

FLEABAG

Written by

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INT. FLEABAG FLAT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

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 the camera.

FLEABAG

(Earnest, touch of pain)

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 accidentally make 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, put on some agent provocateur business, suspender belt, 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 (CONT'D)

(casual)

Oh hi!

GUY YOU LIKE

Hey.

FLEABAG

(to the camera)

Then you get to it immediately

They start snogging violently.

INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM. CONT.

They are going at it on the bed. She talks to us during. In a throw of passion he flips her over onto her side so she is facing us, with him behind her. She frowns.

FLEABAG

Then after some pretty standard bouncing you realise that he is edging towards your arsehole.

(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

But you're drunk, and he made the effort to come all the way here so, you let him. He's thrilled.

He looks thrilled and faintly whispers "I'm so thrilled"

3

INT. FLEABAG'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

3

She lies in bed. He is sat over her like a mother caring for a child. Gazing at her. He is incredibly earnest.

FLEABAG

Then the next morning you wake to find him sitting on the bed, fully dressed, gazing at you. He says that-

GUY YOU LIKE

Last night was incredible.

FLEABAG

Which you think is an overstatement - but he goes on to say / it was -

GUY YOU LIKE

It was particularly special because I have never managed to actually... up the bum with anyone before -

FLEABAG

To be fair, he does have a large penis - and -

GUY YOU LIKE

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

FLEABAG

He touches your hair
(he touches her hair)
and thanks you with genuine earnest.

GUY YOU LIKE

(intensely)
Thank you.

FLEABAG

It's sort of moving. He kisses you gently.

(he kisses her gently)
And then he leaves.

(beat)
(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

And you spend the rest of the day
wondering -

CUT TO:

4 INT. CAFE. MORNING. 4

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

FLEABAG

(to camera, with fear)

Do I have a *MASSIVE* arsehole?

TITLE: FLEABAG

5 INT. AN OFFICE. LATER. 5

Black. Sounds of panting breath. Reveal of Fleabag, out of breath and slightly sweaty. A man sits opposite her reading a document.

MAN

Thanks for coming in today. We really appreciate you considering us for your
(reading it)
small business start-up loan.

FLEABAG

No problem.

MAN

I have read your application.

FLEABAG

Thank you.

MAN

It was funny!

FLEABAG

Oh - ok - that wasn't my intention but...

MAN

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

FLEABAG

Sexual harassment case

MAN

The sexual harassment case, yes.
Are you alright?

FLEABAG

Yes sorry I just ran from the
station. Bit hot. I'm really
excited about -

MAN

Water?

FLEABAG

No, I'm - I'll be ok - actually,
yes please, that would be great.

He doesn't do anything about the water.

MAN

Sure. It says here that your "cafe"
has been up and running for two
years - Traditionally we don't
consider applications unless the
business is in its *embryonic* stage
but since this is a - young,
interesting... *female-led* business
we are willing to... double take -

He laughs. Fleabag laughs. He stops, confused as to why she
is laughing. It's awkward.

MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. There are one or two details
that need to be ironed out and a
couple more bits and pieces I'm
going to need to see. It says here
that you opened the cafe with a
partner in -

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

MAN (CONT'D)

Ah ok. Um. (Beat) I'm sorry. That
won't get you very far here any
more.

FLEABAG

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

MAN

Yeah ok but -

FLEABAG

No, in this case, genuine accident.

MAN

With our history I understand why
you might have thought -

FLEABAG

No, I wasn't trying to - Jesus I
was hot!

MAN

I take this sort of thing very
seriously now.

FLEABAG

No I'm not trying to shag you, look
at yourself!

Beat.

MAN

Ok. Please leave.

FLEABAG

What? But, you don't understand, I
need this loan -

MAN

Please just leave.

She gets up and starts to leave

FLEABAG

Perv.

MAN

Slut.

FLEABAG

Wow.

MAN

Please leave.

FLEABAG

You please leave.

MAN

It's my office.

FLEABAG

Yeah?

MAN

Ok.

He leaves. Fleabag puts her head in her hands.

6

INT. BUS. LATER.

6

Fleabag is sitting. Bored. She grabs a paper and looks at it. We see a gratuitous picture of a half-naked women in an advert for mortgages. Next to it there is an article which reads: Has the word "feminism" become dirty? She raises her eyebrows.

She looks up and catches the eye of a man who is looking at her over his paper. She looks at the camera and raises her eyebrows slightly. He pulls his paper down and reveals that he has a REALLY tiny mouth with very large front teeth. Close up of the mouth.

Fleabag subtly looks at the camera and does an impression of his tiny mouth. She quickly looks down. She tries not to smile and we can see she is trying to let her eyes flick to us in amusement.

He looks down. She looks down. They both look up at the same time. A couple of people are noticing. Smiling too. It's all eyes flicking and subtle grinning. Fleabag grimaces slightly.

Bus Rodent smiles at her. She smiles back. He smiles at her again. She smiles back again. Someone presses the button. They both stand up at the same time. They do a little awkward laugh at each other. They stand next to each other.

BUS RODENT

(really giggly)

Wow... so this doesn't happen very often does it?

FLEABAG

(really giggly)

Nooo no... I suppose it's quite rare.

(to the camera)

I hate myself.

Bus Rodent smiles at Fleabag awkwardly for a second then -

BUS RODENT

Are you going to work?

FLEABAG

Well actually I -

BUS RODENT

Ok. This might sound a little crazy but I think I should take your number and I think I should call it and ask you to go out for a drink with me.

FLEABAG

Um... I -

BUS RODENT

Fuck me, you've got a boyfriend.

FLEABAG

No... we actually broke up quite recently -

BUS RODENT

Oh no I'm so sorry slash really pleased. How the hell did he fuck that up?

FLEABAG

Uh...

7

INT. FLEABAG BEDROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

7

Fleabag is lying in bed with her computer in her lap and a pizza. She takes a bite. She is working on a spread sheet. She flicks over to her CV. She flicks over to BBC news website. She clicks on a video of Obama giving a speech. She goes very serious. She starts touching herself.

Suddenly a young man lurches into shot.

HARRY

What are you *doing!*?

She flips the laptop down quickly

FLEABAG

Nothing.

Beat. Harry gets up, opens the wardrobe, takes out a bag and starts packing some things.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Baby..?

HARRY

I know what you were doing.

FLEABAG

I was watching the news!

HARRY

(genuine)
Really?

FLEABAG

Yes!

HARRY

(genuine)
Really?

FLEABAG

Yes!

HARRY

(vulnerable)

What was he talking about?

Beat

FLEABAG

What?

HARRY

(vulnerable)

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

Long pause

FLEABAG

Iraq?

Hurt and furious Harry manically starts packing again.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Baby-

HARRY

Don't say anything.

She doesn't.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Please don't stop me leaving.

She doesn't move.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Please don't.

FLEABAG

Ok.

HARRY

DON'T.

He pauses. Then picks up his stuff. He goes into the drawer and empties all the condoms and her vibrator into his bag.

FLEABAG

Wow.

HARRY

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

She nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

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

FLEABAG

(to camera)

It will.

HARRY

(sadly)

I'm um... I'm taking the posh
shampoo.

(beat, angry)

He was talking about democracy.

8

INT. BUS. CONT.

8

FLEABAG

Oh he was just - he was really
supportive with my work, he'd cook
all the time, run baths, Hoover,
laugh at my jokes, he was great
with my family and my friends loved
him.

(beat)

Plus he was really fucking
affectionate.

He laughs like she's told a brilliant joke. Bus stops.

BUS RODENT

Sounds like a dickhead!

They both get off.

8A

EXT. STREET. CONT.

8A

BUS RODENT

So um... is that a... 'Yes, you can
have my number?'

FLEABAG

Um yes! I guess, yes. That's a yes.

BUS RODENT

Oh my god. Great!

(gives her his phone, she
types her number in)

I'll be sure to treat you like a
nasty little bitch.

He winks at her. She looks at us with raised eyebrows. She
hands the phone back

BUS RODENT (CONT'D)

That was a joke, by the way.

FLEABAG

Oh, I know!

She looks at us. Visibly disappointed. She looks back at him.

BUS RODENT

Wow! Ok. Cool. I'll buzz you then.

(he jogs off, grinning)

Can't stop smiling!

9 INT. STEPS. LECTURE HALL. CONT. 9

Fleabag runs up the stairs. There is a sign that reads:
"TODAY'S LECTURE: "WOMEN SPEAK".

9A INT. CORRIDOR. CONT. 9A

Fleabag enters the sparsely full corridor and walks towards a serious, well dressed woman standing, reading a kindle.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

My sister. She's uptight and beautiful and probably anorexic, but clothes look awesome on her so...

She reaches Claire who puts her kindle away

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.

She takes a antibacterial gel out of her bag. They walk.

FLEABAG

(to the camera)

Mum died two years ago.

(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

She had a double mastectomy, and never really recovered. It was particularly hard because she had amazing boobs. My sister's got whoppers. I mean - just *look* at them - But she got all of Mum's good bits.

10

INT. LECTURE THEATRE. CONT.

10

Claire and Fleabag enter and look for seats amongst the gradually filling lecture theatre.

CLAIRE

Heard from Dad?

FLEABAG

No.

(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.

(to Claire)

You look tired.

CLAIRE

Thanks. I've been sleeping really well recently.

They sit. Fleabag is taking her coat off. Claire eyes her top.

FLEABAG

Shit.

(pulls the coat back on)

I'm wearing the top that she "lost" years ago. Shit.

CLAIRE

Do you wanna take your coat off?

FLEABAG

Nope.

CLAIRE

Ok.

Beat. Someone squeezes through the row. They're all really polite. They sit back down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So any luck with -

FLEABAG

Oh GOD, can we just relax / for

CLAIRE
I WAS GOING TO ASK HOW IT WAS GOING
WITH THE CAFE?!

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

CLAIRE
FINE. WE WONT TALK THEN.

FLEABAG
FINE.

Beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Hair looks nice.

CLAIRE
Fuck off.

Beat. Claire reads her kindle. Fleabag stares at her.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
The only thing harder than telling
your super-high-powered-rich-
anorexic-super-sister you have run
out of money is having to ask her
to bail you out.
(beat she looks at Claire)
I'm just going to ask her.
(beat)
I'm just going to ask her.
(beat)
I'm just gonna as-

CLAIRE
Do you need to borrow money?

FLEABAG
(petulant)
NO.
(to camera)
Can't do it. Can't do it.

CLAIRE
So business is good then?

FLEABAG
(petulant)
Yes. Really good. Really really
good. It's really good.

CLAIRE
Sounds like it's really good.

FLEABAG

It is.

11 INT. CAFE. FLASH BACK.

11

Fleabag is at the counter. A man walks in.

FLEABAG

Hey.

YOUNG MAN

Hey.

He goes to sit down.

FLEABAG

Can I get you anything?

YOUNG MAN

No thanks. I'm good.

He sits down. Beat. He then plugs in his computer. Fleabag frowns. He then plugs in his phone. He then thinks, unplugs his phone. Plugs in a multi-plug, plugs in his phone again. He then plugs in his kindle.

FLEABAG

Um - you sure I can't get you anything.

YOUNG MAN

Oh sorry. Course. I'll have a... tap water please.

Fleabag begrudgingly gets a guineapig shaped cup out of the cupboard. YOUNG MAN looks at all the pictures.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

What's with all the guinepigs?

11A INT. LECTURE HALL. CONT

11A

Claire is reading.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I run a guineapig themed cafe, but it's out of cash and it's going to close unless a cheque falls out of the sky or a banker comes on my arse, but neither are going to happen and I don't want to justify the banker man with a proper mention so I'm not going to talk about him or how I do sometimes wish I could admit to not having morals and let him come on my arse for ten thousand pounds but apparently we're not supposed to do that. So I won't. Even though I could.

11B INT. CAFE. FLASHBACK. CONT.

11B

Fleabag turns to the YOUNG MAN

FLEABAG

It's a long story... my- it's -
(she hesitates)
It's just a theme. A quirky,
pretentious theme. Y'know. Gets the
punters in.

Shot of the cafe. Painfully empty. Man smiles gently.

12 INT. LECTURE THEATRE.

12

Fleabag is eating a sandwich. Claire is not.

CLAIRE

Is Harry helping?

FLEABAG

We broke up.

CLAIRE

What?! Again?

FLEABAG

If you see him, I'm a wreck ok.

CLAIRE

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

FLEABAG

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
When you do something better.

CLAIRE
I have two degrees, a husband and
burberry coat.

FLEABAG
You *shat* in a *sink*. Nothing is ever
going to be good enough.

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

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
I swear there are pants that *give*
you thrush.

CLAIRE
Where are they from?

FLEABAG
(checks, then is thrown)
Dunno.

CLAIRE
(sees them)
There you go. You shouldn't wear
such cheap materials. They don't
let your fanny breathe.

FLEABAG
I know.

13 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. FLASH BACK.

13

Boo and Fleabag are in adjacent changing rooms. Boo is
manically trying things on. Fleabag is dressed and exiting
her cubicle. There is a deep affection between the girls.

FLEABAG
I need new sexy pants.

BOO
(in her cubicle)
I hate my body I hate my body I
hate my body. Have you found
anything? Fucking last minute
bastard trendy parties. Why do we
do it to ourselves?! I look
PREGNANT.

She steps out of her cubicle in a badly fitted dress to find Fleabag holding her coat.

BOO (CONT'D)

Oh god definitely not. That does nothing for you. I hate that.

Fleabag just looks at her.

BOO (CONT'D)

What?

FLEABAG

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

BOO

Oh my god. Were you wearing your coat?

FLEABAG

Yes. But - nothing here looked good so I thought I'd just wear what I was wearing today.

BOO

Are you joking?

FLEABAG

Are *you* joking?

BOO

(unsure)

Yes...?

Beat. They chuck clothes at each other.

FLEABAG

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

BOO

YOU HAD YOUR COAT ON!! IT'S NOT THAT BAD IT'S JUST NOT - OH GOD I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU I'LL BUY YOU PANTS I'LL BUY YOU SEXY PANTS!

14

INT. LECTURE HALL. CONT.

14

Claire now eats a sandwich. Fleabag watches her.

FLEABAG

(whispers to camera)

Maybe she's not anorexic. Maybe clothes just - bitch.

Everyone claps. Sound of a mic as the 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's Speak - opening women's mouths since 1998". I am overwhelmed by how many faces I see before me! What an honour. Now, before I begin, I want to ask you a question. The same question that inspired me to give this lecture. The same question that was posed to women all around this country with, well frankly, shocking results. Now, I don't know about you, but I need some reassurance.

(little laugh)

So, I pose the same 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

(slight smile)

I want my top back.

FLEABAG

Ok.

15 INT. STEPS. LECTURE HALL. CONT.

15

Fleabag hands Claire her top and ties her coat up tightly.

CLAIRE

Won't you get cold?

FLEABAG

No, I have really hairy nipples.

Pause. Claire looks sadly at her.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What?

Claire suddenly tries to hug Fleabag. Fleabag flinches and ends up whacking her head.

CLAIRE

OW FUCK.

FLEABAG

What was that!

CLAIRE

What!?! It was a - fucking *hug*.

FLEABAG

Well it was terrifying! Never do it again. Fuck.

CLAIRE

(hurt)

I'm just trying to - I'm trying -
(this is not easy)
Do you want to go for a drink or -

FLEABAG

I have plans.

CLAIRE

(frosty again)

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

FLEABAG

Yeah.

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

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Do you want to go for a drink?

WOMAN

(confused)

No.

Some time goes past. She gets a text. It reads: "BUS RODENT: Still smiling. :)" She grimaces. And then texts back: "Oh my god me too!.. You free tonight?"

16

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

16

Bus Rodent now sits with Fleabag. He is talking animatedly through his tiny mouth. They both have drinks. She pushes some crisp towards him. He eats one like a hamster. Fleabag raises her eyes to the camera.

FLEABAG

He's telling me that-

BUS RODENT

Yah, my sister is deaf.

FLEABAG

Which is his way of letting me know that he is interesting and sensitive. Which is fine.

(to Bus Rodent)

So you use sign language with her?

BUS RODENT

(genuine)

God no. I didn't have time to learn sign.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Didn't have time.

BUS RODENT

Yah, but you see we grew up together so she can lip read me like, really well.

FLEABAG

Really!? Wow. Lip reading is very dependent on -

BUS RODENT

Yah also she's like really into really deep base because she can feel the vibrations y'know -

The sound of his voice fades out as Fleabag imagines she is deaf, lipreading him. All she can see is 00ooo000ooo which is written on the screen next to his mouth. She looks at another punter. He is clearly saying "When was the last time you fucked a teenager?", which is written on the screen. She looks at a woman with a scarf round her head clearly saying "and I woke up and he had just shaved my whole body.. My eyebrows and everything. See (she points), pencilled". She looks back at Bus Rodent who is still talking. No sound. 00000ooooo written on the screen.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Poor deaf bitch.

BUS RODENT

So, I'm just going to go for a wazz.

He goes. Fleabag nicks a twenty pound note out of his wallet. He reappears and picks up his wallet from the table.

BUS RODENT (CONT'D)

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

FLEABAG

Or we could just go back to mine?

BUS RODENT

Oh! Wow thanks, but I've got work tomorrow.. another drink though?

FLEABAG

I could just come back to yours?

BUS RODENT

It's a pretty early start though so-

FLEABAG

I'll could get you a cab in the morning.

BUS RODENT

(laughing)

That's ridiculous!

FLEABAG

What's your problem?

BUS RODENT

Oh. Nothing. I just... I like you.

FLEABAG

(grabbing her bag)

Ok. You're a dick.

BUS RODENT

What's going on? I-

FLEABAG

You're pathetic.

She gives a smug look to the camera as she gets up and walks to the door. Bus Rodent follows.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Don't follow me. It's too late.

BUS RODENT

I'm not- you just- dropped this.

He hands her the twenty pounds she stole from him. She takes it and struts off towards the door.

17

EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT.

17

There is an *incredibly* drunk girl sitting on the curb. Fleabag watches her. Drunk Girl suddenly slips off and crashes to the floor. Her bag empties over the floor, her boob falls out of her top. Fleabag helps her back up and puts her boob back in. They both settle. Then the whole thing happens again. Fleabag helps her up and then sits next to her so 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.

Long pause. Then the girl looks at her intensely before

DRUNK GIRL

Aw.

(beat)

You're such a lovely man.

Fleabag looks at the camera. A cab passes. Fleabag hails it.

FLEABAG

Do you want to - spend the night
with me?

DRUNK GIRL

WHAT?! NO WAY! Naughty boy...!

Fleabag picks the girl up and walks her to the cab.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)

Hey! *Bad* man! I said NO!

She puts Drunk Girl into the cab, puts the stolen twenty quid note into her hand and closes the door. She sits at the bus stop again. A drunk man sits too close beside her on the curb. He looks a little leery.

GOOD MAN

Alright?

They sit in silence for a while before -

FLEABAG

I'm not wearing a top under here.

GOOD MAN

(so lovely)

Oh no! You need me to get you
something to wear?

FLEABAG

No I - Do you want to come home
with me?

GOOD MAN

Aw, no thanks honey. I got my girl already. Good luck with that though. He'd be a lucky fella.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
Arsehole.

GOOD MAN

Isn't London beautiful?
(smiles at her)
'Specially when it's shutting up shop.

Fleabag looks at him suddenly, thrown by the words...

18

INT. CAFE. NIGHT. FLASH BACK.

18

Boo closing the door. The girls are drunk on wine.

BOO

Shutting up shop!

FLEABAG

Shorry, *what* are you doing?

BOO

(locking the door)
I'm SSHHUTTING UP SSHHOOP.

Fleabag laughs picks up a ukulele and starts playing

FLEABAG

Shing a shong Boo Boo!!

BOO

(singing)
Another lunch break another
abortion! Another piece of cake
another two fuck it twenty
cigarettes.

(with Fleabag)

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

They high five. Boo pulls Fleabag's face close to hers

BOO (CONT'D)

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

FLEABAG

Deal.

They shake on it.

19 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. 19

Fleabag is swaying down a quiet street. Drunk. We stay on her for a while. She checks her phone. Nothing. A girl calls out.

GIRL (O.C.)
HARRY! HARRY! HARRY WAIT! HARRY!

Fleabag rolls her eyes. She looks at her phone.

FLEABAG
Fuck it.

20 EXT. DAD'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. 20

Fleabag is drunk. She is ringing relentlessly on the bell. She hammers at the door. She yells through the letter box.

FLEABAG
HHEEELLLLOOOEEELLOOOELLLOOEELLOOOO!?
(to camera)
This is totally fine.

A light goes on. Eventually the door opens. It's an exhausted man in his fifties.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Alright Dad!

DAD
What's going on?

FLEABAG
Oh I'm absolutely fine!

DAD
Ok.

FLEABAG
It's just -

DAD
Yeah.

FLEABAG
Uh - nothing.

DAD
It's almost two o'clock in the morning.

FLEABAG
Ok.
(beat)
No I - Oh Jesus - I ok ok ok - I
just - whoa - um -

He sighs.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Ok fuck it. I have a horrible feeling I am a greedy, perverted, selfish, apathetic, cynical, depraved, mannish looking woman who can't even call herself a feminist.

Long beat. She looks desperately at him. She needs him now.

DAD

Well...

(pathetic, trying to make a joke)

You get all that from your mother!

She laughs a sad laugh. He tries to laugh too.

FLEABAG

Good one!

DAD

I'm - I'm going to call you a cab, darling.

He turns to go inside. Stops, looks back at her.

DAD (CONT'D)

Don't go upstairs.

21

INT. SPARE BEDROOM/ STUDIO. CONT.

21

Fleabag climbs the stairs silently. Fleabag walks into a room where her Godmother is stood, in bizarre overalls, painting thick black paint onto a canvas. Fleabag watches her.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

To be fair. She's not an evil stepmother.

(beat)

She's just a cunt.

ALTERNATIVE LINE:

She's just a cock.

(to godmother)

Hi!

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

(Really lovely)

Darling! I thought that must have been you. Everything alright?

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

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
How lovely. Lucky us.

FLEABAG
Don't worry. Dad has already
ordered me a taxi. What you doing?

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
I'm painting. I find the night time
very... peaceful.
(she laughs)
Usually!

Fleabag laughs too.

FLEABAG
(to camera)
Oop. She's warming up.

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
Look. I know it's not really my
place. But - are you ok? Everyone's
been worried about-

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

FLEABAG
Poor fucker.

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
Yes. She's actually an expression
of how women are *subtle* warriors...
strong at heart. How we don't have
to use brute, muscular force to get
what we want. We just need to use
our -

FLEABAG
Tits.

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
Innate femininity.

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

She touches the sculpture again. God Mother tries to smile

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER
Yes. That's very valuable actually.

FLEABAG

How much?

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

Thousands.

FLEABAG

Can I have it?

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

(laughs)

No.

Fleabag points to the canvas covered in black paint.

FLEABAG

Ok. What's that?

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

That's my self-portrait.

FLEABAG

Oh!

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

Oo.

(wanting her to leave)

Is your father - ?

Dad's voice weakly from the bottom of the stairs.

DAD (O.C.)

Um... It's uh... It's here.

Beat

FLEABAG

(a bit too loud)

THANKS.

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER

Ah. Nice of him.

She ushers Fleabag out. They kiss on each cheek.

GODMOTHER/STEPMOTHER (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself.

(she holds Fleabag's arm)

You really do look ghastly darling.

22

INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

22

Fleabag is in a taxi riding smoothly through London.

DRIVER

A cafe eh?

FLEABAG

Yup.

DRIVER

On your own?

FLEABAG

Kind of.

DRIVER

Kind of? Go on then!

FLEABAG

It's kind of funny actually.

DRIVER

Good! It'll keep me going! Shoot.

FLEABAG

I opened the cafe 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 think
she'd actually die, she just found
out 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.

(beat, she laughs)

She was such a dick.

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

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

So yeah.. Kinda on my own.

He looks at her in the rear view mirror. She drunkenly, and
sadly smiles. He drives in on silence. Her coat falls open.
She only has her bra on underneath. She pulls out the little
tin sculpture of the woman with no arms. It sits on her lap.

Two women. One real. One not. Both with their innate
femininity out. End.