

CHAOS

Written by

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INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: USA Tour. March 1999.

A dimly-lit corridor. Wide, generic and sterile. The walla of excited voices reverberates. Flight crates bearing the moniker 'Nuclear Aces - World Tour 99' are stacked down one side of the corridor.

Suited executives, Tour shirted entourage, Road Crew and a dozen starry-eyed Rock chicks neck cans and smoke joints outside a door labelled 'ACES DRESSING ROOM - AAA passes ONLY'.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS (40s, Old School Rock Manager) holds court in his grinding estuary English accent.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS

This is our year. We're gonna be
the new Guns n' Roses.

Rolling his eyes and shaking his head, YOUNG TONY DAWKINS (27, Tattooed Rock Bassist, leather trench coat) follows a BLONDE GIRL (Bombshell Groupie) and YOUNG PERRY (26, Wiry Roadie) behind the partying crowd, through a wide set of double doors - and out of sight.

In the dressing room, surrounded by empty booze containers, guitars and fluffy white towels YOUNG DOSSER (25, Lovable-Rogue, Party-Hard-Rock Singer) is a smashed and slurring mess.

JOSH (18, College Boy) holds a 'Meet & Greet' ticket and stands next to his IDOL. Dosser struggles to focus on a photograph of Josh and a cute brunette. Dosser looks at the photo, then at Josh, and then over his shoulder. His head shakes as he looks back at Josh.

YOUNG DOSSER

Is she your girlfriend then, Josh?

JOSH

(emotional)

Yes, Sir.

Dosser slurs and stumbles as he signs the photograph. A low moan of female ecstasy captures his attention.

YOUNG DOSSER

For Fuck-sake Gold!

In the back ground we see YOUNG GOLD (26, Egotistical Rock & Roll Guitarist. Horrible Bastard) in a passionate embrace with a half naked BRUNETTE GIRL. Young Gold holds up her bra and places it over his eyes so he looks like a giant fly.

YOUNG GOLD

I can't see. I can't see.

Gold bursts into laughter as the Brunette girl turns around. It's Josh's girlfriend. Josh, now crying, grabs the embarrassed girl by the hand and exits the room, stopping only to grab the signed picture from Dosser.

YOUNG DOSSER
I'm sorry... John?

Josh looks back with a dagger through his heart.

Young Dosser grins aimlessly and shrugs his shoulders as Young Gold cracks open a can.

YOUNG GOLD
You wanker.

A piercing scream comes from the corridor. Young Gold licks his finger and rubs what's left of some powder on the table and rubs it into his gums.

The screaming continues.

YOUNG GOLD (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Go an' sort your Mum out, Dosser.

Dosser smiles, grabs a flurry towel and retorts.

YOUNG DOSSER
Tosser.

Young Dosser wobble-bowls out of the dressing room to see what the fuck is going on.

The Blond Girl is standing in HYSTERICS in the corridor.

Whilst the crowd of hangers-on in the corridor back off, Young Dosser imposingly barges forward and GRABS the girl by the shoulders.

YOUNG DOSSER (CONT'D)
Oi!, what's wrong? What's happened?

Her Alice Cooper teary-eyes stream. She struggles to control her breathing but manages to BLURT OUT.

BLONDE GIRL
He's DEAD!

YOUNG DOSSER
Who?

The Blonde girl again ERUPTS into tears, failing to answer.

YOUNG DOSSER (CONT'D)
WHO?

Drunk and confused, Young Dosser makes out the muffled noise of SHOUTING from behind a set of double doors.

Young Dosser SLAMS the blonde girl into the onlooking rubber-neckers and crashes the few steps to the double doors.

RIPPING them open, there's GASPS of horror from the onlookers as we see Young Squeaky leaning over a body doing CRP.

Spotting Young Dosser, he clears the tears from his eyes and half-cries/half-screams:

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS
What did you give him? What did you
give him?

We now see Young Perry's lifeless body; mouth open, vomit covering his lower face, a nasty blue tinge to the rest - blood filled needle still in his arm.

In the corner of the room, Young Tony stands silently shaking; DISTRAUGHT, ashen faced, DEAD eyes and holding a beretta 9mm pistol.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Get help, please. GET HELP.

Young Dosser tries to FOCUS his mind, but manages only to STUMBLE backwards onto his arse. Pulling himself up, he turns to the onlooking GAWKERS, throws the white towel at them, screaming as he SLAMS the double doors shut!

YOUNG DOSSER
GET OUT!

A momentary reprise from the walla of voices.

Young Squeaky mumbles as he carries on massaging his son's lifeless heart.

YOUNGER 'SQUEAKY' REYNOLDS
Don't leave me, Perry, Don't leave
me, Son.

Young Dosser LOCKS onto Young Tony's vacant stare.

YOUNG TONY
It's over, Doss.

YOUNG DOSSER
Put that fucking thing away, Bruv.
Let's go get a beer.

Young Tony SMASHES the pistol into the side of his head, blood trickles from a small cut.

Holding Dosser's stare, he points the pistol to his temple.

YOUNG TONY
Get a fucking beer?

Young Perry SPUTTERS and vomits over his Dad. Never has someone been so please to be puked on.

As Dosser turns to witness Perry's resurrection, he's SPLASHED in the face with BLOOD and BRAIN as a huge GUNSHOT rips through the room.

The end-of-the-world etches itself onto Dosser's face.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - BACK TO PRESENT DAY - DAY

SUPER: 20 years later.

A bland magnolia hall. A circle of chairs. A mixture of men & women make up the SUPPORT GROUP.

IAN 'DOSSER' DAWKINS (45, Vocalist. Lovable Rogue. Recovering Addict. Humble.) is standing SHARING his life story.

Dressed in black boots, Levi 501's and a new Harley Davidson T shirt. Holding a tea cup in one hand, he fiddles with a chip attached to a piece of red string around his neck with the other. We see that the chip has a 'X' on it.

DOSSER
And today, I try to celebrate
Tony's life, not despair in his
death.

Dosser EMBRACES his cup of tea with both hands.

DOSSER (CONT'D)
My name is Ian, thank you.

SUPPORT GROUP.
Thank you, Ian.

The next SPEAKER stands.

Dosser sits and scans the circle of support, paying particular attention to JAS BARNES (52, Disgraced Ex-Entertainment Lawyer. Recovering Addict. Self-conscious. Unassuming.) and her X chip.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

A black van pulls up. Two heavily tattooed Biker THUGS (30's leather cuts, booted and tough looking) exit the van and duck behind a wall for some covert surveillance.

One thug turns to the van and clicks his fingers twice.

The van's back doors open and a further two THUGS exit onto the street dropping a ramp to the floor.

Thug-1 moves from behind a wall towards the front of the hall. As he moves forward we see an expensive CHOPPER style motorcycle. He electronically scans the bike looking for security. We see a disk lock on the front wheel.

In a pincer movement, Thug-2 moves to the front PORCH door. Holding it closed by putting a hand through the letter box, it's clear that they are going to steal the bike.

Thug-1 straddles the bike. Thug-3 exits the back of the van FIRING UP a cordless angle grinder. Sparks fly up as he cuts down one side of the disk lock, then starts down the other.

Explosively the front door flies open inside the porch and we see a FURIOUS Dosser.

DOSSER

Oi.... OI!

Dosser yanks at the outer porch door. The disk lock falls to the floor with a CLUNK. Thug-2 and Thug-3 roll the bike off of the pavement and up the ramp into the back of the van.

Dosser and Thug-1 play tug-of-door until Dosser realises his boot will win this war.

He stamps on the knuckles of thug-1 sends him reeling backwards and running for the van which is just revving up.

Dosser exits the front door and hurls his tea cup at Thug-1 who jumps into the side-door of the van, before it screeches off into the distance.

Dosser stops, defeated, his shoulders dropping, he reaches up and grabs the chip tightly in his hand, rubbing his thumb over it.

TITLE SEQUENCE. "Enjoy yourself" by Prince Buster plays to a montage of '90's period Still photos of musical group, the Nuclear Aces in thir 20's - onstage, playing instruments, Looking rough but fabulous, with great looking women, taking drugs, riding motorcycles, looking rowdy, showing success, living a life most teenagers only dream about.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Dosser paces the bare plastered kitchen whilst talking on his mobile.

DOSSER
I don't know if it's been repo'd or
stolen.

INT. LAKESIDE SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

SHELLY RAINER (38, Retail worker. Honest. Sensitive. Understanding.) dressed in a chain store uniform sucks on a smoothie whilst taking in the passing shoppers.

SHELLY
They didn't serve you any
paperwork?

INTERCUT - Phone conversation

DOSSER
No, nadda.

SHELLY
I think you've been 'ad, darling.

DOSSER
Ooh baby, I'll have to take the van
to Emma's tomorrow. Will hit all
the traffic.

Dosser opens a letter on the side and throws it down onto the worktop next to a photo of Dosser and Tony as teenagers with guitars. We see that it is a 'parking fine' notice.

EXT. T'S FLAT - DAY

Three harsh WHACKS on the knocker of the funky new build flat!!

INT. T'S FLAT - DAY

TOMMY 'T' EVANS (46, Bass. Intelligent. Emotional. Managing Addict) 'silent-disco' dances as he paints a Demon at the easel. He's surrounded by Nuclear Aces memorabilia. He removes his headphones and listens, as a further three WHACKS come on the knocker.

Chuckling his headphones on the blanket covered sofa he moves swiftly towards the door.

He breaks a SURPRISED smile as he opens the door. There stands ALAN 'SCHEME' CAMDEN (55, Tour Manager. Likable. Dependable. Funny) luminous 'Stage Manager' pass around his neck.

'T'
Hell-oooo.

SCHEME
T. How are you?

T freezes and questions this surprise visit.

'T'
Everything alright?

SCHEME
(laughing)
Everything is great, just passing.

T nods him in, giving him the once over as he enters.

They enter the kitchen. T becoming more paranoid with every step.

'T'
It's been...

SCHEME
Too long.

T grabs an almost full bottle of budget bourbon.

He takes two half pint glasses from the side and pushes one towards Scheme.

SCHEME (CONT'D)
Not for me, T, bit early fella.

'T'
It's 5 o'clock somewhere un'it.

T pours a long drink and takes a swig. The cheap bourbon bites. T lingers on an old photo of him and his daughters framed near Scheme's head.

'T' (CONT'D)
How's the family?

SCHEME
Ups and downs, mate, you know how
it is. Sorry to hear about you and
Tina.

T takes another biting sip.

'T'
Ran it's course.

Finishing the drink, and has a moment of realisation.

'T' (CONT'D)
I knew it ages ago. But didn't have
the balls to do anything about it.

Scheme weights up T, loading his words and firing at will.

SCHEME
Listen, when you gonna sort Dosser
and Gold out?

T's cheeks extend Blowfish style.

'T'
Mate, I'm gagging for it, but
that's a big ask.

SCHEME
There's been good offers on the
table.

T snatches his glass, and remembers it's empty.

'T'
What we talking?

SCHEME
Big.

'T'
What's 'big'?

SCHEME
9 headline slots at major festivals
across Eastern Europe.

A negative expression works it way over T's boat-race.

'T'
Them two ain't spoke in years.

Scheme breaks eye-contact. T pours another drink and shuffles
around the kitchen.

'T' (CONT'D)
 You sure I'm the best person for
 the job!

Scheme holds his shoe gaze.

EXT. STREET - DAY

T saunters along with the world on his shoulders. Pulling a small bottle of Rum from his pocket he takes a swig.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Shelly opens the door to find T on the doorstep.

SHELLY

T.

Unfazed by the surprise visitor, she grins and embraces him.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

It's been...

'T'

(interrupting)

Yeah, too long.

Shelly smells the booze on T, and pulls back.

SHELLY

Been out?

T looks anywhere but into Shelly's eyes.

'T'

Never been in.

Beckoning T in, they move to the kitchen.

'T' (CONT'D)

Dosser in?

Shelly holds her tongue for a second.

SHELLY

Yes. But he's occupied. Won't be long. Want a drink?

T wants a large swig of the rum in his pocket but resists.

'T'

Coffee, please.

Shelly puts the kettle on. A family photo montage of Dosser and Tony as teenagers with their Mum and Dad hangs on the kitchen wall. T moves closer and looks. Smiling with his eyes.

SHELLY

How you getting on, Tommy?

Hanging on and resisting the urge to fold-and-break, T plays tough, a little surprised to be called by his full name.

'T'

I'm alright, Shel. Fighting off the wolves.

SHELLY

The girls doing alright?

'T'

Sam's doing ok. Stuck between the waring parents but doing us both proud.

The front room door opens and out bowls Dosser. Gliding across the kitchen like a man without a care in the world he embraces T from behind, catching him unaware.

DOSSER

Ahh. Bassman. Great to see you.

T turns his head and makes eye contact with Dosser. Their knowing look shares thousands of nights of mayhem.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

But the answer is still no.

Dosser pulls back, a serious tone sweeping over him.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

And you smell like a fucking brewery, T!

INT. DOSSER'S VAN - DAY

Dosser battered work van chugs along the busy dual carriageway. A plaster covered trowel and bucket on the passenger seat.

A classic British Rock track THUMPS on the radio and he sways, claps and SMACKS the steering wheel to the beat.

As the track finishes Dosser notices a lack of response from the accelerator.

DJ (O.S.)
That never fails to brighten your
day up!

Dosser wallops the radio off, and coasts the sputtering van onto the hard shoulder, the engine dead.

Traffic flies past and Dosser repeatedly HAMMERS the steering wheel before sinking into his seat, grabbing his chip and SQUEEZING it.

EXT. NEW CROSS INN - DAY

T examines the band-listing poster in the window before entering the spit-and-sawdust venue.

A heavily overweight DOORMAN waves him inside.

INT. NEW CROSS INN - DAY

A TEENAGE BAND (skinny, wild hair and bright clothes) preen themselves on-stage. Looking at themselves in every reflective surface. Almost unaware of either their instruments or T, who now stands alone on the dance floor watching them.

'T'
Where's The 'Hammer'?

TEENAGE BAND SINGER
Dunno mate. Ask the Sound man he'll
have a toolbox.

'T'
Where's the sound man?

The Teenage singer shouts into the microphone.

TEENAGE BAND SINGER
Oi! Sound man! There's someone here
for you.

T spins around and walks across the venue. JACK 'THE HAMMER' IRONS (45, Drums. Comedic. Immature. Active) turns away from talking with a BARMAN.

Both men break out into HUGE SMILES and embrace. These FRIENDS are happy to see one another.

HAMMER
Fucking hell, man. What you doing
down here? You come to paint my
portrait?

'T'

Thought it was about time we
reconnected, Hammer!

HAMMER

How did you know I was here?

'T'

I searched for you on the intraweb.

HAMMER

And what did you find?

'T'

Half a dozen pictures of you
playing drums in your pants and a
forum full of bands moaning about
some prankster engineer who used to
play for Nuclear Aces. I've missed
you, man.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Dosser's Daughter Emma (20's, Fashion Industry. Passionate.
Polished. Pained.) feigns happiness.

EMMA

Dad, it's fine. Don't worry. Mum
was gonna pop in anyway, so...

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY. DAY

Pacing the hard shoulder a safe distance in front of his
broken down van, Dosser speaks on his mobile phone.

DOSSER

I'll catch up in the week. I love
you.

Hanging up, he navigates to the menu and selects Jas. The
phone rings and a soft female voice answers.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Hey, it's me. Can I see you?

A tow-truck toots and pulls over in front of Dosser's van.
'Rock & Roll Recovery' emblazoned on the side. Scheme hangs
out of the passenger window shouting generic abuse.

Dosser hangs up the phone and hand slaps Scheme through the
window.

SCHEME

That's another one you own me, big man! Told you I never let my bands down - even ones who haven't worked for 20 years!

Scheme enthusiastically jumps from the truck. Dosser greets him with a sincere hug and back slap.

INT. NEW CROSS INN. DAY

T and Hammer sit at the bar. They both hug a half full pint glass.

HAMMER

I don't normally drink during the week anymore, not while I'm working anyway.

T looks anywhere but at Hammer.

'T'

I'm alright at the moment, but I was really fucked up for a while.

Hammer looks at T and frowns, but goes with him on the journey.

HAMMER

It took me years to adjust.

Hammer takes a drink.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

We talk about the same shit every time we meet!

'T'

Nothing changes really Hammer does it.

HAMMER

Well, yes, everything changed for us, T, that's the problem.

'T'

Would you go back? Would you do it again?

Hammer gives a non committal laugh.

HAMMER

What did I say last time you asked me?

'T'

He's had an offer for Nuclear Aces
to play some big festivals out
East.

HAMMER

Essex?

'T'

No! East of Europe! Russia. Poland.
Serbia. Czech republic.

Hammer now commits to the conversation.

HAMMER

What's Gold and Dosser say?

T takes a sip of his drink and flicks the edge of the glass.

'T'

Dosser's a no. Ain't spoke to Gold
yet.

Hammer realises he's being played. He gets up from the bar,
shaking his head and walks across the venue. T swigs his pint
down.

Hammer approaches the table where the teenage band sit.

HAMMER

Stage time 8pm boys. There'll be
three other bands on the bill so
shift your gear into that corner
please.

Hammer moves across the dance floor and stands behind the
mixing desk. T follows him.

'T'

Look if we can get Gold onside,
maybe Dosser will follow?

Hammer rolls his eyes and nods in a 'Knew it' response.

INT. TOW TRUCK - DAY

Scheme jumps into the front seats of the tow truck, beckoning
in Dosser behind him. TEX (late 30's, chunky, angry looking.)
occupies the drivers seat.

SCHEME

Dosser, this is my good pal, Tex
who's giving us a very cheap rescue
rate. Tex, meet..

TEX

Dosser Dawkins! Fuck, man! I can't believe it. I loved your band, was absolutely gutted when you split.

DOSSER

Lovely to meet you Tex. Was gutted myself. Still am fella.

TEX

Yeah. Sorry about your Brother, mate. That was fucked up.

Scheme interrupts saving Dosser the pain of explaining again.

SCHEME

Right, where we going to Doss?

INT. GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

T and Hammer look way out of place in the foyer of a plush Central London office block. A concierge looks them up and down with suspicion.

CONCIERGE

Can I help you gentlemen?

HAMMER

Yeah, gi's yer money!

T elbows Hammer in the ribs before the Concierge hits the visible panic button, puts an arm around his neck and takes over negotiations.

'T'

Yes, sir, we're after Mr. Doug Black from Golden Property Services.

HAMMER

Or 'Golden Showers' as he's known to us.

T sniggers and squeezes the grip around Hammer's neck.

CONCIERGE

One moment please.... Gentlemen.

The concierge makes a call. Whispering between themselves T and Hammer admire the surroundings.

HAMMER

He's a lucky bastard ain't he.

'T'
 Didn't piss his own money up the
 wall did he?

INT. TOW TRUCK - DAY

The two old buddies sit relaxed as Tex drives.

SCHEME
 Listen, Doss...

Tex looks side ways and catches Dosser's eye.

SCHEME (CONT'D)
 I've been working on-and-off with
 Squeaky since you split.

Dosser rolls his eye.

SCHEME (CONT'D)
 He's had some stupid offers from a
 Festival syndicate to get you back
 on stage.

DOSSER
 Ain't gonna happen, and I thought
 you knew better than to ask.

SCHEME
 I did mate, but this week, what
 with the bike and that, I just
 thought it might be a road out of
 here?

The stony faced Dosser sits in silence.

INT. GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

As the lift doors open, we meet DOUG 'GOLD' BLACK. (46,
 Guitar Beast. Fearless. Controlling. Selfish.)

He STORMS across the office GROWLING.

Both T and Hammer move to a sideward stance, heads tilted to
 the side and growl back at him.

Gold bursts into laughter and holds out his arms, pulling
 both T and Hammer into a three-man-huddle.

GOLD
 Ahhh, my musical brothers from
 other mothers. What's this untidy
 interruption about?

'T'

We...

GOLD

You want to get the band back
together?

T and Hammer look blankly at each other. Gold reaches forward and SMACKS them both painfully in the bollocks with his fists, they both double up.

Gold pisses himself.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Dosser in is he? Fucking whinge
bag.

T and Hammer lock into each others watery eyes.

EXT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

End of terrace house. A road full of midrange cars. Dosser's old van looking an eyesore on the drive. Tex stands by his truck texting.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dosser and Scheme shake hands in the kitchen.

DOSSER

Thanks you for tonight.

Scheme goes to butt-in - but Dosser steam rollers him.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

But putting myself back into that
toxic environment? There's enough
money in the world, mate.

SCHEME

You were kids. You made some really
bad business decisions. And even
worse life chooses! It would be
different this time. Just meet the
lads together, let's get you all
back on proper speaking terms.

Dosser reaches up and fumbles with the chip. He looks around the kitchen where Shelly is making a drink. He looks at the family photo montage.

DOSSER

Never go backwards, Scheme.

SCHEME

Talk it over, eh? Bye Shelly.

SHELLY

Bye, hun. Look after yourself.

Scheme exits and shuts the front door, Dosser moves into a standing-spoon position with Shelly.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Want some Tea, Ian?

DOSSER

That's not what I had on my mind.

SHELLY

That's all you're getting at the moment.

The couple chuckle and face each other.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You knew this was coming sooner or later.

Dosser shrugs if off with a nose squint.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Meet. It's been a while. Water under the bridge. And if it gets us out of a hole?

DOSSER

It ain't about the money.

INT. GOLD'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Gold POSES in his large office, alone, shirtless, loaded with a classic 59 Gibson Les Paul. He rings the neck with his left hand as feedback wails out. He punches the air before hitting the final chord. We see that he's in front of a full length mirror.

A single person claps from across the room. CHERRY VOMERBOSE (24, Receptionist/Model. Clear headed. Broad minded. Touchy.) whoops and cheers.

CHERRY

Whip it up, big boy.

GOLD

I'm having it. Going back out on the road and gonna kick some arse. Show THEM who's the real deal.

CHERRY
Who's THEM?

Gold stands quiet. He's not sure who 'they' are.

INT. NEW CROSS INN - NIGHT

A sparse crowd of 20 or so punters surround the bar with their backs to the playing band.

Hammer stands at the mixing desk as the Teenage band DESTROY the Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant'. A feminine set of hands reach out from behind and cover his eyes.

He turns to find EILEEN (40, Unpolished but sharp) Smiling at him. He hugs her unconvincingly, whilst failing to notice the wall of feedback building from the stage.

He ducks out of her kiss her as he reaches out and MUTES the main vocal track on the desk. The band play on with the singer silenced - it sounds much better!

Eileen's expression does a 180 change.

EILEEN
What the fuck was that?

HAMMER
I'm busy. I can't just drop everything for you.

EILEEN
No, it's never you who drops anything in this relationship, is it. Bye, Jack.

INT. T'S FLAT - NIGHT

T lays half passed-out on the sofa watching TV. Nuclear Aces CD's litter the sideboard.

SAM EVANS (20's, Social Worker. Protective. Impartial. Humorous) pokes her head around the door.

SAM
Dad, I'm going to work.

T grunts.

SAM (CONT'D)
Are you pissed?

T raises his head and cocks a half-arsed grin. Sam cocks a fully pissed off attitude.

SAM (CONT'D)

You need to sort yourself out, Dad.
Just wasting your life waiting for
the impossible to happen.

'T'

It's happening, darling, it's..

Sam interrupts.

SAM

I'm gonna go stay at Mum's tonight.
I'm not going to watch you slow
pickle yourself to death.

T pulls himself up into a half slouch. The mounted picture of his younger, prettier self pulling a maniac pose with his bandmates show him for the plump, middle-aged, train-wreck that he's become.

The door BANGS as Sam exits.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Dosser is in the kitchen alone. Making coffee. He checks to make sure Shelly is not in the next room and fire a texts to Jas.

"Are you sure you're OK with this?"

The post hits the floor in the halls way. Dosser investigates only to find a pile of brown envelopes.

Dosser grabs the pile of mail, flicks through and chucks them in a cupboard.

A reply text comes back from Jas:

"Only if you're sure too."

EXT. HAMMERS HOME - DAY

A grim, low rent area littered with bad graffiti.

INT. HAMMERS HOME - DAY

A bedsit. Painted black. Music memorabilia EVERYWHERE. Messy. Loud Rock music BLASTS out of a cheap HiFi.

Hammer eats a bowl of cereal in his pants. The door bell rings. Hammer looks out of the window.

EXT. HAMMERS HOME - DAY

There stands T, hungover, hands in pockets, scanning the windows for signs of life. He clocks Hammer and nods.

INT. HAMMERS HOME - DAY

After a minor panic, Hammer acknowledges T, creeps into the hallway (where music from multiple rooms merge to a cacophony) and hides behind the door as he opens it.

T frowns at the noise. Then frowns again as he see's Hammers attire.

'T'

Ready?

HAMMER

Come in, T. You're early.

Another internal door opens as a 20SOMETHING (Gangsta attitude) hits the corridor. Phone glued to his top lip.

He SCANS Hammer up and down, sucks his teeth and squeezes past.

Once out of punching distance, he looks back.

20SOMETHING

And keep your shit music down, old man.

Hammer FRONTS him (still in his pants). T intervenes and leads Hammer away. 20Something sucker punches Hammer from BEHIND.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE. DAY

Shelly opens the door to find T and Hammer (complete with a fresh black eye).

Shocked, she beckons them in whilst requesting silence.

Shelly, Hammer and T CREEP along the corridor.

PANPIPE music filters through the half-shut front room door.

Hammer and T eyeball each other with a questioning demeanour.

Taking a sneak-peak through the crack of the door, Hammer spots Dosser, crossed legged, hands facing up - in a classic MEDITATION pose.

Wide eyed and open mouthed Hammer tries to alert T, but just ends up looking a goon as Shelly catches him.

SHELLY
What are you doing?

T shoots an 'idiot' look at Hammer.

'T'
Must be the bang on the head, Shel.

Shelly melts a little with a laugh.

HAMMER
What's he doing?

SHELLY
It's part of his Recovery.

A sense of intrigue spreads across the faces of Hammer and T.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE. DAY

Squeaky, Gold, T and Hammer sit in the large board room. Knights of the band table. The view over London is stunning.

SQUEAKY
You sure he's coming?

'T'
I think the black eye just about swung it.

An uneasy silence builds as they wait. KENT, (late 20's, bald, bulldog necked, flat-nosed) Squeaky's bodyguard sits in the corner, playing with his phone.

Gold fiddles with his sovereign rings, Hammer paradiddles his fingers on the table (to Squeaky's annoyance) and T plucks the hair from his nostril.

Squeaky places his hand to his face, slowly running it down his face stopping at his mouth. He grabs the office phone and his a speed dial button.

SQUEAKY
Marcia, please bring us five strong coffees and send Mr. Dawkins straight through when he arrives... Uhh.. Oh, OK...

The door lurches open and the hulking frame of Ian 'Dosser' Dawkins bowls to the table. He walks around and firmly shakes hands.

DOSSER

T. Hammer.

'T'/HAMMER

Doss.

DOSSER

Gold. It's been too long, but we've needed the space. Well I know I have.

He passes Squeaky without greeting him.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Let's get this done with, eh.

Squeaky nods, rubs hands together and distributes some photocopied letters.

SQUEAKY

We, well myself on behalf of, The Nuclear Aces - that's you lot in case you've forgotten - have been made a rather lucrative offer to perform 9 concerts across Eastern Europe this summer.

GOLD

How much?

Dosser shakes his head.

DOSSER

Money first still, huh?

GOLD

We're not here just for a trip down memory lane, so we might as well know what we're looking at up front.

SQUEAKY

To be confirmed. But in the region of 100k each. Gross.

T and Hammer grin at each other. Hammer does another paradiddle on the table.

DOSSER

100k? I can earn that in three years building walls. And I'd not have to share the air of the vermin who sold our career down the river.

GOLD

Good point, well made.

SQUEAKY

Right. You had ten good years out of me. I kept this band on the road when the four of you were so strung out you couldn't even tie your shoe laces. I made professional decisions that kept another one of you off of a mortuary slab!

DOSSER

Then tucked us up when we weren't expecting it.

T and Hammer begin to shrink into the back ground.

SQUEAKY

Five years I carried you.

GOLD

You carried no one, we got on the stage and delivered night after night.

DOSSER

Never missed a beat.

HAMMER

Dunno 'bout that Doss.

T laughs. Gold stares fiercely. Dosser shouts.

DOSSER

Fuck off, Hammer.

Dosser instantly realises he's over stepped the mark and hold's his hands up to Hammer.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Sorry H.

Hammer holds out his knuckles to Dosser, who responds in kind.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

59 dates with Metallica. Ring any bells? That would have taken us to another level, set us up for life!

SQUEAKY

You'd never had made it out alive, you were WAY out of control.

Gold stands up for a rant but is cut off.

DOSSER

We were a bunch of working class
kids from London LIVING THE DREAM.
We had a manager to rein us in when
it got messy.

The room sits silent for a second.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Oh no, we didn't because he was
busy fucking us over for our
publishing rights.

GOLD

Exactly! Shame you never realised
that at the time, Dosser.

Dosser stands and turns to Gold with his arms out, beckoning
for some kind of explanation of that comment.

The tension is broken and both Gold and Dosser sit down as
Marcia (40's, power dressing PA.) enters carrying a tray of
five coffees. She leaves it on the table. Gold stares at her,
licking his lips, doing his best to intimidate. She leaves
without a word, her eyes only on the door, unintimidated.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Talk about stuck up.

SQUEAKY

Leave her alone! You were on a
downward trajectory. It had been 4
years since your last album and
sales were declining. Grunge was
dead.

Dosser and Gold both jump to their feet again, like a pair of
dogs barking at the door bell.

DOSSER

Grunge you cunt?

GOLD

Fucking Grunge? You want a slap?

Kent gets to his feet and moves towards Gold until Squeaky
raises his hand to seat him. T shoots Gold a concerned look.

'T'

Easy fella. We're pushing 50 here
not 15.

GOLD

What's that supposed to mean. You
trying to imply I like underage or
something?

'T'

Jesus, no! I'm just saying when you're in your 40's you don't go round threatening to slap people.

HAMMER

(tongue in cheek)
Or fucking 15 year olds.

Gold turns and points furiously at Hammer, whilst Hammer recoils.

GOLD

Fuck off, Hammer.

SQUEAKY

Enough.

'T'

Jesus!

Dosser sits and shakes his head.

DOSSER

Fucking Grunge.

SQUEAKY

The only way I could get anyone to put up any money for your 4th album was to put up future royalties as collateral. It was a gamble.

DOSSER

With our money!

GOLD

To be fair it was your drinking that really fucked it for us, Doss.

Dosser turns and holds Gold's stare for a few seconds.

DOSSER

I'm 10 years into recovery now mate, thanks for asking.

Gold looks away in embarrassment. He walks to the window and puts his hands up above his head and leans forward.

GOLD

So you reckon you could get through a set of gigs and not have to get pissed now?

Dosser looks pained to be grilled by Gold. He gets up again and walks to the window. He leans on the window, next to Gold.

DOSSER

Yeah. One day at a time and all that.

T fidgets and interrupts.

'T'

How's that work then, Doss?

Dosser ponders the question. Gold grins and mocks.

GOLD

OOhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Dosser turns to face Gold.

DOSSER

I've gotten to the root of what was causing me to be self destructive.

'T'

What was it?

DOSSER

Trauma, T, trauma.

The room dries up. Silence. Hammer, T and Gold look at each other but each are too afraid to ask the next obvious question. Squeaky patronisingly butts in.

SQUEAKY

That's fantastic. Well done you. How did you do it?

DOSSER

Removed the arseholes out of my life.

Gold returns to the table eye ballin' Kent in the corner of the room.

GOLD

I want 40%.

'T'/HAMMER/DOSSER

What?!

GOLD

I want 40%. I'm the chief song writer and forming member of the band I deserve the most.

Squeaky's been derailed and almost hits his head on the desk as he reels forward.

HAMMER

Bollocks. Equal split as it always was.

GOLD

I'm under incredible pressure as a man to support my estranged family, so I need more.

'T'

You ain't the only one who has a family, Gold.

DOSSER

Equal split, Gold. Come on?

Gold stands and leans over the table.

GOLD

Nice seeing you all.

Turning, he strolls to the door and exits.

T, Hammer and Dosser all shake their heads and spit air in disbelief. Squeaky gets up and rushes after Gold.

SQUEAKY

Amuse yourself, gentlemen, Elvis has left the building but forgotten to wipe his arse.

(sings)

Happy days are here again.

The door SLAMS as Squeaky exits and rushes out to the foyer where Gold stands waiting for the lift.

GOLD

Don't bother, I'm done.

SQUEAKY

Wait.

DING. The lift door opens and out steps an unsure Jas Barnes.

She clocks Gold and Squeaky as they enter the lift, Gold taking a swift head turn to check her out.

Dosser and the boys chill, feet up on the large board table.

'T'

Didn't even mentioned the gigs! So much for it all being about the music?

HAMMER

That's not fair, T. There's a few bridges to burn before we get to the music.

DOSSER

Burn?

Hammer and T cackle.

Kent storms out - eyeing the band with contempt.

Dosser's phone rings. It's Jas. Dosser answers eagerly.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Hey.

(beat)

Outside? Hang on.

Dosser pockets his phone, walks to the door, and opens it to let Jas in.

T and Hammer's look asks the question 'WTF is going on here?' as she gives Dosser a gripping hug.

JAS

You've lost two already?

DOSSER

Just Gold's usual American Psycho act.

Dosser excitedly turns to Hammer and D.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Boys, I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine, Jas Barnes.

HAMMER

Nice to meet you, Jas.

'T'

Hello Jas, nice to meet you.

DOSSER

Only if we can bury the past, can we have a future.

T and Hammer try to figure out what Dosser just said. Jas smiles and takes a seat. She places her bag on the table as a barrier between her and the band. She addresses Dosser by his birth name.

JAS

Ian, shall I?

DOSSER

Go for it.

JAS

Ian...

Hammer and T find it amusing to hear their friend being called by his real name. T winks and Hammer gives a thumbs up.

HAMMER

Ian?

JAS

...asked me to look into the legitimacy of some contractual work the band have in place.

T and Hammer sit blank, like 8 years olds in an advanced Mathematics lesson.

JAS (CONT'D)

Are you OK with me digging into it?

A delayed slow nod from the pair.

HAMMER/'T'

Yeah, yeah.

JAS

You don't want to see any references?

HAMMER

Jas, if Dosser says you're good. You're good.

T nods in agreement like a rocking vicar. Jas breaks a small relieved smile to Dosser.

INT. BAR. DAY

Gold and Squeaky sit on stalls surrounded by Bankers in sharp suits drinking whiskey.

SQUEAKY

If it's just about the money, the band have some assets tied up. I could sort you out. And of course there's the merchandising. We can tie you in with some exclusive-image T shirts to bump your earnings up?

Gold laughs under his breath.

GOLD

Of course it's not about the money. It's about control. It's my band. There would be no Nuclear Aces if it wasn't for me.

SQUEAKY

Everybody knows that. But the focal point of a band is always the singer. So we need Dosser.

GOLD

Well let him come to me now. Erm,
those T shirts? With me on the
front?

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

Dosser hugs Jas. She waves and leaves the group. Hammer and T
wav back.

JAS

Speak soon, Ian.

Hammer and T eye Dosser up and down, coyly grinning.

DOSSER

What?

HAMMER

Would ya?

Dosser rolls his eyes, ignoring Hammer.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

Or have ya?

The immaturity grates Dosser.

DOSSER

Are you 14 or 40, H?

Hammer and T whoop like teenage boys. Then compose themselves
realising people are looking at them.

'T'

That's a YES then?

Dosser breaks and realises they're fucking with him.

DOSSER

Piss off. And if you want me to
sort Gold out - shut the fuck up.

The trio stride along the pavement smiling.

'T'

D'you think it'll be different now?

HAMMER

The groupies will be!

Dosser flusters. T pulls a horrid face.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

Have you looked at yourself lately?
There ain't no teenage-beauty-queen
mother and daughter combos for you
this time, T.

T and Dosser laugh. T searches for the right words.

'T'

Have you told Shelly about.. Road
life, Doss?

DOSSER

About the sex?

'T'

The Madness.

Dosser stops and thinks.

DOSSER

No mate, she's not interested about
that stuff. She had a life before
me too as well.

'T'

But that stuff wasn't normal was
it.

HAMMER

Define normal.

'T'

Not THAT.

Hammer chuckles.

HAMMER

We were young. No one did anything
they didn't want to.

He stops and reflects on his statement.

INT. GOLD'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Gold is lying naked on his office desk, arms hanging off the
edge, handcuffed to the desk legs. Cherry, a white apron over
her clothes, removes a pair of surgical gloves from a
wrapper, slapping his thigh with before putting one on.

CHERRY

It's time for your daily prostate
check, Mr Black. At your age you
can't be too carful.

The Intercom buzzer interrupts.

GOLD

Leave it.

Gold recoils as Cherry slaps his face with the stretched glove and presses the answer button.

CHERRY

Golden Property Services, can I help you?

With the gloved hand Cherry reaches between Gold's legs and pushes a finger into his arse crack.

DOSSER (O.S.)

I need to speak to Gold, it's Dosser.

Gold sputters and tries to jump off the table, handcuffs snapping tighter. Cherry's finger being bends, causing her to moan in discomfort. Panic sets in.

GOLD

One minute, Doss.

Gold kicks the intercom off the table.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Get me fucking unlocked.

Cherry laughs. She removes the glove and throws it in Gold's face, takes off the apron, checks her clothes and moves towards the door.

GOLD (CONT'D)

What you doing?

CHERRY

Letting your mate in.

GOLD

No!

Still handcuffed, stark bollock naked and surrounded by packs of rubber gloves and lube, Gold tries to pull off the cuffs, causing them to click tighter.

Cherry opens the office door and invites in Dosser.

CHERRY

Nice to meet you, finally. Gold's always talking about you. You don't look like a whinging fucker.

Dosser smiles and shakes her hand. He wipes something greasy off his palm as he strolls into the office. He double-takes as he is treated to the sight of his guitarist struggling to cover his modesty.

Dosser's blows his cheeks out and brings his hand up to his mouth.

DOSSER
I see your life hasn't changed much
in 20 years then, pal.

He pulls his phone from his pocket and frames a screaming and protesting Gold. CLICK. CLICK.

DOSSER (CONT'D)
There we go, one for the Ladies!

CHERRY
Ohhh let's put it on my Instagram.

GOLD/DOSSER
Insta-what?

INT. T'S FLAT. NIGHT

(A drum roll breaks into a heavy guitar solo based song intro.)

T squats on the edge of the sofa, bare feet to floor. Tapping feet HEAVILY.

Squinting to read the lyrics, he rocks away whilst listening to a NUCLEAR ACES CD.

T GRINS as he reminisces over the CD.

INT. HAMMERS HOME - NIGHT

(Song continues)

Hammer air drums along to a DVD of Nuclear Aces on the portable TV screen. Young Dosser holding the HUGE arena audience in the palm of his hand.

The TV sound is BLURRED with next doors ELECTRO music - and a THUMPING on the wall

20SOMETHING (O.S.)
Turn that shit down wanker.

INT. GOLD'S OFFICE. NIGHT

(Song continues)

Gold is surfing the internet looking at pictures of his younger self. He looks in the mirror, breathes in and pulls a duck face.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE. DAY

Dosser sits in his kitchen, surfing 'Nuclear Aces' fan sites on his tablet. Hot news of a possible reformation is already out there.

Shelly breaks from preparing food to look longingly at him. He catches her gazing at him and stands up and slides across the floor to embrace her.

SHELLY
How does it feel?

Dosser takes a glance at the picture of him and Tony on the side and smiles.

DOSSER
I think it's OK.

EXT. PERRY VALE STUDIOS, LONDON SE23. DAY

SUV: 3 Weeks later.

Dosser gets out of his work van and enters the already open studio door.

INT. PERRY VALE STUDIOS, LONDON SE23. DAY

Inside the control room, lazily crashed on the sofas he finds Gold, Hammer and T roaring with laughter. In the helm-chair, in front of the HUGE mixing desk and speakers is MOMO HAYNES (50, Sound Man/Producer. Confident. Creative. Cheeky.) He fiddles with some faders and then turns in his chair.

GOLD
And then he shut the door and walked off, leaving me cuffed to the desk. It's on In-Star-Gram now apparently.

Everybody laughs.

GOLD (CONT'D)
Dosser! Come in fella.

Momo gets up and man hugs Dosser. Hammer and T nod to Dosser.

MOMO

Good to see you Brother. You good?

DOSSER

Yeah good Momo. Where's Jas?

MOMO

Next door.

Momo points through a connecting window to a large studio area where Jas is sat working on a laptop. Dosser knocks on the window but Jas doesn't hear.

GOLD

Sound proof, wally. Nobody can hear you scream! Where did you find her, one of your meetings?

Dosser looks at Gold and grits his teeth. Exiting the control room he moves through the connecting door to the main studio.

DOSSER

(whispers)
Boo!

Jas stops and greets Dosser.

JAS

You're sure this is what you want, Ian?

DOSSER

100%

JAS

You could get you a settlement that would take the pressure off. You don't need to go back on stage?

DOSSER

It's time and I'm ready. I want this! I want this for Tony.

Jas smiles and touches Dosser's arm. Hammer and T enter the studio, acknowledging Jas then taking a seat. Momo and Gold follow.

GOLD

Dosser, you rude sod, aren't you going to introduce us?

DOSSER

Jas Barnes, this is Doug Black, guitarist.

GOLD

Gold to you, hun.

DOSSER
Momo Haynes. Producer
extraordinaire.

Momo nudges Gold in the seat next to Hammer.

MOMO
I'll be next door.

As Momo exits to return to the Control room, Squeaky enters the room along PERRY REYNOLDS (46, Roadie/Technician. Selfish. Flippant. Guilt ridden.) Minder, Kent silently tags along.

DOSSER
Pel. Your Dad didn't say you was coming?

SQUEAKY
He just turned up this morning.

PERRY
Just making sure I'm not missing out on anything, mate.

DOSSER
Catch up after, yeah?

Perry and Kent exit.

The 4 band members and Squeaky sit looking at Jas. She steps NERVOUSLY to the front. Squeaky giving her the evil eye all the way.

JAS
Good morning, Gentlemen. My name is Jas Barnes, and I have been tasked with looking into Nuclear Aces finances for Ian.

Hammer and T nudge each other like school children. Squeaky jumps up.

SQUEAKY
Excuse me, Ms Barnes, but Nuclear Aces finance has been meticulously accounted for by myself for over 20 years. Can we get directly to your findings?

JAS
The findings, Mr. Reynolds is that you mis-sold a contractual clause update in 2002 which has resulted in a build up in excess of half-a-million pounds. When did you plan on informing your clients about this?

Bad energy flows as heads shake and disparaging noises are let out. Slightly wincing at being caught out, Squeaky brushes his shoulders.

GOLD
Half a million quid!

SQUEAKY
Funny you should mention this Ms. Barnes.

JAS
Mrs Barnes, thank you Mr. Reynolds.

SQUEAKY
I beg your pardon Mrs. Barnes. The excess royalty account, initially set up to cover the 4th album, was left in place as a benevolence fund for when any band members fell on hard times. I mentioned to this to Gold just the other week didn't I?

Gold looks a bit bemused and does a shuffle in his chair as he recalls.

GOLD
Well, you did say something about band assets in the pub, yes.

SQUEAKY
Thank you, Doug... Gold.

Gold glares at Squeaky for getting his name wrong.

SQUEAKY (CONT'D)
Now if we don't have anymore slanderous accusations can we get down to the business of the Festival tour?

Dosser stands up, and moves to Jas's side.

DOSSER
11 gigs.

SQUEAKY
Pardon?

DOSSER
11 gigs for the comeback.

Squeaky smiles awkwardly.

SQUEAKY
Easy tiger! One step at a time.

DOSSER

Why? Is there a problem with 11 gigs?

SQUEAKY

We don't want to burn you out. Let's take things slowly.

DOSSER

I am 100% ready to go out and reclaim my title on that stage. I'm now the man I always should have been.

HAMMER

Mentally maybe, Doss, not sure about physically.

DOSSER

I can lose weigh, Hammer. But you sir, will always be ugly.

D and Gold clap and whoop, appreciating Dosser's 100mph come back. They're impressed.

HAMMER

(laughing)
Touché... Bastard.

DOSSER

I'm 100% trusting of my bandmates.

D, Hammer and Gold, pre-empting a catch line, cat call Dosser.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

Even the Guitar twat.

Gold takes a bow. The camaraderie and chemistry between these men can be seen in the way they look at each other. Brother-like knocking of shoulders, back slaps and finger wagging.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

But the man who was supposed to have our backs? I no longer have any confidence in.

Silence. Squeaky jumps up irately.

SQUEAKY

All this over an extra 2 gigs? Not like you to be melodramatic, Ian.

GOLD

He's got a point, Doss.

With a growing confidence Jas stops Gold.

JAS

You've had 30k per year going into a holding account - for 20 years. All legal and above board, and untouchable - so long as the band remain 'inactive'.

Hammer, T and Gold look unsure. Squeaky looks a little unsettled, but remains calm.

JAS (CONT'D)

Inactivity equals less than 10 gigs in a year. I wonder where the Interest goes?

Gold, Hammer and T jump up from their seats. They begin to RANT at Squeaky.

'T'

You fucking wanker...

HAMMER

You're STILL fucking shafting us?!

Gold wades SCREAMING through the chairs towards Squeaky who runs to an 'equipment cage' and locks himself inside. Gold pursues but trips over a cable and lands at Dosser's feet who helps him up.

Jas holds out her arms to calm down the mouth frothing band.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're even here.

GOLD

Cunt. I've ripped me trainers.

DOSSER

More than 10 gigs in a year and we crack open Squeaky's treasure chest. And boys, there's one more thing.

Squeaky GLARES from the locked cage. Unlocking it, he exits carrying a mic stand for protection and slowly edges towards the main door.

DOSSER (CONT'D)

IF we do this, and it's still a big if, I want Jas as our new manager.

From the safety of the exit door, Squeaky throws a spanner in the works.

SQUEAKY

Sorry lads but the festival gigs come through me, exclusively.

(MORE)

SQUEAKY (CONT'D)

Any change of management and the festivals go away. Enjoy your day jobs.

EXT. PERRY VALE STUDIOS, LONDON SE23. DAY

Perry and Kent are Vaping outside the Studio as Squeaky angrily STORMS past.

Squeaky urgently dials a number on his phone.

SQUEAKY

There's been a set back.

INT. PERRY VALE STUDIOS, LONDON SE23. DAY

DOSSER

Fuck him, we can find our own gigs.
I want to put the past behind us.
None of us shat on each other, we
just got caught up in other
people's shit storm.

HAMMER

We all fucked up.

GOLD

There's unfinished business. At
least let's finish this on an up.
Go out remembering greatness. Not
you puking your ring up.

Gold points at Dosser.

QUICKFLASH

Young Dosser pulls his head from a toilet bowl, hair caked in puke

BACK TO SCENE

GOLD

You on Mars.

Pointing to Hammer.

QUICKFLASH

Young Hammer plays the drums in his pants, falling into the kit.

BACK TO SCENE

GOLD
And you crying like a baby.

Looking at T.

QUICKFLASH

Young Gold gawks as Young T bawls his eyes out as a HOT LYCRA CHICK walks away from him.

BACK TO SCENE

'T'
My Mother had just fucking died!

Jas interrupts, cooling the situation down before it boils over.

JAS
Let's talk about the elephant in the room.

HAMMER
Second date and you're calling me fat?

JAS
As I understand it, you've never talked about Tony's death as a band.

INSTANT deathly silence. Dosser gets up and paces slowly back and forth.

JAS (CONT'D)
I'd like to you, as a band, to enter counselling.

Gold gets up and starts pacing along side Dosser.

GOLD
Ha! Bleeding heart shit. Don't live in the past.

JAS
And how's that attitude worked out for you so far, Gold?

GOLD
Pretty good for me, darling.

'T'

Really? Strange how you never
really let me forget who's boots I
was filling.

GOLD

What? You wanted to walk into a
successful band and be an equal?

'T'

No, but I didn't need to be told
'Tony did play it like' that three
times a week!

Hammer sits staring at his feet.

DOSSER

For fuck sake!

The door opens, Perry and Squeaky walk back in.

JAS

Gentlemen, can you give Mr.
Reynolds and myself a few moments
please?

Everybody troops into the control room. Momo sits at the
control room helm, reaching forward to move some faders and
SWITCHING OFF the computer screens.

Through the studio window we see Squeaky and Jas standing
face to face talking.

Gold puts his feet up onto the mixing desk.

MOMO

Move your feet, Gold.

Gold 'tuts' and rolls his eyes.

MOMO (CONT'D)

Keep rolling them back and you
might find your brain eventually.

HAMMER

(to Dosser)

Switch on the mic, let's hear what
they're saying?

Momo looks at Dosser guiltily.

DOSSER

I know what they're saying, and
what you don't know won't hurt you.

Dosser crashes onto the sofa and reach-strums a nearby
guitar.

Back in the studio space, Squeaky begins to become frustrated with Jas.

SQUEAKY

Oh you'll work with me will you? Do you know what I put up with with this lot? I had less shit from GG Allin than these lunatics.

JAS

That was then, this is now.

SQUEAKY

They'll grind you down. One insane request at a time. Until any sympathy you had for them is gone. And they just become your cash cow.

JAS

Nicely projected. And you're wondering why they want fresh management?

Squeaky is losing control and letting snide anger take over.

SQUEAKY

You won't survive in my world. There's too much going on in the background for your delicate ways.

JAS

And that's why we'll make a good team.

SQUEAKY

You haven't got a clue. I almost lost my son because of that band. That fucking dead-head bass player raided my private quarters. You know how many strings I had to pull to explain how he blew his brains out with my fucking gun?

Gold is holding court in the control room.

GOLD

Gonna release my book.

Hammer and T look concerned at each other.

'T'

Oh leave it out, you'll be throwing hand grenades into all our lives.

Scheme and Momo chuckle.

MOMO
Print at will Mr. Black, we have
nothing to hide.

Momo folds his arms and gives a holier-than-thou smug raise
of the eye brow.

GOLD
Denver 1996. Moathouse Hotel.

Momo takes a second to recall. His face changes.

MOMO
Fuck you. What happens on the road,
stays on the road. Fucking snitch.

Gold pisses himself laughing, whilst the rest of the room
look uncomfortable.

Squeaky leaves the recording room, passing Dosser in the
corridor as he returns to the control room.

SQUEAKY
I'll be in touch. Perry, are you
coming?

Perry rushes around the room giving hand shakes.

PERRY
Yeah, hang on, Dad.

Gold enters the recording room. Through the control room
window we see him approach and speak with Jas, who promptly
SLAPS him around the face.

EXT. NEW CROSS INN. DAY

An ordinary day in New Cross High Street.

INT. NEW CROSS INN. DAY

Jas, Dosser, Gold and Hammer sit at a booth drinking cups of
tea and coffee. T drinks a pint of lager. Gold has a slight
blemish to his cheek.

JAS
He's not as smart as he thinks.
Blabbing off in a recording studio.

Gold looks around in a moment of self realisation.

DOSSER
What did he say.

Jas puts her phone on the table and presses play, a file PLAYS BACK.

SQUEAKY (O.S. RECORDING)
 You know how many strings I had to
 pull to explain how he blew his
 brains out with my fucking gun?

Dosser stands up, mortified, he smashes his fist onto the table.

DOSSER
 It was his gun?!

Gold jumps up to comfort Dosser. He puts an arm around Dosser who pushes him away, kicking out at the table.

GOLD
 Mate...

DOSSER
 He might as well have shot him in
 the fucking head himself.

T and Hammer slam the table in anger.

'T'
 Fuck.

DOSSER
 Did you lot know?

Grabbing his leather jacket from the back of the chair, almost in tears, Dosser exits, shaking his head and muttering under his breath.

JAS
 Leave him. Let him process.

Everybody sits and the mood hangs. The file continues to play in the background. Gold suddenly looks very sheepish. As T gives him a questioning look, we hear Gold speaking on the file.

JAS (O.S. RECORDING) (CONT'D)
 Hey Gold, you ok?

GOLD (O.S. RECORDING)
 How about I take you in that booth
 and we make me-and-you the final
 chapter in my book?

We hear a loud SLAP which cause H and T to grin and Gold to wince.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE. DAY

Dosser exits the lift, marches past Marcia at reception and barges into Squeaky's office. Dosser lunges towards Squeaky, who is behind the desk.

DOSSER

You fucking asshole.

Kent jumps up to intervene. Dosser head butts Kent sending him into a next-level clinical attack. A squared knuckle punch to Dosser's throat sends him to his knees choking.

SQUEAKY

Enough. Don't cripple the cash cow.

Kent backs off. Squeaky bends, to take an eye-to-eye view, taping Dosser patronisingly on the side of the face.

SQUEAKY (CONT'D)

She told you then.

DOSSER

Why the fuck was you carrying a gun on tour?

SQUEAKY

To protect your assets. He was a thief. A junkie thief at that.

DOSSER

But he'd never touched that shit before. Everything else but never smack.

SQUEAKY

Are you sure?

DOSSER

Yes.

SQUEAKY

Maybe you didn't know your brother as well as you thought you did.

DOSSER

Fuck You, Squeaky.

SQUEAKY

Or maybe he just couldn't deal with what happened in OZ.

Dosser stops to try to process what he's being told.

DOSSER

OZ?

SQUEAKY
 Not quite the band lynch-pin you
 thought you were, huh?

Dossers freezes up.

EXT. SYDNEY HOTEL - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG SCHEME (25, The Hub of knowledge. Mr Make-it-happen.)
 and Young Tony bowl into the hotel.

SQUEAKY (O.S.)
 Scheme, Momo and Young Tony stopped
 on after the Australia tour. Tony
 comes back to the room as white as
 a sheet.

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Tony staggers along the hotel corridor, pale, in-shock
 and roughed up. He bursts into a room where Young Scheme is
 in bed with a teenage GROUPIE-GIRL.

QUICKFLASH TO SCENE 1

Young Tony SMAHES the pistol to his head. Manic reverberated
 shouting.

BACK TO SCENE

Tony crashes on the bed and passes out.

SQUEAKY (O.S.)
 He didn't say a word for about
 three days.

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL BAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Tony sits drinking alone. Three SECURITY DUDES enter the bar,
 check it out, then call in an 'A' list ROCK & ROLL ENTOURAGE
 (band members, groupies and hangers on).

The BAND LEADER spots Young Tony alone and calls him over. A
 quick bonding chat leads to an offer of a drink. Then
 another. And another.

It's party time!

Young Tony circulates the entourage - becoming drunker and
 more unsteady as he goes.

A GROUPIE from the entourage whispers into Young Tony's ear and he follows her out of the bar.

SQUEAKY (O.S.)
He'd been drinking in the hotel bar
when another, bigger rival band
arrived. They got him pissed and
sent him upstairs with a groupie.

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Tony and the Groupie enter the bedroom.

QUICKFLASH TO SCENE 1

Dosser enters the backstage area, wobbly and wild.

YOUNG TONY
It's over Doss. (Reverberated)

BACK TO SCENE

The groupie whispers something in his ear and pushes him on to the bed.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Squeaky stands dominant, Dosser defensive.

DOSSER
There was nothing unusual in that.

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Pulling some rope from a suitcase on the floor the groupie ties Tony's hands behind his back, blind folds and Ball-gags him.

QUICKFLASH TO SCENE 1

Dosser in a drunken state.

YOUNG DOSSER
Put that fucking thing away, Bruv.
Let's go get a beer. (Reverberated)

BACK TO SCENE

The groupie removes Young Tony's shoes, socks, trousers and underwear.

SQUEAKY (O.S.)

So she trusses him up like a turkey, which he seemed happy enough with, but then she opens the bedroom door.

Enter the Band Leader, surrounded by most of the entourage. They laugh and joke around. He rolls a struggling-and-protesting Young Tony over to be face down.

QUICKFLASH

Young Tony holds gun to his head.

YOUNG TONY

Get a fucking beer? (Reverberated)

BACK TO SCENE

Band Leader grabs the suit case from the floor and opens it to reveal a horrific set of sex toys that more resemble TORTURE instruments.

The more Tony struggles to get free, the more the entourage laugh.

One of the entourage opens a cupboard and pulls out a video camera. Tony's gonna be a MOVIE STAR.

SQUEAKY

In walks Dodgy Dave and the gang and Tony becomes another one of their infamous tour videos.

QUICKFLASH

BANG! Dossers face gets covered in blood and brains as Tony shoots himself in the head.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Dosser and Squeaky stand face to face across, staring intently at each other. A single tear running down Dosser's face.

SQUEAKY

Maybe that was why he blew his
brain out all over you?

Dosser stares silently at Squeaky, the PAIN showing in his facial expression as he tries to process what he's just been told. He reaches for his chip necklace.

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - DAY

A broken Dosser, hands in pockets, shoe gazes as he crosses the bridge, stopping to look over the side at the Thames running beneath.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Dosser, Bleary eyed and glum bends to wipe away the debris which has gathered on TONY'S GRAVE.

Dosser carries the world on his shoulders.

EXT. BACKSTREET PUB - DAY

Dosser is alone. He stops outside the pub. He looks at drinkers LAUGHING and having a GOODTIME inside.

An incoming text breaks the spell. 'Dad, is it true about the Aces? Can't wait to see you onstage. Em'

He grabs his necklace, takes a DEEP breath.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Dosser reaches the sanctuary of the AA meeting.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

He greets his friends solemnly. He takes his seat and sits in silence. He looks around to find Jas is MISSING.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Shelly opens the front door and we see Gold with a zip up sports bag, and his crash helmet.

SHELLY
Oh hello.

GOLD
Is he in?

SHELLY
Yes, come in, but I'm not sure he
want's to see anyone.

They walk to the kitchen - past the front room where the door
is SHUT.

Gold checks her out from behind before taking a seat. Shelly
stands by a cluttered work top.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
You're Gold, right? I recognise
you.

Recognition makes Gold smile.

GOLD
I've not changed much. Where is he?

Shelly blanks his question.

SHELLY
Did you know?

GOLD
I heard a rumour. But never knew if
it was true. It was just a funny
tour story!

SHELLY
That's not funny.

GOLD
Well, not if you're gonna be PC
about it?

SHELLY
It's not PC, it's a matter of
decency. Rape ain't funny.

GOLD
But it's not...

SHELLY
Not rape? Cos it's a bloke?

The front room door opens with a CLUNK. Dosser enters the
kitchen, BOTHERED and AGITATED and stands SILENTLY behind
Gold. Shelly comes to him and gives him a hug.

GOLD
Mate?

Dosser stands in silence, wrapped in Shelly's arms.

Gold puts his bag on the table and unzips it. He pulls out a packet of BISCUITS and a container of MILK. Shelly looks confused.

SHELLY
Hungry?

GOLD
(to Dosser)
Sorry mate, I don't know what ex-
drunks do for fun?

Gold reaches for two cups and pours some milk.

DOSSER
I can't do this now.

Dosser picks up the bag. He ROUGHLY ZIPS UP the bag.

Gold opens the biscuits and takes a bite, happy in overstaying his welcome.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Squeaky's phone rings. He answers and listens.

SQUEAKY
We might have to use another band.

Squeaky grimaces as the voice on the other shouts angrily.

SQUEAKY (CONT'D)
The merchandise is ready to go. We just need a cover story and some working 'artics' rolling through Europe. Nuclear Aces are not the only option.

Squeaky reaches out to the brandy decanter and pours himself a drink.

INT. MUSIC TECHNOLOGY STORE - DAY

A bothered Perry browses the display mixing desk. Jas enters the store, timidly smiles at a SALESMAN, spots Perry and moves towards him.

JAS
Why the cloak and dagger business?

PERRY
I've gotta make it right.

JAS

What?

PERRY

Let's go to Dad's office.

Jas freezes and doesn't look comfortable with this.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSES - DAY

Dosser sits in front of an untouched cup of milk.

GOLD

I'm gonna shoot, bud.

No response from Dosser.

GOLD (CONT'D)

You're acting like it was my fault.

Dosser SNAPS and SMASHES his fists into the table.

DOSSER

You should have fucking told me!

Gold shows a rare humbleness and offers only nods in silence.

A text message from Jas signals on Dosser's phone.

'Squeaky's office now - urgent!'

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Squeaky stands at his desk, playing chess by himself. Perry pokes his head around the door.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

The text has bothered Dosser. He leaves the room and comes back with a crash helmet and jacket.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

PERRY

Dad? OK to come in.

Squeaky smiles and holds out his arms to greet his son.

INT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

DOSSER
(to Gold)
We need to get to Squeaky's place.
Now!

Gold's still munching on biscuits.

GOLD
What for?

Dosser stuffs the phone under Gold's nose. Gold squints and moves in and out to focus

GOLD (CONT'D)
Ain't got my specs. I can't see
shit, Doss.

Shelly stands looking on, slightly scared.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE. DAY

PERRY
I've got company.

Perry moves into the room. He's followed by Jas. The frown on her forehead show concern about the situation. Squeaky grins like a hyena moving in on his prey.

SQUEAKY
Oh well done, Son. You've captured
the enemy. What's the plan?

PERRY
You need to let this go, Dad. Do
the right thing and let the band
heal themselves.

SQUEAKY
Don't give me that, Son, you've
been happy enough to live a lie.

PERRY
I can't do it anymore.

SQUEAKY
Shut up, boy. Let it go.

PERRY
I took the gun, and the smack. It
was me that killed Tony.

INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Young Perry creeps into the PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT office and uses a screwdriver to prize open a WOODEN CASE wrongly labelled 'Nuclear Ace'. Inside we see several kilogram bags of wrapped powder and a pair of 9mm pistols.

PERRY (O.S.)
It was my first tour proper. I
wanted to impress Tony. I knew Dad
had stuff stashed.

Young Perry closes the flight case and bashes the nails back in.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'd been using a little bit, but
had no idea it was so strong.

Young Perry enters the Wide Corridor, taps Young Tony and the Blonde Girl on the arm, who follow him through the double doors into a large disabled toilet.

They lock the room and begin to cook up. Perry puts the pistol on the side. Bubbling intravenous paraphernalia, and an arm being tied off. We see a flame, a spoon, a needle loading up.

Young Perry, Young Tony and the Blond Girl sit in a circle, Perry with a tied off arm and Tony holds a hypodermic needle resting on his bulging vein.

YOUNG TONY
One-Two-GO!

He injects Young Perry. The Blond Girl giggles. Perry collapses. The Blond Girl panics. Tony panics. He stands. Grabs the gun from the side.

PERRY (O.S.)
I am so fucking sorry.

Perry fits and vomits - turning blue. Tony doubles up in a ball, not knowing what to do. The blonde girl unlocks the door, runs into the corridor and SCREAMS.

EXT. DOSSER'S HOUSE - DAY

Gold starts his BEAST of a CHOPPER motorcycle. Dosser puts on his crash helmet and jumps on the back. Gold speeds off as the pipes ROAR.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jas is caught uncomfortably on the edge of this paternal show down.

SQUEAKY

You didn't make him shoot himself.
You're your Mother's boy, for sure.

PERRY

She's not the one who's
manipulated, used and controlled
me. It's not her that's made me the
selfish cunt I am today.

EXT. A13 WEST INTO LONDON - DAY

Gold and Dosser cruise through the traffic.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

SQUEAKY

All I've done for you is for your
own good. It's all part of a bigger
picture.

PERRY

Then maybe we should tell those in
that picture a bit more about it?

Squeaky becomes irate and screams.

SQUEAKY

That's enough.

Jas had heard enough and takes this slight break-in-flow as a good time to interrupt.

JAS

We need your contacts and
experience going forward.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS, THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Dosser and Gold filter through the built up traffic.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Moving into a Wonder woman style pose.

JAS
You will have business only
involvement, with no direct contact
with the band.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dosser and Gold pick up and move a scooter from a motorcycle parking bay and park in it's place.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Staring out of the office window, Squeaky turns his attention to Jas.

SQUEAKY
You, young lady, should take this
opportunity to depart in such a way
that leaves you in one piece.

PERRY
Leave her, Dad.

Shaken but not stirred, Jas fights her corner.

JAS
I think you'll be the one fighting
to keep yourself in one piece if we
release your little recording
studio confession?

The red mist descends on Squeaky.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

Dosser and Gold EXPLODE out of the lift, greet a flustering and shocked Marcia and head for Squeaky's office door.

INT. SQUEAKY'S OFFICE. DAY

Just about to rage on Jas, Squeaky is taken aback as the office door CRASHES open and Gold and Dosser steam into the office.

Kent jumps up and front them both, and with a swift right upper cut, Gold sends him crashing on his arse.

GOLD
Stay down.

He does. Squeaky takes on the pose of a man shitting himself. Dosser stands tall.

DOSSER
 (to Jas)
 You ok? What's the panic?

With a new found strength of spirit, Jas opens fire on Squeaky.

JAS
 You will retain just 5% of all future earnings and release all past claims. And you will make the come back tour 11 or more dates for reasons I think we are all clear of.

DOSSER
 Nice.

GOLD
 Yeah. That'll work!

Squeaky holds the look of a defeated General. Perry lets the sense of justice rule his pose.

EXT. A13, LONDON, E16. NIGHT

Gold, D, Dosser and Hammer stand on the island under the huge flyover.

Everybody looks at Dosser with confusion.

DOSSER
 I'm taking you right back to the beginning!

T looks at Gold and shakes his head.

'T'
 Dosser, the Townhouse shut 25 years ago!

This draws a laugh from everybody.

DOSSER
 Nahhh. Look.

Dosser holds up the local paper and shows an advert for 'Townhouse 2'. Pointing at the map to emphasis his point.

DOSSER (CONT'D)
 It's just down here now, it's moved.

GOLD

You're taking us for a night out on
an industrial estate?

EXT. CANNING TOWN, LONDON, E16. NIGHT

It's dark. Film noir dark! The tarmac is worn out and shows concrete below. And rubbish. Don't forget the rubbish. Scattered all over the floor. Not just rubbish, fly tipped garbage.

Corrugated iron panels line the street. Hardcore shutters covered in graffiti, closed and locked down. Wooden pallets litter every corner.

The band members walk along, traversing the odd bits of broken pallet and rusty nails.

'T'

There's no club down here, is there? Have we upset someone? One of Squeaky's mates?

GOLD

Look, there's a decent Greek place on the high street down there.

DOSSER

Just keep walking.

'T'

Mate, we're gonna get mugged!

GOLD

Glad I didn't wear my heels.

HAMMER

You walk like you are.

The dagger stare of Gold turn to sniggers. He grins and raises an eye brow.

They pass a side road where a shadowy figure moves away from a car and walks off into the darkenss.

DOSSER

Is this what music has become?
Pushed out onto some shitty estate?

GOLD

Nothing in Town anymore, apart from the 100 Club.

'T'

Kids today play games not guitars.

HAMMER

I'm not surprised if they have to
come down here.

EXT. CANNING 'TOWNHOUSE 2' VENUE, LONDON, E16. NIGHT

The dull, low end thud of LOUD live music in front of us.
Getting louder as we approach.

A large warehouse type building on the side of the road.

A lone light shines on a dirty, torn banner 30 foot up on the
wall. 'Townhouse 2'.

Two HOODED TEENS stamp out their cigarette butts on the
pavement then knock on a huge double metal gate. A bolt on
the back of the door is unlocked and the gate opens enough
for one person to walk through. They pass through.

A BOUNCER (Man mountain) exits the gate. He shines a flash
light around, checking behind parked cars. He spots the group
walking towards him and shines the light at them.

The group walks towards him.

BOUNCER

Evening Officers.

HAMMER

Yeah, evening squire. Pay on the
door?

BOUNCER

Through the gate. Up the stairs.

The bouncers does a quick pat down of the 4 men and they
proceed through the gate and into an enclosed concrete court
yard.

Listless PUNTERS, dressed from head to tow in black, stand
around smoking and drinking from plastic glasses. They eye
the group up and down.

The low end bleed through of the music playing from inside is
intense.

GOLD

This is nice.

Gold rolls his eyes.

HAMMER

Up the stairs?

Dosser takes the lead and enters the doorway.

A facially tattooed PUNK rushes out of the door manically laughing.

Dosser bobs to one side to avoid him. He passes into the court yard and lights up a cigarette.

INT. CANNING 'TOWNHOUSE 2' VENUE, LONDON, E16. NIGHT

Dosser leads the group up the grim stairs. Beer splashes stain the walls. The dulled music in INTENSE.

They reach the top of the dimly lit stairs. A small table is occupied by a disinterested TEENAGE DOOR GIRL, her pink hair and yellow clothes clashing.

TEENAGE GIRL

Fiver each.

Dosser puts his hand into his jeans pockets and pulls out his wallet. He takes a bank card from the wallet and offers it to the girl.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

Cash.

Dosser turns to the queue of friends behind him.

DOSSER

Who's got cash?

They all shake their heads and check their pockets.

T pulls a wallet out and takes out a note.

'T'

I've got a Tenner.

Gold, Hammer and Dosser pool some coins.

GOLD

No guest list, Dosser, slack fella.

DOSSER

18 quid.

GOLD

I'll wait outside.

HAMMER

Can we owe you?

The girl nods. Takes the cash and puts it into a money belt. She then draws a big black X on Dosser's hand.

She points to a large metal vault door.

Gold steps forward, getting an X drawn on his hand too, and opens the door.

The higher frequencies blocked out by the door come flooding through, causing Gold to frown and screw up his face.

The music is FAST and LOUD and HEAVY! But its NOT Rock!

The stage lighting flashes so hard it bursts through the door as it opens.

200 PUNTERS stand in front of a stage. Jumping. Dancing. Shaking their heads. Banging their fists in the air. Throwing their bodies about.

But there is no band. Just a TEENAGE DJ with a side-shaved haircut and trousers hanging around his arse. He drives the crowd with one hand. Holds a phone with another.

He moves the phone into odd angles, films the crowd, then poses for selfies with the crowd in the back ground.

He is surrounded by Drums and Amps but is oblivious to them.

A Tablet on a barstool is his weapon of choice. He moves two cross faders and the song changes. FASTER, LOUDER, MORE INTENSE.

The band have entered the club. They are twice as old as most of the head banging crowd. They stand and look around. They are out of place.

T taps Hammer on the shoulder and points to the back of the small club. Operating the mixing desk are two familiar faces. Momo and Scheme are nodding at each other and shouting in each others ears.

Hammer stands in the middle of the dance floor, back to the DJ and waves his arms.

Scheme looks up and spots Hammer. Hammer breaks into a Dad-Dance. Scheme, pissing himself laughing, steps down from the desk and heads over to Hammer.

He bear hugs Hammer, swinging him around, almost knocking over several dancers. Greeting the rest of the band with shoulder pats and fist bumps, he signals for them to follow him.

He leads them through a group of intense dancers to the side of the stage where a black painted door, barely visible in the wall, opens and he leads them into a back stage area.

The room looks like a student squat. Empty bottles of whisky and vodka sit next to random cans of European beer. Cigarette ash litters the side.

Dosser finds he can't look away from the carnage.

Old items of furniture, dirty and stained, are strewn with discarded items of clothing.

The walls are full of handwritten graffiti and band stickers. Hundred of different names and quotes blend together like a bad prison tattoo.

The door closes and we get some respite from the intense music.

GOLD

What the fuck was THAT?

Scheme picks up a mop, brushes everything off the sofa and throws down a clean cover.

SCHEME

Ladies, take a seat.

T holds out an arm and sweeps the table clear sending sweet wrappers, torn bits of cardboard and empty cans and bottles crashing to the floor.

'T'

When in Rome.

He hops up and sits on the table.

Hammer and Gold sit on the cleared sofa. Dosser remains standing. Still fixating on the alcohol trash. He reaches up and takes hold of his chip necklace.

DOSSER

Scheme, when I asked you for a recommendation, I didn't expect a night in a squat.

SCHEME

This is on me. I wanted to see how you handle being out of your comfort zone?

DOSSER

Oh thanks.

SCHEME

This is where you started. Where old men said, 'what the fuck was THAT' about YOU.

GOLD

We had talent. Played instruments.

SCHEME

You did what was fashionable at the time. And you were hungry.

HAMMER

Sport, crime or Rock and Roll. They were the only way out.

Scheme roars with laughter.

SCHEME

Still are! But there's no labels to wipe your arse now, Hammer.

HAMMER

Or drop you when you have a blip.

SCHEME

13 year olds are producing their own albums and videos now.

'T'

And sing about shanking and dinking.

GOLD

So what's that tosser with the phone on stage all about.

SCHEME

That tosser gets 5k a night in clubs across Europe.

'T'

No 4 way split? Interesting.

Scheme bellows, grins and rubs his hands together.

SCHEME

No just him and his manager.

Scheme points the index fingers of both hands inwards to himself.

SCHEME (CONT'D)

Now I'm wondering if I need to bring my pipe and slippers on tour? If you boys are just old men in it for the money? Or you wanna get the buzz back?

GOLD

Any slippers on tour get shat in.

DOSSER

How do 40 year old musicians get the buzz back?

SCHEME

Get on the stage now and find out?

GOLD

We haven't played together for 20 years.

SCHEME

You can't remember 2 songs? Play a cover, anything. Just go out there and do it, now.

'T'

On what?

Scheme points to the cupboard in the corner. Hammer reaches over and opens it to find a battered electric guitar and a well worn Bass.

GOLD

I can't play that.

SCHEME

There! Excuses. Finding a way not to step outside your comfort zone.

HAMMER

I'm game.

'T'

Yeah, me too.

Gold grabs the electric guitar and strums it. The out of tune string causes the corner of his mouth to rise and eyes to go slitty. Struggling to hear over the background noise, he tunes the strings, nodding his head as he goes.

Gold looks up affirmatively at the rest of the band.

GOLD

Sign of the times and Rampage.
Everyone remember them?

Hammer nods as he taps his hands on his thighs. T picks up the bass, pulls the strap over his head and thumps the E string. He smiles and gives Gold a thumbs up.

'T'

In tune!

GOLD

Doss?

Dosser stands in the corner of the room, hands in pockets.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Dosser?! Are we doing this?

He looks at the rest of the band, preparing themselves and their instruments, Gold's voice reverberates.

He looks back at the chaos trash on the floor and grabs the chip necklace between his thumb and forefinger. He runs his thumb over the chip as a tear forms in the corner of his eye.

EXT. CANNING 'TOWNHOUSE 2' VENUE, LONDON, E16. NIGHT

Silence. The Bouncer stands in the street, looking up at the illuminated banner some 20 feet up on the huge wall.

A count of four on the drum sticks leads in a huge 10 second crescendo of drums, bass and guitars. As the instruments ring out:

DOSSER (O.S.)
 Good evening Townhouse. We are the
 Nuclear Aces, this is Rampage....

(Song kicks in O.S.)

INT. SQUEAKY'S CAR. NIGHT

The external noise of the song is dampened as we join Squeaky and Kent in the car. Squeaky smiles smugly as he pulls the phone to his ear.

SQUEAKY
 It's on.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO. DAY

TONY DAWKINS (Deceased 47, Ex-Bassist. Bright. Sarcastic. Comfortless.) spins around from the mixing desk in his swivel chair. His deathly pale face punctuated by sunken blood shot eyes.

TONY DAWKINS
 Be careful what you wish for, my
 friends. Because it may just come
 true.

THE END.

END CREDIT TITLES.