

MICHAEL: Brilliant.

CHAD: What?

MICHAEL: You're bitching with me at Mum's wake.

CHAD: If you didn't hide behind your voicemail, she wouldn't have choked to death on her fucking lunch.

MICHAEL: I was talking to Frank about Paris.

CHAD: Minutes after you finish her shopping, you're living the life of Riley about Paris...

MICHAEL: What do you want from me?

CHAD: Well, let's see. Dad died two years ago. Now Mum. I'm happily married to Tracey. Have two great kids. Got a job. Friends. You know what, I want nothing from you. I don't need nothing from you. That's what I want. Nothing.

MICHAEL: Throwing me away.

CHAD: I threw you away a long time ago, Michael and like a bad penny, you kept coming back. You don't know when to give in.

MICHAEL: I did it for my nephews.

CHAD: Your nephews?

MICHAEL: I'm attempting to break tradition.

CHAD: Tradition?

MICHAEL: Dad's family was broken, our family is broken, I didn't want their family to be broken. Now Mum and Dad are gone, we're all they have.

*PAUSE.*

CHAD: You silly, little, boy. They have Tracey's family. They're not your kids and if they see you again, it'll be too soon.

MICHAEL: They'll grow up not knowing me.

CHAD: Now he gets it.

MICHAEL: Jesus you're a cold bastard.

CHAD: Ta-da!

*PAUSE.*

MICHAEL: Have you blocked out our childhood?

CHAD: What a wonderful short fifteen years that was. I got out of here as soon as I could.

MICHAEL: I saw less of you the older I got.

CHAD: Being left with Gran whenever the urge took her fancy to take a coach to Margate?

MICHAEL: It wasn't all that bad.

CHAD: They were number one parents.

MICHAEL: They did the best they could.

CHAD: You're having a laugh.

MICHAEL: And how are you faring for Father of the Year?

CHAD: I'm there. That's all they need.