

FLEABAG
(to camera)

Not ideal.

DAD

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

Fleabag looks very confused. It's awkward.

DAD

You busy?

FLEABAG

A bit.

DAD

(looking around at the empty café)

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

FLEABAG

Ok?

DAD

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

(beat, quietly)

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

(more confident)

Did you take it?

FLEABAG

(looks at camera, then back at Dad)

No? What sculpture?

DAD

(relieved)

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

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

DAD

(turning)

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

(beat)

Healthy?

She nods.

He smiles awkwardly and exits.

TWO YOGA GIRLS come in.

YOGA 1

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

FLEABAG

Of course. What would you like?

YOGA 2

Um... like a risotto?

FLEABAG

Sure. Grab a seat.

INT. SHOP — DAY

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

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

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

Just then, Arsehole Guy appears.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

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

They play it super cool.

FLEABAG

Hi.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hey.

FLEABAG

Hey.

ARSEHOLE GUY

It's nice to see you.

FLEABAG

You too.

(to camera, chuffed)

Fucked me up the arse.

He gestures to the items she's holding.

ARSEHOLE GUY

What you getting?

FLEABAG

(flirty)

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

Beat.

He looks at her intensely.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Hot.

FLEABAG

You?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Stock cubes.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Hot.

ARSEHOLE GUY

(beat, serious)

Hope it's a light flow.

FLEABAG

(flirty)

Oh, it never is.

(more intense)

It never is.

Beat.

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

ARSEHOLE GUY

Listen, er... You around later?

FLEABAG

Uh...

(to camera)

YES FUCKING YES PLEASE YES.

(to him, calm)

Yes.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Cool.

FLEABAG

Cool. Bye.

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

FLEABAG

(to camera)

YES.

INT. CAFÉ — DAY

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

YOGA 1

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

YOGA 2

Yeah!

YOGA 1

I can like do other stuff now.

YOGA 2

That's so great!

YOGA 1

(suddenly serious)

Mike wants to start trying for a baby.

YOGA 2

Ok?!

YOGA 1

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

They giggle, then notice something and scream.

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

Fleabag rushes over.

FLEABAG

Ah shit.

YOGA 2

That is not hygienic!

FLEABAG

Sorry.

YOGA 2

Ugh gross. We're leaving now.

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

FLEABAG

(to camera)

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

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ — DAY

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

FLEABAG

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

BOO

Ok.

FLEABAG

Happy birthday.

Hands her the box.

FLEABAG

Sorry. I panicked.

BOO

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

FLEABAG

You can do both of those things.

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

BOO

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

Lifting up the guinea pig.

FLEABAG

I dunno... something to love?

BOO

She's beautiful.

(affectionately smacking Fleabag)

You idiot.

She is thrilled with her present.

INT. CAFÉ — DAY

Fleabag puts the guinea pig back in her cage.

FLEABAG

(to the guinea pig)

Escape artist.

(to camera)

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

INT. FLASHBACK, CAFÉ — DAY

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

BOO

This is an excellent one.

INT. CAFÉ — DAY — CONT.

Fleabag looks at the same picture on the wall.

She misses Boo.

She snaps out of it.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Drink?

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

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

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

ARSEHOLE GUY

Look, I'm sorry about the mess.

FLEABAG

No problem.

ARSEHOLE GUY

You want some prosciutto with that?

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

He starts kissing her neck.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

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

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BATHROOM — NIGHT

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

ARSEHOLE GUY

What are you afraid of?

Fleabag sits at the other end.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

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

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

ARSEHOLE GUY

Ask me a question.

She thinks.

FLEABAG

(tongue in cheek)

When did you realise you were so good-looking?

ARSEHOLE GUY

(serious)

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

FLEABAG

Shit got real?

ARSEHOLE GUY

You know. Aunts got weird.

Fleabag frowns and nods.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I've got another question.

FLEABAG

Ok.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Do you ever feel lonely?

Beat.

FLEABAG

(earnest)

Yeah. Of course. Do you?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Never.

He sits up and leans forward.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Do you want some pineapple?

Fleabag looks to camera, then back at him.

FLEABAG

Yeah.

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

INT. ARSEHOLE GUY'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

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

ARSEHOLE GUY

God yeah... They're so small.

Fleabag frowns.

ARSEHOLE GUY

They're so small.

Fleabag frowns.

FLEABAG

What?

ARSEHOLE GUY

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

FLEABAG

Yeah I guess—

ARSEHOLE GUY

(so aroused)

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

FLEABAG

Bit much.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Excuse me.

He turns her around to FUCK HER UP THE ARSE.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

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

(beat)

Call. H-

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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

FLEABAG

Thanks for coming.

HARRY

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

FLEABAG

Were you busy?

HARRY

No, I was in the interval of-

FLEABAG

Oh cool.

HARRY

Cats.

FLEABAG

Ok. Was it good?

HARRY

Really good actually. Really good.

FLEABAG

Sorry for interrupting.

HARRY

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

FLEABAG

Who were you with?

HARRY

(coy)

A work friend.

(beat)

A girl.

Beat.

She looks at the camera. Who...?

She pulls the little dinosaur toy out of her bag.

FLEABAG

I found this.

She places it on the table.

Beat.

HARRY

Thanks. I didn't realise I left it.

(beat)

Why's your hair wet?

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

HARRY

Don't look at me like that.

FLEABAG

(to camera, flirtatious)

Like what?

(to Harry)

Like what?

HARRY

(suddenly)

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

FLEABAG

This bus is not magically coming.

PRIEST

(getting up)

I think I'll walk.

FLEABAG

Ok.

PRIEST

See you Sunday?

She laughs.

PRIEST

I'm joking. You're never ever allowed in my church again.

They laugh.

Beat.

PRIEST

I love you too.

(beat)

Ok.

He turns and walks away.

Soon, he is gone.

Fleabag inhales sharply.

She looks up at the digital bus timer. It says: Cancelled.

Beat. Fleabag sits there.

After a few moments a FOX passes her in the middle of the road.

It stops and looks at her.

She points in the direction the Priest walked.

FLEABAG

He went that way.

The fox trots off after him.

Fleabag sits there.

She opens her bag and pulls out the STATUE.

She looks at it... Her golden mother, sat with her at a bus stop in the middle of the night. Just the two of them.

She looks at us.

A hint of a smile.

She stands up, puts her bag over her shoulder and, holding the statue of her mother in her hand, she turns to walk.

The camera moves with her for a couple of steps.

She stops, feeling it follow her. She looks at us. She smiles slightly with an almost imperceptible shake of her head.

She's asking us not to follow her.

She turns and walks again up the street.

The camera remains where it is.

When she gets almost out of sight she turns and gives us a smile and a little wave.

Then turns and walks off into the night.

Goodbye.

THE END.