

CULTURE KILLINGS: THE CURTAIN CALL

by

Isabel Wyatt

EPISODE 1

SCENE 1

EXT: IN CAR OUTSIDE THEATRE

FX: MUFFLED CARS IN B/G

IRIS: Remind me why we're here again?

CHARLIE: Shhh.

IRIS: Who are we waiting for?

CHARLIE: Will you just keep it down.

IRIS: It's 10pm. There's nobody here, the stage crew will have left.

CHARLIE: Iris please be quiet. I'm concentrating.

IRIS: Concentrating on what?

CHARLIE: See that window?

IRIS: Which one?

CHARLIE: Second floor, third one to the left of the drainpipe.

IRIS: Yeah.

CHARLIE: If you look along just a bit, there's a fire escape there.

(BEAT)

IRIS: Are we...are we breaking in to the theatre?

CHARLIE: We work here, it's hardly a crime.

IRIS: This is *illegal*.

CHARLIE: Cool it, okay?

IRIS: I can't believe you're asking me to...

CHARLIE: ...Come on.

FX: CAR DOOR SLAMS. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL IN B/G

IRIS: (TO HERSELF) This is ridiculous.

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(BEAT)

IRIS: Charlie, wait up!

FX: CAR DOOR SLAMS. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL IN F/G.
FOOTSTEPS STOP

IRIS: And how do you suppose we get up there then, Tarzan?
Scale the wall?

CHARLIE: Shut up for a second.

(BEAT)

CHARLIE: Move that over here.

IRIS: What, the bin?

CHARLIE: Yes, the bin.

IRIS: Why?

CHARLIE: If we stand on the bin then I think I can just about reach the
bottom of that ladder.

IRIS: Can't we just wait until the...

CHARLIE: ...You said you wouldn't ask questions.

(BEAT)

IRIS: Fine.

FX: METAL BIN SHAKES

CHARLIE: Push it this way- this way!

IRIS: I'm trying!

CHARLIE: Pick it up from the base.

FX: BIN FALLS OVER AND MAKES A LOUD BANG ON
TARMAC

IRIS: The whole world must have heard that.

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CHARLIE: Hurry!

FX: BANG ON THE BIN

IRIS: Will you just stop for a second? I don't...

CHARLIE: ...Give me a leg up.

IRIS: Someone will see us!

FX: GRUNTS UNDER BREATH

IRIS: They might call the police, we can't...

CHARLIE: ...I'm up!

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

CHARLIE: Right, okay your turn.

IRIS: This is the stupidest thing we have ever done.

CHARLIE: Just pull yourself up.

IRIS: I can't believe I'm doing this.

CHARLIE: Will you stop complaining and just hurry!

FX: BANG ON THE BIN

CHARLIE: That's it. Use your arms, come on Iris.

FX: GRUNTING UNDER BREATH

IRIS: I can't do it!

CHARLIE: Use some upper body strength. You can reach the bottom rung now.

FX: GRUNT. FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

IRIS: (PANTING) Well, that's quite enough adventure for me.

CHARLIE: Right, up we go.

IRIS: Oh God, give me two seconds to breathe!

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CHARLIE: No time. Come on.

FX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

IRIS: Okay, so how are you gunna get through the window then?
Break the glass? Punch through it with your bare fist?

FX: CLICK OF A LATCH. WINDOW SLIDES UP

CHARLIE: I was thinking we could just unlatch it.

IRIS: Oh, shut up.

CHARLIE: Come on.

ISABEL WYATT

EPISODE 1

SCENE 2

INT: CORRIDOR

FX: TWO THUMPS LANDING ON THE FLOOR

IRIS: (PANTING) We're gunna be in so much trouble.

CHARLIE: This way.

FX: WALKING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR HANDLE TURNS. DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS ENTER

IRIS: (LOUD WHISPER) What are you doing?

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

IRIS: Charlie?

FX: BREEZE AND WHISPERED LAUGHING FADE IN

IRIS: Wait for me!

FX: DOOR HANDLE TURNS. DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS ENTER. BREEZE AND WHISPERED LAUGHING FADE OUT

EPISODE 1

SCENE 3

INT: OFFICE

FX: DOOR CLOSSES. TICKING CLOCK

IRIS: (PANTING) Why are we in here?

CHARLIE: I'm looking for something.

IRIS: For what?

FX: BREEZE AND WHISPERED LAUGHING (QUIETER THAN BEFORE) FADE IN. DOOR SLAMS IN DISTANCE. BREEZE AND LAUGHING FADE OUT

IRIS: What was that?

(BEAT)

Charlie?

FX: PAPERS SHUFFLING

CHARLIE: (DISTRACTED) Hmm? I didn't hear anything.

IRIS: Can we leave? If we're found we'll be kicked out of the company forever!

CHARLIE: Calm down. Nobody will ever know.

IRIS: Could this not wait until morning?

FX: SHORT FOOTSTEPS. DRAWERS OPEN AND CLOSE RAPIDLY

IRIS: Will you just tell me why...

CHARLIE: ...Right, stay here.

FX: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS

IRIS: Wait, where are you going?

CHARLIE: (IN B/G) I'll be right back, just stay here!

IRIS: Charlie!

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FX: DOOR CLOSES

IRIS: ...don't leave me.

FX: IRIS HUMS UNDER BREATH. BREEZE FADES IN

IRIS: It's just the wind, Iris.

FX: MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS IN DISTANCE

IRIS: Charlie?

FX: WHISPERED LAUGHING FADES IN. FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN PACE

IRIS: Cha...Charlie, is that you?

FX: DOOR SLAM IN DISTANCE. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

IRIS: This isn't funny.

FX: BREEZE GETS LOUDER

Iris: (SHOUTING) Charlie, what's going on?

FX: WHISPER GETS LOUDER. ANOTHER DOOR SLAM. FOOTSTEPS GET CLOSER

IRIS: Stop it, stop it! Leave me alone!

FX: ALL SOUNDS CRESCENDO THEN STOP

EPISODE 1

SCENE 4

INT: OFFICE

FX: SLOWER FOOTSTEPS FADE IN. DOOR OPENS. DOOR CLOSSES

CHARLIE: Iris, what's wrong?

IRIS: Get off me!

CHARLIE: Hey, what's up?

IRIS: That wasn't funny! Don't do that again!

CHARLIE: What?

IRIS: Is that why we're here? So you can take the piss out of me all night?

CHARLIE: I don't know what...

IRIS: ...Because, ha-ha. That's hilarious, Charlie. Good one. Wow, you're so inventive. Can we go now?

CHARLIE: I haven't done...

FX: DOOR SLAMS IN DISTANCE

(BEAT)

CHARLIE: It was just the wind.

IRIS: Are you sure?

CHARLIE: Yeah...I must have left the window open or somethi...

IRIS: ...Will you just tell me why we're here?

CHARLIE: No questions.

IRIS: Fine then, I'm leaving.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARLIE: Wait!

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP

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CHARLIE: (SIGHS) I want to see the cast list.

IRIS: What?

CHARLIE: The cast list.

(BEAT)

IRIS: For what?

CHARLIE: For *A Christmas Carol*.

(BEAT)

IRIS: The play?

CHARLIE: Obviously!

IRIS: We only auditioned last week?

CHARLIE: I know, but Louisa reckons Scott and Moira have already made their decisions.

IRIS: Who's Louisa?

CHARLIE: The box office intern.

IRIS: The work experience girl?

CHARLIE: She's part-time on Saturdays now.

IRIS: What would she know about it?

CHARLIE: She said she overheard them in the sound studio yesterday.

IRIS: Why do you care?

CHARLIE: Because! This is my big break, Iris!

IRIS: Is it?

CHARLIE: It could be!

IRIS: 'Berkshire Ladies Amateur Dramatics Society presents Charles Dickens: The Opera', is your big break?

EPIISODE 1

CHARLIE: You don't know what this means to me.

IRIS: No, I don't.

CHARLIE: This is everything. My last chance to prove myself!

IRIS: To who?

CHARLIE: To everyone!

IRIS: To Scott?

CHARLIE: No.

(BEAT)

Yes... maybe... I don't know.

IRIS: Surely you're over him by now?

CHARLIE: Of course I am! I just really need this part. So I can show him what he's missing.

IRIS: Charlie, this obsession with Scott...

CHARLIE: ...Obsession?

IRIS: That's not the right word, I...

CHARLIE: ...What do you mean 'obsession'?

IRIS: Nothing.

(BEAT)

(SIGHS) It's just that, well, some of the girls and I were talking and we think maybe you should take a step back from the troupe for a while.

(BEAT)

CHARLIE: Which girls were these?

IRIS: From dressing room 3.

EPISODE 1

CHARLIE: Those bitches.

IRIS: Charlie!

CHARLIE: And thank you very much for talking behind my back!

IRIS: We were just concerned that you...

CHARLIE: (SHOUTING) ...I don't need your concern! I don't need anyone to...

FX: A LOUD BANG IN THE B/G. FOOTSTEPS IN THE DISTANCE

CHARLIE: (LOUD WHISPER) Shit! Someone's here!

IRIS: (LOUD WHISPER) You said everyone had left!

CHARLIE: (LOUD WHISPER) I thought they had!

IRIS: (LOUD WHISPER) Hide!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AROUND THE ROOM. A CHAIR IS SCRAPED BACK. HEAVY BREATHING FROM BOTH. FOOTSTEPS IN B/G GET CLOSER THEN STOP. FLOORBOARDS CREAK. DOOR HANDLE TURNS SLOWLY. MOMENT OF SILENCE. FOOTSTEPS BEGIN AND GET FURTHER AWAY. FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT. PANTING FADES IN

IRIS: (WHISPERING) They've gone.

FX: A CHAIR SCRAPES BACK

CHARLIE: Who was it?

IRIS: I couldn't see their face.

(BEAT)

IRIS: This was a stupid idea, Charlie.

CHARLIE: I didn't know someone would come in.

IRIS: What if we get caught?

EPISODE 1

CHARLIE: We won't get caught.

IRIS: We might! That might've been Moira.

CHARLIE: We'd have known if it were Moira. I can smell that awful grandma perfume a mile off...

IRIS: ...It doesn't matter who it was! What matters is, they're still here, and I'm not getting fired because of you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARLIE: Where are you going?

IRIS: Home.

FX: DOOR HANDLE TURNS. DOOR OPENS

CHARLIE: Wait!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR SLAMS

IRIS: What are you doing?

CHARLIE: You need to help me, Iris.

IRIS: Get off of me!

CHARLIE: I need your help.

IRIS: Let go. Let go now!

CHARLIE: You're the only one who understands. The only one who *really* understands.

IRIS: What are you talking about?

CHARLIE: We're professionals, you and me. Our two-woman performance of *Lysistrata* was a triumph. This lot, they're...they're just holding us back.

IRIS: What are you saying?

CHARLIE: Let's make a breakaway group.

IRIS: We can't do that...

EPISODE 1

CHARLIE: ...Think about it, Iris. Finally, the recognition we deserve! We're good, really good and we need that spotlight for a change. What do you say?

(BEAT)

I can't do it without you.

(BEAT)

IRIS: What will you tell Scott?

CHARLIE: Nothing. Who needs him? We'll just swoop in one day, pick up our leg-warmers and disappear forever.

IRIS: Can we do that?

CHARLIE: Of course we can. We'll be performing with the RSC in no time.

IRIS: If it's plausible...

CHARLIE: ...It is.

IRIS: If it's plausible...I'll consider it.

CHARLIE: Really?

IRIS: I've always wanted to try my hand at playwriting.

CHARLIE: We'll see how the classics pan out first then maybe branch into originals in a few years.

IRIS: Oh, but...

CHARLIE: ...We'll have a proper meeting but for now let's find this cast sheet and get out of here.

IRIS: You're not still caught up on that are you?

CHARLIE: I need to know, Iris. I refuse to play Ghost No. 7 for the third year in a row.

IRIS: But surely if we're leaving, it doesn't matter?

EPIISODE 1

CHARLIE: We need our last hurrah. Our piece-de-resistance. Our big bang!

FX: A DOOR SLAMS

IRIS: What was that?

CHARLIE: Iris?

(BEAT)

Please.

IRIS: Oh, fine, fine! The sooner we find it, the sooner we can leave.

CHARLIE: Exactly! Come on let's go and have a look in the wings.

IRIS: Surely it won't be down there?

CHARLIE: Moira's such a forgetful sod, she once left Harriet's Poriot moustache on the radiator and it melted right before the matinee.

IRIS: Whatever, let's just go and get it.

FX: DOOR HANDLE TURNS. DOOR OPENS

CHARLIE: (LOUD WHISPER) Can you see anyone?

IRIS: (LOUD WHISPER) I don't think so.

CHARLIE: Great, let's go!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

IRIS: (LOUD WHISPER) Let's go quietly!

FX: DOOR CLOSSES. TWO SETS OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

IRIS: Is it me, or is it suddenly freezing?

CHARLIE: Well the heating doesn't turn on at night, genius.

IRIS: I know, but...

EPISODE 1

CHARLIE: ...Come on let's take the back stairs.

FX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ON A STAIRCASE

ISABEL WYATT

SCENE 5

INT: STAGE

FX: A DOOR HANDLE TURNS. A DOOR OPENS

IRIS: Bloody hell! It's pitch black down here.

CHARLIE: The light switch is behind that curtain.

FX: FOOTSTEPS. A CURTAIN MOVES. LIGHTBULBS FLICKER ON

CHARLIE: I'll check stage left and you look stage right.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

IRIS: But what am I looking *for*?

CHARLIE: (IN B/G) It'll be in a blue folder with 'confidential' written on the spine!

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

IRIS: (SARCASTICALLY, TO HERSELF) Confidential? Great. That's just great.

FX: SLOW WANDERING FOOTSTEPS. CUPBOARD OPENS. PAPERS SHUFFLE

IRIS: This is a waste of time. (CALLING OUT) Charlie, it's not going to be down here!

FX: LIGHTBULBS FLICKER

IRIS: What...

FX: LIGHTBULBS FLICKER AGAIN

IRIS: (CALLING OUT) Have you got a light? I think these bulbs are about to blow.

FX: LIGHTBULBS BLOW OUT

IRIS: Shit!

FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS. LOUD BANG FOLLOWED BY THUD ON THE FLOOR

EPISODE 1

IRIS: Ow. Oh crap. (CALLING OUT) Charlie, I've just dropped my phone could you turn your torch on for me?

(BEAT)

Come on, I can't see a thing.

FX: BREEZE FADES IN

IRIS: (CALLING OUT) This is getting ridiculous! How am I supposed to find the stupid cast list if I can't bloody see?

FX: CRACKLE OF A TANNOY

TANNOY: Good evening and welcome to The Rose Theatre, Berkshire.

IRIS: (STARTLED) Christ! What the...

TANNOY: ...Tonight's performance of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* will begin at approximately 7pm in the main auditorium.

IRIS: Scott?

TANNOY: Drinks can be ordered from the bar and are served during our half time interval.

IRIS: (CALLING OUT) Scott? Is that you?

TANNOY: If you would like to use the cloakroom, items are charged with a £1 deposit.

IRIS: (CALLING OUT) This really isn't funny anymore!

TANNOY: Alternatively, the pit cushions are given out for free and can be claimed from the Stalls ushers by any member of the audience with a child's ticket.

IRIS: (CALLING OUT) Turn the lights on!

TANNOY: Ladies and gentlemen if you would kindly take your seats, the show is about to begin.

IRIS: (SCREAMING) Whoever you are just stop it! Stop it!

EPISODE 1

SCENE 6

INT: STAGE

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARLIE: Did you find it?

(BEAT)

Iris? Open your eyes, what's the matter with you?

IRIS: Wha...what's going on?

CHARLIE: Did you find it? The cast sheet?

IRIS: The tannoy...the voice...did you not...

CHARLIE: ...What are you blabbering about now? Did you find the cast list or not?

IRIS: No, the lights went out...I couldn't see anything.

CHARLIE: The lights are fine?

IRIS: But, the tannoy? I thought it was Scott but...

CHARLIE: ...If you mention his name one more time, I swear to God.

IRIS: But Charlie...

CHARLIE: ...I'm going to stage door. She might have left it behind the ticket stubs or something.

IRIS: I'll come with you.

CHARLIE: No, you go and check out the dressing rooms.

IRIS: Ch-Charlie, I don't want to. There's somebody...

CHARLIE: ...You do want to be an actress, don't you?

(BEAT)

IRIS: Yes.

CHARLIE: Then you've got to take risks once in a while. Now go and check the dressing rooms.

EPISODE 1

FX: FOOTSTEPS. A DOOR OPENS. A DOOR CLOSES

IRIS: (DEEP BREATH) Okay.

ISABEL WYATT

SCENE 7 **INT: DRESSING ROOMS**

FX: A DOOR OPENS

IRIS: H-hello?

FX: A DOOR CLOSSES. SLOW FOOTSTEPS. LIGHT BREEZE
FADES IN

IRIS: (WHISPERING) Find the cast list and get out, Iris. Come on.

FX: SHUFFLING PAPERS. A CHAIR IS SCRAPED BACK.
SILENCE FOLLOWED BY WHISPERS LAUGHING

IRIS: Whoever you are....ju-just leave me alone.

FX: LAUGHING GETS LOUDER. QUICK FOOTSTEPS. DOOR
HANDLE SHAKES

IRIS: Let me out!

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. BANGING ON DOOR

IRIS: Unlock the door!

FX: BANGING ON DOOR GETS LOUDER

IRIS: Please! Somebody help me!

FX: TANNOY CRACKLES TO LIFE

TANNOY: Could a member of the cleaning team please report to dressing room 4, somebody seems to have had an accident.

IRIS: Let me go!

TANNOY: Oh, hello Iris. What are you doing here?

IRIS: (SCREAMS) Just let me leave, please! I'm sorry! I want to go home!

TANNOY: Answer the question, Iris. What are you doing here?

EPISODE 1

IRIS: I can't...I...we were...we just wanted...Charlie was looking for the cast list, now I just want to go. Please let me go!

TANNOY: My cast list?

IRIS: (SOBBING) Yes.

TANNOY: (TUTTING) Oh dear, Iris. (SIGH) Charlie always was full of stupid decisions.

IRIS: I'm sorry but it wasn't my ide...

(BEAT)

Where is she?

TANNOY: I'm sorry?

IRIS: Charlie. Have you seen her?

(BEAT)

What have you done to Charlie?

TANNOY: Oh...Charlie's dead, Iris.

IRIS: What?

TANNOY: She fell off the stage and broke her neck.

IRIS: No she didn't. She...when?

TANNOY: Why, when you pushed her of course.

IRIS: Wha- what are you talking about? I didn't...

TANNOY: ...About 10 minutes ago. I saw it all from the lighting box. That wasn't very nice of you, Iris.

IRIS: I didn't... you know I didn't...

TANNOY: If you wanted the lead that badly, you should have just asked.

IRIS: Stop it! Leave me alone! Let me go!

EPISODE 1

TANNOY: I hope you're ready, Iris.

FX: BANGING ON THE DOOR

It's almost time for your curtain call.

FX: BANGING GETS LOUDER. LAUGHING COMES BACK

IRIS: Please! Let me go! No!

FX: IRIS SCREAMS. SILENCE. TANNOY CRACKLES TO LIFE

TANNOY: Tonight's show will star Berkshire Ladies Amateur Dramatics Society's own Charlie Rankin and Iris Daniels, in their final farewell to the theatre. They will be sorely missed but we wish them both luck in their future endeavours. Thank you for visiting The Rose Theatre, Berkshire. We do hope you have a pleasant evening.

FX: ALL SOUNDS FADE OUT. MUSIC FADES IN

THE END