

Fleabag

Series 1.5, Episode 1

Previously on Fleabag

Fleabag's mother died a few years ago, and her godmother is now living with her Dad.

Fleabag's best friend, Boo, accidentally killed herself because her boyfriend slept with someone else.

Fleabag directly addresses the camera because with Boo and her mum gone, she has no one else to talk to.

Fleabag began hooking up with an incredibly attractive man she refers to as "Arsehole Guy" because he likes to do her up the bum.

Arsehole Guy has a large-breasted woman he's in love with, but her large breasts are a turnoff to him, whereas he really loves Fleabag's modest bosom.

The Bank Manager gave Fleabag a second chance to apply for a small business loan which she needs to save her failing guinea pig-themed cafe that she started with Boo.

Fleabag's brother-in-law, Martin, claimed she tried to kiss him, but he actually tried to kiss her--unfortunately, her sister, Claire, seems to believe Martin over Fleabag.

This spec takes place between Series 1 and Series 2 (hence the probably confusing "Series 1.5, Episode 1" title for the episode) but is informed by both.

INT. FLEABAG FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Fleabag is enjoying herself in bed: eyes closed, breathing heavy, smiling, a few "ahhs," "yeahs" and a longish moan as her head tilts sideways, toward the camera. We hear a click. Her eyes stay shut for a few moments. Suddenly Arsehole Guy pops up triumphantly from under the covers. Fleabag opens her eyes and looks at the camera.

FLEABAG
(to the camera)
Trust me. There's a very good
reason for this.

ARSEHOLE GUY
So?

Fleabag pulls out a stopwatch and checks it.

FLEABAG
Four minutes, twenty-two seconds.

ARSEHOLE GUY
Under five! I'm too much. The whole
package... plus way too damn much.

FLEABAG
(to the camera)
Well. A reason. Good might have
been overselling it.

Arsehole Guy checks the stopwatch, jotting down the time in a little notebook from off the side table. Fleabag turns away from him and curls up as if to sleep. Arsehole Guy flips through the pages of the book for a few moments.

ARSEHOLE GUY
Brilliant. Now. Who's ready for a
bum rush?

Fleabag makes a sleepy sound between a snore and a sigh. Arsehole Guy leans over her to check if she's asleep.

ARSEHOLE GUY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Eh. Poor thing. I really am too
much for some.

Arsehole Guy gets up and walks past a mirror. He runs his fingers through his hair, then becomes engrossed in looking at himself. Fleabag opens her eyes, winks at the camera, then goes to sleep.

TITLE: FLEABAG

INT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag chops cucumber for Hilary, puts it in a ramekin and walks over to a table where the only two customers in the cafe sit.

FLEABAG

Can I get you anything else right now?

CUSTOMER ONE

No thanks, dearie. Don't think that veg will sit right with our hot chocolate.

CUSTOMER TWO

Oh, I don't know, maybe--

FLEABAG

Ah, this is for Hilary. She's the boss.

Fleabag spins on her heel and walks away from the customers, who are slightly taken aback by her leaving so quickly. She takes Hilary out of her cage, sits down at a nearby table and feeds her the cucumber.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

The loan came through. Huge help.
Started an Instagram for Hilary.
Medium help. Still some slow spots,
though. More than I'd like.

Fleabag gets up and starts to put Hilary back in her cage. As she does this, the door opens and an older white-haired gentleman, Chatty Joe, walks in.

CHATTY JOE

Oh! I'd heard you'd closed.

FLEABAG

(to the camera)

I know that voice.

Fleabag takes Hilary back out of the cage and turns around.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Is that Joe? Hilary! It's your old friend, Joe!

CHATTY JOE

Look there. Two of my best girls.

INT. CAFE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Boo is sitting at a table with Chatty Joe. She's petting the guinea pig as it sips Earl Grey from a saucer. Boo and Chatty Joe are smiling and talking and drinking tea themselves. The cafe is bustling around them. As a customer walks in, she lightly touches Boo's arm. Boo turns and greets her warmly.

INT. CAFE. PRESENT DAY.

Fleabag walks over to Chatty Joe with Hilary.

FLEABAG

Well. One of your best girls,
anyway.

Chatty Joe reaches out and pets the guinea pig.

CHATTY JOE

Oh. It's good to see you.

FLEABAG

Bet you say that to all the guinea
pigs.

CHATTY JOE

Honestly. I'm sorry I haven't been
'round. I--

The door opens and three tween girls walk in. Customers One and Two leave.

PONYTAIL TWEEN

There she is! Isn't she adorbs?

BACKPACK TWEEN

Oh my god. Can I hold her?

FLEABAG

Yeah. Take a seat and I'll put her
in your lap. She's a cuddler.

The tweens sit at a table and Fleabag deposits Hilary in Backpack Tween's lap. They all coo and giggle at Hilary.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, just need to
get that young man's order over
yonder.

Fleabag walks over to Chatty Joe, who has seated himself at a table in the corner.

CHATTY JOE

Don't mind me. Just a spot of tea
when you get the chance.

The tweens start squealing. Fleabag glances at the camera with a worried look, and rushes over to the tweens in alarm.

PONYTAIL TWEEN

She just started licking my
fingers! So cuuuuuuute!

The tweens are in guinea pig heaven. They alternate between exclaiming over Hilary's cuteness and ordering tons of snacks and drinks.

INT. CAFE. DAY. LATER.

Fleabag walks over to Chatty Joe's table with a pastry, which she places next to his tea.

FLEABAG

On the house. Sorry about the
noise.

CHATTY JOE

Eh, they're young, they can't help
it. Can you join me for a while?

FLEABAG

Sure.

Fleabag sits down. Chatty Joe reaches over and pats her hand. A Tween Boy enters the cafe and joins the other kids. Almost instantly, the kids start yelling again. Fleabag looks at the camera with an eye roll.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Sorry, Joe. One second.

The Tween Boy has snatched Hilary and is holding her too roughly while zig-zagging around the cafe as the others scream and beg him to stop.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Stop that you little punter!

The boy does not stop. The kids continue to scream. Fleabag runs behind the counter, grabs something, runs back and plants herself in front of the Tween Boy to stop his movement. Chatty Joe stands behind him.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Hand me the guinea pig, or she's
going to poo all over you!

TWEEN BOY
Ugh! No!

FLEABAG
Oh yes.
(to camera)
She probably will. Or I will.

The boy hands Hilary to Fleabag. She pulls her close and
cuddles her with one hand under her bottom.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
Oh! Yep. See?

Fleabag opens her hand. It's full of dark pebbly things, and
she shoves her hand right under the kid's nose, making the
pebbly things roll off her hand and bounce against his face
and onto the floor. Chatty Joe steps aside. The Tween Boy
turns and runs out of the shop, screaming unintelligible
tween curse words. The other tweens laugh.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Raisins.

Fleabag pops some raisins into her mouth. The kids make
noises of shock and disgust.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to the kids and Chatty
Joe)
Raisins.

The tweens laugh and begin to pack up. Fleabag cuddles
Hilary.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
(to Hilary, softly)
I've got you.

INT. CAFE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

Boo and Fleabag are closing up shop. The lights are very low.
Boo heads over to Hilary's cage.

BOO
She's gone!

FLEABAG

Impossible, I did her cage up tight.

BOO

She. Is. Gone! Turn the lights back on! You might step on her!

FLEABAG

I might step on her trying to put the lights back on.

BOO

You had better not! Step carefully with your stompy boy boots!

Boo starts crawling on the ground as Fleabag turns the lights on.

FLEABAG

The cage closes from the outside, she couldn't possibly have gotten out. Someone must have taken her.

BOO

I would have noticed. I keep my eyes on her. I protect her. I love her.

FLEABAG

She's just a guinea pig. We can get another one.

BOO

No. She's our guinea pig. She's Hilary. Look for her!

FLEABAG

I am looking.

BOO

You're not moving.

FLEABAG

You told me not to stomp with my boy boots.

BOO

Look for her!

Boo crawls around and Fleabag starts looking, too. Hilary has somehow gotten to one of the windows and is looking out.

BOO (CONT'D)

I see her!

Boo rushes over and picks up Hilary.

FLEABAG

How in the world?

Boo walks up to Fleabag, clutching Hilary to her chest like a baby.

BOO

We have to look out for her. We're all she's got.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

CHATTY JOE

You're taking good care.

FLEABAG

I'm trying.

Fleabag's eyes are open wide and shining. Hilary actually does take a poo. Fleabag and Chatty Joe laugh. And cry, a little. And laugh some more.

INT. POSH BAR. NIGHT.

Fleabag is seated in a small booth, and is three stiff drinks in. A beautiful, Large-Breasted Woman approaches the table. Fleabag looks at the camera excitedly.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

Hi.

FLEABAG

Hello.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

Are you alone?

FLEABAG

Not by choice.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

No one ever is, I suppose.

FLEABAG

Right. But in this case, my very handsome date decided not to show the very first time he suggested we meet up like this. So.

Fleabag raises a glass.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

Mmm. Is that the story you're going with?

FLEABAG

It is. What's your story?

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

Well. Why don't I sit down and tell you all about it?

FLEABAG

(to the camera)

Please!

(to the woman)

Please.

The Large-Breasted Woman slides into the booth right up against Fleabag, who looks at the camera as if she can't believe her luck.

INT. BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Fleabag and the Large-Breasted Woman are going at it enthusiastically under the sheets. Their arms are moving rapidly almost in sync. One shudders and moans which sets the other one shuddering and moaning and eventually they collapse. Sex toys and accessories litter the bed, and there's a storage chest at the foot of the bed holding even more sex toys. A door closes.

FLEABAG

You have a flatmate?

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

No, that's...

ARSEHOLE GUY

And now for the main event!

FLEABAG

What? Wait. Are you two?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Of course. You think you scored a woman like that on your own?

FLEABAG

I. Well. Yeah. Fuck you!

Fleabag picks up a vibrator and throws it at Arsehole Guy, then pulls a sheet around herself and starts looking around.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Where are my clothes?

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

Wait. She didn't know?

(to Fleabag)

You didn't know? We weren't role-playing at the bar?

ARSEHOLE GUY

It was supposed to be a surprise.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

What. The. Fuck?

The Large-Breasted woman picks up some anal beads and whips them at Arsehole Guy.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can't keep doing shit like this!

The Large-Breasted Woman continues to chuck various sex toys and accessories at Arsehole Guy. Fleabag watches, throwing the camera an amused look. Then she joins in.

ARSEHOLE GUY

Jesus fuck, stop it! Why do you even have all these fucking sex toys?

The women stop throwing toys and stare at Arsehole Guy.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

I am so sorry. I thought you knew.

FLEABAG

Not your fault.

LARGE-BREASTED WOMAN

He's a knob. But. I'm not sorry for...

FLEABAG

No. Me either.

The women exchange genuine smiles. Fleabag flashes the camera a smug smile and a flick of an eyebrow. Arsehole Guy walks over to the chest and fishes a toy out.

ARSEHOLE GUY

I'm s-s. I'm sor--. Look. I can make it up to you.

Arsehole Guy holds up a harness fitted with a massive dildo.

FLEABAG

What are you gonna do with that?

ARSEHOLE GUY

Not me.

Arsehole Guy hands the harness/dildo to Fleabag.

FLEABAG

Oh.

(to the camera, lustily)

Oh!

EXT. BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT. DAY.

Fleabag exits the Large-Breasted Woman's apartment looking weak, dazed and hung-over but also giddy. She takes a few steps, looks briefly back over her shoulder at the apartment, and sighs.

FLEABAG

You know the feeling when you've just checked off numbers twenty-five through sixty-nine from your fuck-it list, and you're dehydrated and exhausted and sore but in all the best ways, and you're not sure any other sexual encounter will ever compare, so why even bother?

Fleabag starts walking down the street. She pauses.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Well. Unless you were to fall deeply in love and have one of those mythical meeting of the minds and hearts and bodies where everything just clicks, which... not a prayer of that happening to me, save for divine intervention.

Fleabag checks her phone.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Shit!

Fleabag breaks into a run down the street.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag runs up to the cafe with her keys out and a cigarette in her mouth, which she flings on the ground and stamps out. She sees a note taped to the door. She reads it.

FLEABAG

Stopped by for a chat. Sorry I missed you. Joe.

Fleabag shoots a guilty frown to the camera and crumples the note. As she unlocks the door, the Bank Manager walks up.

BANK MANAGER

I came by earlier to see how our investment is going.

FLEABAG

You didn't invest, you approved my loan. And thanks for that. But.

BANK MANAGER

We invested in the guinea pig community. Thought you were open in the morning?

FLEABAG

We are, usually, I was just-- I had an O&G, ah, thing.

(to camera)

Several things. So many things. Literally all the things.

Fleabag and the Bank Manager enter the cafe. Fleabag goes behind the counter and begins prepping food.

BANK MANAGER

Saw a few people walk up and then away. You should post your hours.

FLEABAG

Probably.

BANK MANAGER

Consistency is key.

FLEABAG

I bet.

BANK MANAGER

The open and closed sign is a good start.

FLEABAG

Thanks?

BANK MANAGER

A sandwich board outside could really--

FLEABAG

I know! Look! I fucked up! I always fuck up! Yes, I should have opened the cafe this morning and I didn't!

BANK MANAGER

Overslept?

FLEABAG

Oh no. I was not sleeping.

BANK MANAGER

Well. You're here now.

FLEABAG

Yes.

BANK MANAGER

Yes.

The bank manager stands off to the side and watches Fleabag slicing things. He clears his throat.

FLEABAG

What?

BANK MANAGER

I'd like to order some lunch, if you don't mind.

FLEABAG

Oh. Right. Sorry. Right. You're right. Lunch. Times. All of it. I'm still just trying to get what to do all sorted out.

BANK MANAGER

Knowing what you're supposed to do is easy. Actually doing it, that's the hard part.

FLEABAG

I'm not sure I'll ever really know
what I'm supposed to do.

BANK MANAGER

Ah, but you do.

FLEABAG

I do?

BANK MANAGER

You're supposed to make me some
lunch!

FLEABAG

I will do. As soon as you tell me
what it is you want.

INT. FLEABAG FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Fleabag is pushing a salad around a plate and staring at
Claire's contact page (photo, phone number) on her phone. A
glass of wine sits nearby.

FLEABAG

It's been forever since we've
spoken. Every day I pull out my
phone and I look at her pretty
little face and her weird hair and
the absence of a smile and I don't
call her.

Fleabag's finger floats over the "call" and "text" icons on
the phone.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Every text I get, I think it's her.
And it never is.

Fleabag puts the phone down and picks up the smallest
possible bite of salad and chews. She chases the salad with
half a glass of wine.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I am offended that she thinks I
could ever, in a million years,
have anything to do with Martin.
She should call me. Why hasn't she
called me?

Fleabag raises another tiny bite of salad to mouth level but she is too disgusted to eat it. She pulls the fork back a bit and looks at it.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

This is the longest we've ever gone
without speaking. The last time--

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. FLASHBACK.

Fleabag and Claire are drinking wine and yelling at each other.

FLEABAG

You cannot be serious about him.
He's vile!

CLAIRE

He's clever. He knows all about
art. Has his own business.

FLEABAG

He's a faux intellectual twat! And
American.

CLAIRE

He's a good father. Caring.
Involved. Concerned.

FLEABAG

He should be concerned, that child
of his is a creepshow.

CLAIRE

I love him!

FLEABAG

The creepy kid?

CLAIRE

No. Martin.

FLEABAG

Ugh! You can't possibly.

CLAIRE

He makes me laugh.

FLEABAG

Okay. I'll give him that. There is
a lot to laugh at when he's around.

CLAIRE

Why can't you just support me?

FLEABAG

Claire. This is me supporting you.
Please. I beg you. Turn him down.

CLAIRE

I can't. It's done. We're engaged.
And if you don't accept him, then
you don't accept me, either.

INT. FLEABAG FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY

The fork is still raised, the tiny bit of salad still
clinging to it.

FLEABAG

I only got a month's silent
treatment for that offense. After
all that I still had to be in her
wedding. Mum insisted.

(a beat)

Claire found a truly hideous dress
for me. Bizarre ruching everywhere,
aggressively low asymmetrical
neckline to show off my small tits
and the skirt cut awkwardly across
my lower calves to make my legs
look shorter and stumpier than I
thought possible. A masterclass in
passive aggression through fashion.
I hated the dress but I was so
proud of her for making me wear it.

Fleabag drops the fork, giving up the pretense she's going to
eat that salad. She lights a cigarette, takes a drag, and
slowly exhales the smoke.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

I miss her. I should call.

(beat)

I should call.

(beat)

I should call.

Fleabag picks the phone back up. She stares at it for a
moment. She puts it back on the table, face down.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Not gonna call.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

It's bright and early and Fleabag is busy tidying the cafe. The phone rings. She walks over to answer it.

FLEABAG

Hilary's Cafe... Joe! Yes, yes, I'm
in today... Of course... Right...
Bye.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag brings a cup of tea and a sandwich to Chatty Joe at one of the outside tables. There are a few customers inside the cafe and a few outside, as well. A man sits down at the table next to Chatty Joe, opens his laptop, and starts typing.

FLEABAG

(to Laptop Man)

Can I get you anything?

LAPTOP MAN

Not at the moment.

FLEABAG

Ah. Right.

(to Chatty Joe)

You're good, then?

CHATTY JOE

Yes. Do you follow football?

FLEABAG

Not even a little bit.

LAPTOP MAN

(to Chatty Joe)

Did you say football?

CHATTY JOE

What?

LAPTOP MAN

I said did you say football?

CHATTY JOE

I don't think I should talk to you.
You haven't bought anything.

LAPTOP MAN

Is that a requirement?

FLEABAG

Sort of. It's more like if you buy something, then you also have to chat with someone you don't know, like Joe here.

LAPTOP MAN

That doesn't make any sense at all.

FLEABAG

I know. I'm kidd--

LAPTOP MAN

Fine. I'll have a bacon sandwich and an Earl Grey.

FLEABAG

Oh you don't have to--

Chatty Joe brings his lunch over and sits down at the table with Laptop Man.

CHATTY JOE

You heard the man. Go on then!

Fleabag looks at the camera, totally confused.

FLEABAG

Weird.

EXT. CAFE. DAY. LATER.

Fleabag comes out with the bacon sandwich and Earl Grey and sets it on Laptop Man's table. The laptop is gone and Chatty Joe and Laptop Man are having a nice talk about football.

LAPTOP MAN

Thank you.

FLEABAG

Back at ya.

CHATTY JOE

There's three more have to order, love, so they can join the chat.

Fleabag turns to the tables Chatty Joe indicated to find a middle-aged couple and a young woman.

FLEABAG

Oh. Hi. You don't really have to--

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
It's fine, dear. Coffee and
something sweet and cinnamon-y.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Same for me.

FLEABAG
Got it. Anything for you, miss?

YOUNG WOMAN
Avocado toast, please. And a
lemonade.

FLEABAG
Perfect.
(to the camera)
What is happening?

Fleabag goes back inside the cafe and the couple and the
Young Woman get up to mingle.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag sits at a table with Chatty Joe. She pours tea for
both of them.

FLEABAG
Strange day.

CHATTY JOE
Aye. Wednesdays usually are.

INT. FLEABAG FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Fleabag is looking at Claire's LinkedIn page on a laptop.
There are a lot of tabs open in her browser.

FLEABAG
Claire doesn't do social media,
except for LinkedIn, because all
her important, powerful, rich and
successful business friends are
there. I don't understand what I'm
looking at, and half of it is in
Finnish, but I keep coming back
anyway.

Fleabag scrolls through Claire's updates.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Yep. Completely incomprehensible,
 but at least I know she's out
 there, doing something wildly
 productive-- and in Finnish, no
 less.

She closes the LinkedIn window to reveal a porn site.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Whoops. How'd that get there?

She closes that tab to reveal Hilary's Instagram page, which
 is mostly close-ups of Hilary but with an odd picture here or
 there featuring Hilary and a customer of the cafe.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 Hilary's got an Instagram, but I
 myself don't do social media.
 Though I have a sneaking suspicion
 I'd be excellent at it-- at least
 until my boobs start drooping.

Fleabag scrolls idly through Hilary's Instagram, then clicks
 over to the "explore" page to see more random Instagram
 images.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)
 I read that people my age sometimes
 fake things for social media so it
 looks like they have better lives
 than they actually do. They put up
 all this scaffolding and build a
 facade over reality so everyone
 looking at their lives from the
 outside thinks they're so happy, so
 confident, so completely together.
 (a beat)
 Can't relate.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag is writing down "Chatty Wednesday" on a sandwich
 board and some hanging chalkboards. The cafe is not open yet.
 Someone tries the door, then knocks.

FLEABAG
 Eager.

Fleabag opens the door to her Dad.

DAD
Thought you'd be open by now.

Fleabag closes the door, raises the shade and flips over the open/closed sign so "open" is facing the outside.

FLEABAG
We in fact are open, right now,
this very minute. Can I get you
something, Dad?

DAD
Wouldn't want to impose.

FLEABAG
You can pay if you really want. No
imposition there.

DAD
A coffee would be grand.

FLEABAG
(to the camera)
This is new.
(to Dad)
Don't think you've ever had
anything here at the cafe.

DAD
No, I suppose I haven't.

Fleabag walks to the food prep area and pours a cup of coffee.

FLEABAG
Still two sugars, light cream?

DAD
I drink it black, darling.

FLEABAG
Since when?

DAD
Oh... a while now.

FLEABAG
Three, four years?

DAD
About.

Fleabag hands the cup to her father. He rustles in his pockets for cash.

FLEABAG

Don't worry about it. We can sit,
if you'd like.

Dad and Fleabag sit at the closest table. Dad sips his coffee apprehensively. He puts the cup down and smiles.

DAD

Why that's quite nice.

FLEABAG

You sound surprised.

DAD

Sorry, darling.

FLEABAG

It's fine. So. What's up? You're
stalling more than usual.

DAD

I have some news.

FLEABAG

(to camera, with dread)

Oh.

(to Dad)

Oh?

DAD

I'm getting married. Again.

FLEABAG

Oh.

DAD

I'm telling you now, so you have
time to get used to the idea.

Dad and Fleabag are both lightly drumming their fingers on the table in almost exactly the same way. They notice at the same time and stop at the same time.

FLEABAG

Aren't you practically married
already? She's been living with you
for years.

DAD

I don't expect you to be
enthusiastic about it, but you do
have to accept it. Well. That's all
then.

FLEABAG
Have you already proposed?

DAD
Well, I...

FLEABAG
Did she propose?

DAD
No, I... that is we... agreed.

FLEABAG
Congratulations, then, on your agreement.

DAD
This is what I want.

FLEABAG
All right, Dad.

Dad drains his coffee cup and stands up.

DAD
All right, then.

Dad leaves. Fleabag looks down and sees money on the table.

FLEABAG
All right, Dad.

EXT. CAFE. DAY. LATER.

The cafe is bustling with customers taking advantage of Chatty Wednesday. Fleabag is much more engaged with her clientele: chatting, joking, laughing. Fleabag spots Chatty Joe sitting quietly away from the action.

FLEABAG
Something wrong, Joe? You're usually in the thick of it.

CHATTY JOE
No. Just being an observer for a while.

Fleabag directs a suspicious look to camera.

FLEABAG
Whatever for? Not feeling particularly chatty today?

CHATTY JOE

No, no. I'm always in a chatty mood.

FLEABAG

Is someone stealing sugar packets again? Is it... Brian?

Fleabag points to Brian who is sitting at a nearby table. He turns out his jacket pockets and puts his hands in the air.

BRIAN

I'm innocent! And diabetic!

Everyone at Brian's table laughs, then they go back to their own conversations. Chatty Joe gets up and pulls Fleabag aside.

CHATTY JOE

Just now. Watching you. It reminded me so much of--

INT. CAFE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Boo flits around the full cafe, chatting, joking and laughing with customers. Fleabag is off to the side, working and watching. Boo pulls her over to talk with Chatty Joe and the others.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

Fleabag and Chatty Joe exchange half-smiles that blossom into full smiles. Chatty Joe wanders over to a table and introduces himself to a man sitting there. Fleabag makes the rounds outside, asking if anyone needs anything. She opens the door to the cafe, looks over her shoulder and winks at the camera, then goes inside. End.