

The Road To Hell

by

Kevin Short

THE ROAD TO HELL: BY KEVIN SHORT - THE YEAR IS 2005.

EXT: FERRY PORT - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Blank screen with the sound of a large diesel engine firing up.

Shot opens to a front view of a silver and black Scania Centurian.

The articulated truck pulls away from the stern of a ferry.

Ground shot of the truck as it proceeds slowly over the camera.

Roof mounted shot across the port.

Then a frontal shot of the vehicle following it along the port exit road.

Cab view of a large freight shed where we see a bunch of customs and excise officers.

One customs guy holds up his hand and directs the driver to pull over? As the driver pulls up one of the customs officers approaches the cab.

CUSTOMS OFFICER#1

Pull into bay one would you please driver.

The driver just nods with acknowledgement.

The truck slowly pulls into the bay, the driver sheepishly gets out of the cab. Another customs officer approaches the driver.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2

Hello mate, UK customs, got your passport and CMR?

The driver gets back up into the cab and shuffles some paperwork before handing it to the officer.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2{CON'T}

Have you brought any goods abroad, such as tobacco and cigarettes?

LORRY DRIVER

No I don't smoke.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2{CONT'D}

Mind if we search the cab driver

LORRY DRIVER

Whatever mate.

Driver steps back down from the cab. Then we see an officer jump into the cab from the passenger side, as the driver looks on a little bemused.

CONTINUED

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2

Where have you come up from fella?

LORRY DRIVER

All over mate, last pick up near
Skipholt Holland.

Driver now looking worried as rummage crew search the truck
inside and out.

We see the officer in the cab banging around the bulkhead
and the rear storage area of the cab, he starts pulling
stuff from under the bunk banging as he goes.

The officer pauses as he reaches for something? Then
removing and revealing a package wrapped in plastic and
brown parcel tape?

The officer is alerted as he looks down to a colleague
standing by the truck

CUSTOMS OFFICER #3

Game on!

The other officers then gather round as officer #3 cuts the
package apart to reveal a hand gun.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #3

Firearms...loads of them!

Officer 2# grabs the driver by the arm...

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2

Sir, we are arresting you on
suspicion of the illegal
importation of firearms, Do you
understand?

Lorry driver now frantically looking around him in panic.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2{con't}

You don't have to say anything, but
it may harm your defence if you do
not mention anything when
questioned... Do you understand?

LORRY DRIVER

(panicked state)

They're not mine, I didn't do
anything.

CONTINUED

TWO OFFICERS HOLD THE DRIVER IN THE ESCORT POSITION AS HE STARES BLANKLY INTO THE CAMERA WHILE IT SLOWLY PANS OUT FROM THE SCENE.

FADE OUT TO INTRO
MUSIC AND TITLE

THE ROAD TO HELL

EXT: TREE COVERED ROAD - DAY.

INTRO TITLES & SOUNDTRACK WITH SCENE.

Crosscutting shots of a Volvo tipper truck driving through a long tree covered lane with small glimmers of sunlight peering through, The camera is travelling along in front of the truck as it slowly closes in...with jump cuts of wheels and shots of the roofline, and back to the front as the truck enlarges the screen finishing with a burst of light from the headlights...

FADE OUT

EXT: OLD FARM YARD - DAY.

Dawn breaks on a still summer morning, and we see an old Volvo tipper truck parked up in a farm yard. A large figure of a guy with red hair approaches the vehicle. He circles the truck inspecting the bodywork and lights. As he does he bends down to the air tanks, and pulls the bleed cord to let out any moisture in the air tanks.

He alights the truck, scribbles on a day duty tacho card and inserts it. with a turn of the ignition key the big old diesel engine fires into life snorting a plume of smoke out through the chrome stacks.

THIS IS RUSTY.

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

We hear a noise from the hand held radio?

{VOICEOVER}
Rusty? Come in over. {pause}
Rusty? are you there? Come back!

RUSTY
Receiving mate, over! {dulcet tone}

CUT TO :

INT: FRANK'S TRUCK - DAY.

FRANK
Ah your outta ya wank pit then you lazy twat! over. {comically}

BACK TO

RUSTY

Oh mornin to you as well Franky
boy, you shit the bed or sumfin?
{pause} you can get the coffee's in
then seeing as your so bloody keen,
Over.

FRANK {V.O}

Ok see you at the cafe amigo, Over.

THIS IS FRANK.

INT/EXT: MAIN ROAD - BOTH DRIVERS - DAY.

CROSS CUT INTERIOR SHOTS OF BOTH LORRY DRIVERS.
{Music overdub}
approximately 1 minute

Rusty lighting up a cigarette and Frank looking out the
window at the passing scenery.

EXT: MAIN ROAD - DAY.

We see a black Jaguar open top sports car speeding up to
pass Franks truck... Frank catches a glimpse of the car

{REAR VIEW MIRROR SHOT}

The car then draws along side, but then slowing a little.
We see two woman in the car.

The woman passenger looks up at Frank, she then turns to
lift her top up and shows him her breasts!

He howls and laughs with a gesture out the window, as he
does he shouts...

FRANK

I love you!!! {accentuated humour}

With a long blast of the trucks air horn, the car speeds
off!

EXT: CAFE - DAY.

Rusty is already parked up and walking across the car park
in front of the cafe as the speeding Jag goes racing past.

Frank pulls in towards Rusty, he then stops and dives out of
the cab with a big beaming grin on his face.

FRANK

Alright mate...did you see that?

RUSTY

What was all that about then?

CONTINUED

FRANK

Mad bitch in that car just showed me her tits! I nearly lost all sense of proportion Rusty, I could of crashed the truck! {elated}

RUSTY

Ah everyone has lost the plot mate, come on lets get a quick coffee before we load up.

INT: CAFE - DAY.

The 2 drivers enter the cafe and go to order a couple of coffee's.

VIC a low loader driver {better known as Northern monkey} is sat in the corner.

VIC

Aye up its the fuckin calamity brothers! {northern accent}

FRANK

Fuck off you northern monkey!

RUSTY

2 coffee's to go please luv.
{ Directed at the cafe staff}}

FRANK

Ay... Did you hear about Cyril?

RUSTY

No, what?

FRANK

He got busted early this morning coming back through Ramsgate, smuggling guns for fuck sake!

RUSTY

What?

FRANK

Really mate... I couldn't believe it, its all over the news, he only had a couple of weeks to go before retirement.

RUSTY

That don't add up mate, why? {pause}
He had to be stiched up didn't he?

CONTINUED

FRANK

Dunno? Sod that, I would never stoop to that level of desperation.

RUSTY

Yeah ya not wrong Frank, that's desperate measures. {pauses for thought} Christ now the poor bastards probably gonna spend his retirement in Maidstone Prison?

They both grab their coffee's as they are placed on the counter and turn to proceed back outside. As they do Frank turns to Vic...

FRANK

Hows ya farmer Giles {piles} then Vic?

VIC

Go Fuck yourself, ya string of insipid piss.

EXT: CAFE CAR PARK - DAY.

FRANK

Urghh! this coffee is like fucking engine oil! {repulsed}

RUSTY

Yeah its a bit bloody vile innit!

FRANK

(elated)

Anyway mate, YVONNE has opened her new burger van this week out on the bypass. Thanks for letting her store it at the farm mate.

RUSTY

Yeah, no worries, shall we check it out later then?

FRANK

Yeah for sure, {sipping the coffee} Hold on a minute...grab this {coffee} I need a piss!

We see Frank walk over to a low loader and piss up the wheel and over the front bumper!

Rusty now laughing...

RUSTY

That's Vic's motor...
Your a fucking wrong'un you are!

Frank scuttles off back to his truck laughing, as they both jump into their cabs and speed off with a cloud of dust.

CUT TO :

EXT/INT: HAULAGE CONTRACTORS YARD - DAY.

A large busy transport yard, machines and lorries busying themselves amongst the flying dust.

OFFICE.

We see a large stern looking gent holding a phone to his ear. {this is JB}

VOICE ON PHONE

(sinister)

Our man failed this morning? It was a blow to our supplier, and damaging to us...

CUT TO

CLOSE UP SHOT OF A GUYS FACE, RUGGED AND UNSHAVEN WEARING SHADES HOLDING THE PHONE?

STEEL

We need to look down another avenue? We'll speak later.

BACK TO

JB slowly and gently puts the phone down, whilst staring blankley ahead in deep thought.

YARD

Rusty and Frank roll in.

They get out of their cabs and head over to join a few of the other drivers standing by a workshop smoking.

These fellas will be known as...

Note

ALBERT {splinterdick} Woodcock, Monty{the moose}lydon and Stanley {smiler} Edwards.

Note

ALBERT, is an old school trucker from Yorkshire, A hardened and weathered old boy.

Note

STAN, is a quieter character, with a dryer sense of humour, and he has a thing for large woman!

Note

MONTY - A large bulky guy with a deep voice.

ALBERT

Alright lads! {Yorkshire accent}

FRANK

Alright there
SPLINTERDICK! {smirking}

CONTINUED

The other lads burst out laughing!

ALBERT

Aye...I told you don't call me
Splinterdick! Its Mr Woodcock to
you!

RUSTY

Ey Stan, how's the Hippocrocapiq?

ALBERT

You bloody what? {with laughter}

STAN

Hippocrocapiq? {confused}

MONTY

Yeah he likes them big sassy
lassy's don't ya Smiler!

STAN

I'll have you know, Monika is just
big boned and curvacious! A proper
fucking woman!

RUSTY

Yeah, whatever floats your boat
mate.

Before they have any time to say anything else a sporty little mini cooper pulls into the yard, it gets the lads attention as it stops by the office, then gets out a very curvacious sexy looking blond woman. As she glances over she drops her car keys! The lads gorpig silently as the woman bends over to pick up her keys showing off her cleavage in a low cut top!she proceeds into the office giving the lads a cheeky little wave and a smile.

STAN

Jesus... Who's that then?

FRANK

Well I don't think she's the new
sweeper driver Sid!

ALBERT

Phwar, how the bloody hell did she
fit into that car?

RUSTY

Yeah sporty little number innit.

ALBERT

What, her or the car?

The lads continue laughing until JB the Gaffer appears!

CONTINUED

JB

Oi...when you lot have got your
fingers out your arses get
yourselves loaded with this lot!

JB hands out paperwork.

JB {CONT'D}

Right... Albert, Monty, your on
ballast to Dover Docks today! Rusty
and Frank, you 2 are doing the Lime
out of the Quarry for sweetwater
Farm. Stan... Here's ya skip loads
for the day.

MONTY

Ere...who's the new sex bomb then
JB?

JB

For your information Monty, Kirsty
is our new admin girl, who will
hopefully sort out this fucking
mess of paperwork you lot screw up
and throw at me everyday!
Now come on ladies get these
fucking wheels turning, LETS GO!
{sternly}

EXT: HAULAGE YARD - CONT'D - DAY.

We see a buzz of commotion as the drivers scramble to their
cabs and fire up their motors. In turn they file out of the
yard

CUT TO

EXT/INT: MAIN ROAD - DAY.

Jump cuts of the trucks tanking down the road, with
different on board angles, rooftop, wheels and front grill
shots! Camera also cross cutting between interior shots of
the drivers shifting gear etc. {music overdub}

CUT TO

INT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY.

Frank looks into his rear view mirror?

WE SEE A MIRROR SHOT OF RUSTY BEHIND HIM TURNING OFF INTO A
NARROW LANE?

Frank shakes his head with disapproval as he grabs his
radio...

CONTINUED

FRANK

Where the fuck are you going? over.

CUT TO :

INT: RUSTY'S TRUCK - DAY.

A close up of Rusty with the look of devilment in his eye.

RUSTY

Don't you worry about me ol son...
C'mon its foot down friday.
{laughing}

BACK TO:

INT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY

FRANK

(pause with confusion)
But... its only Thursday?

BACK TO

EXT/INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We see Rusty's truck flying down a narrow lane whipping the overhanging branches of the trees, the back axles tramping up and down on the potholes in the road.

THIS IS A SHORTCUT ROUTE TO THE QUARRY BUT FRAUGHT WITH DANGER AND UNSUITABLE FOR HGV'S!

Rusty is grappling with the steering wheel which is swaying from side to side from the camber of the old road, and trying to keep the truck under control.

Rusty glances across to his left, to see a Diesel locomotive chugging down an old colliery line about a couple of hundred yards across the field!

CUT TO:

EXT: LOCO - DAY.

MID SHOT OF AN OLD 08 STYLE DIESEL SHUNTING LOCO CHUGGING DOWN A LINE.

EXT: MANUAL TRAIN CROSSING - DAY.

We then see a banksman starting to undo some old train gates, and preparing to close the road?

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

We see Rusty's face change with realisation as to what is unfolding.

CONTINUED

SCREEN SHOT LOOKING TOWARDS THE CROSSING

EXT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

Rustys truck appears over the brow of the hill...

EXT: BANKSMAN - CROSSING - DAY.

The banksman suddenly notices the speeding truck heading towards him with the horn sounding as he quickly starts to close the gate again.

INT RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

FLASH CUTS OF RUSTYS FACE AND HIS BOOT STAMPING ON THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL.

Rusty's eyes are dilated with the adrenalin as he approaches the crossing fully committed!

INT:RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY

SCREEN SHOT LOOKING OUT AT THE CROSSING FAST APPROACHING AND THE BANKSMAN SCAMPERING WITH PANIC!

EXT: CROSSING - DAY.

Rustys truck then flies over the crossing as the banksman waves his hands and shouting at the truck with defiance.

CUT TO :

REAR VIEW OF RUSTY'S TRUCK WITH THE WHEELS HITTING THE GROUND SENDING DEBRIS AND DUST ALL ACROSS THE ROAD!

INT: RUSTY'S TRUCK - DAY.

Rusty being thrown about in his cab from the leap over the rail crossing as he gives an exhilarating howl.

RUSTY

Whoooooaaaah!!!! Come on old girl

As Rusty pats the dashboard in the truck.

EXT: LOCOMOTIVE - DAY.

A CLOSE SHOT OF THE LOCO CHUGGING ALONG THE RAILS WHILST SOUNDING A LONG BLAST FROM ITS AIR HORN.

INT/EXT: FRANK/RUSTY'S TRUCKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Rusty driving along looking pleased with himself, until we hear a voice over the radio.

{FRANK}

Where are ya, you ginger twat?

BACK TO

RUSTY
Stamford Colliery, just havin a
little game of chicken! {laughing}

V.O. {FRANK}
Oh christ what have you done now?

RUSTY
Anyway, what do you mean ginger
twat? its moroccan sunset actually.

Rusty still holding his radio fly's out of a slip road right
in front of a car which flashes its lights and sounds its
horn with disgust!

RUSTY{CONT'D}
Oops! Think I've just upset someone
else.

EXT/INT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY.

MID GROUND SHOT OF FRANKS TRUCK HEADING TOWARDS THE CAMERA
AND RUSHING BY FAST.

FRANK
Mate, one of these days your
numbers gonna be up if you carry on
with that kind of shit, over.

CUT TO

EXT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

We see Rusty turn off again up a small road... suddenly
another truck {Black Volvo} appears from over the brow of
the hill and approaching fast?

INTERIOR SCREENSHOT

CUT TO

INT: BLACK VOLVO - DAY.

CLOSE UP OF THE DRIVER, SINISTER LOOKING, SCRUFFY GREY HAIR
WITH A BEARD AND WEARING SHADES. {STEEL}

BACK TO

EXT: HAUL ROAD - DAY.

The black Volvo without letting up whooshes past Rusty as he
swerves onto the verge of the road to avoid collision.

CONTINUED

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

RUSTY{CONT'D}
 Jesus....WTF {Grabbing the radio}
 FRANK!

CUT TO

INT: FRANK/RUSTYS TRUCKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

FRANK
 Yeah.

RUSTY
 Black Volvo heading your way, fast,
 look out! just gone by me like a
 fuckin man possessed!

With that, Frank sees the Black Volvo heading towards him,
 within seconds it rushes past at speed...{screen shot}

CRASH!

EXT: SCANIA & VOLVO TRUCKS - DAY- CONTINUOUS.

FLASH SHOT OF THE 2 TRUCKS COMING TOGETHER.

Loud crashing sound as mirrors clash and the Volvo goes past
 making Frank flinch and raise is hand in fear of broken drop
 glass flying into him from the impact.

FRANK
 Wow... {Grabs radio} christ he's on
 a bloody mission from God, he just
 had my mirror the Bastard!

EXT/INT:BLACK VOLVO - DAY

FRONT CLOSE UP SHOT OF THE VOLVO AT FULL THROTTLE.

Another close up of steel in the cab having a devious
 chuckle with loud hard rock music blaring out.

EXT:CHALK QUARRY - DAY.

Rusty turns into a chalk quarry entrance and down a slope to
 a weighbridge.

RUSTY
 Frank, you Ok son? {no reply?}

INT: WEIGHBRIDGE OFFICE - QUARRY - DAY.

Rusty jumps out of his cab and bounds into the office, where
 we see an elderly chap sat at the desk looking a bit
 sheepish?

CONTINUED

RUSTY

Alright Ted...hows it going old mate.

TED

ERR...The machine has broke down at the moment Rusty, but Wurzel is on it mate, so hopefully sorted soon ok?

RUSTY

Oh for fuck sake Ted! I ain't gonna make any real money at this rate today...BOLLOCKS! {ANNOYED}

We hear another truck pull up...{Frank}

Rusty goes outside to tell Frank.

EXT: QUARRY - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

FRANK

What the hell was all that about?

RUSTY

Oh nevermind, another nutter gone off the rails. The machine is up the shitter, we gotta wait a while.

We see the 2 trucks make their way towards the loading shovel in the Chalk Quarry, Wurzel the operator is clambering all over the machine, his wispy blonde hair wafting about in the breeze.

The 2 trucks stop in line by the machine.

Frank and Rusty both get down from their cabs and take a minute to light a cigarette.

WURZEL

Won't be long lads? {shouting}

THEY BOTH LOOK UP AND ACKNOWLEDGE WURZEL.

FRANK

What's up then cock? You seemed a bit off this morning?

RUSTY

I think I've had enough of this shit mate, I want to get off the hamster wheel...know what I mean?

FRANK

What else are you gonna to do?

CONTINUED

RUSTY

{pausing} Oh I fancy getting some pigs and chickens maybe? and get the farm working again.

FRANK

You... {laughing}
farmer fucking Rusty!

RUSTY

Oh Bollocks.

FRANK

Seriously though mate, whats the score with that old place? It's too big for just you now you're on your own innit?

RUSTY

Oh memories mate... I was brought up their. I can't let it go. {pause} I promised the Old man I would look after it when he died, but I've got stuck doing this shit for so long now I have come to rely on the money.

Rusty then turns to Frank with a smile...

RUSTY {CONT'D}

But! You never know when the potential Mrs Rusty might show herself eh Franky boy.

{Frank laughing}

RUSTY {CONT'D}

Anyway, ain't you and Yvonne got any plans then? What's the crack with you two?

Rusty is keen to move the conversation towards YVONNE!

His ears prick up and the expression on his face changes when Frank starts talking about her?

FRANK

Yeah well she's a lovely girl mate, there's nothing I would like more than to get it together with her, but... ah ya know? Not compatible I think?

Looking at Rusty confused?

FRANK {CONT'D}

We've been out, had a couple of dates and that you know, few drinks
(MORE)

FRANK {CONT'D} (cont'd)
 in the town and stuff, but she
 doesn't seem that keen to be honest
 mate...Yvonne is very business
 minded, she is on about doing food
 for weddings and funerals now, and
 doing parties and shit like that!
 I ain't bothered about getting
 involved with it really, its not my
 bag. I like the white line fever
 mate, you know... life on the road!

RUSTY
 Oh...right {intrigued}
 {pause}
 Hear anything from the Ex?

FRANK {CONT'D}
 (thoughtful)
 Naa...she's moved away, up
 Aylesbury way somewhere? wouldn't
 mind seeing the boy more though.

The loading machine suddenly fires up?

FRANK
 Ok we're up, lets crack on!

The guys jump up and back into their cabs.

We see the machine loading up the lime firstly in Rusty's
 truck. Rusty looking anxious to get away, he gets loaded,
 then heads back down to the weighbridge, he jumps out to grab
 a ticket and then hops back into the cab and heads up the
 steep slope out of the quarry and onto the road, the old
 truck heavily laden leans over into the corner and out of
 the site. We see Franks Truck not too far behind.

INT: FRANK & RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

Sweet home Alabama {by Lynyrd Skynyrd} comes on over the
 radio.

FRANK
 Oh yes! {elated}

He grabs his hand held radio and starts to sing along.

FRANK{CONT'D}
 BIG WHEELS KEEP ON TURNIN...
 CARRY ME HOME TO SEE MY KIN!!!

Rusty hears Frank singing over the radio, and smiles, then
 joins in with the singing.

RUSTY
 SWEET HOME ALABAMA...WHERE THE SKYS
 ARE SO BLUE...

JUMP CUT:

FRANK
 SWEET HOME ALABAMA!!!
 LORD I'M COMING HOME TO YOU.

EXT:FRANKS TRUCKS - DAY.

Franks truck driving away from the camera as the song plays on...

SONG WITH SCENE FADE OUT TO BLACK!

EXT: FARMYARD FIELD - DAY.

The 2 trucks appear reversing up onto a field...
 We see Rusty jumping out of his cab to open the tailgate ready to tip the load. Frank follows, as he gets out he has his own unique way to open his tailgate! He jumps up with one foot on the hub of the rear wheel whilst grabbing the tipper body step, and then swinging his right foot up to boot open the catch to release his load!

We then see both trucks almost simultaneously tip their bodies up, unloading the soft fine chalk lime onto the field. They head off out towards the exit together, we see the gateway is a little narrow for both trucks!

As they approach with speed, Frank decides to yield as he knows he is not going to make it through side by side. But as he does he still catches the gate post and fence smashing it to bits...

INT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY.

FRANK
 FUCKSTICKS!!... {angrily to himself}

RUSTY{V.O. RADIO}
 Ha ha...I don't believe you wanted to do that, over.

FRANK
 {grabbing the radio}
 Oh bollocks...Come on you hungry yet? Lets go and see the burger babes then eh? Over.

RUSTY
 The what? {V.O.R}

FRANK
 Yeah that's what Yvonne and Sandra are called...the burger babes! over. {chuckling}

CUT TO :

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY

RUSTY
Can't wait to see this. {deviously
to himself}

EXT: SMALL ROAD - TRUCKS - DAY.

WE SEE THE TRUCKS WHIP BY ONE AFTER THE OTHER PAST A SIGN SAYING... UNSUITABLE FOR HGV'S

EXT: LAYBY - CONTINUOUS - DAY.

A LARGE ROADSIDE LAYBY LINED WITH TRUCKS, BUILDERS VANS AND SOME BIKERS.

Its practically full up when Rusty and Frank arrive and try to muscle into a parking space. We see a burger van, and in it 2 woman sporting pink baseball style caps with burger babes written in them!

Rusty and Frank rock up, VIC is also there eating again! Frank strutting up with thumbs up, showing approval as to how well the girls are doing already. Yvonne looks up over the counter looking bright eyed and bushy tailed.

YVONNE
Hiya fellas, you want a tea?

FRANK
Yeah, Alright then babe...look at this!

Frank then turning round with his arms out as if to exclaim how brilliant it all looks.

FRANK {CONT'D}
Even the northern monkey is here feeding the fat tank!

Vic Mutters while stuffing himself with a burger!

VIC
Fuck off twat.

Meanwhile Rusty is just staring at Yvonne for a moment.

There is a small unusual guy propped up against the counter looking at Frank as he catches his eye. Suddenly the lad lurches forward with an outburst

TIMMY {TOURETTES}
{shaking his head}
Cock eaters!!{Irish accent}
Alright guys, how ya doin!

Frank just looking a bit stunned before turning to Rusty with a partial grin.

CONTINUED

YVONNE

Its alright boys its only Timmy
 He's our resident burger bar
 fly...{whispering with one hand up}
 He's got tourettes!

TIMMY {TOURETTES}

Fuckin egg salad!!{random}

The guys just shake their heads in disbelief with faint laughter.

Another guy {a builder} turns up spouting his mouth off!

BUILDER

Tea and a dog roll love please!
 Jesus... I have had to walk all the
 way down from the end of the layby
 cos of some fucking idiot blocking
 the entrance!

Next thing VIC spits out a mouthful of food and pipes up.

And an argument ensues...

VIC

I'm the twat! Oh aye,
 I'm the fucking twat aye!

BUILDER

Mate not been funny but your
 trailer is sticking right out at
 the back...for fuck sake!

VIC

Oh you try parking that bloody
 thing up then! I'm a professional
 me.

BUILDER

Oh leave it out mate, I know what
 YOU are!{SARCASTIC}

TIMMY {TOURETTES}

Wankers!!

BUILDER

What?

YVONNE

Come on fellas leave it out... Have
 a tea on me.

The pair simmer down and agree to disagree, pacified by a free tea! Frank and Rusty turn to each other smirking, trying not to laugh. Then at that moment we hear a loud blast of a truck horn?

CONTINUED

FRANK

Aye! look out, Here comes trouble!

The camera pans round to see this big gangly guy prancing across the road from the opposite layby with his fore arms sticking up and waving his hands about prancing like a big gay fairy on helium...

GORGEOUS GEORGE is an unusual looking guy, with a screwed up looking face, and with an almost popeye looking appearance.

RUSTY

Fuck me its gorgeous
George...laughing

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Hello boys!
{accentuated in a gay like manner}

RUSTY

How ya doing old son? Where ya
been?

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Oh ya know scratching around in the
dirt for a few crumbs. You boys
busy?

FRANK

Oh same shit different day...on the
wire mate you know.

GORGEOUS GEORGE

You should both try and get on this
new firm I work for...

RUSTY

What trailer work? You work across
the water don't ya George?

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Yeah its alright, long days but the
moneys good, gotta look out for the
fuckin migrants clambering on your
axles though {with a snigger}

FRANK

What?

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Yeah there's a bit of barney in
Calais trying to keep em of the
trucks, but they're economic
migrants mainly, you can't blame em
for escaping that shit in Kosovo or
wherever it is.

CONTINUED

FRANK

Fuck that! I like working for myself right here mate.

RUSTY

Yeah but Barrett{JB} treats us shit like we're employed by him!

FRANK

Yeah sure as shit mate, but its what I know.{pause}

Frank directing his look at Yvonne.

FRANK {CONT'D}

Anyway darlin, are we gonna have a drink friday night to celebrate your opening success then or what?

YVONNE

Yeah ok why not. Do you boys want our special?... A fuck me burger? hows that sound? that'll keep you both going eh!

There is a lot of phwoar sounds and comments by the other customers, as they look across at Rusty and Frank.

FRANK

Oo can't wait to see what's in that love?

YVONNE

Fuckin everything babe...hence the name...fuck me burger!

At that moment the bikers fire up their Harley's and make a thunderous roar of V engine power as they exit the layby.

FRANK

Ay... that bloke in the Black Volvo this morning looks like he could be part of this lot?

RUSTY

(dismissive)

Oh I dunno!

As the lads watch the bikes, Frank notices a Range Rover driven by JB going past.

FRANK

Oh shit! I think i just saw JB drive by? We'd better piss off.

They scoff their food and scuttle off back to the trucks, and make for a hasty exit, VIC also decides to split.

CUT TO

We see the black Range Rover turn back into the layby and park up.

RANGE ROVER

GROUND SHOT SEES JB GET OUT SPORTING SMART TROUSERS AND JACKET, BUT WEARING A PAIR OF BLACK COWBOY BOOTS!

JB gets a call on his mobile while exiting the car... Its the same sinister voice over the phone.

STEEL{V.O.P}

An opportunity has arisen?

JB

Yeah I'm listening.

CUT TO

STEEL

We are gonna need a different rig,
its still chancy but better
rewarded, and regular... are you up
for it?

JB

Yeah lets talk later in person.

JB hangs up the phone as he approaches the burger bar.

CUT TO

A GUY WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER OF THE BURGER BAR TO MAKE AN ORDER AND WE SEE JB SLOPE UP BEHIND HIM.

CUSTOMER

I'll have a tea, a chicken burger,
and show us ya tits!

JB's face turns with raised eyebrows and a look of astonishment!

YVONNE

No...We don't do chicken
burgers!{very matter of fact}

Yvonne carries on as if the remark went straight over her head, much to the amusement of the other customers!

JB steps up a bit lost for words?

JB

Er...I think I'll just have a
coffee please love.

CONTINUED

YVONNE

Sugar sweetie?

JB

Yeah 1 please...was that Rusty and Frank in here just now?

YVONNE

Oh yeah... I like to tend to my boys needs, bless em!{Humorously}

JB

Mmm, indeed, A bit early for a stop, cheeky fuckers.

Yvonne's eyes widen as she realises who he is!

YVONNE

Oh, you got that haulage yard haven't you? John Barrett isn't it?

JB

Uh huh! {pause}
Have you just set up here then?

YVONNE

YEAH...We are having a few drinks to celebrate my opening Friday night at the Hogs Head, why don't you join us, the lads will be there.

JB

Okay, I may just do that, Thanks hun, be seeing you.

Jb walks away as Yvonne and her colleague Sandra look across at each other with a little snigger.

CUT TO :

INT : FRANKS TRUCK - DAY

Frank is driving along the road with Rusty in tow, when he looks across and notices a very large sassy blonde girl stepping out of a little bright yellow car behind a skip truck parked up in a small layby?

INTERIOR SHOT OUT OF THE CAB WINDOW TO THE LAYBY.

Frank grabs the radio to Rusty...

FRANK

Oh ello... a sassy one at 10 o'clock! Over.{exited}

CUT TO

INT :RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

RUSTY
 {grabbing the radio}
 Hold up...that's old smilers truck
 innit? What's he up to? Over.

CUT TO

INT :SMILER{ STAN'S} TRUCK - DAY.

We see the big brassy blonde girl climbing into the cab and leaning across over to Stan.

STAN
 Ello Gorgeous, where ya been?

MONIKA
 (cockney accent)
 Alrite Lova... Got you some lovely
 home made bread puddin!

STAN
 Oo'eer come ere, I've only got 10
 minultes left on my break, come on
 lets get down to it?

MONIKA
 Alright, alright give me a chance.

Sloppy wet kisses,as they start grappling each other.
 Monika starts frantically undoing his trousers.

Monika clambering all over Stan. She makes a sudden shriek?

MONIKA{CONT'D}
 Oo that big bloody gear stick of
 yours Stanley!

CUT TO

INT/EXT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY.

Frank looks into his near side rear mirror with a little snigger, as he continues down the road with a pleasant feel good smile on his face.

BACK TO

INT: STAN'S CAB - DAY.

STAN
 Come on, choke the chicken...
 Choke the fuckin chicken!

We only see what seems like Monika masturbating Sid furiously!

CONTINUED

MONIKA
 (raised voice)
 I FUCKIN AM...
 I'll skin the twat in a minute!

CUT TO:

FRANK AND RUSTY'S TRUCK BELTING ALONG THE ROAD ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

INT/EXT: HAULAGE YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

The day resumes, JB is sitting in his office looking up at a newsflash on a television on his wall.

WE SEE A NEWS PRESENTER COMMENTATING ON THE SCENE AT AN OIL REFINERY, AND FUEL TANKERS BEHIND HER.

MID SHOT : A LOT OF PEOPLE SAT WAITING IN CARS ON A PETROL FORECOURT LOOKING FED UP?

Shot with Soundbite : woman... People are very angry,

Interviewer : the reason? We are so panicked.

Man : you'll have to wait ten, fifteen minutes?

Note

{AP archive footage} fuel protests form 2005

JB stares sternly at the TV before reaching for his phone.

Suddenly we hear a thunderous noise outside.

CUT TO

The trucks of Rusty and Frank pull back in to the haulage yard, the camera pans across to see two very new tipper trucks parked up?

As the guys park up they both get out of their cabs and stagger across the dusty yard...

Frank pulls his shades from his face, looking at the gleaming lorry's in the late afternoon sun.

RUSTY
 What the fuck are these here for?

FRANK
 Dunno...but they look expensive!
 Where the hell is JB getting his dough from lately?

RUSTY
 More interestingly, where the bloody hell did he get him from?

CONTINUED

Directing his look up over Franks shoulder?

CUT TO:

STEEL IN THE DISTANCE STANDING BY HIS TRUCK ON A LARGE MOUND OF CLAY AND LIGHTING A CIGAR JUST STARING AT THE GUYS.

RUSTY

Christ, don't tell me JB has taken him on?

FRANK

Oh yeah him! He nearly bloody killed me earlier! come on who is he?

RUSTY

STEEL...Bad news mate, he's a fuckin lunatic... involved with that biker gang over Thanet way. Stay away from him mate whatever you do.

FRANK

Ah fuck him, I thought as much...he owes me a mirror, come on, I'll drop the paper work in and then we can get off to the pub for a swifty eh!

RUSTY

Yeah, ok mate, sounds good to me.

With a look of interest on Franks face, he stares at the new lorries for a while then shrugs it off and turns to his truck to head home.

CUT BACK TO

Steel hears his phone ringing, and grabs it out of his top pocket as he turns towards his truck.

PAN IN TO A CLOSE UP OF STEEL JUST LISTENING ON THE PHONE.

CUT TO

JB ON THE PHONE

JB

We need to act, there is trouble brewing again. But it could be an opportunity, am I in on this deal or what?

CUT BACK TO

STEEL ON THE PHONE.

STEEL

Ok I will bring it to the table at the meet tonight, I'll see ya later.

LATER

EXT: RUSTYS OLD FARM YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

We see Yvonne pull her catering van into the farmyard next to where Rusty kept his truck, she reverses the trailer up into a space and gets out to un-hitch the trailer from the car.

Rusty then arrives in his truck and parks up. Rusty gets out and approaches Yvonne.

Yvonne is struggling with the trailer.

RUSTY

Ere hold up Yvonne, I'll help you with that.

YVONNE

Oh thanks Rusty, but I've gotta get used doing this on my own.

With that comment she releases the trailer with a sigh...

Rusty helps Yvonne while getting very close to her!

YVONNE {CONT'D}

Let me know how much and when you want the money for parking it here ok?

RUSTY

Oh if you were with me girl it wouldn't cost ya nothing.

YVONNE

Rusty stop it your so naughty, honestly {humorous}

RUSTY

Do wanna cuppa tea or a beer or something? We're going down the pub in a bit.

YVONNE

I'm ok thanks hun, I've seen enough tea for one day. {pause} are you meeting Frank?

RUSTY

Yeah.

CONTINUED

YVONNE

Ok good keep him out of my hair for a bit then, I'm bloody knackered.

RUSTY

Ok see ya later.

YVONNE

Bye hun... And thanks.

Yvonne pauses for a moment as Rusty walks away.

CUT TO:

Rusty walks onto an old rundown porch looking out across some fields and a very run down and overgrown back yard. He dumps his kit bag down on a chair before going over to his fridge and reaching for a beer. He settles down in another chair and grabs some cigarette papers to make a roll up to smoke, as he does he stares blankly out across the meadow in deep thought for a moment...

FLASHBACK

We see an idyllic setting on the farm from decades ago. Scene shows a couple of really old vintage lorries and a few gents chatting, one old chap sat behind the wheel of an old tipper truck, sleeves rolled up with a waistcoat, smoking a pipe and wearing a flat cap. Then a shot of a young lad with wild red hair running across the yard towards the truck.

YOUNG LAD

Dad...dad, take me with you.

OLD LORRY DRIVER {DAD}

Come on then lad, no sneaking in the back this time.

The old lorry driver turns to the chaps in the yard...

OLD LORRY DRIVER {CON'T}

A real live wire this one.{humorously}

As he raises his eyebrows and drives out of the yard.

FADE TO GREY INTO A
CLOUD OF SMOKE

BACK TO RUSTY SAT WEARILY IN THE ARMCHAIR SMOKING.

He gets up out of the chair with a sigh, and stands out on the old decking at the rear of the house looking out across the farmyard.

CONTINUED

RUSTY
 (emotionally to himself)
 Christ I miss you dad!

Rusty flicks his roll up out onto the yard, he turns to grab a jacket and heads off.

INT: HOGS HEAD PUB - EVENING - CONTINUOUS.

A TRADITIONAL OLD ENGLISH PUB SETTING, CIRCA 17TH CENTURY WITH OAK BEAMS, TOBY JUGS AND TANKARDS HANGING UP EVERYWHERE... OLD HISTORIC BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO'S ON THE WALLS OF OLD CARS, TRUCKS AND FOLKS FROM A BYGONE ERA.

Rusty, Frank and Albert are at the bar having a drink, when Frank turns and notices the TV screen behind the bar...

FRANK
 Hey hold up, whats happening ere?

ALBERT
 Aye them fuel protests are off again, some lads down from Wales this time have parked up in Whithall.

TV SCREEN SHOT {AP ARCHIVE FOOTAGE}

WIDE OF TRUCKS BLOCKING A ROAD IN LONDON, A TRUCKER BEING INTERVIEWED {NO SOUND TO DIALOGUE}

VARIOUS MEN STANDING AROUND OUTSIDE A FUEL DEPOT.

A LORRY WITH A HUGE BANNER OVER THE FRONT WITH THE WORDS {GET IT DOWN BROWN}

Monty suddenly comes bounding into the pub, looking and pointing at the screen.

MONTY
 It had to happen didn't it,
 Finally! {pause} Almost a pound a
 litre for diesel ffs.

RUSTY
 Yeah Tony Blair and that one eyed
 bloody Jock! Fuckers are crippling
 us!

Faint laughter for a moment between the guys. Frank then turns to go out to the toilet, suddenly he pauses noticing something...

CUT TO

JB sitting in the corner of the pub with STEEL?
 Frank walks cautiously over to the pair having a quiet chat.

CONTINUED

FRANK
 Alright chaps, whats this then?

FRANK DIRECTING HIS STARE AT STEEL.

JB
 Allo Frank...just catching up with
 an old mate, know what I mean?

FRANK
 I don't know JB, he's a fucking
 liability on the road, know what I
 mean. {aggressively}

Steel just glares coldly at Frank, he is dressed in old
 dirty denim and a black leather jacket. He has a German
 Iron cross as a necklace, tattoo's everywhere, including one
 that looks like a third reich eagle with the ss tattoo logo
 on the top of his chest!

JB then reaches into his coat pocket for his wallet.

JB
 Here you are Frank get yourself and
 Rusty a beer on me mate, go
 on!{handing over a note}

FRANK
 No its gonna take a bit more than
 that to sort my broken mirror out
 JB {pausing & looking at Steel}

JB glances across to Steel awkwardly.

FRANK {CONT'D}
 A bit fiesty that machine of
 yours innit.

STEEL
 Yeah...400 horse.

FRANK
 Oh yeah and I suppose you couldn't
 slow the fucker down earlier then
 eh?

STEEL still looking coldly at Frank as he takes a sip of his
 Guinness.

Rusty suddenly appears...

RUSTY
 Alright over hear are we girls, I
 hope there's no handbags now eh!
 {Turning to Frank}come on mate lets
 just have a relaxing drink, sorry
 for the intrusion JB.

CONTINUED

JB
No worries Rusty.

Rusty ushers Frank away back towards the bar, whispering...

RUSTY
What the Fuck are you doing, I told
you stay away from him mate, he's a
fuckin criminal, god only knows
what JB is doing with him?

FRANK
Yeah, There's something going on
with them mate, and it stinks.

RUSTY
C'mon forget about it.
I thought you were going for a
piss! {directed at Frank}

FRANK
Yeah, yeah hold on, I'll be right
back...
Oh, its curry special tonight and
I'm Fucking starving ...you up for
that boys

MONTY
Oh yeah sounds like a plan.

ALBERT
Oh I'm off lads see ya later.

FADE OUT

INT: CURRY HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

The three Guys file into the restaurant.

Vic and his wife are sat in the corner, his wife has quite a lot of facial hair, not too reminiscent of Vic's own little moustache!

RUSTY

Oh fuck sake here we go again.

VIC

Aye look out it's the 3 wise
monkey's! {pause}
see Fuck'all, know Fuck'all and do
Fuck'all! {laughing}

Rusty with raised eyebrows is led to a table by one of the Indian waiters, followed closely by the other guys.

RUSTY

Mind you don't choke on your Bombay
mix Vic! {humorously}

Vic still sitting and smirking with amusement while his chops are still full of food.

FRANK.

Fuck me last time I saw something
as big as that it had a harpoon
stuck in its back!
{eyes looking towards Vic's wife}

The guys leaning over the table at each other now all chuckling themselves.

RUSTY

Jesus has she not heard of IMMAC?

MONTY

Ay, them pair look like the bloody
chuckle brothers.

The laughing intensifies as an Indian waiter arrives with a plate of poppadoms and blankly asks them if they want a drink?

INDIAN WAITER

Drink please?

RUSTY

Yeah three Tigers please
squire... {Indian beer}

Rusty grabs the poppadoms as Frank goes to grab them too followed by Monty. The guys start doing a piss take Chuckle brothers sketch!

CONTINUED

FRANK.
To me...

MONTY
To you...

FRANK.
To me...

MONTY
To you... {laughing}

CUT TO:

EXT : INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - A MOMENT STILL SHOT.

FADE OUT

SCENE OPENS WITH LOUD HARD ROCK MUSIC

EXT: BIKER CAMP - NIGHT.

A scene with bikers and biker chicks messing around, drinking and shouting at each other, one skin head guy grooving to the music off his face whilst holding a coloured flare twisting it around as he dances.

CUT TO:

INT: MEETING ROOM - BIKE GANG - NIGHT.

A dimly lit room clad in dark wood bracing the corners and the roof line of the room, with loads of pictures of fellow bikers from another era adorning the walls.

We see Steel sat at a table with five other bikers, but one guy at the head of the table is wearing shades and holding a black stick with a domed chrome handle with his other hand resting firmly on the table? He is grey, old and very weathered looking in appearance, we see on his top a patch saying his name GHOST, and on the opposite side President. Behind him hangs a huge banner reading...

SPIRITS OF THE ROAD.

Suddenly the shaved headed guy who was dancing with the flare bursts into the meeting room?

GHOST
(raised voice)
Z!!! STOP... OUT NOW

Z {zombie} pauses with his head cocked looking and shouting a load of gibberish at Ghost, and we see one eye is foggy as if he does not have sight in it?

CONTINUED

GHOST {CONT'D}
 (softer)
 Leave us brother, its Ok, later.

Zombie turns with his forearms perched upwards, and sheepishly leaves the room.

GHOST {CONT'D}
 My brother grows worse by the week since his accident, I am at a loss as to what to do with him.

The other bikers in the room look at each other unsure as to what to say? Steel sat twisting and turning a large knife on its end on the table staring at the Ghost.

GHOST
 What have you got on the transport?

STEEL
 I've got a guy I do some work for... He's on it.

GHOST
 Can we trust him?

STEEL
 I can vouch for him yeah.

GHOST
 Who?

STEEL
 {pausing} John Barrett!

GHOST
 Mmm... Are you sure?

STEEL
 You know him then?

GHOST
 Our paths have crossed...listen I may not be able to see anymore but I can smell a cunt a mile away!
 {pause}But we need to get this done, our Eastern European friends grow frustrated,it needs to be done right this time.

The camera pans round the table at the rest of the gang members.

GHOST {CONT'D}
 OK we vote on it.

CONTINUED

ONE AFTER THE OTHER THE CAMERA SHOWS EACH MEMBER IN TURN AS THEY VOTE.

BIKER #1
 AYE.

BIKER #2
 AYE.

BIKER #3
 NO.

BIKER #4
 {PAUSE} NO

STEEL
 AYE.

GHOST WITH A BANG ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS STICK..

GHOST
 Ok so be it...Meeting adjourned.

The gang members get up and go to leave the meeting room.

GHOST {CONT'D}
 Steel!!!

Steel stops and turns towards Ghost. Ghost leans forward with his head still raised slightly, his voice deeper as he clinches his teeth...

GHOST {CONT'D}
 Make sure Mr Barrett knows the consequences for failure... I don't want to be embarrassed again understood? {sinister}

STEEL
 Yeah...understood, leave it to me.

Steel walks out of the meeting room into a bar area, where the music is even louder.

A hardcore band is playing intensely.

FLASH SHOTS OF THE BAND MEMBERS PLAYING AND SWEATING PROFUSELY

Steel walks past the band playing on a small stage. A few members of the club look at Steel but he says nothing, his face looking stern and focused.

The camera is rolling back with him as he moves through the building and out into a courtyard where the party is continuing with other members as seen earlier.

He approaches a bike, jumps on, and speeds off.

CUT TO

LONG/CLOSE SHOTS WITH AERIAL DRONE SHOT OF STEEL ON HIS BIKE SPEEDING ALONG A MAIN ROAD AND THROUGH SOME STREETS AT NIGHT. {MUSIC OVERDUB}

CUT TO:

EXT: JB'S HOUSE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

Steels bike rolls onto a wide and extravagant looking driveway in front of a large bungalow fronted with exotic trees and coloured decorative lighting.

He pulls up and dismounts the bike before taking off his helmet and wanders off round the side of the building.

Camera follows Steel down a side path his big boots crunching on the gravel below him. He steps into the rear garden and heads towards a well lit building with more tropical plants and banana trees.

We see JB sitting in a hot tub smoking a cigar in front of a small enclosed bar.

JB

Well well well...Mr Steel, what a surprise.

Steel steps up onto the decking and nods towards JB's mini bar.

JB {CONT'D}

Yeah, yeah help yourself, join me for a drink.

Steel grabs a beer out of the mini bar and plonks himself onto a bar stool before taking a swig of the beer.

JB {CONT'D}

Well?

STEEL

The club have given the go ahead for you to handle the transport.

JB has the look of glee on his face before sucking on his cigar.

JB {CONT'D}

Good man, alright we're on then, I'll get it sorted.

BEFORE THEY CAN CONTINUE THE CAMERA PANS ROUND TO SEE A TALL LADY WITH LONG DARK HAIR HOLDING A GLASS OF DRINK AND WEARING A SILKY SILVER ROBE STEPPING UP ONTO THE DECKING.

CONTINUED

MRS BARRETT

Oh its you with that fucking bike!
{attitude}

JB and Steel just look at each other.

JB

This gentleman is a business
associate love.

MRS BARRETT

What?...looks like something out of
bloody Easy rider to me, and what
are the neighbours gonna say with
that thing rolling up outside at
this time of night?

JB

(attitude)

Fuck the neighbours, this is
business!

Mrs Barrett gives JB a cold stare.

STEEL

I'll go.

With that Steel gets up and wonders off across the garden
and disappears out of sight.

JB

C'mon don't you worry love, sit
yourself in ere.

Mrs Barrett slowly steps into the hot tub with JB handing
him a drink and looking at him with raised eyebrows.

JB JUST HAS A DEVIOUS LITTLE SNIGGER.

LATER

EXT: STREET - NIGHT.

Frank jumps out of a cab and staggers along a dimly lit
street carrying a takeaway bag as he fumbles in his pocket
for some keys.

He approaches a run down semi-detached house in a
cul-de-sac, he walks past a motorbike and rubbish of all
sorts strewn across the front of the house.

INT: HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

Frank clumsily falls through the door, and enters the front
room where we see an old man asleep in an armchair in front
of the TV.

FRANK.

Dad?

CONTINUED

FRANKS DAD WAKES UP WITH A START!

FRANKS DAD

Oh ello son, I wasn't asleep, I was
just resting my eyes for a minute.
{Yorkshire accent}

FRANK

Yeah sure you were {raised
eyebrows}

FRANK {CONT'D}

Anyway, ere...I got you some chips
with curry sauce.

FRANKS DAD

Oh good lad, lovely.

Frank drops the takeaway bag on a little table next to his
Dad then turns and heads towards some stairs.
He stumbles and falls against the wall where pictures hang.

He knocks one off in his drunken stupor, he grabs it, then
pauses just staring at the picture for a moment.

CLOSE UP OFF FRANKS FINGER RUNNING AROUND THE FRAME.

We see its a family picture of him with a woman and a young
boy?

FRANKS DAD {O.S}

Frank...frank lad get me a plate
will thee.

FRANK

Pfft.

With that he chucks the picture aside and heads into the
kitchen to grab a plate from a very untidy and squalid
looking kitchen, he proceeds back into the front room to his
dad.

FRANK

Jesus, dad you smell like a bloody
polecat.

FRANKS DAD

You smell like a bloody drunk.

FRANK

I just had a few beers and a curry
with mates.

FRANKS DAD

No wonder Sheryl buggered off.

CONTINUED

FRANK

Oh don't start this shit now dad.

FRANKS DAD

That's what you were always doing,
working all the time then off to
the pub...but no time with your
family!

FRANK

Bollocks dad I ain't doing this
now.

FRANK TURNS AND STORMS OFF UPSTAIRS.

We see Frank barge into his room and flop himself onto his
bed, then he reaches for his mobile phone.

SCREEN SHOT OF FRANKS PHONE TO YVONNE... WE SEE HIM TEXT A
MESSAGE.

{Babe are you still up? I want you xxx}

Frank pauses for a second before going to his cd player to
put on some music.

Frank goes over to the window and opens it. He then pulls a
cigarette from his pocket and lights up puffing smoke out of
the window while staring into the night deep in thought.

Frank then looks at his phone again. He dials a number?

FRANK

(on the phone)

Baby... What are doing?

YVONNE {V.O}

Frank what is it...jesus its bloody
half eleven, {frustrated}

FRANK

I just missed you babe that's all,
I wanted a chat.

YVONNE {V.O}

About what Frank?

FRANK

I need to get help for the old man,
and to get out of here babe.

YVONNE {V.O}

Frank I'm up at 5.30 in the
morning, {pause} your up early too
so get some sleep, we'll talk about
it later.

CONTINUED

FRANK

Alright, I'll see ya tomorrow yeah?

YVONNE {V.O}

Goodnight {softly}

Frank flops back onto his bed puffing his cigarette chucking the last bit of it out of the window, he looks sombre as the music plays on for a moment, until we see Franks eyes wearily closing as he drifts off.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

INT: FRANKS HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS.

Frank wakes with a start...he looks at his watch wearily and rolls out of bed {he realises he is late}

FRANK

Shit! Shit!

He goes to take a piss before having a quick wash, his hair is stuck up and messy as he looks in the mirror.

FRANK

URRGH.

Frank starts to stagger down the stairs, as he does he pauses for a moment and grimacing while doing a long lingering fart.

FRANK

PHVVVVFTPT.

As Frank walks into the sitting room he stops suddenly...

WE SEE HIS DAD LYING ON THE FLOOR?

FRANK

Dad... Oh Jesus, Dad!

Frank rolls his Dad over trying to revive him, his Dad comes round wearily, seemingly very out of it.

Frank in a panic runs to the kitchen for a glass of water and hurries back to his Dad now propped up against an armchair. He makes his Dad sip the water then pats himself down looking for his phone. He can't find it? Off he runs again upstairs, as we see Franks Dad faintly coming round for a moment. Frank appears again, on the phone this time.

CONTINUED

FRANK

Hello? Yeah emergency services...
 My Dad has collapsed, he's 93 and
 type two diabetic. {pause} yeah he
 has insulin, but I don't think he's
 taken it?...{pause} ok..ok.
 yeah its Mr Moran, I'm his son
 Frank {pause} yeah 145 Shelford
 close...Ok great Thanks.

Frank throws the phone down and jumps up to a sideboard where he rummages through some drawers, and pulls out a pack of syringes and medication. He hastily gets an insulin shot together and gives his dad a shot in the leg.

Frank then sits back on the floor exhaling with relief as his Dad starts to come round a little.

FRANK

Oh christ Dad why do you do this?
 look I gotta get ready to go to
 work, a medic will be here in a bit
 alright.

Franks Dad looks at him and acknowledges Frank with a nod, saying nothing.

FRANK PAUSES TO JUST LOOK AT HIS DAD FOR MOMENT.

FRANK

Dad, I can't go on like this...its
 doing my head in. We're gonna need
 more help here to look after you
 when I'm not about.

FRANK HOLDS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS AND THEN STARTS SLAPPING HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD WITH FRUSTRATION AND ANGST.

He hears something outside, he looks through the window of the sitting room. Frank races to the front door, he opens it and we see a couple of paramedics walking towards him.

PARAMEDIC

Hello Sir, in here is he?

FRANK

Yeah, yeah in the sitting room
 fellas.

PARAMEDIC

MR MORAN? How we doing today?

2ND PARAMEDIC

(looking towards Frank)
 Has he had any insulin?

FRANK

Er yeah, yeah he has..just a minute
 ago.

CONTINUED

Franks Dad looks up at the paramedics helplessly.

Frank watches for a bit as the paramedics check him over before hoisting him up onto a wheelchair.

PARAMEDIC

Ok sir we'll take it from here.

FRANK

Ok thanks guys.

Frank goes to give his dad a re-assuring pat on the head before he is wheeled away.

FRANK

I'll check on ya later Dad.

FRANK STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE LOOKING EMOTIONAL.

EXT: FRANKS HOUSE - DAY.

We see the paramedics loading up Franks Dad into an ambulance before driving away. Frank looking helpless scratching his head before turning to shut the door and jump into his car.

CUT TO:

EXT: HAULAGE YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Frank rolls into the yard but in his car? we see Rusty already there standing in front of his truck having a fag.

Frank gets out of his car and heads towards Rusty with haste.

FRANK

Mate... My Dad's taken a tumble at home, I need to sort some stuff out and check on him today so I gotta give it a miss.

RUSTY

Oh mate has he? Is he Ok?

FRANK

Yeah, yeah medic's have got him now, but I'm worried, {pause} I ain't gonna get a driver for the truck at this late notice now either...shit!

Rusty just nods his head over towards one of the new trucks that's parked by the office where a new driver is looking over it?

CONTINUED

RUSTY

I think JB has got it covered mate.

Frank glances across the yard.

FRANK.

What's all this? Oh I don't need this shit today.

RUSTY

New boy...name is Tony I think
{pause} he's a bloody agency
driver mate, JB's idea for his own
trucks!

FRANK.

Fuck me ...really, this ain't good!

They walk towards the office, then at that moment JB walks out and directs his look at Franks car.

JB

You ain't gonna load much in that bloody thing.

A FLASH SHOT OF FRANKS CAR.{FORD CAPRI}

Stan and a couple of other drivers walk up.

JB hastily hands out instructions.

FRANK.

JB I've got some issue's at home mate, I'll try and muck in with some loads later.

JB

Oh don't you worry son I've got it covered.{sarcastic}

JB {CONT'D}

Ok lads one of you take Tony here along with you and do muck-away down at the new building site, the other side of the estate!

RUSTY

I'll take him, come on follow me mate.

Frank looking unimpressed but too overwhelmed with the events of the morning says nothing.

JB quickly heads back into the office.

Rusty turns to Frank.

CONTINUED

RUSTY

Don't worry about it mate, I'll
speak to ya later. Go on get
yourself off.

Frank just nods his head a little bemused and walks to his
car.

He jumps in and speeds off with a cloud of dust.

RUSTY AND TONY WALKING TOGETHER ALONG THE YARD.

TONY

Alright mate, I am pretty new to
tipper work, how long you lads been
doing this then?

RUSTY

Too fuckin long! {sharply}
look just follow me and do what I
do, and I will show you where to
go.

Tony following and looking at Rusty eagerly, before getting
into their cabs.

Rusty a bit subdued starts up the truck and heads out of the
yard. We see Tony following in one of the new trucks.

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

We hear the news over the radio commenting on a planned
blockade by hauliers at Dover Port and various fuel
terminals.

V.O.R

{archive news footage}

EXT/INT: FRANK - HOSPITAL - DAY.

Frank is leaning over a hospital reception desk talking to a nurse behind the desk.

FRANK.

Is he ok? Can I see him?

RECEPTIONIST

A consultant will be along to see you in a moment Mr Moran.

Frank slowly wanders over to a seated area looking at his watch when...

A hospital member of staff approaches.

CONSULTANT

(calling out)

Mr Frank Moran?

FRANK.

Yeah that's me.

CONSULTANT

Ah yes your father is suffering quite bad with dehydration... He's ok at the moment, but he is on a drip and needs to stay with us and rest for a while, do you live with him?

FRANK.

(looking awkward)

ER...Yeah, I found him this morning on the floor, but he was alright last night, I bought him some dinner and then went to bed, I thought he was fine!

CONSULTANT

(suspicious)

Mmm, well you need to watch his diet Mr Moran, and check he takes his insulin, Ok

FRANK.

Yes Doc, Ok Thank you Doc.

Frank walks off back down the corridor.

EXT: BUILDING SITE - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Rusty is approaching the site as he notices Steels black Volvo, as he moves further into the yard we see Steel with a couple of other members of the bike gang and some Eastern European looking lads getting out of a minibus?

CAMERA SHOTS ACROSS THE YARD AT THE GROUP OF LADS LOOKING A BIT CONFUSED AND TAKING INSTRUCTIONS FROM STEEL AND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SITE FOREMAN?

RUSTY
WTF is he up to?
{murmuring to himself}

As Rusty and Tony line up to the machine on the pile, he gets out for a stretch but still looking across at Steel. Steel catches his glance and pauses for a second before walking away to his truck, Rusty goes towards Tonys cab.

RUSTY {CONT'D}
Look Tony after this load lets take a break, I'm knackered today and bloody starving already, and I know a great burger bar we can stop at.

TONY
Yeah sure, Ok..{eagerly}

Rusty walks to his truck and jumps in looking back across the site with great interest?

As Rusty heads to the site exit, Steel is heading the opposite way straight across the site towards where Tony is loading. Steel stops, gets out and opens his tailgate and dumps a load of crushed concrete right in front of Tonys truck?

Steel looks back with a devious smirk as he lowers his tipper body and heads off out of the yard.

TONY LOOKS WITH ASTONISHMENT AND SUPPRISE.

TONY
(wimpish manner)
Rusty?

EXT: LAYBY - BURGER VAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

At the Burger Babes catering van...We see Frank pull up in his car... Sandra notices him first.

SANDRA

Oh look out here comes trouble.

Yvonne looks with raised eyebrows, as Frank walks up to the counter, what he doesn't notice straight away and what we see standing at the counter is a very tall and broad figure wearing a leopard spot dress and a brown fur trimmed wrap, holding a drink with a fag in the other hand?

FRANK.

Oh christ babe...

Frank glances to his right at the figure pausing for a second...slightly confused.

FRANK.

The old man collapsed, he's in hospital.

Jump cuts of Frank, Yvonne, Sandra & Transexual.

Sandra smirking as she is looking down at the hot griddle cooking, Yvonne mouth open aghast and looking at Frank and Transexual.

Frank looks across again at Transexual....

TRANSEXUAL

(very deep husky voice)

Alright mate.

Frank looking the transexual up and down.

FRANK.

Given the current circumstances mate no!

TRANSEXUAL

What's up haven't you seen a six foot half cast Transexual with a dodgy hip before?

FRANK.

Er...no.

Yvonne with a hand over her mouth covering up her laughter

FRANK {CONT'D}

(serious)

Yvonne... Ffs, the old boy could of croaked?

CONTINUED

YVONNE

{humorously}
Sorry Frank, its just your face.

FRANK.

Oh fuck it give me a coffee to go I
gotta get the truck and go back to
work.

Frank grabs a cup of the counter and heads off glancing at
the Transexual as he does.

TRANSEXUAL

Good luck mate, be lucky.

FRANK.

Yeah whatever.

TRANSEXUAL

(calling at Frank down
the layby)

Don't knock it till ya tried it!

The girls now laughing...

YVONNE

Oh god I know that was awful but
his face was so funny... {directing
her look at Transexual}you'll go to
hell you will.

TRANSEXUAL

Ah well at least it'll be bloody
warmer than ere... Anyway he needs
to lighten up a bit, stressy
bugger, is he yours?

YVONNE

Mmm sort of, unfortunately.

Their attention is suddenly drawn to a thunderous sound and
banging noise, as we see Rusty bouncing his truck over the
layby kerb. Closely followed by Tony.

YVONNE

Ah and here is the the other half
of the double act. hold the fort
Sandra {whispering} I have to visit
the wee tree?

Rusty jumps out of his cab, as Tony shouts over to him.

TONY

Mate, I need to sweep out the back,
You got a broom or something?

Rustys attention being drawn elsewhere initially, looking
across at Yvonne messing about outside the burger van.

CONTINUED

RUSTY

Yeah, yeah ere take this old broom
and I'll get you a tea.

TONY

Ok cheers mate.

Rusty still constantly looking over at Yvonne, he sees her suddenly skip over to the tree lined field backing the layby. Rusty looks on inquisitively before slowly creeping into the field, hunched over and silently stalking like a wild predator. He heads over to where we see Yvonne rustling through some bushes before settling herself against a small tree where she pulls her knickers down from under her pinny to have a piss! Rusty now looks on infatuated as he closes in on her private moment, his eyes dilated with excitement!

Yvonne looks up sighing with relief when suddenly...

Rusty jumps at Yvonne from behind grabbing her with the small tree trunk between them.

YVONNE

Whooaaaa! What the fuck!

Yvonne in a panicked state tries to pull away from Rusty. But he clasps her tightly and whispering into her ear...

RUSTY

I wanna eat you out like a hungry
dog!

For a moment Yvonne seems a little aroused and stimulated by the sudden amorous attack by Rusty...But suddenly she breaks free from Rusty's grasp, flustered and hyperventilating.

YVONNE

What fuck are you doing? you
fucking sex pest?

Rusty falls back laughing and looking very pleased with himself, when suddenly in the background...

TONY {O.S}

AAAAARGHH...FUUUCK!

CUT TO:

EXT: TONYS TRUCK - LAYBY - DAY.

Tony is perched in the corner of his tipper body grasping his left leg grimacing with pain! we see blood and what appears to be the old wooden broom handle stuck in his groin.

MEANWHILE.

Rusty and Yvonne run back towards the layby and Tony's truck, Rusty leaps up onto the body of the truck to see what's happened to Tony.

RUSTY
What the fuck have you done son?

TONY {O.S}
I think I need help!

TONY SLOWLY PULLS A BROOM HANDLE OUT OF HIS GROIN.

RUSTY
Urghh... Oh jesus {pause}ok lets
try to get you outta here.

Rusty shouts to Yvonne to get help from a couple of other customers that are hanging about.

RUSTY
Yvonne grab some help he's got
himself impaled with the bloody
broom handle!

YVONNE
Oh christ!

Yvonne runs towards a couple of lads to come and help, then turns to Sandra...

YVONNE
Sandra phone an Ambulance quick!

EXT: LAYBY - FLASH CUTS BETWEEN YVONNE SANDRA AND CUSTOMERS
- CONTINUOUS.

Sandra grappling with a mobile phone and Yvonne running back towards Tony's truck with a couple of other lads in pursuit. Transexual is hobbling along from side to side struggling but with concern as to what's happened.

Rusty pokes his head over the top of the tipper body, Tony writhing on the floor of his tipper still shouting out with pain...

RUSTY
I got an idea {pause}

RUSTY CLAMBERING OUT OF THE BODY AND LOOKING BACK IN AT TONY...

RUSTY {CONT'D)
I'll open the tailgate, I'm gonna
tip the body up slowly and slide
him out the back, he can't pull
himself out.

CONTINUED

YVONNE

Oh Jesus Rusty, are you sure?

Rusty jumps down and pauses for a moment when he catches the glance of the Transexual, he then turns to jump into Tony's cab. Rusty fires up the truck and engages the PTO to tip the body.

EXT/INT TRUCK - CROSS CUTS OF TONY IN THE BACK AND RUSTY IN THE CAB - CONTINUOUS.

As the body of the truck slowly raises Tony nervously slips down the tipper bed.

One of the layby customers tries to prop up the tailgate as Tony slowly slips closer to the rear of the body.

CUSTOMER

Ok mate that'll do it! {directed at Rusty}

TRANSEXUAL

Come on then mate nearly there, we got ya.

We see Tony being helped by Yvonne and the Transexual out of the back of the truck body, Tonys look of fear and astonishment directed at the Transexual!

TONY

AAH, FUCKING HELL...
FUCKING HELL. {Nervously}

Rusty looking back from the cab..

RUSTY

OK YEAH?

Rusty then gets out of the cab and runs back towards Tony and the others.

RUSTY

Mate that was a hell of a start for you today.

Tony looking at Rusty and then sharply to the Transexual sweating and breathless. Yvonne holding her hand over her mouth trying not to be sick at the sight of the blood from the injury to Tony.

Rusty grabs the phone off Yvonne to make a call?

INT: TRANSPORT OFFICE - HAULAGE COMPANY - DAY.

Kirsty picking up the phone...pause before the look on her face changes and turns to JB's office?

CONTINUED

KIRSTY
 (calling out)
 JB... Its Rusty, there has been an
 accident!

JB punches the extension button on his desk phone.

JB
 What's happened? {pause} Fuck sake,
 get him off to hospital, you were
 supposed to be watching him Rusty!

CUT TO

EXT/INT: LAYBY - OFFICE - DAY.

RUSTY
 {holding the phone} JB I can't baby
 sit him all the time, I just went
 to get a cuppa tea {stressed}

JB
 Get back here as soon as you can I
 wanna know everything that
 happened.

Rusty hangs up and looks worryingly across at Yvonne and her
 customers helping Tony and comforting him.

MEANWHILE

INT: TRANSPORT OFFICE - DAY.

JB sits back in his chair as the camera pans across the
 office and Steel is sitting in the corner having a smoke.

STEEL
 We gotta a big haul coming
 across... We need a driver for this
 rig? {pause}

JB
 Yeah and I know just the man?
 {thoughtfully}

STEEL
 Rusty? {pause with a glare}
 The trailer has gotta be dropped
 off just outside Dover tomorrow!
 But I have it on good authority
 that TRANSACTION are planning a go
 slow outside of Dover Port, if we
 time it right it could be good
 cover, that's where you come in.

CONTINUED

JB gets up and looks out of the office window while lighting up a cigar.

JB

I'll sort it later when he comes in.

STEEL GETS UP AND LEAVES.

INT/EXT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Frank sat in his cab is rubbing his belly and looking a little rough, he decides he needs to swing over and try to relieve himself. We see him park his truck on a verge on a quiet single carriageway road, he hastily gets down from his cab and climbs up into the body of the truck. He then quickly scurries up into the corner of the tipper body pulls down his jeans, and perches himself against the body where he starts to take a dump!

As he does, we hear what sounds like a large commercial engine approaching? We then see a large double decker bus coming down the road!

CUT TO:

Double decker passes Franks truck as we see an old lady looking out from the upper deck window, her mouth opening in disgust and aghast at what she has just witnessed!

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM INSIDE THE BUS AT FRANK SQUATTING DOWN IN THE TRUCK BODY AND WAVING AT THE OLD LADY LOOKING VERY AWKWARD, BUT UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING!

FRANK

Oh for fuck sake!!!

He eventually stands tugging his jeans up, and clambers over the side of the tipper body but misses the step on the way down and falls to the floor.

FRANK

(angry)

Ah...fuck sticks mutha's cunt!

Frank drags himself up but starts kicking the tyres with anger before staggering back to the cab.

looking a little disheveled he grabs the radio in the cab.

FRANK.

Hey hey Rusty man, you there mate?
Come back.

CONTINUED

RUSTY {V.O}
 Recieving Frank, fuck me mate you
 wont believe whats just happened,
 over.

FRANK.
 What, what?

CUT TO:

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK - DAY.

RUSTY
 Tonys fucked up already, its chaos
 on the layby and I gotta go back to
 see JB now...
 Mate, look I'll tell ya more later,
 We still on for that get together
 with the girls later? Over.

FRANK.{V.O}
 Yeah, yeah for sure mate, over.

RUSTY
 Sweet, I'll pick you up, catch ya
 later. over.

CUT BACK TO :

INT: FRANKS TRUCK - DAY.

FRANK
 Ok nice one mate,its been a shitter
 of a day - over.

EXT: FRANK AND STEELS TRUCKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Frank drives off down the lane and joins another road as we
 see a frontal view of him seemingly driving quite casually
 when suddenly Steels black Volvo appears from behind him.

Steel goes for an overtake...

FRANK
 Ah no you don't you fucker!

A sudden burst of sound as the engines of both trucks
 accelerate hard.

CUT TO

An upward view of Franks Scania front grill showing a Cindy
 type doll head and torso but altered to look like a Goth,
 her hair flicking about in the wind.

CONTINUED

FLASH CUTS

STEELS TRUCK

STEELS TRUCK AT FULL SPEED TRYING TO PASS FRANK...

FLASH SHOTS FROM FRONT TO REAR OF BOTH TRUCKS

STEEL

CROSS CUTS OF STEEL SLAMMING THE GEAR DOWN AND STAMPING ON THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL.

Steel shouting as he thrashes the truck in low gear...

STEEL
(yelling)
COME ON!!!

MID SHOT OF BOTH TRUCKS NAVIGATING A SWEEPING BEND

FRANKS TRUCK

Rear view mirror shot looking at the black Volvo truck of Steel closing in... And a close up of Franks face now wired with adrenalin.

FLASH SHOTS OF FRANK CHANGING GEAR AND SLAMMING HIS BOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL.

CUT TO

CAMPER VAN

A camper van ambling along the road ahead of the two trucks.

LONG SHOT

The two lorries closing in fast... drone shot! As they pass under the aerial camera.

FRANKS TRUCK

SCREENSHOT LOOKING UP THE ROAD FAST APPROACHING THE CAMPER.

As the two trucks are upon the camper, Frank suddenly peels off into a layby for an undertake, as Steel goes for the overtake.

Franks truck then peels out of the layby in front of the camper... The black Volvo of Steel almost along side in the outside lane, the two trucks just touch as they come together again.

Close shot between the two trucks as we see some mirror casing smash and fly towards the camera swirling in the vortex between the vehicles.

CONTINUED

Steel veers of onto the offside verge slightly sending dust and debris flying up into the air whirling round in the wind.

CUT TO

CAR & CARAVAN

Suddenly we see a car and caravan approaching in the opposite lane!

As the car gets closer...

CLOSE SCREENSHOT

CAR DRIVER

JESUS... Bloody hell fire!{shocked}

The approaching car flashes its lights in a panic at the oncoming trucks!

STEELS TRUCK

A view of the oncoming car from the cab.

A close up of Steels stoney face gripping his teeth.

Steel suddenly hits the brakes hard assisted by the air parking brake which sends his Volvo into a sideward skid with a huge cloud of smoke from the rear tyres and just moving out of the way of the car and caravan.

STEEL

Aaaarrghh...Bastard!!!

CUT TO :

FRANKS TRUCK

Mid shot of franks truck whooshing by.

FRANK

(yelling)

Fuck yeah!!fuuuck yeah.

{nervous hysterical laughter}

REAR VIEW OF FRANKS TRUCK GOING DOWN THE ROAD AWAY FROM THE CAMERA.

CUT BACK TO

STEEL

Steel getting out of his cab and going to inspect the rear of the truck by the axles.

CONTINUED

Steel turns and looks down the road before leaning forward and coughing up some dusty phlegm and spitting it out onto the road, he pulls off his shades, his face seething with anger as he crushes his glasses in his hand and throws them down the road.

Steel goes to alight the cab once more and takes off dropping the clutch sharply, momentarily spinning the drivetrain wheels as heads off down the road.

FADE OUT

EXT: HAULAGE YARD - DAY.

Rusty rolls into the yard, and gets out of the cab as he heads towards the office.

INT: TRANSPORT OFFICE - DAY.

Rusty walks in a bit sheepishly...

JB

Ah...sit down Rusty {pause} you got a class 1 license haven't ya?

RUSTY

Err...yeah, but I ain't driven an artic in years JB.

JB

Don't matter cock, I know its Saturday tomorrow but how about doing a special job in the morning?

RUSTY

I'm listening. {intrigued}

JB

I have a special tractor unit with large belly tanks, Just pop over on the ferry and shoot down the corridor to fuel up. If fuel runs out here we got a reserve, there is gonna be more protests and blockades at the refinery's as you probably know by now? ...Oh, and collect a trailer for me outside Calais on your way back too, you can get some cheap beer and fags while you're at it, all you gotta do is bring it back on the next ferry and take it further up the road to a local destination and drop it ok.

Rusty still looking a bit wary but stays interested.

CONTINUED

JB {CONT'D}

I tell ya what... There's 250 quid
in it far ya, hows that for a
bonus, and if we run out of fuel
here you can have some offloaded
from the rig for yourself.

RUSTY

Alight then, sweet.

JB

Nice one, I will message ya later.
and take it easy on the sauce
later, don't get too pissed
alright!

RUSTY

No worries..

Rusty gets up and turns to leave the office, he walks out
smiling at Kirsty as he leaves.

MEANWHILE

EXT: BURGER VAN - LAYBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Yvonne is cleaning up outside her burger van getting ready
to pack up. Her mobile rings as an old van rolls up along
side her.

Yvonne

Yes...{sharply}

FRANKS VOICE

Still up for tonight babe?

YVONNE

Yeesss, I already told you earlier.
I've got to go someones just turned
up. See you later.

A chap with little silver glasses on and combed over wispy
grey hair is in the driving seat of the van, with a funny
looking woman with goofy teeth sat next to him in the cab?

YVONNE

Hiya hun, I haven't got much left
I'm afraid...I'm just packing up
for the day.

VAN DRIVER

Hello my love, oh that doesn't
matter, would you be so kind as to
put this poster up on your wagon?

The gent in the van hands over the poster to Yvonne.

She opens it to have a look...

CONTINUED

CLOSE UP SHOT YVONNE OPENING THE POSTER TO REVEAL...

It says FETISH EXHIBITION At the Mereworth town hall.

YVONNE

Fetish Exhibition??? {with
surprise}

VAN DRIVER

Yeeeeaaaas!

YVONNE

Oo, err... Like with whips, chains
and bondage and shit?

VAN DRIVER

Yeeeeaaaas!

YVONNE

Um Ok hun no problem.

VAN DRIVER

Do you want to have a look at some
of the stuff? I have it in the
back.

YVONNE

Er...ok go on then.{intrigued}

CUT TO:

Yvonne follows the gent round to the back of the van, the
driver opens the door to reveal a selection of contraptions
and sex toys!

YVONNE

Erm! haven't you got a nice
collection. {nervously}

VAN DRIVER

Oh this is only a small part of it

Yvonne just stands looking aghast with her mouth open for a
few seconds, she points to an object in the back of the van?

YVONNE

huh, WHATS THAT? {intrigued}

VAN DRIVER

Oh that's the rack?

YVONNE

Er... And whats that? {pointing up
to the side of the van.

CONTINUED

SHOT OF A TYPE OF STRAP ON BUT WITH REIGNS COMING OFF IT?

VAN DRIVER

Ah... that's known as the 5 gates
of hell!{with pride}

A SHOT FROM INSIDE THE VAN TOWARDS YVONNE AND VAN DRIVER.

YVONNE

Oo...and what have you got in that
box?

VAN DRIVER

Oh that's just my lunch love.

With that the gent van driver closes the door on the camera.

Van driver walks away...

VAN DRIVER{CON'T}

Ok must dash, maybe you would like
to come to our after show party?

YVONNE

Er... I'm very busy at weekends
hun...functions and the like, you
know? but thank you and good luck
with it. {nervously}

VAN DRIVER

Ok my sweet, thank you.

YVONNE

Bye. {nervous hysterical laughter}

Yvonne turns with raised eyes, as she anxiously walks off.

YVONNE

Bloody people! {to herself}

EXT: RUSTYS JEEP - ROAD - DUSK.

Rusty rolls up to Franks house in an old Willys jeep and
beeps the horn outside.

Frank appears with a smile on his face, and runs to jump
into the Jeep.

FRANK

You still got this old piece of
shit.

RUSTY

Its a war time classic mate...you'd
rather walk?

CONTINUED

With that they speed off...

A LONG SCENE OF THE GUYS DRIVING AND LAUGHING AS THEY TRAVEL ALONG COUNTRY ROADS WITH THE EVENING SUNSET IN THE BACKGROUND. {MUSIC OVERDUB} APPROXIMATELY 2 MINUTES.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE HOGS HEAD PUB - EVENING - CONTINUOUS.

Rusty and Frank roll up outside the pub, when Rusty turns to Frank on a serious note.

RUSTY

Mate, do me a favour, cover a few loads for me tomorrow will ya, I gotta do a special job for JB.

FRANK

Special job?

RUSTY

I'm going over the water for him, load up with as much fuel as I can carry, then pick up a trailer near Calais and straight back.

FRANK

Oh really? {pause} But I was thinking of joining the TRANSACTION group tomorrow mate, they are planning to do a go slow down the M20 to the docks?

RUSTY

Yeah I know its a bit suspect but he's paying a bloody good bonus to do it, so I'm not asking any questions, and we'll be OK for fuel if these protests continue.

FRANK

Ok... Whatever mate, its up to you {bemused}

RUSTY

look...Beers on me, ok, come on.

FRANK

Ok lets Fuckin go...

CUT TO

INT: THE HOGS HEAD PUB - EVENING - CONTINUOUS.

We follow Frank and Rusty entering the pub saying hello and waving at people as they enter. They approach the bar... Monty and Stan are already there chatting with a few other lads. They greet each other with affectionate insults...

Note

{looking for spontaneous banter and ad libs between characters in this scene}

STAN

Ah Rusty, Frank...this is Joe and Sam, these boys are involved with the TRANSACTION group planning the go slow in Dover Tomorrow!

JOE

Alright fellas, yeah we need as many vehicles as we can get together for tomorrow so it'd be great if you lot could join us?

STAN

(directed at Frank & Rusty)

What do ya reckon lads, we need to do this , livelihoods are at stake here.

RUSTY

(awkward)

Er yeah... I can catch you boys later hopefully, I have to go over the water for a quick job early in the morning?

FRANK

Ah fuck it I'M in...

RUSTY

Ok keep me in the loop yeah.

With that remark Rusty hastily orders some beers at the bar, with the look of discomfort on his face.

Frank looks at Rusty with concern...

CUT TO

BIKERS

We then see 2 bikers enter the pub, they are both large guys with loads of tattoos and are very similar in appearance? They both stand at the end of the bar near the door. Monty notices the bikers, then glances across at Frank and co.

CONTINUED

MONTY

Ere, you invite the blue Oyster club performers then? {humorously}

The lads all look across as they get a glare back from the bikers.

RUSTY

Oh jesus sake...don't stare at em lads.

FRANK

Why?

RUSTY

Look... I know of these two, they are brothers right, but they're more like double trouble from Hell, you see that patch on the bottom of their waistcoats yeah?

The lads look across puzzled

RUSTY {CONT'D}

Prospects... That means they will do anything to prove themselves to get full honouree membership into club, or rather the Spirits of the road {firmly}

STAN

Fuck'em...Spirits of road my arse, who gives a shit, no match for 8 wheels of rollin thunder aye Frank.

As Stan raises his pint glass, Frank hesitantly chinks his glass against Stan's and the others while laughing together.

Rusty does not...instead he looks and stares across the bar concerned.

Suddenly... Yvonne and Sandra enter the bar, both looking glamorous and smart, Yvonne wearing tight ski pants.

SLOW MOTION SCENE WITH MUSIC OVERDUB YVONNE AND SANDRA.

The girls walk past the 2 bikers, as one of them turns to Yvonne.

BIKER #1

Alrite Luv, I see you've got your mumbles on tonight then?

The girls stop and turn to each other looking confused?

YVONNE

What?

CONTINUED

The biker looking down at Yvonne's crotch...

BIKER #1

Yeah, you can see the lips move,
but you can't hear what the cunts
saying!

They both fall about laughing, as the girls tut and move
along shaking their heads in disgust!

Yvonne and Sandra approach Frank and mates, Frank looks
across at the bikers, his eyes already squinting and showing
signs of rage.

FRANK

What did those cock ends say to
you?

YVONNE

Oh nothing Frank, it doesn't
matter!

RUSTY

Ey, leave it now, come on lets get
the girls a drink eh.

YVONNE

Oh yeah we've deserved this, can't
believe how well this week has
gone.

SANDRA

Yeah and we have only just
started... Can I just have a
Martini and lemonade Rusty?

RUSTY

Absolutely my love, anything for
you. Yvonne...what about you
darlin?

YVONNE

Oh a white wine spritzer for me
please Rusty.

Frank is still looking over Yvonne's shoulder at the bikers
chuckling and muttering to themselves.

YVONNE

Frank...fucking forget it will you!
{sternly}

FRANK

Alright...alright!

Then at that moment JB walks in closely followed by Kirsty,
prancing along flicking her long mane of hair from side to
side.

CONTINUED

MONTY

Fuck me, look who just walked in...

STAN

Eh, Titsalina bumsquash innit?

RUSTY

Who?

The other guys start laughing.

FRANK

TITSALINA BUMSQUASH!!! Where the fuck did you get that from?

STAN

Oh the panto ya know?

FRANK

Anyway, what the fuck is he doing here? And with her?

YVONNE

Well...that's probably down to me, he stopped by the other day for a coffee and I told him we were having a little celebratory drink here tonight, I didn't think he'd come though?

FRANK

Oh fuck this!

SANDRA

He's coming over!

JB rocks up ruffling his jacket with a body language as if he is preparing for a speech or something?

JB

Hello fellas, ladies, that's quite a thing you got going on there with that food wagon!

YVONNE

Thanks, yeah I am really excited about it.

JB

Can I get anyone a drink?

RUSTY

No we're good thanks JB.

Kirsty just stands by JB grinning.

CONTINUED

There is a small uncomfortable silence as JB orders at the bar. He then turns to Frank and Rusty.

JB

A moment aside here lads if you would.

They all step aside, Frank looking confused?

JB

Right fellas, look! as you know I have invested in some of my own trucks, I also wanna try agency drivers as a trial...

RUSTY

{interrupting} yeah well that went well today didn't it! {sarcasm} don't think you'll be seeing Tony for a while.

JB

Yeah Ok that wasn't part of the plan but come on fellas give me a break.

FRANK

Oh is that why we've been waiting nearly 60 days for invoices to be paid rather than the usual 30 then? To help you pay towards these new fucking trucks?

RUSTY

Yeah, hold on Frank, {looking and pointing at JB} what about our work load and the bonuses for extra loads above the quota?

JB

Look...before you get the arse boys, your bonus agreement won't be affected, I am just streamlining the company ok... It is more cost effective to have these trucks and my own drivers.

FRANK

And less contractors!

RUSTY

So we're down the road then?

JB

No...I didn't say that, depending on the work load it will be as and when required.

CONTINUED

FRANK

OH FOR FUCK SAKE! What a crock of
shit! {frustrated}

JB

It is what it is fellas ok, I have
a business to run, and I gotta go
with the times, and they too are
changing, so get used to it!

JB walks away, Rusty and Frank are seething!

Yvonne walks over concerned.

YVONNE

What was all that about?

Frank walks off {moody}

RUSTY

That weren't good.

YVONNE

What...what?

RUSTY

Looks like the Gaffer has got plans
to move things on with his
business, and it don't include us!

Frank walking towards the door one biker is standing in the
way making himself very wide, Frank comes right up behind
him.

FRANK

(LOUDLY) MOVE!!!

The shout is so loud it makes a woman near the bar flinch.

BIKER #2

Oo someones fucking tired!
{sarcastic}

Biker 1# turns and squares up to Frank.

Frank rear's his head back to give the biker an almighty
head butt that sends his head flying back into the door
frame, his nose exploding with blood as he falls to the
floor like a sack of spuds!

There's a stunned silence for a second as the second biker
grabs a stool and swings it at Frank, Frank storms out the
door as the stool just misses his head and smashes on the
door frame.

Stan and Monty race over towards the bikers as the one on
the floor picks himself up, this time biker #2 has ripped off
a huge belt with buckles and various metal work attached to
it and starts swinging it defiantly in front of Stan and
Monty

CONTINUED

They both stop on the spot cautious of the swinging belt in their faces.

BIKER #2
(yelling furiously)
COME ON THEN... You think I'm a fag
do ya!

At that moment the landlady of the pub appears with an outburst.

LANDLADY
OI... Get outta my pub.
{aggressively} you're barred, now
fuck off, go on.

Biker 1# swipes the blood on his mouth and grabs his brothers arm to leave.

BIKER #1
(menacingly)
You lot are fucked

MONTY
Fuck off you pair of greasy shite
rats.{aggressive}

Biker #1 spits blood at Stan and Monty as they turn to leave the pub.

Rusty is just behind Stan and Monty trying to calm the situation.

RUSTY
Oh For fuck sake this ain't gonna
be good, I told you, ya can't fuck
about with this lot and not expect
repercussions...
Ok come on lads lets not have the
evening spoilt for the girls
eh...{nervously}

The lads slowly back off, as we see Yvonne and Sandra just holding each other.

A SHOT OF JB LOOKING WITH RAISED EYEBROWS BEFORE GLANCING AT HIS WATCH THEN TURNS TO LEAVE THROUGH THE BACK EXIT OF THE PUB.

RUSTY
I'll go and see if Franks ok.

As Rusty heads outside he is passed in the entrance by a 1950's style Elvis look alike.

AARON
Alright mate.

CONTINUED

RUSTY

Alright mate, A bit of Rock'n'Roll
tonight then?

AARON

Yes sir.

EXT: PUB - NIGHT.

Rusty walking outside into the car park, sees Frank just outside leaning against the Jeep having a smoke, and we see two bikes roaring off down the road.

RUSTY

Fuck me mate your nothing but
surprises lately ain't ya...

FRANK

Yeah well I just started
again.{pause}
What's happening mate? There's a
lot of tension all of a sudden,
know what I mean. {pause}
Yvonne is snapping at me all the
time...that other Bastard in there
is pissing me off, and that other
sadistic bastard is trying to kill
me on the road!

RUSTY

Yeah I know mate we're just trying
to earn a crust, although I feel
I'm scratching around in the dirt
lately.

FRANK

We're just on a fuckin hamster
wheel ain't we?

RUSTY

Job's fucked now mate, why do you
think I want out.{pause}
C'mon, buy you another pint, live
music in a minute.

Both the guys get up and walk back into the pub, the camera follows them in, as we hear music start up.

INT: PUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT.

We see Aaron the Rock'n'Roll singer on the small riser already sweating in his 60's Elvis style suit, Rusty singing along to an old tune and turning to Frank trying make him feel better.

CONTINUED

The camera slowly passes a couple of the young lads looking nervous as Frank walks menacingly through the pub. The camera pans across to where we see Monty chatting up the Transexual, then Yvonne, Sandra and Kirsty staring sternly at Frank very unimpressed, we turn to Frank again at the bar looking round him as Rusty orders a pint.

CUT TO

ARRON

Aaron shifting into the crowd while he is singing, and heads towards a table of woman, Aaron then suddenly climbs up and spreads himself across the table stretching out suggestively, messing about and laughing, a woman also laughing, another holding her hand against her mouth in shock as Aaron continues singing and making suggestive gestures at one of the woman with a big grin on his face.

Rusty and Frank look at each other, Frank raises his eyebrows as he sinks his pint.

FRANK

Do you seriously like this old stuff?

RUSTY

Can't beat a bit of Rock'n Roll old son.

SCENE CONTINUES FOR A WHILE UNTIL THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS OUT FROM THE PUB.

FADE OUT

EXT: SCRAP YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

STEEL WALKING ALONG A DIRTY OIL SOAKED YARD COVERED IN CAR BITS AND SCRAP METAL.

GROUND SHOT OF HIS BOOTS AS THE CAMERA PANS UP TO SEE HIM STARING ACROSS THE YARD...

CUT TO :

JB

JB pulling up in his Range Rover. We see JB get out as Steel approaches him.

JB

Fuck me it got a bit hairy at the pub earlier.

STEEL

What you mean?

JB

Frank and his chums, with a couple of your lot.

Steel pauses with a glare of disapproval

STEEL

Wtf {murmuring}

JB

Yeah, but let me deal with them ok... {pause }where's Kryton?

STEEL

Over by the weighbridge I think? I heard sumfin over there anyway.

Both men start strolling through the yard

CROSS CUTS OF THE GUYS WALKING CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE STACKS OF WRECKED CARS AND SCRAP METAL UNTIL...

CUT TO

EASTERN EUROPEANS

Midshot of a bunch of Eastern European fellas looking mean and moody leaning against a sleek Black Mercedes.

KRYTON

Hey, boys! Where is my fucking cargo? You going to deliver this time?...{accent}

CONTINUED

STEEL

Yeah, yeah you know the risks
Kryton.

JB

Alright fellas, don't worry about
it, I'm handling the transport now.

KRYTON

Who the fuck are you? Are we
getting our delivery tomorrow?
{sternly}

JB

Yeah, relax, all is good. Its
happening tomorrow.

KRYTON

(firmly)

No shit this time, this is
vulnerable cargo, not like before
ok.

Steel steps forward with a long glare and goes to slowly
undo his leather jacket to reveal a very large dagger!
One of the Eastern European gang moves, looking uneasy.

STEEL

(sinister)

Now listen you fuckin Slovak cunt,
if we say its good, its good!
You need to remember, you need us
more than we need you, so get off
my fuckin case, unless of course
you wanna make something of it?

KRYTON

Ok ok...the drop had better be done
tomorrow, or we business no more!

STEEL

yeah whatever.

KRYTON

Oh, and I am from Transylvania you
you stupid dip shit!

With that remark the gang hastily jump into the Mercedes and
take off out of the yard, Steel slowly backs up and turns to
JB with a look of awkward embarrassment on his face.
They then walk back into the darkness of the yard.

FADE OUT

MEANWHILE

INT: THE HOGS HEAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

Aaron The Rock'n'Roll singer is on stage as he finishes up a song.

AARON

Ok lovely people I'm gonna take a
break, back soon...
everybody say YES SIR!{SHOUTING}

CROWD

YES SIR! {shouting and laughing}

FRANK

Oh fuck this.{turning to Rusty}
lets have a laugh?

Frank turns to the barmaid...

FRANK

Ere Shaz, put my favourite song on
will ya, it should be by the CD
player?

The barmaid Shaz looks with a smile and turns to put on a CD.

Frank turns at the bar with a devilish grin.

Next thing we hear this funny oldie sort of ancient mariner style tune with whistling...

Note

{its the Sex Pistols version of the song Friggin in the Riggin}

Frank joins in with the intro lyrics as he slowly walks towards the stage but looking back at Rusty with hand suggestions to join him. Rusty just shaking his head but smiling.

A couple of the other lads Sid and Monty are their and jump up to start joining in.

CROWD

Friggin in the Riggin
Friggin in The Riggin
Friggin in the Riggin there was
fuck all else to do...

Frank then grabs the mic...

FRANK

Hold on, give it some Bollocks

CROWD

Bollocks, Bollocks!!

AS A POWER CHORD KICK STARTS THE SONG.

We see Timmy Tourettes suddenly run up and join in laughing and jumping up and down wth with elation.

CROWD {SINGALONG}

The second mate was Andy by christ
he had a dandy, till they crushed
his cock on a jagged rock for
cumming in the brandy.

The cabin boy was flipper he was a
fuckin nipper, he stuffed his arse
with broken glass and circumcised
the skipper.

Friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin there was
fuck all else to do...

CUT TO :

EXT: PUB - NIGHT.

SLOW PAN OUT WITH COMMOTION AND SINGING COMING FROM THE PUB.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT/INT: FERRY CROSSING - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

RUSTY IS ONBOARD THE FERRY DRIVERS LOUNGE SCOFFING DOWN A BIG FRIED BREAKFAST

He asks another driver for a light for his cigarette, he then proceeds outside onto the deck for a smoke where we then see a shot of the French coastline. Rusty just has a moment to take in the sight across the channel.

We then hear an announcement over a tannoy for drivers to rejoin their vehicles.

CUT TO :

INT: FREIGHT DECK ON FERRY - DAY.

RUSTY JUMPS INTO THE ARTICULATED TRUCK AND FIRES UP THE MOTOR.

CUT TO :

EXT: CALAIS PORT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS.

We see a white Scania Articulated truck pull out from the bow doors of the ferry, then leaving the port zone onto an industrial area.

Cross cut shots of Marcel Doret industrial zone signs, and a large roundabout with migrant lads hanging around and sitting on the walls huddled up like caged and disturbed animals.

CAB

Rusty looking round nervous and unsure of his unfamiliar surroundings, looking at the signs trying to figure out where he has to go?

RUSTY

Where the fuck? {muttering}

Rusty looks at a map and some instructions on his paperwork.

He turns looking on still...A shot through the screen sees a service station where he pulls in and stops at a fuel pump.

SHOT OF RUSTY WITH A FUEL NOZZLE AND FILLING UP THE TANKS.

LATER

EXT: FRENCH INDUSTRIAL ZONES - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

A few foreign lorry's are parked up in a run down part of Marcel Doret, Suddenly we see a driver waving at Rusty.

CONTINUED

FOREIGN LORRY DRIVER

We see a close up shot of the foriegn lorry driver looking at his watch and stubbing out a cigarette.

Rusty pulls up and gets out of the cab.

He struts up to the other driver, as he gets handed some paperwork.

FORIEGN LORRY DRIVER

You Rusty yes? {east european accent}

RUSTY

Yeah...Is this my trailer for JB's haulage?

FORIEGN LORRY DRIVER

Yes.

Looking at a large green box trailer with a canvas sliding roof he grabs the paperwork.

RUSTY

Is this all cosha for customs yeah?

FORIEGN LORRY DRIVER

Yeah yeah all good, just recycled plastics, drop address is on that paperwork ok?

Rusty cautiously backs up still looking at the semi trailer already detached from the unit as the other driver scuttles off into his cab and drives away.

TRUCK AND TRAILER

Continuous cuts of Rusty backing up and hooking up to the trailer.

We see him getting onto the back of the unit and connecting the air lines and suzie's, he then jumps down looking around rather suspiciously before getting into the cab and driving away himself.

MEANWHILE

EXT: BACK IN THE UK - FARM YARD - CONTINUOUS

Yvonne is preparing her burger van for the days trading. We see her filling up the water butt for the tea urn, as a van turns up? An older fella gets out and grabs a tray of bakery supplies from the back of the van when suddenly we see Frank rock up in his old Ford Capri...He stumbles out of the car and heads over towards Yvonne.

CONTINUED

YVONNE

You working today after that
skinfull you had last night?

FRANK

Naa, I thought I'd join the fella's
for the protest in Dover this
morning.

YVONNE

Where's Rusty?

FRANK

Rusty is doing a special job over
the water. {Pause} PHWAR my liver is
hanging out of my arsehole!

YVONNE

Jesus christ Frank, what's wrong
with you! Don't think for one
minute you impressed me last night
because you certainly did not
{firmly}

The baker then walks over with trays in hand.

BAKER

(comically)

Morning... {pause} your baps are
looking good today luv!

FRANK

You what mate?... Oh funny aren't
ya! {attitude}

YVONNE

Oh for Christ sake Frank go to
bloody work, I am sick of your
bullshit, {annoyed}

FRANK

What?... {pause} ok fuck it I'll see
ya later.

YVONNE

No you bloody won't Frank, now
bugger off. {angry}

With that remark, Frank storms off back to his car and
speeds away in a screech of tyres and smoke.

EXT: FERRY - DOVER/HARBOUR - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Rusty on the ferry deck looking over the side down at the murky waters of Dover Eastern harbour.

LONG SHOTS OF THE WHITE CLIFFS AND DOVER CASTLE.

CUT TO

The articulated truck Rusty is driving dissembarrks from the stern of the ferry in Dover. We see the truck drive up the ramp to a flyover on the port and passing through immigration before the customs shed where Rusty is waved on.

The rig heads out from the Eastern docks at Dover and runs straight into a huge amount of slow traffic.

MID SHOTS OF FRANK DRIVING SLOWLY AMONGST OTHER VARIOUS LORRIES ADORNED WITH BANNERS AND SLOGANS OF PROTEST.

The lorries approach a few police vehicles parked on a roundabout.

JOE

Joe grabs the radio in his cab...

JOE

Ok fella's old bill is up ahead,
keep movin together at atleast
15mph.

MONTYS CAB

MONTY

(humourously)
Yeah, todays pigs, tomorrows bacon.

FRANK

Frank grabs his phone.

FRANK

Hey, how ya doin?

CUT TO

RUSTY

Yeah, just coming off the ferry,
but I can't bloody move along here,
is this you lot causing all this
shit?

FRANK{V.O}

Mate you should be part of this not
on your own selfish crusade.

CONTINUED

RUSTY

Oh dont bust my balls now Frank, I don't need it, I told you I didn't want part of this.

FRANK {V.O}

Ok look I am gonna split soon anyway, I'm gonna see Yvonne at the wagon, catch you there if you get a chance.

RUSTY

Yeah ok.

DOVER /INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Before long Rusty turns off into an old run down industrial part of town.

SHOTS OF SQUALID ESTATES WITH PEOPLE JUST HANGING AROUND SMOKING AND DRINKING, WITH OLD DIRTY CARS PART STRIPPED ON THE ROAD, WE ALSO SEE PARTLY DEMOLISHED BUILDINGS AND OLD SHOP FRONTS BOARDED UP EVERYWHERE.

A shot of Rusty looking ahead out through the cab windscreen.

CAB VIEW OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE STEEL STANDING BY HIS PICK UP TRUCK WAITING.

RUSTY

OH WTF is he doing here?

Rusty in the Artic pulls up alongside the road and gets out.

Steel approaches Rusty and hands him an envelope?

STEEL

Nice one mate...your done, drop it here and get on your way.

RUSTY

Yeah, that's it?

Steel climbs the head of the trailer to the top where there is a small platform , and proceeds to undo the canvas cover?

Rusty pauses for a minute and looking at Steel at the top of the trailer, before going to wind down the trailer legs.

STEEL

STEEL STANDING AT THE TOP OF THE TRAILER LOOKING DOWN INTO IT?

An aerial view of the lorry trailer, where we see 12 or more migrants huddled up in a hollow section surrounded by bales of plastic. One guy climbs up anxiously, as Steel waves the others up.

CONTINUED

STEEL

Come on, get out.

RUSTY

Rusty is winding down the trailer landing legs, as he turns to see a Kosovan looking lad standing and staring at him.

RUSTY

Who the fuck are you?

Then another migrant appears wrapped in a small blanket, followed by another that scuttles off at the site of Rusty.

Steel appears climbing down from the bulkhead of the trailer, ushering the immigrants to disperse into the estate.

RUSTY

(furious anger)

YOU CUNT! You stiffed me right up!
I should of known this job was
moody...FUCK!!

STEEL

Oh shut up, what did you think you
were doing for that kind a money.

RUSTY

I could get knicked for this...you
fucker!

Steel squares up to Rustys face...

STEEL

Pull the pin and fuck off!
{menacingly}

Rusty pauses in disbelief before turning and yanking on the trailer pin to release the unit, he then heads off towards the cab, he jumps in and slams the door hard. Then starts to drive away.

INT: RUSTY - TRUCK - DAY.

Rusty drives off aggressively his face bitter and twisted At what he has just witnessed.

RUSTY

{to himself} you fuckin mug!...
fuck, fuck, fuck.

Rusty grabs a mobile phone?

CONTINUED

INT: FRANKS CAB - DAY.

PHONE RINGING?

Frank grabs his phone off the dash.

FRANK

Hello? {pause} oh what! Your
shittin me... Ok look meet me at
the burger wagon I'm nearly done
here anyway.

MEANWHILE

EXT: INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY.

Steel on the phone.

STEEL

Alright, job is good, eggs hatched
and flown.

CUT TO

INT: JB'S OFFICE - DAY.

JB

Ok nice one, how was our driver?

BACK TO

STEEL

Oh yeah chuffed to fuckin
bits.{sarcastically}

BACK TO

JB

Alright I'll keep an eye on him,
He needs me more than i need him
right. {sniggering} Ok lets meet
back ere!

STEEL {V.O}

Yeah on my way.

EXT: LAYBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Rusty arrives on the opposite layby to the Yvonne's burger van. He jumps out of the cab and hurries across the road where we see Yvonne and Frank already standing together.

RUSTY

Mate, they stitched me up...they
fuckin stitched me right up.{pause}

Rusty shaking his head with his hands over face.

RUSTY {CONT'D}

I can't believe I was so stupid,
bloody Steel was at the drop point
waiting...next thing he's on top of
the trailer letting out a load of
fuckin migrants. I knew he was a
fuckin criminal, but JB involved
too, Jesus Frank what the Fuck?

Yvonne just gawping silently with her mouth open in
dissbelief.

FRANK

Mate, should of known they was up
to something really, what did you
expect paying you that sort of
money, it was always gonna be
dodgy, could of been worse, I
thought it was drugs or
summink.{matter of fact}

RUSTY

Frank!! I could still get put away
for this shit mate what's wrong
with you?

Yvonne and Sandra look at each other with concern.

FRANK

Anyway your the one always telling
us not to get involved with Steel
and stay away from him.

RUSTY

Oh fuck off Frank!

With that remark Rusty turns and runs back across the road to the truck. he jumps in slamming the door and drives off out of the layby aggressively. Suddenly he pulls straight out in front of a car forcing it to swerve out into the road, and into an oncoming lorry! The lorry coming in the opposite direction takes evasive action and swings across to the left over the small kerb of the layby and crashing straight into the tow vehicle for the burger van thrusting the van itself back with a sharp jolt, sending Yvonne flying out of the back door and Sandra crashing over inside.

CONTINUED

We see a lorry stuffed into an eatate car that is completely stoved in with the burger van still attached but sat up cocked at an angle.

Frank is standing motionless with dissbelief looking up and down the layby, with an air of silence.

INT: RUSTYS TRUCK- MAIN ROAD-DAY.

Rusty looks into his off side mirror to realise the carnage he has just caused, but in a blind panic and the look of hyteria in his eyes he carries on going Cursing to himself.

BACK TO

EXT: LAYBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

We see Yvonne picking herself up of the collapsed table she fell onto, as Frank comes running over to her.

FRANK

Babe, babe... Are you Ok? Jesus Christ.

YVONNE

Wtf!

Frank helping Yvonne up then looking down the road trying to understand what happened.

Other customers come running over to their aid as the traffic comes to a stand still, and an unearthly silence falls upon the road and layby.

YVONNE

Sandra! Are you Ok darlin?{emotional}

SANDRA

Yeah I think so...what the bloody hell was that?

Frank and Yvonne both then stop looking in disbelief at the damage to her car and trailer.

FRANK

(shouting)

Rusty,that bloody idiot, he caused this.

YVONNE

Your both as bad as each other, the pair of you are howling mad shit heads!! {with anger}

CONTINUED

Frank goes to try and comfort Yvonne.

YVONNE {CON'T}
Get of me Frank, just FUCK OFF WILL
YOU! {furious anger}

Frank stands with the look of dejection on his face before storming back to his truck, he jumps in and hastily tries to exit the layby, in his frustration he bumps the truck over the kerb sounding his horn at the traffic to get out of the way.

EXT: HAULAGE YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Steel and JB are standing together smoking a cigar in the yard when suddenly Rusty comes tearing in with the lorry unit and drives right up to them both.

JB
Oh shit this don't look good?

JB chucks his cigar on to the floor and heads to his car.

Rusty jumps out of the cab in a rage as he heads towards JB clambering to get into his Range Rover.

RUSTY
(shouting)
YOU FUCKIN HAIRY FAT PIG, HAVE YOU
GOT ANY IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENED COS OF
THIS?

Rusty goes to grab the Range Rover door as JB starts to move off in an urgency. Steel also then begins to slope off. JB flies of towards the gate of the Yard in a ploom of dust when all of a sudden Frank shows up right at the entrance in his truck.

FLASH SHOTS OF FRANK, RUSTY & JB'S FACE

JB pauses before slamming the Range Rover into reverse.

JB
Oh Ffs not you as well.

What he doesn't notice is that Rusty is running after him and as JB reverses quite aggressively he ploughs right into Rusty knocking him to the ground.

FRANK

Frank sees the horror unfold as Rusty rolls around semi conscious on the dusty ground, Frank stops in his truck beside him, and jumps out kneeling at his side, blood now coming from Rustys mouth?

KIRSTY appears from the office.

CONTINUED

KIRSTY
Oh god what's happened?

FRANK
RUSTY! {YELLING} you bloody idiot.
{emotionally}

Frank looks up at Kirsty.

FRANK {CONT'D}
Kirsty go back inside Luv Ok...
Phone the ol'Bill, ambulance,
ANYBODY! {SHOUTING}

RUSTY
(straining)
Frank...Stop the twats, get'em.

FRANK
Yeah...yeah I will.

RUSTY
I'm sorry mate...is Yvonne Ok?
{wearily}

FRANK
Yeah...{pause} she's ok.

Frank unsure what to do stares at Rusty stroking his head as Rusty gives a faint laugh...

RUSTY
Fuckin HELLDRIVERS mate.
{wearily}

Bewildered, Frank looks up towards the large tip that joins the yard where we see JB speeding off behind Steel.

EXT: OLD COLLIERY SPOIL TIP - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

The spoil tip is a very large unearthly looking site that is dark grey and volcanic in appearance, with just a few sparse and spindly looking trees, Where once a large coal mine used to stand. Steel is pounding his pick up truck over the flint like surface on the tip looking around him anxiously as if to find a way out somewhere? We see the track split into two ways as JB takes one way and Steel takes another.

MID SHOTS OF STEELS PICK UP TRUCK RACING ALONG A FLAT SURFACE OF THE TIP WITH A DARK GREY DUST TRAILING HIM

low slung shots of the wheels, and a top view over the cab showing a long shot of the tip landscape.

Steel turns into a track with banks either side lined with a ditch running parallel, He drives round a corner when suddenly...

CUT TO

FRANKS TRUCK

Franks Tipper is approaching in the opposite direction.

A CAB VIEW FROM FRANK LOOKING AHEAD TOWARDS STEELS PICK UP ONCOMING.

GROUND LEVEL SHOT OF STEELS PICK UP BRAKING HARD AND STOPPING.

Frank also stops for a moment as they pause and stare at each other in a sort of stand off!

CROSS CUTS OF EACH VEHICLE WITH CLOSE UP SCREEN SHOTS OF THE DRIVERS.

STEEL

STEEL

Haha...come on then twat, you haven't got the bollocks.

With that remark he stamps on the accelerator and steams towards Franks truck?

FRANK

Franks truck with a snort of diesel fumes from the stack then also starts to head towards Steel, his eyes stern and focused dead ahead.

DRONE AERIAL SHOT OF THE 2 VEHICLES CLOSING IN ON EACH OTHER.

CLOSE SHOT OF FRANKS TRUCK, GROUND LEVEL SHOWING WHEELS.

FLASH SHOTS OF BOTH VEHICLE FRONTS.

THEN...

STEEL

AAAAAAAAAAAAARRGH!

Steel with a defiant roar, swerves last second to avoid the 20 tonne tipper truck, but gets side swiped by the tipper flipping over his pick up and sending it careering into the mucky ditch where it rolls over partly onto its roof.

Frank stops for a moment and opens his driver door to look back at the wreck in the ditch.

We see Steels pick up lying in the ditch smouldering with one of the front wheels still spinning, but there is no sign of Steel?

Frank remorseful just slams the door shut and carries on up the track deeper into the tip.

BACK TO

STEELS PICKUP

A close up of the vehicle cab and steels hand sticking out of the wreckage on the ground showing his skull rings.

Suddenly his hand flinches?

MEANWHILE

JB

JB is driving round the perimeter of the huge spoil tip.

He suddenly stops and gets out looking down at the steep banking, there is an excavator and a bulldozer nearby, and it seems like he is looking for a crossing or a slope down to a wooded area that is no longer there?

JB

Ahh bloody hell where is it? What have they done to it?

JB paces about a bit before turning to look up the hill, and pauses as he suddenly notices...

CUT TO

FRANK

Frank is there watching him at the top in his truck.

JB starts shouting and waving his hands at him.

JB

You pratt! Your fuckin done!
{shouting}

FRANK

No, your done you bastard.
{to himself}

Frank then starts rolling down the hill towards him.

We see a close up of Frank, his eyes absolutely zeroing in on JB with a sort of out of body experience look on his face.

CLOSE EXTERIOR SHOTS OF FRANKS TRUCK GRILL, AND ROOFLINE VIEW WITH JB IN OUR SIGHTS.

JB

Oh what are you doing you tosser?

As Frank builds up speed and gets ever closer, JB then jumps back into the Range Rover and accelerates hard, but the ground is softer where the machines have been tracking.

The 4x4 struggles with the terrain. He switches to reverse gear looking behind him as he does.

JB starts to have the look of sheer panic in his face as Frank is upon him.

Franks Truck rams the front of the Range Rover pushing it hard towards the edge of the tip.

Frank looking down at JB remorseless as he is doing it.

CROSS CUTS OF FRANKS TRUCK AND THE RANGE ROVER.

JB tries to crank the Range Rover sharp left to turn out of the shoving motion from Franks truck, but Frank is on him again this time in a T-bone as he pushes him close to the edge of the tip.

JB {CONT'D}
YOU FUCKER...YOUR FINISHED!
{yelling in terror}

Then in a moment... the Range Rover is falling off the edge of the tip, careering down the steep incline where it suddenly flips over backwards and rolls, before settling on its side at the bottom of the bank.

ELEVATED LONG SHOT OF THE RANGE ROVER FALLING DOWN.

CLOSE UP END SHOT OF IT COMING TO REST AT THE BOTTOM.

CUT TO

FRANK

Frank hysterically banging on the steering wheel in the truck and yelling.

FRANK
YEAAAAAAAAAH...FUCK YOU!! YOU PIECE
OF SHIT...FUCK YOU!! {EXHILARATED}

After Frank had seemingly been overcome with rage, he suddenly stops and sits calmly for a minute before slowly getting out of the cab.

Frank walks to the edge of the tip looking down at the mangled Range Rover.

The Range Rover sitting very still with a light cloud of dust still circling it, and a deathly calm descends on the site, no sign of any movement from JB?

Frank looks to the sky as he exhales, he turns slowly when suddenly his eyes widen with horror...

CONTINUED

Steel is running up towards him swinging a huge chrome side guard from his pick up truck...

STEEL
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh....

Frank rears back and just manages to avoid getting cracked round the head as Steel impales the metal chrome guard into the grill of Frank's truck. pressurised steam from the hot water is released from the damaged cooling system that makes Steel wince slightly as Frank kicks Steel in the stomach, but Steel enraged comes back again and forces the chrome guard round to lock Frank against the front of the truck. Pushing and squeezing the guard against Frank's throat, Steel yelling with fury and spitting blood from his injury sustained from the pick up truck crash...

STEEL
(YELLING)
You fucker, I'll kill you...

Frank now straining and in agony as the hot steam from the cooling system is burning the one side of his face and neck. But then, in a moment, we hear a vehicle approaching?

CUT TO

JEEP - STAN & KIRSTY

Rusty's old green Jeep appears with Stan and Kirsty onboard. They pull up aggressively as they both jump out yelling...

Stan is holding a huge vintage shotgun and directs it at Steel.

STAN
That's enough you bastard, now
leave it!

Steel directs his stare at Stan and Kirsty as he stands now breathing heavily and exhausted. Kirsty stands nervously shaking with adrenalin. Stan focused and poised with the shotgun.

STEEL
Fuck off mate, this isn't your
fight.

STAN
You just made it my fight now
fuckin let him go.

With that remark Frank brakes loose of Steel pinning him down, and manages to knee Steel in the groin and punch his face. Steel staggers backwards toward the edge of the quarry,

Now very weary he directs his look at Stan once more.

CONTINUED

STEEL

You ain't got the bollocks to pull
that trigger you fuckin nonce!

CUT TO

CLOSE SHOT - STAN/SHOTGUN

STAN

You gonna try me?

BACK TO

STEEL

Steel goes to creep forward, But loses his balance as suddenly the quarry ledge starts to give way? Steel disappears? Franks truck also starts to slip away in the landslide.

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT - STEEL, FALLING DOWN AND DISAPPEARING.

Frank, Stan and Kirsty jump back for a moment before creeping back towards whats left of the quarry ledge... They peer over to try and look down.

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT - QUARRY BOTTOM - MASS OF DIRT SURROUNDING FRANKS TRUCK, NOSE DIVING INTO THE GROUND.

No sign of Steel?

BACK TO

STAN

C'mon lets get out of here.

Frank, Stan and Kirsty stagger back to the jeep. As they approach the vehicle, camera reveals Rusty lying in the back!

CUT TO

FRANK

CLOSE SHOT OF FRANK, HIS EYES GLAZE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS FRIEND SEEMINGLY OK LYING IN THE JEEP.

FRANK

(emotional)

Mate!!! look like you need a beer?

Stan jumps into the vehicle, starts it up, and drives off. As they drive away we hear...

RUSTY{V.O}
Nevermind that fella, what the fuck
are we gonna tell the insurance?

EXT: ELEVATING SHOT PANNING UP FROM THE SCENE AS THE JEEP
DRIVES AWAY.

THE END