

CATASTROPHE

"Pilot"

Written by

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Avalon Television

Shooting Script

Sharon goes up to the bar to order a drink. There's quite a crowd. Rob is standing near the front, next in line to be served. SHARON elbows him by accident.

SHARON

Sorry.

He turns and sees her, smiles.

ROB

That's okay.

He turns back. Turns around again.

ROB(cont'd) (CONT'D)

I know it seems crowded but it only took me forty minutes to get my last drink.

SHARON

That all?

ROB

Let me get yours. It will make me feel better about being in line for a coke.

SHARON

You don't drink?

ROB

I quit after I shit myself at my sister's wedding 11 years ago.

SHARON laughs.

SHARON

Okay, thank you.

ROB gets to the front. SHARON goes to get her money out.

ROB

No, no, I'll get this.

SHARON

No, that's alright-

ROB

(mock seriousness)  
Don't make me fight a stranger.

She squints at him, working out if he's worth spending time with because obviously that is how it's gonna go if he pays for the drinks.

SHARON  
Okay, thank you.

He smiles at her. She smiles back.

CUT TO:

2

INT. ROB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

2

SHARON and ROB half stumble into his hotel room, kissing and undressing. ROB walks backwards into a table and sort of half falls, half sits on it, taking SHARON with him.

SHARON  
You don't have a hairy back.

ROB  
Neither do you.

SHARON  
I was all psyched up to deal with a hairy back.

ROB  
I have hairy balls?

ROB sort of lifts SHARON up.

SHARON  
I've never had casual sex with a sober person before.

He carries her towards the bed. She's heavy. It's an effort. There's a room service plate with bits of food still on the bed. Not seeing it, he places Sharon on top of it. She shifts a little, looks down. He lifts her up a bit, revealing a piece of pizza stuck to her back.

ROB  
Oh shit, sorry.

He tries to flick the plate off the bed with his foot but kicks it harder than necessary and it flies off and smashes against the wall. They look at each other.

SHARON  
That was exciting.

They start kissing again

ROB is asleep in bed. SHARON, almost dressed, is about to grab her bag and leave when she sees ROB looking at her. She smiles.

SHARON  
I'm just sneaking out.

ROB  
Okay.

SHARON  
So when do you go back?

ROB  
Thursday.

SHARON  
Oh okay, well that's...

ROB  
Do you want to have dinner, or...?

SHARON  
Erm... do you want to have dinner?

ROB  
Yeah, that's... why I asked.

SHARON  
Okay. Do you have a wife or anything?

ROB  
No.

SHARON  
Okay.

She tears a piece of paper from a document on his desk.

ROB  
Oh- that's my work visa... doesn't matter -

She scribbles her number down. Hands it to him.

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Great. Er... I saw you took some things from the bathroom - which is fine - but could you leave the toothpaste?



6     EXT. REGENT'S PARK - DAY

6

ALT - Rob and Sharon lie about on the grass, her head on his lap, reading newspapers and eating take out.

CUT TO:

They walk along in a park, hand in hand. Sharon points out a beautiful statue. Rob admires it and then points out a public toilet. Sharon looks around quickly, then nods. They walk in.

7     EXT. ROB'S HOTEL, THE LOBBY - DAY

7

ROB and SHARON are leaving the hotel. Rob has his suitcase. They smile at each other, not really knowing what to say.

SHARON

What time is your flight?

ROB

7:30... yeah, 7.30, so, erm...

(An awkward beat)

... so, I just wanted to say... I know this wasn't serious and it was just a bit of fun -

SHARON

This wasn't serious?

ROB

Well I mean, when I say not serious I meant, I didn't mean that -

Sharon punches his arm

SHARON

(Fake American accent)

I'm goofing you bro!

ROB

Okay -

SHARON

Carry on, what were you saying, this was just a bit of fun and...?

ROB

And I want you to know that I will look back on my time, with you, and remember you as... an extraordinarily good smelling woman with a magical ass.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

Also, you're smart, so you could even get away with being less attractive and still be... fairly attractive.

Sharon is pretty surprised and pleased with that.

SHARON

Wow. Okay. Thanks. Erm, I'll remember you as a sturdy love maker with a massive chin, who was kind to waiters and taxi drivers which suggests you might actually be a good person.

They look at each other for a beat or two.

ROB

What time is it?

SHARON

4.30

8            INT. THE HOTEL CARPARK STAIRWELL - LATER            8

ROB and SHARON are making out in the stairwell. There's the sound of someone walking up the stairs.

SHARON

You're gonna have to go faster.

We see ROB's pants around his ankles as they have their final shag. We freeze frame on this

Title card: CATASTROPHE

9            EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT            9

Obviously American yellow taxis line street in front of restaurant.

10           INT. A RESTAURANT IN BOSTON - NIGHT            10

Rob is having a romantic dinner with a lady. We initially think it's Sharon then the camera pans to her and it's not. It's an attractive young American woman, Blaire.

ROB

...I thought it was fine if I asked you out cos you're a temp.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

If you worked with us permanently this wouldn't be appropriate. But you're a temp so we just won't hire you again.

BLAIRE

You're funny.

ROB

Thank you. So tell me something about you.

BLAIRE

Well... I'm getting my Masters at-

ROB's phone rings. As she blabs on, he looks at his phone subtly, caller ID says "**SHARON (LONDON SEX)**". Rob looks surprised but pleased.

ROB

Sorry, I've gotta just take this - it's my mom - she's returning my call -it's her birthday.

She gives him a "that's lovely" smile. He gets up and leaves.

11 INT. THE RESTAURANT FOYER/SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/NIGHT 11

ROB stands in the foyer. His date can see him through the window. ROB answers the phone.

ROB

Hey, it's so good to hear from you! Sorry I haven't kept in better touch, but I have good news, I mean I hope it's good news- I'm back in London in April.

SHARON

Okay.

ROB

Yeah. For a few days. I mean we don't have to meet up if you -

SHARON

I'm pregnant.

A long beat.

ROB

Did you just say pregnant?

SHARON

Yes I said pregnant. Do you want me to say it again - 'pregnant.'

ROB

I don't understand, how did this, because...

SHARON

Well I think it's because we had sex about 25 times in a week and you wore a condom maybe twice, twice of those times?

ROB

Well why did you let me do that!

SHARON

Because, I dunno! I was drunk the first time so even though I wasn't drunk all the other times there was a precedent there that you took complete advantage of!

Silence. They are both stunned, unsure of what to say.

ROB

So what do you want to do?

SHARON

I want to build a time machine out of your fucking carcass, go back and make it un-happen! That's what I want to do!

11A INT. THE RESTAURANT FOYER - NIGHT

11A

From Blaire's vantage point, under the restaurant chatter, we see ROB slowly squat down to a crouch, head in his hands.

11B INT. THE RESTAURANT FOYER - NIGHT

11B

ROB

Do you want me to come over sooner?

SHARON

No... yeah, I don't know. I don't know what to do you get pregnant from a stranger

ROB  
 I'm not a *stranger*, I'm a familiar acquaintance, a friend? who helped you make a mistake, but will now help you...  
 (working it out as he speaks)  
 Figure it out. Okay?

13      INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT      13

ROB walks back to his seat. Takes his napkin and places it back on his lap, pulls his chair in. BLAIRE stares at him.

BLAIRE  
 Is your mom okay?

ROB  
 Huh? Oh yeah, No She's pregnant.

The woman laughs. Then the smile vanishes from her face. We cut back to Rob as he aggressively forks some food into his mouth.

CUT TO:

14      INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT-MORNING      14

SHARON is holding up a handmade sign that reads "ROB?" ROB sees her and despite everything, breaks into a smile. He walks over, looks at the sign, quizzically.

SHARON  
 I wasn't sure you'd recognize me. And it only says "Rob" because I don't know your surname.

ROB  
 It's Norris.

SHARON  
 Norris? Mine's Morris. Norris and Morris.  
 (Smiling)  
 Well at least that's fucking ridiculous

15      EXT. A PARK BENCH/SHARON'S CAR - DAY      15

They are parked up. It's a beautiful sunset. SHARON and ROB sit talking, bag of Nandos on Sharon's lap

ROB  
You just don't think stuff like  
this will happen-

SHARON  
What, that repeated sexual  
intercourse between two healthy  
adults will do the exact thing it's  
supposed to do? Have you ever done  
a science class? Do you know how to  
read?

ROB  
I'm sorry, okay? I'm not pregnant,  
and you are, and it's because of  
me. But if you're going to have  
this baby-

SHARON  
Who says I'm going to have it?

ROB  
How old are you?

She eyeballs him

ROB (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
The good news is that we're  
reasonably good people and we could  
probably do this and not fuck the  
kid up too horribly.

She stares at him.

ROB (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying, a *terrible* thing  
has happened - let's make the best  
of it.

She lets this sink in a bit.

SHARON  
So where you staying?

He looks at her, surprised

SHARON (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
I'm joking. You can stay in my  
spare room.

He looks at her, perplexed again.

SHARON (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 I'm joking, I'm a teacher I don't  
 have a spare room

She offers him some chicken. Smiles. He smiles back.

16

EXT. A SCHOOL IN LONDON - DAY

16

ROB is waiting outside the school, alone and awkward. Some mums walk by with kids, looking over at him. He smiles at them. They look at him as suspiciously as you would at a big hairy man standing on his own by the school gates. ROB looks at his watch. A kid on a bike cycles up and stops. He stares at ROB.

ROB  
 Hello.

The kid just keeps staring. A beat.

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Do you know if Ms. Morris's  
 finished with her classes?

KID  
 Is she under arrest?

ROB  
 No, I'm just waiting -

KID  
 Are you American?

ROB  
 Yes, yes I am.

KID  
 Do you know Barack Obama?

ROB  
 No I don't -

KID  
 Do you know his daughters?

ROB  
 Uh... I know Sasha but I don't know  
 Malia.

KID  
 How do you know them if you don't  
 know Barack Obama?

ROB  
I don't know them.

A few other kids have gathered around staring at him.

KID  
Are you a basketball player?

ROB  
Nope.

ROB starts looking over them for SHARON. He sees her in the distance talking to another teacher. He waves over at her.

KID 2  
Why are you waving at Miss Morris?

ROB  
Because she's... my girlfriend?

KID 1  
Is her hair a wig?

ROB  
I don't *think* so.

KID 2  
Do you know she's pregnant?

ROB  
*What?* What did you just say?

KID 2  
(Worried now)  
She's pregnant?

ROB  
Oh yeah I knew that, yeah.

KID 3  
Are you a basketball player?

ROB  
Mmm hmm.

Sharon joins them. Her bump is pretty visible now.

SHARON  
Hi.

ROB goes to kiss her. She quickly moves her head to avoid it.

SHARON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
We can do that in the car.

ROB looks awkward. SHARON looks around at the kids.

SHARON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You got yourself some fans there.

KID  
We're not his fans.

The kids disperse a little, disappointed.

KID (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(Cycling off, to his  
friend)  
I thought he was someone special

ROB  
(Shouting after them)  
I am special!

Sharon looks at Rob, bemused but amused.

17

INT. SHARON'S CAR - DAY

17

ROB and SHARON are parking in a hospital car park.

ROB  
So this is just a regular scan?

SHARON  
Yeah. But I can find out the sex  
this time if I want.

ROB  
Do we want to? I mean, wouldn't it  
be nice to have a surprise?

SHARON  
Well Rob, it is *Rob* isn't it?  
Because I only met you about 20  
minutes ago and now I'm pregnant  
with your baby so for the moment  
I'd like a whisper of certainty in  
my life. Not even in my life, in my  
*body*.

They get out of the car

SHARON (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Also it's my blood it's stealing  
nutrients from and my bones it's  
leeching calcium out of so I'd like  
to know who's doing that to me.

SHARON is now in a gown on a bed. ROB's on a chair beside her. The doctor walks in. Sits down

DOCTOR

Sorry for keeping you.

(Opens her notes)

Now, in reviewing your pap smear we found an abnormality. It's nothing to worry too much about yet, but you've got what's called cervical dysplasia.

SHARON

What the hell is that?

DOCTOR

Strictly speaking, it is what we call a "pre-cancer."

SHARON

Cancer?

DOCTOR

PRE-cancer. Frankly I hate that it has the word cancer attached to it, because it ISN'T cancer but it's sort of... next door to cancer.

SHARON

(to Rob)

What is she saying?

ROB

That you do not have cancer.

SHARON

But she's said cancer like eight times.

ROB

Doctor, you have said cancer rather a lot. Like, more than you'd hear in a casual conversation that isn't about cancer.

DOCTOR

I know, and I'm sorry. But while again, you do NOT have cancer, you DO have a situation that we have to monitor closely so that it doesn't *become* cancer.

SHARON

That's two more times she's said  
it. Two more cancers.

DOCTOR

All it means is you'll come here a  
little more frequently than you  
would have otherwise so we can take  
a looksie at your cervix and make  
sure it remains in the cancer-free  
state it's currently in.

SHARON turns to look at ROB, trying to glean some sense from  
all this. ROB turns to the doctor.

ROB

Do you have pamphlets?

DOCTOR

Yes, we have pamphlets.

ROB

(to Sharon)

I'm getting us some pamphlets.

DOCTOR

Right, well let's shift gears a bit  
and take a look at the baby, shall  
we?

SHARON

(opens legs mechanically)

Okay...

DOCTOR

No, we look through the belly for  
this one.

SHARON

(Closes legs mechanically)

Okay.

DOCTOR turns on ultrasound machine and lubes up SHARON's  
belly and the instrument. ROB moves into position next to  
SHARON. The doctor moves the thing around on SHARON's belly.

DOCTOR

There we are. Look at that  
heartbeat! Beautiful. Nice and  
strong. And here's the spine.  
Exquisite.

Moves the thing around more.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And here's something! Mummy, do you  
recognize that?

SHARON  
Is that the cancer?

DOCTOR  
Very funny, no. That's a little  
penis! Congratulations, you're  
going to have a baby boy!

SHARON turns to ROB. She starts crying.

19

EXT. A CAFE ROUGE - DAY

19

SHARON and ROB sit outside a Cafe Rouge. Shellshocked

ROB  
...she said that it's statistically  
unlikely to become full cancer.

SHARON  
So just the half-cancer then? Just  
a gentle half-cancer, like you get?  
(Staring at him)  
Do you think it's because I'm old?  
It's because I'm old isn't?

ROB  
No, it's not, you're not -

SHARON  
I want a cigarette. Will you get  
one, smoke it and blow it on me?

ROB  
Just have a cigarette if you want  
one. Maybe cover up your belly with  
my jacket first.

He takes his jacket off. Hands it to her

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And put your wine down

She puts the jacket on. ROB leans over and asks the people  
beside who are smoking for a cigarette. He hands it to her.

SHARON  
I'm just gonna have this one, not  
even the whole thing, just some  
puffs.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)  
And then I'm never doing it again.  
That's okay isn't it, just have a  
few puffs and then never do it  
again?

ROB smiles and nods. She lights it off the candle on the  
table. She inhales the cigarette deeply. Exhales slowly.

SHARON (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
God that's delicious.  
(Takes another puff)  
Oh for fuck's sake.. take this!

She shoves the cigarette into his hand.

ROB  
What's the matter?

FRAN (O.S.)  
Sharon!

SHARON  
Balls. Hi Fran.

A woman walks to their table.

FRAN  
Well? Is it true? Are you pregnant?

Pats her belly

SHARON  
Little bit.  
(Points at Rob)  
This is Rob. Rob's my (looks to  
Rob) boyfriend?

ROB  
Yeah.

SHARON  
He's the father of the baby. Rob,  
this is Fran, an old friend.

FRAN  
Well it's great to meet you Rob.

ROB  
Hello.

FRAN  
And great to see you stranger.

Sharon doesn't respond. There is a silence. ROB takes a pretend puff of the cigarette out of awkwardness.

FRAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
You have to come over for dinner.  
Chris would love to see you.

SHARON/ROB  
Oh yeah / Sure Yeah

FRAN  
What are you doing Saturday night?

SHARON  
(distressed)  
Saturday? Erm...

ROB steps in.

ROB  
Well, actually, we've just had some  
news that-

SHARON  
No we haven't, no we don't, we'd  
love to, thank you.

FRAN  
Great, we'll catch up then. See you  
Saturday at 7?

SHARON  
Yeah. Still at the same house?

FRAN  
Yep, same big house. And don't be  
late!

FRAN walks off. Rob looks after her. Then looks at Sharon.

ROB  
She seems nice.

SHARON  
She's a cunt.

Sharon takes the cigarette off him. Takes a long drag.

**END OF PART ONE**

SHARON and ROB are getting out of the car, carrying flowers

SHARON

My feet are too swollen for these boots. Have you seen the size of them?

ROB

(laughs) Yeah they're like cute little hobbit feet.

SHARON

Fuck off.

ROB

I meant to ask, why did you call her a cunt?

SHARON

I shouldn't have called her a cunt. She's more of a bitch.

ROB

Okay why is she a bitch?

SHARON

She's just one of those people where like everything has gone her way and she thinks *she* did it, but it's just *luck*. I just wish one bad thing would happen to her. I don't want her to get hit by a bus or anything but maybe if she got arrested for tax fraud or if her dad get caught with child porn or something. Just to knock the smug out of her.

ROB stares at her.

SHARON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Do you know what I mean?

ROB

Yeah, totally.

They walk in the front gate

SHARON

And don't mention the pre-cancer. If you need something to talk about, just talk about the weather or the meal, or other... meals you've enjoyed, you know

ROB  
Meals? Okay.

They arrive at front door. Sharon rings it.

SHARON  
Do I look fat?

ROB  
No, I mean, apart from your belly  
and your tits.

SHARON  
My tits are fat?

FRAN opens door, smiling brightly.

ROB  
Your tits are fat and beautiful.

FRAN  
Welcome!

21

INT. FRAN AND CHRIS'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

21

FRAN motions to row of shoes by front door to Rob and Sharon.

FRAN  
Shoes go here!

ROB and SHARON look at the shoes.

ROB  
Oh ok. That's a good spot for  
shoes.

FRAN stands still, smiling.

FRAN  
We keep a shoe-free home?

ROB  
Ah. Gotcha. Okay.

ROB and SHARON trade glances, ROB nods like "I get it now" as he removes his shoes.

SHARON  
Do you mind if I keep mine on?  
It's just my ankles are swollen and  
-

FRAN

Well you can keep them on, but  
you'll be the only one with shoes  
on! If you're okay with that, I am!

FRAN laughs at her "joke." SHARON looks at ROB and  
resentfully starts trying to pull her boots off.

CUT TO:

22

INT. FRAN AND CHRIS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

22

They all sit around the table, mid-way through the meal.

ROB

Delicious meal.

FRAN

It's all Chris's work. He's the  
cook here, aren't you?

They look at CHRIS who has his head down, eating.

SHARON

Where's Jeffrey tonight?

FRAN

He's in bed. He has to be up at  
four. He's filming in the morning.

CHRIS

Our son's a *thespian* now.

SHARON

Wow. That's... when did that  
happen?

FRAN

I thought you knew.

SHARON

I didn't know.

FRAN

That's funny I thought you knew.  
Anyway, this is his third film. He  
filmed a scene with Patrick Stewart  
last week. Lovely man, total flirt.

SHARON

Well... good for Jeffrey.

FRAN

Good for all of us. He's coining it!

SHARON

Yeah? Great.

There is a lull in the conversation.

ROB

This is a delicious meal.

FRAN

So, do you plan on having a natural birth?

SHARON

Um, I don't know, see what the pain's like maybe, take it from there.

FRAN

You should really consider natural birth. My cousin Sheila took all the drugs that were on offer, pethidin, oxytocin, she'd an epidural. It didn't turn out well.

SHARON

Why? How was the baby?

FRAN

Oh no baby's fine, but my cousin had a massive stroke and now she has to use one of those wheelchairs that you have to blow into to make it move.

Sharon looks at Rob. What the hell?

ROB

Jesus.

(thinking)

That's actually why we should have more than one kid.

SHARON

What?

ROB

All the shit that can go wrong. Births a risky thing. There's a reason people had eleven kids in the olden days.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)  
If one or two died, you still had 8  
or 9 left overs. Plus, only  
children are weirdos.

FRAN  
I'm an only child.

ROB  
Of course there are exceptions.

FRAN  
Our son is an only child.

ROB  
More than one exception?

Beat. Everyone glances at each other.

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
This is a lovely meal. Best meal  
I've had in some time.  
(to Sharon)  
Remember that meal we had Tuesday?  
This is better, this meal.

CHRIS  
I'm going for a cigarette.

FRAN  
Really? Do you really have to?

CHRIS  
Yup. Rob, you smoke?

ROB  
No, I don't.

FRAN  
Did you quit?

ROB  
(remembers she saw him  
smoking)  
Oh, because...

SHARON  
Just go and have a cigarette Rob.

ROB  
Okey dokey.

CUT TO:

CHRIS and ROB are outside. CHRIS lights his cigarette. Hands the lighter to ROB who just holds it.

ROB

Sorry about that. I hope I didn't upset Fran.

CHRIS

Don't worry about it. She'll wank off to that for a week. She loves to get angry at people. You did her a favor.

CHRIS tips his ash into the flowering bud of a geranium.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Can I give you some advice, Rob?

ROB

Er...maybe. About what?

CHRIS

When Sharon goes into labor, get on a plane and go back to Wisconsin or wherever you're from and skip the whole delivery. I saw our son come out and it was a fucking war zone.

ROB

Yeah, I mean I've seen videos of births before.

CHRIS

Those aren't real. They're like the moon landing or whatever; they only show the one percent that aren't complete *carnage* in those videos. You know they shit when they give birth?

ROB

I've heard that -

CHRIS

Yeah, well I've *seen* it. And I don't want that for you. You'll never be able to forgive her.

ROB

Forgive her?

CHRIS

You see a little troll come  
tobogganing out of your wife's  
snatch on a wave of turds and part  
of you is going to hold her  
responsible.

Rob could easily cry/throw up/punch CHRIS, but instead he  
lights his cigarette, drags on it. It goes straight to his  
head. He closes his eyes and sways a bit.

ROB

First cigarette in ten years.

CHRIS

You haven't smoked in ten years?  
Well don't start now, gimme that -

He goes to pull the cigarette out of ROB's mouth. ROB slaps  
his hand away. Eyeballs him

ROB

No no no. Don't.

CHRIS looks a bit intimidated. ROB takes another drag.  
Exhales.

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to the cigarette)

I do this now.

CUT TO:

24

INT. CHRIS AND FRAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

24

FRAN and SHARON are bringing the dishes into the kitchen

FRAN

He's a big one, isn't he?

SHARON

Rob? Yeah.

FRAN

Is he, you know, is he big all  
over?

SHARON

Erm... yeah. Well he's in  
proportion.

FRAN puts some chocolates on a plate. Bites into one.

FRAN

What's that like? It doesn't hurt?

SHARON

I mean he's proportional, I wasn't talking about his -

FRAN

Is he circumcised? Most American men are circumcised I've heard.

SHARON

He is, yes.

FRAN

What's that like?

SHARON

Well it's the same basic deal really -

FRAN

But I mean what does it feel like?

SHARON

What does my boyfriend's penis feel like?

ROB and CHRIS enter. SHARON notices ROB's ashen face.

SHARON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Are you okay?

Rob pulls up a chair, sits down

ROB

I'll be fine. Just a bit dizzy.

FRAN

Oh, dear. I'm a little anaemic myself and when I feel weak I just take a tincture of helonius, or some arsenicum if that's all I have, and I perk right up.

ROB

You do what? What's that?

FRAN

It's a homeopathic remedy.

ROB

Oh yeah, okay, no thanks.

FRAN  
Why not?

ROB  
Well that's not real, is it?

FRAN  
It is.

ROB  
Well, it's not.

FRAN  
Well, I think it is.

ROB  
Right yeah, I saw a guy on the tube today with no legs and I prescribed him three drops of doodly doodle-oo and his legs grew back.

SHARON  
Rob, Fran's a homeopath.

ROB  
Oh. Okay, well you could have told me that in my pre-dinner briefing.

SHARON grimace/smiles. Fran is not smiling.

FRAN  
A lot of people don't understand that there are alternatives out there that really work. My guru Alan cured himself of prostate cancer with walnuts last year.

ROB  
Oh give me a break!

FRAN  
Pardon?

ROB  
What did he do jam them up his asshole?

FRAN  
Sorry? Are you -

SHARON  
Rob-

ROB

I apologise, I don't mean to rip into your beliefs in your own home but we've just gotten some news about Sharon that is not good and if I thought for a *second* that I could just rub a blueberry on her vagina and fix her, I would do it. But I can't, BECAUSE IT'S BULLSHIT.

FRAN

I think you should go.

SHARON

I have cancer.

ROB

No you don't!  
(To Fran)  
SHE'S LYING!

CUT TO:

25

EXT. FRAN AND CHRIS'S FRONT LAWN - LATER

25

SHARON and ROB walk towards the car in silence.

SHARON

Well, I think we pulled it back at the end. It was good of you to ask Chris for the recipe for the tagine.

ROB

I thought about asking them to wake their kid up so I could get his autograph.

SHARON

Oh you should have! She'd have loved that.

She gives him a smile. They get in the car.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is trying to pull her boots off her massive ankles. Rob is looking for a t shirt from his suitcase. He looks over.

ROB

I'm really sorry. About tonight

SHARON

Don't be. They're awful. And actually I was really touched to see you go apeshit at someone for me.

ROB

Well... I'm scared.

SHARON

Of the not-cancer cancer?

ROB

Of everything. You're pregnant, you might be sick and I don't know what I'm doing. My shit's still in a suitcase. Am I part of your life or not, are we doing this for real or not?

SHARON

I don't know -

ROB

I think you should marry me.

SHARON

What? Are you mental?

ROB

Marry me and find out.

SHARON

Why? I *literally* don't know who you are. Like really, who are you? Do you have a middle name? Can you ride a horse? Did a priest ever fiddle with you? These are things I don't know.

She flops down on the bed. He lies beside her.

ROB

Clifford, yes and no but a nun did stay in the room while I changed out of dirty underpants once.

She laughs at this.

SHARON

Ohh, aren't you supposed to fall in love first?

ROB

Well, my mom sent me an article about a study on arranged marriages versus "love" marriages and it found that fewer arranged marriages end in divorce than real ones.

SHARON

Is it because they end in suicide?

ROB

I don't know I didn't read the whole article.

(He smiles at her)

Also, you'll need to marry me so I can stay in the country.

SHARON stares at him

SHARON

You don't have to be a part of its, his, life, you know. I'm not expecting anything. Except money, bit of money.

ROB

So I'll just send you a check every month and leave it at that? Fuck that. I didn't know my father and it sucked.

He points at SHARON's stomach

ROB (CONT'D) (cont'd)

This kid gets a dad.

SHARON

(turning away, smiling)

Oh god, you don't have to be so American about it.

Rob smiles too.

CUT TO:

27

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - LATER

27

CLOSE UP of ROB's face. He's having an orgasm. Camera pulls back and we see he's gripping two comically large swollen ankles resting on his shoulders. He surveys them and winces a little. Then he collapses next to SHARON.

SHARON

How did my vagina feel?

ROB

It felt great.

SHARON

Well enjoy it while it lasts because it won't feel like that for much longer. Not after your big headed son scrums out of it.

ROB

If it helps, I dated a woman a few years ago and she'd had two kids and her vagina was CRAZY tight. Like teenager tight. It was amazing.

SHARON

Why do you know what a teenager's vagina feels like?

ROB

Because I used to BE a teenager?

SHARON

Oh yeah. Ha.

(Beat)

And it didn't feel cancer-y?

ROB

It didn't feel cancer-y because you really, sincerely don't have cancer. In fact, I'd like us to get a second opinion. Doctors make mistakes all the time. They told my brother he had polio when he was ten, but it turned out he just was clumsy.

SHARON

Right but they've probably told some other kid he was clumsy and then he died of polio.

ROB

We'll cross that bridge when we  
come to it.

SHARON

Well you might cross the bridge  
alone because I might be dead.

ROB

That's the spirit.

ROB kisses SHARON's temple and turns out light and closes  
eyes. SHARON closes her eyes, then opens them, lies there  
wide awake.