

FLEABAG
(Spec Script)

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Based on FLEABAG by Phoebe Waller-Bridge

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FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Fleabag unlocks the empty cafe, chairs flipped on tables.

She clicks through the coffee machines, cycles the hot water machines, cuts up bread, cuts tomatoes, opens packages of deli meats, makes the sandwiches, wraps them in plastic, feeds the newest guinea pig (labeled "Ishmael"), brings the chairs down, writes "Tuesday Loo's Day" on a chalkboard, sets up a shelf of sanitary goodies (shampoo, body soap, hand soap, toothpaste, bushels of toothbrushes), and scrolls through Spotify, finding "Ratatouille Soundtrack."

INT. CAFE - DAY

By mid-day, the cafe is full of homeless people waiting in a line, a lone CUSTOMER squeezing to the counter to order.

CUSTOMER

One of the ones with the sprouts in
it -- lots of sprouts.

Fleabag grabs a sandwich for the Customer as a homeless woman with wet hair comes from the restroom. The HOMELESS MAN at the front of the restroom line looks to Fleabag.

FLEABAG

(to Homeless Man)

The sink has a detachable nozzle,
the floor's got a drain, take
whatever you need from the shelf --

(to Customer)

-- eight pounds.

CUSTOMER

(impressed)

For London?

The Homeless Man smiles at Fleabag and heads to the restroom.

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

A homeless KID (12) sits on the ground outside the cafe, hair wet. He's got a couple donated pence in front of him.

Fleabag pokes her head out of the cafe.

FLEABAG

Little orphan: in here for a sec?

The Kid frowns, realizing she's talking to him.

INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The Kid squeezes past the restroom line, sitting at the table that Fleabag's at. She looks him over, putting a sandwich on the table. The Kid looks down at it.

KID
Vegetarian.

Fleabag is impressed, reaching behind herself for a different sandwich. The Kid unwraps this new one.

KID
Want me to shag you then?

FLEABAG
What?

KID
(eating)
I'm brilliant at it. To pay for the sandwich and all.

Fleabag pretends to contemplate this.

FLEABAG
How brilliant?

KID
Depends. How much is the sandwich?

FLEABAG
Two pence.

KID
Jesus f- That's good for London.
Two p- I can actually --

The Kid gets two pence out his pocket, smacking it on the table. Fleabag inspects it, nods, and pockets it.

KID
Guess we won't be having sex then.

FLEABAG
Pity if you're brilliant.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Fleabag locks up. Getting a buzz, she answers her phone.

FLEABAG
What are you wearing?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Did you get our package?

Fleabag buttons her coat, walking down the street.

FLEABAG
No. Did you get Klare's?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What?

FLEABAG
Klare's package. He stuffing you?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Would you stop that!

KLARE (V.O.)
Hi!

FLEABAG
Hi, Klare! He sounds hard. What's
this call for? Pregnant yet?

Fleabag crosses the road.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
No -- We -- Ugh. We sent you -- I
sent you something a month ago and
if you haven't got it --

Fleabag's hit by a speeding car.

CUT TO BLACK.

No more Ratatouille music. Darkness. A good moment of it.

HOT PRIEST (V.O.)
People die quite instantly. But
don't do it until they do it and
that's on or off -- can't balance
the light-switch halfway.

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Fleabag is sitting on the couch of a black-and-white, 1950s, three camera sitcom house set. She's scared, grasping her floral dress and trying to get any kinds of bearings.

A slowed, 1950s version of that Ratatouille song plays. Names of actors appear onscreen, except their names are jumbled letters: "FRO GSDFI", "DF DISM", etc.

As Fleabag stands, rushing around to find an exit, the studio audience roars in delight.

1950s TITLECARD: FLEABAG

The side door opens, HARRY entering to applause.

FLEABAG
What's going on?

HARRY
Darling! Ugh!

He kisses her.

FLEABAG
Harry?

HARRY
Had the most awful day at work.

Fleabag frowns.

HARRY
I get to the office, and --

FLEABAG
What is going -- Where are we? Are you in corduroy?

HARRY
I get to the off-

FLEABAG
(re: window reflection)

Fleabag goes to the door Harry entered from.

HARRY
(breaking character)
Don't do that!

Fleabag freezes.

HARRY
Please. *Please*. Don't open it.

FLEABAG

If you don't open doors, they go bad, don't they?

HARRY

Don't break character -- Please don't do this. It's very thin ice.

FLEABAG

... Where am I?

Harry's eyes scream as he smiles back into character.

HARRY

I get to the office, and wouldn't you know it? I forgot my briefcase. So, I have to rush all the way back here and --

FLEABAG

Harry?

HARRY

I rush to the tube --

FLEABAG

Ah-hah.

Fleabag searches as Harry shakes his head, biting his lip.

Upon inspection: the room has a kitchen, a window, a table, chairs, and only that one door. Outside the window is black nothingness.

HARRY

I rush to the tube, and I'm trying to catch it as the doors are closing, but my hand isn't long enough, so I --

FLEABAG

(re: nothingness)
Liverpool, right?

HARRY

(nearly crying)
So I throw my briefcase, hoping it'll catch the doors.

The audience laughs as Fleabag hears them, startled.

HARRY

I had been holding it all that time: I hadn't forgotten it at all!

FLEABAG

Harry, there are people here.

HARRY

-- but NOW I'd thrown it into a
departing train.

FLEABAG

What the hell was that? Are there
people looking at us?

HARRY

The... I'd lost my briefcase
because I'd thought I'd lost it.

Fleabag pauses, then starts opening cabinets frantically:
they're all empty.

FLEABAG

Yes. Uh-huh.

HARRY

So I went on without it.

FLEABAG

(still searching)

Oh, that's a slip, innit? Need your
briefcase.

HARRY

You can only know that after.

FLEABAG

Yes, well --

Fleabag rushes to the door.

HARRY

Wait!

She opens it. On the other end are her DAD and STEPMOTHER,
the latter holding a painting hidden in cloth.

STEPMOTHER

Hello, dear!

Fleabag slams the door on them.

FLEABAG

What are they doing here?!

HARRY

(whispered)

Don't invite them in!

Knock, knock, knock.

HARRY

Listen to me: it can be the two of us. Forever. And you never risk anything else: no Heaven and no Hell. We're allowed to just do this but if you let them in, it'll all start and you're risking it -- No changing what you did on Earth.

FLEABAG

Harry, what is going on?! Why is...?! Why is it -- *Come in!*

HARRY

No!

The two enter, the Stepmother all smiles.

STEPMOTHER

Hello, dear! Have you been dieting?

FLEABAG

I... haven't?

The Stepmother nods in agreement. Audience laughs.

DAD

Harry! You're, um...

HARRY

... Yes! Thank you for saying so.

The audience'll be laughing here and there.

STEPMOTHER

(to Fleabag)

My. Death has already taken its toll on your cheeks. Sagging.

Fleabag double takes.

FLEABAG

... What?

HARRY

Well! Um -- *Technically* --

FLEABAG

I haven't died.

STEPMOTHER

That'd be even more embarrassing:
quite flappy cheeks.

HARRY

Technically you're about to die.

FLEABAG

Are you going to Ostabon House us?

DAD

Are we going to eat still?

STEPMOTHER

A car hit you. The man who was
driving it was *sober*, so... Well!

FLEABAG

I... I did *what*?! I got hit by --

HARRY

It isn't your fault!

STEPMOTHER

Well, I don't know. *Most* people
don't get hit by cars. One assumes
the small portion that does did
something to earn their membership.
The man was sober after all, dear.

Dad sits at a kitchen table.

DAD

Have you anything prepared?

FLEABAG

Pr... *prepared*?!

DAD

Just a roast maybe?

Fleabag pauses.

FLEABAG

Did you say this was Hell?

HARRY

No: you're *not* dead yet.

Stepmother puts her painting on the counter, ready to reveal.

STEPMOTHER

I made something just for this occasion. I knew this day'd come right when we met and I prepared...

Stepmother pulls the cloth, revealing the painting: a demented bottle of wine.

Fleabag looks to Harry for confirmation.

HARRY

It's not Hell.

STEPMOTHER

I thought you were going to die from booze! Still don't know that you didn't.

Fleabag collapses onto a chair, sitting next to Dad.

FLEABAG

Shit.

DAD

Sorry, dearie.

STEPMOTHER

(smiling at painting)

Oh, I think it still reads.

FLEABAG

What... What happens then? Now?

STEPMOTHER

Your last chance to touch up your life choices. Imagine you're quite in the hole.

HARRY

Half of doing the right thing is knowing what the right is and wanting to actually do it. This isn't sandwiches and Tuesday Loo's Day -- it isn't saying what you think people want to hear from you -- but truly repenting your hurt.

Stepmother hugs Fleabag from behind.

STEPMOTHER

I'm sure you'll be fine. Ignore that nagging, factual voice in your head demanding adequacy.

FLEABAG

I have to...?

HARRY

Could've been just us...

Fleabag thinks, then looks to Dad, who shifts.

FLEABAG

Dad, you always did your best.

Harry, looking shag-nostic.

(to Stepmother)

You... paint.

HARRY

It isn't what people want to hear.

FLEABAG

(Dad)

Should've done more.

(Stepmother, re: painting)

It's like Cézanne at Hot Topic.

(Harry, re: Dad)

This is what he would've worn
around your age and I'm worried
that's what's making it sexy.

HARRY

It isn't honesty either. I'm not
the real Harry. I'm a truth you
buried about how you treated me and
how you believed I treated you.
This is your last chance to... *re-*
understand your place in
relationships into being... well...

STEPMOTHER

Unselfish.

HARRY

(shrugging)

Because that's half the battle,
given that you can't actually
change the real ones anymore. This
is in real time. You're bleeding,
probably being taken to hospital,
and when you die: final judgment.

FLEABAG

... And what's Hell like?

STEPMOTHER

Oh! It's upside-down!

Stepmother flips the painting, the bottle now upside-down.

HARRY

Now that you've opened the door,
it'll stay there till you close it.

Fleabag, still uneasy, goes to the door and opens it. She wanders through.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Fleabag's thrown off. It's the cafe.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Who's there?

The restroom door is ajar, a light pouring out of it.

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag goes back into the household. It seems some time has passed, Harry cooking a pot roast.

STEPMOTHER

Oh...! She's back already! That's -
- Well, isn't that sweet of her?

FLEABAG

I don't like this...

HARRY

That's... Well, that's the only
door, though.

Fleabag searches for another exit, she pats the window.

Fleabag searches the cabinets: empty. She grabs the wine painting, throwing it and shattering the window.

HARRY

No! That's the first door --

Stepmother is aghast as Fleabag crawls through the window.

EXT. FINLAND RANCH - DAY

Fleabag lands somewhere grassy, against the wall of a barn.

The camera seems to be mounted towards her head -- that is, wherever she looks, she can't look away from the camera.

FLEABAG
 (disoriented)
 Oh, fuck me. You again.

Fleabag tries not to look into the camera but can't.

FLEABAG
 Stop -- Not ag- We were done wit-
 She closes her eyes, but still grimaces.

FLEABAG
 No, no, no --

Fleabag turns back towards the barn, revealing for a moment that behind her is a grassy, gorgeous ranch. Two people in flannels sit around a bonfire. Fleabag climbs.

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag crawls back in through the window. The three inhabitants are now eating a pot roast at the table.

STEPMOTHER
 (mouth full)
 Do you know how much that painting was worth?! You could've gotten a normal chin!

HARRY
 Well, now you've opened two. The window'll be broken till you --

FLEABAG
 Harry, please fuck off for a moment? Please?

Fleabag looks for other exits. None. The audience laughs.

FLEABAG
 There! Where are you?

STEPMOTHER
 Table, dear. Have we ever tried helping her off the bottle?

Fleabag walks towards the laughter, stepping off of the set.

INT. GAME SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag lands in front of a Wheel of Fortune-style word panel, dressed like Vanna White. She frowns.

The host, BANK MANAGER, steps out to applause.

BANK MANAGER
Well, everyone, time for another
round of --

The audience chants gibberish as the title card appears:

GAMESHOW TITLECARD: FLEABAG, FLEABAG, FLEABAG

BANK MANAGER
(frustrated)
We had a tricky first round, but
let's hope our contestants can
figure themselves out.

The contestants are lit up: ARSEHOLE GUY, BUS RODENT, and HOT MISOGYNIST, each smiling and clapping.

Fleabag inspects her sequin dress.

FLEABAG
Wonderful. What's --

BANK MANAGER
Let's remember that we're looking
for a phrase. Now, let's start
guessing letters, one at a --

HOT MISOGYNIST
Cock!

The audience cheers as Bank Manager fumes.

BANK MANAGER
I said a fucking letter! It has to
be a fucking letter!

ARSEHOLE GUY
Cock!

BANK MANAGER
Those are not -- Cock isn't a
fucking letter! Goddamn it!
(to Rodent)
You! You go! Don't say a --

BUS RODENT
Penis?

BANK MANAGER
No! Fuck! No! Those aren't --
(to Fleabag)
(MORE)

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
Just hit some letters! We have to
do something to move it along!

Fleabag doesn't know what to do.

FLEABAG
What the hell is this?

BANK MANAGER
Play the game!

Fleabag, unsure, smacks a blank letter. A silhouette of a
cock appears on it. The contestants and audience go insane.

BANK MANAGER
NO! FUCKING NOT THAT ONE!

Fleabag hits another. Another cock. Roars of cheering.

HOT MISOGYNIST
That's my cock! That one's mine!

BANK MANAGER
No, it isn't! Shut up!

A bell rings. The Bank Manager's face sinks. The audience and
contestants get on their feet, screaming in glee.

BANK MANAGER
No...

ARSEHOLE GUY
Fanny time!

The spotlights all fall on Fleabag as a drumroll begins, the
audience pattering their knees. A chant of "Fanny!" starts.

Fleabag doesn't know what to do.

In the near darkness, the Bank Manager stands ashamed.

BANK MANAGER
Come on, dear... Just do it.

Fleabag frowns at the chanting. "Fan-ny! Fan-ny!"

FLEABAG
Uh-huh.

Fleabag feels around her dress, noticing the sides are
cheaply velcro'ed together.

The chanting continues. Fleabag looks for a way out, but the
spotlight lights only her. She looks back to the board.

One of the letters has become a window, Dad watching.

FLEABAG

Hey!

Fleabag holds her hands up to him.

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Fleabag is hoisted back onto the set by Dad.

FLEABAG

Thanks. Well, that's an exciting one there. What's next?

DAD

I'm afraid you've found them all.

Fleabag frowns.

FLEABAG

No... That doesn't make sense. That can't be it.

DAD

(door, window, downstage)

There, there, there. Supposed to be in that order.

Fleabag looks around the set. That looks like all of them.

FLEABAG

But... But where's...?

Dad doesn't know what to say.

FLEABAG

Am I really dead? ... As in, not waking up from this or anything?

STEPMOTHER

Ideally, we couldn't tell you if this were a dream, since we'd be in it, but it's not and you're dead.

Fleabag thinks, frowning. Harry gets up from his seat.

HARRY

Right. Out of order now, but four spots total. Here and the three exits. I'd start at the door and try to hit all four: collect as such repentance as possible.

FLEABAG

No. No, what about -- ? What, so everything I did in my life is everything? That's the whole book?

STEPMOTHER

Written in semen and bloody noses.

Dad nods. Fleabag sits at the table furiously.

FLEABAG

I'm sitting here with you and eating -- This is weird and not how death works.

HARRY

You don't have much time.

Fleabag stares at him, throwing her silverware down. She gets up and goes to the door. She pauses.

STEPMOTHER

Do you have any garlic left?

HARRY

I think we might.

STEPMOTHER

Surprising.

Audience laughs. Fleabag looks to them and charges forward.

INT. GAME SHOW - MOMENTS LATER

Fleabag lands from the letter window, the spotlight still on her. The audience cheers.

BANK MANAGER

What are you doing back here?

FLEABAG

(waving to audience)

Hi...! Hello!

The audience settles some.

FLEABAG

I'm here to... uh.

Fleabag heads over to the contestant area, her spot helping to light the three of them. She thinks.

ARSEHOLE GUY
I can't see her fanny.

FLEABAG
Oh, she'd be delighted to make an appearance, but my dad is just there. The little window. It's fine. I'm just here to say... Uh...

Shoes clack on the hard floor. Fleabag turns, seeing BOO'S BOYFRIEND stop short, still in the darkness but visible.

FLEABAG
Oh, fuck...

Fleabag stares, then swallows, nodding. She looks around.

FLEABAG
You all were there. Well, not just there, but *in* there -- Sometimes we were bad to one another to get a good feeling out of it. And that's... That's... Um -- The sex was good for all of you wasn't it?

The contestants nod mischievously, the audience murmuring, even high-fiving. Fleabag peeks over at them and realizes.

FLEABAG
Oh, fuck! The whole collection!

The audience claps generously. Fleabag grins modestly.

FLEABAG
Thank you. I... did it to try to scratch my own itches -- but I still got you off and if we're being honest that's one of the kindest things you can really do for people.
(back to Boo's Boyfriend)
I... But... I don't... I don't think I let myself treat you all as people. I think it was a kind of retaliation at sexism to make all of you out to be mindless dildos.

Beat. Boos erupt from the audience.

FLEABAG
What? Hold on, then! I'm --

Boos and hisses from the contestants.

FLEABAG

Shut up!

(back to Boo's Boyfriend)

You're not just a dildo, which means you've got responsibili-

Boo!

FLEABAG

Shut up! Shut up!

HOT MISOGYNIST

Pull out your fanny!

FLEABAG

Fuck off!

BANK MANAGER

Everyone, let's settle down!

FLEABAG

(to Bank Manager)

You're not innocent either! If you didn't want to fuck me, you'd be disgusted!

Fleabag doesn't notice the homeless Kid standing behind her.

FLEABAG

You only gave me money because of pity! That doesn't make you an unselfish person!

BANK MANAGER

That doesn't make me a *bad* one!

FLEABAG

It makes you social at best!

BANK MANAGER

(to audience)

Sorry, folks! It looks like we're running out of time!

FLEABAG

Out of -- Hold on! No! We can't be out of time! Fuck!

KID

I wanted to shag, does that make me a bad person too?

Fleabag jumps, seeing the kid.

FLEABAG

You... You were joking.

KID

I'm the exact age where *any* comment about sex is hopeful.

FLEABAG

Wanting to have sex does not make you a bad person, no. Trying to have sex doesn't either.

BUS RODENT

Dehumanizing people into objects of sexual pleasure?

FLEABAG

It's different when punching back. You all did it first. And what are you complaining for? We all had sex! I'm half sure this would be a wonderful time to do it as a group!

BANK MANAGER

Offering a fuck is as charitable as offering help, but doesn't make you actually want to help anyone.

FLEABAG

Saying sorry to any of you is giving into a whole system that wants me to be sorry for your faults. I'm not sorry to any of you and that doesn't make me bad.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Say sorry to *us*? We're arseholes.

HOT MISOGYNIST

Misogynists.

Fleabag looks to Boo's Boyfriend, thinking.

BUS RODENT

You dismissing that we were people, only hurt you. You took all of the blame for what you and him did, because you thought him a dildo.

Fleabag realizes he's right.

BANK MANAGER

This isn't about us. Don't repent for us. This is all for you.

Fleabag stares, thinking.

BANK MANAGER
Time's almost up. Final answer?

Fleabag looks to the board.

FLEABAG
A cock isn't a dildo...

She sees the Kid out of the corner of her eye.

FLEABAG
... because cocks can grow.

BANK MANAGER
That was... very bad that you
looked at a child during that.

The Bank Manager points to the board and the right answer appears: "A COCK ISN'T A DILDO BECAUSE COCKS CAN GROW."

The audience cheers as Fleabag looks to Boo's Boyfriend.

FLEABAG
I'm sorry you lost Boo.

He nods, trying not to cry.

BOO'S BOYFRIEND
I am too.

CUT TO:

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag lands on the set again, but this time it's single-cam, the fourth wall up. She's breathless, patting the wall.

Behind her, the rest of them are still eating.

Fleabag nods. She realizes there's now a bed in the corner.

FLEABAG
(re: bed)
What's this?

STEPMOTHER
For sleeping. Drink water.

Fleabag nods, going to the window. She takes a breath, then peeks at the camera. She curses herself, shaking that away.

FLEABAG

Nope. No. Done with that. No.

She looks to the door, then the window, unsure.

HARRY

If you're going in reverse order,
might as well do it then. Window.

Fleabag settles on the door, shaking her arms.

FLEABAG

Come on. Come on...

HARRY

Well, no, now that's --

DAD

Dear, do you have any oil in here?

Dad searches the cabinets as Fleabag pauses.

DAD

Just a drop for the salad.

FLEABAG

Dad, why are you here? We said
everything we needed to.

Dad shrugs.

STEPMOTHER

Dear, you've got...

Stepmother furiously wipes food off Dad's pants. Fleabag shrugs and walks through the door.

INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Fleabag enters the cafe, cautious. The restroom door is ajar, light still peeking through it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Help...

Fleabag's scared. She breathes then hurries forward.

INT. CAFE - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fleabag pushes open the door, seeing BOO hunched over the toilet, ready to vomit.

Fleabag can't believe it.

FLEABAG

Boo!

Fleabag rushes forward, hugging her tight, as Boo vomits.

FLEABAG

Oh, fuck!

BOO

Pissed out me eye sockets.

FLEABAG

Yeah, you are!

Fleabag laughs, holding back tears. She rubs Boo's back.

FLEABAG

What can I do to help?

BOO

Are we keeping coconut water?

Fleabag nods. Boo takes a bottle of coconut water from Fleabag's hands, stunning Fleabag. Boo drinks.

BOO

Feel like I'm leaking.

Fleabag pauses, then hugs her again.

FLEABAG

That's good.

Boo vomits into the toilet, Fleabag not letting go.

FLEABAG

That's it. It's a good soup you're making there. What'd you get into?

Fleabag realizes she's now holding a pill bottle.

BOO

They're supposed to make you do this. Lose weight.

FLEABAG

How many did you go for?

BOO

He's cheating on me.

Fleabag's face falls. She nods.

BOO

I'm in here dealing with half the problem, so I need you to find out who she is and kill her please.

Fleabag lets go, stepping back. Boo hazily looks to her.

BOO

She doesn't live far from us. When he's with her, he doesn't take long and he's not one to fire off early.

FLEABAG

He's not.

Boo vomits again.

BOO

Oh, I'm fucking empty. How do I still have shit to vom-

Boo vomits again.

FLEABAG

I... Oh, fuck. Fuck. Boo, I did it.

BOO

Yeah?

FLEABAG

I slept... with him. I'm the one who... I never got to tell you and I really liked that I never got --
 (rushing to Boo)
 -- and I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! And I just talked to him! Kinda. Brief. Just figured that part out --

BOO

... Fuck! What?! No!

FLEABAG

Yeah, it was awful, but --

BOO

And you just talked to him before you just talked to me now?!

FLEABAG

I didn't -- I would've said -- I didn't know you were in here! I would've done it here first --

BOO
You lying little prick!

FLEABAG
Sorry! I didn't!

BOO
You're -- Why am I friends with you
-- Why did I have to fuck up so
easily that you were the only
person who'd be friends with me?

This hits Fleabag hard. Boo vomits.

BOO
No! You're not -- Go away! Better
to have nobody than you!

Fleabag tries not to cry.

FLEABAG
Goodbye, Boo.

BOO
Good riddance!

Fleabag steps away, watching Boo vomit.

INT. 1950S HOUSEHOLD - LATER

Fleabag closes the door. They're still eating. Fleabag
hyperventilates, heading to the window.

HARRY
Darling, the door's still there.
You didn't actually --

FLEABAG
No, I did! Let's get it over with!

DAD
Sweetie --

FLEABAG
If I'm gonna die then don't throw
this stupid pageant for me! Just
let me die already! Fuck!

HARRY
You're the one doing --

Fleabag tumbles out the window.

EXT. FINLAND RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag falls face first onto the grass. As she comes up, the camera is again seemingly mounted to her face.

She's disoriented by this, stumbling along the field.

FLEABAG

Where is he...? Where's...?

Titlecards of a million different Fleabags slam around.

Fleabag falls down, struggling to get back up.

FLEABAG

Where's -- ?

She falls again, eyes fluttering.

FLEABAG

Where's my... the...?

Fleabag goes unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FINLAND RANCH - BONFIRE - SUNSET

Fleabag wakes slowly, sitting in a canvas chair, a bonfire lightly illuminating her face, camera still mounted to her.

She wakes a bit more sudden, disoriented.

FLEABAG

Who's there?

KLARE (O.C.)

It's all right.

FLEABAG

K... Klare?

CLAIRE (O.C.)

How on Earth did you get here?

FLEABAG

(standing)

Claire!?

Fleabag spins around, disoriented.

FLEABAG

I can't see you! Where are you?!

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Sit down! Sit down!

FLEABAG

Please, please, please just let --

Fleabag spins around, catching Claire in her background. Fleabag is intaking this world like we are -- like she's permanently taking a selfie and looking into the camera.

Claire is standing by a sitting Klare, both in flannels. Claire approaches Fleabag.

CLAIRE

You need to sit!

FLEABAG

Oh, just let me --

As Claire approaches Fleabag, Fleabag tries to backwards hug her. It's awkward.

CLAIRE

Please sit.

Fleabag nods, then sits down, her background the ranch again.

FLEABAG

I can't see you right... Right.

Fleabag looks the other way, her background Claire and Klare.

FLEABAG

How are you two? Klare, you look beautiful. Other Claire, if you're pregnant, it's still somehow the best you've ever done it.

CLAIRE

What are you looking at?

FLEABAG

I... It's hard to explain.

CLAIRE

Can you look at me?

KLARE

Is everything all right?

FLEABAG

Yes... Well, no -- I *am* looking at you. Hold up fingers and I can guess how many --

CLAIRE

I *am* pregnant.

Fleabag stops, shocked.

CLAIRE

I didn't want to tell you until you got the package -- The package -- It was silly; it was his idea.

KLARE

It had a little bear in it.

CLAIRE

The bear's tum has a sonogram on it -- Hold on -- Can you look at me?

Fleabag pauses. She turns her head, making it so we can't see Claire. Fleabag doesn't know where to look.

FLEABAG

You're...?

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Yes. Four months.

Fleabag can't believe it. She shakes her head and turns around again, letting us see Claire. Claire's flannel mostly disguises her bump, but it's there.

FLEABAG

I'm... That's so wonderful.

KLARE

I... I should go. I need to grab -- We are going to make toast over the fire. Toast? I'll get toast.

Klare leaves the two of them alone.

FLEABAG

I'm so happy for you.

CLAIRE

No, you're not.

FLEABAG

I am! I swear! Why wouldn't --

CLAIRE
You're not even looking at me.

FLEABAG
I'm not going to meet it!

Claire pauses, then nods. Fleabag tries to hold it in.

FLEABAG
Oh, I would've been a good aunt.

CLAIRE
You would've been awful. You'd
teach her about wanking and --

FLEABAG
Her?

CLAIRE
What difference does it make?
You're not going to meet it.

Fleabag nods. Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE
Sometimes I'm so aware that you're
my sister and it's devastating.

Fleabag doesn't understand.

CLAIRE
How's the cafe?

FLEABAG
Fuck -- I didn't even think about
that. Probably go back to London --
Nature reclaiming it and all.

CLAIRE
I meant before the car hit you.

FLEABAG
Good. I... I was making it a place
for homeless folk to do their
business on Tuesdays.

CLAIRE
Why?

FLEABAG
Because they're *people* and --

CLAIRE
Why Tuesdays?

FLEABAG
Tuesday Loo's Day.

CLAIRE
Were you making money?

FLEABAG
Losing it. On Tuesdays, I mean.

CLAIRE
That's... surprising.

FLEABAG
Well, a cafe closed on the street
so I got some of their --

Beat. Fleabag realizes.

FLEABAG
We don't need to talk about me.

CLAIRE
All right, well, you're not going
to look at me, so --

FLEABAG
Show her our soaps.

Claire stops, then almost smiles.

FLEABAG
They raised us.

CLAIRE
Mum raised us.

FLEABAG
She helped. East Enders did all the
heavy lifting.

CLAIRE
Coronation Street was the -- Yes,
I'm going to show them to her.

FLEABAG
Oh! Not worried she'll turn out
like me?

Claire can't do anything but shake her head. Fleabag frowns.

CLAIRE
I'm going to miss you... She's
going to grow up without her
grandmother, without her aunt...

FLEABAG
She'll have Dad.

CLAIRE
No, she won't. We didn't.

Fleabag nods. Claire tries to hold herself together.

CLAIRE
You were very stupid to die. That
was an awful thing for you to do.

Fleabag thinks about this, then slowly turns to face Claire.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
I never had friends! I didn't know
what to do with them!

FLEABAG
It's all right.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
No, it isn't! My only friends were
my husband and my sister and those
are only on technicalities!

FLEABAG
You're going to be so fine.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
Don't say I'm better without you
because that isn't true! It isn't!

FLEABAG
It isn't. But you're going to be
fine. I promise.
(beat)
I'm so happy for you.

Beat. The camera finally pulls away from Fleabag, showing the
two of them.

FLEABAG
You were always going to be a
kickass mum. I'm so glad you get to
have another of you.

Claire wipes her face, nodding. Fleabag rises, going to her.

CLAIRE
Hold on! You're still --

Fleabag shakes her head, hugging Claire and kissing her head.

FLEABAG
Bye, Claire.

Claire hugs her back.

FLEABAG
I'm so proud of you.

The camera pulls away, showing how wide and gorgeous the ranch is in the sunset. As the camera gets further and further away, we can see Klare returning with bread.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEHOLD

Fleabag is suddenly standing in the household, but it's all in color and no longer 1950s style. The window is gone.

Harry, Dad, and Stepmother are drinking tea and having cakes. Fleabag sits with them.

FLEABAG
This... is different.

HARRY
Yes. Well, kind of -- It's less different, but you're right that --

STEPMOTHER
That's enough, dear.
(to Fleabag)
The door. Come along then.

Fleabag looks to the door.

FLEABAG
Okay... All right, team. What do I actually need to say to Boo?
Because I do have no idea.

HARRY
The truth.

FLEABAG
I did that.

STEPMOTHER
Of course it isn't the truth. The truth never works. You'd know that if you tried it more.

FLEABAG

Thank you. What else?

DAD

Did you want any cake?

FLEABAG

No thanks, Dad. Boo?

DAD

We can get her a piece.

FLEABAG

No: what do I say to Boo?

STEPMOTHER

Isn't it so funny how you expect others to fill in these blanks?

HARRY

It is your life, sorry.

Dad reaches for the cake and Stepmother pulls it from him.

FLEABAG

Fuck, I just don't know what else she wants to hear! I killed her and I'm sorry!

HARRY

You didn't kill her.

FLEABAG

I did -- We did -- I mean, I did it with her boyfriend, right --

STEPMOTHER

You didn't kill her.

Fleabag freezes, shocked at her saying this.

STEPMOTHER

Dear, let me be frank with you. You are an awful person. Truly heinous. And a slob. And physically lopsided in so many ways. Just a collection of spare parts. But you're not a killer. Bad friend, yes. Heavy and misshapen, sure. But not a killer.

Fleabag can't believe this. Dad reaches for the cake again and Stepmother pulls it from him again.

HARRY

I don't think you're lopsided.

FLEABAG

(to Stepmother)

What do I say to her?

STEPMOTHER

Fantastic how you never listen.

Simply revolutionary.

(to Dad)

Dear, you've had enough cake.

FLEABAG

Can you stop?! If he wants more, he can have it!

STEPMOTHER

Which one of us is married to him?

FLEABAG

You arseho- are.

STEPMOTHER

And I intend to watch after him.

FLEABAG

He doesn't need your watching.

STEPMOTHER

Him being taken care of does not nullify his fatherhood.

Fleabag's shocked by this. She can't respond.

STEPMOTHER

Now, we're all in your head then, correct? So every blab of your mouth is completely self-righteous. The reason your father is here right now isn't because you need to say sorry to him -- you're right, you two are settled. It's because I'm here: you've never let me as exist without him. Never cared to know if I were a person or hear my story. Certainly never wanted to hear me tell it. Now you can't. All I can be is a caricature because you never saw a character.

Fleabag stares, then nods.

STEPMOTHER

Now you can talk. Because all I can say are vicious things and the truth, and the incest those two have isn't appropriate for tea.

FLEABAG

(beat)

What's your story?

STEPMOTHER

I just said you won't ever -- *This* is why I'm positive you died drunk.

FLEABAG

(beat)

I'm sorry I don't know it.

STEPMOTHER

You're not.

FLEABAG

No! I'm not! What's interesting about you to even know? You paint? You make sculptures...? People...! A lot had to happen in your life for you to be an artist maybe?

STEPMOTHER

Maybe.

FLEABAG

But all you ever wanted to do is show your art *off* -- Not just make it...! You should've just... made it and then went to the woods and never showed it to anyone -- Fuck. Yeah. Fuck. All right. I'm sorry.

Stepmother arches an eyebrow, "*For...*"

FLEABAG

I... I'm sorry I threw your painting out the window. You made it for me and that takes time. People usually don't make art about things they hate, so... I just wish you weren't what replaced her.

STEPMOTHER

Oh, but imagine if I were kind, sweet, *better* than your mum. How you'd hate me even more.

Fleabag nods.

FLEABAG

If I could go back, I'd want to
understand you better. Honestly...
For myself, not you.

Stepmother and Dad are suddenly gone. Just Fleabag and Harry.
Fleabag is surprised, but gradually gets it.

HARRY

We could still hide. Spend your
last moments with the thought of
me. I promise there's ugly ahead.

FLEABAG

You have a wife.

HARRY

Not here. Here I'm ideal. Didn't
screw up by picking somebody else.

Fleabag nods, but then pauses.

FLEABAG

I don't know anything about her.

HARRY

You know that doesn't matter. Every
single person you've ever been with
should regret ending up with
somebody else.

FLEABAG

... I think I'm the perfect fit to
a thousand other jigsaw pieces?

HARRY

You and I were perfect fits.

FLEABAG

You and I were tragic... You picked
somebody over me. It doesn't make
me lesser.

Harry disappears, Fleabag alone in the household.

Fleabag nods.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Fleabag enters, the bathroom door now closed.

It's the cafe as it was the night Fleabag was hit, the guinea pig labeled "Ishmael." Light seeps out from under the door as Fleabag approaches.

BOO (O.C.)
Go away! I don't want you!

Fleabag nods.

FLEABAG
I nodded. Been doing that a lot right now. Don't know how long I've got left.

BOO (O.C.)
I don't care! Go!

Fleabag waits, trying to door handle. Locked.

BOO (O.C.)
Piss off!

Fleabag sits next to the door.

BOO (O.C.)
I can see your arse. Go away.

Fleabag doesn't move. The sound of gargling, then spitting, Fleabag jumping as water sprays from under the door.

Fleabag's about to yell. She stops herself, still angry.

BOO (O.C.)
There you go! Now fuck off!

Beat. Fleabag stands there.

BOO (O.C.)
And that was coconut water, not me getting sick on you -- That's not what I -- Fuck off! Never mind!

Fleabag doesn't move or respond.

BOO (O.C.)
I said go!

Fleabag doesn't move. Boo opens the door, fuming. She's got blood on her -- like she was just hit by the car.

BOO
I don't want you here! You said goodbye already so go!

Fleabag stares at Boo, horrified and ashamed.

BOO

Bye!

Boo slams the door, locking it again.

Beat. Fleabag walks away, sitting at a table. She waits.

BOO (O.C.)

Are you gone?

Fleabag doesn't answer.

BOO (O.C.)

I said --

Boo opens the door, looking out and seeing Fleabag.

BOO

So, you're not gone!

Boo goes to slam the door, but stops herself. Fleabag stares.

Fleabag gets up, grabbing some hygiene products. She goes to Boo, stopping outside the bathroom door. Boo stares.

INT. CAFE - RESTROOM - LATER

Boo sits in her underwear, near the drain, as Fleabag starts the hot water in the sink.

BOO

You're a foul person.

Fleabag lathers a loofa with body soap. She crouches down to Boo, running the water over her, and begins scrubbing away the dried blood, tire marks, dirt.

BOO

This doesn't take it back.

Fleabag doesn't respond, continuing cleaning.

Boo smacks Fleabag's hand away.

BOO

No! I don't want this!

Fleabag stops. Boo tries to look furious.

The two stare for a beat.

BOO
 I would've killed myself on purpose
 if I knew it was you: you were my
 only friend.

Fleabag stares, trying not to let this hurt her.

BOO
 No. Let it hurt you. I want it to.

Fleabag keep trying not to, looking away.

BOO
 You got to hurt me and I didn't do
 anything -- I get to hurt you.

Fleabag nods, tears falling. Boo looks away, then forces
 herself to look back, to try to enjoy this.

Fleabag cries, unable to stop herself. Boo can't take it.

BOO
 Don't do that!

Fleabag falls into Boo's lap, sobbing.

BOO
 No, no, no! No! I... Stop it! Just
 stop it! That isn't fair to me!

Fleabag picks herself up, trying to stop it. She tries to
 keep washing Boo but can't control her sobs from bursting.

Boo's chin quivers. She grapples Fleabag in for an embrace.

BOO
 This isn't fair to me... This isn't
 -- You're the one who fucked him!
 I'm the one who died from it! Why
 the fuck do I have to comfort you?!

Fleabag can't respond, crying.

BOO
 It isn't your fault, okay?! Happy?!

Fleabag sobs even more.

BOO
 People get hit by cars; blame the
 cars, not the fucking people! I
 didn't want me to die that day and
 neither did you! The car did!

After a moment, Fleabag pulls away some.

BOO

Stop crying... Just don't do that.
 Fuck -- it's the last time we'll
 see one another and you're spending
 it crying. I'm naked and covered in
 my own sick -- I'm doing it right.

Fleabag chuckles, wiping her face.

BOO

When you were going to kill
 yourself that day: after everything
 with your sister and Martin, and
 with your Dad siding with... All of
 it. And you were remembering me and
 that made you want to step out into
 traffic, I was watching. It was my
 fault -- If I hadn't have stepped
 out into the bike lane myself, you
 wouldn't be standing there... How
 insulting it was that the thought
 of me made you suicidal.

Fleabag chuckles.

BOO

I'm not just a dead girl. I was
 alive for way longer than I died.

Fleabag nods. Boo pets her.

BOO

I always blamed *me* for all of it. I
 always needed to tell you that and
 now I did.

FLEABAG

It wasn't your fault I was there.

Boo nods.

FLEABAG

And when that car hit me just now,
 I wasn't trying to kill myself --
 honest -- I wouldn't have done it
 the way you did. Don't think I'm
 not creative.

The two chuckle.

BOO

Oh, people will miss you.

Fleabag holds Boo tight.

BOO
And it's okay that they miss you.
That isn't you doing a bad thing.

CUT TO BLACK.

USUAL TITLECARD: FLEABAG

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSEHOLD

Fleabag is lying in the bed. The household is rearranged. The set-up instantly feels like a '90s soap opera. All of them are gone, the door to exit gone too. It's just Fleabag.

Looking around, Fleabag realizes MARTIN is sitting, staring at her. He's dressed as a priest.

MARTIN
This is gonna be so satisfying.

FLEABAG
Martin?

MARTIN
Secret bonus level. The last one.

FLEABAG
No... What? No, where's -- ?

MARTIN
It's me. It's not him. It's me.

FLEABAG
Where is he?!

MARTIN
You did the right thing to him
already: said adios. Bus stop?

Fleabag can't believe this. Martin crosses to sit by her bed.

MARTIN
It's me. I'm the last one.

FLEABAG
No, you aren't. No.

MARTIN

Not your sister, not you Boo, it's
me: the love of your life.

Martin laughs as Fleabag smacks his arm.

FLEABAG

No! You're not my priest!

Martin references his robes as evidence.

FLEABAG

You're the last person I have to --
?! No! NO!

Martin makes a chef's kiss as Fleabag fumes.

FLEABAG

Nothing was ever about you!

MARTIN

You made it so Claire's unhappiness
was all about me.

FLEABAG

She's in Finland now with a good
husband! She's pregnant.

MARTIN

(scoffing)
No, she isn't. She can't.

FLEABAG

Not with your flimsy whites, no!
Only fucking sperm race where all
of them were losers!

Martin frowns at this.

MARTIN

She's...?

FLEABAG

She's happy. I can't be yelling at
you -- I don't have time to -- I
repent that you were awful to us.

Martin can't believe this.

FLEABAG

My unhappiness was yours too.

MARTIN

Oh, you were unhappy before I went in for the peck. I was exploiting, not excavating.

FLEABAG

Why are you my last conversation?

MARTIN

Because all of them were bullshit tidy endings and I'm what your life really was! A mess! Bad! Hurtful!

Fleabag clenches her jaw.

FLEABAG

Get on with it then, Father Martin. Read the book.

MARTIN

Nope. You didn't let my life fall apart gracefully. I'm returning it. What should we talk about first? How the hair on my dick goes halfway up the shaft or its VIP table in Claire's perfect vagina?

FLEABAG

Your stubby chode barely snuck past the bouncer. You don't even know what the food in there's like.

MARTIN

Smoky.

FLEABAG

Ugh! Just fuck off already!

MARTIN

I bet you think your sister doesn't do any ass play.

FLEABAG

Stop it! Of course she doesn't.

Martin smiles devilishly, then shrugs.

MARTIN

No. She doesn't.

He doesn't know what else to say. The two are in silence.

FLEABAG

Tell me now: am I going to see him
after this?

MARTIN

(chuckling; shaking head)
There's no Heaven. And if there
were, you think you earned an
eternity with your little priest?

FLEABAG

There is one! Harry said -- !

MARTIN

This is all in your head! How would
you know?! *This* is it! In your last
moment of life, your buried
feelings didn't reach for a hot
priest, but for Father Martin.

Fleabag can't retort.

MARTIN

I'm the last one because only *I*
know you were unequivocally,
unabashedly, a bad person. You
never got the difference between
goodness and decency because
anything higher than destructive
was saintly for you. I know,
because I'm the same. That's why
you hate everything about me,
because if you were born a dude,
you'd have done every-single-thing
that I ever did.

FLEABAG

I'd never be --

MARTIN

You'd be a misogynist. Easily.
You'd have smooched your sister-in-
law. Hell, you did worse to Boo
even with tits in the way.

Fleabag pauses. She *actually nods* at this. Martin frowns.

FLEABAG

And I *shouldn't* hate me...

MARTIN

What a selfish --

FLEABAG
Thinking I'm a bad person didn't
stop me from being one.

MARTIN
I... What's your point? What?

FLEABAG
I'm so tired of revelations --
Martin, you and I were soulmates.
Disappear now.

Martin is thrown off by this.

MARTIN
Hold on. That's a bit --

FLEABAG
The priest and I never stood a
chance. You and Claire never stood
a chance. But if you and I were
together, it'd be like spending all
day with me -- and I already *did*
spend all day with me.

MARTIN
Were...? What? No. I would never
want to be with you --

FLEABAG
Yes, you would.

Martin thinks about this.

FLEABAG
What *hurt* me about Boo was that I
thought she was so innocent. You
could never have hurt me because I
know you're just an insecure,
misogynistic asshole! Like I'd be.

Martin's floored by this.

FLEABAG
If only you were attractive.

MARTIN
You've fucked worse.

FLEABAG
Not really.

Neither of them can believe this.

FLEABAG

Well! Dead now!

MARTIN

Yeah. That train has sailed.

FLEABAG

So, then... I guess... Goodbye,
Martin. It was *awful* to see you.
Glad it didn't end tidy. That
wouldn't make sense for me at all.

MARTIN

Yeah. This was really bad.

Martin gets out the old book from his robes. He pauses.

MARTIN

Before I do it... Can we...?

Fleabag shakes her head. Martin nods.

The camera pulls out as Martin begins to read aloud.

MARTIN

"You know that feeling when a guy
you like sends you a text at -- "

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - FLEABAG'S DEATH BED - NIGHT

Fleabag lies in bed, her heart monitor flatlining.

Hot Priest closes his bible, eyes raw from crying.

Dad and Stepmother stand in the room as Dad covers his mouth.
She quickly begins comforting him.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hot Priest steps out, seeing Harry in a chair, eyes also raw
from crying. Harry has his baby in a carrier next to him. Hot
Priest sits on the other seat next to Harry.

HOT PRIEST

It isn't your fault.

HARRY

Is she...? Is...?

HOT PRIEST
She's in a better place.

HARRY
She's...?!

HOT PRIEST
In... a better place.

HARRY
I... Oh, my --
(re: baby)
I was just looking at him for a
second and didn't see her --

HOT PRIEST
It's not your fault.

Harry sobs as Hot Priest pulls him in for a hug. After a moment, Hot Priest cries too.

Harry pulls away, trying to compose himself.

The two lock eyes. Beat. Harry leans in for a peck and Hot Priest doesn't stop him. Beat. Hot Priest kisses back.

The two passionately make out.

Harry safely puts baby on a further seat as Hot Priest gets undressed. Harry undoes his belt.

INT. HOSPITAL - FLEABAG'S DEATH BED - SAME TIME

Fleabag's corpse smiles as the camera pulls away. The Ratatouille Soundtrack plays.

THE END