

Production Number #0001

The Cambridge Four

Episode One - 'A Random Stranger In A Bar'

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1 **EXT. THE PUB - NIGHT**

1

A small rural town pub that sits in the centre of a small rural town. A place where everyone knows everyone and everything about each other's lives.

2 **INT. THE PUB - NIGHT**

2

'You Were Right About Everything' by Erin McKeown, plays over as we slowly push in on SPENCER, mid 30's to early 40's, thick chocolate brown hair, the type of hair that anyone would love to ruffle their fingers through.

He's sat at the bar, which is not too busy, but is doing alright for business. He's got three empty pints of beer lined up in front of him.

The waitress, BEATRICE, early 20's, stuck in a nine-five job, walks over to him.

BEATRICE

The Mrs done you in?

SPENCER

Something like that.

BEATRICE

Well any chance you could liven up, you're making it bad for business having a face like a slapped arse.

SPENCER

I'm still waiting on my food Bea.

(mocks)

So if you could bring that up, that'd be grand.

(beat)

And I'll have another.

BEATRICE sighs and walks off and pulls him another pint.

There's a group of gentlemen stood around a table, laughing, cheering, obviously pissed off their heads.

BEATRICE hits down a plate of fish and chips in front of SPENCER.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Some ketchup would be nice.

BEATRICE throws an assortment of ketchup sachets in front of him and goes off to serve someone waiting at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER takes one of the sachets and gives them a shake, tears it open with his teeth and sprays it over his fish and chips.

The group of gentlemen roar in laughter and SPENCER takes his empty sachet and just lobs it at one of the fellas, who turns round. THIS IS GREG, late 20's, blonde thrilly hair, blue eyes and a jaw-line to kill for.

GREG

Do you mind?

SPENCER

Do you mind... shutting. The.
Fuck. Up.

BEATRICE gives him a look, she knows what's coming.

GREG walks over to SPENCER.

GREG

Do you mind, minding your own
business?

SPENCER

It's rather hard to mind my own
business, when I can hardly hear
myself think.

BEATRICE comes walking over.

BEATRICE

Alright Spence, I think you've had
enough.

SPENCER

Still eating my dinner...

BEATRICE

(curt)

You can take it to go.

SPENCER takes his knife and fork and starts cutting up his fish.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I'll phone the Mrs, she can come
and pick you up.

SPENCER

(Mouth full)

And she can fuck off too.

(CONTINUED)

BEATRICE looks around, there's some guests starting to be uncomfortable.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Wants to try therapy? She tell you that Bea? I thought she told you everything?

GREG puts his arm on SPENCER.

GREG

Come on mate, it's late.

SPENCER

Don't come on me mate!

SPENCER gets up and gets right in GREG's face.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Alright Oliver Cromwell, calm down. Who the fuck do you think you are? In your posh suits and dickish mates...

BEATRICE

Okay, I'm kicking you out. You've had enough and your wife's not picking up.

(She turns to Greg)

Would you mind giving him a lift? He's just down the road, I'd let him walk, but he'd probably fall in the road and die and I'll get the blame.

GREGG looks over at his mates, still roaring with laughter, no-one's noticed he's no longer with them. He looks back at SPENCER, who's putting his fish and chips in a takeaway polystyrene box.

GREG

Fine..

BEATRICE

Next drinks are on the house.

GREG

Make it a meal too, if I'm giving this dick a lift.

SPENCER

Who you calling a dick? You dick?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Well this dick, is giving you a
lift home, so...

SPENCER

Trish, just phone the wife! Oliver
Cromwell here can fuck off.

BEATRICE

The wife isn't answering, so, it's
Oliver Cromwell, or nothing.

SPENCER lets out a loud sigh.

SPENCER

Fine!

GREG and SPENCER walk the car park, SPENCER weaving from left
to right. He's belting out a song at the top of his lungs.
'I'm Your Man' by Wham.

GREG leads the way, then feels something hit him on the back
of the head. He moans and turns round, SPENCER is throwing
chips at him.

GREG

What is your problem?

SPENCER

You! I mean, who picks up a random
stranger in a bar and takes them
home?

GREG

It's how my Fridays usually end!

SPENCER

Wanna see a magic trick?

GREG sighs.

GREG

If it's you pissing off, that'd be
great!

SPENCER

Don't be mean to me now!

GREG

Says the one who's called me a dick
several times this evening.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER runs ahead of GREG and stops just by a parked car. He waves GREG over.

SPENCER

Come, come, come.

GREG gives a heavy sigh, cannot be bothered with this.

GREG

What?

SPENCER hands GREG his jacket, and takeaway box.

SPENCER

Hold this.

GREG reluctantly does so as SPENCER rubs his hands on his jeans, and does a couple of little runs up and down. He points to the RANGE ROVER in front of him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

See that? I'm gonna jump over it.

GREG

You're gonna jump over the car?

SPENCER

Yeah, it's the long legs and my third leg that make it possible.

GREG just clenches his jaw.

GREG

Listen... I don't even know your name.

SPENCER

Spencer.

GREG

Well... Spencer, I'm not entirely sure you can jump over a range rover.

SPENCER

Would you tell Thiago Braz da Silva not to jump over that pole?

GREG just looks at him, no idea.

SPENCER sighs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

He's an Olympic Pole Vaulter.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Oh, sorry, my knowledge of Pole
Vaulters is limited.

SPENCER goes for a run...

GREG (CONT'D)

(looking around)

Who's car even is this?

SPENCER

Fuck knows.

(he breaths in and out)

You ready Oliver Cromwell?

GREG

My name's Greg, and no.

SPENCER

I don't like Greg. It's an awful
name, mother high or something when
she named you? Gregg, who the
fuck's called Greg these days.

GREG

Greg Wallace.

SPENCER

Oh that bald prick?

SPENCER goes to run up to the car, but then turns and runs
the other way.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

See Ya!

GREG runs after him.

And catches up him a few yards down the way.

GREG

My car is back there!

SPENCER

Tough! We. Are. WALKING!

GREG

Do you even know where you live?

SPENCER points in one direction.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

That way.

Then points to the opposite

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Or that way!

GREG

Oh Jesus!

SPENCER

Don't worry Oliver Cromwell, we'll
get you back to your little gang
eventually.

GREG

Yeah, and who are they?

SPENCER

The posh pricks in the pub.

GREG

Oh, something we can agree on.

SPENCER begins walking. GREG walks beside him next to the
road.

SPENCER

So why don't you like them? The
posh dicks?

GREG

Why don't you like Greg Wallace?

SPENCER

He looks like an egg! I just
wanna take a spoon and tap his head
and dunk some bread in there.

GREG laughs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh so he does have a sense of
humour!

GREG

I don't tend to laugh at people who
throw sachets of sauce at me.

SPENCER

(Remembers the chips)
Gimme the chips!

(CONTINUED)

GREG hands him the takeout box and SPENCER opens it and starts eating the chips. Moaning in pleasure.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Fuck there are good chips!

He shoves them at GREG.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Have a chip.

GREG takes one and eats it.

GREG
It's stone cold.

SPENCER
The best type of chips!

GREG
Oh, next you'll be telling me you eat cold pizza.

SPENCER
What's wrong with cold pizza?

GREG
What's right with it?

SPENCER
You should've just let me walk home alone!

GREG
Like Beatrice said, you'd die and she'd get the blame. Can't be having that.

They walk the main road for a few moments.

SPENCER
(maybe too loud)
SO! The posh pricks, why don't you like them?

They walk a little, SPENCER, egging GREG on for an answer.

GREG
Tonight's my leaving doo. Well it was, then some dick started throwing things at me.

SPENCER
And you left them to guide me home?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

They're not exactly the most welcoming bunch. Spent more time focusing on Beatrice, so I figured I'd do something useful.

SPENCER

Trish can handle herself, she's got that baseball bat behind the counter if needs be.

GREG

So what's got you all riled up this evening?

SPENCER

Women! Can't fucking stand them. You got a woman, Oliver Cromwell?
(gasps)
Please let her be called Elizabeth!

GREG

You never gonna call me my actual name?

SPENCER shakes his head. GREG sighs.

GREG (CONT'D)

Not exactly into women.

SPENCER lets out a loud audible gasp.

SPENCER

YOU'RE A POFTER!

GREG shoots him a look.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. Can't call you that anymore! Um... cock... no... bum... fag...
GAY! You're gay!
(stops and does a twirl)
See anything you like?

The twirl almost makes him fall in the road, GREG grabs his arm and pulls him back onto the path.

Just for a second, they're close to one another, faces almost touching.

SPENCER lets out the loudest burp and starts to walk ahead.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Sorry about that!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

It's no worries...

SPENCER

I ain't fussed by it. Gay people and all that. Love 'em. Well I don't love 'em, love 'em. I got my misses!

GREG

Hmm. So shouldn't she be taking you home?

SPENCER

She's probably with her new friend bitching about me. It's all she ever does!

GREG

And people wonder why I don't do chicks.

SPENCER

You'd be happy doing this chick! Fucking gorgeous!

GREG

So, that why she left you at the pub? You're selling her out to any man that wants a quick shag?

SPENCER

She thinks I'm distant!

GREG

And are you?

SPENCER

Oh so now you're Doctor Phil?

GREG

Just because I'm gay, doesn't mean I don't know what it's like to be in a troubled relationship.

SPENCER

I only took this new job for her. Nine to Five like I'm some straight Dolly Parton. It'll make us see each other more, she said. Make us more of a married couple.

(He pauses, shows GREG his wedding ring)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Six months after our first date we went to that registry office in Bridgend, picked two strangers off the beach and got married. Neither of us are close with family, so it's no big deal. I used to be a lawyer, late nights, early starts, the works. She's into banking or some corporate shite, I don't know. Then two years into the marriage, she's all 'I hardly ever see you.' So we pack up all our things, move the middle of fuck no's where and I get a job as a teacher, she's still traipsing back and forth to London every other week. Fine for her to be late every night, isn't it? I complained and now she wants couple's counselling!

GREG just stares at him, taken aback by the abruptness of SPENCER's rant.

GREG

And that's why you threw a sachet of ketchup at me?

SPENCER

That and your dickish mates! What do you do?

GREG

I'm in Public Relations.

SPENCER groans.

SPENCER

FUCK. MY. LIFE! So you're a boring one and all?

GREG

P.R. can have it's fun.

SPENCER

Oh how was work, T'was fun! Said no one ever!

GREG

Don't enjoy your work then?

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

I left a hundred-thousand pound per annum salary to become a thirty-two thousand pound a year, English teacher, all to appease my wife, who's done fuck all to appease me. How do you think I'm enjoying it?

GREG

T'wasn't fun then?

SPENCER laughs and GREG gives him a smile.

SPENCER

Who knew Oliver Cromwell had such a funny bone! There's me just thinking he only had nine kids!

GREG

NINE KIDS!

SPENCER

YEAH, and my Mrs. won't even have one.

GREG looks around the street, looking at all the houses.

GREGG

So what one's yours?

SPENCER points to the one at the end of the road.

GREG looks around and sees a nice two story house in the distance with a car in the driveway.

GREG

Well can I leave you to get back on your own from here?

SPENCER

Yes!

SPENCER GIVES GREG A HUG but GREG just stands there, awkwardly.

SPENCER lets go and starts walking home. He turns back.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Thank You Oliver Cromwell!

SPENCER gives a sweeping bow.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Your Highness.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Hopefully I'll never see you again!

SPENCER

You don't mean that!

GREG gives him a smile and SPENCER turns and walks off.

And as we see SPENCER waddle home, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5 **INT. THE PUB - EVENING**

5

WILLOW, mid 30s with hair straightened within an inch of its life. A wine glass sat in front of her already half empty as her hand rests against it. She looks as if she is being held hostage.

WILLOW

Darling, why are we here again?

She doesn't bother to look at whomever she just called 'darling'. They don't seem to care either.

SPENCER

They do the best fish and chips!

We see SPENCER, sat next to her. It's earlier that night.

WILLOW rolls her eyes glancing at her phone almost praying for someone to give her a way out of this hell.

WILLOW

But, must we do it every week.
Don't you ever want a change. I saw
Gordon Ramsey opened a new
restaurant in the town over. Why
don't we go there next week?

SPENCER

Do they do fish and chips?

WILLOW sighs downing the rest of her glass of wine in one go. Placing the glass back down on the table with force.

WILLOW

I'm going to head home. I've had
such a busy day and I need to get
these heels off.

SPENCER is unfazed by her admission. It is as if he wants her to leave and she clearly doesn't want to stay. She goes to kiss him goodbye but stops herself. Throwing her bag over her shoulder she waves at Beatrice as she leaves.

6 **EXT. THE PUB - NIGHT.**

6

WILLOW goes into her notes app and finds the address of a local therapists office. She sighs walking towards the car sitting in the driver's seat she plugs in the address.

She takes the cap off reapplying her lipstick. Again she checks herself out smiling as she also fixes her dress.

She doesn't want to do this. But it feels like more fun than spending another night with her husband.

She talks to herself, as she walks over the road.
Desperately trying to convince herself this is a good idea.

A young woman no older than mid 20s, ABIGAIL stands outside the therapist's office door on the phone.

If I get murdered, I'm going to
fucking kill you!

ABIGAIL throws her phone in her bag and passes the therapist's office door. Noticing WILLOW, who doesn't want to go inside.

Save yourself the money and just dump him!

(CONTINUED)

6C

I'm sorry? WILLOW

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL rolls her eyes. She knows the exact type of woman WILLOW was. A stuck up rich bitch, who clearly cared more about how she looked on the outside then her actual happiness.

ABIGAIL

Don't act like you didn't hear me.
We're the only people on this dodgy
fucking street. They will bleed you
and your bank account dry to the
point where you could have bought a
baker's dozen worth of Birkin bags.
So, just turn around, get back in
your car and tell him he's shit in
bed and your nightmare is over!

WILLOW hold the straps of her bags tightly feeling slightly threatened by ABIGAIL.

WILLOW

Divorce costs a lot more than a ...

ABIGAIL

Baker's dozen worth of Birkins.

WILLOW

Yes, well we won't get to that
point.

WILLOW walks past ABIGAIL her hand on the door. ABIGAIL just crosses her hands over her chest, standing basked in the light of the lamp post next to her watching WILLOW.

ABIGAIL

You gonna open the door?

WILLOW takes a deep breath. She has not had someone talk to her in this way in a long time. Taking her hand off the door handle she turns around to look at ABIGAIL.

WILLOW

Do you not have somewhere else to
be?

ABIGAIL

I can multitask. It's not a good
idea to plan a murder out loud.

WILLOW rolls her eyes. She wants to hate her but she can't help but recognise a part of herself in ABIGAIL.

WILLOW

I assume you mean your own and not
mine.

*

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL laughs, finally the walls are coming down.

ABIGAIL

Haven't decided yet ... How
distraught would your husband be?

WILLOW turns away from the Therapist's office. It seems she
will just call them on the train into work. She's too far
intrigued by ABIGAIL. She shrugs.

*
*

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

That bad. God.

WILLOW

Life gets in the way. You'll
understand someday.

ABIGAIL

What if I already do?

WILLOW

You may think you do because you
can come up with a quick one liner
but it only gets you so far.

ABIGAIL watches WILLOW in shock turning around on her heels
to face WILLOW as she retreats back to her car.

ABIGAIL

Now that is too weighted to not
have truth behind it.

WILLOW rolls her eyes at ABIGAIL leaning against her car as
ABIGAIL walks towards her, her arms still firmly crossed.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Don't tell me... I'll find out
someday because you are some smart
rich bitch who spends every summer
at some wellness retreat in Bali
who knows and I should take
everything you say seriously
because if I don't I am going to
end up in Hell. Honey I'm not
afraid. Satan has my plot ready
and it is as nice as the secluded
tree house you stay in and post
half a dozen photos in to show how
great your life is on Instagram.
Wake up. You aren't happy and if a
sexy young woman like me can see it
then fuck me how fake is your life
that no one has ever told you!

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW opens the door of her car and smiles at her.

WILLOW

Get in!

ABIGAIL smiles back and uncrosses her arms as she walks over to the car.

ABIGAIL

Where are we going?

The pair get into the car shutting the doors at the same time. They both look at each other.

WILLOW

To my house.

ABIGAIL

Buy me a drink first.

ABIGAIL winks at WILLOW as she laughs at her starting the car.

It is a charming house that is cluttered with different things.

There is a clash of personalities very clearly in the decor.

The larger items and decorations have a woman's touch but are littered with books and essay papers making it look even worse than it should.

WILLOW is in the kitchen as ABIGAIL takes the opportunity to snoop around the house.

She finds a typewriter in the corner of the room. Intrigued, she presses a few of the keys and they do move.

ABIGAIL

This yours?

WILLOW

The husband's.

WILLOW hands her a glass of white wine as ABIGAIL grimaces but still accepts it. The pair both take a sip.

ABIGAIL

By the tone of your voice you don't like it.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW shrugs sitting down on her sofa.

WILLOW

It was that or a signed football
shirt on the wall.

ABIGAIL nods understanding her choice completely.

ABIGAIL

Where is that now?

ABIGAIL takes a seat on the opposite side of the sofa sipping
her wine as WILLOW sighs.

WILLOW

If it was up to me it would have
been on the barbecue the minute it
stepped through the threshold of
this house.

There's a pause.

ABIGAIL

Why are you still with him?

WILLOW shrugs, and places her wine glass down on the coffee
table in front of the pair of them and more towards ABIGAIL.

*
*

WILLOW

The comfort of knowing when I come
home from work he's there... I
always have a plus one for events I
don't want to be at.

ABIGAIL puts her glass of wine down also touching her hand.

ABIGAIL

Did you know there is this
wonderful device called a vibrator.

WILLOW laughs.

WILLOW

Of course.

ABIGAIL

Then why have you not traded your
husband in for one. No emotional
anguish, no annoying in laws, no
man cave shit ruining the aesthetic
of your thirty page spread in
architectural digest home and all
you gotta do is change the
batteries occasionally.

*

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW picks her glass of wine back up, taking a sip as she holds it happily in her hands as if she was protecting it. ABIGAIL rises from the sofa.

WILLOW

If only I realised that five years ago.

WILLOW glances at her wedding ring admiring it. While ABIGAIL takes it as an opportunity to snoop further around WILLOW's house.

ABIGAIL notices a box half opened on a table. She picks it up and notices a shirt inside. She picks the shirt up carefully, admiring it mostly to see what designer label WILLOW's husband wore.

ABIGAIL

Burberry!

WILLOW glances over at ABIGAIL who is still holding the shirt. She would have tried to pretend it fell out the box but she was caught red handed. *

WILLOW

I thought a new shirt might make him feel better.

WILLOW sighs downing the last of her glass. While ABIGAIL still admires the shirt.

ABIGAIL acts out the giving of the shirt as if she knew all too well what it felt like to be the receiving end of that conversation.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Then I thought I'd try going to therapy. *

ABIGAIL nods feeling threatened by the speed to which WILLOW has drunk her wine she too speeds up. Despite her distaste for the stuff. *

ABIGAIL

Right, I don't seem to recall you booking that appointment. You instead picked up a gorgeous woman standing outside.

WILLOW picks up the bottle of white wine refilling her glass as she offers a refill to ABIGAIL who refuses placing the glass on the side.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL instead decides to put her hands through the sleeves of the shirt.

*
*

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

He's quite small isn't he. God are you sure you aren't married to a child.

WILLOW

I wonder everyday.

ABIGAIL laughs as she prances around in the shirt. It fits her like a mini dress but WILLOW seems unfazed that a stranger is in her home trying on clothes that aren't hers.

ABIGAIL

If I were you, I would return this and get myself something nice. Ohh like a pair of louboutins or two you deserve after how long you have been with this man child.

WILLOW laughs as ABIGAIL pretends she is on the runway in the shirt, showing it off to WILLOW.

WILLOW rises from the sofa and heads over to a vinyl player sat in the corner of the room she scans through the vinyl and scoffs in annoyance.

*

WILLOW

The Beatles, Fleetwood Mac, The Strokes, Arcade fire, The Cranberries ...

ABIGAIL

You've got quite the collection.

WILLOW glances at ABIGAIL.

WILLOW

Do I look like I listen to any of those bands?

ABIGAIL thinks for a moment pretending she didn't know the answer. But she knows from the distaste in WILLOW's voice they were clearly her husband's.

ABIGAIL

No ...

WILLOW

Correct. But I won't tell him that.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

You've been with him five years if he hasn't realised you don't like any of those bands. Then he must be stupid.

WILLOW

I'm a good liar.

ABIGAIL

Fuck me! Is he that dumb.

WILLOW laughs downing another glass of wine as she goes to pour herself another ABIGAIL stops her taking the bottle away.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Wow, darling slow down. I don't need you blacking out on me. I don't personally want to spend tomorrow explaining to the police how I ended up in your house in your husband's clothes with you fucked out your brain.

WILLOW

I wish I was fucked out my brain.

ABIGAIL places the bottle of wine back down on the table biting her lip to stop herself from saying what she wants to say. *

ABIGAIL

Me too.

WILLOW glances at ABIGAIL before she throws herself on the sofa. A new side to WILLOW emerges and she is less stuck up.

WILLOW

You've berated my relationship enough it's only fair I know what your love life is like.

ABIGAIL thinks for a moment about what she is going to say as she sits down in the same seat she had sat in earlier.

ABIGAIL

Transactional.

WILLOW sighs as ABIGAIL spreads out on the sofa almost, as if she is becoming the role she imagines WILLOW's husband to take on this sofa. *

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

Of course it is.

WILLOW goes to pick up the bottle of the wine again but ABIGAIL stops her effortlessly.

ABIGAIL

I'm not a whore.

WILLOW

I never said you were.

ABIGAIL narrows her eyes at WILLOW almost trying to read her mind or make her crack under the pressure and admit she was lying.

ABIGAIL

But you thought about it.

WILLOW

I did pick you up on the street corner.

ABIGAIL

Outside a therapist's office.

WILLOW

Wow! You have a thing for emotionally vulnerable people with a large bank balance.

ABIGAIL shrugs not giving WILLOW any sort of satisfaction.

Unlike WILLOW she plays her cards close to her chest. The lack of alcohol coursing through her veins acting to her advantage at this very moment.

ABIGAIL

I love happy ending.

ABIGAIL punctuates her sentence with a wink as WILLOW rolls her eyes at her.

WILLOW

You should take that shirt off.

ABIGAIL

Mine or your husband's?

WILLOW laughs at ABIGAIL, shocked at her blunt she could be without trying.

WILLOW

My husband's.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL pouts at WILLOW not wanting to take the shirt off at all. It was nice to have something of this calibre on her skin rather than ripping it off someone else. *

ABIGAIL

Not for much longer.

ABIGAIL winks at WILLOW again and rolls her eyes once again.

WILLOW

Therapy will make us better.

ABIGAIL

Sure it will.

WILLOW

How do you know it won't?

WILLOW leans her head against the side of the sofa as ABIGAIL thinks about how she can carefully tell WILLOW nothing can fix her relationship.

WILLOW pulls her hair to the left side of her head nervously as she pulls her legs onto the sofa almost into the fetal position.

ABIGAIL

I have transactional relationships for a reason.

ABIGAIL's phone buzzes and she fishes for it scanning over the message she had just been sent.

WILLOW

That one of them?

WILLOW shoots her shot, it was her turn to get some information out of ABIGAIL as she stares at her phone for a second longer before shoving it back into her bag.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, your husband.

WILLOW frowns unsure if she is telling the truth or telling a joke until ABIGAIL bursts out laughing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I'm joking. God. I have a rule, I never sleep with married men... or women for that fact. *

ABIGAIL picks up the bottle of wine and takes a swig from it while WILLOW watches on still in shock about what ABIGAIL had just said regardless of the fact it was a joke.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL digs through her bag and produces a small cream card sliding it onto the table. On it is ABIGAIL's name and contact number.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

On that note I will see myself out.
You ever want to bitch about your
husband, you know where I am.

ABIGAIL keeps the bottle of wine in her hand as WILLOW picks up the card reading over it.

WILLOW

Abigail Louise Doughty. Why do you
carry your number around on a
business card?

ABIGAIL shrugs smiling at her.

ABIGAIL

It's easier than scrawling your
name down with a biro on a napkin.
Plus, it looks more professional.
It was nice to meet you though ...

ABIGAIL trails off realising she had never got the name of the woman she had spent the evening with. It wasn't unusual but she actually liked her company and thus putting a name to this troubled woman felt polite.

WILLOW

Willow.

ABIGAIL nods as WILLOW laughs at her response placing the card down on her coffee table.

ABIGAIL

Willow. Now that's different I
would have pegged you as an
Elizabeth.

WILLOW

I wish I could say the same for you
but you fit the name Abigail all
too well.

ABIGAIL throws her bag over her shoulder smiling at WILLOW as she does so taking another swig from the wine bottle.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Abigail Williams.

*

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL bursts out laughing heading over to the kitchen table she picks up a book that was sat by a stack of papers that had been messily dumped there. It was a copy of 'The Crucible' at WILLOW

ABIGAIL

I danced for the Devil; I saw him,
I wrote in his book; I go back to
Jesus; I kiss His hand. I saw Sarah
Good with the Devil! I saw Goody
Osburn with the Devil! I saw
Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

WILLOW stares at her in awe as she recites the quote perfectly leaning over the edge of the sofa hanging on ABIGAIL's every word.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Not just a pretty face. This yours
or wait don't tell me it's your
husband's.

*

WILLOW sighs as ABIGAIL rolls her eyes placing the book back down on the kitchen counter in almost the same place she found it but it didn't matter it was a complete mess anyway.

WILLOW

His. Most of them are. He loves
them. It keeps him quiet so I can't
complain.

ABIGAIL

Keeps him away from you, you mean.

WILLOW

Give me back my wine!

WILLOW reaches out for the bottle in ABIGAIL's hand but she holds it out of WILLOW's reach. Enjoying having the upper hand between the pair of them.

ABIGAIL

Night Elizabeth Proctor.

WILLOW rolls her eyes she deserved to be called that after she had called ABIGAIL, Abigail williams.

WILLOW

I am not Lizzie Proctor.

WILLOW defensively crosses her arms over her chest as ABIGAIL finishes the bottle of wine. Placing the empty bottle on top of the book on the side. She smiles at WILLOW.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

You're right you're not as your husband is not John Proctor. The thought of whispering give me a word John, a soft word. To a literal man child makes me shudder.

WILLOW

He isn't that bad.

ABIGAIL

If he wasn't that bad you wouldn't be thinking about going to therapy or better yet divorcing him. Now are you going to be alright or am I going to see your name in the newspapers tomorrow having murdered him?

WILLOW

You are fine to leave ... Abigail.

ABIGAIL

You sure. I can help you forget about him in many more ways than just talking, just say the word.

WILLOW shakes her head taking a deep breath the thought of her husband coming home soon creeping up on her. It made her feel slightly sick.

WILLOW

Go ...

ABIGAIL pouts at WILLOW trying to get her to change her mind.

ABIGAIL

Change your mind. You have my number. Willow.

WILLOW

Go ...

WILLOW laughs as ABIGAIL dances by the front door pretending to open it just to annoy WILLOW. Unfortunately it wasn't annoying WILLOW she was enjoying it she hadn't had this much fun in a long time.

ABIGAIL

Scared your man child of a husband is going to come home and see me here with you with an empty bottle of wine between us?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

God I have been in much more compromising positions this is literally a scene in a movie rated U.

WILLOW

He isn't the most pleasant drunk.

ABIGAIL groans in frustration.

ABIGAIL

Oh he is one of those types of drunks. You really did marry for convenience didn't you.

WILLOW gasps trying to act more playful but she felt slightly attacked by ABIGAIL.

WILLOW

I did not! We loved each other.

*

ABIGAIL sighs dropping her bag off her shoulder she knew for a fact she was not going to leave any moment soon.

ABIGAIL

I'm sure you did. Maybe I should just stay here.

*

WILLOW shakes her head even though she wanted to scream please stay. She knew she shouldn't.

WILLOW

And wait for him to come home?

ABIGAIL shrugs.

ABIGAIL

I mean I have heard a lot about this man child. It would be nice to put a face to the name. I am imagining he used to be in a band, a typical rebel that all the girls fall for. You obviously did but you were the lucky one who locked him down. As time has gone on and the years are added to your anniversary he has got more and more boring. Spending his nights at the pub after work instead of spending it in bed with you because my god it's clear you aren't being pleased by him.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW throws one of her fancy throw cushions at ABIGAIL but ABIGAIL dodges it like a pro. It is not the first and sure as hell won't be the last time she gets a cushion or worse something breakable thrown at her.

ABIGAIL picks the cushion up off the floor throwing it at WILLOW laughing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

We could just say we're having a sleepover. I mean you did just try to start a pillow fight. I'm sure he would like to sit and watch.

WILLOW

Abigail, please just go.

ABIGAIL

Why? Because I scare you.

WILLOW shakes her head downing her glass of wine not breaking eye contact with ABIGAIL. ABIGAIL is unfazed as usual.

WILLOW

I was you.

ABIGAIL

And if you hadn't got married you could have continued to be like me.

ABIGAIL's phone buzzes again and she fishes it out of her bag glancing at the text. Holding the phone in her hand she laughs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Speaking of the life you are mourning, I have a wonderful Italian man waiting outside to take me back to his penthouse for a wild night of passion.

WILLOW frowns unsure how on earth she managed to arrange a booty call the whole time she had been here. Had ABIGAIL just been using her as a stop gap she wanted to know more.

WILLOW

How did you .. ?

ABIGAIL laughs while opening the front door.

ABIGAIL

A lady never tells.

ABIGAIL winks at her.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Call me.

WILLOW stares at her in shock as if she was a figment of her imagination leaving the house.

ABIGAIL turns around one last time blowing her a kiss as she shuts the door.

9 **EXT. WILLOW AND SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

9

The road is so quiet you could hear a pin drop. It was as if the whole road was asleep even though it was barely gone midnight. ABIGAIL smiles to herself as she walks down the path of the house onto the main pavement.

It had been a long time ABIGAIL had left a house with all her own articles of clothing still on and not in broad daylight. But it was nice she knew she had made a new friend in WILLOW even if WILLOW didn't like her right now.

ABIGAIL stood in front of the house glancing down the road for the car of her italian stallion. But the lighting was absolutely poor down the road; a few of the lampposts were not even working.

ABIGAIL

What's the fucking point of a lamppost if it doesn't even work.

ABIGAIL tries her best to see in the little bit of light she could. ABIGAIL steps down into the road and as she tries to lift her right foot she realises she can't. Glancing down at her feet she realises her shoe is stuck in a grate.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

For fuck sake.

ABIGAIL bends down practically sitting on the curb as she tries to pry her shoe out of the grate without it breaking.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Come on baby. Please don't break.

ABIGAIL hears some footsteps coming closer to her and she gets a little nervous the grip on her bag tightens and for a second she thinks she should just leave it. She could just get new ones.

ABIGAIL's prayers do not come true and it snaps leaving her with half a heel and the dilemma of whether she should walk with a limp or take them both off. She decides to take them both off leaving her barefoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing up she holds the shoes in her left hand rolling her eyes as she drops her phone into her bag.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Now this is more accurate.

ABIGAIL continues walking down the pavement, shoes in hand as she passes the man in question who is clearly drunk out of his brain as he is grumbling god knows what to himself.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

10

She pulls the door open and heads inside.

11

ABBIE looks around, the place is as dead as a dodo.

She smiles at her and walks over to GREG, who's got a pint of COFFEE in front of him.

I saved you a seat.

G'Morning you slag.

You're the bigger slag.

And don't I know it! So go on then, how was last night?

Ques
Don't get me started, I ended up
leaving halfway through.

Aww bless. None of 'em wanna fuck ya?

(Nods towards Beatrice)
You can blame her. She had me take
this fella home.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL smiles

ABIGAIL

Pray tell!

*

GREG

Not like that. He was pissed off his head and his wife wasn't answering, so I did a good deed. How about you, anyone turn up for an appointment?

ABIGAIL

No, but...

BEATRICE walks over with a glass of wine and places it on the table and takes out a small flip notebook.

ABIGAIL stares at the glass of white wine she clearly didn't order.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Beatrice rolls her eyes at ABIGAIL.

BEATRICE

White wine... The usual for your lunch?

ABIGAIL

As is the same for every other Saturday, Beatrice.

ABIGAIL rolls her eyes sipping the glass of white wine.

BEATRICE

(to GREG)

Thanks for last night. I've not heard of a dead body being found, so I assume he got home alright?

GREG

After he threw several cold chips at me and tried jumping over a car.

BEATRICE smiles.

BEATRICE

Ah. The party trick. Let me guess, he run off?

GREG

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL's looking at them both, with a look of disgust.
She's not used to seeing them interact.

ABIGAIL

That sandwich wouldn't go amiss.
Throw some salt and vinegar on the
side.

BEATRICE widens her eyes at GREG and leaves.

GREG

What was all that about?

ABIGAIL

She just gets on my tits. I ordered
a porn star martini and she gives
me this vinegar tasting shit. I
know she's your sister and all
that...

GREG

Step sister...

ABIGAIL

But, by God you would think she
would know the difference between
wine and a cocktail by now.

BEATRICE

Pubs empty Abs, I can still hear
you!

ABIGAIL

Better get some new staff in then.
Liven the place up a bit.

BEATRICE just shakes her head, and heads off to the other
side of the bar.

GREG

So what happened to you last night?

ABIGAIL

So I get to the office, I'm on the
phone and this woman comes walking
over, as though she's about to head
it. I tell her it's much earlier
to get a divorce, cause you know,
no amount of talking's gonna fix
anything. Then she invites me into
her car and takes me to her house.

GREG looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

What?

ABIGAIL

We shared a bottle of wine and she's all pissing about her husband.

GREG

That certainly seems a lot more interesting than my evening.

ABIGAIL

So you just left your leaving doo to take a stranger home?

GREG

I wish it sounded that sexy.

ABIGAIL

Guessing he didn't swing your way then?

GREG

Oh thank the fuck not. He was a dick.

BEATRICE walks back over with two plates in her hands and places them in front of GREG and ABIGAIL.

GREG (CONT'D)

Cheer's Trish.

ABIGAIL

Crisps?

BEATRICE walks back over to the bar, finds a packet of crisps and fucking hurls them at ABIGAIL, striking her on the head.

BEATRICE

(not sorry)

Oh, I missed the table.

ABIGAIL

(Underbreath)

Fucking bitch.

She opens the crisps and starts piling them into her sandwich.

THEN THE DOOR OPENS and we hear the familiar voice of SPENCER.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Alright Trish, any chance I get my
keys back?

GREG let's out a slight smile, unseen by ABBIGAIL, who's
pressing her sandwich down and eating it. He looks at his
drink, almost empty. The perfect excuse.

GREG

(To ABBIE)

I'm getting another, want anything?

ABBIE just shakes her head. And he's up and at the bar,
ABBIE in the distance.

BEATRICE comes over.

BEATRICE

I really did mean to hit the table.

SPENCER turns round. See's GREG and points at him.

SPENCER

Oliver Cromwell!

GREG does his best to act like he has no idea who SPENCER is.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Spencer, from last night.

GREG

Oh, yeah. Good to know you're
alive.

SPENCER

(with a twinge of hope)

You just waiting here to see me
again?

GREG

Oh no. no, no, no no. Here having
lunch with someone.

SPENCER

Not the posh pricks again?

GREG

Just Greg Wallace.

SPENCER

(full of hope)

Really?

*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

SPENCER goes to look round the corner, but GREG manages to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

No. It's just my friend.

SPENCER

Well I wish it was Greg Wallace, so I could crack..

GREG

Crack his head with a spoon and dunk some bread. You said that last night.

SPENCER gives a slight and embarrassed, nervous laugh.

SPENCER

Hope I wasn't a total cunt last night?

GREG

Not a total cunt, but you were close.

SPENCER extends his hand.

SPENCER

Well, let's be gentlemen and forget about it.

GREG

Done.

GREG shakes his hand as BEATRICE comes back with a pair of keys.

BEATRICE

Next time you wanna get pissed off your head, do it with the wife.

SPENCER takes them off her and gives her a nod. Slightly uncomfortable talking about Willow in front of Greg.

SPENCER

Well I'll be off. Got a shed load of marking to do.

BEATRICE

Give my love the boss.

SPENCER turns to GREG

SPENCER

Oliver Cromwell. Good to see you again!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Still calling me Olivier?

SPENCER

It's a name for life.

They share a smile and SPENCER turns to walk away.

GREG notices a small sachet of ketchup on the bar, picks it up and throws it at SPENCER.

SPENCER bites his bottom lip and turns back. Bowing.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Your Highness.

GREG laughs and SPENCER heads out.

And only now do we see that BEATRICE is still there, just watching him. The biggest grin falling on her face.

GREG

Oh shut up.

BEATRICE

I know he's got a wife and all that, but that was some serious flirting.

GREG

Don't be ridiculous. He's just embarrassed he made a tit of himself last night.

BEATRICE

Sure, sure.

GREG

Shut up and pour me a drink.

BEATRICE pours a drink as GREG looks out the window, so see SPENCER, who's also looking back at him.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

12 **INT. WILLOW AND SPENCER'S HOME - EVENING**

12

SPENCER is lounging across the sofa leaving no space for any one to sit down. A pile of papers spread out across the coffee table.

A red pen in his right hand and a piece of paper in his left. He intently reads the paper trying his best not to mark his face with the red pen.

WILLOW stands in the kitchen watching SPENCER her eyes glancing between him and the box with the Burberry shirt.

SPENCER

That doesn't even make any sense.

WILLOW rolls her eyes knowing for a fact he wasn't speaking to her. Of course he spoke more to his papers than her.

SPENCER swings his legs off the sofa so his feet sit on the floor. It was, as if moving from lounging was going to help him understand what on earth had been written.

SPENCER gives up on looking at the paper and throws it down on the coffee table rising from the sofa.

WILLOW straightens her posture fixing her hair but he completely ignores her walking to the bookcase that sat behind the vinyl player he scanned it for god knows what.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Darling..

WILLOW picks up the box briefly checking herself out in the reflection of her phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Have you seen my copy of The
Crucible

WILLOW sighs as he doesn't even bother to look at her. She places the box back down in a huff sliding the book that sat next to it off the side.

She thought briefly about throwing it at him but then she would not be getting any form of intimate interaction with him.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

Here. It was on the kitchen side
along with the rest of the papers.

WILLOW holds it out to SPENCER who turns on his heels smiles
and takes it from her.

He smiles at the book rather than his wife as he furiously
scans through the pages on a mission to find a certain quote.

WILLOW fixes her dress to show off her boobs more, hoping to
distract her husband from the book if she managed to get his
attention for more than half a second. Fluffing her hair
also.

SPENCER throws himself back down on the sofa as WILLOW seemed
to be preening herself for none other than her own enjoyment.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, why don't you take a
break. You have been at these
papers for hours.

WILLOW kneels down on the sofa next to SPENCER who turns to
face her. Well he actually moves himself so he is almost
horizontal on the sofa once again.

WILLOW sighs placing her hand on top of the open book which
catches his attention. Her boobs level with his eye line as
he looked up at her briefly.

SPENCER

I just need to find this quote. I
am sure the student has quoted it
wrong. Won't take long. I promise.

WILLOW sighs rolling her eyes. She thinks back to the night
before when ABIGAIL had been there smiling slightly to
herself. Retracting her hand from the book she glanced around
the room to give her inspiration on how to distract him.

WILLOW slides off the sofa towards the vinyl player scanning
through them to find one that SPENCER would enjoy listening
to. All of them do not scream romantic night in, they scream
man cave.

WILLOW glances at the open can of beer he had sat on the
coffee table. Then back towards SPENCER who was still
engrossed in the book. She sighs as she accidentally knocks
over the can.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Willow!

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER throws down The Crucible on the sofa and rushes to save his beer ignoring the fact she had spilt it on some important documents. Well the beer had only got on a few letters that had come through the door over the past few days not student's essays.

WILLOW

I'm so sorry darling let me get you
a new one.

SPENCER collates together both the student's essays and the letters on the coffee table in one big pile. It had been a while since he had actually seen the table underneath.

WILLOW slinks over to the fridge as she opens the fridge she over exaggerates her need to bend down to reach the box of beers in the bottom of the fridge. A new can in hand she stands up to see if SPENCER was watching her and of course he wasn't.

WILLOW rolls her eyes once again.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

(to herself)

God when was it this hard to get
his attention.

WILLOW fakes a smile as she headed back over to SPENCER holding out the can of beer to him. Again he looked at it for a second ignoring it.

SPENCER

Thanks. Lola can you put it on the
side... oh and while you're there can
you pass me the kitchen roll.

WILLOW sighs almost as if admitting defeat as she placed the can of beer on the kitchen side next to the shirt box. Switching it out for the kitchen roll.

WILLOW

You haven't called me that in ages.

SPENCER begins to sing the lyrics to 'Copacabana' by Barry Manilow dancing around her.

SPENCER

Her name was Lola, she was a
showgirl with yellow feathers in
her hair and a dress cut down to
there.

WILLOW shakes her head trying not to laugh as she knew it would encourage him not stop him from singing the song.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER takes a hold of the kitchen roll from WILLOW's hands, throwing it on the sofa as he takes a hold of her hands. WILLOW reluctantly lets him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

She would merengue and do the cha-cha ...

WILLOW laughs as SPENCER begins to hum the words as he clearly couldn't remember them. He decides to focus on trying to do the cha-cha with her.

WILLOW

You've forgotten the words haven't you.

SPENCER shakes his head but continues to hum the song.

SPENCER

Music and fashion were always the passion at the Copa..

WILLOW rolls her eyes at him.

WILLOW

Passion and fashion.

SPENCER frowns but the pair continue to cha-cha.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

You switched round passion and fashion.

SPENCER laughs and turns her around, dipping her their faces millimetres away from each others. Their hot breath mingling as their eyes locked as if they were the only ones in the world.

*

SPENCER crashes his lips against WILLOW'S the pair battling for dominance as their hands roamed each other's bodies.

WILLOW'S through SPENCER'S hair his gripping on to her waist and neck as he guided her to standing. The pair not breaking their kiss.

WILLOW's back hit the bookcase but she doesn't take any notice; she was too busy devouring the man in her arms. Her hands finding their way to his shirt she debated for a moment about ripping it off him as she fumbles with the buttons. Once she got the hang of it, it was like she's a magician and his shirt was off in seconds relegated to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER tries to get a hold of the zip of WILLOW's dress but it proves rather difficult with her pushed up against the bookcase. He breaks the kiss and WILLOW takes the lead unzipping her dress. Sliding it to the floor. The pair devouring each other with their eyes as their chests rose and fell in time.

SPENCER notices in the corner of his eye his shirt didn't end up on the floor it ended up on the typewriter. So , before the make out session continues he picks the shirt up off it. WILLOW rolls her eyes as she delicately places it on the floor.

SPENCER notices there seems to be a typed message on his typewriter. He frowns glancing at WILLOW.

SPENCER

Did you write this?

WILLOW shrugs.

WILLOW

I never touched it.

SPENCER nods wrapping his arms back around WILLOW they continue their make out session. Only SPENCER seems preoccupied by what was written on his type writer. Ending the kiss abruptly.

SPENCER

Are you sure you didn't write on it?

WILLOW sighs shaking her head.

SPENCER is unsatisfied by this answer and turns back to the typewriter to take the piece of paper off of it. Leaving WILLOW frustrated she picks her dress back up off the floor putting it back on.

SPENCER ignores her reading and rereading the note.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

That is ... erotic..

SPENCER glances up at where WILLOW was but she is no longer there. He turns around on the balls of his feet. He frowns seeing her fully dressed on the sofa.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Willow.

WILLOW moans leaning her head against her hand as she lounged across the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

I haven't touched your fucking typewriter!

SPENCER

No need for the tone .. only you and I are ever in this house.. so who wrote it? The ghost of Marquis de Sade!

*

WILLOW groans she knows he isn't going to drop this anytime soon at all now.

WILLOW

I don't know. It probably has been there for weeks, years even that thing is an ornament.

SPENCER sighs he can't even look at her, he looks back at the piece of paper instantly regretting it he folds the piece of paper up.

SPENCER

It is not an ornament, it is a piece of literary history.

WILLOW rolls her eyes it isn't the first time they have had this argument.

WILLOW

Since when do you care so much about literacy history.

SPENCER ignores her picking up his shirt; he puts it back on shoving the note into his trouser pocket.

SPENCER

Since you made me take a job as an English teacher.

WILLOW

I Made you?! I never said you had to quit being a big shot lawyer.

SPENCER

You didn't need to.

SPENCER storms over to the kitchen side shoving his phone and keys into his pockets as WILLOW watches on.

WILLOW

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (6)

12

SPENCER

Out.

WILLOW

Spence.

SPENCER

Don't!

SPENCER flings open the front door and heads out slamming it behind him leaving WILLOW sat on the sofa.

13 **EXT. STREET - DUSK**

13

SPENCER storms down the street, he's not even had time to rearrange himself. Shirt undone, hair a mess and even jeans unzipped.

He walks the street until he gets to the --

14 **EXT. LOCAL SHOPS - DUSK**

14

Where as he's about to walk into the shops, but he BUMPS into someone.

SPENCER

Fuck, sorry.

He looks up to see GREG.

GREG

It's no problem.

GREG looks him up and down, notices how dishevelled he is.

GREG (CONT'D)

You alright mate?

SPENCER

I'm fine, Greg.

GREG just stares at him.

GREG

You've called me Greg, whatever happened to Oliver Cromwell?

SPENCER tries to get into the shop, but GREG's blocking him.

SPENCER

I just wanna get some milk.

*

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Looking like that?

SPENCER

What does it matter to you how I look?

GREG moves out the way and begins to walk off.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Wait.

He turns back.

GREG

What?

SPENCER just stares at him, somewhat broken and alone.

GREG shrugs, no time for this and walks off.

SPENCER

Fancy a drink?

GREG stops and turns back, and looks at his watch.

GREG

At seven in the evening?

SPENCER

Tis night-time somewhere.

SPENCER gives a dry laugh.

GREG mulls it over.

GREG

Alright then. As long as it's not a pint of milk.

SPENCER goes into the shop as we...

Sometime later, the pair sit on a bench overlooking the small town. The sun's setting, and it's a hot summer's evening, cans of beer in hand.

They sit in silence for a little bit.

GREG

So... guessing it's the wife again?

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

(Takes a deep sigh, knows
how crazy the next words
out of his mouth will
sound)

I think my wife is having an
affair.

He drinks from the can.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So how's your day going?

GREG

Much better than yours.

SPENCER laughs.

SPENCER

No big P.R. nightmares today?

GREG

Oh I don't work weekends

SPENCER

Me neither, but my life's still
full of fucking drama.

GREG

So, I'm guessing you're not giving
the therapy a go?

SPENCER

I bet that's who she's fucking.
It's always the therapist.

GREG

I slept with a therapist once.

SPENCER

See, always the bloody therapist.
So go on then, what makes a rather
good looking man like you, not be
into women?

GREG

What makes a rather good looking
man like you, not be into men?

SPENCER smiles, touché. The clink cans and drink.

*

SPENCER

We met at uni, I were Law and she
was Banking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Love at first sight they say. I thought she were the one...

GREG

Want some advice?

SPENCER waves at him, 'continue'.

GREG (CONT'D)

When you're talking to a guy overlooking a sunset, sharing cans of beer, maybe don't mention the wife as much. Just for future reference. Especially to someone you've only known for twenty-four hours.

SPENCER

That is a fair point. You got any husband you wanna bitch about?

GREG laughs.

GREG

Don't be ridiculous.

SPENCER

Why not? You must have a fella?

GREG

Did have, three year back, but it just didn't work out.

SPENCER

He shag someone else?

GREG

Beatrice.

SPENCER lets out an almighty howl of a laugh.

SPENCER

So that's why you hate her!

GREG

Well when your boyfriend sleeps with your stepsister...

SPENCER

Wait, Trish is your sis?

GREG

STEP sister. I don't really know her that well, but we get along.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

When she's not sleeping with your
boyfriend.

SPENCER gets up off the bench.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Mind you, it is fucking freezing.

GREG gets up and takes his jacket off and passes it to
SPENCER.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh, no I'm fine.

GREG

So this time you freeze to death.
Yeah, I agree with Beatrice, I
don't wanna be blamed for that.

He puts it over SPENCER's shoulders and dusts off the
shoulder pads.

GREG (CONT'D)

Warm?

SPENCER

(feeling the jacket up)
This is great.

*
*

GREG

Six hundred quid, M&S.

SPENCER

SIX HUNDRED QUID!

GREG

It was a leaving present from work.

SPENCER

So something good did come out of
last night.

GREG

I don't know. Wasn't the only
thing.

SPENCER gives a slight smile, he's still shivering.

GREG starts to do the jacket up, but stops when he gets to
the halfway point. He looks up and is within inches of
SPENCER's face.

SPENCER gives a slight chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

I can send the link to it, if you...

And just like that, SPENCER plants a MASSIVE SNOG on GREG.

It lasts a good few seconds, before SPENCER recoils.

SPENCER

I am so sorry.

GREG just waves it off, no matter.

GREG

We've both had a few, it's fine.

SPENCER

Yeah... No... I'm gonna go.

He fumbles taking off the jack, after a second or two, he just lifts it fully over his head and just drops it to the ground.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go.

GREG

Spencer.

But SPENCER's already walking off, muttering to himself.
'Fuck, fuck, fuck.'

And as GREG stands there, picking his jacket off the floor, we...

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE ONE