

AUDITION: RANDY, JOYCE, DONNA, PERCIVAL, LIAM (AND JACK)

Randy: Why have we stopped?

Joyce: They'll be regulating the service.

Donna: Shouldn't there be an announcement?

Joyce: I've just made one, now will you please just calm down.

Percival: Oh, I can't dally around underground like this. Is there an emergency cord of some sort?

Joyce: (*Dramatically lowers glasses and gives a stern look*) Don't you dare break that emergency glass! It's for emergencies, not for pathetic little-

Percival: I beg your pardon, madam, but I didn't come here to be spoken to like that!

Randy: Donna, as if the English really do speak like that...

Joyce: We'll be on the move in a matter of seconds, just sit tight.

Percival: Then perhaps a direct line to the manager? If Eton taught me anything, it's that there is always a manager who will do as I say.

Donna: (*to Randy*) What is an Eton?

Randy: It's a school. Like our Yale.

Joyce: The manager isn't down here is he? If you're that bothered, why don't you go and knock on the driver's door?

Donna: Ooh! Who wants to check on the driver?

Liam: I'll go!

Joyce: (*disbelievingly*) You'll go?? You were terrified to even sit down a second ago.

Liam: This could be my big chance. I'll be trending in no time if I can capture some of this stuff.

Randy: You don't think it's better if we stick together?

Liam: Look, the sooner I get the driver, get him down here, the sooner... I can get to me hair appointment. (*Heads up the carriage whilst vlogging*) OMG, So, I'm on the underground and the train has just stopped. No one seems to know what is happening. All we know is that, apparently, the workers at Transport for London are a bunch of clowns...

All nod in agreement.

Liam: I'm just going to check to see if the driver is still alive. Honestly, (*shakes head*) I'm not holding up much hope. Hit the subscribe button if you want to see the driver alive.

Liam stops at the driver's cabin door; the other five passengers stand behind watching him in anticipation. Liam points his camera at the door.

Liam: Ready. Three. Two. One. (*Liam knocks on the door*) Driver, are you ok in there? (*gets no response, so Liam tries to open it; to the others, with intrepidation*) It's locked.

Joyce: Of course it's locked, TFL aren't going to allow any old-

Percival: Oh for goodness sake. If you want something done properly...

PERCIVAL bangs loudly on the door.

Percival: Hello! Hello! This is Percival Harrington and I-

The passengers are stunned as they hear the driver start singing ENTRY OF THE GLADIATOR'S tune slowly and slurred in a trance-like manner. Followed by the sound of a window smashing from inside the cab and the driver's singing getting quieter as they disappear up the track.

Percival: Hello! Driver?!

Donna: (*Dramatically*) Oh my god, we're all going to die!

LIAM wraps his arm around DONNA, then lifts his phone to start vlogging.

Liam: I think this is the end. If you are watching, this is my last vlog. It's been a real pleasure... So please -

Donna: (*emotionally wails*) Hit that subscribe button! Oh my God! We're gonna die!...

Liam: I'm gonna arrive at the pearly heaven gates and my hair isn't even done. So don't forget to hit -

Donna: *(still crying)* the notification bell.

Percival: Are you both absolutely insane?!

Jack: Shouldn't the doors be opening yet?

Randy: We've got to get out of here!

Jack: Well the doors be open by now, shouldn't they?

Liam: *(As Liam speaks he becomes high-pitched with fear)* Hold tight, gramps. There's some motherfucking clowns on the rampage and we're all stuck in a tunnel.

JOYCE breaks the emergency glass on the emergency core button box.

Percival: Oh, so now you're prepared to accost the management?

Joyce: Zip it! *(gestures as though she is zipping her mouth)*

Percival: I beg your pardon! I was in the Grenadier Guards. What makes you think you have the right to take command?

Joyce: I... am a Primary School Teacher! Now sit down!