

Going Down

Pilot Script:

"Staying Up, Getting Off, Dumbing Down"

by

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INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR. DAY.

ANDY (22), a guy of average height with a straight haircut and dressed in a suit, walks beside FRANK, a large, middle aged man in a shirt and tie.

FRANK

So we'd like to take you on for a trial period.

ANDY

Okay, great.

FRANK

To see if you fit in with the rest of the company and can work effectively within the dynamic that we've set up here. We're looking for someone who has the ability to focus their productivity in a general capacity but also in specific task oriented problem negation role.

ANDY

Sure, of course.

FRANK

Great.

They arrive at a door. FRANK opens it. Inside the bare room is a pile of shoes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, you see that pile of shoes there? I want you to find the matching pairs and tie their laces together.

ANDY's face falls. He looks at FRANK with a puzzled frown.

FRANK smiles encouragingly at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh don't worry, you'll soon get the hang of it.

ANDY sighs, walks over to pile of shoes and starts sorting through them. Dramatic music builds (something similar to the Bourne Identity). As it hits an exciting orchestral stab there's a freeze frame of ANDY inspecting an old shoe.

SUBTITLE: Andy Malone, Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy.

INT. STREET - DAY.

The music continues to play as HELEN, a nervous looking girl in her early twenties with glasses, her hair in a bun and wearing a grey coat, walks up to a doorway.

The sign by the door reads "Barry Howlan - Animal Wrangler" a sticker has been put at the bottom of the sign which says "+ Agent (human)".

The music hits another crescendo and we freeze frame on HELEN pressing the buzzer.

SUBTITLE: Helen M Byrnes, Bachelor of Arts in English.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY.

The music continues to play. STEVE, 23, in jeans and t-shirt with messy hair, is sitting at his desk. He occasionally taps at his keyboard.

Freeze frame and orchestral stab as STEVE yawns.

SUBTITLE: Stephen Cromwell, Bachelor of Science in Information Technology.

EXT. WAITING ROOM - DAY.

JANE, 22, half pretty with short, partially dyed hair and wearing a tracksuit, is sitting in a waiting room looking at a newspaper. She chews on her pen while contemplating the crossword. She figures out an answer.

Freeze frame and orchestral stab as JANE starts to write the word in.

SUBTITLE: Jane Nolan, Bachelor of Arts in English and French.

TITLE CARD: Going Down

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY.

HELEN enters the room timidly to find BARRY a dishevelled looking man in his 50s. He is wearing dirty overalls and has claw marks on his face.

BARRY  
Helen, come in, come in. Got some great jobs for you.

HELEN  
(Surprised)  
Oh.

BARRY  
The gigs have been rolling in.  
(Consults writing pad)  
Now, do you have a black belt in a martial art and could you lift a 20 kilogram animatronic goat above your head?

HELEN  
No.

BARRY  
Would you be able to by Monday?

HELEN shakes her head.

BARRY scratches out a line on his pad.

BARRY  
Right. How about a corporate training video for Wilton Munitions?

HELEN  
I can't work for Wilton Munitions. They make weapons. That kill people.

BARRY  
They do? They're not a mix of musicians and clinicians?  
That's a shame.  
Okay, then. This is the one.  
(Proudly)  
Check that out.

BARRY shows HELEN his pad.

HELEN doesn't look impressed.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Call centres are a *kind* of acting.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY.

STEVE is sitting at his desk.

At the desk beside him is ROGER, a laddish looking guy in his early twenties.

ROGER

So Mick decides to take a piss against an ATM, little does he know that a cop has appeared round the corner. The cop walks up and puts his hand on Mick's shoulder. Mick half turns around and says, "There's someone in here man."

STEVE

Hahaha. Fucking brilliant.

ROGER

Yeah, Mick's gas. I think he was still a bit pissed when he headed off to work this morning. He didn't even have his lollipop stick with him.

STEVE

(Surprised)

So that was *last* night?

ROGER

Yeah, Tuesday-booze day, actually we're heading out again tonight if you fancy coming?

STEVE

On a Wednesday?

ROGER

Of course, Wender-Bender.

(Mocking)

What, you don't go out on a school night in case the man sees you having fun rather than living to work?

STEVE

No, of course not, no. I just...already have plans with some of my mates from college. They're fucking mental. We're going to smash this town's liver and then puke up on its corpse.

STEVE turns back to his computer.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY.

JANE sits at a desk in the windowless room.

SHEILA, a woman in a suit, enters the room.

SHEILA

Now, Miss Nolan, have you been looking for work?

JANE

Yes.

SHEILA sits down opposite JANE and studies a file.

SHEILA

According to our records you've started four different jobs in the last month. All of which you left after only a day or two.

JANE

Yes, that's right.

SHEILA

Why do you think that is?

JANE

I just couldn't handle the pressure. I'm not built for those kinds of high stress environments.

SHEILA

(Consults file)

Your last job was as a salesperson in a sewing and knitting shop?

JANE

It was all just money, money, money with those women. Honestly. They were constantly putting pressure on me to sell the bigger buttons, the richer wools, the more expensive crimping scissors. It was hell on earth.

SHEILA

For the two days you were there. And before that you lasted a day playing piano in an old people's home.

JANE

Well, the old people seemed to really enjoy the music. A bit too much, y'know? What if one day I didn't make it in and then the old people wouldn't have the music to enjoy and then they might die unhappy all because of me. I didn't want that burden.

SHEILA

And the coat check job?

JANE

People were *really* particular about which coat was theirs. It was insane.

SHEILA

You need to find work Miss Nolan.

JANE

I'm *trying*. I just can't find a job that suits my temperament.

INT. TEA ROOM - DAY.

ANDY and FRANK stand by the kettle as it boils.

FRANK

Now let me just walk you through this because I like my tea in a specific way. Milk...and *one* sugar. Which means one *teaspoon* of sugar. Okay? Not *tablespoon*.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY.

ANDY stands holding a broom. FRANK watches him.

FRANK

I like to hold the broom with two hands. One hand at the top and then the other further down. That's it.

INT. TOILET - DAY.

FRANK now has the broom and he's shoving the handle down the toilet while ANDY watches horrified.

FRANK

So if the toilet gets blocked up I just like to shove the handle of the broom down it like this.

INT. STOREROOM - DAY.

ANDY and FRANK stand by a big red button which is on the wall.

FRANK

And this is the emergency button. If there's an emergency you press it. But only if there's an emergency. Try it there.

ANDY looks at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Go ahead.

ANDY reaches for the emergency button.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Ap! That was a test Andy. Only press  
the emergency button in emergencies.  
Only in emergencies.

ANDY  
(Mock innocence)  
Is that why it's called the emergency  
button?

FRANK  
Yes, that's it, yeah. You're starting  
to get the hang of things now.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING.

HELEN, JANE and STEVE are in the kitchen. JANE is at the  
stove cooking.

ANDY stomps in. His shirt is dirty and ruffled and he's  
no longer wearing his tie. He dumps his briefcase down  
on the ground.

ANDY  
(Angry)  
Well. I got the job!

STEVE  
Oh, hey, that's great. Let's head out  
and celebrate.

ANDY  
There's nothing to celebrate. My boss  
is an idiot!

STEVE  
Ohhh. Commiserations. Let me buy you  
a pint.

HELEN  
Why is your boss an idiot?

ANDY  
(Speechless with rage)  
Because...because...he treats *me* like  
an idiot. That's how much of an idiot  
he is. He can't even see that between  
the two of us *he's* the idiot. *I*  
should be telling *him* what to do.



STEVE

Shit. Sounds like you could do with a drink. Let's go out and get destroyed.

ANDY

What are you talking about? It's Wednesday.

STEVE

Exactly. Wender-Bender.

(Looks at them)

What? We never used to let the calendar stop us from having fun. Jane, come on, you don't care that it's Tuesday.

JANE

I don't care that it's Tuesday.

STEVE

Yes!

JANE

I wouldn't go drinking with you any night of the week.

STEVE

Oh come on! I won't try anything.

JANE

No way.

STEVE

Helen? Please. Don't leave me by myself. Please.

...  
Please.

HELEN

Well, only for one because I have-

STEVE

Yes! Let's rock!

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - DAY.

STEVE is sprawled across his bed. His bed sheets are all messed up.

He opens his eyes and squints at the sunlight coming through his window.

He groans and slowly rights himself.

He starts to rub his head and then stops. He looks around confused. He shakes his head and pauses. A smile spreads across his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

STEVE enters the kitchen spreading his arms to the world.

STEVE  
(Singing)  
Good morning, good morning! Looks  
like it's going to be another  
beautiful day.

HELEN is sitting, eating cereal.

HELEN  
Hi.

STEVE  
I feel great! I knew I still had it.  
I don't feel hungover at all. I feel  
like I had the best sleep of my life.

STEVE dances around putting toast in the toaster.

HELEN  
I'm sure you did. You were in bed by  
11.

STEVE's face falls.

STEVE  
What?

HELEN  
We only had two drinks before you  
started falling asleep in the pub and  
I had to take you home.

STEVE  
(Hurt)  
What? But I...  
(Thinks about it.)  
Damn. I thought I'd had so much fun  
I'd blacked it all out.

INT. HALL - DAY.

ANDY is standing staring at the door.

JANE comes down the stairs to find him there.

JANE  
Forgotten how it works?

ANDY turns to her with despairing eyes.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Come on, it can't be that bad.

ANDY  
You have no idea. It's the most boring, mind-numbing, pointless work you could imagine. There's absolutely nothing to engage my brain whatsoever. I might as well be a zombie. I was standing there watching a *bin* for 2 hours, in case it got blown over in the wind. And it was inside. I don't even know what the company does! That's how completely inconsequential I am!

INT. STORE ROOM - DAY.

JANE is feeding shredded paper into a large paper shredding machine.

She smiles contentedly as she feeds the paper in.

ANDY stands beside her gesticulating at the machine.

ANDY  
You see?!

JANE  
What?

ANDY  
The paper's *already* shredded!

JANE  
So?

ANDY  
So why does he want us to shred it again?

JANE  
Who cares?

ANDY  
How can you not care? We're being treated like idiots. *By* an idiot.

JANE  
I know, it's great.

ANDY  
What?

JANE  
He's paying us to do nothing.

ANDY  
Exactly!

JANE  
What?

FRANK enters.

FRANK  
Well team, how you getting on? Looks good Jane. Andy was right to recommend you.  
Well, enough of that anyway. I've got a proper job for you. Let's get you set up on the computer.

ANDY looks hopeful.

INT. SMALL ROOM. DAY.

FRANK, JANE and ANDY stand in front of a photocopier.

FRANK  
(Remembering)  
Or...not computer, photocopier.  
Sorry. I always get those mixed up.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY.

STEVE and ROGER are at their desks talking.

STEVE  
(Struggling)  
And then...my mate Andy grabs the ladle and...hurls the cat...into...Liam Brady's face.

ROGER  
Wow. Cool. Early one tonight then?

STEVE  
Pff. Come on, you wimp. What? It's Thursday night.

STEVE looks off into the distance with a haunted expression.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Thursday-Thirstday.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY.

FRANK, JANE and ANDY are standing by the photocopier.

FRANK

Now, have you ever used one of these before?

ANDY

(Stone faced)

Yes.

As FRANK talks ANDY's hidden fury builds. JANE pretends to be fascinated by what FRANK is telling them.

FRANK

Good man. Now to turn it on you flick this switch here. See the big one there at the side? See that?

ANDY

Yep.

JANE

Oh yeah. I see that yeah.

FRANK

You take one of these sheets here. Line it up on the glass. You see where it says A4 there, and there. See that?

ANDY

Yeah.

JANE

(Looking closely)

A...4. Yeah. Okay.

FRANK

That's the paper size.

JANE

(Mock learning)

Oh right.

ANDY scowls at her.

FRANK

This is A4.

(Holds up page)

Maybe we'll write A4 on it just so you remember.

FRANK scrawls A4 on the page.

ANDY watches him, quietly fuming.

JANE  
A...4. Right. Yeah, okay, good.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Now, you line that up with the two  
marks that say A4. Like it says on  
the page. A4. Remember?  
(Points to the writing)  
A4.

ANDY looks at FRANK with complete contempt. JANE leans in.

JANE  
Could you just go over it once more?

EXT. LANE - NIGHT.

HELEN walks down a deserted lane. She comes to a door with the number 46 scrawled on it.

She looks nervously at the door.

She takes a deep breath, walks up, presses the buzzer and gets an electric shock.

HELEN  
Ah!

She shakes her arm in pain.

She starts to walk away when the door swings open. NUALA, a woman in her late twenties, stands in the doorway.

HELEN  
Oh, hi. Is this the call centre?

NUALA  
Call centre?  
(Shrugs)  
Yeah, I guess so.

HELEN  
Right. Well. Um, I think I'm  
supposed to be starting work.  
...  
Here?  
...  
Today?

INT. CALL CENTRE - NIGHT.

NUALA leads HELEN through the call centre.

The room is filled with women in cubicles talking on headsets.

They arrive at an empty cubicle. NUALA pulls out the seat for HELEN.

NUALA

There you go. You know what you're doing, right? I hate it when they send us bloody amateurs.

HELEN

Um, yeah, I know what I'm doing, mostly.

NUALA

Okay. I'll talk to you later.

HELEN sits down.

She looks around again then picks up a headset and listens.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Hello?

HELEN

Hello?

...

Can I help you?

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Um, I'm looking for...excitement.

HELEN

I'm sorry.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Uh, excitement? Action? I'm not sure what you're supposed to call it. Something to get me...going, y'know.

HELEN's eyes open wide in shock. She throws the headset onto the desk.

HELEN stands up and looks around the room again.

There's only women on the phones.

NUALA is standing at another cubicle. She sees HELEN.

NUALA  
Is there a problem?

HELEN  
Um, no, everything's fine.

HELEN sits back down, swallows, warily puts on the headset and takes a deep breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

STEVE is drinking coffee through a straw, chewing on an energy bar and playing a violent computer game. Music pumps out of the stereo.

The clock on the wall reads 11.

As STEVE plays his eyes keep drooping. He snaps awake again.

STEVE  
Come on! Okay. Here we go!

STEVE almost instantly falls back asleep.

ANDY walks angrily into the room. He goes over and switches off the music.

STEVE wakes.

STEVE  
Hey, man, what are you still doing up?

ANDY  
(Disgusted)  
What do you mean what am I still doing up? It's 9.

STEVE  
It's what?

ANDY  
9. Why does that clock say 11?

STEVE  
Oh, I set all the clocks in the room forward to fool my brain into thinking that it's earlier than it is so that I can stay up longer.

ANDY  
What? Why?



STEVE

Because I can't go to bed at 10 *PM* for the rest of my life like some mindless drone. Just another pleb. Take a number, click.

ANDY

People aren't drones just because they get a decent amount of sleep at night.

STEVE

(Waves aside ANDY's objections)  
Take a number. Click.

STEVE goes back to his computer game.

ANDY

Well, *then* you should have set them back.

STEVE

What?

ANDY

If you wanted to fool yourself into thinking it's earlier you should set them back. Not forward. Now your clock says 11 when it's actually 9.

STEVE

No, it's 1.

ANDY

No, it's 9. The clock on the wall says 11 because you-

STEVE is lying back on the sofa, mouth open, snoring.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, for god's sake.

ANDY walks out and slams the door. STEVE jumps up blearily.

STEVE

I'm heading out.

INT. CALL CENTRE - NIGHT.

HELEN is talking on her headset.

HELEN

(Slowly, unsure what to say)  
And then I'm going to...stick it in my  
armpit and...run down the  
stairs?...And then...I'll wrap it up  
in a tea-towel and...pop it in a basin  
of lukewarm water.

MAN 1 lets out a satisfied groan.

CUT TO: Later. HELEN is gaining in confidence on the  
phone.

HELEN

Ooh, my breasts are so...big. I can  
barely fit them in my chemise.

MAN 2 (OS)

(Out of breath)  
What's a chemise.

HELEN

It's like a blouse.

MAN 2 (OS)

(Strained)  
Okay. Continue.

CUT TO: Later. HELEN is looking more relaxed now.

MAN 3 (OS)

Hi. I'm looking for something  
romantic.

HELEN

(Breathy voiced)  
Oh, I think we can find you something  
romantic. What about scented candles  
and rose petals around a steaming hot  
bath and me caressing every inch of  
your body with my soft hands?

MAN 3 (OS)

Um...

The camera tracks across to the next cubicle where  
another female OPERATOR is talking on a headset.

OPERATOR

Hello, Direct DVD Deals. What kind of  
film are you looking for?

MAN 3 (OS)

Action.

OPERATOR

Action. Certainly sir.

(Types at keyboard.)

We currently have a deal on Jason Statham DVDs. The Transporter 1 & 2 plus Crank 1 & 2. All for 15 euro.

MAN 3 (OS)

Yeah, that sounds great.

The camera tracks back to HELEN.

MAN 3 (OS)

I'm not really sure my girlfriend would like that.

HELEN

Oh, she's really enjoying it. Mmmmm.  
I'm making love to her in the bath while you're watching us from over there...by...the airing cupboard.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

STEVE leads a CYNTHIA, a provocatively dressed woman in her early twenties, into his room.

CYNTHIA

(Faux coquettish)

I can't believe you talked me into coming back here.

STEVE

I can.

STEVE glances at his watch.

CYNTHIA

Why do you keep looking at your watch?

STEVE

No reason.

CYNTHIA

Have we got a deadline?

STEVE

(Smiles flirtatiously)

Oh no. We've got aaalllll night.

WIDE SHOT: CYNTHIA smiles and STEVE kisses her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I don't think we'll be getting much sleep. In fact. I have a few things just to make sure we don't. How do you feel about a little roleplay?

CYNTHIA

That sounds okay to me.

STEVE

Great.

CUT TO: The same shot with STEVE and CYNTHIA popped in the frame. STEVE is in shorts and a t-shirt. CYNTHIA wears a shiny tracksuit.

CYNTHIA blows a whistle and STEVE starts doing star-jumps.

CUT TO: The same shot with STEVE and CYNTHIA popped in the frame. STEVE is now on top of the bed on all fours. CYNTHIA stands behind him. She gives him a kick up the ass.

CUT TO: The same shot with STEVE and CYNTHIA popped in the frame. STEVE has CYNTHIA across his shoulders in a fireman's lift. He staggers under her weight. She looks bored.

CYNTHIA

We are going to do it at some point aren't we?

STEVE

Oh, uh, yeah. I just needed to get warmed up first.

CUT TO: The same shot with STEVE and CYNTHIA popped in the frame. STEVE is standing at the end of the bed and CYNTHIA is lying on top of it.

STEVE pops something in his mouth and drinks some water.

CYNTHIA watches him.

CYNTHIA

Hey, what's that? Viagra?

STEVE

Oh, no, no.

(Smiles)

It's the opposite of Viagra. We're really going to have to work for it if we want to get any kind of erection going.

(Winks)

STEVE moves towards the bed but stops short.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Actually, better just let that kick in.

CUT TO: The same shot with STEVE and CYNTHIA popped in the frame. STEVE sits on the end of the bed, CYNTHIA is in it. STEVE is watching University Challenge on the TV.

CYNTHIA

This better be worth it.

STEVE slowly rolls backwards. His closed eyes and snoring mouth point at CYNTHIA, the erection in his pants points up in the air.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

STEVE sits talking to HELEN.

STEVE

I mean, what is going on with me?

HELEN

I don't know.

STEVE

I used to be the last man standing. I can't lose my free spirit. My wild side. My party soul. Then what will I be? Just...a guy.

HELEN

You just need to adapt to working life. You'll get used to it. You can still be a wild, party guy.

STEVE

(Sarcastic)

Yeah, right up until 11 o'clock.

CYNTHIA

(Sourly)

More like half ten.

CYNTHIA is also sitting at the table.

STEVE

Ah! What?! Jesus. Half ten?! You hear that?

HELEN

Yeah.

STEVE

(Determined)

I've got to fight this thing. I've got to find a way of staying up.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY.

ANDY is standing in an aisle of shelves. He has a box in one hand and is taking caster wheels out of it and putting them on the shelf.

ANDY

...19...20.

ANDY puts the casters back in the box and puts the box on the shelf. He takes down an identical box and starts counting again.

ANDY

1...2...

JANE comes in the door.

JANE

Hey. Frank says to clean the rubble pile out the back.

ANDY

Clean the...?

JANE

The pile of rubble out the back just give it a quick sweep and a mop.

ANDY

It's...a...pile of rubble. How am I supposed to clean a pile of rubble?! What does that even mean? Is he completely stupid or completely insane? I can't even tell any more.

JANE shrugs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So far today I've already fished his car keys out of the back of the fax machine, rotated the *curtains*, and listened to the drains when he flushes the toilet in case I can hear something that he thinks sounds like a small monkey. And now I'm individually counting caster wheels when it says 20 on the box! I just...I just can't take it any more.  
(Dumps the box on the shelf.)  
He needs to be told what a total...*assface* he is.

JANE

Woah, woah, woah, you can't just go up there and start shouting at him. He'll fire us both. I like this job.

ANDY

Well, I'm sorry for you but you'll just have to find another job where you're treated like a pleb.

JANE swings the door closed, turns the key in the lock and puts the key in her pocket.

JANE

You can't.

ANDY

Give me that key.

JANE

Not until you promise not to lose your rag with Frank.

ANDY

Well, I'm afraid I can't promise that.

JANE

Well then, we're not going anywhere.

ANDY sighs and reaches into his pocket.

ANDY

Fine. Well, I'll just-

JANE slaps his hand sending his phone out the window.

INT. ROAD - EVENING.

STEVE is walking down a suburban road talking on his mobile.

STEVE

Hey...Yeah, it's been a while.

...  
Just wondering if you're around  
tonight and fancied going for a drink?

...  
Come on man, let's rip it up like we  
used to do in college.

...  
Hey, don't leave me hanging here dude.  
Friday-Don'tBeDryDay. It's very  
important that I stay up all night  
drinking.

...  
Oh.

...  
Oh, right. Well...maybe I could come  
to that?

...  
Yeah, I suppose you're right.

...  
Alright, well, seeya Professor Berkin.  
Good luck with your retirement party.  
(Hangs up)

Damn.

STEVE looks at his watch. It reads quarter to 8.

He desperately looks around.

Across the road a woman is walking with her dog.

STEVE sighs then runs across the road and grabs the  
dog.

WOMAN

Stop him! He's got Walter.

STEVE runs down the road with the barking dog under his  
arm.

A WORKMAN in overalls gives chase.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - EVENING.

JANE sits on the floor with her back against the door.

ANDY is trying to squeeze his head out the small window.  
He strains but can't get more than his nose out.

JANE

Would you stop that? You're going to  
hurt yourself.



ANDY pulls his head back from the window.

ANDY

Fine! Well, then you leave me no choice, I'm just going to have to take the key off you.

ANDY unbuttons his cuffs and starts to roll up his sleeves.

JANE

No, you won't. Resorting to physical force is an admission of a weak mind.

ANDY

Ah! But you won't listen to reason. It's impossible to negotiate with the insane.

JANE

I'll listen to reason. Tell me why I should let you go.

ANDY

Right, okay, right. Number 1: freedom is an inalienable human right.

JANE

Except for criminals?

ANDY

Well, obviously except for criminals.

JANE

And the mentally ill?

ANDY

Well, in some cases-...  
Alright number 2: Degas-

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING.

STEVE pants as he vaults the fence of the playground and runs across it still carrying the dog.

Moments later the WORKMAN and several others follow.

EXT. STREET - EVENING.

HELEN is talking on her mobile.

HELEN

Yeah, it's...okay. I'm just on my way there now actually.

...  
Yes, okay, I admit it, I'm still angry you set me up with this job, but I guess I can...tolerate it for a while.

INT. CALL CENTRE - NIGHT.

HELEN presses a button on her phone.

HELEN

(Breathy voice)  
Hello?

MAN 4 (OS)

Hello there, would you be able to give me anything French?

HELEN

(In a French accent, jumping into the role)  
Oh oui monsieur. I am a French au pair. I have snuck down to ze kitchen in the middle of ze night to get a little snack and now you have caught me.

MAN 4 (OS)

(Nervous laughter)  
Oh-hohoho.

HELEN

Pardon, but my nightie keeps slipping off revealing my naked bosoms.

MAN 4 (OS)

Ohohohohoo.

INT. CALL CENTRE - EVENING.

NUALA is at desk at the top of the room watching HELEN and listening at a phone. She's shocked.

HELEN (OS)

And now my slipper has come off. Let me just bend over and slowly put it back on again.

MAN 4 (OS)

Hohohohohoho.

HELEN (OS)  
Ooh, as I leant down I hope you did  
not see my bonbon.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING.

NOELLE, a middle aged woman, is sitting behind a desk.

NUALA bursts into the office.

NUALA  
We've got to fire that new girl.  
You'll never believe what I've just  
heard her saying.

NOELLE puts up a hand to stop her.

NOELLE  
I already know. We can't get rid of  
her.

NUALA  
(Shocked)  
What? Why not?

NOELLE  
Sales have gone up 25% since she  
joined. Customers keep ringing back  
in the hope of talking to her again  
and then they end up buying DVDs in  
embarrassment when they get through to  
one of the other operators. One guy  
bought Mr Bean the Movie 5 times last  
night.

NUALA  
So...what do you want me to do?

EXT. LANE - NIGHT.

STEVE runs down the lane still carrying the barking  
dog. He has a terrified expression on his face.

STEVE  
What the hell am I doing?

He runs out of shot.

Moments later a group of angry men and women enter the  
lane and run down it after him.

INT. CALL CENTRE - NIGHT.

HELEN is still on the line to MAN 4.

HELEN  
 (French accent)  
 Ooh la la, c'est baguette formidable.

MAN 4 (OS)  
 Ohohoho. Oh. Oh. Hn. Kt.

HELEN hears the thud of MAN 4 slumping loudly onto a table.

HELEN  
 'ello?

HELEN listens but hears nothing.

HELEN  
 (Drops accent)  
 Hello?

HELEN looks very worried.

NUALA appears beside her.

NUALA  
 Hey there. How you getting on?

HELEN jumps in shock.

HELEN  
 Oh. Hi. Yes. Fine. Everything's fine.

NUALA  
 Good. Listen. I'm not sure how to broach this but I was monitoring your last call.

HELEN  
 (Worried)  
 Yes?

NUALA  
 And although, obviously, I can't really say that we *condone* it, and we're pretty shocked that this is what you enjoy doing...

HELEN  
 Well, I don't enjoy-

NUALA  
 ...we're willing to look the other way.

HELEN

Oh. You don't think we should call somebody?

NUALA

No, no, no, definitely not. Just stick to the calls that are coming in. We'll route some of the male callers to you and you just...give them the same treatment.

HELEN

(Appalled)

You want me to do it again?

NUALA

Yes, I guess, in a kind of a way that's what I'm saying.

HELEN is horrified. She can't meet NUALA's eye.

HELEN

Right, okay, sure.

NUALA

Great. I'll leave you to it.

HELEN makes as if she's going back to her phone and NUALA walks away.

HELEN hurriedly takes off her headset, gets up and walks as fast as she can towards the exit.

She takes out her phone and presses a number.

HELEN

Call the munitions company. These people are monsters.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT.

JANE is still sitting against the door. ANDY is pacing backwards and forwards.

ANDY

Number...43.

JANE

(Tired)

42.

ANDY

43. It's 43. Trust me.

JANE  
Then what was 42?

ANDY  
42 was the point about the Treaty of  
Versailles.

JANE  
Oh yeah.

ANDY  
Number 43.

...  
Uhm.

...  
Wait, wait, it was something about  
Socrates.

(Looks out the window)  
Look, for god's sake, it's the middle  
of the night now anyway. Frank went  
home hours ago.

JANE  
You could still ring him and call him  
names over the phone. I can't let you  
go until you promise not to burn our  
bridges.

ANDY  
(Offended)  
I am *not* going to be pressured into  
fealty just to save your job.

JANE  
Well then, I guess we're going to be  
here for a while.

ANDY spots something on the ceiling.

ANDY  
Or maybe not.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT.

We hear the sound of sirens in the distance as STEVE  
staggers slowly through the park looking very weary.

He ducks behind a bush and puts his hand over the dog's  
mouth to keep it quiet.

A GROUP OF ENRAGED CITIZENS, larger than before, run  
past.

STEVE looks down at his watch.

It reads 2am.

STEVE breathes a sigh of relief and lets the dog go.

STEVE  
(Whispering)  
I made it.  
(To the dog)  
Thanks for helping out buddy. There's  
no better amphetamine than an angry  
mob. Now get out of here.

The dog stays put. Then barks.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Shh, shh, shh. Get out of here. Go  
on.

The dog barks again.

STEVE jumps up and runs. The dog chases after him barking.

STEVE runs across the middle of the park.

The GROUP OF ANGRY CITIZENS spot him.

WORKMAN  
Hey!

STEVE freezes.

WORKMAN (CONT'D)  
That guy's found Walter!

STEVE smiles, picks up the dog and brings him over to the group stroking him as he walks.

Everyone congratulates STEVE and pat him on the back.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT.

ANDY grabs a box and brings it to the middle of the floor.

He climbs on top of it and takes out a lighter. He holds the lighter below a smoke detector.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Now. Either you let me go or I set  
off the fire alarm which will set off  
the sprinklers soaking the place and  
destroying half the stock and  
definitely getting us both fired.

JANE  
You're bluffing.

ANDY clicks the lighter and a small flame comes out. The smoke detector instantly catches alight. The fire shoots down the wire that runs from the smoke detector across the ceiling to the wall. ANDY looks worried.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

ANDY and JANE walk down the road. Their clothes are singed and their faces are covered in soot.

ANDY  
Wow, that was quite a flammable smoke detector.

JANE  
It went right up.

ANDY  
Yeah.

JANE  
Those sprinklers never went off.

ANDY  
No. I guess since it was the fire alarm that was on fire it couldn't really detect itself.

JANE  
They should really have some kind of emergency button for situations like that.

ANDY thinks about this.

ANDY  
Ooooh.

THE END