

CATASTROPHE

Series 3 Episode 4.5

"Bald Pussy"

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This episode is set in Series 3 between Episodes 4 and 5.

**Previously on Catastrophe:**

Rob has decided to return to Braeband. He's also been drinking again and his alcoholism is getting out of hand. He's hiding his drinking from Sharon, but Chris knows about it and wants to help him.

Sharon has recently returned to work and got promoted immediately. Her doctor visits have been going poorly as ever. Most recently, she found out that her egg reserve is extremely depleted.

Rob hates that women in porn have bald pussies and has an idea for an App that will put a "nice healthy bush" on all the porn-stars. He is an aspiring feminist innovator.

Fran is dating the plastic surgeon, Douglas. Chris is jealous and still reeling from his and Fran's divorce.

Fergal has run away from his family in Spain and is crashing with Rob and Sharon. He's started a "business" selling man-bags (leather satchels) from Malaga, Spain.

**INT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Rob is in bed reading a book. He wears a T-shirt and no bottoms. His boner pokes through the covers in the foreground.

The toilet flushes and Sharon enters, flopping down next to Rob.

SHARON

That's the billionth time I've had to wee in the last five minutes.

Rob starts kissing her neck.

ROB

I get so hard when you talk about your pussy, even tangentially.

SHARON

That's a fuckin' lie.

ROB

Okay, fine, I saw an ad for a holographic she-demon who wants to live chat me on web-cam.

Sharon laughs and they get down to business. Rob's on top of her. He starts thrusting and just when they should descend into the throes of passion, Sharon screams and shoves Rob off her.

SHARON

Ow! Fuck off.

He falls off the bed and lands on the floor penis-first. Rob is in agony clutching his dick when Sharon's face appears over the edge of the bed.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

ROB

Why weren't you --

SHARON

I dunno.

Rob manages to get up off the floor. Sharon stares directly at his penis.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Have your balls always been like that?

Rob looks down and then back at Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Everything looks small. It's like  
your belly turned into an awning  
for the genitals.

ROB  
Are you fat-shaming me right now?

SHARON  
(smiling)  
A bit, yeah.

Rob looks at himself in the mirror. His T-shirt is stretched tight across his expanding stomach.

ROB  
In all the years I've been fucking  
you, I've never not gotten your  
pussy wet.

SHARON  
Not everything's about you, Rob. It  
felt like I was stabbed in the  
fanny when you put it in.

Rob squats to look at her vagina and immediately recoils.

ROB  
Uh, honey. I think you need to see  
a doctor.

SHARON  
What? What's --

Sharon grabs Rob's phone from the bed and uses the camera to check her vagina. Her expression morphs into horror and she chucks the phone.

Rob tries to catch it mid-air and fails. Sharon laughs.

She itches her crotch. Rob's boner returns. He looks down and then back at Sharon, again.

ROB  
(lets continue fucking)  
So, you still wanna...?

A loud knock on the door.

FERGAL (O.S.)  
Is the wi-fi working for you two?

Fergal throws the door open and stands there holding his laptop.

FERGAL (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to outbid this Scottish  
arsehole for the domain  
myspanishmanbags.com.

Fergal smiles at Sharon and Rob as they rush to cover up.

FERGAL (CONT'D)  
Nothing I haven't seen before.

Off Sharon's grossed out face we --

SMASH CUT TO:

**TITLE: CATASTROPHE**

Over the familiar theme --

**INT. CLINIC - DAY**

Sharon is in the examination chair with her legs apart. The Doctor (the same surly bastard as always) blows into a surgical glove before pulling it on. Sharon squirms.

**INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY**

Sharon is dressed. Rob stands next to her as the Doctor addresses them.

DOCTOR  
You have a yeast infection. It's  
not uncommon in the peri-menopausal  
stages.

SHARON  
Sorry, did you say menopause?

DOCTOR  
PERI - menopause. It is not  
menopause, it's the decade leading  
up to menopause. A woman of your  
age is definitely peri-menopausal.

Sharon and Rob exchange a look.

SHARON

Just once I'd like to have a doctor say, "Everything's just fine and dandy, Sharon. Here have a fuckin' lolly." Is that too much to ask for?

ROB

You have said menopause a lot, doc. That's normal for her age, isn't it?

Sharon shoots a glare at Rob.

DOCTOR

Well, you aren't menopausal. You are entering the beginning stages of peri-menopause. Peri-menopause generally lasts for the 7-10 years leading up to menopause.

SHARON

So my vagina is gonna look like a pigeon's shit on it for 7-10 years?  
("great")  
First I'm barren, and now my pussy's a Jackson Pollock painting.

The Doctor starts writing a prescription.

DOCTOR

The discharge is just the yeast infection. I'll prescribe some anti-fungal medication for that. You should refrain from any sexual activity for at least a month, until the infection subsides. I'd also recommend wearing loose clothing.

SHARON

No tights?

DOCTOR

Tights are by definition, not loose.

SHARON

How about knickers? Should I still wear knickers, or just go commando?

The doctor ignores the question and hands her the prescription.

**EXT. CLINIC - DAY**

Rob and Sharon walk to the car.

SHARON

It's going to be weird not shagging you for a month. All the action I'll get is Muireann sucking on one tit and you on the other.

ROB

That doesn't sound so bad.

SHARON

It will be if I get carpal tunnel from jerking you off.

ROB

We have four hands between the two of us. That's one hand a week. We'll switch off in shifts.

Sharon walks awkwardly, clearly uncomfortable from the infection. She tries not to itch her crotch.

Rob gets in the driver's seat.

SHARON

Stop by the house so I can change out of these tights.

They drive off.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Rob pushes Muireann's stroller along the street. He walks as if to the rhythm of a jaunty tune.

ROB

(sing-song ; to Muireann)  
Just you and me, little baby. What do you want to do?

They walk past several stores.

- A bookstore. Outside the store an elderly GENTLEMAN wearing a golf-cap waves at Rob.

- A patissiere. Rob relishes the smell of fresh-baked goods. A homely baker LADY smiles at Rob and Muireann.

- A large hipster store. The storefront window is just one large mirror. The sign reads 'Do you see yourself?'

Who are you?' Rob sees himself in the mirror and notices how fat he's become. He turns and looks at his butt in the mirror.

Deflated, he loses the skip in his step and resumes his usual sluggish pace, pushing Muireann's stroller along.

The next place they walk by is...

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A large sign advertises 'Bottomless mimosas'. Rob pushes the stroller past the sign, seemingly determined not to drink.

When he's almost made it past the store, Rob notices another sign that reads 'Cinnabons of steel'.

He pulls the stroller to a screeching halt.

ROB  
It's little America.

Off Rob's Cinnabon-induced reverie --

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Through the door, Sharon is visible writing on the chalkboard. Melissa knocks on the door. Sharon opens it revealing that underneath her blouse, she's wearing comically floppy, bright yellow polka-dot harem pants. Melissa snorts as soon as she sees Sharon's pants.

MELISSA  
What is that?

Sharon looks at her pants.

**INT. SCHOOL, STAFF ROOM - DAY**

Sharon stands in front of a vent, making her pants flap. They sound like a pigeon stuck in a fan. Melissa stares at the flapping pants.

SHARON  
Stop staring at them.

MELISSA  
Okay. I was just going to tell you that Rogers isn't coming in today.

SHARON  
Okay? I have a class to teach, Mel.

MELISSA  
(gleeful)  
Ask me why.

SHARON  
Why?

MELISSA  
I haven't been this thrilled since  
I realized your Essex boyfriend  
could get us backstage at a  
Coldplay show.

SHARON  
Just tell me.

MELISSA  
She was arrested. For soliciting.

SHARON  
That old hag was trolling for peen?

MELISSA  
The universe is doling out the  
perfect amount of retribution for  
all the times she's taken my  
parking spot and pretended to have  
a "bad hip".

SHARON  
She pulls that trick when she wants  
the last blueberry lemon cream  
scone at the parent-teacher  
meetings too.

Sharon mimics Ms. Rogers holding her back and groaning  
exaggeratedly. Melissa smirks and goes back to staring at the  
pants.

MELISSA  
What were you thinking when you  
bought them?

SHARON  
That they look fuckin' cool.

Melissa grabs a particularly plump fold of the pants sticking  
out of Sharon's hips.

MELISSA  
Really?

SHARON

Stop it!

Sharon smacks Melissa's hand away.

**EXT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Fergal returns to the house with 6 leather satchels slung on him. He tries to open the door and finds it locked.

He rings the doorbell. No response. He struggles to put the bags down, retrieves his phone, and dials Rob.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Rob sits at the outdoor tables. His table is littered with the debris of what was clearly a large, unhealthy meal - Cinnabons and 5 mimosas. Rob sips on his 6th.

Rob's phone rings with a call from 'Fergal Sharon Brother/Shithead'. Rob picks up.

ROB

What, Fergal?

INTERCUT WITH :

**EXT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Fergal sits on the sidewalk near Rob and Sharon's house. The leather satchels are in a pile next to him.

FERGAL

I'm locked out of the house. I need you to come open the door.

A passing TEENAGER stops and comes over to look at the bags. He gestures asking if Fergal's selling them. Fergal instantly sees an opportunity.

ROB (O.S.)

I'm not coming all the way back home just to open the door for you, Fergal. I have a busy day planned. Just hang tight for a few hours.

FERGAL

(not listening to Rob)  
I'm going to call you back.

ROB (O.S.)  
I should be back in three hours --

Fergal hangs up and turns to the Teenager, ready to hawk his merchandise.

FERGAL  
Original leather man bags from  
Malaga, Spain.  
(beat)  
Limited edition.

The Teen is impressed holding one of the bags.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Rob looks at his phone.

ROB  
Well, fuck you then.

Rob finishes his mimosa. He looks over at Muireann gurgling in the stroller. A WAITRESS stops by and smiles at the baby.

WAITRESS  
She's gorgeous. What's her name?

ROB  
(slurring)  
Muireann... Moiran... Mewran... ? I  
think.

The Waitress is immediately suspicious.

WAITRESS  
Is she not yours?

ROB  
Of course she is. My wife just  
picked an insane Irish name that no  
one can pronounce.

She lingers.

ROB (CONT'D)  
(re: empty glasses)  
You can clear this away.

The Waitress takes the glasses, but clearly thinks that Rob might have kidnapped Muireann.

Muireann chooses this moment to start crying. Rob panics, grabs Muireann, and bolts. The Waitress tries to chase him, but gives up immediately.

WAITRESS

You haven't paid your bill!

Rob throws a few pounds in the air without slowing his pace and tries to keep a hold on the stroller. It gets away from him and barrels toward a BLIND MAN being led by a seeing-eye dog.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY, OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY**

Sharon is about to duck into the bathroom when an adorable buck-toothed kid, DYLAN (9) intercepts her. He stands with his hands behind his back.

SHARON

Dylan. Why aren't you in class?

Dylan adjusts his glasses and prepares himself to speak.

DYLAN

Ms. Morris, we made sculptures in our art class. We're supposed to gift them to our favorite teachers.

SHARON

(touched)

I'm your favorite teacher?

DYLAN

I was going to give it to Ms. Rogers, but Ms. Rogers is on holiday.

SHARON

(less touched)

Great.

Dylan presents the mini sculpture he's made - it's hideous - a rough-hewn miniature blue club. Sharon's face broadcasts the disappointment.

DYLAN

Do you like it?

SHARON

It's... great. Thank you, Dylan.

DYLAN  
It's blue because Ms. Rogers'  
favorite color is blue.

SHARON  
Okay. Thanks.

Sharon takes the club from him.

DYLAN  
Will you find a special place for  
it? My mum puts all my art by her  
bed.

SHARON  
Right.

Dylan adjusts his glasses and still stands in Sharon's way.

**INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM, STALL - DAY**

Sharon pisses in the stall and wipes off. The club Dylan gave her is on top of the toilet.

She applies her anti-fungal meds and begins the painstaking process of pulling her pants back on, but gets the floppy parts of the pants wet.

SHARON  
For fuck's sake.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY**

Sharon stands underneath the hand-dryer and tries to dry her pants. The dryer goes on and off the instant she moves her hands away to dry the fabric.

SHARON  
Can't do this for a month.

Sharon feels an itch coming on. She resists the urge to scratch it, but gives in with a sigh and scratches aggressively with her hand.

She looks over at the club Dylan gave her lying on the sink, looks around to make sure no one's around, and then uses the club to itch herself.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(sexual)

Mmmm. God. Yes. Thank you. Dylan.

A TEACHER walks in just in time to see and hear Sharon's sensual moans. She backs out of the bathroom horrified.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Rob holds a bag of mini liquor bottles. He opens one and looks at Muireann in her stroller. She stares up at him, looking all sweet and innocent. Rob turns her stroller to face away from him, and drinks the entire mini whiskey bottle.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Rob is at the checkout. He's bought raw garlic, garlic crisps and Axe body spray - all to cover up the stench of alcohol.

The red-headed teenage CASHIER looks at the items and then at Rob, judging him.

ROB

(shut up)

Just bag 'em.

The Cashier starts bagging the items deliberately at a snail's pace - a protest directed at Rob.

**EXT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Rob rolls up to the house, pulling Muireann's stroller, and with Frankie in tow. There's a large crowd of TEENAGERS blocking the entrance to the house.

Rob pushes past them to see Fergal signing people up. Fergal waves to Rob and holds up one of the satchels. He has a sign up 'Malaga Man-bag pre-order' Fergal peeks out from under the arm of a BURLY DUDE (18).

FERGAL

You want to get in on this, Rob! I have orders for the next several months.

(to Burly Dude)

Just your full name, address, email and 50 quid. More info at [myspanishmanbags.biz](http://myspanishmanbags.biz).

The Dude hands Fergal a credit card.

FERGAL (CONT'D)

Cash only.

A particularly GREASY DUDE (16) looks at Rob.

GREASY DUDE

I've been waiting for an hour. You can't just cut in the queue.

Rob is annoyed.

**INT. ROB AND SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Rob is in bed. Sharon shows Rob the club Dylan gave her.

SHARON

I always knew I was making a difference in these children's lives, but Dylan actually said I'm his favorite teacher.

ROB

That's great, honey.

SHARON

I mean I know it looks like the club caveman Ken used to knock out neanderthal Barbie, but--

ROB

It's the thought that counts.

Sharon applies her anti-fungal meds.

SHARON

This ointment feels like an angel's icy-hot breath.

ROB

Yeah?

SHARON

(enjoying it)

I'm going to compare your mouth to this feeling.

Rob smirks.

ROB

Fergal's turning our house into his own personal department store.

SHARON

He'll get bored of it in a week.

Sharon gets in bed with Rob and winces from the stench of him.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Why do you smell like you're trying to ward off Dracula?

ROB

It's probably just what I had for dinner... garlic pasta.

SHARON

Pasta? Was is just raw garlic?

ROB

There were some heavy garlic elements. Garlic bread played a significant role in the meal.

SHARON

Can you take a shower or something?

ROB

You want me to take a shower? Now?

SHARON

Or find a way to eliminate my sense of smell.

Rob gets out of bed and rummages around in the night-stand. He finds Sharon's hand-cream.

SHARON (CONT'D)

That costs 12 quid.

ROB

It's either this or nothing. I'm not taking a shower right now. I'm exhausted.

Rob rubs the hand-cream onto his neck, forearms and behind his ears.

SHARON

Exhausted from doing nothing all day?

ROB

Fuck you.

Sharon smirks. She takes the club and itches her crotch as Rob climbs back into bed. Rob looks at her questioningly.

SHARON

It's a gift. I can use it however I want.

Rob turns the lights off.

**INT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Breakfast. Sharon gets ready for work. The club sticks out of her handbag.

She comes around the kitchen island and we see that she is wearing Rob's sweatpants. She looks ridiculous, especially because it's paired with her plaid coat.

ROB

We really need to find someone to look after the kids. It's going to get harder when we're both at work.

SHARON

We'll sort it out. Fergal can help out for now. He's sitting on his arse anyway.

(beat)

I'm off to earn the big bucks. What are you doing today?

ROB

It is my last day with the kids before I'm back at Braeband - I'm going to bond with them. Oh, and I need to buy a new suit. I have nothing to wear to work.

SHARON

That makes two of us. I didn't even realize I've been strangling my fanny with tights all these years.

ROB

I threw my old pants out when I didn't get that last job.

(off Sharon's knowing look)

And I'm fat.

Sharon hands him a 20 pound bill and kisses him goodbye.

SHARON  
Buy yourself something pretty.

ROB  
(eating)  
I will.

Sharon kisses Muireann on the forehead, waves to Frankie, and heads out.

Fergal walks in. He's unkempt and wears one of Rob's T-shirts that is huge on him.

FERGAL  
(re: shirt)  
You're a big fuckin' lad, Rob.  
(beat)  
I need your keys. Have a lot of business to take care of today. I'll be poppin' in and out of the house. Don't wanna get stuck on the pavement like yesterday.

ROB  
I need my keys.

FERGAL  
Just give me a ring when you're headed back and I'll come open the door for you if I'm not here.

Fergal reaches out for Rob's keys. Rob reluctantly hands them over.

ROB  
Can you watch Muireann for a bit while I go buy a suit?

FERGAL  
No can do.

Rob rolls his eyes.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Rob and Chris walk side by side. Rob pushes Muireann's stroller along. Chris takes a drag of his vape.

ROB  
Thanks for coming with me. I'm bursting out of everything I own like the incredible hulk.

CHRIS

Gettin' piss drunk all day will do that to you. You tell Sharon that you've been drinking?

ROB

I don't have to. I'm just having the occasional "pint". I have it under control.

Chris sniffs Rob.

CHRIS

You smell like an Irish wake and...  
Axe body spray?

(beat)

I've said it before and I'll say it again mate, you ought to get help.

ROB

How's Fran?

That cuts Chris deep. He doesn't respond, just takes a long drag of his vape.

**INT. SCHOOL ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY**

The UPPER JUNIORS wrap up their assembly. Sharon and other TEACHERS usher them out toward the classroom.

SHARON

Watch your language, Alice!

The kids point and laugh at Sharon's pants.

**INT. SCHOOL STAFF ROOM - DAY**

Sharon pours herself a cup of tea and turns around to find herself face to face with Ms. ROGERS (40s, matronly).

MS. ROGERS

(insincere)

Sharon! I always love your outfits. They're so... colorful.

SHARON

Thanks.

(probing)

How was your day off?

MS. ROGERS

I was feeling a bit ill.

SHARON

(under her breath)  
I wouldn't feel great if I got  
caught paying someone to "water my  
bush" either.

MS. ROGERS

What was that?

SHARON

Nothing.

Sharon makes to move past her, but Ms. Rogers blocks her path.

MS. ROGERS

I heard that Dylan gave you a  
little present.

SHARON

Oh yeah, he did. Handy little  
thing.

MS. ROGERS

It's an enchanted egg.

Sharon takes the club out of her bag and looks at it.

SHARON

Is that what it's supposed to be?  
Looks more like a club.

(trying to make Ms. Rogers  
laugh)

A club for a leprechaun to beat his  
enemies into submission.

Sharon tries to edge past Ms. Rogers again, and again, she blocks Sharon's path.

MS. ROGERS

I'd like to have my egg back. Dylan  
did make it for me after all.

SHARON

Well you weren't here, so... He  
gave it to me.

Sharon notices Ms. Rogers eyeing the club sticking out of her bag. Both of them leap for the bag. It turns into a tug of war.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Give it! You crabby old hag.

MS. ROGERS  
It's not yours. You ill-mannered  
hussy!

SHARON  
I'm the hussy? You literally paid  
someone to sleep with you. And you  
got arrested.

Sharon lets go and Ms. Rogers falls back onto the floor. The  
club falls out, along with Sharon's anti-fungal meds. Ms.  
Rogers takes the club.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
(loud)  
You know what, keep it. Dylan's  
"art" has been great for itching my  
fanny.

Ms. Rogers drops it and everyone else in staff room chooses  
this moment to pay full attention to them.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
(loud and proud; like an  
AA intro)  
I'm Sharon Morris and I have a peri-  
menopause yeast infection.

All the teachers look on. Melissa helps Ms. Rogers up.

**INT. MEN'S WEAR STORE - DAY**

Rob looks at his reflection in the mirror. He's in a suit  
that's too tight around his legs. Behind Rob, Chris wears a  
fedora and rocks Muireann's stroller gently.

ROB  
What do you think?

SALESWOMAN (O.S.)  
It looks fantastic.

Reveal a curvy SALESWOMAN. She comes over to Rob and adjusts  
his shirt, tucking it deep into his belt. Too deep. Rob's  
eyes go wide.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)  
Much better.

Rob's discomfort is palpable.

ROB  
You don't think it's a bit...  
tight?

SALESWOMAN  
The tighter the better.

Rob turns around to face Chris, he can feel a boner coming. Rob grabs the fedora off of Chris' head and uses it to cover his boner.

ROB  
I think I'll try a size up.  
(beat)  
Maybe two.

Chris smirks at Rob.

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY**

Rob, still wearing a suit, jerks off in the changing room and finishes into his own clothes.

ROB  
One. More. Month. Ahhh!

He looks at his soiled clothes.

**INT. MENSWEAR STORE - DAY**

Rob stands at the Cashier's desk across from the Saleswoman.

ROB  
I'd like to wear this out the  
store.

Rob hands over his credit card.

**EXT. KINDERGARTEN - DAY**

Rob and Chris stand with Muireann's stroller outside Frankie's school. Rob in his new suit and Chris wearing the fedora. They look like a poster for a buddy cop movie gone wrong.

ROB  
You don't have to hang out with me  
all day, you know?

CHRIS

Don't have anything better to do,  
might as well keep you sober for a  
coupla hours.

Chris stares seriously at Muireann in the stroller in front of him and as he exhales, he makes a goofy face at her. Muireann lets out a happy little squeak and grabs hold of Chris's vape when he leans over.

Frankie comes out of school and makes a beeline for Chris.

ROB

Why do my kids like you all of a sudden?

(to Frankie)

Frankie, give daddy a hug. I'm going back to work at a soul-sucking corporation to pay for your lifestyle.

Frankie hugs Chris's leg tighter.

ROB (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Ungrateful little shit.

A passing PARENT overhears Rob and thinks he's talking about her CHILD.

ROB (CONT'D)

I was just --

Rob tries to salvage the interaction with a goofy wave. Frankie tugs on Rob's pants.

FRANKIE

I got you something, daddy.

Rob is touched and looks at Frankie expectantly. Frankie reaches into his pocket and retrieves a mini vodka bottle and holds it out to Rob. Chris shakes his head.

ROB

(nervous)

Uh, why would you get me that?

FRANKIE

Siobhan's mommy had some in her purse and I saw you drinking it yesterday.

ROB  
 (to Chris)  
 I wasn't. I just wanted to make  
 sure there wasn't any alcohol in  
 the house. So I wouldn't be  
 tempted.

FRANKIE  
 (to Rob)  
 You didn't even say thanks, daddy.  
 That's rude.  
 (mimicking Rob)  
 Ungrateful little shit!

Chris starts walking, pushing Muireann's stroller. Frankie follows behind him.

ROB  
 Hey! You can't talk to me like  
 that.  
 (to Chris)  
 Chris, you can't tell Sharon.

Chris' expression remains unreadable.

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

Sharon and Melissa smoke outside.

MELISSA  
 Fucking hell, your body's just been  
 one disaster after the other,  
 hasn't it?

SHARON  
 It really has.

MELISSA  
 At least that explains the pants.  
 (beat)  
 I've had my share of the yeasties.

SHARON  
 Is it contagious, you think?

MELISSA  
 Didn't you ask the doctor this  
 stuff?

SHARON  
 No. Didn't want to give him the  
 satisfaction.  
 (MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)

When I talked to him about getting  
the coil, he examined my breasts  
and told me I'm practically barren.

Melissa shrugs in response. Sharon scratches her crotch  
through the pants.

MELISSA

I've heard it helps if you shave  
your bush.

SHARON

I haven't touched my bush since  
uni.

(contemplating)

You sure ?

Melissa nods and takes another drag of her cigarette.

**EXT. FILM SET - EVENING**

Miscellaneous FILM CREW mill around, dealing with logistics  
between takes. Fran and Sharon walk through the set.

FRAN

Isn't this exciting?

SHARON

(no)

Yeah. Where is Jeffrey?

Fran points over to the shot where, in the deep background  
amongst several other EXTRAS, Jeffrey is barely visible. Fran  
waves at them, distracting the other actors.

FRAN

First time I've gotten to visit  
set. Keep an eye out for Kate...  
Winslet.

Sharon walks toward the craft service table and reaches for a  
banana. A hand smacks her away - a hand that belongs to a  
large-nosed PA (female, 20s)

PA

Cast and crew only.

FRAN

We're with one of the stars.

An unintelligible voice comes over the PA's walkie-talkie.

PA  
 (responding)  
 10-1 is on schedule.

Fran continues addressing the PA.

FRAN  
 We're with the actor. Jeffrey  
 Beesly.

PA turns to Fran menacingly. Her British accent disappears  
 and turns distinctly American.

PA  
 Lady, I said cast and crew only.

Another unintelligible announcement over her walkie-talkie  
 and the PA's British accent comes on thick.

PA (CONT'D)  
 (cheery)  
 Brenda for Edgar. Be right there,  
 mate.

Fran and Sharon exchange a look - that was surreal.

SHARON  
 I'd like to get home to the kids,  
 it's our last night together before  
 Rob goes to work.

Fran dives right in.

FRAN  
 Douglas and I have been having some  
 intimacy issues.

SHARON  
 The plastic surgeon?

FRAN  
 The plastic surgeon who thought I  
 was perfect and didn't need any  
 work done. Yes, him.

SHARON  
 How long have you been seeing him?

FRAN  
 A week.

SHARON  
 (cynical)  
 And you're having problems,  
 already?

FRAN  
 How did you and Rob get together,  
 again?

SHARON  
 Fair enough.

Off Sharon's reaction.

**EXT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Rob walks up to the house with the kids in tow. Rob approaches the door when he realizes that Fergal has his keys.

ROB  
 Great.

Rob dials Fergal.

**INT. NAIL SALON - DAY**

Fergal is getting a manicure. He gestures to the MANICURIST to pause and puts the call on speaker. He puts his hands back in position to let her continue working on his nails.

FERGAL  
 Yeah, Rob?

ROB (O.S.)  
 Fergal. I need the keys. Where are  
 you?

The manicurist holds up a nail-clipper to get Fergal's consent. Fergal shakes his head. She then holds up a smaller nail-clipper. Fergal nods.

FERGAL  
 Just doing a bit of housekeeping  
 for my business. I'll be there in  
 45-70 minutes.

ROB (O.S.)  
 What am I supposed to--

Fergal hangs up.

FERGAL  
 (to Manicurist)  
 Easy on the cuticles.

The Manicurist nods.

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

Fran and Sharon chat over drinks.

SHARON  
 -- Now the whole school knows I  
 have a yeast infection. And that  
 cranky old bat stole the only thing  
 that was helping me cope with the  
 bloody itching.

FRAN  
 A homeopathic remedy will clear  
 that fungus right up.

Fran takes a sip of her wine.

SHARON  
 Like what? An incense enema?

FRAN  
 Don't be silly. All you need is a  
 light vinegar douche.

SHARON  
 Sorry, did you say vinegar douche?

FRAN  
 You just take a funnel and some  
 cider vinegar--

SHARON  
 I'm not doing that. No.

FRAN  
 Suit yourself.

SHARON  
 You seem happy.

FRAN  
 I'm glowing, aren't I?  
 (beat)  
 Douglas is a fantastic lover.

Fran indicates the size of his penis relative to her empty glass. Sharon forces a smile.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
You seen Chris around?

SHARON  
He's actually spending the day with  
Rob. They're having a lads day out.  
It's cute.

Fran turns to flag down a passing WAITER, when her phone starts buzzing with a call from Douglas. She shows Sharon the phone and winks.

FRAN  
It's Douglas.

Fran jumps out of her seat to answer the call.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
Helloooo!

Sharon rolls her eyes.

**EXT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Rob sits on his own doorstep. Muireann is in his lap and Frankie runs around.

Fergal finally arrives. He walks past Rob and pushes the door open. It was never locked.

ROB  
Why would you--?

Rob decides he's better off not asking questions and gathers his things to head inside.

FERGAL  
(re: Rob's suit)  
Why you dressed so fancy?

ROB  
I want my T-shirt back.

FRANKIE  
Ungrateful little shit.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROB AND SHARON'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Rob brushes his teeth while Sharon pees. Sharon comes up behind Rob and grabs his razor from the sink.

Rob reacts, responding with his mouth full of toothpaste.

ROB  
What are you doing?

SHARON  
Gonna shave my pussy. Melissa says  
it'll help with the yeast  
discharge.

ROB  
(genuinely upset)  
Really? That seems unnecessary.  
Adult women have defeated yeast  
infections with their bush intact  
for millennia. You don't need to do  
this.

SHARON  
It'll grow back. Faster than your  
average bush, if I'm honest.

ROB  
I don't support this.  
(beat)  
Can you at least use a different  
razor?

Sharon's already started the process of shaving. Pubes fall  
onto the floor and off Rob's upset face we head to --

**INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY**

Melissa and Sharon wash their hands.

SHARON  
I did it. Shaved the ol' bush.  
Feels weird to have a bald pussy.  
And Rob's not happy, I'll tell ya  
that. It's still a hassle putting  
the fungal cream on.

MELISSA  
You know there's a pill that clears  
the infection up? You don't need to  
get messy with ointment like the  
old days.

Off Sharon's enraged face we --

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**