

STUDIO SCRIPT

DRAFT 3v4

# Porshia

by Ed Harris  
a BBC Radio 4 “Friday Play”  
on the theme “Sex For Grown-ups”

Script of the Ear-2-Ear Associates Production  
TX: 9pm Friday 27 Apr 2007

NOTE: THIS DOCUMENT CONTAINS  
MATERIAL OF AN ADULT NATURE

**PORSHIA by ED HARRIS**

**SCENE ONE**

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY**

1. GRAMS: ESTABLISHING MUSIC
2. SFX A WOMEN IN HEELS WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR FLOOR.  
ANOTHER WOMAN PASSES, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS.
3. LIZ: Oh, Porshia! Are they for me?
4. PORSHIA: (POLITE CHUCKLE) Morning, Liz.
5. SFX WALKING
6. JEREMY: Hey-hey-hey, Porshia! You shouldn't have!
7. PORSHIA: I didn't.
8. JEREMY: You're razor sharp today.
9. PORSHIA: (GOOD-NATURED) It's eight-thirty in the morning, Jeremy. Why  
don't you just... file some things. What do you do here anyway?
10. JEREMY: Same as you. Little as possible.
11. PORSHIA: (TAKING THE PISS) Ha ha ha.
12. JEREMY: (MIMICKING) Ha ha ha.
13. SFX: WE'RE NOW IN AN OFFICE AREA
14. EVA: Porshia! Are they for me?
15. PORSHIA: (WEAK LAUGH.) Morning, Eva. Have we got a vase anywhere?

16. EVA: They're using it to collect for Frank. You heard the joke before

25. EVA RETURNS, PUTS VASE DOWN. PORSHIA PUTS FLOWERS IN. SOUND OF MONEY ON DESKTOP
26. EVA: Eight pound sixty two. Stingy of them, still it's a couple of pints. Who're the flowers from?
27. PORSHIA: Question mark.
28. EVA: Oh. Any guesses?
29. PORSHIA: Well... there's this Thomas guy.
30. EVA: Who's Thomas?
31. PORSHIA: He works across the way... he's, erm..
32. **THOMAS V/O:** **Hang on.**
33. EVA: Are you blushing, Porshia? Is he cute? Oh my God, Porshia, you're so blushing!
34. **THOMAS V/O:** **Hang on.**
35. SFX: ALL OTHER SOUND STOPS
36. MUSIC 'CANYONS OF YOUR MIND,' THE BONZO DOG DOO DAA BAND.



45. **THOMAS V/O:**

**- and discover my voice is not my voice. Just as this chest is not my chest, these legs not my legs and this face not my face.**

**PAUSE**

**This is Porshia's body. Porshia Hudson. I'll tell you more about her in a moment. Left to my own devices, I'd have slept it off. Put it down to a virus, or a bad dream, or a bit of cheese, and gone back to sleep. But the body is awake, and in the process of getting up.**

46. **SFX**

**PORSHIA GETS OUT OF BED. BARE FEET ON THE FLOOR, VARIOUS YAWNS ETC. PUTS ON DRESSING GOWN. OPENS BEDROOM DOOR.**

**FADE**

**SCENE THREE**

**INT. PORSHIA'S KITCHEN**

47. SFX

MUSIC: MR. DISCO BY MY FABRIC. SOUNDS OF MAKING  
TEA.

48. **THOMAS V/O:**

**I'm panicking, it's like... It's like in those dreams**

52. **THOMAS V/O:** **Maybe this happens all the time. Like... Alan Bennett wakes up as Kerry Katona one morning. And Kerry wakes up as... I dunno, President Putin or something. Putin wakes up as one of the Krankees... maybe it's just done on an unremarkable, rotational basis. And everyone's too polite to talk about it.**
- Today, Matthew, I'm going to be... having an out of body experience in this girl from work.**
- (SUDDENLY) She's in mine. She's in my body. She must be! She has to wear my pants. What day is it? Sunday. It's wash day. Everything will be dirty.**
53. SFX CAT: HISS
54. PORSHIA: (AFFECTIONATELY) What is it? Beanie-baby, c'mere, c'mere.
55. **THOMAS V/O:** **So she's in my body. With its eczema and its crinkly nipple hair. And my body's just doing its thing, kinda ignoring her; and I'm here, in hers. A swap.**
56. PORSHIA: Beanie? Come back, Beanie... Where you going?
57. SFX DEPARTS THROUGH CAT FLAP
58. **THOMAS V/O:** **Cats can sense things.**

FADE



**SCENE FOUR**

**THOMAS V/O**

59. **THOMAS V/O:**

63. **THOMAS V/O:**

**Make no mistake, the loss is all mine.  
I am shadows that fall on conversations  
The way crows descend on crusts.  
The words don't come out sexy,  
Over a smouldering coffee.  
So I never try.  
Just write you poems I hope to send.  
But hope recedes like hairlines  
Into well-behaved side partings  
And my poems stay in their books,  
Diminutive scriptures of longing, like:  
'I will make a home amid thine eyelashes,  
And love thee incontinently.'  
Make no mistake, the loss is all mine.  
I love you from too afar.  
I write you poems.**

64. **THOMAS V/O:**

**Me, I'm thirty-three. I've worked at my firm now for... six  
years? I push paper. It's quite easy not to notice me.**

POT CUT

**SCENE FIVE**

**INT. PORSHIA'S BATHROOM**

65. SFX

FAINTLY, SOUNDS OF STREET OUTSIDE, A LITTLE RAIN  
BATH RUNNING

66. THOMAS V/O:

**If we're being grownup about this, bath-time can only mean... not having clothes on. I think to myself: I am a gentleman. I will be as innocent as Bambi. I'm my mum. I won't look.**

**But then there's this break of kinda Caravaggio light and I see the minute hairs on her arm light up.**

**I mean, if I believed in God I'd say the human body is proof of His work.**

**You know the first time you see someone undressed ag**

68. **THOMAS V/O:**

**There's a little white scar on her knee. I think, maybe from shaving.**

**Chipped-off nail varnish on her toenails.**

**I love exploring this and that of her, like, like... here, there's a tiny hole on her navel that must've been a piercing.**

**Here's a butterfly tattoo.**

**Here's a mole on her left breast.**

**Soon I forget I was trying to feel awkward about watching.**

**And I'm left there like an idiot thinking,**

**I don't know...**

**Thinking... Wow.**

69. **SFX**

**MUSIC: BROKEN LEVEE BLUESBWVErOEENLEEEUtlNLr. MOMAS V**

**SCENE SIX**

**INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM**

72. **THOMAS V/O:**

**She seems to have a thing for American feel-good films. Shelves full of Pretty Woman, Dirty Dancing, It's a Boy/Girl Thing ... I hope I won't have to sit through these.**

73. **SFX**

**BOOKS BEING MOVED ETC**

74. **THOMAS V/O:**

**Then there's the books... Lonely Planet Guide to Europe, 1997.**

**pJus. it the 26(X)6c35047heish**

**73. ~~THOMAS V/O~~**

FADE



**SCENE EIGHT**





**SCENE TEN**

**INT. OVERGROUND TRAIN**

PORSHIA by Ed Harris



**SCENE TWELVE**

**INT. OFFICE, PORSHIA'S DESK**

120. SFX:

OFFICE NOISES. PHONES ETC. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS  
SCENE ALL INTERMITTENTLY TYPE THROUGHOUT

134. PORSHIA: It's the post, post-haste, the post! Make room! Bung it anywhere, mate.
135. SFX STUFF MOVED ON DESK  
POST PUT DOWN
136. PORSHIA: Are you new?
137. TIM: Yeah, first day panic.  
Anyway, I should, erm...
138. PORSHIA: Course.
139. SFX TIM WALKS AWAY
140. LOUISA: Come on Eva, crack on.
141. EVA: When he's out of earshot.
142. LOUISA: He's out.
143. EVA: (NERVOUSLY) Well. On Friday night. I... I'd had a couple of glasses of wine, anyway, and then I... I had a dream about... There was this palace and...
144. LOUISA: Skip to the end.
145. EVA: And I had sex with Saddam Hussein.
146. SFX SILENCE. NO TYPING.  
PORSHIA AND LOUISA BURST OUT LAUGHING.
147. **THOMAS V/O:** **I will never look at Eva in the same light.**
148. LOUISA: As God said unto the Sodomites, Come again?

149. EVA: It's only a dream.
150. PORSHIA: About shagging a dictator.
151. LOUISA: A dead dictator.
152. EVA: (PAUSE) Well, I just...
153. **THOMAS V/O:** **She blinks a few times and then smiles.**
154. LOUISA: Were you, like, part of his harem?
155. EVA: That's racist.
156. LOUISA: How's that racist, Eva?
157. EVA: He was very nice.
158. PAUSE. PORSHIA AND LOUISA LAUGH. EVA JOINS IN.
159. EVA: In the dream!
160. SFX: PAUSE.
161. LOUISA: Did you know? If they kill you quickly, you piss yourself? You just piss everywhere. (MAKES4661.8(P)4.35041(A)813640917(A)4.35041(K)4

166. **THOMAS V/O:** **Well, it's not as easy as that.**
167. LOUISA: You would've thought if you were crap at it, a bad aim or something, you'd practice.
168. EVA: Practice. Exactly.
169. **THOMAS V/O:** **(AWKWARDLY) You can't always tell.**
170. PORSHIA: (PAUSE) Mmm. But you can't always tell how it's going to come out.
- LAUGHTER DIMS SOMEWHAT
171. LOUISA: (PAUSE) Sorry?
172. PORSHIA: (VERY MALE TYPE WAY OF EXPLAINING SOMETHING) It can come out at all kinds of weird angles. Y'know, line it up as much as you want but, (LITTLE LAUGH) ... especially post-coitus.
173. BEMUSED PAUSE
174. LOUISA: Porshia?
175. **THOMAS V/O:** **Was that me? Did I make her say that?**
176. PORSHIA: (TRYING TO FIX) It doesn't excuse not cleaning up afterwards, ha.
177. IT'S LEFT HANGING. THEY DECIDE TO GET ON WITH THEIR WORK

FADE





186. **THOMAS V/O:** I just kinda stand there for a bit, staring at a crack in the corridor skirting board. Thinking. That's not my answer phone message. Mine's just a straight, ordinary, bog-standard, ordinary human message. Why would she change my message? If only I could see her.
187. LOUISA: You alright, Porshia?
188. **THOMAS V/O:** **My body's been hijacked.**
189. PORSHIA: Yeah, I'm alright.
190. LOUISA: Tell your face about it then.
191. **THOMAS V/O:** Force a smile.  
If I can dial a phone I can force a smile.
192. PORSHIA: How's that?
193. LOUISA: Much better. Come on, let's drink too much caffeine and tease Eva about her dream. You in?
194. PORSHIA: I'm in.

FADE

**SCENE FOURTEEN**

201. **THOMAS V/O:** **Like my mother, I've learnt to control the car from the back seat. In my parents' case, the car was an Audi. In my case, the car is a metaphor. I now believe I can influence anything from Porshia's choice of earrings, to the things she says, to what she spends her money on.**
202. SFX CAT MIAOWS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BEDROOM.
203. PORSHIA: Morning, Beanie-Baby. What's wrong?
204. **THOMAS V/O:** **The idiot cat is staring at the door like the sky's fallen down.**
205. SFX PORSHIA PUTS ON DRESSING GOWN OVER HER SLIP. BAREFOOT ACROSS FLOOR.
206. PORSHIA: What's up, darling? Little cutie-baby. Poor little thing starving to death? Come on then.
207. SFX OPENS DOOR
208. CROSSFADE MUSIC

**SCENE FIFTEEN**

**HALLWAY TO KITCHEN**

209.



226. **THOMAS V/O:**                   **She shrugged. She shrugged as in 'yes' as in 'okay'. I say no. No!**
227.                                       HE STARTS KISSING HER
228. **ETHAN:**                       Cos you look kinda peaky. Maybe just one day off.
229. **THOMAS V/O:**

242. ETHAN: Were you a good girl?
243. **THOMAS V/O:** **Maybe he did get lucky...**
244. PORSHIA: As gold.
245. ETHAN: Anyone sniffing around you while I was...?
246. PORSHIA (THROWAWAY) No, no...
247. **THOMAS V/O:** **He's paranoid. He's got something to be guilty about.**
- 248.



258. PORSHIA:

ICleCyoCtC(o)1.78252o8.

268. HIS JEANS BEING UNFASTENED. HE GETS ON TOP OF HER. SOUND OF POPPERS ON HIS SHIRT AS SHE RIPS IT OPEN.
269. **THOMAS V/O:** **He pounces on Porshia like a grand piano pounces on to an unsuspecting Bugs Bunny. Then, it's all hands; g**

277. WITHDRAWAL. ETHAN MOVES TO WOODEN KITCHEN CHAIR. DRAWS PORSHIA DOWN ASTRIDE HIM.
278. ETHAN: Oh Porshia, Porshia...
279. **THOMAS V/O:** **She really is outstandingly beautiful.**
280. PORSHIA: (QUIETLY) Oh my God...
281. **THOMAS V/O:** **...And here and here, the slightest dappling of light from the window, where it touches her side...**
282. PORSHIA: (SLIGHTLY LOUDER) You're so beautiful.
283. **THOMAS V/O:** **...So utterly beautiful...**
284. PORSHIA [NB]: ...oh, God, Porshia... Oh – Porshia!
285. LONG PAUSE
286. ETHAN: Sorry?
287. **THOMAS V/O:** **What happened?**
- 288.

**SCENE SEVENTEEN**

**NEUTRAL SPACE, NO EFFECTS OR MUSIC**

290. PORSHIA:

CLIMAXES. THOMAS' VOICE-OVER ABOVE:

291. **THOMAS V/O:**

I've heard men's orgasms described as being like fire. Fire inside the genitals and then release.

Not so, personally:

In my own experience an orgasm is like a coarse-haired animal, with garlic skins and bee stings, attached to the end of each and every hair; being propelled out of the genitals at an unearthly speed.

If this is so,

Then Porshia's orgasm is like a goldfish exploding repeatedly over a snare drum, in extreme close-up.

Possibly a mandarin fish, which is larger and more colourful.

I hope this makes this whole experience slightly clearer for you.

292. PORSHIA:

CLIMAX FINISHES. FADE ON PORSHIA BREATHING

**CROSS FADE TO:**



305. **THOMAS V/O:**

**Oh it's all too boring to tell you about. It happens every day over something: Porshia does or says something. Ethan quibbles over some small detail. Porshia placates him.**

**Ethan, de-quibbled, moves on. To hunt for other things to get sticky about.**

FADE

**SCENENINETEEN**

313. PORSHIA: Oh damnation.
314. TIM: Did I do something?
315. PORSHIA: No, it's the erm photocopier. Error 243.
316. **THOMAS V/O:** **I've barely slept and I feel rotten.**
317. SFX TIM STARTS FIXING PHOTOCOPIER
318. PORSHIA: Oh. Thanks. Straight to it.
319. **THOMAS V/O:** **I want my own life back.**
320. TIM: Best thing. Error 243; a fly in the ointment of gentle office folk everywhere.
321. PORSHIA: And I've got a bloody cold. And everything's just shit today.
322. TIM: (PLAYFULLY) Go on.
323. PORSHIA: (COLDLY) No. Just very busy. You just... play with your little photocopier there.
324. TIM: Well. It does seem like the only chance of intelligent conversation.
325. **THOMAS V/O:** **Despite her cold tone, there's these splurts of joy shooting up Porshia's wrists.**
326. PORSHIA: You're the, erm, post boy, aren't you?
327. TIM: Office lackey.
328. SFX DOOR OPENS



329. LOUISA: Porshia, hi – hi. Errr....
330. PORSHIA: What is it, Louisa?
331. TIM: Hi, Louisa.
332. LOUISA: I'm disturbing something, aren't I?
333. PORSHIA: I was photocopying my bum when Tim walked in.
334. LOUISA: (BEAT) Were you?
335. PORSHIA: No, I, erm. It was a joke, Louisa. The photocopier's broken.
336. LOUISA: (FLUSTERED) Oh okay. Are you okay, Porsh, you're looking peaky?
337. PORSHIA: I have a cold.
338. LOUISA: Right. Good. I'll leave you to it.
339. PORSHIA: Bye, Louisa.
340. DOOR CLOSE. PAUSE
341. TIM: You don't look 'peaky'.
342. PORSHIA: Does my self-appointed knight in shining armour have a name?
343. TIM: Tim.
344. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)
345. TIM: What?
346. PORSHIA: It's a good name. Sorry. PAUSE



**SCENE TWENTY**

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET**

355. SFX:

PORSHIA'S HEELS ON PAVEMENT.  
SUBURBAN AREA: DOG BARKS. SEAGULLS CAW. BICYCLE  
PASSES.

356. **THOMAS V/O:**

361. SFX DOORBELL
362. PORSHIA: C'mon, c'mon, girl. Answer the door.
363. SFX WINDOW OPENS
364. MRS NESBITT: He ain't in.
365. **THOMAS V/O:** **Mrs. Nesbitt! My neighbour. Leaning out of her window in a leopard print dressing gown at five-thirty in the afternoon.**
366. PORSHIA: I'm looking for Thomas. Have you –
367. MRS NESBITT: Won't catch him.  
Don't come back till late these days.  
The walls are paper thin. I hear him.  
He sings.  
That's right.  
He's begun singing at night.
368. **THOMAS V/O:** **Mrs. Nesbitt can probably tell from my expression that I'm concerned; and therefore begins to enjoy the conversation.**
369. MRS. NESBITT: Caught him wearing Golas too.
370. **THOMAS V/O:** **What are Golas?**
371. PORSHIA: What are Golas?
372. MRS. NESBITT: Young People's Shoes.
373. PORSHIA: Oh.
374. **THOMAS V/O:** **Oh.**

375. MRS. NESBITT: Oh yes. And gunk in his hair, like he's something to talk about.  
Not as far as I could throw him, my love.

376. **THOMAS V/O:** **What the Hell has she done with me?**

377. MRS. NESBITT: Well! All's well that ends.  
His stuff's in the skip.  
There. Behind you.  
Don't look like that. I didn't do it.  
He's moving.

378.

**SCENE TWENTY-TWO**

**INT. PORSHIA'S KITCHEN**

380. SFX FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
381. ETHAN: Hey, baby, you're home!  
I was thinking maybe after dinner – did you pick up something for dinner, Porshia? – Porshia? What's all the spoons about?
382. SFX MANY SPOONS DROPPED TO COUNTER
383. PORSHIA: You're dumped, Ethan.
384. ETHAN: Sorry?
385. PORSHIA: You're dumped.
386. ETHAN: Why?
387. PORSHIA: You cheated on me, you walk about naked – please put some clothes on - you're overbearing and condescending, and... I could go on.
388. ETHAN: I didn't cheat on you.
389. PORSHIA: Really?
390. PAUSE
391. ETHAN: You don't dump me. That's not what happens. I dump you.



FADE





**SCENE TWENTY-**

**INT. OFFICE**

**FOUR**

405.	LOUISA:	My arse.
406.	EVA:	Louisa!
407.	PORSHIA:	Eva, that's not swearing.
408.		

421. PORSHIA: It was a joke!
422. LOUISA: All I'm saying is it creates a mental image and you, purposefully, planted that particular image in his brain.
423. **THOMAS V/O:** **(CYNICALLY) Really?**
424. PORSHIA: Of my arse?
425. EVA: Porshia!
426. PORSHIA: Oh bugger off, Eva.
427. LOUISA: You're updating. Like with phones. Like with broadband or bloody TVs, you're updating.
428. **THOMAS V/O:** **Say something. Please, I must think of something to say!**
429. SFX PHONE RINGS
430. LOUISA: Bet you any money that'll be him.
431. **THOMAS V/O:** **Man, what if it is?**
- 432.

437.

**SCENE TWENTY-FIVE**

**PORSHIA'S BEDROOM**

451. GRAMS: SOME JAZZ-SWING MUSIC
452. **THOMAS V/O:** **I get dressed in front of the mirror. Ensure everything is 'just so'. Don't ask me why. BEAT I've never got used to the size of Porshia's socks. They still look like finger puppets.**
453. SFX MIAOW
454. PORSHIA: Hello Putty-tat. I'm going home. You'll get your mistress back soon.
455. **THOMAS V/O:** **Is stockings going too far? I want to look fantastic. Of course stockings're going too far, it's not a date, it's... I'm a man! I'm going to get my body back, my life back... I don't know how, but I will. It's not like I'm returning a rented car.**
456. PORSHIA: Hello, Porshia. Lovely to see you.
457. **THOMAS V/O:** **No, not 'lovely'; something hard-nosed...**
458. PORSHIA: Smashing to see you.
- 459.



**SCENE TWENTY-SIX**

**INT. BAR IN HOTEL**

467. SFX

HAPPY CONVERSATION ETC

468. **THOMAS V/O:**

**No sign of her yet. Thirteen minutes late. Maybe something's happened... What if she got run over on the way here?**

469. BAR MAN:

(ARRIVING) Are you being served M\$ 78]TJ0Td ( )Tj -181.2 -17.16 Td [(

482.



495. PORSHIA: Get your hands off.
496. THOMAS: I see you've been eating well.
497. **THOMAS V/O:** **What's she done to my hair? She looks like a children's TV presenter.**
498. PORSHIA: You've been working out.
499. **THOMAS V/O:** **She's grinning ear-to-ear, and using my face to do it.**
500. PORSHIA: I don't like your suit.
501. THOMAS: I do. I've lost weight too.
502. PORSHIA: I can tell. And you've got new hair.
503. THOMAS: It's just gel.
504. PORSHIA: Makes you look like a prick.
505. SFX RUSTLE OF PEANUT BAG.
506. THOMAS: Are you struggling with them?
507. PORSHIA: (SNAPPING) No.
508. THOMAS: Look. I'll do it.
509. SFX STRUGGLE
510. PORSHIA: No. I'm fine.
511. SFX PEANUTS FALL ON FLOOR
512. THOMAS: Now look.

513. PORSHIA: Yes. Look.
514. THOMAS: I'm just here for Beanie.
515. **THOMAS V/O:** **I showed weakness. Remember to be hard-nosed.**
516. PORSHIA: I dumped Ethan.
517. THOMAS: Oh. Fair enough.
518. PORSHIA: I want to swap back. Now. I don't care how you 6u

529. THOMAS: Saskia. My girlfriend. We're gonna get married. She's, erm, she's one of your sister's mates actually. Nice.
530. THOMAS V/O: **At this moment, I go numb. Porshia has achieved in a few weeks, what I couldn't in thirty-three years. A companion. Someone who you can plan with, and sleep in with on Sundays, someone to share with. At this moment, the bottom falls out of my heart. And Saskia? She was like my teenage wet-dream!**
531. THOMAS: You alright, Thomas?
532. PORSHIA: Yeah – I... So... Saskia!... mum must be chuffed. The marriage and everything.
533. THOMAS: Yeah. Seems it.
534. PORSHIA: What do you do? As a job, together?

542. THOMAS: Thomas... you...
543. **THOMAS V/O:** **But she stops again. She downs her wine, and goes, leaving me standing there in my best dress, in stockings, with a peanut somewhere down my top.**
544. SFX MIAOW
545. **THOMAS V/O:** **Beanie-Baby. I can't end it like this.**
546. PORSHIA: Porshia! Wait!
- 547.

**SCENE TWENTY-**  
**SEVEN**

**EXT. HIGH STREET**

551. SFX HEAVY RAIN. CARS. ONE CAR TOOTS LOUDLY, MUSIC FROM INSIDE: MR. DISCO BY MY FABRIC

552. KID: Alwight darling!

553. **THOMAS V/O:** **Piss off.**

554. KID2: Get in, love! It's warm!

555. **THOMAS V/O:** **If they don't piss off...**

556. KID: You can sit on my lap!

557. KID2: She can sit on my face!

558. **THOMAS V/O:** **Go, just go, just leave me alone...**

559. KID: (LAUGHS) Come on, love, we can see you're soaked through!

560. KID2: (LAUGHS)

561. PORSHIA: Bigger off! Seriously. Both of you. I've had a really shitty week, and an especially shitty day, so Piss Off. Piss Off. Piss Off. Piss Off!

562. SFX THEY DRIVE OFF, LAUGHING AND TOOTING.



**SCENE TWENTY-**  
**EIGHT**

**INT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP**

567.

582. TIM: Life-stuff, eh?
583. PORSHIA: A very long story ending with me having to give him my cat.
584. TIM: Oh. That's a shame.
585. **THOMAS V/O:** **Yeah. It is.**
586. PORSHIA: When you were a kid, did you use to think scampi was an actual animal?
587. TIM: It is, isn't it?
588. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)
589. PAUSE
590. TIM: Would you think I was a bit mental if I you saw me slip this fork into my jacket pocket?
591. PORSHIA: No. I'd think you had a very healthy hobby of fork collection.

FADE

**CLOSING CREDITS**

TBA

POST CREDIT SCENE NEXT



**SCENE TWENTY-NINE**

**INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM. MORNING.**

592. SFX ALARM GOES

593. **THOMAS V/O:** **Oh, bugger off, world.**

594. SFX THINGS KNOCKED OFF SIDE, ALARM STOPS.  
PAUSE . SCRATCHING AT BEDROOM DOOR

595. **THOMAS V/O:** **What's that?**

596. SFX FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPEN. MIAOW OF HELLO.

597. PORSHIA: Beanie!

598. **THOMAS V/O:** **Beanie Baby!**

599. SHE PICKS UP CAT, CLIMBS BACK INTO BED STILL  
HOLDING IT

600. PORSHIA: I thought I'd never see you again! [ETC] You've come back to  
daddy!

601. TIM: 'Daddy?' Porshia? Did you say 'come back - to daddy?'

602. PORSHIA **Go back to sleep, Tim.**  
AND **THOMAS V/O**

FADE ON PURRING

**END**