

BE MY GUEST

"Pilot"

by

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ACT ONE

TITLES

COMPUTER SCREEN:

The logo of a website: BeMyGuest.com, an accommodation-booking site not unlike Airbnb.

We click on "Search" and pictures appear of houses and flats available to rent.

We scroll down until we click on one we like -- SAMMY'S FLAT, where the series is set. The thumbnail expands to a large photo of Sammy's airy, cutely-decorated living room, and we swipe sideways through the bedroom, the kitchen, the bathroom.

Liking the look of the place, we scroll down past the description and click the button marked "BOOK".

A box pops up with the caption "YOUR HOST: SAMMY", showing a photo of a smiling woman in her late twenties.

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

The front door of the flat opens to reveal the real-life version of the photo: SAMMY, smiling and welcoming, beckoning us in... Until her smile fades and her face clouds with sadness.

END TITLES

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

PHOTO ON LIVING ROOM WALL:

A photo of SAMMY and her boyfriend DANNY, sweaty and giggling and clutching cans of cheap lager, hugging each other at a festival.

Reflected in the glass of the photo is Sammy, contemplating the couple in the picture as if she doesn't recognise them.

The doorbell rings, shaking Sammy from her reverie. She takes the photo off the wall and shoves it into a drawer, with a bunch of other photos of her and Danny.

FRONT DOOR:

Sammy opens the door to meet MIKE and MILLIE, apparently the most loved-up couple you'll ever see.

SAMMY

Hi!

MILLIE

Hiiii! You must be Sammy?

SAMMY

Yes, hi!

MILLIE

Hiiii! We're Mike and Millie!

MIKE

Millie and Mike!

MILLIE

Awww...

They wrinkle their noses at each other and share a kiss. Miraculously, Sammy's grin only slips a notch or two.

SAMMY

Hi... Come in!

HALLWAY:

Millie and Mike follow Sammy into the flat.

MILLIE

Oh, this is so lovely. Isn't it lovely?

MIKE

It's lovely.

MILLIE

You must have so many wonderful memories.

SAMMY

Yeah...

FLASHBACK - HALLWAY - SUNNY DAY:

Danny shoulders his way through the front door with Sammy in his arms -- and trips over the mat. They tumble onto the floor, laughing and grabbing each other.

BEDROOM - NOW:

Sammy shows Mike and Millie around the flat, trying to keep a smile on her face as Millie coquettishly tries the mattress.

MILLIE

A-ha -- where the magic happens!

FLASHBACK - BEDROOM - SUNNY DAY:

Sammy and Danny passionately make love as light streams through the curtains.

LIVING ROOM - NOW:

Millie tries out the sofa.

MILLIE

So comfy!

FLASHBACK - LIVING ROOM - RAINY EVENING:

Sammy and Danny sit on the sofa, Sammy watching TV, Danny on his phone. Sammy prods Danny with her foot and they share a brief smile, but he goes back to his phone and her smile fades.

KITCHEN - NOW:

Millie inspects the kitchen with a smile, opening the fridge to discover a bottle of Prosecco.

MILLIE

Oh look -- Prosecco! This is so cute. I bet you've cooked so many great meals in here.

FLASHBACK - KITCHEN - NIGHT:

Sammy and Danny try to cook separate meals, getting in each other's way. Sammy goes in the fridge and pulls out an empty packet -- annoyed, she holds it up to Danny, but he just walks out of the kitchen with his plate without noticing.

BATHROOM - NOW:

Millie enters the bathroom and squees at the tub.

MILLIE

Oh, what a lovely big tub! I can't wait to have a soak -- I bet you have such lovely long baths.

FLASHBACK - BATHROOM - NIGHT:

Sammy sits in the bath, the light off, sobbing uncontrollably.

LIVING ROOM - NOW:

Sammy gazes at the door.

SAMMY

Right, now you know where everything is. Mainly the Prosecco. So, y'know, enjoy.

MILLIE
You're not leaving?

Mike and Millie's smiles freeze. At the prospect of being alone their body language turns stiff and rigid.

SAMMY
I really should. Don't want to get
in your way.

MIKE
Don't rush off on our account...

SAMMY
I should.

MILLIE
No need...

SAMMY
I really, really should.

MIKE
Wait!

Sammy stops.

MIKE
How do you work the heating?

SAMMY
It's June.

MIKE
So... Is it a timer, or...?

Sammy sighs and heads for the hallway.

AIRING CUPBOARD - MOMENTS LATER:

Hemmed into the airing cupboard doorway, Sammy explains the boiler to Mike, who nods attentively.

SAMMY
...and that's about everything you
need to know about the heating,
should you get chilly. In June.

MIKE
Right. Got it.

Still staring at the boiler, he puts his hand on Sammy's back.

MIKE
Do... do you ever get chilly,
Sammy?

SAMMY

Not in June, no.

She tries to slide out of the airing cupboard.

MIKE

Why don't you stay a bit longer?

SAMMY

I don't think Millie would like that.

MIKE

She wouldn't mind.

Sammy escapes out of the front door.

SAMMY

Don't forget to leave a review on the site!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sammy escapes into the corridor outside her flat -- where she runs into FRANKLIN, her middle-aged neighbour, coming out of his flat opposite.

FRANKLIN

Samantha! I thought that was you.
Is Daniel in?

SAMMY

No, he's... not around right now.

FRANKLIN

I see. I just need to have a word with him. Building business.

SAMMY

Building business?

FRANKLIN

Right, so if you could pass on the message...

SAMMY

Look, you don't have to always talk to 'Daniel' just because he's the man, you know. Whatever it is, I'm sure I'm perfectly capable of dealing with it. I am a grown-up, capable intelligent woman. It pisses me off -- everyone always assumes he's in charge, but guess who pays the bills? This girl. Guess who does all the driving?

This girl. Guess who has to explain exactly how they want to be touched and where...

FRANKLIN

Soooo it's about helping out at the committee meeting.

SAMMY

Oh. Yeah, you need to talk to Danny about that. See you!

Sammy starts off down the hall.

FRANKLIN

So I'll just knock for Daniel tonight, then.

Sammy spins round.

SAMMY

No! Er, I'll tell him to come and knock for you. When he gets back.

FRANKLIN

And that will be...?

SAMMY

Not sure exactly. He'll be out late.

FRANKLIN

That's fine, I'm a night owl.

SAMMY

Very late.

FRANKLIN

I'm a very late night owl. With the triplets.

SAMMY

Look, I'm not sure he's coming back. At all.

FRANKLIN

At all tonight or at all, at all?

Sammy thinks hard before answering.

SAMMY

Tonight. It's his... bondage club night.

Sammy legs it before Franklin can recover from this revelation.

Franklin grins and scurries back inside.

FRANKLIN

I knew it! Steven, darling, you
are going to love this...

INT. MARTHA'S FLAT - DAY

MARTHA flings open her front door, her bracelets jingling
and her enormous curls bouncing.

MARTHA

Sammy! Get in here!

They hug with the long squeeze of best friends.

MARTHA'S LIVING ROOM:

Sammy fidgets while Martha fetches wine.

MARTHA

So... What were they like?

SAMMY

Nice. They seemed nice. And very
happy.

MARTHA

Bastards.

SAMMY

Anyway, fingers crossed I won't
have to do this for long. If the
bank agree to change the mortgage
to a buy-to-let then I can rent it
out and I'm out of here.

MARTHA

You could move in here full-
time...

SAMMY

Babe, I'd love to, but I need to
get away, y'know? Do something
with my life instead of sitting
around in my bloody flat.

MARTHA

I know, babes. I'm so glad you're
here now though! It's been shit
since Marta had to move back to
Spain. The bills have gone through
the roof and there's never any
chorizo in the house.

Sammy glances into the KITCHEN, where dirty dishes are
piled high.

SAMMY

At least you've taken back control of your kitchen.

MARTHA

Yeah, turns out my European friend did a lot more than I thought to keep this place going.

SAMMY

There's a metaphor there, but I can't quite put my finger on it.

MARTHA

Anyway babes, we're going to have so much fun you staying here! What do you want to do tonight?

SAMMY

Netflix and chill?

MARTHA

Wow, and you've only been single five minutes! But I'm sorry love, you're not my type.

SAMMY

Oh god, does that means shagging?

MARTHA

Yes.

SAMMY

Oh god.

MARTHA

Like, two years ago.

SAMMY

Oh god, did I miss Netflix and chill? Me and Danny actually used to watch Netflix while chilling.

MARTHA

That name is banned, babes. This is a no-Danny zone. From now on, the only Dannys we talk about are "DeVito", "Zuko" and "from Hearsay". That's the kind of man you need.

SAMMY

Which one? Never mind. Anyway, where am I going to find someone decent? Half the men in this town are idiots, and you've shagged the other half.

MARTHA

I think that's the same half...
Hey, we should get you on all the
dating apps! I'm on this new one
based around feminist literature.
It's called Bront-Bae.

SAMMY

Bront...bae?

MARTHA

Yeah. It's suuuper feminist -- the
men have to name five books
they've read written by women
before they can send you a dick
pic.

Martha shows Sammy her phone.

MARTHA

Look at this one!

SAMMY

Ugh! Jesus! I'm so not ready for
having a random cock shoved in my
face.

MARTHA

I'm definitely ready. I'm seeing
him tomorrow, in fact.

SAMMY

Is he up to snuff? What were his
books?

Sammy looks at the phone.

SAMMY

Naomi Wolf, Zadie Smith, OK...
Wait, Enid Blyton?!

MARTHA

I like a man who's young at heart.

SAMMY

Yeah but... Ugh, who am I to
judge. Netflix and chill, christ.
If I was any chiller I'd be in the
discount aisle of Iceland. Oh god,
what have I been doing for the
past 10 years?

MARTHA

At least you own a house.

SAMMY

Brilliant. While you kids were out
whooping it up getting pissed on a

beach in Bali and Instagramming
your bleached vaginas, I bought
myself a flat. Who needs a
twenties anyway?

MARTHA

Nobody bleaches their vagina.

SAMMY

OK.

MARTHA

You bleach your anus.

SAMMY

Gotcha.

MARTHA

Anyway, thirties are the new
twenties.

SAMMY

Yes. Men love women who are
knowledgable, worldly and need a
wee literally every two and a half
minutes.

MARTHA

Cheers to that.

They clink glasses.

SAMMY

God, it's so weird, someone else
in my flat. Just some complete
strangers in my bed...

MARTHA

Shagging in your bed.

SAMMY

On my sofa...

MARTHA

Shagging on your sofa.

SAMMY

On my toilet...

They point at each other and laugh.

MARTHA

It's all booked and paid for
through the app though, right? Now
you've let them in you never need
to see them or think about them
ever again, ever.

Sammy's phone buzzes. She checks the message and looks up out of Martha's window across the courtyard -- straight into her own flat, directly opposite.

SAMMY

Shit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BANK - DAY

In her blue suit, the bank's MORTGAGE ADVISOR contorts her face into what might be described as a smile, if you'd never seen anyone smile before.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

So just to confirm for yourself:
you'd like to rent out the flat.

SAMMY

Yes.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

We can certainly look at changing to a buy-to-let mortgage for yourself. Obviously we'd start by looking at the income of yourself and re-assessing the original application, OK? So if you'd like to fill in this form...

The mortgage advisor places a form on the desk.

SAMMY

Right, but nothing's actually changed. Everything's just the same.

The mortgage advisor's tight smile is frozen in place as she prods the form across the desk like it's a dead thing.

Sammy fills in the form as the mortgage advisor turns to her computer and starts typing, not looking at Sammy as she talks.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

Is it your partner and yourself in the property?

SAMMY

It sure is.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

Lovely. And how much are you earning for yourself?

SAMMY

Ah, now...

Sammy's phone starts buzzing. She dives into her bag to get it.

SAMMY
I've actually... Sorry...

Sammy pulls out her phone and glances at the screen with dismay.

SAMMY
(at the phone)
Oh fuck off!
(to the Mortgage
Advisor)
Sorry. Not you.

Sammy chucks her phone back in her bag and hands over the form, pointing to one section.

SAMMY
I've actually had a pay rise since
the original mortgage application.

The mortgage advisor stares at the form, then returns to her computer and taps away.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR
A... slight... pay rise... for
yourself. And your partner?

SAMMY
The same.

Sammy's phone buzzes again. She thrusts it into her bag unanswered.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR
Right. And do you have payslips
for yourselves?

SAMMY
I do.

Sammy hands over a wad of payslips.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR
And for your partner?

SAMMY
Oh, just use the ones you already
have on file.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR
Right. I'm afraid we would have to
see current payslips for both of
yourselves.

SAMMY
He's away at the moment.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

We would need to see them before we can proceed making the changes for yourself.

SAMMY

Right. But he's the same. He is literally incapable of change.

The Mortgage Advisor screws her tight smile even tighter.

Sammy's phone buzzes again.

SAMMY

I have to get this.

She bustles out.

MORTGAGE ADVISOR

Have a good day!

SAMMY

Yeah, and... Yourself.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A Toyota Prius pulls up at the kerb. It has a sticker in the windscreen with a big R and the word "Riide", similar to the sticker you might see on an Uber car.

The driver, KABIR, a young Asian lad with a sharp haircut, greets Sammy with a smile.

KABIR

Samantha?

SAMMY

That's me.

Sammy jumps in.

INT. RIIDE CAR - DAY

The car pulls away.

KABIR

Thank you for choosing to take a Riide today, Samantha. Please make yourself comfortable and I'll have you at your destination in no time.

SAMMY

Thanks.

They ride in silence for a while.

SAMMY
Is this your car?

KABIR
I license it from Riide, but yeah,
it's mine. Or it will be. In
twenty-three years.

SAMMY
And how long are your shifts?

KABIR
That's up to me. I'm my own boss.
Set my own hours, all that.

SAMMY
That sounds cool.

KABIR
It is! Like today, I've been
driving for thirteen hours, and
there's no-one to stop me.

SAMMY
Wow.

KABIR
Right? Help yourself to some
water.

Sammy cracks open a bottle of water and drinks.

SAMMY
(studying the bottle of
water)
Wait, where do you go to the
toilet?

KABIR
Why do you think I need you to
empty that bottle? No, I'm
kidding. I go in the shopping
centre.

Sammy laughs.

SAMMY
You're getting a good review...
(reads ID card)
...Kabir.
(wait for it)
Hang on -- a cab driver called
Kabir?

KABIR
Crazy, right? Kabir was a 15th

century saint. He was a mystic and a poet, born out of the palm of his mother's hand.

SAMMY

The palm of her hand?

KABIR

Yup.

SAMMY

I guess you've got to hand it to her.

KABIR

Ha-hey!

SAMMY

Hey, did you know that in the 1920s there was an all-female taxi service called the X Garage, which was started by an aristocratic lesbian powerboat racer who had affairs with Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich?

KABIR

Really? That's awesome. Did you know they had electric taxis in the 19th century, before they even had petrol cabs? They called them 'Hummingbirds'.

SAMMY

That's wild.

KABIR

Innit?

Sammy's phone buzzes.

SAMMY

Oh my god! I'm coming, alright?

(to Kabir)

Jesus. I thought this would be a quick way to earn some cash seeing as my fucking ex-boyfriend refuses to sell the house for no apparent fucking reason. I didn't think I'd have to be at some complete stranger's beck and call. Is this my life? Someone texts me and I just have to drop everything and run over to do their bidding?

KABIR

I can't imagine.

SAMMY

Do you own a house?

KABIR

No, I live with my family.

SAMMY

I own a place. You're supposed to buy a house. That's what everyone tells you. I worked through my twenties to buy it. I had three jobs when I was 22! George Osborne stole my twenties. Fuck George Osborne! I should wear a black armband like Michael Jackson for his lost childhood, only it's for my twenties. I'm like the Michael Jackson of getting pissed on weird drinks and inappropriate shagging.

KABIR

I think Michael Jackson was the Michael Jackson of...

(catches Sammy's eye in
the rear-view mirror)

Please continue.

SAMMY

I work a full-time job, right, and it's not enough. I don't even have credit cards -- well, not really -- but I'm always in the hole. I'm barely covering the interest on my mortgage. And then my boyfriend decides to just fuck off. So now strangers are in my house -- our house. Our bed. Christ! It's not enough to work, it's not enough to own your own home, you do everything you're supposed to and they always want more. I rent you my home and you rent me your car and neither of us ever really owns anything.

KABIR

"If you got it you don't need it.
If you need it you don't got it".

SAMMY

Is that some mystic 15th century poetry?

KABIR

Dean Martin. Right, here we go.

The car pulls up at Sammy's building. Sammy hops out, then leans back into the window.

SAMMY

Listen Kabir. Do you think you could maybe hang round for a minute while I sort something out and then take me back to work? I was only supposed to be popping out to the bank.

KABIR

Sure, I've got nothing else on. I'll wait here, OK?

SAMMY

Thank you.

She goes to leave, then turns back.

SAMMY

Is Kabir really your name?

KABIR

No, I just tell people that so they think it's funny and give me a good review on the app.

Sammy taps on her phone, which makes a "swoosh" noise.

SAMMY

Well, it worked. Five steering wheels for you, sir.

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

Millie throws open the door to greet Sammy.

MILLIE

Thank you for coming back!

SAMMY

Yeah, look, I know you're my BeMyGuest guests and I'm your BeMyGuest host, but I can't just drop everything and come and attend to your every whim. You're grown-ups, you'll just have to take some personal responsibility--

A late middle-aged woman pops her head round the living room door: SAMMY'S MUM.

SAMMY'S MUM

Hello love.

SAMMY

Shit.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER:

Sammy bundles her Mum into her coat, apologising profusely.

SAMMY

I'm so, so sorry. I forgot she even had keys.

MILLIE

Don't worry about it. It must be tough having a parent who's... Y'know. Elderly.

SAMMY'S MUM

I'm 56!

SAMMY

She's mad. Totally mad. Hey, have you had the Prosecco? Do help yourselves. Please.

HALLWAY:

Sammy bundles her mum out of the door.

SAMMY'S MUM

I just wanted to pop by! I thought Daniel would be here at least. Where is Daniel?

SAMMY

Not now, Mum.

Sammy pauses and turns back to Millie.

SAMMY

I really am sorry about this. I'll knock some money off the payment or something.

MILLIE

Oh, you dont need to do that.

SAMMY

It's just this is my first time...

Millie steps up close to Sammy, way too close, and puts her hands on a surprised Sammy's shoulders.

MILLIE

It's your first time? Us too.

SAMMY

And... er... I really need a good review...

Millie gently places a finger to a bemused Sammy's lips.

MILLIE

Don't worry. Our review will be positive. Glowing, even.

SAMMY

Er... Thanks...?

Sammy's mum is still waiting right next to them, oblivious to this weird "romantic" moment.

SAMMY'S MUM

Are we off, then?

EXT. SAMMY'S BUILDING - DAY

Sammy's mum shuffles out of the main door, followed by a stunned Sammy.

SAMMY'S MUM

She seems nice.

SAMMY

Sure...

Kabir honks his horn and waves. Sammy waves back.

SAMMY

Come on, Mum, you jump in the cab and he'll take you home.

SAMMY'S MUM

Don't worry about me, I'll just get the bus.

SAMMY

No, go on, it's my treat.

Sammy's phone buzzes.

SAMMY

Shit. Hang on--

(into phone)

Hi Jacqui, sorry, I got caught up in the bank. I'm on my way back now. See you soon.

Sammy hangs up and helps her Mum into the cab. She leans in the window.

SAMMY

Look, Mum, if this website thing goes well I'm going to have people in regularly. You can't just turn up, OK?

SAMMY'S MUM

But where are you staying? And

where's Daniel?

SAMMY

I'm staying at Martha's while there's people in.

SAMMY'S MUM

But what about Daniel?

SAMMY

He... he left.

SAMMY'S MUM

What? Oh strawberry, are you all right?

SAMMY

I'm... I'll call you later, OK Mum?

Sammy straightens up and waves as the cab pulls away.

She glances up at the window of her flat.

Mike and Millie are each standing at different windows looking out at her. They both raise a hand to stiffly wave.

SAMMY

Fucking hell.

INT. MARTHA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sammy watches TV with a glass of wine.

Martha spills into the flat with her date CHARLIE.

MARTHA

Hi! This is Charlie, from the dating app.

SAMMY

Ah yes. Where'd you go on your date, Smuggler's Cove?

CHARLIE

Nando's.

MARTHA

What you watching?

CHARLIE

"Netflix and chill", right?

SAMMY

No-one says that any more, apparently.

MARTHA

Come on, you. Let's go and talk
literature.

(to Sammy)

'Night!

SPARE BEDROOM:

Sammy tosses and turns in a single bed. From Martha's room, the sound of frenetic and probably not very literary sex builds to a crescendo.

Sammy turns over and wraps the pillow round her head.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MARTHA'S SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silence at last. Sammy sleeps.

A bang echoing from somewhere in the darkness makes Sammy sit bolt upright.

She can vaguely hear shouting.

MARTHA'S LIVING ROOM:

Sammy wanders into the living room in the dark -- cracks her knee on a table.

SAMMY
(hissed)
Fuck it!

Sammy hears the yelling of a heated argument drifting through the window.

She peers out of the window at her own flat, dimly lit.

SAMMY
Please don't make me go over
there...

Everything is quiet for a moment.

Suddenly Millie appears at the window of Sammy's flat.

Sammy ducks.

SAMMY
Shit!

The heated argument resumes, noisy but indistinct.

Sammy peeps up over the windowsill and sees Millie and Mike silhouetted in her own flat -- yelling and arguing at the tops of their voices.

Martha appears next to Sammy in a t-shirt and serious bed-hair.

MARTHA
What's going on?

SAMMY
Get down!

She yanks Martha down beneath the windowsill.

Sammy and Martha slowly rise over the windowsill and peek out.

MARTHA
They're really going for it.

SAMMY
Maybe I should go over there...

Another loud bang -- really loud this time.

SAMMY
Shit! What was that?

MARTHA
I think it was your lamp.

Mike and Millie appear to run past the window. Millie is yelling -- there's another loud bang --

And silence.

Sammy and Martha rise up over the windowsill in suspense.

Mike backs into view in the window.

MARTHA
Christ! He's rear-windowed her!

Mike's head snaps round and looks straight at us out of the window.

Sammy and Martha hit the deck.

SAMMY
Shit!

Crouching down as she is, Sammy turns and suddenly finds Charlie's naked junk right at her eye level.

SAMMY
Bloody hell!

MARTHA
Oi! She told me she's not ready for that!

Martha yanks Charlie down beneath the window.

CHARLIE
Um. What's happening?

MARTHA
We think someone's killed someone.

CHARLIE
Oh. Do you think you'd better go over there?

SAMMY
Very gallant. I thought you'd be

up for investigating a mystery, or
is that only when you've had a
lashing of ginger beer?

MARTHA

I wish I could see in there...

Suddenly a piercing yell just through the night, and this
time the words are clear to everyone.

MILLIE

YOU MASSIVE WANKER!

Martha and Sammy breathe a sigh of relief.

CHARLIE

I'm going back to bed.

He shuffles off.

SAMMY

Well I'm glad Dick showed up, even
if the rest of the Famous Five
couldn't make it. Hmm, do you
think I should go over there?

MARTHA

Nah.

SAMMY

You're right. Let them work it out
themselves.

MARTHA

Nah, I just can't be arsed putting
knickers on. OI! SHUT YOUR NOISE,
FAM!

Silence.

The light goes out in Sammy's flat.

Martha nods in triumph, and marches back to bed.

Sammy sits under the window and sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bleary-eyed in tracksuit bottoms and a thrown-on jacket,
Sammy shuffles up the corridor with a blue carrier bag of
milk.

She pauses by her door, then remembers she doesn't live
there and keeps walking towards Martha's flat.

Franklin's door bursts open and Franklin pops out,
wrapped in a silk robe and holding a squirming baby.

FRANKLIN
Daniel...?

SAMMY
Morning.

FRANKLIN
Oh.

Disappointed not to find Danny coming home from bondage night, he shoos away someone inside the flat.

FRANKLIN
Get back inside, Steven!

SAMMY
So... Bye then.

Sammy is almost out of sight when Franklin pops his head back round his door.

FRANKLIN
What are you doing?

Sammy freezes.

FRANKLIN
You haven't forgotten where you live, have you?

Sammy slowly turns around.

FRANKLIN
Nope.

Sammy shuffles back down the corridor towards her door.

Franklin eyeballs her as she pauses at the door.

SAMMY
Anyway, nice to see you, Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Forgotten your key?

SAMMY
Nope. Got it right here.

She feigns rummaging in her pockets.

FRANKLIN
That wasn't you last night, was it? All the hooting and hollering.

SAMMY
Nope.

FRANKLIN

It sounded a lot like it was coming from your flat...

SAMMY

Dunno what to tell you.

FRANKLIN

I mean, there's families in the building.

Franklin's partner STEVEN appears, takes the baby from Franklin's shoulder and swaps it for another identical baby.

SAMMY

No idea.

FRANKLIN

I have to mention it, of course, as committee chairman. And a father.

SAMMY

Obviously.

FRANKLIN

And if it wasn't you, well -- you know the policy on guests staying in the building.

SAMMY

Found it!

Sammy takes something out of her pocket and sloooowly raises it to the door lock. But Franklin just won't bugger off.

SAMMY

Don't let me keep you.

FRANKLIN

Is that... Lipsyl?

SAMMY

No.

FRANKLIN

Are you trying to open your front door with a Lipsyl?

Sammy sighs.

SAMMY

I guess I must have forgotten my keys.

FRANKLIN

And mixed them up with Lipsyl?
Don't worry, I still have a spare
key. Steven!

SAMMY

No!

Franklin pauses. Sammy stares at him, desperate -- then inspiration strikes.

SAMMY

No, it's OK -- I'm actually over
at Martha's while Danny's, y'know,
out.

FRANKLIN

At bondage club.

SAMMY

Right. So that's why I was walking
past my own door, because I was
going to Martha's. And that's why
I don't have my keys, because
they're in my handbag at Martha's.
And I don't need them because I'm
not going into my flat. I'm going
to Martha's flat. That's what I'm
doing. Right now.

FRANKLIN

Well, that explains everything!
Have a good day!

SAMMY

And you!

They both turn away, satisfied...

And Millie opens the door of Sammy's flat, wearing a silk negligee.

MILLIE

Why hello, lovely!

Sammy's face falls.

SAMMY

Er... I brought you some milk!

Sammy bustles Millie into the flat before Franklin can say anything.

Franklin pulls a face and turns back to his own door to find it closed.

FRANKLIN

Steven. Steven!

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

KITCHEN:

Millie hands over a cup of tea.

MILLIE

Thank you so much for the milk.
You do know there was already
some in the fridge?

SAMMY

Yeah well... I thought you looked
like big... cereal fans. Right, I
should be going.

Sammy tries to down the tea, with predictable results.

MILLIE

Careful, it's hot.

SAMMY

(wincing)
So it is.

MILLIE

This is such a lovely little
place. Sometimes I wish we were
back in a little place like this.
That's what this weekend is about
-- it'll do us good to be cooped
up on top of each other instead of
rattling around in separate wings
like at home.

Sammy takes another belt of tea.

SAMMY

Sure.

MILLIE

Yes, a chance to reconnect.
Redevelop our intimacy.

Millie lays her hand on Sammy's hand.

MILLIE

Intimacy is so important.

Mike walks in wearing just a pair of boxer shorts and
Millie flinches, then forces a smile bordering on manic.
They greet each other with stiff, forced affection.

MILLIE

Good morning, darling!

MIKE

Morning, sunshine!

They kiss awkwardly, then both turn their slightly crazed grins on Millie.

MIKE

That's a lovely bed you've got, Sammy. In fact, we were thinking of going back there right now.

Sammy nods and slides out of her chair.

SAMMY

Good idea. I might join you.

Mike and Millie exchange a delighted look.

MIKE / MILLIE

Really?!

SAMMY

Oh, no, I didn't mean-- I mean, going back to my--

Millie rises and once again puts her finger on Sammy's lips.

SAMMY

Shhh.

SAMMY

(slightly muffled by
Millie's finger)

I think maybe you've got the wrong idea about me.

MIKE

Your listing says "couples".

SAMMY

So...?

MILLIE

It also says "Netflix and chill".

SAMMY

Shit. It does. The thing is, I thought that means something else.

MIKE

Ahhhh... I did wonder.

MILLIE

Because no-one says that anymore.

MIKE

Right.

SAMMY

No, it's just... Oh shit. This has

been a disaster. I just wanted to make some money. My boyfriend fucking left and he's not paying into the mortgage but he won't let us sell it, and I just want to get out of here and I can't unless I can make some fucking stupid money!

She fights tears.

MILLIE

Oh, honey!

Millie and Mike swarm around Sammy, wrapping her in a comforting group hug.

SAMMY

I just want to go somewhere. Get away from here. Do something different. Be someone different.

MILLIE

We... We all feel like that, honey.

MIKE

We do.

SAMMY

I just want to be loved.

MILLIE

We know how you feel.

The mood changes from comforting to charged with sexual tension.

Sammy blinks back tears and looks between the two.

SAMMY

Do you still have that Prosecco?
Because fuck it.

Mike and Millie lean in towards Sammy. Their three faces converge...

Then Mike breaks away.

MIKE

I'm sorry, I can't do this.

Millie breaks away too.

MILLIE

I can't either.

MIKE

I know you wanted to try an open relationship, Millie, and I gave it a try, I really did.

MILLIE

Oh yes, you really did, didn't you? You couldn't wait to start listing potential candidates! Your orthodontist. That girl in the pub with the wonky contouring. That fucking foetus in Boots!

MIKE

It was your idea!

MILLIE

(gesturing to Sammy)
And don't think I didn't see you trying it on with this one!

SAMMY

Er... I might be going...

MIKE

That's the whole reason we came here. I thought it was what you wanted!

MILLIE

It was!

MIKE

You mean... It isn't now?

MILLIE

No! Yes. I don't know. I do want to do things differently. I just didn't expect you to take to it with quite such enthusiasm!

MIKE

Oh Christ, I didn't want to. I just thought... if I didn't find people to join us then you might... you might go out looking yourself. And you... you might not come back.

MILLIE

Oh. Oh mookie, really?

MIKE

Yes, pookie, really.

They melt into each other's arms. For the first time it's a natural, loving embrace. And a natural, loving kiss.

And then they start to tear at each other's nightclothes.

SAMMY
I'll see myself out.

INT. MARTHA'S FLAT - DAY

Sammy marches into Martha's flat and straight past Charlie without stopping.

CHARLIE
Morning.

SAMMY
Nope.

She disappears into her bedroom, leaving Charlie holding a bowl.

CHARLIE
Did you get the milk?

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

Now dressed properly, Sammy gingerly lets herself into the empty flat.

SAMMY
Hello...?

LIVING ROOM:

She kicks something -- the empty bottle of Prosecco rolls across the floor.

Sammy picks it up and glances out of the window, where she sees:

EXT. SAMMY'S BUILDING - DAY

Kabir loading Mike and Millie's luggage into his Prius.

Kabir spots Sammy and they wave to each other.

INT. SAMMY'S FLAT - DAY

Sammy bins the champagne bottle and sets to work cleaning up.

BATHROOM:

Sammy diligently scrubs the bath -- cringes as she picks squelchy rose petals out of the plughole.

BEDROOM:

Sammy bundles the sheets up in her arms and finds her nose right by a large stain. She grimaces and scurries out with the sheet at arm's length.

KITCHEN:

The towels and sheets go in the washing machine.

Sammy carefully measures a scoop of washing powder into the machine. Thinks about it for a sec, then lashes a lot more powder in.

LIVING ROOM:

The flat now immaculate, Sammy shuts off the hoover and collapses on the sofa.

Looking at the cushions, she spots something -- reaches over -- and pulls a pair of lacy knickers from beneath the cushion.

SAMMY

I'm glad somebody's having a lovely time.

The doorbell rings.

FRONT DOOR:

Sammy opens the door to her NEW GUESTS: a happy, smiling couple.

NEW GUEST

You must be Sammy!

Sammy smiles and welcomes them in.

NEW GUEST

Oh my god, look at this place -- you must have had some great times here!

Behind them, for a moment, Sammy's smile fades and her face clouds with sadness. Then she closes the door and shuts us out.

END OF EPISODE

Be My Guest

A heartbroken young woman is forced to rent her flat to a succession of unusual characters.

Synopsis

Sammy and Danny just broke up -- and now he's moved out, Sammy has to come up with a way of paying the mortgage. She turns to BeMyGuest.com, a website not unlike Airbnb, through which she rents out her flat. But a new guest each episode brings their own complications in this anthology-style comedy-drama.

Potential episodes

Uni reunion

A group of old friends turn up at their flat with years of old baggage.

Work trip

Two amorous colleagues in town for a conference fumble through their first ever dirty weekend.

Influencer

Trying to drum up business, Sammy invites an Instagram celebrity to come and stay in the flat.

Single woman

Sammy hits it off with her guest, another newly-single woman, and agrees to show her round town. But their epic night out quickly gets out of hand.

Older man

An older man comes to stay for a work trip, but he's got an ulterior motive.

Hen do

A group of hens try to have a good time, but the stag party in a rival BeMyGuest flat keep butting in.

One-night stand

Sammy is enamoured of her tenant, a handsome businessman -- until he brings home a girl he just met.

Danny's parents

Things get awkward when the ex's parents come to stay -- and it seems Danny has told them a few things Sammy didn't expect.

Party

While Sammy is away staying in a much nicer BeMyGuest flat, Martha desperately tries to stop this week's tenants from trashing the flat.

Penultimate episode

Guests fail to show up, leaving Sammy alone in the flat for the first time. Drifting from room to room, she once again has flashbacks to her time here with Danny -- finally revealing why they broke up.

Final episode

Sammy might be finally moving on. Not only has she arranged for potential buyers to view the flat, but she's also got a hot date. Except things don't go to plan: the last guest refuses to leave, the neighbours have had enough of the comings and goings, and the buyers have their own agenda. Amid the chaos, the last thing Sammy needs is Danny turning up out of the

blue...