

TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG
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Screenplay Adaption Written by

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Too Much Too Young TV Series

Coming of age drama seen through the eyes of Ronnie, Jaime, Nicky and Epic, Baz, Vince, Harry and Julian and Gerry. Their allegiance to music and style set in the pocket of 1979-1984, Thatchers Britain, no future.

Peppered with fast stylized montage sometimes dance vignettes.

Teaser/ACT ONE

Ext. HOUSING PROJECTS - NEW TOWN, UK - 1981 - NIGHT

Alleys, buildings and roads all connected in a large mosaic pattern now tattered and torn in grey streets of these housing projects.

Harry Powell, "The Psychobilly," (20s), handsome, flat top haircut, walks the dark streets of New Town. Music by The Meteors, "Psycho For Your Love" instrumental plays.

MONTAGE - Harry's thoughts, clips of TV shows...a utopia.

Harry's mom and dad move to New Town in the 1960s

HARRY (V.O.)

It was something of a Brave New World for young families who were looking to make a break from the overcrowded shit-hole that the capital was becoming.

London may have been swinging for middle-class groovers and shiftless hippies squatting in mansions but, for working-class punters like my Dad on £8 a week, three to a room, a kitchen so small that your arse stuck out the back door when you bent down to open the oven, and a trip to a freezing outhouse at the bottom of the garden every time you needed a shit. New Town was a shiny utopia with bright, modernist housing.

(MORE)

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Big windows, split levels, patios and even a driveway for a car, which we did not have New schools, less traffic, safe walkways for pedestrians and a whole lot of other bullshit was served up to them in glossy brochures by idealistic town planners and development corporations, who would eventually skip town like gypsies in the night as soon as their New Town ideals started to tarnish. My parents made the move with the best of intentions, to make a new start for the Powell family and to give my sister and I a better chance in life. Somewhere green for us to play, a new school and better opportunities. How could my folks possibly know that in the rush to build this gleaming metropolis, builders on piece work were knocking together housing like fucking Meccano kits with half the bits left in the box.

HARRY

Once, late at night on BBC2, I saw a film that was made in new town in the late 1960s. It starred that bloke from Mind Your Language and it was full of fresh looking dolly birds and young geezers having a good time. Everything looked fresh & new, the shops and houses were sparkling clean and people were shagging at parties and zipping about in sports cars, laughing and generally having a good fucking time.

CUT TO:

He exits the fish n' chip shop headed home.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Its not like that in 1981. Coming home from the chippy near the town square tonight I had to dodge a mob of blonde streaked trendies who were hanging around the bus station looking for trouble. Brushed past some begging junkies in a piss-soaked underpass en route to his house, where I can settle down in my room with walls that are so thin I can hear my dad scratching his arse in the room next door and the windows are as damp as a strumpets fanny

Harry goes into underpass. A bottle flies through air and hits him on head.

Four "Casuals," wearing West Ham football scarves around their necks, lurk on the corner as Harry passes by and ignores them, but gives them some verbal back before legging it into the darkness.

MIKE, 18, and Dan, 19, approach.

MIKE

Oi Mork where is Mindy?

DAN

Oi weirdo fuck off back to whatever planet you came from.

The chase leads them through the subways and parks as they catch up to Harry, he bumps into a few of his mates and a huge fist fight breaks out.

HARRY (V.O.)

Don't get me wrong, I'm not some whining, socially deprived youth or a victim of some pot-smoking social engineers. I have a great life. I love New Town. My Rose and dad got the New Town dream but me and my generation got something a lot more worthwhile. We got too much too young.

Opening titles. "Do the Dog," by The Specials plays.

CUT TO:

Scenes of bleak early 1980s UK...worker strikes, football violence, the IRA, Brixton riots, unemployment lines.

EXT. GRIM COUNCIL - TOWER BLOCK - APRIL 30, 1979 - MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

JULIAN, (16), messy blonde, cropped hair, is almost invisible under the cheap purple nylon sheets and thin bedclothes. His room is cramped and a disaster. A small alarm clock rings. Julian's Mom, 38, pretty, no make-up, is downstairs.

JULIAN'S MOM (O.S.)

Julian! It's time to get up.

Julian rises up from his bed slowly, scratches his balls, and then begins to get ready. He stumbles around the bedroom putting on his school uniform.

JULIAN (V.O.)

I mean who starts a new school at the end of April? It's practically the summer holidays. I know I shouldn't really moan about mom and me moving in with Joe. The short time he has been seeing me mom he has been more of a dad to me than my real one ever was. I mean who has a kid and then does a runner the day before the child's second birthday. Not the stuff of fairy tales is it? I just wish...

He stumbles about a bit as he pulls on his worn, grey trousers.

JULIAN (V.O. - CONTD)

I just wish that Joe and my wicked stepsisters could have moved out near to where we were living with Nan and granddad in the country rather than us moving to this concrete jungle where everything smells of burning.

(MORE)

JULIAN (V.O. - CONTD) (CONT'D)
 Not the cozy smell of burnt wood or coal like you experienced when walking through country villages or Victorian housed streets but the dirty stinking smell of bins set alight.

Julian makes a rough attempt to straighten his school tie as he peers into a small mirror that is obscured with Panini football stickers.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Mom did offer for me to stay and live with nan and granddad till the new school term started, but I didn't think it would be fair on Rose going off and starting her new life without me around.

Joe, 40, rugged, handsome, wears braces and a lumberjack shirt, kisses Harry's mom.

JOE
 One big happy family from now on.

Julian walks down the hall and attempts to get into the bathroom but the door is locked. His new stepsisters are already in the bathroom

JULIAN
 (shouting downstairs)
 Mom, tell them to hurry up I'm gonna be late! And really, how bad can this new school and my new classmates?

INT. McENTEE HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Music by The Specials, "Expression" plays.

SNORKEL BOY, 16, feral-faced, acne-prone, runny nose & CHIMP BOY, 16, plump, goofy, have Julian cornered in an empty corridor.

SNORKEL BOY
 Are yuh a mod or a skinhead?

Julian's eyes flicker as he grimaces frantically and stares at his attacker, goldfish mouthed and stunned into a temporary paralysis, absorbs the question and suppresses any outward expression of the fear, but maintains an air of reasonable calm.

JULIAN (V.O.)

Is there a hybrid of the two? What about a mod-head or a skod?

Julian's grandad exists the liquor store with his two bottles of stout rattling in his bag and shouts at a group of local teenagers hanging around.

GRANDDAD

Blooming skinheads...

Snorkel boy's breathing quickens and Chimp Boy's eyes widen with anticipation.

JULIAN

(confused)

Skinhead?

Snorkel boy drives his head into Julian's face, he flinches, draws his shoulders up and neck down. There's a dull thud, hits the bridge of his nose, and receives a face full of greasy hairs that somehow snaked into his mouth. Snorkel boy and Chimp push him aside, leaving Julian cupping his face and checking for blood.

They swagger away from him, to the two heavy brown swing doors at the end of the corridor, Chimp turns back

CHIMP

Welcome to hell, new boy!

INT. BEDROOM - RONNIE'S MANSION - DAY

RONNIE HARDMAN, 35, weathered, gangster, an original "Mod," lays out his immaculate whistle and tailored shirt on the bed.

He puts on slacks with creases so sharp that they could poke your eye out. The room is a riot of leather drapes, silk sheets and designer wallpaper that screams loads-a-money. A bottle of Moet sits on the dresser and a fat cigar smoulders in the ashtray.

RONNIE (V.O.)

I'm Ronnie Hardman. The gods got it right when they named me. What do I do to get a job title like this you may ask?

He takes a puff of the cigar and pours Moet into a champagne glass.

RONNIE (V.O.)

It's not something you see in the window of the unemployment office everyday, is it? Well, you know when people say things like, "My little Andrea is going out with a man ten years older?," if he upsets her I'll break his legs!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Jamie, 26, Scottish, ginger-haired, skinhead, violent, speed addict, beats and taunts a "PUNTER."

JAMIE

For fuck's sake! Will these legs just break?!

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - RONNIE'S MANSION - DAY

He combs his hair and while brushing the lint off his suit jacket.

RONNIE (V.O.)

That is exactly what I do. Mind you, it's not that easy to break legs. Well, it's not a regular income, I provide the public with service. I give them the tools to stay up all night and party like they have never partied before.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Jamie reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a bag of speed. Two "MODS" hand over the cash.

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - RONNIE'S MANSION - DAY

RONNIE (V.O.)

Some call it dealing in amphetamines. I like to think of it as a helping hand. Yeah, I grew up in that part of the world where people always think things were better in the old days. You could leave your doors open in the old days and there was never any litter on the streets.

He ties his tie.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Of course you could. Nobody had anything worth nicking and fast food and packaging hadn't been invented.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO (UK) - NIGHT

A group of "MODS" dance on the street outside the Wardor Club.

At 16, I felt the bright lights of the West End calling me. I immersed myself in the then new Soho scene, first buying speed for the buzz, then selling the stuff for the profit.

MANDY, 20s, wannabe "Posh" walks in, smiles and grabs a glass of Moet.

RONNIE (V.O.)

First it was speed, then weed, then acid to those fucking hippies.

(MORE)

RONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In between all this, I nicked a few speed boats in the Med shipping goods, too, from North Africa to Spain and worked on my tan in the process.

He smacks Mandy on her butt and winks.

RONNIE (V.O.)

I can't fault my life. I wear the best clothes, drink the finest drinks and sometimes shag the best women. I like living by the seaside. Can you blame me?

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Julian and Joe are at the breakfast table with radio on with news of Margaret Thatcher's victory.

JULIAN

Nobody starts a new school on the last day of April and that I should have stayed off until September.

Joe ignores him then looks at him from behind the copy of The Daily Mirror as he crams toast into his already over filled mouth.

JOE

All the moaning in the world won't do you any good. Well now, this should all be very interesting boy.

JULIAN

What will?

JOE

She went and did it mate, got in with a majority of forty four. Maggie Thatcher is now Britain's first female prime minister.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
God help us.

Julian gets up from the table to head to school and slams the door.

JOE (CONT'D)
Don't slam the door!

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Julian meets GERRY, 17, tall, dark, messy cropped hair, wearing grey school trousers shiny with added Teflon.

Julian walks down the hill and quickens his pace. Gerry makes no acknowledgment. Julian throws in the odd skip and hop to keep up with his stride. He is breathless

JULIAN
Alright, mate?

Gerry just grunts and carries on stomping.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Do you go to McEntee?

Gerry just grunts and stomps.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Thats cool. Do you mind if I walk
with you then?

The number 42 bus stops and unloads its cargo of JUVENILE DELINQUENTS from McEntee High School. Bustling, boisterous blazer jacket collars turned up, or on inside out. School ties hang in a bizarre display of different knots, the synthetic material pock-marked with cigarette-tip burns.

Gerry continues on head down, Julian choses to follow him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Don't you want to get the bus? We
might be late.

Gerry shakes his head lightly Julian tries to catch his breath and so he rattles on.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

We'll probably get detention and have to stay behind after school. Have you had one yet? I haven't. I think you have to do lines or copy out of a really boring book. Some kids get loads! I never got any at my last school. I went to a school in Epping. Do you know Shepping? It's like the country, lots of trees and stuff. No black kids there. Not that I've got a problem with black people or foreigners. Not even Irish people. I mean, not all Irish are for the IRA are they?

They trod along in silence. Uncomfortable, Julian tries to fill the air with noise.

Where are you from? I mean, you're really.... ermKind oftall....big, bigger than anyone I know!

They breeze past the newsagents next to the dry cleaners.

My mom always said not to ask personal things about people so no offense meant, mate

Julian trot on. Occasionally he glances across at Gerry who doesn't notice anything.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What d'you think about Sid Vicious dying?

Gerry stops turns to Julian with a somewhat quizzical expression creasing his face. Julian is taken aback by the face. It was soft, not at all how he had envisioned.

GERRY

Sid Vicious died in February, ages ago. That's old news, mate.

JULIAN

Yeah, I know. Killed himself,
didn't he?

GERRY

Not til' he'd killed his girlfriend
Nancy first.

Gerry starts to walk off again quickly.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Idiot!

Julian is taken aback.

JULIAN

Have you heard of The Specials?

GERRY

They are a group. From somewhere
called Coventry. Dad says it's in
England but he don't know where, it
must be like a Prison colony cos'
people who nobody likes get sent
there. I've read about the specials
in Sounds. Garry Bushell says they
are the best new band this year.

CUT TO:

INT. FELTHAM YOUTH CLUB - LONDON - NIGHT

A group of teens dressed in purple and green two-tone suits
with pork pie bowler hats dancing to the band Madness
singing, "Gangsters."

Their first single is called
Gangsters is a rehash of a Prince
Buster single Al Capone. The Prince
was not a real prince but some
bloke from Jamaica who made records
in old days. Its new music for a
new Generation.

Gerry had a glint of passion in his eye. They walked on to
school

JULIAN BLURTS OUT
I got nutted the other day.

GERRY
That doesn't surprise me. Who'd you
upset?

JULIAN
I don't know their names but they
asked me a question and I must have
got it wrong. Some feral lookin'
boy with pimples and snot running
down his nose.

Gerry gives a short snicker.

GERRY
Sounds like you met Snorkel Boy and
Chimp Boy. A right pair of
dickheads. Come on, well be late
for school if you don't get a move
on! Its Gerry, short for Gerald.
I was very lucky. Me mom wanted to
call me Dylan.

JULIAN
(puzzled)
Dylan? What? Like that rabbit out
of The Magic Roundabout?

GERRY
Don't be so stupid. She wanted to
name me after Bob Dylan, some
bleedin' folk singer!

JULIAN
(puzzled)
Bob Dylan? What band's he in then?

GERRY
He was a folk singer, you know,
protest songs, hippy stuff, times
they are a changing was one of his
ditties. I don't suppose you would
have heard his stuff. I only know
it cos me Rose used to play it.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

She was listening to him a lot when I was born. Just glad me old man had a say in it to be honest.

JULIAN

Nope, still have'nt the foggiest who you're talking about, mate. Do you mind if I just call you Gerry, short for Geraldine!

Gerry laughs and gives Julian a friendly barge with his rather considerable cannon ball of a shoulder. Julian falls sideways, stumbling into the path of a very pretty and young secretarial type who stops dead in her tracks to avoid him becoming cocooned between her bosoms.

Gerry glances back over his shoulder, enjoying every second of Julians embarrassment

JULIAN

Sorry, Miss Bosoms.

Julian to straightens his tie. They arrive at school. The bell call for registration rings. They enter and head off to separate classes.

JULIAN

That jacket you are wearing over your blazer.....?

GERRY

I bought it from an army surplus stall at the Sunday market for my 15th birthday, it was so expensive that it was all I had to open on the day. It's an American issue, olive green, MA-1 flying jacket with bright orange, reversible lining. Dad gave me money and I had some cash I had saved.

Gerry pulls out his plastic TSB money box shaped like a globe of the world.

JULIAN

Cushty tho' init?

Julian looks on and nodded with a smile on his face. He wanted one too.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GRADUATION PARTY - JULY 1979 - DAY

Harry meets Baz, 17, ex-punk, friendly, immersed in the "Psychobilly" scene and Vince, 17, dark-haired, sometimes duplicitous.

Kids partying, snogging. Harry nursing a can of Strongbow, catches the eye of a tasty girl, gives her a half-smile, a raise of the eyebrows while expecting her to come over and stick her tongue down his throat.

Baz and Vince plonk themselves on the sofa next to Harry while he's sucking his thumb.

BAZ

A complete waste of fucking time
mate

VINCE

The New Town girls you have to do
all the work, chat them up and be a
bit flash

BAZ

And before you even get near to
giving them a sloppy kiss and
getting a squeeze of their arse
cheeks.

They bundle on to the sofa Harry opens his cider and it goes
all over him

BAZ (CONT'D)

You alright blazer boy? Pissed
yourself have you?

Baz and Vince stand out to most of the bleached posers and
shuffling disco kids. Baz has a spiky topped shock of natural
blond hair that makes him look like a pimply Billy Idol and
Vince, with his greased-back barnet of hair.

VINCE

Not much happening here is there?
Ive been all round the house and
its full of fucking posers.

BAZ

Theres a few nice birds though

VINCE

Nothing special.

Baz punches Harry lightly on the shoulder.

BAZ
Hey, cider balls. What do you think
of the crumpet?

HARRY
They are OK. A bit of disco dollies
to be honest.

BAZ
They've still all got fannies mate

HARRY
Fair enough but what kind of girl
can listen to that sort of shite.

He gestures over to the stereo where the disco record is
blaring out of the stereo.

BAZ
You don't like this type of music
then?

HARRY
No. I brought my own records along
but nobody is interested in hearing
them.

Vince grabs the package fingering through the collection.

VINCE
Hey this is good stuff... Matchbox,
Cramps, Shakin' Stevens, heres some
for you mate.

Vince throws a small pile of records unceremoniously over to
Baz.

BAZ
Not bad, Pistols Good, UK Subs
Better, Spizz - Really? You into
all this mate?

HARRY
I like a lot of stuff, Just not
bollocks like pop and disco.

Baz roars and jumps up, rips the needle off the disco track a
few party goers grumble, but he simply ignores them, slams
the stylus down.

BAZ

Well lets hear some then. Misfits
gents? Or HORROR BUSINESS by the
Misfits

The three of them nod heads in unison as Baz falls back on
the sofa. Melanie, the party host, comes in.

MELANIE

What the fuck are you lot doing
here and whats this noise you have
put on my record player?

BAZ

Watch this. Girls cannot resist
him.

Vince placates the girl and begins to stroke her hair

VINCE

Im so sorry. I was walking past
your party and I saw your face in
the window and I thought I cannot
carry on walking without telling
this young lady why she is by far
the finest in New Town. This here
single Im playing is my favorite
band and although the guitar maybe
a little loud the lyrics are deeply
romantic.

Melanie smiles and blushes.

HARRY

How does he do that?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Colin, 18, a "Casual", preppy, drunk, from Collenswood - the
rival high school, gets a knife from kitchen and starts
threatening people.

COLIN

(spits wildly)
Don't come near me! Ill cut you!
I'll fucking do it.

VINCE

Put the knife down and piss off you
fucking glue sniffer! Lowlife!

COLIN

Fuck you Shakin' Stevens.

Baz throws an unopened can of Watney's party 4 beer at him
which sails over the party and hits him above the eye. He
squeals in pain and drops the knife.

BAZ

One hundred and eighty.

The rival football boys rush forward and propel Colin out of
the front door with blood seeping from his head. Melanie's
OLDER BROTHER appears.

MELANIE

Police have been called so
everybody had better fuck off now.

The three of them leave and walking the streets of New Town
at night.

BAZ

What a fucking washout that was

VINCE

Yeah, We weren't even invited and
it was still shit.

BAZ

Whose party was it anyway?

HARRY

It was some girl I had known at
school. We did extra PE together

VINCE

Im glad you brought those records
along at least, Me and Baz have got
a good collection between us. We
should meet up and give you an
education in real Rockabilly.

BAZ

And Punk, Just one thing cider
balls... What is your name anyway?

HARRY

Harry. Harry Powell.

VINCE

Well, we agree you can be our mate
and hang out with us, as long as
you gets a decent haircut and loose
the fucking blazer.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S MANSION - DAY

Ronnie's drinking Earl Grey luxury tea and reading the paper
by the coast. Jamie knocks on door.

RONNIE

Jamie what the fuck are you doing
here? Sunday is the Lords day. And
as I am the Lord of the fucking
manor I do not expect to be
disturbed.

Ronnie takes a swig of tea and stares back at Jamie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Reason?

JAMIE

Ronnie you gotta come see this.
Theres fucking Mods all over the
seafront...

RONNIE

What do you mean MOTHS all over the
seafront? Explain are we working in
the pest control industry all of a
sudden?

JAMIE

Not Moths boss. Mods. Like you were
back in yer day. Scooters the lot.
You need to come see it. Its
fooking mental.

They lean over and look out from Ronnie's window and see
Lambretta scooters and "Mods" in green parka jackets.

RONNIE

These lot look more like punks in
parkas. Scruffy cunts not fit to
shine my hand made shoes bless em.

JAMIE

One of the lads I was talking too earlier says there is a club at Canvey island tonight. I can do some detective work.

RONNIE

A Scottish Sherlock Holmes. Whatever next. They will be making TV shows about jock coppers before we know it! The Bay City Rozzers! (laughs at his own joke)

Ronnie's other HENCHMEN join the morning meeting in his house.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

So gents, how much have we taken from our loyal customers over the last few weeks?

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S MANSION - NEXT DAY

Jamie and his henchmen hand over various brown envelopes with names and figures printed on them.

A rare soul album on vinyl plays in background.

JAMIE

Boss. Thatchers Britain is starting to bite guv. Loads of our punters are out of business so they aint paying protection money. Its bloody madness. Thatcherism is hitting people like us the hardest.

RONNIE

Fucking politicians getting in the way of us businessmen. People like me are the backbone of the economy and should be looked after. Its just not free enterprise.

JAMIE

I mean how are we s'posed to make an honest living if the people we are protecting need protecting more from the government than us?!?

Ronnie picks up copy of Sounds magazine with mods on cover.

RONNIE

Jamie boy. Did you go to Canvey the other night?

JAMIE

Yes boss I did. Fucking Rock stuck in the middle of the Thames. Terrible place.

RONNIE

How many of them young mods were on speed?

JAMIE

Oh loads boss. Proper off their heads most of em. I mean Im off me fookin head on speed most days but this lot were proper on it. Whoever they were buying chewing gum from most have made a fortune too.

RONNIE

Ok so the new mods are loving the speed as much as we did back in the day.

Hands the Mod Magazine Odds and Sods to Jamie

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Been reading this. Seems the Bridge House in Canning Town is the place to go. Where my Nan lived. I'm thinking we go there this week.

JAMIE

Where is your Nan's house?

Ronnie puts paper on table

RONNIE

No you idiot, we're going to this club. Find some of the kids to start knocking out speed for us. Tell them for every 10 pills sold they can have a free one. Its time we started giving a bit back into the community. Spreading the profits. Plus it saves us having to employ any new people to work the floor. Its modern capitalism.

JAMIE

Maggie will be proud of us.

RONNIE

We buy the speed from the bikers.
We get the kids to sell it for us.
And boom we are all winners!!!

Jamie sits back smiles and puts his feet up on table

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I like those shoes!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Sunny day. Some kids out playing cricket. A GIRL in her 20's is sunbathing and puts radio on. Radio playing news of Mount Batton IRA. Julian and Gerry are walking around aimlessly kicking cans and, singing and "Friggin in the Riggin" by The Sex Pistols at tops of their lungs.

GERRY

I just hope there are not old age pensioners about to hear us singing and taking offense. They might tell me mom and Joe.

JULIAN

What are your tower blocks called? Our maisonnetes are called Pine, Yew and Spruce and ours is called Sycamore. Which is a bit odd as there isn't a tree anywhere on the estate.

GERRY

We have St. Fabian, St Albans and St Francis tho I think they should rename one of them St. Rastari in honor of our dread locked brethren who live here. I like to call them Scab, Boil, mole, wart bogey and pile

JULIAN

Pile as in hemorrhoid spot up your arse? My Nan had those.

GERRY

No pile as in pile of shit!!

The boys walk on until they get to one of the tower blocks.
 "The Prince" by Madness plays.

GERRY (CONT'D)
 Come on lets go into Scab!

Julian follows Gerry, climbing the 42 flights of stairs.
 Graffiti adorns the walls that says: "Piller is a bender,"
 "Ron cranks it for Susan," A sign reads: NO ACCESS.

GERRY (CONT'D)
 Why did we not...not just take the
 elevator!

Gerry lifts a pole, squeezes his large frame through the gap
 and steps out onto the flat roof. End of Madness music,
 followed by silence as boys stand on roof.

GERRY (CONT'D)
 They're just generators, they
 supply power for the elevators and
 stuff, I think...

Julian watches in disbelief.

JULIAN
 Gerry! What the bloody hell are you
 doing, you nutter!

Gerry peers over the wall.

GERRY
 Whats the matter with you? You big
 girls blouse...

Julian squints at Gerry.

JULIAN
 You're mad. You might fall you
 spazzy.

GERRY
 Been up here loads of times, come
 on, get up here. You've got to see
 the views, mate. Here reach up, Ill
 give you a hand.

Gerry reaches down offering his outstretched palm for Julian
 to grasp. He reluctantly takes his hand. Julian's elbows dig
 over the onto the rooftop.

JULIAN

You really are a proper raving mad muppet Gerry.

GERRY

Just copy what I do.

Gerry rolls back over onto his stomach before shuffling like a commando towards the outer edge of the slab.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Are you alright, mate?. Take a minute to get your bottle back then have another go, it won't be such a shock the second time.

With some trepidation, Julian eases forward and is speechless. The sky is clear and summer blue.

GERRY (CONT'D)

If you look hard over that way you can see the Post Office tower. It's like an opened, pop-up A-Z map. St. Paul's cathedral, its like a well-rounded breast, the spire its erect nipple. Tallest building in London, that is.

JULIAN

You were right G, its an amazing. Like proper amazing. Like being on Star Trek looking down at worlds where people we know live. How many people have ever seen this?

GERRY

You going all weird and hippy on me Captain Kirk? My dad's got a Pink Floyd album indoors if you wanna borrow it.

A few minutes pass basking in the special view and soaking up the rays from the warm summer sunshine. Gerry sits up, swings his legs under him, edges forward, his legs were dangling over the edge of the building. Julian's heart skips a beat.

JULIAN

Come on, Gerry, your'e pushing your luck a bit now, be careful will you.

GERRY

You worry too much. It's a confidence thing, you see cats and monkeys don't fear heights or distance, the only thing they have to worry about are predators and dangers like that. So, if you're confident in what you're doing, then you'll probably be safe, see?

JULIAN

Christ, Gerry! Sit back down you idiot!

Gerry takes a few deliberate paces, turning back again, to face Julian who finds it hard to watch but harder to look away.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Seriously Gerry, mate, what if a gust of wind blows you off or you slip or something?

GERRY

You can honestly see the buggers move. I watched out my window. Remember what I said earlier Jules, its all about being calm, you got to have confidence. Who will really care if I fall? Who is gonna care about another dead, dead end kid? Ain't exactly gonna make the BBC news is it? Just a meaningless statistic...

Gerry relaxes before lifting his leg until and stands on one leg, looking like a large and hairy but somewhat demented flamingo.

JULIAN

You are really are a hamper short of a picnic.

Gerry returns to his perch on the tower block next to Julian. Julian plucks up courage to join him on the very edge with legs hanging over. His eyes are shut tight with a death grip on the lip but he becomes more confident as he acclimates.

GERRY

Do you know, that if you drop a coin off the Empire State building which is a bloody sight taller than this block and it hit a bloke on the top of his head, it would go right through his body like a bullet, shoot out of his arse and still embed itself in the ground!

Both boys laugh and spit gob on the ground below.

GERRY (CONT'D)

See, not so scary now is it, geezer.

CUT TO:

INT. 1960'S STYLE BARBER SHOP - DAY

Just one chair, a cracked mirror and a sun bleached picture of Tony Curtis with a quiff. The owner, Phil DeMarco, 63, a grey haired, second generation Italian scissor-smith.

All of New Town's male and over 40s population congregate there since the first bricks of the New Town were cemented together.

HARRY

Are you sure this is where you both went? It looks shady as fuck.

Phil wrestles a couple of crumpled pound notes from a old age pensioner's grip.

PHIL

Alright, who is next?

VINCE

This is it Powell, You've heard the music. Now get that shapeless barnet sorted. A decent flat-top mate, thats what its about.

BAZ

Yeh, you fucking hippy,

PHIL

Barry, the language, eh? We don't like that sort of language in here son. Now whats it to be son?

BAZ

Same as us Phil.

PHIL

And what would you like on the back and sides?

HARRY

What are the choices. I really don't know whats on offer.

PHIL

Well, a three is short, a two is shorter, a one is very short and a nothing is Telly Savalas,

HARRY

Can I have a four please.

Vince and Baz howl with laughter.

BAZ

Don't be a poof, Its got to be a one or nothing.

HARRY

OK, OK. I'll have what they've got.

"Take a Razor to Your Head" by the Sharks plays, while his hair cut takes place.

Boys leave and proudly walk up the street together.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - 2 WEEKS LATER - DAY

Boys on a park bench drinking cider in town centre meet other teenager flat tops, Jack and Knocker who introduce the skinhead girls from their pub hangouts. Music plays.

CUT TO:

INT. FOX & HOUND PUB - EVENING

Boys are now drinking with the new gang. Kenny, 21, brawny, gruff, a man of few words, enters the pub, his massive arms and tattoos are on full display. He knows some of the gang.

KNOCKER

Want a pint mate?

HARRY

Thats Kenny Priest. He went to my school.

BAZ

You know him? He is the hardest bloke in town. It was him who came up with the term Punk-a-billy. Go say hello. Go on.

HARRY

He wont remember me. I was three years younger than him. I just remember him beating up anybody and everybody at school. He was better with birds than Vince.

VINCE

Is he better at wanking than you though?!? I reckon if it was an Olympic sport you would be Daley Thompson.

HARRY

I really don't spend all the time wanking!

BAZ

Well how come we been hanging out with you for ages now and not seen you pull a bird?

HARRY

Ive shagged loads of birds. Mostly before I met you.

VINCE

Have you shagged your sisters mate Pam? Bet you haven't?

BAZ

I'd shag her, and your sister.

HARRY

That's disgusting, thats my sister.

VINCE

Well me and Baz promise not to shag your sister if you start shagging real birds not just ones you dream in that bedroom of yours. Lets start this weekend by paying a trip to The Diamond Dog Disco

HARRY

Thats the worst idea you have ever had. It'll be full of disco dollies

BAZ

They will still suck your cock mate!

Kenny, who has been standing with his back to them, turns and walks over to the boys.

KENNY

Nice to see a bit of new blood in town. Where you lot appeared from while I been away.

VINCE

Hello Mr Priest. Can I get you a cider.

KENNY

Thanks for the offer lads but I'm driving tonight. Just got back from 9 months scaffolding up north. Good to be back home with me mates.

BAZ

Mr Priest. Harry here says he went to same school as you but was younger. Says you wont remember him.

Kenny looks at harry and grins.

KENNY

Course I remember Harry. Didn't you used to win the 100 meters wanking competition school sports day every year?

He leaves and winks. Baz and Kenny burst into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT - RONNIE'S HOME OFFICE

Ronnie has a big pile of cash in front of him. Jamie and Lenny, 27, resembles Muhammad Ali, is the body guard who never talks.

JAMIE

Do you want me to bank that Ronnie?
I'm going into New Town later.

RONNIE

Course I fucking don't, you idiot.
How can I bank dirty money?

JAMIE

We could wear gloves when we bank
it Ronnie.

RONNIE

You fucking clown. It's dirty. I
can't bring in 5k income by selling
cheap speed to Mods on taxes can I?
I think the Inland Revenue might
have a few questions to say about
that!

JAMIE

What you gonna do with it then
Ronnie?

RONNIE

Invest it, put the money somewhere
safe, dummy.

Ronnie reads the latest issue of Daltons Weekly

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I am looking, Jamie Boy, for
something legal on the surface but
profitable and illegal underneath
the waves, kapitch? Maybe Ill buy a
cafe to cook the books and a
fucking launderette to wash them
after.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - AUTUMN 1979 - DAY

The boys walk through the housing projects with skinhead haircuts now and climb stairs to Gerry's flat. Graffiti is everywhere, Julian delights in it.

JULIAN

"Suck my cock." Jackie woz here '79. Deano is queer. Who the hell is Deano and Jackie? Maybe Deano wanted Jackie to suck his cock? No, apparently he was queer.

Gerry ignores him, walks on and he turns the key in the lock, leaving the door ajar. Julian stands waiting to be invited in.

GERRY

Come in you muppet!

Julian steps into the poorly lit hallway. A chair with a solid glass john bull bitter ashtray is overflowing with cigarette butts, a couple of days worth of carelessly-folded newspapers and an assortment of chipped mugs with the dried-up dregs of strong tea encrusted in their bottoms.

A heavy brown television sits, on top of a white Ikea bedside cabinet. Some greying net curtains hang lopsided in the window.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I'm just knocking up some grub. Do ya want anything ?

JULIAN

A drink please, mate?

Julian glances back at the unwashed cups on the floor. Gerry pokes his head around the doorframe.

GERRY

No problem, mate. Sure you don't want some beans and cheese on toast? Its me speciality!

JULIAN

Yes please. This is odd. Nobody under the age of 25 has ever cooked me tea.

Boys eat their meal. Radio is on in background.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Shall I do the washing up?

GERRY

Don't be a div. It'll only take me a minute, just two plates an a saucepan. Sit in there and watch TV.

There is a scuffling of movement as the front door opens. Stan, early 50s, curly-haired, slightly overweight, poorly dressed, kicks off heavy footwear in the small hallway. He coughs deeply and the throaty man's voice echoes from the hall.

STAN

Alright, son? Get the kettle on
will yuh!

Stan shoves open the lounge door. He stops in the doorway, raises eyebrows at Julian.

STAN (CONT'D)

Well, who've we got here then?

Julian struggles to stand up from the old armchair and offers him a handshake.

STAN (CONT'D)

Very pleased to meet your
acquaintance, young man! Nice to
meet someone with manners.

Stan winks at Julian.

STAN (CONT'D)

Sit yourself down, son. No need to
stand on ceremony ere. S'cuse the
mess. I weren't expecting company.
Why didn't you tidy up, Gerry?

Gerry dries his soapy hands with a tea towel.

GERRY

He don't mind. Do yuh?

Gerry throws the tea towel back in the kitchen before bounding up the stairs.

JULIAN

No, of course not!

GERRY

Wont be a minute, need a waz

STAN

Same time, every bleeding day! Set
me clock by him. So where d'you
live then?

Stan sits down in chair. Slips his braces off as they sit on his jeans.

JULIAN
Over at Sycamore.

STAN
Oh yeah, so you're from the rough
side of the estate, are yuh?

Stan pulls a pack of Embassy number 6 cigarettes from his shirt chest pocket, teasing one of the stubby cigarettes out of the pack with his lips. Lights cigarette with zippo lighter.

JULIAN
We've moved in with Joe, Joe
Walcott. You probably know him,
he's lived here for a long time.

STAN
Oh, I know who you mean, Joe, short
bloke about six foot six, skinny
with a weight problem, bald with
hair down to ere! Just teasing,
son. Do you know how many people
live on this housing project?

JULIAN
No I don't.

STAN
Nor do I, but suffice to say, its
bloody thousands. Jeez, I hardly
know me neighbors. Nobody does, in
a concrete jungle like this. What
does Joe do for a living?

JULIAN
He drives delivery trucks.

STAN
Locally?

JULIAN
Yes, Yes I think so. Im not.....

STAN
Whereabouts? We are going on strike
soon.

JULIAN
I don't know.

Stan drags on cigarette, lost in his own world, cigarette burns down to the butt. Stan comes out of a trance.

STAN

Suppose you'll be studying for yuh exams soon?

Gerry is in the doorway.

GERRY

Yeah, he will be, a boff though! Proper teachers pet he is.. C'mon, boff, lets go an mug some old grannies!

Gerry ducks the crumpled cigarette packet missile Stan throws at him.

STAN

Nice to ave met you son, maybe you can educate young Gerry ere how to stay out of trouble in the future. Don't be too late home, son.

GERRY

Sure, Dad.

DAD

Love you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

People surround the body of a dead woman who has jumped from the roof.

JULIAN

Whats going on?

KID Z

Melanie Barcroft killed herself.

JULIAN

How do you know that?

Julian nudges his elbow into Gerry.

KID Z

Cause she's lying over there. It's a matter of fact. What's left of her is anyway.

He nods towards a couple of scruffy urchins perched on the skeletal remnants of their Raleigh Grifter bicycles.

KID Z (CONT'D)

Those two told me they saw her
land.

He points his chin towards the larger group of youths, the
match ball tucked tightly under a tall boy's arm.

KID Z (CONT'D)

They reckon they heard it. Said it
was loud, like a cannon going off .

JULIAN

You mean she jumped off?

Julian looks up to the blocks apex.

KID Z

Yep. Twenty one stories, all the
way down without stopping, without
passing go, without collecting two
hundred.

JULIAN

Bleedin' horrendous. Was she a
druggie or something?

GERRY

Yeah, a skag head. I think she was
a prozzy an all. I always felt a
bit sorry for her really.

JULIAN

She was always stopping people and
asking for a light, just a victim,
I suppose. Blokes used and abused
her, always getting beaten up by
boyfriends and punters, always
sporting a shiner or cut lip and
thats just the injuries that you
could see, I reckon. Have you seen
a suicide before?

GERRY

No. Not around ere. Theres been
others, on other estates I think
but not ere.

JULIAN

Do you think she's in one piece?
Do you think she had family?

GERRY

Not sure but she was only young
weren't she.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

At least, I hope theres someone,
somewhere, who cared a bit, just
someone to go to her funeral. It
wouldn't be nice if no-one turned
up would it?

JULIAN

No.

A canopy erected over the body of Melanie. Police cordon off
the ground floor and the rubber neckers and nosey parkers are
eased back.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Blimey! Ive just had a thought.
I bet they've found the way we get
on to the roof.

Gerry shakes his head with pursed lips. He steps away from
Julian before turning back.

GERRY

That was a down right dickhead
thing to say. I never had you down
as a selfish bastard Jules. Like I
said before. Melanie is dead and
Who will really care? Who is gonna
care about another dead, dead end
smack head.? Aint exactly gonna
make the BBC news is it? Just a
meaningless statistic...

Turns away and walks away.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Psychobilly track plays over montage of Harry shagging
various birds that he picks up at discos.

Kenny and Baz pat him on the back and are proud of him. They
buy him drinks and put a new badge on his jacket every time
he shags a woman.

They make a big point when he gets to number 10.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Harry arrives home very pissed. He's drunk and can't open door, but his dad opens it for him.

DAD

Waste of space, pisshead!

Harry goes upstairs and goes into his sister's room, Yvonne, 21, trendy 1980s chick, big hair, who is braiding the hair of Pamela Donald, 20, New Town's blonde bombshell, wannabe centerfold.

HARRY

Pam, I really fancy you.

YVONNE

Harry what is wrong with you. Get out of here and leave pam alone. Fucking weirdo.

HARRY

Pam, I really, really, really fancy you.

YVONNE

Harry get out now or I'm calling Dad.

Harry stumbles out of her bedroom to his room and takes off his trousers. He lies in bed and falls asleep with bottle of cider in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - XMAS 1979

Julian arrives at Gerry's house. Stan opens door. Tacky decorations are up in flat and "Morcombe and Wise" variety show is on TV.

Julian runs into Gerry's room and is very excited. Julian is wearing his Xmas presents, a new Harrington jacket and moccasin shoes.

STAN

Come in, son.

JULIAN

What did you get?

GERRY

Jaffa Cakes biscuits. Not much of a present.

JULIAN

Is that it?

GERRY

My dads a fucking single parent. What did you expect? ? A brand car? A new Austin Allegro? Twat.

JULIAN

Sorry. I wasn't thinking. But look what I got...

He pulls out The Specials first album.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Me sister broke the needle on our record player with her stupid music so Ive not played it yet.

GERRY

Can I put it on?

Julian nods. The needle hits the record, A Message to You Rudy.

JULIAN

Skip through album til end of side one.

GERRY

Shall I turn it over?

CUT TO:

EXT. RONNIE'S CAFE - DOLCE VIDA - SOUTHEND - DAY

The sign on the door says, "Serving up the creamiest, frothiest cappuccinos this side of Naples."

INT. DOLCE VIDA - DAY

A radio program announces Thatcher's assault on the unions is strengthening her position as leader of the Conservative Party, Iranian Embassy siege in London brings in the first public appearance of the Special Air Service, Britain's elite.

An old Wurlitzer jukebox with original singles from Ronnie's vast vinyl collection of ska, reggae, blue beat, jazz, blues, Stax, Atlantic, Motown and Northern Soul.

Epic, 22, Northerner, flashy, wedge haircut, drug addict, arrives to work at the mail order record company in the cafe stockroom where he buys and sells only the rarest sounds.

GLADYS

Hello darling. Where you been of late.

Epic quickly kisses Gladys on the cheek.

EPIC

Oh...here and there...and round and about.

GLADYS

Why do they call you Epic? Ronnie has been asking after you. Reckons you miss every Monday, in cafe after you go off to that Casino. I told him you must get tired up all night gambling and stuff.

EPIC

It's not that kind of Casino Gladys. Its more like...never mind. They call me Epic after the rare soul label. I collect singles on it. Plus it's a lot more interesting than my real name.

GLADYS.

Oh, I see - well... I don't really but never mind. I covered for you earlier. Told Ronnie that you had been in but Id sent you on a mission to buy coffee for machine.

Epic gives Gladys another kiss.

EPIC

Ronnie has been mean to me ever since I started working here, I don't know why I take it but I love soul music. I can sign on at the Labor Exchange and get cash off Ronnie so I just suck it back. Part-time cafe work ain't exactly the stuff my dreams are made of.

(MORE)

EPIC (CONT'D)

I enjoy doing the record catalogue for Ronnie, but I desperately need a way out. The hopelessness of this daily existence.

GLADYS

Oh, Epic. I'm sure there is a way out for you some day. Here have a Sausage sandwich and a big hug.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW TOWN - FOX HOUND PUB - EVENING

Harry is surrounded by mates discussing birds and shagging. Kenny has his gang with him and surrounded by Skinhead girls with feather cuts, tight jeans and boots. He pulls out a flyer for the Meteors.

KENNY

This is the future. PSYCHO BILLY

Harry Baz and Vince look at each other and their faces say Wow.

Harry goes home. Opens up front door to find his parents are out.

HARRY

Mum. Dad?

Harry goes to kitchen. Gets food out of oven there is a note. Gone to visit Auntie Jean and Uncle Arthur in Southend. Back tomorrow. Goes in front room. Puts on TV. Eats his food and drinks a can of cider. After few minutes he looks up and sees his sister's mate Pamela on sofa drunk & amorous.

PAMELA

So Harry. What was all that bout you really, really fancying me?

HARRY

Er well Ive always fancied you. Well all me mates have. Well... er.

PAMELA

So come over here and give me a hug.

HARRY

Er Pamela. You got a boyfriend. You are getting married next year.

PAMELA

I had a boyfriend and was getting married next year. But Barry has dumped me. He has fucking dumped me Harry.

HARRY

Oh really. So what happened then?

PAMELA

Oh, he gave me some shit about me getting too serious. I think he has been seeing someone else.

Harry picks up a half empty bottle of baby sham and takes a swig.

Pamela eyes are starting to dry a little, she drinks and passes Harry the bottle

PAMELA (CONT'D)

C'mon have another drink. Too good for him ain't I?

HARRY

Yeh, Your'e better off without the flash bastard.

PAMELA

You know your'e not as big a tosser as your sister makes out about you.

HARRY

Why? What has she been saying?

PAMELA

Not much. Just that you wank all the time and constantly listen to Punk Rock and Teddy Boy music.

HARRY

It's Psychobilly!!!! I don't wank all the time..

PAMELA

So then, if you really fancy me. why don't you prove it. I want you to fuck me right here, right now on this sofa... (giggles)

Harry shags drunk Pam.

CUT TO:

INT - HARRY'S PLACE - MORNING

The front door slams. Harry is asleep alone on sofa with a toilet roll beside him and his trousers around his ankles when his sister walks in.

SISTER

For Fuck sake Harry can't you keep
your wanking to your bedroom...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Boys dancing in bedroom to Too Much Too Young. Julian's parents horrified.

JOE

For god sake lads the ceiling
almost came down. Get out the house
before yer Mom kills yah. Oh and do
me a favor. Can you take this flask
down to uncle Andy down at his
allotment. I promised I'd do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - GARDEN ALLOTMENT - DAY

Julian and Gerry walk to allotment and talk about joining the SAS. Uncle Arthur, 55, grey-haired, glasses a gentleman who likes growing vegetables

JULIAN

Who's old Lambretta scooter is this
in the shed?

ARTHUR

If it's working, they can have it.
They call it Old Blue.

CUT TO:

INT. LA DOLCE VIDA CAFE LAT SPRING 1980 NEWS ON THE RADIO

Ronnie and Jamie and Epic are working and chatting. Northern soul classic plays from juke box. Ronnie is studying the takings of speed from sales to Mods.

RONNIE

Its down, its down, its fucking down. Reason? Whats going on Jamie?

JAMIE

We were shifting most of the stock to a young lad down Chingford way. Mick the Mod. But he has stopped buying em.

RONNIE

Well why has he stopped? Has he been banged up or something?

JAMIE

No boss. I went to see him a few weeks ago and he said there was no call for them any-more?

RONNIE

I don't get it Jamie. We get the goods from the Hells Angels. We sell on to the mods. They couldn't get enough of them few months back. We need to pay this kid a visit find out whats going on. At this rate Ill be bankrupt by Christmas...

He looks up at Epic and shouts.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Especially if this brat don't get a move on and finish my latest record catalogue.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me you Epic Div?

Epic, chewing as on speed, nods and carries on doing his job putting seven inches into cardboard posting sleeves

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS ALLOTMENT - DAY

Julian and Gerry sit in fields outside the estate with Old Blue Scooter. Colin a Head-banging rocker turns up with Motor-head T-shirt and greasy hair.

JIM

Is this it then?

JULIAN

Yep Old blue we got it out of a shed on an allotment

JIM

Is it nicked then? Im not doing anything on a vehicle that has been stolen.

JULIAN

No it's not nicked . It belonged to my step dads brother Arthur and anyway aren't you supposed to be above and beyond the law. A worshipper of Satan that fears no mortal?

JIM

Well I do worship Satan and Ozzie Osbourne but that doesn't mean I want any trouble from the Fuzz

GERRY

Why does it say on the back of your jacket. Born in a mountain. Raised in a cave. Beer and women is all I crave? You were born in Whipps Cross hospital at same time as me. And last time I heard you were living above your Dad's sweet shop in the high street.

JIM

Well enough of that anyway. Do you want me to look at this or not.

Jim fiddles with scooter.

JIM (CONT'D)

It works but not brilliant. Go and see a Jim, he is a dab hand when it comes to anything with Vespas or Lambrettas. Up under the arches. He was in my sisters year at school.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

See him as he will be better qualified than me. It'll work and get you to him. But it needs somebody with a bit more knowledge of hairdryers.

JULIAN

Will it make it that far?

JIM

Yes and it will be £2.00 for my trouble.

Gives Jim the notes.

JIM (CONT'D)

Careful now. Don't go spending all your money craving beer and women!!!

Jim gives the sign of Satan as the boys drive off. Jerry and Julian on scooter. Breaks down near lock up. Pushing the scooter up the road on which he lives to his little workshop

JIM (CONT'D)

I can fix the scooter. Cost you a fiver. Deal?

GERRY

£4.00 and its a deal

JIM

Tell you what. £6.00 and Ill throw in six of these lovelies.

Jim pulls out bag of blue pills from his jacket.

GERRY

Don't know what they are but I don't want any.

JIM

Just a little bit of speed make you feel better and help you move a bit faster

JULIAN

Do you take these every morning before walking to school Gerry?

GERRY

Look I don't want any drugs. Just want the scooter fixed please and for £4.00.

JIM

Ok Ok Ok. You know where I am if
you change your mind.

Jim starts to fix the scooter. Ronnie and Jamie walk up to
the lock up.

JAMIE

Afternoon Jim. This is my boss the
legendary Mr Hardman

RONNIE

Well, Well, well you Jim. How you
doing? Young Jamie here is telling
me that you arent in-terested in
our business anymore. Why would
that be...

JIM

Now a lot less cocky than before.

JAMIE.

Mr Hardman. Other bloke. Things
have changed. The mods have gone
all psyche-delic. They aint buying
speed anymore.... Its a different
scene and stuff.

Jamie spots the bag that Jim pulled out to show Julian and
Gerry.

JAMIE

Whats all this then?

RONNIE

Any more in here Jamie?

Jamie lifts up seat on Jim's Lambretta and a big bag of pills
under the seat.

JIM

Ok. Ok. Ok. I surrender. Just don't
hurt me.

Ronnie, noticing Gerry and Julian standing by

RONNIE

What the fuck are you looking at?

Julian and Gerry shake their heads and bump start the
scooters jumping on it and riding off.

Jim escapes and jumps up on top of the garages and chase ensues the boys drive off on scooter.

"I Surrender" by Eddie Holman playing. The chase ends as Jim gets caught and the boys get stopped by the police.

END OF EPISODE ONE

CUT TO:

EPISODE 2

INT. LA VIDA DOLCE CAFE - SUMMER 1980 - DAY

Epic works on the catalogue. Gladys serves coffee in the background while a Northern Soul instrumental plays. Ronnie meets with Jamie.

RONNIE

Jamie boy. I feel we are turning a corner but we could be doing better. Why we had no cash from Gloria at the strippers for last few weeks and the burger shop I bought last year don't seem to be turning much of a profit. Reason?!?!

JAMIE

Boss. You tell me. Maybe we should get a bit hands on and go visit the premises see whats going on

RONNIE.

You know what?

JAMIE

No. Know No what boss?

He does a line of coke.

RONNIE

We are gonna go back to our roots and go and walk the streets and go meet our clients in person. Grab yer coat and my knuckle dusters. Fuck me i feel like a young man again!!!

"I'll Do Anything" by Lenny Gamble plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH END PROMENADE - DAY

Ronnie and his henchmen walk down Southend promenade. They go into the Lady Godiva Strip Club. Gloria, 40, a wanna be Dusty Springfield, with a blonde wig. A dead ringer, heavily outlined eyes and her three sizes too small two piece PVC chessboard suits, white knee length boots and earrings big enough to tune into the BBC world service on a clear night but now she runs a strip club by the seaside for her stupid boss Jeremy.

GLORIA

Ronnie has always had a thing for Gloria and will protect her to the end of time.

Linda is doing a lap dance for a touchy mate. He is trying to kiss and grope her, promising her dinner and money.

Linda walks back to her dressing room. We see pinned to the walls of her dingy starlet dressing room a collection of romantic reminders that everyone wanted to fuck her.

"Hands Off She's Mine" by *The Beat* is playing

Jenny enters the stage. Throws her black lace bra to Ronnie. He catches it and smells it, then smiles and winks.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(to Ronnie)

Two large malts. On the house guys.

Gloria pushes an envelope to Ronnie.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Sorry for it being late again.

Gloria turns away to serve some other blokes

RONNIE

(turns to Jamie)

Gloria is looking tired these days. More so than usual. I think guvner of hers is taking the piss out of her. Aye

JAMIE

Boss. You got a thing for Gloria?

GLORIA

Well, Well, well it must be a full moon and an eclipse if its not the legendary Mr Ronnie Hardman in my humble joint.

RONNIE

So where is that fuck wit guvner of yours Jeremy this week?

GLORIA

Oh he's bugged off to Mar Bella again with his posh mates. He spends so much time there these days I don't know why he doesn't sell up and move there full time.

Gloria hands another couple of punters their lagers as Ronnie smiles.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Well there are worse places to live and to be honest Ive been thinking I might move over there myself one of these days.

Ronnie takes a fiver out of the envelope and gives it to Gloria with a smile. Putting a finger to his lips.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(looks shocked the jokes)
Why Ronnie Hardman? What would we do without you in town?

RONNIE

Talking of doing without. I heard the new girl Sharon had a bit of an accident the other night. Is she okay?

GLORIA

She fell off stage and ended up twisting her ankle dancing to some Elvis track. Our Sharon's a bit top heavy if you ask me but shell be back at work in a week or two.

RONNIE

Which one?

GLORIA

You going deaf Ronnie? I just told you it was the new girl Sharon who fell off the stage.

RONNIE

No not the girl. Which Elvis track was she dancing to?

GLORIA

How the hell do I know. Jailhouse Rock. Hound Dog. Teddy Bear. They all sound the bloody same to me. Why what difference does it make what she was dancing too. She fell off the stage, and thats that.

Two Geordie punters are being aggressive to Gloria.

The two Geordies, Robert, 30, and John, 28, both looking worse for wear, sporting hideously long straggly identical feather cuts and mustaches. Dressed in matching faded denim shirts and flares, scuffed black Docs.

GEORDIE JOHN

Oi Myra Hindley can we have some service over here.

RONNIE

To me it makes all the difference. I mean call me weird but watching some half naked bird swinging her tits around to Elvis would be a complete turn off and no disrespect to the so called King intended when I say that but theres a time and place for Elvis and down here isn't it. Now say I walked in here one day and some bird was dancing to Smokey Robinson or That Girl From Ipanema. You know something cool and smooch with a bit of sax thrown in for good measure. Then Id be knocking on her door after the shows finished with a hard on. To me its all about dynamics Gloria. Know what I mean?

GEORDIE ROBERT

Talking of dynamics love. How
fucking dynamic would it be if we
got served next seeing as we've
been standing here for the last
twenty minutes. TWO more bottles of
Newcastle Brown love when you've
finished.

Gloria who smiles a numb smile at the Geordies. Jamie Boy
moves to react but Ronnie Grabs his arm whispers for him to
sit down and nods gently at the mirror behind Gloria.

GEORDIE JOHN

Cheers love and keep the change
like and I hope you don't mind me
asking but has any-one ever told
you you look like fucking Myra
Hindleys ugly older sister?
Gloria nodded flashing Ronnie a
quick smile, eyebrows raised.

Gloria hands them their drinks in exchange for a rolled up
fiver.

GLORIA

All the time lads and keep your
change eh?

The next stripper Stella appears on stage dancing too.

GEORDIE ROBERT

Go on get em off you fucking slag.

Geordie John heads off to toilets. Ronnie downs his whisky in
one and follows.

RONNIE

Jamie Boy watch me back I wont be
long. Need to dispose of some waste
in the toilets.

Geordie John is using the urinal. Ronnie waits in cubicle
door slightly ajar. He takes a deep breath and puts on his
brass knuckleduster.

The drunken Geordie is pissed as he finishes pissing and
starts to do up his flies. Ronnie waits for him to turn
around and hits him hard in face.

Ronnie knows how to fight but hasn't done it for a while.

Geordie goes down. Ronnie drags him into the toilet smashing his face into the toilet bowl repeatedly. Dragging his piss drenched face up to look into it gleefully before smashing it back again into the toilet. Water leaks out of the toilet where it is broke.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Now then you gobby cunt. Im going to give you five minutes to get yourself cleaned up and then you're going to apologize to my friend for taking the piss out of her. You can stay for one more drink and then you d better fuck off and if I come across you and your mate again I kill the fucking pair of you. You got that?.

GEORDIE John nods to Ronnie gets to his feet and washes the blood from his hands combs his hair before joining Jamie Boy and Gloria at the bar.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Gloria. Apologies for the mess in the bogs. Tell Jeremy I owe him couple of quid for a new toilet. He can take it out of next months money.

Ronnie looks down at his shirt, disappointed that he see blood on his shirt.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

For fucks sake.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

Ronnie goes to his car and gets in the front seat with strange, odd looking bloke in the driving seat. Ronnie dives into the glove compartment and pulls out a cassette of Miles Davis A Kind of Blue and hands to Driver who puts cassette in tape player

He also puts 2 big lines of coke on a Etta James cassette and offers it to Jamie before taking one himself through a 50 pound note.

RONNIE

Drive to the Hamburger Grill. Nice
and slow not too fast.

Ronnie puts his head back and looks relaxed.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Jamie boy let me tell you
something. During the early days in
London when I was starting to make
a bit of a name for myself doing
what Ive been doing all my life.
Back in my flat at night crashed
out in my bed I started getting
this weird dream that I couldn't
understand one bit.

DREAM SEQUENCE

RONNIE (V.O.)

I was in this white villa on the
terrace enjoying a glass of bubbly
on an evening full of sunshine and
boiling hot when suddenly this
gorgeous girl appears from nowhere
paddling in the sea.

EXT. TERRACE - DREAM - DAY

Ronnie meets the girl in his daydream, paddling up from the
ocean. The scene is washed out with light and color.

Long silver blond hair, suntanned
body wearing this long flowing see
through white gown looking damn
sexy. I just had to meet her. And
its like she was reading my mind
because suddenly she turned round
staring at me smiling beckoning me
to come and join her in the sea. I
drop what I'm doing and run down to
meet her but every time, just as I
get to the waters edge, she
disappears into thin air like she
never existed.....

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RONNIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER - MOVING

Ronnie still has his eyes closed.

CAMERA pulls away from his face. We see Jamie looking at Ronnie.

I always wonder why she never
allowed me to meet her but then
again why would she want to meet a
bloke who did what I do for a
living?

(laughs)

Jamie hands back the note and cassette case as he climbs out of the car clunking the door shut darting across the busy promenade in between the bumper to bumper traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE

Ronnie and Jamie lounge. There is coke residue on the glass table.

We meet Ronnie in mid-declaration. He is a bit coked out.

RONNIE

And then one night in a club I
owned in Stratford she's there
right before my eyes where I fell
in love with her at first sight.
For the first time in my life I
fell in love with a girl who loved
me for me and for who I am even
though she was taken from me in the
same place we met. I knew the whole
time that I'll never fall in love
with another girl the way I did my
Suzy and despite how it all ended.
I would do it all over again just
for the chance to be with her again
if only for one night.

Jamie Boy is wired and confused.

JAIME

Right then cheers for that boss.
Lovely story.

RONNIE

Nothing like a big fat line of coke
to get me in the mood.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Sit tight and I'll be back before
you know it once I've sorted this
shite out.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S HAMBURGER SHOP - THE HAMBURGER HILL - DAY

Ronnie goes into shop where there is a large line. Terry, 21,
trendy, a student worker, is desperately trying to serve
everybody.

TERRY

Jamie mate. Talk about good to see
you. Please mate I need some help
here and fast.

JAMIE

Aye no sweat Terry but where the
fucks Brian today?

Terry replies pointing to the back room with his hand.

TERRY

Where do you think. Having another
one of his fucking lunchtime
breaks. I tell you Im getting to
the point where Im going to jack if
you don't sort him out.

JAMIE BOY

Consider it done! You just stay
there and hold the fort while I
sort Brian out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HAMBURGER GRILL - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie Boy bursts in to the back room surprising Brian, 22,
dark-haired, thin. Brian smokes a big fat joint and a half
full bottle of Thunderbird wine in one hand wanking to a
porno mag.

JAMIE

(sinister grin)

Brian what the fuck are you doing?
Have you no fucking shame or what?

"Better Use Your Head" by Little Anthony and The Imperials plays.

Jamie grabs Brian by the collar head-butting him. Snatches the quarter-full bottle of booze from the ground which he rams down his throat as far as it would go. Pushing him back on the floor, Jamie holds him still with one foot on his chest. Brian struggles to wrestle free, spitting booze everywhere. Jamie makes sure the bottle is empty.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Aye! That's right, you lazy cunt!
Every fucking drop, now!

He pushes the bottle further down his throat before removing it. Picks up him and marches him through the shop with his trousers around his ankles and kicks him out into main street. A family eating candy flosses look on shocked.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Consider yourself fucking sacked,
you lazy fuck pig!

He goes back into the shop behind the counter. Pulls a "Hamburger Grill" hat over his head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

All right, ladies and gentlemen!
Apologies for the delay in getting
served, but normal business is now
resumed. So who wants what?

CUT TO:

JULIAN AND GERRY MONTAGE:

King Ska Fa by Bad Manners plays.

Boys go into record shop. Flick through the two tone section. Spot life size Walt Jabsco near window. They steal the cardboard cut out and run down the street. The shopkeeper runs after them.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Julian has his exams results day, he opens the envelope with the report card and he is happy as he gets A's in maths, physics, technical drawing and Bs in art, English language and geography.

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE

His dad gives him a big hug, even though his exam results are poor.

RADIO ANNOUNCER gives a report on Lynval Golding of band "The Specials" beaten up in a racist attack. Stan reads the paper and shakes head.

STAN

It's only gonna get worse before it gets better boy.

GERRY

Why would anybody beat up Lynval. He has never done anything to anybody

STAN

Racism, Julian.

Gerry gets his coat and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Gerry meets Julian sitting on a wall.

GERRY

Dad says it could be another race riot...like Southhall all over again.

The boys walk the estate aimlessly. Julian and Gerry hear some great reggae music coming from the community centre.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I know where thats coming from.
Come on.

As they approached the estates community centre. The bass amplifiers full capacity and the vocals alongside were distinctly West Indian, chanting and chatting along to the rhythm in a patois. The vocalist throwing in the odd call along the way to which you could hear the response of the crowd echo in a chorus of approval.

CROWD

Murdahhh!

GERRY

Murder? Oh My god is this the black and white war Joe was talking about? It's starting here on our estate?

JULIAN

Ain't no one getting murdered in there! Not in the way you think. Trust me!

The well-lit, entrance is engulfed by a throng of black men and women with a couple white people They were a noisy but exotic display of dreadlocks, afros, and massive colorful crochet hats and leather tams. Gabicci knitwear and Farah slacks. They seemed to be having a good time and, had the landscape not been typically British, they could have been somewhere in the Caribbean.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Whats all this about?

GERRY

C'mon I'll show you but keep quiet!

JULIAN

You going in there? You are joking aren't you?

Gerry makes his way through the bushes that run alongside the centre. He pushes his way underneath a window, the elevation too high for even him to see through.

GERRY

Get up on my shoulders, then you can see what they get up to in there.

Gerry bent over at the waist Julian clammers up on to his shoulders.

JULIAN

Blimey, its like a pea souper in there.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE COMMUNITY CENTER

Indistinct northern soul is competing with the volume of voices.

There are groups of people inside bobbing and swaying in time to the rhythm being pumped out of huge wooden speaker boxes the size of domestic fridge freezers.

Everyone is passing large joints. Some were sipping from cans of Red Stripe lager or from hand sized bottles of clear spirits.

Two DJ's are swiftly lifting the previous vinyl off the spinning decks before replacing them quickly with another platter.

The boys are looking into a window next to Father Augustus.

GERRY

Its a reggae sound system.

FATHER AUGUSTUS, 31, a wiry looking man dressed in double breasted pin-stripe suit with a tall, black woolly hat with red and green stripes, stands behind the boys, nearly looking Gerry in the eyes.

FATHER AUGUSTUS

What a gwan, youngbloods?

Boys panic and fall backwards into the bushes. Still in bushes look up. His black face hard to see against the darkness his face lit only by the glowing tip of a burning spliff.

FATHER AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Well den? Have fe come fe stir up trouble or come fe join the blues? Have I and I youth come to hurl stone through window pane or have fe come to lick the chalice with I bredren, heh, heh heh?

GERRY

Father Augustus is that you?

FATHER AUGUSTUS

(giggling)

It is I, Father Augustus. The very same man that da Windrush bought to these shores before you boys were born. Some more Patwa talk bout smoking weed to be advised.

He giggles again, safe in the knowledge that neither would have a clue that he was alluding to the smoking of cannabis.

FATHER AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Heh, heh, heh, the inquisitiveness of youth!

Father Augustus smiles, his teeth were discoloured but bright against his dark brown complexion.

FATHER AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

How many years ave I yout graced dis ere earth?

GERRY

ER.... Eighteen.

FATHER AUGUSTUS

Heh, heh, heh. Yuh best mek yuh way back home afore yuh parents wonder where yuh be.....

Father Augustus turns to head back to the dance and then turns.

FATHER AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Jah protect I and I yout. aaanndd here ya go. You'll need these.

Father Augustus tosses Gerry a box of matches.

GERRY

Err, I don't smoke...

Both boys get out of bushes.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I need a slash now. Keep watch.

Julian watches around while Gerry pisses...

GERRY (CONT'D)

Blimey! Look at this!

JULIAN

Gerry I really don't need to see
you piss mate.

GERRY

Seriously Jules! Look at what I
just found!

Julian turns to see Gerry waving a ready rolled massive
reefer. Gerry waves it under Julian's nose.

GERRY (CONT'D)

It was under that bush there. Lucky
I didn't pee on it!

JULIAN

What the hell are you going to do
with that?

GERRY

I'm not sure. Ive never smoked
spliff before. Heard it can make
yuh mad! Ive had a cigar once at a
family party and that was well
strong, I nearly chucked me guts up

JULIAN

Get rid of it then. Or maybe give
it to Father Augustus Gerry. Seems
a shame to waste it though don't
it? Ill just have a tug and see
what it tastes like.

GERRY

I think he gave it to us...

Gerry sits on wall. Pulls out the box of matches. Gerry puts
the thin joint to his lips fires up joint and inhales. Gerry
gives a small cough before looking at Julian.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Its quite smooth really, not as bad
as smoking a bloody cigar. Try some
if you want

Gerry offers him the spliff.

JULIAN

Yeah, feels alright, don't know
what all the fuss is about, do you?

He hands it back for Gerry to have another puff. Gerry passes
the joint back to Julian til their lips and fingertips could
not bear the heat of the roached end any longer.

They lean against the wall. The thud of the music comes through. They are super dazed and faded.

Asleep...

GERRY

Come on, mate. Wake up! Blimey, you were out for the count, mate.

Gerry has his hand in Julian's chest.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I didn't think I'd be able to wake you! We both bloody fell asleep, didn't we.

Julian struggles to speak dark and husky and very stoned.

JULIAN

Whats the time?

GERRY

I'm not sure but the partys' finished, they're packing up, so it must be well gone midnight.

Julian jumps up suddenly.

JULIAN

Fuck. I'm OK? Now I gotta get home Gerry.

Julian attempts to get up, falls back into the bush.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Harry works in a youth training program. He digs roads around New Town. He gets his pay packet, buys cider and slicks his hair back. Julian arrives home stoned with dirt over his clothes.

JULIAN'S MOM

Your grounded Julian!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE - SOUTHEND - DAY

Julian and Gerry explore the seaside.

JULIAN
Wheres the bleeding Sea gone?

GERRY
Don't worry. It'll be back later.
It always comes back. You fancy a
cockle?

JULIAN
A what?

GERRY
A cockle. You gotta have seafood
when you at seaside.

Boys stand looking at a seafood stall. Gerry orders.

GERRY (CONT'D)
2 pots? of Cockles please

JULIAN
I'm not being funny but I'm not
eating that. It looks like a
seashell with a bit of sick in it.

GERRY
Ignore him. He thinks he is all
posh cos he is. Come on this is how
you eat em. Are you ready?

JULIAN
I'm really not sure If I can. Are
they still alive?

GERRY
Of course not you plonker.

Gerry takes a good pinch full of the cockles, tipping his head back before dropping them into his open mouth. He chews the mouthful vigorously before swallowing theatrically.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Aah! Lovely grub! Come on they'll
make a man of yuh!

Julian takes one, feeling the small, thin-skinned form between his finger and thumb. He placed it onto his reluctantly waiting tongue.

Chomping down on the alien he felt its gritty innards crunch and spill out amongst the vinegar marinade swilling around his mouth. He spits the mess out on to the beach in disgust.

Boys walk around and arrive at the Dolce Vita cafe.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLCE VITA CAFE - DAY

Gerry and Julian walk up to the counter.

GERRY

I think I hear the original of
"Sock It To Em" by JB playing. Not
sure if its The Specials version.

JULIAN

2 Tizers, please

GLADYS

Don't sell Tizer. Got best coffee
in Southend or a cup of tea.

GERRY

Two cups of tea then, please.

Gladys serves them tea.

Epic is flicking through records and the record player in the corner.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Excuse me was that the Specials on
a minute ago. It sounded like them
but different.

EPIC

No, son. It was the original Rex
Garvin. Far better version. 1967 of
'68 stax records. Yours for £1.50.

Epic goes back to his pile and pulls out and puts on La
Charanga 76 - "No Nos Pararan" on record player.

EPIC (CONT'D)

What you boys think of this? Hey,
Gladys, you loving this stuff,
mate?

Epic starts dancing along to the track.

GLADYS

Oh whats this?

EPIC

Modern Crossover Soul its gonna be
massive on Northern scene

GLADYS

I like it. Sounds bit like that
Barry Manilow singing Copa Copa
Cabana.

Ronnie walks in looking pissed off. Not happy.

RONNIE

What the fuck is this shit?

EPIC

Its modern soul Ronnie. Its massive
at the Mecca and its gonna take ove
the Northern scene soon you mark my
words.

RONNIE

I don't give a fuck what those
Muslims play in their holy temple
place get this shit off my record
player. Let me ask you a question.
Are we gay?

EPIC

Er no.

RONNIE

Is this a disco?

EPIC

Er no.

RONNIE

Are we playing gay disco in my
establishment? Get this shit off
you lazy div, and get working on
the next catalogue. But before you
do, get the boxes out of my car oh
and this evening go see Syd. He has
a new mail order catalogue ready to
go to the printers.

Ronnie turns and sees Julian and Gerry

RONNIE (CONT'D)
What the Fuck are you looking at!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE

A small train runs up and down the sea front. Two girls are sprawled out on the train wearing seaside "Kiss Me Quick" hats.

They jump in the carriage behind the girls. The girls get off and walk off along the seafront, wearing drain-pipe jeans, plastic patent sling-back shoes.

Julian and Gerry follow at a respectful distance, but the girls were already wise to the presence of the boys, giggling and nudging each other playfully as they enter the fairground entrance.

GERRY
Where've the birds gone? I think
they liked us.

Despite following them closely the girls manage to shake Julian and Gerry off their tails leaving them standing beside the toddlers tea cup ride with bemused expressions.

JULIAN
Maybe they're not interested?

CLARE
Why don't you just ask us?

Gerry and Julian turned to face the girls they had spent stalking. Both boys become very nervous shy and full of butterflies. Clare is wearing a Police T-shirt. Carol is wearing a Bad Manners T Shirt.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I'm Clare and this is Carol. She's
a bit shy. Shell be fine when she
gets to know you.

GERRY
Hello. Er we're from up London.

CLARE
Oh really You and every other bloke
round here today! We live here.
Just down the road really. What
d'ya wanna do then?

JULIAN
Don't mind. C'mon Clare.

Clare takes Julian's hand and stops eating the cotton candy floss and pulls Julian to her and gives him a big french kiss. Gerry and Carol start snogging too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE - EVENING

The couples walk back to hand in hand with each other. Carol smokes a cigarette full of confidence. The four swap addresses and give long embraces.

GERRY
Well?

JULIAN
Well what?

GERRY
Did you shag Clare?

JULIAN
Did you shag Carol?

Gerry gives him a friendly shove

GERRY
Blimey, youv'e got a smasher of a love bite on yuh neck, mate! Wait til your moms that beauty! Fuck.

JULIAN
I forgot worried bout that.

Pulls up his shirt collar hoping nobody will notice

GERRY
Ive heard putting toothpaste on it works. Or Get some polo neck Pajamas perhaps?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN - DAY

Harry working on the roads.

SUPERVISOR

Knock off early. We can finish off here. Go have some of that Psycho-barnie fun you been looking forward to all week!

Harry hugs him and dashes.

INT HARRY'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Harry is dressing up psycho, getting ready for the weekend away at Feltham football club, flyer in his hand.

HARRY

Mum, I'm away for the weekend. I'm staying with Baz and Vince til Sunday. Can you iron a shirt for me.

HARRY'S MOM

You can't go away this weekend. Your cousin Clare is up for the weekend with Auntie Jean.

HARRY

Mum, please me and the boys have planned this for ages and I never go away. Please just iron me a shirt and get me some clean pants.

HARRY'S MOM

Your mates are a bad influence as for those girls I see you around town with. They look like proper slappers with their police T shirts and kiss me quick hats. Hang out with your cousin Clare and her mates. In Southend the other week I met Clare and her friends and they were proper ladies. Those girls you hang around with could learn a lot from them I'll tell yah.

Door bell rings. Harry opens it and there stands Clare with same Police T shirt.

CLARE

Hi Cousin Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB

Gang are all in pub drinking.

HARRY

Where we kipping tonight? Ive told me mom I'm staying at yours

BAZ

We are gonna stay at Shane and Kev's flat. Then up early, off to Feltham for the Meteors. Mate its gonna be fucking
AMAAAAAAAAAAAZING...

CUT TO:

INT. KENNYS'GRUBBY FLAT - EVENING

Van drives through the worst part of New Town Harry and the whole gang settle down in darkness on the floor in sleeping bags and some on the rickety sofa. Liz Castle, 21, known as the New Town good time girl gives Kenny and Shane each a blow job and Baz a hand job.

HARRY

Mate I'm not being funny but this place makes my part of town look like Hollywood.

Shona looks out of the window.

SHONA

Fucking hell, their idea of garden furniture is a burnt out Sofa!

HARRY

Baz Im not being funny is that you sucking my cock!

BAZ

Hah no. It might be Vince though

Everyone in the The room shouts shhhhhhhhhhh! Shut up!

VINCE

Just shut up and enjoy it!!!

CUT TO:

EXT VAN - FELTHAM.

Harry, Baz and Shona are Looking dishelveled but excited as they see lots of psychobillys heading to the gig. Kenny is first out of van.

KENNY

Boys this is it!
We are in Psychobilly fucking
heaven!!!

GANG

Cheer!!!

Meteors playing to the large young crowd. After gig the gang get split up. They are supposed to be kipping in van but its parked mile up road.

HARRY

What we doing now we can't go home
I'm fucking buzzing.

KNOCKER

Stick with me there is a party back
in Hounslow and Pyschobillys cider
and sex!

HARRY

Come on lets fucking wreck!!!!

They enter the Party at another grubby flat. Cider and loud music is flowing. Harry sits on sofa, he knows nobody and sits with his cans of cider looking lost. He goes for a piss and sees Knocker shagging a psychobilly girl from behind in the bathroom.

KNOCKER

(still shagging from behind)
Leave it out young'un Im busy!

HARRY

Oooops! Don't let me interrupt you.
Move over Travolta, Knocker is in
town. You carry on mate.

Next morning Harry returns home to New Town, jaded but happy goes back to his room and puts on a psychobilly album as he lights up a fag and smiles to himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Knocker you are a fucking legend
mate!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANS FLAT - DAY

Radio plays. This week we find out just who shot JR EWING
Terry Wogan is still our favorite suspect.

JULIAN'S MOM

So proud you are the first person
in our family to graduate from 6th
form and go to colledge.

Plants kiss on his head.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

You'll be needing some new clothes.
Can't be dressing like this
anymore. The young adults at your
new school will laugh at you.

JULIAN

Mum. We are not young adults. Me
and Gerry am still teenagers. Same
as we were last month before we got
our results.

JULIAN'S MOM

Well I s'pose you'll be seeing less
of Gerry these days. Now that you
are going on to higher education
and he is on the dole. You'll be
making new, smarter friends you
mark my words. Different class at
6th form to that terrible
comprehensive you've been
attending.

JOE

Er excuse me I went to that school
not so long ago.

JULIAN'S MOM

Well that says it all really and
not that long ago? When you were
born, color TV hadn't been
invented!

Turns back to Julian

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

As I was saying. You'll need some
supplies for College.

(MORE)

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

We'll go up the high street at the weekend and Ill treat you to one of those black suitcase things to put your drawings in. Oh and while we are there I can get you some sensible shoes and an anorak. You wanna look smart for your new classmates. Might even by some nice young ladies for you to meet?

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Julian on train on first day of college. He has the black portfoilo case but is still dressed rude boy with loafers, light blue Fred Perry shirt and sta-press trousers.

A pretty girl sits next to him wearing a Who shot JR t-shirt. Opposite him sits a New Romantic, JEFF, 19, who is wearing lip gloss and glitter, a sky-blue cavalry shirt, double rows of covered buttons, tight white drainpipe jeans and pointy-toed chelsea boots.

Julian stares.

Jeff turns his head to the side pouting his lips. Julian quickly looks away to his doodling notebook.

JEFF

You okay, mate? You looked a bit lost. Don't worry I don't wanna shag you! You ain't my type!

Julian face goes bright red.

JEFF (CONT'D)

The names Jeff by the way. One hundred per cent team metro, not that it matters. This get-up is a girl magnet, believe me.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You off to Stanhope College? If so I've been given the dubious honor of being your buddy for the day and, unluckily for you, your'e the first likely candidate I've spotted who looked like they could do with a few pointers on how to survive their first day at Stanhope.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So what tutor should you be headed?
History I reckon judging by those
ancient clothes you be wearing.

Jeff Winks and makes clicking noise with his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Gerry on a building site. Presses the stop button on a cement mixer. He wheels the barrow into position beneath the mixers. He picks at the calloused palm of his hand absentmindedly. His Beat t-shirt is soaked. He hears an angry bark rebounded on the naked concrete block walls. JACKO, 41, weathered face and hands, muscular with a round beer belly dressed in a navy one piece work outfit.

JACKO

Are you fuckin stupid or what?

Gerry slams the brakes on to avoid colliding with the two men as they appeared. A spade full of cement slapped out and onto the floor by their booted feet. Both men are too embroiled in the argument to notice the mess. DES, 24, light black skin with freckles, muscular, addidas training suit with sleeves rolled up.

DES

Don't shout at me. Im not one of
the bloody kids!

JACKO

Don't you tell me what I can and
can't do. Im the boss round ere in
case you've forgotten! When I tell
you to do something its for a
bloody good reason! And I expect
you to do it without argument!

DES

Disrespectful. You're the one that
needs training, Not me, training in
how to speak to people with respect
and no dissing!

Jacko leans into Des putting his face right into his face.

JACKO

You know, the best thing you can
do, Des ,is fuck off.

(MORE)

JACKO (CONT'D)

Fuck off back to the dole queue
with all your other fuckin wasters.
Go on. Get lost. Get off my fuckin
site!

Des smiles a tight-lipped smile, shakes his head in defeat.

DES

You'll get yours, Jacko. Believe
me. Your day will come.

JACKO

Don't you worry, son, Ill keep
checkin up to see if the sky is
gonna fall in!

Des turns away, his head shaking softly as he shuffles past a
shell-shocked Gerry. Des claps him on the shoulder.

DES

Nice knowing yuh, Gerry. Watch him
mate.

JACKO

What are you lookin at? Do you
wanna join im?

Gerry shakes his head and grips the barrow handles hard.
Jacko rolls a fag.

JACKO (CONT'D)

(he spits)

Wasting my time. Fuckin labor
exchange, sending me mouthy wogs
all the time.

Gerry winces at the statement

JACKO (CONT'D)

Youth opportunities, my arse! Kids
and coons waste of fucking time.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB EVENING

Psychobilly gang meet up in the Fox and Hound pub. Knocker,
Stan, Vince, Baz, Harry and Stan's big brother, Tuinal Rob,
18, a proper bonehead with oxblood Doc Martins and bleached
jeans, is being obnoxious. Harry enteres and notices half a
dozen of out of town football casuals sitting around a table
near the door.

KNOCKER

Evening Powell, Watch out lads, the peeping Tom is back.

HARRY

Evening super Stud. Evening gents.

The rest of gang ignore him as they stare across the bar at the casuals.

TUINAL ROB

Look at those Cunts Harry.

VINCE

Posing football bastards

HARRY

How long have they been here?

TUNINAL ROB

Skinheads came in bout 10 minutes after us. Leary Pricks!

Knocker getting bottles and glasses together as an armoury.

KNOCKER

They ain't New Town Boys.

TUINAL ROB

Shaz behind the bar reckons they are from Slough. Here for a cup tie tomorrow.

HARRY

So this is the entertainment for the night is it?

BAZ

I was hoping for a few beers and a debrief of our night out in town the other week. Knocker. Fuck em. If they wanna make a move were more than ready.

Knocker drinks his pint in one gulp.

KNOCKER

Anyway talking of debriefs. That bird I shagged at the party. What a fucking slapper she was. Could not get enough of me and my cock..

Rest of gang groan with boredom. Harry goes to toilet. Two Casuals come in the toilet door. Vince behind them. Casual 1 pushes Harry's face against the wall.

Vince hits Casual 2 from behind Harry turns and smashes Casual 1. Fight ensues.

Harry is winning kicking Casual 1 hard, Vince and Casual 2 are wrestling in corner. Harry is grabbed and dragged out of the cubicle where 6 more casuals come in. Four on Harry, two on Vince. Harry manages to squirm away open the door and shout out to Knocker before getting dragged back in.

Cue Psychobilly track that is good to fight too.

Knocker, screaming as he enters the toilets with the others, takes two Casuals to the floor.

Casual 1 starts to wake up in the cubicle. Harry pulls his head down to his knee. Casual 1 pulls out Stanley knife. He lunges and gets Harry in the leg. Bernie the skinhead throws Casual 4 across the room and hits Casual 1 to the ground.

Harry puts his boot in his face. He collapses with his hand on the toilet seat. Harry grabs the lid and smashes it down onto his fingers then stomps Casual 1 many times.

Four bouncers swarm with bats and pool cues. The Psychobillys stand towards the back of the toilets and let the bouncers deal with the Casuals

BOUNCER ANDY

Come on you lot, out with you as well.

KNOCKER

That'll teach these fuckers to mess with New Town lads eh? Thanks mate.

Psychobillys smile and leave but as they pass the bouncers they all get a whack with a pool cue from Bouncer Eric, 30, clean shaven, large physique.

BOUNCER ERIC

Don't ever fucking fuck off in my pub again, you fucking freaks.

Tuinal Rob turns to fight but Stan drags him back. Gang go outside into dark street

BAZ

You'd better get that checked Harry
you could get Herpes.

HARRY

You cant get Herpes from a fucking
Stanley Knife.

VINCE

Yeah. More likely to get it off a
bog seat in the pub from Spizz!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN ENGLAND. CAR PARKED. DARK STREET

Two black Brummie guys sit, one is playing with a tape
player. G-Man, 26 is smoking a big spliff listening to some
deep soul on tape. Roy, 27, turns the Radio on.

RADIO

Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire
Ripper, has been collared and sent
down for life...

Roy turns back on the tape player.

G-MAN

How much supplies we got left, Roy
man?

ROY

Not a lot. A few bombers, some
green and clears and a dozen
seconal.

G-MAN

What time is it Roy?

ROY

Uh 6pm. Time to Call Sonny? Or we
gonna be cutting it bit fine.

G-MAN

OK. My turn, your turn?

ROY

I'll make the call you break into
the pharmacy. Deal?

G-MAN

I'm sure I broke into the chemist
last week

ROY

Come on you know the breaking in
bit is your fave part of the
evening man.

G-MAN

OK? You ring Sonny. He fucking
annoys me. Its always about him and
it has to be done his way. Im
telling you Im getting pretty
pissed off being at Sonny's beck
and call all the time.

ROY

Oh I don't know man. Sure working
for Sonny has its ups and downs
like every job. We ain't doing too
bad man compared to other people.
Were signing on, driving this
beauty and we get a nice chunk of
cash from Sonny every two weeks and
we don't have to get up at the
crack of dawn every morning and
graft our bollocks off! Sometimes
mate and don't think I'm having a
go at you when I say this but
you've got to stop getting on a
downer and realize that were on to
a good thing working for Sonny.

G-MAN

I hear what you're saying Roy but I
don't look at working for Sonny
being anywhere close to being on a
good thing when were the ones who
have to go out there taking all the
risks screwing chemists over to get
the gear to sell for Sonny.

ROY

We're Keeping one step ahead of the
pigs while true, all he does is
stay at home getting his knob
sucked by a different bird every
night living the easy life. We get
to dance all night and shag girls
way out of our league.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

If we weren't doing this job you would never get to go with a girl as hot as Nicki.

G-MAN

Sore point Roy. Me and Nicki are not an item. She caught me getting a blow job from Little Miss Preston a few weeks ago in the Casino car park.

ROY

No way man. You got a blow job off a girl called Preston.

G-MAN

Nooooo. She was from Preston.

ROY

Oh man that's basic stuff. Where the fuck did all this happen.

G-MAN

You really wanna know?!?!? She was sitting here as I am was sitting there.

ROY

Man you are the lowest. Lower than a Barry White vocal.

Roy goes to a phone box and makes a call, G-Man sits in car singing along to some soul track.

ROY (CONT'D)

Right Stafford it is. Inkerman Street. He says the chemist back door is open. Its not wired up. Oh and he sends his love. He was asking after Epic. Says that young jumped up Soul Boy yampy been in touch and wants to start doing a bit of dealing down seaside ways. Wants us to broker the deal.

G-MAN

Epic? Total fucking knob head. Why is Sonny even talking to somebody like him?!?

Car drives off with Detroit Emeralds "Feel the need in me" playing on car stereo. They pull up in the car and see the chemist, drive round the block 3 times looking for a get-away then car pulls up opposite chemist shop.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

Roy! Do me a fucking favor and turn that shit off will you?

G-Man snaps at Roy passing him the joint rummaging for the crowbar under his seat.

ROY

But I thought you were into a bit of Philly Soul man?

G-MAN

Roy. In all the years you've known me when have I ever seriously been into Philly. Okay Ive listened to it now and again but thats a fucking lot different than being into..

(He sings)

"Backstabbers" by the Ojays. That chorus says it all man. That smile in your face and all the time they want to take your place. The Backstabbers. Yeah thats a cool Philly sound.

ROY

Yeah that is a great sound no doubt about it man but for me, "Me and Mrs Jones" by Billy Paul is my choice and by far the greatest love song ever written. I must have heard it thousands of times and it still kills me every time I hear it.

(He sings)

Me and Mrs. Mrs Jones Mrs Jones Mrs Jones Mrs Jones Mrs Jones Mrs Jones. We've got a thing going on.

G-MAN

Well I don't want to spoil your show man but if you've heard it thousands of times. Then you ain't really been listening because you'd know that Billy Paul only sings Mrs Jones four times in the chorus and not five as you just sang man.

G-Man gets out of the car with crow bar and is about to head to chemist to break in.

ROY

Fuck you man. Theres five, I'm
telling you. He sings it five times
and I'll lay a score down to prove
you wrong man.

G-man puts on a pair of black leather gloves.

G-MAN

Okay man its your cash. A score it
is. You sit tight and Ill be back
before you know it.

G-Man jumps out of the car, pulling a thick piece of
Axminster carpet from the boot, shutting it quietly walking
over to the chemist disappearing into the back alley leaving
Roy biting his nails for several minutes the way he always
did whenever G-Man took care of the business as well as
rummaging through the pile of cassettes in the glove box in a
bid to prove G-Man wrong about Me and Mrs Jones. A few
minutes later G-man appears from the front door of the
chemist. Crowbar in one hand with carpet on arm and box of
drugs under other arm. G-man does a spin and northern soul
strut as he walks to the car. Opens door and sits in
passenger seat.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

By the way Roy. Did you manage to
check out Me and Mrs Jones while I
was busy screwing the chemist?

Roy just looks ahead as he drives with a smile on his face.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

No sweat brother you can pay me
when we get to the service station.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUNSLOW HIGH STREET

Jacko is driving along the high street in his van and spots
Des leaving the job centre. He stops the van suddenly, and
Jumps out. Jacko grabs Des by the shoulder causing Des to
whirl around on the spot. Reacting instinctively, Des steps
quickly backwards. He looks confused but tense, tightly-
sprung and ready, streetwise and alert. His posture is
defensive and ready to attack.

Mumbled shouting. Gerry hears mumbled shouting and gets out
of the van and walks over. Des is gesturing towards the job
centre.

DES

You're mad Jacko. I ain't been
nowhere near your site since you
told me to get my arse back here.

Crowd starts to gather as Jacko points to Des.

JACKO

I know it was you, you lying
fucker! You warned me, said Id get
mine.

DES

So thats all the proof you need is
it? Cos I'm black it makes me
guilty does it.

Jacko pushes him.

DES (CONT'D)

Easy now Jacko. Cool yourself down
man

JACKO

You're all the same your lot! Bite
the fuckin hand that feeds you!
Hundreds of pounds your little
prank cost me the other night.
Think its funny to break in put
sugar in my generators and nick my
window frames do yah?

DES

I ain't listening to your crap any
more, Jacko. You're so bitter and
twisted, its unreal. So back off
and let me go about my business,
man!

JACKO

You'll stay right here and fuckin
listen, you black bastard! I don't
work my balls off, so some jumped-
up wog can come and try and ruin it
all for me!

Crowd is closing in on the two men shouting. Des is laughing
at Jacko.

DES

You are such a fool, man. You're a
caveman. Catching me up and cussing
me like this. You've got no proof.

(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

Man, I could write you a list of people you've pissed off. You come ere, grab me up, abuse me and on what? A hunch? This is my manor, my yard. This is my stomping ground. I live here!

Jacko's face goes red. He is starting to loose it then he lunges at Des. Des ducks and lands a punch on Jacko's nose. Jacko Charges and grapples with Des. The locals defend Des and attack Jacko. Gerry walks outside and sees Jacko lying on floor out cold. Des walks back into the job.

DES (CONT'D)

You'd better call an ambulance as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - CANAL ESTATE

Boys walking through the Canal Estate.

GERRY

And that was it. The Police turned up and then an ambulance and I had to walk home from bloody Leyton.

JULIAN

Well. If you live by the sword, you die by it.

GERRY

Where did you pick that little gem up from? Some smart new mate at college?

JULIAN

Nah. Joe is always saying it. What I mean is, you can only go around upsetting people for so long, it all catches up with you in the end.

GERRY

Thats probably true I suppose. Some people just seem to get away with murder though.

JULIAN

What goes around comes around.

GERRY

Alright, alright. Enough of your step dads' words of wisdom. How's it going at college?

JULIAN

It's alright. There's a good crowd there and everyone seems friendly enough. At least I don't have to worry about psychos loitering in the corridors anymore waiting to bash me up.

GERRY

And that was just the teachers! You'll just have to watch out for all them, new romantics now instead! Pretty boy like you, should be very popular!

JULIAN

Are you going back to work there?

GERRY

I don't see how I can, do you? It wouldn't be the same.

JULIAN

I suppose not. What are you going to do now then?

GERRY

Go back to the job exchange and apply for another training post I suppose.

As they turn the corner Julian stops in his tracks.

JULIAN

Oh no for fuck sake.

Sees Itchy, 17, a local greasy haired rocker who went to their school.

ITCHY

Alright girls! What's matter, cat got yuh bleeding tongues.

GERRY

How's it going, Itchy? Not seen you since we left school.

ITCHY

I'm fine thank you for asking
Gerry. Whats all this 2 Tone
rubbish?

Itchy dismissively flicks the badge pinned to Julians' jacket
lapel.

JULIAN

The Specials, The Selecter an all
that. Proper music mate. Me and
Gerry going to see The Beat in
concert next month.

ITCHY

Nah Nah Nah. Its crap. All that
black n white unite shite?

He continues, sneering and twisting his features to emphasize
his points.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

Look, it don't take no Einstein to
work out that they don't need us an
we don't need them. Far as I'm con-
cerned send the lot of 'em back
where they come from, bleedin
muggers and scroungers getting off
wiv our women and creating a race
of arf breeds....

He pounds his chest.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

England for the English thats what
I say!

Two Boneheads stand by his side and nod in silent
appreciation.

GERRY

Aren't they over ere cos we were
over there? The inherited benefits
of the late British empire an all
that. What about the black kids an
Asians that were born ere?

JULIAN

You being funny or what?

GERRY

They're British though, aren't
they? They were born ere after all.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

Probably got British passports and stuff..

ITCHY

Yeah, well, they shouldn't have.

Itchy pulls out Bulldog magazine.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

It's our last hope before we end up drowning in our own blood, the victims of a savage uprising from within our community. It's about time we got our England back from the Pakis and coons so our old people can walk around wiv out being mugged an stuff. Go on take it, I can get another one, the perks of being a fully-fledged member now, ain't it bruvvers.

Gerry takes the mag. Flicks through the pages pretending to be interested. Julian and Gerry walk through the boneheads. When they get 20 yards or so away Gerry turns holding the booklet aloft waving it at Itchy and his mates.

GERRY

Thanks for the fascist wank mag, Itchy, I've run out of bog paper at home and I need something to wipe my arse on, you Nazi prick!

The boys run away with the three NF bone-heads lads in tow. Julian runs faster than Gerry. The 3 skins push Gerry into a corner and beat him. Julian stands and watches not sure what to do. He catches the awful glimpse of Gerry's bloodied face between the pumping, clawing arms of the three bone-heads.

JULIAN

Run, you bloody idiot! Run.

Julian, who has never had a real fight before, hits Itchy on the back of the head. Then kicks him in the arse. Itchy is stunned but turns to put his face right in Julian's. Trying a head-butt, it goes wrong, and Julian wrestles with him bringing his knee up twice to Itchy's face bringing him to the ground.

The two blokes are showing signs of intense fatigue as they continued their quest to bring Gerry down but with a hop, Gerry manages to throw his forearm around one of the bone-heads and strangle him like a wrestling move.

Gerry manages to squirm and directs a punch over his shoulder hitting Julian on the nose instead which bursts with blood everywhere. Gerry strangles him harder and the head drops to the floor. Gerry is still strangling him. Shopkeeper, Mr Jenkins, 58, thin with grey hair, has been watching from the safety of his store and steps out.

SHOPKEEPER

Let him go, young 'un before he carps it. I saw them attack you. You've done good. Let him go now, theres a good lad.

Gerry relaxes his grip and sees Julian bashing Itchy.

JULIAN

Leave it, Gerry. I think he's finished.

SHOP KEEPER

You boys get yourselves off to the hospital before the old bill arrive. I'll clear up this lot.

The butcher across the road at Pantry Shop, comes out of the store and gestures dismissively with a wave of his hand.

BUTCHER

(shouting)

Go on, get going now!

The boys dash off heading back to the canal.

JULIAN

(Turns to Gerry)

Mate you were amazing. You really bashed that bonehead almost dead.

GERRY

You did pretty good yourself mate. You been taking wrestling lessons from Big Daddy at that college of yours?

JULIAN

What we gonna tell the parents.

GERRY

The truth of course. We are the heroes and the victims in this story. As your Joe would say, Honesty is the best policy.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - SPRING 1981

JULIAN'S MOM
You're grounded.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - SPRING 1981

HARRY'S MOM
Your grounded

RADIO
Bob Marley is dying.

Harry is laying on his bed. He has radio on and is reading a porn mag. He hears front door open and then footsteps coming up stairs, and in burst Vince and Knocker. Throws a brown paper bag onto the bed next to Harry.

KNOCKER
Wakey, wakey, hands off snakey.

HARRY
Whats this all about?

Harry opens it and it contains one can of cider. Knocker, goes over to record collection and starts to flick through it.

VINCE
It's a get well soon present.
Thought it was better than
Lucozade.

Harry puts cider can on beside.

HARRY
Oi Knocker you be careful with
those albums I know you like to
treat vinyl like you treat women.

VINCE
How you been?

HARRY
How do you think Ive been. I was
battered senseless and stabbed!

KNOCKER

Well get well soon boo hoo cos
Frenzy are playing Friday and you
gotta be there.

HARRY

I can't go out yet, I look like
fucking Frankenstein.

Knocker completely ignoring Harry takes record out of sleeve
and puts it on turntable.

KNOCKER

Ohhhh lets have some of this then.

HARRY

Woah! Take it easy at Knocker with
that vinyl!

Knocker falls back onto the bed enjoying the track.

VINCE

You've got to come to the gig
Harry. It's Knockers going away
bash.

HARRY

Why? Where are you going? Rampton
Mental Home? Or clap clinic?

KNOCKER

No, I'm joining the Navy.

HARRY

What. What are you on about?

VINCE

It's true. I've seen the papers
everything.

HARRY

So when are you leaving?

Knocker as he drags the needle abruptly off the vinyl and
onto the next track.

KNOCKER

Two weeks

VINCE

Can you even swim?

KNOKER

Course I can swim. Anyway, there is fuck all happening round here and it's good money. And I can't carry on working for the council cutting grass for the rest of me life can I? Plus Ive shagged all the local birds, so time for pastures new for me and monty? Me python. The beast that lives within my trousers.

VINCE

Are you going to drink that?

HARRY

Not tonight.

VINCE

Giz, a sip then mate.

HARRY

I thought it was a get well gift for me.

KNOKER

Crack it open you tight bastard. Think of it more as a leaving present for me, and see you Friday night for some serious wrecking!!!

Knocker opens can of cider and chugs it.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Wrecking scenes as Knocker's leaving party at Psychobilly gig. Harry gets in van and then Kenny drives off making him fall over. "Ghost Town" by The Specials is playing with montage of Ronnie counting notes.

Epic is practicing dancing in the lock up area and Harry is digging holes in road, rolling a spliff and drinking cider Gerry is on building site, Julian is reading paper on the train. They are All reading papers about Brixton riots. Harry at home in kitchen finds note on table.

HARRY

What's this about?

DAD

Some bloke phoned. Vance I think it was. He said to give you this message.

Harry opens note.

HARRY

Reading Majestic, Coffin Nails. This Wednesday night. Pick you at 7. Did he say anything else?

DAD

Yes, he said "Thanks, Gran-dad" to me. Cheeky bastard.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. ROYAL WEDDING DAY. CHARLES AND DIANA.

Ronnie, Jamie and driver are in the car driving past street parties.

RONNIE

Makes yah proud don't it. God Save the Queen.

JAMIE

And her fascist regime. They made you a moron. Potential H-Bomb..

RONNIE

Jamie. Jamie. Please do not speak badly of her majesty. If it was not for her the country would be run by. Anarchists, Communists and worst of all Scotsman!!!

INT. HARRY HOME - DAY

Harry's mom is vacuuming.

HARRY'S MOM

(shouting)

Are you coming to the party later?

HARRY

Mum. What party are you talking about.

HARRY'S MOM

The street party for the royal wedding. Charles and Di.

HARRY

Mum. I actually can't think of anything worse. Maybe having Shake and Vac poured all over my body and then hoovered off but even that might be less offensive than a royal wedding street party!

She pours more shake and vac all over the carpet.

HARRY'S MOM

Well, I think thats a bit disrespectful to her majesty.

HARRY

Mum. I'm off to Reading for a gig so I've got no time for street parties, or princess bleeding Diana and that royal plonker she is marrying. I've always been more of a noddy man than big ears to be honest....

Harry leaves the room and Harry's Mom sprinkles shake and vac on carpet again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - CANAL ESTATE

JULIAN AND GERRY GO TO STREET PARTY ON THE ESTATE. Bunting and fancy dress kids. One man is dressed as a rubiks cube. Steel drums from the estates west indian community play out a calypso version of London is the place for me and Oh when the saints go Marching In.

Julian checks out Gerry's outfit of Specials transferred t-shirt and denim strides, a pair of opaque wrap-around shades covering his eyes. Boys meet Cherise and mate on one of the tables set up for food etc. Cherise, 18, pretty half Jamaican, half Irish dressed in Lonsdale purple and blue t shirt and jeans. Her mate Dee 18, pimple pock marked face, quiet, wears a mod style dress. The four of them wander around the street parties on the estate.

The sun sets Julian and Cherise have split from Gerry and lie on a bit of grass by the estate looking up into the sky.

Julian and Cherise kiss in the stairs of her block but she pushes him away.

CHERISE

Hey don't get too rude, rude
boy!!!!

JULIAN

Can I see you again?

She starts down the stairs.

CHERISE

Yeah, why not. rude bwoy. You know
where I live now, don't yuh!

CUT TO:

EXT. READING.

The van arrives and the gang go inside. The band is playing and Harry and the crew are wrecking at front of stage. Harry goes outside and lights up a roll up. 3 groups of people are hanging around smoking and talking. Harry sees a pretty Psychobilly girl sitting on wall and goes to chat her up.

KNOCKER

(to camera breaking the fourth
wall)
Move over, there's a new Casanova
in town Harry fucking Powell..

HARRY

Is anybody sitting here?

CLAUDIA

Does it look like it?

HARRY

So have you been to many gigs here
before?

CLAUDIA

What? Do you mean do I come here
often?

Stumbling and bumbling, Harry throws his cigarette dog-end on floor and Claudia gets up.

HARRY

Look, sorry. Fuck it. This chat-up
is shite.

CLAUDIA

Is that what you were trying to do?
Chat me up?

HARRY

Well, y'know. I thought it was
worth a bash.

CLAUDIA

Worth a bash? You cheeky bastard.

Claudia giggles and offers Harry a pre rolled cigarette.
Harry sits back down and pulls out his Zippo and tries to
light roll up. Claudia puts hands around Harry to light it
and hers.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

The pace too much for you then?

HARRY

You're not joking, It's a fucking
war zone in there. The locals don't
half like having a pop at the
visitors.

CLAUDIA

I wouldn't worry about it. When
there is no-one else here they beat
each other up just as much.

HARRY

Are you a local girl then?

CLAUDIA

Not far from here, just up at
Henley. What about you?

HARRY

New Town. Concrete Jungle eh?

Claudia

You all right crossing the road
love?

Harry

Just about. It's not all
underpasses you know. So are you
waiting out here for someone.

Pauses for a moment, blow a sharp puff of smoke through her pursed lips then turns and smiles wickedly.

CLAUDIA

Look, before you start going round the houses, I'm here with a few mates and I have'nt got a boyfriend.

HARRY

Fair enough.
(he breaths out loud)
My names Harry.

CLAUDIA

How nice to meet you. I'm Clau.

HARRY

Clow?

CLAUDIA

Yeh Clau.

HARRY

Oh right. I see.

Harry stands up and held out my arm with the exaggerated gesture of a Victorian dandy.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shall we return to the ball
Claudia?

They walk back into venue arm in arm. Claudia goes to the toilet. Vince, Baz and Stan come straight over to Harry at the bar.

VINCE

What were you up to outside with her?

HARRY

Just chatting and stuff

BAZ

Fuck off. What's been going on? Did you shag her up against the wall?

HARRY

Nothing happened. Just some chatting and a fag.

STAN

Your the fucking fag. You should
have been poking her. At least
she's a tidy bird.

Harry raises his voice and points his finger.

HARRY

You lot mind your own fucking
business. There will be poking when
I'm ready to poke!

Claudia appears from the bathrooms.

CLAUDIA

(smiles)

So who is poking who?

Harry flustered and looks angrily at his mates.

HARRY

These are Baz, Vince and Stan.
Three tramps I found living in a
New Town underpass. Guys this is
Clau.

Stan staring at her boobs only and sounding very sleazy.

STAN

Alright love.

CUT TO:

INT. WRECKING AND DRINKING AT CLUB.

Harry snogging Claudia up against the wall outside. Claudia
pushes Henry away.

CLAUDIA

Easy tiger, you'll get me done for
public indecency. My dad's a well
respected man round these parts!

CUT TO:

INT. SMOKE FILLED VAN.

VINCE

How did you get on with that bird
tonight?

HARRY

Trying to roll a joint.
Fine mate. All fine.

STAN

What he is trying to say is... Did
you, fuck her?

Shona punches Stan in the ribs.

SHONA

Shut your mouth you dirty bastard.
What is wrong with you?

Kissing Shona's head.

STAN

I was only asking my sweet darling.

VINCE

Well what did you get? Must have at
least got a wank?

BAZ

Yeh, come on lets hear it, Don't
hold back. I'm planning on a wank
later.

Harry just sits smiles and takes a drag on the joint looking
very happy. Shrugs shoulders and claps hands together.

VINCE

Oh, no. Thats it, he's in love
again.

HARRY

Fuck off! No Im not.

VINCE

Oh yes, its the same every time. If
you get a grip on some sort that
you are never going to see again we
get a stroke by stroke commentary.
If it's a bird you are serious
about you go all coy. Remember that
blonde bird you met at the Roxy?
You met her on the Saturday night
and we saw you holding hands in
Woolworths 2 days later!.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(singing)

That's the wonder of Woolworths.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
That's the wonder of good old
Woolies.

Stan joins in singing from the front of the van.

STAN
That the wonder of Woolworths.
Thats the wonder of Harrys' willy.

Everyone in the van bursts into
laughter.

END OF EPISODE TWO

CUT TO:

EPISODE THREE

INT. LA DOLCE VIDA - DAY

Epic rushes into the cafe.

GLADYS
Hello Epic. No need to Rush. Ronnie
has gone away for a few days on
business. He left a message for
you, and I quote. He said to tell
that lazy late F word to go and see
Syd this afternoon as there is a
new catalogue ready and he wants it
out in the post by Thursday.

Epic smiles and kisses Gladys on the head.

EPIC
Best news Ive had this year. Any
chance of a bacon sandwich?!?!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY

Walking along seafront gets to Syd's shop. Sign in window
reads records and relics - records antiques bric a brac and
militaria bought and sold. Tel. Syd Braithwaite. 0789-560-
0547. Opens door smiling.

SYD

Good to see you lad. I was just going through the last batch of singles for Ronnie's catalogue and Ive kept a few singles back for you.

EPIC

Good to see you Syd. And what is that lovely smell.

SYD

That'll be Elsies famous shepherds pie. If you want you can hang around til she gets back and share some with us. She always makes too much of it.

EPIC

You are toooooo kind to me Syd. I won't this time but I'll have a whiskey with you.

Epic pulls out bottle of Tullamore Dew Irish Whiskey from his coat. Syd locks the door and they go into back room. Syd gets 2 glasses and Epic pours 2 large ones. Syd has a bunch of 7 inches on the spindle of his dansette record player. "Just Say Goodbye" by Esther Philips is playing. Close up of each single as it falls from the spindle and plays while men talk.

SYD.

How is my old mate Mr Ronnie Hardman treating you son?

EPIC

The bastards on me as soon as he walks through the fucking door and for no reason. All he does is take the piss out of me. Showing me up in front of all my mates who would'nt fucking go in his café if I wasn't working there. I'm getting really pissed off with him Syd. Im telling you one of these days when hes not expecting it I'm going to make fucking sure I get my own back on him. Make sure I hit the fucker where it hurts so hell remember me forever.

SYD

I know you've heard me tell you this before. Take no notice of him.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)

Just try and bite your lip and believe in yourself and what you want to do lad. it's all about staying strong and true to yourself when the shit hits the fan and nobody likes to throw more shit around than Ronnie Hardman.

EPIC

I mean you've known him for ages Syd. Has he always been like this and Whats the reason why he is such a cunt.

Syd sighs and shakes his head again, pouring 2 more whiskeys.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Syd honestly. Whatever you tell me remains in this room. Im just curious what makes him like he is all the time mate.

Took a massive swing and sighed

SYD

Fair enough lad. Seeing as you're getting the blunt end of Ronnie's stick. I say it goes no further than here tonight. When I got back from the war in 1945 all I wanted to do was marry Elsie and be a musician. Play saxophone in a jazz club in soho. But, you cant be as average jazz musician and buy wedding rings. So I put the Sax away and married Elsie in-stead. It was the right decision. You got somebody special in your life Epic?

EPIC

There is a girl Syd. Nicki but its very, very complicated and she has gone off to Ibiza for the summer. Please, carry on.

SYD

If I could'nt play music. I opened a small shop in soho. I had a slick operation going back then. Imports from America. All the new releases. By 1963 the mods would come buy off me. On a Saturday afternoon there would be a que of 100 kids waiting to get into my shop.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)

Flash kids, the most cocky and flash was young Ronnie Hardman. Not even in his 20s but a passion and a knowledge for music like no other. He always had a dark side. Loved a fight. And didn't mind pulling a knife on whoever upset him. Never seen ambition like it. Story was A gangland boss. Mister Brudger was impressed by the cut of Ronnie's cloth and invited him to join the firm acquiring a reputation as a bloke who did what he had to do to convince the punters who owed his boss money to pay up or else.

Ronnie started to get noticed by other firms which led him to have a run in with a nasty sadistic piece of work called Ray Baker who worked as an enforcer to Mister Brudgers fierce rival Eddie Most.

One night when Ronnie was doing the rounds he met a beautiful young blonde he fell head over heels in love

You see lad. It turned out that Suzy was the daughter of Eddie Most so they had to keep their relationship hush, hush it was only a matter of time before their secret affair became public after being spotted by Ray Baker who fancied Suzy for ages she hated the ground he walked on.

Seeing her with his bitterest rival drove Baker mad so one night boozed up, he goes round to Suzy's flat, forces his way in and beats her up badly before raping her. The bastard gave her such a bad time that she took an overdose because she could not handle the thought that she might be pregnant with Bakers kid.

Ronnie told me she turned up in a right state in a nightclub called the Forty Five falling down the stairs spewing up and almost unconscious.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)

Ronnie told his doorman to phone for an ambulance before he took her into the office where she died in his arms and you can guess the rest lad.

Obviously Ronnie went looking for Baker who was never seen again after ending up in a processed meat factory somewhere down Bognor Regis way where he died slowly in agony before being turned into mince meat. A couple of weeks later when the dust had settled, Ronnie said goodbye to his boss and his two best mates, packed up his Jag with all his belongings and sodded off to Morocco. You sure you don't want some shepherds pie son?

EPIC

Er No Im off minced meat at moment. Its a er Health thing...

SYD

I moved out of soho as Elsie fancied a bit of the seaside and a garden. Plus I had a bit too much of a love affair with the Gee Gee's and spent more than I made. And it was too easy to put a bet on in that London once they make bookies legal business and for some reason

So we moved here. I had face loads you can of connections trust, people in stayed there cord in touch and when collections come up may be they get cousin Ive touch got a with me.

EPIC

Fucking hell.

EPIC (CONT'D)

I wish I'd never asked. I almost feel sorry for him now you've told me all that. So how did you end up getting involved with Ronnie and his record business?

SYD

You're giving me that same look
Ronnie gave me.

SYD (CONT'D)

Up to his big house. That night he
showed me his record collection.

Epic pours last of whiskey

SYD (CONT'D)

He's got his collection wont be
complete until he gets it.

Starting to slur and doze a bit.

SYD (CONT'D)

Three copies out there why he and I
agree with you lad and its not the
fact that theres only two or 3 why
he's obsessed wants it so bad.
The his truth life wont bet
complete it was Suzys' favourite
song.

EPIC

Fuck me Syd that is a story and a
half. No wonder Ronnie is so
fucking angry. Look at the time.
Your Elsie will be back soon. I
gotta get off. Ill need to get this
to printers sharpish in morning. Im
off. You OK to drop the records off
to the cafe in the morning? And ill
make sure Gladys makes you a bacon
sandwich. No butter and brown sauce
correct?!??

Syd smiles and nods sleepily in his chair. Gets up to leave.
He is sincere in his voice.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Thanks Syd and thanks for telling
me about Ronnie. I still hate
fucker but I kind of know where
he's coming from now. Love to Elsie
and be careful whats in that
shepherds pie of hers. Claudia? Its
me,

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

Harry phones Claudia.

HARRY

Claudia. It's me.

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Mr. Powell. How nice of you to call. At last. I thought I had been given the bum's rush.

HARRY

Are you joking? I just thought I would try to find a gap in your social calendar.

Claudia giggles into the phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So... Er, what have you been up to?

CLAUDIA

Nothing much, I don't really go out much during the week. I see my mate Carla sometimes. Occasionally there is an Indie band on at the Majestic on Thursday nights. Nothing special.

HARRY

Thats a good venue, That gig was excellent. Good atmosphere. I got a nice set of bruises.

CLAUDIA

Yeh, the guys down there get a bit wild but they are all right. They didn't make you to unwelcome did they? Aw, did I protect you Harry?

HARRY

You certainly gave me the kiss of life.

CLAUDIA

Well, You might get some resuscitation next time I see you.

Harry punches fist in the air like a World Cup winner.

HARRY

I like the sound of that. So any gigs on this weekend?

CLAUDIA

Eh... no... nothing this weekend. I think Restless are playing in December but nothing til then - yawns.

Awkward pause.

HARRY

Listen Claudia, Id really like to see you again some time. Do you fancy it?

CLAUDIA

That would be great Harry how bout this very weekend?

HARRY

Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant. Er yeah that would be cool. I mean yeah why not. I can get a loan of my dads car and take you out. You don't mind being seen in a Vauxhall Chevette do you?

CLAUDIA

(husky and seductive)

I've got a better idea. My folks are away on Saturday. Why don't you come down and we could have a night in?

HARRY

Fantastic. Saturday night it is the Miss... eh. What is your second name anyway?

CLAUDIA

(mocking)

Quigley, I told you last week you drunken bum. Do you even remember what I look like?

HARRY

I won't forget that in a hurry.

CLAUDIA

(laughing seductively)

You fucking smoothy. Now get back to your Bryan Ferry records. I need to go relax in a warm bath with a bar of imperial leather.....

Harry drops the phone down shocked and happy.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Playful boyfriend/girlfriend. Meeting parents. Walking streets. Kissing, arguing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAUDIA'S MANSION - DUSK

Harry drops him off at Claudia's mansion. Claudia's thick, black quiff is immaculate. Her make up on which highlights her natural good looks. A tight pair of black denims and a figure hugging white vest.

CLAUDIA

I thought you'd got lost.

HARRY

Yeh. I was. But the coppers stopped me. They don't normally see anything other than Bentleys and Rolls Royces round here. Its a bit posh this gaff, isn't it?

Offers her a box of Cadbury's milkbox. Harry begins to snog Claudia on doorstep which pushes her backwards into the house.

CLAUDIA

C'mon. Come inside before somebody sees New Town boy in my parents drive.

HARRY

Fucking hell. Fucking hell. Your hallway is bigger than my house. Fucking hell!

Claudia is a bit embarrassed of her privilege.

CLAUDIA

My dad's an architect. He designed it himself back when I was a baby. C'mon, sit down. So?

HARRY

Are you parents out tonight?

CLAUDIA

Yeh. They have gone to a concert in London. So?

Claudia pulls Harry closer to her body.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

We have the place to ourselves.

A fast Psychobilly track plays while the pair rip each other's clothes off. They start shagging in fast motion. They pause briefly.

HARRY

(to the camera and
Claudia)

Claudia... Is this what they call a shag pile?

Music resumes with them shagging. They take a deep breath and roll onto their backs.

CLAUDIA

Oh Harry, I'm sorry...I forgot to ask if you wanted a coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHERISE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Julian is nervous and knocks on Cherise's door. Stumbles looking for door bell. Misses it. Rings it again, and then again. Cherise's mom, ROSE, 42, Irish woman, freckles, ruddy cheeks, uses humor to hide her pain.

ROSE

Where's the bejeezus fire? And who might you be?

Harry lets go of the bell quickly. Looks around.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ah, You'd be the young scallywag that's been taking advantage of our Cherise!

Rose leaves Julian at the doorstep, makes her way halfway up the stairs, and calls out to her husband, ALTON, 42, British, father figure, loves to gamble and a good dresser. He's watching the horse races, glued to the TV.

INT. CHARISE'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

ROSE

(sarcastically)

Alton, Alton! The young man who's been taking a liberty with our daughter has saved you the job of having to track him down, he's right here fresh-faced and looking pretty pleased with himself. Do you want a word, like?

CUT TO:

INT. CHARISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alton briefly looks up from the TV and is annoyed.

ALTON

Rose, will you leave the boy alone?
You cruel woman! Fetch him in,
wheres your manners!

CUT TO:

INT. CHARISE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rose is at the end of the staircase, opens the door, and shows Julian to the living room.

ROSE

I was only having a bit of a joke
that's all. Come on in, darling.

Julian nervously follows Rose who shows him where Alton is seated before going back up to check on Cherise.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian notices a copy of the Racing Post on the arm of his chair.

ROSE

Cherise will be down in a minute.
Don't worry, he doesn't bite.

Julian moves closer to Alton but doesn't sit down.

ALTON
Sit yourself down, son.

Alton points to Julian's tassel loafers.

ALTON (CONT'D)
Nice shoes.

Julian nods and smiles.

ALTON (CONT'D)
Nice to see a young man making an effort these days.

Julian sits down and nods at the TV.

JULIAN
Any luck?

ALTON
(laughing)
It's Kempton Park. Won a penny lost a pound.

Rose returns and watches the TV for a few beats.

ROSE
It's a bloody fools' game! That's what it tis! Alton is a bloody fool!

Rose sits on sofa.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Tell me a bit about yourself. What do your mother and father do? Are they Catholics?

JULIAN
Got a ready made family. Inherited two younger sisters from my stepdad.

ROSE
Ahh, it must be nice to have sisters, especially ready-made ones! I'll go hurry Cherise up. Probably making herself beautiful for yourself.

ALTON
(laughing to himself)
Could be a while then!

Julian laughs then stops himself quickly. Alton mumbles, grunts, and chants as he watches the horses. Cherise appears looking stunning. Julian stands up politely.

ROSE

Tea will be around thirty minutes.
Do you like toad-in-the-hole?

JULIAN

Sounds great.

Rose exits and heads for kitchen.

ROSE

(shouting back)
Good 'cos that's what you're
getting anyway!

CHERISE

I'm gonna give Rose a hand. Will
you be okay for a moment?

ALTON

Get on. He'll be fine. Won't yuh,
son?

They turn attention back to the horse racing. Music and laughter from the kitchen. Alton raises his eyebrows, gets up from the couch, and opens the kitchen door. He sees Rose and Cherise dance while cooking to, "Good Thing Going" by Sugar Minott. Julian looks in and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cherise and Rose each hold wooden spoons as microphones while singing.

CHERISE

"A real good thing going..."

ROSE

"That girl and me..."

CUT TO:

INT. CHERISE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Julian is laying on Cherise's bed, fully clothed.

CHERISE
What you thinking about?

JULIAN

Julian pretends to be the character "Neil" from "The Young Ones" TV series tucks her head back into his chest.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(as "Neil")
The world of cause and effect, the
great wheel of life...

CHERISE
(also as "Neil")
Heavy, man! Yah can tell you is a
6th form boy.

She kisses him on cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julian arrives home. It's dark, aside from the flicker of the TV. He takes off his loafers and walks quietly into the living room.

His mother is seated on the sofa while watching Bonanza, drinking cocoa. She cradles one of the cushions off the sofa, her legs folded up onto the seat pad.

JULIAN'S MOM
Hi, darling. Did you have a nice
evening?

JULIAN
It was really nice, thanks. Alton
and Rose are really nice.

JULIAN'S MOM
Oh, thats good to hear.

JULIAN
Are you okay, mum?

Julian looks at the cushion she is cuddling.

JULIAN'S MOM
(sighs)
I'm fine. It just gets a bit lonely
sometimes after the girls grow up.
(MORE)

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)
You'd think I'd be used to it by now. Your nan and grandad were always early to turn in when we lived there. And, now, Joe has got the two new jobs it's...

JULIAN
Rose is a good cook, we had toad-in-the-hole. Not as good as yours though!

Julian's mom puts aside cushion and gives it a pat.

JULIAN'S MOM
Flattery will get you everywhere. Would you like a cup of tea? Kettles not long boiled...

JULIAN
Stay there, mum. I'll make it.

Julian follows his mother into kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julian makes tea and carries it out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian places the cup of tea on a small table, then sits on the floor next to his mom's knees. "Juliet Bravo" is on TV. Julian's mother strokes his head.

ROSE
You're growing up so quick. I don't know where the time goes. Pretty soon you'll be off and doing your own thing. University. Maybe even getting married...

Julian smiles and lies back into his mums lap.

CUT TO:

INT. EPIC'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Epic cuts line of speed with an ATM card. His friend, Skip, 21, dark-haired, soon-to-be married, drug addict, opinionated, makes his way to kitchen.

A news bulletin comes on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The hunger strike at Maze Prison has been called off after seven months by Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army. Ten IRA prisoners died, while another seven had given up fasting. The decision, made by prisoner Brendan McFarlane, ended the fasting for the remaining six IRA strikers.

Epic is in the living room playing with lines of speed when Skip calls to him from the kitchen.

SKIP (O.S.)

Epic...how many sugars in yer tea?

EPIC

Two, please, skip.

Skip enters the living room with two mugs of tea and sees Epic playing with the ATM card.

SKIP

What the fuck is that you cutting up the speed with?

EPIC

One of those cards for the hole in the wall machines. You get money out of a machine on the side of a bank with it?

SKIP

Get you and your money fucking ways. Mr. Ronnie Hardman paying you too much?

EPIC

Well... Money is a bit of a sore point at moment, mate. I've fucked up *big time*.

SKIP

Well, you can fill me in on that in
a bit but in the mean time.....

He pulls out coke from his pocket and makes two big lines.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Well I've got some news mate...

He takes a line of coke.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Good news and bad news.

He takes another line.

Well...bad news for you...

He makes another line with the ATM card and snorts it through
a 20 pound note.

SKIP (CONT'D)

We've known each other for a good
few years sharing the good times
with the bad along the way. The
good news is that whatever you want
gear wise for tonight is on me and
that includes this here coke.
There...I sliced off a deal.

He snorts another line and pauses a few beats.

SKIP (CONT'D)

The bad news, Epic, mate, is that
I'm jacking the Northern scene for
good starting tonight and this time
as opposed to all the other fucking
times you've heard me tell you
this. I mean it.

He takes another big line through a note.

EPIC

Skip, mate. I'm not gonna turn down
those lines. But, Ive heard all
this shit before! Usually midday on
a Sunday after Casino. Listen Skip,
mate.

Epic grabs the note from Skip and takes a big line.

SKIP

This is different. I mean it this time.

EPIC

(rambling)

No way, Skip, man. You jacking in the northern scene. No fuck off mate. its the one thing you live for ever since we became mates. You were the one who got me into the scene after when I heard Northern soul for the first time wondering what it was all about. It was you who taught me everything I know about not to mention how to dance. Skip Turner jacking in northern. Please tell me another joke mate.

SKIP

(rambling)

No joke, Epic. I mean it. Ive had enough of it all. Casino was brilliant and I wouldn't have missed it for anything and I'll never forget the nights we shared there but its over. I mean even you must admit that the place has lost the vibe it had from say '74 to '78 when the thought of missing just one all-nighter there would crack me up for the rest of the week.

EPIC

All those rumors flying around that it's all closing down.

Epic and Skip both take another line of coke and wipe their noses.

SKIP

I couldn't give a flying fuck if it does. Anyway, you heard this from me first but a few weeks ago I applied to join the Air Force. I'm leaving at the crack of dawn this Monday morning from the station to start my training.

EPIC

Julie read you the riot act?

SKIP

Yeh, about how Ive been living my life for the last few years. I really love Julie Epic. We get on like a house on fire. I listened to what she was telling me and longer I stay on the northern scene, the more I know thats not the right thing for me anymore. Im nearly twenty six mate and if I don't change now I never will so Im going for it whatever happens. Toby Legends Time Will pass Me by and Come on How many times have we danced to not even listened to the fucking words?

Epic sits, enjoys the coke buzz, but loss for words for a few beats then speaks up.

EPIC

Fucking hell, Skip, mate. Nicky won't believe it when I tell her your jacking in the scene. She's back from Ibiza seeing her Saturday night in Charnock. Can't fucking wait to see her. I'm deejaying the dancing competition. It feels like Ive got the break, Skip after all these years.

Skip sets up another line of coke. He snorts, nearly crying from the coke.

SKIP

That's great news, mate, and give my love to Nicky. Ive never told you this before Epic but when I see you with her you look different. Happy and relaxed like you don't have a care in the world. Im telling you as a good mate Epic. Grab her while she is still single before somebody else does and there definitely will be somebody else if you don't.

EPIC

I've been thinking exactly the same thing, Skip, but she's a hard girl to read. She blows hot and cold and I think its of the way G-Man fucked her about going with that girl behind her back.

(MORE)

EPIC (CONT'D)

But She doesn't trust men.
 Sometimes I don't even think she
 likes em'. I just know that its
 going to take some-body really
 fucking special to win Nicky over
 and I don't think Im that special
 but she's the only girl I like
 being around. The only one that
 makes me go shy and stuck for words
 when I'm with her.

SKIP

(sympathetic)

Hey, hey, hey. Come on no tears.
 And come on how can you say you
 ain't special? Bollocks you aren't
 special. The times we've spent
 together on the scene there isn't a
 girl who doesn't go moist when they
 see you. Don't be sitting there
 looking all sorry for yourself
 telling me you aren't special after
 all the time I put in making you
 special.

Epic laughs and wipes his nose.

EPIC

I've fucked up, Skip. Big time fuck
 up. I've been telling the Labour
 Exchange I'm out of work and
 getting paid cash from Ronnie. But
 they have sussed me and want me to
 pay back the last year's dole
 money. And...and if you think that
 is bad...I got a grand worth of
 coke from G-man and Roy.

Skip shakes his head in disbelief.

SKIP

No way!

EPIC

I thought I could do what you do.
 I've fucked up big time. I gave
 £800 worth to big gay Laurence.

SKIP

Epic, the New Romantic bloke, he
 was 'sposed to pay me £1200 for it.

EPIC

He has gone fucking walk about. The other £200 I've put up me nose - thats the last of it there - points at table.

Epic falls back onto the sofa.

SKIP

Fuck mate. What you doing getting involved with those 2 fucking nutters. Wow. Listen. Ill speak with my people see what I can do. But those guys are proper fucking psychos

EPIC

Thanks for reminding me of that. Thats another reason I need to be wary of going near Nicky. I owe G-mans boss a grand and Im obsessing over the lover of his life.. Could it be any more fucked up? I mean everything!!!

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL PUB - THE KINGS HEAD - EVENING

Harry, Vince, Baz, Stan, Shona, Kenny and Lynne walk in and the CROWD parts to make room for the gang. The DJ plays rockabilly music mixed in with glam tracks. Harry walks in and the CROWD cheers and jeers sarcastically. Harry sneers and drinks half a pint and stares at Baz.

BAZ

Well, well, She finally let you out on your own then?

HARRY

What do you mean?

VINCE

Do us a favor, You're never out the door without her these days. You've missed fucking loads of sessions and brought her along to the last four or five gigs. Has she never heard of a lads night out?

HARRY

Of course she has, But I want to see her. Its none of your fucking business anyway.

VINCE

WOOOO!

BAZ

WOOOO!

Harry, sneering turns away and drinks half a pint.

VINCE

Touchy bastard.

Staring at Vince and Baz.

SHONA

Leave him alone, What? And you two have never had birds?

BAZ

Yeah, but we don't fucking hibernate with them,

STAN

What about that boiler from Letchworth? You went out with her for six months.

BAZ

Yeh, but I didn't drag her around everywhere.

KEV

Thats because she was too fucking ugly to be seen in public.

BAZ

Very funny, but she never got in the way of any rockin' though.

Stan chanting from behind the others

STAN

Bollocks!

LYNNE

You're no better, what about back alley Sally from Pin Green.

Vince, upset, Looks at the floor and mumbles

VINCE

I don't want to talk about it

STAN

Well, there you have it. Leave Harry alone you fucking mugs. Just because he's been blinded by the snatch. Leave Harry alone you fucking mugs. Just because he's been blinded by the snatch.

Puts down his pint and walks off

HARRY

Im going for a piss.

LYNNE

Why cant you lot just leave him alone. For Fucks sake. Its bad enough having to put up with all the fucking divs in pubs like this let alone fighting amongst ourselves. Can we just cut it out and have some beers. Vince you got ask the DJ to put on something a little less disco please.

Vince heads off to the decks. Harry reappears from toilets

KENNY

Im taking the van to a Scooter run at Canvey Island next weekend Harry. You up for it?

VINCE

No point asking him, SHE wont be into it.

HARRY

For fucks sake Vince, give it a rest. Shona and Lynne are always around. I don't hear you giving the other guys any earache.

STAN

Yeh, but they are just part of the furniture. Like a comfy worn out sofa

Shona knees Stan in nuts

SHONA

Cheeky bastard. Just ignore them Harry. She's cool. They are all just jealous. Kev being diplomatic

STAN

Right. She is cool Harry. A tasty sort too but we hardly ever see you anymore.

VINCE

Yeh Harry, take it down a bit. You're getting in too deep, too quick. It might not last forever but we will still be here. Don't mug us off for some bird mate.

DJ puts on Stray Cats - Rock this town. The gang begin to dance and wreck to the song singing along.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE STATION

Epic meets Nikki at service station to, Nikki enters to the sound of Tony Middleton Spanish maiden.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Radio goes in and out of reception. Julian is on the sofa, snogging Cherise.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Egypt's President, Anwar Sadat, was assassinated at Nasr City while watching the annual Armed Forces Day parade. As a squadron of jets flew overhead in formation at 12:40 p.m., a military vehicle halted in front of the reviewing stand, and six of the men jumped out, hurling stun grenades and firing machine guns. Sadat was hit by two bullets and died at a hospital two hours later. Seven other people, including two of the gunmen, were killed.

Faint noise in background of music. Sound of Adam Ant music

but can't hear words.

CHERISE

Why are we listening to the radio
not records?

JULIAN

My sisters have got the record
player upstairs. It's their turn to
have it.

CHERISE

Oh, turn this off. All this talk of
murder is a proper passion killer!

Cherise and Julian snog more. Julian put his hand up the back
of her velour sweater and under her bra. He gropes her
breast. Cherise sits up.

CHERISE (CONT'D)

Ant Music?

Julian's sister, Jenny, 12, cries loudly from upstairs.
Julian falls back on the sofa with a high-pitched sigh and
cry for help. His hand is still on her breast inside the
jumper.

JULIAN

Ant what?!

CHERISE

Adam and the ants. Ant music. Stand
and deliver. You know, The dandy
highwayman. Your sisters are
playing it upstairs.

She slaps his wrist and stands up straightening herself.

JULIAN

Where are you going?

Cherise heads off through front room door

CHERISE

Im gonna up stairs and see what
your sisters are doing.

Julian jumps off sofa and rushes off after her. Cherise
shrieks then laughs out loud in the bedroom doorway.

CHERISE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

Julian appears moving Cherise out of the way. Broad white stripes emblazoned across both girls faces; glaring, bright, brilliant white stripes across the bridges of their noses and cheeks.

JULIAN

Jesus Christ, what the hell have you done to your faces?

Cherise burst out laughing even louder

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Right enough of that girls. Turn that racket down. Now explain yourselves.

JENNY (SISTER)

We're antz!

JULIAN

You're what!?

JENNY

Antz, dummy!

JESSICA

Ants with a ed. Antz.

JULIAN

Right, okay, ants with a zed, will you explain why you've got white lines daubed across your faces!

JENNY

To show we love em, stupid! Adam has one so if you want to be an ant you should do it too. Haven't you seen the video to Stand And Deliver?

Shakes her head slowly widening her eyes at Cherise as if to emphasize his stupidity.

JULIAN

And with what did you paint yourselves with?

JENNY

Holding out a small white bottle towards him. A bottle of Tipex.

Cherise falls down laughing so much

JULIAN

How on earth are we gonna get that off before mom comes home?!?!

CHERISE

You laughing is not very helpful, and I think they got high on it.

Julian and Cherise are back downstairs. He is wiping his hands with a towel. Julian trying to grope Cherise

JULIAN

Right then where were we?

CHERISE

I've lost the mood now. All that Tipex is a real turn off.

Turns and picks up her Walkman

JULIAN

Common Cherise. Let's get back to it. I was having a go

CHERISE

Oh. You were having a go. How terrible of me to stop you

JULIAN

No Cherise.

CHERISE

Yeah go on then. Have a go. If you can get up my panties as I'm walking out the door.

JULIAN

Cherise! Wait. I'm sorry

Cherise abruptly stops and turns around quick at door.

CHERISE

You know what. You want to see if it will fit right? Well try these on.. Maybe they'll fit you, rude boy.

She opens plastic bag and throws pants at Julian.

CHERISE (CONT'D)

I got you these at the store the other day

JULIAN
Oh.. Nice Cherise. They're.. Nice

CHERISE
You don't like 'em, do you?

Cheris sucks her teeth, looking angry.

JULIAN
Sorry, Cherise, they're not really
my sort of thing.

CHERISE
You wanna go on wearing your old
man clothes, do you? Look at you??
You are upstairs laughing at your
sisters for dressing like Antz and
you and your boyfriend Gerry
continue to dress like this?

Points her finger up and down him. You gonna be a rude boy
when you're sixty? Can you imagine? Shakes head/ She kisses
her teeth loudly again, a look of disgust spreads across her
once-attractive face.

JULIAN
I suppose you'd prefer me in Pierre
Cardin tops and Farah strides.

CHERISE
(sighs a big sigh)
Go on den, rude boy. Go back to
your cave. Go on back to your
boyfriend.

She walks out slamming the door behind. The sound of Ant
Music once again upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP - DAY

Syd closes up shop. He walks up the street to the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. FOX & HOUND PUB - DAY

He picks up the newspaper and goes to the horse racing
section. He sees the horse named "Harlem Nocturne" in the
Daily Mirror. He stops and walks the other way. He the places
bet.

SYD
£10.00 on the 30-1 outsider.

Syd watches his horse win and is in disbelief at the results.

SYD (CONT'D)
Cannot believe it!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
What a race! Harlem Nocturne beats
Bent Copper!

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP - LATER

Syd enters with box of Black Magic chocolates, a travel brochure, two tickets to Benidorm. He smiles from ear to ear.

He pours a large Tillamore Whisky and sits in the chair waiting for Elsie. He goes through a collection of records, looks at the label and studies his rare records book. There are three piles, one for Ronnie, the rare stuff, and one for the shop. Less rare.

He begins to type on an old Remington typewriter. He picks up the Darrow Fletcher album, "Pain Gets a Little Deeper." He looks at the Al Wilson album, "The Snake" and shakes his head.

He types and makes notes to himself aloud.

SYD
Stupid record...That's £2.50 for
Ronnie, £1.50 for Syd.

He types another entry.

SYD (CONT'D)
Beatles...Red Label..."Love Me
Do..." I'll have that for the shop.

He types £4.00 on the label and picks up one more single.

CUT TO:

AN HOUR LATER

Syd's whiskey bottle is nearly empty. Three piles of records are stacked on the table. There's loud knocking at door.

Epic stands at door soaking wet.

SYD (CONT'D)

Come in, son. Come in. I've got the Whiskey out ha, ha, ha. That'll dry you out. Good to see you, lad. I was just going through the latest batch of singles for Ronnie's catalogue and I've kept a few singles back for you.

EPIC

Is that the box you got off that lady from Peterborough when her boyfriend dropped dead from heart attack?

SYD

Silly speed freaks staying up all night and then popping their clogs. Glad you don't do any of that shit.

EPIC

Er. You're in a bloody good mood Syd. All okay?

SYD

Talk about a bloody good day, lad. I went into town for my dinner and picked a winner in the bookies.

EPIC

Oh, really? How'd it go?

SYD

My last tenner down on a 30-to-1 outsider that romped home.

EPIC

Get outta here!

SYD

After winning, I went to the travel agents and booked us two weeks in Spain. All inclusive in Benidorm.

EPIC

That's cool.

SYD

Elsie will have a bloody fit when I tell her the news, lad. Been promising her I'll take her to Spain for ages and now I can.

EPIC

(unenthusiastic)

Once I get sorted, I plan on heading there myself.

SYD

Best day I've had in ages, but judging from the look on your face the same can't be said for you.

EPIC

Yeah. You could say that...

SYD

I take it Ronnie's still treating you like crap at the café then?

Epic nods and knocks back a shot of whiskey in one gulp.

EPIC

Of course he is. But, I got other issues. That girl I like is back from Ibiza.

SYD

Oh yeah?

EPIC

I don't know what to bloody do 'bout her. Plus me best mate is going off to join the Air Force and I got...Never mind.

Epic Pours another big shot.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Anyway, Syd. Tonight it's all about you, mate. Forget my silly problems.

Syd smiles and finishes off the bottle of whiskey.

EPIC (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fuck off. I don't wanna be here when Elsie gets back.

SYD

She'll go mental when she hears the news. She might even get out the red lipstick and black nightie for you tonight.

Epic winks and makes his way toward the door. He picks up pile of five albums before he exits.

CUT TO:

TWO HOURS LATER

Syd dozes off in the chair. Elsie comes in and kisses him on his head.

ELSIE

Syd, I'm going to make some hot chocolate. Do you fancy some to take up to bed?'

SYD

(half awake)

Elsie, love. Sorry about that. I must have drifted off. Epic called round for a chat and one thing led to another as usual after a few whiskies.

Syd rubs his eyes and jumps out of the chair with a shout and panic.

SYD (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! It's past eleven and I've still got to get through that lot love because I've promised I'll drop the catalogue and that lot into the café tomorrow!

ELSIE

Oh shut up, Syd. It's too late now. They can wait until tomorrow. I'll get the milk on now.

SYD

Aye fair enough Elsie love. I'm a bit knackered as it goes and Mr Hardman can wait, but I've got to show you something that can't wait. You hang on here while I go and get it.

Elsie fills up the mugs up with a pan full of piping hot milk. Syd comes back proud of himself. Hands her the bunch of roses and chocolates with a big kiss on the lips. Smiling and giving Syd a big kiss on the lips.

ELSIE

Oh Syd. These are lovely. And my favorite chocolates too but how the bloody hell have you been able to afford these love? Ronnie given us a couple of months rent free?

SYD

Yeah and Hell has frozen over while you were at Bingo. Now don't give me that look..... I went and put a bet on a horse.

ELSIE

But Syd, you promised.

SYD

Today Elsie Lady luck has shined on us. I've had a great day today. For once and don't go shouting at me but I stuck a tenner down on a horse that was a thirty to one outsider and it romped home. I won three hundred quid Elsie six hundred bloody quid and there's more than the flowers love. Here's that present I've been promising you for so long..

Syd hands Elsie the envelope with the tickets for Benidorm

ELSIE

NO,NO,NO,NO! this isn't our luck

SYD

Soon as I knew I had won the money I went straight to the travel agents and booked the holiday love. What do you think Elsie? Are you pleased love?

ELSIE

Oh Syd love. Of course I'm pleased. I can't believe you gone out and done this you daft old bugger but That's why I've always loved you. We're off to Spain,Syd? I can't believe it. We'll have to go shopping to Boot's. Oh Syd.

(MORE)

ELSIE (CONT'D)
 You're my bloody hero. Come here
 and let me give you a big hug.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. - EARLY MORNING

Elsie awakes. Looks at clock. 5AM. She slips on her dressing gown over the black satin and lace nightgown she has worn. She hums, "Luck Be a Lady Tonight." Giggling as she makes a cup of tea. In the background, "Luck be a Lady" by a Sinatra impersonator plays. She cleans Syd's best shoes and favorite Fedora. She then sits at the typewriter with glass of Cinzano.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
 Oh Syd my darling. We are gonna
 have the best time ever. Let me
 finish this bleedin list off for
 Ronnie effin Hardman.

Elsie picks up each single looks at them and checks the rare record catalogue on the table. There is a list for Epic's records as well. She asks herself staring at the first record, fingers poised on the typewriter keys trying to make sense of the mass of brightly-colored record labels.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
 Tony and Tyrone? "Please Operator?"
 Does Epic want this? No. One for Mr
 Hardman.

She looks in the book.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
 £4.00. Thats £2.00 for us, Mr
 Hardman and £2.00 for you.

She taps artist and title label on typewriter with price £4.00. She writes the same details with £2.00 on piece of paper by the typewriter.

ELSIE (CONT'D)
 Otis Smith, "Let Her Go." This is
 on Epics List. Ill put that to one
 side and he can owe us a fiver

EPIC

Sandie Sheldon, "You Gonna Make Me
Love You." One for Mr Hardman.
£6.00 - half Ronnie. Half for us.

Does the paperwork with pen. Elsie is more than a tad tipsy
pouring out another glass of sherry.

ELSIE

Right five more to go then I'll go
wake Syd up and run him a nice
bath. Bad Elsie... drunk before
breakfast, tee-hee. Right? What
have we got here?!?

Elsie lets out a loud burp as she picked up another record
reading the words on the label out loud shaking her head.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Who the bloody hell's Frank Wilson
when he's at home. Just sounds like
a bloody plumber to me.

Dries singles with a tea towel. She looks in book but can't
find it.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Ronnie can have this. I'll put it
with the offers section. Can't be
worth more than a couple of quid.

She laughs as she taps it onto the typewriter.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Frank Wilson, "Do I love you?"
Offers.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

(giggling)
Do I love you, Syd? Of course I
bloody do. These...

She picks up the other few singles.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Can go in the shop for a fiver
each, too, and if Syd want to sort
'em out tomorrow, he can bloody
well do so.

She knocks over her glass of booze over the single in her hand and the six remaining singles.

The drink spills on the last page that was taken out of the typewriter. She wipes the singles down with her shirt, but the last page is wet. She goes to put it on the radiator to dry out.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Oh sod this for a bloody game of soldiers.

Picking up the other few singles. She pours herself out a final drink gulping one before heading back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Harry is in bed with Claudia when home phone rings.

HARRY

For fuck sake. What can be this important. Can a man and his bird not bunk off work mid week without being hassled???? Its 3rd time its rung in last half hour.

CLAUDIA

Well Harry maybe you should get out of bed and answer the bloody thing? I need a rest from all this shagging anyway!

Harry kisses her on lips and gets up and goes downstairs. Claudia gets out of bed. She is wearing special underwear. She lights up a fag. Harry answering phone.

HARRY

Vince what the fuck is so important on a Saturday afternoon? Knockers back from Navy? Party down the pub tonight? What time? Brilliant. OK. See you 8pm tonight. The old gang back together for one weekend only!!! FUCKING brilliant. See you there. NO Im not at home wanking!

Harry slams phone down. Harry goes to bedroom

HARRY (CONT'D)

Me mate Knockers back from Navy. He is mental. We are all gonna meet in cross and arms pub tonight. Its alternative Wednesday night tonight. DJ don't play any disco. You gotta come along. You will love Knocker.

CLAUDIA

Oh I don't know Harry. Your mates don't really like me and I should get home. Daddies got friends over tonight and loves his princess being around for his Saturday night fondue parties.

HARRY

Fuck Fondue. You are coming to the pub with me and me mates. And thats all there is too it. You can stay here tonight - Ill sleep on sofa - and drive back in morning. Deal? OK? DEAL!

Claudia-smiling. Harry Gives her a big kiss on lips.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Soooooooo another shag before we go out tonight?!?!?

Claudia picks up pillow and hits him over head with it.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW TOWN - KING'S HEAD PUB - EVENING

Harry and Claudia arrive. The DJ is playing. Vince loves the Matchbox track that's playing in the pub. Knocker is at the bar buying everybody a drink and flashing a big wad of cash. He sees Harry and calls him over.

SHONA

I've had a word with the DJ and he is gonna look after us tonight. No shit disco Wednesday.

KNOCKER

Harry. Harry fucking Palmer. My Prodigee. Come here and let me buy you a cider you scally-wag.

HARRY

Knocker you fucking legend. How many girls you been shagging since you got that Navy uniform?

KNOCKER

Loads fucking loads. Birds love a pair of Bell Bottoms. Im up to 49 now. 49 different birds. How you getting on. Still wanking for England?

HARRY

Er No. I got a proper bird now. A psychobilly girl. We shag loads. No time for wanking anymore.

KNOCKER

Hah come on you serious. Really Where is she? I need to meet this poor Lady. And buy her a drink!!!

Harry looks for Claudia.

HARRY

Claudia. Clau come over here you need to meet the legend that is Knocker. New Towns greatest shagging machine. Knocker this is Clau. Clau this is Knocker.

Knocker looks bit uninterested and looks the other way embarrassed.

KNOCKER

You alright, love?

CLAUDIA

(face turns bright red)
Alright, mate. Nice to meet you.

Clau hangs out with Lynne and Shona. Harry looks sullen standing at the bar on his own. Vince flicks the head of his pint at Harry.

VINCE

Cheer up you moody cunt

HARRY

Fuck off.

BAZ
 (diplomatic)
 Oi, calm down mate. No need for
 that.

VINCE
 Yeh, It's not me that was fucking
 your bird!

Snaps and throws a pint of beer over Vince.

HARRY
 What did you fucking say?! What did
 you fucking say?

He snaps and throws a pint of beer over Vince and grabs Vince
 by the throat. The whole gang are on their feet, Baz
 restrains Harry.

BAZ
 C'mon now Harry. Fucking calm down.

HARRY
 What do you mean? What do you
 fucking mean?

VINCE
 (crying)
 It wasn't me you crazy prick, it
 was Knocker! He got first dibs on
 her back at that Klub Foot party.
 You were there you dozy bastard!

Harry remembers it all. Walking into that toilet and seeing
 Knocker shagging. This time his memory sees Clau face look up
 as Knocker is shagging her. He turns to face Knocker.

KNOCKER
 Listen Harry, it was before you
 even fucking met her and if you
 start anything right now I will
 fucking drop you to the floor. I
 swear that!

HARRY
 I'm sure you would you flash
 bastard. You cunt.

CLAUDIA
 Harry...

HARRY
 Fuck off. Just fuck off.

Harry storms out of pub pushing past one of the bouncers.

BOUNCER

Oi son watch, your fucking step.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN PARK - BENCH - NIGHT

Harry sits on park bench. His head in hands. Claudia follows him and sits next to him. She puts hand on his shoulder trying to be friendly.

CLAUDIA

What the fuck was that all about?

Harry cries and spits

HARRY

Don't play the innocent with me, you knew. You all knew!'

CLAUDIA

Look, what exactly are you trying to say here? Stop going round the houses and tell me what is bothering you.

HARRY

It was you that night after the Feltham Youth Club. In the bathroom with Knocker at Klub Foot.

CLAUDIA

In the bathroom? What are you talking about?

HARRY

In the bog at that party. Getting fucked from behind by my mate Knocker.

Claudia looks up and down and sideways

CLAUDIA

It might have been. I don't know... So what?'

HARRY

So what? So fucking what. How many times have you had it doggy style in the toilet with guys you have just met?

CLAUDIA

I don't know Harry I don't know.
I've lost count. It's been that
fucking many. What is it to you
anyway, it was before we met

Harry screaming through tears

HARRY

We met back then, I walked in on
you. You didn't even have the
decency to lock the fucking door.

CLAUDIA

Decency! Who the fuck are you? Mary
Whitehouse? How dare you talk to me
like that. What about all the birds
that you shagged before we met?
That does not bother me. Since I
met you there has only been you.
Why does it bother you who I was
with before?

HARRY

But it was my mate Knocker.

CLAUDIA

But I didn't even know you. I
didn't know he was your mate. Are
you fucking stupid? You didn't know
about this before we met. Why
should it bother you now?

Harry crying his eyes out.

HARRY

If I had known you were such a slag
I wouldn't have went near you! I
wouldn't have fallen in love with
you...

Claudia gasps, tears fall from her eyes and she puts her face
in her hands and her huge sobs shakes her shoulders.
Claudia rubs her eyes and spits.

CLAUDIA

You fucking asshole.

Claudia walks away. Stops turns round with a look in her eye
then turns and goes back into the pub. Harry walks away.

Flashback scenes of Knocker and claudia in that bathroom
Harry is walking through new town.

A Ford Capri, (this is Gman's car) is parked outside a chip shop. Harry accidentally bashes into it. He screams at the car. Basil Fawlty style and then starts to kick it. He picks up a stone from new town landscaping and throws it at the car, it bounces off. He finds a pole lying by road left by careless scaffolders. He picks it up and starts to hit the car - ala Basil Fawlty.

CASUAL 1

Hey, you Punk tosser. What do you think your doing?

HARRY

Fuck you, you trendy cunts. Fuck you all

Harry runs at them. These are three battle hardened football hooligans. They take him apart and play with him beating him senseless, until a sound of a siren appears and the 3 of them run off leaving Harry half dead.

Gman walks out with his fish and chips in newspaper and sees his car is damaged, looks right and left, sees guys running away and hops into his car speeding after them.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

RONNIE

Mandy. What you doing this Thursday afternoon? Fancy a drive into town and some posh nosh?

Mandy goes to the bathroom and snorts a line of Ronnie's coke.

MANDY

That sounds lovely darling. What do I owe this pleasure?

RONNIE

I've bought a new car and I thought it would be a nice thing to do. Nothing untoward.

MANDY

You know what Ronnie. That sounds lovely. Give me ten minutes to get ready and I'll be right with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON - MOVING

Ronnie and Mandy drive through country lanes in the new car. "A Love Supreme" by Miles Davis is on tape player and Mandy takes a line from the tape cassette box.

RONNIE

What do you think of the new motor then love?

MANDY

Very impressive Ronnie. I've heard of Bristol's before but never been in one before. It reminds me a lot of my Dad's old Bentley.

Mandy snorts last line of coke on the cassette case.

HARRY

A Bentley? You've never mentioned anything about your old man owning a Bentley before.

MANDY

Mister Cooper, the bloke he worked for owned this silver and black mark six saloon with a blood red leather interior. Talk about a fantastic car Ronnie. He bought it a wreck and my Dad restored every nut and bolt on it over a five year period. You'd have liked him. He'd have loved this new car of yours. He was a great husband and Dad, generous to a fault who always gave people the benefit of the doubt.

Sliding his hand up Mandy's skirt to her stocking

RONNIE

Why? Because of this lot That's why. The good old dependable working class out for some beer and shagging before going back to their crappy lives in their cramped red brick terraces.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Back to their shitty jobs working men's clubs, cheap beer, allotments, homing pigeons and fucking Coronation Street kidding themselves that they're having a great time, like they actually matter in the scheme of things when none of the fuckers ever stood a chance of making anything of themselves in the first place.

MANDY

Here we go again...

RONNIE

I fucking love every last one of the fuckers with their useless fucked up lives, cheap clobber and Old Spice and you know why.

MANDY

(uninterested)

Uh huh.

RONNIE

Because without them I wouldn't be the bloke I am today living in the house I own, wearing the clothes I own and driving the car I own all paid for with cash thanks to this lot!

Mandy gazes out the window and moves the hair away from her face.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

So, next time you go out on a spending spree with more cash in your handbag than some of this lot earn in a fucking year just think about that for a second, Mandy! Thank your lucky stars they're out there!

Pulls car into car park of posh 1970s style restaurant, The Washington.

CUT TO:

INT. SYD'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Syd dresses up in his shirt and tie. Elsie is dressed like a woman in her 50s circa 1980.

SYD

Now you're sure you finished off the records the way I do them Elsie love because Ronnie will blow a bloody fuse if he finds any mistakes.

ELSIE

I won't tell you again, Syd. I did them all like you do them. Everything checked and priced. Anything I'm not sure of I've put outside and you can go back and price them If I've got it wrong. Now come on because the taxi will be here any minute.

Pecking her on the cheek.

SYD

You look beautiful, love. You deserve to be treated like a princess for a change.

ELSIE

(smiling)

And you look like that handsome young lad who stole my heart away all those years ago.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLCE VIDA CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Syd and Elsie go inside the cafe to drop off the albums for Ronnie before they make their way to the restaurant. Gladys, middle-aged, rugged, masculine looking woman, greets them.

GLADYS

Bloody hell, Syd. You look like you've just won the bloody lottery.

EPIC

Talk about smart, Syd. No wonder Elsie fell in love with you all those years ago.

SYD

Oi. Less of the all those years ago if you don't mind. I can still cut the mustard when I need to. I've just left her in the taxi and now we are off for a prawn cocktail and steak at The Washington.

EPIC

What about Elsie when you told her you were taking her to Spain? Did she...err....

Syd coughs and hands over two bags of records and a typed up catalogue.

SYD

There you go, lad. They're all there all typed up and labelled in alphabetical order just like I always do so there you go.

EPIC

Got it.

SYD

Listen, I've got to go. I've left the taxi running. If I don't see you before, good luck at Casino on Saturday night, lad. Just remember to keep calm and give it your best shot, eh.

EPIC

Thanks, Syd. And make sure you give Elsie your best shot you randy old bugger.

Cab turns up at Ronnie's Cafe. Syd and Elsie leave.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Syd and Elsie finish their main course. Ronnie spots Syd across the room.

RONNIE

Mandy, am I going mad or is that Syd and his missus over there by the window?

Mandy turns, looks and nods.

MANDY

It is, get them over for a Campari.

Ronnie walks over to Syd and Elsie.

RONNIE

(surprised)

Syd, what on earth brings you to this overpriced yet underwhelming restaurant?

ELSIE

Melon for starters and Scampi and steak for main, Mr. Hardman.

RONNIE

Well, that's bout best thing on the menu. Me and Mandy had the most average steak I've had since Marrakesh 1969.... Bit overpriced in here isn't it tho?

ELSIE

Me and Syd are celebrating. We are going away on holiday in a few months. Not Hayling Island, proper Holiday. Spain

RONNIE

Spain eh?!?! Spent a fair bit of time there few years back. Let me know if you need to borrow a speed boat.

ELSIE

It's all fine Mr Hardman. Me and Syd Can look after ourselves out there thank you.

RONNIE

So what you did you do? Win the lottery?!?

SYD

Something like that Ronnie. I've always promised my Elsie a trip away and this is gonna be the honeymoon we never had. We fly out in the spring. We need to get passports first.

RONNIE

Well Syd. Elsie. I wish you all the very best. Just don't forget to the pay the rent while you are having fun wont you.

Ronnie stands up and sits back down at the table with Mandy.

MANDY

So? What are those two doing here?

RONNIE

Same as us. Pretending they are people they ain't!

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julian and Gerry are hanging out at Gerry's. Stan is worried that he will loose his job. They are on strike.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLCE VITA CAFE

Epic going through the bags that Syd dropped off with bacon sandwich in hand, brown sauce dripping off the sides. Epic picks up the catalogue and reads from front page and laughs.

EPIC

Ronnie Raresoul Hardman's Mail
Order Records. Blues Jazz Bluebeat
Ska Reggae Soul. Singles - Albums
Bought And Sold. Top prices paid
for rare original vinyl.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Now that's a fucking joke if ever there was one. What does he know about rare original vinyl? Never seen that cunt on a dance floor.
Hah

Goes through singles. Looks shocked, and there it is. He pulls out a copy of Frank Wilson. He rubs his eyes. His breath quickens. He gulps and looks again.

He grabs the catalogue. Puts the record under his jacket and goes out to see Gladys.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Can you tell Ronnie I'm giving me notice in.

GLADYS

What? Why would you do that?!?Who am I gonna looking after if your not here.

EPIC

Yeah I know it's all a bit sudden Gladys but the other day I had a letter from social security telling me that my money had been suspended and that they're taking me to court unless I pay the full amount back which I'm never going to be able to do so I'm jacking in now and going down to Brighton for a fresh start. Tell Ronnie Ill take this lot to the printers before I go tho. They can get the in post tomorrow and the punters will get them Saturday morning.

GLADYS

But it's so bloody expensive down in that Brighton and a lad like you needs three good meals a day. And then what are you going to do for work and where are you going to live?

EPIC

I'll be fine but do me one favour don't worry bout me. Promise and tell Ronnie to give my last weeks wages to you! Treat yourself to some new Lippy and one of those Brentford Nylons Negligees for your Arthur.

Winks at her

EPIC (CONT'D)

Don't worry Ill be back to see yah.
Soon as I've sorted meself out
promise.

Epic runs out the door clutching the record to his lapel and heads off on his scooter to his lockup.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S KITCHEN

Joe looks tired as mom makes tea for breakfast

JOE

Jesus JULIAN Why don't you put some clothes on. We aint in Costa del Sol you know. And sit down while you're eating will yuh!

Julian watches Joe cross the kitchen.

JULIAN

You alright, Joe?

JOE

I'm sorry, mate. I'm bloody knackered, that's all. Two jobs is really, really tiring. Im sorry.

JULIAN

Do you want me to go and put more clothes on?

JOE

No.

He takes a slurp of the coffee. He takes off the clip-on tie,

JULIAN

A hard night?

JOE

Not hard, son, just long. Long and lonely. You almost wish for a bit of excitement, a break-in or something to break the monotony!

Joe shakes his head lightly and laughs.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'd probably shit meself if I had
to deal with a real alarm call!

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. EPICS FLAT.

Epic is buzzing and cocky. He looks the nuts. Northern Soul classic plays on stereo. Startled and takes record off player.

EPIC

Fuck Fuck Fuck is that G-man and
roy?

Yip toes over to window keeping out of sight and looks out of window. He sees Nicky's black Ford Rs2000 and breaths sigh of relief. Buzzer goes again. He rushes to door. Nicky has 2 bottles of champagne and 2 glasses.

NICKY

I've been in town all day shopping
so I thought I'd call in to see you
seeing as we've hardly seen each
other for the few weeks. And I
thought you could be my chauffeur
to Casino and back seeing as
tonight is going to be a massive
one for both of us. So you going to
invite me in or what?'

Nicky plonks down on the sofa pulling a bottle of CAVA from her bag.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Get 2 glasses Epic. And make sure
they are clean!

Epic gets 2 tumblers from kitchen and closes the lids on his record boxes and placed them down by his battered old Adidas badge covered sports bag. Pours the drinks and they chink glasses

NICKY (CONT'D)

Here's to us mate. It is really great to see you again and good luck to both of us tonight in the dancing competition

EPIC

Yeah here's to us Nicky babe. Feels like you were away for so long. It's so good to see you again I cant tell you how much. Whats this? Bit posh init?

NICKY

Its Cava. Its like Spanish Champagne. They are all drinking it in Ibiza.

EPIC

Certainly better than the Pomagne Im used to celebrating with. So... To Us and Tonight! Fancy a little sharpener to get us in the mood for tonight. Just a little line?

NICKY

Well you know I never say No.

Epic pulls out the coke and cuts 2 lines. Nicky goes first then offers him the rolled up note. Epic takes a line and lies back on sofa smiling

NICKY (CONT'D)

Epic love. I don't want to put you on a downer especially tonight of all nights but the last time we spoke you were in deep shit with G-Man for that grand you owed him. Have you managed to sort him out yet?'

EPIC

A lots changed since then Nicky. I jacked in working for Ronnie and I've got the cash to pay back G-Man. In fact I'm looking forward to giving him the good news when he turns up at casino. With a bit of luck I'll have enough cash left over to come up with something, maybe set myself up with a deposit for me own bar or whatever.

(MORE)

EPIC (CONT'D)

But tonight's our night so can we
talk about all this crap tomorrow
in exchange for you telling me
again all about Ibiza. Deal or
what?

They both raise glasses again and drink the glasses dry Epic
refills

NICKY

Yeah deal. This coke is good stuff.
But nowhere near the gear I've been
sampling in Ibiza.
I need to take a leak so chop out
another couple of lines before we
make a move and things get a bit
too wild if you know what I mean.

Nicky jumps up off the sofa but gets it wrong and falls back
again. Epic coked up with look in his eye puts his hand on
Nicky's thigh. Fucking hell Nicky. You look fitter than I've
ever seen you looking. Let's do some more coke and go to bed
before casino.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me you fucking
creep and what gives you the
fucking idea that I'm going to jump
into bed and fuck you just because
you have had a change of luck.
Don't think you can fucking own me
just because you think you're going
to make it as the world's greatest
fucking deejay after tonight. You
prick. Fuck off and load up the car
and dont push your luck again.

END OF EPISODE THREE

CUT TO:

EPISODE FOUR

EXT. LONDON - BACKSTREET - NIGHT

G-Man, 40s, short hair, looks like Huggy Bear from Starsky &
Hutch and Roy, 50s, dreadlocks, Rasta, are in the car waiting
for Sonny's tip off for where to get speed tonight.

G-MAN
Your turn to ring Sonny.

ROY
For fuck's sake. It's always my
turn to call him.

Roy goes to phone box and makes the call.

CUT TO:

INT. G-MAN'S CAR - PARKED

G-Man sits in car listening to a Northern Soul track. He pulls out a Jimmy from his bag and starts to clean it with a rag like it was precious.

Roy comes back and gets in car.

G-MAN
So where is it tonight?

ROY
Off to the seaside, mate.

G-MAN
Eh? What you talking bout.

ROY
Sonny has got no leads for speed tonight. I blame that bleedin Quadropenia film teaching kids to break into pharmacies. Shocking stuff.

G-MAN
So?

ROY
So he wants us to knock Casino on the head. Go pick up the van. Drive down and break into Epics lock up and empty it out. If there is a grands worth of goods in there, then Sonny is paid back and me and you stop getting it in the ear.

Roy pulls away in the car and G-man turns up the volume on the tape cassette,

CUT TO:.

INT. JULIAN'S KITCHEN - DECEMBER 1981 - DAY

Radio plays the football report. Julian goes back and forth between reading and putting food and condiments on the table.

JULIAN'S MOM

Here you go, son. I've made you your favourite tea tonight. Liver Bacon Chips and Peas - No gravy.

JULIAN

Wow Mum. Thanks for this. And it isn't even my birthday.

Starts to tuck into the food.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Got any brown sauce? Please.

JULIAN'S MOM

There goes my lovely. Enjoy.

Julian starts to eat and enjoys it.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

So have you noticed Joe has been working a lot of shifts lately? Two jobs. Poor thing no wonder he is tired all the time.

JULIAN

And grumpy.

JULIAN'S MOM

Well, yes he has been grumpy but to be fair we hardly ever see him these days. And when he is here he is sleeping.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

Well, its all been for a good reason. We have saved enough money to move back near nan and grandad and buy our own house.

JULIAN

(Stops eating)

What? What are you talking about move?

JULIAN'S MOM

Well, this was only temporary. And you never wanted to move here in the first place and this house has three big bedrooms so Joe can put a temporary wall up in one of them so the girls can have their own rooms.

JULIAN

No, Mom, No. It's not gonna happen. I won't allow it.

JULIAN'S MOM

(Angry)

You wont allow it? You wont allow it? This isn't just about you!

Julian flinches at the sudden rise in volume.

JULIAN

I'm not bloody going, I like it here. My life's here. My friends, everything. I cannot believe that you would do this to me! I don't give a shit! I am not leaving!

JULIAN'S MOM

Why are you are trying to ruin things for me? I never had you down as being such a selfish person! When did this happen? Come on tell me. When did you become so self-absorbed?

The radio plays more football reports.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)

Well, come on! When did this happen?

JULIAN

What does that mean?

JULIAN'S MOM

Don't know? Don't care? What? Come on Julian, enlighten me!

JULIAN

I just want to stay here, mom.

JULIAN'S MOM

I'm sure you do! That's as maybe. Unfortunately for you, you are not the only person of importance in this house. You have two younger sisters now and it's of utmost importance that they can both grow up in a safe and nurturing environment. Sadly, this estate does not fit that bill anymore.

JULIAN

(Sobbing)

Living here hasn't done me any harm, has it?

His mom is animated and waves her hands.

JULIAN'S MOM

No, it hasn't. But you are older, more capable, less vulnerable than the girls when we came here. The area has changed. I don't just mean the superficial structure of the estate, the mess, the neglect, the vandalism and all that sort of thing. It's the people, the community. These places are becoming dumping grounds for thieves, drug dealers, prostitutes and even pedophiles. Good people move out and the council move in the troubled, the criminal and the antisocial.

(MORE)

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)
Do you know why they do that?

JULIAN
(shakes his head and
sobbing)
Because it's easy. Because it
offers camouflage. They bank on
folk not knowing, not noticing, not
questioning. Look at the size of
this place. How many of our
neighbours do you actually know?
Not many with snotty nose.

JULIAN'S MOM
And how many of their names do you
know?

JULIAN
Not many.

Julian looks up at the ceiling.

JULIAN'S MOM
Well...I'll bet that's a few more
than I could name. And if I was to
ask you their surnames or what they
do for a living that would probably
really stump you. People can
disappear here, Julian. No one asks
questions, who's who? No one cares.
Not once they have shut their
doors.

She gets up and walks towards the kitchen window.

JULIAN'S MOM (CONT'D)
I love you so much and I would go
to the ends of the earth for you,
but I love those two girls like
they are my own, too. Surely you
can understand that?

Julian nods.

Sound of front door opening. Joe appears soaking wet. He
walks in moaning and muttering.

JOE

Bloody lift's out of order again!
What's been going on here then?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Rose enters the room looking solemn. Harry looks up.

ROSE

You are a disgrace Harry Powell. A disgrace to the whole family. What am I gonna tell them in Southend? There daughter is a credit to the family. Not like you. You weren't like this til you started hanging around with all them skinheads.

HARRY

They are not skinheads. And stop shouting at me. I've got head wounds.

ROSE

No more than you deserve. Smashing up other peoples property. You're lucky your in hospital and not in prison.

HARRY

Has anybody called for me?

ROSE

Your mate Baz rang a few times. I told him where you were. Has he not been to see you? He is probably ashamed of you too. Oh and this letter came. Looks very official.

Harry opens it.

HARRY

Oh for fuck sake. They have cancelled my YTS scheme. Ahhhhh It's Saturday night and I'm in the hospital. I got no job. No bird.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

No mates, and I've been coughing up blood.

HARRY'S MOM

Well, you're lucky you got a home. Your dad wanted to kick you out while you were in here. Anyway, yer Dad will pick you up 11:00 a.m. tomorrow, so make sure you are ready.

Harry groans and picks up a copy of a newspaper from his bedside. He puts it over his face so he can't see his mum.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CASINO - DANCE PARTY - NIGHT

Epic and Nicky turn up at the Casino in his car.

EPIC

(Looking around)

No sign of G-man or Roy. Weird. They are normally here by opening. Most odd. You go get ready. I need to unload this lot. See you inside and good luck, Nicky.

NICKY

And....?

EPIC

And I'm sorry.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Remember, I'm gonna play in order... "Breakaway" by Steve Karmen Social... "I'm Gonna Find Me Somebody" by the Velvets... "Stick By Me Baby" by the Salvador's... "Free For All" by Phillip Mitchell... "Helpless" by Kim Weston....

"You Don't Want Me No More" by Major Lance Breakaway and a Steve Karmen B-side instrumental!

Nicky nods her head.

EPIC (CONT'D)

I'll start and end with "Breakaway" and by the time the Karmen track finishes, I'll expect everyone in the place to know who the winner is.

NICKY

Listen, Epic. I just want to say sorry for the way I spoke to you earlier. Sometimes...depending on how I'm feeling, coke makes me say and do things I normally wouldn't and that was one of them. I just want you to know that I'm into you, the first guy I've felt like that about since breaking up with G-Man but I won't stand for anybody thinking they can try it on with me after a few lines of coke, so don't ever do that again, okay?

EPIC

Okay, Nicky I promise nothing like that will ever happen again and good luck for tonight. Just get up there and give it your best shot.

NICKY

And good luck behind the decks, Mr. DJ. It just might be the start of a residency for you, mate.

ROSS

Alright, you lot. From what I've heard, I think you all know what I'm about to tell you but before I do. Can we have the dancers up on stage now please.

Nicki and three others get onto stage and stand beside Epic.

ROSS (CONT'D)

As you know, you've all heard the rumours over the last few weeks that Casino is closing. So, this could be the last dance competition ever! From Aberdeen we have Angus.

The crowd cheers.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Up next is Gaz from Accrington, a face that needs no introduction.

The crowd applauds.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Last year's winner and firm favourite for tonight's final Spencer from Birmingham and hot on his heels the delectable Nicky from Brighton.

The crowd cheers loudly.

ROSS (CONT'D)

And last, but definitely not least...our deejay for the night on his Casino debut...Epic.

Epic holds his box of singles up with a smile and takes his place behind the decks. He sticks his playlist to the amplifier with a blob of Wrigley's gum. The lights dim and the crowd waits for the action.

He carefully places his first single down and the needle hits the groove perfectly as the club explodes. Dancers on the stage ease into their soulful routines with a dance off between the five contestants.

Ross walks on stage announces the winner as Epic packs his sounds back in the box.

ROSS (CONT'D)

We'll talk about a great competition from everyone involved proving once again that there really is nothing like the sight of a northern soul dancer on top form. And what form our new champion showed us tonight narrowly beating Spencer to the winning post with a brilliant performance so ladies and gentlemen. Put your hands together once again for Casino new dancing champion Miss Nicky Scott

ROSS (CONT'D)

Miss Nicky Scott 1981 Northern Soul dance champion!

The whole place explodes in loud applause again as he hands her the prize, which is a Sony walkman, bowing to the audience as Ross makes one more announcement.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Not forgetting our deejay who played some great sounds. A big hand please for Epic who I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of in the future.

Epic raises his hand smiling and waving to thunderous applause. He turns to Nicky giving her a hug and a kiss.

EPIC

(whispers)

Told you you'd beat that big headed wanker Spencer, didn't I?

Nicky nods hugging Epic tightly eyes closed briefly as she whispers in his ear.

NICKY

Yeah and thanks to you I did. Now how about we grab our stuff and shoot back to yours and celebrate with some of that cheap Spanish champagne chilling in your fridge.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Harry's dad picks him up.

DAD

Well, Mr I'm so hard. You had better change your ways once you get home or I'll be kicking you out.

HARRY

No need for that, Dad.

DAD

What do you mean? No need for that?
I'll bloody well kick you out if I
want to.

HARRY

Like I said. No need. I'm moving
out. I've got a job in a place
called Walton on Thames.

DAD

Where the hell is that? And What
you gonna be doing?

HARRY

Somewhere Surrey. Its a job making
exhibition stands. Saw it
advertised in paper. Bloke who runs
it has one round here and one down
there. Rang him last night from
hospital phone and he offered me
the Walton job. Says I can start
this week and I get a room in a
house So no need to kick me out.

Kisses Dad on top of head and walks out of room with big
smile on face.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ronnie wears a paisley silk gown while listening to a rare
soul album and reading the newspaper. The phone rings.

RONNIE

Mandy can you get the phone?

MANDY (O.S.)

(From kitchen)

I can, but if I do your bacon will
be burnt.

RONNIE

(annoyed)

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

It's the Lord's day and I'm lord of the fucking manor so I shouldn't be doing this.

He goes to pick up the phone.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Hello who the fuck is this?

GLADYS (O.S.)

Hello, Ronnie. I'm so sorry to disturb you on a Sunday. But there is a man here who says he needs to speak to you urgent. He has driven three hours down to the cafe on a Sunday morning. It's lucky I was here giving the place a good clean.

RONNIE

Put him on but this had better be fucking urgent. Err...yes good morning Mister Hardman.

STEVE JONES (O.S.)

I'm sorry for disturbing you so early in the morning. My name's Steve Jones and the reason I'm phoning you is about your latest record catalogue I received yesterday. There are a few singles I'm interested in bidding for especially one in particular I'm prepared to make you a serious offer for. The single on page 48 called, "Do I Love You" by Frank Wilson. I've been after a copy of that for God knows how long so can you tell me how much you want for it?

RONNIE

(Furious)

Listen, mate. I don't know who put you up to this but you're taking the piss and I don't fucking like people who take the piss out of me especially when it comes down to that single.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I've also been after for ages and I'm telling you straight. If I did have a copy then no way would I be fucking selling it so whoever you are you'd better fuck off now or else I'll come down to my cafe and...

STEVE JONES (O.S.)

It's no joke honest Mister Hardman. I'm holding the catalogue now right in front of me. Half way down page 48, "Do I Love You" by Frank Wilson. Is it for sale or not? I just told you I'm prepared to meet however much you're asking for it.

RONNIE

(Screaming)

Listen, mate. I don't know who the fuck you are but take you offer and shove it as far up your arse as you can!

Ronnie slams down the phone.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

He scarpers upstairs and Mandy follows him as he begins to get dressed smart but casual. Taking out his knuckle dusters from the drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MANDY

Ronnie, where you going? Your breakfast is ready. Ronnie? Ronnie? How long you gonna be?

RONNIE

I don't know, Mandy. Something important has come up. I need to shoot down the café for a bit. I'll give you a bell when I've sorted it out.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh and do me a favour, call Jamie boy. Tell him to climb out of his dirty pit and get himself down the cafe now.

He grabs the car keys charging out of the front door slamming it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLCE VITA CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie storms inside looking around.

GLADYS

Ronnie? Ronnie? Ronnie? What ever is the problem?

RONNIE

Where is that idiot who called me from here?

GLADYS

He left straight after you put the phone down on him. I don't blame him. It's one thing shouting at young Epic, but you can't be shouting at customers.

RONNIE

Gladys. Shut the fuck up and make me a coffee! This is gonna be a long day!

Ronnie walks into the store room. He picks up a copy of the catalogue which is sitting next to a pile of singles. He goes through pages getting to page 48 - the page Elsie had typed.

He looks again and stomps around. He picks up the pile of records that Syd has left and goes through them one by one slowly. Jamie boy enters the cafe looking much worse for wear.

JAMIE

What's the fucks going on boss if you don't mind me asking? What you doing working on the Lord's day?

RONNIE

This! This is the fucking problem
Jamie boy!

Ronnie shows him the page with The copy of Frank for sale.

JAMIE BOY

Honestly, boss, I don't know what
the fuck's going on here. Everybody
knows how long you've been after a
copy of, "Do I fucking Love You" so
how the fuck's it got in the
catalogue, Ronnie?

RONNIE

I don't fucking know, Jamie Boy,
but I know where to start looking
for the answer. Come on. We're
going to give Old Syd a call. See
what he's got to say for himself.

Ronnie and Jamie Boy storm out of the cafe

GLADYS

What about your cappuccino?

CUT TO:

INT. EPIC'S BEDROOM - LATER

Nicky and Epic are in bed half naked with an empty bottle of
Cinzano on the bed. Epic slips out and comes back bringing
Nicky some breakfast and tea.

NICKY

Morning, Lover boy. King of the
Casino.

She plants a kiss on his lips.

EPIC

It's more like afternoon. Here goes
tea and the best bacon sandwiches
in town. One thing I learned at the
cafe was how to make a decent
breakfast.

NICKY

I think I'm going to have to keep my eye on you fattening me up with all this grub you keep giving me.

EPIC

No sweat, Nicky. I'm sure we can think of a few ways to keep you slim and sexy. Now do the honors and pour the tea and mine with two sugars.

NICKY

Yes, master, I'm pouring your tea and your wish is my command. Two sugars in. So, are you going to tell me how you've managed to square things up with G-Man and Roy or what?

EPIC

Yeah, course I am. What do you want to know?

NICKY

I want to know everything and no bullshit either! Tell me everything about this brilliant plan you've come up with.

EPIC

It's like this. As you know, I was in deep shit right up to my neck and now I'm not and you want to know how? Well, it's simple in a complicated kind of way. But, there's this northern song. You know it's called, "Do I Love You" by Frank Wilson.

NICKY

Course I fucking know it! I won the dance competition last night at Casino. I'm not some fucking idiot evil mod who turned up this week for the first time asking for "Green Onions," am I? For fuck's sake! What sort of div girls do you normally bring back to your flat?

EPIC

Okay, okay. I was just saying. Anyway. You might not know just how much it's worth. Bundles. Thousands and that wanker Ronnie has been after a copy for ages so guess what happens? And this is no bullshit... I swear! Old Syd turns up at the café with his usual two bags of singles ready for me to file in the right order when I come across a copy of Frank.

NICKY

Really?

EPIC

I couldn't believe it, Nicky! So, I double checked that it wasn't on the catalogue and it wasn't. I didn't want to fuck about wasting time so I worked out a plan. I told Gladys to tell Ronnie that I was jacking in and moving down to Brighton to start a new life.

NICKY

Are you sure it wasn't in the catalogue?

EPIC

No. How mad is that?! I checked under the rare and for sale section. Nothing! I can flog it for couple of thousand! Pay off G-man's boss and have enough to do something meaningful with my life. Talking of doing something meaningful how bout me and you....

NICKY

No. No. No. Tell me more! Explain!

EPIC

All I've got to do is sit tight for a couple of weeks until I can flog it to the highest bidder, and I'll be in the clear. I can pay G-Man back and have enough cash left over to give us both a fresh start away from this fucking dump especially now that Casino is closing down. Now is that cool or what?

NICKY

Yeah, the plan sounds cool enough. But, don't forget you're fucking with Ronnie Hardman! From what you've told me about him, he sounds like a thousand times worse than G-Man. So, what if he susses out you're the one who nicked Frank Wilson and comes after you?

EPIC

He doesn't even know me real name! If he ever does suss it's me, by the time he does, you and me will be down in Brighton. Just believe me, babe. All we've got to do is sit tight and we're home and dry.

NICKY

Okay, you tell me you've got Frank Wilson hidden away? So, is there any chance you showing it me just to put my mind at rest if you know what I mean? Go get the copy and I'll believe yah.

Epic gets off bed and starts to get dressed.

EPIC

Course I can. It's down in my lock up with the rest of my things. Crack open another bottle of that Spanish bubbly, if you like. I'll be back in a jiffy.

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S FRONT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Julian and Gerry drink tea while in the living room.

JULIAN

Twenty two grand! Twenty two grand for a bloody house! Twenty two grand! Can you believe it?

GERRY

Don't know. Don't know what a house should cost do I. I'm more of a trainee plaster than an estate agent. Hey, wanna hear something funny? Itchy has joined the Army. God knows how those military barbers are gonna deal with those greasy locks of his....

JULIAN

God save ze Queen. At least these green and pleasant lands are now safe against foreign invasion!

CUT TO:

INT. SYD'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

He looks at a saxophone a customer drops off to be fixed. There is a loud knock at the door. Then the door is kicked in by Ronnie and Jamie Boy. Jamie carries a cricket bat.

SYD

What the bloody hells all this about Ronnie?

RONNIE

Never mind. What the bloody hell's all this? Where's that copy of Frank Wilson you've nicked from me? You thieving old cunt!

SYD

What you on about, Ronnie? I haven't nicked anything from you, Ronnie! I never have in all the time we've known each other! So what are you going on about because I haven't a bloody clue, you know?

Ronnie grabs Syd by the collar and shakes him like a dead rat throwing him to the floor repeating the question. Ronnie bangs Syd's head against a table.

RONNIE

Don't give me your fucking shit, Syd. What the fuck have you done with the Frank Wilson? I won't ask you twice?

Syd shakes and mumbles. Ronnie nods to Jamie who moves in closer, towering over the frail old man, giving him a few hard cracks of the bat in the face.

SYD

Ronnie! I swear to you! I haven't nicked Frank from you! This doesn't make any bloody sense if you think about it! You told me I can ask my own price if I came across a copy! So, why the bloody hell would I nick it from you if I had found a copy? Just ask yourself in all the time we've known each other, when have I ever done you a bad turn?

Ronnie stops for a few beats thinking about what Old Syd says.

RONNIE

Okay, old man. I hear what you're saying. You haven't done me a bad turn in all the time I've known you, but something's going on behind my back. I think you know about.

SYD

I promise you I don't!

RONNIE

What I don't get is you and Elsie suddenly eating in the best restaurant in town. Fucking off to Spain for two weeks from the winnings of a horse you backed.

SYD

But, listen...I didn't...

RONNIE

All the time I've known you, you haven't won enough to pay for a day out at Canvey Island. Then this morning this punter bells me up telling me he's seen Frank Wilson for sale on page 48 of the catalogue that you put together for me every month and you're telling me you know fuck all about it.

Syd mumbles and cries.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

That's not good enough, Syd. I really hoped that you were going to make this easy for yourself, considering that broken bones never heal the same when you get to your age.

Ronnie glances across at Jamie Boy standing there chomping at the bit like he couldn't wait to get stuck in.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Looks like it's going to be down to you again, Mister Macdonald. You've got to convince Syd here to come clean. (a beat) So, once again, maestro, music! Si vous plait!

Jamie springs forward raining blows down on Syd who raises his arm again in a futile attempt to protect his head. More than a dozen hammer blows come down and batter Syd's body to bits. The stomach blows so hard he throws up the bacon sarnie and tea he'd been enjoying before Ronnie and Jamie disturbed him.

Syd gasps for air with his eyes bulging out. The blows to the back of his head smashed him into unconsciousness depriving his Ronnie has no choice but to call time staring at

JAMIE

Tough old bastard is he not boss?
Want me to go at him again?

Ronnie stands looking at Syd's broken body and becomes overcome with emotion. Ronnie cry and sob. Syd's body is lifeless Jamie wipes his forehead.

RONNIE

Put the fucking bat down, Jamie!
Call an ambulance! Fast! I've done what you usually do bursting in here like a bull in a fucking china shop without any thought that some other fucker might have nicked Frank Wilson. I've got a pretty good idea who, the more I think about it.

Jamie dials an ambulance.

JAMIE

Who is it, boss?

RONNIE

Oh, yes you know him, alright. That big headed thieving cunt Epic who used to work for me. Now I know why he jacked in the café and got Gladys to tell me instead of telling me himself. When the ambulance gets here, make sure that Syd's going to be okay. We'll have a drive 'round to the arches and see if he's knocking around.

FADE OUT:

EXT. EPIC'S LOCK UP - AFTERNOON

Epic is full of himself bouncing singing. Dr Love by Bobby Sheen. He opens the door and reaches for the light switch. He stands shocked as he sees the place has been emptied.

On the table, where his decks once sat, is a note: "PAID IN FULL. G-MAN & ROY." Epic falls to the floor sobbing. He hears the sound of Ronnie's car pulling up. Ronnie and Jamie boy get out.

RONNIE

Well, well, well. It looks like you've got a lot of explaining to do and before you do. I just want to tell you that we paid Old Syd a visit not too long ago accusing him of stealing Frank. You do remember that nice old bloke who treats you like you are his own son whose ended up in hospital because of you which makes me even more pissed off with you so where is it and don't even think of denying it or I'll fucking kill you here and now you fucking thieving wanker.

Jamie Boy taps the palm of his hand with the cricket bat. Epic remains on the floor shaking

EPIC

I'm sorry Ronnie you've got to believe me. Okay it was me who nicked Frank and believe me I had it hidden away in here last night before going to Wigan but I haven't got it now I swear.

(MORE)

EPIC (CONT'D)

The guy I owe a grand too emptied everything I own including my whole collection of soul records which is where I kept Frank. Honest Ronnie you've got to believe me. I'm telling you the truth.

RONNIE

Sounds a bit too fucking convenient this bullshit if you ask me but maybe a few minutes with Jamie Boy here might just change your mind.

He nods to Jamie who smashes the bat into Epic who curls up screaming.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Four

Jamie takes a step back and smashes the bat into him.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(Clapping)Six

Jamie continues to smash Epic with the bat til he rolls over crying, Jamie goes for one last smash

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Now then before the innings is over. Let's have a proper chat shall we?

Epic is lying on floor broken.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

After taking a beating like that I'm half convinced that you're telling me the truth so if you haven't got Frank then who the fuck has?

Ronnie drags Epic up. Epic is sobbing and mumbling through swollen and beaten lips

EPIC

He. He. He's called G-Man Ronnie and he knocks about with a bloke called Roy. They're both dealers at Wigan. He gave me a week to get the cash I owed him back to him but I missed the deadline. He's the one who cleaned me out but as to where he lives I don't have a clue apart from somewhere in Birmingham. That's all I know honest but you can't miss him because he drives a white Capri around when he's out doing business.

Laughing and tightening grip on Epics collar

RONNIE

Who doesn't drive a white fucking Capri. No you're going to have to do a fucking sight better than that. Who else knows where this fucking G-Man lives or somebody who might have his telephone number?

EPIC

Only one person might know where he lives. That's his ex-bird Nicky who I'm seeing now. She's up in my flat now so maybe you can ask her.

Epic crawls over and gets his keys out of the lock up door and throws them to Ronnie.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Flat twenty four. Third floor.

RONNIE

Very chivalrous of you I must say. What a fucking snake you are Epic.

He gives one last kick to Epics face. Then looks across at Jamie boy. MUSIC TO THE SNAKE BY Johnny Rivers PLAYS IN BACKGROUND

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Right then. We're finished here for now. Let's go and have a chat with this bird Nicky in flat twenty four and for her sake you'd better be telling me the truth or we'll be back to have an-other little chat with you.

Ronnie and Jamie find Epics door on latch. The tip toe inside quietly. Nicky is in the kitchen making an omelette

NICKY

I can hear you Epic. Im just making an omelette for us to eat later. Learned how to do this in Ibiza.

She turns round to see jamie and ronnie

RONNIE

From the description lover boy gave us you must be Nicky.

Nicky picks up the pan ready to hit them and screams.

NICKY

Who the fucking hell are you two and where's Epic?

She kicks out at Ronnie who catches her leg. Menacingly Ronnie pushes Nicky to the floor.

RONNIE

Never you fucking mind who I am darling. And regarding Epic I've left him down in his garage in a right proper mess but he'll be okay eventually unlike you if you don't tell me what I want to know.

Nicky stops struggling

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Lover boy tells me that you and a bloke called G-Man used to go out together. Turns out this fucking G-Man has got something of mine I want back and Epic reckons that you might know where he lives or where I can get hold of him and you better be straight with me or you'll get what lover boy got.

Jamie produces the bat and leans on it. She stares ronnie in the eye and talks with fear in her voice

JAMIE

It's right that I did used to go out with him but that was a long time ago and I don't have a clue where he lives now apart from somewhere near Birmingham. I don't even have a phone number for him and That's the truth like it or not.

Ronnie Sighs shrugging his shoulders at Jamie Boy who smashed the bat even harder in his hand as Nicky curls up in a ball expecting the worse

RONNIE

Not the words I wanted to hear Nicky but lucky for you I know when somebody about to get the beating of their life is telling the truth so here's what's going to happen. I've got a dark cold damp basement with a mattress back at home which is where you're going to be staying until I get back what I want and if I don't. Then you'll both be at the bottom of Lake Coniston wearing concrete high heel shoes. Now get up and let's go.

Nicky lashes out at Ronnie kicking him in the balls as she jumped to her feet and makes a dash for the door.

Jamie Boy blocks her way, grabbing hold of her by the arm shaking her like a rat, Nicky struggling like mad repeatedly slapping and scratching Jamie in the face as he threw the bat to Ronnie trying his best to hold Nicky still as Ronnie knocks her clean out with one hard blow on top of her head seconds after which she slumped to the floor unconscious.

Jamie Boy wraps Nicky in a bed sheet. Empties her handbag searching for anything with G-Man's name or number on it without success.

The pair of them walk out of the flats, Jamie Boy carrying Nicky slumped over one shoulder over to the garages where he's parked up his Bristol dropping Nicky in the boot slamming it shut as Ronnie walked over to Epic.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

That bird of yours has got some fucking bottle by the way. Can't understand what she sees in a wanker like you but love acts in strange ways. Anyway she s staying with me for a week which is as long as I'm giving you to get Frank back in one piece or you'll both be taking a long deep holiday in the lakes if you catch my drift.

Epic stares up at his big black silhouette eclipsing the bright sunlight.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

One week and I wouldn't be wasting one fucking second if I were you sitting on your arse feeling sorry for yourself.

CUT TO:

INT SCENE OF HARRY IN HIS NEW FLAT

Harry comes in the door carrying a video under his arm. He makes himself comfortable. Sits down and puts video into Betamax to record I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE OR CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST Harry opens a can of Watneys lager.

HARRY

I've been looking forward to
watching this beauty for months...

Film starts. And phone rings.

HARRY (CONT'D)

For crying out loud who is that? -
(Answers phone) Hello? Not really
interested in what Rose has to say.

HARRY'S MOM

Hello. No I was just relaxing and
watching Benny Hill. Im missing you
too mum. Of course I do. Yep I cant
wait to see you and dad soon too.
YEP be great for you to come down
and see me soon. This Saturday as
in tomorrow. Bloody Hell Rose I only
moved out 5 days ago! Yvonne is
coming as well? Christ. Of course
Im excited. Of course I am. OK? See
you tomorrow. For Fucks sake. Maybe
being in hospital wasn't so bad
after all?

WE NEED A SCENE HERE WITH JULIAN AND GERRY. JUST A MINUTE OR
SO

CUT TO:

Int. EPICS FLAT

Epic necks 4 bombers and 2 cans of lager and then drives to
service station. Epic sees the white gets capri all beaten
up. He gets out of his car slowly even though Epic is in pain
and knows Gman and Roy are dealing speed pre casino and he
walks towards the toilets.

G-MAN and Roy are coming out of the toilets smiling and
laughing the bump into Epic and looked shocked at how he
looks.

G-MAN

Well well. Looks like our man Epic here has met with a bit of an accident.

ROY

That he does man and I'm wondering what the fuck he wants with us?

G-MAN

How the fuck do I know man but I reckon it could it be something to do with us cleaning you out a few days ago for missing the deadline we gave you to pay us back the grand you owe us for Sonny?
(Laughing) Am I close or what?

EPIC

Yeah I know it was you two who cleaned me out and fair shout seeing as I missed the dead-line You didn't show at the club when I had the cash to pay you. That's water under the bridge now. The only reason I'm here tonight and I shouldn't be for causing you so much fucking hassle is to ask you the biggest favor I've ever asked anyone before. You've got to help me G-Man because if you don't Nicky's fucking dead.

G-MAN

You've got some fucking nerve asking me of all people for help but you've got one shot so you'd better make it a good one or I'll fucking kill you. When you say Nicky's in trouble what exactly do you mean!

Smashes Epic's head against the wall

CUT TO

INT CAPRI. EPIC IS IN BACK OF CAR WORSE FOR WEAR G-MAN IS IN FRONT OF CAR. ROY IN DRIVERS SEAT.

Epic groans.

G-MAN

Yeah I know how you're feeling man but believe me it ain't half as bad as what I'm feeling so please don't say a word. Not one fucking word. I just want to get this sorted out as soon as possible and I hope for your sake we're going to be able to this without any hassle.

G-man looks for change in his pocket. Before getting out to head to phone box. Roy laughing at G-Man

ROY

You OK?to use that phone on your own G?!?! I know you dont like using em... G-man dials the number to Sonny

SONNY

(On phone)
Who's this and What's your business?

G-MAN

Sonny man. It's G. Listen, massive apologies for belling you up so late but there's an unexpected problem That's come up I need your help with man. Serious shit Sonny or I promise I wouldn't be talking to you now.

SONNY

Sounds serious man. What's wrong?

G-MAN

A friend of mine, a girl I know is in some deep shit with some nasty people who are holding her hostage and threatened to kill her if the situation isn't resolved.

SONNY

Sounds bad man but what the fuck can I do.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

I quit dealing in shooters a while back after I got out of jail. That don't mean I've gone soft but once bitten twice shy is where I'm coming from these days man.

G-MAN

No way Sonny. I don't need a shooter but what I do need is them records back I gave you the other night, well one of them in particular. You don't happen to still have them by any chance?

SONNY

Ahhhh those records. I see. Uh uh no way man. I sold the lot to a record dealer with a shop in Nottingham. Why What's so important about this one record?

G-MAN

Long story man. Shit man we're fucked good and proper now. Yeah Sonny you don't happen to have the guys address or telephone number?

SONNY

What you talking bout Willis... At this time in the morning. Come on G-Man get real. I don't get enough social time to myself as it is.

G-MAN

Honest. Im gonna run out of change soon. Like I say I wouldn't be belling you if it wasn't urgent and even as we speak the girls running out of time so anything you can give me would really help me out. Please.

The phone is silent. Sunny is calm.

SONNY

Now let me see. No, no, no. Oh wait a minute man. Yeah I got the guys address and telephone number. Steve Jones and the shop is on Canal street, Nottingham, Soul Sauce. Yeah as in smoky barbecue sauce. Hurry man because he mentioned some stateside record dealer buying the lot off him. Oh no wait a second.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

Fuck man it's not his telephone number. It's another Jones I know but you've got the address of the shop so the rest is down to you. It shouldn't be too hard to find if you ask around when you get there. Now if there's nothing else you need from me I'd like to get back to doing what I was doing or should I say what Claudia and Desiree were about to do to me before you so interrupted me and whatever shit you're in man I hope it goes your way. Let me know yeah. Take it easy G-Man.

G-MAN

Okay Sonny. Thanks for that. I'll bell you to let you know how things turn out.

Slams down phone and heads back to car. Roy drives fast.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

He's already sold them to a record dealer in Nottingham, a shop called Soul Sauce, better get down there rapid be-cause Sonny also told me that the guys had an enquiry from the states about selling the lot. Let's just hope we fucking get there before he's sold them or else Nicky's in deeper shit than she's in already thanks to you. I swear Epic if anything happens to her then you and me are going to fall out big time.

ROY

I don't want to sound stupid man. I mean I'm not into northern soul like you guys are Epic but who the hell's Frank Wilson anyway

CUT TO

SCENE OF HARRY IN HIS NEW FLAT IN WALTON

Harry has fallen asleep in the chair watching films. Empty cans and a finished spliff are around him. The phone rings waking him up.

HARRY

Hello. Hello. Mum. Is that you?

HARRY'S MOM

You are its leaving 6 on a Sunday home now morning to avoid whats traffic up?

Are you serious. Ok Ok.

No Im not on drugs Im just tired. New job and all that.

OK? See you in 2 hours.
(Puts phone down)
For fuck sake. I REALLY wish I was still in hospital

INT. CAR. NOTTINGHAM.

G-Man checks watch and its 6.10am

G-MAN

Theres the shop. Circle round six times Roy to make sure all clear.

They park the car up. Turning off tape machine and engine. G-Man gets out shutting car door quietly. He strolls over to the front door and presses bell six times.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

There's an alarm box fixed to the back of the premises but it looks too old to be working properly

ROY

There's a back door half panelled with glass so I reckon That's going to be the easiest place to break in. The only snag we've got breaking in from the back is the top of the wall covered in thick cement with loads of broken glass set into it.

G-MAN

I mean why the fuck do people have to make it so hard for guys like us to earn a living?

EPIC

What if the alarm is working and the pigs turn up?

G-MAN

Then we got 5 minutes to get in find this single and fuck off out of here.

ROY.

How many years have we been doing shit like this and how many times have we been caught. None.

G-MAN

So shut the fuck up being so negative and let's come here to finish what we came to do instead of sitting on our fucking arses worrying if we're going to get nicked or not.

EPIC

Are you both ready or what because the longer we sit here the less chance we've got of getting Nicky back in one piece?

G-MAN

Lets get back in the car and drive it round the back so we got a better getaway. He seems a really friendly guy we're dealing with here.

Takes off trench-coat which he hands to Roy Epic to take off his three quarter length sheepskin draped over the glass spikes as Roy gave him a foot up. Over the wall breaking the lock off the back door.

G-Man hands his trench-coat to Roy. Epic lays his sheepskin coat over the glass spikes.

Roy gives him a foot up. Over the wall they go.

They break the lock.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The crew sneaks down the hallway. No flashlights. They work by moonlight.

ROY

So far so good. Right, follow me.

Holding their breath, they glide through a long corridor, with several doors on either side. They each peer into every door. Roy pushes open a door at the end of the corridor. They enter.

The door slowly closes behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - MASTER BEDROOM

Lottie the large Rottweiler lazily lifts her head from her bed. The crew downstairs is making more noise than they think.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RECORD SHOP - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

EPIC

There's fuck all in here so let's check out the other room.

Epic pushing the door to the last room on the ground floor the room stacked from floor to ceiling with singles

G-MAN

Jackpot, just get to the kitchen to knock up three mugs of strong coffee, two sugars

Epic is shaking his head, clicking his fingers.

EPIC

Where the fuck do we start looking man?

Clicking his fingers.

ROY

Start sifting through that lot over there and I'll take this pile.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Just get through them as fast so we
can fuck off.

Roy has three coffees and another one of his giant joints.
Managed to salvage a massive chunk of his collection of
singles.

EPIC

I know this sounds crazy but
Franks' definitely in here. I can
feel it. Can almost hear the vinyl
scratching. Get your heads together
and focus. A valuable record safe
and sound?

Epic combs the room. Roy lies there looking like they'd given
up. Epic walks over. Epic sits down on Syd's chair.

C.U. Epic's eyes.

CAMERA hidden in bottom corner of room. Car headlights
driving by reveal brass hinges on wall.

Epic to his feet, heart beating fast passing the joint back
to G-Man.

EPIC (CONT'D)

Bingo! I knew the sneaky fucker had
Frank hidden somewhere in here but
I didn't reckon on him being so
sneaky. Ladies and gentlemen I give
you Do I Love You Frank Wilson.

Epic pressing the brass button revealing one single shrouded
in a black velvet cover. Epic kisses it. Grabbing his leather
coat filling the pockets with the cash.

ROY

Make a move and fast, get back to
southend on the double and bell
Ronnie up with the news, to make
the swap for Nicky.

A large snarling male Rottweiler, Leon, stands at the top of
the stairs.

On their way out G-Man looks up. Sees the dog.

G-MAN

We've got company boys.

The crew springs into action. Running down the hallway. G-Man bringing up the rear takes the full brunt of Leon's vicious attack. The dog leaps on him from the full length of the staircase. Teeth sink into his arm.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

Go on you two. Get the fuck out of here!

Leon locks onto arm dragging him around the corridor like a rag doll as he punched, kicks the dog.

G-MAN (CONT'D)

For fucks sake Roy. Go now and if I'm not back in five minutes then go. Go on get the fuck out of here now.

Roy and Epic leg it down the corridor through the backyard over to the Capri.

G-Man smash the killer dog on its skull repeatedly with the crowbar, forcing Leon to let go.

G-Man staggers out of the shop bleeding from several deep scratches and bite marks. Gets in the car.

ROY

Joint mate?

Epic sprawled out in the back trying hard to keep a straight face.

EPIC

I cannot believe it, we got Frank!

G-Man fires up the car slipping away from the crime.

G-MAN

Don't say a fucking word you twat.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

Family visits Harry in Walton on Thames. Mum and Yvonne walk along the river with Harry.

HARRY'S MOM

Don't know where Dad is. He said he was looking for somewhere to park the car.

HARRY

More like looking for bookies.

HARRY'S MOM

I must say Harry, it's all very nice down here. You've landed on your feet. Do you think you might make a go of it here. Get settled down with a family?

HARRY

Mum. Ive been here six days. I don't even know where the post office is yet. Strewth.

YVONNE

Too posh for you top live round here permanently you scruffy git.

HARRY

Too posh for you love. They are not big on knee-tremblers behind the chip shop on a Saturday night.

Harry's mom stops the walking and turns to face Harry.

HARRY'S MOM

Harry show some respect for your sister. Please. Anyway the big news is your Dad won the darts final trophy down the Hamway Pass pub on Thursday night. Oh and Yvonne's friend is pregnant.

YVONNE

Pamela Donald! Remember her?

HARRY

For Fucks Sake...

HARRY'S MOM

Oh for goodness sake Harry. Mind your language I don't know where you get it from.

Dad runs up behind them talking loudly

DAD

Jesus Christ it took me fucking ages to get parked What a place.

HARRY'S MOM

George!!!! And where did you get that ice cream from. I could murder a 69.

Harry and Yvonne both giggle.

HARRY

Its called a 99 mum...

DAD

Van back there come on. You two want anything?

YVONNE

Get me a Cider Lolly please.

Harry and Yvonne sit on a bench

HARRY

So how long has Pam been duffed up?

YVONNE

Six months. Why? What's it to you? You've never been near her.

HARRY

Well....

Yvonne gives Harry a look. Eyes wide open. She gets it.

YVONNE

What? When! That night I caught you wanking in the front room? The night Mum and Dad were gone?

HARRY

No. I told you I wasn't wanking! Me and Pamela had a session and then I fell asleep.

YVONNE

Now there's a surprise. Are you serious?

HARRY

No, honest. I thought she would have told you.

YVONNE

(aghast and giggling)
Why? I can't imagine it was anything she was proud of.

Harry, too uncomfortable to sit, gets up and paces around.

HARRY

Six months? Do you think that puts me in the frame? That was about 18 months ago. Unless you've got some kind of super-sperm that laid in wait to fertilize her egg.

YVONNE

Look baby brother, don't worry about it. She's been back with Barry Fry for six months. He's the daddy.

HARRY

That posing cunt. It will not be his first either I'll bet.

YVONNE

Still, well at least you can relax. Besides, you toss yourself off so much there was probably nothing left in there got get girls pregnant.

HARRY

Thanks. That's nice, very nice

YVONNE

We've barely used half a toilet roll since you left home. Mum's really missing you though. She talks about you all the time.

HARRY

I've only been here 6 days!

YVONNE

Yeah but before that it was a week in hospital and before that you were always out with your Teddy Boy mates.

HARRY

Psychobilly mates!!! Anyway thats all fucked now. I found out one of my mates had shagged my girlfriend last year. Thats why I went all Basil Fawlty on that car. Started smashing it up.

YVONNE

So what's your plan then? You're not going to stay down here are you? It's a bit early for retirement. Just because you fell out with some girl you don't have to live in solitary confinement... and what happened to your lovely Ted hairdo?

HARRY

Oh they shaved me head when I was in hospital. It'll grow back eventually. Come on lets go find Rose and dad see if she enjoyed her 69...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANS BEDROOM - DAY

Julian and Gerry sit reading Sounds and NME on record player is OMD track playing Architecture and Morality.

GERRY

Jools, I'm not being funny but is this the radio or a record?

JULIAN

It's a record. Architecture and Morality by OMD. Remember that lot that did the song about the plane that dropped the atomic bomb?

GERRY

Er No. Was it Ska?

JULIAN

Come on Gerry. There is more to music than Ska. You know that. One of the lads at college leant me this. He thought Id like it cos its got the word architecture in it and Im training to be an architect.

GERRY

Oh OK. Maybe they should make a record called building sites and immorality. Then I might like it.

CUT TO:

INT. EPICS FLAT - LATE SUNDAY NIGHT

Epic, G-Man and Roy sit around, stoned and drinking whisky. They are tired and faded.

G-MAN

When Nicky won the dancing competition. What was she like man?

EPIC

She danced like an angel mate. That big headed wanker Spencer didn't get a look in. One of those moments I'll remember forever. I just wished you'd have been there to see her.

G-MAN

(to Epic)

Well I would've been if it wasn't for you. I swear, if anything happens to Nicky because of you fucking up I'll fucking kill you.

ROY

Hey come on guys cool it. And why are we sitting around here on our arses when we should be doing something to get Nicky back.

EPIC

(anxious)

For fucks sake Roy. Give it a rest. He said he'll ring us at exactly midnight, so that's what he'll do. Until he rings we sit tight.

MONTAGE:

The crew smokes and drinks. Smoke floating through the air. Roy and Epic drift off. G-Man staying awake.

The phone rings at two minutes to twelve. G-Man and Epic jump up. Roy is by the phone. He lets it ring, urging them both to be quiet with one finger raised to his lips.

Roy picks up the phone. Listens.

ROY

I want to speak to Nicky to make sure she's okay..... What do you mean no chance? How do I know when I've only got your word for it.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I want to speak to her or the deals off..... Okay, okay.... Okay! We'll be on the carpark at midnight.

G-Man Roy and Epic are waiting in the shadows for Ronnie.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CARPARK - RONNIE'S CAR - 11:55PM

Ronnie screeches on to the car-park stopping several feet in front of the Capri headlights on full beam .

RONNIE

Right then. Looks like it's show time. You get the girl and leave the talking to me.

Ronnie hands Jamie him a cricket bat.

CUT TO:

INT. EPIC'S CAR - THAT MOMENT

EPIC

Right here's the plan. G-Man you stay in the car. Roy you come with me for some back up and don't be scared by these two fuckers. Just remember that we've both got something each of us wants.

Epic pulls Frank out of the glove box. He and Roy got out of the car.

Jamie manhandles Nicky out of the boot pushing her over next to Ronnie, looking like she was about to crack up. Ronnie shouts across to Epic.

RONNIE

We all know why we're here so give me Frank and you can have your bird back!

Epic, remains cocky, determined to play things out his way holding up Frank high enough so Ronnie can see it clearly.

EPIC

No deal Ronnie. You give us Nicky back first and then you get Frank back. Take it or leave it.

Nicky shouts, being restrained by Jamie.

NICKY

Listen Ronnie. I'm totally pissed off with all this. If he gives you Frank back, will you promise me all ends here and now with no more violence? I want an end to it.

Ronnie just walks up and down doing the Billy Elliot thing.

RONNIE

Fair enough Nicky. You have my word. Nobody gets hurt so long as I get Frank back now and then we can all go home happy.

Nicky starts shouting at him again.

NICKY

No arguments for fucks sake. You've caused all this shit so give him Frank back now.

Epic hands Frank to Nicky who hands it to Ronnie. Ronnie stands there staring at the record silently.

RONNIE

Thank you for this Nicky. You know how much this means to me and as for you Epic. I don't know what this girl sees in you but thank God she's here or I swear you'd be on your way to intensive care so get in the car and fuck off.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1982

Julian is moving away. Gerry stands outside and watches Julian wave goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SYD'S FRONT DOOR. DAY

Ronnie knocks at the door.

Elsie cracks open the door. Ronnie in his arms are flowers chocolates and bottle of whiskey.

ELSIE

What.

RONNIE

Elsie, love

ELSIE

(increasing in volume)

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck
you, fuck YOU, FUCK YOU!! FUCK
YOU!!!

Elsie throws the door open. Scoffs at this pathetic sight. On the verge of tears and destruction. She doesn't know where to begin, but holds nothing back.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

What the bloody hell do you want coming round here after what you did to us!! Not content enough beating my husband half to death? You've ruined my husband, I don't know if he will ever properly be himself again.

RONNIE

I know I ruined the only bloody chance I've ever had of having a holiday in Spain!!!!

ELSIE

Goddmnit I don't know why I'm even letting you stand at my door... I don't wanna hear it... You can't make up for that because if you think flowers chocolates and whisky are going to make things better then you've got another bloody think coming.

RONNIE

Elsie love. I know you must hate me for doing what I did to you both and I'm the last person you want to see but please I'm begging you. I've come here with good intentions to say sorry to you both and if you'd allow me to see Syd for a moment. I promise you it won't take long.

ELSIE

Too bloody right it won't. He's not the same man.

Elsie closes the door, unlocks it. Silence

Ronnie opens the door. Elsie is gone. Ronnie standing there for a moment, walks to Syd's study.

Syd is sitting across the room, chair turned slightly away from the door.

Ronnie walks across the room.

Syd is sitting in a plush armchair, very uncomfortable from his injuries.

Ronnie stands above him. Places the bottle on Syd's desk.

RONNIE

I hope you don't mind me calling
round this early on a Sunday Syd
but I felt that I wanted to put the
record straight between us because
I fell terrible about what I did to
you. Thought you could use a drink
as well hence the bottle of your
favorite.

Syd shifts, shaking Ronnie's hand gently.

SYD

I think we could use a drink,
Ronnie, after what we've both been
through

Ronnie pours two glasses, with a painful smile.

RONNIE

I wanted to tell you just how sorry
I am for what I did to you. I lost
all rhyme and reason when Frank
went missing especially as you know
how long I've been after a copy.
One minute it's there in the
catalogue with some bloke on the
end of a phone offering me what I
wanted for it and the next minute
it's gone. I only realized who'd
nicked it after Jamie Boy beat you
up but not half as bad as the one
he gave Epic later that morning.

Syd sighs shaking his head. Ronnie sits on a low ottoman, in front of Syd in his armchair. He is lower than Syd.

SYD

I hope you didn't hurt him too much Ronnie and that it's all over between you and him now you've got Frank back. He's a good lad deep down you know and what he doesn't know about music isn't worth knowing. He's young and he needs to know that he can't expect to get everything he wants out of life without paying his dues like we've all had to do. He told me you kidnapped his girlfriend and that you were holding her hostage until you got Frank back. I trust all that business turned out alright? Yeah Ronnie...

RONNIE

Yeah it did. I gave him a week to get Frank back and he came up with the goods bang on time. I wouldn't have done anything to his bird. Of all the things I've done Syd hurting women isn't one of them.

Elsie steps in the doorway to the study.

ELSIE

So instead of hurting women you go in for hurting old people you've known for years. Well That's very noble of you Ronnie Hardman, if you don't mind me saying so.

SYD

Elsie love. There's no bloody need for that. It's took a lot for Ronnie to come round to say he's sorry for what he did but the past is the past and what's done is done.... So if you haven't got anything good to say then for once keep it shut love.

ELSIE

Oh I'll keep it shut you daft old bugger.

Elise angrily slams door behind her

SYD

I'll say it once and no doubt I'll be saying it again before I pop my clogs. Bloody women eh. The strangest creatures on Gods planet. You can't live with them or without them.

Ronnie pulls out a plastic folder

RONNIE

Listen Syd. I feel partly responsible for ruining your holiday to Spain and I know only too well just how much Elsie was looking forward to going so here's the deal. In there are two return flight tickets to Malaga first class. I have a mate in London who owns a luxury villa out there. At the moment he's having a bit of a break himself at her Majesties Pleasure so the villas empty. I had a word with him about you and Elsie using it and his wife sent me up the keys so you can stay there for a month. The place has got it's own swimming pool and the fridge and the bar are filled with all the food and booze you can get through. There's a maid who comes in three times a week to give the place a good clean and I've hired a luxury limousine for the month to pick you up at the airport as well as chauffeuring you about for sightseeing and excursion. Oh and there's a grand in the wallet as well in case Elsie fancies treating herself to a new wardrobe of clothes followed by a nice romantic candlelit dinner for two by the sea.

SYD

Ronnie..... I don't know what to say but I do know Elsie will be over the moon when I tell her the news that the holiday is still on but better than we could have ever afforded and imagined. Thanks Ronnie.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)

It means the world to me that she's going to have the time of her life and in a luxury villa as well. Beats our two weeks in the Buena Vista hotel in Benidorm hands down. I mean it thanks Ronnie.

They shake hands and finish the drinks and Syd fills the glasses again .

SYD (CONT'D)

You know what. Ronnie. You could do with a holiday. Go somewhere top up your tan. No I mean it Ronnie. You're looking more tired than I've ever seen you look and when was the last time you had a break because I cant remember you having one.

RONNIE

Yeah you could be right Syd. I've had a lot on my plate to deal with over the years. Maybe it's time I stretched out on a beach for a few weeks and got some sun on my back but for now there's something else I wanted you to have.

Ronnie hands Syd an official looking document wrapped in a Manila sleeve as Syd refilled the glasses before reaching for his old horn rimmed spectacles

SYD

What the bloody hell's this Ronnie if you haven't been generous enough to us already?

Syd unfolds the cream colored Vellum document. It takes him a few moments to absorb what was written on it followed by a look of disbelief on his face as the penny dropped.

SYD (CONT'D)

These are the deeds to the shop Records and Relics. Why the bloody hell have you brought these along for Ronnie?

RONNIE

Well the landlord is fed up with all this rent collecting and stuff. He needs an holiday. So now you are the proud owner of the premises of Records and Relics.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Hopefully you'll be able to start seeing a bit of profit from it instead of it all going out on rent rates and bills. When you get back from Spain I hope we can pick up from where we left off with the record business but with one notable difference. I won't be hassling you twenty four hours a day to get out there and find me a copy of Frank Wilson. Deal?

SYD

Thanks Ronnie. This is marvelous news and it will get me out of Elsie's bloody way for a few hours a day. And seeing as we're celebrating. Might as well finish this off eh' Ronnie laughs downing his glass in one.

RONNIE

It would be rude not to Syd.

As he watches Syd carefully empty the bottle into the glasses for a toast.

SYD

Cheers Ronnie. Here's to the future.

END OF EPISODE FOUR

CUT TO:

EPISODE 5

INT. KINGS CROSS PUB - EVENING

Harry is working.

There is a group of Psychobillys walking towards the venue. He gets excited and chases after them.

HARRY

Hey hold up lads. Whose playing tonight? Meteors?

YOUNG PYSCHOBILLY
Fuck off Disco Dave. Wham tribute
band on tomorrow night

The 3 of them walk off laughing.

Harry stops and looks at himself in the reflection of a car. Starts to have a freak out. He picks up something nearby with the intent to smash up the car. Then something stops him. He puts down the object and walks to a phone box. He dials a number.

HARRY
Mum. I've decided. Im coming home.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANS NEW HOUSE - DAY

Radio playing in the kitchen. There is talk of Falkland's being invaded.

Julian's Mom cooks up a big breakfast.

JULIAN'S MOM
Here goes son. God knows whats going on with this business and the Argentinians why would they want to invade an Island off Scotland?

She pronounces "Argentinians" incorrectly.

JULIAN
Mum, the Falklands are in the South Atlantic not Scotland and whats going on with this break-fast. I only normally get treated like this when you got bad news for me. We not moving again?!?!

JULIAN'S MOM
Don't be silly. If you are gonna be the first person in our family to go to University you need a good breakfast in you. A full stomach will help you with your A-levels. As Joe always says

JULIAN
God Not another Joe saying....

They both laugh.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Thanks mum.

JULIAN'S MOM
What for?

JULIAN
Just for being mum.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Julian is walking down the high street of his new town. Two girls who look like they should be in Bananarama pass him by.

GIRL 1
Did you see him. Well tasty geezer

GIRL 2
Maybe if he wasn't wearing his dads clothes.

Both laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY

Ronnie is down by the seafront looking out to sea. Still immaculate. Nikki walks along and sees him.

NIKKI
Evening Ronnie. How are you?

RONNIE
Nicki. I'm okay thanks. If you've come about renting my basement out permanently you can forget it because the last tenant left it in a right place not to mention knocking me for the rent.

NIKKI

You're looking tired Mr. Hardman. You should think about taking a holiday. Get away from this place and get some sun on your back for a few weeks.

RONNIE

You know you're the second person to say that of late.

Ronnie pauses and looks out to sea again.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I might just do that. Where do you recommend Nicky?

NIKKI

I reckon you'd like Ibiza but then again I'm biased. I can't get enough of the place. It's just perfect for winding down Ronnie. Come out of the airport and get a taxi to a little village called Santa Gertrudis De Fruitera. it's full of cool people, cool shops and bars and you'll get a decent hotel next to nothing and then there's Amnesia. One of the best nightclubs on the island if not the world.. Why don't you give it a try Ronnie? I might even meet you for a drink who knows.

Nikki leans over and gives Ronnie a kiss on the cheek she whispers in his ear.

Ronnie pulls out a pen and paper from his pocket.

RONNIE

That would be nice Nicky. Now how do you spell that I.B.I.Z.A

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OLD HOUSE - DAY

Phone rings

HARRY

Baz. Baz its me Harry

BAZ

Harry you old pervert. How you doing? Where the fuck have you been?

HARRY

I've been away. In Walton working

BAZ

More like in a place called Walton and Wanking. Your Mom told me you had gone missing but what's with the silence. Why the big disappearing act?'

HARRY

I just had to get away mate. All that shit with Claudia... fucking up Knocker's night out... I just felt that I was better off out of it.'
Piss

BAZ

That was all forgotten about the next morning. We've had worst bust-ups than that within the crew. Remember that night when Shane and Kev shaved Stan's pubes off when he fell asleep at their gaff?

HARRY

No, it was interrupting my pubes.

BAZ

Oh Yeah. Yeh, yeh. You're right... it was something else. Thats it. They pulled his cock out and painted it with blue emulsion when he was crashed out. Well he went fucking mental when he woke up. He had only just started going out with Shona and she was there. Remember?

HARRY

(Laughing)
He hit Shane with a bottle didn't he?

BAZ

Yeh, that is how he got that cut over his eye, and when they both went to hospital Kev tried to get off with Shona.

(MORE)

BAZ (CONT'D)

When Stan heard about it in the morning he went fucking mental and had a go at Kev as well.

Both laugh.

BAZ (CONT'D)

Anyway, It was all forgotten about in no time, just like your crack-up at Knocker's do. Everyone has been asking about you. They can't work it out. Did you get a kicking that night from some casuals?

HARRY

Yeh, later on, up at that car park near the flats.

BAZ

Listen Harry get yourself sorted. Everyone wants to see you. Demented are playing the Bowes on Saturday.

HARRY

What are the chances of Kenny getting that shitty old van down to Walton this week to pick up all my crap?

BAZ

Consider it done mate. I'll sort it.

HARRY

That's fucking great,.

BAZ

Just one thing Harry. Vince has been seeing Claudia for about a month now. They seem pretty serious.

HARRY

When did that happen?'

BAZ

One night after a gig at the Majestic. Only Stan and Vince went so Claudia put them up at her gaff afterwards. Stan ended up playing gooseberry.

HARRY

Fair enough mate.

BAZ

You sure?

HARRY

Yeah. Yeah of course. Its all fine.
Get Kenny to call me and sort out
picking up my gear and I'll see you
all Friday.

Puts phone down and sits at kitchen table.

YVONNE

You back for good then?

HARRY

Yes dear sister. Wonderful to see
you too.

YVONNE

Better get Mom to stock up on the
bog rolls again then.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The radio plays with news of Falklands.

JULIAN'S MOM

Julian, Im off to the shops. You ok
with Sausage and Mash for your Tea
tonight?

JULIAN

That'll do fine mum. Thank you.

JULIAN'S MOM

Julian theres a letter here for
you.

Enters room and gives it to Julian who puts down paper.

JULIAN

Its from Gerry. I recognize that
handwriting anywhere.

Julian's mom kisses him on head and leaves.

JOE

Whats it say? Wonder why he wrote rather than calling? Read it out then son. I always liked that Gerry. Not too smart but lovely lad.

JULIAN

Don't be mean. Gerry wasn't stupid. Just.....

Fades off as he opens letter.

JOE

Come on then whats he gotta say? Unless its smutty you can tell me.

Julian reads from letter

GERRY

Dear Jools,
Sorry Ive not been in touch of late. Things have been hard, Dad is still not work-ing and the phone has been cut off so I haven't been able to call you. I was going to come and see you soon but the money I had saved up for the train I had to spend on some new loafers as mine had a big hole in. Nothing new to report from here. I'm doing a new Youth Training Scheme which is pretty still digging holes and watching cement go round and round in the mixer. The big news on the estate is about Itchy? Remember he went off to join the Army? Well they sent him to the Falklands. The whole estate was going to have a big party for him when he came back. Like the one they did for the Royal Wedding last year. But he was killed in action. I feel really bad about that time we...

Julian stops reading and puts down the letter looking shocked.

CUT TO:

INT. EPIC'S FLAT - FRIDAY NIGHT

Epic and Nicki are snuggled up on sofa watching TV, phone rings and rings. He tells her to ignore it. It starts to ring again. She gets up to answer it.

EPIC

Whoever it is tell them Im not here.

NICKI

Hello Soul HQ how can I help you?

Listens...silence only the sound of TV News talking bout Falklands.

NICKY

OK? I'll let him know.

Nicky Puts phone down. Epic.... Skips been killed in the Falklands

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Baz and Harry are in a taxi.

The driver has the news on... THE FALKLANDS. Driver pulls up outside the local pub.

BAZ

You good. You gonna be OK bout seeing Vince and Claudia?

HARRY

Worry not. Im gonna be just fine.

BAZ

Good to have you back mate. 2 pints in here then off to the gig. See how that wrecking works when you got hair like a div.

They walk into the pub. Most of the gang are already there. Baz introduces Harry to a few new Psychobilly geezers

BAZ (CONT'D)

Sorry for Simon Le Bonn here. He wasn't always dressed like a twat!!

Harry spots Claudia and Vince who walk over to him. The rest of the crew all seem to take a little step back. V Holds out his hand a bit warily.

VINCE

Harry?

Shakes Vince his hand firmly.

HARRY

Cheers

CLAUDIA

Great to see you forward Harry.

Squeezes Harry arm.

HARRY

It's good to see you Claudia.
You're looking good.

BAZ

Come on then. Lets get pissed and
Go wrecking!!!!

The gang knock back their beers and chant. Kenny opens pub door and in walks to the bar. The gang shout and Jeer at him. He looks shocked.

KENNY

Its Knocker. His ships been sunk.
He is missing presumed dead.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scene of all the characters with NO DIALOGUE. Instrumental plays.

Julian in his bedroom looking in mirror. Takes off his rude boy clothing and puts on something more fashionable from the day.

Epic and Nicky lie in bed. Epic begins to sob.

Harry is lying on his bed with a porn mag. Starts to read it. Then throws it back under the bed. He gets up and takes off the album that is playing - same one that Knocker scratched. He picks up the needle carefully. Puts it back in its sleeve, and puts it back on the shelf, and lies back on bed sucking his thumb.

CUT TO

Ronnie sits at his table, feet up reading a holiday brochure to Ibiza. Fade to black.

Fade in:

1988. A van drives through the city of London. It is playing loud early house track. Three city boys yuppies cheer as they hear the music as they walk past the van. Harry is driving the van. He has dungarees on and acid house clothing of the day.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB

There is a Queue to get in for an acid house club under a railway arch run by the main character Terry from RAVE ON SCOOTER BOY. Harry, a manual worker standing shoulder to shoulder with Julian. Julian the Rude boy is now a mover and shaker in property (a yuppie) wanting to find out what this acid house is all about. Ronnie Hardman is the big time drug dealer by this point. Ronnie is walking up and down the line with TERRY

RONNIE

And keep quiet if we turn down the music its because we want to avoid any police raids.

Other chat about the night that is about to start. Ronnie looks annoyed. Sees Julian looking smart, maybe out of place.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You the old bill... WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU LOOKING AT? Fucking Yuppie nonsense.

Epic is in the que with Nicki and buzzing off his head on E. He sees Ronnie.

EPIC

Ronnie. Ronnie Hardman fucking hell how are you man.

Ronnie looks annoyed

RONNIE

Epic is that you?

EPIC

Yeah come here and give me a hug
man.

RONNIE

Er Id rather not maybe later.
Come on lets get those doors open
and see some fucking action....

All the characters are finally tied up and meet in this queue
for the Acid House Club.

Pills are necked, doors are open and its BOOM, ACID HOUSE
TIME.

Queue film, Part 2 based on acid house "Rave On." The crowd
moves forward.

The doors open and the music plays the residents Kaw Liga
Credits start to come up.

Break in Credits and cut too Ronnie talking to Jamie outside
club.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Jamie. That bloke who has worked
for me for years. The one who never
speaks. Whats his fucking name?

JAMIE

Oh thats Francis boss. Francis
Wilson. His mom calls him Frank...

CUT TO

INT. CASINO NIGHT

RONNIE and JAMIE walk into a busy Casino greeted by the
lovely host MANDY looking good in a low cut full length
evening gown.

MANDY

Well if it isn't Ronnie Hardman. I
haven't seen you down here in ages.
How are you keeping Ronnie?

RONNIE

Oh you know me Mandy. Can't
complain, how about you. The last
time I heard you were working the
roulette table QE2 job.

MANDY

Let's just say all good things come to an end. And by the way you see that ginger headed leprechaun over there in the tweed suit sitting with the bruiser. He's been asking questions about you

RONNIE

Has he really. About what specifically

MANDY

Asked me if I knew you and if you were in here tonight, he's got this weird northern Irish accent I could barely understand

RONNIE

Thanks Mandy love. I'd better go over and introduce myself

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO NIGHT

RONNIE and JAMIE BOY are introducing themselves to SAMMY O'HAGAN and his minder GERRY MULLIGAN.

RONNIE

I've heard a few rumours you've been asking questions about me Mister err what's your name.

O'HAGAN

The names Sammy, Sammy O'Hagan and this here is my man Gerry Mulligan. So very pleased to meet you Mister Hardman and would you care to join me.

RONNIE

That depends.

O'HAGAN

On what.

RONNIE

Well my old mum taught me never to talk to strangers especially strangers who are asking questions about me. That kind of puts me on edge if you know what I mean.

O'HAGAN

Please Ronnie I mean you no harm. I just want to discuss some business with you so sit down and we'll crack open a bottle of whisky

RONNIE

Sounds like a good plan. I'm always up for discussing business. By the way what part Ireland are you from?

O'HAGAN

From the green and woolly wilds of County Donegal where among other things, I have a farm breeding horses for those who can afford them. A bloke like me needs to have my fingers in as many pies as possible. Sit down Ronnie, you're making me nervous.

RONNIE

People tell me that all the time

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO NIGHT

Ronnie, Jamie, Sammy and Gerry are sitting together sipping whisky while discussing business.

RONNIE

So Sammy what do you want to discuss

O'HAGAN

Well as you know Ronnie. We Irish are always partial to a drop of the black stuff and that's all good and well but I'm the kind of bloke who fancies a bit of the white stuff and in large amounts if you catch my drift.

RONNIE

Am I thinking what you're thinking Sammy.

O'Hagan rummages in his pocket for a few seconds pulling out a small bag of cocaine he hands to

Ronnie looks at it nodding and smiling.

O'HAGAN

Please Ronnie have a go at that and tell me what you think of it

Ronnie empties some cocaine on the back of his hand and snorts it up sitting back briefly as the coke kicks in handing the bag to Jamie to sample.

O'HAGAN (CONT'D)

Now boys don't be bashful. Is that not the best fucking coke you've ever sniffed or what

RONNIE

What do you think Jamie Boy

JAMIE

Nice boss. Best tackle No offense but this is the best tackle I've sampled in ages

RONNIE

No offense taken and you're right. None too shabby at all so Sammy what's the score

O'HAGAN

I'm looking for an investor to go fifty fifty on a deal that will bring us in a fortune from a dealer in Amsterdam who only deals in top quality coke. Admittedly it doesn't come cheap or in small amounts. One hundred grand deals only but like I say the return is well worth the investment so are you in or out.

RONNIE

Let's just say I'm very interested.

O'HAGAN

Well if you're serious about getting in on this deal, how long will it take you to get fifty grand together as I'm flying back to Donegal in a few hours and need to know if you're a man of your word.

RONNIE

I can get the cash together by tomorrow afternoon at the latest if that's any good

O'HAGAN

That will do fine Ronnie. In fact how about you and your man here flying over to Donegal tomorrow so we can discuss things further. I'll have my private plane and pilot standing by from two o'clock tomorrow and I'll see you in Donegal. Pleasure doing business with you Ronnie.

RONNIE

Let's hope so Sammy

CUT TO:

INT. SAMMY O'HAGANS FARMHOUSE DAY

RONNIE wakes up at the crack of dawn hearing some screams coming from the nearby barn and decodes to investigate, slipping on some clothes before he tip toes out of the house over to the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN DAY

The screams are getting louder as RONNIE climbs a ladder up to the highest point in the barn where he watches two badly beaten bloody naked unconscious men hanging by their feet as TWO MEN - O'HAGANS MAN GERRY MULLIGAN and SEAMUS stand over them holding baseball bats as two red berets lie and a camouflage army jacket are on the floor close by.

PETER

Tell you Saemus boy. I've no fucking love for the Brit bastards but these two Para fuckers are as tough as old boots so they are

SEAMUS

We'll see how tough they are when Sammy turns up with the dogs talking of which we'd better bring them round

Gerry walks over to a table picking up a syringe full of a clear liquid walking over to the two SAS men injecting them both. Seconds later they regain consciousness as the powerful surgical amphetamine kicks in.

SAEMUS

Welcome back lads. Hope you enjoyed your little nap so I do but things are about to get mighty painful so they are.

SAS MAN ONE

Fuck you paddy

GERRY

No fuck you ya Brit bastard

Gerry smashes the baseball bat into the SA man's stomach wriggling and twisting around as the barn door opens and in walks O'Hagan with four huge snarling barking devil dogs closing the door behind him.

O'HAGAN

How are our guests lads. Hope
they've been behaving themselves

GERRY

We've been giving them a bit of a
special welcome Sammy

O'HAGAN

Glad to hear it. One thing I always
pride myself on is decent
hospitality whenever I have guests
staying. By the way lads I hope you
like dogs as much as they are going
to, like you.

O'Hagan unleashes the four dogs seconds before they tear into
the two soldiers.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - MORNING

The terrifying sound of loud barking snarling and screaming
fills the air as Ronnie watches the dogs tearing into the
soldiers before turning on his back staring into space vowing
vengeance on Gerry Mulligan for the murder of the two
soldiers.

Credits comes back.