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One Day

By David Nicholls

Bye, guys.
It's three years.
Three years together.
The lads.
Me and you?
We'll see each other again.
Really?
They're not going,
are they?
Group hug!
See you, ladies!
See you later.
Group hug.
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Tilly?
Callum!
Tilly, come on.
It's time to go home.
Come on.
Callum!
Ow!
You know,
we've never actually met.
Actually, we have.
Several times.
Have we?
You gatecrashed my birthday party,
called me Julie,
and spilled red wine
down my top.
Ouch.
Well, I'm sorry
about that.
No, not at all.
You were delightful.
Was I?
No. No, you weren't.
Look, if you're
not Julie, then...
I'm Emma.
Emma.
Emma Morley.
Emma Morley.
Listen, I'll walk you home.

So this is me.
Shh!
Welcome home.
So debate is fine,
but anyone can talk...
Just sometimes,
action's what's needed.
To change the world.
I completely agree.
So what are you gonna be when you're,
I don't know, 40?
Forty?
Can I say famous?
Horribly rich?
Terrible.
You're so terribly posh.
Where are you going?
I'm just gonna
go brush my teeth.
You know,
booze and fags and...
I don't mind.
I do.
Listen, won't be a minute.
No playing with yourself
while I'm gone.
What?
All right, concentrate.
Concentrate.
Do not cock this up!
Oh, you're going?
Well, it's getting light out,
so I thought I could just...
You should go
if you want to go.
It's very poignant.
Very bittersweet.
Really I just thought you
might wanna get some sleep.
I don't have to go.
No, no, go.
I'm not bothered.
Sneak off.
I wasn't sneaking off.

Jump out the window
for all I care.
It's five floors up, mind.
Look, I'll stay.
All right?
I'll stay.
Come on.
Sorry, I'm no good at this.
It's just whenever
I go to bed with someone,
I always end up
either laughing or weeping,
and it could be nice to go
for something in between.
Look, that's fine.
That's fine. Maybe we
could just be friends.
Okay. Friends.
Of course, you know it's Saint Swithin's
Day today, don't you?
What is?
Well, today. Saint Swithin's Day,
the 15th of July.
How do you know that?
Well, he was buried in
Winchester Cathedral,
which is where
I went to school.
Well, la-dee-da.
La-dee-da.
You know, there's a poem.
"If on Saint Swithin's Day,
it doth rain
"something, something,
something remain."
Dexter, that's beautiful.
Shut up.
Let's get some sleep.
But, Dex.
Em?
If it doesn't rain...
Mmm-hmm?
...do you want to do something?
Me and you?

Mmm-hmm.

Are you all right?

Lift, lift.

Okay, well,

I'm coming up.

Couldn't you have just hired
someone to move this stuff?

No.

Look, I would have paid.

All right, lift from your end.

You've obviously never done
a day's work in your life.

Look, seriously, Em,
my plane leaves in four hours.

All right, well, all the more
reason why you should lift.

God's sake.

Look, I'm doing you a favor.

And I am so, so grateful.

Stop whinging.

I bet this bed could
tell some stories.

Yeah, short stories.

Horror stories.

Welcome to London.

Well, lift it.

I think I'm gonna
be very happy here.

What is that smell?

Onions.

Onions and disappointment.

Right.

No, it's not that bad.

It's nothing that a
lick of paint
and a nuclear warhead can't fix.

I've got my typewriter.

I've got my books. I'm in London.

I think it's going to be all right.

I might actually
get things done.

You know, you might
actually meet someone.

Dexter, please.

A nice guy.
Sensitive, wears a cardigan.
I told you I'm not interested
in any of that.
Matching glasses,
matching opinions.
I'm actually glad
you're going to India.
Good, 'cause I'm leaving.
I've got to catch my flight.
Already?
Yeah, I'm sorry.
Well, go on then.
Find yourself.
Keep sending me those letters.
Long ones.
I will.
And have fun, Em.
Of course.
You know, it is allowed.
You know, I've got a feeling
that this time next year
you're going to take
London by storm.
What is the difference between...
A tortilla is either corn or wheat.
But a corn tortilla folded
and filled is a taco,
whereas a filled wheat
tortilla is a burrito.
Deep fry a burrito,
it's a chimichanga.
Toast a tortilla, it's a tostada.
Roll it, it's an enchilada.
Is there any chance
you could repeat that?
Hello. I'm Ian.
Ian Whitehead.
The new boy.
Welcome to the graveyard
of ambition.
The kitchen.
All right, mate.
What these guys can't

do with a microwave,
and a deep-fat fryer.
Hey, you!
Your basic Tex-Mex food groups.
Cheese on top of chicken
under guacamole
on top of beans
under rice on top of beef.
Word of warning,
avoid the jumbo prawns.
It's like Russian Roulette.
One in six will kill you.
So what's your stroke?
Sorry, my what?
Waiter/actor,
waiter/model, waiter/writer?
Well, I'm a comedian.
We could use a comedian. We all
like to laugh. I know I used to.
Well, I'm just
starting out really.
Working on my
"unique comedy stylings."
Not jokes so much, more sort of wry,
little observations.
Ay caramba!
I've got this whole bit
at the moment
about the difference
between men and women.
How blokes, when they see a
girl they fancy, they get all...
Toilets. Staff toilets.
Oh.
Sorry. You were saying?
No, no. I'm doing an open mic tonight
if you were interested.
At The House of Laffs,
spelled L-A-F-F-S.
It's not a date or anything.
You've probably got a
boyfriend anyway, have you?
Ian, I'd love to come,
but after work,

I like to head home,
comfort eat, weep.
So what about you, Emma?
What's your stroke?
What do you really do?
Uh, this. This is what I do.
Still, it's not forever, is it?
My room still smells. Tilly's sending
me mad. The flat's a dump.
I keep finding teeth
marks in the cheese
and her big gray bras
soaking in the sink.
Look, I'm sure it's
not a complete disaster.
London's swallowed me up.
I thought I'd make a difference,
but no one knows I'm here.
Listen, listen. Nothing truly
good was ever easy.
who said that?
You did.
Did I? That's annoying.
I'm sorry for moaning. I just...
I really wanted to hear...
How's teaching?
How's Paris?
It's good, Em.
You know, truly, really fulfilling.
well, don't sleep with
any of your students.
It's unethical and predictable.
It's good advice, Em.
Thank you.
But I've got to go
and have lunch with Mum.
well, apologize again, will you?
I didn't mean to
call your dad a fascist.
A bourgeois fascist.
Say sorry and, Dexter...
My money's running out.
Em?
Can you hear me?

Dex? Dex?
I miss you.
Forty-five minutes late.
Yeah, well, I got waylaid.
And where were
you last night?
Language school disco.
Was it fun?
No, it was hell.
Tell me, who's been writing you
all those long letters?
That is none of your business.
Was it that girl
who came to stay?
Yeah. Well, Emma and I
are just good friends.
How much holiday
do you need?
I'm not on holiday.
I'm teaching English.
Dexter.
Isn't that Alain Delon?
What?
Oh, no. It's your father.
Picking his corns.
Stop it.
Take me for lunch
tomorrow, will you?
Just you and me. Somewhere quiet
with white tablecloths.
I want to talk to you.
Why? Is something wrong?
No. Nothing's wrong.
Then why do we need to talk?
Do I need a reason?
There you are.
Degenerate.
Now, I thought
you might want these.
Oh, thank you, my love.
So what's for supper?
Please, God, not French food.
Golden Boy wants to see you.
Hmm?

He's got a new one.
Good night.
Good night.
Night.
Good night.
Have a good one.
We were just kissing.
You were trying to fit her
entire head in your mouth.
People have enough trouble
keeping the food down as it is.
And what does she
see in you, anyway?
Well, she says
I'm complicated.
You're just spoiled.
I got offered the job
of manager today.
They told me they wanted someone
who wasn't going anywhere.
All right, Em, listen. I think you
should take a bottle of tequila,
I think you should
walk out the door,
and I don't think you
need to ever come back.
But my job is my life.
You can't throw away years
of your life just because,
well, you think it's funny.
My hair smells of cheese.
Monterey Jack.
Look, I thought you
were writing poetry.
What, go where the money is?
Tried that. Failed.
You just can't
see it, can you?
Look, you're funny. You're attractive.
You're smart.
I mean, you're
the smartest person I know.
Sure.
You are. You're attractive.

You're sexy.
What?
What? Is that supposed to be sexist or something?
No, it's not sexist.
It's just ridiculous.
Em, listen.
If I could just give you one gift, all right, one gift for the rest of your life, do you know what I'd give you? Confidence.
It's either that or a scented candle.
Come here.
Emma? So I've disinfected the meat fridge.
My hero.
Thank you, Ian.
See you tomorrow.
Bye, mate.
Bye, Emma.
I should go, too.
All right.
I'll be fine. I just feel a bit lost, that's all.
Come on, everyone's lost at 25.
You're not.
Trainee TV producer.
Nice new flat. CD player.
Group sex
Tuesdays and Fridays.
Yeah, but you know, I am crying on the inside.
You know what you need, don't you?
Mmm-mmm.
You need a holiday.
Look, Dexter, all I'm saying is I think we need some rules.
Rules!
I'm not taking any chances with our friendship, all right.

All right, all right.
Such as?
Separate bedrooms.
Wherever we stay, no shared beds,
no drunken cuddles.
I don't see the point
of cuddling, anyway.
Cuddling gives you cramp.
Agreed, then.
Rule number two.
No flirting.
No having a few drinks
and getting frisky with me.
Or anyone else.
Well, I never flirt.
I'm serious.
Hello, what's this?
Which leads me to rule three.
The nudity clause.
What?
I don't want to see you
in the shower, or have a wee.
Or have a wee in the shower.
Well, I can't promise that.
You have to, Dex.
It's the rules,
and absolutely
no skinny-dipping.
All right, then. Rule number four.
What?
No Scrabble.
I love Scrabble.
That is exactly
why it's my rule.
Look, we're not dead yet.
Voil.
What is that?
Hmm? My swimming costume.
It's called the Edwardian.
No, the masonry paint.
It's factor 30. I burn.
Here, let me.
I've not seen this before.
What, that?

I got that in Thailand.
It's a yin-yang.
Looks like a road sign.
Yeah, well, it means
"the perfect union of opposites."
It means "wear some socks."
This is scooped a
bit low, isn't it?
Good job I didn't
put it on backwards.
I think I'll go for a dip.
This is a nudist beach.
No, it's not.
It is. Look.
They're barbecuing!
You see, I couldn't do that.
Barbecue naked.
What is that?
Is that yoga?
Oh, God.
Grow up, all right.
Back to your magazine.
I can hear you thinking. It's
like this crunching noise.
The answer is no.
Don't you think we'd feel more
comfortable with our clothes off?
Unbelievable.
Just unbelievable.
Well, why not?
The rules. Not to
mention your girlfriend.
What, Ingrid?
Yeah, Ingrid.
She's very uninhibited.
She'd have had her top off
at the check-in desk.
Well, as you keep pointing out,
Ingrid used to be a model.
You could be a model.
For a catalog or something.
I'm just saying that we're not
entirely unknown to each other
from a physical point of view.

Drop it, Dex.
Well, you know,
that night after graduation.
Come on, you must remember.
No. Blanked it out
like a car crash.
Well, I haven't.
In fact, if I close my eyes,
I can still see you there just
standing in the dawn light.
Please don't.
Provocatively unclasping
your dungarees
as you walk over to me.
I was not wearing
dungarees.
So you do remember, huh?
Have I caught the sun?
No, you look...
You look fine.
Do you know I've
never been abroad?
What?
Don't be ridiculous.
It's true.
Fortnight in a caravan in Whitby
drinking Cup-a-Soup with Dad
and trying not to kill Mum.
I can't believe I'm
actually here with you.
Why?
Hmm?
Why?
When we were at university,
before we spoke even,
I had a crush on you.
Ridiculous, I know.
But when we almost
did it that night,
I couldn't believe it.
I wrote poems and everything.
What have you
got to say to that?
Well, I already knew.

What do you mean, you knew?
Well, I sort of guessed.
All those epic letters
and compilation tapes.
So, go on then.
What happened?
Mmm.
I got to know you.
You cured me of you.
I'd still like to read those poems.
What rhymes with Dexter?
Prick. It's a half-rhyme.
Too much wine. We should go.
No, no, no.
Not yet. Not yet.
Listen, let's go for a walk.
So this is it.
It's lovely.
Hello? What's going on here?
Well, I thought we'd go for
a quick swim. Sober us up.
Ah, I get it. I get it.
I've walked right
into it, haven't I?
You get a girl drunk and lead
her to a large body of water.
Oh, come on, Em.
Be spontaneous.
Be reckless.
Live for the moment!
Come on, Em. Get in!
No!
You're such a prude.
Why are you such a prude?
Look, come on!
You could at least
leave your underpants on.
Rule number three, remember?
Come on.
So this is skinny-dipping?
What am I meant to do? Sort of
lark about? Splash you or something?
That's a very serious face.
You're not having a wee, are you?

No.
No, I just wanted to say that
I felt the same.
After our near-miss.
I mean, I didn't write poems
or anything. I'm not insane.
But, you know,
I thought about you.
I think about you.
You and me.
Really?
Really? Okay, well...
Dex...
The problem is I fancy
pretty much everyone.
Oh. I see.
I mean anyone.
Really, I mean, it's like I've just
got out of prison, all the time.
It's a real problem.
I can imagine.
Yeah, and this thing with Ingrid,
it's a sex thing.
It's just sex,
sex, sex, sex, sex.
The point's been made, Dex.
But me and you,
it would be different.
I think we'd want
different things,
and I don't think
I'm ready, you know.
If you wanted to,
you know, have a bit of fun,
holiday fling,
no obligations.
Oh, God. I'll take that
as a no then, shall I?
I think so. I think
our moment's passed.
Come on, I'm not
expressing myself clearly.
No, no, you are, Dex.
That's the problem.

You're worried I might care.
Hey! Hey, Come back here!
Come back, you little... Hey!
Thieves!
Come back. Come back here.
Wait!
They've stolen my clothes!
You little...
Will someone call the police?
Wait! Come back!
Could you please stop laughing
and do something to help?
Armani, that suit was.
The little frogs even
took my underpants.
Armani?
No, Calvin Klein.
Oh, Dex, I'm so sorry.
Little French bastards!
They took your
plimsolls, too.
They're not plimsolls. I've
never worn plimsolls in my life.
They were penny loafers,
and I bloody loved them!
What? It's not funny.
I'm a victim of crime here.
Dex?
What?
Your Calvin Klein underpants.
I'll find them.
I swear to you,
I shall track them down.
Go to sleep.
I wonder how many
rules we broke.
All of them.
Except Scrabble.
Tomorrow, maybe.
Who says quality TV is dead?
Plenty more of this when we
come back after the break,
so do not go away.
I'm warning you.

We know where you live.
Go on, get out of here.
Look, I just called,
all right, to let you know
that you are the best
friend I've ever had.
I'm touched, Dex, but you're
off your face. And?

Look, it's 5:

the morning. Go home.
And you have
an incredible body.
Dex!
Is that Dexter?
Just promise me
you'll go home, please?
I will, I will, I will,
I will, I will, I will.
Dex, you have work
in the morning. Dex...
Look, good night, all right?
Remember, you are absolutely,
truly amazing.
Dexter? Dex?
You're amazing
and famous.
I'm not that famous.
Aye, aye.
How are you, old man?
Your mother's upstairs. She's
been waiting all morning for you.
Good God, why are
you sweating like that?
Well, it's a hot day.
No, it's not.
Look, how is she?
Well, why don't you go and see?
Mum?
Hello, hello.
Hello, stranger.
Look, I've got a present for you here.
It's not from me.
It's from Emma.

Here, let me.
Thank you.
Oh, how lovely.
A little ambitious maybe.
You might want to push her
towards short stories in the future.
Mum, don't.
So what have you been up to?
I'm Dexter Mayhew. what a show
we've got for you tonight.
we've got a man who claims...
I'll skip this next bit.
There's an interview
that's pretty good.
Perhaps I'll watch it later.
The live show is
always a bit patchy.
I don't understand why you
have to use that voice,
but then I suppose I just don't
care for this sort of thing.
It's just a bit
of fun for kids.
They just watch it
after the pub.
You mean I'm not drunk enough?
No, it's not that.
You know, honestly, Dexter.
Dancing girls in cages.
Is this what it's come to?
I just host it.
It's a means to an end, that's all.
But to what end?
We always said you could
do anything you wanted.
Fine. What do you
want me to do?
Something good.
It is good.
I just do what I'm told.
Look, this is what I can do.
I'm sorry.
The medication makes me ratty.
I just need a little lie-down.

I'll be better tonight.
Yeah, you know, um...
Actually, I've got
this premiere thingy tonight.
Look, I'm sorry. I can't miss it.
It's Jurassic Park.
I'm afraid I'm going
to need some help.
Are you all right?
Here, put your arm around me.
All right.
All right?
Are you all right?
Yes.
Can I get you anything?
Water? Dry martini?
What time is it?

Quarter past 6:

Yeah, I must have dozed off.
I'm afraid you've missed our day.
Your father's a little
angry with you.
Look, I'll stay tonight.
No. You go.
No pleasure for me watching you
and your father snarling at each other.
Can I speak frankly?
Do you have to?
I think it's my prerogative.
I know that you're going to be a
fine man. Decent, loving, accomplished.
But I don't think
you're there yet.
And right now, well, I worry
that you're not
very nice anymore.
Well, there's
nothing I can say to that.
There is nothing you have to.
I'm not going to
argue with you.
You can come and collect your
car when you're sober.

You're being ridiculous. I mean,
you cannot confiscate my car key.
Do not dare to
insult my intelligence!
Now your mother loves you very much.
You know that.
But for whatever time
she has left to her...
If you ever, ever come to see
your mother in this state again,
I will not let you
in the house.
I will close the door
in your face. Now...
Go.
Fine.
You're not there. I just remembered
you're on a hot date tonight.
I'm too late.
Okay, can you call me
when you get this?
It's just I need
to speak to someone.
Not someone. You.
A chainsaw for an arm.
It was mad.
It's a work of
timeless beauty.
It's the finest of
the trilogy, methinks.
And I still understood it without seeing
Evil Dead I or Evil Dead II.
My only complaint would be that
there wasn't enough violence.
You didn't mind, did you? Or did you
want to see Three Colors: Blue?
I'm gonna skip a starter
because I had those nachos,
but you go ahead. You can
have anything you like.
Anything up to
the value of, say, 14.00?
No, no, seriously,
no, have anything.

Well, you know,
within reason.
It's just so good
to see you again.
And you're going to be
an amazing teacher.
Congratulations.
Thanks.
I wish I'd had more
teachers like you.
Not that I'd have got any
work done. Miss Morley.
You have no new messages.
Comedy's a cruel mistress.
Sometimes, Emma,
I think the only way
I'm going to see
my name up in lights
is if I change it
to Emergency Exit.
Anyway, I'm doing an improvisation
night at the moment.
Mr. Giggles.
Not his real name.
But I think I'm gonna stick to
the more observational material.
I've got this whole
thing at the moment
about the difference
between cats and dogs.
Hey, please stop.
Okay. Do you know
what the hardest thing
about being a stand-up comedian is?
Is it the clothes?
Very good. No.
It's that people expect you
to be on all the time.
Because if you're not being funny,
then what are you being?
Ian, it's not a performance.
Except it sort of is,
though, isn't it?
I've been so excited about

seeing you. Like nervous.
I'm sorry, I...
I'm no good at
this stuff, either.
It's just I graduated today.
I'm finally, actually qualified
to do something useful,
and I wanted to
celebrate with someone.
Was Dexter busy?
Em, when you hear this, can you
just get in a cab? And I'll pay.
Maybe you could even stay over,
you know, on the sofa or something?
I need to just see you.
Please, can you just come over?
Emma Morley?
Hmm?
Can I say something?
Go on.
I think you are
the absolute bollocks.
You, with your honeyed words.
I should probably
head home.
Don't go.
Let's go somewhere else.
I live near, actually. I mean,
it's a dump, like, horrible.
But I've got music and booze.
Or a hot, milky drink
if you prefer.
We could go on
an Ovaltine bender.
All right. Okay.
One, two, three, go!
Which way?
This way, this way,
this way!
That's not needy.
That's just affection.
I've just got
a lot of love to give.
Well, if I can't call you,

can I come and see you?
Do you know where
the matches are?
No.
You might wanna leave it
for a couple of minutes. Go.
Hi, Miss Morley.
Hi.
There gonna be
a showbiz party afterwards
with champagne, and canaps,
and the tinkle of laughter?
It's a school play, Ian. I suspect
we'll be home by half 9:00.
Why don't you stay at mine for a change?
I'll wash my duvet cover.
Is that your boyfriend,
Miss Morley?
Oy! Cheeky.
Greetings, boys and girls.
Welcome to the Late Night Lock In.
Camera one, Dexter.
The show that is late,
live and loud.
Dexter, gentleman to see you.
Mind the cables, sir.
Hey. Okay, ladies.
I helped myself
to tea and buns.
I hope I'm not going
to get you into trouble.
I'm sure it'll be fine.
There he is! Hey!
Doesn't he look gorgeous?
Come to Suki.
Suki Sue. Come here.
I just want to
eat you up.
Suki, actually,
look, this is my father.
Wotcha, Mr. M.
Isn't your son gorgeous?
Um, he's very nice.
And where's Mrs. M?

Sadly, she passed away.
Barry, I need some water.
What an appalling woman.
Actually, she's sort
of my girlfriend.
Oh, well, congratulations.
Your mother would have
been most impressed.
Thanks, Dad.
I'll be watching at home
if I can stay awake.
Have fun
and don't take any notice of
what they say in the papers.
Okay, sir. If you'd
like to come this way.
Please.
I'm the king of
car crash television.
But you're the king of it.
That's good.
Caption under photo. "Odious."
why can't you come again?
Because I'm working.
I'll send a car to
come and pick you up.
Dex, I can't.
I know, and I'm sorry. I'm just so
much better when you're around.
Look, I'm just worried
I'm gonna be
stood in front of
the camera thinking,
"What's the bloody point?"
The show's ridiculous.
I'm such a fraud, Em.
Hey, come on. That's enough.
You know what you're doing.
You'll be fine.
Right.
Just don't speak
in that weird voice, okay?
Okay.
All right. Bye.

Get ready. Here we go.
Great stuff.
Let's move. Let's move!
Okay, come on, guys. Let's go.
We're on, superstar.
Ladies and gentlemen,
welcome to Late Night Lock In.
The show that is late, live...
And loud!
And what a show
we've got for you tonight.
Yay!
Well done, darling.
Thank you.
Come on, Miss Morley.
Bravo!
The Maxi Crew, ladies and gentlemen.
The Maxi Crew.
All right, take a seat, fellas.
Take a seat. You can sit down there.
Right, guys, I just wanna start by
saying that that jam was fresh.
Right, okay, so let's kick it off with...
Let's ask some questions.
what is hip hop? Is this the
voice from the street?
Is this why you guys
are just so angry?
No, dawg.
It's chill,
it's chill, it's chill.
Right, okay. Listen,
can you rap about anything?
For example, could you rap
about a cheese sandwich?
Are you new here?
Have you done this before?
Oh, dear.
Do not try this at home.
Ian?
Do you think you'll
finish painting today?
I'd like to at least
get the TV back inside.

All right, all right.
I can have breakfast first, can't I?
We've had breakfast.
All right, brunch, then.
Brunch. Is it lunch?
Is it breakfast?
No, it's brunch.
What about brinner, say?
Or brupper?
Well, I should get on.
Bearhug, snootch?
I thought we agreed
about snootch?
I can't seem to say anything
right these days, can I?
Look, if you don't
want me to go tonight...
No, you should go.
Or if you wanted
to come with us...
What? Dexter ignoring me, and you
talking over me? No, thank you.
It won't be like that.
Anyway, I've got a gig tonight
at The Rose & Crown,
Sir Laffalots.
Paid gig?
No.
Better get back to it then.
Thirty-four identical essays
on Lord of the Flies.
Em? About 1 700 hours, do you
fancy a little bit of the old...
You know, afternoon delight?
Wow!
You look incredible.
Oh... Ooh!
Let's see the dress.
Is it vintage?
No, it's brand new.
Really?
Mmm.
Well, you look great,
and I love the shoes.

Thank you. It's the world's
first orthopedic high heel.
Look, it's been too long, Em.
I need to have some fun tonight.
Can we have fun, please?
God, sorry.
Look, I'll be two seconds.
It's work.
I'm naked!
Suki, you nutter.
where are you, baby?
I thought you were supposed
to be at the party.
You do know they
damage your brain?
They do not damage
your brain.
How can you tell?
Ha ha, very funny, Em.
I guarantee you, one year, one year,
and you'll have one of these.
You're on. If I ever get a mobile phone,
you can buy me dinner.
What, again?
So, come on.
How's the king of comedy?
Oh, Ian's fine.
We both are.
Are you still
very much in love?
He can belch the theme to The A-Team.
I'm only flesh and blood.
I don't know. These days,
we don't seem to...
And how's the new place?
How's that?
Flat's fine. Well, it's a room
and a half in murder mile.
And Ian's been
talking about painting
the same wall
for the past six months.
But it's got potential. There's a view.
The Gasworks.

You should come round.
Mmm! Mmm.
How's Suki?
Oh, she's fantastic.
Yeah, gorgeous.
What's great for me is that she
really understands the industry.
You know, she knows exactly
what it's like to be...
I was gonna say "famous."
God, we hate the word.
Every time I turn on the telly,
she's there in
a pink rubber catsuit.
She's doing incredibly well.
Yeah, yeah.
Well, we both are.
I've got some really, really
exciting stuff coming up.
It's all sort of in development.
If I told you,
I'd have to shoot you.
Please do.
Never mind.
Start without me, all right?
Hello.
There you are. Enjoy.
What are you doing,
you silly thing?
Well, listen,
we'll talk later.
Look at this.
This looks gorgeous.
Are you all right?
Maybe she could join us?
Hey, hey, hey, what's this?
I'm here to see you, remember?
Right, well,
how's the teaching?
What? If you're not
interested, don't ask.
I am interested.
I just thought you were going to
be writing this novel, that's all.

And I will.
But I have to earn a living.
More to the point, I enjoy it.
I'm a bloody good teacher, Dexter.
I'm sure you are.
Still, you know what they say?
No, what do they say?
You know, "Those who can..."
No, I'm sorry. I'm not familiar.
Finish the sentence.
All right.
Well, "Those who can, do,
"and those who can't, teach."
And those who can teach say,
"Go fuck yourself!"
Em! Em, come on. Look, whatever
I've done, I'm sorry.
You've obviously
had a bit too much to drink.
No, you're drunk!
You're drunk!
Do you realize that I have literally
not seen you sober for three years?
Nipping off to the toilet
every 10 minutes.
Either you're on coke,
or you've got dysentery.
Either way, it's boring! Banging on
about yourself all the time.
Well, I wouldn't mind, Dex, but
you're a TV presenter, all right?
You've not invented penicillin.
All you do is stand around shouting,
"Make some noise!"
Look, I am having fun,
that's all.
I've been through
a lot recently.
I might get
a bit carried away,
but if you wouldn't
stop getting at me...
Am I?
I don't mean to, and I...

I know that you've been through a lot with your mum and all, I know. But, there are things that I needed to talk to you about. About how I am stuck in this flat with a man that I am not in love with. And if I can't talk to you, then what is the point of you? Of us? What do you mean, "What's the point?" I think we've outgrown each other. No, you have outgrown me. You think I'm uncool and dreary. I don't think you're dreary. Em... I think if it's over, then we should just face facts. Say goodbye. It sounds like you're dumping me. Yeah, maybe I am. You're not who you used to be. Come on, Em. Look, I apologize! Please. Come on. That's it. There. I love you, Dexter. So much. I just don't like you anymore. I'm sorry. Johnny Cage wins. That's an almighty win from the Blade Cruisers there. I think you'll all agree. Well done, guys. That's all from tonight's Joy Stick Jockeys. Join us next week when we review the smoking hot new console games coming at you. Until then, night owls, keep gaming. Do I really have to say "smoking hot"? It's just I'm 32, for God's sake.

What, they're sacking me?
You see, sack has
negative connotations.
It's just they wanna
try a new presenter.
So they are sacking me?
Well, no, they're taking the
show in a different direction,
but it's a direction
away from you.
Okay, so less you now.
Okay.
More you in your 20s.
Right. Right.
So, what's the good news?
Sorry?
Well, you said you had some bad news.
What's the good news?
Every career has
its ups and downs.
This is just a bloody great down.
And I sense a bit of
disenchantment, Dexy.
Just a little concerned
about my future.
It's not quite
what I was expecting.
The future never is. That's what
makes it so bloody exciting!
Everyone loves you, yeah?
But they love you in that ironic,
love-to-hate kind of way.
Right?
And all that we need to do
is just find someone
that loves you for real.
Okay?
Yeah.
I love you, Sylvie.
No, no, wait.
No, I'm in love with you.
Look, I've never said
this to anyone before.
Well, that's a lie. Um...

I love you, Sylvie. I...
Sylvie tells me you used
to be quite well known.
TV presenter or something.
I did. Yeah.
Once upon a time.
Yes, on Larginit. That program.
Do you remember, Mummy?
You used to really hate it.
Yes.
"Turn it off," she used to say.
"Turn it off. It's
killing your brain cells."
That was you, was it?
You still work
in television, Dexter?
Not so much, no. That sort
of drifted away, really.
Uh-huh.
Dexter's just being modest.
He gets lots of offers.
Anyway, what he really
wants to do is produce.
Party games.
Are you there, Moriarty?
Here.
Two for two,
nice work, bro.
Going for a hat trick.
Are you there, Moriarty?
Here.
The crowd goes wild!
There's my boy!
Better luck next time, son.
Thank you.
Well, I'm still
very proud of you.
Oh, isn't this fun?
Dexter, care to take me on?
Oh, no.
That's a terrific idea.
Darling, are you sure?
Yes, I'm sure.
Come on, chap.

Pick up your weapon.
Nice and tight, Mum.
All right?
All right.
Very good. We don't
want you cheating.
Good luck.
All right.
Come on, sis.
All right, ready?
As ready as I'll...
Good God, man! What the hell
do you think you're doing?
That table was from Italy.
I'm so sorry.
I must have just caught her
at a funny angle there.
You didn't even ask
if she was there, Moriarty.
I know. I know. I'm so sorry. Look,
I don't know what I was thinking.
Wanker!
Serves me right
for not changing the locks.
Looking good, Ian.
You can get stuffed, Emma.
Is that from your act?
No, though I have got this new
thing I've been working on.
God.
I come on, and I say,
"Here's a funny story. You'll like this."
Ian.
"There's this guy,
"and he's going out with this girl,
and he worships her,
"and they buy
this flat together.
"And then he gets her
an engagement ring, the lot.
"It turns out that she is still
in love with her best friend."
Interesting theory, Ian, except
I've not seen Dexter for ages.

No?
That is not the reason.
Do you know how he found out about it?
He read it in her poetry.
You bastard!
Give it back to me!
"Our graduation night!
"The erotic intensity
of the shared bed."
"That magic week in France."
It's all here in blank verse.
If you ever, ever, come in
here again I will call the police!
Call the bloody police!
It's my flat, too!
Is it? I paid the mortgage!
You just sat around farting and
watching the bloody wrath of Khan!
You love The wrath of Khan.
I hate The wrath of Khan.
It's a good job
we didn't get married.
I'm sorry about going
through all your stuff.
I've just been a bit mad
recently, that's all.
It's all right.
I miss you.
I know you do.
Like, right here.
Either that, or it's trapped wind.
I'm not sure.
Either way, it'll pass.
It's good, by the way.
Not the poems.
The poems are awful,
but the rest of the stuff,
the stories. You're funny.
Proper funny.
Not like me.
Ian.
No, I'm just saying that you
should show them to someone,
because you're

better than you know.
Oh!
So that's Emma Morley.
We went to university together.
Did you sleep with her as well?
No.
What about the bride?
No.
God, what is this?
It's just that every weekend
we go to a wedding
with a coachload of people
that you've slept with.
It's like a conference.
Okay. Come on.
You know you're the
only one for me now.
You are. Come on,
come here. Come here.
Hummus wraps.
Organic smoothies.
Fair Trade coffees.
Crayfish. Dex, people go crazy
for the little buggers.
I've got 12 branches already.
Twelve more by the end of the year.
Well, you know,
there's a rumor going around
that you're actually
a multi millionaire.
Come on.
Well, define multi.
You should come and have lunch.
We should talk.
What, are you
offering me a job?
No, I'm just saying...
You are, aren't you?
You're offering me a job.
Look, I haven't seen you
on telly for a while.
I thought if you
wanted a fresh start...
Callum, mate.

Mate, mate, mate.
At university, you wore
the same pair of jeans for...
What was it, four years?
Long time ago now, pal.
We're not students anymore.
Someone seems
to be enjoying it.
Look, look over here.
Have you seen Emma Morley?
Right under our noses
all this time. Eh?
Who knew?
I sit and wait
Does an angel
Contemplate my fate
Do they know
I tell you, the one discovery
changed my life.
Crayfish.
I've got 12 branches already.
Another 12 by the end of the year.
I was telling Dexter there's
plenty of opportunities.
Darling, I'll be back in a bit.
Do you want some champagne?
It's not champagne.
It's Spanish.
when I'm lying in my bed
Thoughts running
through my head
And I feel that love is dead
I'm loving angels instead
Do you want to
get out of here?
Yes, please.
And through it all
She offers me protection
A lot of love and affection
Today must be quite tough for you,
having slept with the bride.
I don't know what
you're talking about.
What? How do you

know all these things?
Tilly told me all about it.
Oh, did she?
The foot massage
spun out of control.
I think you even
used my olive oil.
Footprints halfway
up the kitchen wall.
Well, that stuff's
behind me now, so...
Really, what happened?
Sex in toilet cubicles
lose its bittersweet charm?
Well, an orgy won't keep you
warm at night, Emma.
An orgy won't look after you
when you're old.
Well said.
Anyway, I screwed up my career.
And screwed up things with Mum.
That's not true.
And I screwed up my friendships.
And then Sylvie
just came along.
And she sort of,
well, saved me, really.
She's very beautiful.
Of course, she has absolutely
no sense of humor.
Just as well. A sense of
humor's overrated.
Goofing around all the time.
The only time Ian
ever really made me laugh
was when he fell
down the stairs.
Well, you know, Sylvie says
she doesn't like to laugh.
Doesn't really like
what it does to her face.
But you love her, right?
Yeah, I worship her.
I'm loving Colin instead

Oh, no, no. This way.
Where are we going?
Dex?
Oh!
So, come on, then.
You, huh?
Any romance?
Don't start, Dex.
What?
Your sympathy.
I'm not lonely. I'm alone.
There, how'd that sound?
Yeah, yeah.
I bought that.
It's true.
I've got a tiny advance
to write this book.
Em!
Mmm-hmm.
Well, you know, I have
something to tell you, too.
You're getting married.
Yeah.
So, you're pleased?
Of course I'm pleased, Dex.
Fantastic news, really.
Scented? Your wedding
invitations are scented.
Yeah, lavender.
No, Dex, it's money.
They smell of money.
August 14th?
Yeah, I think that's what
they call a shotgun wedding.
For 350.
With buffet.
Do you know who the father is?
Stop it.
I'm kidding.
Congratulations.
Thank you.
A dad.
I know.
Is that allowed?

Will they let you?
It's incredible, isn't it?
You're going to be
a wonderful father.
Do you really think so?
I don't doubt it
for a minute.
I missed you, Dex.
Well, I missed you, too.
No more disappearing.
No, well, I won't
if you won't.
Mmm?
Mmm.
Dex?
We should go.
Absolutely, let's go.
Come on, Jasmine.
Come on.
Come on.
You gonna stop crying?
How you getting on?
Good, mate.
Good. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Not quite what
I was expecting, but...
How do you mean?
Well, you see the words
organic and homemade...
Yeah, I know. You imagined
a couple of hippies
on a little farm somewhere,
knitting their own muesli.
Nice idea, but this
is business, Dex.
Yeah, well, I realize that.
Here's your last two.
Listen, mate. You're only
here to learn the ropes, okay?
Company policy.
Everyone has to.
Callum, I'm enjoying it.
Honestly, I'm good.
There's plenty

of formula left.
I've pureed the veggies,
or you could mash a banana.
And what about Indian food?
I can give her a curry, can't I?
No, no, no, Dexter. No.
Sylvie, I'm joking.
Oh, I see.
I keep missing those, don't I?
I'm sorry.
It's just that I'm late.
I don't even know why I'm going.
I'm too old for hen nights.
No, you're not.
That's my cab.
Right, come on, then.
I'll be back tomorrow morning.
Okay.
Be good. Try not to
burn the house down.
I'll be fine. I'll be fine.
Goodbye, my sweetheart.
Say goodbye to Mummy.
Say goodbye to Mummy.
Oh, I know, honey.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Have a good time.
Oh! Come on.
We'll be all right, won't we?
Party started
there's no end in sight
Everybody's moving
to the rhythm that's inside
It's a crazy world but
tonight's the right situation
I am Spartacus.
No, I'm Spartacus.
No, I'm Spartacus.
I'm Spartacus.
wahey! Let's have a big hand
and give a round of applause...
Look, Jas.
Look, that's Daddy's ex.
...for basketball

stars TJ and Mickey D!
Isn't she loud?
Can you even fit
them in a two-shot?
They are so tall. I'm practically
melting over here.
Isn't she a loud, loud girl?
"Julie Criscoll,
aged 15, wanted
nothing more than
to change the world."
"If only all the politicians
would actually listen."
Yeah, well that's Em.
Is that Em? Yeah, that's Em.
She wrote the book.
Emma?
It's me.
I'm so sorry, darling.
Look, how's the party going?
How's it all going?
Um...
We're all going on
to some club. How is she?
Asleep. You know, finally.
She's been awake
all this time?
Yeah, my fault. I should
have given her the decaf.
See? There you go.
I made you laugh.
Are you all right?
Yeah.
No, no, I'm good. I'm good.
Why? Were you worried?
Oh, no. Um...
No reason. I just...
Well, I was just
checking up on you and...
well, everything's fine.
All right.
Look, Sylvie,
I know I'm not good at all this,
you know, dad/husband thing.

You're doing fine, Dexter.
No, and I know
if you had a receipt,
you would have taken
me back a long time ago.
But, you know, I'm working on it,
all right? So bear with me. That's all.
I've got to go.
I'll see you tomorrow.
All right.
Night.
Good night.
Funny?
Very funny.
Well, look at you.
You even look like a writer.
A writer in Paris.
There's a word for this,
isn't there?
Uh, butch.
I was gonna say gamine.
What do you look like?
Me? A screwed-up divorce.
So my apartment's not far.
Shall we?
How long are you staying for?
I suppose it's up to you,
really. It's just...
Look, I just wanted
to say something
which I couldn't
really do over the phone.
Well, ever since we were
last together in London...
Dexter, before you say
anything else, I have to...
There's something
I have to tell you.
You've met someone!
Is that really
so hard to believe?
A man?
Yes, a man. A guy.
A guy! He's a guy now,

is he? I see.
He's called Jean-Pierre,
Jean-Pierre Dusollier.
What, he's French?
No, Dex, he's Welsh.
He's handsome. He's charming.
He's just very, very French.
What, you mean rude?
No.
Arrogant?
Smokes too much,
wears a string of onions.
Why are you being like this?
Oh, God, you mean sexy. Is that what
you mean? You're having lots of sex?
Since when do I need
to ask your permission?
God knows
you never asked mine.
But we just slept together.
I haven't forgotten.
Dexter, we got a bit drunk.
Yeah, not that drunk.
You took your trousers off
over your shoes.
No, I didn't.
Did I?
I think that you were upset
about Sylvie and the divorce,
and you needed
a shoulder to cry on.
Or sleep with.
And that's what I was,
a shoulder to sleep with.
And that's why you did it, was it?
To cheer me up.
Well, it worked, didn't it?
If you must know, it was one of
the better nights of my life.
See?
Don't fish.
Dex, it was one time.
Well, it was three times.
Come on. Look, you don't

think it's a good idea?

You and me.

I do. I did.

In the late '80s.

Right.

Better get going.

Why? What are we doing?

Jean-Pierre wants to meet you.

Oh, you're kidding.

We're going to hear him play.

Play?

He's a jazz musician.

Bastard.

We're going to listen to him play free jazz on the piano for about nine hours, and it's going to be lots of fun and in no way awkward.

You're not going out like that, are you?

Just do me up.

That's Jean-Pierre.

Where?

Oh, God. You could have at least found someone a bit good-looking.

You know, Em, I'm sure he's a fine jazz pianist.

I just don't think

I can do this.

Oh. Really?

Yeah, I'll just go and see a movie and go back to the apartment.

And then I think I'm going to get the first train back tomorrow.

You don't have to leave.

I think I do.

I'm sorry, Dex.

Hey, don't be.

Go on.

Salut.

Hey.

Wait! Dexter!

I thought I got rid of you.

If you muck me about,

Dexter...

Em, I swear.
I swear I won't.
Lead me on, or let me down,
or go behind my back,
I will murder you.
I won't do that.
You swear?
Yeah, I swear. I swear.
I would like to thank everyone
for coming to our wedding.
For what can only be described
as a whirlwind romance.
Pause for laughter.
Seriously, when people ask
how Emma and I first met,
I tell them that
we grew up together.
Blah, blah, blah.
Blah, blah, blah.
You're not going to say,
"Blah, blah, blah," on the day, are you?
You are not supposed
to be hearing this.
What if I have notes?
Come on, let me see.
No, no.
When we're married, you're
going to have to obey me.
Yeah, I'm sure
that's going to happen.
What? Not again?
You don't mind, do you?
No, I don't mind.
Although, there are
health and safety issues.
I could lose my license.
They'll wonder
where we've got to.
Mmm! Mmm.
I can definitely
smell burning.
Hello, hello.
Hi, there.
Come here, you.

Here we go.
Do you want to give me a big kiss?
Give me a big kiss.
Go on.

TV between 5:

but no more.
And she has to

be in bed by 7:

All right,
do you want to run inside?
Go see Emma. Good girl.
I'm out here, Jasmine.
She's loving coming
here at the moment.
Well, good. That's great.
I'm really pleased for you.
Look, I'd invite you in.
It's just...
No, it's fine. We've got
to go and see my family.
Have fun.
Thanks.
In you get,
Moriarty.
Dexter?
Yeah.
I've been thinking.
So have I.
I want a child
with the man I love.
And if he won't do it,
then I want one with you.
Well, then,
we'd better get started.
I look so tired.
So take some exercise.
Come swimming with me later.
No, no, I can't. I've got to
do too much at the cafe.
Fine. Don't.
By the way, in case you're interested,
I'm not pregnant.

Em, how do you know?
How do you think?
We could try again, though.
Come on, look...
No, no, no, no. Come on.
Look, I'm sorry.
All right?
No, I am
for taking it out on you.
We're not at our best today,
are we?
Listen, why don't we meet
each other after work?
We'll go to the movies.
Your choice.
Ooh.
And we can go and have
some dinner. Just you and me,
and we can work this out.
All right?
I promise.
Mmm-hmm.
Yeah.
Okay.
Thank you.
Thanks a lot.
Hey, there. Just to say I'm running late,
but I'm on my way.
I'm sorry for being
so snappy this morning.
Hey, there. Just to say I'm
running late, but I'm on my way.
And I'm sorry for being
so snappy this morning.
I just wanted to say you're
a fine thing, Dexter Mayhew.
I love you very much.
Okay, there you go. Lucky you!
Dad.
Dexter?
Hello, darling.
Jasmine!
Are you all right?
Go and get dressed.

Sylvie, Sylvie.
Dexter?
Sylvie, Sylvie,
I screwed up.
Jasmine, now!
I screwed up.
It's all right.
You're all right.
No, I screwed up.
Come on, let's get you up.
Come on.
I'm so sorry.
It's all right.
Aw, Dex, come on.
You poor thing.
Oh, God. Dexter.
As the rain came down,
the water levels began to rise.
So is this going to be an
annual festival, do you think?
Every year, 15th of July?
Well, I hope not.
I don't want a heart-to-heart.
Do you?
No, no. I'd rather not.
Except to say, that I think
the best thing that you could do
would be to try to live your
life as if Emma was still here.
Don't you?
I don't know if I can.
Of course you can.
What do you think I've been
doing for the past 10 years?
Now Silent witness is on.
Right.
Ian. God!
Dexter.
Hi.
Hello, mate.
Are you well?
Yeah, look at this.
So, how are you?
How's the stand-up comedy?

Oh, well,
I gave that up, actually.
That's a shame.
No, not really,
because I was never any good.
The only time
I ever made Emma laugh
was when I fell down
the stairs. Really.
No, I'm in insurance now.
Great, great.
I hate today.
Fifteenth of July.
Saint Swithin's Day.
It's a tough one.
I never noticed it before, but it was
always there just waiting, lurking.
I used to hate you, too.
Quite violently, actually, Dexter.
No, I'm sorry, but...
Because, she lit up with you.
Just in a way that
she never would with me,
and it used to make me
so angry because...
I didn't think that you deserved her.
Can I say this?
Yeah, go on.
She made you decent.
And then in return,
you made her so happy.
So happy.
And I will always be
grateful to you for that.
And on that bombshell,
back to the sticks.
There's my lot out there.
Oh! Look at them.
Yeah, I know.
So, listen, we'll stay in touch.
I'll give you a call.
No, I don't think that's necessary.
I think we're done here.
Come here.

Good luck, mate. All right?
You, too.
Thank you.
You've got cake
everywhere.
Wake up.
Wake up.
It's all right.
Don't panic. It's only me.
Emma. Emma Morley.
Yes. Hello.
So what do you suggest we do?
We could stay in touch.
Today. We're meant
to be doing something today.
Right. Right, right.
Look, today's a bit
tricky for me, really.
No, no, it's not that.
It's just...
Well, I'm meeting my parents,
and then I've got to get back...
Oh, yeah, yeah,
you should probably go then.
It was lovely to meet you.
Bye, now.
Look, that's not until later,
so if you wanted to,
we could go for
a walk or something?
Okay.
Come on, keep up.
It's these shoes. I can't
mountain climb in brogues.
It's not K2. It's just a big hill,
all right? A child could do it.
I don't want you thinking I'm bothered
or anything about last night.
I don't want your phone number,
or letters, or postcards.
I don't want to
get married to you.
Definitely don't want
to have your babies.

Whatever happens tomorrow,
we've had today.
And if we should
bump into each other
sometime in the future,
well, that's fine, too.
We'll be friends.
Yeah, right.
Or, you know,
on the other hand...
Go on.
Well, my parents
don't arrive until later.
So?
So, well, the flat's empty.
You know, if you wanted
to finish what we started.
What? Sober?
Mmm-hmm.
And in daylight.
Race you!
Do you want a piggy-back,
you old man?
It's these shoes. There's no
blooming grip on these things.
Here, come here, you.
Did you come up
here with Emma?
Yeah, once.
That was a long time ago now.
Do you miss her?
Well, of course, I do.
She was...
She was my best friend.
Who's your best
friend now then?
Well, you are, of course.
Come here.
Why, who's yours?
I think it's probably Mum.
Yeah.
I'm not so terrible though, am I?
I'm not answering that.
You know what you are.

It's just round the corner.
This way.
Oh, Dexter!
Damn it, they're early.
You're early.
We thought we'd surprise you.
Clearly, we have.
Mum, Dad, this is Emma Morley.
Morley.
Hello.
Pleased to meet you.
Emma, you'll join us
for tea, yes?
No, no, thanks.
I should leave you to it.
Are you going to go?
Yeah. Well,
pleasure to meet you and...
Well, have a nice life.
Okay.
I'm sorry. Did we
just interrupt something?
No, no.
Emma's just a good friend.
Weren't you
wearing this yesterday?
The rascal.
Emma! Em!
Em, wait! Wait, wait.
Look, I need your phone number.
My number?
Right. Of course.
Look, I'm so sorry
about all of that.
I wasn't expecting them until after we...
Well, you know.
Right.
This is me in Edinburgh.
Right.
My parents' number
and their address just in case.
Right.
Oh. Dad's got
a fax machine at work.

Just the phone number's fine.

Thank you.

Look, I've got to go.

I know.

But we will see
each other again.

I know we will.

Goodbye, Dex.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.