

BETTER OFF APART

"Pilot"

Written by

Farook Qais

Discontent with how their lives are going, four childhood friends in their late 30s make drastic choices in attempts to change their lives for the better.

E: farook112@gmail.com

T: +447852786112

BLACK SCREEN (EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT)

Sound of CARS/NIGHTLIFE.

HIGH HEELS walk at a march. REVEAL TANISHA (20s. Zendaya all over). Looks like she's dressed for a night on the town.

She walks a dark alley. KNOCKS on a door.

BLACK SCREEN (INT. FLAT - NIGHT)

Sound of CHAIRS MOVING along a kitchen floor...

INT. FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is grubby and small. A MAN present (40s, equally as grubby).

Tanisha puts her bag on the table. A look; she's not impressed with the digs. She removes her jacket. Begins lifting her dress as she turns to face the table.

The man UNZIPS.

BLACK SCREEN

Sounds of FUCKING, from the man at least.

Sound of the TABLE MOVING.

BREATHING from Tanisha...

MAN

Oh... ohhh...

SATISFIED GRUNTS. He's let it all out. He's finished.

Tanisha pulls down her dress.

The man reaches for her arm, she pulls away.

TANISHA

The money?

He puts £40 on the table.

TANISHA (CONT'D)

Its fifty.

MAN

If you're naked. I barely saw a thing.

TANISHA
You got your fuck.

MAN
And you'd get the extra ten if I
can see your tits.

She takes the money and her jacket. Leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - NIGHT

Typical British pub, across the street from a police station.

SIRENS WAIL.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Not lavish, not stylish, but serves it's purpose.

Multiple screens display sports. It's a homely environment --
while it's quiet.

The owner ROWAN, (white, bit of a hunk, an English Hemsworth
if you squint), is at the bar drying a glass.

THREE GUYS before him; old friends.

CHIRAG (aka CRAB. Indian decent, non-practicing Muslim) sips
on a shot glass, then downs it.

CRAB
I'm off.

BURRRRP.

A pat on the back from BEN (white, average looking).

BEN
You'll be fine.

CRAB
I won't.

He stumbles.

PATRICE (PAT. French decent. Black), stands.

PAT
I'll take you.

CRAB

No.
(Defiant)
I'm fine.

All mid 30s. All worn down by life.

ROWAN

Leave him. He's not drunk. He's --

CRAB

Tired, I'm always fucking tired.

PAT

Fuck off home then.

CRAB

You fucking go to hell. I'm going
to work, not home.

BEN

Piss off both of you.

Pat walks by Crab.

CRAB

Where are you going?

They purposely bump into one another.

PAT

I'm going home.

CRAB

Well go.

Laughter. This is how they banter.

PAT

We're going, the same fucking
direction.

CRAB

Fuck off.

ROWAN

-- Oi! Family pub.

Two others in the pub. Both MALE, 60s.

Pat sticks up a middle finger to Rowan.

CRAB

Yeah, exactly. There's no one
fucking here.

They leave.

Ben sips his beer.

ROWAN

You not off too? Staying as long as
you can eh?

BEN

That, pretty much. I'd rather her
already be asleep before I get in.
Saves me having to deal with the
aggro.

ROWAN

Aggro over her, you or the kid?

BEN

Usually all three. She'll be pissed
at me, then moan about Ryan and
then complain about her day.

ROWAN

Isn't that married life?

BEN

Yeah. It's shit.

ROWAN

I did wonder if you loved her.

BEN

It's not that I don't, it's that
the daily is... exhausting.

ROWAN

Imagine what it's like for her. You
at least get to go to work. She's
stuck at home.

BEN

Get to? *Get to* go to work? To sit
at my desk and maintain
spreadsheets all day -- that's work
mate, it's not a picnic.

ROWAN

All right, but my point is that
it's not a picnic for her either
right? When you have a bad day,
don't you wanna tell her about it?

Ben stares at his bottle.

Tanisha walks in. Sits at a booth under some screens.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

You're there for each other in a
marriage right?

BEN

Supposed to be.

Ben stands and finishes his drink.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll go.

ROWAN

With a smile on your face? Happy to
see your wife?

Ben looks at him as if he too is swearing at him now.

Rowan smiles holding up his hands.

BEN

See ya.

Ben exits.

Rowan sees Tanisha. He gestures in her direction for a drink.
She ignores him, giving attention to her phone.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Crab walks. Looks at his watch. He walks faster, irritated.

INT. ASYLUM, FOYER - NIGHT

A MAN (Security) sits behind a protective screen in a booth
similar to that of a bank.

Crab walks in. Puts his I.D. to the scanner and a door opens.

The man gives a nod.

INT. ASYLUM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darkness. Crab walks through. There's a flickering light at the far end.

A cold and intimidating place.

He turns a corner.

INT. ASYLUM, CENTRAL WARD - NIGHT

Desk and offices to one side, entries to bay rooms on the other; much like a hospital.

MAGGIE (late 20s, brunette, Polish. Thin, but strong), is stood by the desk putting ointment on her arm.

Crab walks by, removing his coat.

CRAB

A burn?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

She winces. Crab returns from hanging up his coat.

CRAB

Can't be from one of our guys then?

MAGGIE

No, it happened at home while I was doing the ironing. Kris and I were in an argument.

CRAB

Didn't burn you on purpose did he?

MAGGIE

No. I was by the ironing board and just didn't realize my arm.

Sceptical look from Crab.

He lifts paperwork from the desk.

CRAB

They didn't take him? 80?

Maggie shakes her head, still in pain.

CRAB (CONT'D)

He was supposed to go yesterday,
then this morning and now he's
still here? He's done too much
damage to this place. How do they
expect us to contain him?

MAGGIE

I don't know Crab, but please. He's
asleep at least.

Crab studies the paperwork.

CRAB

Sedated?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

He slams the papers on the desk and marches past the bay
rooms.

Down the hall, another room, closed. Sealed. He untangles his
keys and unlocks the door.

INT. ASYLUM, 80'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATIENT 80 in his bed. A behemoth. A giant. While Crab is
stocky, Patient 80 is a gorilla in comparison -- much less
hairy.

Crab moves quietly. Checks 80's drip.

SEDATION LEVEL: 80.

Relief on Crab's face. Recognition of irony.

EXT. PAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pat parks up. Street is quiet. Neighbours all asleep.

He walks to the house.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A BABY asleep in her mother's arms on the sofa. ANGELA (30s,
black, a little on the chubby side) her breast bare but the
child's long been uninterested.

Pat hangs his coat.

Angela's stone-faced staring at the TV.

Pat walks by. Reaches for the child.

ANGELA
(Stern)
No. She's fine.

Her expression shoots daggers.

Angela stands, pulling up the strap to her vest. She takes the baby and marches upstairs, almost as if she had stayed downstairs to make a point.

Pat sighs, slouching on the sofa. Reaches for the remote.

PAT
This fucking life.

He switches channels. An old sitcom is on.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - NIGHT

Reflection of police car lights on the pub windows.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Tanisha taps on her phone. She places it on the table, screen still open. She's waiting for something.

Rowan comes over.

ROWAN
People usually buy --

She looks at him as if to say 'I don't care.'

The older gents leave.

OLD GUY 1
Night Rowan.

OLD GUY 2
Goodnight.

ROWAN
(To Tanisha)
I think that's your cue too.

PING goes her phone. An address on screen. She gets up, drops a business card unknowingly as she does. Rowan picks it up, but before he can call after her she's gone.

He goes to the door. A GIRL enters... Not the same girl.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Camila?

CAMILA. (Petite. Curves in the right places. Latin. Only 18 years old -- maybe). Big smile. She's elated to see Rowan.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - CONTINUOUS

Police cars go by. Lights on, no sirens.

Rowan eyeballs the atmosphere. He pulls Camila into the pub.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - CONTINUOUS

Camila stares at him.

CAMILA

Hi.

ROWAN

What are you do --

Camila throws herself in his arms. He reluctantly hugs her.

He locks up one-handed.

She leans in to kiss him.

EXT. FLAT BLOCK - NIGHT

Ben is dropped off by a taxi.

Clean pavements. Bins at each end of the street. A 24-hour reception service in the foyer. High-end, nice place. Ben enters the building.

INT. FLAT BLOCK, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ben exits the elevator. Reaches his flat.

INT. BEN'S FLAT, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Ben walks in. Puts his keys on the hook besides his wife's. Shoes off.

Quaint place. Only source of light is a candle flickering from the living room.

Ben starts toward a bedroom; clearly plastered with cartoon character stickers, but only half way up. He opens the door.

INT. BEN'S FLAT, RYAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

RYAN (5 years old), fast asleep.

Ben closes the door.

EXT. ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - NIGHT

Nightlife.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Rowan pushes Camila off him.

ROWAN
What are you doing here?

A school girl stood before a man.

CAMILA
I wanted to see you. I was looking
for you. You changed your number?

ROWAN
I had to. But --

He reaches to unlock the door.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
You have to go.

She stops him; hands on him.

His chest.

His arms.

Door stays locked. His eyes on her.

INT. BEN'S FLAT, BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben enters quietly.

His WIFE asleep on the bed.

Spacious room. Double bed. Sliding mirrored wardrobes opposite the far side windows.

Ben dresses down. Looks toward the ensuite bathroom.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Camila and Rowan in a full suck-your-face-off kiss. It's frantic. It's passionate.

He's soft in his legs for her, but he's empowered by her.

ROWAN
You can't be here. I lost my
career.

She kisses him again. Their bodies practically entwined.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Stop.

Another kiss.

He puts a hand to her face, pushes her. Their bodies still close.

She smiles.

He smacks her face with fingers, almost gently.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
Stop.

She kisses him.

CAMILA
I'm eighteen now. I'm allowed.

She turns her body half to him, as if giving him permission.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Please?

He SPANKS her, HARD.

AGAIN.

This is her empowerment.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
More?

SPANK again. He can't help it. It's as if spanking is what her bum is made for.

She smiles ear to ear.

He guides her past the bar, to the back and up the stairs.
She practically runs.

INT. ASYLUM, CENTRAL WARD - NIGHT

Crab and Maggie play chess at the desk.

The landline rings. Crab presses the speaker.

CRAB
Chessmaster's Asylum.

MAN
What?...

The line is bad. The MAN is driving.

Confused expressions between Crab and Maggie.

MAN (CONT'D)
I... four...

Crab taps the side of the phone.

MAGGIE
You're such a brute. That's not
going to help.

CRAB
(Toward the phone)
We can't hear you!

MAGGIE
Just shhhh...

Maggie gets closer to the speaker.

She and Crab listen. The line is broken, but:

MAN
Collect... 4AM.

CRAB
You'll be here by 4AM? Hello?

MAN
4AM.

MAGGIE
OK, thank you, see you at 4.

Maggie hangs up. Sighs.

CRAB

Fuck.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Tanisha follows the directions via a map app on her phone.

Arrives at an alley.

A figure lurks in the distance on a doorstep.

It's a WOMAN (40s. Thick).

TANISHA

Er, Jack?

JACKIE

Jackie.

Tanisha looks around. JACKIE eyeballs her.

TANISHA

What do you expect here?

JACKIE

I just wanted to see ya. Maybe do things to ya.

TANISHA

Well, we can discuss that inside.

JACKIE

No. Out here. I got family inside.

TANISHA

It's late. Aren't they asleep?

JACKIE

No.

Jackie's agitated and horny.

TANISHA

I can't do anything out here.

The alley is dark, but the street is unpredictable.

JACKIE

Please? Can I see ya at least?

TANISHA

I don't exactly have a price range for just looking.

JACKIE
Can I feel ya?

TANISHA
Look, you're not going to fuck me
so how much are you going to spend?

Jackie pulls £20 out of her chest. Hands it to her.

JACKIE
That's how much it is for a handjob
right?

Jackie begins feeling Tanisha up.

Tanisha's bum.

Tanisha's thigh.

Jackie UNZIPS herself.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
How about that? You finger me?

TANISHA
Here?

JACKIE
(Nods excitedly)
Right here.

Tanisha goes closer and puts her hand into the front of Jackie's jeans, all the while looking back down the alley.

Jackie gropes her. Her face close to Tanisha's. Her tongue.

TANISHA
Don't. I don't kiss.

Jackie kisses her cheek and her temple. Sniffing her as she does. A look of euphoria.

Tanisha is uneasy giving this type of "handjob."

Jackie cums. Slobbers over Tanisha's neck. She breathes heavily.

JACKIE
(Groans)
Shit that was good.

Tanisha retrieves her hand.

TANISHA
You're welcome.

Satisfaction across Jackie's face. A final grope of Tanisha's bum as she walks away.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, PAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pat enters. His pillow on the floor, clearly a sign that he's not welcome in bed.

BABY CRIES.

Pat picks her out of the cot and cradles her.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pat walks with the baby over his shoulder, patting her back to burp her.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pat lays on the couch, settling the baby on his chest.

Closes his eyes.

INT. BEN'S FLAT, BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben gets into bed. NICOLE (Short blonde hair, 30s) turns to him.

NICOLE
Hey honey.

Ben lifts the duvet and takes a look under the cover. He grabs his phone and activates the torch:

Nicole's wearing a nightie. Ben's not impressed. She sleepily shifts her body closer to him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
What?

BEN
Nothing.

He stretches his arm so that he can absorb her. Her expression disgruntled, she pulls his arm down between them both.

NICOLE

You smell.

She instead holds his hand.

He looks frustrated. Exasperated. Bored.

Nicole falls asleep. Ben tries to do the same.

INT. ASYLUM, 80'S ROOM - NIGHT

Crab enters with Maggie.

She goes to collate 80's belongings.

Crab steps toward the machine and turns down the sedation level.

MAGGIE

Already?

CRAB

We have to. He has to go to the bathroom before we let him leave.

80 stirs almost immediately. Maggie fearful.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, ROWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room's a mess. Duvet's a mess.

Red marks all over Camila's bare arse as she lays motionless. A rough time been had.

Rowan's sat at the edge of the bed.

He sees the card he'd found poking out from his jeans' pocket on the floor. He picks it up. Looks back at Camila, passed out from the pleasure. Grabs his clothes. Exits the room.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Clothes on, Rowan finds his phone at the bar. Looks up the number on the card. Dials.

INT. ASYLUM, 80'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie leaves.

80 rises without her or Crab noticing.

SMASH -- 80 knocks down a tray.

Maggie turns back, but Crab shuts the door.

He turns, facing 80 who towers over him.

80 groans as a wrestling match unfolds. There's struggle between them both. Crab holds his own and tries to focus on 80's pressure points.

80 is too big. Too strong. But Crab's determination is greater. He tackles 80 by the legs. Digging an elbow into his back.

CRAB
(Commanding)
Down! Stay down.

80 groans as his breathing becomes heavier. His adrenaline in decline after his initial wake-up.

Maggie rushes back into the room with syringe in hand -- needle goes into 80.

He fights, arms wavering.

Crab keeps him pinned.

Ease.

Crab lays beside 80 on the floor.

Maggie kneels beside them.

80's eyes are wide open. Creepy.

CRAB (CONT'D)
Tranquilizer?

MAGGIE
Neutralizer.

Crab gets up. A bruise forming on his face. Busted lip.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
That initial wake-up. He always gets so --

CRAB
-- Bull in a China shop. I know.
Now we have to get him on the toilet for fuck's sake.

Crab wipes the drip of blood from his mouth. Not his first rodeo. He and Maggie haul 80 to the ensuite restroom. That in itself is another struggle.

They guide him onto the toilet, upright. 80's eyes searching, but no emotion on his face. No motion from his body. Maggie begins removing his joggers.

MAGGIE
The fun part.

CRAB
Right.

Crab turns on a tap.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - NIGHT

Tanisha KNOCKS on the pub door.

Rowan opens.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

At the door:

TANISHA
You found my card.

ROWAN
Yeah. I was wondering what services you provide.

He steps aside, letting her in.

He closes and locks the door.

TANISHA
You need Pictionary clues or something?

She's comfortable.

ROWAN
I'm just asking. We're just talking.

He goes to sit at a booth.

TANISHA
Look, don't waste my time.

ROWAN

I'm not.

He gestures that she sit.

TANISHA

Can I wash my hands?

Rowan nods, pointing toward the bar.

She walks around and finds the sink.

TANISHA (CONT'D)

It's fifty for a fuck, max thirty minutes. I can do handjobs, no blowjobs, no anal. If the fuck lasts two minutes it's still fifty and if it goes over thirty minutes it's another fifty after that. Hands cost less, but the time constraints still apply. Whole night would cost you one thousand. I'll stroke you as much as you want and you can fuck me as much as you want. I don't do girlfriend treatments, I don't do dates, no oral like I said --

ROWAN

Quite literally in and out huh?

TANISHA

Yeah. Could say that.

She dries her hands and goes to the booth.

ROWAN

No day job?

She sits.

TANISHA

I do this in the day too. It's fast, easy money. No taxes and it allows me to live my life.

ROWAN

You enjoy living as a... service giver?

She stands abruptly.

TANISHA

I don't need to be judged.

He holds his hands up.

ROWAN
Woah, chill.

He gestures for her to sit. She does.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I'm only asking.

TANISHA
I don't have a stable job. Can't get one.

ROWAN
Why not?

TANISHA
I don't qualify for nothing.

ROWAN
Anything.

TANISHA
Nothing.

ROWAN
No I mean you should say the word anything. Don't and nothing are two negatives.

TANISHA
What the fuck are you talking about? You're trying to educate me? You could have cum and I could have left by now.

ROWAN
All right, forget I said anything. Can I get you a drink?

TANISHA
This is taking up my time.

She looks at her phone. No messages or requests.

TANISHA (CONT'D)
I have to go.

ROWAN
No you don't. Your phone didn't ping.

She looks at him quizzically.

TANISHA
What do you want?

EXT. OUTSIDE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The CARRIER VEHICLE arrives.

A MAN exits and makes his way to the building.

INT. ASYLUM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Crab pushes with difficulty; 80 in a wheelchair.

Maggie hurries along behind.

The clock by the guy behind the protective screen reads 4:05AM. He buzzes Crab, 80 and Maggie through.

Crab's fat lip looks worse.

CARRIER MAN
Damn. Does it feel as bad as it looks?

CRAB
It's fine. Just another day at work.

Maggie hands the Carrier Man 80's bag.

CRAB (CONT'D)
Where's your wheelchair?

CARRIER MAN
Don't have one.

Crab looks through the glass doors and sees the van's rear doors open.

CRAB
So where do you expect to put him?

CARRIER MAN
The bed. He can lay on it.

MAGGIE
But now we have to move him from here to the --

80 GROANS. His fingers twitch.

CRAB

We usually do wheelchair for wheelchair. We can't give you this one without having one back.

CARRIER MAN

Right, so lets get him on the bed.

A look from Maggie to Crab.

80 stirs again.

CARRIER MAN (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

MAGGIE

He doesn't lay well. While he's sat he can see what's going on around him so he stays calm. If he's laying fully awake he gets scared and he won't stay on that bed for long.

CARRIER MAN

Well we can sedate him.

CRAB

You don't read your notes do you? He's already been sedated in the past 24 hours. We can't do that to him again.

80 GROANS. Arms tense.

CRAB (CONT'D)

He's waking up. Alright let's get him in the van.

EXT. OUTSIDE ASYLUM - CONTINUOUS

Crab wheels 80 toward the van.

MAGGIE

How are we going to do this?

CARRIER MAN

The bed has straps. We can tie him down.

MAGGIE

That might aggravate him further.

CRAB
We don't really have a choice.

The Carrier Man sets up the ramp for the wheelchair. As he does, 80 rises; GROANS.

Crab wraps both his arms over 80s neck and wrestles him back to his seat.

MAGGIE
It's alright.

CRAB
Calm. 80. Calm.

Carrier Man is scared.

Maggie loosens the straps on the bed in the van.

Crab looks at Carrier Man.

CRAB (CONT'D)
Come on then, help.

The Carrier Man tries to help. It doesn't go well; 80 gets a burst of energy and he wrestles.

Headlock from 80 to Carrier Man.

MAGGIE
It's OK. It's OK.

Crab pulls the arm away.

TZZZZAP. A tazer -- Carrier Man shocks 80 who stumbles.

CRAB
No!

Crab manages to guide 80's fall back to the wheelchair.

Carrier Man breathes heavily.

CRAB (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CARRIER MAN
He's fucking trying to kill me.

CRAB
It was a headlock and we're right here. You arse holes have to be able to take a punch. Tazers aren't good for people!

CARRIER MAN
He's an animal!

CRAB
He's not!

CARRIER MAN
Yeah your face don't exactly say
so.

CRAB
Fuck you.

MAGGIE
He's not an animal. He can't
control his behaviour.

CARRIER MAN
Well he's out now. Let's lift him
to the bed.

CRAB
No. You're better off taking the
chair.

MAGGIE
Crab, we can't. We'll need it.

CRAB
Well that's on this guy. Can you
get the chair back to us? Or send
another one?

CARRIER MAN
I can ask the office, but it'll
take a couple of days.

CRAB
Well ask. If you take him in the
bed and he wakes en route, he will
be disoriented and angry. At least
on the chair he will sit calmly.

CARRIER MAN
Calmly? You sure about that?

MAGGIE
He's right. There will be no one
else in the back with him. So long
as you don't provoke him, he won't
lash out.

Crab puts 80 into a safe position on the wheelchair. Wheels
him onto the back of the van.

Maggie picks the clipboard off the bed. Signs the paperwork.

Crab steps off the van.

CARRIER MAN

Wait. What about when I get there?

CRAB

Read your notes. Don't open the back door without backup... And don't tazer him.

Crab and Maggie walk back into the building. The Carrier Man slams the van doors shut.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, MAIN PUB - NIGHT

Tanisha's sat beside Rowan. Her arm moves at a steady pace; wrist action.

Rowan's jeans half way down his thighs. He seems relaxed.

TANISHA

Are you gonna cum?

ROWAN

Eventually.

She's monotone in every aspect. She takes no joy from her "job."

ROWAN (CONT'D)

I take it there aren't many clients in your line of work during the day?

TANISHA

No. But I'm more of a night owl anyway.

Rowan nods, suspecting there's more to her.

ROWAN

Would you want to work an actual job overnight?

TANISHA

Gonna give me that grand are ya?

ROWAN

No. But you could work here. I've been wanting to keep the place open.

Rowan's eyebrows signal toward the TV screens.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

So we can show late night sports.

Tanisha keeps stroking his cock as she looks around. Hand busy. Mind elsewhere.

TANISHA

Sports bar right?

ROWAN

Yeah. American sports happen really late for UK punters and I haven't been able to show them. If you work at the bar this could be your proverbial nine to five.

TANISHA

You'll be here too?

ROWAN

Well yeah, I own the place.

She thinks. Handjob still in motion.

TANISHA

(Shudders)

Taxes.

ROWAN

Well it's night work, so I can offer eighteen quid an hour. My only condition would be that you don't do your side-job here or anywhere near here. It's your business if you do it in the day, but otherwise you appreciate your steady income.

Tanisha stops stroking.

TANISHA

Why are you bothered... about me?

ROWAN

Well if your personality is half as nice as your stroke then maybe we'll be friends. Plus I like to know my employees are OK.

Tanisha smiles. Rowan cums.

Tanisha looks surprised. Grabs a napkin from the table and wipes his cock and her hands.

She moves, sliding herself over his lap to stand at the end of the booth.

Rowan straightens up. Puts £20 on the table.

TANISHA

Keep it. Put it on my bar tab.

She goes behind the bar. Washes her hands.

ROWAN

That mean you'll take the job?
You'll need training.

Tanisha grabs her bag and heads for the exit.

Rowan follows, unlocks the door, lets her out. She doesn't stop her stride.

TANISHA

I'll think about it.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROWAN'S KNEES PUB - CONTINUOUS

A smile on Tanisha's face; first time tonight, probably the first time in a while.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, PAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pat puts the baby down into it's bassinet.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pat's at the fridge. An old photo of himself under a magnet. He's much younger in the pic: memories of happiness.

He opens the fridge door. No leftovers. Barely anything to eat at all.

He closes the fridge.

INT. BEN'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The fridge door opens. Ben.

He looks inside and finds plenty of food. And a NOTE: instructions to make lunch for Ryan.

He sighs. Frustrated. He slams the door shut.

INT. ROWAN'S KNEES, ROWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rowan removes his clothes. Gets into bed.

Camila latches onto him like a human magnet. She's comfortable and happy. He's awkward and discontent. He tries to relax.

CAMILA
You're a pub guy?

ROWAN
Owner. Bought it with savings.

CAMILA
Nice. I'm sorry my parents --

ROWAN
It was expected. I, I didn't mean
to hurt anybody.

Camila looks up at him reassuringly.

CAMILA
You didn't. They were the ones that
broke us up.

ROWAN
As did society.

Camila lays her head to rest.

CAMILA
Well there's nothing they can do
about it now.

Her eyes drift.

Rowan's expression indifferent.

EXT. OUTSIDE ASYLUM - DAY

EMPLOYEES enter the building for their shifts.

INT. ASYLUM, CENTRAL WARD - DAY

Lots of employees hover around the desk.

PATIENTS begin to wake and start their day. Some being given breakfast, others being hand-fed.

Some patients are monitored while taking their morning medication.

Crab is at the desk holding an ice cube to his lip.

MAGGIE

You OK?

She's changed her clothes and looks ready to go home.

Crab nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Not leaving?

Crab grabs a cup of water, sips it and then spits slightly bloodied water into the nearby bin.

CRAB

On a double. It's fine. I'll man the desk most of the day.

MAGGIE

There's no 80 at least. No more wrestling.

Crab nods.

CRAB

How's your arm?

MAGGIE

It'll get there.

Maggie's phone RINGS.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Kris's outside. I have to go.

Crab winks. Maggie leaves.

Crab looks at his phone. His wallpaper; his two children.

END OF EPISODE