


FLEABAG

"Baby on Board"

written by
Carly Petrone


Brooklyn, NY 11215
cpetronester@gmail.com

May 30, 2020

TEASER

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A very pregnant and annoyed CLAIRE sits in a chair in the middle of the room, surrounded by a group of 40 something year-old MOTHERS.

MOTHER #1

My Eloise just pee peed for the first time!

MOTHER #2

I plan on breast feeding for as long as I can. It's such a bonding experience.

MOTHER #3

Until they bite your nipple!

All the ladies understandably laugh. Claire awkwardly grabs her boob. Her GODMOTHER passes around a replica of her own vagina.

GODMOTHER

This was my most sought after piece at my last sex-hibition.

She glances at Claire, who is mortified.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

But it's also my most coveted piece of work. I could never part with her.

She hugs the replica of her vagina and looks at it lovingly.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

(pointing to a specific area on the replica)

Funny enough, this is where you feel most pleasure during intercourse and the most pain during labor. Fascinating isn't it?

Claire furtive look while she opens a gift. Suddenly the front door slams open.

FLEABAG (SCREAMING)

I'm here! I'm bloody here!

FLEABAG runs into the room, completely out of breath. She frantically tears open a Plan B emergency contraception box with her teeth.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Can someone please hand me the...

She looks around frantically and spots the champagne by the bar.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Champagne, please?

Nobody does. She grabs a bottle of champagne herself and takes a large swig while popping the single pill into her mouth. She swallows it and sighs with relief.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Cheers! To the mom-to-be!

(to camera)

What?

The room is silent.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY - A FEW DAYS EARLIER

Claire and Fleabag walk along the streets, eyeing a few stores along the way.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Now that Claire is knocked up I do everything I can to make her even more uncomfortable.

Fleabag takes Claire's arm and links it onto hers. Claire shivers and makes a disgusted face.

CLAIRE

Do you really have to do that?

FLEABAG

Oh come on. You don't want my very pale niece-

(to camera)

Let's face it. The kid doesn't stand a chance. I'm already calling her Powder.

(back to Claire)

To be another cold British bitch with no feelings, do you? You've got to teach her the importance of human touch.

Fleabag gives Claire another squeeze and rubs Claire's "bump." She immediately slaps Fleabag's hand away.

CLAIRE

That's what got me into this mess in the first place.

FLEABAG

Yeah, I gotta give it to you, I thought that ship had sailed.

(to camera)

Like all the way out to anorexic island or wherever my sister's menstrual cycle now lives.

CLAIRE

Yes well, if you must know, I used my severance to pay for embryo extraction. You know, after that whole *thing* last year.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
Miscarriage.

CLAIRE

Anyway, let's focus on the future,
shall we? God knows, Dad never thought
he'd be a grandfather.

FLEABAG

Thanks.

CLAIRE

Well, come on. I'm nearly 40 and
you're, well, helpless.

Claire peeks into a baby store window.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
Claire left her fancy banking job last
year after her boss thought it was
okay to shag both her and his 19-year
old secretary whilst away at a
conference. Granted he was definitely
married but she also cut it straight
off once Martin came back into the
picture.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)
Martin has stage three ball cancer. I
guess she felt sorry for him or
something because we're not actually
sure who the father is.
(pause)
It's the coolest thing Claire's ever
done.

CLAIRE

(pointing to window display)
What do you think of that breast pump?
I mean, will it actually fit my
enormous breasts?

FLEABAG

(to camera)
Rub it in.
(to Claire)
There's only one way to find out.

Fleabag raises her eyebrows to the camera.

CLAIRE

Oh please, you can't actually try on a breast pum-

INT. GIGGLES BABY STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The loud sound of a breast pump machine echoes from the corner. Fleabag has her shirt off and tests the breast pump out on herself. She gets turned on.

FLEABAG (SMILING)

Is it supposed to feel like this?

CLAIRE (MORTIFIED)

Like what?

A VERY PREPPY SALESWOMAN enters the room.

SALESWOMAN

May I help you with something?

Claire knocks the machine off of Fleabag, who is bummed the experience is over.

CLAIRE

(flustered)

Oh, hello. Yes, I am looking for a breast pump to fit my enormous breasts.

SALESWOMAN

Oh sure. We have pumps that go all the way up to 36mm. I see you have the smallest version out right now.

Fleabag scowls at the camera and then smiles to the saleswoman.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Wait, Claire? Is that you? It's me, Amelia. Gosh, what's it been? Twenty years?

CLAIRE

Amelia. Amelia? I haven't seen you since...

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Since Amelia's boyfriend shat in the hallway of Claire & Amelia's flat back at Uni. Kudos to that guy by the way.

(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I would have paid money to see Claire discover a piece of-

AMELIA

(embarrassed)

Well, no need to relive the past. How are you? Or should I say how far along are you?

Amelia reaches for Claire's bump. Claire slaps her hand away. Fleabag is thrilled.

CLAIRE

Sorry. I'm just not sure where your hands have been. Because...you're not still with...

(whispering)

"The Pooper, are you?"

AMELIA

(laughing)

Goodness no. He went onto medical school somewhere. I hear he's a gastroenterologist now.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Course he is.

Claire darts a sneer over to Fleabag.

AMELIA

Yes well, do you know what you're having?

CLAIRE

A boy.

FLEABAG

A girl.

AMELIA

How exciting either way.

FLEABAG

I thought it was a girl!

CLAIRE

So did I, until Martin kept circling the baby's little willy on the sodding sonogram. I swear he did it just to piss me off. We had the technician double check a week ago. Turns out he was right.

FLEABAG

Bastard.

AMELIA

Well, are you having a shower? You can register here. We have everything you need.

CLAIRE

Oh no. No. There's no need to have one of those ridiculous parties where everyone talks of sagging breasts and nappies.

Claire gags a little bit.

AMELIA

Claire, this is the biggest thing you'll ever do in your life. We must celebrate!

BACK TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BABY SHOWER - KITCHEN - DAY

Fleabag tosses out her Plan B package into the rubbish bin.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

That's how we all ended up here. Such bullocks. Who wants to sit around and talk about labor and wailing vaginas?

Fleabag lights up an e-cigarette. When Claire enters the room she attempts to hold in the smoke. She starts coughing. Claire picks the Plan B package out of the trash.

CLAIRE

I don't think my guests want to be reminded of your living room abortion, thank you very much.

FLEABAG

Oh please. You know all those horny twats wish they could stock up on these.

(to camera)

It's not my fault they're all post menopausal.

Claire glares at Fleabag.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What?

CLAIRE

Be nice.

FLEABAG

I'm always nice.

Claire takes the e-cigarette, smells it, and throws it into the trash bin.

CLAIRE

God damnit, I want a cigarette.

INT. - CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag slides up to Amelia on the couch and takes a large bite of a baby carrot.

FLEABAG

So, how's "The Pooper?"

Claire bows her head in defeat.

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S FOYER AND FRONT DOOR - A FEW HOURS LATER

All of the women file out of the house as Fleabag unenthusiastically hands out party favors. A YOUNGER WOMAN walks by last. Fleabag stops her.

FLEABAG

Oh wait. You. Hey, come here.

The woman steps back toward her. Fleabag shoves a few Plan B packages from her purse into the woman's hands and winks at her.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Feminism!

Claire rolls her eyes and slams the door shut, leaving Fleabag holding a bunch of baby favors, balloons, and presents in her walkway. Her cellphone dings. She takes it out from her coat pocket.

TEXT APPEARS ON SCREEN: "I'M HORNY." - WILL, [AMERICAN FLAG EMOJI AND EGGPLANT EMOJI]

Fleabag drops everything, including her last box of Plan B pills, and hurries off. A few seconds later she returns and scoops up the box.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WILL'S AIRBNB BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

WILL, 30, American professional pinball player, is having sex with Fleabag on top of a pinball machine. The game rings out just as they both climax.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I met Will at Four Quarters in South London. He was mastering a pinball game. I thought he would be good with his hands.

Will hits the side buttons repeatedly as he finishes.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

I was right.

(to Will)

You really know how to push all my buttons.

WILL

You're definitely my highest score.

Will kisses her shoulder and slowly steps away to get dressed.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I think he was just playing a real game just then.

She turns around and sees a score that reads 250,000 points.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Well done.

The front door opens and closes.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Will? Are you there? Will?

Fleabag frantically looks for something to put on and finds a dust cover next to her. She awkwardly wraps it around herself.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

William? Ahem, I mean, "The Storm?"
(to camera, proudly)
Pinball name.

There is just silence. Will is gone.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What the fu-

INT. ANIMAL ENTERTAINMENT CASTING AGENCY - THE NEXT MORNING

Fleabag sits at a conference table with a portfolio in front of her.

FLEABAG

Can you believe it? He just left me there. It was kind of hot at first - like a come and find me kind of thing. But then I really couldn't find him. Like for hours.

(to camera)

I ended up talking to his doorman, Charles, for forty-five minutes about his new trainers.

There's a beat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What do you think? Should I call him?

A stunned WOMAN sits across from her, holding a cup of coffee.

WOMAN

Um, I'm not sure. I'm just here to show you my guinea pig's headshots?

FLEABAG

Of course you are. Silly me. Yes, let's take a look shall we? Now, what's the name of your guinea pig?

WOMAN

Well, I actually have an entire litter of them at home but Margaret Thatcher here is definitely the star of the bunch. I also have J.K. Rowling, Mary Berry, and Posh Spice.

FLEABAG

And don't forget the Queen Mother.

Fleabag nods no to the camera.

WOMAN

Why, yes, of course. But she's much too old to perform. Far too much anxiety.

Fleabag nods yes to the camera.

FLEABAG

Tell me about it. My Hilary has been trying to eat the same carrot for almost a year.

CAMERA PANS to a small animal cage in the corner of the room to reveal HILARY, 8, Fleabag's gift from her late best friend Boo. A video of Hilary in various commercial spots plays above on the TV.

WOMAN

Well, we can't all be Hilary but I know that my little Margaret would do you proud. She is the Iron Lady, after all.

Fleabag uncomfortably giggles and then takes a long hard look at her portfolio.

FLEABAG

You know what?

The woman looks at her with anticipation. Fleabag picks up Margaret Thatcher.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I think Margaret Thatcher has got what it takes to go far in the guinea pig entertainment business. Good coloring. Plush coat. I have a pet store commercial audition later this week and I'd love to see the Iron Lady at the helm.

WOMAN

Terrific! I can't wait to tell her! This will just make her day!

The woman hands Fleabag her business card and exits the room. Fleabag's phone rings.

SPLIT SCREEN - INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/GODMOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLEABAG

Hello?

GODMOTHER

Hi, darling. Just wanted to see how my favorite hamster agent was doing after the party yesterday.

(MORE)

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

I know you probably felt a bit bad since you were the only infertile woman there.

FLEABAG

First of all, I'm not infertile, I'm just picky and secondly, I'm an agent to the hairiest stars of London, not a hamster agent.

She grimaces at the camera, unhappy with choice of words.

GODMOTHER

Sure, dear. Well, I just wanted to let you know that your father and I finally bought that little place in the south of France. So we'll be leaving this weekend for about six months or so. Please be a dear and tell Claire, would you?

There is a knock on the glass window behind Fleabag. A NERDY ASSISTANT holds up a giant mock up poster of a guinea pig dressed up as Margaret Thatcher for a political ad.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

That's oddly specific. And ironic.

(to Godmother)

Wait! But what about the birth?

GODMOTHER

Yes, well, I just realized that I'm not actually good in hospitals. I'm either fainting over the sight of blood or turning on all the doctors. And you know someone needs to be focused on Claire and her expanding cervix.

Fleabag again makes a disgusted face to the camera.

GODMOTHER (CONT'D)

I just won't be able to provide that sort of assistance. And you know your father hasn't been able to step foot inside a hospital since your mother died. Can't Martin be in the room?

FLEABAG

Martin is barely hanging on by his scrotum right now. Damn it. That means I'll have to be there.

(MORE)

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(pause)
Will there be drugs?

Fleabag gives an evil smile to the camera.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)
Might have to test them out.
(to Godmother)
Okay, well, tell Dad we'll call him
when he becomes a grandfather. And
when you become a grand godmother, I
guess?
(to camera)
Because that's normal.
(to Godmother)
Totally normal. Safe travels. Au
revoir!
(to camera)
Fucking cunt.

INT. ANIMAL ENTERTAINMENT CASTING AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Fleabag hangs up her cellphone and pulls out Margaret Thatcher's business card. She dials the number from the office phone.

FLEABAG

Yes, hello. This is...yes, from the
casting agency. Just calling because
you're never going to believe this but
it turns out we actually need a
Margaret Thatcher guinea pig right
now.

We hear loud screams from the phone. She pulls the phone away from her ear.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Now, I've gotta go talk to my sister
about her vagina. Ta ta.

Fleabag exits.

EXT. LONDON PUB - LATER THAT EVENING

Claire and Fleabag sit outside at a table. Fleabag pours herself an extra large glass of wine from the bottle next to her.

CLAIRE

You're such an arse for ordering an
entire bottle of wine for yourself.

FLEABAG

(to camera)

This might be the best part about Claire's pregnancy. Completely tormenting her. I ordered another bottle just to mess with her.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

You can have like half a glass, Claire. It's not gonna kill you.

CLAIRE

But it could seriously fuck up the baby.

FLEABAG

Oh please. Mum drank with both of us and look how we turned out.

CLAIRE

Exactly.

Claire steals Fleabag's glass of wine and takes a sip.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mmm, damn that's good.

FLEABAG

What else can't you eat again?

CLAIRE

Soft cheeses, oysters, pate, all my favorite things, really.

The WAITER overhears their conversation and is now standing next to them.

FLEABAG

(to waiter)

I'll have all those things, please.

CLAIRE

You little wanker!

Fleabag smiles and finishes up her wine in one giant sip.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll just have a decaf coffee please. And a chocolate biscuit.

Fleabag makes a sad face at Claire and starts mimicking a baby crying. Claire gets annoyed. Fleabag laughs.

FLEABAG
Speaking of babies...

Claire rolls her eyes.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Guess who gets to be in the hospital
room with you now when your...

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Claire likes to say the word "funny"
for vagina.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to Claire)
Funny is on display for the whole
world to see?

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Well, at least for a whole room of
pimply interns to see anyway. How does
that work exactly?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - BIRTHING DAY (DREAM)

Claire is in bed with her legs in the stirrups. Fleabag stands next to her, semi-enjoying seeing her sister suffer. Claire has contractions as a GROUP OF INTERNS wait in line to check her cervix. The first MALE DOCTOR puts his head under the bedsheet to take a look.

MALE DOCTOR #1
Looking good.

FLEABAG
(to doctor)
Mine's better.

Fleabag winks at the camera. MALE DOCTOR #2 comes to check.

DOCTOR #2
You're making great progress, Claire.
Just keep breathing.

FLEABAG
(to doctor)
Oh we've been practicing.

Fleabag takes in a huge breath and lets it out in a sexual manner while twisting a piece of hair.

The doctor ignores her. Fleabag quickly gives the camera a look of embarrassment. A FEMALE DOCTOR approaches the bed. Fleabag leans into her ear and whispers something. The doctor blushes and walks away.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Still got it. I had a thing with my roommate from Uni once.

There's a beat. Fleabag has a sense of recognition.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Wait, was that my college roommate?

She immediately gets up to check as Claire screams in pain.

BACK TO:

EXT. LONDON PUB - CONTINUOUS

Claire is immediately suspicious.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

FLEABAG

(flustered)

What?

Fleabag takes a sip of wine.

CLAIRE

What do you mean you're going to be in the room with me?

FLEABAG

I mean, Dad and our horrible cunt of a Godmother are going off to eat brie and baguettes for six months...

(to camera)

Hope she gets fat.

(to Claire)

So now your brittle little hand can hold onto mine when your child rips through your vagina and enters this fucked up world.

Fleabag takes a large bite of bread and butter and then offers the bread basket to Claire.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Unpasteurized butter?

Claire huffs, grabs her purse, the half bottle of wine from the table and walks off.

CLAIRE

Oh sod off.

FLEABAG

So dramatic. More for me.

The waiter comes over with another bottle of wine and all of the food. Fleabag chows down until we hear her phone ding.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "CAN WE GET TO 300,000 POINTS? CUM FIND OUT. -
"THE STORM"

FLEABAG

(to camera)

I'm starting to feel like a pawn.

(pause)

I like it.

She throws some money at the bill, tosses the rest food into her purse, and grabs the wine bottle before running off.

INT. WILL'S AIRBNB BEDROOM - DAWN THE NEXT MORNING

Fleabag lies naked in bed. Her phone pings. She grabs it from beneath her pillow and smiles. She reaches for Will who is not there. A bunch of coins sit atop his pillow. She gives the camera a naughty smile.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "WATER BROKE. EGGPLANT EMOJI. - C"

FLEABAG

Oh holy fuck. Fuck me!

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Don't think she meant to use that
eggplant emoji by the way. Weird
pregnancy craving perhaps?

She grabs all of the coins and shoves them into her pocket.

INT. WILL'S AIRBNB APARTMENT LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Fleabag runs out the door while putting her coat on. She stops and takes a few coins out of her pocket. She gives them to the doorman.

FLEABAG

See you later Charles! I'm going to be
an Auntie!

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Fleabag knocks on Claire's door. She is holding an eggplant and fiddling with her hair. She wipes the front of her teeth with a piece of mint that's growing along the front window sill. She checks her breath. The door opens. Martin stands there looking very ill with an IV bag attached to his arm.

FLEABAG

Jesus fucking Christ! Martin. Hi.

MARTIN

Thanks for taking her. I'm not...

FLEABAG

You look like fucking death, man. Seriously.

MARTIN

Thank you. That's just what I wanted to hear on the day of my child's birth.

FLEABAG

Well, hey, you know what they say? When one life ends...

There's an awkward beat. Fleabag clears her throat.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Is Claire ready?

Claire pushes Martin out of the way and quickly walks to the car with her overnight bag. A box of condoms peeks out.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Wait, Claire, why do you have a box of condoms in your hospital bag?

MARTIN

There for you. Knowing you, you'll probably fuck the doctor or at least an intern before my son is even born.

He slams the door.

CLAIRE

(screaming from car)
He's Lebanese! The doctor, I mean.

FLEABAG

(to camera)
Ding dong!

CLAIRE

Now can we go have this bloody baby,
please?

Claire throws Fleabag the car keys. She immediately drops
them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck sakes!

FLEABAG

(to camera)

Athletics were never my strong suit.
Well, except for...

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S AIRBNB APARTMENT - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Fleabag and Will are having sex against the pinball machine.
The points add up rapidly.

BACK TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

FLEABAG

(holding onto keys)

Got 'em! Let's go have this little
bastard!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE ROYAL HOSPITAL - A FEW HOURS LATER

Claire is completely calm and rubbing her belly. Fleabag also wears a hospital gown and is pacing the room frantically. She is reading "What To Expect When You're Expecting."

CLAIRE

I had sort of hoped that you'd already read that before I actually gave birth?

FLEABAG

Hey, you're lucky I'm even reading it at all. Do you know what's going to happen to you?

(pointing downward)

To *that*?

She makes a grotesque face to the camera.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Gonna go throw up.

She heads to the hospital room's loo. We hear her throwing up. Claire smiles. Fleabag comes out, wiping her mouth with a paper towel.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

How can you be so fucking calm about this? A fucking watermelon is about to come out of your twa-

Claire shoots her a look of disapproval.

CLAIRE

Your "funny," and you're acting like...well, actually, I've never seen you act like this.

(pauses)

Did they give you drugs while I was in there? Where are they and can I have some.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No. I'm too far along to actually get them so as much as I don't want to admit this, I'm going to have to rely on you for...

She swallows hard.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Support.

FLEABAG

No drugs? What. The. Actual. Fuck?
That can't be. You know I'm no good in
a crisis. I freak out. I think I might
actually shit myself.

(embarrassed)

I think it may have already happened.

Claire's hot LEBANESE DOCTOR walks in. He checks her chart.

CLAIRE

This is Dr. Azar. He'll be delivering
the baby. This is my sister.

DR. AZAR

(still looking down)

Nice to meet you.

Fleabag immediately straightens herself up.

FLEABAG

Hello there, Doctor. I was just
kidding about that whole soiling my
pants nonsense.

DR. AZAR

Well, all conversation leads back to
poop, right?

Fleabag laughs way too loudly.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

Hot.

DR. AZAR

Now, Claire. It looks like it's too
late to give you an epidural. But is
there anything else I can get you at
the moment? Maybe some ice chips?

CAMERA PANS to Fleabag who is now fanning herself and soaking
in sweat.

FLEABAG

I could use some ice chips! I'll go
get them.

She rushes out of the room, squeezing her legs together.

INT. THE ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL HALLWAY - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fleabag tries to open the door but it's locked. She grimaces in pain. Another HOT DOCTOR passes by. She attempts to flirt with him but can't out of sheer misery.

An OLDER WOMAN finally opens the door and slowly exits. Fleabag can barely contain herself.

CAMERA PANS to the clock on the wall. It reads: 7:30 a.m. We see the handle move to 9 a.m. During that time, Fleabag has attempted to come out multiple times but must go back inside.

Finally, Fleabag exits the bathroom looking slightly greenish. She is exhausted.

INT. THE ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - MID-MORNING

Claire lies in bed, holding a beautiful baby boy. She is beaming. Fleabag enters, tip toeing to the edge of the bed.

FLEABAG

Is that my handsome nephew?

CLAIRE

Where the fuck have you been?

FLEABAG

I'm so sorry. Nervous shits.

CLAIRE

Fucking fuck. You were in the toilet this whole time? I thought you were shagging Dr. Azar.

FLEABAG (TO CAMERA)

I wish.

Her stomach makes a weird noise.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Maybe not.

CLAIRE

Well, he never came back. Fucking Martin practically had to deliver him. These nurses are rubbish.

FLEABAG

Martin?

A man's hand pulls back the curtain from the bed next to Claire. It's a frail Martin. He is laying down in a medical robe, still receiving an IV.

MARTIN

That's right. While you were out there dropping the kids off at the pool, I was actually delivering one. Way to go...

(using air quotes)

Birthing partner. Did you meet my son yet? He's a cute little fucker.

Claire hands Fleabag the baby. Fleabag immediately starts crying and tears begin to fall onto the baby's head. She wipes them away and kisses him.

FLEABAG

Hello there. Hello little one.

She's surprisingly comfortable holding the baby. Maternal even.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

What are you going to call him?

MARTIN

Well, we were talking about the name Brady.

FLEABAG

(in awe of baby)

Brady. That's perfect.

CLAIRE

But we were thinking of calling him...Boo.

Fleabag looks up in shock. There's a beat and then she completely loses it. Tears stream down her face go all over the baby. Again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Okay, please don't drown my child in your tears. He's only just learned to breath air for the first time. He doesn't need your disgusting germs infecting his perfect little lungs.

Claire takes the baby back and cradles him in her arms.

MARTIN

Yeah, who knows where those tears have been, am I right?

He attempts to laugh but is too weak. Fleabag walks over to him and gives him a hug.

FLEABAG

I never thought I'd be saying this, literally fucking never, but thank you, Martin.

MARTIN

Just don't fuck that kid up. We need you now, you know.

Fleabag wipes away her tears and gives him a loving look.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Your tits look great in that gown by the way.

Fleabag pulls the curtain back around him in disgust. She and Claire admire the baby.

FLEABAG

(to baby)

I hope you don't grow up to be like your father.

CLAIRE

I think he's already taking after his Auntie.

FLEABAG

Oh yeah? Why's that?

CLAIRE

Well, he shit himself coming out of the womb and we've already changed his nappies three times since you've been in the toilet.

Fleabag gets into bed with Claire and the baby, practically knocking them both over.

FLEABAG

Hey, there's nothing wrong with nervous shits, little one. They're totally normal.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

Totally.

They both gaze into Boo's eyes. There's a beat and then we hear the TV come on from the corner.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Martin, do you really have to watch
goddamn tele right now?

MARTIN

(from behind the curtain)

Hun, you've gotta see this guy. This
American pinball nut job? He
practically makes love to the pinball
machine. It's hilarious.

CAMERA PANS to the TV screen. The ticker at the bottom reads:
International Pinball Championships, London. Competitor: Will
Fielding, USA. Will is making overtly sexual moves on top of
the pinball machine - a scene we have seen before.

FLEABAG

So that's where he went!
(whispering)
Sneaky bastard.

END OF SHOW