MADE IN MANCHESTER

Ву

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TITLE: MANCHESTER 1994.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Snow falls on a red brick council estate as we hear the music track 'Merry Christmas Everybody' by Slade, over the following sequence:

A row of semi-detached council houses decorated with flashing fairy lights and cheap plastic snowmen and reindeer.

SLADE (OS)

Are you hanging up a stocking on your wall? It's the time that every Santa has a ball.

An old drunk staggers slowly up the street with his old Jack Russell dog. The man slows to a stop, swaying back and forth, barely able to keep his eyes open. He leans precariously into the road. The Jack Russell barks. The man leans the opposite way and falls gently into a garden hedge where he remains, asleep. The dog sits down.

SLADE (OS) (CONT'D)

Does he ride a red nosed reindeer? Does a

'ton up' on his sleigh. Do the fairies keep him sober for a day?

A gang of teenagers outside a rundown parade of shops are drinking and smoking. They throw snowballs at a passing car. An older kid pours cider from a big plastic bottle into the mouth of a younger kid no older than 10. It overflows and nearly chokes him. The younger kid laughs, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, turns towards the shops and runs up to the metal security shutters, ramming it with the top of his head. He stumbles backwards and falls over. The older kids fall about laughing. A white police van approaches from a distance.

SLADE (OS) (CONT'D)

So here it is merry Christmas Everybody's having fun. Look to the future now It's only just begun.

INT. COP VAN - NIGHT.

The music is coming from the stereo of the van, which we continue to hear for the rest of the scene. We can see the driver through the security grill singing along, tapping his steering wheel. Through the windscreen we see the kids outside the parade further up the street.

SLADE & DRIVER

Are you waiting for the family to arrive? Are you sure you got the room to spare inside? Does ya granny always tell ya that the old are the best? Then she's up and rock 'n' rollin' with the rest.

Two men sit opposite each other on wooden benches in the back of the van. One is wearing football boots,
Manchester City football strip, and handcuffs. The other man is wearing a police uniform and mocking grin, his helmet tucked under his arm. They rock back and forth to the movement of the road. We hear the THUD, THUD of two snowballs hitting the side of the van. The man in the City strip stares deadpan at the copper. The copper stares back at him, grinning like the Cheshire Cat. The driver turns around.

DRIVER

All together now!!!

SLADE, DRIVER & COPPER So here it is Merry Christmas, everybody's having fun. Look to the future now, it's only just begun.

The van makes a sharp turn.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

The police van rolls in through the entrance and up to the front of the building.

SLADE

IT'S CHRISTMAS!!!!!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

The man in the City strip is marched through the station. A big no.8 is printed in white on the back of his shirt with 'BELL' in capital letters above it. They stop at the front desk. 'Blue Christmas' by Elvis can be heard in the background. A Christmas tree stands in the counter with handcuffs for decoration.

The desk sergeant is drawing lines with a ruler in a big black book. He looks up over his reading glasses.

DESK SERGEANT

This him then?

COPPER

Yeah Sarge.

DESK SERGEANT

Shorter than he looks on TV. Why is that? Never met a celebrity before. Actually that's not quite true. I bumped into Michael Le Vell a few years back in Sainsbury's at the check out.

COPPER

Did ya Sarge? Kevin from Coronation Street. He's a red you know?

DESK SERGEANT

That he is Constable, that he is. He let me jump the queue you know. I only had a few items in my basket. Edna was suffering with her lumbago again so she sent me out to do some errands. Apparently he's quite handy with a ball himself. Anyway, where were we?

CONSTABLE

Our guest Sarge.

DESK SERGEANT

Our guest?! Oh yes.

The Sergeant looks to a Manchester United advent calendar on the wall by the desk, raising his head slightly to see through his glasses. All the little windows have been opened and the chocolates eaten.

CONSTABLE

23rd Sarge

DESK SERGEANT

Ah, thank you Constable.

The sergeant writes the date in the big black book.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Right, that's that then. A warm welcome to Grey Mare Lane Guest house Mr. Bell. Or can I call you Colin.

(MORE)

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

It's nothing fancy but you get 3 square meals a day and the beds bugs are friendly. How long will you be staying with us?

The man in the City strip doesn't react. The desk sergeant shrugs.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

One of those quiet, mysterious types eh? Very well, if I might ask you for your belt, shoelaces, watch, and anything in your pockets, we'll put them in the safe for you to collect on your way out. You can't be too careful these days.

The man in the City strip pulls the shoelaces from his boots with his cuffed hands and places them on the counter. He doesn't have a watch or belt or even pockets for that matter.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Is that everything?

The man in the City strip doesn't answer. The desk sergeant nods to the constable. The constable pats him down and gives a thumbs up. The desk sergeant turns the big black book around and taps on an empty space with his pen.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

If I could just ask for your autograph, Mr. Bell.

The man in the City strip steps forward and takes the pen with his cuffed hands.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

To Jessica and Stephen with love - haha! Just pulling your leg son.

The man in the City strip scribbles his name - TOMMY Kelly.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Well I think that's everything. Constable, will you show our guest to his room. Have a pleasant stay with us Mr Bell. If you need anything please hesitate to ask.

INT. POLICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We hear the clatter of football studs as TOMMY is escorted down the corridor. 'Winter Wonderland' by Frank Sinatra is playing in the background.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The cell door opens. The Constable takes off the handcuffs. TOMMY enters. The door slams behind him shut and the hatch is opened.

CONSTABLE

(Singing to the tune of Winter Wonderland)

There's only one Man United! One Man United!

He laughs, slams down the hatch and turns off the light, continuing the song down the corridor.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Walking along, singing this song, walking in a Fergie wonderland. United! United! United!

TOMMY walks over to the bench and lies down. Hands behind his head, he closes his eyes. Darkness and silence for a beat longer than usual. The cell light switches on. It's bright. It was never this bright before. It seems to be spot lit and in TOMMY's face. He sits up on the bench, shielding his eyes with his hands. We hear the cell door unbolting. There's a pause. It opens.

MAN'S VOICE

(Theatrical)

TOMMY KELLY?

A silhouette stands in the doorway of the cell surrounded by dazzling white light.

TOMMY

Yeah.

MAN'S VOICE

TOMMY Kelly of Damien Street, Manchester.

TOMMY

I already told you. Yeah.

A man in a brown check jacket, sky blue trousers, white loafers with no socks and a brylcream side parting, steps into the cell.

He looks like a daytime TV game show host dipped in acid. He's holding a big black book under his arm. In fact the same big black book from the front desk. He approaches TOMMY with a Cheshire Cat grin.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I signed it already, at the front desk.

The Game Show Host continues forward. TOMMY stands, blinded by the light.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I told you. What d'you want?

The Game Show Host doesn't answer, he keeps coming at TOMMY, slowly reaching inside his jacket pocket as he does. TOMMY steps back. His legs hitting the bench against the back wall of the cell - he can't go any further. He points into The Game Show Host's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mate, you come any further. I'm fucking warning you.

The Game Show Host whips out a large microphone from his inside pocket. TOMMY flinches and falls back onto the bench. There is a rumbling sound and dust starts spilling from the top corners of the cell. We hear music in the distance. The walls of the cell start to move out, grinding and groaning backwards, separating themselves from each other. The Game Show Host stoops into TOMMY's face with the microphone pressed to his lips.

THE GAME SHOW HOST

(Whispering)

Tommy Kelly... I'm... Mike Munroe...

TOMMY pushes himself against the back wall. MIKE MUNROE stands with arms held wide...

MIKE MUNROE

And THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!

The cell walls move away completely, disappearing into darkness, to reveal a studio set. An audience is sitting opposite. Empty seats slide across the studio floor and stop behind TOMMY. A large projector screen descends from the ceiling and stops above a set of double doors. The theme tune from This Is Your Life rings out all around. Excited faces from the audience applaud enthusiastically.

Fade to black.

Fade up from black.

TITLE: MANCHESTER 1978.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY.

It's raining and raining hard, chucking it down on what is quickly resembling a mud bath than a football pitch as two junior league football teams - Northern Rebels and St. Vincents, battle it out in the South Manchester Cup Final.

ON THE SIDELINES.

A man and woman sit in a transit van, sipping tea from a flask. A Staffordshire Bull Terrier, stands at the heal of his owner, shaking his head from the steady stream of rainwater running off the tip of his nose. Two potbellied managers DAVE and VINNY pace up and down the line, barking orders at their players. Substitutes in Snorkel Parkers and Cagouls kick around spare footballs in the background. Three young girls jump in and out of puddles. A man in a Fila tracksuit and pencil moustache holds a large golfing umbrella over the head of the Mayor of Manchester and his wife who are sitting behind a green, felt lined trellis table with medals, a ridiculously large plastic gold trophy and two jugs of cling film wrapped orange juice cordial. And finally, three women in their mid twenties - JANE, CAROL and SUSAN, huddled together under a see-through plastic umbrella, holding coats and supermarket carrier bags -JANE is gaunt and forlorn. CAROL is voluptuous and bubbly. SUSAN athletic and fidgety.

ON THE PITCH.

A wiry kid with a skinhead tears down the field with the ball. 'Northern Rebels' is blazoned across his white muddy football strip in BOLD, black lettering. CAROL jumps up and down under the brolly in the background.

CAROL

Come on TOMMY! Come on Rebels!

TOMMY continues down the pitch with the ball, St. Vincents charging in from all angles.

TOMMY cuts inside one player, rides the sliding challenge of another (who incidentally continues off the pitch and into the overflowing sponge bucket), and splashes his way into the twelve yard box with only the keeper to beat. St. Vincent's manager orders his keeper to stay on the line. St. Vincent's players plead for him to come out and challenge the ball. The keeper is torn. He panics, takes the majority decision, and charges out of goal towards the oncoming Rebels striker. TOMMY surges on, his team mates encouraging. As he enters the twelve yard box his feet get caught up in the mud, his momentum carrying him past the ball. TOMMY looks up to see the panicked keeper hurtling towards him. In one dramatic, all out attempt, he drops his left shoulder, spins round behind the ball, leans back and welly's it at goal, muddy water flying up into the contorted face of the incoming star-spread keeper, the ball flying past him towards an empty net. The keeper clatters into TOMMY, sending both of them crashing to the ground.

Time stops as everyone looks to the ball flying through the air towards an empty net. The man and woman in the transit van stop sipping their tea. The dog stops shaking its head. The players stop running. The girls stop splashing. JANE, CAROL and SUSAN stop breathing. Even the rain seems to stop for the time it takes the ball to splash down dead in a bog of mud 6 inches short of the goal line.

Time starts up again as a mob of players from both teams charge noisily past the grounded TOMMY and goalkeeper and into the goal mouth, the ball disappearing within a forest of legs. The ref bounds into the ruckus, searching for the ball above a sea of manic heads, dragging children out of the way by the collars of their shirts. He raises his hand, blows his whistle and points to a muddy patch of grass where the penalty spot probably once was. We don't know what happened, how could we in such a melee, but one thing's for sure - it's a penalty. St. Vincent's disagree and surround the ref with protests but he coldly brushes them away with his hand. A Rebels player approaches TOMMY and pulls him to his feet, giving him a pat on the back for good measure. We don't know it yet, but this is MARK, TOMMY's best mate. A furious St. Vincent's manager storms onto the pitch and confronts the referee. The ref shakes his head and waves him away but the manager protests, pulling back the ref by his shoulder. Words are exchanged. Fingers are wagged. The ref loses his cool and pulls out a red card, blowing his whistle into the manager's face, pointing him off the pitch. The manager is flabbergasted, steadfast, but the referee is adamant and stands his ground. The manager shakes his head and storms off the pitch to stand on the sidelines, his arms folded.

The ref stamps his leg and blows his whistle again, indicating for the manager to move further away. The manager questions him further. This is ridiculous. The ref looks to his watch and waits. The kids and spectators wait. The manager throws his hands up in defeat and stomps over to the transit van. The woman climbs out. The manager slides into the middle seat. The woman climbs in beside him and offers her tea.

The ref takes twelve long muddy strides from the goal line, drops the ball with a splash, and steps back. TOMMY steps up, grabs the ball, cleans it under his shirt, places it down carefully and steps back into an air of silence. All eyes are on TOMMY. He scrapes mud from the bottom of his left boot, flings it to the ground, wipes a torrent of rain from his face, takes a deep breath and pauses... He runs up and smashes the ball into the back of the net, sending the keeper the wrong way. TOMMY is mobbed by his team mates. JANE, CAROL and SUSAN jump up and down, hugging in the background. The ref looks to his watch and blows the final whistle. Northern Rebels continue to celebrate. SUSAN runs over to DAVE and jumps on his back giving him a big kiss.

ON THE SIDELINES.

The rain has let up and the sun is breaking through the clouds. TOMMY and MARK cross the pitch towards JANE and CAROL, covered from head to toe in mud, gold medals slung around their necks.

CAROL

Here they come... Glen Hoddle and Kenny Keegan. All we've got to do now, is find out who belongs to who.

JANE hands TOMMY his coat and ruffles his hair.

JANE

Well done love.

CAROL grabs the back of MARK's shirt and looks at the name tag stitched into his collar.

CAROL

Yep, this one's mine.

MARK looks to TOMMY, shaking his head in embarrassment. TOMMY smiles and puts on his coat.

MARK

Good one mam, works every time. And I've told you, it's Kevin Keegan not Kenny Keegan.

CAROL grabs MARK by the head, spits on a tissue and proceeds to wipe mud from his face. He fights for his life.

MARK (CONT'D)

Mam, get off!

CAROL lets him go and hands him his coat. She picks up a carrier bag and opens it.

CAROL

Here you go boys. A treat for our little champions.

TOMMY and MARK grab cans of Cherry Coke and Richmond crisps.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Right, come on then, lets get you home before that mud sets.

CAROL looks across to the three girls playing in the puddles.

CAROL (CONT'D)

LOUISE! Come on, we're goin'.

LOUISE - MARK's younger sister by a year, breaks away from her friends and skips over. She's wearing thick bifocal glasses and a bright yellow Cagoul with her hood up. CAROL hands her the last of the snacks. LOUISE looks to TOMMY, sheepishly.

LOUISE

Nice goal TOMMY.

LOUISE smiles an intricate construction of orthopedic brace. TOMMY frowns.

MARK (OS)

(Sarcastically)

Nice goal, TOMMY.

TOMMY turns and pushes MARK away. A Green Ford Capri, pulls up beside them on the grass. Fast Cars 'The Kids Just Wanna Dance' on the stereo. Inside are SUSAN and DAVE and 5 of the team squeezed uncomfortably into the back.

SUSAN

We're just gonna drop this lot off and then me and DAVE are going for a drink down the Packhorse to celebrate. Wanna come?

JANE

No. PAT will be home soon.

SUSAN

CAROT₁?

CAROL

Thanks love but I've got a stack of ironing to do.

SUSAN

No probs. I'll drop by later JANE. See ya Girls!

SUSAN turns up the stereo for the chorus.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(Singing)

The kids just wanna dance oh yeah, the kids just wanna dance oh yeah.

The Capri fishtails off the park, muddy water flying up from the back wheels. SUSAN leans out of the window.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Go Rebels!!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

The kitchen is dark. JANE, TOMMY and his sixteen year old punk brother MIKE sit eating around the kitchen table under candlelight. Rosary beads hang over a wall clock. There's an awkward silence.

JANE

I don't know where your dad has got to.

MIKE

(Under is breath)

Pissing up a wall somewhere.

JANE

Michael! Not in front of your brother.

The clunking of a key trying in the front door causes them all to look up.

JANE stands and crosses to the oven, She grabs a towel and takes another plate of food, placing it down on the table.

JANE (CONT'D)

Now don't go upsetting him.

MIKE

Like that'll make any difference.

The front door slams shut. MIKE looks to his dinner. TOMMY looks to the hallway. Footsteps stop and start towards the kitchen. PAT, a heavy set Irishman, early thirties, worn tweed jacket, jeans, workman boots and three days of growth, staggers through into the kitchen, drunk.

JANE (OS

Hiya love.

PAT collapses down into his chair and burps loudly. TOMMY smiles. MIKE shakes his head in disgust. TOMMY continues to watch his dad.

PAT

So what's this then?

He sticks his fork into the food and lifts it up in one solid burnt dried up piece.

JANE

Leftovers.

PAT

Jesus! Left over from what? A cement factory.

PAT grabs the ketchup bottle and pours it all over the food. MIKE takes his last mouthful and drags his chair back to leave.

MIKE

I'm out of here.

PAT looks up, pointing his fork towards MIKE.

PAT

Where the hell d'ya think your goin'. Sit your arse back down on that chair and wait till your ma excuses you. Where's ya bleedin' manners.

MIKE looks to his mum.

JANE

It's okay PAT, he can go. Go on Michael, you're excused.

MIKE crosses to the sink and drops in his plate.

PAT

(To MIKE)

The state of ya'. All them bleedin' spikes. You'll put an eye out on somebody.

MIKE crosses to the doorway.

MIKE

(Under his breath)

At least these can stand up straight.

PAT jumps to his feet and pins MIKE up against the wall by his throat, knocking into the kitchen table, the ketchup bottle spilling onto the table cloth. JANE puts her arm out instinctively to shield TOMMY.

PAT

What was that smart arse?

JANE (O.S.)

PAT! Please.

PAT lets go of MIKE. MIKE massages his neck.

PAT

Call yourself an Irishman. Ya wee shite, look at yourself. If they could see you back home, they'd be calling you a bleedin' faggot so they would!

MIKE squares up to PAT.

MIKE

Yeah? What do you know about home? You've never been there! The nearest you've got is The Fiddlers down the road. Singing songs about a place you've never seen. You know what they'd call you? Do you? Plastic fuckin' paddy!

PAT lays into MIKE, smacking him hard across the top of his head continuously. MIKE raises his hands in defense.

JANE

PAT! Stop it, you're hurting him!

PAT points at JANE.

PAT

Ma, stay out of this! I'll knock some sense into him if it kills me.

PAT lets go of MIKE. MIKE stands, trying to fight back tears.

MIKE

Is that it! Is that all you've got?!

PAT strikes out at him again but MIKE grabs his arm and spins his dad round against the wall, his fist raised and ready to punch. PAT grins.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Arghh!

MIKE punches the wall to the side of his dad's face. PAT cowers. MIKE looks into his dad's drunken eyes long and hard. He shakes his head and lets go of him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Some Irishman.

MIKE exits the kitchen. The electricity comes back on. The power cut is over.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

TOMMY is sitting on his football in front of the TV watching the '78 World Cup in Argentina. Teofilo Cubillas scores his second goal to put Peru 3-1 up against Scotland.

JANE and PAT can be heard arguing from the kitchen. PAT rushes into the living room. He unplugs the TV, picks it up and walks out of the house with it. JANE runs out of the house, screaming after him down the road.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

TOMMY, football at his feet, dribbles up the road. The ball rolls into the roadside. A stream of blood is running down into the gutter. TOMMY picks up his ball and follows the blood up a driveway to a semi-detached house. A transit van is parked up the side. The back doors are open. Bloody water is dripping out. As TOMMY approaches we see a line of dead children, hung upside down on meat hooks with their throats cut. A giant, disfigured man in a blood soaked apron is hunched over in the back with a hose pipe washing out the blood. TOMMY, ball under arm, tries to sneak past him without being seen.

The disfigured man catches TOMMY from the corner of his eye and snaps round with a menacing scowl. TOMMY freezes. The disfigured man stops, and stares. His eyes white and piercing. He lumbers forward towards TOMMY.

TOMMY, eyes wide, runs round the side of the van and into the house nearly knocking over CAROL exiting with two mugs of tea. The disfigured man steps to the edge of the van and into the light. He isn't disfigured or giant for that matter. He's a portly, red faced man with a shortness of breath. CAROL hands FRANK his tea with a bemused look. FRANK shrugs.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT.

It's a beautiful Indian Summer evening. TOMMY and MARK pass the ball to each other along a path leading around a bowling green. MARK is taller than TOMMY and more mature for his years. They pass the bowling shed.

GIRLS'S VOICE (OS)

Hiya MARK!

MARK and TOMMY turn to see two girls, a little older than them, sat on a bench within the shadows of the shed.

MARK

Oh alright Julie.

JULIE

Where are you two goin?

MARK

To have a kickaround.

JULIE

Why don't you come in here and keep us company instead?

MARK turns to TOMMY and raises his eyebrows.

MARK

What d'you think? They might let us get off with them.

TOMMY is unsure. He looks towards the inviting green pasture of the field over the park.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on.

TOMMY

I don't know.

TOMMY looks at the other girl - the one he'd end up with. She looks TOMMY up and down with dissatisfaction.

MARK

Don't you know how to kiss or something?

YMMOT

Yeah, course I do... Well sort of.

MARK

It's easy. Just open your mouth.

TOMMY

I know!.. And then what?

MARK

Then put it over hers and move your head about. That's what they do on the tele. And stick your tongue in and out every so often.

TOMMY

Me tongue!?

MARK heads for the shed. TOMMY follows reluctantly. MARK sits down next to Julie. The other girl sighs and moves over for TOMMY. She's nearly twice his size. TOMMY sits holding onto his ball for dear life. The girl looks at TOMMY then over to MARK and Julie. TOMMY looks over too. Julie is sucking the life out of MARK. The girl turns back to TOMMY.

GIRL

Are you gonna do anything or what?

TOMMY picks at the stitching on his ball.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Here.

She grabs his hand and sticks it on her breast. The football falls to the floor.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT.

A football flies over a hedge. The hedge rustles. TOMMY climbs through followed by MARK. TOMMY kicks the ball out in front of him. They chase after it, pushing and shoving each other out of the way. MARK gets to it first and kicks it further down the field. They chase after it again, pushing and shoving each other, laughing down the hill.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT.

TOMMY and MARK saunter down the railway line, throwing stones at the rails as they walk.

MARK

The Loons?

TOMMY

Forfar Athletic.

TOMMY throws a stone.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The Cobblers?

MARK

Erm, Northampton Town.

MARK throws a stone.

MARK (CONT'D)

The Biscuitmen?

TOMMY

Reading.

TOMMY throws a stone.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The spiders?

MARK

Rangers.

TOMMY

Which one?

MARK

Both.

They fall silent for a moment, continuing to throw stones as they turn a bend. An ominously dark tunnel lies ahead.

MARK (CONT'D)

D'you reckon PAUL WILKINSON's hard?

TOMMY

Nah, he's soft.

MARK

How d'you know?

TOMMY

Cos Steven Potts beat him up and you could easily have Steven Potts.

They fall silent again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Why?

MARK

He told Angela Hastings that he was gonna kick my head in because I kissed Sarah Jones in the cloak room.

Another short silence follows.

TOMMY

If you give me Dennis Tueart I'll beat him up for you.

MARK

Dennis! No way. Took me ages to get him. What about Zico?

YMMOT

Got him.

MARK calculates. He throws another stone.

MARK

Kenny Sampson.

TOMMY

No way!

MARK picks up another stone and throws it. It hits the rail with a loud ping.

MARK

Yes!

VOICE (OS)

Oye! Get 'em!!

TOMMY and MARK freeze. A gang of angry, glue sniffing punks charge out of the tunnel towards them. We hear the Buzzcocks track 'Boredom' blaring from a gettoblaster.
MIKE - TOMMY's brother is amongst them. MARK runs off.
TOMMY stands for a moment then takes off. They sprint down the track into the distance.

EXT. ENTRY - NIGHT.

TOMMY saunters miserably down an immaculately clean entry kicking his popped football. A couple of old ladies are having a natter as they sweep and wash the cobbles outside their backyards. They whisper and glance as TOMMY enters his house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

TOMMY enters the kitchen, the popped football under his arm. A first aid kit is lying open by the side of the sink. We hear crying in another room. TOMMY looks into the hallway. He grabs a kitchen chair and drags it over to the work unit. He stands on the chair and opens a cupboard taking out a yellow plastic biscuit barrel. He opens it and grabs a Jammy Dodger, putting it in his mouth. He looks to the open doorway and stuffs a few more into his shorts pocket.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT.

TOMMY enters. Voices sound from the living room. The TV on in the background. He walks up to the partly open doorway and looks in through the hinged gap. We see a giant chicken trying to walk across a rope bridge on the TV (It's a Knockout with Stuart Hall). We see TOMMY's mum, black eye, tissue in hand with her friend SUSAN.

SUSAN

Leave him. He's a no good gambling shite. Take the kids and leave him. He doesn't deserve any of you.

JANE

How can I Sue. Where would I go?

SUSAN

Don't worry about that. You can stay with me and DAVE until you sort something out.

JANE blows her nose. TOMMY drops his biscuit and bends to pick it up.

JANE (OS)

TOMMY, is that you love?

TOMMY enters blowing carpet fluff off the biscuit.

SUSAN

Look at the size of him! He's getting bigger everyday.

TOMMY is watching the TV, munching on his biscuit. Stuart Hall laughs uncontrollably as 2 teams of penguins batter shit out of each other on a giant rotating wheel.

JANE

Hey, TOMMY. Look what you're Aunty SUSAN'S brought round for you.

SUSAN pulls a pile of clothes out of a plastic bag.

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you sure Steven won't mind.

SUSAN

No, he's just bought a pair of them drainpipe things. I don't know how he gets into them. Can't be good for the circulation if you know what I mean. I'm hoping to be a grandmother one day.

SUSAN holds the flared jeans against TOMMY. They're far too big.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He'll grow into them.

TOMMY takes another bite of his biscuit.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

The room is small. The walls are a patchwork of 'Shoot' football posters and magazine cutouts of Manchester City players: Kevin Reeves, Clive Wilson, Paul Simpson and others. A wardrobe leans into a corner, a Manchester City lamp sits on his bedside table. TOMMY is lying on his bed with a drawing pad and felt tips, colouring in a 'Roy of the Rovers' style cartoon strip. He lifts up his pillow and takes another biscuit from underneath. He finishes writing in a speech bubble and puts his pen down, chomping excitedly on the biscuit.

TOMMY (OS)

TOMMY knew there was only seconds left. If Manchester City were to win the cup it would be up to him...

The cartoon comes to life. Cartoon TOMMY stands in front of goal with the ball.

TOMMY (OS) (CONT'D)

The crowd cheered his name. TOMMY! TOMMY! He placed the ball on the spot and took a few steps back...

The ball is placed on the spot. The goalkeeper with his extra large felt tip hands stands in the oblique goal.

TOMMY (OS) (CONT'D)

He took a deep breath, closed his eyes and kicked the ball...

The oval shaped ball flies awkwardly through the air.

TOMMY (OS) (CONT'D)

The ball crashed into the back of the net. The crowd went wild.

TOMMY Kelly had won the cup for Manchester City. Cartoon TOMMY does a lap of honour with the cup in front of hundreds of yellow and red felt tip heads. Milk bottles smash on the doorstep outside. The cartoon returns to a flat image. TOMMY puts the felt tips back in their bag and slides them under the bed with the drawing pad. Stuffs the rest of the biscuit in his mouth and switches off the lamp, crawling under the covers into the dark. The front door slams shut and heavy feet labour up the stairs. They reach the landing. TOMMY pulls the sheets down to his eyes and looks to the door. The light from under the door blocks out. There is a long pause. The door handle begins to turn. TOMMY pulls the covers over his head. The door opens. A silhouette of PAT sways in the doorway. He steadies himself, then staggers into the room. From under the covers, TOMMY closes his eyes. PAT crashes face down onto his bed and throws an arm over. TOMMY is trapped.

PAT (OS)

JANE. I'm sorry, love. Honest I am. I'm really sorry...

Snoring sounds. TOMMY lies in the darkness unable to move.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

TOMMY is asleep.

JANE (OS)

TOMMY! Come on. You're gonna be late.

TOMMY stirs. His eyes open. He looks to the side of him. PAT has gone. He climbs out of bed and stumbles. PAT is sprawled out on the floor. He groans but continues sleeping. TOMMY exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

TOMMY is standing beside the front door. JANE enters from the living room wearing sunglasses and carrying a large travel bag. She also has his ball with inner tube tape over the hole. She hands it to TOMMY and kneels, zipping up his coat. TOMMY inspects the ball.

JANE

Listen. I won't be here when you get home form school, ok? I'm going to stay with your Aunty SUSAN'S for a few days. Your mum needs some time to herself to work a few things out. Michael will look after you while I'm gone. Although you're big enough to be looking after yourself by now, eh?

She pats him gently on the chest. TOMMY nods his head and continues to inspect the ball. She gives him a quick hug.

JANE (CONT'D)

Right, come on. Shake a leg.

JANE picks up her bag and has a quick last look. She opens the front door and follows TOMMY out closing it behind her.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY.

A mass of kids are in a circle egging on a fight. The headmaster is advancing hastily across the playground in the background. The kids see him and scatter.

HEADMASTER

WILKINSON! KELLY!

We see TOMMY dressed in a penguin outfit on top of WILKINSON also dressed in a penguin outfit, beating him up. A barking dog is pulling on WILKINSON'S penguin tail. The headmaster grabs both of them by the ears and drags them off into the school building.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

A teacher in a tank-top, is discussing the Roman Empire with the children. TOMMY enters, his face red and teary. The teacher and the class look over at TOMMY.

TEACHER

Where have you been, TOMMY?

TOMMY

The Headmasters, Sir.

TEACHER

What for?

YMMOT

Fighting, Sir.

TEACHER

Have you learnt your lesson?

TOMMY

Yes, Sir.

TEACHER

Very well. Sit down.

The teacher continues with the lesson. TOMMY crosses to his desk next to the window. He grimaces in pain, easing himself down onto his chair. He's obviously had the slipper or strap. MARK, seated in front, turns round and places the Dennis Tueart football card on his desk. TOMMY stares at the card for a moment then looks out of the window.

SLAM CUT TO: THIS IS YOUR LIFE STUDIO - NIGHT.

We see there are people sat behind TOMMY in the seating area. A lollipop lady, a nurse eating a bag of donuts, a gang of punks and a couple of women in their mid twenties who look very similar to the girls TOMMY and MARK once met in the bowling shed.

MIKE MUNROE

TOMMY Patrick Kelly. You were born in Levenshulme on the 4th September 1970. A premature baby of 5lbs 6oz. You're the second of two children to JANE and PAT. Your father worked for the local council and your mother worked as a legal secretary with Farleys Solicitors.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)
Kicking and screaming your way out you
were. I couldn't hold you in any longer.

TOMMY looks up, recognising the voice. He looks around the studio.

MIKE MUNROE

Yes, that's right. You haven't seen her in nearly 12 years. Your mum - JANE.

The double doors open and JANE walks in to audience applause. She's not the gaunt, forlorn woman we knew. Chewing gum and wearing a fake fur coat, skin tight leather trousers, gold dripping from her neck and fingers and a bleach blonde beehive hairdo, she clatters over to TOMMY on ridiculously high heels and gives him a big hug, raising one leg in the air. TOMMY can only stand with his arms by his side, speechless. JANE walks over to MIKE.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

(Flirting)

Well hello ... JANE .

JANE

(Flirting back)

Well hello... Michael.

They rub shoulders and look each other up and down.

MIKE MUNROE

(Clears his throat)

So JANE, tell us... why did you walk out on your family all those years ago.

JANE

Well MIKE, it wasn't a decision I took lightly, and I feel ashamed for doing it but I couldn't stay a minute longer in that house with all the drinking, gambling and fighting. It wasn't fair on any of us. I didn't know what to do. I panicked. I needed some time to myself. I only intended to leave for a couple of days and then I was gonna go back to collect my babies but then one thing led to another and the next thing I knew, I was living in Marbaya, working for a Timeshare company - Club Marbaya, part of the Raintree Resorts International Group with locations in the four most popular beach destinations in Spain. But anyway... I just hope that one day my boys will find it in their hearts to forgive me.

MIKE MUNROE

I'm sure they will. I know I do.

MIKE gives JANE a playful pat on her bum. She jumps and giggles.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming in JANE. We appreciate it.

The audience applauds. JANE gives a little wave to them as she clatters over to the empty seating next to TOMMY's bench.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

TOMMY, as a young schoolboy, you shone for your junior league football team scoring 14 goals on your debut and going on to lead them to their first ever South Manchester Cup victory.

VOICE (OS)

It was the greatest time of my life. TOMMY was the most important signing of my career and he didn't let me down.

MIKE MUNROE

Your manager from Northern Rebels Boys Club - DAVE Sheppard!

The double doors open again to audience applause. DAVE Sheppard has his back to us. He realizes he's facing the wrong way and turns around. He chuckles to himself and walks out into the studio. He walks over and reaches to ruffle TOMMY's hair. TOMMY moves out of the way. DAVE feels stupid and walks over to MIKE.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

Haha! Bit quick for you there DAVE.

DAVE puts his hand over the microphone and leans into MIKE's face.

DAVE SHEPPARD

Touch my wife's arse again and we'll see who's quick.

DAVE gives a little wave over to JANE.

MIKE MUNROE

That doesn't even make sense? How's that a threat.

JANE gives a little wave back. TOMMY looks to the two of them. MIKE gathers himself. He's a professional.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

Yes, indeed DAVE, great times, great times. So, tell us about the deciding moment?

DAVE SHEPPARD

Well MIKE, it were the last minute of the game and Northern Rebels had a penalty with the game square at 2 all. TOMMY ran up to the ball and with his left boot, gave it a right good welly into the top left hand corner of the net. The keeper had no chance.

MIKE MUNROE

A right good Kelly you say?

DAVE SHEPPARD

No I said welly.

They look to the ceiling like they heard something.

VOICE (OS)

TOMMY Kelly!

We are close on TOMMY. There is something different about him. He frowns.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

TOMMY Kelly!

Through the same window he was staring out of in junior school, we see TOMMY has aged by 8 years.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

Earth calling TOMMY Kelly!!

TOMMY snaps out of his daydream. He is sixteen years of age and in his last year of senior school. He looks up to see MR HUXLEY, his math's teacher standing over him.

TITLE: MANCHESTER 1986.

TOMMY

What?

Laughing breaks out in the classroom.

MR HUXLEY

You're homework KELLY. Where is it? And don't tell me it's at home.

TOMMY

OK.

MR HUXLEY

Well?

TOMMY

Well, what?

MR HUXLEY

Well, where is it?

TOMMY

I can't say.

MR HUXLEY

Why not?

TOMMY

Because you said I wasn't to say where it was.

MR HUXLEY

I said if it was at home.

TOMMY

Exactly.

MR. HUXLEY

So it is at home then?

TOMMY

Is this a trick question?

MR. HUXLEY

Very well Mr. Kelly. You can explain why you cannot tell me where your homework is in no less than five hundred words by 9am tomorrow morning. And you can bring along the missing homework too.

MR HUXLEY continues collecting the homework from the other pupils. A lad sat in front of TOMMY turns round. It's MARK. He scorns TOMMY. MR HUXLEY returns to his desk and dumps down the homework. There's a knock on the classroom door. The Headmaster enters with a very short sighted bus driver. The class falls quiet and respectable. The headmaster nods to MR HUXLEY

HEADMASTER

Sorry to disturb you MR HUXLEY. I wont take up too much of your time.

The Headmaster turns his attention to the class.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen. It has been brought to my attention that a vehicle of public transport was vandalized last night. I didn't even know half of you could write. At present it is residing over by the main gates. If Mr Doyle points to you, you will make your way quickly but silently out into the playground and wait for me there. Go ahead Mr Doyle.

Mr Doyle steps forward squinting through his thick bifocal glasses and begins to search the room intensely. TOMMY sinks into his seat. Doyle scans the room with his finger, ranging in for the kill. The guilty start to avert his eye contact. The finger ranges in upon a black pupil.

MR. DOYLE

Him! Yeah, he was one of them.

BLACK PUPIL

What!! Sir, I don't catch the bus. Me brov picks me up.

HEADMASTER

Mr Forrester, make your way outside.

FORRESTER

But Sir I'm telling da truth!

The Headmaster raises his eyebrows. Forrester stands, and walks out of the room sucking his teeth.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)

Bumberclat! I bet we all look alike to him.

DOYLE ranges in again. TOMMY slips further under his desk and pretends to tie his shoelace.

HEADMASTER

Kelly?!

TOMMY has temporarily lost his hearing.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

I can see you Mr Kelly! You fail to disappoint me as always. Playground.

TOMMY surfaces innocently.

TOMMY

I can't Sir, I've got football practice.

HEADMASTER

Ah, I was wondering why you were gracing us with your presence. Well I'm afraid you've made a wasted journey.

TOMMY gets up lethargically and grabs his coat. TOMMY looks to MARK. MARK is mocking him.

TOMMY

But Sir, JONES can back me up. He was with me.

The grin slides off MARK'S face. TOMMY gives a wry smile and heads out of the classroom.

HEADMASTER

Mr. JONES! Join Mr. Kelly.

MARK shakes his head, grabs his bag and follows TOMMY out of the door. TOMMY legs it past the classroom windows. MARK exits the classroom and runs after him.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

And NO RUNNING IN THE CORRIDOR!!!

Everyone puts their hands to their ears. A car alarm sounds.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY.

An orange double decker bus is parked up by the school gates. TOMMY and MARK are in a queue of pupils lined up outside the bus. Mr. Doyle is handing out cleaning products as they climb on. The Headmaster stands supervising.

MARK

I thought you were gonna' get us out of this?

TOMMY

Your lack of trust disappoints me Mr. JONES.

TOMMY and MARK are handed dusters and Windowlean. TOMMY smiles.

INT. BUS - DAY.

TOMMY and MARK climb the stairs. MARK takes the isle to the back of the bus, TOMMY steps over the seats slapping other pupils on his way down. He stops and begins to apply the pink Windowlean to the windows. MARK is confused. Why it TOMMY actually cleaning the bus?

EXT. BUS - DAY.

Mr. Doyle is leaning against the bus, having a smoke and reading The Sun newspaper (and judging by the smile on his face we know which page). He adjusts his glasses. The Headmaster has gone. The end of day bell rings in the distance.

EXT. BACK OF THE BUS - DAY.

The top deck emergency exit window opens. MARK hangs out and drops down followed by TOMMY and the rest of the pupils. TOMMY stands.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bollocks to this!

MARK looks to TOMMY. They both laugh. The pair run off down the playground followed by the others. TOMMY turns to look back. The top deck of the bus is smeared in pink Windowlean with football slogans and obscene gestures scribbled in the dried up liquid. TOMMY raises his hands in victory.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Goal!!

We can almost hear the cheer of the crowd.

EXT. SCHOOL/FOOTBALL PITCH - NIGHT.

The school team are playing a practice game. The teacher blows the final whistle.

EXT. PITCH SIDELINE - NIGHT.

The Teacher stands holding a clipboard as the team gather around him in a circle and sit down on the grass. TOMMY approaches with a team mate in a head lock.

TEACHER

Kelly! Put him down!

TOMMY lets go. The pupil pushes TOMMY in the back and runs off. TOMMY lets him know he'll see him later.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Come on! Settle down. We've got a big game coming up and there's a lot to get through.

Everyone gives his attention.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Right, I've got some good news and some bad news. As you already know, we play St. Albans in the Final at the weekend. What you don't know is that I had a call from an old friend of mine last night, Barry Whitbread. We used to play together at Runcorn back in the day -

FORRESTER

Before or after the second world war sir?

TEACHER

Well I was dating your mum at the time so before I think.

Everyone scorns and laughs at FORRESTER. FORRESTER shakes his head, unamused.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

All right, settle down. Anyway, he's now scouting for Blackburn Rovers and they're sending him down on Sunday to scout.

We move in close on TOMMY. Excited conversations strike up around him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Not much use to you lot after tonight's performance. My 2 year old daughter can kick a ball straighter than most of you.

Tuts and groans fill the air. The Manager looks back to his clipboard.

JACKSON

So what's the bad news sir?

The TEACHER looks to a black bin liner on the ground beside the group. A player begins to open the bag. TOMMY pushes him out of the way and opens it himself.

TEACHER

The new kits I sent off for...

TOMMY's eyes fill with fear as he pulls out a shocking pink football top.

TOMMY

What the...

The team don't know whether to laugh or cry. They're stunned into temporary silence.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You can get to fuck. You ain't gettin' me in that!

JACKSON

You're takin' the piss, Sir?

TEACHER

No Mr Jackson, I'm not taking the piss. The order numbers must have got mixed up and well, that's what they've sent us.

WILKINSON

Well send them back again. We can't wear pink, we'll look like a right bunch of faggots.

TOMMY

Takes one to know one.

WILKINSON squares up to TOMMY.

TEACHER

All right, save it for later.

WILKINSON backs down. TOMMY holds his stare.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

It's too late. The replacements won't get here on time.

GALLAGHER

Well, we can wear the old kit then.

Everyone agrees wholeheartedly. The manager blows his whistle.

TEACHER

Oye! You're wearing this kit or nothing. I've had to pay for most of this out of my own pocket. If you don't like it, then you know what you can do. Don't turn up on Sunday. Besides, it's not what you play in that matters.

Desperation remains on everyone's faces.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT.

TOMMY and MARK are standing in a queue leading up to a kitchen window of a council house trading as a chip shop in the estate. A big sweaty middle aged woman is serving at the window while her heavy set husband tends to a large chip pan on the cooker behind. A small child is strapped into a baby chair in front of a portable TV. Salt, Vinegar and Tomato Ketchup stand on the window-ledge. The last customer walks off. MARK moves to the window.

WOMAN

Yeah?

MARK

What pies have you got?.

WOMAN

Meat and potato, meat and potato or... meat and potato.

MARK

With chips.

WOMAN

Bill! One pie and chips.

She looks to TOMMY. TOMMY looks to MARK.

YMMOT

Sub us a quid Mate.

MARK

You still owe us a tenner.

TOMMY

I know. I'll give it you back tomorrow. My dad didn't come home last night so I couldn't tap him.

MARK shakes his head and gives TOMMY a quid.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What pies have you got?

The woman smiles in sarcastic amusement.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

TOMMY and MARK are walking down the road eating pie and chips. We see two girls approaching. MARK'S girlfriend - KAREN, and his sister - LOUISE.

MARK sees them and nearly chokes on his food. He whispers through the side of his mouth.

MARK

Shit! TOMMY, I was with you last night.

YMMOT

No you weren't.

The girls stop before them.

KAREN

Hiya! Where you going?

She helps herself to MARK's chips.

MARK

His brothers gaff. What you up to?

KAREN

Nothing much. Meet the girls down by the parade. Where did you get to last night? I called your mams, She said you were out.

MARK

I went round to TOMMY's.

KAREN

Really??!

KAREN flips MARK'S chip tray up in the air and storms off down the road. His pie and chips landing on the pavement.

MARK

Me fuckin' pie!!!

MARK looks to TOMMY, puzzled.

MARK (CONT'D)

What's up with her?

TOMMY

That's what I was tryin' to tell you, dickhead. She saw me in the park last night playin' footy.

MARK

Shit!

MARK runs down the road after KAREN. TOMMY and LOUISE are left together in an awkward silence.

LOUISE still has her glasses and brace but is filling out in all the right places. TOMMY still only sees MARK's little sister though.

LOUISE

Yes I will thanks?

TOMMY

What?

LOUISE

Have a chip.

TOMMY offers her a chip.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Where are they from?

TOMMY

The Estate.

LOUISE grimaces and puts it back. TOMMY frowns, picks it out of the tray and drops it on the ground. The two of them stare into space.

LOUISE

Are you going to The Hacienda on Saturday?

TOMMY

Nah, I'm skint.

LOUISE

I'll buy you a drink. I'm working down the supermarket now, part time.

TOMMY

I dunno.

LOUISE deflates. KAREN storms past them.

LOUISE

I'd better go. See you later?

YMMOT

Yeah.

LOUISE walks off. TOMMY walks up the road. MARK reaches for some of TOMMY's chips. TOMMY pulls them away. MARK punches TOMMY in the shoulder and tries again. TOMMY lets him have some.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE/FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT.

Half assembled scooters and parts lie scattered around the entrance. TOMMY and MARK step over and enter the house through the open door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is one giant scooter graveyard. TOMMY and MARK dodge and weave their way through the hallway, stepping over re-conditioned, re-sprayed parts resting on old newspapers and through into the living room. TOMMY's brother - MIKE, and several of his mates are sat around smoking spliff and drinking red stripe amongst more scooter debris. The Mexico 86' World Cup is on the TV. England vs Paraguay. Two of MIKE's mates are arguing.

MATE #1

Bollocks!

MATE #2

Yeah but you've got to -

MATE #1

Let me think!

TOMMY and MARK sit down next to MIKE on the settee. A gaunt, frightened, clean shaven man in a suit is sat on a dining room chair, holding a carrier bag full of books for dear life.

TOMMY

What's goin' on?

MIKE

Bible basher.

TOMMY gives a casual acknowledgement.

YMMOT

Can I skin up?

MIKE

Go for it.

TOMMY helps himself to some Rizla and a bag of weed stashed in an upturned motorbike helmet on the table.

MATE #1

I'm tellin' ya. It's all bullshit. It's the Santa Clause theory.

MATE #2

The Santa Claus theory?

MATE #1

Yeah man. The Santa Clause theory. Look we're told when we're kids that there's a man who lives in a place where humans can't go and that he's omnipresent and can see everything we do and he rides a sleigh with 8 fuckin' reindeer and if we're good he rewards us with a gift once a year but if we're bad then we get fuck all. Then as we grow up we are told it was all a lie. But then we are told a similar story but this time we're told, this time it's true, that there is a man who lives in a place where humans can't go and he's omnipresent and can see everything we do and if we are good we are rewarded with a gift, eternal salvation but if we a bad then we are damned. It's all a lie.

MATE #1 (CONT'D)

Look take Adam and Eve for example, yeah? The first people on earth and all that, yeah?

MATE #2

Yeah.

MATE #1

The pair of them do the business and nine months later they have a couple of kids, yeah?

MATE #2

Yeah. Kane and Abel.

MATE #1

So then Kane kills Abel and God banishes Kane to walk the earth where he falls upon some poxy little town full of people.

MATE #2

Wandering.

MATE #1

Wandering? Wandering/walking, whatever! And then he gets married?

MATE #2

Yeah, what's your point?

MATE #1

What's the point! Where the fuck did his wife spring up from?

MATE #2

I don't know, she was just... there.

MATE #1

What, out of thin fuckin' air?

MATE #2

DAVE man, it's just a parable.

DAVE

No it's not. I'll tell you what it is. It's fuckin' incest.

Everyone falls about laughing.

MATE #2

What are you talkin' about?

DAVE

Incest. Look, Kane's wife had to be conceived by Eve because she was the only woman on the planet. So either Adam banged Eve again without letting Kane know and had a baby girl in which case Kane got it on with his sister or Kane went back, banged his mam, had a baby girl and then got it on with his own daughter.

He winks to TOMMY. TOMMY smiles and fires up the joint. The bible salesman is rigid with anguish.

MATE #1

See. All a lie. And don't get me started on Noah and all those fuckin' animals the dirty bastard.

Everyone loses control, falling about laughing. TOMMY passes the spliff to MARK. MARK declines. TOMMY offers it to the Salesman. He declines as well. TOMMY takes another toke on the joint and leans back next to MIKE.

MIKE

Seen anything of the old man?

TOMMY

Nah, haven't been home. Kippin' at MARK's most of the time. Going back later though. Need to pick up my footy kit. He still thinks you live there the stupid cunt.

MIKE

Eh, less of the cunt. He's still your Dad. Have some respect.

TOMMY

Fuckin' listen to you. That pissed up knobhead sent me mam away. As far as I'm concerned he can fuck off.

MIKE

She was the one who walked out on us.

ТОММУ

Yeah but she had no choice did she. Cos he kept beating the shit out of her. And we did nothing.

MTKE

Don't start that up again. Why didn't she write, or call for that matter. At least the old man put up with us and paid the bills. Didn't see you complaining when he gave you money for boots and beer money. Anyway, stop hogging the fuckin' spliff!

TOMMY passes the joint to MIKE. ON THE TV. Gary Lineker scores to make it 3-0 to England. Everyone in the room goes mental. One of MIKE's mates gets up and kisses the bible basher on the forehead. TOMMY doesn't react. He just stares at the TV watching Lineker hugging Butcher.

EXT. PARK/BOWLING GREEN - DAY.

TOMMY and MARK are walking through the park. Some lads are kicking a ball around on the bowling green. One of them is a policeman in uniform. Everyone is at walking pace. Someone passes the copper a spliff. He takes it and makes a half hearted attempt at challenging for the ball. He stops and takes a drag on the spliff. MARK comes to a sudden halt.

MARK

Shit. lets go round.

TOMMY

What for?

MARK indicates with his head to the lads on the bowling green.

MARK

It's the Flannagans (A notorious psycho Irish family of brothers, cousins and uncles).

YMMOT

So what! Come on. They might give us a game.

MARK

Or they might give us a kicking.

TOMMY heads off. MARK stands firm. TOMMY turns back.

ТОММУ

Come on, you soft cunt.

MARK rubs his temples and reluctantly follows.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN - DAY.

TOMMY and MARK walk over to the edge of the bowling green and sit down behind one of the jumpers for goalposts. The lad in goal is wearing the oversized policeman's helmet. He looks round.

LAD

Kelly you little shit!

YMMOT

Alright Johno. Any chance of a game.

JOHNO

What! In the big mans league?

YMMOT

Mate they don't call me Nijinsky for nothing.

JOHNO

You're right there. They don't call you Nijinsky? You do. There's only one Colin Bell mate and you aint him.

JOHNO, smiling, turns round and steadies himself for a shot on goal. The ball is kicked back up field.

TOMMY

Come on Johno, man.

JOHNO

Alright. But you'll have to pass the test first.

MARK

What test?

JOHNO

The wall of death. What else?

MARK

The wall of what?

EXT. BOWLING SHED WALL - DAY.

CLOSE ON TOMMY and MARK. Both with real concern on their faces. The other lads are lined up and leaning against the bowling shed wall forming a tunnel beneath them. The copper drives past in his police car, arm resting on the open window, Electro 9 blaring on the stereo.

COPPER

(Camp voice)

Behave boys. Play nicely.

He turns on his siren and fishtails out of the park at high speed. JOHNO, standing on the end of the tunnel, smiles.

JOHNO

Lets be having you then! All you've got to do is get to the other end. Easy peasy, Japanesey.

MARK

TOMMY, come on. Let's go.

JOHNO

Look, you either do it or we kick the shit out of you anyway.

MARK starts to hyperventilate. He pulls out his inhaler and takes a drag. TOMMY steps forward. He looks back to MARK. MARK shakes his head. TOMMY smiles, hesitates, then goes for it. He dives in and crawls as fast as he can through the forest of legs kicking out at him, crunching into his head and body. MARK grimaces and looks away. TOMMY scrambles to the end and staggers to his feet. He stands and gives a salute of victory, blood pouring from his nose.

MARK stares down the mouth of the tunnel.

johno (CONT'D)

Looks like we're gonna have to do him lads.

MARK

I've got asthma!

PAT

(In a nancy voice)

Ah! He's got asthma boys.

MARK runs to the edge of the tunnel. Feet prematurely kick inwards. He steps back again and looks to the park entrance.

TOMMY (OS)

Come on, MARK!

MARK

Alright! Alright!.

MARK nods and pumps himself up. He lets out an almighty scream and dives into the tunnel. On JOHNO'S command, everyone steps away from the wall. MARK screams all the way to the other side and scrambles to his feet. Everyone is laughing. Someone throws the ball at him. It hits him in the face. TOMMY is laughing with the rest of them. MARK holds his face. The Flannagans walk over to the bowling green to continue playing. JOHNO points to MARK.

JOHNO

You're in goal Tinkerbell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

TOMMY is sat watching highlights of the days matches from the world cup on TV. His feet resting up on his kit bag. The front door slams shut. His Dad - PAT staggers through into the living room and switches on the light. TOMMY grimaces. PAT focuses in on TOMMY and grunts. He staggers in front of the TV and looks at it with confusion as he searches through his jacket pockets. TOMMY moves to see the TV. PAT turns, lights a cigarette and stares at TOMMY.

PAT

Where's Michael?

TOMMY

You ask me this every fuckin' time? He's gone!

Another look of confusion fills PAT. He takes a drag of his cigarette.

PAT

Gone! When was that?

TOMMY

Two years ago!

PAT stumbles in front of the TV again staring at TOMMY with utter confusion.

PAT

Two years ago?

TOMMY

For fucks sake. D'you wanna get out the way?

PAT moves out of the way.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Pisshead!

PAT turns and rushes at TOMMY. He unleashes a flurry of punches. TOMMY covers up but the hits get through.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright! Alright!

PAT stops and crosses to the settee, slumping down. He tries to focus in on the TV.

PAT

Who's winning?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

A police car drives slowly by and turns the corner. TOMMY steps out from the shadows of an entry, his coat collars turned up around his face, his kit bag slung over his shoulders. He walks over to a low collapsing wall and kicks at it continuously. The wall tumbles down. He picks up a brick and walks up the street. He stops outside an off-license, looks up and down the street then launches the brick through the window.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY is kicking a ball against a wall, swigging from a vodka bottle under moonlight. He takes full vengeance out on the ball. The ball pops.

INT. BOWLING SHED - NIGHT.

The shed is dark and empty but as we track in we see TOMMY asleep on the bench. His head resting on his kit bag. A grating sound fills the night air. TOMMY wakes and looks to the source of the sound. Through hazy light we see against the far wall an open doorway with stone steps leading up inside. TOMMY stands cautiously and approaches with the half empty vodka bottle threatening.

STAIRWAY.

TOMMY edges to the doorway and looks up the stairs. The light is inviting. He walks gingerly up the steps. He gets to the top and walks out into a thick mist enveloped by darkness. Something glimmering in the distance catches his eye. As TOMMY advances we see the F.A. Cup sitting on a ledge within the mist. Chants of his name begin to ring out all around him. Stoney faced dignitaries line the VIP Box. He walks past his brother MIKE, His dad PAT, his football teacher from school and finally his mum JANE. She smiles at TOMMY. His eyes light up. He puts the Vodka bottle down. His mum raises the cup and hands it to him.

JANE

Well done love.

TOMMY

Thanks mam.

TOMMY turns and raises the cup above his head to the cheers ringing out from within the mist. Barking sounds behind him. He turns to see his mum barking at him continuously. His family staring at him stoney faced once more.

EXT. BOWLING SHED - DAY.

TOMMY, lying on the bench, wakes with a start. A woman is standing with a dog. The dog is barking at him. He sighs and puts his head back down. The woman tuts and pulls the dog away, walking off.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

We see a milkman talking in a house doorway with a woman in a dressing gown. His milk-float is parked across the road. In the foreground something drops down from the sky. TOMMY stands to his feet having just jumped down from a tree. Coat collars up, kit bag around his back. He jogs over to the float and jumps in. He fiddles for the starter switch and starts her up.

The milkman shouts out and runs across the road. TOMMY hits the accelerator, sticking two fingers up as he drives off. The overweight milkman stops helpless in the middle of the road.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY.

TOMMY, standing by the milk float, stamps at the panel under the steering wheel. The lock snaps and the hatch flies open. He grabs a grey sack and looks inside. It's full of money.

EXT. MARKET/STALL - DAY.

MARK is serving an old woman on his Dad's fresh fish stall. As he hands her change, TOMMY strolls up with designer shopping bags.

TOMMY

I wouldn't eat the fish from here love, you'll start glowing in the dark.

The woman walks off, hastily.

VOICE (OS)

You'll be glowing on the end of your nose if you scare off anymore of my customers.

MARK's dad stands up from behind the counter holding a fish knife.

TOMMY

Oh, Alright Mr. C.

FRANK

I'll Mr. C you in a minute.

FRANK indicates to TOMMY and MARK's injuries from the tunnel of death the night before.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's this, a new trend. Matching wounds?

YMMOT

It was MARK starting trouble again Mr C. You've raised a hooligan.

FRANK

Yeah, well the pair of you stay out of any mither. There's enough trouble in this world without you two adding to it. FRANK turns and enters the back of the stall. TOMMY makes a Nazi salute. MARK serves another customer.

MARK

Yes love?

CUSTOMER

Got any Haddock left?

MARK walks round to the far end of the stall. TOMMY follows him.

TOMMY

So what are you up to?

MARK

Tennis. What does it look like.

YMMOT

No, I mean later. D'you wanna go to the match?

MARK

Thought you were skint?

TOMMY pulls out a wedge of twenties, tenners and fives. MARK looks nervously around him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuckin'ell TOMMY! Where d'you get that lot from?

YMMOT

Me to know and you to never find out. Here, keep the change.

He stuffs a twenty in MARK's apron pocket. TOMMY opens up the bags to show MARK.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Samba. Pringle v-neck. Farah. Causal now mate. So you comin' or not. Meeting up with a few of the boys before the match in the The Parkside.

An impatient cough sounds from the customer.

MARK

Yeah. Knock round about 1.

MARK looks concerned. He returns to his customers.

INT. FOOTBALL GROUND - DAY.

The ref blows his whistle. Manchester City kick off against West Ham United.

IN THE STANDS.

TOMMY and MARK are sat in the crowd watching the match. We watch the various synchronised movements and reactions of the crowd to the situations on the pitch. They all look to the right and then the left. They all stand and scream at the ref. They all stand, sit down and stand again like a wave. West ham scores. They all hold their heads in their hands and sit down. A lone Hammers fan with his little boy stands and cheers in front of them. The City fans give him a bit of stick. TOMMY stares at him hard.

ON THE PITCH.

Manchester City make a break up the field. The player is tackled and West Ham are on the break.

IN THE STANDS.

The fans are restless. TOMMY is shaking his head. A lone City fan starts singing. TOMMY joins in, then others.

FANS.

What the fuck is going on. What the fuck, What the fuck, What the fuck is going on, What the fuck is going on.

They suddenly shut up and all stand, looking to the left. The crowd gets louder.

ON THE PITCH.

A city player runs into the box and shoots. He scores. City fans go wild. TOMMY leans forward and screams into the West Ham fans face.

TOMMY

Yes! You Cockeney fuckin' twat!!

The guys kid looks scared. MARK looks to TOMMY, and frowns. The fans start singing. TOMMY joins in and looks to MARK. MARK forces a smile.

TOMMY & FANS

We love you City, we do. We love you City, we do. We love you city, we do. Oh, City we love you.

EXT. FOOTBALL GROUND - NIGHT.

The security door opens. A policeman escorts TOMMY out of the ground. TOMMY shrugs the policeman's grip. The policeman walks back in and closes the door. TOMMY kicks the door. He waits but no reaction. The crowd picks up. TOMMY leans back against the wall waiting, listening.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

CAROL, FRANK and LOUISE are sat around the dinner table. CAROL is serving food onto plates. The front door slams shut and MARK and TOMMY enter the dining room in despondent mood.

FRANK

I won't ask you how it went then.

MARK

Mam, TOMMY's stayin' over.

CAROL

Right, pull up an extra chair then.

TOMMY pulls up a chair from the corner of the room.

CAROL (CONT'D)

LOUISE, move up.

LOUISE is staring at TOMMY, lost in a daydream.

CAROL (CONT'D)

LOUISE!

LOUISE moves over and lets TOMMY in at the table.

CAROL (CONT'D)

It's Cottage pie TOMMY. Alright?

TOMMY

Yeah, great Mrs. C.

TOMMY tucks in like he hasn't eaten for a week. LOUISE bursts out laughing. CAROL clips her on the side of the head.

FRANK

What score did it end up? Last I heard it was one all.

MARK

Two - one.

FRANK

Never mind, there's always next week.

The table falls silent, everyone tucks into the grub. LOUISE, playing with her food, takes sly glimpses at TOMMY. TOMMY doesn't notice. His eyes are sporadically on CAROL and her large breasts. LOUISE notices and fills with jealousy. She moves her thigh in contact with his. TOMMY moves his away and continues glancing up at CAROL. The light around the table dims and the table becomes spot lit. TOMMY stands and climbs onto the dinner table, knocking condiments over as he leans over and pulls CAROL onto the table top. They begin to passionately kiss. The rest of the family continue to eat their tea, oblivious. CAROL pulls her jumper up and bares her floral bra. TOMMY's eyes almost burst out of his head.

CAROL

Would you like some more TOMMY.

YMMOT

Yes please Mrs. C.

TOMMY creases up in pain and looks down to his lap. He snaps out of the daydream. He stands, Cottage pie dripping down his legs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He picks up the plate and brushes himself down. LOUISE stops herself from laughing.

FRANK

I think you'd better go up stairs and clean off lad.

TOMMY rushes out of the room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's an oddball that one.

CAROL

Oddball! And the rest. He gives me the jitters, always staring at you like he does. I don't like you hanging around with him, MARK.

MARK

I'm goin' upstairs.

MARK drags his chair back and leaves the room. CAROL turns to LOUISE.

CAROL

And as for you young lady. I see the way you look at him. Don't even think about it. He's just like his father, nothing but trouble.

LOUISE points to herself, innocently.

MARK'S BEDROOM.

MARK pulls the Queen is Dead album out of his record collection and puts it on. TOMMY is sat on MARK's bed wearing some of MARK'S clothes, sealing a joint. He starts to light it.

MARK

What are you doing! You can't smoke in here, say me mam comes in with a brew.

TOMMY

Open the fuckin' window then.

MARK

I'm serious TOMMY, I'll get battered.

TOMMY stands, walks over to the window and opens it. He lights the spliff, takes a long drag and exhales. The wind blows the smoke back into the room and disperses it everywhere. MARK panicks, grabs some deodorant and sprays the room. TOMMY watches in amusement.

TOMMY

Here you nobber, chill out.

TOMMY passes MARK the spliff.

MARK

No. I won't get up in the morning.

TOMMY holds out the spliff. MARK hesitates then takes it.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY and MARK are gouching on MARK's bed leaning up against the back wall. Stoned. TOMMY hands MARK the spliff. MARK takes a huge toke.

TOMMY

If I don't make it man, I'm serious. I'll fuckin' kill myself.

MARK passes the spliff back to TOMMY who takes a huge toke.

MARK

Jesus, It's only a game TOMMY.

Exhaling urgently.

TOMMY

See! That's it right there. You're like the rest. You don't get it do you. It's more than a game. It's a matter of life and death.

MARK

It's not a matter of life and death, it's much more important than that. Bill Shankly.

TOMMY

It's my oxygen.

MARK starts to laugh, nearly choking on the spliff smoke. He tries to be serious.

MARK

Oxygen. Right.

YMMOT

No, I mean it's like my oxygen. Without football I can't breathe. That's how I feel.

MARK

You could always get one of these. Works for me.

MARK hands TOMMY his inhaler and starts laughing.

TOMMY

I'm serious. None of this nine to five bollocks, putting all my money away for a day when I'm too old to enjoy it. Fuck that. I want it now.

MARK

Hope I die before I get old. The Who.

They both sit pensively for a moment.

MARK takes another drag of the spliff.

TOMMY

Are you gonna make that fuckin' brew or what? I'm dyin' of thirst here!

MARK

I made the last one!

ТОММУ

It's your fucking house. If you were at mine I would make the tea but we're not at my house, we're at yours. That's how it works.

MARK

I'm never at yours.

MARK sighs and rolls off the bed.

TOMMY

And get some more of them chocolate hob nobs while your at it.

MARK exits the room. TOMMY makes smoke rings with the spliff then punches them out.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

TOMMY and MARK are racing down the road with their kit bags.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY.

A clapped out mini-bus pulls out of the school gates and drives off down the road. TOMMY and MARK are sprinting up the road after it. The bus screeches to a stop and the back doors fly open. TOMMY and MARK jump in. The doors close and the bus drives off again.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - DAY.

The team are bustling about getting changed into their pink kits. Moans and groans fill the air.

BAXTER

Fuckinell sir, do we have to?

TEACHER

Depends if you want to play or not, Baxter. Look lads. See it as a psychological battle. Maybe they will laugh at you out there but that's good because it'll knock them off guard. They'll think this is going to be a walk over. Capitalise on it.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

St.Albans are already out on the park, warming up. Laughing begins to ring out amongst spectators. The players look round and join in. Burnage High school despondently jog out onto the pitch, their heads held as high as humiliatingly possible. TOMMY walks over to some of the opposition giving them the invitation to come over and laugh in his face. A ball lands near his feet.

VOICE (OS)

TOMMY!

TOMMY turns with the ball and returns to his team-mates. MARK approaches TOMMY.

MARK

Can you see 'em TOMMY?

TOMMY

Who?!

MARK

The scouts.

The pair of them look around the sidelines.

TOMMY

I dunno. What do they look like?

EXT. CENTRE CIRCLE - DAY.

TOMMY and MARK are standing ready to kick off. The opposing strikers stand opposite them, mocking.

ST. ALBANS STRIKER

Love the strips boys!

TOMMY stares coldly at them. The ref blows his whistle. MARK passes the ball back to TOMMY. TOMMY whacks the ball straight at the opposing goal. The ball soars through the air. No-one has time to react as they watch the ball fly overhead.

The goalkeeper still putting on his gloves chases back but the ball sails straight over his head into the top corner of the net. The Burnage spectator and players go wild. TOMMY is jumped by his team mates. The two St. Albans strikers are dumbfounded. TOMMY turns to them and kisses the badge on his shirt.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - DAY.

Loud cheers echo down the corridor. TOMMY, on Kelly's back, and holding the cup final trophy, fight to get in through the doorway with two other piggy back contenders. They collapse to the floor as the rest of the team force their way in through the door. The teacher stops at the entrance and shakes hands with an older man in a flat cap.

TIME CUT.

Everyone is washed, changed and ready to go.

TEACHER

Right lads, make your way to the minibus. TOMMY Kelly, MARK Jones, Daryl Smith, PHIL Matlock, wait behind.

They start to congratulate each other. The rest of the lads exit disheartened but pick up again down the corridor.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Well, by the size of the grins on your faces I don't need to tell you why I've asked you to stay behind. They want to have a look at you next Saturday. They're gonna send the details through to my office on Monday morning so come and see me first thing.

They exit with victorious smiles and clenched fists.

EXT. THE HACIENDA - NIGHT.

TOMMY, MARK and a few of their team mates are walking down the street drinking cans of lager. They slow to a stop and finish off the cans, dropping them against a wall. They huddle for a conference and then approach. They walk up to the night-club entrance, stick their heads down and pile in. Seconds later they return, escorted out by the bouncers.

BOUNCER

Nice try lads.

TOMMY

Ah come on mate. We're old enough.

BOUNCER

Yeah, for the under twelves disco.

WILKINSON

Twelve! You cheeky bastard, I'm nearly sixteen.

The rest look at WILKINSON, shake their heads and walk off. TOMMY slaps him across the back of the head.

EXT. WALL - NIGHT

Wilkinson is standing on a bin singing into a can of larger, the lyrics to 'True Faith' by New Order.

WILKINSON

I used to think that the day would never come. I'd see delight in the shade of the morning sun. My morning sun is the drug that brings me near. To the childhood I lost, replaced by fear.

TOMMY paces about restless as the rest of them lean against the wall, dejected.

WILKINSON (CONT'D)

I feel so extraordinary. Something's got a hold on me. I get this feeling I'm in motion. A sudden sense of liberty. The chances are we've gone too far. You took my time and you took my money. Now I fear you've left me standing. In a world that's so demanding.

WILKINSON jumps off the bin and runs off down the road toward an older couple heading up the road towards them.

TOMMY

Where's he off to?

They all watch as WILKINSON speaks to the couple. Smirking, the couple pass by and into the club. TOMMY starts towards them.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What's he grinning at?

WILKINSON pulls him back.

WILKINSON

Leave it TOMMY. He's my brother. He's gonna get us in.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

TOMMY, MARK and the rest are standing around outside a metal door at the side of the club. The door flies open. WILKINSON'S brother pokes his head out with a big grin.

WILKINSON'S BROTHER

Tickets please.

PHTT

Top man!

PHIL looks to the rest with guiding hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Ladies first.

Everyone piles in except TOMMY who waits for PHIL to enter before him. PHIL shakes his head and enters, followed calmly by TOMMY.

INT. HACIENDA - NIGHT

TOMMY is half cut and standing on a balcony with a pint of lager looking down to the floor below. The rest of the lads are dancing and chatting up girls on the dance floor. TOMMY spots the bouncer who wouldn't let him in earlier, standing near the dance floor below. He pours half of his lager onto the bouncer's head. The bouncer looks up. TOMMY ducks out of sight. TOMMY stands again and peers over onto the dancefloor. The bouncer has gone. A girl on the dancefloor waves up towards TOMMY. TOMMY points to himself then turns to see her friend sat at a table behind him, waving back. TOMMY straightens himself up and looks over at her. He takes another swig of his beer and crosses over.

In the background we see the bouncer tearing up the stairs and over to where TOMMY was standing moments before. He walks over to a group of lads to the side and starts pushing them around.

TOMMY introduces himself to the girl with a cough. The girl looks up.

TOMMY

Fancy a dance.

The girl looks up at him angrily.

GIRL

Are you takin' the piss!

TOMMY is taken back.

ТОММУ

I only asked for a fuckin' dance.

She slides back from under the table in a wheelchair.

GIRL

I don't think so somehow, do you?

TOMMY laughs.

TOMMY

Whoa Shit, sorry, I didn't mean it like that. It just came out.

The bouncer lurking behind TOMMY walks off, empty handed.

GTRT.

Fuckoff.

TOMMY shrugs his shoulders, returns to the balcony railing where the bouncer was stood and takes another swig of his beer.

LOUISE (OS)

Hiya TOMMY.

TOMMY recognises the voice, he sighs and turns around. LOUISE stands in front of him, dolled up to the eyeballs, and looking gorgeous. TOMMY is stunned into silence.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue?

TOMMY is still in shock.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Vodka, Lime, and Soda with Ice.

TOMMY

What?

LOUISE

Have you gone deaf as well as dumb.

TOMMY

I'm just - What happened to you?

LOUISE

I had a visit from the Fairy Godmother. So, you know, some time before midnight.

TOMMY

What! Oh yeah. Vodka, Lime, and Soda.

He walks off to the bar. LOUISE takes a tenner out of her purse and holds it up. TOMMY returns

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Can I -

He sees the tenner.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He grabs it and returns to the bar.

LOUISE

With ice!

LOUISE smiles all pleased with herself.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY and LOUISE are on the dance floor with the rest of his mates. LOUISE puts a pill on her tongue and closes her mouth. She grabs him and snogs him. She lets go. TOMMY swallows the pill. 'Voodoo Ray' by A Guy Called Gerald kicks in. The dance floor erupts.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Groaning comes from within the shadows. As we track in we see TOMMY fucking LOUISE from behind over a dustbin.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY.

The kids are sat around on desks talking, fighting, playing cards. There seems to be no teacher.

The headmaster suddenly enters. Everyone scrambles to their seats and shut up.

HEADMASTER

It's your lucky day gentlemen. The strike is back on. You may have the afternoon off.

Everyone scrambles back to their feet, grabbing bags and coats and rushing out the door excitedly.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Except for Mr Kelly and Mr Jones.

TOMMY and MARK stop dead in their tracks. They nearly made it.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY.

TOMMY, MARK and others are washing the teachers cars in the car park.

INT. BLACKBURN ROVERS F.C. - DAY.

TOMMY, MARK and a long line of hopefuls are stood to the side of the training pitch. A Blackburn coach stands with a clipboard, addressing them.

COACH

Jones?

MARK raises his hand.

COACH (CONT'D)

Wild?

Wild raises his hand.

COACH (CONT'D)

Simmons?

Simmons raises his hand.

COACH (CONT'D)

Kelly?

TOMMY is daydreaming. MARK nudges him. TOMMY raises his hand. TIME CUT. The group are putting on training colours. TOMMY and MARK have the same colours.

COACH (CONT'D)

All we want out of you today is a show of team work. Nothing else. No Maradona's or Puska's. Just plain old boring team work. OK. Let's give get started.

TIME CUT.

The training game is in full flow. TOMMY receives the ball and starts to take on a few of the opposing players showing his obvious talent.

COACH (OS) (CONT'D) What did I say! Team work. Pass the ball.

TOMMY doesn't listen and gets tackled. The coach looks away shaking his head.

TIME CUT.

MARK has the ball and turns to pass to a team mate. #7 from the apposing side steams in with a rash challenge. MARK falls awkwardly onto his collar bone. The coach runs on with bucket and sponge. #7 walks away sheepishly. TOMMY crosses toward MARK. He passes #7 and deliberately shoulder barges him. #7 looks round. TOMMY doesn't. MARK is helped to his feet and carried off the pitch, holding his arm.

TIME CUT.

MARK is watching from the sidelines. His arm in a sling. TOMMY has the ball. #7 cuts across him to take the ball. TOMMY nutmegs him and passes the ball onto one of his team mates. #7 takes a swing at the back of TOMMY's leg. No-one notices. TOMMY turns and looks at him. #7 smirks.

TOMMY has an opportunity on goal. He plays the ball in front of him too long and the keeper collects. He looks to the coach. The coach is shaking his head.

The ball is played up field. The opposition have a chance on goal. The ball is crossed in. #7 latches onto it with his head and puts it in the back of the net. He high fives his team mates and runs back. He passes TOMMY and blows a kiss.

The ball is played from the opposition. It's crossed square to #7 who sprints down the line. We see TOMMY coming in from midfield to cut him off. TOMMY jumps in the air with both feet, studs showing and cuts the player in half. A tackle worthy in The Norman Hunter hall of fame. #7 flips over backwards and lands on his side holding the back of his ankle, screaming with agony.

Looks like a break. The coach and his assistant race onto the pitch with bucket and sponge again. The coach points to TOMMY.

COACH (CONT'D)

You! Get your things and piss off.

TOMMY

He started it.

COACH

I don't care. Leave before I call the police.

TOMMY turns and walks off, shaking his head in disbelief. He turns back.

TOMMY

Sheepshaggers!!

EXT. FOOTBALL GROUND - DAY.

TOMMY walks out of the entrance with his kit bag. He bends and picks up a glass bottle. He turns, and puts it straight through the reception window. We hear a scream.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY is sat on his bed in the corner of the room with a can of lager and a spliff. Joy Division's Transmission blasting full volume. He stares coldly into space. The bedroom door bursts open. Two policeman stand in the doorway. One of them is from the bowling green. TOMMY doesn't flinch. Policeman #1 walks over and turns off the music.

POLICEMAN #1

TOMMY Kelly?

TOMMY doesn't reply.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Are you TOMMY Kelly?

TOMMY looks up and points at the other copper hanging back at the bedroom door.

TOMMY

Ask him. He knows who I am.

POLICEMAN #1

Can you stand please?

TOMMY stands. He takes another drag on his spliff and blows the smoke out in the policeman's face.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

TOMMY Kelly, I'm arresting you for ABH and destruction of private property.

TOMMY

Yeah!

TOMMY head butts the copper square on the nose. The copper falls to the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Add that to your fucking list you prick.

INT. YOUTH DETENTION CENTRE - WIGAN - DAY.

TOMMY is seated behind a table in the visiting area tapping his fingers on the table. His face lights up. MARK, crosses the room to the table.

TOMMY

Alright?

MARK

Alright?

MARK looks around and sits down.

MARK (CONT'D)

How's it goin'?

TOMMY

You know.

MARK

How long you get?

TOMMY

4 years. 18 months good behaviour.

MARK

4 then.

They both laugh.

YMMOT

I thought you were coming to the hearing?

MARK

I couldn't. My old mans got me working full-time now.

ТОММУ

Fascist. How's the arm?

MARK

It's been better.

TOMMY

Did you bring the cigs?

MARK places 5 packets on the table.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll sort you -

MARK

Yeah, don't worry about it.

TOMMY darkens, stacking the cig packets on top of each other.

TOMMY

I'm turning into my old man aren't I?

He looks up at MARK.

MARK looks at the table.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You don't have to say anything. I know I am.

MARK looks up at the clock on the wall. It's nearly 6 'o' clock. He sits up uncomfortably, poised to say something.

MARK

Look TOMMY... Lou's pregnant.

TOMMY doesn't look up. The cig packets collapse. MARK looks away. TOMMY remains silent. MARK psyches himself up and turns back to TOMMY.

MARK (CONT'D)

TOMMY, it's my sister man.

TOMMY stares at MARK. MARK holds his own. TOMMY breaks away and nods in agreement. MARK sighs with relief.

INT. CELL - DAY.

The prison warden opens the door. TOMMY enters. The door closes and locks behind him. He lies down on the bed, lights a cigarette and stares up to at the ceiling. His eyes close.

SLAM CUT TO: THIS IS YOUR LIFE STUDIO - NIGHT.

MIKE Munroe is reading from the big black book to TOMMY.

MIKE MUNROE

In October 1986 you were sentenced to 4 years imprisonment in a young offenders institute in Wigan. Following a violent altercation with another inmate over a toothbrush you were sentenced to an additional year in Strangeways. Your girlfriend LOUISE had a 71bs 3oz baby girl which she named DIANE after her grandmother, and raised the child at home with her parents - CAROL and FRANK.

VOICE (OS)

I told LOUISE he was nothing but trouble. But would she listen. Oh no. He was the same as his father. Cast from the same mould they were.

MIKE MUNROE

That's right. Your Mother in law CAROL. She couldn't be here tonight but she did have a few words to say.

The studio lights dim and everyone looks up to the projector screen.

CAROL

Am I on? Oh right OK. I don't know what I'm supposed to say really...

CAROL looks away from camera.

CAROL (OS) (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to say something nice. Oh, anything I want. Oh OK. Hello Tommy. Really, I don't know what to say. Erm, you were such a sweet little boy back in Primary School. Then your mother left. Which wasn't your fault. If it's any consolation I miss her too. And then, well, you changed. You became horrible.

(MORE)

CAROL (OS) (CONT'D)

And then you got my daughter pregnant. You got my beautiful little angel pregnant and left her to give birth on her own and bring up the child without a father. And I hate you for that. And I hope you rot in hell.

CAROL is crying. We see FRANK approach her from behind and put his hands on her shoulders. He passes her a tissue. She stands and walks away blowing her nose.

FRANK

You can switch that thing off. I have nothing to say to him.

FRANK leans forward over the camera. The screen goes blank.

MIKE MUNROE

Well (Cough) That was The JONES'S there with a few... words. Lets move on.

The studio lights come up again. MIKE opens the big black book again.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

In October of 1991 you were released from prison with no money, no job and no future. You went back to live with your dad, PAT and joined the dole at Mathew's lane Job Centre.

VOICE (OS)

It was there that we decided to call the lads and give it one last crack.

MIKE MUNROE

Yes, your old school pal and BHFC midfield general PHIL 'The Bear' Matlock.

The double doors open. PHIL 'The Bear' Matlock jogs into the studio. He runs up to TOMMY and lifts him off his feet giving him a bear hug. He shakes him about a bit and growls before putting him back down. He walks over to MIKE Munroe and does the same to MIKE.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

Put me down you great, big... eejit.

MIKE is dropped back down. He straightens his hair, and jacket.

PHIL

Sorry MIKE. Get a bit carried away sometimes. Never been on the tele before. Hello mum.

PHIL waves into the wrong camera.

MIKE MUNROE

PHIL, all sport and no mischief?

PHIL MATLOCK

Probably more mischief than sport MIKE. I remember one story, we used to go out in our backyard and play. We dug this pretty big hole, around 3 feet wide and covered it with plenty of leaves.

MIKE MUNROE

That is plenty.

Close on TOMMY

TOMMY

What?

INT. TAXI - DAY.

TITLE: MANCHESTER 1994.

The taxi driver turns to face TOMMY.

TAXI DRIVER

I said, that'll be three pounds twenty.

TOMMY has aged again by another 8 years. He shakes off the daydream and hands the driver a fiver.

INT. THE PACK HORSE PUB/CHANGING ROOMS - DAY.

Laughing, banter and cigarette smoke fill the air as a group of overweight, unfit men change into dirty football strips. TOMMY is getting changed amongst them.

MARK walks into the changing rooms.

MANAGER

Look what the cat dragged in.

MARK smiles mockingly and crosses the room. PHIL Matlock holds his nose.

PHIL

Fuckinell. Somethin' smells fishy.

MARK

That's what your wife said last night when she was polishing my bell end.

A couple of lads laugh.

PHIL

Yeah. Well I hope you paid her cos I was plannin' on goin' out tonight.

The rest join in laughing. MARK sits next to TOMMY and starts changing. They give each other a nod. The manager claps his hands.

MANAGER

Right lads. If I could have your attention please -

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY.

Both teams get ready to kick off. The ref blows his whistle. TOMMY kicks off and passes to MARK.

TIME CUT.

The opposition are running on goal. They shoot. The ball goes just wide. The manager is pulling his hair out on the sideline. Well what's left of it.

MANAGER

Defence. What was that!! They're bleedin' shite. We should be able to beat these lot blindfolded.

The opposition's manager and subs look over from the sideline.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY is calling out for the ball. PHIL hesitates too long and gets the ball taken off him. TOMMY mouths something to PHIL. PHIL sticks two fingers up.

TIME CUT.

One of TOMMY's team mates holds his stomach in the middle of the pitch. He runs over to the sidelines and throws up.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

One too many jars last night was it Paul lad.

Paul nods, wipes his mouth, pours the sponge bucket over his head and jogs slowly back into the game .

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Wasn't bloody red bull, was it. I've seen evolution move quicker.

TIME CUT.

A player from the opposition darts up the wing and crosses in a high ball to the back post. Another player runs in and heads it into the goal. They run off celebrating. The Manager wipes his face with his hands from the sidelines. The players pass the blame amongst each other.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Aye! Stop the fuckin' bickering and get on with it. Christ have mercy.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY sprints up the pitch. MARK places in a long ball.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Go on TOMMY son!

TOMMY pulls the ball under control, steps a sliding challenge by the last of the midfield and runs into the heart of the defence. A defender runs in as TOMMY is about to shoot and puts him up in the clouds. TOMMY jumps to his feet and onto the defender. The opposing players steam in and jump onto TOMMY. TOMMY's team mates jump in to save him. On the sideline, the apposing manager throws his substitutes on early. TOMMY's manager looks to his subs.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Well go on then, what're you waiting for.

The manager puts his hand to his head as the rest of his team steam in. A mass brawl ensues. The referee races around blowing his whistle frantically trying to bring about order

EXT. PUB - DAY.

The pub is rammed to the rafters with football supporters. TOMMY, MARK and a few other lads are stood outside drinking. Groups of rival supporters walk past sporadically. Two good looking girls walk past with their boyfriends. TOMMY, MARK and the rest of the supporters start to sing, asking the girls to get their tits out for the lads. The boyfriends turn and walk over pointing fingers. TOMMY steps up grinning...

TOMMY

Unless that's a tool in your pocket, you aint impressing me sunshine?

The pair walk off. TOMMY walks back smiling. The lads laugh and joke about it. MARK looks at TOMMY concerned but doesn't say anything.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

TOMMY staggers up the street with his kit bag and a tray of chips and gravy.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

TOMMY enters the darkened hallway and slams the front door shut. The hall light is switched on. LOUISE is sat on the stairs in a T-Shirt shaking her head in disgust.

TOMMY

Fuckin'ell, turn it off!

LOUISE

Keep your voice down you'll wake DIANE.

TOMMY sways at the doorway trying to focus. The sports bag slides off his shoulder down onto his arm flipping the tray of chips and gravy over onto his shirt. He calmly scrapes up the mess and slaps it back into the tray.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Look at yourself, you're pathetic. Where the hell have you been?

TOMMY

And she's off.

TOMMY staggers through into the living room. LOUISE follows him as he struggles through into the kitchen.

He puts the chip tray on the side and dumps the sports bag on the floor. He opens the fridge and grabs a carton of orange juice. LOUISE opens his bag and stuffs his dirty football kit into the washing machine.

LOUISE

TOMMY!

Gravy is dripping off his shirt onto the floor. He looks at her blankly. LOUISE walks over and starts undressing him. She pulls the shirt off over his head and throws it in the sink. She kneels and pulls down his jeans.

TOMMY

While your down there...

She stands and shoves him out of the way of the sink and begins rinsing the gravy from his shirt and jeans. She gives him a hard stare as he sways in his boxer shorts drinking the orange juice.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're so sexy when you're angry.

She ignores him and rings the shirt.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What?

LOUISE

We were supposed to go out tonight. That's what's what.

TOMMY puts a slice of bread in the toaster.

TOMMY

Were we?

LOUISE

You know we were.

TOMMY

Well, KAREN wasn't going out.

LOUISE

How do you know?

TOMMY

Because MARK was with me all night.

LOUISE

Oh so if KAREN doesn't go out then I shouldn't either?

TOMMY

Here we go. I don't need this. I go out for a few pints with the lads and have to come back to this.

LOUISE

Yes, to this. Me cleaning up after you at one in the flamin' morning. You should be ashamed. You're daughter is better behaved than you and she's only 7.

Silent pause. TOMMY sits before he falls down.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

It'd be nice for just the two of us to go out once in a while. Not just with KAREN and MARK. You never take me out anymore.

YMMOT

What's wrong with going out with MARK and KAREN?

LOUISE

Nothing TOMMY! It's just that you see more of MARK than you do of me.

TOMMY

What are you jealous?

LOUISE stuffs his shirt into the washer.

LOUISE

I'm going to bed, I can't talk to you when you're like this..

TOMMY

You do that.

LOUISE

I will.

TOMMY

Good.

LOUISE

Piss off.

LOUISE exits the living room and slams the door. TOMMY smiles. He sniffs up and turns to see his toast on fire in the toaster.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

TOMMY wakes to see DIANE standing over him.

LOUISE (OS)

DIANE, go and finish your breakfast.

LOUISE steps over TOMMY and grabs DIANE's hand. She returns and steps back over him. TOMMY is sprawled out on the floor in his boxer shorts halfway up the kitchen step leading into the living room. He gets to his feet and holds his head. LOUISE is cleaning up in the kitchen. DIANE is eating her cereal in front of the TV. Oasis are playing Wonderwall. TOMMY turns and heads towards the hallway.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Where are you goin'?

TOMMY

Bed.

TOMMY exits the living room and walks up stairs.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

LOUISE and DIANE walk up the road. They turn down a neat garden path to her mum and dad's house. LOUISE rings on the doorbell. FRANK opens the door.

LOUISE

Hiya Dad.

FRANK

Come in trouble.

LOUISE and DIANE step in.

INT. HOUSE - DAY.

LOUISE hangs her coat up. FRANK picks up DIANE.

FRANK

How's my favourite granddaughter?

LOUISE

She's your only granddaughter Dad.

FRANK

Oh well, we'll just have to spoil this one all the more then won't we.

He pretends to steal DIANE'S nose using his thumb. DIANE feigns surprise. Grandad laughs and puts it back. He pulls a packet of Fruit Pastels from his pocket.

LOUISE

What do you say, DIANE.

DIANE

Thank you.

FRANK puts DIANE down.

LOUISE

Right, go say hello to Nanna.

DIANE runs through into the lounge. FRANK looks at LOUISE, concerned.

FRANK

Everythin' alright?

LOUISE

Yeah, fine.

FRANK

How are ya doin' for money?

LOUISE

You know.

FRANK takes forty pound out of his wallet handing it to LOUISE.

FRANK

Here, go treat yourself. And I mean you.

LOUISE

Dad I can't.

FRANK

Course you can. Just don't let your mother know. She thinks I give all me money to her.

LOUISE smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And don't go giving it him to piss up the wall.

LOUISE

I'll bring you a receipt. Thanks Dad.

She kisses him on the cheek. They walk through into the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

The lounge is open planned with the dining area in the back leading into the kitchen. CAROL is setting the dinning table.

LOUISE

Hiya Mam

CAROL

LOUISE. On your own again I see. Where is he this time?

LOUISE

He's on his way. He had a bit of an iffy stomach.

CAROL

Nothing to do with large quantities of lager I presume.

LOUISE

When's dinner gonna be ready?

CAROL

When it's cooked.

LOUISE

D'you want a hand.

CAROL

No. Everything is under control. Go and sit yourself down.

CAROL returns to the kitchen. LOUISE walks into the lounge area and sinks into a large leather settee. She caresses the surface with her hand then drops her head back into the cushions. FRANK crawls in with DIANE riding on his back. FRANK collapses in a heap. Louise starts to smile. The doorbell rings. The smile dissolves.

FRANK

D'you want to get that love.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

LOUISE opens the door without acknowledging TOMMY and walks straight back into the lounge. TOMMY shakes his head and walks in the door.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY.

He enters the lounge.

FRANK

TOMMY.

TOMMY

FRANK.

TOMMY walks in and sits in an armchair under the window. FRANK rolls DIANE off his back and stands up.

FRANK

I won't be doing that for much longer I can tell you.

He walks over holding the bottom of his back and sits down beside LOUISE. There's an awkward silence.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How's work TOMMY?

TOMMY

Same old, same old.

There's a short silence.

FRANK

I believe you won in the cup yesterday?

YMMOT

Yeah, got through to the semi's.

FRANK

Did you score?

TOMMY

Both goals. Beat em two one.

DIANE

Grandad?

FRANK

Do you know who you've got in the next round?

TOMMY

Salford.

DIANE

Granddad!?

LOUISE

DIANE, granddad's talking.

FRANK

That should be a toughen. No wimps them Salford lot. Think you'll beat 'em?

YMMOT

I hope so. Gonna be scouts there.

FRANK

Oh so we'll be seeing you on the tele pretty soon then.

TOMMY

Yeah, hopefully.

The room falls silent again.

DIANE

Grandad?

FRANK

Yes, young lady.

DIANE

Can we go and see the fishes?

LOUISE

I'll take you. I think Grandad needs a rest.

FRANK

No really it's OK.

LOUISE

No Dad. You sit there and rest. Don't want your back flaring up again. You'll never get the garden finished.

FRANK gives LOUISE a knowing look. She smiles and pats his knee. DIANE pulls LOUISE through into the kitchen. TOMMY shifts in his seat. There's a longer silence than before. FRANK looks into the kitchen. TOMMY counts the carpet patterns.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY.

LOUISE and DIANE are standing on a small patch of lawn overlooking a large hole in the grass half full of muddy clay water. A shed in the background with no windows and door, leans over, resting on a skewed fence bordering the garden.

DIANE

There's one.

LOUISE

Where?

DIANE

There!

LOUISE can't see anything.

LOUISE

Oh yeah.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY.

There's still an awkward silence. FRANK looks into the dining area again.

FRANK

I'll go and see if CAROL needs a hand.

TOMMY nods. FRANK stands and walks into the kitchen. TOMMY looks at his watch and sighs.

TIME CUT.

TOMMY is sat watching TV. FRANK is nodding off on the settee with the remote in his hand.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY.

A single line of white smoke trails from a plane crossing a clear blue sky.

LOUISE (OS)

I thought MARK was coming round today.

CAROL (OS)

No, he's had to go up to KAREN's mums. I hope she feeds him alright. They're vegetarians you know.

A small reflective pause.

LOUISE (OS)

God, I could sit here all day.

CAROL (OS)

Me too.

LOUISE (OS)

You do sit here all day.

They both laugh.

LOUISE (OS) (CONT'D)

It looks like a speed boat skimming across the ocean.

CAROL (OS)

Looks like a bunch of lucky sods off on holiday,

LOUISE and CAROL are sat back on a swinging bench looking up at the sky. Next doors washing is on the line in the background. CAROL looks at the garden.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Just look at the state of it. I ask for a garden and what does he give West Beirut.

LOUISE

He tries Mam.

CAROL

Yeah, until he gets another back spasm. I know there's nothing wrong with him.

LOUISE

At least you've got some sort of garden.

CAROL

Well LOUISE, I've told you, you're welcome to move back in.

LOUISE

Mam don't start.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY.

Frank finally nods off. The remote control dropping to the floor. Tommy stands and exits the house. We see him through the window walking up the road.

INT. GARDEN - DAY.

CAROL

All I'm saying -

LOUISE

Mam, I know what you're only saying. God you're so contradictive.

(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)

One minute you're calling Dad for giving up and in the next breath you're telling me to do the same. I can't give up on him. It's what he expects people to do and I'm not going to do it.

There's a long silence.

CAROL

You have so many expectations for your children. You try to bring them up to the best of your ability and then the next thing you know they're all grown up and just as lonely and confused as the rest of us.

LOUISE

Mam, I'm not confused.

CAROL

They should give you one of them manuals like you get with a car.

LOUISE

God, you're impossible.

LOUISE gets up and walks toward the kitchen door.

CAROL

While you're in their love, pop the kettle on.

INT. PUB - DAY.

TOMMY is shouting and laughing with PHIL and some of the other lads from his Saturday League team. TOMMY finishes his pint and shouts another round in.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

TOMMY staggers in through the front door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

TOMMY stumbles into the room. The light is off. LOUISE is asleep. He collapses on the edge of the bed and undresses. He crawls into bed and turns to LOUISE, nudging her. Her back is to him.

TOMMY

LOUISE? LOUISE?

She doesn't respond. TOMMY pulls up her T-Shirt and pulls her towards him. He groans as he forces his way inside her. LOUISE is awake. She starts to cry silently as TOMMY fucks her from behind.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

DIANE is stood in the hallway with her coat on. LOUISE rushes in from the living room wearing a green supermarket outfit. She zips up DIANE's coat.

LOUISE

TOMMY?!

There's no response. She walks up a few steps on the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

TOMMY is sprawled across the bed on his stomach. His eyes are closed.

LOUISE (OS)

TOMMY!?

TOMMY

What?

LOUISE (OS)

TOMMY!!

TOMMY

WHAT!?

LOUISE (OS)

You'll be late for work.

TOMMY

Fuck off.

LOUISE (OS)

What?

TOMMY

I'M GETTING UP!

The front door slams shut.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

For fucks sake!

He pulls the covers over his head.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

TOMMY walks down the road.

EXT. MANCHESTER CITY TRAINING GROUND - DAY.

TOMMY watches the players practice from the other side of the fence.

INT. BISCUIT FACTORY - DAY.

TOMMY is working on the mix line, wearing white overalls and hair net hat. He's sat on a chair next to the vat of mixture, reading GOAL - A football magazine.

INT. FACTORY TOILETS - DAY.

OVERHEAD VIEW. We track along the five occupiers of the cubicles. The first is smoking; The second is masterbating over a porno mag; The third is asleep; The fourth is just finishing and flushes; The fifth is TOMMY reading his magazine.

EXT. CUBICLES - DAY.

The man in number four draws the bolt and exits. A lad is waiting to go in.

LAD

About time an all. I nearly had to go in the friign' sink then.

He enters the cubicle and locks the door.

LAD (OS) (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus!! (Coughing)

INT. CUBICLE #5.

TOMMY is reading his magazine. We hear the purging sound of bowels from next door.

LAD (OS)

Ahh! That's a weight off my mind.

TOMMY flips over a page.

LAD (OS) (CONT'D)

Ah bollocks!!

There's a knock on TOMMY's wall.

TOMMY

What?

T₁AD

TOMMY, is that you?

TOMMY

No.

LAD

Pass us some bog paper mate.

TOMMY grabs a spare roll and passes it under to a waiting hand.

LAD (CONT'D)

Cheers our kid. Aye it's alright in ere in it TOMMY. Set me up for over Christmas. Keep the misses off me back any road.

CUBICLE #3

D'you want to keep the noise down in there, I'm trying to sleep.

EXT. CUBICLES - DAY.

We see a toilet roll fly over from cubicle #4 to cubicle #3.

CUBICLE #3 (OS)

Oy!

FACTORY TANNOID

TOMMY Kelly to the Managers office. TOMMY Kelly to the managers office.

TOMMY exits the toilets.

LAD (OS)

Oh shit. TOMMY, pass us some more paper mate. TOMMY? TOMMY?!

INT. CUBICLE #3.

The occupier is snoozing. There's a knock on his wall.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY.

The manager is sat behind his desk filling out forms. A knock on the door.

MANAGER

Enter.

TOMMY walks in.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Come in. Sit down.

The Manager looks about his desk and pulls out a file from under papers. He silently looks through the file. TOMMY sits down.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Where were you this morning?

TOMMY

Dentist.

MANAGER

Dentist. Dentist.

He flips through more pages.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Having a lot of trouble with your teeth are we?

TOMMY

Lots.

He flips back over the pages.

MANAGER

You play football don't you?

TOMMY

Yeah.

MANAGER

So would you say you were a reasonably fit person.

TOMMY

Yeah. Reasonably.

MANAGER

It's just that according to my records you've been to the doctors thirteen times, seven times to the dentist, four times to the infirmary and once to the chiropodist in the space of six months.

He closes the file, sits back in his chair and looks at TOMMY. TOMMY frowns and looks away, staring into space.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

How long have you been with us MR KELLY?

TOMMY shrugs.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you say all this time off was a bit excessive?

TOMMY sighs and looks out of the window.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Is there anything you would like to add?

TOMMY

Yeah. Any chance I can have tomorrow afternoon off.

TOMMY smiles. The Manager also smiles.. The manager throws a pay packet on the desk.

MANAGER

Take all the time you like. Two weeks severance pay. Close the door on your way out.

He returns to filling out his forms. TOMMY stares at him menacingly then stands up sharply. The Manager doesn't react. TOMMY stands watching him, eyes glaring. Waiting. The manager continues with his forms. TOMMY picks up the pay packet and exits leaving the door open.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY.

The garage is part of a row of converted railway arches. Someone is working under the bonnet of a car. TOMMY walks round to find MIKE working underneath.

TOMMY

Alright.

MIKE's looks up as he tightens a nut.

MIKE

What are you doin' here?

TOMMY

Thought you might want to come for a pint.

MIKE

You buyin'?

TOMMY

Yeah

MIKE

Makes a change.

TOMMY looks away. MIKE notices his despondent mood.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Pass us them pliers.

TOMMY bends and hands them to MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Day off or somethin'?.

TOMMY holds up the brown wallet of cash.

TOMMY

Got the elbow. Two weeks severance pay.

MIKE stands and turns to TOMMY.

MIKE

What, laid off?

TOMMY

Nah, the sack!

MIKE

Nice work Brother. Now what you gonna do?

TOMMY

Dunno. Get pissed.

MTKE

And then what?

Tommy pauses. He starts to grin.

TOMMY

Fuck off! What... you're gonna give me another one of your speeches about how I'm throwing my life away.

MIKE

Wasn't gonna say a word. Do what you want mate. I couldn't care less.

Another long pause.

TOMMY

So you coming down the pub then or what?

MIKE

Nah. Gotta get this finished. Bills to pay you know.

Mike slides back under the car.

TOMMY

Yeah. Alright then. See ya later.

Mike doesn't say anything. Tommy walks off.

INT. PUB - DAY.

TOMMY enters the pub. A drunken rendition of Danny Boy can be heard in the background. TOMMY walks over to the bar. The barman looks over to TOMMY. TOMMY nods in acknowledgement.

BARMAN

Get him out.

He motions over to the corner of the pub where we see PAT, gouching over a table littered in empty whisky glasses. TOMMY looks back and sits down at the bar. The barman walks over and places a pint of lager down in front of him. TOMMY sticks a fiver on the bar. The barman takes the money and crosses to the till. TOMMY downs half the pint. The barman returns with his change. Crashing of glasses ring out. TOMMY looks to where his dad is now swatting the glasses off the table. He continues to sing. The barman looks to TOMMY again and walks away shaking his head.

EXT. Road - Day.

TOMMY is holding up PAT as they walk up the street. PAT is singing at the top of his voice. PAT stops.

PAT

I need a piss.

EXT. Entry - Day.

PAT is swaying in the cobbled entry leaning up against the wall, relieving himself. TOMMY is supporting him from behind.

PAT

Your a good lad TOMMY. One in a million. Better than that no good brother of yours. Never comes to see his old man. I knew you'd make good one day. I fuckin' knew it.

A woman passes by the entry with two children. TOMMY catches the gaze of the young girl, around DIANE's age. Her mother grabs her and pulls her away in disgust. Pain and embarrassment tightens across TOMMY face. PAT shakes himself dry. He looks to TOMMY and sees his expression.

PAT (CONT'D)

Women. Who needs em. You're like me TOMMY. Independent.

TOMMY snaps round and pushes PAT to the ground.

TOMMY

I'm nothing like you! Don't you ever fucking say that.

TOMMY's eyes well up. PAT begins to smile. TOMMY points at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm nothing like you.

He exits the entry. PAT starts singing again

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY.

TOMMY enters the house. The door jams against something. He looks down to see a large travel case against the wall blocking the path. TOMMY pushes the door harder, shoving the case out of the way and rushes into the living room.

TOMMY

LOUISE?! DIANE!

TOMMY enters the hallway again and sprints up the stairs.

INT. LANDING - DAY.

TOMMY reaches the top of the stairs to see LOUISE enter DIANE's bedroom.

TOMMY

LOUISE?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

LOUISE is shoving clothes into a suitcase. DIANE is sat on the bed with a doll. TOMMY enters.

TOMMY

LOUISE? What are you doing?

LOUISE

What does it look like?

TOMMY

You're joking right?

LOUISE

Do you see me laughing?

TOMMY

Where are you going?

TOMMY pauses for thought.

LOUISE

What do you care?

TOMMY

MIKE. Did MIKE call you?

LOUISE fastens the case, picks it up and grabs DIANE's hand.

LOUISE

MIKE? Why would MIKE call me?

DIANE

I want to stay here.

TOMMY

Because I got fired at work.

LOUISE

You got fired. What a suprise.

LOUISE storms past TOMMY and out of the bedroom.

TOMMY

So why are you leaving then?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

LOUISE drags the case and DIANE down the stairs and into the hallway. LOUISE grabs her coat hanging behind the front door. TOMMY sprints down the stairs after them. LOUISE opens the front door. TOMMY jumps in the way and slams it shut.

TOMMY

Please tell me. Why are you leaving?

LOUISE

Why do you think TOMMY.

TOMMY

I don't know!

LOUISE

You really don't get it do you?

TOMMY

Look, I know I've been a bit of a - I've had stuff on my mind you know.

LOUISE

Yeah, haven't we all TOMMY. The world isn't centered around you. You have a daughter. A wife. And you couldn't care less. And to be honest neither do I anymore.

She pushes him out of the way and opens the door. TOMMY slams the door shut again. LOUISE slaps him across the face. TOMMY raises his fist to punch her then stops.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Yeah, right. Go on then. Hard man.

ТОММУ

I didn't - Shit!

He puts his hand on the side of her face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Lou. Come on, don't do this. I'll make it better. I promise. I'm sorry.

She moves her head away. She looks at DIANE. She half smiles, half cries.

INT. FACTORY - DAY.

TOMMY is in the manager's office asking for his old job back. Through the window we see the manager shake his head.

TOMMY exits.

EXT. JOB CENTRE - DAY.

TOMMY is sat in the chairs with his ticket #101, waiting for his number to flash up on the wall. #27 flashes up. He leans his head back against the wall.

EXT. MANCHESTER CITY TRAINING GROUND - DAY.

The players are in practice. TOMMY stands on the touch line further up from the training coach and manager. The ball is knocked out of play and lands near TOMMY. He jogs after it, collects and runs back with it. He looks over towards the manager and coach but they're not looking. He flicks it up, does a couple of kick ups and knocks the ball to a waiting player. He looks back at the manager and coach again but they're still not looking.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

TOMMY walks past the pub. He hesitates then carries on past.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

TOMMY, LOUISE and DIANE are sat eating their tea in front of the television watching Coronation Street.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY.

TOMMY exits with his kit bag and walks off down the road.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - DAY.

The lads are changed and sat around talking. The manager claps there attention.

MANAGER

Right lads, if I could have your attention please. Big game today. Semifinal. First half we're gonna work hard, don't let the ball bounce, you're gonna attack the ball Simon and put it in the middle. The grounds hard today so it's gonna go everywhere. The thing that I always say to you - If the balls head height head it. If it's chest height, chest it down, on the floor and away it goes. Yeah. Right then, let me run through the team selection -

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY.

LOUISE enters the house with shopping bags and DIANE. They walk into the front room. DIANE jumps on the settee and switches on the TV. LOUISE enters the kitchen with the shopping. As she enters a large bunch of flowers jump up in front of her. TOMMY pulls them away from his face.

LOUISE

What are these for?

TOMMY

What do you think?

LOUISE

I don't know TOMMY. What, cos you won some silly semi final.

TOMMY

I got a trial.

LOUISE

What?

TOMMY

I got a trial. With Blackpool next weekend.

LOUISE

Oh my god. Really. You're pulling my leg?

TOMMY

I'm serious. Me, MARK and big PHIL.

LOUISE

TOMMY!

TOMMY

Well come on. We've got a lot of celebrating to do.

LOUISE

What do you mean?

TOMMY

I'm taking you out.

LOUISE

Really? Just the two of us?

TOMMY

Yeah just the two of us.

LOUISE

What about DIANE?

TOMMY

Taken care of. Your old man's coming round in half an hour. I was too scared to ask your mum.

LOUISE

But I haven't got anything to wear.

TOMMY lifts up a bag. LOUISE's eyes light up.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

What is it?

ТОММУ

Look inside.

LOUISE opens the bag and pulls out a two piece suit.

LOUISE

Oh my god, how did you know?

TOMMY

I didn't. I asked KAREN.

LOUISE

But TOMMY, we can't afford it.

YMMOT

Course we can. This time next month I'll be pulling in five, six hundred a week.

LOUISE

Yeah, but we don't know that yet.

TOMMY

Are you kidding. A star striker like me. City will be banging on the door. Go on, hurry up. Get ya glad rags on. Your dad will be here soon.

LOUISE rushes out of the living room and up the stairs.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

FRANK is asleep in front of the TV. The lights out. Giggling can be heard from outside. The front door opens and TOMMY and LOUISE enter. TOMMY shuts the door too hard. LOUISE bursts out laughing. FRANK jerks awake in the settee and composes himself. LOUISE and TOMMY enter the living room.

LOUISE

Hiya dad. Everything alright. LOUISE give you any trouble?

FRANK

No Love. Good as gold as always. You two had a good time then?

LOUISE

Yeah, it was brilliant. TOMMY put the kettle on. Staying for a cuppa dad?

TOMMY passes the settee and trips up in the dark. LOUISE bursts out laughing and goes over to help him up.

FRANK

I'll get out of your hair.

LOUISE

Are you sure. Ahhh!

LOUISE disappears behind the settee, pulled down by TOMMY. FRANK gets up and exits the living room.

FRANK

Don't get up. I'll see my own way out.

LOUISE

Thanks dad.

The front door shuts. TOMMY mauls LOUISE. She screams.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK.

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY.

Close on TOMMY, MARK and PHIL, their expressions aghast. They're standing beside a clapped out Vauxhall Viva. Their football team manager is sitting inside.

YMMOT

What is it?

MANAGER

I'll have you know this little beauty got me and the misses to Led Zeppelin, 1970 European Tour, Copenhagen, They were billed as The Nobs after Eva Von Zepplin, a relative of the guy who created the Zeppelin aircraft threatened to take legal action.

PHIL

Interesting story gaffer but that was 26 years ago. We weren't even born then. All we wanna know is will this... rust bucket get us to Blackpool or not.

MANAGER

Of course it will... Just a couple of minor details. The pedals can get a little temperamental at times.

TOMMY looks to MARK, raised eyebrows.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

If the brake pedal gets stuck...

All three look to each other.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Push down on the clutch pedal and it will pop right back up. And the same for the clutch pedal if that gets stuck. Just press down on the brake pedal. You get the picture.

The three of them are bemused. MARK climbs in to take a closer look.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't slam the doors as -

MARK slams the drivers door shut.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Because the window will fall down and it's a bastard to get up.

PHIL

Minor details my arse! Is that it then? We don't have to open the boot to start the engine or take the back seats out to fill with petrol or anything?

MANAGER

No, that's everything.

The Manager hands TOMMY the keys. TOMMY passes them to MARK. MARK looks at them, then the car and passes them to PHIL.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Be careful with her lads. She's very sensitive.

EXT. ROAD - DAY.

MARK and TOMMY are pushing the car down the road. The car turns over but fails. They stop pushing. PHIL sticks his head out of the driver's window.

PHIL

Put your backs into it you soft cunts.

TOMMY starts towards PHIL. MARK stops him. They try again. This time it starts. The car tears off up the road. TOMMY and MARK look to each other. PHIL sticks his head out of the window again.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Come on. I aint stopping again.

TOMMY and MARK sprint down the road after the car.

INT. CAR - DAY.

PHIL is driving. TOMMY is in the passenger seat and MARK is in the back. The car is making a very loud screeching noise. TOMMY is holding onto the gear stick which is vibrating violently. PHIL is trying to keep the car on the road. MARK is laughing his head off in the back.

PHIL

Will you keep hold of it. It keeps slipping out of gear.

TOMMY

I am fucking holding it. It's gonna tear my fuckin' arm off in a minute.

MARK (OS)

Lad's...

Smoke starts to fill the back of the car.

EXT. HILL - DAY.

We watch as the car, filled with smoke weaves across the road to the top of the hill. All doors fly open as they come to a stop. The smoke pours out. They descend the other side of the hill towards traffic lights and a funeral procession waiting for the green light.

INT. CAR - Day.

Smoke is still streaming out of the car.

PHIL can barely make sense through the windscreen. TOMMY is still holding onto the gear stick and MARK is hanging out of the window trying to breathe. They stop at the traffic lights beside the funeral limousine. The rear passenger window winds down and an old lady in a black suit and holding a mobile leans over to PHIL.

WIDOW

Would you like me to call the fire brigade?

PHIL

You must be joking love. We've only just got the bleedin' thing going again. Pardon the expression.

He takes off his cap in respect for the dead. The lights change. The funeral limo pulls away quicker then they do.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT.

TOMMY, MARK and PHIL are standing on the hard shoulder beside a burnt out Vauxhall Viva. TOMMY pacing up and down. MARK is thumbing for a lift. PHIL is scratching his arse. TOMMY gives the car a kick. The back end collapses.

EXT. BLACKPOOL PROMENADE - NIGHT.

A car pulling a touring caravan pulls up to the roadside then pulls away revealing TOMMY, MARK and PHIL standing with their kit bags. The car beeps it's horn in the style of a football chant and pulls away. PHIL responds with the V sign. PHIL

I don't no about you two but I need a pint.

They cross the road silently to the nearest pub and enter.

INT. BED-SIT - DAY.

PHIL and TOMMY are fast asleep, head to toe in a single bed. PHIL'S feet in TOMMY'S face. MARK is on a camper bed on the floor. There's a knock on the door. MARK wakes, looks to the other two and gets up. He stops to hold his hangover head. He walks to the door in his boxers and opens it to see the landlady looking at her watch.

LANDLADY

Twelve 'o' clock I said. I have other bookings you know.

MARK looks at her bemused, his head throbbing.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

Hello. Am I talking to myself.

He slams the door in her face.

MARK

Yeah.

EXT. BLACKPOOL FOOTBALL CLUB - DAY.

TOMMY, MARK and PHIL exit a taxi and sprint up to the entrance of the club. They burst through the reception doors and inside. We wait outside from a distance. After a long pause PHIL and MARK exit the club entrance. MARK turns urgently and bolts back through the doors. He exits again, restraining TOMMY. PHIL slumps down onto his kit bag against the wall. TOMMY shrugs MARK'S hold on him and tries to calm down. MARK joins PHIL on his kit bag against the wall. TOMMY paces up and down, hands on top of his head.

ТОММУ

(To MARK)

You were supposed to set your alarm?

MARK

I did. I must have slept through it.

Tommy kicks a dustbin.

TOMMY

Arghhh!

He sits down next to them, looking out across the deserted car park.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY.

We see TOMMY walking up the road with his kit bag, a can of lager in one hand and a football under his other arm. He turns down his garden path. He screws up the empty can and throws it in the garden.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY.

TOMMY enters the front room, drops his kit bag and sits down on the settee with the ball, rolling it around, staring at it. He looks up to the mantelpiece lined with his football trophies. He throws the ball at the mantelpiece knocking the trophies onto the floor. He stands and kicks at the ball again, smashing it at the TV. He chases after it and kicks it at the Christmas tree in the corner of the room. He chases after the ball again, kicking and destroying everything in sight. Just as he is about to kick the ball again we see LOUISE in her work overalls walking up the garden path with DIANE in the background. TOMMY smashes the ball straight through the living room window. LOUISE screams and pulls DIANE out of the way of the flying glass. TOMMY stands watching, unmoved by what he has just done. LOUISE runs in through the open front door.

LOUISE

TOMMY!? What the hells going on!

She enters the living room to see the destruction. She is dumbfounded. DIANE enters. LOUISE grabs hold of her, pulling her behind herself. She looks to TOMMY. TOMMY doesn't acknowledge her. He continues to stare out of the broken window.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Oh TOMMY!

Crying, she grabs DIANE and runs out of the house.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY.

We see TOMMY through the broken window standing in the living room staring out into the street.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We can just about make out TOMMY sat in the corner of the room on the floor with a bottle of Vodka, the flickering light of the TV highlighting his pained expression. The room is empty. Most of the furniture has been removed. TOMMY is carving something into his forearm with a knife. He takes another swig of vodka and pours some on his arm washing away the blood. The self inflicted tattoo reads - MADE IN MANCHESTER.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

TOMMY is standing under a lamppost facing LOUISE's parent's house. He's completely wasted, barely able to stand.

YMMOT

LOUISE! LOUISE!

TOMMY takes another swig from the bottle.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Little pig, little pig, let me come in...

The front door opens and FRANK exits the doorway with a Bullmastiff dog. CAROL, standing behind, pulls him back.

CAROL

FRANK, let the police deal with him.

FRANK

I'll handle it. Go on inside and close the door. Go on!

CAROL enters the house and closes the door.

TOMMY

Come to sort me out have you Mr C. And a new addition to the family. A remarkable resemblance.

FRANK

What do you want TOMMY?

TOMMY

I want... to tell you all. To tell you all that I don't need you. I don't need any of you. You're all the fuckin' same. All of you. As far as I'm concerned you can all fuck off.

FRANK

That's great TOMMY. Well thanks for letting us know.

TOMMY

Thanks for letting us know! You condescending fat prick. You've never liked me have you FRANKY? Never thought I was good enough for your little... princess.

TOMMY steps up to the garden wall. The dog growls.

FRANK

TOMMY, go home son before you do something you'll regret.

TOMMY starts to laugh.

TOMMY

Oh I think I've already gone and done that don't you FRANK. Look I just want to tell her that It's over and I'll be off.

He waves the bottle up to the top bedroom window. The dog starts to bark.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Just ask her to come down FRANK. LOUISE!! LOUISE!!

FRANK

I've told you. Go home.

TOMMY

Or what? What you gonna do old man?

FRANK

What ever it takes to keep you out of my daughters life.

MARK pulls up in his car. He climbs out and approaches TOMMY arms open.

TOMMY

MARK to the rescue.

MARK

TOMMY, what're you doing? Come on mate, I'll take you home.

TOMMY

You'll take me home. You'll take me home!! You're sticking up for them over me. Over me. I thought we were brothers!

MARK

Come on Tommy. You can't make me chose between you and family? Mate, you can't be doing this. Come on, get in the car. Let me drop you off.

TOMMY puts the bottle down and tries to step over the garden wall. The dog jumps at him but FRANK holds it back. TOMMY falls back onto the pavement, his arms raised in submission. He starts laughing. MARK tries to help him up. TOMMY pushes him away.

 $T \cap MMY$

Fuck off! I don't need any of you. I don't need any of you. I'm going.

He climbs to his feet and starts to walk off.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's all a lie. All of it.

MARK enters the garden and stands by his dad. They watch as TOMMY staggers up the road.

They turn and enter the house. We hear police sirens in the distance. The front door shuts. A Vodka bottle explodes against the door step.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

It's snowing lightly. MARK, PHIL and the rest of the lads are training for the next game. From across the field we see TOMMY approaching with his hands in his pockets. He looks the worse for wear. PHIL grabs MARK's attention. MARK looks to TOMMY and walks over followed by the rest of his team mates. MARK looks back at the others as TOMMY approaches. TOMMY walks straight over to MARK and head butts him. MARK falls to the floor.

рнтт.

Fuckinell TOMMY! What was that for?

MARK lies on the floor holding his bleeding nose.

TOMMY

Leaving present.

He smiles at MARK, looks to the rest of them and pretends to go for them. They all back up quickly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Thought so.

TOMMY smiles and walks back the way he came.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP FROM BLACK.

INT. MATCH BUS - DAY.

It's snowing. The streets and sky are turning white. The bus is packed full with Manchester City supporters on the way to the game. As we track along the top level of the bus we see TOMMY, withdrawn and tired, seated next to the window holding onto a rolled up carrier bag. His frosted breathe steaming up the window. He wipes it with his hand to watch the snowflakes land on the window ledge and dissolve.

EXT. MANCHESTER CITY FOOTBALL GROUND - DAY.

MANCHESTER CITY VS ARSENAL.

Fans are streaming into the game. TOMMY pays through the turnstile.

IN THE STAND.

TOMMY is sat 5 rows from the bottom of the stand near pitch level. It's starting to snow heavy now. The fans all around him stand and applaud as the teams are led onto the pitch. TOMMY remains seated, nonchalant.

ON THE PITCH.

The City mascot walks around throwing sweets to kids. Oasis make a surprise guest appearance on the pitch before kick off. Liam takes a penalty and misses.

Don't look back in Anger by Oasis plays on the tannoy. The crowd join in. Tommy smiles at the irony of it all.

TIME CUT.

The game is in full flow with an orange ball. Arsenal open the scoring from a free kick.

IN THE STAND.

The fans around TOMMY hold their heads in disbelief. TOMMY remains unmoved. He suddenly puts the carrier bag down on the ground and bends over out of view.

ON THE PITCH.

Manchester City are under pressure again as Arsenal win a corner. They kick the ball back into the box. A city defender scrambles for the ball and knocks it out for a throwing.

IN THE STAND.

The city fans stand around TOMMY, willing on their team to get the ball back up field. TOMMY stands, takes off his coat, drops it on the seat and walks down the steps to the small barricade bordering the pitch. He's dressed in full City strip and boots. An Arsenal player bends down to pick up the out of bounds ball. He motions his players to get deeper into the box for a long throwing. An arsenal player runs to him. The ball is thrown. TOMMY runs onto the pitch and intercepts the ball. There is commotion in the crowd. The two arsenal players don't know what to do. TOMMY offers the player to take the ball of him. The arsenal player tries to take the ball. TOMMY nutmegs him and walks up the pitch with the ball toward the arsenal goal.

INT. COMMENTARY BOX - DAY.

MARTIN TYLER

Well an extraordinary incident is happening on the pitch. It seems that Manchester City has fielded an extra player. No. 8 Bell who I can only assume to be the legendary Colin Bell who played for City in the late 60's early 70's.

(MORE)

MARTIN TYLER (CONT'D)

I've just been told that he is in fact a spectator that jumped onto the pitch.

CUT TO.

INT. FRANK AND CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY.

FRANK is reading the newspaper. The game is on the TV. LOUISE is playing a board game with DIANE on the floor. CAROL is asleep on the settee. DIANE looks to the TV.

DIANE

There's Daddy.

LOUISE

That's nice love.

FRANK looks at the TV. Putting on his glasses.

FRANK

I think she's right LOUISE.

LOUISE looks to the TV.

LOUISE

What? Oh my god. Dad, turn it up.

Frank turns up the volume

MARTIN TYLER

Well, this is extraordinary. I haven't seen anything like this in all my days of broadcasting.

The cameras are fully on TOMMY walking up the pitch. City and Arsenal players standing off him.

ON THE PITCH

TOMMY is walking up the field bating the other players, even on his own side, to take the ball off him. The crowd are booing. Another arsenal player makes a half hearted attempt at the ball. TOMMY loops on the ball and takes it past him with ease. He looks over to see three stewards sprinting across the pitch towards him. He decides to pick up the pace. He runs towards the goal. He dribbles the ball around other players standing around in puzzlement. A city player tries to force the ball off him but TOMMY rides the challenge and jogs away with the ball. Cheering can be heard now amongst the boos. The fans begin to clap slowly as TOMMY makes his way up field. He rounds another player. They cheer.

The stewards are right behind him. TOMMY runs around one in a circle then carries on forward. The crowd laugh. Another steward dives for TOMMY's legs but TOMMY jumps and takes the ball with him. The stewards stop in embarrassment, looking to each other for suggestions. TOMMY heads towards the goal.

FRANK AND CAROL'S HOUSE.

Everyone is glued to the TV. Even CAROL is awake and watching.

FRANK

I always said he'd get on TV.

LOUISE looks to him in disbelief. FRANK laughs. LOUISE laughs too.

LOUISE

He's insane. He really is insane.

CUT TO.

ON THE PITCH.

TOMMY heads into the goal mouth. One of the Arsenal defenders steams in and takes the ball. TOMMY collapses on the floor in a heap. The crowd boo and hiss. The player walks off with the ball shaking his head. Suddenly TOMMY slides in, takes the ball off him and runs back to towards the goal. The crowd go wild. TOMMY runs up to the goalkeeper who by now has taken things seriously. He runs at TOMMY. TOMMY makes a little shimmy, the keeper goes the other way, sliding off on his bum in the snow. TOMMY strolls up to the goal line, stops the ball, looks back to see policemen, stewards, players, and the goalkeeper rushing towards him. He drops to the floor and nudges the ball over the line with his head. The crowd cheer in elation. TOMMY throws his hands to the sky. The stewards tackle him to the floor. The crowd boo once more.

TOMMY waves to the crowd as he's escorted off the pitch. A little kid pushes a programme in front of him with a pen. TOMMY wriggles free from the stewards and signs it. The stewards pulls him away again down the tunnel.

SLAM CUT TO.

INT. THIS IS YOUR LIFE STUDIO - NIGHT.

Close on MIKE Munroe looking into camera. The audience is in silence. The next scene of guests in the studio dissolve through to each other gaining momentum, creating a sense of delirium and fantastical until TOMMY almost passes out. Voices are heightened and images are distorted.

MIKE MUNROE

Well that was extraordinary. TOMMY, you certainly surprised a few people with that little bag of tricks.

VOICE OVER (OS)

And after we saw what happened on the TV we headed straight down to the football ground for an exclusive.

MIKE MUNROE

DAVE PICKERING of the Manchester Evening news.

The audience applaud.

MIKE MUNROE (CONT'D)

Your father PAT.

PAT staggers in to the studio wearing a suit.

PAT

I knew he would come good. He's just like his father. Determined. Single minded.

We cut to PHIL and the rest of the boys standing around MIKE talking and generally laughing in the direction of TOMMY who is sweating badly.

An Indian man in a turban is talking to MIKE.

ASIAN MAN

Him and his friends used to pinch from my shop all the time. No good thief.

WOMAN

It's shame. I blame his parents.

TEACHER

People are always blaming society for the mistakes of our youth. Television, music, video games, parents -

On the big screen we see MIKE talking from a football ground.

MARK

I don't hold any grudges. How can I. We grew up together playing football and it was just pot luck that I'm here playing for Blackburn and not him.

VOICES

(over the top of each other)
He was no good. A trouble maker. Couldn't
hold down a job. Glad to see the back of
him...

TOMMY is delirious. He tries to focus on MIKE who is standing over him. Faces are gathered all around him. Faces of friends and relatives, laughing and mocking. The audience clapping and stamping their feet rhythmically in the background. The noise and the faces are all too much. MIKE Munroe leans into TOMMY's face.

MIKE MUNROE TOMMY Kelly. This is your life.

MIKE hands TOMMY the big black book. TOMMY takes it, holding onto it for dear life. He is helped to his feet by those around him. Laughing, staring, menacing, mocking. Paranoia fills his being. He lifts up the book and looks to MIKE Munroe who is beaming like the Cheshire Cat once more. TOMMY is getting annoyed. He smashes the book in MIKE Munroe's face, sending him backwards into the crowd gathered around.

Everybody looks menacingly to TOMMY. They move in on him like a pack of zombies. TOMMY swings the book at them, making them back away. He backs up towards the doors fending off his friends and family. The studio audience clapping and stamping harder and faster. The noise becoming unbearable. TOMMY is forced to the edge of the double door. He drops the book, holding his hands to his ears.

TOMMY

STOP!!!!

The studio becomes quiet. The people stop advancing, the audience stop stamping, even MIKE MUNROE'S nose bleed stops for the time it takes TOMMY to say -

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I did this. I got myself here. You ain't taking credit for any of it. None of you.

He sticks two fingers up at them all.

TOMMY (CONT'D) So fuck off!!

He turns and walks through the double doors into darkness and disappears.

THE END.