The Worth

"Pilot"

Written by

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EXT. SADDLEWORTH - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Tranquil BRASS BAND MUSIC plays throughout.

Uninhabited moorland as far as the eye can see - a vast, murky green terrain. Intimidating yet undeniably beautiful.

Eventually, farmhouses appear, surrounded by lush, bright green hilly fields, many containing SHEEP.

Pots and Pans war memorial stands tall on one of the many hills, overlooking scenic valleys, reservoirs and...

A village. Small and picturesque - cobbled pavements, craft and antique shops, cozy tea rooms etc.

A "WELCOME TO SADDLEWORTH" signpost.

Charming old country houses with well-kept flowery gardens, flourishing in the sunshine.

LOCALS - old people and families - shopping, enjoying leisurely strolls, driving 4x4s. All smiles. Everyone is white and middle-class. No one stands out.

EXT. SADDLEWORTH CIVIC HALL - DAY

Large poster at the entrance reads: EXTREME! UNDER 18'S PUNK ROCK FESTIVAL TODAY! HEADLINERS "DUDES FOR JOCKS".

INT. SADDLEWORTH CIVIC HALL - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: "2002"

LIAM RHODES (18), purple-dyed halfhearted Mohawk, unshaven, slim, sits at a drum kit.

LIAM (yells; hitting drumsticks together) 1-2-Let's-Go!

He and the rest of the BAND start PLAYING - American-style pop punk (think Blink 182, Green Day). It's loud, energetic and simplistic.

They wear suits in a purposely-dishevelled way - shirts hanging out, buttons undone, rips in trousers etc.

They are red-faced and sweaty, suggesting their frenzied performance has been in full swing for considerable time.

Approximately two-hundred adoring FANS (11-25 years-old) jump up and down, sing along etc. Mainly dressed like punks and skaters. The younger fans know every lyric.

The vocals are sang in a "shouty" Trans-Atlantic accent by KIERAN TANNER (18), tall, good-looking, trendy blonde highlighted if slightly balding Mohican, earring in left eyebrow. He's cocky and charismatic.

INT. SADDLEWORTH CIVIC HALL - BACKSTAGE AREA - FLASHBACK

The band mingling with similar-aged FRIENDS and FANS as they change into their suits. Everyone drinks alcohol, most smoke cigarettes or cannabis.

The band's PERFORMANCE from the previous scene still audible.

KIERAN MONTAGE:

Kieran engaging fans with a funny story.

Kisses a couple of pretty females.

The CIVIC HALL MANAGER (47) takes him to a quiet corner.

CIVIC HALL MANAGER Kieran, I can't have y' fighting like the last two times you played here.

KIERAN (poised; smiling) Oh, yeah, I won't do. Don't worry.

CIVIC HALL MANAGER If it happens tonight, your band won't be playing here again. I don't care how many kids you bring in.

STAGE - PRESENT

Playing guitar is JIM WRIGLEY (18), tall, pasty, big unkempt curly hair. Pulls stupid faces, wiggles his arse to the crowd etc. Blatantly inebriated.

BACKSTAGE AREA - FLASHBACK

JIM MONTAGE:

Sober, he's shy and awkward, socially inept.

Guzzles a copious amount of assorted alcoholic beverages.

Now intoxicated, he acts the clown - blabbering nonsense, singing loudly to the amusement of most.

Exposes his rear end before executing a handstand against the wall. The shocked or amused reactions suggest his genitals are on display too. STAGE - PRESENT

On keyboards is MATT BRADBURY (17), handsome, well-kept dark spiky hair. Wears his suit smartly. Plays very efficiently. Shows little emotion but oozes confidence.

BACKSTAGE AREA - FLASHBACK

MATT MONTAGE:

Sat at his laptop, working on the band's website. Kieran passes.

KIERAN You on that thing again, Matt? The Internet's for geeks and perverts!

Matt adjusting his tie in the mirror.

Handing a business card to the civic hall manager.

Cockily beckons a female fan over with his index finger. She smiles and obliges.

STAGE - PRESENT

Liam pounding his drums. He studies the excited crowd.

BACKSTAGE AREA - FLASHBACK

LIAM MONTAGE:

Plies people with drinks, wants them to have a good time.

Talking and getting along with everyone, introducing people to each other.

Perched on a table, scrawling lyrics on his arm.

Stood with his back pressed against the wall, surveying the scene.

Ogles an attractive girl who, to his dismay, goes over to Matt.

He spots ROSS HOLDSWORTH (18), ginger shaved head, sat in the corner, looking sullen and uncomfortable in his suit. He is listening to 2PAC on his portable CD player as he reads the CD sleeve notes. Rubs a substance on his gums. STAGE - PRESENT

Ross is the bass player. Liam watches him, suspecting something is not well.

The band finishes the song. Crowd CHEERS and APPLAUDS.

BULK OF CROWD (chanting) We want more! We want more!

Kieran basks in the glory.

KIERAN We have been Dudes For Jocks and I tell y' what - you've been a fuckin' top crowd! Cheers!

The band wave to their fans before heading backstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ross storms in followed by his band mates. TRACEY TANNER (38), dyed-blond hair that's dark at the roots, leggings, Dudes For Jocks T-shirt, cigarette in mouth, enters last and rushes over to Kieran, hugs him.

TRACEY Kieran, you were brilliant!

KIERAN Thanks, mum.

TRACEY I'll get the merchandise ready.

Tracey exits.

Ross starts to hastily undress, looking annoyed and TUTTING. Liam's had enough...

LIAM Ross, what's up with you? You've been sulking all fuckin' day!

ROSS I'm done, lads. I quit. I can't be doing with this anymore.

Everyone is shocked, except Kieran, who starts changing.

MATT You're bailing?

> ROSS (putting stripy hooded jumper on) (MORE)

ROSS (cont'd) I'm not into this shitty punk music anymore, singing about high school and underage drinking like we're still thirteen!

MATT

(calmly) Ross, next Friday is the last gig of the tour. At least quit after that.

LIAM

(louder; angrier)
Don't leave us in the lurch! Y'
supposed to be a mate!

MATT

I've made the posters and everything, dude.

ROSS

(putting gold chain around neck) Look, sorry, but no. I hate the music,... (throwing his suit trousers to the floor) ... I fuckin' hate these suits.

There's nowt anarchist or punk about them!

LIAM They're ironic - the way we wear 'em!

ROSS (puts tracksuit bottoms on) Liam, I'm not a fuckin' punk rocker from New York, alright?

LIAM (sarcastically) Oh, of course not. Clearly, you're a black gangster rapper from Compton!

Ross mollifies, sits and slips his trainers on. Liam is still irate. Kieran nonchalantly lights a cigarette.

ROSS (tucking trousers into socks) Look, I've thought it through. I just don't relate to the music anymore. Liam is about to reprimand him but Ross' last words stall him. He looks to the ground. Slightly guilty, Ross stands, pulls up his hoody and leaves.

> JIM (grinning, still very drunk) We're fucked now.

> KIERAN Not the end of the world. It's not like it's me who's just quit.

MATT I'll pencil in a meeting for us to discuss appointing a new bass player.

Matt pulls out a Filofax. Liam finally looks back up.

LIAM A meeting? Who are you? Donald Trump? We'll just set up auditions. (shaking his head) Just when we were getting popular.

MATT Fuck him. This is the year we're gonna get signed, I know it.

INT. CIVIC HALL - DAY

It's now a disco.

A DJ spins POP PUNK TUNES as the fans dance vivaciously.

Standing out like a sore thumb is Matt's dad JACK BRADBURY (46), gray hair, good physique, boozed up and dancing topless.

The fans LAUGH and CHEER him on.

Matt is stood with Tracey at the merchandise stand they have set up, selling Dudes For Jocks CDs, T-shirts etc.

TRACEY ...Forget Ross then. As long as we have our three key members you, Liam and my boy - we'll be fine.

Matt nods.

His band mates enter and are excitedly greeted by fans. They all see Jack dancing. Mortified, Matt hides behind a smile. The rest are humoured, especially Jim, who removes his shirt and boogies alongside him. KIERAN I tell y' what, Matt - I think you'll be driving y' dad's van home tonight!

Matt politely grins.

INT. JACK'S VAN - EVENING

Matt drives. Jim is next to him, topless, eating a kebab. Their band mates, Jack and the equipment are crammed in the back. Kieran is asleep. Liam seems frustrated.

> JACK You alright, Liam lad?

Liam makes sure no one else is listening.

LIAM (quietly) It's just what Ross said earlier, about not relating to the music.

JACK (a little concerned) Right.

LIAM When I'm bladdered I like it, but when I'm sober I have my doubts.

JACK "I was happy in the haze of a drunken hour, but heaven knows I'm miserable now".

LIAM (intrigued) Yeah, exactly. What's that?

JACK (surprised) The Smiths!

Liam looks unsure. Jack clumsily climbs to the front of the van and grabs The Smiths Greatest Hits CD. Sits back down, playfully taps it on Liam's head and hands it him.

> JACK (CONT'D) Trust me. Just trust me.

LIAM (smiling, not convinced) Okay, Jack.

Liam puts the CD in his rucksack.

EXT. SADDLEWORTH COUNCIL ESTATE - KIERAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The van pulls up and Kieran clambers out.

KIERAN Right, see y' later, gay boys!

Everyone pleasantly and loudly SAY their goodbyes. Jim moons him as they peel away. Kieran sees them off with a middle finger before staggering towards his house.

> KIERAN (CONT'D) (singing/mumbling) "Oh-whoa-oh-whoa-oh-whoa, mysterious girl, I wanna get close to you, bam bam bam..."

Kieran stumbles in through the front door, failing to see his dad KEVIN TANNER (39), big and bald, arms folded, fuming, inside looking on through the living room window.

INT. KIERAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin's fist CONNECTS with Kieran's nose, which bleeds instantly. Kevin grips his son by the collar.

KEVIN What've I fuckin' told y', hey?

Kieran avoids eye contact, completely impassive.

KEVIN (CONT'D) No drinking on a weeknight! Y' getting your A Levels in the morning!

KIERAN

Come on, get it over and done with then. It's usually three or four punches, innit?

KEVIN Getting fuckin' clever, are y'?

A tad regretful, Kevin softens and lets him go. Kieran strides towards the kitchen.

KIERAN

Fuck off.

KEVIN (worried) Where you going?

Kieran enters the kitchen, Kevin hot on his heels.

Kieran grabs a bunch of keys from the kitchen table, scurries to the back door and exits the house.

EXT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - REAR - CONTINUOUS

Kieran rushes to his old, worn-out car and hurriedly turns the engine on. Kevin storms out of the house.

KEVIN Don't be so stupid! You'll be banned before you even pass y' test!

Kieran quickly starts reversing out of the driveway but RAMS the car into the locked gate. Shocks and dazes him.

> KEVIN (CONT'D) Y' fuckin' little shit! Get out!

Kevin goes for the passenger door. Kieran tries to lock it but Kevin gets there first, drags his son out to the floor and kicks him in the ribs. Hoists him up and goes to punch him but stops and looks around. He relents.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Go inside.

Kieran, again deadpanned, does as he's told.

EXT. OLDHAM SIXTH FORM COLLEGE - LATE MORNING

Liam, on his mobile phone, approaches the entrance.

LIAM Just got in town now... Yeah, I'm right here... Right, see you in a second.

Hangs up. As he nears the busy entrance, he makes eye contact with TANYA CAREY (21), cute, small, dark hair.

TANYA

(extremely loud) Liam!

Startled, nearby STUDENTS jolt and sharply turn her way. She scuttles over to Liam and hugs him. Liam is embarrassed with attention they are receiving.

> LIAM (smiling politely) Hiya, Tanya.

They kiss. Tanya is racked with nerves and excitement.

TANYA I was sick three times this morning!

LIAM (confused) W-Why? You got your results yesterday, didn't you?

TANYA I've still got the adrenaline pumping! You must be so nervous! (hugging him again) Let's get in there now! We can have a celebratory lunch afterwards!

Before he can reply, Liam is dragged into the college.

INT. COLLEGE - SPORTS HALL - AFTERNOON

A plethora of nervous, eager STUDENTS receiving their A Level exam results. Mixed emotions - elation, relief, disappointment, hysterical etc.

Liam holds his unopened results. Tanya has her fingers crossed. He opens the envelope and looks delighted.

LIAM Three A's! I can't fuckin' believe it! I hardly even revised!

Thrilled, Tanya lets out a SQUEAL of glee. She snatches the results. Her excitement dampens.

TANYA No, love, that's just the qualification, as in "A Levels". (moves finger across page; flabbergasted) You got two C's and a D!

Liam takes the results and looks at them in shock. He turns to Tanya, who raises her hands to her mouth.

TANYA (CONT'D) I'm gonna be sick!

INT. COLLEGE - MAIN ENTRANCE AREA - AFTERNOON

Liam outside the ladies toilets, looking at his results. He spots Matt, wearing a suit, putting up a bass player audition poster. Matt steps back and regards it. It seems straight but he adjusts it slightly. LIAM

Matt!

Matt swivels, sees Liam and walks over.

LIAM (CONT'D) You on y' lunch break?

MATT

Yeah, busy-busy-busy at the council today but that's how we like it! Just putting up some audition posters 'round town.

LIAM

Fucked me results up, big time.

Hands Matt the results. Matt sighs in sympathy.

MATT Jesus, Liam. You won't get on that journalism course with these grades.

LIAM

I know, I'm totally fucked, dude. (small hesitant pause) Listen, after the gig on Friday, I think that's it for me, Matt. I've gotta worry about my future now I've messed me grades up.

MATT

(stunned) What? The band's our future, Liam. The tour's been a great success.

LIAM It's not a fuckin' tour! We've not been more than a few miles from home! Matt, we've been together five years. Nothings happened. And like Ross, I'm bored with the music.

Matt shakes his head and marches off in a sulk.

LIAM (CONT'D) (shouting over; guilty) Matt, obviously I'll play on Friday!

Matt doesn't look back as he exits. Off Liam...

EXT. COLLEGE - AFTERNOON

Liam and Tanya transverse the entrance area.

TANYA Y' mum, Liam - she's gonna be devastated! We need to ring her now!

Liam spots Jim and Kieran - right eye black and swollen - drinking lager, laughing and joking with students. He smiles and looks on longingly. Tanya notices.

TANYA (CONT'D) Liam, no! Now's not the time to be getting drunk with y' mates! This is serious! Y' need to start growing up!

Tanya yanks Liam away to his disappointment.

INT. BUS - OLDHAM BUS STATION - AFTERNOON

Stationary. Liam looks on through the window and watches Tanya boarding another bus. She urgently motions him to call her. He solemnly nods.

Liam turns his attention to the PEOPLE in the town centre - different races and ages. Sad and tired faces. Liam observes them mournfully.

LATER

MONTAGE: OLDHAM TOWN CENTRE DESCENDING INTO SADDLEWORTH:

Bus now in motion. Liam, pensive and mournful throughout, gazes out of the window and sees the following:

The rundown centre - litter on the ground, boarded up shops, hard-faced YOUTHS scouring for trouble etc.

Oldham's two most stunning buildings - the old bank and the town hall - both derelict.

The bus crosses underneath the viaduct bridge, which greets people entering the town with the sign "OLDHAM - HOME OF THE TUBULAR BANDAGE".

The outskirts town - blocks of dull high-rise flats. An OLD WOMAN struggles with her shopping bags. PREPUBESCENT CHILDREN take a piece of wood from a skip.

A mill being demolished.

The 'WELCOME TO SADDLEWORTH' sign.

Liam smiles as he looks out onto the ocean of green, the villages approaching.

EXT. FAIRLY BIG COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. LIAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liam is talking on the phone, dumbfounded.

LIAM (well-spoken) I've not got on? ...Okay, thank you very much for your help... Goodbye.

Ashen, he hangs up. Becomes frustrated. Mouths "FUCK!".

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Liam?

Liam closes his eyes and sighs impatiently.

LIAM

What?

FEMALE VOICE (0.S.)
 (a moment; then:)
Liam?

Irritated, Liam shakes his head. Storms out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's in the middle of a make-over.

Liam's mother MARY RHODES (47), dyed fair hair, dries pots at the sink. His dad PETER RHODES (61), moustache, dark hair, old fashioned suit, sat at the table, reads a newspaper. Mary turn to the wallpaper-stripped walls.

> MARY What colour shall we go for?

PETER I don't know. Maybe light blue?

MARY Peter, no! I was thinking peach blossom.

PETER (submissively) Yeah, that'll be fine, love. I'll make a start this weekend.

Liam enters, anticipating a barrage of questions.

MARY (anxious) What did the university say? LIAM (lying convincingly) I can't get through yet. Must be loads of people calling. MARY Oh God, what are you going to do? LIAM Don't know. I'll work something out. PETER It's not really good enough, is it? LIAM (exasperation accruing) I know. PETER I mean, what are you going to do?

LIAM (hesitantly) I wanna have a gap year. Go to uni next September when I'm ready.

PETER A gap year? Well don't think you'll be just lying 'round here all day. And that band isn't going to pay for anything.

Liam does not respond. Bites his bottom lip.

MARY Look at your brother...

Liam GROANS in frustration, waves at his parents dismissively and marches out, almost crying.

INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It is cluttered and the furniture is out-of-date, seems designed more for a child. He urgently stuffs some clothes into his rucksack.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Liam irrupts and exits the house, SLAMMING the door shut.

MARY (pleadingly) Liam!

PETER Let him go. Walking away from things as usual.

EXT. POTS AND PANS HILLTOP WAR MEMORIAL - DAY

Irresolute, Liam sits on the memorial, blocking the path of a SPIDER with his hand. Eventually, he lets it go. Smiles fondly as it crawls away before admiring the breathtaking view of Saddleworth.

Locates his CD walkman in his rucksack. Listens to AMERICAN POP PUNK MUSIC. Exhaling in boredom, he rips his headphones off and chucks it back into his bag. It HITS something solid. Confused, he peers inside to find...

The Smiths Greatest Hits CD. He lingers before loading it into his CD player, presses PLAY and sits back.

EXT. POTS AND PANS - LATER

Liam is now lying on the grass, eyes closed, listening to "Panic" by The Smiths.

MORRISSEY "Because the music that they constantly play/ It says nothing to me about my life"...

Liam's eyes shoot open. He sits up and observes the village with new eyes as the music inspires him.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A hand KNOCKS on the huge garage flanking the house. The garage door opens and Jim slowly appears. He looks out to see Liam with his rucksack.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - TRACEY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Chuckling, Kieran and Tracey exit the house. Tracey stands on the doorstep. A moment.

TRACEY So, how's y' dad doing?

Kieran sighs in annoyance.

TRACEY (CONT'D) (nodding to his black eye) He didn't...

KIERAN No, mum! A Paki kicked off in town.

Incredulous, she hides her contrition. Another moment.

TRACEY (more polite than genuine) Maybe I could have a word with Phil about you moving in here. It would be cramped with the girls here too but...

KIERAN (making it easier for her) It's okay. I'm happy at dad's. I've gotta get ready for work.

TRACEY

See y', love.

She pecks him on the cheek. Kieran exits through the garden gate, walks four houses down and... he's home.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - EVENING

It is massive. Ramones, Iggy Pop, Blink 182 posters decorate the brick walls.

On one side of the room is the practice area - drum kit, speakers, guitars, keyboard and microphone stands.

The other side houses Jim's sleeping area - bed, sofa, small fridge etc. Jim lies on his bed, Liam sits on the sofa. Both drink lager and smoke weed. "Panic" plays.

LIAM ...so I'm not going home, fuck 'em. Oh yeah, what grades did you get, Jim?

JIM Well, steady. Two N's and a D.

Liam laughs in shock. Jim blithely smiles.

LIAM What does "N" even stand for?

JIM Knob, I reckon. LIAM (laughing) Knob's spelt with a "K", y' clown! You see, this is why you got two N's.

The Smiths song ends.

LIAM (CONT'D) Tell me that isn't immense, Jim!

JIM Yeah, it does rule, actually. (comical Morrissey voice) "...the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ"!

Liam titters. The song has left him with an afterglow.

LIAM It's what we should sound like. Ross is right. We're not American... even though he thinks he's Snoop Dogg.

Not paying attention, Jim grins to himself before pouring beer into his bellybutton, tries drinking it but fails. Liam, now in an earnest reverie, doesn't notice.

> LIAM (CONT'D) I mean, we're eighteen. It's a big difference from being thirteen. I wanna write about life now and sound like the culture we've been brought up in. Saddleworth is a great place, with tradition, with history...

> > JIM

Yeah. (pause) For how much money would you drink beer out of Bin Laden's ass?

Bemused, Liam chuckles and shrugs his shoulders.

LIAM I don't know! What would you?

JIM (jokingly serious) I'd pay to do it.

Liam laughs as he grabs an acoustic guitar and attempts to play "Panic".

EXT. MAIN ROAD - EVENING

Kieran's car - the back dented, right taillight cracked, L-plate hanging off - cruises along.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kieran driving, his dad in the passenger seat. Uncomfortable silence. Kieran, annoyed, looks straight ahead. Eventually, Kevin glances over.

> KEVIN Y' definitely don't fancy uni then?

KIERAN (civilly; curtly) Nope.

KEVIN Y' can get on most courses with two B's and a C. I never had the chance.

No reply.

EXT. THE OLD BELL INN - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up. Kieran emerges and strides towards the pub. Kevin climbs out and is about to get in the driver's side but stops. Builds himself up to say something...

KEVIN (not looking in Kieran's direction) About last night.

Intrigued, Kieran halts but doesn't turn around.

KEVIN (CONT'D) I'm... It's... Just don't wind me up like that, like y' did. Y' know how I get.

Kieran dejectedly walks into the pub.

INT. THE OLD BELL INN - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Projecting an exuberant facade, Kieran enters and passes the CHEF (28).

CHEF (mimicking cockney accent) Alright, Kieran, you slaaaag!

KIERAN

Alright, Dave, you taaaaart!

Kieran chuckles and takes his jacket off to reveal his waiter attire - blue shirt, black bow tie. The other WAITERS wear white shirts. Kieran catches his reflection in a hanging pan. Riveted on his black eye.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - EVENING

MONTAGE: JIM AND LIAM WRITING A SONG TOGETHER:

Numerous emotions - frustration, agreement, disagreement, concentration, laughter...

Writing lyrics and music on cardboard beer packaging. Liam jots "MERRY-GO-ROUND" at the top of the cardboard.

Beers flow, weed is smoked.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Playing their new song acoustically. Liam plays RHYTHM GUITAR and SINGS. Jim strums LEAD GUITAR. Sounds very different to Dudes For Jocks - more indie rock 'n' roll and English. They finish. Tired yet victorious.

JIM

Done!

LIAM It's fuckin' quality, Jim. (cracks another beer) Let's celebrate!

INT. THE OLD BELL INN - RESTAURANT SECTION - EVENING

Distracted, Kieran ambles over to a table with a meal, where CHRIS POGSON (55), expensive suit, pompous, and other BUSINESSMEN are seated. He clumsily puts the plate down in front of Chris, who snaps...

> CHRIS Right, go and get the manager, boy! Tell him Chris Pogson isn't happy and wants a word. (shaking head to businessmen) Unbelievable. Look at him, he's probably a cummer-inner from Oldham.

KIERAN I'm from Saddleworth like you and its part of Oldham anyway! Kieran storms out with his jacket, sits down in the beer garden and lights a cigarette. The RESTAURANT MANAGER (50) bursts out and rushes over, stifling his anger.

> RESTAURANT MANAGER Kieran, get back in and apologise. Mr. Pogson is an important customer!

> > KIERAN

I'm having a fag. No.

RESTAURANT MANAGER You're on thin ice! I've been very tolerant of your behaviour, Kieran. You're not even dressed correctly. Where's your white shirt?

KIERAN I spilt mazoro a la valesana on it on my last shift.

RESTAURANT MANAGER That was three days ago and you haven't washed it? Buy a spare one!

KIERAN I can't affor... (quickly changes sentences) I can't be arsed getting another one! And I can't be arsed with this job!

Kieran leaves. Off the manager's astonishment...

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Jim snoozes in bed. Liam is lying on the sofa, gravely looking at his A Level results.

EXT. JIM'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

"DUDES FOR JOCKS BASS PLAYER AUDITIONS FROM 1PM" sign.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jim, Matt and Kieran are seated. They have arranged an assortment of chairs so they are all behind a table facing one way. Panicky, Tracey perches on the table.

JIM

Without Liam, we're finished.

Tracey casts a sympathetic glance at Kieran.

TRACEY We can find a new drummer. Matt, you'll just have to step up and write the songs yourself.

MATT (conceding) I can't. Liam writes the lyrics, I write the melodies. It's over. Friday's gonna be our last ever gig.

The side door OPENS. Liam, fully clothed with a towel around his neck and wet hair, enters. He pleasantly exchanges "Hellos" with everyone except Matt, who ignores him. There is now tension in the room.

> TRACEY Liam, we can't change your mind?

LIAM I just don't wanna do it anymore. And I appreciate you managing us all these years, Tracey, but--

TRACEY (suddenly angry) --Selfish! It's selfish!

Tearful, Tracey walks out. Liam feels guilty. Matt shoots him a look: "Look what you're doing to us!".

KNOCK, KNOCK. Everyone pivots to the garage door.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - MOMENT LATER

BASS PLAYER AUDITION MONTAGE:

Liam is seated with his band mates as they watch a MIDDLE-AGED MAN nervously playing his bass guitar. He stops to retune. Starts playing but quickly stops to retune again. The band grow a little impatient.

An OLD ROCKER (50), long gray hair, leather jacket and jeans, plays aggressively. The band seems scared of him.

An ATTRACTIVE GIRL (22) plays egregiously. This doesn't bother Liam and Kieran, who admire her with glazed eyes. Matt CLICKS his fingers and they snap out of it.

The middle-aged man again retunes his bass. He is about to start playing but drops his pick. Kieran jokingly drops his head to the table. Liam and Jim smirk.

A trendy PRETTY BOY (18) similar to Matt, without a bass:

PRETTY BOY Yeah, I fancy being in a band.

Matt seems impressed but the others, particularly Liam, are obviously against it.

MATT ring v' bass

Great! Bring y' bass in so we can have a listen to you.

PRETTY BOY I don't actually play bass. In fact, I don't play anything. I was thinking I could sing, or something.

KIERAN (instantly, threatened) No!

His eyes closed, the middle-aged man sucks up air, trying to pacify. The band's patience really wearing thin now.

A GOTH BOY (16), pale skin with black make-up around his eyes, dark clothing, intense, sits on a stool.

GOTH BOY ... and the piece I would like to perform for you today is entitled... (small pause, theatrically) ..."This Unearthly Tear".

Turns around so his back is facing the band. He plays a very maudlin, self-indulgent piece and almost starts crying towards the end. The band is spooked/perplexed.

The middle-aged man just stares at the band, defeated.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (eventually, shaking head) Nar. Nar.

He unplugs his bass and simply leaves. The band chuckle.

KIERAN Fuckin' hell.

Matt leans back, hides his frustration by smiling.

MATT Who're we gonna pick from that lot?

LIAM I suppose the Goth was the best, technically. MATT Liam, it's not your call.

LIAM (annoyed) I'm still in this band 'til Friday!

MATT

You've abandoned us. I don't consider you a proper member anymore. Kieran, what do you reckon?

KIERAN (indifferently) Whoever, I'm not arsed.

LIAM You're being a dick, Matt! We're a group and it's a group decision!

MALE VOICE (O.S.) Urm, s-sorry, sorry to interrupt...

The band look over to see standing before them DAN CREED (19), fairly short and rotund, dark hair, of Jewish appearance, holding a classic bass guitar and rucksack.

DAN (CONT'D) Urrrgh, s-sorry but is this where the auditions for a bass player are being held?

LIAM Yeah, what's y' name, du... mate?

DAN Dan Creed. Daniel Alfred Louis Creed if you need my full name.

LIAM (suppressing laughter) Dan's fine, mate.

Matt studies Dan's attire - vintage Jimi Hendrix T-shirt, brown chord trousers - and subtly shakes his head, not impressed. Kieran looks like he feels the same way.

> MATT What kind of music are you into?

DAN Sixties and eighties music mainly. Blues, rock 'n' roll, (MORE) DAN (cont'd) soul. I wish I was the age I am now in the sixties. (suddenly excited) Then I'd be middle-aged in the eighties! What kind of band are you?

KIERAN A punk band. Fuckin' good one too.

Dan becomes instantly discouraged.

DAN Aww, God, I'm not gonna be good enough. I think I'm gonna go home, is that okay?

Dan turns around to leave. The band is confounded.

LIAM Well, you might as well play us something now you're here, Dan.

DAN

Okay. Sorry.

LIAM (sympathetically) It's alright, mate. Take your time.

Dan gets himself ready. Liam turns to the rest of the band - Jim trying not to laugh, Matt and Kieran looking impatient.

Dan PLAYS a really advanced blues piece brilliantly. The band is surprised. Dan finishes.

DAN Urrgh, I'm just not good enough. Sorry to waste your time.

KIERAN Y' joking, aren't y'? That was fuckin' mint, bro!

DAN

Really?

LIAM Dan, seriously, you're too good for us. We're a three chord punk band. DAN No, I'm not! I'm not! Please!

The band looks at each other and nods. Matt finally agrees, slightly reluctant.

LIAM Welcome to the band, Daniel Alfred Louis Creed!

DAN (delighted) Oh, wow! Thanks! Thank you so much!

MATT (checking Filofax) Okay, next on the schedule rehearsal time.

GROANS. Only Dan shares Matt's enthusiasm.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

The band rehearsing. Dan is playing perfectly. Everyone seems happy with him. Liam plays with a weary expression.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - BEDROOM AREA - EVENING

Liam enters with lagers. Hands everyone a can. Dan is shocked, delighted to be included. Takes a swig and his face contorts in distaste.

> LIAM (aggressively) Come on, we should be celebrating! New member!

MATT (smiling, shaking head) Everything's a celebration with you, Liam.

LIAM It's called "having fun while your young", Matt. You should try it.

GREEN DAY booms on the CD player. This bores Liam...

LIAM (CONT'D) Can we listen to something else?

Jim starts flicking through his CD collection. Liam sits.

JIM What do you want? Rancid, NOFX, Blink 182, Less Than Jake...

LIAM Something different.

DAN (hesitantly) I've got some cassettes in my bag. Compilations.

LIAM Yeah, stick one on, Dan.

Dan pulls out a few cassettes and puts one on - "Light My Fire" by The Doors begins. Liam and Jim listen on intrigued, Kieran and Matt don't like it.

> KIERAN What's this old shit? It sucks.

> > DAN

The Doors... from the sixties.

MATT The organs are pretty decent but it's for old bastards. Get some real music on. Some Offspring, or something.

LIAM Nar, leave this, it's quality.

KIERAN Sack this. Where y' porn mags, Jim?

JIM

Over here...

Kieran, Jim and Matt walk over to the other side of the garage. Liam notices Dan fretting.

DAN Aww God, do they hate me now?

LIAM Do they heck, Dan. A bit of worrier you, aren't y'?

Dan nods sadly. They listen to the music.

LIAM (CONT'D) My parent's like sixties stuff so I grew up with it. Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Stones... DAN Young'uns today don't appreciate it.

Dan abruptly presses REWIND to Liam's surprise.

DAN (CONT'D) Would Jim mind if I used his bog?

LIAM No, no, go for it, Dan.

Dan enters the bathroom at the corner of the garage.

Liam presses PLAY - "Blowin' In The Wind" by Bob Dylan. He reclines, takes a long swig of his lager. Listens...

BOB DYLAN "How many roads must a man walk down, before you call him a man?"

Inspired, Liam fills with determination as he ruminates.

In the b.g. - Jim and Matt GUFFAW as they watch Kieran, clutching an adult magazine under his armpit, thrusting his hips to simulate doggy style position. Not exactly a fitting image to the insightful lyrics of Bob Dylan.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - PRACTICE AREA - EVENING

Liam and Jim performing their new song. Liam on DRUMS and SINGING. Jim on GUITAR. Dan likes what he hears. Kieran and Matt are not impressed. They finish.

LIAM What do y' reckon?

MATT You weren't lying when you said it was different.

Liam senses he's losing Kieran and Matt's interest.

LIAM

(craftily) Do you remember that Doors song with the organ sound you liked, Matt?

MATT

Yeah?

LIAM

Well, I see this song being led by organs. Wanna try it out... in G flat? Matt likes this but plays it down, shrugs and walks over to the keyboards. He sets them to ORGAN and attempts the melody. Liam HUMS it to aid him. Kieran is restless.

> LIAM (CONT'D) Kieran, this song needs proper singing and obviously you're ten times the singer I am.

KIERAN (pleasantly surprised, smiling) Not just shouting? (off Liam's head shake) Not many better singers than me around.

Takes the lyrics sheet off Liam and approaches the mic.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - PRACTICE AREA - LATER

MONTAGE: BAND REHEARSING:

Struggling. Liam explains to different members what he wants.

Improving, they persevere.

The band performs the song flawlessly. Everyone seems happy. They finish. Liam is overjoyed.

LIAM Tell me that isn't immense!

Everyone ad-libs their agreement. Even Matt raises a smile. Liam takes a swig of his lager. He's a little intoxicated as is the rest of the band.

LIAM (CONT'D) (purposely-dramatic) Gentlemen, I propose to you that we become a new band with this new sound! What do you say?

Everyone chuckles. Liam smiles and awaits, hopeful.

DAN Well, I'm a yes! I just can't believe I'm here!

KIERAN You'll need me singing if all the songs are gonna be like this.

JIM (clearly joking) I'm a no 'cause you're all gay! Everyone snickers - typical Jim.

LIAM

Matt?

Matt ponders then eventually nods, reluctantly.

LIAM (CONT'D) This calls for a celebration!

KIERAN Hey, it's karaoke night at the pub tonight, innit? Buzziiiin'!

EXT. THE VARIETY PUB - NIGHT

"KARAOKE NITE PINTS 1/2 PRICE!" on the chalkboard.

INT. THE VARIETY PUB - CONTINUOUS

Old-fashioned, smoke-stained. Fascinating framed photos strewn the walls, depicting the history of Saddleworth brass band contests, Morris dancers, various snaps of the village, some a hundred years-old.

Half busy with LOCALS of all ages - a merry din of conversations and banter. Cigarette smoke fills the room.

Two DRUNKEN WOMEN (40s) sing "I WILL SURVIVE" on karaoke.

Dan and Jim are seated at a table.

Matt, wearing a ridiculous-looking designer Japanese-style top and black hat, sits at the bar, talking to the pub landlord BRYAN (38), portly, bearded.

BRYAN ...Yeah, y' wanna get a mortgage, Matt.

With a smug smile, Matt nods. Bryan serves a customer. Liam arrives and sits next to Matt.

> LIAM What's this about a mortgage, Gekko?

MATT For when I buy a flat in Manchester.

LIAM (angrily, pointing finger) You're seventeen! Why are you racing to be middle-aged? You're gonna miss the best time of your life! MATT Why's it the best time of my life? I've got no money, a shit car...

LIAM Money's not everything!

MATT The Worth is too slow-paced for me. I'm a city man.

LIAM The Wor... What did you say?

MATT The Worth - Saddleworth!

Liam smiles. Quickly jots THE WORTH on his arm.

LIAM

Look, this is a new millennium, you've been lucky enough to be brought up in a nice place, with lots of opportunities like going to uni, travelling... All you wanna do is get a career! Absolutely ridiculous! (lighthearted) I can't even spell the word "Job", Matthew!

MATT Yeah, well, I can spell "Paycheque".

LIAM (indicating Matt's top, smiling) And this is what you'd spend it on, Daniel Son?

Matt smiles.

LIAM (CONT'D) (nodding over to karaoke area) Better than leather, I suppose.

Matt turns to see Kieran, leather pants, white vest, sleeveless blue bomber jacket, take the microphone from the KARAOKE DJ. Starts singing "I Want It That Way" by the Backstreet Boys, well.

Most locals and his band mates CHEER him on.

Dan is sipping a Smirnoff Ice and peeling the label off. Notices a couple of ATTRACTIVE GIRLS eyeing up Kieran. He looks on at Kieran in awe.

Kieran revels in the attention.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Puffter!

Kieran looks over to a nearby table to see ADAM BRIERLEY (16), and his MATES, all small and skinny, chuckling at his expense.

INT. PUB TOILETS - NIGHT

Kieran, alone, finishes urinating and washes his hands. Looks into the mirror to see his black eye. Anger builds.

INT. PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Kieran urgently exits the gents and scans the premises. He finds Adam Brierley at the bar and spins him around.

KIERAN Calling me a fuckin' queer?

ADAM (confused, placid) What?

KIERAN Wanna fuckin' go?

BRYAN Calm down, Kieran!

A DRUNKEN MAN (late 30s), starts belting out the Tom Jones hit "SEX BOMB" on karaoke. An average singer, he thinks he's better than he actually is.

KIERAN No, he's just called me a queer!

Adam's mates scamper over as does Liam. Jim, Matt and particularly Dan are nervy, stay seated at their table.

ADAM (for friend's amusement)

All I said was there's a hint of lavender about him.

They laugh. This incenses Kieran. He swings for Adam, who successfully ducks.

Bryan dives over the bar and helps Liam hold Kieran back.

Everyone in the pub watches on, except the drunken man, who gyrates his hips as he continues singing "Sex Bomb" in a crooner style to nearby seated WOMEN.

> KIERAN You're fuckin' dead!

BRYAN Right, that's enough!

Bryan drags Kieran to the main entrance. Liam helps. Matt, Dan and Jim stand up but keep their distance.

> LIAM Come on, Kieran. Calm down.

EXT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

Bryan and Liam manage to get Kieran out of the pub.

KIERAN Get the fuck off me!

They let him go.

BRYAN Simmer down, Kieran. Behaviour like this won't be tolerated in Saddleworth. Go home and sober up.

LIAM Come on, Kieran.

Liam puts his arm around Kieran and escorts him away. Bryan goes back inside. Assured that the commotion is clearly over, the rest of the band follows.

> LIAM (CONT'D) (to Matt and Jim, livid) You two are dick heads! Where were you, hey? You should be standing up for y' mate!

KIERAN I tell y' what - if I see him anytime soon, he's fuckin' dead!

Kieran kicks a bin as they continue walking. EXT. MODEST-SIZED MODERN HOUSE - MORNING Establishing. INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A mock-modern bachelor pad - designer furniture, expensive home entertainment system etc. Everything is meticulously arranged.

In one corner is his large studio desk with a multitude of sketches of Dudes For Jocks merchandise - T-shirts, bags, dolls etc. They are simplistic and unimaginative.

Matt lies awake in bed, looking at his alarm clock - 6:29AM. It changes to 6:30AM and the alarm BUZZES. He quickly turns it off and jumps out of bed.

In his boxer shorts, he does sit-ups. He has a lean, toned frame.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Now wearing a suit, Matt carefully styles his last spike of hair in the mirror before admiring himself, SNAPPING and pointing his fingers at his reflection with a smug smile.

His mobile phone RINGS. He answers...

MATT (businesslike) Good morning, Matt Bradbury. (surprised and excited yet nervous) Urm, Yeah! We'd be very interested... I know Manchester well. That's my town... Okay, we look forward to meeting you, Mr. Neville, Sir. Goodbye.

Hangs up. Punches the air, delighted. Quickly calms down, as though he's being watched, by straightening his tie.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - MORNING

Jim in bed, Liam on the sofa. Both asleep and still clothed. RINGING wakes them up. Liam, MUTTERING in annoyance, searches for his phone. Jim sits up, opens his eyes, but his face quickly contorts so shuts them again. Both are visibly hung over. Liam finds his phone.

> JIM (collapsing back down; smiling) Whoever it is, tell 'em I'm gonna cut their cock off with a rusty bread knife!

LIAM (on phone) Hello?

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MATT

(on phone) Manchester. Six o' clock. Star and Garter pub. Be there for the surprise of your life.

Hangs up abruptly. Smiles, feeling in control. Phone RINGS. He answers... INTERCUT with Liam and Jim.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hello?

LIAM What did you say, Matt? *Stars In Their Eyes* is on at six and...?

JIM (loud, so Matt hears) "Tonight, Matthew, I'm gonna be... kicking your fuckin' arse for waking me up!".

MATT No! Be at the Star and... I'll ring you later when you're sober.

Matt hangs up and shakes his head.

EXT. MANCHESTER - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - EARLY EVENING

MONTAGE: RUSH HOUR:

The band, minus Matt, get off a bus. A disagreement about which direction to go breaks out. Eventually, Liam takes charge and they set off.

The bustling city centre - SHOPPERS, BUSINESSMEN etc. The band is lost and seems intimidated by the fast-paced city lifestyle whizzing around them.

Iconic images - Affleks Palace, Johnny Roadhouse, Piccadilly Gardens, Printworks etc.

The band become more and more frustrated. They ask PEOPLE for directions.

EXT. STAR AND GARTER PUB - EVENING

The band trudges towards the entrance. Slight tension...

KIERAN I thought you grew up in Manchester?

LIAM

I did! Matt should've said it was near Piccadilly station and we'd have been here in no time!

They enter...

INT. STAR AND GARTER PUB - CONTINUOUS

They search for Matt in anticipation. They find him sat with GUY NEVILLE (32), Londoner, expensive suit, sunglasses, slick backed hair. Matt's merchandise sketches lie on the table. Matt springs up, excited.

> GUY Here they are, these crazy punkers.

MATT Lads, this is Mr. Neville, a record exec from Universal!

GUY

Ah, call me Guy. When I'm head of the label - which won't be long then you can call me Mr. Neville.

They shake hands and sit down. Guy SNAPS his fingers. The barmaid rolls her eyes and walks over.

BARMAID (feigning politeness) What can I get you, gents?

LIAM Y' cheapest lager for me, please.

DAN Actually, I'll have a gin and tonic.

BARMAID Urm, hang on, short stuff. I.D.?

DAN I'm-I'm nineteen! GUY (impatiently) Just get him a lemonade, sweetheart, and lagers for the rest of us.

The barmaid smiles sarcastically, walks back to the bar.

GUY (CONT'D) (regarding barmaid) Love that attitude. Kind of low brow, Oasis, Liam Gallagher... I'd really like to harness that concept again with you guys. Controlled, of course.

Matt beams. Liam is annoyed.

GUY (CONT'D) Alright, *dudes*, Universal likes your demo. Sign with us today and by early 2003 you'll be touring the country, playing the largest venues with Britain's biggest punk band...

Everyone inflates, anticipating eagerly.

GUY (CONT'D)

... Busted!

They deflate. Liam shakes his head.

GUY (CONT'D) Now, some of your songs will have to be toned down and your image tweaked slightly to make you more user friendly in hitting our market niche.

LIAM Which is?

GUY Twelve year-old girls.

MATT

I was showing Guy my designs of us all wearing different coloured suits. We reckon we'd make millions in merchandise. Especially in Japan.

LIAM (to Guy, askance) What do you mean about toning our songs down?

GUY (sniggers) We can't have you singing about sex and drinking. We'll need more songs about first kisses, proms, the loser not getting the cheerleader... You know, all that American stuff you *homies* do. TRACEY (O.S.) Hello! They turn to see Tracey, dressed up, drawing near. GUY Who's this? MATT Our manager. Guy is suddenly concerned. KIERAN Me mam. Guy stands up, relieved, a confident smile curling. GUY Ah, no wonder we have such a good looking front man! I'm Guy Neville, of Universal Records... of London. Tracey giggles - a raspy, smoker's giggle. TRACEY Tracey Tanner, the band's manager. GUY I thought you were an attractive young fan wanting their autograph! Well, you'll want to sit down for the offer I'm about to make you guys. Tracey sits down, charmed. LIAM Why don't you take your shades off before you tell us, so we might trust you more? Matt chuckles nervously. Guy smiles wryly and obliges.

GUY Okay, Universal wants Dudes For Jocks to sign a six year, five album deal for ... one million pounds. Everyone is shocked and excited. Even Liam. As a joke, Jim mimics the Dr. Evil "pinky finger held up to the lips" gesture. GUY (CONT'D) Does that sound rad, man? LIAM It's just... We've started a new band... MATT (quickly interrupting) Can we have time to think, Mr. Neville? You're attending our final tour date on Friday, aren't y'? LIAM (under his breath) It's not a tour. GUY (smarmy, cocksure) I am. Sure, take all the time you want. There can't be that many teenage boys out there who want to be in a famous band. Liam glares at Guy.

EXT. SADDLEWORTH - DOVESTONES RESERVOIR - EVENING

Just starting to get dark, but the stunning reservoir and beautiful hilly surroundings still visible. The band and Tracey sit or lean on a drystone wall.

MATT A million quid, merchandise deals... We'll be as successful as KISS and the Spice Girls. It's a no brainer.

LIAM Yeah, but they put the music second.

MATT Exactly, Liam, let's just do what Universal tells us and make a shit load of money, dude. LIAM I don't know. Dudes For Jocks? We sound like an American gay chat-line.

TRACEY

You're all very young and I don't think you realise what a great opportunity this is. If you say no, you'll regret it. Badly.

Looks at her son, worryingly.

MATT

Do we sign? Yes or no? I'm a yes.

TRACEY

Kieran?

LIAM Kieran, you don't like the music.

KIERAN Yeah, but could make some serious dollar here, bro.

LIAM Dan? Be honest. Don't worry if people disagree with you.

DAN

Urrgh, I only joined the band yesterday. I'm just so happy to be a part of it, so whatever you decide.

MATT

What about you, Jimbo?

Jim awkwardly rocks his head from side to side and frowns, too polite to want to disappoint anyone.

JIM allv)

(finally)
I prefer our new band but fuck
it, if most people say yeah, I'm
a yeah.

Liam's head drops in disappointment.

MATT (suppressing his eagerness) Just a yes from you, Liam.

LIAM I don't know, Gene Simmons, alright? I've gotta think! EXT. SADDLEWORTH VILLAGE - EVENING

Unsure and edgy, Liam saunters along. His phone RINGS. He gets it out - MUM CALLING. This adds to his frustration. He ignores it and puts it back in his pocket.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) Double donkey!

Liam looks over to Saddleworth Graveyard and sees local drug dealers DON ROBINSON and CRAIG SYKES (both 24), scruffy, tracksuit tops and jeans, both intoxicated and drinking White Lightening cider. Liam contemplates.

EXT. SADDLEWORTH GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Craig sits on the bench, rolling a joint. Liam and Don stand before him, laughing.

LIAM No, but seriously, Don, how much do I owe you for the weed?

CRAIG A tenner's about right.

DON Course it's not, y' woofter! (mock warning) And by the way, don't call me mum a puff, right?

Confused, Liam chuckles.

DON (CONT'D) She might be black, she might be big, she can take bottles sideways, but don't call me dad a puff!

Liam laughs at Don's warped sense of humour.

DON (CONT'D) Double, double donkey!

Liam goes to give Don a £10 note but Craig quickly snatches it and adds it to a large wod of notes from his pocket. Lights the joint and takes a long drag.

CRAIG

Breathe!

LIAM It's just what I need this. Fuckin' stressful few days. Did you's go uni? Craig shakes his head. Don stares, feigning shock.

DON If my mum knew what you said then... she'd be here like a flash!

Liam laughs as Craig hands him the joint.

LIAM

I take that as a no then.

Takes a long toke and observes them drinking White Lightening. Hears LAUGHTER further up - a group of TEENAGERS (13) also gulping cheap cider. Finally, he gazes at Don and Craig, realising how pathetic they are.

> CRAIG (very inquisitively) Is it the mammoth, Donald?

> > DON

Oh, mammary gland!

Craig laughs. Liam snaps out of it and joins in politely.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - EVENING

Liam purposefully enters, grabs his rucksack and empties it. A couple of university prospectuses drop out last. He picks them up and eyeballs them. Becomes torn again.

EXT. OLDHAM COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

Establishing.

INT. OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Matt sat at his desk, working on the band's website. In the bulletin section he types:

"DON'T FORGET! PRE-SHOW PARTY TONIGHT AT JIMBO'S CRIB TO CELEBRATE THE END OF OUR CURRENT TOUR!!!"

Thinks, and then types underneath:

"WE HAVE SOME MAJOR NEWS TO ANNOUNCE AT THE PARTY!"

Matt hesitates hitting DONE. He highlights the last part and puts his finger on the DELETE key. Eventually, he decides to leave it and clicks DONE, nods confidently. Liam is walking, carrying the university prospectuses. BEEP, BEEP. A car pulls up. It is Matt's dad Jack.

JACK

Mr. Rhodes! What you doing? Causing trouble?

LIAM

(chuckles) Hiya, Jack. Just wandering about. You coming t' party at Jim's tonight?

JACK (nodding) I'm going to The Variety first then I'll probably make a cameo. (re: Liam's prospectuses) So, which one you thinking of?

LIAM (unconvincingly excited) Business Studies at Salford.

JACK

I'd love my lad to go, but... well, you know what he's like. I thought you were gonna do journalism?

LIAM Didn't get on the course. (looking out to the view) Don't think I'll have a view like this in Salford.

He exhales. Jack detects Liam's uncertainty.

JACK

Listen, if you don't know what you wanna do, take your time and decide. You'd love the uni lifestyle but you wanna be doing a course you enjoy at the same time. Two birds, one stone.

Liam nods, taking the advice on board.

LIAM (suddenly all smiles) Hey, that Smiths CD - quality, Jack! JACK Yeah? Glad you liked it.

Jack rummages through a pile of CDs on his passenger seat. Starts handing Liam some of them...

> LIAM Nice one! Cheers, Jack.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PUNK POP MUSIC pumping from inside. A group of FANS skedaddle into the house, drunk and GIGGLING.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is packed with FANS (teens-20s) partying hard.

Dan wanders around, observing - alcohol, drugs, kissing, groping etc. He is a combination of excitement, marvel and nerves. This is a whole new world to him.

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

One DRUNKEN MALE FAN is sat on a chair, his head in the oven and a lager in his hand. Everyone ignores him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drunk, Kieran and Jim look onto the makeshift dance floor in the centre. Kieran notices all the debris around.

KIERAN

I tell y' what - you're gonna have a job cleaning up, Jim. When do y' family get back from Spain?

JIM

In a few days.

Suddenly worried, Jim's hand shakes. Quickly bends over and picks one of the empty cans up to purposely reveal he is wearing a thong, which pokes out of the top of his jeans. Kieran laughs. Jim smiles and scratches his arse.

Two sexy COQUETTISH FANS pass Kieran, both kiss him as they do so. Dan arrives having witnessed this. In awe:

DAN Kieran, can I just say that you are my idol! You get all the girls. I'm just an ugly bastard.

KIERAN (smiling cockily) A fat one too. You'll have to lose weight if y' gonna be in my band. Kieran swaggers off. Dan is heartbroken. He turns to a mirror behind him and starts prodding his stomach.

DAN I know. Aww, god! Urrgh...

He hurriedly exits the house...

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outsider!

Dan passes Liam, who is chatting with fans.

LIAM Where you going, Dan?

DAN

I'm gonna die alone, Liam.

Gets in his vintage car and drives off. Liam is too drunk to be concerned and continues conversing with the fans. Matt watches on from the side of the house.

LIAM

... Nar, never heard this term "The Worth" before.

FAN No way, dude! You can tell you didn't grow up 'round here, Liam.

Liam grins. Walks to a quiet area, becomes melancholic. This worries Matt. Liam sees Matt and approaches him.

LIAM

(irked)
Why've y' said we've got a big
announcement to make tonight?
I've not decided yet!

Liam walks over to another group of fans. Matt, desperate, approaches two fans sat on the doorstep.

MATT Hey, lads. You ever met Liam?

FAN #1
The drummer? No. He rules!
 (pretending to hit drum
 sticks together)
1-2-Let's-Go! Is that a Ramones
homage?

MATT Hell yeah! They're the godfathers of British punk.

The two fans shoot each other a bewildered glance.

MATT (CONT'D) (suggestively) Think Liam could use a drink.

FAN #2 (over zealous) We've got loads!

They jump up and bounce over to Liam. Matt watches as they introduce themselves and give him a can each. Delighted, Liam thanks them. Matt smiles.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LATER

MONTAGE:

Liam receiving alcohol and cigarettes from fans.

INTERCUT WITH:

Matt whispering and pointing in Liam's direction to fans with booze and smokes.

INT. JIM'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim, now wearing just the thong and grinning manically, chases a laughing FAT FEMALE FAN out of the house. They pass Kieran, who is engaging a unisex group of fans...

KIERAN ... So like, these girls watched three of us, right, get battered off two of them. It was sssss-so embarrassing!

The group laugh. The girls are clearly attracted to him.

KIERAN (CONT'D) And urm, y' know Liam, don't y'?

Group ad-lib "Yeah" or nod.

KIERAN (CONT'D) Right, he got involved and he got battered n' all!

The group babble. The girls also "Aww" sympathetically. Just then, Adam Brierley and his mates enter. Kieran's hateful eyes follow them as they go in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt is sat talking to an ATTRACTIVE FEMALE FAN (16), who is swooning over him, his arm around her. He spots Liam sat on a chair alone, still pensive but inebriated. Matt urgently takes his arm back and sits up. MATT

Liam!

Liam walks over and sits next to them.

MATT (CONT'D)

This is Linda.

ATTRACTIVE FAN

Lindsay.

MATT This is Lindsay.

Liam politely smiles and shakes her hand.

MATT (CONT'D) (to Lindsay) Liam's had a really stressful week. He failed his exams and his parent's have kicked him out.

LINDSAY (pitying) Aww.

Liam fires Matt a "What the hell are you doing?" look.

MATT And his socks are too tight!

> LINDSAY (sympathetically but confused)

A-Aww!

Liam subtly smirks and shakes his head.

MATT Do you like drummers, Lindsay?

LINDSAY They're okay. I prefer guitarists with long hair. They're well fit.

MATT Well, Liam's the drummer but he plays guitar. And he writes all our songs.

LINDSAY (suddenly interested) Really?

LIAM (surprised) Urm, yeah, w-why don't y' come to (MORE) 46.

LIAM (cont'd) the garage and I'll teach y' some chords?

LINDSAY Yeah, great. I've been meaning to book some lessons.

Lindsay takes his hand and leads the way. Liam nods thankfully to Matt. They exit. Matt is delighted until his dad enters, very drunk and dancing like a fool.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Liam is having sex with Lindsay in Jim's bed.

INT. JIM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kieran looks at his reflection in the mirror. He appears to be staring at his fading black eye, but then leans in and inspects his receding hairline. He styles his hair to try and hide it.

EXT. JIM'S BATHROOM/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Insouciant, Kieran walks down the hallway towards the stairs. He passes Adam Brierley and friends.

ADAM (provokingly) Nice earring, where's the handbag?

They chortle. Kieran chuckles to their surprise.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - REAR - NIGHT

Liam and Lindsay hug.

LIAM See y' later.

Lindsay smiles and leaves. Happy, Liam enters the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Liam walks over to Matt, who smiles and hands him a beer.

LIAM Arranged to give her another lesson next Thursday too. (small pause) Oh, and teach her some chords.

MATT (off their snickering) Could be like this every night if we sign with Universal, bro. (MORE) MATT (cont'd) Touring, endless free drinks, any chick we want...

Liam becomes hesitant. Ponders.

MATT (CONT'D) So, this announcement...

The PUNK SONG currently blaring ends.

LIAM Now would probably be the best time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The band, minus Dan, stand on the sofa. Liam props up Jim, who is a drunken mess, still wearing just the thong but now sporting a fake bushy moustache too.

MATT Can I have everyone's attention? It's time for the important announcement!

Everyone quietens down.

MALE FAN Fuckin' hell, he's getting married! Who's the lucky guy, Matt?

LAUGHS. Matt smiles.

MATT

Right, after our gig in Oldham tomorrow... we'll be signing a million-pound deal with Universal Records!

CHEERS. Everyone is delighted. Hand shakes and hugs.

Tanya enters, fuming. She dramatically wades through the jubilant throng and drags Liam into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Appears empty. Liam, inebriated and precarious, staggers to the table and goes to pour himself a vodka.

TANYA

Liam, no!

She takes the cup off him and pours it down the sink. Liam wearily shakes his head as he teeters.

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LIAM C'mon, Tanya, I'm celebrating. We're signing with Universal tomorrow.

TANYA And did you call and tell me? No! I'm supposed to be your girlfriend but we don't communicate! I read that's one of the most important things in making a relationship work! As usual, you'd rather be getting pissed with y' mates...

Tanya continues her rant but Liam stops listening - it fades out in his head. He looks into the living room at everyone drinking and having a great time. Smiles.

TANYA (CONT'D) Here's me thinking we'd both grown as people, ready to take our relationship to the next level... Are you even listening to me, Liam?

LIAM (shakes cobwebs) Uh, what?

TANYA Oh, forget it!

Tanya leaves the house in a floundering huff.

LIAM (quietly) Ah, fuck off.

Just then, the drunken fan pulls his head out of the oven.

DRUNKEN MALE FAN She sounds like one of them Hollyoaks bitches.

Liam smiles as he lights a cigarette at the wrong end.

LIAM

Tell me about it. Nightmare.

EXT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING

Kieran, drunk, staggers to his front door, opens it to find his dad stood there, arms folded and sneering. Saddened, Kieran's head drops in anticipation. INT. KIERAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kieran stands in front of his mirror, infuriated to see his left eye now black and swollen. Lights a cigarette then punches a hole in the wall. Numerous craters and dints decorate the walls in his small, bare room.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Matt stands in the doorway, eating a bowl of muesli, looking on at his dad, passed out on the sofa, fully clothed. Matt's face reads disapproval as he puts a blanket over his father.

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - MORNING

Jim is asleep in bed. Liam, tired and smoking a joint, is sat watching MTV. Busted's video "What I Go To School For" begins. Liam sighs, becoming dubious.

Jim wakes from his slumber. He doesn't realise he has the words HIP HOP IS BLACK, inscribed with felt tip pen, on his chest and a swastika scribbled on his forehead. Gruff, he rolls over and is surprised to see Liam seated.

> JIM Fuckin' hell, Liam! You not been to sleep yet?

> LIAM (snapping out of it) No, gonna get some kip now, Mein Führer.

Jim is bemused as he goes back to sleep. Liam turns the TV off, lies down and closes his eyes. A moment, then opens them. Can't sleep.

INT. OLDHAM - THE CASTLE LIVE MUSIC VENUE - DAY

Matt finishes putting up the band's sign at the back of the stage. He joins Tracey at the merchandise area she has assembled near the bar. His phone RINGS just as Guy Neville enters. Excited, Matt waves and approaches him.

> MATT (on phone) Good afternoon, Matt Bradbury?... (sighs) ... I'm on a tight schedule today. I might be able to move a few things around... Okay, I'll ring you later to let you know the situation... Goodbye.

Matt hangs up as he approaches Guy.

GUY Was that work on the phone?

MATT

Uh? No, my mum wants me to get some potatoes for tea tonight.

They shake hands. Guy looks around, impressed.

GUY

Everything's looking awesome, man.

MATT

Cheers, the poster is my design.

GUY

I'm here early to have a quick chat with you, Matt. I showed the head of music that video footage and he has a problem with your look.

MATT

Well, did you explain the idea of the different coloured suits?

GUY

No, not your attire. Certain members aren't what we'd say are "Teen Mag Potential". Now, you and Kieran are the perfect look and Liam is the songwriter, but the other two... (off Matt's puzzled look)

(off Matt's puzzled look) You know, we can't have Danny De Vito with hair and a prehistoric drunken caveman on stage. The young girls would be scared to death that Jim's gonna club them over the head with a can of lager!

MATT

(confused)
Jim and Dan?
 (off Guy's impatient nod)
But... they don't dress like
cavemen, they wear suits.

GUY

(loses his patience) Matt, we don't want them in the band. So, run the idea by Kieran and Liam. I have no problem telling Jim and Sam. Also, Liam's attitude must improve. Very easy to hire songwriters. Okay, dude? Guy holds his hand up for Matt to high-five.

GUY (CONT'D) Come on, isn't this what you punkers do? Don't leave me hanging, *homey*!

Matt is hesitant but eventually softly slaps his hand.

GUY (CONT'D) Alright! (shouting over to Tracey) Tracey, looking good today! See you tonight, darling!

Tracey chuckles. Guy leaves. Matt seems regretful.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Tracey frantically BANGS on the front door. Matt BANGS on the garage door. Jack sits in the van.

> TRACEY Where is everyone? We need to be there for half seven at the latest.

Just then, they spot Kieran and Jim staggering towards them, both extremely intoxicated. Kieran glares at JIM'S NEIGHBOUR (56), male, who is watering his plants. The neighbour shakes his head but is clearly intimidated.

Matt and Tracey are horrified.

TRACEY (CONT'D) (to Kieran, re: black eye) Have you been fighting? Oh, god, you're both an absolute mess!

Jim drunkenly SINGS the Ramones.

MATT (controlling anger) Where's Liam? I bet he's the one who's got 'em this pissed.

KIERAN (looking at neighbour) He'd better go inside before I knock him out.

TRACEY Kieran, leave it. Jim, where's Liam? JIM (pointing to garage) Is kip... nnn..., went t' bed late...

MATT

Sleep through a hurricane, him. Where the keys for the garage?

JIM (patting his pockets) They're urm... (exposes his genitals, chuckling) ... right here!

Tracey TUTS, grabs the keys out of his pocket. Opens the door. No one is inside. Matt and Tracey start to worry.

INT. POTS AND PANS WAR MEMORIAL - DAY

Liam sits, listening to 'ATROCITY EXHIBITION' by Joy Division. Smiles in approval as he nods along.

EXT. THE CASTLE LIVE MUSIC VENUE - EARLY EVENING

Small group of FANS sat outside.

INT. THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The band's instruments have been set up on the stage.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The band, minus Liam, gets ready. Tracey on the phone...

TRACEY Okay, Mary, well if he turns up let us know. Bye.

Matt walks over to her eagerly.

TRACEY (CONT'D) He's not been home.

MATT

Alright. Urm... Well, if worse comes to worse, we'll get the drummer from the support band to play. He's a fan, says he knows the songs, so.

They look over to Jim, who falls over trying to put his shoe on. Both still very drunk, he and Kieran laugh.

MATT (CONT'D) And we need to get these two sobered up. Everything's going wrong.

TRACEY Yeah, Kieran is worrying me. He's in one of his moods. I'll see if they have any coffee here.

She exits. Flustered, Dan approaches. He sports Ross' (the ex-bass player) suit. It is too big for him - hangs off him loosely, has had to roll blazer sleeves up etc.

DAN Urrgh, urrgh, Matt, I don't think I can do this. I won't be good enough.

Matt anxiously rubs his sideburns.

EXT. THE CASTLE - EVENING

A large queue of eager, excited FANS. A couple of BOUNCERS open the doors to CHEERS. The fans pour in.

INT. THE CASTLE - EVENING

Packed. The SUPPORT BAND (teens) finish their last song, wave to the crowd and leave the stage.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The VENUE MANAGER (40) enters.

VENUE MANAGER Two minutes, lads, OK?

MATT Yeah, cheers, Ste.

The venue manager notices Jim and Kieran, sobering up somewhat, slouched in their seats and being urged to drink coffee by Tracey.

> TRACEY Kieran, come on.

KIERAN (aggressively) Right, mum! Fuck sake!

VENUE MANAGER (quietly to Matt) Hey, Kieran's not gonna cause any aggro again like last time, is he? MATT No, he's fine, Ste. He won't do.

Not totally convinced, the venue manager nods and exits. Matt observes Kieran's black eye. Pulls his shades out of his pocket and puts them on Kieran.

> TRACEY Right, lads, it's time.

MATT End of tour group hug.

JIM It's not a fuckin' tour! And all the group isn't here!

INT. THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

FANS (chanting) Dudes For Jocks, Dudes For Jocks...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They all group hug. Fans CHANTING can heard in b.g.

MATT Alright, Liam isn't here but that doesn't mean we can't blow the roof off tonight and totally impress Guy. (mainly for Jim and Kieran's benefit) So, are we gonna have it, or what?

Band and Tracey ad-lib "Yeah", except Dan, who is scared.

DAN S-sorry, but please don't be annoyed with me if I'm not good enough...

Everyone ad-libs his or her disagreement, Kieran his impatience. The crowd suddenly ROARS excitedly. Confused, the band and Tracey exit to see what for.

INT. THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

They peer over to the stage to see...

Liam at the drum kit. Smiling, he holds his sticks up.

(CONTINUED)

CROWD (chanting) 1-2-Let's-Go, 1-2-Let's-Go! LIAM (hitting sticks together, loud) 1-2-Let's-Go!

Starts PLAYING. The band, surprised and delighted, enter the stage one by one and begin PLAYING. Kieran enters last and starts SINGING. The crowd is going wild.

INT. THE CASTLE - LATER

MONTAGE:

The band putting on an excellent, frenetic show.

INTERCUT WITH:

Guy looking on, impressed.

Jack dancing and drinking with the fans.

Jim lifts two bottles of lager above his head and starts pouring them into his mouth. Most of it goes on his suit. The crowd laugh.

Matt notices Guy shaking his head. Matt fires Jim a "Pack-it-in" look. Jim shuns him and continues with his usual antics. Annoyed, Matt shrugs a "I did warn you".

INT. THE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Liam drops one of his sticks so plays the last part of the song with one. They finish.

Liam scuttles to the side of the stage where Tracey, elated, is holding a new stick for him. Liam takes it off her. She grabs his hand. With sincerity:

> TRACEY Thank you for doing this, Liam.

Liam smiles and trots back to his drums.

INT. THE CASTLE - EVEN LATER

The band complete the last song. Crowd CHEERS.

KIERAN That was our last song. We've had a top time doing this tour. Thanks for coming. Enjoy y' summer holiday!

CROWD We want more! We want more!

CHANT continues. The band looks at each other.

A look of serious intensity floods Liam's face. He looks over to Tracey, still delighted.

He spots Jack in the crowd.

He pans across to Guy talking on his mobile phone.

He then sees his dad Peter enter.

He rotates to his band mates. Sensing what Liam is thinking, they nod. Liam looks to Matt last. Matt looks over to Jim and Dan. Eventually, he nods. Liam runs up to Kieran's microphone.

> LIAM We're gonna do a new song for you.

Crowd HURRAH.

LIAM (CONT'D) (nervously, sentence tails off) It's called "Merry-Go-Round". It's about not knowing what your next step in life is gonna be and...

Gives up. Sits back at drums and lifts up his drumsticks.

LIAM (CONT'D)

1-2...

CROWD ...-Let's-Go!

LIAM (slower, hitting sticks together) a-1-2-3-4!

The count confuses the spectators.

The band starts playing the new song, led by Matt's organ sound. Kieran begins singing. This too bewilders the fans. Some of them leave the dance floor, annoyed. BOOS.

The band shoot each other looks: "This feels right". Even Matt. They finish the song.

A spattering of APPLAUSE from what is left of the crowd. Jack CLAPS loudly in full support.

Disgruntled, the rest of the crowd have converged at the bar.

Liam runs back over to the microphone.

LIAM (CONT'D) Kids, on behalf of the rest of the band, we'd like to thank you for the support over the last five years but this is our last ever gig!

Crowd GASP and BOO in shock. Guy looks on, astonished.

LIAM (CONT'D) We've decided to start a new band and play songs like you've just heard. We're now called... The Worth!

Silence. Outraged, the crowd starts leaving the venue. The band watches on, all a mixture of emotions.

A can is thrown by a fan from the front row. It hits Kieran on the head. Irate, Kieran kicks the fan in the face and dives on top of him. The shades fall off, revealing his black eye.

Liam, the bouncers and the venue manager break them off each other and drag Kieran back on stage. The bouncers restrain him. Tracey rushes over.

TRACEY

Kieran, leave it!

KIERAN No, he just fuckin' threw beer on me!

VENUE MANAGER Kieran, just calm down.

KIERAN (pointing to the fan) No, he'd better fuck off before I kill him!

VENUE MANAGER I will bar you.

KIERAN (dramatically sincere) He'd better fuck off before I fuckin' kill him.

Guy, shaking his head at Kieran, approaches Matt.

GUY Matt, what the hell, mate!

MATT This new sound is right for us.

GUY

You've taken me for a right mug! I'm gonna personally make sure you never get signed to Universal ever!

MATT Wouldn't want to if they make us get rid of our mates. OK, *homey*?

GUY (wry smile) Oh, well, I'll be thinking of you when I'm with Busted... at Wembley. Good luck playing your new songs to empty dives and making no money.

Guy exits. Matt seems regretful. Looks at Liam, annoyed.

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

Tracey, upset, and the band load up the last of their gear into the van and start climbing in.

> LIAM How are you, Dan? You seemed upset when you left the party last night.

DAN (bemused) No, this has been the best week of my life. Just thank you all so much.

Liam is confused. Dan gets in the van. Liam is about to follow when his dad appears from around the corner.

PETER

Liam.

LIAM What are you doing here, dad?

PETER I think it's time we sorted things out. Let me give you a lift back. 59.

LIAM Back to Jim's though.

Okay.

PETER

Liam PATS the van door and it peels away without him. INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT Peter drives, Liam next to him. Prolonged silence. PETER They offered you a million pounds? LIAM Between us, but yeah. PETER A lot of money... A million pounds. LIAM It's not what I want, I hate the music we play. PETER A million pounds. A moment. PETER (CONT'D) So, this gap year... Liam turns to his dad, hopeful. PETER (CONT'D) (not liking the idea) Y' mum won't be happy. Liam bows his head, his hope receding. PETER (CONT'D) (eventually) But she'll live. You stay at home but on the condition that you find a job. Liam smiles as he looks out to the fields and hills. LIAM I know... I will do.

Peter's car in the driveway, the engine RUNNING. Liam hops out and starts for the garage. The driver's window opens. Peter leans out. Liam stops still.

> PETER That was very brave, turning down that money because it wasn't what you believed in. Well done.

Liam ponders briefly before turning around and getting back in the car. They set off home.

END.