

CONCORDE RISING

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR BARELLA - EVENING

SAM, a man in his late 20's, not ugly, not handsome, but scruffy, dressed in black. He's at a busy speed dating event. We see Sam from his dates perspective.

SAM

Where do I start with the sorry and sad life of Sam Carlyle? Well, the most interesting thing about me is that I'm a divorcé.

A few minutes later, the dusk sky now darker. Sam's drink is less full and the speed daters have shuffled.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's not strictly true, you have to have been married to be divorced. Her name was Lucy. I was going to marry her, but that's a whole other thing... are you enjoying your prosecco?

Another time skip, another date.

SAM (CONT'D)

Then, I won the lottery. Not the full jackpot, but life changing. We split it two ways, we shared everything. That must be where it went downhill because two weeks later she left me.

We skip ahead. Sam's empty drink sits next to a full one, and the street lights are now on.

SAM (CONT'D)

She immediately started a relationship with an uglier, more boring man called Cyril. And he has a stupid moustache. I think they're engaged now or something.

One more skip as before. The room has decidedly thinned out. Both glasses are empty.

SAM (CONT'D)

So now I'm stuck with money that can't buy me happiness, no reason to get out of bed, shorter of breath and one day closer to death.

(Sighs.)

Enough about me. Let's talk about you for a minute.

We now see Sam's DATE from his perspective. Sam's age, pretty, out of his league, confused and unimpressed.

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - NIGHT

Posters advertise A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.

REGGIE (O.S.)
OO Sam! Just in time!

INT. CONCORDE THEATER AUDIENCE

Sam sits next to REGGIE, a tall, goofy, flamboyant 20 something man with a mop of mad hair and a questionable dress sense. He passes Sam a drink.

REGGIE
Spill the beans! How did it go,
Casanova?

SAM
That's not a label that accurately
describes me.

REGGIE
(Playfully.)
Might you get some repeat business?

An ELDERLY PATRON is put off by Reggie's innuendo.

SAM
Not one of them wanted to see me
again. I literally have no idea
what I could have done wrong.

REGGIE
Did you use that cologne I bought
you?

SAM
You mean Lynx Africa? No, it's on
top of the Lynx stockpile I've
built up from every Christmas since
puberty!

REGGIE
If it makes you feel better, I
still think you're better looking
than Lucy's new bloke.

SAM
Unsurprisingly, that doesn't help,
no.

REGGIE

He's not my type. I don't like his moustache.

SAM

Oh, that's a shame. You could have seduced him and broke them up! That would have been poetic justice.

The LIGHTS turn off and people clap as the show starts.

REGGIE

OOO the show's starting.

Somebody in the audience SHUSHES Reggie.

SAM

Don't shush him! He's giving everyone pertinent information!

REGGIE

OOO look, it's Wain! It's Wain!

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE

WAIN, a lanky, elegant no-nonsense man with a rich theatrical voice, not a day over 30 is playing the part of Stanley. He steps into the light, followed by MITCH.

WAIN

(Bellowing)

Hey, there! Stella, baby!

JASMINE, a 25 year old immaculate girl of an Indian background plays the part of Stella, and enters the stage.

JASMINE

Don't holler at me like that. Hi, Mitch.

WAIN

Catch!

JASMINE

What?

WAIN

Meat!

Wain chucks a bag of meat at Jasmine.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER AUDIENCE

REGGIE

I could act like that.

SAM

Throw shit at people?

REGGIE

No! Be an actor.

(Excitement dies.)

Who am I kidding, I haven't acted in years. I bet if I had the opportunity I could really blow Wain's socks off. He just needs to give me a chance for once.

SAM

(Laughs.)

Now I'm rich I could always buy this place and force them to give you a role.

REGGIE

Yeah, right.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BAR

Wain, Jasmine and the Concorde Players cheer in celebration with Sam and Reggie joining them. The other players chat amongst themselves. Reggie hugs Wain.

REGGIE

You were really great tonight!

WAIN

Thank you, my boy. Thank you. We're all going for a drink. Join us?

REGGIE

OO teach me how you do it. How do you remember your lines?

WAIN

It's all about study and practice. And as a last resort - improvise.

REGGIE

One thing I didn't get. Stanley was really horrible to that woman. Why didn't she just leave him and go out with someone else?

WAIN

You're missing the point. It's a tragic story, love blinds you.

REGGIE

Well yeah, but I fancied the one with the cute butt who was going out with Blanche.

Mitch overhears Reggie's comment.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Sam, care to weigh in on this?

SAM
What, you want my advice regarding relationships? I don't even know how to talk to women anymore. I'll never do better than Lucy, and that's the loneliest thing of all.

Wain puts a comforting hand on Sam's shoulder.

WAIN
Sam, when I feel down, I remember that old Rocky quote. You ain't so bad. You ain't nothin.

SAM
I don't think that's meant to be taken positively.

WAIN
Only if you don't want it to be. It's interpretive or some dumb shit.

(Wain shouts to the players.)
Prosecco is on me, gang!

Everyone cheers again and file towards the exit.

REGGIE (O.S.)
If I buy you a drink, will you give me a role this time?

WAIN
Not for all the Aperol shots in the world.

REGGIE
What if I buy you dinner...

Sam lingers, spotting KATE cleaning the bar, a short, cute girl on the cusp of her 30's. Worldly, practical and no-nonsense. He approaches, turning away at the last moment.

KATE
Sam? Sam Carlyle?

SAM
Yikes. Hello. Yes, I'm that person. But don't use my slave name.

KATE

I thought it was you! I remember you from Mr Giles performing arts class.

SAM

Well that's embarrassing, because I don't remember you. I'm sure there's a way of saying that which doesn't make me sound terrible.

KATE

There's not. Well, I'm Kate.

Sam shakes Kate's hand.

SAM

I'm just happy to meet someone who liked me before I got the butt augmentation.

KATE

What are you doing here?

SAM

You mean existentially, or... I'm just here to support my friend. But yeah, I promise I'll remember you this time. In fact you're so pretty it's actually a little obscene and makes me want to vomit.

KATE

(Laughs.)

Have you been drinking or something?

SAM

Only the usual wine, whisky, gin and beer in a 16 hour window. I needed it to get through a hellish speed dating night and... being alive for another day.

(Awkward pause.)

Speaking of burgeoning alcoholism, how's bartender life?

KATE

It sucks. The bar's filthy and badly stocked, and the pay's not worth the hours I do. £8.50 an hour.

SAM

That will not do at all. If I were your boss, the first thing I'd do is double it. Who owns this place?

INT. CONCORDE THEATER OFFICE

Sam gives a cheque to MR WELLER (70's) beleaguered and tired.

SAM

I'd like to buy your theatre please.

MR WELLER

Is this a horrible joke? Are you insane, drunk or just plain stupid?

SAM

No, yes and to some extent yes, but I can assure you I'm solvent.

Sam shows Mr Weller an app on his phone titled 'I am rich'

SAM (CONT'D)

I even bought this app to prove it. Look, it cost £999.

(Sam writes a cheque)

So what would you say to £150 grand to take this place of your hands?

Mr Weller doesn't react, but then screeches in joy and relief and hugs Sam.

MR WELLER

YES! It's yours, all yours! I'll sign it over to you straight away!

Sam is surprised as Mr Weller runs out the office, whooping into the night.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BAR - NIGHT

Sam exits the office, and looks around the bar.

SAM

Kate! Kate! Do I have some news for you? The answer is yes.

(There's no response.)

She must have gone home.

Sam goes behind the bar, eyeing the plentiful selection of alcohol.

SAM (CONT'D)

Nice.

Sam grabs a bottle of whisky, removing the optic and drinking it quickly. We fade into...

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BAR - MORNING

A cluster of empty bottles surround Sam, face covered in sick, face down on the bar surface. Wain enters twirling a keyring around his finger. He frowns as he spots Sam.

WAIN

Good lord.

Wain grabs a water bottle and throws it onto Sam. Sam stirs, instantly clutching his head.

SAM

I'm up Lucy! Oh, Wain.

WAIN

You're a disgrace, Sam.

Sam wretches and gets to his feet, barely standing.

SAM

I must have dozed off. Wain, did you let the Uber Eats guy in? I ordered chicken nuggets...

(Checks his watch.)

...eight hours ago? Fuckness. Those are definitely cold now.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER TOILET - MORNING

Sam has his head in the toilet bowl. Wain is knelt next to him, patting him on the back.

WAIN

That's it, get it all up.

Sam pokes his head out.

SAM

This loo is disgraceful, it's full of vomit.

WAIN

How astute.

SAM

There will be big changes here, big changes under my...

Sam throws up onto Wain's jacket.

WAIN

How do I explain this to Mr Weller?

SAM

It's not a problem, I bought the place off him.

Wain takes a deep breath, sure he misheard.

WAIN

Come again?

SAM

I met this amazing girl last night. Her name was Kate, and she chose to spoke to me, not the other way round. She was under no obligation Wain...

WAIN

No, what did you just say? You bought...

SAM

I bought the Concorde. I even have the official paperwork.

Sam takes a smeared, folded official document from his pocket. Wain wrings it out and reads it, hands trembling.

WAIN

Do you... Do you EVER consider the consequences of your actions?

SAM

I hate it when people ask me that! I never know if I should answer truthfully.

WAIN

When was the last time you even had any responsibility?

SAM

Lucy let me do the shopping for a month. That came to a head when I kept forgetting the milk but always bought too many eggs.

WAIN

So that's why you'd always invite me over to aggressively offer me omelettes.

SAM

All I know is Mr Weller was really eager to sell.

WAIN

I bet he was! Do you know anything at all about the... come with me!

INT. CONCORDE THEATER OFFICE

Wain and Sam are sat around an ancient computer.

WAIN

This is the balance in the theatre's bank account.

SAM

That's okay, isn't it? We seem to be breaking even.

WAIN

Thanks to Mr Weller's pension keeping the overdrafts at bay, yes! What's your solution to this fiscal rollercoaster of death?

SAM

That'd be a really good name for a band.

Wain slaps Sam across the face.

WAIN

Confound it, Sam. Focus. We have sold EXACTLY 12 tickets for Phantom of the Opera. That starts NEXT WEEK. And I haven't even touched on the structural maintenance the whole building needs as of 3 YEARS AGO.

SAM

Have we done any advertising for said show?

WAIN

I assumed that's what Mr Weller was doing, until I found this half drunk bottle of gin in the office and pieced the puzzles together.

Sam snatches the bottle off of Wain.

SAM

Oh no, that wasn't him. I was wondering where I left that.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BAR - DAY

Sam and Wain exit the office.

SAM

All right, I'll concede there's more to this theatre thing than I thought.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll just find Mr Weller and tell him there's been a mistake and I want my money back.

WAIN

I hope for your sake he does, because salvation isn't going to drop out of the sky!

A PIECE OF THE CEILING FALLS, barely missing Wain.

SAM

To be fair, you said 'salvation' wouldn't just drop out of the sky.

EXT. MR WELLER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mr Weller hums a jaunty tune, reversing out of his driveway, suitcases packed. A dishevelled Sam LEAPS onto his bonnet to halt him, sliding onto the driveway. He opens the door to make sure Sam is okay.

MR WELLER

It's you!

Sam grips the car door, using it to pull himself up, waving the ruined deeds in Mr Weller's face.

SAM

Mr Weller. I made a mistake. I don't want it, I'm not an adult or a capable, I just pretend to be! Take it back! I'll even pay you!

Mr Weller shuts the door, locking it, then starts screaming with terror and reverses violently, skidding round the corner. Sam gives chase, but Mr Weller is gone.

INT. J.K. BOWLING & ARCADE BAR - DAY

Sam, having quickly rinsed his face and clothes is having a drink at the quiet bar with Reggie.

SAM

Get that lubricant down your throat Reggie, it's time to celebrate. Giving the theatre back didn't work, selling it didn't work, so I've resolved to take the path of least resistance, plough ahead and embrace the absurd.

REGGIE

Don't be that way, this is an amazing opportunity!

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Think about the less fortunate who could only dream of owning a theatre. OO you HAVE to give me a juicy role now! Can I be the Phantom?

SAM

No! Wain's the phantom! Besides, I didn't buy it just so you could play thespian.

REGGIE

Okay, so why did you do it?

SAM

Do you promise not to tell?

Reggie is distracted by somebody off screen.

REGGIE

OO he looks tasty.

Sam snaps his fingers in Reggie's face.

SAM

Oi! Eye's up front. If I tell you, do you promise to not tell anyone?

REGGIE

(Rolls eyes.)

Yes, yes, I promise.

SAM

You know that Kate girl who works behind the bar? We got talking, and there was a spark so I took the initiative and bought the theatre to help her out a little and get to know her better.

REGGIE

That's really manipulative.

SAM

No arguments there. But that else could I have done?

REGGIE

I'll tell you what. I won't tell Kate about your little crush if you guarantee me a role in Phantom of the Opera. Wain's the gatekeeper. He gave the role of Raoul to Mitch! Mitch!

SAM

What's wrong with Mitch?

REGGIE
Nothing. It's just I really wanted
the role instead of him.

SAM
And you promise you won't tell
Kate?

REGGIE
Deal.

They shake on it.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't suppose you have a felt tip
or something I can borrow?

SAM
What kind of question is... of
course not.

REGGIE
So, why are we at the bowling
alley?

SAM
Because it's a wholesome, calming
place to come and brainstorm
without any distractions. We need
to fix a figurative black hole in
our finances and a literal black
hole in the roof.

REGGIE
That sounds like a big deal you
could have mentioned earlier.
(Reggie ponders.)
I bet you can't beat my high score
on DDR.

SAM
I bet I grind it into the dust!

Reggie and Sam scurry off to play arcade games.

INT. J.K. BOWLING & ARCADE LOBBY & ARCADE - EVENING

Sam and Reggie play a montage of arcade machines, bowling, 2p
machines and claw machines, spliced by Sam returning to the
bar for more drinks.

Reggie has left, leaving Sam to ride a virtual rollercoaster
in a drunken stupor. He slips into unconsciousness and we
fade into...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Sam comes to at a kitchen table with a cup of coffee wearing a brown hat with a black band. LUCY, a rock chick with a moody, but hot blonde demeanour two years Sam's senior is sat in front of him.

LUCY
Good morning, handsome!

SAM
Lucy? What are you doing here?
Wait, what am I doing here? This
isn't my kitchen.

LUCY
(Sipping coffee)
You really screwed the pooch this
time. What kind of an idiot buys a
derelict theatre? And for what?
Some vague shot at happiness?

SAM
It's not a good plan, but Reggie's
right. This is an opportunity. I've
been in a slump for months. I've
got a purpose now. And maybe if I
do a good job I can impress Kate.

LUCY
Not likely. The theatre will go out
of business and Kate will lose her
job. Then she'll never talk to you
again.
(Sam sips his coffee.)
This is exactly the kind of shit
that drove me away. It's like I
said the day I left.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You'll never amount to
anything because you're your
own worst enemy. Get out of
your own way before it's too
late. Have you seen my keys?

SAM
You'll never amount to
anything because you're your
own worst enemy. Get out of
your own way before it's too
late. Have you seen my keys?

SAM (CONT'D)
Well thank you for that rousing
recital of the worst day of my
life. Oh, and while you're here...

Sam gives Lucy the finger.

SAM (CONT'D)
Go fuck yourself. And Cyril too.

LUCY

I do.

(Pause)

You still miss me, don't you?

Sam gives no response, only frowning.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I don't think you'll ever get over me. You're nothing without me. You'd be better off just admitting you can't handle responsibility.

SAM

You must be right. Nobody knows me like you.

(Drinks coffee.)

I can't do this.

Sam looks around, noticing kitchen appliances catching fire. The fire spreads as Lucy stands up to leave.

LUCY

Good luck putting those fires out. They're of your own making...

Lucy departs. Sam does nothing to fight the fire, sips his coffee and smiles to himself.

SAM

This is fine!

The dream kitchen falls apart and fades into...

INT. ARCADE RIDE

Sam is awake by loud explosions, drooling with two days worth of matted hair, inside a Star Wars arcade machine.

INT. J.K. BOWLING & ARCADE LOBBY - DAY

Sam stumbles out the box past queuing children, looking back at the ARCADE MACHINE. Sam drinks from a CUP atop a 2p machine full of coins, spitting the currency out.

SAM

Urgh nope. Danger cup.

KATE (O.S.)

Sam?

Kate looks worried at the state of Sam.

SAM
That is a name that I...
(Burps)
...answer to.

KATE
Did you sleep in the X-wing last night?

SAM
Don't judge me and how I live my life. Yes, I fell asleep in the X-wing. Wouldn't you if you had a fucking X-wing?

INT. J.K. BOWLING & ARCADE BAR - DAY

Kate and Sam are sat talking.

KATE
Have you really just been drinking the last two days?

SAM
How did you know?

KATE
I have psychic powers.

SAM
I've had a lot to celebrate, haven't I?

KATE
That's right, you're my boss now. So, what attracted you to the Concorde?

Sam removes his hoodie, spotting a stain on the sleeve.

SAM
...All of it. It's just great, isn't it? The arts. My lottery money wasn't making me happy, so I thought I'd do something special for the people close to me.

KATE
It's just really weird it happened straight after I saw you for the first time in four years.

SAM
What are you implying?

KATE
Nothing, it's just a funny
coincidence.

Sam points the finger of blame.

SAM
If anything, you're the crazy one
stalking me. Obsessed much?

KATE
(Laughs.)
I'm not stalking you.

SAM
Yeah? Well what else would you be
doing here?

KATE
It's my cousin's birthday.

Kate waves over to her COUSIN and AUNT bowling. Her COUSIN
waves back.

SAM
That could be anyone's cousin.

KATE
It's admirable what you're doing
and all, but we haven't shifted
many tickets. I assume you went
into this with a plan.

SAM
Yes. There's a lot of sophisticated
targeting and algorithms and shit
that your tiny little mind won't
understand. I'm sorting it, okay?

Sam is surprised at how irritable he sounded.

KATE
I'm only curious, because well...
not all of us can rely on lottery
winnings to pay the rent.

SAM
Oh yes, such a privileged life I
live. That's why I walk around with
a huge smile and a spring in my
step wherever I go! Look, I've had
a lot of weird thoughts going round
my head today.

KATE
I can help. I have an MSc in
advertising and public relations.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

You can sort out your personal shit
and I'll promote the show.

SAM

Really?

KATE

Well, I work behind a bar now, but
that's just to cover my expensive
habit of having had an education.

SAM

Thanks, but this is my mess. I need
to do the responsible thing and
torture my brain into taking
action.

KATE

Sam, I said I can help.

SAM

Like I said, It's all in hand. You
don't get it. I can't afford to
NEED anyone right now. Not after
last time.

A child is crying. Sam and Kate turn to see Kate's Cousin
being wiped down by her Aunt, his trousers and top covered in
diarrhoea next to the Star Wars arcade machine.

AUNT

What did you do?

COUSIN

(Tearfully.)

It wasn't me mummy!

Sam covertly checks his own jeans. Kate sighs and stands up.
Sam too, covering his jeans with his hoodie.

SAM

Oh dear, look what your cousin did
to himself. Dirty child. You'd
better go after them and stop
talking to me.

Kate sees her cousin led by the hand to an EMPLOYEE,
gesturing at the boy.

AUNT

Why does my child smells of vodka?

Kate looks to Sam...

KATE

Okay, but if you need any help...

...who is already gone, with a dirty dripping brown trail headed for the exit.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE - DAY

Wain is practicing a scene by himself dressed as the Phantom of the Opera. Reggie (not so subtly) approaches Wain with a large, flimsy paper plate and a generous slice of cake.

REGGIE

Hello Wain, I've been wondering...

WAIN

I'm not giving you a role Reggie.

REGGIE

But I brought you a slice of cake!
I baked it myself.

WAIN

Reggie, I'm not hungry for cake.
Besides, we've already cast
everybody.

REGGIE

That's okay. You could make up a
new character! I could be the
Phantom's witty brother! Like after
someone makes an innuendo he could
say 'ooh matron!'.

WAIN

I'm sorry Reggie.

REGGIE

But I know I can really do it.

WAIN

I'm sure that you can. You have to
gain some on stage experience. For
instance, I studied performing arts
at university. Mitch took night
school classes.

Mitch emerges from behind the bar with a half eaten slice of cake in his hands.

REGGIE

Mitch... That jammy little bitch.

MITCH

Hello Reggie. How's it...

Mitch trips over the piece of fallen ceiling, falling badly, hurting his leg.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Shit, my leg!

Wain rushes over to him, cape billowing. Reggie follows.

WAIN
Mitch, are you all right?
(Sighs.)
Curse you, Sam.

REGGIE
He looks like he really hurt
himself. I guess I'll have to play
Raoul now.

Mitch gets up, wiping the dropped cake off his elbows.

MITCH
I'm okay. I think I just fell
funny.

REGGIE
Aw no. Why do good things never
happen for me?

MITCH
Did you bring the cake Reggie? It's
really nice.

REGGIE
Thanks. I made it myself. The
secret ingredient is shredded
walnuts.

Mitch looks worried.

MITCH
It had nuts in it?

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - DAY

Kate, Sam, Reggie and Wain watch an ambulance leave from the
entrance of the theater.

SAM
Well that was... really something.
I've never seen anyone go into
shock because of Reggie's baking.

REGGIE
Oi! It's not my fault Mitch has
crap genes.

KATE
Well... on the bright side he'll
live.

Reggie excitedly turns to Wain, notably subdued.

REGGIE

OO there's a vacancy! Can I be
Raoul? Can I can I can I?

WAIN

Good idea, I'll give it to the cake
murderer!

SAM

Wain, let him have it.

WAIN

It's not like we have any other
choice is it?

REGGIE

Yes! Wain, I promise I won't let
you down!

Reggie scoops up Wain into a hug, lifting him into the air,
legs flailing. Wain is put down and corrects his costume. Sam
winks at Reggie.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What do I do now?

Wain scoffs, arms folded.

WAIN

Well, for starters you'll have a
lot of catching up to do,
because...

Wain's phone calls. He answers.

WAIN (CONT'D)

Hello? I see.

(Wain ends his call.)

Shit, my presentation!

Wain dashes down the road, cape billowing.

SAM

Guys, I have great news! I spent
Monday through Wednesday wallowing,
Thursday through Friday on valuable
introspection, but now I've
conceptualised the perfect, eye
grabbing poster to tell everyone
the Phantom of the Opera is here,
inside the theatre!

KATE

That's fantastic news, except you
have less than 24 hours to get them
printed and distributed.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

But like you said, you don't need any help. And you HAVE been using your time productively, right? Especially since the opening night is TOMORROW.

Kate folds her arms. Sam runs away.

SAM

Oh bollocks!

KATE

Yeah, I thought so.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - STORMY NIGHT

Sam frantically taps at a keyboard of a filthy old laptop. The posters he's designing for Phantom of the Opera are a montage of nonsense. He screws up what he's just printed and throws it in a huge pile.

SAM

This is impossible! Curse you, Kate, with your immaculate bangs and your doctorate in... propaganda.

Sam looks Kate in his phone contacts and her smiling photo.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay, I give in...

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BAR - NIGHT

Sam is talking across the bar to an unseen figure.

SAM

I don't know why I didn't ask for your help sooner. God knows I've needed it. The truth is I've been through a shitty time, and I was afraid of having to rely on someone again. So thank you, for coming here at such short notice. It means a lot.

GEOFFREY (O.S.)

No problem.

We see GEOFFREY, a middle aged man in an overall advertising 'Geoffrey Demolition Co.'. A thick ginger beard and long ponytail. He's helping himself to a coke from the fridge, misplacing his phone in the process.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

I've had my eyes on this site for years. I'm telling you, once we flatten this dump and sell it for student accommodation, we'll be shitting money.

SAM

(Flatly.)

Hooray, more money.

GEOFFREY

It's for the best. You could give your friends quite the severance package.

Geoffrey and Sam shake on it before he leaves. Sam looks at a group photo of the players at the bar, Wain at the centre, Reggie trying to worm into the photo. Sam is about to call a taxi, but his phone dies.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER AUDIENCE - NIGHT

Sam makes up a BED with a black cape and rough pillows, looking up at the stars through the hole in the roof as he drifts into...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Sam is in the same chair as before, facing Lucy. The room is singed with burn marks from the recent flames.

LUCY

That didn't take long did it?
Another week, another opportunity
bottled. Your friends will be so
'proud' that you gave up so easy.

SAM

I'm doing them a favour. Nobody
should need me.

LUCY

Poor little Reggie will have to
find somewhere else to play, if
they accept him. And Wain was right
not to believe in you. And Kate.
She'll never love you after she
finds out what you did.

(Pause.)

What does it even take to make you
happy?

SAM

Well, honestly. You.

LUCY
Well that's pathetic.

SAM
You'll get no argument about that
from me.

LUCY
You still haven't fixed the hole
Sam.

SAM
Jesus Christ, why does that matter?
I'm knocking the place down!

LUCY
Not the one in the roof, you moron.
I mean in your heart.
(Pause.)
Why do you still dream about me? I
certainly don't dream of you
anymore.

SAM
I don't know. Can't it just be
fucked up for the sake of being
fucked up?

Lucy shrugs.

LUCY
It's your dream.

SAM
Oh, and to answer your question, I
don't even really miss you. Okay, I
admit it's complicated. I miss who
you used to be. I miss the
relationship, I want THAT again. I
miss waking up next to someone who
got me, and that's not been you,
for a while come to think of it.
You really let me down and I won't
ever forgive you for that.

LUCY
Maybe your choice will make you
happy. Just maybe. Like I once did.

Lucy leans over and kisses Sam.

SAM
This is so fucked up.

Lucy instantly transforms mid kiss into Reggie.

REGGIE
I'll say!

Reggie towers over Sam with a sinister tone.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Now lets go back to my place and
eat some Toffee Crisp.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER AUDIENCE - EVENING

Reggie towers over Sam, shaking him awake. Sam sits up and looks around. Sam stretches, yawns and walks and talks with Reggie to the stage.

REGGIE
OOO it's the big night! I'm so
excited, are you excited.

SAM
I slept all day?

REGGIE
If we woke up, you'd just be
hungover making sarcastic quips at
us while we're trying to work.

SAM
You have chosen wisely.

REGGIE
Do you want a Toffee Crisp?

SAM
Erm, no. Listen, Reggie, there's
something I have to...

Reggie and Sam climb onto the stage, heading to...

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BACKSTAGE - EVENING

The cast and crew are in full stage dress, complete with Kate. They cheer 'Sam!' in unison.

SAM
Guys, calm down. I have some bad
news. And I just wanted to
apologise...

WAIN
For what? We've sold out!

Kate stands next to Sam, arms folded smugly.

WAIN (CONT'D)
Kate made these flyers, we had them
delivered last week.

KATE

Which I could afford with my
doubled wages.

Kate hands Sam a well designed FLYER for the show.

KATE (CONT'D)

Then I thought what the hey, and
called my old English teacher and
arranged a school trip. Clever,
huh?

SAM

What about death by chocolate here?
Did he learn his lines?

Reggie puts his hand to his mouth in a faux-covert style.

REGGIE

It's under control. I have a little
trick up my sleeve. Literally!

Reggie rolls up his sleeves, revealing smudged words written
on to HIS ARMS in felt tip.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I wrote my lines on my arms. From a
distance it'll look like tattoos.
It's totally in character for Raoul
to be checking out his guns while
he's talking.

WAIN

That's the most ridiculous thing
I've ever heard!

(Wain reads Reggie's arm.)
2 cartons of Orange Juice?

REGGIE

Ignore that. That's just how I
remember things in general.

(Reads arm.)
That's right, I promised to visit
Mitch!

MUSIC CUE: Theatrical music.

The audience lights dim, applause is heard. The players all
look excitedly nervous, Wain especially. Sam looks guilty.

SAM

You guys really love this shit,
don't you?

Sam opens a side exit, visibly upset, traffic audible as he
steps into the dark, stopped by Wain.

WAIN

Where are you going, boss? You'll miss the show.

SAM

I've just got to make a phone call.

MUSIC CUE END

Sam goes outside. Reggie shrugs to Kate. Jasmine takes to the stage as Christine.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Wain, Jasmine and Reggie, in costume are on stage, audience fixated.

WAIN

And now, my wish comes true. You have truly made my night.

Wain grabs Jasmine by the waist.

JASMINE

Let me go.

Reggie studies his arms, pretending to flex.

REGGIE

(Singing.)

Free her! Do what you like, but only free her!

Sam and Kate watch from backstage, hearing the show continue.

JASMINE

Please Raoul, it's useless.

REGGIE

(Singing.)

I love her! Does that mean nothing?
I love her!

(The singing intensifies.)

Marmalade! Marmalade and butter!

Wain is confused.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Show some compassion!

WAIN

The world showed no compassion for me!

REGGIE

Two boxes of Shreddies!

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - NIGHT

Sam gives up trying to call GEOFFREY in his contacts. He's lit up by huge HEADLIGHTS and turns in horror to hear mechanical sounds.

SAM

Oh sh...

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Reggie, Wain and Jasmine continue to perform.

REGGIE

...It was hardly a face! It...

A loud THUD hits the theatre wall. The audience look to the wall with confusion and worry. The actors too.

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - NIGHT

Sam is staring at a WRECKING BALL with disbelief, attached to a CRANE piloted by Geoffrey. It has dented the wall. Sam tries to shout to Geoffrey.

SAM

Right, I'm going to assume I'm sober and this is really happening.

GEOFFREY

What?

Geoffrey hasn't heard him and hits the wall again.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Reggie, Wain and Jasmine react to the thud, cracks appear in the wall. Wain grits his teeth. Reggie gets an idea.

REGGIE

Do you not see? You have angered the lord with your sins, Phantom! He shall punish you with thunder!

Wain is confused, the audience aren't buying it.

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - NIGHT

Kate rushes outside.

KATE

Sam? What's going on out here?

The WRECKING BALL whizzes past her head, as Sam pulls her away. It hits the wall again.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

BRICKS fall from the wall, landing by a row of schoolchildren in the audience. Reggie leans over to Wain to whisper.

REGGIE
(Whispers.)
Nice special effects.

EXT. CONCORDE THEATER - NIGHT

Kate and Sam stand by Geoffrey's crane, shouting for his attention. He doesn't notice as the BALL moves in for the finishing blow.

Sam climbs up the steps and opens the door, grabbing Geoffrey by the arm, ready to punch him. Geoffrey turns off the machine. It's now quiet enough to speak.

GEOFFREY
Sam?

SAM
What the hell? There's women and children inside! You were meant to demolish it WHEN IT'S EMPTY!

GEOFFREY
But you said tonight!

SAM
I said tomorrow!

GEOFFREY
You said tomorrow yesterday.

SAM
Oh yeah... well, can we call the whole thing off so nobody has to die tonight?

GEOFFREY
(Sighs)
I suppose, but you're missing a massive opportunity.

SAM
Well hot dog.

Sam flails his hands in the air as he speaks, knocking the SWITCH for the WRECKING BALL. It hits and part of the WALL collapses, revealing a terrified audience.

Sam steps down the ladder, making eye contact with Reggie and Wain, gobsmacked on stage. Children start to cry, the pile of rubble MOVING. Sam points at Geoffrey in the pilot's seat.

INT. CONCORDE THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Sam pops open a bottle of Prosecco for Kate, Wain, Reggie, Jasmine and the rest of the cast, who all let out a cheer.

WAIN

Well, I did want to celebrate a great opening night, but it was an unholy mess, start to finish. But we didn't save the receipt for the prosecco, so here we are. To the Concorde, and it's remaining walls!

All toast the Concorde and drink.

KATE

I can't believe that madman tried to kill us.

SAM

Yeah, it was him...

REGGIE

I've never seen a crane drive so fast. I heard he made it to the M1, and then there was a chase, and a shoot out...

SAM

I still think I deserve some kind words for saving the children, that Kate invited by the way! This is on her.

Kate gives Sam the finger.

KATE

You prat.

REGGIE

How did I do Wain? Did I make you proud? Was I good?

WAIN

No, I cringed every moment you were on stage. Luckily the audience were a little... distracted.

(Reggie looks sad.)

But I trust you'll improve for the next show.

REGGIE

Oh thank you! I won't let you down.

SAM

Wain, let's talk about next weeks show. We could bill it as Phantom of the Opera meets Notre Dame...

Sam and Wain inaudibly talk to the rest of the cast. Reggie chinks glasses with Kate.

REGGIE

Cheers Kate!

KATE

Cheers Reggie. Although usually it's the actors who break a leg, and not... ten year olds.

REGGIE

The prosecco though.

Reggie takes Kate to one side and gestures over to Sam.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

So, you and Sam huh?

KATE

Excuse me?

REGGIE

I've seen you two together, making eyes at each other.

KATE

I don't know where you're getting that from, I have a boyfriend. Besides, Sam's definitely not my type. Even if he did save me from 2000 pounds of steel.

REGGIE

That's a shame, because he really likes you.

KATE

He does?

REGGIE

Of course he does! He even bought the theatre just to get close to you!

KATE

What?

REGGIE

(Panicked, looking at arm.)

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh no! I broke my promise! I said
I'd visit Mitch in hospital!

Reggie rushes away, carrying badly gift-wrapped Snickers bars. Kate looks over to Sam, unsettled by the revelation. Sam smiles at Kate mid conversation with Wain, waving to her. She doesn't return it.

END OF EPISODE