

GOING UNDERGROUND

Written by

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INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - DAY

DANNY ALLBRIGHT [60], PETER WRIGHT [60], RICKY NEWMAN [60] and Ricky's beagle BUDDY wait in the rickety, reception area of the tour operator. Behind the old, wooden counter, an OLD MAN [80] accepts their payment which he places in an ancient till which registers in pounds and shillings.

The men, dressed in casual wear, are fascinated with the surroundings. The old man is dressed in working man's clothes from the thirties.

A clock on the wall indicates it is eleven-thirty in the morning.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(to Ricky)

Can't believe we've never been aware of this place before.

Ricky shows his friends a tatty leaflet he holds in his hand, which is titled Living Scottish Discoveries

RICKY NEWMAN

Yeah. This was put through my letterbox. So, being our sixtieth birthdays, I thought it'd be a nice day out.

OLD MAN

If ye'd like to take a wee seat over there, I'll bring ye a wee dram to set ye on yer way.

The men turn their heads to see a small round table with three wooden chairs in the corner of the room.

They walk over and sit as the man circles the counter and brings a tray with three glasses and a bottle of whisky.

The men smile and rub their hands with anticipation as he lays down the tray. The label on the bottle has the words *ELIXIR 1328* printed. The old man wipes away the dust from the bottle and begins to pour. With his hand slightly shaking, he spills some of the alcohol which runs to the edge of the table and drips on to the floor.

Peter takes a glass and sniffs the contents.

PETER WRIGHT

Oh...that's nice.

The dog is licking the alcohol on the stone floor.

OLD MAN

Aye, it's a rare one, it is. It'll set you up nicely for your venture below.

The old man then pulls out three A4 folded leaflets which he places on the table.

He shows Ricky the leaflet, which he opens to reveal a map inside.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Now, as you'll understand, these old tunnels under the city are centuries old, so watch yer step as ye make yer way.

Ricky looks intently at the illustration, taking a sip from his glass while the others savour their drink.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Then ye'll come to a fork. Just here.

He points to the location on the map.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Ye can choose whichever path ye wish to take, but ye cannae change yer mind once ye've made yer selection.

His head nods as he smiles reassuringly.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

It's fir health and safety reasons, ye ken.

Ricky looks up at the old man and grins, at ease with the instructions he has been given.

RICKY NEWMAN

Sounds good to me.

OLD MAN

Richt. When yer finished yer dram just make yer way through that door...

He points over to the closed door and they all turn to look.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

...and enjoy your trip.

With that, the old man takes the bottle and leaves the foyer through a door behind the counter.

PETER WRIGHT

What a funny wee man.

As Danny finishes his drink, he studies the map.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

These tunnels stretch for miles.

Ricky looks down at his dog, who is licking his lips as if waiting for more.

RICKY NEWMAN

You enjoy that Buddy?

INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

RICKY NEWMAN

Shall we make our way, then?

His friends agree and they rise from their chair. Peter and Ricky both take their maps but Danny leaves his on the table.

Ricky turns the handle and opens the door, allowing a gently breeze to escape. The men sniff the air.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

It smells old.

The party enter the passageway and close the door behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 - CONTINUOUS

Centuries-old stone lines the arched tunnel with electrified lamps running the length of the passageway. With enough space for two to walk side-by-side, Ricky and Buddy walk behind the others.

PETER WRIGHT

It says these tunnels go back to the thirteen hundreds.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Amazing.

RICKY NEWMAN

I'm glad we had those drams. It's fair warmed me up.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Yeah, it's a bit nippy.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1/FORK - MOMENTS LATER

The party reach the fork in the passageway. Ricky and Peter study their maps then stare down each path.

RICKY NEWMAN  
It doesn't really indicate what  
we'll find on either passage.

PETER WRIGHT  
You think it'll make any  
difference?

RICKY NEWMAN  
C'mon, we'll just take this one,  
for what it's worth.

The three men take the passageway to the left and continue.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 LEFT - MOMENTS LATER

Danny pulls out his mobile and checks the time.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
That's ten minutes. Not a lot to  
see, so far.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Yeah, it's not exactly...

Suddenly the men can see the passageway widens to reveal a cavern.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Hold on. We've got something.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

A large cavern leads to a closed door at the top of some stone steps. On either side are stored old wooden boxes and discarded bric-a-brac. Everything is covered in dust and looks like it hasn't been touched in years.

The men study the boxes which have years stamped on them ranging from the nineteenth century to the late twentieth century.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Props?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Yeah. Definitely.

Peter walks towards the door.

PETER WRIGHT  
Never mind that.

He turns the handle and opens the door which instantly releases a blinding light that engulfs the cavern.

Peter steps back down the steps as the others advance. They stand in a line staring into the light.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Wow!

RICKY NEWMAN  
I wasn't expecting a tanning centre.

PETER WRIGHT  
Shall we?

The men and the dog climb the stairs and step into the bright light.

EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE - DAY

The sun is shining and tourists bustle among the street entertainers. Noise and laughter engulf the street as the three men remove their glasses. They have changed into animated characters with their surroundings in technicolour.

PETER WRIGHT  
WOAH!

Danny surveys the scene around him and notices the banners lining the street for the Edinburgh Festival of 1984.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Guys. It's 1984!

RICKY NEWMAN  
What is this?

Danny Allbright pulls out his mobile.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
No signal.

BUDDY (O.S.)  
This is wild.

The three men turn to look at the dog.

RICKY NEWMAN  
You can talk?!

The dog looks up at him.

BUDDY  
Uh. Yeah.

Danny looks behind to see where they came from. A sign above the shop says 'EDINBURGH'S SMALLEST SHOP'. The shop is closed.

The men are studying themselves and touching each other's faces.

PETER WRIGHT  
(to Ricky)  
This is like some trip, man.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Just weird!

Everyone around them are going about their normal day. Tourist buses are adorned with snap-happy passengers. A fire-eater mesmerises a crowd of onlookers, while students hand out leaflets for upcoming events.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(thoughtful)  
You know, we were twenty-one in eighty-four. Everything looks the same.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Except in technicolour.

PETER WRIGHT  
Maybe it was the whisky.

BUDDY  
I wasn't around then.

Danny stares at the dog. He tries to speak but words cannot describe what he is thinking.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Where did you stay?

RICKY NEWMAN  
We shared a flat in the Southside.  
Not far from here.

BUDDY  
What say we visit it?

The three men stare incredulously at each other.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Actually that would be interesting.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - LATER

The three men and the dog stand at the front door of a top floor flat. Peter Wright chuckles.

PETER WRIGHT  
It's hasn't changed.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Man, we had some good times here.

RICKY NEWMAN  
More hangovers than I care to remember.

PETER WRIGHT  
You have regrets?

Just then the door opens. A YOUNG PETER WRIGHT [21] is surprised at the sight in front of him.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Hi. Can I help you?

Peter glances at his companions then back at his younger self who is wearing tattered jeans, black Doc Martens, a Jesus and Mary Chain t-shirt and a large mop of spiky black hair.

PETER WRIGHT  
(nervous)  
Sorry. We used to live here about forty years ago. We were just passing by.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Wow. In the forties?

The young man pivots towards the hallway of the flat.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Guys! Check this out!



A YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN [21] with short, spiky, fair hair wearing a black leather biker jacket emblazoned with *THE DAMNED* on the back, narrow jeans and black converse training shoes appears with a YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT [21] with his hair shaved on the sides adorning purple slicked-back hair down the centre and wearing a Cramps t-shirt, ripped bleached jeans and leather, ankle-length cowboy boots.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(mumbles)  
Not quite the forties.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
(to his flatmates)  
These dudes stayed here in the forties.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Get outta here!

The young ones study the three men and their dog.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
You wanna come in?

The older men look at each other, unsure.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
C'mon. See how much it's changed...or not.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Yeah. Ok.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Cool.

The older men and their dog file past the smiling Young Peter Wright and follow the others through the hallway into a large room, while glancing into the cluttered rooms they pass.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A layer of stagnant smoke hangs in the middle of the room that was once a living room but which is now someone's bedroom. Large bay windows look out into the street, allowing the daylight to fill the enclosed space. Posters of eighties bands adorn the walls. Clearly cleanliness is not high on the agenda with the worn carpet covered with vinyl albums, ashtrays, bottles of beer and discarded clothes covering the second-hand furniture. A large double mattress is wedged against the wall with beanbags plotted in a semi-circle around it.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Take a seat.

Danny Allbright studies the room.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Just how I remember it.

Ricky lowers himself into a beanbag. His body is not as dexterous as it once was as he tries to fit his body in the beanbag. He topples to one side but manages to stop himself from falling over, while Peter falls backwards, fighting gravity to pull himself upright.

The young ones casually take their seats on the bed and on the floor till they all sit in a circle.

Young Danny and Young Ricky retrieve roll-up cigarettes from the ashtray and proceed to light up.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I'm Danny. This is Peter and this  
is Ricky.

Young Danny exhales a cloud of smoke then passes the joint to his older counterpart, who accepts it apprehensively.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
It's ok. You'll like it.

Danny Allbright places it between his lips and draws in the smoke, watched by his companions.

He releases a long exhale.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
This is just wild.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Yeah it's Lebanese.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Not this.

He hands the cigarette back to him.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
That's our names too.

Peter Wright chokes on the cigarette he is smoking as he hands it to Ricky.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Woah. This is weird.

Ricky looks at his younger counterpart.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Ricky Newman?

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Yeah.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Young Peter Wright)  
Peter Wright?

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Uhuh.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Danny Allbright?

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Wild!

BUDDY  
Don't forget me.

The young ones laugh.

RICKY NEWMAN  
My dog Buddy.

The dog sniffs the air.

BUDDY  
Nice.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Somehow we've time travelled back  
to here.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Seriously? So, you're us?

Danny nods.

Young Danny studies him as he smokes the cigarette.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Man, I'm not aging well.

Danny is taken aback. Young Danny laughs out loud.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Only joshing, man.

BUDDY

I've tried to tell him to cut out  
the pies.

Young Peter Wright and Young Ricky Newman look at their  
counterparts.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

(to Peter Wright)

You kinda look...middle-class.

Peter Wright looks down at his beer-belly.

RICKY NEWMAN

We all got careers. Mortgages.  
Responsibilities.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Shit.

Ricky inhales another cigarette then flops back into the  
beanbag. He watches the plume of smoke rise towards the  
ceiling.

RICKY NEWMAN

Enjoy it while it lasts.

He falls back till his legs are up in the air.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(to Danny Allbright)

You got any advice to give us while  
you're here?

Danny Allbright accepts the cigarette from his young  
counterpart and inhales. His eyes begin to roll as he grins.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

You can't put an old head on young  
shoulders.

He giggles.

PETER WRIGHT

You need to live and learn on your  
own.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Yeah. Otherwise, it might change  
us...and I've worked hard to get  
here.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

So what do you do?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Accountant.

Young Danny Allbright's face drops.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(sarcastic)  
Great.

RICKY NEWMAN  
We need to get back to our own  
time. We can't stay here.

Buddy is stoned and lying on his front, his legs splayed. He sniffs the smoke which draws up his nostrils.

BUDDY  
It's all to do with the chaos  
theory. The longer we're here, the  
greater the chance of affecting a  
complex system through small  
changes with large consequences.  
It's called the butterfly effect.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Wow, that's deep. You really are  
clever.

BUDDY  
I'm not just a pretty face.

PETER WRIGHT  
So tomorrow we'll look to get back.

Young Peter Wright drags over a case of beer and opens it.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Well, if you're only here for one  
night I think we need to enjoy the  
moment.

He begins to open bottles and hand them round.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Yeah. You can stay here tonight if  
you want.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Really?

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Of course. We'll take you to a club  
tonight. Enjoy the time we've been  
given then you'll be on your way.

They all raise their bottles, including Ricky who is still lying on his back in a cloud of smoke.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Here's to the future as we remember  
the past.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is flopped out in the room with bodies lying over one another. The dog snores loudly.

Young Peter Wright opens his sleepy eyes. He raises an arm and checks the time on his watch.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Guys! Guys!

Some of the bodies begin to stir.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)  
It's party time!

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Young Peter Wright puts a record on the turntable. Killing Joke's song 'Change' blares out of the speakers.

Instantly, the rest of the young ones are up on their feet as the old guys struggle to recover and rise.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
I'll get the drinks.

Young Ricky Newman exits the room as the old guys wipe their eyes.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(to the old guys)  
We'll need to get you sorted for  
the night. You can't go out looking  
like that.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Before and after scene

Before: Ricky Newman stands in his casual clothes.

After: Ricky Newman stands wearing a leather jacket, a ripped *CLASH* t-shirt, torn jeans that are tight on him with his belly hanging over and a pair of black laced up boots. His hair has been gelled and spiked up. A band of black covers his eyes like a mask. He looks shocked.

Before: Peter Wright stands in his casual clothes.

After: Peter Wright stands wearing a long black leather jacket, a wide-rimmed cowboy hat, black trousers and black biker boots with a black *THE CULT* t-shirt. He looks shocked.

Before: Danny Allbright stands in his casual clothes.

After: Danny Allbright's hair is dyed green with a dog collar around his neck. An Anarchy symbol emblazons his t-shirt under an ex-army jacket while he wears bleached jeans tucked into high-length laced up boots. He looks shocked.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The young ones turn to Buddy. He stares at them.

BUDDY  
Over my dead body.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - LATER

Young Peter Wright brings in a tray with six glasses and a bottle of wine which he lays on the table and pours.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
A nice glass of wine to start the night?

They each take a glass which they raise as they stand in a circle around the table.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Here's, a bottle and an honest friend!  
What wad ye wish for mair, man?  
Wha kens, before his life may end,  
What his share may be of care, man.  
  
Then catch the moments as they fly,  
And use them as ye ought, man:  
Believe me, happiness is shy,  
And comes not ay when sought, man.

They all raise their glasses and knock back the wine in one go.

PETER WRIGHT  
Here, that's delicious.  
Very...distinct. What is it?

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Mushroom wine.

PETER WRIGHT  
 (surprised)  
 Oh. Really?

Young Ricky Newman grins widely, pleased with himself.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
 The magic kind.

Peter Wright looks stunned.

PETER WRIGHT  
 Magic?

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
 It sure is.

Just then, they hear footsteps advance towards the room. The door opens. They all turn to look. Three girls enter the room.

Young Peter Wright's girlfriend ANGEL [21], with jet black, gothic back-combed hair, dark make-up and wearing a long black dress with a cross hanging around her neck.

Young Ricky Newman's girlfriend BETH [21], with short spiky, blonde hair, an assortment of earrings, leather jacket, torn bleached jeans, a Joy Division Unknown Pleasures t-shirt and heavy black boots.

Young Danny Allbright's girlfriend ELOISE [21] with a shaved bright red mohawk, wearing a pilot jacket with a wool collar over a Julian Cope t-shirt, bleached jeans and black laced boots.

BETH  
 Hi.

Ricky walks over and kisses her on the lips. The girls study the old men as they hug their boyfriends.

ANGEL  
 You brought your dads?

Young Ricky Newman glances at their older counterparts.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
 This is Eloise.

She smiles.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
 This is Angel.



She shows no emotion.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
And this is Beth.

She shyly waves a hand while smiling awkwardly.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
(to Angel)  
You're not gonna believe this.

ANGEL  
Uhuh.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
These dudes are us!

She leans forward and smells his breath.

ANGEL  
You've been drinking that wine  
again!

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Honestly. They are.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
They've time travelled.

Peter Wright leans over to Ricky Newman and whispers in his ear.

PETER WRIGHT  
I almost forgot how gorgeous our  
wives were.

BETH  
(to the old men)  
Is this true?

The three old men nod awkwardly.

At that moment Buddy lets out a long fart. The smell instantly attacks the nasal senses of everyone.

ELOISE  
Oh my god! That is vile!

RICKY NEWMAN  
Buddy! Did you have to?

The dog looks up at them all in embarrassment as everyone recoils.

BUDDY

Sorry. Stomach telling me I need food.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

There's some in the fridge.

He looks at Buddy.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)

You like sausages?

The dog licks his lips.

BUDDY

Does the Queen take a dump every morning?

EXT. JEWELLERY SHOP/STREET - NIGHT

Under a dark sky, a gang of bikers slowly travel through the empty street on their motorbikes.

They are all large, burly figures with long beards, big bellies and wearing the colours of their gang which is called The Barbarians. The small, thin BABA NOOB [25] stands out from the rest in his leather jacket which is worn under an illuminous yellow jacket as he rides a decidedly smaller bike with an L-plate on the front.

The bikes putter to a standstill opposite a jewellery shop.

With grim faces, they look over at the shop. Their leader BABA FATT [29] gets off his bike and the others follow suit.

With his back to the rest of the bikers, his right-hand man BABA GRUNT [27], a large knuckle grinder wearing a nazi helmet, with the word GRUNT painted in white letters across the front, walks up to him.

BABA GRUNT

You sure Baba Noob should be on this job with us?

Baba Noob looks over and smiles.

BABA FATT

New recruits need to get into the action asap. It's sink or swim.

Baba Grunt shrugs his shoulders.

BABA GRUNT

If you say so.

BABA FATT

Our sponsor demands the utmost professionalism. This is our big chance. Dexterity and stealth are the keywords.

At that moment there is an almighty crash of broken glass and the sound of an alarm. The two bikers pivot round to see the rest of the gang smash their way clumsily into the shop.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

They're supposed to wait for my order!!

He slowly advances towards the shop as the gang reappear, pleased as punch.

BIKER #1

We got the stones.

He opens a small pouch in his large hand to reveal a dozen sparkling red gems.

Baba Fatt snatches the pouch then grabs an ear and yanks downwards. The biker yelps in pain as the rest of the gang watch with fear.

BABA FATT

You imbeciles! There's not a brain cell to share amongst you!

The bikers' heads drop in shame as they mutter their apologies.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

Let's go!

At that moment, the bikers board their bikes, rev up their engines and ride off down the street.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

(to Baba Grunt)

We need to store them somewhere safe till the Dame is ready to collect.

EXT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB/STREET - NIGHT

Walking along the pavement, the group reach a set of steps that lead down to the club. They advance before opening the door where the sound of music briefly escapes to the street until the door is closed behind.

Directly in front of them is a small, square dance floor where young people are dancing to the rhythms. Punks and goths predominantly make up the majority of customers, sprinkled with those less outrageous in their appearance.

To the right, a bar supplies a variety of beers and spirits waiting to be provided to the crowd of young partygoers, while the left side of the club leads towards a myriad of stone alcoves populated with sticky tables from spilt drinks and plotted gatherings of friends and like-minded bohemians.

In the far corner, a DJ is busy preparing the next song for the packed audience.

The three old guys stand and study the scene before them as their young counterparts walk round to the bar.

BETH

I'll get us a table.

The other girls follow her.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(to Peter and Ricky)

It's all flooding back.

No-one pays them any attention as they let it soak in.

RICKY NEWMAN

This is just blowing my mind.

BUDDY

Savour it.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Young Ricky Newman reaches the bar.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

(to the barman)

Six snakebites!

The barman prepares the concoction by pouring a half glass of cider followed by a half glass of lager then topped with a shot of blackcurrant cordial which drops to the bottom of the glass. Young Ricky Newman watches the cordial rise as it slowly changes the colour of the drink to a bright purple.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The old guys reach an alcove with the girlfriends who wave them over to join. As they take a seat next to the girls, the young ones arrive with trays of drinks in plastic glasses which are laid down for each to take.

The group can see directly ahead to the dance floor as they drink and watch people mill around.

A spiky, peroxide-haired punk, HEINZ [19] wearing a leather jacket with an Anarchy sign on the arm and a tattoo on his neck that says 'skins' joins the table with his friend STRINGS [19], a student with short blonde hair, suede jacket, shirt and jeans.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(to Heinz and Strings)  
Hey. You made it!

STRINGS  
He spent that long priming his hair, I thought we'd never get here.

HEINZ  
(to Strings)  
The girls demand perfection.

He turns to the girls.

HEINZ (CONT'D)  
Don't you?

The girls chuckle.

BETH  
In your dreams.

HEINZ  
More like nightmares.

Young Ricky Newman turns to his older counterpart.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
This is -

RICKY NEWMAN  
Heinz and Strings.

Young Ricky Newman laughs.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Of course. I should have remembered.

A stranger walks over with a bowl of water and places it down for Buddy then smiles and walks away.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Thanks.

BUDDY

Looks like I got the short straw  
tonight.

He begins to lap up the water.

Peter Wright watches the crowd dancing to the music and notices his vision is beginning to alter. Streaks of light begin to emit from the moving bodies.

Before the crowd have a chance to catch their breath, The Cult's *SHE SELLS SANCTUARY* begins to play. The audience roar with appreciation as the dancefloor fills up with more bodies.

PETER WRIGHT

Guys. I think that wine is taking  
hold.

The other two old guys are staring agog at the kaleidoscope of light that is shooting from the crowd as the bodies morph into a mass of shapes and colours. Faces begin to change shape and alter, appearing like creatures out of some fable as they laugh and smile while pounding in and out around each other, their arms flailing in the air and by their sides. The white-washed stone walls of the cavernous club are filled with a myriad of hallucinogenic visions. One moment Danny Allbright sees a herd of buffalo running through open fields before morphing into tidal waves crashing against the rocks.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Hold on tight. The fun's about to  
begin.

Ricky Newman rises from his seat.

PETER WRIGHT

(to Ricky Newman)  
Where're you going?

RICKY NEWMAN

See if I've still got it.

He makes for the dancefloor, watching the young clubbers dancing, the slowly follows their movements, becoming more assured till he is moving in sync with the rest.

Danny Allbright and Peter Wright watch him.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(to Peter Wright)  
C'mon. Don't let the moment pass.

The two men join their friend on the dancefloor.

Later, Ricky Newman is comfortably happy as he dances before working his way through the crowd.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Where're you going?

RICKY NEWMAN

(shouts)

Bladder not what it used to be!

INT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB/TOILETS - LATER

He reaches a scuffed and scratched black door before pushing it open. About to enter, he stops in his tracks to assess the state of the room. The blocked latrine gurgles with urine and floating objects. Slime and dampness dribble down the walls while puddles are plotted here and there across the tiled floor.

Ricky winces as he edges carefully into the room, pinching his nose from the foul smell.

Tiptoeing around the puddles, he advances towards the first of two cubicles. Opening the door, he looks inside.

RICKY NEWMAN

(mumbles)

Oh my god.

The toilet is almost filled to the top with urine, excrement and floating toilet paper. His face turns purple and his cheeks fill out as he fights back the urge to be sick.

A young male clubber walks past him towards the adjoining cubicle.

MALE CLUBBER

It won't kill you, man.

Ricky watches him pass by and enter the cubicle. He shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

He returns to the dancefloor. The DJ is playing Specimen's *THE BEAUTY OF POISON*.

Peter Wright, grinning, is dancing with delirious passion.

PETER WRIGHT  
 (shouts to Ricky Newman)  
 You Ok?

RICKY NEWMAN  
 They're not a hygienic bunch, are  
 they?

Peter Wright laughs.

PETER WRIGHT  
 (shouts)  
 No we weren't!

INT. BIKERS FLAT/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

As the bikers approach their flat MRS TILLYWORTH [81], a little old landlady, wearing a pinny, old brown stockings and a flowery-patterned dress, steps out from behind the door.

MRS TILLYWORTH  
 (to Baba Fatt)  
 Ah. Mr Sweetspot.

Baba Fatt winces with embarrassment as the rest of the bikers stand silent behind him.

BABA FATT  
 Baba Fatt, Mrs Tillyworth. Please.

MRS TILLYWORTH  
 Whatever. This place is a mess. You  
 need to take better care. A  
 cluttered home is a cluttered mind.

The biker drops his head in shame as the little old woman walks through the crowd. She looks up at one of the bikers and tuts.

MRS TILLYWORTH (CONT'D)  
 If I was your mother, I'd take the  
 scrubbing brush to you.

The bikers silently wait till she enters the flat below then step through the door.

INT. BIKERS FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

BABA FATT  
 (to the bikers)  
 Into HQ.



He gestures for them to go to the living room, leaving him and Baba Grunt alone with Baba Noob standing behind them.

BABA NOOB (O.S.)  
Can I help with anything?

The two remaining bikers turn to face Baba Noob with his clean-cut hair and Frankie Says t-shirt.

BABA FATT  
Baba Noob. I know you are new to  
the clan but hear me out. IF I NEED  
YOUR HELP I'LL ASK FOR IT!

A shiver runs down Baba Noob's back.

BABA NOOB  
Yer, sir.

He scuttles off to join the other bikers.

Baba Fatt retrieves the bag of jewels from his pocket and checks the contents.

BABA FATT  
Before we head to the Biker  
Convention we need to hide these  
somewhere safe.

Baba Grunt snorts in agreement as he nods his head.

BABA GRUNT  
Somewhere safe.

Baba Fatt looks at him expectantly.

BABA FATT  
Well?

Baba Grunt thinks long and hard, his jaw grinding as he scratches his head.

The leader sighs then spots a tatty panda soft toy lying amongst junk in the hallway.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

He crosses over and picks up the soft toy before stuffing the small bag of jewels into the back of it while mumbling to himself.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
 I seriously think God went for  
 lunch when you entered this green  
 and pleasant land.

Baba Grunt nods in agreement as his leader places the  
 stuffed toy back in amongst the junk.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
 Right. Get the men. We have a  
 convention to attend.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - NIGHT

The three old guys sit amongst the young ones, waving their  
 arms around in some transcendental, mystical motion, their  
 pupils dilating and constricting as they grin widely at the  
 visions before them.

BUDDY  
 (to Ricky)  
 You still with us?

Ricky turns to face the dog who has changed into a strange  
 creature, his whiskers elongating and dancing, his floppy  
 ears trailing on the floor while his wagging tail leaves  
 trails of light behind.

RICKY NEWMAN  
 Bud, I am A-OK.

DJ (O.S.)  
 Ok folks. Get ready for the last  
 song for the night. I want to see  
 you all up!

From the speakers begins Killing Joke's *EIGHTIES*.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 Here we go!

The whole club get to their feet and begin dancing and  
 stomping around the floor. Some clubbers are on the tables,  
 their arms swinging through the air.

The three old guys and Buddy are bouncing in the middle of  
 the crowd. All around, colours are bursting through the air,  
 multi-coloured blobs of condensation splash onto the dancers  
 and turn into fairies while smiling faces morph into extreme  
 and exaggerated comic book and on-screen characters from  
 their childhood.

RICKY/PETER/DANNY  
EIGHTIES. WE'RE LIVING IN THE  
EIGHTIES!

EXT. THE UNDERGROUND CLUB/STREET - LATER

The crowd of clubbers exit into the street, laughing and chatting.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(to Young Danny  
Allbright)  
That was fantastic.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Take you back?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I forgot just how much fun we had.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
You only live once.

Danny Allbright chuckles.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Yeah, but this has kinda knocked  
that on the head.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I suppose.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Mrs Tillyworth slips the key into the door of the bikers' flat and enters.

EXT. BIKERS CONVENTION - NIGHT

A large crowd of bikers step out of a church hall into the dark, empty street filled with motorbikes.

Bike Gang Convenor, LENNY [40] dressed all in black with a long moustache, large sideburns and long hair running down his back with a mole on his cheek shakes Babba Fatt's hand.

LENNY  
Ah, Babba Fatt. You managed to join  
us.

BABA FATT  
It's always been my wish to meet  
you Lenny. That's one off the  
bucket list.

The convenor smiles appreciatively.

LENNY

It warms my heart to see good souls  
such as yourself join the flock. Be  
sure to spread the word of Zep. As  
he says it's Nobody's Fault But  
Mine.

BABA FATT

Thank you wise one.

Baba Fatt advances towards his parked bike with Baba Grunt  
by his side. He looks back at the church.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

(to Baba Grunt)

Why he picked a holy house is  
beyond me.

BABA GRUNT

The tea and biscuits were nice,  
though.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The party of young and old stop at a street corner.

ELOISE

Ok, we'll see you tomorrow?

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

You could stay at our place.

Angel glances at the old guys.

ANGEL

You've got guests to take care off.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(disappointed)

I suppose.

The boys hug their girlfriends and they part ways.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

C'mon. Let's get home. It's been a  
long day.

They cross the road.

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As they walk along the pavement they can see a pile of junk ready to be collected.

They approach the junk.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Man, there's some good stuff here.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
We've got enough rubbish.

Buddy sniffs around the junk then pushes his head into a gap.

RICKY NEWMAN  
What you found, Bud?

The dog pulls and pulls till eventually the toy stuffed panda is retrieved for all to see.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Good boy.

The group continue on down the street chatting amongst themselves.

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/STREET - LATER

Baba Fatt and some of the others approach the junk lying out in the street.

The leader glances at the junk as he turns and advances towards the tenement door.

BABA GRUNT  
Is that?

Baba Fatt raises a hand to silence his lieutenant, his face becoming grim.

INT. BIKERS FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

The bikers have entered the flat with the front door open behind them. They stare ahead at the immaculately pristine hallway before advancing towards the living room where they open the door.

Baba Fatt stares with incredulity at the clean-up job that has been done.

BABA FATT  
MRS TILLYWORTH!!

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The bikers are rummaging through the junk in the street in a state of panic. Objects are flying everywhere.

BABA FATT  
Find that panda!

INT. BIKERS FLAT/TOILET - SAME TIME

Baba Noob is sitting on the toilet pan holding a walkie talkie close to his mouth.

BABA NOOB  
(whispers)  
PC Clutterbuck to HQ. Do you read me?

He listens to the crackle of the walkie talkie.

BABA NOOB (CONT'D)  
PC Clutterbuck to -

HQ OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Read you loud and clear. Over.

BABA NOOB  
(whisper)  
Project Scary Hairy. Suspects stole jewels. Inform the chief I have them in my sights. Over.

HQ OPERATOR  
Read you loud and clear. Will do. Over.

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/STREET - SAME TIME

The junk from the flat is scattered all over the street. Baba Fatt and the others head back into the building.

INT. MRS TILLYWORTHS FLAT/STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baba Fatt bangs on the door. He and the others wait silently as they hear the door unlock. Mrs Tillyworth appears in her nightgown with her hair in rollers.

With a forced smile, Baba Fatt attempts to remain calm as the veins in his neck bulge.

BABA FATT  
Mrs Tillyworth.

MRS TILLYWORTH

Do you know what time it is?

His teeth clench.

BABA FATT

I do. My apologies...but I see you have gone to the effort of cleaning our flat.

MRS TILLYWORTH

Well you boys were out so I decided, not having anything else to do tonight except do my knitting or watch tv and, to be honest, there was nothing worth watching, to clean the place for you. It really was in a bit of a mess and -

BABA FATT

There was a panda. A small, stuffed panda. I've had it since I was this high.

He gestures with his hand how tall he may have been as a child.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

And I really, really would like to have it back.

The little old lady looks surprised.

MRS TILLYWORTH

Oh. It's not there?

BABA FATT

No-o.

She looks up at the group of bikers staring down at her.

MRS TILLYWORTH

Well that is strange. Maybe someone has taken it?

Baba Fatt bends down till they are nose-to-nose.

BABA FATT

You saw no-one take it perchance?

Innocently, she shakes her head silently.

Baba Fatt lets out a long sigh as he rises.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

In future, would it be possible that my privacy is assured, Mrs Tillyworth, and that should I be required to perform my domestic responsibilities then it will be upon myself to fulfil such tasks?

The little old lady smiles.

MRS TILLYWORTH

That is a splendid idea Mr Sweetspot.

Babba Fatt cringes at hearing his name as the pair remain silent for a moment.

MRS TILLYWORTH (CONT'D)

Anything else?

Baba Fatt grimaces.

BABA FATT

No.

MRS TILLYWORTH

Then I shall bid you goodnight.

She closes the door.

Baba Fatt is incandescent with pent-up rage as he pivots to face his gang.

BABA FATT

We need to find that panda.

EXT. LANDSCAPE VIEW OF EDINBURGH - DAY

The sun rises over Scotland's capital city. Edinburgh Castle glows in the morning sunlight.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

The sound of birds singing is all that can be heard as the three old guys and the dog, with his front paws wrapped around the panda, are fast asleep as they share a double bed. The sunlight filters through the thin curtains to reveal a dishevelled room.

Their sleep is disturbed by the sound of a long fart from the dog.

Facing the ceiling, Peter Wright's nose twitches. Suddenly, he gags and his eyes open wide.



PETER WRIGHT

Not again.

He turns his head to find Danny Allbright's face almost touching his. He nudges Danny.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(mumbles)

Just one more time.

Peter nudges him again, his face wincing with the smell. Danny slowly awakens.

PETER WRIGHT

The dog's farting again.

As Danny fully awakens, the smell hits him.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Oh my...did something die?

Peter looks down to see the dog, his backside facing them, lying on the bed. Its hind legs are twitching as it dreams of chasing rabbits.

Suddenly he hears the sound of a kettle whistling as it comes to the boil. He sits upright before feeling the headache from his hangover split through his skull.

He groans then looks at his watch. It is eleven in the morning. He reaches over Danny and shakes Ricky.

PETER WRIGHT

Ricky. Ricky. Your dog needs out.

Ricky slowly awakens to his own personal hangover. He, too, groans.

RICKY NEWMAN

What time is it?

PETER WRIGHT

It's take my dog for a crap time.

Ricky pulls himself upright. The three men look rough and in need of a shave while wearing the same clothes from the night before. The black make-up that was over his eyes has spread over his face.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

We need to get to that shop and find out how to get home.

Ricky drags himself out of bed then shakes the dog to waken him. Buddy raises his head then rises and stretches. Ricky advances towards the door while retrieving a poo bag.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Buddy)  
Follow me.

Buddy grabs the panda and follows Ricky while the others get up and stretch.

EXT. STUDENT FLAT/BACK GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy sits in a squat position while holding the panda in his mouth as both he and Ricky watch each other.

BUDDY  
Can't a dog get some privacy?

The dog clenches his teeth as Ricky turns his back.

RICKY NEWMAN  
If only you were toilet trained.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Young Danny Allbright and Young Peter Wright sit around a table as young Ricky Newman stands over the kitchen frying eggs.

Danny Allbright and Peter Wright enter and sit beside their young counterparts.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
You hungry?

The two older men shake their heads, dreading the thought of consuming a fry-up.

Ricky places two plates in front of the young ones containing multiple rolls filled with fried eggs, bacon and ketchup. Hots mugs of coffee are added. The old men disturbingly watch the young ones devour the rolls as sauce dribbles onto the table.

Ricky appears with Buddy who sits to attention with the panda between his teeth as he eyes up the food.

Young Danny Allbright drops some bacon on the floor and the dog releases the panda to snap up the food.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
(to the old guys)  
You sleep ok?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Yeah. Sharing a bed with these guys was an experience lost in the ether of time.

He feels an itch on his back and attempts to scratch it.

PETER WRIGHT

You snore like a trumpet by the way.

Ricky Newman crosses towards the sink and gets himself a glass of water while scratching his backside.

RICKY NEWMAN

At least it'll only be one night.

Young Ricky Newman, leaning against the kitchen work-top while munching on his food looks over at the dog who is fervently scratching himself.

He glances over at Danny who is now scratching his arm then he notices Peter Wright scratching his leg.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Guys. I think the dog's got fleas.

Buddy stops scratching and looks up to see everyone staring at him.

BUDDY

Hey, I can assure you I shower regularly.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

It'll be that panda. I bet ya.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Maybe we should bin it.

Young Peter Wright leans down to pick up the panda but Buddy grabs it with his teeth then steps back.

Everyone watches him as he releases the panda.

BUDDY

Oh no. This is mine. Finder's keepers.

He quickly grabs the toy.

RICKY NEWMAN

Buddy, it needs to go.

Just then, there is a knock at the door. Young Danny Allbright leaves to answer it while Ricky Newman crouches down.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Gimme the panda.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Young Danny Allbright opens the door to reveal two gruff-looking skinheads, JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM [22] and IMELIA MIDDLETON [21]. Behind them on the other side of the landing stands another skinhead at the opposite doorway.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Hi. What's up?

The two skinheads glare at Danny in momentary silence.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
You realise how much noise you made last night?

The voice of Julius is very soft, polite and educated.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I'm really sorry. We had friends staying. It won't happen again.

IMELIA MIDDLETON  
I can't function without a good seven hours sleep, you know.

Young Danny Allbright nods sympathetically.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Totally with you on that.

RICKY NEWMAN (O.S.)  
BUDDY!

Just then the dog rushes through the doorway and runs down the stairs.

Ricky Newman reaches the door.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Buddy! Get back here!

The skinheads stare at Ricky Newman with his face covered in black make-up as he is scratching his arms and body.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
Are you alright?

Ricky Newman looks at him curiously.

RICKY NEWMAN

Yeah.

The skinheads look at each other then back at Young Danny Allbright.

IMELIA MIDDLETON

If you can please keep the noise  
down, in future.

Young Danny Allbright nods rigorously.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

You have my word.

The skinheads pivot and cross over to their flat as Young Danny Allbright closes the door.

Peter Wright and Danny Allbright advance through the hallway scratching themselves all over while the young ones keep their distance.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Before we do anything, you guys  
need to shower.

PETER WRIGHT

We also need to get to that shop.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

You do that and we'll get Buddy.

INT. BIKERS FLAT - DAY

Baba Fatt is sitting on a throne, not dissimilar to Game of Thrones, with the rest of the bikers gathered around him.

Tapping his fingers on the wooden arms of the throne he watches and waits for the chatter to dissipate. He coughs but no-one pays any attention.

BABA FATT

SOLDIERS!

Everyone instantly stops and turns to face him.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

Now that we have had a good night's  
sleep and a hearty breakfast,  
provided with great care by our  
very own Baba Chef.

Everyone turns to face the grizzly Baba Chef and offers a round of applause, which he waves away embarrassingly.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
We have a matter of great  
importance to resolve.

Baba Fatt thuds the arm of the chair with his fist.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
Thanks to the indelible wisdom of  
Mrs Tillyworth.

Some of the men hiss.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
We have lost a very important  
panda. No ordinary panda, I may  
stress, but a panda in which our  
precious swag of jewels have been  
unwittingly stolen from under our  
noses.

BIKER #2 (O.S.)  
A disgrace.

BIKER #3 (O.S.)  
Despicable.

BABA FATT  
Therefore, it is imperative that we  
leave no stone unturned. That we  
search every nook and cranny to  
find what is rightly ours.

The men cheer in unison.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
So go forth, my warriors, and do  
not return till this wrong has been  
righted.

The men cheer again, even louder.

Suddenly they hear a banging noise from below and they fall silent.

BIKERS NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)  
Will you quieten down up there.  
Some of us were on night shift!

Baba Fatt breathes in deeply and waves them away.

EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE/SMALLEST SHOP/STREET - DAY

In the busy street, Peter Wright, Danny Allbright and Ricky Newman stand outside the shop where they had first arrived.

Ricky opens the door and enters followed by the others.

INT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE/SMALLEST SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The shop is filled with tourist gifts and lots of tartan garments, while behind a small counter sits an old Rastafarian smoking a roll-up cigarette.

RASTAFARIAN

Wa gwaan, man.

PETER WRIGHT

(quizzical)

Sorry?

RASTAFARIAN

How are you, this fine day?

Peter Wright smiles.

PETER WRIGHT

We're good, thanks.

RASTAFARIAN

That pleases me mighty.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

We're in a bit of a pickle.

RASTAFARIAN

Are you?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(awkward)

Yeah. See, we were on this tour yesterday...

The Rastafarian offering his full attention, nods with interest.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

...under the city. In the tunnels.

PETER WRIGHT

Get to the point.

RICKY NEWMAN

We time travelled and ended up  
outside your shop and we're trying  
to get back.

The Rastafarian raises an eyebrow before taking a draw from his cigarette and exhaling.

RASTAFARIAN

For sure man. Soun like yu gat  
laas.

Danny nods.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

You have any idea how we might get  
back? From here?

The Rastafarian leans forward on the counter and waves the men to approach which they do with anticipation.

RASTAFARIAN

Nah.

The three men step back.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Damn.

The Rastafarian takes another puff of his cigarette.

RASTAFARIAN

But do you have a map?

Ricky pulls out his map from his back pocket and lays it on the counter.

RASTAFARIAN (CONT'D)

How best to find your way to the  
promise land than with a little  
guidance, eh?

He unfolds the piece of paper to reveal the map.

The three men look down at it.

The map has changed and shows a new location with the word  
'HERE' next to Scotland Street Tunnel.

The Rastafarian places a finger on the location.



RASTAFARIAN (CONT'D)  
 The old Scotland Street Tunnel.  
 It's no longer used but that'll be  
 your destination.

The three men sigh with relief.

PETER WRIGHT  
 Fantastic.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 Thank you.

RASTAFARIAN  
 But you'll need to wait till the  
 morrow.

RICKY NEWMAN  
 Why?

The Rastafarian's finger slides down to the words on the  
 bottom corner below the map where it states '*OPEN AT MID-  
 DAY*'.

RASTAFARIAN  
 It opens at mid-day...

He looks at his watch.

RASTAFARIAN (CONT'D)  
 ...and it is now...

He leans back while looking at his watch then raises a  
 finger. Suddenly there is a loud boom.

RASTAFARIAN (CONT'D)  
 ...one o'clock.

Peter turns round in frustration.

PETER WRIGHT  
 I had a squash match lined up with  
 Farquhar MacIntosh today.

Ricky looks incredulously at him.

RICKY NEWMAN  
 Really?

PETER WRIGHT  
 He promised me a membership for the  
 golf club.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 (to the Rastafarian)  
 We appreciate your assistance.

RASTAFARIAN  
 Y'all have a nice day.

Ricky Newman retrieves the map which he folds and places in his back pocket, before advancing towards the door.

EXT. ARTHUR'S SEAT - DAY

Buddy is playing with the toy panda on the hill that overlooks the city. Shaking it and throwing it in the air, he is oblivious to the young ones who are approaching.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
 There he is.

Young Peter Wright gestures for them to split up. He will circle round behind the dog and they will advance.

EXT. ARTHUR'S SEAT - MOMENTS LATER

The dog is rolling about on the grass as Young Danny Allbright and Young Ricky Newman approach. They look past the dog to see Young Peter Wright is walking downhill and advancing towards them.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
 Buddy!

The dog stops playing and looks up to see Young Danny Allbright and Young Ricky Newman approaching.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
 We need to get back.

The dog picks up the toy panda and turns to see Young Peter Wright walking downhill.

He glances, urgently, to his left and right then spots a bunch of bicycles lying nearby belonging to some kids who are further away, exploring.

The dog runs over towards the bicycles.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 Buddy, we gotta go!

The dog takes hold of a bicycle as the young men run towards him.

Grabbing the bicycle, the dog hops on and begins to cycle downhill towards two of the young men, the soft toy panda sitting in a small basket at the front of the bicycle.

The young men rush towards the dog on the bicycle and try to grab him, but his momentum takes him past them. The young men grab the other bicycles and begin to make chase as Buddy hurtles downhill on the bike, while the young owners of the bicycles shout for them to stop.

Soon the dog is bouncing downhill, swerving and avoiding rocks and hillwalkers. The dog yelps in both excitement and trepidation while the young men yell with at the sight before them as they give chase.

Buddy, his ears flapping in the wind, sees the road approaching with traffic criss-crossing in front of him.

He clutches the brakes but it makes little difference as the bicycle gets closer.

Approaching the bottom of the hill, the ground dips like a valley then rises, acting like a ramp.

The young men close the gap but can see what is about to happen.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Buddy! No-o-o!

The dog, panda and bicycle reach the rising ground then soar into the air. As if in slow motion, the young men see the dog and bicycle leap over the traffic, like a scene from E.T with the panda in the basket rather than an alien.

The young men follow suit as they leap over the traffic, yelling with fear as they look down to see the traffic below them before landing on the other side to see the dog racing along the pavement towards the Meadows.

EXT. THE MEADOWS - DAY

Peter Wright, Danny Allbright and Ricky Newman are walking through the park that is filled with people sunbathing, having picnics or taking leisurely walks. A cricket match is taking place in the centre of the Meadows.

RICKY NEWMAN

We'll just have to ask if we can stay one more night, then head off sharp in the morning.

PETER WRIGHT  
As much as last night was fun, I  
don't think I could do that again.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I think I'm running on fumes.

Just then, they see Buddy cycling towards them being chased  
by their young counterparts.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Thats -

As the dog approaches, the cricketer smacks the ball with  
his bat and the ball zips through the air and hits the front  
wheel of Buddy's bicycle. The wheel buckles before tipping  
over front first with Buddy and the panda flying through the  
air then hitting the ground and sliding to a halt in front  
of them.

Ricky Newman picks up the toy panda then grabs the dog by  
the collar as the young ones approach.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Buddy)  
Showertime!

INT. STUDENT FLAT/SHOWER ROOM - LATER

The dog stands drenched in the shower with a saggy toy  
panda, looking sad and miserable.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Buddy)  
You'll be grateful later.

The dog just looks disgruntled.

Danny Allbright turns to Young Danny Allbright.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
We found the location to return.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Cool.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
The only thing is, we can't return  
till mid-day tomorrow.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
That's ok. You can stay another  
night.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

You sure?

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

Wouldn't have it any other way.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

You can join us for this  
afternoon's football match.

RICKY NEWMAN

Sounds like a plan.

Buddy steps out of the shower and shakes all the water off his body. Everyone is soaked as the water sprays across them all as they all yell and groan.

The dog smiles.

BUDDY

Just showing my gratitude.

EXT. ROCKVILLE/STREET - DAY

Baba Fatt arrives at Rockville, a Victorian, gothic construction with a tall pagoda as its centre piece. Standing out like some gingerbread house from a fairy tale, a driveway winds down to the main pillared entrance with the words *ROCKVILLE* engraved, which the biker passes as he rides up towards the house.

He dismounts his bike and walks up the steps towards the main door.

He grips the large lionhead knocker and raps on the door.

The door slowly creaks open to reveal a thin, slender, bald-headed butler, GOWAN [61] dressed in a Victorian black suit.

BABA FATT

I'm here for Dame Conceitayda.

The butler opens the door wider and invites Baba Fatt in.

INT. ROCKVILLE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The foyer is extravagantly decorated with wooden, carved panels and pillars, with a marble black and white marbled floor than connects to a multitude of oak doors as well as a large red carpeted stairway that winds its way up the building with family portraits adorning the walls.

GOWAN

Follow me.

An open, gilded cage contains a mynah bird, sitting on the edge of the door that turns to look at the biker.

MYNAH BIRD

Who's been a naughty boy?

The butler leads the biker up the stairs.

INT. ROCKVILLE/LANDING - CONTINUOUS

In the silent house, a grandfather clock ticks solemnly as the two men approach a set of double doors, next to which stands a bench.

GOWAN

If you would take a seat.

The biker sits down while the butler knocks on the door and enters.

Suddenly the mynah bird rises up from the cage and sits on the arm rest of the bench, watching the biker.

MYNAH BIRD

The devil makes work for idle hands.

Baba Fatt swats the bird away which rises to a beam above him. The biker looks up at the bird and grunts, before shifting his attention to the door.

As he hears the door creaking open, bird dropping splats on his shoulder and runs down his jacket.

He looks up and snarls at the bird.

Gowan appears and signals for Baba Fatt to enter.

INT. ROCKVILLE/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The biker enters a magnificent room that is filled with famous paintings and glass plinths containing ancient artifacts from around the world. The tall, red-headed DAME CONCEITAYDA [50] dressed in a long burgundy gown with a high collar has her back to the biker as she studies one of her priceless objects.

The door closes behind the biker as he coughs. A breeze ripples past the chandeliers above his head.

The woman's chiselled face turns to Baba Fatt and her piercing blue eyes stare coldly at him.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
I heard you were rather successful  
last night, Mister Fatt?

Her long, fingernailed hand reaches out towards him.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)  
You have the Blood Stones with you?

Baba Fatt winces as he shuffles awkwardly on the spot.

BABA FATT  
Well...we did as you asked...in and  
out...and Bob's your uncle.

He offers a sheepish smile.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
...but Mrs Tillyworth...

The woman's arm reclines back.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
Who?

BABA FATT  
Our landlady.

He shrugs his shoulders with embarrassment.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
She threw out this toy panda...

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
Panda?!

BABA FATT  
Where they were hidden.

Dame conceitayda authoritatively advances towards him, her shadow covering him like a dark blanket despite his size.

He trembles nervously.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
...and now they are gone. Well,  
temporarily misplaced, really.

His voice weakens as she stares at him.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
Temporarily misplaced?

He feels a hand on his shoulder, which begins to tighten.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

But we are on the case and I can assure you we will have them in no time at all...as god is my witness.

Dame Conceitayda's face leans in to the biker.

DAME CONCEITAYDA

(softly)

There will be no witnesses, if they are not delivered.

The biker gulps then nods affirmatively. She glances at the bird droppings on his shoulder.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)

They say it's good luck. I hope for you, it is.

She releases her grip as Baba Fatt feels a breeze pass through him from the door behind that abruptly opens on its own.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)

Gowan will see you out.

The biker pivots then advances towards the butler and the open door, before exiting as the mynah bird glides in and perches on her arm.

She looks at the bird.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)

Follow him.

INT. ELEPHANT HOUSE - DAY

The young ones, their older counterparts and Buddy, who is holding on to the panda, enter the quiet cafe and sit around a large wooden table.

A waitress comes over to take their order while the dog sniffs the floor and wanders around.

Turning a corner, he continues sniffing, with the panda between his teeth, till he reaches a table where a YOUNG GIRL [22] is writing on some scraps of paper.

She looks down to see him sitting attentively, wagging his tail across the wooden floorboards. The girl places a piece of biscuit on the floor. The dog drops the panda by his side before eating the biscuit as she scrunches up a sheet of paper and throws it in a nearby waste bin.



BUDDY  
 Writer's block?

She looks astounded at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. Did I startle you?

She nods. He offers a paw.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Buddy.

She shakes the paw.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 What are you writing?

The fair-haired girl sighs.

YOUNG GIRL  
 I had this idea about a magical  
 donkey that takes children on beach  
 rides and offers them one wish.  
 Like an equine Santa Claus...in the  
 summer.

The dog scratches his neck with a hind paw.

BUDDY  
 (unconvinced)  
 Hmm.

The girl takes a sip from her cup.

YOUNG GIRL  
 The ideas are there. Putting it to  
 paper is the hard part.

BUDDY  
 You just have to persevere. If you  
 believe it's meant to be, then it  
 will happen.

YOUNG GIRL  
 It doesn't pay the bills though.

BUDDY  
 Then get yourself a day job to tide  
 things over. Rome wasn't built in a  
 day.

The young girl chuckles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Even better...find somewhere warm  
 where the cost of living is lower.  
Then you don't have to worry about  
 bills. It's a win-win.

The young girl contemplates his suggestion.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 I hear Portugal is nice.

The girl ruffles his head in gratitude.

YOUNG GIRL  
 You know, that sounds like a good  
 idea.

The dog steps back from the table.

BUDDY  
 But I wouldn't do a magic story.

YOUNG GIRL  
 You wouldn't?

He shakes his head.

BUDDY  
 You want something more believable.

Buddy picks up his panda and walks back towards his party.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/STAIRWAY - DAY

The skinheads Julius Featheringham and Imelia Middleton approach the front door of the bikers' flat, which they notice is ajar.

Julius looks at Imelia questioningly. She nods affirmatively. He tentatively pushes the door open.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The skinheads open the living room door and peer round to see Baba Fatt sitting in his throne, deep in thought in The Thinker's pose. A radio sits on a side cabinet next to his throne playing soft music. The mynah bird sits on the ledge of an open window, watching.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
 Hello?

Baba Fatt looks up to see the skinheads and wipes a tear from his eye.

BABA FATT  
The mods are two floors down.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
It was you we wanted to see.

The two skinheads approach the biker.

BABA FATT  
You're not Mormons, are you? I gave  
that up years ago.

The intro for '*I Heard It Through The Grapevine*' by the  
Slits begins to play.

IMELIA MIDDLETON  
No. I heard it through the  
grapevine how...you'd lost  
something precious.

Julius steps closer to the biker, a tear trickling down his  
cheek.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
You know that a man ain't supposed  
to cry.

He pulls out a hanky and offers it to the biker who  
gratefully accepts before wiping th tear.

BABA FATT  
But these tears I can't hold  
inside.

Baba Fatt smashes his fist down on the radio.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
I'm just about to lose my mind.

Imelia steps closer. The two skinheads stand on either side  
of the throne.

IMELIA MIDDLETON  
You hear from what you see.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
Not from what you hear.

Baba Fatt turns to Imelia with a look of curiosity.

BABA FATT  
And what did you see?

Imelia places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

IMELIA MIDDLETON  
The panda you are looking for.

Baba Fatt's expression changes to one of uncontained delirium.

BABA FATT  
You have?

Julius nods as Baba Grunt, Baba Noob and the others enter the room.

BABA GRUNT  
Boss, we've looked everywhere -

With restrained anger, the leader of the bikers waves away his men to be quiet.

BABA FATT  
(to Julius)  
Where?

Julius glances over at the gang of bikers then turns back to Baba Fatt.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
(softly)  
What would such information be worth?

Baba Fatt's face begins to distort with rising anger as his face leans into Julius'.

BABA FATT  
A dead man would profit little from any reward.

A silence falls over the room.

Baba Fatt smiles.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
But thirty pieces of silver would be yours.

He clicks his fingers and one of his men rushes over to a chest from which he retrieves a small bag of coins before handing to his leader, who, in turn, holds it in the palm of his hand for the two skinheads to see.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM/STREET - DAY

The young ones, their older counterparts and the dog approach a pub filled with football fans.

A newsagent next door has a billboard outside with the headline.

*DIAMOND HEIST HAS POLICE ON THE TRACK*

Buddy glances at the billboard.

To the side of the entrance stands BOLDIE [22], a small guy wearing a green and white football scarf. He waves at the group who approach.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

Boldie!

Young Peter Wright offers a friendly hug.

BOLDIE

You all going?

Young Peter Wright nods.

BOLDIE (CONT'D)

Including the dog?

BUDDY

Who's playing?

BOLDIE

It's the Edinburgh Derby.

BUDDY

So it'll give me time to catch some shut eye?

The football fan produces a handful of tickets which he hands over.

BOLDIE

Nice to see you taking yer grandads out for the day.

He turns to the older men.

BOLDIE (CONT'D)

(shouts at the older men)

It won't be too loud for you?

RICKY NEWMAN

(shouts)

We'll be fine, thanks.

Boldie leans in towards Young Peter Wright as he pulls out some green flags from his rear pocket.

BOLDIE  
 (whisper)  
 You can have these. They can wave  
 them if they get lost.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
 Thanks but we'll be fine.

BOLDIE  
 Please yerself.

He turns to the others.

BOLDIE (CONT'D)  
 Enjoy the game lads.

He turns and enters the pub.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
 (to the others)  
 Here we go, here we go, here we go!

The group march towards the stadium.

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

The mynah bird watches Baba Fatt hand over the pouch of  
 coins then flies off.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME

Baba Fatt checks his watch.

BABA FATT  
 We can pay a visit this evening  
 when our thieves are sure to be  
 home. Till then, let's feast.

The bikers chuckle deviously.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
 I guess we should be going now?

The two skinheads are about to leave but Baba Fatt grabs  
 Julius by the collar and pulls him back.

BABA FATT  
 Not so quickly, my friend.

Julius turns to face the leader of the bikers.

JULIUS FEATHERINGHAM  
 You have everything you require.

Baba Fatt shakes his head.

BABA FATT  
You will accompany us. We need to  
make sure we get our money's worth.  
Eh?

The skinheads suddenly look concerned.

IMELIA MIDDLETON  
But then everyone will know what  
we've done.

Baba Fatt stands up and places his arms around each of them.

BABA FATT  
Are you worried about your  
reputation?

He laughs loudly. The gang follow suit.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
(to the gang)  
My, my we have such sensitive  
creatures amongst us.

The leader signals to Baba Chef.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
Baba Chef. This calls for a strong  
curry!

BABA CHEF  
Aye sir!

Baba Fatt turns to the two skinheads.

BABA FATT  
I hope you like vegetarian.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - DAY

Two commentators, ARCHIE MCMUDDLE [51] and ARTHUR MONTIFORD [53] sit with microphones pressed against their mouths as they look down on the packed stadium with the fans cheering as the two teams enter the stadium; one team in green and white and the other in maroon.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE  
Welcome, listeners to Football  
Bonanza. Archie McMuddle here with  
Arthur Montiford for Hibernian  
versus Heart of Midlothian.

Each team run to opposing sides while the captains meet in the middle of the pitch with the referee and shake hands.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (CONT'D)

I must say Arthur, we have a perfect day for the match.

ARTHUR MONTIFORD

It certainly is Archie and the crowd are in good voice.

INT. ROCKVILLE/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Dame Conceitayda is stretched out on a sofa filing her nails while reading a magazine as the mynah bird swoops in through an open door and lands on her shoulder and whispers in her ear.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)

It looks to me like one of the teams might already be changing their tactics before the game has even begun.

ARTHUR MONTIFORD (O.S.)

A wee birdy tells me this could be a humdinger of a game.

The mynah bird flies off.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

The bikers sit around a large table with Baba Fatt sitting on his throne. The boisterous gang tuck into the food that has been laid out for them.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)

It's only my opinion Fletch, but is the away team looking a bit over confident?

ARTHUR MONTIFORD (O.S.)

They've been on a poor run recently, Archie, and the recent loss has left them in a precarious position.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - DAY

The young ones and their older counterparts sits close to the pitch while Buddy sleeps at the feet of Ricky with the panda close by his side.



A security staff walks down the central aisle, past the group, and opens a gate through which he advances. The gate is left ajar as the match begins.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - DAY

Dame Conceitayda arrives at the door with Gowan who pulls out a set of wires which he inserts into the lock before twisting and manoeuvring till eventually the door unlocks.

The butler opens the door and steps aside for his boss to enter.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The dame glides through the hallway as Gowan closes the door behind.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Entering the room alone, she wanders around, picking up objects then dropping them to the floor. A vase smashes into pieces as she continues her search.

She spots the folded map laying on the bed which she picks up and studies.

The Scotland Street tunnel with the word '*HERE*' catches her attention.

The woman folds up the map and leaves the room.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - DAY

The team in maroon are on the attack. The ball crosses diagonally from one side of the pitch to the other. The player traps the ball then takes aim. The crowd gasp as the player strikes the ball. Ricky and the others rise up to their feet. The ball curves up and over to burst the back of the net past the flailing goalkeeper. A huge roar erupts.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)

Oh ya beauty! Make no mistake, that  
was a sensational move!

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

The bikers are in the midst of a feeding frenzy and drinking from goblets.

Baba Noob daintily picks his food while those around him grab food with their hands or scoop it up with large wooden spoons.

BABA NOOB  
Don't we have cutlery?

BABA GRUNT  
Fingers fine.

Baba Noob winces.

BABA NOOB  
Not exactly hygienic.

The skinheads, sitting on either side of Baba Fatt, watch in disgust. The leader glances at them.

BABA FATT  
Eat, my friends! An army cannot  
fight on an empty stomach!

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)  
If the home team don't raise their  
game, this could be a massacre,  
Arthur!

One of the bikers throws food across the table at a fellow biker before bursting into laughter.

ARTHUR MONTIFORD (O.S.)  
I think you're right, Archie. Some  
of them look decidedly  
uncomfortable with what their  
witnessing.

Julius and Imelia stare at each other in dismay before some slop hits the female skinhead in the face.

BIKER #1 (O.S.)  
FOOD FIGHT!!

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - DAY

The team in green go on the attack. The player plays a one-two with a teammate and strikes the ball in the top right corner.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE  
Oh, what a screamer!! It's all  
square!

The home crowd erupt in celebration as the players milk the adulation.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

The food fight rises in intensity and the two skinheads scurry under the table.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)  
There's no hiding place for that  
defence. It's all or nothing now!

The skinheads crawl along the floor below the table as the laughter and shouting from the bikers gets louder, while below them, they can hear someone thumping.

BIKERS NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)  
Shut up! I can't hear myself think!

One biker has his face stuffed with so much food, his cheeks are filled to the brim. He smacks his hands on his cheeks for the food to fly out of his mouth across the table into the faces of those opposite him and he bursts into laughter.

BIKER #4  
A zit!

The skinheads reach the end of the table and crawl out of the room, unseen.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)  
It's sheer madness, Fletch. Sheer  
madness.

ARTHUR MONTIFORD (O.S.)  
Never seen anything like it Archie  
in all my years.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - DAY

The noise of the crowd eventually awakens Buddy. All around him people are shouting encouragement to their team.

The dog yawns and sits up.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM/COMMENTATOR BOX - SAME TIME

The two commentators are on the edge of their seats.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE  
They're going for it, Arthur!

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The team in maroon are on the attack with their defenders on the halfway line and the goalkeeper stands outside the box watching his team push forward.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - SAME TIME

Buddy suddenly clocks the football. His eyes widen and his jaw drops.

EXT. EASTER ROAD STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The team in maroon lose the ball and a player in green and white spots the goalkeeper way off his line. He smashes the ball with his boot and it begins to sail over all the players. The goalkeeper suddenly realises his predicament and hurriedly retreats but the ball is already over his head and falling towards the empty goal.

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)  
He's not going to reach it!

The ball lands on the grass and bounces once towards the empty net.

Silence falls over the stadium.

Suddenly, Buddy leaps through the air and hits the ball with his nose as it is about to cross the line.

The crowd roar in disbelief as the ball changes trajectory while being chased by the dog.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Buddy! No-o-o!

ARCHIE MCMUDDLE (O.S.)  
Unbelievable!

The referee blows his whistle followed by a loud booing from the crowd. The dog stops and looks around to see players in green and white running towards him.

He turns and scampers back towards Ricky.

Reaching the others, he grabs the panda. People around them are waving their fists in anger.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
We need to go!

The group begin running up the aisle.

INT. BIKERS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

The flat is covered from top to bottom with food, including the bikers as Baba Fatt notices the skinheads have disappeared.

BABA FATT

It seems our guests have given us  
the slip.

The bikers looks around and under the table.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

I suggest it is time we also depart  
to retrieve what is rightfully  
ours.

The gang cheer and exit the room.

EXT. LEITH STREET - DAY

The young ones along with their older counterparts and the  
dog race out into the street. Peter Wright glances behind to  
see a large crowd of irate fans in pursuit as they roar with  
anger.

PETER WRIGHT

I think they want our blood.

RICKY NEWMAN

(to Buddy)

At what point did you think that  
was a good idea?

As they all run through the street, flanked by tenements,  
the dog looks up at his master.

BUDDY

I'm a dog! It's what dogs do!

EXT. LEITH STREET - SAME TIME

A young girl is looking in a shop window with headphones  
while listening to Iron Maiden's *RUN TO THE HILLS*.

She turns to see the group running up the street followed by  
the angry mob a few hundred yards behind.

EXT. BIKERS FLAT/STREET - SAME TIME

The bikers step out of the tenement building with their  
bikes lined up at the side of the road in front of them.

They turn to see the group being chased by the crowd.

The bikers, frozen in the moment, watch with dropped jaws as  
the group pass them with a dog carrying a toy panda.

They turn their heads to see the large crowd that fills the  
street, giving chase.

The bikers step back and press themselves against the wall as the herd of fans rush past, kicking up dust and dirt that becomes a cloud from the tramping feet.

When they eventually pass and the dust settles, they stare blankly at their bikes which are lying in a heap on the ground.

BABA GRUNT

Was that -

BABA FATT

I think so.

EXT. LONDON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As they reach London Road, they see a double-decker bus as the crowd get nearer.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

The bus. Quick.

The driver notices the crowd and attempts to close the doors but the group manage to get in just in time.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

RICKY NEWMAN

MOVE!

The crowd reach the bus and bang on the windows, with angry faces looking in, as it moves away.

The driver glances at the group in dismay.

BUS DRIVER

Standing room only.

The group turn and face the passengers who are all staring dumbfounded at them.

INT. SKINHEADS FLAT/HALLWAY - DAY

Julius Featheringham peers through the spy glass on the door to see Baba Fatt approach the landing. The biker studies their door then places his eye at the spy glass from the other side.

The skinhead pulls back and indicates to the others to hide.

With Julius pressed in the corner between the door and the wall, he sees the letterbox flip open.

INT. SKINHEADS FLAT/STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baba Fatt peers through the letterbox to see an empty hallway.

INT. SKINHEADS FLAT/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He cautiously looks back through the spy glass to see the bikers walk towards the opposite door, before Baba Fatt thumps on the door.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baba Grunt bends down and looks through the letterbox as Baba Fatt kicks the door open, leaving his right-hand man looking into the hallway as his leader marches past and into the flat.

INT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/HALLWAY - DAY

Angel opens the door to see the group and the dog, appearing dishevelled and out of breath.

ANGEL

You look exhausted.

Young Peter Wright places a hand on her shoulder as he enters.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

(to Angel)

We will never get a dog.

INT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The spacious room easily accommodates everyone as they recline on the sofa and chairs while the dog flops on the carpeted floor.

Eloise returns from the kitchen with bottles of beer for everyone which are placed on the table for everyone to help themselves.

Danny Allbright, Peter Wright and Ricky Newman are sitting next to each of their younger counterparts.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

(to Peter Wright)

You'll be glad to get home?

Peter Wright takes a drink from his bottle.

PETER WRIGHT  
I'm getting too old for  
this...lifestyle.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
But you weren't once.

PETER WRIGHT  
That was a long time ago.

He pauses and thinks for a moment.

PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Memories.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
You have any regrets?

Peter Wright shakes his head.

PETER WRIGHT  
For all the mistakes, the tears and  
laughter I'd do it all again.

Danny Allbright watches his young counterpart roll up a  
cigarette.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
It's funny how you think you're  
invincible at your age. Anything is  
possible.

Young Danny Allbright lights the cigarette and offers it to  
him, but he declines with a shake of the head.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Then suddenly you become aware of  
your own mortality and your  
priorities change.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I've got years ahead of me.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
You do, but time catches up quickly  
and before you know it your hair's  
thinning, your girth's expanding  
and your legs can't quite do a  
hundred metres like they once  
could.

The young man exhales the smoke.



YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
That's depressing, man.

Danny Allbright chuckles.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
That's life.

Beth brings food through which is placed on the table.

BETH  
I guess this is like a last supper?

RICKY NEWMAN  
Beth, this is just the beginning.

She returns to the kitchen.

GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eloise stirs a pot of food while drinking a bottle of beer. Angel is sitting at the kitchen table reading a paper with a glass of wine by her side while Beth pours herself a glass.

ANGEL  
Did you see this about the jewel heist?

ELOISE  
One of them would make a nice wedding ring.

BETH  
They'll be long gone by now.

INT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ricky spots a polaroid camera sitting on a shelf. He rises and picks up the camera as the girls enter the room.

RICKY NEWMAN  
We should get a selfie.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
A what?

RICKY NEWMAN  
A photo of us altogether.

He studies the camera.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
It's got a timer. C'mon, gather round.

He places the camera on top of the television as the group squeeze up together along with the dog.

BUDDY

Me too!

Ricky joins in at the end.

RICKY NEWMAN

Cheese!

The camera flashes.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Baba Fatt, with Baba Grunt standing by his side, looks out the bay window of the main room while the others rummage around.

BABA GRUNT

They've found nothing, boss.

Baba Fatt sighs.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/TOILET - SAME TIME

Baba Noob sits on the toilet seat holding his walkie-talkie.

BABA NOOB

(whisper)

PC Clutterbuck to HQ. Do you read me?

HQ OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hear you loud and clear.

BABA NOOB

(whisper)

Back-up required. Project Scary Hairy ready to rumble at the following address.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Baba Chef knocks on the toilet door.

BABA CHEF

Hurry up in there!

There's a moments silence before the sound of the door unlocking and Baba Noob appearing.

BABA NOOB

Sorry.

BABA CHEF  
It worries me the amount of time  
you spend in there.

BABA NOOB  
Dodgy tum, Baba Chef.

The large chef looks quizzical.

BABA CHEF  
You blaming my food?

Baba Noob gets defensive.

BABA NOOB  
Not at all! The cuisine  
was...imaginative.

The chef grunts and enters the toilet cubicle.

EXT. EDINBURGH LANDSCAPE - DAY

The next day and the sun rises over Arthur's Seat and  
Edinburgh Castle.

INT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Peter Wright, Danny Allbright, Ricky Newman and Buddy, his  
head between Ricky and Peter, are sleeping on a double bed  
sofa.

Beth enters the room and opens the curtains to let the  
morning sunlight brighten the room.

BETH  
Rise and shine travellers. Time to  
go home.

Danny Allbright sits upright before nudging Peter Wright who  
awakens to see the dog staring at him.

BUDDY  
Morning beautiful.

Peter jumps up to get away from the dog while feeling his  
face.

PETER WRIGHT  
I don't believe it. You've been  
slobbering all over my face.

BUDDY  
It's a sign of affection.

Peter shakes Ricky till he is awake.

PETER WRIGHT  
 (to Ricky)  
 This is the last time we share a  
 bed!

Ricky groans, unaware of what his friend is complaining about.

Danny notices the time on a wall clock indicates eight in the morning, as the young ones enter the room.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 (to Young Peter Wright)  
 We need to collect our things from  
 your flat before we go.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
 Get yourselves together and we'll  
 be on our way.

INT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/FRONT DOOR - LATER

Everyone is congregated at the front door.

ANGEL  
 I'd be lying if I said this hasn't  
 been a strange experience, but it  
 was nice meeting you.

BETH  
 A bit creepy.

ELOISE  
 Don't be tempted to return.

Ricky chuckles.

RICKY NEWMAN  
 That's not going to happen.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 C'mon, we better get going.

EXT. GIRLFRIENDS FLAT/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The group squeeze into a red convertible car with Young Danny Allbright sitting behind the wheel.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
 Eloise said we could use her car.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - DAY

The group, chatting amongst themselves, reach the top of the stairs to see the front door is ajar.

Their demeanour instantly changes to one of apprehension as they fall silent while they approach the door.

Young Peter Wright reaches out and pushes the door open. It creaks as it widens for them to see the mess inside.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Man!

One by one, they slowly enter the flat.

PETER WRIGHT

You don't deserve this.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group open the door and enter to find Baba Fatt, Baba Grunt and some of the others sitting waiting for them.

BABA FATT

Welcome home.

The bikers giggle and chuckle as the group look in stunned silence.

The leader of the bikers rises as the group are herded in by bikers from the rear, into a small circle, with Buddy partially hidden in the centre.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

Apologies for the rearrangement of your abode...

He gestures to the mess that surrounds them as he slowly advances.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

...but you have something that belongs to us, so we decided to invite ourselves in and...tinker around.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(defiant)

You going to pay for this mess?

Baba Fatt laughs loudly while glancing around at his entourage who follow suit.

His face instantly changes into a serious glare.

BABA FATT

It is you who will be paying...and  
a heavy price it will be.

He notices the dog with the toy panda in his mouth and  
points down at it.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

That belongs to me!

The group look down at the dog.

RICKY NEWMAN

He is my dog.

BABA FATT

The panda, stupid.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

Aren't you too old for toys?

Baba Fatt raises an eyebrow.

BABA FATT

It so happens Pappa Panda has  
sentimental value to me.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

Pappa?

The leader of the bikers demeanour changes to one of anger.

BABA FATT

But we digress, for in its tummy  
there are jewels which belong to  
me!

The bikers in the gang mumble amongst themselves thinking  
the jewels are for all of them, which the leader notices.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

Us. They belong to us.

The gang calm down.

He bends down towards the dog who cowers back.

Ricky Newman bends down to his dog and makes a sequence of  
gestures with his fingers. First he shows three fingers,  
then one finger then two in the 'V' sign.

Baba Fatt gestures for the dog to step forward. Buddy looks at Ricky, who nods.

The dog timidly and slowly steps out from within the circle with the panda gripped between his teeth, his puppy eyes looking up at the biker.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

Good doggy.

The leader of the bikers takes hold of the toy panda but the dog doesn't release it.

Baba Fatt gently tugs at the panda.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)

You need to let go of it.

He tugs harder.

Ricky instructs the dog with a loud whistle and the dog releases the panda.

Baba Fatt grins with satisfaction but, in the blink of an eye, the dog's teeth grip the wrist of the leader and yanks him to the floor.

The biker gang gasp with horror as the leader screams while the dog stares hard into the eyes of Baba Fatt.

RICKY NEWMAN

Now it might be worth saying, at this moment, that Buddy's jaw is like a vice and his teeth are capable of crunching through bone.

Baba Fatt yelps in pain.

BABA FATT

Tell him to let go!

Ricky Newman and the others disperse while Buddy keeps Baba Fatt secure on the floor.

RICKY NEWMAN

All in good time.

Ricky circles around his group looking at the other bikers.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(to the gang)

Now, we are going to calmly make our way out of here while Buddy, here, brings your boss along.

(MORE)

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

One wrong move and he'll only have  
one hand to play with his toy. Do  
you understand?

The shocked bikers nod fervently. Ricky Newman is back  
beside the dog, where Baba Fatt is mumbling and bubbling,  
and picks up the panda.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Good.

Ricky Newman looks at his compatriots, who are just as  
surprised.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(to Young Ricky Newman)

You got your lighter?

Young Ricky Newman nods, retrieves it from his pocket and  
hands it to Ricky Newman.

Baba Fatt looks up in pain.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Any tricks and the panda gets it.

Ricky holds the panda and lighter in the air, intimating  
what will happen.

BABA FATT

(to the gang)

Do as he says!!

RICKY NEWMAN

Gentlemen. Shall we?

The group slowly make their way out of the room with the  
bikers parting like Moses and the Red Sea, while Baba Fatt  
crawls along the floor as he is led by Buddy.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky Newman stands at the doorway, facing the bikers at the  
end of the hallway, with a lit flame close to the toy panda,  
while the others rush down the stairs and the dog retains a  
grip on Baba Fatt.

RICKY NEWMAN

Ok, boy.

The dog releases his grip on the biker and they back off  
down the stairs.



Once Ricky and the dog are out of sight, the bikers rush to their leader.

BABA GRUNT

Boss. You ok?

BABA FATT

Of course I'm not ok. Get after them!

EXT. STUDENT FLAT/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky Newman and the dog rush out into the street where the others are waiting in the car. Young Ricky Newman sits behind the wheel with Peter Wright and Danny Allbright with the others in the back.

RICKY NEWMAN

I'll drive. I've done this before.

PETER WRIGHT

(surprised)

You have?

Ricky Glances at him.

RICKY NEWMAN

Misspent youth.

Young Danny Allbright jumps into the back while Buddy sits between Ricky Newman and Peter Wright as the car revs up and screeches away with the bikers appearing to board their bikes.

EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

Woah! That was a close one!

Young Ricky Newman glances behind to see the bikers revving their machines and taking off, leaving Baba Noob behind.

The car burns rubber as it turns right into the main, busy thoroughfare. The whole group lean to the left.

Peter Wright picks up the toy panda and opens the back of it to find the jewels inside.

PETER WRIGHT

Oh my god! The jewel heist!

Ricky Newman and Danny Allbright glance at the bag.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
The road!

Ricky Newman looks up in time to swerve the car around a vehicle ahead, just missing a traffic island.

BUDDY  
This is what they're after?

The car swerves left through red lights. Other vehicles honk their horns as the car just missing oncoming traffic.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I guess so.

EXT. CAR CHASE/BIKERS - SAME TIME

Babba Fatt, his face as grim as thunder, has the car in his sights some distance ahead. Baba Grunt is on his right while Baba Chef is to his left with the others behind, including one bike with an occupied sidecar.

Pedestrians are screaming as they jump out of the way of the oncoming gang.

BABA FATT  
(to Baba Grunt)  
No-one gets out alive!

BABA GRUNT  
Aye, boss!

EXT. STUDENT FLAT/STREET - SAME TIME

Police cars screech to a halt in the street outside the flat where Baba Noob is waiting.

He jumps into the first car.

BABA NOOB  
No time to lose!

The police cars accelerate with their sirens screaming as they make chase after the bikers.

EXT. CAR CHASE/ARIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

A police helicopter follows from above as the car speeds towards the McEwan Hall and its pedestrian surroundings.

Further behind is the gang of bikers while the police cars bring up the rear.

EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The wind rushes through their hair with the dog's ears flapping wildly as they speed ahead.

In front of them they can see the road is blocked with traffic at a red light.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
LEFT! LEFT!

Ricky Pritchard yanks the steering wheel to the left and they mount the pavement into a pedestrianised zone where people are jumping out of the way.

The car bumps down steps then crosses a central, circular promenade before rising up steps past the McEwan Halls. The car rises into the air, past stunned onlookers, then lands with a bump as it continues.

Ricky Newman looks in his rear-view mirror where he can see the bikers just approaching the promenade.

RICKY NEWMAN  
How are we for time?

Danny Newman and Peter Wright check their watches.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT/PETER WRIGHT  
Eleven!

With Young Peter Wright and Young Ricky Newman looking behind to see where the bikers are, Young Peter Wright leans forward between Ricky Newman and Peter Wright.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
I think Eloise would prefer the car is returned in one piece.

RICKY NEWMAN  
I'm trying!

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
I think they're getting closer!

EXT. CAR CHASE/BIKERS - CONTINUOUS

Baba Fatt and the bikers hear the police sirens in the distance behind them.

BABA GRUNT  
Boss. The cops.

The leader of the bikers growls as he looks in his wing mirror to see flashing blue lights in the distance.

He gestures for his men to split up with one group of bikers siphoning off to the right as they reach the central promenade.

EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The car speeds along Lauriston Place past George Heriot's School and turns right into the narrow Vennel with the old Flodden Wall on the right and tenements on the left.

Pedestrians push themselves back against the wall as the group grip anything they can grab as the car hurtles through the narrow passage, zipping left then right as it reaches the top of the steps before bouncing downwards towards the Grassmarket with Edinburgh Castle overshadowing their journey.

BUDDY

I think we're gonna die!!

The car continues to leap and bound down the steps before screeching between traffic running perpendicular to their journey as a tourist bus with Japanese visitors flash their cameras from the open upper deck, oohing and aahing at the scene before their eyes.

EXT. CAR CHASE/BIKERS - CONTINUOUS

The bikers reach the Vennel and thunder down the lane with Baba Fatt leaning forward in his bike, growling at the pedestrians.

BABA FATT

Out of my way!!

EXT. CAR CHASE/ARIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The car speeds through the Grassmarket with the bikers hairing down the steps of the Vennel and the police approaching the entrance of the Vennel but, also, through Candlemaker Row, the other group of bikers are approaching.

EXT. CAR CHASE/POLICE - CONTINUOUS

The police arrive at the entrance of the Vennel and they come to a stop.

BABA NOOB

What are you doing?!

POLICE DRIVER  
It's too narrow.

Baba Nood is incredulous with rage.

BABA NOOB  
What?!

POLICE DRIVER  
We're on a tight budget and these  
cars don't grow on trees, you know.

Baba Noob winds down his window and gestures to the others to reverse and take an alternative route.

EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The car speeds through the Grassmarket where tourists are sitting outside the cafes and pubs enjoying the food and drink.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Victoria Street!

RICKY NEWMAN  
I know, I know!

Up ahead, they can see the other bikers entering the street from Candlemaker Row.

Ricky pushes his foot all the way down on the pedal and jerks the car hard to the left as the bikers are almost within touching distance of the car as they approach from the right.

Young Danny Allbright finds an umbrella at his feet and picks it up. As the nearest biker approaches the rear right of the car, Young Danny Allbright opens the umbrella and releases it. The broolly flies through the air into the face of the biker causing him to flinch as the bike spins.

The car roars up the curving, cobbled Victoria Street as the other bikers are forced to avoid the fallen biker, but some spin out of control.

EXT. CAR CHASE/BIKERS - CONTINUOUS

Baba Fatt and the others are gaining ground and speed through the Grassmarket. Watching his comrades at the foot of Victoria Street avoiding the fallen bikers, he leads his men through the narrow Cowgate and under the arching bridge, the roar of their engines amplified by the high tenements that line each side of the street.

## EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The car crosses the High Street of the Royal Mile to reach the top of the Mound with Princes Street Gardens and Edinburgh Castle to the left and Waverley station to the right.

The young ones look back to see no-one behind them.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN

I think we've lost them.

Ricky Newman slows down as the car bends round for them to see Princes Street ahead.

Suddenly, they hear the roar of bikes. Ricky Newman looks to his right to see Baba Fatt and the others racing up Market Street towards them.

RICKY NEWMAN

Damnit!

His foot hits the pedal causing everyone to lean back with the force of the acceleration.

The car turns a sharp right into Princes Street where throngs of pedestrians walk the streets of the busy shopping thoroughfare and vehicles fill the road.

Ricky Newman swerves the car in and out of the traffic, with horns honking and vehicles screeching to a halt or careering to the side but the bikers are closing in with the whites of their eyes visible to the young ones as they look back.

Up ahead, the majestic Balmoral Hotel with its distinct tower looks down on the traffic.

PETER WRIGHT

I've heard of whirlwind tours but this takes the biscuit.

RICKY NEWMAN

Yeah well hold tight cause it's about to get hairier.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

They're nearly behind us Ricky!

RICKY NEWMAN

I see them!

Up ahead the road converges with other routes with the foot of the North Bridge to the right, Waterloo Place ahead and Leith Street to the left.

The lights ahead change to red and the traffic grinds to a halt.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Brace yourselves!!

The car crosses lanes to oncoming traffic that is turning round from the foot of the North Bridge. Horns blast as the car wheels right then left, just missing the vehicles before leaving tyre tracks as it spins round to the left and down Leith Street, while the bikers cut the corner by mounting the pavement and the central reservation with pedestrians screaming in horror.

As the two groups race down Leith Street and into Broughton Street with the bikers surrounding the car, Peter Wright gasps.

The bike with the sidecar approaches the left of them with the passenger in the sidecar growling at the group as he pulls out a flare gun to take aim.

Ricky glances in his wing mirror to see what is about to happen and yanks the steering wheel to his left. The side of the car bumps and scrapes the boxcar and the bike tips over to its left just as the biker fires the flare gun.

The flare rises up and over the glass bridge that connects the shopping centre on the left with the grassy verge on the right.

People in the bridge watch the flare whoosh past them and explode in the air while the bike and boxcar veer off the road and crash through a large shop window.

PETER WRIGHT/YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Woah!!

The car belts down Broughton Street with Baba Fatt, Baba Grunt and Baba Chef riding shotgun on either side of the car.

BABA FATT  
The end is nigh!

Peter Wright raises the panda in the air for Baba Fatt to see, teasingly smiling at him, before he releases it to fly backwards as they speed ahead.

BABA FATT (CONT'D)  
No-o-o!!

Ricky Newman presses his foot down on the pedal and the car speeds ahead of the bikers.

Ahead, though, a semi-trailer truck is crossing the road in front of them.

RICKY NEWMAN

DOWN!!

Everyone ducks down as the car careers under the truck taking the windscreen completely off the car.

The bikers screech to a halt before skidding across the road as the car disappears out of sight.

EXT. CAR CHASE/ARIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The lorry has come to a halt with the bikers sprawled all over the road and the car turning left into London Street.

Ricky Newman steers the car into the quiet Georgian street.

BUDDY

I don't think my heart can take any more.

RICKY NEWMAN

We're nearly there.

EXT. CAR CHASE/CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The car turns into Scotland Street and putters towards a narrow lane which leads to a tall set of wooden gates where it comes to a halt.

Everyone gets out of the car. Young Danny Allbright studies the car that is now a wreck.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

She's gonna kill me.

Young Peter Wright places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

The insurance will cover it.

He looks at the car and winces.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)

I think.

Danny Allbright notices the gate is padlocked.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

We're gonna have to climb it.



The young lads watch their elder counterparts help each other climb the fence.

Ricky Newman bends down and forms a foothold with his hands for Peter Wright to step into. Peter grabs onto his friend who raises him up as Peter stretches to reach the top of the fence, but he is too small.

PETER WRIGHT  
(to Ricky)  
Push!

Ricky struggle to raise his friend.

RICKY NEWMAN  
I am!

Peter's bum squeezes against his friend's face.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Young Peter Wright)  
I suggest you join a gym before  
it's too late.

The two older men continue struggling as Peter Wright gets a foot on Ricky's shoulder and grabs the top of the fence, then clumsily gets a leg over the fence.

PETER WRIGHT  
Did it!

Suddenly he tips over and falls with a wail on the other side.

Ricky turns to Buddy and lifts him up on to his back.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Buddy)  
Hold on.

The dog looks worriedly at Danny Allbright.

Ricky Newman looks at Danny Allbright.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
You're on your own.

Ricky Newman takes a few steps back then runs at the fence before leaping up and grabbing the top then pulls himself up, the dog's legs wrapped around his torso.

INT. SCOTLAND STREET TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The two older men dust themselves down then wait.

Suddenly the gate opens and Danny Allbright leads the others. Ricky Newman stares quizzically at him, while Danny Allbright looks sheepish.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
It wasn't properly locked...sorry.

INT. SCOTLAND STREET TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

As the group make their way through the tunnel, Danny Allbright pulls out his mobile and turns on the torchlight.

Young Danny Allbright stares at it, then looks at Danny Allbright.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Never mind. You'll find out about it later.

INT. SCOTLAND STREET TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Young Peter Wright looks behind to see the distant light of the entrance.

Up ahead a stone wall with a closed door comes into focus.

PETER WRIGHT  
The door.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Thank god.

The group stop in their tracks.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to the young ones)  
I think this is where we part ways.

The young ones each offer a hand to shake their elder counterparts which they accept.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Ricky Newman)  
It's been good knowing you.

RICKY NEWMAN  
And you. Stay true to your dreams and honourable in your actions.

Peter Wright hands the bag of jewels to Young Peter Wright.

PETER WRIGHT  
Make sure the police get these.

Young Peter Wright nods affirmatively.

Danny Allbright pats Young Danny Allbright on the upper arm.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Don't worry about the car. Eloise  
is a forgiving soul. Your made for  
each other.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Thanks.

Buddy coughs to attract their attention and they all turn to  
look at him.

BUDDY  
Don't I get a hug?

The group laugh and the young ones bend down to hug the dog.

Suddenly they hear a slow clap coming from the darkness.  
They all turn to see Dame Conceitayda, holding a gun, with  
the mynah bird on her shoulder, step out of the shadows.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
How touching.

MYNAH BIRD  
Brolove is alive and well.

The woman snarls as she advances towards them.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
Surrounded by incompetents, it's no  
surprise I'd have to do the job  
myself.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
It's our landlady!

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Mrs Lott?

MYNAH BIRD  
Lodger louts.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
Aren't they just.

She signals for Young Peter Wright to step forward.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)  
The jewels...please.

PETER WRIGHT  
You won't get away with this.

The woman laughs hysterically.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(whispers to Peter  
Wright)  
Mad as a hatter.

DAME CONCEITAYDA  
We landlords run this city. Without  
us there's be no tourists. We are  
the commercial heartbeat that pumps  
money through the veins of this  
capital...and don't you forget  
that.

She raises the gun and points it at them.

DAME CONCEITAYDA (CONT'D)  
Now hand over what is mine.

Suddenly a blue paintball pellet splats on her face between her eyes. The woman lets out a shrill yelp as another yellow paintball pellet hits the hand holding the gun which she drops as she retreats backwards in stunned confusion.

In quick sequence, a barrage of multi-coloured pellets splat into her face and upper body as she falls back before stumbling to the ground while the mynah bird escapes the scene.

The group turn round to see the girls advancing while holding paint guns while Ricky Newman kicks away the gun and the others circle the woman.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(to the girlfriends)  
In the nick of time.

ANGEL  
Never send a man to do a woman's  
job.

BETH  
(to the older men)  
You better get a move on.

The sound of sirens can be heard as the police arrive on the scene.

ELOISE  
We'll handle it from here.

The three men and the dog pivot and walk towards the door.

Danny Allbright grips the handle and opens the door to release a bright light through the tunnel.

The men turn and wave, which is reciprocated, before stepping into the light.

INT. SCOTLAND STREET TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Baba Noob and the police arrive at the scene and Young Danny Allbright hands the pouch of jewels over to him.

BABA NOOB

Baba Fatt and his men are in secure hands.

He glances over at Dame Conceitayda who is drenched in multi-coloured pain, her hair sodden over her face.

BABA NOOB (CONT'D)

(to Dame Conceitayda)

Where you'll be joining them.

The undercover policeman glances around.

BABA NOOB (CONT'D)

Where are your dads?

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT

They...eh...managed to escape.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Enjoying a cuppa by now, I guess.

INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - DAY

The three men and the dog are standing in the middle of the empty room where they began their adventure.

From the doorway behind the counter, the old man appears.

OLD MAN

Ah. You're back.

PETER WRIGHT

You know where we've been?

The old man looks quizzically at them.

OLD MAN

The underground city tour.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

No, we've -

Ricky places a hand on Danny's shoulder.

RICKY NEWMAN

Check the time.

He gestures to the clock on the wall which indicates five past twelve.

PETER WRIGHT

(to the old man)

What day is it?

Ricky pulls the polaroid photo from his back pocket. The photo shows the three men and the dog sitting at the reception table.

OLD MAN

You've been thirty minutes down there. Why would it be any other day?

RICKY NEWMAN

Guys.

Ricky shows the photo to his companions.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)

(to the old man)

The photo?

The old man retrieves a polaroid camera from under the counter.

OLD MAN

A memento for your trip.

The three men look bemused at each other.

The dog barks and they look down at him.

RICKY NEWMAN

(to the old man)

You got a bottle of that whisky I can buy?