I'm afraid your flagrant lack of respect for the one rule we have here is now affecting the other students — clients—

FLEABAG
Inmates.

CLAIRE
Cleaners.

LEADER
(finds the word)
Participants. Do you have a problem with the programme?

Beat.

Both the girls look down.

LEADER

I suggest you try sitting here in silence for the next hour. It will benefit you. I swear by my soul. It will.

She stands up and leaves. When they think she's out of earshot, Fleabag turns to Claire.

FLEABAG

I went through your bag.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

I couldn't find anything so you're just going to have to tell me what's going on with you.

Pause.

FLEABAG

Talk or I'll scream.

CLAIRE

I got the Finland promotion.

FLEABAG

What Finland promotion?

CLAIRE

HOW CAN YOU ASK THAT I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT IT—

FLEABAG

(simultaneously)

OH MY GOD I'M JOKING – I KNOW THE FINLAND PROMOTION. THAT'S AMAZING!

CLAIRE

Thank you.

FLEABAG

Does that mean you are a millionaire now?

(to camera)

Handy.

CLAIRE

Don't be ridiculous. Yes, it would.

FLEABAG
Money makes you cry?

CLAIRE
I'm turning it down.

FLEABAG
What?! Why?
(to camera)
Martin ...

CLAIRE
Martin says it would be unfair on Jake.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
Jake's her stepson. He's really weird. Probably clinically but no one really talks about that. He freaks out if she's gone for longer than a day and has this thing about trying to get in the bath with her.

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, CLAIRE'S BATHROOM – DAY

Claire is in the bath. The door creaks open. She looks nervous and grips the side.

A young teenage boy walks through the door and tries to get in.

CLAIRE
NO. NO. NO JAKE. NO—

INT. SMALL OFFICE – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag looks at Claire. Appalled.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

He's fifteen.
(to Claire)

He's not your son!

CLAIRE
That's not the point.

FLEABAG

GO.

CLAIRE

I KNEW you'd say that!

FLEABAG

This is what you've always wanted! No more power-suits. Fuck load of snow. The perfect place for your cold, cold heart.

CLAIRE

(simultaneously)

I know. I know.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know! I CAN'T. I have responsibilities.

FLEABAG

(can't believe she is turning this down)

Oh come ON. Don't let other people get in the way of what you really want. Finland is what you really want!

CLAIRE

My 'husband' isn't ... 'other people' Ok.

(beat)

My 'husband'... is my life.

FLEABAG

Your '*husband*' tried to kiss me on your birthday.

Claire looks like a train has hit her.

Long pause.

CLAIRE

(weakly)

Did he?

Fleabag nods.

CLAIRE

(harder)

Did he?

Fleabag nods.

Beat.

Claire gets up and walks out.

INT. DORM – EVENING

Fleabag enters the dorm. Claire is not there.

Fleabag sits on the bed.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

SLUT.

(beat)

SLUT.

(beat)

SLUT.

She looks out and sees a group of men gathered on the grounds.

MALE VOICE

SLUT.

She smiles.

EXT. RETREAT GROUNDS, SLIGHT MOUND – EVENING

Fleabag walks through the grounds. She sees Bank Manager among the group of men. He's standing up and holding his Patricia doll.

BANK MANAGER

SLUUUUT.

FRANK stands up.

FRANK

SLUUUUT.

Fleabag lights a cigarette as she watches from a distance.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Up on your feet. We're going to say, 'Sorry, Patricia'.

EVERYONE

Sorry, Patricia.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Lovely. Give yourselves a round of applause.

They all clap themselves.

WORKSHOP LEADER

Alright guys, well done. We are going to head back to that house better men. Yeah.

They walk towards the building. Bank Manager stands slightly separate to them, in his own thoughts, holding his Patricia doll.

He looks up to see Fleabag watching him. Frightened, he pauses.

The male Workshop Leader approaches and gently encourages him ...

WORKSHOP LEADER

Go on. You can do it. You're ready.

EXT. RETREAT GROUNDS, SLIGHT MOUND – EVENING

Bank Manager is now sitting next to Fleabag on the mound, both smoking.

BANK MANAGER

Yes, I thought I recognised you.

Fleabag zips her mouth shut. Can't speak.

BANK MANAGER

Fair enough. Probably for the best. So is your business ...
Surviving?

She shakes her head.

BANK MANAGER

I'm sorry.

He lights a cigarette. Takes a drag. Throws it.

BANK MANAGER

So you're doing the whole silent escape thing?

Fleabag indicates she cannot talk again.

BANK MANAGER

Indeed. Going well?

She raises her eyebrows.

She points to him. You?

BANK MANAGER

I uh ... I touched a colleague's breast ... more than once ... at a party ... I – they asked me to go on a workshop – I'm just a very ... disappointing man.

Fleabag smiles. She pushes out her breasts to him.

BANK MANAGER

No ... Thank you. I'm trying to quit. Those, on the other hand ...

Pause. He takes another cigarette.

BANK MANAGER

They keep asking me. What do you want from this? What do you want?

(beat)

I'm not telling them what I want ...

Fleabag looks at him.

Beat.

A beautiful track starts playing quietly under his next dialogue.

BANK MANAGER

I want to move back home, I want to hug my wife, I want to protect my children, protect my daughter, I want to move on, I want to apologise to ... everyone, I want to go to the theatre, I want to take clean cups out of the dishwasher ... and put them in the cupboard ... At home. And the next morning I want to watch my wife drink from them. And I want to make her feel good. I want to make her orgasm again. And again. Truly.

He smiles. She smiles.

Pause.

FLEABAG

I just want to cry ... all the time.

He looks at her. His smile falls slightly. He looks away. He understands her. He nods slightly. She looks vulnerable. He looks at her again. She looks at him. She zips her mouth shut. He zips his mouth shut. They both look out.

INT. DORM – NIGHT

Fleabag is sneaking back into the room. She sees Claire asleep in her bed. She watches her for a second.

She climbs into her own bed. Then changes her mind.

She gets out and goes to Claire's bed and climbs behind her like they did when they were little.

She puts her arm around Claire.

Beat.

Claire opens her eyes and folds Fleabag's arm under her arm.

They lie like this for a few poignant moments.

INT. DORM – NEXT MORNING

Fleabag wakes up in Claire's bed. Claire is not there.

FLEABAG

Claire?

All her things have gone except two small batteries left on the side table.

Fleabag sits up. Confused. She gets up.

INT. RETREAT CORRIDOR – DAY

Fleabag enters a room where all the women are scrubbing the floors.

FLEABAG

Have you seen my sister?

They all turn in shock. One of them shakes her head, the other one points to the door.

Fleabag turns and runs.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM – DAY

Fleabag looks around and sees the board. There is a small essay in tiny writing there.

She approaches. Squinting.

Claire has written: *Gone home. Left some money at reception. Just needed a bit of quiet. C.*

Fleabag looks at the camera. Worried.

Fleabag sits down. Puts her hands into her pants. She pulls her phone out.
Dials a number.

BOO (V.O.)
(voicemail)

*Hi, this is Boo. I can't come to the phone right now, but please
leave me a messaggio and I'll get back to you.*

Beat.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Someone should probably disconnect that.

END OF EPISODE 4

EPISODE 5

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE – DAY

A male DOCTOR is checking Fleabag's breasts. She is taking it very seriously.

FLEABAG

(to camera, grinning)

I mean, we're all being very grown up about this but um—

DOCTOR

Let me know if you feel any discomfort.

FLEABAG

No, it's lovely, thank you.

She laughs. He looks uncomfortable.

DOCTOR

Your father informed me of your family history.

FLEABAG

Yep. Evil boobs everywhere.

He doesn't react.

DOCTOR

Arm up please.

She lifts it. She looks down at her breasts.

The Doctor starts the check on her breast. He is touching it mechanically, but all the way around.

FLEABAG

(giggling)

Heyyy! Stop it!

He stops.

FLEABAG

Sorry I'm just ticklish.

He literally could not look more bored.

DOCTOR

I examined your sister this morning.

FLEABAG

Did you? Did she ... Is she alright, did she seem alright?

DOCTOR

Yes. Why?

FLEABAG

Oh just – can't get hold of her.

DOCTOR

She seemed very busy.

FLEABAG

Sure.

(beat, to camera)

Dad books us boob appointments once a year to make sure our tits don't turn on us like Mum's did. It's a bit of a hassle, but at the end of the day it's nice to be touched.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(joking with him again)

Bet you look forward to seeing Claire. A LOT more to touch, if you know what I mean.

He tries to smile.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry. It's – just – there are worse jobs.

DOCTOR

Look ... I check for cancerous lumps in mammary glands. Any pleasure I derive from that is entirely dependent upon whether or not I am about to save your life.

Beat. Fleabag is humbled.

FLEABAG

Of course, Doctor.

DOCTOR

You can put your clothes back on.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE – DAY

Fleabag runs up the street towards Claire.

CLAIRE

I've been waiting out here for nearly ten minutes.

FLEABAG

You left me on a fucking silent hill.

CLAIRE

Yes well I had to – Did you get back Ok? God this is so stressful.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Mum's memorial lunch.

CLAIRE

I should have worn my other coat.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Visiting Dad is hell for Claire. I see it more as a sport.

CLAIRE

It's so inappropriate that she should be here.

FLEABAG

Have you spoken to Martin?

CLAIRE

Oh it's fine, everything's fine, everything's totally fine.

FLEABAG

Sounds like it's fine.

CLAIRE

Can you please just give me some space, you're standing SO close to me.

FLEABAG

Ready?

CLAIRE

No.

Fleabag rings the bell.

CLAIRE

Don't tell Dad about Finland. And don't provoke her. Let's just get out of this alive, Ok.

Fleabag grins.

It opens. Godmother is there. She puts her hand over her heart, overcome with emotion on this difficult day.

GODMOTHER

Girls.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Got to hand it to her.

(to Godmother)

Hi!

GODMOTHER

(re the flowers)

Oh you shouldn't have.

CLAIRE

Oh! They were actually for Dad—

GODMOTHER

Oh are those freesias?

FLEABAG

Yeah they were always a sort of favourite of Mum's—

GODMOTHER

Oh gosh how special, how lovely. Aren't they stunning. Let's just leave them ...

She just puts them on the step. She looks at them.

GODMOTHER

There.

(looks at them)

Lovely!

(beat)

Come in.

The girls enter the house looking at each other.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY – CONT.

Godmother is taking Fleabag's coat. There is the sound of sawing in the background.

FLEABAG

Who's Dad sawing in half?!

GODMOTHER

Oh, just the tree.

FLEABAG

Sorry?

Beat.

GODMOTHER

The tree in the back garden.

CLAIRE

Why are you taking the tree down?

GODMOTHER

(smiley)

Felicity tried to use it to get out.

They all look at the cat cowering in the corner of the hallway. Fleabag sees that the cat flap has been taped up.

GODMOTHER

She's very expensive.

Godmother takes Fleabag's coat.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

This is nice.

Fleabag gives a suspicious look to camera.

FLEABAG

(suspicious)

Oh thank you.

GODMOTHER

(taking Claire's coat)

Oh this is beautiful.

She smiles. Fleabag looks at Godmother's hairpiece. Everyone is sweet as pie in this exchange.

GODMOTHER

I hope you don't mind my being here but my Pilates fell through so

—

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Oh of course. No it's lovely.

She strokes both of their arms.

GODMOTHER

It's a sad day. A sad, sad day.

(beat, cheerily)

I'll get the champagne.

CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag and Godmother and Claire sit in silence.

An unopened bottle of champagne sits on the coffee table with three glasses.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

This is my favourite bit. Wonder who's going to—

CLAIRE

That's a lovely cushion.

GODMOTHER

Thanks. It's an original.

CLAIRE

(bemused)

Gosh.

Pause.

Fleabag relishes the awkwardness. She grins at the camera.

FLEABAG

I love your hat.

GODMOTHER

It's a hair-scarf.

FLEABAG

Looks like a hat.

GODMOTHER
(still smiling)

Well, it's a hair-scarf.

FLEABAG

Ok.

Pause.

GODMOTHER

Is Martin coming?

CLAIRE

Oh. No. He's away.

The girls look at each other. Fleabag is concerned.

GODMOTHER

I'm very excited to meet your new chap. Is he the ...

She gestures gently to her front teeth.

FLEABAG

Oh no. He's a different one.

GODMOTHER

Oo! You do turn over fast.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Dad'll come in with some weird canapés in a second.

Beat.

Dad enters with a tray of weird canapés.

DAD

Girls!

He puts the tray down.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hello hello!

They all stand up, but then don't know where to go.

CLAIRE

Hi!

FLEABAG
(simultaneously)

Hi!

He smiles at them awkwardly. Godmother smiles endearingly and stands next to him.

DAD

Sorry about all that noise. Have you got a drink?

Godmother jumps up.

GODMOTHER

Oh sorry!

(to Fleabag)

I forgot your glass.

She exits. Dad turns, slightly nervous.

DAD

You're both looking ... very healthy ... very good and healthy and um ...

They smile.

DAD (CONT'D)

Did you ... talk to Dr Samuels about your ...

He gestures to their breasts.

FLEABAG

Yes.

CLAIRE
(simultaneously)

Yes.

DAD

They're happy.

(still gesturing)

Getting along alright ...

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Yeah, yep.

DAD

Good. Excellent.

He smiles and awkwardly continues.

DAD (CONT'D)

You are ... my ... daughters.

They both nod.

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Yep / Yes we are.

Dad looks emotional for a second.

DAD

Sit down. I think I should ... say a few words about your mother—

Godmother enters with another glass and starts opening the champagne.

GODMOTHER

(sweetly)

Ignore me ... Ignore me ... Ignore me ...

DAD

This day is not an easy one—

She pops it loudly with a little ‘woo!’.

Godmother holds up her glass.

GODMOTHER

Cheers.

CLAIRE

(holding up her glass)

To Mum.

FLEABAG

To Mum.

The girls look at Dad. He looks nervously at Godmother, who smiles sensitively.

DAD

(quickly)

To Margaret.

Beat. Godmother is visibly jealous. She can't bear it when he says her name.

GODMOTHER

Dearest Margaret. Just the most ... generous woman.

She puts her hand on Dad. He smiles.

DAD

Yes she certainly was a—

GODMOTHER

(quickly)

Yeah she was great.

Fleabag and Claire look at each other. Fleabag and Claire drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Later. Dad has relaxed a bit. He is at the end of a conversation with Claire about Mum.

DAD

(laughing)

It was the voice she used for the pigeons. She always made them sound so rude. But very, very funny. She used to take the girls round the park and point at the um ...

FLEABAG

Oh the squirrel voices were the best—

CLAIRE

(doing squirrel voice)

RUN RUN RUN RUN.

Dad and Fleabag join in. Godmother smiles awkwardly.

GODMOTHER

Yes my ex did a similar thing. Voices and fun. Really, really funny man. Really funny.

Fleabag frowns.

GODMOTHER

Can I help you with the food?

DAD

Oh yes, yes I should – yes.

GODMOTHER

And take that off.

Godmother leaves the room. Dad quickly follows, taking off his jacket as he goes.

Claire and Fleabag are alone. Claire gets out her phone.

FLEABAG

So are you going to Finland? You're going to have to talk to me eventually.

Claire ignores her.

Fleabag notices Claire has a plait in her hair.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Plaits. Either she's got her period or some serious shit's gone down.

(to camera)

She always does something slightly different around her period. She gets really bad PMT. Mum used to call it her Monthly Confidence Crisis but it's PMT. The only way she can get through it is to reinvent herself in some small way.

INT. FLASHBACK, DAD'S HOUSE. KITCHEN – DAY

Dad and Fleabag talk in the kitchen.

Claire in full Lycra, breathing deeply, looking defiant, enters. Dad and Fleabag look very awkward.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag grins.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

I'm doing a wee on this cushion.

CLAIRE

WHAT??

Fleabag laughs.

CLAIRE

Sort of wish you were.

Claire takes the statue out of her bag and puts it in front of Fleabag, who panics.

FLEABAG
(whispering)

What are you doing?!?!

CLAIRE

Just put it back where you got it from, Ok?

FLEABAG

NO.

CLAIRE

Just do it. I don't want it in my house. I'm doing you a massive favour. She could really go to town on you for this.

FLEABAG

Come on. What's she gonna do? DRAW me?

Claire smiles slightly at the joke and gestures to the door.

CLAIRE

GO.

FLEABAG

No.

Claire goes to put it back herself and Fleabag jumps up.

FLEABAG

Ok Ok Ok Ok.

She takes the statue and puts it under her top and exits. Claire follows.

INT. STAIRS – DAY - CONT.

The girls are sneaking up the stairs. Fleabag's sneaking is very pronounced.

CLAIRE

Why are we sneaking?

FLEABAG
(whispering)

We're not allowed upstairs.

CLAIRE

Of course we are.

INT. GODMOTHER'S STUDIO – DAY

Fleabag and Claire walk in. There are paintings and sculptures and books everywhere.

Claire looks around the room. Claire focuses on one painting.

CLAIRE

God I keep forgetting that she's actually talented.

FLEABAG

I know. It's infuriating.

CLAIRE

(gesturing to put the statue down)

Go on then.

Fleabag wipes her fingerprints off the statue, and places it on the floor, as though it's fallen off the shelf.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where's her head?

FLEABAG

She's got your boobs. She doesn't need one.

Claire smiles. They go to leave.

FLEABAG

Hey – is everything Ok – with Martin?

CLAIRE

You've invited someone today?

FLEABAG

Yeah. But he's horrifically hot. You're gonna puke when you see him.

(beat)

Are you on your period?

CLAIRE

Why would you ask that?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

The plaits.

(to Claire)

No reason.

CLAIRE

Say it.

FLEABAG

The plaits.

Beat. Claire touches her plaits and turns away.

FLEABAG
(laughing a little)

Hey. Do you think she's ever painted Dad naked?

CLAIRE
(short)

I think you should take your nose out of other people's marriages.

Fleabag is hurt.

Godmother walks in.

GODMOTHER

Oo! Sneaking a preview are we?

CLAIRE

Sorry! I spilt my champagne and I got distracted on the way to the bathroom.

Beat.

She looks at Fleabag.

FLEABAG

Me too.

Beat.

CLAIRE

It's really beautiful work.

GODMOTHER

Thank you. Let me show you to the loo.

CLAIRE

Oh that's alright. We grew up in this house.

GODMOTHER

It's all changed now though!

Claire leaves.

GODMOTHER

Your father is in the kitchen.

FLEABAG

Ah great. I'll go and torment him.

Godmother laughs.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag enters while her Dad is looking at the canapés.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He hates being in a room alone with me. Watch this.

(to Dad)

Hi.

He turns around and immediately panics, bending his legs a little and moving quite a lot.

DAD

Oh! Oh!

He panics, looking subtly for an exit.

DAD (CONT'D)

I just need some—

He tries to leave.

FLEABAG

What do you need?

DAD

Just some ... um ...

He is standing next to the salt.

DAD

Sa-lt.

FLEABAG

There it is.

DAD

Oh! Here it is! So um ... how are you, darling? Have you got ... enough ... clothes?

FLEABAG

(she smiles)

You can never have enough clothes.

DAD

And how's the café?

FLEABAG

Um ... Well the lease is up in a couple of days and ... I don't really think I can afford to ... I think I'm going to have to accept that it's —

DAD

I'm sorry about that darling, but of course we're just a little bit tight on the purse-strings too ...

FLEABAG

Oh no no, I wasn't asking you for any—

DAD

... We've just been keeping it quiet. We haven't been able to buy anything, or do anything.

He smiles. She notices a picture of a beautiful farmhouse on the dresser.

FLEABAG

Oo what's that?

DAD

Oh that's um ... A tiny little house that we're buying in ... in France.

Beat.

Fleabag smiles.

FLEABAG

Lovely.

Beat.

DAD

I just wanted to talk to you about this ... exhibition—

FLEABAG

What exhibition?

He accidentally knocks over a tray of canapés.

DAD

Oh no!

Dad goes into a panic.

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Jesus Dad.

DAD

Pick it up pick it up! Help me.

FLEABAG

It's Ok!

DAD

Please please please pl—

FLEABAG

Ok!

DAD

She mustn't – see it – she mustn't find out.

They get on their knees and start scooping up the canapés. Fleabag eats one.

FLEABAG

Mmm five-second rule!

DAD

NO! I've never bought into that rule! It's disgusting!

He looks up at her. He eats one. They both laugh.

Godmother enters.

GODMOTHER

What are you doing?

FLEABAG

Oh just a little family tradition.

GODMOTHER

Oh! What odd fun. What are the rules?

The DOORBELL rings.

GODMOTHER

Oh thank God. That'll be your man.

Fleabag and Dad look at each other.

INT. DINING ROOM – LATER – DAY

Everyone is sat round the table. We don't see who the guest is yet.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I mean, I didn't want to show off but um ...

Arsehole Guy is revealed in all his handsome glory.

GODMOTHER

(really fancies him)

Gooooosh! You really are ... So how did you two meet?

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Fucked me up the arse.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I used to manage a bar, and I just found her, crying in the toilet one night.

Pause.

ARSEHOLE GUY (CONT'D)
(to Dad and Godmother)

How about you two? How did you two meet?

FLEABAG

Through our mother actually.

Beat.

DAD

How's work, Claire?

CLAIRE

Oh, fine. Nothing new.

(to Arsehole Guy)

She used to be our godmother.

GODMOTHER
(sweetly)

Still am!

(beat)

But then their parents split up.

FLEABAG

Mum died.

GODMOTHER

And we just became even closer friends.

Another awkward beat around the table.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

You know – and I can say this because I'm an artist – but you really are very good-looking.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Thank you ...

GODMOTHER

Very.

Beat.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Thank you.

GODMOTHER

Very.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

Godmother smiles and looks between Fleabag and Arsehole Guy.

GODMOTHER
(smiling)

I mean, almost ... *too* good-looking!

He's chuffed. Fleabag gets the jibe.

Godmother puts her hand on Dad's hand and smiles.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Excuse me. I've got to do that old human thing.

He gets up and walks out charmingly.

CLAIRE

How's the exhibition going?

DAD

Ah yes ... I er ... wanted to talk to you about that.

Arsehole Guy reappears.

ARSEHOLE GUY
(joking)

Talking about me?

They all laugh and react. 'All good things,' 'Hey!' 'As you were.' He goes.

They go silent.

He then appears again.

ARSEHOLE GUY

And again!

They all react and laugh again and he goes.

CLAIRE

Have you found a venue?

FLEABAG

What exhibition?

GODMOTHER

Thank you so much for asking. We have actually found a—

DAD

There are some elements of the work that I wanted to talk to you about ...

Dad looks nervous.

GODMOTHER

It's a sexhibition. But don't panic! It's nothing scary. It's simply a journey through my physical and sexual life climaxing in a few pieces inspired by and moulded on your father.

Dad takes a mouthful and nods optimistically at the horrified girls.

GODMOTHER

And there are photos – I've taken a photo of my naked body every year for the past thirty years.

FLEABAG

Why?

GODMOTHER

Well, I think it's important for women of all ages to see how my body has changed over the years. I think they have to have a healthy perspective – on my body.

(to Dad)

Don't they?

DAD

Oh absolutely.

GODMOTHER

I don't have to tell you that your father is a deeply sexual man.

She takes his hand.

CLAIRE

No, you don't.

FLEABAG

Just did.

(to camera)

Knew it.

GODMOTHER

I'm very lucky. I will be touched until the day I die. And so will you, Claire. It's really all that humans want. Is to be loved. And to be touched.

This hits Fleabag.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

The same flashback as in the previous episode. A woman's hands unbuckling a guy's trousers.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM – DAY

Back with Fleabag. Shaken.

The cat meows, trying to escape out of the window.

FLEABAG

Tell Dad about your promotion Claire.

CLAIRE

There's nothing to tell.

GODMOTHER

What promotion?

FLEABAG

Finland.

GODMOTHER

Oh. Odd place.

DAD

Any news?

CLAIRE

No.

FLEABAG

She got it.

GODMOTHER
(clapping)

Ooooooooooooo!

CLAIRE

Fuck's sake.

DAD

Congratulations Claire!

CLAIRE

Thank you!

GODMOTHER

Clever girl.

CLAIRE

Can we not.

DAD

It's so exciting!

FLEABAG

She's turning it down.

Pause.

DAD

Why?

GODMOTHER

Why?

DAD

Why, why not, why Claire?

GODMOTHER

Claire, are you pregnant?

FLEABAG

Why aren't you getting on a plane to your cold, rich future?

Godmother and Dad protest more.

CLAIRE

Because YOU CAN'T JUST FUCK OFF ON AEROPLANES
AND LEAVE YOUR WEIRD STEPSON AND BROKEN
SISTER TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES Ok.

Beat. Claire is emotional. She holds it down.

Fleabag drinks some wine.

FLEABAG

Excuse me.

She gets up and walks to the door.

INT. TOILET – DAY

Fleabag is in the toilet. She closes the door. She sits with her head in her hands.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag walks into her bedroom. Boo follows.

BOO

She's your sister. It's your job to annoy her.

FLEABAG

No I'm just so annoyed with myself. I just wish I could meet myself and just have a go at myself.

Boo takes Fleabag's coat, scarf and hat. She leaves the room.

Beat.

She comes back in wearing all of it. Fleabag smiles.

BOO

Do your worst.

Boo suddenly goes badass.

BOO (CONT'D)

COME ON BITCH!

FLEABAG

(going for it)

You don't take yourself seriously.

BOO

Oooo pussy.

FLEABAG

You need to reach out to your family. You need to stop provoking your sister, just grow up. **YOU DO NOT TAKE YOURSELF SERIOUSLY AS A BUSINESSWOMAN. YOU NEED TO PAY**

YOUR FUCKING BILLS. YOU NEED TO BE NICER TO
HILARY. YOU NEED TO GET A NEW HAT.

BOO

Is that better?

FLEABAG

Yeah that's better.

INT. TOILET – DAY

Fleabag still sitting there. She hears a scratch on the door. She opens it.

The cat is there.

She lets it in and picks it up.

She stands, opens the window, puts the cat out of the toilet window and closes it.

FLEABAG

Ok. Off you go.

INT. DINING ROOM – LATER – DAY

Pudding is on the table.

Godmother is pouring Arsehole Guy some wine.

ARSEHOLE GUY

The artwork in this house is stunning. Who is it?

GODMOTHER

If I tell you, will you promise to come to my sexhibition?

ARSEHOLE GUY

(charming as hell)

It's not your work!

GODMOTHER

Will you come?

ARSEHOLE GUY

It would be an honour.

Beat.

GODMOTHER

(to Fleabag)

How's your little restaurant?

FLEABAG

It's a café.

GODMOTHER

Oh don't do it a disservice.

FLEABAG

I'm not. It's a café.

GODMOTHER

Oh. Sorry.

FLEABAG

It's fine. It's fine.

GODMOTHER

Your father tells me you're struggling.

DAD

I - I think we all are!

GODMOTHER

Oh well yes. But I – now there is only one of you – God, I can't imagine what you have been through.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Sorry have I missed something?

GODMOTHER

Well – her dear little friend died and left her to run the café on her own.

CLAIRE

Jesus.

ARSEHOLE GUY

God that is truly awful. How did she die?

GODMOTHER

Oh she killed herself–

FLEABAG

It was an accident.

Beat.

GODMOTHER

Well. Maybe it's time to let the little restaurant go. Give it up. Sell it. Have a little holiday.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Fleabag and Boo are drinking and smoking in the café.

FLEABAG

We did this.

BOO

Mhm. And whatever happens, we never let it go. Ok?

INT. DINING ROOM – DAY

Back in the dining room.

CLAIRE

Excuse me.

She exits.

INT. TOILET – DAY

Fleabag is back smoking in the toilet. She blows the cigarette smoke into the room.

INT. HALLWAY – LATER EVENING

Fleabag is getting her coat. Godmother is coming down the stairs.

GODMOTHER

Have you seen Felicity?

FLEABAG

Oh no, sorry.

GODMOTHER

Gosh, all sorts of things go missing in this house, don't they!

FLEABAG
(smiles)

Big house.

GODMOTHER

Yes. Lovely house.

(beat)

Oh the sculpture turned up.

FLEABAG

Did it?!

GODMOTHER

Yes ... Must have just toppled off the side.

FLEABAG

Well if you rid a woman of a head and limbs you can't expect her to do anything other than ... roll around.

Beat. Godmother laughs and looks at Fleabag and smiles.

FLEABAG

What?

GODMOTHER

(with a gentle curiosity)

Oh ... Your father and I often say, when you've had a few drinks you're so like your mother.

Beat.

Fleabag pushes Godmother hard. Godmother is knocked backwards into the coats but regains her balance and slaps Fleabag right across the cheek.

They are both shocked.

Fleabag takes a deep breath.

They realise Dad is watching, terrified.

GODMOTHER

(sweetly)

Oh whoops. Look at these.

She starts picking up the coats that have dropped on the floor.

Claire comes down the stairs.

DAD

So, the party's moved to the hallway, always a good sign.

CLAIRE

Does anyone mind if I leave? I've got a dicky tummy.

DAD

So swift.

She takes her coat off Godmother.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

(to Dad)

I'm not going to kiss you because I'm probably very ill.

(to Fleabag)

You too. Come on.

DAD

Goodbye then ... my ... my daughters.

FLEABAG

Goodbye.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM – EVENING

Fleabag and Claire exit the house. Godmother and Dad follow out after them and stand on the steps.

GODMOTHER

What a lovely occasion!

FLEABAG

Yeah. See you at the sexhibition.

DAD

Ugh – there's absolutely no need to—

GODMOTHER

(simultaneously)

Y-yes lovely ...

FLEABAG

No no. I'll definitely be there. I will *definitely* be there.

Godmother and Dad stand as a couple in the door.

Arsehole Guy squeezes out from behind them holding two helmets.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hold up! Were you trying to keep me overnight?!

Godmother laughs.

GODMOTHER

Very good-looking! I might never see you again but you're very good-looking!

DAD

Yes, yes, very good-looking!

Everyone is waving now, even though they aren't moving and are right by the door.

EXT. STREET – EVENING

They close the door. Claire, Arsehole Guy and Fleabag walk down the path and onto the street.

FLEABAG

Thanks, I owe you.

ARSEHOLE GUY

No I owe you. It's been really nice to spend a day with a normal family. I actually feel quite emotional. Will you stay with me tonight?

FLEABAG

Sure.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I'm going to go warm up the bike. Lovely to meet you Claire.

CLAIRE

You too ...

He walks out of earshot.

CLAIRE

Um – what's his–

FLEABAG

Fucked me up the arse.

CLAIRE

Oh that –

FLEABAG

Yeah.

CLAIRE

I totally see that now.

Beat.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry I was uh—

CLAIRE

Listen to me. I'm going to leave Martin. I'm going to give you the money for the café. And I'm going to go to fucking Finland.

Fleabag smiles.

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

Oh and –

She pulls out the statue from her bag and hands it to Fleabag, who is stunned.

FLEABAG

That is the coolest thing you've ever done.

CLAIRE

I know.

FLEABAG

Thanks Claire.

CLAIRE

Shall we ...?

FLEABAG

We can try.

They tentatively hug. It's awkward at first but then they relax.

CLAIRE

I'll see you at the sexhibition.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

Claire walks away. Fleabag gets onto the back of Arsehole Guy's motorbike, who's waiting for her.

As they drive off Fleabag spots Felicity the cat climb through a fence and walk on the street, free. A new queen of London.

Fleabag looks at the camera and the bike drives off.

END OF EPISODE 5

EPISODE 6

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag, hands against a wall, is having sex with Arsehole Guy. He is being really 'sexy'.

He is trying to navigate the sex by taking her from behind but it's clearly not sexy and she looks distressed.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Ah yeah.

FLEABAG

Yeah ...

ARSEHOLE GUY

Look at me, I wanna see those tiny things again.

He turns her around and throws her onto the bed.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Stay sexy. Always stay sexy.

He joins her on the bed.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Those tits!

He gets on top of her and starts having sex again. Her head is banging against the headboard.

ARSEHOLE GUY

They're so fucking tiny. May I uh –

He turns her over and takes her from behind again, more slowly.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Erm ...

She suddenly looks confused.

He looks confused, but keeps going.

She turns to camera.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh God. There is always the stage, when someone's falling in love with you, that they lose their erection. They get confused.

(beat)

They panic.

(beat)

The stakes get too high. The blood rushes from their dick to their heart ...

ARSEHOLE GUY
(looking down)

Oh Jesus.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

And everything is fucked.

TITLES: FLEABAG

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

Fleabag lying in bed looking at a pencil on the bedside table.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo and Fleabag are in the café.

Boo has been cutting some vegetables up. She is holding Hilary and feeding her the veg.

Fleabag is reading the paper.

Fleabag gasps.

BOO

What?

FLEABAG

Oh no, I don't think Hilary's gonna wanna hear this.

BOO

No, go on.

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

Fleabag in bed. She smiles at the memory.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag and Boo sit as before.

FLEABAG

No ...

BOO

Go on.

FLEABAG

Ok ... An eleven-year-old boy was put in juvenile prison for repeatedly sticking rubber-ended pencils up the school hamster's arsehole.

Boo looks distraught.

BOO

What?!

FLEABAG

Yeah.

BOO

Why would they do that?

FLEABAG

Apparently he liked it when their eyes popped out.

BOO

(genuinely upset for the boy)

No! Why would they send him away?! He needs help!

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag smiles with a slight sadness.

FLEABAG

(to camera, with a sadness)

She was a surprising person.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag and Boo sit as before. Boo is as distraught.

BOO

They shouldn't have just locked him up.

FLEABAG

He pencil-fucked a hamster!

BOO

Yeah, but, he's obviously not happy. Happy people wouldn't do things like that.

FLEABAG

Fair point.

BOO

And anyway. That's the very reason why they put rubbers on the end of pencils.

FLEABAG

What, to fuck hamsters?

BOO

No, because people make mistakes.

Beat. Boo looks innocently at Fleabag. She means that.

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag lies in bed thinking about this.

ARSEHOLE GUY (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns to find Arsehole Guy is sitting on the edge of the bed gazing at her.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

FLEABAG

Hey.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Look, about last night.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Uh oh.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I don't usually connect with women ...

FLEABAG

I know. That's what I like about you.

Beat.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Yeah – Ok, erm – I –

(breathes out)

Wow, this must be what insecure feels like.

(beat)

Actually – can we speak about this later? I want to find the right words for you. I'll see you at the sexhibition?

FLEABAG

Yeah, see you there.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I'm gonna go to yoga.

FLEABAG

Ok.

He kisses his fingers and places them on Fleabag's lips; she kisses them awkwardly. He leaves.

INT. SEXHIBITION ENTRANCE – DAY

Fleabag and Arsehole Guy enter the sexhibition. There are lots of pretentious people being greeted by Godmother and Dad.

They spot Fleabag.

DAD

Marvellous!

GODMOTHER

I'm so relieved you are here.

FLEABAG

Hi!

Godmother kisses Fleabag on the cheek then moves on to Arsehole Guy.

GODMOTHER

And hello good-looking.

Godmother kisses him on the cheek while Dad and Fleabag greet each other.

GODMOTHER
(to Fleabag)

Well clung to.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

Beat.

Godmother looks at Arsehole Guy for a beat.

GODMOTHER
Does it get very boring? Everybody telling you how gorgeous you are all the time.

He laughs charmingly.

ARSEHOLE GUY
(meaning it)

Er – a little.

DAD

Should we –

GODMOTHER
(to Fleabag)

I won't forget this, I promise.

FLEABAG
Oh sure, is Claire here yet?

GODMOTHER
No, not yet. You're an angel for being here. Would you just –

Godmother places a tray of champagne glasses in Fleabag's hands. Fleabag looks confused.

GODMOTHER
Hold on to that. And there are bottles for topping up on the little bar just inside. I am the luckiest thing to have you.

(remembers something)

And um –

She puts a sticky badge on Fleabag that says ‘Here to help’.

Godmother takes a drink off the tray.

GODMOTHER

You’re a natural.

Fleabag looks at Arsehole Guy, not sure how to handle the situation.

Arseshole Guy takes a drink and leaves her.

INT. SEXHIBITION. MAIN GALLERY – DAY

There is a roar of laughter. A crowd of ‘interesting’-looking people with eccentric outfits stand around Godmother, who is introducing her event.

GODMOTHER

(so sweet, so humbled)

Now really though, this sexhibition isn’t about me trying to get you all aroused. It’s about the beauty of sex. And how it brings us all together.

(looks at Dad)

How it excites and connects, how it opens people’s minds. After all, sex got us all here. Sex ... brings ... life.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo is crying.

INT. SEXHIBITION. MAIN GALLERY – DAY – CONT.

Fleabag shakes the memory out of her head and focuses back on Godmother.

GODMOTHER

I’ve been building this sexhibition since I was eleven and a quarter, which is when I first climaxed, by accident, on a bidet. The bidet is, of course, exhibited, as are all the pieces from my first ever sexhibition. All apart from one.

She gestures to an empty pedestal.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

A few weeks ago, one of my most delicate pieces was stolen from my studio.

There is an audible gasp.

Fleabag glances at the camera, tries not to laugh.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

But in a sense, it was a blessing.

Fleabag looks annoyed.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

In fact her brutal snatching made me think of all the women of the world who have been robbed of their freedom, of their happiness and, in the saddest of cases, of their bodies. So in many ways, I have to thank the thief, for creating my most profound piece of work to date. *A Woman Robbed*.

The crowd applaud lightly in a very British way. So impressed and moved. Fleabag looks around, annoyed.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

Now, I would ask you all to leave your genitals at the door and bring your minds to these pieces. I don't believe people always think about sex when they see a naked body. I believe they think about their own minds, their own bodies and their own power. And that's what this show is really about.

(she looks at Fleabag)

It's about power. Thank you.

Godmother gives a little smile to Fleabag. More applause.

Godmother holds out her hand to Dad, who joins her, kissing her on the cheek. Dad raises a glass to the room.

INT. SEXHIBITION. WALL OF COCKS – DAY

Fleabag is leaving a voicemail for Claire while walking through the room with her tray. Godmother is discussing a piece of her art with a guest in the background.

FLEABAG

(into phone)

Claire, it's me. Just wondering where you are, I am very much here, and waiting ... for you. Ok, bye.

She hangs up.

FLEABAG

Dammit Claire.

She approaches Arsehole Guy, who is staring at something.

FLEABAG

Have you seen a sort of stressed-out version of me anywhere?

Arseshole Guy is entranced by what he is looking at.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(looking at the wall)

Is it weird that my mouth's watering?

Fleabag frowns. REVEAL: the art piece is a wall of cocks.

Godmother appears.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Really fantastic work, honestly, it's amazing.

GODMOTHER

Thank you so much.

She looks at Fleabag, awaiting her review.

FLEABAG

Yes. Extraordinary. Really, really moving. And present ... I'd love one of these on my floor ... Like a rug with perks.

GODMOTHER

I'm sure you would. But it's very securely nailed to the wall this evening.

(she smiles, they all giggle. Beat)

Have you found your father yet?

FLEABAG

Oh yes, I think he's by the coats.

GODMOTHER

(laughs)

Oh! No no!

(she gestures to the wall of cocks)

Have you found your father yet?

Fleabag looks unnerved.

GODMOTHER

It's just so very obvious to me.

Long pause. Fleabag looks at the entire wall of cocks. She points to one randomly.

Godmother looks disturbed.

Long pause.

GODMOTHER

Yeah.

Godmother leaves, noticing a man she immediately starts a new conversation with.

GODMOTHER

Oh, Conor!

Fleabag looks disturbed.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Whoops.

EXT. SEXHIBITION – EVENING

Outside the gallery Fleabag and Arsehole Guy smoke and drink champagne.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Look, about this morning –

(beat)

Listen, what I was trying to say is ...

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Here we go.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I didn't realise this until we were having sex earlier and I – lost my
–

FLEABAG

Erection.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Erection.

FLEABAG

One more time.

ARSEHOLE GUY
(deadpan)

Erection.

Fleabag looks at the camera, excited by him saying that.

ARSEHOLE GUY

But – it um, it made me realise ... I'm in love.

She is stunned. He just said it.

FLEABAG
(coy)

Oh ... Ok, I mean I don't really know what to –

He takes a drag of his cigarette. He looks stressed out.

ARSEHOLE GUY

And I don't want to have sex with anyone else. And that's never happened to me before.

He puts his hands on her face.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I'm in love ... And I ... Need to tell her.

Fleabag looks confused.

FLEABAG

Her?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Yeah, we've been together for a couple of months and physically she just never satisfied me – she has these ... really massive, bouncy tits, that really don't do anything for me and you just kept

turning up like this sexy ... plank ... and, uh – it confused me but – I just don't think I should be fucking around behind her back any more. I just thought I should say that I am sorry, if I have led you on ...

Fleabag is stunned.

FLEABAG

Oh, no ... God no, my erm – my ex is due back any day now anyway, so it's – I'm happy for you.

She pats him on the back. He smiles.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(laughing gently)

I knew you wouldn't give a shit.

FLEABAG

Well, what can I say? I'm sorry! I don't ... Give a shit ...

He touches her hair and holds her face. He kisses her passionately.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Cool ...

(charming as hell)

Never wear padding, Ok?

She smiles. And she nods.

Fleabag is embarrassed and stung. She glances at the camera. She tries to laugh it off.

INT. SEXHIBITION. MAIN GALLERY – EVENING

Fleabag is walking while talking into her phone to Claire's answer machine.

FLEABAG

(into phone)

Claire. Where are you? I can't survive much longer in this sea of penises and I don't know anyone – and – so ...

Fleabag approaches a model of Harry. It is life size and has no genitals.

FLEABAG

(to model)

Harry?

She stares at it. She stares at the camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Harry?

Harry comes round the back of the statue.

HARRY

Hi.

She is startled.

FLEABAG

Hi.

They both look at the statue.

FLEABAG

What did she do to you?

HARRY

Oh, just covered me in plaster-cast and left me in the garden for a couple of hours.

She goes to hug him.

FLEABAG

Oh God, hi! It's so good to see you-

As she breaks away we see his new girlfriend, ELAINE, approach.

She looks like the sweetest person in the world and is wearing a lovely, floaty dress.

Harry puts his arm around her.

ELAINE

Hi.

FLEABAG

Hi.

ELAINE

Hi.

FLEABAG

(to camera, sweetly)

Hi.

HARRY

Um ...

Beat.

ELAINE

I'm just gonna go and browse around. It was really nice to meet you.

FLEABAG

You too.

Fleabag giggles awkwardly. Harry gestures to Elaine, who is being floaty around Godmother.

HARRY

That's ... Elaine.

GODMOTHER
(to Elaine)

Hello darling.

Fleabag nods and smiles. Trying to hide that she is actually hurt by this.

HARRY

We're—

FLEABAG

Hey – did you see that really good-looking guy that came in with me?

HARRY

No. But I saw a really good-looking guy on his motorbike outside. Why?

FLEABAG

Oh yeah, that's, he erm – Well, he and I are ...

HARRY

Oh, great—

FLEABAG
(proud)

Yeah, he just dumped me.

HARRY

Oh! Hm – I’m sorry.

FLEABAG
(about the statue)

This is very ... you.

HARRY

Yes! She uh – she said you were cool with us doing ... that ...

Fleabag frowns. She looks around the room for Godmother, who is still with Elaine but looks at them shiftily. Fleabag smiles at Harry, clearly not cool with this. She looks back at the statue.

HARRY

I don’t know why she– Where’s my penis?

FLEABAG

Oh it’s on the wall over there.
(looking to the wall of cocks)
Second from the left.

She smiles. He tries to smile.

HARRY

I should probably go and find Elaine. She doesn’t like being left on her own ... so–

FLEABAG

You’ve still got some stuff at the flat.
(flirty)
I’ve been rolling around in my lingerie all over it waiting for you to come and collect it ...

HARRY

Yeah I–

FLEABAG

Your Tupperware, and your TV, and your dinosaur plate.

HARRY

Oh, I got a new dinosaur plate. But, um, thank you, but you um, you can keep those.

They look at each other for a moment.

FLEABAG
(cheeky)

Hey, do you still wank about me sometimes?

Beat.

HARRY
(gently)

No.

He walks off. Fleabag is embarrassed. Harry greets Godmother. Fleabag turns to camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Elaainneee.

INT. SEXHIBITION. MAIN GALLERY – EVENING

Fleabag is pouring a drink for a male guest. He smiles at her, she smiles back, he leaves.

Fleabag turns and sees Claire. She rushes towards her.

FLEABAG
Claire! My God it's been hell, where have you been?

CLAIRE
I uh ... Hm ...

Martin arrives next to Claire. He puts his arm on her shoulder. Claire is awkward but being strong.

MARTIN
All parked up.
(to Fleabag)

Hello you.

They stand awkwardly.

FLEABAG
Erm ...

CLAIRE
We almost didn't make it, but ... Um ...

MARTIN

We didn't want to let the old boy down.

FLEABAG

But I thought that—

CLAIRE

We're just gonna do a quick whizz around to show our faces.

She looks at Claire.

FLEABAG

Ok, I—

CLAIRE

We're just gonna do a quick whizz around.

She moves off. Martin follows her. Fleabag looks like she has been hit by a train. They go to greet Godmother, who then brings a tray full of champagne to Fleabag.

GODMOTHER

Sorry, could you just – could you just do something with those.

She hands Fleabag the tray.

GODMOTHER

Thank you darling.

Godmother leaves. Fleabag looks at the camera angrily and walks away with the tray.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING – CONT.

Fleabag takes her tray through to the service area and begins downing the champagne. She takes off her badge.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Fleabag and Boo drink wine and smoke in the café, happily.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag tops up all the glasses.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Fleabag smokes while Boo dances, topping up their glasses.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag downs another glass of champagne and heads back to the main gallery.

INT. SEXHIBITION – NIGHT

Fleabag holds her tray and downs another glass. She looks over and sees Godmother talking to Dad.

Godmother turns, looking for Fleabag, and clicks her fingers for her to come over. Dad looks embarrassed.

Fleabag lifts a glass off the tray, gesturing ‘This is what you want?’

Godmother nods and beckons her.

Fleabag drops the glass to the floor.

Lots of people turn, an amused murmur.

Fleabag and Godmother stare at each other.

Fleabag holds up another glass. Dad sees her. He subtly gestures to her commandingly.

DAD
(whispered)

Don’t.

She stares at them and raises the glass.

DAD
(loudly, firmly)

DON’T.

People have stopped talking and are looking.

Beat.

Fleabag holds up the single glass in her right hand. Then drops the entire tray with the other hand.

She takes a sip from the champagne glass she is still holding.

Godmother and Dad approach, laughing like it was a mistake.

GODMOTHER

(for the crowd)

The joys of butter-fingered staff!

Everyone laughs.

DAD

Will you stop making a spectacle of yourself and clean that up.

FLEABAG

You clean that up.

He looks down in despair. Godmother stands beside him.

DAD

Apologise.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry. Turns out I'm not such a natural after all ...

She takes another sip of champagne. Godmother looks at her, steely. Then decides to play another card. She gets weepy. Her bottom lip shakes a little.

FLEABAG

Oh, fuck off!

Dad turns to Fleabag, incensed.

DAD

I'm just going to say this once. I deserve to be happy. I am allowed to move on. I have a good life and I am happy, alright?

(beat)

Alright? If you don't mind. I'm going to go and get my cardie from the car. It's a little chilly.

He exits. Claire and Martin watch him go, then turn to look at Fleabag.

Godmother's eyes harden.

GODMOTHER

(gently to the end)

I'm sorry you had to hear that. But you did have to hear it.

An USHER has started to clear up.

GODMOTHER

(pointing at Fleabag)

No, no. She'll do it.

Fleabag stares at Godmother as she leaves, then takes the tray from the usher.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag walks through the service area. Claire comes up to her.

CLAIRE

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?

FLEABAG

What is he doing here? You're not going to Finland?

Claire shakes her head. Martin enters.

FLEABAG

Oh, God. What are you doing here?

MARTIN

I'm helping.

Fleabag laughs, exasperated.

FLEABAG

He is—

CLAIRE

(gently)

He didn't try to kiss you.

FLEABAG

He did.

CLAIRE

He says it was more like the other way around.

Beat. Fleabag looks at Martin.

FLEABAG

What?! But that's just not true.

Martin exhales a laugh.

FLEABAG

No. Fuck you. Claire, no –

This is not easy for Claire. Fleabag is crying.

CLAIRE

Please don't—

FLEABAG

Claire, he came out into the garden—

CLAIRE

Please, I don't wanna hear it.

FLEABAG

Claire, you have to believe me.

CLAIRE

How can I believe you?

FLEABAG

Because I'm your sister!

CLAIRE

After what you did to Boo.

Beat. We stay on Fleabag. She can't believe Claire just said that.

Beat. Fleabag's breathing picks up. She looks at the camera.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Close-up on hands undoing a man's belt buckle.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag looks at the camera.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo's crying face.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag turns away from Claire and Martin. She tries to avoid the camera, then turns back and looks straight into it, glancing between the camera and Claire.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo's crying face.

BOO

(weakly)

He slept with someone else. He told me he – fucked someone else.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag looks at the camera and then at Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, but you just have to see it from my point of view.

INT. FLASHBACK, SHOP – DAY

Fleabag sees Jack putting on a woman's shoe. He smiles at her.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag, still crying, smiles and nods at Claire. Martin approaches Claire.

MARTIN

(putting his hand on Claire's shoulder)

Come on.

Claire turns and walks away, Martin follows, looking back at Fleabag.

Fleabag turns and tries to back away from the camera but it follows her as she backs into the coat rail.

INT. FLASHBACK, CLUB – NIGHT

Fleabag watches, smiling, as Boo and Jack kiss.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag tries to escape. The camera follows her.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – NIGHT

Jack strokes Boo's hair affectionately while she holds Hilary.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag still tries to escape. The camera still follows her.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S BEDROOM – EVENING

Fleabag and Boo sit on the bed.

BOO

I think I love him.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag walks down a corridor. The camera follows her from behind.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag downs a glass of wine. Jack strokes her arm. She looks at his hand on her shoulder. He looks into her eyes.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

The camera is coming right up close to Fleabag’s face.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jack is looking at Fleabag, licking his lips. There is want in his eyes.

We see the same shot as earlier and realise it is Fleabag undoing Jack’s belt buckle.

They kiss.

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

The camera is close on Fleabag’s face.

BOO (O.S.)

I’m gonna hurt myself –

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo is crying. She is trying not to get angry. She wouldn’t get angry.

BOO

(beat)

– I’m gonna get hit by a bike and then ...

EXT. FLASHBACK, STREET – DAY

Wide shot of Boo as a bicycle whizzes past her.

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Back with Boo.

BOO

– hurt my finger, and then –

EXT. FLASHBACK, STREET – DAY

The bicycle whizzing past Boo again.

BOO (O.S.)

– he’s gonna have to come and –

INT. SERVICE AREA – EVENING

Fleabag is slumped on the floor.

BOO (O.S.)

– see me in –

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag and Jack kiss, passionately.

BOO (O.S.)

– hospital, and be –

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Boo crying.

BOO

– really sorry for what –

EXT. FLASHBACK, STREET – DAY

Boo standing on the pavement, the traffic speeding past.

BOO (O.S.)

– he did.

Profile shot of Boo. We see her step out of frame.

EXT. SEXHIBITION – NIGHT

Fleabag is walking down the road, exhausted. She looks to the end of the road. She makes out a figure, hunched over a car with his back to her.

It’s Dad. He is crying.

She watches him.

Fleabag walks towards Dad.

He looks up, sees her coming, looks slightly afraid, but he's been rumbled so there is no point running.

They lean on the car together. Fleabag smokes.

DAD

I don't know where you came from.

FLEABAG

What, you don't think we're the same?

DAD

You've got the same lines on your forehead as me.

FLEABAG

Thank you for fixating on them.

DAD

And you're stubborn.

FLEABAG

Snap. And sad.

DAD

You're not born sad.

FLEABAG

Some people are.

DAD

You weren't.

FLEABAG

No, I guess not.

They both wipe their noses on their sleeves at the same time.

DAD

Jesus ... Why do daughters get to say they are fucked up by their fathers when it's so often the other way round.

Dad laughs. Fleabag laughs.

Beat.

She gives him the cigarette.

DAD

(referring to the cigarette)

Why do you do that to yourself?

He drops the cigarette.

FLEABAG

Looks cool.

Dad laughs softly.

DAD

I think your mother would have admired your little performance up there.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Do you ever think about her?

He nods.

DAD

Yeah ... Do you think about your friend?

FLEABAG

All the time.

DAD

Well.

Beat. They connect for a moment.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry.

DAD

I—

Dad sees Godmother walking down the street.

Dad looks at Fleabag.

DAD

(weakly)

I think you should go.

Fleabag sees Godmother. She looks at Dad. So disappointed. He can't look her in the eye.

She walks away down the street.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Fleabag walks down the street.

We hear the audio of Boo's voice recording.

BOO (O.S)

Hi, this is Boo. I can't come to the phone right now but please leave me a messaggio and I will get back to you.

CUT TO: EXT. A DIFFERENT STREET – DAWN

Fleabag is in the same clothes. She is tear-stained.

BOO (O.S)

Hi, this is Boo. I can't come to the phone right now but please leave me a messaggio and I will get back to you.

INT. CAFÉ – MORNING

We watch Hilary in her cage. Fleabag's hand reaches in and drops a huge pile of cucumber into her bowl. She strokes Hilary.

Fleabag sits in the same clothes. She is tear-stained.

She looks around the café and then gets up.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAFÉ – MORNING

Fleabag is standing on the kerb looking into the road. The flash of a car passing her, echoing the memory of Boo.

We flash between Fleabag standing there, and Boo standing there.

She builds herself up. She steps towards the kerb. She builds her confidence. Another few cars flash past her. A car drives up.

She builds her confidence but the car slowly parks.

She looks disappointed.

Then she looks at the driver. It's Bank Manager.

BANK MANAGER

You Ok?

He looks earnestly up at her through the car window.

INT. CAFÉ – DAY

Fleabag sits at a table.

BANK MANAGER (O.S.)

Big night then?

Fleabag nods. Bank Manager is standing awkwardly in the café. He looks at all the guinea-pig pictures.

BANK MANAGER

(realising)

Mmmm!

FLEABAG

What?

BANK MANAGER

I thought in the application for your loan it said you ran a café
FOR guinea pigs.

Pause. He laughs again.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

That's why I thought it was funny. I never thought guinea pigs
needed ...

FLEABAG

It's guinea-pig themed –

BANK MANAGER

Ok.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

BANK MANAGER

That makes sense.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

Beat.

BANK MANAGER

Can I get you a ... cup of tea?

FLEABAG

Run out.

BANK MANAGER

Coffee?

FLEABAG

Run out.

BANK MANAGER

Well I should probably be heading back to the office.

(beat)

Cafés are a very ... difficult business. You certainly made this one very ... Unique.

FLEABAG

I also fucked it into liquidation.

BANK MANAGER

Ok.

FLEABAG

And I fucked up my family.

Beat.

BANK MANAGER

Did you?

FLEABAG

And I fucked my friend by fucking her boyfriend.

Fleabag laughs.

Beat.

BANK MANAGER

Right.

FLEABAG

(starting to cry)

And sometimes I wish I didn't even know that 'fucking' existed.
And that I know that my body, as it is now, really is the only thing I
have left and when that gets old and unfuckable I might as well just
kill it.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

And somehow there isn't anything worse than someone who
doesn't want to fuck me ... That I fuck everything, except for
when I was, in your office – I really wasn't trying to – I was –
(beat)

Either everyone feels like this a little bit and they're just not
talking about it ... Or I am completely fucking alone. Which isn't
fucking funny.

Beat. He doesn't know how to deal with this.

BANK MANAGER

Right, well uh – I should probably, erm ... I should probably um
... I should –

He walks to the door and goes out, towards his car.

Then he comes back in with his folder.

BANK MANAGER

People make mistakes.

He sits down in the chair opposite Fleabag. He is now being very official.

FLEABAG

That's why they put rubbers on the ends of pencils.

BANK MANAGER

Is that a joke?

FLEABAG

I don't know.

Pause. He looks at her.

BANK MANAGER

I think we should start your interview again.

FLEABAG

Here?

BANK MANAGER

Yeah. Go on.

FLEABAG

Ok.

She sits up.

BANK MANAGER

Well, thank you for coming in.

He nods. She nods.

FLEABAG

No problem.

BANK MANAGER

I've uh, read through your application form. Says you run a café for guinea pigs.

Beat.

She laughs.

BANK MANAGER

Told you it was funny.

Fleabag looks at him. He looks at her. They smile at each other.

END OF SERIES ONE

SERIES TWO



EPISODE 1

INT. COOL RESTAURANT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Frank Sinatra's 'Strangers in the Night' plays.

Wide shot of FLEABAG from behind as she stands at a sink. Her head is bowed down as she is washing her hands. We can't see her face.

She looks up into the mirror. We see that there is blood all over her mouth. She takes a damp towel and wipes most of the blood off her mouth and nose. There is a bang on the door. She ignores it.

MAN (O.S.)

Can I do anything?

FLEABAG

No, thank you.

MAN (O.S.)

They've gone, so ...

She grabs a few tissues and hands them casually to a **NEEDY WAITRESS**, who, we discover, is sitting, slumped on the floor with blood on her face and a bruised eye.

NEEDY WAITRESS
(grateful, sweet)

Thank you.

Fleabag smiles at her. She checks her hair in the mirror. Takes a breath.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

This is a love story.

TITLES: FLEABAG

Soaring choral music over titles and perhaps next scene, rather than the discordance of last series.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Earlier that evening.

Close-up of Fleabag. She is sat at a restaurant table holding a glass of champagne. She looks well.

We can't see who else is at the table. We can only see the restaurant glittering and bustling behind her.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

You know when you've done ... everything.
(beat)

When you've been all—

EXT. FLASHBACK, PARK – DAY

Fleabag is doing squats in a park with a DRILL SERGEANT kind of guy. He is shouting at her.

DRILL SERGEANT

SQUAT. SQUAT.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

And—

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ – DAY

Shot of a piece of rye bread/pumpernickel with sliced avocado and feta cheese and chopped baby tomato on it.

Fleabag chops it in half and looks at the camera very seriously.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag.

FLEABAG

You've even—

EXT. FLASHBACK, ARSEHOLE GUY'S FLAT – EVENING

Close on ARSEHOLE GUY looking seductively at Fleabag.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Wanna have sex?

Beat.

Fleabag is conflicted.

FLEABAG

No.

She turns and runs away down the street.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(calling after her, desperate)

Can I at least go down on you?!

FLEABAG

NO!

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag.

FLEABAG

You've done everything. And you feel great.

INT. FLASHBACK, PUB – EVENING

Fleabag laughing with a bunch of 'friends' we've never seen before and will never see again.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag.

FLEABAG

You're not even thinking about—

EXT. FLASHBACK, PARK – DAY

BOO putting a tiny hat on Hilary's head and looking up at us, very pleased with it. Fleabag's dialogue cuts it off again.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag.

FLEABAG

You don't even think about—

EXT. FLASHBACK FROM LAST SERIES: CLAIRE'S HOUSE – NIGHT

MARTIN kissing Fleabag on CLAIRE's birthday from the last series.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag passes bread across to her left –

FLEABAG
(to camera)

And even though your sister still hates you.

We reveal Claire eyeing Fleabag. She gives a tight smile as she accepts the bread.

CLAIRE
Thank you.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
You're pretending to be friends because your dad is—

EXT. GRAVESIDE – DAY

Fleabag and Claire are standing by a grave.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Fleabag and Claire.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
I'm joking, he's just there.

We reveal DAD sitting next to GODMOTHER, with her hand on his.

GODMOTHER
(holding up her glass)
Here's to love!

FLEABAG
And engaged.
They all cheer.

FLEABAG

To love!

EVERYONE

To love!

Suddenly Martin arrives.

MARTIN

HEEEEEY!

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Ugh.

MARTIN
(to Dad and Godmother)

CONGRATULATIONS YOU ASSHOLES!

He kisses a smiling Claire from behind as he speaks.

Dad and Godmother laugh happily. Everyone laughs happily.

Fleabag looks to camera. Ugh.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Later. Dad holds his glass mid-toast. Fleabag is now holding a tequila shot.

Godmother, Martin and Claire listen to Dad speak.

We reveal there's also an UNFAMILIAR MAN at the table, also listening. He is dressed in a regular shirt and trousers, but we will later find out that this is PRIEST.

DAD

It means a great deal to both of us that you ... that we ...
(gets a little emotional)

Are all here together ... for this very special family ... gang bang
...

Fleabag looks, confused, at Priest.

DAD

Just ... being here ... I know we've had our ... I just ... The
feeling that I have ... is ... right in ... I just want to say I ... Very

much. And ... That's it.

GODMOTHER
(moved)

Oh darling.

CLAIRE
Congratulations Dad.

MARTIN
Congratulations!

DAD
Thank you!

PRIEST
(raising a glass)
May these be the worst of our days!

FLEABAG
(to camera)
Don't know who this guy is.

MARTIN
Happy for you, old boy. Best decision a man can make.
Martin and Claire smile smugly at each other.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
Ugh.

MARTIN
(to Fleabag)
You look well.

FLEABAG
Thank you.

Claire and Fleabag share a fleeting look.

DAD
Wine everyone?

PRIEST
Yes please! I'd love some wine.

GODMOTHER

You'll adore it, I chose it.

CLAIRE

Not for us, thanks.

MARTIN

Off the sauce.

CLAIRE

Six months and counting.

Everyone falls silent. In shock.

PRIEST

Why ... would you do that?

CLAIRE

We just enjoy each other more this way.

MARTIN

(looking at Claire)

Just don't want to miss a thing.

Claire flicks her eyes at Fleabag.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Haven't seen her since—

FLASHBACK FROM SERIES ONE INT. GALLERY – NIGHT

Claire and Fleabag in the back room at the Tate at the end of the last series.
Both with tears in their eyes.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry.

She turns sadly and walks away.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table.

FLEABAG

Except for—

INT. RESTAURANT. A DIFFERENT AREA – NIGHT

Earlier in the evening. Fleabag and Claire have both just arrived. They have their coats over their arms before heading off to the table.

CLAIRE
(spiky)

Nice jumpsuit.

FLEABAG
(spiky)

Thank you.

CLAIRE
(spiky)

You look well, where have you been?

FLEABAG

Boots. Lovely there this time of year.

Claire is not amused.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

We return to Fleabag, Claire, Godmother, Dad, Martin and Priest at the table.

DAD

Well you look fantastic.

CLAIRE
(to Dad and Godmother)

You both look gorgeous.

GODMOTHER

Thank you!

CLAIRE

Is that fur?

GODMOTHER

Yes, but it's Ok because it had a stroke.

CLAIRE

Oh, lovely.

GODMOTHER
(joking to Priest)

I can't go to hell for that can I, Father?

PRIEST

No, no, as long as you confess —

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh God, he's their priest.

PRIEST

— you've got nothing to fucking worry about.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Their cool, swearsy priest.

GODMOTHER

Love the Catholics. You can get away with anything.

MARTIN

(laughing)

A lot of them did.

PRIEST

(to Godmother)

It's an honour to be marrying you two. Thank you.

GODMOTHER

But I didn't realise you were allowed out without your little —

She gestures to her neck i.e. his dog collar.

PRIEST

(joking)

Oh no, have I disappointed you?

GODMOTHER

(disappointed)

Of course not.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Devastated.

The Needy Waitress appears. She points at the champagne bottle.

NEEDY WAITRESS

Can I get you another bottle?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Needy waitress.

GODMOTHER
No it's alright, we've already ordered wine.

NEEDY WAITRESS
(so gutted)

Oh no. Really?

FLEABAG
(kindly)

I'll have another tequila.

PRIEST
I'll have a tequila!

Fleabag looks at him. He smiles.

NEEDY WAITRESS
Oh great! Thank you so much!

MARTIN
Can I have a sparkling water with a dash of lime, please?

CLAIRE
I'll have the same.

MARTIN
Dream team.

They do a little high five at the table. Fleabag notices. Ugh.

GODMOTHER
(about Priest)
Now the most FASCINATING thing about Father here is that his mother was originally a lesbia—

HARD CUT TO: EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag is leaning, head against a wall. One hand has a cigarette in it. She exhales deeply.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag is back at the table with Claire, Godmother, Dad, Martin and Priest. Their starter plates are being cleared away by the Needy Waitress.

GODMOTHER

You do look tired.

CLAIRE

It's not as exhausting as I thought it would be actually.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

She's commuting from Finland.

MARTIN

She has got her packing down to a ten-minute turnaround.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

It's fine.

GODMOTHER

Fabulous!

MARTIN

It's all about—

CLAIRE

Rolling it up rather than—

MARTIN

Folding it.

DAD

Yes, I've read about that. Sure you don't want wine?

MARTIN/CLAIRE

No, thank you.

GODMOTHER

(sipping wine)

It really is delicious. I admire you both so much.

MARTIN

It's really turned us around hasn't it, honey?

CLAIRE

So much more energy. You know, in Finland they—

PRIEST

Is there a reason you're not? Or is that ...?

CLAIRE

He's an alcoholic.

PRIEST

Oh fun! My parents were alcoholics!

CLAIRE

Oh, great. Well, we found it's easier if we do it together. I don't really like the taste any—

MARTIN

And we're trying for a baby.

Beat. Claire and Fleabag look at each other.

GODMOTHER

Oh Claire. We thought you couldn't have them.

CLAIRE

What? Why?

GODMOTHER

You just seem a little—

MARTIN

They say a lifestyle change can help so here we go!

DAD

That's SO exciting darling! Good luck.

PRIEST

That's wonderful!

Everyone sort of smiles. Fleabag eyes Claire.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Something's up.

GODMOTHER

And now you have money for proper help! Ghastly without help I imagine. Tell us about Finland!

CLAIRE

Well, it's um – cold and beautiful and dark.

FLEABAG
(bemused)

I think she might be happy.

CLAIRE

It's a lot of pressure, but I love it. I have an amazing new partner out there who's really pushed the company forward with—

GODMOTHER

You know, I can't remember the last time we went away!

MARTIN

Weren't you both in Japan recently?

PRIEST
(amazed)

JAPAN?! Wow!

GODMOTHER

Oh yes! But that was just a little fortnight.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Don't ask her—

PRIEST

Why were you in Japan?

DAD

Well, she—

GODMOTHER

I was – oh sorry darling.

DAD

No, no you—

GODMOTHER

Oh thank you. Well they flew us out with the sexhibition.

DAD

It really made an impa—

GODMOTHER

(sweetly to Dad)

Sorry darling, do you want to – no?

(to the table)

You see you think of the Japanese as very prudish people.

DAD

Well not to generali—

GODMOTHER

But really they have a deep interest in sex in their culture. It's just hidden in the underbelly. It's not allowed to the surface.

CLAIRE

Fair enough.

DAD

They really appreciated—

GODMOTHER

The honesty of the sexhibition. Whereas of course the—

DAD

Americans! Now they—

GODMOTHER

The Americans! Just took me in their stride. The Japanese were really quite moved by my work, weren't they darling?

DAD

Yes.

GODMOTHER

It caused quite a cultural—

DAD

Ripple.

GODMOTHER

Wave.

Beat.

DAD

Wave.

Beat.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

No one's asked me a question in forty-five min—

PRIEST
(to Fleabag)

So what do you do?

Everyone stops and stares at Fleabag. She's shocked. She looks at him.

FLEABAG
I run a café.

PRIEST
Oh, cool!

Beat.

DAD
It's going well, is it?

FLEABAG
Yes. It is. It really is.
(to camera)

It actually is.

They smile sympathetically, not believing her.

FLEABAG
It is.

Beat.

No one knows what to say. Needy Waitress appears.

NEEDY WAITRESS
Can I get anyone any ... ice?

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag now has her forehead against the brick wall. She exhales cigarette smoke.

The Priest appears.

PRIEST
Fellow smoker.

She smiles.

PRIEST

Do you have a spare one?

FLEABAG

Sure.

She hands him one and a lighter. He lights it.

Beat.

PRIEST

So, do your family get together much or—

Fleabag puts her cigarette out and exits.

PRIEST
(lightly)

Fuck you, then.

She stops and turns to look at him. Incredulous.

He smiles. She smiles back. She exits ...

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag, Claire, Godmother, Dad, Martin. The main meal has arrived. The Priest has not arrived yet. Martin starts to eat.

CLAIRE
(quietly)

We should wait.

He puts his cutlery down. Awkward silence. In the absence of the Priest, they have nothing to talk about.

GODMOTHER
(referring to Priest's seat)

He's such a lovely man.

Everyone answers at the same time, relieved to have something to talk about.

DAD

We're so lucky to have him.

GODMOTHER
(to Fleabag)

Did you have a cigarette?

CLAIRE

He's going to be perfect.

MARTIN

Why be a priest?

GODMOTHER
(gestures to collar)

I wish you'd seen him in his little—

MARTIN

You know they can't even masturbate! Shit life, man.

The Priest enters and sits down, seeing the food has arrived.

PRIEST

Oh, sorry.

GODMOTHER
We were just saying it's so fascinating, this notion of a 'calling'.

PRIEST

Yes, well, marriage is a calling too, of course.

DAD

Did you always want to join the priesthood?

PRIEST

Fuck no.

Everyone laughs. Loving that he is a 'cool swearsy priest'.

PRIEST

Sorry – no, I came quite late to it actually. But it's been a good life to me. I've really found peace in it.

Fleabag eyes him.

CLAIRE

Is anyone in your family in the church?

PRIEST

Actually both my parents are lawyers and my brother is a long-distance lorry driver.

GODMOTHER

How unusual. Were your parents successful?

PRIEST

They were very successful alcoholics, yes!

(to Martin)

Better than you anyway! But, beyond them my family is crawling with nuns, so it wasn't too much of a leap.

He smiles at Fleabag again.

MARTIN

Must be hard on the balls.

CLAIRE

Martin.

Priest laughs.

PRIEST

Not as hard on them as trying to make a baby for five months, I imagine.

He laughs. Martin is put in his place a little. Priest and Fleabag catch each other's eyes.

DAD

Food good?

CLAIRE

(taking a bite)

This sauce is disgusting.

The Needy Waitress appears.

NEEDY WAITRESS

Is everything Ok?

CLAIRE

Delicious thank you!

Needy Waitress pours Godmother's wine.

GODMOTHER

(prompting Dad)

Darling.

DAD

Uh no ... we'd like to pour our own wine please.

NEEDY WAITRESS

(so enthusiastic)

Oh. But I actually love doing the—

GODMOTHER

(stern)

Thank you.

PRIEST

You can pour me some.

NEEDY WAITRESS

(relieved)

Oh thank you.

GODMOTHER

(suddenly warmly to waitress in front of Priest)

Ah!

MARTIN

(to the Priest)

Have you done a lot of older weddings?

GODMOTHER

I don't think that's how we'd—

PRIEST

This is my first wedding ever actually!

Everyone reacts with polite surprise and cheer.

GODMOTHER

You know I've always been very suspicious of religion, but I have to say I do think there is something rather chic about having a real priest at a wedding.

FLEABAG

Are you a real priest?

Beat.

PRIEST

(bit bemused)

Yes.

GODMOTHER

(touching his arm)

It's so nice spending time getting to know the man who's going to marry us!

MARTIN

Is that usual?

PRIEST

Well, no ...! But I'm new to the parish and well I guess I'm just ...
(laughing)

Really fucking lonely! So I appreciate this, thank you very much.

Fleabag looks at him.

DAD

New to the parish?

PRIEST

Yes. Father Patrick sadly died so I got the gig.

CLAIRE

What did he die of?

PRIEST

Just ... time. He was a dedicated man. A brilliant priest.

FLEABAG

Sounds like a riot.

PRIEST

(light)

He was actually.

Godmother doesn't like them interacting. She interrupts.

GODMOTHER

Do you know how we met?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

Through Jake.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Creepy stepson.

GODMOTHER

He plays the flute—

MARTIN/CLAIRE

The bassoon.

GODMOTHER

In the church band. Just adorable. Claire introduced us and we just hit it off. Didn't we?

PRIEST

We did!

They laugh.

DAD

They did!

PRIEST

She's donating a painting to the fête. It's going to cause quite a stir.

GODMOTHER

Oh it's just an old one. But, now, listen. We don't want gifts at the wedding. It's enough that people slog it over, but to then expect a gift ...

Claire forces a smile.

GODMOTHER

So we have decided to ask people to make a small donation to a charity of their choosing, in our name.

FLEABAG

(charming, to Godmother)

That sounds lovely.

Godmother smiles at her. Dad looks at her suspiciously.

GODMOTHER

Can I tell you about the gift I am giving your father?

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh God.

GODMOTHER

It's a portrait.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh God.

GODMOTHER

Of you girls.

Both girls look mortified.

CLAIRE

Oh, God. Um ...

FLEABAG

You mean—

CLAIRE

Together or um ...

GODMOTHER

I'd only need a couple of sittings.

CLAIRE

Right. Can't you use photos?

GODMOTHER

No. Because the lighting's never good enough and –
(gestures lightly to Fleabag)

– if you're not photogenic it does you no favours. Plus, the only
photos of you two together are from when you were children.

(to Fleabag)

And you looked like a boy, so.

PRIEST

I had no idea you had a sister, Claire.

CLAIRE

Oh well, we um – we don't get to see each other much.

DAD

Do you see your brother?

PRIEST

I don't really speak to my brother.

GODMOTHER

(over-devastated for him)

Oh no! That's desperately sad.

Fleabag looks at Claire.

GODMOTHER

Why is that?

PRIEST

Oh. Um ... Well it's a bit ...

DAD

You don't have to—

PRIEST

No, no, that's Ok.

GODMOTHER

Does he not approve of what you do? Of your choices or ...

PRIEST

Um ... No it's not that, it's not—

GODMOTHER

Is he not in the church?

PRIEST

No he's not in the church—

GODMOTHER

Oh, it must be so hard.

PRIEST

Well no it's mainly hard becau—

GODMOTHER

Is it because he's Mummy's favourite?

PRIEST

Because he's a paedophile.

There is an enormous silence.

GODMOTHER

Oh.

Fleabag looks to camera. Whoa.

PRIEST

I'm aware of the irony of that.

Everyone laughs with relief.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Fleabag is outside again having a cigarette. She stares at the camera for a second.

Dad comes out.

DAD

Just a breath of air.

Fleabag smiles. They stand outside. They don't know what to say to each other.

DAD

Interesting man.

Fleabag nods. She offers him a drag of her cigarette.

DAD

No, thanks.

Dad is clearly desperate to say something.

DAD

Darling. I – I missed your birthday.

FLEABAG

That's Ok.

DAD

I just. I got you –

He holds out an envelope.

DAD

In case you were struggling.

FLEABAG

The café's good Dad, I don't—

DAD

Oh no just – That's not for work or – It's just for you.
She smiles. Takes the envelope.

FLEABAG

Thanks.

DAD

You look ... strong.

FLEABAG

Thanks.

DAD

Are you?

FLEABAG

Are we going to have a fight?

DAD

No, it's just I wanted to check that you were – That you and I were
– You're being very ...

(beat)

You're not being naughty.

FLEABAG

(laughing)

No.

DAD

(laughing nervously)

Why?

FLEABAG

(genuinely)

Because ... I guess ...

DAD

(laughing)

Yes?

FLEABAG

It doesn't matter.

He looks at her. Hurt.

DAD

Oh. Well ... I –

(beat)

Is that right?

(beat)

FLEABAG

I'm happy for you, Dad.

Beat.

DAD

Thank you.

Dad exits.

INT. RESTAURANT. DIFFERENT AREA – NIGHT

Fleabag approaches Martin, as he necks a whisky and hands the empty glass to the Needy Waitress.

MARTIN

Thank you. You're an exceptional waitress.

Fleabag passes. He's aware she has caught him.

FLEABAG

Apple juice?

MARTIN

Yeah.

She passes him. He stops her.

MARTIN

I – I just wanted to say.

(beat)

I'm so intrigued to see how you're going to make this whole evening about you.

He smiles. They move off at the same time. He touches her shoulder.

MARTIN

No, no. We probably shouldn't arrive at the table together.

He walks ahead of her. Fleabag looks at us with cold fury.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Back at the table with Claire, Priest, Dad and Godmother. Godmother is mid-flow with the Priest, as Martin and Fleabag come in. Claire notices them arrive together.

GODMOTHER
(to Priest)

A lot of people would say praying is just talking to yourself in the dark.

PRIEST
(he laughs)

Prayer is just more about connecting with yourself at the end of the day. It takes a bit of effort, but it's a positive way to—

CLAIRE
Yes, I completely agree. Positive energy takes work. In the last six months I have excelled. I just take all the negative feelings and just bottle them and bury them. And they never come out.

PRIEST
That's not really how I would—

CLAIRE
I've basically never been better!

She looks at Fleabag.

GODMOTHER
Us neither.

MARTIN
I feel fantastic.

PRIEST
You're a very positive family, I have to say.

DAD
Absolutely.

CLAIRE
I think it's all about positivity. It takes real commitment to be this happy. It's not just drinking and eating well either. Putting pine nuts in your salad doesn't make you a grown-up.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Fucking does.

CLAIRE
It's about – It's about – Well, in Finland they have a saying that I can't quite remember now, but it's about being open to the people who want to love you.

MARTIN
And she is wide open these days.

PRIEST
What do you do?

CLAIRE
I work in finance.

DAD
What?

FLEABAG
(to camera)
What?

CLAIRE
Across two firms. One in Finland and one here.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
No, no, she's a lawyer.

GODMOTHER
I thought you were a lawyer?

CLAIRE
No.

MARTIN
What?

CLAIRE
I work WITH lawyers. I am not a lawyer.

DAD
Darling you're a solicitor.

CLAIRE

I went to business school.

(suddenly to Fleabag)

You're being SO quiet. Why aren't you saying anything?!

Pause. They look at each other.

FLEABAG

(gently)

What do you want me to say?

CLAIRE

Anything – What's that in your hand?

DAD

Um ... she doesn't have to ...

FLEABAG

Birthday present from Dad.

GODMOTHER

It's a nice thing, Claire.

MARTIN

Chunk of change?

DAD

No. It's ...

CLAIRE

What is it?

FLEABAG

I don't know.

She starts opening it.

DAD

Um ... No you don't need to ...

PRIEST

Love presents. Never get presents.

She pulls out the piece of paper and reads it.

DAD

It's just because you ... you're – Um.

FLEABAG

It's a voucher for a counselling session.

(beat)

Thanks, Dad.

Everyone feels a bit weird about this. Martin can't help but laugh.

GODMOTHER

So thoughtful.

PRIEST

(laughing)

I'd kill for one of those.

CLAIRE

No, I don't believe you can pay your problems away. I think you have to face who you are and suffer the consequences. It's the only road to happiness.

FLEABAG

Maybe happiness isn't in what you believe, but who you believe.

Claire gives her a look. The Priest looks at Fleabag. Martin looks at Fleabag. There is a beat of tension.

CLAIRE

(almost under her breath)

Fuck.

(beat)

Excuse me.

Claire suddenly gets up and leaves the table.

Needy Waitress appears immediately.

NEEDY WAITRESS

Oh! Do you think she needs anything?

EVERYONE

No.

DAD

That was meant to be a bedroom present.

PRIEST

A what?

DAD

A present you open in your bedroom, alone.

GODMOTHER

(to Dad)

All my presents are bedroom presents, aren't they?

Dad laughs cheekily.

PRIEST

Want some more wine?

DAD

Oh yes.

GODMOTHER

No.

Fleabag frowns and looks towards the bathroom.

INT. COOL RESTAURANT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Moments later. Fleabag enters.

FLEABAG

Claire? You've been ages. Are you pissed off or are you doing a poo?

She stands by the sinks for a second. She thinks about knocking on the cubicle.

Then she hears ...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

(whispered)

Fuck.

(beat)

Fuck it.

(beat)

FLEABAG

Claire? Can we just—

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Have you got a – sanitary towel?

FLEABAG

Um, no, but I know a waitress who would jump on that request.

(beat)

You want me to ask her?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

No.

(sighs)

Fuck.

FLEABAG

Or there are some sturdy hand towels here. We can fashion something with wings out of these ...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Yes. Fine.

Fleabag gets the towels.

FLEABAG

Open the door.

We hear Claire click the door open.

Fleabag swings the door open.

CLAIRE

FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME. DON'T COME IN.

FLEABAG

Jesus, it's a period, it's not going to bite me.

She pushes the door.

CLAIRE

DON'T LOOK AT IT.

FLEABAG

I'm not looking at your period. Just take this—

The door opens and Fleabag sees Claire, who has blood down her legs and on the loo seat. (We do not need to show this.)

FLEABAG

Oh God ...

CLAIRE

It's not a period, it's a fucking miscarriage, Ok?

Beat.

Fleabag is shocked.

FLEABAG

Jesus Claire.

CLAIRE

It's Ok.

FLEABAG

No, it's not Ok! What the – we need to get you to a hospital.

CLAIRE

It's fine. I just need—

Fleabag leans forward with the towels to help Claire.

CLAIRE

No—

FLEABAG

There's so much – Let me—

CLAIRE
(hard)

Get your hands – off –
(beat)
– my miscarriage!

Pause.

CLAIRE

It's mine.

Claire is crouched over herself. She rests an arm on the cubicle wall and breathes.

CLAIRE
(quiet)

It's mine.

Emotion comes to the surface for a split second as she shuts the door to sort herself out.

Beat.

Fleabag waits.

Claire comes out. All sorted.

CLAIRE

Ok.

FLEABAG

CLAIRE.

CLAIRE

Ok. It's Ok.

FLEABAG

We need to get to a hospital. Now.

(beat, gently)

Now.

Claire nods and takes a deep sigh.

CLAIRE

Yes. Ok.

She washes her hands in the sink and fixes her face.

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

Ok.

FLEABAG

Come on.

They move to the door. Fleabag almost puts her hand on Claire's back.
Claire gently bats it away.

CLAIRE

All good.

They leave the room together.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Moments later. Fleabag follows Claire towards the table.

CLAIRE

Don't tell anyone.

FLEABAG

Ok. Just grab your coat. I'll get a taxi.

CLAIRE

I'll tell them I don't feel right.

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Fleabag nods.

They get to the table to join Martin, Godmother, Dad and Priest, who are talking generally about Venice.

Claire moves behind her chair and puts her hand on her coat.

Then she suddenly sits down and lunges for the bottle of wine.

CLAIRE

Fuck it, I'm having some.

(to Martin)

Sorry, darling.

GODMOTHER

Good girl! One night off!

Claire pours herself some wine.

MARTIN

Um ... wow, what did you say to her?!

Fleabag stands stunned at the side of the table.

FLEABAG

No. Um.

CLAIRE

Nothing! I just – just sit down. Come on, it's a party.

Fleabag doesn't sit.

MARTIN

Can I have some?

DAD

Well someone suddenly got in the party spirit!

CLAIRE

SIT DOWN!

Fleabag does. Shocked.

PRIEST

Wow, what did you take in there?!

MARTIN

Your sister is finally a good influence on you!

They all laugh.

CLAIRE

We just suddenly realised what a monumental fucking day this is!
(to Fleabag)

Drink.

DAD

Honestly, leave them in there for two minutes and they are teenagers again!

Everyone laughs.

PRIEST

Shall I order another bottle?

CLAIRE

Yes!

MARTIN

Ok!

He gestures for the waitress. Fleabag looks at Claire in shock.

GODMOTHER

We were just talking about Venice and this wonderful little trip we had—

MARTIN

(to Claire)

How many times have we said that we have to go to Venice?

CLAIRE

(tense)

I've always wanted to go! Top of my list.
The conversation builds round the table until –

FLEABAG
(to Claire)

Oh for fuck's sake, STOP IT!
Everyone looks at her, shocked.
Pause.

Claire glares at her. No one says anything. They just look at Fleabag, confused.

PRIEST
Are you Ok?

FLEABAG
Yeah I'm uh ...
Claire shakes her head at Fleabag.

DAD
Is – um – is ...?

FLEABAG
Sorry, I – Sorry – it's ...
She starts getting emotional.

MARTIN
Here we go.

FLEABAG
(to Claire)

Sorry I—

PRIEST
No, come on, what's happened?

CLAIRE
Nothing's happened.

GODMOTHER
What's happened?

FLEABAG

(to Claire, pointed)
Something's happened.

MARTIN
(simultaneously)

Come on.

GODMOTHER
(simultaneously)

Spit it out—

DAD
(simultaneously)

It's alright—

MARTIN
(simultaneously)

No secrets here.

GODMOTHER
(simultaneously)

This is a safe space.

FLEABAG
(to Claire)

I – just had a ...

Claire gives her a look ... 'don't you dare.'

MARTIN
Come on!

FLEABAG
(panicking)

I just ... Had a ...

GODMOTHER
WHAT?

FLEABAG
A little—

DAD
What darling?

FLEABAG

(beat. She can't think of anything)

Miscarriage.

Beat.

Claire looks at her in disbelief.

Fleabag is horrified at herself.

GODMOTHER

Oh my God.

They all look at Fleabag.

PRIEST

What?

FLEABAG

Um ...

CLAIRE

What the fuck.

DAD

Um ...

GODMOTHER

How far gone were you?

DAD

You should go to the hospital.

GODMOTHER

Whose was it?

DAD

Maybe save that for later?

GODMOTHER

Was it the tooth man?

DAD

Hospital now darling.

GODMOTHER

But the bill? Sit down.

PRIEST

I'll cover her. I'll cover you.

CLAIRE

She doesn't want to go.

MARTIN

Why?

FLEABAG

Because I'm stubborn and for some inexplicable reason I would rather stay here and have a passive-aggressive party.

GODMOTHER

But how far gone were you?

CLAIRE

It was very early stages.

MARTIN

(to Claire)

You knew?

PRIEST

(shocked at Claire)

I really think ... she should see a doctor.

FLEABAG

So do I.

MARTIN

I thought you hadn't spoken?

CLAIRE

She's fine. She's absolutely fine.

She pours Fleabag a glass of wine and pushes it across the table.

CLAIRE

Drink.

(beat)

If it's gone, it's gone.

Pause.

PRIEST

Claire ...

FLEABAG

But what if it's not gone.

Beat.

CLAIRE

It's gone.

DAD

Darling please ...

GODMOTHER

(sadly)

It was probably ectopic.

(beat, serious)

Awful.

She pours herself some wine. Fleabag stands up.

FLEABAG

(to Priest)

I'll pay you back.

PRIEST

Do you need someone to go with you?

FLEABAG

No. Thank you. I'll just deal with this in my own insane, irrational, anal way if that's Ok.

MARTIN

(under his breath)

It's probably for the best.

PRIEST

What did you say?

FLEABAG

Ignore him. He's been drinking.

CLAIRE

What?

MARTIN

Just – you know. It's like a goldfish out the bowl sort of thing.

(he mimes a jumping fish)

If it didn't want to be in there, it didn't want to be in there.

Something wasn't right.

(beat)

WHAT? It's the kid's choice if it wants to jump ship right?

DAD

Now, Martin.

MARTIN

Either way, she got her spotlight.

Fleabag turns to Martin and punches him square in the face.

There is a scream from Dad and Claire. Priest stands up.

MARTIN

WHAT THE FUCK?! FUCK.

Fleabag goes to hit him again. Martin blocks it and accidentally hits her. The Priest moves forward to stop her falling but gets hit in the face by the back of her head.

PRIEST

JESUS CHRIST.

More people turn and gasp.

Needy Waitress is approaching. Martin is doubled over.

NEEDY WAITRESS

Oh God, is there anything I can do—

She touches Martin's back, which makes him jump, and he turns, whacking the Needy Waitress in the face.

NEEDY WAITRESS

Agh!

GODMOTHER

Oh for God's sake!

INT. COOL RESTAURANT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

The same moment as the opening.

Wide shot of the back of Fleabag as she stands at a sink. Her head is bowed down as she is washing her hands. We can't see her face.

She looks up. We see that there is blood all over her mouth.

She holds up a damp towel and wipes most of the blood off her mouth and nose.

There is a bang on the door. She ignores it.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Can I do anything?

FLEABAG

No, thank you.

PRIEST (O.S.)

They've gone so ...

She grabs a few tissues and hands them casually to the Needy Waitress, who we discover is sitting, slumped on the floor with blood on her face and a bruised eye.

NEEDY WAITRESS
(grateful, sweet)

Thank you.

INT. OUTSIDE COOL RESTAURANT BATHROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag opens the door and sees the Priest.

He is nursing his punched eye, holding her bag and coat.

PRIEST

Oh hey. I got your stuff. You Ok?

FLEABAG

Yeah, you Ok?

PRIEST

Yeah ...

She moves off. He stops her and hands her a napkin with his details written on it.

PRIEST

If you ever need someone. To talk to or uh – I'll be there. I'm always ... there.

She stares at him for a second. Then walks past him. Through the corridor and out into the London streets.

EXT. LONDON STREETS (VARIOUS) – NIGHT

Jump cuts of Fleabag walking through the busy city streets with her bloody nose. Soaring score.

She walks over a bridge. London looks resplendent.

Fleabag is defiant, but emotionally lost when—

CLAIRE (O.S.)

HEY!

Fleabag turns her head. No one.

Beat.

Then through the noise of London again ...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

HEY!

Fleabag turns again and sees Claire in the distance, leaning out of the open door of a cab.

She beckons to Fleabag.

Fleabag walks towards her. We stay with her all the way.

INT. CAB – NIGHT

Fleabag climbs into the cab and closes the door.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

Claire nods.

CLAIRE

Just tell him where you live and we'll talk about this tomorrow.

Fleabag nods. She leans forward to speak to the CABBIE.

FLEABAG

Can you take us to the nearest hospital please.

The Cabbie nods. Fleabag sits back, next to her sister. They share a look.

Claire accepts it and the cab moves off.

They sit in sisterly silence.

They both look out their windows.

Long pause.

CLAIRE

The priest was quite hot.

FLEABAG

So hot.

An imperceptible smile on each of their lips.

Fleabag looks to camera. She's back.

END OF EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2

INT. CHURCH – DAY

Fleabag is shaking hands with CONGREGANTS. We hear murmurs of ‘peace be with you’ and the response ‘and also with you’ said between them.

We do not see the Priest yet, although he is standing at the pulpit.

FLEABAG

(shaking a hand)

Peace be with you. Yeah, you too. Thank you.

(shaking a hand)

Peace be with you.

(shaking a hand)

Peace be with you.

(shaking a hand)

Peace be with you.

A KIND OLD MAN nearby—

KIND OLD MAN

Peace be with you.

FLEABAG

And also with you.

PRIEST

Let us pray.

Everyone kneels, so does Fleabag.

She looks at the Priest as he starts to pray. He has a light bruise under his left eye.

During the prayer, Fleabag looks around the church. The following action happens while the prayer is recited.

PRIEST / CONGREGANTS / FLEABAG

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

She sees an oil painting of Jesus in a gilded frame. He is semi-nude except for a loose toga wrapped around his body. A woman kneels before him, gazing adoringly at his form.

She looks across to another picture of Jesus. This time he's wearing nothing but a loin cloth, lounging over two fully dressed women who are kissing his hand and bathing his body. And finally, she sees an ornate wooden carving of Jesus on the cross. The tiny loin cloth draped around his waist, his torso exposed, his carved muscles glistening in the light, the blood dripping down his chiselled face ... Fleabag looks at the camera just as everyone in the congregation says—

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Amen.

TITLES: FLEABAG

INT. CHURCH – DAY

As before with Fleabag, Priest and the Congregation. The congregation finish singing Bread of Heaven.

PRIEST

Please be seated.

They start to sit.

FLEABAG
(by accident)

And also with you.

Her voice echoes through the church.

The Priest looks up at her.

They hold eye contact for a second.

He smiles.

She smiles back.

Beat. He looks back down to his bible, a little thrown.

PRIEST

Erm – sorry ... yes. Today's – erm. Today's notices! There's a raffle at tomorrow's fête to raise funds for the, erm ... sorry. The diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes. Congratulations to St Ethelred's football club.

A whoop of joy from a congregant.

PRIEST

3–1 victory. Next Friday is a first Friday and I'm going to be making my usual sick calls to the housebound with the Eucharist. And finally on Thursday I am going to begin holy communion preparation classes – and there are more details of that in the parish newsletter along with my latest review.

On 'review' he smiles and nods to his congregation while appreciative laughter ripples around the room.

PRIEST

That's all folks. Please stand for God's Blessing.

The Congregation and Fleabag stand.

INT. CHURCH – LATER

People are filing out of the church shaking the Priest's hand saying 'thank you Father'. He replies with 'you're welcome, all the best, see you next week' etc. One elderly woman, GINA, stops.

GINA

Really good one, Father.

PRIEST
(to Gina)

Nice to see you Gina.

GINA

Loved the story about your eye.

PRIEST
(laughing)

Yes. Off you go. Give my regards to those budgies.

Gina moves on. Fleabag comes up to him.

PRIEST

Hello.

FLEABAG

Hi.

(gestures to his outfit)

This is lovely.

PRIEST

Thank you. Thank you. I thought you'd be in prison by now!

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Oh well, I keep trying, but they just won't have me.

He laughs.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry about your eye —

PRIEST

That's Ok, it gives me some edge. I've told them some heroic bullshit.

A woman, SANDY, passes.

PRIEST

(recovering quickly)

Erm, bless you Sandy.

SANDY

Thank you, Father.

PRIEST

Bless you, Sandy.

Beat. Sandy leaves, the rest of the congregation file out slowly each saying goodbye to the Priest as Fleabag stands with him. She waits for the last to leave before she says—

FLEABAG

I just wanted to pay you back for dinner.

She thrusts a wad of notes towards him. He pushes them away.

A battle of politeness ensues.

PRIEST

Oh no, no—

FLEABAG

No really I insist—

PRIEST

No, I don't want it—

FLEABAG

It'll have to be in instalments, but I insist.

PRIEST

(indicating his vestments)

I've got no pockets.

They laugh together, suddenly a woman, PAM, approaches.

PAM

I'm going to knife the candles Father, they're a bit clogged up.

PRIEST

Ok, Pam.

A beat as Pam nods enthusiastically.

PRIEST

Well, the um, hair dryer is in the drawer, under the—

PAM

Under the wonky drawer, yes I know.

(to Fleabag, kindly)

Hello love.

FLEABAG

Hi.

Pam sees the wad of cash in Fleabag's hand.

PAM

Oh, is that for the collection? Oh how sweet.

(she takes the cash)

How kind. Thank you.

Pam leaves.

PRIEST

That's Pam.

(beat)

Do you like tea?

HARD CUT: INT. CHURCH. BACK ROOM – DAY

Fleabag is sitting in the back room looking around. It's filled with bric-a-brac for the garden-party the next day.

She looks around the room. There is another painting of Jesus, scantily clad in a loin cloth, another fully dressed woman kneeling at his feet, touching his thigh.

FLEABAG

(to camera, slightly aroused and shocked)

Jesus.

There is a bible on the table. She picks it up, she smells the pages. The Priest comes in with the tea.

PRIEST

Tea!

Fleabag puts the bible down quickly.

FLEABAG

Great.

PRIEST

I don't want to boast, but I make a cracking —

He puts down the tray but nervously spills it.

PRIEST

Oh! BASTARD. Sorry.

FLEABAG

Um.

PRIEST

BASTARD.

He smiles as he mops up the tea.

PRIEST

I – Let me – just get this —

He keeps mopping until it's all gone. He looks at the material he just cleaned the tea up with. He sees it's an official holy piece.

PRIEST

Oh dear.

FLEABAG

Oh, is that holy?

PRIEST

A bit ... Less than it was before I think. Shit. Oh well. He'll understand. He's an understanding sort.

He smiles. She smiles. He settles.

PRIEST

Sorry about all the tat. It's for a fundraiser, garden-party thing tomorrow. So much stuff, absolutely no staff. You can volunteer if you want!

FLEABAG
(interested)

Oh!

PRIEST

I'm only joking.

FLEABAG
(to camera, disappointed)

Oh.

PRIEST

You've probably got a life.

(beat)

What's the time?

FLEABAG

Um.

PRIEST

Do you want a proper drink? I have cans of G&T, from M&S.

FLEABAG

Um ... Well it's—

PRIEST

I will if you will.

FLEABAG

Ok!

PRIEST

Ok.

He gets two cans out of a cupboard. Hands her one. Pause. She cracks hers open, they drink.

FLEABAG

So, you're a cool priest are you?

PRIEST

A cool priest?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

PRIEST

No. I'm a big reader with no friends. Are you a cool person?

FLEABAG

No, I'm a pretty normal person.

PRIEST

A normal person?

FLEABAG

Yeah, a normal person.

PRIEST

Oh really, and what makes you a normal person?

FLEABAG

Well I don't believe in God—

In that moment the hot painting of Jesus falls off the wall. Fleabag jumps. She looks at the Priest.

He laughs.

PRIEST

I love it when He does that.

He drinks, Fleabag looks at him and then nervously at the camera. He leans in.

PRIEST

You were in my prayers last night.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Likewise.

PRIEST

I'm sorry for your loss.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

Your baby.

FLEABAG

Oh yes, thank you. Thank you. Yes, I ... am ... Thank you.

PRIEST

Is the father ... alright?

FLEABAG

Well he, doesn't really ... exist.

PRIEST

I understand.

(pause)

The funeral liturgy says that life is changed and not ended. I've always loved that, if that's of any help.

FLEABAG

Thank you very much but I really am an atheist.

PRIEST

Yes I gathered that by the smelling of the bible.

Fleabag laughs, glances at the camera – caught out. She looks at a pad on the table.

FLEABAG

New sermon?

PRIEST

Oh, no no no no. I write er, restaurant reviews for the parish magazine. I was just finishing up the last one and I actually just came up with a really

good title.

FLEABAG

Ah! What is it?

PRIEST

No.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

No ... It's not cool.

FLEABAG

Well neither are we, so.

Beat.

PRIEST

I'd spend forty days and forty nights in THAT dessert.

Long pause. He looks slightly vulnerable.

FLEABAG

(to camera, deadpan)

Oh God, I fancy a priest.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag sitting up in bed on her laptop. She types into a search engine – 'catholic priest sex'.

It brings up 'Celibacy'. She thinks again, glances at the camera.

She types 'definition of celibacy'. She looks at the results, glances at the camera again.

She types again: 'what happens when a priest has sex'. Her eyes widen at the results.

She looks at the camera, an excited expression on her face.

EXT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

The café is rammed with CUSTOMERS. The door is open and there are tables outside, all full.

Everyone there is talking to each other, almost as if it is an event.

Fleabag is delivering a coffee to someone. Claire approaches, taking in the buzzing café.

FLEABAG

Hey!

CLAIRE

Are you ... having an event?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

What? Why are there so many people here?

FLEABAG

Well it's just erm, successful I guess.

CLAIRE

Why is everyone talking to each other?

FLEABAG

It's Chatty Wednesday. If you buy something, you have to have a chat with someone you don't know.

CLAIRE

(horrified)

What?

FLEABAG

(shrugs)

Loneliness pays.

CLAIRE

Listen. Can we ...?

FLEABAG

Sure.

Fleabag glances at the camera. They sit.

CLAIRE

I know you and I haven't—

FLEABAG

Have you had a check-up?

CLAIRE

Yes. It's fine. It's really not a big deal, it happens all the—
An elderly man, CHATTY JOE, approaches.

CHATTY JOE

Hello!

CLAIRE

No.

CHATTY JOE

Where are you from?

CLAIRE

I – I'm not – this isn't – I'm not part of this. I shouldn't have to. I
don't want to tell you that. No. Sorry. No.

(beat)

Tooting.

FLEABAG

She hasn't bought anything yet, Joe.

CHATTY JOE

Oh! Shit, I'm so sorry.

Chatty Joe walks away. Beat.

FLEABAG

Does Martin know—

CLAIRE

You're not supposed to tell anyone for the first twelve—

FLEABAG

I think you can tell the father.

CLAIRE

I just didn't tell him, Ok.

FLEABAG

So what does he know—

CLAIRE

I don't want to talk about it Ok and I never want anyone to know
about it.

(beat)

You have it. You're better at dealing with awful things anyway.

FLEABAG

I don't want it.

CLAIRE

Well you took it and now everyone thinks you have it so you have it.

(she sighs and crosses her legs)

Fleabag stares at Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What?

FLEABAG

They're some pretty funky trainers.

CLAIRE

I said I'm fine. I just really, really don't want anyone to make a big deal out of this, Ok.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. HALLWAY – DAY

Godmother hugging Fleabag intensely while Claire stands by.

GODMOTHER

Brutal. Just brutal. You must be feeling rotten.

(beat)

Do you feel rotten?

FLEABAG

I'd rather not talk about it if that's Ok.

GODMOTHER

Of course, Darling. Come on up. Claire get the door for God's sake.

Claire shuts the front door behind them.

GODMOTHER

(very caring, helping Fleabag with her coat)

Did you know who the father was?

FLEABAG

I'd rather not talk about it if that's Ok.

GODMOTHER

No, of course darling.

She dumps Fleabag's coat on to Claire.

INT. GODMOTHER'S STUDIO – DAY

Godmother, Fleabag and Claire enter. There is an easel set up and an upholstered bench, with no back to it, in front of it. Godmother ushers them over to the bench.

GODMOTHER

I've got a set up that I'm very excited about. It's going to be very striking.

FLEABAG

Cool.

GODMOTHER

So, Claire if you sit here, that's lovely and darling if you could just sit beside her, that's lovely –

Claire sits. Godmother sits Fleabag next to Claire on the end of the bench.

GODMOTHER

And actually if you could just ...

She starts edging Fleabag around the bench.

GODMOTHER

That's it, that's it –

She does it a bit more.

GODMOTHER

Just a bit – There you are. Now there! Perfect! Gorgeous, yes.

Fleabag is now facing the opposite direction from Claire with her back to the easel.

Fleabag has a little frown and turns her head toward Godmother.

GODMOTHER

Sorry, no if you could just –

Fleabag faces back to the back of the room.

GODMOTHER

That's it, thank you darling.

Godmother begins painting.

GODMOTHER

So, um –

FLEABAG
(to camera)

She can't not talk about it.

GODMOTHER

You know, I have six friends –

FLEABAG
(to camera)

A lie.

GODMOTHER

– who have had miscarriages. Five of them never actually managed to produce a child afterwards, but the sixth one did and rather regretted it. So – I think you've probably done the right thing.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

CLAIRE

Did you never want them?

GODMOTHER

Oh, I'm still thinking about it.

Fleabag glances at the camera.

FLEABAG

Is Dad here? I texted him but–

GODMOTHER

Oh I saw that.

FLEABAG

Oh, so he is here.

GODMOTHER

Sorry, no. I've got his phone today.

Fleabag and Claire exchange a look.

FLEABAG

I love that colour.

GODMOTHER

Which one?

FLEABAG

That one.

GODMOTHER

Oh, that's three colours.

CLAIRE

Right.

GODMOTHER

I'm getting rid of it. But it was quite an Adventure Painting. I actually had an orgasm as I finished it.

We look at the painting. It has a large orgasmic splodge of colour on it.

FLEABAG

Well, let's hope we all get as much pleasure out of this one.

Fleabag turns to Godmother as she says this.

GODMOTHER

No no, could you turn—

CLAIRE

Um. I have a pretty full afternoon so—

GODMOTHER

Oh have you got to go back to Finland again?

CLAIRE

No, Finland are coming here.

GODMOTHER

Oh. Well, that's easier for you.

CLAIRE

Mm.

GODMOTHER

Are you still Ok to pick up the invitations?

CLAIRE

Yes, of course.

GODMOTHER

And did you find that ribbon thing for the flowers?

CLAIRE

Yes.

GODMOTHER

Great.

(beat)

And is Martin's nose on the mend?

CLAIRE

Yes.

Fleabag glances at the camera.

GODMOTHER

And how is the bassoon solo coming on?

CLAIRE

(looking at her phone)

Yes. He's practising. Oh God and NOW I just have to—

FLEABAG

What?

GODMOTHER

Claire could you look up please. Thank you.

CLAIRE

— organise canapés for an awards ceremony.

GODMOTHER

Oh gosh you must be exhausted. Does the little café do canapés?

FLEABAG

It totally could, yeah!

GODMOTHER

There you are. That's one off the list!

CLAIRE

(through her teeth)

Great.

Beat.

GODMOTHER

(to Fleabag)

Gosh. Haven't you got a lovely, thick neck.

Fleabag looks to camera.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE – DAY

Claire and Fleabag are leaving Dad's.

FLEABAG

Well that was fun. I really can help with the canapés—

CLAIRE

I'm going to say this quickly Ok.

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

Martin wants to press charges against you for assault. I've tried to talk him down but to be fair you did hit him fucking hard.

Claire turns to go. Fleabag follows her.

FLEABAG

What?!

Claire holds up her hand and continues fast.

CLAIRE

I will provide you with exceptional legal advice if you don't tell anyone that I am providing you with exceptional legal advice.

FLEABAG

What?!

CLAIRE

This is happening. I'm mortified. But this is happening, Ok. I will hire this lawyer to scare him off and I will hire you to do the canapés.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Who's the lawyer?

CLAIRE

He's a friend. He mainly defends rapists.

FLEABAG

He has a high success rate then.

CLAIRE

Undefeated. Come on.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. CORRIDOR – DAY

Claire is walking with Fleabag.

CLAIRE

I've filled him in with the basics.

FLEABAG

That your husband is an animal?

CLAIRE

Be serious. Just do whatever he says – and don't flirt with him.

FLEABAG

I'm not going to f—

Just then the door opens and a handsome, charming man opens the door – this is **HOT MISOGYNIST**.

FLEABAG

(to camera, impressed)

— fucking hell, Ok.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Claire!

CLAIRE

David thank you so much—

Claire goes to shake his hand but he's already moved forwards and instead her outstretched hand hits him right on the crotch.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Wow.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

HOT MISOGYNIST
(naughty grin)

I could take you to court for that.

(to Fleabag)

This the little troublemaker then?

(to both of them, seriously)

Now listen, I just want to be clear that whatever happens, I don't sleep with people I work with, Ok?

He suddenly laughs. The girls laugh too. As he lets them enter, off the cuff ...

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm joking. Slip on in ladies.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE – DAY

Hot Misogynist sits opposite Fleabag and Claire behind a large oak desk. He's eating his lunch messily. He's all 'powerful' in his attitude. Loves himself.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Well ... If you spit guilty, you'll have to swallow a short jail term. Or community service if you're lucky.

FLEABAG

Or?

HOT MISOGYNIST

You definitely started it?

FLEABAG

Yes.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Any witnesses?

FLEABAG

About ... thirty.

Claire holds her temples.

HOT MISOGYNIST

The most important thing, honey, is that you do not, under any circumstances, apologise.

FLEABAG

Oh well I can do that—

CLAIRE

No that's not what we discussed—

HOT MISOGYNIST

Or that can be taken as an admission of guilt. I assume you know the victim personally.

FLEABAG

Yes—

CLAIRE

(interrupting)

No. And let's not call him the victim yet, shall we?

He looks up with a glare.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Well that's what he is—

CLAIRE

Yes. Right.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

They've definitely fucked.

CLAIRE

We just want a letter to scare him off if he ends up seeking proper action.

HOT MISOGYNIST

That really doesn't make sense, Claire.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Actually maybe not.

CLAIRE

I think that makes perfect sense. I just want to be ahead of the game.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

God I can't tell.

HOT MISOGYNIST

That's a habit of yours, I've heard.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh I've got it.

CLAIRE

Is it?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

They haven't.

CLAIRE

You're going to have to tell me who said that.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Never.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

But they're going to.

CLAIRE

David.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh God, I've got to get out.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Claire.

Fleabag gets up.

FLEABAG

Excuse me.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Where you off to, little lady?

FLEABAG
(leaving)

I'm just gonna ... let this, er. Yeah.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE – DAY

Fleabag waits outside for Claire. She looks up at the sky, the wind rustling through the trees.

Lost in her thoughts, she begins to hear a hymn from the church earlier.

Claire interrupts her reverie.

CLAIRE

You alright?

FLEABAG

Yeah. Just thought I'd leave you to it.

Claire holds a business card.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

FLEABAG

What?

CLAIRE

He says he'll only talk you through potential proceedings if you go for a drink with him.

FLEABAG

(thrilled/offended)

What?

CLAIRE

I know.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Outrageous.

CLAIRE

Stop smiling.

FLEABAG

I thought he was going for you?

CLAIRE

So did I. But my hair isn't great at the moment. Either way, it's very inappropriate. Don't sleep with him.

FLEABAG

I won't.

CLAIRE

Don't.

FLEABAG

I won't! I don't do that anymore.

CLAIRE

What? Why? Are you ill?

FLEABAG

No!

CLAIRE

Then what?

FLEABAG

Well, I – just. Just–

CLAIRE

Oh my God. Have you met someone?

FLEABAG

Well, not really.

CLAIRE

Back with Harry?

FLEABAG

No, it's actually–

CLAIRE

Someone new?

FLEABAG

Well—

CLAIRE

Is he single?

FLEABAG

Sort of.

Claire gives her a look. Then hands her the business card with a sigh.

CLAIRE

Take this. I'll try to talk Martin down but call him if you need him.
He's a very good lawyer. Surprisingly ... tender. Underneath it all.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Knew it.

CLAIRE
What you did in the restaurant was unforgivable.

FLEABAG
I know.

CLAIRE
Thank you.
They smile.

CLAIRE
Ok, well I've got to—

FLEABAG
Look, I just wanted to give you this.

Fleabag reaches in her bag and produces the vouchers for the counselling session Dad gave her in Episode 1.

FLEABAG
It's only one session but you've been through a lot so—

CLAIRE
I said I'm FINE. I'm weirdly fine. I'd rather have the money.
She leaves. Fleabag looks at the voucher. Good point.

HARD CUT TO: INT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE – DAY

Fleabag sits opposite an inscrutable COUNSELLOR . She is moisturising her forearms. She has a small notepad on the table.

COUNSELLOR
Excuse me, I have dry forearms.

FLEABAG
Sure.

COUNSELLOR
So why have you come to this session?

FLEABAG
It was a birthday present from my father.

COUNSELLOR

Is that a joke?

FLEABAG

No.

The Counsellor reaches for her notepad quickly. She writes it down.

COUNSELLOR

It would be good not to make jokes here in case anything gets lost in humorous translation.

FLEABAG

I don't know if I can do that.

The Counsellor looks at her.

COUNSELLOR

Is that a joke?

FLEABAG

No.

Beat.

COUNSELLOR

Well. Just try not to. Or make it obvious.

FLEABAG

Sure.

COUNSELLOR

So why do you think your father suggested you come for counselling?

FLEABAG

Um. I think because my mother died and he can't talk about it, because my sister and I haven't spoken in a year because she thinks I tried to sleep with her husband and because I spent most of my adult life using sex to deflect from the screaming void inside my empty heart.

(to camera)

I'm good at this.

(back to the Counsellor)

Although I don't really do that anymore.

Counsellor looks at Fleabag for a beat.

COUNSELLOR

Are you close with your family?

Flashback of Fleabag punching Martin.

FLEABAG

We get on with it.

COUNSELLOR

Do you talk?

FLEABAG

God no.

COUNSELLOR

Any friends?

FLEABAG

Sorry?

COUNSELLOR

Any friends.

Quick flashback of Boo eating a sandwich in the café.

FLEABAG

Well, I don't really have time for ... I have a guinea pig! But she blows hot and cold.

(She laughs. Then turns to camera – seriously.)

Not a joke.

The Counsellor looks at Fleabag.

COUNSELLOR

Tell me about the sex.

FLEABAG

All of it?!

COUNSELLOR

You said you don't do that now.

FLEABAG

No, I just play tennis now.

Counsellor looks at her suspiciously.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Tough crowd.

(to Counsellor)

Sex didn't ... bring anything —

Quick flashback of Boo in tears, standing at the edge of the road.

FLEABAG
— good. So I'm — trying not to um—

COUNSELLOR
And what have you found in your abstinence?

FLEABAG
Well I'm very horny and your little scarf isn't helping.

Beat. The Counsellor writes something down.

COUNSELLOR
So the impulse is still there?

FLEABAG
Oh —

Flashback of the Priest from that morning.

FLEABAG
Oh yes. The impulse is very much still there, but —
(beat)

— it's just — never the right person.

COUNSELLOR
So there is a particular person you're not having sex with?

FLEABAG
No — well nothing's happened, it's just — he's not available.

COUNSELLOR
In a relationship.

FLEABAG
Yes, a bad one.

COUNSELLOR
How so?

FLEABAG

It's the sort of relationship where one partner tells the other how to dress.

COUNSELLOR

Are you in love with him?

FLEABAG
(laughing)

No.

COUNSELLOR

Why do you find that funny?

FLEABAG

Well I – I no – I – No.

COUNSELLOR

Not a romantic?

FLEABAG

No.

COUNSELLOR

Just a girl with no friends and an empty heart.

Fleabag looks at the Counsellor.

COUNSELLOR

By your own description.

FLEABAG

I have friends.

COUNSELLOR

Oh, so you do have someone to talk to.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

She winks at the camera.

COUNSELLOR

Do you see them a lot?

FLEABAG
(laughing)

Oh, yeah. They're always there. They're ...
(to camera)

Always there.

COUNSELLOR

Why do you find that funny?

FLEABAG

I don't need to be analysed. I have a nice life, I just wanted to exchange the voucher for the money.

COUNSELLOR

It's a bit late for that now.

FLEABAG

I've only been here five minutes —

(beat)

I want the money.

The Counsellor looks at her. Silence.

FLEABAG

I want to fuck a priest.

COUNSELLOR

Catholic?

FLEABAG

Yes.

COUNSELLOR

A good one?

FLEABAG

Yes.

COUNSELLOR

Looks good in the —

Gestures to the dog collar.

FLEABAG

Mm hm. Yes.

COUNSELLOR

I understand. Do you really want to fuck the priest or do you want to fuck God?

FLEABAG

Can you fuck God?

COUNSELLOR

Oh yes.

FLEABAG

Just please – tell me how to not fuck a priest before I get arrested.

COUNSELLOR

I don't think fucking a priest will make you feel as powerful as you think it will.

FLEABAG

Can you just tell me what to do?

COUNSELLOR

You know.

(beat)

You already know what you're going to do. Everybody does.

FLEABAG

What?

COUNSELLOR

You've already decided what you're going to do.

FLEABAG

So what's the point in you?

COUNSELLOR

You know what you're going to do.

FLEABAG

No I don't.

COUNSELLOR

Yes you do.

FLEABAG

I don't!

COUNSELLOR

You do.

FLEABAG

I don't!

COUNSELLOR

You do.

FLEABAG

I don—

HARD CUT TO: EXT. CHURCH FÊTE – DAY

The Priest laughing with a group of women. Fleabag is helping out with the raffle tickets on a stall.

FLEABAG

(handing a raffle ticket)

Good luck!

(to camera)

Shut up.

HARRY (O.S.)

Can I have two raffle tickets please?

FLEABAG

Oh my God.

Harry appears with a BABY in a baby harness.

HARRY

Oh my God, hi.

FLEABAG

Hi! You're —

HARRY

Yeah!

FLEABAG

With child.

HARRY

Yes.

FLEABAG

Cool!

HARRY

Yeah! You've got a fringe!

FLEABAG

Yeah!

HARRY

Cool!

FLEABAG

You always wanted a baby!

HARRY

You always wanted a fringe!

They laugh awkwardly.

HARRY

Yeah. She is amazing. It's been tough. But amazing.

FLEABAG

Oh yeah?

HARRY

Yeah I mean, the birth really took its toll.

FLEABAG

Oh really? Was it a tricky one?

HARRY

I can't really remember it now. But the whole thing has just really changed me. I just don't feel – my emotions are up and down, my body just feels different. Elaine has been amazing. So supportive, but—

FLEABAG

(laughs)

Sounds like you've got post-natal depression.

HARRY

I do, yeah. But we're working through it.

Beat. Fleabag glances to camera.

FLEABAG

Sure.

The Priest approaches them.

PRIEST

Just to let you know the band are going to start in a couple of minutes –

HARRY

Hey Father! This is Suzie!

PRIEST

Aw – I don't know how to talk to babies, sorry. Do you guys know each other?

FLEABAG

Yeah, well we used to–

HARRY

Uh yeah – I used to be her – girlfriend.

PRIEST

Cool! Good for you!

Harry smiles. Not realising what he said.

HARRY

(holding his baby)

I'm going to go show her the coconuts. She's really good at counting.

Harry walks off. Pam appears in the crowd and shouts–

PAM

(loud)

Excuse me everyone, the Youthy band are about to play the ode to something.

Fleabag and the Priest share a laugh.

PRIEST

You having fun?

FLEABAG

Oh yeah, I think so.

PRIEST

(looking at the stall)

Oh a puzzle! Love a puzzle.

Pam suddenly approaches them at pace. Does she sense a flirtation?

PAM

The Youthy band are about to play.

PRIEST

Yes, I heard you Pam, thank you!

She walks off with a pointed smile to Fleabag.

The Priest notices Godmother's Orgasm painting propped up on Fleabag's raffle stall.

PRIEST

Ah, the main event.

FLEABAG

Yeah!

PRIEST

She's very talented.

FLEABAG

Yes ... she uh –

(to camera)

Don't say it. She, uh –

(to camera)

Just don't say it.

(to Priest)

– she actually orgasmed ... when she finished it.

(to camera)

Just said it.

(to Priest)

Apparently.

PRIEST

Oh!

(beat)

Well, whatever gets you there!

Fleabag smiles and briefly looks to camera. Not quite the reaction she expected.

PAM

FATHER THERE IS A CUPCAKE SITUATION OVER HERE.

PRIEST

THANK YOU, PAM! I WILL BE THERE TO CUPCAKE.

(beat, to Fleabag)

Thank you so much for helping.
He touches her arm gently before walking away.
Fleabag looks to the camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera, aroused)

Arm touch.

CUT TO: EXT. CHURCH FETE. ELSEWHERE – DAY

Minutes later. Fleabag is at the back of the semi-circle crowd watching the Youthy band play. She focuses on JAKE. Then she hears, behind her—

MARTIN (O.S.)
I mean, at least my son is in the Youthy band. What's your excuse?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

UGHGHHGHGH.

She looks over her shoulder. Martin is standing over her, smirking, with a bruised nose and eye. The band play.

FLEABAG
I'm helping the Priest.

MARTIN
(laughs)
Wow! You do like a challenge, don't you.
(beat)

Hey, I just wanna say something—

FLEABAG
It's from River Island, I got it last week.

MARTIN
No, I just want to say I'm sorry. For saying what I said. I'm sorry for what you went through. I'm sorry.

FLEABAG
I know what you are doing.
(to camera)

Not gonna say it.

MARTIN

I'm just saying sorry.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

I'm not going to say it.

MARTIN

I'm sorry.

Fleabag shakes her head at the camera. Martin waits. But she's not going to say it.

MARTIN

Ok! And thank you. She and I have never been better. You had a big part in that.

Beat.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

I'm happy for you.

(beat)

I'm happy you've found a way to deflect from your pitiful, self-sabotaging, ego-driven, masturbatory —

(to camera)

I can't believe how well this is coming out.

(to Martin)

— pawing, insidious —

(to camera)

Insidious!

(to Martin)

— overwhelming mediocrity, by finally figuring out that at your very core, you are a weaky.

(to camera)

DAMN.

MARTIN

A 'weaky'?

The band finishes and everyone applauds. Adding insult to injury. Both Fleabag and Martin applaud as they keep speaking.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

DAMN DAMN.

MARTIN

Wow. A ‘weaky’?

Beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well in that case, I just wanted YOU to know that, I’m impressed with how you just keep bouncing back. I really am.

(beat)

You’re a strongy.

He laughs. Jake comes over. He looms over them looking for Claire.

MARTIN

That was awesome, man.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Creepy Jake. Mainly says things like—

JAKE

Where’s Claire?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

And—

JAKE

Where’s Claire?

MARTIN

She couldn’t make it, man. Lucky for us your aunt is such an avid churchgoer.

JAKE

Hi. Thanks for watching.

FLEABAG

You were excellent.

Jake smiles and gives her a hug suddenly.

MARTIN

Careful there buddy, you could go down for that sort of behaviour these days.

JAKE

It was just a hug.

MARTIN
(mimicking)

‘It was just a huuuggg!’

(beat)

You gotta do better than that these days, boy.

(laughs)

Specially round this firecracker.

JAKE

But I didn’t–

MARTIN

Come on.

(to Fleabag)

I don’t want to be an asshole. I just want her to be happy. And she has been really happy. Until she saw you. Just saying.

He winks at her but it’s painful with his black eye. He walks off with Jake.

Fleabag turns to look for the Priest. He is surrounded by women again. He doesn’t look at her.

Suddenly, from behind, Jake appears again.

FLEABAG

Hi Jake?

JAKE
(whispers in her ear)

Tell her to leave him.

Beat.

FLEABAG

What?

JAKE
(whispers)

Tell her to leave him.

He walks off.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

He's going to kill someone one day.

EXT. CHURCH – DAY

Fleabag is walking away with a coconut from the fête.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Hey!

She turns around. It's the Priest.

FLEABAG
(to camera, thrilled)

Yes, Father!

(to Priest, innocent)

Yes, Father?

PRIEST
I can't believe I'm saying this, but —

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh my God.

PRIEST
— can I get that coconut back? They're actually on hire. I don't think all of them are real actually which is morally a bit dubious, but we've got to make money somehow ...

FLEABAG
Oh. Sure, here.

She hands the coconut back. Their hands brush as she does. She looks at the camera.

FLEABAG
(to camera, bit breathless)

Knuckle brush.

PRIEST
And um ... Listen, I hope you don't mind but ...

He pulls out a bible.

PRIEST

I've marked some pages in here that ...

FLEABAG

Oh, erm, I —

She laughs nervously, horrified.

PRIEST

No, no, no — I'm not trying to ... they're just words.

FLEABAG

Ok, it's just, I think I know what happens.

He smiles but doesn't rise to it.

PRIEST

Classic. Well, have a read. I'd like to know what you think. And if you ever want to talk about stuff, I'm here. With a G&T, of course.

(beat)

You can come here whenever you want.

(beat)

I'd like you to come.

She smiles.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

If it helps.

He leaves. What was that? She looks at us briefly — dismisses it.

She walks away, thumbing through the bible thoughtfully.

END OF EPISODE 2

EPISODE 3

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BATHROOM – MORNING

Fleabag is in the bath reading the bible.

Beat.

She gasps, shocked by a twist in the tale.

She looks to camera.

TITLES: FLEABAG

INT. POSH BUSINESS LIFT – DAY

Claire and Fleabag are in a lift. Fleabag is holding trays and trays of cling-filmed canapés.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Just don't – talk too much, or try and pretend that you know anything about the company.

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

And don't be funny ... Or clever or ... Just don't be the centre of attention. These people are very important to me so just don't—

FLEABAG

Ok.

CLAIRE

Don't ... be yourself.

FLEABAG

I won't.

Fleabag does a little fart. Claire hears it and immediately closes her eyes with the stress of it.

CLAIRE

For fuck's sake.

(covering her mouth)

I know people in this building. Anyone could—
The lift stops. The doors open. An immaculate businesswoman, LESLIE walks in smiling.

LESLIE

Hi Claire.

CLAIRE

Hello Leslie.

Claire does not introduce Fleabag. Leslie presses her button, then stops and sniffs slightly. Claire looks mortified.

LESLIE
(genuine)

Oo that's lovely, what is that?

Fleabag looks at Claire, smug.

INT. POSH BUSINESS ENTRANCE HALL – DAY

Moments later. Claire and Fleabag walk through the entrance hall of a Very Serious Business Building.

CLAIRE

We have a load of vegetarians so make sure it's clear which ones have meat in them.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Loves a crisis.

CLAIRE

We have a couple of waitresses ... for the drinks so if you could hand round the food —

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Put her in a quiet room with a nice breeze and she'll have a panic attack.

Claire looks around, still walking at pace.

CLAIRE

Where is everyone?

FLEABAG
(to camera)

She's so happy.

CLAIRE
God, this is stressful. Don't be weird about how big my office is.
They walk into her office.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE – DAY

Fleabag and Claire enter. Fleabag is astonished at the size of it.

FLEABAG
What the fuck.

CLAIRE
I know.

FLEABAG
Are you–

CLAIRE
It's over the top, I know. Ok.
(indicating the canapés)
Put them on the table.

Fleabag tries to.

CLAIRE
Not that table.

FLEABAG
Are you Ok?

CLAIRE
Of course. It's just – it's a big night and the Finnish partners are here so it's all a bit ...

Claire gives her a look.

CLAIRE
Check the award.

FLEABAG
Why?

CLAIRE

Just to make sure it's not pink or anything horrifically female.
She'll loathe that. Be careful with it. It's worth thousands.

Fleabag checks opens the award box.

FLEABAG

It's not pink.

CLAIRE

Good.

FLEABAG

It's perfect, it looks like a sperm. Your hair looks nice.

Claire hurries around her desk.

CLAIRE

Shut up. Ok—

Fleabag sits down.

CLAIRE

DON'T SIT ON THAT!

Fleabag jumps up.

CLAIRE

Ok, put those on the posh plates, put the award behind the
microphone. Oh and um ... thank you. You've really, er. Thank
you.

Claire turns, goes to leave. As she goes Fleabag sneaks another peek at the
award. Over her shoulder —

CLAIRE

Don't play with that.

Claire leaves.

Fleabag takes the award out of the box. Looks at it.

FLEABAG

Oooo, heavy ...

It immediately slips out of her hands and crashes to the floor. Smashed to
pieces.

She looks at the camera. Fuck.

EXT. POSH BUSINESS BUILDING – DAY

Fleabag runs out of office in a panic. She passes a HANDSOME MAN – checks him out quickly and runs on.

EXT. LONDON SQUARE/STREET – DAY

Fleabag runs across City Square/Street.

EXT. LONDON SQUARE/STREET – DAY

Fleabag runs back across the City Square/Street.

EXT. POSH BUSINESS BUILDING – DAY

Fleabag runs back into the office building. Gives thumbs-up as she passes us.

INT. POSH BUSINESS ROOM – DAY

Fleabag makes her way through the guests with the award box. She places the award box on the table on the stage. She is sweating. She sees two stand-up banners that say: ‘BEST WOMAN IN BUSINESS’.

Fleabag frowns at them. She steps down off the stage and grabs a tray of canapés to hand round. Claire appears behind her.

CLAIRE

Where have you been?!

FLEABAG

I forgot the vegetarian bites – but it’s all fine. You’re gonna love them.

CLAIRE

You’re sweating so much.

FLEABAG

Sorry.

CLAIRE

It’s attention-grabbing.

FLEABAG

It's only on one side.

Claire rushes her through the crowd to introduce her to a smart businesswoman.

CLAIRE

Sorry, this is Sylvia, she is going to be presenting the award, so you need to give it to her before she goes up, Ok.

FLEABAG

Hi.

SYLVIA
(canapés)

Has this got shellfish in it?

FLEABAG

No.

SYLVIA

Fine.

She takes one and eats it. Claire spots BELINDA.

SYLVIA

Four CEOs have been fired. Two are being taken to court.

Women laugh.

SYLVIA

It's just sad. We felt like a family.

FLEABAG

Especially sad when you have to tell your family not to touch each other up by the photocopier.

The women laugh.

CLAIRE
(quietly)

Stop making jokes.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry, I can't help it.

CLAIRE

You can.

Belinda approaches.

CLAIRE

Belinda's coming. Don't speak to Belinda.

Belinda arrives.

BELINDA

Hellooo Claire!

CLAIRE

Hellooo Belinda!

BELINDA

(to Claire's dress)

God you're tasteful.

(to Fleabag's canapés)

Are these meaty?

Huge pause. Fleabag doesn't say anything.

CLAIRE

SAY SOMETHING.

FLEABAG

I think they have courgette in them?

BELINDA

Oh I love courgettes ... You can treat them appallingly and they still grow.

Belinda takes three and walks off with a smile.

FLEABAG

She seems lovely.

CLAIRE

Yes, she's great.

FLEABAG

So who are you so nervous about—

CLAIRE

I'm not nervous – I'm being completely—

A man approaches: this is KLARE. He is Finnish.
Claire instantly goes weird.

Claire!
KLARE

Hi!!
CLAIRE

Hi.
(beat)

They have an enthusiastic/awkward hello and try to air kiss but end up kissing on the lips. Fleabag watches with a grin.

CLAIRE
I'm so glad you could come.

KLARE
Of course! It's my job!

CLAIRE
This is my catering, she's the sister.

FLEABAG
Hi!

KLARE
I ate a sausage over there thinking it was a prune. Fifteen years of vegetarianism. Gone! Like bang, bang.

He mimes eating two on each 'bang'.

FLEABAG
We actually call them bangers.

KLARE
(laughs)

That's funny.

Claire looks at Fleabag.

CLAIRE
Yes. It was.

(to Fleabag)
Don't be funny.

FLEABAG
How do you know each other?

KLARE

We're partners. She's been working with me in Finland and it's – oh – yes – exactly – I'm a big fan!

CLAIRE
(simultaneously)

We're partners. Business partners – in – yes. We don't see each other that much, but I'm a huge – thank you – admirer.

Beat. They both laugh.

Awkward beat. Fleabag grins.

KLARE
I'm going to get a drink. Do you want anything?

CLAIRE
Oh, erm. Champagne please.

KLARE
Oo, off the wagon?

CLAIRE
Just when I'm with you!

He starts walking off. Claire tries to say her next line in time, but he's gone too far.

CLAIRE
(laughing)
Let's go fucking crazy tonight, then.

He catches the end of it and turns and comes back. Claire is mortified. She shakes her head.

KLARE
(friendly)

What did you say?

CLAIRE
No I just said ... it's not—

KLARE
No, what did you say?

CLAIRE
Erm, er. I just said let's go fuck like crazy tonight.

Fleabag looks at the camera. 'WHAT?'

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Fleabag smiles. Scared to say anything. Klare starts laughing.

KLARE

Ha! Ok!

They laugh. Klare walks off smiling, touching Claire's shoulder. She looks at Fleabag, embarrassed.

CLAIRE

Shut up.

FLEABAG

Oh my God.

CLAIRE

He's a very good businessman. He's just very, socially sort of —
She does a gesture that is indecipherable.

FLEABAG

What's erm —

Fleabag repeats the indecipherable gesture.

CLAIRE

Shut up.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

Claire ...

CLAIRE

Please don't. Please don't. I can't cope, Ok.

FLEABAG

Ok. What's his name?

Nothing.

FLEABAG

What's his name?

Beat.

CLAIRE
Klare.

FLEABAG
What?

CLAIRE
His name is Klare.

(beat)
Don't.

Fleabag grins a bit.

CLAIRE
Oh God, I have to announce. Ok. Mingle. But don't talk to anyone.

FLEABAG
Ok.

CLAIRE
I'm not in love with him.

FLEABAG
Ok.

Fleabag watches her go. She notices Klare watching Claire too. She raises her eyebrows to the camera.

HARD CUT TO: INT. POSH BUSINESS ROOM – DAY

Another part of the room. Claire is up at the front. Fleabag is in the crowd.

CLAIRE
(on mic)
Hi everyone. I'm very proud to announce the nominees for the Women in Business award, sponsored by us here at Hurbots. Amongst our exceptional women we have: Georgina Franks.

There is clapping.

CLAIRE
(on mic)

Belinda Friers.

More claps.

CLAIRE

(on mic)

And another extraordinary woman, Klare Korhonen.

Everyone claps and turns to a very confused Klare, who sort of waves.

CLAIRE

(on mic)

Sorry I think there's been a mistake, here ... and er, Elizabeth Sawkin.

More claps.

CLAIRE

(on mic)

Congratulations to you all and have a wonderful evening! We will be presenting the award very soon.

CUT TO: INT. POSH OFFICE CORRIDOR – DAY

Fleabag and Claire are walking quickly.

CLAIRE

I'm going to introduce Sylvia, who is going to introduce Belinda. When you hear me introducing Sylvia get her on stage. It has to go like cockwork.

FLEABAG

Like what?

CLAIRE

Cockwork.

FLEABAG

Claire your brain is somewhere else right now.

CLAIRE

Sylvia, go!

Fleabag runs off.

INT. LADIES' BATHROOM – DAY

Fleabag looks for Sylvia in the loo.

FLEABAG

Sylvia.

She sees Sylvia is in a stall vomiting. Clearly allergic to the shellfish canapé Fleabag served her earlier.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Crab.

INT. POSH BUSINESS ROOM – DAY

Moments later. Claire is on stage about to introduce Sylvia. Fleabag weaves her way through the crowd.

CLAIRE
(on mic)

A huge thanks to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John for coming up with this award. And Link-y-din for connecting us all this evening and beyond. I'm so excited to introduce Sylvia Hamber, this year's winner of 'Women Who Work', who will announce this year's Best Woman in Business.

Fleabag mouths at Claire desperately, trying to get her attention.

CLAIRE
Sylvia.

Claire turns. Fleabag gets her attention and shakes her head and acts slicing her throat. Claire looks HORRIFIED. They mime a bit to and fro. Fleabag points to herself 'I can do it'. Claire considers for a second. Then turns back to the mic.

CLAIRE
(to Fleabag but through the mic)

I'LL DO IT.

(to herself)

I can do it.

(back to the audience)

I'm sorry, it appears that Sylvia is busy ... Which shouldn't come as a surprise really.

Claire grimaces.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(on mic)

This has been a big year for business.

(beat)

Particularly women in business. Men have been pretty hands-on the past few decades.

Fleabag lets out a laugh. Everyone else is silent.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank all the brilliant men and women who have supported each other here at Hurbots. We're a family, really. And if we've learned anything over the past 12 months it's that family really shouldn't touch each other up next to the photocopier.

Everyone laughs. Claire looks at Fleabag who mouths 'funny!' She turns back to the crowd.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(on mic)

I'm honoured to present this award to this year's 'Best Woman in Business'... Belinda Friers.

CUT TO: ELIZABETH SAWKIN in the crowd.

ELIZABETH SAWKIN

Fuck's sake.

Huge amount of clapping. Claire turns to open the box with the award on it, on a small table behind her. Her face drops. Inside, in place of the expensive glass sperm, is Godmother's sculpture from the first season: Just a gold headless woman with boobs.

Fleabag sees it. She grimaces slightly. Claire looks at her aghast, she's not happy. She turns, the statue in hand.

Belinda walks up and joins Claire.

Claire hesitates to give her the award.

Claire passes her the award. Belinda looks very surprised.

The moment she does, a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo of them both holding it. Claire looking horrified.

BELINDA

(about the award, on mic)

Thank you, thank you, um, thank you. Well, I was going to say this is a bit on the nose, but she doesn't seem to have one.

Everyone laughs.

INT. LIFT CORRIDOR – DAY

Later. Claire is furious with Fleabag.

CLAIRE

What were you thinking?

FLEABAG

It'll be fine.

CLAIRE

It is not fine, I awarded her with a pair of tits.

Claire frantically presses buttons to call a lift.

CLAIRE

Chase her down.

FLEABAG

Chase her down?

CLAIRE

It's a stolen piece of art. I will deal with the photographer.

Klare approaches.

KLARE

CLAIRE!! You were brilliant! My God!

They kiss on the cheek.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Klare.

KLARE

I loved your joke.

CLAIRE

(pointed to Fleabag)

Oh well, I didn't think it was that funny.

(to Fleabag, pretending to be fun)
Can you go, my love!

Fleabag indicates the lift and presses the button again.

FLEABAG
I'm just gonna—

CLAIRE
Take the stairs.

EXT. STREET – EVENING

Fleabag follows Belinda down the street.

Belinda looks over her shoulder, suspiciously.

She crosses the road. Fleabag crosses too.

After a couple more yards, Belinda suddenly turns. Fleabag stops.

BELINDA
I'm trained in martial arts. Just the basics, but it's enough.
Beat.

FLEABAG
Um ... I work at Harbots —

BELINDA
Hurbots. Yes, I ate a courgette off your tray.

FLEABAG
Yes.

BELINDA
It was delicious.

FLEABAG
Thank you.

BELINDA
What do you want?

Beat. Fleabag points to the award.

FLEABAG
That. I need to take ... your award back.

BELINDA

Why?

FLEABAG

It's a stolen piece of art. It's not an award. It's all my fault. I can explain.

BELINDA

Is it a long story?

FLEABAG

Sort of.

Long pause.

Belinda looks at her.

INT. POSH HOTEL BAR – EVENING

Later. Fleabag is with Belinda in the bar of her hotel. They are drinking enormous martinis. She feels a little out of place.

BELINDA

(laughing)

And she still doesn't know you have it? Oh that's glorious, and you did exactly the right thing.

FLEABAG

I think you're the only person who thinks that.

She looks at the statue between them.

BELINDA

God. 'Women's awards'.

FLEABAG

Congratulations.

BELINDA

It's infantilising bollocks.

FLEABAG

What? Don't you think it's good that ...

BELINDA

No. No. It's ghettoising. It's a subsection of success. It's the fucking children's table of awards.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

Why did you go?

BELINDA
Because I'd be an arsehole not to.

A WAITER delivers another two martinis.

BELINDA
Thank you darling.
(looking at the statue)
God, she's hot.

FLEABAG
Yep.

BELINDA
Are you a lesbian?

FLEABAG
Not strictly. You?
Belinda nods.

BELINDA
Do you like old movies?

FLEABAG
Some.

BELINDA
What's your favourite period film?

FLEABAG
Carrie .

Belinda roars with laughter.

BELINDA
God, you're a tonic. What do you do? Are you a 'woman in business'.

FLEABAG
I run a café.

BELINDA
Oh! Good for you. Did you make the canapés?

FLEABAG

No actually, I stole them.

Belinda laughs again.

FLEABAG

How old are you?

BELINDA

Fifty-eight. You?

FLEABAG

Thirty-three.

BELINDA

Oof. Don't worry. It does get better.

FLEABAG

You promise?

Beat. Belinda smiles at her.

BELINDA

I promise. Listen. I was on an aeroplane the other day and I realised ... well I've been longing to say this out loud.

(beat)

Women are born with pain built in. It's our physical destiny. Period pains, sore boobs, child birth, you know. We carry it within ourselves throughout our lives. Men don't. They have to seek it out. They invent all sorts of gods and demons and things so they can feel guilty about things, which is something we do very well on our own. Then they create wars so they can feel things and touch each other, and when there aren't any wars they play rugby. We already have it all going on in here, inside. We have pain on a cycle for years and years and years and then, when you feel like you've made peace with it all ... you know what happens? The MENOPAUSE comes. The fucking MENOPAUSE comes and it is

Fleabag's face is contorted in horror.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

— the most WONDERFUL fucking thing in the world. Yes, your entire pelvic floor crumbles and you get fucking HOT and no-one cares, but then you're free. No longer a slave, no longer a machine, with parts. You are just a person. In Business.

FLEABAG

I was told it was horrendous.

BELINDA

It is horrendous. But then it's magnificent.

Fleabag stares at her.

BELINDA

Something to look forward to.

Fleabag smiles. Belinda finishes her martini.

BELINDA

You better get back to that party.

FLEABAG

Your party.

BELINDA

It's not a party until someone flirts with you.

(beat)

Now that's the only truly shit thing about getting older. People don't flirt with you anymore. Not for real. Not with danger. I miss walking into a room and not knowing ... There's a sort of energy. A dare. Do not take that for granted. There is nothing more exciting than a room full of people.

FLEABAG

Except most people are —

BELINDA

What?

FLEABAG

Shit.

BELINDA

Look at me.

(beat)

Listen.

(beat)

People are all we've got.

(pause)

People are all we've got. So grab the night by the nipples and go and flirt with someone.

Pause. They smile at each other. Fleabag suddenly leans forward and kisses her.

Belinda stops her.

BELINDA

No, that is not what I meant.

Fleabag hovers near her face.

Then kisses her anyway.

A couple of people notice and watch. Not gawping. Just watching.

Belinda pulls away and holds Fleabag's face.

BELINDA

Oh, I wish you were my type.

(beat)

Take this tart back to my party and find someone to actually do that with.

She hands her the statue back.

FLEABAG

I want to do that with you.

BELINDA

No.

FLEABAG

Why not?

BELINDA

Honestly?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

BELINDA

I can't be arsed darling.

(beat)

I'm going to go back to my room, have ONE more martini and —
She pulls out her card.

BELINDA

If you need anything, you call me. Anything.

(beat)

You can have whoever you want at your age.

FLEABAG

Except for the Best Woman in Business.

BELINDA

Yes, but that's just because she's exhausted.

FLEABAG

Thirty-three isn't exactly—

BELINDA

What had Jesus done by thirty-three?

FLEABAG

Died?

BELINDA

Exactly. So get out there and *flirt* .

She floats off. Fleabag looks at the business card. She looks at the camera.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Fleabag walks in.

FLEABAG

Here you are!

CLAIRE

Oh, hi!

FLEABAG

I thought you might be snogging Finland.

CLAIRE

No. Just sorting a few things!

FLEABAG

(holds up statue)

I got her! And Belinda gave me her card!

CLAIRE

(happy)

Oh, that's great!

Beat.

FLEABAG

What?

CLAIRE

(lightly)

Nothing.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

She's furious.

(to Claire)

Really?

CLAIRE

(totally convincingly)

Yes! It was a great night! Everything went smoothly in the end and everyone loved the canapés.

FLEABAG

Really.

(to camera)

I'm a dead woman.

FLEABAG

Really?

CLAIRE

Yes! It was a great night.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

She's going to blow.

(to Claire)

I just have a feeling that—

CLAIRE

I WOULD HAVE COME UP WITH MY OWN JOKE IF YOU HADN'T PUT THAT ONE IN MY HEAD. I HAVE MY OWN JOKES. I AM FUNNY. I AM INTERESTING. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE.

FLEABAG

What do you mean 'interesting'?!

CLAIRE

You think you can just do whatever you like, say whatever you like, steal whatever you like, kiss whoever you like.

FLEABAG

He kissed me!

CLAIRE

I KNOW.

FLEABAG

YOU KNOW ? Then why are we spending the whole time—

CLAIRE

Because you're fine. You'll always be fine. You'll always be interesting. With your quirky café and your dead best friend. You just — make me feel like I've ... failed.

Wide of the big office.

FLEABAG

Claire.

CLAIRE

If you mention the size of my office I will scream.

Fleabag mouths 'it's huge' to camera.

Pause.

FLEABAG

I just thought we were hanging out ... just as friends.

CLAIRE

We're not friends. We are sisters.

(beat)

Get your own friends.

Fleabag looks at her. Ouch.

EXT. PRIEST'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR – NIGHT

Fleabag rings the big hanging bell.

The Priest opens the door. He is in a t-shirt and pyjama bottoms.

PRIEST

Oh, hi.

FLEABAG

Oh. Sorry – I didn't have your number and you said come round any time with G&Ts.

She holds up a carrier bag of G&Ts.

PRIEST

Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure. I just – this is a bit embarrassing but recently I've been really enjoying going to bed at 9:30.

FLEABAG

Oh shit.

PRIEST

No no, it's fine, I can see the G&Ts! You Ok?

FLEABAG

Yes I just ... fancied a drink.

(to camera)

And a priest.

(to Priest)

And a chat maybe.

PRIEST

That's my whole job. We might have to be quiet though because Pam is a sound tyrant in the evenings.

FLEABAG

Pam lives here?

PRIEST

Yeah, Pam lives here.

He beckons her in.

INT. PRIEST'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Priest sits with Fleabag in the drab living room. They have opened the G&Ts.

FLEABAG

So I read your book.

PRIEST

Go on then.

FLEABAG

It's got some great twists.

PRIEST

True.

FLEABAG

I couldn't help but notice –

PRIEST

Come on, spit it out.

FLEABAG

Just one or two inconsistencies ...

PRIEST

Sure.

FLEABAG

So, the world was made in seven days. And on the first day LIGHT came and then a few days later the SUN came?

Beat.

PRIEST

Yeah, that's ridiculous.

FLEABAG

But you believe that?

PRIEST

It's not fact ... It's poetry. It's a moral code. It's for interpretation. To help us work out God's plan for us.

FLEABAG

So, what's God's plan for you?

Beat.

PRIEST

I believe God meant for me to love people in a different way. I believe I am meant to love as a father.

FLEABAG

We can arrange that.

PRIEST

A father of many.

FLEABAG

I'll go up to three.

PRIEST
(laughs)

Not going to happen.

FLEABAG

Two then.

PRIEST

Ok, two.

They smile. Suddenly there's a bang from upstairs.

PRIEST

Oops. Shit, Pam, she's not happy. We should go outside

EXT. PRIEST'S HOUSE. GARDEN – NIGHT

FLEABAG

Do you think I should become a Catholic?

PRIEST

No, don't do that. I like that you believe in a meaningless existence. You're good for me. You make me question my faith.

FLEABAG

And?

Beat.

PRIEST

I've never felt closer to God.

They laugh. She gives him a look. He laughs.

FLEABAG

Fuck you.

There is a rustle in a bush. The Priest is instantly terrified.

PRIEST

What was that? It wasn't a fox, was it?

FLEABAG

I don't know.

He stands up quickly.

PRIEST

Is it a fox? Shine something.

(into the night)

BOO. BAAA! Oh God, I bet it's a fox.

Fleabag is laughing.

PRIEST

No, I'm not being funny, foxes have been after me for years. It's like they have a pact or something. I'm not kidding, I was on the toilet. A TOILET of a TRAIN. And when the train stopped, a fucking FOX tried to get through the window. OF A TRAIN. ITS FACE WAS IN THE WINDOW.

Fleabag is laughing.

PRIEST

And once when I was at a monastery, I woke up just feeling a bit weird like there might be a fox about and A FOX was sitting under my window just looking up like this —

(beat)

— pointing at me like – you. We're watching you. We're having you.

FLEABAG

Lucky God got there first.

PRIEST

Well yeah.

FLEABAG

You could be a fox boy by now.

PRIEST

And we all know what happens to them.

He tentatively sits back down.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Are you Ok?

PRIEST

I'm Ok.

(beat)

Do you think I'm mad?

FLEABAG

Because of the fox thing or because of the God thing?

He laughs.

PRIEST

You're obsessed.

FLEABAG

Do you ever have doubts?

PRIEST

Sure, every day. It's part of the deal.

FLEABAG

I just don't think I could do it. Especially the —

He looks at her.

PRIEST

What?

FLEABAG

The celibacy thing.

There's a rustle.

PRIEST

IT'S A FUCKING FOX.

FLEABAG

CHILL OUT ABOUT THE FOX.

PRIEST

Sorry. I just ... don't know what they want from me.

(beat)

I'm sorry. Celibacy. Go.

He smiles.

FLEABAG

I just couldn't give up sex forever. It's just too, it's too —

PRIEST

Celibacy is a lot less complicated than romantic relationships.

FLEABAG

But what if you meet someone you like?

PRIEST

I talk and drink and laugh and give them bibles and hope they eventually leave me alone.

FLEABAG

What if you meet someone you love?

They hold eye contact.

PRIEST

We're not going to have sex.

Fleabag glances at the camera.

PRIEST

I know you think that's what you want from me. But it's not. It won't bring anything good.

They laugh, there's a spark.

FLEABAG

Well, it might —

PRIEST

It won't. I've been there many times. Before I found this. Many, many times.

FLEABAG

How many times?

Beat.

PRIEST

Many.

(beat)

I'd really like to be your friend though.

FLEABAG

I'd like to be your friend too.

(to camera)

We will last a week.

PRIEST

What was that?

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

Where did ... Where did you just go?

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

You just went somewhere.

Fleabag looks at the camera in panic.

PRIEST

There. There. Where did you just go?

FLEABAG

Nowhere.

He looks at her, uncertain.

PRIEST

Ok ...

Pause. He turns away. Fleabag looks at the camera. Where do we go from here?

Suddenly a rustle in the bushes again – they both turn and jump in fear.

PRIEST/FLEABAG

AGH!!

END OF EPISODE 3

EPISODE 4

INT. CLERICAL DRESS SHOP – DAY

Fleabag sits waiting. The Priest is in the dressing room.

PRIEST (O.S.)

I dunno.

FLEABAG

Just come out.

Beat. He pulls the curtain and steps out wearing an over-the-top wedding vestment.

Fleabag looks at him, considering the outfit.

Beat.

FLEABAG

I prefer the last one.

PRIEST

Me too. Bit more / subtle.

FLEABAG

Elegant, / yeah.

PRIEST

It's these bits, / isn't it?

FLEABAG

Yep, last one, definitely.

PRIEST

Yep. Great.

He turns round and goes back in.

She gives us a fleeting, coy look, before turning back to her phone.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. NOISY STREET IN CENTRAL LONDON – DAY

Fleabag and the Priest are walking down the road, they've just come from the clerical shop.

He is raving about his choice of vestments – clearly pleased. She is listening to him, enjoying it. She only talks to camera when she is sure he can't see.

PRIEST

I'm really pleased with that – once it's nipped in there —
He indicates his arms, squeezing them slightly.

FLEABAG

Oh, it'll be perfect.

(to camera)

His arms.

PRIEST

Do you prefer weddings or funerals?

FLEABAG

Weddings.

(to camera)

His arms.

PRIEST

I think there's something humbling about funerals.

FLEABAG

Really?

She can't help looking at his arms.

PRIEST

Yeah, it's good to dwell on the next life.

FLEABAG

You really think there's a next life?

PRIEST

What do you believe? Worm food?

She nods.

PRIEST

Why?!

FLEABAG

Why what?

(to camera)

His neck!

PRIEST

Why would you believe in something awful, when you can believe in something WONDERFUL!

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Don't make me an optimist, you will ruin my life!

They laugh. A beat.

PRIEST

Have you been to many funerals?

INT. FLASHBACK – FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH – DAY

A quick flash of Claire and Fleabag in black, standing at the entrance to a church – greeting MOURNERS .

EXT. SAME NOISY STREET IN CENTRAL LONDON AS BEFORE – DAY

FLEABAG

A couple.

(to camera)

His neck.

PRIEST

And you never felt them ... go somewhere?

FLEABAG

(accidentally to camera)

No, they were already gone.

(accidentally to Priest)

His beautiful neck.

Beat.

PRIEST

What?

Fleabag, panicked look to camera.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

You just said ‘his beautiful neck’.

FLEABAG

(covering)

No ... No I said ‘they were already gone’.

PRIEST

Ok. Weird.

They continue walking. He stops suddenly outside an old ornate building.

PRIEST

Oh right, so – this might be —

He touches her arm to guide her in. She notices, looks at us.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

— your idea of hell. But I think it’s kind of special.

He turns and heads in. As he does —

FLEABAG

(sighs to camera)

His beautiful neck.

HARD CUT TO: INT. QUAKER HALL – DAY

Silence.

There is a circle of chairs with a table in the middle. Some QUAKERS sit there.

On the table is a jug of water, a vase of flowers and various religious texts including the Quran and the Bible.

It’s very calm.

The Priest sits on a chair. Fleabag sits across the other side.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Quaker meeting. You’re not allowed to speak. If the spirit moves you to speak you have to stand up and share it in front of everyone.

It's very intense, it's very quiet and it's very, very erotic.

Fleabag looks over at the Priest. They smile at each other. A QUAKER MAN stands up.

FLEABAG

Oop.

QUAKER MAN

I think ... I'm going to go home ... in November.

Silence.

QUAKER MAN

... I think.

The Quaker Man sits down.

Fleabag looks to camera – fair enough. More silence. She glances over at the Priest. He's deep in thought.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

What's he thinking?

She looks back to the Priest.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

What's he thinking?

He's still lost in thought. She looks back to us.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

I don't really think it's ... I'm not really feeling ... I don't think it's really affecting me—

She slowly begins lurching forward.

FLEABAG
(to camera, surprised at herself)

... oh my God.

She begins slowly to stand, involuntarily. She's more surprised than anyone.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh my God, oh my God. What am I going to say, what am I going to say ...?

(to the room)

I sometimes worry —

(beat)

— that I wouldn't be such a feminist if I had bigger tits.

Silence. A small cough.

The Priest stifles a laugh.

EXT. NOISY STREET IN CENTRAL LONDON – DAY

Fleabag and the Priest walk slowly out of the Quaker building.

PRIEST

Well it's good you felt something.

FLEABAG

Is it?

PRIEST

Something moved you.

FLEABAG

I'm not sure I needed to be moved to discover that about myself ...
What were you thinking?

PRIEST

Well, I was thinking about how peaceful I felt and then for some reason I was thinking about your tits which kind of ruined it.

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Oh, my tits ruined your peace?

PRIEST

(smiling)

Yeah – you could say that.

They laugh briefly.

Beat.

The chemistry between them builds.

It's too much.

FLEABAG

I should probably open the café.

PRIEST

(simultaneously)

I've got a confession, actually, in a little bit.

PRIEST

Oh! Can I see it?

FLEABAG

Oh! Yeah ... it's a bit ...

PRIEST

What?

FLEABAG

It's a bit ...

PRIEST

WHAT?!

HARD CUT TO: INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

Priest and Fleabag sit in the café. The Priest is holding Hilary aloft – astounded:

PRIEST

THE. FUCK.

He is instantly in love with her. She is making happy little squeaking noises as he cuddles her into his chest.

PRIEST

You gorgeous little thing!

Fleabag watches him holding her – she turns to camera and bites her lip. It's too much.

PRIEST

(laughing)

Can I ask, why so many guinea pigs?

FLEABAG

Oh I um, I just um —

FLASHBACK FROM SERIES ONE. INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

Boo putting up a picture of a guinea pig.

BOO

THIS is an excellent one.

EXT. BACK IN HILARY'S CAFÉ AS BEFORE – DAY

Back with Priest and Fleabag. She continues.

FLEABAG

— I just thought it would be a unique selling point.

PRIEST

Yeah? Which came first, the guinea pig or the guinea pig café?

FLEABAG

(laughing)

That is a ... big old question.

PRIEST

Fair enough. What do guinea pigs do?

FLEABAG

They're born, they shit themselves with fear and then they die.

PRIEST

(laughing)

Can I use that at the wedding? Seriously, I need material. Tell me about your stepmother to be ... what's she like?

FLEABAG

Oh, erm. She's ...

She searches.

FLEABAG

... She's from Exeter.

PRIEST

(smiles)

Umm. Ok, thank you, that's very helpful. How did she meet your dad?

FLEABAG

Through my mother—

PRIEST

Right.

FLEABAG

She was my mother's student at one point. Do your parents get on?

PRIEST

No. Were you close to your mum?

FLEABAG

Yeah. Are you?

PRIEST

Not really. / So that must've been a bit weird—

FLEABAG

How come / Well, I don't really think about it.

Silence. Hilary squeaking away.

FLEABAG

So do you go back a lot to ...

PRIEST

(simultaneously)

So you run ...

PRIEST

No no no ... Do you run this place on your own?

FLEABAG

No I opened it with a friend.

PRIEST

Oh cool, right, so you run it together?

FLEABAG

No. She's ... she, uh—

PRIEST

She what?

INT. FLASHBACK, HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

Boo eating a sandwich by the window.

INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ AS BEFORE – DAY

Back with Fleabag. She looks at us.

INT. FLASHBACK, HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

Boo shaking her head, enjoying her sandwich.

INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ AS BEFORE – DAY

Back with Fleabag. She breaks her look to us.

PRIEST

What?

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

She ... she, what?

FLEABAG

She ...

(laughs then turn to camera)

He's a bit annoying actually.

The Priest notices her turn. He looks where she was looking, right at us.

PRIEST

What is that?

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

That thing. That you're doing ... it's like you disappear.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

What are you not telling me?

FLEABAG

Nothing!

PRIEST

Tell me what's going on underneath there!

FLEABAG

Nothing!

PRIEST

Tell me! Come on, you can tell me.

FLEABAG

(to Priest)

No!

(to camera)

Nothing!

He immediately looks where she is looking, right down the barrel at us.

PRIEST

Ah! What are you doing?

FLEABAG

Stop being so churchy!

PRIEST

I'm not being churchy, I'm just trying to get to know you.

FLEABAG

Well I don't want that.

A long silence.

PRIEST

Listen, I'm just, I'm just trying to help you.

Fleabag looks at him.

FLEABAG

What?

PRIEST

(backpedalling)

No, no. I didn't mean—

FLEABAG

Oh, I know what you mean, Father. Thank you so much for your guidance—

PRIEST

— come on. I didn't mean, I didn't mean—

FLEABAG

— I really should get back to work. A customer is bound to turn up any minute. You should probably be getting back to God. Don't you think?

He looks at her, slightly lost for words.

FLEABAG

I think you've played with my guinea-pig long enough.

She takes Hilary from him.

She stands and puts her back in her hutch, with her back turned to the Priest.

PRIEST

Ok.

He stands and looks at her.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

All right, bye.

He leaves. The door shuts firmly behind him.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. LONDON STREET – DAY

Fleabag walks sadly down the street. Smoking.

JUMP CUT TO: EXT. SAME LONDON STREET BUT LATER – DAY

She's still walking and smoking, trying to avoid the camera's eye.

EXT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH GROUNDS – DAY

Fleabag and Boo share a cigarette.

EXT. SAME LONDON STREET AS BEFORE – DAY

Fleabag still avoiding us.

CUT TO: EXT. A NEW LONDON STREET, LATER – DAY

Fleabag still avoiding us, looking over her shoulder.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH BACK ROOM – DAY

Fleabag, Boo and Claire are all standing in the back room, they look up as they hear Godmother's voice.

GODMOTHER (O.S)

Sorry girls, people are starting to arrive.

EXT. A NEW LONDON STREET, LATER – DAY

Back to the last street, Fleabag avoiding us, looking over her shoulder as we pursue her. She begins to run away.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH – DAY

We had a glimpse of this earlier, before the Quaker Meeting. Fleabag and Claire stand, dressed in black, greeting mourners.

FAMILY FRIEND 3

She was a spectacular woman.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. HALLWAY – DAY

Fleabag walks in. Alone. We are waiting for her. She avoids us again.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH – DAY

A glimpse of Dad sitting alone in a pew.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. HALLWAY – DAY

Fleabag takes off her coat. Sighs heavily.

INT. FLASHBACK, DAD'S HOUSE. MUM'S WAKE – DAY

Fleabag and Dad hold hands. He stands up and leaves her.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BATHROOM – DAY

Fleabag looks at her reflection.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH BACK ROOM – DAY

Close up of Boo's face looking at us. Fleabag's POV.

We see nothing of the background. She looks concerned.

BOO

Don't worry. We can sort this out.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BATHROOM – DAY

Back with Fleabag looking at her reflection. She runs the tap, washes her face. She starts scrubbing her face hard, really hard. We hear Boo's voice:

BOO (O.S.)

Stop doing that —

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH BACK ROOM – DAY

Fleabag is standing in front of a mirror rubbing her face hard, the exact same way. Boo continues:

BOO

— to your face.

FLEABAG

I have to. I don't know what's wrong. I look so *good* .

BOO

It's Ok, we can sort it out. Just take some of your make-up off.

FLEABAG

I'm not wearing any make-up.

BOO

What? What has happened? I have never seen you look so good —

FLEABAG

I don't know. I just woke up looking amazing and now everyone's going to think I got a fucking facial for my mother's funeral.

Fleabag is teary, Claire enters.

CLAIRE

Oh, what the hell, you look incredible.

BOO

We're trying to mess her up.

FLEABAG

I don't know, no matter what I do with my hair, it just keeps falling in this really chic way.

CLAIRE

Oh God.

FLEABAG

You look perfect.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Godmother pops her head in.

GODMOTHER
(gently)

Sorry girls, but people are starting to arrive.

The sisters smile. They liked her then.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

GODMOTHER
You don't have to greet them if it's too –
(to Fleabag)

Gosh, you look gorgeous.

FLEABAG
(depressed)

Thank you.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH – DAY

Back with Fleabag and Claire, greeting mourners.

People are filing in.

Boo stands a little way down handing the guests the Order of Service booklets.

Fleabag and Claire speak to each other as people arrive.

All the guests are impressed by Fleabag looking so good. A series of FAMILY FRIENDS pass.

FAMILY FRIEND 1

I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

FAMILY FRIEND 1

You look glorious.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

CLAIRE
(to Fleabag)

Have you spoken to Dad?

FLEABAG

No, not yet. He's avoiding me.

FAMILY FRIEND 2

My deepest condolences, girls. She was magnificent.

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Thanks so much. / Thanks so much.

FAMILY FRIEND 2
(noticing Fleabag)

My God, you look well.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

(to Claire)

Have you?

CLAIRE

He's not really engaging.

FAMILY FRIEND 3

She was a spectacular woman.

FLEABAG

Thanks.

FAMILY FRIEND 4

Darling, you look wonderful.

FLEABAG

Oh my God.

FAMILY FRIEND 5

Hi Claire.

CLAIRE

Hi.

FAMILY FRIEND 5

Gosh! Grief clearly agrees with you!

FLEABAG

Thank you, Jeremy.

They look over at their Dad, who is at the front, sitting alone. A few PEOPLE are thinking about whether or not to sit with him. They decide not to. Then Godmother approaches him.

FLEABAG

Oop – incoming.

They watch Godmother put her arm around Dad.

FLEABAG

My God, she is shameless.

CLAIRE

Can you not think the fucking worst of someone for just a split fucking second?

Fleabag looks at her.

CLAIRE

Not everyone is after cock.

Claire storms off into the church.

Boo and Fleabag exchange a look. Fleabag walks over to Boo. They look at Godmother, kneeling and talking to Dad.

FLEABAG

She's definitely trying to fuck my Dad.

BOO

She ain't made o' wood.

Beat. Fleabag laughs in spite of herself.

BOO

Do you want a ciggie?

EXT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH GROUNDS – DAY

Boo and Fleabag having a ciggie.

BOO

Ooh! Incoming ...

Harry, wearing extremely tight trousers, approaches. He's behaving in a very funereal fashion.

BOO

Hi Harry.

HARRY

Hi. Hi. You Ok?

He kisses her.

FLEABAG

Um hm. You? Do you need anything?

HARRY

No I'm good thanks, I've just had a large glass of water.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Are your trousers Ok?

HARRY

Yeah, sorry. I left them in the drier.

BOO

Ah, mate.

Harry starts welling up.

HARRY

Shit, sorry.

FLEABAG

It's Ok.

HARRY

It's just funerals, when you actually knew the person ... well, they're so ...

Fleabag hugs Harry.

HARRY

It just doesn't feel real. I'm just going to miss her so much. Have you cried yet?

FLEABAG

Yes.

He looks at Fleabag.

HARRY

I didn't see you cr— Wow. You look —
(studying her face)
Have you had your eyebrows done?

Fleabag looks to Boo.

INT. FLASHBACK, FLEABAG'S MUM'S FUNERAL. CHURCH – DAY

Claire and Fleabag walk down the aisle with Godmother in the middle.
She is arm in arm with both of them.

GODMOTHER

Hi girls. How are you doing?

FLEABAG

Ok thanks.

CLAIRE

Alright.

GODMOTHER

You know the hard bit is going to be in a few weeks. When it all calms down.

CLAIRE/FLEABAG

Yup. / They do say that, yes. Yup.

GODMOTHER

People start to forget, and the flowers and the cards stop turning up.

CLAIRE/FLEABAG

Yes. / Uh huh.

GODMOTHER

And people just disappear. Because it spooks them to be around someone perpetually in pain.

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Ok / right.

GODMOTHER

And your lovely boyfriends might not be able to cope.

CLAIRE/FLEABAG

Well, he's my husband / I'm sure they'll push through.

GODMOTHER

I just want you to know that I will always be there. Always.

(beat)

Always.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

GODMOTHER

Always.

(beat)

Always. I'm going to check on the sausage rolls.

She smiles and holds each of their cheeks affectionately. She trots off.

CLAIRE

See.

FLEABAG

Ok.

INT. FLASHBACK, DAD'S HOUSE. WAKE – DAY

There are People milling around the wake.

The house looks different. More homely. Brighter. Less art. Less grand.

Fleabag eats a finger sandwich. Claire approaches.

FLEABAG

Hey.

CLAIRE

I don't know how you're eating.

(beat)

Do something.

INT. FLASHBACK, DAD'S HOUSE. BEDROOM – DAY

Fleabag finds her Dad in the bedroom changing his shoes.

FLEABAG

Hi.

DAD

Hello darling.

(his shoes—)

Bit tight.

FLEABAG

Oh yeah, tell me about it.

Beat.

DAD

I found her very difficult you know.

FLEABAG

I know.

DAD

I lo— I loved her, but —

Beat.

FLEABAG

That's all that really matters.

DAD

No, I don't think it is. Her instincts ... were ...

(beat)

She just knew how to be fun. And how to be kind. She just knew.

(beat)

I'm just ... guessing.

FLEABAG

You're fun, Dad!

DAD

No – I – I didn't like that about her. I loved her but I didn't like that she was ... For a long time I —

(beat)

And today —

(beat)

– I was jealous of her.

He smiles at Fleabag.

FLEABAG

That's a lovely thing to say, really.

Godmother pokes her head in.

GODMOTHER

Oh sorry.

(beat)

I'll leave you two.

She waits for a beat then leaves.

DAD

She's a bit annoying isn't she?

Fleabag smiles.

DAD

Let's go and find your sister.

FLEABAG

Yeah, I don't think she wants to see me –

DAD

She loves you. She just didn't get the fun gene.

Fleabag is suddenly overwhelmed with emotion.

FLEABAG

I just, I don't know what to—

DAD

I know. Buck up. Smile. Charm. Off we go. We'll be Ok.

He stands up. They are holding hands. He drops her hand gently.

FLEABAG

I'll follow you.

He goes to leave. As he does:

DAD

You look lovely by the way.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

INT. CHURCH – NIGHT

Back in the present. Fleabag sits in a pew in utter silence.

She is staring ahead of her.

She is lost.

We hear her voice and Boo's off screen, a memory.

FLEABAG (O.S.)

I don't know what to do with it —

BOO

With what?

CUT TO: INT. FLASHBACK, DAD'S HOUSE. WAKE – DAY

Boo and Fleabag sit together at a table. The wake seems over.

FLEABAG

(tearful)

With all the love I have for her. I don't know ... where to – put it now.

Pause.

BOO

(matter of fact)

I'll take it.

Fleabag laughs.

BOO

No, I'm serious. It sounds lovely.

She looks at Boo. She means it.

BOO

I'll have it.

(beat)

You have to give it to me.

FLEABAG

Ok.

BOO

It's gotta go somewhere.

INT. CHURCH AS BEFORE – NIGHT

Fleabag in the pew. She begins to kneel.

She brings her hands up to a prayer position.

She bows her head to her hands.

Just then a BLAST of music comes from the back of the church.

It's Jennifer Lopez or something really incongruous.

She gets up.

She starts walking. She eyes the camera. But we follow her.

She pushes a door.

INT. VESTRY – NIGHT – CONT.

Fleabag enters. She sees the Priest standing there, reaching high into a cupboard.

He is drunk.

Fleabag stops the music.

PRIEST

FUCK!

He turns and sees Fleabag.

PRIEST

FUCK! JESUS!

FLEABAG

Woah! Why are you awake? It's 9.45 p.m.!

PRIEST

Oh my God, I thought you were just in my head. Then. I – I mean you were in my head then. But then you were there.

FLEABAG

You Ok, Father?

PRIEST

Fuck you, calling me Father, like it doesn't turn you on just to say it.

Beat.

PRIEST

Do you want a drink?

FLEABAG

Ok ...

PRIEST

Don't move.

He gets glasses.

PRIEST

Are you a nostalgic person?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

PRIEST

Do you like Winnie the Pooh?

FLEABAG

Yes.

PRIEST

I fucking love Winnie the Pooh. I can't read a Winnie the Pooh quote without crying. Fuck. Piglet.

He brings his palm to his heart. She repeats the gesture.

FLEABAG

Piglet.

PRIEST

Why are you here? Sorry but – I mean why are you here? Were you looking for me?

FLEABAG

I was on the verge of having a little prayer actually.

Beat.

He can't help but laugh.

PRIEST

No no, no no no ... Don't ...

(beat)

Don't you dare. That's *my* thing. What were you praying about?
Please say you were praying for me. I could do with the extra pair
of hands. Mine don't seem to have the fucking reach anymore.

He jumps up at the cupboard again.

PRIEST

GOD, HELP ME.

He knocks the cupboard and the whiskey bottle falls into his hand.

PRIEST

(quietly to God)

Thank you.

(beat)

You know, there was a man who wanted to be a saint SO BADLY
that he castrated himself to stop himself, y'know. Whack.

FLEABAG

Wow.

He pours two drinks. Hands her one. He holds his glass up.

PRIEST

Here's to peace.

(beat)

And those who get in the way of it.

She clinks glasses with him.

They drink. She watches him.

He looks at her.

We hold it.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry about today.

PRIEST

Forget it. Look at this.

He opens a cupboard and pulls out his clerical outfit for Mass. He loves this
garment.

PRIEST

Look at it. That's the first one I ever got. I went all the way to Rome for that.

(laughs)

Such a nerd! Two years before I was allowed to wear it, but I just. Couldn't. Wait. I couldn't wait. I knew I wanted a bold, y'know – this colour, but proper *plum* . You can only get proper plum in Italy.

(beat)

Sometimes I worry I'm only in it for the outfits.

(he looks at her)

It's so beautiful, isn't it.

(beat)

I mean. Your stuff is lovely too.

She smiles. Thank you.

PRIEST

What were you praying about?

Beat. She doesn't say anything.

PRIEST

You don't like answering questions. Do you?

Silence.

PRIEST

Ok. Come with me.

He walks out of the vestry with his glass.

PRIEST

I know what to do with you.

INT. CHURCH. CONFESSIONAL – NIGHT

They stand outside the confession box, holding their glasses.

PRIEST

You go in there, and I go in there.

FLEABAG

And you make me tell you all my secrets so you can ultimately trap and control me?

He laughs.

PRIEST

Yeah. No. You tell me what is weighing on your heart and I listen without judgement and in complete confidence.

FLEABAG

Sounds dodgy.

PRIEST

I just listen. At the very least it would shut me up for a minute.

FLEABAG

I'm not a Catholic.

PRIEST

Tonight that doesn't matter.

FLEABAG

Won't I catch on fire or something?

PRIEST

If you did, it would confirm my faith, so let's try it. Go on.

She doesn't move.

PRIEST

Go on.

Beat.

She takes the challenge.

FLEABAG

Alright.

She moves into the box. He closes the door/curtain.

She hears him get into his side.

We stay on her the whole time.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Ok, now you say 'Bless me, Father, for I have sinned—'

FLEABAG

I'm not going to say that.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Very good! It's been – enter days, years, months since my last confession.

FLEABAG
(shakes her head)

Nope.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Then I say that's Ok, blah blah blah, 'til you tell me what's on your mind. Tell me your si—

FLEABAG
Sins?

PRIEST (O.S.)
Sins.

PRIEST (O.S. CONT'D)
If you want.

FLEABAG
Why would I tell you my—

PRIEST (O.S.)
Because it will make you feel better. And because –
(playfully)

I want to know.

FLEABAG
Ok.

Pause. She takes a swig of her drink.

FLEABAG
I lied.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Ok.

FLEABAG
To you.

PRIEST (O.S.)
About ...

FLEABAG
About ... the miscarriage.

She winces, expecting a reaction. Silence.

FLEABAG

I was just covering for my sister who actually had the miscarriage because her husband didn't know that she was pregnant and it just ...

PRIEST (O.S.)
(gently)

Ok.

(beat)

Keep going.

FLEABAG

And I've stolen things. I've had a LOT of sex outside of marriage. And ... Once or twice inside someone else's. There's been a spot of sodomy ... There's been much masturbation. A bit of violence and then of course the endless fucking blasphemy.

PRIEST (O.S.)
(laughs)

And?

FLEABAG

And —

PRIEST (O.S.)

Go on.

FLEABAG

AND —

EXT. FLASHBACK, PARK – DAY

Boo laughing and walking with us.

INT. CHURCH. CONFESSIONAL – NIGHT

Back with Fleabag and the Priest.

FLEABAG

And I – I can't ...

EXT. FLASHBACK TO LONDON STREET. SERIES ONE – DAY

Boo in tears, about to step in front of the traffic.

INT. BACK IN CHURCH AS BEFORE. CONFESSIONAL – NIGHT

Back with the Priest and Fleabag.

PRIEST (O.S.)

It's Ok, go on.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Frightened.

PRIEST

Of what?

FLEABAG

(not easy for her to say)

Of forgetting. Things. People.

(beat)

Forgetting people.

Beat. She drinks.

FLEABAG

And I'm ashamed of not knowing what I—

PRIEST (O.S.)

Want? It's Ok not to know what you want.

FLEABAG

No, I know what I want, I know exactly what I want, right now.

PRIEST (O.S.)

What's that?

Pause.

FLEABAG

It's bad.

PRIEST (O.S.)

That's Ok.

FLEABAG

I want someone to tell me what to wear in the morning.

Pause.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Ok. Well I think there are people who can do that—

FLEABAG

No, I want someone to tell me what to wear every morning ... I want someone to tell me what to eat, what to like, what to hate, what to rage about, what to listen to, what band to like, what to buy tickets for, what to joke about, what not to joke about. I want someone to tell me what to believe in, who to vote for, who to love and how to ... tell them.

(beat)

I just think I want someone to tell me how to live my life, Father, because so far, I think I've been getting it wrong.

(beat)

And I know that is why people want people like you in their lives. Because you just tell them how to do it. You just tell them what to do. And what they'll get out of the end of it. And even though I don't believe your bullshit and I know that scientifically nothing I do makes any difference in the end anyway, I'm still scared, why am I still scared?

(beat)

Just fucking tell me what to do, Father.

Silence.

She looks to the grate. She can't make out his expression. A long pause.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Kneel.

Beat.

FLEABAG

What?

Beat.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Kneel.

Beat.

Fleabag is stunned.

Beat.

PRIEST (O.S.)
(gently)

Just kneel.

She kneels.

The curtain opens and he stands over her.

She looks up at him.

He kneels in front of her.

He gently takes her face in his hands.

They are breathing nervously.

He holds her face in front of his for a moment. Deciding.

She moves her lips forward and they kiss.

It's a gentle, loving kiss. It's nothing short of fucking beautiful.

They stop. They look at each other.

They kiss again.

They kiss more passionately.

It becomes more physical.

She starts hiking his skirts.

They grab at each other.

She gets him against the door of the confessional and keeps hiking his skirts up.

She eventually gets underneath, but quickly discovers he also has trousers on **UNDER HIS SKIRT!**

FLEABAG

Skirt *and* trousers?

PRIEST

Sorry.

They keep kissing. The passion builds and builds ...

But then—

A painting of Jesus falls off the wall. It hits the church flagstones with a crash.

They immediately stop. They both turn to look at it.

Beat.

Fleabag looks to the Priest. She tries to smile. He holds her gaze. Then turns, mortified, and walks away from her. Out of the church.

She watches him go.

Beat.

She looks at us.

END OF EPISODE 4

EPISODE 5

INT. BUSINESS BAR – NIGHT

Fleabag sits with Hot Misogynist.

They are a few cocktails down.

Fleabag has lipstick on and is wearing a little more make-up than we've seen before.

She is tipsy and very flirty.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I thought I wouldn't see you again unless you were in trouble.

FLEABAG

Oh, I'm in trouble.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Oh, you mean this kind of trouble.

He gestures around his face and body. She roars with laughter.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Isn't he GREAT. He's so great. He's funny. He makes jokes —

HOT MISOGYNIST

She turned around and it was the golden one!

She roars with laughter.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Sort of needed to hear the top bit.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I love word play.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's clever.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Shakespeare uses word play.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He says things like —

HOT MISOGYNIST

I've got a big case tomorrow.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's a little bit controlling –

HOT MISOGYNIST

Don't eat that.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

– but it's manageable.

(to Hot Misogynist)

I'm going to.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Ok.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's a feminist.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I have a sister.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And he's unpredictable.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm just gonna go for a shit.

He winks at her and stands up.

FLEABAG

I'm ignoring that.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Actually. Do you wanna go have sex?

FLEABAG

(to camera)

That's better!

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm really good at it.

FLEABAG

(to camera, with a sigh)

He won't be.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm really good at it.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He won't be.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag is having sex with Hot Misogynist.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

He's really good at it.

TITLES: FLEABAG

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE – MORNING

Fleabag, looking a hungover, shagged mess, is walking up the street to Dad's house.

FLEABAG

Oh God.

(to camera)

I'm not gonna be sick.

(to camera)

I'm not gonna be sick.

Coming from the opposite direction is Claire, carrying an enormous wedding arch garland thing, and a bassoon in a case.

They both reach the gate at the same time.

FLEABAG

Hi.

CLAIRE

Hi.

Claire struggles through the gate.

FLEABAG

Do you need a hand with any of ...

CLAIRE

No, no, no, no.

FLEABAG

I can at least take the bassoon.

CLAIRE

I'm perfectly balanced, thank you.

(beat)

Big night last night?

FLEABAG

Is it obvious?

Claire's look indicates it definitely is obvious.

CLAIRE

Well, at least someone's having fun.

They reach the front door, Claire struggling to reach the doorbell.

FLEABAG

I can get the bell.

CLAIRE

NO, NO, I'VE GOT IT.

She rings it and they stand in the doorway. Fleabag lets out an unhealthy groan.

CLAIRE

Are you going to be sick?

FLEABAG

(pulling herself together)

No.

CLAIRE

She'd better be quick today. I have a serious appointment later that I can't miss. It's very important.

FLEABAG
(concerned)

What kind of appointment?

CLAIRE
A serious one. I can't miss it, Ok?

FLEABAG
Do you need me to—

CLAIRE
I don't need you.

(beat)

To do anything, thank you.

(beat)

Unless you can find a way to stop this horrendous wedding from happening —

Dad opens the door.

DAD
Girls, come in!

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. HALLWAY – DAY

Claire and Fleabag follow Dad inside. Claire struggles in with the garland and a bassoon case. Fleabag keeps getting hit by it.

DAD
You can just leave it there for now— would you like a quick cup of tea before you start? / It's already in a pot—

CLAIRE
I have to be out of here pretty quickly. / Ok.

FLEABAG
(hungover)
Just some water or some gin would be—

DAD
Come through, we have a whole tray of —
They walk into the living room as they are talking.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY – DAY

Dad, Fleabag and Claire file in.

DAD

— sweet chocolatey things, our lovely friend has just dropped round.

Beat. Priest is there. So is Godmother.

GODMOTHER

Hello darling.

PRIEST

Hello.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I'm going to be sick.

GODMOTHER

(to Fleabag)

Oh, are you alright? You look horrendous.

FLEABAG

Oh – er, thanks. Just a big night. Hello.

PRIEST

Hey! I only meant to be quick, I don't need to – wasn't expecting the whole family! Wow!

DAD

They're being painted. Isn't that fun!

PRIEST

So fun! I um ... I can come back later.

GODMOTHER

No no!

FLEABAG

No.

(to camera)

No.

The Priest looks at her.

GODMOTHER

Come on, fill us in. Probably better actually that we should all hear the plans.

PRIEST

Right. Well I just wanted to pop in actually to say that – um —

Beat. They all look at him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I've been called away this weekend and I'm afraid I won't be able to officiate at the wedding tomorrow.

Beat. Silence.

CLAIRE

Oh, Christ.

FLEABAG

Why?

PRIEST

My brother is ill. I have to go and see him.

FLEABAG

What is he ill with?

PRIEST

A lorry. Accident.

FLEABAG

Right.

GODMOTHER

Oh God.

CLAIRE

Is he alright?

PRIEST

He's in a bit of a state to be honest. But er —

He stumbles. He looks at Fleabag.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I just – can't do it. I can't do it.

Fleabag holds his gaze.

GODMOTHER

Well ... Well.

Everyone looks at Godmother, waiting for her to blow.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Oh. This is going to be spectacular.

GODMOTHER
Oh ...

(beat)
... You ...

(beat)
... *poor* man. Of course you must go.

PRIEST
Really?

DAD
Really?

GODMOTHER
Of course! Family first!
(grasping Claire's shoulder a little too tightly)
Always family first. You must go, get straight to him. Send me all the details of what you've worked out so far. We'll sort something out.

PRIEST
I've put the feelers out for someone else and—

DAD
Well, I think we might have to—

GODMOTHER
Don't worry about a thing. This is far more important. You must go! Go, go, go.

PRIEST
Oh, Ok. Well thank you so much for understanding.

DAD
Well sure, sure, sure.

Godmother ushers the Priest out of the room to the front door. He catches Fleabag's eye as he walks out. We stay with Fleabag and Claire as they hear —

PRIEST (O.S.)

Well, all the best and – I'm sorry. And good luck.

GODMOTHER (O.S.)

(sweetly)

Bye darling and good luck!

We hear the front door close firmly behind him.

GODMOTHER (O.S.)

What ... a ... CUNT. What A *CUNT* !!

DAD (O.S.)

Now, now, I don't—

GODMOTHER (O.S.)

BASTARD, FUCKING BASTARD.

(beat)

Don't. Touch me. Christ, I need to paint. I need to paint, right now.

(as she storms upstairs)

Send them away!

Dad re-enters the living room.

DAD

Um ... I think you should, er ...

CLAIRE

Yes. Ok.

Claire exits. Fleabag follows.

FLEABAG

Bye Dad.

CLAIRE

Bye Dad.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE – DAY

The door closes behind Claire and Fleabag. They walk down towards the gate, Claire still with the bassoon.

CLAIRE

Well, that solves that problem. I'm relieved for him.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Are you alright?

Fleabag races past her.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

(to camera too)

Just late for the café.

She races off. Claire looks after her, confused.

CLAIRE

Right.

EXT. BUS STOP NEAR DAD'S – DAY

Fleabag sits with her head in her hands.

She looks up. The Priest is sitting next to her. She jumps in shock—

FLEABAG

OH MY GOD!

PRIEST

Sorry, sorry!

FLEABAG

Jesus. How long were you there?!

PRIEST

Literally, three seconds.

Beat.

FLEABAG

You can't just cancel a wedding.

PRIEST

I don't have a choice.

FLEABAG

But you have the dress!

He laughs despite himself. He puts his head in his hands.

PRIEST

I can't and I—

FLEABAG

Can I just say—

PRIEST

No I don't want to—

FLEABAG

How do you know what I'm going to say?

Pause. They look at each other for a long moment.

PRIEST

Please don't come to the church again.

Beat.

PRIEST

I mean that with the greatest of compliments.

She looks at him. He stands and walks away.

She watches him go. She turns and looks at us. Left alone at the bus stop.

INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

The café is busy and Fleabag is still hungover. Chatty Joe is following her around, chatting relentlessly.

CHATTY JOE

I strongly advised taking out insurance. The problem is —

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I can deal with it.

CHATTY JOE

It was about seven foot tall ...

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I can deal with it.

CHATTY JOE

... a very large armchair ...

FLEABAG
(to camera)

I can't deal with it.

CHATTY JOE
... chinchilla, suffocating underneath him ...

FLEABAG
It's Tuesday, Joe.

CHATTY JOE
No. It's Chatty Wednesday.

He points to the sign saying 'Today is Chatty Wednesday'.

FLEABAG
No. It's Quiet Tuesday.
(to camera)

It's Chatty Wednesday.
CHATTY JOE
It was a very small chinchilla ...

FLEABAG
**CAN YOU JUST STOP CHATTING JUST FOR A SECOND
PLEASE JOE!**

The café goes quiet. Other customers stare. Joe looks surprised.

FLEABAG
Joe, I ...

He smiles, mimes zipping up his mouth and walks off.

The bell on the café door rings and in walks the **BANK MANAGER** in his bank clothes.

FLEABAG
Hi.

BANK MANAGER
You Ok?

FLEABAG
Yeah, are you Ok? You look like something bad's happened.

BANK MANAGER

Do I? I thought I was looking jolly.

FLEABAG

Oh! Erm, why?

BANK MANAGER

I've been offered a new job.

FLEABAG

Oh ... congratulations!

BANK MANAGER

But I just wanted to say ... goodbye. And – to give you this.

He hands Fleabag a small box. She opens the lid.

BANK MANAGER

It's a guinea pig.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

It's a hamster.

(to Bank Manager)

Thanks.

Fleabag's phone starts buzzing. She looks at who's calling.

FLEABAG

Sorry, it's my sister, she's a bit mental. Do you mind if I –

BANK MANAGER

Sure. I wasn't gonna stay so —

Fleabag answers her phone.

FLEABAG

Claire?

Claire sounds like she is in utter crisis.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

(crying)

Something's happened, something awful has happened.

FLEABAG

What? Where are you, do you need me to come?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

No, no, no, I fucked it up, I've fucked everything up. Can you come?

FLEABAG

I have to close the café but – Just tell me where you are.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Don't close – I'm so sorry, but, but ...

BANK MANAGER

I can look after the place, if you want?

FLEABAG

Really?

BANK MANAGER

Well, I don't start 'til Monday.

FLEABAG

Then why are you ...

She looks at his suit.

BANK MANAGER

I just like it.

FLEABAG

Could you do me a favour and give Hilary and ...

She looks at the hamster.

BANK MANAGER

Stephanie.

FLEABAG

Stephanie some cucumber at 2.30?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Who's Stephanie?

FLEABAG

Thanks!

She hands him the keys and heads out, phone pressed to her ear.

FLEABAG

Claire, just tell me where you are. And what the HELL has happened???

HARD CUT TO: EXT. CITY SQUARE – DAY

CLOSE on Claire. She has a very short, weird hair-cut, sitting under a tree on a bench, with the bassoon case.

She has teary eyes.

Fleabag stares at her.

Pause.

CLAIRE

Tell the truth.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

It's horrendous.

CLAIRE

It's horrendous.

FLEABAG

It's modern.

CLAIRE

Don't lie!

FLEABAG

I'm not!

CLAIRE

I look like a pencil.

FLEABAG
(laughing)

You don't look like a ...

CLAIRE

DON'T LAUGH!

FLEABAG

It's Ok!

CLAIRE

It's not! It's not Ok. I'm going to lose my job.

FLEABAG

You're not going to lose your job, it's cool!

CLAIRE

IT'S NOT COOL!

FLEABAG

It's edgy!

CLAIRE

FUCK OFF!

FLEABAG

It's chic!

CLAIRE

IT'S UNSALVAGEABLE!

FLEABAG

CLAIRE, IT'S FRENCH.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Really?

FLEABAG

Yes.

Fleabag gives us a look – no.

FLEABAG

Have you been drinking?

CLAIRE

Oh, he gave me champagne before he RUINED MY LIFE.
(deadly serious)

That's how they get you.

FLEABAG

Did you go to Anthony?

Claire looks at her guiltily.

FLEABAG

Claire!

CLAIRE

I KNOW.

FLEABAG

What! Remember what happened to me?!

INT. FLASHBACK, HAIRDRESSER'S – YEARS EARLIER

Fleabag in the hairdresser's chair. A HAIRDRESSER (man, 30s, stylish) stands behind her. She has long hair on one side. He has mindlessly cut all the way up the other side of her head.

She looks horrified as he cuts further and further up her hair.

HAIRDRESSER

I honestly thought it was the last time I was ever going to see him

—

FLEABAG

Um ... That's just awful but —

He cuts a huge chunk.

HAIRDRESSER

His little face was just—

FLEABAG

ANTHONY!

EXT. CITY SQUARE – DAY

Back in the present. Fleabag and Claire, as before, on the bench with the bassoon.

FLEABAG

Is this what you asked for?

CLAIRE

NO! Of course not. He's just a bastard.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Right. Fuck it.

CLAIRE

What?

FLEABAG

Come on.

Fleabag stands and marches off. She grabs the bassoon case as she leaves.

CLAIRE

No, no, no! It's alright ... slow down!

INT. HAIRDRESSER'S – DAY

Moments later Fleabag storms into a posh hairdresser's, followed by Claire with the bassoon. The Hairdresser from the flashback is doing a WOMAN's hair. There are five other CUSTOMERS in the salon.

FLEABAG

Hey!

Hairdresser sees Fleabag and Claire coming and steels up. He talks to her like a dog trainer. Not pissed off. Just deadly serious and very strong.

HAIRDRESSER

NO.

FLEABAG

Anthony!

HAIRDRESSER

NO.

(pointing to Claire)

That is EXACTLY what she asked for.

FLEABAG

No it's not. We want compensation.

HAIRDRESSER

Claire?

CLAIRE

I've got two important meetings and I look like a pencil.

HAIRDRESSER

NO. Don't blame me for your bad choices. Hair isn't everything.

FLEABAG

Wow.

HAIRDRESSER

What?

FLEABAG

Hair. Is. Everything. We wish it wasn't so we could actually think about something else occasionally. But it is. It's the difference between a good day and a bad day. We're meant to think that it is a symbol of power, a symbol of fertility, some people are exploited for it and it pays your fucking bills. Hair is everything, *Anthony*.

CLAIRE

Show her the reference.

HAIRDRESSER

Claudia. Bring me the bin.

An employee, CLAUDIA, brings him the bin. He pulls out a picture of a model with exactly Claire's current haircut.

HAIRDRESSER

If you want to change your life. Change your life.

(beat)

It's not going to happen in here.

FLEABAG

Sorry Anthony ... see you next week.

CLAIRE

Sorry Anthony, I didn't ... think it would turn out like that.

EXT. CITY SQUARE – DAY

Claire and Fleabag are back on the bench from earlier, with the bassoon.

CLAIRE

Have you got any cigarettes?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

Good.

CLAIRE

Thank you for being there.

FLEABAG

It was very cathartic.

CLAIRE

At the hospital.

Beat.

FLEABAG

S'Ok. Shame you couldn't keep that doctor.

Claire smiles.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry you lost it.

Claire looks out, consumed by guilt.

CLAIRE

(filled with guilt)

I just felt relief.

(beat)

I didn't want my husband's baby. Isn't that awful?

Fleabag reaches for Claire's hand. She understands.

Beat.

CLAIRE

I haven't even asked you how you are.

Beat. Fleabag looks at her, waiting for her to ask it.

CLAIRE

How are you? What's going on with you?

FLEABAG

I —

Fleabag looks to camera briefly.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

— met someone.

Beat.

CLAIRE

What?! Really?!

FLEABAG

Yep.

CLAIRE

Oh my God, that's amazing! What does he do?

FLEABAG

He's a priest.

Claire lets her head fall forwards and holds her temples. For ages.

Ages.

Then she looks up, realising.

CLAIRE

Is it – oh my God —

Fleabag nods.

CLAIRE

You are joking.

FLEABAG

Nope.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

Oh God, I'm sorry – it's just—

FLEABAG

I know.

CLAIRE

I'm sure it's very complicated. It's just—

FLEABAG

I know.

Beat.

CLAIRE

God, you're a genius.

Fleabag laughs in spite of herself.

CLAIRE

You're my fucking hero.

KLARE (O.S.)

CLAIRE! Is that you?

Klare is there, with a Finnish BUSINESS MAN and BUSINESS WOMAN.
Claire looks up. Mortified.

CLAIRE

Oh God. Oh God oh God.

KLARE

CLAIRE. Oh my GOD, CLAIRE, I LOVE YOUR HAIR! It's so cute and edgy and cool. Like superstar – popstar. Listen – these penguins are taking me to this amazing London music thing. Are you free?

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Yes.

KLARE

Do you want to come?

CLAIRE

I – I have to take my stepson his bassoon, I – wish I could —

KLARE

Ah. Well – I leave tomorrow. So.

FLEABAG

I'll take the bassoon! I've got it!

Beat.

CLAIRE

No. I – he's expecting me to—

FLEABAG

Tell Jake it's with me at the café. Honestly, it's fine.

KLARE

Hey – I'm not going to get in the way of your family days.

FLEABAG

I'll take it. Please get in the way of her family days. Just tell Jake I've got it.

Claire shoots her a look – Fleabag prises the bassoon off Claire.

FLEABAG

No biggie.

Claire nods.

FLEABAG

Bye Claire. Bye Klare.

(to camera)

Bye Claire.

Klare and Claire walk away, Fleabag watches them go.

KLARE

(at her hair)

I can't believe your hair! It's just so chic. And cute! It's all the things! It goes so well with your top.

CLAIRE

Oh that's so sweet of you. Honestly, I've had such a day with it.

Fleabag checks her watch – fuck! She runs off, frantically.

EXT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

Bank Manager is tidying up outside, he is wearing a 'Hilary's Café' pinny. He hands Fleabag the keys. She still holds the bassoon case.

BANK MANAGER

That was exhausting. The new guinea pig —

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Hamster.

BANK MANAGER

— is in with Hilary. They shared the cucumber Ok which was ... quite sweet.

FLEABAG

Thanks!

BANK MANAGER

Well, I'd say anytime, but. Um —

FLEABAG

You have a new job.

BANK MANAGER

I will be back though. My wife would love Chatty Wednesdays.

FLEABAG
(smiling)

Oh!

BANK MANAGER

You have a visitor. I let him wait in there.

Fleabag looks to camera. Who is it? She shakes hands with Bank Manager.

FLEABAG
Pleasure doing business with you.

BANK MANAGER

Bye.

He turns and walks away.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

He took the pinny.

INT. HILARY'S CAFÉ – DAY

She walks into the café. Standing there by Hilary's hutch is her visitor.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Ugh.

It's Martin. He's holding Hilary, stroking her – it's sinister.

MARTIN

Hey!

FLEABAG
(to camera)

He's going to make a bassoon joke.

MARTIN

Is that a bassoon in your hand or are you just pleased to see me?

FLEABAG
Would you say that to your son?

MARTIN

When he has his bassoon, sure.

(laughing)

But he's never pleased to see me.

FLEABAG

It doesn't even make sense. Why would a bassoon in my hand—

MARTIN

Like a dick in your hand.

FLEABAG

Right, so if I was walking towards you with an amputated dick in my hand, you would assume it was because I was horny.

MARTIN

Well I'd assume that you had been! Certainly wouldn't put it past you to chop a dick off.

FLEABAG

Put the guinea pig down.

MARTIN

Where is she?

FLEABAG

Why?

MARTIN

Well she was meant to drop that off and she's not at the office.

FLEABAG

Well, I don't know where she is.

MARTIN

(the bassoon)

So you just found that?

FLEABAG

Please don't hurt the guinea pig.

MARTIN

I would never hurt the guinea pig.

He turns to the hutch.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(seriously)

I wouldn't do that.

He mumbles sweetly to Hilary as he replaces her in her hutch – Fleabag looks to the camera. Disturbed.

FLEABAG

Are you sure we should even be talking? Aren't you supposed to be getting me arrested or something—

MARTIN

Wow – she really tells you everything, doesn't she. Cute tables.

He pulls a small bottle of whiskey out of his pocket.

FLEABAG

Jesus, Martin.

MARTIN

FUCK OFF.

(beat. He points at her)

You are the problem, you know that. You are the problem in my perfect life.

FLEABAG

I haven't seen you in a year.

MARTIN

And yet stiiiiiiiii ...

(laughing, pointing at her face)

Off she runs into the night for you ... I can't even get the woman pregnant and then you come in, showing off about your miscarriage like you didn't even want the one you had. I WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE HER FEEL BETTER.

Beat. He looks at her.

Beat.

Her phone rings in her bag.

MARTIN

Give me your phone.

FLEABAG

No.

MARTIN
Give me your phone.

FLEABAG
No.

MARTIN
Is she leaving me?

FLEABAG
Hope so.

MARTIN
Don't let her leave me.
(he stifles a sob)

Don't let her leave me. Please.

Beat. Fleabag looks at him. She looks at the camera and pulls a mock sad face.

FLEABAG
I hope she doesn't come home tonight.

Martin laughs bitterly. Then reaches and grabs Fleabag by the collar.

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Argh! Cashmere, cashmere, cashmere!

MARTIN
I will take you down, fucker.

FLEABAG
I will take YOU DOWN, fucker.

Martin laughs again, bitter. He lets her go.

MARTIN
FUCK YOU!

FLEABAG
FUCK YOU!

MARTIN
FUCK YOU!

FLEABAG
FUCK YOU!

MARTIN

FUCK YOU, YOU BETTER START SLEEPING WITH A
LAWYER!

FLEABAG

I'M ALREADY SLEEPING WITH A LAWYER!

MARTIN

Oh yeah? LUCKY LAWYER.

Beat. Slightly confused by what he just said, and realising the argument is over, Martin exits the café and drunkenly runs down the street.

Fleabag sighs.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Better call my lawyer.

HARD CUT TO: INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR – NIGHT

Fleabag is standing facing her front door. Now in her coat.

FLEABAG

You know that feeling when the Hot Misogynist who might not be a misogynist is turning up to your house for the second time in 48 hours to give you an orgasm you don't want, just so you can do something to get your head out of the fact that the only person in the world you want to see is the Priest that you—

The buzzer goes.

FLEABAG

So you pick yourself up, cover yourself in coconut oil and hope that he doesn't notice that you haven't shaved your—

She opens the door.

The Priest stands there.

PRIEST

Hey.

(beat)

Your sister gave me your address.

She just stares at him in shock. He sees her outfit.

PRIEST

Are you on your way out?

FLEABAG

No, I ... just got in.

(to camera)

I've only got underwear on under this coat.

PRIEST

Cool. Can I come in?

FLEABAG

Yeah. Sure.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The Priest walks into her living room.

PRIEST

It's, uh, nice—

FLEABAG

Thank you.

He paces the room slightly. Fleabag glances at the camera – what is he going to say?

FLEABAG

Water?

PRIEST

Um. No thanks. I wanna ... keep a clear head.

(quickly)

I changed my mind about the wedding. I can't let them down like that. And apparently no one else will wear the outfit.

FLEABAG

That's good of you.

PRIEST

Do you want to take off your coat?

FLEABAG

No, I'm good. Bit chilly.

He looks at her. Beat.

PRIEST

I sacrificed a lot for this life. I gave a lot of things up. So—
The doorbell rings.

Beat.

PRIEST

Do you want to get that?

FLEABAG

I don't like opening the door to people I don't know.

HOT MISOGYNIST (O.S.)

I'm baaaaacckkk!!

The doorbell rings again. Beat.

PRIEST

Look, if there's someone you need to see or – let in—
Fleabag sits down.

FLEABAG

No, no, no ... Honestly it's fine.

Beat. He settles.

PRIEST

When I was a child, I—
The doorbell rings again. Hot Misogynist shouts through the door.

FLEABAG

I'll just be —
She goes to the door.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. HALLWAY / FRONT DOOR

Fleabag opens the door. Hot Misogynist is there, ready to go.

HOT MISOGYNIST

So you're in trouble again, huh?

FLEABAG

Listen, I'm sorry, but you can't come in.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Ok! You wanna do it on the doorstep?

The Priest overhears the conversation.

FLEABAG

I'm so sorry, but my Priest is here and he really needs some guidance.

HOT MISOGYNIST

What? Is he Ok?

FLEABAG

No – I think he's having an emotional crisis.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Shall I wait? You said you wanted to see me.

FLEABAG

Yes, I did want to see you and now I don't want to see you.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Did I do something wrong? You seemed to like what I did?

FLEABAG

Yes I did.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm really good at it.

Meanwhile the Priest overhears – and stands, awkwardly.

FLEABAG

Yep.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'm really good at it.

FLEABAG

Yep. I know you are. You're really good at it.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Well, clearly I'm not. If you don't want it.

FLEABAG

Oh for God's sake. You're the best sex I've ever had.

HOT MISOGYNIST

What?

FLEABAG

You're the best sex I've ever had.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Really?

FLEABAG

Honestly. You made me come nine times.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Honestly?

Fleabag nods. He smiles, proud and relieved.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Ok, cool. Do you want me to go?

FLEABAG

Yeah.

HOT MISOGYNIST

I'll take this somewhere else.

FLEABAG

Ok, good. Good for her.

He touches her cheek.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Nine times. You're a saint.

He leaves. She closes the door behind him.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag walks back in.

FLEABAG

I'm sorry, that was just—

PRIEST

No, it's Ok, I won't ask.

(beat)

Nine times ...

FLEABAG
(quickly)

I just had to get rid of him.

PRIEST

Sure.

(beat)

I can't be physical with you.

FLEABAG

We can't even wrestle?

He laughs awkwardly. He looks at her.

FLEABAG

Priests have sex, you know. A lot of them actually do. They don't burst into flames, I googled it.

PRIEST

I can't have sex with you because I'll fall in love with you and if I fall in love with you, I won't burst into flames, but ... my life will be fucked.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

We're going to have sex.

PRIEST

I'm meant to love ONE thing.

Beat.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Oh my God, we're going to have sex.

PRIEST

(noticing her talk to us)

FOR FUCK'S SAKE STOP THAT. I don't think you want to be told what to do at all. I think you know exactly what to do. If you really wanted someone to tell you what to do, you'd be wearing one of these.

FLEABAG

Women aren't actually allowed—

PRIEST

Oh, fuck off, I know.

He looks at her.

Pause.

PRIEST

We're going to have sex, aren't we?

She nods. He nods too.

PRIEST

Yeah.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

PRIEST

Ok.

He moves towards her, begins undoing her coat. Sees the underwear underneath.

PRIEST

Oh. Um, Ok.

FLEABAG

Listen, I had a – uh.

He shakes his head gently.

She falls quiet. He opens her coat. She leans forward and kisses him gently. He suddenly goes for it. He's a pro ... he just needed permission.

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Fleabag and the Priest are in bed. He is on top of her, it's passionate.

She looks to the camera, then pushes it forcefully away.

END OF EPISODE 5

EPISODE 6

INT. FLEABAG'S FLAT. BEDROOM – MORNING

Fleabag is lying in bed awake.

The Priest is lying with his back to her.

She strokes the back of his neck.

PRIEST
(gently, without turning)

What?

(beat)

What are you thinking?

FLEABAG

I just —

PRIEST
(gently)

Go on.

He turns. He looks at her.

He smiles at her.

She smiles at him.

FLEABAG

I just —

PRIEST
(gently)

Go on.

Beat.

FLEABAG

I just can't believe you did that.

Beat. He smiles.

PRIEST

I know.

TITLE CARD: THE WEDDING

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. GARDEN – DAY

JUMP CUTS OF: Fleabag and Claire in the garden welcoming GUESTS.

CLAIRE / FLEABAG

So good to see you!

— as they hug various family friends.

CLAIRE

We're over the moon.

FLEABAG

Heyyy, good to see you.

CLAIRE

Love the shirt.

FLEABAG
(to Claire)

Who is that?

JUMP CUT TO: Fleabag gestures to Claire's clip-on ponytail.

FLEABAG

Is this the—

CLAIRE

Don't. It'll come off.

JUMP CUT TO: The portrait of Fleabag and Claire is prominently displayed. Fleabag and Claire look over at Godmother and Dad.

CLAIRE

What's happened with the priest?

JUMP CUT TO: Fleabag and Claire greet Harry and Elaine. Fleabag and Elaine accidentally kiss on the lips.

JUMP CUT TO: Back with Fleabag and Claire.

FLEABAG

Nothing.

JUMP CUT TO: Dad approaches Claire and Fleabag.

DAD

Ohhh, so good of you to come and get me.

FLEABAG

Get you?

DAD

See me.

JUMP CUT TO: Jake arrives with his bassoon.

FLEABAG

Hi Jake.

JAKE

Where's Claire?

FLEABAG

Just there.

She points to Claire right next to her.

CLAIRE

Your Dad's just down there.

JUMP CUT TO: Back with Dad, Fleabag and Claire.

DAD

Nice skirts.

Fleabag and Claire are both wearing dresses.

DAD

Do you need me to say anything ... emotional about today?

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

No no, we're good. / I think we're fine, thanks.

JUMP CUT TO: Fleabag and Claire on their own.

CLAIRE

Do you want tequila? I'm gonna get one.

JUMP CUT TO: More guests arrive.

FLEABAG/CLAIRE

Hi, hi, nice to see you!

JUMP CUT TO: Back with Fleabag and Claire.

FLEABAG

How's Klare?

CLAIRE

Well, he's crazy about me, so ...

(beat)

That's a nightmare.

FLEABAG

Nightmare.

CLAIRE

He's back to Finland today anyway which is good. It's fine, it's totally fine.

FLEABAG

Sounds like it's fine.

CLAIRE

It is.

Fleabag gives the camera a look.

CLAIRE

(sighs)

It's going to be a lovely day, isn't it.

FLEABAG

(sighs)

I'm afraid so.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. GARDEN, ELSEWHERE – DAY

Fleabag (holding the present) is being introduced to Godmother's fascinating friends: DANIEL, FRANCINE and ASIF. Dad hovers. Claire, Martin and Jake stand by.

GODMOTHER

This is my very interesting friend Daniel, who's *deaf*. I picked him up at a student gallery opening. Utterly fascinating. Can't hear a thing, but is a fabulous physical communicator through hands and lips.

Daniel signs something. Godmother is enchanted.

GODMOTHER

Oh I love that! And this is my extraordinary friend Francine. She's a *lesbian* —

FLEABAG

(to camera, mouthing simultaneously)

Lesbian.

GODMOTHER

And this is Asif, my bisexual Syrian *refugee* friend —

(to Dad)

— who you haven't actually met yet darling. And Asif, this is um
—

(to Dad, forgetting his name but horrified with herself for it)
— oh my God. This is ... This is ... God, how extraordinary — I
always call you darling!

(beat, recovering)

This is the love of my life!

Even she is horrified. She kisses him.

FLEABAG

(holding her present up)

Is there somewhere I can put this?

GODMOTHER

We said no presents! Oh you're such a sweetheart. She's a natural
rule breaker.

DAD

Not today!

FLEABAG

Well I've been trying to get rid of it for ages, so —

Godmother takes it. She touches Fleabag's cheek.

GODMOTHER

(sincerely)

Ohhhh. Thank you.

Beat.

GODMOTHER

I'm going to open it over a bin, so I've got somewhere to put the
paper.

She smiles and walks inside.

Beat. Godmother turns back.

GODMOTHER
(pointing at Fleabag)

Come with me!

Fleabag goes in.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. KITCHEN – DAY

Godmother and Fleabag walk in.

FLEABAG
Are you short on staff or ... Do you need me or ...?

Godmother turns round to face her while opening the present over the bin.

GODMOTHER
No, I just wondered if you had a little show planned?

FLEABAG
What?

GODMOTHER
Well, you normally do. And I wondered if there was anything I might need to know about that might happen later?

FLEABAG
No.

GODMOTHER
Good. Well let me know if you change your mind. Because today is the most important day of my life, and I love your father very much and I imagine you'd rather have me looking after him in the years to come than having to do it yourself. So.
(beat)

No more miscarriages.

She looks down and opens the box, seeing the statue.

Godmother looks up at her in shock.

FLEABAG
It's worth a lot. So ...

She strokes her face. She accepts the significance of the gift.

GODMOTHER

Thank you.

(beat)

I'll go and put her straight back on her shelf.

She turns and walks to the door, then turns.

GODMOTHER

(beat)

Do you know, I often thought it strange that of all my pieces you chose to take her.

FLEABAG

Why?

Godmother looks at the statue in her hand. She smiles.

GODMOTHER

She was based on your mother.

Fleabag frowns.

GODMOTHER

(she squeezes the statue to her chest)

So nice to have her back in the house.

She smiles sweetly and exits.

Fleabag burns with rage.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. SIDE ALLEY – DAY

Fleabag rushes to the side of the house, with a packet of cigarettes. She looks up to find the Priest.

FLEABAG

Oh—

PRIEST

Oh FUCK!

FLEABAG

Oh my God, FUCK, you're here.

PRIEST

Jesus. I thought you were a fox.

(beat)

You're not.

FLEABAG

No – are you – I didn't know you were —

PRIEST

No no, I'm fine, sorry – I know – I just didn't want to – I'm practising the homily.

FLEABAG

How's it going?

PRIEST

Not good. I can't – I can't ...

(beat)

You look lovely.

FLEABAG

Thank you. So do you.

PRIEST

Wait till you see me in the full shebang. You're going to lose your fucking mind.

Fleabag laughs. A beat.

PRIEST

We just need to get through this bit. Then we can ... we can —

FLEABAG

Yeah.

Beat.

PRIEST

Better get changed.

FLEABAG

Yeah. Good luck.

He goes to leave, then suddenly they're kissing, passionately, up against the wall. They stop, smiling.

FLEABAG

Oh my God. You have lipstick all over you—

PRIEST

Fucking hell!

(wiping his mouth)

That would not look good. Is it gone? Oh fucking hell. I don't know – I don't know – oh I don't know what this feeling is.

FLEABAG

Is it God or is it me?

PRIEST

I don't know ...

(beat)

I don't know.

He slowly walks away. He turns back to her but decides he can't. He walks away.

FLEABAG

Fuck you then.

They laugh, and he goes.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. GARDEN, ELSEWHERE – DAY

Later. Fleabag is outside. Godmother is with a group of GUESTS introducing everyone. Martin and Jake are stood nearby. Claire approaches Fleabag.

CLAIRE

Where's your priest?

FLEABAG

I don't know. Are you Ok?

CLAIRE

Yes, well ... I hate my husband and the man I love is on his way to Finland, so ... Pretty weird.

GODMOTHER

OH! Way to upstage the bride!

They all turn to see the Priest walking towards them, in his robes. He and Fleabag share a look. She smiles at him, he smiles back.

Godmother is thrilled he's worn the whole thing.

PRIEST

I did my best!

GODMOTHER

Oh look!

She tries to twirl him.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

This is our very chic Priest—

PRIEST

I was aiming for chic!

He smiles at Fleabag.

FLEABAG

It's particularly good around the —

She indicates the arms.

PRIEST

Thank you —

Godmother continues her introductions.

GODMOTHER

Father, you remember Martin!

MARTIN

Hey, how're you doing man?

PRIEST

Bit nervous Martin!

They shake hands. Martin laughs.

GODMOTHER

You know Jake.

PRIEST

Yes, hello Jake, how're you?

Jake silently shakes the Priest's hand.

GODMOTHER

This is my very interesting friend Lucy who is a surrogate.

Priest shakes hands with Lucy.

PRIEST

Hello, nice to meet you.

MARTIN

Weird!

GODMOTHER

And this is my unstable stepdaughter who's had a miscarriage.

Everyone lets out a quiet mumble of 'Oh no, I'm so sorry' etc. together.

Priest and Fleabag shake hands.

PRIEST

Nice to see you again.

FLEABAG

You too.

GODMOTHER

You knew that, you were there.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

It was my miscarriage.

Everybody laughs. Thinking it was a joke.

MARTIN

What?!

CLAIRE

It was my fucking miscarriage!

Everyone laughs more. Martin laughs particularly loudly.

CLAIRE

(to Martin)

Yes, I thought you'd find that funny.

He stops.

GODMOTHER

How interesting.

CLAIRE

She was just covering for me.

MARTIN

We were pregnant?

CLAIRE

For a few weeks. Yes.

MARTIN

It was my baby?

GODMOTHER

(to Fleabag)

Sorry, so you haven't had a miscarriage?

FLEABAG

No, sorry.

MARTIN

Wait, what the fuck is going on here? It was my baby?

CLAIRE

I guess it was your baby's way of saying it didn't want you as its father.

(beat, pointed)

Like a goldfish out the bowl, sort of thing.

Fleabag looks at the camera. Godmother laughs nervously.

GODMOTHER

Sorry, but whoever had a miscarriage, could you take it to the kitchen?

Claire goes to leave. Jake starts to follow.

CLAIRE

No. Don't follow me Jake.

(to Martin)

Oh and, this is over.

Claire leaves. Fleabag follows her, shortly followed by Martin.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. KITCHEN – DAY

Claire enters the kitchen, and Fleabag and Martin follow shortly. A WAITRESS is leaving the kitchen with a tray of champagne and Fleabag gratefully takes one.

Claire is breathing heavily.

CLAIRE
You're leaving me.

MARTIN
No, no, no.

CLAIRE
YES.

MARTIN
Are you drunk?

CLAIRE
Yes.

FLEABAG
Are you sober?

MARTIN
A bit.

(to Fleabag)
Could you fuck off for—

FLEABAG
Ok, no, no, I'm staying right here.

CLAIRE
(simultaneously)
Oh absolutely not.

CLAIRE
I want you to leave me.

MARTIN
Listen to me. I just, I have —

FLEABAG
(to camera)
I think he has a little speech—

MARTIN
— I have a little speech that's building here.

Fleabag holds her champagne to the camera.

MARTIN

Now, I know you look at me and you see a bad man with a big beard.

CLAIRE

You're an alcoholic, and you tried it on with my sister—

MARTIN

Fine, I tried to kiss your sister on her birthday—

CLAIRE

MY birthday.

MARTIN

FINE, I mix up birthdays and I have an alcohol problem just like everyone else in this fucking country. But I am here and I do things. I pick up Jake from shit, I make dessert for Easter, I organise the downstairs toilet, I fired the humming cleaner—

CLAIRE

You enjoyed that.

MARTIN

I Hoover the car, I put up all your certificates and I don't make you feel guilty for not having sex with me. I AM NOT A BAD GUY, I just have a bad personality. It's not my fault. Some people are just born with fucked personalities. Look at Jake. He is so creepy. It's not his fault. Why the bassoon?! You wanna know what the bassoon is?! It's a CRY FOR HELP.

(pause)

The main fucking problem here, is that you don't *like* me.

(beat)

And that has been breaking my fucking heart for eleven years. I love you. I make you laugh. I'm a douche, but I make you laugh. You said that was the most important thing!

(she says nothing)

I think the thing that you hate the most about yourself is that you actually love me! So I am not going to leave you until you are down on your knees begging me.

Beat. Fleabag looks at Claire.

Claire gets on her knees.

CLAIRE

Please leave me.

Beat.

MARTIN

Oh man. I didn't think you'd do that in that dress.

(beat)

Right. Well.

(beat)

I guess the only thing left for me to say is ...

(to Fleabag)

Fuck you.

FLEABAG

Fuck you.

Beat. He goes.

Fleabag looks at Claire. She offers her hand. Claire takes it.

EXT. DAD'S GARDEN. SIDE ALLEY – LATER

Fleabag is having a cigarette. We see a flash of her and the Priest kissing earlier.

EXT. DAD'S GARDEN – LATER

Later. Godmother and the Priest are waiting nervously. Jake is preparing his bassoon. Fleabag and Claire are eating cake. Godmother approaches them nervously.

GODMOTHER

What have you done with him?

FLEABAG

Who?

GODMOTHER

Your father. The wedding is about to start and no one can find him anywhere. Can you do something?

(meaning it)

Please. Please.

(beat)

Please.

Fleabag looks at the camera smugly.

FLEABAG
(to Claire, pointing)

Garden.

CLAIRE

Upstairs.

FLEABAG

Ok.

They go.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. LANDING – DAY

Fleabag rushes up the stairs to the landing, and finds the ladder to the attic.
She calls up the ladder.

FLEABAG

Dad?

She climbs up the ladder, pulling her dress down as she goes.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. ATTIC – DAY

Fleabag finds Dad up there crouched in a corner.

FLEABAG

Dad.

DAD

I can't get out.

Beat. She climbs in. He is sat in the corner, crouched over, clearly in a crisis.

FLEABAG

Ok, Dad. You can.

DAD

I can't!! It's a trap. I'm stuck. There's nothing I can do!

FLEABAG

No, Dad, everyone will understand – just give them all a bottle to take home. Honestly, they will be relieved.

She gets close enough to discover him with his foot stuck between floorboards.

He stares at her.

DAD

My foot. Is stuck.

Beat.

FLEABAG

Oh.

DAD

Everyone will understand?

FLEABAG

Um.

He stares at her. Then he pulls his foot. He groans at the pain.

DAD

Will you help me please?

FLEABAG

How is it stuck?

She gets on her knees. She investigates the shoe.

DAD

Just – just help me get it out. I am going to be in so much trouble.

FLEABAG

What are you doing up here?

DAD

I – I just remembered that I'd left a – a friendly mouse trap up here a few weeks ago and I hadn't checked it. I wanted to make sure that one little chap hadn't got trapped in it and was suffocating up here.

He looks at her.

FLEABAG

I think I've worked out what we need to do.

DAD

Do it.

(she doesn't)

Do it.

(she doesn't)

Darling!

FLEABAG

I'll do it if you tell me why you're up here. Just one honest answer.

DAD

I ... What ... What ... I – I don't think ...

FLEABAG

One full sentence.

Beat.

DAD

I was checking on the mouse.

FLEABAG

Dad.

(beat)

Do you want to make a run for it? I can smuggle you out in one of Mum's dresses.

DAD

You would as well.

They both laugh.

The music starts outside. He starts to panic.

DAD

I know she's not ...

(beat)

Everyone's cup of tea.

Fleabag laughs. He laughs.

DAD

And neither are you, darling.

(beat)

I mean ... I'm sorry ... I love you – but I'm not sure that I like you.

(beat)

All the time. Sorry.

FLEABAG

Hey, you created this monster ...

He smiles.

DAD

You're not the way you are because of me.

FLEABAG

I know.

DAD

You're the way you are because of her.

(beat)

And it's those bits that you need to cling to.

She nods.

DAD

Could you ... get my shoe out?

She takes his foot out of his shoe.

DAD

I just want you all to be proud of me.

FLEABAG

We are proud of you Dad. You have two daughters who love you, even if you don't like them.

She removes the shoe from the floorboard.

DAD

I like Claire.

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Jesus, Dad.

He laughs. She puts the shoe back on his foot, ties his shoelace.

DAD

Thank you.

He looks at her, not sure what to do.

FLEABAG

Come on.

DAD

I don't think I can ...

FLEABAG

Come on. Buck up. Smiles. Charm. Off we go.

They stand.

DAD

I think you know how to love better than any of us. That's why you find it all so painful.

Beat. He moves off. She is moved, then ...

FLEABAG

(to camera, bemused)

I don't find it painful.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. GARDEN – DAY

Fleabag leads limping Dad into the garden.

Godmother is at the end of her aisle with Priest. She looks up and sees them. She holds her heart with relief and mouths 'thank you' at Fleabag.

She and Dad get to the top of his aisle. She begins to let go of his arm.

FLEABAG

(whispering)

Ok Dad.

He grabs her hand and presses it into his arm.

DAD

No – stay a moment. Stay.

Beat. She doesn't let go. She starts leading him down his aisle.

Godmother is walking down her aisle, slightly perturbed by what she is seeing, but mainly relieved that he is there.

It's almost as if Fleabag is giving Dad away.

The Priest stands at the front.

Once she's brought him to the front, Fleabag tries to go again but Dad hangs onto her hand.

GODMOTHER
(sharp)

Darling.

DAD

Sorry.

He lets go of Fleabag's hand. Fleabag goes and joins Claire, who's seated at the back. Claire and Fleabag share a look and perhaps a hand squeeze.

PRIEST
Good afternoon, everybody. Thank you for coming today to celebrate the love between ... these two very special people. Before we start, Jake has asked to play another piece on his bassoon.

Jake starts to play the bassoon. Fleabag sees Martin standing morosely at the back.

CLAIRE
I can't do this reading.

FLEABAG
Don't do it.

CLAIRE
What?!

FLEABAG
I'll do it. You go and get him.

CLAIRE
I can't go and get him!

FLEABAG
Why not?

CLAIRE

It's too late. I can't ... leave my father's wedding. He's called Klare for God's sake and he's already at the airport anyway.

FLEABAG

Well there you go. Is it running through the airport kind of love?

CLAIRE

I'm not going to the airport. He'd think I was insane.

FLEABAG

I'm just sayi—

CLAIRE

The *airport*. How would I even find him? You can't get through security without a boarding pass.

FLEABAG

I wasn't suggesting you—

CLAIRE

I'd have to buy a dummy ticket, just to get through the gate. I don't know when his flight is, or which terminal. Imagine if I knew that. Imagine him finding out I knew all that. Imagine if he was just in Boots, buying a pair of tweezers in Terminal 5, and suddenly I was there: 'Hello Klare.'

FLEABAG

Yeah, that would be intense.

Beat.

CLAIRE

The only person I'd run through the airport for is you.

They look at each other.

Jake finishes his piece and everyone applauds.

PRIEST

Thank you Jake for that beautiful bassoon piece ... written specially for today. I believe it's called ...

(he reads from a paper)

'Where's Claire?'

The guests applaud.

PRIEST

I think what you guys are doing is amazing. Sorry —
(he gets emotional)

Fuck me! Sorry – I didn't get much sleep last night.

Claire and Fleabag give each other a look.

PRIEST

So it turns out it's quite hard to come up with something original to say about love. But I've had a go.

Long pause.

PRIEST

Love is awful! It's awful. It's painful. It's frightening, it makes you doubt yourself, judge yourself, distance yourself from other people in your life. Makes you selfish. Makes you creepy. It makes you obsessed with your hair. Makes you cruel. Makes you say and do things you never thought you would do.

CLAIRE

(quietly, to Fleabag)

There's something wrong with your priest.

Fleabag looks at her, then at us. Concerned.

PRIEST

It's all any of us want and it's hell when we get there. So no wonder it's something we don't want to do on our own.

Priest and Fleabag catch eyes.

PRIEST

I was taught that if we're born with love, then life is about choosing the right place to put it. People talk about that a lot. It 'feeling right'. 'When it feels right, it's easy.' But I'm not sure that's true. It takes strength to know what's right.

(beat)

And love isn't something that weak people do. Being a romantic takes a hell of a lot of hope. I think what they mean is ... When you find somebody that you love ... It feels like hope.

Claire is on the verge of tears.

FLEABAG
(whispering)

Go out the side way. Now.

Claire smiles. She puts her hand to her head and unclips her ponytail and puts it on her seat as she goes. Jake and Martin watch her go.

PRIEST
So thank you for bringing us all together here today. To take words from this book of love – be strong and take heart, all you who hope ... in the Lord. Amen.

Beat. He looks at Fleabag.

PRIEST
And now, let's get on with the big bit!

He turns to Godmother and Dad.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR – DUSK

Music is blaring from the house. The party is now in full swing.

Fleabag comes out the front door and lights a cigarette.

The front door behind her opens and Dad comes out.

DAD
Oh! There you are.

He stands next to her. He smiles. She smiles. They break out into laughter. She offers him the cigarette. He first refuses it, but then —

DAD
Oh, fuck it.

He takes it. He has a drag. He blows the smoke out. The day is done. He's happy and relieved.

DAD (CONT'D)
(about the cigarette)

Thank you.

She smiles.

DAD (CONT'D)

(about the day)

And thank you.

He touches her cheek and turns to go back inside. He turns before he leaves.

DAD

Oh ... The uh ... Priest is looking for you.

FLEABAG

Oh.

DAD

Don't break his heart.

He smiles and goes back in.

Beat.

Fleabag puts out her cigarette and walks inside.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. GARDEN – NIGHT

Party in full swing. Godmother and Dad are happy newlyweds, standing with the Priest. Fleabag approaches with her bag.

PRIEST

Oh, are you leaving?

FLEABAG

Oh, actually, well I – I thought you were —

PRIEST

I was changing.

FLEABAG

(laughing)

Oh yeah.

PRIEST

What do you do – do you get the – get the bus, or ...?

FLEABAG

Yeah, I get the bus.

PRIEST

On the road?

FLEABAG

Just on the road. I get on the bus.

PRIEST

Well that's nice.

Dad interrupts.

DAD

Bye, my daughter.

FLEABAG
(to Dad)

Bye, Father.

(to Priest, flirty)

Bye, Father.

Everyone laughs.

FLEABAG
(to Godmother, polite)

Goodbye.

GODMOTHER

Bye.

She goes.

EXT. LONDON. STREET. BUS STOP – NIGHT

Fleabag sits at the bus stop. She looks up the road.

He's not there.

She looks up the road again. She smiles.

The Priest approaches.

FLEABAG

You nailed it.

He laughs. He sits. They look up at the screen. It's 46 minutes until the next bus.

PRIEST

Ugh. They always lie. It'll magically come in a minute.
(beat)

They're really into each other, those two. It's nice.

FLEABAG

They really pulled it off.

PRIEST

Was your sister Ok? She seemed —

FLEABAG

Yeah she – er – she – had to do a work thing ...

PRIEST

— a bit on edge.

PRIEST

Wow, dedicated!

FLEABAG

Addicted.

They look at each other. Pause.

FLEABAG

It's God, isn't it?

Beat.

PRIEST

Yeah.

Fleabag smiles and nods.

FLEABAG

Damn.

(pause)

Damn.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

You know the worst thing is ... That I fucking love you.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I love you.

Beat. He takes a breath, but she interrupts.

FLEABAG

No no don't, let's just leave that out there for a second on its own.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I love you.

They sit with the words.

Pause. She looks at him.

He takes her hand.

PRIEST
(gently)

It'll pass.

Beat.

She smiles.

Beat.

FLEABAG

This bus is not magically coming.

PRIEST
(getting up)

I think I'll walk.

FLEABAG

Ok.

PRIEST

See you Sunday?

She laughs.

PRIEST

I'm joking. You're never ever allowed in my church again.

They laugh.

Beat.

PRIEST

I love you too.

(beat)

Ok.

He turns and walks away.

Soon, he is gone.

Fleabag inhales sharply.

She looks up at the digital bus timer. It says: Cancelled.

Beat. Fleabag sits there.

After a few moments a FOX passes her in the middle of the road.

It stops and looks at her.

She points in the direction the Priest walked.

FLEABAG

He went that way.

The fox trots off after him.

Fleabag sits there.

She opens her bag and pulls out the STATUE.

She looks at it ... Her golden mother, sat with her at a bus stop in the middle of the night. Just the two of them.

She looks at us.

A hint of a smile.

She stands up, puts her bag over her shoulder and, holding the statue of her mother in her hand, she turns to walk.

The camera moves with her for a couple of steps.

She stops, feeling it follow her. She looks at us. She smiles slightly with an almost imperceptible shake of her head.

She's asking us not to follow her.

She turns and walks again up the street.

The camera remains where it is.

When she gets almost out of sight she turns and gives us a smile and a little wave.

Then turns and walks off into the night.

Goodbye.

THE END.



Who is Fleabag?

I was twenty-seven and in a cynical spiral. Convinced my work and my brain carried less value than my desirability, a rage grew in me at the invisible lectures I felt I was getting all the time about how to be a woman, how to be a feminist. That the world measured a female's worth only by her desirability. I read an article once that said that a woman's prime was at age twenty-five, because that is when she was considered at her most sexually attractive. Everywhere I looked there were inexplicably naked women – posters on the Tube, adverts for toothpaste, dog food. Someone would have their tits out. Porn was something that people gorged on rather than dabbled with. We were becoming numbed by it, and I was teetering on the edge of a depression. From there I looked down into the abyss and at the bottom of it was Fleabag looking up at me, in lipstick.

Her attitude. Her humour. Her ability to sum a person up and eviscerate them with a single, brutal insight is what drove me to write her. She said the unsayable, but it was the truth, albeit bent with cruelty. She was in her custom-tailored coat of pain wrapped around a broken heart. The bitter author of her own tragedy. It was her fault. She could not complain, she couldn't blame it on anyone. She didn't feel sorry for herself and she didn't attribute her flaws to any one event or ordeal that she had experienced. One day she woke up with an audience watching her so she did the only thing she could ... she put on a show.

Post-script

Fleabag's Beginning

Fleabag began as a ten-minute monologue written for a short-form storytelling night at the Leicester Square Theatre in London, put together by a fellow fringe theatre hustler at the time, Deborah Frances-White. Thanks to the enthusiasm of the crowd there and the ambition of our producer Francesca Moody we soon had a spot at the Underbelly venue in Edinburgh in August. We raised four thousand pounds on Kickstarter and off we went. A month later we were standing in our living-rooms with our hair tousled and the wrong shoes on, clutching a Fringe First and wondering if the whole thing was just a crowd-funded acid-trip. We'd sold out, had great reviews, confirmed a slot at the Soho Theatre and the BBC had asked me to write a pilot. It took me just under a year to crack the adaptation. We nearly lost the commission because it took so long. But my producers Jack and Harry Williams fought for it and it became a Comedy Feed on BBC3.

The Love Stories

These scripts are a result of the most important collaborations of my life and have, in some way, proven to me that your work is only as strong as the people in your team and the gin in your tonic. These two series came about as a result of many late nights, many doubts, and the constant support,

rallying, inspiration and faith of a group of people who have grown to feel like family.

Vicky Jones

Director and dramaturg of the stage show, script editor for Series One, eternal touchstone.

There's a scene in series one where Fleabag is annoyed with herself and Boo dresses up in Fleabag's clothes and forces her to 'have a go at herself'. That was Vicky Jones in my living room, in my coat, in my stupid hat, in 2014.

I left drama school with no job and little confidence, but with the enduring, insatiable need to find ways to make work. Meeting Vicky changed everything. She was a director also on the fringes of the industry trying to make her way, and with the power of two we were galvanised to actually step out and make something ourselves. We created our theatre company, *DryWrite*, and put up monthly new writing nights in a pub in East London. After some time, Vicky and I encouraged (forced) each other to write. With Vicky's faith I felt totally unafraid. My writing became very focused. I just wanted to make *her* laugh, make *her* cry, make *her* gasp. When I was asked to write a monologue for the London Story Festival, I applied the same focus. Vicky read the early draft, helped me hone it, sat front and centre at the show, cheered the loudest, and the rest is Fleabag's history. Her insight, emotional rigour, dogged instinct for the truth and ability to see what you are trying to write before you know yourself defined Fleabag's story.

Vicky helped me develop the play from the very first word, to the opening night, to the first series of the TV show. It would not exist without her. Beyond her incredible talent as a director and writer, she is the kind of

friend people write storybooks about. She was my inspiration for Boo, my reason for writing and my soft-landing when I failed. Knowing she was there made me take bigger risks because I knew if it went tits-up there would be a bottle of wine and a healthy ‘AAAHH FUCKIT’ before we jumped into the next thing.

When trying to crack the pilot episode, Vicky filmed me on her phone as I walked around my kitchen. I was making tea and experimenting talking to the camera. After five minutes she pulled the phone down and grinned: ‘It works.’

Harry Bradbeer

Director

First interview with Harry:

PHOEBE (28ish, female)

So, what do you make of Fleabag?

HARRY (49ish, male)

Oh, for God’s sake darling I AM Fleabag!

Harry is the most profoundly empathetic person I have ever met. He treats every character as if they are the main part and he was right at the heart of the writing process. He is my ‘Truth Hound’! He is only interested in what is going on deep inside the characters, their conflicts, their desires. He gave me language for what I otherwise couldn’t articulate.

During the first season he taught me about ‘Visual Sentences’. I didn’t know how to remind the audience of what happened to Boo and I didn’t want Fleabag to have to explain it more than once as it’s not something she would ever talk about to anyone, other than drunkenly to cab drivers she

doesn't know the middle of the night. Harry described the image of Boo standing across the street with cars zooming past her. He said that was all we needed. A new part of my brain opened up. That was the way into Fleabag's pain. She has such a formidable armour of wit and self-awareness, but drop that in at any point – her laughing at a party, her during sex, her walking down the street feeling 'great' – and we'd know that she isn't OK. That she is still haunted. It was a huge step in my learning about writing for the screen and one of many, many lessons from Harry.

Harry empowers people. He allowed me my vision. He listened to every idea I had, however ludicrous or wrong, and fought back only when he felt something didn't feel true. Even though I was twenty-eight and had next-to-no experience, and he was a BAFTA winning, hasn't-stopped-working TV director, I never felt patronised. I spent many hours in his kitchen – more wine – talking out the twists and turns of the characters. We'd wrestle over what he needed to be able to tell the story visually to match what I had already had in my head. He can be moved to tears by a character. He's the best person to pitch an idea to. He will laugh until he cries if it's funny, furrow his brow and shake his head if it's terrible and shed tears if it's moving.

While writing the second series, I lost faith in it so many times. I really felt Fleabag's story had ended and that we had already seen and heard the most interesting thing about this woman. Harry was adamant that I was wrong. 'If she has something else to learn, then we have more story to tell'. Harry was convinced that the greatest love story we had to tell was that between Fleabag and herself. I shuddered at the sentimentality of it, but I knew it was true.

Jenny

Story producer , Series Two

Jenny is my lifeline. She was the story producer on *Fleabag Two* . We met and worked together on *Killing Eve* and it was a life-changing partnership. I need to talk things out. A LOT. When I spoke to Jenny, it felt like my brain was expanding. Whether we were talking about hair dye or story arcs, it all ended up in the show one way or another.

Jenny was with me every step of the way writing Series Two. We would sit in the office all day putting up post-its of all the ideas I'd had over the last few years. We'd go for lunch, go for dinner, go to Cornwall, go to LA, always talking. I HATE showing a first draft to anyone and I'm incredibly last-minute because of it. But I would show Jenny everything. She is the reason this series is so good. I can't imagine working on a show without her brain, her wit, her heart and her hornet-infested house.

Seconds after we wrapped the final scene of Series Two we were in the kitchen at 'Dad's' house. Everyone quietly left me and Jenny alone for a moment. We just sat in a daze staring at each other. We did it. We know it's only a TV show, but it's what we had been pouring our hearts into for endless days and nights for months. Up until that day, for us it had been everything. We cried and laughed and shook hands, agreeing to always dig that deep and push that hard on everything else we do together.

Sian Clifford

Claire

Sian and I have known each other since drama school. She was as extraordinary then as she is now. I value her opinion and talent deeply. She was relentlessly supportive of my writing, attending every short writing night, acting in anything I begged her to be a part of. She played a sort of proto-type Claire in a short play I wrote years before *Fleabag* . Once I saw her embody that character I just wanted to write and write for her. I still do.

Giving Sian more to do was one of the main incentives to come back for the second series. I just wanted to see her really get her teeth in to something. Knowing how limitless her range is inspired so much of Claire's emotional journey. I talked Sian through all the ideas before each series to gauge how it landed and would be twitching with anticipation for her reaction to each script. She's been a loyal, supportive friend and collaborator and has delivered the most moving portrait of Claire I could have imagined. Extraordinarily, we never really had to talk 'about' Claire. Sian just knew who she was. She's an exquisite actress and has an instinct for story that I relied on often in my wobbly moments. There were a few times I tried to change the lines on set, and she would quietly stop me. 'It's good. Stop it.'

Father William

I spoke to a few priests while researching the show, but the conversations with Father William impacted me far beyond character research. He spoke candidly about the struggles and rewards of giving one's life to a faith. We had long meandering conversations covering topics from the mundane to the controversial, which all fed their way into the fabric of the second series in one way or another. He was deeply cultured and met every challenging question with great humour, consideration and a brilliant biblical reference. I was most interested in, if a little shy to ask about, his experience with celibacy. He spoke eloquently about the pull between the loneliness, and the freedom of it, at one heart-stopping moment describing it as a 'wound'. He was a great influence on the character. Many of the Priest's lines were inspired by things Father William had said.

The Cast

This cast was a goddam gift. Even though the scripts were 'completed', there were always changes on set. Bill Paterson and Fiona Shaw had scenes reworked minutes before we filmed it, Olivia Colman often had new lines

whispered to her mid-scene and Andrew and I once performed a scene I hadn't even had time to write down! Every member of the cast faced it with it with kindness and chutzpah, but no-one was thrown more of a curveball than Brett Gelman. In honour of all of them having to occasionally wing it last minute, I'm going to tell his story.

While sitting with Brett in the car on the way to his climactic final scene I asked him to read out the speech from the script. He did. Something wasn't right. I knew I had to rewrite it, but we only had eleven minutes until we arrived on set. I started writing and talking it through with Brett. I was frantically writing while he read it out in the car. By the time we got to the set, there was a new speech. He had thirty seconds to learn it before he hit the location. Everything was set up. I explained to Harry what I had just put Brett through and the whole crew were behind him. He hit his mark, took a breath then belted out a word-perfect, on point, INCREDIBLE performance of the speech. Then he did it again. And again. He got a round of applause every time, and my heart soars whenever I see that scene!

Olivia came to see the play of *Fleabag* and afterwards told me that if I ever wanted her to be in anything, I just had to ask. I ASKED IMMEDIATELY. I then ran to my producers, cracked open the pilot script, rewrote the end and created the part of Godmother specifically for her. She was there at the very first read-through for the BBC in the basement of a café in Soho, and she's moved mountains to be there for us ever since. If it wasn't for her the part of Godmother would have never existed.

Andrew Scott

Priest

I met Andrew in 2009. We were playing fast-talking, sassy bankers in *Roaring Trade* at the Soho Theatre. It was a formative acting experience for

me. I'd worked with one of the best actors in the world on my first job. Acting with him raised my bar of what it should feel like, look like and sound like to be a performer. He was electric to work with and glorious to spend time with.

As the idea of the Priest was forming, I resisted it. I was too aware of the potholes and pitfalls of TV comedy priests. There were iconic parts in history that loomed over the idea and in some ways it seemed too obvious to put Fleabag with a man of God. Then Andrew stepped to the front of my mind and suddenly the character roared into existence. The pitfalls and the potholes became the marks on a treasure map of how find a new way to bring a priest into the conversation. This challenge intensified: I didn't just have to write a good part. He had to be good enough for Andrew.

I asked Andrew to meet for a coffee in Soho Theatre. 'I want you to be in Fleabag Two.' He was open ... 'Go on ...' I pitched him the character. I told him I wanted to write a kind but complex man who was a match for Fleabag. She has spent her life being able to reduce people to a "Bus Rodent" or an "Arsehole Guy" but this would be a man she couldn't dismiss. This would be a man whose faith is given real consideration and respect in the show, someone who we took seriously. This would be a love story. His eyes lit up. He told me he'd been wanting to play love for a long time.

For the next four hours Andrew and I spoke about love, life, sex, religion, fear, lust, faith, sexuality, need, family, belonging ... everything. His perspective on the world was already influencing the character as we idled through Soho. My inner voice was screaming '*if he poured a shot-glass' worth of whatever magic he has is in real life into this show, we'd have a heart-stopping character.*' He turned to me: 'I want to show you something'. He walked me down Haymarket and we turned into a small door that boasted a sign: *Quaker meeting* . There was no-one there, just a few signs to remind you not to talk in the meeting room. We walked into the room, sat there alone, the two of us, breaking their only rule for another hour.

When we eventually left, he turned to me: ‘Let’s do it.’ We filmed the Quaker scene in the same place we’d met that day. Andrew brought more to this character than can be summed up in words. He brought a soul to the character, that I believe we all could feel when watching him. He even insisted on the character saying ‘I love you too’ to Fleabag at the end, and thank God he did.

Iso

Composer

Iso wrote the music for both series, giving the show it’s defining sound. There was minimal music in the first series, bar the burst of discordance over the titles, and the rock guitar credit music became the sound of *Fleabag* instantly. However, her score for the second series elevated the story from the page and filled every emotional corner of the story.

One of my favourite memories from making *Fleabag* was when Iso and I stayed up horrendously late in her studio watching the opening episode again and again trying to find the right sound. I had handed over impossible references of enormous choirs and orchestras. We knew it had to sound epic, but we just didn’t have that kind of budget. She would not be defeated. After hearing all the references she nodded, got up and went out for a cigarette. When she came back she said she needed to ignore everything I had played her and just write from her gut. Agreed. I watched her sit at her keyboard, switch on Episode 1, and improvise live on the keyboard pretty much exactly what you hear in the final result. We practically screamed with excitement all the way through it. She’s a genius.

Gary Dollner

Editor

Editing is essentially the final draft of the script and Gary sculpts the story just as much as I have to. I LOVE cutting and Gary is never spooked by a brutal slashing of a scene. We try *everything*, but often end up with his first instincts. We tried taking all the asides out of the first episode. We spliced and cut and sewed things together with Harry as if the whole show was a free-for-all. Gary is a magician. If a joke doesn't land or a scene is sticky, he will find a way to rearrange, break it up, tweak it, turn it round until it sings. He can restructure a scene, transform a performance, make a funny moment heartbreaking and vice-versa. He and Iso have a special and specific bond. In moments of panic he'll wave his hand and say 'just wait til Iso gets her hands on it ... wait for her music.' Strangely, her score often fit perfectly with his cuts even though she hadn't seen them yet. We spent days on that final scene at the bus stop. All of us crammed into that tiny editing space until 3am, shaving *seconds* off a reaction shot. Gary freaking out at the mouse scurrying around beneath us. Even though we were blurry-eyed and exhausted, he wouldn't stop until it was as close to perfect as we could get it. He has no poker face. He got emotional, or roared with laughter or just as frankly stared me right in the eye with a 'nah, it's just not funny mate'. He's as huge-hearted as he is quick-witted and can cut a diamond out of anything. At the end of the second series Fleabag looks up at the bus stop which reads *Dollner Avenue*. A small tribute to a total hero.

Producers

Jack and Harry Williams commissioned a show from me after I recited the ten-minute monologue to them over a pint. It was the most relaxed meeting I had ever had with producers and it's been that way ever since. They

trusted me and championed me, and never forced their presence. They optioned me on the basis of a few jokes. ‘You’re funny.’

Lydia Hampson and Sarah Hammond were the producers and engines at the heart of the show. They probably slept the least and worried the most besides me. They had very little budget and absolutely no time, yet were eternally patient with mad last-minute delivery and were across the story lining all the way. Whatever was needed – a fox that can look at me in a very specific way – they made it happen. They gently talked me down from *terrible* ideas many times and put blood, sweat and tears into this show. They were vital collaborators at scripting stage, and are at the very heart of *Fleabag* .

BBC and Amazon were incredibly supportive and gave us so much space and support: without them I wouldn’t have written these scripts or been able to have found this team.

My Family

Most of all, I would like to thank Mum, Dad, Iso and Jasp. Their notes, jokes, instincts, love, encouragement and support have been the fire underneath *Fleabag* from beginning to the end. Thank you for being there every step of the way. I love you.

(And thank you for calling me Flea)

The Confessional Kyrie

Composed by Isobel Waller-Bridge

Fleabag2

Kyrie

by

Isobel Maller Bridge

78 *mp* 58 59 60 61 62

Soprano Ky-ri-e Chri-s-te Ky-ri-e Chri-s-te il-la be-nit nos-be-ni-t

Mezzo *mp* Ky-ri-e Chri-s-te e-lei-son Ky-ri e chri-s-te

Alto *mp* Ky-ri-e Chri-s-te e-lei-son Ky-ri e-lei-son chri-ste nos be-nit

Tenor *mp* Ky-ri- Chri-ste Ky-ri e-lei-son

Baritone *mp* Ky-ri-e Chri-s-te e-lei-son Ky-ri e-lei-son e-lei-son

Bass Ky-ri e-lei

63 64 65 *mf* 66 67 68

S. Ky-ri-e be-ni-ent ti-bi ky-rie Chri-ste il-la o-ccc

Al. i-lla e-ccc es i-lla o-ccc be-ni-ent

Al. Ky-ri e-lei-son il-la e-ccc qui-

T. e-ccc e-

Bar. Ky-ri e-lei-son Ky-ri-e e-lei-son son

B. san Ky-i e-lei-son e-lei-son Ky-ri-e e-lei-son

69 70 71 72 73

S. Ky - ri - e lei - son Ky - ri - e lei - son i - lla e -

Al. qui ben - tur - us ben - tur - us ben - tur - us ut ex - mi - na

Al. Ky - ri - e lei - son Ky - ri - e lei - son Ky - ri - e Chr-is-

C. - ecc Ky - ri - e

Bar. Ky - ri - e e - lei - son Ky - ri - e e - lei - son Ky - ri - e

B. Ky - ri - e e - lei - son Ky - ri - e e - lei - son Ky - ri - e

74 75 76

S. ecc ben - e e - ecc Ky - ri - e

Al. ut u - ber - a qui ben - tu - ra Chri - ste

Al. te Ky - ri - e lei - son Ky - ri - e

C. e - lei - son

Bar. e - lei - son

B. e - lei - son

3

77 *f* *ff* 78 79 80

S. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

la e cre be nit

M. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

qui ben tu ra ut te mi na

A. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Chri sto e cre fe mi na

T. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ky ri e Ky ri e be nit

Bar. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ky ri e Ky ri e be nit

B. *f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ky ri e Ky ri e be nit

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for a SATB choir. It contains measures 77 through 80. The score is written for Soprano (S.), Alto (M.), Tenor (A.), Bass (T.), Baritone (Bar.), and Bass (B.). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. Dynamics are marked with 'f' (forte) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The lyrics are in Latin: 'la e cre be nit' for Soprano, 'qui ben tu ra ut te mi na' for Alto, 'Chri sto e cre fe mi na' for Tenor, and 'Ky ri e Ky ri e be nit' for Bass, Baritone, and Bass. The page is numbered '3' in the top right corner.

