

BBC writers' room 'CLEANERS' project
<http://www.bbc.co.uk/writersroom/cleaners>

'CLEANERS'

Trust

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SCENE 1. INT. THE KITCHEN

GLORIA AND JULIE ARE DRINKING TEA,
GLORIA IS SMOKING AS USUAL AND JULIE IS
TRYING TO COMPLETE A COMPETITION
SLOGAN IN A MAGAZINE.

JULIE:

Maybe a rhyme would work. "Send me to Mauritius,
where I can..."

GLORIA:

Act suspicious.

JULIE:

Oh, yes, thanks, Gloria, that's really going to win me
the holiday of a lifetime.

GLORIA:

I went on holiday once. (BEAT) Never again...

JULIE CLOSES HER EYES AND SIGHS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2. INT. MAIN OFFICE

JONNY STANDS AT THE PRINTER PRINTING OFF ADDRESS LABELS. DAVIES SITS AT A COMPUTER TYPING AWAY SLOWLY WITH TWO FINGERS. KATYA, IN THE BACKGROUND, ON A MOBILE PHONE, TALKS AND MOVES ABOUT THE OFFICE.

AS THE NEARS THE LIFT, HER EYES DART UP. THE LIGHTS ABOVE THE LIFT ARE MOVING DOWN. KATYA COVERS THE PHONE WITH HER HAND.

KATYA:

This must be Julie.

JONNY:

What? Oh. No, Julie's in the kitchen. It'll be the security man.

KATYA:

Security man's still in prison.

DAVIES:

Maybe it's a murderer! A crazed killer who spends his nights hiding in the lifts of London office blocks waiting to take unsuspecting victims on their final journey into terror. Their terrifying screams drowned out by a chilling musak rendition of the Girl From Ipanema, as slowly they head down to the basement of Hell!

JONNY AND KATYA STARE AT HIM BLANKLY.

JONNY:

Or it could be Steve.

DAVIES:

Or, as you say, it could be Steve.

THE LIFT NUMBERS BEGIN TO RISE. THEY MOMENTARILY GO BACK TO WHAT THEY WERE DOING. THEN THE IMPLICATION OF THIS SUDDENLY DAWNS ON THEM, AND THEY QUICKLY TRY TO LOOK LIKE THEY'RE WORKING.

JONNY SHOVELS PILES OF DVDS INTO HIS CLEANING CART AND PULLS HIS OVERALL ON.

KATYA (INTO PHONE):

We have to be quick, you nearly done? (BEAT)

Pamela Anderson on a trampoline! Pamela Anderson on a-- (BEAT; SHE SMILES) Pleasure to be of service, thank you for your call.

SHE DISCONNECTS, PUTS THE PHONE INTO HER OVERALL AND STARTS UP A CLAPPED OUT OLD VACUUM CLEANER.

CUT TO:

SCENE 3. INT. THE KITCHEN

JULIE SITS WITH HER HEAD IN HER HANDS,
LISTENING TO GLORIA.

GLORIA:

...flames everywhere, smoke so you couldn't see your
hand in front of your face, it was horrible. And don't
even talk to me about the second week...

JONNY APPEARS BRIEFLY IN THE DOORWAY,
LOOKING PANICKED.

JONNY:

Incoming! Steve alert.

JULIE (JUMPING UP):

Thank Christ! (BEAT) What's he doing here at this
time?

JONNY SHRUGS AND EXITS THE KITCHEN.
JULIE PUTS HER MAGAZINE AWAY AND
GLORIA DESPERATELY PUFFS ON HER
CIGARETTE TRYING TO FINISH IT, WHILST
FLAPPING AWAY THE SMOKE WITH HER
OTHER HAND.

JULIE:

Get rid of it Gloria – and the bag.

JULIE EXITS THE KITCHEN.

WITH A FINAL FRANTIC FEW PUFFS, GLORIA
DOGS THE FAG OUT AND BINS IT. THE
CIGGY GONE, SHE JUMPS UP AND DOWN,
EVENTUALLY RIPPING THE BAG DOWN FROM
OVER THE SMOKE ALARM. SHE CHASES
AFTER JULIE.

CUT TO:

SCENE 4. INT. MAIN OFFICE

THE LIFT OPENS AND STEVE ENTERS.

STEVE:

The Emperor of Clean has entered the building!

STEVE WAITS FOR A RESPONSE, BUT GETS ONLY THE BRIEFEST OF NODS FROM THE 'BUSY' TEAM.

THE LIFT DOORS START TO CLOSE. HE STOPS THEM WITH HIS HAND, BEFORE JAMMING THEM OPEN WITH A LARGE BOX HE HAS BROUGHT WITH HIM.

STEVE GESTURES FOR KATYA TO SWITCH THE HOOVER OFF. SHE DOES.

STEVE:

You shouldn't be wasting your time with that pile of junk, Katya. You deserve better. (BEAT) Speaking of which, how's the boyfriend? Still together?

KATYA:

You ask me that every time I see you. You're so thoughtful! Yes, still together!

STEVE GIVES HER A DOUBLE THUMBS UP IN A MOCK SHOW OF DELIGHT.

STEVE:

Excellent! (BEAT) Attention please, crew!

THE CREW TURN TO HIM AS HE PULLS THE CARDBOARD BOX FROM THE LIFT.

JONNY:

Taken delivery of a new ego, boss?

STEVE:

No, Jonny, just dropping off your nightly dose of incompetence. (BEAT) Team, allow me to present the future of cleaning...

HE LIFTS THE BOX, REVEALING A SLEEK,
SHINY CLEANING MACHINE.

STEVE:

The Vacculux Eight Thousand!

"OOOHS" FROM SOME OF THE CREW.

STEVE:

It sucks, it blows, it shampoos, it rinses, and as if
that's not enough it also comes with five nozzle
attachments for getting into those awkward places!

KATYA:

You should be on the home shopping channel!

GLORIA (MUTTERING):

Least then we could switch him off.

STEVE (POINTS AT OLD HOOVER):

And I'll be taking that deathtrap with me.

JULIE:

Why? It still does the job.

STEVE:

That's for me to decide, and I've decided it's going.
Besides, this one does the job ten times as fast.

JONNY AND DAVIES APPROACH THE
MACHINE.

DAVIES:

It's a lovely piece of craftsmanship, isn't it?

JONNY:

No arguments there, Davi--

STEVE:

Ah-ah! Marigolds on first. Not having dirty hands all over it. And remember, you break it you buy it.

MUTTERING, DAVIES AND JONNY SHUFFLE BACK TO JOIN THE CREW.

STEVE:

Okay, that's the fun stuff out of the way, now onto matters more serious. Much more serious.

CREW EXCHANGE WORRIED LOOKS.

STEVE:

You've let me down, team. You've let me down badly. I never thought I'd have to say this, but--

STEVE'S PAGER INTERRUPTS HIM.

KATYA:

What? But what?

STEVE:

It seems one of Crew D over the road has just sprung the trap I set for him! He's about to find out what happens to those fool enough to try to get one over on the Duke of the Dust Buster!

KATYA:

What about us? What were you going to say?

JULIE:

You're not just going to leave us hanging at "I never thought I'd have to say this, but--", surely?

STEVE:

Indeed I am. It'll have to wait. I'll go escort our latest scam-merchant from the premises, fill out the paperwork, and catch you before you go. I'll deal with you all then.

JULIE:

And Robocop here? How does it work?

STEVE (SIGHS AND POINTS):

On. Off. Clean water in. Dirty water out. Power suction, vacuum controls. Any idiot could...

STEVE STOPS AS HE SEES DAVIES NOW
POLISHING A WASTE BIN.

STEVE:

...read the instruction manual carefully and I'm sure you'll work it out. Anyhow - disciplinary matters to attend to. Hasta la vista C Crew.

STEVE STEPS INTO THE LIFT AND THE
DOORS CLOSE.

KATYA:

What was that about?

JONNY:

He's going to fire us.

KATYA:

What?

DAVIES:

What?

GLORIA:

Might have sodding guessed.

JULIE:

Don't be stupid, Jonny, no-one's firing anyone.

JONNY SHRUGS AND SITS DOWN AT A
COMPUTER. HE SWITCHES IT ON.

JONNY:

Think what you like, but it sounded to me like he knew something.

JULIE:

Come on, it's Steve – bacteria have a higher IQ.

JONNY:

Tell that to the guy on Crew D.

GLORIA:

He's right. I'm a fire hazard. Steve thinks I'm a fire hazard.

DAVIES:

You are a fire hazard, Gloria. You wouldn't catch me smoking in these overalls.

KATYA:

Wouldn't catch me standing in direct sunlight in these overalls!

GLORIA:

Well, I've got to smoke, haven't I? Health reasons. But Steve won't take that into account, will he? Oh, no, I'll be out the door before--

JULIE:

Listen, I'm telling you, no-one's getting the sack!

KATYA:

How can you be so sure? What about my (SHE GLANCES AT DAVIES) telecoms business? If Jonny's right--

JULIE:

When is Jonny ever right?

DAVIES:

She's a point there.

JONNY:

Oi!

JULIE:

If for any reason Steve is unhappy with us the best thing we can do is make sure this place is shining for him when he gets back. Katya, Gloria, take the machine through to the boardroom – I'll give you a hand to shift it. Davies, do your stuff in here.

Jonny--

JONNY:

Busy.

JULIE:

Excuse me?

JONNY:

This could be my last night, got to get these orders processed and sent off. Sorry I can't help you.

JULIE (FUMING):

Okay, places everyone. Jonny, I'll want a word with you in a minute.

JULIE HELPS KATYA AND GLORIA GUIDE THE MACHINE PAST ALL THE DESKS AND INTO THE BOARDROOM.

DAVIES:

You don't really think Steve knows what we've been doing with our time, do you? We've all been very careful, haven't we? I mean Gloria even swallowed that cigarette last week so he wouldn't catch her smoking.

JONNY:

Maybe someone grassed us up then. Spilled their guts.

DAVIES:

A mole, you mean?

DAVIES CONSIDERS THIS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5. INT. BOARDROOM

ANIMATED KATYA EXAMINES THE ATTACHMENTS FOR THE MACHINE WHILST GLORIA READS THE INSTRUCTION BOOK.

KATYA

There's so many tools.

GLORIA (SUSPICIOUS)

Does too much if you ask me.

KATYA

You English never like change.

GLORIA

I've seen it all before, machines brought in people kicked out. Like in them Arnie films; where the human spirit has been crushed by the automaton. Well it's started. It's started here. Right here in Brighton Towers.

IGNORING GLORIA, KATYA PULLS AT A TELESCOPIC HOSE.

KATYA

Look how big it grows.

KATYA SINGS THE VERSE FROM THE SONG 'SEXY' THEN HUMS QUIETLY DURING GLORIA'S SPEECH.

GLORIA

Can't even ring the surgery these days without getting a machine...

KATYA FIXES THE HOSE AND WAND TOGETHER.

GLORIA

Repeat prescriptions press 1, sick notes press 2, death certificates press 3, Dr Patel press 4 ...

RHYTHMICALLY, KATYA PRACTICES WITH THE WAND.

GLORIA

And to make an appointment please ... (BEAT) Sod off. (BEAT) And they say that's progress.

KATYA PLUGS IN THE MACHINE.

GLORIA

Mark my words that's replacing one of us.

KATYA STANDS READY TO VACUUM.

KATYA

I'll go first.

GLORIA

No ... it's always me I'll be out first, then Davies ... or maybe you.

KATYA TURNS TO GLORIA.

KATYA

Fired ... me?

GLORIA

Like a rocket.

KATYA

Steve would never ...

GLORIA

It's Julie I'd look out for.

KATYA

She makes no complaint.

GLORIA

Maybe not to you.

KATYA

To Steve?

GLORIA

Don't ever think you're indispensable.

KATYA (FURIOUS)

Zdrajca! ... I'm going to have it off with her.

GLORIA

Out.

KATYA

Whatever.

KATYA STORMS OFF.

GLORIA

Won't change anything.

CUT TO:

SCENE 6. INT. MAIN OFFICE

JONNY IS SEATED AT A DESK. HE TYPES AWAY ON A COMPUTER AND ARRANGES HIS DVDS.

JULIE:

What do you think you're doing?

JONNY:

This is the biggest order I've ever had. Can't let the customers down.

JULIE:

And I look like I care? Get rid of this stuff and start cleaning before I shove those DVDs up your hard drive.

JONNY:

Okay.

JULIE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

JONNY:

As soon as I've done this.

JULIE STOPS, DRAWS BREATH AND TURNS AROUND.

JULIE:

How difficult can this be? I - red overall - give the orders. You - green overall - do what I say.

JONNY:

I'm colour blind.

JULIE:

So read these hand signals.

JULIE MIMES "CLEAN OR I'LL KILL YOU".

JONNY:

Did you just invite me back to your place?

KATYA INTERRUPTS.

KATYA:

Please I must talk with you.

JULIE:

Not now Katya. Me and the Boy Branson here are having a little chat.

KATYA:

But it's really important.

JULIE:

Why is it that suddenly everything's 'really important'
- except getting this place clean? Later Katya, later.

JONNY CONTINUES TO TAP AWAY AT THE
COMPUTER WHILST KATYA SLOPES AWAY.

JONNY:

Julie, I think you're a great crew leader. You're my role model. Its because of you that I want to make something of myself.

HE SEES JULIE IS WEAKENING

JONNY:

You're like the mother I never had.

JULIE'S EXPRESSION CHANGES.

JONNY:

I mean sister! The attractive older sister I never had.

JULIE:

Get back to work or you'll be hoovering your favourite body parts off the carpet.

JONNY (SLYLY):

All right then. (BEAT) Incidentally, have you lost weight?

JULIE:

Couple of pounds actually. Does it show?

JONNY:

Thought you had. Anyway, what was I saying? If I can just do this now, then later I'll get cleaning like Superman on speed to make it up for it. I will - promise.

JULIE:

Oh okay. Twenty minutes tops, then its your turn to pick the gunk out of the plugholes.

MEANWHILE DAVIES HAS CORNERED KATYA.

DAVIES:

It's a rum business all this isn't it? Not good to have unrest in the ranks eh? But you'll be all right - everyone likes you. Especially Steve, eh?

KATYA (TRYING TO LOOK WISE):

My grandmother in Krakow would call him "cod with cufflinks".

DAVIES:

Er ... right. And I suppose he's quite a nice bloke really under the flashy clothes.

KATYA:

I've never seen him without his clothes. Did Jonny tell you this?

DAVIES:

I mean he's easy to talk to - charming in his own way. He's very... manly.

THERE'S AN AWKWARD SILENCE AS DAVIES DOESN'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO CONTINUE THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING.

DAVIES:

Do you know what a whistle blower is?

KATYA:

Yes.

DAVIES:

Have you ever...

KATYA:

No, I don't even like football.

DAVIES:

No, a whistle blower is someone who tells tales, but they're protected by law for exposing a misdemeanour.

KATYA:

But Mr Davies I never tell tales and I don't even know your Mister what's his name.

JULIE WALKS OVER.

JULIE:

So then Katya, what's so important - dropped your mobile down the toilet?

DAVIES SHUFFLES OFF, AS KATYA CONFRONTS JULIE.

KATYA:

Is it true that ACME is going to sack us and get robots to do the cleaning instead?

JULIE:

The minute they offer me hoovering chimps you're all out.

KATYA:

Gloria says that the automations are taking over the world.

JULIE:

Gloria thinks tomatoes are radioactive. But do they carry a health warning?

KATYA:

But I need the money I earn here to give to Matthew. He says we need power tools to decorate our flat.

JULIE:

Katya love, stop worrying. If Steve was getting rid of somebody he'd tell me.

KATYA:

Would he?

JULIE THINKS FOR A MOMENT THEN TURNS
CHANGES THE SUBJECT.

JULIE (TO CREW):

Enough of this nonsense. Can we get finished here before dawn please?

KATYA GETS BACK TO HER WORK.

JULIE (TO HERSELF):

I've seen wounds heal faster.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7. INT. KITCHEN

IN NEAR DARKNESS, GLORIA SITS FACING THE FRIDGE, SMOKING. DAVIES ENTERS.

DAVIES:

It's like the inside of a kipper factory in here.

GLORIA:

Shut your noise. I'm up tight – smoking is my crutch.

DAVIES:

And why would you be up tight?

GLORIA:

I'm for the chop. I've had a premonition – of me down the job centre again. Been down there so many times I think they're going to put up a blue plaque in my name.

DAVIES:

The chop? Why, what have you been up to? I'd have thought that you're the one who has least to worry about – after all, you don't run any – shall we say – supplementary activities. (BEAT) Or do you?

GLORIA:

Meaning what?

DAVIES GOES INTO INTERROGATION MODE AND OPENS THE FRIDGE DOOR. THE LIGHT SHINES IN GLORIA'S EYES.

DAVIES:

Let's put it this way. Aside from the odd dozen or so cigarette breaks – you graft away throughout the night. So how does it make you feel when you see your colleagues, how shall we say, abusing the system with their outside interests, eh?

GLORIA:

Feel? Feel? My feelings got up and left years ago,
even they couldn't stand the agony of being with me.

DAVIES:

Alright Gloria - cut the wise cracks, let's stick to the
facts. I want you to tell me the truth. Have you ever
told Steve about what really goes on here? (BEAT)
And when you answer - look me straight in the eye.

DAVIES GRABS A CHAIR AND SPINS IT
ROUND SO THAT THE BACK FACES GLORIA.
HE ATTEMPTS TO STRADDLE IT.

GLORIA:

You're going to have a hip out doing that.

DAVIES:

Nothing wrong with my joints, you know.

DAVIES TRIES TO LOWER HIMSELF ON TO
THE CHAIR, BUT HE AND IT TOPPLE
BACKWARDS, LANDING OUT OF SIGHT WITH
A CRASH. GLORIA SIGHS, GETS UP, SHUTS
THE FRIDGE DOOR AND DEPARTS. LEAVING
THE ROOM IN NEAR DARKNESS ONCE AGAIN.

DAVIES (O.S.):

It's OK, I'm fine.

CUT TO:

SCENE 8. INT. BOARDROOM.

JULIE AND JONNY ARE STUDYING THE CONTROLS OF THE MACHINE. JULIE IS WARY.

JONNY:

No, this is easy. Low, medium and high suction. Wet and dry option. Forward or reverse power.

WITH THE POWER STILL OFF, HE STARTS TWIDDLING THE DIALS.

JONNY:

We could install a game on this. (BEAT) Dust Commandos 2, the ultimate test of power cleaning technology pitted against the evil Empire of Grime.

JULIE:

You boys are all the same. You lounge around all day on the settee with the remote control and a games console, just moving your thumbs in the name of exercise.

JONNY:

Might not just be my thumbs I'm exercising – depends who I'm playing with.

JULIE:

D'ya know what? In two hundred years time, men will have lost the power of movement. Your legs will have fallen off, you'll have arses like water beds and thumbs the size of cucumbers.

JONNY SWITCHES THE MACHINE ON, REVS IT UP AND STARTS RACING IT AROUND THE BOARDROOM AS DAVIES LIMPS IN CARRYING THE ACCIDENT REPORT BOOK.

JONNY:

Using awesome power suction in his quest for glory, he puts his mercenary cleaning strategy to the

supreme challenge, obliterating the dust warriors.
And winning the global battle against filth.

JULIE (SHOUTING):

Alright, enough. Turn it off. (AND THEN TO DAVIES)
And what do you want? Cleaning's not a spectator
sport you know.

DAVIES:

I've had an accident.

JONNY:

I'll get the spare trousers.

DAVIES:

Involving a substandard chair and Gloria. It'll require
your signature. I've logged all the details.

DAVIES HANDS HER THE BOOK AND A PEN.
JULIE LEAFS THROUGH NUMEROUS PAGES
UNTIL SHE REACHES THE END. SHE
PREPARES TO SIGN.

DAVIES:

You haven't read it!

JULIE:

I read last week's – with the back firing spray polish
and the week before when you got your tongue stuck
on the inside of the freezer.

SHE SIGNS. DAVIES POINTS TO HIS WATCH.
JULIE ADDS THE TIME. DAVIES ALSO SIGNS
WITH AN ARTISTIC FLOURISH.

DAVIES:

I'd be grateful if you could have the members of C
Crew assembled in the boardroom at midnight. I
have an important announcement to make.

JULIE:

The title of your latest novel is not of interest to us,
Davies.

DAVIES:

I have some potentially devastating news that could
rip C Crew apart.

CUT TO:

SCENE 9. INT. MAIN OFFICE.

JULIE LOOKS GUILTILY ROUND. FINDING THE OFFICE EMPTY SHE TAKES A PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF HER BRA AND UNFOLDS IT. IT IS A COMPETITION TORN FROM A MAGAZINE.

JULIE:

Five star pampering at a health farm. Come to Mama.

SHE FURTIVELY PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS.

JULIE

Question A, the answer is irritable bowel. Question B, the answer is ..

GLORIA ENTERS AND OVERHEARS

JULIE:

Chronic pain.

GLORIA:

Who's a chronic pain?

JULIE SLAMS PHONE DOWN AS DAVIES ENTERS

JULIE (IMPROVISING):

Cliff Richard. Can't stand him. Big wobbly turkey neck and--

GLORIA GRABS THE MAGAZINE PAGE AS JONNY AND KATYA ENTER.

GLORIA:

You could do with a weekend on carrot juice.

JULIE TRIES TO SNATCH THE PAGE BACK BUT GLORIA GIVES IT TO KATYA.

JULIE:

Haven't you got something to dust? Cauldron? Broomstick?

GLORIA:

Steve's said you can use the office phones for competitions has he?

DAVIES:

Come on now, Gloria, it might not be what it looks like.

GLORIA:

On the phone, reeling off answers. What else could she have been doing?

DAVIES:

Phone a friend?

JONNY:

That's rich, after you told us to stop messing.

JULIE:

I was being quick. And anyway, it's freephone.

KATYA:

No. Premium rate. Hey that's more than mine.

JONNY:

Nice to know we're all in the same boat Captain – if we sink you go down with us.

GLORIA:

I never really learnt to swim. Allergic to armbands.

JULIE:

Nobody's going down. It'll be all right if we stick together.

JONNY:

So we're sticking together now?

GLORIA:

I'd like to do that swimming with dolphins but they'd never stop in the shallow end.

DAVIES:

Ah, thank goodness! Its 14 seconds past midnight. Would you be so kind as to join me in the boardroom? The revelations are about to begin!

CUT TO:

SCENE 10. INT. BOARDROOM

DAVIES STANDS IN FRONT OF THE ROOM'S WHITE BOARD. ON IT ARE A SERIES OF COMPLEX DIAGRAMS AND EQUATIONS THAT RESEMBLE A POLICE INQUIRY BOARD.

THE REST OF CREW C ENTER, SIDE-STEPPING THE MACHINE.

JULIE:

That better not be permanent ink on there.

DAVIES SPINS TO FACE THEM AN OBSESSIVE GLINT IN HIS EYES. GLORIA STEPS CLOSER TO HIM.

GLORIA:

Been overdoing the polish again? You look a bit dazed.

DAVIES (FIRMLY):

On the contrary my mind has never been clearer.
Now please sit down, all of you.

GLORIA TAKES A BAG OF MARSHMALLOWS FROM HER POCKET AND STARTS TO TUCK IN. THE CREW LOOK AT HER.

GLORIA:

What? I have to eat when I'm stressed.

KATYA (TO GLORIA):

My magazine says physical activity works better.

JONNY:

Is that with or without Matthew?

DAVIES (RAISING HIS VOICE):

Sit down. This shouldn't take long but believe me if I was Colombo one of you would be heading for the clink.

JULIE (EXASPERATED):

Back to work we don't have time for this.

THEY ALL GO TO LEAVE.

DAVIES:

No time to learn about the traitor in our midst? The Judas? (BEAT) The mole?

THEY ALL STOP.

DAVIES:

Aha! Now you're listening. (BEAT) Jonny said something earlier that made me sit up and think...

JULIE:

Multi tasking I'm impressed.

DAVIES:

Since then I have been collating evidence to prove who the informer amongst us is.

APPREHENSIVELY THE CREW SIT. DAVIES REMAINS STANDING. THE ONLY SOUND IS THAT OF GLORIA RUSTLING HER MARSHMALLOW PACKET.

DAVIES:

I wondered could jealousy be the motivation...
Gloria?

GLORIA NEARLY CHOKES ON HER MARSHMALLOW AND COUGHS. KATYA PATS HER ON THE BACK.

GLORIA:

I need a ciggie.

KATYA:

Gloria's not the type.

DAVIES (TO KATYA):

But you're capable, you'll do anything for extra money won't you?

KATYA (SHOCKED):

Mr Davies my hands are clean.

JONNY:

She only talks dirty.

DAVIES TURNS TO JONNY.

DAVIES:

And are you enjoying playing the classic double bluff to throw me off the scent?

JONNY:

You'll be doubled up in a minute...

JULIE:

Don't be stupid where else could he run his empire rent free.

DAVIES (TO JULIE):

And you - on the first rungs of the management ladder. Would you do anything to keep a firm footing?

JULIE (FURIOUS):

Don't you dare accuse me ...

GLORIA (INNOCENTLY):

Well we never did get to the bottom of that call.

JULIE (TO GLORIA):

Stay out of this, I've often wondered why Steve put you in this team.

GLORIA:

Oh I knew I'd get the blame.

JONNY:

Where's the evidence Davies?

DAVIES POINTS TO THE BOARD.

DAVIES:

At 10.15 you were observed sending an email.

JONNY:

Yes and at 10.30, 10.50 and 11 I've had a busy night.

JULIE:

You were supposed to be working.

JONNY (POINTING TO KATYA):

She's been on her phone.

KATYA (ANGRILY):

At least I clean when I'm on my chat line.

JULIE:

A damn sight quicker if you kept your mouth shut.

KATYA:

I'm the best on the team.

GLORIA:

Is that why Steve gives you special treatment?

KATYA SCOWLS AT GLORIA.

JONNY:

Exactly. We don't know who you're talking to. He could have found out about your chat line and be bribing you for information.

DAVIES:

Or bribing you?

JONNY SQUIRMS

JONNY:

In that case it could be any one of us. Even you
Davies.

SILENCE. DAVIES TURNS TO THE WHITE
BOARD.

DAVIES (INSPIRED):

Of course! I left myself out of the investigation...

HE SCRIBBLES ARROWS.

And that's why I couldn't find the informer.

DAVIES CIRCLES A LARGE D. THEN TURNS
TO THE CREW.

DAVIES

Because it's me...

JULIE

You? (LAUGHS) Not even Agatha Christie managed a
plot switch like that.

THE CREW SIGH WITH RELIEF.

JONNY

So how'd you do it Davies? Pull off the crime of the
century, right under your own nose?

DAVIES TURNS BACK TO THE BOARD, PICKS
UP A CLOTH AND BEGINS TO WIPE AS HE
ELIMINATES HIS EVIDENCE.

DAVIES

Circumstantial evidence... opportunity ...

JULIE, JONNY AND KATYA EXIT.

DAVIES

Motive... time and place...

GLORIA FINISHES HER MARSHMALLOWS,
SCREWS UP THE BAG AND GOES TO LEAVE.

DAVIES

Therefore I conclude that there is in fact...

DAVIES LOOKS AT THE CLEAN BOARD.
GLORIA SWITCHES THE LIGHT OFF ON HER
WAY OUT LEAVING DAVIES IN DARKNESS.

DAVIES

No mole.

CUT TO:

SCENE 11. INT. MAIN OFFICE

JONNY AND DAVIES SIT DOWN AT COMPUTERS OPPOSITE EACH OTHER AND BOOT THEM UP.

DAVIES

Oh I can't expect you lot to understand. Those cursed with artistic temperaments are destined to suffer in silence for our art.

DAVIES' COMPUTER SCREEN TELLS HIM HE'S PERFORMED AN ILLEGAL OPERATION. HE IS DEVASTATED

JONNY

So what you doing now?

DAVIES

Suffering. It was all here (indicates his head) a torrent, waiting to gush on to the page, a whodunnit where it turned out to be the detective in the end – and look – technology conspires to confound art.

JONNY GOES OVER, LOOKS AT SCREEN, AND CORRECTS THE PROBLEM

JONNY

There you go. Gush away!

DAVIES

Thank you. Oh it's no use. It's gone. The moment has passed. That once in a lifetime vision captured in words, the perfect beginning – lost to humanity forever.

JONNY

Nah, it'll come back to you. How about 'once upon a time'?

JULIE AND GLORIA ENTER FROM THE BOARDROOM. JULIE IS UNAWARE THAT GLORIA IS BEHIND HER AND TURNS TO SHOUT BACK INTO THE BOARDROOM.

JULIE (SHOUTING):

And Gloria, I – Jesus! (NORMAL VOICE) I don't want to hear any more about plastic eating cash machines and microwave ovens that fry your brains in thirty seconds. You're going to use that machine tonight if it kills you.

GLORIA

That's exactly what I'm afraid of. I'm one of those people who's electrically charged. You could run half the National Grid off me when I've got my nylon nightie on.

JULIE

Well you haven't got your nightie on tonight. So get in there, get that machine switched on and clean.

GLORIA WALKS HEAVY FOOTED INTO THE BOARDROOM, HEAD HELD LOW. JULIE FOLLOWS HER TO THE DOOR, WHICH GLORIA SLAMS SHUT IN HER FACE

CUT TO:

SCENE 12. INT. TOILETS.

KATYA IS IN A TOILET CUBICLE PLACING A ROLL OF TOILET TISSUE NEATLY ONTO A HOLDER. HER CLEANING CART STANDS NEAR AND SHE WEARS A STATE OF THE ART HANDS-FREE TELEPHONE KIT WHICH IS ATTACHED TO HER MOBILE PHONE INSIDE HER OVERALL POCKET.

A RAUNCHY RING-TONE SIGNALS A CALLER HAS RUNG HER SEX CHAT LINE. SHE CONTINUES WORKING THROUGHOUT HER CONVERSATION.

KATYA (SULTRY DRAWL):

Hello... Kitty-Kat's purring... what's your pleasure?

CUT TO:

SCENE 13. INT. BOARDROOM

GLORIA EXTENDS THE HANDLE OF HER
FEATHER DUSTER TOWARDS THE CONTROLS
TO TRY TO SWITCH THE MACHINE
OFF.

GLORIA:

Well it's you or me mister.

THE NOZZLE IS IN ITS HOLDER NEAR THE
CONTROL PANEL. THE SUCTION SNATCHES
THE FEATHER DUSTER OUT OF HER HAND.
THE HANDLE DISAPPEARS DOWN THE PIPE
LEAVING ONLY THE FLUFFY BIT IN VIEW.

CUT TO:

SCENE 14. INT. TOILETS

KATYA PICKS UP A PAIR OF YELLOW
MARIGOLDS FROM HER CLEANING CART.

KATYA:

It's something very special tonight.

KATYA PUTS ON HER GLOVES.

KATYA:

Just for you I'm wearing rubber...

SHE PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF TOILET
CLEANER.

KATYA:

And I'm using white, lemon scented cream. Unless
you'd prefer...

SHE READS FROM BOTTLE.

KATYA

Aromatic lavender? (BEAT) Whatever you say...

SHE SQUIRTS LEMON TOILET CLEANER
GENEROUSLY ROUND THE PAN.

KATYA:

More?

SHE SQUIRTS MORE CLEANER.

KATYA

You are a greedy boy...

CUT TO:

SCENE 15. INT. BOARDROOM

GLORIA:

Woah! Woah! Steady big fella.

SHE GATHERS HER COURAGE AND CREEPS
FORWARD SLOWLY LIKE A HORSE-
WHISPERER TRYING TO CALM A SKITTISH
STALLION.

CUT TO:

SCENE 16. INT. TOILETS

KATYA:

Do you know what I'm going to do now?

SHE PUTS DOWN THE SEAT.

KATYA:

I'm going down on my knees.

SHE KNEELS AND CLEANS AROUND THE
BOTTOM OF THE TOILET.

KATYA:

I thought you would. (BEAT) Now take it slow...

CUT TO:

SCENE 17. INT. BOARDROOM

GLORIA:

Gently does it. Steady. Steady.

SHE REACHES ACROSS AND TURNS THE SWITCH ROUND TO LOW SUCTION. SHE IS PLEASED TO HEAR IT PURRING INSTEAD OF ROARING.

CUT TO:

SCENE 18. INT. TOILETS

KATYA:

Slowly... let's make it last....

KATYA, STILL SCRUBBING SHOUTS.

KATYA:

That's the way, there's no need to rush it ...

SHE LOOKS AT THE PHONE

KATYA:

Hello? Tch. Premature disconnection!

CUT TO:

SCENE 19. INT. BOARDROOM

GLORIA:

Gloria you have the touch of an angel.

GLORIA CAREFULLY TAKES HOLD OF THE SUCTION NOZZLE AND EXTRACTS HER FEATHER DUSTER. SHE MOVES TOWARDS THE TABLE READY TO START HOOVERING. SHE EXTENDS THE LONG NOZZLE IN FRONT OF HER ADMIRINGLY.

GLORIA:

You are a big fella.

THE TIP OF THE NOZZLE ACCIDENTALLY DIPS INTO A BOWL OF MINT IMPERIALS ON THE BOARDROOM TABLE. THEY ARE SUCKED, CLATTERING, UP THE PIPE.

GLORIA:

And so strong.

GLORIA LOOKS ROUND THE ROOM FOR SOMETHING ELSE TO SUCK UP. PICKS UP A BOX OF DRAWING PINS AND EMPTIES THEM ONTO THE CARPET.

CUT TO:

SCENE 20. INT. MAIN OFFICE

JULIE PUSHES A CLEANING CART TOWARDS DAVIES AND JONNY WHO ARE STILL SAT AT COMPUTERS. JONNY IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.

JULIE (DEMONSTRATING):

Step one lift hand, step two pick up a duster, step three...

JONNY:

So if it wasn't a mole how did the Emperor of Clean get his info?

JULIE:

Don't ask me. Perhaps he hides in a cupboard.

DAVIES:

You know I've often sensed a strange presence when I've been using the urinal.

JONNY:

That's Gloria with binoculars.

DAVIES:

Its possible though isn't it? Steve could be spying.

JONNY:

I ran into Pierce Brosnan at the gym the other day. You know what he said?

JULIE:

Get out of my way, wimp?

JONNY:

No, seriously. Me and PB go way back. He was telling me about the new Bond. There's this scene where they bug an office with a camera the size of a drawing pin.

DAVIES:

You mean surveillance?

JULIE:

Steve couldn't spell surveillance, let alone install it.
And its way too pricey.

JONNY:

They'll be dirt cheap off the net.

JULIE:

But where would he hide it? Are you telling me to
strip-search the spider plants?

JONNY:

No not a static camera. The area's too big, too many
rooms. Five of us to monitor. It would have to be
covert and always in the thick of things.

JULIE:

But we're on the move all the time. Even Gloria
would notice a camera if it was flying round the room
like a bluebottle.

JONNY:

The camera doesn't have to move on its own. You
just install it in something portable.

DAVIES:

That's right boy. Something which could collect
evidence over a period of time and then be removed
for debugging.

JULIE AND JONNY STARE AT DAVIES
INSPIRED.

JONNY:

The Hoover!

JULIE:

But he's taken it away.

JONNY:

Only replaced it.

DAVIES:

With a more advanced model.

JULIE:

He wouldn't would he?

CUT TO:

SCENE 21. INT. BOARDROOM.

GLORIA SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE AS
JULIE AND JONNY STUMBLE IN.

JULIE:

Could you go help Davies in the office, Glo?

GLORIA:

But he's nearly finished.

JULIE:

Has he dusted?

GLORIA:

Yes.

JULIE:

Polished?

GLORIA:

Yes.

JULIE (STRUGGLING):

Washed all the light switches?

GLORIA:

Wouldn't surprise me.

JONNY (LOOKING OUT DOOR):

Oh look, Gloria, he's chucking your fags out now.

EYES OPEN WIDE IN HORROR, GLORIA
SHOVES PAST JULIE AND JONNY AND DARTS
FROM THE BOARDROOM.

JONNY CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

JULIE:

Good thinking.

JONNY SIDLES UP TO JULIE AND THEY BOTH
STAND WATCHING THE MOTIONLESS
MACHINE.

JONNY (WHISPERING):

Now what?

JULIE (WHISPERING):

Lie across it.

JONNY:

Why?

JULIE:

So it can't see us.

JONNY:

You lie across it.

JULIE (AUTHORITATIVE):

Hello? Red overall?

JONNY CASUALLY STROLLS UP TO THE
MACHINE, THEN THROWS HIMSELF OVER IT.
JULIE KNEELS AND EXAMINES IT.

JULIE:

Now keep still... What am I looking for?

JONNY:

Surveillance equipment.

JULIE (SNAPPING):

Yes, I know... (WHISPERING) Yes, I know that,
thank you. What does it look like?

JONNY MAKES A MOVEMENT AND ALMOST
FALLS OFF THE MACHINE, ONLY JUST
MANAGING TO HOLD ON.

JULIE:

What was that?

JONNY:

I shrugged.

JULIE:

So you don't know? Well that's just-- What's that noise?

JONNY (EMBARASSED):

Pot Noodle. And this machine's not going to be the only thing in here with a powerful blow facility if I don't shift soon.

JULIE:

Okay, so the clock's against us. How do I get into this thing?

JONNY:

Shrink to the size of an ant and crawl up the—

JULIE GLARES AT HIM.

JONNY:

Try pulling that bit.

JULIE:

Which bit? This bit?

JULIE GRABS A PIECE OF THE MACHINE AND TUGS.

JONNY:

Yes, that bit. Pull! (BEAT) You're not pulling.

JULIE:

I'll pull your bloody head off in a--

WITH A CRACK THE PLASTIC COVER COMES
OFF IN JULIE'S HAND, SENDING MACHINE
COMPONENTS SPEWING OUT ONTO THE
CARPET. SHE AND JONNY EXCHANGE A
PANICKED GLANCE.

JONNY:

Well obviously not that bit.

CUT TO:

SCENE 22. INT. MAIN OFFICE

DAVIES STANDS ON A PAIR OF SMALL FOLDING STEPS. WITH A DELIBERATE FIGURE OF EIGHT MOTION HE SLOWLY BUT EXPERTLY POLISHES THE COMPANY LOGO NEAR THE LIFT DOORS. GLORIA STANDS NEXT TO HIM HOLDING A CAN OF SPRAY POLISH.

GLORIA (EXCITEDLY):

And I could be on TV?

DAVIES INSPECTS A SPOT AND POINTS WITH HIS FINGER. GLORIA STRETCHES AND SQUIRTS THE SPRAY ON THE SPOT. DAVIES RESUMES POLISHING.

DAVIES:

Well video, if Jonny's right.

GLORIA:

That's good. Steve'll be able see for himself that I can use it.

DAVIES STEPS ONTO THE FLOOR AND STANDS BACK TO ADMIRE HIS POLISHING. GLORIA SITS ON THE STEPS AND LOOKS DISAPPROVINGLY AT HER OVERALL.

DAVIES:

Dazzling.

GLORIA:

No this one's dirty. I knew I should've worn my new overall. When I get electrically charged all sorts of things cling to me - I'm like human flypaper.

DAVIES:

Well there are certainly no flies on you Glo. And anyway, I wouldn't worry the videos they show on Crimewatch are never in colour.

GLORIA BRIGHTENS. JULIE BURSTS INTO THE MAIN OFFICE FOLLOWED BY JONNY.

JULIE (SHOUTING):

Keep your wild theories to yourself in future.

DAVIES AND GLORIA LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

JONNY:

It could have been bugged.

DEFLATED, GLORIA'S SHOULDERS DROP.
DAVIES REASSURINGLY PATS HER.

JULIE:

Yes but it wasn't and now it looks like something the
Tate Modern would pay a million quid for. It's in bits.

GLORIA (ALARMED):

Bits?

JONNY:

Julie took it apart.

JULIE GIVES JONNY A HARD LOOK

JULIE

We took it apart if you don't mind.

JULIE SHOWS GLORIA AND DAVIES A SMALL
PIECE OF THE MACHINE. GLORIA LEANS A
HAND AGAINST THE WALL TO STEADY
HERSELF - HER HAND LANDING ON THE
BOTTOM OF DAVIES' POLISHED SIGN.

DAVIES:

Oh, Gloria!

GLORIA:

This could only happen to me... Steve will never
believe I can work it now. (BEAT) I need to see it!

SHE RUNS INTO THE BOARDROOM. DAVIES
SLUMPS ONTO THE STEPS AND LOOKS FROM
JULIE TO JONNY.

DAVIES:

And I've not even had a chance to use it.

THEY ALL TURN TOWARDS THE BOARDROOM
AS THEY HEAR GLORIA SCREAM.

JULIE:

How did I get saddled with you lot?

KATYA RUNS IN FROM THE TOILETS, CLEARLY
PANICKING.

KATYA:

It was him! Steve! He rang me on my chat line. Oh
my God.

JONNY:

Steve?

IN THE BOARDROOM, GLORIA SCREAMS
AGAIN. NO-ONE PAYS HER ANY ATTENTION.

KATYA:

He said. 'Hello babe this is the Emperor' and then he
asked me if I was feeling dirty and if I wanted to play
around a bit and ...

JONNY:

And?

KATYA:

And, well, I hung up. He knows about us, he's on to
us.

JONNY:

Nah, he can't be.

PHONE RINGS AGAIN. THEY ALL LOOK AT IT
STUNNED FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEIR
SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY ANOTHER
SCREAM FROM GLORIA.

KATYA:

Oh! I can't answer it. I can't. What if it's him again?

JULIE:

Calm down! You'll have to answer it. Let me listen.

I'll tell you if it's him or not.

KATYA ANSWERS THE PHONE AND JULIE
LISTENS IN.

KATYA:

Hi Babe, guess what I've got planned for you tonight
you naughty little scamp?

JULIE GIVES KATYA A DIRTY LOOK. THEY
BOTH LISTEN. JULIE PULLS A SHOCKED
FACE. KATYA LOOKS AT JULIE EXPECTANTLY.

JULIE (TO KATYA):

I don't think so. No. Steve hasn't got that kind of
imagination.

JONNY:

You heard the lady. We're still in the clear.

JONNY STARTS TO PILE DVDS BACK IN THE
CLEANING CART. KATYA IS STILL LISTENING.

KATYA:

It is him. I know it is.

DAVIES:

(TAKING OUT NOTEBOOK AND PENCIL) Well what
did he say exactly that made you think it was him?

KATYA:

Well he...

KATYA SEES DAVIES LISTENING INTENTLY
AND SEEMS RELUCTANT TO CONTINUE.
JONNY PICKS UP ON THIS.

JONNY:

You can tell us Katya, we're your friends. Just whisper.

JONNY BEGINS TO CLOSE IN ON KATYA BUT SHE MISUNDERSTANDS AND WHISPERS TO DAVIES WHO BEGINS TO WRITE SO FURIOUSLY THAT HE BREAKS THE LEAD IN HIS PENCIL. JULIE GOES AND GETS HIM A CUP OF CHILLED WATER FROM THE DISPENSER.

JULIE (TO JONNY):

She can give you a blow by blow later.

JONNY:

What's that number again?

GLORIA ENTERS FROM BOARDROOM LOOKING LIKE HER WORLD HAS CRUMBLED TO DUST.

JULIE:

It isn't him, Katya, come here I'll prove it.

JULIE SNATCHES THE CHAT LINE PHONE AND GIVES IT TO GLORIA.

JULIE:

Here, keep him talking.

GLORIA:

Why? Who is it?

JULIE:

The boss.

GLORIA:

The bo... You don't... Not Bruce Springsteen?

JULIE:

Yes, Gloria, American music legend Bruce Springsteen thought he'd call us up for a quick chat.

GLORIA (SNATHING PHONE):

Bruce?! Oh, I just love your Human Touch. (BEAT)
I beg your pardon?

JULIE (AWAY FROM GLORIA):

So when Steve answers this call you'll know it can't
be him giving Gloria a good time.

JONNY/KATYA/DAVIES

(UNCONVINCED) Right... Yeah etc

JULIE:

See this. (RED OVERALL) Lateral thinker.

JULIE DIALS, LISTENS AND FROWNS.

KATYA:

It's busy isn't it? The line's busy.

JULIE: (HANGING UP)

Doesn't mean anything.

KATYA:

I told you! And I've told him that I'm wearing a silver
thong. The last thing he needs is more
encouragement.

JONNY TAKES A SUDDEN INTEREST IN
KATYA'S PANTIE REGION. JULIE NOTICES.

JULIE (TO JONNY):

Don't get excited. She's not wearing anything of the
kind.

GLORIA

No not Philadelphia cheese silly...

JULIE:

Oh, I've just thought.. The machine - Gloria keep Steve ...er, Bruce ... busy. Jonny, Katya, we have a machine to fix.

JONNY:

Glo, ask him about his Rising.

JULIE:

Jonny!

JONNY:

What? It's one of his more recent albums.

JULIE:

Davies get this place spotless. And clean up that sign it's got a mucky handprint on it. We need to show Stevie boy we're indispensable.

DAVIES:

Yes. Oh that's good. The team toiled tirelessly desperate to demonstrate their loyalty and commitment...

JULIE THROWS DAVIES POLISH AND DUSTER.

JULIE:

Well come on you two, what are you waiting for, we can expect Glo to keep him going all night.

GLORIA:

...I'm On Fire, Cover Me...

CUT TO:

SCENE 23. INT. THE BOARDROOM

JULIE, KATYA AND JONNY KNEEL ON THE FLOOR SURROUNDED BY PARTLY REASSEMBLED SECTIONS OF THE MACHINE.

JONNY STRUGGLES WITH TWO PIECES.

JONNY

These don't fit together.

KATYA TAKES THEM FROM HIM AND TURNS THEM OVER.

KATYA

Male, female ... click.

JONNY

Mmm ... yes please.

KATYA

D.I.Y. works for me.

JONNY

Know when I'm not needed.

JONNY GETS UP TO LEAVE. JULIE GRABS HIS OVERALL.

JULIE

Not so fast, you're responsible for this mess.

A ROUNDED PIECE FALLS FROM JULIE'S HAND AND ROLLS OFF.

JULIE

Where did that go?

JULIE CRAWLS UNDER THE TABLE HER BOTTOM STICKING UP IN THE AIR.

JONNY AND KATYA SNIGGER.

KATYA

The sun sets in Brighton Towers.

JULIE

I heard that.

JULIE CRAWLS BACK OUT IN REVERSE.

JONNY

Quick, run from 'the attack of the killer tomatoes'.

DAVIES RUSHES IN.

DAVIES

Lift alert.

IN HER HASTE TO STAND JULIE BANGS HER HEAD.

JULIE

Ouch ... Keep him busy till we're finished.

KATYA AND JONNY FRANTICALLY PUT PARTS BACK TOGETHER.

DAVIES

Any suggestions?

JULIE (ANGRY)

Just do it.

CUT TO:

SCENE 24. INT. MAIN OFFICE.

GLORIA IS TALKING ON THE PHONE WITH HER BACK TO THE LIFT-DOOR. DAVIES ENTERS.

GLORIA:

My fantasy? Well...

DAVIES

Gloria, Steve's on his way up, we've got to...

GLORIA

Shh... There's this one where there's a violent tropical storm in Harrow and--

DAVIES

Gloria!

GLORIA

I'm busy! (INTO PHONE) Kilroy takes shelter in my maisonette.

DAVIES:

We've got to keep Steve out of the boardroom.

DAVIES GRABS THE ACCIDENT BOOK. THE LIFT DOOR OPENS AND STEVE WALKS IN CARRYING A PILE OF DOCUMENTS.

STEVE:

Attention Gleam Team. Your guru has landed.

GLORIA

My maisonette? You know the station on the corner of...

STEVE WALKS UP BEHIND GLORIA.

STEVE

I've told you before. Don't make personal calls in works time.

STEVE TAKES THE PHONE, BUT GLORIA SNATCHES IT BACK.

GLORIA

The station on the corner of--

STEVE GRABS PHONE AND SWITCHES IT OFF. GIVES IT BACK TO GLORIA AND WALKS TOWARDS THE BOARDROOM.

STEVE:

Where's everyone got to then?

DAVIES:

Er. I think perhaps...not absolutely sure...

STEVE:

Through here are they?

DAVIES:

No wait. I need to speak to you regarding a matter of great urgency.

STEVE (SUSPICIOUSLY):

Yeah?

DAVIES:

I've sustained a work-related injury.

STEVE STARTS WALKING AGAIN TOWARDS THE BOARDROOM.

STEVE:

And this would be another "drinking coffee before it was sufficiently cooled" incident would it?

DAVIES TRIES TO GET HIM TO LOOK AT THE ACCIDENT BOOK.

DAVIES

No look!

STEVE

Haven't got my glasses.

GLORIA

You don't wear glasses.

DAVIES

I'll read it to you.

STEVE

Oh joy.

DAVIES

At approximately 23 hundred hours in the course of my employment I was obliged to enter the kitchen premises on the 5th floor of Brighton Towers where, while attempting to get my leg over a recalcitrant arm I inadvertently failed to maintain my equilibrium and...

STEVE

Get your leg over? I pay you to clean.

DAVIES

My report will acquaint you with all the circumstances of the accident, and the nature of the injuries sustained if you'd care to...

STEVE

OK Julie'll sign it. Where is she?

DAVIES

She's, er... Gloria did you want to say something to Steve? Anything at all?

GLORIA

Yes.

STEVE

And?

GLORIA

I was wondering...

STEVE

Yes?

GLORIA

What's that number you dial if you want to know the number of the person who's number just dialed your number?

STEVE

Any more of your nonsense tonight and both your numbers'll be up! What's going on here?

STEVE GOES TOWARDS THE BOARDROOM AT A PACE. GLORIA BARS STEVE'S WAY SUDDENLY HOISTING UP HER OVERALL TO SHOW THE TOP OF HER THIGH. STEVE BACK-PEDALS APPALLED.

STEVE:

Steady!

GLORIA:

Have a look at that rash. Does that look like psoriasis?

STEVE SIDLES PAST GLORIA, REPULSED. THE OTHERS FOLLOW HIM INTO THE BOARDROOM.

CUT TO:

SCENE 25. INT. BOARDROOM

JONNY, JULIE AND KATYA JUST MANAGE TO GET THE MACHINE BACK TOGETHER AS STEVE AND THE OTHERS ENTER.

STEVE:

Okay team. Sit.

THEY DO SO – HEADS BOWED, EXPECTING THE WORST. STEVE OPENS UP A TABLETOP RINGBINDER PRESENTER, PAUSES FOR EFFECT BEFORE FLIPPING THE PAGE TO REVEAL THE ACME MISSION STATEMENT.

STEVE:

I'm sure that I don't need to remind you that we at the Acme Cleaning Company are 'The Cleaner's Who Clean Cleanest'. That's the ethic by which we live – to be the cleanest. And by that I don't just mean polished surfaces and spotless floors. I'm talking productivity, output versus input.

DAVIES:

But that's not right.

STEVE:

What isn't?

DAVIES:

The slogan. It's not the possessive is it? There's no apostrophe between the r and the s because that'd mean there was one cleaner, which obviously isn't the case. We – the plural – cleaners are the ones that clean cleanest, so there shouldn't be an apostrophe.

STEVE (INFURIATED):

That's not the issue here! The point is that productivity is being compromised in C Crew.

DAVIES:

But tidy grammar means a tidy mind.

JULIE LOOKS AT DAVIES WHO SHRUGS.
STEVE REVEALS A RANGE OF FANCY GRAPHS.

STEVE:

Just look at this! You are way over budget on cleaning materials. You're 38% over on spray polish – which I might add is 52% more than B Crew!

JONNY GIVES A SIDEWAYS GLANCE TO JULIE AND MOUTHS THE WORDS 'SPRAY POLISH?' TO HER.

STEVE:

And here, an unbelievable 64% over budget on cream cleaner, what have you been doing with this stuff? Bathing in it?

DAVIES SITS UP WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, AS KATYA LOOKS EMBARRASSED.

STEVE:

And a 26.4% overspend on dusters. This over use of resources is intolerable and I have been specially requested by the board of directors to head a task force to boost productivity levels whilst minimising expenditure.

JULIE:

And that's it? The serious matter you wanted to discuss?

STEVE:

It is when bottom line profitability is at stake.

KATYA:

Excuse me for asking, but what is it that is so serious?

DAVIES:

He means we're using too much cleaning product.

JONNY:

What shall we use instead, spit?

STEVE:

It's about using resources to their optimum efficiency. Davies, polish that table.

DAVIES:

Eh? But it's been done.

STEVE:

You're paid to do, not to argue.

DAVIES PICKS UP A CAN OF POLISH AND
SPRAYS THE TABLE.

STEVE:

See! Thought as much. You're doing it all wrong.

JONNY:

How can you polish "wrong"?

STEVE GLARES AT JONNY, GRABS THE
POLISH AND DEMONSTRATES.

STEVE:

Your squirts are too long and your aim is haphazard.
Look, one, two. That's all it needs. (BEAT). Everyone
get your polish out.

RELUCTANTLY EACH MEMBER OF THE CREW
GETS THEIR SPRAY POLISH OUT.

STEVE:

Okay after me. One, two. Again. One, two (BEAT)
Gloria your timing is out.

GLORIA:

Tell me about it – wrong time, wrong place, wrong life.

STEVE:

It's just two firm, but quick squirts.

GLORIA:

You need to get out more.

THEY CONTINUE PRACTICING THEIR
SPRAYING TECHNIQUE.

JULIE:

So this is what we all got stressed about, the length of our bloody squirts.

KATYA:

I better not show him my cream cleaner technique then.

DAVIES (TO ANYONE):

See I was right, no mole – my skills of deduction haven't left me.

JONNY (LIVID):

All... this... hassle...over...Mr Muscle's emissions!

STEVE:

Jonny! It's an aerosol can, not a machine gun.

JONNY:

Right. (Under his breath) I wish it was after you making us think that we're about to lose our jobs.

STEVE (DEMONSTRATING)

And do we all know that there are two sides to a duster? Use both sides for equal amounts of time and

the nap stays fresher for longer. All of the utmost importance for efficient cleaning practices.

DAVIES:

I think we've all got the hang of this now, thank you Steve.

STEVE:

Right, well I'll be monitoring the use of materials in C Crew very, very closely. So mind how you go – or there'll be trouble. And how's my beautiful model of cleaning perfection been performing tonight?

KATYA (THINKING SHE'S OFF THE HOOK):

Ooh. Very well thank you, Steve.

STEVE:

No, not you – this baby.

STEVE WALKS OVER TO THE MACHINE.

STEVE:

Taking this back now. It's only on hire.

GLORIA:

No! Don't take it away from me.

THEY ALL LOOK AT GLORIA.

GLORIA (SHRUGS):

I can't bear saying goodbye. Can I buy it?

STEVE:

Don't be ridiculous, Gloria. Not on your wages. You don't think I'd leave you lot with a high quality piece of cleaning technology like this, do you? The old one's in for repair. It'll be back in time for the next shift.

JULIE:

So are there any other burning issues? Or can we all go home now?

STEVE:

Yes, I think we can call it a night.

THE CREW STAND UP AND GATHER THEIR THINGS TOGETHER AS STEVE ADMIRES THE MACHINE AND GOES TO SWITCH IT ON.

STEVE:

Never had equipment like this in my day. Let me just see it in action.

THE CREW BACK AWAY QUICKLY, JUST AS THE MACHINE MAKES A HIDEOUS SCREECHING NOISE. KATYA PUTS HER HANDS OVER HER EARS. GLORIA CLINGS TO DAVIES. THE MACHINE EXPLODES, COVERING STEVE IN DUST.

JULIE:

Katya love. Fetch the dustpan and brush.

THE END