

KERCHING IV

Episode 7

“If It Ain’t Broke, Don’t Fix It”

Sets used:

Lewis family kitchen/diner
Lewis family living room/hall
Taj’s bedroom
The Chill/T’Chill
Locker room
Dudeboy Records
Library

Guest artists:

P!xel – designer of new-look
Dudeboy;
Kayla – schoolgirl, 15 yrs old;
Lateesha, Yasmin – staff in
T’Chill;
Customers in The Chill, Dudeboy

SCENE 7/1. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 1. 12:30

IT'S LUNCHTIME IN THE CHILL. TAJ IN SCHOOL UNIFORM IS AT THE COUNTER BEING SERVED BY KAREESHA. JAZMIN IS SITTING WITH A GOOD-LOOKING MALE CUSTOMER.

JAZMIN (TO CUSTOMER):

And the clubs – they must have opened about a gazillion more since I moved down here.

KAREESHA (TO TAJ):

You'd think she'd been to LA, not Leeds, the way she's yakking about it.

JAZMIN (IN BROAD LEEDS ACCENT):

And nobody could understand what I were sayin'
– I've totally lost me Leeds accent.

KAREESHA (TO TAJ):

Chat, chat, chat and no service. You're a customer
- complain!

TAJ:

OK – I've been waiting ten minutes – can I have my shake to go, please?

JAZMIN (TO CUSTOMER):

Anyway, enjoy your tuna melt.

GOOD-LOOKING CUSTOMER OFFERS A BANKNOTE. JAZMIN WAVES IT AWAY.

JAZMIN:

No problemo. I’m in a good mood, you’re cute – and the till’s all the way over there.

CARLTON (GRITTED TEETH):

You’ll ruin me if you carry on giving my food away, Jazmin.

JAZMIN:

Shame. Still, there’s cheeky ways to make extra money on the side, isn’t there, Uncle Carlton? Eh?

CARLTON LAUGHS NERVOUSLY.

CARLTON:

Hush, you little minx. Walls have ears.

KAREESHA:

And cafés have customers. I’m run off my feet here!

TAJ IS THE ONLY ONE IN THE QUEUE.

JAZMIN:

Ooh, too right, Uncle Carlton. Mustn’t let your business partner find out what you’ve been up to!

CARLTON LAUGHS EXTRA-LOUD AND LALA’S TO TRY TO COVER THIS. TAJ REACTS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/2. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY 1.
15:00

SEYMOUR AND DANNY ARE LOOKING AT THE NOTICE BOARD. UNDER BADMINTON IS A LIST OF COURTS AVAILABLE. THERE IS ONE SPACE LEFT.

SEYMOUR (LOOKING AT CHART):

Kayla and her crew always take up all the courts.
Kayla McKettle... Kayla McKettle... Cah!

DANNY:

Come on, Seymour. It's bad for my rep to be hanging out near the list for badminton courts.

SEYMOUR:

Danny, your rep is about as tuff as SpongeBob Squarepants in a bubble bath.

HE IS ABOUT TO WRITE IN THE SPACE WHEN HE IS BARGED ASIDE BY **KAYLA** WHO WRITES IN HER OWN NAME.

SEYMOUR:

Kayla McKettle! That was my space!

KAYLA:

Yeah? Then how come it's got my name in it?

SEYMOUR:

Year Elevens get priority over Year Tens.

KAYLA:

Tchah. You snooze, you lose. You should work on your reflexes, elephant boy.

SEYMOUR:

How dare you!

DANNY:

Seymour’s reflexes are like lightning.

KAYLA:

Like Lightning, the school tortoise, you mean?

SEYMOUR:

When I was in Year Ten, I showed respect to the Year Elevens.

KAYLA:

Whatever, Granddad. You want respect? Earn it. You and me – one on one. (SHE TAPS THE SPACE) You up for it?

DANNY:

He totally accepts!

KAYLA:

Game on. If I win, I rule you. If I lose... like that's gonna happen! Check you later, badminton boy.

DANNY:

Deal.

EXIT KAYLA WITH A SMILE

DANNY (CALLING AFTER KAYLA):

See ya. Wouldn’t wanna be ya. You’re dead meat, Kayla! You’re gonna crash and burn...

SEYMOUR:

Danny! You've made your point.

DANNY:

Just bigging up my best mate. So what if Kayla's the under-17 regional badminton champion. You've still got to talk the talk.

SEYMOUR:

Yeah, I... (REALISING) What? The under-17 champion? Danny, you shuttlecock! Why did you say I'd take her on?

DANNY:

Just helping you get a date.

SEYMOUR:

A date? A badminton match? Why would I want a date with Kayla anyway?

DANNY:

Cos you like her. Everybody knows *that*.

SEYMOUR:

Yeah, right! Like I like Squeezy Cheezy!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/3. INT. DUDEBOY RECORDS.

DAY 1. 17:00

MICHAEL, SEYMOUR, DANNY AND ALEX ARE IN A GROUP AT THE COUNTER. TAJ WALKS IN, TURNING HIS NOSE UP AT EVERYTHING. HE PASSES AN ART-SCHOOL/ PHOTOGRAPHY SCHOOL-TYPE. THIS IS P!XEL. TAJ CIRCLES HIM WARILY AND APPROACHES THE OTHERS.

MICHAEL:

You wait. Dudeboy is going to be the hippest, coolest venue around. I plan to surprise my Dad with it.

ALEX:

When's he coming?

MICHAEL:

Next week. He's stopping over from LA on his way to Jo'burg for the World Music Festival.

TAJ:

Oh, yeah? Well I'm stopping over on my way home from TC – The Chill.

ALEX:

So what will you do to Dudeboy, Michael?

MICHAEL (AIRILY):

Oh, I've got ideas. Dad's really into people building on what they've been given. Dudeboy can't still *just* be a music store when he arrives.

DANNY:

Like I said, Michael, if you want any games CDs, I’m your man. My dad’s got loads of them.

SEYMOUR:

Michael doesn’t want dodgy CDs off your dad’s stall, Danny. Nobody does. That’s why he’s still got them.

MICHAEL:

Thanks, anyway, Danny. But games – that’s Rudeboy territory. I need to do something different.

TAJ:

So you finally realised you can’t reach up to Rudeboy?

MICHAEL:

I’m not aiming to any more. I’m aiming higher. I want Dudeboy to be cool beyond Rudeboy.

TAJ REACTS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/4. INT. LEWIS KITCHEN. DAY 1.

18:00

TEA/SUPPER IS ENDING. MUM, JAZMIN AND TAJ ARE AT THE TABLE.

MUM:

I mean, giving a presentation to the whole practice about sprains and soft tissue injuries! It shows I’m being taken seriously as a nurse practitioner.

JAZMIN:

Whoa! You crazee healthcare professionals! And all I’m doing is going clubbing – *again!*

SHE GETS UP. TAJ JUMPS UP, TOO.

TAJ:

You should get started right now, Mum. Get on that laptop. I’ll wash up, if you want.

MUM:

Taj, how sweet – you offered.

EXIT MUM, ALMOST SKIPPING. JAZMIN IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW HER OUT, BUT TAJ YANKS HER BACK BY HER TOP.

JAZMIN:

Down, Chewbacca. If you want to borrow my top, just say so. And I hope you don’t, cos peach is sooo not your colour.

TAJ:

So what's the word on Carlton and his big secret
that his business partner mustn't find out about?

JAZMIN:

Oh, that. It's boring, really. I just like winding
Uncle Carlton up.

TAJ (FALSELY CASUAL):

So what is it?

JAZMIN:

Why do you want to know?

TAJ:

I...like to wind up Carlton, too. His voice goes
high and squeaky.

JAZMIN:

Oh, cool. Well, Uncle Carlton and my mum have
opened a café in Leeds.

TAJ:

What sort of café?

JAZMIN:

Dunno. All I know is they're calling it T'Chill –
that's “The Chill” in Northern.

JAZMIN IS CHECKING HER MAKEUP.

TAJ:

So, it's like a franchise?

JAZMIN (LOOKING IN HER MIRROR):

Yeah, like another branch. And it's going to look the same as well. Mmm, *gorgeous* eyes, girl. You are looking fine tonight.

TAJ:

So Carlton has opened a new café called The Chill in Leeds without telling m... er, Rudeboy?

JAZMIN:

T'Chill. But don't let on I told you. Carlton will have a cow.

TAJ:

Sure. No problem. Let's hope Rudeboy doesn't find out either.

JAZMIN:

Or Carlton's toast! See ya. Don't wait up.

SHE LEAVES. TAJ DASHES UPSTAIRS BUT IS STOPPED BY MUM CARRYING LAPTOP

MUM:

Oh, no you don't, Tajan Lewis. Washing up.

TAJ:

But, Mum...

MUM:

Uh-uh! Whatever it is, it can wait. It's not like you've got a train to catch or a business deal to close.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/5. INT. DUDEBOY. DAY 1. 18:30

MICHAEL AND MANAGER ARE CLOSING UP. P!XEL PRESENTS HIMSELF TO MICHAEL DRAMATICALLY.

P!XEL:

Michael Carter?

MICHAEL:

Ye-e-es?

P!XEL:

This is P!xel.

MICHAEL LOOKS AROUND.

P!XEL (PUT OUT):

No, me, here. This.

MICHAEL:

Oh, hi. Right. What can I do for you...Pixel?

P!XEL:

Ask, rather, what *I* can do for *you*, Michael Carter.

MICHAEL:

OK. What can you do for me? In the next five minutes if possible, because I’m closing up.

P!XEL:

You seek a transformation – and I see a vision...

MICHAEL: (TO HIMSELF)
Loopo alert. (LOUDLY) Zach!

P!XEL:
..of how Dudeboy could be turned into a trend-setting leading-edge retail space.

MICHAEL (GETTING INTERESTED):
You do?

P!XEL:
P!xel is an interior designer. Perhaps you've heard of Horse Patrol Voom Voom?

MICHAEL (TOTALLY IMPRESSED):
Horse Patrol Voom Voom? Horse Patrol Voom Voom?! That's the coolest store in the history of cool since cool records began!

P!XEL BOWS EXTRAVAGANTLY.

MICHAEL:
You designed that?

P!XEL:
From the chocolate bar-stools to the trampolining Chihuahuas in the window. I can do this for you.

MICHAEL:
Cool! Super-cool! When you can you start?

P!XEL:
Now. But I warn you – I must have total control.

MICHAEL:

It's yours. If you can turn Dudeboy around by the time my dad gets here... Oh...how much is this going to cost?

P!XEL:

The cost...? Is immaterial.

MICHAEL:

But I need to know what I'm going to spend.

P!XEL:

You need to know what you're going to gain.

MICHAEL:

Sure.... But what I mean is, can I afford to do this?

P!XEL:

Can you afford *not* to do this?

MICHAEL:

Ah. I see what you're doing. Different way of thinking about it. Sold. But no Chihuahuas, OK?

P!XEL LOOKS PAINED.

MICHAEL:

Total control. Right. Got it.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/6. INT. TAJ’S BEDROOM. DAY 1.

20:00

TAJ IS ON THE PHONE TO CARLTON.

TAJ (AS RUDEBOY):

Carlton, this is Rudeboy. I’ve found out your little Northern secret.

CARLTON:

Gulp! Oh, *Carlton!* This isn’t Carlton, this is...

(JAMAICAN ACCENT) Carlton’s cleaning lady, Eunice.

TAJ:

I know it’s you, Carlton and I know about the Chill – T’Chill – in Leeds.

CARLTON (HIGH, SQUEAKY VOICE):

Who told you? You heard Jazmin blabbing, didn’t you?

TAJ:

Never mind. I’m part owner of the Chill name, so I get half the profits from the franchise. I want the accounts from T’Chill in my inbox tonight.

CARLTON:

But my calculator’s broken – it’ll take me hours!

TAJ:

Tonight, Carlton! I need to know how my new investment is performing.

HE HANGS UP.

TAJ:

High and squeaky. Kerching!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/7. INT. LEWIS LIVING ROOM.

DAY 1. 02:00

JAZMIN CREEPS IN. MUM IS IN HER DRESSING GOWN, CLUTCHING ONE OF OMAR’S OLD TEDDIES.

MUM:

Jazmin, I can’t sleep. I’ve got butterflies in my tummy.

JAZMIN:

You’re the nurse practitioner, Mrs L. Don’t you have tablets for that?

MUM:

Why did I agree to give that talk? People will laugh at me and diss my shoes. If Omar wasn’t on his Forest Folk weekend I’d practise on him, but...

JAZMIN:

Mrs L – I am the answer to your prayers.

MUM:

You’re Denzel Washington?

JAZMIN:

Almost. I’m an actor – I’m trained to speak in public. I could coach you.

MUM:

Oh, Jazmin, would you? (HOPING JAZMIN SAYS NO) I suppose I could pay you a small...

JAZMIN:

Don’t give me any money, Mrs L...

MUM:

You’ve got a heart of gold, Jazmin.

JAZMIN:

..just take it off the rent I owe you.

MUM:

What did I expect? (REALISES TIME.) Hey!

What time do you call this, young lady? It’s your third late night this week!

JAZMIN:

So that’ll be money off the rent *and* no getting on my case about what time I get in.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/8. INT. LIBRARY. DAY 2. 10:45

TAJ, SEYMOUR AND DANNY. THEY TALK IN LOW VOICES

TAJ:

OK. The new Chill in Leeds... T'Chill. Jazmin's mum's place is minting it.

DANNY:

Ker-ching!

TAJ:

I'm thinking bigger. I'm thinking Kerching times two. That's...

DANNY:

I know this. Ker-ching, kerching!

SEYMOUR:

You are on fire today, Danny.

TAJ:

It's Kerching times two because this is chance number two...

ENTER MICHAEL. THEY ACT CASUAL
MICHAEL IS TOO EXCITED TO NOTICE.

MICHAEL:

You guys have got to check out Dudeboy today.
It's the new, ice-cool, extreme Dudeboy [with](#)
[internet cafe](#).

TAJ, SEYMOUR AND DANNY DISPLAY
VARYING DEGREES OF EXCITEMENT

DANNY:

You've done it already? Man, that was quick.

MICHAEL:

Not bad, eh? So I'll see you guys there later,
yeah?

TAJ LOOKS DELIBERATELY
UNIMPRESSED. SEYMOUR SMILES
POLITELY. DANNY LOOKS ENTHUSIASTIC.

MICHAEL:

Great.

EXIT MICHAEL.

TAJ:

Like I was saying, it's all about Rudeboy's rep.
T'Chill is my chance – our chance – to get it right.

DANNY:

Yeah! (BEAT) Get what right?

TAJ:

Everything! The vibe, the style, the food.
Seymour? .. Seymour!

SEYMOUR (LOOKING INDIGNANT):

Kayla and her crew are making faces at me.

HE MAKES A RUDE FACE BACK AT
KAYLA, WHO IS PEERING THROUGH THE
DOUBLE DOORS.

DANNY:

That just means Kayla likes you, too.

SEYMOUR HITS DANNY.

TAJ:

Hey, hey! Seymour – recipe ideas for T’Chill?

SEYMOUR:

I’m thinking simple, but with a Rudeboy tip – say,
meatballs in tomato gravy with mashed potato –
Ainsley Harriot meets Bodger & Badger.

TAJ:

Like it, bro.

SEYMOUR:

We should check out the new Dudeboy....

TAJ SNORTS DERISIVELY.

SEYMOUR:

He might have had some cool ideas...

TAJ:

..That we can steal. I see where you’re going with
this and I like it. Danny, you go to Dudeboy. Find
out where it scores on the scale of cool.

DANNY:

Scale of cool. Right. Got ya. Check.

HE WRITES A NOTE ON HIS HAND.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/9. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY 2.

14:00

ALEX IS CAREFULLY ALIGNING NOTICES
ON THE NOTICE BOARD. TAJ COMES IN.
HE WATCHES HER QUIZZICALLY.

ALEX:

Looks like you've got time on your hands.

ALEX JUMPS – A BIT EMBARRASSED.

ALEX:

Well, yeah. *Apparently*, I'm not allowed to be on
every school committee every year because other
people might want to have a go – *apparently*.

TAJ:

Tough break.

ALEX:

Yeah. So how's Rudeboy? (QUIETLY) I heard
about the new place in Leeds.

TAJ:

Good, it's all good. ...Alex, can you help me out? I
need someone to go to the Chill. I'll tell you why.

ALEX:

It's OK, Taj. It's a Rudeboy thing. You don't need
to tell me why. I understand...

TAJ (INTERRUPTING):

No, I *do* need to tell you why. I need you to write a manual showing how the service *should* be.

ALEX:

You mean, write a manual saying the *opposite* of what Kareesha and Jazmin do.

TAJ:

Got it. But they can’t know what you’re doing, otherwise they’ll join the dots and....

ALEX:

..blow your cover. I’m doing stuff with Rudeboy again - how cool is that? Maybe you should check out the new Dudeboy for ideas on the look?

TAJ:

No way – I don’t need to. Dudeboy eats Rudeboy’s dust.

ENTER DANNY, CARRYING A BAG WITH SOMETHING LUMPY IN IT.

DANNY:

Hey, Taj. I’m going to check out Dudeboy like you told me. I’ve got this...

TAJ STOPS HIM TAKING OBJECT OUT OF THE BAG AND GRINS SHEEPISHLY AT ALEX.

ALEX:

Dudeboy eats your dust. I got ya.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/10. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 2. 16:05

JAZMIN IS SNOOZING AT A TABLE.
KAREESHA LEANS OVER HER, MAKING AN
“AH-H-H” FACE THEN SHE BANGS TWO
TRAYS TOGETHER IN JAZMIN’S EAR.
JAZMIN SCREAMS AND WAKES UP.

JAZMIN:

Aaargh! Why did you wake me up? I was
dreaming that I was playing Beyonce in the
Destiny’s Child bio-pic.

KAREESHA:

Playing Beyonce-before-her-makeover? The LA
Fund needs some sponds. Get working and help
fill my money box. Tell her, Carlton.

CARLTON:

I’m not speaking to Jazmin. Rudeboy must have
heard her blabbing about T’Chill in Leeds.

JAZMIN:

Whatever – wake me up when my shift’s over.

SHE INSTANTLY GOES BACK TO SLEEP.
ENTER ALEX.

ALEX:

Hi, Kareesha. Do you need any help in here?

KAREESHA:

We wouldn’t, if Sleeping *Ugly* here wasn’t too
tired to work after raving every night this week.

ALEX:

Thing is, I’m researching a project about waitressing. So, if I could help out on a shift sometime...

JAZMIN (INSTANTLY WAKING UP):

Yeah, ‘course you can. Why wait? Have my shift.

SHE TAKES OFF HER APRON.

CARLTON:

Hold up, Jazmin! I haven’t said you can leave!

JAZMIN:

Who said that? Can’t be Uncle Carlton, cos he’s not talking to me!

CARLTON:

D’oh!

EXIT JAZMIN.

KAREESHA (TO ALEX):

Why are you doing a project about waitressing?

ALEX:

Why am I...? Er, because um... I want to be a waitress when I leave school!

KAREESHA:

You? Can you handle it?

ALEX:

Well... It’s not rocket science, is it?

KAREESHA:

Rocket science? It's harder than *that!* You have to hold a pad and a pen at the same time *and* still look babelicious!

ALEX:

Well – I can try. How about I learn from you?
You could train me as you work.

KAREESHA:

Work? Me? Lesson one – I don't do the work, girlfriend. You do.

KAREESHA DOES “THE SIGN”.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/11. INT. DUDEBOY. DAY 2. 16:30

DANNY AND SEYMOUR ENTER DUDEBOY RECORDS. DANNY IS CARRYING A PLASTIC BAG WITH SOMETHING IN IT. THE SHOP IS REVAMPED – BLACK AND SILVER, OBJECTS HANGING FROM THE CEILING. THERE IS A JUICE BAR, “SMOOTHIE DUDE” AND AN INTERNET CAFÉ AREA, “INTERCHAT”.

MICHAEL:

It’s pretty cool, isn’t it? I think my dad’s going to love it.

DANNY:

What’s this for?

DANNY TOUCHES STUD ON THE WALL. SUDDENLY, ALL THE LIGHTS GO OFF. WE HEAR HIGH-PITCHED YAPPING.

SEYMOUR:

Danny, you postbox!

MICHAEL:

It wasn’t Danny – the lights go off now and then to make the shopping experience more exciting. We’re all used to it. Except the Chihuahuas.

LIGHTS COME ON SUDDENLY. YAPPING STOPS. P!XEL IS RIGHT IN THEIR FACE, WEARING AN ARCH EXPRESSION.

DANNY & SEYMOUR:

Aaargh!

MICHAEL:

This is P!xel, my designer. (SEES SOMEONE)
Excuse me.

HE GOES TO HELP A CUSTOMER.

DANNY (TO PIXEL):

So where are the Chip Wainscotting CDs?

P!XEL:

Who knows?

DANNY (GUESSING):

Um... you?

P!XEL PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS, LOOKS ENIGMATIC AND GLIDES AWAY.

DANNY:

Smooth.

HE TRIES TO WALK LIKE P!XEL. LIGHTS GO OFF AND HE BUMPS INTO SOMEBODY.

SEYMOUR:

Danny!

LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN. AT THE JUICE BAR, SEYMOUR PICKS HIMSELF UP AND READS THE MENU.

SEYMOUR:

Brussels sprout, mustard and kumquat...
smoothie?! Excuse me – Pixie, Pixel...

P!XEL:

No, no, not Pixel. P!xel – P-!-X-E-L. (HE RAISES HIS EYEBROWS ON THE !) You pronounce the exclamation mark.

SEYMOUR:

P!xel... (RAISING EYEBROWS ON THE !)
Th!s !s d!sgust!ng.

DANNY:

I give it an ice-cold super-cool 10 out of ten.

HE GETS THE OBJECT OUT OF THE PLASTIC BAG – IT’S A HOMEMADE BLUE-PETER-ISH CONTRAPTION WITH A DIAL.

SEYMOUR:

Danny, how can you give *this* a ten?

DANNY:

The Cool-o-meter cannot lie.

HE IS PUSHING THE ARROW ON THE DIAL AROUND THE FURTHEST IT WILL GO.

SEYMOUR:

Danny, you garlic-press, I can see you pushing the arrow around with your hand.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/12. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 2. 16:45

KAREESHA IS LOADING ALEX'S TRAY. A CUSTOMER PIPES UP.

GIRL:

Um...there's no ketchup on my table.

KAREESHA FLIPS OPEN A KETCHUP BOTTLE, SQUEEZES IT OVER THE TABLE.

KAREESHA:

Happy now?

ALEX HURRIEDLY MAKES A NOTE.

KAREESHA:

I'm enjoying this training business. Jazmin never listens to me, but you write it all down.

ALEX:

Um... Kreesha, hope you don't mind me asking – why are you rude to the customers?

KAREESHA IS GOBSMACKED.

KAREESHA:

Me? Rude? Who said I was rude? (LOOKING ROUND) Come here and say that!

SHE GLARES AGGRESSIVELY AT THE CUSTOMERS, WHO AVOID HER EYE

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/13. INT. LEWIS LIVING

ROOM/STAIRS & LANDING DAY 2. 17:30

TAJ IS GOING UP THE STAIRS. JAZMIN IS SITTING IN A DIRECTOR’S CHAIR AND WEARING A BASEBALL CAP. MUM IS STANDING.

MUM:

And I’m doing a wash later on, Taj, so bring down your laundry.

TAJ:

OK.

TAJ GOES UPSTAIRS.

JAZMIN:

Ok, Mrs L. Focus. From the top.

MUM DRAWS BREATH, BUT BEFORE SHE CAN SAY ANYTHING...

JAZMIN:

Whenever you’re ready.

MUM (UNCERTAIN, BUT TRYING):

Right.

DRAWS BREATH AGAIN.

JAZMIN:

In your own time.

MUM:

OK. (IN A RUSH, SO JAZMIN WON’T
INTERRUPT HER.) Good afternoon, everyone.
Thanks for coming. When a patient presents...

JAZMIN:

OK, OK, OK. And hold it there. We need to work
on the voice. After me (DRAMA SCHOOL
VOICE) A sheep asleep, a sheep asleep.

MUM (SELF-CONSCIOUS):

A sheep asleep, a sheep asleep.

JAZMIN:

A stoat stole my coat so I wrote to a goat.

MUM:

A stoat stole my coat so I wrote to a goat.

JAZMIN:

With feeling! (QUICKLY) A squirrel in the
Wirral, a squirrel in the Wirral.

MUM:

A squirrel in the Wirral, a squirrel in the Wirral.

JAZMIN (CHANTING):

Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa! (BAA-ING LIKE A
SHEEP)

MUM (MUMBBLING):

Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa!

JAZMIN:

Louder! From here!

POINTS TO HER DIAPHRAGM.

MUM:

Jazmin, have I really got to do all this?

JAZMIN:

How can I put this? Yes. But Mrs L, when I’m done with you, they’ll be cheering, throwing flowers... Encore! More!

SHE BOWS AND BLOWS KISSES TO AN IMAGINARY AUDIENCE. DIRTY WASHING DESCENDS ON HER.

JAZMIN:

Ugh!

CUT TO TAJ ON THE STAIRS, EMPTYING HIS LAUNDRY BAG.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/14. INT. TAJ’S BEDROOM. DAY 2.

18:00

ALEX IS AT THE COMPUTER. TAJ IS GAZING FONDLY AT HER.

ALEX:

Are you going to go up there?

TAJ:

I’d like to but it’s too risky. But I’m going to get a webcam set up, so I can still be hands on.

ALEX:

Good idea. And how about if, when we’ve written the manual, Kareesha trains the staff in Leeds.

TAJ:

Kareesha? I want my staff to be trained to be *good*.

ALEX:

I know it sounds like a crazy idea ...

TAJ:

That’s because it is a crazy idea.

ALEX

But if Kareesha follows the manual, she’ll kind of be training herself to be good. And you can watch her on the webcam, make sure she sticks to it.

TAJ:

Cunning.

ALEX:

Plus she’d be so up for it. She loves shouting and bossing people about. And I should know.

TAJ:

Ok, maybe. I just don’t want to mess this up. If “T” Chill works Rudeboy style, I’ll have a formula for a successful business.

ALEX:

Well, I’ll leave this with you, then maybe I should head...

TAJ:

Alex...there’s something...

ALEX:

About the training manual?

TAJ (LOSING HIS NERVE):

Er... yeah ...about the manual. About the graphics.

ALEX (A BIT DISAPPOINTED):

Oh, sure. The graphics. Yeah. (BEAT)
Actually...

TAJ LEANS OVER HER, WITH INTENT, AT THE SAME TIME AS SHE GETS UP TO FETCH A DISK OUT OF HER BAG. THE CHAIR MOVES. TAJ GOES SPRAWLING.

ALEX:

Are you OK?

TAJ TRIES TO RECOVER. DANNY AND
SEYMOUR PILE IN, ARGUING.

DANNY:

You can’t argue with the cool-o-meter, Seymour.

SEYMOUR:

Just *calling* it a cool-o-meter doesn’t mean it
actually measures cool, mashed potato-brain.

DANNY:

Dudeboy got a ten, that’s all I’m saying. You saw
it. Super-cool ten.

TAJ:

Dudeboy – supercool? How come?

SEYMOUR:

Cos Danny’s an idiot!

KNOCK ON THE DOOR. TAJ OPENS IT. HE IS
HIT BY A PILE OF WASHING.

TAJ:

Call that getting me back, Jazmin? It’s clean, now!

ALEX:

It is wet, though. I figure that makes you even.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/15. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 2. 18:55

KAREESHA IS CLOSING UP. SHE SHOVES THE LAST CUSTOMER OUT OF THE DOOR.

KAREESHA:

We’re closed. Out! And don’t come back!

SHE GOES TO THE COUNTER AND LOOKS SADLY IN HER LA FUND TIN. THE PHONE RINGS. KAREESHA SNATCHES IT UP. SPLIT SCREEN WITH TAJ.

KAREESHA:

I told you, we’re closed!

TAJ (IN RUDEBOY VOICE):

Wait – it’s me – Rudeboy.

KAREESHA:

We’re still closed!

RUDEBOY:

Wait, wait! Kreesha, how would you like to train the new staff at T’Chill?

KAREESHA:

Maybe. What’s it worth?

RUDEBOY:

10% of any increase in profits.

KAREESHA LOOKS THRILLED, CLENCHES HER FIST, THEN PLAYS IT COOL.

KAREESHA:

10%? That the best you can do?

TAJ:

Trust me, it's a lot. And it's yours, as long as you promise to train them strictly according to what it says in my training manual.

KAREESHA:

Is that all? Yeah. I promise. I promise on my new nails.

TAJ:

Good. The manual is on its way. Carlton's giving you the day off tomorrow to go to Leeds.

KAREESHA:

Like it's down to him!

SHE HANGS UP.

KAREESHA:

Sucker. What's a manual gonna tell me about being a waitress that I don't already know?

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/16. INT. T' CHILL. DAY 3. 10:00

T'CHILL IS EXACTLY LIKE THE CHILL IN LONDON EXCEPT FOR THE NAME. **LATEESHA**, A KAREESHA LOOK-ALIKE WAITRESS, AND **YASMIN**, A JAZMIN LOOK-ALIKE, ARE AT THE COUNTER. IT LOOKS LIKE A HAIR AND BEAUTY SALON. LATEESHA IS BRAIDING EXTENSIONS INTO YASMIN'S HAIR WHILE SHE GLUES ON FALSE NAILS. **DENTON** IS CARLTON SOUND-ALIKE WITH YORKSHIRE ACCENT. KAREESHA IS STANDING BY THE TILL, IN A LONG BLACK COAT, HOLDING A CANE. CUSTOMERS AT TABLES. THERE ARE MUFFINS ON THE COUNTER.

DENTON (WHEEDLING):

Yasmin, maybe you could serve a coffee...?

YASMIN (LONDON ACCENT):

With these nails, Denton? I don't think so.

Anyway, Lateesha's using the coffee machine to heat up her tongs.

DENTON:

Lateesha - any chance you could serve that lady?

LATEESHA (LEEDS/YORKSHIRE ACCENT):

You'll be lucky, Denton – I've only just started on these extensions.

KAREESHA REACHES FOR THE MUFFINS. LATEESHA SMACKS HER HAND AND EATS A MUFFIN WITH RELISH IN KAREESHA'S FACE.

KAREESHA:

Right! I've seen enough.

SHE RAPS ON THE SPEAKER WITH HER CANE.

DENTON:

Ow!

KAREESHA:

Lateesha, Yasmin, Denton – listen up! What a bunch of amateurs! Is that how to treat customers?

SHE GRABS A CUSTOMER AT THE COUNTER BY THE EAR AND SHOVES HIM/ HER TO A DIFFERENT TABLE.

KAREESHA:

That’s how to treat customers.

LATEESHA:

Who are you? Missy Elliot’s attack dog?

KAREESHA:

I’m your worst nightmare – a restaurant manager on a training mission.

YASMIN:

You? Train us? To do what? Drink out of the toilet bowl?

KAREESHA:

I’ve been sent by Rudeboy and I promised him *on my nails* to train you to...

SHE DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE AS SHE LEAFS THROUGH THE MANUAL.

KAREESHA:

What? Smile? Act nice to customers? I've been
tricked!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/17. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 3. 12:00

JAZMIN IS AT THE COUNTER, GLUING HER NAILS ON WHILE A CUSTOMER WAITS. TAJ, SEYMOUR & DANNY (IN UNIFORM) ARE AT A TABLE.

DANNY:

You can't back out now, Sey.

TAJ:

That means Kayla's won already.

DANNY:

And you miss out on quality time with her.

SEYMOUR:

Quality time? Kayla's going to mix me up like a banana and shame milkshake.

TAJ:

Come on, Seymour – there's stuff you can do to give you the edge, right?

DANNY:

You mean like train bats to fly all over the court and do their business all over it so the match has to be cancelled? Or...

TAJ:

I meant Seymour could practise.

DANNY:

Oh. Yeah, that could work. And if you win,
Kayla’s gonna be well impressed. (WINKING)
D’you understand what I’m saying?

SEYMOUR:

Danny, you twinkie, I hate Kayla, and Kayla hates
me.

DANNY HAS THE COOL-O-METER OUT.
THE ARROW IS NUDGING 10 ON THE DIAL.

DANNY:

Fancy-o-meter he say you lie.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/18. INT. T’CHILL. DAY 3. 12:10

KAREESHA IS SKIMMING THE MANUAL.
LATEESHA AND YASMIN IN B/G.

KAREESHA:

Where is Rudeboy coming from with stuff like this?

KAREESHA READS OUT OF THE MANUAL.

KAREESHA :

I mean, “Remember, the customer is always right.” (SHUDDERS) That’s twisted. I’m not doing this.

TEXT ALERT.

KAREESHA (READING):

“Rudeboy here. Keep the faith. Remember your promise. Remember the LA Fund.”

KAREESHA:

I can do what I want. He’s not going to know.

TEXT ALERT.

KAREESHA (READING):

“Rudeboy is watching you on webcam.”

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/19. INT. TAJ’S

BEDROOM/T.CHILL. DAY 3. 16:05

ALEX AND TAJ ARE BY THE COMPUTER.
WEBCAM SHOWS US KAREESHA IN
T’CHILL. SEYMOUR AND DANNY ARE
SITTING ON THE BED. SEYMOUR’S IN HIS
BADMINTON KIT.

SEYMOUR:

Man, you’re being long on that computer.

TAJ:

Writing customer satisfaction questionnaires for
T’Chill – kind of important.

DANNY HOLDS UP A COMPUTER GAME.

SEYMOUR:

Practising with badminton simulator and not
getting totally splatted by Kayla – more important.

ALEX:

Why didn’t you practise at school?

SEYMOUR:

Because Kayla would find out and she’d know
I’m running scared.

DANNY:

Psychology, see – messing with Kayla’s head.
Seymour can make out he hasn’t even practised.

ALEX:

He hasn’t.

TAJ:

OK, two minutes – we’re nearly done.

DANNY:

Respect to you, Seymour, geez. Going one on one with Kayla. Especially since you like her.

SEYMOUR (SHOUTING):

I do not like Kayla McCat Litter! Kayla McCatLitter smells like Squeezy Cheezy!

ALEX:

Seymour, shhh. Taj’s mum is trying to practise her talk downstairs.

MUM (OOV, SHOUTING):

A squirrel in the Wirral, a squirrel in the Wirral!

DANNY:

Did Mrs L just say...

TAJ:

Don’t go there. Mum’s totally under Jazmin’s thumb. All done! Pass it here.

DANNY PASSES HIM THE TUTORIAL. TAJ LOADS IT.

ALEX:

Danny, stop winding Seymour up. He should know if he’s got feelings for Kayla.

SEYMOUR:

Thank you!

ALEX:

He just can’t admit it yet.

DANNY:

The Danmeister knows. I know all about lerve. I
am the King of Love Island.

SEYMOUR:

You? You don’t even know where Love Island is.
You couldn’t find Love Island with maps and a
sniffer dolphin!

TAJ:

OK – we’re rolling... Oh.

THEY CLUSTER AROUND THE COMPUTER,
SEYMOUR HOLDING HIS RACQUET
READY.

TAJ:

Interactive DIY makeovers?

SEYMOUR:

Danny, you...trestle table!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/20. INT. T' CHILL. DAY 3. 17.10

YASMIN AND LATEESHA SLOUCHING AT A TABLE. KAREESHA TURNS THE SIGN TO CLOSED.

KAREESHA:

OK. I've got two hours to turn you into caring, helpful service personnel – Rudeboy-style.

YASMIN:

Who is this Rudeboy? I hate him already.

KAREESHA:

Rudeboy? Better start hating me, waitress.
Down! On your marks!

CUT TO:

LATEESHA AND YASMIN CROUCHING LIKE STARTERS IN A SPRINT RACE.

KAREESHA:

Go!

SPEEDED UP - THEY RUN TO THE TABLES AND START WIPING THEM DOWN.

KAREESHA (OOV):

Harder! Let me hear those cloths squeaking!

CUT TO:

SPEEDED-UP - LATEESHA AND YASMIN SLICING BUNS AND PUTTING BURGERS IN THEM WHILE KAREESHA STANDS OVER THEM WITH A STOPWATCH.

CUT TO:

SPEEDED UP - KAREESHA RUFFLING
LATEESHA’S EXTENSIONS AND THEN...

CUT TO:

LATEESHA HAS A COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT HAIRSTYLE.

CUT TO:

SPEEDED UP - KAREESHA POLISHING
DENTON’S SPEAKER VIGOROUSLY. HE
HOWLS IN PAIN.

CUT TO:

LATEESHA AND YASMIN TRYING TO
SMILE WELCOMING SMILES. KAREESHA
RAPPS THE CANE ON A TABLE. THEY JUMP

KAREESHA:

Again! Again! Again!

THEY SMILE AGAIN.

KAREESHA:

I’m seeing it, but I’m not feeling it – again!

THE GIRLS MAKE A HUGE EFFORT AND
SMILE AGAIN.

KAREESHA:

Smile. That’s it! You got it! That is *disgusting*!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/21. INT. LEWIS LIVING ROOM/
HALL. DAY 3. 19:00

ALEX, DANNY AND SEYMOUR ARE LEAVING. MUM AND JAZMIN ARE IN MAIN ROOM.

DANNY:

It was a one-time packaging mistake, Seymour!

SEYMOUR:

Yeah – my mistake for thinking you could help!

THEY LEAVE. TAJ CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR BEHIND THEM. TAJ GOES SLOWLY BACK UP THE STAIRS AND STOPS HALFWAY TO OBSERVE MUM & JAZMIN.

MUM:

Above all, emphasise to the patient that regular exercise will ensure that the ligaments repair themselves fully. Thank you.

BEAT. TAJ APPLAUDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

TAJ:

Go, Mumster, go Mumster. That was kicking!

MUM:

Jazmin? What did you think?

JAZMIN:

Mrs L, that was unbelievable...y shocking.

MUM:

Oh, no. How can I be coming across that badly?

JAZMIN:

I don’t know, Mrs L, considering all the help I’ve given you...

TAJ:

Hello! Reality check. Mum, you’re fine. You’re going to be fine tomorrow. Don’t listen to her.

MUM:

Jazmin *is* a fully trained actress, Taj.

TAJ:

She’s not even a fully trained waitress.

JAZMIN:

Mrs L, I want you to know I’m not cross with you – just very disappointed. Where was your inner bear? Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa!

MUM:

Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa!

MUM & JAZMIN (AT TAJ):

Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa! Na-na-nee-nee-noo-noo-baa!

DEFEATED, TAJ PUTS HIS HANDS OVER HIS EARS AND GOES UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/22. INT. TAJ’S BEDROOM/INT.
THE CHILL. DAY 3 19:05

TAJ COMES IN AS RUDEBOY MOBILE RINGS.

TAJ (AS RUDEBOY):

Rudeboy here.

KAREESHA:

Is that the lying, cheating Rudeboy?

TAJ:

I see you’ve read the manual.

KAREESHA:

I didn’t just read it. Look at the webcam!

KAREESHA SHOWS HIM THE GIRLS, WITH FIXED SMILES LIKE STEPFORD WAITRESSES. THE SPEAKER HAS A CUT-OUT SMILE PASTED ON.

LATEESHA:

Welcome to T’Chill.

YAZMIN:

May I take your order?

DENTON:

We offer good food at value-for-money prices.

CUT BACK TO KAREESHA, ALSO WEARING PAINED SMILE. IF POSSIBLE, ALL THREE CROWDED INTO SHOT, GRINNING.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/23. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY 4.
15:40

SEYMOUR IN BADMINTON KIT, DANNY & TAJ. THERE IS A LOCKER DOOR OPEN BUT WE CAN ONLY SEE THE CALVES OF THE PERSON LOOKING IN IT. SOMBRELY, DANNY HANDS SEYMOUR HIS LUCKY MASCOT – A TEDDY DRESSED UP IN BADMINTON KIT. IMPULSIVELY, DANNY TRIES TO HUG SEYMOUR.

DANNY:

Good luck, geez.

TAJ:

Be safe, bruv. I’m going to be thinking about you the whole time...

THEY TOUCH FISTS. TAJ’S MOBILE BEEPS. HIS ATTENTION IS INSTANTLY DIVERTED.

TAJ:

(WHISPERING) It’s T’Chill. I’ll know what the profits are tonight! (RECOLLECTING) Sorry, Seymour. Good luck.

DANNY:

Sure you don’t want me to come with you?

SEYMOUR:

No, thanks, Danny. I don’t need witnesses to my shame.

KAYLA EMERGES FROM BEHIND HER LOCKER DOOR.

KAYLA:

Everyone in *my* year is coming to watch.

GRINNING KIDS SEEM TO APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/24. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 4. 16:00

KAREESHA WEIGHS HER LA FUND BOX IN HER HAND. JAZMIN IS “RESTING” AT A TABLE.

KAREESHA:

So good to get back to civilisation.

JAZMIN:

Watch it, that’s my manor you’re dissing.

KAREESHA: (IGNORING HER)

I’d better start working out or I won’t be able to lift you when the extra money from T’Chill starts coming in.

ENTER MUM, LOOKING VERY CHEERFUL.

JAZMIN:

Hey Mrs. L, how did it go?

MUM:

Great. I ignored every single thing you said...and I was a hit!

JAZMIN:

Oh... Fantastico, Mrs L. But you’re still taking the money off my rent?

MUM:

After what you did to me, I should put the rent *up*.

MUM LEAVES. JAZMIN HURRIES AFTER HER.

JAZMIN:

But Mrs L! I *meant* for you to ignore me! It was reverse psychology! (BEAT) OK, don't reduce the rent – just pay me cash! It's my final offer...

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/25. INT. DUDEBOY. DAY 4. 16:30

MICHAEL, TAJ AND ALEX ENTER. THE SHOP IS EMPTY. P!XEL IS SMASHING CDS AND GLUING THE PIECES TO A WALL OR STRUCTURE.

ALEX:

I guess that's one way to show the CD chart.

MICHAEL (AIRILY):

P!xel says it's off-the-wall stuff like that that's going to bring in all the players in the music biz.

TAJ (TOTALLY UNCONVINCED):

Uh-huh.

ALEX:

Did you say P!xel? I read about him in one of my mum's interior design magazines. He's a total idiot.

MICHAEL:

What? No, no – you've got the wrong guy.

ALEX:

Michael, how many designers called P!xel (SHE DOES THE EYEBROWS) are there? He's really called Derek Postlethwaite.

MICHAEL:

This P!xel designed Horse Patrol Voom Voom.

ALEX:

And *that* Horse Patrol Voom Voom *closed down*.

MICHAEL IS DUMBSTRUCK.

TAJ:

Anyway, Michael – slick tunes, that’s the genuine Dudeboy. All this stuff ain’t you. No wonder Dudeboy is as full as the inside of Danny’s head.

THEY LOOK OVER AT P!XEL WHO IS WHEELING IN A CARRYING CAGE AND A SMALL TRAMPOLINE.

ALEX:

Don’t tell me – trampolining Chihuahuas?
P!xel has got to go.

CUT BACK TO MICHAEL, REALISATION DAWNING:

MICHAEL:

What is my dad going to say?

ALEX GIVES HIM A COMFORTING PAT ON THE SHOULDER. TAJ LOOKS GLEEFUL. ALEX CATCHES HIS EYE AND HE TRIES TO LOOK SYMPATHETIC.

MICHAEL:

Pixel...

P!XEL:

No, no – it’s P!xel – you pronounce the exclamation mark.

MICHAEL:

OK, P!xel. I pronounce you sacked.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/26. INT. THE CHILL. DAY 4. 17:30

TAJ ALEX AND DANNY ARE AT A TABLE CLOSE TO THE DOOR. DANNY IS ANXIOUS.

DANNY:

Seymour must have lost the match and he's too ashamed to show his face.

ALEX:

Or maybe he has won, but...he's gone home first to whip up a celebratory casserole.

TAJ:

If he has, he's the only one who's celebrating.
(QUIETLY) Takings are right down at T'Chill.

DANNY:

No, Taj. Stop trying to make me feel better.

TAJ:

I'm not. I'm talking about T'Chill now.

P!XEL RUSHES OUT OF THE LOOS.

ALEX:

Why's he still hanging around?

P!XEL (EXCITED):

Outstanding! I had a burger, and I have been sick!

KAREESHA:

Don't tell *me*. Tell someone who cares.

P!XEL (RAPTUROUS):

Oh, the surliness! The execrable food! The total lack of regard for Health and Safety regulations!

CARLTON:

Are you an inspector? Because if you are... I've been planning to clean up, I swear!

P!XEL:

Don't you dare! I love it. It's so real, so...ironic!

ALEX:

Don't you mean unhygienic?

ENTER MICHAEL, DEPRESSED. WINCES WHEN HE SEES P!XEL

P!XEL:

This is the backwards, upside-down spirit I tried to achieve at Dudeboy, (SUDDENLY POINTING AT MICHAEL) but could *you* grasp my vision?

P!XEL (ANGRY) MICHAEL (SARCASTIC):

No!

P!XEL:

I won't stay here to be insulted!

MICHAEL

Then go somewhere else. *Anywhere* else.

P!XEL FLOUNCES OUT. MICHAEL JOINS THE OTHERS.

MICHAEL:

Good riddance.

ENTER SEYMOUR.

DANNY:

Seymour! How was it, geez? I've been worried about you.

HE TRIES TO HUG SEYMOUR BUT
SEYMOUR HOLDS HIM AT ARM'S LENGTH.

ALEX:

You look happy. Result?

SEYMOUR (COYLY):

Lost the match, got the girl. Kayla asked me out.

TAJ:

You're going on a date with Kayla McCat Litter?

ALEX:

..who smells of Squeazy Cheezy?

SEYMOUR:

Rrrrr.

DANNY:

I knew it! Who the man? (LIKE AMERICAN SPORTS JOCK) Danny Spooner! Danny Spooner!

CUT TO:

SCENE 7/27. INT. TAJ’S BEDROOM. DAY 4.

19:00

TAJ, SEYMOUR, DANNY AND ALEX. TAJ AS RUDEBOY IS ON SPEAKERPHONE WITH CARLTON.

CARLTON (ON PHONE):

Did you say “losing money”? T’Chill is losing money?

KAREESHA (ON PHONE):

What about my 10%?

TAJ:

Sorry, Kreesha. It’s 10% of nothing.

KAREESHA (ON PHONE):

No-o-o-o!

EVERYONE WINCES OR LEANS AWAY FROM THE PHONE. PLATES SMASHING.

CARLTON (ON PHONE):

I knew it was a mistake to try to make anything better.

MORE CRASHES AND BANGS. ELEPHANT TRUMPETTING

TAJ HURRIEDLY HANGS UP.

DANNY:

So 10% of nothing – how much is that, then?

SEYMOUR HITS HIM.

ALEX:

OK. Customer comments... “The vibe is gone.”
“Before, I used to get a free insult with my shake.
Now, all I get is the shake. Thanks a lot - not.”

SEYMOUR:

What do they say about my recipes?

ALEX:

“The meatballs were tender and easy to chew.
How am I supposed to get my exercise now?”

TAJ:

I just don’t get it. We did everything right at
T’Chill – and they hate it.

ALEX:

But profits went up at the Chill in London. It
doesn’t make any sense. It should be the other
way around. Everything is better at T’Chill.

SEYMOUR:

It’s like they *want* feisty waitresses and manky
food.

TAJ:

Yes! It is! It’s like P!xel said... it’s backwards and
upside down. It’s ironic chic.

BEAT. OTHERS ARE STUNNED.

ALEX:

So we wrote the training manual for nothing.

TAJ:

Yes... But it's good! We've sussed it!

ALEX:

How is it good, exactly?

TAJ:

We know that people like the Chill the way it is.
So now we can expand. We can open more Chills
all over the country... Europe... anywhere.

DANNY:

Mars! We could open a Chill on Mars!

TAJ, SEYMOUR, DANNY AND ALEX:

Ker-ching!

DANNY:

How happy are we? Happy-o-meter says...

HE BRINGS OUT THE HAPPY-O-METER.
ALEX, SEYMOUR AND TAJ EXCHANGE
ONE LOOK AND LUNGE AT DANNY.

THE END.