

3. INT. CINEMA HALLWAY. NIGHT.

OPEN ON A DIMLY LIT CINEMA HALLWAY. STANDING BESIDE A LARGE BUCKET WITH A BROOM HANDLE STICKING OUT OF IT IS ADAM (20S). HE IS WEARING A BRIGHT ORANGE HI-VIS VEST, WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE STICKING OUT OF THE TOP POCKET.

ADAM

Sorry, can I just make sure I heard that correctly? You want me, at 1 o'clock in the morning, to go back to all eleven screens that I've just spent the last three hours slaving away in ... and clean them again? Okay, no problem, I can do that. Before I do though, I just need to ask you one quick question: are you out of your tiny fucking mind? No, shut up! Just shut the fuck up! I'm done. I've had it. I've absolutely had it with you. In fact, I've had it with this entire run-down, filthy shithole of a place! Just look at the state of it - the whole building should be fucking demolished! Six out of twelve of the screens have missing chairs in them, did you know that? There's a vending machine upstairs that hasn't been fixed since about 20 fucking 12, the contents of which are probably holding the seeds of the next pandemic. There's a stench of death wafting from behind the counter that, frankly, would put Sweeney Todd off his dinner. There are more problems and issues than I could list in a whole day, and you want me to waste hours of my time in the middle of the night repeating a job I've already done? Why should I? Hmm? Why? As a matter of fact, why should I do even half the stuff you try and force me to do on a daily basis? Scrambling around to clear a 200-seater IMAX on my own with ten minutes to spare before a film starts, then taking crap from a queue of pissed off people outside who are wondering why they can't sit down anywhere that isn't sticky and covered in shit. Scooping up old Frankfurters with my bare hands and scraping nacho cheese the colour of toxic waste from the arms of chairs with my bare fingernails. Running around like a blue-arsed fly, dragging a load of crap, broken equipment from place to place and never having enough time to make anything better than a shit job of any of it. Juggling the gate, and screen checks, and cleaning on my own, all while being followed around and criticised constantly by you, or Amin, or whichever other tyrant happens to be on shift that day. And let's not forget, the fucking piece de resistance: being forced to clean toilets even a skunk would turn its nose up at, armed with nothing but a plunger that looks like some kind of medieval mace, and gloves that are so thin you could feel the brush of a fucking butterfly wing through them! Oh, but don't worry - you don't need to feel bad: it's my own fault. No, really! It's me - I'm clearly just naïve. You see, I mistakenly thought that I'd already experienced my lowest point here. (MORE)

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I thought that had happened on my first day, when you actually asked me, to my face, to stick my arm down the toilet and break up a shit with my bare fucking hands. But somehow, against all the odds, you've actually managed to sink down even lower. Well, you know what, Aidan? It's 1am. I've already missed the last tube and the last bus because you've kept me here for an hour checking every last inch of every single screen with your "state of the art" night vision goggles that don't even fucking work. But if you really want me to go around now and pick up every single kernel of popcorn, we'll be here until Christmas, and do you know why?

WITH A FLOURISH, HE PULLS THE BRUSH FROM THE BUCKET AND BRANDISHES IT ALOFT. THE BRUSH LOOKS LUDICROUS - BRISTLES POINT OUT AT EVERY ANGLE. IF ANY BRUSH CAN EVER LOOK LIKE A VICTIM OF WAR, THIS BRUSH CAN.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Would you want to sweep the floors with this? WOULD YOU? No, of course you wouldn't! You'd rather sit up there in the office on your Wotsit-stained arse, watching the football and ignoring me every time I beg for help. Well, I'm sorry, but if you want it done, you'll have to find some other mug to do it. Or better yet, ask one of those smug fuckers on concessions who you allow to piss around all day while I try and fail to keep an entire cinema clean on my own. You can stick your job - and THIS - (SHAKING THE BROOM)

- right up your arse!

HE SLAMS THE BROOM BACK INTO THE BUCKET, RIPS OFF THE HI-VIS, THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR AND STORMS AWAY.