

<TITLE>

by

<name of the author>

<version / date / original>

<contact details>

AUDITION SIDES

WRITER: GILLIAN BRESLIN

EP 1: BETTY AND DINGAAN

16A. INT. BOUTIQUE STORE, CHANGE ROOM - DAY

DINGAAN stands before three closed change room doors. Inside each, the sound of clothes rustling, as hangers clank as the unseen women try on clothes. DINGAAN is presented with a dilemma: Which change-room contains the bombshell he just saw? His eyes dart from door to door. A moment of hesitation... then...

DINGAAN

Hello?

INTERCUT:

16B. INT. 16 . BOUTIQUE STORE, CHANGE ROOM CUBICLE - DAY

BETTY, in the cubicle, trying on scarves. Each one looks more outdated than the next, clashing with her pastel 90s power suit. She has tied a big bow in a one floral and is admiring it in the mirror when...

DINGAAN (O.S)

Hey miss. I think you've got something of mine...

BETTY freezes.

BETTY

Hello? Are you talking to me?

DINGAAN turns his full attention to Betty's cubicle, breaking into a grin.

DINGAAN

I think so.

Betty gathers the scarves together, trying to them back onto their hangers, getting them, and herself, tangled in the process.

BETTY

I'm haven't stolen anything, sir... Let me show you!

DINGAAN

(laughing)

Oh but you have...

BETTY
 (indignant)
 I wouldn't! I've never stolen
 anything in my life!

DINGAAN
 You stole my heart.

BETTY gapes at the door. Completely confused.

BETTY
 I did what now?

DINGAAN
 Stole my heart. Captivated my
 mind. The minute you walked past
 me, I was lost...

BETTY
 Um.. thank you..?

Betty, calmer but still dazed, untangles herself and the
 scarves, blushing as she struggles.

DINGAAN
 Could I interest you in lunch? I
 know the chef at this really
 dope place not far from here.

BETTY
 Um, I'm a little bit tied up
 right now...

Dingaam plays it smooth. He reaches into his pocket, and
 pulls a business card from his wallet.

DINGAAN
 Alright. How about this. I'll
 leave my card. Call me if you
 manage to free up some time...

BETTY
 Um. Okay. But I'm not from
 Joburg. I'm only here for work.

DINGAAN
 Well, maybe I can help with
 that....

Smiling Dingaam bends and is about to slip his card under
 the door, when the change-room door further down opens and
 the PRETTY GIRL he followed in steps out. His eyes travel
 back to the closed door which bursts open... and BETTY
 stumbles out, sweaty and dishevelled, clutching her three
 scarves. Dingaam stares between Betty and the PRETTY GIRL.

BETTY
Really?! That would be
amazing... I-

She is beams at him. The Pretty Girl smirks but Betty doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

16C. INT. BOUTIQUE STORE, CHANGE ROOM, BETTY'S FANTASY

DINGAAN turns to Betty in slow motion. His eyes travel over her then lock with hers. He gives her a slow, dreamy smile then blows her a kiss. BETTY's knees go weak. Her eyelids flutter as the light around him brightens. He reaches for her...

END FANTASY.

DINGAAN (O.S)
Miss? Miss, are you okay?

Betty's smile falters, her eagerness replaced with embarrassment.

BETTY
Uh... Yes. Thank you.
(She gathers up her
courage)
I'm free. Later. After my
interview.

The PRETTY GIRL snorts, brushes past a conflicted Dinggaan.

DINGAAN
Wait! I was talking to you!

He turns back to Betty, sighs. Trying to soften his words.

DINGAAN (CONT'D)
Um, look... This is awkward...
I... um... mistook you for er,
someone else...

She tries to cover, realizing now what's happened.

BETTY
That's okay. I don't really have
time anyway. And I'm sure you
have better things to do. I have
to um... get to my interview...

They stand awkwardly for beat. Then Dinggaan reaches into his pocket, and pulls out his wallet. He takes out a wad of notes, and hands them to Betty.

DINGAAN

Here. I'll pay for these.
Consider it an apology for this,
um, mix-up...

BETTY

You don't have to...

DINGAAN

He presses the wad of cash into Betty's hand, flashes her his most charming smile.

DINGAAN (CONT'D)

I want to. The one with the
flowers is pretty. Suits you.

Betty looks down... and freezes. Quickly thumbs through 5 or 6 blue notes. She looks up but Dingaam is gone. A smile starts to break across her face as she looks at the money then wraps the floral scarf around her neck.

EP 11: BETTY AND DINGAAN

12. INT. NUBIA OFFICES, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Betty and Dingaana face off over Betty's desk. Betty is confused as she stares at Dingaana.

BETTY

So you actually banning me from
the interview I set up...

DINGAAN

Betty...

BETTY

Even though I have put my blood,
sweat and tears into this
campaign...

DINGAAN

I know, Betty, but...

BETTY

(getting worked up,
talking over him)
I've worked late. I've lost
sleep. I've given you and this
campaign everything I have.

DINGAAN

And I appreciate it, Betty. You
know that but...

BETTY

But what? What Dingaana? What
reason could you possibly have
for taking this away from me?!

DINGAAN

(quietly)
That Alias-J special, Betty. It
put us in a bind.

BETTY

What? How?

DINGAAN

You know... Because, you're...
I... We aren't, cant...

BETTY

Can't what? Work together? Have
fun together? Be seen
together...?

DINGAAN
It's not like that...

BETTY
It's exactly like that. You're
ashamed to be seen with me.

DINGAAN looks away. Not wanting Betty to see the truth.

DINGAAN
I just don't want people to be
distracted... from the campaign.

BETTY
So you'd rather sweep me under
the carpet and act like I didn't
contribute to it? Because of a
bunch of trolls?

Dingaam doesn't meet her eye. Betty stares at him. Anger
melting into disappointment.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(Softer now)
Really, Dingaam? Is that how
little you think of me? After
everything we've been through?

The question infuriates Dingaam. He turns on her with cold
anger.

DINGAAN
You seem to forget who you're
talking to, Ms. Sikhakane. I am
your boss. And as your boss, I
am informing you that you will
not be attending that radio
interview tomorrow. Are we
clear?

A beat. Betty fends off the anger and disappointment. She
swallows hard and straightens up.

BETTY
Noted, Mr. Jiyane. If you'll
excuse me, I have other matters
to attend to. Sir.

And with that, she hurries off. Leaving Dingaam standing
alone at her desk, trying to squash his guilt and regret.

EP 11: LINDA

7. INT. COUNTRY CLUB, SPA - DAY

LINDA and NAOMI recline in plush seats. Each has a green mask, and their feet are soaking in foot spas. LINDA shifts in her seat, trying to relax, while NAOMI shoots selfies - puckering up her lips, framing the right angle, one flashing the peace sign.

7A. NAOMI'S INSTAGRAM FEED

NAOMI
#selfcare #metime #slaying

END POST

She leans back, as Linda rubs at the bridge of her nose.

LINDA
Is this mask supposed to be so...
tight...

NAOMI
Means it's working...

She raises her phone again, framing a shot with Linda in the background.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Smile!

Linda, caught of guard, turns just as Naomi snaps a photo. Naomi eyes it critically. Deletes it.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
I look fab. Not great for you...
Delete.

Linda eyes her a little judgemental.

LINDA
Don't you get bored?

NAOMI
Frequently. I have a very short
attention span.

LINDA
No, I mean with that. The
constant photos, the hashtags
and uploads...

Naomi, posing and shooting another selfie, shrugs.

NAOMI

It's the world we live in.
Followers equal influence,
influence means power.

She leans back, raising her phone for another selfie.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Besides, I spend a lot of time
and money looking this good.
Might as well reap the rewards.

LINDA

And what exactly are the
rewards?

NAOMI

Attention. Which means work. Oh,
and the freebies. And your sons
attentions, of course.

Linda laughs, while Naomi continues with her selfies.

LINDA

I like to think my son cares
about more than just looks...

NAOMI

We all have our little fictions
that get us through the day...

LINDA

Surely you and Dingaana have more
in common than just a mutual
adoration of your looks? Common
interests? Values...?

Naomi shoots Linda a smile.

NAOMI

It's all about value, Linda. My
appearance is my value... the same
way your awards and accolades
are yours...

LINDA

But I worked hard for those!

NAOMI

And who says looking this good
isn't hard work?

LINDA

You are more than just your
looks, just like I more than my
awards.

NAOMI

Every human relationship is a transaction, Linda. You know that. We're just dealing in a very superficial market place.

LINDA

But what your father and I want for you and Dingaan isn't superficial. Its a life-long commitment.

Naomi shoots another selfie, turns to Linda with a smile.

NAOMI

Yes, it is but who wants to be committed for life to someone...

(shudders)

...Unattractive. I want marriage and a comfortable life, but I definitely want beautiful children.

LINDA

Which some could argue is superficial...

Naomi laughs.

NAOMI

How this for superficial? Life is easier for attractive people?. They're treated better, and they perceived to be more successful and honest.

LINDA

So you would have children with someone don't share interests with just to have good looking children?

NAOMI

Oh, but Dingaan and I's interests are aligned. We like the finer things in life so we will make sure to keep the good genes and the money in the family. Like you and my father...

Linda's face screws up as she side eyes Naomi.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Now smile!

She shoots a pic of the two of them - her smile exquisitely, posed, Linda's stretched tight.