

- BEN** Is everyone okay?
(PAM turns around – her spectacles are covered in foam.)
- PAM** I'm fine . . . *(Beat.)* It's not the first time I've had something explode in my face . . .
(PAM exits – fumbling around to see as she goes.)
- HASSAN** *(Suddenly.)* Wait . . . where's Gemma?
- JIM** *(Concerned.)* Gemma?
- LILY** *(Worried.)* Where did she go?
(A beat. No-one noticed that during the pandemonium, GEMMA ran out in shame.)
- DEZZA** *(Optimistically.)* So you're one contestant down . . . ?
- ALL** NO.
- KIM** What do we do now?
- JIM** This has never happened before.
- KIM** We'll have to call the head of Channel 4.
(KIM and JIM nod, thoughtfully.)
- JIM** *(Beat.)* Anyone know who that is?
(Everyone disperses as we move into the next scene.)

Babs comes back

→ *Outside the tent, BABS is standing waiting in the shadows for PHIL in a big leopard print cagoule with her hood up. [NB: so the audience can't see who it is.]*

PHIL comes out of the tent and she emerges.

- BABS** Knock knock.
(BABS takes her hood down.)

- PHIL** *(Realising who it is.)* Barbara . . .
- BABS** No, I said . . . 'knock knock' . . .
- PHIL** Oh yeah – *(Playing along.)* "who's there?"
- BABS** Babs.
- PHIL** Barbara who?
- BABS** *(Quickly in one breath.)* Babs stole your motorbike keys and apparently they're tracked by GPS and so she got a visit from the police who gave her a written warning Babs.
- (She holds the keys out.)*
- PHIL** You stole me motorbike keys – but why?
- BABS** *Because . . .* I thought it would be funny . . . *You* on public transport . . .
- PHIL** Hey, how dare you! I once took an Uber.
- BABS** Anyway, you've got 'em now, so good luck in all your future endeavours and please don't press charges alright –
- PHIL** Wait – Barbara –
- BABS** My name is *Babs*.
- PHIL** There's actually something I've been wanting to ask you . . .
- BABS** Oh yeah . . .
- PHIL** It might be a little inappropriate perhaps . . .
- BABS** Oh well that's not a problem . . .
- PHIL** I just wondered how you'd feel about giving me your . . .
- BABS** *(At the same time.)* Number?!
- PHIL** *(At the same time.)* Recipe.

- BABS** *(Quickly.)* Recipe, yes of course . . . !
- PHIL** I hate to say it but your shortcrust pastry really is better than mine.
- BABS** *(Touched.)* Go on then . . .
- PHIL** Aw, thanks Babs.
- BABS** *(She gasps.)* You said it . . .
- PHIL** *(Beat, cheekily.)* Said what . . . ?
- *(He exits. She is elated!)*

Music No. 19: BABS' LAMENT**BABS**

I SEE HIM THERE LOOKING SO DAPPER AND FINE
DON'T MEAN TO STARE, BUT GAWD IF THOSE BLUE EYES WERE MINE
I WISH HE KNEW HOW MUCH MY BODY JUST YEARNS TO ENTWINE WITH HIS
THAT BLISS
OF A YEASTY
BREADY KISS

THAT BLUE-EYED BAKER
SEND SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE
THAT BLUE-EYED BAKER
HIS STRUDEL IS SUBLIME
IMAGINE US IN STEPNEY
EATING BANGERS AND MASH
HE'D TAKE ME TO THE IVY AND BE SPLASHIN' HIS CASH

THAT BLUE-EYED BAKER
HE'S HANDY WITH A SPOON
THAT BLUE-EYED BAKER
NO WOMAN IS IMMUNE
I KNOW I'M BEING SILLY
AND IT NEVER COULD BE
SO THERE'LL BE NO BLUE-EYED BAKER
AND ME