

(PAMELA is showing GILLIAN her daughter's costume).

PAMELA: Isn't it just wonderful? Feel the fabric! (*GILLIAN gasps*)

GILLIAN: Is that...?

PAMELA: Egyptian cotton! And the seamstress assured me that this is the exact shade of blue that the Virgin Mary would have worn! She's made one of a kind, bespoke nativity costumes for lots of celebrity children, of course (*she taps her nose*) I'm not allowed to divulge that kind of information. She only told me because she knows how much influence I have.

GILLIAN: You are so lucky...

PAMELA: I know. Now let's see Billy's.

GILLIAN: (*Reluctantly*) Well, it's not quite...I'd rather it be a surprise.

PAMELA: (*Grabbing the bag*) Nonsense! Let me see! (*She pulls out a dressing gown and a tea towel*) Oh darling, you can't be serious!

GILLIAN: I was going for...for a more vintage look, you know? Retro! Something to remind the parents of their own nativity plays.

PAMELA: (*Sniffing*) Well, it's certainly a...bold statement. I mean, I'm not sure I'd let my child walk onstage in just a dressing gown but...good for you. I'm sure he won't cringe *too* much when he watches it on the DVD in a few years.

GILLIAN: (*Despondent*) It's not easy to jazz up Joseph you know.

PAMELA: (*Looking down at the costume in a snotty way*) Clearly.

(SIMON enters carrying a dress bag).

SIMON: Evening ladies!

PAMELA: Mr. Anderson! Excited for the show?

SIMON: Oh yeah! Nothing better than seeing the kids up on stage, giving it their all, is there?

PAMELA: Oh no definitely not! (*Eyeing up the dress bag*) Emily's costume?

SIMON: Ellie's? Yes! I managed to put the finishing touches on it last night.

PAMELA: Waiting in for a last minute delivery?

SIMON: No, no; I made it! I was up until two this morning attaching the last few sequins, but definitely worth it! Gives it that extra sparkle- you know?

PAMELA: Oh how sweet! You actually had a go at making a costume! (*In a patronizing tone*) Well good for you! I'm sure it will look completely passable amongst the dressing gowns and cardboard crooks.

SIMON: Care for a sneak peek?

PAMELA: Oh yes!

(SIMON unzips the bag. A spotlight falls on the costume, the hallelujah chorus plays. The costume should be a dazzling angel outfit, complete with glittery wings and a halo.

GILLIAN and PAMELA stand in awe).

SIMON: Now, they were quite vague about what they wanted for the narrator, so I thought I'd go down the angel/messenger route. What do you think? It's not too over the top is it?

GILLIAN: *(Still in awe)* It's...

PAMELA: Fine I suppose, if you like that kind of thing. A little gaudy for my taste, but it's perfectly...acceptable. *(MICHELLE enters)* Michelle dear, what are you doing here? Your poor little dear was pulled from the show, remember?

MICHELLE: Oh Pamela, I thought you knew everything as Head Governor.

PAMELA: I do know everything, nothing occurs at this school that I am not aware of.

MICHELLE: In that case you already know that Damien's been allowed to take part. I spoke to his teacher today and it's all arranged. *(She holds up a carrier bag)* That's why I'm late; I had to do a quick sprint to Poundland to get his costume. *(She peers into PAMELA'S bag)* Ah! You had the same idea!

PAMELA: *(Affronted)* Poundland?! How dare you! This was custom-made for my little girl by a bespoke designer! It's one-of-a-kind!

MICHELLE: Interesting, because there were seven-of-a-kind when I was in there twenty minutes ago and look! *(She wrestles the costume out of the bag)* It even says Poundland on the label.

PAMELA: *(Snatching it back)* It does NOT say Poundland! That's the name of the designer, Ponde Laund. It's French. Not that I'd expect someone as cheap and uncultured as you to recognize the name.

(The other three stare at her. PAMELA begins to get more and more uncomfortable.)

SIMON: Ponde Laund?

GILLIAN: *(Peering at the label on the dress)* Pamela, it definitely says Poundland.

(PAMELA realizes that she's been caught out and attempts a different lie)

PAMELA: My god! S-s-someone has ripped off the work of my favourite designer! I shall... sue the company! On her behalf!

MICHELLE: Oh stop with the bullshit.

PAMELA: I beg your pardon!

MICHELLE: I said, stop with the bullshit and stop pretending that you're better than everybody else in the room.