

THE MINERS SON

Written by

Kevin & Juliette Short

07817 725328
copyright Ettecon Ltd

SHOT OPENS WITH MONTAGE - SOUNDTRACK AND TITLES.

1.INT:CLOSE - Sink, tap running, dirty hands washing.

2.INT:CLOSE - Hands grabbing a towel.

3.INT:CLOSE - Someone pulling a T-shirt up over them {face not being revealed}

4.INT:CLOSE - Guitar case, hands gently placing a guitar into case.

5.INT:CLOSE - Keys on a table, body goes past, grabs keys.

6.INT:CLOSE - Car wheel, a guy with a brace tightening wheel nuts. Stops to check watch...its 5.40?

(O.C.)

Shit!

Hands drops wheel brace to the floor.

7.EXT:MID - Garage doors closing shut.

8.INT:CLOSE - Paper bag on a table, someone rushes past...

{O.S}

(Indian woman's voice)

RAVVI, don't forget the samosa's!

Hands appear grabbing bag off the table.

9.EXT:CLOSE - Boxes being quickly hurled out of the back of a van onto a trolley... some boxes topple off the trolley.

{O.S}

(mans voice)

Oi! what's the hurry?

Van doors slam shut. Van screeches off.

10.INT:CLOSE - Shop till, a mans hands impatiently tapping the side of the till, opens hands, another hand gives money into the tellers hands, teller gives change, slams till shut.

11.INT:CLOSE - Changing room locker, door opens, hands place a green apron on a hanger, grabs a denim jacket.

12.EXT:MID - A young man in a denim jacket runs towards a waiting van, we follow as he jumps into the side loading door.

13.EXT:MID - front of van {music pause for silence} van cranks... doesn't start?...{pause}

14.EXT:MID TO LONG - {resume soundtrack} Three guys get out frantic, trying to push van, driver shouting, as he bump starts van, guys run after van and jump back in as it slowly rolls down a road.

15.CLOSE TO MID CROSSCUTS - Van travelling down the road.

16.INT:CLOSE - Brown paper bag being dumped on a table.

17.INT:CLOSE - A guitar lead being plugged into a Marshall amplifier.

18.INT:CLOSE - A hand tightening a wing nut on a drum cymbal.

19.INT:CLOSE - A hand twisting a tuning head on a bass guitar.

20.INT:CLOSE - Just showing a guys torso holding a guitar as he strikes a power chord... sustained sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

{Sound of an industrial winding gear generator.}

THE MINERS SON.

INT. PIT HEAD SHAFT - EARLY MORNING - MARCH - 1984

A HUGE CAGE APPEARS FROM THE DEPTH OF THE EARTH...

The shutter doors open, revealing about 25 men crammed inside. The men all have dirty white helmets covering black faces, and wearing dirty orange overalls over filthy vests.

The first few men step forward out of the cage, still sweating from the heat of the coal face.

We see the cage move up behind the men and opening to reveal another deck of miners spilling out.

Two miners walk hastily side by side, camera rolling back in front of them...

WILL

I'm going right on it tonight I
tell ya...RIGHT FUCKIN ON IT.

TOM
 (Yorkshire accent)
 Aye, ya not wrong Will, I'll join
 ya for a few wets mate for sure,
 back on dead mans shift next week
 an'all so make the most ut bonus.

WILL
 What bonus? We're fuck all near
 16.000 tonne at the moment!

TOM
 Argh, the new face should be ready
 to breast out soon.

The men walk into a changing area where they hang up their jackets before heading forward to a holding area where they strip off and chuck their dirty clothes into a large bin. The men one by one proceed naked into a large shower area. Camera follows...

Charlie slaps one guy on the arse as he walks past under the shower.

WILL
 Ere... its the monkey, you alrite
 cock?

MONKEY
 Alright WILL, you look like a
 fuckin Panda.

WILL
 Yeah that's called real work son,
 on the fuckin RIP, not up the
 charge hands arse all day.

MONKEY
 pfft...fuck off Dick licker.

WILL slips under a shower head as the steamy hot water gushes onto his face washing away the black coal dust from around his eyes and face, he exhales with relief and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLIERY - EARLY MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT: LONG - COLLIERY WITH PIT HEAD WINDING GEAR TURNING, STEAM COMING FROM THE PIT HEAD BATHS.

SLOW PAN ACROSS TO SEE PARKED CARS IN FRONT OF THE COLLIERY.

We see WILL walking across the colliery car park towards a ford Sierra, he rummages in his pockets for the keys, gets in the car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR - MORNING

CROSS CUTS OF THE CAR DRIVING AWAY FROM THE PIT TO INTERIOR SHOTS OF WILL DRIVING, THE RADIO IS ON.

WILL stops at a railway crossing as the barrier comes down. We see a large diesel locomotive chug down the line with a rake of coke wagons fully laden with coal.

(RADIO V.O.)

Now faced with the loss of 20.000 jobs next June, will the miners be driven into a nationwide strike? Scottish miners have been called out in support of the Yorkshire miners from next Monday. They want the miners union official in Sheffield to declare their strike official... But will it? We look at that question in a minute, but first a report from the latest miners confrontation with the Coal board.

WILL

(shouting with angst)

Ffs not again, there's enough coal down there to last 200 years!

Will turns off radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

The car rolls up to a semi detached property and onto the driveway, stops. WILL gets out and walks into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Woman standing at a sink, looks across...

BRIDGET

Hello love....tea?

WILL
Morning love, yes please.

A young man appears walking down the stairs.

CLAY
Alright Dad.

WILL
MCHENDRY's a bit late today isn't he?

CLAY
No we ain't got a big round today.

WILL
(concerned)
Why is that then?

CLAY
I dunno? Been slow for a while, not as much demand for the coal.

WILL
I'm telling ya, its them bloody storage heaters and oil burners, people don't wanna get their hands dirty, either that or its shit coal imported from bloody Belgium!

BRIDGET
Oh hear we go again, WILL shut up and drink your tea, then get off to bed, for heavens sake!

WILL
There's trouble coming, have you heard the news? Yorkshire pits are planning industrial action, that gob shite Scargill is on his bloody soap box again... Kent's bound to follow suit. We've got a mortgage and that bloody car to pay for.

CLAY
Oh I'm off, see ya later,

BRIDGET
(raised eyebrows)
Bye love.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - LORRY - DAY

Clay walks out onto the road as a flatbed lorry pulls up loaded with coal sacks.

The driver is a very large guy, stooped over the steering wheel. Clay gets into the cab.

MCHENDRY

(comical)

Oi oi, still rockin in the free world then mate.

CLAY

Yeah yeah come on fat bollocks let's crack on, I got a gig tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

A LAD STACKING SHELVES DOWN AN AISLE.

A very smart posh elderly lady approaches...

POSH LADY

(arrogant)

Young man, pass me those eggs!

DAVEY

Its a self service madam.

POSH LADY

That's as maybe, just pass me those eggs will you.

DAVEY reaches up to the shelf above him and grabs some eggs to hand to the lady.

DAVEY

Here you are madam.

POSH LADY

Have you any Kumquats?

DAVEY

Come what?

POSH LADY

Kumquats!

DAVEY

Err...Don't think so madam?

POSH LADY
Oh what a bore.

POSH LADY walks off, DAVEY just watches her walk away in astonishment for a moment, before kneeling down on the floor to empty a shelf.

Another lad appears, strutting up towards DAVEY, he stops, looks around him, then suddenly veers his arse towards DAVEY...

VIM
QUAAAACK!!!(farts)

DAVEY
You filthy cunt, fuck off!

VIM
(laughing)
Phwar, needed to get that off my chest. you getting all fired up for tonight then?

DAVEY
Yeah, thought keeps me going mate, loosing the will to live in this place.

VIM
Ok nice one, where's RAVVI?

DAVEY
Oh upstairs tied to a desk pen pushing for the old man I expect?

VIM
Oh, pick you up about 6.30 then yeah? I gotta pick up the van from MURF, just getting it serviced and that.

DAVEY
Ok, Yeah cool.

VIM struts off rubbing his hands.

LATER

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Steadicam around an old garage workshop, past a car on a ramp then slowly towards another car with its bonnet up and a guy working on the engine.

An older man steps out of an office and walks behind the mechanic working on the car, as he does he pokes the guy's backside with a pencil, making the mechanic jump and bang his head on the underside of the bonnet.

MURF
Fuckin bender!

GEORGE
C'mon tea's up.

MURF wipes his hands and heads towards a small tea room where we see a blond lady making tea and coffee.

CARLA
Ok boys we've no more milk, I have to use these bloody mini cartons alright?

GEORGE
(in a double entendre manner)
No worries darlin, as long as its warm and wet

CARLA
Oh Stop it GEORGE.

CARLA sits down behind a desk, she is struggling with the milk carton as the phone rings...

GEORGE
Don't worry CARLA I'll get it...

MURF is standing in the doorway still cleaning his hands, GEORGE is on the phone, MURF watches CARLA trying to get the foil lid of the milk carton when suddenly the carton bursts open and spurts milk up CARLA'S top, MURF stands motionless for a second looking slightly embarrassed.

CARLA
Oops... silly me.

CARLA slowly looks up suggestively at MURF.

CARLA {CON'T}
Your hands clean yet MURF!

GEORGE
(interrupting)
Come on supp up quick, we have a breakdown on the Dover road.

MURF
GEORGE remember I have a gig
tonight, can't be late.

GEORGE.
You won't be if you hurry up,
come on!

CARLA
Oo you gigging tonight MURF? You
never told me.

MURF
Err...yeah, white horse 8.o-clock.

CARLA
Oh I may come down to that, I'd
like to watch a rock band.

MURF
Dunno if it'll be your bag CARLA.

CARLA
(suggestively)
We'll see.

MURF with a smirk turns and follows GEORGE out the door.

FADE OUT.

LATER

I/E. GARAGE - WASHROOM/YARD - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

We hear sounds of slight relief and panting breath from
behind a door.

WASHROOM

MURF masturbating furiously over the sink in the garage
washroom. We hear a shout and a noise outside?

MURF
Ahh shit!

MURF gathers himself, and goes to stagger out the door and
is confronted by VIM.

VIM
There you are ya twat, what have ya
been doing? cracking off a sly one
in there or what? Where's my van?

MURF

Err yeah, I mean no...yeah yeah the Vans out the back, its Ok, all sorted, sorry mate running behind, I had do a late recovery.

VIM

Oh... Ok come on then lets have it, I gotta go and load up the kit.

The lads head out a door to the yard.

We follow them into the yard as they walk up to a dark green ford Transit van.

MURF

Ok look, I changed that shitty VV carb that was giving you all the starting problems, I've put on a Webber out of that smashed up Capri, {pointing}and put a pancake filter on too, so she should have more whoomph now ok?

VIM

Ahh cool MURF. I'll sort you out later with the gig money, yeah?

MURF

Yeah, yeah sure, I've already loaded the estate to save time tonight, so nearly ready to go.

VIM

Ok let's ROCK.

The guys split and jump into their respective vehicles.

FADE OUT.

LATER

INT.PUB - EVENING

WILL, TOM and a couple of other fella's are sat at a table supping pints.

TOM

Ay the lad's playing his bloody banjo with VIM tonight ain't he?

WILL

Banjo? That soddin guitar and gear
he's got cost nearly as much as my
bloody car!

TOM

You don't fancy going down and
watching them then?

WILL

Naa...Sod listening to that racket,
why do they all call you lad VIM?

TOM

Oh aye, that purple shit in a can?
Err!.. Vimto!

WILL

Urghh...{pause}
The lad needs to get a proper
bloody job TOM, I got him helping
McKendry's but he needs a skill or
an apprenticeship, not this fuckin
daydream of rock stardom ffs.

JACK

(Midlands accent)

There aye nothin goin on at the
colliery either, what with these
bloody job cuts planned.

TOM

Aye that's what alt troubles
about... 20.000 jobs!

SMUDGE

Branch secretary is meeting this
weekend apparently?

JACK

Don't look like Coal board chairman
gonna budge... we'll be out next
week lads.

WILL

Bloody hell, can we talk about
something else.

WILL gets up and storms off up to the bar.

SMUDGE

What's got his goat?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HORSE PUB - BAND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DIAMOND STUD are setting up and tuning.

CROSS SHOTS OF VIM ASSEMBLING HIS DRUM KIT AND MURF AND CLAY TUNING THEIR GUITARS.

DAVEY is at the bar chatting to a couple of girls.

An Indian lad walks in...

DAVEY

RAVVI... there you are, thought you weren't coming mate.

RAVVI

Sorry DAVEY, had to finish up in the shop, you know what the old man's like, he lives to work in that bloody place.

DAVEY

Well, thanks for finally getting us some paid gigs, thought we were never gonna get out of that bloody dingy rehearsal room.

RAVVI

Yeah, cool, no worries, you all sound checked and ready to go yeah?

DAVEY

Yeah any minute I think.

DAVEY then turns and heads towards the rest of the band.

DAVEY {CONT'D}

(shouting)

Oi, come on then boys, we ready or what?

We see a thumbs up from CLAY.

DAVEY jumps on stage to a small cheer, and rocks up to the mic...

DAVEY

Good evening White Horse...{shouts}
We are DIAMOND STUD... On my
command, unleash the ROCK!!!

The rhythm section go into a solid 4/4 time beat, as CLAY hits a power chord.

CUT TO:

CROSS CUT MONTAGE WITH SONG

INT: FLASH SHOT - A PORTLY MAN WITH GREY HAIR SAT ON A THRONE IN A ROBE HOLDING A SCEPTRE, HE HAS A SMALL MASK OVER HIS FACE AND SMALL PLATINUM DISCS ATTACHED TO HIS HEAD WIRED IN A SORT OF TREPANNING DEVICE.

INT. MURF - WITH THE BASS GUITAR SLUNG LOW, HIS FINGERS ALL OVER THE FRET BOARD.

INT. DAVEY - ON THE MICROPHONE SINGING WITH A SEXUAL INTENSITY.

INT. MAN ON THRONE - NOW ROLLING HIS HEAD BACK YELLING A RITUAL UNDER THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC.

INT. CLAY - DANCING AROUND WITH HIS GUITAR, THRASHING THE STRINGS ALMOST BANGING INTO HIS AMP WITH EXCITEMENT.

INT. VIM - POUNDING THE DRUMS AGGRESSIVELY WITH SWEAT ALREADY BEING FLUNG FROM HIS HEAD.

INT. WIDE ELEVATED SHOT - THE DEVIL WORSHIPPER{PORTLY MAN} NOW HOLDING HIS ARMS UP. A LARGE PENTACLE SYMBOL SURROUNDS HIM ON THE FLOOR.

INT. WIDE - CROWD AT THE GIG HEADBANGING TO THE HARD ROCK SOUND OF DIAMOND STUD.

INT. WIDE - DIAMOND STUD ON STAGE, DAVEY WITH HANDS ALOFT WITH THE MIC STAND IN ONE HAND, MIC IN THE OTHER EGGING THE CROWD ON.

INT. CLOSE - DEVIL WORSHIPPER, HIS FACE SWEATING, EYES ROLLING BACK AND FLICKERING IN A STATE OF TRANCE.

Song ends to a rapturous crowd applause.

END OF MONTAGE.

MEANWHILE

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE - GROUND SHOT, A MANS FEET APPEAR IN SMART POLISHED BLACK SHOES AND BLACK TROUSERS. GETS INTO THE CAR.

CROSS SHOTS - CLOSE: WHITE ROLLS ROYCE DRIVING ALONG A ROAD.
 ABRTRACT SHOTS OF THE CAR IN MOTION FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Rolls Royce pulls up outside a small restaurant, the portly gent gets out.

SHOT FORM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CAR SEES THE GENT LOOKING AT THE RESTAURANT BEFORE TURNING ROUND AND REVEALING HIS FACE.

The gent stops and looks around again for a moment, and heads into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Portly gent enters and pauses for a moment, his face glares through large rimmed glasses, he Spots two businessmen sitting at a table, he walks over.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Gentlemen, good evening.

LORD HAWKINS
 Ah PERRY, so good of you to join us.

GORDON JENKINS
 Hello PERRY, what can we do for you this time old chum?

LORD HAWKINS
 (tongue in cheek)
 Calling anymore demonic spirits lately recently?

PERRY's face changes as he glares coldly at both men, his eyes widen through his thick rimmed glasses.

PERRY DWIGHT
 (sinister)
 Gentlemen, you may mock, but you are perfectly aware I took my vows to the Order of Black Arts very seriously, as did 33 generations of my family before me.

The two gentlemen look intrigued, as PERRY leans closer to them across the table.

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}

So... this could be a case of what I can do for you, another ritual is being planned by the chief of Satanists, to take place very soon... which gentlemen as you know, can satisfy your every desire.

The two men look stunned and almost mesmerised by the words spoken by PERRY.

GORDON JENKINS

(softly)

What do you need?

PERRY rears back in his seat, and changes the tone of his voice.

PERRY DWIGHT

As you are aware gentlemen, these things are costly, my usual plus an extra ten percent...

PERRY leans forward again...

PERRY DWIGHT

(softly)

I have a source of "special girls" A sphere of young prostitutes. Who wouldn't want such a female.

GORDON reaches into his inside jacket pocket, and hands over an envelope to PERRY.

GORDON JENKINS

I think this should suffice.

PERRY DWIGHT

Splendid... again it's been a pleasure gentlemen, I will be in touch with the details, now what would you like to drink?

BACK TO:

INT. THE WHITE HORSE - NIGHT

CARLA walks into the pub muscling through the bodies standing and getting into the band, she makes her way to the bar. A bearded biker stares at her Standing on her own, he slopes over to her...

BIKER

Nice legs...what time do they open?

CARLA just raises her eyes and tuts as the biker turns and laugh's with his mates, at that moment another girl is waving at her across the bar...its TRACY {VIM's girlfriend}

CARLA hastily heads over towards her.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. RESTAURANT/THE WHITE HORSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PERRY exits the restaurant and pauses for a moment as he hears the sound of a band playing from the pub over the road. He listens for a moment before crossing the road. He ruffles his coat as he reaches for a cigar in his pocket, he lights it and swaggers into the pub.

PERRY walks through the old dark timber doors and enters a barrage of sound from the band. He stands for a moment just looking intrigued.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF THE BAND ON STAGE, THEN A CLOSE OF DAVEY ON THE MICROPHONE.

CUT TO:

MURF

CLOSE SHOT: A pair of knickers suddenly hits him in the face as he is playing? Camera turns to see CARLA and the girls standing in the audience laughing.

BACK TO:

PERRY

His eyes glare through his glasses as he walks majestically towards the bar.

PERRY's attention is then distracted as he looks across the bar.

CUT TO:

CHRISTINE

We see a tall raven haired girl standing very cool and proud, head nodding slightly to the beat of the music from the band.

PERRY makes his way round the bar towards the girl.

He approaches, and stands next to her while he tries to order a drink, he turns to the girl and gets her attention as he nods towards the band on stage.

PERRY DWIGHT
Do you know this lot?

CHRISTINE
Yeah, I kind of hang out with them.

PERRY DWIGHT
I'd like to talk to them.

CHRISTINE
Why?

PERRY DWIGHT
I'm a producer... a record producer, I have a studio, with all the facilities, you know!

CHRISTINE
Yeah?

CHRISTINE looks with intrigue, then a look of caution, as she looks him up and down in his long coat, his hand cladded with rings as he takes a sip from his drink .

CHRISTINE {CON'T}
Are you for real?

PERRY DWIGHT
Yes, look I'd like a chat with the boys, see if they might want to record some of this stuff, is it self penned?

CHRISTINE
Self what?

PERRY DWIGHT
Is it their own material?

CHRISTINE

Yeah most of it.

PERRY DWIGHT

Look I have a place with the studio built in a bunker on the grounds, I'll give you a special tour if you want, you'll love it.

CHRISTINE

Yeah right. I will talk to CLAY, he's the founder of the band, and RAVVI over there is their manager.

PERRY DWIGHT

Ok, lovely.

CHRISTINE

Hang on...

CHRISTINE swaggers over towards the band as they finish up their set.

CLAY and the guys come off stage sweating and ecstatic, as the crowd shout for more.

CHRISTINE approaches CLAY as he slugs a beer.

CHRISTINE

Nice one Clay, there's a guy here who wants to talk to you.

PERRY standing close behind CHRISTINE suddenly pushes through and offers his hand in greeting.

PERRY DWIGHT

Hello friend, my name's PERRY, I think your material has potential.

CLAY

Oh yeah, in what way?

PERRY DWIGHT

Have you made any recordings?

CLAY

Err...no.

PERRY DWIGHT
 I might be able to help you there,
 I have a unique recording facility
 with a great sound engineer, an ex
 radio DJ, and a former rock star
 himself, DEAN GLOVER!

CLAY seemingly lost for words, and taken back by the offer
 Just shrugs his shoulders, looking round him as VIM appears
 and grabs him.

VIM
 C'mon man lets give'em an encore.

PERRY hands over a card to CLAY.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Call me if you wanna get on, I'll
 take you to new heights!

CLAY and the boys run back on stage to a rapturous applause.

PERRY turns and walks away grabbing another cigar from his
 pocket as the music plays on.

FADE OUT.

LATER

The gig has finished, the boys are packing up their gear.

RAVVI
 Oi, who was that gaylord earlier?

DAVEY
 What gaylord?

CLAY
 (looking at PERRY'S
 business card)
 This fuckin bloke... looked like a
 pimp in a big coat and jewellery,
 made us an offer to record, ere
 look, his card, said he has an ex
 DJ as a sound engineer.

MURF
 Oh what!

VIM
 Who?

CLAY
DEAN GLOVER?

DAVEY
Fuckin DEAN GLOVER?

CLAY
Yeah.

DAVEY
Do you know who that is?

CLAY
Yeah, err... I think so?

RAVVI
No?

DAVEY (EXCITED)
Fuck me mate you ain't lived he's a
fuckin legend, he was the front man
for Black Satin in the early
seventies!

RAVVI
What? Never heard of em?

VIM
(mocking)
Just sounds like some ex hippy to
me ma'an!

DAVEY
It's gotta be worth a punt ey?
what do ya reckon CLAY?...RAVVI?

CLAY looks across at CHRISTINE and RAVVI?

CLAY
Oh I suppose we could go and check
it out, he looked so dodgy though
ya know?

CHRISTINE
Yeah he was a bit weird.

MURF walking away with his Bass guitar case...

MURF
Ok boys, I'm off.

The others acknowledge with various farewell's.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HORSE PUB - NIGHT

MURF loads up his bass along with his amp and kit...
CARLA slopes up behind him smoking a cigarette.

CARLA
Hey rock star, looking good up
there.

MURF
(with surprise, stutters)
C..CARLA

CARLA
Got room in there for me?

MURF
Err... yeah, hop in.

MURF & CARLA jump into the estate car and drive off.

BACK TO:

INT. THE WHITE HORSE

RAVVI comes from the bar counting money, as the lads pack up
the last few bits of equipment

RAVVI
Hey! I think you guys should really
look into this recording stuff and
get some of your material down, you
never know, I can get you gigs and
promote you, but this guy, weird
as he may be, could have
connections, you know?

DAVEY
Yeah ya not wrong mate, call him
next week CLAY see what the score
is.

CLAY
Yeah, Ok will do.

VIM
Oi, do you boys wanna swift one at
the local on the way home?

CLAY
Yeah go on then VIM.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. COUNTRY ROAD - POLICE CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CAR DRIVING SLOWLY THROUGH A LONG DARK LANE.

POLICE

TWO OFFICERS LAUGHING WITH EACH OTHER IN THE CAR

CHARLIE

Hey GEORGE what's with this miners
strike predicted soon then, we
ain't gonna cope with that lot from
the colliery picketing again like
they did in the seventies?

GEORGE

Yeah, A real militant lot now too!
I think we'll probably bring in
other regional forces to be able to
cope? {pause} think of the
overtime though CHARLIE {laughs}

CHARLIE

Hold up... pull back a minute
GEORGE I thought I saw a motor down
that track back there, could be
another stolen, abandoned?

The police car reverses.

CUT TO:

MURF & CARLA

MID SHOT ESTATE CAR ROCKING SLIGHTLY, WINDOWS STEAMY.

CUT TO:

MURF & CARLA getting it on, having frantic sex in the back
of the estate car.

CARLA

C'mon rock star plug me...
FUCKIN PLUG ME!!!

A look of bemusement on MURF's sweaty face as a bright light
behind him suddenly causes him to freeze, before a look of
terror overcomes him.

BACK TO:

POLICE

The police car rolls cautiously down the lane...

LONG SHOT: We see the rear of the estate car, and a lily white arse in the rear window.

CHARLIE
(humorous)
Wow, the moon is bright tonight
GEORGE!

GEORGE
(laughing)
So it may seem CHARLIE.

Both police get out, and slowly head towards the estate car.

MURF
(panic state)
Oh fuck, I think it's Ol'bill?

CARLA
WHAT! you are shittin me?

The couple frantically grab clothes to cover themselves up, CARLA rears her knees under MURF's jacket as a torch light appears in the side window, MURF winds down the window.

GEORGE
Good evening folks, are you Ok
their Madam?

CARLA
Erm... yes we were too tired to
drive anymore, long show you see
officer.

GEORGE
(interrupting)
Yes yes indeed madam,

CHARLIE
Have either of you been drinking?

MURF
(nervous hysterical
laughter)
No officer, never drink when
performing guv!

CHARLIE
(raised eyebrows)
No... it seems not sir. Well this
is private property folks, so move
along as soon as you can please.

CARLA/MURF
Yes officer.

The two police turn and walk back to the car with a faint snigger.

MURF & CARLA just sit an glance at each other before quickly gathering themselves to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. MINERS WELFARE CLUB - NIGHT

DAVEY, VIM AND CLAY are stood at the bar waiting for a drink.

VIM
Eh, I saw that CARLA get into
MURF'S car after the gig.

DAVEY
The one that works with him at the
garage?

VIM
(laughing)
Yeah, He's a proper Cocksman is old
MURF

Other lads laugh. A drunk bloke with wild fuzzy blond hair in front of them turns to VIM.

DRUNK
What did you call me ya twat?

VIM
What ya talking about mate?

CUT TO:

TOM & WILL

WILL & TOM ARE STANDING OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR.

TOM
Ey up, Rock stars are ere!

BACK TO:

DRUNK

The drunk looking the lads up and down...

DRUNK

Look at ya, been to a fuckin fancy
dress party or sumfin?

CLAY

Look leave it out mate.

DRUNK

Who the bloody el do ya think you
are eh?

DAVEY

We're in a band mate, now piss off
ok.

The drunk starts getting in DAVEY's face when WILL notices
and comes rushing over with TOM.

WILL

OK lads time to go, don't worry
mate this lad ere is my son.

CLAY

Dad, we ain't even had a beer yet?

WILL ushers the lads away from the bar.

WILL

Look, you can't come in here
looking like that, bloody studded
belts and bracelets, look at ya!

VIM

It's Ok WILL I've not had a drink,
come on I'll drive you all home.

DAVEY

Yeah fuck it, lets get out of here.

As they all leave, DAVEY catches a glance of an older fair
haired woman who stares back at him smirking. DAVEY looks
back at her again as he exits the pub.

CUT TO:

I/E. VAN - NIGHT

DAVEY, VIM, CLAY AND WILL are all sat in the van travelling
along the road, WILL is sat in the back a bit worse for
wear.

CLAY

Ey Dad, this bloke has offered to
record and promote the band.

WILL
You what...pfft

CLAY
Yeah he came to see us play
tonight.

WILL
Oh right, ya think its dizzy
heights and bright lights now then
do ya?

CLAY
(muttering)
Ever the optimist Dad.

WILL
Son ya need to wake up to the real
world.

CLAY
Oh yeah and work down the bloody
pit? It ain't gonna be there much
longer the way things are going
Dad!

WILL
Oi...I'll have you know that job
kept us and put food on the table.

The other lads glance across at each other in an awkward
silence for a moment.

WILL {CON'T}
Why don't ya get your HGV license?
have your own truck lad.

CLAY
Oh ffs Dad.

The van pulls up at WILL and CLAYS house. VIM gets out and
releases WILL from the side loading door, he pats WILL on
the back as he stumbles out of the van.

VIM
Your alright WILL, don't worry
about us mate.

WILL
Yeah, yeah, cheers lad.

WILL staggers off towards the house.

BACK TO:

CLAY

CLAY just sits in the van watching his Dad stagger into the house.

CLAY
(melancholy)
I don't fuckin need this. You know he helped me buy all my gear to get started but now he thinks its all a crock of shit, like its some passing phase...I don't know anything else, this is all I've got!

DAVEY
(thoughtful)
Yeah I know mate, same here.

VIM appears and opens the drivers door.

VIM
(farts)
Phfvvvvt... Oh absolutely Mr Brown!

DAVEY
Well that killed the moment.

CLAY
Yeah, well who else has got a drummer that talks to his farts?

CLAY & DAVEY... affectionate laughter.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CLAYS HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

CLAY appears from the house with a border collie, He walks past WILL washing his car.

CLAY
Just taking Dylan out for walk.

WILL
Ok lad, grab a paper while your out.

CLAY
Yeah sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A long sweeping lane with the Colliery in the background. DAVEY jogs up the lane in the foreground.

CLOSE SHOT: DAVEY wearing a Walkman with small headphones, sweating profusely while music is blaring out in his ears. He suddenly darts across the lane when...

Paaaaaarp!! and a screech of tyres...DAVEY jumps and loses his footing as a TRIUMPH STAG sports car stops just inches short of hitting him.

A well spoke woman's voice shouts out to him.

AISHA

Have you got a bloody death wish?

DAVEY rests his hands on the bonnet and looks at the woman peering over the screen between the T-bars in the car.

DAVEY

So sorry love, I had no idea you were there?

AISHA

Mmm really. It would probably help if you pulled those bloody things out of your ears!

DAVEY then pauses for a moment, as he realises its the woman from the bar looking at him the night previously? He walks around to the passenger side of the car, still panting and sweating

AISHA

Are you alright? looks like you could do with a lift?

DAVEY

Yeah ok not a bad idea.

DAVEY gets into the car as they speed off down the lane.

DAVEY {CON'T}

I have to try and keep myself in shape, I'm the front man of a band.

AISHA

Yes I thought as much.

AISHA glances across at DAVEY with a cheeky smile.

DAVEY

Anyway, what's a posh bird like you doing in a shitty miners pub?

AISHA

Oh one has to have friends in low places, as well as high places you know.

DAVEY

Pfft...OK

AISHA

My husbands always off with his freemason chums, so one gets a little bored watching quiz shows etc.

DAVEY

You should come to a gig.

AISHA

(laughing)

Thank you, though probably not my thing.

DAVEY

Don't knock it till ya tried it.

AISHA turns to DAVEY again with a smile...

AISHA

Sooo, where are we going?

DAVEY

Oh just drop me off here in the village thanks, I live off the beaten track a bit, so I'll walk from here.

AISHA

Suit yourself, no problem.

The car stops, DAVEY gets out, stands by the car for a moment as AISHA stares at him.

AISHA

Didn't get your name?

DAVEY

DAVID, Err... DAVEY, everyone calls me DAVEY.

AISHA
AISHA... Cheerio.

The car speeds off. DAVEY stands motionless for a while.

DAVEY
(to himself, softly)
AISHA... Jesus fuckin Christ, did
that just happen?

BACK TO

CLAY

CLAY exits a newsagents, he opens the paper and glances at
the front page.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT: headline : MINERS STRIKE IMMINANT!

CLAY
Oh shit!

CLAY looks up, and is greeted by CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE
Hiya...

CLAY
Hey, CHRISSY, alright?

CHRISTINE
Yeah cool, great gig last night.
you went down really well.
What you up to later?

CLAY
Oh ya know, Pub, beer, maybe chips,
then get lost walking home
wankered!

CHRISTINE
(disappointed)
Oh OK!

CLAY grabs the dog and heads off.

CLAY
Catch ya later CHRISSY.

CHRISTINE
Err... Ok

BACK TO:

I/E. AISHA'S COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The Triumph Stag appears onto an in and out gravel driveway. AISHA steps out of the car and skips through the front door of the house.

CUT TO:

DRAWING ROOM

AISHA places her bag on an old Edwardian arm chair.

AISHA
(shouts)
GORDON... GORDON?

GORDON {O.S}
In here.

AISHA walks through an archway to another room, to reveal GORDON JENKINS straightening his tie and looking at himself in a full length mirror.

AISHA
(annoyance)
Oh where to now, another fancy
dress party?

GORDON
No my dear, Gentleman's club this
afternoon you should know that.

AISHA walks towards a drinks cabinet and fixes herself a Gin.

AISHA
Huh, you mean the dodgy hand shake
society, any excuse to dress up.

GORDON turns round with a pompous look as AISHA takes a slug from her glass.

AISHA {CON'T}
There's an awful lot of money going
from the account GORDON, would you
like to shed some light on that?

GORDON
Oh a new speculative venture
darling, no need to trouble
yourself about it.

AISHA
Really, don't insult my
intelligence GORDON.

Aisha slams her glass down and storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

KITCHEN

WILL IS READING THE PAPER ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.

Phone is ringing...CLAY appears in the hallway to answer it.

CLAY
Allo?

VIM {V.O.P}
You wanna go to a gig?

CLAY
Er, yeah sure, where?

CUT TO:

VIM

Holding the phone in his house.

VIM
A new gaff that RAVVI was going
about...out of town, The BABYLON
CLUB or sumfin, thinks we should
check it out, what do ya reckon? I
can pick you up about 7.

CHRISTINE breezes past behind VIM calling out...

CHRISTINE
I'm coming!

VIM
(tuts)
Yeah, DAVEY's coming, I just can't
get hold of MURF, give him a bell
will ya.

CLAY
Yeah sure catch ya later.

Clay hangs up and goes into the kitchen as BRIDGET walks in behind him.

BRIDGET
I'm off to Bingo love.

WILL
Ya gonna have to pull your purse strings in soon.

BRIDGET
What?

WILL
I think the union is gonna take industrial action next week?

BRIDGET
(exasperated)
More like industrial vandalism.

CLAY stands in the doorway looking awkward for a moment.

CLAY
Err, I gotta call MURF.

WILL
Hmmm!

BRIDGET
Well I better win big tonight then hadn't I... There's a couple of beers in the fridge, see you later.

WILL
Yeah ta love.

CUT TO:

INT: TOM'S HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

VIM comes bouncing into the sitting room where TOM is watching wrestling on the TV.

VIM
Dad, I'm off out in a bit, do you want a lift to the pub?

TOM
No Son thanks. Aye! TRACY has bin ont phone, listen son ya know what shits goin down at pit, your TRACY is gettin worried about her job int office.

VIM

Yeah I know dad, I'm not oblivious to what's going on in the world you know.

TOM

That's as maybe lad, but you all gallivanting about in that van like it don't matter.. I thought you and TRACY were mekin plans?

VIM

What can I do about it dad? All I can get is the odd job here and there movin shit, this band is a bit of hope, something to look forward to!

TOM

Ya need to start looking to ya future lad.

VIM

Oh bollocks to that Dad, Bollocks!

VIM storms off.

LATER

EXT: SMALL CRESCENT - EVENING

VIM's van speeds into the crescent and pulls up outside a tidy little bungalow, a smart petit girl walks out and heads towards him.

VIM

C'mon hop in, we're off to see another band tonight, somewhere different.

TRACY

I don't want to go VIM.

VIM

Ya what...why?

TRACY

I don't feel like it VIM, I'm tired and not in the mood for loud music!

VIM

Oh fuck it, alright suit yourself.

CUT TO:

VAN INTERIOR

CHRISTINE
What's up with her?

VIM shrugs and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE EVENING

A LONG ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES, KIDS RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

The green Transit pulls up in front of a shabby looking house, MURF runs out to the open side door.

CLAY
(shouting)
C'mon tripod...

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - EVENING

MURF jumps into the back of the van, RAVVI hands him a tin of cider.

CHRISTINE
Tripod?.. Why do you call him that?

CLAY
Cos he's a fuckin walking cock
that's why!

Lads all laugh, while holding up cans and bottles of drink.

CHRISTINE
(embarrassed)
Oh for god sake.

DAVEY is sat in the front with VIM. He leans over towards him.

DAVEY
Ay VIM, never guess what happened
to me earlier mate?

VIM
What?

DAVEY
I got picked up by this posh bird
in her sports car.

VIM
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah, then ya woke up!

DAVEY
Naaa, Out jogging... she nearly
bloody killed me!

VIM
Yeah, how old?

DAVEY
Dunno... a lot older than me, but
fit as fuck, real foxy type.

VIM
(with humour)
Fuckin foxy?

DAVEY
Shut up...I kid you not mate, she
was hot cherry pie man!

VIM
And? are you gonna see her again?

DAVEY
{pause} She's married!

VIM
Oh mate don't go there...don't!

DAVEY
Yeah, yeah I know, I'll leave it.

VIM shouts back to CLAY in the van.

VIM
Oi, you gonna phone that gaylord
about this studio then?

CLAY
You mean PERRY.

VIM
Yeah that's it, PERRY gaylord
{laughing}

CLAY looks around at everyone else, RAVVI nods.

CLAY
Yeah sure, I'll call him tomorrow.

RAVVI
Let me know mate I'll tag along
with ya.

(O.C.)
(DAVEY yelling)
ROCK'N'ROOOOOOOOOOOOOLLL!!

CUT TO:

EXT: TRANSIT DRIVING OFF DOWN THE ROAD AWAY FROM CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

The members of the band and CHRISTINE come running out of the club, pursued by a couple of skin heads shouting and hurling abuse at them. They all scramble into the van and make haste out of the car park.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The guys throw themselves on the floor a bit breathless, as the van takes off.

RAVVI
Maybe not!

CLAY
(sarcastic)
Yeah nice one mate, good call.

DAVEY
Fuck! That was the most hostile gig
I have ever been too, who's fucking
idea was this?

RAVVI
Sorry, misjudgement there guys.

CLAY
No shit, we're lucky to get out
alive, them bloody skin heads
didn't like you mate... Jesus!

RAVVI
Yeah maybe we won't play there
then.

DAVEY
I fancy a quite drink somewhere,
VIM drop me off at my local will
ya.

VIM
Ok mate.

DAVEY
Anyone else wanna join me?

CLAY
Yeah I'll join ya.

CHRISTINE
Yeah ok I will.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. THE BLACKBIRDS PUB - NIGHT

We see the van pull up outside a very quiet 18th century pub, DAVEY, CLAY and CHRISTINE get out.

The pub is quiet, just a few small groups sat round tables, and a couple of elderly gents at the bar, one smoking a pipe.

DAVEY approaches the bar, he orders some beers, as CLAY and CHRISTINE perch themselves on some stools.

CLAY
So much for a big night out then.

DAVEY
Naaa, didn't quite go as planned.

CLAY
Eh, what's going on with VIM'S
bird? Something ain't right.

CHRISTINE
Well you know my brother, full of
bravado with you lot, but he wont
even discuss personal stuff with me
let alone tell you.

DAVEY
Yeah she seems the settling down
type to me, nice... but not one for
the Rock'n'Roll lifestyle.

CHRISTINE

I just need to go and powder my nose.

CLAY

Yeah I think I need to go and point Percy at the porcelain.

CHRISTINE and CLAY wonder off to the toilet, leaving DAVEY hunched over the bar when... a voice behind him.

AISHA

I say she's a bit of a beauty!

DAVEY rears up with a start...

DAVEY

AISHA, err... Hi.

AISHA

Is she yours?

DAVEY

(nervous)

WHO? Oh, CHRISTINE, oh no, she's VIM'S sister, VIM my drummer... in the band. She just hangs out with us.

AISHA

(chuckles)

Oh, like a groupie sort of thing.

DAVEY

Err, sort of... no husband then?

AISHA

Oh no he's off playing with his buddies. He'll be back soon I expect so I was just going to take a slow walk back home.

DAVEY

Oh, so your near then?

AISHA

Yes.

DAVEY

Can I walk you home?

AISHA

Ooh a gentleman too.

CLAY re-appears...

AISHA
Hello who's this?

AISHA
Hi, AISHA, pleased to meet you.

CLAY
Hi, CLAY.

CHRISTINE then appears with a smirk on her face.

AISHA
And your CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE
Hi.

AISHA
Well as nice as it is to meet you
all, I really am on my way home, so
do excuse me I must be off.

DAVEY
(humorous)
Ah yes, we must.

DAVEY turns with a cheeky smile and trots off behind AISHA
out the door. CLAY and CHRISTINE stand and look at each
other for a moment.

CLAY
Well tonight has been full of
surprises.

CUT TO:

EXT: COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

A bright moonlit night, DAVEY and AISHA are strolling along
a quiet country lane.

AISHA
So what else do you do then apart
from preforming on stage howling.

DAVEY
Who says I howl.

AISHA
(laughs)
Only kidding, have you got a day
job?

DAVEY

Yes unfortunately, I work in the Lipton's store, RAVVI's family run it, my mate, he's our manager too.

AISHA

Oh yes I know the one.

DAVEY

I don't intend to spend very long there though, I hate it really, but its a means to an end.

AISHA

Yes indeed.

DAVEY

We have a producer lined up, gonna get us in a studio, do some recording.

AISHA

Oh fabulous, who's that then?

DAVEY

Oh big flash dude, goes by the name of PERRY I think?

AISHA stops and pauses for a minute.

AISHA

PERRY DWIGHT?

DAVEY

Yeah that's him.

AISHA

Oh god...

DAVEY

What?

AISHA

You need to tread carefully there.

DAVEY

Don't think I like the sound of that, what's he done?

AISHA

What hasn't he done.

DAVEY

Oh god!

AISHA

Listen, just be careful, my husband has a business interest with him, but just don't get too involved ok.

DAVEY

Ok thanks for the heads up.

The couple arrive at AISHA'S home, they walk across the gravel drive towards the front door. AISHA stops and turns to DAVEY. She suddenly throws her arms around him and pulls him towards her...they engage in a passionate kiss. AISHA runs her fingers through DAVEY'S long blonde hair, DAVEY clenches her arse and pushes her against the front door.

AISHA then pushes DAVEY off exhaling, clearly aroused.

AISHA

Stop! You better go.

DAVEY keeps kissing her on the neck rubbing his hands up and down her body.

DAVEY

I want to lick and kiss every inch of your body.

AISHA

My husband will be home anytime...
DAVEY {softly} you need go now, please.

DAVEY

Ok, I'm sorry.

AISHA

Don't be its Ok, thank you for walking me home that was very sweet.

With that, AISHA kisses DAVEY on the lips once more, as he turns and walks away.

DAVEY

Goodnight.

DAVEY, walking away backwards, blows a kiss and waves at AISHA, before turning and walking out of the driveway and disappearing into the night.

BACK TO:

INT. THE BLACKBIRDS PUB - NIGHT

CLAY & CHRISTINE are at the bar together.

CHRISTINE

So... What are your plans for the future then?

CLAY

Oh god, I don't know, I can't see past next bloody week!

CHRISTINE

I'm on about settling down, you haven't got a girlfriend?

CLAY

Pfft, no time for that, I can see the problems some of the other guys are having, I can't be doing with all that, women don't understand the Rock'n'Roll lifestyle.

CHRISTINE

I do!

CLAY looks at CHRISTINE and pauses for a moment.

CLAY

Yeah, I know Chrissy but your different.

CHRISTINE

Yes, exactly?

CHRISTINE stares at CLAY intensely, but CLAY is oblivious to her advances, and the remarks go straight over his head.

CLAY

Come on, I'll order a cab and get you home.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT: LORRY - A FEW DAYS LATER

CLAY & MCHENDRY are unloading sacks of coal off the lorry sweating, CLAY clearly struggling.

MCHENDRY

Fuck me mate you struggling a bit?
Rough night?

CLAY just pauses for a moment just glaring at MCHENDRY.

CLAY

You don't sweat much for a fat cunt
do ya?

MCHENDRY

Hey, listen to this, how about a
bit of free enterprise?

CLAY

What?

MCHENDRY

Yeah, look I got some other work
lined up hopefully for the pop
factory over Folkestone.

CLAY

Pop?

MCHENDRY

Yeah... ya know, lemonade,
dandelion and burdock, that sort of
shit, my brother works over there
on the artic's, he knows one of the
warehousemen really well, got a
business thing going with him, know
what I mean?

CLAY

Ok so what's the crack?

MCHENDRY

It's mainly weekends but there's a
right old fiddle going on with the
loads, you get extra not on the
delivery notes, so... you can sell
it yourself! Eh, ya ma loves a bit
of dandelion & burdock don't she.
{laughs}

CLAY

Oh not really for me mate, my
weekends are tied up with band and
gigs.

MCHENDRY

Ok, well think about it, offers
there mate.

CLAY

Can we get a cuppa tea or sumfin.

MCHENDRY

Yeah come on then, cafe's down the road.

The two fella's jump back into the lorry.

CUT TO:

EXT: CAFE - DAY

CLAY & MCHENDRY walk out of a transport cafe, when PERRY with another guy pulls up in n American muscle car... They both get out looking at CLAY and MCHENDRY.

PERRY DWIGHT

Alrite son, fuck me look at the state of you.

CLAY

Allo PERRY, err... yeah not what I want to be doing, but its bread and butter know what I mean.

PERRY DWIGHT

Man's gotta do what he's gotta do... And you know what you need to do don't ya son? thats if you want a crack at changing your life.

CLAY

Yeah look I was gonna call ya...

PERRY interrupts...

PERRY DWIGHT

I know, I know, get yourself over tomorrow afternoon...

He turns to the other guy leaning against the car.

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}

Say err... 3 o'clock, what do ya reckon DEAN?

DEAN just shrugs with a slight acknowledgement.

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}

Yeah, we have a slot then, lets have a chat and I'll show you around.

PERRY looks across at MCHENDRY...

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}
Is that OK with you squire?

MCHENDRY shrugs and nods his head.

CLAY
Yeah, err OK, cheers.

PERRY DWIGHT
Right, come on DEAN I've got a
mouth like GHANDI'S fuckin flip
flop, lets get a cuppa.

PERRY and DEAN head into the cafe, while CLAY stands a bit
uncomfortable looking at MCHENDRY.

MCHENDRY
{humour}
Who the fuck's Mr Big then?

CLAY
Oh mate don't ask, come on.

FADE OUT.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

DAVEY picking away on an acoustic guitar on his bed.

{O.S} PARENT CALLING
DAVEY, CLAY'S on the phone!

DAVEY
Ok Mum, coming.

Davey bounds down the stairs and grabs phone.

DAVEY
(joyfully)
My man CLAY, how's it hanging?

CLAY {V.O.P}
Argh, sounds like you had a good
night in the end.

DAVEY
Oh mate you wouldn't believe.

CUT TO:

CLAY ON PHONE

CLAY
 Anyway job's on for tomorrow to see
 the studio, if you can get away
 from the shop for a bit yeah?

DAVEY {V.O.P}
 Yeah, yeah, RAVVI will sort it mate
 no worries.

CLAY
 OK cool, see ya tomorrow.

Hangs up.

EXT. STANTON MANOR - NEXT DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A LARGE COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE WITH A LARGE
 WIDE DRIVE, SURROUNDED WITH TREES AND LAID GARDENS.

An old Cortina appears through the gateway and drives up
 towards the front of the manor house.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - STANTON MANOR - DAY

DAVEY, CLAY, CHRISTINE & RAVVI sat in the car looking out in
 wonderment.

RAVVI
 Fuck me...we've landed boys.

CLAY
 I don't believe this.

DAVEY
 Are you sure we are at the right
 place?

CLAY
 Yeah, Stanton manor, that's what it
 says on the sign outside.

CHRISTINE
 Well it won't hurt just to have a
 chat, come on, let's check it out.

DAVEY
 Oi, you don't have a say in the
 matter. I don't know what ya doing
 here anyway?

CLAY
 Its alright, it's alright, she's
 cool.

DAVEY looking towards CLAY with raised eyebrows, CLAY shrugs
 as CHRISTINE looks down awkwardly not responding.

BACK TO:

EXT. STANTON MANOR

They all clamber out of the car, as PERRY appears from a
 door onto a large raised concrete patio area.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Good afternoon folks, and welcome.

CLAY
 Hi

DAVEY
 Hi

PERRY DWIGHT
 Come on in, lets sort you out a
 drink, then I'll give you a little
 tour.

INT. STANTON MANOR - RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The group tread cautiously up the steps to the entrance into
 a large stone laid hallway. PERRY walks ahead with arms
 aloft and the look of grandeur.

PERRY DWIGHT
 This place goes back to the
 Doomsday book you know...{pause}
 It's got ten rooms and its own
 cinema.

CLAY
 Ok, what about the studio?

PERRY DWIGHT
 Ah... of course, you want to see
 the studio, well, that is actually
 underground in the converted
 basement out the back...follow me
 peep's.

CLAY and the others follow looking around them, and at the
 walls adorned with old pictures and portraits.

RAVVI
(whispers)
It smells of cat piss in ere?

DAVEY
Shut up!

They come to an old stone archway with an old dark oak timber door which PERRY opens, and leads down some steps.

PERRY DWIGHT
It was used as an air raid bunker during the war, but before that we are not sure {humorously} but maybe a wine cellar or dungeon before that, one thinks.

PERRY directing his comment at CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE
UH HUH!

STUDIO

As the they come to the bottom of the steps, they enter a dark area and we see a large mixing desk and a glass fronted cubicle behind, with assorted microphones and equipment.

RAVVI
Oh wow!

An older guy sits in a leather seat in front of the huge mixing desk, he is relaxed with his feet stretched out twiddling a pencil and just staring at everyone as they appear into the studio.

PERRY DWIGHT
And this is where the magic happens as they say, state of the art...
Oh and this is DEAN folks, our very experienced studio engineer.

DEAN GLOVER
Hi.

DAVEY just stands in amazement with a stunned look on his face saying nothing.

CLAY reaches out with his hand to DEAN.

CLAY
Alrite mate, we did meet, although you wouldn't recognise me?

DEAN GLOVER

Oh yeah, you...huh.

DEAN looks at DAVEY as he also comes forward.

DAVEY

Hi, it's an honour to meet you man.

RAVVI looks around at the studio and just makes a brief acknowledgement.

RAVVI

Hi.

DEAN then looks around DAVEY at CHRISTINE.

DEAN GLOVER

And who is this with you?

CHRISTINE

Oh, Hi...CHRISTINE.

DEAN GLOVER

Mmm...indeed.

PERRY DWIGHT

Ok then DEAN will take it from here, I will see you all upstairs for a drink in a little while eh!

RAVVI

Yeah, cool.

DEAN GLOVER

Well as you can see this is a 24 track fully loaded mixing and editing facility with a mix down transfer {pointing} on that unit over there for the masters.

DEAN then gets up and walks into the studio recording booth, followed by CLAY & DAVEY, CHRISTINE and RAVVI watch through the studio glass window.

DEAN GLOVER {CONT'D}

Ok we have a selection of amps here you can use, you got the trace Elliot bass amp and the Marshall stack if you need, some bits for the drum kit, though I guess your guy will wanna bring his own, but we got some nice Ziljan symbals and stands here should you want to use.

The guys look at each other with approval.

DEAN GLOVER {CONT'D}
 As you can see xlr junctions for
 all the the mic's, and we have
 plenty of them, also loads of boom
 arms for every possible position on
 the kit.

DEAN stands with clapped hands in the middle of the room.

DEAN GLOVER {CONT'D}
 Well, there you have it guys.

CLAY
 OK fantastic, what's the crack
 then? With the cost that is...

DEAN GLOVER
 Ah you will have to speak to PERRY
 about that, I'm just the engineer
 man.

DAVEY
 Ok let's go and talk to PERRY.

The guys file out of the studio, they collect CHRISTINE &
 RAVVI on the way, as they climb the stairs back up to the
 ground floor

CLAY
 (whispering)
 This is gonna cost a fuckin fortune
 mate?

DAVEY
 We'll see.

BAR/LOUNGE

The group wonder into a large grand lounge area with a bar.
 PERRY is behind the bar.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Ah, what's ya poison then folk's?

CLAY
 Got any beers?

DAVEY
 Yeah beer too thanks,

PERRY DWIGHT
 Yes off course.

PERRY clatters around under the bar and reveals a couple of beers and hands them to the guys.

CHRISTINE is looking at some unusual bottles behind the bar. She points at one.

CHRISTINE

What's that?

PERRY DWIGHT

Why don't you try... allow me, let me surprise you.

PERRY makes CHRISTINE a drink up as the guys wonder over to a large bay window chatting quietly.

RAVVI

Hey guys, I don't like this dude, he's a little creepy.

DAVEY

Look he's just some rich business man wanting to invest in us

CLAY

Yeah, lets just see what he's got to say.

As the lads turn back towards PERRY & CHRISTINE, PERRY walks out from behind the bar to the middle of room on a large Indian rug.

PERRY DWIGHT

Ok fella's... and lady, we are putting together this compilation album with some great new talent. I need six bands to put down a couple of tracks each, then we will press them with full artwork and send it out to all the top A&R men in the business, so basically I am representing six acts together.

CLAY

Yeah OK but do we have to put in?

PERRY DWIGHT

Two of ya best songs...
And a grand!

CLAY

Pfft...

DAVEY

Jesus a grand!

PERRY DWIGHT

Hey look, you're not just doing a bloody demo here, you are getting the full promotion package, we'll do the leg work, get you record company interviews and meetings with the big boys, also bigger gigs in London etc

DAVEY

London eh...

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}

Its where you need to be to get noticed lads, you can have all the time you need in the studio to lay down your tracks, Then done, you then just sit, wait for the phone to ring, we'll do the rest.

CLAY

We'll talk about it and let you know tomorrow Ok?

PERRY DWIGHT

Fine, off course, but don't hang around too long, I have other bands wanting for this opportunity.

PERRY turns to CHRISTINE throwing a drink down her neck...

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}

(Humorous)

Another one of those?

CUT TO:

INT. COLLIERY - CANTEEN - DAY

The colliery canteen is full of miners all gathered as a guy gets up to address the workers.

UNION REP

Afternoon gents, as you know Collingdale in Yorkshire is out on strike as of now! McAnthony wants to shut the colliery on grounds that its uneconomic, and the possibility of a further loss of 20.000 jobs!

The men let out shouts of disapproval.

UNION REP {CONT'D}
 We have been asked to come out in support as the axe is threatening to fall on our Kent coalfields as well, with thousands of job cuts...

The men shout louder this time and with more angst.

UNION REP
 (shouting)
 I say this is completely unacceptable!!

CLOSE:WILL resting his head against his hand while shaking it in disbelief, while men around him stand yelling and shouting.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The band and RAVVI are sat round a table, quietly contemplating.

CLAY
 RIGHT, how are we gonna raise this dosh? {pause}

DAVEY
 (humorous vanity)
 Oh I suppose I could sell my body and take one for the team.

Laugh's all round.

VIM
 You wouldn't make enough to pay for that fuckin hair cut ya cunt.

DAVEY
 (grabbing crotch)
 Oi VIM, eat the cock mate, eat the fuckin cock.

MURF
 I got a shit load of private work I could do if I can use the workshop?

CLAY {CONT'D}
 Ok cool...
 Well I think I know what I can do.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - FLASH SHOTS

EXT. CLAY LOADING UP CRATES OF BOTTLES.

EXT. CLAY HANDING A FORKLIFT DRIVER A BUNG.

EXT. CLAY TAKING CASH OF ANOTHER GUY.

END MONTAGE.

VIM

Hey yeah fuck it, I'll do a few
trips over the water.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - FLASH SHOTS

EXT. VIM DRIVING OF A CROSS CHANNEL FERRY.

EXT. VIM TIPPING BOXES OF CIGARETTES INTO A BAG.

INT. VIM SELLING FAGS IN A PUB.

VIM

(Perturbed)

Oh dunno what TRACY will think
about doing that though?

CLAY

Needs must mate. That's a good idea
and good quick cash.

RAVVI

I could sell my Mum's samosa's?

The rest of the group stop and look at RAVVI with a silence.

RAVVI {CONT'D}

Well every little helps.

Everyone still looking at RAVVI. RAVVI grins back at them.

DAVEY

(uncomfortable)

Hey look, we might need to be
careful with this PERRY?

The others look with interest.

CLAY
Why? What's on ya mind?

DAVEY
Well...apparently he is a bit of a
rogue, and could be involved with
some weird shit.

CLAY
And you know this how?

DAVEY
Oh err, a source... a very good
source!

{BEAT}

CLAY
Hold the fuckin phone, the woman
from the other night? AISHA!

VIM
Not that old bird you were goin on
about surely?

DAVEY
She's not fuckin old alright!

VIM
Yeah but she's married!

CLAY
Oh shit this gets better, who's she
married to?

DAVEY
Oh dunno some corporate pig, but
he's involved with PERRY DWIGHT.

MURF
Oi!, you all know full well that
you wanna do this whatever, because
if ya don't you'll be thinking
about it and regretting it for the
rest of ya lives.

RAVVI
Yeah, should of, would of, could of
right?

BEAT

CLAY
 Alright, fuck it, lets do it.

VIM / RAVVI
 Yeah!

DAVEY with a faint nod shrugs with acknowledgement.

FADE TO:

EXT. STANTON MANOR HOUSE - A FEW WEEKS LATER

The band's green Ford Transit rolls onto the drive of the manor house. PERRY once again greets the guys at the entrance.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Here's my superstars, come on in lads.

Each member of the band emerge from the van one by one. VIM looks around in amazement at the building. They turn to RAVVI.

RAVVI
 Told ya!

VIM
 What the fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. STANTON MANOR RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

We see the guys carrying gear through to the recording studio, DEAN is assembling microphone stands and various equipment, before walking back into the mixing studio as VIM barges by with a bass drum.

VIM
 Alright mate, I'm VIM the drummer.

DEAN GLOVER
 (sarcastic)
 Off course you are!

CLAY slopes up behind VIM whispers in his ear...

CLAY
 Take no notice of him mate, he thinks his shit don't stink.

VIM
 Yeah don't he just, stuck up cunt.

PERRY stands at the back of the studio smoking a cigar watching the activity, DEAN looks back at him from the mixing desk, as PERRY hold up his arm and starts tapping his large gold watch.

DEAN GLOVER

Ok guys use what backline you want,
lets be ready for a level check in
thirty minutes please.

VIM

Fuckin Jesus, no pressure.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLIERY - OFFICES - DAY

TRACY walks out of an office building beside the colliery, she heads towards her car, distracted by a commotion TRACY looks over from her car and notices pickets outside the gates of the colliery.

CUT TO:

COLLIERY GATES

MEN STANDING OUTSIDE THE GATES OF THE PIT ON EACH SIDE OF THE ROAD, FIRE BURNS FROM AN OLD OIL DRUM. SOME MEN HOLDING BANNERS, ONE BANNER READING... COAL NOT DOLE!

TRACY gets into her Mini and cautiously drives out towards the exit, suddenly a police minibus pulls out in front of her speeding out onto the road, the crowd of Pickets going mad, yelling and shouting at the police vehicle. TRACY decides to step on it and follow. She drives out through a barrage of guys wondering all over the road. A few notice her car and reluctantly move out of the way, but as they do some start shouting at her and banging on her car roof. Now terrified and yelping in fear she drives faster to get clear of the crowd. TRACY heads away from the commotion and comes into a clearing on a country lane. She starts catching up with the police minibus again, it pulls into a layby. As she slowly drives past, the back door of the minibus opens, a guy gets out dressed in a black donkey jacket helped out by a couple of police officers?

CUT TO:

POLICE MINIBUS

The guy in the black donkey jacket quickly strips off his coat revealing smarter clothes underneath. An officer hands him a smart jacket...

POLICE OFFICER
Here you go Mr SCARGILL, please
hurry, and take care sir!

ARTHUR SCARGILL
(directed at the
officers)
Thankyou gentlemen.

He rushes to a waiting black chauffeur driven car and gets
in the back.

BACK TO:

TRACY'S MINI

INT:LONG - CAR REAR VIEW SHOT - DAY

Tracy looks in her rear view mirror...

TRACY
Oh my god it's him!

CUT TO:

INT. STANTON MANOR RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

MURF is plucking along with a steady bass line, VIM joins in
with a beat, DEAN is sliding the controls on the mixing
desk.

DEAN GLOVER
Ok guys lets go for a take yeah.

VIM
Oi DEAN... I can't hear the kick
drums in the cans mate!

DEAN exhales with impatience, as he gets up to check the
connection in the recording booth.

DAVEY is standing behind the desk, he looks at RAVVI sat in
the corner of the room with raised eyebrows.

DEAN re-appears, he tweaks a few nobs...

DEAN GLOVER
Ok man try it now, kick it.

VIM hits the bass drum.

VIM
Ahh yeah, that's better.

DEAN GLOVER
(mutters sarcastic)
Good, I'm so glad. {pause} Ok
fella's from the top...ready...
aaaaand rolling!

The band start to play a good solid base track.

CLOSE SHOTS: MURF, VIM & CLAY with headphones on totally
focused on their playing.

DAVEYS head starts nodding as he smiles with delight from
the sound coming through the foldback, he looks at RAVVI
again as he gives a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT: STANTON MANOR HOUSE - DAY

TRACY'S mini comes flying into the drive and pulls up at the
front of the building.

PERRY

PERRY is watching TRACY through a leaded glass window from
the manor.

BACK TO:

STUDIO

The guys just finish up the track as we see TRACY walking in
through the mixing room door with PERRY, she is flustered
and stressed.

PERRY DWIGHT
Look what I found... I think she
belongs to VIM.

DEAN hits a button on the desk as he turns round to look at
PERRY and TRACY.

RAVVI
TRACY, what are you doing here?

DAVEY
Jesus what's up love?

TRACY
I'm sorry fella's, I need to see
VIM.

DEAN GLOVER
 (Gets on the mic)
 Ok guys lets take a break, then
 DAVEY your up with vocal track.

VIM comes running out of the recording booth.

VIM
 TRACY, what's up?

TRACY
 (panic state)
 VIM I was bloody terrified, it was
 horrible, I thought I was going
 to...

VIM
 (interrupting)
 Terrified of what?

TRACY
 (crying)
 The Picketts, the police.

VIM
 Come on, upstairs, lets get you a
 drink.

VIM looks back at the others as they stare with confusion.

CUT TO:

LOUNGE

VIM and TRACY sat on a sofa facing each other.

TRACY
 I was coming out the car park from
 work, a load of the men are
 picketing outside now, but there
 was something going on today, some
 speech or something? They were
 really bloody angry though VIM, I
 followed this police minibus out of
 the yard, but the men, they started
 shouting at me too, {getting
 emotional} banging on the car roof!

VIM
 Ok, Ok come on calm down, did you
 see my old man there?

TRACY
(stressed)
No... I don't think so, but I knew
some of them, I do their bloody
wages VIM for god's sake!

VIM
Yeah, yeah look babe, jobs are
being threatened, in fact the whole
future of the mine is in jeopardy,
they're gonna be a bit pissed off.

TRACY
I know, but that's not all...

VIM
What?

TRACY
As I went down the road, that
police van stopped and let somebody
out.

VIM
OK, who?

TRACY
{pause} it was only ARTHUR bloody
SCARGILL!

VIM
You what!

TRACY
Yeah, changing out of his shitty
working mans clothes and into a
suit...I mean why would he do that?

VIM
What the bloody hell was all that
about...{pause} double standard
bastard! I should tell Dad.

TRACY
No don't VIM, or at least you
didn't hear it from me please.

VIM
Yeah, yeah alright, don't worry.

VIM gives TRACY a hug as she sobs more.

DEAN appears...

DEAN GLOVER
OK guys, ready to roll again yeah?

VIM
Yeah be right with ya boys.

VIM gets up with TRACY and sees her out to her car. As TRACY drives off, VIM heads back into the reception area of the manor house, sees a phone, he pauses for thought, grabs it, makes a call.

CUT TO:

INT. VIMS HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY

TOM is sprawled out on a sofa, phone ringing...TOM grabs it.

TOM
Ello?

BACK TO:

VIM
(on phone)
What's going on over the pit Dad?

We hear chattering through the phone but can't understand the conversation.

BACK TO:

TOM ON PHONE

TOM
Ya what? Are ya sure son?{pause}
alright, alright aye.

TOM slowly puts the phone down as his face changes, and goes into deep thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MINERS - COUNTRY PUB - EARLY EVENING - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT: LOADS OF THE PICKETING MINERS STANDING OUTSIDE A PUB GARDEN DRINKING.

WILL, SMUDGE & JACK amongst a few other men all sat round a table in front of the pub

SMUDGE
Oi where's that bastard TOM?

JACK
Aye, said he'd be joining us?

WILL
Oh look out, talk of the devil.

At that moment a camper van pulls up in the pub car park.
TOM gets out and heads towards the men.

TOM
Ey up lads, cor this is a hard life
ey it!

JACK
Been ont feet all bloody day TOM.

WILL
(sarcastic)
It's not like we're getting paid to
sit here drinking now is it.

TOM
Its a nice evening for it, I
thought I'd come and see what your
up to.

WILL
Well you missed all the fun
earlier, where have ya been?

TOM
Oh I been busy lads sorry, I had to
help BERYL at home.

SMUDGE
Bollocks, since when did you help
ya missus at home.

WILL
What, too busy cutting ya fuckin
grass to attend today then?

TOM
(jokingly)
Oh aye that an'all.

Will tuts with raised eyebrows.

WILL
Well you can get the next round in,
we won't be able to afford this for
much longer.

TOM
 Oh nag, nag, nag! Your worse than
 the bloody missus!

TOM grabs some empty glasses and proceeds into the pub.

BACK TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING

The guys all file out of the Manor house with various cases of equipment and walk towards the van, In a moment another van turns up on the drive. A few guys get out with a tall female staring across at them.

DAVEY
 Ey, isn't that INTERSTELLER that
 pop rock outfit?

The tall female member struts up towards the manor house in her tight spandex pants glancing back at the guys with a wry smile.

MURF
 (chuckles)
 Well if that's STELLA I'd be into
 her too.

CLAY
 Shut up and get into the van.

PERRY then appears on the balcony once again.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Ah, and here's my superstars, come
 on in, welcome.

CLAY standing beside the van looks at VIM aghast?

CLAY
 Did you fuckin hear that?

VIM
 (sharp)
 Yep!

CLAY jumps into the van shaking his head as it drives off.
 PERRY laughing and greeting the other band on the terrace.

BACK TO:

INT. COUNTRY PUB - NIGHT

WILL and his colleague's are all a bit worse for wear, and getting loud.

The men are all standing round the bar, when a big fella appears in the pub and walks up to the men at the bar.

TOM

Oh aye up it's fuckin branch secretary.

WILL

Well if you'd been listening to what's going on mate you'd know he was coming, that's who we've been waiting for.

TERRY

Alright lads, good turn out today... but we need to do more. We're planning a trip up to West Yorkshire to a coking Plant, where truck loads of coke is being transported to the Steel works every day, we need to support our colleague's in the North as a show of strength for our cause.

The men all look at each other.

TERRY {CON'T}

We'll organise some minibuses for those who haven't got cars or rather not drive. Right are you with me?

The men shout and cheer, TOM stays quiet and turns to the bar to grab his pint. WILL notices he's a bit subdued?

WILL

Oi...you shittin out again?

TOM turns to WILL with a very straight deadpan face?

TOM

I'm not goin WILL.

WILL

You fuckin what!

TOM
I'm goin back to work! WILL ya need
to know something, things aren't
what they seem?

WILL
(despair)
Fuck off... listen to yourself TOM,
for Christ sake no!

A few other lads notice their conversation and listen in
with intrigue.

TOM downs what's left of his pint, and slams the glass on
the bar. He takes a breath and stands straight pointing at
everyone.

TOM
You lot... YOUR LIONS...BUT YA LED
BY A FUCKIN DONKEY?

With that remark he makes haste out of the pub. WILL stands
speechless, other lads shouting abuse and making hand
gestures behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. OLD RECTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT: STILL - A VERY OLD CHURCH RECTORY
BUILDING AMONGST TREES WITH A LARGE DRIVEWAY, A WHITE ROLLS
ROYCE PARKED OUTSIDE.

DARK ROOM

Two men, one standing and another kneeling. A priest lowers
his hand and places it on the forehead of the man kneeling?

REV. BARKER
To move forward in the path of
virtue, we must first renounce the
way of darkness...
{yelling}
DO YOU RENOUNCE SATAN AND ALL HIS
WORKS. DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, THE
ALMIGHTY, CREATOR OF HEAVAN AND
EARTH!

PERRY DWIGHT
Yes... I renounce Satan and all his
works and ways, and surrender
myself to God!

REV.BARKER
 (shouting)
 DO YOU PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO CHRIST
 AND RENUNCIATION OF THE DEVIL AS
 THE ENEMY OF CHRIST!

PERRY DWIGHT
 YES.

REV.BARKER
 Father, son and holy spirit.

After the REV.BARKER blesses PERRY with the sign of the cross he gets up of his knees.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Thank you reverend, but I need to
 free myself from the debt owed to
 the Satanists...

PERRY holds up his right hand to reveal a serpent ring on his third finger.

PERRY DWIGHT {CONT'D}
 This I mean by the vestments,
 sceptre and regalia to which I
 myself invested in and not bestowed
 by the Satanic order.

REV.BARKER
 (puzzled)
 But why?

PERRY DWIGHT
 I had to show my influence of
 wealth and power to gain their
 trust.

REV.BARKER
 Mmm... yes I see.

The reverend walks off shot for a moment as PERRY'S eyes follow him, the priest returns with an envelope and hands it to PERRY? He clasps the envelope in PERRY'S hand and rests his right hand on his shoulder.

REV.BARKER
 May this donation from my most
 committed Christians help and guide
 you, and save you from the devil.

PERRY DWIGHT
 Thank you reverend.

PERRY turns and slowly walks away.

Close shot: PERRY walking out through a stone archway, camera leads him back as he breaks a wry smile.

PERRY gets into his Rolls Royce, pauses for a moment, and with a deviant little laugh drives off.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MINIBUS - MAIN ROAD - A FEW DAYS LATER - CONTINUOUS

MIDSHOT: A MINIBUS TRAVELLING ALONG A MAIN ROAD.

CUT TO:

MINIBUS

WILL, SMUDGE, JACK and a handful of other miners are having a sing song on the minibus, waving bottles of brown ale.

MINERS ENSEMBLE

(Singing)

Oh I'd rather be a miner than a
scab...Oh I'd rather be a miner
than a scab... Oh I'd rather be a
miner, I'd rather be a miner, I'd
rather be a miner than a scab!

SMUDGE

(Shouting)

Oi...knock knock!

MEN

Who's there?

SMUDGE

THATCHER...

MEN

THATCHER who?

SMUDGE

(singing)

That's ya mother gettin rogered at
a gang bang the other night...etc,
etc...

MINERS ENSEMBLE

(singing)

With a fanny oh so tight oi oi!

JACK
 (Laughs)
 Fuckin TERRY would have heart failure if he saw this carry on.

WILL
 Yeah, it's supposed to be a flying picket trip, not a piss up...Christ!

SMUDGE
 Oh fuck it, lads needed to let off a bit of steam WILL.

WILL
 Argh, I need to let off a piss, can we stop in a minute?

JACK
 Aye, he sounds like a fuckin home sick turd.

WILL
 Where are we anyway?

SMUDGE
 Where the men are men and the sheep are scared.

JACK
 That's fuckin WALES ya twat!

SMUDGE
 Oh, well it looks like wales to me, look at all them bleedin sheep?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYBY - MINIBUS - FIELDS - DAY

Minibus pulls over into a long layby next to a field of sheep.

The men all pile out of the minibus, some still holding their bottles of ale. They line up along a flint wall for a piss. We see sheep other side of the wall chewing grass and looking at the men.

JACK
 (looking towards sheep)
 Aye look at this ugly bastard.

In that moment SMUDGE suddenly jumps over the wall and starts chasing the sheep.

The other lads, one by one also jump over the wall. WILL now pointing and laughing at SMUDGE trying to catch a sheep.

WILL

You'll never catch them bastards.

MIDSHOT: SMUDGE dropping his trousers chasing a sheep down a hill. Suddenly falling over flat on his face.

{These shots would ideally be good with a comical soundtrack}

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - WEST YORKSHIRE AREA - LATER

The minibus arrives at a remote farmhouse, the men slowly get out looking around.

JACK

Fuck, this is out of the way aye it.

SMUDGE

Yeah smells of shit too.

WILL

It's supposed to, you'll find out why in a minute, these people are friends of TOM.

SMUDGE

Pfft!

WILL

Before you say anything, they don't condone what he's done, they are on our side alright, a union rep should be here waiting for us.

WILL grabs a kit bag from the back of the minibus.

WILL

Also a few of ya will have to sleep in the minibus.

SMUDGE

No worries, nice night anyway.

A guy appears from a barn,

MARTIN

Over here fella's!

WILL and the others wonder over.

MARTIN {CONT'D}

Welcome, get yourselves a cuppa in the farmhouse then meet in the barn for a briefing Ok.

At that moment another couple of cars roll up with more men.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - EVENING

A lot of men have gathered round a large table in the barn, spread out on the table is a large ordinance map, MARTIN is pointing and directing.

MARTIN

Right as you may know the Police have started new tactics, they have drafted in hundreds more coppers up from London, and I have it on good authority they've got bloody army personnel masquerading as coppers too! And I tell ya they are fuckin geared up, full riot gear, the lot. Local traffic cops are also stopping and checking vehicles, especially minibuses on the main routes to the coke works and old colliery.

One of the men pipe up interrupting...

MINER#1

They can't stop us, we're official pickets?

MARTIN

Well they are, and anyone they think is turning up to the picket line to protest are being turned back, and I tell ya this... we've had fella's arrested already for not doing so!

MINER#1

"Fuck off"

MARTIN

I shit you not gentlemen, this is happening, so we have to plan a covert way of getting as many men as we can to the picket line, and that means a lot of you going by foot, I will show you on this map.

Muttering and discussion amongst the men.

MARTIN {CONT'D}

Right listen up, I don't want any of you wondering around lost in the Yorkshire countryside, and it's gonna be bloody hot tomorrow, So...

(pointing at the map)

We are here, not far across from this side of the railway, you all split up but head to here. Then cross at this bridge behind the old pit. Now we do know that this is mainly waste ground with little fencing to stop you, now follow these old railway sidings to here, and look for somewhere to cross again here! We need to be where other members will meet, just outside of the town near the coke works, are we all clear?

The man acknowledge with a dulcet tone.

MARTIN {CONT'D}

Right now some of you with vehicles will have to disguise yourselves as general workers like gardeners and builders, so in the barn here is an assortment of shit you can take and use, I'll leave it to you to be imaginative and improvise. Ok good luck gents, see you all tomorrow.

MARTIN rolls up the map and moves on.

SMUDGE

Fuck me, this is more like a military operation.

JACK

(sinister)

Aye, cos it's gonna be a fuckin battle!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COKE WORKS - THE NEXT DAY - CONTINUOUS

LONG SHOT: THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS AN INDUSTRIAL AREA BY A MAIN ROAD, WE SEE A GROUPS OF MEN GATHERING. A SMALL GROUP PLAYING FOOTBALL IN AN OLD CAR PARK AREA. WE SEE A WOMAN WITH A CAMERA TAKING PICTURES IN A RELATIVELY CALM ATMOSPHERE, SUN SHINING, SOME MEN ARE ALREADY DOWN TO A VEST OR T-SHIRT.

LONG SHOT: SOME MEN SPORADICALLY WALKING ACROSS A FIELD TOWARDS THE ROAD.

MIDSHOT: view of the road to a brow of a hill. We see a Police minibus slowly appear over the brow, followed by another, then another.

CUT TO:

WILL, JACK & SMUDGE stand by a small wall with some other lads, now wondering across the road, they look tense not saying anything for a moment, just looking on at the police force gathering. A line of police forming, wearing blue helmets with short shields in their hands, and holding trudgens in the other.

The pickets now start to taunt the police as they all gather in greater numbers.

WILL
Here we go lads

MINERS
(Chanting)
HERE WE GO, HERE WE GO, HERE WE
GO...etc.

The pickets stand their ground for a while taunting the Police, suddenly a rock fly's over their heads and lands in front of the police line.

WILL
(yelling)
Oi, oi...No.

Some of the other men now start to move forward, more stones are being flung. The police line start to shuffle forward.

A Police commander is on a megaphone ordering the pickets to disperse. The pickets start shouting louder with more aggression as they move forward at a walking pace.

MINERS
(Chanting)
MAGGIE-MAGGIE-MAGGIE, OUT,OUT,OUT!

Then...in a moment, the Police line part down the middle, a troop of mounted police on horse back come galloping through the line towards the pickets.

The pickets, then turn and run over the low level wall off the road into the field, some turn and run back up the road toward the iron bridge. The mounted police are soon upon the pickets that run back on the road swiping their trudgens at them as they do, some falling to the ground. The men on the bridge see Police at the other end of the road, barricaded by police riot minibuses.

LOND SHOT: CAMERA ELAVATING ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE POLICE AND PICKETTS TO SEE RIGHT DOWN THE ROAD OVER THE BRIDGE.

MIDSHOT: SLOW MOTION - The woman with the camera anxiously snapping away at the carnage unfolding, unaware of a mounted police officer heading towards her, his arm stretched out holding a baton. The officer takes a swipe, that very moment a picket grabs her arm and pulls her out of the way as the baton swishes past her head narrowly missing her!

BRIDGE

The pickets are funnelled onto the narrow iron bridge as more Police are running up from the other direction. The pickets then leap over a small fence beside the bridge, some of them being grappled by officers and taking them with them rolling and tumbling down the bank to a railway siding.

WIDE SHOT: MEN WONDERING ACROSS THE TRACKS, MOST NOW INJURED AND BLEEDING.

FIELD

LONG SHOT: A FRESHLY CUT CORN FIELD, PICKETS NOW GATHERING AGAIN AS THEY FALL BACK AND GATHER WITH OTHERS.

FLASH SHOTS: WILL, SMUDGE, AND OTHER MEN LOOKING AROUND AT EACH OTHER YELLING.{AMBIENT} SOUND TRACK ONLY.

The pickets gather watching a huge line of police ascend onto the field, flanked by mounted officers. The pickets defiantly start chanting again.

MINERS

Here we go, here we go, here we go!

SMUDGE

(looking at police)

What the bloody hell?

WILL

There's fuckin thousands of the bastards.

A big picket with a kids novelty police hat steps up yelling.

NOBBY

(YELLING)

COME ON, LETS FUCKIN HAVE SOME!

The men walk steadily forward towards the Police again, still singing and chanting.

POLICE LINE

The officers behind their short shields, now making a Zulu style sound and banging their batons against the shields.

POLICE OFFICERS

Whooh, whooh, whooh, whooh.

The Police stand firm, but looking nervous as the Miners advance towards them. the first, NOBBY is upon them squaring up to the shield of one officer, as orders are shouted from a police chief.

POLICE COMMANDER

Hold the line...HOLD THE LINE!

NOBBY presses his face against the Perspex shield wall and taunts an officer behind, the other pickets are now pressing against the shields.

OFFICER

ARTHUR SCARGILL'S paying our mortgage mate!

NOBBY

Yeah, yeah, todays pigs, tomorrows fuckin bacon.

The line of Police slowly curve into an almost horse shoe shape around the pickets. Suddenly more rocks and stones are hurled and land on officers.

In an all out panic, the Police brake rank attacking the pickets, swinging and beating the pickets with their batons and trudgens in a scene of utter pandemonium.

WIDE SHOT: The mounted Police division go into a gallop across the field towards the pickets again.

CLOSE:FLASH SHOTS {ambient with soundtrack} - Various men on the ground covering themselves, a picket dragging an officer from his horse, WILL falling to the ground getting caught up under a mounted officer.

MIDSHOT:SLOW - SMUDGE runs to WILL'S aid helping him up and limping off. A man badly injured bleeding from the head being escorted away by officers.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHANTING SOUND:

MINERS ENSEMBLE
(shouting)
THE MINERS, UNITED, WILL NEVER BE
DEFEATED, THE MINERS, UNITED, WILL
NEVER BE DEFEATED!

WIDE SHOT: OPENS TO A LINE OF PICKETS STANDING ALONG A BANK CHANTING, SMOKE FROM BURNING RUBBISH BEHIND THEM.

FADE OUT.

JUMP FORWARD THREE MONTHS

INT:WORKING MENS CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Camera moves slowly through a corridor panning right to reveal a poster on the wall.

SHOT ZOOMS IN: THE POSTER READING...

N.U.M CHARITY NIGHT...

HEADLINE ACT - MANIC MIC.

Picture shows a character in three guises...

One as Elvis, one as Elton John, and another as a cowboy?

SUPPORTING - MAGICIAN - WALTER WIZARD

CONTORTIONIST - LUCY ELASTIC.

Picture shows a woman in a leotard with a snake.

& ROUGH DIAMOND!

The camera moves forward again and towards some double doors which open, where we see a packed club hall filled with smoke. We see some people in bad Elvis wigs chatting and laughing.

CUT TO:

CHANGING ROOM

ROUGH DIAMOND are preparing to go on stage, DAVEY is pacing about nervous, MURF is rustling about in a kit bag getting annoyed, CLAY is sitting in an old grubby armchair staring at MURF unhappy?

CLAY

What's up with you ya cunt?

MURF

My fuckin guitar strap, can't find it, where the fuck is it?

MURF then turns and slings his kit bag and what remains in it across the floor in temper.

DAVEY

Oh Christ!

MURF

What the fuck are we doing here anyway, we're not a fuckin cabaret act!

CLAY

Yeah I know MURF, the old man asked us to show support mate its a charity bash for family's on strike, you know how it is... we've been over this.

VIM

Well at least we didn't see that bloody magician and the tart with the snake... I fuckin hate snakes!

CLAY

That's only cos you were late VIM.

VIM

Fuck you cuntly bollocks!

RAVVI

Come on guys, lets just get it done, there is a great big crowd out there tonight, your only doing a few covers yeah?

DAVEY

That lot ain't gonna want to know our own stuff believe me

CLAY

Yeah, I don't know how I'm gonna do Freebird on just one bloody guitar?

MURF

That's another thing, fuckin covers again, fuck sake we are going backwards CLAY! and what about this recording? And PERRY bloody DWIGHT? We haven't even seen a fuckin demo tape?

CLAY

(annoyed)

MURF please, shut the fuck up!

The compare suddenly appears...

COMPARE

Alright lads your up, come on.

The guys slowly wonder out, CLAY reaches into a kit bag and grabs a guitar strap, hands it to MURF.

MURF

(dulcet tone)

Oh nice one mate.

CUT TO:

ON STAGE

The band come out onto the stage, the crowd not really acknowledging them. A few of the crowd start to make wise cracks and wolf whistling sounds.

RANDOM CROWD SHOUTS
It's the fucking hair bear bunch...
We want MANIC MIC!

The band then quickly go into a heavier 50s Rock'n'Roll cover.

CUT TO:

BAR

AISHA is standing against a post by the bar smoking being chatted up by a tall fella. She glances over the guy's shoulder towards DAVEY on stage giving it his all.

CUT TO:

WILL & BRIDGET

BRIDGET and WILL sat together, BRIDGET smiles and turns to WILL.

BRIDGET
Oh WILL they're great aren't they.

WILL returns a faint smile to BRIDGET before turning to one of his mates at the table with raised eyebrows.

BACK TO:

BAR

Across the other side of the bar TOM and his wife BERYL appear... WILL looks across and suddenly notices.

WILL
Oh fucking hell!

BRIDGET
What's up WILL?

WILL
As he got a bloody death wish?

BRIDGET
(looks)
Oh god!

WILL gets up.

BACK TO:

BAR/LOUNGE

TOM orders a drink, he turns to a guy at the bar.

TOM
Eye bloody loud in ere ay it.

The guy grabs his beer and walks off ignoring TOM.
Un-perturbed by this he looks at BERYL with a little chuckle

TOM{CON'T}
What ya havin love?

A guy playing pool in the lounge is staring menacingly at TOM while chalking his cue.

BERYL looks round uncomfortable.

A few other guys wander into the lounge and talking amongst themselves looking at TOM.

Barmaid looks nervous at TOM and BERYL as a guy slopes up behind them.

MAN
We don't serve Black legs in here!

TOM smirks and slurps from his pint not turning round.

TOM
Ignore it love, and it'll go away.

BERYL
I think we should leave TOM.

TOM
It's ma fuckin club, and I'll drink ere if I want.

WILL appears with JACK and a few others.

WILL
You got some fuckin neck, what are you doin ere?

TOM
It's charity night int'it, can't we all be reasonable and put our differences behind us for just one night eh?

WILL
You need to leave.

Suddenly a shout! and a flying glass hits the top of the bar above TOM'S head.

MAN
(yelling)
Fuck off you black leg scabby
bastard!

WILL
(stressed)
Right, out... NOW!

JACK comes across and helps WILL escort TOM and BERYL out of the bar, AISHA sees the drama unfold and leaves.

CUT TO:

STAGE

DAVEY is distracted by the commotion as he looks across and also notices AISHA leaving through the double door. He gets totally thrown out of cinque at the sight of AISHA. The rest of the club is now looking towards the bar area trying to see what is happening. The band look across at each other on stage, MURF suddenly stops and turns to put his bass down, then flicks off his amp, DAVEY confused is not singing just staring out towards the door where AISHA exited. VIM is the only one still hammering out a beat on the drums. CLAY turns to the other guys with a gesture to cut it. He too then walks off with his guitar.

Camera follows backstage.

CLAY
Fuck this, come on lets get out of here.

VIM
Thank fuck for that, come on help me grab this kit.

STAGE

DAVEY is still on stage looking round bemused.

DAVEY
(on the mic)
OK folk's think we need to leave it there, you've been a wonderful audience, thank you, see you soon.

Nobody in the crowd is taking much notice at what DAVEY is saying. Instead they are shouting and yelling in a scene of total chaos.

VIM

What's that soft twat doing?
Someone grab him and lets fuck off
quick.

The compare appears and grabs the mic off DAVEY...

COMPARE

Ok ok, come now ladies and
gentlemen, the moment you have all
been waiting for, give a warm
welcome please to... Maaaanic Mic!

The crowd settle down and start cheering as the compare gets
their attention.

COMPARE{CON'T}

Oh and don't forget to give
generously, these families need
you.

MANIC MIC appears swaggering his way through the lads as
they are packing away.

MANIC MIC

Scuse me lads, my audience awaits.

The lads stop and stare in amazement as MANIC MIC runs out
on stage with a huge ELVIS style wig on his head and shades.

MANIC MIC approaches the microphone, the crowd start to clap
and whistle while cheering even louder now.

MANIC MIC

(in an Elvis style)

Thank you very much.

MANIC MIC goes over to click on his backing tape, and starts
singing...

MANIC MIC {CON'T}

(singing)

A bless my soul a what's a wrong
with me...Uh huh {etc etc...}

BACKSTAGE

The lads still watching from behind the stage start laughing
before grabbing some of their gear and heading off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

CLAY walks out of a back stage loading door to find VIM standing with his head bowed down into his hands, his drum kit cases on the floor around him.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: THE TRANSIT VAN WITH THE WORDS "SCAB FAMILY" SPRAY PAINTED ACROSS THE SIDE PANEL.

The other lads appear and freeze. CLAY comforts VIM with his arm over his shoulder.

CLAY
Come on mate, lets get out of here
and go somewhere quiet and chill
yeah.

VIM grabs his stuff and opens the side loading door and chucks his cases in saying nothing, the others follow suite and jump into the van as VIM hops in and starts the motor to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The band and RAVVI sit quiet for a moment a little sombre as the realisation of the current situation sinks in.

CLAY
Hey, lets head over to the bay up
by the cliffs.

MURF
I think I need a little smoke.

MURF rolls one, and sparks up.

VIM
Yeah good idea, I'm up for that.

We see the others nodding their heads in agreement.

DAVEY
(directed at VIM)
I have a horrible feeling your Dad
was involved with that raucous
mate?

VIM
 (annoyed)
 Yeah probably, stupid old bastard.

VIM pushes a tape into the van stereo, music erupts LOUD!

VIM starts banging on the steering furiously and yelling while driving. CLAY looks at VIM concerned?

VIM
 (yelling)
 Fuck, fuck, fuckin shit!!

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN - MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

CLOSE: VAN AT SPEED, ROAD LEVEL SHOTS, GRILLE, SIDE VIEW SHOWING GRAFFITI PAINTED {ATLEAST A 30 SECOND CLIP WITH SOUNDTRACK.}

BACK TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

SCREEN SHOT - THE VAN ARRIVES ONTO A GREEN AREA UNDER THE HEADLIGHTS.

CLAY
 (panic)
 Watch the edge!

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. VAN - ST MARGARET'S BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The van turns along the edge of a cliff looking out onto the English Channel.

LONG SHOT. Upward view of the front of the van just appearing turning side wards and stopping at the edge of the cliff.

VIM
 Don't panic mate.

The guys are crammed in the back with all the gear, VIM gets out and opens the side door. MURF flops out onto the ground laughing.

CLAY shuffles across to the drivers side of the van and sits with the door open legs out and cracks open a can of beer.

RAVVI sits on a cab inside the van.

VIM next to DAVEY on the side step, with MURF sitting cross legged on the floor smoking a spliff.

VIM
I ain't doin another gig like that
ever again!

MURF
Me neither, fuckin embarrassing.

DAVEY
(softly)
but AISHA....

CLAY
What?

DAVEY
She was there!

VIM
Oh hold up, not that posh bit of
fluff?

CLAY
Oh Christ, he's gone to shit over
the old tart.

VIM
Yeah ya boring me now mate.

DAVEY
Shut the fuck up man.

CLAY
(looking out to the sea)
I never get bored of that.

LONG: SHOT OF THE SEA SPARKLING AND GLISTENING UNDER THE
MOONLIGHT.

MURF looking out a little dazed as he lights his spliff
again.

MURF
Ye'aaah. {pause} Ay, do you know
how to confuse a coal miner?

VIM
(dead pan)
Nope.

MURF
 Show him a row of shovels, and tell
 him to take his pick!

Background chuckles and groans from the van, as MURF gets up patting his pockets, then heads towards the back doors of the van and rummages about in the back?

CLAY
 (Silent laugh)
 For fuck sake.

DAVEY
 I got one...what do you get when
 you drop a piano down a mine shaft?

RAVVI
 I know this, I know this, err...
 A flat minor?

DAVEY
 (laughter)
 Oh stealer.

RAVVI
 Sorry.

MURF appears from the rear of the van skinning another joint whilst still smoking the first one.

CLAY
 Ere's one, what do you call a
 stoner with two spliff's? {pause}
 Double jointed!

The guys all crease up, RAVVI howling with laughter in the van. MURF looks up oblivious.

MURF
 What? What?

The guys laugh even louder.

CLAY
 Oi RAVVI, did you bring any
 samosa's?

RAVVI looks around the van...

RAVVI
 Yeah! somewhere?

MURF
 Great, I've got the munchies.

RAVVI still searching in the van.

RAVVI
Got them... err, a bit squashed
though?

RAVVI holds up a crushed brown paper bag.

CLAY
Shit!

DAVEY
That don't matter, hand em over.

The lads all take what they can, feeding their faces with
squashed bits of samosa's.

VIM
(mouth full of food)
I love your Mum.

Various sounds of food appreciation.

VIM {CON'T}
I need a whizz.

VIM walks towards the edge of the cliff and unzips his fly.

CAMERA SHOT OVER VIM'S SHOULDER - A STREAM OF URINE GOING
OVER THE EDGE.

VIM looks down towards another level of the cliff. We see a
car parked, windows are steamed up. Car rocking slightly?

VIM {CON'T}
Hey guy's, here, look at this.

CLAY
We don't wanna see ya Dick.

VIM
No not this...that!

VIM shakes and zips up, then points, as the guys come over.

MIDSHOT OF THE CAR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY.

DAVEY
Whey hey.

MURF
 (laughing)
 Get in there my son.

VIM picks up a small stone and throws it towards the car. He misses, the other follow suit till one stone hits the car.

RAVVI
 Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

A couple, half naked having sex in the back of the car. Man stops and looks up?

MAN
 What the fuck was that?

The man wipes the rear window to try and see out, he struggles to get out of the back of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT - MAN OUTSIDE THE CAR GRAPPLING WITH HIS TROUSERS TRYING TO PULL THEM UP LOOKING UP AT THE GUYS.

MAN
 (shouting)
 Oi Fuckers!

MURF
 Let's get out of here.

The guy's walk backwards out of view still laughing, VIM stumbles. MURF laughs at him.

BACK TO:

CAR

A shot of the woman in the car quickly covering her breasts with her blouse... It's AISHA!

FADE OUT.

I/E. GARAGE/WORKSHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE is working under a car in the pit, we hear the sound of a performance car, GEORGE looks out to the front forecourt.

A LOTUS ESPRIT PULLS UP TO THE GARAGE DOOR.

PERRY gets out of the Lotus...He walks towards GEORGE as he climbs out of the pit.

PERRY DWIGHT
Morning squire, could you have look
at my suspension, I banged a kerb
earlier, and she seems to pulling
to the left a bit, could you check
it out for me.

GEORGE
Ok sir not a problem. I will get
MURF onto it, this is a bit him.

PERRY DWIGHT
Ok splendid, the name's PERRY ok.

PERRY hands GEORGE a card and Walks off.

MURF walks out of a locker room pulling up his overalls,
watching PERRY walk away.

MURF approaches GEORGE, looking at the Lotus Esprit.

MURF
That fucker...

GEORGE
What?

MURF
That was PERRY DWIGHT.

GEORGE
Oh...him. He must have a few quid.

MURF
(sneering)
Yeah, some of it ours!

GEORGE
Well, can you take a look?

MURF snatches the keys and heads towards the Lotus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - DAY

PERRY

PERRY approaches a small cafe in the high street, DEAN is waiting by his car at the cafe having a cigarette.

PERRY DWIGHT
Alright, fancy a swift coffee?

DEAN GLOVER
Yeah a quick one, but I haven't got long.

The two guys get seated, PERRY orders a couple of coffee's

PERRY DWIGHT
Right, what we got then?

DEAN reaches inside a leather pouch and pulls out some cassette tapes.

DEAN GLOVER
Ok, here are some tapes to keep the bands pacified, at least they have something to show for their cash.

PERRY looks at the cover of one of the cassettes and quickly tosses them back at DEAN.

PERRY DWIGHT
I care not really old chum, do what you like with those.

DEAN GLOVER
Hey look, It's not cool what your doing here man.

PERRY DWIGHT
Oh come on, your not getting soft and sentimental over this lot now are you, they wouldn't give a toss about you mate, these bands have their own selfish agenda.

DEAN GLOVER
I was in their position once.
{pause} look... forget the coffee,
I need to split.

DEAN gets up from his seat, and starts to walk away.

PERRY DWIGHT
Where ya going?

DEAN GLOVER

Off to the states... LA, there is a new Rock scene about to explode over there, so getting in on some development with a couple of new acts. Be seeing ya PERRY.

PERRY DWIGHT

(dulcet tone)

Yeah, be lucky son.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/WORKSHOP - DAY

MURF lowering the ramp with the Lotus on it...
GEORGE appears.

GEORGE

All good MURF?

MURF

Yeah sorted it, just a small adjustment on the track rod end.

GEORGE

(with a smile)

Well I suppose you better test drive it then eh?

MURF's face lights up with a smirk.

MURF

Yeah!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOTUS SPORTS CAR - ROAD/SEMI RURAL AREA - DAY

THE LOTUS WITH SCREECHING TYRES TEARS OFF DOWN A ROAD AWAY FROM SHOT.

CROSS SHOTS OF THE LOTUS SPEEDING AROUND VARIOUS STREETS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MINERS PARADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MID SHOT: A SMALL CAR WITH A GIANT MINERS HELMET SITUATED ON THE ROOF DRIVING SLOWLY IN FRONT OF A PROCESSION OF STRIKING MINERS.

LONG SHOT: A PROCESSION OF PICKETING MINERS WALKING ALONG A BUILT UP AREA HOLDING A LARGE BANNER READING - KENT MINERS WITH UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED.

CROSSCUTS: Different Miners faces, singing and chanting.

MURF pulls up at a junction in the Lotus as he stares at the procession going past in front of him.

CAR SCREEN SHOT WATCHING FIFTY OR SO MEN WALK PAST.

CLOSE: ONE MAN IN A FLAT CAP AND A CAMOUFLAGE JACKET WITH BADGES AND N.U.M STICKERS ALL OVER IT GLARES AT MURF WITH DISGUST AS HE WALKS BY.

CLOSE: MURF IN THE CAR WATCHING AND LOOKING UNEASY.

He suddenly jams the car into gear and speeds off again.

As the Lotus sports car leaves the semi rural area, it approaches a more industrial part of the town. We see a huge mound behind wire fencing, upon getting closer it reveals a huge landfill site. MURF slows down to look closer at something which gets his attention.

MID SHOT: WOMAN WITH CHILDREN SKIPPING AND JUMPING OVER PILES OF PLASTIC AND CRUSHED FURNITURE STICKING OUT OF THE GROUND WHILE THE MOTHERS PICK THROUGH RUBBISH ON THE SITE.

SLOW MOTION SHOT:

MURF slows down more for a moment as he stares out of the car window with astonishment.

The car then breaks free of the industrial area to a more country setting and speeds away out of shot.

FADE TO:

I/E. GARAGE / WORKSHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MURF rolls up slowly with the Lotus, gets out, and heads to the office.

OFFICE

GEORGE
Alright mate, how was ya joyride?

MURF walks in and chucks the keys at GEORGE.

MURF
Yeah Ok George, you can get rid of
that piece of shit now.

MURF walks off, GEORGE just sitting looking a bit bemused
lost for words.

LATER

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - DAY

CLAY holding the phone, {no answer} he hangs up, dials again.

CLAY
DAVEY, I might be a little late,
I'm gonna swing by the manor see if
that fat prick PERRY is about.

DAVEY {V.O.P}
Yeah ok, but why worry about
turning up to rehearsal anyway,
what the fuck have we got to
rehearse for?

CLAY
DAVEY come on mate, stop!

DAVEY {V.O.P}
Yeah, good luck, see you a bit
later man.

DAVEY hangs up...

CUT TO:

EXT. STANTON MANOR RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

CLAY appears onto the long driveway in his car. He gets out
and pauses at the eerie quietness surrounding the place.
CLAY notices a groundsman outside a workshop beside the
house. He approaches, the groundsman stops, just starring at
CLAY.

GROUNDSMAN
Hello, can I help you son?

CLAY
Oh yeah, I'm looking for PERRY?

GROUNDSMAN
PERRY? PERRY who?

CLAY
Err, PEERY DWIGHT! The bloke who
owns this gaff, the producer?

GROUNDSMAN
(confused)
You must be mistaken, the owner is
away at the moment, but I can tell
you this, its owned by LORD HAWKINS
not a PERRY DWIGHT.

CLAY
(shocked)
Err, Ok thanks, sorry to bother you
mate.

CLAY turns and walks back out towards the front, he pauses
again as he looks up at the grand stature of the house.

CLAY
Oh shit no!

CLAY clasps his hands over his face for a minute before
running up to the terrace and peering through the French
doors.

INTERIOR LOUNGE/BAR

MID SHOT: LOOKING TOWARDS THE WINDOW, CLAY PEERING THROUGH
AMIDST DUST SHEETS AND BOXES STREWN EVERYWHERE.

CLAY {CONT'D}
(angry)
You fucker!

CLAY runs back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - BAND - EVENING.

The band are sat around looking dejected, equipment half
assembled.

VIM
CLAY are you sure that bastard
wasn't around anywhere?

CLAY
I'm telling ya mate, the place was
cleared out. He doesn't even own
it.

DAVEY
Well what about the studio?

CLAY
I dunno, it's underground DAVEY I
couldn't tell.

DAVEY
Shit! We put everything we had into
this, I can't fuckin believe it.

CLAY
Neither can I...

BEAT

RAVVI
What about the money?

CLAY
Gone mate.

MURF
It's ok lads you all bought into a
new fuckin Lotus Esprit!

VIM
A what?

MURF
A thirty grand fuckin sports car
VIM!

CLAY
You what?

MURF
Yep, cheeky twat popped by the
garage today, didn't see me though.

CLAY
(despair)
Oh god!

VIM
(sarcasm)
Oh well may as well just go down
the pub then boys, as we're wasting
our time and money now with this
fuckin band.

DAVEY
Leave it out, you cock end.

VIM
 Alright miss world, don't get ya
 panties in a twist.

DAVEY
 Oh fuck this, I'm off.

DAVEY gets up, grabs a bag and walks out the door.

VIM
 (mutters)
 Fuckin poof.

CLAY raises his arms and exhales heavily.

CLAY
 Argh guys, come on! {pause} That's
 it then is it? Nobody said it was
 gonna be easy man!

CLOSE: CLAY looking out after DAVEY, anguished and upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

DAVEY exits a small shop with a pack of beers, he cracks one open and walks steadily down the road.

AMBIENT SHOTS WITH SOUNDTRACK IDEALLY, AS THIS SHOULD BE AT LEAST ONE MINUTE TOTAL SCENE.

1. DAVEY WONDERING PAST A RUN DOWN HOUSING ESTATE.
2. DAVEY THEN WALKING ALONG A DIMLY LIT LANE SWIGGING HIS BEER.
3. DAVEY, LONG APPROACH, CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM WITH THE LIGHTS OF HE COLLIERY IN THE DISTANCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLIERY - NIGHT

DAVEY appears onto scene outside the colliery gates where a few men stand round an oil drum with a fire. There is a small police presence with a land Rover guarding the entrance.

The men acknowledge DAVEY as he walks past.

CUT TO:

INT. AISHA'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

AISHA walks along a hallway glancing into a dressing room where we see GORDON dressing up again. She stops.

AISHA
Another pow wow tonight then?

GORDON
I'm not even going to respond to that AISHA.

AISHA
(mutters)
Huh!

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. AISHA'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DAVEY stands outside, staring into AISHA'S house. it's now raining lightly.

GORDON emerges from the house and into his Range Rover and drives off, DAVEY ducks out of site until he disappears down the road.

DAVEY heads towards the house, he stops at the front door and pauses before cautiously knocking.

The door opens, AISHA stands in shock, saying nothing her eyes looking at DAVEY gaze.

DAVEY
I need you!

DAVEY lunges himself towards AISHA as she embraces him.
DAVEY sobbing...

DAVEY
(emotional)
It's all over, I don't know what to do?

AISHA
(sinister)
It's Ok, I will make this right.

AISHA, strokes DAVEY'S damp hair as he sobs on her shoulder. He then rears his head back and kisses her.

CUT TO:

SITTING ROOM.

DAVEY and AISHA are both standing closely together, she slowly pulls off his damp clothes, as he then excitedly starts clawing at her clothes... they fling each other onto a large settee where they start making love with urgency.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MANSION HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Dawn breaks on a misty morning over a large mansion surrounded by ponds and ornamental bridges and statues.

Camera pans across to reveal a long track where a police car appears, followed by another.

DRIVEWAY

AN OVAL SHAPED GRAVEL LAID DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF A LARGE TUDOR DOOR.

The police cars pull up and police officers from both vehicles get out and approach the door.

INTERIOR BANQUET ROOM

We see prostitutes scantily dressed, some completely naked with middle aged men relaxing and drinking, some of them asleep, one is GORDON. A loud banging from the front door knocker awakens the men and alarms the prostitutes.

A woman approaches the door cautiously and opens it.

POLICE OFFICERS

Good morning madam, we are looking
for MR PERRY DWIGHT?

PERRY DWIGHT

PERRY appears in just a smoking jacket holding a cup of coffee, when he freezes at the sight of the police, he drops the coffee cup, turns and runs. The police barge past in pursuit of PERRY.

SIDE ENTRANCE

PERRY appears in a blind panic, half dressed wearing just his pants under his gown jumps into his Rolls Royce and speeds off, reversing hard out towards an old barn and spins the car round on some dirt, he comes out at the other side of the oval drive behind the police cars.

DUCK POND

PERRY in his car fly's over an ornate bridge towards the exit of the mansion, he goes past a larger pond with ducks scattering in panic at the speeding Rolls... As the Rolls heads towards the exit on a narrow track, a police Land Rover suddenly appears in front of him. PERRY stops dead. He slams the Rolls into reverse and careers backwards towards the pond, but as he does, he misjudges the track and veers across the grass and into the pond, the Rolls slowly slipping into the water.

PERRY DWIGHT
(FRUSTRATED ANGER)
OH BOLLOCKS... BOLLOCKS, BOLLOCKS,
BOLLOCKS!

The police Land Rover pulls along side, the officers looking at PERRY smirking.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr PERRY DWIGHT I presume?

The Rolls Royce now mostly submerged in the pond at an adverse angle, PERRY panicking, unable to open the heavy doors of the car to get out.

JUMP CUT TO:

MARCH 1985 {WITH SOUNDTRACK}

INT: COFFEE SHOP - DAY

CLOSE: A NEWSPAPER BEING HELD UP BY A PAIR OF HANDS...

READS: CON MAN AND SELF CONFESSED SATANIST CONVICTED!

The newspaper drops to reveal AISHA at the table. She looks with a wry smile, before sipping her coffee and getting up to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB - DAY

WIDE SHOT: CLUB HALL FULL OF MEN SITTING WITH THEIR HANDS UP

FADE IN:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: FACE OF DEFEAT. MINERS STRIKE OVER.

JUMP CUT TO:

TEN YEARS LATER. {MUSIC FADES}

INT. NEW HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A woman standing with a small child in her arms, with another slightly older child standing next to her. A man appears from behind and kisses them. As he bends down to kiss the older child the woman turns...it's TRACY.

The man then turns towards the camera to leave...it's VIM.

VIM

See ya later babe.

Camera follows VIM outside to where we see a newer Transit van Sign written, reading... VIM VAN MOVE LTD

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/WORKSHOP - DAY

Two classic cars, one on a ramp, another one on the ground being polished by a guy in overalls, crouching down wiping the bumper.

WOMAN

GROUND SHOT: a woman's legs wearing stilettos approaches in the workshop? The mechanic stands up straight, we see it's MURF, the attractive woman walks up to him as he stands by the car, MURF hands over keys, woman slowly takes the keys from his hand.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(winks)

Thanks MURF, be seeing you.

MURF turns to the camera with a grin and cheeky eye movement.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORRIES - STADIUM - DAY

A large box lorry pulls off a motorway by a sign saying Wembley stadium.

CAB INTERIOR

CLOSE: A mouth talking into a handset.

CLAY

Ok darling, at Wembley, all's good,
speak soon.

Puts phone down, camera quick pans back to reveal a photo showing CHRISTINE, now with shorter hair holding a baby.

TRUCK EXTERIOR

The truck pulls up, door opens, a guy steps down, shuts the door, to reveal CLAY, older, also with shorter hair. He looks across...

WIDE SHOT: THREE OTHER LORRIES PARKED BEHIND ONE ANOTHER, SAME COLOUR AND LIVERY SAYING... CLAY STAGE HAULAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD PACKING FACTORY - DAY

CLOSE: A brown paper bag. A hand grabs the bag?

Camera follows a well dressed man carrying the brown paper bag through a factory, camera pans out and elevating to reveal a huge food packing production line.

FACTORY FRONT DOORS.

RAVVI appears from the factory's glass door entrance, he pauses for a moment, looks with glee, then walks down a few steps to a waiting car, the rear passenger door is held open by a chauffeur, face not revealed?

BENTLEY

RAVVI sat in the back of the Bentley, we hear the car doors slam shut.

RAVVI moves forward and reaches out to the driver with the brown paper bag.

CLOSE: the label on the bag reads... RAV INDIAN FOOD COMPANY.

The bag obscures the drivers face for a moment, until driver grabs bag from RAVVI...it's DAVEY.

DAVEY

Home now?

RAVVI

Yes mate, all finished.

BACK TO:

EXT. BENTLEY - FACTORY - DAY

CLOSE REAR SHOT: The Bentley pulls away, camera elevating slowly as the car drives through some large iron gates, Bentley plates read RAV 1.

FADE OUT.

THE END

