

UNCLE
(SERIES 3)

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EPISODE 4

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1 INT. ERROL'S ROOM - BEN'S FLAT - EVENING (**FLASHBACK**) 1

Love Will Tear Us Apart plays full blast.

CLOSE: A picture being altered in Photoshop. It's Errol's face. A hint of facial hair is added.

INTERCUT: Eyeliner being applied to an eye.

A photo printer spits out ERROL'S altered image. Close on ID photo being cut and laid with tools into a fake ID. It's put through a laminator.

CLOSE: A framed photo of SAM smiling. Happier days.

INTERCUT. Hair is gelled. DM boots, laced. A padlock necklace, locked.

ERROL throws on a black hoodie and takes in his new complete Emo-goth look in the mirror. ERROL steps away to assess himself. The camera is now the mirror, he looks directly at us. Determined. Dark. Changed.

ERROL
You can do this.

Title over black-- **UNCLE**

2 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - HOSPITAL - DAY 2

TITLE OVER: 2:27pm

SURGEON and SUPPORT STAFF working on SAM as she lies unconscious, in a breathing mask. Equipment beeps in the background as Sade's "*Smooth Operator*" plays. The SURGEON sings along. *

SURGERY NURSE
Can't go wrong with Sade. *

SURGEON
Well, as *smooth operations* go--
this one's up there. *

NURSE groans at the pun. The pitch of the BP monitor drops. *

ANAESTHETIST
Have you just given her anything?

SURGEON
Just put the local in.

ANAESTHETIST
Shit. She's dumped her pressure and
her sats are dropping.

The SURGEON, ANAESTHETIST and NURSES spring into action, hands passing over her, as they check her and the equipment.

ANAESTHETIST (CONT'D)

Get me some adrenalin and 20% intralipid.

SURGEON

Should I carry on-- or stop?

ANAESTHETIST

Stop. STOP!

Still unconscious, SAM's convulsing. SMASH CUT TO:

3

INT. SAM'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

3

SAME ANGLE: SAM flops onto her hospital bed with a magazine.

TITLE OVER: 10:12am

SAM

This is officially the best day ever. Comfy hospital gown, check. Trashy hospital mag, check. If this bed had a vibrate button I could die happy.

ERROL (O.S.)

You're not convincing anyone.

ERROL, curled up on a side chair, big jumper pulled over his knees, looks under-slept from the night before, sullen.

SAM

Fine. I'm starving. Seriously, who can go 12 hours without eating!? Andy would you stop moving about!

ANDY is pacing nervously.

ERROL

He's probably thinking about how many primo drugs are in this building right now.

ANDY

I wasn't, until you mentioned it. And actually, I was worried about my sister, thank you.

SAM

You don't have to worry. It's just a lumpectomy. I'm going to be fine. And I get that you're detoxing but just stand still, you're making me nauseous.

*
*

ANDY stops pacing.

ERROL

It's *nauseated*, actually. Nauseous means you make *other people* nauseated.

SAM

Whatever, you know what I meant. And why are you being so snippy?

ANDY

Judging from that jumper, he's gone full Robert Smith.

SAM

Definitely a quarter Morrissey.

ERROL doesn't rise to the joke.

SAM (CONT'D)

(playfully)
Or *maybe* he has a girlfriend?

ANDY

Sam-- be rational.

SAM

Come on, sweetie, what's up?

ERROL is about to say-- but instead--

ERROL

They should make hospital gowns red. At least that way they'd blend in with all the blood.

SAM

--I regret letting you watch *American Psycho*.

ANDY gets a text.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who is it?

ANDY

Mum. She's asking if you got your roots done because quote, "The surgeon won't care about you, if you don't care about yourself."

SAM

(sing songy)
Mum of the year!

BRUCE enters.

BRUCE

Hospital parking is the worst. 50
quid for the day!? I could buy a
black market kidney for that.-- So,
what's shakin'?

SAM

I'm reading which celebs are in a
messy break up this month. Andy's
detoxing and Roly's sulking.

ERROL

I'm not sulking.

BRUCE

Speaking of sulky teens-- Tiff
sends her love.

SAM

Awww.

BRUCE

And Claire.

SAM

Ehhhh.

BRUCE kisses SAM tenderly.

BRUCE

You look so beautiful.

SAM

What did I tell you?

BRUCE

I'm not being sentimental. I'm an
emotional rock. I'm just stating a
fact-- you look hot.

SAM

(breathily)

I'm wearing paper nickers.

ERROL

Mum, is this really the time?

ERROL dramatically clears the fringe from his face. ANDY
notices a white BANDAGE wrapped around Errol's wrist poking
out from his jumper sleeve. ERROL pulls his sleeve down.

SAM

Hey, any day I'm legally allowed to
pump myself full of drugs is a win.

ANDY

Ugh, you're so lucky.

They give him a look.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What? -- Oh yeah, cancer is
terrible.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
--Hi Samantha. So, the surgeon's got
five procedures on and you're second
up. Shouldn't have too much longer
to wait. You have any questions?

ANDY
Yeah-- do you know the WiFi
password?

They all stare at ANDY.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What?-- Fine. I'll just try
"hospital 1234."

4

INT. WAITING AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY

4

TITLE OVER: 1:38pm

ANDY and ERROL sit in a waiting area. ERROL's busy brooding while ANDY checks his phone, texts something, puts it away, nervously shakes his leg.

ANDY
You think Sam's alright? I don't
know how people do it.

ERROL
Sit still?

ANDY
Manage stress without drugs.

ERROL
It's not like you took drugs all
the time, what's different now?

ANDY
Now I'm officially an "addict." And
when I can't have something, I want
it constantly. I went mental when
they discontinued Curry Twiglets.

ERROL
How did you manage stress before?

ANDY

What "before?" I had my first
spliff when I was eleven.

ERROL looks horrified.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't make that face. I looked old
for my age-- and I didn't have a
stable home life.

ERROL

Oh, and I do?

ANDY

Fair point. I know, I know, I'm
meant to find a new way to "filter
my feelings." Well, I'm not a
fucking fish tank, am I?

ERROL

You've only been clean a week. Just
try thinking about something else.
What about Melodie?

ANDY

The one that got away? Yeah,
that'll help.-- How long's Sam been
in? *

ERROL checks his phone.

ERROL

40 minutes.

ANDY

Definitely feels longer.

ERROL

That's what she said.

ANDY gives ERROL a look.

ANDY

Don't steal my act-- and how are
you so calm?

ERROL

I'm a man of science. Feelings have
no place in hospitals.

ERROL goes inside himself. ANDY gets a text. Reads it. Looks
perplexed.

ERROL (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANDY
I don't-- know.

A text from Val: "Stay [arm emoji] we're [poo emoji] xx."

ANDY (CONT'D)
Stay arm, we're shit-- Kiss kiss?
Eh, whatever, I don't care-- I've
got something fun to keep us busy.

ANDY digs in his pocket and pulls out a TWO POUND COIN.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Uncle Frank taught me this one. If
you look directly at it, the coin
is yours.

ANDY hands it to ERROL.

ANDY (CONT'D)
To give it away, you have to get me
to look at it.

ANDY takes the coin back.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Trick is, it has to be below the
waist. Got it?

ANDY holds it below his waist.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Whoever has this coin at the end of
the day is the loser.

ERROL
When you said this game was fun did
you really mean pointless and
stupid?

ANDY
Ah shit! I've got cramp in my foot.

ERROL looks at ANDY's foot. ANDY's holding the COIN in
Errol's line of sight.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Who's stupid now, *stupid*?

ANDY hands ERROL the COIN.

ERROL
What happens to the loser?

ANDY
A friend of mine had to dress as a
condom and walk around in public.

ERROL
Why would anyone agree to that?

ANDY
(defensive)
Maybe because he has a reputation
as a wild and crazy guy and that's
its own burden, you know?

ERROL
Oookay-- are you going to tell me
what mum told you when she went in
for surgery?

ANDY
Are you going to tell me what
happened to your wrist?

ERROL'S BANDAGE is poking out again. Pulls his sleeve down.

ERROL
Reading accident. Sprained it
turning a page too fast.

ANDY eyes him. ERROL notices something.

ERROL (CONT'D)
Shit. How did I get blood on my
jeans?

ANDY looks at ERROL'S jeans, where he's holding the COIN.

ERROL (CONT'D)
Think I'm going to enjoy this game.

ERROL hands over the COIN and heads down the hall.

ANDY (CALLING AFTER)
Hey-- do you like my new shoes?
This floor has a weird pattern,
huh? Can you tell me if this is a
puddle of wee or tile cleaner?

ERROL (CALLING BACK)
Not falling for it.

5 INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - DAY

5

TITLE OVER: 12:52pm

A MISERABLE ORDERLY pushes SAM down the hallway in a
wheelchair. BRUCE follows with a sullen ERROL and ANDY,
chewing his nails.

SAM

I thought being in a wheelchair would be embarrassing but I could get used to this-- Andy, stop chewing your feelings?

ANDY stops chewing his nails.

SAM (CONT'D)

What are you guys going to do while I'm gone?

ANDY

Poke corpses-- take selfies with corpses.

The ORDERLY shoots ANDY a look.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Kidding. We're not going to poke them.

The ORDERLY pushes SAM into the lift.

SAM

Alright, guys. Don't miss me too much.

BRUCE looks all emotional.

SAM (CONT'D)

Bruce--

BRUCE

I'm not going to cry. I'm the Rock. I crush feelings for fun.

SAM

Andy come here, there's something I need to tell you.

ANDY goes up to SAM. She whispers something in his ear.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to the orderly)
To the Batmobile, Robin!

The ORDERLY doesn't smile as the lift doors start to close.

ERROL

Mum?

SAM looks expectant. ERROL chickens out, blurts--

ERROL (CONT'D)

Break a leg!

SAM gives a "really?" look as the lift doors shut.

We see a woman down the hallway who looks a lot like MELODIE.
ANDY turns to look, but she's gone.

6 INT. ERROL'S ROOM - BEN'S FLAT - EVENING (**FLASHBACK**) 6

BEN storms into ERROL's room. Joy Division's still blaring.

BEN
Will you turn that down!

BEN switches off the old record player.

ERROL
What d'you do that for?

BEN
So I can hear myself think-- and
what are you doing listening to *New
Order*?

ERROL
Joy Division.

BEN
It's the same band and they're for
pretentious art school burn-outs.

ERROL
It's your record.

BEN's stumped.

BEN
What on Earth are you wearing?

ERROL
Clothes. What does it look like?

BEN
Like Halloween's come early.

ERROL heads out of the room.

BEN (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?

ERROL
Out.

BEN
Oh no you're not. Veronica'll be
home any minute and we're going to
order takeaway.

ERROL
I'm not hungry.

BEN

I'm not negotiating. You have to be up early.

ERROL

That shirt makes you look dumpy.

BEN

--Excuse me?

ERROL

You always wear Fred Perry shirts like you're still a young Mod, but you're not. You're just a sad, middle aged guy trying to hang on to his glory days. Pathetic.

BEN processes.

BEN

--Enjoy your night out.

ERROL

Don't wait up.

ERROL barges past BEN, heading out of the flat. BEN checks his silhouette in the mirror.

7

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

7

TITLE OVER: 2:01pm

ERROL barges out of the hospital doors to find ANDY outside smoking. ERROL approaches.

ERROL

There you are. She's still in theatre. What are you doing?

ANDY

What does it look like? Turning my lungs to jerky.

A BEAT.

ERROL

Give me a puff.

ANDY

No way.

ERROL

Why? Because cigarettes are a drug?

ANDY

I see what you're doing. If cigarettes are a drug and I've quit drugs then I should quit cigarettes too, huh? Well you're wrong. They're not drugs.

ERROL

If they're not drugs, give me a puff.

ANDY wrestles with something inside himself.

ANDY

Fine! They're drugs but if you take these away from me I have nothing and I will go full Kanye. Don't ruin the only thing I have left to live for! Please.

ERROL

This isn't about you. It's about what I want. Surely my silence is worth a puff.

ANDY

You're allergic.

ERROL

I've got my inhaler.

ANDY

--Your mum would kill me.

ERROL

What she doesn't know won't kill *her*.

ANDY

Fine-- I'll give you a puff if-- you can guess my shoe size.

ERROL looks down to ANDY's shoes where he's holding the COIN.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You have a lot to learn young Padawan.

ANDY hands the COIN to ERROL and walks off.

ERROL walks down a dark side street. He approaches a dingy graffiti covered door with music thumping from inside. A BOUNCER looks him up and down.

BOUNCER

ID?

ERROL hands it over and smiles broadly. The BOUNCER looks from the ID to ERROL and back. ERROL drops his smile. Tense moment.

ERROL

I have a pituitary condition.

THE BOUNCER concedes, hands back the ID and opens the door. ERROL's hit by a wall of sound as he enters.

9

INT. WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - DAY

9

TITLE OVER: 2:14pm

ERROL sits alone in the waiting area playing with the COIN.

An ORDERLY pushes a girl, ELEANOR, 18, in a wheelchair, wearing a hat over her bald head and parks her next to ERROL.

ORDERLY

I'll be right back.

The ORDERLY goes off. ERROL doesn't know what to say.

ERROL

Nice weather we're having.

ELEANOR

I wouldn't know. I haven't been outside in a month.

ERROL

Oh. Sorry.

ERROL shuts up.

ELEANOR

Go on, just ask me.

ERROL

Ask what?

ELEANOR

What I'm here for.

ERROL

--What are you here for?

ELEANOR

Anal bleaching-- and Leukemia. I got a two for one deal.

ERROL laughs despite himself.

ERROL

I'm sorry. I shouldn't be laughing,
that's pretty dark.

ELEANOR

I know, that's why I'm getting it
bleached-- What are you in for?

ERROL

My mum's having a lump removed.

ELEANOR

That sucks.

ERROL

Yeah.

ELEANOR

No, I mean it sucks for me. I was
hoping you were a new inpatient.
Cancer ward's got pretty slim
pickings.

ERROL laughs.

ERROL

Thank you.

ELEANOR

For what?

ERROL

Not saying it's going to be okay.

ELEANOR

Trust me, if there's one thing
Leukemia teaches you-- it's that
everything is not going to be okay.
And anyone who tells you that is
full of shit. Do you know how
annoying people are when you're
dying? Everyone's just putting on a
happy face because they can't cope
with their own feelings.

That hits close to home for ERROL.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

It's like, I'm not allowed to be
sad because they won't let
themselves be sad. And they're
always going on about positive
visualization and what a fucking
inspiration I am to everyone.

She makes a "puke" noise.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I don't even think I mind dying that much. Anymore. But you know what really grinds my gears? I'm not going to be around for the next *Star Wars* or the last *Game of Thrones* book! God, I'd give anything for someone to stop pitying me and tell it like it is.

ERROL

Fine. Your hat clashes with your robe.

ELEANOR

Come on, you can do better than that.

ERROL

You've probably never read any Kierkegaard and even if you did, you wouldn't understand it.

ELEANOR

Are you kidding me?

ERROL

I bet the most interesting thing about you is that you're dying.

Ouch.

ELEANOR

--Nicely done.

The ORDERLY returns.

ORDERLY

Alright, let's hit the road young lady.

ELEANOR

Nice talking to you. See you in the next life.

ERROL

Here's hoping you make it to the next *Star Wars*. Don't hold your breath for *Game of Thrones*, huh?

ELEANOR

Yeah, fuck you too.

The ORDERLY pushes ELEANOR away. ANDY approaches and sits.

ERROL

Where have you been?

ANDY

Nowhere. Let's just say, I never thought I'd have a wank in a hospital.

10 INT. SAM'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

10

TITLE OVER: 1:02pm

ANDY, ERROL and BRUCE sit in SAM's room.

BRUCE

She's gonna be alright. We need to think positive. That's what your mum would want. How about a joke?-- Knock knock.

ANDY

Who's there?

BRUCE

Jesus.

ANDY

Jesus, who?

BRUCE

(patronizingly)
Come on, you've heard of me.

ANDY stares at BRUCE.

ANDY

--Jesus, I wish I was high. Maybe I'll join a gym.

BRUCE

You don't need the gym-- you need a hug.

BRUCE puts his arms out. ANDY doesn't budge.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(mimes putting "hug" aside)

Cool. I'll put this over here for whenever you want.

(a beat)

Hey, I know-- we should get Sam a snack from the vending machine. She's going to be starving when she wakes up.

ERROL

Maltesers are her favourite.

BRUCE
No, pretty sure it's Dairy Milk.

ANDY
Guys, I know for a fact it's
Wotsits.

ERROL
Since when?

ANDY
Since she ate them every time she
had the munchies and since I've
known her longer than both of you.

ERROL
Yeah, well we were connected
through an umbilical chord.

BRUCE
Yeah, and we've had-- sex-- so--

ERROL
What's her favourite colour?

ANDY
Green.

BRUCE
Purple.

ERROL
It's Seafoam.

BRUCE
What's Seafoam?

ERROL
It's pastel mint.

ANDY
You mean -- *GREEN!*

BRUCE
Roly, what happened to your wrist?

ERROL
Nothing.

ERROL pulls his sleeve down and leaves the room. ANDY looks
over and sees-- MELODIE walk by the room?!?!?!?

ANDY runs into the hallway after her, but she's gone by the
time he gets there.

VAL sits at a booth, bookkeeping. Across from him, GWEN paints her nails. CASPER's sweeping up nearby. VAL gets a text, checks it. *

VAL
Sam just went into surgery.

GWEN and CASPER look up, go quiet. The mood's somber.

GWEN
I'm sure she'll be fine. Andy said it was routine.

VAL
Maybe I should call anyway.

GWEN
They've got enough going on.

VAL
I should write something back though, right?

CASPER
Definitely.

VAL
What should it say? Ugh, I hate texting, it's such a shallow way to communicate. What about, "We're all praying for her."

GWEN
That's a bit grim.

CASPER
How about-- "Even with a dodgy tit, I still would."

VAL
I mean, I would too, but her brother's reading this.

GWEN shoots them both a look.

CASPER
What? We're being encouraging.

VAL puts the phone down.

VAL
You know what, I'm just going to leave it.

GWEN
No, you have to write something. Even if it's just "kiss-kiss."

CASPER

I wouldn't kiss-kiss Andy if his lips were made of tits.

VAL

Mike, come here.

A dancer, MIKE, passing with his gym bag, stops by.

MIKE

Yes boss?

VAL

Family friend's in hospital, getting surgery for a tumor. What should I text her brother?

MIKE

I dunno? Internet hugs?

*
*

VAL

Internet hugs? Ugh, what is that? No wonder I pay you for your body and not your mouth.

MIKE gives him a coy smirk.

MIKE

Your loss, boss.

MIKE clears off.

CASPER

You could do Emojis? Like "frowny face" and a "bicep curl." It means "I'm worried; stay strong."

VAL

Is there an Emoji for "I couldn't think of something good to say so I'm sending you a bullshit Emoji?"

CASPER

"Thinking face" "Poo face?"

GWEN

Here, just let me do it.

VAL

No, I've got something--

VAL's typing but GWEN grabs for the phone. A tug of war ensues while they bicker. A beep noise.

VAL (CONT'D)

Shit.

GWEN

What?

VAL

It sent.

12 INT. VENDING AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY

12

TITLE OVER: 1:10pm

ERROL approaches the VENDING MACHINE and puts in some change. He types the code. The machine starts to dispense MALTESERS but they get stuck.

ERROL knocks the machine but they don't move. He tries shaking it. No dice.

ERROL slides up his jumper sleeve and slips his arm in the machine to grab the MALTESERS. He can't reach. He tries to pull his arm out. He's stuck.

ERROL's bandaged wrist is on display through the machine's window. Panicked, he looks over and sees ANDY judging.

ANDY takes pity and approaches. He grabs on to ERROL and tries to yank him out. Still stuck. ERROL, determined, still reaches for the MALTESERS.

They look over to see BRUCE watching. He comes over to help. ANDY and BRUCE tilt ERROL, lifting his legs off the ground for leverage. ERROL grabs the MALTESERS! They look over at the MISERABLE ORDERLY, who's staring. Then--

ERROL's arm suddenly comes free and they all fall to the ground. The MALTESERS bag tears and they roll over the floor.

ERROL holds his wrist in pain, wincing where the bandage has come loose. ANDY tries to reach out for him, but ERROL gets up and hurries away, fixing the bandage.

13 INT. NURSERY - HOSPITAL - DAY

13

TITLE OVER: 2:45pm

ANDY and ERROL stare through a window at a NEWBORN BABY.

ANDY

You think you'll ever have kids?

ERROL

I don't know. Society's broken. I mean, we can't even get the electoral system right. Can't people see proportional representation is the way forward?

ANDY is mesmerized by the BABY. ERROL notices.

ERROL (CONT'D)
You think you'll ever do it?

ANDY
Vote? Nah. I'm still on the fence
between Coke and Pepsi.

ERROL
I meant have a baby. Especially
after the whole-- Teresa thing--

ANDY
I've got enough people disappointed
in me without creating a new one.

ERROL
What if it was with Melodie?

ANDY turns to ERROL.

ANDY
--I've got it. The loser of the
coin game has to take a vow of
silence for a week.

ERROL thinks and shakes on it.

JUNIOR DOCTOR (O.S.)
Excuse me.

ANDY and ERROL turn to a nervous JUNIOR DOCTOR.

JUNIOR DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Dr. Simmons-- are you
Samantha King's family?

ANDY
Yeah?

JUNIOR DOCTOR
Everything went fine with the
procedure, she tolerated the
general well, but as they were
finishing up, she had an allergic
reaction to the local anesthetic
they used to close the incision and
went into anaphylactic shock.

*
*
*
*
*
*

ANDY and ERROL stare at the DOCTOR, stunned. The DOCTOR's
attention goes to a PRETTY NURSE passing by.

JUNIOR DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hi, Sally.

ERROL
--Is she going to be alright?

JUNIOR DOCTOR
We're doing everything we can. I'll
keep you posted.

JUNIOR DOCTOR walks off. ANDY and ERROL see BEN down the hallway approaching with a BOUQUET. He stops. Sensing something wrong.

On ERROL's worried face: MATCH CUT TO:

14 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY (**FLASHBACK**) 14

ERROL stares down at SAM lying in an open casket. ANDY steps up beside ERROL, puts an arm around him.

ANDY
She looks so peaceful.

SAM
Well I'm not. It's cramped as hell
in this thing.

SAM sits up. ANDY, ERROL and SAM are in a COFFIN SHOWROOM.

ERROL
(re: casket)
Don't you think this is a little
"bling" for Uncle Frank? That
cardboard box over there's 100
quid. The Green Option's more his
speed anyway. I think he'd hate
this one.

SAM crawls out of the casket.

SAM
I know. That's what he gets for dying
without a will, while illegitimate
kids pop out of the woodwork, and I'm
left paying for his stupid body to
sit in a freezer for ages because
nobody will fork over the burial
costs. No. This way-- I get the last
laugh.

ANDY
I'll remember that when *you* die.

SAM
Who says I'm dying before you? I'm
way healthier.

ANDY
You're dying first 'cause that's
how dramatic irony works. Then Roly
can live with me full time.

ERROL

Uhh, I still have a father,
remember?

ANDY

Yeah, but what if they both die?
Like together in a helicopter crash
or something.

ERROL

Why are my divorced parents taking
a helicopter ride together?

ANDY

Umm, they're coming to my private
concert on a remote tropical
island. You arrived earlier, by
seaplane.

ERROL

Well, I'll tell her not to go then.
You're not killing my mum with your
stupid tropical concert!

ANDY

I'll kill her however she wants to
be killed!

SAM

Boys, relax, I won't go to Andy's
made up concert. And I won't take
any helicopters. You're not getting
rid of me for a long time.

A SHOP ATTENDANT approaches.

SHOP ATTENDANT

Hi, can I help?

SAM

Yes, how much is this coffin?

SHOP ATTENDANT

That's 300 pounds.

SAM

--We'll take the cardboard box.

15

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

15

TITLE OVER: 3:01pm

ANDY, ERROL, BRUCE and BEN rush the JUNIOR DOCTOR.

JUNIOR DOCTOR

Sorry, I don't have an update!

BEN

This is unacceptable. She's my wife.

BRUCE

Ex-wife.

JUNIOR DOCTOR

Look, I know, this is difficult but--
(to passing Nurse)
Hi, Kim.

ANDY grabs JUNIOR DOCTOR by the collar.

ANDY

Listen, mate. I'm feeling a bit tender today so apologies if this comes off as rude but-- I want you to go fucking find out what's going on with my fucking sister or I'm going to fucking lose it-- please.

JUNIOR DOCTOR

--I'll see what I can do.

ANDY releases his grip and the JUNIOR DOCTOR hurries off. BEN and BRUCE are speechless.

ANDY

I need a coffee.

ANDY walks off.

ERROL

I better make sure he gets a decaf.

16 INT. BEN'S FLAT - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

16

It's late. The lights are dim. Tired, ERROL sneaks in through the front door, hoodie up. BEN's in the living room in semi-darkness, on the phone. ERROL eaves drops.

BEN

No, I know-- No-- Of course. I wouldn't normally call like this, especially the night before you have-- well. You know.

(a beat)

We had a bit of a row.

16a INT. SAM'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

16a

SAM

A row? About what?

BEN

I don't even know. I think he's just pushing back-- I wish he could worship me again like when he was little-- Do you think my shirts are too tight?

SAM

No. Maybe just the Fred Perry ones.

BEN

I only wear Fred Perry ones.

SAM

--Well thanks for the call.

SAM goes to hang up.

BEN

Sam, wait. There's something else.

SAM

Yes, your jeans are a bit "crotchty."

BEN

No, it's-- I know tomorrow's just routine but I wanted you to know I'll be thinking of you-- I--

BEN catches ERROL listening in.

BEN (CONT'D)

Heyyyyy, Roly. You're back?

ERROL

Yeah.

BEN

Cool-- I'm just-- ordering pizza.
(into phone)
And some mozzarella sticks, please.

SAM

What?

ERROL

I thought you had takeaway with Veronica?

BEN

Midnight-- snack?
(into phone)
Yes, I'll be paying cash. Wait
Errol.

ERROL hustles into his bedroom, shutting the door.

SAM
Pathetic.

SAM hangs up. BEN's alone.

17 INT. CHAPEL - HOSPITAL - DAY

17

TITLE OVER: 3:12pm

ANDY sits in the hospital chapel, sipping his coffee. ERROL walks in and sits beside him.

ERROL
What's this?

ANDY
A great room to think in peace--
until you followed me in.

ERROL sits. They stare forward a moment, quietly.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Did feeling everything always hurt
this much?

ERROL bottles something.

ERROL
Wouldn't know. You're talking to a
man of science, remember? I'm
basically a sentient robot.

ANDY
Alright robot, you want to tell me
what really happened to your wrist?

ERROL
It's embarrassing really. I went to
a concert last night. Made a fake
ID and everything. They stamped me
to get into the venue, it was all
going great and then suddenly my
wrist swells up into a blistered
mess. I was allergic to the stamp.
You don't want to see it, trust me.

ANDY
That's what you get for trying to
do something cool without me.

ERROL
Lesson learned.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
Hi there.

ANDY and ERROL turn to a HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN approaching.

ERROL

Oh, we were just leaving.

ERROL motions and he and ANDY get up.

CHAPLAIN

You don't have to leave. Is there anything you want to talk about?

ERROL

No. We're good. Thanks.

The CHAPLAIN nods. ANDY and ERROL move towards the door.

CHAPLAIN

Are you sure there isn't someone you'd like me to pray for?

ERROL stops. Turns back.

ERROL

Are you joking?

ANDY

Errol, don't--

ERROL

You're offering prayer up like it's a real thing that might help? Praying is only thinking. It's inaction wrapped in piety. It's literally the least you can do for a person. Praying's never stopped wars, or famine-- or a surgeon nicking an artery.

ANDY

(under his breath)

I'm praying for you to shut up.

The CHAPLAIN nods.

CHAPLAIN

I'm not disagreeing with you, but I find praying's a good way to take stock of the things we're grateful for. Gives us, *the pray-er*, a sense of perspective and can help us process feelings by asking a divine-- "something" greater than ourselves for help.

ANDY

Like Mystic Meg, only not 1 pound 50 a minute.

ERROL

Richard Dawkins says-- "A delusion is something people believe in, despite a total lack of evidence." What do you have to say to that?

CHAPLAIN

That I've never seen the bottom of the ocean but I know it's there.

ERROL

That's because we have scientific evidence, pictures, Jacques Cousteau documentaries.

CHAPLAIN

Listen son, I'm not here to change your mind. I'm only saying-- what's the harm?

ERROL

The harm? Either there's no God and we're all alone and everything is meaningless. Or there is a God and he gives people cancer and only takes it away when they pray hard enough, meaning he's a total prick!

ERROL storms out.

ANDY

Roly, wait!

18

INT. SAM'S ROOM - HOSPITAL

18

TITLE OVER: 12:49pm

ANDY, ERROL, SAM and BRUCE look up as the MISERABLE ORDERLY enters with an empty wheelchair.

MISERABLE ORDERLY

They're ready for you.

SAM

Alright, let's go see the wizard!

ANDY, agitated, stands.

ANDY

Wait. I've got something I--

ANDY pulls out a UKULELE from his bag.

ERROL

But Uncle Andy, you don't play Ukulele. You *hate* them.

ANDY

Welp, this is what they call in
recovery-- rock bottom.

ANDY sits on the edge of SAM's bed and plays *Ship in A Bottle*
a song all about goodbyes. It's folky, sweet, like Israel
K.'s *Somewhere Over the Rainbow* but with funny-sad lyrics.
They listen quietly, lost in their own worlds.

19

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

19

[Ship in a Bottle instrumental continues to play quietly.]

TITLE OVER: 3:18pm

ANDY dashes out to find ERROL pacing, agitated.

ERROL

Give me a cigarette.

ANDY

Roly.

ERROL

Just give me one. I need something
to focus on besides my mum dying.

ANDY

Is that how it is now? You just
following the family tradition?
Gateway drugs and self-harm?

ERROL

Self-harm?

ANDY points at ERROL's wrist.

ANDY

Did it make you feel better?
I won't let you hurt yourself.

ERROL

How bout I hurt you then?

ERROL takes a swing at ANDY and misses.

ANDY

Roly, calm down.

ERROL

Don't tell me to calm down. I'm
always the calm one. When do I get
to lose my shit!?

ERROL swings and connects with ANDY's arm.

ANDY
Ah, shit!

ERROL
Come on. Hit me.

ANDY
I'm not going to hit you, you human
swizzle stick.

ERROL punches him again.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Shit! One more time I swear.

ERROL
Or what?

ANDY
Don't push me today. I'm tender.

ERROL slaps ANDY hard. ANDY takes it in.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I SAID, I WAS TENDER!!!

ANDY launches at ERROL, tackles him to the ground. They grapple messily. It looks like a bear wrestling a snake. They're both shit, but neither's holding back.

ANDY rolls on top and pins ERROL's wrists, pulling the BANDAGE off. ANDY looks at ERROL's wrist. Halts in shock.

20 INT. CLUB HALLWAY - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**) 20

ERROL stands in a skanky hallway with OTHER EMOS lining the walls. An IMPOSING GUY comes out from a beaded curtain.

IMPOSING GUY
You're up.

21 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 21

It's a tattoo parlour. The IMPOSING GUY is a tattooist. ERROL sits awkwardly, hands over a piece of paper.

IMPOSING GUY
You sure about this?

*

ERROL
I'm sure. I can pay cash.

IMPOSING GUY
Fine. Hope she's a keeper.

*

ERROL

--Me too. By the way, that Chinese symbol doesn't mean "beauty" it means "disaster."

ERROL points to a SYMBOL on the wall. IMPOSING GUY stares at ERROL and vengefully switches on the tattoo needle.

22

EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK WITH ANDY AND ERROL

22

On ERROL's wrist is a fresh TATTOO. It says-- **SAM**. ANDY takes in the tattoo. ERROL crawls out from under ANDY, slumps against the wall. ANDY joins him.

ERROL

I should have told her I loved her. I had loads of chances and I blew it. The last thing I said to her was "break a leg." The last word she might ever hear from me is "leg."

ANDY

Well, it's better than "phlegm."

ERROL

And do you know the worst part? I didn't say I loved her, because I was afraid it was bad luck.

ANDY

Bad luck?

ERROL

Yeah, it's exactly the kind of thing you say to someone right before they die. I was afraid if I said it, the gods would laugh at us.

ANDY

Man of science, eh?

ERROL

Yeah. But I didn't say it and now she's dying anyway and what's the point?

ERROL exhales wearily.

ANDY

You know what your mum told me before she went into surgery?

ERROL

It's okay, you don't have to--

ANDY
She said "if anything happens, tell
Roly---- I know."

23 INT. VENDING AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY

23

TITLE OVER: 3:37pm

BEN gets two coffees out of a machine. Hands one to BRUCE.
They both look shaken.

BRUCE
Cheers.

BEN
I like you Bruce. You're a good
guy. You made Sam happy.

BRUCE
--Made?

BEN
Make. You *make* Sam happy. I don't
know why I said that. I just don't
know what I'd do without her. I
mean, Veronica's great. But Sam is--
the mother of my child--

BRUCE
No, yeah, obviously.

BEN
The love of my life.

BRUCE
(forcefully)
--The love of *my* life.

BEN
No, yeah, obviously.

BRUCE's face starts to contort.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh no. Are you about to ugly cry?

BRUCE
No. I'm a bloody rock.

BRUCE ugly cries. BEN doesn't know what to do. He awkwardly
hugs BRUCE, both still with coffees in hand. BRUCE hugs back.

24 INT. CHAPEL - HOSPITAL - DAY

24

TITLE OVER: 3:52pm

ANDY and ERROL sit together post fight.

ANDY

You could have just told me about the tattoo.

ERROL

I wanted something for myself. To take control. Plus, you're shit at keeping secrets.

ANDY

Fair point-- I'm sorry. I know you're having a hard time. I just let my feelings get away from me.

ERROL

It's okay. And if you're not okay, that's okay too.

ANDY

I'm not okay. I'm *really* not okay.

ERROL

--Me neither.

ANDY laughs to himself.

ANDY

It must be the damn apocalypse. Roly fighting, Roly bumming fags, Roly getting tats. You know in a weird way-- I'm proud of you.

ERROL turns to ANDY.

ERROL

I'm proud of you too Uncle Andy.

ANDY

For what?

ERROL looks deep into ANDY's eyes. Then turns without saying anything, clasps his hands and shuts his eyes.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ERROL

(quietly)

--Praying. You know-- just in case.

ANDY closes his eyes too and they pray in silence.

JUNIOR DOCTOR (O.S.)

Sorry, am I interrupting?

ANDY

No-- we were just-- is there news?

JUNIOR DOCTOR

She's in recovery. You can see her soon.

ANDY and ERROL relax. Another PRETTY NURSE walks by.

JUNIOR DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hi Anna.

NURSE

Fuck off, James.

25 INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - DAY

25

ANDY and ERROL walk down the hallway.

ANDY digs in his pocket, takes out a CIGARETTE.

ANDY

Here you go.

ERROL stops.

ANDY (CONT'D)

If you're going to try one I'd rather it was one of mine.

ERROL considers the CIGARETTE.

ERROL

--Maybe another time.

ERROL turns a corner, disappears. ANDY sees-- MELODIE down the hall. ANDY chases after her.

ANDY

Melodie!

MELODIE turns. It's not her, just a look-alike.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. I thought-- never mind.

ANDY runs to catch up with ERROL.

26 INT. SAM'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

26

TITLE OVER: 4:03pm

ANDY and ERROL enter to find SAM, resting in bed, BEN and BRUCE either side. SAM slowly sits up.

ANDY

How are you feeling?

SAM

Like I've been felt up by Edward Scissorhands.

BRUCE

You gave us quite a fright. Mum and Luca said to give you a kiss.

BRUCE kisses SAM on the cheek.

BEN

Well, Mum and Rex said to give you a kiss on *both* cheeks.

BEN kisses SAM on both cheeks.

ERROL

Mum-- I love you.

SAM

I love you too.

BEN

Are you hungry?

SAM

I've been fasting for 18 hours, what do you think?

BRUCE

There's a vending machine. How about your favourite-- Dairy Milk?

SAM

Since when are they my favourite?

ERROL

Maltesers then?

SAM

Not in the mood.

ANDY

Wotsits?

SAM

Only taste good when you're high.

BEN

Crunchie.

SAM

Bingo. Aw, nice flowers. My favourite colour.

They look at Ben's BOUQUET of PURPLE TULIPS. BRUCE seethes.
The MISERABLE ORDERLY comes in.

MISERABLE ORDERLY
No flowers allowed. New regs.

MISERABLE ORDERLY takes the BOUQUET. BRUCE smiles to himself.

SAM
Roly-- what happened to your wrist?

They all look to ERROL's bandaged wrist.

ANDY
(panicking)
He tried cutting himself.

ERROL pulls the bandage off, revealing the TATTOO, waiting
for shit to hit the fan. SAM, BEN and BRUCE are speechless.

BEN
Please tell me that's a stick-on?

BRUCE
You're underage. How'd you even--

ERROL
I made a fake ID.

SAM is welling up.

SAM
You're in so much trouble young
man-- and what was wrong with my
whole name?

ERROL
Are you kidding!? It's right on the
bone. I passed out half way through
and they had to stop-- That's why
it's off-centre.

ANDY
(extremely smug)
Bet that'll drive you crazy the
rest of your life?

ERROL
I'll get it finished when mum gets
the all clear.

BEN
No. No more tattoos. Was this your
idea, Andy?

UNCLE - Series 3, Episode 4

ANDY

I wish I could take credit. The
little scamp did something
irresponsible all by himself.

ERROL

Uncle Andy, you've had tattoos
before. Does this look infected?

ANDY looks down. ERROL's holding the COIN.

ANDY

Ah, shit.

ERROL motions for ANDY to zip it for his vow of silence.

BLACK.