

EXT: OUTSIDE THE CANCER WARD, STOKE-ON-TRENT, DAY

ROB (26) stands alone, he looks anxious and sleep-deprived.

ROB V/O

A fairy is a bit like the love  
between brothers, you've never  
seen it but you still like to  
believe it exists.

JAKE (24) gets out of a taxi. He eyes ROB suspiciously, nods to acknowledge him. ROB goes in for a hug but JAKE doesn't. They stand awkwardly for a moment.

JAKE

Have you got a cigarette?

ROB

Dad's got cancer.

JAKE

I know - I've been craving one ever since I heard.

JAKE turns to a nearby family, huddling in grief.

JAKE

Excuse me, do any of you have a  
cigarette?

GRIEVING WIDOW

My husband has just died of cancer.

Beat

JAKE

Is that a no then?

ROB pulls at JAKE, who snatches his arm back.

ROB

*(To the family)* Sorry -

JAKE

Don't apologise for me.

ROB

Since when do you smoke  
"cigarettes"?

JAKE

A few things have changed since we last saw you  
- *(To Patsy)* Pattycakes - !

PATSY approaches. JAKE hugs him affectionately, again ROB approaches for a hug but PATSY opts out and goes for a butch nod of acknowledgement instead.

PATSY  
Have you seen him yet?

ROB  
He's unconscious.

JAKE  
Small mercies.

They all stand, uncomfortable.

Beat

PATSY takes a full Battenburg cake out of his bag that he's clearly been snacking on already. He continues to eat.

JAKE and ROB stare at him.

Beat.

JAKE  
You gonna share that?

PATSY hands it to JAKE who takes a healthy bite, he gestures to ROB, who sighs and takes it and chows down on it.

JAKE  
This is shit.

ROB  
Proper shit.

PATSY  
Shitache mushrooms.

ROB  
(*Indicating indoors*) Shall we?

PATSY  
Yeh, I need a toilet. My arse crack is like a Florida coast line.

Beat. ROB and JAKE look at him.

PATSY  
Swampy.