

This Guitar Saves Chickens

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SWIMMING POOL.DAY

BRIGHT LIGHT beats down on the spotty face of JOEY MALONE, a skinny, lank-haired boy of sixteen.

Joey closes his eyes as he gently waves his arms and moves his inflatable lilo across the clear blue infinity swimming pool.

JOEY (VO)

My name is Joey Malone. I'm nobody special. That's what everybody told me.

Joey slides off the lilo and forces himself underwater.

JOEY (VO)

I never thought I was.

He keeps his eyes open as he stretches his arms out to touch the bottom.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

Hundreds of FLUFFY YELLOW CHICKS tumbling along a conveyor belt.

PINK-GLOVED HANDS rummage through the birds - some are picked up and tossed into sacks. The others continue their journey.

INT. CLASSROOM.DAY

MR THOMPSON, late forties, neatly trimmed beard patrols the classroom. His battered hush-puppies SQUEAK as he moves. The CLASS are silent.

MR THOMPSON

Slouching. What is it?

THE CLASS

(mumbling)

A sign of weakness sir.

MR THOMPSON

That's right. A sign of weakness.

The class sit up straight.

(CONTINUED)

MR THOMPSON

That's better. You look a little more like humans and less like apes.

Mr Thompson prowls around the room - just waiting to pounce on somebody.

MR THOMPSON

Next Friday is the deadline for those of you wanting to stay here for sixth form. Anybody yet to receive an application form who wants one, put your hand up now or forever hold your peace.

Joey Malone, pasty-faced and shy puts up his hand.

MR THOMPSON

Ah, Joseph. We're so pleased that you found time in your busy schedule to squeeze us in today. Now, is your hand in the air to indicate that you would like a form? Or perhaps you're just needing the little boys room?

JOEY

A form.

MR THOMPSON

I would like a form please sir. Let us hear your impeccable manners please Joseph.

JOEY

I would like a form please sir.

Mr Thompson strolls around the class, taking great delight in watching Joey's obvious embarrassment.

MR THOMPSON

I'm about to make a very important point Joseph. So listen carefully.

Mr Thompson saunters up to Joey and leans over him.

Joey squirms in his seat.

MR THOMPSON

I can see by your hair, and the selfless way that you refuse to waste water washing yourself, that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR THOMPSON (cont'd)
you're the kind of lad who takes an
interest in the environment. Am I
right in thinking that Joseph?

Mr Thompson looks around the class. They start to giggle.

Joey stares at his desk.

JOEY
(mumbling) Yes sir.

MR THOMPSON
Well in that case, I'm sure that
you will be aware that in order to
produce these forms, a tree must
die.

JOEY
Yes sir.

MR THOMPSON
I'm sure you can see the point I'm
making Joseph.

JOEY
No sir.

Joey picks up a pen and scrapes it along the desk.

Mr Thompson grabs Joey's hand and snatches the pen.

MR THOMPSON
My point is that the life of a
tree in exchange for yours is not
a deal I'm willing to make.
Understand?

Joey turns around and looks out of the window.

MR THOMPSON
Understand?

JOEY
Yes sir.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

A line of half dead chickens hanging upside down as they
pass along the production line.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

The carpet is covered with magazines and newspapers.

The furniture is falling apart.

SALLY MALONE, a tired looking forty year old pouts as she piles on her lipstick.

Sally blocks the view of the 50" widescreen television for DAVE MALONE, a gruff looking, sweaty man in his late forties.

Dave is dressed in a shirt and tie and looks thoroughly uncomfortable as he finishes off his box of takeaway chicken nuggets.

Dave throws the empty box to the floor and rips off his tie.

DAVE

And what's with the lip-stick?
Dressing like a whore won't save
him. It's too late for the lad.
He's blown his chances.

Sally pouts and slaps on more lip-stick.

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey on his bed. He can hear every word through the thin ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Sally calmly picks up the tie.

She hands it to Dave.

DAVE

Fine. I'll wear the tie. Do I get
the father of the fucking year
award now?

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey LEAPS from his bed. He grabs his electric guitar. Joey thrashes the strings like a man possessed.

He stops.

He holds the guitar against the amp.

(CONTINUED)

The SQUEAL of feedback fills the room.

The door FLIES open.

Sally CHARGES in.

SALLY

Will you turn that bloody noise
down?

Joey throws the guitar onto the bed and strolls out of the room SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. SCHOOL HALL.NIGHT

The hall is full of PARENTS milling around; all on their best behaviour.

The TEACHERS sit behind desks, looking bored and smiling false smiles.

Dave and Sally sit at the the desk with Mr Thompson, who leans back in his seat with his hands behind his head.

MR THOMPSON

To be entirely honest Mr and Mrs
Malone, I think leaving school will
do Joseph the world of good, He
doesn't seem to have enjoyed here
at all. As we discussed last time,
he does have something of an
attitude problem.

SALLY

I don't understand what went wrong.
He was always such a bright boy.

MR THOMPSON

That may have been the case in the
past Mrs Malone. But I have to tell
you, in the time I've known Joseph,
evidence of his academic ability is
quite scarce.

Mr Thompson stretches out his legs underneath the table. His hush-puppy brushes against Sally's stiletto.

Dave checks his watch as Sally exchanges a nervous smile with Mr Thompson.

(CONTINUED)

MR THOMPSON

I don't need to tell you Mrs Malone, the world can be an unforgiving place. I think it's important for Joseph to take this opportunity to get his future mapped out. In my experience, the path you are on at sixteen is usually the one you're on at sixty. Wouldn't you agree?

Mr Thompson slides his hush-puppy up Sally's calf.

Sally moves her leg, and places her foot and top of Mr Thompson's.

Mr Thompson gives her a sexy smile which turns to a wince as Sally twists her heel into his foot.

SALLY

Oh, sorry.

MR THOMPSON

(grimacing)

It's ok.

Dave checks his watch again.

He stands up.

DAVE

Come on. I've heard enough.

Dave waits for Sally to follow. She doesn't.

Dave grabs her arm and pulls her up.

SALLY

Well thank you very much for your time Mr Thompson.

Mr Thompson smiles smugly as he watches Sally and Dave bicker as they cross the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave and Sally sit in silence, completely absorbed by the experience of watching Clint Eastwood in Dirty Harry.

The door BURSTS open.

(CONTINUED)

Joey finds himself between Clint Eastwood threatening a punk and his mum and dad. Joey and his mate GINGE - a red-haired sixteen year old in faded denims look confused.

JOEY

Shit. I didn't think you'd be in.

Sally grabs the remote control and turns the volume down.

SALLY

We spoke to Mr Thompson.

JOEY

Mr Thompson's a..

SALLY

Never mind what he is. It's you I'm worried about. This is it. You're in the big world now and you haven't got a clue what you're doing.

JOEY

I just...

SALLY

And he said you weren't interested in staying on for sixth form.

JOEY

He's a liar.

SALLY

Well are you?

JOEY

No. I'm not brainy enough.

DAVE

Too bloody lazy.

SALLY

Well you need to get your head together and sort something out.

JOEY

I'm sick of this, everyone...

DAVE

A word of advice son. Don't argue. Your mum's in a foul mood. So get to your room or get out.

JOEY
Forget it.

Joey turns around and STOMPS out into the
HALL

SLAMMING the door behind him and leads Ginge upstairs to his
BEDROOM

Close to tears, Joey picks up his guitar. The rage has
subsided into frustration. Joey begins to strum on his
guitar. Ginge picks up the set of bongo drums at the end of
the bed and taps along. Joey begins to sing.

JOEY
I hate my dad, he makes me mad. I
hate my mam, she makes me
spamsandwiches.

Joey slips into a

DAYDREAM

He's in the

TOP OF THE POPS STUDIO

perched on a stool with his guitar. Ginge is sitting at his
feet playing his bongos.

JOEY
I hate my dad, he makes me mad. I
hate my mam, she makes me spam
sandwiches.

Joey is brought back to

REALITY

by Ginge.

GINGE
That's shit y'know. Joey puts down
his guitar.

JOEY
Yeah. I know.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey, Dave and Ginge sprawled across the furniture staring at the television. Sally enters. She holds an APPLE PIE with sixteen candles. Sally switches off the light and begins to sing...

SALLY
Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you, happy birthday
dear Joseph, happy birthday to you.

Sally holds the pie in front of Joey's face.

Joey's not interested - he's watching The World's Strongest Man on television and a guy from Hungary is about to pull a tractor with his teeth.

SALLY
It's apple pie. Your favourite.

Joey ignores her and concentrates on the Hungarian guy pulling the tractor.

SALLY
Come on Joseph. Blow.

Ginge giggles.

GINGE
Yeah go on Joey, you love to blow.

Joey aims a sigh towards the candles - they flicker.

SALLY
Again. Make an effort this time.

Joey blows out the candles with one breath.

Sally clears a space on the coffee table and places the cake down.

SALLY
Did you make a wish?

JOEY
Oh yeah.

DAVE
I hope it was clean. We don't want
any lap-dancers coming in. Not
while your mum's here anyway.

Dave laughs to himself while Sally cuts the cake.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

Put the bloody light back on then.

Dave moans and groans as he struggles to his feet before punching the light switch.

SALLY

I was going to get you a proper birthday cake, but I know how much you love apple pie.

Joey looks embarrassed. Sally hands a slice of pie to Ginge. Dave looks put out as he slumps back in his chair. He watches as Ginge takes a huge bite.

DAVE

Where's mine?

SALLY

Ginge is a guest.

DAVE

A guest? I thought he'd moved in. I even found ginger pubes in the bath the other day. Sally gives Dave a filthy look.

SALLY

Ignore him Ginge. He thinks he's funny. Sally thrusts a piece of pie into Dave's hand.

DAVE

Thank you darling. Dave nibbles at the pie.

DAVE

Mmm. Simply divine.

He chews it carefully before speaking again. Joey reaches out and takes two pieces of cake.

DAVE

Oi! Greedy bollocks.

SALLY

Save some for Andy.

Reluctantly, Joey puts the smallest piece back on the plate.

DAVE

Tell me Ginge, have you found gainful employment yet?

(CONTINUED)

Ginge stuffs the rest of the pie into his mouth.

GINGE

Nah. I'm staying on for my A-Levels.

Dave, Sally and Joey all look shocked.

SALLY

Have a word with this one will you.

Joey squirms whilst giving Ginge a look that says "you fucking wanker".

GINGE

I just came to the conclusion that I had a choice, I could waste my life or do something with it.

DAVE

Well at least God gave him some brains inside to make up for that ginger mop he was born with.

Joey is prepared for what's coming next...

SALLY

What about you Joey? You thought any more about what you're doing?

JOEY

No, not really.

DAVE

Well don't you think you should? Because I'm telling you son, you're not scrounging off us for the rest of your life.

Joey stands up...

JOEY

Don't worry. I'll sort something out. I've got things in the pipeline.

INT. GRANDAD'S FLAT.DAY

Joey in his school uniform, opens the door of a small house in the middle of a sheltered housing scheme.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Granddad!

GRANDDAD

(O.S)

Come in son.

Joey creeps into the living room. The room is covered in photographs, pictures of Joey and Andy as babies, wedding photographs, holiday snaps from Blackpool.

The fireplace is host to an assortment of knik-knaks from a mini Eiffel Tower to a bronze Buddha.

In the corner, a BUDGIE, swings on a perch.

GRANDDAD has a notepad and a newspaper on his knee and chews his pen as he speaks.

GRANDDAD

No school today son?

JOEY

Nah. I didn't feel like.

Granddad puts the pen down.

GRANDDAD

Oh. What did you feel like?

Joey glances down at the paper which is open at the racing pages.

JOEY

You want me to go the bookies for you?

GRANDDAD

I haven't picked my winners yet.

JOEY

I'll put the kettle on while you find them then.

GRANDDAD

No you won't. You'll get your arse on that sofa.

Joey does as he is told.

GRANDDAD

Do you think I'm stupid son?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

No. Of course not.

GRANDAD

The rest of me might be knackered,
but my brain still works. Are you
gonna' tell me what's going on?

Joey looks away.

GRANDAD

Is it your mum and dad?

JOEY

Yeah. Kind of.

GRANDAD

What? On your back? Pissing you
off?

JOEY

I don't know. It's not just them.
It's everybody. Always on my back
all the time about getting a job
and stuff.

GRANDAD

I thought you were staying on at
school.

JOEY

So did I. It all fell through.

GRANDAD

So what are you doing?

JOEY

Dunno'. Maybe join the army.

Grandad is appalled by this suggestion. He drags himself
upright in his chair.

GRANDAD

Now shut up and listen. I hate
giving out advice. But I'm
gonna'make an exception. I don't
care what you do. But don't join
the bloody army son.

JOEY

But..

(CONTINUED)

GRANDAD

I know you think I'm a daft old bastard. Maybe I am. But I haven't always been. I've been young. I know what it's like. Believe me son, you want to make the most of it because before you know it you'll be pissing blood and wondering where time went.

Joey is taken aback by the ferocity of his Grandad.

GRANDAD

I always promised myself I wouldn't be one of those boring bastards who went on and on about the war. I could tell you stories Joseph. I could tell you stories alright. I know you think you're a bit of a smart arse, and a bit of a hard case. Unless you fancy seeing your mates with their legs hanging off, I'd steer clear of the army son.

Joey doesn't know how to react. He can see his Grandad has become very emotional.

He waits to see if the speech will continue but Grandad reaches out for the newspaper and his pen.

GRANDAD

Put the kettle on then son.

EXT. WOODLAND.DAY

Joey sitting on a tree stump. He pulls an air pistol from his jacket pocket.

Joey holds the gun to his head.

He closes his eyes with his finger twitching on the trigger. Joey squeezes the trigger - the gun clicks.

Joey sighs and reaches into his pocket.

He pulls out a handful of pellets.

Joey watches as birds forage in the undergrowth.

He pushes a pellet into the pistol.

Joey aims the pistol at a blackbird. He watches as the bird struggles to pull a worm from the earth.

(CONTINUED)

Joey's finger twitches on the trigger. The bird yanks the worm free.

Joey's finger twitches on the trigger. Before he can react, the bird has gone.

EXT.STREAM.DAY

Joey sitting on a bridge overlooking a dirty brown stream. He drops twigs into the water and watches them as they are tossed around in the currents.

Joey glances at his watch before standing up. He ambles towards the housing estate in the distance.

EXT.FIELD.DAY

Joey notices RABBITS scampering about in the field between him and the estate.

Slowly, Joey drops to his knees, then to his stomach. Joey begins crawling across the field.

He stops. J

Joey aims the pistol at a rabbit.

He pulls the trigger.

The RABBITS disappear into bushes and down burrows.

Joey rolls over onto his back and looks at the sky.

He closes his eyes as the clouds clear leaving the sunexposed as it beats down on his dirty face.

EXT. STREET.DAY

Joey stands beneath a lamppost.

His face a picture of concentration as he aims a bicycle tyre at the lamppost. It misses by a mile.

Joey picks it up and tries again.

It clips the top of the lamppost and drops to the floor.

He picks it up again. Joey changes his mind and throws the tyre into a nearby bush.

EXT.SCHOOL GATES.DAY

Joey leaning against a wall, hands in pockets.

He watches as KIDS come pouring out.

He spots ANDY, eleven years old, his shuffling walk and hunched gait mark him out from the mass of other kids.

Joey sneaks behind Andy and follows him. When he gets close enough, Joey launches himself onto Andy's back.

The two fall to the floor.

Andy looks around, expecting a beating. He sees Joey laughing.

ANDY

Dickhead.

JOEY

You shit yourself.

ANDY

I knew it was you.

JOEY

Of course you did.

JOEY helps ANDY to his feet.

ANDY

Where've you been?

JOEY

School. Same as you.

ANDY

No you haven't. Where've you been?

JOEY

Nowhere.

ANDY

Mum and dad will go mental if they find out.

JOEY

But they're not going to find out are they?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

They might.

JOEY

Anyway, I don't care if they find out. I don't care what they say. They're just losers.

ANDY

No they're not.

JOEY

Of course they are. Look at them. Do you want to grow up like dad?

ANDY

Shut up.

JOEY

Well? Do you? Because I don't.

INT.LIVING ROOM. DAY

Sally stuffing clothes into a holdall. Dave stares at the television.

DAVE

You'll be back.

SALLY

I won't. I mean it this time.

DAVE

You mean it every time. Until your sister gets pissed off with you.

Sally stops packing for a moment and glares at Dave.

SALLY

I'm not coming back.

DAVE

We'll see. I'll give you three days before she gets sick of you.

Dave approaches her, he tries to slip his hands around her waist - but Sally sidesteps him.

SALLY

I've just had it Dave. I've really had it.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Look. Why don't you sit down. Have a cup of tea and forget the whole thing. It'll save everybody a lot of hassle.

SALLY picks up her bag. She heads for the door.

SALLY

You just don't understand do you?

DAVE

Of course I do. Listen, put your bag down. Run yourself a bath and I'll do something nice for tea.

SALLY

I'm not coming back Dave. This is it.

DAVE

Ok then. Have a nice time love. See you in a couple of days. Give my love to Val will you?

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Later...

Dave stares at a documentary about farming methods in East Africa.

Joey and his younger brother ANDY, thirteen years old with a chubby and cheery face burst in the door.

JOEY

What's for tea?

DAVE

Dunno'.

ANDY

I don't want fish-fingers.

JOEY

Where's mum?

DAVE

Auntie Val's?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Is she staying there again?

DAVE

Just for a couple of days. She's going through a bit of a funny time. Don't worry about it, she'll be fine.

ANDY

I'm starving.

JOEY

Did you go to work today?

DAVE

Bloody hell. You sound like your Mother. My back has been playing up again.

ANDY

I'm really hungry.

Dave rummages about in his pocket.

He pulls out a crumpled fiver and hands it to Joey.

ANDY

Chips?

DAVE

Ciggies.

Dave rummages in his pocket again. He pulls out a couple of pound coins.

DAVE

If there's change

EXT.AUNTIE VALS.NIGHT

Stone cladding. Too many hanging baskets. Plaster statues in the tiny front garden. Sally rings the chiming doorbell.

EXT.ESTATE.NIGHT

A rundown, boarded up parade of shops. The off-licence and chip-shop are the only two open. J

Joey and Andy rip through the wrapping paper as they leave the chip shop.

(CONTINUED)

A GANG of youths has congregated outside.

Andy looks worried.

He wraps his chips again - ready to run.

Joey whispers something as he hands his chips to Andy.

Andy disappears into the estate.

Joey swallows hard as he does his best to look cool.

He walks towards the gang. As Joey walks past, one of the gang, DUCK; 19 years old, a lanky, ferret faced scowler.

DUCK

Oi. Bollocks.

Joey pauses for a second.

He grips the chips so tightly his fingers rip through the paper.

Joey grimaces as the chips burn his fingers.

Thinking whether to turn around or make a run for it. He turns around.

JOEY

Oh. Alright? I didn't see you there. What's going on?

DUCK

Fuck all. What about you?

JOEY

Same. Fuck all.

Duck looks Joey up and down. Joey is frozen.

Too scared to move.

Duck enjoys the power.

DUCK

Well...See yer later.

JOEY

Yeah. Duck walks away. Leading the Gang towards the off-licence. Joey scurries away into the estate.

INT.JOEY'S BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey sitting upright on his bed. His guitar on his lap.

He looks baffled as he tries to read a book of sheet music. Joey tries arranging his fingers on the strings. He strums, looks confused and throws the book down.

He picks up another one:

The Encyclopedia of Rock and Roll.

Joey opens the book. He thumbs through it.

Pausing on classic photographs of:

THE ROLLING STONES

THE BEATLES

THE SEX PISTOLS

Joey looks admiringly as SID VICIOUS sticks two fingers up to the camera. He closes his eyes. The book drops to the floor. Joey falls asleep with the guitar still on his lap.

INT.CLASSROOM.DAY

Mr Thompson has his head down as he checks the register.

MR THOMPSON
Figgis? Figgis?

FIGGIS, a geeky, greasy haired lad is being held down by
TWO SKINHEADS.

MR THOMPSON
There is a time and a place for
everything. If you must torture
Figgis do it outside of my
classroom.

Figgis wriggles free as Joey enters the class.

Joey tries to creep past Mr Thompson's desk.

MR THOMPSON
Ahh. Malone. How are we feeling
today? Better?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Yes Sir.

MR THOMPSON

What was it yesterday? Food poisoning? Really. A boy with your education should not be eating out of dustbins.

The CLASS laugh. Joey takes his seat. Mr Thompson watches him with a smug look on his face.

Joey glares back at him.

JOEY SLIPS INTO A DAYDREAM:

Mr Thompson dressed as HITLER sitting in front of a huge SWASTIKA.

The rest of the CLASS as NAZI STORMTROOPERS. Joey reaches for a gun. JOEY'S POV: The hairline of the gun has Mr Thompson's eyes in ultra close up.

He squeezes the trigger.

BANG.

BACK TO REALITY:

MR THOMPSON

Did you hear a word I said?

JOEY

No.

MR THOMPSON

Well, for the benefit of the stupid, I shall repeat myself. Are you here for the day? Or is this just a fleeting visit?

JOEY

A fleeting visit sir.

Joey stands up. He knocks his chair over and swaggers out of the room.

MR THOMPSON

Figgis! Pick that chair up now.

EXT.SCHOOL GATES.DAY

Joey scowls and aims a V sign at the school.

INT.AMUSEMENT ARCADE.DAY

Joey sitting at a table sipping coke.

Duck strides in. Followed by the GANG.

Joey spots them. He thinks about hiding

He's too late. The gang head straight for him.

Duck places his arm on Joey's shoulder. Joey freezes.

DUCK

No school today Joey? Joey shakes his head. Joey relaxes slightly as Duck removes his arm.

DUCK

Who's gonna' buy the lad a coke? The gang pretend to search their pockets.

DUCK

Fuck it. I'll get it.

Duck pulls out a wallet. He flicks through a wad of notes before handing a FIFTY to FANNYHEAD, a small, scrawny lad in a tracksuit.

DUCK

Get him a coke. And I expect change.

JOEY

It's ok. I've got some...

DUCK

I'm buying you a coke. JOEY knows not to argue.

JOEY

Thanks.

DUCK

Have you been avoiding us?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

No. Why?

DUCK

We used to see you down the park all time. We used to play football down there remember?

JOEY

Yeah.

DUCK

Didn't you like it?

JOEY

Yeah it was ok. Just that, y'know school and homework and stuff.

DUCK

But you still go down to the bridge and hang out with all the pricks down there.

JOEY

Yeah sometimes.

Fannyhead returns with a coke. He places it in front of Joey
He hands the FIFTY back to Duck

FANNYHEAD

They wouldn't take it.

DUCK

Fucking amateurs.

Duck slides the note back into his wallet.

FANNYHEAD

You left school yet Joey? Duck reaches forward and grabs
Joey's school tie.

DUCK

He's wearing his uniform you prick.

CRASH, a baby-faced, fat lad with a bowl head hairstyle run
towards Duck. He points to the window.

CRASH

Look at that bitch.

The gang look out of the window.

GANG POV:

(CONTINUED)

A well dressed, middle-aged woman with a sneer glides past the window.

CRASH

Bitch.

FANNYHEAD

How much do you reckon's in the bag?

CRASH

Thousands.

FANNYHEAD

I bet she'll spend it all on perfume and pans.

DUCK

Come on then.

FANNYHEAD

You coming Joey?

DUCK

Course he is. This is where Joey becomes a man.

JOEY

I can't. I've got to...

DUCK

It'll be a piece of piss. We'll look after you.

Joey realises he doesn't have a choice.

He follows the gang into the street.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The gang follow the woman along the street.

The woman enters a newsagents.

The gang wait outside.

DUCK

This is it Joey. Your big chance.

Joey peers into the shop.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

It's easy. Just grab the bag and
run like fuck. As it's your debut,
you can keep half of what you get.

Joey looks up and down the street, searching for an escape
route.

DUCK

How to be a man in one easy step.
Grab the bitch's bag.

FANNYHEAD

Here she comes.

The woman leaves the shop.

Joey makes eye contact with the woman.

DUCK

Go on. Go on. Go on.

FANNYHEAD

Hurry up.

DUCK

Come on you queer.

FANNYHEAD

Go, go , go...

Joey looks along the street. The woman has gone.

FANNYHEAD

You shit house.

DUCK

Leave him. There'll be others. The
first one is always the hardest.

EXT.HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

The shift has finished. Dave walks out with BILL and KEN.
Both overweight men in their 50's.

DAVE

Come on. Just come for one.

BILL

I can't. I'm taking the wife to the
pictures.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

What about you Ken? Just for one.

KEN

I can't. I'm babysitting.

DAVE

Babysitting?

KEN

For Louise's little one. You should see her. She's gorgeous.

They reach the main road.

DAVE

Right. I'll see you tomorrow then.

Dave stops at the bus stop and watches as Bill and Ken walk away laughing and joking.

INT.LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey opens the door.

Joey's POV:

Dave asleep on the floor. A bag of chips and an empty bottle of vodka next to him. A JOHNNY CASH cd plays on the stereo. Joey steps over his dad and switches the stereo off before creeping out and quietly closing the door behind him.

INT.VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

The coffee table is covered with holiday brochures.

VAL watches as SALLY flicks through them.

VAL

Tempted?

SALLY

Of course I'm tempted.

VAL

When was the last time you went away?

SALLY

God knows. Probably the week we had in the Isle of Man when I was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (cont'd)
 pregnant with Andy. I threw my guts
 up on the boat all the way back. I
 thought I was just seasick.

They both laugh.

Val picks up a brochure and shows a photograph of a golden
 beach to Sally.

VAL
 I think we both deserve this. Don't
 you?

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Joey picks up his ENCYLOPAEDIA OF ROCK AND ROLL. He flicks
 through it. Photo's of:

THE CLASH

BOB DYLAN

THE WHO

Joey throws the book down.

He picks up his GUITAR.

Joey stands in front of the mirror. Legs apart. Guitar slung
 over his shoulder.

He thrashes the guitar in a circular, windmill motion, just
 like Pete Townshend.

He thrashes wildly. The guitar hardly makes a sound. Joey
 stares into the mirror.

He slips into a DAYDREAM:

A READY STEADY GO style TV studio.

WOMEN in mini-skirts and smartly dressed men dance in the
 background as the HOST speaks to the camera.

HOST
 Next up. A star who has gone all
 the way from Lancashire to Las
 Vegas. Straight into this week's
 Hit Parade at number one. The one,
 the only Joey Malone with his smash
 hit "I Hate My Dad".

(CONTINUED)

Joey on stage dressed in his school uniform.

He is just about to strike his first chord when:

A KNOCK at the door.

BACK TO REALITY:

Joey puts the guitar down.

Andy sneaks in. Joey smiles at him.

They both sit on the bed.

ANDY

Do you think he's alive?

JOEY

Who?

ANDY

Dad. He's on the floor.

JOEY

He's just pissed. Don't worry.
He'll be fine in the morning.

INT.KITCHEN.DAY

Dave Slams the cupboard doors He eventually pulls out a box of cornflakes. Andy stands in the doorway. Dave pours milk into the bowl until it overflows.

DAVE

For fuck's sake.

ANDY

Can I have toast instead?

Dave jumps at the sound of Andy's voice.

DAVE

Toast it is. No problemo. My boy
wants toast, he shall have toast.

Andy takes a seat at the breakfast bar.

He watches as Dave places two slices of bread in the toaster.

The bread refuses to stay down. No matter how hard he pushes it, the bread keeps popping up.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
Stupid bloody thing.

ANDY
I think you need to plug it in
first.

DAVE
It is plugged in...

Dave looks at the socket: No plug. He picks up the toaster and throws it to the floor.

Andy looks down at the broken toaster and watches as Dave stamps up and down on it.

DAVE
Stupid fucking toaster. Stupid
fucking toaster.

Andy backs out of the kitchen while Dave kicks the toaster into tiny pieces.

INT.JOEY'S BEDROOM.DAY

Joey dressed for school. He closes the bedroom door and looks around the bomb site of a room.

Joey gets down on his hands and knees. He pulls out a Reebok shoe box from under his bed.

Joey looks over his shoulder before opening the box. He pulls out his rusty air pistol.

Joey stands up. He tucks the pistol into his trousers then pulls his shirt over to cover the bulge.

INT.KITCHEN.DAY

Dave slicing cheese for sandwiches. The knife slips. He cuts his finger.

DAVE
Shit.

DAVE grabs a tea-towel. He wraps it around his hand.

ANDY
I can get chips.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

You'll have a proper lunch ok? You need vitamins and stuff.

Andy rummages around, he opens the washing machine.

DAVE

What are you looking for now?

ANDY

I've got games today and I can't find my kit.

DAVE

Well I haven't seen it.

ANDY

Mum always has it ready. It should be on the table.

DAVE

Well Mum's not here is she? Just tell the teacher you're sick.

ANDY

I'll need a note.

DAVE

If they don't believe you they can phone me.

ANDY

But...

DAVE

Just get out.

Andy turns around.

Joey has been standing in the doorway.

JOEY

Come on. We'll be late.

EXT. ESTATE. DAY

Joey and Andy walk through the estate.

They are so close they could be lovers.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Do you really think she'll be back?

JOEY

Of course she will.

ANDY

But why would she leave just to come back again.

JOEY

She's just making a point to dad. Threatening him. Saying you better change or else.

They continue in silence for a moment.

ANDY

Is Auntie Val really sick?

JOEY

No. It's just an excuse.

ANDY

Yeah. I thought so.

INT.LIVING ROOM.DAY

Dave sits with his head in his hands. He looks around the room: Newspapers, magazines, bottles and fast food packaging all over the place.

INT. GRANDAD'S FLAT.DAY

Joey lets himself in the front door.

JOEY

Grandad.

There's no response.

Joey creeps through to the living room.

JOEY

Grandad.

He looks over at the chair where he should be. It's empty.

JOEY

Grandad.

He enters the

(CONTINUED)

BEDROOM

to find Grandad sitting up in bed.

GRANDAD
What are you doing here?

JOEY
I've brought you some shopping.
I've got that bread you like.

GRANDAD
I'll be up in a minute. Hang on.

Joey hears a noise.

He looks around the room.

He listens again - he looks up at the curtain pole and sees the BUDGIE perched on the rail.

JOEY
What's he doing out?

GRANDAD
Just stretching his wings. He needs to get out. I feel terrible keeping him boxed in.

JOEY
You want me to get him back in for you?

GRANDAD
No, leave him. He'll find his own way back when he's hungry.

Grandad struggles to swing his legs out of bed. It's too difficult so he stops for a rest.

JOEY
Have you been taking your tablets?

GRANDAD
I'll have them later. Don't fuss.

JOEY
I thought you were supposed to take them first thing. You can have them now.

Grandad lays back on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDAD

You're getting to be a bossy little
sod aren't you?

Joey searches through the pile of tablets that sit on a chest of drawers.

JOEY

I just don't want to come in here
and find you dead.

Although Joey was joking, he feels he's gone too far.

Grandad looks away.

JOEY

I didn't mean that, I just meant...

GRANDAD

How's Andy doing? He hasn't been
around for ages.

Joey hands Grandad a couple of tablets.

Grandad pretends to swallow them.

While Joey picks up clothes from the floor Grandad hides the tablets under his pillow.

JOEY

He'll come around on Saturday. He's
got loads of homework just now.
He's a right little professor.
Never misses a day at school.

GRANDAD

I remember when you were like that.

Joey searches through the bottles of pills again.

JOEY

You got any more to take?

GRANDAD

Just those ones. Next to that photo
of your mum and dad.

Joey hands them to Grandad, who, with a sleight of hand that belies his age and condition, slips them under his pillow.

GRANDAD

You're not a bad lad are you
Joseph?

INT.LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave in a daze as he stares at the television.

Andy on the sofa reading a school book.

Joey opens the door.

Andy looks up and smiles.

JOEY

Hi dad.

Dave looks at Joey. His expression doesn't change.

DAVE

Where've you been?

JOEY

I popped in to see Grandad.

DAVE

Oh yeah?

JOEY

Yeah. He was in bed. He was a bit weird.

Joey looks around the room. The RUBBISH has multiplied. Joey begins gathering up newspapers and magazines.

DAVE

Leave it.

JOEY

The place is a mess.

DAVE

Leave it.

Joey puts the papers into a pile.

DAVE

Sit down. Joey does as he's told.

DAVE

I've got good news for you.

JOEY

What?

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
I've got you a job?

JOEY
What?

DAVE
You heard. I've sorted you out.

Joey looks confused.

DAVE
I spoke to Bob. The line manager.
We've got the contract for the new
McDonalds. We're supplying the
Chicken McNuggets.

Joey's mouth falls open.

DAVE
You start in two weeks.

JOEY
No I don't

DAVE
You're too lazy and stupid to get a
job yourself. I can't support you
forever.

JOEY
I'm not doing it. I'm not working
there. I'd rather be dead than work
there.

INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey storms into his room. He grabs his guitar. He plugs it
in and thrashes wildly. He slips into a

DAYDREAM:

The 100 Club - London Joey on stage. Eyes shut. Banging out
a punk riff. PUNKS invade the stage. They jump on Joey. Joey
is lost beneath their bodies.

Back to

REALITY:

Joey on his bed.

The guitar on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FEEDBACK squeals around the room.

Joey throws himself onto his bed and curls up into the foetus position.

Joey gently rocks himself to sleep.

INT. AUNTIE VALS - NIGHT

Val clearing up around Sally as she studies the newspaper.

VAL
Anything?

SALLY
Not really. I've filled in a couple of forms at the job centre. Nothing I really fancy though.

Val picks up Sally's shoes and makes a song and dance about moving them.

VAL
You can't be too fussy though can you?

SALLY
I know, don't worry. I'll pay my way.

VAL
I'm not pushing you or anything.

Val picks up a pile of magazines from Sally's feet and straightens them.

SALLY
I need something though, I'm going nuts.

Val picks chocolate wrappers from between the seats.

VAL
Well you could start by getting this place sorted out.

SALLY
Yeah, sorry about that. I haven't been in long.

Val has to bite her tongue...

38. SALLY

What about this one? Chatline operators required?

VAL

Talking to perverts on the phone?

SALLY

It can't be that bad? And the money's supposed to be ok. It's got to be better than scrubbing toilets.

VAL

You think so?

SALLY

It can't be that hard. I'll just be talking dirty to sad bastards.

VAL

You can't talk dirty.

SALLY

I think you'd be surprised.

VAL

Well go on then.

SALLY

I can't do it now.

VAL

Why not? It's easy.

SALLY

Ok then. Let's think....I can't wait to feel your throbbing love muscle...

VAL

Throbbing love muscle? Where did you get that from?

SALLY

Dave's got a collection of porno mags in the airing cupboard. See, I know the language.

VAL

And are you planning to use my phone?

SALLY

Well, just for now maybe. I haven't even got the job yet.

Val smooths down the cushions on the sofa.

VAL

I'm not sure if I want my home turned into a contact point for perverts.

SALLY

I'll give them a call, see what they say.

EXT.PARK.DAY

Joey on the SWINGS.

He gently rocks back and forwards.

He stares into the distance.

Joey slips into a

DAYDREAM:

THE HAPPY SUN CHICKEN FACTORY

CHICKENS SQUAWK as they head for the exit.

Joey stands amongst them.

He wields his guitar like a machine gun.

The guitar is emblazoned with:

THIS GUITAR SAVES CHICKENS.

Joey comes back to

REALITY:

Ginge sneaks up behind him and pushes Joey off the swing.

JOEY

You bastard.

Ginge laughs.

GINGE

You busy?

JOEY

Hectic. You?

Joey gets back onto the swing.

GINGE

Oh yeah. Not enough hours in the day. Is your dad in?

Ginge sits on the next swing.

JOEY

No. He's gone to work. He got a final warning yesterday.

GINGE

Fancy a jam then?

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Joey stands legs apart, tuning his guitar. Ginge on the floor. A pair of BONGOS between his legs. Ginge taps a rhythm. Joey strums a few chords.

JOEY

I don't wanna work with hens, I don't wanna work with cocks. I wanna life of freedom, I just wanna rock.

Ginge looks up at Joey.

GINGE

That's shit.

JOEY

Yeah. I know. Joey puts his guitar down.

GINGE

This is a total waste of time. We'll always be shit.

JOEY

Yeah, I know.

GINGE

We could learn to dance. Joey looks disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Why?

GINGE

We could form a boy-band. That's a piece of piss. You sit on a stool and go "I love you girl, you send my heart in whirl. I know you're the one, you're the jam and I'm the scone".

Joey smiles.

GINGE

Then we could do a funky number. Something like. "Everybody move your feet, everybody get of your seat, we got the beats and you can't compete".

Ginge launches into a mental dance routine that's a cross between Backstreet Boys and a chimpanzee being electrocuted.

Ginge and Joey piss themselves laughing.

They stop and sit in silence for a moment.

JOEY

I don't wanna kill chickens.

GINGER

Well tough shit. It's feathers and chicken blood for you now on.

JOEY

Bollocks.

GINGER

The way I see it you have to embrace it, or do what I'm doing. You can either get on with it and accept the fact that you'll have a job and have some cash to go out. Or you could follow me on the quest for spiritual enlightenment.

JOEY

Fuck off.

INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT

Sally rifles through the wardrobes - stuffing handfuls of clothes into black bin liners.

Sally doesn't notice Dave watching her from the doorway.

She slams a door shut and turns around. She drops the bag as she sees Dave.

SALLY

Oh my God! What are you doing here?

Dave strides into the room.

DAVE

I should be asking you.

SALLY

I just came for some clothes.

Dave looks at the bags.

DAVE

That's it? That's all you came for?

Sally picks up the bags and barges past Dave and through the door. Dave follows her downstairs.

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT

Sally looks around at the piles of dirty dishes and leftover food.

Dave follows her into the kitchen.

SALLY

Look at this place. It's a shithole.

Dave looks around.

DAVE

It's not that bad. Needs a bit of a clean but it's ok.

Sally picks up a plate covered with dried up baked beans.

She thrusts it in DAVE's face.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
Not that bad? It's filthy.

DAVE
I'll clean up. Just do the dishes,
mop the floor. Bit of bleach and
it'll be peachy.

SALLY
Peachy? Where the fuck did that c
Sally looks around the room.

SALLY
How did I ever stay in this dump?
Dave has no reply.

Sally opens the cutlery drawer.

She pulls out a tin-opener and stuffs it in her handbag.

DAVE
Where are you going with that?

SALLY
Val's.

DAVE
But we need it.

SALLY
Yeah, well. So do I.

DAVE
She must have one already.

SALLY
She does. But it's one of those
stupid left handed ones. You can
get a new one.

As Sally turns to leave she knocks a pile of plates over.

SALLY
If, and it's a fucking huge if. But
if I ever did come back to this
dump, things would have to change.
I'd want this place to be like
Buckingham fucking Palace.

Sally strolls out leaving Dave staring at a pile of broken
plates on the floor.

INT.LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave on the floor - sweating as he struggles to pull the carpet up. Joey and Andy are about to walk in. They look at each other and change their minds.

DAVE

Where've you been?

JOEY

Nowhere.

Dave continues his struggle with the carpet as Joey and Andy watch.

DAVE

It's your turn tomorrow. You're painting this place.

Joey and Andy are horrified at the thought.

They storm out of the room.

INT.BEDROOM.DAY

Joey and Ginge jamming - making a terrible racket.

Joey thrashes about wildly with his guitar while Ginge bangs out a rhythm on his bongos.

Joey throws his guitar on the bed - he's close to tears.

JOEY

We are shite. Absolute shite.

Ginge puts his bongos to one side.

GINGE

We're getting better though.

JOEY

Are we?

Joey stands up and walks to the window.

GINGE

Yeah, that was quite cool.

Joey looks out of his window. He keeps his back to Ginge as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Let's be honest. We're never gonna'
make it are we?

GINGE

Well, no. We're never gonna' be The
Beatles or anything.

JOEY

I don't want to be the fucking
Beatles.

GINGE

Neither do I.

Joey comes back from the window. He sits on the bed.

JOEY

Why are we doing this?

GINGE

Because there's fuck all else we
can do.

JOEY

But we can't do this.

GINGE

Yeah but if we work at it.

JOEY

Do we really need any talent at
all?

GINGE

We need to be able to play.

JOEY

I was reading about this band from
ages ago, The Sex Pistols. They did
it. But they couldn't play or
anything.

GINGE

I'm not being a fucking punk.

JOEY

We don't have to. We just need an
idea.

Joey drifts into another

DAYDREAM:

(CONTINUED)

Joey finds himself in a

WAREHOUSE

Dozens of HIPPIES are going about their business. Some painting, a couple are engaged in making a movie with a Super-8 camera. The camera is aimed at a glass of water.

A GIRL takes a sip then puts the glass down.

Joey is dressed in leather and is gently picking at his guitar as a WOMAN with a German accent sings:

WOMAN

It's Monday evening, bring the kids
in, it's time for them to eat their
tea. We'll have fishfingers, 2
fishfingers, fishfingers and some
chips with beans.

Joey and the woman exchange smiles.

The woman approaches Joey and kisses him.

Joey is about to respond when he finds himself back to

REALITY

GINGE

Wake up you prick.

EXT.SCHOOL.DAY

Andy plods out of the school gates.

A GANG of lads of about the same age walk behind him.

Andy continues along the road - unaware he is being followed.

He turns into a street.

The gang sprint as one.

They drag him to the floor.

A flurry of kicks and punches.

It's over in seconds.

Andy opens his eyes.

He wipes blood from his mouth before gingerly getting to his feet.

INT.LIVING ROOM.DAY

Joey and Ginge clearing furniture in preparation for their decorating.

GINGE

I've given up on the Hindu thing. I don't like the sound of being a Mormon. I'm going the library to get some books on Sikhism tomorrow.

Joey hears the front door open.

JOEY

Get in here you lazy little shit. You've got a job.

The door slowly opens. Andy pops his head around. Joey looks at the cuts on Andy's face.

JOEY

Shit. Who did it?

ANDY

Nobody.

JOEY

Who did it?

ANDY

Nobody.

JOEY

Was it the same kids as last time?

ANDY

What do you think?

JOEY

Leave it with me. I'll sort it.

ANDY

Oh yeah, course you will.

ANDY closes the door quietly behind him.

JOEY

They're not getting away with this.

EXT. SCHOOL.DAY

Joey outside the school gates. A row of KIDS lined up against the wall. He stares at them before unleashing a a hail of bullets from a machine gun.

INT.VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Sally with her feet up as she chats on the telephone...

SALLY

I wish I was there with you.

VAL

(mouthing the words) Who is it?

Sally puts her finger to her lips in "ssh" gesture.

VAL

Yuk. One of those perverts?

SALLY

It's my sister, yeah she's naked too. Oh they're huge. We wish you were here with us.

VAL

(mouthing) Do you want a cup of tea?

Sally nods.

SALLY

She's my sister. We're close, very close. We share everything. Yeah, including our men. I'm sure she'd love to talk to you, but she's busy right now. She's giving me what I really want. She services my every need. Mmmmm.

Val enters with a packet of biscuits.

Sally smiles.

SALLY

That's ok honey. I'm sure we'll speak again soon.

Sally puts the phone down and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

VAL

You got the job then?

SALLY

I can't believe they're paying me for this. All I do is whisper, moan a bit and they stay on for ages. The longer I keep them the more money I make.

VAL

Do you reckon Ibiza's a goer then?

SALLY

It's looking that way.

EXT.ESTATE.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge swagger through the street.

GINGE

Just tell me where we're going.

JOEY

I've told you. Business.

GINGE

What kind of business?

JOEY

You'll see.

INT.AMUSEMENT ARCADE.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge on one side of a table. Duck and Fannyhead on the other side.

JOEY

Yeah, I'll point them out.

DUCK

So what do you want us to do?

JOEY

I don't know.

DUCK

Do you want him to walk again?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Er, yeah. I suppose so.

DUCK

What are we talking? Baseball bats?
Stanley knife? Murder?

Ginge starts to sweat at the mention of murder.

JOEY

Just a kicking.

FANNYHEAD

You sure.

JOEY

Yeah.

DUCK

Anything else?

50.

No.

JOEY

Not just now. Ok.

DUCK

We'll be in touch. But remember,
when we need a favour in return,
we'll call you.

Joey and Ginge exchange glances.

EXT.AMUSEMENT ARCADE.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge walk in silence for a moment.

Ginge checks there's nobody behind them.

GINGE

What the fuck?

JOEY

What?

GINGE

Do you know what you're doing?

JOEY

Yeah. It'll be fine. Look at me. If
I came after you would you be
scared?

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

Er, no.

JOEY

If those two came after you would you be scared?

GINGE

Shitless.

JOEY

Well there you go.

GINGE

And what do they get?

JOEY

They just do it for fun.

GINGE

Oh yeah. Sure.

EXT.BRIDGE.NIGHT

The Gang has gathered on the bridge.

Joey is on the fringes of the main group.

He chats casually to Ginge as they attempt to spit on the cars and lorries passing below.

JOEY

If you hang around the factories you can scab a lift with drivers.

GINGE

Yeah, but what do they do to you?

JOEY

Nothing. They get bored in their cabs. They like having someone to talk to.

GINGE

Nah. No way man. I'm not getting in a lorry with some big hairy arsed bloke.

JOEY

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

Why not? Because they'll try to bum you, that's why.

Joey laughs.

JOEY

Don't be stupid. Lorry drivers aren't queer.

GINGE

They just close your their eyes and make you wank them off. They pretend it's their wives.

JOEY

How do you know so much about it?

GINGE

You'd never get me in one of those trucks. No fucking way. You heard about Peter Piper didn't you?

JOEY

Yeah, he went to Amsterdam.

GINGE

Yeah.

JOEY

He was getting some booze or something.

GINGE

And he's never come back has he?

JOEY

Dunno'

GINGE

You know why?

JOEY

No. Tell me.

GINGE

He's a sex slave.

JOEY

Fuck off.

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

It's true. Gary Parkinson knows this lad who was over there for his stag night. They went into this gay club for a laugh. Peter Piper was on stage giving blow jobs to the customers. It's fucking true man. He was sold by the driver who took him over there.

Ginge gobs on a passing truck below.

GINGE

Dirty bastards.

Joey jumps as a hand is placed on his shoulder.

He turns around to see Duck and Fannyhead.

DUCK

We thought we'd find you here.

Joey and Ginge exchange glances.

DUCK

Come on. We've got work to do.

Joey tries to smile at Ginge. He does his best to appear cool.

JOEY

Back in ten minutes.

INT.BMW.NIGHT

Joey in the back seat next to Crash. Fannyhead in the passenger seat while Duck drives.

DUCK

We've found one of the little bastards who did your brother.

JOEY

Oh. Good.

GANGSTA RAP plays on the car stereo as they cruise around. The car pulls up outside a parade of shops.

EXT.SHOPPING PARADE.NIGHT

A GROUP of fifteen year old boys and girls are drinking wine from bottles, a few are snogging and fondling each other. Duck, Fannyhead, Crash and Joey climb from the car. Duck opens the boot. He pulls out four baseball bats and hands them around. Joey looks terrified. Duck leads the way to the Group of kids. He grabs a SPOTTY LAD in a shell suit.

SPOTTY LAD

What the fuck..

DUCK

Everyone else. Fuck off.

They stand around staring. Duck swings his baseball bat at the Spotty lad. He SMASHES the wine bottle the lad is holding.

Some of the girls start SCREAMING. Fannyhead and Crash start walking towards them, swinging their bats.

They all back off. Joey stands still.

Duck walks up to the Spotty lad and eyeballs him like he's Dirty Harry.

DUCK

This is justice you fucker.

The Spotty lad is backed up against the wall.

DUCK

Joey. Over here.

Joey reluctantly shuffles towards Duck.

DUCK

Look him in the eye.

Joey glances at the Spotty lad's terrified face.

SPOTTY LAD

What the fuck is this about?

DUCK

You know dickhead.

Fannyhead and Crash saunter over. Duck aims a punch at the Spotty lad. But stops before it connects.

He strokes his chin.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

Nah, I don't want to bruise my hands.

He goes nose to nose with the Spotty lad.

DUCK

On the floor.

SPOTTY LAD

What?

DUCK

On the floor.

The Spotty lad looks around. He has no choice. He kneels down.

DUCK

Face down dickhead.

The Spotty lad closes his eyes as he lies face down.

DUCK

Who wants first go?

CRASH

Oh go on then.

Crash takes a run up and aims a kick in the Lad's ribs. He groans.

FANNYHEAD

Is that it?

CRASH

Fuck off. It hurt him. Crash bends down.

CRASH

Did that hurt?

SPOTTY LAD

Yeah.

CRASH

See?

Fannyhead runs up, he kicks the lad in the ribs. He groans again.

(CONTINUED)

FANNYHEAD
Did that hurt more?

SPOTTY LAD
Yeah.

CRASH
Right. You little bastard. Crash
stands over the lad.

DUCK
Fucking amateurs.

Duck unleashes a flurry of kicks at the prone figure on the floor.

Joey tries to turn away but is compelled to look. Duck bends over. He turns the Spotty lad around. He stands over him with the baseball bat over his head.

DUCK
What am I doing? This one's for
Joey. Come on Joey.

Joey stands still.

DUCK
Come on.

Joey shakes his head.

DUCK
Come on. Don't let me down

JOEY
I can't.

DUCK
This is one big favour you owe me
Joey.

Joey looks away.

DUCK
Fuck it.

Duck raises the bat above his, he brings it down...

EXT.PARK.DAY

Joey asleep on the roundabout. He wakes up when he hears voices. Duck, Fannyhead, Crash and the Gang are standing over him.

DUCK

Get up. Joey opens his eyes.

DUCK

You look like a fucking tramp. Have some respect for yourself man.

Joey sits up.

FANNYHEAD

You don't look like a lad who's going places.

DUCK

Fannyhead's right for once. Come on. We'll sort you out.

EXT.ESTATE.DAY

Joey in the middle of the Gang as they swagger towards a BMW. Joey is almost pushed into the backseat.

INT.BMW.NIGHT.DAY

CRASH sits next to him.

DUCK drives and FANNYHEAD occupies the passenger seat.

JOEY looks up.

DUCK's face fills the rear view mirror.

DUCK

Can I ask you a question Joey?

JOEY

Yeah.

DUCK

When was the last time you bought a pair of trainers?

JOEY

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

(RAISING HIS VOICE)

When was the last time you bought a pair of trainers? And I mean a decent pair.

JOEY doesn't answer.

DUCK

I'm asking you a question. You stupid fucking gypsy. I'll tell you when I last bought a pair of trainers. Do you know when?

JOEY

No.

DUCK

Do you want me to tell you? Do you?

JOEY

Yeah.

DUCK

Yes please. Yes fucking please. I bought these yesterday. And before that? Last week. I buy a pair a week. At least. Jealous gypsy boy?

Joey doesn't answer.

DUCK

Would you like a new pair of trainers?

JOEY

Maybe.

DUCK

You'll have to work for them. I know you're a lazy tink bastard, but us normal people work for what we get.

FANNYHEAD

Because we feel sorry for you, we're gonna' give you a job.

JOEY

But...

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

Oh. You got a job already? What is it? How much you gonna' be earning? What is it? Something in the city?

FANNYHEAD

Look. You're getting the chance to make some real cash. Keep your head down and do as your told and soon you can be wearing a pair like this.

Fannyhead takes of a training shoe and waves it in Joey's face.

Joey slips into a

DAYDREAM:

Joey pulls a knife from his pocket.

He plunges the blade into Crash's stomach.

Joey twists the knife before pulling it out.

He stabs Fannyhead in the back of the neck.

He pulls the knife out, he leans forward and holds the blade to Duck's throat.

JOEY

Die fucker.

The blade flashes across DUCK's throat.

Back to

REALITY:

DUCK

Are you listening gypsy boy?

JOEY

What? Oh, yeah.

DUCK

So, do you want a job?

Joey looks at the door handle.

For a split second he contemplate making a run for it.

He decides against it.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK
Well?

JOEY
Yeah. Ok.

DUCK
Are you fucking stupid gypsy boy?
You don't even know what it is.

Crash gives JOEY a dig in the ribs

DUCK
Once I tell you, you're in. No
going back. Understand.

Joey nods.

DUCK
Y'know Carl Simpson? Simmo?

JOEY
Yeah.

DUCK
He's away in Spain just now. His
house is empty. And his dog died
last week.

Joey realises where this is going...

JOEY
Yeah...

DUCK
Y'know what I'm saying?

JOEY
Yeah.

DUCK
Don't worry. It's a piece of piss.

JOEY
Well I don't know. I...

DUCK
What's up?

JOEY
He'd kill us if he found out.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

Well he's not gonna' find out is he?

FANNYHEAD

Crash opens the window. You go in. Me and Duck wait in the car round the back. It'll take twenty minutes tops. It'll be the easiest cash you ever make.

JOEY

What if...What if I say no?

DUCK

If you say no. We have to kill you.

Joey suspects Duck is joking but is not quite sure.

DUCK

We'll see you later.

The car stops.

Crash opens the door and pushes Joey onto the street.

Joey watches as the car wheelspins and zooms away.

EXT. SHELTERED HOUSING.DAY

Joey wipes the mud from his shoes as he rummages in his pockets for the key.

JOEY

Shit.

Joey rings the doorbell and waits...and waits. He rings again. No answer. Joey lifts up the letter-box.

JOEY

Grandad. Grandad.

He slams the letter-box down and sprints around to the living room window.

Joey bangs on the window before peering in through the net curtains.

JOEY

Oh fuck.

JOEY'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

Grandad face down on the carpet.

Joey panics and picks up a rock from the front garden. He smashes a glass panel in the front door, reaches in through the broken glass and opens the door.

Joey runs into the

LIVING ROOM

Joey grabs Grandad and turns him over. Joey shakes him frantically.

JOEY
Grandad. Grandad.

Joey punches his Grandad's chest and blows into his mouth. He's too late. Grandad's face is already blue and swollen.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey, Andy, Dave and Sally sit around in their funeral clothes. Ginge is there in his denims.

Dave nurses a whisky while Sally sneers at him.

SALLY
Don't milk it.

DAVE
It's my Dad's funeral.

SALLY
Don't pretend you care. If you cared that much you'd have gone around to see him occasionally.

DAVE
Don't talk to me about caring. Not after what you've done. My Dad's dead.

GINGE
Don't think of it like that. Nothing lasts forever. We're all dying, it's just that some are dying a bit quicker than others.

DAVE
If you don't shut up with that bullshit you'll be the next one to die.

Andy, Joey and Sally look at each other and start to giggle.

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey's rifles through his drawers.

He pulls out an Ipod

JOEY

This will do.

He stuffs it into his pocket and thrusts a pair of cheap sunglasses into Ginge's hand.

JOEY

Wear these and don't take them off.

GINGE

Why?

JOEY

Don't ask questions. I'm pissed off fannying about. I'm gonna make something happen.

EXT. ESTATE.NIGHT

Joey leads Ginge through the estate.

GINGE

I can't see a thing.

JOEY

Don't worry we'll be there soon.

GINGE

Where?

JOEY

You're the religious one. Have faith.

EXT. PUB.NIGHT

The kind of pub that blends in perfectly with the houses surrounding it.

Joey stand on the steps, he turns around and puts a hand out to stop Ginge.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Don't fuck this up. This is our big chance. You lean on the bar and try to look cool. Look like you're thinking of smashing the place up. Just leave the talking to me. Ok?

Ginge nods and grimaces in an attempt to look mean and moody.

INT. PUB.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge swagger up to the bar.

They sit on stools and wait as BARNEY, a fat man in a sweat stained open shirt serves a customer.

JOEY

Can we speak to the manager?

Barney turns around.

BARNEY

Yeah.

JOEY

Well? Can you get him?

Barney slams the till shut.

BARNEY

I'm the manager son. Now what do you want?

JOEY

We can do you a favour.

BARNEY

Oh yeah?

JOEY

You know your live music night on Wednesday?

BARNEY

Yeah.

JOEY

We're the band you've been waiting for.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY
Is that right?

JOEY
Yeah.

BARNEY
And how do I know you're not shite?

JOEY
Check out this tape.

Joey pulls an Ipod from his coat pocket. He hands it to Barney.

Barney eyes it suspiciously before putting the headphones on.

Joey presses play on the Ipod.

Barney listens as Joey searches his face for a reaction.

Ginge tears a beer-mat and looks confused.

Barney hands the Ipod back.

JOEY
Well?

BARNEY
Not bad. Your words are shite and you're a bit noisy. But not bad.

JOEY
That's from the Glasgow gig from our last tour. We're doing Scandinavia in a few weeks and need a few low-key warm up gigs.

Barney nods.

BARNEY
How much?

Joey sighs and does mental sums...

JOEY
Normally we get a grand a gig. But 'cause you're local, we wanna' give something back, we'll say fifty up front, fifty on the night. Plus drinks. How does that sound?

BARNEY

You gonna' bring any punters in?

JOEY

Not that many. A few maybe. To be honest our fanbase is mainly East European. We're huge in Latvia.

BARNEY

You got an agent or manager?

JOEY

Nah, nothing like that. We're a co-operative. That's how we got the name. The co-op.

BARNEY

Nothing up front. Half of any extra bar money, and a few cans to take away. I'm not getting done for under-age drinking.

JOEY

It's a deal.

Joey shakes hands with money.

JOEY

I'll be in touch again to discuss the arrangements.

Joey has to bite his lip to stop himself laughing.

EXT. PUB.NIGHT

Joey bursts into laughter as he leaves the pub.

Ginge, still in character, sneers at him.

JOEY

Fuck me. We've done it. We've got a gig.

Ginge realises the act is over.

He looks back at the pub.

GINGE

Yeah, great. Just one problem. We've haven't got a band.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey slapping paint all over the walls. Ginge sitting on the floor watching television.

JOEY
Come on you lazy bastard.

GINGE
Sssh. I'm meditating.

JOEY
You can mediate later.

GINGE
I'm shit at painting anyway.

JOEY
So am I.

Ginge stands up.

GINGE
Giz' a go of the ladder then.

JOEY
You do the bottom bits.

GINGE
I wanna' go of the ladder.

JOEY
For fuck's sake. Ginge grabs hold
of the ladder.

GINGE
Come on then Leanardo.

JOEY
What?

GINGE
What's his name? D something. He
painted that big church.

JOEY
What are you talking about?

GINGE
Di Caprio?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Dickhead.

GINGE

Get off the ladder anyway.

Ginge shakes the ladder

Joey falls off but lands on his feet.

The tin of white paint falls to the floor.

A pool of paint spreads across the floorboards.

GINGE

Ooops.

JOEY

Shit. He'll kill me!

GINGE

Don't panic. My mum was watching a DIY programme the other day. We'll just paint the floorboards white. Tell your dad we're going for a New York loft apartment feel.

Ginge gets down on his hands and knees and starts spreading the paint over the floor.

INT.VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Val curled up on the sofa with a huge glass of wine.

Sally sitting in an armchair with a smaller glass.

VAL

You wanna go out tonight?

SALLY

You're joking aren't you?

VAL

Why? We could go out and chat up some blokes.

SALLY

I've had enough today. I've done it on a bus, a train, a plane, a rowing boat, up an oak tree, down a mine shaft, behind a pub, in the theatre, in the woods, me on top, me

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (cont'd)
below, from behind, naked, dressed
as a school girl, a nurse, a nun and
an air hostess - I've had seventeen
orgasms, given twelve blowjobs -
and not left my chair.

Val and Sally laugh and top up their wine.

VAL
I was in the travel agents today.
They've got a week in Kos for a
hundred and fifty quid. Do you
fancy it?

SALLY
Course I fancy it. But given my
circumstances...

VAL
I thought you were getting good
money with all this sexy chat.

SALLY
I'm getting money yeah. But I don't
think it'll pay for holidays. I
need to get my credit cards and my
bills paid off first.

VAL
Don't you think you deserve some
time to yourself? After all that
you've gone through.

SALLY
I could do with a break.
Definitely. But what about the
kids? And Dave? He'd go bananas.

VAL
The kids wouldn't mind.

SALLY
I don't think so.

VAL
Think of all those hunky waiters.

SALLY
What do you think I am?

VAL

A schoolgirl, a nun, an air
hostess. Whoever you want to be.

INT. PUB.NIGHT

Dave SLAMS his empty pint glass down on the table.

The glass SHATTERS.

Dave looks around. Nobody notices.

He stands up.

Wobbles and lurches towards the door. Dave falls into the
path of a MAN carrying a drink. The man swerves, hardly
spilling a drop.

MAN

Prick.

EXT. ESTATE.NIGHT

Dave staggering along the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

The room is WHITE.

Top to bottom - WHITE.

Joey and Ginge stand proudly in the corner admiring their
work. Both of them covered in white paint.

GINGE

Not bad Joseph, not bad at all. A
bit sexy for your dad though.

JOEY

Nah, it's cool.

Ginge nods.

GINGE

Yeah, quite soothing. I reckon it'd
be great for meditating.

JOEY

Oh yeah, I can see my dad sitting
cross-legged on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

You never know Joseph, Buddha moves
in mysterious ways.

JOEY

I thought that was God?

GINGE

Oh yeah, but they all move in the
same way.

Andy BARGES into the room.

JOEY

What do you think?

70. ANDY

Is it finished?

JOEY

Of course it's fucking finished.

GINGE

Just take a moment Andrew, feel

the space. Andy looks around...

ANDY

It's ok I suppose. though. A bit
boring

GINGE

Not boring Andrew. Peaceful. It

will promote relaxation and positive energy. Joey looks at
the walls - having second thoughts.

JOEY

Gonna' be a bastard to keep clean
though.

A KEY turns in the front door. The lads look at each other.
They don't say a word as they listen to the footsteps

getting closer. The door BANGS against the wall as it swings
open. Dave stand swaying in the doorway.

DAVE

What the fuck? He looks up - WHITE.
He looks around - WHITE. He looks
down - WHITE. Ginge sidles closer
to the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Do you like it? Took us ages. Ginge helped too. He reckons it'll promote relaxation. Says it can be..

71. DAVE

I don't give a fuck what he says. It's a fucking disgrace. What the fuck did you think you were doing son?

JOEY

It was our first go. We can paint over it if you like.

GINGE

(whispering) I'd better go, I told my mum I wouldn't be long.

Ginge sneaks out without anyone noticing.

Dave throws his hands up in despair.

DAVE

What a fucking mess. What a mess. I ask you to do one thing and you fuck it up. You fuck up everything you do. It's not hard. Splashing paint on walls is a piece of piss. It's easy nothing to it.

Andy tries to sneak out.

Dave blocks his path.

JOEY

But we did our best. It might dry ok.

DAVE

Listen son. Your best was shite. Useless. That's what you are. Fucking useless. Useless, useless, useless. Useless worthless pieces of shite.

Andy bursts into tears.

Joey clenches his fists. He digs his nails into his hands to try to stop himself crying.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

You know what? I had a life once.
Not a great one, but me and your
mum were ok. We got on, we were
happy. Then you two came along and
fucked everything up. It was you.
You fucked it all up.

Andy runs from the room.

72.

Dave puts his hands on Joey's
shoulders. Joey pushes him away.

Dave stumbles backwards - his back hits the wall. Dave
slides down the wall, leaving a stripe on the wall where the
paint has come off.

Joey stands over his father.

JOEY

You are...

Joey looks down at the pathetic figure slumped on the floor.
He can't bring himself to say anymore. Joey just shakes his
head and quietly leaves the room. Gently closing the door
behind him.

EXT. WOODLAND.DAY

Joey sitting on a tree stump. He pulls his air pistol from
his pocket. He puts the gun into his mouth. Joey bites down
on the gun. He closes his eyes and begins to sob. Joey wipes
the tears from his eyes and pulls the gun from
his mouth.

He holds the gun with two hands and aims it into the
branches of a tree. Joey PULLS the trigger - a POP. A
SPARROW falls to the ground. Joey is stunned. He looks at
the dead bird. Joey looks up at the tree - as if waiting for
more to fall. He gets down on his hands and knees and crawls
over to the

bird.

Joey picks the bird up and cradles it in the palm of his
hand. He raise the bird to his mouth and gently kisses the
feathers before resting the bird on the tree stump.

(CONTINUED)

73.

With his hands Joey digs a six inch grave for the bird.

Joey lowers the sparrow into the hole before brushing the soil back over it.

EXT. BRIDGE.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge watch from a distance as THE GANG take turns balancing on the railings.

GINGE

You'll have to do it one day. Just do it and get it over with. Everybody's saying you're a shithouse.

JOEY

Well I am. There's no way I'm doing that. What's the point?

GINGE

The point is you need to do it. If you don't everybody thinks you're scared.

JOEY

I am.

GINGE

Yeah, but that's the whole point. You PRETEND not to be scared.

JOEY

Nah. I can't be arsed. Like walking across a bridge is gonna make things right.

GINGE

Maybe not. But it will make things easier.

Ginge notices Duck, Fannyhead and Crash swaggering towards them.

GINGE

Here come the Sopranos.

Joey looks up and prepares himself.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK

Joey boy. How's it hanging?

Joey nods shrugs.

74. JOEY

You're wasting your time with this
lot Joey, You could be making
something of yourself.

Ginge looks worried.

FANNYHEAD

Don't worry ginger bollocks. We
don't want you.

Ginge looks at Duck.

DUCK

Go on then. Fuck off.

Ginge ambles over to the main gang.

DUCK

A favour for a favour. I said I'd
call it in. Now's the time.

Joey gulps.

FANNYHEAD

Don't worry. It's nothing too hard.

Duck smiles.

DUCK

I'm going to make you an offer you
can't refuse.

Joey looks nervous.

FANNYHEAD

Well you can, but he'll twat you.

Duck thrusts a MOBILE PHONE into Joey's hand.

DUCK

Keep this with you. And leave it
switched on.

INT. VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Val SLAMS a bottle of wine on the table.

VAL
Kissogram?

Sally smiles back and drains the last drop of wine from her glass.

SALLY
Yeah.

75. VAL
A kiss-o-gram? Are you sure? Have you thought this through?

Sally fills both glasses.

SALLY
Of course I have. It's not dirty or sordid or anything. It's not like I'll be a stripper or a lap-dancer or anything.

Val takes a huge gulp of wine.

VAL
But a kiss-o-gram? You? I just don't..

SALLY
What?

VAL
I'm sorry I just can't see it.

Sally smiles again.

SALLY
Just hear me out, let me explain.

Val takes another gulp of wine and sits back in the chair.

SALLY
I spoke to the guy on the phone earlier. I'm meeting him in the office tomorrow. He sounds really nice. Very well spoken. The advert was in the paper, I need cash so I thought I'd call.

Val starts to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

VAL

If it's for the holiday, we'll forget about it. It's not worth walking around pubs in your undies for.

SALLY

No, it's not like that. All I need to do is dress as a gorilla or whatever and sing Happy Birthday.

VAL

And that's it?

SALLY

That's it.

76.

Val leans forward.

VAL

So there's no stripping? Or fiddling around inside men's pants?

SALLY

Oh God no. It's just good clean fun. The money's good and I get a minder.

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey picking at his guitar as Ginge paces the room.

GINGE

How can you be so cool with that lot on your back? I'd be shitting myself.

JOEY

I dunno. Could be a chance to get some cash. Do something, y'know?

GINGE

What? Get involved with that lot? They'll shit all over you.

JOEY

Maybe. But everybody else has anyway. At least I could get some cash from this.

Ginge nods while thinking of a reply.

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

You should ask yourself what Jesus would do in a situation like that. That's a good way to work out your problems.

JOEY

Suppose it would depend on how skint he was.

GINGE

Nah, he wouldn't get into that shit.

JOEY

Maybe not. But he wouldn't work in a chicken factory either.

GINGE

But they're a bunch of wankers. You should think about it.

77. JOEY

Fuck them. We need to get this gig sorted out.

Joey strums his guitar - almost a tune.

GINGE

How the fuck are we gonna' pull this off.

JOEY

Easy. We mime. Everybody does it. We stick the tape on. I keep my head down when I'm singing and you fanny about with your keyboard.

GINGE

What if they suss us?

JOEY

Nobody will suss us. A couple of pissheads at the bar and a crowd of fella's playing dominoes. Nobody's gonna give a fuck.

GINGE

I'm shitting it.

JOEY

I thought you were the cool one, the one with Krishna or whoever it is now on your side.

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

Yeah, but this is different.

JOEY

Don't worry, I've told you. Piece of piss.

INT. PUB.NIGHT

Joey was right.

Nobody in the pub is paying the slightest bit of attention as Joey and Ginge set up their instruments.

JOEY

Told you. Piece of piss. Just keep it nice and quiet. Don't disturb anybody and we've got a gig under our belts.

Ginge runs his fingers along the keyboard - he's suddenly grown in confidence.

78. GINGE

No problem.

INT. BMW.NIGHT

Duck, Fannyhead and Crash parked in the middle of the estate. Fannyhead punches buttons on a mobile phone.

DUCK

The little fucker. I told the little fucker to keep it switched on.

Fannyhead puts the phone to his ear.

FANNYHEAD

It's the voicemail thing.

DUCK

The little shite.

CRASH

I think he's taking the piss. Duck grabs the phone from Fannyhead.

DUCK

I know he's taking the piss.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave sits down on the sofa. He picks up a plastic carrier bag and empties the contents onto the sofa. Bills Bills and more Bills.

DAVE

For fuck's sake. Dave screws them up and one by one throws them at the television.

INT. VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Empty wine bottles on the coffee table.

79. SALLY

Of course I'd never do it.

VAL

But just imagine if you did. Dave would go nuts.

Sally laughs.

SALLY

He'd kill me.

VAL

It would drive him wild. You on a stage with a dozen men leering at you.

Sally laughs louder.

SALLY

Oh yeah - he'd be furious.

VAL

I can see his face.

SALLY

He was always jealous. He'd go mental if anyone even looked at

me. He's just so insecure. No.

VAL

(surprised)

SALLY

Oh yeah, I know he acts like he doesn't care. But underneath all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (cont'd)
that he's a kitten. Pathetic
really.

VAL
Well he's hidden it very well.

SALLY
When we were younger he always
asked me what I saw in him.

VAL
What did you say?

SALLY
Oh I can't remember. Some old
bullshit.

80.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave standing on a chair - unscrewing the bulb from the
light fitting.

He jumps down.

Dave sits down in his armchair - the room lit by a single
candle.

INT. PUB.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge with their heads down, pretending to be
Radiohead.

As Joey predicted, nobody in the pub pays a blind bit of
notice.

A dominoes game continues in the corner, a few MIDDLE AGED
MEN down pints and whisky chasers at the bar.

Joey and Ginge exchange a sly glance that says "we're
getting away with it".

Until one of the DOMINO MEN stands up.

He brushes the dominoes to the floor.

DOMINO MAN
How the fuck can I play dom's with
that racket going on? It's like the
London fucking Palladium.

(CONTINUED)

Joey and Ginge panic.

The Domino Man comes towards them.

DOMINO MAN

You don't even play proper songs.
Just fucking dirges. A bit of
Sinatra, Presley or even Dean
bastard Martin would be ok. But
that shite you're playing. It's
like a bag of cats in a food
blender.

The rest of the Domino men watch in amusement - they've seen
this dozens of times.

Joey switches of the tape recorder.

DOMINO MAN

Well? Are you gonna' fuck off or do
I have to shove that guitar up your
arse?

81.

Joey and Ginge begin unplugging
their equipment.

The manager comes striding over.

MANAGER

That was the biggest load of shite
I've ever heard. And where were the
punters?

JOEY

Don't suppose you're gonna' pay us?

MANAGER

The way I see it son, you owe me
money. Compensation for having to
endure that garbage.

JOEY

Right.

MANAGER

Right. So fuck off. Now.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey bursts into the room.

DARKNESS.

Joey presses the light switch -
nothing. Dave wakes up in his
chair.

DAVE

Who's that?

JOEY

Me.

DAVE

What are you doing sneaking around?

Dave flicks his lighter, finds a candle and lights it.

JOEY

Why aren't the lights working?

DAVE

Get a job, pay the bills, then you
can have lights.

JOEY

What?

82. DAVE

You need to sort yourself out. It's
about time you grew up. When I was
your age I...

JOEY

You were working in a factory. I
know. And look where it got you.

Dave stares at the candle.

Joey quietly turns and leaves.

DAVE

If you're going upstairs, you'll
need a candle.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

Andy leaving school by himself. Duck, Fannyhead and Crash lurk by the gates. Andy passes them without looking up. The gang follow him.

DUCK

Andy? Andy looks around.

DUCK

Andy Malone? Andy looks nervous.

DUCK

You Joey's brother?

ANDY

Yeah.

FANNYHEAD

Where is he?

ANDY

Who?

DUCK

Joey you prick. Where is he? Andy backs away.

ANDY

I dunno'.

83. CRASH

Why not?

DUCK

Ignore him. He's a prick. Your brother was supposed to meet us last night. He didn't turn up. So, we've come for you.

Crash lunges at Andy.

Andy sidesteps him and is away down the road before the gang can react. Fannyhead leads the charge after him. Andy's legs pumping furiously - but within seconds the gap

is closed.

Andy is brought to the ground as Crash launches himself onto his back. Duck and Fannyhead stand over them.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Leave me alone you bastards. Duck laughs at him.

DUCK

Don't be a prick.

ANDY

What have I done? Leave me alone.

DUCK

Can you shut up? Duck smiles and points to a "poop scoop" bin.

DUCK

Get me a bag. Crash is only too happy to oblige. He kneels down next to Andy. He opens the bag - he reels at the smell, Andy SCREAMS as Crash rubs the SHIT into his face.

DUCK

Right then shitface. Tell your knobhead of a brother not to fuck with me. Ok?

Duck releases his grip on Andy.

84.

Andy struggles to his feet.

He looks at his attackers - unsure what to do, then runs away, almost choking on his tears.

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey puts down his guitar and listens at his bedroom wall. He hears SOBBING from the next room.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy sobbing his heart out on the bed. Joey's heart breaks as he watches his brother choking on

his tears. Joey stands in the doorway watching. Andy realises he's there.

ANDY

Fuck off.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

It's ok.

ANDY

Fuck off. It's not fucking ok. It's fucking shit. It's all fucking shit.

Andy jumps up and starts swinging wild punches at Joey. Joey steps backwards, ducking the punches. He waits for Andy to punch himself out - grabs his arms

and hold him for a second. Andy bursts into tears. Joey guides him onto the bed. Andy rubs his eyes and

tries to stop crying. Joey sits at the end of the bed.

ANDY

You bastard.

JOEY

What?

ANDY

It's your fault. Your fault.

85.

Joey puts an arm around Andy. He shrugs it off.

ANDY

Everything is shit.

Joey does his best to be positive.

JOEY

I know, but it's gonna' get better.

ANDY

Yeah right.

JOEY

It is. Honest.

ANDY

You're gonna' get mum and dad back together?

Joey's not sure how to answer...

JOEY

I don't know..

Andy wipes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

It is gonna' be ok. I promise.

INT. AUNTIE VALS.NIGHT

Sue pacing up and down with a glass of wine in her hand.

Val choking on a glass of wine...

VAL

You did what?

SALLY

I wasn't planning to, it just happened,

Val puts her glass down.

VAL

You've done some stupid things, but...

SALLY

I know, I know. But the money. I did it for the money.

VAL

There's more to life than money.

86. SALLY

Oh yeah, like what?

VAL

Like your husband, your kids, your pride.

SALLY

But I only did it so we could go away.

VAL

If it was a choice between a holiday and you getting your tits out in a pub, I'd never go away again.

Sally continues pacing the room.

She sits down and fills her glass with wine.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
Oh God. What have I done?

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey strumming his guitar - mumbling softly to himself as the doorbell RINGS. From downstairs he hears...

DAVE
Fuck off. I'm not coming out. I'm not coming out.

Joey runs downstairs to the

FRONT DOOR
Ginge enters carrying a parcel.

JOEY
What's that?

GINGE
You'll see. Ginge follows Joey upstairs to the

BEDROOM JOEY
Well? Ginge opens the parcel...

87. JOEY
What the fuck?

GINGE
It's our new sound.

Ginge proudly holds up a SITAR.

GINGE
It's gonna' give us a whole new direction. A whole new sound. A whole new direction man.

Joey looks confused.

GINGE
I can already play a couple of songs.

Joey looks at the sitar.

GINGE
Here goes...

Ginge forces a noise from it...

(CONTINUED)

The attempts to sing...

GINGE

Stop grasping. Don't grasp. I'm here. All around you...

He forces another noise from the sitar...

GINGE

I'm you Buddha, don't grasp, I'm here.

Ginge launches into a mad sitar solo.

JOEY

Stop! Stop! That is absolute shite. That's worse than "I hate my dad".

Ginge looks wounded.

GINGE

Yeah, it needs some work. But I've heard worse.

JOEY

Forget it. I'm not doing any of that shit.

GINGE

You need to chill out man. Relax.

88. JOEY

Forget it. Just get out. And take that thing with you.

GINGE

You'll regret this one day. You'll see me on telly jamming with Jools Holland and think "he coulda' been in my band".

JOEY

Just go.

GINGE

Fine. Your loss. Ginge flounces out of the room. Joey sits down on his bed with his guitar. He strums it repeatedly and slips into a

DAYDREAM

A TELEVISION STUDIO
The set is similar to the Beatles
"All You Need Is Love" broadcast.

Joey and Ginge as hippies. Joey's head hangs over his guitar as he strums. Ginge on the floor with his sitar... Joey sings...

JOEY
Stop grasping, don't grasp. Start
trusting me, trust in me. I am your
Buddha. Don't grasp, I'm here.

The SLAMMING of a door downstairs brings Joey back to

REALITY.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave sitting in the CANDLE-LIT room. He JUMPS as he hears the front door opens. Sally strides into the room. She looks at the candles, the white floor and walls.

89. SALLY
What on earth?

DAVE
Oh, it's you.

SALLY
What have you done?

DAVE
We just gave the place a lick of
paint. Freshen it up a bit.

Sally flicks the light switch - Nothing.

SALLY
What's happened?

DAVE
We're on a budget.

SALLY

On a budget? Don't talk such crap. Joey walks in, taking them both by surprise. Sally and Dave stop and look at him. Joey turns and walks out again.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM.DAY

Joey storms into the room. He picks up his guitar and THRASHES it frantically. It hardly makes a sound because it's not plugged in. Joey doesn't care because in his head he's in...

100 CLUB LONDON 1977

Joey on stage. Legs wide apart.
Head down over his guitar. He
launches a SCISSOR KICK back into
his

BEDROOM

He throws the guitar down. Joey
screws up his face and throws
himself down onto his bed.

90.

He begins to SOB

and

SOB

and

SOB.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Sally adopts a different tone.

She makes space on the sofa, sits down and speaks quietly.

SALLY

Look, this isn't doing any of us
any good.

DAVE

Except you.

Sally ignores the provocation.

SALLY

We need to communicate. We're
adults. Surely we can do this
reasonably.

DAVE

Reasonably? Walking out on your
husband and kids. That's reasonable
is it?

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

There's no need for it to get messy.

DAVE

I think it's a bit late for that isn't it? If you didn't want it to get messy you should have thought about what you were doing.

SALLY

I knew exactly what I was doing. And I don't regret it for one second.

DAVE

You bitch.

SALLY

Forget it. If we can't speak face to face we'll do it through solicitors.

91.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

Joey looks nervous as he knocks on the office door.

A VOICE beckons him in.

Joey enters and is greeted by MR PERRY, late 50's, linen suit and suede boots.

MR PERRY

Good morning.

Mr Perry offers his hand to Joey. Joey pauses for a second before shaking it.

MR PERRY

Welcome to our humble abode Joseph. I hope you'll be as happy here as your father was, until his recent, er, problems. Anyway, welcome. Actually, as you can see, it's not that humble, and it's about to become even less humble.

Joey has no idea what he's talking about - he just smiles politely.

(CONTINUED)

MR PERRY

As I'm sure your father has told you, our hard work has been rewarded with an order from McDonalds to supply the chicken for their McNuggets. This is possibly the best news in the last ten years. And you Joseph, are in the privileged position to be entering the Happy Valley family at this very exciting time.

Again, Joey smiles politely.

MR PERRY

Tell me Joseph. What are your ambitions? What are your goals? What do you aspire to? What do you want to achieve?

JOEY

Well, er, I'm not sure.

Mr Perry laughs heartily.

92. MR PERRY

Don't worry son. I was like you once. Hard to believe maybe, but true. I was once aimless and directionless, devoid of any ambition. But I was rescued by Happy Valley. And I've never looked back.

Joey's heard enough, he shuffles his feet and fidgets.

MR PERRY

Before you begin your career, may I offer you a few words of advice?
Joey doesn't get the chance to answer...

(CONTINUED)

MR PERRY

Keep your head down. Work hard.
Don't get involved in any
nonsense. Stay away from public
houses, and alcohol in general.
Keep a clean nose and a cleaner
mind. And one day, maybe not
tomorrow, maybe not the next day,
but one day you can be the one
sitting behind this desk
negotiating with the men from
McDonalds.
Joey tries to smile - but fails dismally.

MR PERRY

It's a long, long road Joseph,
with many a winding turn. But
if you want it, you can achieve
it. Always remember that.

JOEY

Yeah, I will. Thanks.

Joey looks out the window as a SECURICOR van pulls up.
Mr Perry looks to see what has caught Joey's eye.

MR PERRY

Ah, the dosh. The greenbacks,
the loot, the wonga. To the
fools, beer vouchers. The reason
why we're all here. We do things
the old fashioned way here Joseph.

(CONTINUED)

By the end of the week you'll
 have your own little brown
 envelope full of pennies to spend
 in the sweetshop of life.

Joey's getting pissed off now...he fidgets again..

93. MR PERRY

Ah, eager to get out there Joey?
 Good, good, good. Good to see. Too
 much dead wood out there, we need
 an injection of young blood. The
 way I see it, I'm the doctor, the
 factory floor is a bit tired and
 you're a dose of adrenalin. So get
 out there and wake the place up.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

The factory floor.

Joey stares at the white walls as headless, featherless
 chickens pass slowly along the line.

Next to him, SUE, middle-aged, rosey-cheeked is showing Joey
 the ropes.

She speaks - but Joey's not listening.

All he hears is...

SUE

Giblets, giblets, giblets, giblets,
 giblets, giblets, giblets, giblets,
 giblets, giblets.

Joey turns to look at her.

SUE

You got that love?

JOEY

Er yeah.

Sue puts an arm around him and pulls him in. Joey blushes as
 he feels her breasts pressed against his arm.

(CONTINUED)

SUE

Well I'm here to help son. Anything you need just give me a shout. Anything at all.

JOEY

Thanks.

SUE

Just a word of advice love. You're going to be very popular with the women here, but they're a bunch of dirty bitches so stay away from them.

94. SUE (CONT'D)

You don't know what you'll catch,. Stick with me and I'll see you right.

Joey doesn't know where to look. He gazes at the dead chickens.

INT. PUB.NIGHT

Joey and Ginge at the bar.

JOEY

Come on, it's your birthday. Have a drink you boring bastard. You need a drink.

GINGE

Says who? I'm my own man. This is a turning point in my life. No going back from here.

JOEY

Just a pint?

GINGE

Nah, I've told you. A brand new start. I'm not poisoning my body anymore.

Joey orders a pint for himself...

GINGE

A fresh orange for me please.

The BAR MAN gets the drinks...

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

I thought you were gonna' get
hammered tonight.

GINGE

So did I. But I had a kind of
epiphany. I was watched telly and
just started thinking about what I
was doing. I asked myself
questions. If I got bladdered
tonight, would it make me happy?
Would it make my life better? What
would it do for my karma?

JOEY

Bollocks.

95. GINGE

Karma man. That's what it's all
about. This life isn't all there
is.

Joey pays for the drinks and looks for a suitable table.

A GANG OF LADS getting rowdy in one corner, Joey decides on
the table farthest away.

Joey sits down, takes a sip of his pint and sits down.

JOEY

What brought all this on? You been
down the library again?

Ginge takes a sip of orange juice.

GINGE

Maybe.

JOEY

That place is gonna' fuck you up,
you're gonna' mess up your brain.

GINGE

So how was work then? Did you get
ducked in a barrel of chicken
blood?

JOEY

No.

GINGE

So?

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

So what?

GINGE

So what happened?

JOEY

I'm learning how to remove giblets.

GINGE

Nice. An important skill.

JOEY

Yeah.

Joey takes another sip of his pint.

GINGE

Don't worry about it. Nothing is real. It's all an illusion.

96. JOEY

What?

GINGE

It's all a dream man. None of this shit is happening. It's all an illusion.

JOEY

Fuck off.

GINGE

It's true.

JOEY

Bollocks. I was covered in chicken blood. That was real.

Ginge takes a sip of orange juice.

GINGE

Nah, it's all a dream man.

JOEY

What is this shit? What are you going on about?

Ginge looks around the pub. He takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

Don't laugh. But I think I'm getting closer. This feels like a pivotal moment. I think I'm getting there.

Joey is confused.

JOEY

Where?

GINGE

Enlightenment.

JOEY

What? You've become some kind of guru?

Ginge smiles.

GINGE

Not exactly, but yeah, kind of. I've just got a deeper understanding.

JOEY

For fuck's sake.

97. GINGE

It's time for a change man. I can't be doing with all this shit no longer. I'm gonna find myself.

JOEY

Where in the library.

Ginge is not amused.

JOEY

Sounds cool. But how are you gonna' do it?

GINGE

I'm gonna get away man. Get outta' here. I've found a retreat on the net. A place in the Lakes. Just need to get a bit of cash together and I'm off.

Joey looks up as a POLICEWOMAN approaches the gang in the corner.

They stand up and cheer as MACCA, nineteen and a face like a rat takes the Policewoman's hand...

(CONTINUED)

GINGE

Cool. We're gonna' see some tits.

JOEY

I thought you were on the path to
spiritual enlightenment.

GINGE

No, but it'll get me something to
wank over when I get to the
retreat.

As Joey is about to reply - the Policewoman turns around to
slide her skirt off and wiggles her bum at Macca.

Joey's draw drops.

The whole pub freezes.

Joey's vision ZOOMS in on SALLY.

Joey stands up.

He pushes the table over - the drinks crash to the floor.

JOEY

You slag!

Ginge remains seated for a second.

Sally continues stripping as the LADS laugh..

98.

Ginge suddenly clicks.. He follows
Ginge to the exit..

GINGE

Oh man.

JOEY

Fuck off will you.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

Joey staring at the wall as dead chickens pass him . He
imagines the wall as a

CINEMA SCREEN

on it he sees... Sally stripping.
The anger builds up...

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Fucking bitch. Sue taps him on the shoulder.

SUE

Nice and firm. You young'uns are supposed to be able to go all day.

Sue looks into his eyes as she squeezes his balls.

SUE

You going out tonight love?

JOEY

Er, yeah, maybe. Might meet my mates. Sue slides a folded piece of paper into Joey's jeans.

SUE

If you feel the need. Give me a call. Sue gives his balls a squeeze and walks along the line.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave is sitting in silence as Joey enters.

99. JOEY

Where's Andy? Dave shrugs his shoulders.

JOEY

Is he upstairs? Dave shrugs his shoulders again.

JOEY

I need to talk to you. Dave looks away.

JOEY

It's about mum. Dave looks Joey straight in the eyes.

JOEY

She's, she's... He wants to tell him about what he's seen but can't.

JOEY

She's not coming back is she? Dave looks at Joey. He waits an age before replying.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Doesn't look like it son.

JOEY

We'll be ok won't we? Dave doesn't answer.

JOEY

We will. We'll be ok.

EXT. PARK.DAY

Joey looks knackered as he trudges through the park on the way home from work. He notices Duck and the gang lurking. He can't be bothered hiding so he heads straight for them.

DUCK

Workers of the world unite.

FANNYHEAD

How many birds did you kill today?

100.

Joey squares up to him.

JOEY

I don't kill them. I just rip their guts out.

DUCK

You look tired. Had a hard day?

JOEY

Yeah, a bit.

DUCK

Does it feel good to be a wage earner?

FANNYHEAD

I can think of better ways to earn money.

Joey looks at him.

FANNYHEAD

You've got a good body. Ever thought of becoming a stripper?

Joey waits for the punchline...

(CONTINUED)

FANNYHEAD

I thought you'd be joining the family business.

Joey doesn't have the energy to lash out.

JOEY

At least she's my real mum.

Fannyhead looks genuinely upset.

He doesn't have an answer.

Joey approaches Duck.

JOEY

Anyway, I want to talk to you.

DUCK

Oh yeah.

JOEY

I've got a plan. I haven't been wasting my time in there. I've been sussing the place out.

Duck laughs.

101. DUCK

Oh, you're McVicar now are you? Mr big-time.

JOEY

Yeah, too big-time for you. If you're not interested, forget it.

DUCK

No, I am, I am. Let's hear it.

JOEY

I can't be arsed. See you here tomorrow.

Joey swaggers off.

All of a sudden he's oozing confidence.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

Joey daydreaming as the dead chickens pass by. Sue pinches his bottom.

SUE
I dreamt about you last night love.

JOEY
Oh yeah.

SUE
Yeah, I fell out of bed twice.

JOEY
That's nice. Sue leans towards him and whispers in his ear...

SUE
You're mine, I'll have you. To Sue's surprise, Joey puts his arms around her...

JOEY
Listen love, fifteen minutes with me and you'd learn more than you've learnt in your life.

Joey turns away and grabs a dead chicken.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Joey waits on the bridge and waits as Duck approaches him.

102. JOEY
I thought you weren't coming.

DUCK
I'm here aren't I?

JOEY
So you interested?

DUCK
Maybe.

JOEY
Yes or no. I don't want any fucking about.

(CONTINUED)

DUCK
Go on then. I'll do it.

Joey revels in the power.

JOEY
Right, listen to me.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave staggers into the kitchen. He sways as he searches the cupboards for food. He opens the fridge and finds a bowl of potatoes already

chipped. Dave smiles to himself as he takes them out. He switches on the deep-fat fryer and pours himself a beer.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave places his beer on the coffee table and slumps in his seat. He searches between the cushion for the remote control. He finds it and flicks the television on.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The fat in the deep-fat fryer begins to bubble.

103.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave dozes in front of the television.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pan begins to smoke.

INT. BEDROOM.NIGHT

Joey lies on his bed listening to music on his headphones.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave snoring as he sleeps soundly.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FLAMES leap up and catch the curtains.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey reluctantly climbs from his bed and heads along the

HALLWAY

to the

BATHROOM

He stops outside the bathroom door and sniffs... He runs downstairs to the

KITCHEN

To find it filling with SMOKE and the curtains ABLAZE. He runs into the

LIVING ROOM

He grabs Dave... Dave stirs slightly but doesn't wake.. Joey shakes him.

104. JOEY

Wake up, wake up, wake up. Wake up you drunken bastard.

Dave opens his eyes - he looks confused. Joey drags him from the sofa. Slowly it dawns on Dave what is happening... He shakes his head and tries to sober himself up.

DAVE

Andy? Where's Andy? Dave staggers to his feet.

JOEY

I'll get him. You just get out. Joey runs upstairs and bursts into

ANDY'S ROOM JOEY

Get up. There's a fire. Get up. Andy turns over in his bed. Joey grabs the duvet and pulls it away.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Come on! Now! Andy wakes up. Joey grabs him and drags him out of bed. He pulls him across the floor. Andy struggles to his feet. The race downstairs and out into the

STREET

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen being destroyed by fire.

EXT. ESTATE.NIGHT

Joey, Andy and Dave with blankets around their shoulders as they watch the FIREMEN tackling the blaze.

105.

EXT. AUNTIE VALS - DAY

Joey leaning against the front door. He puts his finger to the doorbell - changes his mind and

moves it away. He runs through what he's going to say in his head. Joey puts his finger to the doorbell again. Before he can open it the door opens. Val stands in the doorway.

VAL

Are you coming in or what? Joey is taken aback...

JOEY

Er, yeah, ok.

INT. AUNTIE VALS - DAY

Joey looks around nervously. He speaks in a whisper.

JOEY

Is she here?

VAL

She's through there.

JOEY

Oh,

(CONTINUED)

VAL

Well?

JOEY

What?

VAL

Are you just gonna' stand there or
do you want to see her?

Joey looks embarrassed.

VAL

I'll leave you to it son.

106.

Val gives him a hug - Joey smiles
as she kisses him on the cheek. He
relaxes slightly. Val disappears
upstairs. Joey peeks around the
doorway before creeping into the

LIVING ROOM

Sally stands up and looks shocked
to see Joey. She approaches him and
tries to hug him. Joey backs away -
leaving her grasping at thin air.
Sally looks genuinely pleased to
see him.

SALLY

How are you?

JOEY

Fine.

Good.

SALLY

And everybody else? Fine.

JOEY

SALLY

Good. I'm glad to hear it. I think
about you all the time you know.

JOEY

Yeah?

SALLY

Of course I do. I miss you so much.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY
Yeah, of course you do.

SALLY
I do.

Joey's tone changes...

JOEY
Why did you do it mum?

SALLY
Me and your dad weren't getting on.
You knew that. It's been hard for
years.

107. JOEY
(whispering) I saw you mum.

Sally laughs nervously...

SALLY
Saw me? Where?

JOEY
I saw you mum. You know what I
mean.

Sally's face drops...

SALLY
Oh my God. I...I...I....

JOEY
Why did you do it?

Joey looks down at the pile of holiday brochures on the
floor.

JOEY
So that's it? That's the reason?

Sally looks down at the brochures.

JOEY
You've thrown it all away for a
holiday?

Joey picks up a brochure and screws it up.

JOEY
Your husband, your kids, your
dignity for a fortnight in
Tenerife?

SALLY

I never, I didn't...I needed money.
God knows your dad...

JOEY

Forget it. If you'll sell yourself
for a holiday, we don't want you.
We've never needed you.

Joey stomps out of the room.

He SLAMS the door behind him.

Sally is left stunned.

108.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The walls have some smoke damage - but otherwise it's ok.
Joey thrashing his guitar like a madman as he bounces

around the room... He slips into a

DAYDREAM

On stage. Dressed in suit.
Thrashing his guitar wildly. Joey
attacks the amp with the guitar. He
turns around to see Mr Thompson
playing drums. Joey charges at the
drum-kit and attacks it with his
guitar. He stamps on the remains of
the drums and kicks through

the skins. Joey turns around and faces the audience. He
peers down into the front row. He sees. Duck, Fannyhead and
Crash, His mum, Mr Perry and the rest of his school class.
Joey throws the remains of his guitar at them before

picking up the microphone stand and swinging it wildly at

them. He throws the stand at the audience, swaggers off the
stage and

BACK TO REALITY

Joey in the doorway of his bedroom.

He turns around and looks at the room.

Joey's POV:

His guitar in pieces on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

His amp in pieces on the floor.

The stereo smashed to bits.

The bookcase tipped onto the floor.

Andy taps him on the shoulder.

109. ANDY
Have you gone mad?

Joey doesn't know how to answer.

ANDY
You'll have to sort it out.

JOEY
Yeah I know. I'll sort it out.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY.DAY

Joey looks nervous as he drops a chicken onto the floor.

SUE
You'll lose that from your wages.

JOEY
What? Sue puts an arm around him.

SUE
You dreaming about me again love?
Joey picks up the chicken and
throws it into a container.

JOEY
Is it ok if I go to the loo? Sue
looks him up and down.

SUE
Looking at me too much for you son?
Have a quick one on me?

A couple of the WOMEN nearby overhear and giggle to themselves. Joey ignores them and walks across the floor. He looks through the

OFFICE WINDOW
Where he sees the SECURICOR MEN
delivering bags. Joey takes a deep
breath and bites his lip. He nips
into the

(CONTINUED)

TOILET
and dashes into a cubicle.

 110.
Joey pulls his mobile phone from
his jeans and quickly dials. He
whispers into the phone...

 JOEY
Yeah, it's on. Two of them.

Give it ten minutes. Joey checks his watch nervously.

INT. CAR - DAY

Duck, Fannyhead and Crash nod their heads as thudding
basslines shake the car as it sits in the car park.

 DUCK
We ready to go? Fannyhead looks
worried...

 FANNYHEAD
Do you think it's time?

 DUCK
Let's just fucking do it.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY. DAY

Joey returns to the floor. Sue smiles as she looks Joey up
and down.

 SUE
They say young ones don't last
long, but bloody hell love, that
was quick.

Joey gives her a sarcastic smile.

He watches as the featherless chickens trundle along the
line. Joey listens to the sound of the machines, the rhythms
of

the CLEAVERS and KNIVES. He begins to drift off to...

 RIO
Joey sunbathes on a dazzling white
sandy beach. A bevy of BIKINI-CLAD
BABES fight to run oil into Joey's

(CONTINUED)

sun-tanned body.

JOEY
Get me my guitar.

111.
A BLONDE BIKINI BABE hands Joey his guitar. He throws it over his shoulder and takes up an Elvis stance when...

SUE
What the fuck are you doing? Joey is back at the

FACTORY

JOEY
What?

SUE
You've been staring at that wall for the past ten minutes. You need to get a grip son.

Joey doesn't hear a word she says. He storms off... Walking briskly across the floor, he looks inside the

OFFICE WINDOW
Joey turns around, checking that nobody else can see

before entering the

OFFICE
Mr Perry looks up from his desk.

JOEY
Can I have a word please? If you've got a minute.

Mr Perry smiles - pleased at the chance of a chat.

MR PERRY
Certainly. What can I do you for? Joey smiles...

MR PERRY
Take a seat.

Joey sits down in a swivel chair. He spins around and looks out of the window into the

CAR PARK

He sees a CAR approaching.

JOEY

Well, it's about the chickens.

112. MR PERRY

The chickens?

JOEY

Yeah, the chickens. I'm quite concerned about them.

MR PERRY

That's good. But in what way are you concerned? Could you be more specific?

Joey looks through the WINDOW again and sees

Duck and Fannyhead pulling on balaclavas as they approach the factory.

JOEY

Well, in specific terms, er, their last moments. I think they should be a lot happier in their last moments before they, y'know...

MR PERRY

I take on board what you're saying, I really do. But what it comes down to at the end of the day is, well, economics. If you think of each chicken as...

The door BURSTS open...

Fannyhead and Duck stand in the doorway wielding baseball bats.

Joey shits himself...

Mr Perry stands up...

DUCK

The fucking money. Where's the fucking money?

Duck looks down and sees the cash bags on the desk..

(CONTINUED)

MR PERRY

Ok, take it. Don't hurt the lad
though.

FANNYHEAD

Shut the fuck up/

Duck makes a move to grab the bag.

Mr Perry picks up the telephone and smashes it against the
side of Duck's head.

Fannyhead swipes his baseball bat across the Mr Perry's
face.

113.

Joey cringes at the sound of his
jaw CRACKING. Fannyhead watches in
horror as Mr Perry collapses on the
floor.

FANNYHEAD

Fucking hell. I've killed him.
Fannyhead turns and flees.

DUCK

Come back you prick. But Fannyhead is already away and in
the

CAR PARK

Crash has the engine REVVING wildly
as Fannyhead throws

himself into the backseat. Back in the

OFFICE

Duck wipes the blood from the side
of his face and looks

down at Mr Perry in a pool of blood on the floor. Duck looks
at Joey and panics... He runs from the office. Joey is still
sitting in his seat. He looks down at the cash bag - unsure
what to do...he

imagines himself in a

MANSION

Joey in a huge jacuzzi, surrounded
by beautiful women.

They pour champagne into the bath as Joey ducks beneath the
surface... He comes back up into the

(CONTINUED)

OFFICE
Mr Perry GROANS.

JOEY
Fuck, fuck, fuck. He looks around.
He has no idea what to do. He looks
out of the window at the SKIP
outside. Joey grabs the BAG and
runs

OUTSIDE

114.
Joey throws the bag into the skip.
He buries it beneath black bags. He
tries to compose himself - he tries
Ginge's method..

JOEY
It's all a dream, it's all a dream.
He runs back into the

OFFICE
and grabs the telephone from Mr
Perry's hand and dials

999. JOEY
Yeah, Police and Ambulance please.
There's been a robbery at the Happy
Valley Chicken Factory.

INT. CAR - DAY

Fannyhead crying in the backseat. Duck wipes his bloodied
face.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY CHICKEN FACTORY - NIGHT

Joey climbs into the skip. He rummages around in the rubbish
- gagging at the smell. Joey gets frustrated and begins
throwing things over the

edge.

After a few minutes of frantic searching he finds what he's
looking for. He climbs out clutching the cash-bag.

EXT. COACH STATION - DAY

Ginge is looking more bedraggled than ever - but with a beaming smile across his face as Joey hands him an envelope.

JOEY

You go and do your thing and I'll do mine.

Ginge thinks about hugging Joey - the both back off.

115. GINGE

There's not gonna' be any bad karma about this is there?

JOEY

Don't you worry about it. Just get on the bus and go and find yourself.

GINGE

You know Joey, you're not as much of a wanker as everyone says.

JOEY

Yeah, well you are.

Ginge jumps on the bus.

JOEY

See yer'.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy pouring with sweat as he forces himself through a series of push-ups and sit-ups.

Joey peeps around the door and watches Andy for a moment.

Joey WOLF WHISTLES...

JOEY

What a hunk!

Andy jumps to his feet - embarrassed.

ANDY

What do you want?

JOEY

You got any clean shorts?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

What for?

JOEY

Because you're gonna get some sun
on those pasty little chicken wings
of yours.

INT. LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Dave sipping coffee as Joey hands him a plastic bag.

Dave looks puzzled as he opens the bag.

116.

He pulls out shower gel, shampoo,
aftershave...

DAVE

You trying to tell me something?

INT. VAL'S LIVING ROOM.NIGHT

Joey hands Sally a huge bouquet of flowers. Sally hugs
him...

SALLY

They're beautiful, they're really
beautiful. But how...

JOEY

The insurance came through. Sally
smells the flowers...

SALLY

That was quick.

JOEY

Yeah, suppose so. Sally hugs him
again.

SALLY

Look at you. You're so big. You've
grown so much.

JOEY

Yeah. I suppose I have.

EXT. ESTATE.NIGHT

Joey walking through the estate, not exactly swaggering, but with a definite air of confidence.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A GANG of teenagers gathered on the bridge. Joey strides towards them. They don't even notice as he walks past them and stops in

the middle of the bridge.

He leans over the railings - watching the traffic for a moment. He lets a drop of saliva dangle from his mouth before

watching it drop.

117.

The saliva drops in slow motion before landing on a car windscreen. Joey looks around - the gang still ignoring him.

He climbs up onto the railings - staring straight ahead. Joey looks down at the HEADLIGHTS of a LORRY heading towards the bridge. The lights dazzle him - he's in a

SWIMMING POOL

He finds himself underwater. Joey pulls himself out of the pool. He walks towards Dave

who looks tanned and relaxed while he sips orange juice

through a straw. Joey glances over to the other side of the pool where Andy is lounging on a sunbed chatting to a GORGEOUS YOUNG

ITALIAN GIRL.

Back on the BRIDGE Joey lifts a hand to shield his eyes from the lights. He sways. The gang suddenly look interested. Joey looks down. He loses his footing and slips.

FADE OUT