

THE LAST AUDITION

An Original Screenplay

By

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FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF INTENSE EYES--

--PULL BACK TO REVEAL these EYES belong to...VERITY TRACEY...mid 30s...a playful nature and an attractive warmth. She STARES DEEP into her soul...then...

VERITY
*'All the world is a stage...but the
play is badly cast.'*

THEN--the ROOM FILLS with a sound of DEEP GUTTURAL FART, followed by the FLUSH of a TOILET. Verity sighs at the interruption. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE--

INT. MALE TOILET - DAY

Dingy and badly lit. Two STALLS, long URINAL trough and two SINKS and MIRRORS. Verity sniffs the air, SCREWS up her nose. JACKSON MAGUIRE emerges from one of the stalls. He's handsome and knows it. Outer confidence hides a fragile centre. He zips up.

VERITY
Jackson, that stink isn't normal?
You need to see a doctor.

JACKSON
Oh...and your shit don't stink?

VERITY
Not like that.

JACKSON
You need to see a doctor, 'cos
you're talking to yourself in the
mirror? And you're hanging out in
men's toilets again.

VERITY
The flush in the ladies is broken.

The DOOR bursts open--ELLIE KELLY pokes her head in. She's late teens, young, fresh and naive.

ELLIE
Rehearsal's started. Oh, I didn't
realise you two were...together.

VERITY
We're not together!

JACKSON
We're not together!

Ellie is taken aback at this forceful denial. She blushes, then disappears.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(to Verity)

That's what happens when you use a man's toilet.

VERITY

If this is man's toilet...what are you doing in here?

Verity does her JOKE DRUM CRASH. She grabs Jackson's head and gives him a NOOGIE, then DASHES out the door before he can grab her. Jackson starts fixing his hair in the mirror.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A small, provincial theatre. IN THE FRONT ROW SITS MASON TRENCHARD, 50s, black turtle neck, a dusting of dandruff on the shoulders, script in his lap. He's the writer and director of the show.

Dotted around the auditorium are other ACTORS and CREW MEMBERS sitting chatting...gossiping.

ON THE STAGE, stands Ellie, CLUTCHING a shepherd's STAFF-- playing BO PEEP.

MASON

Okay, Ellie, your character, Bo Peep is in love with Prince Charming, but Cinderella's your love rival. You're thinking of ways to get Prince Charming to notice you. Off you go.

Ellie gets into character.

ELLIE

Oh, if only Prince Charming would look my way. I pray that he find me worthy of his love.

IN THE LEFT WING, Verity watches Ellie. OFF-SCREEN we hear Ellie carry on her soliloquy. Jackson appears next to Verity.

JACKSON

What scene is this?

VERITY

You still haven't learnt your lines, have you?

JACKSON

Veze, this is a panto, not Pinter.

Verity points to a LARGE POSTER on the wall in the Wings. IT READS: **INTERSTELLAR CINDERELLA: FAIRY TALE TIME MACHINE, A SCI-FI DRAMEDY.**

VERITY

This isn't a panto...it's a sci-fi
dramedy.

JACKSON

Learning lines is not part of my
process. You know our best stuff
comes from improv.

Jackson gives her a pleading look, Verity cracks.

VERITY

I swear, your whole life is one big
improvisation.

ON THE RIGHT WING, DARREN DOVE, early 20s, thin and lanky,
puts on a huge COSTUMED WOLF'S HEAD, goes onto the stage. He
CREEPS around behind Bo Peep as she continues her soliloquy.
He BUMPS into bits of SCENERY--his vision impaired by the
Wolf's head.

MASON (O.S.)

He's behind you!

ON STAGE LEFT WING, Jackson turns to Verity.

JACKSON

And you say this is not a panto?

This is their CUE. Verity LINKS arms with Jackson, YANKS him
onto the stage. They SKIP across the stage--Darren stands at
the back, facing the wrong way to the back of the stage.
Ellie stands at the front, weeping.

VERITY

(to Jackson; in character
as Cinderella)

Doesn't the moon cast a beautiful
light this night, Prince Charming?

JACKSON

(as Prince Charming)

Yes, Cinderella, the Moon shows its
light at the darkest of times...and
throws its light on the darkest of
deeds.

(spots Darren as the
Wolf)

Look yonder...the Big Bad Wolf
sizes up his prey. We must save
her!

Jackson goes to move toward Bo Peep--Verity YANKS him back.

Mason furiously looks through his script for the lines
Jackson is saying. BUT...they're not there...because Jackson
is IMPROVISING. Verity GLARES at Jackson, URGING him to get
back to the script.

VERITY

Wait! We must consider the consequences of saving Bo Peep with the time continuum. In this time line she must die.

JACKSON

(confused)
The time line?

Ellie has been watching Verity and Jackson, struggling to follow the improvisation. She decides to play along.

ELLIE

Oh, if only Prince Charming would come and rescue me?

Darren steps forward and says something, but it's MUFFLED. No-one can hear him through the wolf's head. Everyone STOPS. Darren tries again, but it's still too MUFFLED.

MASON

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Mason JUMPS up from his seat...JOGS to the front of the stage--ATTEMPTS to JUMP up on the stage. He gets one leg UP, but gets STUCK there for a LONG BEAT...then SLIPS and FALLS down. Everyone stifles a laugh. Mason SHOOTs back up...STOMPS the LONG WAY around the front of the STAGE--up the STEPS and STORMS across the stage to Jackson, pointing at the script.

MASON (CONT'D)

Jackson, can you read?

JACKSON

No offence, Mason, the dialogue's a little clunky.

MASON

Offence taken. I suppose you think you could do better?

JACKSON

(fake thinking to himself)
Er...Yep. That's what I'm doing.

MASON

May I remind you I'm the writer, the director and the producer and I get to decide any changes to the script, not you.

Verity sees Mason about to explode, she MOVES between them.

JACKSON

May I remind you, Vez and I are professionally trained RADA grads!

MASON

I don't care. RADA, yada, schamda.
Do the lines as written or--

JACKSON

Or what?

MASON

Last time I checked, you were my
employee as a Box Office Cashier. I
can make you an ex-employee?

Jackson takes a step closer to Mason. Mason matches Jackson's
step. They get NOSE to NOSE.

Verity STEPS between Jackson and Mason--GUIDES Mason across
the stage, away from Jackson.

VERITY

Look, Jackson has a bit of an
inferiority complex. He's a little
intimidated about how good your
script is.

MASON

(puffs up)

Well, that I can understand.

ACROSS THE STAGE: ELLIE crosses to Jackson. Darren LURKS in
the background, jealously observing through his wolf's head.

ELLIE

I liked that improvisation.
(Jackson puffs up)
I liked the way you turned the
focus of Cinderella around to her
subtextual feelings about me.

JACKSON

Yeah, I thought it was going well--
(turns to Darren)
--until Dog Breath over there,
fluffed his lines.

Darren takes the Wolf's head off--RED FACED, sweating.

DARREN

You don't know what it's like in
this thing. It's fucking boiling!
And I can't see where I'm going.

Ellie goes over to him and examines the head.

ELLIE

Maybe we could cut a larger hole in
the mouth.

Darren is GIDDY as Ellie shows him attention. He and Ellie walk off the stage. Darren PEERS OVER his shoulder at Jackson--now he has Ellie's attention. Jackson does the V's under his eyes. Darren doesn't notice.

ACROSS THE STAGE: Verity puts her hands on Mason's shoulders.

VERITY

Leave Jackson to me. I want you to concentrate on directing and getting this panto ready for opening night, okay?

MASON

How many times do I have to say it? It's not a panto, it's a sci-fi dramedy.

VERITY

Right. Sci-fi dramedy. Of course.

MASON

(thinks for a moment)
Verity, a word of advice. I think you'd be better off, not working with Jackson. He's holding you back from your true potential.

VERITY

Thanks for your concern. But we've worked together since we were kids...we've built up a kind of telekinetic understanding when we perform. And, for all his faults, and there are many...he's my best friend.

MASON

Your loyalty is your Achilles heel.

VERITY

We all have a flaw.
(looks across to Jackson)
That's what makes us human.

Mason walks off the stage--sits next to Chloe, starts conversing about the script. Verity goes over to Jackson.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Mission accomplished. One Mason Trenchard scraped off the ceiling.

JACKSON

Pompous prick. Have you noticed his breath smells of cabbage?

VERITY
 (mimicking Jackson)
 Hey, Verity, thanks so much for
 saving me from losing my job. I
 really appreciate it.

JACKSON
 Hey! Enough of the sarky lark.

EXT. TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Jackson waits outside the theatre.

ACROSS THE ROAD a MAN waits as his DOG finishes a POOH. He
 scoops up the turd in a POOH BAG.

Jackson FLIPS his COIN as he mulls over what he has seen.
 Verity comes out the Entrance and they walk away.

EXT. BEACH COVE - DAY

A beautiful isolated cove. A small sandy BEACH, gently lapped
 by waves. It has a PANORAMIC VISTA OF THE SEASIDE TOWN OF
 PAIGNTON, with its PIER, ESPLANADE, HOTELS, SEASIDE bunting.

Jackson and Verity sit on rocks. Jackson lights a SPLIFF,
 takes a drag, passes it to Verity. Verity takes a drag,
 screws up her face, hands it back to Jackson.

JACKSON
 (surveying the town)
 You know what day it is, Vez?

VERITY
 Micklemas?

Jackson doesn't laugh. Verity takes out a packet of Monster
 Munch, begins eating.

JACKSON
 It's exactly five years since we
 had to leave London and you pinky
 promised me that we'd only stay
 here for a year, regroup, then
 return to London. You're four years
 overdue.

VERITY
 (feigns hearing a sound)
 Hey, what's that sound...?
 (mimics a train station
 announcer)
 The train coming into platform two
 is the non-stop service to Guilt
 Trip Town.

JACKSON

Hey, enough of the sarky lark!
We've spent five years working in
the box office and playing shit
parts in Mason's crap plays.

VERITY

It's not the stage you're on, but
the part you play that matters.

JACKSON

Oh, yeah, the parts we play...now
let's see...we're currently playing
Prince Charming and Cinderella,
last year we were window Twankey
and Dick Whittington, then it was--

VERITY

Yeah, alright. Point made.

JACKSON

Seeming as you haven't changed the
parts we play, I've been working on
an opportunity of my--our own that
might change the stage we're on.

VERITY

Oh. What is it?

JACKSON

I'll let you know when it comes
through. But **when** it does, it's
going to change our lives.

VERITY

Be careful, Jax. Hope's a soul
killer.

JACKSON

I'm not like you, Vez. I won't
settle for simple.

(Verity hides her hurt)

I can't spend my life being a
nobody in this nobody town. I'm an
actor. I'm at my best when I'm
being somebody else. If I can't be
somebody else... there's no point
being me.

(Verity looks confused)

I have to be somebody somewhere,
not nobody nowhere and I'm nobody
in this town.

Jackson's words hit Verity hard.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - FOYER - NIGHT

CUSTOMERS are QUEUED up at the CASHIER BOOTHS where Verity and Jackson serve them.

To the side of the Box Office, Ellie and Darren are dressed as USHERS. They show the FANS to their seats.

Jackson SNEAKS a middle finger on his cheek at Verity. She NOTICES after a few seconds. Jackson wins this round.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB - NIGHT

The PUB is HEAVING. The PATRONS sit at tables, stand at the bar. A KARAOKE MACHINE is on a small Stage, UNUSED.

Verity is at the bar with Jackson. Verity catches the eye of LARRY LANDON, 50s, the Landlord of the Pub. LARRY starts pouring two pints, grabs a packet of Monster Munch. Verity goes to pay, Larry waves her off.

LARRY

On the house...in exchange for you
two kickstarting the karaoke party?

Verity and Jackson nod to each other--GRAB their pints and Monster Munch.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB, STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson and Verity stand at the Karaoke monitors clutching microphones. The song, "**ME AND YOU VS. THE WORLD**" by SPACE is in full swing. This is a WELL REHEARSED DUET. Jackson sings the 1st VERSE, Verity the 2nd--they sing the CHORUS in PERFECT harmony, ACTING out the lyrics.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB, STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson and Verity finish the song to rapturous APPLAUSE. Verity gives Jackson a NOOGIE, messing up his hair. He WRESTLES her off him. They step down from the stage and ACROSS THE PUB TO--

--A NEARBY TABLE where Ellie and Darren sit, drinking. Jackson sorts his hair.

ELLIE

That was great! You two are amazing
together.

Darren struggles to hide his jealousy of Jackson.

DARREN

Yeah, why are you two not an item?

Verity looks at Jackson, blankly. Jackson looks blank too.

VERITY

Well, it's because...er...

JACKSON

A bloke and a bird can be friends.

VERITY

Yeah, it's possible. Especially when your best friend refers to you as a 'bird'.

JACKSON

Hey, enough of the sarky lark.

(beat)

We've been friends since we were eight. I'd just moved down from London with my mum.

VERITY

I was born and bred here. I saw Jackson on his first day, stood on his own in the playground with all the other boys dancing around him singing--

(sings)

'New Kid, New Kid'.

(beat)

I felt sorry for him so I gave him some of my Monster Munch...we've been friends ever since. We went to secondary school, college, university and drama school together.

JACKSON

When Vez shares her Monster Munch with you...you know you're a friend for life.

(Jackson steals a Monster Munch from Verity)

But...fact check...they weren't dancing around me singing, 'New Kid, new Kid!'

Jackson gives Verity the MIDDLE FINGER under his EYE, waiting for Verity to notice. She SPOTS it, nearly chokes on her drink--she RETURNS with the V's under her eyes.

ELLIE

What's this finger thing you two do with each other?

VERITY

It's a game called Finger Wars. We try and do the Vs or middle finger, without the other noticing.

JACKSON

We keep score until the end of the day. Loser gets their ear flicked.

VERITY

I'm leading three-two today. Can't wait to flick his ear tonight.

ELLIE

It's amazing you too can be such great friends. I wish I had a friendship like that.

DARREN

If you're such great actors, what are you two doing panto down in this shithole town?

JACKSON

Funny you should ask that, Darren. After we both graduated from RADA, we were doing little bit parts, but couldn't get a big break.

VERITY

Unfortunately, we couldn't afford to stay in London and look for work. So we agreed to come back to Paignton, regroup, save up, then head back to London.

JACKSON

And we're still here, five years later...doing panto.

VERITY

We're still saving up for our return fund.

JACKSON

(gets up)

I'm going to syphon the python.

On the Stage, a Group of ROWDY LADS start singing 'Wonderwall' by Oasis in typical loutish fashion.

INT. PUB TOILET - NIGHT

Jackson relieves himself at a urinal trough. A MUSCULAR MAN does likewise is at the other end. Jackson's phone RINGS. He takes it out of his pocket with his free hand...tries to JUGGLE CATCH it, but it FALLS into the URINAL!

JACKSON

Ah, shit!

Jackson goes to pick it up, but Muscular Man DIRECTS his URINE ONTO the phone. Jackson SNATCHES his hand away, Muscular Man REDIRECTS his urine away.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, leave it out!

Jackson goes to pick it up again-- Muscular Man REDIRECTS his JET BACK onto the phone.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm impressed with your flow.
Just wait until you're over forty.
You're lucky it's waterproof.

Eventually the jet dies down, the Musclemans zips up--leaves. Jackson zips up. He clicks to answer the call, holding the urine soaked phone away from his ear.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Hi, Ana?

INT. ANA'S APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT

ANA LOPEZ, mid 30s, in her posh apartment, surveys the LIGHTS of LONDON through her wall to ceiling windows.

ANA
Hi Jackson. I've got some great news for you.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson RUNS up to the table with Verity, Ellie and Darren. He's so overexcited he BANGS into the table, some of the drinks spill a little onto the table.

JACKSON
Vez, Remember that opportunity I was working on?
(Verity nods)
It's come through! Remember Ana from our drama school?

VERITY
The one with the mole on her bum?

Jackson looks embarrassed at Ellie--gives a weak smile. He has to think for a moment.

JACKSON
Look, she works for Sir Phillip Demoniere at the National Shakespeare Company.
(Verity's eyes widen)
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He's putting on a production at the Globe Theatre. And he's only casting unknown actors in the main roles. Ana gave us the last audition at five pm this Sunday!

VERITY

That's amazing! How'd you get these auditions?

JACKSON

Oh, I, er...remember those little showreels we did way back in London for that Agent with the wonky eye? I sent Ana those and she showed them to Sir Phillip and Bob's your auntie...we got an audition.

VERITY

What's the play?

JACKSON

Othello.

Verity's excitement DISSIPATES.

VERITY

Oh...that's a shame.

JACKSON

What'd you mean?

VERITY

Well, it's not a female play.

JACKSON

You've got loads of roles you can go for.

VERITY

(counts on her fingers)
Oh, yeah, let's think...first, the wet flannel of a naive wife of Othello, Desdemona. Second, her thieving servant, Emilia, and third, Bianca, the prostitute,. Quite a range of...don't you think.

Darren is lost with all the names.

DARREN

Hang on. Whose 'The Fellow'?

Ellie shrugs at Darren.

JACKSON

There's a bit more than just that.

VERITY

Look, tell Ana I appreciate the offer, but I'll pass. Othello's not my kind of play. Lady Macbeth, Much Ado about Nothing and A Merchant of Venice maybe, but not Othello.

Jackson looks LOST, he can't believe Verity's lack of ambition. He grabs her by the shoulders.

JACKSON

Verity Tracey! You keep telling me it's not the stage you're on, but the part you play. It's our chance to play parts that really matter. Not Prince Charming or Cinderella. This is with Sir Phillip 'fucking' Demoniere. He's your hero. Now you have a chance to work with him!

VERITY

No, Jax, it's your chance to get a part that matters. You'll be a wonderful Iago.

(sips her drink)

Devious, manipulative and cunning.

Verity playfully pinches Jackson's cheek.

DARREN

(exasperated)

Will someone tell me who's The Fellow and who's Des The Moaner'?

Jackson is speechless as Verity's decision.

INT. KEBAB SHOP - NIGHT

Ellie, Darren, Verity and Jackson queue behind CUSTOMERS. Jackson calculates how best to get Verity to come to the audition. He hits on an IDEA--CONTORTS his face into one of INNOCENCE...places his CHIN on Verity's right SHOULDER.

JACKSON

(high pitched voice)

Hey Verity. I'm Angelo, the lovely, sweet innocent Angel on your shoulder. You must go to this audition in London with Jackson. It'll change your life.

Verity turns and LICKS Jackson's nose. He RUBS it off, SWITCHES to her LEFT SHOULDER...CONTORTS his face.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (guttural voice)
 Hey, Vez. I'm Des the friendly
 devil on your shoulder. I can
 arrange for you to sell your soul
 at the audition for the role of a
 lifetime.

Verity GRABS the SALT SHAKER--THROWS SALT in Jackson's face.
 He coughs and splutters.

EXT. PAIGNTON PROMENADE - NIGHT

Jackson and Verity sit on a bench FACING out to the darkness
 of the SEA. They share a bag of chips. Jackson leans his head
 on Verity's right shoulder.

JACKSON
 (Angelo's voice)
 Hey Verity...it's Angelo. You have
 a moral duty to go to London with
 Jackson for this audition.

Verity SMACKS Jackson on the nose with a greasy chip. He
 rubs off the grease--SWITCHES to her left shoulder.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 (Des' voice)
 Hey Vez. Remember, you made a
 promise...a pinky promise
 nonetheless...to go back to
 London...five years ago? If you
 don't keep that promise...then all
 the little imps of the underworld
 will tickle you for all eternity...
 with an ostrich feather! And...
 they'll be no Monster Munch in
 hell!

Jackson starts TICKLING Verity. She FAILS to fight him off.
 She finally caves.

VERITY
 Okay, Okay. I'll go! I'll go!

Jackson gives her a massive hug, kisses her forehead. Verity
 SHOVES a CHIP up Jackson's NOSE then FLEES along the
 promenade. Jackson pulls out the chip from his nose--CHASES
 her, wielding the chip as a weapon.

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jackson is splayed out on the sofa, watching TV. Verity walks
 in with a mug of cocoa--sits on the floor.

VERITY

So, how are going to get to the audition?

Jackson mutes the TV, sits up to face Verity.

JACKSON

Right...we'll travel up on the train on Saturday...stay over at Ana's flat...then go to the audition on Sunday at five, then get the train back that evening.

VERITY

I think we'll have to get the coach, it's cheaper than the train.
(Jackson nods; Verity looks mischievous)
Are you and Ana going to share the bed while I'm on the sofa?

JACKSON

Hardy Har har! No. I'm on the sofa and you're on the floor.

VERITY

I'm not sure you'll be able to control yourself once you see that mole on her bum.

JACKSON

Will you stop being so...Moleist!
And jealousy is not becoming, Verity Tracey.

VERITY

(feigning sexual passion)
Oh, Ana...I've missed your mole so much.

Jackson LAUNCHES a cushion at Verity. She DUCKS it.

JACKSON

What's today's score with our secret V's and middle fingers?

Verity tots up in her head.

VERITY

It's five-five.

Verity looks across to see Jackson is PULLING a middle finger UNDER his EYE at her. She's lost today's Finger War.

Jackson crosses to Verity--lines up his thumb and index finger behind her ear. She BRACES herself...TENSION rises... Jackson FLICKS her. She bites her lip, ABSORBING the pain.

INT. PAIGNTON BUS STATION - TICKET OFFICE - DAY

Jackson and Verity stand in front of the BUS TICKET CASHIER. Tall, thin and ancient. He's been working here forever.

VERITY

So there's no tickets to London...
at all?

TICKET CASHIER

'Fraid not. There's an FA cup match between Torquay United and Tottenham that day. All coaches are fully booked.

(leans forward smiling)

I could sell you tickets for the coach roof!

He lets out the feeblest of laughs.

INT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION - TICKET OFFICE - DAY

Jackson and Verity stand in front of the ticket KIOSK. Behind the glass is PAM, ticket officer, mumsy, mid 50s.

PAM

Due to the train drivers' strike this weekend there are no trains after six a.m. tomorrow. All the Saturday morning trains are booked up with the Torquay United fans going to London.

VERITY

So, no tickets at all?

PAM

(checking screen)

There are some first class tickets on the sunrise service.

VERITY

What would they cost?

Pam PUNCHES in some numbers at her terminal, followed by a short intake of breath, she looks up at Jackson and Verity.

PAM

One hundred and twenty-five pounds...each.

Jackson and Verity are dumbfounded.

EXT. BANK, CASHPOINT - DAY

Jackson and Verity read the CASHPOINT SCREEN with jaws open:
The Screen READS:

£1487.13 OVERDRAWN. CASH AVAILABLE: £12.87

VERITY

I thought I had more than that.
What about you?

JACKSON

You've got more than me.

Jackson shows Verity a handful of COINS from his pocket.

VERITY

Maybe it's not meant to be Jackson.

JACKSON

(thinks; clicks fingers)
Let's ask Mason for an advance.

VERITY

We can't afford to spend this
amount on tickets. We won't have
enough for our rent.

Jackson FLIPS his coin. NODS for Verity to CALL it.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Tails.

Jax reveals the coin to be--

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackson and Verity stand in front of Mason sat at his desk.

MASON

Out of the question! I have
overheads, bills...and other
people's wages to pay.

JACKSON

Listen flaky face. We could walk
away from our jobs and the panto
and where'd you be then?

Mason stares at Jackson for a BEAT. He's not going to be
moved by Jackson's threat. Verity realises she has to diffuse
the situation.

VERITY

(to Mason)
He didn't mean that.

Verity pushes Jackson to the door.

EXT. PAIGNTON PIER, END OF THE BOARDWALK - DAY

The ROAR of the incoming tide SMACKS against the PIER PILINGS. HOLIDAY-MAKERS mill about on the BOARDWALK.

Jackson and Verity sit on one of the BENCHES.

JACKSON

You need to ask your mum and dad
for the cash.

VERITY

No way.

JACKSON

You're dad's got tenners coming out
of his arse.

VERITY

Not for me he doesn't.

JACKSON

What about your mum?

VERITY

What about your mum?

JACKSON

You know she's skint.

VERITY

Okay, I'll ask my mum if you ask
your mum.

JACKSON

Flob race?

Verity nods. They LEAN over the railings. HAWK up a mouthful of SPIT, HOLD it in their MOUTHS. They NOD once...twice... then on the THIRD NOD they SPIT their FLOB OUT. The two GLOBULES RACE down to the lapping water under the pier. It's a RACE to see whose FLOB hits the water first. It's CLOSE, but Verity's FLOB wins. She punches the air in delight.

VERITY

Right! You ask your mum and I'll
ask mine.

They HOOK their little FINGERS.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

Verity walks along one side of the road.

ACROSS THE ROAD--a WOMAN waits as her DOG finishes a POOH. Verity watches it for a BEAT, then continues walking.

EXT. THE TRACEY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Verity stands outside the posh middle class detached house. Walks up to the front door--presses the door bell--a moment passes, the door OPENS and CHRISTINE TRACEY, 50s, grey hair, sweet, but fragile, appears.

VERITY

Hi mum.

INT. THE TRACEY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Verity and Christine sit at a nice dining table each with a mug of tea.

CHRISTINE

Your father'll be home for lunch at one. He'd be so pleased to see you.

Verity anxiously checks the clock on the mantelpiece which READS 12:55.

VERITY

Okay, I'm really embarrassed to ask you this, but I need to borrow some money for an audition in London. This could be the big one for both me and Jackson. I'll pay you back in two weeks, when I get paid.

CHRISTINE

Oh, of course, just a minute.

Christine grabs her purse from the table, starts ROOTING through her COIN SECTION. COUNTS out one POUND COIN, ONE more, then ANOTHER.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

There you go...three pounds?

VERITY

I need two hundred and thirty pounds.

CHRISTINE

Oh dear. I don't have that much.

VERITY

Can you take it out the bank?

CHRISTINE

Your father has all the bank cards.

The SOUND of a CAR pulls up outside. Verity goes on HIGH ALERT. Christine shoves the COINS into Verity's hand.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Get yourself a little treat. On me.

The SOUND of the front DOOR OPENS. Verity RISES, puts on her coat. FRANCIS TRACEY, bald, in a suit, steps into the room and sucks all the air out. He is startled by Verity's presence, then recovers.

FRANCIS

(stoic)

Hello, Verity.

VERITY

(brightly)

Hi, dad.

She moves forward to HUG, but he stands FROZEN. Verity backs off. This man can wound Verity with a single look. Verity weighs up whether to ask him or not.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Er...I'd like to ask you and mum for a short term loan.

FRANCIS

What for?

VERITY

Train tickets to London.

FRANCIS

What for?

VERITY

An audition for a Shakespeare production at the Globe Theatre.

FRANCIS

Still prancing around a stage pretending to be somebody else?
(Verity bows her head)
How much?

VERITY

Two hundred and fifty.

FRANCIS

Is that idiot for life, Jackson, going with you?

(Verity nods)

I'll tell you what. When you decide to give up acting and return to the real world, then we can talk about loans.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But not when you're throwing your
life away on a little girl's dream
of playing make-believe.

Christine SENSES the rising tension--STEPS in.

CHRISTINE

(to Verity)

Why don't you stay for lunch, love?

VERITY

(to Christine)

No, I'm done here, Mum.

Verity scuttles past Francis, out of the room. Francis spies Verity through the door. The front door opens then closes. Francis stares at Christine. She WILTS.

INT. IRENE MAGUIRE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Irene sits at the kitchen table--lights a cigarette. She's thinner now than five years ago. On the kitchen table, OLD PHOTOS are SPREAD OUT and she's sticking them in a scrapbook.

Jackson has made two cups of tea. He opens the fridge--takes out the milk-- SMELLS it...RECOILS at the rancid stench. He puts his hand in the fridge to check for cold.

JACKSON

Mum, the fridge's not on.

IRENE

I know. It busted last week.

JACKSON

Why haven't you got it fixed?

IRENE

Can't afford it.

Jackson raises his eyebrows. There goes his plan. Jackson brings the black tea mugs to the table.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(shows Jackson a photo)

I found some of these old photos
from when I recorded my album. I
don't think you've seen them.

Jackson looks over Irene's shoulder and SCANS the PHOTO showing a younger IRENE in a recording studio, playing the Guitar. OTHER PHOTOS show her in different situations recording a studio album. There is one with her sitting on the knee of JACKSON'S DAD, MICKEY MAGUIRE.

JACKSON

Wow. You look beautiful there, mum.
Even Dad looks really young.

IRENE

This was about six months weeks
before he left. I was pregnant with
you in this picture.

Jackson prepares himself for Irene to tell THE STORY.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'd have really cracked it with my
second album. I had all the songs
written. Songs arranged. But then I
had you.

Irene ponders what could have been in a heavy silence.

JACKSON

(sarcastic)

Instead of a glittering career, you
got me...a mewling, puking baby.
It's no contest, is it? How lucky
you were!

Irene doesn't catch the sarcasm.

IRENE

Oh, I know darling. You were my
little dumpling!

She grabs his cheek, TUGS it hard. Jackson winces. Jackson
takes a gulp of the black tea, nearly wretches.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I think I've more of these photos
in the sideboard.

Irene leaves the room. Jackson CHECKS Irene's wallet on the
table. Inside--there are only PENNIES. He takes out his
wallet, FISHERS out his last few COINS...SLIPS them into
Irene's purse...puts it back. Irene RETURNS with another shoe
box of photos and sits down.

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

Jackson and Verity sit on the sofa. Jackson flips his COIN.

JACKSON

Mum's fridge's busted, she's broke.

Verity holds out the COINS her mum gave her.

VERITY

That's the sum of my family's
generosity.

They both sit back, stare at the TV for a long beat. Jackson gets up--snaps his fingers. He's got an IDEA.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackson and Verity sit the kitchen table. A ROAD MAP LAID OUT. Jackson puts his finger on the two points of the map for Paignton and London.

JACKSON

It's just over two hundred miles from Paignton to London. We've got thirty six hours to get there. Do you remember you and I travelled loads of times on the train to London and back, right?

(Verity nods)

And how many times did our tickets **never** get checked?

(Verity shrugs)

Quite a few. And it was mostly when the train was full. So, we roll the dice...get on the train without a ticket. It'll be packed and there's a good chance we never get asked for our tickets.

VERITY

So, we hop on the train at six in the morning, we're sat in first class without a ticket when the ticket Inspector comes through the door. What do we do then?

JACKSON

We pull the old '*hide in the toilets*' trick.

VERITY

Okay. And we do that every time the Ticket inspector comes?

JACKSON

(points to the map)

The six o'clock train tomorrow has seven stops. We just need to hide those seven times.

VERITY

What if we get caught?

JACKSON

They'll have to throw us off at the next available station. Either way, we get closer to London. But, if we do get chucked off...we go to Plan B.

VERITY

We go to the nearest Coach Station and pull our '*stowaway in the luggage compartment*' trick with a London bound coach. But what if we get caught with that?

JACKSON

We go to Plan C. Hitchhike on the motorway. Thirty-six hours should be enough time for all three plans to get us there.

VERITY

Well, we've nothing to lose...but our dignity.

They HOOK their little fingers.

INT. VERITY & JACKSON'S FLAT, BATHROOM - DAWN

CLOSE ON VERITY'S EYES--she STARES at herself. DOUBT creeping in her mind.

VERITY

It's not the stage you're on, but the part you play.

The door bursts open and Jackson appears. Verity JUMPS.

JACKSON

Come on, Vez. It's half five. Train's at six.

Jackson dashes out. Verity STARES at herself for a BEAT.

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAWN

Jackson is SENDING something on his PHONE.

JACKSON

So long, dick-face!

Jackson TAPS a FEW times and the WHOOSH of a MESSAGE SENDS. Verity walks in and Jackson puts his phone away. They HOOK their FINGERS and head out the door.

EXT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

The PLATFORM is PACKED with ROWDY FOOTBALL FANS and other PASSENGERS. They are HYPERACTIVE, SINGING their SONGS. The TRAIN waits on the platform. The DOORS OPEN. Verity and Jackson are JOSTLED about as the FANS push their way on FIRST. Jackson and Verity get on last.

INT. FIRST CLASS TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Verity and Jackson walk along the mostly packed carriage. They check all the reservation TICKET STUBS sprouting from the top of the seats. Every seat has one. Jackson spies one--

IT READS: '**RESERVED FROM TAUNTON TO LONDON PADDINGTON**'

Jackson SNATCHES the reservation stubs from their holes-- STUFFS them in his pocket. He and Verity SIT. A few more PASSENGERS come in--take their SEATS. An ATTENDANT appears with a trolley of delights.

ATTENDANT

Would you like come tea, coffee or something else?

VERITY

How much is it?

ATTENDANT

The coffee and tea is complimentary in first class...so is the continental breakfast and pastries...?

Verity and Jackson exchange excited looks.

INT. FIRST CLASS TRAIN CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A table full of empty coffee cups, half eaten croissants, pain au chocolats' and used napkins. They sit back, bellies full and groaning.

Verity takes out a BOOK from her bag--begins reading. Jackson snatches it off her--reads the cover.

JACKSON

The Invisible Performer by Sir Phillip Demoniere. What are you reading this tosh for?

Verity tries to snatch the book back, but Jackson holds it away from her so she can't reach.

VERITY

Preparation for the audition. Now give it back!

Jackson HOLDS it AWAY from Verity--OPENS a random page--

JACKSON

(reading)

The actor must dig deep for the truth of their performance within themselves and merge this truth with the character they play.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This merged truth will become the truth manifest on the stage.

Verity SNATCHES the book back, embarrassed.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Acting's not about truth.

VERITY

Oh, Professor Jackson Maguire, Esquire...I assume you know exactly what acting is all about?

JACKSON

The act of acting is, by it's very nature, a lie. There's no truth in acting; it's founded on the principle of deception and illusion. We pretend to be people we're not. That's not truth, that's lies. People prefer the lies we tell as actors; it's an escape from the brutal truth they face every day in their own very real and very boring lives.

VERITY

So, lies are better than truth?

JACKSON

Every. Single. Time.

VERITY

So there's no truth in any role you play?

(Jackson nods proudly)

What about Othello? Doesn't it state the truth of the destructive power of jealousy?

JACKSON

Well, that's Shakespeare's truth about jealousy. That doesn't make it the truth about jealousy. Shakespeare manipulated his characters to prove **his** viewpoint about jealousy. That doesn't mean it **is** the truth. It's just **his** truth. He used the play to prove **his** point. It was entertaining lies and deception.

VERITY

So, you don't believe that jealousy is destructive?

JACKSON

Hey, jealous people do bad things. But they don't do it because Shakespeare said so, they do it, because that's what they feel at that time. It's not a universal truth. It's a very specific truth for a small number of people.

VERITY

Well, I believe acting reveals truth in us and about us. I can learn the truth about myself and who I am by playing other people. Like playing Iago in Othello, I can learn about how I see jealousy and how it might impact me. And if I can find that truth within myself, then I play the part better.

JACKSON

The truth can be ugly you know?

VERITY

Lies are ugly. I believe the truth is always beautiful. It's pure.

JACKSON

Okay, let's one, two, three it. What's better? The beautiful lie or the ugly truth? One, two, three--

VERITY

The ugly truth.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The beautiful lie.

Jackson looks down the carriage and SPIES something. His eyes fill with FEAR.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Shit! Plan A point two.

Verity sees what SPOOKED Jackson too. They GRAB their bags-- RUSH down the carriage.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CARRIAGE--the Automatic Door OPENS-- in steps TIM, THE TICKET INSPECTOR, late 20s, officious.

TICKET INSPECTOR

Tickets, please.

INT. TRAIN VESTIBULE - DAY

Jackson and Verity BURST through the automatic doors into the vestibule. There is a TOILET right beside them. Jackson PUNCHES the TOILET OPEN switch--the doors OPEN at a SNAIL'S PACE! Verity SPIES the Toilet on the other side of the Vestibule.

She RUSHES towards it when an ELDERLY GENT, from the adjoining CARRIAGE, BEATS her to the toilet--TAPS the OPEN button with his walking stick.

Verity PEERS into the Adjoining Carriage--AHEAD of her is the DRINKS TROLLEY BLOCKING the exit to the next Vestibule and the next set of TOILETS.

Jackson gets in the TOILET and hits the CLOSE button. Verity GLANCES back up the carriage toward the ADVANCING Ticket Inspector. She LOOKS to Jackson in the other toilet with the DOOR still SLOWLY CLOSING.

Jackson beckons Verity to make a DASH to get in with him. She LEGS IT toward the door! But there isn't enough SPACE for her to squeeze in. Jackson HAMMERS the open button, but no joy. The door SLOWLY CLOSSES on Jackson's apologetic face.

Verity PEERS up the CARRIAGE--The Ticket Inspector MOVES down the carriage. She looks to the Elderly Gent and the CLOSING DOOR of his Toilet--then to the DRINKS TROLLEY blocking her ESCAPE in the next CARRIAGE. She's TRAPPED!

The AUTOMATIC GLASS DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN--the Ticket Inspector ENTERS. Verity smiles at the Inspector. He smiles back.

TICKET INSPECTOR
Tickets, please?

Verity POINTS to the toilet door.

VERITY
My friend has our tickets.

INT. TRAIN TOILET - DAY

Jackson LISTENS at the door in the cramped space.

INTERCUT: TOILET and the VESTIBULE.

TICKET INSPECTOR
Oh. Where are you traveling to?

VERITY
London Paddington. How about you check them later?

Tim PEERS into the PACKED next carriage--he's stressed how busy it is. He turns back to Verity.

TICKET INSPECTOR
I'm afraid not. The train is ultra busy and we've a lot of passengers getting on later. What is his name?

ON THE OTHER SIDE--Jackson makes a long wet NOISE with this mouth as if he has diarrhoea.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(fake agony)

It's coming out like rusty wee.

VERITY

I told him not to have the prawn curry last night. I had a vegetable one and I'm fine.

(taps her tummy)

Apart from a little wind.

TICKET INSPECTOR

That's alright. I can wait.

VERITY

(checks his name tag)

Tim? Could I be frank? I think waiting here will make it difficult for him to...you know...finish.

(leans closer to Tim)

He's got bashful bowel syndrome.

TICKET INSPECTOR

I thought he was being held hostage by the pooh?

Verity sees Tim is beginning to suss out their deception.

TIM

I need to inspect your tickets. I'll wait until he's finished.

Jackson HEARS the ticket Inspector's decision to wait. He's CORNERED. He FLUSHES the toilet--SPLASHES his FACE to simulate SWEAT. He PRESSES the open button--the door SLOWLY OPENS revealing Jackson in the doorway wearing a weak smile.

TICKET INSPECTOR

I'm very sorry to rush you, but I will need to see your tickets.

Jackson goes to his pockets--FEIGNS not finding them. Gives an embarrassed SMILE to the Inspector. He checks his shirt pocket. Nothing there!

JACKSON

They were in this pocket here. I leaned over to flush the toilet and...oh my Lord! I think I've flushed them down the toilet!

VERITY

Oh, Jackson, I keep telling you not to put them in your top pocket.

(to Ticket Inspector)

(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)

He did this before when we went to Birmingham last month.

The Ticket Inspector is becoming more suspicious. He moves to go into the toilet. Jackson puts his ARM out in front to block Tim going in.

JACKSON

I wouldn't go in there...best let it air out a bit.

The Ticket Inspector PUSHES past Jackson into the Toilet. He sniffs around and checks the empty toilet bowl. He steps back out of the toilet. Gives Jackson a hard stare.

TICKET INSPECTOR

I can't see any ticket material in the toilet bowl.

JACKSON

It must have made it down with all the other stuff!

TICKET INSPECTOR

I'm sorry to say that I don't smell any evidence of defecation at all.

JACKSON

You know they say...some people think their shit don't stink?

VERITY

It's true. His shit doesn't stink.

TICKET INSPECTOR

You never had any tickets did you?

Jackson PAUSES for a moment. CALCULATING either the truth or another LIE.

JACKSON

(to Verity)

You know we were talking about the beautiful truth versus the ugly lie? I don't think the truth is so beautiful in this situation.

(to Tim)

How about we write you an IOU?

EXT. TAUNTON TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

The train is stationary. Verity and Jackson stand on the platform. Tim stands in the train doorway.

TICKET INSPECTOR

There are no more trains to London on this line until Monday due to the driver's strike. So I suggest you find another mode of transport.

The Ticket Inspector SWINGS the door closed. The train CHUGS away, leaving the two actors alone at the station. They both do the V's to the train.

EXT. TAUNTON TRAIN STATION, ENTRANCE - DAY

Verity and Jackson come out of the station--SURVEY the place.

ACROSS THE ROAD an ELDERLY LADY has her DOG on a lead. The dog defecates on the pavement.

Jackson and Verity watch it in silence for a moment. The dog seems to be staring right at them as it finishes their business. Jackson and Verity turn to each other.

JACKSON

Well, we're nearer London than we were this morning, juicebox.

VERITY

Plan B it is then, monkeypunk.

They hook their fingers and MARCH off up the road.

EXT. TAUNTON BUS STATION - DAY

The station is PACKED. PASSENGERS queue up for different buses. The SIGN for the LONDON bound National Express bus has a DOUBLE DECKER coach parked in the BAY. A huge queue of PASSENGERS...the LUGGAGE spaced out to be put on the coach.

Jackson and Verity APPEAR at the back of the queue, SIZING up the situation.

The coach Driver, COLIN, mid 40s, flustered, comes out the coach front door. He addresses the PASSENGERS.

COLIN

Everyone for London, you'll have bear with me. My co-driver hasn't turned up, so I'll have to put the luggage on first and then check tickets. Please be patient.

All the PASSENGERS groan. Jackson and Verity see their chance. They get Colin's attention.

JACKSON

Don't worry, we'll get the luggage on, you can check the tickets.

VERITY

We used to work at Heathrow airport loading up coaches. It'll be a breeze for us.

COLIN

Thank you so much. That'll be a real help. Restored my faith in humanity.

Colin gives them the thumbs up. Jackson and Verity start loading the luggage on board.

In the queue of Passengers is BETTY, 80s. She walks over to Jackson--points at her TARTAN SUITCASE.

BETTY

Make sure my case goes on last, and keep it the right way up.

JACKSON

Got it, love.

At the front of the queue, Colin starts checking TICKETS--letting the PASSENGERS on the coach. Jackson and Verity quickly load on more suitcases.

MOMENTS LATER: Colin lets on Betty, the last Passenger. He CHECKS down the side the of the coach.

ALL the LUGGAGE is on-- all the LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT DOORS are closed. But NO SIGN of Jackson or Verity.

He SHRUGS--CLIMBS on the coach. THE COACH engine starts up, reverses and heads out of the station.

INT. LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

In the CRAMPED, DARK compartment the suitcases are piled up. Sat on TOP of them are Jackson and Verity. They HOOK their little FINGERS in triumph. Verity fans her face with her hand, it's getting hot.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The Coach ROLLS along the Motorway in the SLOW LANE. Traffic FLIES along in the other lanes. The sun BLAZES.

INT. LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Verity and Jackson are SWEATING profusely.

JACKSON

(mock sexy voice)

It's hot in here babe. Let's strip!

VERITY

Is this one of your porn fantasies?
Sex in a hot, airless, petrol fumed
luggage compartment?

JACKSON

How'd you guess?

They starts undressing down to their UNDERWEAR. Verity RUMMAGES around in her bag--PULLS out a bottle of water. She hands it to Jackson who SWIGS the whole lot. Verity stares at him, incredulous.

VERITY

That was the only water we had.

JACKSON

You should have told me that! I
wouldn't have swoffed it all.

Jackson THROWS the bottle back at her, then starts opening a suitcase next to him.

VERITY

Jax! You can't snoop around in
other peoples' luggage.

JACKSON

(rummaging inside case)
I'm looking for something for you
to drink and maybe...some munchies.

Verity shrugs away her morals and UNZIPS a suitcase next to her--looks inside. Jackson rummages in a suitcase--there's nothing of use. He zips it up--moves onto Betty's case.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Let's see what the old biddy's got
stashed away?

Jackson PEERS inside--his eyes widen. He takes out a tin of SHORTBREAD BISCUITS with a tartan design on it. Verity pulls out a bottle of VODKA from the bag she unzipped.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, Juicebox!

MOMENTS LATER: Jackson and Verity are eating shortbread biscuits and sipping from the vodka.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So, what role are you going to
audition for?

Verity is embarrassed for a moment.

VERITY

Let's one, two three it. One, two,
three...

VERITY (CONT'D)

JACKSON

Iago!

Iago!

Jackson is SHOCKED by Verity's choice.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You can't go for Iago.

VERITY

Why not?

JACKSON

You're a woman.

VERITY

How observant, Jax. I think a woman
can actually play Iago better. He's
like a woman scorned.

JACKSON

No way! That's ridiculous.

VERITY

It's called gender-blind casting.
The key conflict in the play is
after Othello promotes Cassio over
Iago. But what if this rejection of
Iago was deeper than just Iago's
feeling of not getting promoted?
What if it was a deep seated love
for Othello that has been damaged?
And his marriage to Desdemona
compounds that sense of rejection.

JACKSON

What? Play Iago as homosexual?

VERITY

No, play it that Iago loves Othello
even deeper than that.

JACKSON

What love is deeper than...er...
you know...lurve?

VERITY

Agape?

JACKSON

Is that some sort of monkey?

VERITY

It's a Greek word for love that is all encompassing, selfless, unconditional. It's not erotic, or lustful.

(Jackson is confused)

I think I can play Iago as having an agape love for Othello.

JACKSON

So why does Iago end up hating Othello and wanting revenge if his love is selfless and unconditional?

Verity calculates a response, but struggles.

VERITY

That's Iago's flaw. His love is imperfect, like the rest of us.

JACKSON

Veze, I like the theoretical discussion about Iago, but we can't both go for the same role; that means one of us won't get it. You have to go for another role so we can both get a part...ergo...we both get to move back to London.

Verity holds Jackson's firm stare. She wants to hold her ground, but knows it'll cost her. She wilts...her spirit is finally crushed--bows her head.

VERITY

I'll go for Bianca.

JACKSON

The prossie?

VERITY

(crestfallen)

Yeah. I'll go for the prossie.

The coach makes a SHARP TURN and the two of them SLIDE across the bags and cases and SLAM against the compartment wall.

EXT. LEIGH DELAMARE SERVICE STATION, COACH PARK - DAY

The coach ROLLS into a parking space in the Service Station Coach Park amid all the other COACHES. PASSENGERS mill around.

The doors OPEN--Colin gets out--stands at the door as the Passengers file off to stretch their legs and use the toilet.

COLIN
 We'll be here for fifteen minutes,
 so make sure you're back here at
 bang on two pm.

The passengers DISPERSE.

INT. LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Jackson and Verity have put on their clothes.

VERITY
 I'm not sure we should leave. What
 if they spot us?

JACKSON
 Look, I need a piss and we need
 some water. If we don't rehydrate
 then they'll find us in here
 shrivelled up like mummies.

They climb to the door, open from the inside, Jackson peers
 through a CRACK.

EXT. SERVICE STATION, COACH PARK - DAY

Jackson and Verity step out of the luggage compartment. They
 CHECKS for SIGNS of Colin the Coach Driver or Passengers. No
 sign of either. They HEAD towards the Service Station
 entrance.

INT. SERVICE STATION, TOILET - DAY

Verity stares at herself in the mirror. Doubt in her eyes.

VERITY
 All the world's a stage. The play
 is badly cast.
 (takes a deep breath)
 I am not what I am.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Verity comes out the toilet. Jackson, his arms full of water
 bottles, chocolate and crisps, RUSHES past Verity...NODDING
 for her to FOLLOW HIM. Verity SPIES a SECURITY GUARD rushing
 out a SHOP looking around for Jackson.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - COACH PARK - DAY

Jackson and Verity RUN to the coach. THEY CHECK back to see
 the SECURITY GUARD come out of the exit, SCANNING for them.
 Verity opens the luggage compartment door--they JUMP IN.

AT A NEARBY BENCH, Betty, the old lady from TAUNTON BUS STATION, has WITNESSED Jackson and Verity getting into the luggage compartment. Her face fills with anger.

INT. LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Jackson and Verity have stripped off again to cope with the heat. Jackson dumps all the goodies on top of the luggage.

VERITY

I can't believe you stole all this.

JACKSON

When needs must, then needs must.

They SPY the TWIX and both reach for it. They grapple with each other to pry it away from the other.

VERITY

I'm having the right finger!

JACKSON

No, I'm having it. It's bad luck to have the left finger.

Verity RIPS the packet open, both Twix fingers are melting, FAST. She GRABS the right finger--SHOVES the WHOLE FINGER in her mouth...her cheeks BULGE. Jackson starts chomping the other finger. It's MESSY. In Verity's MOUTH...the WHOLE FINGER has gone SIDEWAYS. She CAN'T BITE DOWN on it. Chocolate MELTS OUT of her mouth and DOWN her CHIN. Jackson starts laughing--WHEN--

--the DOOR SWINGS OPEN! FRAMED in the doorway is an ANGRY Colin the coach driver and a VENGEFUL Betty. Jackson's FINGERS are CAKED in chocolate...Verity has chocolate DRIBBLING DOWN her CHIN.

BETTY

See! I told they were in here.
Look at them. Dirty sex people.

Jackson and Verity shrug at Colin like guilty children. Stripped to their underwear, chocolate around their mouths.

MOMENTS LATER: Jackson and Verity stand in their underwear, clutching their clothes. ONLOOKERS GAWP, STARE and LAUGH.

THE COACH engine fires up and pulls away, BLASTING Verity and Jackson in a CLOUD of PETROL FUMES.

Betty looks down on them from the COACH WINDOW. JACKSON gives her the Vs' BETTY does the V's in return.

VERITY

(mouth full of Twix)
Wow, she's old school.
(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)
 (taps the biscuit tin)
 Still...she doesn't know we took
 all her shortbread.

The Coach ROARS away. They SENSE the ONLOOKERS staring at
 them...instinctively they TAKE a BOW, then get DRESSED.

VERITY (CONT'D)
 So...plan C?

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Cars WHIZZ by on the BUSY motorway. Jackson and Verity walk
 along the HARD SHOULDER, THUMBS OUT, hoping to catch a lift.
 Verity checks her watch. The sun is setting. Darkness looms.

VERITY
 This is hopeless!

JACKSON
 Just keep moving forward, Vez.
 Something'll happen.

VERITY
 Yeah...we'll get clipped by a semi
 truck and die of head injuries.

UP AHEAD a CAR PULLS over onto the hard shoulder.

JACKSON
 See!

They RUSH to the car--look in the open window at the DRIVER.
 He's 50s, grey, dressed in an ill-fitting suit.

DRIVER
 Hi! Where you headed?

JACKSON
 We need to get to London. Palmers
 Green in fact.

DRIVER
 I'm headed to Harrow. I can drop
 you there?

JACKSON
 Great.

Jackson and Verity GET in the back seats. The car pulls away.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - DAY

The Driver LOOKS at Jackson and Verity in the rearview
 mirror.

DRIVER
I'm Derek.

JACKSON
I'm Jackson.

VERITY
Verity.

DEREK
(to Verity)
That's a lovely name.

JACKSON
(jokingly)
Why, thank you.

DEREK
(to Verity)
Sure you don't want to ride up
front with me, love? More leg room
up here.

Verity is a little CREEPED out.

VERITY
No, I'm okay here.

DEREK
Like it in on the back seat, do ya?

Verity fake smiles--leans over to Jackson.

VERITY
(whispers)
Jax, have we just walked into a
Carry on film?

Verity SPIES Derek LEERING at her in the rearview mirror.
She SLIDES across the back seat to AVOID the rearview mirror,
but Derek READJUSTS so she is in the mirror again.

DEREK
(to Jackson, but looking
at Verity)
What brings you to the Old Smoke?

JACKSON
We've got an audition at the Globe
Theatre tomorrow.

Verity SIGNALS to Jackson to swap seats. She crawls across
Jackson lap as he moves across to the other side. But Derek
readjusts the rearview mirror AGAIN to focus on Verity.

DEREK

I'm a salesman by trade and I'd love to help you get to this audition. So...here's my sales pitch. What if we stop over at one of the hotels near Reading, book a room for all three of us? We can spend the night, have some fun? In the morning, I promise you a slap up breakfast and I'll take you straight to the Strobe Theatre..and drop you right outside the front door.

JACKSON

It's the Globe Theatre.

DEREK

That's what I said.

VERITY

Thanks, but dropping us at Harrow will be fine.

JACKSON

(whispers to Verity)

Wait a sec. Maybe it's a good plan.

(to Derek)

Thing is we don't have enough money for the hotel.

DEREK

Don't you worry. I'll pay for everything.

Verity is HORRIFIED, she GLARES at Jackson to stop encouraging Derek.

JACKSON

What d'you mean by some 'fun'?

DEREK

I think you know what I mean. You're actors aren't you? We could do some role play?

VERITY

We're not interested in any role play. Harrow is fine.

Jackson looks at Verity...he's actually considering Derek's dirty proposal. Derek continues to LEER at Verity in the rearview mirror. Verity SCOWLS back at him...his expression turns NASTY.

EXT. MOTORWAY - SUNSET

Jackson and Verity stand on the hard shoulder. Derek fires an angry look at them through the passenger window.

DEREK

Lesbo!

VERITY

Perv!

Verity SLAMS the door--Derek ROARS off up the Hard Shoulder. Jackson watches him go and shakes his head.

JACKSON

Ver, what's wrong with you? That was our ticket right to the front door to the Globe.

VERITY

Am I in an alternate universe here? You cannot have been considering a ménage à trois with fucking Sid James back there, just to get a lift to the theatre?!

Jackson doesn't deny this. Stares at Verity hard. He looks up and down the motorway.

JACKSON

We don't have people lining up to take us right to the theatre.

RAIN starts falling...HARD. Verity SNAPS, throws her hands up in the air. This is IT!

VERITY

Oh, my God, I've just had an epiphany! I've kept ignoring that little voice...it's Angelo the Angel on my shoulder...and he's telling me...

(mimics Angelo's voice)

'for fuck's sake Verity. Get the fuck out of here!'

(back to normal voice)

So, I'm done! I'm going home.

Jackson's anger ERUPTS from deep within him.

JACKSON

Oh yeah! Well, I've had enough, too! You've done nothing but piss and moan this whole trip and it's so fucking draining!

Now it's Verity's turn to let her anger escape.

VERITY

Is it any wonder? This trip was all your idea, I didn't even want to come, but you made me!

JACKSON

Oh, well...forgive me for trying to change our lives for the better.

VERITY

You're not trying to change our lives better, you're trying to make **your** life better. So, you go ahead. I'm going home!

Verity STOMPS away.

JACKSON

Oh, yeah, you go home...you settle for simple. I'll send you a postcard from the big time.

Verity SPINS--MARCHES back up to Jackson.

VERITY

And that's all your interested in, isn't it? The big time. You want the fame without the work. You're not interested in the art in yourself, only yourself in the art.

JACKSON

At least I'm not scratching around trying to 'find myself in the art'. You're just scared of being tested. You couldn't hack it in London and that's why you had to crawl back to Paignton and dragged me with you, to make yourself feel less of a failure.

They STARE at each other for a BEAT. A HUGE LORRY ROARS past and SPLASHES a huge WAVE of WATER on VERITY, but NOTHING touches Jackson. Typical!

Verity SCANS the oncoming TRAFFIC--RUNS across the THREE LANES of the motorway--DODGING oncoming cars and lorries. She hops over the central reservation, then CROSSES the other three lanes to the opposing HARD SHOULDER. She starts walking backwards, holding out her thumb.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOTORWAY...Jackson watches Verity for a moment, then starts walking along the hard shoulder. He looks up and sees--

--the large Motorway SIGN for SWINDON.

He whips out his PHONE, scrolls down, smiles.

ACROSS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOTORWAY--Verity continues walking, holding out her thumb. She GAZES across the motorway to see Jackson, but he's DISAPPEARED.

FURTHER UP THE ROAD--a CAR PULLS onto the hard shoulder.

Verity rushes up to the car, opens the door. Before she gets in she SCANS the motorway to find Jackson, BUT HE IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!

SUDDENLY, Jackson appears next to her.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Vez, wait!

She JUMPS in fright.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Do you remember, Mumbles Matthews from uni?

VERITY

You mean the Mumbles who stole your girlfriend, Katie, and your Elvis Presley Alarm clock?

JACKSON

How many other Mumbles do you know?
(Verity thinks)

Never mind. Guess what? He lives right here...in Swindon. It's a couple of miles away. I just phoned him and he said we can stay at his for tonight.

The DRIVER HONKS his HORN--Verity goes to get in--

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You're right. I'm a selfish little shit. I do want the fame without the work. And I forgot the most important thing...it's 'Me and You against the world.' I need you with me. You're my best friend. I don't know how to do it without you. I don't know how to do anything without you.

Verity PEERS in the CAR, back to Jackson--back to the car--back to Jackson.

VERITY

I'm sorry for what I said too.
(looks to the car then
back to Jackson)

We stay at Mumbles' tonight. We'll ask him if he can take us to London or lend us the money to get there?

(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)

And if he can't do either, then we go home? Pinky promise?

Verity holds out her FINGER, Jackson HOOKS it with his.

JACKSON

Cross my heart and hope to die,
Juicebox.

VERITY

Oh, you'll pay if you break this
promise, Monkeypunk.
(to the Driver)
No, thanks.

Verity joins Jackson as the CAR PULLS AWAY. Verity GLANCES at the retreating car...her last chance to walk away.

JACKSON

Oh, by the way, I don't think
Angelo the Angel would have
said...*'for fuck's sake'*.

VERITY

He's my angel. He'll say what I
want him to say.

JACKSON

Well, I invented him. So, I get to
write his dialogue.

EXT. SLIP ROAD - NIGHT

Verity stands on the VERGE. Jackson is a few metres away with his back to Verity. He's on his phone to Ana.

JACKSON

Hi Ana.

INT. ANA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Ana is sat on the sofa, worried.

ANA

Jackson, where are you?

INTERCUT: JACKSON & Ana

JACKSON

Sorry, Ana. I've had a bit of a
nightmare journey. Nothing to worry
about. I'm in Swindon, but am
staying over night with Mumbles.
Remember him?

ANA

Mumbles? Swindon? You're supposed to be here...now.

JACKSON

Hey, it's all good. Will still be at the audition tomorrow, just not going to make it to yours tonight.

ANA

You better be here tomorrow. I've stuck my neck out with Sir Phillip on this one.

JACKSON

When have I ever let you down?

ANA

I don't think we have time for that conversation, do we?

JACKSON

Yeah, alright, gotta go. See you anon!

Jackson clicks off the call. He sees a CAR slow down and pull up in front of him and Verity. Jackson opens the passenger door and gets in, Verity hops in the back.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - NIGHT

MUMBLES MATTHEWS, mid 30s, in a worn out suit and tie, is in the driver's seat. The back seat is a graveyard of empty food wrappers and boxes, newspapers. Verity swipes it away to find a seat.

MUMBLES

Jacko!

JACKSON

Mumble-wumble!

MUMBLES

Wacko Jacko!

JACKSON

Mumbles-Tumbles!

MUMBLES

(to Verity)

Vezzy Wezza!

VERITY

Mumble-lingo, let's play bingo!

MUMBLES

Vez-tabule!

VERITY
 (mimics Speedy Gonzales)
 Mumble-la! Andale!

Then a LONG BEAT of awkward silence as they run out of names.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Mumbles enters followed by Jackson and Verity. Mumbles plops his car keys on a bowl on a small table by the door. Jackson clocks the keys.

MUMBLES
 Sorry the flat's a mess. I've only
 got beans on toast for dinner.

JACKSON
 Wow! Only the best at this house.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Small, pokey and cramped. Jackson and Verity sit on a foam sofa, all foam and no structure. Mumbles sits on a small non-matching armchair. They eat beans on toast, with Coke. Jackson and Verity are retelling their Service Station snafu.

JACKSON
 So there we were, half naked in the
 service station car park--

VERITY
 --Jax has chocolate all over his
 fingers--

JACKSON
 --Vez has a whole finger of Twix
 stuck across her mouth with
 chocolate dripping down her chin.

VERITY
 I couldn't bite down on it to break
 it in half.

JACKSON
 She looked like a rabid choco
 Vampire.

VERITY
 And every fucker in the service was
 staring at us in our undies.

Mumbles sips his Coke--he begins CHOKING--Coke comes out his nose. He COUGHS and gets his BREATH back. He PICKS a BEAN out of his NOSE.

MUMBLES

You two are a couple of nutters.

VERITY

Can I use your boudoir?

MUMBLES

Down the hall to the left.

Verity leaves. Jackson leans closer to Mumbles.

JACKSON

(low voice)

Look, Muzz. I need to ask you a big, big favour. Can you take us to London tomorrow in your car?

MUMBLES

Ah, mate, would love to, but I've got work.

JACKSON

Could you sub us the bus or train fare maybe?

MUMBLES

Would love to again, but I'm skint. I'm struggling to make rent this month.

JACKSON

Maybe we can borrow your car?

MUMBLES

I need it. I'm an estate agent now. I've got viewings all over town.

JACKSON

Hey, no worries. But, the thing is, I promised Verity I'd take her to this audition tomorrow. Can you make out you can take us to London, so she thinks it's gonna happen? I'll let her down gently after you leave for work tomorrow?

(Mumbles nods agreement)

What time are you leaving for work?

MUMBLES

About half seven.

JACKSON

Righty-ho-bo.

The toilet FLUSHES. Jackson touches his nose as a sign of secrecy...Mumbles does the same, with a smile and a wink. Verity comes in--sits back down.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hey, Muzz, you don't happen to have that Elvis Presley alarm clock you borrowed from me?

Mumbles looks embarrassed.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Did you give it to Katie?

VERITY

Is this the same Katie who was Jackson's girlfriend and you stole her off him?

Mumbles SPLUTTERS on his coke and it drips out of his nose.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is in darkness. Jackson SLINKS in--goes over to the bedside table. And there...plain as day...is Jackson's Elvis Presley alarm clock. Jackson is livid.

INT. MUMBLES' FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mumbles and Verity wash and dry up. Jackson comes in.

MUMBLES

You know every one on the course made a bet you two would end up together. Wish I could collect on it now.

VERITY

Oh, we're not together.

JACKSON

Oh, no we're not together.

Mumbles is taken aback.

MUMBLES

What? Like never-ever?

JACKSON

Never!

VERITY

Ever!

Mumbles dries the last item. Dries his hands on his t-shirt.

MUMBLES

Well, I've off to the land of Ned. I've made up the sofa bed in the lounge, You might want to spread out a bit more if it's a bit too cosy, if you're not together, like.

JACKSON
 (secret wink at Mumbles)
 Every thing is set for tomorrow,
 isn't it Mumble-meister?

Verity brightens up at the possibility of help.

VERITY
 Are you taking us to London, Mumbs?

MUMBLES
 Er...yeah...absolutely.

JACKSON
 (slaps Mumbles' back)
 Yeah, he's a great chum, isn't he?

VERITY
 You don't know how much this means
 to us, Mumbs.

Verity gives Mumbles a big hug. Over her shoulder, Mumbles is freaking out. Jackson mouths *'It'll be alright; just go along with it'*. Verity lets Mumbles go--returns to the sink.

MUMBLES
 Yeah. Well, good night.

Mumbles disappears into his bedroom.

VERITY
 That's great. Thanks, Jax. Sorry I
 flipped out on the motorway.

JACKSON
 No worries. Next time I'll get us a
 limo to the Olivier Awards, right?

Verity dries the sink. Jackson's face leaks out a little shame, then recovers. He slinks out of the room and peers down the HALLWAY. He SEES the BATHROOM DOOR AJAR.

In the GAP Jackson SPIES Mumbles unclip the BATH PANEL--place a SHOE-BAG behind it, then clip the panel back to the bath.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAWN

Verity sleeps on one side of the sofa bed. Jackson is on the other--AWAKE. He gets up, leaves the room.

INT. MUMBLES' FLAT, BEDROOM - DAWN

Jackson TIPTOES to the bedside table as Mumbles SNORES. Jackson PICKS up the Elvis Presley Alarm Clock, SLIDES it into his jacket pocket.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAWN

Jackson FISHES MUMBLES's car keys from the bowl.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAWN

Jackson SLIDES out the BATH PANEL--PULLS OUT the SHOE-BAG, replaces the panel. He UNZIPS the SHOEBAG--checks the contents and smiles, then ZIPS it up.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAWN

Jackson gently shakes Verity awake.

JACKSON
(whispering)
Vez! Vez!

VERITY
(still dreaming; groggy)
I am not what I am.

JACKSON
(whispering)
Mumbles' is sick so he says we can take his car.

VERITY
(sits up)
What's wrong with him?

JACKSON
The squits I think. Anyway, we need to get going.
(dangles the keys in Verity's face)
I need you to drive his car.

EXT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - DAWN

Jackson leads Verity, who is still GROGGY, to MUMBLES's CAR outside the block of flats.

VERITY
Jax, I've haven't driven in years.

JACKSON
You'll remember. It's like riding a bike, isn't it?

VERITY
You wouldn't know, you were too scared to ever learn. Look, are you sure Mumbles will be okay?
(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)
 (starts towards the flat)
 Maybe we should check on him?

Jackson BLOCKS Verity--TURNS her around to the car.

JACKSON
 He's okay. He's been chucking up
 most of the night. I think he shat
 himself.

He GUIDES Verity into the driving seat, closes the door
 gently, rushes to get in the passenger side.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DAWN

Verity puts the keys in the ignition--CHECKS the car over.
 Jackson is anxious to get going.

JACKSON
 Come one, Vez! Let's get going.

VERITY
 I'm going through my safety checks.

Jackson TURNS on the ignition. The engine ROARS into life.

JACKSON
 There you go, everything is safe,
 now drive.

Jackson GAZES back at the flats for any sign of Mumbles.
 Nothing yet. Verity lets the handbrake go--they MOVE off.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

Mumbles HEARS the CAR ENGINE. He gets up, dressed only in his
 underpants--walks into--

--THE LOUNGE--the sofa bed is empty. He WALKS back into--

--HIS BEDROOM, throws open the curtains--LOOKS out to see--

--HIS CAR driving away down the road. He RUSHES out.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DAWN

Verity watches the road intently. Jackson is like a meerkat
 looking to the back then the front.

JACKSON
 You know this car can go faster
 than twenty miles an hour?

VERITY

You can shut up. You got banned from learning to drive after you crashed your driving instructor's car into that horse.

JACKSON

Hey! The horse crashed into me.

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW--Mumbles APPEARS, RUNNING down the road, still in his UNDERWEAR---WAVING his arms wildly. Jackson PEERS back--SPIES Mumbles.

VERITY

The learner car was a write off.

Jackson JAMS his foot on top of Verity's foot on the accelerator--the car BOMBS FORWARD leaving Mumbles further and further behind.

VERITY (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Jax?

Jackson checks behind to SEE--Mumbles DISAPPEAR into the distance, turns back to Verity.

JACKSON

Wow, that was just like Mel Gibson does to Danny Glover at the start of Lethal Weapon 2.

(Mel Gibson's voice)

Man, can't this thing going any faster?

Verity decides to play along.

VERITY

(Danny Glover's voice)

Get your goddamn foot off the pedal, you're killing my goddamn corn.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAWN

Mumbles STOPS in the middle of the road--out of breath--he sees his MANHOOD HANGING out the fly--TUCKS it back in.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Verity, HANDS GLUED at ten to two on the steering wheel--eyes fixed on the road, petrified of making a mistake. Jackson relaxes, settling in for the long drive to London.

VERITY

Right, Jackson...where am I going?

JACKSON

I don't know...you're the driver.

VERITY

Jax, I've never been in Swindon before. We need to get to the motorway. Get your phone out and load up Maps and get directions to the Globe Theatre.

Jackson gets out his phone, but it's no good.

JACKSON

Battery's dead.

Jackson rummages in the glove compartment for a charger.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

No charger. Give me your phone.

VERITY

It's in my left pocket, You'll have to take it out.

Jackson feels the LUMP of the phone in her pocket. Verity starts to get TICKLISH and GIGGLES. Jackson WANGLES his hand into the pocket--finally EXTRACTS her phone. Jackson FLIPS through the APPS, finds MAPS--puts the phone in FRONT of Verity's FACE whilst she's driving.

JACKSON

Is that it?

VERITY

Don't put it in front of my face, I'm driving, you plonker!
(calmer)
Now, put the Globe Theatre in the search, click on the theatre and then punch directions.

Jackson TAPS a few times, waits for a second then--

MAPS VOICE

At the next roundabout, take the second exit.

A RED LIGHT turns on up ahead--Verity cruises to a stop. Jackson looks out the window and SEES--

ON THE PAVEMENT--A LABRADOR DOG with its OWNER straining to release a POOH on the pavement.

IN THE CAR--Jackson OBSERVES the stool come out on the pavement.

JACKSON
 Hey, Vez...have you noticed a lot
 of dogs doing shits in front of us.

VERITY
 Funnily enough...I have.

JACKSON
 Maybe it's a sign of good luck,
 like bird shit on your head?

VERITY
 Let's make it our sign of good
 luck.

Verity LOOKS at the dog as he finishes--the OWNER scoops up
 the mess in a poo bag.

Jackson waves at the DOG--MUSES for a moment. The LIGHTS go
 GREEN Verity pulls away. Jackson begins HUMMING a new TUNE.
 Verity NODS her head to the BEAT. Then HUMS with him. Then he
 SINGS the following lyrics, with Verity providing a beat on
 the steering wheel.

JACKSON
 (singing)
 Every doggie, every doggie, every
 doggie's, doing a poo. Every
 doggie, every doggie, every
 doggie's doing a poo.

Verity joins in with a HARMONY.

JACKSON (CONT'D)	VERITY
(singing melody)	(singing harmony)
Every doggie, every doggie,	Every doggie, every doggie,
Every doggie, every doggie,	Every doggie, every doggie,
every doggie's doing a poo.	every doggie's having a poo.
Every doggie's doing a poo.	Every doggie's having a poo.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

Mumbles removes the bathtub panel--puts his hand in and finds
 NOTHING! His SHOE-BAG has gone!

MUMBLES
 (shouting)
 Jackson...you fucking wanker!

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

MUMBLES's car moves along the slow lane. It PASSES a SIGN
 that reads: M40 BANBURY.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Verity GLANCES at the SIGN and is concerned.

VERITY

Jackson, I'm not sure this is the right way.

JACKSON

Maps can't be wrong can it?

VERITY

Well, no.

JACKSON

Then don't worry.

MAPS VOICE

Keep left at the next exit for the M40 to Banbury.

Verity checks the dashboard clock which **READS: 10:02am** then back to the road. Jackson checks the clock.

JACKSON

We've got plenty of time. Seven hours to be precise.

EXT. THE GLOBE HOTEL - WARWICK - DAY

Verity, phone in her hand, and Jackson, looking sheepish, stand by the car. They GAZE at the SIGN--THE GLOBE HOTEL, THEATRE ROAD...WARWICK. Verity checks her phone.

VERITY

So, this is the Globe, Theatre Road...Warwick.

JACKSON

Looks like it.

VERITY

(checks the phone)

We're now a hundred miles and about two and an half hours away from the Globe Theatre.

JACKSON

You told me to use Maps.

Verity TAPS on her phone--HANDS it to Jackson.

VERITY

That's the correct address. Now let's try again, shall we?

They get in the car.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DAY

Verity CHECKS the CLOCK...it **READS: 13:34.**

VERITY

We have three and half hours to get to the Audition. We are now about two and half hours from London.

JACKSON

Man, this is like the Blues Brothers.

Verity starts the engine and pulls away.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Who wants an orange whip? Orange whip? Orange whip?

Verity can't help but CRACK UP.

VERITY

Three orange whips.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

MUMBLES'S car moves along the motorway.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Jackson checks Verity's phone.

JACKSON

Uh, you're battery's getting low.

VERITY

How low?

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN as the battery goes DEAD--the SCREEN turns BLACK.

JACKSON

Like...dead...dead. And we've got no charger.

VERITY

Shit! Look around for a Road Atlas.

Jackson looks in the glove compartment, finds nothing but rubbish. He takes OFF his SEAT BELT belt--CRAWLS into the back, his LEGS and FEET KNOCK Verity in the face. He rummages around then finds an old ROAD ATLAS.

JACKSON

Bingo!

Jackson CLIMBS BACK through to the front seat. All ELBOWS and FEET, JOGGING Verity. He sits with the Atlas in front of him.

VERITY
Look for the M40...we just passed
Handy Cross.

JACKSON
(flips the pages, then)
Got it!

Verity smiles, then loses it when she CHECKS the Fuel GAUGE -- it's almost EMPTY.

VERITY
Ah, shitsticks! We're out of
petrol. How much money have you
got?

Jackson takes out some COINS from his pocket. Verity's shoulders slump. Jackson gives Verity a knowing look.

VERITY (CONT'D)
No way. We can't do that.

JACKSON
We don't have any option.

VERITY
I'm not stealing.

JACKSON
Then we're going to sputter out on
the M40 and miss the audition.

VERITY
Better than being a thief.

JACKSON
So, you're going to give up because
of some stupid sense of morality?

VERITY
It's called abiding by the law.

JACKSON
(taps the atlas page)
We're so close.

Verity thinks for a long, ponderous moment.

EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY

An INDEPENDENT, RUN DOWN petrol station. Jackson PUMPS the petrol in the car. Another car fills up nearby. The PUMP cuts off as the tank is full. Jackson puts the nozzle back--LOOKS to the KIOSK, around the station, then JUMPS in the car.

Verity GUNS the engine, they WHEEL-SPIN for a second--then SCREECH away in a plume of tyre rubber smoke.

The OWNER of the Petrol Station RUNS OUT, but they're on the SLIP ROAD, roaring away.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Verity, eyes fixed on the road, adrenalin pumping. Jackson punches the roof in excitement.

JACKSON
Whoa! Way to go, Juicebox! You did a fucking wheel-spin too.

Verity starts laughing--allowing herself to enjoy the adrenaline buzz.

VERITY
You are sending me to hell, monkeypunk.

JACKSON
Heaven's for squares. Hell is where the cool people go.

Jackson makes a cheeky middle finger under the eye at Verity. She SPOTS it. She finally takes a hand off the wheel and does the V's under her eyes. They quickly HOOK little fingers.

The Car WEAVES a little on the road. The CAR in the adjacent LANE HONKS at her. Verity SLAPS her HANDS back on the wheel and returns to her lane. Mouths 'SORRY' to the other DRIVER.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - LATER

Jackson and Verity are in the middle of an argument about directions and the map.

JACKSON
I said take the third exit.

VERITY
That was the third exit!

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - STATIONARY - DAY

TWO UNIFORMED CONSTABLES, WPC COSTELLO, in the driving seat & PC MACMANUS, in the passenger seat. They are watching the Traffic stop.

WPC COSTELLO
So, do you put down a layer of toilet paper to avoid splashback?

PC MACMANUS
 Splashback?

WPC COSTELLO
 Yes. When the pooh hits the water
 and splashes back up onto your bum.
 It's simple physics of water volume
 displacement by solids.

WPC Costello fixes a shocked look at PC Macmanus.

WPC COSTELLO (CONT'D)
 You've never had a splashback?

PC MACMANUS
 (embarrassed)
 I might have.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

VERITY
 We're still north of the river. We
 need to be on the south side to get
 to the Globe.

Jackson spots something through verity's driver window. He
 points it it, blocking Verity's line of vision of the road.

JACKSON
 Oh, look, there's the Globe, across
 the river.

--ACROSS THE RIVER THAMES is their destination--THE GLOBE
 THEATRE.

EXT. ROAD - TRAFFIC STOP - DAY

MUMBLES's car RUNS through the RED LIGHT.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

WPC Costello and PC MacManus OBSERVE Mumbles' car go through
 the red light. They SMILE at each other. Finally some action.
 WPC Costello starts up the engine and drives.

EXT. MUMBLES' CAR - DAY

Verity and Jackson continue ARGUING. The sound of the police
 siren can be heard. Verity checks the rearview mirror to SEE--

--THE PATROL CAR, LIGHTS ON, HEADING towards them.

Verity checks the clock which reads: **16:56**

VERITY

Shit, shitty, shittle, shitsticks!

Verity looks out the window to SEE--

--TOWER BRIDGE, a few hundred yards away.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Verity PULLS OVER. The Patrol car PARKS behind them.

PC MacManus gets out--approaches the driver's side--is greeted by a smiling, nervous Verity.

PC MACMANUS

Hi, Miss. Were you aware you went through a red light back there?

VERITY

Oh, did I?

PC MACMANUS

Yes, you did.

VERITY

We're in a hurry to get to an appointment at five and I was a little distracted.

Verity eyes drift off BEHIND PC MacManus to the Thames River where she sees--

--A LARGE CRUISE SHIP coming up the Thames HEADING towards TOWER BRIDGE. Tower Bridge will have to OPEN up to let it through and CUT OFF THEIR WAY ACROSS the THAMES to get to the GLOBE THEATRE on time.

Verity's EYES come back to PC MacManus.

PC MACMANUS

Being late is not an excuse for breaking the law. Do you have your driver's licence?

VERITY

Ah, now that is a sore point. This idiot next to me should have packed them, but he forgot, because, as I say, he is an idiot, so I don't have them on me.

Verity GLANCES ahead...figuring out her next move.

PC MACMANUS

Oh dear, this is not your day.

VERITY
Yes, you could say that.

PC MACMANUS
Would you mind getting out of the
vehicle, please?

Verity checks the CLOCK, checks the ROAD ahead, checks PC
MacManus.

VERITY
You know what?...Nah!

Verity FIRES up the engine--GUNS the car onto the road,
BARELY AVOIDING CRASHING into OTHER CARS. PC MacManus RUSHES
back to the Patrol car, jumps in. WPC Costello sets off in
pursuit.

INT. MUMBLES'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Verity STAMPS on the accelerator. Jackson is SHOCKED at her
boldness.

JACKSON
Fucking hell, Vez! We're really in
the shit now.

VERITY
(nods to Tower Bridge)
We have to get across Tower Bridge
before they raise the bridge for
that cruise ship to get through.
And we've come too far to miss this
audition. No. Fucking. Way.

EXT. LOWER THAMES STREET - DAY

Verity SWINGS the car right from Lower Thames Street into the
smaller part of Lower Thames Street. The Patrol car follows,
sirens blaring.

INT. MUMBLES' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Verity is in the zone--all anger and fire.

VERITY
Fuck you, Tim the ticket inspector.
Fuck you, Betty the biddy. Fuck you
Colin the Coach Driver! Fuck you
Derek the dirtbag. Fuck every
single one of you fuckwits who've
stood in our way.

EXT. LOWER THAMES STREET / PETTY WALES - DAY

Verity reaches the ONE WAY LEFT HAND TURN of the road...BUT she DOESN'T turn. She FIRES the car STRAIGHT AHEAD onto the PEDESTRIAN ONLY WALKWAY behind the Tower of London Shop-- left of the Middle Tower of the Tower of London.

INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING

WPC COSTELLO
Where's she going?

PC MACMANUS
This is a dead end.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

Verity WEAVES in and out of the PEDESTRIANS, as they DUCK and DIVE out of the way. The Patrol Car FOLLOWS CLOSE behind.

INT. MUMBLES' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

VERITY
I'm not going to fail now!

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

They pass TRAITOR'S GATE, heading for TOWER BRIDGE.

INT. MUMBLES' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Jackson FREAKS out, checking the atlas, but not finding any reference point. Verity is focused on the road.

JACKSON
Vez, this road goes nowhere.

VERITY
(at the pedestrians)
Get the fuck out of my way!

Verity looks straight ahead--her eyes WIDEN.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

The WALKWAY has CONCRETE BOLLARDS and a GATE BLOCKING the way out. Verity SLAMS on the BRAKES--the car SCREECHES to a HALT-- a HAIR'S BREATH from the metal gate. Verity is OUT in a FLASH, followed by Jackson. They DISAPPEAR into the PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL under the Tower of London.

THE PATROL CAR screeches to a halt behind MUMBLES' car--WPC Costello and PC MacManus RUSH after Verity and Jackson.

ACROSS THE RIVER--we see Verity and Jackson's destination... the GLOBE THEATRE.

ON THE RIVER--the CRUISE SHIP is CLOSING on TOWER BRIDGE... the BASCULES will soon RISE to let it through...CUTTING off Jackson and Verity from the GLOBE THEATRE on the SOUTH BANK.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - DAY

Verity and Jackson WEAVE in and out of the PEDESTRIANS on the side ramp LEADING up to TOWER BRIDGE. They turn onto the bridge. They RUN hell for leather along the PEDESTRIAN PAVEMENT.

WPC Costello and PC MacManus CLOSE IN behind them.

EXT. THE RIVER THAMES - DAY

The CRUISE SHIP draws CLOSER to the BRIDGE. Jackson and Verity have a small window of opportunity to avoid being cut off from the Globe Theatre.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - DAY

Verity LEAPS over the pedestrian gate, followed by Jackson.

UP AHEAD--the BASCULES of the Bridge begin to SPLIT and LIFT.

Verity and Jackson rush towards the WIDENING GAP in the middle of the BRIDGE. This is going to be CLOSE. WPC Costello HOPS over the gate--PC MacManus catches his leg and FALLS backwards.

The two BASCULES of the bridge continue to SPLIT. Verity LEAPS over the GAP to the other side. Jackson STOPS as the BASCULES LIFT FURTHER--the GAP GETTING WIDER.

Jackson looks behind to SEE--

--WPC Costello RUSHING towards him, then BACK TO--

--VERITY who BECKONS him to jump the EVER WIDENING GAP.

VERITY

Jump, Monkeypunk...I got you.

Jackson takes a STEP BACK and JUMPS--it feels like he is in the air for an age. He hits the full edge of the BASCULE, hanging with his legs dangling over the edge and his torso on the BASCULE.

Verity GRABS his arms--PULLS him with all her might. Jackson SCRAMBLES forward--BUT the WAISTBAND of his TROUSERS get HOOKED on the STEEL FORKS of the BASCULE. As he GRAPPLES his way onto the BASCULE, his TROUSERS start being PULLED DOWN.

Verity PULLS Jackson onto the Bascule. Jackson's LOSES his TROUSERS on the STEEL FORK. He is left with ONLY HIS UNDERWEAR on. Jackson UNHOOKS his TROUSERS from the steel fork. The BASCULE CONTINUES to RISE.

WPC Costello reaches the widening gap between the BASCULES--she judges it--she WON'T BE ABLE TO JUMP IT. She watches as the BASCULE lifts and loses sight of Verity and Jackson. She begins sliding back down the BASCULE.

Verity and Jackson start rolling down their SIDE of the RISING Bascule. They get up--start RUNNING across to the SOUTH BANK. Jackson CLUTCHES his trousers to his chest. PEDESTRIANS watch in astonishment as the couple SPRINT away from the BRIDGE.

EXT. ENGLISH GROUNDS - DAY

Verity and Jackson stop running in the quiet road with no-one around. They are out of breath.

Then they both VOMIT up from the physical exertion. They get their breath back. Jackson puts his trousers on.

Verity checks her watch. It's 17:06...She grabs Jackson and they quicken their pace.

EXT. BANKSIDE - THE GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity and Jackson jog up to the entrance.

A GROUP of ACTORS and ACTRESSES are walking away from the Theatre, the last ones to audition. They GLARE at Verity and Jackson as they STOP to catch their breath.

JACKSON
Good luck, Juicebox.

VERITY
Bon chance, monkeypunk.

They hook their little fingers and head into the Theatre.

INT. THE GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Ana CHECKS her watch, SHAKES her head. She starts tidying up her paper work on a small desk in the middle of the STANDING SECTION of the theatre.

Jackson and Verity come RUNNING in, WHEEZING from the effort. Ana looks annoyed.

ANA
(to Jackson)
Finally! I thought you were never going to come.

Verity checks her watch.

VERITY
Only fifteen minutes late.

ANA
(surprised to see her)
Oh, hi Verity. How are you?

Verity SENSES something WRONG with her being here.

JACKSON
I'm not too late am I?

Ana pauses, GAZES UP into the SEATED AREA of the Theatre which is in DARKNESS, sees a SIGNAL of some kind, turns to Jackson.

ANA
No, it's okay. You've got time.

Verity looks to Jackson, then Ana, then Jackson, who smiles, embarrassed--trying to hide the truth from his own eyes, but he can't.

VERITY
I never had an audition, did I, Jax? It was just you.

Jackson calculates which lie to tell.

JACKSON
Look, er, I was going to tell you, but...the right time never came up ...what with all the shenanigans in getting here...

Verity PUNCHES Jackson in the stomach, he doubles up.

VERITY
(to Ana)
Where's Sir Phillip?

Ana points to the UPPER part of the THEATRE. Verity STOMPS onto the STAGE.

VERITY (CONT'D)
(shouting out to the whole theatre)
Hi, Sir Phillip?
(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)

My name's Verity Tracey. I've been through hell to get here. My colleague told me I had an audition this afternoon, but it appears he has lied, which is never a surprise. Anyway, I'm not going to leave this stage until I get the chance to audition.

From one of the TIERS of seats, SIR PHILLIP DEMONIERE, mid 50s, charismatic, leans forward from out of the dark.

SIR PHILLIP

Verity Tracey? Well, I never. I remember you from a workshop I did at the old Garrick theatre. About five years ago? You did a fabulous Ophelia, if I recall.

Verity begins to BLUSH a little. Jackson SLINKS onto the stage behind Verity.

VERITY

Yes, that was me. You're lecture was inspiring. I'll always remember your quote about loving the art within yourself and not yourself in the art. You know, that changed the way I viewed myself as an actor. And I've read your book, the Invisible Performer about fifty times.

Jackson CREEPS over to Verity's side.

JACKSON

(to Verity)

Alright, bum-licker.

Verity elbows Jackson in the stomach. He loses his breath, then gets it back. He WAVES to get Sir Phillip's attention.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(to Sir Phillip)

Hi, Sir Phillip. I'm Jackson Maguire. I was at that workshop too.

Sir Phillip looks down on Jackson, blankly.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I did a scene as Hamlet?

SIR PHILLIP

(shakes head)

Sorry, don't remember you, Jason.

JACKSON
 (mumbles)
 It's Jackson.

Sir Phillip looks back to Verity.

SIR PHILLIP
 You know, Verity, I wondered what
 happened to you. You showed an
 exquisite talent.
 (to Ana)
 Ana...add Verity to the audition
 list.

Jackson smiles at Verity as if he has managed to get her the
 audition himself. She SCOWLS at him, then turns back to Sir
 Phillip.

SIR PHILLIP (CONT'D)
 So, Verity, what role would you
 like to read for?

Verity takes a long, deep breath. She GLARES at Jackson, then
 Ana, then Sir Phillip.

VERITY
 Iago.

Jackson's face turns to HORROR.

ANA
 Verity, I don't think you can
 audition for that.

JACKSON
 No, she can't because I'm going for
 that role, aren't I, Verity?
 (whispers to Verity)
 You made a pinky promise!

Verity fires Jackson a withering look--she's can't hide her
 anger. She turns back to Sir Phillip.

VERITY
 I think I can play Iago different
 than the traditional villain. I
 have a clear through-line on
 playing him. A gender-blind way to
 play the role, because it's not
 about his gender, it's about his
 deep love for Othello.

Sir Phillip muses over Verity's claim, then nods.

SIR PHILLIP
 Okay, Verity...convince me.

VERITY

We all have dual genders within us. We have our masculine side and our feminine side. Two different intuitions. This gender duality is always battling within us. I think Iago has a more feminine core, than masculine. He has a deeper love for his General. I believe it's an agape love that goes beyond lust... it's a deeper affection he has for Othello.

(looks to Jackson, then
back to Sir Phillip)

Iago sees the marriage to Desdemona and the promotion of Cassio as selfish acts by Othello. It fractures the foundation of Iago's bond with Othello. Iago sees this as a betrayal of their special bond. He's left bereft of the human being he feels closest too. He feels deceived by Othello. Fooled by the idea that they shared a bond with each other that no-one else had.

Verity stops, looks at Jackson. What's she's saying goes way beyond Iago and Othello.

VERITY (CONT'D)

(still looks at Jackson)

Iago sees Othello as ungrateful for all Iago has done for him. He realises Othello does not share the deep agape love he holds for his General. Othello has unwittingly destroyed Iago's sense of identity, destroyed who he is. Who he was...

(Verity turns back to Sir Phillip)

...who he could have been. Iago only sees his existence as having any value, any worth, through the prism of his friendship with Othello. Without it, Iago believes he is worthless. And so, there's nothing left but to destroy the one man who Iago loved above all others. He wants to strip Othello of any value he has. Iago has no grand plan after he destroys Othello. He's going to self-destruct and destroy Othello at the same time.

Sir Phillip scratches his chin and nods.

SIR PHILLIP

Compelling. Very Compelling.
 Alright, show me how you'd play
 Iago.

Verity nods, takes a moment, COMPOSES herself. She LOOKS at Jackson who STARES back, HURT at her BETRAYAL, which is ECHOED in Verity's eyes at Jackson's betrayal of her trust.

JACKSON

(mouths the words)
 Don't do this.

Verity gives Jackson a hard look, she's not going to let him hold her back anymore.

She CLOSES her eyes, CHANGES her posture--DIGS DEEP within herself to summon up her emotions for the performance. And this performance is going to be ASTONISHING and CONFIDENT. She channels the pain of Jackson's deception about her audition into every UTTERANCE, every MOVEMENT. This is a brutally honest portrayal. This is not just acting...this is PERSONIFICATION. Verity BECOMES Iago.

VERITY

(as Iago)

I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters cannot be truly followed. Many a knee-crooking knave, wears out his time, much like his master's ass. Keep yet their heart attending on themselves, throwing but shows of service on their lords, do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul: and such a one do I profess to be. Were I the Moor; I would not be Iago; in following him, I follow but myself. Heaven is my judge, not I for love or duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end. I will wear my heart upon my sleeve, for daws to peck at.

(closes her eyes for a moment, then opens them)

I am not what I am.

Verity STARES at Jackson. He AVOIDS Verity's intense GLARE. Ana is GOBSMACKED by Verity's amazing performance. Jackson shakes his head--he's never seen Verity perform with such conviction.

SIR PHILLIP

Thank you, Verity. That was...
 sublime...original.

VERITY

Thank you, Sir Phillip. And thank
you again for allowing me to
audition.

Verity CLIPS Jackson's shoulder as she storms past--walks
down the steps of the stage. Ana motions Jackson to perform.

He STEPS forward to the FRONT of the stage. He stands in the
centre, UNSURE. He WRINGS his hands--looks at the ground,
then looks up.

JACKSON

(in character; as Iago.)
Virtue, a fig! Tis--

SIR PHILLIP

--Sorry, could you state your name
and what part you're auditioning
for?

Jackson, embarrassed, FIDDLES with his fingers.

JACKSON

Oh, I'm Jackson...Maguire. I'm
auditioning for the role of...
(looks to Verity)
Iago.

SIR PHILLIP

Are you sure?

JACKSON

Er, yes.

SIR PHILLIP

Would you consider auditioning for
another part?

JACKSON

I, er, only prepared for, um, Iago.

SIR PHILLIP

Very well. As you wish.

Jackson composes himself again. This performance will be
UNCONVINCING. Full of odd movements, stutters and starts. In
short, it's a DISASTER. His eyes FLICK to Verity a few times
as she STARES at him with a STONY FACE and folded arms. But
as Jackson STRUGGLES...Verity's ANGER turns to PITY.

JACKSON

(as Iago; ponderous)
Virtue! A fig! 'tis ourselves that
we are thus or thus.
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Our bodies are our gardens, to the
which our wills are gardeners: so
that if we plant nettles, or sow
lettuce, set hyssop and weed up
thyme, supply it with one gender of
herbs, or distract it with many
either to have it sterile with
idleness, or manured with industry,
why the power and corrigible
authority of this lies in our
wills.

A long embarrassing moment fills the theatre.

SIR PHILLIP

Is that it, Jason?

JACKSON

Yes. My name's Jackson, though.

Sir Phillip nods, then disappears into the dark recess.
Jackson slopes off the stage--across to Ana. Verity still
stands a few feet away.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(to Ana)

What do you think?

ANA

Oh, it was...Look, this whole late
entrance with Verity was really
embarrassing for me.

JACKSON

I know. I'm sorry, but Verity's out
of control at the moment.

ANA

I'm not surprised, Jax. You lied to
her about having an audition.

Verity hears this and storms over to the two of them.

VERITY

(to Ana)

That's because Jackson and the
truth are strangers. We've been
thrown off a train for not having
tickets, stowed away in the coach
luggage compartment, thrown off
said coach, half undressed,
propositioned by a dirty old man
for a menage a trois in exchange
for a lift here.

(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)

We had to borrow his best friend's car, I had to drive for the first time in five years...we got pulled over by the cops, drove away from said cops, nearly ran over some pedestrians, jumped over Tower Bridge when it was being hauled up. And Jackson ran trouser-less to get here.

Ana looks startled between Verity and then Jackson.

JACKSON

Actually, Verity decided to drive away from the cops and nearly run over the pedestrians. That wasn't me.

(brightly)

One good thing though...we were only fifteen minutes late. That's pretty impressive considering this trip has cost us nothing.

Ana's eyes are agog at their story.

ANA

That is some story.

JACKSON

Yeah, it was pretty exciting in places.

VERITY

Ana, we need some money for a bus ticket home. The trains are on strike today. Jackson'll pay you back.

ANA

Of course.

Ana gets her purse from the table, counts out some cash and goes to hand it to Jackson, but Verity snatches it.

VERITY

Thanks, Ana.

Ana goes back to her table--starts packing up. Verity heads out the auditorium. Jackson follows like a sheep.

EXT. THE GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity comes out the Theatre entrance, starts walking along the pedestrian walkway. Jackson catches up with her.

JACKSON
Well...we did it.
(Verity simmers)
We got to the audition.

VERITY
(turns on Jackson)
Have you considered the cost?

JACKSON
It didn't cost us anything.

VERITY
The cops'll be looking for us now.

JACKSON
They didn't get our names.

Verity spots the shoe-bag in Jackson's hand.

VERITY
That's not yours.
(she snatches it off him;
unzips it)
What's this?

JACKSON
It's Mumbles' ganja stash.

VERITY
Oh, now I see. We didn't have
permission to take his car, did we?

Jackson shrugs with a cheeky smile.

VERITY (CONT'D)
So Mumbles'll be reporting his car
stolen, won't he?

JACKSON
(lifts up his bag)
As long as I have his ganja, he
won't say a word.

Verity stares at Jackson open mouthed at his cunning.

VERITY
Is there no nasty little deed you
wouldn't do to your friends to get
what you want?

JACKSON
Look, we got to the audition...
that's all that matters.

VERITY
What about the cost?

JACKSON

Of what?

VERITY

The cost to us.

JACKSON

Us?

VERITY

You and me.

JACKSON

What'd you mean?

VERITY

You lied to me. About me having an audition, borrowing the car.

JACKSON

Yes, I lied. But for good reason.

VERITY

Enlighten me about this lie-justifying good reason?

Jackson THINKS for a BEAT...but the GOOD REASON never comes.

VERITY (CONT'D)

There is no lie-justifying good reason, Jackson. Not to lie to your best friend. And I've know you long enough to know you only ever lie for yourself. You got the audition for yourself. You never thought to ask me if I wanted to put myself forward for a part. When you got the audition, you were too scared to come here on your own. So, you dragged me along, because you're still that lonely little eight year old boy, standing alone on that playground, with all the boys dancing around you singing, 'New Kid, new kid'. I wish I'd never shared my Monster Munch with you!

This STINGS Jackson. Deeply.

VERITY (CONT'D)

You keep choosing the beautiful lie over the ugly truth.

JACKSON

Okay, old wise one. Tell me what the ugly truth is!

VERITY

That fact you have to ask me tell
me everything.

Verity storms ahead...leaving Jackson on his own. in a BEAT,
he realises he is ALONE...then HURRIES after her.

INT. VICTORIA BUS STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

The QUEUE of PASSENGERS get on the COACH. Guess who's
checking the Tickets? It's COLIN the Coach Driver that kicked
them off at the Service Station. Verity and Jackson offer
their tickets to Colin.

COLIN

Sure you don't want to travel in
the luggage compartment?

JACKSON

Hey, enough of the sarky lark.

Colin RIPS off his copy of the tickets. Jackson and Verity
get on the coach.

INT. COACH - NIGHT

Jackson gets into a seat by the window...Verity MOVES FURTHER
up--sits in an AISLE SEAT, so Jackson can't sit next to her.
He is wounded.

EXT. PAIGNTON BUS STATION - NIGHT

Jackson and Verity walk away from the Coach with the other
PASSENGERS all disappearing into different directions.
Jackson takes out a spliff from his pocket--SHOWS it to
Verity, who ignores him, walking ahead, Jackson follows her.

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jackson and Verity walk in to the room. Jackson flops down on
the sofa. Verity goes straight to her BEDROOM. Jackson
watches her as she disappears behind her door. He is bereft.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Verity gets into bed. Pulls up the covers, tears begin form.
She punches herself in the head to stop her from crying.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Verity eats toast at the kitchen table. Jackson walks in. He
turns on the kettle and yawns.

VERITY

We've got a shift this afternoon.

JACKSON

Oh yeah, about that. I think I sort of told Mason to shove his job and the panto role too.

He produces his phone, taps a few times--hands it to Verity.

CLOSE ON JACKSON'S PHONE: It's a VIDEO MESSAGE JACKSON sent to Mason the morning they left for the audition.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Veze and me have an audition tomorrow for a Othello at the Globe Theatre. So, I guess this means you can shove your shit parts in Interstellar Cinderella and the box office jobs. We don't need you anymore. So long, dick-face.

Verity stops the message, throws the phone back at Jackson.

VERITY

You're unbelievable, Jax!

JACKSON

(sings the melody from the EMF song)

You're unbelievable, Whoa! Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo-do, doo-do, What the fuck!

Jackson sees Verity is not amused--the rest of the song dies in his throat.

VERITY

How are you gonna pay your side of the rent, genius?

JACKSON

When one of us gets the role at the Globe, we won't have to worry about staying here. We'll be moving to London. Back on the map, baby!

Verity has troubling swallowing her toast at the assumption they'll both be going to London. Jackson senses her reticence, chooses to ignore it.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Actually, I've a couple of strings I can pull to make up this month's rent.

Verity shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - BOX OFFICE - DAY

Verity is in her Box Office Booth, Ellie is in the adjacent one. There are no customers.

ELLIE
So, how'd the audition go?

VERITY
Oh, it went okay.

ELLIE
Which role did you go for?

VERITY
I actually went for Iago.

ELLIE
What? You actually went for it!

VERITY
Yep.

ELLIE
What about Jackson?

VERITY
He went for Iago too.

ELLIE
So, only one of you will get it?

VERITY
Exactly.

Ellie is confused, Verity stares straight ahead.

EXT. THE COVE - DAY

Jackson takes a long drag on his spliff, sat in the usual place, but on his own--his phone rings.

JACKSON
Hello, Jackson Maguire, Esquire!
(beat)
Oh, Ana, hi. Was wondering when I
would hear from you.

INT. TRENCHARD THEATRE - WOMEN'S TOILET - DAY

Verity stares into the mirror, examining herself, DEEPLY. A heavy weight on her shoulders. Her phone BUZZES into life. She checks the caller, swallows, then answers.

VERITY
Hello?

EXT. THE COVE - DAY

Jackson ends his call. Starts TEXTING texting Verity.

It reads: 'GOT THE CALL, HOW ABOUT YOU? AM AT THE COVE HAVING A COFFEE. JAX X'

EXT. TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Verity comes out the front entrance, her phone PINGS with Jackson's message. She checks--then TEXTS back: 'YEP, GOT THE CALL. ON MY WAY. VEZ'

EXT. THE COVE - DAY

Verity walks up and sits down next to Jackson. They look at each other with anticipation.

JACKSON

Okay...let's one, two three it...we both say Yes or No about whether we got the part.

VERITY

One...

JACKSON

Two...

VERITY

Three...

JACKSON

No.

Yes.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Their answers ECHO in the air with a moment of SHOCK...a moment passes...the truth sinks in to both of them.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You got it?

VERITY

Don't sound so surprised.

JACKSON

Oh, no, I mean er...

VERITY

This is the bit where you say...
(mimics an elated voice)
Congratulations, Verity! I'm so pleased and proud of you.

JACKSON

(half-hearted)

Yeah, of course. Well done, Vez.

VERITY

You know that almost sounded sincere. Why're you always surprised when I achieve something? Yet, when it's you... it's manifest fucking destiny?

JACKSON

So, what did Ana say?

VERITY

It wasn't Ana, it was Sir Phillip who phoned me.

This cuts Jackson to the quick.

JACKSON

Oh, so what did Sir Phillip say?

VERITY

He said--

INT. TRENCHARD THEATRE, WOMEN'S TOILET - FLASHBACK

FLASHBACK TO Verity on the phone with Sir Phillip. She stands in front of the sink.

EXT. BANKSIDE - THE GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Sir Phillip is looking out across the Thames with the Globe Theatre looming behind him on the phone.

INTERCUT: BETWEEN SIR PHILLIP AND VERITY.

SIR PHILLIP

I was bowled over by your intensity and I loved the way you embodied that anger...that frustration with Iago's feelings. There was also a hint at the ambivalence towards Othello. I thought you captured it perfectly. And of course your whole idea that Iago could be played by a woman really made me think about how fresh and original a gender blind production would be. I'm really looking forward to working with you, Verity.

VERITY

So am I, Sir.

SIR PHILLIP

Please call me Phillip.

VERITY
Okay, Sir Phillip.

SIR PHILLIP
Just Phillip. Ana will be in touch with the details. We begin rehearsals in a month and the first night is three months away.

VERITY
I fook lorward to it...oh shit!
(Verity cringes)
Oh, sorry...I mean...I look forward to it. Sorry, I'm so nervous...and excited.

SIR PHILLIP
Okay, Verity speak to you soon. And well done.

VERITY
Thank you, Sir Phillip.

SIR PHILLIP
Phillip.

VERITY
Phillip.

EXT. THE COVE - PRESENT DAY

Jackson tries to hold in his jealousy as Verity finishes her retelling. Jackson swallows hard.

JACKSON
What's next?

VERITY
They've arranged a flat in Ealing.

JACKSON
Great! It's going to feel like getting out of prison when we leave here.

Jackson rubs his hands together--fixes Verity with an eager look of excitement and expectation.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Have you got any pics of the flat?
I'd like to see where I'm sleeping.

VERITY
Jax?
(takes a deep breath)
I'm going to London...on my own.

JACKSON
What'd you mean?

VERITY
I'm going to London, without you.

JACKSON
I know you'll need to concentrate on the play and rehearsals. You won't even know I'm there.

VERITY
You're not listening, Jax. I don't want you to come with me.

JACKSON
Why would you want that?

VERITY
Because...I have to...for me.

JACKSON
Hey, what's that sound?
(mock train station
announcer)
The service from Paignton to Guilt Trip Town will be arriving on platform one in 2 minutes.

VERITY
That's my line.

Verity gets up and leaves Jackson alone.

ACROSS THE SAND--Krystal and Craig the Crabs make their way up the beach. They STOP...STARE at Jackson. He looks at them with contempt.

JACKSON
What the fuck you two looking at?

The Crabs shuffle away from the angry Jackson.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Verity stands in front of Mason, who's behind his desk. She's just told him she got the Iago part.

MASON
Congratulations, Verity! I'll be sad to lose you, but I'm chuffed for you. You don't have to serve out your notice. I'll pay you for the next two weeks anyway...call it a bonus for your hard work.

VERITY
 (thinks for a moment)
 Thank you that is very generous.
 But, instead of paying me my
 notice, could you do me a favour?

Mason raises his eyebrows in expectation--

EXT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

Jackson looks up from a PIECE of PAPER in his hand--fires his angry eyes straight at Verity.

JACKSON
 So I'm a charity case now, am I?

VERITY
 Swallow your pride, try not to
 choke on it. Take Mason's new job
 offer and--
 (nods to the paper)
 --the new job conditions.

JACKSON
 (reads from the paper)
 Any subordination will lead to
 immediate dismissal.

VERITY
 Don't look a gift horse in the
 mouth.

JACKSON
 I'd rather shove this piece of
 paper down the gift horse's throat.

Jackson SCREWS up the piece of paper--THROWS it at Verity. It BOPS off her face and onto the floor. Verity gets up and leaves. A long moment of Jackson...alone.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

SONG: 'THROUGH THE DARK' K.T. TUNSTALL begins.

Verity DUMPS a STACK of BOOKS at the Reception Desk. The LIBRARIAN checks them out...stamps return dates.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB - NIGHT

The Pub is PACKED, loud music and chatting. Jackson sits at their usual seats...an EMPTY SEAT next to him where Verity usually sits. He has a half finished pint. He eats Monster Munch mechanically.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Verity lies on the sofa--the other half is EMPTY where Jackson would sit. She reads a book--eating Monster Munch.

EXT. THE COVE - DAY

Jackson smokes alone. Craig and Krystal the Crabs walk by. Jackson watches them, sadness i his eyes.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Verity stands in front of her dressing table mirror, saying her lines from 'Othello' to herself in different inflections.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - FOYER - DAY

Jackson stands outside the door to Mason's office. He has the CRUMPLED set of CONDITIONS clutched in his hand. He bites his lip, puts his knuckles to the door--hovers to knock... turns away...walks for a few feet...changes direction... marches back to the door. Holds up his hand...FINALLY knocks.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason sits at his desk.

MASON

Come in.

Jackson walks in, keeping his EMOTIONS in CHECK.

MASON (CONT'D)

Hi, Jackson, take a seat.

(Jackson sits)

So, are you willing to start back to work under those conditions?

(Jackson nods)

I've decided that you'll play the Big Bad Wolf; Darren is Prince Charming now. I had to recast after you quit last week.

JACKSON

(angry)

Oh, come on--

Mason nods at the set of conditions Jackson has in his hand.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(from anger to excitement)

I mean...Come on! Let's do this! I can do the Big Bad wolf.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Always wanted to play a furry villain. I think I can bring an edginess to old Wolfy--

(Mason looks angry)

--within the confines of your script, of course.

MASON

Rehearsal's at two. You have a box office shift tonight, at seven.

(Jackson gets up)

You owe Verity a lot. She's an absolute gem.

JACKSON

I know.

Mason stands--they shake hands.

INT. THE TRACEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Francis sits in the best placed armchair. Christine in another armchair and Verity is on the sofa. Francis is watching some religious programme on the TV.

VERITY

I've been offered a major part in a production of Othello at the Globe theatre. So, I'll be leaving Paignton Monday.

CHRISTINE

That's great news.

Francis fires Christine an angry look--FIRES a judgmental look at his daughter.

FRANCIS

What do you expect us to do? A backflip of joy? A song and dance routine?

VERITY

I did once...but not anymore.

FRANCIS

Are you going with that idiot, Jackson?

VERITY

No. I'm going alone.

FRANCIS

I still don't understand why you have this infantile need to pretend to be other people?

Verity steels herself to finally challenge her father.

VERITY

I was thinking about that too. The answer is you made me feel like I wasn't who you wanted me to be. So, I kept trying to be what I thought you wanted me to be, but even then, you were never happy. You were never going to like the real me. I think you would have been happy for me to live my life pretending to be what you wanted me to be and be miserable my whole life. I've given up trying to be what you want me to be...now I'll be who I want to be.

FRANCIS

You could have had such a better life, Verity. I only wanted what was best for you.

VERITY

Dad, you only ever wanted what was best for you...how people would perceive you through me. You made me believe that my role in life was to please you. But I was never going to please you, because you can't be pleased.

FRANCIS

You really are lost, Verity.

VERITY

Actually, dad, for the first time I know exactly where I am, I know exactly who I am and I know exactly where I'm going.

(beat)

Now, I would love both you and mum to come to the opening night. I'll send you some tickets. But whether you go is up to you.

(stands up)

I do want to thank you, though. Without your disapproval, I don't think I'd have had the courage to choose a different path from the one you had laid out for me. I'll see myself out.

Verity leaves. Francis looks to Christine, accusatory.

FRANCIS

You could have backed me up there, Christine.

CHRISTINE
 (stares at the TV)
 Hmmmm. She's right, though...
 (turns to Francis)
 ...there is no pleasing you.
 Sometimes you want me to shut up,
 sometimes you want me to speak up.
 (stands up)
 I wish you'd make up your mind.

Christine leaves the room.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Verity FOLDS her clothes and carefully places them in her suitcase on the bed.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Verity opens an envelope and takes out the contents and reads. It is her TRAIN TICKETS BOOKING TO LONDON from Ana.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Jackson is sat in the auditorium, the Wolf's head on the next seat. He watches others rehearse on stage. His phone pings and he checks it.

It is a VIDEO MESSAGE from Verity. Jackson presses PLAY.

VERITY
 Hey Jax! Got my ticket to London.
 (shows it to the screen)
 So this is what a train ticket
 looks like. I'm meeting up with the
 Trenchard Players tonight at the
 Spinney for going away drinks. Hope
 you can make it.

Jackson stops the video and puts his phone away--puts his phone down. He's not going to respond.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB - NIGHT

The PUB is HEAVING. Verity is at the centre of attention from the TRENCHARD PLAYERS. Mason, Ellie and Darren are there. But no sign of Jax. Verity looks forlornly at the door, hoping her best friend is going to walk in...but--

EXT. THE COVE - NIGHT

Jackson is sat at the usual spot, smoking his spliff. Nothing but the sound of the waves to accompany him. He spots Craig the Crab, walking across the sand. No sign of Krystal.

JACKSON
You too, huh?

Craig stops and looks at Jackson. A mirror image of sadness.

EXT. THE SPINNEY PUB - NIGHT

Verity waves goodbye to Ellie and Darren and sets off along the street.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Hey, juicebox.

Verity turns to see Jackson behind her.

VERITY
Oh, you finally made it then?

JACKSON
Better late than never.

VERITY
Not really the right sentiment to say the day before I leave.

JACKSON
I guess it's a Freudian thing about not wanting to say goodbye to you.

VERITY
I was hoping you'd be a bit more mature about me leaving.

JACKSON
That was your first mistake.
(Verity looks confused)
Hoping I'd be mature.
(they manage a chuckle)
It was always me against the world, Vez. I can't fight the world alone.

VERITY
Maybe stop fighting the world and start living in it?

JACKSON
You're splitting up the band and you don't even care.

VERITY

Yes I do. I cared too fucking much,
which is why I've stayed here way
too long.

JACKSON

I'm sorry you feel I was such a
drag on your career.

VERITY

It's not that Jax. It's the fact
that I've never got anything
before on merit. Now I have the
chance to have something of my own,
based on my talent, not on what
people want to get out of me. And I
have to step out of your shadow.
Because you've always been front
and centre; I've always been in the
wings, where's it safe and
comfortable and I don't outshine
you. You said it yourself ...I
settle for simple. But not anymore.
This time...I get a chance to step
out of the wings and into the
light.

JACKSON

And you're going leave me in the
shadows?

VERITY

Jackson, you couldn't hide in the
shadows if you tried.

(beat)

Now I'm going home. Are you coming?

Jackson's stony face gives her the answer. She walks away
leaving Jackson alone, in the shadow of the lamplight.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Verity SNAPS a picture of herself with the Polaroid
camera...SCRIBBLES on the BACK.

INT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

Verity knocks on Jackson's bedroom door.

VERITY

I'm going now, Jax. Are you coming
to the station?

Verity opens the door--LOOKS into the BEDROOM--FINDS the bed
EMPTY! No sign of Jackson...she is crestfallen.

She picks up her suitcase--gives the place one LAST LOOK, then heads out the door.

INT. IRENE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

Jackson has slept on the sofa. He lies awake...flipping his COIN. Irene comes in with a cup of tea for him. Hands it him. She stares at her son until he becomes uncomfortable.

IRENE

What times does Verity leave?

JACKSON

(checks his watch)

About half an hour.

IRENE

And you're going to deliberately miss your best friend leaving town for good?

(Jackson sips his tea)

And what great reason are you going to give for this stupidity?

Jackson ponders his mother's words.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Is it because you're your father's son?

This stings Jackson. He flips his COIN. Irene SNATCHES the COIN in mid-air.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Get up off your arse and say goodbye to her.

The idiocy of his pride comes over him like an epiphany.

JACKSON

Where's your polaroid?

INT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

Verity steps onto the Platform. Grabs a bench seat. Checks the departure board. Train to LONDON PADDINGTON is in **5 mins.**

EXT. IRENE'S FLAT - DAY

Jackson bolts out of the door, still putting on his jacket.

EXT. TORBAY ROAD, PAIGNTON - DAY

Jackson RUSHES along the half busy pavement. LOOKS across the road and sees--

--A POODLE doing a pooh!

--Jackson watches the dog as he RUNS, then STEPS in a DOG POOH on his side of the pavement. He nearly slips over, but gets his balance back.

JACKSON
Yes! Our lucky dog pooh!

Pedestrians STARE at the joyous Jackson.

EXT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The train PULLS into the station. Verity HEADS to the DOORS. WAITS for them to OPEN. Scans around...desperate to see her childhood friend one last time.

EXT. PAIGNTON - LEVEL CROSSING - DAY

The BARRIERS come down on the level Crossing. Pedestrians and Cars WAIT. Jackson PUSHES his way through the THRONG, SPOTS the TRAIN in the station. He LEAPS over the Barriers, RUNS up the GANGWAY to the platform and the waiting train.

EXT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The Doors open and Verity is about to GET on when--

JACKSON (O.S.)
Juicebox!

Verity SPIES Jackson coming along the platform. He gets to Verity--VOMITS up on the platform...gets his breath back. Verity HUGS him, TIGHT.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Vez, I want to tell you something really important. I'm mediocre!
(Verity is confused)
Absolutely mediocre. I've been so scared to be nobody, of being invisible that I've lied to myself that I had to be somebody. But the truth is...I'm a one club golfer. I can only play myself in every role. You're the one who can be somebody else and do it well. I'm not as good as I think I am.
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'm not good enough to share the stage with you. Just good enough for a sci-fi dramedy panto in the seaside town.

The STATION MANAGER begins SHUTTING the doors a few carriages down the train. Jackson HANDS an ENVELOPE to Verity.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Only open this on the train.

The Station Manager is getting CLOSER.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And you were right, Vez. I need to start living in the world and not fighting it.

The Station manager gets to the Door where Jackson and Verity are. She and Jackson HUG one more time. They HOOK fingers.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Good luck, juicebox.

VERITY

Take care, monkeypunk.

Verity RUSHES onto the train. The Station Manager SLAMS the door shut. Verity WATCHES Jackson through the window.

The ENGINES fire up...the Train slowly starts moving. Jackson walks along with the train. He does the GOING DOWN steps ROUTINE, then BACK UP. The Train gathers PACE. Verity does a 'V' under her eyes. Jackson responds with a Middle finger under his right eye.

EXT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION - LEVEL CROSSING - DAY

Jackson walks down the gangway to the Level Crossing as the TRAIN speeds from view. Jackson WAVES, stood alone in the middle of the Level Crossing. A MOMENT passes, then the BARRIERS GO UP, Pedestrians and cars start CRISS-CROSSING the level crossing, Jackson is SWALLOWED up by the Pedestrians.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, LOUNGE - LONDON - NIGHT

MODERN and CLINICAL. Verity surveys the flat. Ana hands her the keys.

ANA

Hope you settle in okay. The fridge is full. Let me know if you need anything. Rehearsals start this Monday at nine. See you then.

Ana leaves. Verity stands soaking in the silent atmosphere for a lonely moment. She hasn't lived without Jackson for years. She opens the glass doors that lead onto--

EXT. VERITY'S FLAT, BALCONY - LONDON - NIGHT

Verity SCANS the NEON GLOW of the city. She looks so alone. She remembers Jackson's envelope. She takes it out her jacket, opens it and finds--

--a POLAROID of Jackson doing the V's under his eyes. Verity LAUGHS...then starts to CRY.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jackson opens the fridge and sees a POLAROID stuck to the milk carton. He picks it up and it's VERITY doing the V's under her eyes.

JACKSON
You cheeky little minx.

He checks the back. It READS: **IT'LL ALWAYS BE ME AND YOU AGAINST THE WORLD.**

Jackson LAUGHS, feels TEARS coming, recovers and STOPS them.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

The room is full of HUBBUB. ACTORS sit in different CLIQUES. Everybody seems to know somebody. Verity walks in. OBSERVES the scene--INSTANTLY FEELS ALONE. No Jackson by her side. Life without him is going to be an adjustment.

She sits, takes out some Monster Munch and pops a couple of hunks. A door OPENS--in breezes Sir Phillip followed by Ana. He CLAPS his hands--ALL the Actors MOVE into a circle.

MOMENTS LATER: The ACTORS INTRODUCE themselves to the rest of the CAST. We meet the ACTOR playing OTHELLO, and the ACTOR playing RODERIGO. Verity steps forward and INTRODUCES herself. Sir Phillip nods at her and smiles.

INT. TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Mason directs Jackson, Ellie and Darren on a scene where the Big Bad Wolf is dying and Ellie and Darren kneels beside him.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Verity and the ACTOR playing OTHELLO rehearse a scene together. Sir Phillip watches, then signals to stop, then gives a DIRECTION--VERITY and Othello begin the scene again.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - FOYER - NIGHT

Jackson and Ellie are in their box office booths. Ellie knocks on the glass between them.

ELLIE

Hey, Jackson. I was wondering if...er...if...you could give me some feedback on my performance. Mason seems to like everything I do, but I'm not sure if it's right.

Jackson is touched Ellie wants his advice.

JACKSON

Mason's right, you certainly have the bubbly energy that Cinderella needs. Maybe pause a little more when you answer Charming's declaration of love.

(beat)

Why don't you try it now?

Ellie takes a deep breath.

ELLIE

Oh...Prince Charming, you love me for what you think I am, not...who I really am.

JACKSON

Okay. That's better. Now try emphasis on the '**you**' and the '**I**'.

ELLIE

Oh...Prince Charming, you love me for what **you** think I am, not...who **I** really am.

Jackson is filled with PRIDE. He's never given NOTES to an actor before. He LIKES it. A CUSTOMER comes up to the box office window, he SERVES them with a smile.

INT. PUB, LONDON - NIGHT

Verity sits in the middle of the other ACTORS from the CAST. Roderigo and Othello sit either side of her. She is in deep conversation with Othello when she SPIES Roderigo PILFERING a HUNK of her Monster Munch from the table. They both laugh.

INT. THE SPINNEY PUB - NIGHT

Jackson sits with Ellie and the script for Interstellar Cinderella. They WORK on her lines and delivery.

INT. SIR PHILLIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Verity sits opposite Sir Phillip in his dark wooded office.

SIR PHILLIP

How do you think rehearsals are going?

Verity smiles, faking her real feelings.

VERITY

Great.

Sir Phillip stares at her for a BEAT...seeing if she wants to come clean about her true feelings. But the silence remains. Sir Phillip NODS and Verity leaves.

SIR PHILLIP GIVES VERITY. IMPOSTER SYNDROME. USE THE OTHER THEMATIC SEQUENCES: PLAY IS BADLY CAST. I AM NOT WHAT I AM. BEING SOMEBODY ELSE CAN BE A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION AS YOU CAN LOSE THE REAL YOU FOREVER.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jax is buttering toast when he sees MUMBLES' SHOE-BAG of ganja on the kitchen table and next to it the ticket stub from their COACH trip home from the audition. He flips his COIN...he checks the RESULT. Nods.

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - DAY

AN ACTOR and ACTRESS are performing a two person show on the street in the square. A SMALL CROWD watch. Verity is among them. The Two Actors PERFORM a little SKIT together, in complete performance harmony.

FLASHBACK: Verity and Jackson in the same spot, YEARS AGO, doing their own comedy routine.

BACK TO PRESENT: Verity takes a SELFIE, Middle Finger under her eye, with the ACTORS in the background. She PUTS some coins in the hat and walks off.

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jackson places Mumbles' SHOE-BAG in a box. He puts a BOX of chocolates in with it, plus a LETTER. He TAPES it up.

HIS PHONE PINGS: He checks it and SEES--

--Verity's SELFIE in Leicester SQUARE, doing the MIDDLE FINGER under here eye with the ACTORS in background.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

A QUEUE SNAKES its way around the whole Post Office to the Door. Jax enters with the taped up BOX. His SHOULDERS DROP at the LENGTH of the QUEUE. He JOINS the back. WAITS for a BEAT. Looks at the BOX.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - FOYER - NIGHT

Ellie is walking to the door...Mason comes out of the stage door and sees her.

MASON

(going over to her)

Oh, Ellie.

(Ellie stops)

I just wanted to say I've noticed your delivery has really improved the last few rehearsals.

ELLIE

I can't take any credit. Jackson's been helping me with my lines. He knows so many little techniques. He's amazing.

Mason MUSES on this little revelation.

INT. MUMBLES'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mumbles OPENS the BOX Jackson sent him on his kitchen table. He pulls out the BOX of CHOCOLATES--opens it to find--a LETTER. The TOP TRAY has one remaining SOLITARY chocolate. Mumbles READS the card.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Hi Mumbles. Sorry for borrowing, your car without asking permission. We left it near Tower Bridge. I hope you're able to get it back. I'm sorry for taking the shoe bag of goodies under your bath. Please find the bag inside containing your product. Minus a couple of spliffs worth as I was a bit short this week. I think we're kind of even for nicking my Elvis Presley alarm clock and stealing my girlfriend, Katie. P.S. Sorry for eating all the chocolates. The queue at the Post Office was long and I got hungry.

Mumbles pulls out his shoe-bag. He UNZIPS it--finds his bag of GANJA--breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. ANA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Ana watches TV. Her phone PINGS. She checks it and the SCREEN READS: **£100 payment from JACKSON.** Followed by a message: **'Payback for the coach tickets.'** Ana smiles. Jackson paying debts is unusual.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Rehearsals as usual. Mason in the front row with his script.

ON THE STAGE: Ellie, as Cinderella, Darren as Prince Charming and a new ACTRESS, LEIGH, mid 20s, as BO PEEP. They have just finished a scene. Mason stands up, pauses, then turns to Jackson, who sits in one of the seats further back, the Wolf's head next to him.

MASON

(to Jackson)

Jackson? Could you tell me what you thought of that scene?

Jackson is surprised at Mason's question.

MASON (CONT'D)

Could you give us your opinion of that last performance. You know, like a directors note?

Jackson looks to Ellie, who smiles back at him. Jackson WALKS to the front of the auditorium.

JACKSON

(thinks for a beat)

How about if Cinderella were to rush to stage left before Bo Peep replies, that might give a little more energy? And Bo Peep, wring your hands to signal your internal conflict. And Prince Charming, stand between Cinderella and Bo Peep, that way it can show how he is caught between these two women?

Mason NODS--TURNS to the actors.

MASON

Well, you heard him...try it out.

The Actors on Stage REARRANGE themselves--BEGIN the scene again. Jackson and Mason exchange a nod of respect.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Verity and Othello rehearse a scene--Sir Phillip directing.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

The CAST are all lined up on the stage. Jackson addresses them about their performances. Mason is in the front row watching Jackson weave his magic.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

Rehearsals. Jackson, Ellie and Darren on stage in their roles.

Jackson LIES on the floor, wearing the Wolf's head. Darren is stood to the side, Ellie kneels beside Jackson.

JACKSON

I go, Cindy, to a better place.

Jackson falls dead and Ellie hugs him. Darren kneels down next to Ellie.

DARREN

We must go, my darling, we must return to our time. We do not belong here.

ELLIE

You must promise me we will tell the story of this brave wolf?

DARREN

We will.

Darren lifts Ellie by her arm and they walk off to the wings. Mason stands up and claps.

MASON

That was great. That's it for today.

Cast and Crew head for the exits. Jackson jumps down from the stage, takes off the wolf's head. He takes out a piece of paper in his hands, walks up to Mason in his seat in the front row.

JACKSON

Mason, I was thinking about the death of the big bad wolf scene. I sketched a little speech he might give before he dies. Would you mind give it a gander?

Jackson proffers the piece of paper. Mason takes it.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Change what ever you like. If you don't like it, no worries.

Mason nods and Jackson heads off. Mason checks it over. Raises his eyebrows, nods positively.

EXT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity LOOKS across the THAMES, eating Monster Munch. She looks up the Pedestrian walkway and sees--

--A DOG strains on a STOOL as their OWNER waits.

EXT. PAIGNTON PROMENADE - DAY

Jackson sits eating chips when he SEES--

--a DOG doing a POOH a few metres away.

HIS PHONE PINGS: He checks it and sees a PIC of the DOG doing a POOH that Verity can see outside the Globe Theatre.

--Jackson takes a photo of his DOG doing a POOH.

EXT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity's PHONE PINGS. She sees the PIC of Jackson's DOG doing a POOH on the Promenade.

Verity's phone RINGS. It's Jackson. Verity ANSWERS.

INTERCUT: GLOBE THEATRE & PAIGNTON PROMENADE

Verity and Jackson launch into their '**EVERY DOGGIE'S DOING A POOH**' song as a duet.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - DAY

The Theatre is empty except for Mason and Jackson. Mason takes out Jackson's speech from the other day.

MASON

I had a look at your speech.

Jackson braces himself for rejection.

MASON (CONT'D)

It's pretty good. I think it's worth us rehearsing to see how it flows.

JACKSON

(containing excitement)

Thanks. But you have final say if it's in or out.

Mason nods and Jackson heads out--a little skip in his step.

EXT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jackson walks out the entrance. She walks past a poster for Interstellar Cinderella. Double Takes and walks back a few steps to see--

--ON THE POSTER is the CREDIT of CO-DIRECTOR...JACKSON MAGUIRE.

--Jackson smiles with PRIDE.

INT. JACKSON'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jackson, wearing the Wolf's HEAD, WALKS around, BUMPING into the furniture.

INT. JACKSON'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackson SITS on the bed...PUTS on the Wolf's Head--takes a SELFIE--SENDS it to Verity.

INT. VERITY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Verity lies in bed--not able to sleep. Her phone pings. She checks it--it's Jackson's message. She checks it--the photo of Jackson in the Wolf's Head with the message:

*'Wearing the Wolf's head to bed so
to acclimatize for opening night
tomorrow.!!'*

Verity SMILES.

CLOSE ON JACKSON EYES--

WE PULL back--REVEAL Jackson is in--

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - TOILET - NIGHT

He CHECKS his hair and face. In the mirror, he has STUCK the POLAROID of Verity DOING the V's under her eyes she left in the FRIDGE before she left for London.

Jackson takes a SELFIE where he does the V's under his eyes. SENDS the PIC to--

CLOSE ON VERITY'S EYES--

--PULL BACK to REVEAL VERITY is in--

INT. TRENCHARD THEATRE - NIGHT

Verity is sat in the AUDITORIUM, next to Irene. Her PHONE PINGS--she CHECKS IT to SEE--

--Jackson V's under his eyes.

--Verity takes a SELFIE with her middle finger under here eye and sends it to--

INT. TRENCHARD THEATRE, MALE TOILET - NIGHT

Jackson's phone PINGS and he sees Verity's middle Finger Selfie. He chuckles--the door OPENS--ELLIE pops her head in.

ELLIE

Jackson, we're on.

Jackson picks up the huge wolf's head--puts it on--WALKS into the WALL--FEELS his WAY to the DOOR and leaves.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - WINGS - NIGHT

Jackson stands in the wings, in full Wolf costume. DIALOGUE drifts in from the STAGE. Jackson HEARS his CUE--RUSHES onto the stage.

AUDIENCE

He's behind you!

ELLIE

(as Cinderella)

Oh no he isn't!

AUDIENCE

Oh yes he is.

ELLIE

Oh, no, he isn't.

JACKSON

Oh yes I am!

The Audience LAUGH.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - LATER

Jackson, as the Wolf, lies DYING on the stage--Ellie, as Cinderella next to him, Darren as Prince Charming beside her.

JACKSON

(as the Big Bad Wolf)

I know I have lived a life as a predator and a killer. I thought this was my only nature.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

My only self. But you have made me see myself as I truly am. As someone who can make a change for others and not live for myself. I beg one wish from you both. That you may tell the world that the Big Bad Wolf did change. So, that others may see they can change too.
 (beat)
 It is better to live a day as your true self, than a lifetime never knowing who you are.

Jackson FALLS to the side and DIES as the Wolf. Cinderella sheds her tears, Prince Charming leans forward.

INT. THE TRENCHARD THEATRE - LATER

The Audience are on their feet applauding, whistling and shouting as the whole CAST take a BOW on stage. Jackson SCANS the AUDIENCE and finds--

--his proud mum, Irene, then the even prouder, Verity.

EXT. BEACH COVE - NIGHT

Jackson comes around the corner--sees Verity waiting for him. They HUG each other, tightly--then SIT. Jackson sparks up a spliff.

VERITY

That was some speech at the end.

JACKSON

Yeah, I wrote a draft of it. Mason made some changes too.

VERITY

How does it feel being a co-director?

JACKSON

Feels great. Never thought I'd be good at this sort of thing, but am enjoying it. How about you?

Verity's underlying doubt surfaces.

VERITY

I don't know whether I can do it.

Jackson is struck with annoyance. He screws up his face in that of Dez the Devil on her shoulder, places his face on her left shoulder.

JACKSON

(guttural voice)

Verity Tracey! If you walk away from this opportunity, me and all the imps of hellfire will cover you in itching powder and tickle your armpits with pigeon feathers

(changes to Angelo's angelic voice)

Don't you dare walk away from your destiny now, Verity Tracey! You were born for this opportunity. You deserve it, you've earned and you will crush it. You will not be forgiven if you turn your back on this destiny.

Verity manages a chuckle, then is hit with a wave of seriousness.

VERITY

I just have that saying, all the world's a stage, but the play is badly cast, going through my head. I think I'm badly cast, Jax.

JACKSON

Yes, all the world's a stage, but sometimes it gets the casting right. And in your case, you're perfectly cast. But, I'll take your Oscar Wilde quote and raise you another...it's not the stage you're on, but the part you play that matters most. And your Iago is the part you were born to play.

VERITY

You really think so?

JACKSON

I know so.

Verity's confidence begins to build. She does a MIDDLE FINGER under her eye. Jackson NOTICES it.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. I give you a pep talk and you pull a finger war move on me. That's how you repay me.

Jackson gives Verity a NOOGIE. Verity straightens her hair, takes out a LARGE ENVELOPE. Jackson opens it to find a TRAIN TICKET to LONDON in a PHOTO FRAME and his Ticket to the opening night of Verity's Othello production.

VERITY
That's what a train ticket looks
like. And there's your opening
night ticket.

Jackson checks the date.

JACKSON
Whoa! Only two weeks.

--Craig and Krystal the crabs walking up the beach. Jackson
and Verity share knowing looks.

VERITY
Hey, Craig. Long time no see.

JACKSON
I've been auditioning for the role
of Sebastian in the stage version
of the Little Mermaid.

VERITY
Wow. Did you get it?

JACKSON
No, I got the bit part of the
Blowfish in the Under The Sea song.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - LONDON - DAY

Verity crosses off another day on the calendar, with the
OPENING NIGHT CIRCLED THREE WEEKS AWAY.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Verity and Othello rehearse an intense scene with Sir Phillip
and the rest of the CAST watching.

INT. WARDROBE WORKSHOP - DAY

Verity is MEASURED for her Iago costume. She feigns some
smiles with the COSTUME MAKERS as they pin the fabric.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - LONDON - DAY

Verity crosses off another day. OPENING NIGHT is TWO WEEKS
AWAY.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

The CAST walk behind Sir Phillip, who is OUTLINING the
production design ideas around the stage. Verity is LOITERING
at the back. Sir Phillip LOOKS at Verity and is CONCERNED.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - LONDON - DAY

Verity crosses off another day. THREE DAYS until OPENING NIGHT.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

The CAST perform the play in casual clothes. Verity WATCHES a scene from the WINGS. Anxiety creeps into her expression.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - LONDON - DAY

Verity crosses off another day. TWO DAYS until OPENING NIGHT.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

The CAST are in FULL DRESS REHEARSAL. Verity watches from the WINGS, anxiety fully takes over her face.

INT. VERITY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - LONDON - DAY

Verity crosses off another day. ONE DAY until OPENING NIGHT.

INT. JACKSON'S BEDROOM - DAWN

CLOSE on the ELVIS PRESLEY ALARM CLOCK. It CLICKS onto 8AM THEN RINGS into life. Jackson emerges from under the duvet. Punches off the Clock. Goes back to SLEEP.

LATER: The CLOCK now reads 10AM. Jax stirs under the duvet. Pulls it back. Checks the clock...then LEAPS out of BED. He's lost TWO HOURS!!

INT. JACKSON & VERITY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jackson shovels cereal in his mouth, followed by COFFEE.

EXT. JACKSON'S AND VERITY'S FLAT - DAY

Jackson bursts out the FLAT and HIGHTAILS down the road.

EXT. PAIGNTON TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

Jackson bursts onto the PLATFORM as the DOORS are being CLOSED by the STATION MASTER. He gets on the last OPEN DOOR. The Station MASTER blows his whistle and the TRAIN begins to roll out.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Jackson is catching his breath when a shadow falls over him.

TIM (O.S.)
Tickets, please.

Jackson looks up and sees Tim the Ticket Inspector. Jackson smiles at him, Tim doesn't smile back. Jackson hands him the ticket, Tim punches it then moves on.

JACKSON
My stomach is better by the way.

Time doesn't turn around.

INT. THE TRACEY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Francis comes into the room and the lights are off and no sign of Christine. He goes over to a letter which has a ticket to the Globe attached to it on the dining room table addressed to him. He opens the letter.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Dear Francis, I have gone to London to see Verity on her opening night. I am sure you can fix yourself some dinner from what's in the fridge.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Finishing TOUCHES to the SCENERY are applied. ACTORS work through some scenes on the STAGE.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

Jackson RUNS across the STATION towards the UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE.

--CLOSE ON VERITY'S EYES--

--PULL BACK TO REVEAL VERITY IS IN--

INT. DRESSING ROOM - GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity STARES at herself in the MIRROR...anxiety in every facial muscle.

The MAKEUP ARTIST puts the final touches to Verity's eyes.

The doubt builds in Verity until it OVERWHELMS her. She rips off the Makeup CAPE, and STORMS out the room.

INT. TOILET, GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity BURSTS in, RUSHES up to the SINK. Dry HEAVES a few times. Then STUDIES herself in the MIRROR. DOUBT forms in her eyes, spreads across her face.

VERITY

All the world's a stage...and the play is badly cast. The beautiful lie or the the ugly truth. The beautiful lie is I can this...the ugly truth is...I'm not good enough.

Verity rushes out the TOILET.

EXT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity BURSTS out the BACK STAGE DOOR...RUSHES to the WALL that looks out to the RIVER THAMES. She is having a PANIC ATTACK. She GETS HER BREATH under control.

She looks UP to TOWER BRIDGE, the scene of Jackson and her great escape.

Sir Phillip appears next to Verity.

SIR PHILLIP

Opening night jitters?

Verity turns and nods.

SIR PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Me too.

Verity stares at Sir Phillip amazed.

SIR PHILLIP (CONT'D)

If you're not nervous then you might be dead. Every production in a leap in the dark. On the opening night I'm always reminded of this story I heard about a young actor who got cast as Hamlet opposite the best actor of his generation as Hamlet's Father's Ghost. It was one hour until curtain up on opening night. The young actor decided he was going to do a runner and leave the production. He raced out his dressing room and left by the back stage entrance. He came out into the alley and started down the alleyway when the old famous actor called to him. He was smoking behind the stage door.

(MORE)

SIR PHILLIP (CONT'D)

He guessed the young actor was making a run for it, but asked him to hear him out before he left. The old hand actor said that every part we play is like a painting...we sketch the pencil outline in rehearsals, but it's only when we perform it live do we begin filling in the detail. Every performance fills in a little shadow here, a little colour there, a little more background shade, a little more foreground shape, until our final performance where the piece is completed, for better or worse. But, if you walk away from this production now, it's like Da Vinci turning over his pencil outline of Mona Lisa to a lesser artist. Whoever would have painted that would have come out with something different to what we know as La Gioconda. Nobody can play the role exactly like you. You're version of the character will be unique. Now are you going to give that opportunity to someone else? Would Michelangelo hand the sculpture's chisel to someone else on the block of marble that became David? Whether you think you're brilliant, awful, average, fantastic, only you can play that part the way you play that part. The old actor finished his cigarette and went back into the stage entrance.

Sir Phillip turns, walks towards the Globe.

VERITY

What did the young actor do?

Sir Phillip stops and turns.

SIR PHILLIP

He went back in and performed. He learned to never leave a performance unfinished. Life is the only unfinished performance we ever give. Leave the judging of your performance to others. All you can do is add a little more detail to your performance every time you step on the stage.

VERITY

May I ask what happened to the young actor?

SIR PHILLIP

He has a so-so career as an actor.
Became a director and is directing
a production of Othello here at the
Globe tonight.

Sir Phillip winks at Verity. She nods back in understanding.

SIR PHILLIP (CONT'D)

(checks watch)
Curtain up in fifteen.

Sir Phillip heads into the theatre. Verity looks out to the River, determination forms on her face--she follows him into the Theatre.

EXT. CANNON STREET TUBE STATION - DAY

Jackson runs out the EXIT, DODGING and WEAVING in and out of the CROWD of PEDESTRIANS.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE, BACK STAGE - DAY

Verity gets in the ZONE. Sir Phillip catches her eye as he walks past. They nod to each other. Verity is then joined by Roderigo. They smile, then get ready to go on.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - DAY

Jackson rushes across the bridge. Catches a glimpse of Tower Bridge and smiles. Turns to see the GLOBE THEATRE on the other side of the river.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

The AUDIENCE hubub DIES DOWN to SILENCE as the play is about to start.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE, TICKET OFFICE - DAY

Jackson RACES through the TICKET OFFICE towards the THEATRE.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Jackson finds his way to his SEAT in the UPPER CIRCLE, sits next to CHRISTINE, Verity's Mum. They look down to--

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - WINGS - NIGHT

Verity stands, TENSE, in the dark. Next to her, RODERIGO. He smiles at Verity--she smiles back. She takes a DEEP BREATH.

They hear their CUE and RUSH onto the stage, TAKE their places behind one of the pillars. The LIGHTS come up. We REMAIN in the WINGS and only HEAR the following:

RODERIGO

Tush! Never tell me: I take it much unkindly that thou, Iago, who hast had my purse as if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

VERITY

(as Iago)
'Sblood, but you will not hear me: if ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE, STAGE - DAY

Verity on stage, with RODERIGO.

*

VERITY

(as Iago)
I will wear my heart upon my sleeve, for daws to peck at.
(beat)
I am not what I am.

Verity GLANCES to the UPPER CIRCLE and catches Jackson's eye. They share a SMILE with each other.

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - LATER

Verity and the CAST are taking their bow in front of a packed audience. The applause is deafening.

Verity looks up to the UPPER CIRCLE and her mum, clapping and smiling. Next to her is Jackson. He gives her the Vs' under the eyes. Verity gives him the middle finger under her eye.

EXT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Verity and Jackson lean on the wall GAZING down on Bankside Beach that is lapped by the River Thames.

They stare at each other for a meaningful BEAT. They nod at each other. There's no need to say what is forever known. A SMILE crosses their lips, then they BURST OUT LAUGHING.

After a BEAT of LAUGHS, Verity SPIES TWO CRABS COMING up BANKSIDE BEACH.

VERITY

Hey! It's Craig and Krystal!

JACKSON

Oh yeah. They travelled up with me on the train. I smuggled them in the toilet when Tim the Ticket Inspector checked the tickets.

(as Craig)

Hey, Krystal...so glad you made a success of yourself here in London. It's great you're moving forward.

VERITY

(as Krystal)

Yeah, Craig, I was trying to move forward, but then realised I had to go sideways to go forward, but then realised I was going right way sideways, which is backward. I had to go back to going left way sideways to go forward!

JACKSON

(as Craig)

That doesn't make any sense. Have you been at the Captain's rum stash, again?

VERITY

(as Krystal)

You can talk...you're always sipping his seaweed whiskey.

The two best friends carry on their improvisation as--

SONG: **'ME AND YOU VS. THE WORLD'** by SPACE plays over the CREDITS.

THE CAMERA TAKES OFF--AWAY FROM THE THEATRE--ACROSS THE RIVER, PAST TOWER BRIDGE, THEN ACROSS THE CITY OF LONDON--

FADE OUT:

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREDITS--

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS & ROADS - DAY

A BARRAGE of IMAGES and SHOTS of DOGS doing POOHS in different locations.

WE ARE WATCHING A FULLY FLEDGED MUSIC VIDEO of the **'EVERY DOGGIE DOING A POOH'**.

AT THE END OF THE CREDITS--

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - DAY

Jackson and Verity are at the halfway point of the BRIDGE.

JACKSON
Who's paying for dinner?

VERITY
Flob Race?

They HAWK up a mouthful of FLOB, lean over the railings...They NOD, ONCE, TWICE, then let their FLOB go.

The TWO GLOBULES race each other, buffeted by the WIND, HURLING to the churning Thames below. As they are about to HIT the WATER WE--

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END