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# Miss You Already

By Morwenna Banks

(PANTING)

(JESS) You know it's funny, I don't remember getting pregnant with you or...  
Oh, God. And I didn't marry you but somehow we're in this together.

(JESS GRUNTS)

(MIDWIFE) Is there anyone else I can call?

(JESS) The bloody morphine man.

- It's too late for drugs now.

- It's never too late for drugs.

(JESS) Kill me.

Just kill me.

That's it, breathe.

(JESS MOANS)

(JESS) 'Ah, childbirth.

'The most beautiful experience of a woman's life.'

- It's OK. You're in control.

- I'm in agony!

'Marginally less painful

'than having your nose hacked off with a shovel.'

Breathe, Jess. Breathe.

- I want Milly.

- Who? Who is Milly?

'Milly, my best friend.

'Although a proper friend would have prevented me from ever having sex in the first place. I met Milly when my dad got transferred from Oregon to London.'

(TEACHER) OK, everybody.

Here is our new girl. Jess.

All the way from America.

Hey, guys. Nice to meet you.

- Nice accent.

- "I'm American."

OK. What do we know about America?

Milly.

They've got electric chairs. Zzz!

'Milly took pity on me and taught me how to speak proper English.'

Bloody bleeding bumhole bugger arse!

- You've got it.

- Yay!  
'Milly's mum was a TV actress.'  
Milly.  
So how does mummy look?  
Like a right old tart.  
Back to your homework.  
"Mr Heathcliff had..."  
"an erect and handsome figure."  
(BOY) Hello, ladies.  
Do you wanna come check out my big throne?  
'We did everything together.  
'First kisses.'  
We kissed a boy!  
'First sexual encounters...'  
(CHANTING) Get your tits out.  
Get your tits out for the lads!  
Milly! What are you doing?  
Jess! I just had sex!  
'First little bundle of joy.'  
Kit.  
All right, ladies?  
Congratulations. Who's the dad?  
I'm kidding.  
She's not.  
That's excellent.  
That's excellent.  
We're gonna have a family!  
We're gonna have a family!  
'And because Milly  
liked to be the first at everything...  
' ...Milly's roadie  
turned into a family man with a plan.'  
Soundz!  
- Soundz!  
- Soundz!  
'A really good plan.'  
Get the speakers in.  
Sell the speakers, that's it.  
Get the baby bump.  
'While I got busy  
trying to make the world a better place.'  
OK. Scarlett, we're gonna plant  
those tomatoes next. OK?  
'And I fell for someone who looked

way better than me in a tool belt.'

Sorry, mate. Sorry, mate. Sorry.

Are you all right?

Sorry, mate.

Shit.

(KIT) When is the second truck coming?

- (MILLY) What truck?

- With your shoe collection.

(MILLY) And your hair products.

Oh, Juliet.

Oh, I love my house! This is my house!

Our house. Me and the kids

are gonna live here, too.

- I think we should christen this room.

- I think we should christen every room.

Kiss me.

'Milly actually became  
a wonderful mother.'

- I love you.

- Love you.

- (MILLY) Ben, show dad how to do it. Go on.

- How do you make it wiggle?

- Oh, my God.

- You're so good at it.

'While I was still just an auntie.'

Go home and make a baby with Jago.

- We're trying.

- It's the best part.

'And though Milly  
wasn't always entirely appropriate...'

Thank you all for coming  
to celebrate my mother's life...

'...she was always there.'

I'm so sorry.

(SCARLET) Happy birthday, Auntie Jess.

- Ready?

- Bet the flash doesn't work.

Happy birthday!

'I didn't have many pictures  
that Milly wasn't in.

'Until now.'

(MILLY) Hiya.

(DR BUTALA) Hello you.

(DR BUTALA) Come, sit down.

So, Milly.

I know, I forgot to come  
back for my check-up.

The breast lump biopsy  
shows that the lump is malignant.

OK?

Now we will need to run  
further investigations.

A CT scan, staging chest, abdomen  
and pelvis to see if it's spread.

We'll also look at your lymph nodes.

But for now, what we can do  
is plan your chemotherapy regime.

That's it, is it?

You promised me you'd eat some green.

Just cheese and bread. That's all  
you're gonna eat is cheese and bread?

Give mummy a kiss.

What's up with mummy?

You haven't touched your food.

Have something.

(JAGO) Hey, isn't today a fertile day?

You up for a quick spooge before work?

Maybe.

Oh, wait.

- Wait. Wait, wait, wait.

- Wait? What for?

Why, what?

What's that?

Some kind of laptop for our hamster?

It's my new fertility monitor.

I pee on it first thing in the morning  
and it tells me if I'm ovulating or not.

Heaven forbid we actually have sex

for the fun of it one of these days.

Well what if we keep trying and trying  
and it just never works?

Eventually you're gonna go off  
and make babies with some 22-year-old.

You mean you're not 22?

You lying cow.

- Your eggs are ready.

- (BLEEP)

Not according to this.

- (KIT) You seen my tuxedo trousers?

- Dry-cleaning bag.

Bastard black tie events.

- I bet Jago's not wearing a tux.

- He'd better be.

Stop moaning.

Nobody's gonna be looking at you anyway.

- You're just a handbag holder.

- (MIRANDA) Milly.

I think Ben's got head L-I-C-E.

Oh, Jesus.

As soon as they start back at school.

- Every bloody term.

- (MIRANDA) Well you have to fumigate, Milly.

I didn't sign up for this.

(BEN SCREAMS)

The nits are sucking out my brain.

(MIRANDA) Let me dry your hair.

Back in the bathroom.

My mother is sucking out my brain meat.

It was your bright idea

to have her move near us.

I was blinded by the thought

of free babysitting.

(MIRANDA) Oh my God,

Scarlett's got them too.

Ow, Nana. Get off.

It's not nana, sweetie. It's Miranda. Milly,

you have to comb through the kids' hair.

- Doesn't she, Kit?

- Absolutely.

Fine. I'll deal with the head lice,

you go to the benefit

and take care of 200 VIPs.

You look stunning.

But you've got to get them out more.

Mum, I'm a PR executive,

not a sex worker.

- Oh, well...

- This is what was in the dry-cleaning bag.

Oh my God, Dad.

Why are you wearing girl's jeggings?

Can we sack the dry-cleaner?

- They pop if you squeeze them.

- (KIT) Disgusting.

Ben, stop it! All nitty children  
back in the bathroom. Go, go, go.

(MAN) 'Because of your support...  
'we've given over 260,000 people  
safe, clean water.'

We're gonna do even more.

Help us build wells tonight.

Hello. I'm so happy to see you.

Thank you so much for coming.

Have a fabulous evening.

Do not get drunk

and bid on shit we can't afford.

OK. How about if I get really drunk  
but don't bid on anything?

- Deal.

- OK.

(ALL) Hey!

OK, OK. Please, tonight, just try  
not to embarrass me for once. I am working.

- By the way, you look amazing.

- Not enough tits out according to my mother.  
She's the expert.

Oh God. All right, I gotta go persuade  
all these rich people to flash their cash.  
Milly. Er...

Actually, right now I'd like you to react  
as if I've said something humanitarian  
yet hilarious.

Happy Valentine's, sexy.

Little gift to yourself?

Nope. I'm already wearing mine.

(JAGO) All right, I'm off.

- Happy Valentine's Day.

- Oh, what?

Sweetheart, you know I think it's all a  
load of commercialised bollocks, right?  
Yes, I do.

Hey...

I've been thinking

and maybe we should put

all our eggs in one...

test tube. You know,

go in for the old fertility treatment.

But we didn't qualify for free treatment.

I'm not talking about doing it

on the National Health.

You're going on the oil rig again.

- Only for a short stint.

- No. They're the worst.

- Yeah, that's why they pay the most.

- I don't even take aspirin.

I hate the thought of all

those horrible drugs.

Yeah, I hate the thought of wanking-off

into a plastic cup,

but if it means that we produce an heir

to our extensive power tool collection

it'll all be worthwhile. Hey...

happy Valentine's Day.

Drill bits.

(PURRS)

Will you think about it?

OK.

(DIALING TONE)

- (JESS) 'Hi.'

- Hey. What are you up to at lunch-time?

Working lunch.

Team bonding with the sex gods

from Water and Sanitation.

Oh, OK.

Is everything OK?

'Milly?'

You found out a week ago?

And you haven't told Kit yet?

I have to have chemotherapy.

Like straight away.

I'm gonna be bald.

Lots of people are bald.

Men are bald, yes. Babies. ET.

Not me.

- They might take my tits away.

- They haven't said that yet.

Not for sure.

I mean, how much cancer can you have?

You've had all your check-ups.

- Well, I've been busy.

- Oh, Jesus.



- How could the tumour have gotten so big?
- It's aggressive, like you. Jesus.
- Well, is it contained?
- In my body, yes.
- You should've gone back sooner.
- Yeah, thanks. Hadn't figured that out.

You're right, that was  
a really stupid thing to say. I'm sorry.  
Is it too late?

To put these in the wash.

- You have to think positively.
- (MILLY) Oh God, if I die...
- If you say that again...
- Well...

Don't say that.

It's all gonna be OK.

I can't believe we're laughing.

I can't believe we're laughing.

(MILLY) I don't want them  
to have to go through it.

They won't have to.

They're not going to.

They're gonna watch me go through it  
and have all sorts of shit to deal  
with when they're older.

We're gonna make it  
extra wonderful for them.

We'll look after them so much.

You've made them into such wonderful kids.

The lovely nurse puts chemotherapy  
into the IV drip.

And the medicine is like  
an army of soldiers  
and they all march into mummy's body.

(ALL CHANT)

Left right, left right, left right.

Now, chemo soldiers,  
they shoot the bad cancer out.

I want chemotherapy!

(MILLY) The soldiers are a bit rubbish  
so they also shoot parts of mummy's body  
that aren't poorly  
and this makes mummy feel ill.

Oh!

And just to be very, very safe  
the soldiers might zap out  
all of mummy's big hair.  
But all this is so mummy will get better.  
(ALL) Yay!  
And that, my gorgeous family,  
is chemotherapy.  
Very good, Mummy.  
Good plan?  
No. You go, I'll be fine.  
I've got Jess to order around.  
What's new?  
I'll get the kids from your mum.  
OK, I've got magazines, nail art,  
funny animals on YouTube.  
Oh! I've got a sexy bed.  
Did you bring a vibrator?  
- Yes, several.  
- Yes!  
Jess, this is Nurse Sam.  
Nurse Sam, this is Jess,  
my elderly companion.  
Sam, I want a blue cap.  
Just so you know,  
with your type of chemo  
there's only about a 20% chance  
it'll save your hair.  
And some find it quite painful.  
Worked for me.  
- Get me the blue cap.  
- She wants the blue cap.  
She's getting the blue cap.  
(JESS) Wow, that is a big prick.  
(SAM) Yeah, I know, bit of a monster.  
OK, Milly.  
- Oh, it's a beautiful vein.  
- Yay, I have beautiful veins.  
(JESS) Always thought  
you had beautiful veins.  
You kind of look like a superhero.  
I just can't place which one  
and I can't tell if you're good or bad.  
It... it... may be Captain America.  
May be Aquagirl.

(MILLY) Whichever one it  
is lives in an igloo.

- (JESS) Is it cold?

- I have an ice-cream headache,  
as though I've eaten the entire shop  
out of their ice-lollies.

(JESS) Definitely Captain America.

'The chemo took forever.

'My job, Milly said, was to turn up with  
treats and try not to be annoying.'

(SAM) So, Jess, you're in charge of these.  
Recycled vomit bowls?

We won't need those

because I took my meds.

I might need one after seeing  
that enormo needle go into your veins.

- Do you want one of my pills?

- Yes.

Girls, we're not at Glastonbury.

You can't just swap pills.

Oh, you spoilsport.

(SAM) Yeah, well look, anti-nausea tablets  
work for 80% of patients.

But just in case Milly's  
in the special 20%... Hey!  
Highly technical equipment.

Thank you.

Good. Keep an eye on her.

Thank you, Sam.

Oh, nice hat.

(MAN) How are we gonna  
reboot his image?

(KIRA) Easy.

We just need loads of charity work.

And children, doctors.

Maybe go to hospitals...

Kira, let's hear from Milly.

We could start by encouraging him  
not to cheat on his wife with a dominatrix.

(MAN) I mean I tried to kill that story.

(WOMAN) I even called the trades.

(MAN) What was that thing

about the statement

that we made for the agent?

Was that you, Kira?

Are you done, Sam?

Shot.

Oh, my God.

(JESS) Burmese virgin hair.

Malaysian virgin hair.

(MILLY) That's me. I'm a Malaysian virgin.

(JESS) You wish.

Mongolian virgin hair.

God, Milly.

Oh, these wigs are so expensive.

Well, look at the state of me, Jess.

Money is no object.

Everyone, this is Jill.

The greatest wigmaker

Pinewood Studios ever had.

Piss off, darling.

(JILL) Hello, Milly.

Now, I can make you something,

but I think we should just play

with some of these wigs.

Just to get the feel.

- OK?

- OK.

(JILL) Got a few ready for you.

If you could just hold the front,

that would be great. Thank you.

Of course we can style it any which way.

Oh, sorry, that's a little bit

1980's political lesbian.

Boring.

(JILL) We have something

a little more exciting here.

Oh, very Studio 54.

What do you think, Randy?

- (MOUTHS) Randy?

- Darling, it's all a naked blur.

- You like?

- (JESS) It's a little Goth.

Yeah, it looks like I'm just gonna pop out

and drink some blood.

(JILL) This won't do, will it?

Is it OK if I just try this one?

Sorry, I've been eye-balling it.

Oh my God.

The sun actually will come out tomorrow,

Daddy Warbucks.

Poodle perm.

Jill, will you just please

make me not look bald.

Colour?

- Something that matches.

- Upstairs or downstairs?

- Pubes are gone.

- Upstairs it is.

Oh, I think I've got something rather special that I made for a Scorsese film.

- Scorsese film?

- (JILL) You're gonna love...

Yes, it was a couple of years ago.

- Darling, you never mentioned that.

- I e-mailed you.

Bit tight, but that's gonna be OK.

But wait a minute.

A few nips and tucks,

I think it should be perfect.

Yeah. That's the one.

- Thank you.

- OK, my pleasure.

(MIRANDA) Thank you, Jill.

(JILL) Just take that off.

I kind of thought it would really work and I think it has.

Now, Milly, dear girl...

how about we just get rid of all this?

- What, now?

- (JILL) It's all gonna go very soon, darling.

Best avoid the insane asylum look.

- Sure, why not?

- Good girl.

- I think I'll put the kettle on.

- OK. I'll help.

It's often those watching

who find it the hardest.

Are you ready?

Yeah.

- I look like a leopard.

- What, a leper or a leopard?

Would you like a lock, darling?  
Eugh! No.  
I agree, absolutely disgusting.  
But some people get very sentimental.  
(MIRANDA) Thanks, Jess.  
It's unfair.  
You look so beautiful.  
Why thank you, Mum.  
Feels quite good.  
- Thank you, Jill.  
- You look great.  
Cheese?  
Cheese! I don't want shitty cheese.  
Excuse me, who taught you that word?  
- What, cheese?  
- Yeah, really clever.  
He said the "F" ' word the other day.  
- Ben!  
- Dad laughed.  
- Get dressed.  
- You're not dressed.  
Ben! Mummy's still poorly.  
Mum?  
Well, fit as a fiddle.  
Where's your swim bag? Where's Dad?  
- On the phone.  
- Kit, I need some help here.  
(KIT) I'm on a work call.  
The Hong Kong deal.  
Are you driving us?  
(MILLY) Not today, sweetheart.  
Daddy's gonna drop you off.  
- Ben put honey all down my T-shirt!  
- (MILLY) Ben!  
- Kit, can you sort Scarlett's shirt?  
- Yes. Sorry, I've got a work crisis.  
Then tell Hong Kong Darren that I need you.  
Play the cancer card.  
I've done that a million times.  
I've got a splitting headache.  
Oh, poor baby.  
Scarlett, just go and get any clean shirt.  
I haven't got a clean shirt.  
- Oh, of course.

- It's on my list.

Ever heard of multi-tasking?

- Come on, I'll drive.

- (BEN) Yay!

Not bald. Not in the bald hat.

Mum, what if my friends see?

- Would you prefer I wear the sunhat?

- Not the sunhat.

Come on. We paid a fortune for you to go  
and splash water at each other. Hurry up!  
Piggyback to the car.

Ben.

- I told you mum wasn't better.

- I'm fine. I'll be fine.

You all right?

Go back to bed, I'll drive them.

Why didn't you say you were feeling unwell?

You really don't know women, Dad.

I'm not cooking that again.

That was a bit bland.

- (PHONE RINGS)

- Hi.

'Hello? Milly?'

(MILLY) There should be a person.

Excuse me?

Someone who'll come over  
and sort things out. Like...

Gets the shopping in,  
gets the kids off to school.

Arranges play dates.

Like a husband?

Sorry, I didn't mean to shit on Kit.

Right.

- What about your mum?

- 'Our Miranda'

has very thoughtlessly got herself a job  
on some crappy mini-series.

Oh, she got the part  
in "Shakespeare's Women".

- Good for her.

- "Shakespeare's Shags" more like.

Yeah, it's good for her.

Not for me.

I have got to sleep.

My white blood cells are twatted.

- I'll call you later?

- Yeah. Bye.

- Everything all right?

- Mm-hmm.

- Where are you going?

- What?

I think I should go over there

for a few days and help out.

Don't you think you've done enough?

We've already put off having the IVF.

She doesn't know that.

And, besides, WE decided

to postpone until after chemo.

You decided.

How much longer

are we gonna put our lives on hold?

Well that's a super attitude, Jago.

Have you even stopped for a second

to think about how Milly feels?

What?

I just want us to have a baby, Jess.

Don't make me into the bastard for that.

Excuse me, please.

OK, fine. I will start treatment.

You can borrow the money

and then go on the rig and pay it back. OK?

Jay!

(KNOCKING ON WINDOW)

You stupid arse-crack.

Sorry. Gonna try one more time.

"He is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect,  
in dress and manners a gentleman."

"Because he has an erect"

"and handsome figure

and rather morose."

What do women see

in those pouty Mr Darcy types?

Darcy?

Heathcliff is a whole

other kettle of man-meat.

Well you can check out this bit of man-meat  
as he walks away.

I've gotta go find a doctor.



Sam!  
Wow!  
Stop it, please.  
Don't ask me again. It's no.  
Ben, put the car down  
and eat some greens.  
Why are you just pushing it around?  
Eat some of the lettuce.  
- (SCARLETT) Mummy!  
- Mummy!  
- Hey, Mummy.  
- Hello.  
- Why am I so popular?  
- Dad's being mean.  
Oh, he is a very mean man,  
that's why I married him.  
I told Scarlett  
she couldn't have her ears pierced.  
Jade's got hers done. And Bianca's  
getting them done this weekend.  
I'm like the only person  
in my whole class who doesn't.  
So all the boys have got pierced ears?  
Felix and Archie have.  
I'll think about it over  
the summer holidays.  
Oh, great.  
That's good consistent parenting.  
Well, didn't say yes.  
How old were you when you had yours done?  
- Hmm... can't remember.  
- Miranda says you were ten.  
- You didn't even tell her.  
- Your grandmother is a dirty snitch.  
This needs some salt or something.  
Mmm. Why don't you take over  
and I can go and finish off some work.  
Fine. As soon as I vomit  
in this salad bowl.  
(KIT) Are you OK?  
- Shall I grab your pills?  
- They don't work.  
Vitamin A. I just pureed some vegetables.  
So did I. Care to try some?

- I'm not eating that.  
- It's natural deodorant, sweetie.  
It's made from arrowroot  
and shea butter.  
Maybe I will have some on toast.  
They think that aerosol deodorants  
may cause breast cancer.  
Oh, and if I use that  
it'll make the cancer go away?  
(MIRANDA) Ta-dum.  
Why have you brought me an outfit  
from a 1970's sitcom?  
Darling, it's vintage.  
To keep Kit interested.  
Sex is so important and he's awfully dishy.  
Well, I will make sure I do not wear that.  
But if that side of things  
slides away, then...  
Then what?  
I've only got myself to blame?  
Is that what you're saying?  
I'm trying, Milly.  
I know, Mum.  
(MILLY) Oh!  
(WOMAN) Yoo-hoo.  
- Nisha. Oh, my God.  
- How lovely to see you.  
(MILLY) Hi, Cheryl. Thank you.  
You are totally brilliant, Sam.  
And I hope I never see you again.  
The feeling's mutual.  
Here, that's for you. Man-meat.  
- (BEN) Mum, we made food for you.  
- Well, that's very kind of you.  
Nutella and crisp sandwiches.  
- And we bought you a new mug.  
- (SCARLETT) I made tea.  
Dad wouldn't let me boil the kettle  
so it's hot tap.  
Mmm! Tap water tea.  
Oh, thank you, children.  
I'm not too peckish at the minute, but...  
I think Auntie Jess is  
and she would love a cup of tea.

- I'll make her one.

- Oh, no, just give her mine.

Ah, Nutella and crisps, you say?

On white bread?

Mmm!

Any... anything to report  
on the old baby front?

Well...

We don't have sex any more.

We just attempt to reproduce.

When the basal body temperature  
and cervical mucus are aligned, then,  
and I mean only then,  
am I allowed anywhere near the vagina.

What about you and Milly?

Can she still...?

No.

But she's allowed me to have sex  
with other girls whenever I want.

- Very decent of her.

- Yeah.

No, mate.

She only finished  
her last round of chemo today.

- I'll at least leave it till the weekend.

- Yeah, give her a few days.

Do you know, it'd probably be easier  
if me and you just started having sex.

Do you know how long

I've been waiting for you to say that?

(JESS) "Injectable gonadotropins  
regulates the final burst of egg growth."

"Side effects include fatigue,  
nausea, bloating."

Great.

Oh!

Oh, look at you.

Like a modern Michelangelo.

- Somebody's been hitting the gym.

- Good to see you.

- You look hot.

- You, too, sweetie.

Hello, honey.

Knock knock.

- Hi, gorgeous.

- Hiya.

I just wanted to give you a quick heads-up on the last few days.

Sure.

We've signed a couple of big name clients.

We've got M.I.A. and The National.

Yep, I got the e-mails.

I just wanted to let you know we're all here for you.

- And your haircut looks amazing.

- It's a wig.

I know. Welcome back.

Thank you.

(JESS) They've stolen all my eggs.

(JAGO) You sound like the Easter Bunny.

(JESS) Did you do your mucky business?

(JAGO) Yeah.

It was really difficult getting it in that tiny pot.

It was going everywhere.

How much did you lose?

That could be our baby.

Don't worry.

I managed to scrape most of it off the cubicle wall.

At least I think it was mine.

It works! High five. Hot lava.

So, Milly, the treatment has worked.

But? You've got the "but" voice on.

The "it's worked but" voice.

You know your oncologist and I had hoped to proceed with a lumpectomy and radiation.

But based on all of your results we recommend, at this stage, to proceed to mastectomy.

No. Hmm-mm.

Milly, this will give us our best chance of eliminating the cancer.

(MILLY) Well...

Single or...

double?

(DR BUTALA) Because your cancer

is triple negative  
and looking  
at your genetic testing results...  
we advise erring  
on the side of caution.

(DIALLING TONE)

Oh, pick up. Pick up, Jess.

(MOBILE VIBRATING)

Jago!

Jago, get in here, baby!

We're gonna need a bigger boat.

My God. Oh, it worked. It worked.

Oh, we'll just put the kid in a drawer.

We're not living in a Dickens' novel.

Oh my God, I can't believe it.

(PHONE VIBRATING)

- Oh. Hello?

- (KIT) 'Jess.'

Have you seen Mills?

No. She phoned earlier

but she didn't leave a message.

Bloody hell, she was meant

to be back hours ago.

Can I call you back?

- (KIT) 'Yeah.'

- OK.

- Where are you going?

- I think I might know where she is.

She managed to get herself

right in the middle of our big moment.

How does she do that?

It's like telepathy.

I love you. Twenty minutes, tops.

- OK?

- Come here.

Please tell me that you're not gonna

do that for the next nine months.

I might.

Hey!

We're having a baby.

- (WOMAN) Cheers.

- Yeah.

(CHEERING)

(MILLY) We need more, please.

Southern cowboys, please.  
Oh, it's my best friend  
and partner in crime!  
- Hi, best friend.  
- Hello, sweetheart.  
Who are your friends?  
This is Ron and Jeremy.  
My new drinking buddies.  
Nice to meet you.  
Ron. Jeremy.  
What do you fancy?  
A bit of black or a bit of white?  
All right.  
Back to the bar, now!  
Right now!  
No, just leave your arse,  
so I can play with it.  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
Kit's worried sick.  
- Well, I'm in mourning.  
- Who died?  
My tits.  
It's... it' happening.  
(BURPS)  
I'm sorry.  
All right, I'm gonna go to the bar.  
To pay the tab, Sister Mary.  
Hi, Kit. Yeah.  
No, I've got her, everything's fine.  
- (AMERICAN ACCENT) You OK, Milly?  
- Ah! You knew my name?  
I make a point of learning all the names  
of my favourite customers.  
And it's on your credit card.  
OK.  
Can I ask you something?  
Yeah. Shoot.  
Are these breasts  
that you would want to touch?  
Yeah. Well, yes.  
That means a lot. Thank you.  
Any time.  
- Any time?  
- Yeah, any time.

One whiff of booze  
and you act just like your mother.  
That is the worst thing  
you have ever said to me!  
Whoa! Last time  
I'm letting you drive my vehicle.  
- God, I hate this car.  
- Abrupt stop. My gosh!  
(JESS) I did it, I got you home.  
(MILLY) You are a terrible driver.  
This is a spaceship.  
Oh, Jess, I have always,  
always wanted to be wanted.  
Always needed to know  
that if I turn around on the street,  
someone will be looking at my arse.  
Well, you know they always are, honey.  
Oh my God, I am so vain.  
You know that.  
I know.  
I have spent so much money  
and time on me.  
And it looks good.  
But I'm just, I'm so superficial.  
I am, I'm superficial.  
And I have a huge...  
ego.  
I know.  
But, you know,  
I'm gonna look like a mutant.  
Who's gonna give a shit about me then?  
Me.  
In you go.  
Get that hot arse in there.  
(MILLY) These cobblestones  
are the bane of my existence!  
How do those Italian bitches do it?  
All right, I miss you already.  
(JESS) Miss you already.  
All right, my little angels.  
Dinner is ready.  
- Fish and chips.  
- From the chip shop?  
No, from the fish shop and the potato shop.

Smells like baked wee.

Uh-huh. Oh, well I'm guessing  
you won't want seconds.

- Hello, everyone.

- Oh, hello, Miranda.

Would you like some fish and chips?

- From the chip shop?

- No, they're home-made.

- Boo.

- (SCARLET, BEN AND MIRANDA) Boo!

Thank you, everybody.

Did you go shopping?

One of the lovely costume girls  
from the show got me a discount.

It's for Milly. It's a post-op bra.

(JESS) Oh, wow.

It has little cutlets.

(MIRANDA) Just until they say that she's  
healthy enough for reconstruction.

Fingers crossed.

- I think I'm gonna pop upstairs.

- Good idea.

All right, you guys. Come on, let's eat.

Come on, sit down.

- Auntie Jess.

- Hmm? Yes?

Is mum dead?

What?

- Is mum dead?

- Honey, no. She's in the hospital.

When Ella's mum died

she got a scooter and a Nintendo.

You want mum to die

so you can get a Nintendo?

I don't think that's what he was saying.

Actually she's coming home tonight.

- Why would you say that?

- He didn't mean it.

- Don't throw things at him!

- (SCARLET) Why would he say that!

- Please don't fight.

- You bumhead!

- Honey, I want you to sit down...

- You're a bumhead and I hate you!



- First of all, sit down.  
- How about I go to the chip shop?  
(BEN) Yes!  
- (MIRANDA) OK, I will.  
- Great.  
The surgeon said it...  
it's a great success.  
- Could you...?  
- Yeah.  
I can't...  
You don't have to show me.  
I want you to see.  
OK.  
Jesus.  
Well...  
Come on, Franken-tits.  
Let's get you bandaged up.  
Here.  
Oh... oh.  
What do you need?  
The... serum.  
- What's that?  
- The green bottle.  
The expensive-looking one.  
Bit more, bit more.  
No, no. No, up, upward motion.  
What am I, a facialist?  
- Oh, maybe I am.  
- Don't hit me.  
(JESS) Sorry.  
(KIT) Cheers, Jess.  
Honey.  
You're in good hands.  
- Thank you. See you tomorrow.  
- Thank you.  
(KIT) Hello.  
How is the patient?  
These drugs are so good.  
Would you mind holding my handbag?  
(KIT) Oh, don't.  
God. Stop it.  
(KIT) Open wide.  
I always wanted to say that to you.  
- Cheese.

- Cheese.

I think you've got too many teeth.

I think you do.

How many teeth do you have?

(JAGO) Jess, you should tell her.

I know, I'm sorry.

I just don't wanna rub it in  
that my life is great right now.

She'll resent you more  
if you don't tell her.

I'm telling Kit.

- It's my news, too.

- Jay!

Please, let me tell her in my own time.

Fine, I won't.

And I'm not gonna enjoy  
this bottle of beer either.

I wish it was a bottle of glue  
and it would keep your lips shut.

Oh, that was horrible.

- I hate you right now.

- Yeah, I know you do.

I'm raging with hormones.

I wanna rip your face off.

Why don't you kiss my face off?

- Right, we gotta go. Come on.

- (JAGO) Oh, wow.

- Got everything?

- Breast pump. Yes, please.

It doesn't make them bigger.

Oh.

Here, do you want a hand?

Get your shirt off.

That looks good.

Do you wanna say something?

Well...

No, it's not that.

It's nothing...

It's nothing to do with...

Oh, idiot, idiot, idiot.

( SARAH JACKSON-HOLMAN:

"WHEN YOU DREAM" )

Fill your head with the ocean

Fill your head with the sea

And dream of being with me  
Being with me  
With me  
With me  
With me  
- (MAN) How are the breasts?  
- Excuse me?  
Sorry, I just haven't seen them in a while.  
Oh, God. Yes. Ace, right?  
Ah, wow, you remembered.  
I'm special.  
I was beginning to think  
you show those bad boys to everybody.  
I'm not showing them to anyone any more.  
That is a very great shame.  
I'll say. They're in a bin somewhere.  
Mastectomy. Double.  
Well...  
Wow.  
So, you're not working today or...  
No. I quit the bar.  
- Got a better job.  
- Where?  
Going up North, to Yorkshire.  
- Yorkshire.  
- (YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Up in Yorkshire.  
I got family up there so...  
Yeah, I don't know, should be fun.  
I'm a travelling man, I guess.  
Yeah, I'll miss you.  
Do you wanna get a coffee  
that isn't covered in pumpkin shit?  
You know what?  
I could murder a cold beer.  
Yeah. Yeah, let's go get crazy.  
You wanna go take a bite out of this world.  
What did you get for the...  
You celebrate this? Look at...  
Oh, yeah!  
- You bought this for yourself, didn't you?  
- Oh, you know me too well.  
Got to go to the little boys' room,  
there'll be a surprise.  
( THE ALL AMERICAN REJECTS:

"THERE'S A PLACE")  
Come here,  
I got a special micro-brewery to show you.  
It will give us both  
something to find  
What I find today  
I always keep those yesterdays  
in mind  
All I wanted  
Is to be wanted  
Can't you do something  
that doesn't involve  
being out at sea  
for weeks and months at a time  
during force twenty force gale winds?  
Not for that kind of money.  
I could sell my kidneys,  
then we could buy a car  
and a whole new drawer to put the baby in.  
You've already put your name  
on the roster?  
When do you go?  
I dunno. Depends on the weather.  
They'll wait till it gets really,  
really bad.  
(PHONE BLEEPING)  
Shit!  
- About time, Milly.  
- What? I e-mailed you.  
Jesus, who cares if I'm a few minutes late?  
Er... everyone.  
(ALL) Surprise!  
(WOMAN) Happy Birthday.  
There was this King, King George,  
and he liked things big  
and he liked things round.  
Just so you know,  
I had no knowledge of this party.  
Kit did it all on his own.  
Which is very nice but...  
Don't be mad at me  
because I didn't know anything.  
I've got some good ones.  
I've got some good ones.

This is when they went to Ibiza and you...  
well, you both went missing for two weeks.  
That was before cell phones.  
And this was when you went away  
and birthday girl...  
That was right after Milly ate  
organic mushrooms.  
OK! Now that's enough of that.  
- Speech!  
- No, no, no.  
Speech! Let's hear how interesting you are.  
- So thank you all for coming tonight.  
- (WOMAN) Free booze!  
Firstly, can I just make it clear  
that this is not my 40th.  
So thank you for the lavish party  
but not quite the big 4-0 just yet.  
Thank you, Kira.  
I know everyone's enjoying  
eating this expensive meal  
and sucking on these chocolate balls  
whilst looking at my wig  
and looking for tit scars.  
No.  
Er... and what else? Hm...  
Oh, yeah.  
I'm not dead yet so let's drink to that!  
Not dead!  
What?  
- What made you think I would want this?  
- I don't know what you want.  
- No, come on.  
- Don't you dare!  
(WOMAN) I hope that's not the end  
of the free bar.  
(MILLY) Don't follow me  
like an old Battersea dog.  
Excuse me.  
You've had enough of that.  
What? You spent most of your 20's  
face down  
in a vat-full of Jack Daniels.  
Yeah, then I grew up.  
Milly, get back in the party.

- No, it's a shit party!  
- I'm enjoying myself.  
Oh, well that's good, that's important.  
Because it's your night, isn't it?  
It's a bit of limelight  
for the heroic spouse.  
That's why I booked  
your favourite restaurant  
and paid for your inbred cousins  
to come all the way up here!  
I'll reimburse you the 47.50 petrol money  
for the campervan.  
You have no clue how long it took me  
to organise people that you care about  
to come all the way down here.  
No clue!  
(MILLY) Well done you.  
Now you've got your database  
for when you arrange my funeral.  
(JESS) Wait!  
(JESS) Are you OK?  
(MILLY) No!  
(JAGO) Fuck, I don't know  
how you put up with it.  
- Get off!  
- Whoa, whoa...  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
It's getting too much.  
- She's the mother of my kids.  
- It's all right.  
Come on inside. Come on, Kit.  
(MILLY) Has he not lived with me  
for the last ten years?  
I just wanted to spend the evening  
with the four of us.  
If another person looks at me  
with sad eyes and says,  
"Oh, you look so well, Milly,"  
I am going to projectile vomit!  
Was I awful?  
No, driver, just go straight. Straight.  
- Wait, this isn't the way home.  
- We're not going home.

Can you take us here, please?  
Hey, mind the...  
It's too far.  
No, no, no, no,  
you don't understand.  
I have a very healthy credit card  
and I am a massive tipper.  
- OK.  
- Whoo!  
(JESS) Let me see that.  
Let me see your phone.  
This is 250 miles away.  
You know what?  
Sir, you can just drop me off right here.  
Driver, do not stop. Keep driving.  
Jess, Jess, Jess,  
think of it as an adventure.  
We'll find a little place  
just for the two of us to stay  
and we can have crumpets by the fire.  
Come on, it's my birthday.  
Look, I'll make you a deal.  
I will get you some clean clothes.  
Some nice clean underwear  
because I know how fond you are  
of crusty gussets.  
Why do you suck me  
into this shit?  
(MILLY) Yeah, turn right here.  
There's a little shop here.  
(MILLY) All right, I'm going in.  
Some new knickers coming right up.  
I'll be back.  
Watch yourself  
going across the street, please.  
Jay, I know it's mental  
but she's always wanted to see the moors.  
"Wuthering Heights".  
What is she? Kate frickin' Bush?  
'Where are you staying?'  
'God, I've no idea.'  
I can't take much more of this.  
Well, I'll tell her about the baby.  
Well, that makes it all right, then.

Jess, you don't have to indulge  
her every bonkers whim, you know.  
Try saying no to someone with cancer.  
(JAGO) 'She hasn't got cancer any more.'  
(JESS) Now you're the expert.  
I'll call you later.  
You know, my wife, she had it.  
I wish we had done something like this.  
It's good what you do for your friend.  
Do I know how to shop.  
Shove over, come on, quick.  
Ah, that was so much fun!  
It made me feel so good!  
(JESS) You smell like a brewery.  
You know what, I got us some vodka.  
Let's have a drink!  
(JESS) What?  
(MILLY) All right, now listen. I've got us  
matching boots for our hearty hike...  
- up in the moors.  
- (JESS) Oh, good, you got hats, too.  
(MILLY) Say hello Big Ben.  
Did you get pyjamas?  
Yes, I got some tantalising,  
titillating titbits for you.  
( R.E.M.'S "LOSING MY RELIGION" ON RADIO)  
- Oh! Oh!  
- Turn it up!  
Oh life, it's bigger  
It's bigger than you  
And you are not me...  
We're getting out of London!  
We're going to the moors!  
(GARGLES)  
(MILLY) Excuse me.  
- What's your name?  
- Achmed.  
(MILLY) Achmed.  
That's me in the spotlight  
Losing my religion...  
- Haworth!  
- Oh, shit, there's Haworth!  
(JESS) Oh, my God.  
There they are, the moors!



There's the sheep!

- Stop, stop! Here we are!

- (MILLY) Achmed, stop. Let us out.

(JESS) Let us out.

(ACHMED) OK.

"My Heathcliff."

"Oh, God, it is unutterable."

"I cannot live without my life.

I cannot live without my soul."

I can't believe we're here.

I can't believe we're here!

Wait, I need one, too.

That was just a dream

That's me in the corner

That's me in the spotlight

Losing my religion

Trying to keep up with you

And I don't know if I can do it

Oh no, I've said too much

I haven't said enough

I thought that I heard you laughing...

- Achmed! Come and dance. Come on.

- No, no, no. I don't dance.

I think I thought I saw you try

But that was just a dream

- Thank you, Achmed, you're a saint.

- Achmed! You are one sexy dancer!

- Take care, huh.

- Drive safely!

You've got the Emily suite.

Top floor, view of the moors,

four-poster and gas effect fire.

(BOTH) Ooh!

And you've got the Branwell room.

Ground floor, shared toilet.

Ooh.

Can I go back to bed now?

Yes. Let's all go to bed.

- I mean, not together.

- Clearly.

Thank you.

You just scored the best pyjamas

I've ever worn in my life.

Oh, God.

Oh, God, I am so exhausted.

- Why can't I stay here?

- I need to get some sleep.

No. You have to sleep in the  
Branwell suite. I've paid for it.

Which one was Branwell again?

The big-nosed unsuccessful alcoholic  
Bront brother.

What a catch.

Milly... I have to tell you something.

Yes, hello, I'm sorry to bother you...

You ordered something hot?

Oh, there's a little puddy cat.

I like your new job.

Welcome to Yorkshire.

I can't do it with him watching.

(SNARLING)

Kevin.

Go, down. Go to sleep.

Good boy.

Do you see that?

Wait, wait, wait, what's wrong?

- What's the matter?

- Er...

Please say you're not doing this  
because you feel sorry for me.

Or because you're into amputees.

For me, the ultimate turn-on would be  
if you had no limbs at all.

Mmm... OK, wow.

Throw you in a bag,  
get your little nubs in there.

Pull you out  
when I just wanna have my way with you  
and then just stick it back in.

Yeah, I don't know, I could do that.

Are you kidding me? Come on.

You're fucking sexy.

Simple as that.

Ssh, ssh.

You're gonna wake my nan.

And she hasn't been up this late  
since the Coronation.

Now close your eyes.

Close your eyes.

- Are they closed?

- Mm-hmm.

Hey, and your scars are beautiful.

I wanna do stuff to you.

I'll have the full English breakfast  
with tea and porridge.

Someone's hungry.

- I'll have the toast with butter, too, please.

- Mmm.

(KNOCKING AND DOOR OPENING)

Shit.

Jess.

I had to see him. It was incredible, Jess.

He thinks I'm sexy

even without hair and boobs.

I mean, you've done

some crazy shit in the past,

but this one takes the biscuit.

You've got a husband.

Or did that slip your mind?

Kit can't look at me,

let alone have sex with me.

Then this is the perfect solution.

Do you know how it felt

to be touched again?

- Don't ask for my approval.

- Oh, I won't.

This could blow your family apart. Or

have you not stopped to think about that?

What do you know about

holding a family together?

Try coping with two kids,

when always at the back of your mind

it's there.

- The fear.

- Oh, don't get all profound on me.

I don't know if you've noticed,

but I have this annoying little disease.

Noticed?

You're a frickin' cancer bully.

You bully everyone around you

while we all try to deal with your life

and take care of your crap.

You're acting like a slutty teenager.

I'm sorry, I didn't realise

you wanted a medal.

You're so selfish.

I don't wanna be near you.

All right, have fun. Off you go,

back to your cosy little houseboat

where all you have to worry about

is bringing in your tiny orange cushions

when it rains.

Oh, my God, Jess, I can't...

You were there

when I pissed on the Predictor stick.

You were there

when both my babies were born.

You didn't tell me because you think it's

just another thing I might not see, right?

Because I'm never gonna meet that person.

Just say it.

- I wanna go home.

- You wanna go home now?

That's funny because for a minute I thought you

were gonna stay here and live in his attic!

I came here because it might

be my last chance

to be seen for who I really am!

- Was.

- No.

You came here and made me drive 250 miles

so that you could get laid by a barman!

Oh, man, I'm not falling for it any more.

- Just make your own way home.

- I will.

Yeah. By the way, fix your wig,

it looks like shit.

(GRUNTS)

Oh, my God.

( **MOBY:**

I'll decide

You don't know this time

To turn away

Leave it all behind

So we climb

So we're all told the line

- Jess, it's me ringing for the hundredth time.

- (JESS) Jay!

Hey, baby.

(JESS PANTS)

- Hey, what's wrong?

- Ow!

- You all right?

- Er... I-I-I got hurt.

- How? What's the matter?

- (SOBBING) Honey, I'm so sorry.

I was telling them, "I've gotta  
get rid of these for Christmas."

"So I'll give the customers 10% off..."

- Mummy. Where did you go?

- Mummy!

OK, back to your homework.

It's a minor abruption of the placenta.

But I want to see you next week, OK?

Thank you for my coconut bird-feeder.

What did Milly get you?

OK, passport?

Ticket?

Picture of me?

- Happy New Year.

- Happy New Year.

No more dramas, all right?

I promise.

(BEN) This one's you, Mum.

I'm gonna give you some new bosoms.

- Oh, a bit bigger, please.

- Mum!

When I get mine,

they're going to be perfect.

Any news on that?

- (BEN) Now I'm gonna make one of Jess.

- I don't think there's enough cookie dough.

(BEN) Is she coming tonight?

(SCARLETT) Duh, she always comes New Year.

Kids, I think mummy's got

a bit of a headache.

No, I don't!

Sweetie, it's just family tonight.

(SCARLETT) But I want to tell her

about my dance prize.  
Can I call her?  
Mum, where's Jess's number gone?  
(JESS) Miranda.  
I've brought you some rosehip tea.  
Thank you.  
Have a seat.  
Is everything all right down there,  
you poor thing?  
- Yeah, I had some problems.  
- Oh, sorry. Does Milly know?  
She won't talk to me.  
Everything I do is wrong.  
Well, that's just the way she is.  
Perhaps she's punishing me for not  
being the kind of mother she needed.  
Feel free to contradict me.  
I wasn't really there, was I?  
Flying around the world, never at home.  
Two husbands.  
Different boyfriends.  
Selfish.  
- You had an exciting career.  
- Yes.  
I can't have any drama in my life  
right now, and Milly is drama.  
Please, Jess.  
Help her to sort everything out.  
I know she's drama,  
but she's our Milly.  
So, Doctor B.  
Can you give me some nice drugs  
for these annoying headaches?  
Milly...  
Don't give me that look.  
I know that look.  
The results of your MRI  
have confirmed our worst fears.  
I'm terribly sorry.  
How long?  
The cancer has spread to my brain.  
It's like right behind my eyes.  
They can't treat it.

( **BROKEN BELLS:**

All this time  
I'd never let you go  
And now the same chains  
that I kept you in  
They're holding down my soul  
I set you up, I gave you life  
I dragged you out the fire  
And now you knocked me down,  
you shut me out  
And I can see it in your eyes  
Somehow you got it in your head  
That you could make it on your own  
You were sheltered, loved and fed  
But you just couldn't leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Well, your heart was here  
Resting on my lap  
And I'd do it all again  
But I'm never coming back  
Well, I know I'm lying  
Lying in the cold  
Yeah, there's snow on the ground  
and if I know myself  
I'll be leaving down the road  
I've been all around the world  
But I've got nowhere to go  
I gave into this lonely life  
And you can't change me now,  
so leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
(MILLY) Toilets are for customers only!  
My God.

You look so different.

I am different.

Oh, Jess, I'm so sorry.

A cane? Seriously?

"Metastatic brain tumours."

The consultant said

he thought he could see some of them

lurking behind my eyeballs.

Like oysters.

Raw, slimy oysters.

(SUCKING) Delicious.

- I'm legally blind, also.

- Is that why you're wearing those...

New accessories.

- How did you even get here?

- I drove.

Oh, great.

Mr Magoo. Just like...

- I'm going so slow it's...

- You do look a little Magoo-ish.

Why can't they just take the tumour out?

- They'd have to take my brain out.

- Well, your tits, your brain.

Seriously, why can't you talk about  
radiotherapy or steroids or...

There's only so much they can do.

My body's kind of just giving up.

Well thanks for bringing me back  
for the good bits.

Come here.

But your hair grew back so pretty.

What is happening with you?

- Oh, you know, nothing much to say.

- Oh, no, don't you dare be a martyr.

You just told me you had brain cancer.

Excuse me for not bragging about  
my double haemorrhoids. Huge.

I have the arse of a baboon right now.

It's awful.

They gave me a pillow to sit in.

It looks like a...

- Doughnut.

- Yeah.

Familiar.



Actually things aren't brilliant  
with the baby.

Why, what happened?

Well, I was running  
through the Yorkshire moors  
and I had a fall.

I'm sorry.

Not allowed any more shocks.

Like your best friend just popping in to...

let you know she's gonna croak.

How are things with Kit?

Things with Kit are mighty shit.

Make it right with him.

(BLEEPING)

'Hey, baby. How you doing?'

How was the scan today?

'Guess what? Milly showed up.'

What, on the scan?

It's spread.

She's so sick.

'Please come home.'

Hey, sweetheart, it's not long now. OK?

- 'I miss you.'

- I miss you.

Show me our bump.

'That's our baby in there!'

Oh!

Jay?

Jay?

Damn it.

I'm on the naughty step.

Are you ready to talk?

I'm not a good person.

I've hurt you and...

I have no excuses.

- Do I know him?

- No.

And it's done? It's over with?

Yeah.

I haven't been able to look you  
in the eye since...

Since you couldn't look at me at all.

- I needed to be looked at.

- I know.

Everything changed.  
I didn't know how to love you any more.  
God, such an idiot.  
We've wasted time. Our time.  
I don't want to go.  
I don't wanna go without you.  
I don't wanna go without me being...  
Get upstairs.  
Get your knickers off and get upstairs.  
Now.  
(MILLY) Is that a girl or a boy?  
I can't tell any more.  
(JESS) I know.  
(MILLY) People are so androgynous.  
(JESS) Don't draw a moustache on her.  
We like her.  
(MILLY) No, we don't, we hate her.  
She's gotta be way older than me.  
She looks about 20. Look.  
The little nipple ring.  
Jess, is it allowed not to have your age  
on your gravestone?  
I think you can do whatever you want,  
under the circumstances.  
Although I guess there is that  
tragic heroine mileage  
you can get out of people  
knowing you died so young.  
Although not as young as you said you were.  
It's a tough one.  
(MILLY) I really want there to be a heaven.  
Is that pathetic?  
Not pathetic.  
Hypocritical, maybe.  
I really want there to be  
a white-clouds-and-all heaven.  
Think they'd let me in there?  
Not unless they've lowered  
the entry requirements.  
I went to see a hospice today.  
A hospice? Why?  
For a luxury spa break. Why do you think?  
No.  
If you go into a hospice,

you'll never come out.

You get used to it, Jess.

I have.

When you were born, my darling,

I lay quietly...

- After you'd had your 23 stitches.

- Yeah, after that.

I looked at you and I knew I loved you more than anything else in the world.

More than Ben?

Well, the same as Ben, though he didn't actually exist at that point.

I looked at you and I made you a promise.

I promised that,

no matter what happened,

I would always look after you.

But the thing is, my darling...

I won't always be

here to look after you.

Why not?

Well, mummy isn't getting better any more.

But I thought that was

what all the chemo was for,

and all the pills.

I thought it was all making you better.

They worked for a while, honey. But...

they've stopped making me better.

So, er... you're not going to die, though, are you?

No!

Who's gonna look after us?

What about when I grow up,

when I need girl things?

- Daddy will be there.

- Oh, great.

- Hey, I know about girl things.

- And you'll have Miranda, and Jess too.

You might not die.

Oh, my darling.

You just have to know my spirit

will always be with you.

What are you talking about?

What does that even mean?

- Did I do it right, Mum?

- That's very good folding, sweetheart.  
You can't go to the hospice, you bumhead!

( LABRINTH:

What we take with us  
is love, love, love  
We take the good  
and that's good enough  
(JESS) How is she?  
She's a bit out of it on morphine.  
How are the kids?  
Ben told his teacher to "F" off.  
And Milly let Scarlett  
have her ears pierced.  
(MILLY) Will you help Kit  
take the kids to New York for Christmas?  
(MIRANDA) God save me.  
The ride from the airport is just sad.  
This is beautiful.  
(MIRANDA) People sit around in cafes  
criticising everything.  
- (JESS) How are you?  
- Well, not thrilled.  
And I can't get any herbal tea here.  
- Give us five, Mum.  
- Sure.  
I'm gonna go and get a cuppa.  
- See you in a bit.  
- Yes.  
God bless her, Jess, she doesn't shut up.  
Oh, pass me that box.  
I have something for you.  
I can't help but notice that,  
since you've been pregnant,  
you've been rather overdosing  
on the Birkenstocks.  
Well, they're comfortable  
and completely on trend.  
No, Jess, they're not.  
They're revolting.  
So I have these for you.  
Oh, my God.  
Unworn. They're a touch  
too showy for this place.

Wow, you're really going, aren't you?  
Why else would I be giving you  
my best pair of shoes?  
I'm holding on.  
Good.  
Please don't let the kids forget me.  
Tell them all the things we did.  
You're my expert witness.  
Even the time you punched out  
the police officer  
and then threw up in a bin?  
Well... edit the student years.  
OK.  
Never stop telling them I loved them.  
All right, put them on.  
Oh, yeah.  
Oh, yeah. These feel right.  
What are these, a good seven inches?  
- Just what every girl needs.  
- That's what she said.  
(JESS) Not so bad.  
Will you always think of me  
when you wear the shoes?  
Both times.  
- Jago likes my Birkenstocks, PS.  
- You are kidding yourself.  
(GROANS)  
Oh!  
(BLEEP)  
- 'Hello.'  
- Jay!  
'This is Jago.  
I can't come to the phone right now.  
'I'm either sleeping or drilling.'  
(BLEEP)  
I think the baby's coming early.  
Come home.  
Please come home!  
Oh, God.  
(MOBILE VIBRATING)  
Pick up, pick up.  
Pick up.  
(MOBILE CONTINUES VIBRATING)  
- Pick up.

- 'Hello?'

Ah!

The baby's coming.

Oh!

Jessie...

Mills, help.

Oh, no. I'll be there, I'll be there.

Don't panic, I'm coming.

Get my shoes.

The baby's coming.

I have to go... now.

You can't go. She'll manage.

She's got a midwife.

- Don't touch the morphine. Ssh.

- Don't shush me, Kit.

Fine, I'll get a nurse who can shush you.

Oh, Mum. I have to be there.

Sod it. I'll get you in the wheelchair.

OK.

Let me get you up.

OK, up you go. Up.

Up. OK.

Take the shoe.

Don't worry about the boots,  
we'll put them on in the taxi.

- Good. Now got your glasses? OK.

- Yes.

OK. Your phone?

OK. We'll take those.

OK, we're off, baby.

Just wait here.

Wait here.

Mum?

Is everything all right, Doctor?

Yes. This patient has acute cephalgia  
and requires oxygenation.

Ten long years on a hospital soap,  
I knew it would come in handy.

- Give us a bloody hand.

- OK, missus.

Don't you need an ambulance?

No, but you will  
if you don't get across London  
in under 20 minutes.

Now get a cocking move on.  
Let's go. OK, up.  
You've still got it, Mum.  
- I want Milly.  
- Breathe.  
(ANNOUNCEMENT) '4-4-5-6. Jago O'Leary.'  
'Please call immediately.  
I repeat, Jago O'Leary, call 4-4-5-6.'  
(MIRANDA) Can you speed it up a bit?  
- I'm doing my best, this is London.  
- I know, I know.  
Get me the bloody morphine.  
(MIRANDA) Do you have satellite navigation  
or GPS? What do you have?  
I know, I'm being a back-seat driver,  
I'm sorry.  
You turn left here!  
- I should've called an Uber.  
- Now, now.  
What the...?  
Trying to get some sleep here, mate.  
I'm trying to watch my wife  
have a baby, mate.  
What, now?  
There it is!  
(MIRANDA) There's the hospital coming up.  
(DRIVER) OK.  
(MIRANDA) How much is it?  
(DRIVER) Have this one on me, love.  
I haven't got anything.  
I haven't got nothing.  
Me neither.  
Oh, come on.  
(MIRANDA) I think this is it.  
(MIDWIFE) Well done.  
Oh, my God, Jess!  
(MIDWIFE) Take a breather.  
You can have that baby now.  
- Glad you're here.  
- Me, too.  
How could you not tell me  
this was this painful?  
Where's your badge?  
Oh, I'm not a doctor.

Oh, it's a long story. I'm her mother.

- How did you do this twice?

- I don't know.

- It won't connect.

- Try the router up on the bed.

Right, OK, come on.

Stop rubbing my shoulders.

I need a knife.

I just wanna cut the baby out.

- She's usually very sweet.

- No, I'm not!

I'm an evil bitch

and that's why God is hurting me like this.

I can't do it.

- Jess, sweetie. Sweetie. Look at me.

- I can't do it. I thought I could, I can't.

I know right now it feels like  
you're shitting out a pineapple.

- Yeah.

- I know that.

But trust me, this is the best thing  
you will ever do. So keep pushing.

Keep pushing, I know you can do it.

OK. OK.

(MIDWIFE) Good.

- You got anything, Jago? Nothing?

- That's it.

- (BLEEPING)

- Yeah, got it, got it, got it.

- Keep going. Keep going.

- That's it. That's it.

(MOBILE RINGING)

It's Jago.

- How do I use it?

- (MILLY) Answer.

- Miranda?

- 'Oh! Jago. Hi.'

- Your wife's a bit of a cougar, man.

- That's not my wife, mate.

Miranda, put the camera on Jess.

Yes, yes, I will.

You evil bastard.

'How can you not be here right now?'

I know, baby. I'm so sorry.



I wish I was there, I really do.

- 'I really wanna be with you.'

- She's nearly there.

OK.

Miranda, put the camera

down the business end.

- 'I wanna see my baby being born.'

- Are you sure?

'Yeah. Do it. Do it. Do it.'

I guess I've done worse films.

(MIDWIFE) Come on, Jess.

That's it. That's all right.

Yeah, that's it.

Baby's coming.

Here we go.

Go on, baby, that's it.

- You can do it, you're almost there.

- OK. OK.

- Hey, push, push! Push! Push!

- (ALL) Push! Push!

Keep going.

- That's it, Jess. Go on, baby. I love you.

- (ALL) Push! Push!

I can see the head.

Yeah, yeah!

Oh, it's coming. It's coming.

- (MAN) It's a baby!

- (ALL CHEER)

I love you, Jess.

Hey... hey...

What is it? Is it a boy or a girl?

What is it?

'It's a beautiful baby...'

Shit!

(MIDWIFE) Can you get me the towel, please?

Let me take a picture for the father.

Smile for daddy.

Lovely.

- Hey.

- Ssh.

Oh, wow.

- He's amazing.

- Isn't he beautiful?

Look at him.

(MILLY WHEEZING)  
(KIT) 'I'm reading this book  
at the moment called...'  
(KIT GIGGLES)  
(MILLY) 'Where did you get that book?  
I can't believe...'  
'I'm laughing so much it's making me cry.  
Going to the other side...'  
(BEN AND SCARLETT) 'Mumsy, like this.  
Mumsy, like this.'  
(BEN) Why do I have to eat a pea?  
(KIT) 'A pea. He ate a pea.'  
(MILLY) 'I can't tell  
if you're good or bad.'  
(MIRANDA) 'Let's do this the English way.  
Cup of tea.'  
(JESS) 'Think he just insinuated  
that you don't need to lose any weight.'  
(MILLY) 'I do need  
to change my underwear, though.'  
(HOWLING)  
(WHISPERING) Vodka tonic.  
What?  
(WHEEZING CONTINUES)  
What are you saying?  
Vodka... tonic.  
You want a vodka tonic now?  
No.  
Pre-order it.  
From the bar upstairs?  
I love you.  
(DOOR OPENS)  
(SOBS)  
(WHISPERS)  
I love you so much.  
So much.  
(JESS) Perfect.  
OK, that's great.  
OK, guys, lunch.  
- It's ready.  
- (BEN AND SCARLETT) Yay!  
'Before she died, Milly made Kit promise  
that he would re-marry  
'after a required period

of deep and inconsolable mourning.  
'Obviously I was at the top of the list.'  
'Obviously that was never going to happen.'  
'Yeah, this one came about  
in a more pleasurable method.  
" 'Shakespeare's Shags"  
was a huge hit for Miranda  
'and even her love-life got a third act.  
'I'm happy for them.  
'For me it's different.  
I've tried a couple of new best friends.  
'I even bought a puppy.  
'But Milly would be delighted to know that  
I'm finding it impossible to replace her.  
'Well... almost.'

**( PALOMA FAITH:**

Oh, it's the crazy ones  
The crazy ones  
We'll never forget, oh  
Cause it's the crazy ones  
The crazy ones  
We'll make our lives  
such a beautiful mess, ooh  
Even the worst times  
Were the best times  
The best times ever, ooh  
Even the bad days  
Were the good days  
I'll always remember, ooh  
And I'll always keep part of you  
A part of me forever, oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Here's to the crazy ones  
The ones who push too far  
The ones who fly too fast  
The flames that burn too bright  
That burn too bright to last  
They're anything but easy  
They're anything but sane  
But once they're in your life  
You'll never be the same  
Oh, even the worst times

Were the best times  
The best times ever, ooh  
Even the bad days,  
were the good days  
I'll always remember, ooh  
And I'll always  
Keep part of you  
A part of me forever  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Here's to you  
my crazy friend