

# **Normanity**

*(A Musical by Jules Kleiser and Nige Reid)*

## **Act 1 (2007)**

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### **Scene 1**

#### **AN OUTDOOR ROCK FESTIVAL – sometime in the mid 1980s.**

A large open air rock festival. The audience waits in anticipation of the headline act.

#### **ANNOUNCER**

And now the moment you've all been waiting for, the headline act at this year's Blaenau Ffestiniog festival. All the way from Rotterdam, led by the one and only guitar maestro himself, Ronnie Jupp, please give a huge Blaenau welcome to the Dutch masters of rock, Vermillion Dimension—

The band launches into “Normality” with lead guitarist RONNIE JUPP (27) at the front.

#### **RONNIE JUPP**

Are you all getting the good vibes tonight?

#### **NORMALITY**

#### **RONNIE JUPP**

YOU GO THROUGH LIFE, KICKING AND SCREAMING,  
SEARCHING FOR MEANING,  
WHICH IS NEVER TO BE FOUND,  
WHATEVER PATH, YOU MIGHT BE TAKING,  
MISTAKES YOU'RE MAKING,  
YOU GOTTA REACH FOR HIGHER GROUND,

SO BE YOURSELF, REMOVE THE MASK,  
AND AS THE FUTURE, BECOMES THE PAST,  
THERE'S JUST ONE THING, YOU NEED TO ASK,  
NORMALITY,  
WHAT IS NORMALITY?

Ronnie Jupp embarks on an extravagant guitar solo. The music and cheers fade and eventually merge into the sound of knocking on a door. |

**Scene 2**  
**NORMAN'S BEDROOM - early 2007.**

NORMAN (21), is listening to “Normality” through a small pair of speakers whilst trying to accompany it on his cheap electric guitar, through a cheap amp. NORMAN'S FATHER (60s) shouts through the door.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
Norman! Turn it down!

Sound of the bedroom door opening.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
*(Shouting over the music)*  
Turn it down, for goodness sake, Norman. You'll blow your bloody eardrums!

NORMAN  
*(Shouting over the music)*  
I need to get this right.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
*(Shouting over the music)*  
I can hear you from downstairs.

NORMAN  
*(Shouting over the music)*  
Ronnie would practice till his fingers bled.

Norman continues practicing the solo. His father walks across the room and abruptly shuts the music off.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
I've hardly seen you for days.

NORMAN  
But this is my big chance.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
You're the maths genius son, just tell me what you'd estimate the odds are of making a living out of playing music?

NORMAN  
Based on a basket of essential goods and services the current UK living wage is £5.35 per hour—

NORMAN'S FATHER  
Norman. Stop. Seriously now.

NORMAN  
—and £7.05 in London, which means I'd need to be doing an average of 3 gigs per week over—

NORMAN'S FATHER  
I get it, really. I was totally obsessed with Ronnie and the Dimension when I was your age but I grew out of it—

NORMAN  
*(Mumbling)*  
I can't understand why anyone wouldn't—

NORMAN'S FATHER  
—and you need to. You may not think so, but I care about you.

NORMAN  
I know Dad, I appreciate everything you're doing for me, and especially since Mum— but I've been getting the good vibes.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
If I were you, the only thing I'd be getting is some shuteye. You've got an early start.

The music starts up again as Norman turns up the volume.

NORMAN  
*(Shouting)*  
Five more minutes Dad!

NORMAN'S FATHER  
*(Sighs)*

Norman's guitar playing resumes as his father exits, pulling the door shut behind him.

**Scene 3**  
**A LONDON UNDERGROUND TRAIN - the next morning.**

The music merges into the sound of a London Underground train.

ANNOUNCER

This is a Central Line train calling at all stations to Epping. The next stop is  
Liverpool Street.

Introduction to “I’m Only The Driver” emerges from the cacophony.

**I’M ONLY THE DRIVER** (1st Verse)

TRAIN DRIVER

THE LIVING DEAD ARE GETTING READY TO RISE,  
CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION IN THEIR BLOODSHOT EYES,

COMMUTERS

WE COULD DO BETTER BUT WE COULD DO WORSE,

TRAIN DRIVER

LIKE A SHORT FREE RIDE IN THE BACK OF A HEARSE.

COMMUTERS

BUT SHE’S ONLY THE DRIVER,

TRAIN DRIVER

AN IMPARTIAL OUTSIDER.

Sound of a London Underground train stopping at a station and the doors opening.  
Norman attempts to get on board with his guitar case, annoying the other passengers.

NORMAN

Excuse me, excuse me, sorry, excuse me please.

COMMUTER

Stop shoving.

Sound of a thud as Norman is shoved against a commuter with his guitar case.

NORMAN

I need to get on this one or I’ll be late.

COMMUTER

Hey— fuck off.

NORMAN

Oh, I’m sorry.

COMMUTER

Be careful will you will you mate, it’s a hot coffee, innit.

The train doors close and the sound of a further thud as Norman is trapped in the door. CELIA (early 20s) and JOE (21) are in the carriage. Celia is reading a book.

NORMAN

I'm sorry, oh, I'm stuck.

JOE

You twat, now we're all going to be late.

CELIA

Here, give me that case.

NORMAN

Don't drop it, it's my guitar.

CELIA

I'm just trying to help, now push the doors open.

NORMAN

*(Pushing the doors open)*

Aghhh—

Norman manages to board the train. The doors close and the train departs the station.

NORMAN

I didn't think it would be so crowded.

JOE

It's rush hour for fuck's sake.

ANNOUNCER

This is a Central Line train calling at all stations to Epping. The next stop is Bethnal Green.

**I'M ONLY THE DRIVER** (2nd Verse)

TUBE TRAIN DRIVER

MOVE ALONG INSIDE PLEASE AND MIND THE GAP,  
THE STRESS IS SO INTENSE THEY'RE ABOUT TO SNAP,  
NORMAN'S DAY HASN'T STARTED TOO WELL,  
AND HE'S ONLY JUST BEGUN HIS DESCENT INTO HELL.  
BUT I'M ONLY THE DRIVER,  
AN IMPARTIAL OUTSIDER.

NORMAN

Thanks, I'd never have got on without your help.

CELIA

You're welcome. Now can I get on with my book please.

NORMAN

Yeah, I just wanted to say that—

JOE

Hey, is he bothering you darling?

CELIA

Oi, jog on. I can handle it.

JOE

I'm just trying to be friendly.

NORMAN

Oh no, 8 minutes and 15 seconds.

JOE

Bloody hell. Who wears a digital watch these days?

NORMAN

Me.

JOE

You're not from round here are you?

NORMAN

I'm from California.

JOE

What, in America?

NORMAN

No.

NORMAN and CELIA

*(Together)*

The Norfolk Broads!

Sound of a London Underground Train stopping, doors opening, passengers disembarking.

JOE

Right well, this is me. See you later, darling.

The doors close and the train departs.

ANNOUNCER

This is a Central Line train calling at all stations to Epping. The next stop is Mile End.

NORMAN

*(Starting to panic)*

I'm not going to make it.

CELIA

You're hyperventilating.

NORMAN

I think that was my stop. I need to be at the audition—

CELIA

Chill out, here this will help.

NORMAN

Ow.

CELIA

Took your mind off it, didn't it? A hard tweak on the ear works every time.

NORMAN

That really hurt.

CELIA

Good. So where exactly are you heading?

NORMAN

Carpenters' Row. Help me, please. I'm totally lost.

CELIA

*(To herself)*

Carpenters' Row?

*(To Norman)*

339 bus. Get off at this next stop. It'll be quicker than going back.

NORMAN

Thanks, excuse me please, sorry I have to get off here—

COMMUTER

Stop shoving.

NORMAN

*(Shouting over the noise to Celia)*

The 393 bus you said?

CELIA  
*(Shouting back)*  
339. Go.  
*(To herself)*  
And good luck with your—

The train stops at the next station.

CELIA  
— life.

Sound of a London Underground train doors closing and the train departing the station.

#### Scene 4

**BUTLER CORPORATION - a small financial services firm, later that morning.**

Reception. Sound of furious typing on a keyboard. A door buzzer sounds and the typing stops. Receptionist TARA (mid 40s) presses the intercom button.

TARA

Come in. Third floor and then second door on the left.

Sound of a tin of chocolates being opened and one of the chocolates being unwrapped. The furious typing starts up again. Sound of a door opening.

JOE

I'm here for the trader's job.

TARA

*(Chewing)*

Please do sign in and please do then take a seat, with the other candidates.

JOE

Ooo, coffee creme, my favourite. Can I have one?

Sound of Joe trying to open the tin and Tara slapping him on the wrist.

TARA

You got some front.

JOE

Easy darling, just don't want you losing that lovely figure of yours, that's all.

Sound of another door opening abruptly. BOB BUTLER (32), CEO of Butler Corporation strides in.

BOB

Right you lot, I'm Bob Butler, CEO and founder of Butler Corporation.

**BE SOMEONE** (1st Verse)

BOB

YOU COME UP TO TOWN, THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANNA BE,

INTERVIEWEES

WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET A GOOD JOB IN THE CITY,

BOB

WELL YOU BETTER HAVE BALLS IF YOU'RE GONNA BE WORKING FOR ME.

BOB

Send the first two through Tara.

BOB  
YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
INTERVIEWEES  
YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
BOB  
YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
TARA  
BUT IF YOU CAN'T BE SOMEONE SCREW IT UP FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

BOB  
It's dog-eat-dog in this game and I'm the top British fucking Bulldog.

TARA  
Kyle Wilkins, Rashid Khan.

Door closes as the two interviewees enter Bob's office. A door buzzer sounds. Tara presses the intercom button.

TARA  
Come in. Third floor and then second door on the left.

Sound of a door opening, and a clunk as Norman's guitar cases bangs against the door.

NORMAN  
Sorry I'm— late. I'm here— for the—

TARA  
Please do sign in and please do then take a seat with the other candidates.

Sound of Bob's office door opening.

BOB  
*(Shouting from his office)*  
Get out of my sight you two useless streaks of piss.

BOB  
Send the next two through Tara.

TARA  
Joe Murray and— Norman Goodman.

JOE  
Fuck me. It's the twat on the Tube. What're the odds? Did you get her number?

NORMAN  
I don't understand.

Sound of Norman tuning his guitar.

JOE  
What the fuck are you doing?

NORMAN  
Tuning up, and Ronnie always wore his trademark dark glasses and a red cape on stage— so what instrument do you play?

JOE  
You're a joke mate.

Sound of Bob's office door closing. PORTIA (35) is standing in the corner observing.

BOB  
Right, you're the last two, make yourselves comfortable, this here is Portia Cocksure, our Chief Financial Officer.

PORTIA  
Good morning gentleman.

JOE  
I like this place already. I'll stand thanks.

BOB  
Butler Corporation might not be the biggest but there's one thing we're good at, and that's making money. Am I right Portia or am I right?

PORTIA  
You are most certainly right Bob.

NORMAN  
I think there's been a mis—

**BE SOMEONE** (2nd Verse)

BOB  
YOU SEAL THE DEAL AND THEN YOU MOVE ONTO THE NEXT,  
CAUSE THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THE SIZE OF YOUR BONUS  
CHEQUES,  
AND I DARE YOU TO TELL ME IT DIDN'T FEEL BETTER THAN SEX,

YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,

JOE

YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,

BOB

YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,

PORTIA

BUT IF YOU CAN'T BE SOMEONE, SCREW IT UP FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

NORMAN

—misunderstanding.

BOB

Yeah, it bloody well looks like it. But since you're here— what would you do if I was your client, and I tell you I can't buy any shares because I need the money to pay for my grandma's hip replacement.

NORMAN

Well, you should always take care of your grandma, she might—

BOB

No! Fuck grandma.

NORMAN

Fuck your grandma?

PORTIA

Not his grandma.

NORMAN

My grandma?

BOB

No! You disgusting little prick— anyone's grandma. You need to fuck anyone's grandma to secure the deal.

BOB

I DON'T LIKE YOU,  
BUT I NEED YOU, YEAH,  
AND IF WE CHOOSE YOU,  
WE'LL JUST USE YOU, YEAH,

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND,  
I'M TOO BUSY, DON'T WASTE MY TIME,  
YOU WON'T FIND ME AN EMPATHETIC KIND OF GUY,

KIND OF GUY.

NORMAN

KIND OF GUY?

JOE

I'M YOUR KIND OF GUY.

BOB

Alright, you with that smirk on your face, what would you do if I was your client—

JOE

Trust me Bob, your granny wouldn't want to be a burden—

Sound of Joe banging his fist on Bob's desk.

JOE

—invest in these shares, and in six months you'll be able to get both her hips replaced and a new set of gnashers so she can tuck into a decent bit of rump steak for the first time in years without losing her falsies. In the meantime, buy her a walking stick.

BOB and JOE

YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
YOU GOTTA BE SOMEONE,  
BUT IF YOU CAN'T BE SOMEONE SCREW IT UP FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

BOB

You've got spunk son and I like that, of course I do. You'll start Monday. Portia, fix him up with Piers. He can show him the ropes. You—

Sound office door opening and footsteps as Norman, Joe and Portia exit.

BOB

—on your bike. And take that stupid banjo case with you.

Office door closes.

TARA

That's the lot.

PORTIA

I know Tara, Bob's made his decision.

JOE

Any chance of a Toffee Finger? I got the job.

Joe tries to open the chocolate tin and is slapped on the wrist again by Tara.

PORTIA

Bob's made an offer to Mr Murray. Please be so good Tara as to update the database and email him his contract.

TARA

I would but the computer's crashed again. Says it tried to perform an illegal operation. Do I have to call the police?

PORTIA

Don't be ridiculous.

NORMAN

It's most likely a memory management problem.

JOE

Huh, sod that, I'm out of here, see you Monday.

Sound of the door closing as Joe leaves.

NORMAN

Or potentially a hardware conflict error.

PORTIA

You give the impression of being computer literate.

NORMAN

I have a first-class honours degree in computer science and mathematics.

PORTIA

Well, perhaps you could oblige us by seeing what the problem might be?

TARA

But he hasn't got the authenticity.

PORTIA

Authentication. He's only taking a look.

NORMAN

Just as I thought, it's a system interrupt request translation failure.

TARA

That doesn't sound good.

NORMAN

It would help if you upgraded to the latest version of Windows NT. Try clicking on “System Restore”.

TARA

If I lose any of my files I’ll do for you.

NORMAN

You should always back them up.

PORTIA

Indulge me. Why on earth did you apply for a trader’s position?

NORMAN

I didn’t. I came to audition for a Vermilion Dimension tribute band.

TARA

Now what?

NORMAN

Select “Restart” and press Enter.

PORTIA

Hence the guitar case and ridiculous outfit, I presume.

NORMAN

I’ve never been to London before.

TARA

The city of dreams, where the streets are paved with gold—

Sound of a bleep as Tara’s computer restarts.

TARA

—blimey! It worked, you’re a bloody lifesaver. What’s your favourite sweetie, sweetie?

PORTIA

A first class honours degree in computer science and mathematics I think you said? Oxford? Cambridge?

NORMAN

Great Yarmouth Tech.

Sound of Norman opening the tin of chocolates and unwrapping one.

NORMAN  
Mmmm, caramel creme.

PORTIA  
*(Forgetting Norman's name)*  
Interesting, errr— well you seem perfectly qualified for a new position I'm  
creating in our Technology department—

NORMAN  
*(Chewing)*  
That sounds—

TARA  
*(Reminding Portia of Norman's name)*  
Norman Goodman.

NORMAN  
—possible.

PORTIA  
Excellent. Norman.

NORMAN  
But I'm not sure if I'm really—

PORTIA  
Here's my card, send me your CV and I'll be in touch.

NORMAN  
OK, thank you, I will, goodbye— for now.

Sound of footsteps departing and door closing as Norman leaves, followed by the sound  
of a knock on Bob's office door.

BOB  
Enter.

Sound of a door opening as Portia enters.

PORTIA  
Norman Goodman.

BOB  
Who?

Sound of the door closing.

PORTIA

The candidate that you referred to as a, and forgive me if I paraphrase, “disgusting little prick”.

BOB

Couldn't sell a prime pork banger in Smithfield's market.

PORTIA

It transpires he's something of a computer boffin.

BOB

Here we go. You've only been here five minutes. Am I supposed to be impressed?

PORTIA

Which makes him an ideal candidate to help build the new predictive IT system I'm championing.

BOB

Look, I started this company when I left school at 16 with no qualifications and 16 years later it's doing better than ever.

PORTIA

As you keep saying, the youngest CEO in the City, but you still act like a dinosaur sometimes.

BOB

No tech system's ever going to replace gut feel when it comes to sniffing out the market.

PORTIA

Look Bob, it's 2007, not 1907, quantitative analysis is becoming standard practice.

BOB

It's all bollocksology if you ask me.

PORTIA

Lord Cocksure supports it, as you well know.

BOB

I ain't doing it just to please your old man. Since he acquired a 30% share in the company he acts like he owns the place.

PORTIA

It certainly wouldn't do your prospects for advancement in The Grand Order any harm.

BOB

You reckon?

PORTIA

I'll call father and tell him that we've got the ball rolling.

Instrumental music to "Be Someone" marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 5**  
**A SMALL COMMUNITY HALL - a few days later.**

Sounds of a small village hall and people gathering. A guitar strums a few chords in the background. A gong sounds.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

Welcome all to our regular Wednesday evening meeting of the Unified Ministry of Cosmic Ascension, California Branch. We shall now commence with the usual refrain. Norman, if you please.

Norman strums the opening chords to the song on his guitar.

**THE COSMIC LORD ABOVE**

GROUP

BEYOND THE STARS,  
WAY UP HIGH,  
LIES A MAGIC KINGDOM,  
WE ASCEND TO WHEN WE DIE,  
BY PLACING OUR TRUST,  
IN THE COSMIC LORD ABOVE.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

WHERE THERE'S NO PAIN OR REGRETS,  
AND YOU'LL MEET AGAIN,  
YOUR DEAR DEPARTED,  
LOVED ONES AND PETS,  
JUST PLACE ALL YOUR TRUST,  
IN THE COSMIC LORD ABOVE.

GROUP

IT IS TO THE ASTRAL PLANE,  
THAT WE SEEK TO GO,  
SO REPEAT THE REFRAIN,  
PLACE ALL OUR TRUST,  
IN THE COSMIC LORD A—

Norman ends with a self-indulgent flourish on the guitar, which confuses the congregation.

GROUP

*(Confused)*

B— B— B— BOVE!

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

Thank you Norman, you got there in the end. And so, fellow Cosmic Ascensionists, in an increasingly uncertain world, take comfort in the certainty that here in the midst of our communion you are safe.

GROUP

We are safe.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

But in the words of our founder, Dr Samuel Miller, it is only through the spiritual act of generosity that we can take our first steps on the journey to The Astral Plane.

GROUP

The Astral Plane.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

And yet we failed again to meet our target, which I—

GROUP

High Priestess Maureen—

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

—had to personally explain to Dr Samuel Miller himself.

GROUP

Himself.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

And so we shall now take a short break for the collection, give generously or we will never hit our target of half a million pounds.

GROUP

Half a million pounds!

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

California may be but a small village, but its Cosmic Ministry is full of people with big hearts.

Sound of a collection box being passed around.

NORMAN'S FATHER

*(Sternly)*

Norman, what are you playing at?

NORMAN

Sorry Dad—

Norman replays the guitar outro.

NORMAN

I couldn't resist it, Ronnie's outro from "Sowing the Seeds of Dawn".

NORMAN'S FATHER

Well please rein it in next time. Now about your new job, you're all ready?

NORMAN

Yes, starting Monday

NORMAN'S FATHER

Who'd have thought it? After fifty-six unsuccessful job applications, you finally got one that you weren't even applying for.

NORMAN

I know, it was all a bit weird, but now I can pursue my musical ambitions in the big city, where it all happens.

NORMAN'S FATHER

I was hoping that you'd get that band idea out of your system and start contributing to the Ministry?

NORMAN

I said I would.

NORMAN'S FATHER

High Priestess Maureen has been such a big support since your Mum ascended, even planning your whole educational syllabus at the Ministry academy—

Sound of a collection box being rattled loudly.

NORMAN'S FATHER

Oh— Mrs Huckabee— you nearly gave me a cardiac arrest.

MRS HUCKABEE

£14.36.

NORMAN'S FATHER

A small improvement, but still a long way off our goal.

MRS HUCKABEE

We'll hit the target one day. Half a million pounds!

NORMAN'S FATHER

Thank you Mrs Huckabee, I admire your optimism. Now I need to crack on with the accounts. Can you pop the funds in the safe please?

MRS HUCKABEE

Certainly. It is my honour to serve.

NORMAN'S FATHER

After you, Mrs Huckabee. And Norman, get yourself ready, the meeting will be restarting soon.

Norman strums his guitar.

**SMALL RESTRICTING WORLD**

NORMAN

IT'S A SMALL RESTRICTING WORLD,  
ON A SMALL RESTRICTING DAY,  
BUT I NEED TO FIND A WAY—

NORMAN

—no, that doesn't work.

NORMAN

NOW I'VE FOUND A JOB,  
IT'LL HELP ME PAY MY WAY,  
UNTIL I GET TO PLAY,  
IN MY OWN LEGENDARY ROCK BAND CALLED—

NORMAN

—yes. Just need to think of a name now.

A gong rings out. Silence ensues.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

Welcome back everyone.

GROUP

Welcome back.

HIGH PRIESTESS MAUREEN

Let us now continue—

Instrumental music to “Beyond The Astral Plane” marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 6**  
**BUTLER CORPORATION OFFICES - the following Monday morning.**

Sound of quiet small office space. TRIS (21) is sitting at his desk not sure what is expected of him, fidgeting, opening and closing of desk drawers. Norman approaches.

NORMAN  
Your first day?

TRIS  
Sure is. The internship was posted on the college website. It looked interesting.

Sound of Norman sitting at his desk.

NORMAN  
So what did you study?

TRIS  
I got a 2:2 in software engineering.

NORMAN  
Nice one.

TRIS  
And a massive great debt to go with it. Are you my manager?

NORMAN  
No, it's my first day as well. I've been reading this safety manual and checking the fire escape.

TRIS  
So what's your specialisation?

NORMAN  
Oh, I love systems analysis.

TRIS  
A problem solver.

NORMAN  
It's "Tristan" isn't it? I'm Norman.

TRIS  
Tris. Only my mum calls me Tristan.

NORMAN  
We have to—

TRIS  
Says “Tris” is common.

NORMAN  
—we have to familiarise ourselves with the emergency evacuation plan.

TRIS  
And at school when I’d done something wrong.  
(*Shouts*)  
Tristan!

NORMAN  
According to this manual—

TRIS  
Teachers. You know.

NORMAN  
I didn’t go to normal school.

TRIS  
Really?

NORMAN  
My parents sent me to the local Ministry academy which had its own  
holistic curriculum—

TRIS  
Oh—

NORMAN  
—never got used to the naked gong baths.

TRIS  
Let me read that.

Sound of Norman handing Tris the manual. Tris flicks it open.

TRIS

Look, it says here on page 1, if the alarm goes off, we have to go down the fire escape.

NORMAN

Yes, there are 142 steps. I just counted them.

TRIS

User Acceptance Testing. I'm impressed.

NORMAN

But for an accurate prediction of evacuation time a P variable representing the number of people would be essential—

Sound of Norman and Tris tapping on their keyboards.

TRIS

Plus an F variable to denote flame intensity.

NORMAN

—which multiplied by the number of stairs results in an estimated evacuation time of—

Sound of them tapping on their keyboards stops.

NORMAN and TRIS

*(Together)*

—three minutes twenty-five seconds.

NORMAN

Unless there's a disproportionate number of people trying to get out at the same time?

TRIS

In a desperate mass panic to avoid getting burned alive.

NORMAN

Let's hope it never happens.

TRIS

Or we're both toast. Look out, here comes the big boss.

Sound of footsteps as Portia approaches.

PORTIA

Gentlemen. Welcome to Butler Corporation. As you know we have great hopes for our development team.

TRIS  
Team?

PORTIA

It's your mission to build a new computer system capable of predicting market trends.

NORMAN

I'm sure we can develop something that'll be of great benefit to the clients.

PORTIA

Let me worry about the clients. Your job is to make it happen. I'm personally taking a very close interest in this project so if you need anything at all, let me know and I'll make sure you get it.

TRIS

Can I move my desk closer to the fire escape please?

PORTIA

Just get started, and I will expect a weekly progress report. I'll see you later.

Sound of footsteps as Portia leaves.

TARA

Has she gone? Ooh. Is it just me or is it chilly in here? Here's your ID badge Norm, you've got to wear it at all times.

TRIS

Don't I get one?

TARA

Sorry love. Interns sign the Visitors Book. Here, look at mine though. Looks like I've been dragged through a hedge backwards.

TRIS

Had you?

TARA

Chance would be a fine thing. You'll love it here, it's like one big happy family. Apart from the ice queen. What did you make of her?

NORMAN

Sorry Tara, I really need to complete the system design document.

TRIS

And I need to create a development environment.

NORMAN

We don't have time to chat.

Sound of Norman and Tris typing on their keyboards.

TARA

I thought you two would be a bit more of a laugh

**THAT'S JUST ME** (1st Verse)

TARA

IS ALL YOU EVER TALK ABOUT TECHIE THINGS?

NORMAN

The binary search algorithms have to work.

TARA

CAN'T POSSIBLY IMAGINE THE JOY THAT BRINGS,

TRIS

He knows what he's doing.

TARA

GLUED TO YOUR SCREENS, ALL DEADPAN,

NORMAN

It requires a lot of concentration.

TARA

THE CLEVER LITTLE GEEK AND THE NUMBERS MAN.

TRIS

I actually find the term "geek" empowering.

TARA

I LIKE TO TAKE THINGS EASY,  
AVOID COMPLEXITY,  
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE SO LIVE IT WELL,  
AND WHEN I'M FINALLY DONE,  
I'LL HAVE HAD MY FUN,  
BUT THAT'S JUST ME.

Tara moves across to the Trading section. General cacophony of a busy financial trading floor.

TARA  
Doughnut time.

The Traders all cheer.

TARA  
There you go Piers.

PIERS  
Manna from heaven, “per manus angeli”— delivered by the hands of an angel.

TARA  
How’s cocky boy doing?

PIERS  
*(Eating the doughnut)*  
See for yourself. He’s just got through to his first client.

JOE  
*(On the phone, as if reading from a script)*  
Reliable market indicators indicate the indication that you should be buying these shares right now.

Sound of paper turning as Joe reads the script.

JOE  
All the usual indicators are flagging up green. I’m telling you mate. Come on, please, it’s defo a great time to buy.

Pause as Joe listens.

JOE  
No? Oh look mate, hang about—

Sound of a click as the client hangs up.

JOE  
—the twat’s just hung up on me!

All the Traders laugh. Sound of Joe throwing the script down.

JOE  
Ah, it’s a load of bollocks.

TRADER

Don't worry mate, we've all been there.

TRADER

Yeah, fuck it up again though and Bob'll have your guts for garters.

JOE

Hey, don't I get a doughnut.

TARA

Naaah. But you are one. Here's your ID badge.

Music and activity indicating time passing. Switch to IT section, a few days later.

NORMAN

How are you getting on with reviewing the system design document?

TRIS

Nearly done. It's very complete. Great job.

NORMAN

Thanks, Portia's chasing up and we need to get started on the development phase.

Sound of the office door opening.

TARA

Doughnut time.

TRIS

Sorry Tara, I'm watching my weight.

TARA

Blimey, you're like a stick insect.

TRIS

I try to keep in shape, zero carbs and hot yoga five times a week. You never know.

**SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME**

TRIS

SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME,  
RIDING HIGH ON A SILVER STEED,  
AND WHEN HE DOES,  
OOH I'M GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

TARA

A born romantic, that's all we need round here.

TRIS

A boy can dream can't he?

TARA

If he's a proper prince, he won't bother what shape you're in will he? Here's your doughnut Norm.

NORMAN

The crust cover is slightly uneven.

TARA

Just bloody get it down you.

Switch to Trading section.

JOE

But Raj, reliable indicators indicate that, oh fuck this—

Sound of Joe throwing the script to one side.

JOE

Look, you've told me that your missus is giving you earache about getting a diamond encrusted collar for your pooch "Tiffany"— this deal will secure it for you bruv— fifty thou? It's a deal mate, it's a deal. She'll have the best groomed Cockapoo in Chelmsford mate.

Sound of Joe slamming down the phone.

JOE

Who's a doughnut now then?

**THAT'S JUST ME** (2nd Verse)

TARA

IS ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT MAKING CASH?

TRADERS

TOO RIGHT, AND WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

TARA

AND HOW YOU'RE GONNA TO BLOW IT ALL IN ONE BIG SPLASH,

TRADERS

HOOKERS, COKE, THE USUAL THINGS,

TARA  
SITTING ON YOUR ARSE JUST MAKING CALLS,  
TRADERS  
WE'VE GOT OUR TARGETS TO MEET,  
TARA  
WILL SHRIVEL YOUR DICK AND SHRINK YOUR BALLS.

JOE  
Like your old man's, you mean?

TARA  
I KNOW THE VALUE OF MONEY,  
AND THAT NOTHING COMES FOR FREE,  
I AIN'T GONNA MISS WHAT I NEVER HAD,  
I SAY THANKS A LOT,  
FOR WHAT I'VE ALREADY GOT,  
BUT THAT'S JUST ME.

Sound of the Traders cheering and congratulating Joe.

TRADER  
Well done Joe mate, enjoy the bonus!

TRADER  
And may it be the first of many. But don't you dare go near any of my clients.

BOB  
What's all this noise? Don't tell me Joe's gone and popped his cherry  
already?

JOE  
Just sold Fifty thou—

PIERS  
Took him a while. But it pains me to say that our boy Joe is finally getting  
the gist.

BOB  
Quicker than you Posh if I remember rightly.

JOE  
Yeah, that doesn't surprise me.

BOB

Listen up, to celebrate Joe's first proper trade we're going to hit Mingle's tonight. No excuses, and I want everyone there—

*(Aside to Joe)*

Fifty thous' not a bad start. Now don't bullshit me Joe, did you get a hard on?

JOE

I've always got a hard on, Bob. Especially at work.

Instrumental music to “That’s Just Me” marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 7**  
**MINGLES NIGHTCLUB- that evening.**

Sounds of a party atmosphere. An unspecified dance music track plays in the background.

NORMAN

I don't know what we're doing here.

TRIS

I suppose it must be part of the induction process.

NORMAN

Do you think the DJ has any Vermilion Dimension?

TRIS

Nothing beats a bit of Eurovision for me.

Tara approaches.

TARA

Grab one quick. It's on the firm.

TRIS

Champagne?

TARA

Prosecco you dipstick.

NORMAN

Who are all the rest for?

TARA

Me of course. Ain't had a decent night out in ages. Hang about, I'm on.

**SALE OF THE SOUL**

PIERS and TARA

SALE OF THE SOUL,

TRADERS

SALE OF THE SOUL,

TARA

WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT ONE AND,  
WE WANT IT WHOLE.

SALE OF THE SOUL,  
SALE OF THE SOUL,  
SALE OF THE SOUL,  
AND IN RETURN YOU CAN,  
ACHIEVE ANY GOAL.

PIERS  
TARA  
TRADERS  
PIERS  
ALL

TARA  
So please put your hands together for—

PIERS  
—Mr “Bulldog” Bob Butler.

Traders all applaud as Bob enters and gets onto the stage.

NORMAN  
What on earth is going on?

A VERY WARM WELCOME,  
A VERY WARM WELCOME,  
TO THE BOY FROM ELTHAM,  
LET THE SHOW BEGIN,  
SHOW BEGIN.

BOB  
PIERS and TARA  
BOB  
PIERS and TARA

PLEASE GIVE A BIG RECEPTION,  
PLEASE GIVE A BIG RECEPTION,  
TO OUR LATEST CONTESTANT, CAUSE WE WANT,  
HIM TO WIN,  
HIM TO WIN,  
BEAT THE CHALLENGE AND YOU KNOW YOU’RE GONNA WIN THE STAR  
PRIZE.

BOB  
PIERS and TARA  
BOB

TRADER  
Get up there Joe,

TRADER

Yeah, go on, we've all done it.

Audience cheers raucously. Sound of Joe being pushed up onto the stage.

BOB

Strap him in Tara.

Sounds of straps, clamps and stretching leather as Tara straps Joe into a chair for the ceremony.

JOE

I didn't sign up for this.

BOB, PIERS and TARA

SALE OF THE SOUL,

TRADERS

SALE OF THE SOUL,

BOB

WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT ONE AND,

ALL

WE WANT IT WHOLE.

BOB, PIERS and TARA

SALE OF THE SOUL,

TRADERS

SALE OF THE SOUL,

BOB

IT'LL GET YOU STARTED,

ALL

UP THE GREASY POLE.

JOE

What's this all about then?

BOB

This here is Sale of the Soul, the "show" where one lucky winner gets the opportunity to be initiated into The Grand Order at novice level with all the privileges that brings.

TRIS

Oh, he's very good.

BOB

Now Joe, we'd like to know bit more about you. What did you do before joining Butler Corporation?

JOE

I worked on my old man's fruit and veg stall.

BOB

And I bet you always got your five a day, eh? Of course he did.

The Traders laugh uncontrollably.

BOB

But in order to take the challenge to be initiated you must first answer one simple question.

JOE

Yeah. alright, just get on with it.

BOB

Are you prepared to screw anyone over to make shit loads of money?

Sound of struggling stops as Joe answers the question.

JOE

What kind of question is that? Course I am.

The audience cheers.

BOB

Well done Joe, that is the correct answer, bring on the Trader's Revenge and the ceremonial dickie.

Joe struggles in the chair. Tara and Piers bring the Trader's Revenge and ceremonial dickies onto the stage.

JOE

What the fuck's going on.

BOB

The challenge is this Joe. In order to gain novice level membership of The Grand Order, you simply need to down this whole jug of Trader's Revenge without spilling a single drop on the dickie.

JOE

What's in it?

BOB

Ah well, that's a secret. Now do you want to join The Grand Order with the rest of us or don't you?

Sound of glugging as Joe downs the drink.

TRADERS

Un ka ka, Un ka ka, Un ka ka, Un ka ka.

Joe struggles with the drink.

JOE

That is evil.

BOB

Now let me now inspect the dickie—

The audience is suddenly quiet. Sound of a drum roll as Bob inspects the dickie.

BOB

—I can solemnly declare that not a single drop of the Revenge was spilt. Joe, you have beaten the challenge and won the star prize. Your soul is now one of—

TRADERS

Our souls!

All the Traders cheer enthusiastically.

TRADERS

SALE OF THE SOUL,  
SALE OF THE SOUL,  
WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT ONE AND,  
WE WANT IT WHOLE.

SALE OF THE SOUL,  
SALE OF THE SOUL,  
AND IN RETURN YOU CAN,  
ACHIEVE ANY GOAL.  
SALE OF THE SOUL.

TRADER

Well done mate.

TRADER

That wasn't so bad was it?

BOB

There you go Joe, you're one of us now.

Tara, Piers, Norman and Tris join the group.

TARA

That seemed to go well, nice one Bob.

TRIS

I thought you were wonderful up there, Mr Bulldog.

BOB

You've either got it or you haven't. And it's "Mr. Butler", if you don't mind.

PIERS

I believe a toast is in order. As is customary.

BOB

More of the Revenge. I'll take that. As is customary.

JOE

I ain't drinking any more of that stuff. It's disgusting.

PIERS

"Ad novam inchoare"—

Sound of Bob pouring out more glasses of Trader's Revenge.

PIERS

— to the new initiate.

BOB and PIERS

*(Together)*

The new initiate.

TRIS

*(Smacking his lips)*

That hit the spot, any chance of a top up?

BOB

Blimey. It's your funeral, errr—

TRIS

—Tris.

BOB

Well, bottoms up— Tris.

Sound of footsteps as Portia approaches and takes Joe to one side.

PORTIA

Ah Joe, can I have a word, in private please.

JOE

Yeah, if you want.

Sound of Portia and Joe footsteps as they walk away from the group to a quieter spot.

PORTIA

So how does it feel to be a member of The Grand Order?

JOE

I have no idea what just happened.

PORTIA

Of course you don't, it's all just fun and games at novice level, but be advised that in their world you've just sold them your soul.

JOE

Yeah but, what does that mean, for fuck's sake?

PORTIA

You'll find out in due course. In the meantime, you might want to dispose of what's left of that Trader's Revenge safely. Here, have a glass of a more refined vintage.

Sound of Portia pouring a drink.

PORTIA

You're on the inside now. Tuesday evening, 7.30, "Chez Henri", dinner on me. You can keep the bottle.

Instrumental music to "Sale of The Soul" marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 8**  
**A LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION - later that evening.**

Sound of footsteps and a London Underground Train arriving at a station.

NORMAN

What a weird evening, I wonder if all companies in London do that.

ANNOUNCER

Mind the gap— step back please, mind the gap. Step back behind the yellow line, thank you.

Sound of train doors opening. Sound of Norman tripping and falling onto the floor, the contents of his bag spilling on the floor of the train.

NORMAN

Aghh, that's a bit dangerous, someone might get hurt.

COMMUTER

Didn't you hear the announcement, "mind the gap"?

Sound of train doors closing and departing. Norman crawls on the floor, searching for something.

NORMAN

Oh no, it must have fallen out of my case.

Sound of London Underground Train departing the station.

CELIA

Here, let me help you up.

NORMAN

No, I have to find it.

CELIA

Hey! Watch it, you can't go crawling around like that.

NORMAN

My dongle.

CELIA

Well whatever it is, keep it to yourself.

NORMAN  
I need it for work.

CELIA  
Seriously, what the hell are you doing?

NORMAN  
It generates an asynchronous authentication code in the system—

COMMUTER  
He was looking up your skirt.

NORMAN  
—allows me to access all areas.

CELIA  
Are you sick or what?

NORMAN  
*(Triumphant)*  
Found it.

Sound of a foot stamping.

NORMAN  
Aaaaaih! You just stamped on my hand.

CELIA  
Well you should be a bit more careful where you put it then shouldn't you.

Sound of a London Underground Train arriving at a station.

COMMUTER  
Just get off this train now or I'm pressing the emergency alarm button—  
pervert.

Sound of the train the doors opening. Norman struggles to his feet.

NORMAN  
I don't want any trouble, I can walk back to my digs from here.

COMMUTER  
Good riddance, we can do without the likes of you on the London  
Underground.

CELIA  
*(Still on the train)*  
Oi, jog on. I can handle it.

NORMAN  
*(Just as he is stepping off the train)*  
Hey, wait a minute, I know you. We met on the way to my audition.

CELIA  
Yeah, now I remember. You were totally lost—

NORMAN  
And it was you who tried to help me.

CELIA  
—the boy from—

Sound of London Underground train doors close.

CELIA  
— California.

Instrumental music and the sound of London Underground train departing the station to end the scene.

**Scene 9**  
**NORMAN'S BEDROOM - a few days later.**

A Ronnie Jupp track is playing quietly in the background. Sound of drawers and a wardrobe opening and closing.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
All packed?

NORMAN  
Nearly done.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
I have a little something for you.

NORMAN  
I don't need anything Dad.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
Your grandma gave me this little book when I left home to study accounting in Norwich. Take it.

NORMAN  
*(Reading the title of the book)*  
"Cooking in a Bedsitter".

NORMAN'S FATHER  
Your Mum and I would have never stayed married if I hadn't picked up a few recipes.

NORMAN  
Why?

NORMAN'S FATHER  
She was a shite cook.

NORMAN  
I've already calculated that applying configurable gate arrays will mitigate the limitations of the gradient descent algorithms.

NORMAN'S FATHER  
Translation please.

NORMAN

For the new system at work, it could be the difference between a sensible long term investment strategy and total market meltdown.

NORMAN'S FATHER

Well I'm pleased that you're enjoying your job, but I'll miss having you around.

NORMAN

It makes sense for me to move to London Dad, I can't stay in digs forever and I'll get back whenever I can.

NORMAN'S FATHER

Well, just don't forget the two main Cosmic Rules, which must be followed to ensure our safety when we're absent from the Ministry— rule number one—

**BE CAREFUL WHO YOU TRUST**

NORMAN'S FATHER

EAT ONLY FISH, FRUIT AND FOWLS,

NORMAN

Oh Dad, not this again.

NORMAN'S FATHER

TO ENSURE A REGULAR MOVEMENT OF THE BOWELS,  
STICK TO THE RULES,  
AND BE CAREFUL WHO YOU TRUST.

NORMAN'S FATHER

Rule two—

NORMAN'S FATHER

FOR THE STRENGTH THAT YOU'LL NEED,

NORMAN

I'm not listening.

NORMAN'S FATHER

AVOID ALL UNNECESSARY, SPILLAGE OF YOUR SEED,

NORMAN

Dad.

NORMAN'S FATHER

STICK TO THE RULES,  
AND BE CAREFUL WHO YOU TRUST.  
IT'S JUST MY ADVICE,  
BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE TO GIVE,  
TRY TO ALWAYS BE NICE—

NORMAN'S FATHER

Anyway we can't stop all day blathering, you need to get a move on. I'll get the car warmed up. The traffic can be a nightmare this time of day. I'll see you downstairs.

Sound of Norman's Father descending the stairs. Norman sits on his bed and flicks through the pages of the book.

NORMAN

Hmmm, the risotto doesn't look too difficult— mustn't forget this.

Sound of Norman putting the book down and picking up his guitar. He strums a few chords.

**SO NOW I'M LEAVING HOME**

NORMAN

SO NOW I'M LEAVING HOME,  
IT'S REALLY VERY SAD,  
I'M GOING TO MISS MY DAD,  
BUT IT'S A CHANCE I HAVE TO TAKE.

NORMAN'S FATHER

*(From downstairs)*

Norman—

NORMAN

—coming Dad. I'm just packing my guitar.

Instrumental music to "Beyond The Astral Plane" marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 10**  
**BOB'S OFFICE - a week later.**

BOB

*(On the phone)*

Look Tiny, I keep telling you, my 70% share ain't for sale at any price.

Sound of a knock at the door.

BOB

Gotta go. You'll put a good word in for me at Thursday's Grand Order meeting won't you? No hard feelings? Thanks, bye for now.

Sound of a phone being slammed back on receiver.

BOB

*(To himself)*

What a bell end.

A second, firmer knock at the door.

BOB

Come in, for fuck's sake.

Sound of a door opening and footsteps as Portia enters. The door closes.

BOB

Ah, Portia, just been talking to your old man. Always a pleasure.

PORTIA

I thought I should keep you abreast of how the new IT section is evolving. It appears that Norman really is a world class Quant—

BOB

Could've told you that at the interview.

Sound of Bob leaning back in his leather chair.

PORTIA

—and that the system he's developing is producing extremely promising results.

BOB

This game's all about gut instinct and hard graft. And I'm telling you to your face, it's a bull market. All on the up.

PORTIA

Perhaps, but you can't keep ignoring the advances in technology forever.

Sound of Bob angrily tapping at his Blackberry device.

BOB

Even this blackcurrant thing never works properly. It's impossible to log into.

PORTIA

It's called a Blackberry Bob, give it here. Now let me guess your password, Bulldog123.

Sound of Bob's Blackberry switching on.

BOB

How did you know that?

PORTIA

Call it intuition, look it worked for me, you've just got fat fingers.

BOB

I don't know, you Cocksures, always up to something—this bloody system of yours is starting to cost us a fortune.

PORTIA

It's an investment Bob, this "bloody system" is going to launch your little company into the big time, will make father very happy and thereby may just get you promoted in The Grand Order, which is what you want isn't it?

BOB

When I achieve that it'll be because I earned it, not because of what you and your system can do for me.

PORTIA

All you have to do is give me the authority to build the system and all your dreams of joining the ranks of the elite will surely come true.

BOB

Well, alright but remember—

*(Moves closer to Portia)*

—it's your arse on the line.

*(As Bob exits)*

Now I've got business to attend to.

Sound of Bob's steps as he exits the office, disappearing into the distance.

PORTIA

*(Once Bob has left)*

As do I Bob. As do I.

Incidental music marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 11**  
**LONDON UNDERGROUND TRAIN – the next day.**

Sound of London Underground train pulling into a station and the doors open. Sound of a Ronnie Jupp track as if on headphones. The music stops suddenly as Celia pulls Norman's headphones off.

NORMAN

Hey, I was listening to that. Vermilion Dimension's classic second album. Oh, it's you again. Hello.

CELIA

The London Underground has over 270 stations, and around four million passenger journeys each day.

NORMAN

Please don't stamp on me again.

CELIA

What're the odds of us regularly bumping into each other like this?

NORMAN

Using a standard variation interval to allow for the fact that we're both travelling between 4 stations on the same line but have randomly met on three separate occasions at different times of the day I'd estimate the odds to be in the region of 7,236-1.

CELIA

So you're stalking me.

NORMAN

Statistically, yes. But no, I'm not. How do you know so much about the London Underground system?

CELIA

Mum's a Timetable Planner for TfL. So, you passed your "audition" then?

NORMAN

It was all very confusing.

CELIA

The thing is, you look and act more like an Estate Agent.

**THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT ON THE GIRL** (1st Verse)

CELIA

I WAS BORN IN HACKNEY,  
JUST AROUND THE CORNER,  
BUT IT WON'T BE THERE MUCH LONGER,  
YOU WANT TO KNOCK IT DOWN.  
YOU NEVER EVEN CONSIDER,  
THE WELFARE OF THE TENANTS,  
TO YOU THEY'RE ALL A HINDRANCE,  
IT'S JUST ABOUT SQUARE FOOT TO THE POUND.

BUT EACH MORNING I GET UP,  
AND TELL MYSELF THAT I'M NEVER GIVING UP,  
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE GIRL IN THE FIGHT BUT,  
THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE GIRL.

NORMAN

I'm not an Estate Agent— it's just that I got another job, errr— by accident.

CELIA

Yeah? Because there's only one level of pond scum life worse, the ones who shit in it. You're a banker, aren't you?

NORMAN

I'm a Systems Analyst.

CELIA

A nerd? I should've guessed.

NORMAN

So what do you do?

CELIA

Well, since you ask, I work for the London Fields Housing Co-operative as a Community Champion.

**THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT ON THE GIRL** (2nd Verse)

CELIA

THE PEOPLE STICK TOGETHER,  
ACROSS EVERY GENERATION,  
BUT ALL THE GENTRIFICATION,  
IS TURNING INTO A ROUT.  
THE CITY BOYS MOVE INTO,  
THEIR LUXURY APARTMENTS,  
WHICH THEY BUILD ON THE ALLOTMENTS,  
AND DRIVE THE LOCALS OUT.

BUT EACH MORNING I GET UP,  
AND TELL MYSELF THAT I'M NEVER GIVING UP,  
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE GIRL IN THE FIGHT BUT,  
THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE GIRL.  
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE GIRL IN THE FIGHT BUT,  
THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE GIRL.

CELIA

We help vulnerable people find accommodation in the area.

NORMAN

That's very, errr— worthy.

CELIA

People's lives are getting harder every day.

NORMAN

I've just moved into the area. I'm still getting used to living in London. It's really— big.

CELIA

Look I'm happy to help if you're having trouble with the rent or the landlord's being a dick.

NORMAN

I will, thanks, but what I meant was—

CELIA

No, there's no shame. It's what I do.

NORMAN

—come round. I could cook us dinner.

CELIA

That's a bit forward isn't it. I don't even know your name.

NORMAN

Oh, I'm sorry, it's Norman.

CELIA

Well hello Norman.

NORMAN

Hello, but— I wasn't suggesting anything— errr— untoward, what I meant was— I need to practice. My Dad gave me this book.

CELIA  
Hmmm, “Cooking in a Bedsitter”.

Sound of Celia flipping the pages of the book.

CELIA  
Well if it’s only dinner, and against my better judgement, here’s my card—

Sound of a London Underground train doors opening.

CELIA  
—give me a bell. I’m Celia—

Sound of a London Underground train doors closing.

CELIA  
*(Shouts as she gets off the train)*  
—and I’m vegan.

Instrumental music to “Size Of The Fight In The Girl” marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 12**  
**A HIGH END FRENCH RESTAURANT / NORMAN'S FLAT - a few days later.**

Sounds of an upmarket restaurant. A lounge version of "Sale Of The Soul" plays in the background.

PORTIA

I suggest the vichyssoise as a starter. And for the main the blanquette de veau is excellent.

WAITER

Bonsoir Mademoiselle Cocksure. Voulez-vous voir la carte des vins?

PORTIA

Oui, bien sûr, s'il vous plait Henri, merci beaucoup.

JOE

Um, I'll have the— sorry have you got a menu in English?

PORTIA

Would it help if I translated?

JOE

Can I have a beer?

PORTIA

Absolutely not.

Switch to Norman's flat. A Ronnie Jupp track plays quietly in background.

NORMAN

Glass of wine?

CELIA

I think I need one.

Sound of a glass of wine being poured and Celia taking off and hanging up her jacket.

NORMAN

So, is that a vegan leather jacket?

CELIA

Piss off, and it's no wonder you can afford your own place.

NORMAN

It's only a studio flat.

CELIA

Paid for by a patently self-serving capitalist organisation.

NORMAN

I just wanted to cook us a meal.

CELIA

You got me here under false pretences.

NORMAN

Your directions sent me to the wrong interview.

CELIA

Don't blame me.

NORMAN

It's just until I can get a band together.

Switch back to upmarket restaurant.

JOE

Oh, the soup's cold.

PORTIA

That's because it's meant to be.

WAITER

Est-ce que tout va bien?

PORTIA

Merci Henri, pas de probleme.

*(To Joe)*

I didn't invite you here to embarrass me.

JOE

So why did you invite me then?

PORTIA

You strike me as the ambitious type.

JOE

Too right I am.

PORTIA

Good, that's a very useful piece of information for me to know.

Switch back to Norman's flat. Norman is cooking a meal.

NORMAN

*(Calling from the kitchen)*

The system I've designed can do real good.

CELIA

*(Not impressed)*

If you say so.

NORMAN

And mathematics explains everything. The universe, life— why this risotto takes a certain amount of time to cook—

CELIA

I just don't trust them City types.

NORMAN

—the laws of attraction between two equal and opposing bodies.

CELIA

Easy tiger.

**VISION** (1st Verse)

NORMAN

COMPUTER SCIENCE IS A MENTAL TEST,  
WITH SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ABOUT THE BEST,  
ALL THE DATA SWIRLING ROUND MY HEAD,  
THERE MUST BE A WAY FOR IT TO DO GOOD INSTEAD,

THE MONEY MARKETS SHOULDN'T HAVE TO SCARE YA,  
I CAN DEVELOP A SYSTEM THAT IS FAIRER.

VISION,  
I FOUND MYSELF A VISION,  
FEELS LIKE I'M ON A MISSION,  
TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

CELIA

What's that burning smell?

NORMAN and CELIA

*(Together)*

The beetroot risotto—

Sound of them both running back to the kitchen, switch back to upmarket restaurant.

PORTIA

What do you make of Bob?

JOE

*(Speaking with his mouth full)*

He might be the boss on paper but the Cocksure family are the ones who really run things.

PORTIA

And how long did it take you to figure that out?

JOE

About a week. I knew you didn't invite me here just to be social.

PORTIA

Smart boy.

**VISION** (2nd Verse)

JOE

THERE AIN'T NOTHING THAT WILL EVER STOP ME,  
MAKING MONEY COMES SO NATURALLY,  
KEEP ON SELLING, I'M IN OVERDRIVE,  
A MILLIONAIRE BEFORE I'M TWENTY-FIVE,  
ALL I WANT IS A LAMBORGHINI,  
AND A TROPHY GIRLFRIEND, HOT IN HER BIKINI,

VISION,  
I'M WORKING ON MY VISION,  
MAKING SO MUCH ON COMMISSION,  
I'LL BE DOWNING BUBBLY BY THE CASE.

Switch back to Norman's flat.

CELIA

I didn't think we'd end up ordering a takeaway.

NORMAN

Sorry they couldn't guarantee that the Pak Choi was ethically sourced.

CELIA

You better give me another top up of that wine then.

NORMAN

There you go—

Sound of wine being poured into a glass.

NORMAN

—and by the way, how did you know that California is a place in Norfolk?

CELIA

We had some really dreary caravan holidays in the Norfolk Broads when I was little. Pissed it down the whole time.

NORMAN

Yeah, the weather can be very unpredictable.

CELIA

That poster you've got on the wall, who's the hairy?

NORMAN

That's Ronnie Jupp, the leader of Vermilion Dimension. He was only the greatest rock guitarist who ever lived.

CELIA

Was? So no longer with us then?

NORMAN

Overdosed on cod liver oil tablets and drowned in the bath, aged just 27.

CELIA

Well at least his immune system would have been in good shape—

Celia strums the open strings on Norman's guitar.

CELIA

—thinking about it, though. You play guitar—

NORMAN

Yes—

CELIA

—perhaps you could help me out with something.

NORMAN

If I can.

CELIA

We have social evenings for the pensioners twice a week.

NORMAN

And?

CELIA

Maybe you could come by sometime and strum a few songs for them?

NORMAN

Well I, errr— I suppose I could.

CELIA

They love a sing song.

NORMAN

My first proper gig.

Switch back to upmarket restaurant.

PORTIA

The Cocksure bloodline has controlled The City for generations. As eldest child, it was my birthright to inherit the family business. However, father decided in his infinite wisdom to bypass me and has named my younger brother, the useless Ronald Junior, as his sole heir and beneficiary.

JOE

Yeah, but what can you do? You know, your father's a very powerful man.

PORTIA

I can destroy him, and in doing so assume my rightful position as High Priestess of The City.

JOE

Blimey, that's a bit—

PORTIA

— I need you to get close to Bob. Be the son he never had.

JOE

And what would be in it for me?

PORTIA

Do as I tell you and you'll make more money than you could possibly imagine. Now, that concludes our business for this evening. Shall we?

Sound of waiter pulling back Portia's chair and Portia standing.

PORTIA:

Merci Henri

JOE

Hang about, I thought you were after a bit of rump with your steak.

PORTIA

Well you thought wrong—

Sound of Portia walking away. The restaurant door is opened and the sound of a cab pulling up.

WAITER

Au revoir, Mademoiselle Cocksure, toujours un plaisir.

Sound of Portia's footsteps as she walks to the cab and the cab door opening.

PORTIA

Kensington Mews please driver.

Sound of the cab door closing and the cab departing.

PORTIA

I GOT SOMETHING THAT I NEED TO PROVE,  
AND VERY SOON I'M GONNA MAKE MY MOVE,  
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT THE POUNDS AND PENCE,  
IT'S ABOUT POWER AND INFLUENCE,  
I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT I'LL SOON BE REVEALING,  
AND WHEN I DO, I'LL SMASH RIGHT THROUGH THE CEILING,

VISION,  
I'LL INSTIGATE MY VISION,  
AND WHEN IT REACHES FRUITION,  
THE ENTIRE MARKETPLACE—

PORTIA

—will be totally and utterly under my absolute control.

**Scene 13**  
**BUTLER CORPORATION OFFICES – a few days later.**

Eerie silence except for one keyboard typing slowly.

TRIS

*(Singing to himself)*

Some day my prince will come, la la la la la la la.

Sound of a door opening and party popper going off as Tara enters.

TARA

I bet you all forgot didn't you? It's only my birth— hang on, where is everyone?

TRIS

The traders are having a special sales meeting. Apparently Bob's got a big announcement.

TARA

Huh, typical, upstaging me on my birthday. Never mind, they always forget anyway. The big announcement is just Bob's quarterly sales prize. Cream cake? And where's Norm?

TRIS

Took the day off. He's doing a gig for some woman he met on the Tube. Happy birthday, anyway.

TARA

Hang on— Norman met a woman?

TRIS

Miracles do happen. He cooked her dinner.

TARA

Bloody hell.

TRIS

And I'm destined to be lonely and miserable for all of eternity.

TARA

Come on Tris—

TRIS

You've got your husband. Everyone's got someone, even Norm now.

TARA  
—things will work out.

TRIS  
All I've got is my student loan and mounting credit card debts for company.  
You try living on pot noodles and baked beans.

TARA  
I know it must be hard but you said it yourself, remember?

**SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME**

TARA  
SOME DAY YOUR PRINCE WILL COME,  
RIDING HIGH ON A SILVER STEED,  
AND WHEN HE DOES,  
OOH YOU'RE GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

TRIS  
I JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T TAKE TOO LONG,  
AM I THE ONLY FISH IN THE SEA?  
AND WHEN HE DOES,  
OOH I'M GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

HE'LL BE THERE WHEN I NEED HIM,  
MY PORT IN A STORM,  
CURLED UP ON THE SOFA,  
ALL SAFE AND WARM.

SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME,  
WHERE AND WHEN I'LL HAVE TO, WAIT AND SEE,  
BUT WHEN HE DOES,  
OOH I'M GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

TRIS  
I'm feeling a bit— dizzy.

TARA  
I reckon your blood sugar's a bit low. Have a cream cake, it'll do you good.

TRIS  
Thanks.

Sound of door swinging open, The Traders troop back into the office, sounding excited and upbeat.

JOE  
Magaluf, I've heard it's great.

PIERS  
You won't be winning it.

JOE  
You're on. And we can have a monkey on the side.

Further chatter and excitement as the Traders get started; actors can adlib.

TRADER  
Hey, I'll take you up on that.

TRADER  
No chance, this is going to be my third time winning.

TARA  
Have a cake, it's my birth—

Sound of Joe pushing the box aside.

JOE  
Nah, ain't got time for that. Piers'll have one though.

TRIS  
What's up?

PIERS  
Trader who racks up the most sales gets to join Bulldog at his time share for a week in Magaluf, God help them.

BOB  
*(Shouting above the general hubbub)*  
And I want a proper, no holds barred, last rat in the barrel, mano a mano competition for my quarterly prize.

TRIS  
That all sounds mad.

JOE  
It's just for Traders so you won't be going shit for brains.

PIERS  
Feeling the pressure Joseph?

BOB

Hey, don't be such a knob end.

JOE

Yeah. Shut it Posh.

BOB

Not him. You. You ain't earned the right son.

JOE

But the little nerd was being all—

BOB

I don't want to hear it. The little nerd here as you call him drunk you lot under the table at your initiation Joe. I haven't forgotten.

*(Aside to Tris)*

Don't let him get to you Tris.

TRIS

If only it were that easy. No one can touch Mr. Butler. You're the big boss. I'm just a lowly intern.

BOB

Hold up, it can be very lonely at the top— call me Bulldog.

*(Shouting back at the Traders)*

Right you lot, anyone not hitting their targets can come and see me in my office for a very short meeting.

**SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME** (Reprise)

TRIS

SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME,  
JUST LIKE THAT, SO UNEXPECTEDLY,  
AND IF HE HAS, OOH I'M GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

BOB

AND IF HE HAS, OOH I'M GONNA LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM.

**Scene 14**  
**LONDON FIELDS OAPS SOCIAL EVENING / A SAUNA – that evening.**

Sound of an old people's home lounge. Sound of slow hand clapping as the audience gets impatient for the show to start. There is a sudden screech of guitar feedback.

MALE PENSIONER  
What's that bloody awful noise?

CELIA  
*(Shouts over the noise)*  
Alright Harry  
*(To Norman)*  
Norman, what's taking you so long? They're starting to lose it.

NORMAN  
I bought this foot pedal today just for the show, but I can't get the settings right.

CELIA  
Show? It's only a sing-a-long for the OAPs, not Glastonbury. And what's with the ridiculous outfit?

NORMAN  
This is an exact copy of Ronnie's early Vermilion Dimension stage costume, the red cape.

FEMALE PENSIONER  
Get a move on, I'm starving.

The pensioners grumble in the background.

CELIA  
We've got a lovely fish and chip supper later after the entertainment.

FEMALE PENSIONER  
I hope it's not that microwave shit we had last time.

CELIA  
*(Calling from the stage)*  
Shut it, please, just this once.  
*(To Norman)*  
And what's this scrap of paper?

Sound of a small scrap of paper being unfolded, plus general background chatter as the audience gets more impatient.

NORMAN  
My set list.

CELIA  
But there's only two songs on it.

NORMAN  
They're all I know.

CELIA  
“About To Meet My Maker”? That doesn't sound very appropriate for this lot.

NORMAN  
It's one of Vermilion Dimension's easier songs to play.

CELIA  
Will you stop going on about Vermilion bloody Dimension. Don't you know any old time favourites?

NORMAN  
What do you mean?

CELIA  
If you've only got two songs, I'm going have to get the dominoes out.

NORMAN  
I could always play them twice and extend the solos a bit.

CELIA  
This is a disaster.  
*(To the audience)*  
Thanks everybody for your patience.

MALE PENSIONER  
Me bag needs changing.

CELIA  
Anyway, we've got a special treat for you tonight—

FEMALE PENSIONER  
Is it a drag act?

MALE PENSIONER  
Drag him off more like.

Raucous laughter from the audience.

CELIA

—pin back your ears, get your knickers ready for throwing and give a huge East End welcome to— Norman Goodman.

NORMAN

Are you getting the good vibes?

**ABOUT TO MEET MY MAKER**

NORMAN

WHEN I DIE, IF I GO TO HELL,  
I'M GONNA HAVE SOME TALES TO TELL,  
BUT IF I GET TO HEAVEN INSTEAD,  
YOU BEST BELIEVE I'M GONNA PAINT IT RED,

MY MAKER,  
I WANT TO MEET MY MAKER,  
MEET MY MAKER,  
ABOUT TO MEET MY MAKER.

Norman continues his guitar solo.

CELIA

What was I thinking? They'll rip him to shreds.

The music fades into the hissing sound of water being poured onto hot coals in a sauna. General sound of a sauna and the door opening.

PORTIA

Finally, you made it. I'm wasting away in here. These meets are becoming increasingly ridiculous. Here's your cash advance as we agreed—

Sound of Portia handing over a thick envelope.

PORTIA

—I'll need you to proceed exactly as we've discussed. Everything hangs on it. Lie low for now. Just be ready to input the false data as I've instructed you and produce the necessary reports when the time comes. Is that clear? Now get out— and next time please choose somewhere a little more suitable to meet than the New Docklands Steam Baths.

Sound of the sauna door opening and being closed. The hissing sound fades as Norman continues his song with all the OAP's clapping and singing along with the chorus.

NORMAN  
MIGHT BE NEXT WEEK, MIGHT BE TOMORROW,  
BECOMING ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE.

MEET MY MAKER, I WANT TO MEET MY MAKER,  
MEET MY MAKER, ABOUT TO MEET MY MAKER,  
I WANT TO MEET MY MAKER.

Norman finishes the song with a flourish and the OAPs cheer loudly.

MALE PENSIONER  
I'm gonna have some tales to tell when I meet my maker, you know what I mean.

FEMALE PENSIONER  
Yeah, you was always a wrong 'un Harry. I remember.

NORMAN  
Thank you London Fields. I have been working on my debut album and I'd like to finish the show with a song I have written about the errr— very special person who organised this evening—

CELIA  
Thanks so much Norman but—

NORMAN  
—and who has made me feel so very errr— welcome.

FEMALE PENSIONERS  
Ahhhhhhh.

MALE PENSIONER  
What's he on about?

FEMALE PENSIONER  
Harry please, shhhh.

**I MET HER ON THE TUBE**

NORMAN  
I MET HER ON THE TUBE,  
I HAVEN'T KNOWN HER LONG,  
I KNEW WE'D GET ALONG,  
AND I HOPE WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

NORMAN  
Thank you Celia.

CELIA

That's, errr— very sweet of you.

*(To the pensioners)*

Alright, show over everybody.

The pensioners cheer.

FEMALE PENSIONER

*(Quietly to Celia)*

There you go Celia darling, don't let him slip through your fingers. He's got a good soul, I can always tell.

CELIA

Thanks Marge, I know.

FEMALE PENSIONER

*(Shout from the back for the room)*

Can we eat now?

Instrumental music to "Meet My Maker" marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 15**  
**BUTLER CORPORATION TRADING FLOOR - a few weeks later.**

Sound of chaos on the Trading Floor.

BOB  
*(Shouts)*  
Gum.

JOE  
Here you go Bob, we're just waiting on your word.

BOB  
Can't hang around here all day like a limp dick. Sell.

Sound of chaos on the Trading Floor resumes with the Traders barking into their phones, phones ringing etc.

PIERS  
*(Shouting over the noise)*  
What even the secure bonds?

BOB  
*(Shouting)*  
The whole fucking lot.

NORMAN  
*(Shouting above the noise)*  
What's all the fuss about?

PIERS  
*(Shouting as well)*  
The whole thing's gone south.

TRIS  
*(More quietly just to Bob)*  
Is everything alright Bulldog? Is there anything I, well—we can do?

BOB  
*(Quietly back to Tris)*  
Seen it all before Tris, just keep your head down. Things are going to get a bit brutal for a while.

*(Shouts at the Traders)*  
You fucking heard me, get rid of anything that's not nailed down or I'll fucking crucify the lot of you.

NORMAN

*(Shouting)*

But the system predicted a massive downturn.

**THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD**

PIERS

THE STOCK MARKET WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS,  
THINK YOU GOT IT MADE,

TRADERS

THINK YOU GOT IT MADE,

PIERS

BUT ONE SMALL CRISIS IN A FARAWAY PLACE,  
EVERYONE'S AFRAID,

TRADERS

EVERYONE'S AFRAID,

ALL

TILL THERE'S THE SOUND OF AN ALMIGHTY CRASH.

The sound of an almighty crash.

PIERS

BUT THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD,

TRADERS

YEAH THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD,

NORMAN

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO WHAT WE SAID,

TRADERS

BECAUSE THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD.

PIERS

THE FTSE INDEX IS FIVE HUNDRED POINTS DOWN,  
PANIC SETTING IN,

TRADERS

PANIC SETTING IN,

PIERS

HEADLESS CHICKENS ARE ALL RUNNING AROUND,  
YOU'LL NEED A THICKER SKIN,

TRADERS

NEED A THICKER SKIN,

ALL

TILL THERE'S THE SOUND OF AN ALMIGHTY CRASH.

The sound of an almighty crash.

PIERS  
BUT THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD,  
TRADERS  
YEAH THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD,  
TRIS  
THEY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO WHAT WE SAID,  
TRADERS  
BECAUSE THE NERDS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD.

Sound of chaotic Trading Floor resumes.

NORMAN  
I've seen enough.

JOE  
*(Shouting above the noise)*  
What's up Posh? Lost your bottle?

PIERS  
*(Shouts back)*  
No Joseph. I'm just starting to wonder whether we missed a trick.

Chaotic Trading Floor noises fade. Sound of a knock on a door.

NORMAN  
Yeah.

Sound of door closing. Norman and Tris are alone in the IT office.

TRIS  
All ok?

NORMAN  
You don't have to knock Tris.

TRIS  
You're very quiet Norman, I didn't want to disturb you.

NORMAN  
I'm just contemplating.

TRIS  
What a mess.

NORMAN  
They could have avoided the whole thing if they'd just listened to us.

TRIS

Well, it looks like it's too late now.

NORMAN

On the positive side, there might still be a few bugs in the code, but the system pretty much worked as, errr— designed.

TRIS

I suppose it did.

NORMAN

Anyway, I've got to go, I'm seeing Celia for a drink—

TRIS

I'll stick around here for a bit, I did spot some syntax errors, they shouldn't be too difficult to fix and I don't mind working late.

NORMAN

Thanks— couldn't have done it without you mate.

TRIS

No problem mate.

Instrumental music to “The Nerds Were One Step Ahead” marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 16**  
**PORTIA'S OFFICE - later the same day.**

Quiet office ambience. Gentle knock on the door.

PORTIA  
Come in.

Sound of Portia's office door opening.

JOE  
You wanted to see me?

PORTIA  
Yes I did, you're working late, close the door behind you.

Sound of the door closing.

PORTIA  
How was today on the Trading Floor?

JOE  
Not good, the whole market dropped over 2% in a single day. Tomorrow will probably be even worse.

PORTIA  
Here, this might interest you.

Sound of Portia handing Joe some papers.

JOE  
What's this?

PORTIA  
A report confirming that Norman's computer system actually worked, it predicted this downturn.

JOE  
Fuck me, well why didn't you say anything?

PORTIA  
I'm surrounded by idiots. It's a complete fabrication.

JOE  
What, it's all just made up?

PORTIA

I had the numbers retrospectively adjusted once it was clear which the way the market was headed.

JOE

Hang on, you're cooking the books.

PORTIA

Think of it more as an insurance policy. This crash was inevitable but I can use it to my advantage if we can show that the system really did predict it.

JOE

You just want to put out false information to attract investors, make them think that we have a supercomputer that knows which way the market's moving.

PORTIA

Bingo, he gets it.

JOE

Who's putting all the dodgy numbers in?

PORTIA

Not your concern. It's all taken care of.

JOE

Yeah, but aren't you a bit worried that the whole thing might, you know, really come crashing down?

PORTIA

Dear boy, that's the whole idea— to engineer the complete collapse of Butler Corporation and every other financial institution father has an interest in.

JOE

So, we use fake computer predictions to convince the market that everything is on the up but when it all goes pear shaped and the investors rush to withdraw their money, they'll discover that—

PORTIA

—there's no money left. We'll have moved it all into multiple offshore accounts in the Cayman Islands, you get a nice lump sum for your efforts and I get to acquire all of father's assets for peanuts.

JOE

Blimey, you really are determined to destroy your old man.

PORTIA

Indeed, and all his pals in The Grand Order. There's only one thing that matters in this world Joe, and that's power. They've got it and I want it. And I'm going to get it.

**ALL IN A DAY**

PORTIA

EVERYTHING IS READY FOR MY PLAN TO SUCCEED,  
FATHER AND HIS CRONIES WILL PAY THE PRICE FOR THEIR GREED,  
WHEN I SCOOP UP ALL THEIR ASSETS FOR MERE CHICKEN FEED,

WITH FATHER GONE THEN I ALONE WILL,  
SIT UPON THE COCKSURE THRONE,  
KILL OR BE KILLED, IT'S ALL IN A DAY.

JOE

But what about all the small investors? Won't they lose everything.

PORTIA

Well if you mean the little people, you don't think I give a fig about them do you?

JOE

IT WILL BE JUST LIKE A SLAUGHTER OF THE LAMBS,  
WHEN BUTLER CORPORATION INTO A BRICK WALL SLAMS,  
UNDOUBTEDLY THIS HAS TO BE THE MOTHER OF ALL SCAMS.

THE FINANCE SECTOR WILL PROCLAIM,  
A MAJOR NEW PLAYER WITH THE COCKSURE NAME,  
SHAFT OR BE SHAFTED,  
IT'S ALL IN A DAY.

PORTIA

WHY DO YOU THINK I TOOK UP A POSITION?  
WITH AN AILING FIRM LIKE BUTLER CORPORATION,  
IT SHALL EMERGE THAT I'M A MASTER TACTICIAN WHEN,  
FINALLY I'M ABLE TO ANNIHILATE ALL OPPOSITION.  
KILL OR BE KILLED,  
IT'S THE COCKSURE WAY.

JOE

It's beautiful.

PORTIA

But Joe, you're missing the pièce de résistance, the coup de grâce so to speak.

JOE  
Am I?

PORTIA

Norman will be the public face of this "revolutionary" predictive system. I'll see to that. And then, when it does all go pear shaped, we mop up and—

JOE  
—he'll be the one in the shit.

PORTIA and JOE

THE COCKSURE MOTTO, LET IT BE KNOWN IS,  
"NO QUARTER GIVEN NO MERCY SHOWN",  
KILL OR BE KILLED, IT'S ALL IN A DAY.

PORTIA

CHA CHA CHA.

PORTIA  
Here—

Sound of Portia throwing the report onto the desk.

PORTIA

—you'll need this fake report. All you have to do to earn your share of the spoils is convince Bob to launch a new investment scheme with guaranteed returns based on Butler Corporation's infallible computer system, and that it's all his brilliant idea.

JOE  
Piece of cake— but hold on— why can't you do that?

PORTIA

I'm a Cocksure and Bob has never trusted the Cocksure family. He'd smell a rat. This is your part to play.

JOE  
Leave it with me. I'm a born salesman.

PORTIA  
Well now is your chance to prove it.

Instrumental music to "All In a Day" marking the end of the scene.

**Scene 17**  
**A LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION - later the same night.**

Sound of London Underground train just departing the station. Two sets of running footsteps, his and hers.

CELIA  
Oh shit.

NORMAN  
Just missed it.

DRUNK  
The next train won't be for a while.

CELIA  
It sounds like you had a totally mad day.

NORMAN  
It could've all been avoided if they'd seen our predictions.

CELIA  
Don't sweat it. They're all wankers.

DRUNK  
Are you two going to shag or what?

CELIA  
Oi, behave or I'll push you under a train.

DRUNK  
Ah, which isn't coming.

NORMAN  
Is he right?

CELIA  
Ignore him, he's totally arseholed.

NORMAN  
I wasn't sure you'd want to meet me again— after the gig.

CELIA  
Yeah, well you can thank Marge for that. You're not exactly like the smooth-talking charmers who usually hit on me.

NORMAN

That's good, I think— but— well— I mean— since we are now doing all the usual relationship— stuff.

CELIA

Awkward.

DRUNK

Go on mate give her one.

CELIA

Will you fuck off.

NORMAN

OH CELIA, IT'S BEEN A—

DRUNK

*(Howls like a wolf)*

Awoooooo!!

CELIA

Oh shut up.

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

CELIA

*(To Norman)*

Not you.

*(To the drunk)*

And you, give him a chance. Please.

DRUNK

I suppose everyone deserves one chance.

CELIA

Norman, you were saying.

**CELIA**

NORMAN

OOOOH CELIA, IT'S BEEN A—

GOOD FEW WEEKS THAT I'VE BEEN SEEING YA,

AND THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SAY,

OOOOH CELIA, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YA,

SO I'LL HAVE TO PUT IT TO YA,

BUT I'M WORRIED I'LL SCARE YOU AWAY.

A group of late night revellers make their way onto the platform and join in with backing vocals.

ON REFLECTION,  
I WAS IN NEED OF SOME DIRECTION,  
A PROPER GEEK ALL CLUMSY AND TONGUE TIED,  
MY WHOLE LIFE WAS ONES AND ZEROS,  
AND RONNIE JUPP EPIC SOLOS,

CELIA

TILL I NEARLY REACHED FOR THE CYANIDE.

NORMAN

OOOOH CELIA, I LIKE YA,  
YOU'RE ALL I COULD EVER WISH FOR,  
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I'M STRUGGLING TO SAY.  
OOOOH CELIA, I RESPECT YA,  
AND SOMEHOW I'VE GOTTA TELL YA,  
DON'T KNOW HOW,  
GOT TO FIND THE RIGHT WAY,

MY FEELINGS HAVE GROWN STRONGER,  
I CAN'T LEAVE IT ANY LONGER,

CELIA

HANG ON NORMAN, LET'S NOT GET CARRIED AWAY,

NORMAN

NO, THIS IS SERIOUS,  
'COS I ONLY WANT THE BEST FOR US,

CELIA

GOD I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SAY.

DRUNK

That's pathetic, let me show you how to woo a lady—

DRUNK

OOOOOOOOOOH CELIA  
I'M IN SUCH A LATHER,  
WHAT ABOUT A LITTLE,  
HOW'S YOUR FATHER,  
ARE THE WORDS HE'S BEEN WANTING TO SAY,  
OOOOH CELIA,  
HE FANCIES THE ARSE OF YA,  
HE'S LIKE A RAMPANT RAM ON VIAGRA—

NORMAN

Hey, stop—

NORMAN  
THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO THE WOMAN I—

DRUNK  
For fuck's sake just say it.

NORMAN  
—LOVE.

OOOOH, CELIA, I LOVE YA,  
AND I NEVER WANT TO LEAVE YA,  
ARE THE WORDS, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAY,  
OOOOH, CELIA, I NEED YA,  
AND I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YA,  
AND I HOPE THAT YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY.

Sound of London Underground Train pulls into the station and the doors open. Sound of Norman and Celia boarding the train.

CELIA  
*(Before the train doors close)*  
Right, what do you reckon? That's got to be worth a shag?

DRUNK  
*(Howls like a wolf)*  
Awoooooo!!

Instrumental music to "Beyond the Astral Plane" over the credits.