

FANTASY FESTIVAL

Written by
Kat Rollinson

Contact: kat_writes@whataline.com

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - 2017 - AFTERNOON

IAN (17 going on 70, geek without the chic), lays on a single bed on his back, fingers interlocked behind his head.

Ian's face is a picture of disgust.

Rock tunes play in B/G.

SANJAY (O.S.)

Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Ooohhh yeah.

IAN

Can you please stop making sex noises in my bedroom?

SANJAY (18, of Indian descent but third-generation British, full of false bravado) salivates at a computer. On screen is a festival poster from Glastonbury 1987.

The bedroom is tidy and plain, apart from an organized pile of camping gear and a large, half-packed, sensible rucksack.

SANJAY

I'm not hot for you, you prick. I'm hot for the festival. Ooohhh yeah. Check out that line-up.

IAN

It's not our line-up though, is it? That was 30 years ago!

SANJAY

Still, nothing like a bit of classic festival porn to get the juices going. Might as well have staples across the midriff. Mmm.

Ian manages to look even more disgusted.

IAN

Oh mate, you are not wired right. Sooner you get laid, the better.

SANJAY

I got further than you have.

IAN

Still, just coz some poor girl made the mistake of sticking her hand down your pants, doesn't mean you're not still a virgin.

SANJAY

At least I'm making an effort.

IAN

I make more of an effort than you.

SANJAY

Being nice and making an effort are not the same thing. You've gotta actually *do* something, otherwise you'll end up in the friendzone.

Ian winces.

IAN

You're making a big assumption that she'll want to be more than just mates.

SANJAY

And you're making a big assumption that she won't.

Ian sighs. Sanjay's PHONE BUZZES. He checks it, grimaces.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Better go, anyway, mum's on my case. Leave you to pack all the things I'll forget.

IAN

(teasing)

Off to save some lives?

SANJAY

Oh don't. The second I can get out of that shit, I will, but she won't have it. Building life skills, apparently. All we ever get is grazed knees and puking kids.

Sanjay slopes out of the room.

Ian drags himself off the bed, deep in thought, inspects a festival ticket: "IAN WATKINS - GLASTONBURY 2017".

INT. ST JOHN'S AMBULANCE VEHICLE - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Sanjay applies a cold-press to the shin of a kid in a medical vehicle, in his St John's Ambulance uniform.

Another kid groans in B/G.

Sanjay stares out of the back of the vehicle, watching the world pass him by. Sighs and returns his attention to the patient, kind smile painted on.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - 2017 - MORNING

Ian and Sanjay approach the gates, on their way into school.

LIV (17, wallflower with hidden punch) approaches same gates from a different angle, arriving at the same time.

Ian steps back, signals Liv to go first. She half-curtsies, laughs and goes through the gate, Ian then Sanjay following.

LIV
(smiling at Ian)
Ever the gentleman.

IAN
Someone has to be.

LIV
You guys going to Em's party on Saturday?

IAN
Like we would be invited.

SANJAY
Fuck that. We're off to a festival.

LIV
Oh. Just you two?

Ian nods, mouth tight, awkward.

EMILY (17, outwardly bitchy, inwardly despairing), struts over to them, glaring at Liv.

EMILY
What the fuck, Liv. Better not be inviting them to my party.

Emily appraises Ian and Sanjay with disdain.

EMILY (cont'd)
Besides, they'll probably be too busy playing Warcraft or something.

Liv withdraws into herself. Ian looks at his shoes. Sanjay glares back at Emily.

SANJAY
Festival, actually. It'll be way better than what you've got to offer.

EMILY

Ah bless, didn't realize Potter-fest was on this weekend.

Sanjay gives Emily a thunderous look. Emily spins on her heel, stalks back to TYLER (18, arrogant), dragging Liv with her. Liv risks a backward apologetic glance at Ian.

Tyler puts a protective arm around Emily, sneers at Sanjay.

Ian almost says something to Liv, stops himself, bows his head, frustrated.

Sanjay has a fleeting troubled look, the scowl returning as Ian looks up.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - 2017 - LATER

Emily slouches down the corridor. A group of girls glance over at her, whispering to each other.

One of the girls does a slut-drop - dropping to a squat and sliding back up seductively - ensuring Emily can see her.

Emily FLIPS them the finger, ducks into a stairwell. Pounds the wall with a grunt of frustration.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMMON ROOM - 2017 - LATER

Sanjay and Ian slouch on a sofa.

SANJAY

Oh mate, festival birds are notorious.

Ian looks disgusted. In B/G, Liv glances towards them.

SANJAY (cont'd)

What? You won't be complaining when one of them's hanging off your cock.

Ian's shocked and revolted face says otherwise.

IAN

If that's seriously how your mind works, then you are screwed.

SANJAY

If only, eh?

Ian gives Sanjay a withering look. Undeterred, Sanjay fishes around in his rucksack. In B/G, Liv glances away.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Won't be needing this, then.

Sanjay extracts a tube of lubricant from his rucksack.

Mortified, Ian tries to shove it back in the bag before anyone can see it, but it hangs out, lid slightly loose.

IAN
And you wonder why no-one invites us
to parties.

Ian bustles off, Sanjay trails him. Lube tube falls out of the bag, unnoticed.

Ian sits at a study desk, Sanjay takes the one next to him.

SANJAY
Oh come on, what's got you all salty?
Worried you'll be drinking Coke all
weekend?

IAN
Well, whilst you've been busy buying
unnecessary supplies, I've been
making myself useful.

Ian pulls out a FAKE ID card - a good copy, but no official hologram.

Sanjay grabs the card and inspects it, with a smug air.

SANJAY
Worth a try, I suppose.

Sanjay chucks the FAKE ID back at Ian, slides a REAL provisional driving license out of his own wallet, flicks it through his fingers, admiring it.

IAN
At least I can *actually* drive.

This wipes the smug smile off Sanjay's face.

SANJAY
Guess we're stuck with each other,
then.

The boys laugh at themselves.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Liv and Emily amble across the school grounds towards the gate. Liv spies Ian and Sanjay ahead, picks up her pace.

Emily hangs back.

EMILY

See you later then, yeah.

Liv turns to see that Emily is no longer at her side.

LIV

Come on, Em. What've you got against them, anyway?

EMILY

Other than Sanjay being a misogynistic arsehole?

LIV

He's alright, he just needs to grow up a bit.

EMILY

There's enough of those wankers around here without him making it worse.

LIV

At least Ian's not like that.

EMILY

He's mates with a misogynistic arsehole, which at the very least makes him a bad judge of character.

LIV

If you could just back off for five minutes, you'd see that Ian doesn't take any of Sanjay's bullshit.

EMILY

You can take the chance if you like. No way I'm coming with you.

LIV

But you'll take a chance on Tyler?

EMILY

At least Tyler is taking the trouble to get to know me before he expects anything from me.

Liv sighs and hangs back with Emily.

INT. SANJAY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Sanjay slumps through the front door into a pristine hallway, dumps his rucksack down. Kicks off his trainers, leaving them where they fall.

Sanjay's mum SHASHI (50ish, worry pushes her to be controlling) pops her head round an internal door.

SHASHI
Have you rebooked it yet?

SANJAY
Not now, mum.

SHASHI
Gotta get back on the horse, Sanjay.

SANJAY
After I get back, yeah?

SHASHI
Hmm.

SANJAY
Can I not just have 5 minutes to enjoy myself!

Sanjay sighs and stomps up the stairs.

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - 2017 - DAY

On a quiet suburban street, outside a semi-detached property with a modern exterior, Ian carefully arranges his festival baggage in the boot of a crappy old car.

Sanjay ambles along and dumps his stuff on top.

Ian rolls his eyes and rearranges Sanjay's stuff to fit.

Ian's mum HANNAH (late 40s, clinging onto fun for dear life) watches them, misty-eyed.

HANNAH
I'll try not to get too jealous.

IAN
Whatevs, mum. Aren't you a bit old to be going to festivals still?

HANNAH
Am I dead?

IAN
Clearly not.

HANNAH
Then I'm not too old.

ROB (O.S)
(clearing throat)
Er, we're not.

Ian's dad ROB (late 40s, goes with the flow) slides into view, putting his arm around Hannah.

ROB
The sacrifices you make for your kids, eh?

Rob winks. Hannah chuckles, shaking her head. Ian cringes. Sanjay smirks.

SANJAY
Aw, so cute.

IAN
(sarcastically)
Yes I'm truly blessed to have you as parents.
(to Sanjay)
Let's get out of here.

HANNAH
Not so fast, boys. Promise me - at least one message a day.

IAN
Mum, I'm nearly 18, for God's sake.

SANJAY
If he doesn't message you, Mrs W, I will. Someone has to be the sensible one around here.

Ian gawps at Sanjay's cheek.

IAN
Just get in the car.

Ian sidles into the car.

Sanjay flashes a cheeky grin at Hannah and clambers into the passenger seat. Ian drives down the road at a steady pace.

Hannah's smile turns to a frown as the car turns a corner.

ROB

Worried about what he'll get up to?

HANNAH

Actually, I'm more worried about what he won't get up to. I mean, shouldn't it be us telling him to keep the noise down, not the other way around?

ROB

Speaking of which...

Rob slides his hand down to Hannah's behind. Hannah pulls down a shoulder of her top, reveals an elaborate bra strap.

HANNAH

Way ahead of you, babe.

Rob and Hannah pile into the house, giggling.

EXT. FESTIVAL BAR - 2017 - EVENING

Ian signals BARMAN's attention at a busy bar, standing tall. Ian wears a classic NIRVANA t-shirt.

IAN

Two lagers, please.

Barman glances at the Challenge 25 sign (instructing that under-25s will be asked for ID). Holds his hand out.

Ian clears his throat and extracts the fake ID from his METAL wallet. Blushes as he hands it over.

Barman inspects it. Hands it back with a bored expression.

BARMAN

Let's try that again, shall we?

IAN

(through gritted
teeth)

Two Cokes. Please.

Barman brings the Cokes, Ian pays then slouches back to Sanjay. Sanjay wears a GLASTONBURY 2017 t-shirt.

Sanjay glances at the drinks, rolls around with laughter.

IAN (cont'd)
God, I hate this.

SANJAY
What I heard was - "Sanjay, you're a legend, and I couldn't do this without you".

IAN
Oh, just bugger off and get the beers, will you?

Ian chucks £20 at Sanjay, who heads to the opposite end of the bar.

Ian relocates accordingly, finding a spot to sit as Sanjay returns with the beers.

Ian holds his hand out for Sanjay to pass him a beer.

SANJAY
Got any ID, mate?

Ian glowers, Sanjay cracks up, slopping beer as he hands a cup to Ian, who begrudgingly accepts it.

IAN
Any more of that shit and you'll be walking back from the festival.

SANJAY
You love me, really.

Ian chuckles. Sanjay grins, parks himself next to Ian.

A gaggle of girls pass them, adorned in sequins and designer wellies. Sanjay pulls a face.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Seriously, what is wrong with the world.

Ian looks equally unimpressed.

SANJAY (cont'd)
I mean, it's a bloody festival. I'd've been happier in the days when you had to drink dodgy beer and shit in a hole.

IAN

I wouldn't go that far. I'm quite happy being at a festival that doesn't require you to get a tetanus jab, thanks.

SANJAY

I bet they don't even like the music. It's just insta fodder.

IAN

Their loss.

SANJAY

Still, would rather be here than at that lame party.

IAN

Hmm.

SANJAY

Oh God, you're not gonna spend the whole time moping about Liv are you?

Ian purses his lips.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Good, may as well get some of that sequin action, then.

IAN

Whatever happened to being here for the music?

SANJAY

I see no reason to limit ourselves.

IAN

Other than a lack of willing volunteers?

The boys laugh at themselves.

IAN (cont'd)

Music it is, then. If you could choose any band ever, any set, who would you have on your line-up?

SANJAY

Oooohhh, Fantasy Festivals... You really know how to turn me on. Right...

(MORE)

SANJAY (cont'd)

(thinking)

New Order, Glastonbury 1987 - can you imagine seeing True Faith when it was bleeding-edge? Mmm... Muse, Reading 2006 - classic set, love that album... Jimmy Hendrix, Woodstock - nuff said.

(beat)

Your turn.

IAN

The Kinks, Glasto 1970 - just to say you saw the first ever Glastonbury headliner... Nirvana, Reading 1992 - that'd be lit... Radiohead, here, tomorrow.

SANJAY

Sick, bro.

Ian looks skyward at a large BLACK CLOUD.

IAN

Typical.

SANJAY

Shit. Knew I'd forgotten something.

IAN

Don't tell me you forgot your wellies?

SANJAY

Wellies. Oh yeah, those too. Bugger.

IAN

Let's just head back to the tent for now.

Ian and Sanjay stand, pulling their jumpers on against the incoming stormy wind. There is an ominous rumble of THUNDER.

INT. IAN'S TENT - 2017 - NIGHT

RAIN lashes the sides of a MODERN, CIRCULAR pop-up style tent. Inside, the tent and its occupants are dry.

Ian slides into a modern, MUMMY-SHAPED sleeping bag, huddling away from the tent wall.

IAN

Got lucky, there.

Sanjay zips up his LIGHT-WEIGHT sleeping bag.

SANJAY

Don't stress. It'll be fine by the morning. Who knows, you might even enjoy it if you try hard enough.

IAN

For once, I hope you're right.

Ian turns off a lamp, and the boys snuggle down to sleep.

EXT. IAN'S TENT - 2017 - NIGHT

A STORM RAGES over the camping field. LIGHTNING STRIKES by the entrance of Ian's tent.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - MORNING

Ian and Sanjay sleep in an OLD-STYLE TRIANGLE TENT ("RETRO TENT"), in BULKY sleeping bags.

Ian stirs and stretches, revealing his t-shirt: THE CURE.

Grogginess subsides to realization - he scrutinizes the tent, sleeping bag, clothes. Hyperventilates.

Ian nudges Sanjay, no response. Nudges harder, Sanjay stirs.

IAN

If this is some kind of a joke, it's not fucking funny. Where's our stuff?

Sanjay shakes off his sleep, rubs his eyes. Sits bolt upright.

SANJAY

What the...?

IAN

This wasn't you?

Sanjay glares at Ian. Ian looks around in a panic, eyes darting around. Sanjay gapes.

IAN (cont'd)

We must have been spiked.

Sanjay puts a brave face on, but his posture is tense.

SANJAY

Well my arse doesn't hurt, that's gotta be a good sign.

Ian pats around. Finds a LEATHER wallet. Discards it.

Sanjay finds the same.

IAN

Shit. No phones, no wallet.

SANJAY

You reckon we were mugged?

IAN

Bit elaborate for a mugging, don't you think?

Grimacing, Ian slides out of the sleeping bag.

Sanjay slides out of his sleeping bag, frowning at his NEW ORDER t-shirt.

IAN (cont'd)

Let's just get out of here. We can freak out when we get back to our-

Ian's head slides out of the tent.

IAN (O.S.)

(slowly, shocked)
Holy fucking shit.

Sanjay backs away from the tent door.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian's head pokes out of a retro triangle tent.

The entire field is a sea of RETRO TENTS... SHOCK HORROR!
Ian's petrified face vanishes back into the tent.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian looks at Sanjay with SHEER PANIC.

IAN

(squeaky voice)
I have literally no idea where we are.

Sanjay sticks his head out of the tent, jerks back into the tent, IN SHOCK.

Ian grabs the leather wallet, rummages in it.

Some old British currency from late-1980s and paper driving license for Ian Watkins, DOB 21.09.1969. He gapes at the license.

Sanjay pats around, finds the other wallet, which contains same currency and National Insurance card for Sanjay Manchanda.

They shake with horror.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - MORNING

Ian waits outside "his" tent, the odd person milling around as the field shows signs of life.

Ian wears a "The Smiths" t-shirt, bleached turned-up jeans, cagoule, Doc Marten boots. He cringes at his own appearance.

A few tents away, SUZE (17, bubbly, disarmingly open) loiters outside her tent, wearing a bright yellow raincoat.

She is restless, arms folded.

Ian calls into his tent.

IAN

Sanjay, mate, can't spend all day in there. We've gotta try and work out what the hell is going on.

Suze glances at Ian with a curious frown.

More waiting. Suze calls into her tent.

SUZE

Come on, Fiona, I'm flippin' famished!

Ian slides a glance at Suze as they continue to wait.

Suze looks over at Ian again, Ian looks over at her, she catches his eye. Suze rolls her eyes.

SUZE (cont'd)

Mates, eh. Can't live with 'em, can't party without 'em.

Ian smiles in agreement.

In B/G, KEV (21, in-your-face, Yorkshire scruff-bag who craves company), pauses pitching his tent to observe their exchange, no compunction about being nosy.

FIONA (17, angular in every way) drags herself out of her tent, face like thunder, hair scraped back into a bun.

FIONA

(to Suze)

Ugh. Been trying to do something with this.

She points to her hair, disgusted.

SUZE

Don't worry, we're all in the same boat. The trick is to get so hammered that you couldn't give a crap about your hair.

Ian chuckles, Suze flashes a cheeky smile. Fiona glowers.

Ian looks away, then watches as they pick through the tents.

Sanjay emerges from the tent in light blue jeans, white t-shirt, blue denim jacket and high-tops.

Ian doubles up with laughter.

IAN

Double denim! Someone had it in for you. No wonder you wanted to keep that on the DL!

SANJAY

You can talk, Turn-Ups!

They chuckle together, but as Ian glimpses Sanjay's face, he sees red eyes. Ian has a fleeting look of panic.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - MORNING

Ian and Sanjay approach a small group of girls walking in their direction. Ian signals for their attention.

IAN

Excuse me, ladies.

A bemused look from the girls.

IAN (cont'd)

Where are we, exactly?

FESTIVAL GIRL
 Somebody had a good night.
 (patronizingly)
 Glastonbury.

SANJAY
 Yeah, but when?

FESTIVAL GIRL
 Now you're definitely taking the
 piss.

Unimpressed, the girls stride away from Ian and Sanjay.

IAN
 Let's find the main stage or
 something, there must be a poster
 there.

Ian and Sanjay trudge across the field in tense silence.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - MORNING

Sanjay and Ian wander across the grass, looking around.
 A band plays on stage to a small, chilled-out gathering.
 Sanjay spies a poster, trots over to it.

Poster shows "GLASTONBURY 1987". Sanjay claps a hand to his
 mouth. He and Ian stare in stunned silence.

They wander towards a quiet spot at the back of the field
 and flop onto the grass, pale with fear.

SANJAY
 I'm shook, bro. We gotta get out of
 here.

IAN
 Thanks for stating the bloody
 obvious.

SANJAY
 No, I mean, out of this festival. Try
 and get help.

IAN
 "Here" is the only thing we know
 right now. We've got accommodation
 for the next few days, time to sort
 something out. Once we get "out
 there"...

Ian looks panic-stricken, but regains his composure.

SANJAY

D'you think we should tell the feds?

IAN

"Excuse me, Officer, I appear to be lost in 1987. Can you tell me how to get back to 2017, please?". They'll just think we're off our nuts.

Ian puts an arm around Sanjay - one frightened boy comforting another.

IAN (cont'd)

We'll work it out. Stay up, mate.

Ian manages a weak smile, which Sanjay returns. They contemplate for a few moments. Sanjay puts on a brave face.

SANJAY

Maybe this is actually a good thing. I mean, how many hours have I spent obsessing over this stuff? Maybe I died, and heaven does exist after all.

IAN

Then why would I be here?

SANJAY

Fair point. Or you would have much better tits.

IAN

Maybe we were spiked? This is all a bad trip, and really this is all 2017 stuff that we're seeing as if it were 30 years ago?

SANJAY

I don't think that's how trips work, bro. Maybe we were put here for a reason. Like killing Hitler, or saving John Lennon?

IAN

This is hardly the place to find influential historical figures.

SANJAY

Maybe they're not influential yet. Or maybe if we save someone here, they will save or kill someone important.

IAN

Like the butterfly effect... So we have to try not to screw things up.

Sanjay looks deep in thought for a few moments.

SANJAY

Speaking of screwing, maybe we're here so that you can finally get laid.

IAN

Oh, give it a rest will you. You're one to talk!

SANJAY

Hey, if it comes to it, I'll take one for the team.

Ian gives Sanjay a withering look. They sit in heavy silence.

Sanjay looks around, his eyes settling on a food stall.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Bacon sarnie?

IAN

Yeah. Hangry won't help, huh.

Sanjay ambles towards the food stall, leaving Ian staring at the ground.

IAN (cont'd)

(groans to himself)

What the fuck am I doing here?

SUZE (O.S.)

I've been asking myself the same question.

Ian is startled out of his reverie by Suze, who has appeared to his side, about a meter away.

Ian smiles at her, but can't respond, mouth flapping.

SUZE

This ain't no place for lightweights, and I'm a proper lightweight. Can I let you into a little secret?

Ian looks around, checking that it is definitely him that she is talking to. Nobody else is there.

IAN

I'm always wary when people say that to me.

SUZE

I nearly cried yesterday. When it rained.

Ian flaps on. Suze babbles on.

SUZE (cont'd)

Oh I'm not gonna burst into tears now, or anything. I got over myself. Just had to push through that first day, you know? I wanted to go home, but now, I'm chuffed I'm here. Now that the bands have started, and stuff.

Ian gives a baffled smile.

IAN

I suppose it's not all bad.

SUZE

Exactly. Who's the band you most wanna see today?

Ian flounders.

IAN

Er... New Order?

Suze spies Fiona across the field carrying two drinks, tries to signal her over, Fiona doesn't appear to notice.

Ian tenses up.

SUZE

Oh, I am so amped for that! Guess I might see you there, then. I'll be the one lurking at the back. Can't stand going down the front. Can't dance, can't talk, can't drink. I mean, what's the point?

Ian gives a nervous smile, steeling himself.

IAN

Shouldn't be hard to find you then. I'll look out for the drunken, babbling, dancing girl at the back of the crowd.

Ian cringes, sweating a little.

IAN (cont'd)
 Sorry, was that a bit much? I didn't
 mean to...

SUZE
 (chuckling)
 Don't panic, you were spot on. I'm
 Suze, by the way.

Suze holds out her hand for a kiss, Ian shakes it awkwardly.

IAN
 Ian.

SUZE
 (giggling)
 See ya later then, Ian.

Suze gallops off to Fiona, vanishing into the crowd with a
 cheeky backward glance.

Ian looks bemused as Sanjay returns with the food.

SANJAY
 Pulled already?

IAN
 Well, I'm not... I dunno...

Ian grimaces.

IAN (cont'd)
 ... seems we might both be at the New
 Order set later.

SANJAY
 Told you, bro. Festival birds!

Ian shakes his head, lips pursed, despairing of Sanjay.

SANJAY (cont'd)
 Seriously, though... given that we
 haven't got a clue how to get back,
 might as well enjoy it in the
 meantime, yeah?

IAN
 And how, exactly, do you propose we
 do that?

SANJAY

Says the guy who just swiped right.
Next step: Gotta work out how to get
served. This stupid National
Insurance card doesn't even have a
Date of Birth on it. Bloody useless.

Ian sighs. Sanjay ponders.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian and Sanjay drink Coke as they sit watching a different
band. The crowd has livened up since the previous scene.

Kev squeezes into view. He invades Ian's personal space to
such an extent that Ian RECOILS and moves closer to Sanjay.

KEV

Oh fuck. Lost all me mates. And half
me mind, I reckon.

SANJAY

Hah. We know the feeling.

KEV

Then yous are my kind of people. I'm
Kev.

SANJAY

Sanjay.

Ian appraises Kev. Reluctantly responds.

IAN

Ian.

KEV

Sanjay? Ian?! Is that the best you've
got? From now on, yous are
(indicating Sanjay)
Mary and
(indicating Ian)
Jane.

IAN

Fuck off, Debra.

KEV

Mmmm, Debra. I could get used to
that.

SANJAY

Mary and Jane? I'm guessing you didn't have to stretch too far, there.

KEV

Never leave home without her. Or the tent, for that matter.

Kev retrieves some marijuana and papers from his pocket, and rolls a joint, making no attempt to hide it.

Ian and Sanjay look at each other, quietly horrified. Ian looks around, cringing. Nobody pays them any attention.

Ian relaxes slightly. Sanjay watches Kev with fascination.

Kev sparks up the joint, takes a long drag, hands it to Sanjay. Sanjay shrugs and takes it.

SANJAY

When in Glastonbury.

Sanjay tries to look cool, taking the weakest of puffs.

KEV

Atta boy. Just... don't tickle 'er next time, get right in there.

Sanjay inhales more deeply this time, coughs a little.

Kev holds his hand out and Sanjay passes him the joint. Kev passes it to Ian. Ian backs away, as if it were tainted.

KEV (cont'd)

If you're worried about germs, you're wasting your time - one way or another, you and I will be swapping saliva this weekend. If I haven't had a good old snog with Jane by the end of the festival, I'll be very disappointed.

Ian gapes. Kev collapses into giggles.

KEV (cont'd)

Oh, your face! Relax, you're not my type. 'Ere.

Kev tries to pass Ian the joint. Ian ignores him.

SANJAY

Oh, don't be a pussy, Ian.

KEV
Mary talks a lotta sense.

Kev holds out the joint again. Ian takes a tiny puff, hands it back.

KEV (cont'd)
Hmm. Only a bit of a pussy, then.

Kev takes a few more puffs, puts out the joint, pops it in a battered metal box that he retrieves from his pocket.

KEV (cont'd)
Last one to the bar's a twat.

Kev slopes off towards the bar. Sanjay follows him. Ian hangs back, grabbing Sanjay's arm.

IAN
Can't we just ditch him? He's got "liability" written all over him.

SANJAY
We're the liabilities, remember? We haven't got a clue what's going on around here.

IAN
And you think he has?

SANJAY
Well, I don't see anyone else queuing up for the job. And anyway, maybe *he* can actually get served.

IAN
If this goes wrong, I'm blaming you.

SANJAY
Sure. If you wanna be a pussy about it.

Sanjay bounds off to catch up with Kev, Ian trailing behind.

EXT. FESTIVAL BAR - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Near the bar, Sanjay and Ian huddle and whisper.

IAN
I've got a young face. Too sus.

SANJAY
Well, I don't have ID this time.

Ian scrutinizes the bar area.

IAN
Weird, I can't see any signs.

Kev ambles over. Inserts himself into their huddle.

KEV
Yous two look proper shifty.

SANJAY
(to Kev)
Have you got any ID?

KEV
Don't need it.

IAN
Don't they do Challenge 25 here?

KEV
What the fuck is Challenge 25?

IAN
You know, if you look younger than
25, they'll ask for ID.

Kev chuckles.

KEV
Someone's had you for a right
gullible twat. None of that 'ere.
Just gotta know your Date of Birth.

Kev winks at Ian. Ian stutters, floundering.

KEV (cont'd)
Who brought 'im?

Kev looks pointedly at Sanjay. Sanjay thinks for a second.

SANJAY
23rd of May... 1969?

KEV
Looks like you're It.

Kev claps nervous Sanjay on the back.

KEV (cont'd)
Fear not, Mary. I can 'elp if you get
knocked back. But you won't.

Sanjay gathers courage with each step towards the bar, signals the BARMAID over.

SANJAY
Three lagers please.

Barmaid appraises him, Sanjay holds steady. Barmaid pulls three pints.

BARMAID
Three seventy-five, please, love.

Sanjay does a double-take, then hands over four pound notes. Barmaid shrugs.

BARMAID (cont'd)
Festival prices.

Sanjay gives a sage nod. Barmaid hands him some change.

A Caucasian guy standing next to Sanjay appraises him, judging. Sanjay stares him down. The guy looks away.

Sanjay carries the drinks over to Kev and Ian. Ian gapes.

IAN
Four quid and no ID check? This really is the promised land.

SANJAY
Only if the promised land is full of ignorant wankers. Just coz I've got brown skin, they think I'm not allowed to drink.

KEV
Ignorance is the curse of the ignorant, and the blight of the enlightened.

Ian and Sanjay give Kev a bemused look. Kev shrugs.

SANJAY
Let's raise a toast - to not losing sleep over ignorant wankers.

Sanjay raises his pint, the others join him, and they each take a swig. Sanjay grimaces.

Ian clocks the grimace, chuckles, on the wind-up.

IAN
Careful what you wish for, mate.

SANJAY
Still better than sequin-fest.

KEV
(to himself)
Sequin-fest? How did I miss that?

IAN
(to Sanjay)
Better man up, then.

Sanjay broils. DOWNS the pint. Sways, then SPEWS the pint straight back up.

Ian looks away, disgusted. Kev cracks up. Ian chuckles.

KEV
Mary's first festival chunder. I am honored.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - DAY

Fiona spreads out her coat on the ground and perches on top of it. Suze sits next to her, on bare ground.

Suze spies a drug dealer, selling. Her eyes narrow.

SUZE
I don't even know why they bother.

FIONA
What do you mean?

SUZE
Well, if you wanna get wasted, just have a few more of these.

Suze holds up her drink.

FIONA
I wish I had your naivety.

Suze looks put out by Fiona's throwaway comment.

Oblivious, Fiona appraises the person who bought the drugs.

SUZE
Me, naive?

Fiona returns her attention to Suze.

FIONA
Hmm?

SUZE

I know what it's like to be let down.
You don't even let anyone close
enough to find out.

FIONA

Sorry. You know I didn't mean it like
that. Just... forget it.

(beat)

Saw you talking to that guy, just
now.

SUZE

So you *did* see us?

FIONA

Just trying to look out for you,
babe.

Fiona half-smiles and puts her arm around Suze.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - DAY

SERIES OF IMAGES

Kev, Sanjay and Ian watch a band, supping dodgy beer,
grimacing less than in previous scene.

Kev, Sanjay and Ian down shots, all wincing afterwards.

Kev pulls a crumpled bag out of his pocket, extracts a dried
mushroom, hands it to Sanjay, who contemplates it,
uncertain. Ian takes a few small steps back.

Kev, Sanjay and Ian at a Legalize Weed stall. Sanjay
attempts to sign a petition. Kev is mesmerized by Sanjay's
pen. Earnest Ian chats to the stall-holder.

Kev and Sanjay dance and giggle like loons in front of a
random mouth-organ player. Ian loiters a few paces away.

END SERIES OF IMAGES

EXT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - LATER

Kev, Sanjay and Ian chill out in a quiet spot.

Kev sprawls on his back, out of it. Sanjay hugs his knees.
Ian stares into space, looking troubled.

Kev BUCKS, with vomit at his mouth.

Sanjay LEAPS into action, putting him in the recovery position.

Panic roots Ian to the spot.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - NIGHT

Kev, Ian and Sanjay trudge back to the tents, looking the worse for wear.

IAN

We should get you to A&E, mate.

KEV

Oh don't fuss Jane, it's only a bit of puke.

IAN

A bit of puke that nearly killed you.

KEV

Nearly had a rockstar death, there.

IAN

It's not funny.

Kev bows to Ian.

KEV

I thank you for your concern. If it'll make yous feel better, I'll get me 'ead down for a kip.

IAN

We'll stay here with you.

KEV

I can look after me sen.

SANJAY

(to Ian)

I'll stay. You've got a mission. You'll be bloody useless here, anyway.

Ian shakes his head, eyes boring into Sanjay, tight-lipped.

IAN

New Order, mate. Glastonbury 1987.

Sanjay stays put.

Ian sighs and slouches off on his own. Sun sets in B/G.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "Temptation" by New Order

Ian cranes his head and frowns over a sea of heads at the New Order set.

Smiles as he spies Suze's yellow coat, squeezes towards her and Fiona.

Ian slows down as he approaches Suze, paralyzed by nerves. He looks at the exit, at Suze, at the exit, at Suze.

He takes a deep breath, picks his way over to Suze.

Suze greets him with a huge grin.

SUZE
Just in time for Temptation!

IAN
Perfect timing, indeed.

Ian smiles at Suze, who beams back at him.

Fiona looks wary.

END MUSIC CUE

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "The Perfect Kiss" by New Order

Suze and Ian dance, same spot. They acknowledge a few spots of rain, but shrug it off.

Fiona does her best to ignore them, a few paces away.

Moments later, the HEAVENS OPEN. Suze and Ian look around for shelter, finding none, so they cling to each other.

Ian moves in for a rain-drenched KISS. They are both giddy afterwards.

IAN
I figured it would beat crying.
Marginally.

SUZE
I guess cheesy clichés do beat
crying. Marginally.

IAN
Besides, I could wake up any second.

SUZE
Only, it's not a dream.

IAN
That's what dream you would say.

SUZE
Oh you're full of 'em, aren't ya?

Suze smiles and pulls him in for another kiss.

In B/G Sanjay bounces through the crowds, dancing, eyeing up ladies, rain not dampening his spirit.

Kev is a few paces behind, smiling at Sanjay's excitement.

Sanjay looks delighted when he notices Ian and Suze kissing.

SANJAY
Wa-Hay!

Ian extricates himself from the kiss, awkwardness returning.

Ian glares at Sanjay and Kev, reprimanding them. Kev shrugs.

Sanjay dances towards Fiona.

SANJAY (cont'd)
(indicating the stage)
This is sick! Can you believe these
guys are still around in-

He stops himself. Fiona gives him a derisive look. Sanjay withers.

Kev ambles over to watch the band with Sanjay. Their backs turned, Fiona glances at them, frost melting a tad.

END MUSIC CUE

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - NIGHT

Ian and Suze shuffle out of the New Order set amid a sea of people. Rain has stopped but it is muddy in places.

Ian and Suze pick through mud to a clear bit of path, sappy grins on their faces.

SUZE

You know, that was my best ever kiss
in the rain.

IAN

Hmm. That was my only ever kiss in
the rain.

SUZE

Well yeah, me too. I was kinda
talking you up, there.

Suze smiles at Ian.

IAN

I'm pretty sure I can still do that
when it's not raining.

SUZE

Hmm, best to check.

They smooch for a few moments, oblivious to people glaring
at them.

In B/G, Sanjay and Kev get through the mud OK, despite
Sanjay's impractical footwear, but Fiona struggles.

Sanjay doubles back, offers a hand. She reluctantly accepts.

IAN

What are you up to now?

SUZE

I'm done in, I'm off back to the
tents. I'm not one of those people
who could go all night.

Slight pause, then Suze giggles at the Freudian slip. Ian
blushes.

IAN

I'm knackered too. This has been a
super weird day. I'll walk you back.

Kev swings his arm around Ian.

KEV

Oh, Jane. The night is young. You're
coming with me, darlin'. Nothing too
crazy, promise.

Kev crosses his heart.

Sanjay delivers Fiona to Suze, then slides over to the boys.

Ian sighs and opens his mouth to protest.

KEV (cont'd)
Knew I could convince yer.

Ian shoulders droop, defeated.

IAN
(to Suze)
Looks like I'm in demand.

SUZE
And why wouldn't you be.

Suze gives Ian a farewell peck on the lips.

Fiona grimaces. Sanjay pretends to retch. Fiona drags Suze away.

Ian watches them until Kev drags him the opposite way.

EXT. STONE CIRCLE FIELD - 1987 - MORNING

Kev, Sanjay and Ian relax on the grass near a circle of large stones - a spiritual setting.

Kev and Sanjay pass a joint between them. Ian takes the odd weak puff.

In B/G, the odd small group of festival-goers is dotted around the field. Chilled-out vibes as the sun rises.

KEV
Nearly there now, ladies.

IAN
At bloody last. I mean, how long does the sun take to come up, anyway?

KEV
It'll be worth it. And in the meantime, yous get the pleasure of my company.

IAN
Oh yeah, that makes it all the more bearable.

KEV
Don't worry about me feelings, or nowt, will yer?

Ian does a double-take.

IAN

Are you taking the piss?

KEV

You see, that's my problem. Nobody ever knows when I'm being serious.

They sit in quiet contemplation for a few moments.

KEV (cont'd)

You know earlier, when I met you guys, I said I'd lost me mates. That wasn't the 'ole truth. I'd just pissed 'em all off.

SANJAY

Natch.

Sanjay sniggers. Kev frowns.

KEV

No seriously, man. I got ditched. Story of my life. This festival were a little ray of sunshine in an otherwise shitty life. In and out of foster 'omes as a kid, crappy caretaking job, and now, no mates.

(beat)

'Cept yous.

IAN

And that's when you know you've reached the bottom of the barrel.

They laugh ironically.

SANJAY

Yeah, we're not exactly winning. And totally out of our depth here.

(beat)

We'll put up with you if you put up with us.

KEV

Deal. And if yous want some space wi' ladies, just gimme the nod.

SANJAY

You've met Fiona, right?

KEV

Well you guys weren't exactly a barrel of laughs when I found yous. You were in a right tizzy!

IAN

Hundo p.

Ian clocks Kev's confused frown.

IAN (cont'd)

Hundred percent, mate.

Kev looks stunned.

KEV

And I thought I were mad.

SANJAY

Knew you wouldn't believe us.

KEV

Well, didn't say that, just...

IAN

We can prove it. Ask us some questions.

Kev thinks for a moment.

KEV

So there are still festivals in 2017?
What are they like?

IAN

Glasto is still going, and there are millions of the things, in every genre you can think of - rock, indie, pop, R&B, old skool-

KEV

What's old skool?

IAN

Haha, not even new skool here, yet.

Kev's frown deepens.

SANJAY

The festivals are full of flexers though, you'd hate it. People have showers and everything. Expensive wellies. Sequins. Elderflower cider.

KEV

I'n't cider made of apples no more?

SANJAY

Yeah but you wouldn't know it, half the time.

Kev contemplates again.

KEV

Are there loads of robots, and that?

SANJAY

Not like in films. There is some kind of AI, but it's a bit crap. Like, there's voice-activated tech but nine times out of ten it doesn't even get what you're saying.

KEV

Wait... You can *speak*? To yer *computer*?

IAN

Yeah, but it's generally quicker to do it yourself.

KEV

That's mad, that! What about war? People still fighting over meaningless shit?

IAN

Humans are still human. Now war is done as much with minds as with guns. It's pretty screwed-up.

Kev's brow furrows, looking for more questions.

KEV

Do you still get loads of prejudiced tosspots?

IAN

Again, humans are still human. But people are a bit more woke. Like, women are being paid better, same sex couples can get married... there was even a Black president.

KEV

Sounds way better than this crap. Is AIDS still around?

SANJAY

War, prejudice, AIDS... Bit heavy for this time in the morning, innit?

IAN

It's around, but there are drugs to treat and prevent it to some degree. So it's still not great, but people can live long lives with HIV, apparently.

KEV

Getting some stuff right, then. What about this-

Kev indicates the joint.

KEV (cont'd)

Still illegal?

IAN

Mostly. Apart from Holland and some states in America.

KEV

Can't have it all, I guess. What else, then?

IAN

There's tech everywhere. People don't just have computers in their houses, they have them in their pockets, handbags, whatever.

KEV

Woah. How do they fit?

Sanjay makes a rectangle with his hands, about the size of a smartphone. Kev looks impressed, eyes wide.

KEV (cont'd)

Can you play games on 'em?

SANJAY

You can do pretty much anything - play games, take pictures, send messages, play music - there's an app for everything.

KEV

App...?

IAN

It's almost too much, though. People never switch off, always online.

Kev screws up his face, totally baffled.

KEV

On what?

SANJAY

Online means on the internet.

KEV

What the 'eck is an internet?

IAN

Oh mate, you don't have the internet!
You can do so much stuff on the
internet - send messages instantly,
order shopping in your underwear and
get it delivered to your door, stream
music, all sorts.

KEV

Online? Internet? Stream music?
Bleedin' different language.

SANJAY

Jane, I assume you're working up to
the good stuff?

Ian looks quizzical.

SANJAY (cont'd)

(to Kev)

Think of the biggest stash of porn
you've ever seen. Times it by a
million. And you're still not even
getting close.

KEV

Phwoar. All that porn and no need to
go t' shops. How do yous even leave
the 'ouse?

They all chuckle. The sun has finally appeared. They wander
back across the field, Kev looking spellbound.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - DAY

Ian and Sanjay lay in their sleeping bags.

Ian squeezes his eyes shut, trying to suppress his weeping,
but a tear escapes. He brushes it away.

Sanjay stirs awake, looks around, sighs, closes his eyes.

Ian drags his eyes open.

IAN

I know.

Sanjay opens his eyes.

IAN (cont'd)

At least the training came in handy,
eh?

SANJAY

Do NOT - EVER - tell my mum she was
right. Didn't get us back though, did
it? Time for Plan B. At least you're
one step closer to that.

IAN

Er, you are not whoring me out for
time travel, mate.

SANJAY

You say that now...

IAN

I will continue to say that.

Sanjay sighs, rolls over and closes his eyes.

Ian closes his eyes.

Ian's eyes ping open when muffled girls' voices float into
the tent.

Ian strains to hear what Suze and Fiona (O.O.S) are saying,
dabbing any remaining moisture from his eyes.

Ian ruffles his hair, does a breath check, recoils from his
own fumes.

Grabs toothbrush, toothpaste, water from the rucksack. Darts
out of the tent.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - MOMENTS LATER

Suze emerges from her tent, fresh-faced and festival-ready.

She glances at Ian brushing his teeth, looking like he's
just rolled out of bed.

Suze looks at her watch, then at Ian, with mock reproach.
Watch shows it is 11:47.

In B/G, Fiona hovers, impatient.

SUZE
 (to Ian)
 Good afternoon.

Ian stops brushing his teeth and checks his own watch.

IAN
 I beg to differ.

SUZE
 By the time you're ready to party, it
 will be.

IAN
 Wanna bet?

Suze checks her watch again. 11:48.

SUZE
 Twelve minutes and counting.

Ian darts into his tent.

Suze looks over at Fiona, wrinkles her nose in apology.

FIONA
 (over-pronouncing the
 "n")
 Fine.

Fiona's sour face says otherwise.

FIONA (cont'd)
 But I'm not waiting for the others.

Sanjay bounds out of his tent, toothbrush in hand. Flashes a grin at Fiona.

SANJAY
 Guess I'd better get a shift on then.

Fiona sighs theatrically, but the corners of her mouth are slightly upturned. Sanjay notices and smiles to himself.

Ian emerges from his tent. Extends his arm so that both he and Suze can see his watch. 11:55.

IAN
 Guess I win.

SUZE
 Depends which game you were playing.

Ian gapes with mock indignation. He laughs at himself, not taking his eyes off Suze, who grins.

Sanjay "knocks" on Kev's tent. Kev bounces out of his tent, ready to go - to general surprise.

KEV

'Bout time yous were ready, what time d'yer call this?

Sanjay shakes his head, smiling to himself.

EXT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian and Kev wander in the direction of the bar.

Kev spies a man, BEAUTIFUL HANDS (27, magnetic) selling goods out of a battered suitcase, detours towards him.

Ian drags himself after Kev.

The suitcase contains rustic jewelry, trinkets etc. Kev is drawn in, Ian glances towards the bar.

KEV

This is fate, my dear Jane.

Ian looks skeptical. Kev explains, as if to a small child.

KEV (cont'd)

For Suze. A little keepsake, or whatever.

IAN

But I only just met her. Wouldn't that be a bit full-on?

KEV

'Ow much longer are you gonna be 'ere? Will you still be 'ere next week? Tomorrow?

IAN

I don't do stuff like this.

Kev shrugs.

KEV

Maybe you should.

Ian shakes his head but browses the goods.

Kev is mesmerized by Beautiful Hands' slender fingers, as the latter selects a few items to show Ian.

KEV (cont'd)
You have got the most beautiful
'ands.

Ian cringes at Beautiful Hands.

Beautiful Hands looks surprised, but chuckles. Inspects his own hands and nods appreciatively.

IAN
Just ignore him, he doesn't have the
kind of filters that most normal
people have.

Beautiful Hands appraises Kev.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS
Best kind of friend, I always find.
You never quite know what's coming
next.

Beautiful Hands gives Kev a lopsided smile, hands him a necklace.

KEV
(to Ian)
See, I'm the best you're ever gonna
get.

IAN
That's what worries me.

KEV
(to Beautiful Hands)
True legends are never appreciated in
their own time.

Beautiful Hands and Kev chuckle.

Ian chucks some cash down and bustles off.

Kev throws Beautiful Hands a wink as they depart.

EXT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian, Sanjay, Kev, Fiona and Suze watch a band, midway back from the stage, amid a livening crowd.

Suze pleads with Fiona.

SUZE

Please? Just for a few hours.

FIONA

A few hours? A few minutes would be too long!

SUZE

You don't want to see Billy Bragg anyway, you'll have a much better time with them.

Suze nods at Sanjay and Kev, both calm, focused on the stage. Fiona looks disparagingly at them.

SUZE (cont'd)

Please? I'd do the same for you.

IAN

Sanjay might seem like a prick but he can be sensible when it matters, you'll be fine with him.

Kev looks offended.

IAN (cont'd)

(to Kev)

What? I've known you for all of twenty-four hours. And, well... Sanjay's almost a paramedic.

SANJAY

(mumbles)

St John's Ambulance, actually.

Ian glares a warning look at Sanjay. Fiona purses her lips, sighs and fixes Suze with a piercing look.

FIONA

Two hours. *Tops*.

Suze grins and bounds off, dragging Ian along.

FIONA (cont'd)

Well, this is two hours of my life that I'll never get back.

KEV

Better make it count, then.

Kev retrieves a crumpled bag from his pocket, extracts some mushrooms. Fiona's flicker of interest subsides to disdain.

FIONA

As if.

KEV

Don't worry, we'll look after yer.

FIONA

I suspect you're barely capable of looking after yourselves.

SANJAY

Look, it's fine, it's a laugh. I did a bit yesterday. And I can guarantee you that Kev didn't take advantage of me.

Wry snort from Fiona. Kev beams.

FIONA

What did it feel like?

SANJAY

Kind of a buzz. But... more than that - like, you can lose yourself in it, you know? And if you laugh, you feel like you'll never stop. Actually...

(to Kev)

Kev, mate, abort mission.

Sanjay mimes slitting his own throat.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Shock could kill her.

Fiona throws a sarcastic smile at Sanjay.

FIONA

Maybe if you were actually funny I'd have something to laugh about.

(to Kev)

Just a smidge.

KEV

You'll barely even see it.

SANJAY

Word of advice, it tastes like shit. Don't bite, just swallow it down.

Kev cracks up. Sanjay blushes.

Kev hands a sliver of mushroom to Fiona, who scrutinizes it.

KEV
Down the 'atch, love!

Fiona swallows the mushroom with a swig of her drink.
They all mooch closer to the stage.

EXT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Suze and Ian wander across the field. Suze speeds up.

SUZE
Better motor, when Fiona says two
hours, she means it - even at a
festival.

Suze checks her watch.

IAN
Well, that gives us just enough time
to get to the Main Stage, watch Billy
Bragg, and get back.

SUZE
Billy Bragg? Oh no, that was just an
excuse so I could get you to myself.
Got something to show you.

Suze skips off, Ian power-walking behind.

EXT. FESTIVAL HILL - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Suze and Ian trudge up a hill, puffing, Ian slightly behind.

SUZE
Trust me, it'll be worth it.

Ian admires Suze's rear view.

IAN
It already is.

As they approach the top of the hill, Suze halts.

SUZE
Stop, don't turn round, close your
eyes.

Wary Ian complies. Suze puts her hands over his eyes.

SUZE (cont'd)
Turn around.

Ian turns 180 degrees, Suze moving with him. She removes her hands from his eyes.

SUZE (cont'd)
Right, you can open 'em.

Ian opens his eyes.

With the festival site being a valley, and this hill being the highest point, the entire site is visible.

Tents, stages, stalls, tiny people, colorful flags. Ian drinks in the STUNNING view.

IAN
Wow. Never thought to do that before.
That is lit!

SUZE
Lit? That's a new one on me.

IAN
Erm, I mean awesome, or whatever.

SUZE
Oh, so it's like lush? Or bad?

IAN
Bad...?

SUZE
Good bad, you know. God, what planet have you been on!

Suze cracks up, then regains her composure.

SUZE (cont'd)
It is kinda *lit*, ain't it? 60,000 party people all in one glorious view.

IAN
60,000? It's more than double that-

Ian stops himself in his tracks.

IAN (cont'd)
Never mind, I won't bore you with it.

Suze scrutinizes him, then returns to the view.

IAN (cont'd)
You're one unique lady.

Suze beams.

SUZE
You are so lucky to have met me.

IAN
Something ethereal has definitely
thrown us together. And I'm glad it
did.

Ian kisses Suze, and they melt into each other's arms.

As the kiss ends, Ian guides Suze to a patch of grass,
spreads out his coat, which they sit on. Ian looks tense.

IAN (cont'd)
Look, there's something I need to
tell you.
(deep sigh)
There's forces outside my control
that mean I might have to leave, and
not come back.

Suze's face falls.

IAN (cont'd)
I know, it sounds like a bullshit
excuse but believe me, it's not. But
in case it happens-

Ian fishes the necklace out of his pocket.

IAN (cont'd)
-I got you this. Just so you know...
you know...

Ian fidgets, nerves showing.

IAN (cont'd)
... if I could've stayed for you, I
would.

Ian puts the necklace around Suze's neck. Suze looks
crestfallen.

SUZE
I've never owned sad jewelry before.

Ian half-laughs. He puts his arm around her, she slumps
against him, both looking troubled.

INT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Fiona, Sanjay and Kev giggle and dance with complete abandon at the edge of the crowd. A band plays on stage.

Fiona piles to the front of the crowd, dragging Sanjay and Kev behind her.

Fiona stares at the stage with a dreamy expression. Sanjay glances at Fiona, unsettled.

SANJAY
Fiona? Fi? You OK?

No response, Fiona still in a trance.

SANJAY (cont'd)
(shouting over the
music)
FIONA! YOU OK!?

No acknowledgement. Sanjay grabs Kev's arm, in a panic. Points at Fiona, who sways and stares into space.

SANJAY (cont'd)
We gotta get her out of here.

Sanjay drags Fiona through the crowd, she floats along, Kev shambling behind her.

Away from the crowds, they all flop on the grass, Fiona still transfixed on the stage. Sanjay looks serious.

SANJAY (cont'd)
(to Kev)
Go get her some water.

KEV
Sugar, I reckon.

SANJAY
Whatever, something!

Kev bounds off. Fiona hugs her knees, still in a daze. Sanjay crouches next to her, his posture tense.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Fiona, are you OK, mate?

Fiona stares at the lights. A tear rolls down her cheek.

FIONA
I've just never seen it this way
before. It's... mesmerizing.

Sanjay looks at Fiona with relief - and fresh admiration.

Suze and Ian trundle over to them.

Kev returns with a can of Coke, hands it to Fiona.

SUZE
Alright, guys?

FIONA
(dreamily)
Hiiii Suze.

Seeing the state of Fiona, Suze rears up at Kev.

SUZE
What the FUCK have you done to her!

KEV
Keep you wig on, love. She's just had
the best two hours of her life. And
Sanjay didn't even have to get his
todger out.

Kev giggles. Sanjay glares at Kev.

SUZE
One job. One FUCKING JOB! What did
you give her?

Kev shrugs.

KEV
Only the finest that the funghi world
has to offer.

SUZE
Oh my god. How do we get her back to
normal?

Kev squares up to Suze, nose-to-nose.

KEV
Are you sure that's what you want?
Coz that stick we just took out of
her arse, I'm not sure we'll be able
to find it again!

Fiona responds calmly, addressing no-one in particular.

FIONA
I am *here*, you know.

All eyes on Fiona.

FIONA (cont'd)
 And I don't want the stick back.
 (beat)
 Now, can you lot take a chill pill.
 Some of us are trying to have a good
 time over here.

Sanjay suppresses a giggle. Fiona smiles at him, then collapses into giggles, Sanjay and Kev then joining in.

Ian puts his arm around Suze, she buries her face in his shoulder, embarrassed. He kisses the top of her head.

INT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Fiona, Suze, Sanjay, Ian and Kev stand watching a band.

SANJAY
 (to Ian)
 No prizes for guessing what you guys
 went off for.

Sanjay raises his eyebrows.

IAN
 I told you, I'm not doing that.

SANJAY
 Oh you're not still doing the "holier
 than thou" act, are you? That will
 get us nowhere.

IAN
 So you're suddenly an expert, are
 you?

SANJAY
 Doing something has got to be better
 than doing nothing.

Sanjay turns to Suze, Ian tries to hold Sanjay back, but his limp grip is no match for Sanjay's bullishness.

SANJAY (cont'd)
 (to Suze)
 Ian needs to ask you something.

SUZE
 Last time I checked, Ian had a mouth
 of his own.

Ian glares at Sanjay and shakes his head, tight-lipped.

SANJAY

He's leaving me to do his dirty work
as always. He needs you to sleep with
him.

Ian puts his head in his hands, MORTIFIED.

Suze gapes at him, then back at Sanjay, tense with anger.

IAN

Please, just ignore him. My mouth is
not saying this!

SUZE

(to Sanjay)

I don't know what your game is, but
I'll have you know, I am NOT that
kind of girl.

Suze stalks off, Fiona at her heels. Sanjay follows,
panicking. Ian drags himself after them.

Kev watches them with bemusement.

SANJAY

It's not a game. We have to get home.
(sighs)
To our time. And we're trying to work
out how - why are we here, you know,
and what will get us back?

Suze scrutinizes Sanjay.

SUZE

YOUR time?

Sanjay hesitates. Gulps.

SANJAY

2017.

Suze jabs the side of her head repeatedly.

SUZE

If that is what mushrooms do to your
brain, you can fucking keep 'em.
(to Ian)
And I've got two words for you -
"fuck" and "you".

Suze flounders.

SUZE (cont'd)

Oh shit, I mean "fuck" and "off"!

Suze tugs the necklace off, throws it at Ian, leaves in a huff.

Fiona looks Sanjay up and down with a sneer of disgust. Storms off to join Suze.

The boys look on helplessly. Ian retrieves the necklace from the ground, glares at Sanjay, LIVID.

IAN
How, exactly, did you think *that* was going to work?

Sanjay shrugs.

SANJAY
Kev believed us.

Ian gesticulates with exasperation at Kev.

IAN
Kev's not a good benchmark!

Kev looks mildly offended.

IAN (cont'd)
You two are welcome to each other.

Ian thunders away. Sanjay watches him go, gulps.

SANJAY
Jane's growing a pair. Who saw that coming.

Sanjay and Kev laugh, but Sanjay's eye twitches, nervous.

KEV
Come on Mary, can't think on an empty tank.

Kev leads the way to the bar, Sanjay slouching behind.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - DAY

Ian shoves some belongings into a rucksack.

His movements slow with each item until he stops, staring blankly at a t-shirt that isn't his.

He looks skyward, LOST, fighting back tears.

Drags himself out of the tent, without the rucksack.

EXT. FESTIVAL STREET - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian wanders down a festival street, which is alive with people, stalls on either side. He is a lone, miserable figure among a sea of party-goers.

Ian sees a Samaritans tent (a charity where people go for support), wanders in it's direction.

INT. SAMARITANS TENT - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian drags himself through the entrance, still gloomy.

SAMARITAN LADY (40s) spots him, bustles over with a warm smile.

SAMARITAN LADY
All got a bit much?

IAN
That's kind of an understatement.

SAMARITAN LADY
Don't worry, my love, we see that all the time. Take a seat, I'll bring you a cuppa.

Ian smiles. Slumps on a plastic chair.

Samaritan Lady makes a cup of tea, hands it to Ian.

Ian takes the tea with a grateful smile.

IAN
Thanks. Think I might need this.

SAMARITAN LADY
Tends to do the trick.

A comfortable silence, whilst Ian sips the tea and thinks.

IAN
How do you even find people around here?

SAMARITAN LADY
Lost your friends?

IAN
Lost everyone. Everything.

Samaritan Lady takes his hand, imparting comfort, leans in.

SAMARITAN LADY

Whatever's happened, it may feel like everything's lost... When you're here, it feels like the be all and end all. But remember that there's a world outside these gates, a world where people care about you.

IAN

That's what I'm trying to find out.

Samaritan Lady looks confused, but the warm smile remains.

IAN (cont'd)

How do you find people - out there?

SAMARITAN LADY

Well, the Phone Book tends to be a good start.

Ian looks blankly at Samaritan Lady. She shakes her head.

SAMARITAN LADY (cont'd)

Blimey you have led a sheltered existence haven't you, my love, getting to your age without ever using a Phone Book.

Samaritan Lady rummages in a box. Hands a battered Phone Book to Ian.

Ian takes the Phone Book warily. Flicks through it, getting familiar with it.

Ian turns to "W" pages. Runs his finger down the Watkins entries.

IAN

Do you mind if I take this page, please?

Samaritan Lady looks around, for effect, with a conspiratorial smile.

SAMARITAN LADY

I won't tell if you don't.

Ian smiles and rips out the page, now hopeful. He then turns to M, scanning for Manchanda.

IAN

And this one?

Samaritan Lady nods kindly.

IAN (cont'd)

Thanks.

Ian rips the page out, flips the book closed. As he hands the Phone Book back, he sees it only covers the local area.

Ian's face falls as he stands to leave, shoulders heavy.

SAMARITAN LADY

If there's anything else you need,
you know where to come.

IAN

A spare room, perhaps?

SAMARITAN LADY

Hmm. Might have to think a bit
smaller.

Samaritan Lady gives Ian a sympathetic smile. Ian tries to smile back, but it looks more like a grimace.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - NIGHT

SERIES OF IMAGES

MUSIC CUE: "I Hope You're Happy Now", by Elvis Costello and the Attractions

Ian watches the band, expressionless. He retrieves the necklace from his pocket, looks at it, sighs, puts it back.

Ian retrieves the Phone Book pages from his other pocket. Screws up the pages into a ball and launches it at a nearby bin, missing by a long way.

Fiona and Suze watch the same band, in a different part of the field. Suze looks glum. Fiona puts her arm around Suze.

Ian retrieves the balled-up paper from the ground near the bins, SLAMS it into the bin in frustration.

Sanjay and Kev chat to some people, smoking a joint. Sanjay glances at Kev, deep in conversation. Sanjay slips away.

END SERIES OF IMAGES

END MUSIC CUE

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Sanjay lays on top of his sleeping bag, looking tense.

Tent zip opens. Ian's head appears, he sees Sanjay, retreats.

SANJAY

Come on, mate.

Ian sighs (O.O.S). Ian's head reappears, followed by his body. He perches next to Sanjay, not looking at him.

IAN

I am genuinely fucking worried.

A grim nod from Sanjay.

IAN (cont'd)

I mean, right now, we're in this bubble. And the bubble is great - or it was, until you cocked it up.

Ian shoots a pointed look at Sanjay.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - SAME

Suze and Fiona pick their way through the tents, their interest aroused as they hear Ian and Sanjay chatting.

They hover and earwig next to Ian's tent.

IAN (O.S)

But what happens when the festival's over?

SANJAY (O.S)

Then we're royally screwed. No family, no home, no school, no past, nothing. It's properly doing my head in too, why do you think I've spent half the festival off my face?

Suze clocks Kev coming. She and Fiona scurry to their tent.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - SAME

Ian grimaces at Sanjay.

IAN

One more day. Then the bubble bursts.

The zip of their tent slowly slides open.

Ian and Sanjay are immediately on guard, sitting up and shining their torches at the tent door. Kev's head appears.

KEV
 Jesus, ladies, it's not the end of
 the bleedin' world, is it?

Kev bundles into the tent, causing Ian and Sanjay to squeeze
 out of his way.

KEV (cont'd)
 I mean, you've still got me.

Ian laughs ironically. Sanjay half-smiles.

KEV (cont'd)
 Yet again, gotta learn when I'm being
 serious. I wouldn't see yous out on
 the street, you proper looked after
 me yesterday. I an't got a mansion or
 nowt, but you can bunk down on me
 settee until you get thissen sorted.

Kev smiles at them. Ian looks wary, Sanjay grateful.

SANJAY
 Cheers, bro. No offense, I hope we
 don't have to take you up on it, but
 we might well have to.

IAN
 Are you sure? You hardly know us.

KEV
 Exactly. And yous already saved me
 bleedin' life. I can show you the
 ropes and that, help you find yer
 feet. Yous don't half stick out like
 a pair of weirdos, we've gotta do
 something about that.

Ian and Sanjay splutter with laughter. Kev joins in.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Suze and Fiona sit, staring into space, in shock.

SUZE
 Fuck! How could that even be true? It
 doesn't make any sense.

FIONA
 Well yes, but it also explains a lot.
 I mean, they don't exactly fit in
 here, do they?

(MORE)

FIONA (cont'd)
And sometimes come out with weird
stuff and then do this backtracking
thing.

Suze winces.

SUZE
Man, that is so warped. When I first
met Ian, he said something about not
knowing what he was doing here. I
just assumed it was festival jitters.

Suze rests her head on her knees, deep in thought.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Ian, Sanjay and Kev are still squeezed into the tent, the
atmosphere now a lot lighter.

Zip goes. Torches point to the door. Suze's head pokes in.

SUZE
Room for two little ones?

Ian looks around desperately for space in the packed tent.

KEV
We can do better than that, ladies.
Who's up for a campfire?

Everyone smiles.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - NIGHT

Ian and Suze chill out next to a roaring campfire.

SUZE
Sounds rad. I'd love to be able to
play whatever music or videos popped
into my head, at any time. How do you
even decide?

IAN
You have to get used to flicking and
scrolling. And no, that's not a
euphemism.

Ian gives Suze a cheeky smile. She shakes her head at the
lame joke. Ian gives a troubled sigh.

IAN (cont'd)
It's not all great though. At least
this

(looks around)
is real. In my time, half the things
are fake. Fake products, fake news,
fake tans. Even fake bums.

Suze giggles. Ian shakes his head in despair.

IAN (cont'd)
True story. People actually have bum
implants. Big bums are the in thing.

Suze jiggles her rounded behind.

SUZE
So this would be considered sexy in
your time?

IAN
It's considered sexy right now.

Ian checks out Suze's behind. Suze laughs and blushes.

SUZE
Well, you would say that, wouldn't
you, Future Guy?

IAN
You got me, there. Smart and sexy - I
like it.

Ian smiles at Suze, inches closer to her. Suze mirrors him.

Ian pulls the necklace out of his pocket.

IAN (cont'd)
So, am I allowed to give you this
back, now?

Suze looks embarrassed, nods. Ian smiles as he puts it on
her.

SUZE
I guess I was a bit melodramatic
earlier.

IAN
No, you were right to be offended.
But that was Sanjay, not me. I
apologize profusely on his stupid
behalf. I'm not like that.

SUZE
I can believe that.

The air is heavy with mutual attraction, both resisting for a moment before Suze looks Ian dead in the eye - daring him.

Ian battles his nerves to edge in for an intense kiss.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - NIGHT

Sanjay and Fiona perch on the ground next to the campfire.

In B/G, Kev weaves away from them, shambling between tents.

FIONA
Where is he even gonna find more
firewood this time of night?

Sanjay nods at the roaring fire.

SANJAY
Like we need more firewood.
(beat)
There's only one type of wood that
matters right now.

Fiona does not look impressed.

FIONA
Why do you always have to do that?

SANJAY
Do what?

FIONA
All that bravado bollocks.

Sanjay focuses on the ground, considering his answer.

SANJAY
If you act like you don't give a
shit, pretty soon people will believe
that you don't.

Fiona's eyes pierce into Sanjay.

FIONA
So, what DO you give a shit about?

Sanjay pauses for thought, continuing to avoid Fiona's gaze.

SANJAY

Well, people not making assumptions because of the color of my skin would be a good start. Then if they actually liked me, even better.

Sanjay laughs to try to hide his self-consciousness.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Maybe I figured that if I went so far the other way, it would just loop around.

Fiona processes his response, also focusing on the ground.

FIONA

You know, you and I are not as different as you might think. You pretend you don't give a shit about what people think of you. I pretend I just don't give a shit about people. Two sides of the same coin.

Fiona digs Sanjay in the ribs. He gives her a lopsided smile, a little nervous.

SANJAY

While we're being honest, can I tell you something?

Fiona shrugs. Sanjay leans closer.

SANJAY (cont'd)

I haven't even told Ian this. I haven't... done as much as I've said I've done. With a girl.

FIONA

You and every other guy your age.

Fiona laughs. Sanjay fidgets, embarrassed.

FIONA (cont'd)

Seriously, they're all bullshitting too, don't sweat it. I hope you're not telling me because you expect me to do something about it.

Sanjay flounders, Fiona giggles.

SANJAY

No, no!! Just... the likelihood of you calling me a loser in the common room is greatly reduced.

They laugh together, Sanjay puts an arm around Fiona. Fiona sinks into the hug, but her bun gets in the way.

Sanjay removes the clip. Fiona's hair stays put, stiff with grease.

Sanjay tries to run his fingers through her hair, but makes it worse. Sanjay retrieves his hand, mortified.

Fiona grimaces and chuckles.

FIONA
Not quite like the movies, huh.

Sanjay shrugs, regarding Fiona with admiring eyes.

SANJAY
Oh, whadda they know.

Sanjay's moves in for a kiss. They smooch for a few moments then settle back into the hug, Sanjay looking astounded.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - NIGHT

Kev lounges on the ground of a largely empty field, people-watching as the odd group wanders by. Deep in thought.

He stares at a couple holding hands, looking troubled as he drops his gaze.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - LATER

Fiona leans against Sanjay in comfortable silence, transfixed on the campfire.

Sheepishly holding her hands behind her back, Suze inches over to Fiona.

SUZE
I'd kinda like to stay with Ian
tonight... any chance Sanjay can bunk
in with you?

FIONA
So yet again, you're sticking me with
the mate.

Suze wrinkles her nose in apology. Sanjay frowns.

Fiona turns, half-smiles at him, but then goes into stern school-mistress mode, wagging her finger.

FIONA (cont'd)
No funny business.

Sanjay holds his hands up, a picture of innocence.

Suze darts over to Ian and drags him to his tent.

Fiona and Sanjay mooch to her tent, Sanjay hanging back a bit, trying to look casual.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - 2017 - NIGHT

Emily's party is buzzing.

Late-teens mooch, drink and chat. Pop music from 2017 blares from the speakers.

Emily snogs Tyler in the kitchen. Tyler breaks the kiss and murmurs in her ear.

Emily knees Tyler in the groin and growls into his ear.

EMILY
Fake. Fucking. News. Arsehole!

Tyler doubles over. Eyes watering, he limps out of the kitchen.

Emily huffs in the opposite direction and curls up in a ball on an armchair.

As she sees Liv totter into the room, she closes her eyes, pretending to sleep.

Oblivious, Liv sees Emily curled up.

With a put-upon sigh, Liv retrieves a bucket from under the kitchen sink and places it next to Emily, moves her hair away from her face, covers her with a throw.

In B/G, Tyler shuffles in, chats up another girl.

Liv pours herself a drink, joins some mates in the kitchen.

Liv notices Tyler. Throws a concerned glance at Emily, who still feigns sleep.

Liv strides over to Tyler, jabbing him hard on the shoulder.

LIV
Hey Tyler, Emily asked me to give you
a message.

Liv knees Tyler in the groin. This time he hits the floor, writhing in agony.

Liv wipes her hands together, as if rubbing dirt off them.

Liv's mates stare at her in awe.

Emily keeps her eyes closed, but smirks. She knows.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Ian and Suze lay down, kissing, both with their tops off.

Suze's hand moves down, we hear the sound of trousers being unzipped.

Ian stops the kiss, shakes his head, zips his trousers up.

SUZE

What's up? Freaking out that I'm,
like, 50 or something, in your time?

IAN

No! I wasn't. But I am now!

Ian composes himself.

IAN (cont'd)

No, it's not that. It's
(beat)
you.

Suze looks offended.

IAN (cont'd)

What I mean is, you said "no".
Earlier.

SUZE

Yeah, but now I believe you guys. I
wanna help you.

IAN

That's just Sanjay's bullshit theory.
You said you're not "that kind of
girl". I don't wanna make you "that
kind of girl".

Suze regards Ian for a few moments, slight smile.

SUZE

You're very unusual for a 17 year-old
guy.

IAN

And you're very unusual for a 50
year-old woman.

Suze punches Ian playfully on the arm, puts her top on and
snuggles against him.

SUZE

I'm kinda relieved. I mean, if
Sanjay's right, that would have been
a spectacular own goal. So, where
does this leave us?

IAN

Back to where we were, I hope. I
still wanna spend some time with you
tomorrow. Or however long I'm here.
And if I don't suddenly vanish into
thin air, maybe we could revisit
this. When the time's right.

Suze nods, but they both look frustrated.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Sanjay lays with his arms folded across his chest, hands
clamped under his armpits, eyes closed but not yet asleep.

Fiona lays next to him, looking disappointed, a couple of
inches separating them.

Fiona smiles, gives him a lingering kiss.

Sanjay does not move, apart from his lips.

Fiona grabs Sanjay's far arm, drapes it across her, snuggles
into him. Sanjay shifts into the snuggle with a contented
smile.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - AFTERNOON

Ian, Sanjay, Kev, Suze and Fiona lounge in the sunshine, on
the edges of a festival crowd. Suze admires her necklace.

SUZE

(to Ian)

You know, you have great taste.

Ian looks at the necklace.

IAN
I can't really take the credit, it
was Kev's idea.

Suze does a double-take at Kev. Kev looks smug. Suze looks
contrite.

SUZE
I think I owe you an apology. Sorry I
mouthed off at ya.

KEV
Don't worry about it, you were
looking out for yer mate.
(beat)
Besides, very few people get me right
on the first guess.

Suze appraises Kev for a moment, with a cheeky smile.

SUZE
OK this is cheeky, but I need to ask
you a favor.

KEV
(with exaggerated
chivalry)
It would be my honor.

Suze drags Kev a few paces away, whispers in his ear. Kev
chuckles.

KEV (cont'd)
Anything to see those beautiful 'ands
again.

Suze looks uncertain, but holds up her hands, displaying
them to Kev in different positions.

SUZE
OK, this is not at all weird.

Kev bursts out laughing, swings his arm around Suze's
shoulder, half-hugging her as they stroll across the field.

Ian glances at them, his interest piqued.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - LATER

Ian and Suze sit on the grass, watching a band.

In B/G, Sanjay and Fiona lark around.

IAN
Where's Kev?

SUZE
Just said he fancied a wander.

IAN
Ohhh.

Ian glances over at Sanjay and Fiona, having a thumb war. Fiona wins, Sanjay tackles her to the floor, they kiss.

Ian looks away, repulsed.

IAN (cont'd)
Can hardly blame him, those PDAs are enough to make anyone wanna vom.

SUZE
What's a PDA?

IAN
A Public Display of Affection.

SUZE
Oh, you mean like this?

Suze pulls Ian into a romantic kiss. Afterwards, Ian chuckles.

IAN
Got it in one.

Suze fishes a paper bag out of her pocket.

SUZE
On the plus side, I can give you this in peace.

Suze hands the bag to Ian, Ian opens it - a spiritual stone from Beautiful Hands' case. He admires it. Suze shrugs.

SUZE (cont'd)
Kinda copied you.

They exchange a shy smile.

IAN
Kinda cool with that.

Ian grips the stone. Opens his hand, looks at it again.

SUZE
Trust me to fall for the most
complicated guy at the festival.

IAN
Indeed. You could've chosen better.

SUZE
I didn't say that.

IAN
Not fair, is it? Either way, I lose -
you, or... everything else.

Ian looks troubled, shoulders drooping.

IAN (cont'd)
My mum'll already be doing her nut, I
haven't texted her since Thursday.

Suze cocks her head.

IAN (cont'd)
Electronic message. Speaking of
which...

Ian extracts a small, folded piece of paper from his pocket,
hands it to Suze.

Suze unfolds it, revealing a mobile phone number, and the
words "Why_Ian_Watkins".

Suze's brow furrows in confusion.

IAN (cont'd)
All the info you would need to find
me in 30 years' time. If I go. And
assuming you haven't forgotten all
about me by then.

Suze squirms.

SUZE
30 years is a long time.

IAN
I'm not expecting anything, I know
it's super weird. But if 2017 Suze
wants to let me know how she's doing,
that'd be cool.

Ian half-smiles at Suze, who gulps, summoning up courage.

SUZE
I won't mope though, and don't you
dare mope either. When it's gone,
it's gone, you know?

Ian nods, looking at the ground.

SUZE (cont'd)
But what if you don't?... Go?

Ian looks distressed. He holds Suze's hand.

IAN
Then you would be the one shining
light in an otherwise bleak place.

SUZE
Now who's being melodramatic. I
reckon you'd fit right into this era,
you don't seem to actually like the
future. Maybe you weren't meant to be
there, maybe you were meant to be
here?

IAN
If only it were that simple.

SUZE
You'd survive. And Sanjay seems to be
a survivor, too.

IAN
Sanjay's softer than you'd think.
Kev's the survivor, at least he'd
help us find our feet.

Suze clears her throat. Ian smiles.

IAN (cont'd)
Maybe I should take your number too.

Suze smiles and rummages in her bag, locating a pen and her
festival ticket.

Scrawls on the back - "SUZE PARKER", and a phone number.
Hands the ticket to Ian.

Ian pockets the ticket.

SUZE
Either way, let's just enjoy today,
yeah?

Ian smiles and nods.

Sanjay and Fiona emerge from a kiss.

A group of Caucasian people are next to them, one of them glances from Sanjay to Fiona and back again, prying.

Sanjay stares back at the person.

SANJAY

Yes, our babies would be kinda latte-colored. Get over it.

The person now looks confused, shrugs and looks away.

FIONA

Babies, huh?

Sanjay blushes.

SANJAY

I was just making a point.

FIONA

That was a weird point though. What is latte-colored, anyway?

Sanjay laughs at himself.

SANJAY

Shit. I'm used to people not laughing at my jokes because they're crap, not because they don't actually know what the hell I'm on about! A latte is a very milky coffee.

Sanjay wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Tasty, actually.

Fiona looks slightly repulsed.

FIONA

You do realize that's our babies you're talking about.

Sanjay dry heaves, then they both laugh.

EXT. STAGE TWO - 1987 - LATER

Kevin sits alone, throwing the odd surreptitious glance at Beautiful Hands. A browser loiters at Beautiful Hands' case.

Kev is hunched, belying his nerves. He takes a few steadying drags of a cigarette.

After the browser has departed, Kev edges towards Beautiful Hands, wiping his palms on his trousers.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Three times in one festival. That's every seller's wet dream.

Kev laughs but still looks tense. He avoids looking at Beautiful Hands, mumbles a response.

KEV

Maybe I'm not 'ere to buy this time. Remember... you never quite know what you're getting with me.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Ah, then that would be the other type of wet dream.

Beautiful Hands grins at Kev. Kev laughs more genuinely this time, looks at Beautiful Hands, relaxing slightly.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS (cont'd)

Look, I can't afford to leave my pitch during the day, but I can meet you back here after the main act.

Kev nods stiffly.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS (cont'd)

Plenty of time for you to work on those nerves.

Beautiful Hands smiles encouragingly at Kev, who laughs but still looks goofy, stumbling as he turns to leave.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - 1987 - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "Don't leave me this way" by The Communards.

Suze, Ian, Fiona, Sanjay and Kev dance amid a lively crowd.

Suze gives Ian an admiring glance, he squeezes her bum.

Fiona whispers into Sanjay's ear, he freezes, eyes wide with disbelief. He blinks, pulls Fiona into a kiss.

Kev slides a sideways glance at Beautiful Hands, who dances near them.

Kev returns his attention to his own gang, just in time for the chorus. They all gather together.

KEV/ SUZE/ IAN/ FIONA/ SANJAY
 (singing badly)
 Aaaaahhh Baby! My heart is full of
 love and it's all for you...

The gang dance and sing some of the words until the chorus draws to a close ("set me free..."). STORMY SKIES gather.

END MUSIC CUE

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Sanjay and Fiona lay under a sleeping bag, the movement under the sleeping bag suggesting that Sanjay is using his hand to please Fiona. Both breathe heavily between kisses.

FIONA
 (whispers)
 I've changed my mind.

Sanjay retrieves his hand, JUMPS back as if electrocuted, looking petrified.

Fiona chuckles at his extreme reaction.

FIONA (cont'd)
 Oh come 'ere you div, that's not what
 I meant. I meant... I wanna...
 (gulps)
 ... you know...

SANJAY
 (incredulous)
 With me?

FIONA
 Well, unless you're hiding Tom Cruise
 back there.

Sanjay grimaces.

SANJAY
 Isn't he a bit old for you?

Fiona glares at him. Sanjay chuckles.

SANJAY (cont'd)
 Oh... *now* Tom Cruise. You'll have to
 make do with second-best, I'm afraid.
 (MORE)

SANJAY (cont'd)
Which you'll probably regret in the morning.

FIONA
Maybe you'll be the one who regrets it in the morning.

SANJAY
I can assure you that "morning me" will be shaking "now me"'s hand. I just hope "morning me" is still here.

FIONA
Me too. And if he's not, it'll be the best excuse ever for a one-night stand.

SANJAY
Seriously, I could vanish at any moment. Possibly even during!

FIONA
Well now, that would just be rude.

They both laugh wryly.

FIONA (cont'd)
Look, why do you think I changed my mind? I'd regret it more if you weren't here in the morning, and we hadn't...

Fiona takes a deep breath, steadying her nerves.

FIONA (cont'd)
So, hadn't we better get a move on?

Fiona pounces on Sanjay.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - SAME

Ian and Suze snuggle under his sleeping bag. Suze has a confused frown.

SUZE
Why is there a "Why" in your name?

Ian matches Suze's confused frown, then chuckles.

IAN
Oh, it's a social media name. Ian Watkins was taken, and it has to be unique. So I added the Why.

SUZE

It's an interesting question, though,
isn't it: Why Ian Watkins?

Ian squirms, self-conscious.

IAN

It's purely rhetorical.

Suze ignores him.

SUZE

Why Ian Watkins? Because he somehow
manages to be adorably old-fashioned
and from the future at the same time.

Ian smiles - spot on.

SUZE (cont'd)

But more than that. Because...

Ian looks uncomfortable again.

SUZE (cont'd)

... he's sweet, which in my book is a
depressingly underrated quality.

Ian blushes. Suze gazes at him, with a dreamy expression.

SUZE (cont'd)

Because he'd never admit it, but he's
a total catch.

Suze turns and snogs Ian for a few moments.

Ian takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

IAN

OK, then. Why Suze Parker?

Suze beams.

IAN (cont'd)

Because she wears her heart on her
sleeve.

A sage nod from Suze.

IAN (cont'd)

Because she knows how to live her
best life.

Suze smiles self-consciously.

IAN (cont'd)
Because after meeting her... I don't
think I'll ever be quite the same
again.

Ian and Suze exchange a bittersweet smile.

They snuggle tighter as THUNDER rumbles.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - SAME

Sanjay and Fiona lay with the sleeping bag draped over their
otherwise naked bodies.

Sanjay looks troubled, focused on the top of the tent.

Fiona is serene, focused on Sanjay.

SANJAY
If there were ever a good time for me
to vanish into thin air, I reckon
this would be it.

Fiona chuckles and shrugs.

FIONA
Well, I guess I did say to get a move
on.

SANJAY
No, don't shrug it off. It's more
than that.
(sighs)
It's like I hurt you, or something.

Fiona closes her eyes and lips, which speaks volumes.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Shit, why didn't you tell me?

FIONA
Because I didn't want to make a big
deal of it.

Sanjay gives her a reproachful look.

SANJAY
So instead, you let me make your
first time a disaster?

FIONA
See, there you go, making a big deal
of it. It wasn't a disaster.

(MORE)

FIONA (cont'd)
 I lost it to someone I like...
 someone I trust. That means a lot.

Sanjay looks gutted, tears welling in his eyes.

SANJAY
 Don't say that, that's even worse. I
 could-

Fiona kisses away Sanjay's words.

FIONA
 I know. That's why we've got to make
 the most of every minute. No more of
 these.

Fiona wipes a tear away from the corner of Sanjay's eye.
 They half-smile at each other.

SANJAY
 Don't take this the wrong way but I
 need to get dressed. Last thing I
 want is to wake up in 30 years' time
 next to Ian, butt-naked.

Fiona chuckles.

Sanjay dresses under the covers, heaviness in every move.

Whilst Sanjay is distracted, Fiona allows sadness to flit
 across her face.

INT. BEAUTIFUL HANDS' CAMPER VAN - 1987 - SAME

Kev and Beautiful Hands are entwined on the bed, kissing,
 groping. Rain drums on the windows.

Beautiful Hands presses himself up against Kev, slides his
 hand down the back of Kev's trousers.

KEV
 Wait, have you got any...?

Beautiful Hands shakes his head.

KEV (cont'd)
 Me neither. I can't do this.

Kev removes the hand from his trousers, sits up.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS
 Hey, don't go. We could just fool
 around, or something?

Kev shakes his head.

KEV

Too risky.

LIGHTNING flashes, illuminating Kev's troubled face.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

I thought you were the unpredictable one?

KEV

I am.

Kev pecks Beautiful Hands on the cheek and darts out of the camper van, flinching as rain hits him like a cold shower.

Beautiful Hands punches the mattress in frustration.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - NIGHT

Fiona and Sanjay look delighted with themselves, sleeping bag draped over their naked bodies again.

Rain lashes the tent, THUNDER rumbles.

FIONA

Think we might have got it right that time.

Sanjay laughs, relief flooding him.

SANJAY

Yeah, so much better with both of us at the party.

Fiona giggles.

FIONA

I definitely want to do a lot more of that. Preferably with you.

SANJAY

If I don't disappear, I'll happily oblige. Just one thing...

Fiona looks at him with slight concern.

SANJAY (cont'd)

It would be really nice to have an actual bed. And perhaps more than a sheet of canvas separating us from dozens of other people.

Fiona laughs and blushes.

FIONA
You don't ask for much, do you.
Perhaps we could really live it up,
and have a shower too.

Both chuckle.

INT. RETRO TENT - 1987 - MORNING

Ian and Suze stir awake, to the sound of the ongoing STORM. Content in each other's arms, they kiss.

Ian FLICKERS, then returns to normal. PANICS. Kisses and clings to Suze, as if she will anchor him.

He FLICKERS again, then normal.

IAN
I don't want to go.

Suze holds his face in both her hands.

SUZE
Yes, you do. Your life is waiting for
you, go grab it.

Both fighting back tears, they kiss as Ian's flickering intensifies.

Tent and contents flicker too until only Suze is left, on the bare grass kissing thin air, getting soaked.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - SAME

Sanjay lays in Fiona's tent at daybreak, sleeping Fiona snuggled beside him, both dressed. STORM RAGES outside.

Sanjay kisses the top of her head, her hair still stiff with grease. He pulls a face and wipes his lips with the back of his hand, then laughs at himself.

After a moment, he looks queasy, like his stomach has lurched. He FLICKERS. Returns to normal.

SANJAY
What was that?

Fiona stirs awake.

FIONA
Only the best night of your life.

SANJAY
No, I'm serious.

Sanjay sits up, followed by Fiona.

Sanjay FLICKERS, then normal. Fiona grabs Sanjay's hand.

FIONA
It's all my fault.

Sanjay shakes his head. Sanjay FLICKERS. Then normal.

SANJAY
Thanks. Sorry. And probably a million other things.

FIONA
Just promise me...

Sanjay FLICKERS. Then normal.

FIONA (cont'd)
...drop the act.

Sanjay suppresses a chin wobble.

SANJAY
I will if you will.

LIGHTNING illuminates the tent.

FIONA
Deal.

But Fiona's last word lands on dead space, Sanjay is GONE.

Fiona sighs and flops back to the ground.

EXT. CAMPING FIELD - 1987 - MORNING

Suze sits on the ground, where Ian's tent had been. Forlorn, lost, soaked. She drags herself into Fiona's tent.

INT. IAN'S TENT - 2017 - MORNING

Ian and Sanjay MATERIALIZE in their present-day tent, back in modern clothes.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING continue outside.

Ian is still in a kissing pose, a few inches from Sanjay's face. They jump apart, disgusted that they almost kissed.

Ian hastily wipes away his tears.

IAN
I have never been more disappointed
to see you in my life.

SANJAY
Says you! I was just contemplating
whether I could manage another round.

Ian mulls this over for a moment.

IAN
Wait... did you guys...?

Sanjay looks smug. Ian chuckles.

IAN (cont'd)
And?

SANJAY
Well, first time so... it wasn't
great. Both of us were noobs, and I'm
pretty sure it was over before she
got anything out of it.

IAN
Oh.

Awkward pause.

IAN
Well at least you-

SANJAY
Second time, on the other
hand-

Ian looks impressed, but tinged with envy.

IAN
Twice? Savage!

SANJAY
Couldn't leave the lady hanging.

IAN
So, you reckon you were right about
festival girls, then?

Sanjay looks mortified.

SANJAY

No, it wasn't like that! I mean yeah, we did... but... it wasn't about that.

(beat)

She was the only person I could be myself with, you know?

IAN

I know. Crap, isn't it. I finally connect with someone, and she's in a different timeline. You couldn't make it up.

Both sit in sad contemplation.

SANJAY

At least you've got a chance with Liv.

IAN

I can't do that! She's always with Emily and besides, it would feel like I was cheating on Suze.

SANJAY

Mate, you're looking at it the wrong way. Suze has just shown you what can happen when you put yourself out there.

Ian responds with bitter sarcasm.

IAN

Yeah, coz that's worked out really well.

Sanjay gets more animated, exasperated.

SANJAY

So instead you'll blame Suze, or Emily. Who're you gonna blame next? Me? Step up Ian, for God's sake.

Sanjay shakes his head in despair. Ian sulks.

Ian attempts to break the tension, nudges Sanjay's arm.

IAN

At least now, maybe you'll stop going on about getting to third.

Sanjay looks shifty, fidgeting.

SANJAY
Actually, about that...

Ian scrutinizes Sanjay. Ian shakes his head.

IAN
I knew it.

SANJAY
Well, it wasn't a total lie, but...
she freaked out and bolted before it
went anywhere much.

Ian gives a wry snort.

IAN
Oh, the irony. Irrelevant now, I
guess.

SANJAY
Pretty much. Still, it'll be nice
when I don't have to see her
everyday.

Ian looks quizzical.

SANJAY (cont'd)
Never wondered why Emily hates us so
much?

Ian gapes. Sanjay nods, lips pursed. Ian chuckles.

IAN
Well, this weekend has been quite an
eye-opener. Was that really it,
though? "The big reason" - to get you
laid? Not exactly a noble cause, was
it.

SANJAY
Speak for yourself, bro.

Commotion O.O.S. Voices a few tents away.

ANGRY WOMAN (O.S.)
Get the fuck out of my tent, you
wanker, unless you want your dick cut
off! I'll call Security!

KEV (O.S.)
I think I'm the one who needs
Security - I mean seriously, who cuts
dicks off? Can't a guy make a
mistake?

Sanjay and Ian freeze, stunned.

INT. FIONA'S TENT - 1987 - MORNING

Suze slouches into the tent, flops next to Fiona.

FIONA
OK, babe?

SUZE
Been better. You?

FIONA
Been better.
(slyly)
Been worse...

Suze scrutinizes Fiona. Fiona gives a cheeky smile. Suze's eyes widen.

SUZE
No way!

FIONA
Yes way. Finally ticked that box.

Fiona squirms.

FIONA (cont'd)
Still can't quite believe that I did that. In a tent. At a grotty festival. With a guy I just met.

SUZE
Don't be too hard on yourself. Extenuating circumstances.

FIONA
Why would I be hard on myself? Not a crime to have fun, is it?

Suze gives Fiona a mock reproachful glare.

SUZE
Depends how you get your kicks.

FIONA
Look, I'm not gonna end up some sex-addicted wastoid just coz of one festival. But I might let my hair down occasionally.

Suze glances at Fiona's stiff, greasy hair. They both chuckle. Suze fiddles with her necklace.

SUZE
OK, now I'm jealous. All I got's this stupid necklace.

Fiona puts an arm around Suze.

FIONA
You just met living proof that not all guys are a waste of space. Doesn't that count for something?

SUZE
Just gotta hope there's more of 'em.

FIONA
Hope? Hope is weak. *Faith* is strong. Do NOT settle.

Fiona gives Suze a stern look.

SUZE
Yes, Miss!

Suze and Fiona exchange a knowing smile.

Suze snuggles down into her sleeping bag, then grimaces.

SUZE (cont'd)
Better not have done it on my sleeping bag!

FIONA
Ew, don't be gross!

Fiona and Suze laugh as they settle down for a doze.

EXT. IAN'S TENT - 2017 - MORNING

Sanjay emerges from Ian's tent, Ian following, waterproof coat draped over his head.

A few tents away, Kev stands alone, looking tense he examines the tents around him, getting soaked.

Kev's shoulders sag with relief as he spies Sanjay and Ian.

Sanjay, Ian and Kev stare at each other in stunned silence.

KEV

I do believe I ended up in the wrong tent.

SANJAY

I do believe you ended up in the wrong era, bro.

Confused Kev shambles over to Sanjay and Ian, and they all pile into Ian's tent.

INT. IAN'S TENT - 2017 - MORNING

Sanjay and Ian goggle at Kev. Kev pinches himself. Sanjay pinches Kev. Kev scratches his head. Ian titters.

IAN

You do have this annoying habit of popping up unexpectedly.

KEV

Admit it, Jane, you wouldda missed me.

Sanjay shakes his head, urging Kev to drop that topic.

IAN

Hey, if he's here, maybe...?

SANJAY

Nah, Fiona was normal.

KEV

Which is more than can be said for me, eh.

SANJAY

How the hell did you end up here?

KEV

I'm walking back to me tent, like, and there's this lightning strike that almost did me in! And then I feel a bit funny. Reckoned I'd overdone it again. But then the next thing I know, I'm in some strange tent.

(gulps)

Here.

Kev stiffens with shock.

SANJAY

We know that feeling.

Slow, sombre nod from Kev.

KEV

I wandered around trying to work out what the 'eck was going on, then forgot which tent I was in. They all look the bleedin' same.

SANJAY

Don't worry, bro. Come back with us, we'll work it out.

IAN

If we can find the tent, there might be something useful in it, ID or whatever. We can look up what we need to do - benefits and stuff, I dunno.

Ian shrugs and reaches for his phone. 12 messages and 19 missed calls from "Mum".

Ian sighs, pinches the bridge of his nose.

IAN (cont'd)

Well, this is gonna be fun.

Sanjay and Kev's brows furrow.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Ian, Kev and Hannah stand in the kitchen, Hannah's eyes piercing into the two boys. Ian and Kev look disheveled.

IAN

Please, Mum, he's got nowhere else to go. His landlord's house was repossessed while we were at the festival.

HANNAH

And you expect me to believe that he's got no family to go to?

IAN

Not everyone's as lucky as me.

Hannah glares at Ian.

IAN (cont'd)

It'll just be a few days.

KEV
I'll be a turtle.

All eyes on Kev, confused.

KEV (cont'd)
Well, I 'appen to have me own little shell.

Kev nods towards his tent.

KEV (cont'd)
I'll pitch it in t' garden, yous won't even know I'm 'ere.

Deep sigh from Hannah.

HANNAH
(to Ian)
OK, just a few days. And he's only to come in the house when you're here.

Ian nods with a tight-lipped smile of gratitude.

Kev gets down on one knee in front of Hannah, bowing low.

Hannah and Ian both look at him like he's a weirdo.

KEV
Mrs Watkins, you are an angel. I can see where Ian gets his kindness from.

Hannah gives a wary smile. Ian cringes.

IAN
(to Hannah)
You get used to him.

As Kev gets up, Ian shoots a warning look at him. Kev ducks out through the back door.

Ian attempts to escape in Kev's wake.

HANNAH
And where do you think you're going?

Ian drags himself round towards his mum, hunched with dread.

HANNAH (cont'd)
Not a word for most of the festival, and then you turn up with a hanger-on? What the hell happened?

Ian's lips are sealed. Hannah sighs, composing herself.

HANNAH (cont'd)
When you do want to talk about it,
you'd be surprised what I might
understand.

Hannah fixes her shrewd eyes on Ian. Ian snaps.

IAN
(with rising
exasperation)
I'm fine. Sanjay's fine. Kev's a good
bloke. And no, there ISN'T something
you should KNOW about.

Ian thunders towards the staircase, then turns back and
grabs his rucksack, heaving it onto his shoulder.

IAN (cont'd)
And I will DO my own washing!

Ian stomps up the stairs.

Hannah gazes up the stairs after he has disappeared, looking
concerned. She flinches as a DOOR SLAMS (O.O.S).

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian flops onto his bed and sobs for a few moments.

He examines the stone that Suze gave him, visibly gathering
strength from it. He wipes the tears away.

He unpacks his rucksack in a daze, the items largely unused.

Through the window, Kev pulls a pop-up tent out of its bag.
The tent POPS up, fully erected. He collapses into giggles.

INT. SANJAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - 2017 - DAY

Sanjay sits on his bed, scrolling through a music app.
Selects the song that the band was playing when he, Fiona
and Kev were doing mushrooms.

Assesses his bedroom walls, adorned with posters of video
games, bands, festivals and scantily-clad women.

He removes the latter, binning each one with a solemn look.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMMON ROOM - 2017 - DAY

Ian slumps on a sofa, flicking through a textbook but not paying it any great attention.

Sanjay retrieves his phone from his pocket.

Emily swaggers over, Liv trailing behind her.

EMILY

Have fun wanking each other off at
the festival, boys?

Liv cringes behind Emily.

SANJAY

You're just jealous.

EMILY

Jel? Bet my party was way better than
your poxy festival.

Liv edges away from Emily.

Sanjay calmly appraises Emily.

SANJAY

You know, I feel sorry for you.

EMILY

Whatevs, freak.

Liv sidles onto the sofa, next to Ian.

EMILY (cont'd)

(to Liv)

Don't tell me I didn't try to warn
you.

Liv gives her a steady look.

LIV

Maybe he's not the only one around
here who's a poor judge of character.

Ian frowns.

Emily shrugs and stalks away, but as her back is turned to the group, she looks shaken.

Emily scans the room for company. Tyler scowls at her. She takes a seat on her own, her back to everyone.

LIV (cont'd)
 (to Ian and Sanjay)
 Can you lot just get over yourselves,
 please? Or am I gonna have to
 literally knock some heads together?

Ian grins at Liv.

IAN
 I've got a much better idea.

Ian grabs Liv's hand, pulls her up, drags her to the exit.
 Sanjay stands. Ian shakes his head. Sanjay sits back down.
 Sanjay grabs his phone, opens a DRIVING TEST booking tool.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Liv and Ian burst through the Common Room door, Ian with a
 manic grin. Liv looks intrigued.

LIV
 What're we doing?

IAN
 "Sending them to their rooms", to
 think about what they've done. If
 they're gonna act like kids, they're
 gonna get treated like kids.

They giggle and wander down the corridor, Ian still holding
 tight to Liv's hand, eyes wide with an adrenaline rush.

LIV
 Does that make us the grown-ups?

IAN
 Right now, that makes us homeless.

They peer into a few classrooms, which are in use.

They arrive at a fire exit sign. Ian opens the door beneath
 the sign, revealing a concrete stairwell.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian slips through the door and perches on a step, pats the
 floor next to him to indicate Liv to sit.

Liv perches next to him, looking cheeky.

LIV
Oooh, you rebel.

IAN
Maybe it's time to live dangerously.

LIV
How dangerously?

Ian takes a deep breath, pulls Liv into a lingering kiss. As the kiss ends, Liv has a stern look.

LIV (cont'd)
Well, *thanks* a bunch.

Ian retreats, grimacing with embarrassment.

LIV (cont'd)
Fat chance of me concentrating for the rest of the day.

They both giggle, then stand. Ian part-opens the door they had come through, pokes his head out, sees nobody.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian and Liv sneak back out of the stairwell, trying to look composed.

KEV (O.S.)
Ooh Jane, you dark 'orse.

Kev emerges from a nearby classroom and ambles down the corridor towards them. Ian gawks at him, flustered.

IAN
(hissing)
What the fuck are you doing here?
They don't let just anyone wander around the school, you know!

KEV
Lucky I'm not just anyone, then. And I'll thank you to talk to staff members with a bit o' respect, laddie, if you don't mind. None o' that fuckin' swearing.

Kev chuckles.

In B/G, Sanjay emerges from the Common Room, does a double-take as he sees Kev, saunters over.

IAN

What on earth are you on about?

KEV

Got a job. Caretaker. Just temporary, mind, til I get me sen sorted. Previous caretaker lost a fight with some lube, apparently.

Ian cringes. Liv clears her throat, reminding Ian she is there. Sanjay joins the group.

IAN

(indicating between
the two)

Err Kev, this is Liv. Liv, this is Kev. We met him at the festival. Very long story.

KEV

Actually, it's Mr Rimington to yous, when we're on school grounds.

SANJAY

Got it, Debs.

Kev wags his finger at Sanjay in mock reproof.

KEV

That cheek'll earn you a detention, laddie, you mark my word. Best be off anyway, a caretaker's work is never done.

SANJAY

Especially when that caretaker's you, right?

Kev sniggers and slopes off to fix a door handle.

Sanjay returns his attention to Ian and Liv as they all mooch down the corridor.

SANJAY (cont'd)

What happened to you two?

Ian tries but fails to keep a straight face.

IAN

We were working on some...
alternative concentration techniques.

Liv drops her face to hide her blushes.

SANJAY

Is that what they call it. Better watch your step, bro, I hear she's pretty fierce these days.

Ian cocks his head at Liv, curious.

LIV

Damn right. If you ever do get tempted to mess me around, you might wanna have a word with Tyler first.

IAN

Well, I suppose I did say I wanted to live dangerously.

Ian throws a cheeky grimace at Liv.

A SCHOOL BELL sounds.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMMON ROOM - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Kev struggles with the controls of a floor-polishing machine. Several students snicker at him.

DYLAN (18, confident, openly gay) shoots them a filthy glare, heads over to help Kev.

Dylan fiddles with the controls, gets the machine working. Kev smiles gratefully, watching Dylan's hands at work.

DYLAN

Easy when you know how.

KEV

Shame, then. I an't got a bleedin' scooby.

Kev and Dylan laugh together.

In B/G, Ian looks up from his studies, being nosy.

DYLAN

I'm Dylan. If you ever need a friendly face, give me a shout. Tweet me or something, what's your handle?

Kev gives Dylan a blank look.

Ian lopes over.

IAN

Er, he's had a very... traditional... upbringing. Very low tech. I hear they're only just getting electricity in Yorkshire.

Ian titters. Dylan addresses Ian, nodding towards Kev.

DYLAN

You know him, then?

Ian sighs.

IAN

Friend of the family. He's... branching out.

(to Kev)

We'll set you up later, yeah?

DYLAN

Hmm.

(to Kev)

You know, you're very odd.

Dylan turns towards his mates, calls back over his shoulder.

DYLAN (cont'd)

I like odd.

Dylan saunters back to his mates.

Kev watches Dylan for a few moments, looks away, embarrassed. He busies himself with the machine again.

In B/G, Sanjay assesses the unfolding scene. Ian discreetly returns to Sanjay.

SANJAY

Fuck. That's it.

Ian looks quizzically at Sanjay.

SANJAY (cont'd)

That wasn't about us. It was about him.

Ian contemplates.

SANJAY (cont'd)

Think about it. He had nothing, no-one. Now, at the very least - whether we like it or not - he's got us. And who knows what else.

IAN
All that stuff about prejudice, AIDS,
the beautiful hands guy...

SANJAY
The what?

IAN
Never mind.

Sanjay stares into space, mind blown.

SANJAY
Maybe we did save his life. Like, him
coming to the future WAS his future,
you know? IS his future. Like he just
didn't belong in 1987.

IAN
But why him?

SANJAY
Maybe he'll be the first gay Prime
Minister?

Ian glances at Kev, who marvels at the machine's efficiency.

IAN
Have you seen who we're talking
about, here?

SANJAY
It's you who's not seeing. You've
gotta look beneath the surface, bro.

Ian does a double-take at Sanjay.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - 2017 - AFTERNOON

Emily approaches the gates, slowing as she notices the group
of girls who had bullied her earlier.

She glances back towards the school, but Sanjay is there,
ambling towards the gate in his St John's Ambulance uniform.

Emily sighs and focuses back on the gates, face set with
grim determination.

As Emily approaches the group, one girl does the same slutty
dance move, and another pretends to fall asleep. Emily
throws them a look of death, and plows on.

SANJAY (O.S.)
Nice work, ladies.

Sanjay closes in on them. Emily quickens her pace.

Sanjay raises his voice, ensuring Emily can hear him.

SANJAY
Yes, I can see what you're doing
there. I mean, if you want guys to
respect you, you have to respect each
other, right?

Sanjay regards each of the girls for an awkward moment.

The girls look like they've just been told off by the
headmaster, Sanjay's uniform giving him an air of authority.

Emily turns, wary. Sanjay flashes a smug grin at the
offenders, trots over to join Emily.

Emily stalks off, Sanjay trails her.

EMILY
I don't need your help.

SANJAY
Maybe not. But they did.

Emily laughs despite herself, slows her pace.

EMILY
I know what you're doing. Your mate
likes my mate, and you're angling for
some kind of lame truce.

SANJAY
Not quite. I just can't be doing with
all that agro any more. Maybe at
least if you tell me what I did wrong
to start with... I mean, I can't
apologize if I don't know what I'm
apologizing for.

Emily stops, turns and appraises Sanjay.

EMILY
You're just like the others.

SANJAY
What "others"?

EMILY
The wankers who got me my reputation.

Sanjay looks baffled. Emily continues with hesitation.

EMILY (cont'd)
I'm *not* a sket. I haven't done half the things that are going round school about me. I figured you'd do the same, so I walked out. Then went on the attack so that people wouldn't believe you if you did.

Sanjay looks mortified.

SANJAY
Is that really what you think of me?

Emily nods. Sanjay closes his eyes for a moment, heavy sigh.

SANJAY (cont'd)
I feel like such a twat. This whole time I've been having a go at other people for being ignorant...

Sanjay looks Emily straight in the eye.

SANJAY (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'm not a bad person.

EMILY
Nor am I.

SANJAY
Shall we stop acting like it, then?

EMILY
Sounds like a lame truce to me.

Sanjay extends his hand for Emily to shake. Emily grimaces in mock revulsion.

EMILY (cont'd)
Not a chance.

After an awkward moment, Sanjay laughs and shoves his hand in his pocket, trying to look casual.

EMILY (cont'd)
What's with the outfit, anyway?

SANJAY
I was hoping to be objectified. Women love a man in uniform, right?

Emily gives him a withering look.

SANJAY (cont'd)
 Oh come on, you *know* it works the
 other way round too.

Sanjay gives Emily a probing look, and her expression softens. Sanjay smiles, with a tinge of smugness.

SANJAY (cont'd)
 Truth be told, my mum held a gun to
 my head. But I might've actually
 saved a life last week, and that
 kinda changes your perspective.

Emily regards Sanjay with new-found respect, and they mooch down the road together, soon arriving at a turning.

Emily takes the turning.

EMILY
 (calling back)
 Laters, freak.

Sanjay looks round, flips Emily the finger on both hands.

SANJAY
 Whatevs.

Both wear a cheeky expression, clearly joking.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - 2017 - SAME

Kev canters down the road, hurrying to catch up with Sanjay, but stops in his tracks as Dylan calls him.

DYLAN
 Hey, wait up!

Kev looks around furtively, nobody is watching them.

Kev slouches down the street, hands in pockets, eyes down.

KEV
 Yo.

Dylan joins him, waits until they are clear of the school grounds, drops his voice to a murmur.

DYLAN
 I'm pretty sure no-one's watching us,
 but if it bothers you, I'll be outta
 that place in a few weeks, for good.
 So you won't have to worry about
 getting sacked.

KEV

Sacked? Do people still do that?

Dylan leans into his ear.

DYLAN

For fraternizing with a student.

Kev breathes a sigh of relief. Shakes his head.

DYLAN (cont'd)

If not that then... what are you so afraid of?

KEV

Where I come from, even them's don't 'ate yer could 'ave yer dead.

Dylan frowns, considering his response.

DYLAN

Well, things ain't perfect here, but whatever little backward town or weird cult you were brought up in, they need to wake up and smell the 21st century, my friend.

KEV

Oh, they will. Just give 'em a few decades.

Kev half-smiles. Dylan appraises Kev with a bemused look.

DYLAN

Where *did* you come from, anyway.

KEV

Somewhere you never 'ave to worry about.

(beat)

By the way, how did you...

Dylan gives Kev a cheeky smile.

DYLAN

I saw the way you looked at my hands.

KEV

Knew that hand thing would get me in trouble one o' these days.

DYLAN

Luckily that's my specialty.

KEV
Hands or... getting in trouble?

Dylan and Kev regard each other, burst into laughter.

DYLAN
O-M-G, I have got the BEST idea! You
need to come to Pride.

KEV
What's Pride?

DYLAN
One glorious day when London goes a
little queer.

Kev snorts, but then looks confused.

KEV
Where do all the straights go?

Dylan cracks up, tears of laughter filling his eyes. Claps
Kev on the shoulder and leaves his hand there.

Kev glances warily at the hand, but doesn't shrug it off.

DYLAN
Well, half of them join the party
too, but we practice a culture of
tolerance. So, no hetero-bashing, OK?

Kev chuckles, then smiles with nervous anticipation.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - 2017 - EVENING

Front door opens, Ian slouches in, dumps his school-bag.

He cocks his ear towards a doorway as he hears scraping of
plates. Sighs and approaches the door.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian appears in the doorway, looking troubled.

Hannah and Rob sit at the table, half-empty plates in front
of them. Both smile at Ian. Ian half-smiles back.

Ian approaches Hannah, gives her, then Rob, a long hug.

HANNAH
You OK, love?

IAN

I am now.

Ian smiles as he ducks out of the room.

ROB

What was that all about?

HANNAH

Living his life, I guess.

Hannah chokes up, putting her hand to her heart.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - 2017 - MOMENTS LATER

Ian checks his social media account. Message from SUZANNE GREENWOOD. Message title: "Greetings, Future Guy". He hovers over the "Open message" button.

IAN

Greenwood...?

Shakes his head. Opens the message, reads it aloud, in wondering tone:-

IAN (cont'd)

"Hi Ian, yes I am hella old! For you, it has been a few days, for me, 30 years. Just wanted to let you know that I've never forgotten you. Although now married, two kids, so no chance of any cougar action.

(cringes)

Sanjay might be in more luck with Fiona.

(dry heaves)

No idea what happened to Kev, we never saw him again.

(a knowing chuckle)

I keep thinking I should tell my daughter to look you up. Olivia's about your age. Of course, I'd be weirdly jealous, but at least I know you'd treat her right..."

Ian trails off, turning white. He flops onto his bed.

IAN (cont'd)

Oh, Liv. I am SO glad I didn't sleep with your mum.

FADE TO BLACK