

WARM PROPS

'Grease'

by

Matt Harrison

## ACT ONE

EXT. OUTSIDE THE THEATRE - DAY

Exterior shot of the Tomlinson theatre. A huge billboard for "Grease - UK Tour" towers over the grand entrance.

SUPERIMPOSE: WARM PROPS

INT. STAGE - DAY

The glitzy stage is well-lit as a voice booms into the auditorium with a drum roll.

BEV (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen...put your  
hands together and welcome to the  
stage-

A confetti explosion suddenly litters the stage with colour.

BEV (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-for fuck sake! Pretend that's not  
happened yet.

A new camera angle reveals an auditorium of empty seats. Just MARCUS (35, lazy, joker), TIFF (27, geeky, insecure), DEEPAK (22, uptight, innocent), and LANCE (32, irritable, well-built) sit awkwardly watching. There's immediately less 'glamour' in the air.

BEV (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please welcome the new stage  
manager of Reading's very own  
Tomlinson theatre...Bev Stratton!

DEEPAK looks disappointed as BEV (45, dim, controlling) merrily bounces onto stage to an awkward applause.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Thank you, thank you, please, I'm  
just an ordinary woman-

DEEPAK  
Sorry, you're the stage manager?

BEV  
Do not apologise. For I am here to  
both manage and inspire, in the  
hope that one day you're as  
experienced as me.  
(Passionate speech)  
For too long, stage crew have been  
shunted to the side as cast take  
all the glory! But would those warm  
props have a production without  
us?!

TIFF  
Nope, little bastards.

TIFF smirks and looks around for approval.

BEV  
That was rhetorical. If there's one thing I hate it's people who ruin good, meaningful speeches.

TIFF  
Soz, just bantering-

BEV  
Don't do it again.

MARCUS  
(To TIFF)  
You're a fucking disgrace.

BEV  
(Back to speech)  
We may not be prancing around on stage! But productions come and go from this building. We'll always be here to build set, rig lights, and sit through a lot of average shows! Shouldn't we be seen as equals?!

They all look at each other, unsure if they should respond.

BEV (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't we be seen as equals?!

ALL  
Yeah...erm...sure...ok...

TIFF  
Lol, thought that was another-

BEV  
I've told you to stop ruining speeches. A quick yes would suffice on that occasion.  
(Back to speech)  
Under my regime, crew will not be second best! You will be treated like royalty!

Another awkward applause.

BEV (CONT'D)  
But it's opening night in five hours, so one of you needs to sweep the stage.

BEV marches off the confetti covered stage.

INT. CLAUDETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

DEEPAK bursts into the posh, glamorous office, startling CLAUDETTE (50, warm, bubbly). She smiles kindly.

DEEPAK

Oh, sorry, silly sausage. I thought this was Tim's-

CLAUDETTE

He resigned yesterday with immediate effect. Claudette, new managing director. Hi...erm...

DEEPAK

Deepak. Tim said I put in a strong application for the stage manager role.

CLAUDETTE

I'm really sorry. I wasn't left any notes. I just hired someone else-

DEEPAK

(Pretending to joke)

Sack her.

CLAUDETTE

Ha! But she's great.

DEEPAK

Yeah, I'm joking, she's great. She chose to start work the day after we did a big get in, but she is fudging great...really excellent-

CLAUDETTE

She's very experienced.

DEEPAK

I saw that when she set off a confetti cannon without warning in her first seven minutes-

CLAUDETTE

Look, if she makes any more mistakes, I promise we can chat about it then. Agreed?

DEEPAK

Fine, my mum thinks I got it, but fine.

DEEPAK grabs some paper from the desk.

CLAUDETTE

What's that-

DEEPAK  
A list of mistakes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

DEEPAK strides through the grotty corridor with a determined grin. He suddenly hears his phone buzz and reluctantly checks the message.

MUM (TEXT MESSAGE)  
*At stage door.*

He looks immediately concerned and sprints off.

INT. STAGE DOOR - DAY

MARCUS is letting RHONDA (55, judgemental, brash) into the building with a massive bunch of flowers covering her face.

MARCUS  
You look like a lamppost on a dangerous road.

RHONDA  
I'm here to see Deepak, your new stage manager.

MARCUS  
(Amused)  
What?!

DEEPAK anxiously runs up in a panic.

DEEPAK  
Thank you, Marcus! That will be all. Please go and do some work while I have a private chat with my mum.

MARCUS  
Think I'll work from here.

RHONDA  
I won't stop for long, Darling. I just need to say I'm finally proud of you.

DEEPAK  
Aww, it's nothing...

RHONDA  
You've finally achieved something. You're being too modest.

MARCUS  
Especially for a stage manager.

RHONDA

Yes. If you want respect, be proud  
of your title-

DEEPAK

I am flippin' proud!

RHONDA

Hey, you're not too important for a  
smacked bottom!

DEEPAK

(To a giggling MARCUS)

Don't you have some work to be  
doing?!

MARCUS

Yes, *Sir*. Would you like these in  
water?

DEEPAK

Erm-

RHONDA

You need to be assertive as a  
manager!

DEEPAK

Fine! Yes! Put those in water!

MARCUS smirks at DEEPAK as he takes the flowers away.

RHONDA

I won't get in your way anymore. I  
just want you to know you've done  
well. I'll see you tonight.

She kisses him on the head and leaves. DEEPAK looks scared as  
MARCUS smugly returns.

MARCUS

Does the Muslim god wear a helmet?

DEEPAK

Why?

MARCUS

Cos when he finds out you've lied  
to your mum he's gonna fall off his  
cloud.

DEEPAK

Firstly, we're Hindu. Secondly,  
he'd probably think it's fair I  
assumed I'd get the job as I'm the  
only internal applicant and I've  
worked fudging hard for it!

MARCUS

Not as hard as Satan's cock rammed  
up your-

DEEPAK

Not a Christian either! And it  
won't be a lie when her  
incompetence shows and the job gets  
handed to me.

MARCUS

Sure. But, in the meantime, I don't  
want your mum finding out. So you  
should probably run out and buy me  
some crisps.

DEEPAK

Nice try. But blackmail is a crime.

MARCUS leans out the door.

MARCUS

Deepak's mum-

DEEPAK

What kind of crisps?!

INT. OUTSIDE THE LIGHTING BOX - DAY

LANCE strolls over with a cup of tea. Before entering, he  
checks his reflection in the door window and sorts his hair.  
He tries to turn his naturally angry face into a smile. He  
suddenly notices TIFF grinning at him through the window.

TIFF

What the fuck are you doing, you  
mad man?

INT. LIGHTING BOX - CONTINUOUS

A very embarrassed LANCE enters the messy box, pretending to  
laugh it off.

LANCE

Just looking for...err...

TIFF

Your sanity? Bants!

LANCE laughs outrageously at her joke. After a while it  
becomes awkward.

LANCE

Did a tea round.

TIFF

Ledge! Cheers, you mental case. Did  
you literally just make one for me?

LANCE

What, no, I weren't even gonna make you one. Fuck you.

(Awkward beat)

I was thinkin'...ya don't have to say yeah. But you're the only person I don't hate...and-

TIFF

And Bev does?

LANCE

No! Well, I dunno. She might. But I was thinkin'. Some people that don't hate each other meet up for-

BEV's voice suddenly booms from TIFF's walkie-talkie.

BEV (WALKIE-TALKIE)

I need someone available now-

TIFF

(Answering walkie-talkie)

Tiff at the ready.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEV bellows into her walkie-talkie as she glares at a box of programmes.

BEV

Our names aren't in the bloody Grease programmes.

INTERCUT - BEV AND TIFF

TIFF

Oh...shit man. That...sucks?

BEV

Exactly! Almost a thousand people are gonna read programmes that falsely claim we aren't involved. This is the problem crew face on a daily basis. And I wouldn't be the stage manager I am if I don't get my crew the credit they deserve.

TIFF

Cheers man. You'll smash it.

BEV

Well that's not for me to say. But you've all put your faith in me, so someone is going to change this monstrosity.



TIFF can see people onstage from her lighting box.

TIFF  
If it helps, the producer's onstage  
with some warm props-

BEV  
Excellent. I'm on my way. Don't  
panic, I will resolve this.

TIFF  
Sweet! Don't we make a kickass team-

BEV  
I need to go now.

BEV hangs up, much to TIFF's disappointment. TIFF spins  
around to find LANCE has gone.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MARCUS is waiting smugly by the door. LANCE reluctantly  
trudges over.

MARCUS  
Lancelot-

LANCE  
You're married, yeah?

MARCUS  
It's pronounced Marcus.

LANCE  
How'd you...you know...

MARCUS  
So...the big guy comes to the love  
guru for advice-

LANCE aggressively pins MARCUS up against the wall.

LANCE  
Let's get one fuckin' thing clear,  
I don't need you for nothin'!  
(Beat)  
How'd you ask her?

MARCUS  
(Gasping)  
Be direct. Just tell her where  
you're taking her. Don't fanny  
around.

LANCE  
Cheers. This didn't happen.

LANCE drops MARCUS and starts leaving.

MARCUS  
Who's the unlucky lady?

LANCE  
Fuck you.

LANCE has gone.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

ROZ (42, snobby, blunt) judgmentally saunters around the stage with a clipboard and turns her nose up at some set. BEV storms onto stage.

ROZ  
Ah, crew member-

BEV  
Bev, the stage manager, not to brag of course-

ROZ  
Of course. Roz, producer. Is this set going to be finished or...?

BEV  
It is finished. Unlike your...  
(Inverted commas)  
*Programmes.*

ROZ  
What's wrong with them?

BEV  
Nothing once you get every crew member credited for their work.

ROZ  
Sorry. We tour all over the country. We can't write the names of all the house crews or it would be twice the length.

BEV  
Just write ours then-

ROZ  
Sorry. Can you please re-do the positioning of-

BEV  
Depends. There's a whole crew who really look up to me and expect their names in the programme.

ROZ  
No one puts house crew in a touring programme.

Some people in black shirts are marking the stage with LX tape.

BEV

You put those bastards in it.

ROZ

Those bastards are touring to every venue with us. Programmes are printed out months ago. What do you want us to do? Write them in by hand?

BEV

That's certainly an option I'm willing to discuss.

ROZ

I'm busy. This show, and me as a producer, will be judged based on the opening night. Please let me know when this has been re-positioned.

ROZ marches off.

BEV

Does that mean you definitely won't write them in by hand?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MARCUS is waiting smugly by the door. He's over the moon as DEEPAK plods in with a packet of crisps.

MARCUS

Delivery for Marcus?

DEEPAK

Nice to see our manager's let you just sit there when there's work to be done.

DEEPAK gladly writes an item on his list, hiding it from MARCUS's view. It's been clearly titled "Bev faults".

MARCUS

My jobs will be done whenever you get a minute.

DEEPAK

Fudge that.

MARCUS

Well I'm supposed to build that red car and unless you want me turning up at your mum's house-

DEEPAK  
Like you know where we live-

MARCUS  
I took a picture of the HR folder.

DEEPAK  
That is a breach of  
confidentiality!

MARCUS  
Try not to think about that, it  
clearly makes you upset.

DEEPAK  
It's bullying...it's...

DEEPAK suddenly has a thought. His face lights up.

DEEPAK (CONT'D)  
It's bullying in the workplace.

MARCUS  
I'm not a bully, you little prick.

DEEPAK gladly writes another item on his list as BEV's voice booms through their walkie-talkies.

BEV (WALKIE-TALKIE)  
Drop what you're doing! Your stage  
manager needs everyone available  
this instant.

TIFF (WALKIE-TALKIE)  
Tiff at the ready. Not in like a  
keen way. Lol. What can I do for  
ya?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEV speaks happily into her walkie-talkie.

BEV  
We're going on strike.

She completes writing 'AT THE PUB' on the wall in LX tape.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

DEEPAK secretly writes yet another item on his list.

EXT. OUTSIDE A DINGY PUB - DAY

Exterior shot of a dingy pub. BEV marches her team inside.

INT. DINGY PUB - DAY

BEV cheerfully leads MARCUS, TIFF, DEEPAK, and LANCE into a rubbish, almost empty pub.

BEV

There. We'll have a nice pint and see how badly they get along without their house crew.

DEEPAK

Isn't it illegal for us to leave them alone?

BEV

They're not alone, there's loads of them. They'll soon realise how much work we do when we're no longer present.

TIFF

Dude, such a fucking awesome idea.

BEV

It is, isn't it. They'll beg us to come back to work, and we'll only do it if they give us a fair mention in the programme.

DEEPAK

And in the meantime, we waste work hours by just sitting here?

MARCUS

Well get the first round in, Deepshit.

TIFF

(High-five's MARCUS)

Yes, mate! You absolute ledge!

LANCE

Yeah! I liked that as well.

MARCUS

Five of the most expensive beers they have please. Assuming you're happy to do as I ask-

DEEPAK

Happy to be bullied under the nose of authority, yes.

TIFF

Yes! Let's get this par-tay started, eh Bev!

BEV  
Don't get comfortable. They'll  
probably need us in ten minutes.

BEV does an annoying laugh.

INT. DINGY PUB - LATER

The five of them sit awkwardly in a round booth with empty  
pint glasses.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

EXT. OUTSIDE A DINGY PUB - NIGHT

Exterior shot of the same pub. It's now evening.

INT. DINGY PUB - NIGHT

BEV, MARCUS, and DEEPAK are waiting in the round booth.  
DEEPAK is discreetly pleased at BEV's incompetence.

BEV

How long have we been waiting?

DEEPAK

Two hours. When we should be doing  
the pre-set.

BEV

It's ridiculous, isn't it. They're  
just being bloody stubborn now.

INT. DINGY BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

A BARMAN passes a tray of shots to TIFF and LANCE over the  
counter.

LANCE

Cherry fuckin' sourz?

TIFF

It's called fun. Fucking banter!  
Showing our new manager what kind  
of person...we are. Not that I care  
what she thinks. Fuck caring about  
that. If no one likes me, fuck it-

LANCE

I've gotta say somethin', and it's  
gonna be direct.

TIFF

Is it anyone who doesn't down their  
sourz is bloody shit?

LANCE immediately downs a shot, much to TIFF's enjoyment as  
she cheers him on.

TIFF (CONT'D)

Yes! Absolute lad-

LANCE

You're comin' round mine tonight.  
I'll make a dinner.

TIFF

Alright man. Fuck it.

LANCE

Yeah, fuck it.

TIFF

The other's will be well up for this shizzle. We've not done a games night in literally an age.

LANCE

Oh...yeah.

TIFF

We could make it an awesome welcome party for Bev!

LANCE

We *could*.

INT. DINGY PUB - NIGHT

MARCUS and DEEPAK watch as BEV stares angrily at the theatre through a window.

MARCUS

Maybe they don't need us and we can do this everyday.

BEV

Oi. Grease will come and go. But crew will always be there because we are essential to the operation and smooth running of a decent production.

MARCUS

And some shit ones.

DEEPAK

We certainly seem essential.

BEV

Exactly. Continue to put your faith in me and who knows what we can achieve.

DEEPAK

Who indeed.

BEV

Any minute now and that producer lady will be begging us to come back. Trust me, I'm knowledgeable.

MARCUS

I don't think she gives a shit.



MARCUS shows them his phone. ROZ has posted "It's almost showtime!" on the Grease social media page. BEV looks furious.

BEV

Right, no one is to move from this pub!

DEEPAK

If we keep drinking we'll be over the legal limit for working on stage-

BEV

Good idea! That'll annoy them.

DEEPAK secretly writes an item on his list. BEV marches out just as TIFF and LANCE return with the tray of shots.

TIFF

Bev! Bev-erage! - Where's she gone? The nutter-

DEEPAK

Does it matter?

MARCUS

You do know you said that out loud.

TIFF

Do you not like her? That is bants. Lance was hosting a fucking massive games night as a welcome.

MARCUS

Nice.

DEEPAK

I might not make that.

MARCUS

Cos you've really got a social life outside of us.

TIFF

Well I do, but I'll probs come anyway.

MARCUS

Just play some games with us...for your mum's sake.

DEEPAK heavily sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

BEV attempts to remain undetected as she stealthily creeps back into the theatre. She slowly opens a fuse box near the entrance and reaches for a switch.

INT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The cast are rehearsing a dance to "We go together", watched on by ROZ. The lights suddenly go out, causing mass panic.

ROZ

Shit. No one panic...no one panic!  
Stop panicking! Stop panicking!

They continue to panic.

INT. DINGY PUB - CONTINUOUS

LANCE, TIFF, MARCUS, and DEEPAK are having a heated debate.

DEEPAK

I just don't want to come.

MARCUS

Is this because I beat you last  
time-

DEEPAK

I had the dodgy controller.

MARCUS

On all your turns?

DEEPAK

Well don't pick eff-ing rainbow  
road!

LANCE

You don't 'ave to come. Even if  
it's just me and Tiff or somethin'-

TIFF

It's Bev's first night with us. Why  
do you bellends not wanna make this  
a fucking awesome welcome?

LANCE

Agreed actually. Yeah, everyone's  
gotta come.

MARCUS

Lancelot's flat, Lancelot's rules-

LANCE

Call me that again and I'll snap ya  
fuckin' knee.

DEEPAK

Why do we even want to welcome her?  
She's disorganised...she's...

TIFF

Don't get me wrong, she's fucking  
mental. But I love that shit!

LANCE

Same.

DEEPAK

We've done nothing all day.

MARCUS

Exactly.

DEEPAK

We've not even pre-set for the  
flipping show tonight! Do you not  
want someone who can...lead you?

They all shrug.

DEEPAK (CONT'D)

Fine! We'll just ignore everything  
that needs to be done because our  
stage manager's completely  
incompetent and the team don't give  
two hoots!

TIFF

Us five are a fucking good team,  
dude.

MARCUS

(To just DEEPAK)

Say us five are a fucking good  
team.

DEEPAK

What, cos your blackmailing me to  
do everything you say?

MARCUS

And do it in a Chinese accent-

DEEPAK

You know, none of us actually think  
you're funny. You're a mean man.  
And you wouldn't be welcome on my  
team.

Awkward pause. MARCUS tries hiding his hurt.

MARCUS

Shame they gave it to someone who's  
*completely incompetent* then.

DEEPAK

For now.

DEEPAK quickly downs a shot (screwing his face up) and attempts to exit the booth. He is stuck in the middle.

DEEPAK (CONT'D)

Can someone let me out please?! You  
can see I'm trying to leave!

TIFF quickly gets up.

DEEPAK (CONT'D)

Thank you!

DEEPAK storms towards the toilet. As he opens the door, a MAN is walking out.

DEEPAK (CONT'D)

Great! Just stand in the way of the  
door then! Thanks mate!

The MAN looks confused as DEEPAK enters and slams the door behind him.

MARCUS

Do you get the impression he  
doesn't like Bev?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

It's pitch black. ROZ, using a torch, opens the storage room door with difficulty and sees the "AT THE PUB" message on the wall. She tuts.

INT. PUB TOILETS - NIGHT

DEEPAK stares at his list of BEV's faults (which is now quite long). He glances at himself in the mirror. With a look of determination in his eyes, he uses his phone to take a photo of the list.

EXT. GRAND ENTRANCE - NIGHT

CLAUDETTE stands under a lamppost, anxiously talking on the phone.

CLAUDETTE

(On phone)

Yes, it's all turned off. The bill  
was paid.

Her phone receives a message.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry, I've got another  
message. Yes, on this number. Thank  
you.

She hangs up and checks the text message. It's a photo of Deepak's list. She sighs. ROZ suddenly runs out in a panic.

ROZ

Where's the nearest pub?!

INT. DINGY BAR AREA - NIGHT

BEV is smugly waiting at the bar as ROZ bursts in.

BEV

Ah. Hello there Miss producer.  
Fancy seeing you in this wonderful  
establishment-

ROZ

There's a problem with your lights.

BEV

Is there now? How strange. How very  
fishy.

ROZ

Can you get them fixed?

BEV

An interesting question to ponder.  
I thought you didn't need us.

ROZ

I never said that.

BEV

Oh really? I read your so called  
programme and it seems to suggest  
you don't need any of my crew  
involved.

ROZ

Look, if you must know, we've  
bought you a pack of beers to say  
thank you.

BEV

Aww that's nice. And when will our  
names be in the programme?

ROZ

Look, I am sorry we can't recognise  
you in the programme. But if we  
don't have working lights we don't  
have a show. If we don't have a  
show, I'll be...judged.

BEV

I understand your predicament.

ROZ

Good.

BEV

I'll send the team over as soon the  
programme reflects our  
contributions.

ROZ angrily glares at her.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Along with the whole cast, ROZ is awkwardly kneeling on the floor, writing names into programmes. They use phone torches to see in the dark, clearly unimpressed.

ROZ eventually finishes writing, throws down her pen, and puts the last one on a big stack of completed programmes.

ROZ

That's a thousand!

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BEV stands triumphantly by the fuse box and flicks a switch.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The lights suddenly come on to a massive cheer. ROZ looks relieved.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BEV turns to her team.

BEV

Right. Has anyone done the pre-set  
yet?

DEEPAK rolls his eyes.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The big performance is underway. Two actors dressed as SANDY and DANNY are theatrically harmonizing as the ensemble dance in the background of the dazzling stage. The full audience clap to the music. ROZ stands at the back of the auditorium and watches cheerfully.

DANNY

(Sings)

*I've got chills,  
They're multiplying.  
And I'm losing control.  
'Cuz the power your supplying,  
It's electrifying.*

TIFF is copying the dance moves from the side of the stage for LANCE's entertainment. He attempts to join in but immediately regrets it and stops.

SANDY  
(Sings)  
*You better shape up...*

INT. FLY FLOOR - DAY

MARCUS sombrely watches the show from up on the fly floor.

INT. STAGE WINGS - CONTINUOUS

In contrast to the performance, the wings are dark and grotty. DEEPAK watches dismissively from the side as BEV happily wanders over.

BEV  
I'd say this has gone extremely well.

DEEPAK  
Seen as we had five minutes to pre-set.

BEV  
Exactly. Under good leadership, this team can achieve absolutely anything-

DEEPAK  
Like a day sat in a pub-

BEV  
So you're going to be my deputy.

DEEPAK  
What?

BEV  
It's like a second in command.

DEEPAK  
No, I know...I mean...

BEV  
You're more knowledgeable than everyone else here, except for myself.

DEEPAK  
I believe in doing a job properly.

BEV

Good. Cos I'm not the sort to waste my first stage management role putting a catastrophic team together-

DEEPAK

Your *first* stage management role?

BEV

Hard to believe, isn't it? I was an ordinary stagehand up in Blackpool. A complete nobody, like you.

DEEPAK

Bit mean-

BEV

I knew I'd get headhunted eventually. As soon as that phone call came in, I was off.

DEEPAK

You probably didn't *always* want to be a stage manager-

BEV

Ever since I was a small child. And now I am one, I'm going to be the very best.

DEEPAK

Sometimes people think they want a certain job but are actually quite happy doing something else-

BEV

Not me. Even my mum would be proud if she wasn't so dead.

DEEPAK

My mum's not the easiest to impress either.

BEV

If I might teach you a life lesson, never do anything for anyone else. Do it for you.

DEEPAK

I think this is your cue.

WHOLE CAST

*You're the one that I want!*

As the song comes to a sudden end, BEV presses a button. Nothing happens. She presses it a few times as the cast awkwardly wait in a big ending pose.



DEEPAK  
Did you reload the confetti  
earlier?

Beat.

BEV  
That's the deputy's job.

INT. LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

DEEPAK opens his locker and takes a jacket out, revealing the flowers he got from his mum. He suddenly hears a commotion outside and looks through the window to see BEV, LANCE, TIFF and MARCUS laughing as they walk out together. He sighs.

INT. THEATRE BAR - NIGHT

Champagne glasses clink. Glamour is in the air as beautiful people in nice clothing congratulate other beautiful people in nice clothing. ROZ laughs and downs some champagne. DEEPAK sheepishly trudges past, looking out of place in his stage blacks. DANNY sarcastically applauds him.

DANNY  
Did you forget to put 20p in the  
meter?

Other cast members snigger as DEEPAK keeps walking.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Just pay the electric bill!

INT. THEATRE BAR - CONTINUOUS

CLAUDETTE notices DEEPAK like a fish out of water and warmly approaches.

CLAUDETTE  
Deepak! Where's the rest of the  
crew? Opening night party.

DEEPAK  
Invites must be in the post.

CLAUDETTE  
Oh-

DEEPAK  
I just wondered if...erm...if you  
still had that silly photo?

CLAUDETTE  
What's she done now?

DEEPAK

No, I...erm....miswrote something.  
What a numpty. I think I should  
retract it. Most of them weren't-

CLAUDETTE

I deleted it.

(Off his look)

I knew you'd regret it. Under all  
that...you know, you're a man with  
integrity.

DEEPAK

Thank you.

She smiles back at him.

CLAUDETTE

Is there anything else I can help  
you with?

DEEPAK

Do you know where Lance lives?

INT. LANCE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

MARCUS is surprised as he opens the front door to DEEPAK.  
There's an awkward pause.

MARCUS

Shall we do that thing where we  
just accept we're both sorry  
without having to say sorry?

DEEPAK

Erm...yeah...I was gonna offer a  
hug-

MARCUS

Alright, inside for makeup sex.

MARCUS gestures him inside.

INT. LANCE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

BEV, MARCUS, DEEPAK, TIFF, and LANCE all clink their cheap  
cans of beer.

BEV

Right, it's time for everyone to  
listen to me now! I'd firstly like  
to say a big thank you to the  
exceptional Tiff, who Lance tells  
me suggested this games night in my  
honour. This is a fantastic way to  
welcome a new role model to the  
team, so I thank you.

There's a small cheer from her teammates. TIFF gives LANCE a look as if to say "thanks".

BEV (CONT'D)

I'll finish by saying this is the best theatre in all of Thames Valley, and I very much look forward to working with some of you. Now lets play games!

They cheer and clink their cheap cans of beer in agreement.

INT. CLAUDETTE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLAUDETTE is talking on her mobile, reading DEEPAK's list of "Bev faults" from her computer screen. She looks much colder than before with determination in her eyes.

CLAUDETTE

She doesn't suspect a thing. She's just as incapable as she was in Blackpool. All we have to do is let her be herself.

(Pause)

Well this production company won't come back. When the word gets out, nor will anyone else.

(Pause)

Yes. The building's value is dropping as we speak. I give it a year before it hits the right price.

CLAUDETTE evilly smiles.

End