

## **A Day in the Life at Barkle and Sparkle**

**The Company: Barkle and Sparkle, a popular retail chain, selling upmarket food products, clothing and home-ware.**

### **CAST, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE**

Chief Executive Officer: Joanne Stevenson

Dr Pete Stevenson, her husband, an A&E doctor at a nearby hospital. Also plays a little old lady customer, Mrs Griffiths, and a sales agent, Mr Durden.

Chief Financial Officer: Madeleine Lennox

Chief Technical Officer: Jonathan Dunne. Also plays Paramedic 1 and Mr Norris, a camp store manager

Chief Information Officer: Dylan Wicks. Also plays Paramedic 2 and Nigel, a camp store manager

[THE DELEGATES ENTER THE ROOM AFTER THEIR COFFEE BREAK. IT IS SET UP AS IF FOR A PRESENTATION, WITH THE OPENZONE LOGO ON THE PLASMA SCREENS. IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM ARE TWO "TABLES" ON WHEELS, PREFERABLY WITH LEGS OF ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT. THESE WILL DOUBLE AS DESKS, RETAIL COUNTERS, TROLLEYS IN THE HOSPITAL ETC. AT PRESENT, THEY ARE PUSHED TOGETHER AS A BED. JOANNE AND PETE ARE ASLEEP ON IT, UNDER A DUVET.

NICOLE ENTERS. SHE WELCOMES THE DELEGATES AND GIVES THEM A BRIEF OVERVIEW OF THE TOPICS THE SESSION IS TO COVER. SHE MAKES NO COMMENT ON THE COUPLE ON THE "BED". SHE GOES TO SIT DOWN. THE PLASMA SCREENS CHANGE TO SHOW WINDOWS WITH THE CURTAINS OPEN, A GARDEN BEYOND. THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE AND THEN AN ALARM CLOCK RINGS, IT IS A REALLY OLD-FASHIONED, DOUBLE-BELL CLOCK. JOANNE AND PETE STIR AND JOANNE REACHES OUT TO SWITCH OFF THE ALARM]

PETE:

Here's a question: with all the technology in this house, couldn't we have a nice alarm that woke us gently with ambient light and delightful bird song?

JOANNE:

I'm sure we could. But here's a question for you: if we had an alarm like that, would you get out of bed on time?

[SHE SITS UP AND PICKS UP HER LAPTOP FROM THE NIGHTSTAND BESIDE HER, OPENS IT AND SWITCHES IT ON]

PETE:

You're right as usual, my lovely wife. As your reward, you get to come here and cuddle me.

JOANNE:

Can't, lovely husband. We're in the Victoria store today. I need to leave early. [SHE LOOKS AT SOMETHING ON HER SCREEN] Oh no.

PETE:

Oh no is right. My cuddles are fairly irresistible.

JOANNE:

Naturally. But it's not that... there's an email from Jonathan- there's been a fire in the Korean factory. [WE CAN SEE THE HEADER OF THE EMAIL UP ON THE SCREENS: IT READS: From: Dunne,J.

To: Stevenson, J.  
Re: Factory fire.]

PETE:  
How bad is it?

JOANNE:  
Bad. All the knee-length shorts and culottes for the South-East have gone up in smoke.

PETE: [SITTING UP AND PICKING UP HIS NINTENDO DS]  
I have every faith in you and your team, my love. I'm sure you can make a plan.

JOANNE:  
We can make a plan, but we can't make several thousand pairs of trousers overnight. [SHE GETS OUT OF BED AND GRABS HER DRESSING GOWN] Mind if I shower first?

PETE:  
Go ahead. My first ward-round is at ten. [HE GRINS AT HIS DS] Ah! Luigi! My nemesis! [WE CAN SEE GRAPHICS FROM MARIO CART ON THE SCREENS]

JOANNE:  
Mario Cart? At this time of the morning?

PETE:  
Bob in Hong Kong is online. It would be rude not to race him. [HE STARTS TO PUNCH THE BUTTONS OF HIS DS AT SPEED] Come back here, you bugger! I just woke up! My reactions are slower!

JOANNE:  
It's astonishing, Two men in sight of their fortieth birthdays, both doctors, both fathers. And you're still children.

[PETE BLOWS HER A KISS AND KEEPS PLAYING]

[JOANNE STEPS FORWARD AND SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE]

JOANNE:  
So you've sat through presentation after presentation today. Maybe you ate too much at lunch. Maybe you're thinking about the piss-up this evening. You certainly weren't expecting THIS. Maybe a bit of PowerPoint or a nice video –but *WHO* are these people in their underwear? Let me enlighten you. My name is Joanne Stevenson. I'm the CEO of Barkle and Sparkle, the department store, Chances are, you're wearing underwear bought from us, or you buy your sandwiches at lunchtime in our food-hall. That's my husband, Pete. Dr Pete Stevenson. He's an A&E doctor, and a truly brilliant man.

PETE:  
Ha HA! In your face, Luigi! I RULE! [HE MAKES THE "L" LOSER SIGN ON HIS FOREHEAD AND CARRIES ON PLAYING]

JOANNE:  
It's not always that obvious, but he really is a great doctor. Welcome to our home. We have a pretty hectic lifestyle: coping with our careers and raising a family is always a challenge, and we need all the help we can get. That's where you come in. You may not realise it, but we're your customers. Openzone, Wireless Cities, Vocera, Fusion, RFID... all these tools make our work and home lives easier. They allow us to work, talk and play quickly, cheaply and wirelessly, wherever we may be. I'd like to you to spend today with us: enjoy a few moments from our days and see how your products work for us... and how they can work for your customers now and into the future. It's 7:30 am, and I've already picked up crucial information via email from my Chief Information Officer. Pete is using Wi-Fi to play Nintendo DS with a friend in Hong Kong, and no doubt, our kids are using MSN Messenger on their PCs to chat

to their mates. And there isn't a modem cable in the house. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to jump in the shower!

[SHE EXITS]

PETE:

Right now, I'm using wireless technology for play, but later, you'll see how it makes our work in the hospital easier, safer and faster. In the meantime, why don't you check in with Madeleine Lennox, Joanne's CFO? She lives in Surrey and commutes into London. She's probably in Victoria Station right about now.

[IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE STAGE, MADELEINE ENTERS, MOBILE PHONE TO HER EAR, PDA IN HER HAND. WE HEAR A STATION ANNOUNCEMENT. THE SCREENS CHANGE TO SHOW TRAIN ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE TIMES. ALL THE TIMES SAY "DELAYED"]

V/O:

The delayed seven-oh-eight to Whitstable is now departing from Platform 14. Please keep all your luggage and personal possessions with you at all times.

MADELEINE: [INTO HER PHONE]

I'm looking at Google News right now... there doesn't seem to be anything about the warehouse fire. But you'd better make sure Press and PR are on standby. We'll be getting enquiries from the trade press, I have no doubt. Hang on Diana, I've got Jonathan on the other line. I'll call you back. [SHE CLICKS BETWEEN CALLS] Jon...hi. Sorry, my train was delayed. I'm not going to make it into the office before we go to the store. What's the latest? So the warehouse was completely gutted? It's a big problem. [SHE LISTENS] You what? You've found another supplier ALREADY? Don't you sleep? Okay. Well, Joanne is going to have questions about quality, and I need to know about the cost implications.

[JONATHAN ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE AND SEATS HIMSELF AT ONE OF THE "TABLES", AS IF IT IS A DESK. HE HAS A LAPTOP AND HIS MOBILE]

JONATHAN:

I've arranged to have some samples couriered over, and I sent Joanne a URL, so she can have a look at their website on her way into the office. And I've done you a spreadsheet of the costs we'll incur, at least until the insurance pays out.

MADELEINE:

Well, that's great. Won't you get it over to me...

JONATHAN:

[GETS UP AND PICKS UP HIS BRIEFCASE TO LEAVE] Now? Done it already. You can pick it up on your PDA. Sit down at the coffee shop, have a cappuccino and we can talk it over at the store. I'm walking out of the door this minute.

[AN EXCEL SPREADSHEET FLASHES UP ON THE SCREENS]

MADELEINE:

Aren't you on the landline?

JONATHAN:

No... I'm using my mobile on Fusion. Saves time...

MADELEINE:

And money.

JONATHAN:

Ah yes, Madeleine, I know what's close to your heart. Bye. [HE CLICKS OFF]

MADELEINE: [TO AUDIENCE, AS SHE WALKS OVER TO THE OTHER "TABLE", WHICH IS SET UP LIKE A CAFÉ TABLE, WITH A COFFEE ON IT AND A CHAIR BESIDE IT] It used to be that a delayed train could ruin your whole day: you'd miss your morning meeting, or all your appointments would be pushed back, and you'd spend the rest of the day trying to catch up. I might not be able to rely on South West Trains, but BT's wireless services, and the fact that I'm in a Wireless City here in Westminster, means I'm as connected as I would be sitting in my own office. I can access the Internet, email, and the company's servers. I can make decisions and act on them immediately. And I can do it with a skinny latte in my hand. [SHE SIPS HER COFFEE]

[ENTER JOANNE, BRIEFCASE IN HAND. SHE STANDS CENTRE. AS SHE ANNOUNCES EACH MEMBER OF THE TEAM, THEY COME FORWARD TO JOIN HER.]

JOANNE:  
So who haven't you met yet? You've encountered Madeleine Lennox, our CFO: she keeps us all on a tight financial rein. If it doesn't contribute to the bottom line, it's out. [MADELEINE JOINS HER] Then there's Jonathan Dunne, our Chief Technical Officer: a logistical genius, and, if I may say so, a workaholic. [JONATHAN COMES TO STAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF JOANNE] And last but not least, our CIO, Dylan Wicks. Dylan is our Scottie.... He develops the systems that keep us on the move.

DYLAN:  
You're not going to say it, are you?

JOANNE:  
Beam me up, Scottie? As if I would. Okay, team, the store's doors are opening, let's go and see how this baby runs.

[TOP GUN MUSIC. A RUNWAY WITH PLANES SHOWS ON THE SCREENS. THE TEAM ALL WALK FORWARD IN SLOW MOTION, LIKE THE TOP GUN TEAM. THEY MIME PUSHING OPEN DOORS AND THEY ARE IN THE STORE. THE SCREENS CHANGE TO SHOW RACKS OF CLOTHES AND FOOD. WE HEAR STORE MUZAK AND AN ANNOUNCEMENT, IN THE SAME HUSKY, SEXY TONES AS THE M&S ADS]

V/O:  
This is not just smoked salmon... this is the finest, pinkest, wildest, oak-smoked, Oxford-educated salmon called Crispin. This is not just food; this is Barkle and Sparkle food.

JOANNE: [TO DYLAN]  
Nice idea, having the ads play in the store.

DYLAN:  
So, what's the plan, boss?

JOANNE:  
I'm keen for us just to spend the morning on the shop floor, observing systems, chatting to staff and customers, looking for any obvious problems, and also taking note of anything successful we can roll out throughout the chain. Okay. Let's split up and meet back here in an hour. [JONATHAN AND DYLAN EXIT] Oh. Message. [SHE CHECKS HER MOBILE]

MADELEINE:  
Anything important?

JOANNE:  
Just Pete to say he got the kids to school on time and he's arrived at the hospital.

MADELEINE:  
Shall we start in women's fashion?

JOANNE:

Top floor? Good idea.

[THEY EXIT AND PETE ENTERS, WEARING A WHITE COAT AND CHECKING HIS WATCH. THE SCREENS CHANGE TO SAY "HARLEY STREET HOSPITAL"]

PETE:

Ah... just time for a cup of tea before my round starts.

[JONATHAN AND DYLAN, WEARING LUMINOUS BIBS LABELLED "PARAMEDIC", RUSH IN, WITH A PATIENT, PLAYED BY SIMON, ON ONE OF THE "TROLLEYS", COVERED IN A SHEET]

PARAMEDIC 1:

Dr Stevenson! We've got a suspected concussion here.

PETE: [COMING OVER TO LOOK AT SIMON]

Has he been unconscious since you found him?

PARAMEDIC 2:

Yes. Out for the count. He was apparently dancing on a table and he fell off.

[PETE LIFTS THE SHEET AND LOOKS UNDERNEATH]

PETE:

In a purple frilly dress at ten in the morning? Good man.

PARAMEDIC 1:

We looked in his wallet and found his name, Doctor. He's been a patient here before, apparently. [THEY HAND PETE A BUSINESS CARD]

PETE:

Okay. You guys can get going. I'll get a nurse and access his records.

[PARAMEDIC 1 AND 2 EXIT. PETE LIFTS HIS VOCERA TAG]

PETE:

Dr Stevenson.

TAG:

I think you said Dr Stevenson.

PETE:

Yes. I need a nurse in A&E

TAG:

I think you said "I need a nurse in A&E".

PETE:

Yes. [HE DROPS THE VOCERA AND GOES TO PICK UP A LANDLINE PHONE. HE DIALS QUICKLY] Hi, admissions? This is Dr Stevenson down in A&E. I've got a Simon Vaughan here, patient number 123534TN. He's unconscious. Could you send his medical records to my PDA immediately? Thanks. [HE WALKS OVER TO LOOK AT SIMON. HE PEERS INTO HIS EYES WITH A TORCH. THEN CHECKS HIS PDA. SOME RECORDS SHOW ON THE SCREENS, WITH THE WORDS "ALLERGIC TO IBUPROFEN" IN RED] Aha. I see you're allergic to ibuprofen. Good thing I found that out.

[SIMON GROANS. ENTER NICOLE IN A NURSE'S UNIFORM]

PETE:

Ah, Nurse Nicole. Let's get Mr Vaughan into cubicle two and set up a drip. I think he's going to need some firm handling. [THEY PUSH SIMON OFF ON HIS TROLLEY] And after that, we've got a baby with a button up its nose in cubicle three.

[MADELEINE AND JOANNE ENTER. THE OTHER TROLLEY IS SET UP AS A "COSMETICS COUNTER" WITH LIPSTICKS AND EYE-SHADOWS ETC. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES IN A SMALL RACK ON THE COUNTER TOP. RACKS OF WOMEN'S CLOTHES SHOW ON THE SCREENS]

MADELEINE:  
Jo, look at this!

JOANNE:  
The glossies available in the cosmetics department! That's clever!

MADELEINE: [POINTS TO A HEADLINE ON THE COVER OF ONE OF THE MAGAZINES]  
And see here? That's talking about this. [SHE POINTS TO ONE OF THE PRODUCTS]

JOANNE:  
I'm really impressed. I'm going to send a pic of this back to Diana and get her to do a group-wide email. We can use this in every store. And let's find out whose idea it was... they've got potential! [SHE USES HER PHONE TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE DISPLAY AND SENDS IT AS A MESSAGE]

[JONATHAN AND DYLAN COME BUSTLING IN. THEY HAVE SUIT JACKETS ON AND MOUSTACHES OR SOME DEVICE TO DESIGNATE THEY ARE NOW DIFFERENT CHARACTERS. THEY ARE MR NORRIS AND NIGEL, STORE MANAGERS, BOTH EXTREMELY CAMP, RATHER LIKE THE "SUITS YOU" GUYS FROM THE *FAST SHOW*]

MR NORRIS:  
Oooh, Mrs Stevenson... a little bird told me you were in the store.

NIGEL:  
Well, it wasn't a little bird, really. Your RFID tag beeped when you entered the store, which alerted my PDA, and I let Mr Norris know, Mrs Stevenson.

JOANNE:  
Mr Norris, Nigel, it's good to see you. You remember our CFO, Madeleine Lennox?

MADELEINE:  
How do you do?

NIGEL:  
Oooh, Ms Lennox, I LOVE your blouse. One of ours, I trust?

MADELEINE:  
Naturally.

MR NORRIS:  
Now, Mrs Stevenson, Ms Lennox, you *must* come into the produce department and see our dynamic promotional plasma screens. They're simply to DIE for.

JOANNE:  
Lead the way, Mr Norris.

[AS THEY WALK ACROSS THE STAGE, NIGEL CHECKS HIS PDA]

NIGEL:  
Ah, it's Mavis in home-ware. She has a customer wanting a refund but the customer doesn't have a receipt.

JOANNE:

Oh dear. Will you have to leave us?

NIGEL:

Not to worry. I can switch to the CCTV on my PDA and make a decision from here. [HE LOOKS SHOCKED] Ooooh, the nerve of it. The WITCH! [HE PUNCHES A KEY FORCEFULLY]. NO refund for her.

MADELEINE:

Who was it?

NIGEL:

My mother, trying to return her birthday present for cash.

MR NORRIS:

And here we are. [HE POINTS TO ONE OF THE PLASMA SCREEN IN THE ROOM. THE SCREEN READS: "WELCOME TO BARKLE AND SPARKLE"] Now, as you can see, this is just running a general welcome message. But, if for example I get an alert... [HE SHOWS THEM HIS PDA]

JOANNE:

Five hundred units of strawberry yoghurt, expiring tomorrow.

MR NORRIS:

I can create a dynamic power promotion immediately! [HE TAPS A FEW KEYS. THE SCREEN CHANGES AND READS: "THIS IS NOT JUST YOGHURT, THIS IS THE FINEST, ORGANIC, STRAWBERRY, FRENCH-SPEAKING YOGHURT, TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE"]

JOANNE:

Amazing.

MADELEINE:

I'm impressed. I've looked at the figures on spoilage across the chain, and this store is way ahead of the others. Those plasmas and the PDAs were expensive, but they seem to be paying their way.

NIGEL:

Oooh it's the ROI, isn't it, Ms Lennox? It all comes down to the ROI! [HE GIGGLES]

MADELEINE:

[STARES AT HIM] Yes. Well, that's my take on it. If we're spending money on technology and systems, we need to see a return on that investment.

JOANNE:

Gentlemen, we have to leave you. Thank you for your time. We need to get back to Head Office.

[SHE AND MADELEINE TURN TO WALK OUT. THE MEN EXIT THE OTHER WAY. ENTER PETE, DRESSED AS A LITTLE OLD LADY, CARRYING A BABY CARDIGAN. "SHE" APPROACHES JOANNE]

MRS GRIFFITHS:

Hello, dear, are you the manager?

JOANNE:

Of the company, yes, not of this store. What can we do to help you?

MRS GRIFFITHS:

I bought this cardigan here for my granddaughter, Elsie. She's just nine months old. She'd only worn it once and she managed to pull off one of these buttons and put it up her nose! My daughter was in A&E with her for ever such a long time.

JOANNE:

[TAKES THE CARDIGAN AND LOOKS AT IT] That's dreadful! We're going to have to pull the whole line and issue a warning and a recall. [SHE LOOKS AT MADELEINE] Don't look at me like that. Safety must come first. Let's get onto it straight away. We're in a wireless city here. Jonathan can action it before we even get back to the office.

MRS GRIFFITHS:

Bless you, dear. Do you have a family yourself?

JOANNE:

Yes, two daughters, eight and twelve.

MRS GRIFFITHS:

And what does your husband do?

JOANNE:

He's a doctor, and... oh no!

MADELEINE:

What?

JOANNE:

It's my wedding anniversary today. I totally forgot. Oh dear. We'd better get back to the office. Lots to do!

[THEY EXIT ONE WAY, MRS GRIFFITHS EXITS ANOTHER. MUSIC. JONATHAN AND DYLAN PUSH THE TWO TROLLEYS TOGETHER TO FORM THE BOARDROOM TABLE AND PUT FOUR CHAIRS OUT. THE SCREENS SAY "BARKLE AND SPARKLE BOARDROOM". THEY SIT DOWN, JOANNE AND MADELEINE ENTER AND JOIN THEM]

JOANNE:

Right. We saw some interesting stuff in the store, most of it very positive. Dylan?

DYLAN:

I experienced some impressive queue-busting: the managers are alerted via their PDAs if a queue is building and they can do something about it.

JONATHAN:

I saw that too. And I got to pay for this shirt I bought away from the till: the assistant had a blue-tooth handheld chip-and-pin device.

MADELEINE:

I thought that in menswear, we might reduce congestion if we moved the pay-point to the other side, away from the changing rooms.

JOANNE:

Won't that be a mission?

DYLAN:

Now that all the technology is wireless, we can do it pretty much instantaneously.

MADELEINE:

And with minimum cost.



JOANNE:  
Anyone visit the coffee shop?

DYLAN:  
I did. Now it's a wireless hot-spot, it's got a whole new business clientele and it's a very nice additional revenue stream.

JOANNE:  
Jon... Any news on the Korean problem?

JONATHAN:  
It seems the potential new supplier has a London agent, He's here now to present to us.

[ENTER PETE IN A SUIT. HE IS MR DURDEN, THE AGENT. HE PUTS HIS LAPTOP ON THE TABLE, THE SCREENS CHANGE TO READ "ANGEL SHIRTS AND CULOTTES"]

MR DURDEN:  
Thank you for agreeing to see me. I hope you'll find our range satisfactory for your needs. If it's all right with you, I'm just going to log onto our company site to download some new pictures of the designs we'd like to offer you. Can I plug in somewhere?

DYLAN:  
No need to. The whole building is a wireless hotspot. You're connected already.

[MR DURDEN CONTINUES TO PRESENT SILENTLY, WITH PICTURES OF TROUSERS FLASHING ON THE SCREENS. JOANNE STEPS AWAY FROM THE TABLE TO ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE]

JOANNE:  
So that's a glimpse of our typical day. You've seen how Openzone and BT's other wireless offerings have helped us to work and talk more efficiently. We're been able to access information, make decisions and put them into action while we were on the move. [MR DURDEN SHAKES JONATHAN'S HAND AND EXITS] And all that efficient working and talking leaves us a little more time for playing. [SHE TAKE OUT HER MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS]

JOANNE:  
Hello darling? I'm a terrible wife.

PETE: [OFFSTAGE]  
Are you? Why?

JOANNE:  
I forgot our anniversary. I remembered it now, though. Shall I pick us up something nice for dinner?

PETE: [O/S]  
You are a terrible wife. It's lucky you have such a good husband. I took the liberty of booking a babysitter, and I went online and got us tickets to *The Producers* for tonight. There's a cab waiting for you downstairs: I'll see you at the restaurant!

JOANNE:  
What would I do without you?

PETE:  
Run off with one of those handsome mobile salesmen? [HE ENTERS, TALKING ON HIS PHONE AND STANDS AND WATCHES HER]

JOANNE:

Oh, I would... but these are people on a mission. They've got BT Openzone targets to smash, and who am I to stand in their way? I'll see you in five! [SHE BLOWS HIM A KISS, HANGS UP HER PHONE AND EXITS]

**THE END**