

**ESME:** Now, if we're all here, we can get this over with.

*(Maisie raises her hand timidly.)*

**MAISIE:** Sorry, Miss Blake? William's not come in today, shouldn't we-

**ESME:** Mr. Callaway won't be joining us tonight. And that is why I've called this emergency meeting. Thanks to the fiasco that was this station's Lent celebrations, not to mention his unprofessional behaviour during last night's broadcast, it is with great sadness that I have to tell you that our own dear Mr. William Callaway will not be returning. Last night, after supposedly winning the Lent contest...

**MAISIE:** He did have the least stars...

**ESME:** William left via the fire exit with the money jar, before I could severely reprimand him for dropping his trousers in a moment of sheer merriment during the live broadcast, and went to a nearby eatery for a celebratory dinner, supposedly because he'd recently emptied his stomach over the company's autocue. Which was where the incident occurred...

**MAISIE:** Incident? Is he okay? Heather?

**HEATHER:** He's -

**ESME:** Callaway was the victim of a mental breakdown, Miss Hawthorne. His nerves were frayed enough from the past weeks' escapades, and, I'm afraid, the lack of French mustard was enough to push him over the edge.

**JESSIE:** French mustard?

**BOOKER:** The old git had a breakdown over French mustard?

**HEATHER:** The waiter said they'd stopped serving it after Brexit.

**BOOKER:** Well, I always knew he was a crackpot.

**MAISIE:** Matt!

**DAN:** Who stops serving French mustard just because we left the EU?

**ESME:** If I may continue? Mr Callaway is now facing his temporary-to-permanent retirement whilst he recovers, which of course leaves Seat One open.

**BOOKER:** Ah, I see what this is.

*(Booker stands, taking out a hip flask and offering it to Esme, throwing his arm around the laptop screen. She is not impressed.)*

**BOOKER:** I'm honoured, Esme. It's a terrible burden, but someone has to bear it. Now, shall we hit one of the trendy little wine bars to celebrate?

**JESSIE:** Oh dear God, no.

**ESME:** Thank you, Mr Booker. Nobody has replaced Mr. Callaway yet. However, it is easier for me to promote from the inside, and I assume this is a post of interest to all of you, so as of now, you're all under observation.

**JESSIE:** You mean, we're in competition?

**ESME:** If you wish to see it like that. You have a week to prove your metal, and whomever I feel is the most deserving will be the new Seat One. Enjoy.