INT. COOL RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT 1

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 1

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 -

FLASHBACK EXT. PARK - DAY A

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 1

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
And -

FLASHBACK INT. CAFE - DAY D

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 1

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG
You’ve even -

EXT. ARSEHOLE GUY’S FLAT - NIGHT 1

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 1

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

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

INT. PUB - EVENING

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

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG
You're not even thinking about -

FLASHBACK EXT. PARK - DAY G

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 1

Back at the table with FLEABAG.

FLEABAG
You don’t even think about -
FLASHBACK FROM SERIES 1 EXT. CLAIRE’S HOUSE – NIGHT

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

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT 1

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 X

FLEABAG and CLAIRE are standing by grave.

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT 1

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.
FLEABAG (CONT'D)          EVERYONE
To love!          To love!

Suddenly MARTIN arrives.

MARTIN

HEEEEEEY!

FLEABAG
(to camera)
Ugh.

MARTIN
(to Dad and God Mother)
CONGRATULATIONS YOU ASSHOLES!

He kisses a smiling CLAIRE from behind as he speaks.

Dad and God mother laugh happily. Everyone laughs happily.

Fleabag looks to the camera. Ugh.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

Later. DAD holds his glass mid-toast. FLEABAG is now holding a tequila shot.

GOD MOTHER, 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 (CONT’D)
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.

GOD MOTHER
(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.

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. (looking at Claire)

MARTIN
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 1 INT. TATE – NIGHT H

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 1

Back at the table.

FLEABAG
Except for -

INT. RESTAURANT. A DIFFERENT AREA – NIGHT 1

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 1

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

DAD
Well you look fantastic.

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

GOD MOTHER
Thank you!

CLAIRED
Is that fur?

GOD MOTHER
Yes, but it’s ok because it had a stroke.

CLAIRED
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, sweary 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

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

23

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

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)
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 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 (CONT’D)
It is.


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

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

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)
(lighty)
Fuck you, then.

She stops and turns to look at him. Incredulous.

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

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

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 sweary 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)
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:

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

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.
INT. RESTAURANT. DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT 1

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.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1

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-

CLAIRED
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.

CLAIRED
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.

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

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.

Ok.

CLAIRE
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 1

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...

CLAIREE
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.

CLAIREE
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:

INT. COOL RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT 1

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 1

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.

EXT. LONDON STREETS (VARIOUS) - NIGHT 1

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.

INT. CAB - NIGHT 1

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