

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

THE BELLS S01E01
PILOT

Written by Liam Goodman

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT./EXT. COUNTRY LANES - DAY

Thick hedgerows line a narrow, pothole pocked road.

A car careers around a corner, tyres screeching.

BEN (mid-late 20's, city boy, neurotic to the bone) clings to the steering wheel, equal parts furious and concerned.

SAT-NAV

When possible, do a U-turn.

BEN

Piss off.

The road ahead is thick with hedgerows. A dilapidated barn with one wall missing sticks out into a corner ahead.

SAT-NAV

Do a U-turn.

Ben's car skids around the corner, almost hitting the barn.

BEN

(raised voice)

Piss. Off.

INT. VILLAGE PUB - BAR - DAY

The kind of place with all the local ciders on tap, handmade tables, and a darts board. It could use a new carpet, a tidy, and some paint.

ROB (50s, beer-bellied landlord with a farmer's dress sense) and MOLLY (early 20s, bartender, perpetually bored with a slightly emo edge) stand behind the bar, with REVEREND (late 70s, dressed the part, but badly) on a stool opposite, nursing a pint.

MOLLY

Rob--

Rob holds a finger up to silence her. He's hungover. He clumsily places a coffee onto the bar before adding a double shot of whiskey and a Berocca to it. Finger still up to Molly, he puts two paracetamol into his mouth and downs the drink.

INT./EXT. DEVON VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Ben's car screeches to a halt outside a row of brightly coloured cottages.

SAT-NAV

Do a U-turn. Do a U-turn. Do a--

He rips the Sat-nav from the dashboard before throwing it behind him with a grunt.

Red-faced, Ben takes a few deep breaths.

He gets out of the car.

He sees GORDON (70s, classic farmer) walking by.

Gordon says something to Ben, but his West country accent is too thick to be understandable.

BEN

Sorry?

Gordon speaks again, firmly but kindly.

BEN (cont'd)

I'm trying to get to the pub. The Bells?

Gordon speaks again, this time for a while. He points ahead.

BEN (cont'd)

Uhh... thanks?

Gordon talks again, casually, but still unintelligible.

Ben nods, badly feigning understanding, and runs off full sprint in the direction pointed.

INT. PUB - BAR - DAY

Rob slams the coffee cup down onto the bar and claps his hands. He looks much better.

MOLLY

You said there was gonna be a steak night on like a week ago, is that still happening?

Rob scratches his head.

ROB

Are you sure that was me?

MOLLY

Christ, Rob. About two weeks ago, you said to me

(MORE)

MOLLY (cont'd)
(mockingly mimics Rob)
"Molly, keep the calendar free for
Friday after next. I've got a steak
night organised."

ROB
(skeptical)
Sure, I said that.

Molly eyes the whiskey bottle and coffee cup on the bar.

REVEREND
That does sound like you, Robert.

Rob scowls at him.

ROB
Regardless, these things sort
themselves out most of the time.

MOLLY
Nadia's gonna be livid if she has to
cook for a bunch of surprise
bookings.

ROB
I'm not scared of Nadia.

MOLLY/REVEREND
Yes you are.

Rob starts to pour himself a pint.

ROB
How can you say that? She's brutal,
sure. Volatile, yes. But--

MOLLY
Oh, hey, Nadia.

Rob jumps as if electrocuted. He turns around in the same
movement, spilling the pint all over himself.

NADIA is nowhere to be seen.

ROB
You're gonna pay for my dry cleaning
bill, you bastard.

MOLLY
Rob, you've never seen the inside of
a dry cleaners.

ROB

That's not true. I dated a dry cleaner's daughter when I was a boy.

All of a sudden, the door swings open, loudly, followed closely by Ben, who lunges through.

BEN

I'm so sorry, I know I'm really late but I got here as fast as I could. I couldn't work out the lanes and--

Rob steps out from behind the bar and walks towards Ben.

BEN (cont'd)

--my sat-nav, oh, the bloody sat-nav--

ROB

Keep your hair on, mate. Take this.

He passes Ben the almost empty pint glass.

Ben eyes it, skeptically.

He drinks.

ROB (cont'd)

First thing's first, what do you want?

BEN

I'm Ben, we talked on the phone about two weeks ago.

Rob stares at him blankly.

BEN (cont'd)

The new events director?

Rob blinks.

BEN (cont'd)

I'm organising the steak night.

Rob takes the pint glass back in one hand and, with the other, shakes Ben's.

ROB

Right! We've been waiting all day!

He turns to Molly, still shaking Ben's hand.

Ben looks uncomfortable about how long they've been shaking hands.

ROB (cont'd)
I told you these things sort themselves out!

TITLE SEQUENCE:

INT. BAR - DAY

Rob and Ben's handshake breaks off. They join Molly and Reverend at the bar.

ROB
Have you talked to Nadia yet?

BEN
Nadia?

ROB
The cook, Nadia.

MOLLY
Rookie error, organising a steak night without talking to the cook first.

Ben looks perplexed. Wounded, even.

BEN
Well, I had the impression that somebody here could sort that out.

ROB
And do your job for you? You need to get your attitude checked.

BEN
Well I'd thought that after I'd done the Facebook campaign and everything, you guys could handle it here.

MOLLY
We've got a Facebook page? Since when?

Ben slides his phone across the bar to her.

BEN
Since last Tuesday.

Molly looks at the screen. Seventy people are marked as "interested" in the event.

MOLLY
Could have told us.

BEN
I thought I could trust Rob to!

MOLLY
You can't trust him with anything!

ROB
Hey! That's not on!

Molly and Ben stop as if someone hit pause.

ROB (cont'd)
Ben, when are they arriving?

BEN
Seven.

ROB
Well I'd suggest you talk to Nadia.

BEN
In the kitchen?

Rob points to the backroom behind the bar.

Ben awkwardly jogs in that direction.

MOLLY
Don't worry, you'll love her!

Rob picks up some darts and another pint and heads to the board at the back of the room, casual as you like.

MOLLY (cont'd)
City boy is going to make a right fool of himself. And that Jack Whitehall hair isn't impressing anyone.

REVEREND
Have some faith. He could surprise us all.

MOLLY
Speaking of fools...

She unsubtly gestures to Rob, who is trying to drink and throw a dart at the same time, spilling cider on his shoes.

MOLLY (cont'd)
...he's already on a roll today.

REVEREND
If he carries on like this, he could
really outdo himself today.

Rob pulls a dart from the wall beside the board, glancing
over his shoulder to see if anyone noticed.

MOLLY
Tenner says I can make him look like
a bigger knob than you.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

NADIA (40s, stocky Eastern European chef with unhinged eyes)
cleans her kitchen with a rag and spray bottle. The place
looks like it'll never quite look clean.

Ben comes in through the door, awkwardly.

BEN
Hey. I'm Ben, the new events manager.
I--

NADIA
What do you want?

BEN
Well, I've organised a steak night
and it sounds like nobody's let you
know.

NADIA
Okay, vishenka, how many?

Ben wrinkles his nose and smiles slightly.

BEN
A full house, so about seventy,
seventy-one steaks?

NADIA
Busy! And when is this happening?

BEN
Seven. Tonight.

Her sweet smile turns into a rageful scowl. She drops the
rag and bottle.

NADIA

You come into my kitchen. My kitchen,
and tell me that you need me to make
you seventy steaks in...

(checks her watch)

Three hours? Three fucking hours
seventy-one steaks.

Ben is visibly shocked and scared. Maybe even for his life.

NADIA (cont'd)

What is wrong with you? Are you a
crazy person? We have twenty. Seventy
one steaks. Cyka blyat. Get out.

Ben is frozen in place.

She picks up the rag and bottle again.

NADIA (cont'd)

Stop standing there and get out of my
kitchen! Otyebis ot menya. Do you
have a turnip between your ears? Out,
turnip boy!

She waves the rag at him and points the bottle in his
direction as she pressures him out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A pretty bare hall with generic village-related artwork
dotted across the wall in no order in particular.

Ben stumbles into the hall as Nadia slams the door behind
him. She's still shouting in Russian.

Ben looks like he's had a near death experience.

HARRY (early 20s, waiter that carries the vibe that he
peaked in secondary school) is waiting outside the kitchen.

HARRY

Do your trousers need cleaning?

Ben turns around as he backs away, shellshocked.

HARRY (cont'd)

Seriously, mate, your skin's gone
somewhere between Wallace and Gromit.

Ben looks as if he might cry.

HARRY (cont'd)
You must be Ben. I'm Harry, culinary legend.

He extends a hand, which Ben gingerly shakes.

HARRY (cont'd)
I see you've already met Nadia.

BEN
I went in there, and then I talked about steaks and she just... just...

HARRY
Alright, hold the waterworks. Stay here.

Harry forces a smile that almost looks genuine. He goes into the kitchen.

Muffled arguing from the kitchen. Nadia is loud at first, but quietens down.

Ben looks very uncomfortable as he waits by the door.

Harry comes back out again. As he opens the door, Nadia can still be heard swearing in Russian behind him.

HARRY (cont'd)
You've really put us out here, Gromit, but we might be able to help.

Ben tries to speak but Harry interrupts him.

HARRY (cont'd)
Nadia's going to try to pull something together last minute, but I'm going to see an associate in case that falls through.

NADIA (O.S.)
Not Massive Rave! Cyka!

HARRY
I'll be back in fifteen.

INT. BAR - DAY

Rob comes back to the bar. Molly and Reverend watch him intently as he pours himself another drink.

REVEREND

Rob, my son, when was the last time
you were blessed in Christ's name?

Rob shivers.

ROB

Probably not since the second
divorce.

REVEREND

Well today is your lucky day, child.

Reverend jumps up, more agile than a man of his age should
be. He gestures for Rob to close his eyes before making a
cross shape across his face a few times.

REVEREND (cont'd)

The Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit.

ROB

You know what, Rev? I needed that.

As Reverend turns, we see Rob's face. A red crucifix has
been drawn onto it. He's none the wiser.

Reverend throws a red marker pen to Molly and winks.

MOLLY

Hey Rob, how come you never wear that
suit anymore? The cool orange one?

Reverend glares at her.

ROB

You know, I'm not sure.

Molly walks over to him sweetly.

MOLLY

I reckon it would be great for
pulling some more customers in.

Rob blushes. Molly puts a cocktail umbrella in his hair
while he's distracted. She gives the Reverend the finger.

ROB

I think I'll go get changed.

EXT. DECREPIT BARN - DAY

Harry coasts his bike until it reaches a natural stop by the
barn that Ben almost hit earlier.

Old straw litters the floor, rusting farm equipment lines the walls. Holes in the roof allow dusty shards of light to illuminate the room.

Spotlighted in the middle, sat on a small pyramid of coolers, is MASSIVE RAVE (late 20s, looks like a festival drug dealer).

MASSIVE RAVE

Harry! Hazza! Haribo! It's good to see you, my boy.

Harry comes into the barn and they do a cool guy handshake.

HARRY

Massive Rave! Thanks for meeting me, mate - we're in a real pinch thanks to this new fella.

MASSIVE RAVE

No matter! Allow me to show you the goods.

Massive Rave gets up and lightly kicks the lid open on a cooler, revealing it to be filled with supermarket steaks.

HARRY

Massive Rave these aren't stolen are they? You wouldn't sell me stolen goods, mate.

MASSIVE RAVE

I prefer "locally sourced". Legitimacy isn't involved in geography.

HARRY

You know I've stopped buying shoplift meat!

MASSIVE RAVE

I understand that, Harold, but these are desperate times - these frozen steaks are getting hot, if you catch my drift.

Harry gets back on his bike.

MASSIVE RAVE (cont'd)

Mates rates?

HARRY

I'll ring if I change my mind.

He cycles away.

MASSIVE RAVE

Half price? I'm running out of time,
Handy!

INT. BAR - DAY

Rob saunters into the bar wearing an orange-brown corduroy suit. He looks like a cheap lawyer from the seventies.

Molly and Reverend stare at him, shocked.

ROB

How do I look?

MOLLY

Incredible.

REVEREND

You should wear that to the next
wedding.

Rob smiles and walks past them. The jacket is short from where the moths have gotten to it and the trousers are too tight around his arse.

Molly sniggers.

Rob turns around.

MOLLY

I'll get Vogue on the phone right
away, boss.

ROB

Oh, fucking hell.

He puts a cigarette in his mouth and marches out to the side entrance.

REVEREND

He didn't take that very well.

Ben storms in, panicked.

BEN

Has Harry come back yet? He was meant
to be back ages ago. Oh, Jesus.

REVEREND

Language.

Ben gives him a pained look.

BEN
I'm sorry, but this whole thing's
gone to hell--

REVEREND
Language.

BEN
Sorry. There's gonna be customers
here in just a few hours, though, and
nothing is ready. What are we gonna
do?

Molly and Reverend stare at him, blankly.

BEN (cont'd)
Well thanks for that. We're just
gonna have to cancel. Have you seen
Rob?

REVEREND
I think he went--

The church bell rings five times. Ben, Molly, and the Reverend stay silent. Each ring is more ominous than the last.

A ping from Ben's phone reads 'STEAK NIGHT STARTING' as CUSTOMERS start coming in. It's a stream of people.

MOLLY
They're a tad early.

BEN
A tad?

MOLLY
Did you put the right time on the
event?

Ben looks down at his phone, then up at the Customers.

BEN
God dammit.

REVEREND
Language.

ACT BREAK:

INT. DINING AREA - EVENING

A dining room that matches the aesthetic of the bar. Every table is overcrowded with rowdy Customers.

Ben walks through the room, unsure what to do with his arms.

Gordon stands up and asks Ben where the food is, ranting once again, in an incomprehensible Devonshire accent.

BEN

I know it's been a long wait - and
thank you very much for waiting - but
I promise it'll just be a little
while longer.

Gordon rants again, gesturing wildly with an outstretched finger.

BEN (cont'd)

(over Gordon)

I'll just see how they're doing in
the kitchen.

Close to tears, Ben power walks to the bar, leaving a still shouting Gordon behind.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A dingy room, walls, floor, and ceiling painted matte black. Various items of stock are put haphazardly, wherever they fit.

Ben rushes in and huddles behind a keg.

He takes a packet of salt and vinegar crisps from a display ladder, empties them onto the floor in front of him.

He breathes in deeply into the bag, hyperventilating, before choking on the flavouring, coughing up a lung.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Harry comes into the kitchen, kneading his hands.

Nadia chops potatoes in large knife swings.

HARRY

So Massive Rave tried selling me
stolen steaks.

She stabs a potato, sticking the knife in the board.

NADIA
Of course they were bloody stolen!
Name one thing he does well.

HARRY
He provides great aftercare.

NADIA
For steaks?

Harry looks confused.

Nadia wiggles the knife and pulls it out of the board.

She relaxes a little.

HARRY
Any luck with the legitimate
businessmen?

NADIA
They can get us the steaks tomorrow.

HARRY
Well that's not soon enough.

Nadia catches herself before she says something nasty.

NADIA
(meaning well)
Maybe soon you'll be able to make
better friends.

Harry feigns appreciation.

NADIA (cont'd)
Call the village idiot, then.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Molly nervously peels a beer mat.

Through the side window, she watches Rob smoke, sat on a large bin, swinging his legs like a child.

The Reverend enjoys his pint.

MOLLY
He's been out there for ages. Do you
reckon we've taken it too far?

Rob notices Molly watching him and half-smiles at her.

REVEREND

He can't take a joke! That's hardly our fault.

She frowns at him.

Rob walks in, sulking.

MOLLY

Rob! We're sorry, it was just a bit of fun. We didn't mean to upset you.

ROB

It's all good. Maybe I was a bit touchy.

REVEREND

See? The old man has a sense of humour!

Reverend slaps Rob's back as Rob sits next to him.

Molly pours him a pint.

ROB

I still like this suit, though.

He looks at himself in the bar mirror and spots the red cross on his face.

ROB (cont'd)

Did you--?

He stands up, rubbing the cross.

MOLLY

Rob, come on--

He goes behind the bar and pushes past her, headed to the back room. A sign reading "KICK ME" is stuck to his back.

Reverend winks at a fed up Molly.

REVEREND

Or maybe not.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ben is in the same place as before, surrounded by crisp packets of all sorts of flavours.

He hyperventilates into a sour cream and chive crisp packet and chokes slightly less than before.

Rob storms in.

He spots Ben on the floor.

ROB
What's up with you?

Ben looks Rob up and down. Rob looks like an angry clown.

BEN
It's no good. This is my first night
and I've ruined it. The people out
there are getting angry about how
long they've had to wait, and I'm
gonna have to tell them there's not
even any steaks.

Rob smiles at him, kindly.

BEN (cont'd)
I've only just moved down and
everyone's gonna hate me.

ROB
I don't think so.

He extends his hand.

Ben wipes crisp crumbs from his mouth.

ROB (cont'd)
I think you've dug yourself quite the
hole, but if you want to save face,
I've got a decent solution.

Ben thinks. He looks at Rob.

The cross on his face.

The umbrella in his hair.

The awful suit.

He shakes Rob's hand.

ROB (cont'd)
Fantastic.

INT. DINING AREA - EVENING

Customers are rowdier than before and making a lot of noise.

Rob enters confidently.

A CHILD runs up and kicks Rob from behind.

Rob tries to kick the Child back but misses as he runs away.

Rob raps on a glass.

The room falls silent.

ROB
Ladies and gentlemen, I've got good
news and bad news.

They look at him, unsure.

ROB (cont'd)
The fella that organised tonight's
steak night is new and unexperienced.
Absolute moron. So unfortunately
there is no food tonight.

Disgruntled murmurs from the Customers.

Gordon shakes a fist.

ROB (cont'd)
But, but, get this.

The room quietens again.

Rob climbs up onto a table.

ROB (cont'd)
Free shots!

The Customers cheer.

The Child jumps up to kick Rob again but before he can...

CRASH CUT:

EXT. LOADING AREA - SUNSET

The side entrance of the pub with a loading zone comprised
of a fenced-off driveway and some large bins.

Nadia hugs herself as she shivers.

Harry paces nervously.

NADIA
When is he getting here?

HARRY
Soon. Hopefully.

Massive Rave's banged up old car pulls up at some speed and screeches to a halt. Its sun bleached red paint is chipping.

NADIA
About bloody time!

Massive Rave winds the window down manually.

He leans his elbow out the window like a cool guy.

MASSIVE RAVE
You kids came to your senses. Bravo!
Brava!

NADIA
Watch your step, infant man.

HARRY
Shall I?

NADIA
You better.

She gives the money to Harry

NADIA (cont'd)
Thieving little imbecile.

She walks away.

Harry rushes to Massive Rave and gives him the money.

MASSIVE RAVE
Good, good. Time is of the essence
mate, just take them out the boot and
I'll be off.

HARRY
Thanks again mate--

MASSIVE RAVE
No time for that.

Harry grabs a hand truck and wheels it to the boot.

He opens it and begins loading the hand truck with coolers.

MASSIVE RAVE (cont'd)
Come on, Hazz, hurry.

Harry loads all seven coolers onto the hand truck and closes the boot.

HARRY

That's everything mate. Thank--

Massive Rave pulls out and speeds away.

INT. BAR - SUNSET

Molly cleans a pint glass. The Reverend absentmindedly draws crucifixes with spilled cider on the bar.

Crowd noises from the dining area. Molly looks across to the dining area bar.

A crowd of Customers is growing.

MOLLY

Reverend, I'm gonna need you to handle the bar for a minute.

REVEREND

Pardon?

Seen through the window in the background, Massive Rave's car speeds off.

MOLLY

You're here often enough. You know how to pour a pint. I need to make things up with Rob.

The Reverend sighs and nervously gets behind the bar.

MOLLY (cont'd)

So just pour the drink that they ask for and charge them. You know how much everything costs, right?

REVEREND

I--

MOLLY

Great.

Molly rushes out, leaving the pub through the front door.

The Reverend looks to the Customers, bewildered.

Rob limps in from the back room.

ROB
Reverend? Where's Molly?

REVEREND
I don't know! She just left me to do this!

ROB
Go back to your seat.

The Reverend wipes his brow in relief and does as he's told.

Through the window in the background, we see two police cars with sirens on going in the same direction as Massive Rave.

Ben pops his head in from the back room. He seems to have recovered.

BEN
What about the steaks?

Rob keeps working bar as he replies:

ROB
Tell Scary and Dodgy to stop worrying about them.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNSET

Harry wheels the steaks in and sets them down with a thud.

NADIA
I despise that we had to ask that cretin boy for help. This kitchen is supposed to have high standards.

HARRY
Can't say I blame you. At least you can take the money from the bar.

NADIA
Not if these steaks are as stolen as you say they are.

She opens a cooler.

The steaks are clearly from a supermarket. The top one has a bit of shattered security box stuck in it.

Nadia breathes in and out, struggling to maintain composure.

Beat.

Ben comes in.

BEN
I've got good news, guys. Rob's
managed to push drinks!

Nadia turns around, left eye twitching.

NADIA
Meaning?

BEN
You can stop worrying about the
steaks.

Beat.

Nadia looks like she's going to explode.

HARRY
Run.

Ben hurries out.

Beat.

NADIA
FU--

CRASH CUT:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The room is packed with Customers who are all having a
wonderful time.

Gordon sings 'Delilah' into a karaoke microphone.

Rob downs Jägerbombs with Customers.

The Reverend plays darts with steak knives.

A scream is heard from the kitchen. Everyone stops what they
were doing.

Beat.

The chaos resumes.

The Child kicks Rob again, causing Rob to launch a coaster
at his head as he runs away.

Ben dawdles in, white as a sheet. His hands shake.

Rob spots Ben.

ROB
The man of the hour!

Everyone cheers.

Rob leaves the bar and limps over to Ben.

He slaps Ben's shoulder.

ROB (cont'd)
Look, you did badly. I'm big enough
to admit that. But look!

He gestures to the room as a whole with an outstretched
palm.

ROB (cont'd)
Everyone is having a whale of a time.
We make a good team, you and me.

BEN
But the steak night--

ROB
Who cares about the steak night? None
of this would've happened without
you.

BEN
But Nadia--

ROB
Is always angry. Forget about Nadia.

He limps Ben to the bar and pours him a shot of whiskey.

ROB (cont'd)
Enjoy yourself.

Ben takes the shot. He relaxes.

ROB (cont'd)
That's what we like to see! Now
behind the bar you go. You're still
on the clock.

Ben laughs, before realising that Rob is serious.

He pours a pint for Gordon and Rob takes it.

Rob heads for the front entrance.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

The main entrance of the pub is marked with three concrete steps and a small landing with a roof. Picnic benches line the front of the pub either side.

Rob sits on the landing and sets his pint beside him.

He chuckles and pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

He takes a cigarette, lights it, and begins to smoke.

His shoulders drop. Smile becomes an empty frown. His head drops as he massages his injured leg.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Rob!

Rob looks up without moving his head.

Molly walks towards him slowly, wearing a paisley shirt, hot pink jeans, Doc Martins, and cat whisker face paint.

Rob looks up properly and smiles, genuinely happy.

MOLLY

Never say that I can't take what I dish.

Rob laughs.

ROB

Fancy a shot?

MOLLY

Hell yeah.

As they turn to go inside, she removes the KICK ME sign from his back, accidentally taking a length of cloth from the suit in doing so.

Confused but cringing, she winces at the gap in the back of his jacket and casts the sign aside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rob and Molly make their way to the bar. Everyone laughs at them and they laugh along.

The Reverend is already at the bar when they get there.

REVEREND

A pair of fools!

MOLLY

Two Jägerbombs, city boy.

BEN

Can do.

He pours them their drinks.

REVEREND

We were only just getting started
when you lost your nerve, Molly!

ROB

You're lucky you buy so many drinks,
Rev.

The Reverend pulls a pair of pink, fluffy handcuffs from his
robe.

REVEREND

I was going to snap these on your
wrists next!

MOLLY

Did you just have those on you?

ROB

Before you even started that bet?

BEN

I wonder what the Church of England
would think.

The Reverend stutters before leaving, red-faced.

ROB

(to Ben)

You're going to fit in very well.

Nadia walks behind the crowd at the bar and stares Ben down.

Rob shakes Ben's hand, but Ben is staring back at Nadia.

She draws a line across her throat and jabs a finger at him.

Ben laughs awkwardly.

Nadia shakes her head, before leaving with a menthol Vogue
cigarette in her mouth.

ROB (cont'd)

Very well indeed.

CREDITS