

NEXT OF KIN

INT. CARE HOME CORRIDOR - DAWN

PRIYA (20s), an inexperienced care worker, is walking along the corridor of an expensive looking care home. Absently, she puts her hand on a hand rail then suddenly stops. She lifts her hand up, squinting in the low light. She sniffs it. Yeah, she's put her hand in shit.

She pulls a face and looks at the hand rail. There's a trail of shit, she follows it to..

INT. CARE HOME KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHLOE (70s) is standing naked, thighs smeared with faeces, mouth full and chewing, her shit covered hands pulling hobnobs from a biscuit jar that is now covered in poo.

Nb. Chloe has hyperorality and will regularly put things in her mouth, the way a teething baby might.

Priya looks at her horrified. She calls over her shoulder in a panic-

PRIYA
MARGE?!

No nonsense nurse, MARGE (around 60), comes rushing in.

MARGE
Where's the fi[re]- oh my goodness,
Chloe what are you doing my love?

PRIYA
She's covered in-

MARGE
Yes, yes I can see that. Chloe can
you give me those?

Marge tries to pry the biscuit jar from Chloe's stubborn hands, Chloe is having absolutely none of it.

MARGE
Here, I'll tell you what. You give
me those and once we're all cleaned
up I'll make you a bacon sandwich.

A tempting offer. Chloe stops chewing.

CHLOE
(mouth full)
White bread?

MARGE

Oh of course, none of that healthy
crap they give you normally.

Chloe relinquishes the biscuits and Marge hands them to
Priya, who is now even more disgusted than she already was.

CHLOE

Fine. These biscuits taste like
shit anyway.

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

BRIDGET (40s) puts her phone on charge on her bedside table.
She's tired, just home from a long shift as a medical
registrar. The phone display shows it's the early hours.

Bridget's wife KATY (40s) is fast asleep.

Bridget takes off her trousers and gets into bed in her top
and pants, she starts spooning Katy.

KATY

(Sleepily)
You stink.

BRIDGET

(affectionate)
You don't smell too fresh yourself.

Katy rolls over to face Bridget, faces almost touching.

KATY

Hello

BRIDGET

Hello

KATY

I missed you...

They kiss each other, soft but passionate, a prelude to
glorious sleepy morning sex.

INT. CARE HOME DAY ROOM - DAY

Chloe sits in the peaceful day room, chewing on a pencil and
thoughtfully sketching.

She looks across the room at what appears to be her subject
- CLIVE (late 70s) who is clearly loving the attention.

Marge approaches Chloe.

MARGE

What are you working on there,
lovely?

(She takes a look)

Oh! That's, uhh, very detailed!

Chloe's sketch is indeed of a very detailed, very realistic, very erect penis, veins and all. It appears to be attached to a much younger man's body.

Marge clocks Chloe looking over at a posturing Clive.

MARGE

I see. You just be careful lady.

(leans in
conspiratorially)

I hear there's gonorrhoea going
around this place.

CHLOE

I had that the first time it was
fashionable.

MARGE

(laughs)

Didn't we all!

INT. CARE HOME, DAY ROOM - EVENING

Marge enters the day room where Chloe sits alone. From the dining room there are sounds of the hustle and bustle of dinner time.

MARGE

Here you are! It's dinner time.
Aren't you hungry?

Chloe looks a little confused.

CHLOE

Famished. But I'm waiting for Rose,
she should be here any minute.

MARGE

Rose?

Chloe looks at her - you should know this.

CHLOE

My sister

Marge sits next to her.

MARGE

Ah of course. I'm so sorry my love,
but- I don't think Rose is coming
today.

CHLOE

She's coming. She told me she's on
her way.

MARGE

(hands up in defeat)
OK. Can I wait with you?

CHLOE

If you like.

Beat

CHLOE

Not so close.

MARGE

(shifting over slightly)
Oop!

They sit silently for a moment. Suddenly Chloe looks at
Marge - frightened, vulnerable.

CHLOE

Where am I?

Marge puts an arm around her.

MARGE

Oh, love. Come here.

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bridget sits on the sofa in their smart living room. She's
in comfies and finding their box set. There are two open
beers on the coffee table. She realises the box set is at
the wrong episode and scrolls back, puzzled.

BRIDGET

(calls to another room)
Have you watched ahead without me?

Katy comes in carrying a huge takeaway pizza box.

KATY

What?

BRIDGET
 (gesturing 'gimme the
 pizza')
 Ooh, yes

Katy hands over the pizza and sits down next to Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Have you been watching without me?

KATY
 (innocent)
 No

BRIDGET
 You fucking liar, it's three ahead!
 Fine, I'm not watching now, on
 principle.

KATY
 Oh go on, the next one's really
 good

Bridget laughs an 'Aha, gotcha' and pretends to withhold the pizza. They have a little affectionate tussle over it. It's nice. Fun. They're happy.

INT. CARE HOME CORRIDOR- DAY

Chloe is heading out of her room, naked again.

Priya comes out of another room and sees her.

PRIYA
 (horrified)
 No, no, no! Not today! There are
children here! Come on.

Priya grabs Chloe's arm and hastily ushers her to her room.

INT. CARE HOME DAY ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

A class of primary school CHILDREN (around 7 years old) are performing a song about spring, complete with actions, led by their TEACHER and a TA who's playing a keyboard.

Most of the RESIDENTS of the home have gathered to watch. Clive is sitting in the audience, holding hands with NANCY (70s), a glamorous resident.

Chloe, now dressed, is led in to the day room by Priya.

Chloe looks for somewhere to sit, she spots Clive and Nancy and a switch flicks inside her. She flies into a rage.

CHLOE
 NANCY CADOGAN YOU MAN THIEVING
WHORE!

Chaos ensues-

Chloe flies at Nancy / she starts attacking her, shouting obscenities / Children are screaming / other children are still singing / staff rush in to try and stop them / the keyboard is still being played / a MALE RESIDENT chants-

MALE RESIDENT
 Fight! Fight! Fight!

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Bridget is sat at the table of a spacious kitchen/family/diner, laptop and notebook in front of her. She's frazzled and pissed off.

BRIDGET
 (into phone)
 Well if you could let me know if something comes up-

Katy comes through the back door, wearing her physiotherapist's uniform, in time to see Bridget hang up.

BRIDGET
 Fuck FUCK **FUCK!**

KATY
 Bridge?

Bridget notices her for the first time.

BRIDGET
 We have a problem.

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Bridget and Katy sit opposite each other. It's quiet. They've been talking for ages. They're exhausted. Then-

BRIDGET
 I'm just not a caregiver

KATY
 (laughing)
 You're a doctor!

BRIDGET
 Exactly! I'm not a nurse. This shit is hard.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

It's a full time job and we both already have those. Besides, I really like our life. Just you and me, like we chose.

KATY

I know. I love our life too.
But Bridge-

Katy slides Bridget's notebook towards herself. It has a long list of care homes, all crossed out with increasing levels of force.

KATY (CONT'D)

Do we have any other option?

Bridget thinks hard for a few seconds, then surrenders.

BRIDGET

You're so lucky your parents are dead.

INT. CARE HOME RECEPTION - DAY

The RECEPTION STAFF look sheepish as Bridget enters.

The care home manager, ANNABEL (40s) greets Bridget curtly.

ANNABEL

Hello Bridget. It's been a while.

BRIDGET

Annabel. Let's just get this over with.

INT. CARE HOME CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget takes a deep breath as Annabel leads her down a corridor to Chloe's room.

Annabel knocks gently on Chloe's door before slowly opening it. She steps aside to let Bridget go in first.

INT. CARE HOME, CHLOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget walks in to see Chloe with her back to the door, stark naked, doing something that could only very loosely be described as aerobics.

BRIDGET

Jesus Christ, Mother!

Annabel grabs a robe, looks at Bridget - I told you so.

CHLOE

Ah, Rose! You're just in time for squats!

BRIDGET

Mum, it's me, Bridget.
I've come to pick you up. You're coming to stay with me and Katy for a bit, until we can find
(a disdainful look at Annabel)
more *suitable* accommodation for you.

CHLOE

Good! This place is awful. You know they've been starving me?!

ANNABEL

(humourless)

We haven't been starving her.

CHLOE

Yes you have, you liar

ANNABEL

I can assure you we haven't.

BRIDGET

Enough! Come on, Mum, let's get going. Can you get dressed for me?

Annabel and Chloe give each other suspicious, knowing looks.

INT. CARE HOME - LATER

Annabel leads the way, wheeling a suitcase. Bridget follows carrying a box of Chloe's belongings, Chloe by her side, chewing on her sleeve.

They pass the day room. Nancy, who's face is bruised, is sitting with Clive, who is gently stroking her hand.

CHLOE

YOU!

The couple look at her, terrified.

CHLOE

Would you jump in my grave that fast, you little *slut!*

Chloe grabs a vase and raises it to throw, Annabel and Bridget hastily intervene.

Annabel shoots Bridget another "I told you so" look and pulls Chloe away.

Bridget, weary, looks at the old couple apologetically.

CLIVE
(pleading)
We haven't done anything wrong.
This is my wife!

BRIDGET
I'm so sorry.

Clive turns back to his poor wife, who shoots a victorious smirk in Chloe's direction. Chloe sees this and starts ranting and raving again.

Bridget shakes her head and follows after her mum.

INT. CARE HOME RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Priya stops Bridget in reception, holding two pharmacy bags.

Behind them, Marge gives Chloe a warm goodbye hug, her face says she's not happy about Chloe's eviction.

Priya hands one bag to Bridget-

PRIYA
This is your mum's regular medication. And this-
(hands the other bag, awkwardly)
Is her antibiotics.

BRIDGET
What are the antibiotics for?

PRIYA
Erm..
(barely audible)
Gonorrhea

Bridget shoots Annabel a look that could turn her to stone.

BRIDGET
Fucking hell.
Come on Mum.

As they leave, Chloe turns back and gleefully gives Annabel the finger.

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER

Bridget leads Chloe into the kitchen. Katy is there waiting.

KATY
Hi Chloe, how are you? Shall I put
the kettle on?

CHLOE
(Rudely)
Who are you??

BRIDGET
Mum! You know Katy, my wife!

Katy brushes it off.

KATY
That's OK, you haven't seen me
since I had my hair cut, have you
Chloe?

Chloe eyes her suspiciously.

CHLOE
I don't like it.
(To Bridget)
What do you mean wife? Two women
can't marry each other.

BRIDGET
We can now, Mum. You were there,
look-

Bridget pulls a framed photo from a shelf [tucked away, not
pride of place] - it's from 5 years ago, before Chloe's
dementia really took hold. Katy & Bridget are 'cool brides'.
They are flanked by Chloe (unconventional/hippyish) who
looks happy, and a silver fox in his 60s who appears to be
ogling Katy.

CHLOE
Who's the silver fox?

Bridget puts the photo back.

BRIDGET
The less said about him the better.

CHLOE
I'd jump him like a pogo stick.

Katy stifles a laugh. Bridget, horrified, shoots Katy a
stern look.

KATY
Are you hungry, Chloe?

CHLOE
Thought you'd never ask.

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe is now eating her lunch at the table.

Katy and Bridget, who's still generally pissed off, stand in the kitchen drinking tea and talking quietly.

BRIDGET
It turns out she had history with one of the newer residents. This woman had stolen a boyfriend of Mum's back in the day or something. Anyway, sounds like all of a sudden she recognised her and was catapulted back to when, whatever happened, happened.

KATY
Bloody hell. What are the chances?

BRIDGET
Knowing Mum? Quite high, probably.

KATY
How is she otherwise?

BRIDGET
Apart from thinking I'm her dead sister and having gonorrhoea-

KATY
Oh Jesus.

BRIDGET
Yeah...
(To chloe)
You're done? I'll show you your new room.

INT. BRIDGET & KATY'S LIVING ROOM/CHLOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget leads Chloe into the living room. The room has been rearranged to make room for a small bed.

Chloe's eye is drawn to an artist's easel with painting materials in the window. She heads straight for it, a moth to a flame.

BRIDGET
(Uncharacteristically nervous)
I know you always loved to paint

CHLOE
This is for me?

BRIDGET
I hope it's OK?

CHLOE
Oh! It's wonderful!

Chloe turns to Bridget with tears in her eyes. Bridget smiles, maybe this won't be so bad after all.

INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark, just after 3am, and the burglar alarm is blaring. Bridget groans loudly.

The neighbours start banging on the wall.

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)
FOR FUCK'S SAKE TURN IT THE FUCK OFF!

BRIDGET
ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT!
Pricks.

Bridget turns the alarm off with an app and goes to get up.

KATY
(tentative)
Shall I go this time?

Bridget lets out a huff of resolve.

BRIDGET
No, you go back to sleep.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget runs out of the house through the kitchen door that leads on to the driveway and looks around. She would have been frantic if it were the first time tonight she'd had to do this.

She spots Chloe, stark naked but thankfully hasn't got very far, and runs after her in her pyjamas and sliders, carrying a Dryrobe.

BRIDGET

Mum, come on, you're killing me

Chloe looks at her with a look of pure confusion, a finger in her mouth.

CHLOE

Rose?

BRIDGET

Yes, sure, I'm Rose. Let's get you back to bed eh?

CHLOE

What are we doing out here, Rose?
I'm cold.

Bridget puts the Dryrobe around her.

BRIDGET

That's what happens when you come out with no clothes.

(Has a thought, then
plays along)

Come on, before old Mr Anchors catches us.

CHLOE

Do you think he's found out we swapped his mushrooms for magic ones?

BRIDGET

That was you?!

Chloe shrugs - no biggie.

BRIDGET

Granny told me he was caught fly fishing in the nude!

CHLOE

That'll teach him for being a snitch.

BRIDGET

(laughing in disbelief)
Come on!

INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget dresses Chloe in a nightie and tucks her in to bed, Chloe looks so helpless. Bridget chokes up looking at her.

BRIDGET

What are we going to do with you,
eh?

CHLOE

Shoot me?

BRIDGET

I would, but I haven't got a gun.

CHLOE

Am I causing trouble?

Chloe looks so upset, Bridget is stricken.

BRIDGET

No of course not. Shift over.

Bridget climbs in to the small bed next to Chloe and strokes her hand gently.

BRIDGET

I love you, Mum.

CHLOE

I love you, Bridge.

Bridget lies there, looking at her mum, overcome with conflicting feelings - but she called her Bridge, so she smiles a sad smile.

INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - MORNING

There's a gentle tap on the door and Bridget and Chloe are woken by Katy entering with MARTHA (50s) a kind but firm woman with a strong West-Country accent, wearing a nurse's uniform.

KATY

Sorry

Bridget grimaces and gets up, stretching out her aches.

BRIDGET

That's OK
(To Martha)
Sorry, rough night.

Martha gives her a sympathetic look.

MARTHA

I heard.

Chloe gets out of bed and eyes Martha and Katy suspiciously.

MARTHA

Alright my lovely? My name's Martha, but don't worry if you don't remember, you can call me 'nurse' or just 'oi you!' if that's easier. Shall we get you some breakfast?

CHLOE

Oh about time, I thought they'd never feed me.

Martha leads Chloe to the door

MARTHA

Service not great in this place is it?

CHLOE (O.S.)

(From the hall)

Terrible

Bridget shakes her head and Katy gives her a quick hug.

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget and Martha stand in the hallway. Through the open door they can see Chloe eating a huge bowl of cereal and a mountain of toast in the kitchen as if she is absolutely ravenous.

MARTHA

Nothing wrong with her appetite

BRIDGET

(stifling a yawn)

No

MARTHA

She's just unsettled

BRIDGET

I know, but I don't know what to do. If it carries on the neighbours will put in a noise complaint, assuming they haven't already.

MARTHA

What sometimes works is if you put a bolt on all the external doors, high up, above eye level.

BRIDGET

Isn't that dangerous? What if there's a fire and she can't get out?

MARTHA

Well you've got to make your risk assessment. You know, what are the chances of there being a fire and mum being alone with no one to help her get out, versus what are the chances of her going out in the night and getting lost or hurt, or both?

Bridget nods, she keeps her eyes on Chloe.

BRIDGET

Do you think it'll be much longer?

MARTHA

Oh it's so hard to say. I mean, awful to think really but we are just waiting for someone to pop their clogs and give up their room.

Bridget isn't sure if she even feels bad about this .

Martha misreads Bridget's inner conflict.

MARTHA

I know this is very difficult for you. She's not the woman you knew any more. But you're doing an amazing thing for her.

BRIDGET

It's hardly an act of altruism, it's just necessity. There is no one else.

MARTHA

Ahh you say that, but I saw what you did for her in there. You're a good daughter Bridget. Now come on, buck up and get yourself some breakfast.

BRIDGET
Oh I don't normally [eat
breakfast]-

MARTHA
(sternly)
You do now!

Bridget is suddenly a bit scared of Martha. She salutes behind her back and follows her to the kitchen.

BRIDGET
(Under her breath)
Yes ma'am.

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER

Martha enters the kitchen from the house. Bridget and Katy are unpacking new locks at the table.

MARTHA
I'll do that, why don't you two
head out for a bit?

BRIDGET
I don't know...

MARTHA
Why pay me to do a job if you're
going to be hovering over me the
whole time, huh?

Bridget and Katy look at each other - do we dare?

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Your mum's fine. Go and check on
her if you like. She's in her room,
painting nudes.

Katy smiles to herself at this, Bridget goes to check.

MARTHA
(on the locks in Katy's
hands)
Here, let me take those.

Martha and Katy set about working out where the locks go/passing screwdrivers/fitting them.

MARTHA
And how are you in all this?

KATY
 (noncommittal noise)
 Hm?

MARTHA
 I see you, walking on eggshells.

Katy looks at her - I don't know what you mean. Martha looks back - cut the shit.

KATY
 I'm fine-

MARTHA
 Your life has been uprooted too,
 all I'm saying is- you're allowed
 to feel a bit put out. Quite
 frankly, it would be weird if you
 didn't.

KATY
 (more sincerely)
 I'm fine, honestly. They've always
 had a strained relationship,
 Bridget is obviously working
 through some stuff and I don't want
 to get in the way of that.

MARTHA
 Maybe you should-
 (off Katy's doubtful
 look)
 It's not good for anyone to have
 things bottled up.

Pause while they carry on with the locks

MARTHA
 Do you have parents?

KATY
 No, not for a long time now.

Martha shoots her a sympathetic look, before-

MARTHA
 Ah well, at least we won't get
 overrun.

INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Bridget enters Chloe's room and closes the door behind her.
 An A4 sheet of paper is stuck to it. It reads:

'STOP!

PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!'

Chloe is at her easel, painting nudes and chewing a paintbrush handle.

BRIDGET
Alright, Mum?

CHLOE
Oh, hi Rose

BRIDGET
It's Bridget, Mum

CHLOE
Oh yes, Bridget. She must never
find out.

Bridget is confused. Is she talking to her or about her?

BRIDGET
Find out what, Mum?

CHLOE
Hmm? What?

The thought has gone, Chloe carries on painting.

Bridget walks over and takes a look. After her initial reservation at the subject matter-

BRIDGET
These are really good!

CHLOE
(suddenly lucid)
You never liked my art.

BRIDGET
No, I, it's not that, I just- I
didn't get it. I didn't understand
why it was so important to you.

Chloe stops for a second.

CHLOE
You were important too.

BRIDGET
(under her breath)
I'd never have known

Chloe doesn't catch it. Or does she?

Martha comes in.

MARTHA

We're all done, you get going.

Bridget pauses, looks at Chloe who is painting again.

MARTHA

Mum's fine!

Bridget takes one more look at Chloe, who really couldn't give a shit whether she is there or not, before Martha manhandles her out of the room.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Bridget and Katy stroll along a peaceful pebble beach, hand in hand. Bridget in a world of her own.

Katy tilts her head up to feel the sun on her face and then lets out a contented sigh.

KATY

Just what we needed.

Pause.

Martha's amazing, isn't she? She's very...

BRIDGET

Fucking terrifying?

KATY

Really fucking terrifying! But it was good of her to make us do this.

BRIDGET

It was.
I've been a real bitch lately,
haven't I?

KATY

(deliberately
unconvincingly)
No, no!

Bridget looks downhearted, Katy nudges her and laughs.

KATY

You're fine. It's just a big
adjustment.

BRIDGET

And for you, but you haven't let it turn you into a proper cunt.

KATY

Well I did have further to go...

Bridget hits her arm playfully

BRIDGET

Oi!

Katy rubs her arm absently. A pause, it didn't hurt.

KATY

So what's really going on?

Bridget looks at her - what? Katy looks back - you know what. Bridget sighs, conceding.

BRIDGET

I didn't really have a childhood, you know, especially after my dad was gone. I mean, I've told you what Chloe was like. Impulsive, selfish, obsessed with her art, she'd disappear for days without any regard for-

(shake it off)

She didn't raise me. I raised myself, and her, it felt, half the time.

Katy looks at her - carry on.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I spent my whole life being responsible. Responsible for me, responsible for her, responsible at school, at work, for my patients.. It's partly why I didn't want children. And yet- here I am. Congratulations! It's a seventy five year old girl!

(Beat)

I guess it's just bringing up a lot of old stuff.

KATY

I get that.

BRIDGET

But then of course that makes me feel guilty.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

She may have been a flaky mother
but I'm a *shit* daughter. Maybe if
I'd actually visited-

KATY

It would all probably have happened
exactly the same way.

Bridget shrugs- maybe

KATY

You're not shit.

BRIDGET

I'm a bit shit.

KATY

Well, luckily you have me. And, I
don't know if you've noticed, but
I'm fucking amazing.

BRIDGET

You do have your moments.

KATY

It's not ideal, I know. But you're
not alone this time, and it's not
forever.

BRIDGET

Why *are* you being so good about
this?

KATY

Well, I don't know if I've told
you this, but I'm -

KATY / BRIDGET

pretty fucking amazing / Fucking
amazing, yeah

They laugh and stop walking, Bridget brushes windswept hair
from Katy's face and kisses her, a small one at first but
then they have a proper snog.

A GUY running past along the path can't take his eyes off
them and falls flat on his face.

They stop kissing.

KATY

Should we help him?

The guy gets up, shame faced, bleeding.

BRIDGET
He'll live

KATY
Is that your professional opinion,
Doctor?

BRIDGET
Indeed it is

He catches them watching him and sees them looking, he starts running again, clumsily.

They laugh.

BRIDGET
Let's get some chips

Katy lets out a longing moan. They take each others hands and head for the chippy.

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Bridget & Katy enter, windswept and laughing happily.

Chloe is at the table with an empty (eaten) plate in front of her, Martha is pottering.

MARTHA
(knowing)
Alright? Have a nice time?

KATY
Perfect, thank you Martha.

MARTHA
Have you eaten?

BRIDGET
We had some chips

CHLOE
Rose! Do you remember that time we put on a show, then instead of giving the entrance fee to charity we spent it down the chippy!

BRIDGET
You really were terrible weren't you?!

Martha tries to clear Chloe's plate and suddenly her demeanour changes.

CHLOE

What are you doing? Where's my dinner?

MARTHA

You've had your dinner, my lovely. I'm just clearing your-

CHLOE

LIAR!

(suddenly panicked)

Where's my dinner? You've stolen my dinner!

Chloe tries to snatch the plate from Martha, who instinctively holds on to it. There's a bit of a tussle, Chloe gets increasingly upset.

Chloe keeps shouting about her dinner, Martha keeps trying to calm her down, Bridget puts her hand on Chloe's shoulder but it gets shrugged away.

Eventually Martha lets go of the plate and Chloe throws it across the room.

Suddenly Chloe looks around, disoriented. She sees Bridget.

CHLOE

Bridget! Thank God you're here, this woman stole my dinner.

BRIDGET

Mum, she-

Martha cuts her off with a subtle hand gesture. She's a pro.

MARTHA

I was just getting you some pudding Chloe, is that alright?

CHLOE

(Suddenly bright)

Oh! Yes, lovely thank you.

MARTHA

(Rummaging in cupboards)

What have we got...? Ooh how about some rice pudding, eh?

CHLOE
 (Meek, childlike)
 Yes please

Chloe puts her sleeve in her mouth while she waits.

Bridget looks at Martha with a mixture of gratitude and awe.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe is placidly waiting for her pudding.

Martha is making the pudding.

Katy and Bridget are picking up the pieces of broken plate.

BRIDGET
 (to Martha)
 Are you ok? I'm so sorry-

MARTHA
 Oh don't you worry about me, I'm
 plenty... uhh... oh this brain fog.
 What's the word...? You know, when
 you just keep on going no matter
 how shit things are?

At the same time:

BRIDGET
 Res- [resilient]

KATY
 Married?

Bridget and Martha respond in faux shock/horror when suddenly-

Chloe lets out the loudest, hysterical cackle.

The other women had no idea she was listening and one by one they all join in, all four women laughing hysterically.

INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katy is lying in bed, mostly naked, moaning in pleasure, Bridget's head is between her legs under the covers.

Suddenly Katy catches sight of something. She hits Bridget's head through the covers and Bridget pops up, rubbing her head, a bit miffed.

BRIDGET
 Ow! What?

She notices Chloe stood in the doorway, timid, ashamed. Katy & Bridget try to cover their nudity and embarrassment.

Bridget grabs a robe and gets up, putting it on.

BRIDGET
What's wrong, Mum?

CHLOE
I, uh, couldn't find the bathroom.

Bridget notices a puddle on the landing carpet behind her.

BRIDGET
It's OK, come on, let's get you
cleaned up.

She leads Chloe away and glances back at Katy, silently and guiltily pleading with her to clean up the pee.

Katy gestures to show her she doesn't mind. Bridget smiles gratefully and takes Chloe towards the bathroom.

CHLOE
I was lesbian once. Helen Peters,
had the most magnificent breasts.

BRIDGET
Great. Another mental image I will
never unsee.

Beat.

CHLOE
Someone's pissed on the floor
there.

Bridget just puts her arm tighter around her.

BRIDGET
Come on Mum.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Bridget is drinking coffee, she looks exhausted. Chloe is eating another breakfast of champions, she seems to have a huge appetite.

Katy lets Martha in through the kitchen door with a friendly greeting.

MARTHA
Morning all! How was your night?

CHLOE
Did you know these two are
lesbians?

MARTHA
I had noticed that, funnily enough.

CHLOE
Course we all experimented back in
the sixties, didn't we?

MARTHA
How old do you think I am, you
cheeky mare?

CHLOE
(Deadpan)
Seventy five.

Martha snorts in fake outrage, Katy laughs.

Bridget's mobile starts to ring, unknown number.

BRIDGET
(into the phone)
Hello?
Yes, speaking.

Bridget takes the call out of the room.

MARTHA
Right then missis, what shall we do
today?

KATY
There's a little Dementia lunch
club on in the community centre, we
thought maybe Chloe might like to
go?

MARTHA
Ooh that sounds like fun, might
meet some nice people, eh Clo?

CHLOE
Will there be any men there?

Katy shakes her head in amusement.

MARTHA
Oh I'd say so!

Bridget rushes back in, ready to go out.

KATY
Everything ok?

BRIDGET
I have to go out
(under her breath to
Katy)
It's Gerry.

Katy rubs Bridget's arm

KATY
OK, call me.

Bridget nods and heads out the door.

CHLOE
I better go wash my vulva in case I
get lucky.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bridget walks into a mixed ward which is bustling with patients, staff and visitors.

GERRY - the silver fox from the wedding photo, charmer, narcissist, leech - is lying in a hospital bed, one arm in a sling and a broken leg in a plaster cast being held up in a hoist in front of him. Two chavvy TEENAGE BOYS are sitting next to him. A young, pretty NURSE is doing his vitals.

The nurse bends down to check his catheter bag.

Bridget approaches in time to hear-

GERRY
While you're down there, love!

The boys snigger, the nurse looks embarrassed

BRIDGET
Please don't sexually harass the
nurses, Gerry.

The nurse smiles at her gratefully and leaves.

GERRY
Bridget! What a nice surprise.

Bridget picks up Gerry's chart from the foot of the bed

BRIDGET
What's been going on?

BOY1

Yo Ger, we'd better bounce. You da man though

BOY2

Yeah, you the G!

The three of them do some convoluted 'street' handshake

GERRY

See ya soon boys!

They 'bounce'.

Bridget looks at Gerry for an explanation.

GERRY

Lads from the estate, they're a good craic.

BRIDGET

A good craic? Jeez Gerry you're old enough to be their grandfather. It says here you broke your leg in two places, what happened?

GERRY

Now, don't get angry...

BRIDGET

(Suspiciously)

Why would I- [get angry]?

The word *gonorrhoea* jumps off the page of the chart. It takes Bridget a second but she pieces it together.

BRIDGET

No. Fucking hell Gerry. That's low, even for you. Does she even know who you are?

GERRY

(Sadly)

Less and less these days. But I haven't taken advantage!

BRIDGET

How long-

Gerry shifts uncomfortably. A long time.

Bridget grapples with all the unanswered questions and a sudden onslaught of negative emotions.

BRIDGET

And how does that explain-
 (gestures to his
 injuries)
 All this.

GERRY

I went to see her and they told me
 she'd moved out. I didn't believe
 them, I thought you'd [had me
 banned]- Never mind. So I went back
 with the lads and they gave me a
 leg up to her bedroom window, but
 there was someone else in there.
 She screamed, I fell, and -
 (spreads his arms "look")

BRIDGET

I don't know what to say-
 (slams the chart closed
 and puts it down)
 I can't. I'm going to find your
 doctor.

Bridget walks away.

Gerry's defence mechanism kicks in and he returns to form.
 He calls after her-

GERRY

(lasciviously)
 How's that pretty young Katy doing?
 Still gay? Such a waste.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Bridget is waiting impatiently.

DR SAYMA ALI (40s) approaches with the air of a doctor in a
 hurry. She smiles, marginally warmly, when she recognises
 Bridget.

SAYMA

Bridget! I didn't realise I was
 coming to see you.

BRIDGET

Hi Sayma, what's going on?

SAYMA

He's your...?

BRIDGET
 Father. Estranged. But I'm still
 next of kin apparently.

Sayma gives the briefest look of sympathy before moving on.

SAYMA
 Your father's broken his femur in
 two places, cracked a few ribs and
 dislocated his shoulder. He's
 pretty fit and active so it should
 all heal up nicely but there is an
 issue relating to discharge.

BRIDGET
 Oh?

SAYMA
 Well, apparently he lives in a
 second floor flat in a building
 with no lift?

Suddenly Bridget gets the look of a person who's realised
 their day is about to completely go to shit.

BRIDGET
 Are there options?

SAYMA
 There's one option.

BRIDGET
 Oh no, no I can't.

SAYMA
 (matter of fact)
 Bridge you know we need the bed.

BRIDGET
 No, I'm being deadly serious, my
 mum moved in with me this week.
 They had a terribly messy divorce,
 (to herself)
 or so I thought...
 (shudders, shakes it off)
 Not to mention I don't have the
 room.

SAYMA
 Any siblings? Family?

Bridget shakes her head.

SAYMA
Friends?

BRIDGET
I could call those young boys back!

Sayma gives her a wry smile.

BRIDGET
I can't take him. I just can't. No.

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER

In walks Bridget, supporting Gerry who's hobbling with one crutch. She looks sheepishly around the room at -

- Martha, who is taken aback by this handsome pensioner and starts fanning away a hot flush

- Chloe, practically salivating, puts her fingers in her mouth in an attempt at being seductive

- Katy who has an "oh fuck" expression on her face.

GERRY
Hello ladies, any room for a little one?

BRIDGET
(Mouths to Katy)
I'm so sorry

CHLOE
Not too little I hope
(To Bridget)
He can bunk with me.

Gerry's tooth practically twinkles like a cartoon lothario as he grins at the room.

BRIDGET
Fuck. My. Life.

FADE TO BLACK.

