

GENERATION GAME

Written by

Claire Bennett

Based on, Andy Dale's novel JUST 14

1

INT. AN ANIMATED SNOW-GLOBE.

1

The snow swirls around a model Villa Park to Slade's "Merry Xmas Everybody". The snowflakes become a date stamp "Christmas Eve 1974"

CUT TO:

2

EXT. MANDER CENTRE WOLVERHAMPTON CHRISTMAS EVE 1974 (16.45) 2

JACK STADLER (65) exits a toy shop with his empty shopping bag. He looks traumatised. He's not dressed for this in his neat overcoat and knocked askew trilby. He mutters...

JACK

Oh my giddy aunt...

He shudders, turns and briefly considers fighting his way back into the shop, shudders again, thinks better of it.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. MANDER CENTRE WOLVERHAMPTON CHRISTMAS EVE 1974
(AFTERNOON 16.55) 3

JACK tumbles out of a shop not unlike Woolworths - his hat is in his hand, his expression is hunted. A male **SHOPPER** (30s) rushes up.

SHOPPER

Mate! Mate! A bloke's just told me
they've got Rock 'Em Sock 'Em
Robots in there. That right?

JACK

(freaked out and panicked)
I couldn't find a thing for the
boys... nothing at all. I've got
nothing for my grandsons.

The men exchange looks of horror.

SHOPPER

I'm goin' in...
(to JACK's obvious shock)
I've got no choice.

JACK

I'm going to the...

JACK gulps before he can say the words.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to go to the...
Department Store.

SHOPPER
Are you mad?

JACK
I have no choice.

SHOPPER
Good luck mate.

JACK
And to you. Merry Christmas.

SHOPPER
Merry Christmas.

They shake hands, take deep breaths in unison, then head off.

CUT TO:

4

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE CLOTHING AREA CHRISTMAS EVE 1974
(17.15)

4

The store is crammed with Christmas shoppers. A jolly Christmas hit plays over bad behaviour. One woman yanks a jumper from the grip of another who's holding it up to judge its size. The snatcher rushes off. The "snatchee" splutters helplessly. JACK watches, horrified. The song stops.

TANNOY
Shoppers' Announcement, this is a
Shoppers' Announcement - the store
will be closing in fifteen minutes.
Please make your way to the tills
with your final purchases.

JACK spots a sign, suspended from the ceiling, pointing towards "BOYS 5-TEEN". He ploughs through the crowd.

JACK passes a display of child mannequins in tracksuits with limbs and garments missing. A more religious song begins as JACK stops a passing **ASSISTANT** (40s) who is beautifully coiffured and immaculately made up.

JACK
Can you help me?

ASSISTANT
Let's hope so Sir.

TANNOY

Shoppers' Announcement, this is a
Shoppers' Announcement - the store
will be closing in ten minutes.
Please make your way to the tills
with your final purchases.

JACK

I need help.

The ASSISTANT relishes a challenge.

ASSISTANT

I'm making no promises Sir, but
we've ten minutes, tell me what
you're after and I'll give it a go!

CUT TO:

5 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE TILLS IN THE CLOTHING AREA CHRISTMAS 5
EVE 1974 (LATER)

JACK is waiting anxiously when the ASSISTANT returns, hair a
mess but with a victorious smile despite smudged lipstick.

TANNOY

Shoppers' Announcement, this is a
Shoppers' Announcement - the store
is now closing.

The music starts again. Gentle, Christmassy and calm as the
ASSISTANT, fighting to catch her breath, goes directly to a
TELLER and triumphantly thumps the clothes on the counter.

JACK

You got them?

ASSISTANT

Two tracksuits. All that was left.
Geraldine - staff discount? Yellow
and purple.

JACK

What?

ASSISTANT

Ten per cent. Good will to all!

JACK

Yellow and purple?

ASSISTANT
 (sudden ice)
 I got you the last two tracksuits.
 A yellow in an age ten...

JACK
 Brilliant. And the seven?

ASSISTANT
 Age seven to eight... bit more give
 than the six to seven.

JACK
 He is a chunky lad. Yellow in a
 seven to eight? Great.

ASSISTANT
 Purple.

JACK
 Purple!

ASSISTANT
 If that's not good enough for you
 Sir, I can pop the purple one *and*
 the yellow one back on the shelves.

JACK
 No. No! I'll take them.

JACK takes pound notes out of his wallet.

FADE OUT.

6 OPENING CREDITS

6

FADE IN:

7 EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

7

Establishing shot CHRISTMAS EVE 1974 (early evening)

A neat trio of three semi-detached houses on a quiet road of
 looked-after homes. The front doors all have holly wreaths.
 The houses have short drives and garages, outside his garage
MO' NAWAZ (late 50's) is lovingly buffing his Toyota Corolla.
 JACK walks into view looking miserable. He has a Department
 Store carrier and his shopping bag. MO gives a final buff
 before registering JACK with instant concern.

MO'

I have seen enough Christmases, my friend, to know that your shopping may not have gone too well.

JACK lifts and swings his shopping bag.

JACK

I got our Betty her parsnips.

MO'

And the boys? What's that?

MO' nods at the flat Department Store bag.

MO' (CONT'D)

Football is it? L.P.s? Some of those robots that stand in the boxing ring and smash the living daylight out of each other?

(to JACK's defeated look)

Oh my friend... you left it too late.

JACK

(weakly)

I got them both a present.

MRS. NAWAZ (55) comes out onto their front door step. **MRS. NAWAZ** is a woman of very few words though she is clearly, silently fierce.

JACK (CONT'D)

Evening Mrs. Nawaz.

MRS. NAWAZ

Hum.

MO'

What did you get for Mark and Jonathan?

JACK

Can't stand here chewing the cud. Our Betty will be wanting her veg.

MO'

Jack, my friend, what did you buy your grandsons for Christmas?

JACK replies as he walks towards his son HOWARDS's house.

JACK

I don't want to talk about it.

MO can't smile, he cares too much that his chum is miserable.
MRS. NAWAZ eye rolls.

DISSOLVE TO

8 INT. THE ANIMATED SNOW-GLOBE WITH VILLA PARK INSIDE. 8

The snowflakes becomes a date stamp "Christmas Day 1974"

FADE IN:

9 INT. THE STADLER SITTING ROOM. CHRISTMAS DAY (15.10) 9

The silver tinsel tree is up and decorated. The hatch through to the kitchen is open - as it often is.

HOWARD (30s) switches off the television as The Queen's Speech ends. **BETTY** (30s) and **JACK** are sitting on the sofa while **MARK** (10) and **JONATHAN** (7) sit cross-legged on the floor, each poised with a present on their laps.

JACK

Decent enough speech.

BETTY sees how much the boys are giggling.

BETTY

Oh go on then, you first Mark.

MARK unwraps his bright yellow tracksuit and is delighted.

MARK

It's gold! It's Wolves. Thanks Grandad!

BETTY

Righto Jonathan, your turn.

JACK looks oddly worried. JONATHAN rips the paper off. He holds his tracksuit up. His chin and his voice wobbling.

JONATHAN

It's purple. It's not gold. Mine's not Wolves.

MARK's delighted. JONATHAN's eyes fill with tears. Howard and Betty exchange looks of utterly confused panic.

HOWARD

What? Dad...?

JACK coughs. A beat then inspiration strikes.

JACK
No, it's not gold, it's not a
Wolves tracksuit, but it's not
purple. It's claret that is
Jonathan. Claret.

MARK
It's pukey purple!

JACK's sudden calmness and authority transfixes JONATHAN.

JACK
Claret as in Claret and Blue. The
colours of the mighty Aston Villa.

HOWARD
Dad!

MARK
Come off it Grandad!

BETTY
Jack?

JACK
Aston Villa. Proud history The
Villa... FA Cup winners a record
seven times.

JONATHAN
Seven?

JACK
Seven. Never been bettered.
Probably never will. Aston Villa's
supporters are called...
(beat/pirate-like)
"Villans".

JONATHAN's chin firms up and he smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Want to be a Villan Jonathan?

JONATHAN
Yes!

JACK
Good lad.

JONATHAN
Aston Villa are going to be my
team, I am a Villan now!

BETTY

That's nice, someone who's not a
Wolverhampton fan in the house.

MARK

Villa're rubbish. They're Second
Division.

JONATHAN

Uncle Mo' supports the Villa and
we've won more FA Cups than you.

JONATHAN pulls the track suit top on. His head pops out.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Up the Villa!

JACK

That's the spirit. Up the Villa!

MARK pulls a face, Betty relaxes now Jonathan's smiling. She
gets up and turns towards the kitchen.

BETTY

That Dream Topping won't whisk
itself. It's not going to spoon
itself onto the trifle either.

HOWARD

Anything I can do?

MARK gets up and chants...

MARK

Stand Up if You Love the Wolves!

BETTY

Keep the rival supporters apart?

HOWARD shakes his head at JACK.

HOWARD

Good grief Dad, could you not have
got them those robots that thump
seven shades of sh... seven bells
out of each other?

JACK shrugs his shoulders only half apologetically.

CUT TO:

10 INT/EXT MONTAGE 1974-1980

10

The montage is a sequence of news clippings - print and television, interspersed with STADLER family milestones in photographs (Polaroid and developed) and home-movie cine film taking us through the years. News includes "You are entering a drought area" from 1976's heatwave and Winter of Discontent images. "Watch out, watch out there's a Humphrey about." The STADLER house changes as it is redecorated, the boys grow, age and change schools. The last photos are MARK and JONATHAN as they are in 1980 in their respective football kits.

The montage continues with a football focus. West Midlands football in full colour: Wolves' Wembley joy with Andy Gray; Villa on the up (promotion, League Cup wins, Barcelona in Europe, Brian Little emerging); the buzz of a new signing like Peter Withe; Cyrille Regis lighting up the Albion. The montage ends in summer 1980.

FADE IN:

11 INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. 16TH AUGUST. (15.58)

11

JACK, MO', MARK and JONATHAN sit comfortably with their of tea in Wolves and Villa mugs.

MARK

League Cup winners last season,
League Champions this.... You must
be so pleased you sold us Andy
Gray.

MO'

Andy Gray is a fine player,
skilled, and with very stylish
hair, but Peter Withe will win us
our eighth...

MO' holds up four fingers on both hands and wiggles them.

MO' (CONT'D)

That's right, count them, our
eighth FA Cup. *Insha'Allah*.

JACK

Good grief Mo', has somebody put
something in your tea?

MO' sips his tea like a sommelier.

MO'

If they have it tastes like
victory.

JONATHAN
 (sipping)
 It does doesn't it? Delicious isn't
 it Uncle Mo'?

MARK
 Come on then Grandad let's tune in.

JACK gets up and goes to the stereo radio tuner, turns it on
 as the season kicks off. Within seconds: a goal horn.
 Everyone freezes.

RADIO PRESENTER
 Goal at Elland Road.

JONATHAN leaps to his feet.

JONATHAN
 We've scored! We've scored! Bet
 it's Gary Shaw!

RADIO PRESENTER
 Disastrous start for Villa. A
 penalty harshly awarded against
 Eamonn Deacy. Stevenson's spot kick
 beats Jimmy Rimmer.

Jonathan's face falls. He's exiting as he speaks.

JONATHAN
 I need my Lucky Radio!

MARK
 Sad innit?

The Teleprinter begins to tap out a score on the bottom of
 the screen.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Without our Jonathan's "lucky
 radio" Villa don't stand a chance.
 That what defeat tastes like?

MO' shoots a playful scowl at MARK. Teleprinter on bottom of
 screen reads 4:42 Leeds United 1 Aston Villa 2

CUT TO:

12

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF A MODERN SECONDARY AND ITS
 PLAYGROUND.

12

CUT TO:

13

INT. 3RD YEAR FORM ROOM. 1ST SEPTEMBER. (08.55)

13

First day of the new school year. JONATHAN and his pals, **PINCHER**, **SPUD**, **HAYSTACKS**, **TUCKER** and **NODDY** are in one of the group huddles when **BELLINGTON** (14), the class bully and his two apes, **TOMMO** (13) and **NIGE** (14) saunter in. They are considerably bigger than all but **HAYSTACKS**. **BELLINGTON** looks around, glorying in his power. He selects his target.

BELLINGTON

Oi! Stadler! How the puff are ya?

SPUD

Don't take any notice. Bed wetter.

BELLINGTON

What did you just say Big Ears?

SPUD

(innocently/wide eyed)

Nothing. I just coughed.

BELLINGTON

Freak.

TOMMO and **NIGE** delight in **BELLINGTON**'s mighty, clenching fists and him stepping towards the gang, eyeballing **SPUD**. But the incident ends abruptly as their form tutor, **MR. WALKER** (30s) enters with the new girl **GRACE TAYLOR** (13).

MR. WALKER

3W! Your attention please. Kenny Bellington, would you please sit down. Peter Jenkins, Scott Hastings, Jonathan Stadler and the rest of you, sit.

There's something of a class ballet as all but three of the girls find their seats.

MR. WALKER (CONT'D)

Georgina Ramsey, Wendy McGregor, Carrie Campton... really?

The girls finally sit as the bell rings through the school.

MR. WALKER (CONT'D)

Well done 3W. You made it.

CARRIE puts her hand up.

MR. WALKER (CONT'D)

Yes Carrie?

SPUD adores CARRIE and does a full body turn to look at her.

CARRIE

Sir, is that the new girl sir? Is she really American sir?

MR. WALKER

Grace is indeed new to the school and newly relocated with her family from America. So...

MR. WALKER turns to **GRACE** with a warm smile and gestures for her to step forward and address the class.

MR. WALKER (CONT'D)

Grace, would you like to introduce yourself to your classmates?
3W... they're mostly harmless.

GRACE steps forward, self-assured and prepared. She has the soft accent of having grown up in Pittsburgh.

CARRIE

Hi Grace!

GRACE

Hi. Hi y'all. My name is Grace Taylor and I'm from Pittsburgh. My father is a mathematician whose work has brought him to Wolverhampton Polytechnic. My mom is originally from Bilston so she, as y'all can imagine, is cock-a-hoop at being back this side of the pond.

The class mutter in their peer groups.

MR. WALKER

Okay, okay. Quiet down now. Before we do the register Grace is quite happy to answer a few questions. So, anybody?

Lots of hands shoot up but not JONATHAN's. He stares at GRACE, instantly besotted. MR. WALKER looks around.

MR. WALKER (CONT'D)

Right, we'll have three questions. Nigel Robinson, shall we start with you?

NIGE chews imaginary gum before he asks...

NIGE
So (beat) who shot JR?

Some of his classmates groan and roll their eyes, others laugh. Grace looks unimpressed.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. VILLA PARK HOLTE END. 20TH SEPTEMBER. (14.30) 14

Music-for-football over... Standing in The Holte End, JONATHAN is trying to contain his displeasure as he reads the programme. HOWARD is straining to see if he can spot MARK with the Wolverhampton Wanderers fans.

HOWARD
I can't see your brother.

JONATHAN
Because you're not the Six Million Dollar Man.

HOWARD pulls a face at JONATHAN's cheekiness then looks squarely at him, taking in his lip-curling displeasure.

HOWARD
I could be over there with Mark and the right scarf on, so, if you are excited about being at Villa Park Jonathan, how's about you let your face know?

JONATHAN
I am. I really am. It's just...

HOWARD
What?

JONATHAN
There's going to be a presentation.

HOWARD
So?

JONATHAN
Her off Crossroads. She's going to be handing some handicapped kids from Sutton Coldfield the keys to their new minibus.

HOWARD

And that's making you look like you
lost a pound and found a sixpence
because...?

JONATHAN

The pitch.

HOWARD

What about the pitch?

JONATHAN

A minibus? That kind of weight's
bound to play havoc with the grass.

JUMP CUT TO:

15 EXT. VILLA PARK - AWAY STAND. 20TH SEPTEMBER. (14.33) 15

MARK is standing, happy as Larry, crammed in with Wolves fans.

BACK TO:

16 EXT. VILLA PARK HOLTE END. 20TH SEPTEMBER. (14.33) 16

JONATHAN's perplexed by his dad roaring with laughter.

JONATHAN

What? What's so funny?

HOWARD

You are. You're thirteen Jonathan,
not fifty. Sometimes I think you
spend too much time with your
grandad and your Uncle Mo'... play
havoc with the grass? Havoc?!

HOWARD laughs more.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. VILLA PARK. 20TH SEPTEMBER. (15.00 ONWARDS) 17

Footage of the Villa v Wolves match. All the goals and the scoreboard intercut with the faces of HOWARD, JONATHAN and MARK at each end as the Villa beat Wolves 2-1 before the crowds leave the stadium and fill the roads and park. Mounted police casually menace fans. As they head to the car the crowds thin. HOWARD, MARK and JONATHAN continue on their long yomp to HOWARD's new treasure, his Morris Ital.

HOWARD and MARK are downbeat, JONATHAN has a spring in his step. Worryingly they pass a couple of cars with shattered windscreens. HOWARD's car, when they get there, is being guarded by an Artful Dodger-esque, very Brummie **WAYNE** (9).

WAYNE

'Ow's that for yer mister? Gev you me word d'aint I? Worth ten pee?

HOWARD

It is. You've done a great job and earned your money.

WAYNE

I'm always here on match days so keep an eye out. Wayne... Wayne's the name.

HOWARD smiles and pops two 10p coins into WAYNE's grimy, outstretched hand. WAYNE grins broadly exposing awful teeth.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Ta for that!

WAYNE skips off. HOWARD opens the car doors.

MARK

I'm in the front.

HOWARD and MARK get in leaving JONATHAN to get in the back.

JONATHAN

You need one win today.

MARK

Shut your gob.

HOWARD checks his mirror and starts the car. He loves it.

From his seat in the back JONATHAN sees GRACE walking along between **PROF. TAYLOR** (40) and **MRS. TAYLOR** (40). They've been to Aston Hall and have tour guides and other badged merchandise. GRACE notices JONATHAN, holds up her guide and gives a thumbs up. JONATHAN nods and smiles back as HOWARD, revelling in every element of his new car smoothly pulls away. JONATHAN finds the courage to wave at the Taylor family as HOWARD turns on the radio, pre-programmed to Radio 2.

MARK (CONT'D)

Can we ice the radio today dad?

HOWARD

Ice?

MARK
Not have it on.

HOWARD
Let's hear the classified.

The drive home is without talk. Focus on the faces as the results are read out.

CUT TO:

18 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. SUNDAY 23RD SEPT (19.30) 18

HOWARD and MARK are watching news coverage of the Iran/Iraq war and its effects on oil prices when BETTY enters wearing new work clothes. BETTY coughs to draw attention before the door bell rings.

BETTY
(annoyed and superior)
I'll go then shall I? In my new
work get up.

BETTY exits. OOV she opens the door to JACK. Muffled voices. JACK is coughing a bit as they enter.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(to HOWARD)
Your dad's after some Beechams
Powders. Mo's got the lurgy.
(to MARK)
Budge up Mark. Let your grandfather
sit down.
(to JACK)
We've got a new box. Cup of tea?

JACK
I'll not stop. Mo' thinks he's
dying. You look smart Betty.

BETTY
Ah, thank you Jack. Nice of you to
notice. I start on reception at a
swanky ad agency in Edgbaston on
Monday.

JACK
You'll fit right in.

BETTY exits, all smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's our Jonathan?

MARK

Little twit's glued to CEEFAX on
mom's portable.

(to JACK's confused look)

Waiting for pages to change to see
if his lot have scored against
rubbish Cambridge in League Cup.

OOV there's a huge disappointed moan from Jonathan upstairs.

MARK does a fist pump.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF BIRMINGHAM CREATIVE AND 19
ADVERTISING ASSOCIATES (BC&A ASSOCIATES) OFFICE.

The offices are chic, housed in a beautifully maintained
Georgian building surrounded by trees and gardens.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BC&A ASSOCIATES. MONDAY 6TH OCTOBER. (10.00) 20

BETTY and her new colleague **LYN** (20s) are behind the stylish
reception, the phone rings. LYN nods encouragingly to BETTY.

BETTY

Good morning. Birmingham Creative
and Advertising Associates, Betty
speaking, how may I help you?

BETTY listens, LYN watches.

BETTY (CONT'D)

And what is it regarding?

(listening)

Popping you on hold for one moment.

(pressing a button/to LYN)

It's Chris from the printers. He
says he's got the revised quote for
Jeremy.

LYN

Patch him through.

BETTY presses another button and waits a moment.

BETTY

Hello, it's Betty on reception.
I've got Chris from the print
company for you.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Will do.

(pressing again)

Hello again, I'll put you through to Mr. Ryder now. Thanks.

BETTY presses another button then puts the receiver down.

BETTY (CONT'D)

That wasn't too bad.

LYN

Sweetie, wait until you have an angry supplier getting all sweary Mary over an unpaid invoice.

BETTY

They should meet my mates Scary Mary and Hairy Mary.

LYN

You're having me on.

BETTY

We were at college together! One Mary's potty-mouthed the other looks like a chimpanzee.

The women laugh.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. 8TH OCTOBER - EVENING/HALF TIME. 21

JACK's not really well and has hardly touched his dinner on a tray on his lap - sausage and mash. BRMB is on the music centre radio. JONATHAN returns from the kitchen.

TONY BUTLER

Still no goals. Albion and Coventry might as well be playing conkers.

JONATHAN

Can't you eat some more Grandad?

JACK

I've had enough. Two sausages...

JONATHAN

Little, skinny, things - not even proper bangers. You've got Uncle Mo's cold and you're supposed to feed a cold and starve a fever.

JACK coughs and has to smile.

JACK
Sometimes Jonathan, you don't half
sound like your grandmother. Be a
good lad and pop it in the kitchen.
I'll wash up in the morning.

JONATHAN takes the tray and exits to the kitchen. JACK closes his eyes for a quick, much needed nap.

CUT TO:

22 INT. JACK'S KITCHEN. 8TH OCTOBER (EVENING/HALF TIME) 22

JONATHAN turns on the tap and squeezes way too much Fairy Liquid into the bowl. He scrapes the leftovers into the bin, slides the plate into the suds and pulls on Marigold gloves.

CUT TO:

23 INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. 8TH OCTOBER (LATER) 23

BRMB's station ident finishes. "...the biggest sound that's going on, turn on, turn on, to 261."

TONY BUTLER
Might need to get the prayer mats
out Villa fans. We'll be taking
calls after the final whistle at
Old Trafford...

The reception goes wonky. JACK is getting to his feet but JONATHAN rushes back in.

JONATHAN
I'll do it Grandad.

JACK
Put it on Radio Two.

JONATHAN
Really?

JACK
Reception's better.

JONATHAN tunes to PETER JONES' posh voice on the BBC.

PETER JONES
And the Villa side have come back
onto the pitch with vim.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

24

INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. 8TH OCTOBER (LATER)
(PETER JONES, JONATHAN, JACK)

24

JONATHAN is glued to the radio. JACK's nodded off.

PETER JONES
It's Gordon Cowens with a chance to
equalise...

JONATHAN
Come on Sid!

PETER JONES
He's put the ball on the spot. Gary
Bailey can only wait...

The cheering of the crowd is loud under the commentator.

PETER JONES (CONT'D)
And he's scored.

JONATHAN jumps to his feet to join with the cheering.

PETER JONES (CONT'D)
Aston Villa two, Manchester United
two.

JONATHAN
Up the Villa!

JACK stirs and automatically covers for being asleep.

JACK
I was resting my eyes.

Time passes. JONATHAN becomes less animated. Sitting on the
settee looking glum.

PETER JONES
The lads in red are back in front.
What an exceptional goal from
McIlroy whose name is on the score
sheet for a second time.

JONATHAN's lip curls. Time passes. JONATHAN is sitting crosslegged in from of the tuner. JACK's wide awake now.

PETER JONES (CONT'D)

And there's the equaliser! Gary Shaw has put it in the back of the net and Aston Villa look like they'll be sharing the points with Manchester United after all.

JONATHAN

He's done it grandad! He's only gone an' done it. Super Gary Shaw!

JACK

Good result. Three all.

JONATHAN

Brilliant result! And we're still ahead of Albion... Ha! Ha! Ha! Haystacks can suck that up. Up the Villa!

JONATHAN is made up. JACK smiles.

CUT TO:

25

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. LUNCHTIME.

25

Between lessons JONATHAN carries a rolled copy of Shoot magazine and PINCHER flicks through Panini Cards.

PINCHER

Got two Mervyn Days. Any swaps?

The lads' attention is drawn to GRACE in conversation with CARRIE. GRACE gives JONATHAN a cheerful nod as she passes.

GRACE

Hi.

SPUD

What was that?

NODDY

Whoa! Did Grace Taylor just smile and say, "hi" to Jonathan?

JONATHAN looks embarrassed.

SPUD

I wish Carrie would smile at me.

PINCHER
So what about Mervyn Day?

SPUD
I'll take him Pinch, who you after?

They continue on. JONATHAN looking a little bit delighted.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SCHOOL TOILETS. (LUNCHTIME)

26

Under an open window BELLINGTON, TOMMO & NIGE are sharing one Embassy Regal. JONATHAN walks in, reading his Shoot, smells the smoke but can't back out before they see him.

BELLINGTON
Oi, oi Stadler.

JONATHAN is instantly anxious, ignores him and rushes into a cubicle. Stay with him.

BELLINGTON (OOV) (CONT'D)
Going for a sit down? Or just
keeping yer tiny todger outta
sight?

JONATHAN, having realised the lock is broken, leans against the door. He pockets his magazine as there's a terrific bang on the cubicle door which jolts him forward.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
(OOV)
Did you not hear me Puff?

The crashing into the door gets worse, pushing JONATHAN forward repeatedly as he battles to keep it shut.

BELLINGTON (OOV) (CONT'D)
I am talkin' to you. What ya doin'
Stadler? Crackin' one out?

The bullies roar with laughter before a mighty shove sends JONATHAN sprawling towards the toilet. The door flies open wide enough for BELLINGTON to grab JONATHAN and yank him out.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
You think that's alright do you
Puff?

BELLINGTON manhandles JONATHAN towards the sinks and pushes him up against the wall violently.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
 You think you're too good to have
 to speak to me? Is that it? Puff.

JONATHAN
 I just wanted to go...

NIGE
 What? For a Thomas Tank?

The bullies guffaw some more.

NIGE (CONT'D)
 'S'what puffs do ennit?

JONATHAN
 I'm not...

BELLINGTON
 You. Are. A. Puff. Say it. Tell me
 you're a queer.

JONATHAN is too frightened to speak. His silence enrages.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
 Tommo - soap.

BELLINGTON takes the proffered bar of pink school carbolic
 soap from TOMMO who is so delighted he jiggles
 uncontrollably. BELLINGTON brandishes the soap.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna wash his mouth out.

JONATHAN closes his eyes and presses his lips together.
 BELLINGTON has the soap at JONATHAN's mouth and is pushing.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
 Open your mouth!

The door to the toilets opens. A pair of cool **SIXTH FORMERS**
 (16/17) who are equal in stature to the bully boys, walk in.
 BELLINGTON suddenly looks uneasy, TOMMO and NIGE try to
 disassociate. JONATHAN's eyes stay tightly shut.

SIXTH FORMER 1
 Kenny-the-Bully-Bellington - as I
 live and breathe.

JONATHAN opens his eyes.

SIXTH FORMER 1 (CONT'D)
 What do you think this is? Lord of
 the bloody Flies?

BELLINGTON

You what?

SIXTH FORMER 1

Ignoramus.

SIXTH FORMER 2

Like father like son.

BELLINGTON

You what?

SIXTH FORMER 1

Big, mean and thick. I'm going to take a slash.

BELLINGTON

You'd not say that to my dad's face.

SIXTH FORMER 1

When I come out, to wash my hands, which is what soap is for, you're not going to be here. Understand?

BELLINGTON

You can't tell me what to do.

SIXTH FORMER 1 shoots BELLINGTON a look of disgust then heads to a cubicle speaking slowly and threateningly.

SIXTH FORMER 1

When I come out to wash my hands...

The cubicle door shuts.

SIXTH FORMER 2

That's your cue to piss off. Piss off the lot of you.

BELLINGTON, TOMMO & NIGE try to style it out under the crippling gaze of the SIXTH FORMER. They fail.

NIGE

Was goin' anyway.

SIXTH FORMER 2

You might want to leave the soap.

There's an embarrassing ballet as BELLINGTON pushes past NIGE to leave the soap on the side of the sink. The bullies exit.

JONATHAN

Thanks.

SIXTH FORMER 2
 (more bored than mean)
 Piss off.

JONATHAN accepts this. He starts to leave then realises he still needs to use the loo.

JONATHAN
 Sorry, it's just, I came in for a
 wee and...

SIXTH FORMER 2 sighs and gestures to the free cubicle.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BC&A ASSOCIATES. RECEPTION. (10.30)

27

There's a large, digital clock and calendar on reception. Square numbers tell us it's 21st October and 10.30. BETTY looks fabulous at reception. A uniformed COURIER exits. **JEREMY RYDER** (50), one of the partners, enters. He takes BETTY in with appreciation.

JEREMY
 Betty, new hair? Suits you. There's
 no coffee in the board room.

BETTY
 Yes, I know.

JEREMY
 We've got the sports and games
 company's buyers in later.

BETTY
 I know.

JEREMY
 They're a very important account.

He walks up to the reception desk and taps the carton that was just delivered.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 This is coffee isn't it?

JEREMY mimes shooting himself in the head as BETTY nods and proudly smiles.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 Biscuits?

BETTY

Three packets of the ones you like from Marks and Sparks. In the board room. Covered with a tea towel in case Simon sees them.

JEREMY

You are an omnipotent genius.

JEREMY tries and fails to open the carton. BETTY gets up. She has a special tape cutter.

BETTY

Packing tape's a nightmare. Let me.

JEREMY

You've got a special tape cutter?

BETTY makes a sweet "I know! Get Me!" Face.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Betty Stadler, wherever you came from, promise me you won't go back.

BETTY

I promise.

On BETTY, who delights in appreciation and enjoys flirting.

CUT TO:

28 INT. STADLER HOUSE. FRONT HALL/FRONT DOOR. THAT AFTERNOON. 28

The sound of "Grange Hill" on the television is coming from the sitting room.

BETTY's struggle to get the key in and open the door is loud. When she manages she's loaded down with bags and an inflatable buffalo. She kicks the front door shut.

BETTY

Your mother's home!

MARK (OOV)

We're in here!

BETTY

I'm out here and I have goodies!

The television goes off. MARK and JONATHAN appear and take bags off their mom. They're both puzzled.

JONATHAN
Have you been shopping?

They all head into the sitting room.

BETTY
No. Jeremy, a senior partner, told me to take my pick from the agency's store of freebies and publicity stuff.

GO TO:

29

CONTINUOUS. INT. THE STADLER SITTING ROOM.

29

BETTY sits down with the buffalo on her lap. The boys put the bags beside her.

MARK
Faberoonie! What've you got?

JONATHAN
Why have you got a blow up buffalo?

BETTY
Poor Bertie was a mock up, a brand mascot who didn't go down well. I felt sorry for him stuck on a shelf. I've got you both stuff...

BETTY theatrically pulls a Mark-size, American college-style jacket from a bag. It has the Wolves logo on the back. MARK can hardly believe his eyes - he's aghast.

MARK
Where'd you have that from? Is it for me? Can I have it?

BETTY
Yes it's for you. The chap they had it made for owns an ice cream factory...

MARK
He didn't want it?!

BETTY
Research cockup apparently. Turned out he follows the Villa.

MARK puts the jacket on.

BETTY (CONT'D)

But there isn't a college jacket for you Jonathan... 'cause obviously Mr. Ice Cream kept the Villa one, but there is... Drum roll please... May I present to you... definitely personally approved by Benny and Bjorn... the only one of its kind in the Midlands, probably the only one outside of Sweden...

BETTY theatrically brings an ABBA pencil case out of the bag - it makes JONATHAN's mouth drop open.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Endorsed. From when ABBA played Wembley in '79.

JONATHAN

Seriously? For me?

BETTY

I know how much you love ABBA.

JONATHAN

It's incredible.

MARK

Mom! You're the best.

JONATHAN

I love it.

JONATHAN instantly cherishes the pencil case.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. VILLA PARK HOLTE END. 24TH OCTOBER. (AFTERNOON)

30

JACK and JONATHAN are standing in the Holte End. Villa Park is packed. Initially JONATHAN has his scarf wrapped around him against the cold.

Intercut with footage of the 4-1 drubbing Villa give Brighton we see JONATHAN's escalating joy. By the end of the game he is swinging his scarf above his head and oblivious to the cold. At the sound of the final whistle all the fans in the Holte End erupt and are over the moon.

There are chants of, "Four one, four one, four one, four one!" which give way to "We are top of the league! We are top of the league!" as they slowly inch their way to the exit.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCHOOL. FRIDAY 25TH OCTOBER. (MORNING) 31

Watched by BELLINGTON, GRACE, gets out of her father's car. It has more than a passing resemblance to the Dodge driven in the "Dukes of Hazzard". GRACE swings her satchel over her shoulder as she reaches BELLINGTON.

GRACE

Morning. Yorrigh? That's what we say around here right?

BELLINGTON

I was hoping you'd climb out the window not get out the door. Cool car. Cool hair, suits you. Yeah, yorrigh.

GRACE automatically touches her hair.

GRACE

Thanks.

GRACE's dad honks the horn as he drives off. She's mortified.

GRACE (CONT'D)

God! Dad! Could he be more American!

BELLINGTON

He's cool.

GRACE

You think?

BELLINGTON

America's cool. There's loads we've got the be grateful to America for.

GRACE

Like?

(a long pause/laughing)
You can't think of anything!

BELLINGTON

Burgers! America's given us hamburgers.

GRACE
I haven't had a hamburger since we
left Pittsburgh.

BELLINGTON
I can put that right! Wimpy,
Saturday afternoon. Best burgers up
our end.

GRACE
Yee-ha... I think!

BELLINGTON
Is that a yes?

GRACE
That's real thoughtful Kenny, real
kind.

BELLINGTON
Leave ya dollar at home. My treat.

They enter the school grounds with GRACE slightly smitten.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SCHOOL SPORTS HALL. (LATER)

32

There are crash mats on the floor of the gym beneath the
climbing ropes when 3W wander in. Many, including JONATHAN
and TUCKER are uncomfortable and feel exposed in sport kits.

HAYSTACKS
Love the ropes.

The PE teacher, **MISS CHANT** (30s) bounds in in a very short
gym skirt and tartan knickers. She blows a series of short
blasts and then a long blast on her whistle. Almost silence.

SPUD
The international language of the
PE whistle.

PINCHER
How come we know what it means?

MISS CHANT blows one mighty blast. Complete silence.

MISS CHANT
Right all of you, listen up. Mr.
Perry is away today so there's only
me.

(MORE)

MISS CHANT (CONT'D)

Consequently I am going to limit the potential for disaster by having the whole class on one piece of equipment. Don't worry, you'll all get a turn.

(over misery and glee)

Quiet please! You'll all get a turn at rope climbing. Up, up and away!

JONATHAN

(under his breath "Mork")

Shazbot.

The pupils split into groups and stand in a loose circle by the ropes. MISS CHANT looks around, deciding who's up first.

MISS CHANT

Scott, Jonathan, Carrie...

HAYSTACKS happily steps up and grabs the central rope. JONATHAN takes his time going to stand at the foot of the nearest one. CARRIE doesn't move.

MISS CHANT (CONT'D)

Carrie?

CARRIE

(unapologetic)

I'm on my period Miss.

SPUD stares at CARRIE in awe, a lot of girls are impressed.

BELLINGTON

(under his breath)

Slag.

MISS CHANT

Okay then, Grace, ropes?

GRACE

Yes sir! Sorry, yes Miss Chant.

GRACE skips over to the remaining rope.

MISS CHANT

Hand over hand, legs wrapped, take your time, no silliness. On my whistle...

She blows the whistle. HAYSTACKS makes light work of climbing to the top of the rope. Onlookers are amazed.

TUCKER

There he is. The missing link.

GRACE has a couple of false starts before she gets going whilst JONATHAN tries but cannot pull himself more than a foot from the ground. He is neither confident nor strong. BELLINGTON's slow claps "encouragement".

BELLINGTON
Excellent work there Stadler. Big strong lad.

JONATHAN gives it another go as GRACE focuses solely on climbing up her rope.

NIGE
Or are you a weakling Stadler?

TOMMO
Too right he is.

BELLINGTON
Are you a great big gay weakling Stadler?

In a cruel accident of timing this is the moment GRACE reaches the top of her rope.

GRACE
Yeeees!

BELLINGTON, TOMMO and NIGE exchange smirks.

BELLINGTON
(to TOMMO and NIGE)
That's my bird. Taking her up the Wimpy on Saturday... if you know what I mean.

SPUD
Such charm.

SPUD stares BELLINGTON out. MISS CHANT blows her whistle again. JONATHAN is relieved to drop back onto the floor.

MISS CHANT
Gently down you two. Well done Scott, excellent effort Grace. Valiant attempt Jonathan, valiant. Let's resolve to build you some muscle this term shall we?

BELLINGTON lets out a snort of derision. HAYSTACKS swings down as GRACE carefully makes her way to the ground where she gives JONATHAN a look of commiseration. It destroys him.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. THE LOCAL PARK. (AFTERNOON)

33

The gang are all on their backs on the big roundabout, circling slowly and watching the clouds.

PINCHER

Seen that booklet? "Protect and Survive"?

SPUD

Cockroaches, woodlice and worms.

THE OTHERS

What?

SPUD

Things that'll survive armageddon without having to hide under the kitchen table behind a door they've pulled off its hinges.

TUCKER

A world of worms. Every cloud.

THE OTHERS

What?

TUCKER

No need to cut them in half anymore.

THE OTHERS

What?!

TUCKER

Worms are really good for the soil. You can never have too many worms.

JONATHAN

I save worms.

HAYSTACKS

How many have you got?

JONATHAN eye-rolls, he talks slowly as if HAYSTACKS is dim.

JONATHAN

If I see a worm stranded on the pavement - I pick it up and I pop it back in the soil.

HAYSTACKS

Brave.

JONATHAN eye-rolls again.

TUCKER

Cool. You know if you cut a worm in half it'll be two worms...

HAYSTACKS sits up quickly and makes eye contact with TUCKER.

HAYSTACKS

That's bollocks.

TUCKER

No. My Uncle Rod has an allotment and he told it me and I do it when I'm there. When you cut one worm into two, both halves wiggle away. You get two worms for the price of one.

One by one they sit up and speak. All horrified.

JONATHAN

No, Tucker, that is bollocks.

TUCKER

I've seen it. I've done it.

SPUD

That is bollocks.

PINCHER

Massive bollocks. You've not seen two worms wiggling away, what you've seen is one worm, that you have cut in half, writhing in agony before it dies.

HAYSTACKS

Before it dies a slow, agonised death because of some bollocks your uncle told you.

JONATHAN

Tucker... you're a worm killer.

TUCKER's the last to sit up. The truth is settling on him.

HAYSTACKS

"Two for the price of one"? One dying worm in two dying pieces.

SPUD

Worm killer.

TUCKER makes a heaving sound and covers his mouth.

NODDY
(sage-like)
Yes, throwing up would be a valid
response about now.

TUCKER staggers away from the roundabout. He projectile vomits, attracting the attention of a passing FEMALE **SPEED WALKER** (60s) and her small Dachshund dog on a long lead. The dog zips over and quickly licks the vomit.

SPEED WALKER
Gretel here! Stop that!
(to TUCKER)
You disgusting little hooligan. You
had better clean that up. Gretel!

TUCKER turns back to the gang, sick-stained, shaking, pale and pathetic, they contain their amusement... for a few seconds before bursting with laughter. End on TUCKER.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BC&A ASSOCIATES. RECEPTION. THAT AFTERNOON (17.30) 34

LYN is preparing to go, JEREMY enters, she shuts him down.

LYN
I think I mentioned that I've got
to take my mother's Dachshund to
the vet.

JEREMY
You did Lyn and that's fine. Betty,
I wondered, unless you have to deal
with a pampered pooch, could you
give me half an hour? I'd value
your impressions on some design
ideas.

BETTY
Seriously? You want to know what I
think?

LYN
Toodle-pip both.

LYN leaves.

JEREMY
Farmer and Monmouth Engineering.
Freshening their image up.
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Bit less Brierley Hill bit more
Beverley Hills.

BETTY

My father-in-law was at F&M. From
apprentice to foreman. Small world.

JEREMY

Obviously I'll pay you overtime.

BETTY

You don't have to!

BETTY starts putting the cover on the Hermes word processor.

JEREMY

You'll be worth every penny.

She doesn't see JEREMY's salacious look as he drinks her in.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BC&A ASSOCIATES. BOARD ROOM (17.50)

35

SUPERTRAMP plays as JEREMY shows logo designs and mocked up
layouts to an attentive BETTY who has made two piles.

BETTY

These're the ones that stand out
for me... they're more futuristic.

JEREMY

Excellent. "Futuristic." I'll use
that in my presentation. Spot on.
Thank you. Lift home?

BETTY

No, no, it's easy enough on the
bus.

JEREMY

But as a little thank you?

BETTY

Honestly, I've got a "WUMPTY" Day
Saver, it would be a waste. But
thanks... thanks for that and for
asking my opinion. It means a lot.

End on their shared, but differing appreciation.

CUT TO:

36 INT. STADLER HOUSE. FRONT HALL/FRONT DOOR. THAT EVENING. 36

BETTY comes through the front door, hangs her jacket up and calls out.

BETTY
I'm home! Did you have your tea
already?

We follow BETTY through to the dining table. MARK and JONATHAN are packing away their Subbuteo.

BETTY (CONT'D)
What's going on?

JACK enters from the kitchen carrying knives and forks, salt and vinegar.

JONATHAN
I'll get the ketchup Grandad.

BETTY
Ketchup? With jacket spuds?

HOWARD enters with five, newspaper-wrapped fish and chips suppers.

HOWARD
Pots looked a bit sprouty and Dad
fancied chips so...

JACK puts the cutlery on the table and his hands up in surrender.

JACK
Guilty.

BETTY
Jack - I'm trying to get Howard and
the boys to eat more healthily.
There's fibre in a baked potato.

JACK
We've all got mushy peas.

BETTY can't stay cross.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

The chips have been unwrapped and mostly devoured. The newspaper and wrappers cover the table. The ketchup's there.

HOWARD

Come on then boys - your mom's been at work all day, let's get this lot tidied up.

MARK

Top chips, better than jacket spuds any day, thanks Grandad.

JACK changes the subject hastily as they start to tidy up.

JACK

How's it going at the advertising agency Betty?

BETTY

Excellent diversionary tactic Jack! As it happens we're doing a rebrand for your old place.

JACK

Farmer and Monmouth?

BETTY

One of the partners asked me for my input on a corporate ID and logo.

As he stands up a small hoot of a laugh escapes HOWARD.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(hurt)

Something funny?

HOWARD

Well... only...

BETTY

Only what?

JONATHAN, MARK and JACK all squirm. As HOWARD goes towards the kitchen he sounds far meaner than he means to.

HOWARD

Well... "input"? I mean, what do you know about design? Logos? Nothing, actually, less than that.

BETTY

I'm told I have an eye for corporate ID.

HOWARD

By who?! You thought ICI was a French company? *Ici*?!

HOWARD exits chuckling. JACK looks pained on BETTY's behalf.

JACK
He doesn't mean it.

MARK
What does ICI stand for?

JACK
Imperial Chemical Industries.

JONATHAN
I think it's great that they asked
you Mom.

JACK
(standing)
Nice cup of tea?

JACK takes the ketchup and exits purposefully.

CUT TO:

37 INT. STADLER HOUSE. KITCHEN.

37

Continuous. JACK walks in with the ketchup to find HOWARD looking out into the garden. Without turning round, seeing JACK's reflection in the window, he asks...

HOWARD
You sort out that leak in your
shed?

JACK
What was all that about?

HOWARD
Leave it Dad.

JACK
Would it kill you to...

HOWARD
I asked you to leave it.

JACK
What's up with you?

HOWARD
I don't want her making a fool of
herself.

JACK
She won't.

JACK puts the ketchup into a wall cupboard then fills the kettle.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. LATER THAT EVENING.

38

BETTY follows JACK out onto the door step. A little way off MO' is returning home from work.

JACK
 Salad at mine next time, fruit for
 pud and not out of a tin.

BETTY
 Don't go bonkers, you don't have to
 join Weight Watchers!

They hug before BETTY shuts the door. JACK ambles to MO'.

JACK
 How's it going?

MO' locks the car and makes a "meh!" sound.

MO'
 Got asked by two different blokes
 today where my turban was.

JACK
 Turban? Oh, right... because...
 Sikh. I'm sorry.

MO'
 I should probably be grateful that
 bloody racists are so bloody
 stupid.

JACK
 Time for a quick snifter?

They look towards MO's where MRS. NAWAZ is watching from the window. MO' puts his hands together in supplication. MRS NAWAZ waves him away with a smile. NB MO' only drinks whiskey with his friend, never anything anywhere else.

CUT TO:

39

INT. STADLER HOUSE. HOWARD & BETTY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

39

BETTY is sitting at her mirror taking off her makeup. HOWARD enters with tea in a cup and saucer. BETTY gives him a look.

HOWARD

It came out wrong.

BETTY continues with "the look" as he puts the tea down. She's in no mood to let him off the hook.

BETTY

How's that then? Exactly?

He shuffles out backwards with a mumbled...

HOWARD

You're not dim.

BETTY looks at herself - miserable not victorious.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. MANDER CENTRE WOLVERHAMPTON - SATURDAY 1ST NOVEMBER 40
AFTERNOON

SPUD and JONATHAN are glued to the rows of televisions tuned to the afternoon football programme in Rumbelow's window. They are waiting for the final scores. The Villa result...

JONATHAN

Yes! Beat Leicester at home.
Up the Villa!

Then the Wolverhampton Wanderers' score...

SPUD

And... and... and... two one, what
a result. Phew! Up the Wolves!

The boys grin and begin a victory dance but cut it short when SPUD sees GRACE.

SPUD (CONT'D)

Look, there's Grace. What's she
doing?

They watch as GRACE, in a funky outfit, picks something up off the pavement. She carefully carries it in her cupped hands and puts it in a planted container.

SPUD (CONT'D)
She's saving a worm? She's a worm
saver too!

SPUD gives JONATHAN a playful elbow.

JONATHAN
She's lovely isn't she?

SPUD
(mimicking)
She's lovely!

JONATHAN elbows SPUD playfully.

JONATHAN
I'm going to ask her out!

GRACE notices them. She gives a wave just as BELLINGTON gets
to them and gives JONATHAN a hard, "playful" punch.

BELLINGTON
Alright Puff the Magic Dragon!
What? Are you two such pavs you've
no telly at home? Ha! Poves! How'd
my team do?

GRACE
Hi y'all. Were you watching sports?

SPUD
(to BELLINGTON)
Who'd you support then?

BELLINGTON
Liverpool. Obviously. They all know
me up the Kop.

There's no fear of immediate retribution with GRACE there.

SPUD
Of course they do.

JONATHAN
Glory hunter.

BELLINGTON
Erm... no! Anyway, me and Grace are
going to Wimpy. Bit of a Saturday
"thang" we've got goin' on.

GRACE
You guys should come with us.

BELLINGTON ensures GRACE can't see the threatening face he makes as he speaks though he sounds jovial.

BELLINGTON
Nah - these two've got their
afternoon planned.

GRACE
That's a shame. Okay though, see
you at school on Monday.

BELLINGTON, steps close to JONATHAN and blows as if blowing on a dandelion clock and is loud enough for GRACE to hear.

BELLINGTON
Off you puff.

GRACE double takes, shocked. BELLINGTON puts his arm around her. She dips out from under it after a few steps.

SPUD
How does an imbecile like that get
to take lovely Grace-worm-saving-
Taylor anywhere?

JONATHAN
I hate Bellington.

SPUD
She saw what a nasty piece of work
he is... you saw how she ducked out
from under his ape arm. You should
ask her out.

JONATHAN
She'd only say yes 'cause she feels
sorry for me.

SPUD
That's cobblers.

JONATHAN looks unconvinced.

CUT TO:

41 INT. STADLER HOUSE. KITCHEN. MONDAY 3RD NOVEMBER 18.00 41
The family are a team, JONATHAN washing up, MARK drying up
and BETTY putting away.

BETTY
Your teams win on Saturday and
you're happy all week. Don't get
it. Why's it so important?

MARK
You'll never understand Mom.

MARK returns a plate to JONATHAN.

MARK (CONT'D)
Missed a bit you claret and blue
tit.

JONATHAN
Very clever. An ornithology-based
jibe. Top of the class.

BETTY and MARK laugh then JONATHAN does.

HOWARD
(OOV)
It's all out of the boxes.

GO TO:

42 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM.

42

HOWARD is surrounded by packaging and old tech. The new TV
and video recorder are ready to go. The boys are wowed.

MARK
Wow! Betamax. Way cooler than VHS -
it was on Tomorrow's World

BETTY
Can we afford a video recorder?

HOWARD
I got a great deal.

JONATHAN
Panasonic. Same as Grandad's. Not
cheap.

BETTY exits to the kitchen.

BETTY
(sarcastically)
Your father got a great deal.

MARK is reading the blurb on the outside of the TV's carton.

MARK
Teletext and a remote control.

HOWARD
Batteries are in.

JONATHAN
Baggsie first go on the remote control.

HOWARD
In your dreams.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

43 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. EVENING (21.30) 43

Everything is done. The old television and all the packaging gone. HOWARD points the remote control at the Betamax.

HOWARD
So... we can pause it...

The recorded snooker comes to a juddering, unfocused halt.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
And then when we press Play...
(theatrical press!)
We pick up exactly where we left off.

BETTY
(getting up huffily)
If all we're going to do is watch you playing with your balls Howard I'm going to bed.

JONATHAN and MARK titter.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(glaring at her sons)
Don't!
(to HOWARD)
And don't even think about telling me you spent all that money so I won't miss "my programmes" again.

HOWARD
You won't!

BETTY
This is only about bloody football.

HOWARD
It's not!

BETTY
But hear this - the three of you -
if you ever tape football over a
Juliet Bravo or a Gentle Touch... I
will knock you into the middle of
next week. And I don't mean maybe.

She exits in a huff. HOWARD and the boys all make amused
faces at each other.

HOWARD
Aunty Flo must be visiting.

BETTY
(OOV from the stairs)
I heard that!

OOV BETTY stomps to bed. They manage to contain their mirth.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF WELLINGTON ROAD SHOPS, BILSTON. 44
BONFIRE NIGHT.

It's busy; people shopping, heading home or out to bonfire
parties. In a wheelbarrow outside the chip shop is a
HAYSTACKS in baggy old pyjamas stuffed with straw, a floppy
hat, scarf and huge wellington boots. His face is painted
pumpkin-orange with purloined makeup, a "PENNY FOR THE GUY"
sign propped in his lap. The gang speak to and shake their
collecting tins at any passerby who slows slightly.

PINCHER
Penny for the guy? We're raising
money for the Blue Peter Appeal.

A **COMMUTER** (50s) stops, pulls a handful of coins from a
pocket and looks at HAYSTACKS who pokes his tongue out.

COMMUTER
Excellent. Guide Dogs is it?

TUCKER
Bungalows for the disabled.

Coins drop into PINCHER's tin as GRACE and CARRIE arrive.

SPUD
Penny for the guy?

CARRIE leans in close. HAYSTACKS blows a raspberry. She screams then laughs.

GRACE
(to HAYSTACKS/amused)
You! You are a terrible person!
They'll do right to burn your ass
on the bonfire tonight!

CARRIE lifts HAYSTACK's hat.

CARRIE
I, like, absolutely and totally
knew it was you Scott Hastings.
Spud, did you make him?

SPUD
(with a coy nod)
Yup, penny for the guy?

CARRIE
For fireworks?

SPUD
Blue Peter Appeal.

GRACE
(to JONATHAN)
Have you raised much money?

JONATHAN
Fair bit. Won't know exactly until
I've counted it at home.

GRACE
Y'all can have our change.

GRACE gives him a beaming smile before she and CARRIE go into the chippy.

FADE TO:

45

EXT. SUBURBAN PATHWAYS. BILSTON. LATER THAT NIGHT.

45

The contented gang walk together with HAYSTACKS pushing the wheelbarrow. JONATHAN has both collection tins. At an intersection of footpaths they stop and prepare to go their separate ways. The footpaths have clear "NO BIKES" signage. HAYSTACKS nods to TUCKER of the barrow.

HAYSTACKS
You getting in?

TUCKER
Why not?

TUCKER clammers into the wheelbarrow. With a hoot HAYSTACKS
bombs off down the path followed by PINCHER who calls...

PINCHER
Tar-rah a bit!

SPUD
What about Carrie Campton though?

JONATHAN
Grace said it was seven and a half
pence from each of them. Kind.

SPUD
Great night. I reckon we'll be
around the three quid ball park.

JONATHAN
I'll let you know tomorrow.

NODDY
Great stuff. See ya.

NODDY and SPUD walk off together.

JONATHAN heads home alone, reaching a dimly lit intersection
when BELLINGTON cycles into view and skids to a halt under a
"NO BIKES" sign. He rolls back and forth, menacingly,

BELLINGTON
Heard you and the freaks was out
collectin'. We both know how this
is gonna play out so just hand it
over.

JONATHAN
It's not my money.

BELLINGTON gets off his bike and very carefully props it up.
He speaks as if he's bored.

BELLINGTON
Now.

JONATHAN
It's not mine. I can't.

BELLINGTON
Don't say I didn't warn you.

BELLINGTON gets nose to nose with JONATHAN. A horrible silence follows that's broken by a loud shout.

MO'
You bloody bully.

BELLINGTON turns to see MO'. BELLINGTON's unconcerned.

BELLINGTON
You what?

MO' picks up BELLINGTON's bike as if it weighed nothing.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
(shocked)
Hey! That's my bike. Drop it!

MO'
You...

MO' is disgusted by BELLINGTON but sees the child in him.

MO' (CONT'D)
I can put this down and you can
peddle away or...

BELLINGTON
Or what Abdul?

MO'
Think before you say anything else.

BELLINGTON makes a pantomime of pondering.

BELLINGTON
Nah, I've thunk and I ain't scared
of you Abdul.

MO'
I will not warn you again.

BELLINGTON
What's it got to do with you
anyway? Piss off you smelly Pa...

MO's sudden, primeval roar silences BELLINGTON.

MO'
Smelly what?
(with steady, scary force)
I am a smelly what? Say it.
(MORE)

MO' (CONT'D)

(long beat)

I dare you.

BELLINGTON is understandably terrified now. He gulps. He has no way of escape. MO' locks gaze with him as he magnanimously puts the bike, upright, near where BELLINGTON had left it.

MO' (CONT'D)

Get out of my sight.

(super scary and loud)

Now!

BELLINGTON is pathetic. He makes as much space as possible between them as he moves around MO' to his bike, gets on and peddles away. JONATHAN and MO' are watching as BELLINGTON's bike wobbles, he nearly falls but saves himself. They're quietly laughing as fireworks start going off nearby.

JONATHAN

Thanks Uncle Mo'.

MO'

Meh.

JONATHAN

You were something else. You were amazing.

They walk home. When he gets to his front door MO' calls.

MO'

Let me know how much you collected.
Me and Mrs. Nawaz will round it up.

JONATHAN turns and gives him a thumbs up.

JONATHAN

You are amazing.

They go into their houses.

CUT TO:

46

INT. 79 BUS EN ROUTE TO THE HAWTHORNS. AFTERNOON. SATURDAY 46
8TH NOVEMBER.

The bus is packed with way more Albion fans than Villa fans. JONATHAN and TUCKER are sitting next to each.

TUCKER

This is so cool. Pincher didn't
believe we were going to the match
on our own.

JONATHAN

I know!

TUCKER

(mock circumsppection)

I might not have been absolutely honest with my folks, I might not actually have said your dad wasn't coming with us.

JONATHAN

(totally impressed)

This is so cool.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. THE HAWTHORNS. SHORT TIME LATER.

47

JONATHAN and TUCKER are in the sea of fans flowing into The Hawthorns. There is a fast and frightening edit of heavy-handed policing and violence. Punches thrown and drunken fighting. The boys are almost crushed by adult supporters. Mounted police horses cause terror as JONATHAN and TUCKER are pushed towards the turnstiles. A Villa **SUPPORTER** (20s) is dragged off by an officer in riot gear and gets a kicking. The boys watch in shock. The crush is suffocating.

TUCKER

My feet aren't touching the floor.

JONATHAN

Hold onto my sleeve.

They reach the turnstile together. TUCKER then JONATHAN go through.

GO TO:

48

EXT. THE HAWTHORNS. THE STANDS. SHORT TIME LATER.

48

JONATHAN and TUCKER are in a packed West Bromwich Albion supporter's area.

JONATHAN

That was horrible, really horrible.

TUCKER

Yeah.

JONATHAN

But we're in for the kick off.

They nod agreement then focus on the pitch.

CUT TO:

49 INT. 79 BUS EN ROUTE BACK TO BILSTON. POST MATCH 49

JONATHAN and TUCKER sit quietly side by side. Several of the passengers have been hurt, some are bloody/bleeding.

JONATHAN
The police are supposed to protect people.

TUCKER
They were pigs.

JONATHAN
Weren't even any goals.

TUCKER
Do you care?

JONATHAN
No. A draw away will do for me.

TUCKER
Did you think the bloke who got the kickin'll be alright?

JONATHAN
Dunno. Hope so. No.

On the boys deep in thought as the bus drives on.

CUT TO:

50 INT. THE SCHOOL LIBRARY. TWO WEEKS LATER. LUNCHTIME 50

JONATHAN is tucked away catching up on some homework when GRACE pulls out the chair next to him and sits.

JONATHAN
Grace. Hello. I have been meaning to talk to you.

GRACE
Great, 'cause there's a few things I need to know and word is you're a pretty smart guy.

JONATHAN shrugs - he's lost the momentum already!

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay, so, first of all, getting run over by a bus? Why does that happen to so many people in this country? And how many things are there that could actually "have your eye out"!

JONATHAN

Ah, now, you'd be surprised.

They both laugh quietly.

GRACE

Hey, Jonathan, seriously, I wanna ask you about Kenny... Okay, so at first I thought he was sweet. But he's not sweet is his? So, Jonathan, what should I do about Kenny Bellington?

JONATHAN

Honestly?

(to her nod)

I think only you can make your mind up about that.

GRACE is clearly disappointed.

CUT TO:

51 INT. BC&A ASSOCIATES. STAFF ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

51

BETTY is sitting. A small radio plays "Imagine". JEREMY enters and sits beside her.

JEREMY

How are you feeling?

BETTY

Numb. Why would anybody want to kill John Lennon?

JEREMY squeezes BETTY's hand then gently and intimately touches her cheek. She doesn't pull away.

CUT TO:

52 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. EARLY AFTERNOON 14TH DECEMBER

52

HOWARD, JONATHAN and MARK are each reading sections of Sunday papers. JACK, in an apron, pops his head through the hatch.

JACK
Yorkshires are in the oven.

HOWARD
Great stuff.

JONATHAN
Thrashed Birmingham City three nil
Grandad. It's on Match of the Day
later.

JACK
Did you hear your Uncle Mo' shout
when David Geddis scored his
second?

HOWARD
The whole road heard.

JACK
When are you getting the decs up?

HOWARD
When Betty tells me what she wants
and where.

BETTY enters from the hall.

BETTY
I don't care as long as there's
tinsel!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

53 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. SUNDAY AFTERNOON - LATER 53

The family are at the table. HOWARD is brandishing a state-of-the-art electric knife at a beef joint. There're serving dishes of peas and carrots, roast potatoes and a full gravy boat. JACK enters carrying his pillow-like Yorkshire pudding.

HOWARD
Looks amazing dad. As always.

BETTY
You could patch a pothole with my
Yorkshires.

HOWARD
Assuming you could cut 'em.

JACK puts the platter on the table near HOWARD.

JACK
(to BETTY)
My roast potatoes don't come close
to yours.

HOWARD
Got to be good at something.

MARK
Mom makes amazing gravy.

BETTY
You know what... I've got a bit of
a head coming on.
(standing)
You all have what you want. Leave
me a plate for later.

She goes. They listen in silence to her footsteps on the stairs. HOWARD fixates on cutting the meat.

JACK
She was fine in the kitchen.

HOWARD
Not now Dad. Please.

JACK
All I'm saying is that Betty's been
chirpy and we've been laughing and
looking forward to Christmas and
now she's...

HOWARD
Now she's what? What Dad? D'you
ever stop to think that maybe she's
happy being miserable!

JONATHAN
She's still sad about John Lennon.

JACK
Right, okay then, Team Stadler,
what're the plans for cheering your
mom up?

HOWARD lifts the end piece from the roast on the carving fork.

HOWARD
I'd like it but I'll save the end
piece for Betty.

MARK

Yeah dad, take one for the team.

The faces and expressions around the table range of anxious (JONATHAN) to concerned (JACK) to pissed off in different ways (HOWARD and MARK).

CUT TO:

54 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY AFTER BOXING DAY. 54

The sitting room has clearly seen a busy Christmas. The silver tree is up and decorated. HOWARD and BETTY are reading their Christmas books. HOWARD has Douglas Adams' "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" from BETTY whilst she reads Umberto Eco's "The Name of the Rose".

HOWARD

How's your book?

BETTY

Bit heavy. Yours?

HOWARD

Funny. Had a nice Christmas?

They make eye contact. BETTY smiles.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(tentative)

We're alright aren't we?

BETTY

Us? 'Course.

OOV we hear the boys clattering in through the front door before they burst into the sitting room in great spirits.

MARK

Grandad's doing us "a buffet" tomorrow.

JONATHAN

It's a football buffet, me and Mark, grandad and Uncle Mo'.

HOWARD

Is your grandad inviting me?

The boys make faces and shrug. Awks!

BETTY

You're going. I've asked Mrs. Nawaz over. We're trying something from my new Galloping Gourmet. Mrs. Nawaz loves a bit of Graham Kerr.

The boys and Howard ponder this news of Mrs. Nawaz.

CUT TO:

55

INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. 28TH DECEMBER

55

The buffet consists of cheesy footballs, Twiglets, crisps and cubed cheese and little, silver skin onions on cocktail sticks. They are in paper hats as they watch Match of the Day. There are drinks, Vimto - for the boys and MO' who only drinks whiskey with JACK, stout and pale ale. We cut between their faces and the screen where Tottenham Hotspur play Nottingham Forest. MARK, sitting beside JONATHAN, tosses a cheese ball into the air and catches it in his mouth.

HOWARD

Folk choke on cheese balls and peanuts every Christmas.

MARK

Not me pop. Hey Jonathan, tell me again how many games in hand Ipswich have.

JONATHAN

Shut up.

MARK rubs JONATHAN's head. JONATHAN pulls away.

JACK

Fair go, they are playing very well under Bobby Robson.

MO'

Shut up.

MARK

Oh dear Grandad, had we better stop with the Ipswich talk?

(beat)

Better not mention any marvellous Dutch players they've got...

HOWARD laughs quietly. MO' goes to the boys. It's good natured.

MO'

We are not rising to your bait. We
will prove ourselves on the pitch.
Next week, in the cup *Insha'Allah*.
Now, change places.

With a happy smirk MARK stands and bows with a courtly
gesture. The moment MO's bum hits the settee, JACK sends out
a tremendous fart-like parp on a party blower.

CUT TO:

56

INT. STADLER HOUSE. KITCHEN. LATER THAT EVENING.

56

BETTY is standing looking out into the darkness of the
garden. HOWARD enters and walks up behind her. He circles her
waist and nuzzles his chin into her neck. She watches their
reflection in the window. She's not enjoying this. HOWARD is
oblivious. He steps back and goes to open the fridge.

BETTY

Mrs. Nawaz had to visit her aunt.

HOWARD

I'm sorry. Can I tempt you to a
Babycham? Cheer you up?

BETTY

Why not. No cherry.

HOWARD gets a four pack of Babycham out of the fridge and re-
enacts the advert.

HOWARD

(singing)

Babycham's got sparkle...
Babycham's got life.

BETTY looks at her reflection again, she doesn't look happy,
but when she turns around to face her husband she has
plastered on a Christmas smile.

CUT TO:

57

INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NEW YEAR'S EVE.

57

The screen is filled with Atari Space Invaders intercut with
first MARK and then JONATHAN controlling the joystick and
blasting aliens. The championship is decided as JONATHAN
beats MARK's score, leaps up and sings the "We Are the
Champions" theme.

JONATHAN

We are the champions! We are the
champions! Greatest of them all!

MARK

You were proper jammy.

JONATHAN

Skill... that was pure skill.

JACK

(standing)

Well played young Jonathan and hard
cheese young Mark...

MARK

What does that even mean Grandad?
"Hard cheese?" That's mad.

BETTY pops her head in at the door.

BETTY

Right, I'm going up for a New
Year's Eve Fuzzy Peach soak in the
bath. Thanks to my lovely boys!

BETTY goes with a smile.

JONATHAN

Thanks Grandad. The Body Shop was a
great steer.

MARK

Mom's going to pong like a basket
of fruit...

JONATHAN

...with feet like After Eights.

MARK

What was in that purple, sorry,
claret gunk we got her for her
face?

JONATHAN

It was purple. Grape?

HOWARD

It's nice your mom's happy.

JACK

Right grandsons! Prepare to witness
true skill. Howard? Shall we?

HOWARD nods, the boys look perplexed, JACK dramatically flexes his whole upper body and takes the "Invaders chair."

JACK (CONT'D)
(to HOWARD)
Number One Son... the blaster.

HOWARD picks up the controller, bows and passes it over.

HOWARD
Sensei.

JACK
Watch and learn lads, watch and learn.

We cut between Space Invaders annihilation on screen, dogged JACK, amazed MARK and JONATHAN and proud HOWARD. JACK amasses a huge score. After similarly theatrical preparations HOWARD scores even more, stands and bows to JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)
You may leave the monastery Grass Hopper.

MARK
They're unbelievable.

JACK and HOWARD bow to each other in the style of the 1970's television series, "Kung Fu".

CUT TO:

58 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NEW YEAR'S EVE. 23.58 58

Big Ben is on the television. BETTY is in her new, glamorous, Christmas nightdress and matching dressing gown. She is Babycham-squiffy.

BETTY
Does anybody want anything before the bongos? There's more vol au vents in the kitchen...

JONATHAN
Stuffed.

MARK
Totally stuffed.

JACK
Fit to burst.

She gets up but mis-steps and sits back down with a thud.

HOWARD

Do you want a vol au vent love?
I'll go.

BETTY

No, no, no, no, no...

The final chime of Big Ben triggers the entire family chorus.

ALL

Happy New Year!

BETTY gives HOWARD a huge and unexpected smacker.

JONATHAN

This is the year... 1981 is our
year. We are going to win the
league and the FA Cup. We're doing
the double. Up the Villa!

MARK curls his lip and shakes his head.

BOTTOM of screen teleprinter : FA CUP 3RD ROUND Ipswich Town
1 Aston Villa 0

CUT TO:

59 EXT. MOLINEUX, NORTH BANK 28TH FEBRUARY 1981 59

Cut between action from the pitch (Wolves 0 Villa 1) and the brothers in the stand. There's no dialogue. Focus on JONATHAN and MARK's faces as each one's team has possession or the chance to score/make a great save. When Villa score JONATHAN wants to holler but dare not. MARK is disgust personified.

CUT TO:

60 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. LATER. 60

JONATHAN enters in his pyjamas to find that MARK has set up the Subbuteo and issues his challenge with a look.

JONATHAN

Okay then.

The match is played with absolute concentration and determination. We see it from a various vantage points and angles, pitch level where the painted kits of the Subbuteo teams are seen in all their detailed, painted glory.

MARK

You know what's really messed up?
You would have been a Wolves fan if
Grandad hadn't got you that rubbish
tracksuit that Christmas.

JONATHAN

That "rubbish tracksuit" was the
best present I ever had. That
"rubbish tracksuit" made me a Villa
fan. And you wish you could be a
Villa fan today don't you?

MARK

Are you mentally ill?

JONATHAN

One nil.

MARK

Wasn't even real Villa colours...
It was purple, grape purple.

MARK plays better than JONATHAN and is goals ahead, poised to
shoot at goal...

MARK (CONT'D)

You should still be a Wolves fan.

He flexes his fingers and positions himself.

MARK (CONT'D)

You'd love to wear the Old Gold.

JONATHAN

I'd rather eat raw liver.

MARK shoots. He scores. He's over the moon.

MARK

Six two! Beat you! Six two! Six
two! Beat you!

JONATHAN watches his brother. His face would sour milk.

CUT TO

61

EXT. PARK. AFTERNOON. MARCH 3RD AFTER SCHOOL

61

The gang are in uniform, loafing about on the swings and
around them. JONATHAN, virtually horizontal, slowly swings.

JONATHAN

If they were both in their socks
would Lady Di be the same height as
Charles or a bit taller?

NODDY

Taller. The Queen won't let her
wear heals once they're married.

HAYSTACKS

I liked that picture of her in the
see through skirt.

PINCHER

(on a swing)

Off with his head! Those legs
belong to our future queen!

TUCKER

Charles was over thirty and Di was
only sixteen when they first met.

JONATHAN

Eeeuuuu! That's grim.

PINCHER

Off with their heads! They're
making us feel a bit sick about our
future king and queen!

HAYSTACKS

That's royalty.

JONATHAN

That's pervy.

PINCHER

Off with... nah, he's right.

TUCKER

My gran's got a four set of royal
wedding mugs.

HAYSTACKS

Already?

TUCKER

Off Walsall Market. She's after tea
towels now.

NODDY

They should do some with Lady Di's
sexy legs on.

SPUD

Jenny Agutter's got better ones.
Did you see her on Logan's Run? She
stripped right off.

JONATHAN

Oh my god! You utter pervert! Jenny
Agutter was the big sister in The
Railway Children.

PINCHER

What? "Daddy! My Daddy!"

They all laugh and collect around JONATHAN chanting, "Daddy!
My Daddy!" he takes the ribbing well but eventually shouts,

JONATHAN

Bog off the lot of ya!

The laughter continues.

GO TO:

In another part of the park, also in school uniform, GRACE
has finished feeding the ducks with CARRIE and **ROWENA** (14).

CARRIE

Wanna go on the swings?

With nods the three girls amble towards the swings.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

So, Grace, what's the story with
Kenny Bellington?

ROWENA

He's vile. He was trying to pull a
worm in half in the playground the
other day.

GRACE

You know what - I'm done. He's so
gross. I'm gonna call it quits.

ROWENA

What took so long?

GRACE

And I hate the way he is with
Jonathan Stadler. What is all that
about?

ROWENA

He's been bullying Jonathan since primary school.

GRACE

Why? Jonathan's no jock but he's clever and he's sweet. He'd never kill anything and he's cute right?

CARRIE

Cute? Seriously?

ROWENA

Says the girl who fancies Pete Hogan!

GRACE

Wait, let me be sure I got this, Pete Hogan is Spud right? Spud is Peter Hogan? Why do they call him Spud?

ROWENA

Because he looks like one!

CARRIE

He does not.

GRACE looks confused. ROWENA interprets.

ROWENA

He looks a bit like a potato, "spud" is another word for potato.

GRACE

This country is insane!

ROWENA

What's up with you pair? Spud and Jonathan? Football freaks?

CARRIE

You're sweet on Noddy.

ROWENA

Okay, so he's Walsall nuts, but at least Noddy was on TISWAS.

CARRIE

Noddy? Seriously?

ROWENA

In the cage. Got flan flung by the
Phantom Flan Flinger. The full
works.

GRACE abruptly stops walking.

GRACE

Say what now? Not one word of what
you just said makes the least
sense!

The other two laugh and walk on. GRACE follows. In the
distance the gang are leaving the park. Missed each other.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. BC&A ASSOCIATES OFFICE. FRIDAY EVENING.

62

BETTY and JEREMY exit the office. BETTY's looking really
comfortable until HOWARD bounds up.

HOWARD

Taxi's here!

JEREMY seizes HOWARD's hand hard and shakes it vigorously -
privileged, controlling and classic Alpha.

JEREMY

Nice to meet you. I'm Jeremy... the
boss. And you are?

HOWARD

Erm, Howard, the husband. I was in
Brum and I thought... lift home...
chippy tea... surprise the wife.

JEREMY

Is that a religious thing?

HOWARD

Sorry?

JEREMY

Fish on Friday.

HOWARD

(discombobulated)
Sometimes we have a pie.

JEREMY

Excellent. Good choice.
(addressing BETTY)
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Now then, next time I offer you a lift to Bilston I will have the new Jag and I will not be taking no for an answer. Understood?

BETTY does a weird giggle. JEREMY strides off.

HOWARD

He's offers you lifts home?

BETTY

(snappy)

I have a bus pass though don't I?

HOWARD is taken aback. He nods in the direction of the car.

HOWARD

I'm parked down down there.

(can't help himself)

Sorry it's not an Ital not a Jaguar.

BETTY gives him a dirty look. They walk in sulky silence.

CUT TO:

63

INT. STADLER HOUSE. JONATHAN'S ROOM. VERY EARLY SATURDAY. 63

It's JONATHAN's 14th birthday. From JONATHAN's POV in bed we take in all the football and Villa paraphernalia - the league chart on the wall, the piles of Roy of the Rovers and Shoot magazines, posters, his lucky radio and his Villa scarf and dressing gown hanging on the back of the door. He breathes deeply and says quietly...

JONATHAN

Happy birthday to me.

He gets up, puts his dressing gown over his Villa pyjamas and exits. We follow bare feet downstairs into the empty sitting room and then towards the kitchen. Silence. He opens the kitchen door to a blast of noise and a chorus of "Happy Birthday!"s. HOWARD hands JONATHAN an envelope. Close on JONATHAN's "Villa Park Season Ticket Voucher".

HOWARD

Mocked it up at work. Next season.
Happy birthday, you young Villan.

JONATHAN brings the voucher up to his face and inhaling.

JONATHAN

You know what this smells of?

HOWARD
Xerox toner?

JONATHAN
Victories. They'll start this
afternoon when we beat Leicester.

MARK starts to grunt but sees his mother's expression.

JACK
And I put you a pound each way on
Aldanetti in the National.

HOWARD
You can't win 'em all.

JACK
We'll see.

BETTY
I'm making spag bol for your tea
and Mrs. Nawaz is doing you a plate
of your favourite pakora.

JONATHAN
Result!

MARK
An' I'm going to let you watch The
Eurovision Song Contest all the way
through without moaning or taking
the mick.

JONATHAN
What? Not even a bit?

MARK
Make the most of it. Happy birthday
little brother!

JONATHAN
It's going to be a brilliant day.
Villa will win, Aldanetti will win
and Buck's Fizz'll win too!

MARK
Okay, can I just say it now, before
tonight? Buck's Fizz are a right
bunch of... (prats)

MARK stops himself saying "prats" when he sees JONATHAN's face. He mimes "zipping it" and gives delighted JONATHAN a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. MORNING.

64

Before the school day starts JONATHAN et al are trying to stay off BELLINGTON's and the bully radar. They fail.

BELLINGTON
(shouting)
Alright freeeeeks!

GRACE intercepts BELLINGTON purposefully. JONATHAN stares.

GRACE
Kenny, I need a word.

BELLINGTON can't help himself. He plays to his audience.

BELLINGTON
Any one in particular babe. Snog?
Boobs? Finger?

GRACE looks disgusted. He thinks he's hilarious and cool.

GRACE
Thanks. You just made this real
easy.

BELLINGTON
How's that then?

GRACE
Us. This isn't working for me so
I'm gonna call it quits okay?

GRACE turns and starts to walk away as BELLINGTON gets it. He shouts after her.

BELLINGTON
I was gonna pack you up anyway.
You're dumped. You're a slag!
You're a stupid lezzer!

GRACE speeds up. JONATHAN approaches BELLINGTON and amazes himself...

JONATHAN
You might need to make your mind up
on that one Kenneth.

The apes laugh, start doing their version of the Buck's Fizz dance - NIGE singing...

NIGE
Making your mind up!

NIGE mimes ripping off TOMO's imaginary skirt. BELLINGTON grabs JONATHAN by the collar.

BELLINGTON
You don't talk to me.

The long ring of the bell for start of school sounds. From across the playground an unseen, male TEACHER bellows...

TEACHER (OOV)
Kenny Bellington! Put that down!

BELLINGTON lets go and pushes JONATHAN to the ground.

BELLINGTON
You ain't worth it. Homo.

On JONATHAN, still on the ground as the pupils head into school. When his mates get to him - he's kind of buzzin'.

CUT TO:

65

INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. EVENING (18.30)

65

The family's dinners are on their laps. Bob Warman's on ATV Today. When the phone rings in the hall BETTY jumps up, flustered, it just might be JEREMY.

BETTY
I'll get it.

They stop eating and strain to hear BETTY's telephone voice from the hall. She returns.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Jonathan, it's for you.

JONATHAN puts his tray on the carpet and exits with a bemused look on his face.

BETTY (CONT'D)
It's a girl... a girl with an American accent.

MARK
Bloody hell!

HOWARD
What?

MARK
Nothing.

We see the call from both sides, in THE STADLER HALLWAY
intercut with GRACE in a phone box.

JONATHAN
Hello.

GRACE (OOV)
Hi Jonathan, it's Grace.

JONATHAN
Hello.

GRACE (OOV)
I wanted to talk to you but I never
got a chance at school.

JONATHAN
Right.

GRACE (OOV)
So obviously, because, you were
there an' all, you know that I am
no longer hanging out with Kenny.

JONATHAN
Right.

GRACE (OOV)
Right. I'm not the kind of girl who
needs to wait around for a boy to
ask her out. You know what I'm
sayin'?

JONATHAN
Right.

GRACE (OOV)
So how'd you like us to spend time
together? You and me.

JONATHAN
I would really like that.

GRACE (OOV)
Right!

BACK TO:

66

INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. LATER.

66

JONATHAN returns to the sitting room to studied disinterest.

JONATHAN

That was Grace.

BETTY

She sounds nice.

JONATHAN

She is. Really nice.

HOWARD

What did she want?

JONATHAN

To see if I want to hang out with her. We're going to sort something. I can't work out how she got our number though.

MARK, with his attention on his plate, answers casually,

MARK

Maybe she asked someone who knew it.

Jonathan could hug him.

CUT TO:

67

EXT. BULLRING MARKET BIRMINGHAM. SATURDAY EARLY AFTERNOON. 67

BETTY and MRS. NAWAZ are enjoying Saturday at the Bullring. They have wheeled shoppers brimming with their buys. They wander to the edge of the market, drawn to a commotion.

BETTY

Something's going on.

As they walk towards Digbeth bus depot, National Front supporters, mostly skin heads, are heading up towards them and the city. They have banners with swastikas and NF logos, they chant, "Ain't no Black in the Union Jack." The NF route is blocked by a crowd of West Bromwich Albion fans. They have banners with Rock Against Racism and Two Tone signs. There is a police presence but they're on the sidelines. They are not attempting to stop the fascists. BETTY puts her hand on her friend's shoulder.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Nawaz, I think we should go home.

MRS. NAWAZ shakes her head, no. She epitomises determination.

MRS. NAWAZ

Uh-uh. Come.

MRS. NAWAZ walks purposefully towards the marchers and the fans. BETTY follows. The police still not engaging. **GINGER DAVE** (20s), huge, with a mass of red hair, walks up to an officer.

GINGER DAVE

You stoppin' the fascists or what?

The policeman blanks him. GINGER DAVE Sucks his teeth and shakes his punk-spiked head.

GINGER DAVE (CONT'D)

You should be ashamed.

Lads! Lads! The Dibble ain't gonna stop the Nazis so how's about we do it with the Dying Fly?!

He drops to the floor. A few, and then more and more Baggies fans join in with the TISWAS "Dying Fly".

GO TO:

MRS. NAWAZ and BETTY are amazed as it becomes hundreds of fans lying down and waving their arms and legs about.

BETTY

They're doing The Dying Fly, they are doing the Dying Fly! Look!

(to MRS. NAWAZ's incomprehension)

Off of Tiswas. Chris Tarrant. Lenny Henry. Spit the Dog. The Dying Fly.

The National Front supporters literally scratch their shaven heads before slowly starting to turn back to the bus station.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Tails between their legs... look at them. Vile.

(shouting)

Go on! We don't want you here! Eff off back to London you fascist arseholes!

(to MRS. NAWAZ)

Pardon my French.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
 (shouting louder)
 NF Out! NF Out! NF Out!

On MRS. NAWAZ who is thoroughly delighted.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. LATER THAT DAY.

68

JONATHAN and MARK are playing Kerbie. MO' is tying in his roses, JACK is putting his milk bottles out and HOWARD is coming home with the evening paper when the women approach.

BETTY
 We got to shout at the National
 Front and watch Baggies fans bring
 Digbeth to a halt doing The Dying
 Fly.

JACK
 Sure you didn't spend the afternoon
 in the pub?

MO'
 Baggies fans? The National Front?
 What's The Dying Fly?

BETTY
 Off TISWAS. The boys love it.

HOWARD
 Boys! Boys! Your Uncle Mo' doesn't
 know what The Dying Fly is!

BETTY
 Mrs. Nawaz does.

MRS. NAWAZ grins. MARK kicks the football to JACK as they rush over.

HOWARD
 All together now!

Betty guffaws as the three of them get on their backs and Dying Fly like the best. On MRS. NAWAZ - further delighted.

CUT TO:

69 INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. THAT EVENING.

69

JACK and MO' are listening to a James Last LP with small whiskies in JACK's best cut glass tumblers. JACK raises his glass.

JACK
Only a small one.

MO'
Really no more than a taste.

MO' speaks with slow determination and deliberation.

MO' (CONT'D)
My friend, it is time I went back
to Villa Park.

JACK looks stunned.

CUT TO:

70 FLASHBACK. EXT. ASTON STREET IN SIGHT OF VILLA PARK.
GRAINY/BLACK & WHITE. 1975

70

MO' is the lone Pakistani man encircled by red-faced, angry racist skinheads. MO' raises his hands - an entreaty...

MO'
I came to watch my team...

A flying kick in his spine sends MO' tumbling forward and onto his hands and knees. A kick to his ribs throws him onto his back. From his POV the kicks come thick and fast until the screen is the sole of a boot as it lands with a sickening noise.

CUT TO BLACK.

71 INT. JACK'S SITTING ROOM. THAT EVENING.

71

JACK looks anxiously at MO'.

MO'
My wife and your daughter-in-law
can laugh at racists... I need to
go back.

JACK
When?

MO'

The Baggies game seems right.

JACK nods. Concerned but impressed.

CUT TO:

72

EXT. PARK. TUESDAY AFTERNOON. AFTER SCHOOL.

72

The gang are in school uniform. NODDY has his roller skates on, sitting on a swing doing his Rubik Cube as TUCKER spins his clunky skates and the others doss. JONATHAN muses.

JONATHAN

Ought we to go ice skating?

HAYSTACKS

God no. Why?

JONATHAN

John Curry's a Brummie. He's amazing.

SPUD

Mate, don't you have enough trouble with Bellington telling you you're gay as it is?

JONATHAN

Shut up.

SPUD

Just sayin'.

HAYSTACKS

West Brom at Villa Park tomorrow. Ready for the ultimate arse kicking Stadler?

JONATHAN

Dream on Haystacks.

HAYSTACKS

Wish I could be there.

JONATHAN

I will be. I'll give you my match report on Thursday.

HAYSTACKS

You're not going!

JONATHAN

I am. I'll be standing in the Holte
End tomorrow night.

NODDY

How come?

JONATHAN

Uncle Mo' is taking me. He's
driving us in.

SPUD is the only one who knows MO' was attacked by racists
when he'd been in England a couple of years.

SPUD

Serious? He's goin' back? After...?

NODDY

After what?

SPUD

He said he got used to the constant
verbal abuse but...

JONATHAN

But the last time he was at Villa
Park he got really badly beaten up.

NODDY

When?

JONATHAN

Long time ago. "Boot Boys..."

SPUD

Wankers.

JONATHAN

"...kick to kill."

SPUD

Wankers.

JONATHAN

Yeah - Uncle Mo' took a kicking for
being from Pakistan.

SPUD

He'd been to his last game. That's
what he said to me.

JONATHAN

But now he's had it with not seeing the Villa at Villa Park because of knuckle draggers.

SPUD

"Knuckle draggers"! I proper rate your Uncle Mo'.

JONATHAN

He won't be beaten any more.

SPUD notices GRACE and CARRIE on roller blades some way off. SPUD is instantly transfixed - he's so into CARRIE.

SPUD

Whoa! Look at that! Give us a lend of your skates Tuck.

GRACE and CARRIE skate along the path. Looking disco-fabulous they hold hands and spin. TUCKER passes SPUD the skates.

TUCKER

You sure about this?

SPUD nods, puts the skates on and heads clumsily over.

JONATHAN

I can't watch.

NODDY jumps off the swing and skates over too - less clumsy. There follows daftness, showing off and pratfalls. GRACE and CARRIE laugh as they each take a hand to haul SPUD back to his feet. Later, as they all disperse and head home, SPUD carries CARRIE's skates. GRACE is still wearing her blades, skating gracefully as JONATHAN walks beside her.

GRACE

You don't skate?
(to his shaking head)
You could borrow my dad's blades and we could tryout together.

JONATHAN

No... I don't... no...

GRACE

You could. How about tomorrow? And we'll hang out and eat at my house after. Have you ever had tacos? My dad is so desperate for tacos he's found all the fixings and he's gonna make them himself.

JONATHAN
It's a big match tomorrow.

GRACE
Football matches are on
Saturdays... even I know that.

JONATHAN hears himself mansplain but can't stop!

JONATHAN
Well yes, the vast majority of
fixtures are but sometimes matches
are played midweek, especially if
it's a League Cup or an FA Cup
replay.

GRACE
Is it?

JONATHAN
No, but it is a Wednesday evening
kick-off. It's Villa West Bromwich.

GRACE
If you've changed your mind about
hanging out with me Jonathan just
say.

GRACE is hurt and skates off without a reply or looking back.

CUT TO:

73

INT. STADLER HOUSE. MARK'S ROOM. LATER.

73

MARK is engrossed in "Amateur Photography". He pulls his hand out of his trousers and deftly throws the magazine aside when JONATHAN comes in and sits on the bed.

JONATHAN
I've blown it with Grace already.

MARK
Spill.

JONATHAN
I was explaining to her about
league fixtures and replays and the
League Cup and FA Cup and I really
don't want to roller blade in front
of her, specially not if I have to
borrow her dad's blades. They won't
be wide fitting.
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

But eating her dad's tacos at her house would have been amazing, but it's Villa versus West Brom and Uncle Mo' is taking me so it's a really, really important match isn't it? But when I was talking to her I sounded like a boring old fart,

(mocking himself)

"midweek fixtures, evening kick offs..."

MARK

Then what?

JONATHAN

She skated away.

MARK

Grace asked you to her house?

(to JONATHAN's nod)

To eat tacos?

(to JONATHAN's nod)

Could you have gone to her house for tacos and given the blades a swerve?

(to JONATHAN's shrug/nod)

Okaaaaay.

JONATHAN

But not tomorrow! Any day except tomorrow! What am I going to do?

A long beat. JONATHAN despairs as MARK deliberates.

MARK

Give her a day to be mad with you then make it clear to Grace how important football is to you, to us all, and to Uncle Mo'. Tell her why tomorrow's match is such a big deal for him.

JONATHAN

Will that work?

MARK

She's a good person. Oh but tell her you know you're a stupid tosser but you'll try harder.

MARK picks up his magazine.

MARK (CONT'D)
Now bugger off. I'm busy.

JONATHAN nods and gets up to go.

CUT TO:

74

EXT. ASTON STREET. PRE MATCH. WEDNESDAY 8TH APRIL

74

On the crowded street MO' and JONATHAN walk towards Villa Park.

MO'
Spaghetti Junction, the largest
motorway interchange in Europe. I
was installing the lights when Pele
was at Villa Park. I saw him.

JONATHAN
Now way.

MO'
I had a bird's eye view. The best
player in the history of the world
walked onto that pitch. Magic.
Alhamdullilah, he saw me. I know he
did.

MO' is happy, JONATHAN is too. It's rains more heavily as
they join the queue on Trinity Road.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. VILLA PARK HOLTE END. LATER

75

MO' and JONATHAN are in the stands - happy fans despite the
rain and the muddy pitch. Cut between the match play and the
mud - the faces of the supporters tell of a dreadful game...
and then the Withe goal is a late winner. Brendan Batson's
back pass sticks in the mud. Villa fans go crazy. At the
final whistle MO' and JONATHAN scream their delight and hug
before they head out of the ground.

MO'
Bless you Mr. Baston! And Withe's
goal... Scrappy but...

JONATHAN
But would your mate Pele have been
better? Dunno that he was that good
with mud.

MO's shocked when a VILLA FAN stops him.

VILLA FAN
Mate! We're only gonna win the
league!

The VILLA FAN hugs MO' then walks off.

JONATHAN
Glad you came Uncle Mo'?

MO' smiles, speechless and playfully shoves JONATHAN.

CUT TO:

76 INT. STADLER HOUSE. JONATHAN'S ROOM. EARLY NEXT EVENING. 76

JONATHAN has finished his homework, filled in his Roy of the Rovers wall chart and is just updating his Shoot League Ladder. His bedroom door is open. We hear his mom calling.

BETTY (OOV)
Mark! Jonathan! Tea's ready.
Grandad's here.

JONATHAN
Coming!

MARK calls from his room.

MARK (OOV)
Half a minute!

Follow JONATHAN out of his room to the top of the stairs. MARK appears in his bedroom doorway and there is the predictable elbowing and physical race to get down the stairs first.

CUT TO:

77 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. 77

BETTY and JACK are sitting at the table. JONATHAN and MARK tussle in then go and sit in their usual spots. HOWARD begins serving up.

HOWARD
Here you go Dad.

JONATHAN
Alright Grandad?

JACK
I am. Smells delicious.

On the full plates of shepherd's pie and veggies.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

On the nearly empty plates. Poised with his final forkful Jack begins...

JACK (CONT'D)

So there's this plane crash.
Everyone is lost at sea except for
four football supporters who find
themselves stranded on a deserted
island. Marooned they are. They
have no food. Starving.

BETTY

Really? One of your "jokes"?

JACK gives BETTY a wink.

JACK

Time passes, they've eaten nothing,
for days, weeks, then one of them
dies. The first of the survivors
says they have no choice, they are
going to starve to death. They'll
die if they don't eat their friend.

BETTY

Oh yuk.

JACK winks at the entranced boys.

JACK

Reluctantly, obviously, the other
two agree but they want to know how
they're going to share him out, how
they'll portion him up, decide what
parts of him they're going to eat
first and who's going to eat what.

BETTY gets up.

BETTY

Jack Stadler - you are revolting!
Plates.

BETTY collects the plates and walks to the hatch, leaves the
plates there then exits to the kitchen trying not to laugh.

MARK

Go on then grandad. Who's going to eat what?

JACK

"I support Hartlepool," says the first fan, so I'll eat his heart.

"I support Liverpool," says the second fan, "So I'll eat his liver."

"I support Arsenal," says the last fan, "But I'm not hungry."

HOWARD, JACK, MARK and JONATHAN all roar with laughter. BETTY, losing the battle, laughs too, framed in the hatch.

BETTY

Oh Jack.

The laughter continues.

CUT TO:

78

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY. LUNCHTIME

78

GRACE has an open geography text book. JONATHAN enters, sees her, sitting alone, dithers then goes over. She looks cross.

JONATHAN

What're you reading about?

GRACE

The formation of oxbow lakes.

JONATHAN

Oh my god, I'm so sorry, you poor thing.

GRACE is not a pushover. JONATHAN nods at the chair beside her and sits.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Grace, are the oxbow lakes urgent? Can I explain about the other day?

GRACE

(narrowing her eyes)

Here's the deal... if you can tell me where there's an oxbow lake in England I will listen to your explanation.

JONATHAN

There's one in Surrey on the River Mole.

GRACE

How do you even know that?!

JONATHAN

Errr - because I did my geography homework last night?

GRACE hoots. JONATHAN dramatically shushes her.

GRACE

Sorry... library an' all.

JONATHAN

Grace, the other day, you thought I didn't want to spend time with you. I did, I do, I really do, but I am an Aston Villa fan, cut me in half and I am claret and blue.

GRACE

Team colours.

JONATHAN

They've been the most important colours to me since I was seven. I am the only Villa fan in a family of Wolves supporters.

GRACE

How come?

JONATHAN

Tracksuits. Long story short, my grandad stuffed up one Christmas but fixed it by telling me about the claret and blue. The Villa, amazing history, wins, players, their pride and their potential and it... it made me feel fizzy. It still does. It made me a fan.

GRACE

Short for "fanatic" right?

JONATHAN

Guilty!

GRACE

So why'd that make you sack me off?

JONATHAN

Last Wednesday my Uncle Mo' - he's not my real uncle, he's my grandad's best mate and Mo' is short for Mohammed not Morris - anyway, Uncle Mo' wanted to take me to the match, it was a big deal, a really big deal.

GRACE

It's not that big of a deal.

JONATHAN

It is. It was. We beat the Baggies and if we beat Ipswich we could be champions. And if we're champions, Grace, and if Uncle Mo' keeps going back to Villa Park then he'll have won too.

GRACE

Won what?

JONATHAN

He used to go to every Villa home game when he first came from Pakistan. Wednesday was the first time he's been back since... since he stopped.

GRACE

Why'd he stop?

JONATHAN

Gang of thugs, outside the ground... one of them stamped on him so hard he left a boot print on his face.

GRACE

(distressed)

Why would anybody do that!

JONATHAN

Because Mo' is short for Mohammad and he's from Pakistan.

GRACE puts her hand on JONATHAN's. Unseen, BELLINGTON is eavesdropping.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Grace, I can't roller blade. I can't skate but I would love to hang out and try a taco.

GRACE

Trust me - not the ones my dad
makes here! I don't know how we
didn't all get sick.

JONATHAN

Let's go to the pictures then.

GRACE

The movies?

JONATHAN

Yes, Gregory's Girl's playing at
the ABC - supposed to be great...
and we can have popcorn like a pair
of proper... (Yanks).

GRACE

(interrupting/over him)
Careful Jonathan! Okay, as long as
it's not a film about football!

They're on! Yikes! On BELLINGTON's face contorting with hate.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. SPAGHETTI JUNCTION.

79

HOWARD'S pride and joy, his Ital, is being loaded onto the back
of an RAC Recovery vehicle at the highest point of the slip road
onto the Aston Expressway. HOWARD, MO' and JONATHAN stand
nearby. JONATHAN, forlorn, is craning to see Villa Park.

JONATHAN

Do you think we could walk?

HOWARD

No chance. Sorry son.

The three squeeze into the back of the recovery van.

MO'

So near and yet...

HOWARD

On the bright side, we won't have to
watch Ipswich thrash Villa now.

JONATHAN

Dad!

MO'

Howard!

(beat)

Good job your car's still under the
manufacturer's warranty eh?

HOWARD's smirk fades. As they drive off the final score runs
along the bottom of the screen - Aston Villa 1 - Ipswich Town
2.

CUT TO BLACK.

80 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. THE FOLLOWING EVENING. 80

JONATHAN's lying on the sofa, so miserable, from being bullied
and from the football, that he looks ill. When the sports
coverage starts, he's roused by Ron Saunders on screen.

RON SAUNDERS

...although we've only got four
games left and they've got five
games left that's a long way to go
yet at this stage of the season.

INTERVIEWER

So it's er, all to play for still?

RON SAUNDERS

I think so. Do you want to bet
against us?

JONATHAN jumps up and switches the television off. He's
suddenly enthused.

JONATHAN

'Cause you'd be mad! Mad to bet
against us.

He and rushes out.

CUT TO:

81 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM. 81

He bangs the door open, grabs a football magazine and throws
himself happily onto his bed, leaving the door wide open.

JONATHAN

Do you want to bet against us? Do
you want to bet against us? Ha!

CUT TO:

82 EXT. STADLER HOUSE. DRIVE. MINUTES LATER.

82

MARK comes out with a rubbish bag. He lifts up the dustbin lid, looks inside and squints. He reaches in.

CUT TO:

83 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

83

MARK walks in holding the ABBA pencil case. It's trashed, is full of compass point holes and is covered in blue ink.

MARK

What happened to this?

JONATHAN

Been going through bins? Tramp.

MARK

Was it that Bellington nouse? Mom got you this. It's unique.

JONATHAN

It is now.

MARK

If you want me to deck him I will.

JONATHAN sits up and aims his anger at the wrong person.

JONATHAN

What do you think I am? A pathetic weakling? I don't need you hitting anybody for me.

MARK

No. But if you...

JONATHAN

I'm rubbish but I'm not as rubbish as that!

MARK sits on the bed. He is kind and protective.

MARK

Yeah, you're a dweeb, a Villa fan and a bit of a freak but you ain't rubbish.

JONATHAN nods at the pencil case - he is, here's proof...

MARK (CONT'D)

The nasty grunt who did this will
get what's coming to him one day.

JONATHAN huffs - MRS. NAWAZ style.

MARK (CONT'D)

And how're you rubbish when you
sold us...

MARK does a "Spit the Dog" spit.

MARK (CONT'D)

Andy Gray?! How're you rubbish when
you're going out on a date with the
hottest girl in your year.

JONATHAN

How do you know I'm going on a date
with Grace?

MARK

You're going to see "Gregory's
Girl" at the ABC.

JONATHAN

(astounded)

How do you know that?

MARK

Film's got an "A" rating, Mom got
wind of it. You can't get in
without an adult...

JONATHAN

Course we can!

MARK

But... lucky for you, Grandad and
Uncle Mo' wanna see "Gregory's
Girl" too!

JONATHAN looks freaked out. MARK laughs before they both
guffaw.

CUT TO:

84

INT. STADLER HOUSE. HALL/FRONT DOOR. FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

84

With her overnight case at the door BETTY's checking herself
in the hall mirror.

BETTY

Mark! Jonathan! I'm off now.

Bedroom doors fly open before the boys do their thundering down the stairs in competition routine.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(to JONATHAN)

Behave for your Grandfather and
Uncle Mo' okay?

(to MARK)

I've put some spuds in the oven for
your tea. Do not let your father go
for chips.

MARK

Cheese or beans?

BETTY

It's Friday - knock yourselves out,
have both.

MARK

(heading back upstairs)

Cheesy beans. Excellent.

(turning back)

Say hello to the Marys for us.

BETTY looks confused, momentarily forgetting her lie about where she's staying tonight.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hairy Mary...

JONATHAN

And Scary Mary...

MARK

Say hello from us.

JONATHAN

You look great mom.

BETTY smiles, delighted with the compliment.

JUMP CUT TO:

85

INT. TRAIN. LATER.

85

BETTY is sitting on the train with overnight case beside her and her handbag on her lap. She looks excited.

JUMP CUT TO:

86

INT. STADLER HOUSE. KITCHEN.

86

HOWARD and MARK are in the kitchen. HOWARD gets a potato out of the oven. It's hot. He tosses it from hand to hand.

HOWARD

Ow! Ow! Ow!

MARK

Jeez dad! You should have played for Warwickshire.

HOWARD tosses the potato to MARK who catches it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow! Ow!

HOWARD

Jeez Mark! You should have let me go to the chip shop!

CUT TO:

87

EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE GRACE'S HOUSE.

87

GRACE's mom and dad watch GRACE and JONATHAN walk to MO's Toyota. MO' nods to Prof. and Mrs. Taylor who wave back.

GRACE

I'm so sorry about my dad.

JONATHAN

He was fine.

GRACE uses her my-embarrassing-dad-impersonation voice.

GRACE

What is it your father does Jonathan? What is it your mother does Jonathan? Is it the one brother you have? At the same school Jonathan? And that's your grandfather and your uncle taking y'all to the movies right Jonathan?

JONATHAN laughs as they reach MO' by the car.

JONATHAN

He's your dad!

MO'

Here we go then, Grace, hello, I'm Mo'.

GRACE

It's lovely to meet you. Jonathan's told me so much about you Sir... and Mrs. Nawaz... and Mrs. Nawaz's pakora!

JONATHAN and GRACE get into the Toyota.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Grandpa Jack!

JACK

"Grandad" this side of the pond chick not "Grandpa".

GRACE

Cool. Grandad Jack... I know all about you and you being the reason Jonathan supports Aston Villa... but hey... that's a Wolves scarf right?

JACK

It is, it's the one I save for best.

JACK nods. He likes her.

CUT TO:

88

INT. PLUSH HOTEL RECEPTION. LATER

88

JEREMY enters the foyer, walking straight to BETTY who's in a panic at the desk.

JEREMY

Here she is. "Mrs. Ryder."

The couple of drinks he's had boost his entitlement. BETTY jumps when he pinches her bottom. She turns to him.

BETTY

I left my handbag in the taxi.
(of the RECEPTIONIST)
She's going to phone them. TOA...

JEREMY

No, she's signing us in. Ryder, my secretary booked a suite.

BETTY

No - can you...

JEREMY

Betty...

(silencing her with a
look)

I want to settle in, open a bottle
and relax.

The RECEPTIONIST, knowing who she has to please most turns
the registration form around for him to complete.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Ryder. Good evening. Suite 4.

JEREMY holds his hand out.

JEREMY

Pen.

She places a pen on his palm.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. ABC CINEMA WOLVERHAMPTON. LATER THAT EVENING. 89

JACK has bought the tickets and walks over to MO', JONATHAN
and GRACE. He hands JONATHAN two tickets.

JACK

Here we go then. And don't worry
we'll not sit too close.

JONATHAN looks chuffed.

CUT TO:

90 INT. HOTEL SUITE. BATHROOM. LATER 90

BETTY, fully clothed, sits on the bath, jumps at a knock.

JEREMY (OOV)

I'm happy to wait if you're making
yourself more gorgeous... but
Betty, I don't want to wait long.

BETTY looks traumatised.

CUT TO:

91

INT. HOTEL SUITE.

91

JEREMY, wearing a generous hotel bathrobe, walks away from the bathroom door with his wine which he tops up generously. He turns music on and plonks down in a plush chair. He smiles at the bathroom door opening then looks hacked off.

JEREMY

You've still got your clothes on.

BETTY

Jeremy, I'm sorry... I...

JEREMY

Shut up.

BETTY

This is a mistake. I don't know where my handbag is. I just need to go home.

JEREMY

You're a joke.

BETTY

No - I'm not, I'm... (sorry)

JEREMY

(interrupting)

Shut up. Have you the least idea how grateful you should be? That you're here, that I even noticed you?

BETTY

(emotional)

I've lost my handbag Jeremy...
My purse, my keys...

Jumping up violently JEREMY towers over BETTY scarily.

JEREMY

What part of "shut up" is beyond you?

(mimicking her cruelly)

I lost my handbag... I went in a taxi and I got all confused. I wanted to have sex with my boss. I wanted to do it in a posh hotel but it turns out...

(viciously himself)

I really am just some vapid, tedious tart from Bilston.

BETTY stares at him. After a long beat she manages to speak.

BETTY
I'm going to need to borrow some
money.

JEREMY circles BETTY as if considering, before he picks up her case, takes it to the door, opens it and throws it out. BETTY struggles to control her emotions.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Jeremy, I need money to get home.
Please.

JEREMY
Let me think. Do I care about you
and how you're going to get back to
your stinking Black Country hovel?
(beat then nasty/cheerful)
No. Turns out I don't give two dry
hoots. Turns out, you should have
got a Day Saver.

JEREMY gestures dismissively for her to go.

CUT TO:

92

INT. ABC CINEMA. LATER THAT EVENING.

92

The Pearl & Dean trailers play. JONATHAN is holding the popcorn whilst GRACE opens a family bag of Maltesers.

GRACE
(whispering)
I never ate a Malteser before.

JONATHAN
They're my mom's favourite. Suck
the chocolate off then crush the
honeycomb.

She pops a Malteser into her mouth and sucks. Four rows in front MO' offers his bucket of popcorn to JACK.

JACK
Is it salty?

MO'
Of course not.

JACK, approving, shoves his hand into the popcorn.

MO' (CONT'D)
Why the scarf?

JACK
Keepin' the boy on his toes.

They laugh and eat. The "Gregory's Girl" classification form fills the screen.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT.

93

BETTY is alone, jumpy and scared. A group of leery drunks approach her before their attention is drawn to a trio of younger women. BETTY sees her reflection in a dark shop window. She's a mess. A homeless man in the shop doorway looks up.

BETTY
I haven't got any money. I'm sorry.

She walks on.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. ABC CINEMA. NIGHT.

94

JONATHAN and GRACE leave the cinema a little ahead of JACK and MO' in a happy bubble.

GRACE
It's a good thing it was a great movie and I loved it. But football, Jonathan, is everything always gonna be about football!

They walk on not registering the commotion behind them until they hear MO' shouting.

MO'
Jonathan! Jonathan!

They turn to see JACK lying on his front, facedown on the ground. MO' kneels beside him struggling to turn JACK over.

MO' (CONT'D)
(to JACK)
My friend, my friend, talk to me!
(to the gathering crowd)
Somebody help me. Please. He's on his face.

JONATHAN runs and kneels beside MO' as a **BURLEY BLOKE** (30s) also kneels down to help.

MO' (CONT'D)
My friend collapsed.

BURLEY BLOKE
Okay, let's get him over.

JONATHAN
He's my grandad. Grandad!

BURLEY BLOKE
(to JONATHAN/kindly)
Tell you what mate, you go in and ask them to phone an ambulance yeah?

GRACE
I can do that.

GRACE runs back into the cinema. The two men and JONATHAN gently turn JACK onto his back. JACK groans.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. STATION. NIGHT. 95

BETTY approaches the driver's window of an idling taxi.

BETTY
Hi, hello, I'm in a bit of a pickle. I've lost my purse and...

The taxi drives off.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. ABC CINEMA. NIGHT. LATER 96

A **FEMALE PARAMEDIC** (30) attends to JACK who's unconscious in the ambulance, lying with an oxygen mask over his face. A **MALE PARAMEDIC** (40) is outside with the others.

MALE PARAMEDIC
(to MO' of JONATHAN)
He can't come in the ambulance...

JONATHAN
Why can't I!

MALE PARAMEDIC

Mate, we need to concentrate on
your grandad.

He passes JACK's scarf to MO' with a meaningful look. MO'
understands.

MO'

Jonathan, I want you to go home and
tell your dad what's happened. Do
that for me?

The MALE PARAMEDIC closes the ambulance back doors.

MO' (CONT'D)

Jack'll be in the best place and
he'll want to see your dad and to
know that you're safe. So, taxi?
Grace? That alright with you?

GRACE

Of course. Whatever you say Sir,
but I could go in and see if they'd
let me call my dad - he'd come.

MO'

It's better for me to know you're
in a cab. Okay? Jonathan, I'll go
to The Royal. I'll go there and
stay with your grandad.

The siren starts up as the ambulance pulls away.

BURLEY BLOKE

I'll put 'em in a taxi if you like.

MO'

That's kind but no. Thank you for
everything you've done but they're
my responsibility. I do thank you.
May you be blessed.

BURLEY BLOKE puts a hand on JONATHAN's shoulder.

BURLEY BLOKE

All the best mate.

JONATHAN nods weakly. MO' shepherds JONATHAN and GRACE toward
the nearby taxi rank.

CUT TO:

97 INT. NEW STREET STATION/PLATFORMS. NIGHT. 97

BETTY is in an empty corner on a platform hidden behind mail cages. It's late. She crying, mascara tracks down her face.

CUT TO:

98 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. 98

Space Invaders is on pause. HOWARD and MARK are eating Maltesers. The sound of a Black Cab pulling up outside draws attention.

MARK
That's a taxi.

HOWARD
Must be your mom. Hide the sweets!

MARK
She's staying with one of the Marys.

They both stand.

CUT TO:

99 INT/EXT. STADLER HOUSE. FRONT HALL/FRONT DOOR/DRIVEWAY. 99

HOWARD and MARK are standing at the open front door when JONATHAN gets out of the black cab. HOWARD rushes out.

HOWARD
What's happened? Where's your Grandad? Where's Mo'?

JONATHAN
Uncle Mo' put me and Grace in taxies. Grace phoned the ambulance.

MARK gets to them.

HOWARD
Phoned the ambulance?

MARK
What's going on?

JONATHAN
Grandad collapsed. They took him to hospital.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

They wouldn't let me go in the ambulance. They wouldn't let me.

HOWARD

So where's Mo'?

JONATHAN

He followed them. The Royal. He's going to wait for you... at the hospital.

Follow HOWARD back into the hallway where he picks up his car keys from by the phone then heads back out to his car.

HOWARD

Did he fall? Faint? He'll have fainted, that'll be it. Strong as an ox my dad.

JONATHAN

I think it was his heart.

HOWARD

(stricken)

Mark - look after Jonathan.

HOWARD gets into the car.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

And find your mother.

HOWARD roars off. MARK sees JONATHAN's tears.

MARK

You heard dad, strong as an ox.

JONATHAN

He was lying on his face.

The awful severity of it all sinks in for MARK.

CUT TO:

100

INT. HIGH DEPENDENCY BED - THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

100

The music is John Williams "CAVATINA" over the intercut montage of the night. JACK is attached to monitors. MO' stands at the foot of the bed holding JACK's Wolves scarf.

101 EXT. THE ROYAL HOSPITAL CAR PARK. 101

HOWARD runs towards the main building. He stops someone in uniform who points out directions. HOWARD runs.

102 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. 102

JONATHAN and MARK sit together on the sofa staring into space.

103 INT. HIGH DEPENDENCY BED - THE ROYAL HOSPITAL 103

HOWARD enters. He looks at his dad. He looks at MO'.

104 EXT. TRAIN STATION. 104

BETTY looks at her watch. It's nearly two in the morning.

105 INT. HIGH DEPENDENCY BED - THE ROYAL HOSPITAL 105

Medics work on JACK.

Music ends.

CUT TO:

106 INT. THE ROYAL HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 106

HOWARD is at a pay phone.

HOWARD
You two get to bed now.

MARK (OOV)
Give Grandad our love.

JONATHAN (OOV)
(to MARK)
Tell dad you couldn't find mom.

MARK (OOV)
I couldn't... (find mom)

HOWARD
(over MARK)
That's okay. Night.

MARK (OOV)
Night Dad.

Outside JACK's room MO's watches HOWARD replace the receiver.

CUT TO:

107 INT. HIGH DEPENDENCY BED/CORRIDOR - THE ROYAL HOSPITAL 107

Medics working on JACK.

CUT TO:

108 INT. STADLER HOUSE. MARK'S ROOM. NIGHT. 108

MARK is lying on his bed with his eyes wide open when JONATHAN quietly comes in and stands by his brother's bed.

JONATHAN

I don't want him to die.

MARK shoves up against the wall.

MARK

Get in.

JONATHAN gratefully gets beside MARK.

CUT TO BLACK.

109 INT. HIGH DEPENDENCY BED/CORRIDOR - THE ROYAL HOSPITAL. 109

In the brightly lit room the monitors are silent. A **DOCTOR** (40s) gives a NS NURSE "the nod". She understands. JACK is dead. She starts taking the monitor attachments off. Go with the DOCTOR into the corridor, where, through the window at the end, morning light is coming in. HOWARD and MO' are sitting, waiting. They look up as the DOCTOR reaches them.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.

HOWARD sinks in the chair.

MO'

Can we see him? I would like to see Jack.

DOCTOR

The nurse will let you know when.

MO'

Thank you.

The DOCTOR walks away. On HOWARD being comforted by MO'.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. EARLY SATURDAY MORNING. 110

HOWARD's Ital and MO's Toyota slowly pull onto their drives. They get out, acknowledge each other with exhausted nods and go to their front doors. MRS. NAWAZ has the door open before MO' can get his key in the lock.

CUT TO:

111 INT. STADLER HOUSE. FRONT HALL. SATURDAY MORNING. 111

MARK and JONATHAN are sitting on the stairs when HOWARD opens the front door.

JONATHAN

Dad...?

HOWARD

Grandad Jack died this morning.

HOWARD closes the door and opens his arms wide. The boys get up, they all hug. HOWARD's voice is strangled.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Is your Mom home?

MARK

We couldn't find her.

The hug continues.

CUT TO:

112 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. MORNING. (08.00) 112

Having changed out of his yesterday clothes, HOWARD is sitting, looking vacant. JONATHAN opens the hatch.

JONATHAN

Do you want a cup of tea Dad?

Without making eye contact HOWARD shakes his head numbly.

CUT TO:

113 INT. STADLER HOUSE. KITCHEN. (08.00) 113

JONATHAN closes the hatch turns to MARK shaking his head.

MARK

What's all that sweet tea bullshit
then?

(emotional)

How's it supposed to help when your
dad won't drink it?

They both want to cry.

CUT TO:

114 INT. THE NAWAZ HOUSE. KITCHEN. (08.15) 114

MO' is sitting with his head on his arms at the kitchen
table. MRS. NAWAZ comes and puts his Villa mug on the table.
He looks up. They speak in Urdu.

MRS. NAWAZ

You are my heart.

MO'

You are everything.

Mo' stands and they embrace.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. (08.30) 115

A police car pulls up a little way down the street. Inside,
in the back, without makeup, BETTY looks ashen.

BETTY

(weakly)

Thank you.

The **POLICE OFFICER** at the wheel gestures for BETTY to get out
as his WPC colleague opens the back door from outside.

POLICE OFFICER

You've been lucky. Next time, stay
home.

BETTY gets out and looks around. Who's watching? She walks to
her house putting on her happy face.

CUT TO:

116 INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. MINUTES LATER. 116

HOWARD who jumps up as BETTY comes into the sitting room.

HOWARD
Oh thank god!

BETTY
(breezy)
The front door was open. Good job
'cause I left my handbag... (at
Mary's)

BETTY's words trail off as she registers the atmosphere.

HOWARD
Dad died. Last night. We couldn't
find you.
(crying)
Betty, we needed you.

BETTY goes to him, pulling HOWARD to her, burying her head in his chest. HOWARD holds her as he cries.

BETTY
I'm sorry Howard. I'm so sorry.

HOWARD
Where were you?

BETTY
Just got a bit lost.

HOWARD
I know.

They look at each other before they hold on tightly.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. LUNCHTIME. MONDAY. 117

In a quiet corner JONATHAN is sitting with SPUD.

SPUD
You sure you don't want any lunch?

JONATHAN shakes his head, No.

SPUD (CONT'D)
Okay, we'll just sit then eh?

JONATHAN nods. SPUD looks across the playground to see BELLINGTON, NIGE and TOMMO heading towards them.

SPUD (CONT'D)
(quietly heartfelt)
Shit.

BELLINGTON
Hey, Stadler, I've decided I'm gonna give you a day off from the puff stuff.

JONATHAN just looks at BELLINGTON.

SPUD
Bellington...

BELLINGTON
Button it Hogan, you freak. I'm talking to Romeo Stadler. I heard you went out with my ex, Grace-the-tart-Taylor.

JONATHAN just looks at BELLINGTON who holds his hands up.

BELLINGTON (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, no offence, seriously, she's your problemo now amigo...
(cruel and theatrical)
Anyway, I heard you had a *dead* good night.

JONATHAN
I hate you Bellington.

TOMMO and NIGE snigger. BELLINGTON's hearty laugh stops when JONATHAN plants a swinging thump on his nose. We hear it. Blood spurts out. JONATHAN steps up to BELLINGTON and is cold and perfectly clear.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I bloody hate you. I hate everything about you.

JONATHAN and SPUD walk calmly towards school leaving BELLINGTON whimpering and TOMMO and NIGE aghast.

CUT TO:

118 INT. THE SCHOOL. WOODWORK CLASS. LATER THAT AFTERNOON. 118
MR. WALKER looks out of the window. He's intrigued.

MR. WALKER

That's not something you see every day.

The class rush to gawp. From their POV BELLINGTON is being walked to a police car by a huge, uniformed police officer.

NIGE

You're for it now Stadler.

MR. WALKER

Sit down.

NIGE

Jonathan Stadler punched Kenny in the face.

MR. WALKER

Is that right Jonathan?

TOMMO

Yeah - that is right. Kenny said he was going to the office and have them phone the Dibble and look, see, they did. Wouldn't want to be in your shoes Stadler. GBH is that. Grievous bodily... (harm)

NODDY

(to TOMMO/interrupting)

That's proper clever how you do that.

TOMMO

What?

NODDY

Talk out of your arse without bending over.

MR. WALKER looks amused.

CUT TO:

119

INT. STADLER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. LATER THAT EVENING.

119

Crossroads is on. The family are lost in their own thoughts. They all jump at loud, aggressive thumping on the front door. HOWARD gets up, the others exchange looks.

HOWARD

I'll go.

From the open front door a deep, booming voice can be heard.
It's **PC CARL BELLINGTON** (45) Kenny's father, who is off duty.

PC BELLINGTON (OOV)
The father of Jonathan Stadler?
There's been an offence.

The family look horrified, stand in unison and go towards the door.

GO TO:

120 INT. STADLER HOUSE. FRONT HALL/FRONT DOOR
Continuous.

120

HOWARD
What do you mean, "an offence"?

PC BELLINGTON
A violent incident occurred during
school hours on school premises. A
school pupil's nose was almost
broken.

BETTY looks at JONATHAN.

HOWARD
Which pupil?

PC BELLINGTON
Kenneth Bellington.

MARK looks impressed.

HOWARD
The vicious thug who makes my son's
life a misery?

PC BELLINGTON
He does not.

HOWARD
He is a bully and an oaf. So if my
son did almost break his nose...

PC BELLINGTON
In an unprovoked attack.

HOWARD
Unprovoked? Bollocks.

PC BELLINGTON

You don't want to be taking that attitude, not with an officer of the law.

HOWARD

Who's clearly not on duty. Should you even be driving that car?

PC BELLINGTON

I'm doing your son a favour. My son's nose...

HOWARD

Enough! I want your badge number.

PC BELLINGTON

Eh?

HOWARD

I'll take this up with a senior officer, one who's not thick and unprincipled, or you can just piss off. Now.

PC BELLINGTON mutters incoherently.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(loud and forceful)

No. Don't want to hear it. Right now. Off. You. Piss!

PC BELLINGTON backs away, he trips, he almost falls, saves himself but looks a fool. When the police car is pulling away HOWARD slams the door. He turns around to see his impressed and awestruck family.

BETTY

Oh Howard.

HOWARD goes towards the kitchen.

HOWARD

Small whiskey I think. Babycham?

BETTY

On a Monday?

HOWARD

On the Monday I got to tell that posturing turd where to go. Well played Jonathan.

HOWARD continues into the kitchen. When he passes BETTY she shudders. The boys cringe and exchange horrified expressions.

CUT TO:

121 INT. BILSTON CHURCH.

121

Close up of the Order of Service. An A5 folded booklet, a younger, smiling JACK in full Wolverhampton garb on the front. It carries the date - Thursday 30th April 1981 along with JACK's full name and dates. When the camera pulls back we see it is MRS. NAWAZ who is holding it. The coffin is decked in old gold, HOWARD stands in front of it clearing his throat.

HOWARD

Where to start. Jack Stadler, things my dad was... a good man, a father, father-in-law, grandfather, friend and football fan. He was a gardener, an engineer and a man who risked getting on the wrong side of folk if he believed they needed to hear a truth or two...

(beat)

Like he told me to appreciate my wife, remember how much I love her and to stop being "such an almighty prat".

HOWARD and BETTY exchange looks and smiles.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Thanks Dad.

BETTY

(whispered)

Thanks Jack.

HOWARD

He told his best friend he should prick his tomato seedlings out earlier...

MO'

That is true! Every year!

HOWARD

One grandson that his hair looked trendy but it also made him look like a girl...

MARK

He said that! He actually said it.

There is a ripple of quiet laughter. HOWARD looks lovingly at JONATHAN.

HOWARD

And his other grandson that he needed the purple tracksuit...

JONATHAN

It wasn't purple!

HOWARD

...because he was a born Aston Villa fan with no choice but to be a Villan.

(over laughter)

Jack made the best of everything. He was kind, clever and fair...

A long beat as HOWARD struggles with emotion.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I could not be prouder that he was my father. Thank you all for coming to say goodbye to Jack today.

HOWARD moves back to his seat as Procol Harem's "Whiter Shade of Pale" starts to play. The undertakers take up their positions at the corners of JACK's coffin. He is rolled towards the door. From left and right men and boys take their places to follow. HOWARD, MO', TWO WORK MATES of JACK's, MARK, JONATHAN. As the music continues they raise Wolverhampton Wanderers scarves above their heads in perfect unison. Then, halfway down the aisle PINCHER, SPUD, HAYSTACKS, TUCKER and NODDY join the procession each with a Wolves scarf held high. GRACE, who is there with her mother, wipes a tear away. BETTY leans in to MRS. NAWAZ for comfort.

MRS. NAWAZ

Always the bloody football.

BETTY squeezes her friend's arm and smiles.

CUT TO:

122

EXT. MO'S TOYOTA ON M1

122

JONATHAN and MO' are driving to London, scarves blowing out of windows, other fans in cars and coaches.

JONATHAN
It's been two weeks.

MO'
I will always miss him.

JONATHAN
Me too.

MO'
He was my best friend.

JONATHAN
Without Grandad...

MO'
You would be desperate for Ipswich
to win.

JONATHAN looks up at the car's roof - heavenward.

JONATHAN
Thanks for the tickets Grandad.
(to MO')
How did he manage to get tickets?

MO' taps his nose.

MO'
There wasn't much your grandfather
couldn't do.

They drive on.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. ARSENAL. THE CLOCK END.

123

The stand is packed. JONATHAN watches Pele walking across the pitch.

JONATHAN
Is that...?

MO'
Indeed.

MO' waves. To JONATHAN's utter astonishment Pele waves back.

JONATHAN
Pele waved at you!

MO'
Of course. He will remember me from
the lights on the Aston Expressway!

The match kicks off. Footage of the play is intercut with
fans, JONATHAN and MO'.

GO TO:

INT. THE STADLER HOUSE where the game is on the family radio.
We hear the commentary along with them as BETTY irons and
MARK paints a new set of Subbuteo players in Wolves' kit.
Arsenal score.

GO TO:

124 EXT. THE CLOCK END. 124

MO' and JONATHAN's faces at the Arsenal goal.

GO TO:

125 INT. THE STADLER HOUSE. 125

BETTY
Go and get your brother's lucky
radio.

MARK gets up with a sigh.

GO TO:

126 EXT. THE ARSENAL CLOCK END. 126

JONATHAN and MO' horror-struck at Arsenal's second goal.

GO TO:

127 INT. STADLER HOUSE. CLOSE ON THE LUCKY RADIO 127

COMMENTATOR
Reports on a goal at Middlesborough
and Ipswich...

BETTY
Is it Middlesborough we want to
win?

MARK
Not all of us, no.

BACK TO:

128 EXT. ARSENAL. THE CLOCK END.

128

The fans hear it by osmosis, a rumble of news.

MO'
What did he say? Ipswich ahead?

JONATHAN looks dumbstruck. MO' spots a FAN with a small transistor radio and shouts.

MO' (CONT'D)
Have Ipswich gone ahead?

The FAN nods with a down turned mouth. More of the match and fans until...

JONATHAN
It's slipping away Uncle Mo'.

MO'
Middlesborough won't give up.
Insha'Allah.

Their match continues but the match being played is not being watched. Middlesborough score, hope then happy disbelief then delirium. The fan with the radio is beaming. Everyone is roaring their delight. JONATHAN and MO' hug each other and dance as much as they can in the tightly packed crowd.

JONATHAN
Middlesborough won! Ipswich can't catch us now!

MO'
Take that Bobby Blooming Robson!
Two bostin' Bosco goals!

JONATHAN
We are the champions!

MO'
We are the champions!

They both looks skyward.

JONATHAN
Uncle Mo' - we just won the league!
Thanks grandad.

MO'
We did! Thanks Jack.

The final whistle blows. Chants of "We love Bosco Janković".

MO' (CONT'D)
Did Jack ever tell you the
supporters on a desert island joke?

JONATHAN
Of course.

MO'
Well, I don't support Arsenal but I
really am quite peckish.

JONATHAN
Service station on the way home?

MO' nods and puts his arm around JONATHAN.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. LATER THAT EVENING.

129

MO's Toyota pulls onto his drive. They sit in the car.

JONATHAN
League champions.

MO'
Still can't believe it.

JONATHAN
Tell you what though, would have
been grim at ours tonight if the
Wolves had been relegated.
We're league champions!

MO'
And with just fourteen players...

JONATHAN
All season. Jimmy Rimmer, Kenny
Swain, Gary Williams...

MO'
Colin Gibson, Eammon Deacy, Allan
Evans...

JONATHAN
Ken McNaught, Dennis Mortimer...

MO'
Great captain Dennis Mortimer.

JONATHAN
Des Bremner, Gary Shaw, Peter
Withe.

MO'
David Geddis, Gordon Cowans and
Tony Morley.

JONATHAN & MO'
Names we'll never ever forget.

They get out where everything is oddly quiet and still.

JONATHAN
Why's it so quiet?

At that the lights go on at the Stadler's and BETTY, HOWARD
and MARK all come out.

HOWARD
Alright champions? You've got
visitors.

PINCHER, SPUD, HAYSTACKS, TUCKER and NODDY emerge wearing
their own team scarves but big smiles. GRACE comes out too -
in a Villa scarf. JONATHAN looks surprised.

GRACE
Mrs. Nawaz knitted it for me.

HAYSTACKS
After three lads, one, two, three!

The gang all drop and begin doing The Dying Fly as MRS. NAWAZ
comes out in a Villa scarf as long as Tom Baker's on Doctor
Who.

GRACE
Y'all are crazy!

BETTY
You find you get used to it.

MRS. NAWAZ
Up the Villa!

MARK
Oh no Mrs. Nawaz! Not you too.

HOWARD

Suck it up son, we've just gotta
suck it up.

MARK

I hate Bosco Janković.

The Dying Fly continues.

CUT TO:

130

EXT/INT. JACK'S BACK GARDEN. SUNDAY.

130

The garden is moving from spring into summer. The door to JACK's shed is open wide; through it we see JONATHAN. He's looking for something. In a drawer he finds what he wants - JACK's three sided engineer's pencil.

JONATHAN

That'll do.

He rolls it between his fingers and loves it. He licks the lead and writes "UTV" on the edge of a note pinned on a notice board.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It's your own fault Grandad. We
both know it was purple.

He slots the pencil behind his ear and looks at his reflection in a speckled, old mirror. He does his best impression of his grandad impersonating Bill Shankly.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Some people believe football is a
matter of life and death. I am very
disappointed with that attitude. I
can assure you it is much, much
more important than that.

He regards himself some more and gently laughs.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You, me and Bill Shankly Grandad,
you, me and Bill.

Follow JONATHAN out of the shed which he closes before he walks through to his own garden. MARK is sitting on the patio turning his Rubik's Cube. GRACE comes out of the back door, watched from the kitchen window by HOWARD and BETTY. HOWARD puts his arm around Betty's shoulder. She looks up, leans into him.

JONATHAN walks up to GRACE and holds his hands out. She takes hold of them. They stand in the garden beneath the washing line that has "a coloured wash" pegged out. There are various items belonging to the family. Either side of the prop, in the highest spots, hang two teenager tracksuits... one is black and old gold, MARK's and the other is claret and blue - JONATHAN's. They flutter in the breeze.

THE END

There is the potential to add a post credit treat of celebrity fans saying why they support the West Midland team they support. From Villa maybe Prince William (Peter Crouch Podcast), Tom Hanks (interview on Graham Norton), Ruth Jones (Nessa from Gavin and Stacy). For Albion Frank Skinner, Joe Lycette and Lenny Henry. Wolves Robert Plant, Birmingham Jasper Carrot, Walsall Noddy Holder.