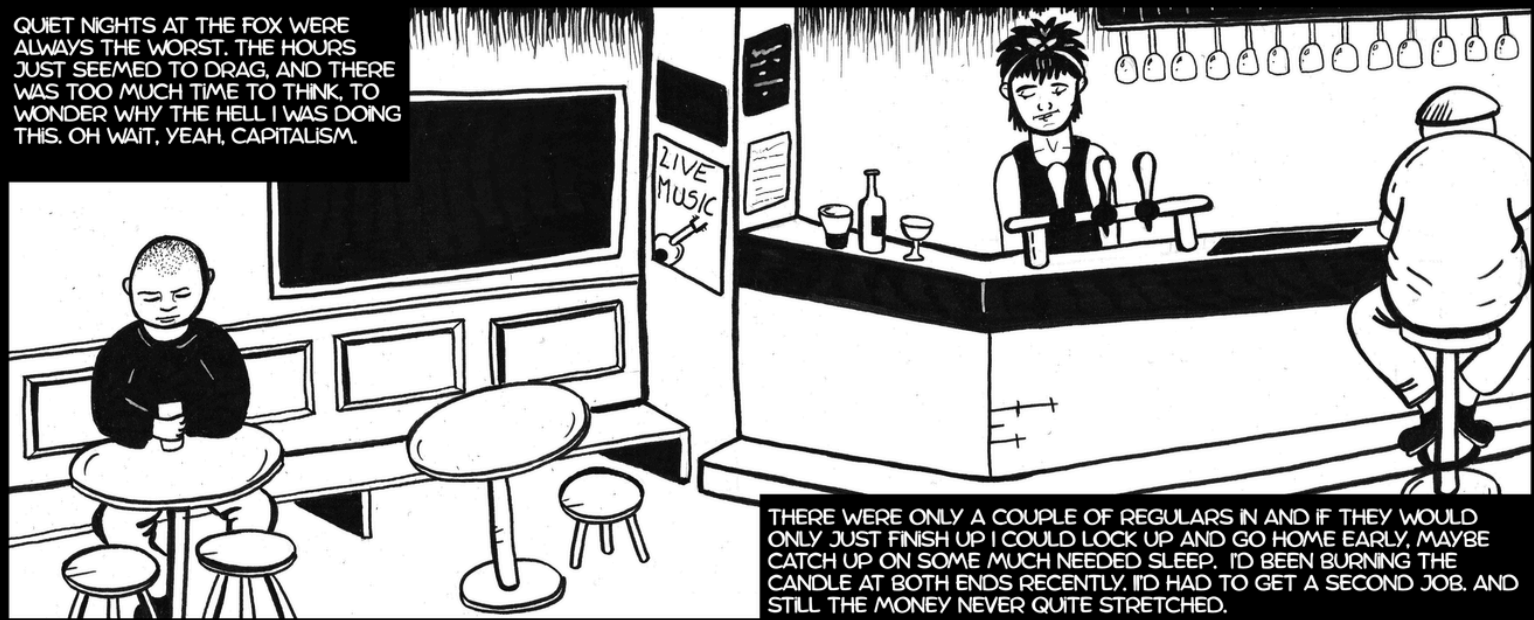


IN THE CRACKS

A punk character with a mohawk of red hair, wearing a black leather jacket over a red shirt and black leather pants with buckles, is walking in a hallway. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The hallway has a green door on the left and a wall with graffiti on the right. The title 'IN THE CRACKS' is at the top.

EPISODE 1:
BURN OUT

QUIET NIGHTS AT THE FOX WERE ALWAYS THE WORST. THE HOURS JUST SEEMED TO DRAG, AND THERE WAS TOO MUCH TIME TO THINK, TO WONDER WHY THE HELL I WAS DOING THIS. OH WAIT, YEAH, CAPITALISM.



THERE WERE ONLY A COUPLE OF REGULARS IN AND IF THEY WOULD ONLY JUST FINISH UP I COULD LOCK UP AND GO HOME EARLY, MAYBE CATCH UP ON SOME MUCH NEEDED SLEEP. I'D BEEN BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS RECENTLY, I'D HAD TO GET A SECOND JOB, AND STILL THE MONEY NEVER QUITE STRETCHED.

I KNEW THE CHANCES OF GETTING TO LEAVE EARLY WERE SLIM. THESE GUYS WOULD BE HERE 'TIL THE BITTER END.



THERE WAS BARRY, WHO HAD AN ANNOYING HABIT OF PLAYING VIDEOS LOUD ON HIS PHONE AND SPILLING HIS DRINK



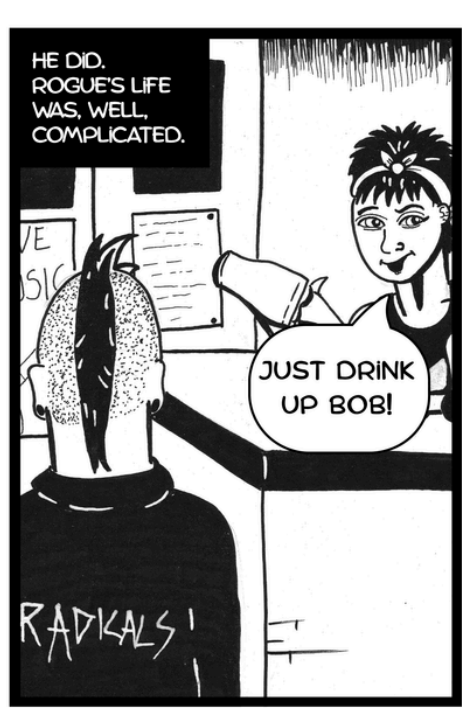
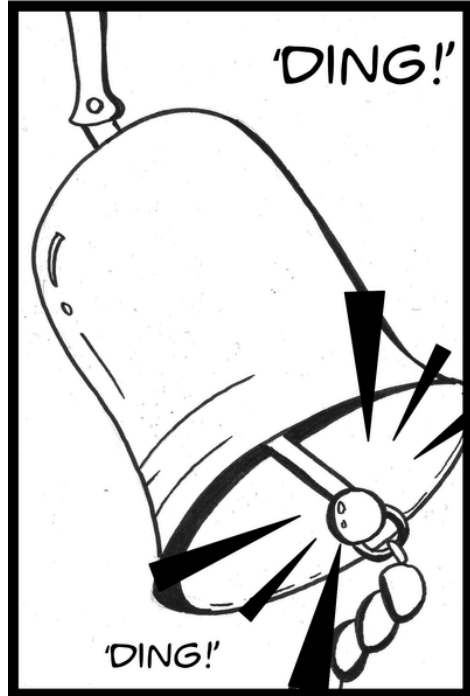
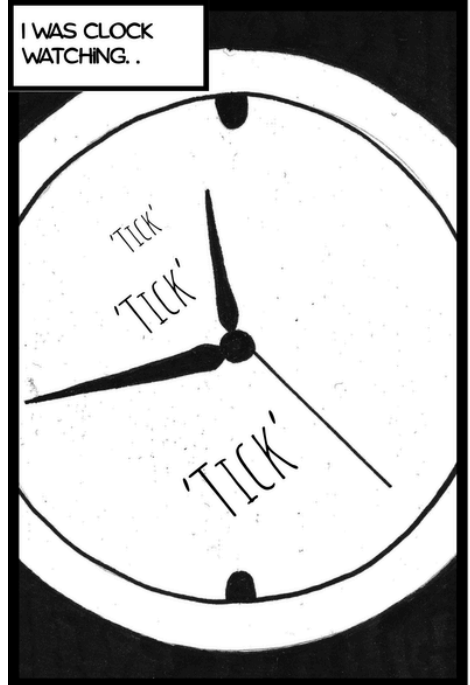
AND BOB WHO WOULD SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT STARING AT MY ARSE...

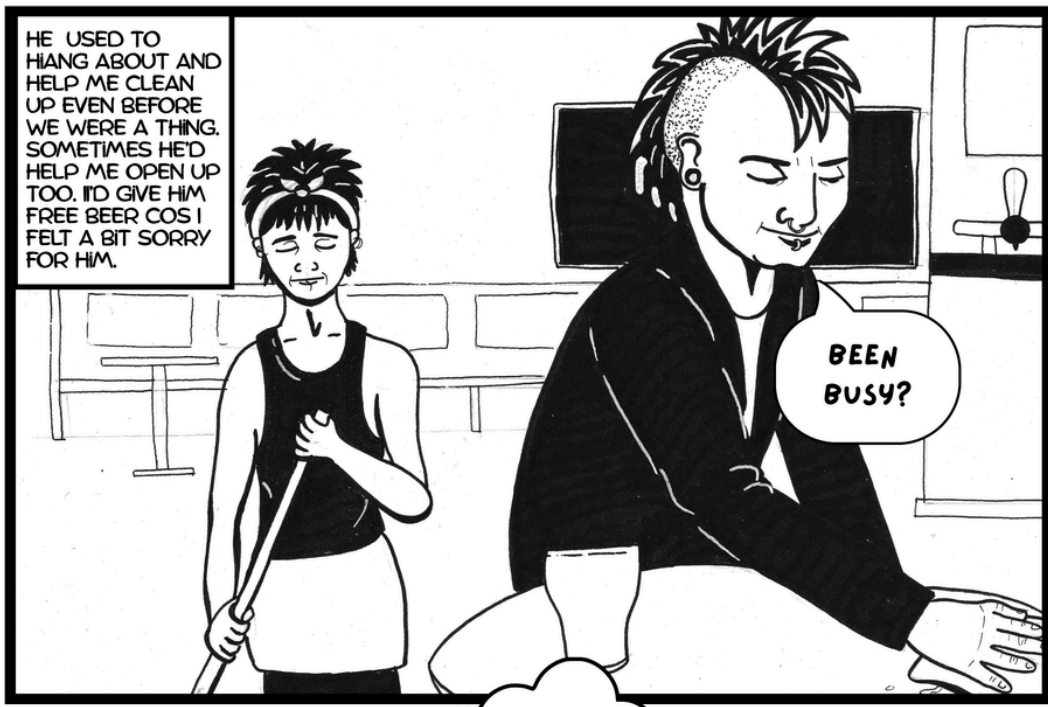
You should be careful dressing like that round here. You're giving old men dangerous ideas.

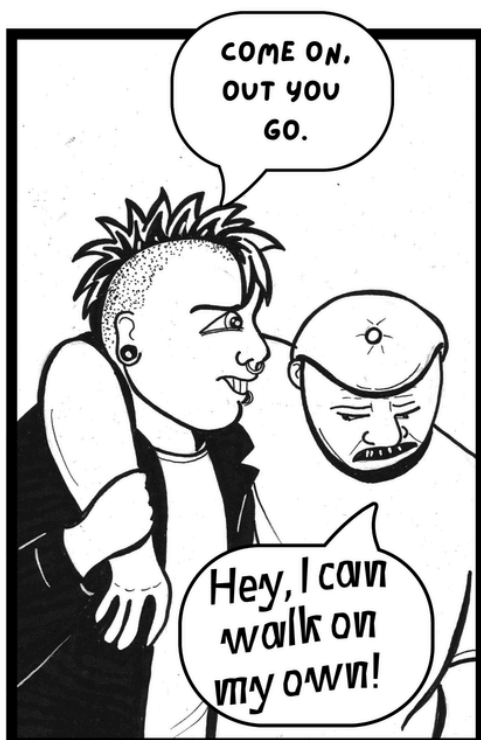


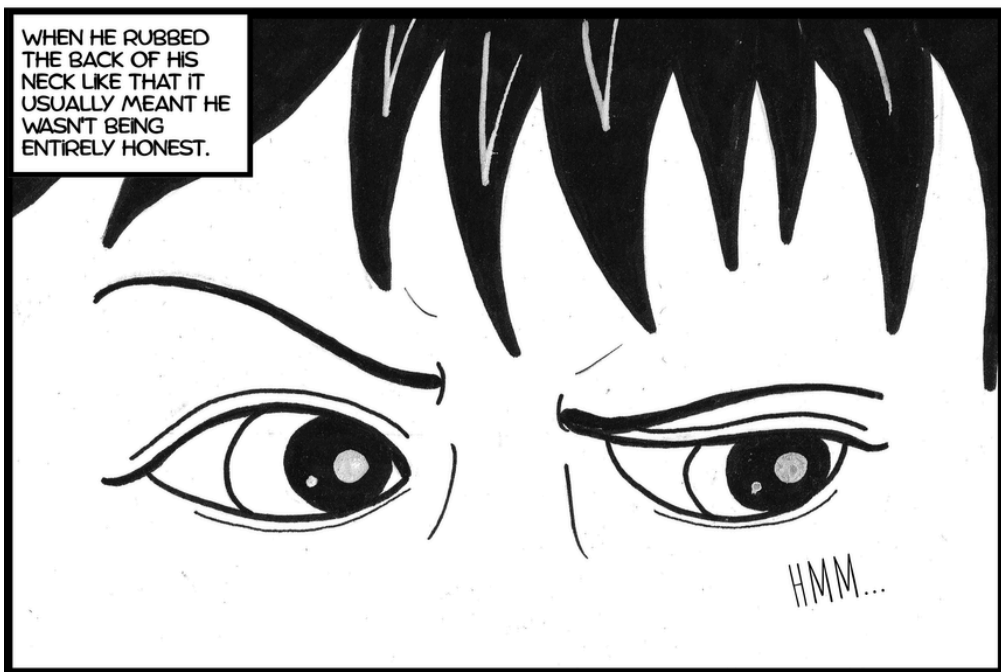
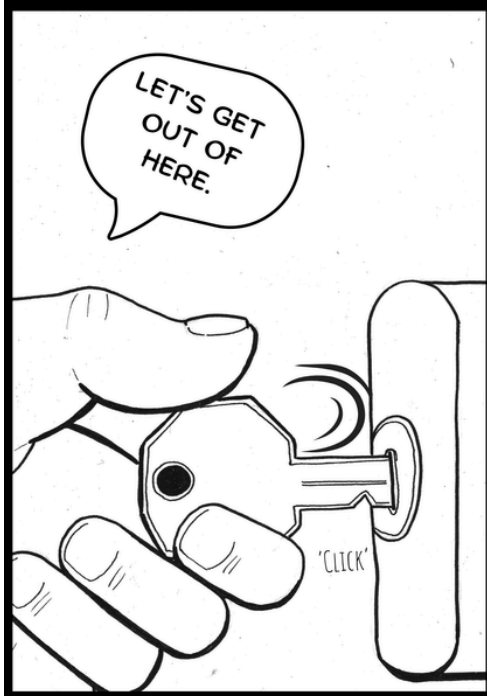
MAKING THE SAME INAPPROPRIATE COMMENTS HE ALWAYS DID.











WE ARRIVED BACK AT MY FLAT EXHAUSTED. MAYBE I'D RUSHED INTO GIVING HIM A KEY AND ASKING HIM TO MOVE IN, BUT AFTER SEEING THE WAY HE WAS LIVING...ANYWAY, WITH BOTH OF US STRUGGLING TO PAY THE BILLS, IT SEEMED TO MAKE SENSE. SOMETIMES I GOT WHY HE DID IT, THAT KIND OF WORK, BUT HE WANTED OUT, I COULD SEE IT. WE BOTH DREAMED OF MORE. HE USED TO TALK ABOUT WANTING TO OPEN HIS OWN DIY MUSIC VENUE, A SAFE SPACE WHERE KIDS WHO'D HAD A ROUGH START IN LIFE COULD HANG OUT. KIDS LIKE HE'D ONCE BEEN.

