

EMD

By

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FADE IN:

ON BLACK

SUPER: *The first line of contact in a medical emergency:*

*A 999 Ambulance control room.*

EXT. EMD OFFICE - MORNING

A two-level red brick building presides over junction 15 of the M32. It's the work of cowboys. 'NHS' signage tacked on. It's the NHS Emergency Medical Dispatch (EMD) office.

Part of a business park entirely devoid of character. No artistic merit, it could literally be anywhere.

BOBBY (V.O.)

You're serious?

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

Who do you know who knows more about politics than me?

A PEUGEOT 306, black tape covering a broken tail light, pulls haphazardly into the car park.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

Besides, being an EMD is my first step into public service. My apprenticeship. Going to the Houses of Parliament is the next logical step. I'm going to start the canvassing process this week.

Two Emergency Medical Dispatchers (EMDs), ALISTAIR, 18, and BOBBY, late 20s, step out the car. Both cocooned in green NHS jumpsuits with their names sewn on.

Alistair is geek chic, minus the chic. Tidy, smart, utterly boring looking. He's a posh boy without merit nor privilege.

Bobby's a good looking boy with no idea how to carry it. He's dragged down by a metaphorical weight on his shoulders.

BOBBY

Really?

ALISTAIR

Yes. Oh, and the early '90s crash was caused by Thatcher, by the way.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alistair and Bobby enter the cramped kitchen - a melee of activity as jumpsuited clones busy themselves.

TWO OFFICE CUTIES, all make-up, light on the natural, discuss a notice on the wall. Shake their heads, chuckle.

ALISTAIR

Indisputable. Thatcher. And don't get me started on the ERM. She blocked it, then made it happen. The Exchange Rate Mechanism.

(shakes his head)

That's when the economy really went down the crapper. We basically had our currency...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alistair and Bobby enter.

ALISTAIR

... devalued to the point where we suffered the indignity of being thrown out of the thing.

Indiscriminate noise. More jumpsuits. TWO sit per desk with partitions separating them.

They all sit conversing into call centre headsets with a pair of monitors in front of them. One monitor displays a call script, the other a map.

The desks lie dotted around the all expense spared office.

A red bell, fixed to the ceiling, hovers over the middle of the room. It fervently buzzes.

KELLY (O.S.)

Let's look lively, boys. Calls waiting. Now!

KELLY, 30s, frumpy, overweight, only do her with yours: the manager. She directs Alistair and Bobby to empty seats, ending Alistair's political tirade.

KELLY

Let's get this changeover going, shall we. Lives to be saved.

At the far end, three separate desks house three important jumpsuits - or so they think. A sign above reads: AMBULANCE DISPATCH.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Darling? I can't hear you. Are you still there?

Alistair plots himself down next to DEBBIE, 40s, probably fit in her 20s.

DEBBIE  
(into headset)  
We're sending someone. We'll be there soon. I promise. Can you hear me? Can you hear me? We'll have someone on scene with you very soon, darling.

She clicks her fingers at the dispatch desk. A clearly disinterested DISPATCHER nonchalantly gives a thumbs up.

ALISTAIR  
What's going on?

PETE, early 20s, a must-punch-that-face-type pipes up.

PETE  
Young girl threatened to hang herself. She did it.

DEBBIE  
Can you hear me darling? Just tell me you can hear me. Please.

DISPATCHER  
(to Debbie)  
The crew are on scene.

Debbie, in fits of tears, bursts from her desk and out the door. Kelly follows her.

The office barely flickers recognition.

Bobby takes notice, sits at the vacated desk.

BOBBY  
Nice start. Just the 12 hours to go.

ALISTAIR  
(into headset)  
999 Ambulance Emergency... What's the address of the emergency? OK.

ALISTAIR  
Is he breathing...? Is he  
conscious...?

Pete swivels over to Bobby on his chair.

PETE  
Are you coming Saturday?

BOBBY  
What's happening?

PETE  
You didn't see the poster?

Bobby shakes 'no'.

PETE  
I've hired out Tate's. My mate  
Steve in the Police control room  
says they always have get  
togethers.

BOBBY  
Yeah, but we've got 'Monday Club'.

PETE  
I want the ladies there.

Pete looks over at the 'Office Cuties'.

BOBBY  
(into headset)  
999 Ambulance Emergency.

EXT. EMD OFFICE - LATER

Cars buzz along the motorway snaking its way past the  
office. We see Bobby impassively watching from inside.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)  
We'll have that ambulance with you  
shortly, Madam.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby shifts his attention to Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
(into phone)  
I understand you have been waiting  
for 10 hours now. We'll get you to

ALISTAIR  
 the hospital for those cataracts  
 as soon as an ambulance becomes  
 available, we will...  
 (to Bobby)  
 The Old Biddie hung up.  
 (into headset; obvious horror)  
 No, of course I wasn't referring to  
 you!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Bobby eyes Alistair through the window of the adjoined  
 Manager's Office.

Kelly gesticulates wildly at an ashamed looking Alistair.

Bobby picks up the newspaper. Skims through, settles on the  
 betting odds section.

BEEP.

BOBBY  
 (into headset)  
 999 Ambulance Emergency. What's the  
 address of the emergency?

MALE (V.O.)  
 I'm in a field.

BOBBY  
 OK. I need you to tell me where  
 that field is so we can get help to  
 you.

MALE (V.O.)  
 (stifling giggles)  
 Do I pick the blonde or the  
 brunette?

BOBBY  
 What's the emergency, Sir?

MALE (V.O.)  
 Do I bend over the blonde or the  
 brunette?

BOBBY  
 What's the medical emergency?

MALE (V.O.)  
You silly cunt.

The line goes dead.

Bobby clicks 'Dial' on his screen.

MALE (V.O.)  
Silly Cunt?

BOBBY  
Sir, I need to check that you do not have a medical emergency. The call cannot be disconnected without knowing there's no emergency.

MALE (V.O.)  
The only emergency will be when I get both these birds up the duff.

The line goes dead.

Bobby returns to the racing odds. Clicks open an internet browser. Opens up a gambling site. Places a bet.

EXT/INT. EMD OFFICE/ALISTAIR'S CAR - LATER

Alistair and Bobby eat their lunch. Alistair intently inspects his.

ALISTAIR  
Cheese sandwiches don't taste good in the evening.

Alistair shakes his head.

ALISTAIR  
What's up?

BOBBY  
Nothing.

ALISTAIR  
It's more obvious than the fact eating cheese sandwiches is the lunchtime, actually dinnertime, cuisine of an independent man.

BOBBY  
Can you borrow me some money?

ALISTAIR

I can lend you some money. What's happened?

Bobby avoids eye contact.

ALISTAIR

No problem.

Bobby leaps across Alistair and beeps the horn at TWO GIRLS.

LIZZIE, late 20s, all the right features, somehow not put together properly. She wears inadequacy on her sleeve.

EMILY, early 20s, gorgeous to the discerning eye. Lisps and carries around the years of torment with a nervous shake.

Lizzie flips a finger at Bobby, delivers a wanker gesture to Alistair.

She and Emily laugh.

Bobby and Alistair laugh - Alistair not as much.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room sits practically asleep.

Lizzie reclines in her seat, feet on top of the desk.

LIZZIE

You got to make a girl feel special.

EMILY

Maybe he said it wrong.

LIZZIE

Christ Emily, Bobby said my sister was better looking!

MULLIGAN (O.S.)

She is.

ROB MULLIGAN. No, Rob Mulligan the 'player'. 21, been there, done that. Perfectly coiffured hair. Wears his jumpsuit like the Fonz wore his jacket.

LIZZIE

Oh, fuck off.

He mischievously grins.

MULLIGAN  
Did I tell you about Stacey?

LIZZIE  
No.

MULLIGAN  
I can do anything. She comes  
running back everytime. What time  
is it?

Lizzie sits in silence. Emily acquiesces.

EMILY  
Just gone 11.

With obvious delight and relish, Mulligan pulls out his  
mobile. Dials. Mimics a horse neighing, hangs up.

LIZZIE  
Impressive.

MULLIGAN  
Just another hoe down.

LIZZIE  
You need a hose down.

Emily slaps her magazine down on the desk.

EMILY  
So Saturday -

MULLIGAN  
(mock lisp)  
So Saturday.

Investigates her magazine.

MULLIGAN  
Last year's copy of Lisper's  
Weekly.

LIZZIE  
She might have a lisp, but you're  
still an asshole.

MULLIGAN  
Mike Tyson has a lisp. She has -

EMILY  
It's in the kitchen, on the  
noticeboard.

Mulligan picks her magazine back up. Faux reads.

EMILY

Pete's inviting everyone to a night out this Saturday.

MULLIGAN

I've got a date this Saturday, Silly Sausage.

LIZZIE

Who'd want to date you?

MULLIGAN

A model.

LIZZIE

Where did you meet her?

MULLIGAN

Here and there.

LIZZIE

Where?

MULLIGAN

Internet.

LIZZIE

That's what it's come to?

MULLIGAN

Anyway, I've pencilled in you and Bobby to join us.

BEEP!

LIZZIE

(into headset)

999 Ambulance Emergency.

Mulligan takes his phone, texts.

INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - NIGHT

A bachelor's pad in need of female attention. Leftist political figures adorn the walls. School winner's medals sit pride of place on the shelf fixed above the fireplace.

An empty pizza box lies open on a table.

Alistair watches "Question Time" on TV. Listens intently. Quarterbacks the conversation from his leather armchair.

ALISTAIR  
 Inflation. The economy. No, the  
 economy. Get him off. Get him off.  
 It's voter apathy.

He changes channel. Sighs. Changes back.

ERRRRRRR! He picks up the phone: 1 new message.

Opens the message: Cuntly bollocks. We need another playaaaaa  
 tomorrow. I need a lift. Be around mine at 3.

EXT. PRO 5 - 5-A-SIDE COURT - DAY

A grey, cold, crisp afternoon plays host to TWO TEAMS of 5  
 ill-trained athletes playing 5-a-side football.

Pete stands idly in goal. He impassively watches the game  
 unfolding before him.

Alistair flings his leg out for a tackle, but THE STRIKER  
 skins him, shoots.

The shot fizzes past Pete into the net.

Alistair motions for a swap with Pete. They exchange the  
 goalkeeper's jersey.

MULLIGAN  
 Even fucking worse.

The TUBBY REFEREE gestures for a kick-off.

THE STRIKER  
 We ready, ladies?

MULLIGAN  
 Hold your horses.

GARETH  
 Tactics!

GARETH, mid-20s, probably the most likeable man on the  
 planet. Bobby, Pete, Alistair and Mulligan huddle with him.

ALISTAIR  
 I think we should -

MULLIGAN  
 Shut it. Pass and move, boys.

The lads disperse.

Kicking off, Mulligan attempts to take the ball on, loses it to a slight, almost dainty tackle from The Striker.

Who then jinks past Bobby, brushes Pete aside.

Alistair charges out of his goal, loses his footing, leaves an open goal.

The Striker smashes the ball into the empty net.

INT. PRO 5 - CHANGING ROOMS - LATER

In various states of undress, the boys shower and change.

GARETH

Monday Club. We go as Reservoir Dogs. Take a briefcase, put my stereo in it and play the theme song. On repeat.

Gareth hums the theme song and will continue non-stop.

PETE

Gareth, that's fucking cool, man.  
We wear suits, yeah?

ALISTAIR

No, we go naked.

MULLIGAN

Listen to Mr. Clever.

Unseen to Alistair - who methodically searches through his duffel bag - a partially-dressed Mulligan readies his towel.

WHAM! Slams it down on Alistair's bare back.

Alistair composes himself. Deliberates.

ALISTAIR

I'm not giving you a lift home.

MULLIGAN

I'll puncture the tyres.

ALISTAIR

I'll get the spares out.

MULLIGAN

You have 4 spare tyres?

ALISTAIR  
I could have.

MULLIGAN  
Do you?

ALISTAIR  
Try me.

MULLIGAN  
Can I just have a lift?

ALISTAIR  
Yes.

Mulligan uses the changing bench as leverage for push-ups.  
Alistair secretly checks 'his guns'.

BOBBY  
How much longer are they keeping  
you on for, Gareth?

GARETH  
Dunno.

BOBBY  
Why don't you just become an EMD?  
You really want to be a Dispatch  
Assistant?

GARETH  
I get to sit there all night using  
the internet.

MULLIGAN  
You do fuck all and get paid more.

Alistair stretches, gets down for push-ups directly next to  
Mulligan.

ALISTAIR  
That's what's wrong with modern day  
public service. Too much room for  
entrepreneurs to milk the system.  
(to Gareth)  
No offence.

MULLIGAN  
Shut up with your political babble.  
No-one cares about politics.  
No-one.

ALISTAIR  
And that's why it has got to  
change.

MULLIGAN  
What are you doing?

ALISTAIR  
What are you doing?

Mulligan finishes his press-ups. Mocks sexual intercourse  
from behind.

MULLIGAN  
Getting my game on. We've having a  
couple at Grab-a-Granny tonight.

INT. THE FLETCH - LATER

Not an under 30 in sight. Mulligan, Pete and Gareth hover  
around the bar half-watching Alistair and Bobby play pool.

Alistair can really play. He punctuates occasional shots  
with a '50s style jive.

Mulligan's eyes a COUGAR straight off the Adult Channel.

MULLIGAN  
Mine.

He starts off in her direction with Gareth and Pete.

ALISTAIR  
What's happening with Lizzie?

BOBBY  
Nice shot. We're going to drink  
with Mulligan and some girl  
Saturday night.

ALISTAIR  
Why?

Alistair pots another ball.

BOBBY  
Shot.

ALISTAIR  
You basically told her that her  
sister is better looking and you're  
taking Mulligan out on the return  
date. Why?

BOBBY  
Mulligan's good with women.

Alistair watches Mulligan persist with the clearly disinterested Cougar. Bobby notes it.

BOBBY  
'Cos I told her I'd give up the gambling.

ALISTAIR  
Will you?

BOBBY  
Yeah.

INT. ALISTAIR'S CAR - LATER

Alistair's car pulls up. Bobby shotgun, Mulligan in the back.

Alistair opens the glove box. Passes Bobby an envelope.

MULLIGAN  
What's in the envelope?

Alistair winks. Hands Bobby the enveloped in a business-like manner. It lacks any cool whatsoever.

Mulligan pokes his head between the driver and passenger seats. Alistair slaps it. Mulligan slaps him back.

ALISTAIR  
Right, morning shift - better get some Moses'.

BOBBY  
Eh?

ALISTAIR  
Kip. Kiptaniu. Moses Kiptanui. Kip.

MULLIGAN  
An African long distance runner.  
Kip.

BOBBY  
Oh.

MULLIGAN  
Shotgun!

Mulligan gets out the car, opens the door for Bobby.

EXT/INT. BOBBY'S FLAT/ALISTAIR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bobby steps out the car. Mulligan gets in. Closes the door.

Alistair searches through his CD folder, thumbs the 'Love Songs' disc, pops it in. Drives off.

MULLIGAN

No!

Bobby walks up the path slapping the envelope off his arm. Opens it, eyes money inside.

Fiddles in his pockets, back pockets. No joy.

He pulls his rucksack off his shoulders. Rifles through it. Places the envelope inside.

Nervously approaches the door. Eyes the row of buttons.

Exhales deeply. Presses the buzzer. No reply.

Presses it again.

WOMAN

Who is it?

BOBBY

Mum, it's me. I forgot my keys.

BOBBY'S MUM

I warned you.

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

Bobby places his head on the wall.

BOBBY

Mum?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Two PARAMEDICS sit at the Dispatch desk - they're royalty. They converse with OLLIE, a roly-poly, late 20s dispatcher.

PETE

I'm going on the road. Look at them. They got Ollie eating out their palm. Paramedics are fucking cool, man.

Bobby and Pete intently watch the overly boisterous trio.

PETE

I already put in for a back-up shift. Third man is the best way to get in. Get the experience. Get their respect.

BOBBY

Yeah?

PETE

I'll be saving lives, man.

Pete holds up his palm. Bobby reluctantly shows him skin.

The paramedics finish impressing Ollie. Manoeuvre out of the office.

PETE

Martin.

MARTIN, late 30s, a smug looking SOB, wades over with STEFF, late 30s, frumpy, boring.

PETE

Did you see my request?

Martin observes the Two Office Cuties. His eyes remain focused on them throughout.

PETE

I put in for 'third man'.

MARTIN

Right-hand man. Look, you guys want to come out on the road. Join the big boys. The paramedics. The lifesavers. Be there when we help the damsels in distress -

Martin finally breaks his gaze from the unrequited looks of the Cuties.

MARTIN

- but you haven't done the training. You haven't toiled like we have. You're more like a right-hand man. A coffee getter. We enjoy the humour and coffee stimulant that you guys call the -

Flickers his eyes back to the ladies.

MARTIN  
 - 'third man', but your role really  
 has more in common with the  
 placenta.

Eyes back to Pete's confused face.

MARTIN  
 Think on.

PETE  
 (desperate)  
 When's the next shift?

MARTIN  
 (knows the answer)  
 Can you do this Saturday?

PETE  
 I can't make that one.

MARTIN  
 Exactly. Commitment, buddy.  
 Commitment.

On that note, Martin saunters out the office, Steff in tow.

RING RING. Instinctively, Pete looks up at Ollie who  
 gestures a 'phone' with thumb and finger.

Pete picks up.

OLLIE  
 (into phone)  
 Tea. Two sugars.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - DAY

Alistair tackles the high street shoppers. Everybody  
 sidesteps him.

He holds a clipboard. Pamphlets and literature spew out of a  
 bag at his feet.

He waves his clipboard in the faces of TWO GUYS.

ALISTAIR  
 Do you feel like the power of the  
 people has gone into the coffers of  
 the government? Do you agree it's  
 time to elect representatives who  
 work for their electorate, not  
 their re-election.

STOCKY GUY  
Give it a rest, mate.

BEANPOLE GUY  
Get back to your computer games.

The pals snigger, move on.

An irate, cantankerous woman in her 50s approaches Alistair.  
We'll come to know her as GERALDINE.

GERALDINE  
I've got no time for politicians.  
What are you doing here?

ALISTAIR  
I'm canvassing for support. Testing  
for a possible local candidacy.

GERALDINE  
Which party are you with?

ALISTAIR  
Unaffiliated.

GERALDINE  
A renegade.

ALISTAIR  
I lean left.

GERALDINE  
Don't they all. Doesn't matter.  
They're all the same. I'm pissed  
off with the lot of them.

ALISTAIR  
Yes, you're angry. We're all angry.  
You think all politicians are the  
same! You're disillusioned with the  
whole thing. That's why I am  
different. I hear your anger, I  
hear you calling out for a new way.

GERALDINE  
Why are you different?

ALISTAIR  
I know the top and bottom. My  
father was wealthy once. He ran a  
property portfolio worth a few  
million. Started it from scratch  
and lost it all in the early '90s.

ALISTAIR  
 You know he went from wealthy to  
 poverty overnight. I understand  
 people, 'cos I am people! I want to  
 represent you.

Looks for her name.

GERALDINE  
 Geraldine.

ALISTAIR  
 Geraldine. I'm Alistair. Nice to  
 meet you.

They shake hands.

ALISTAIR  
 Be your voice. Be your weapon in a  
 corrupt Westminster.

GERALDINE  
 How old are you?

ALISTAIR  
 Eighteen.

GERALDINE  
 You're about the most politically  
 focused eighteen year old I have  
 ever met. Why? You don't get your  
 pecker wet?

Alistair reddens.

ALISTAIR  
 My father's experience has made me  
 independent. Matured me and got me  
 wanting to change things.

She takes a piece of paper. Jots down her address and  
 number. Hands it over.

GERALDINE  
 Very noble. I'd like to hear more.  
 Now you come on over next week.

She pulls another piece of paper from her bag. Hands it over  
 to Alistair with the pen.

GERALDINE  
 Your number.

Alistair notes it down.

GERALDINE

What do you do, Alistair?

ALISTAIR

I'm an Emergency Medical  
Dispatcher. I answer 999 calls.

GERALDINE

You're an emergency weapon. So to  
speak.

ALISTAIR

I just want to make things better.

GERALDINE

Oh, you will.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Pete boils the kettle. Pours milk in the waiting NHS mug.

Mulligan brushes into the kitchen.

PETE

I thought you had to be here at 1?

MULLIGAN

The dragon can wait.

Mulligan fingers the mug.

MULLIGAN

Who's that for?

PETE

Ollie.

A deep hock, Mulligan spits into the cup. Grabs the boiled  
water, tips it in. Stirs.

PETE

Are you coming tonight?

MULLIGAN

To what?

Pete points to the wall poster. Mulligan inspects it, rips  
it down.

PETE

What are you doing?

MULLIGAN

Look.

Shows Pete the note. 'No chance, fucker' has been scrawled on it.

Mulligan rips it up, throws it in the bin.

MULLIGAN

As you were.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete carefully enters the office. Places Ollie's tea down.

Ollie, on the phone, winks approval.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mulligan smirks. He sits across the desk from Kelly.

KELLY

There's been a complaint.

Mulligan shifts his focus to Kelly.

KELLY

A complaint has been made of a sexual nature.

With a not-so-subtle arrogance.

MULLIGAN

By who?

KELLY

You know I cannot tell you that.

MULLIGAN

What can you tell me, Kel?

KELLY

Don't push it.

MULLIGAN

I haven't done anything.

KELLY

You're lucky. There won't be a following up of it, so you're spared anything but a verbal

KELLY  
warning at this stage. This can,  
and will, become a written warning,  
if this unacceptable behaviour  
continues.

Mulligan fidgets, arrogance seeps away.

MULLIGAN  
It'll go on my record?

KELLY  
Depends.

MULLIGAN  
On what?

KELLY  
On whether you are able to warm up  
my engine. Compende? Next time I  
find out you've been harassing my  
staff and taking that little dick  
of yours to town, it will be a  
written.

She checks her watch.

KELLY  
My lunch is in 30 minutes. Be at  
the normal spot.

MULLIGAN  
I was going to go to the gym.

KELLY  
I'm your exercise bike today.

Mulligan stares at her.

KELLY  
Get out of my sight.

He exits the office. Gently closes the door behind him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catches Pete's attention.

MULLIGAN  
(mouths)  
Bullet proof.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

An old Ford Escort sits parked in a deserted car park.

Rampant, over the top sexual panting fills the air.

KELLY (V.O.)  
Say it. Say it!

MULLIGAN (V.O.)  
Mulligan loves Mumma's magic.  
Mulligan loves Mumma's magic!

A final climax and then an abrupt cessation.

KELLY (V.O.)  
Good boy.

EXT. EMD OFFICE - LATER

Alistair pulls up into the car park. He steps out. Spots Pete and Bobby leaving the office.

PETE  
You're going to miss a big one  
tonight, buddy.

ALISTAIR  
Duty calls.

Bobby and Alistair shake hands.

ALISTAIR  
Good luck tonight.

PETE  
(to Bobby)  
You should come to Tate's.

BOBBY  
After dinner, mate.

INT. TATE'S - NIGHT

An upmarket bar. They call them 'wine bars'.

Embodying the nouveau riche mentality, Pete proudly tracks an area cordoned off. A 'Reserved' sign, attached to chairs, acts as a barrier to Pete's enclave.

The bar is dead.

The BARTENDER points to three buckets of cheap wine on ice.

BARTENDER  
When do you want these?

PETE  
When the crew show up.

The Barman inspects the buckets.

BARTENDER  
I'll redo the ice.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Laughing, eating, drinking - inside that is.

Outside, the faces couldn't be longer. Bobby and Mulligan rest against the restaurant.

BOBBY  
I'm gonna try and get on the next  
paramedic course.

MULLIGAN  
Not being funny, mate, but not sure  
you got the goods.

Mulligan takes out his wallet. Hands Bobby cash.

MULLIGAN  
You're better off playing the nags.

Mulligan winks.

Bobby puts the cash in his wallet.

BOBBY  
Thanks.

MULLIGAN  
First beer's on you.

BOBBY  
What's this girl look like then?

MULLIGAN  
Who? Oh. Fucking quality. Yeah.  
She's turning up with a red rose.

A BEVY OF BEAUTIES walk-by, the boys 'fiene for their attention. Get none.

Their attention switches in search of their ladies.

A cab pulls up, sweeping a puddle over Bobby's shoes.

Out steps... Lizzie, glammed up to the nines.

DUR DUR DUR. Mulligan pulls out his vibrating mobile. It's Stacey. He mocks indifference. Answers.

Lizzie and Bobby eye one another.

BOBBY

I'm sorry, babe. You know I mess up  
my words.

The sounds of horse neighing filter through Mulligan's handset. He edges away to avoid them being overheard.

MULLIGAN

(into phone; whispers)

I'm sorry. All the calls,  
everything. I promise not to do it  
again, but you got to stop calling,  
OK?

Repeated horse neighing.

The handset goes silent.

BEEP BEEP. A second taxi pulls into the kerb, horn on full alert. The door opens.

A single red rose sneaks out, dramatically it dangles for effect... a foot follows... and -

A FAT GIRL, aka a 'Fattie Fittie'. Yes, this is MARIA. She excitedly steps out, inexplicably wearing a ball dress.

Geekily runs over to Mulligan.

MULLIGAN

Who the fuck are you?

MARIA

Maria, silly.

Mulligan grabs Maria, shields her from Lizzie and Bobby.

MULLIGAN

Where the fuck is my Maria?

MARIA

It's me.

MULLIGAN

No. My Maria is a model. The picture. The modelling shot.

MARIA

Silly. That was a headshot my Mum paid for.

Sultry, playful, she makes a pitch for his crotch.

MARIA

I'm here to give you your check-up, Dr. Mulligan.

Lizzie and Bobby head into the restaurant, bewildered.

Mulligan pulls out his wallet. Deals Maria two crisp notes.

MULLIGAN

There's obviously been a misunderstanding. I'm out of your league. Go home.

Mulligan walks off.

Maria wells up.

MARIA

But you're my Doctor.

INT. TATE'S - LATER

The bar teems with SCHMOOZING PUNTERS.

Pete is forlorn and depressed in 'his' section. The bartender approaches him cautiously.

BARTENDER

Not being funny, geezer, but we're kinda busy now. And, you know -

PETE

Yeah, you can take the section back.

BARTENDER

Thanks, champ.

Pete's attention draws to the door.

It's Emily. She looks all over before finally making eye contact with Pete.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Alistair's desk is his party HQ. Political paraphernalia, books and pamphlets strewn everywhere.

He devours each and every word of "Neil Kinnock: The Path to Leadership".

Debbie watches.

DEBBIE

Going to be the next PM, Alistair?

ALISTAIR

That's long-term.

DEBBIE

And short-term?

ALISTAIR

Short-term is getting a seat at the Houses of Parliament.

DEBBIE

All you ever want to talk about is politics, Alistair.

Debbie's attention drifts to unauthorised internet usage.

DEBBIE

What's the agenda when you're elected?

He pulls out the 1992 Labour Manifesto. Lovingly flicks through the pages.

ALISTAIR

You see, Neil Kinnock was a visionary. Blair came in, stole the limelight, changed tack, lost the values. Kinnock would've been our greatest PM.

She regrets striking up the conversation.

ALISTAIR

I was canvassing today. Laying the groundwork. I want to be the second coming of Kinnock.

DEBBIE  
 Isn't that Ed Miliband?  
 (into the phone)  
 999 Ambulance Emergency.

Unnoticed by Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
 I just want to help people. We need  
 vibrant, young politicians with new  
 ideas. Young men, old heads. Not  
 young 'cos of the manufactured X  
 Factor politics -

DEBBIE  
 (into the phone)  
 What's your location? Is he  
 conscious? Is he breathing?

ALISTAIR  
 - but 'cos we need soldiers  
 fighting for us. Soldiers who are  
 schooled in the modern day politics  
 of life on the street.

He gains momentum. Really believes what he's saying.

ALISTAIR  
 Someone needs to stand up for the  
 defenceless. Level the playing  
 field.

Debbie flings her mouse mat at Alistair: be quiet.

He falls silent, returns to his book.

YOUNG FEMALE (V.O)  
 (hysterical)  
 He's not breathing. He's not  
 breathing. He's been stabbed.

DEBBIE  
 (into headset)  
 I need you to be calm. Where are  
 you, what's his location?

YOUNG FEMALE (V.O)  
 (through heavy sobbing)  
 King Street.

Debbie clicks her fingers at the DISPATCHER. She brings up a  
 map of King Street on her monitor. Clicks 'Send info'.

## INT. THE FLETCH - NIGHT

The Fletch is rammed full of desperate, horny teenagers. A meat market. Half finished beers lay abandoned all over.

Some tables sport sleeping teenagers as accessories.

In amongst it all, Bobby and Lizzie snog one another's faces off.

Mulligan leans against the bar - it overlooks an half-assed dancefloor. An Ibiza 1998 soundtrack plays. The DJ thinks he's Judge Jules.

## EXT. 24-HOUR GARAGE - NIGHT

An ambulance mounts the curb staring down a 24-hour garage.

LOUD RAP MUSIC fills the air.

A YOUNG LAD in an illuminous jacket waits at the outdoor counter. The words 'Third Man' printed on the back.

## INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Martin bounces his head and raps the lyrics. Steff fiddles with the Mobile Data Terminal (MDT) which sits on the dash.

MARTIN

(breaking from the rap)  
We'll get him doing all sorts  
tonight.

STEFF

Don't be too harsh on him. He's  
only young. They got to start  
somewhere.

MARTIN

You just got a thing for younger  
guys.

STEFF

And you have a thing for the  
younger ladies.

MARTIN

I know.

Steff observes the Third Man walking back towards the ambulance.

STEFF

He is cute, though.

ERRRR! The MDT kicks into life signalling a call. Steff switches the emergency siren on.

INT. THE FLETCH - AS BEFORE

Mulligan's eyes bury themselves into every short skirt floating around. Umpteen empties stand next to him.

He downs his beer. Takes a back-up beer. Dancing out of time, he clumsily threads through the crowded bar area.

He arrives at the dancefloor.

Drunkenly assesses the meat on offer. A SEXY GIRL and her UGLY MATE dance by themselves in the corner. He sharks over.

Pops his drink on the table. Grinds the Sexy Girl from behind. Clearly inebriated, she momentarily responds. Deciding against it, she slaps off Mulligan's attentions.

Not getting the message, he wraps his arms around her. Grinds her back, ass and hips.

She slaps his hands off again, turns around.

SEXY GIRL

Get the message, Ginger Bollocks.

UGLY MATE

It's an expression. She knows you're not ginger.

MULLIGAN

(to Ugly Mate)

Sorry, you're ugly. Don't waste my time.

MULLIGAN

(to Sexy Girl)

My cock leaves in half an hour, be on it.

SEXY GIRL

You what?

MULLIGAN

You must be a parking ticket, 'cos you got fine written all over you.

Mulligan drunkenly leans in for a kiss.

Sexy Girl pulls back, Mulligan lurches forward. Stumbles.

SEXY GIRL  
You're off your head.

The girls walk to the opposite end of the dancefloor. Ugly Mate discreetly drops a tablet into Mulligan's drink.

He picks it up and staggers over to the next set of girls.  
Repeats his routine on a BLONDE.

INT. TATE'S - NIGHT

Pete and Emily lost in conversation.

Unseen to them, a large CROWD gathers outside.

EXT. KING STREET - NIGHT

Steff and Martin carefully treat a MALE STAB VICTIM.

A frantic YOUNG FEMALE cradles the young man's head. She's covered in his blood.

The Third Man unsuccessfully disperses the eager crowd.

YOUNG FEMALE  
Please God. Please God. Is he going  
to be OK? Please tell me he's going  
to be OK.

We recognise the frantic voice as that of the girl from the phone call with Debbie.

MARTIN  
The best way to help him is to stay  
calm. OK? We're going to stabilise  
him and get him straight to the  
hospital.

Martin takes her hand.

MARTIN  
Now you hold his hand.

Steff fixes the breathing apparatus and together with Martin they load him onto a stretcher and into the ambulance.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room is a blur of activity.

Gareth sits at his desk. Surfs the internet.

ALISTAIR  
(into headset)  
Has he been drinking?

DEBBIE  
(into headset)  
What was he struck with? Has the  
attacker left the scene?

ALISTAIR  
(into headset)  
I need to know what's he taken.

DEBBIE  
(into headset)  
The attacker was in fancy dress?

EXT. THE FLETCH - NIGHT

Mulligan lies wedged between industrial bins full of empty  
bottles and the piss-stained wall.

A gaggle of girls, led by Sexy Girl take photos.

His second victim, the Blonde, scrawls profanities on his  
face with permanent marker pen.

Ugly Mate jumps up and down in appreciation.

UGLY MATE  
Get a video.

Sexy Girl pulls out her camera. Toys with the settings.

SEXY GIRL  
I'm filming.

Ugly Mate looks into the camera. Deadpan.

UGLY MATE  
Let's give him a kebab.

Monkey hoots of approval.

She pulls her panties down and waddles over to the  
defenceless Mulligan.

INT. THE FLETCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby drains the pipe. Watches the girl squat on Mulligan's face from his windowed vantage point.

FELLOW PISSER (O.S.)  
That's a kebab!

Shaking himself off, the Fellow Pisser squats to 'helpfully' - as all drunks do - explain and reenact Mulligan's plight.

FELLOW PISSER  
You see how I'm squatting? That  
guy's face is below my growler.  
(points below his legs)  
Except, her growler  
(points outside)  
is uncovered. So he's got a meaty  
kebab on his face. And she's a fat  
one, so plenty of meat and grease  
in that kebab.

EXT. TATE'S - KING STREET - NIGHT

A cordon marks the area of the stabbing. POLICE OFFICERS ask questions, secure the scene.

Pete and Emily are oblivious. Pete takes off his jacket, holds it over Emily's head, shielding her from the rain.

PETE  
Just give it back to me at work.

Pete flags a taxi.

EMILY  
I'll see you at work?

PETE  
You definitely will.

They share a long, tender look. Emily gets into the taxi.

EMILY  
You'll need it.

She gives Pete his jacket back. The taxi heads off into the night.

He puts his jacket back on, a note drops from it. He opens it: I couldn't tell you to your face but I loved tonight. Would love to do it again.

Pete beams, watches after the taxi.

EXT. THE FLETCH - AS BEFORE

Mulligan lies crumpled in a heap. Alone.

Bobby and Lizzie edge over via gratuitous kisses, clearly intoxicated.

BOBBY  
Have you ever heard of a kebab?

LIZZIE  
A what?

BOBBY  
We'll YouTube it tomorrow.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Debbie's kicked back, head resting on the back of the chair. Eyes closed. Same with Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
To be a true people's politician  
you have to be in touch with what  
their problems are. You can't fake  
empathy -  
(headset beeps; into phone)  
999 Ambulance Emergency.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Alistair. It's Bobby, Mulligan's  
not breathing.

SUPER: To be continued.

FADE OUT