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# What We Did on Our Holiday

By Andy Hamilton

Mickey, have a pee before you go!  
In the toilet this time!  
Mickey! Move!  
- Don't sit on the back of the sofa.  
- What? Whoa! Ow!  
Time to get a move on, OK?  
Scottish Granddad and his puppies  
are waiting for us.  
Let me take this, let me...  
Oh! Jeez, what the...  
Oh, for f... What's that?  
That's Eric.  
- Eric?  
- Yes.  
He wants to come  
to Scotland with us, too.  
Thing is, Eric's a wee bit heavy, and...  
Hang on, there's a... What's this?  
- That's Norman.  
- That's... half a breeze block.  
- How did you even pick that up?  
- I can't sleep without Norman.  
You sleep with... with this in your bed?  
No, that would be stupid!  
He goes at the bottom of my bed  
to make sure the bad ones  
don't come in.  
- So there's bad stones and good stones?  
- Yeah. Like in real life.  
Sure.  
That's our car alarm!  
Oh, for God's sake!  
For Odin!  
Bloody thing.  
Bugger off.  
No, I'm sorry, darling,  
we can't take Norman to Scotland.  
- Or Eric.  
- Right, then I'm gonna hold my breath.  
No, no, no. Don't do that.  
Jess, Jess. Jess, stop it. Jess. Jess.  
OK, they can come. Look?  
Fine. See? They're coming, it's OK.  
Look, look, in they go, in the bag.

So her best friends are stones now?  
Not all of them.  
Some of them are bricks.  
Well, have you, you know,  
have you spoken to anyone about it?  
What, like a geologist?  
Oh, this thing hates me.  
I'm just saying that...  
obsessive collecting,  
it's rather abnormal behaviour  
for a child to...  
She's behaving abnormally?  
I wonder why.  
For Christ's sake, Abi, just get...  
- OK, sweetie?  
- Everything all right?  
- I need a list.  
- A list?  
Yeah, of the lies we're going to tell.  
In case I forget one.  
- That is a clove hitch.  
- It's just a list would be helpful.  
- Has anyone seen my house keys?  
- Oh, M25 slow moving between...  
- Keys, keys, keys.  
... well, everywhere.  
It's just a list would be  
really helpful.  
It's really very simple.  
It's Granddad's 75th birthday party  
and we don't want to upset him  
because he's been a bit poorly...  
He's getting better now.  
Yes, but...  
Oh, Jesus H Christ!  
Mummy, you're not supposed to  
shout Jesus's name like that.  
No, that's all right,  
it's cos I'm asking for His help.  
- To stop the car alarm?  
- Yep.  
See? Thank you, Jesus.  
Come on, all aboard!  
- Enemies of Odin!

- I want the window seat!
- Have you got your key?
- No, I gave you my key, remember?
- Yeah. Yep.
- We can't leave the house unlocked.
- No, I'm aware of that.
- Don't start.

Nobody's starting.

You supervise the little ones.

- Well, where are your keys?
- Erm, I think someone's hidden them.

Oh, for f...

We've got to address this.

- How many times?
- Don't start!
- We're not starting, darling.
- OK.
- Well, where are you going?
- Lucy.

She won't let me  
put her seat belt on.

- I don't like it!
- We've got to put it on.

She'll be through the window screen  
and cut into tiny pieces.

Yes, thank you, Mickey.

Ooh, I've got a good idea.

Why don't we ask Eric  
if he knows how to put?

- It is Norman, Mum.
- Norman, as I was saying,

why don't we ask Norman if  
he knows how to put a seat belt on?

He's a breeze block!

And he doesn't have arms! How could he  
possibly put my seat belt on?

Right, I'm putting it on.

It's the stone

that needs the seat belt.

Because if we brake hard,  
it will go straight through your head  
or Daddy's head if he's driving...

for your information.

Oh, hi, Lucy.

Erm, Abi's managed to lose her keys  
and I need to lock up,  
so could I borrow the spare?  
If you could just let me have...

- Oh.

- Oh, no, Luce, it's fine.

Oh, right.

So, you're off on your travels.

Yeah, to visit my dad.

- You're driving all the way to Scotland?

- That's right.

- Together?

- Yeah.

700...

We cannot drive to the Highlands  
in one day.

I told Gavin  
we'd be there tonight.

- We haven't got a cat's hope in hell.

- We can share the driving.

- What, with Jenson Button?

- Please don't argue.

We're not arguing, darling,  
we're discussing.

This is how it starts.

You start discussing,

- then end up shouting and screaming.

- Then the policeman comes.

That was just a misunderstanding,  
sweetheart.

Sometimes when grown-ups  
discuss things... very loudly,

- people get the wrong ideas.

- He let me play with his Taser.

- Well, he didn't let you.

- That was another misunderstanding.

- He didn't say I couldn't.

- Did the electricity feel nice, Daddy?

No, not nice.

So, we're all going to have  
a holiday together?

Yeah, yep. It'll be lovely, won't it?

Does that mean that Daddy's  
gonna come and live with us again?

Well, no, sweetheart,  
we've been through all this, haven't we?

- Oh, yeah.

- Hey?

And the important thing to remember  
is that Mummy and Daddy...  
both love you very much,  
but then sometimes a mummy and a daddy  
reach a point where,  
well, things change,  
and then one of them finds that  
they don't really love the other one  
like they used to,  
and then, maybe because of that,  
the other one... makes a mistake.

Like Lloyd's dad?

Well, that was actually  
quite a big mistake.

Running over Lloyd's mum with his car,  
that was...

No, I'm talking about

a smaller mistake

where, well, one of them does  
something that is...

a little bit silly and selfish

with someone at work,

so they find themselves

having rows and...

getting cross, and then one of them

goes to someone called a solicitor

and sometimes,

if one of them is getting angry...

one of them tells his solicitor

to keep saying no to everything

even though they know

they're in the wrong

which means that even though

a mummy and daddy love

the children very, very much...

and always will...

they just keep getting crosser and...

crosser, until the mummy and daddy

start blaming each other

for every tiny thing even though

none of this would be happening  
if the other one had just  
listened to him in the first place.

- Dad?

- Yes, Mickey?

These are a bit tight.

Dad! Dad! We've brought  
your 12 o'clock pills!

Oh, chase me round the loch  
on water skis, why don't you?

Only, you left them behind!

And, er... and it's 12 o'clock!

Come on, you beauty! Come on!

With his heart,

he is supposed to stay calm.

I mean, how can anybody get  
so worked up about fishing?

Oh, Jesus!

Never think of looking left and right?

Dad!

- Is this Scotland?

- No, darling, this is Watford.

When Daddy wakes up,

are you gonna go, "I told you so,"  
cos of the traffic congestion?

No, darling.

She's not gonna say, "I told you so. "

Jess! What did you do that for?

It's rude to wake someone up.

- That's right.

- A million thousand...

Oh, God. Look at this lot.

Leave it.

Abi's phone.

Hang on. It's Leon.

I'll call him back.

She'll call you back.

I feel car sick. Can I sit in the front?

Next time we stop, sweetie.

If we're allowed to.

In 50 metres, turn right.

We can't bloody turn right,  
there's no right turn.

- She can't hear you. She's a robot.

- She is the most overpriced...  
Can we change the voice?  
Can we have it in Italian  
like we did last time?  
No. That's how we ended up in Ipswich.  
But we can have it in African language,  
say for example,  
- either like Chad or?  
- Chad isn't a language.  
Zimbabwe or Bahamas.  
Or even Israelian.  
Oh, God, it's Gavin.  
Accept it,  
we are not gonna get there tonight.  
The traffic always gets better  
after Leeds. Hi, Gavin.  
Tell him we won't make it today.  
Yeah, it is safe me talking to you.  
Abi's driving.  
Tell him.  
Because in England we let women drive.  
Tell him.  
No, we will make it tonight,  
just probably quite late. OK.  
OK, bye. Bye-bye.  
Hello, I wondered  
if Sir Donald was in. Thank you.  
We've got three bulimics.  
Do you think we should put them next  
to the buffet or a long way from it?  
I think near the toilet's  
probably more important.  
Er, do you know, I think Doreen...  
er, she'd be more comfortable  
away from the top table.  
Maybe we should let your dad decide,  
because she is one of his oldest...  
- Sir Donald. Gavin. Yeah.  
... friends.  
Gavin.  
Gavin McLeod. Yeah.  
I hear you got a hole-in-one  
at the 13th.  
Well, he won't be bothering us again.



Just wait there, kids.

I like being sick,  
it's like being a fountain.

- I was sickest most.

- No, I was.

Thanks for stopping for the night.

I just want to get there  
as soon as possible.

- No, I know.

- His T-shirt.

His T-shirt was full of vomit  
because of me.

Listen, Doug...

It's a draw. You both  
produced an equal amount of sick.

But I still won.

Er... why are we putting ourselves  
through all this?

Maybe we should just  
tell your dad the truth.

No, no, it's too big a risk.

It could really upset him,  
the idea of us splitting.

Please, Abi.

He can't have long, let's just...

Let's just let him have his party.

Oh, Jesus Christ. No, no, no.

Lottie, no one's gonna ask you if  
Mum and me are living in the same house.

Is there anything else  
you've not told me?

No.

- Why are you writing that down?

- So you can't say you didn't say it.

OK. Kids, just to remind...

Mickey, stop playing chip Jenga.

Just to remind everyone, what we're  
saying is, when we get to Scotland,  
nobody is to tell anyone that Mum and me  
are living in different houses, OK?

Can we tell them that you walked in  
while the headmistress was doing a poo?

It's not really...

Can we tell them about tadpoles

turning into frogs?  
Absolutely. I think that'd be  
an excellent conversation.  
That's a much better  
topic of conversation.  
So as long as we're all agreed,  
none of us mention anything about this.  
I wasn't gonna mention it anyway.  
It's boring.  
- Exactly.  
- It's lying.  
It's... It's not lying, it's not.  
It's not...  
It's not mentioning something.  
What if someone asks,  
"Are your mum and dad getting divorced?"  
You're visiting your granddad,  
not going on The Jeremy Kyle Show.  
I hope we get another sunset  
tonight. Last night was fantastic.  
It's the volcanic dust in the air  
refracting the low-level sunlight.  
Really?  
I thought it was those new pills  
the doctor's got me on.  
Must give you  
a couple of packets of the blue ones.  
You can take them to school, sell them  
to your friends, make a tidy wee profit.  
Play something.  
Nah, nah, nah.  
Play the proper stuff.  
You know you like it.  
And you've got to cut loose, Kenny.  
Go mental.  
Dad says I need to concentrate  
on my exam pieces.  
In 50 metres, turn right.  
Right.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Why didn't you wake me?  
- You said it was rude.  
- Not while I'm driving.  
What's happening?

Daddy didn't like me  
driving when he was asleep.

- What? You were asleep?

- Is this Scotland?

Do you mean you actually fell asleep?

Not really.

- Yeah, these are the Highlands.

- How high are the Highlands?

- Were you sleeping?

- High. Higher than the Lowlands.

Did you fall asleep?

Puppies!

Forgotten the way to Scotland then?

So, Mickey, belated birthday present.

I expect you can guess what it is.

Is it a bicycle?

Is it a... joke cushion that  
stabs you in the bottom?

- No, it is not.

- Is it a cow pie?

Granddad!

- Happy birthday!

- Hello, darling.

Hey, Dad.

- Gordie.

- Hello.

- Happy birthday.

- Thanks very much.

- How's things, Dad?

- Fine, fine, good.

And how's things with you?

- Fine.

- Brilliant, brilliant.

I mean, super. More than.

- Brilliant, tremendous.

- It is more fun actually. Fun.

- Yeah.

- Isn't it? Yeah.

- Really, really, really good.

- Right.

- I did you a birthday card, Granddad.

- Oh, thanks, Lottie.

She's got something of your mother.

- Can he not play with that?

- Oh, Mickey!  
Sorry, I just wanted to show Granddad  
the badger in the revolving doors  
and the nun with two heads.  
Nobody wants to see  
a nun with two heads.  
- I do.  
- That computer's not for kids.  
All the terminals are connected.  
It's a...  
- Synergised system.  
- That's right.  
You know, the whole house  
is virtually wireless.  
It's, well, more than an iCloud, it's...  
iFog?  
It's an intelligent house.  
Is it as intelligent  
as a squid?  
- As a squid?  
- Cos it can fit through a hole.  
It's intelligent in a way...  
- Can it draw a leopard?  
- What?  
And can it do cartwheels?  
If this house is more intelligent  
than you...  
- Mickey.  
- This system cost a lot of money.  
Well, it doesn't always mean  
it's intelligent if...  
- It cost loads of money.  
- Yeah.  
You're not explaining it at all well.  
I think we should take you to  
the headmaster of your place  
- because...  
- It's an intelligent house, OK?  
You know, it's connected.  
Let there be light.  
Now then, clan of McLeod,  
if you'll excuse me...  
Hmm.  
Where are the keys?

They were there a moment ago.  
Who could have taken them?  
I don't know.  
Magpies?  
Magpies?  
This is my domain.  
Only special people come here.  
After you, my dear.  
Ta-dah!  
Jess? This is insane!  
I only asked you where the keys were.  
Jessie, Jessie, just breathe,  
take a big, big breath.  
A big, deep breath.  
- She holds her breath?  
- Yeah.  
Ah, well.  
She can't do herself too much harm, eh?  
Well, actually...  
Till she blacks out? Unconscious?  
That's quite extreme, isn't it?  
To hold your breath that long.  
Well, she can always become  
a pearl diver.  
Where's Sir Donald gone?  
Have you noticed anything odd  
about Doug and Abi?  
Hey, what have you done to that helmet?  
I took the horns off it.  
London manners. Eh?  
Doug can't control them.  
And as for her...  
That's what happens when  
you marry someone too clever.  
That's me when I was 20.  
Only my skin was a little less orange.  
Is that you with the monkey?  
Yeah, that was my 30th birthday  
in Northern Rhodesia.  
- We were looking for silver.  
- Kneel before mighty Odin!  
Do you not get birthdays  
after you're 75?  
What?

Dad said to Mum it's going to be Granddad's last birthday. I heard him.

Ooh, Blu-Tack. Can I have this?

Sure. Tell you what, why don't you go check out on the puppies?

- See if they're OK.

- Sure.

I'm building a big...

You've heard of cancer?

Well, I've got that.

But you will get better.

Well, actually, no, they can't make me any better and the treatments

they've been giving me

have been putting

a terrible strain on my heart.

But right now,

right this second, I feel brilliant.

- What is this?

- It's my notebook.

You know, Lottie,

a lot of life doesn't look very good written down.

So, cousin Kenneth

is the one who took the keys?

Yeah, isn't he a naughty boy?

And where did cousin Kenneth put the keys?

Right.

- Lost something?

- No.

Ready for football?

Leon, hi. No, still very keen.

- Oh, nice header.

- Yeah, all right. Yeah.

- It's mine!

- Hey?

Oh! There you go.

Maybe your parents just lied to protect you.

- Do you ever lie?

- Well, I've told lots of lies.

Lots and lots of lies.

I always lied to policemen  
who said, "What speed were you going?"  
I say, "30mph," when I was clearly  
doing much faster than that.  
And I don't care.  
Sometimes, if your intentions  
are good, it's OK to lie.  
And if you don't like  
someone's food at someone's house,  
and you say, "This is great,"  
even though...  
That's what you do. You don't say,  
"My God, I think I'm gonna vomit here. "  
What you're saying is,  
it's OK to lie to some people sometimes?  
Yeah, it's also good fun.  
For instance...  
Maybe we can find him in here.  
George Judd.  
There he is, that's him there.  
When he told him there was an  
elephant leech clinging to his bollocks,  
he got such a fright,  
he completely fainted.  
- Is that you?  
- No, I'm the wee one.  
So who's that?  
Er...  
How could I forget?  
Dip me in vinegar  
and call me a fish supper.  
I have here  
a chocolate model of the Alps.  
Ta-dah!  
Here he comes,  
weaving his magic.  
And he's clean through...  
- Foul!  
- Come on! I hardly touched you!  
And so it begins.  
Kenneth, your ball!  
- Oh, for Christ's sake!  
- Gavin!  
What is wrong with you?

For crying out loud.

- Mickey, this is your ball!

- I'm a Berserker!

Will you stop being a Berserker? Ow!

- And England are rattled.

- I'm not England.

You're so English,

you're practically French.

Oh, no! I think I see

a marauding Berserker!

Help!

- That would have killed me.

- I've killed you!

But I moved my heart

to the other side, thank goodness.

- You can't.

- You can when you're Scottish.

- You've got a movable heart.

- You're dead.

Jess! Kick it in the goal!

Kenneth, you spaz!

Gavin, please!

Get the bloody ball!

She's gonna score!

Jess! Oh, God. Jess, are you OK?

- Darling!

- I'm so sorry, Jess.

- I'm sorry.

- It's all right.

- I'm really, really sorry.

- It wasn't your fault.

No, no, it was his fault.

- Is she OK?

- No harm done.

Come on, let's get you some ice cream.

I'll make you a hot chocolate...

I'm just gonna take this penalty.

- Did you really play for Scotland?

- Aye, I did.

Just the once, against Cyprus.

- Did you score?

- I certainly did.

A cracking header into the top corner...  
of my own net.



That's probably why  
you only played once.  
Somebody going to go in goal?  
Gavin?  
So how are you feeling?  
Really, really pissed off  
with this dying thing.  
Terribly, utterly  
100 percent pissed off.  
Like millions before me.  
You could look on the bright side.  
You dodged Alzheimer's.  
Gavin!  
This morning I was thinking of Doug  
when he was Jess's age.  
I used to tickle him  
and he'd go, "No, no, no!"  
Then when I was finished,  
he'd go, "More, more, more, more!"  
Which sums up  
exactly how I feel about living.  
One-all.  
Right, time, everybody!  
Margaret!  
The keys are back  
Hm-hmm.  
Uncle Gavin, are you rich?  
This place is enormous.  
Er, no, no, no. Comfortable.  
This isn't actually...  
This is owned by my company, not by me,  
so I use, like, a tax wrapper...  
- Are you like a tax man?  
- No. No, no...  
What is your actual job then?  
Well, er, I have an interest  
in a fund...  
- So you're a banker?  
- No. No, I work with banks...  
- Dad said bankers are scum.  
- Hmm!  
Did I say? Well...  
I might have done, yeah.  
Would you ever have thought

that you would own this house  
if you were not a banker?

- I'm not a banker.
- Yeah, Gav. What is your actual job?
- What is scum?
- I use money to make money.
- That doesn't make sense.
- Margaret!

When will we ever get  
this answer out of you?

I'm giving you the answer, you're not...

- Is it gonna be the 12th of July?
- Enough.
- I'm a short seller.
- You sell shorts?

A short sailor?

Not a short sailor, a short seller.

Your friends, do they sell shoes,  
socks, hairpieces?

What sort of millionaire are you?

OK, I've got lots of money, OK?

Lots of money!

I've got shares, I've got property,  
I've got gold.

I've got lots of money! Can we just?

Margaret!

If this has got another two minutes,  
we're gonna get obese.

I can even feel myself  
getting obese now.

Sweetie, that's...

This is killing me.

Right now,

do you realise this is killing me?

You should have told me about Granddad.

- I'm sorry.
- Shh, shh, shh!

You and Mum need to stop lying.

If you didn't lie so much,  
maybe you'd still be together.

Bravo!

And maybe Mum wouldn't be on the phone  
to her solicitor all night  
banging on about breaches

and leave to remove.

More!

Wasn't that great?

Sorry, I shouldn't have...

Kenneth, darling, it's fine.

This, it's just something women do when they get a bit older.

It's perfectly normal.

Just letting off a bit of steam.

Is this about the... incident?

Incident? What incident?

Mum, it's on YouTube.

- Leave to remove?

- I need the toilet.

- Doug!

- I texted my solicitor.

I'm dying for a pee.

You're planning to take my children away, aren't you?

- Somewhere that's...

- Newcastle, OK? Newcastle, right?

- Now is not the time to talk about it.

- When is a good time?

When I'm not on the toilet.

- Newcastle?

- Yeah.

You're seriously gonna take my children to live in Newcastle?

- I'm thinking about it.

- Have you told the kids?

- You found this?

- Yeah.

I think it's a king's brooch because it's got the Tree of Life on it.

Is it true you're a Viking?

Cos Dad said you were.

Oh, yeah. University Hospital were doing DNA tests and wanted volunteers.

And seeing as they were forever taking my blood anyway, seems I'm 84 percent Viking.

That's most of me.

Look, come on. I thought we agreed

that this weekend was about your dad  
and we'd put all personal issues  
on hold. We agreed, didn't we?

- Yeah.

- Then unlock the bloody door.

- How would I see the kids?

- You'd come to Newcastle.

- What?

- A few hours on the train.

- Four hours at least.

- Three hours 12 minutes.

- Nearly seven hours there and back.

- Will you let me out?

- Every weekend, seven hours?

- I'd like to leave, please.

Weekends would be much worse,  
they do engineering work.

I'd spend my life  
on a bus replacement service.

- Let me out.

- You're doing this out of revenge.

Either behave in a mature  
and adult way

or I scream "rape" out of this window.

Oh, not that again.

Why did you pull  
the horns off your helmet?

Cos it's historically incorrect.

Cos Viking helmets didn't have horns.

Ah, but they didn't have two holes  
in them there and there, did they?

They did if they fell off a cliff  
onto a stag.

I never thought of that.

What if somebody threw a spear?

It could have gone through the side  
and out the other side.

But that would hit the helmet though,  
wouldn't it?

You know,  
my favourite Norse god is Odin.

Is it? Why's that?

Because he's got these, erm, ravens  
called Memory and something else.

What did they do?

- They're ravens.

- And that's a job, is it?

- They're really dangerous.

- Ooh.

- I pray to him sometimes.

- You pray to Odin?

Yeah. He roams the world  
testing people's hospitality.

Well, in the mortal world,  
we have a word for that. "Scrounging. "  
Happy 75th birthday.

They're fine.

And they don't live  
in different houses by the way.

I'll be running,  
er, well, all the important stuff.

Margaret, I've got you  
on the flowers, the food,  
the signage and the cloakroom.

Er, and the taxis.

And the photographer. Doug, I need you  
to set up the marquee for the band.

Hello. And set up the tables.

Kenneth is on parking and conage.

I'm going to West Beach  
with Dad and the kids.

I think not.

214 guests we've got coming.

- 214?

- 215.

Patsy Cameron found a  
man on the internet.

Too late.

Although Jimmy Cazerotto's  
stuck in New Zealand.

- Dad can't manage the kids.

- I'm not senile.

No, but what if...

Mickey, put the puppy back.

- Dad, it is your birthday...

- And this is how I'd like to spend it.

And we don't want to upset him. Do we?

- We'll be back by seven.

- Well, no, you need to be back bef...

So that's agreed then.

I'll take my mobile.

- Come on, kids.

- Yes!

But, Dad...!

Gordie, are you sure  
you're up... for this?

It's... Margaret said  
your medications make you feel...

I'm giving the medications  
a rest today.

Oh, well, is that a good...

No need to worry,  
I've carried out a risk assessment.

No, I haven't. It's a joke.

Remember jokes?

Hey!

Are you not stopping to say hello,  
you miserable old bastard?

Jesus, Doreen,  
can you not mind your language?

They're only weans.

She's got animals!

What's the matter with you?

I'm just saying go easy on the swearing.

They're from London,  
everybody swears in London.

Mum and Dad swear all the time.

- Well, maybe so, but...

- Mum used the c-word.

- And the other ones.

- OK, but...

"Tell that to your poxy effing c-word  
of a solicitor, you effing b-word. "

She thought I was in the garden

but I was in the toilet

peeing very quietly

by aiming for the side of the toilet

but not the water.

Though I did miss a bit.

- Right.

- She's got goats!

I'm coming!

And pigs!

I wonder what's in here.

- Shall we have a look?
- Whoa, look at the size of him!
- They're like massive chickens.
- They look like meerkats.

Only with no arms.

I'm gonna race one.

You've got an escapee  
charging about like a loony

- down by the burn.
- That'll be Wiggins.
- How are you feeling today?
- Oh, I'm fine.

It's one of my good days.

You are such a crap actor.

Come on! Call yourselves ostriches?

I'm a lion! Come on! Race me!

So this came out of  
a ostrich's bottom?

That's why they're so bad tempered.

Could you get an ostrich egg  
and push it back up its bottom?

No, I don't think so.

Because you'd have to  
hold the ostrich still  
and nobody's gonna volunteer for that.

I reckon you could get it  
halfway up the crack.

You could push it up.

If you caught it halfway,  
you think you could push it back up?

- Yeah.
- Next time one's going to lay,
- I'll get in touch with you.
- One little push like...
- Like a volleyball.
- Right.

Look, I know your mum and dad  
are going through a difficult time.

So you know what's happening to them?

- I put two and two together.
- So you know they're getting divorced?

Well, no, I didn't know that.

Look, Lottie, people sometimes change but they still love you, both of them. You'll see.

They'll muddle through this eventually.

- Dad had an affair.

- Right, er...

With a Paralympic athlete lady with one foot.

I probably don't need to know all the details.

Do you look after the ostriches on your own?

- No, Morag helps me.

- Who's Morag?

- She's my girlfriend.

- Oh, for goodness' sake!

- What?

- You could have said "friend".

Girlfriend? Boys have girlfriends.

Now we have to explain the whole thing.

Fine, I'll explain.

- Do you know what a lesbian is?

- Is it someone from Lesbia?

That's right, Mickey.

I am from the magical kingdom of Lesbia.

You're just gonna confuse them even more!

Margaret! There's a wrong apostrophe on the toilet signage!

- What the hell? Newcastle.

- It's a vibrant, growing city

- with a great... public transport hub.

- But it's hundreds of miles...

The Tyne is the best salmon river in Britain

and otters have been seen in Gateshead.

- Abi, listen.

- There's lots of castles.

- Eh?

- Around Newcastle. Kids love castles.

Bamburgh Castle, Dunstanburgh,

Alnwick, Holy Island.

Is this job

with the Newcastle tourist board?



- I'm just saying, it's...  
- Abi, please.  
Please. Don't take them away.  
Margaret needs this heather.  
Margaret?  
Margaret!  
Granddad,  
your mobile's turned off.  
Aye, that's the way I like it.  
And the batteries are dead,  
just to make sure.  
Oh, just look at that. Look at it.  
Bless you.  
Lovely manners.  
Can we drive for a bit?  
- Don't be stupid. Kids can't...  
- Yes, you can drive.  
Mickey, toot the horn.  
Jess, you're the look-out.  
Stick your head out  
and shout, "Look out!"  
- Look out!  
- Lottie, you steer.  
What? But I... I can't...  
When I press this pedal on the floor  
that makes it go, then it's down to you.  
What? But I...  
Left a bit. Left a bit.  
But it's not allowed.  
I'm ten, I'm not insured.  
I don't care.  
That's good. Left, left. That's lovely.  
- I don't think that...  
- You need to live more and think less.  
- More right, more right! Oh!  
- Lottie!  
Well done!  
I've been trying to hit that for years.  
- What did it say?  
- It said "Do not let children drive".  
Oh, Mother, can I go out to swim?  
Yes, my darling daughter  
Watch the boys don't see your bum  
Keep it well under the water

Mother, can I go out to swim?  
Yes, my darling daughter  
Watch the boys don't see your bum  
Keep it well under the water  
Watch the boys don't see your bum  
Keep it well under the water  
Yay!  
Whoo-hoo!  
We might see a killer whale.  
Don't go on those rocks!  
I found a pebble!  
Is it nice being a lesbian?  
What the hell are you asking me for?  
I suppose it must be, otherwise  
they wouldn't be one, would they?  
How do people know what they are?  
Well, they just kind of find out.  
We all find out eventually what we are.  
Then the world has to lump it.  
Can lesbians make babies?  
Er... Well, er...  
Why don't you nip over there  
and get some wood for the fire  
- at the old Viking burial mound?  
- That's a Viking burial mound?  
Yeah. So they say.  
That's where I found the brooch.  
Are you OK, Granddad?  
Aye, indigestion, princess.  
I've had it all my life.  
Don't chew enough.  
Granddad! I've lost my pebble.  
Right.  
I'll race you! Look out for jellyfish.  
- Is this official?  
- Is what official?  
What it says on this rock.  
"Keep off. F and G's beach. "  
Oh, God.  
I carved that.  
Well, I helped. Actually I didn't do  
all that much, I was only small.  
- Frazer did most of it.  
- Who's Frazer?

He was my big brother.

He died in the war.

In Afghanistan?

No, he was fighting

a very stupid man called Hitler  
who wanted to take everybody's land.

- Like Monopoly?

- Aye, just like Monopoly.

Except with more screaming.

Anyway, Frazer used to bring me here,

- taught me how to swim.

- How did he die?

Someone made a terrible mistake.

A pilot thought

Frazer's platoon were Germans.

Where's he buried?

He isn't buried anywhere.

I know about dying.

Right.

Cos of Bambi's mum and Babar's dad  
and Simba's dad and Nigel.

- Our next-door neighbour.

- I don't think this is my pebble.

Oh, it definitely is.

I'd recognise it anywhere.

Let's go, little beavers!

More driftwood.

- Can we bury you, Granddad?

- Oh, no, that sand gets everywhere.

I definitely don't want to be buried,  
thank you.

- Not even when you die?

- Jess!

Well, that's what happens  
when someone dies.

You bury them

and then everyone eats cake.

- That's right, isn't it, Granddad?

- Absolutely, sweetheart.

I've never seen

the point of funerals myself.

Nice people

all standing around in the kirk

while the priest tells a pack of lies

about what a great man you were.  
Nah, put me out with the recycling.  
Purple bin, isn't it,  
for plastics and dead granddads?  
Oh, come on, it's only a joke.  
No, if I had to choose  
a kind of funeral,  
just give me a good old Viking funeral,  
like my ancestors.  
Just stick me on a burning boat  
and float me out to sea.  
No stupid family fights,  
no stupid rows about who gets what  
or who does what.  
Just a warrior's farewell.  
Can we go out  
and catch some fish to cook it?  
Yeah, get some crabs while you're there.  
There are sandwiches in the pick-up,  
aren't there?  
Yeah, but you can't hunt sandwiches,  
can you?  
The water won't be cold,  
will it, Granddad?  
Course not, it's only  
the North Atlantic.  
Why on Earth would it be cold?  
It's freezing!  
You lied to us!  
Look, you've got to pat it down  
like this.  
- I'm decorating it.  
- That's after.  
Are you OK back there?  
Aye, I'm grand,  
apart from the sand up my arse.  
Oh, look. Look up there,  
it's the osprey.  
Oh, look at that.  
It's just a bird.  
17 years  
she's been coming back.  
Flown all the way from Africa.  
You can't really lay a egg in Africa

cos you'll get a fried egg.  
- How far is Africa?  
- About eight million miles away.  
That's rubbish, isn't it, Granddad?  
Hey, Granddad.  
Perhaps he's asleep.  
Granddad?  
Granddad?  
Granddad! That wasn't funny!  
- Well, it was quite funny.  
- No, it wasn't.  
It was funnier than monkeys!  
Mum and Dad lie so much.  
I just don't trust them any more.  
They make me so angry.  
Well, I used to feel like that  
about my lot, too.  
Until I suddenly realised  
there was no point in being angry  
with people I loved  
for being what they are.  
I mean, so what if your dad  
is a complete and utter bloody shambles?  
Or your Uncle Gavin's  
a bit of a tight-arse?  
All that social climbing!  
He can't help himself  
any more than his wife can help  
being scared of her own shadow  
or your mum can help  
being a bit mouthy.  
The truth is,  
every human being on this planet  
is ridiculous in their own way.  
So we shouldn't judge  
and we shouldn't fight,  
because in the end...  
In the end,  
none of it matters, none of this stuff.  
Lottie, this shell's got legs!  
It's OK, it'll be a hermit crab.  
Frazer? What are you doing here?  
Oh... I get it.  
Are you coming in for a swim,

you big Mary?  
Hey, Granddad, can we cook this crab?  
Or will it be unfair on the beach?  
I can put it back if you want or...  
Oh, Granddad. Stop mucking around.  
I'm not falling for that again.  
Lottie! There's something not right  
with Granddad.  
Oh, he's just doing  
that stupid joke again.  
Come on, Granddad.  
Granddad?  
Granddad.  
Granddad?  
I think he might be dead.  
He's not breathing.  
I'm gonna check his pulse.  
They taught us this in Brownies.  
Granddad's got no pulse  
and we better get back  
to tell everyone he's died.  
Such bad luck.  
Dying just before your birthday party.  
Come on. The grown-ups  
will know what to do.  
- They'll just argue.  
- Hey?  
They'll argue and fight,  
like Granddad said.  
And he said he didn't want that.  
If we leave him, he might get eaten  
by badgers and seals and puffins.  
You go back, Lottie.  
We'll stay here and guard Granddad.  
You're sure you'll be OK with that?  
Well, that's very brave  
and grown-up of you.  
Do you think it'll be all right  
if I can have the Swiss roll?  
I think that'll be all right.  
We won't eat Granddad's,  
just in case.  
I won't be long! Be sensible!  
I read in a newspaper article that

said when people had stopped breathing,  
when people's heart stopped,  
they die  
and then when they die, they felt  
themselves leave their bodies  
and they find themselves  
hovering their own bodies  
and looking down on people.

You said it'd be

a small family gathering.

- It's more like Glastonbury.
- Don't exaggerate.
- Parading Dad. "Meet my dad... "
- Dad knows these people, OK?
- You should give him what he wants.
- He's very ill.

He doesn't know what he wants.

We have to make decisions for him.

But you wouldn't know about that,  
would you?

- Cos you're never here.
- Oh...

This is going to be a reasonable-sized  
gathering to celebrate Dad's life.

Where have you booked for the funeral?

Westminster Abbey? The O2 Arena?

- Shh! Yeah, Leon, I'm just...
- Who's that?

Oh, Leon?

Geordie Leon? My kids' new dad?

- Oh! Hello, Leon!
- You pathetic child!
- Mum...
- Leon is my new boss.

The man I'm screwing is called Wallace.

Wallace? Do the kids know?

- I'll tell them when it's time.
- Does he have a dog called Gromit?

Here come the stupid jokes.

- She ate Granddad's Swiss roll.
- I didn't mean to!
- It was an accident.
- It wasn't an accident.
- It doesn't matter.

- Where are the grown-ups?

Fighting. Mickey was right.

They can't be trusted

to do what Granddad wanted.

So we're gonna do it.

We're gonna give him

the funeral he wanted.

- A Viking one?

- Yeah.

- Cool.

- Where will we find a Viking boat?

There's one in York.

But I'm not sure

the museum will lend it to us

if we tell them we're gonna burn it.

Right, now listen,

we've all got to work together.

- This is our present to Granddad.

- Shotgun the matches!

Margaret!

That's drop-off point B. Turn around.

So it won't be

a proper Viking longboat then?

- No, it'll be a raft.

- How are we gonna move it?

We'll put it in Granddad's car.

- But we can't drive.

- Yes, we can.

Mickey, you push the pedal

and I'll do the wheel.

I think we need to do

something with this.

Which one should I do?

One, two, three or R?

- One.

- I think we should go with R

because we want the car

to go...

I'm gonna do one. Do you think

we'll get into trouble for this?

The grown-ups

might be annoyed at first,

but once we tell them

this is what Granddad wanted...



Do the pedal again!  
The car sounds a bit annoyed!  
- How's that?  
- Do I do left or right?  
Right. No!  
I'm not wearing a seat belt!  
A bit more. Turn a bit harder.  
Is that better?  
How are we going to get that  
in the back?  
I've used every knot I know back there.  
Granddad said the tide's coming in,  
so if we leave the car  
at the edge of the sea...  
Whoa! This is bumpy!  
Jess, shout when it's at the edge.  
Edge!  
- Oh, for God's sake!  
- Yay! We did it!  
- Do you think we should lock it?  
- Yes, we don't want it getting stolen.  
To be a proper Viking funeral,  
it's crucial that you need to take  
his favourite things to heaven.  
I thought of that.  
Oh, his Scotland shirt. Brilliant!  
- Granddad! He's alive!  
- Granddad!  
Wake up! Come on, Granddad!  
Wake up, Granddad!  
Granddad.  
Come on.  
He's cold.  
I think people do farts  
after they're dead.  
I saw it on this programme  
called The Real Silent Witness.  
- This woman said so.  
- Are you sure?  
She was wearing a white coat.  
She said dead people are full of gas.  
I'm scared.  
It's OK. It's only Granddad.  
He sort of died in battle

cos he was fighting cancer,  
so we'll give him a warrior's funeral.  
I didn't think this would work.  
Well, it works at Stonehenge.  
Druids moved huge rocks.  
Not granddads. So well done, my brain.  
I so can't wait to go back to school  
when we get to write about  
what I did on our half term.  
But I bet Shona's done  
something more interesting  
like she always has.  
Goodbye.  
You were nice.  
Please accept my pebble.  
We are gathered here,  
to remember Gordie McLeod.  
I'm sorry you died, Granddad.  
I liked having someone to talk to.  
Have a good Valhalla.  
Amen.  
He'd be so proud of us.  
We can do folk rock,  
we can do country,  
we can do country folk rock,  
indie folk rock.  
Oh, my goodness. Where have you been?  
- We need...  
- I told Granddad seven.  
- But...  
- Oh, you're all mucky.  
- Come on, bath time.  
- But we need...  
Did I mention bluegrass?  
We can do bluegrass.  
But not so fast  
since Billy had his stroke.  
Chop chop, the party's starting soon.  
- I've laid your clothes out.  
- Granddad died.  
- What?  
- Granddad died.  
Oh, crikey, guys,  
what time do you call this?

Doug. They're saying Gordie's died.

Hallelujah. At last. So what have you done with your granddad, eh?

- Well...

- He died. On the beach.

OK, I'm on it.

- I shouldn't have let him...

- It's all right, love.

Yes, ambulance, quickly, please to, erm...

- Lottie, where exactly is Granddad now?

- Out at sea.

- Out at sea?

- And on fire.

He wanted a Viking funeral, so we built a raft, put the body on it, set it on fire and floated him out to sea.

Can you hold on a sec?

Lottie. Stop being silly, just tell us, where is Granddad?

Ah, yeah. This is a wind-up.

He's put you up to this, hasn't he?

This is one of Granddad's stupid jokes, isn't it?

Well, he did do it as a joke to pretend to die, but this time, it's not a joke.

- Hello?

- Yes, er, yeah.

We're just getting the details if you could just show us a bit of patience.

I know that you're going to tell me exactly what happened.

Well, I found lots of wood and...

- Er...

... and I found lots of crabs.

- Right...

- I lost my rock.

- At the end of the day, I found it.

- But what happened to Granddad?

There was a lady with a girlfriend that lived with lots of pigs.

- After the lady.

- She swore a lot.
- Back to Granddad.
- It's vital you tell the truth.
- We do tell the truth.
- Keep it down.

Nothing to do with the fish  
or the crab or your stone, sweetie.

Where is Granddad?

If you listen, I'll tell you the story.

- I know, darling, but faster.
- So will you listen?

Hm-hmm.

- Grandpa farted.
- Oh.

Yes, we do still need an ambulance.

And the police.

And possibly the coastguard.

No, we don't need the fire brigade,  
and I don't appreciate your tone.

Well, he is on fire.

- Quickly now.
- I found some fishes.
- Yep, after...
- Lottie knocked over some signs.

What happened next?

Yes, it is an emergency, we just  
don't know what sort of emergency.

And then?

I stopped the crows  
from eating Grandpa.

OK.

I'm perfectly aware  
that it is a criminal offence  
to make prank calls, but...

She's hung up! 999 has hung up!

Do we still have to have a bath?

- Erm... Er, no.
- Yay!

Car keys! Where the bloody hell  
are the car keys?

We'll take ours.

Okey-dokey.

Now then, I have some very important  
cake-tasting needs done.

Do I have any volunteers  
to help me with that?  
You stupid...!  
- You stupid...  
- Gavin, Gavin, Gavin, Gavin, Gavin.  
Come on. No, no! Whoa, whoa! All right!  
All right, all right, it's all right.  
It's OK. It's all right.  
Two, three, four.  
I don't believe this.  
This is a bloody nightmare.  
Sir Donald, glad you could make it.  
A bloody total nightmare.  
Hughie. Good to see you.  
A bloody total nightmare.  
- Gavin, language. The children.  
- Right, yeah.  
They can't hear "bloody"  
but they can set fire to my father.  
We didn't hurt him. He was dead.  
- Let's hope so.  
- For Christ's sake. They were...  
Someone best break it  
to the ones who've arrived.  
- We just did what Granddad wanted.  
- He didn't want this.  
He wanted to be cremated. Don't say it.  
I'm looking for someone to punch  
- and your children are too small!  
- Enough!  
Odin.  
Excuse me. Excuse me!  
Sorry, no photos.  
Thank you all so much for coming.  
Gordie would be pleased to see so many  
of his friends gathered together.  
Except sadly,  
Gordie can't be pleased because...  
he passed away today.  
We think.  
W- W-We're fairly certain he has.  
Anyway,  
I know you won't feel like dancing,  
but do please have a drink

and make yourselves at home.

Jimmy Cazerotto?

Margaret!

- We thought you were in New Zealand.

- Where is the old bastard? Huh?

- Jimmy, I'm Abi.

- What?

Where's Kenneth?

He's supposed to be...

- Aha! You took your time, Murdo.

- It's Andy Mackay's stag night.

A dwarf got thrown through a window.

- This is Agnes Chisholm.

- From the Child Welfare Unit.

I'll require a room for interviews.

I found this child outside.

Unaccompanied.

Yeah, that's my son.

Thank you.

Why have they called the police?

We've done nothing wrong.

Please do exactly as I ask.

There is a procedure

for this kind of situation.

- There is?

- Oh, yes.

So he's at peace.

At... At peace.

Can I see him one last time?

I've come all the way

from New Zealand, you know.

I'm afraid that's not possible, Jimmy.

It's not... not... possible.

Sir Donald.

Very sorry about this, Sir Donald.

It's funny, this morning...

And we think...

we think that's what happened

but obviously, that's...

That's what?

Confidential.

That the kids burnt his body

and floated him out to sea?

Er, yes, well, the kids, erm...

They're from London.

So, thank you for that, Jess.

And if it's OK with you,

I'll just keep this lovely drawing

I asked you to do of the three of you

setting fire to your grandpa.

- Do you want to put it on your fridge?

- No. That's not...

There wasn't exactly

a unicorn on the beach

but I just got bored.

Perhaps we could hang on to the picture.

It will be returned to you

when the investigation's completed.

Can I go now?

- I was halfway through a Cheese String.

- OK.

So she holds her breath

quite often, does she?

So, Mickey, the idea

for the special funeral,

- who did that come from?

- Odin.

Odin?

He walks the Earth with one eye

and a big hat and an eight-legged horse

disguised as a traveller

to see if people's nice to him

and he's here now.

So, Odin, the Norse god,

is currently here

with an eight-legged horse?

Ach, sod it, lads. Let's call it a day.

Kenneth! Kenneth!

Where the hell is he?

Is this an effective use

of police resources?

Shouldn't you be out

looking for evidence of my father?

We haven't got a submarine.

Oh. Jokes is it now?

Make it bigger! Bigger!

Don't stress, I'm trying.

This isn't cats.

It's something  
Kenneth's been watching.  
Don't just press buttons at random.  
Is that the YouTube thing?  
I've thought of a joke.  
A very funny joke. Yeah.  
I make an official complaint  
to your Chief Superintendent  
who happens to be a friend of mine  
who happens to be in my house right now  
as a guest, so...  
So, Lottie,  
when your granddad passed away...  
Ten to four. Approximately.  
That's a pretty wee notebook.  
What sort of things do you put in that?  
Thoughts, facts, information.  
Lies that I get told.  
Could I possibly have a look at that?  
Do you think  
I could hang on to this for a bit?  
Is that really necessary?  
Why would...  
Why would you need to hang on to it?  
You're not thinking of...  
removing us anywhere, are you?  
Don't be silly, darling. This lady's  
not here to do that. Are you?  
At this stage,  
I'm just making an assessment.  
What is that?  
God, what is she doing?  
I take it you hadn't seen this,  
Mr McLeod.  
No charges were brought.  
No, the staff at the mini mart  
were very good about it.  
Everyone... you know,  
understood that your wife was,  
you know, adversely affected  
by her medication.  
- Medication?  
- Yeah, the anti-depressants.  
For the depression.



It's not your night, is it?  
Who fancies a dram?  
I'm taking orders.  
I've got Glengoyne or Glenmorangie.  
It's finished. Play it again.  
Oh, for Christ's sake! Kids!  
Everything all right?  
Please don't go anywhere  
without notifying me, will you?  
Has something happened?  
Why is the knives and forks so loud?  
Oh!  
- Have you ever read Lottie's notebook?  
- No. Have you?  
No.  
Well, not... not much.  
She writes down everything.  
Hey, sleep OK, sweetheart?  
And now intervention woman's got it.  
- Intervention?  
- That's the word she keeps using.  
I think maybe we should get a lawyer.  
Another lawyer? They've been great  
at calming things down.  
The important thing is  
not to antagonise her.  
- We just need to...  
- Good morning.  
Morning.  
Jesus, no, no!  
For God's sake, Kenneth!  
How did they find us so fast?  
That'll be that bloody Donny Mackay.  
He'll do anything  
to fill his bloody guest house.  
Oh, what's the point?  
No one gets to keep  
any secrets any more.  
Well, you can say that again.  
No one gets to keep  
any secrets any more.  
Bloody vultures!  
Why can't Scotland have  
a law of trespass like a real country?

Oh, Lord.

It's Little Miss Sunshine.

- Oh, Christ. Just be...

- Be what?

Just be... You know...

I came through the back lane  
to evade all the media.

Well, thank you.

May I come in?

- Of course.

- Why?

- I'm sorry?

- Why do you want to come in?

- Abi, she's just...

- I need more information.

What sort of information?

Information to help assess  
which of the range of outcomes...

- Outcomes? What outcomes?

- Outcomes, Abi.

A range of outcomes  
from intervention to...

There! She said it.

I could involve the police  
in this conversation.

You can come in when I get an assurance  
that there is no possibility  
of you taking away my kids.

- Abi.

- As I was in the process of saying...

- I'll take that as a no, then.

- Abi!

Jesus. Look at this.

Look at it. Look.

We're front page of  
the Daily Mail as well.

- Thank you, Kenneth.

- And the Express.

- Kenneth, that's enough.

- "Feral Children Sacrifice... "

Kenneth! We can do without  
the bloody rolling bulletin!

- Thank you.

- We need to deal with this.

- It's not helpful.
- I'm trying to be informative.

Kenneth!

Look, Gavin,  
about the supermarket episode...

There's nothing... helpful  
to be said about that.

- Ah, I was wondering...

- I'd like my notebook back.

I'm sorry, Lottie, I'm only permitted to  
talk to you in an interview situation.

Actually, could I just nip in  
and use your phone for a moment?

But the Prime Minister  
has tweeted

that the incident is the symptom  
of a broken society.

Don't worry, Dad, I told you,  
Odin will sort all this out.

Mickey, you didn't see Odin.

Miss Pringle said that she saw Jesus  
and if she can see Jesus,

I can see Odin.

You didn't see Odin!

There is no Odin.

This is the real world.

We're on television!

The three children

from this family

who cannot be named

for legal reasons...

- Oh!

... are inside the house.

- The police have announced...

- We can only confirm

that the body of a man

in his mid-seventies

was... destroyed and floated out to sea  
possibly with some valuables.

Hi, there.

I forgot to put

the brooch in my drawing.

- Yes, it was.

- Brooch?

Granddad's Viking brooch.

We put it on the raft.

All Vikings went to Valhalla  
with their treasure.

You morons!

Well, that's just rude.

You, stupid, stupid little...

- Whoa, whoa, enough!
- They've destroyed a family heirloom.
- Dad found it.
- It's worth 15,000.
- 15,000?
- I had it valued.
- Oh, I get it.
- What's that supposed to mean?
- Thinking ahead?
- Doug...

Thought we'd keep that secret  
till after we divided up Dad's things?

I was going to announce it  
as a surprise for his birthday.

Please! I'm glad  
he's not here to listen to this.

He probably would be here  
if it wasn't for your mental kids!

- It is not the kids' fault!
- That's right!
- It's his.
- What?

Lottie tried to get us to listen  
and you were too busy having  
an argument with your stupid brother.

- This isn't getting us anywhere.
- Oh, just go chuck a pumpkin!
- That's enough.
- It's not enough.
- Nothing's enough for you, is it?
- Stop!

Stop it now! This is exactly  
what Granddad said would happen.  
He wanted a Viking funeral so it would  
give you all less to fight about.  
He said no one should fight,  
because at the end of the day,

it doesn't matter  
if Uncle Gavin's a tight-arse  
and Dad's a shambles  
and Mum's a bit mouthy  
and Auntie Margaret's...  
something or other.  
He said you mustn't mind about that  
in the people you love.  
Because... we're all... ridiculous,  
and none of this matters.  
Erm, well, I'm sorry, Gavin.  
I shouldn't have said all that stuff.  
No, no, it was me.  
I didn't... I was being a...  
Listen, kids. I'm really sorry, but...  
Sometimes when adults  
get a little bit upset,  
they just become a...  
Where's Mickey?  
He's on there.  
I'm fed up of being stuck inside.  
I've come out to explain.  
- Jesus!  
- Tell them "no comment"!  
Cos this is the real world.  
Granddad stopped breathing  
and then what happened...  
That's enough, thank you.  
- You best go back inside.  
- I was trying to explain everything.  
- Yeah, I know but...  
- As it's all our fault,  
I thought it might stop the shouting.  
No, it's not all your fault.  
Nothing's your fault.  
You head inside, go on.  
- We have no comment to make.  
- Good. Straight bat.  
You were on TV!  
We have no comment to make  
at this juncture.  
Mr McLeod,  
can you confirm reports?  
Except to say... you should

all be ashamed of yourselves.

- What's he doing?

- You're a disgrace!

Don't provoke them!

You have guidelines.

My son is six years old!

Then why's he wandering about alone?

He was... We have no further comment.

Why were young children left  
in the care of an elderly, sick man?

- Mr McLeod, over here!

- Well...

We... we did deliberate over that.

Walk away, man.

Is your divorce  
affecting your children?

Your divorce, caused by your affair.

Do you take responsibility  
for the actions of your children?

Do you feel you've failed as a father?

Sorry, what?

Do you feel you've failed as a father?

Well, I'm not sure that...

I mean...

- It's true that I've certainly...

- Mrs McLeod.

My husband is a good and loving father.

We have no further comment.

Would you describe your marriage  
as dysfunctional?

Oh, the magic word, "dysfunctional".

Yeah! Yep, fine.

- Fine, we're dysfunctional.

- She's doing it now.

If you mean by "dysfunctional"  
that we're two average people  
who have made a few mistakes,  
and are trying very hard  
to muddle through  
while trying our utmost  
to protect and nurture  
our three... fantastic children,  
Jess, Mickey and Lottie...

- Yes! Name check.

- Yay!

Yes, we are dysfunctional.

Thank you.

Bravo, Abi.

Well done, Abi.

You certainly put them in their place.

Has something else happened?

I've learnt my lesson. Next time I'm  
with someone who's died on the beach,  
I'll tell an adult

and I won't set fire to them.

Very sensible.

Cheers.

- It's nice that Mickey wants to be...

- I said no to the Newcastle job.

- Did you?

- Yeah.

Thanks.

I've decided I don't need a solicitor.

I know. My solicitor told me.

- Already?

- Yep.

She said it gave me a huge advantage.

She used the phrase "easy meat".

I'm gonna get rid of her.

Let's do this humanely.

Hmm.

OK, everybody.

Everyone, if you could  
just gather round.

Sorry the midges are out  
in their hordes.

- This is...

- Over here, guys.

Lottie? I'm not sure  
there's any actual, real evidence  
that the Vikings actually  
buried their dead  
by burning them  
and floating them out to sea.

Mickey?

Never, ever say that out loud again.

Over here. Thanks.

My brother Doug

is going to say a few words.  
Thanks for coming.  
Well done  
for shaking off the reporters.  
The press have portrayed  
my father's death as a disgrace.  
But what better way to die  
could he have had...  
than on his favourite beach...  
watching the grandchildren  
that he loved play...  
play...  
I don't know what Dad  
would have made of all this.  
Actually, I do.  
He'd have laughed himself stupid.  
He'd have laughed at everyone turning up  
for his party except for him.  
He'd have laughed at the authorities  
trying to find  
the relevant form to fill in...  
He'd certainly have laughed at  
Margaret's starring role on YouTube.  
4,458,207 hits at last count.  
Three of them mine.  
And me, he'd have laughed at me.  
A lot.  
And my main regret,  
apart from not having  
a bit more time with Dad,  
is that he couldn't see us all  
running around like idiots.  
I'm sure many of you believe  
that he can see us,  
but for my part, I think death is it.  
I, er, I think life...  
This life is all you get,  
and Gordie McLeod had a hell of a life,  
and so should we  
cos that's all death is good for.  
It's to give us a kick up the arse  
and say, "Get on with it,  
and love those around you. "  
And... and now my wonderful son,



Kenneth, is gonna play something.  
No, no. Play something he'd like.  
Go mental.

He lives in that  
and then he walks around in it.  
That keeps his back end all safe.

- So he doesn't show his bottom?  
- Exactly.

He keeps it in a shell.

Can we do that  
with a large shell?

Listen, kids, we, erm...

Dad and me, we just wanted to...  
to say something.

We know that  
we've not behaved very well recently  
and, er... well, we just  
wanted to say sorry.

That's right.

And, erm,  
while we'll still be living apart,  
in different... different houses,  
we, er... from now on,  
we're going to behave like grown-ups.

Inappropriate behaviour!

- Lottie, write that down in your book.

- I've chucked the book away.

I don't think I'll need it any more.

Get him!

Get him. Get Dad! Get Dad!

Come on, then!