

Run!
By
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EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE, LONDON - DAWN

The sun has just risen. Fog dwells over the grotty street, it's cold and the only colour present is a wide variety of different shades of grey.

The colossal tower block casts an intimidating shadow over the street outside. Everyone rests for the last few hours before it's time for their daily hardship.

The changing of the guard between the early risers and late nighter's on the estate is occurring with JOSEPH AKOL, 19, one of the first to wake. His only company being the bin men doing their morning rounds. He is originally from Sudan has short cropped black hair, a dark complexion and a svelte, athletic physique.

His attire is old and beaten. Considering the ungodly hour he projects a youthful exuberance, carrying himself with unflinching joy, the joy of movement, the joy of freedom, the joy of simply being alive. He has an ever present grin stretched across his youthful charming face. He stretches his defined yet lean muscles in preparation for some morning exercise.

He wipes the sleep from his eyes, sets his WATCH and begins to jog.

BEGIN TITLES:

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOSEPH RUNNING

A) Joseph runs down the London streets, they are empty as he races through.

B) Joseph runs along the riverbank, playfully screaming at a flock of birds to get them to scatter. He smiles and laughs to himself as they fly away.

C) The streets are slowly filling up as times passes and more people begin their day, Joseph continues his run, dodging busy commuters. His playful demeanor contradicts that of the many grouchy looking business people he passes.

D) Joseph pulls into Hackney Community College as all the other students are arriving, as soon as he is beyond the gates he stops jogging and leans over to catch his breath. He looks at his watch with hidden glee at the impressive time.

END TITLES:

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALLS

Joseph blends into the crowd, unassumingly weaving between groups of students in search of his locker. He holds a small piece of paper with his locker number on and a note saying 'I Hope This Helps', someone has obviously done the kid a favor.

He locates the locker, opens it and pulls out a brand new TEXTBOOK and NOTEPAD. He looks flicks through the textbook; he isn't used to having anything new.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM

The classroom is NOISY; students chat and mess around before the lesson has started.

Joseph sits in the top right hand corner of the class closest to the door; he is scribbling something in his Notepad.

The teacher, MR PATRICK, enters. He is in his late 30s, a friendly face who shares a friendly rapport with the students. He speaks with a thick Scottish accent.

MR PATRICK
(To the entire class)
OK guys, quiet it down

The class obeys and return to their seats, Mr Patrick goes to the front of the class and writes his name on the board before turning to face the students.

MR PATRICK
As you can see, my name is Mr. Patrick, you may call me Mr, Sir or if you're feeling especially brave, Chris. Welcome to Hackney Community College for all you newbie's, and welcome back to all those who survived last year with me.

The class CHUCKLE.

STUDENT 1
(In a fake 'camp' voice)
How could we stay away, Chrissy.

MR PATRICK
Thank you Andrew much appreciated. OK, lets start with the dreaded introductions so we can get to know you lovely bunch of people better.

The class GROAN.

(CONTINUED)

MR PATRICK

OK,OK guys. I want you to say your name, age and give us all some interesting facts about yourself, if that is somehow possible.

Again the class CHUCKLE.

MR PATRICK

(Pointing at Joseph)

Lets start with you, at the back

JOSEPH

(Nervously, with a thick accent)

Who? Me

MR PATRICK

Yeah, closest to the door, so I'm guessing you want to be the first to leave. Stand up and introduce yourself to everyone.

Joseph awkwardly stands up, fidgeting with nervous energy.

MR PATRICK

So young squire, what is your name?

JOSEPH

(Timidly)

Joseph, Sir

MR PATRICK

Well, hello there Joseph, and how old are you?

JOSEPH

I am nineteen, Sir

Mr Patrick notices the continued use of the word 'Sir'; he isn't used to this from his other students.

MR PATRICK

Sir?, I like you already Joseph, why can't you all be as respectful as this kid. So Joseph, give us an interesting fact about yourself?

JOSEPH

Interesting?...erhm

MR PATRICK

Yeah, surely there is something about you to interest the class.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
(With a huge grim)
Erhm, I like to run.

The CLASS looks at each other and SNIGGER, 'Is that the most interesting thing about this guy?'

MR PATRICK
Run?

JOSEPH
(smiling)
Yes, back home in Sudan I would run everywhere. My mama would always send me down to the local grocery store for food as I would return three times as fast as my other brothers. She used to call me 'Chee' after Cheetah because I was so fast.

MR PATRICK
You're from Sudan?

Joseph's happy demeanor rapidly changes

JOSEPH
Yes, Sir. I'm a Dinka, from the South.

MR PATRICK
How comes you are in London?

JOSEPH
We had to move. Because of the war, my father was killed and my mother lost a leg when a bomb hit our village, it was time to go.

His unemotional state and honesty when talking about these atrocities sends a sharp uneasy buzz around the room. These on going's are natural and identifiable to Joseph, the rest of the class have only had experience of these through the news, they don't seem overly comfortable with this subject.

MR PATRICK
Erhm, OK. Thank you Joseph

Joseph sits down and continues scribbling in his notepad.

MR PATRICK
Next please

STUDENT 2 stands up.

Joseph continues to scribble.

STUDENT 2

(O.S)

Hi, I'm Daisy..I'm 18 years old..and I love to sing. Pop, rock, R n B, I just LOVE to sing.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A small compact council flat. A claustrophobic environment where personal space is not even an option for the inhabitants.

Three mattresses dominate the living space, a small kitchen sits at the far end of the room with two bedrooms also sprouting off the main living area. A small black and white second hand TV sits lifelessly in the corner of the room, the only small source of first world home comforts in sight.

There are FOUR BROTHERS playing cards while sitting on the mattresses. There is a heap of MONOPOLY MONEY which acts as the winnings for this hand.

ABU, 9, short and plump with thick rimmed glasses, he is the baby of the group. HASSAN, 12, tall and thin like Joseph. TAHIR, 16, tall yet quite well built. And finally basketball star, EDGARD, 21, the linchpin of the family and reluctant father figure to his younger brothers, he stands at an intimidating 6'5 and a muscular build however this is contrasting to his gentle features. He has the ability to switch between intimidating and friendly with a subtle glance, he would do anything for his family. Anything.

A group of boys saved from a legacy of being recognized as the poster children from a Bob Geldof campaign.

Abu looks at his cards with unbridled joy; his 'poker face' is non-existent.

Edgard laughs at his brother's uncontrollable joy.

EDGARD

Something tells me that Abu may be winning this hand

HASSAN

(Annoyed)

Stupid Abu, you're the worse card player ever, how do you expect to win if you always look so happy when you get anything good.

EDGARD

Go on then Abu put us out our misery

(CONTINUED)

ABU
(Excited)
Blackjack!

Abu puts down a 'ten' and an 'ace'. His face lights up, he isn't used to getting one over his brothers. He savors the moment for a second before going to collect his winnings.

ABU
I win!

TAHIR
Wait a second, Blackjack as well.
BOOM!

Tahir puts down a 'jack' and an 'ace'. Abu's face drops; glee turns to despair when he notices his brother had a stronger hand.

TAHIR
And mine is higher, so I win

Abu looks distraught, Tahir picks up his Monopoly winnings.

HASSAN
(Too Abu)
Teach you for being such a crap
player.

Edgard laughs at Abu's reaction to losing.

EDGARD
Maybe one day you will win Bu.

Joseph walks in; he is sweating, another long run. He holds his Textbook and Notepad.

EDGARD
Here he is, young Joseph
'Einstein' Akol.

Joseph struggles to regain his breath.

Before he can regain it, Edgar is up and has him in a playful headlock although the grip seems a little too tight for Josephs liking.

EDGARD
So, you discover gravity today
then little Einstein.

Joseph struggles free. He is unimpressed by his older brother's horseplay.

JOSEPH
That wasn't Einstein, that was
Newton.

EDGARD
Same thing!

MAMA AKOL
(O.S, from the main bedroom)
Is that Chee?? Is he back

JOSEPH
(To his mum)
Yes mama

MAMA AKOL
(O.S, from the main bedroom)
Come here, boy

Joseph goes to his mother.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

A small bed covers most of the, almost, equally small
room.

MAMA AKOL, 50s, sits in a chair directly next to the bed.

She has a blanket spread over her lower body, covering her
war time wound. She looks constantly in pain. Huge glasses
cover her disconsolate eyes, which lighten up briefly when
Joseph enters the room. There is a limited number of
personal possessions within the room, the relocation was
sudden and tokens from home were at a bare minimum.

MAMA AKOL
(Happily)
Chee!, how was it?

Joseph comes over, gives him mum a kiss on the cheek and
then sits next to her on the bed.

JOSEPH
It was good, mama

MAMA AKOL
Did you meet any new people?, any
girls?

JOSEPH
Mama, it was the first day

MAMA AKOL
I know, but my Chee is so
handsome, all the English girls
like a big strong boy

(CONTINUED)

Joseph blushes and looks uneasy.

There is a silence for a beat while Joseph thinks of a new topic to get off the embarrassing subject of girls.

JOSEPH

I got there in thirty four minutes!

MAMA AKOL

Chee, you silly boy. I told you to go somewhere closer; there is that nice City College just down the road.

JOSEPH

I know, but I like the run, it wakes me up in the morning. Plus the City College isn't as good.

MAMA AKOL

But it means I don't have to worry about you getting lost in this big city

JOSEPH

Don't worry about me Mama, I'm fine.

MAMA AKOL

But London is so big.

JOSEPH

Khartoum was big as well

MAMA AKOL

Nothing compared to London. And I remember the first time you saw Khartoum, you were five and you turned to me and you're father and you said 'Mama...

JOSEPH

(Finishing off his Mothers sentence)

..Is this where the god's live'

Mama Akol grins at the happy memories. Reminiscing about the cherished family moments from back home are the only memories worthy of thinking of from their time in their homeland.

MAMA AKOL

And do you remember what I said?

JOSEPH
'They live where ever you are'

Mama Deng smiles warmly at her son.

JOSEPH
Anyway, I better go and do my
homework

MAMA AKOL
Homework already?

Joseph goes over and kisses his mum on the cheek.

JOSEPH
(As he is leaving, aimed at
his brother's)
Tell these lot to be quiet for an
hour or so..

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

The other brothers continue their card games.

Edgard hears what Joseph just said and responds.

EDGARD
Well, I have training in about
twenty minutes so his royal
highness can work in peace.

Joseph quickly walks into the room next to his mothers.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - SECOND BEDROOM

There is a bed in the corner next to a mattress on the floor. There is a small desk in the corner with a battered old chair next to it.

The room is dark apart from the dim light coming from a lamp at the desk.

The sole decoration within the otherwise bland room is a large, warn and torn poster of Michael Jordan hovering over the desk.

Joseph walks in the room with his TEXTBOOK and NOTEPAD.

He throws the NOTEPAD on the bed and sits in the chair at the desk and begins reading his TEXTBOOK again.

INT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP - DAY

The shop is tiny, crammed full of confectionery and drinks. There is a small counter with a rusty old till and behind that a stack of cigarettes and alcohol bottles. There are currently no customers in the shop.

Joseph stands holding a piece of paper, his CV, he waits patiently while the shop owner, MR SAYED, 60s, fiddles around behind the counter. He is of Bangladesh descent and speaks with an impossibly strong accent.

MR SAYED

Stupid fucking thing!

JOSEPH

Are you OK, Sir?

MR SAYED

Yes, It's just the stupid shelf keeps falling down. Bloody Polish can't do nothing right!

JOSEPH

Do you want me to have a look at it?

MR SAYED

What good would you be! You have no skills to fix this. You don't even have a job, that's why you're here!

(BEAT)

OK, let me look at the CV

Joseph hand's over the piece of paper.

We catch a quick glimpse of what is on the paper, not very much apart from his name and a short paragraph of writing.

MR SAYED

You have no experience, no skills, and no qualifications. Why should I hire you? You seem bloody useless

JOSEPH

No, Sir, I am a very hard worker, very obedient, always on time...

MR SAYED

(Cutting in mid sentence)

You sound like a bloody dog, are you a dog?

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
(Confused)
Erhm, no Sir

MR SAYED
Good, will you work for the
minimum wage?

JOSEPH
What is that?

MR SAYED
Four pounds an hour?

JOSEPH
(Smiling)
Oh, yes, Sir. That is great

MR SAYED
Great?, it's bloody peanuts

JOSEPH
Does this mean I have the job?

MR SAYED
(Pointing to the empty shop)
Look around, does it look like
anyone else wants this job?

JOSEPH
(Smiling)
Thank you, Thank you very much,
Sir. I won't let you down

MR SAYED
No, you better bloody not. And
stop smiling, you're always
smiling.

JOSEPH
(Still smiling)
Yes sir

MR SAYED
You're still doing it.

JOSEPH
(Still smiling)
I'm sorry. I will stop now

Mr Sayed gives up.

MR SAYED
You come back on Wednesday; I
will train you how to do the till
and how to deal with stock. And
if I catch you giving free fags
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR SAYED (cont'd)
to you're friends I will sack
you're skinny freshie arse. I've
done it before and I will do it
again, you understand?

JOSEPH
(Still smiling)
Yes, sir

MR SAYED
OK, now go away. You're scaring
the customers away

JOSEPH
Yes, Sir.

Joseph turns around and quickly leaves the shop.

Mr Sayed goes back to fiddling with the shelf.

The shelf suddenly breaks sending a whole heap of stock
tumbling to the ground.

MR SAYED
(Aggressively)
Fucking Polish!

EXT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP

Joseph steps outside, still smiling. He takes a deep
breath in, nice foggy London air. He has a proud look upon
his face.

He quickly remembers something and looks at his old
semi-broken watch.

He is late!!

He starts jogging.

INT. HACKNEY HEAT GYM

A medium sized gym, lightly inhabited by a small number of
punters watching the basketball game. Two sets of
bleachers lie either side of the Basketball court, they
are half full with local families and a small entourage of
local youths watching the game. The Akol brothers, minus
Joseph, stand in the front row watching as Edgard plays.

The setting is not glamorous and the style of play is
equally as gritty, however in the midst of all the sweat,
air balls and illegal charging is one shining light,
Edgard.

(CONTINUED)

He weaves in and out of the opposition defense, leaping in the air and contorting his body to impossible lengths past two opposing players trying to knock him from the sky, before unleashing a thunderous dunk, two points!

What little crowd is present erupts.

He runs back to play D high five-ing his obviously inferior team mates as he goes.

EDGARD
(Pointing to an opposing
player)
Chris, cover him, cover him!

The player Edgard points to receives the ball and lays it up for an easy two.

Edgard looks at CHRIS, 30s, with annoyance.

The ball is in-bounded to Edgard, he quickly dribbles up the court, evading oncoming challenges from the opposition.

He stops at the head of the D, waiting for his team mates to take their places and give him some options.

Nothing!

You can see the disgruntled look on his face.

He decides to go alone; he quickly bursts inside and then crosses over before unleashing a smooth jump shot, two points!

Abu cheers furiously for his big brother.

TAHIR
Calm down Abu.

ABU
You see it Tahir, Edgard just
made the guy look stupid.

TAHIR
You're the stupid one.

The insult bounces off Abu as he is more interested in the game, he continues to cheer.

The game continues at a frantic pace as Joseph runs up to his brothers on the sidelines.

HASSAN
Oh, look who decided to show up,
it's the fourth quarter.

JOSEPH
(Out of breath)
I'm sorry; I was dealing with
that job.

TAHIR
Did you get it?

JOSEPH
(Smiling again)
Yes, I did

Tahir and Hassan congratulate Joseph. Abu is still too involved in the game.

JOSEPH
(Gesturing to the game)
How is Ed doing?

ABU
He has thirty five points, eight
rebounds and eleven assists.

Joseph is impressed.

JOSEPH
How is the team doing?

TAHIR
They are down by twelve

JOSEPH
I don't know why he bothers, the
other guys are useless. They look
like the cast of Cheers!

Right on cue, we see one of Edgard's teammates get posterised by a huge dunk

JOSEPH
See! They are bringing him down!

TAHIR
He needs to play though, if he is
gonna get that scholarship he
needs to impress in front of the
scouts

JOSEPH
(Signaling at the lackluster
crowd)
What scouts?

TAHIR
They aren't here today, but Ed
said that they are coming soon.
He just has to be patient and
keep playing well.

(CONTINUED)

ABU

And when they do come, Ed said
that he is gonna drop fifty and
they will offer him a place right
then and there. NBA baby!

Joseph smiles at his younger brother as Edgard again drops
a sweet jumper shot.

The brothers CHEER and HOLLA!

Edgard notices them cheering as he runs up the other end
of the court, he smiles and give them a thumbs up.

EXT. HACKNEY HEAT GYM - NIGHT

Joseph, Tahir, Hassan and Abu mess around outside the gym.

Edgard exits the gym with a large sports bag slung around
his ample shoulder. He is talking to a team mate.

He says bye to his team mate and walks over to his
brother.

Joseph notices him coming over.

JOSEPH

(Fake commentator voice)
Now, introducing to you, at
guard, number twenty three for
YOU'RE Los Angeles Laker's, The
'Rain Man' Edgard Akol!!!!

Tahir, Hassan and Abu CHEER and HOLLA!

Edgard jokingly bows and waves at the pretend crowd.

EDGARD

I thank you! I thank you!

He goes over to Joseph and puts him in a playful headlock

EDGARD

Where were you at for the first
three quarters!

Joseph struggles out of it.

JOSEPH

I had the interview.

EDGARD

How did it go?

JOSEPH
I got the job.

EDGARD
Good going, man

JOSEPH
Well done on getting forty again.

EDGARD
No sweat, shame that all my team
are bloody no-hoppers. Wont be
long though, my brothers. Things
are looking up; coach thinks that
reps from some colleges in the
States are coming over to see me.
I'm gonna be going Stateside.

ABU
Are we gonna be coming with you?

HASSAN
Of course not, stupid. You aren't
getting a scholarship. You're too
fat to play basketball.

TAHIR
He could BE the basketball

Tahir, Joseph and Hassan all laugh

EDGARD
Don't be starting on my main man,
Abu. He is gonna be the next
phenom. Look at Magic now, he is
holding a little timbre. And Shaq
was never dainty.

TAHIR
(Pointing to Abu)
You can't be telling us that you
think this chubby fucker is gonna
be the next Shaq? He is like four
foot.

EDGARD
Ab can be whatever he wants. If
he wants to be Shaq, then he is
Shaq.

Abu looks proud, and pretends to deliver a monstrous dunk.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Abu, Tahir and Hassan play with an old N64 on a small black and white TV in the corner of the room.

EDGARD

(From the kitchen, O.S)
Tahir, go and ask Mama if she
wants rice with her meal?

TAHIR

(Concentrating on the game)
In a minute!

Edgard pokes his head out of the door, steam pouring out the room, Edgard is tired and not up for waiting.

He sees them playing games.

EDGARD

Tahir, go ask mama!!

Tahir reluctantly puts down the remote control and walks to his Mama's room.

TAHIR

(O.S, To his Mum)
Mama, Ed asks if you want rice
with your meal?

Tahir exits the room and walks back to the TV.

TAHIR

Yeah, she wants rice.

ABU

How long till food is ready? I'm
hungry

HASSAN

You're always hungry!

ABU

No I'm not.

TAHIR

Abu, you were born hungry

HASSAN

The first thing you did was eat
when you came into this world.

They continue to play the game.

EDGARD

(In the kitchen, O.S)
Grubs up!

(CONTINUED)

The boys throw the remotes to the ground to get their food. Tahir and Hassan push their way past Abu to the front of the cue.

Joseph comes out of the other bedroom to collect his.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - KITCHEN

Edgard passes out the food to his siblings.

JOSEPH

Joey, take Mama's to the living room, I will go and get her.

Edgard leaves the room as Tahir and Hassan begin trying to snatch more food off each others plates.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Hassan, Abu, Tahir and Joseph sit on the mattresses waiting for their Mum to come to begin eating.

Mama Akol comes out her room, finally her war time wound is made painfully visible, she clutches onto Edgard's arm to keep up. Edgard holds her BLANKET in his other hand. Every movement looks painful and Edgard slowly guides his mum into the room.

EDGARD

Tahir, go and get Mama's chair.

Tahir quickly jumps up and into Mama's room to retrieve her chair.

He comes out and places the CHAIR near the mattresses where everyone else is sitting.

Edgard guides his mother to the chair and helps her sit down, He places her BLANKET over her leg and gets Joseph to pass him her food, which he places on her lap before going to sit with his brothers on the mattresses.

The family form a circle. Making the most of their limited surroundings they are ever determined to give off the illusion of a family dining room.

MAMA AKOL

Now grab each others hands.

Mama Akol grabs the hands of Edgard and Joseph, who in turn grab the hands of the other brothers to form a family praying circle.

MAMA AKOL

Now close you're eyes.

Everyone closes their eyes.

MAMA AKOL

(Praying)

Thank you lord for what food we are about to receive, thank you for keeping our family safe from harm and for gifting us these homely comforts that we possess. Amen.

EVERYONE

Amen!

Everyone opens their eyes and smiles warmly at each other

EDGARD

Now let's eat!

Everyone tucks into their food.

MAMA AKOL

How was your game Eddy?

EDGARD

Yeah, was alright. We lost again, but I had a decent game.

MAMA AKOL

(Looking for a biased opinion)

Abu, how did your brother do?

The only thing which was going to stop Abu eating his food was a chance to gloat about his brother.

ABU

(Gleefully)

He was amazing! He finished with forty one points, he dunked on half their team, crossed everyone over, he was like pow, pow pow

Abu illustrates his answer with some rather eccentric pretend basketball moves.

Edgard laughs at his youngest sibling; Mama Akol also has a giggle.

TAHIR

You're so embarrassing Abu.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

Nah, he aint, He is like my
little cheerleader.

HASSAN

In America the cheerleaders are
these hot girls, like Jessica
Alba. Not small little fat kid's.

Tahir laughs

MAMA AKOL

Hassan! be nice to your brother.

HASSAN

Sorry Mama.

MAMA AKOL

Say sorry to Abu.

Hassan is reluctant.

ABU

Yeah, say sorry to me

Abu revels behind the shield of his mother.

HASSAN

(Begrudgingly)

Sorry Abu!

Abu smiles.

The family continue eating.

**INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM -
MORNING**

The class is empty. It lays waiting for an influx of
students.

Mr Patrick enters clasping a cup of COFFEE in one hand and
a bunch of PAPER's in the other, chugging the drink down
to try and spark some life within his body at this ungodly
hour.

He walks over to his desk, places the PAPER's down and
then suddenly, out the corner of his eye, notices
something outside.

He walks over to the window, still clasping his COFFEE.

EXT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - FIELD

A running track located on a field a few feet from the College.

We see Mr Patrick standing at the window looking out over the track as Joseph jogs around at a frantic pace while wearing his gym attire. He is sweating heavily and has been going for quite a while now.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM

Mr Patrick stands at the window, sipping his coffee.

MR PATRICK
(To himself, under his own
breath)
What the hell is he doing?

EXT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - FIELD

We close in on Joseph, following him around the track. His face is fixed with concentration, every stride is planned to perfection and he has been going long enough that there is a strain on his body with every step.

He pants, sweats profusely but powers on.

MR PATRICK
(O.S, shouted from the edge
of the field)
I hope you're going to shower
before coming to my class later.

We see Mr Patrick, still holding his COFFEE and struggling to come to terms with the early morning. He is sitting on a bench between the College and Track.

Joseph's concentration is instantly broken. He stops running, stops his WATCH and puts his hands on his hips to gain his breath while walking over to his teacher.

JOSEPH
(Tired, while walking
towards Mr Patrick)
Yes, Sir.

MR PATRICK
Isn't it early for you? Most of
the students would be fighting
with their alarm clocks at this
time.

Joseph looks at the time.

We see it is '7.14'.

(CONTINUED)

He begins to stretch out his muscles.

JOSEPH

This is late for me. Back home I would have to wake at four every morning to make sure that food and water was ready for my parents when they awoke.

MR PATRICK

How long have you been here for?

JOSEPH

I started running at six.

MR PATRICK

That really isn't normal.

JOSEPH

It is for me.

MR PATRICK

Where about do you live?

JOSEPH

Crossways in Bow

MR PATRICK

Bow? That's like an hour's walk away. Do you get the bus?

JOSEPH

No...I run.

MR PATRICK

I really should have guessed.

Joseph finishes his stretches and goes and joins Mr Patrick on the bench.

Mr Patrick offers Joseph come COFFEE.

MR PATRICK

You want some? Gives you a little kick in the morning.

JOSEPH

No thank you, I am quite awake

MR PATRICK

I'm not surprised, you just ran a marathon.

(BEAT)

Do you run everywhere?

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Not everywhere. Most places though.

MR PATRICK

I was never into the whole fitness thing. Tried rugby once, broke my femur; decided exercise really wasn't for me after that.

JOSEPH

I was never good at most sports. My brother Edgard is the athlete in my family. He is amazing.

MR PATRICK

You're not a bad runner by the look of it.

JOSEPH

I run. But I can't play sports.

MR PATRICK

Tell me about your brother. What does he play?

JOSEPH

Back home he played everything. Soccer, running, boxing. He could play anything. If you taught him how to fly, he probably could. He could do anything, but basketball was what he was the best at. He was a hero back home in our village.

MR PATRICK

Is basketball big back home?

JOSEPH

Oh yes. And Edgard was the best. He was treated like a god back in our village. Everyone used to say one day we would all watch him in the NBA. And then we would all say that he would come back to our village and with all his money, he would save us. And the whole village could live happily with him in America. It was a dream, but it was nice.

MR PATRICK

NBA? He must be good.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Oh yes, he is looking to get a scholarship in America for next year so he can go to College over there and then the NBA.

MR PATRICK

Wow, your family must be very proud of him.

JOSEPH

Yes, since my father passed my Mama has all her hopes and dreams on Edgard. We all do.

MR PATRICK

Is it just you three who live together?

JOSEPH

No, I have three other brothers.

MR PATRICK

Are they all future sports stars as well? Or is that just the two of you

JOSEPH

Two of us? Only Edgard is the sport star

MR PATRICK

Well, you don't look too shabby at that running stuff.

Joseph goes red, he looks rather bashful.

JOSEPH

Thank you, but I'm no star. I'm the academic one. I have always been the smart one in the family. Father said that I made him look as smart as a ten year old.

Joseph laughs to himself.

MR PATRICK

Noel Edmund's better watch out.

The joke is lost on Joseph.

JOSEPH

Pardon.

MR PATRICK

Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

(BEAT)

Why don't you do both, you can be a genius and run a little. Nothing is stopping you.

JOSEPH

No, no, no.

MR PATRICK

How comes?

JOSEPH

The Peacock and Juno.

MR PATRICK

The what?

JOSEPH

It's a fable, by Aesop. It is about a Peacock who asks Juno for the voice of a nightingale, yet Juno says that the peacock should be content with what he already has, as one cannot be first in everything.

MR PATRICK

Do you know a lot of fables?

JOSEPH

Oh yes, back home we only had one book. And that was a book of fable's, me and my brothers would read it every day. It was a good book.

MR PATRICK

What was you're favorite one?

Joseph thinks for a beat.

JOSEPH

I like 'The bundle of sticks'

MR PATRICK

What does that one say?

JOSEPH

It is about an old man, who is dying. Before he dies he calls his sons to him to give them some final advice. He ordered his servants to bring him a faggot of sticks..

(CONTINUED)

MR PATRICK

A faggot?

JOSEPH

Yes, like a bundle of sticks.

MR PATRICK

Oh, OK. Its just it means something different here.

JOSEPH

What does it mean?

MR PATRICK

You don't wanna know. Continue.

JOSEPH

OK, the servants bring the sticks and give them to the first son, the old man tells him to 'break them'. He couldn't. All the other sons tried to break the sticks as well, they could not either. Then the old man told them to 'untie the faggots'..

Mr Patrick SNIGGERS to himself. Joseph continues

(CONT.)

..and give each son a stick. The old man then said 'break it now', they all broke their sticks easily.

MR PATRICK

(Interrupting)

So what's the morale? Don't try and break faggots?

JOSEPH

(Still oblivious to the duel meaning of the word)

No, no. Its morale is that 'union is strength'.

MR PATRICK

Oh, OK. That would have been my second guess. So do you believe that?

JOSEPH

My whole family do, we are very strong.

MR PATRICK

That's nice.

Mr Patrick smiles at Joseph.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Patrick looks at his watch and then stands up.

MR PATRICK

Anyway, you better go and have a shower; I don't want you're smell distracting the other students.

Joseph also stands up.

MR PATRICK

(Offering his hand out)

It was nice chatting with you, Joseph. Remember, when we get in that classroom, I'm back to being the ultimate hard-arse.

Joseph shakes his hand and smiles at him.

MR PATRICK

Now go and run off to have a shower.

JOSEPH

Yes, sir.

Joseph starts walking towards the changing rooms.

MR PATRICK

I said run. Run, boy, run.

Joseph starts running off into the distance.

MR PATRICK

(shouting)

Faster, Faster. Run, Joseph, Run.

Joseph is out of sight.

Mr Patrick laughs to himself.

EXT. LOCAL PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING

A small, working class comprehensive school.

We glance upon the rather unpleasant looking brick building while focusing on the empty playground, complete with half visible 'hop-scotch' and a huge brick wall with a football goal chalked on it.

We hear the lunch bell RING.

Within seconds hoards of school children descend on the playground. Groups stake claim to their section of the playground, one group holds court of the football pitch, another the swing ball, another the jungle gym etc.

(CONTINUED)

We move in on Abu, who is playing 'What's the time Mr Wolf' with THREE FRIENDS, all 11.

It is Abu's go. He stands facing a wall with his eyes closed.

FRIENDS

What's the time Mr Wolf?

ABU

Four O'clock.

The friends move forward slowly, chanting after each step,

FRIENDS

One....two.....three.....four

(BEAT)

What's the time Mr Wolf?

The friends are now a mere two feet away from Abu. We focus on Abu's face, he sneaks a quick peek out the side of his eye, he subtly re-position's his feet, ready to pounce.

ABU

Dinner Time!!

Abu quickly spins around and sprints in the direction of one of his friends, closest to him.

As he move's he suddenly tumbles over a stray FOOT.

He SCREAM's in pain as he tumbles hard to the gravel. Cutting his knee in the process.

His friends LAUGH. They are joined by THREE OLDER Boy's, led by ANTON,10, much taller than the rest with his hair in cornrows and disobeying every single school dress code while donning a Yankees cap and with a wide range of chains and rings adorning his pubescent body.

The Older Boys, LAUGH and point at Abu.

ANTON

(Laughing at Abu)

Look at the fat little bitch,
thinking he could catch anything.
You couldn't even catch a fucking
cold.

Abu is holding back the tears valiantly.

OLDER BOY 1

Fat little shit.

ANTON

I think there was a earthquake
when his fat arse hit the ground.

Anton mocks Abu's size, puffing out his cheeks and forming a large upper body with his arms, he jokingly plods around Abu.

Abu struggles to his feet.

ANTON

You gonna go and cry to your
little mama. Maybe the bitch
could hobble over here and give
you a kiss; she's like a fucking
pirate.

ABU

(Angrily)

Shut up! Anton

Anton snaps from laughing to squaring up against the obviously weaker Abu in a split second.

ANTON

You fucking what? Look everyone
Fatty wants to spout his chubby
little mouth. Surprised you can
even say anything thought you
would be chomping on a Big Mac.

Abu forces himself to stand toe to toe with Anton, even though his natural instinct tells him to look away.

ABU

Don't talk about my Mama

ANTON

I can talk about that legless
bitch as much as I want. My Dad
always said that 'one legged
people in an arse kicking contest
are useless'. So I aint scared.

By now quite a crowd has gathered around the two kids, a circle forms containing the majority of the playground.

ABU

Mama might not, but my brother
will!

ANTON

You're brother; you know who my
brother is?

Abu nods his head in recognition.

ANTON

My bro has got the whole of the Tower Hamley Boys backing him, what's yours got? his shit basketball team. They can't even win a fucking game, how can they win a fight.

Abu doesn't know what to do, his attempted bravery is slowly diminishing, and the pressure of the viewing audience is burning through Abu.

ANTON

I should put you on your fat ass.

Abu attempts one last show of bravery.

ABU

Fuck off Anton.

This infuriates Anton, he leaps on Abu, punching him to the ground and kicking at him on the floor.

The audience erupts, they CHANT 'FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT'

Anton gets in a few clear shots before a TEACHER pushes their way through the crowd to the boys.

TEACHER

Stop that!

The Teacher pulls Anton away from Abu, who lies with a black eye, broken glasses and bloody nose on the floor.

The Teacher yanks Abu to his feet and drags both boys into the school, the crowd continue CHERRING.

TEACHER

Be quiet you lot.

INT. LOCAL PRIMARY SCHOOL - OUTSIDE HEADMASTERS OFFICE.

Abu sits outside the Headmasters door, holding a pack of ICE to his bruised eye and clutching what remains of his glasses in his other hand.

He stares at the floor.

EDGARD

(O.S)

You never were much of a fighter
Bu Bu.

Abu looks up; Edgard stands at the doorway with the SCHOOL NURSE.

Edgard turns to the Nurse.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

Thank you very much

SCHOOL NURSE

No worries, just tell him not to fight next time. He is a good kid.

EDGARD

I will.

The School Nurse walks off.

Edgard walks over to his brother and kneels down in front of him, lifting his head up and inspecting his bruised eye.

EDGARD

Damn, did he hit you with a shovel or something?

Edgard notices the broken GLASSES, he takes them from Abu.

EDGARD

(Inspecting glasses)
Well these won't help very much.

He stands up, looking over Abu.

EDGARD

Come on then.

Abu looks up at his brother, Edgard offers Abu a hand, he gratefully takes it and they walk out of the room hand in hand.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

Abu and Edgard walk hand in hand down a London street on the way home.

EDGARD

He said that about Mama?

ABU

Yeah, I wasn't gonna take that shit.

EDGARD

That's fair, but don't fight Bu, you're not very good at it.

ABU

But what else would I do, I gotta fight him.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

Bu, you gotta understand that sometimes fighting isn't the smart thing to do. You gotta be clever, fighting will only get you so far, buy brains, brains will change the world.

Abu looks slightly down at the floor despondently.

EDGARD

Tell you what, If you want I will have a word with his brother, Dre. Get him to clip the ear of the little shit.

ABU

Would you?

EDGARD

Yeah. No one beats on my bro and gets away with it. Dre is trying to get on the Heat's roster so I will call in a favor. No worries.

Abu smiles up at his big brother.

ABU

What are you gonna tell Mama? I don't want her knowing that people are saying stuff about her.

EDGARD

I'll think of something. We will just tell her that you fell over, Clumsy little Abu. Must have been a pretty bad fall for the eye, but she will buy it.

Edgard CHUCKLES, Abu joins in as they arrive at their ESTATE.

EDGARD

Here we are. Remember, you fell over. That's the word on the street

ABU

(Excited)

Ooo, ooo...I could say I fell off a wall, like a proper big wall.

EDGARD

Erhmn, maybe. I think you might be a bit more injured if you fell off a wall. How about you tripped and hit a wall?

(CONTINUED)

ABU

I guess.

They enter the building.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Hassan and Tahir sit on the mattresses doing HOMEWORK.

Abu and Edgard enter.

EDGARD

Yo, what's happening people?

Hassan looks up from his book and notices Abu's black eye.

HASSAN

What the hell happened to him?

Edgard looks at Abu and then throws his Gym Bag on the floor.

He looks at Hassan.

EDGARD

What Bu?, he just fell into a wall.

Tahir looks up at Abu.

TAHIR

Must have been a fucking big wall, his face is all smashed up.

EDGARD

Nah, it's cool.

MAMA AKOL

(O.S, from her room)

Bu, whats happened?

Edgard looks at Tahir and Hassan, he signals for them to play it cool and go along with the story. They nod in agreement, the last thing they would want to do is upset their mother.

ABU

Nothing Mama.

MAMA AKOL

(O.S)

Come here, Bu Bu.

Abu looks up at Edgard. Edgard winks at Abu to just go along with the story.

Abu walks over to his mum's room.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

Mama Akol is lying in bed reading a well used copy of GREAT EXPECTATION'S.

Abu slowly enters, he looks at the floor.

MAMA AKOL
Bu Bu. Look at me

Abu looks up, his mum notices his eye.

MAMA AKOL
(Concerned)
What happened, Bu?

ABU
Nothing mama, I fell over at school today.

MAMA AKOL
Come here, baby.

Abu walks over to his mother's bed and gives her a hug; she strokes his hair as he embraces her.

MAMA AKOL
Ask Chee to have a look at your glasses for you, he will fix them

ABU
Yes Mama

EXT. LOCAL PRIMARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Abu again, is playing with his FRIENDS in the playground, his glasses unsubtly taped together with masking tape and he has a black eye.

We see Anton timidly walk over.

He taps Abu on the shoulder. Abu turns around and an instinctive reaction to seeing Anton is to jumped back, some people in the playground notice this happening and immediately stop what they are doing, round 2?

ANTON
(On seeing Abu jump away)
Wait, I don't want no trouble.

(BEAT)
Turns out that what I did was out of order. And. Ehrmn. I wanna say I'm sorry for beating on you.

The other kids GASP.

(CONTINUED)

ANTON
And for calling you fat.

Abu doesn't know how to react.

ABU
That's OK Anton.

Anton offers his hand, and Abu shakes it.

Anton walks away.

Abu turns to his friends with a grin the size of a Cheshire Cat plastered on his face.

EXT. LOCAL PRIMARY SCHOOL - OUTSIDE SCHOOL GATE'S

We see Abu walking out of school as the bell RING's to signal the end of the school day.

He is walking over to the gates when he spots someone. He runs over.

It's Edgard standing by the school gates in his Basketball Team tracksuit and with his gym bag over his shoulder.

He smiles at Abu.

Abu gives him a big hug.

EDGARD
You have a good day at school today?

ABU
Yeah!

EDGARD
Anything interesting happen?

ABU
Yeah, Anton said sorry to me. Did you speak to his brother?

EDGARD
(Terribly acted)
Me? No, not yet. I haven't got around to that yet.

ABU
Really?

EDGARD
He apologized already? Man, that boy is probably scared that you would have unleashed a whooping on his ass

(CONTINUED)

Abu's face lights up.

EDGARD

Now, come on. I will walk you
home before I gotta go to
training.

Edgard offers his hand, and yet again Abu gratefully takes it.

They begin to walk back.

Edgard turns his head as Abu TALKS to him.

We see Anton with his big brother DRE, mid 20s. Dre stands dressed all in red, his gang colors, his little brother looks like a mini me, and he obviously idolizes his brother.

Dre gives Edgard the peace sign and Edgard gives a subtle thumbs up as to not give away the facade to Abu.

They walk off back home.

EXT. DARK LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The street is dark, a singular street light flickers at the end of the road, with a number of other street lights laying dormant and dark.

A huddle of four GANG MEMBER's, early 20s, clad in jogging bottoms, hoodies and baseball caps, stand under the light. They are joking, playing DUBSTEP MUSIC loudly from their phones. They cast quite an intimidating aura.

We focus in on them as they scowl the streets.

GANG MEMBER 1

Blud, you got a light?

Gang Member 2 passes his friend a LIGHTER.

Gang Member 1 proceeds to light a CIGARETTE and blows smoke clouds into the face of Gang Member 3, who retreats back coughing.

Gang Member 1,2 and 4 laugh.

GANG MEMBER 1

(Laughing)

Fucking pussy, it's a bit of
smoke, it aint gonna kill ya!

Gang member 2 notices something in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

GANG MEMBER 2

Yo Jack! Here he comes

The rest of the group look over.

Gang member 1, throws his fag to the ground, and wipes his hands on his tracksuit.

We see a DRUG GANG GUY, early 20s, wearing similar clothes to the other boys; walking over, he constantly stares at the ground, shielding his eyes from the light with his baseball cap.

He walks over to Gang Member 1, who is flanked by his other friends.

They embrace with a handshake and hug. A mirage for a drug deal.

DRUG GANG GUY

Alright Bro

GANG MEMBER 1

Safe man!

Drug Gang Guy pulls away.

Gang Member 1, ruffles the hidden money in his hand. Something doesn't feel right.

GANG MEMBER 1

Boy, this shit feels a little light. If ya know what I'm saying.

DRUG GANG GUY

Yeah, well I'm a little short this time, man. The government be a little late with their payments.

The Gang Members don't seem too pleased with this.

GANG MEMBER 1

Were you gonna tell us this?

DRUG GANG GUY

Yeah, bro. You didn't give me the chance.

Sensing a dishonest customer, the Gang Member's simultaneously square up to the Drug Gang Guy.

We finally see his face as he looks up, intimidated at the Gang Members.

DRUG GANG GUY

(Scared)

Yo Guys, we don't want no trouble here.

GANG MEMBER 3

There wouldn't be no trouble if you didn't try and fuck with us.

DRUG GANG GUY

I didn't try and fuck with you. I'm a little short this time; I will pay up next time. I promise.

GANG MEMBER 1

Next time?. Bitch, we don't do next time.

Gang Member 2 pulls a KNIFE from his trousers; the street light shimmers off the steel blade in to the eyes of the Drug Gang Guy.

DRUG GANG GUY

(Reaction to seeing the knife)

Wow, man. We don't need that shit. Put that away, man.

GANG MEMBER 1

Bitches need to learn their lesson, and do you know how we teach all the bitches their lesson.

GANG MEMBER 3

We carve it on their fucking chest, bitch.

The Gang Members surround the Drug Gang Guy.

Drug Gang Guy is panicking, he holds back the tears, try's to man up, then he cracks.

DRUG GANG GUY

(Throwing the drugs back at Gang Member 1)

Take it, bro. Keep the money. Just take the shit.

The packet of cocaine, hits Gang Member 1 before falling on the floor and exploding everywhere.

GANG MEMBER 1

(Pointing at the drugs)

What are we meant to do with that? We can't sell that on, damaged goods man. What would our other customers say dawg!

(CONTINUED)

GANG MEMBER 4

We gotta teach this cunt a lesson; no one fucks with us on our patch.

The Gang members, huddle around their victim closer and closer. They close in like a pack of hyenas.

EDGARD

(O.S, from afar)

Hey, guys. What are you doing?.

The Gang Members look around; Edgard is running over, seeing what all the commotion is about. He is in his Basketball Team tracksuit and has his Gym Bag over his shoulder.

He shows no fear confronting the gang members.

As he gets closer Gang Member 2 hides the KNIFE, under his baggy t-shirt.

The Gang Members retreat a little. It is a standoff, Edgard and Drug Gang Guy standing facing the four Gang Members.

EDGARD

(To Drug Gang Guy)

You OK, mate. These guys causing you grief.

Drug Gang Guy doesn't know how to respond, he gives a little glance to Gang Member 1.

DRUG GANG GUY

Nah, man. We be cool, we be cool.

EDGARD

You sure, because from back there it looked like they were hassling you.

DRUG GANG GUY

Nah, man. These boys are cool, I told ya.

Gang Member 2 stares at Edgard as Edgard is talking to the Drug Gang Guy, he looks like he wants to stab somebody.

EXT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP - NIGHT.

The corner shop lies in the middle of the street. quiet, empty.

Suddenly we hear the oncoming sound of someone RUNNING.

ABDUL, 15, black, comes running into shot, panting, he quickly enters the shop.

INT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP

Joseph is working, he stands behind the till, reading the sports pages of a newspaper. He has had an incredible lifeless and boring shift.

We can hear Mr Sayed FIDDLING about in the store room behind the till.

Abdul, bursts into the shop sending the DOOR BELL into overtime.

ABDUL
(Frantically, panting)
Joe, Joe, Joe..

Joseph looks up from his newspaper, whats going on?.

Abdul stops at the door, bends over with his hands on his knees trying to catch his breath.

ABDUL
It's Ed.

JOSEPH
(Concerned)
Ed? What's happened?

Abdul reaches for a bottle of LUCOZADE to try and spur on some energy.

ABDUL
Some gang bangers up in Hackney shanked him!

JOSEPH
(Hysterically)
What! Where is he?

Joseph run's to the door.

ABDUL
(As Joseph flies past him)
Down Perch Street..man, the cops are already there.

Joseph sprints out the shop.

EXT. DARK LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Joseph quickly leaves the shop and run's into the distance.

INT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP

Abdul is still struggling to catch his breath. He sprays the LUCOZADE into his mouth.

Mr Sayed, stumbles out of the back room to see what all the noise was about.

MR SAYED

What is going on?

He notices Joseph isn't there.

MR SAYED

Where is the boy?

He then notices that Abdul has picked up a Lucozade without paying for it.

MR SAYED

Oi you, that's one pound seventy!

Abdul looks at Mr Sayed, wtf?

EXT. DARK LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The street where the Gang Members originally were is crowded with onlookers, Ambulance and Police LIGHTS illuminate the once dark street, the sound of their ALARM's ring.

Police have cordoned off the street, trying to hold the crowd back.

Paramedic's work hurriedly on the body of a young man, lying motionless on the floor, Edgard.

Joseph arrives at the crowd; he pushes his way through the gathered audience to the Police tape.

A POLICEMAN confronts him as he tries to get through the barrier.

POLICEMAN

Oi, son. Stay back, you're not allowed in here.

JOSEPH

(Hysterically)

What happened? My Brother.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN 1

There has been a stabbing, that's all we can say at this point.

Joseph moves along the line to get a better view of the body, hoping to god it isn't his brother.

Finally he reaches a vantage point that gives him the answer he has dreaded. He see's Edgard's face.

He jumps over the barrier, avoiding the tackles of two POLICEMEN as he sprints his way to Edgard's body. We see the body, a pool of blood covers the ground streaming from wounds in his legs and stomach.

He stops within feet of the body, motionless.

He cries, puts his hand up to his mouth, he is finding it hard to believe.

The paramedics continue working on Edgard, strapping him to a GURNEY.

The Policeman that he avoided seconds earlier arrive at Joseph with the attention of arresting him but on seeing his reaction show pity, they grab him gently by the arms and try and ease him out the way.

POLICEMAN 2

Come on, mate. Let them do their job.

Joseph hesitantly goes with them; they lead him to a police car and sit him in it. Closing the door to shield him from the on looking crowd.

INT. POLICE CAR

Joseph sits in the back of the car, with his head in his hands, tears pouring from his face. He looks out of the blackened window at his brother's body.

The Paramedics have fitted Edgard's body to the gurney and proceed to lift him into the ambulance before quickly driving off to seek further urgent medical attention.

Joseph claws at the window, pushing his tear soaked face against it, trying to be as close as possible to his brother from within the confines of the car.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

The hospital is busy, the body of Edgard had arrived earlier, it is already in the operating theater.

Joseph arrives at the door, still soaked in his own tears accompanied by the two Policeman.

POLICEMAN 3
(To Joseph)
Wait here a second.

Police Officer 3 goes over to the reception and we see him talking with the RECEPTIONIST.

He quickly returns to his colleague and Joseph.

POLICEMAN 3
They are operating on him now.
They will come straight to you
when they have any more news.

POLICEMAN 2
(Pointing to the waiting
room)
Shall we wait here?

Joseph follows the two Policemen to the seats, and sits down, still crying, still speechless.

POLICEMAN 2
Do you want something to drink?

Joseph shakes his head.

POLICEMAN 2
(To Policeman 3)
What about you, mate?

POLICEMAN 3
I'll have a coffee, thanks.

Policeman 2 goes off to fetch the drinks.

POLICEMAN 3
(To Joseph)
Have you got any family you want
us to contact? Mother? Father?

JOSEPH
(Crying)
We have no phone.

(BEAT)
IS Edgard going to die?

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN 3

We don't know the extent of his injuries yet. He is in good hands though. All you can do is hope and pray.

Joseph bows his head, closes his eyes and clasps his hand in prayer. Anything at this stage to save his brother.

DOCTOR

(O.S, Announced)

Akol, where is the Akol party.

Joseph jumps to his feet.

JOSEPH

Akol! I'm Akol.

The DOCTOR, 50s, stands holding a clipboard.

DOCTOR

If you can follow me please.

Joseph turns to Policeman 3.

POLICEMAN 3

We will be here when you come out to take you home.

Joseph follows the Doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE EDGARD'S ROOM

It is quieter here; The Doctor stands with his hand on the door handle with Joseph itching to see his brother.

DOCTOR

We managed to stabilize you're brother. He lost a lot of blood in the attack so will need to stay with us for a few days. He has been given an injection to help him sleep for now..

JOSEPH

Can I see him?

DOCTOR

Yes, but you will need to be quiet, as not to wake him.

Joseph nods his head.

INT. HOSPITAL - EDGARD'S ROOM

Edgard lies on a bed in the middle of the room, an assortment of tubes attached to various parts of his body, various drips dotted around the bed.

He lies sleeping, silent. Only the sound of the HEART MONITOR can be heard. Beep. Beep. Beep.

Bandages cover both legs and his torso.

Joseph hesitantly makes his way towards his brother's bedside.

Tears continue to fall.

He stands beside his brother's bed. A tear falls and hits Edgard on the hand. Joseph's eyes follow the tear down. He takes his finger and wipes the tear from Edgard's finger, before gently clasping his brother's hand.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

Mama Akol lies on her bed. Hassan, Tahir and Abu kneel on the floor. They are all crying and praying.

Joseph opens the door slowly.

Tahir jumps up and hugs him, Joseph embraces his younger brother.

Mama Akol signals for Joseph to join in the prayer.

Joseph kneels beside his brothers as they all pray.

INT. HOSPITAL - EDGARD'S ROOM

As his family pray for him, Edgard lies motionless.

Beep.Beep.Beep.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM - MORNING

Mr Patrick, leans against his desk as he watches all the students entering his classroom.

He is looking out for someone specific, someone he hasn't seen attend in awhile.

The last of the students enter the room and sit in their seats.

One seat lies empty, the seat closest to the door.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Patrick sighs and goes to write on the board.

MR PATRICK
OK guys, today we will be doing
Porters Five Forces.

Mr Patrick is bugged by Joseph's absence. He turns to the class.

MR PATRICK
Hey guys, any of you know where
Joseph has been lately? It's been
two weeks and I've heard nothing.

An eerie silence strikes the room. They all know.

STUDENT 3
His brother got beat down pretty
bad the other week.

MR PATRICK
His brother?

STUDENT 3
Yeah, Edgard

MR PATRICK
The basketball star?

STUDENT 3
Not any more, sir. They slashed
his legs pretty bad. He aint
gonna be able to bang no more.

Mr Patrick's face shows a huge amount of sorrow. He struggles to continue the lesson.

MR PATRICK
Erhm, OK. So Five Forces.

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE, LONDON - AFTERNOON

Mr Patrick walks towards the estate. He seems nervous. He stands outside the building, looking at the buzzers.

We see 'APARTMENT 67: AKOL'. Mr Patrick, stares at it, should he press it?

He goes to buzz it..

JOSEPH
(O.S)
Sir

Before he buzzes it he turns around.

Joseph stands, sweating after his run.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

What are you doing here Sir, this isn't you're ends!

MR PATRICK

Yeah, I know.

(BEAT)

I heard about your brother. I'm sorry.

JOSEPH

Why are you sorry? You have nothing to be sorry about. You weren't the one who tried to kill him.

Josephs usual happy mood is long gone. All he feels is hate and aggression.

JOSEPH

You shouldn't be here, sir. Leave!

MR PATRICK

Joe, talk to me.

JOSEPH

I have nothing to say. What do you want me to talk about? My brother almost dying, my family falling apart, the realization that I'm gonna grow old in this hell hole with fuck all to give in life. With no hope, with nothing!

MR PATRICK

That's not true, Joseph.

JOSEPH

What do you know! You haven't seen him man. He is broken. He isn't the same guy. They took everything from him. He lived to keep us alive. He lived to keep us living. But he has nothing to give anymore. They might as well have killed him.

MR PATRICK

That's not all he had to give..

JOSEPH

Don't act like you know him, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

MR PATRICK

You're right, I don't know him.
But from what you have said he is
a strong motherfucker! And strong
motherfuckers don't just give up
like that.

JOSEPH

Don't talk to me about that shit.
You don't know him, you don't
even know me.

MR PATRICK

I know you better than you know
yourself.

JOSEPH

what?

MR PATRICK

I've been there. I was a top
runner when I was you're age. I
was county champion, I had a
fucking dream.

Joseph has calmed, he listens.

MR PATRICK

When I was nineteen I was given
the chance to go to Leeds to
train with one of the best
Athletic teams in the country.

(BEAT)

One day I was out with friends at
a football match, one of my mates
got in an argument with some guy
in the opposite firm and then one
thing led to another and we were
all throwing haymakers, chairs
were flying. It was crazy. I saw
this big guy with a bottle about
to hit one of my mates and I just
hit him. I just hit him with
everything I had. Needless to say
that pissed off some of his mates
and they bundled me to the floor
and kicked the living shit out of
me.

Joseph is now silent.

MR PATRICK

I was in a coma for three days
and when I finally awoke my club
had dropped me as they didn't
want to be associated with a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR PATRICK (cont'd)

thug. So I got the shit kicked out of me and my dreams went up in smoke all because my mate couldn't take some banter from a rival fan. How stupid is that?. I know what you're brother is going through; I know what it is like to lose a dream.

Joseph realises that Mr Patrick is on his side. He begins to warm to him, he confides in his teacher.

JOSEPH

It's not even his dream. Its all of our dream. It's Mama's dream. That's what kills him. She has been through so much shit in her life. Her parents were killed in the first war back home, and then when it kicks off again she has to watch as rebels slaughter our father in front of her eyes. Those eyes have seen too much blood, too much suffering. She lost a leg when some dumb soldier decides to plant a bomb in our village. She is in pain every second of every day, all she had was us. But raising five little boys in a war zone, with no money and no food is impossible.

(BEAT)

But then one day. She sat looking from our hut at this little court that the rebels had built while they were relaxing after raping our woman and killing our men. And there was Edgard, he had this old battered ball, but he was spraying in shots from all over, ten feet, twenty feet. He had never picked up a basketball before then but as soon as it touched his hand 'Magic'.

(BEAT)

The rebels noticed. They laughed at him. This skinny little twelve year old, barely five foot five. And he was trying to dunk, trying to reach the hoop. They thought they would embarrass him by challenging him and beating him

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(BEAT) (cont'd)
badly. Put us locals in our
place. Show us whose boss.

(BEAT)
But he won, Edgard beat the
rebels. They raped us, killed us
but there was my brother beating
them.

Joseph smiles, his eyes caught in a day dream of
remembrance.

JOSEPH
Mama looked at me when she saw
that and said 'Edgard is our
savior'. And she believed it.
With all her heart, she believed
it.

His smile turns into a sob.

There is silence.

MR PATRICK
How's things with money?

JOSEPH
We get by.

MR PATRICK
If you ever need anything, call
me.

JOSEPH
I have no phone.

MR PATRICK
Yeah, I thought so. I must have
tried calling that number you
gave to the school about thirty
times before I came here.

Mr Patrick pulls out a CHEAP PHONE.

MR PATRICK
(Offering Joseph the phone)
I picked this up on the way here.
It's basic, but it does a job.

JOSEPH
(Politely)
I can't take that.

MR PATRICK
Just take it. If I need to
contact you I can't keep coming
here can I? Its miles away.

(CONTINUED)

Joseph smiles.

JOSEPH
(Taking the phone)
Thank you, very much.

MR PATRICK
If you ever need anything, call
me. I have put my number in there
for you.

JOSEPH
Thank you, Sir.

MR PATRICK
Well I better be off. I hope you
can make it to my class sometime
soon.

JOSEPH
I shall try.

MR PATRICK
Well, OK then. I will see you
around.

Mr Patrick salutes at Joseph and walks away.

Joseph looks at his new phone and then walks inside.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

The room is empty for the first time.

Joseph walks in and goes straight to the kitchen.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - KITCHEN

He goes over to the sink, fills it up with water and then
begins to clean himself with the water.

He splashes his face and rubs the water into his body.

He then leaves.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Joseph walks through the living room to the second
bedroom. He closes the door behind him.

The door then quickly swings open. Joseph has changed to
his smartest looking clothes. He quickly exits the flat.

INT. HOSPITAL - EDGARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Akol family minus Joseph sits around Edgard's bed side. Mama Akol sits on the chair while the brothers sit on the floor.

Edgard's eyes are still closed.

They sit in silence.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

Joseph enters; he is joined by BRIAN, 60s, white, a cab driver.

MAMA AKOL

Chee

JOSEPH

Hello Mama.

Joseph goes over and gives his mum a kiss on the cheek.

JOSEPH

Brian has come to take you all home, I will stay with Edgard.

Mama Akol looks at Brian and smiles. She looks tired; she has been there for a long time.

MAMA AKOL

Thank you.

BRIAN

No worries Miss Akol.

Joseph helps his mother up and brings her to Brian who leads her out the room.

Joseph hugs all his brothers as they leave.

JOSEPH

(To Tahir)

I will see you when I return.

They all leave the room.

Joseph sits on the chair and stares at his brother.

He quickly grows uncomfortable at seeing his brother in this state. He fights the tears.

He gets up and walks to the window pulling the PHONE out his pocket, he contemplates calling his teacher.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD
(O.S,wearily)
Joe

Joseph turns around.

Edgard is awake, his eyes half opened looking at his brother.

JOSEPH
Ed!

Joseph jumps into the chair and grabs his brother's hand.

Edgard tries to sit up, but is in too much pain. The wounds on his chest sting as he tries to move, he WINCE'S

JOSEPH
Lie down, Lie down. Just relax.

(BEAT)
How are you feeling, Ed?

Edgard looks at his brother.

EDGARD
Like shit.

Joseph LAUGHS

EDGARD
I heard Mama and the others.

JOSEPH
Didn't you talk to her?

EDGARD
I couldn't. Not yet.

JOSEPH
You had us scared Eddy, we thought you had died.

EDGARD
Not quite.

Edgard looks down to his legs; they lie motionless, strapped in bandages. He looks away from Joseph in realization of the damage he has received. He tries to pull his hand away from his brothers, but Joseph clasps harder, he won't let his brother go through this alone.

JOSEPH
Hey, look at me!

(BEAT)

Ed, Look at me.

Edgard continues to look away, We focus on his eyes, filling up with tears.

EDGARD

It's over, isn't it?

Joseph doesn't know what to say.

EDGARD

I'm done, aren't I?

Again, silence.

Both brothers struggle to hold back the emotion.

EDGARD

How is she?

JOSEPH

She is worried. She has prayed for you ever second since it happened. She just wants you back.

Edgard lies silent, his mind in another place. He stares blankly at the wall, as far away from his brother as possible. He can't deal with it.

EDGARD

I gotta sleep, dude. I gotta rest.

JOSEPH

Don't worry; I will be here when you wake.

Edgard closes his eyes and falls asleep, hand in hand with his brother.

Joseph bravely wipes away the tears.

He clasps his brother's hand tightly.

INT. HOSPITAL - EDGARD'S ROOM - MORNING

The morning after. Joseph sleeps in the chair. He is uncomfortable, but he makes do.

They are still connected by the hand.

Joseph awakes; he wipes his eyes and looks at his brother. Sleeping peacefully.

He looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

He is late.

He gets up, kisses his brother on the head and then leaves.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM - MORNING

Mr Patrick again stands at his desk watching his students enter. Still waiting for one student.

The last of the students enter, again nothing.

He looks to the floor and gathers himself

The class door closes, but before it has finished closing it swings open.

EVERYONE turns around.

It's Joseph. Still wearing the clothes he wore to the hospital.

A GASP goes around the class as everyone GOSSIPS about Joseph amongst themselves.

Joseph stands at the door staring at his teacher, as if it is only them in the room, no gossiping.

JOSEPH

I'm sorry I'm late, Sir.

Mr Patrick smiles

MR PATRICK

No worries, Joseph. Take you're seat.

Mr Patrick turns goes behind his desk and pulls out TWO TEXT BOOK'S, out of sight from the rest of the class.

MR PATRICK

(While walking subtly towards Joseph)

Today's topic. The Two Factor Theory. Please get out you're text books and turn to page one hundred and forty eight.

As everyone goes into their bags to retrieve their books, Mr Patrick slips Joseph a TEXTBOOK as he didn't take one to the hospital.

Joseph smiles up at his teacher.

Mr Patrick continues walking around the class to hide the drop off.

(CONTINUED)

He targets other students.

MR PATRICK
Becky, you got your book.

BECKY
I think I've lost it.

MR PATRICK
Well that isn't good enough now
is it.

Joseph notices his teaches kindness and smiles while turning to the correct page.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Something is going on in Mama's room, Mama is SHOUTING and Tahir and Hassan are trying to calm her down.

Abu sits in the corner of the living room, covering his ears from the shouting and crying.

Joseph enters; Abu sprints over to Joe and hugs him.

Joseph notices the noise.

JOSEPH
(Concerned)
What is going on?

ABU
(Sobbing)
It's Mama.

Joseph kneels so he is at Abu's level; he holds him at arm's length and looks him straight in the eyes, to connect fully.

JOSEPH
Whats happened?

ABU
Tahir got told by some boys at school that the guys who did this to Ed are going around saying shit about it.

JOSEPH
They know who did it?

ABU
Everyone does!

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
Then why haven't they been caught

ABU
They are drug guys, everyone is
too scared.

Joseph runs into Mama's room.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

Mama Akol stands, with a CANE keeping her up, Tahir and Hassan stand between her and the door. She is trying to get out.

TAHIR
Mama, just calm down.

Joseph enters.

MAMA AKOL
(Incensed, pointing at the
window)
Chee, you heard about this? These
boys know who hurt Edgard.

JOSEPH
Bu told me. Mama sit down, you
don't want to hurt yourself.

MAMA AKOL
Hurt myself! These boys hurt my
boy. Let me talk to them.

JOSEPH
Mama, sit down, please!

Joseph, Tahir and Hassan try and calm her down.

She pushes past them, they follow her.

JOSEPH
Mama!!

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Mama Akol makes her way through the room, she is stumbling, struggling to hold her weight with the CANE. Her frail body isn't used to moving this much.

Tahir and Joseph flank her to stop her if she falls.

JOSEPH
Hassan, Stay with Bu.

Mama Akol, Tahir and Joseph leave the room.

INT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE - STAIR WAY.

Mama Akon continues to struggle towards the stairwell, all the while Joseph and Tahir fail to convince her to go back.

She looks down the stair well. It is a long way down!

JOSEPH

Mama, can we please go back inside.

MAMA AKOL

They hurt my boy, I hurt them.

She begins to slowly walk down the stairs.

We focus on her foot and CANE. They are unsteady as they touch down, she almost slips a number of times but slowly she makes it to the bottom.

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE, LONDON

A group of THREE YOUTHS stand next to a wall near the Estate.

Mama Akol stumbles out, Joseph and Tahir still keeping her steady.

MAMA AKOL

(To the Youths)

Hey, You! Hey

The Youths look round, they don't know whats going on.

She tries to get closer to them, but Joseph pulls her back.

MAMA AKOL

(Hysterically)

You know who hurt my boy! You know who hurt my boy!

The Youths suddenly seem uneasy, they whisper amongst themselves, unsure of what to do.

MAMA AKOL

You tell those boys that did this to come and find me. No one hurts my boy. They are not Lost Boys, They are not Lost Boys. They are my boys. No one hurts one of my boys! You hear me.

Residents look outside their windows to see what is going on. People stop in the street to watch.

(CONTINUED)

Joseph is still pulling his mother back. Still trying to get her to calm down.

She notices the people watching.

MAMA AKOL

(To the onlookers)

You're all cowards. Every one of you. You know who did this. Why won't you say anything? Who hurt my boy? Tell me.

The on lookers look uneasy. They are silent, no one responds equally scared of Mama Akol as they are ashamed at their cowardice.

MAMA AKOL

They are not Lost Boys!

Joseph and Tahir finally manage to pull their mother in doors.

Tahir heads inside with Mama as she weeps.

Joseph stops at the door and looks at the onlookers and the YOUTHS. He is angry and ashamed, bravely stopping himself from reacting in a similar fashion to his mother. He then turns and follows his family in doors.

INT. DRUG DEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

A large apartment full of expensive looking furniture. The room is full of smoke; packets full of WEED are located around the entire room.

A party is occurring; the amount of weed is only eclipsed by the amount of Alcohol also present. LOUD DRUM AND BASS music pumps out a high end stereo system as an array of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN bump and grind in all area's of the room.

DRUGGIE GUYS join them. They are smoking, drinking, dancing and having a good time.

We focus on a group of four guy's who command the center of the room, they chill on the leather couches, smoking and drinking. Amongst them is DRE, GANG MEMBER 1, GANG MEMBER 2 and there friend DWAYNE.

They chill and talk business while everyone else dances. Dre is clearly the leader.

DRE

(To Dwayne)

So you lot made what? Two fifty?

DWAYNE

Yeah, man. It was a slow day at the office.

Dwayne takes a huge drag of a SPLIFF, and then blows smoke rings.

DRE

(To Gang Member 1)

What about you boys?

GANG MEMBER 1

Think we hit three twenty. But it was slow man. And we've been trying to keep the profile low, ya get me.

DRE

No I don't 'get ya', bruv. I don't give a shit if you wanna shank some dude, but when it affects my business, then I care. And this shit has affected my inflow, man.

GANG MEMBER 1

I get ya, sorry dawg. We will make it up when the heat dies down a bit.

A BEAUTIFUL LADY, early 20s, with as much upstairs as she does in the trunk bops over to the group, coming behind Dre and whispering in his ear.

BEAUTIFUL LADY 1

(Whispered to Dre)

You wanna meet me in the bedroom in ten; I got something I wanna show ya.

Dre looks at her, and nods. She leaves.

DWAYNE

(As Beautiful Lady 2 leaves)

Damn, that's a fine piece of ass.

DRE

Hey, bruv. Keep your eyes off that shit.

DWAYNE

Sorry, Dre.

DRE

(To Gang Member 1 and 2)

So what are you boys gonna do about our little revenue money problem?

(CONTINUED)

GANG MEMBER 2

Just sit it out, till the heat is off. There has been some real negativity from the Crossways; nobody wants to trade with us no more.

DRE

Sit it out? What is my product gonna be doing while you just sit on your skinny black arses. Sell itself?

GANG MEMBER 2

Sorry, bro. But we can't get pinched man. What would you want us to do?

Dre, sits and contemplates.

DRE

Negativity eh? we need to put a spin on that shit. Go down crossways tomorrow, try and have a word with some of the crew down there. See what's happening, get some info.

GANG MEMBER 1

About what?

DRE

About Edgard, man. See how he is doing; see if he is out yet. Try and build some bridges.

GANG MEMBER 2

(Hesitant)

Man, I don't know if it's safe to show our faces round there. Those bridges are officially burnt right now. The whole place knows were guilty.

DRE

Then act innocent, man.

GANG MEMBER 1

Yeah, man. I dunno.

DRE

You dunno?. Let me tell you straight, bruv. Either you do what I fucking say, or you're family are gonna go hungry, cos you just got made redundant. Now do YOU get ME?

(CONTINUED)

Gang Member's 1 and 2 are reluctant, that is the last place they wish to be. But they have to comply to their boss. They nod.

DRE

Good, I'll conclude this meeting here then. I got myself an African Queen to see to.

Dre gets up to go and fulfill his bedroom appointment.

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE - REAR - DAY

The group of Three Youths hang out at the back of the estate; they are out of view from any passers by.

We see Gang Member 1 and 2 walking over, they keep their guard up, shielding their faces with caps and hoodies.

YOUTH 1

(As the Gang Members approach)

Looky, Looky, Look. You boys got some balls showing up round these ends.

They all greet each other with shakes and fist bumps.

GANG MEMBER 1

Yeah, bruv. Believe me, this aint our idea.

YOUTH 2

Then who sent ya. You gonna shank anyone else today then?

GANG MEMBER 1

You wanna keep it on the low low, son. We aint here for no trouble.

GANG MEMBER 2

Dre sent us. He wants to know whats going down with the Akol kid?

YOUTH 1

Whats going down? The amount of blood in his body is doing down after you lot saw to him.

GANG MEMBER 1

Yeah funny you dip shit. Any news?

(CONTINUED)

YOUTH 3

News? apart from his mum coming down here yesterday waking up half the east end shouting at us, trying to get someone to rat you crooks out.

Gang Member 1 and 2 look at each other, they look worried.

GANG MEMBER 2

What the fuck, did anyone snitch?

YOUTH 1

Nah, man. It wasn't easy though. To be honest, everyone almost cracked. You could see it, dawg.

YOUTH 2

(Sarcastically)

Boy's if you saw her you would have handed yourself in man. Was emotional.

Young Boy 1 and 2 laugh.

GANG MEMBER 1

So we're good then.

YOUTH 1

Yeah, for now. But you might wanna stay away; the kid gets back from hospital today. So you might wanna watch your back, they like that lot round here.

GANG MEMBER 1

Cool, Will do, thanks for the heads up, bro.

They all shake goodbye and Gang Member 1 and 2 walk back.

The Young Boys continue messing about.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

The room has been decorated, on a budget, with banners and bunting welcoming Edgard home. A cheap supermarket bought CAKE sits on the lap of Mama Akol, who is positioned in a chair in the center of the room facing the door. She dusts herself down

The room is empty apart from Mama Akol, she lies in wait for his return.

The family suddenly enter led by Hassan and Tahir.

(CONTINUED)

EVERYBODY

Surprise!!

They walk in. Edgard is being helped along by Joseph. Edgard's wounds are still obvious, he is in a wheelchair.

EDGARD

Wow!

Edgard smiles warmly, he goes over to his mother and kisses her on the cheek.

MAMA AKOL

And look what we have for you.

Mama Akol offers him the cake.

EDGARD

Thanks, you guys.

He kisses her on the cheek again.

MAMA AKOL

How was the journey?

EDGARD

Yeah, it was fine.

MAMA AKOL

Was Brian, on time.

JOSEPH

Yes, mama. He helped us get Edgard up the stairs.

MAMA AKOL

Oh, didn't he want to come in and have some cake.

JOSEPH

No, Mama. He had other clients he needed to see to.

MAMA AKOL

OK, then.

Mama Akol gives Joseph the cake.

MAMA AKOL

Joseph, can you go and get everyone a slice of cake.

Abu, Tahir and Hassan CHEER.

Mama Akol reaches out her hand and strokes Edgard's face.

(CONTINUED)

MAMA AKOL

It is so good to have you back,
baby.

EDGARD

I'm glad to be back.

Mama Akol has a huge smile planted on her face, Edgard however forces out a smile. His mind is on the future, what will he do now?.

Joseph comes back with SLICES of CAKE.

JOSEPH

Here you are guys!

Tahir and Hassan fight for the first slice.

Joseph returns to the kitchen and comes out with more.

He gives everyone a slice.

They all start eating and CHATTING.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

The party is over; everyone is getting ready to go to bed. Edgard sits in his wheelchair, looking out the window. He is in deep thought. In his hand he has the Michael Jordan POSTER rolled up, he holds it tight. Again, the small lamp is the only thing lighting the dark room.

Joseph walks into the room. He sees his brother in the corner and the poster off the wall.

JOSEPH

Why have you taken MJ down?

EDGARD

I dunno, I couldn't just sit here
staring at his face.

A beat passes.

JOSEPH

What you looking at?

We see what Edgard is looking at out the window.

A group of BLACK KIDS, 12-20, conclude a drug deal outside the Estate.

EDGARD

This place is gonna kill us, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Chin up, man. They will catch the guys.

EDGARD

It's not just that. I don't care about that. Look at them, they are like thirteen and they're already dealing. How can god let that happen? They're thirteen, man.

JOSEPH

It's better than home, though. At least know one dies.

Edgard stares at the Black Kid's. He holds the POSTER tighter.

EDGARD

What am I gonna do Chee?

JOSEPH

Anything you want, bro.

EDGARD

Dont give me that shit man, be real. What have I got to give now?

JOSEPH

You're smart, man.

EDGARD

Nah, I'm not. I've coasted life so far man. All cos of my game, man. Now what I got. I got no legs, I got nothing man.

JOSEPH

The wounds will heal

EDGARD

Yeah, in like five years, then my shot is over,man. I would be like twenty five. No schools would want a twenty five year old former cripple on their team.

JOSEPH

You can get surgery, there is always something out there.

EDGARD

Bro, you know we can't afford that shit. Look at us; we can't even afford the water bill, man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD (cont'd)

You're the only one earning, and that's fuck all. Mama's benefits won't get us shit.

JOSEPH

We will get through, we always do.

EDGARD

Bro, I don't wanna just get through. I wanna do something, man. I wanna go somewhere. I can't grow old in this place, man.

JOSEPH

Do you think I want to be here, you think Tah, Has or Bu want to be here?. You think Mama want's to be here?. This is what we have been dealt man, and this is what we gotta do.

Edgard understands, but he has no words to say. He holds the POSTER tight and stares at the window. Another group of YOUNG PEOPLE mess about outside, more drugs.

Joseph gets the bed ready for his brother.

He goes over to his brother, pushes him over to his bed and helps him into bed.

Joseph turns the light off and goes to bed on the mattress.

JOSEPH

Night Night

Edgard is silent. He lies, staring at the ceiling, his eyes full of fear and uncertainty.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - SECOND BEDROOM - MORNING

Joseph awakes; he is startled by the morning sun peeking through the curtains. He looks around at the bed, Edgard isn't there.

Joseph gets up and walks to the living room, in search of his brother.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Everyone else sleeps, Hassan, Abu and Tahir sleep soundly in the living room. Where is Edgard?

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE

Joseph exits the building in his running gear. He stretches and then sets his WATCH before running.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOSEPH RUNNING

A) Joseph runs across the riverside, He powers past a group of BIRD's.

B) Joseph has an intense look in his eyes as he runs past a load of business men, he doesn't take his gaze away from where he is heading. The Business men jump out the way of this oncoming juggernaut.

C) Joseph runs up a steep hill, he is sweating, he is in pain as he runs up the hill. But he battles through.

D) Joseph gets to the top of the hill. He looks over London. He sits on the grass, silent and thinking.

EXT. LONDON GHETTO 1 - DAY

DRE, DWAYNE and GANG MEMBER 2 deal on the street side.

They have just done a big deal. Dre subtly counts his money.

We see Edgard roll up to them in his wheelchair.

Gang Member 2, hides behind Dwayne. Dwayne and Dre stare at Edgard, what is he doing?

Edgard isn't afraid, he isn't mad, he has something to do. Intense.

GANG MEMBER 2

Yo, dude.

DRE

Eddy, what's up man, how you feeling, bro?

EDGARD

I feel great, thanks.

DRE

Now, boy, don't do anything you're gonna regret.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

I'm not here to fight.

(Looks at Gang Member 2)

And I know you boys don't fight fair

(Looks back at Dre)

But seeing as you guys fucked me up, I think you boys owe me.

DRE

Owe you?

EDGARD

Yeah, you shank me. You're still on the streets aint ya. I aint ratted on you, boys. You owe me.

DRE

What is it that we owe you?

EDGARD

A job.

Dre, Dwayne and Gang Member 2 look at each other. What did he just say?

DWAYNE

You wanna job?

EDGARD

Yeah. My family gotta eat.

Edgard, sacrificing his own interests for the welfare of his family, sits in his wheel chair, eyes fixed on Dre. Determined.

DRE

Alright, man. OK.

GANG MEMBER 1

(To Dre)

What? You giving him a job?

DRE

Yeah, blud. It's what he deserves. If it wasn't for him you would be locked up doing years in jail, man.

(BEAT)

(To Edgard)

I got your digits, bro. I will holla at you later this week, man.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

Cool, man.

Edgard doesn't shake any hands; he just coolly turns around and rolls away. Job done.

We see his eyes as he rolls away, his back facing the group. Tears swell in the corners of his eyes. He did what he thinks he had to do.

EXT. LONDON HILL

Joseph still sits on the hill. Playing with the grass.

MR PATRICK

(O.S, talking about the view)

For such an ugly city, it is a half decent view, aint it

Mr Patrick comes and sits next to Joseph.

JOSEPH

You should have seen home, It was beautiful.

MR PATRICK

Home always is beautiful.

JOSEPH

Where do you call home?

MR PATRICK

Glasgow, stunning!

Joseph laughs

MR PATRICK

I wanted to talk to you Joe.

JOSEPH

About what?

MR PATRICK

About a race.

JOSEPH

A race?

MR PATRICK

Yep. One of the old guys from my athletic club holds an annual competition across Hackney, a half marathon. I've been thinking. You should enter.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Why would I wanna race?

MR PATRICK

Because your good, kid.

JOSEPH

No I'm not.

MR PATRICK

You are. And there is prize money.

JOSEPH

Why are you doing this, sir?

MR PATRICK

Doing what?

JOSEPH

Helping me, you have no duty.

MR PATRICK

I dunno. Maybe I'm the second coming. Or maybe I didn't get to fulfill my dream and I wanna live through someone else. Or maybe I just see a kid that needs a break in life, a kid who has a lot more to give than he thinks.

(BEAT)

Ya know, a wise man once said 'Sport has the power to change the world'. And I truly believe that.

JOSEPH

Who said that, Beckham?

MR PATRICK

No, Mandela

Joseph looks at the grass.

JOSEPH

Who is racing?

MR PATRICK

(Sarcastically)

No one good. A couple of guys who placed in the London Marathon, a few Olympians. Nothing, special.

JOSEPH

What? How will I beat them?

(CONTINUED)

MR PATRICK

Every one of those guys has stamina. They all got a good set of lungs. But they don't need this as much as you, kid. That's why you will win it. Because you gotta.

JOSEPH

I dunno.

MR PATRICK

How about this I will dust off the old short shorts and running shoes and hit the streets with you, see what you got. And if at the end of the next two weeks I think you're good enough I will enter you. If I don't think you are up for it, then I won't.

JOSEPH

Like a coach?

MR PATRICK

Yeah, Coach Patrick. I like that.

JOSEPH

Do they have to be short shorts? That may not work well with keeping my breakfast down in the morning.

MR PATRICK

Boy, I'm gonna punish you for that comment.

The pair LAUGH and joke.

EXT. LONDON GHETTO 2 - MORNING

Dre and Dwayne stand in the middle of the street. It's cold. They are wrapped up warm. They seem apprehensive.

Edgard rolls up in his wheelchair.

DWAYNE

(Whispered to Dre as Edgard approaches)

Are you for real man? Professor X aint gonna do well keeping this shit on the low low.

Edgard reaches them. Ready to work.

(CONTINUED)

DRE

What up bro

Dre and Edgard great each other with a handshake.

Dwayne forces out a greeting. He is very dubious about the whole situation.

EDGARD

So, what do we do?

DRE

I dunno if you have noticed, but the whole wheels thing really aint gonna be working for us, man.

EDGARD

Dude, you promised a job.

DRE

I know, man. And I don't break my promises. All I meant is that you shouldn't be hitting the streets just yet. Our customers need to feel safe around us, bro. And also, if shit hits the fan, you gotta be ready to bolt.

DWAYNE

Yeah, man. And unless it's a really really steep hill that you can roll down. Well, you're gonna get pinched.

EDGARD

So what do I do?

Dre looks at Dwayne. He has an idea.

DRE

You transport.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DRUG DEALERS AT WORK

A) Edgard goes to a small house. Nondescript. He rings the bell. A DRUG BARON(30s, white, with the look of a full time crack addict) opens. Edgard says something to him. He shakes Edgard's hand and lets him in.

DRE

(V.O)

Now, what you do. Roll on down to Cubitt Town. We got a guy there. When the dude opens the door tell him that 'The garden look's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRE (cont'd)
 nice'. He will know what you mean
 and let you in.

B) Edgard is in the small house. Edgard and Drug Baron go to the kitchen which is packed full of drugs and a number of people helping package and purify the stock. When Edgard sees all the drugs he is visibly shocked. The Drug Baron gets THREE BIG BAGS OF WEED. He gives them to Edgard. Edgard stashes them in a HOLDER around his shoulder which he hides under a big coat.

DRE
 (V.O,cont.)
 When you're in there he will give
 you the shit we ordered. Just
 take it, out it in the bag and
 then leave. Don't get talking to
 the fool; he will have you there
 all day, man. Next...

C) Edgard, with the drugs stashed in the holder under his big coat, rolls around the London streets. He blends in; no one bats an eye lid.

DRE
 (V.O,cont.)
 ...come down to the Marshes, you
 will meet Clifton. Give him a
 packed lunch. Plus a little
 extra. Then you're done.

D) Edgard is in the Hackney Marshes. He rolls over to CLIFTON, 30s, who sits on a bench in the middle of the Marshes. Edgard goes over, shakes his hand and hands him a lunch box, containing a JUICE BOX, CRISPS, SANDWICHES and a pack of WEED.

INT. DRUG DEN APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Dre, Dwayne, Gang Member 2 and a couple of other DRUG GUY's chill on the sofa's, smoking and drinking and counting MONEY.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Dre gets up. He opens to find Edgard after his first day at work. He greets him warmly.

DRE
 What up man. How did it go? You
 do the drop.

EDGARD
 Yeah, man. It went well.

(CONTINUED)

DRE
Cool, cool, bro.

Dre goes over to the table and picks up a WAD OF CASH.

He goes back to Edgard and counts off the money he owes him.

DRE
(Counting the money)

Ten...twenty..forty..fifty...sixty.
There you go bro.

Edgard looks in the room, he spots a GUN. He seems nervous and tense.

Dre notices Edgars reaction to noticing the weapon.

DRE
You OK man?

EDGARD
Yeah, I'm good.

DRE
Boy, this aint marketing. You gotta have you're heat, I aint going in there naked?

EDGARD
Yeah, cool cool.

Although Edgard is still tense he lets it slide, he realises it is a dangerous trade they are involved in.

Dre gives Edgard his earnings. Edgard takes the money.

DRE
See you next week, man.

EDGARD
Next week?

DRE
Yeah, man. We can't play the same trick every day. The fuzz will catch on.

EDGARD
Man, I need more money.

DRE
You free Thursday.

EDGARD

Yeah.

DRE

Meet us here on Thursday at eleven. Ya got it?

EDGARD

Yeah, bro.

They shake bye and Edgard leaves.

EXT. ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

A nice, plush looking building with the words 'GOLDEN ATHLETICS CLUB' plastered all over the building. This is a far way from the Crossways estate. From rotting weeds to topiary, the area is high class.

A couple of POSH ATHLETES exit the building. They wear expensive overpriced branded t-shirts, have their hair combed back and have obvious OxBridge credentials. The pair would look more at home on a polo field than a running track.

Outside the club Mr Patrick stands, holding a gym bag. He waits.

Joseph walks up to him, wearing his gym gear. A pair of battered old TRAINER'S, baggy WHITE VEST, and short BLACK SHORTS. He approaches his teacher and looks at the plush building. He is overawed and uneasy in these surroundings.

JOSEPH

Why are we here, Sir.

MR PATRICK

We are here to...

(Get's distracted by Josephs old shoes)

..what the hell are those?

JOSEPH

They are my running shoes.

MR PATRICK

No, they where Gandhi's first trainers by the look of them.

JOSEPH

These shoes have carried me across deserts, they are nice.

MR PATRICK

I don't even think a mugger would steal those.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Anyway, what are we doing here?

MR PATRICK

Dave, the guy who organises this annual race, has let us train at his club. I wanna see what you got kid, you ready?

JOSEPH

I think the question is 'are you ready?', old man

MR PATRICK

Old man? I am gonna whoop your ass.

They walk inside.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - GYM

A world class facility packed full with top of the range cardio machines and weight machines.

DAVE, 40s, athletic build and clearly a wealthy man, opens the doors and lets Joseph and Mr Patrick in. Mr Patrick has changed into his running gear, EXPENSIVE RUNNING SHOES a T SHIRT and SMALL WHITE SHORTS. He is holding an IPOD.

DAVE

Here we are.

JOSEPH

(In awe)

Wow

MR PATRICK

It's not bad is it?

JOSEPH

It's beautiful

DAVE

Well guys, you got the place all to yourself. Use whatever you want, I will just be down the hall if you need anything. Throw on some music if you want, there are TVs if you wanna watch a film or something. OK?

MR PATRICK

Cheers, mate. We appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

No worries.

Dave and Mr Patrick shake hands and hug. Dave leaves.

MR PATRICK

You ready for this kiddo?

JOSEPH

Yep.

Joseph walks over to a TREADMILL, the amount of buttons confuses him. He isn't used to this level of technology, having spent most of his running life running across deserts in his homeland.

JOSEPH

What's this?

MR PATRICK

It's a treadmill, that's what we are gonna be running on.

Mr Patrick goes over to the STEREO SYSTEM with his IPOD. He plugs it in.

MR PATRICK

What music do you like?

JOSEPH

Music?

MR PATRICK

Yeah, to help motivate us.

Joseph thinks.

JOSEPH

Erhmn, do you have any African music?

MR PATRICK

Akon?

JOSEPH

Who?

MR PATRICK

Then sorry, no. Do you like any western songs? You into that rap stuff all the kids listen to these days?

JOSEPH

Not really, there was this one song. A guy back home used to have it on video. They had big hair, pretty pretty girl on car.

(CONTINUED)

(BEAT)

(singing)

'I don't know where I'm going,
But I sure know where I've been,
Hanging on the promises of the
songs from yesterday..'

Mr Patrick looks baffled. Is this kid serious?

MR PATRICK

Whitesnake? You want Whitesnake.

JOSEPH

Yes, Whitesnake

MR PATRICK

OK, then.

Mr Patrick puts on 'HERE I GO AGAIN by WHITESNAKE.

He then goes and joins Joseph on the treadmills.

They get on treadmills alongside each other.

As the song starts, they both start singing along. They start jogging slowly as they sing along.

JOSEPH AND MR PATRICK

(Singing)

No, I don't know where I'm going.
But, I sure know where I've been.
Hanging on the promises in the
songs of yesterday. And I've made
up my mind. I aint wasting know
more time.

They start to increase the pace.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - GYM - MOMENTS LATER.

They are now full on sprinting as they BELT out the chorus of the song. They lack tune, pitch and tone but apart from that they act like two certifiable rock stars.

JOSEPH AND MR PATRICK

Here I go again on my own. Going
down the only road I've ever
known. Like a drifter I was born
to walk along....

We see Dave peeking through the window of the door, staring at Joseph and Mr Patrick as they sing and run amused by their bizarre training methods. He LAUGHS to himself and walks off.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - CHANGING ROOMS

Mr Patrick has just had a shower; he stands in his towel, drying his hair.

Joseph is putting his gym gear back on after also having a shower. As he didn't bring extra clothes he wears the same gear he just worked out in, plus the chances are he will run back home. He sits to put his shoes on.

MR PATRICK

You know what Joe? That was impressive. You really surprised me in there, today.

JOSEPH

You weren't too bad for an old man, either.

MR PATRICK

I still think you should do it, man. Dave likes you, I could see. Just enter it.

JOSEPH

I dunno, I don't want to get embarrassed.

MR PATRICK

The way you performed out there today. You won't get embarrassed, you will win.

Joseph sits quietly and thinks. He imagines himself winning. He smiles to himself.

INT. DRUG DEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

LEGEND: '3 Weeks Later'

Edgard stands, with the aid of crutches, next to Dre. They are tight now, running the scene side by side. They have just had guests and see them out.

After their guests have left they sit on the sofa and stare at a HUGE PILE OF MONEY. A big deal has just been done.

DRE

(Happily)

Boy, this shit just got major.

EDGARD

WE did it, bro.

(CONTINUED)

They seem excited, whatever bad blood was between them before has now been swept away by a huge stack of money staring them right in the face.

DRE

Ya know, we should expand this operation. Go regional, man. I'm talking hitting the over hoods, get this shit rolling, man.

EDGARD

(Pointing at the pile of cash)

I don't know man, we aint doing too bad as we are.

DRE

Yeah, we're doing alright. But you gotta stop thinking small time, man. Think about it, if we double up the operation, twice as much supply, twice as many sellers, twice as many customer, we will be making twice as much cash. Believe me, there is a market out there for this shit.

(BEAT)

You know what I saw once on TV, I saw that the drug trade in the UK is worth six billion quid. Wheres my six billion?!

EDGARD

Man, there aint nothing wrong with playing safe. Take our slice and leave. We don't wanna get in over our heads.

DRE

Boy, you're like six five. You're not even in knee deep, yet my friend.

Edgard smiles at Dre. They both look at the money.

They each pick up a wad of cash and then launch it in the air, smiling gleefully as the cash showers down on them from up above.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - KITCHEN

Joseph slaves away in the kitchen, somehow putting together six meals with extremely rationed supplies. This used to be Edgard's job.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Abu, Hassan and Tahir watch cartoons in black and white on the old TV in the corner of the room.

ABU

I got one. What if we were superheros? Who would we be then?

TAHIR

I'd be superman.

HASSAN

No way, I'm superman.

TAHIR

How are YOU superman?

HASSAN

How are YOU superman?

TAHIR

I'm the strongest.

ABU

Why can't I be superman

Tahir and Hassan LAUGH

TAHIR

You superman? Bu the only superhero you will ever be is The Thing.

Edgard enters; he walks in slowly on the crutches, still not fully accustomed to using them.

EDGARD

Mama, I'm home.

MAMA AKOL

(O.S, from her room)

Eddy, how was the meeting?

EDGARD

Yeah, it was good. They gave me the disability allowance money today.

TAHIR

(To Edgard)

Does this mean we can have a Chinese?

EDGARD

Yeah, man. On me!

Tahir, Hassan and Abu all cheer. They have been waiting for that news. Edgard smiles at his brothers, happy he can supply for his family once again.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - KITCHEN

Joseph hears this; he is half way through making the food. This news doesn't go down too well. He slams a KITCHEN KNIFE to the counter.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Joseph pops his head out the kitchen.

JOSEPH
I've almost finished dinner!

EDGARD
Well, I don't mind. These guys seem pretty set on Chinese.

Tahir, Abu and Hassan are already discussing what they want from the takeaway. Decision made!

JOSEPH
God sake.

Joseph goes back into the kitchen to put everything away and wrap up any food he has already cooked.

Edgard goes into Mama Akols room.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

Mama Akol is lying on the bed, reading.

Edgard walks in.

EDGARD
Hey mama.

He goes over and kisses her on the forehead.

MAMA AKOL
So the meeting went well?

EDGARD
Yeah, better than I thought. They said that because the injury stopped me earning they would give me more money. Isn't that great!

Mama Akol looks genuinely happy, the first time since the stabbing.

(CONTINUED)

Edgard reaches into his bag and pulls out £600 in CASH.

Mama Akol almost swallows her false teeth when she sees the huge amount of money.

MAMA AKOL
(Shocked)
Oh my Edgard.

EDGARD
I know, right. Things are finally
turning around for us.

While the money is on show Joseph walks in. Edgard tries to subtly shield the money but Joseph sees. He clearly questions the amount that Edgard has on show, growing ever suspicious of how he is earning this money, he decides to not bring this up in front of their mother.

JOSEPH
Sorry for disturbing. The others
wanna know when we are gonna go
down to get the food?.

EDGARD
Tell them I will be out in a
minute.

Joseph nods and then closes the door.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Joseph closes the door.

JOSEPH
(To Abu, Hassan and Tahir)
He will be out in a minute, then
we will go down.

ABU
Cool

JOSEPH
You guys decided what you want,
because we can't have it like
last time. When you took about
twenty minutes to decide when we
got to the shop.

ABU
I know what I'm getting.

Edgard leaves Mama Akol's room. He gives Joseph an uneasy look. He knows Joseph isn't gullible.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

You guys know what you want?

They all say 'yes'.

EDGARD

Cool, so who's coming?

JOSEPH

How about just me and you, let these guys watch their show.

Edgard seems hesitant after Joseph just saw the amount of money he had. But he agrees.

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE - NIGHT

The streets are empty. The night is cold and frosty.

Edgard and Joseph leave the building, they are wrapped up warm. They start to walk.

JOSEPH

So, how was your meeting?

EDGARD

(Lying through his teeth)
Yeah, was good man. They gave me more than I thought, something about me being unable to earn.

JOSEPH

Quit the bullshit man. I know what you're doing. And you gotta stop.

EDGARD

What are you on about?

JOSEPH

I see you. With Dre and his boys, man. That's a bad crowd.

EDGARD

Dre aint bad, man. He's a decent guy.

JOSEPH

Before you started being all friendly with him you thought like me. You thought he was trouble, a straight up hustling drug dealer. Has he changed, man? or have you changed.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

What you giving me this shit for, bro. There is food on the table; let's just leave it at that.

JOSEPH

There was food on the table anyway.

EDGARD

Is that what this is about? because I ruined you're little meal when I offered Chinese.

JOSEPH

No, of course not. This is about you doing something stupid that you're gonna regret.

Edgard stops walking. He is angry, insulted and defensive.

EDGARD

This is my life? Isn't it?

JOSEPH

Yeah.

EDGARD

Then what are you doing telling me what to do.

JOSEPH

I'm not trying to tell you what to do; I'm just trying to help.

EDGARD

The only people that can tell me what to do are mama and papa. And papa's dead and mama is as good as dead.

JOSEPH

Don't say that.

EDGARD

Ya know what, I'm gonna lay it down for you. Tell you straight. I didn't want to go to the NBA. You know that. That wasn't my dream. The only reason I played ball is so that I could have the chance to go to school. To get a piece of paper that says I can do something, something good for once in my life. And playing ball is the only way we could afford it. NBA isn't my dream, its mums,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD (cont'd)
she heard about all those
millionaire sports stars and she
got an idea, anything so she
didn't have to face reality. When
those guys jumped me they didn't
take away my sports dream, they
took away my life dream. God gave
me the ability to play ball, then
he damn sure took it away. So
this is what I'm left with.

Edgard signals around at the area they live in. Council Estates. Rotting reminders of London's past. Poverty. Hardship. The drug trade is the only sector flourishing in this economic climate within this area of town.

JOSEPH
Theres better ways than that
though. You shouldn't have to
disgrace yourself.

EDGARD
(Insulted)
Disgrace myself? is that what you
think I'm doing. You've known me
for all these years, and that's
what you think I'm doing. God
you're stupid. I'm keeping this
family alive. I'm trying to keep
this family safe and keep this
family happy. And if I have to
sell a little weed or a little
crack to do that, then that is a
sacrifice I am willing to make.
Look at yourself Joseph, what are
you doing for this family?

JOSEPH
I have a proper job.

EDGARD
At the corner shop. Minimum wage,
what's that ever gonna do. You
can't feed six people on minimum
wage. You know how much I have
earned in the last three weeks
since rolling with these guys?

JOSEPH
How much?

EDGARD
two and a half thousand.

JOSEPH

But that's dirty money.

EDGARD

I don't give a shit if it's dirty money, if it buys us clean food and clean things then I'm fine with it.

(BEAT)

Look at us, Chee. Look where we are, look at Mama. She needs something good in her life, she needs a sign from god that everything is gonna be OK. Because I've seen it in her, the light is dimming. Her hope is fading. And if the only hope I can give her is with this job, then so be it.

Joseph doesn't want to agree with his brother, but inside he understands. He is caught in two minds what to do, he stands for a beat and then..

..he sprints away.

EDGARD

(Shouted as Joseph sprints away)

You can't run forever, Chee. Sooner or later you gotta stop. You can't run forever.

Joseph runs into the distance.

That argument has hurt Edgard, he believes that what he is doing is right for his family. But he hurts nonetheless.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOSEPH RUNNING

A) Joseph sprints past the Chinese that they were trying to get to. Tears stream down his face, his brain focused on his family, his legs focused on getting as far away from his family as possible.

B) Joseph is at break neck speed. He continues to cry as he flies through the empty London streets.

C) Joseph has reached a nicer part of the city, although not too far removed from where he lives.

EXT. MR PATRICKS HOUSE

Joseph slows down and stops outside a modest town house down a middle class street. He is still crying, emotion still flows painfully through his veins.

JOSEPH
(Shouted)
Sir, Sir!

(BEAT)
Sir, Sir! Come out.

Lights flick on up the street, awoken by the noise.

The top window of the house slowly opens and Mr Patrick pokes his head out, he is ready for bed.

MR PATRICK
(Surprised)
Joseph, what are you doing here?

JOSEPH
I want in sir. I wanna run.

Mr Patrick sees Joseph is emotional and is also growing aware of the displeasure from his neighbours at the noise levels outside. He invited him in.

MR PATRICK
Come inside.

INT. MR PATRICKS HOUSE LIVING ROOM

The decor is somewhere between basic and cultured, paintings hang on the walls and a selection of trophies from his athletic days adorn the mantelpiece.

Joseph sits on the sofa, still emotional. He has his head in his hands.

Mr Patrick walks in with two cups of COFFEE.

He gives one to Joseph before sitting down with his.

MR PATRICK
(comforting)
You OK son?

(BEAT)
Its hard I know, but he has the best intentions for your family. He would never want to hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

I know, but they are a bad crowd.
And what happens if he gets in
trouble again, they aren't the
kind of friends you rely on to
help you when you're in trouble.
They would just run.

MR PATRICK

I know, I know. Drink some of the
coffee, it will relax you.

Joseph takes a sip.

MR PATRICK

You wanna stay here for the
night? I aint got a spare room
but this sofa isn't too
uncomfortable. I can fetch some
extra sheets.

JOSEPH

Would you mind?

MR PATRICK

No worries, we could do for a jog
in the morning before class.

JOSEPH

Thank you, sir.

Mr Patrick heads off to get the sheets.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abu, Hassan, Tahir and Mama Akol wait for the boys to
return with the food. The kids are restless; they are
hungry and fidget about while waiting.

Edgard returns holding two BAGS full of take away.

The boys sprint over to get their food.

Mama Akol notices Joseph's absence.

MAMA AKOL

Where has Chee gone?

EDGARD

He had some place to go.

MAMA AKOL

Go where?

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

I don't know Mama; he just needed
to go somewhere.

MAMA AKOL

(Persistent)

I don't understand Edgard, where
did he go?

Edgard is edgy, touchy. The constant bombardment of
questions pushes him too far.

EDGARD

(Aggravated)

I don't know Mama!

The other boys look over.

MAMA AKOL

Edgard, what is going on?

EDGARD

Just let it go mama. Joseph just
ran away.

MAMA AKOL

What is happening Edgard?

Edgard is silent. Mama seems concerned. She slowly puts
the pieces together but will hold judgment until she hears
it directly from her son's mouth. The silence lasts a
couple of beats.

MAMA AKOL

Edgard?!

EDGARD

All I'm trying to do is feed the
family; keep a roof over out
head.

MAMA AKOL

I don't understand Edgard.

EDGARD

The money I got wasn't from the
government.

Although she suspected something she is heartbroken
nonetheless. Edgard was the one person in her life she
didn't expect to break her heart, this confounds her
misery. She sits, dreading what she is about to hear.
Edgard looks at the floor; he can't stand to look his
mother in the eyes. The other boys, look at Edgard, their
role model.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD
(Mumbled)
I've been selling.

MAMA AKOL
(She didn't hear)
What, Edgard?

EDGARD
I've been making money by
selling. Selling drugs, I've got
together with Dre's crew.

Everyone GASP's in shock and disappointment. The second the word 'drugs' is uttered you can almost hear Mama Akol's heart break. She stares blankly at Edgard, she is calm, and she fights the anger building within her. She sits, frozen.

MAMA AKOL
(Calmly)
Leave.

EDGARD
What?

MAMA AKOL
Get out my house.

EDGARD
Mama, don't act like this.

MAMA AKOL
Leave.

EDGARD
Mama.

Mama Akol snaps, her defence is broken, the anger flood out. If she could walk she would have jumped up and strangled her oldest child.

MAMA AKOL
(Angrily)
Leave!

Edgard responds in kind

EDGARD
If it wasn't for me we would be
going hungry. I was doing it for
this fucking family.

MAMA AKOL
Get out my house! I never want to
see you again. You shame your
brother. You shame me. You shame
you're father!.

Mentioning his father infuriates Edgard. He storms out, slamming the door behind him before he gives himself the chance to do something he will regret.

EXT. CROSSWAYS ESTATE - NIGHT

Edgard violently throws the entrance door open. He is filled up with anger. He paces a few times back and forth in the door way. Deciding what to do. He snarls and hits the wall in anger.

He begins walking. On purpose going to the one place his mother wouldn't want him to go.

INT. DRUG DEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edgard KNOCKS on the door. Dre opens. He is surprised to see him. Edgard is still angry, though he attempts to cover it up.

DRE

Ed. What you doing here?

EDGARD

Just thought I would come over, man.

DRE

Cool. Come in.

Dre lets him in. Edgard goes and sits on the sofa.

DRE

You want something to drink?

EDGARD

Yeah, man.

Dre goes to the fridge and pulls out two BEERS. He gives one to Edgard and starts sipping his when his PHONE RINGS. He answers.

DRE

(On the phone)

What up, man? Hows things?

MAN ON PHONE

(O.S)

Yeah, good, dawg. You got any shit on you?

Dre looks around; he sees some WEED and COKE in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

DRE
(On the phone)
Yeah, man. I got some shit? But
its late man, we don't do
deliveries this late.

MAN ON PHONE
(O.S)
I will make it worth your while
man.

Dre looks at Edgard as to say 'you up for making a deal?'.
Edgard agrees.

DRE
(On the phone)
Cool Man, how much do you want?

MAN ON PHONE
(O.S)
Just an eight-ball man.

DRE
(On the phone)
Cool, man. Give us thirty mins,
yeah?

MAN ON PHONE
(O.S)
Cool.

Dre hangs up.

DRE
Let's get going, man. That was
Rasheed, he wants some rocks.

Edgard downs his beer and then gets ready.

EXT. LONDON GHETTO 3 - NIGHT

An abandoned park in London. It looks purposefully built
for a shady deal of this nature, out of sight and hidden.
No one within site apart from the guy on the phone,
RASHEED, and his mate, JAMAL, who stand in the middle of
an empty park. All the grass in the park is dead, all the
equipment is rusty and decaying, no kids have played here
in years.

Edgard and Dre approach. They greet the others warmly.

RASHEED
Alright, boy. You got the shit?

(CONTINUED)

DRE
Yeah man. You got the money?

RASHEED
Yeah.

Dre, gets out the drugs.

DRE
Let me see the money.

Rasheed gets out the money.

Dre puts out his hand. He wants to check the money.
Rasheed gives him the money. Dre counts it.

DRE
You only got seventy here, man.
The price is a hundred.

RASHEED
So we might be a little short
man.

DRE
Boys, I don't do business like
that. I don't discounts.

JAMAL
Dre, how long we known you?

DRE
I don't give a shit if you were
my mother, bitches. No discounts

Rasheed is angered at this, apparent, show of disrespect.
He pulls out a GUN.

Dre and Edgard step back, Dre tries to calm him down.

DRE
Wow, Rasheed! Put that shit away,
man. You're my boy!

RASHEED
I'm you're boy. I aint you're
fucking boy.

DRE
This shit is just business man.

In the blink of an eye, Dre reaches into his pocket pulls
out a GUN as well. But before he can fire we hear BANG
BANG - GUN SHOT'S.

Dre falls to the ground, clutching his chest. Blood flows out onto the floor. As Rasheed turns to take care of Edgard, Edgard pushes the gun into the air, and using his superior strength pushes Rasheed onto Jamal, before sprinting away.

Dre lies on the grass, dead. His eyes still open.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EDGARD RUNNING

A) Edgard sprints through the streets, always looking behind him, checking the coast is clear. He is emotional

B) Trying to get as far away as possible, yet with no real place to go he continues running through the empty London streets.

C) He finally swings down a dark alley, checking around the corner to see if anyone is coming. They are not. He falls to the floor; he puts his head in his hands and cries. Begging god for forgiveness.

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - MORNING

Edgard sleeps on the floor. He slowly wakes up, his eyes look sore and puffy from the tears he shed the previous night. He stands up, pats himself down, looks around the corner hesitantly and then begins to walk.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM

Joseph sits at the back of the class, listening religiously to Mr Patrick. Everyone else seems to be drifting in and out of consciousness; they occupy their time by staring blankly at inanimate objects and scribbling drawings in their notebooks.

GIRL

(O.S, looking out the window)

Sir, I think we got a squatter on the field.

Everyone looks around to see what she is talking about. The whole class gathers around the window. Mr Patrick comes over to see, followed by Joseph.

Joseph reacts in shock. He quickly sprints out the room.

EXT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - FIELD

Edgard sits huddled up on the field, in the middle of the running track. He is still in shock from what went down last night. He isn't really sure why he came here.

JOSEPH
(O.S)
Edgard!

Edgard looks round to see his brother standing there, he stands up. Joseph jogs over.

JOSEPH
What are you doing here?

Joseph notices he has been crying.

JOSEPH
(Worried)
What happened? Is everyone OK.

EDGARD
(Crying)
They killed him, man.

JOSEPH
Killed who? What happened?

EDGARD
They shot Dre. Murdered him.

Joseph is annoyed that Edgard went back to that life after they talked. But it is in his nature to be caring, no matter what.

EDGARD
I'm done man. I should have listened to you, bro.

Edgard leans into Joseph longing for someone to lean on, for some comfort, Joseph hugs him. Edgard cries on his shoulder.

EDGARD
You always were the smart one.

INT. HACKNEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - BUSINESS CLASSROOM

The class is still gathered around the window gawking at what is happening. As Mr Patrick realises what is going on he instructs everyone to sit down.

MR PATRICK
Come on, guys. Shows over.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Abu, Tahir and Hassan are at school. The room is empty.
Edgard and Joseph enter. Edgard has calmed down a bit.

MAMA AKOL
(O.S, from her room)
Who is it?

Edgard and Joseph go to her room.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

They enter. She is on her bed reading a book. She looks up and shes Edgard, he is not wanted there.

MAMA AKOL
What are you doing here? I don't
want you here? You're not
welcome.

Joseph acts as the peace maker.

JOSEPH
Mama, just listen to him.

Mama Akol gives Edgard a chance to speak.

EDGARD
Mama, I'm sorry. I should have
never done those things I did. I
should never have got myself
involved in that life. I know
that you are only saying the
things you said because you care.
But you gotta understand the only
reason I did what I did was to
keep this family alive. I know it
was the wrong thing to do, but I
was desperate. I'm sorry.

MAMA AKOL
I didn't bring my boys up to be
drug dealers. I thought you were
better than that.

EDGARD
I'm sorry mama.

Mama Akol believes Edgard is remorseful. She signals for
him to come and hug her.

MAMA AKOL
If you ever do that again.

They hug.

(CONTINUED)

MAMA AKOL

When the boys get back you must tell them that what you did was stupid, that you made a mistake. Beg for their forgiveness. They look up to you Edgard.

Edgard nods.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Edgard and Joseph await the return of the boys. They come in, surprised to see Edgard. Edgard tells them what he did and gives Abu a hug, Tahir and Hassan soon join in the hug. With all his brothers embraces Joseph also joins in.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Everyone sleeps soundly.

MAMA AKOL

(O.S, from her room,
concerned)

Guys! Somebody.

Everyone wakes up. They go to their mothers aid including Edgard who sprints from his room.

INT. AKOL FAMILY FLAT - MAIN BEDROOM

Mama Akol sits up in her bed, looking at something on her chair.

Abu, Hassan , Tahir and Edgard enter the room.

MAMA AKOL

What does it mean?

We see what they are looking at, a broken and beaten old copy of AESOP'S FABLES opened at the aforementioned 'BUNDLE OF STICKS' story with a piece of PAPER containing a note. Edgard looks at the book with joyful recognition, brought all the way from their homeland by Joseph, his sole memento from is homeland. He picks up the note and reads it.

EDGARD

(Reading the note)

'We came to this country with a dream. That dream has not died. Our hope died. But I'm gonna get it back. Joseph'

(CONTINUED)

MAMA AKOL

(Worried what Joseph might
be doing)

What does it mean Edgard? He
isn't doing anything stupid is
he.

Abu, Hassan and Tahir also look worried.

EDGARD

I know where he is!

EXT. LONDON STREETS - RACE STARTING LINE - DAY

The streets have been closed and cordoned off to allow the racers to race without being disturbed.

'LONDON CITY HALF MARATHON' is printed on every piece of tape and every sign within site.

A large crowd gathers around the start line to CHEER on the racer. A quite intimidating atmosphere for a first timer.

A group of around four thousand runners are stretching and preparing their bodies for war. They all have numbers on their chest. We see Joseph in the midst of this, he looks nervous. Kitted out with his old RUNNING SHOE'S, black SHORTS and a BAGGY WHITE VEST with the words 'DREAM' scrawled on it along with a piece of paper stapled to him saying '1546'. Every runner looks ready, intimidatingly fit and prepared.

Dave walks up to Joseph, he instantly see's he is nervous. Dave is kitted out in the most expensive running equipment money can buy, he is in great shape.

DAVE

How you feeling kid?

JOSEPH

Good, Mr Dave

DAVE

Good, because you look like
you're about to shit yourself.

JOSEPH

I guess I'm kinda nervous.

The RACE OFFICIALS signal for everyone to take their marks to begin the race.

Dave gets ready. Joseph also gets ready.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Good, I'd worry for you if you weren't.

The Officials signal for them to GO!

The runners spill out the starting blocks at a decent pace. Joseph gets lost from our sight amongst the crowd.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - MR PATRICK

Mr Patrick stands a few miles further up the race course; he has an Earphone in one ear as he listens to the live commentary of the race on his phone. There is a splatter of other fans waiting this far up the course, but not many.

RACE COMMENTATOR

(V.O, through Mr Patrick's
headphone)

And they're off on the seventh
annual London City Half Marathon

Mr Patrick lets out a little whispered cheer for Joseph when he hears they have begun. He waits patiently.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

There is a clear front group starting to pull away from the pack, made up of Olympians, professionals and a few elite amateurs.

Joseph and Dave run slightly behind the leading pack, Dave notices a group pulling away and he doesn't want to be left behind.

DAVE

Think it's time to up the pace,
don't get left too far behind
kid.

Dave turns it up a gear and chases after the leading pack, Joseph keeps his pace steady, staying at the front of the chasing pack. His eyes look determined, emotional yet focused. He is running his own race.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN, late 60s, a silver tongued silver fox has control of the mic as he talks the viewers through the action.

He is sat next to ANGIE, late 30s, a former Olympian offering expert insight into today's event.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

So Angie, talk everyone through the differences between how you race a half marathon and a full marathon? Apart from the distance obviously.

ANGIE

Well Brian it really is just a case of pacing, obviously you are running a shorter distance and therefore the pace does need to be a lot quicker. Most of these athlete's would be trained primarily in full marathons, so their pacing may be a tad off. Also, for a number of the amateur participants entered in the race this will be used as a training exercise for a full marathon.

BRIAN

And the thing I like most about this marathon is that the amateurs are given the chance to run alongside the professionals whereas with most races the professionals start before the amateurs in order to allow them to run unimpeded.

ANGIE

Yeah, I agree. I've run this particular race twice, I finished second in my first year, and it really is a nice experience to be on the start line with the amateurs and have a chat with them before the race starts.

BRIAN

I'm guessing that's the only time you're gonna be side by side with them.

Angie LAUGHS.

BRIAN

What sort of thing do you talk about before the race with the amateur racers?

ANGIE

We normally just talk through our training and maybe even sometime tactics.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Much more relaxed than most races then.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph continues running, he has been going for a while now and is reaching the three miles marker. He is still nestled in with the chasing group who have lost even more distance from the leading pack.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - DAVE

Dave is in amongst the leading pack, he waves at fans as he runs along the course. He is holding up well as they jog on.

BRIAN

(V.O)

We can see the leading pack, starting to force quite a large gulf between themselves and the chasing group.

ANGIE

(V.O)

Well, that was always going to be the case. The amateurs would always try and keep up with the professionals for as long as possible but it's only natural for them to fall back a bit.

BRIAN

(V.O)

And in that leading pack are the familiar faces we would expect to see. A few I can spot out are Olympic champions Edu Masiah from Kenya and the Ethiopian Phillip Bikila.

ANGIE

(V.O)

I can see Dave in there. Dave Newton.

BRIAN

(V.O)

Oh yes, I see him. Former World Champion and the race organiser Dave Newton. Good to see him still up there with the best in the world after all these years. I remember when he won his title

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)
in 92; he ran a phenomenal race
that day.

ANGIE
(V.O)
It was inspirational; it was
actually that race that got me
into athletics. So I have a lot
to thank Dave for.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - MR PATRICK

Mr Patrick is in the same spot as before, still listening
to the commentary.

The crowd has increased substantially as the racers
approach, Mr Patrick holds ground at the front of the
crowd waiting for Joseph to pass.

He sees the leading pack approaching, has an optimistic
glance from afar to see if he can spot Joseph, no luck.

As they get closer he sees he isn't in the leading pack.

As the pack passes Dave waves at him, Mr Patrick gives him
an encouraging thumbs up.

MR PATRICK
(Too himself)
Come on Joe!

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph continues to run behind, he looks like he is
starting to struggle. He continues to power on though.

He has his eyes peeled forward, complete concentration.

Then suddenly his concentration is rocked by Mr Patrick
cheering him on.

MR PATRICK
(Enthusiastically)
Go on Joe! Run, boy, run.

Joseph smiles at his teacher as he powers on, the cheering
gives him a little boost.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

The leading pack is coming up to the half way mark, around six and a half miles.

ANGIE

It's now that the difference in fitness will really show between the professional runners and the amateurs, you should look to see a vast gap appear between those in the leading pack and those in the chasing.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - DAVE

Dave is still in amongst the leading pack, the gap is indeed widening. The runners power on with ruthless efficiency.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph continues, struggling more and more with the pace of leading the chasing pack. He sees the leading pack pull even further ahead.

TAHIR

(O.S, shouted)

Joey, why you losing?

Joseph looks to the crowd; he sees Tahir, Hassan and Abu, who have pushed their way to the front.

He slows down, trying to run while also talk at the same time.

JOSEPH

What are you doing here?

HASSAN

Watching our brother lose!

JOSEPH

Does mama know you're here?

ABU

Yeah, she and Edgard are waiting at the finishing line.

This is the boost Joe needs, his feet move faster, his stamina increases, his eyes fix on the leading pack and he goes faster. and faster.

Easing back to the front of the chasing pack and continuing forward trying desperately to close the gap. He breaks into a group all by himself.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

(Surprised at Joseph's challenge to reach the leading pack)

Oh, look. Looks like one of the amateurs wants to try and challenge the elite.

ANGIE

My guess is that he is already struggling and feels that he just wants one final push to reach the professionals so he has something to go home and talk about. Go out on his shield. I can't see his race continuing at this pace for much longer.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - TAHIR, ABU AND HASSAN

Tahir, Abu and Hassan see the burst of pace from Joseph and CHEER uncontrollably.

TAHIR

(Hurriedly)

Come on, guys!

The boys push their way back through the crowd and pick up their BIKES before heading quickly toward the finishing line to meet their mum and brother.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph is now by himself, bridging the gap between the leaders and the chasers. Unequaled determination dominates his face. He slowly makes ground on the leaders.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - DAVE

Still, Dave is with the leading pack.

He hears a MURMUR from the crowd behind him. He looks over his shoulder to see Joseph catching up with the pack; he lets out a slight smile.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph continues to power on as the crowd's cheers grow. Supporting the amateur who is making a push for the professionals.

BRIAN

(V.O)

Eight miles down, only around five more to go.

ANGIE

(V.O)

Look, that guy still isn't giving up. He seems to be closing the gap.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - MR PATRICK

Mr Patrick is still listening to the commentary he slowly makes his way to a taxi rank to get a lift to the finishing line. It is busy.

ANGIE

(V.O, through headphone, cont.)

What's the guys number?

BRIAN

(V.O, through headphones)

Erhmn. Looks like number 1546. So if you know runner number 1546 you should be very proud of him today, he is putting in a top effort.

Mr Patrick recognises that number, he rummages around in his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper with Joseph's number on it, number 1546.

MR PATRICK

Fucking hell!

He jumps into action, determined to flag down the first cab he see's. He pushes to the front of the taxi queue.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - DAVE

The front pack continues strongly. These are now the championship miles; this is where the winners are found. The leading pack slowly begins to break off, Dave lags behind in the second group as a group of four Olympians and World Champions start to make a break for the final miles. MASIAH, late 30s, Kenyan. BIKILA, late 20s, Ethiopian. HENDERSON, Mid 30s, American and DONALDS, late 30s, South African.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

This is where the winners will be decided, in these last few miles. And as you can see the leading pack has now split as four runners break free.

ANGIE

Again, it's the usual suspects in that group. Messiah and Bikila among them. The American Henderson is currently in third with the South African Donalds in fourth.

BRIAN

Look, Angie, that runner still hasn't given up the chase. He has caught up with the professionals with four miles to go.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph has caught up with Dave's group. He looks in pain, every step hurts more than the last. He has defiantly run at a pace that he is not comfortable with. The only thing keeping him going is guts and determination.

Dave looks over his shoulder to see Joseph power past. He can't believe it. Even his competitive nature can't stop him from smiling as he watches Joseph glide pass the majority of the professionals.

DAVE

(Tired)

Run, Joseph.

Joseph powers on, he is now in between Dave's group and the leaders. The crowd CHEERS him uncontrollably. Many onlookers look in amazement as the action unfolds.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

(Excitedly)

Oh my god, he's past the chasing pack. This kid is running the race of his life.

ANGIE

This is unbelievable Brian, I'm not sure what is keeping him going, but he has just past three

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE (cont'd)
former World Champion, an Olympic
silver medalist and a former
world record holder in the
marathon. This is an amazing
performance by the young kid.

Brian pulls away from his MIC and signals for a PRODUCER
to come over.

BRIAN
(Whispered to Producer)
What's the kids name? Find it
out.

The producer hurries off to locate the information.

INT. LONDON CAB

Mr Patrick is in a cab, the roads are busy, the traffic is
slow. Because of the race the cab must take the long way
round the city.

Mr Patrick sits, continuously fidgeting and extremely
impatient.

MR PATRICK
(Too Cab driver)
Alright mate, any chance we could
nip round this traffic.

CAB DRIVER
It's chock-a-block mate, there's
some race going on so they have
closed the bloody streets.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

The producer returns, whispers something to Brian and then
leaves.

BRIAN
We have located the name of the
unknown runner who is currently
pressing to pass fourth. His name
is Joseph Akol from Bow. And
listen to this Angie, he is only
19. So if his family and friends
are watching, you're boy is doing
well, very well.

ANGIE
He's doing more than good. This
is a magnificent effort from the
kid.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph has now reached the front pack, however two runners , Masiah and Bikila, have pulled away and now run a safe distance in front of Joseph and the two others, Henderson and Donalds.

Joseph is clearly suffering from the pace more than the others. His mouth wide open and his face in a constant grimace.

BRIAN

(V.O)

Just as Joseph reaches the group, Masiah and Bikila pull away.

ANGIE

(V.O)

Obviously not in any sort of mood for getting embarrassed today.

INT. LONDON CAB

The traffic hasn't moved an inch.

Mr Patrick grows more and more impatient.

MR PATRICK

Fuck it.

He reaches in his pocket, gives the Cab Driver some money, opens the door and runs for the finish line.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MR PATRICK

Mr Patrick rolls back the year. Dressed in nice shoes and a smart shirt he weaves between the cars and onto the pavement and makes his way to the finish line.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

Brian and Angie are now fully immersed into this race, intoxicated by Joseph's heroic efforts. Every word they say is filled with passion as if this was for an Olympic title.

BRIAN

And Joseph is slowing down.

ANGIE

It was going to happen sooner or later, I hope for his and the audiences. And well, our sake he can find that second wind.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

Joseph is beyond tired. Even his guts and determination are running thin. The only thing keeping him going now is pure heart.

The American runner, Henderson, starts to pull away and leave Joseph in 4th. Joseph can't do anything about it.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

We are approaching the last mile and Henderson, who's in third, is pulling away.

ANGIE

(Noticeably disappointed)
It looks like Joseph is running on empty. It was a brave effort.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

The crowd continue to CHEER Joseph on. He sees the ONE MILE remaining marker. It's now or never.

JOSEPH

(Whispered)
Hope.

Joseph chases after Henderson as the front two look out of sight. The race is on.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

BRIAN

(Excited)
He's going for it!

ANGIE

This is a heroic effort from this young kid.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

With the finish line fast approaching Joseph struggles to reach Henderson. Henderson keeps applying a quick burst of speed to keep himself constantly in front of Joseph.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - FINISH LINE

A huge crowd has gathered at the finish line, more join when they hear of Josephs efforts.

Mama Akol, Edgard, Tahir, Hassan and Abu have managed to get themselves in the finisher's area based on their relation to the race's hero. Mama Akol sits in a wheelchair, they all pray for Joseph.

ABU

Can you see him?

EDGARD

Wait, there is some people coming?

TAHIR

Is it Chee?

The two leaders approach, they have pulled quite a distance in front of Joseph and Henderson and have first and second in the bag.

The family look disappointed when they realise it isn't their brother.

The first two cross the line to muted cheers, they aren't the main attraction.

EDGARD

(Seeing something in the distance)

Wait!!...Joseph!

They see Joseph in the distance, still trailing behind Henderson. The family erupts in CHEER's.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - JOSEPH

With the finishing line in sight Joseph appears to have hit the wall. He starts to slowly fall back.

But then, he looks up and spots his family at the finishing line cheering him on. His legs automatically move faster, his heart beats faster and he dips his head as he makes one final push for third.

Henderson feels him gaining ground and tries to up his pace but Joseph's passion is too strong for him, Joseph speeds past him.

Henderson bravely struggles to regain 3rd but the will of Joseph is too strong and his challenge slowly peters out. Leaving Joseph his moment of glory.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - FINISH LINE

Closer. Closer.

The crowd and family get LOUDER and LOUDER

BRIAN
 (V.O, Jubilant)
 He's past him. He's past him.
 Joseph is in third. He's past
 him.

Joseph makes it. Just. Falling over the finishing line into the arms of his Mother, his brothers jump up and down and hug each other before hauling their brother to his feet.

The crowd goes WILD.

INT. COMMENTARY ROOM

Brian and Angie can't hold back their pleasure, they jump, CHEER and hug.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - FINISH LINE

The Akol family celebrate wildly.

Edgard lifts Joseph onto his shoulders to receive the adulation of the crowd. Joseph cries uncontrollably. He did it.

As Joseph is lifted up, Mr Patrick makes it to the finish line. He sees Joseph celebrating and stops to catch his breath. He cries in joy and CHEERS with the crowd before joining the Akol's in the celebration.

On seeing his teacher he asks that Edgard let him down. Joseph embraces Mr Patrick emotionally.

JOSEPH
 (Crying)
 Thank you, Thank you so much.

MR PATRICK
 (Crying)
 You did it kid, you fucking did
 it.

They squeeze tighter.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MARATHON RACE - PRIZE GIVING CEREMONY

The race is over. The crowd await the giving of the prize money.

A podium has been erected to award the top three.

1st and 2nd have received their money and medals.

ANNOUNCER

(V.O)

And in third place. With a prize of £25,000 and the bronze medal. Joseph Akol.

The family GASP when they hear the amount he has won.

The crowd CHEER at the call of his name.

Joseph, still emotional, climbs onto his podium and receives his medal and OVERSIZED CHEQUE for £25,000. He waves at the crowd and lifts the CHEQUE up in celebration.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The Akol Family wait at the Airport waiting room. They appear to be saying goodbye to Edgard who has his HAND LUGGAGE over his shoulder.

EDGARD

(Nervously)

I haven't been on a plane since we came here.

(BEAT)

Joseph, are you sure about this? You can always just get the ticket refunded.

Joseph smiles.

EDGARD

I'm sure.

They embrace strongly.

Mama Akol cries with joy and sadness because of Edgard's departure.

ANNOUNCEMENT MAN

(V.O)

Last call for the 2.20 flight to New York. Last call for the 2.20 flight to New York.

(CONTINUED)

EDGARD

Looks like this is goodbye then,
University in the States. It's
really happening.

JOSEPH

You're gonna do great. Do us
proud.

Abu cries as his brother prepares to board. Edgard drops
to his knees to say bye to his youngest brother

ABU

When will we see you again?

EDGARD

I will be back at Christmas for
the holidays. Not too long, Bu
Bu.

Abu gives Edgard a big hug. Tahir and Hassan join in.

Edgard rises and goes over to Joseph.

EDGARD

(Smiling)

You always could run, kid.

He hugs him.

He then kisses his mum goodbye as he leaves to board his
flight and chase his dream. The dream of being a somebody.

FADE OUT: