

CRY HAVOC! (ASK QUESTIONS LATER)

EPISODE 8 - DEUS EX MACHINA

Written by

Rafaella Marcus

Edited with additional material

by David K. Barnes

Recording Script (Version 6.0)

Cast

Harry Roebuck as Gaius Octavius Caesar
Lara Sawalha as Cleopatra
Sarah Agha as Charmian
Benjamin Garrison as Quintus
Ellie Dickens as Atia
Sarah Lambie as Octavia
Lowri Ann Davies as Bassilla
Tom Crowley as Mascis
Ryan Hopevere-Anderson as Punter
Tom Crowley as Ticket Attendant

Content Notes:

- Abuse of Power (recurring theme)
- Vicarious Embarrassment
- Innuendo
- Bullying & Taunting
- Alcohol & Alcohol Use
- SFX: Crowds

Bright, crisp - peaceful. The distant CITY HUM. A FOUNTAIN. CHARMIAN slowly WALKING back and forth, muttering lines.

CHARMIAN

And then I say... "I have come to Rome for one purpose only!" ... Oh Set, no it's - "I have come to Rome for one purpose, and one purpose only!" That's it. Double emphasis. Then he goes, "To punish us?!" cowers in fear, blah blah blah, and I come in with-

From inside, a huge SNARL OF RAGE from CLEOPATRA. SMASH as a SMALL POT hits the wall.

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

This is unendurable!

CHARMIAN

(calling)

My lady?

Cleopatra STORMS outside towards us.

CLEOPATRA

Does no-one in this godsforsaken city know how to negotiate? They can't just sit down and talk, oh no, they've got to drag it out!

CHARMIAN

What's happened this time?

CLEOPATRA

(sighs)

I've been invited to another... event.

CHARMIAN

(sympathy))

Ah.

CLEOPATRA

Instead of discussing the finer points of international trade, we're going to watch a bunch of bloody actors titting about in some tedious comedy.

CHARMIAN

My sympathies, oh que-... a comedy?

CLEOPATRA

Yes, the sister's written a play
and we all have to go and see it,
apparently. Instead of trying to
overthrow her brother like a normal
person, she spends every day on her
petty vanity project.

CHARMIAN

You mean the... Palatine Players?

CLEOPATRA

Yes.

(sharp))

How do you know that?

CHARMIAN

Oh, I... heard someone discussing
them in the market.

CLEOPATRA

(acid)

That makes sense - because low-rent
gossip about tawdry burlesques is
exactly the standard of information
you've brought me of late.

CHARMIAN

A thousand apologies, my lady, I'll
do better.

CLEOPATRA

Anyway, I'd better get ready to go
out tonight and see this damn play.

CHARMIAN

(slips out)

No!

CLEOPATRA

What?

CHARMIAN

I mean, you don't have to go! We
could say you've got a headache?

CLEOPATRA

Hm. Don't want to look weak.

CHARMIAN

A matter of religious propriety
then? It's... a feast day in the
Egyptian calendar!

CLEOPATRA

Is it?

CHARMIAN

I mean probably, there's hundreds of them.

CLEOPATRA

It could work... And it would be nice to have an evening to myself. I've still got the wheat figures to go over and Memphis are protesting their tax rate again...

CHARMIAN

I'll send the message immediately!

Charmian begins to HURRY OFF, when-

CLEOPATRA

(sighs)

No, no. I have to go. I'm only just getting somewhere with Baby Gaius and I don't want to insult his whole wretched family.

CHARMIAN

But but but what if -

CLEOPATRA

I'll see if I can't get some work done while I'm there. Make sure you bring my urgent papers, will you?

CHARMIAN

(strangulated)

You want me to bring them...?

CLEOPATRA

Yes of course, who else? Honestly, Charmian, you're so distracted these days.

(magnanimous)

A quiet night at the theatre with me is exactly what you need.

CHARMIAN

(weak)

Yes... Exactly what I need...

CLEOPATRA

No need to thank me, Charmian. It's my treat.

OPENING TITLES AND THEME

ANNOUNCER

"Cry Havoc (Ask Questions Later)"
CEpisode 8: "Deus ex Machina"

2 INT. THEATRE OF POMPEY AUDITORIUM - EVENING

2

The Theatre of Pompey. (Technically outdoors as there's no roof, but it is walled.) CROWDS OF PUNTERS pouring into the theatre, JOSTLING to get the best seats.

At the front, at the elite audience seating bank near the stage, GAIUS and his surly mother ATIA take their seats.

ATIA

Oh, we're not down here again, are we?

GAIUS

These are the best seats, mother.

ATIA

But it's so loud next to the stage! When they yell they spit on you.

GAIUS

They wear masks, you'll be fine. Look, Quintus Metellus is in this one. You liked him in Oedipus.

ATIA

Didn't care for the second half. Really ruined the love story.

Charmian shows Cleopatra to her seat, next to them.

CHARMIAN

Right this way, my lady...

CLEOPATRA

Caesar.

GAIUS

Ah, greetings. May I introduce my mother, Atia. Mother, Queen Cleopatra.

ATIA

Hallo dear.

CLEOPATRA

Hello. So this is the famous Theatre of Pompey, is it?

GAIUS

Rome's very own permanent theatre! We're immensely proud of it.

ATIA

Then how come the seats are so uncomfortable? My arse falls asleep before I can half the time.

GAIUS
 (embarrassed)
 Mother...!

CLEOPATRA
 In Egypt, theatre is a sacred thing. At the last pageant at the Temple of Isis, I was attended upon in a golden litter by slaves serving sweetmeats of every kind.

ATIA
 Yes, exactly, a little comfort. Not too much to ask.

CLEOPATRA
 They played the murder of Osiris by Set. A hundred dancers in the flickering torchlight of the great temple, accompanied by the wail of flutes. Truly, a spectacle unlike any I have ever seen.

Beat.

GAIUS
 I think this one's a comedy.

CLEOPATRA
 (dry, hates comedy)
 Oh good.

ATIA
 A slave is selling figs on the day Julius gets done in, and looks so much like him that people think Caesar's come back from the dead.

GAIUS
 That's the story?! We can't have our family making a play like this!

ATIA
 Why not?

GAIUS
 It's sacrilege!

ATIA
 Well we didn't pay for the tickets, what are you complaining for? Now go and get me some dates.

GAIUS
 Mother!

CLEOPATRA
 Allow me. Charmian, dates.

CHARMIAN

Oh yes, absolutely! Be right back!

Charmian gratefully and speedily DASHES OFF.

ATIA

They cost a fortune here, but they remind me of happier times. His father used to eat them off me.

GAIUS

(embarrassed)

Mother...

CLEOPATRA

(amused)

I think I'm going to like sitting here.

3 INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

3

Full of props and actors. PRE-SHOW CHAOS, actors running about, QUINTUS pacing furiously. The muffled sound of a LIVELY AUDIENCE on the other side of the thin curtain.

QUINTUS

Almost showtime. For the love of Jove, where's Mia?

Charmian comes RUNNING IN, PANTING.

CHARMIAN

Here I am!

QUINTUS

(it worked!)

Ah! And now, for the love of Jove, where's Octavia?

Beat. Nothing.

QUINTUS (cont'd)

Oh. Thought that might work.

CHARMIAN

I need to speak to you urgently-

QUINTUS

Why aren't you in costume? Go go!

CHARMIAN

But you see I can't do the-

MASCIS and BASSILLA come STORMING IN, mid-argument.

MASCIS

Bassilla, I know you've taken it!

BASSILLA
 You idiot, why would I take your
 wig? I'm playing Julius Caesar!

MASCIS
 So?

BASSILLA
 He was bald!

Quintus GRABS A WIG from a costume pile.

QUINTUS
 Mascis, wig. Bassilla, gorgeous.
 Now be a pair of dears and piss off
 till the show starts.

BASSILLA
 (snorts)
 Never appreciated around here.

MASCIS
 Just because you want more lines...

They MOVE off as OCTAVIA comes in, stressing out.

OCTAVIA
 You were right all along, it's
 going to be a disaster!

QUINTUS
 There you are!

CHARMIAN
 There you are!

QUINTUS
 I saw her first.

CHARMIAN
 But I have to-

OCTAVIA
 That audience is so big. And my
 mum's here, and my brother - and
 he's only gone and brought bloody
 Queen sodding Cleopatra!

QUINTUS
 Yes, it's called publicity.

OCTAVIA
 But she's so awesome and I'm so
 shit! I should never have tried-

QUINTUS
 Yes, yes, the stifling constraints
 of expectation, you're a tortured
 genius, we know. Beginners in five!

Quintus DARTS AWAY. Octavia and Charmian alone.

OCTAVIA
Mia, tell me it'll be fine.

CHARMIAN
Er...

OCTAVIA
Oh gods you hate it too. Why did I ever think I could be a writer?

CHARMIAN
No no, I love it! The thing is-

OCTAVIA
I've got to snap out of it, got to snap out of it.

CHARMIAN
Octavia-

OCTAVIA
It's great! Marvellous! Five eagles in all the tablets!

CHARMIAN
Octavia-

OCTAVIA
I'm the best thing in culture since that play with the frogs!

CHARMIAN
(blurt)
I can't do the play!

OCTAVIA
What?

CHARMIAN
I can't do it! I - oh, it's too - I can't explain, I just... can't.

OCTAVIA
No.

CHARMIAN
Sorry?

OCTAVIA
No! Mia, you're the slave selling figs. Without you the plot doesn't work, it falls apart, it's in ruins, I'm in ruins-!!!

CHARMIAN
Couldn't you take the role?

OCTAVIA

What? No one would mistake me for Bassilla, I'm too tall! It's got to be you! Here, get your mask on.

CHARMIAN

Octavia, I'm sorry, I want to but I can't! I just can't!

OCTAVIA

It's stage fright, I get it.

CHARMIAN

Any other time, I would, but not tonight-!

OCTAVIA

Mia. Listen. I need you. Please.

Pause.

CHARMIAN

(helpless)

I'll... see what I can do.

OCTAVIA

THANK YOU! Thank you thank you. Now remember, we added that bit where you come on as the Messenger. It's only two lines but the scene doesn't make sense without them.

CHARMIAN

(still reluctant)

You can count on me.

OCTAVIA

I'd have asked Bassilla only she'd ask for extra pay.

CHARMIAN

What was that-?

OCTAVIA

Nothing. Just don't forget!

BLAST OF TRUMPETS.

OCTAVIA (cont'd)

Oh my gods. We're on.

4 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

4

A WHOOP and APPLAUSE from the audience, then SHUSHING each other etc. Quintus and Mascis ENTER and begin. Their performances are bombastic, but not bad.

QUINTUS
 (as Brutus))
 Well, Cassius, is our hour come?

MASCIS
 (as Cassius))
 It is, my dear Brutus. For today is
 the day we strike a blow for Rome!

Audience MUTTERING - they don't like these characters.

QUINTUS
 Indeed. For the tyrant Julius
 Caesar squats toad-like at the
 heart of our great Republic and it
 is time... to strike him down!

Some BOOING, as at a pantomime.

QUINTUS (cont'd)
 But tell me - do you think we err
 in this great deed?

MASCIS
 Never, my Brutus. Time shall show
 the gods are on our side!

Some LAUGHTER and JEERING - the audience are enjoying this.

5 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

5

We're in the front row. Quintus and Mascis off, on stage.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
 (to audience))
 Hush your objections, plebeians!
 For only men as great as Brutus -

MASCIS (O.S.)
 - and Cassius -

QUINTUS (O.S.)
 - yes, yes, and Cassius - only we
 may decide the future of Rome!

More audience LAUGHTER.

ATIA
 (chuckling)
 Oh my! Horrible man, was Cassius.
 Always hanging around, trying to
 get a look down my dress.

GAIUS
 Mother! Not in front of the queen!

CLEOPATRA

Where has that girl got to with those dates...?

QUINTUS (O.S.)

Wait here! I must seek relief. This toga's far too tight.

More audience LAUGHTER.

6 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

6

Octavia watching from the wings as Quintus WALKS off stage.

OCTAVIA

Quintus! I told you not to ad-lib!

QUINTUS

Relax, they're loving it.

OCTAVIA

But do they get it? I'm trying to hold a mirror up to Rome itself!

QUINTUS

And I'm trying to get laughs. Shh, look, your protege's on.

We hear Charmian onstage. She's charismatic, natural, funny.

CHARMIAN (O.S.)

I told you, I've returned to Rome for one purpose and one purpose only.

MASCIS (O.S.)

To punish us?!?!

CHARMIAN (O.S.)

They're only figs, mate, don't buy them if you don't like them.

Appreciative audience LAUGHTER.

OCTAVIA

She's... really good.

QUINTUS

I admit, your girl is killing it.

OCTAVIA

Oh shush, she's not my girl...
Chance would be a fine thing.

Under a wave of AUDIENCE APPLAUSE, Charmian comes off stage.

CHARMIAN
Right, that's my first scene done.

OCTAVIA
Mia! You're doing amaz - why are
you taking your costume off?

Charmian THROWING OFF costume.

CHARMIAN
Bit hot! Just going to, to, to -
get a drink!

OCTAVIA
No wait - Mia! Come back!

And she's GONE.

7 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM - EVENING

7

Charmian PUSHING PAST seated audience members. Some LAUGHS
and APPLAUSE as play continues, under...

CHARMIAN
'Scuse me, scuse me... sorry sir,
can I see those dates? Cheers.

PUNTER
Oi, my dates!

CHARMIAN
Enjoy the show. 'Scuse me...

CHARMIAN arrives at CLEO's seat, PANTING.

CLEOPATRA
Charmian?

CHARMIAN
Your dates, my lady.

CLEOPATRA
What happened, did you go to
Carthage for them or something?

CHARMIAN
There was a queue. Have I missed
much?

ATIA
Shhhh!

Cleopatra and Charmian continue in HUSHED VOICES.

CLEOPATRA

Not really, just a lot of clowns in silly masks. There was a short one who was... passably entertaining.

CHARMIAN

(glowing)

Oh? Really?

CLEOPATRA

But we shouldn't have bothered. The other Triumvirs aren't even here. It seems that Mark "doesn't like theatre."

CHARMIAN

And Lepidus?

CLEOPATRA

He got lost. So, I may as well do something worthwhile and look at my papers - where are they?

CHARMIAN

They're in your... uh oh.

CLEOPATRA

Charmian? The case?

CHARMIAN

I - I - I've forgotten it.

CLEOPATRA

Oh Charmian, really! This is the absolute-

(exasperated)

Go and get it!!

CHARMIAN

You mean back to the villa?

CLEOPATRA

Where else would it be? You clearly don't care about missing the play.

CHARMIAN

(high pitched laugh))

CLEOPATRA

It'll only take you twenty minutes if you're quick.

CHARMIAN

Twenty... twenty minutes! I can do that! I've got time!

CLEOPATRA

Well of course you have.

CHARMIAN

I - I mean - I'll be back before
you know it!

She DASHES OFF as GAIUS FUMBLES back into his seat.

GAIUS

OK, mother, here's your dates.

ATIA

Too late. I've got some now.

GAIUS

(sighs)
... Your majesty?

Cleopatra TAKES ONE from the RUSTLY BAG.

CLEOPATRA

Thank you.

8 **EXT. STREET / OUTSIDE THEATRE - 15 MINUTES LATER**

8

Charmian is RUNNING down the street, PANTING, back towards
the theatre, muttering to herself.

CHARMIAN

Ok, ok, got the case with the
scrolls, just have to run to the
seats, drop it off, make an excuse,
get back into costume... no-one...
will... know... and I'm back!

But a TICKET ATTENDANT blocks the entrance.

TICKET ATTENDANT

Sorry can I ask where you're going?

CHARMIAN

I - I need to get back into the
theatre. Life and death.

TICKET ATTENDANT

Sorry miss, there's no re-admission
once the performance has started.

CHARMIAN

What?! You can't do this to me!!

TICKET ATTENDANT

Standard policy. Etched in the fine
print on the back of our tickets.

CHARMIAN

But I'm in the show!

TICKET ATTENDANT

Well now, if that were true, you
wouldn't be out here, would you?

CHARMIAN

Listen. If I've timed this right,
I've got half a scene before I'm
due back on stage... No. Wait.

TICKET ATTENDANT

You alright miss?

CHARMIAN

The messenger!! I forgot I'm the
bloody messenger!!!

9 INT. STAGE - EVENING

9

Quintus in full dramatic swing.

QUINTUS

(as Brutus))

As this sky darkens, ever does my
soul
And I disdain the stain of our foul
deed -
My heart cries out for vengeance
'gainst my hand,
And now what can be left for Brutus
but
A dull forever, clapped in leaden
chains
Of rav'ning Tartarus.

MASSIVE APPLAUSE.

QUINTUS (cont'd)

Thank you, thank you...
(then back in character)
But soft! A messenger arrives. What
news, my boy?

There is an long pause. The audience SHUFFLES. A COUGH.

QUINTUS (cont'd)

(louder))

A messenger arrives!

Another pause.

QUINTUS (cont'd)

(desperate, ad libbing))

Methinks I hear the tread upon the
step of one who comes to give me
needed news!

(grinding out the words))

A. Messenger. Arrives!

Mascis ENTERS awkwardly, FOOTSTEPS echoing.

MASCIS
 (improvising))
 Er... How now, my lord. 'Tis I... a messenger.

QUINTUS
 (panic in the eyes)
 ... You're not the messenger I expected!

MASCIS
 Well. I'm the messenger you're getting.

QUINTUS
 I... see! And - what - news have you to bring me, messenger?

They build back up to confidence.

MASCIS
 Chaos in Rome, sir! They say the people cry out for your blood.

QUINTUS
 Heavy word, indeed. And Lord Cassius?

MASCIS
 I too must speak with him - why, here he...
 (dawning horror)
 ... here he comes... Oh.

QUINTUS
 (whisper))
 But you're playing Cassius!

MASCIS
 (whisper, panicking))
 I know! What do we do?

Audience begin WHISPERING.

QUINTUS
 (ad libbing)
 Well, er. If Cassius is coming... I'll go to greet him! Wait here!

10 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

10

Off, hollow FOOTSTEPS as Quintus strides off stage.

OCTAVIA
 (to self)
 I knew I was cursed! I knew I was
 cursed! Oh Minerva, save me now!

Quintus EXITS the stage. HUSHED DESPERATE CHAT.

QUINTUS
 (desperate)
 Where the Terra Mater is Mia?!

OCTAVIA
 I don't know!!

QUINTUS
 We've no choice - get a costume!
 You're Cassius now!

OCTAVIA
 What?! I can't do that!!

QUINTUS
 We're dying out there! Hurry!

He STRIDES BACK OUT on stage.

QUINTUS (O.S.)
 My friend Cassius is having
 trouble... getting off his horse!

Off, LAUGHTER from audience.

OCTAVIA
 Oh for the love of... Fine, where's
 that costume?

She HURRIES off. A split second later, a DOOR backstage
 OPENS and Charmian and Bassilla RUSH backstage, PANTING.

CHARMIAN
 Thanks Bassilla, I owe you one! I
 thought he was never going to let
 me in!

BASSILLA
 What were you doing out there
 anyway...?

CHARMIAN
 Octavia? Quintus? I'm here!...

BASSILLA
 ... Why's it so quiet?

CHARMIAN
 I don't know!

QUINTUS (O.S.)
Cassius is certainly taking his
sweet time!

MASCIS (O.S.)
You just... can't get the praetors
these days.

POLITE CHUCKLING from audience.

BASSILLA
Look, Mascis has gone on as the
Messenger instead of you!

CHARMIAN
But he's supposed to be Cassius in
this scene! We don't have a
Cassius!

BASSILLA
(confidence)
Oh yes we do! Don't you worry -
I've got this. Underpay me now,
will they? Where's that mask...

Bassilla DARTS AWAY.

CHARMIAN
Wait, Bassilla, what about... Oh
Set, this is turning into nonsense!
It'd take a miracle to...
(idea)
Wait... A miracle...

QUINTUS (O.S.)
'Tis most unlike Cassius to be
quite so late.

11 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

11

More SHUFFLING from the audience. They're restless.

QUINTUS
In fact I've never known ANYONE to
be this late.

MASCIS
Indeed! Later than a... Caesar.

Some HISSES and BOOS from the audience.

QUINTUS
One wonders whether Cassius is EVER
going to PUT US OUT OF OUR MISER-

Octavia and Bassilla RUSH ON STAGE from opposite sides.

OCTAVIA
My dear friend Brutus, I
bring fell news!

BASSILLA
My dear friend Brutus, I
bring fell news!

A stunned silence.

QUINTUS
... Cassius?

OCTAVIA
Yes, I am Cassius!

QUINTUS
Then... who's this?

BASSILLA
Also... Cassius.

QUINTUS
(flagging)
I see... some... trickery is afoot
here! The gods are displeased.

MASCIS
If it helps... I too have known
what it is to be... Cassius.

QUINTUS
No that doesn't help.

Audience MUTTERING, confused.

12 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

12

In the front row, amongst the CONFUSED AUDIENCE...

ATIA
(sotto to Gaius)
Psst. Gaius.

GAIUS
Yes mother?

ATIA
I'm not sure I'm following this.

GAIUS
No. I've read law books that are
clearer. And have more plot.

CLEOPATRA
Perhaps it's meant to be modern?

ATIA
Who knows? Are they like this back
in Egypt?

CLEOPATRA

No, our plays tend to... work.

Suddenly the crowd starts to GASP - a CRANE is DESCENDING over the stage. WOODEN CREAKING, ROPES GROANING.

ATIA

Hang on! Look! Something's happening! What's that?

GAIUS

With luck, it's the ending.

13 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

13

CRANE still DESCENDING, audience still GASPING.

QUINTUS

(whisper)

Why in the name of Tartarus is the crane coming down? It's too early!

OCTAVIA

(whisper)

Anything's better than limping on like this! I wonder who it could...

The CRANE CREAKS to a HALT. Silence. Charmian's voice rings out from on high, echoing impressively in the vast space.

CHARMIAN (O.S.)

Peace! I, Jupiter, have come to manage the affairs of mortal men!

Appreciative 'OOH's and GASPS from the crowd.

OCTAVIA

(whisper)

It's Mia!

14 INT. STAGE - ON HIGH

14

We are with Charmian, as she improvises.

CHARMIAN

When chaos reigns... when the very self is divided... who but the gods can create harmony?

SMATTERING of AUDIENCE APPLAUSE.

CHARMIAN (cont'd)

For their crimes, Brutus and Cassius will suffer the torments of Tartarus.

(MORE)

CHARMIAN (cont'd)
 And Rome will rise from the
 bloodshed to enter a new and
 glorious age. To exist with its
 neighbours in friendship most
 prosperous. This drama is at an
 end. But the true drama goes on.
 Will you play your part in it, as I
 have played mine? Go forward, and
 may we meet again. Farewell!

A beat, then RAPTUROUS, DEAFENING APPLAUSE.

15 **EXT. OUTSIDE THEATRE - EVENING**

15

Happy audiences LEAVING the theatre, CHATTING ANIMATEDLY.

ATIA
 Well! That was quite the turn up,
 wasn't it?

GAIUS
 Yes. The ending certainly gave me a
 lot to chew over...

Octavia APPROACHES nervously.

OCTAVIA
 Hey.

ATIA
 Here she is! The woman of the hour!

OCTAVIA
 It's alright, you don't have to say
 anything. Especially "oh you've
 done it again" because then I know
 you didn't like it.

GAIUS
 Octavia I hate to say it, but I
 thought it was... very successful.

OCTAVIA
 What, really? I mean - yes, well,
 some minor ad libs here and there
 but on the whole... really?

Cleopatra JOINS THEM.

CLEOPATRA
 You are too modest.

OCTAVIA
 Your majesty!

CLEOPATRA
 I found the whole thing most...
 (MORE)

CLEOPATRA (cont'd)
 instructive. Eh, Caesar? "A new and
 glorious age."

GAIUS
 "Friendship most prosperous."

CLEOPATRA
 After all, what is art, but a
 reflection of life?

GAIUS
 I quite agree. Perhaps we could...
 talk? At greater length?

CLEOPATRA
 I should like that very much.

OCTAVIA
 You mean you really all thought it
 was good? Despite... everything?

ATIA
 Jupiter descending from on high to
 condemn those dreadful men! Very
 stirring. And so nice for your
 brother not to be the butt of the
 joke for once.

GAIUS
 Mother!

ATIA
 Don't stay out too late will you? I
 know how your afterparties get!

OCTAVIA
 (chuckling)
 Yes mother...

CLEOPATRA
 Oh, actually, there was one more
 thing. That actress playing god at
 the end...

OCTAVIA
 Mia, yes?

CLEOPATRA
 Where might I have seen her before?

16 INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

16

BIG CHEER from the ACTORS, high on performance adrenaline.

QUINTUS
 Incredible work, everyone! I don't
 know how we survived it!

BASSILLA
That applause! They loved us!

MASCIS
How we doing for tomorrow?

QUINTUS
Sold out! And looks like we'll
break even by the end of the week!
You know what this means? *Profits.*

More CHEERS.

QUINTUS (cont'd)
Mia! Come and join!

Charmian is frantically CHANGING out of her costume.

CHARMIAN
I'm sorry, I can't, I've got to go!

MASCIS
No, come on! We couldn't have done
it without you!

QUINTUS
We nearly couldn't do it with you.

LAUGHTER from CAST.

QUINTUS (cont'd)
And there's an age old theatrical
tradition that after a successful
performance, everybody goes out to
get rat-arsed.

CHARMIAN
I'm sorry?

BASSILLA
Drunk, Mia!

CHARMIAN
I'd love to, but some other time
perhaps!

Charmian goes to LEAVE and BUMPS INTO Octavia coming in.

CHARMIAN
Oh! Octavia!

OCTAVIA
Oh! Mia!

CHARMIAN
I'm so, so sorry about - you know -
the whole thing, and it won't
happen again, but I wanted to say-

OCTAVIA
Mia. Stop. You were amazing.

CHARMIAN

Me?

OCTAVIA

Yes!

CHARMIAN

Oh! Well... So are you...!

OCTAVIA

Ha. Well... Thanks.

A beat. Could it be? Do they know? Are they destined?

QUINTUS

Alright, you two, cut it out! Or at least wait till we get to the pub.

OCTAVIA

What do you mean?

QUINTUS

Oh you know what I mean. "Chance would be a fine thing."

OCTAVIA

(half serious)

Shut up. Don't listen to him, Mia, he's always... Hey! Mia?... Where did she go?

17 **EXT. OUTSIDE THEATRE - EVENING**

17

Charmian RUNS UP to Cleopatra, PANTING.

CHARMIAN

My lady! My lady! Thank goodness I found you!

CLEOPATRA

Ah, Charmian.

CHARMIAN

A thousand apologies, I retrieved your papers but they wouldn't let me back into the theatre, and I was searching for another way in-

CLEOPATRA

Which you failed to do, I take it?

CHARMIAN

Yes, absolutely, for which again I must apologise another thousand-

CLEOPATRA

Charmian, please. I think I've seen enough acting for one day. Although you are, admittedly, very good at it. Mia.

Beat. Oh dear.

CHARMIAN

... I - I can explain.

CLEOPATRA

I do hope so.

CHARMIAN

How did you know?

CLEOPATRA

You may pull the wool over the eyes of a Roman, but never over mine. I just had to ask Octavia about the newest member of her company...

CHARMIAN

Octavia?

CLEOPATRA

Don't worry, your cover is safe. She doesn't know a thing. And the risks you took appear to have paid off.

CHARMIAN

(confused)

Oh. Er. Did they?

CLEOPATRA

"To exist with its neighbours in friendship most prosperous." The young Caesar appears greatly inspired by your performance. Negotiations may succeed after all.

CHARMIAN

Oh. Good! So, you're not... mad?

CLEOPATRA

Oh I wouldn't say that. But one may take a... balanced view... Come, Charmian. You and I have much to talk about.

END OF EPISODE