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SF PERUSALS

GREAT BRITAIN

A play for the stage
by

Richard Bean

SAMUEL FRENCH

samuelfrench.co.uk

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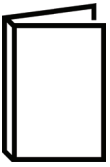
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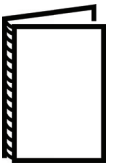
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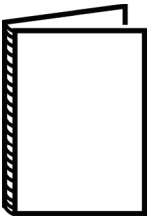
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richard Bean was born in Hull in 1956. After school, he worked in a bread plant before leaving to study Social Psychology at Loughborough University.

Richard has worked as a psychologist and a stand-up comedian.

His work for the stage includes:

Young Marx (which has just opened London's brand new Bridge Theatre); *The Hypocrite* (which completed runs at the Royal Shakespeare Company and Hull Truck Theatre); *Kiss Me* (Hampstead Theatre Downstairs); *The Nap* (Sheffield Crucible); *The Mentalists* (Wyndham's Theatre); *Made In Dagenham* (Adelphi Theatre); *Toast* (Park Theatre); *Pitcairn* (Out of Joint / Chichester Festival Theatre / Shakespeare's Globe); *Great Britain* (National Theatre); *Under The Whaleback* (The Wilma Theater); *One Man, Two Guvnors* (National Theatre (Lyttelton) / Adelphi Theatre / Theatre Royal Haymarket / Music Box Theatre, New York / World Tour), *2011 Evening Standard Award for Best Play, 2011 Critics' Circle Award for Best Play, 2012 Whatsonstage.com Award for Best New Comedy; a stage version of David Mamet's *House of Games* (Almeida); *The Big Fellah* (produced by Out of Joint); *Pub Quiz is Life* (Hull Truck); *England People Very Nice* (National Theatre), *Olivier Award Nomination for Best New Play; *The English Game* (produced by Headlong); *Up On Roof* (Hull Truck) * Nominated for TMA Play of the Year; *In The Club* (Hampstead Theatre); a version of Moliere's *The Hypochondriac* (Almeida); *The Heretic* (Royal Court), *2011 Evening Standard Award for Best Play; Harvest (Royal Court), *Nominated for Evening Standard and Olivier Best New Play Awards, Winner Critics' Circle Best New Play; *Honeymoon Suite* (Royal Court), *Pearson Play of the Year; *Under The Whaleback* (Royal Court), *George Devine Award; *Toast* (Royal Court); *The God Botherers* (Bush Theatre); *Smack Family Robinson* (Newcastle Live!); *The Mentalists* (Lyttelton Loft, National Theatre); *Mr England* (Sheffield Crucible Theatre).

His radio plays include *Of Rats and Men*; *Yesterday*; *Unsinkable*; and *Robin Hood's Revenge*.

Great Britain was first performed at the National Theatre, Lyttelton Theatre, London on 30 June 2014 with the following cast:

Press	
Paschal O'Leary, Proprietor	Dermot Crowley
Wilson Tikkel, Editor	Robert Glenister
Garth Ellerington, Finance	William Chubb
Paige Britain, New Editor	Billie Piper
Virginia White, *New York, New York*	Jo Dockery
Hunter Dixon, News	Ross Boatman
Howard Woolf, Features	Nick Sampson
Billy Cain (Legend), Sport	Iain Mitchell
Larry Arthur, Crime	Robert Calvert
Wallace Gee, Showbiz	James Harkness
Jackie Spence, Pictures	Jo Dockery
Tina Ursal, Celebrity	Sarah Annis
Maddy Fitzpatrick, Royal	Barbara Kirby
Gemma Charles, Foreign	Kellie Shirley
Thierry Picq, Intern	Miles Mitchell
Jimmy the Bins, Freelance	Ian Hallard
Marcus Hussein, Freelance	Scott Karim
Police	
Commissioner Sully Kassam	Aaron Neil
Asst. Commissioner Donald Doyle Davidson	Oliver Chris
Mac Macmanaman, Head of PR	Andrew Woodall
DCI Cram	Joseph Wilkins
DI DaCosta	Jo Dockery
Sergeant Ojo	Miles Mitchell
Nicola, Crown Prosecution Service	Harriet Thorpe
Politicians	
Jonathan Whey, Conservative Leader	Rupert Vansittart
St John, Spin Doctor	Ian Hallard
Diane Bendall, Labour MP	Maggie McCarthy
Civilians	
Wendy Klinkard, Solicitor	Kiruna Stamell
Jasper Donald, Cricketer	Joseph Wilkins
Boris Tudor	Nicholas Lumley
Clarissa Kingston-Mills, PR Consultant	Harriet Thorpe
Stella Stone	Kellie Shirley

Stella's dad	Nicholas Lumley
Stella's mum	Harriet Thorpe
Babs, Stella's friend	Sarah Annis
Kieron Mills	James Harkness
Bodger, Private Detective	Robert Calvert
Stevie, Private Detective	Rupert Vansittart
Felix, Royal Protection Squad	Ian Hallard
Jonas, Security	Joseph Wilkins

On screen
TV Anchors: Paapa Essiedu, Debra Gillett, Niky Wardley
TV Reporters: Rosie Armstrong, Cassie Bradley, Matthew Lloyd Davies, Eleanor Matsuura, Daniel Millar, Samuel Taylor, Ross Waiton
Select Committee Chairman: Jonathan Dryden Taylor
Archbishop: Tony Boncza

Other parts played by
Jonathan Bailey, Lucy Bailey, Charlotte Bevan, Lewis Boulcher, Colin Burnicle, Abby Cassidy, Gunnar Cauthery, Richard Charlton, Victor Correia, Daniel Debono, Samantha Evans, Luke Gray, Colin Haigh, Lenny Henry, Claire Hughes, Robert Killalea, Nigel Lindsay, Raphael Lowe, Tom Lyons, Fran Miller, Anna Nightingale, Natalie Pryce, Alan Richardson, James Roxburgh, Russell Saunders, Matthew Scott, Olivia Vinall, Brian Walters, Daisy Watford

Director	Nicholas Hytner
Designer	Tim Hatley
Video Design	59 Productions
Lighting Designer	Neil Austin
Music	Grant Olding
Sound Designer	Paul Arditti
Company Voice Work	Kate Godfrey
Staff Director	Alex Brown
Story Consultant	Clive Coleman

For 59 Productions:

Creative Director	Leo Warner
Animation Director	Zsolt Balogh
Senior Assistant Designer	Akhila Krishnan
Animators	Ninoslav Vrana, Dan Radley-Bennett

Assistant Designer	Gareth Damian-Martin
Programmer & Associate Designer	Nick Simmons
Assistant Programmer & Automation Tracking	Dan Murfin
Filming: DoP	Vanessa Whyte
Camera Assistant/DIT	Chris Belcher

Great Britain transferred to the Theatre Royal Haymarket, London, on 9 September 2014 with the following role changes:

Press

Paige Britain, News Editor	Lucy Punch

Police

Asst. Commissioner Donald Doyle Davidson	Ben Mansfield

CHARACTERS

Press and their roles at the start of Act 1

PAIGE BRITAIN – late twenties or early thirties, journalist
GARTH – forties, O'Leary business executive
WILSON – late fifties, editor
JACKIE – thirties, ex page seven girl, now picture editor
TINA – twenties, celebrity desk
LARRY – fifties, crime desk
WALLACE – TV column, How Big's Your Telly!
MADDY – forties, royal correspondent
MARCUS – thirties, investigative reporter (black British)
GEMMA – thirties, foreign desk
HOWARD – fifties, senior journalist
BILLY CAIN – The Legend, sixty-eight, sports desk
PASCHAL O'LEARY – sixties, owner
VIRGINIA WHITE – *New York, New York* editor

Civilians
BORIS TUDOR – seventies
CLARISSA KINGSTON-MILLS – sixties
STELLA STONE – twenties, celebrity
WENDY KLINKARD – twenties, solicitor, in a wheelchair

Police
DONALD DOYLE DAVIDSON – thirties
MAC MACMANAMAN – fifties
SULIMAN (**SULLY**) **KASSAM** – forties of Pakistani ethnicity
DI CRAM – thirties

Politicians
JONATHAN WHEY – forties
ST JOHN – thirties
DIANE BENDALL – forties
POLICE, **WAITERS**, other press as required.

SET

A fluid, open stage, with use of video wall. The video is used to show the morning's papers, the rivals of The Free Press. These are THE DEPENDENT (dependent on Russian Oil Wealth), THE GUARDENER (We think so you don't have to), THE DAILY WAIL, THE EXPECTORANT, THE REAR VIEW. The video wall is also used to show TV, and filmed scenes.

One recurring set is the newsroom of The Free Press which has at least two very large flat screens.

PROLOGUE

SCREENS:

A TV commercial for The Free Press pushing its staples ie: bingo, union jacks, tits, bold headlines, football, horoscopes, How Big's Your Telly! etc. The recent front page scoop of FONT FIDDLER featuring a vicar and a photo of a tattooed rent boy dominates.

"Your fabulous, fun, Free Press is busting out this week with celebrity gossip, find out who's sorting out who. Fifteen pages of Free Press footie, and 'is your Vicar on gaydar?' Look him up in our UK COTTAGING VICARS PULL OUT SPECIAL. All this for 30p, less than a pot of paprika and twice as hot!"

(London. The street outside the entrance to The Free Press offices, indicated by bold signage declaring "The Free Press" on a red background, and in smaller letters "O'Leary Media International". Above the entrance is a banner poster advertising the paper featuring bingo, union jacks, tits, bold headlines, football, horoscopes etc. Enter **PAIGE BRITAIN**.*)*

PAIGE I love this paper. It's end of the pier; it's "naughty but nice", like knocking the VAT off for cash; it's full of half-naked girls, and chopped up prostitutes, and pop stars' drugs, and footballers' wives. It's my England. As a kid, it never failed to make me feel a little bit horny. Not so horny that you have to sort it out, but, you know, that pleasant, itchy, "glad to be alive" horny. One time, on the Pembroke Road, Bristol, I was maybe thirteen, when I realised that Dino was going to wrap my chips in the Guardian. Aaaargh! I leaned over the counter and grabbed his arm, and screamed, "No! No! No! Stop! Not the Guardian! I want something to read!" Ironically my first job was at the Guardian. I didn't last two days, my

revulsion was physical. Rows and rows of journos knocking out sanctimonious, liberal propaganda about tax-dodging, multinational corporations, seemingly unaware that Guardian Media Group registered multiple companies in the Cayman Islands to dodge as much tax as they can. Woah! Looks like you guys didn't know about that either?! Isn't it a wonderful thing, free speech.

ACT ONE

Scene One

(The open-plan newsroom of The Free Press. A placard hangs from the ceiling – TRUTH, BEAUTY and JUSTICE. Two TV screens upstage, one showing twenty-four hour BBC News and one twenty-four hour Sky News. Upstage a cut-out of Terry, a thirty-ish man with a fag, a pint, and a leer, looking at a copy of The Free Press open at a topless model page. Adjacent a cut-out of his wife, Tracy, playing the paper's bingo – smile on her face. Many desks, all with PCs, and hacks working away or sitting chatting, or taking phone calls.)

(Enter **JIMMY THE BINS***, carrying two bin bags which he sells to* **DICKIE***. Having done that he moves on to* **PAIGE** *with a Sainsbury's carrier bag containing a laptop.* **WALLACE** *is watching Sky TV which is showing a Millwall goal.)*

WALLACE Jimmy!

PAIGE *(aside)* This is Jimmy the Bins. Every bin tells a story. Sometimes it's brilliant, sometimes it's rubbish.

JIMMY Gazza's laptop. He left it in a black cab.

PAIGE What would Gazza want with a laptop? He can't kick it, he can't drink it, and he can't fuck it.

JIMMY The Mirror have offered me two K.

PAIGE This is an auction is it?

JIMMY I gotta make a living.

PAIGE Three K.

JIMMY Done.

PAIGE Dickie! Get someone to clone this hard drive. Tina! Jackie! Ring Gazza, tell him we've got his laptop here. Tempt him in with a photo op with a couple of Page 7 beauties, then take him to lunch, get him pissed, and try a get a picture of him in a canal, drowning.

*(***GARTH** *approaches.)*

GARTH How much is this going to cost me?

PAIGE *(aside)* This is Garth, money man, hard man.

(**JIMMY** *hands* **GARTH** *an invoice)*

JIMMY Cash.

GARTH We've stopped paying cash.

JIMMY Waeeurghhh?!

GARTH Go to Western Union in ST James, take some ID, tell them that Mrs Orla Gilhooley, your grannie, has sent you your birthday money, money transfer from County Offaly.

JIMMY My gran lives in Australia.

HOWARD *(spills coffee)* Shit!

PAIGE *(aside)* This is Howard. He's been here forever, and he's a man of principle. He says things like—

HOWARD *(to audience)* —Journalism is not a profession, it's a human right. There is no journalism in Zimbabwe, Belarus, or North Korea.

PAIGE *(aside)* Which is why I'll be the next editor.

JACKIE Stella—

STELLA Stone.

JACKIE Stella Stone.

HOWARD We like your portfolio, very much, Stella Stone.

JACKIE But could you could drop a dress size?

STELLA Yes.

JACKIE And have you ever considered breast enlargement?

STELLA I can't afford a boob job!

HOWARD We, The Free Press, would pay for your operation. Then you reduce that debt to us with every Page 7 that you do.

STELLA I'd have to work my tits off!

HOWARD/JACKIE *(beat)* Yes.

WALLACE Hey, look at this.

*(***WALLACE** *turns up the TV sound. An image of twin twelve-year-old girls both wearing puffa waistcoat/jackets.)*

REPORTER "– identical twins, Pippa and Paula Mills, disappeared from their parents' caravan..."

HOWARD Wallace! Some of us are at work!

*(***WALLACE** *zaps down the volume)*

WALLACE Sorry man, my bad! *(To* **STELLA***)* Fuck, hello!

PAIGE *(aside)* Wallace writes the TV column "How Big's Your Telly!" His life is consumed by the inane, and the ephemeral. One day someone will invent Twitter and make his life complete.

(Enter **BORIS TUDOR***, a Countryside Alliance type. He approaches* **PAIGE** *with a letter.)*

TUDOR Excuse me, I have an eleven o'clock meeting with Howard Woolf. I've come all the way from Tewkesbury. And I'm seventy-three now.

PAIGE How old were you when you set off?

(reading) Dr Boris Tudor, Laburnum Cottage, Badgeworth.

TUDOR That's me.

PAIGE *(re. the letter)* And Howard wants your story?

TUDOR Yes, he's very interested in it. I'm not worried about the money.

PAIGE We're not Blue Peter, we don't give badges.

HOWARD *(on the phone)* Yes, hello?

*(***PAIGE** *stands and ushers him to an interview room.)*

PAIGE Howard is not in today, but I can take your story. After conference, you and I will go out for a proper coffee.

*(***HOWARD** *approaches, suspicious.)*

HOWARD Hey, is that my civilian? Boris Tudor?

PAIGE No, that is Gerri Halliwell's osteopath.

GARTH Gather, gather.

(Enter **WILSON** *followed by* **GARTH**. **GARTH** *has a pineapple in his hand.* **WILSON** *is ringing a bell.* ***Andrew Neil is on the BBC****.)*

WILSON *(answers his mobile)* Yep?

PAIGE *(aside)* Fifteen years ago The Free Press was a Labour Party puff sheet, good for nothing but wiping the arses of the TUC, but Wilson took it, and created the modern tabloid. I love him, but he's got my job, knowhatimean?

WILSON *(re Andrew Neil)* Who will rid me of this turbulent cunt?! Circulation. Saturday…

GARTH Down forty thousand.

WILSON The Mirror…

GARTH Up thirty thousand.

WILSON I have been summoned by the paddy, our proprietor to County Offaly. I hate fucking Ireland. It's one great big outdoor asylum. I'll get a bullet in the head or a shelaleigh up the arse. I blame you Dickie.

DICKIE Why me?

WILSON Cos I bent over backwards to purchase your gay vicar rent boy kiss and tell off Clarissa Kingston fucking Mills and I put it on the front page. Cost how much?

GARTH Fifty thousand pounds.

WILSON Dickie, you are "cunt of the month".

DICKIE Oh no!

*(***GARTH** *writes CUNT across* **DICKIE***'s forehead in dry marker pen.)*

LARRY Piddle Hinton vicar deceives wife of thirty years with rent boy in font.

LEGEND Come on, it's a classic.

WILSON Jackie? Can you make these nipples look a bit less fantastic.

JACKIE Why?

WILSON 'cause some of our readers work in sawmills. Right, who's got what today?! Larry?

LARRY The Kingston caravan park story. Twelve-year-old twins snatched by a paedophile.

PAIGE Paedo Parks!

WILSON Alliteration! And the first hard-on of the day! Two scum go for a pint, and a paedo nicks the kids. It's fabulous! But these TV twats are killing it four times an hour.

LARRY I'm having my regular lunch with the Met Commissioner tomorrow.

WILSON Good, get him pissed and suck his truncheon, but get me an angle! Maddy?! What are the Germans up to this week?

MADDY Princess Anne is visiting BelfaST

WILSON *(beat)* Is she pregnant?

MADDY She's fifty.

WILSON I need story! Princess Anne banged up by Gerry Adams, that is a story! Story, story, fucking story! Sport! Football?! Where's the Legend?

LEGEND I'm here, and it's the cricket season.

WILSON Fuck that! Our reader, Terry, does he look like an Oxford Blue? No! He's a scaffolder. He's a cunt. He likes football. What've you got?

LEGEND '66 World Cup hero Tommy Burns auctions his medal to pay his gas bill.

WILSON If that's a story my prick's a Chinaman! Legend, you were a legend once which is why we call you The Legend. The best football stories came from you. Mickey Thomas, forged bank

notes; Tony Adams, drink-driving; Peter Storey, car theft, forgery, smuggling porn, and running a brothel. I need more stories like that, or go and live in a fucking hospice!

(Enter **CLARISSA KINGSTON-MILLS***.)*

CLARISSA Morning darlings!

ALL Fuck off etc.

WILSON Oi! Clarissa! Are you invited to this meeting?!

CLARISSA Willy, sweetheart, you never invite me to anything.

WILSON That's a "no" then, so fuck off.

(During the next **CLARISSA** *gives* **DICKIE** *an invoice,* **DICKIE** *hands it on to* **GARTH***.)*

PAIGE *(aside)* Clarissa Kingston-Mills OBE. For services to kiss and tell. She can put you in the papers, if you want to be in the papers, and if you don't want to be in the papers, she can keep you out.

*(***CLARISSA** *takes an envelope out of her handbag.)*

CLARISSA I have another story. If you want it.

WILSON No, you fucked me over with this pufta vicar rent boy bollocks, cost me forty thousand circulation, you're bleeding this paper dry. Go on, fuck off!

CLARISSA Someone high up in politics is pregnant, someone you wouldn't expect.

PAIGE Boris Yeltsin?!

CLARISSA Very well. Buy The Mirror tomorrow. Sheekey's some time?

WILSON I'm banned from Sheekey's!

*(***CLARISSA** *has gone.)*

HOWARD Why are you banned from Sheekey's?

WILSON I took me own sandwiches in. Jackie! Go round The Mirror, dressed as a cleaner, and nick the proofs off the stone.

JACKIE No! I'm not doing that again. Last time they hit me.

WILSON Tina, go round The Mirror, dressed as a cleaner and nick the proofs off the stone.

TINA You do it.

WILSON I can't do it, cleaners are women!

PAIGE I'll go.

WILSON See! Wit, commitment, testicles! What else've we got?! Come on!

LEGEND The great Sir Peter Blane's obituary. Orphan, desert rat, Sussex and England.

WILSON When have you ever seen an obituary in my paper?

LEGEND Every day. The same one. Diana, Princess of Wales.

WILSON Because she sells more papers dead than you ever have alive!

(Enter **MARCUS** *dressed as a geek.)*

MARCUS Dude. Dudes!

PAIGE Marcus is setting up a sting.

MARCUS D.I. Gull off The Bill likes his sherbert.

PAIGE Cocaine Cop.

WILSON Alliteration! And the second hard-on of the day!

HOWARD Except he's not a cop, he's an actor.

WILSON Yeah, actor likes sherbet is not a story.

PAIGE If he agrees to sell Marcus cocaine he's a dealer.

WILSON Dealer is a story.

MARCUS Yeah, and this is the new character. The Meek Geek. A computer billionaire nerd, never been laid, never done coke.

WILSON The Meek Geek? What's that?

THIERRY Assonance.

WILSON Fuck assonance! Assonance never gave anyone a hard-on?!

HOWARD The police would call that entrapment.

PAIGE We're not the police, so it's not entrapment.

WILSON What do you need Marcus?

MARCUS A suite at the Savoy.

PAIGE Go large!

WILSON Garth, give this twat some money will yer. What else?! Gemma!

GEMMA Somalia. Another civilian massacre, some very moving pictures.

WILSON When did you last have a foreign news story in my paper?

GEMMA 1997. The Burmese democracy campaigner, Aung San Suu Kyi.

WILSON And what was she doing?

GEMMA She was wearing a bikini.

WILSON Exactly! I'm gonna sack you.

GEMMA Why?

WILSON 'cause everything you know about journalism could be hidden up a gnat's arse.

(Beat. A change of tone.)

Alright! The tragedy of this job is that we have to do this *every fucking* day, but let me remind you why we do it. Out there right now a famous, well-loved actor is actively conning our readers. He's married one woman, and he's shagging another. Hypocrisy! Out there, right now, a member of CND is in his garage building a nuclear bomb. Out there, right now at half past fucking ten in the morning, a back-to-basics Tory MP is paying Miss Whiplash to nail his dick to a wardrobe door.

(He rings the bell.)

Our democracy floats like an aerated turd on an ocean of filth, corruption and nepotism. And it is only our efforts in exposing the wrongdoing of the rich, the privileged and the powerful that keeps that beautiful fragile floater afloat. Do your duty, England expects, ST Crispin's day, once more into the breach like greyhounds in the slips, blah blah fucking blah, you know

what I mean. What's at stake? The British way of life. Go out there and get those stories. Garth! But remember if you don't deliver, I will personally shove this pineapple up your arse. We go off stone at half nine, there's no football!

(**WILSON** *walks off to the editor's office. Office buzz returns, phones.)*

*(***DR BORIS TUDOR** *comes out of the waiting room and approaches* **DICKIE***.)*

TUDOR Excuse me, I had an eleven o'clock appointment with Howard Woolf— Why do you have "cunt" written on your forehead?

DICKIE Because I'm "cunt of the month".

TUDOR Is that like Page 3?

DICKIE Fuck off will you.

PAIGE Dr Tudor.

*(***PAIGE***, slinging her coat on, interjects and sweeps* **TUDOR** *away.)*

TUDOR The cunt of the month told me to fuck off.

PAIGE Coffee?

(They head for the door. **WILSON** *opens the door to his office. He rings the bell long and mournful. Silence.)*

WILSON *(quietly)* Dickie.

DICKIE Yeah?

WILSON Your Piddle Hinton vicar just killed himself.

DICKIE*'s head drops.*

PAIGE *(direct address)* That's what we do. We go out there, and we destroy other people's lives. On your behalf. Because you want to read about other people's lives.

End of Scene

SCREENS:

The Free Press headline is FONT FIDDLER ENDS SHAME.

On a TV the Archbishop. “He was a sweet and Godly man, and will be missed by the whole community, not just the young men.”

Also THE REAR VIEW leads on Angela Merkel. MERKEL IS MIRACLE MUM TO BE. With a photo of Angela Merkel looking stout.

THE DAILY WAIL = IMMIGRANT DOLE CHEAT’S CAT ATE SALMON.

Scene Two

SCREENS:

Location setting on screen. They're in Costalot coffee franchise.

(A coffee franchise.)

TUDOR Brenda had sent me to Tewkesbury with a liST Items unattainable in Badgeworth. Sausages, juniper berries and an air rifle.

PAIGE You can't get sausages in Badgeworth?

TUDOR We have an award-winning butcher, with eczema. Plan A was that she'd ring me, whilst I was driving, and leave the brand and model number on the ansaphone.

PAIGE Voicemail.

TUDOR But when I got to Tewkesbury I realised I'd left my mobile phone in the fridge.

PAIGE Easily done.

TUDOR I wanted to test the battery under cold conditions. We're going to Scarborough for Christmas. I used a phone box to talk to the Vodafone customer services chap who told me to dial my own number—

PAIGE —from the pay phone.

TUDOR Yes, and then press the hash key and enter 3333, which is the factory setting. Suddenly, I am listening to my own voicemail from a pay phone. Meaning that anyone, can listen to anyone else's messages.

PAIGE *(aside)* Kerching!

TUDOR What if the Muhammadens got hold of this?

PAIGE Imagine.

TUDOR I saw the Queen on her mobile in, er…oh what's it called—

PAIGE —Argos?

TUDOR No, er…

PAIGE —Morrisons?

TUDOR —Horse and Hound! These are the default PINs for all the networks.

(He gives her a sheet of A4.)

PAIGE *(aside)* Kerching and cashback too!

*(***PAIGE** *gives money to* **TUDOR***)*

PAIGE Me buying the story means it's my story now, not yours. You can't go to the Daily Mirror and try and make another two hundred.

TUDOR Wild horses wouldn't drag me to London again.

PAIGE And why does Brenda want an air rifle?

TUDOR It's all she's allowed, now that they've taken her shotguns away.

*(***PAIGE** *walks to her next scene.)*

PAIGE *(direct address)* A stranger gives you a superhero's special power, absolutely without a caveat that it must only be used for good. What's a poor girl to do? The business model of my paper is the sale for profit of private information. To do that effectively we must become less like a newspaper and more like GCHQ.

End of Scene

Scene Three

SCREENS:

A shop front "Spy Spy" with on the window of the shop the things they do listed. CORPORATE DATA THEFT, WITNESS INTIMIDATION, POLICE COMPUTER RECORDS, INTRUSIVE VIDEO SURVEILLANCE, DOMESTIC BURGLARY, CONTRACT KILLING.

(She meets up with **LEGEND** *outside Spy Spy. They go in.)*

PAIGE What can you offer me?

STEVIE DVLA, VAT records, tax records, ex-directory, hospital, criminal records check, police computer and Bodger can blag anything. Do your Stevie Gerrard.

BODGER Erm! Hello mate, I been tryna find the balance on me account like, but I lost me card in Turkey like last week, European cup. Can you tell me the balance like over the phone, like now?

*(***STEVIE** *is laughing.)*

PAIGE Knowing how much Stevie G has in his bank account is not a story. Legend, tell these guys what a story needs.

LEGEND Betrayal, love, hate, tears, loss, anger, sex, crime, and cowardice.

PAIGE I'm going to show you a technique—

GEMMA —You, you're gonna show *us* how to do something?

BODGER *(laughing)* We know how to do everything.

PAIGE Access to mobile phone voicemail.

STEVIE We're always happy to learn new things.

PAIGE OK. Legend is going to ring Jasper Donald, the cricketer.

LEGEND First, I call him on his mobile telephone—

PAIGE Jasper Donald is with Vodafone. Knowing the network is important.

BODGER We can blag that.

*(***LEGEND** *dials, it's ringing.* **PAIGE** *is ready with her mobile.)*

PAIGE When The Legend gets through, I dial the same number.

STEVIE Which will be engaged.

PAIGE Exactly.

LEGEND *(on the phone)* —Hello? Is that Jasper? ...

*(***PAIGE** *exaggerates her pressing of the pre-dial.)*

PAIGE Now I dial...

LEGEND Well done yesterday young man. The ghost of Fred Truman...

PAIGE ... Mine has gone to voicemail.

LEGEND I do apologise Jasper, when is a good time to ring?

PAIGE ... I press hash...

LEGEND *(phone away from mouth.)* Ill-bred youth. He cut me off.

PAIGE ...it offers me a menu.

STEVIE This why you need two people. It's a double tap.

PAIGE I choose to listen to voicemail. I'm asked to enter a PIN, which is always the factory setting as no one ever bothers to set their own PIN.

(She dials 3333.)

The Vodafone factory setting is 3333.

(To **LEGEND***)* There's a message.

BODGER Here, here, let me plug it in.

STEVIE *(to* **BODGER***)* Record it an'all.

*(***BODGER** *connects* **PAIGE***'s mobile so they can all listen, and presses record on some kit.)*

BEXY-ANNE *(distort)* Yesterday man, you were crunk, and I'm really really soz I got smashed. But you were so sweeeeeet, and sensitive. A la prochaine! *(Distort)*

(Beep!)

No more messages.

PAIGE That's Bex, lead singer of Metal Theft.

LEGEND Bexy-Anne Blane, the grand-daughter of the great Sir Peter Blane. It was his funeral yesterday.

PAIGE The lead singer of Metal Theft fucks England's Ashes hero at her grandfather's funeral. Story.

STEVIE This is fucking Eldorado.

SCREENS: Phone interceptions shown as audio recordings, overlapping etc.

*(***Janet Street Porter***)* It's me, I'm in Waitrose, now, looking at a tin of duck confit, and I can't remember if your mother was sick last time we had confit, was it your mother, or was it your sister, or was it confit. One of your lot was sick last time we had confit, or didn't have confit. I'm giving you ten minutes, you're gonna ring me or your mother's getting tomato soup.

*(***Female agent***)* Emma, the Coen brothers want you to do a screen teST The part's a kind of anorexic one-time porn actress on the skids, so don't get your roots done. Do you still have your tattoos? I'm like "do you want Stella to go to Hollywood" and they're like "for Stella Stone we go to London" so it's almost a pencil. I'm here for you baby.

*(***Male***)* The doctor said it's called tortion. Basically they have to be rehung like chandeliers. We'll have to lay off using the cricket bat for a bit. See you later.

*(***PAIGE** *and* **LEGEND** *leave the offices of the PIs and are once more in a busy London street.)*

PAIGE Wilson will want to know the source.

LEGEND Throughout my career I've named all my sources after villages in Northamptonshire, but I've never had a Burton Latimer.

PAIGE Burton Latimer. Cool. It's probably a little bit illegal. And riding a bike without lights is also a little bit illegal, and the police don't do anything about that. They've got other priorities.

Scene Four

SCREENS:

THE GUARDENER = MET OFFICERS GUN DOWN BLACK SUSPECT IN SUPERMARKET.

THE FREE PRESS = DEATH IS CHEAP IN LIDL.

THE REAR VIEW with a photo of Kassam and the front page THE BLACK DEATH.

THE DAILY WAIL = IMMIGRANTS CAN'T SPELL.

(A Metropolitan Police "grace and favour" flat in Westminster. In full uniform including hat, **SIR SULLY KASSAM**, *British Asian, the commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is sitting in the middle of a sofa on the edge of the seat.* **MAC MACMANAMAN** (**MACM**) *mid-sixties, dressed in holiday shorts and deck shoes is prowling. He reads a document. He is PR for the Met.* **DONALD DOYLE DAVIDSON**, *thirty-seven, uniformed but without his hat on, is Sully's staff officer.)*

MACM We've shot the wrong black guy?

KASSAM *I* didn't.

MACM History will record that the first Asian commissioner shot the wrong black guy. *(Turns page)* In Lidl.

DOYLE D Armed response were looking for an IC6 male with a concealed hand gun.

MACM Did Elroy Baptiste have a concealed hand gun?

KASSAM —Delroy.

MACM Is it Elroy or Delroy?

DOYLE D It's actually Leroy.

MACM Have you called him either Elroy or Delroy in the media?

KASSAM Yes.

MACM Which?

DOYLE D Both.

MACM Brilliant. Did—

DOYLE D —Leroy.

MACM Did Leroy have anything that looked like a gun?

KASSAM Yes. He had a carrot in a carrier bag.

MACM OK. What have we got on him? There must be something, he's black.

KASSAM Why would we run a Criminal Records Check on the victim?

MACM If we've shot an innocent black man, we're institutionally raciST If we've shot a black man with a criminal record, we've been heavy-handed.

DOYLE D He's a vicar. Was a vicar.

MACM Brilliant. What time is Tim Henman on court tomorrow?

DOYLE D Two-ish.

MACM So, three o'clock press conference.

*(***KASSAM** *shuffles uncomfortably, takes his hat off.* **DOYLE D** *looks at the carpet.)*

Why are you not leaving? There's something else?

KASSAM There's a civilian works in diversity education.

DOYLE D He's threatening a sexual harrassment claim.

KASSAM Bryn. He's Welsh.

DOYLE D With a Chinese father. Bryn Wong.

MACM Is he a whistle blower?

DOYLE D So far the only thing he's blown is the Commissioner.

MACM What was the most important thing they taught you at Bramshill?

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