

CRUDE

"Your life is Crude now"

PILOT EPISODE

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. GBC FORECOURT - DAY

The forecourt of a GBC - Great British Crude - petrol supermarket hybrid station. Cars drive into the forecourt to fuel up.

INT. GBC OFFICE - DAY

AILSA (38, DIY brunette hair with a shaggy mullet and GBC purple and black uniform on) sits perched on an office chair, holding a microphone connected to an intercom.

Her finger pushes the button on the intercom.

As she opens her mouth to speak, FRASER (19, overweight with a tight uniform on) walks in rapping to himself Gangsta's Paradise.

EXT. GBC FORECOURT - DAY

CUSTOMERS at each petrol pump are fuelling their cars.

FRASER (V.O.)  
(Rapping)  
Too much television watching got me  
chasing dreams.

The customers look up confused.

Taylor (22, petite with a baby blue blazer and black skinny jeans on) is waking down the middle of the forecourt.

FRASER (V.O.)  
(Rapping)  
Been spending most my life living  
in a gangsta's paradise-

AILSA (V.O.)  
QUIT IT FRASER!

Taylor stops in her tracks.

CRISTIAN (31, slim, shoulder length brown hair, wearing black jeans and a red checked flannel shirt) BUMPS into Taylor's shoulder. She looks at him like "WTF."

He stops, shakes his head, and continues walking towards the petrol station.

Taylor looks at him gobsmacked.

TAYLOR  
(Loudly)  
Dickhead.

Cristian turns around to look at Taylor. Taylor defiantly stares him out. He glares back at her. A beat. He continues walking leaving Taylor gobsmacked.

AILSA (V.O.)  
Today we have egg custard tarts  
reduced from £2.50 to 50 pence.

INT. GBC OFFICE - DAY

Fraser sighs as he walks aimlessly out of the office.

Ailsa rolls her eyes. She pushes the button on the intercom.

AILSA  
The expiry date is...

She looks at one of the egg custard tart boxes.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
(Surprised)  
Yesterday.  
(Embarrassed)  
Make that 15 pence.

An ALARM sound goes off in the office. Ailsa looks at the CCTV monitor. Text on the screen reads "DRIVE OFF - PUMP 4".

A disgruntled Ailsa groans as she places her head in her hands.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
(To herself)  
Not again Rory.

Taylor KNOCKS on the door. Ailsa swivels round in her chair.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
(Amazed)  
You actually showed up!

Taylor sheepishly smiles.

AILSA (CONT'D)

Most don't. Well, they do the interview. Then realise working on a mini power plant that could explode at any moment, thanks to one wee ned lighting up a joint JUST isn't worth minimum wage. People have high standards even with part time jobs these days, apparently...

Ailsa gestures her to sit. Taylor sits on the office chair opposite Ailsa.

AILSA (CONT'D)

(Sarcastically sweet)

But here you are, reeking of desperation because it looks like to me from your CV you can't get a graduate job.

TAYLOR

It's been a dry spell the last 4 months.

AILSA

(Candidly)

Sounds familiar.

Taylor looks at Ailsa deadpan.

TAYLOR

I'm a hard worker, I pick things up fast and if you hire me I'll even do extra shifts if needed.

Ailsa squints her eyes at Taylor like "tell me the truth".

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I can't get a job with my Environmental Science degree. And I'm in my overdraft.

A beat. Ailsa picks up a Great British Crude uniform from a box on the floor.

AILSA

It's an XS, should fit.

Ailsa throws the uniform to Taylor. Taylor catches it. She looks down at the label. It's a size L.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

A room filled with round tables, chairs, a small kitchen and lockers used for breaks and staff meetings.

Taylor wearing her oversized uniform sits amongst the other GBC Customer Service Representative employees. They all face Ailsa with a bored expression as she reads off of a clipboard.

AILSA

This week we've had 14 drive-offs  
and it's only Tuesday.

Ailsa narrows her eyes at RORY (30, the fluorescent lights above reflect off his bald head like a lighthouse beam).

RORY

She was a nun.

AILSA

All 14 of them?

Rory freezes looking at Ailsa fearfully.

AILSA (CONT'D)

Maybe one of them was Whoopi  
Goldberg, reviving her role in  
Sister Act.

RORY

Maybe. I didn't ask.

AILSA

(Frustrated)

Exactly Rory.

Ailsa SLAMS the clipboard to the ground.

AILSA (CONT'D)

You didn't ask.

(To everyone)

You all MUST ask everyone when they  
come into the petrol station if  
they have fuel to pay for. It is  
the number one rule in the Great  
British Crude handbook.

(To Rory)

Nuns. Steal. Too.

Rory bows his head down in shame. Cristian sitting behind Taylor nudges her with an employee handbook.

CRISTIAN

You might want to read it.

Taylor listening to Cristian tries to keep her focus on Ailsa.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Doesn't have a section on dickhead Assistant Managers though.

Taylor mortified mouths "Fuck" to herself.

AILSA

We have a possible new member of staff doing a trial shift. Out of everyone I invited for an interview, she was the only one that showed up.

Everyone nods proudly.

Taylor looks around the room and awkwardly raises her hand at an attempt to wave.

RORY

I really didn't know that was Whoopi Goldberg.

Taylor awkwardly smiles.

AILSA

Taylor you will spend the day with Cristian who will show you how the tills, forecourt, deliveries and reductions work. If you survive the day you'll join the team permanently.

Ailsa walks over to Taylor as she reaches into her GBC jacket pocket.

AILSA (CONT'D)

Unofficially, welcome to Great British Crude.

Ailsa hands Taylor a packet of the out of date egg custard tarts.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. TILLS - DAY

Cristian stands at the tills serving MIKEY (15, a Gen Z type, wearing a school uniform). He scans Mikey's energy drink with an expression that screams "I don't want to be here."

Taylor stands on the customer side watching Cristian closely.

CRISTIAN

Did you have any fuel today?

Mikey scrolls through his phone, ignoring Cristian.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(Louder)

Did you have any fuel today?

MIKEY

I'm 15. The only thing I drive is  
your Mum home after I've-

CRISTIAN

£1.95.

Taylor's eyes widen shocked.

Mikey taps his phone on the card reader.

MIKEY

(Confidently)

Oh can I get a packet of Mayfair  
King Size.

Cristian raises an eyebrow.

Mikey straightens his school tie.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

(Deeper voice)

I'm actually 21.

A bemused Cristian glares at Mikey. Mikey suddenly SLAPS the sweet display at the till, knocking them to the floor. He grabs his drink and storms off out the petrol station.

Taylor hurries over to pick the sweets up. She neatly places them back on the display.

CRISTIAN  
Don't bother. He'll come back at  
lunch time.  
(Tilts his head)  
Another dickhead.

TAYLOR  
Listen. If I knew you worked here I  
wouldn't have called you that-

CRISTIAN  
Listen. If you knew I was the  
Assistant Manager you wouldn't have  
called me that.

TAYLOR  
LISTEN. Can we just start over? I'm  
Taylor-

Cristian hands Taylor a name tag.

CRISTIAN  
Put this on your jacket, you need  
it when you're on shift.

TAYLOR  
(Reading the name tag)  
Mo?

CRISTIAN  
You don't want them knowing your  
real name.

Taylor looks at Cristian's name tag - it reads JORIS BONSON.  
She laughs but he doesn't laugh with her.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
You'll get your real name tag if  
you last the day here Mo.

Taylor looks at Cristian uneasily.

INT. MEAT AISLE - DAY

A NED (40s, dishevelled wearing a grey tracksuit) holding a  
bag for life walks down the meat aisle slowly. He comes to a  
stop and places the bag on the floor. He looks around and  
begins to rapidly fire the packets of bacon into it.

INT. GBC OFFICE - DAY

Ailsa sits across from Rory.



AILSA

Do you know how much you've cost us  
in fuel losses since you've been  
working at this Great British Crude  
location Rory?

RORY

I don't know.

AILSA

Entertain me Robbie Williams.

Rory starts counting using his fingers. Ailsa watches him in  
anticipation.

AILSA (CONT'D)

Bearing in mind you've been with us  
for over 8 years now.

Rory's eyes start to move rapidly as if he's struggling to do  
an algebra equation.

RORY

(Confidently)

£80 worth.

Ailsa leans in.

AILSA

£2838.46.

Rory shocked leans in.

RORY

Get out!

AILSA

I'll be telling you the same if you  
have another one.

RORY

(Panicking)

Please Ailsa don't sack me. I'll  
try and remember to ask the nuns if  
they have fuel.

AILSA

Rory. I am desperate to sack you.  
But sadly, I can't. I can't get new  
staff. No-one wants to work here  
and I don't know why.

RORY  
(Sheepishly)  
Well, the pay is bad, Fraser thinks  
he's Jay-Z when he's actually Lay-Z-

AILSA  
I'm keeping you off the tills until  
I can rework the rota so you always  
have a manager on the tills with  
you.

Ailsa hands Rory a piece of paper. He looks at it.

RORY  
(In a frenzy)  
What are these numbers? Are you  
serving me with a bill for the fuel  
losses? Do I need to pay this? Oh  
god.

AILSA  
Give that to Cristian to update the  
price on the tills so the signage  
in the forecourt updates to the new  
fuel prices.

Rory looks at Ailsa relieved.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
Go be useful before I change my  
mind. Get a hi vis jacket on and go  
empty the bins on the forecourt.

Rory grateful bows like sensei. He rushes out the office.

Ailsa leans back in her seat, surrounded by a mountain of egg  
custard tart boxes, and closes her eyes.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
(To herself)  
Everyone is an idiot. Everyone is  
an idiot. You are not an idiot. You  
need this job to pay off your  
credit card debt.

INT. TILLS - DAY

Taylor stands at the tills with Cristian waiting for her  
first customer. She looks out of the large window to the  
forecourt. No customers are fuelling up but there is a car in  
the automatic car wash.

TAYLOR

That car wash is slower than a week  
in jail.

Cristian looks out the window

CRISTIAN

For fuck sake.

TAYLOR

What?

CRISTIAN

The brushes aren't moving. They're  
stuck.

Rory enters the till area wearing a hi vis.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Take that off I need it.

Rory takes off the hi vis and gives it to Cristian.

RORY

Ailsa said I've to stay off the  
tills.

CRISTIAN

(Putting on the hi vis)  
Statistically, she's performing  
better than you. She's had no drive-  
offs yet so let her serve.

Taylor and Rory look at each other like "we're fucked."

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

If Rory can work the till you can  
too Mo.

Cristian walks through the door.

RORY

What's that supposed to mean.

TAYLOR

You're incompetent.

Rory looks at Taylor offended.

RORY

I ONLY have bladder issues when I'm  
drunk.

Taylor looks at Rory with pity.

INT. AMBIENT AISLE - DAY

Fraser stands with a bucket and a mop in the ambient section. The bucket and mop lean against the tampons. He aimlessly swipes through tinder on his phone. A beat. He grins pleased with the option on his screen.

INT. TILLS - DAY

Taylor and Rory watch Cristian walk toward the automatic car wash at the back of the forecourt.

RORY  
It breaks every day.

TAYLOR  
Good to know.

RORY  
Did Cristian show you anything on the tills yet?

TAYLOR  
Not really. What's his problem anyway? He seems perpetually angry at life.

RORY  
He's always been like that. More so since Brexit. But worry not, I am here for you and I vow to show you EVERYTHING I know. I'm the MVE. Most valuable employee.

Taylor looks at Rory warily.

RORY (CONT'D)  
Plus you're one of us now Mo-

TAYLOR  
Taylor.

Rory puts his arm over Taylor's shoulder.

RORY  
(Optimistically)  
One of many seagulls trapped in a Great British Crude oil spill on the North Sea.

TAYLOR  
That's a terrifying thought.

RORY

But first, we need to update the  
fuel price on the till.

Rory takes out of his pocket the piece of paper Ailsa gave him. He starts rapidly tapping buttons on the till. The EPOS system looks ancient.

RORY (CONT'D)

Unleaded is 130.6p and Diesel is  
133p.

As Rory taps the numbers on the till to update the price, he places the decimal in the wrong place. The prices he's inputted are incorrect. Unleaded shows as 1.306p and Diesel 1.33p.

Taylor watches him, unaware of the error.

The words "CONFIRM FUEL PRICE CHANGE - YES/NO" flash up on the till.

Rory gestures Taylor to tap yes. Taylor hesitates, but ultimately taps yes. Rory loudly sighs.

RORY (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted.

He hurries to the door.

TAYLOR

Where are you going?!

RORY

It's Tetley time. Minimum wage  
equals minimal effort.

Rory walks through the door.

Taylor looks around the shop anxiously.

EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

Rory wearing a hi vis walks around the empty forecourt with a bin bag and litter picker. Using the litter picker, he picks up random pieces of rubbish on the ground and places it in the bin bag.

INT. GBC OFFICE - DAY

A bored Ailsa is placing reduced stickers on the mountain of egg custard tart boxes.

## INT. MEAT AISLE - DAY

The bacon is gone. The Ned looks around and starts stuffing the bag for life with steaks.

Fraser pushes the bucket and mop into the meat aisle. He comes to a stop and locks eyes with the Ned. They hold their gaze on each other like "what will they do". A beat. Fraser continues mopping and the Ned continues stealing the steaks.

## EXT. AUTOMATIC CAR WASH - DAY

Cristian presses buttons on the car wash control pad. The car wash brushes start turning. Cristian waves at the DRIVER and walks towards the forecourt fuel pumps.

## EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

Rory is emptying a bin at one of the fuel pumps. Cristian approaches him. Each fuel pump has a car at it fuelling up and cars behind forming a queue.

CRISTIAN

I thought Fraser emptied the bins earlier.

RORY

Ailsa told me to check them again and to stay off the tills. She keeps telling me the rubbish belongs outside.

CRISTIAN

What a hint.

RORY

What?

CRISTIAN

Nothing... How did Taylor get on at the till?

RORY

Amazing actually. She's picking it up so fast.

CRISTIAN

(Sarcastic)

Really? Those tills are like cracking the matrix code.

RORY

OH YES.

Cristian narrows his eyes and tilts his head at Rory like "really mate?"

Cristian looks around the busy forecourt and then looks at the time on his phone.

CRISTIAN

It's only 11AM. Why is it so busy?

Rory shrugs.

Behind Cristian and Rory, the fuel price signage displays the incorrect prices.

INT. GBC OFFICE - DAY

As Ailsa watches the camera, she notices the view of the forecourt has a queue of cars backing up on the main road.

She checks the view of the tills and notices there is a queue lining out the petrol station entrance with Taylor alone on the till.

AILSA

What the crude.

INT. TILLS - DAY

An ELDERLY WOMAN looks at Taylor excitedly as Taylor serves her.

TAYLOR

(Confidently)

So your super unleaded fuel at 45 litres comes to...

(Confused)

£4.50?

The elderly woman nods ecstatically like she's won the bingo.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That can't be right.

Ailsa throws the door wide open.

AILSA  
SWITCH THE TILLS OFF. SWITCH THE  
FUEL PUMPS OFF.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TILLS - DAY

Ailsa hurries over to the tills. She leans under one of them and pushes a RED BUTTON. An ALARM SOUND goes off.

EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

The alarm sound echoes onto the forecourt.

Rory with his air pods in is oblivious to the chaos. He leisurely strolls in between the queue of cars on the forecourt as he picks up the litter.

Cristian looks over to the petrol station. The queue of customers flows out the entrance and around the corner of the petrol station.

Startled, Cristian sprints to the door.

As he runs towards the door, he notices a VANDWELLING MAN fuelling up in a plastic IRN-BRU bottle.

CRISTIAN

Stop! Stop! You can only fuel up in  
a Great British Crude approved fuel  
container.

The Vandwelling Man looks up at Cristian confused, he doesn't speak English.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

No. No pump fuel goes into plastic  
bottle. Only drink IRN-BRU. You  
drink Scottish national drink.

A beat. The Vandwelling Man continues to dispense fuel into the plastic IRN-BRU bottle.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

NO!!

Cristian grabs hold of the fuel pump but the Vandwelling Man won't let go.

INT. TILLS - DAY

Ailsa, Fraser and Taylor are on the tills serving the customers. The Elderly Woman is trying to thrust a fiver into Taylor's hands however Taylor raises her arms in the air.

TAYLOR  
I'm sorry for the inconvenience  
there's been a mistake-

ELDERLY WOMAN  
What do you think you're playing  
at. Take my money!

Taylor dodges the woman's attempt to hand her the money.

TAYLOR  
No! I can't take your money!

The Elderly Woman looks at Taylor like Regan possessed from The Exorcist.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
(Demonic)  
Take. The. Money.

Fraser serves a GLAMOUR MUM.

FRASER  
So your 80 litres of fuel comes to  
£8.  
(Impressed)  
Belter!

The Glamour Mum looks at Fraser pleased.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Do you have a GBC points card?  
You'll get double points for each  
litre you've purchased today and  
20% off your next purchase.

The Glamour Mum rummages through her bag.

EXT. FORECOURT ENTRANCE - DAY

Cristian lines ORANGE TRAFFIC CONES at the entrance to the forecourt. Cars REV their engines and BEEP their horns at him as they try to drive into the forecourt.

EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

Rory with his air pods in casually strolls down the middle of the forecourt. He looks up to the clear blue sky above the petrol station, ignoring the cars around him.

RORY  
Almost taps aff weather.

INT. TILLS - DAY

Ailsa serves a POLICE OFFICER.

AILSA  
You need to call for backup we're being robbed here.

POLICE OFFICER  
Can I pay for the fuel first, it's £3.54 at Pump 2.

AILSA  
Don't you think that's a bit cheap for 35 litres of fuel?

POLICE OFFICER  
That seems reasonable to me.

Ailsa looks at the police officer deadpan.

The police officer looks at his radio on his vest.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(Under his breath)  
BEEEEEP.

He picks up his radio. Ailsa looks at him like "come on".

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(To the radio)  
I'll be right there.

AILSA  
No-one called you.

POLICE OFFICER  
Listen it's urgent I need to go.  
Can I pay for this fuel already.

AILSA  
(Exasperated)  
Right that's enough!

Ailsa runs out of the till area and through the door.

Taylor panicked turns to face Fraser who looks calm.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ailsa sits down on the office chair. She pushes the intercom button.

AILSA

Attention everyone. There has been a fuel error at Great British Crude today.

INT. TILLS - DAY

The commotion from the customers goes silent. Fraser, Taylor and the customers look up.

AILSA (V.O.)

Someone has incorrectly put the wrong fuel price into the till system, which means your fuel is actually incorrectly priced.

EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

Cristian and the customers fuelling their cars look up to listen to Ailsa.

AILSA (V.O.)

If you can all stay where you are, our team will recalculate your fuel price and manually change it on the system. This may take a couple of hours. On behalf of Great British Crude we are sorry for the error.

INT. TILLS - DAY

The customers angrily look at Fraser and Taylor. They move closer towards the tills.

FRASER

(Rapping)

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy. There's vomit on his sweater already, Mom's spaghetti.

The customers look at Fraser confused.

Fraser points to the forecourt.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
Look there's a fire on the  
forecourt!

The customers look at Fraser startled.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
It's going to explode! We're all  
going to DIE!!

The customers panic and frantically run out the petrol station.

Taylor watches the customers leave. She turns to Fraser.

TAYLOR  
Eminem?!

FRASER  
It worked, didn't it.

EXT. FORECOURT - DAY

The customers flee into their cars.

Each car speeds out the forecourt.

Cristian watches the cars leave, confused by their sudden exit from the petrol station.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

The Great British Crude employees sit facing Ailsa as she reads off of a clipboard.

AILSA  
We went from 14 drive-offs this  
week to 138. That's 124 drive-offs  
in ONE a day.

Ailsa glares at Rory.

RORY  
It wasn't me!

FRASER  
Ok Shaggy.

Rory humiliated slouches down in his seat.

                  AILSA  
          We could've made thousands in fuel  
          sales.

The employees look at each other nodding and proudly smiling.  
Fraser raises his hand.

                  FRASER  
          (Enthusiastically)  
          Did we sell any of the out of date  
          egg custard tarts during the rush?

                  AILSA  
          No! That's not important. We  
          could've made record sales during a  
          typically slow Tuesday morning IF  
          the fuel prices were correct.

                  FRASER  
          And IF we pushed the egg custard  
          tarts we could've made MORE money.

The employees, except Taylor and Cristian, nod in agreement  
with Fraser.

                  AILSA  
          Whoever did this fess up now.

Ailsa folds her arms.

                  AILSA (CONT'D)  
          Well?

Taylor looks around the room. She makes eye contact with  
Rory. He mouths "NO" and shakes his head slightly.

                  AILSA (CONT'D)  
          If someone doesn't own up to this  
          mistake by the end of the shift  
          I'll go Agatha Christie on you all,  
          check the CCTV and find out myself.

Ailsa storms out the room. A beat.

                  CRISTIAN  
          (Sarcastically)  
          Good work team Crude.

Fraser places his hand on Cristian's shoulder.

FRASER  
(Sincerely)  
Thank you amigo.

Cristian rolls his eyes.

CRISTIAN  
I'm not Spanish Fraser.

FRASER  
So that's why you stopped my mid  
shift siestas.

INT. CUPPA CAFE - DAY

An ELDERLY MAN stands looking into the hot food counter display in the Cuppa Cafe section.

He slides the door open and picks up a sausage roll.

He takes a bite and chews. As he chews his face turns sour. He places the sausage roll back into the hot food counter.

INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY

Taylor aimlessly walks through the stock room towards the door to the shop floor.

As she pushes the door to the shop floor, she notices the chiller door next to it is slightly ajar with what sounds like a TV show playing.

She opens the chiller door and walks in.

INT. CHILLER - DAY

Rory wearing a hi vis jacket sits on a box. He is surrounded by stacks of chilled food, milk crates and soft drinks.

Taylor walks over to Rory.

TAYLOR  
It's freezing what are you doing in here?

RORY  
Hiding. And watching the latest Real Housewives of Beverly Hills episode.

Taylor sits on a box next to Rory.

RORY (CONT'D)  
It's all my fault.

TAYLOR  
Rory it's not.

RORY  
I wasn't supposed to be on the  
tills.

TAYLOR  
You were just trying to help me.

A beat.

RORY  
This may be hard to believe, but I  
don't have a degree. Any degree,  
diploma or Dr to my name at all.

TAYLOR  
(Sardonically)  
Really?

Rory looks at Taylor sourly.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I meant really, that's not a bad  
thing. Mines is apparently useless.

RORY  
I left high school in 2008 and ever  
since I haven't been able to get a  
decent job.

TAYLOR  
That's brutal. I thought I had it  
bad.

RORY  
I tried applying to the manager  
programme here at Crude but they  
said my drive offs showed I wasn't  
manager material. I'm stuck and  
although I absolutely hate it here,  
I CANNOT lose this. How else will I  
pay my rent, my bills.

Rory gasps.

RORY (CONT'D)  
My Netflix subscription!

Taylor looks at Rory dolefully.



TAYLOR  
If only you were a real housewife  
eh.

Rory cracks a smile.

RORY  
(Seriously)  
Please. Promise me you won't tell  
her it was my fault.

Taylor looks at Rory pitifully.

INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY

Taylor walks out of the chiller and leaves the door ajar. She  
lets out a long sigh.

Cristian briskly walks towards the shop floor door.

CRISTIAN  
Come on Mo we've got training to  
do.

Taylor rolls her eyes. She follows after him through the  
door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ailsa sits perched on the office chair with her face almost  
touching the CCTV monitor and her hand on the mouse.

With great precision, she slowly scrubs through the footage  
of the GBC station before the fuel error.

A beat. A rainbow wheel appears on the CCTV monitor.

AILSA  
Not now rainbow wheel of death.

Ailsa clicks the mouse rapidly. The rainbow wheel stops  
rotating. The screen is frozen.

AILSA (CONT'D)  
For crude sake!

Ailsa picks up the CCTV monitor and SLAMS it on the office  
floor.

INT. AMBIENT FOOD AISLE - DAY

Cristian and Taylor are scanning products that are going out of date on the shelf using reduction guns. They place yellow reduced stickers on the reduced products.

TAYLOR

So, how long have you worked here?

CRISTIAN

Too long.

TAYLOR

Define too long?

CRISTIAN

I left Romania to study here after high school but...

(Awkwardly)

I didn't enjoy the classes.

TAYLOR

Ah. What were you studying?

CRISTIAN

Computer coding.

AILSA (V.O.)

Arghhhhhh!!

Taylor looks down and laughs to herself. Cristian shakes his head at her. She notices.

TAYLOR

What?

CRISTIAN

Nothing.

TAYLOR

Say it. What's up.

CRISTIAN

I know your type. We've had plenty of you work here. You're getting SAAS loan from the government, spending the money you earn here on fl shots on student nights out, and studying a degree which will get you a job that pays four times what I'll ever make.

Taylor looks at Cristian offended.

TAYLOR

I just laughed at something I found funny-

CRISTIAN

I know this is all probably funny to you. It's just a part time job that you can clock in and out of, but to Ailsa, myself and everyone else here it's a real job.

TAYLOR

Wow.

Taylor places the reduction gun down on the shelf.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Sorry I don't have a stick up my arse like you for trying to find some fun in the job.

CRISTIAN

Excuse me?

TAYLOR

I'm not even a student. I haven't been able to get a job for 5 months since I graduated because I stupidly thought a degree in Environmental Science would get me a job that ACTUALLY helped make a difference.

Taylor agitated hurries off.

Cristian contritely looks down to the floor.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ailsa sits on the office chair. She pushes the intercom button.

AILSA

Does no-one like egg custard tarts anymore?

She swivels her chair to face the mountain of egg custard tarts on the desk.

AILSA (CONT'D)

15 pence people, you're practically ROBBING US if you buy them at this price.

Taylor storms in the office looking agitated. Ailsa scans her up and down.

TAYLOR

Did you find out who made the fuel  
error today?

Ailsa gazes down at the smashed CCTV monitor on the floor  
between them. Taylor looks down to the floor noticing it.

AILSA

(To the monitor)

Only the rainbow wheel knows.

Taylor sits on the chair opposite Ailsa.

TAYLOR

I know who made the error.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AMBIENT FOOD AISLE - DAY

Cristian is melancholy placing yellow reduced stickers on the reduced products. Taylor walks up to him sheepishly. She looks at the products - there's a lot of yellow stickers.

TAYLOR

That's painful to look at.

CRISTIAN

It's like the purge in here around 8PM during the final reduction.

Taylor half smiles at Cristian.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I said. It's been a meh mundane day. Eight years, 2 months and 26 days of the same stuff, different day. I reduce food, make coffees, bring in the deliveries, stop minors buying cigs, stop pensioners stealing.

Taylor's eyes widen.

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

It happens. A lot more than you'd think.

TAYLOR

I thought I recognised you from Crimewatch.

Cristian laughs.

CRISTIAN

And I know, I get it, that's life. We NEED to work. But every single day is the same and the hard part is I train people like you all the time, they start this job and find something better months later with the help of their fancy degrees. Although I don't have a degree I'm not an idiot - I know that will never happen to me.

Cristian walks down the ambient food aisle looking glum.

Taylor watches him concerned.

                  AILSA (V.O.)  
Can all Crude employees report to  
the staff room for a team meeting.

EXT. GBC FORECOURT - DAY

An ELDERLY WOMAN stands fuelling up her car. She watches the fuel meter as it goes up in price as she dispenses the fuel.

The fuel nozzle isn't placed into her car. The fuel splashes onto the forecourt.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

The Great British Crude employees sit facing Ailsa looking bored as she stands in front of them.

                  AILSA  
One of you came forward about  
today's fuel error catastrophe. In  
all my years of being your manager  
I have never been so disappointed  
in this team.

Rory sitting at the back of the group sinks in his seat.

Fraser raises his hand.

                  FRASER  
                  (Gleefully)  
What about that time when the pipes  
burst and faeces flooded onto the  
shop floor? Or the time when the  
Easter eggs melted because we put  
them at the window during the  
heatwave? Oh! What about that time  
when Rory thought he saw Mariah  
Carey, screamed, and the police  
thought we were being robbed?

                  RORY  
She was blonde and singing All I  
Want for Christmas is You!

Fraser turns to Rory.

FRASER

It was December Rory. That could be ANYONE. It's a classic bop.

AILSA

Yes Fraser, you've disappointed me many times.

Fraser proudly gives Ailsa a beaming smile.

AILSA (CONT'D)

I have no choice but to end your trial shift Taylor and ask you to leave.

Everyone turns to look at Taylor.

Rory and Cristian look at each other confused.

Taylor stands.

TAYLOR

(Awkwardly)

Okay, well, thanks anyway. Sorry guys.

Rory stands.

RORY

No Taylor, this isn't fair.

(To Ailsa)

Ailsa, I'm sorry, but it wasn't Taylor.

Rory places his hand on his chest.

RORY (CONT'D)

It. Was. I.

Ailsa looks at Rory confused.

Fraser stands and looks at Ailsa defiantly.

FRASER

No Rory, it wasn't you. It was me.

Cristian stands.

CRISTIAN

You're wrong Fraser. It was me. I did it.

Taylor looks at her coworkers in awe standing around her.

AILSA  
(Frustrated)  
Can everyone stop confessing. This  
isn't Jeremy Kyle.

TAYLOR  
Guys it's ok seriously.

CRISTIAN  
If you sack her, you'll have to  
sack us too. It's all our fault.

Ailsa looks around the room as she loudly exhales. A beat.  
She storms out the staff room.

Taylor turns to face Cristian. They warmly smile at each  
other.

EXT. GBC ENTRANCE - DAY

Cristian and Taylor leave the petrol station wearing their  
normal clothing and not their uniform.

CRISTIAN  
You survived. Barely.

TAYLOR  
I think I did pretty good.

CRISTIAN  
(Sarcastically)  
No, you did brilliantly. The best  
first day for a new start ever in  
the history of Crude.

Taylor playfully nudges Cristian and laughs.

TAYLOR  
Why did you do that for me?

CRISTIAN  
I knew it wasn't you. I have the  
CCTV stream on my phone. Plus, Rory  
is awful at his job.

TAYLOR  
I'm beginning to learn that.  
Thanks, I appreciate it.

Cristian hands Taylor her name badge with her real name on  
it.



CRISTIAN  
You're officially one of us now  
Taylor.

TAYLOR  
(Surprised)  
You said Taylor and not Mo.

Cristian smiles.

CRISTIAN  
You should be grateful I'm not  
calling you Greta with that degree  
you've got.

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR  
I'm officially trapped in the Great  
British Crude oil spill with you  
all now.

Cristian and Taylor laugh as they part ways.

Cristian walks towards the bus stop.

Taylor walks towards her car at the back of the forecourt  
smiling to herself.

Cristian looks back at Taylor smiling, unbeknownst to her.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW