

HOWAY DAY

by

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EXT. ST. JAMES' PARK STADIUM. DAY

A sign atop the huge stand reads "NEWCASTLE UNITED". Today there's no expectant sea of faces, no deafening roar. It's empty; only the flags flap in the gusty wind.

TEXT READS: "FRIDAY"

EXT. STADIUM CONCOURSE. DAY.

The concourse is empty apart from some litter swirling in the wind. A door opens. A group of JOURNALISTS emerges. They wear logo-embossed anoraks - SKY SPORTS, ITV, BBC, TNT SPORTS. They fan out across the wind-swept concourse while camera-operators set up. Camera lights blink on, illuminating the dull spring morning.

TV REPORTER #1

OK. Recording in three, two, one...

TV REPORTER #2

(overlapping)

How's my hair, Nic?

CAMERA OPERATOR #1

Oh, get on with it, Keith!

TV REPORTER #1

(talking to camera)

The last time Newcastle United won a domestic trophy, Winston Churchill had just resigned as Prime Minister, Ruth Ellis became the last woman to get hanged, the polio vaccine was first used. And, as legend has it, the sun was last briefly glimpsed on Tyneside...

The door re-opens and MATTY TANNER appears. Matty (late 20s) with glasses, grimaces as the cold wind hits his short-sleeve Newcastle United top.

MATTY

(under his breath)

Christ almighty!

He hoists a rucksack over his shoulder, and skirts his way around the reporters, shivering and trying to keep low, out of shot.

TV REPORTER #2(O.S.)

In his last press conference before meeting champions-elect Liverpool in the League Cup Final, Newcastle boss Eddie Howe was showing no sign of the nerves that have gripped the club's devoted Toon Army of fans whose team goes into Sunday's big showdown in the capital as massive underdogs...

TV REPORTER #1

(overlapping)

With black market tickets selling in the city for up to one thousand pounds...

Through the camera's viewfinder, Matty half-crouches past - and still manages to wander into shot.

CAMERA OPERATOR #2 sees him, groans and makes the cut-throat sign to her reporter.

TV REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)

(breaking off)

What?

Camera operator #2 points at Matty. TV reporter #1 turns, see Matty, and realises he'll have to do his piece to camera over again.

1ST TV REPORTER

(frustrated)

Matty!

Matty realises what he's done.

MATTY

Bollocks, man! Sorry!

TV REPORTER #1(O.S.)

(sighing)

Again. In three, two, one... The last time Newcastle United won a domestic trophy, Winston...

Matty shelters by a wall marked, "St James' Park" and pulls a selfie stick from a tatty rucksack that looks as though he's owned it from school. It's plastered with Newcastle autographs: Alexander Isak, David Ginola, Nolberto Solano, Rob Lee, Callum Wilson, Andy Carroll.

Matty rummages in the pocket of his jeans for his phone. He connects the phone to the selfie stick and presses "livestream".

He looks into the camera, opens his mouth to speak. A beat.

MATTY
(tutting)
Shit!

He presses "pause" then hurriedly turns over his left arm and kisses a messy-looking red tattoo on his wrist as though it's some kind of lucky charm. He presses "live stream" again and begins filming himself.

TEXT READS: *"The Magpie Network 1.8k subscribers"*

MATTY (CONT'D)
Welcome to The Magpie Network with me, Matty Tanner. And yes, it's just two more sleeps till wor lads will all be doon London. And before you ask, no, bloggers don't get free tickets - I bloody wish! But fear not, I'll be there if I have to beg, steal or borrow to get me hands on one. It's the biggest day of me life, man! Nothing's gonna stop me! And I'll tell you: I've got this feeling this is *our* time - *at last*.

Matty looks up and raises the index fingers of each hand up to heaven as though in remembrance.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Me father's up there, in his '95 shirt, the one with the granddad collar. Home and away, me and him. Never won a bloody thing. Big regret, that is. It'll be different with *my* little 'un, mind - Premier League, Champions League. One day. Yeah, bring it on! It'll be class! Me dad and me bairn will never meet, but he'll be looking down, cheering us on, don't you worry...

SCRUFFY MAN
(overlapping)
Alreet!

Matty looks up. A SCRUFFY MAN (40s) is coming his way. He's unshaven with uncombed hair, sticking up. He's holding an half-eaten bag of chips.

Matty groans unsure whether to pause the stream or hope the man goes away.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)
Alreet! I know you, don't I? You're that lad off the, um...

The man points at Matty's phone.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)
The, um, you know... Yeah, I knew it was you. I actually did, like. How's it gannin, alreet?

Matty tries to look at the camera and the scruffy man at the same time.

MATTY
Good. Erm, thing is, I'm actually, you know...

Matty points at the phone, hoping he will get the message.

MATTY (CONT'D)
You know, *live*. Like streaming and that. So, if it's OK with-

SCRUFFY MAN
(interrupting)
What're the odds, man?! I mean, you! What's your name again?

Matty's eyes dart from the camera to the man and back.

MATTY
Nah, you're alreet, like. I'm just trying to, you know...

Matty points at the camera again, but the scruffy man remains oblivious.

SCRUFFY MAN
You do that thing on the, um...

MATTY

When I get the chance... But, you know ... um. Thanks. All the best now-

SCRUFFY MAN

(overlapping)

What's your name again?

MATTY

Nah, you wouldn't know it, like.

SCRUFFY MAN

Wey aye, I would.

The man offers him a chip. Matty shakes his head.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

Go on, tell us.

MATTY

Matty Tanner.... Well, thanks a million. Lovely getting to know yous.

Matty turns back to the cameraphone.

MATTY (CONT'D)

So, Sunday. Wembley. Can't wait...

SCRUFFY MAN

(overlapping)

Right you are. So what was that about, with the, um, you know, the, um?

Matty looks him at, annoyed now. Scruffy man kisses the inside of his wrist, mimicking what Matty did. Now, he's pointing over his shoulder.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

Me and me mate was wondering, like.

MATTY

(sighs)

It's just a, um, you know, good luck thing before I start filming. It don't mean nowt.

The man chews thoughtfully.

SCRUFFY MAN

Right enough. You kiss your
psoriasis for luck?

MATTY

(incredulous)

Psoriasis?! What the? What are you
gannin' on aboot, man! Eh? What?!

Matty's so gobsmacked he forgets he's still filming.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Psoriasis?!

He turns his arm over to show the man the tattoo. Up close,
the tattoo reads "Al Shearer" and looks as though it was
written by a five-year-old.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Alan, bloody, Shearer, man!
Psoriasis?! Clown!

The scruffy man comes nearer to look. His face says he's not
convinced. He rubs his chin.

SCRUFFY MAN

Nah, it doesn't look right to us,
bonny lad. I don't think wor Alan
writes like that, to be honest with
you. Are you absolutely sure it was
him, like?

MATTY

(exasperated)

What the?! Oh for crying out! Look,
2017. Big Al fell off his bike on
holiday in Portugal; proper smashed
up his arm. As it happens, me and
me mum and dad were on our holidays
in Faro at the time. The paper says
he's in the hospital just up the
street from us. So, I goes doon
there on the off-chance, like. Any
road, I'm hanging aboot outside,
right, when this nurse comes oot
and asks me what I'm up to. I tell
her, "I'm here to see Shearer,
like". Next thing, someone says:
"This way". I follow them, and
there he is, *Shearer*, in bed in
this private room with his family,
there and that. No word of a lie!

SCRUFFY MAN

What did he say?

MATTY

He said, 'Alreet.'

SCRUFFY MAN

(agog)

Did he?

MATTY

I couldn't get me words out, man. I just stood there like a reet bell-end. Then, after ages, I said, Can I have your autograph?"

SCRUFFY MAN

What did he say?

MATTY

Nowt. He just pointed at his right arm in this sling. I go, 'Oh, yeah. Sorry, to bother you' and I turn round to get oot sharpish, before I make an even bigger tit of meself.

SCRUFFY MAN

That was it?

MATTY

No. Big Al, says "Hang, on." I turn round and he's pointing at this chart thing at the end of bed. It's a little whiteboard with a red pen on some string. So he signs me arm with it, using his left hand.

SCRUFFY MAN

And it's never rubbed off?

MATTY

What are you on! Christ! No, I went doon the street and got it tattooed over. When I gets got back to wor hotel, me mam went proper mental with us, mind.

SCRUFFY MAN #2 (O.S.)

(overlapping)

Is it?

They look up as SCRUFFY MAN #2 approaches, looking much like the first and holding a half-eaten battered sausage.

SCRUFFY MAN
I told you it was him, didn't I?

SCRUFFY MAN #2
Wey aye.

Scruffy Man #2 points at Matty's wrist, a sympathetic look on his face. Now he pulls up the leg of his jeans and gestures solemnly at his leg.

SCRUFFY MAN #2 (CONT'D)
Contact dermatitis.

MATTY
Oh, for crying out loud!

INT. KITCHEN, MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. DAY

Matty enters. Heavily-pregnant SOPHIE (20s) stands, drinking from a coffee mug while her mother TRISH (50s) sits at the table, scrolling through baby names on an iPad. Trish pointedly ignores him.

TRISH
Hey, Sophie, what about Keenan if it's a lad or Abigail if it's a lass?

Sophie shakes her head. Matty kisses Sophie.

MATTY
Hi, Soph. Alreet, Trish?

Matty shoots Sophie a sideways glance.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(mouthing to Sophie)
What's *she* doing here?

Trish doesn't look up.

TRISH
I *heard* that, Matthew Tanner.

Matty gives Sophie a *yikes!* look. Sophie smiles. He puts his hand on her baby bump.

MATTY
How's my little Faustino?

Trish types into Google. She reads from the results, unimpressed.

TRISH

Faust: one who has sold his soul to the Devil.

She looks at Matty for the first time. It's a look that's part disdain, part contempt.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Well, you can think again on that front! No grandchild of mine's gonna be named after, whatshisname, Satan! Why not just call the poor little bugger Beelzebub and be done with it?!

MATTY

Faust-*ino*. Faust-*ino*. As in *Asprilla*.

Matty starts singing.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(to the tune of Macarena)

Tino, Tino

He's a Colombian

He's got rubber legs...

Trish gives Matty a look - *idiot*, but Matty's oblivious.

His phone beeps with an alert. He pulls it from his pocket and checks the screen.

SOPHIE

(to Matty)

You're late, baby. What have you been up to?

Matty reads from his screen, his face dropping.

MATTY

Well, according to @ToonTommy84, I've been doing a cast read-through of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

Sophie gives him a confused look.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Me livestream got crashed by Bevis and bloody Butthead.

He scrolls his phone.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

And I'm getting reet pelters from me subscribers as a result.

TRISH

What d'you expect, mind? Social media? I mean, honest to God! If I got a blackboard and plonked it at the end of wor drive for every Tom, Dick or Harry to write whatever they want about us. What d'you think would you happen?

MATTY

You'd need a shitload of chalk for starters!

TRISH

(sarcastically)

Oh, ha-di-ha. Instead of messin' around, bangin' on aboot football 24/7, you might be better off bringin' in a proper wage.

Trish gestures towards Sophie's bump.

TRISH (CONT'D)

For the sake of that little mite.

Trish is still pointing at Sophie.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Her dad? Total wash-out of a man, if you must know. But I'll give him this at least: he worked his fingers to the bare, bloody bone when she was a bairn.

SOPHIE

He was a credit-controller, Mum. And I'll go back to work after - like you did. So we'll be earning.

Trish frowns and mimes zipping her mouth. But she just can't help herself for long.

TRISH

You can't be a bairn and a dad at the same time. That's all I'll say on the subject.

MATTY
(through gritted teeth)
Once I can blow up me channel and
get it properly monetised, we'll
be off an running.

Matty mimes a plane taking off.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Pure belter!

SOPHIE
(to Trish)
He's building it up. It just takes
time.

TRISH
(pointing at Matty)
So says, whatshisname, Walter
Chitty, here.

MATTY
(sighing)
Mitty, Mitty.

SOPHIE
He's been really good, Mum. You
know, about missing the final and
everything.

Trish mimes rubbing away tears with balled fists.

TRISH
Oh, boo, hoo! He'll have to watch
it on the telly, like everyone
else.

Matty opens a cupboard door.

MATTY
(to Sophie)
I'm famished, man. Did you get me
Haribos?

Sophie gestures surreptitiously at her mum.

SOPHIE
Sorry, honey, I didn't get the
chance.

TRISH

(to Matty)

You want your first-born popping
out in the confectionary aisle of
Aldi, do you?

MATTY

Aye, away with ye. She's not due
for a week yet.

TRISH

Who are you now, Dr Raj?

Trish points at the baby bump.

TRISH (CONT'D)

The bairn's engaged and once it's
engaged, that thing can put in an
appearance anytime.

SOPHIE

Mum! *Thing?*

TRISH

Sorry, sweetie. But if you must
insist on not wantin' to know the
sex.

MATTY

No need. It's a boy.

TRISH

How come he's always got to know
better? Proper does me head in. And
I bet he still hasn't finished that
nursery.

Matty mimes pushing an imaginary buzzer.

MATTY

Bzzz! Wrong!

He points at Sophie.

MATTY (CONT'D)

All done and signed off by the
corporate QC.

TRISH

And what's the bettin' it's
plastered with photos of the
overpaid prima donnas he follows
round like a big, daft puppy?

MATTY

Ah-ha! Wrong again!

He counts names off on his fingers.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Elsa, Olaf, Incy Wincy Spider,
Little Bo Peep, and, um, safari
animal mobile, I'll have you know.

SOPHIE

He even packed my overnight bag for
the hospital.

TRISH

(sarcastically)

Did he? Bless him.

SOPHIE

Actually, would you mind doing a
shop, Matty?

Trish gets an envelope out of her bag and plonks it on the
table.

TRISH

(to Matty)

If you're off into toon, You can
pick up that pushchair she's been
moonin' over, while you're at it.

Sophie claps and hugs Trish.

SOPHIE

The iBaby Combi! Ooh! Ooh! Thanks,
Mum! Thanks! Thanks! Oooh, are you
sure, though? Eleven hundred - it's
an awful lot.

TRISH

From me and your stepdad.

Matty picks up the envelope and looks at it. We almost see
his brain ticking over. He puts it in his jeans pocket.

MATTY

Class! Yeah, thanks, Trish.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MATTY'S FLAT. DAY

Matty gets in his car.

INT. MATTY'S FORD FIESTA. DAY.

Matty takes out his phone and begins dialling, but stops when he sees a hunched OLD MAN out of the window. The man wears a white Shalwar Kameez, traditional Pakistani wool cap, and a tweed jacket. He walks slowly with a walking stick.

Matty rolls down the window.

MATTY

Alreet, Mr Butt?

The old man stops to look over.

MR BUTT

Alreet, Matty? You off doon London the morro?

MATTY

Aye. Tonight actually.

MR BUTT

Thought you would be.

MATTY

Aye. How's your Imran?

MR BUTT

They transferred him again.

MATTY

He's not doon Wakefield no more, then?

MR BUTT

No, he's up HM Frankland now. Bit closer for visiting, like.

Matty pulls a face.

MATTY

Ooh, but there's some naughty lads in there, isn't there? How's he finding it?

MR BUTT

Not too bad. He's getting pilates lessons every second Friday from Charles Taylor. You know, the cannibal?

MATTY

Blimey! He better watch himself.

MR BUTT

(laughs)

Imran? There's no meat on him no more. Don't worry about him.

MATTY

Well, yeah. Not since the Mounjaro, like. Can I give you a lift Mr Butt?

MR BUTT

You'll be going into toon, Matty. I'm off Low Fell way.

MATTY

No worries. Jump in.

MR BUTT

No, man. It's the wrong direction. I'm fine on the bus.

The old man waves and heads off.

MATTY

Say hi to Imran. Tell him, best keep that weight off, eh?

Matty starts up the engine, dialling as he manoeuvres one-handed into the traffic, the phone on speaker. Matty's friend FISHY answers.

FISHY (O.S.)

(distracted)

Yeah?

MATTY

Fishy, how's you?

FISHY (O.S.)

Hang on.

There's muffled noise on the line and the sound of a knife and fork on a plate.

FISHY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're cutting it f-f-ucking fine, aren't you? Gold dust I've got here, you know. The offers I've had for this ticket - millions of 'em, man. Fucking begging me!

(MORE)

FISHY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

W-w-wait for this, yeah: Craig Mackie, from wor estate, offered me his Employment Support and his PIP for *three months*. Plus I can give his T-T-Tara one - whenever I want!

MATTY

What, her with the XL Bully?

FISHY (O.S.)

Marvin? Yeah.

Matty pulls a face.

MATTY

What did you say, like?

FISHY (O.S.)

I said, 'It's your tight, little b-bum hole I'm panting for, Craig, my pet.'

Matty laughs.

MATTY

And?

FISHY (O.S.)

I swear the fucker was th-thinking about it!"

They both laugh.

FISHY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, you've got it?

Matty pats his jeans pocket.

MATTY

What did I tell you, Fishy? Miracles *do* happen.

FISHY (O.S.)

(unimpressed)

When I see the evidence.

MATTY

I just said. I've got it. Nine hundred, minus the seventy-five deposit you're holding.

There's more muffled noise on the other end of the line. Matty looks at the phone for a second, perplexed.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Fishy, you didn't just open up your calculator did you?

FISHY (O.S.)

Fuck off. I'm trying to f-feed me g-g-grandma here.

MATTY

Oh, sorry. Look, let me get this big shop done for my Soph and I'll be round to collect this avo.

FISHY (O.S.)

L-listen, mind. Mate or no mate, you've got till three, latest.... Open wide, Nanna Sylvia.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK. DAY

Matty gets out of his car. Car horns sound. A cavalcade of supporters' coaches goes by, adorned in Newcastle FC black and white. From a loud speaker on one of the buses comes the recording of a terrace chant.

FOOTBALL FANS (O.S.)

*Toon, Toon.
Black and white army.*

The SUPPORTERS on board wave and sing behind the windows. Drivers honk their horns in reply. Another coach goes by. Over its speaker comes -

FOOTBALL FANS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Howay the lads
Howay the lads*

Matty watches wistfully.

YOUNG MUM

Excuse me, pet.

Matty turns. A YOUNG MUM (20s) is trying to get to a car that's parked in the next bay, but Matty's open door is stopping her.

MATTY

Sorry, like. I didn't see you. I was watching-

She has a BABY in her arms and a TODDLER in a pushchair. She's also dragging a trolley full of shopping bags.

She looks tired, a bit harassed. Matty pushes the door shut so she can get by. She opens her own car to strap her baby into a baby seat.

As she does, her trolley rolls away into the car park. A car that's driving by has to brake to avoid hitting it. There's muffled shouting from inside the car.

MALE DRIVER (O.S.)

What the fuck! Dozy tart! Stupid-

Matty steps out, eyeballs the driver and bangs on the roof of the man's car with his hand.

MATTY

Piss off!

More muffled shouts from inside the car are drowned out by the sound of its engine revving as the man drives off fast.

Matty turns back to her.

YOUNG MUM

God! Sorry.

MATTY

Clown!

YOUNG MUM

Sorry.

MATTY

It's not your fault, man. He's just a-

She resumes strapping in the baby.

YOUNG MUM

I feel responsible.

MATTY

Nah, away with ye. There's a lot of dickheads about, that's all.

Matty pulls her shopping trolley over.

MATTY (CONT'D)

I'll stick these in the back, if you want.

Her hands full, she gestures with her chin.

YOUNG MUM

It's open. Thank you.

Matty starts loading the shopping into the boot.

YOUNG MUM (CONT'D)

I just realised. I know your face,
don't I?

MATTY

Oh, yeah?

YOUNG MUM

You do a blog on the football. My
other-half's always got you on.

MATTY

A loyal subscriber! Class!

YOUNG MUM

That, um, thing you do after the
match? When you give the players
your score out of ten?

Matty's eyes narrow.

MATTY

(suspiciously)

Aye.

YOUNG MUM

He reckons you can't be watching
the same game, like.

MATTY

(sarcastically)

Everyone's got an opinion, haven't
they? Does he actually go the
match?

YOUNG MUM

Home and away... before, you know-

She nods at the child in the pushchair.

YOUNG MUM (CONT'D)

It's so expensive now, isn't it?

Matty puts the last shopping bag in the boot and closes the
lid.

MATTY

There you go.

YOUNG MUM

Thanks, pet.

MATTY

No worries.

He makes to head off towards the supermarket, but stops and turns back to her.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Let's say there's this bloke, yeah?
His girlfriend's about to have
their first bairn any day-

Matty stops, like he's thought better of it.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Never mind.

YOUNG MUM

No, go on.

MATTY

Nah, you're alright...

YOUNG MUM

It's okay. She's about to have
their baby. And?

MATTY

And, um, he's gonna hare off to
Wembley for the Cup Final, like,
with the...

YOUNG MUM

Yeah?

MATTY

With the eleven hundred her mam's
given them for the iBaby Combi.

She looks at him, perplexed. Matty's surprised and a bit embarrassed by what he's just revealed. He bats a hand, like he's trying to brush the whole thing off.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Forget it. I was just...

He starts to turn to leave.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Any road, take care, now.

YOUNG MUM

Is this you?

Matty turns back.

MATTY

Me? Nah... Nah. It's this lad,
Fishy. I'm just off to see him,
like. Um, he wants my advice. I
just thought... Not to worry.

YOUNG MUM

Okay. Well, thanks again. And sorry
about the, you know.

She gestures to the trolley.

YOUNG MUM (CONT'D)

I could have caused all sorts of
trouble.

MATTY

What him? Just a clown. Take no
notice.

YOUNG MUM

Like I said, I'm responsible.

Matty pauses for a second, serious, thinking about what she's
just said. He shrugs.

MATTY

Aye.

INT. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Matty, carrying his selfie stick, tiptoes into the bedroom
and closes the door very quietly. Sophie's overnight bag sits
on a padded footstool at the end of the bed.

Silently, he slowly opens a drawer and takes out underwear
and socks. From another drawer he pulls out a hooded
sweatshirt with the NUFC crest, Newcastle scarf and a pair of
tracksuit bottoms.

He opens a cupboard and rummages around on a top shelf,
trying to be quiet. But he's not finding what he's looking
for.

MATTY

(under his breath)

Where is that bloody thing!

He huffs, lies down on his belly and starts moving things
about under the bed, feeling, blind and getting more
frustrated.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(hissing)
This bloody thing!

He gets back up and looks at Sophie's overnight bag, his mind ticking over. A beat. He unzips it and quickly starts taking out Sophie's things - girly wash-bag, knickers, bra, furry animal face slippers. He dumps them on the bed and begins replacing them with his clothes and the selfie stick.

SOPHIE
Are you serious?

Matty jumps out of his skin and turns to see Sophie at the door.

MATTY
Christ!

SOPHIE
(incredulous)
What? You were going to run off to Wembley, just like that?

Matty goes back to packing.

MATTY
Forty-eight hours - *max*.

SOPHIE
You promised, Matty.

Matty shrugs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You haven't even got a ticket.

MATTY
I got one.

SOPHIE
Where's the pushchair?

MATTY
They didn't have it in stock. It's on order.

SOPHIE
How much was the ticket?

MATTY

Nowt. One of me subscribers gave me it.

SOPHIE

They didn't want anything for it?

MATTY

I just said.

SOPHIE

I don't under... Matty, the baby could come any time.

Matty stops packing and turns to face her.

MATTY

It's me *job*, Soph. This game - it's me big chance to really bump up me numbers 5x (*which he pronounces 'ex'*), maybe 10x.

Sophie pulls a face at his corporate-speak.

SOPHIE

What's this "x" business?

MATTY

I'll be livestreaming the whole thing, not just the match - *me journey*. You know, like a road-movie? I'll cane it new subs-wise. Not just Geordies either - neutrals, the whole world! You gotta understand, football's just the gateway. Yeah, they'll come to the channel for that to start with. But they'll come back for me, *Matty*. We could be talking all sorts, man - stand-up, acting, Christ knows what. I'm doing this for *us*, you know.

He points at her pregnancy bump.

MATTY (CONT'D)

And for him.

He pauses.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Or *her*.

SOPHIE
You'd really miss your bairn's
birth?

MATTY
I'll be back for it?

SOPHIE
How do you know that?

MATTY
I just do.

SOPHIE
Don't, Matty.

MATTY
(irate)
Didn't you just hear anything I
said?

Sophie looks at him, disappointed, uncomprehending.

A beat as he holds her stare.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Do you want me to stay? Okay, okay.
Forget it. You win.

SOPHIE
No. No, it's not *I* win, Matty. This
is about *us*.

She holds her belly in both hands.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
And this little person.

Sophie comes over and sits on the edge of the bed near him.
She gestures at the overnight bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Why didn't you talk to me?

Matty shrugs and looks down at his hands.

MATTY
I've waited me whole life for this.
I should've been there with me dad.

SOPHIE
I know, honey, I *do*... Look, this
is probably the exact wrong to say,
but there *will* be other games.

Matty looks at her, suddenly riled.

MATTY
Who says? *You?*

SOPHIE
(sceptically)
So, it could be another seventy
years - that's what you're saying?

Matty stands up and picks up the bag, looking inside,
checking he's got everything he needs.

MATTY
(assertively)
Now you say it. Yeah, it *could* be
another seventy year.

SOPHIE
(plaintively)
Baby, please!

Matty starts zipping up the bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Matty. If you're not there for the
birth... My *mum!*

He steps to the bedroom door.

MATTY
What's she got to do with it? I'm
just a big embarrassment in her
book, anyway. So, what soddin'
difference does it make?

SOPHIE
(crying)
I'll be embarrassed for *me!*

Matty steps through the door, stops and turns round to look
at her.

MATTY
I'll *be* there.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MATTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Matty opens his car door, about to throw the overnight bag inside.

MATTY

You've got to be kidding me!

He's looking down at his front tyre. It's flat, the remains of a broken beer bottle half poking out from under it.

Matty goes round the back and opens the boot. He pulls up the boot liner and looks at the spare wheel. His face says he's got zero experience of car DIY.

He tries to lift the spare out, but it's held in place by a bolt and he can't turn it. He tries getting his hands underneath, but it won't budge. Worse, it's started to rain and he's getting wet.

Matty turns on his phone's torch and tries again, only now he sees that the spare is flat too.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Oh, for crying out loud, man!

Up the street, he sees a WHITE CAR parking. Matty looks to the heavens

MATTY (CONT'D)

(plaintively)

Why?!!

Getting out of the car now is Trish who is reaching back inside for an umbrella.

MATTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why?!!

He hasn't noticed the battered-looking FORD ESCORT VAN that's pulled up alongside him.

VAN DRIVER

Whatcha, Matty, son.

Matty looks round.

MATTY

Eh?

The van driver has his window down. Matty squints through the now heavy rain. The DRIVER and a FRONT SEAT PASSENGER are looking over at him, smiling.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 (distractedly)
 Oh, alreet, boys.

He looks back over to see mum-in-law Trish walking this way.

FRONT-SEAT PASSENGER
 You off doon Wembley?

MATTY
 Aye, but-

He's interrupted by singing, coming from the back of the van.

VAN PASSENGERS (O.S.)
 (to tune of the Abba song)
Gimme, gimme, gimme
A striker from Sweden
First name's Alexander
And his surname's Isak

Matty peers inside. FOUR BIG MEN are packed in, two aside, on the van's metal floor. Three wear Newcastle shirts. The other is shirtless, his huge beer-belly featuring a tattoo of the Tyne Bridge, its girders looking like they are being prised apart.

They hold beer cans and look half-cut.

Matty glances up again to see Trish coming this way. The scowl on her face says she's seen him too. He turns back to the van

MATTY
 Listen lads, I don't suppose-

INT. FANS' VAN. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty sits, crushed, between two of the big men on the floor in the back. He has his phone and selfie stick out, livestreaming. The others are drinking beer, one of them has a bottle of whisky which he's passing round.

THE VAN FANS
 (singing raucously)
We are the Geordie boys
The Geordie Boot Boys.
And we are mental-

Matty looks into the camera and tries to talk above the din.

MATTY
 (overlapping)
 Well, it's not exactly as planned,
 but I'm finally on me way to
 Wembley-

THE VAN FANS
 (overlapping)
And we are mad
And we are the loyalest supporters
The world has ever had.

MATTY
 (overlapping)
 And you can follow me, every step
 of the way, *live* - only on the
 Magpie Network!

Someone lets out a huge burp.

Matty's phone bleeps with an alert.

TEXT READS: *"Video Message"*

Matty presses a button. A stunning girl, TIERA (20s), appears. She waves at the camera. Matty's face says he's impressed. She has a sexy, lazy American accent.

TIERA (O.S.)
 Hey, Matty. Tiera, here. New
 subscriber. Well now, it looks like
 you're having quite the fun time of
 it. And, hey, when you really think
 about it, fun's what it's *all*
 about. That's what I always think,
 anyways. I'll stay tuned for
 more....

She gives a sexy wink.

TIERA (CONT'D)
Fun, that is.

She waves goodbye and puts on a phoney British accent.

TIERA (CONT'D)
 Well, ta-ta, for now. Howay the
 Lads!

EXT. HARD SHOULDER ON THE A1M ROAD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

A sign reads, "London 250 miles". The van is parked with its bonnet up. Heavy rain falls. Two of the fans stare at the engine gravely. Another of them is chucking up on the verge.

INT. ESCORT VAN. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The fat, tattooed man sleeps, his head on Matty's lap. Matty looks pissed off.

He pushes tattoo man off him who slumps on the van's floor without waking. Matty gets out.

EXT. HARD SHOULDER ON THE A1M ROAD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty joins the men looking under the bonnet

MATTY
What's the score?

VAN DRIVER
No idea.

MATTY
AA? RAC?

The driver shakes his head and points at his passenger, standing next to him.

VAN DRIVER
His brother's coming oot from
Chester-le-Street.

MATTY
Is he a mechanic?

VAN DRIVER
No. He works for Morrisons.

MATTY
Listen, lads. I think I'll take me
chances on me tod.

They nod. Matty fetches his bag. He puts his phone in one of the bag's zip pockets and starts walking up the hard shoulder in the rain.

His phone starts ringing and vibrating, but because of the traffic noise and rain, Matty can't hear it.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Sophie's mobile is on speaker. We hear the ringing tone. She presses a button to disconnect. She's been crying, her face red and blotchy.

Trish sits on the sofa, drinking Pinot Grigio blush.

TRISH

Too much of a flamin' chicken to answer!

Sophie shrugs, downcast. She sits next to her mum. Trish looks like she's getting up the nerve to say something. Sophie looks at her quizzically.

SOPHIE

What, Mum?

TRISH

You don't think... um? Do you?

SOPHIE

(annoyed)

Oh, that's so typical! I knew your mind would go there!

Trish huffs.

TRISH

Well-

SOPHIE

Why can't you just give him a brea-

TRISH

(interrupting)

Wait a minute, lady! You're thinking the same thing, but it's *me* who's getting it in the neck?!

SOPHIE

I know, but...

Trish fills up her glass. She points at the living room door.

TRISH

Do you see the iBaby Combi in that hall? Have you seen sight nor sound of my one-thousand, one hundred pounds?

SOPHIE

That doesn't mean-

TRISH
(interrupting)
Well, you don't have to be Miss
Marples.

SOPHIE
Marple, Mum.

INT. SERVICE STATION. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty enters, soaked, removes his glasses and wipes them on his hoodie.

The cafe is heaving with NEWCASTLE FANS. Matty approaches some fans sitting at a table.

MATTY
Hiya. Listen, me lift's knackered.
I don't suppose you've got a spare
seat going in your car, have you?

The fans shake their heads.

FAN #1
No, sorry, mate.

Matty tries another table, then another. More apologetic head shakes.

EXT. SERVICE STATION. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty stands outside the door under the awning and shivers, dejected.

SEB
Need a lift, bonny lad?

SEB (late 40s) waves from the open window of a small lorry. Matty puts his hood up and runs through the rain. As he passes the truck, he notices the name of the haulage firm has been crudely spray-painted out, leaving only a mobile number.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Seb has the passenger door open. He smiles as Matty gets in. Seb is a muscular, tattooed, big guy in a tight, short-sleeve top with a half-zip, deep sunbed tan and dazzling Turkey teeth. He looks tough but friendly.

SEB
M25 or bust!

Matty looks at him, confused.

SEB (CONT'D)
That's as far as I'm going, fella.

MATTY
Oh, gotcha. Yeah, class!

Seb points at Matty's seatbelt.

SEB
Lock and load, baby! Lock and load!

They shake hands and introduce themselves.

SEB (CONT'D)
Seb

MATTY
Matty.

The lorry takes off, heading onto a slip road and the main carriageway.

SEB
Car trouble?

MATTY
You could say that, yeah.

Matty gestures back over his shoulder.

MATTY (CONT'D)
What's the story with your signage?

SEB
How d'you mean, like?

MATTY
Someone's spray-painted your logo.

Seb nods.

SEB
Oh, yeah.

MATTY
Vandals?

SEB
Nah, that was me.

MATTY

Did you mean to leave the mobile number on there?

Seb tuts.

SEB

Call it a tactical miscalculation on the paint front. My ex got me to spray-paint her Lazy Susan. She's getting the garden sorted with the spring coming and whatnot. I thought there'd be more than enough left over to be honest with you, but...

Seb shrugs.

MATTY

Have you just bought it, then?

Seb gestures at the cab.

SEB

What, this? Nah.

Matty puts a hand up indicating he's not one to pry.

MATTY

None of me business.

SEB

No, you're alreet, bonny lad.

Seb nods towards Matty's NUFC badge.

SEB (CONT'D)

Confident?

MATTY

For once I am, aye. Saying that, Salah scares me though.

SEB

We'll walk it man. Hey, check this out.

Seb flicks on an interior light. Behind him hangs a gilt-framed photo of Newcastle legend Bobby Robson smiling beatifically. Seb points proudly.

SEB (CONT'D)

Sir Bob's looking down on us.

Matty nods approvingly. Seb reaches down under his dashboard.

SEB (CONT'D)
That's nothing. Watch this!

He fiddles with some switches, expectant. When nothing happens, his expression turns from frustrated to fury.

SEB (CONT'D)
Oh, you little-!

He tries again.

SEB (CONT'D)
Piece of fucking...Bastard LEDs...
Shit-fuck-bastard!

Seb has gone from amiable to psycho in half a second. He's barely watching the road. The truck swerves; drivers brake and blast their horns.

MATTY
(concerned)
Everything alreet?

Seb gives up with the switches.

SEB
Piece of shit!

He seems to calm down a bit.

SEB (CONT'D)
Nah, it's nothing. I just wanted to
show you me lights.

He tries the switch in vain for a final time. And suddenly, he's back to full-on nuts.

SEB (CONT'D)
But this bastard, bloody, rancid
thing!

MATTY
(pacifying)
Oh, well. Um, not to worry. You
can, you know, show me them later,
eh?

Seb huffs petulantly.

SEB
(under his breath)
Piece of-

Matty gestures towards the back of the lorry, changing the subject.

MATTY

What're you carrying?

SEB

(flatly)

Chinese-made AKs, grenades, other bits and bobs, a few handguns - shit stuff from the Philippines mainly.

He shakes his head disconsolately.

SEB (CONT'D)

I can't get over those lights, man.

Matty tries to lighten the mood.

MATTY

You're not carrying any pushchairs, then?

Seb gives him a look.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Forget it. Is it usual for you to transport, you know...?

SEB

Ordinance?

Seb thinks about it.

SEB (CONT'D)

Um, *ish*. Matter of fact, that's why I had to, you know, paint over me name.

MATTY

Why?

SEB

The Albanians.

MATTY

Pardon.

SEB

Well, technically, this shipment belongs to the Albanians, but I, you know...

MATTY
(worried)
What?

SEB
Nicked it.

MATTY
From the Albanians.

SEB
Aye. Well, more I didn't *deliver*
it.

MATTY
But now you can, yeah?

Seb shakes his head.

SEB
See, I've promised it to the
Krasniqis.

Seb taps his watch.

SEB (CONT'D)
Delivering zero two-hundred,
Potters Bar.

MATTY
Who are the Krasniqis.

SEB
Albanians.

MATTY
So, there's two lots of Albanians?

Seb nods.

MATTY (CONT'D)
And this first lot - your sort of
basic Albanians - what do they
think?

Seb sighs.

SEB
Well, they're, um, not that happy,
mind. Which is why-

MATTY
What?

SEB

I've been kinda living off grid for a while, in me camper, up Embleton Bay way. D'you know it round there?

MATTY

Can't say I do. Nice?

SEB

Beautiful.

MATTY

So, what happened.

SEB

Well, as luck would have it, someone must have seen us 'cos when I gets back to me camper, some lowlifes have torched it.

MATTY

Set it on fire?

Seb nods, getting angry again.

SEB

Totalled the bastard.

MATTY

When you say *got back*, where had you been?

SEB

St James' Park.

MATTY

You'd been the match?

Seb nods.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Hang aboot, I thought you said you were living off grid?

Seb shrugs.

SEB

Yeah, but I couldn't say no, man, could I? Get this: my best mate, Gareth - his missus got him this VIP box for his 50th. Proper lush, like: watch the football with his mates, free booze, on-tap finger food. What's not to like?

MATTY

So when you say someone must have seen you, it could have been any one of 52,000 people?

Seb nods like it's the first time he's thought of it like that.

SEB

Maybe you're right, aye. Like as not, it wasn't the best move I've ever made. But what're you gonna do?

MATTY

And these Albanians, the first lot? What will they do if they, you know, catch up with you? Not saying they *will*, mind.

SEB

It's a weird one, like. Their point of view is: it mandates death. Which, to you and me, might seem a bit OTT - sort of, you know, macho for macho's sake. But it's just how they roll.

Matty gulps.

MATTY

And you knew this before you swiped their guns and that?

Seb shrugs.

SEB

Aye, but in my defence, I thought me lying doggo for a bit would kinda lower tensions in the region.

MATTY

Listen, um, Seb. I wasn't really expecting, um, you know... I was just after a lift. Could you, like, just drop me at the next junction, if it's no trouble? And I'll just, you know...

But Seb's not listening. He's looking in his side mirror.

SEB

Would you credit it?!

MATTY

What?

SEB

The shit-heads who burnt down my RV? Description: four blokes, dark clothing, two-up on two scrambler bikes.

MATTY

(anxiously)

They're not?

Seb gestures at the side mirror. Matty looks and sees TWO SCRAMBLER BIKES coming up behind them. Seb tries to accelerate, but he's hemmed in by traffic. He shakes his head.

SEB

I mean, how the fuck did they find me?

MATTY

Well, just a thought, but could it be something to do with having your mobile phone number plastered all over this bugger?!

Seb starts rolling his window down.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(nervously)

What're you doing, man?

SEB

May as well see what they want.

MATTY

You just said - *they want to kill you!*

The two bikes roar alongside, one on each side of the truck. Each carries A RIDER AND PASSENGER, their faces hidden behind bandanas.

Matty discreetly pulls out his phone, presses "livestream" and raises it just enough to film the bikers outside his side window.

They eye him menacingly, the passenger raising an imaginary gun, aiming and miming pulling the trigger.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Hells bells!

Seb leans out his side window as the other bike comes up level.

SEB
(shouting over the engine noise)
Oi, you the fuckwits that killed my camper?

RIDER #1 revs his engine loud and cups his hand to his ear.

SEB (CONT'D)
(louder)
Are you the fuckwits that killed my camper!

Now the rider's shouting. He has a strong Manchester accent.

RIDER #1
Yeah! And you're a dead man, muchacho!

He nods at the hard shoulder.

RIDER #1 (CONT'D)
So, pull over there so we can put a cap in you - and your boyfriend.

MATTY
(panicked)
Hey! Hang about. I'm n-

Seb, furious, cuts Matty off.

SEB
(to Matty)
Mancs! The low-life bastards! The shit-fuck fuckers!

MATTY
(confused)
What?

SEB
Couldn't do it themselves! They get in *Mancs*! Show some respect! Show some *fucking* respect!

MATTY

Maybe, it's a good thing, you never know.

"Step On" by the Happy Mondays plays.

Seb zips his top up to the neck and dances like a maniacal Bez, from the Happy Mondays, steering with his knee.

He shouts out the window.

SEB

(mimicking the rider's
Manchester accent)

I'm not mithered, our kid. D'ya
know worra I mean? Sound! Now, say
hello to my lickle friend!

From under his dashboard, Seb pulls a semi-automatic pistol and starts firing wildly at the ground just inches in front of the motorbike's front wheel. Bullets spark and ping off the tarmac.

SEB (CONT'D)

Yeehaw!

The bike swerves and brakes. Matty covers his ears. He doesn't even realise he's still filming.

MATTY

Argh! No! No! Don't do that!

But Seb's still firing.

SEB

Arriba!

INT. A GROTTY PUB. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The bar is almost empty. At one table sit the TWO SCRUFFY MEN who interrupted Matty's St James' Park livestream, drinking pints beside a open bag of crisps.

Scruffy Man # 1 is watching Matty's channel on his phone.

On his phone screen are jumbled video images: Matty's terrified face, his feet, the roof-liner, passing traffic. All the while, the word "livestream" flashes.

Finally, the image settles on Seb. He's doing his Happy Mondays dance. He looks triumphant.

SEB
(in a Manc accent)
Yeah, get back down the Arndale
Centeh, ya muppets! Not bein'
funneh!

The image on the scruffy man's phone screen pans back to Matty's side mirror. One of the bikes accelerates up and comes alongside. On screen, Matty's horrified face is reflected as the pillion passenger pulls a sub-machine gun from his backpack and opens fire. Matty's side window shatters, glass flies.

Scruffy Man #1 watches impassively, crunching a crisp.

Over the phone's speaker come more machine gun bursts and muted shouts.

Scruffy Man #2 looks round the bar, bored. A beat, then...

SCRUFFY MAN #2
(casually)
What're you watching?

SCRUFFY MAN #1
That lad, you know... him from
the... um, you know, the...

SCRUFFY MAN #2
The kid with the psoriasis?

SCRUFFY MAN #1
Aye, that's him.

From the phone's speaker come more gunshot sounds and exclamations.

SCRUFFY MAN #2
(sighing, bored)
What's he up to, then?

Scruffy Man #1 takes a long sip of beer. He wipes froth off his lip, all the while watching the action on his phone. His expression is deadpan; he might as well be watching the cooking channel.

SCRUFFY MAN
He told us, man. He's on his way
doon to Wembley for the Cup Final.

SCRUFFY MAN #2

Wey, aye. He is and all. How far's
he got, like.

Still focussing blankly on the screen, Scruffy Man #1 reaches his hand into his bag of crisps. A beat, then...

SCRUFFY MAN

Manchester, by the looks of it.

TEXT READS: *"The Magpie Network 4.6k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 10.4k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 20.8k subscribers"*

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

One of the bikes comes up alongside Seb's window, the pillion passenger raises an automatic gun and opens fire. The shots go through Seb's open side window and peppers the windscreen with holes.

MATTY

Argh!

SEB

(overlapping)

Bastards!

Seb ducks. The lorry swerves violently. Other cars also swerve and brake, trying to get out of the way.

Seb tries to regain control, but the lorry skids on the wet road and veers onto the hard-shoulder, through a fence and down a grassy bank into a ploughed field. Matty drops his phone.

MATTY

Oh shit!!

The two scrambler bikes follow, their wheels spinning and throwing up clumps of mud.

Seb regains control and floors it. The engine whines as the lorry bounces across the field, throwing both men around the cab.

The bikes overtake and weave in front, the pillion passengers aiming their guns.

A bullet punches through the windscreen, missing them by inches.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Mother of God!

One hand on the wheel, Seb turns on the interior light and looks behind him. There's a bullet hole where Sir Bobby's face used to be.

SEB
You Manc shit-heads!

As one of the bikes comes up alongside the lorry again, Seb swerves and rams it. The bike skids. The rider tries to regain control but crashes.

Seb continues to floor the lorry across the field.

EXT. A PLOUGHED FIELD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The second bike circles back. The fallen rider and pillion passenger are up and trying to lift their bike out of the mud.

RIDER #1
You alright Toneh?

RIDER #2
Get 'em, pal! Do 'em both!

Rider #1 revs his bike and wheel-spins after the truck.

EXT. RIVERBANK. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

On a fold-up chair, AN ANGLER sits in a small open-fronted fishing tent, his fishing rod poking out. He is dressed in fishing gear and a hat.

The flickering light of a phone illuminates the angler's face as he watches it intently.

He is wearing AirPods so we don't hear what he's listening to, but we do hear the distant roar of an engine.

Through the gauzy tent fabric, distant lights grow rapidly brighter - a fast approaching vehicle.

The engine grows louder and the lights brighter, but the angler remains oblivious, staring at his phone even as the lorry's headlamps flood the tent with light.

Now we see why. Close up: his fishing trousers are round his ankles and his fold up chair rocks back and forth.

Through his earbuds come sex grunts and sighs from a porn movie.

FEMALE PORN STAR(O.S.).
 "Do, it! Do it! Do it! Yes, Yes!

MALE PORN STAR (O.S.)
 (overlapping)
 Oh, yeah, oh fuck!

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Through the windscreen, we see the angler's tent suddenly looming into view along with some moored boats.

MATTY
 (shouts)
 We're heading for the river, man!

Seb pulls hard left on the steering wheel.

EXT. RIVERBANK. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The wanking angler watches his phone, breathing fast, his head bobbing, about to climax.

FEMALE PORN STAR (O.S.)
 (climaxing also)
 Yes, Yes, YES!!

ANGLER
 Mmm, yeah, mmm.

Seb's skidding lorry hits the corner of the angler's tent.

ANGLER (CONT'D)
 (terrified)
 Argh Argh!

The tent flies off into the air, leaving the angler exposed, sitting, pants-down, on the chair. He reaches down, trying and failing to pull up his trousers.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Seb and Matty both look in the mirror and watch as the angler's chair capsizes with him in it.

ANGLER (O.S.)
Argh, *f-u-c-k!*

SEB
Was he having a J. Arthur?

MATTY
What?

SEB
You know. J. Arthur Rank?

Seb mimes wanking.

MATTY
How do I know, man?

Seb's still distracted. But Matty looks out the front window again.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Watch out!

The lorry is about to go under a narrow bridge arch. Seb slams on the brakes, but it's too late.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Argh!

Metal screeches against brick as the truck slams into the bridge and judders to a stop, wedged beneath the arch.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Matty looks over at Seb who looks like a statue, his hands gripping the wheel, vice-like, muscles taut, staring ahead unblinkingly as though in a trance. Matty taps his arm.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Alright, mate?

When Seb finally turns to Matty, his arms are still frozen in the driving position, broken sections of steering wheel protruding from his clenched fists.

A beat as Seb stares at his hands, transfixed. Now he does a shake, like a terrier re-setting itself, and chucks the broken bits of steering wheel out the open side window.

SEB

Aye, epic.

EXT. RIVERBANK. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The scrambler bike races towards the riverbank. The passenger ejects a magazine from his gun and replaces it with a new one.

PASSENGER

(shouting)

See them?

RIDER #1

Not yet.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Seb tries to restart the engine. He cranks it, once, twice. Nothing happens. He tries a third time. It starts. He puts the lorry in gear. The engine whines. The wedged lorry doesn't move.

SEB

Come on honey-bunch!

Still it doesn't move. The wheels spin. Seb puts his foot to the floor. The engine roars like it's about to explode.

MATTY

Come on ye bastard!

Finally, the sound of sheering metal as the truck moves, slowly at first.

SEB

Yes, sweetheart! Come on! Come on!

Then suddenly, it lurches forward freeing itself. They both look back and see the lights of the bike heading this way.

Hidden from the bikers, is a steep access track that climbs to the top of the bridge. Seb drives up it and stops.

MATTY

Let's go, man! Why are you stopping?

Seb taps his nose conspiratorially. He puts the truck in reverse.

EXT. BRIDGE ACCESS ROAD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The lorry reverses into a dense copse of trees.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Seb switches off the lorry's lights.

EXT. RIVERBANK. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The scrambler bike races under the bridge. The bike's taillight disappears over a hill. A long beat and the second bike follows.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

From their vantage point high up, Matty and Seb watch. They high-five.

MATTY

Yes!

SEB

Outstanding!

Matty feels around under his seat and finds his phone which is still livestreaming.

EXT. RIVERBANK. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The first bike comes to a stop. The rider and his passenger look out over an empty expanse of fields.

RIDER #1

Fuck!

PASSENGER #1 points towards the bridge

PASSENGER #1

They must have gone up.

The bike turns round and comes back this way. As it reaches the bridge, the second bike meets it. They stop. Both bikes are below the truck on the riverbank.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty and Seb can hear the bikes' engines getting louder, closer.

EXT. BRIDGE ACCESS ROAD. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The bikes drive up the access track

MATTY
(whispering)
Please no!

SEB
Shhh.

Both bikes stop a few feet from the lorry which is camouflaged by the trees. Through Seb's open window, they hear the bikers talking.

RIDER #2
Where the fuck did they go?

RIDER #1
They're gone, man.

PASSENGER #2
(furious)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He aims his machine gun at the sky and lets off a flurry of shots.

MATTY
(under his breath)
Dear God! Oh, Lord!

In the darkness, Matty and Seb stare, transfixed. Matty's still filming without realising it.

Suddenly, they are lit up. Seb's LEDs, which refused to work earlier, now spontaneously come to life. A projected Alan Shearer celebrates behind them while a florescent Newcastle crest flashes and LED magpies appear to circle the cab.

MATTY (CONT'D)
S-h-i-t!

SEB
Bastard LEDs.

The bikers slowly turn this way to look. Now all four are raising their weapons, aiming.

MATTY

Hail Mary, full of-

Seb turns the key and hits the throttle. The lorry lurches forward, Seb grabbing the remaining part of the damaged steering wheel.

The bikers open fire. The windscreen shatters. It's all glass and bullets and shredded foliage.

The lorry roars out of the trees. It's too late for the bikes to get out of the way. As the lorry reaches them, Seb slams on the brakes. Tyres skid. The truck stops a split second before impact.

The bikers' shock turns to glee.

BIKERS

(overlapping)

Ha! Pussy!

Wanker!

But now Seb has the truck in low gear. The lorry starts pushing both bikes sideways. The two riders rev their engines but the bikes' wheels spin and can't get traction. The truck's engine whines. The river appears 100 feet below.

BIKERS (CONT'D)

(overlapping)

No!

Do something, ye knob!

One of the passengers manages to raise his gun enough to point it through the front window of the cab. Matty ducks. The gunman pulls the trigger just as...

Seb hits the throttle. Both bikes go airborne.

BIKERS (CONT'D)

(overlapping)

A-h-h-h! J-e-s-u-s!

F-u-c-k!

Seb slams on the brakes again.

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

The lorry's wheels lock up, screeching. It skids towards the edge of the bridge.

MATTY (O.S.)

S-h-i-t!

The truck stops, teetering with its front wheels hanging over the bridge, inches from the 100ft drop down to the river.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

They hear the splash of the bikes and the four would-be assassins hitting the water. Matty and Seb stare through the shattered windscreen, transfixed.

A beat, then they both let out a huge sigh. They turn to each other.

SEB
Never send a Manc to do an
Albanian's job.

TEXT READS: *"The Magpie Network 51.3k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 121.4k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 207.3k subscribers"*

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY SLIP ROAD. NIGHT.

Seb's truck limps to a stop.

INT. SEB'S LORRY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Seb's Newcastle-themed LEDs fizzle and blink on and off. Matty puts his phone in the side pocket of his bag.

MATTY
Well, it's been...um... *mad*. That's
what it's been.

Seb laughs.

SEB
Aye, I can't argue with that.

They shake hands.

MATTY
I was gonna say thanks for the
lift, but-

SEB

Well, I don't know why you don't
just let me-

MATTY

(interrupting)

Nah, you're alright, man. I'll just
get going.

SEB

If you're sure, mind. Listen, do us
a favour and check that back tyre
would you? I've been feeling every
bump up here.

MATTY

'Course, yeah.

Matty opens the door and gets out, leaving his bag on the
seat. As soon as he's out of sight, Seb quickly unzips
Matty's bag, takes a handgun from under his seat and drops it
inside before zipping it back up.

SEB

(under his breath)

You might be needing that, bonny
lad.

Matty returns to the open door.

MATTY

Looks fine to me.

Seb makes a hissing sound.

SEB

Some air and she'll be good as new.

Matty casts an eye over the truck. It's been trashed. It's
got smashed and missing windows, door mirrors hanging off,
scrapes and dents, bullet holes.

MATTY

(unconvinced)

Aye.

Seb hands Matty down his bag.

SEB

Nice getting to know you, Matty.

MATTY

You an' all, Seb.

Seb restarts the ignition. Matty shuts the door. He watches the lorry trundle away. Over the engine noise Seb sings.

SEB (O.S.)
 (Bad Moon Rising)
Hope you got your things together
Di, do, di, di, di, di, do, die
Looks like we're in for nasty
weather
One eye is taken for an eye.

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT.

Matty walks up a deserted street, filming himself with his selfie-stick. No lights burn in the houses. He stops and checks his phone's clock: "1.30". He sighs and walks on.

EXT. VILLAGE TRAIN STATION. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty presses the entry button, but the glass doors don't open. He peers inside. The station is dark and obviously closed.

MATTY
 (into his phone)
 Buggery!

He trudges off towards a sign that reads, "Bus Station 1 mile"

EXT. BUS STATION. DAY

A sign reads, "BUS STATION, North Yorkshire Council"

TEXT READS: "SATURDAY"

Birds sing the dawn chorus. Matty lies on a bench, his head on his bag, arms wrapped around himself for warmth and constantly shifting position.

A MAGPIE lands nearby and warbles a song.

Behind semi-frosted glasses, one of Matty's eyes flickers, trying to open. Eventually, the eye opens just enough to focus on the happily trilling magpie.

MATTY
 (tired)
 I'm beseeching you, man: just give
 it a rest for a bit, eh?

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
(in Yorkshire accent)
Oi, you can't sleep there!

Matty looks up, the BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE is coming his way.
He groans.

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
I said, you can't sleep there, tha'
knows.

MATTY
(ironically)
You don't say?!

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
Well, what're you up to, lad?

MATTY
Er, waiting for a bus.

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
Well, there's not one while nine
o'clock.

MATTY
Where's it going?

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
London.

Matty sits up, pleasantly surprised. He pulls his phone out.

MATTY
You mean, there's a bus to London
from here?! Class!

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
No need to look so surprised.

MATTY
What? Nah, no I just, you know...

Matty presses "livestream" and begins filming the bus
employee.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Do us a favour and say that again.

The bus company employee smooths out his jacket, suddenly
excited to be on camera, and clears his throat.

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
(stilted)
You can't sleep there.

MATTY
(sighing)
Not that bit. The other, about...

Matty makes a hand gesture, trying to tease it out of the man.

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE
Oh, yeah.

He clears his throat again.

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
(stilted)
There is a bus going to London
which will be leaving while 9
o'clock.

Matty continues to make gestures with his freehand, like a director drawing out a performance from an actor. The bus company employee looks momentarily confused, then...

BUS COMPANY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Tha' knows!

Matty gives him thumbs-up. Grinning, he turns the phone and films himself.

MATTY
You see! Sometimes good things
happen to good people.

INT. COACH. DAY

Matty sits, crushed against the window by the HUGELY FAT WOMAN (20s) sitting next to him. She's on her phone, arguing loudly with someone and doesn't even realise Matty is livestreaming.

FAT WOMAN
No! No! That's not the way I said
it at all!

She listens to the person on the other end of the line.

FAT WOMAN (CONT'D)
No, No. Suck my dick, Camilla! You
know that's bollocks, dude!

Matty begins filming the other passengers. Across the aisle, A SMALL COUPLE (60s), in fetishistic leather - her with bright red hair, him with a peroxide comb-over - neck passionately, complete with tongues and wandering hands.

Matty watches them, horrified as he films. He does a shudder of self-reproach and turns the camera away.

His phone bleeps a notification. Matty stops filming and looks at the screen. "Sophie 6 missed calls". He opens up his channel's landing page.

TEXT READS: *"The Magpie Network 244k subscribers"*

Matty stares at the figure "244k" like he can't believe it. He puts a hand to his head, shocked.

MATTY
(under his breath)
244k! Christ Almighty, man.

He can't contain himself. He tuns to the fat woman, who is still on the phone, and points at the screen.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(in awe)
244,000 subscribers.

The fat woman gives him a filthy look and turns away. But Matty's too excited to care.

He clicks on the "comments" section and now his smile fades.

TEXT READS: *"Clickbait, wanker!!!!!"*

TEXT READS: *"Thought this was a football channel, bro. AI shootouts?????"*

TEXT READS: *"Lost respect for you, Matty!"*

TEXT READS: *"Soooo fake!! Bellend!!!!!"*

TEXT READS: *"What's with the crappy AI gangsters all of a sudden?????"*

Matty huffs, annoyed.

Another alert pings.

TEXT READS: *"Video Message"*

Matty clicks on it. Sexy American Tiera waves at the camera. She's lying on a bed, wearing just an oversized "UCLA" T-shirt and a pair of NUFC socks rolled down.

TIERA (O.S.)

Well now, Matty. I gotta say I'm intrigued; bad guys shooting at you on the highway? A few people are saying you've gone all AI on us. Only I know better - it's my business, see. So, what's the real story? Dying to find out. I think a debrief is called for.

Tiera gives a sexy wink.

Howay the lads!

The message ends.

Matty's gone google-eyed. He exhales deeply.

MATTY

Bloody hell!

He scrolls to his voicemail. "One new message: Saturday, 12.03 p.m."

TRISH (O.S.)

Matthew, this is Sophie's mum. She's practically begged me not to ring you, but there's somethin' I need to put you straight on: if you are not back home, holdin' my little girl's hand when she goes into labour today, the morro' or whenever that is, I'll spend the rest of my days makin' your life as miserable as I possibly can. And if you think I'm not serious, just try me, you selfish child.

Matty disconnects and gulps.

He looks out of the window. A motorway sign reads, "London 35 miles" Matty sighs.

He idly watches traffic going by - a little sports car, the top down, a YOUNG GUY (20s) in sunglasses and a padded jacket, a baseball cap on backwards. He's drumming his hands on the steering wheel to some unheard rap song.

Now a people carrier goes by. It's got a roof rack - a MUM and DAD are upfront, TWO KIDS in the back. The parents stare blankly at the road, the kids are fixated on their iPads. Nobody talks.

COACH DRIVER
 (over a microphone)
 Sorry folks. The motorway's closed
 up ahead, so we're going to have to
 come off and go cross-country.

The PASSENGERS moan and groan. Matty looks across at the
 ageing lovebirds - they're still necking, oblivious.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A POLICEMAN stands by a sign, "Road Closed" He's redirecting
 traffic that queues as far as the eye can see. The coach
 reaches the cop and the driver opens his side window.

COACH DRIVER
 What's ado, pal?

POLICEMAN
 There's an ongoing incident in the
 village, mate. We're taking
 everyone back up to the ring road.

COACH DRIVER
 How long's that going to take? I'm
 on a schedule, here.

POLICEMAN
 Couple of hours if you're lucky.

COACH DRIVER
 Don't say that!!

The policeman shrugs. The coach driver points towards the
 village.

COACH DRIVER (CONT'D)
 What's the fuss?

POLICEMAN
 They put some migrants in a hotel
 down the way. The locals started a
 demo cos they want it closed down.
 But then the anti-fascists showed
 up from London and now it's all
 kicked off.

COACH DRIVER
 (sighing)
 Brilliant.

The coach trundles on a few yards

INT. COACH. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The driver is back on the microphone.

COACH DRIVER

So, basically we're knackered while
a couple of hours at least.

The passengers moan and groan.

COACH DRIVER (CONT'D)

But if anyone wants to attempt it
on foot, the police say there's a
train station on the other side of
the village that has a stopping
service into King's Cross.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A flaking hotel sign shows a French chateau and the words,
"Le Manoir des Amis - Style all the way".

The hotel itself is an ugly 1970s building opposite a vape
shop and a Turkish barbers displaying a handwritten sign:
"Cash preferred".

POLICE in riot gear separate LOCAL PROTESTERS from ANTI-
FASCISTS.

The locals hold up Union flags and the flag of St George.
Their signs read, "MIGRANTS GO HOME!", "PROTECT OUR KIDS",
"OUR VILLAGE SAYS, NO!". Some are letting off red, white and
blue flares.

The anti-fascists have "Socialist Worker" placards and "ALL
MIGRANTS WELCOME" signs.

ANTI-FASCISTS

Far right scum! Far right scum!

TV NEWS CREWS film the stand-off.

Matty walks up with others from the bus, including the fat
woman and the ageing lovebirds in leather. Matty has his
sweatshirt on, the hood up and his sunglasses on.

He takes out his phone, presses "livestream" and films the
chaos as police struggle to maintain order and cans of lager
fly through the air.

DEMONSTRATORS

Nonce lovers!

ANTI-FASCISTS
Fascist bastards!

Matty turns the camera to film himself now, shouting to make himself heard.

MATTY
It is reet kickin' off doon here at
this migrant hotel! If it wasn't
for these rozzers, man, this lot'd
be tearin' lumps oot o' each other!

He's tapped on the shoulder by a TV REPORTER and a CAMERA OPERATOR. The reporter is shouting something, but Matty can't hear her because of the noise from the demo.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Nah, I can't understand yous!

The TV reporter points to a patch of lawn in front of the hotel and ushers Matty over.

The reporter positions Matty with the hotel behind him while the camera operator sets up.

TV REPORTER
(shouting to the camera
operator)
Make sure you get the sign in the
background.

Matty, who is still livestreaming, looks confused.

MATTY
What's it all about, like?

The reporter's not listening. She's holding her finger to her earpiece, talking to the TV studio.

TV REPORTER
Yeah, I finally got one. The rest
of them are too scared to come out.

The reporter glances up at the migrant hotel, where worried faces stare from the windows.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
Can't say I blame them. OK. Get
ready to go live in three, two...

She holds a microphone up in front of Matty.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

You are the only one of the sixty-eight asylum-seekers, staying at the hotel, who has been brave enough to leave the building today. Could I ask you what the mood is like inside?

Matty goes wide-eyed.

MATTY

Nah, you've got it ool arse about tit, man.

It's clear the TV reporter can't understand a word he's saying what with Matty's accent and the din.

TV REPORTER

Did you come on a boat here from Calais? What was the experience like of crossing the Channel on a small boat? Scary?

MATTY

Calais?! I'm native me - Toon. Born in wor auld hoose oot Darras Hall way. Calais?!

MONTAGE OF PEOPLE WATCHING MATTY'S LIVESTREAM

In a bar, ex-Newcastle players, MALCOLM "SUPERMAC" MACDONALD, STEVE WATSON AND JOHN ANDERSON watch Matty's livestream on a phone and grin in amusement.

At a cab rank in Côte d'Ivoire, taxi drivers, in assorted Premier League shirts, laugh and point at Matty's livestream on an iPad.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. TV NEWS CONTROL ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

An EDITOR and an ASSISTANT in headsets watch the hotel feed on a bank of screens.

EDITOR

I heard Dar es Salaam. Did you hear Dar es Salaam?

ASSISTANT

I think so, yeah.

The editor speaks into his headset mic.

EDITOR

All I got was Dar es Salaam, Milly.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The TV reporter holds her finger to her earpiece listening.

TV REPORTER

(to Matty)

You came here from Tanzania? What were you fleeing from? Political repression?

MATTY

Tanzania?

Matty mimes smoking a toke.

MATTY (CONT'D)

You on the oold wey-hey, or what, pet?

A POLICE HELICOPTER flies over, all but drowning him out.

MONTAGE OF PEOPLE WATCHING MATTY'S LIVESTREAM

At a soft toy factory, SEAMSTRESSES - some wearing Newcastle shirts - sew smiles onto yellow "smiley face" toys and drop them onto a conveyor belt while watching Matty on their phones.

In a shabby living room, an OLD WOMAN sits in wheelchair, staring vacantly at TV footage of Matty while someone moves about in a kitchen beyond.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. TV NEWS CONTROL ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

EDITOR

I didn't get any of that. Did you?

The assistant shakes their head.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Does this man even speak English?

The editor, irate now, speaks into his mic.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Milly, did you actually bother to find out if he could speak English, before going live? Christ Almighty!

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The TV reporter listens to her editor, her face growing panicky. She thrusts the microphone under Matty's nose.

TV REPORTER

Can you understand the concerns of local people who say you're not welcome here because you don't share their culture or even bother to learn their language?

Matty's getting annoyed.

MATTY

I speaky the lingo, yer daft mare!
I told yer, man, I'm doon from the
Toon for the Carabao!

He lifts up his sweatshirt to show his Newcastle top underneath.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Newcastle.

Again he's all but drowned out by the noise. The look on the TV reporter's face says she can't understand a word. Irate now, Matty shows her his phone and pokes himself in the chest

MATTY (CONT'D)

Content creator.

He mimes kicking a football.

MONTAGE OF PEOPLE WATCHING MATTY'S LIVESTREAM

The ex-footballers, the taxi drivers and the seamstresses crack-up laughing. The old lady in the wheelchair just continues to stare blankly at the TV

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty unzips his bag and reaches inside.

MATTY

Look, I've got a selfie stick and everything.

But when his hand comes out, Matty is holding the automatic handgun Seb secretly stashed in his bag. A beat as he stares at it in disbelief.

DEMONSTRATOR (O.S.)

Get down! He's got a gun!"

Screams. Everyone - including the police and TV reporter - hits the deck. Only Matty and the camera operator remain standing, Matty still staring at the gun in shock.

MONTAGE OF PEOPLE WATCHING MATTY'S LIVESTREAM

The ex-footballers, the taxi drivers and the seamstresses go from hysterics to shock in the blink of an eye.

As the old lady in the wheelchair continues to watch blankly, a scrawny man (20s), with untidy ginger hair emerges from the kitchen. This is Fishy. He's holding a tray on which is a Pot Noodle, a fork sticking out, a can of Special Brew and a plastic child's beaker with a lid. The beaker is almost full of lager.

FISHY

D-D-Dinner's up N-Nanna Sylvia.

Fishy stops dead and stares at the TV in disbelief.

FISHY (CONT'D)

F-F-Fuck my old b-boots!

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Matty's still looking at the gun in shock.

MATTY

Nah, you don't under... That's not supposed to be... No, I mean-

From the police helicopter, a voice comes over a loudspeaker.

HELICOPTER LOUDSPEAKER

Drop your weapon! Drop your weapon!

Matty looks up, his gun hand rising with him.

BANG! The gun goes off spontaneously.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER. DAY. CONTINUOUS

PILOT
He's shooting at us!

The helicopter lurches away from the line of fire, throwing the CO-PILOT over the back of his seat.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Mayday! We're under fire! Repeat:
Mayday! Mayday! We are under fire!

MONTAGE OF PEOPLE WATCHING MATTY'S LIVESTREAM

Supermac knocks over his drink, the taxi drivers pull out Kalashnikov rifles from under their chairs and start firing into the air, cheering.

At the end of the conveyor belt, the "smiley face" toys tumble into a basket - every one stitched with a shocked, anguished expression.

As Nanna Sylvia continues to watch blankly, Fishy, who looks about to keel over, picks up the lager-filled beaker and drinks it down in one.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The copilot clambers back, baseball cap, earphones and aviator shades askew, and grabs the loudspeaker microphone.

COPILOT (O.S.)
(over the loudspeaker)
Oi!... I mean, um, I repeat: drop
your weapon!

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The helicopter circles. The copilot doesn't realise he's still broadcasting over the loudspeaker.

COPILOT (O.S.)
(over the loudspeaker)
He's made me drop my phone, that
little prick. I'll never find it
now.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The pilot points at the microphone in the copilot's hand and makes the cutthroat sign. The copilot realises he's been broadcasting about his lost phone.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

COPILOT
(over the loudspeaker)
Oh-

Matty drops the gun and runs.

As he vanishes down the high street, people start warily getting back up.

INT. POLICE CONTROL ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A COMMANDER in uniform picks up a phone.

COMMANDER
Terrorist incident. Alert SO15.
Inform the Home Secretary and get
Prevent on the line: I want to know
where this bastard's from and how
he slipped through the net!

INT. ARMED RESPONSE VAN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A SPECIALIST POLICE OFFICER in black tactical gear listens through an earpiece.

SPECIALIST POLICE OFFICER
Roger.

He makes a signal. A DOZEN identically-dressed officers turn their police baseball caps backwards and start racking their Heckler and Koch carbines.

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO. DAY.

A rolling NEWS PRESENTER sits at a desk, talking to camera.

PRESENTER
I'm joined by our security
correspondent, Ahmed Mir. Ahmed,
we're obviously still in the very
early stages of this terror
incident, but what can you tell us?

AHMED MIR

Yes, as you say, this is very much a live situation the police are dealing with, though I'm told they have already had a breakthrough in identifying the man who apparently used his credit card to buy a ticket for a coach trip earlier today-

As Ahmed continues, VT plays: Matty being interviewed, producing the gun from his bag. The camera then focusses on the reporter, squirming on the ground and gesticulating frantically for the camera to return to Matty, as the gun fires into the air.

AHMED MIR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Counter Terrorism Command will, of course, be analysing all the available footage. But what has already come to light is that enhanced images show part of a tattoo on the shooter's left wrist and the letters AL SH. Now, it's important to say that the other letters are covered by his sleeve, but, significantly, AL SH are the first four letters of al-Shabaab, the East African terror cell which operates in Tanzania where this suspect is thought to have links.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. DAY

Sophie and Trish sit aghast, watching the TV news.

PRESENTER (O.S.)

Thanks for the moment Ahmed. For those of you just joining us: terror comes to a quiet Home Counties village as police launch a manhunt for a gunman who opened fire outside a migrant hotel. We'll be back with more after this very short break.

Sophie turns down the volume with the remote. They both continue to stare at the screen in disbelief. A beat.

TRISH
Just goes to show - you think you
know someone.

EXT. HOME COUNTIES VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS. DAY

TEXT READS: *"The Magpie Network 447k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 745k subscribers"*

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network 1.1 million subscribers"*

Matty hides in a roadside ditch as the police helicopter passes overhead. Ahead, a line of police cars approaches the crossroads with sirens wailing while a slow-moving tractor pulls up from the opposite direction.

Matty waits for the helicopter to disappear. He climbs out onto the road and runs towards the tractor, flagging it down.

The tractor's passenger door flies open. Matty hauls himself inside and slams the door as the tractor pulls away.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY
Class! Thanks a million for
stopping.

He turns to look at the driver.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Argh!!

Looking back at him, grinning, is Seb.

MATTY (CONT'D)
You!

SEB
Alreet, bonny lad?

INT. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. DAY.

Sophie comes out of the bathroom. She has on a bathrobe and is towelling her damp hair. She heads down the corridor.

From the living room, she can hear Trish talking on the phone.

TRISH (O.S.)

No, that's just it; we didn't know he *had* been radicalised.....
Now, they definitely got that bit wrong: *not* Dar es Salaam, *Darras* Hall.

Sophie walks into the living room.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, it's an estate about 20 minutes up the road. He was born there, but he was brought up here, in Gosforth.

SOPHIE

(concerned)

Mum, who are you talking to?

Trish bats a hand at Sophie, irritated at being interrupted.

TRISH

Never seen him pray, no. Can't say I have, except before they played Arsenal in the semi-final, like. But I do know for a fact, he did want to name his unborn bairn after the devil.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

No, no word of a lie. So you're sayin', he filmed all this shootin' and that for his football channel thingy?...Hmm. Right. Oh, okay.

SOPHIE

Mum!

TRISH

(talking into the phone)

That's just my daughter.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Yeah, bearing up, poor love. Just oot of the shower.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Problem is she's always thought the sun shines out of him.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I know, I know. What can you do? On saying that though, I was exactly the same when my mam was warning me off my first husband.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

No, but I'll give her your number.

Trish listens.

TRISH (CONT'D)

No, promise I will.

Trish listens

TRISH (CONT'D)

Trish Nesbitt....Double 't', that's it..... All right. Bye, pet, bye now. Bye.

SOPHIE

(incredulous)
Who was that?

TRISH

Jeremy Kyle

SOPHIE

Jeremy Kyle?!

TRISH

Wants you on his radio show.

SOPHIE

Mum, you shouldn't be discussing my private-

TRISH

(interrupting)
This phone's been red-hot.

A note pad lies on the coffee table. Trish reads off names, ticking them off with her pen.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Radio Newcastle. Anti-Terror
Lawyers 4U - they might be up for
doing on of them no-win, no-fee
whatsits. Who else? Oh yeah, a
lovely researcher from A Place in
the Sun who was thinking that if
you were planning on lying low
abroad, you could maybe hook-up and
with them, like - kill two birds
with one stone kinda thing.

SOPHIE

(interrupting)

I can't believe you!

TRISH

What?

SOPHIE

Discussing our - my - business with
all these people.

TRISH

(miffed)

Don't worry, lady, I wasn't
expecting thanks.

SOPHIE

Thanks?!

TRISH

Well, you may as well see what
they're talking.

Trish makes the money sign and points to Sophie's bump.

TRISH (CONT'D)

You know. I mean, no wages coming
in, and having to go doon London
once a week on the train to visit
yer man in Belmarsh Prison.

SOPHIE

(confused)

Belmarsh? What? Who said anything
about Belmarsh?

Trish points back at her list.

TRISH

Piers Morgan. He's been on the
blower an' all.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

He reckons that's where they put terrorists on remand. Assuming they do, you know, arrest him like, and don't just, um-

Trish stops herself from saying "shoot him".

SOPHIE

I don't believe this! Mum, Matty is not a terrorist!

Trish points at the TV.

TRISH

What was all that, then? He was having a bad day?

SOPHIE

I don't know. I just know, this is not my Matty. There must be something else to it.

Sophie points at Trish's note pad.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And all this? You're just making it worse.

TRISH

(annoyed)

Don't you come that with me! He's your boyfriend. How d'you think I feel, eh? I go on our WhatsApp family group ten minutes back, and your cousin Karen's re-posted some film of chummy boy having a shoot-out with a mad fella on the motorway.

Sophie's face drops.

SOPHIE

I just saw it. But it wasn't Matty doing the shooting.

TRISH

Oh, that's alright, then!

SOPHIE

Also, why do you do that?

TRISH

What?

SOPHIE
You know it's not Karen now.

TRISH
What, the prison officer?

SOPHIE
It's Bruno.

Trish waves a hand dismissively.

TRISH
Karen. Bruno.

SOPHIE
No, Mum. It's about showing respect
for people.

TRISH
(pacifying)
It's not that, pet. It's just, when
you get to my age, you get
confused. It's hard to take it all
in: Karen's Bruno. Matty's a
Tasmanian terrorist.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

SEB
No need to thank me, Matty, son.

MATTY
(incredulous)
Thank you?! You've ruined me bloody
life.

SEB
Nah, it'll all come oot in the
wash.

MATTY
I nearly shot down a police
helicopter. I'm a wanted man. And
I've just spent the last hour lying
in a ditch, covered in ants.

SEB
Well, I wasn't to know.

MATTY
You stashed a gun in me bag without
telling us - what could possibly go
wrong?

SEB

I thought you might be grateful of it if, the, you know, Albanians caught up with you.

MATTY

Anyway, rewind. How the hell did you just happen to be driving by in a tractor?

SEB

I told you I was rendezvousing with the Krasniqis in Potters Bar last night?

Matty nods.

MATTY

Aye.

SEB

So, I was local, like. And I heard on the radio you'd got yourself in a bit of bother.

MATTY

Hang on. How did you know it was me?

SEB

Fella in a Newcastle top, going nuts with a semi-automatic?

MATTY

I didn't go nuts! It just went off.

SEB

Well, that'll happen with the ordnance coming out of the Philippines these days. Personally, I wouldn't go within a million miles of that shite.

MATTY

(incredulous)

What?!

Seb's not listening. He's looking up, scanning the sky for something.

MATTY (CONT'D)

What?

SEB
I keep thinking I can see a drone,
but when I look-

Seb's watching the road again and gesturing at SEVERAL POLICE CARS racing towards them on the country road, their sirens blaring.

SEB (CONT'D)
Aye, Aye.

Without warning, he swings the tractor off the road and through an open farm gate. The tractor trundles into open countryside

Matty looks over his shoulder. The police cars have braked hard, reversed and are about to follow them.

MATTY
How do they know it's us.

SEB
Well, um, there was a bit of a to-do, like, with the Krasniqis.

MATTY
What happened?

SEB
The Albanians showed up.

MATTY
The other Albanians?

Seb nods.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Go on.

SEB
Some argy bargy with guns and that.
My truck got totalled.

MATTY
And?

SEB
And the Krasniqis -

Seb does the cutthroat sign.

MATTY

All of them?

SEB

All but one. He wasn't there cos he took the day off to go to his nipper's sports day.

MATTY

Jesus!

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD. DAY. CONTINUOUS

They trundle down a valley with the police cars right behind them. It's the world's slowest chase scene.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY

Did you think about finding a getaway car that does more than, I don't know, 15 miles an hour?!

SEB

This was just sort of lying around at the Krasniqis' place.

MATTY

How come the Albanians let you go?

SEB

They didn't. I kinda made tracks while they were otherwise engaged, like.

One police car with FOUR OFFICERS inside comes up alongside. They hold up machine guns. One rolls down the window.

POLICEMAN

Stop, you dickhead, or we shoot!

SEB

(to Matty)

Hang on.

Seb turns the wheel sharply.

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The tractor swerves and heads towards a ford across a river. It crosses the ford, flanked by the police cars. But the water's too deep for them. The cars stop halfway across.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

They look back. Steam rises from the half-submerged police cars as COPS struggle with jammed doors and clamber out through side windows.

Seb breaks into laughter, slapping his leg. He leans out of his window and flips the finger.

SEB
(shouting)
Who's the dickhead now?! Wankers!

Matty gets his phone out. He looks at the screen. His internet signal shows only one bar. He tuts, irate.

MATTY
Me 5G's up and down like a bride's
nightie, man!

He lifts up the phone and looks into the camera, his finger hovering over the "livestream" button.

SEB
What you up to?

Matty, looking overwrought, points back at the police cars.

MATTY
If they won't listen, I'll talk
direct to me subscribers.

Seb sucks in air.

SEB
You sure, bonnie lad?

MATTY
(fraught)
I've got to do *something*!

Matty presses "livestream".

MATTY (CONT'D)

Um, this is Matty Tanner, speaking.
I hope I don't lose this signal cos
there's, um, there's something
important I've got to say, like.

SPLIT-SCREEN MONTAGE BEGINS

Around the world - in bars, kitchens, bedrooms and bowling alleys - people suddenly focus on their phones and tablets, some typing furiously.

TEXT ON SCREEN: *"RU watching this!"*

TEXT ON SCREEN: *"It's that terrorist mf!!*

TEXT ON SCREEN: *"Shit!!! Bro looks batshit crazy!"*

Through their phone speakers and earbuds, we hear Matty's voice slightly delayed and echoing.

MATTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...something important I've got to-

Matty appears on a phone screen, his speech interrupted by buffering. The frozen frame leaves him leering into the camera, looking unhinged.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY

(talking into his phone)

I still don't know what happened at that hotel. Honest to God! All I know is people probably think I'm dangerous. They think I'm the kind of fella who goes round killing people and I'm bloody mad. Well I'm not. I'm just a football blogger.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A big crowd of people stare up at Matty on an enormous screen. The livestream buffers then suddenly comes to life.

MATTY

(on the big screen)

I go round killing people (buffers)
I'm bloody mad.

The shopping mall crowd look shocked.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY
(talking into his phone)
All I want is to blow-up me channel
and give everyone some decent
content. If that's so hard to
understand, then I'm sorry.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

On the big screen, Matty's face unfreezes.

MATTY
(on the screen)
All I just want is to (buffers)
blow-up (buffers) everyone
(buffers). If that's so hard to
understand, then I'm sorry.

The crowd gasps.

SHOPPING MALL CROWD (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Oh, my God/He's a complete psycho/
Why haven't the police caught him?/
Looks like he's in a tractor.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY
(talking into his phone)
All this stuff online is bollocks,
man. Like, I want to shoot down a
helicopter? Yeah! Plus, I've never
even been to Tanzania. I just want
to be left alone with me missus and
our bairn.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY
(on the big screen)
(buffers) I want a helicopter.
Yeah! (buffers) to Tanzania with me
missus and our bairn.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Seb taps Matty's arm, trying to get his attention. Briefly Matty's phone camera pans across to Seb, driving the tractor, before focussing back on Matty.

Matty doesn't want to be disturbed while he's livestreaming. He makes the cutthroat sign to Seb which is caught on camera.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The crowd gasps.

SHOPPER (O.S.)
He's got a hostage!

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The tractor drives through a gap in the hedge.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The single track road is blocked by a black Mercedes 500S with dark tinted windows.

INT. TRACTOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Seb reaches across to Matty's phone to end the livestream and cuts off Matty's protest before it starts.

SEB
Oh, fuck!

Matty looks up, an identical Mercedes blocks their only other escape route.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The picture on the big screen goes black. People stand around looking shocked.

A ANGRY WOMAN drags her sobbing LITTLE BOY to the exit, her HUSBAND following.

ANGRY WOMAN
What were you thinking of, letting him watch that?!

LITTLE BOY
 (sobbing)
 He's got the farmer! He's got the
 farmer!

TEXT READS: (the numbers ticking upwards) *"The Magpie Network
 3.9 million subscribers"*

MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Sophie and Trish sit, drinking tea and watching rolling news
 on TV.

CRASH! A SWAT POLICEMAN swings through the living room window
 on a rope, glass flies.

SOPHIE/TRISH
 Argh!!

The front door is smashed down and A DOZEN SWAT POLICE storm
 inside with assault rifles raised.

SWAT TEAM
 (in unison)
 Armed police! Armed
 police!

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty and Seb walk, their fingers laced behind their heads,
 towards the first Mercedes. THREE SWARTHY MEN point guns at
 them.

The back door of the car swings opens. One of the men
 gestures with his gun barrel for Matty and Seb to get inside.

INT. MERCEDES 500S. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty and Seb join ALTIN (40s) on the back seat. Altin is
 smartly dressed in black. He has pockmarked skin and dark
 hair, slicked back.

SEB
 Alreet, Altin?

ALTIN
 Seb.

SEB
 This is Matty.

MATTY

I'm not here. I was just getting a lift. I've never met him before last-

ALTIN

(explodes shouting)

Quiet!

Altin forces himself calm.

ALTIN (CONT'D)

(evenly now)

Quiet...Hmm, we never got to conclude our business last night.

SEB

Is that your drone that's been following me.

Altin nods.

SEB (CONT'D)

Thought so. If it's all the same to you, I'd sooner you do us quick, like.

Seb makes an imaginary gun and points it at his own head.

SEB (CONT'D)

No need to draw it out.

MATTY

Do *us*?! What's this *us* business?!

ALTIN

(explodes)

Quiet!

Altin composes himself. It's taking every ounce of effort.

ALTIN (CONT'D)

(calmly again)

Not possible. See, I've thought about it. One of my men tipped the Krasniqis that you were bringing me that shipment. I think you know who that man is. So, you tell me and then I'll do you two.

Matty puts up his hand like a kid in class.

MATTY
Can I say something?

ALTIN
What?

MATTY
I'm only here for the football, If
I go now, I'll just forget we ever
met.

Matty goes for the door handle. Two guns swing round from the front seat. Matty slowly moves his fingers away from the handle and points outside.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Um, I could just, you know-

ALTIN
(explodes)
Quiet!

Altin composes himself once more. It's getting harder.

ALTIN (CONT'D)
Circling back. Like I was saying:
you tell me, then I'll do you. But
it won't be quick.

INT. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT - DAY

Trish looks up from the living room carpet, her face contorted by the police boot pressing down on the side of her head. A laser beam from a police rifle dances over her features.

Sophie lies next to her, the muzzle of a rifle pressing into her temple.

TRISH
(mumbling)
For the last time, we don't require
a flamin' translator!

EXT. A FARMYARD BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Dusk. The two-car Mercedes convoy drives up a long dirt drive to a secluded wooden barn that backs onto some trees.

The cars' doors open. Matty and Seb are led out at gunpoint and pushed inside the barn door.

INT. BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

One of the Albanians sticks out a hand.

ALBANIAN

Phones.

Matty and Seb hand over their phones. Altin comes in.

ALTIN

I have to attend the funerals of the two men I lost last night. You will stay here till I return. Then, we can extract the information I want you from you.

Altin turns and addresses his men.

ALTIN (CONT'D)

Guard the grounds. If they escape, you all die.

Altin and his men leave, shutting the door and padlocking it. The barn is in near-darkness.

SEB

I don't think he likes you.

MATTY

(sarcastic)
What makes you think that?

SEB

Leaving me to face the music on me tod. It's not the way they go about things. It runs a touch counter to their, you know, criminal etiquette.

MATTY

(irate)

Here's the thing, yeah: I'm *not* a criminal. I'm a football blogger from Gosforth. I'm gonna become a dad any minute and I would've liked to see me kid grow up, if that's not too much to ask.

SEB

Congratulations. It's the first time you've mentioned that, like?

Matty mock slaps his own forehead.

MATTY

Doh! My bad. Of course, what was I thinking? If I'd only said I had a bairn on the way, you'd have never set out to destroy me life. Serves me right, when you think about it.

SEB

Alreet, bonny lad. No point getting into recriminations.

MATTY

Eh?! Are you having a lau-

He's cut off by machine gun fire coming from outside. Three short bursts, then it stops.

Matty and Seb listen to the silence.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(ominously)

Do you reckon Altin just found his mole?

EXT. MATTY AND SOPHIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

TV BROADCAST TRUCKS, POLICE VEHICLES, REPORTERS, and CAMERAMEN pack the street. An AMBULANCE waits outside the flat

The flat's front door opens. Flashbulbs burst, TV lights blaze.

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel Sophie out on a stretcher. Reporters shout questions.

REPORTERS

(overlapping)

Where's Matty, Sophie?...Why did he do it?...Sophie, do you think he'd really kill his hostage if they don't give you and him a helicopter to Tanzania?

Trish follows, carrying Sophie's overnight bag.

REPORTERS (CONT'D)

(to Trish)

What's the matter with her?

Trish points at Sophie's pregnancy bump under the blanket.

TRISH

She's gone into labour, you daft lump, what d'ya think's wrong with her?

Trish points at the POLICE OFFICERS who follow.

TRISH (CONT'D)

No wonder either. You'd drop yer bairn an' all if a SWAT team came through yer lounge window of an evenin'.

The paramedics load Sophie into the ambulance. Trish tries to step up inside too, but a policeman takes her arm.

POLICEMAN

You're going to have to stay here. We've got some more questions for you.

Trish pulls away.

TRISH

If you think I'm gonna let my little girl give birth all alone, you've got another thing comin'.

POLICEMAN

I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist.

TRISH

Get lost!

The policeman takes her arm again. Trish turns and hits him with a peach of a left hook, the exact moment of impact captured by the pop of a flashbulb.

INT. BARN. NIGHT

Footsteps shuffle in the dark.

SEB

Anything?

MATTY

(frustrated)

No man. It's bloody point-

The lights come on. Matty and Seb stand by opposite walls, their hands up where they have been feeling for a light switch. Seb just struck lucky.

SEB

Ha! Magic!

They look around, taking the place in properly.

SEB (CONT'D)

Bollocks! Doesn't look like there's another way out. I'm just wondering if we could climb up to the roof.

But Matty's not listening. He's staring transfixed at a corner of the barn, horrified.

MATTY

Seb. Look.

A blood-smeared crucifix stands above them.

They approach in appalled silence.

On the straw floor is medieval-looking torture equipment: a rack with leather restraints, a nail-studded chair, spiked clubs, stocks and a vicious-looking iron headpiece.

SEB

Would you credit it?

MATTY

I don't believe it.

SEB

I mean, I know he said he wasn't going to kill us quick. I didn't think he had all this in mind, like.

MATTY

How many people d'you think he's tortured here?

Seb shrugs.

SEB

Couldn't say. But knowing Altin, it's bound to be cost effective.

Matty bends down.

MATTY

Look at this.

He pulls a bloody, matted clump of hair from the straw.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 They've scalped some poor bugger
 before they've killed him.

Matty totters about to faint.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Oh, Mother Mary!

He suddenly revives.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 (manically)
 That's it! That's it!

He drops down on his knees and gestures for Seb to do the same.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 (his hands together in prayer)
 God, spare us wretched sinners-

INT. MATERNITY UNIT. NIGHT.

An armed POLICEWOMAN sits in a corridor guarding a door.

INT. SOPHIE'S ROOM. MATERNITY WARD. NIGHT

Sophie lies in bed, labour pains gripping her.

A NURSE comes in and hands a mobile phone to Sophie.

NURSE
 Sorry, pet. It's still just ringing out.

SOPHIE
 What about my mum?

The nurse points at the door.

NURSE
 She's just finding out.

The armed policewoman enters, a phone to her ear.

POLICEWOMAN
 (into phone)
 Okay, thanks.

She presses to disconnect the call.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Sophie)

That was my sergeant. I'm really sorry, Sophie, but they're keeping your mum in custody.

NURSE

Is there anyone else I can call for you?

Sophie shakes her head

SOPHIE

(crying)

I just want Matty.

The nurse touches her arm.

NURSE

'course you do, pet.

POLICEWOMAN

If it's any consolation, quite a few of us round here aren't buying this terrorist stuff.

SOPHIE

(impassioned)

It's what I keep saying, but no one's listening!

POLICEWOMAN

The Met's calling the shots, Sophie. There's nothing we can do.

INT. BARN. DAY.

Morning light filters through the wooden walls and roof. Matty and Seb sleep, hunched, their backs against a bale of straw.

TEXT READS: "SUNDAY"

Two loud bangs on the barn door wakes them. A padlock rattles.

Matty clasps his hands together in prayer, eyes tight shut.

MATTY
 (under his breath)
 Lord, bless us and keep us-

A deep, scary voice shouts from behind the door.

SCARY VOICE (O.S.)
 Get changed. Now!

A shopping bag is thrown inside by an unseen hand. The door closes followed by the sound of the padlock being locked.

Seb picks up the bag. They look inside warily, then at each other in disbelief.

MONTAGE OF NEWCASTLE AND LIVERPOOL FANS IN LONDON. DAY

Early Morning: yawning FANS get off coaches.

One by one, the curtains get drawn back at a Premier Inn, each by someone wearing a Newcastle or Liverpool shirt.

A Wembley Stadium GROUNDSMAN mows the pitch.

A drunk NEWCASTLE FAN is helped across a deserted Leicester Square by a COUPLE OF MATES.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

MATTY
 (groaning)
 Couldn't he have just killed us?

Matty and Seb wear black stockings and suspenders, black stilettos, black knickers, bustiers, all several sizes too small, blonde Dolly Parton wigs and rows of pearls. They look like outsized Frank N Furters from the Rocky Horror Show.

SEB
 The evil bastard wants us
 humiliated, doesn't he! Can you
 imagine it, eh? Our families,
 looking at pictures of our dead
 bodies in the paper - done up like
 this!

MATTY
 Unless... You don't think he wants
 to-

Matty winces, shuddering.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Um, you know, before...?

Seb gives Matty a sideways look - *in your dreams*.

SEB
Altin?! Nah, man. I've met his
missus, Dani. She's a knockout.

Seb laughs and shakes his head.

SEB (CONT'D)
Funny!

Matty looks slighted.

MATTY
The man's a psychotic killer! Who
knows what obscenities he's capable
of! And, by the way, this outfit's
at least two sizes too small. Plus
it's chafing like a bugger. So, I'm
sorry if I'm not looking me best.

Seb shrugs.

SEB
I'm just saying, Dani's a ten,
like-

MATTY
(interrupting)
Alreet! Alreet! I get the picture -
she's nice looking. No need to go
on about it!

SEB
Okay, calm down. No offence meant.

MATTY
(huffs)
Well-

The padlock rattles. The door opens just enough for a large
bullwhip to be thrown in.

SCARY VOICE (O.S.)
Here, use this on each other!

The door slams shut again.

INT. SOPHIE'S ROOM, MATERNITY WARD. DAY

The nurse holds Sophie's hand and tenderly brushes her hair out of her eyes. Sophie squirms from the contractions.

SOPHIE

How much longer? It's been hours.

NURSE

As long as it takes, pet.

INT. BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

THWACK! The bullwhip hits.

MATTY (O.S.)

Argh!!

A long beat, then, THWACK!

SEB (O.S.)

Argh!! Bastard!

Now we see them. They are sitting next to each other on a bale of straw, looking bored. Seb has the bullwhip. He lashes the ground in front of him.

MATTY

Oooh! Argh!

The padlock rattles again. They both stand up. The door opens and the barrel of a machine gun appears. Matty grabs Seb's arm.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(resigned)

This is it.

Seb's mouth drops open. Holding the machine gun is a TINY WOMAN (60s). She wears a white quasi-fascist military uniform, peaked cap, coloured sash, baggy breeches and thigh-high patent leather boots.

AN EQUALLY SMALL MAN(60s) follows in a sky blue version of the uniform. He wears six-inch stiletto heels.

She raises the machine gun.

UNIFORMED WOMAN

(shouting)

Whip it good, or die!

She sees Matty and Seb and stops in her tracks, her face dropping. She turns to the uniformed man. They both look unimpressed.

UNIFORMED WOMAN (CONT'D)

(groaning)

What's the point? I mean, really!
What's the point?

UNIFORMED MAN

That damn agency!

Matty and Seb are dumbfounded. The man takes out his phone and shows them the screen.

Matty and Seb take a step back, then squint at it. A familiar website logo reads: *"PainPal: S&M and swinger connections. You'll pay on checkout"*

Below this is a photo of a good-looking couple posing in leather and holding whips. It's captioned: *"Duncan and Brandi"*

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)

You two look nothing like your picture.

He points at Brandi.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)

She's a woman for starters.

Matty and Seb stare speechless.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)

(to his wife)

What do you want to do, love?

The woman looks at Matty and Seb.

UNIFORMED WOMAN

(sighing)

Well, I suppose they're here, now.

MATTY

Hang on a minute. I know you. You were on the coach yesterday.

He turns to Seb

MATTY (CONT'D)

All over each other like a rash.

The uniformed man smiles, proud.

UNIFORMED MAN
Forty-two years married.

Seb points at their kinky outfits.

SEB
What's all this, then?

UNIFORMED WOMAN
Spice.

MATTY
What? You get off on torturing and
killing folk?

UNIFORMED WOMAN
Torture, not killing.

Matty harrumphs and stalks off to the corner where the
torture equipment's kept. He points at the blood on the
crucifix.

MATTY
What about all this, then?

UNIFORMED MAN
Fake blood, off Amazon

Matty picks up the bloody human "scalp" off the floor and
waves it.

MATTY
Pull the other one! You've scalped
some poor bugger, here!

The woman points at the "scalp" in Matty's hand.

UNIFORMED WOMAN
Ooh, I've been looking everywhere
for that. That's not a scalp, it's
my merkin.

Matty looks confused. Seb catches his eye and points at his
crotch.

SEB
(mouthing)
Pube wig.

Matty, horrified, drops it.

SEB (CONT'D)
Are you swingers, like?

Matty surreptitiously tries to wipe his hand clean on his leg.

UNIFORMED WOMAN
Polyamorous, plus BDSM, cock and
ball torture, that sort of thing.

She gestures at the machine gun.

UNIFORMED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Gun-play, abrasion, the odd bit of
hog-tying, but that's just for high-
days and holidays really. You?

Seb and Matty look at each other.

MATTY
How do you mean?

UNIFORMED WOMAN
What're you into?

MATTY
(incredulous)
We're being held hostage.

The uniformed man gestures around the barn

UNIFORMED MAN
Abduction fetishists, obviously.
But what else?

MATTY
You're not getting it, you silly
sod. We've been kidnapped by your
mate Altin. He's gone off to attend
a funeral, but he's coming back to
kill us.

The man and woman shake their heads disbelievingly.

SEB
How do you know him, anyway?

UNIFORMED WOMAN
We don't. We own this place. He
just rented it for the day.

The uniformed man scrolls on his phone and holds up the screen for them to see:

"The-torture-barn.co.uk. Half-day: £170. Full day: £250
Group booking discounts.

He gestures at himself and his wife.

UNIFORMED MAN
And, you know, foursomes.

UNIFORMED WOMAN
(sounding disappointed)
Are you not Duncan and Brandi,
then?

MATTY
No, we're bloody well not. And
Altin clearly took your website
literally.

Matty shakes his head.

MATTY (CONT'D)
The Torture Barn!

The uniformed man waves a hand dismissively.

UNIFORMED MAN
I think you've got the wrong end of
the stick.

SEB
No, man.

UNIFORMED MAN
Why didn't you just leave, then?

MATTY
What're you on about?

The uniformed man walks to the back of the barn and pushes on
a panel which opens, door-like, out onto a yard.

Matty and Seb look at each other dumbfounded.

SEB
We weren't locked in?

UNIFORMED MAN
Nah. Fire. You can't risk it, can
you. We're a reputable business -
9.3 on Trust Pilot. Plus Health and
Safety would be all over us like a
bedspread.

Matty puts his head in his hands.

MATTY

(groaning)

We could have just walked out.
Anytime...

SEB

Speaking of which, better late than
never. Altin could be heading back
this way as we speak, bonny lad.

UNIFORMED MAN

Does he have a couple of black
Mercedes?

SEB

That's the man.

UNIFORMED MAN

Oh, he hasn't gone anywhere.

Matty and Seb freeze.

MATTY

How d'you mean?

UNIFORMED MAN

He's parked up in the woods just
off the track. We saw the cars as
we came up this morning.

SEB

What's he doing?

UNIFORMED WOMAN

Dogging, I assume.

MATTY

Bloody hell, man! We've gotta get
out of here.

They scoop up their clothes and Matty's bag and run.

EXT. BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty and Seb sprint down the track in heels and wigs, while
the old couple watch from the barn door.

UNIFORMED WOMAN

You should be more careful who you
rent this place to.

UNIFORMED MAN
Yes. Sorry, sweetheart.

A beat.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)
(hopefully)
Penance?

UNIFORMED WOMAN
(sighing)
Oh, alright, then.

They head back inside the barn.

EXT. TRACK NEAR BARN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty and Seb see the two black Mercedes.

They run into the wood out of sight of the cars.

They duck down, then totter closer, using trees for cover.

Seb points two fingers at his eyes and then points at the car, like Special Forces do in the movies. Matty looks at him confused.

Now its Seb's turn to look confused. Matty mimics the eye pointing routine.

SEB
What?

MATTY
I've seen them do it on telly,
like, but I'm too sure what it, you
know-

SEB
(interrupts sighing)
It means, I'm going to take a look.

Seb totters on his high heels closer to the cars, Matty following a few paces behind.

The cars are riddled with bullet holes.

They approach warily. Altin and his men lie dead inside, covered in blood.

MATTY
Bloody Nora!

He turns to Seb

MATTY (CONT'D)

The Krasnigi who was at his kid's sports day?

Seb nods.

SEB

Had to be.

Seb gestures at one of Altin's dead henchmen.

SEB (CONT'D)

Was he the one with our phones?

EXT. A STREET IN WEMBLEY. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The bullet-ridden Mercedes crawls through traffic beneath the Wembley arch. Seb drives, still in the Frank N' Furter costume, but minus the Dolly Parton wig.

INT. MERCEDES. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty is getting changed into his regular clothes.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Footage: Newcastle United and Liverpool players file onto the pitch. The stadium erupts in noise.

TV COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Let the talking end. Let battle commence. Liverpool: serial winners, 51 major honours, champions-elect. Newcastle: 70 years the domestic bridesmaid, never the bride.

INT. MERCEDES. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty gestures at the kerb.

MATTY

This'll do. I'll walk the rest.

SEB

You sure about this? Wouldn't you be better keeping your head down?

MATTY
I've come this far. I'll be
buggered if I'm giving up now.

Matty points at his Newcastle United shirt.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Plus, I think I'll blend in.

The car stops.

MATTY (CONT'D)
What're you gonna do?

Seb shrugs.

SEB
Lie doggo for a bit. Let this stuff
calm down.

Seb looks like he's searching for the right words.

SEB (CONT'D)
Listen, um...

He gestures over his shoulder as if pointing at the past.

SEB (CONT'D)
(contritely)
You know...

Matty puts a hand on his arm.

MATTY
Aye.

He opens the passenger door.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Right. Well, have a nice life.

SEB
And you, bonny lad, and you.

He and Seb hug. Matty gets out and looks back inside.

SEB (CONT'D)
Howay the Lads.

MATTY
Aye, Howay the Lads.

EXT. A STREET IN WEMBLEY. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Late-arriving FANS hurry towards the stadium while POLICE patrol, scanning for suspects. Matty joins the fans, keeping his head down.

EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM CONCOURSE. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty nervously walks up to a queue at a turnstile. He rummages in his pocket, pulls out his ticket and kisses it.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A POLICE OFFICER stands inside the turnstile. He checks a passport-style photo of Matty on his phone.

Matty turns on his phone.

TEXT READS: "Video message"

Tiera appears on screen.

TIERA

Matty, have you gone dark on me?
Well, I guess you got other things
to deal with right now. But I, for
one, don't trust the MSM: they're
saying all the shit you've been
pulling is sooo out of character.

She puts a finger to her lip coquettishly.

TIERA (CONT'D)

I hope they're wrong. I like you
bad!

She winks.

TIERA (CONT'D)

I don't know why, but I've just got
this feeling you and I are going to
get to know each other very well,
very soon.

A notification flashes on his phone, cutting Tiera off. Matty tuts. He presses the screen to listen to it.

NURSE (O.S.)

Mr Tanner. This is staff nurse
Walker at the Royal Victoria
Infirmary.

Matty reaches the front of the queue.

NURSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your partner Sophie is in labour.
She's been asking for you. Please-

Matty disconnects in a panic. He doesn't see the cop who is now comparing the photo with the real Matty.

Matty turns and runs. The cop jumps over the turnstile to give chase, pushing through the queue, but he's struggling because there are so many people.

POLICE OFFICER
(into his walkie talkie)
That terrorist. He's only here! In
pursuit!... Get out the way!

A NEWCASTLE FAN, (20s), wearing a hat in the shape of a magpie, wanders round looking dejected. He's holding up a handful of bank notes, approaching FANS who shake their heads apologetically.

He sees Matty running his way and waves the money at him.

NEWCASTLE FAN
(forlornly to Matty)
I don't suppose you've got a spare
ticket have you, fella.

Now there's a look of recognition on the fan's face. He points.

NEWCASTLE FAN (CONT'D)
Hey, your him off-

Without stopping, Matty stuffs his ticket in the fan's hand and keeps running.

The fan looks at it openmouthed. He watches Matty as he runs away. Now he looks back at the ticket. He can't believe his luck.

The fan holds the ticket aloft.

NEWCASTLE FAN (CONT'D)
(shouting at the sky)
I knew it! God's only a fucking
Geordie!

BEGIN MONTAGE: POLICE ON THE ALERT.

A POLICE HELICOPTER circles. On board, a SPOTTER, holding binoculars and points.

ARMED RESPONSE COPS are thrown about in the back of a van as the driver floors it.

POLICE CARS burn rubber, blue lights flashing. A stationary MOTORCYCLE COP listens to their radio, then races away.

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Matty sees the helicopter. He runs towards a MINI-MART. Outside is a row of park cars. A mobility scooter also sits unattended at the kerb. Matty darts inside.

INT. MINI-MART. DAY.

There's a CASHIER behind a perspex security screen and a lone MALE SHOPPER (60s). The shopper recognises Matty and freezes.

Matty approaches him sheepishly.

MATTY

Look, I'm, really, really sorry, pal. But I need a getaway vehicle - just to borrow like. Sorry again, but I'm gonna have to ask for your keys.

Stricken with fear, the shopper rummages in every pocket - it's taking ages. Finally, he produces a key fob which he holds up.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Footage of the 2025 Carabao Cup final kicking off.

The Newcastle fan in the magpie-shaped hat arrives at his seat. The person next to him has their back to him, watching the game.

NEWCASTLE FAN

(out loud to himself)

Can't believe it, man! Just can't believe it!

The person turns to him. We don't see their face.

NEWCASTLE FAN (CONT'D)

A lad just gave me his ticket...for
nowt.

Now we see the person's identity - American Tiera. She smiles
at him sexily.

TIERA

Must be your lucky day.

EXT. STREET. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty rides a MOBILITY SCOOTER. He trundles up to a red
traffic light.

Alongside him stops a WHITE STRETCH LIMO. A heavily-tinted
back window rolls down. The limo's full of COWGIRLS on a hen-
do, all drinking shots, having a ball. The bride-to-be wears
a pink stetson and matching veil.

Matty looks back. Police cars race his way, sirens wailing.

The lights change to green. The mobility scooter sits empty.

The limo takes off, it's dark window rolled back up.

A police car draws alongside the moving limo. AN OFFICER
rolls down his window and points, gesturing for the limo to
lower its back window.

The limo's window lowers. The cowgirls wave at the cop. The
veiled bride waves. The cop, enamoured, waves shyly back at
her.

Satisfied, the cop gestures for his driver to speed on. When
the police car is out of sight, the bride lifts up her veil.
It's Matty. He sighs, relieved. The cowgirls fall about in
hysterics.

EXT. TRAIN STATION DROP OFF. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The limo stops. Matty gets out. The cowgirls wave. Matty runs
inside the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A TRANSPORT POLICE COP waits by the counter.

The Transport Police cop sees Matty and gives chase. Matty
runs out onto the platform and jumps onto the tracks as a
fast train roars through in a blur.

The transport cop stops, waiting for the train to go by. The cop looks up. Matty's clothes, selfie-stick and phone rain down from the sky, landing at the transport cop's feet. On the phone's screen flashes: *"Congratulations! You have hit 5 million subscribers!"*

TRANSPORT COP
Poor bastard!

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Match footage: A corner comes in. Newcastle's Dan Burn heads to Bruno Guimaraes whose header is saved by Liverpool's keeper.

The crowd "oohs!" Tiera and the fan in the magpie hat clutch their heads.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Matty runs, half crouching, behind long grass at the side of the tracks. He chucks items of clothing from his bag high into the air.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Match footage: Another corner. Dan Burn heads home.

Fans go wild. Tiera and the fan in the magpie hat hug and celebrate.

The Wembley scoreboard reads: "Liverpool 0 Newcastle 1".

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

Matty stands with his thumb in the air. Vehicles drive by without stopping.

TV NEWS STUDIO. DAY.

NEWS PRESENTER
Our security correspondent is here
with an update. Ahmed.

The camera cuts to Ahmed Mir.

AHMED MIR

We're getting initial reports, unconfirmed at this stage, that British Transport Police are investigating whether a man, who apparently threw himself under a express train in Middlesex this afternoon...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Sophie lies in bed, drenched in sweat, the pain of labour on her face. She's alone

Above her, on the wall the TV is showing rolling new which she is half-watching.

AHMED MIR

...was the suspected terrorist who-

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The armed policewoman is standing, talking on her phone. She looks concerned. The nurse goes by, about to enter Sophie's room. The policewoman disconnects, takes the nurse's arm and gestures at the room.

POLICE WOMAN

Better turn the telly off in there.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

The nurse comes in, followed moments later by the policewoman. Sophie is sobbing. The nurse and the police woman sit on either side of Sophie's bed and hug her.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

Matty stands with his thumb in the air. He looks increasingly desperate.

A SMALL VAN stops. A side window rolls down. A PASSENGER'S hand emerges and points towards the back of the van.

EXT. SLIP ROAD. M1. DAY

The van joins the motorway. A sign reads "BIRMINGHAM and THE NORTH".

INT. VAN. DAY.

In the back are HALF A DOZEN out of control show dogs, some wearing rollers in their fur.

Now Matty emerges dishevelled from beneath the pile of excitable hounds. One licks his face. Matty scowls.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY

Match footage: Alexander Isak scores for Newcastle, but the goal's chalked off for offside.

Tiera and the fan in the magpie hat clutch their heads, frustrated.

EXT. RAILWAY TRACKS. NIGHT

Dusk. TWO PARAMEDICS search the tracks. They shake their heads at the Transport cop - nobody got hit by a train. The Transport cop frowns and gets on his walkie-talkie.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT IN BIRMINGHAM. NIGHT

A sign reads: "NEC INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW".

EXT. NEC CAR PARK. NIGHT

The dog van parks. Matty, gets out. He looks dishevelled and vaguely traumatised.

A POLICE DOG HANDLER, patrolling, sees Matty. Matty realises he's been spotted. The police dog handler points and lets his GERMAN SHEPHERD off its lead. It bounds towards Matty, teeth bared.

Matty sprints inside the show hall.

INT. DOG SHOW. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

DOZENS OF DOGS are being judged in adjacent rings.

The police dog races in. It stops and looks around, trying to locate Matty. It sprints off, on the hunt.

In one ring, several giant NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS are being led by their HANDLERS in front of an ancient, dotty-looking JUDGE. Bringing up the rear is Matty, holding the lead of a TOY POODLE, and trying to blend in.

There are three podiums for the winning dogs. Two Newfoundlands occupy the third place and runners up podiums, the winner's podium is empty.

The dotty judge points at Matty and his poodle. *He's won!* The crowd cheer. Matty can't believe his bad luck. He tries to remonstrate with the judge who insists on half dragging Matty onto the winners podium and sticking a rosette on his chest.

The police dog scans the hall, spots Matty and sprints towards him. Just as the judge is handing him a big trophy, Matty jumps down and runs, still holding the poodle's lead.

EXT. NEC. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty and the poodle race through the doors and out onto the concourse. A moment later they are followed by the police dog which is gaining on them.

Another moment later, SCORES OF SHOW DOGS come haring out through the doors after them.

Matty stops to look back. The police dog sprints towards him followed, a short distance behind, by the pack of show dogs.

Now the police dog stops and looks back too. It sees the dog pack and panics. Terrified, it turns away from Matty and bounds off in the other direction.

The pack follows it. So too does the poodle which pulls its lead free from Matty's hand.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Match footage: Newcastle's Jacob Murphy wins the header and Alexander Isak scores. Fans go wild. Tiera and the fan with the magpie hat jump up and down.

The scoreboard reads: "Liverpool 0 Newcastle 2".

EXT. NEC BUS STATION. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

A COACH pulls out. On the front, its destination reads, "Newcastle". Matty runs alongside and bangs on the side. The coach stops, opens its doors and Matty jumps aboard.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Match footage: Federico Chiesa scores for Liverpool. Liverpool fans celebrate.

The scoreboard reads: "Liverpool 1 Newcastle 2".

INT. COACH. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty slumps in his seat with a relieved sigh.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. DAY. CONTINUOUS

Tiera is on her feet cheering. The fan in the magpie hat sits, his hands over his eyes, barely daring to peek through his fingers.

The referee blows for full time. Newcastle fans go wild.

Tiera and the fan embrace ecstatically.

A deafening roar as Newcastle's Kieran Trippier lifts the trophy aloft.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT.

The policewoman's gun and holster lie on a chair. The policewoman, in a plastic apron holds Sophie's hand. As Sophie makes the final push.

Now the nurse's hands, in surgical gloves, lift the baby aloft. The policewoman, tears of joy in her eyes, kisses Sophie's head.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Tiera and the magpie hat fan cheer, then turn to each other and kiss passionately.

INT. COACH. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

At the front of the coach, PASSENGERS, some in Newcastle shirts, are on their feet, staring at their phones. They whoop and cheer.

PASSENGERS
(overlapping)
Yes! Get in! Toon Army!

Matty watches them impassively for a moment, then smiles wryly. As they continue to celebrate, he rests his head against the window and closes his eyes.

EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Matty runs inside.

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

At a nurses' station, he speaks to a nurse who points him along a corridor.

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty turns a corner. The armed policewoman sits guarding the door at the far end of the corridor.

She stands, touches her gun briefly, then moves her hand away.

Matty stops and puts his hands up. He looks tired, drained.

MATTY
(sighing)
I'm not gonna cause any bother.

The policewoman reaches for her radio.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Before you do that.

Matty gestures at the door with his chin.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Just give me five minutes with her.
Please. I just want to see me
missus and me new bairn.

A beat. She takes her hand away from the radio.

POLICEWOMAN
Five minutes.

MATTY
Thank you. How's she feeling?

POLICEWOMAN
She thought you were dead until
half an hour ago. How d'you think
she feels?

The cop's face softens.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)
She's beside herself happy,
you bellend!

INT. SOPHIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Matty comes in. Sophie lies in bed. Beside her is a cot.

SOPHIE
(whispering)
Matty!

MATTY
(whispering)
Hi Soph.

He crosses to the bed and embraces her.

SOPHIE
Oh, Matty!

He kisses her.

MATTY
(tenderly)
Shh. Everything's going to be
alreet.

Matty looks at the baby in the cot. Sophie watches him see his daughter for the first time, then turns to the baby herself.

SOPHIE
I can't stop looking at her.

MATTY
She's bonny, isn't she.

SOPHIE
Pick her up.

Matty carefully lifts the sleeping baby from the cot and cradles her in his arms.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I was thinking Grace.

MATTY
Yeah.

SOPHIE
Do you like it?

MATTY
Aye, it's class.

SOPHIE
Did we win?

Matty continues staring adoringly at their baby.

MATTY
Yeah, we did, didn't we.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. PRISON. DAY. CONTINUOUS

TEXT READS: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

A hunched old man enters through the "Visitors" door. We see him only from behind: white Shalwar Kameez, wool cap, tweed jacket and walking stick.

INT. PRISON. DAY. CONTINUOUS

He shuffles down a corridor to a reception desk where a PRISON GUARD waits. His face remains hidden.

PRISON GUARD
Who are you visiting?

MR BUTT
Matthew Tanner.

PRISON GUARD
And your name

MR BUTT
Butt.

The prison guard writes on a name tag, puts it in a plastic sheath and hands it over.

INT. PRISON VISITORS' HALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS

PRISONERS sit with FAMILY AND FRIENDS in a large hall.

Matty, in prison uniform, sits alone, downcast, staring at the table, his head in his hands.

Mr Butt sits opposite Matty, his face down, in the same pose.

Matty looks up.

MATTY

(sighing)

Thanks for coming Mr Butt. I really
apprec-

Matty, gobsmacked, cuts himself off as the old man raises his head and we see his face for the first time.

Seb, dressed as Mr Butt, looks back at him and grins.

SEB

Hello, Matty!

THE END