

# Ronnie Barker and his Dad

By Joff Thompson (©2023)

## Pilot Episode – 'Sheesh!'

### SC.1 BEDROOM (INT) / PARK (EXT)

**[SCENES OF TOM, LOOKING AT UNSEEN FRAMED PICTURE, THEN HIM AND HIS DOG, WITH VOICEOVER/MONOLOGUE]**

TOM: There are some things you just never envisage ever happening. Being charged less for a shandy than a pint of beer. A motorcyclist sticking to the speed limit. LadBaby giving it a fucking rest one Christmas. And also, Annie leaving me. She really was the love of my life. She was perfect – the only one who ever *really* knew me. I miss her so, so much. And I still don't know why she left us. When I say 'us' I mean me, and the dog she brought into our lives – Ronnie Barker. It's a good job she did leave him behind because he's the sole reason I'm still here. All this though leaves just one question... How do you move on when the girl you thought was No1, turns out to be a complete No2?

### SC.2 BEDROOM (INT)

**[TOM IS SAT IN BED, LOOKING AT HIS PHONE. HE IS SCROLLING THROUGH A DATING APP AND COMMENTING OUT LOUD TO HIS DOG, RONNIE BARKER]**

TOM: Yes, I'm checking again Ronnie. Look, you want a new mummy, don't you? I do. Well, not a new mummy for me, I just want a girlfriend. Right... If I swipe right, I like them, if I swipe left it's a 'no'. OK?

**[RONNIE LOOKS AT TOM]**

TOM: Nope. Yep. Yep. Oh, give it a rest with all these silly filters – I don't want to go out with the cast of Watership Down thank you. Nope. Yep. Nope. You'd think she'd tidy up before taking a picture wouldn't you. There's a pair of pants in a wok under that table! Yep. Yep. Nope. Thirty-two? Oh, shut up! *Fifty*-two more like. Nope. 'Works at Hogwarts' – but you don't, do you. Nope. "If you like what you see send me a message" - Yeah that's not how Tinder works, is it love. Nope. That's an old photo! How old is that Pepsi bottle? Yep. Ooh look Ronnie, Ashley and she "loves doggies" apparently. Just for you then. Nope. Oh...

**[TOM LOOKS UP FROM HIS PHONE. HE IS A LITTLE SHOCKED]**

TOM: Shit. I won't show you Ronnie. It's mummy...

**[RETURNING TO PHONE]**

TOM (*dejected*): It doesn't even look like you Annie. Who have you turned into? Listen to this: "I'm a sucker for a man with a beard – especially if they make me laugh". Oh, thanks a bunch. I think that's called adding insult to injury Ronnie. I think I'm going to shave tomorrow. And never make another joke. Ever.

**[HE THROWS HIS PHONE DOWN ONTO THE BED AND SETTLES DOWN TO SLEEP.  
AFTER A FEW SECONDS HE GETS UP TO GIVE RONNIE A GOODNIGHT KISS]**

TOM: Goodnight Ronnie Barker.

**[TOM SETTLES BACK DOWN TO SLEEP]**

**[FADE TO]**

### **SC. 3 BEDROOM/HALL/KITCHEN (INT)**

**[TOM IS ASLEEP IN BED. RONNIE IS LAID ON THE PILLOW NEXT TO HIM WITH HIS BOTTOM FACING TOM'S FACE. TOM AWAKENS AND OPENS HIS EYES]**

TOM (*startled*): Jesus Christ do you have to put your big hairy arse there? Thought for a second I'd spent the night with Noddy Holder. Come on, let's get up. Do you want to go out? Do you want some breakfast?

**[RONNIE REACTS EXCITEDLY AND THEY BOTH GO DOWNSTAIRS. TOM NOTICES POST ON THE MAT. RONNIE HAS CHEWED ONE OF THE ENVELOPES]**

TOM: When did you do that? Why? Why do you never attack a Farmfoods pamphlet or a flyer from someone who's 'in the area and noticed my gutter needed clearing'. It's always letters. And my letters.

**[HE TAKES THE LETTER FROM RONNIE AND READS THE ENVELOPE]**

TOM: Oh, it's for your mummy. Since she's elected never to see us ever again, she can whistle for it. Fill your boots, Ronnie.

**[HE THROWS THE LETTER BACK TO RONNIE]**

TOM: Doesn't work does it. Fill your paws? Oh, just rip it to buggery. Or not..

**[TOM WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN AND RONNIE FOLLOWS, HAVING NOT RIPPED UP THE LETTER]**

TOM: Right then Mr. Barker, some breakfast.

**[HE LOOKS IN THE CUPBOARD FOR SOME DOG FOOD]**

TOM: God have we still got these left? You hated them. Who calls dog food 'Orlando Pate'? Sounds like someone Man United would pay a fortune for, then he turns out to be crap. How about chicken instead Ronnie?

**[TOM COOK SOME CHICKEN IN A FRYING PAN]**

TOM: You deserve it little man. Don't know where I'd be without you.

**[TOM'S PHONE MAKES A NOISE]**

TOM: Ooh, hear that Ronnie? What do you reckon – a match?

**[HE CHECKS]**

TOM: Nope. Just someone neither of us know liking that Instagram post of you weeing up a snowman last year.

**[HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN ON THE COUNTER. AND MOVES THE CHICKEN AROUND IN THE PAN]**

TOM: How do you like it Ronnie? Any sauces? Actually, we best not. Last time you had a hint of garlic I found the fallout all over the SKY Q box. I never realised just how many nooks and crannies there are in one of those things until I had to remove your diarrhoea from it.

**[TOM TAKES THE CHICKEN OUT OF THE PAN AND ONTO A PIECE OF KITCHEN TOWEL, BEFORE CUTTING IT UP AND PUTTING IT INTO RONNIE'S BOWL]**

TOM: There's got to be more to life than cutting up chicken thighs with a pair of scissors. It's not even for me is it! It's for you! You eat better than I do!

**[TOM GIVES RONNIE HIS BOWL, THEN PICKS UP A GREASY BIT OF KITCHEN TOWEL THAT THE CHICKEN WAS ON]**

TOM: Right, which is it to be – recycling bin or food bin? Paper? So should go in the recycling, but then you're prepared to eat it, making it a foodstuff. So food bin it is.

**[TOM'S PHONE AGAIN MAKES A NOISE]**

TOM: Sounds like a text Ronnie. Could it be Honour actually saying yes to the date I asked her on yesterday morning?

**[HE READS THE SHORT MESSAGE TO HIMSELF]**

TOM: Bloody hell, it is! This'll be interesting then. See if it's easier to get a whole sentence out of her in person than it is over text.

**[HE PUTS HIS PHONE DOWN AND LOOKS AT RONNIE]**

TOM: You couldn't give a shiny shite, could you Ronnie? Fair enough.

**[HE MOVES OVER TO A HOOK AND TAKES RONNIE'S LEAD AND HARNESS]**

TOM: Walkies time then!

**[CUT TO]**

#### **SC. 4 STREETS/PARK (EXT)**

**[TOM IS WALKING RONNIE ALONG THE STREET. RONNIE BEGINS TO WEE UP A WALL OUTSIDE SOMEONE'S HOUSE. THE OWNER APPEARS]**

NEIGHBOUR: Oi! Don't let that little mutt foul my property!

TOM: He's not!

NEIGHBOUR: Yes he is! I just saw you!

TOM: He was having a wee!

NEIGHBOUR: I don't care! It's filth and should still be cleaned up!

TOM: It's a tiny puddle of wee! What do you want me to do - get Juan Sheet round and get him to mop it up with his unnecessarily extravagant kitchen towels?

**[THE MAN MUTTERS SOMETHING AND MOVES TOWARDS RONNIE]**

TOM (*threateningly*): You touch him and I'll be getting the police round.

NEIGHBOUR: The police won't be interested! They're not bothered about decent rate-paying British folk. All they care about nowadays is looking on the internet and stopping people complaining about foreigners. You say anything about a foreigner now and it's a hate crime!

TOM: Well, my little friend is from Indonesia, meaning that you abusing him would be a hate crime, so according to you that means they'll be falling over themselves to get round here then won't they.

NEIGHBOUR (*floundering*): Look, just, get a nappy for him or something. Else *I'll* be calling the police.

TOM: You just said they won't do anything for 'decent rate-paying British folk'.

NEIGHBOUR: You and your, your, cornflake generation. Offended by everything.

TOM: Who's offended? You're the one crying over spilt piss.

NEIGHBOUR: You're everything that's wrong with this once-great country.

TOM: Look, it's not my fault the Daily Mail aren't printing any of your letters is it. Twat...

**[THEY WALK OFF AND THE MAN DISAPPEARS]**

TOM: Well Ronnie, I've been told that walking your dog is a great way to meet single women. I don't know how. The only woman we've met is that old Chinese lady who got wrapped up in your lead along with that little kid, who we thought was her grandson - but wasn't.

**[RONNIE STOPS TO HAVE A POO]**

TOM: Oh I wish you'd done that two minutes ago - on that bloke's head.

**[TOM GOES TO CLEAR IT UP]**

TOM: Hang about, last poo bag. You're going to have to remind me to get some more Ronnie. Don't let me forget!

**[TOM TIES UP THE BAG AND CONTINUES WALKING. HE STOPS SUDDENLY]**

TOM (*confused*): *Cornflake* generation?!!

**[CUT TO]**

**SC. 5 KITCHEN (INT)**

**[TOM IS ON THE PHONE TO HIS FRIEND VICTORIA. RONNIE IS IN THE GARDEN]**

TOM: Excuse the squeaking. Someone kindly bought Ronnie a mini-Space Hopper.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Not for riding on obviously, that would be silly... It's got a squeaker in it... Well, I know the big ones don't squeak. God, how annoying would that be?

**[TOM OPENS THE DOOR AND CALLS TO RONNIE]**

TOM: Oi! Stop eating the rabbit food.

TOM (*to Victoria*): Sorry. Anyway. Yeah, it'll be my first date tonight in five years.

TOM: What? No, going out for dinner with your other half isn't a 'date night'... Because it's not! You don't have dates with someone you're with. A date is when you're, well, dating.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Annie? Oh, she's blocked me on everything she can after I told her I'd got her something for her birthday... I know, what a horrible thing for me to do!

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: I found an email address though and sent an email... which weirdly sounds like an old-fashioned thing to do!

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: She did, amazingly. Wish she hadn't though.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: I'll read it to you. Hang on.

**[TOM OPENS A WINDOW ON HIS NEARBY LAPTOP]**

TOM: OK, ready?

"You need to move on. I don't want to see you or Ronnie again. Stop contacting me."

And then the real kick in the pants was the last line – "You are not my friend and you never were"

What a thing to say after five years together.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Well, I think we can safely say she now hates me more than Right Said Fred hate vaccinations. And us still speaking is apparently stopping me from moving on, so she's cut me off -

out of the goodness of her heart of course. Not so her new bloke won't get funny about it, oh no...

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Mmm. Anyway, enough about her. Tonight!

**[TOM OPENS THE DOOR AND CALLS TO RONNIE]**

TOM: Where have you got those pants from? I hope they're not mine... No, I hope they *are* mine.

TOM (*to Victoria*): Sorry. Somewhere sort of Aylesbury way I think.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Dunno. Although she seems a bit dippy, you know, like the kind of woman who says 'living my best life'.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: She looks nice. Although she looks really pretty in two of her pictures, but in another she looks a bit like that Tory MP with the stupid wig, so...

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: I wouldn't be surprised. I call them 'Microwave Meal Girls'. Because they look nothing like the picture and were ready in under five minutes.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: OK. I'll keep you posted. Ta-ra.

**[TOM ENDS THE CALL AND PUTS HIS PHONE DOWN ON THE COUNTER. HE GOES TO THE BACK DOOR AND LOOKS AT RONNIE IN THE GARDEN]**

TOM: And she's going to need to love you as well...

**[FADE TO]**



**SC. 6 PARK (EXT)**

**[TOM AND RONNIE ARE ON THE GRASS AT THE PARK. RONNIE IS ON ONE OF THE FOOTBALL PITCHES]**

TOM: Oh don't do a shit on the football pitch! You're Ronnie Barker, not Gary Lineker!

**[TOM REACHES INTO HIS POCKET FOR A POO BAG AND REALISES HE HASN'T GOT ANY]**

TOM: Bollocks – no bag. I can't leave that there.

**[HE SURVEYS THE AREA AND SPIES A POLYSTYRENE BURGER CONTAINER]**

TOM: Oh that'll have to do.

**[HE SHOVELS UP RONNIE'S BUSINESS INTO THE CONTAINER AND BEGINS TO LEAVE THE PARK, LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO DISPOSE OF IT]**

TOM: Oh of course, they took all the poo bins away didn't they, because they didn't want to pay anyone to empty them.

**[CUT TO]**

**SC.7 STREET (EXT)**

**[THEY ARE NOW WALKING ALONG THE SAME RESIDENTIAL STREET AS THIS MORNING. TOM NOTICES LOTS OF WHEELIE BINS ARE OUT]**

TOM: Let's put it in here.

**[TOM NUDGES THE LID UP AND LOOKS INSIDE]**

TOM: Aah, Daily Express. Close!

**[TOM DROPS THE CONTAINER IN THE BIN. AS HE CLOSES THE LID, HE HEARS A SHOUT]**

NEIGHBOUR: Oi! What do you think you're doing?

TOM (*to Ronnie*): Go, go, go, go...

NEIGHBOUR: Stop! Criminal!

TOM (*bemused*): What?

**[TOM STOPS AND TURNS TO SEE THE MAN FISH THE CONTAINER OUT OF THE BIN AND WALK TOWARDS THEM]**

NEIGHBOUR: This is the absolute limit! Talk about taking liberties!

TOM: I put some rubbish in a bin, so what?

NEIGHBOUR: It's not just *a* bin, it's *my* bin. I pay rates!

TOM: Council tax you mean.

NEIGHBOUR: Well yes, and it's to pay for services like this.

TOM: Which I also pay for.

NEIGHBOUR: No, you pay for *your* bin to be emptied. Not *mine*.

TOM: How is it causing you any problem? It isn't.

NEIGHBOUR: You people just don't get it, do you. It's about the principle. Heard of principles?

TOM: Wasn't it a women's clothes shop?

NEIGHBOUR: Unbelievable. Just take it away, take it away. Else I will get onto the police.

TOM: I put some poo in your *bin*. The way you're going on you'd think I'd broken into your kitchen and dropped his turds into your cous-cous, you twat.

**[TOM TAKES THE CONTAINER FROM THE MAN. THEY TURN AND CONTINUE WALKING FOR HOME. TOM STOPS AND CONSIDERS PUTTING IT BACK IN THE**

**BIN. AS HE MOVES, THE NEIGHBOUR COMES RUSHING OUT AND DRAGS THE BIN  
DOWN THE PATH]**

TOM: Alright! As if I'd dare!

**[FADE TO]**

**SC.8 KITCHEN (INT)**

**[TOM ENTERS WITH RONNIE AND BEGINS TAKING HIS LEAD AND HARNESS OFF.  
HE REALISES THE TIME]**

TOM: Is that the time already? I really need to get moving.

**[PANICKING, TOM THROWS THE LEAD AND HARNESS ON THE COUNTER, AS  
WELL AS THE POLYSTYRENE CONTAINER]**

TOM: Sorry Ronnie, I've got to run.

**[TOM RACES UPSTAIRS. RONNIE REACTS/FOLLOWS]**

**[CUT TO]**

**SC. 9 PUB (INT)**

**[HONOUR IS SAT AT A TABLE IN THE PUB. IT IS A LITTLE DATED. SHE IS ON THE PHONE]**

HONOUR: I mean I'm like so over him now, it's my time now... Yeah, I'm living my best life...

**[SHE NOTICES TOM'S ARRIVAL]**

HONOUR: Gotta go, later's babe.

**[THEY GO TO GREET. HONOUR GOES FOR A HANDSHAKE, BUT AWKWARDLY CHANGES HER MIND TO A KISS ON THE CHEEK WHEN TOM LEANS DOWN]**

TOM: Hey Honour!

HONOUR: Hi.

TOM: It's an 'honour' to meet you.

HONOUR: Sorry?

TOM: It's an honour!

HONOUR: I'm not posh like that Queen Carmella.

**[TOM REACTS, BUT DECIDES NOT TO CORRECT HER]**

TOM: I was making a pun on your name.

HONOUR: Oh.

TOM: Want a drink?

HONOUR: Just a small Diet Coke.

TOM: Right.

**[TOM GOES TO THE BAR WHILST HONOUR TAKES OUT HER PHONE. SHE CAUTIOUSLY TEXTS SOMEBODY WHILST KEEPING ONE EYE ON TOM. SEEING HIM RETURN, SHE HURRIEDLY HIDES HER PHONE. TOM HANDS HER THE DRINK]**

HONOUR: Thanks.

**[SHE TAKES A VERY SMALL SIP, BEFORE LOOKING AROUND, UNIMPRESSED]**

HONOUR: I've not been here before...

TOM: Well, you did ask me to find somewhere exactly halfway between us and this is *exactly* half way. I mean, it does feel like it's still 1973 in here, but it is halfway.

HONOUR: I suppose...

**[THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE]**

TOM: So, Honour. What's your surname? Ragga tip?

HONOUR: What?

TOM: Ragga tip. So, you're 'Honour ragga tip'.

HONOUR: I'm not foreign.

TOM: Sorry, I was just doing another pun on your name.

HONOUR: Oh.

TOM: You don't remember that tune then?

HONOUR: I don't remember a lot of things.

TOM: I can imagine.

HONOUR: I was in a car crash and I had PTSD, so sometimes I still forget things, or there's some things I just have no memory of at all.

TOM: Oh shit, sorry.

HONOUR: It's alright.

TOM: Having no memory whatsoever about something can be a good thing. I can think of some things I'd prefer not to remember.

HONOUR: Like what?

TOM: Richard Blackwood's music career.

HONOUR: Don't remember that.

TOM: See? Lucky you.

HONOUR: There's probably loads of things I can't remember.

**[SHE STOPS AND LOOKS DEEP IN THOUGHT]**

TOM: Let's not sit around all evening trying to remember things we've forgotten. That's Peter Kay's job.

HONOUR: Mmm?

TOM: No worries. Let's start again. Imagine I've just come in and you're waiting for me.

HONOUR: Oh, OK.

**[HONOUR TAKES A LONG SIP OF HER DRINK]**

TOM: Well, it's nice to meet you. Thanks for coming out.

HONOUR: I nearly didn't.

TOM: Why?

HONOUR: I'm so nervous.

TOM: Nervous? Why?

HONOUR: Just am.

TOM: It's just a date. What's the worst that could happen?

HONOUR: You could rape me.

**[BEAT]**

HONOUR: Then strangle me with my own stockings. Put my body in a sack, with a load of house bricks and throw me in the river.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: You're wearing stockings?

**[HONOUR LOOKS HORRIFIED]**

TOM: Sorry. Shall we talk about something else?

HONOUR: It's fine, yeah OK.

**[TOM IS EMBARRASSED AND STRUGGLES FOR SOMETHING TO SAY]**

TOM: So... what do you do for work again?

HONOUR: I'm a wet leisure assistant.

TOM: Yes you are (*quietly*) very...

HONOUR: What do you mean?

TOM: Oh, well, that you are, I'm agreeing with you as I remember you telling me.

HONOUR: I don't think I did.

TOM: Sure you did.

HONOUR: Sure I didn't.

TOM: Must've been another one then.

HONOUR: Another? How many women are you dating then?

TOM: Well, I'm speaking to a few people at once, as I'm sure you are.

HONOUR: I'm not.

TOM: Really? Oh...

HONOUR: Really.

TOM: Well, you're the prettiest.

HONOUR: I bet you say that to all of them.

TOM: Why would I tell them that? They don't know who you are?

HONOUR: Was that a joke?

TOM: Yes?

HONOUR: So you like making jokes then?

TOM: I do, doesn't everyone.

HONOUR: No.

TOM: No? Who doesn't like comedy?

HONOUR: I hate comedy.

TOM: What? How can you hate comedy? Comedy is subjective. I get that you can hate specific comedy – like Mrs Brown's Boys, but *all* comedy?

HONOUR: I just don't like it when people are trying to make me laugh.

TOM: Your life must be a riot.

HONOUR: I'm too busy for that.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Alright, I know, random question, what's your food heaven and hell.

HONOUR: What do you mean?

TOM: Well, what is your favourite food and what food do you hate?

HONOUR: Oh, I like pizza.

TOM: Best topping?

HONOUR: Cheese.



TOM: Well they all have cheese, I mean toppings.

HONOUR: I don't do toppings.

TOM: Righto. So food hell, sorry food you hate.

HONOUR: Don't do bananas, oranges, apples, grapes.

TOM: So fruit then?

HONOUR: What?

TOM: You could just say you don't eat fruit.

HONOUR: I do though.

TOM: Oh sorry, what fruit do you like?

HONOUR: Ribena.

TOM: I was going to ask what your favourite takeaway is, but it's going to be pizza isn't it.

HONOUR: No.

TOM: Oh, do you like Indian?

HONOUR: I don't do spice.

TOM: Chinese?

HONOUR: Yeah, we had a Chinese the other day.

TOM: Nice, what did you have?

HONOUR: Omelette and chips.

**[TOM GOES TO SPEAK BUT REALISES HE IS LOST FOR WORDS]**

HONOUR: Do you have a lot of takeaways then?

TOM: I wouldn't say a lot – maybe once a week? Had an Indian last night. Couldn't eat it all, got loads left.

HONOUR: I wouldn't have been able to eat any of it.

TOM: That's alright. I'd have made you an omelette.

HONOUR (*pleased*): You can cook then?

TOM: Er, yeah. Not really cooking though is it.

HONOUR: I like a man who can cook.

TOM: What else do you like in a man?

HONOUR: Honest, loyal, strong, must have banter.

TOM: Thought you didn't like it when people try to make you laugh?

HONOUR: That's not banter.

TOM: Isn't it?

HONOUR: No.

TOM: Come on, help me out here Honour. I'm really trying to get the chat going. Let's just talk about what you like.

HONOUR: I told you, I'm just really nervous, on edge.

TOM: OK, so let's just talk about you. Have you watched anything good recently?

**(PAUSE)**

HONOUR: Ummm...

TOM: There must be something you've seen that you enjoyed? Really got you hooked?

HONOUR: Oh! I know, it was amazing! I really got into the last season, of Love Island...

TOM (*biting his tongue*): OOOOKKKK. Go on, the floor is yours...

**[MONTAGE OF TOM AND HONOUR TALKING, MIMING ODD THINGS AND  
INCREASINGLY GETTING CLOSER]**

**SC. 10 CAR (INT)**

**[THE PAIR ARE SAT OUTSIDE TOM'S HOUSE IN HONOUR'S CAR]**

TOM: Thanks for the date, and the lift. I can't believe it's still light out. Lighting up time's getting later by the night.

HONOUR (*excitedly*): Oh my God, right, when I was little, my dad used to go out for a cigarette every night after dinner, and I used to think that was what lighting up time meant! Like anyone who smoked had to go out at that time! Can you believe I thought that?

TOM (*aside*): Yeah...

**[TOM CLEARS HIS THROAT]**

TOM: Anyway... Do you erm, want to come in for a cwoiffie?

HONOUR: I'm not into ons.

TOM: Ons?

HONOUR: Yeah, did you see on my profile? No ons.

**[TOM ROLLS HIS EYES AND MOUTHS 'ONE. NIGHT. STANDS' TO HIMSELF.  
HONOUR DOESN'T SEE]**

TOM: No I genuinely did mean coffee, that's all.

HONOUR: Why did you say it stupidly then?

TOM: Because I was just being stupid.

HONOUR: I don't do coffee anyway.

TOM: Tea?

HONOUR: No.

TOM: Pop?

HONOUR: Pop?

TOM: Fizzy pop. Coke. Like what you had at the pub?

HONOUR: Oh a soda. OK then.

**[THEY GET OUT OF THE CAR]**

**[CUT TO]**

**SC. 11 LOUNGE (INT)**

**[TOM AND HONOUR ARE SAT IN THE LOUNGE, ON SEPARATE SOFAS]**

TOM: Do you want to watch something?

HONOUR: You got Netflix?

TOM: Well I've got a television – what do you want to do 'Netflix and chill'?

HONOUR: No! I told you - I don't do ons.

TOM: What? What's that got to do with anything?

HONOUR: You know what Netflix and Chill means?

TOM: Well, I suppose the clue's in the name? Watching Netflix and well, chilling out!

HONOUR: Err, no.

TOM: What's it mean then?

HONOUR: You know, like having sex.

TOM: What? Why use the word chill then?

**[HONOUR SHRUGS. TOM IS TRYING HARD NOT TO GET ANNOYED]**

HONOUR: So you haven't got Netflix?

TOM: Nope. So we'll just have to make do with stupid old SKY, and its hundreds of different channels.

HONOUR: It's fine. Don't worry.

**[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE]**

HONOUR: Actually, I'm a bit hungry. I don't suppose you've got anything to eat?

TOM: Not really, no.

HONOUR: You haven't got any food?

TOM (*embarrassed*): Well no, that's why I had the Indian. I've got some of that left?

HONOUR: I don't do spice.

TOM: Yeah, you said.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: There's a sheesh kebab left I think? That's not spicy.

HONOUR: I don't like those big kebab things. They look like elephants' legs.

TOM: No it's not that sort of kebab, it's just like a sausage really.

HONOUR: What's it taste like?

TOM: Tastes like a mixture of sausage meat and mints.

HONOUR: Sausage meat is mince.

TOM: No, mints.

HONOUR: Yeah mince.

TOM: No, *mints*.

HONOUR: I said mince.

TOM: No, mints, as in m-i-n-t-s.

HONOUR: That's what I said!

TOM: Like Polos. That sort of mints.

HONOUR: Oh. So minty meat?

TOM: Yeah.

HONOUR: Sounds gross.

TOM: It does when you put it like that. You must've had lamb with mint sauce?

HONOUR: Yeah once, in 'spoons.

TOM: Right, well like that, but in a sausage.

HONOUR: OK. And it's in the kitchen?

TOM: Yeah...

**[HONOUR GETS UP AND GOES DOWN TO THE KITCHEN. TOM SIGHS AGAIN AND  
LAYS BACK ON ONE OF THE SOFAS]**

**[CUT TO]**

**SC. 12 KITCHEN (INT)**

**[HONOUR IS LOOKING FOR THE CURRY LEFTOVERS. SHE NOTICES THE  
POLYSTYRENE CONTAINER AND OPENS IT]**

HONOUR: Ooh, that looks OK.

**[SHE TAKES A FORK FROM A DRAWER AND SKEWERS THE 'KEBAB']**

**[CUT TO]**

**SC. 13 KITCHEN (INT)**

**[TOM IS TIDYING UP. HE LOOKS AT RONNIE]**

TOM: It's not your fault she's thicker than a blue whale pancake. Why would you even think that was a kebab?

**[TOM GOES TO THE CUPBOARD AND TAKES OUT A JAR OF SHAPED DOG BISCUITS]**

TOM: Do you want a biscuit? Fish or heart? Fish – your breath smells of fish anyway. Paw?

**[RONNIE LIFTS HIS PAW AND TOM HANDS HIM THE BISCUIT]**

TOM: How about a heart? I'll give you my heart – nobody else to give it to. Paw?

**[RONNIE AGAIN LIFTS HIS PAW AND TOM GIVES HIM THE BISCUIT]**

TOM: It's nearly empty. Let's fill it up.

**[TOM TAKES OUT A BAG OF DOG BISCUITS AND FILLS THE JAR. HE NOTICES A BONE-SHAPED BISCUIT]**

TOM: Ooh I could've given you a bone. Things aren't that desperate. Come, let's go up.

**[FADE TO]**

**SC. 14 BEDROOM (INT)**

**[TOM AND RONNIE ARE SAT ON THE BED. TOM IS PICKING THROUGH SOME LEFTOVER TAKEAWAY]**

TOM: Well I've texted her to apologise. Again. See if she's looked.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Nope she hasn't looked at it because she's blocked me. That was quick. But fair enough under the circumstances.

**[PAUSE]**

TOM: Yep, she's unmatched me too. Ah balls to her. She was wetter than a mermaid's wet bits. One last look before we turn in then. Can't hurt.

**[TOM STARTS SWIPING THROUGH AN APP ON HIS PHONE]**

TOM: No...No... Yes... Er, which one are you? There's more of you than BTS. Not sure... Oh why not? Wild card... Mmm! Sorry Ronnie, that was a weird noise wasn't it. I sounded like Michael Rosen reading 'Chocolate Cake' then... Shelley – no way, all Shelleys are scum. "Owner of one little human" – who are you, Warwick Davies' manager? No... No... Oh this is depressing. Why can't Annie just come back?

**[TOM TURNS TO RONNIE]**

TOM: Sorry Ronnie. I'm just lonely. I know you're here but it's not quite the same is it. I'm sorry mummy left. I know it's my fault. I should've made her feel more loved. I tried so hard to get her to come back, I really did. I know she never wants to see you again but I'm sure she still loves you. She just hates me more than she loves you.

**[TOM PUTS DOWN HIS PHONE, PUTS OUT THE LIGHT AND SETTLES DOWN.  
RONNIE LETS OUT A LITTLE FART]**

Tom: Oh that stinks Ronnie. I had the Indian, not you!

**[FADE OUT TO END MUSIC/CREDITS]**