

SCENE ONE

SFX

**KEITH HARRIS AND ORVILLE 'I WISH I
COULD FLY' TRACK.**

(In the lounge of a student house DSL HARVEY is sat, comatose, fully dressed, drink in hand, almost as if he fell asleep halfway through delivering an anecdote. JEMIMA ENTERS SL, she wears a kimono dressing gown, her perm temporarily tamed with an ostentatious sleeping mask. SHE shuffles in wearing large fluffy slippers muttering to herself. Half asleep, SHE fails to notice Harvey sitting there and crosses to EXIT SR. After a few moments enters again carrying a bowl of dry cereal, crossing over the SR. When she sees HARVEY she screams and cereal goes everywhere)

SFX

CUT 'I WISH I COULD FLY'

HARVEY:

(HE wakes up with a start and yells the end of a detached sentence)

So I said to him: 'Shut your mouth, or I'll peel your skin off like a fucking Babybel!

JEMIMA:

(Picking up bits of cereal)

Christ Harv, what happened to you? You look like Gordon Ramsey in a steam room...

(HARVEY makes an inaudible groan.)

Do you know, you were completely unbearable last night? I had to go to bed when you started doing *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* on the breakfast bar. I mean, can you say desperation? And Steven wasn't the least bit impressed. In fact, I think he felt quite sorry for you.

(SHE plonks herself down next to HARVEY.)

HARVEY:

(Clearly hung over)

Oh please! I heard you cackling *Blood Brothers* into the side of your wardrobe before he came round. Tell me it's not true? Ha! If only...

(HE dips into JEMIMA'S bowl and starts eating a handful of cereal.)

JEMIMA:

Lets face it Harv, neither of us is getting an agent this year...

(A short pause where JEMIMA switches on the television. THEY watch.)

SFX

BEVERLY TILE SHOW (DISTORTED)

JEMIMA:

Did you hear about Cressida?

HARVEY

Oh how could I not? She won't shut up on facebook. I mean, how insecure do you have to be before you feel need to broadcast that you've got coconut water and not Evian?

(JEMIMA laughs, Harvey rides the laughter)

I mean she's not bloody Madonna is she?

JEMIMA:

(She stops laughing)

Didn't she get an internship or something?

HARVEY:

Yes, Jemima, at LRP, production assistant thank god! I see enough of her ill-concealed mammaries plastered all over my news feed. Can you imagine if I had to avoid them on telly as well?