

TWO BROTHERS  
• PICTURES •

# **FLEABAG**

## **SERIES 2**

By

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Episode 1

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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 NEDDY WAITRESS, who we discover is sitting, slumped on the floor with blood on her face and a bruised eye.

NEDDY 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)

Earlier that evening.

CLOSE ON 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 -

3                   **FLASHBACK EXT. PARK - DAY A**                   3

FLEABAG is doing squats in a park with a DRILL SERGEANT kind of guy. He is shouting at her.

DRILL SERGEANT

SQUAT. SQUAT.

4                   **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**                   4

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

And -

5                   **FLASHBACK INT. CAFE - DAY D**                   5

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.

6                   **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**                   6

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG

You've even -

7                   **EXT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S FLAT - NIGHT 1**                   7

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!

8                   **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**                   8

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG  
You've done *everything*. And you  
feel *great*.

9                   **INT. PUB - EVENING**                   9

Fleabag laughing with a bunch of 'friends' we've never seen before and will never see again.

10                   **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**                   10

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG  
You're not even thinking about -

11                   **FLASHBACK EXT. PARK - DAY G**                   11

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.

12                   **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**                   12

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG  
You don't even *think* about -

13            **FLASHBACK FROM SERIES 1 EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**            13

MARTIN kissing FLEABAG on Claire's birthday from the last series.

14            **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**            14

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 -

15            **EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY X**            15

FLEABAG and CLAIRE are standing by grave.

16            **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**            16

Back at the table with FLEABAG and CLAIRE.

FLEABAG  
(to camera)  
I'm joking, he's just there.

We reveal DAD sitting next to GOD MOTHER, with her hand on his.

GOD MOTHER  
(holding up her glass)  
Here's to love!

FLEABAG  
And engaged.

They all cheer.



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.

GOD MOTHER  
 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 -

18 **FLASHBACK FROM SERIES 1 INT. TATE - NIGHT H** 18

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.

19 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1** 19

Back at the table.

FLEABAG  
Except for -

20 **INT. RESTAURANT. A DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT 1** 20

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.

21

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

21

We return to FLEABAG, CLAIRE, GOD MOTHER, DAD, MARTIN and PRIEST at the table.

DAD

Well you look fantastic.

CLAIRE

(to Dad and God Mother)  
You both look gorgeous.

GOD MOTHER

Thank you!

CLAIRE

Is that fur?

GOD MOTHER

Yes, but it's ok because it had a stroke.

CLAIRE

Oh, lovely.

GOD MOTHER

(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.

GOD MOTHER

Love the Catholics. You can get away with anything.

MARTIN

(laughing)

A lot of them did.

PRIEST

(to God Mother)

It's an honour to be marrying you two. Thank you.

GOD MOTHER

But I didn't realise you were allowed out without your little -

She gestures to her neck i.e. his dog collar.

PRIEST

(joking)

On no have I disappointed you?

GOD MOTHER

(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.

GOD MOTHER

No it's alright, we've already ordered wine.

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.

GOD MOTHER  
(about Priest)  
Now the most FASCINATING thing  
about Father here is that his  
mother was originally a *lesbia-*

HARD CUT TO:

22        **EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**        22

FLEABAG is leaning, head against a wall. One hand has a  
cigarette in it. She exhales deeply.

23        **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**        23

FLEABAG is back at the table with CLAIRE, GOD MOTHER, DAD,  
MARTIN and PRIEST.

Their starter plates are being cleared away by the NEEDY  
WAITRESS.

GOD MOTHER  
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  
10 minute turn around.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

It's fine.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER

(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. Shock. Claire and Fleabag look at each other.

GOD MOTHER

Oh Claire. We thought you couldn't have them.

CLAIRE

What? Why?

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER

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.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I have an amazing new partner out there who's really pushed the company forward with-

GOD MOTHER

You know, I can't remember the last time we went away!

MARTIN

Weren't you both in Japan recently?

PRIEST

(amazed)

JAPAN!? Wow!

GOD MOTHER

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-

GOD MOTHER

I was - oh sorry darling.

DAD

No, no you-

GOD MOTHER

Oh thank you. Well they flew us out with the Sexhibition.

DAD

It really made an impa-

GOD MOTHER

(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-

GOD MOTHER

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-

GOD MOTHER

The honesty of the Sexhibition.  
Whereas of course the-

DAD

Americans! Now they-

GOD MOTHER

The Americans! Just took me in  
their stride. The Japanese were  
really quite moved by my work,  
weren't they darling.

DAD

Yes.

GOD MOTHER

It caused quite a cultural-

DAD

Ripple.

GOD MOTHER

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 cafe.

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 (CONT'D)  
It *is*.

Beat. No-one knows what to say. Needy Waitress appears.

NEEDY WAITRESS  
Can I get anyone any... ice?

CUT TO:

24

**EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

24

FLEABAG now has her forehead against the brick wall. She exhales cigarette smoke.

The PRIEST appears.

PRIEST  
Fellow smoker.

She smiles.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
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 put her cigarette out and exits.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
 (lightly)  
 Fuck you, then.

She stops and turns to look at him. Incredulous.

He smiles. She smiles back. She exits...

25

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

25

FLEABAG, CLAIRE, GOD MOTHER, 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.

GOD MOTHER  
 (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.

GOD MOTHER  
 (to Fleabag)  
 Did you have a cigarette?

CLAIRE  
 He's going to be perfect.

MARTIN  
 Why be a Priest?

GOD MOTHER  
 (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.

GOD MOTHER

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.

Every laughs. Loving that he is a 'cool swearly Priest'.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

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.

GOD MOTHER

How unusual. Were your parents  
successful?

PRIEST

They were very successful  
alcoholics, yes!

(to Martin)

Better than you anyway!

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

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 God Mother's wine.

GOD MOTHER

(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-

GOD MOTHER  
 (stern)  
 Thank you.

PRIEST  
 You can pour me some.

NEEDY WAITRESS  
 (relieved)  
 Oh thank you.

GOD MOTHER  
 (suddenly warmly to Needy  
 Waitress in front of  
 Priest)  
 Ah!

MARTIN  
 (to the Priest)  
 Have you done a lot of older  
 weddings?

GOD MOTHER  
 I don't think that's how we'd-

PRIEST  
 This is my first wedding ever  
 actually!

Everyone reacts with polite surprise and cheer.

GOD MOTHER  
 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.

GOD MOTHER  
 (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.

God Mother doesn't like them interacting. She interrupts.

GOD MOTHER

Do you know how we met?

FLEABAG

No.

CLAIRE

Through Jake.

FLEABAG

(to camera)  
Creepy step-son.

GOD MOTHER

He plays the flute-

MARTIN/ CLAIRE

The bassoon.

GOD MOTHER

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  
fete. It's going to cause quite a  
stir.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER (CONT'D)

So we have decided to ask people to  
make a small donation to a charity  
of their choosing, in our name.

FLEABAG

(charming, to God Mother)  
That sounds lovely.

God Mother smiles at her. Dad looks at her suspiciously.

GOD MOTHER

Can I tell you about the gift I am  
giving your Father?

FLEABAG

(to camera)  
Oh God.

GOD MOTHER

It's a portrait.

FLEABAG

(to camera)  
Oh God

GOD MOTHER  
Of you girls.

Both girls look mortified.

CLAIRE  
Oh, God. Um...

FLEABAG  
You mean -

CLAIRE  
Together or um -

GOD MOTHER  
I'd only need a couple of sittings.

CLAIRE  
Right. Can't you use photos?

GOD MOTHER  
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.

GOD MOTHER  
(over-devastated for him)  
Oh no! That's desperately sad.

Fleabag looks at Claire.

GOD MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Why is that?

PRIEST

Oh. Um... Well it's a bit-

DAD

You don't have to-

PRIEST

No, no, that's ok.

GOD MOTHER

Does he not approve of what you do?  
Of your choices or -

PRIEST

Um... No it's not that, it's not -

GOD MOTHER

Is he not in the church?

PRIEST

No he's not in the church-

GOD MOTHER

Oh, it must be so hard.

PRIEST

Well no it's mainly hard becau-

GOD MOTHER

Is it because he's Mummy's  
favourite?

PRIEST

(laughs)

Because he's a paedophile.

There is an enormous silence.

GOD MOTHER

Oh.

Fleabag looks to camera. Whoa.

PRIEST

I'm aware of the irony of that.

Everyone laughs with relief.

HARD CUT:

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 (CONT'D)  
Interesting man.

Fleabag nods.

She offers him a drag of her cigarette.

DAD (CONT'D)  
No, thanks.

Dad is clearly desperate to say something.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Darling. I - I missed your birthday.

FLEABAG  
That's ok.

DAD  
I just. I got you -

He holds out an envelope.

DAD (CONT'D)  
In case you were struggling.

FLEABAG  
The cafe'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.

27

**INT. RESTAURANT. DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT 1**

27

FLEABAG approaches MARTIN, as he necks a whiskey 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

No, no. We probably shouldn't arrive at the table together.

He walks ahead of her. Fleabag looks at us with cold fury.

28

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

28

Back at the table with CLAIRE, PRIEST, DAD and GOD MOTHER. God Mother is mid-flow with the Priest, as MARTIN and FLEABAG come in. Claire notices them arrive together.

GOD MOTHER

(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.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER  
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.

GOD MOTHER  
 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.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)  
 Thanks, Dad.

Everyone feels a bit weird about this. Martin can't help but  
 laugh.

GOD MOTHER  
 So thoughtful.

PRIEST  
 (laughing)  
 I'd kill for one of those.

CLAIRE  
 No, I don't believe you can pay  
 your problems away.  
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

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.

GOD MOTHER

(to Dad)

All my presents are bedroom presents, aren't they.

Dad laughs cheekily.

PRIEST

Want some more wine?

DAD

Oh yes.

GOD MOTHER

No.

Fleabag frowns and looks towards the bathroom.

29

**INT. COOL RESTAURANT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 1**

29

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 (CONT'D)  
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. It's just need -

Fleabag leans forward with the towels to help Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
No-

FLEABAG  
There's so much - let me-

CLAIRE  
 (hard)  
 Get your hands - off -  
 (beat)  
 - my miscarriage!

Pause.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 It's *mine*.

Claire is crouched over herself. She rests an arm on the cubicle walls and breathes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (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 (CONT'D)  
 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.

30

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

30

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, GOD MOTHER, 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 (CONT'D)

Fuck it, I'm having some.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Martin)

Sorry, darling.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER  
What's happened?

FLEABAG  
(to Claire, pointed)  
*Something's* happened.

MARTIN  
Come on.

GOD MOTHER  
Spit it out -

DAD  
It's alright -

MARTIN  
No secrets here.

GOD MOTHER  
This is a safe space.

FLEABAG  
(to Claire)  
I - just had a -

Claire gives her a look... 'don't you dare tell them'.

MARTIN  
Come on!

FLEABAG  
(panicking)  
I just... Had a... -

GOD MOTHER  
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.

GOD MOTHER

Oh my God.

They all look at Fleabag.

PRIEST

What?

FLEABAG

Um...

CLAIRE

What the fuck.

DAD

Um...

GOD MOTHER

How far gone were you?

DAD

You should go to the hospital.

GOD MOTHER

Whose was it?

DAD

Maybe save that for later?

GOD MOTHER

Was it the tooth man?

DAD

Hospital now darling.

GOD MOTHER

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.

GOD MOTHER

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 (CONT'D)

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...



GOD MOTHER

(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.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)  
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 -

Needy Waitress touches Martin's back which makes him jump and he turns whacking her in the face.

NEEDY WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Agh!

GOD MOTHER  
Oh for God's sake!

HARD CUT TO:

31

**INT. COOL RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT 1**

31

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.

32

**INT. OUTSIDE COOL RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT 1**

32

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 (CONT'D)  
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.

33

**EXT. LONDON STREETS (VARIOUS) - NIGHT 1**

33

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.) (CONT'D)

HEY!

Fleabag turns again and see 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.

34

**INT. CAB - NIGHT 1**

34

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 sister 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 the camera.

She's back.

**End of Episode 1**