

Denia to Hackney

By

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EXT. OFFICE - DAY

ANDY (43) short, wiry, pulls up outside his office on his swish road bike. Dressed in expensive cycling kit, he takes off his helmet and enters the building.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

CAPTION: DECEMBER 2007

STUART (41) a slender, good natured teacher in a busy inner London school, addresses his year group at their weekly assembly.

STUART  
Good morning, year nine!

There is little response from his audience.

STUART (CONT'D)  
Come on you lot! Wakey, wakey!  
Because today, I want to talk about  
resilience. Can anyone tell me what  
that is, please?

Still no reaction from the students.

STUART (CONT'D)  
Has anyone seen any of the classic  
Rocky films?

There are a few nods from around the room.

STUART (CONT'D)  
Yes? Excellent! Well, the  
resilience I'm about to discuss,  
has nothing to do with boxing,  
surprisingly.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy, now in business attire, walks around his office talking into his headset as he rearranges the furniture.

ANDY  
Can I speak with Mr Deveneau  
please. Yes it's Andy Feakins,  
managing director of Impact People  
Strategies, London. Yes, he knows  
why I'm calling.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The students are captivated by Stuart.

STUART

..And that's what makes us  
stronger, and that's what it is to  
be resilient. Thank you.

Stuart receives a rapturous round of applause from the students. The HEAD TEACHER, a large, upright man (55) walks onto the stage. Although he's talking directly to Stuart, it's for the audience's ears.

HEAD TEACHER

I don't do this very often, but  
I've invited myself up here to  
thank you personally for another of  
your typically humorous and  
informative assemblies, Mr Feakins.  
Your message, never more relevant  
or appropriate.

STUART

Thank you, Sir.

HEAD TEACHER

It's on rare mornings like these I  
realise why I decided to work in  
education. Well done!  
(to students)  
I'm sure you'll join me in another  
round of applause for Sir, year  
nine?

The head teacher prompts more appreciation of Stuart, who slightly embarrassed, acknowledges the students with a shy nod.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

Stuart is on gate duty at the end of the school day with his bookish colleague, SARAH (24).

STUART

(to a group of girls)  
Have a nice weekend, girls.

SARAH

Night, girls.

The girls nod and smile politely as they go. Two large Afro Caribbean boys also walk by.

STUART

Good night, boys.

BOY 1/RAKEEM  
Have a good weekend, Sir.

STUART  
Thank you, Rakeem.

BOY 2/ JERMAINE  
Who are Leicester City losing to  
this weekend, Sir?

STUART  
(sarcastic)  
Oh ha ha! They're at Hull City, if  
you must know.

BOY 2/ JERMAINE  
I hope they win for you.

STUART  
Thanks Jermaine. It's not all about  
winning though, is it?

JERMAINE  
Obviously not for your boys, Sir.  
You're going down!

RAKEEM  
(to Jermaine)  
Still, at least he can walk to  
watch them play at Leyton Orient,  
next season!

The boys crack up with laughter. Sarah watches on, mildly  
amused at Stuart, who revels in the friendly insults.

STUART  
You won't be laughing when we win  
the premier league one day.

The boys laugh even louder as they walk off. Two slightly  
older lads pass Stuart, also keen to make fun of him.

BOY 3  
Good luck with your walking  
football tomorrow, Sir.

STUART  
It's over thirty fives, not sixty  
fives, thank you very much.

More wannabee comedians.

BOY 4  
What do you play, ten minutes a  
half, Sir?

STUART

We can all still play a bit. My brother was down at Southend as a kid, I'll have you know.

BOY 3

What did he do? Work on the dodgems?

These boys also think they're hilarious. Fortunately, Stuart finds them funny too as he turns to Sarah.

STUART

Good to have the full respect of your students, isn't it?

SARAH

You're joking. They adore you.

Stuart is genuinely surprised.

STUART

Really?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy talks through his headset as he looks closely at his computer screen.

ANDY

(on phone)  
Good news, Mohammed! I've just spoken to the client, they'd like to offer you an interview in Antwerp on January third. I'll finalise travel arrangements, etcetera next week. Well done! Enjoy your weekend.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Stuart flips out his mobile phone as he walks along a busy London street, arm in arm with a glamorous looking women.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy receives another call.

ANDY

(on phone)  
Andy Feakins.

Andy's tone relaxes immediately.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You got my message then, bro? Yes, we're at home now as their place is waterlogged. One thirty kick off! So don't be late! Because it's a cup game, remember? Are you joking? Of course I'm not out tonight. Marie and the kids are coming back from Belgium. Right, enjoy your gig and don't go too mad on the jazz cigarettes! You know, the ones your headmaster would be horrified to know you smoked?

EXT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Stuart folds his mobile phone back into his pocket, stubs out his joint and turns his attention back to his date.

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Stuart beams with joy as he limps off a muddy football pitch towards the dressing rooms. Andy follows behind with close friends and teammates SIMON, long haired, athletic (41) and DAN (37) stocky, balding.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Huge cheers from his team mates go up when Stuart walks into the room. Andy, Dan and Simon enter a room full of testosterone fuelled banter, as players strip off their dirty kits.

PLAYER 1

Here he is, super Stu!

PLAYER 2

Well done, Stu!

Stuart shrugs. Modesty personified.

STUART

What can I say eh, lads? Always nice to grab the winner.

ANDY

(to Stuart)  
Don't tell me you meant that?

STUART

Of course I meant it!

SIMON

(to Stuart)  
That wasn't deliberate?

STUART  
Yes it was!

SIMON  
Bullshit! It was a cross.

STUART  
No it wasn't! I saw the keeper off  
his line and dinked it over him,  
didn't I?

DAN  
Bollox! It was a fluke! That's what  
it was.

SIMON  
It looked like you'd just sliced it  
from where I was standing.

Stuart perfects mock indignation as he shows off his waif  
like body.

STUART  
Ye of little faith. Shame on you!  
Shame on all of you!

Stuart cracks his enormous smile as he heads for the showers.

INT. SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Dan and Simon follow Stuart in.

SIMON  
(to Stuart)  
Have you been working out, Stu?

Stuart clenches his non existent muscles in a body builder  
pose.

STUART  
Can you tell?

Simon and Dan laugh. From nowhere, Andy creeps up to grab  
Dan's belly.

ANDY  
When are you due, sweetheart?

DAN  
(good natured)  
Piss off.

Dan watches in disbelief as Andy scrub his body up into an  
outrageous lather and gyrates his hips.

ANDY

(to Dan)  
Ah, the water is lovely and so am  
I!

Dan points at Andy's nether regions.

DAN

Look at that little thing? It looks  
like a walnut whip!

ANDY

At least I can see mine.

Dan screams out as Andy attempts to grab his penis.

DAN

Get off me, you woofter!

More horseplay continues.

INT. PUB - DAY

Stuart, Andy, Simon and Dan sit around a table, enjoying a  
post match pint.

ANDY

(getting up)  
Right, who wants another one?

Dan and Simon nod. Stuart stands up and grabs his kit bag.

STUART

No thanks, I've got to get back.

SIMON

What are you doing tonight, Stu?

STUART

Well, there's a couple of house  
parties going on, but there's this  
band playing at the Old Blue Last  
that are meant to be amazing.

DAN

Decisions, decisions, eh?

STUART

I know. Any of you lot of heard of  
Florence and the Machine?

Andy, Simon and Dan shake their heads blankly.

STUART (CONT'D)

What are you guys up to?



DAN        SIMON  
Nothing.    Nothing.

ANDY  
(to Stuart)  
See you next week?

STUART  
There's no game, is there?

ANDY  
No, but it's Christmas Eve,  
remember?

STUART  
Yes, of course.

Andy is familiar with Stuart's sieve like memory.

ANDY  
I'll call to remind you in the  
week.

STUART  
Thanks.

ANDY  
And perhaps you can contact Mum and  
Dad to tell them you're coming  
home?

STUART  
Sure, I'll do that tomorrow.

SIMON  
(to Stuart)  
We've all got passes, so we'll see  
you in here about half five, six o  
clock, yeah?

STUART  
Great.

DAN  
(to Stuart)  
Enjoy Florence and her magic torch,  
or whatever her name is.

STUART  
Will do. I'll see you later, guys.

Stuart has smiles and handshakes for everyone as he heads for  
the door.

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARIE, Belgian, petit, heavily pregnant, (27) ices cakes with her two sons JACK(4) and ADAM (2). Andy enters, he's immediately stressed at the mess being made.

ANDY

Jesus, Marie! Look at the state of this place? We've got everyone coming here tomorrow, the place is like a bomb site.

Marie is always calm. A voice of reason.

MARIE

Relax will you? I'll have it spotless by the time you get home. Just go and have fun with your friends and leave us to have ours.  
(to Jack and Adam)  
Isn't that right, boys?

The boys nod quietly in agreement. Andy softens as he grabs his keys.

ANDY

Okay, I'll just leave you all to it then, shall I?

MARIE

(to Andy)  
Good idea!

Marie gets up close to Andy. She pulls fluff from his jacket lapel, before she stands back to inspect him.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Have a lovely evening, my darling.

Andy friskily grabs Marie and kisses her passionately.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Andy!

Andy puts her down, before he eyes her suggestively.

ANDY

I'll see you later.

Marie looks down at her belly as she dismisses him.

MARIE

I don't think you will, do you?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A festive atmosphere as Christmas music plays loudly. Andy and Dan, slightly drunk, wait for Simon to place the drinks on the table.

DAN  
Where the hell is Stu?

SIMON  
God knows. You know what he's like.

DAN  
What time do you make it?

Andy looks at his watch.

ANDY  
Six forty six.

There is a bet on the time of Stuart's predicted late arrival.

SIMON  
(rubbing his palms)  
Great! I've got to be favourite now, surely?

DAN  
(to Simon)  
Why, what time did you say?

SIMON  
Six fifty three. What about you?

DAN  
(disappointed)  
Way too optimistic. Six nineteen.  
Andy, what do you have?

ANDY  
Six forty two. And what excuses have you two got?

DAN  
The train was delayed.

SIMON  
He forgot his parent's Christmas presents.

DAN  
That was last year's excuse, wasn't it?

SIMON  
Yes. Shit, I forgot about that.

ANDY  
I've gone for helping a homeless  
woman find shelter for Christmas.

SIMON  
Nice. Good one! He's never used  
that one before.

Andy's phone vibrates in his pocket.

ANDY  
Hold up.

DAN  
What's up?

ANDY  
I've got a message.

Andy reads the text message.

SIMON  
Is it him?

Andy nods.

DAN  
What does it say?

ANDY  
All bets off, guys.

SIMON  
What?

ANDY  
We're all wrong. Do you want me to  
read it out?

Dan and Simon groan in disappointment.

DAN  
Go on then.

ANDY  
Okay. "Hi gents, sorry I won't be  
there tonight. I'm currently at  
Gatwick waiting for a flight to  
Spain with Sarah and Kate".

SIMON  
Who?

Andy shrugs as he continues to read.

ANDY  
"See you in the new year, Stu. P.S.  
Merry Christmas".

DAN  
Is that in or at New Year?

ANDY  
In the new year. That could mean  
the middle of February, knowing  
him.

SIMON  
He's not shagging both of them, is  
he?

Dan reaches for his phone.

DAN  
I can text him and ask, if you  
like?

Andy smiles ruefully.

ANDY  
You've got to hand it to him.

DAN  
The jammy sod.

Simon still can't believe his ears.

SIMON  
Two of them?

ANDY  
Yes. And it's just the three of us  
now then, boys.

Both Dan and Simon's responses are sarcastic.

SIMON  
Great.

DAN  
We can go really wild now.

Andy, Simon and Dan look dolefully at their drinks. Andy  
raises a glass.

ANDY  
Merry Christmas, guys!

Simon and Dan lift their glasses unenthusiastically.

INT/EXT. DOORWAY - DAY

CAPTION: JANUARY 2 2008

Andy, dressed for business, kisses Jack and Adam as they stand at the doorstep next to their mother.

ANDY  
(to Jack and Adam)  
Be good boys and look after Mummy  
and Baby, please.

The boys nod. Andy hugs Marie.

MARIE  
(to Andy)  
Call me when you get to Antwerp. I  
can't believe you're going home and  
I'm stuck here.

ANDY  
I know, sorry darling. I'll bring  
you back something nice, I promise.

MARIE  
My diamond eternity ring?

ANDY  
I was thinking more along the lines  
of chocolate, to be honest.

MARIE  
(playfully)  
Get out.

Andy feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. He checks who's calling. As he doesn't recognise the number, he lets it ring off.

ANDY  
(to Marie)  
Seven am, and it's started already!

INT. CAR - DAY CONTINUOUS

As Andy gets in his car, his phone starts to ring again. He switches the phone off and throws it on the adjacent seat. He winds down the window and calls out to the family.

ANDY  
I love you very much. See you  
Friday.

The family wave back as Andy speeds off.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Andy hurries to the check-in queue. His phone rings again. In temper, he answers curtly.

ANDY  
Hello, Andy Feakins!

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Dan barks orders as he eagerly coaches his son's under ten football team.

DAN  
Two touch, boys! Two touch! That's right! One to control it, the other to move it. Okay, right, come round lads.

The boys form a semi circle around Dan, who is distracted by his phone continuously beeping. He checks it to find six missed calls from Andy.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Great stuff, boys. Right we're going to finish off with the first to three. All in, okay? Off you go. Sorry, lads, my phone is going mad.

Dan gestures to a watching PARENT to keep an eye on the boys as he listens closely to the message. Suddenly, he falls on his haunches and sobs uncontrollably. The boys stop when they notice him crying. The parent quickly comes to Dan's aid.

PARENT  
Dan, Are you okay?

Dan's son THOMAS, (9) rushes over to him.

THOMAS  
Dad, what's up?

Dan is inconsolable.

DAN  
It's Stu, Thomas. He's died.

Thomas, in shock, turns to the parent.

THOMAS  
He's one of my dad's best friends.

PARENT  
Oh my goodness.  
(to boys)  
Okay lads, we'll call it a day, please.

The boys head for the car park. The parent hauls Dan up slowly and walks him to his car.

PARENT (CONT'D)

(to Dan)  
Will you be okay to drive?  
I can get you home, if you like?

Dan is slowly coming to terms with the shocking news.

DAN

I'll be alright in minute, thanks.

PARENT

Okay, I'll be off then. You take care.

Dan forces a weak smile of acknowledgement as the parent goes off. The car park empties quickly, leaving just Dan and Thomas.

THOMAS

Shall I call Mum for you, Dad?

DAN

No, mate. I'm fine.

As Dan open the car door he breaks down again, ridden with grief.

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan and Simon, stunned, sip on very large brandies.

SIMON

You okay?

DAN

Not really. You?

SIMON

Just numb.

DAN

I never actually heard what happened?

SIMON

He'd somehow caught pneumonia, which led to massive organ failure.

DAN

Jesus! Was it quick?

SIMON

I think so. Andy got a call first thing to say Stu was in hospital, then by the time he'd organised a flight to Spain, he was dead.



DAN  
Where is Andy?

SIMON  
At the hospital. He's sorting the  
body out, then flying back in the  
morning.

DAN  
I take it his folks know?

SIMON  
Yes. Marie went round there to tell  
them.

DAN  
God, how are they?

SIMON  
Broken. Christ knows how they'll  
cope. Andy's asked us to tell as  
many people as we can, to save him  
the anguish.

DAN  
Of course. There's a game Saturday.  
I'll let the boys know, now.

INT. STUART'S FLAT - NIGHT

Andy enters Stuart's flat, cluttered with newspapers,  
magazines and c.d cases strewn across the floor. He notices a  
cassette tape on the coffee table. He picks it up and plays  
it on an old stereo music system. As Andy listens to the  
song's lyrics, tears roll down his face. The highly emotive  
and painfully relevant words overwhelm him.

MONTAGE OVER SONG:

A minute's silence before their team kicks off. Laughter and  
tears in a packed pub, full of Stuart's team mates and  
friends who gather to commemorate his life.

INT. HACKNEY ROUND CHAPEL - DAY

CAPTION: FEBRUARY 2008

A large crowd gathers for Stuart's memorial service. A youth  
choir sing. Two distraught STUDENTS address the mournful  
congregation.

STUDENT 1  
Mr Feakins was more than just a  
teacher to us. He treated us like  
adults.

(MORE)

## STUDENT 1 (CONT'D)

He was funny, kind, but above all believed in us and made us feel like we could do anything. Most of his students wouldn't have achieved anything without him. But he'd never take the credit for anyone's success as he only ever wanted to help others. He was the most amazing man I've ever met, or am I likely to meet.

Student 1, (17) breaks down. She's consoled, then escorted from the alter by fellow devastated students. Student 2, (17) takes the microphone.

## STUDENT 2

I don't know where I'd be without Mr Feakins. He knew I was trouble and had been excluded from another school. But he showed me trust that no one had ever shown me before, and that's why I loved him. I hope he realises I'm a better person thanks to him. Thank you, Sir.

FADE OUT.

## INT. HACKNEY ROUND CHAPEL BAR - LATER

Dan and Simon sit at the bar in reflective mood as a Ska band plays in the background.

## DAN

(to Simon)  
Those kids were unbelievable.

## SIMON

I know. They spoke as if one of their parents had died.

## DAN

He probably was the closest thing to a parent for some of them.

## SIMON

True. What a tribute?

## DAN

Incredible.

Simon notices Andy heading towards them. He gestures to Dan to stop talking.

## ANDY

(to Simon and Dan)  
Who wants a beer?

While Dan shakes his head, Simon nods to his pint glass.

SIMON  
Yes please. How you doing?

ANDY  
I'm fine, actually. I didn't think  
I would be.

DAN  
Really?

ANDY  
Yes, I've found it all rather  
inspirational today. I can't  
believe he never mentioned work  
once, did he?

SIMON  
No, he didn't.

Dan nods in agreement.

Andy looks around the busy room.

ANDY  
So what are we going to do about  
this?

Simon tries to crack a joke.

SIMON  
The band aren't that bad, are they?

Andy smiles. He appreciates someone trying to lighten the mood.

DAN  
About what?

ANDY  
Those kids, the school, Stu.

SIMON  
I hadn't thought that far ahead to  
be honest. I just wanted to get  
through today, first.

DAN  
Same here.

ANDY  
Sure, I understand.

SIMON  
What were you thinking?

ANDY

I've got one or two ideas. But it's not ending tonight, let me tell you!

Andy's ears pick up when the band play the introduction to a ska classic.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh Stu loved this one! Come on, who's dancing?

SIMON

No way.

ANDY

Come on, for Stu?

SIMON

Okay then, for Stu.

Andy and Simon rush to the dance floor.

DAN

Wait!

Dan strides after them, desperate not to miss out. They all dance together like little boys, knees up, "rude boy" style.

INT. HEAD TEACHER'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTION: APRIL 2008

Andy sits next to the head teacher as he's interviewed by a female JOURNALIST, (33).

JOURNALIST

So Mr Feakins, what's the purpose of this newly formed trust?

ANDY

It's been created as a lasting legacy for my brother's work throughout the borough. It will provide support and opportunities for the most impoverished and challenging young people in the area. It's what Stuart's life was all about. He had an enormous social conscience.

Andy gestures to the head teacher.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Mr. Saunders has kindly offered for the school to be our official base, and for that we're very grateful.

The head teacher smiles in acknowledgement.

JOURNALIST

And I hear you've planned a great way to kick off the first big fund raiser, if you'll forgive the pun.

ANDY

Yes, there's a charity football match between the school's staff team that Stu captained, against the vets team that Stu, some very close friends and I play for. That takes place at the Mile End stadium next Wednesday evening. All proceeds go immediately to the fund. So the more who come along to watch, the merrier.

The journalist switches off her dictaphone.

JOURNALIST

That's great, Andy! It will all be covered in next Friday's gazette. Good luck with it all.

ANDY

Thank you.

IMAGE: Headline in the "Hackney Gazette" reads:

"CHARITABLE FUND SET UP IN HONOUR OF MUCH LOVED TEACHER".

IMAGE: A photo of Andy and the head teacher holding up the trust's banner.

EXT. MILE END ATHLETIC'S STADIUM - NIGHT

A large crowd cheers on an eagerly contested football match between two contrasting teams. One ethnically diverse, the other, an all white, British team that includes Andy, Dan and Simon.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The men seen playing football earlier, mix easily. Dan stands on a raised platform and addresses the crowd.

DAN

Guys, if I can get your attention for a second, please?

Dan waits until it goes quiet.

DAN (CONT'D)  
On behalf of Shenfield F.C vets,  
we'd like to thank all those at  
Stu's school for the game this  
evening.

A small ripple of applause breaks out.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Yes, a round of applause please.

The packed bar stand and clap as one.

DAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you'll agree football most  
definitely wasn't the winner!

A small titter of laughter.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Now, we're all here because of one  
man. A man we all loved very much.  
Tonight has been great, but we  
don't want this to be a one off. So  
ladies, gentlemen, I'd like to make  
this evening an annual event and  
challenge our opponents to a game  
out in Essex, this time next year.  
Who's up for that?

FREEZE on the cheering crowd.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

CAPTION: THREE YEARS LATER

Andy and a table of trustees, listen to STEVE (44), well  
meaning but dull, drone on.

STEVE  
..Sadly, there were no further  
events for two thousand and ten,  
and due to the cancellation of this  
year's football match, we now have  
a deficit of one hundred and eighty  
pounds. So, it's with a very heavy  
heart that I propose we consider  
winding up the trust.

Andy is as hurt as he is furious.

ANDY  
Are you friggin joking me, Steve?

STEVE  
I think it may have run it's  
course, Andy.

ANDY

No it hasn't. You were at the memorial, Steve, you refereed the football matches. You heard all the promises. This can't be happening, surely? We've got to do more for Stu!

STEVE

It's the world we live in, I'm afraid. These days, people, things, they're soon forgotten.

ANDY

Well bollox to them!

Steve hates confrontation.

STEVE

Andy, please.

ANDY

No, I mean it! It's shameful.

Andy looks around the table in disbelief.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Do any of you agree with this?

Embarrassed silence fills the air.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Obviously. When's the next meeting, Steve?

STEVE

The ninth of May.

Andy stands and collects his papers from the table.

ANDY

Thanks. Well, ladies and gentleman, I'm going to leave with you a little saying my dear mother always says to me. "If you want something doing, do it your fucking self!" Actually, my mother would never ever say "fucking" but if she was dealing with you lot, she might.

Andy storms out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Dan, Simon and Andy share a beer.

SIMON

Poor old Steve! I bet he wasn't expecting that.

ANDY

I love him to bits, but he's always so negative. I could kill him.

Dan imitates Steve perfectly.

DAN

I'm sorry, Andy, but your outburst convenes rule three, part seven of the conduct between trustees at designated meetings.

Simon begins to laugh at Dan.

SIMON

Stop it.

Andy is fatalistic.

ANDY

He's right though. No one gives a shit, do they? It happens, people move on. They don't mean any harm by it. I just wish it wasn't my little brother they'd forgotten about.

SIMON

We haven't!

ANDY

I know. And that's exactly why I've asked you here, tonight.

SIMON

I did wonder. You're not normally one for going out on a school night, are you?

ANDY

Exactly. So here's the plan. Seeing as you both loved Stu as much as I did, I want us, and only us to make the journey home to Hackney from Spain, he never made.

DAN

And how do you propose we do that?

ANDY

By bike.



DAN  
Bike?! From Spain?!  
You can count me out.

ANDY  
Why?

DAN  
Why? I haven't got a bike and I  
hate cycling.

ANDY  
Get one, you'll love it.

DAN  
Oh yeah, just like that?

ANDY  
Why not?

DAN  
If you hadn't noticed, I've got two  
kids now, and a second divorce to  
pay for.

ANDY  
What about that very handy tax  
rebate we got you last month?  
Remember?

Dan begrudgingly recalls.

DAN  
Oh yeah.

ANDY  
No excuse. Ask Simon about bikes,  
he's always on his.

SIMON  
(to Andy)  
Yes I am, but it's not for  
everyone. Especially for a porker  
like him. Have you planned a route?

ANDY  
Yes.

SIMON  
How long is it?

ANDY  
It's about two thousand, five  
hundred kilometers.

DAN  
Jesus. H. Christ!

SIMON  
(nodding at Dan)  
He'll never make that. How long do  
you think it'll take?

ANDY  
Twelve or so days, all going well.

SIMON  
Wow. And when are you thinking of  
doing it?

ANDY  
I'd say the best time of year would  
be September.

DAN  
September?! I go back to school  
then. There's no way I can do it!

ANDY  
Well, ask for the time off.

DAN  
Oh yeah, because it's that easy?

ANDY  
Yes, you're not getting out of it!  
Tell your head teacher it's for a  
very good cause, he'll understand.

SIMON  
So who are we doing this for?

ANDY  
For Stu's memory, of course. I also  
thought we'd try to raise money for  
both the trust and Great Ormond  
Street Hospital, to broaden its  
appeal. What do you think?

SIMON  
Yeah, it's a great idea, but..

Simon considers asking more questions but can't get his words  
in quick enough.

ANDY  
Excellent! You're both in! Knew you  
wouldn't let me down. We'll also  
need a couple of mates to drive the  
support car for us. Anyone you  
think might fancy it?

DAN  
Yes, I can speak to a couple of  
lads at the cricket club about it.

ANDY  
Superb! Let's do this!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: AUGUST 2011

Andy and Simon cycle along comfortably while Dan struggles to keep up. He loses his temper as he tries unsuccessfully to force his cleats into the pedals.

DAN  
How are you meant to get your foot in?! What ever happened to toe clips, for Christ's sake?

Simon winks at Andy.

SIMON  
(to Dan)  
It's easy once you get used to it, Dan. A bit like riding a bike.

DAN  
Very droll.

Dan continues to suffer.

DAN (CONT'D)  
People do this for fun?

ANDY  
(to Dan)  
It's an average of around a hundred or so miles a day when we get down there. Think you'll be ready?

Dan is defiant.

DAN  
Don't you ever doubt me, mate.

Andy and Simon sprint off down the road, leaving Dan in their wake.

SIMON  
(turning to Dan)  
Come on, slow coach!

DAN  
(under his breath)  
Hope you crash, you wankers.

## MONTAGE:

Andy Simon and Dan pedal hard and take turns at the front. They pose for pictures for the local newspaper. Head line in the "Romford Recorder" reads:

"CHARITY BIKE RIDE IN HONOUR OF CHERISHED BROTHER, FRIEND AND TEACHER".

A farewell gathering with partners and friends.

## EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Simon secures the bikes to the heavily loaded car with the help of (support car drivers) CRAZ, tall, thin, (28) and MILLSY, swarthy, unshaven (41). Dan, there to see them off, shakes each of their hands and wishes them well.

SIMON

(to Dan)

See you down there, mate.

DAN

Yes. Drive carefully, boys.

Dan waves as the car drives off.

## INT. CAR - DAY

Simon, hemmed in the back of the car, organises Craz and Millsy as they approach Dover ferry terminus.

SIMON

Okay gents, have you got your passports to hand?

MILLSY

Yes!

CRAZ

Yes!

Simon's phone rings. He checks the caller. It's Andy.

SIMON

(to Millsy and Craz)

What can he possibly want now?

(to Andy on phone)

Hello mate. We're just coming off the motorway, why? What do you mean, we're in deep shit? You've done what? You bloody idiot! Thanks a bunch.

Simon hangs up. He tosses his phone aside in disgust.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Bollox!

CRAZ

What's he done?

SIMON

He's booked the tickets for the tunnel the other way round!

CRAZ

What do you mean?

SIMON

He's printed off the tickets from Calais to Dover! Pillock!

Millsy feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. He checks to see who's calling.

MILLSY

Andy's calling me now.  
(on phone)  
Hi, Andy.

Simon moves his finger across his throat as a gesture to encourage Millsy to hang up.

MILLSY (CONT'D)

Can't speak Andy, we're going through a tunnel in a minute.

Millsy turns his phone off.

SIMON

(to Millsy)  
Good lad. We'll sort it out when we get there. He'll just drive us mad, otherwise.

MONTAGE:

Millsy glances at his phone as his drives. He has twelve missed calls from Andy. Simon, Millsy and Craz drive through the night. The next morning they cross the Spanish border, finally arriving at their villa at dusk in Denia, Southern Spain. Here, they're greeted by Andy and Dan. The team, desperately hungry and tired, eat dinner together in silence.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SPANISH HILLSIDE - DAY

Simon is losing patience with Andy, who leads the group as they look for a newly grown tree. Quite a task in a heavily wooded area.

SIMON  
Any ideas where Stu's might be,  
Andy?

ANDY  
It's definitely here, somewhere.

SIMON  
Has it got any particular markings?

ANDY  
Not that I know of.

SIMON  
Well how the bloody hell are we  
meant to find this tree in a forest  
full of the sodding things?

DAN  
He's got a point, Andy.

SIMON  
(to Andy)  
Jesus! Ever since we set off, you  
seem to have lost the plot.

ANDY  
Sorry. Sarah, the girl who was with  
him when he died, said it's just  
got his initials and his date of  
birth and death.

Dan points at a tree that has "SF, 10.6 66 - 2.1.2008" carved  
deep into it's trunk.

DAN  
Found it!

ANDY  
(to Simon)  
Told you it was around here, didn't  
I?

SIMON  
Well done. Are you going to say a  
few words?

ANDY  
No, I wouldn't have thought so.

SIMON  
He's your brother! He's the reason  
why we're doing this bloody  
harebrained trip.

Andy thinks better of arguing. He takes his cap off and bows  
his head. The others follow suit.

ANDY

Okay, thank you so much for being here, guys. Stu, our journey, the one you never made home, starts tomorrow. You'll be in our thoughts every pedal revolution of the way..

Andy's phone rings. He takes it out, checks who's calling and answers as if he's still in his office.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Ewerton?! Hi, how are things? Have the Togolese come back with an offer yet?

Andy saunters off deep into the wooded area to continue his conversation. He leaves the others completely stunned at his behaviour.

DAN

(to Simon)  
Are you going to kill him, or shall I?

Simon walks after Andy.

SIMON

(to Dan)  
No, please, leave it to me.

Simon catches up with Andy and snatches the phone away from his ear.

ANDY

What the hell are you doing?

SIMON

What am I doing? How dare you just walk off in the middle of your speech!

ANDY

It's potentially a massive piece of business. I can't put everything on hold.

SIMON

(pointing over at the team)  
Yeah, well you see me and those three blokes over there? We all have. So it would be nice if you could do the same, please.

Andy, contrite, remains silent as he walks back over to the others, escorted by Simon.

ANDY  
(to the others)  
Sorry guys, as I was saying...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Andy, dressed in cycling kit, carries two cups of coffee as he enters the room where Dan and Simon sleep.

ANDY  
Morning, girls! Here's your coffee.

Dan and Simon stir.

SIMON  
It's still dark.

DAN  
What time is it?

ANDY  
Six thirty.

DAN  
We don't set off until eight!

SIMON  
We haven't got lights for the bike, either.

ANDY  
By the time we're ready it'll be light. We forgot to shave our legs last night, and we need to do it, now.

SIMON  
Piss off! I'm not doing that.

Dan rolls over. He's not getting up either.

DAN  
It's all bollox that aerodynamic stuff. It won't make us lot go any faster.

ANDY  
It's got nothing to do with going faster. It just makes the scabs come off easier if we crash. That's why the pros do it. You'll regret it, if you don't.



DAN  
No, I'm not doing it.

ANDY  
Trust me, you are. And you, Simon.  
There's razors and shaving foam in  
the bathroom for both of you. Now  
get up, the pair of you!

Andy exits.

EXT. BATHROOM - DAY

Screams and laughter emit from the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Andy, Simon and Dan shave their legs. It's mayhem.

EXT. DENIA PORT - DAY

CAPTION: DAY ONE, DENIA TO BETERA DISTANCE: 240 KMS

Andy, Simon and Dan pose at the port wall for Millsy and  
Craz, who take photographs at the start line.

MILLSY  
Do you want to say anything, Andy?

ANDY  
No, I think I'm done with speeches,  
don't you? But I would like to say  
one final thing before we start..

The team groan.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Good luck, be safe and let's enjoy  
the adventure, lads. Oh, and don't  
forget to upload those pictures  
onto Facebook and the blog, Craz.

CRAZ  
(exasperated)  
Yes! Just go will you! I said I'd  
do it!

Andy leads Simon and Dan as they roll off.

SIMON  
(to Craz and Millsy)  
See you in a bit, lads. Maintain  
radio contact.

Millsy nods, dutifully.

MILLSY  
Of course, Si.

DAN  
(to Simon)  
What is a blog?

SIMON  
You wouldn't understand.

Craz and Millsy watch the riders head off along the costal road.

MILLSY  
I couldn't think of anything worse.

CRAZ  
Me too.

IMAGE: A black and white photograph of the backs of Andy, Simon and Dan as they embark on their journey.

MILLSY  
(to Craz)  
Come on, let's get a coffee.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: ONE HOUR LATER

Andy pulls over to checks his G.P.S tracker. Simon and Dan follow suit.

SIMON  
What's up?

ANDY  
The tracker doesn't like the way we're going.

SIMON  
Really? Poor thing. Andy, We're heading on the only route into the biggest city in the region. We're hardly going to miss it, whatever that thing says.

Andy taps the tracker like a beloved pet.

ANDY  
I set this thing. It's fool proof. So I think we do what it tells us. Dan, what do you think?

DAN  
I don't care, mate. Just as long as we get there as quick as we can.

ANDY

Well, that's decided then. We go with this.

Simon, peeved, shakes his head in disagreement.

SIMON

Okay, come on then. Let's go with your little gadget.

ANDY

Don't be like that, Simon.

SIMON

I'm not being like anything.

DAN

Come on boys, we're a team, and there's no "I" in team, remember?

SIMON

Yes, but there is "me!"

Note: From now on, each character riding a bike will also be referred to collectively as "the riders". When both the riders and drivers are together they will also be referred to as "The team".

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The riders make heavy weather of the ride. Andy points to large road signs welcoming them to Valencia.

ANDY

Here we are! Told you we'd be fine.

SIMON

Yes, I wasn't disagreeing with you. We've just cycled fifty kilometers in the wrong direction, and still got to find this place.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andy checks his G.P.S as they stop at traffic lights on a busy, central Valencia street.

SIMON

(to Andy)  
Everything okay?

Andy looks again. He's unsure, but wants to save face.

ANDY

Yes.

Simon turns to Dan.

SIMON  
(mouthing)  
It's not okay.

Dan laughs. Andy looks around at both of them.

ANDY  
Something funny?

SIMON  
No. Which way are we going now?

ANDY  
Straight on.

The riders head through the lights. Andy still transfixed on his computer, swings over again. Simon and Dan do the same.

SIMON  
Just say so if we're lost, will you!

ANDY  
We're not lost!

Simon, agitated, points to the Sun and then the Moon.

SIMON  
Look! The Sun sets in the west! The Moon rises in the east! We need to go north.  
(pointing northwards)  
So it's this way.

ANDY  
I think I've found it.

SIMON  
Are you sure? Because I would like to eat at some point tonight.

ANDY  
Yes, it's fine. Come on.

MONTAGE:

The riders cycle aimlessly around Valencia. Simon sticks a finger up to Dan, who rides behind him, each time they cross the river( four times in total).

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The riders, still lost, continue to pedal around the streets until a furious Simon pulls over onto the pavement.

SIMON  
Just stop, you two!

Andy and Dan immediately do as they're told.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
(to Andy)  
If we go across this river again,  
I'm throwing you, and  
(pointing at G.P.S)  
that fucking thing in the river,  
okay?

ANDY  
I've no idea why we can't find this  
place.

Simon takes his phone out to read a message, while still  
looking at the G.P.S.

SIMON  
Because that thing is a pile of  
shit, that's why.  
(reading the message)  
The other two are at the hotel.

DAN  
Did they find it okay?

SIMON  
I hope not.  
(still looking at his phone)  
They say "it's complete a shithole"  
Jesus, it gets worse.

Simon points at a LOCAL MAN crossing the road.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Dan, ask that bloke how we get to  
Betera.

DAN  
Sure.

Dan calls out to the man.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Perdon! Senor?

The man stops and turns to Dan.

LOCAL MAN  
Si?

DAN  
Donde esta, Betera?

LOCAL MAN

Betera?

DAN

Si!

LOCAL MAN

(In Spanish: English subtitles)  
It's a pain in the arse to get to Betera from here. There's a new road up on the left being built that takes you to look over it, but it's going to be impossible to get through on your bikes. Otherwise you have to go the long way round. That could take you another hour.

Dan is trying hard to process what has been said to him.

DAN

Gracias, Senor.

The man nods graciously and walks off.

LOCAL MAN

De nada.

Simon and Andy both look at Dan for an answer.

SIMON

What did he say?

DAN

I couldn't make all of it out.

ANDY

You said you could speak Spanish.

DAN

I can get by! He said something about a left and that something else is impossible.

SIMON

Yes, even I understood that!

DAN

Oh Christ, I don't know what he said. My brain's frazzled.

ANDY

For fuck's sake!

DAN

Don't blame me! This is all your fault! You and your stupid little toy has got us lost.

SIMON

Stop it, you two! Come on let's try  
to go up there and see where it  
takes us.

As Andy sets off, overcome with fatigue, he crashes into the  
curb. Ouch! Andy lies on the ground, groaning in pain. Dan  
and Simon rush to his aid.

DAN

Jesus, you okay, mate?

ANDY

I think so. What an idiot?

Dan helps Andy up, who brushes himself off, and gets back on  
his bike.

DAN

You silly billy.

Andy laughs ruefully.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

Andy, Simon and Dan clamber over rubble and sand with their  
bikes slung over their shoulders, as they navigate their way  
over a half built road. When they come to the end of it, they  
look down onto their destination.

SIMON

Thank the lord!

ANDY

No wonder we couldn't find it! The  
road's not even built yet.

SIMON

Please Andy, not now.

DAN

Come on, let's get down there.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Millsy and Craz enjoy a beer outside a grotty bar when they  
spot the forlorn cyclists approach, ready to drop.

CRAZ

Oi! Simon!

Andy, Simon and Dan almost crash into their table in a  
mixture of exhaustion and relief. Simon eyes up the beers on  
the table. Millsy and Craz offer up their drinks, much to  
delight of the riders, who gulp them down at breakneck speed.

IMAGE: A Facebook update sent from Craz. It reads:

"THE BOYS ARRIVE IN BETERA FOUR HOURS LATE! PLEASE DONATE TO THE S.F.L.T. FUND AND G.O.S.H, MANY THANKS, THE TEAM"

MILLSY

Blimey! You took your time!

SIMON

Yeah, I know. We loved the Valencia rush hour so much, we circled the city for two hours.

CRAZ

We've got some bad news.

ANDY

What is it?

MILLSY

There's nowhere open to get food.

SIMON

What?

MILLSY

The only place open is this one, and he closed his kitchen fifteen minutes ago.

CRAZ

He was doing these amazing looking pizzas.

SIMON

You're kidding me?

CRAZ

No. It's half ten, mate. You were meant to be here, four hours ago.

ANDY

Dan, why don't you ask him if he can cook something?

DAN

(sarcastic)  
What? In Spanish?

ANDY

Yes, if he can't speak English.

DAN

You've got a nerve, haven't you? You were slagging it off, twenty minutes ago.



SIMON

Mate, we're desperate. Go and ask,  
please. Otherwise it's one of those  
energy gels for dinner.

Dan composes himself and walks into the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dan walks up to the BAR OWNER, (45) who is closing for the evening. Simon and Andy peer through the window, in hope of a miracle.

NOTE: The conversation between Dan and the Bar Owner is all in Spanish with English subtitles.

DAN

Excuse me, Sir. I know you're closing, but my friends and I are cycling from Denia to London for sick and poor children. We're tired, hungry and thirsty. Can we buy a few beers and some food as we've not eaten all day?

Dan drops to his knees and locks his hands together.

DAN (CONT'D)

Please, Sir.

The bar owner looks at Dan in bewilderment.

BAR OWNER

Get up!

Dan stands up.

BAR OWNER (CONT'D)

You're riding to London? Seriously?

DAN

Yes, seriously.

BAR OWNER

Where are your friends?

DAN

Outside.

BAR OWNER

Get them in here.

Dan waves Simon and Andy into the bar. Dan introduces them to the bar owner.

DAN

My friends, Simon and Andy.

Simon and Andy nod politely. The bar owner looks them slowly up and down.

BAR OWNER

Hello.

The bar owner goes to the fridge and takes out armfuls of bottles of beer. He slams them on the bar for the boys to take.

SIMON                      ANDY

Thank you.                      Thank you.

DAN

Thank you very much, sir. You're very kind. Is there anything to eat?

BAR OWNER

Just go outside and sit down.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Millsy and Craz continue to drink and smoke. They're rejoined by Andy, Simon and Dan who hand out the beers.

MILLSY

(taking a bottle of beer)  
Bloody hell, has he given us those?

DAN

Yes. So how's my Spanish now, boys?

ANDY

Amazing!

SIMON

Bloody brilliant! Now shut up.

CRAZ

Are we getting any food?

DAN

I don't know. He must have some scraps left.

ANDY

I don't care what it is, I'll eat anything.

The bar owner appears. He slams three large boxes of steaming hot pizza onto the table.

BAR OWNER  
 (In Spanish: English subtitles)  
 My wife can do without a pizza  
 tonight. Good luck with your ride,  
 boys! I wish you well.

The team cheer with unbridled joy. Dan chases after the bar owner as he heads inside and hugs him.

DAN  
 Senor! Muchos gracias!

BAR OWNER  
 No problemo. De nada.

The team sit on the pavement, savouring every mouthful of their pizza.

DAN  
 This is the best pizza I've ever  
 tasted.

SIMON  
 Incredible. Funny what cycling two  
 hundred and forty kilometres does  
 to your appetite. I wouldn't have  
 been half as hungry had Andy's  
 silly machine been working  
 properly.

Simon playfully throws a small piece of crust at Andy.

ANDY  
 (sarcastically)  
 Oh, funny! That thing is going to  
 get us all the way to London,  
 you'll see!

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: DAY TWO, BETERA TO VINAROS DISTANCE: 170 KMS

Andy and Dan are barely able to talk as they slog up a climb.

ANDY  
 (reassuring Dan)  
 Get over this, and it's flat along  
 the coast for the rest of the day,  
 mate.

DAN  
 Thank god for that.

ANDY  
 Just go at your own pace.

DAN

I can't go at anybody else's, Andy.

Simon, slightly ahead, looks around to see Andy and Dan battling the steep gradient. He sips his drink, whistles then accelerates, much to Andy and Dan's mild annoyance.

ANDY

You're an arsehole, Simon!

Simon laughs loudly as he forges ahead. When he crests the hill, he is soon over taken by Andy, who descends out of sight like a downhill skier. Simon watches on in disbelief before he turns to Dan, who has now caught up with him.

SIMON

He's a nutcase, isn't he?

DAN

Yep, a complete fruitloop!

EXT. ROUNDABOUT - DAY

As the riders arrive at a busy roundabout, Andy takes the lead. He guides them onto what looks like a motorway, with its blue road signs and high speed limits.

DAN

Andy, I think we've taken the wrong turn off.

Andy looks at his G.P.S tracker.

ANDY

No, we haven't.  
(pointing at road signs)  
See! Barcelona! That's where we're heading for.

DAN

Maybe if we were driving a car!  
This looks like the motorway, and not the N three fifty, we're meant to be on!

ANDY

This is the right way!

A juggernaut thunders by, blasting its horn at them. It's clearly a motorway, and illegal for the riders to be on.

DAN

Jesus Christ, Andy! It's a bloody motorway. The speed limit is one hundred and twenty ks an hour, look!

Dan points to a road sign that reads one hundred and twenty kilometres per hour. Andy, adamant he's right, won't back down.

ANDY

You can do a hundred and twenty on  
the A twelve you cu..

Andy is drowned out as another heavy vehicle crashes past. Dan, furious, sprints after Andy and gets into his face.

DAN

What did you just say to me?

Andy doesn't back down.

ANDY

I said, you can do a hundred twenty  
on the A twelve you cu ..

Andy is about to repeat the profanity, when he's silenced by the sound of yet another lorry blaring its horn at them as it goes by. There is a brief silence as Andy and Dan stare at each other, before they both back down and laugh at their immature spat.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAY

The riders motor along, each taking turns at the front like a well oiled machine. As they exit the main road and head for Vinaros, they pass three semi naked women stood at the side of the road. Millsy and Craz, following closely behind, nearly mount the curb as their concentration is broken by the same females.

EXT. BEACH - DAY CONTINUOUS

The riders, delighted with their efforts, pull up outside a beach front bar and grab a table.

SIMON

That's more like it, boys.

DAN

Wow! Now, that was fun!

Andy checks his G.P.S tracker.

ANDY

Amazing. Says we were averaging  
almost forty six ks for the last  
half an hour or so.

SIMON  
(sarcastically)  
Really? So glad we didn't throw  
that thing in the bin, after all.

DAN  
What's forty six ks in old money?

SIMON  
Pretty decent! About twenty eight  
miles an hour. Right enough of that  
shit, who wants a beer?

ANDY  
Yes please.

Andy takes his shoes and socks off and heads straight for the  
sea.

DAN  
Just a chocolate milk for me,  
please.

SIMON  
Chocolate milk?

DAN  
Yes, very good for recovery,  
apparently.

Simon scoffs at Dan as he heads for the bar.

SIMON  
It's a charity bike ride, not the  
Tour de France, mate.

Dan partially undresses before he chases Andy into the sea  
and brings him down with a rugby tackle. Simon returns from  
the bar. He watches, bemused, as Andy and Dan splash about  
like children.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
(shouting out to Andy and Dan)  
Your drinks are here when you're  
ready, kids!

Dan and Andy rush back to Simon, who makes light work of his  
beer.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Enjoy that, boys?

ANDY  
It's beautiful in there. Perfect  
after a ride like that.

Dan leans back and takes a swig of his chocolate milk.

DAN

This is the life, eh?

SIMON

Yes, but let's not get too carried away. That was a doddle today. There's gonna be lots more ups than downs on this journey. Physically and metaphorically. Okay?

DAN

Kill the moment, why don't you?

SIMON

Just trying to keep our feet on the ground. Another day along the coast and then we go inland. And you know what that means?

DAN

No.

SIMON

Le Pyrenees.

DAN

Oh, great! That will be fun.

ANDY

Better make this my last beer, then.

Andy gulps down his beer.

ANDY (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, who wants another one?

Millsy and Craz join the table as Andy gets up to get the drinks in.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Beers, boys?

Millsy and Craz nod.

CRAZ

You bet.

MILLSY

Yes please.  
(to the table)  
I've just seen the forecast for tomorrow.

ANDY

Oh yeah, what's it like?

MILLSY  
Scorchio. Thirty five degrees! Can  
you old boys handle that?

ANDY  
Yeah, easy!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 3, VINAROS TO MONTBLANC DISTANCE: 137 KMS

Andy, Simon and Dan struggle desperately up a hill in searing  
heat.

ANDY  
We need to stop soon.

SIMON  
Good idea.

EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY

The team stop for a drink outside a petrol station.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Andy, Simon and Dan, in a world of pain, ride up another long  
incline.

SIMON  
Come on boys, six more ks over  
this, and we're done for today.

DAN  
Who's clever idea was it to finish  
on the other side of a bloody  
mountain?!

Andy, breathless, holds his hand up as Dan's voice  
reverberates around the hillside.

ANDY  
Mine!

DAN  
(to Andy)  
You dickhead.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The riders look pleased with themselves as they arrive at a  
bleak looking, budget hotel. Once again Millsy and Craz are  
there to welcome them.



CRAZ  
Well done, boys! Another stage  
finished.

SIMON  
And another classy location I see  
Steve's booked for us.

MILLSY  
No, you'll be surprised. There's a  
special treat in the rooms for you.

Dan assumes they're being set up for a joke.

DAN  
Go on, tell us.

MILLSY  
Take a look yourself.

DAN  
You've not shit in our beds, have  
you?

MILLSY  
Of course not.

DAN  
I bet you bloody have.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon and Andy crash into their room. They look around.  
Nothing is conspicuous. Simon heads into the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan bursts into his bedroom. He examines it closely,  
particularly the bed.

SIMON (O.S.)  
Yes!! Get in !!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dan hears Simon's cheers and rushes out of his room.

INT. SIMON AND ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dan enters Simon and Andy's room.

DAN  
What is it? What is it?

SIMON (O.S.)  
Come in here.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dan walks into the bathroom as Simon and Andy looks down proudly at the bath.

SIMON  
Look! We've only got ourselves a  
bloody great bath!

Simon, Dan and Andy celebrate.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Millsy and Craz wander into the room on hearing Andy, Simon and Dan chanting.

ANDY SIMON DAN (O.S.)  
We've got a bath!  
We've got a bath!  
Eee ai addeyo, we've got a bath!

MONTAGE:

Andy, Simon and Dan enjoy their soaks. A disgusting amount of grime collects around the rims of their baths.

CAPTION: DAY 4, MONTBLANC TO VIC DISTANCE: 156 KMS

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The boys amble along, watching the world go by.

SIMON  
I checked the "just giving" page  
before we left. We've only raised  
five hundred quid.

ANDY  
It'll pick up. We're only a few  
days in. Has Craz been putting  
stuff on the blog and Facebook?

DAN  
Will someone tell me what a blog  
is, please?

Dan is completely ignored.

SIMON  
Yes, but it's not doing anything.  
I don't think people realise how  
difficult this thing is.

ANDY

I know. I don't want to be ungrateful, but my next door neighbour, bless her, donated a fiver. That works out at point two pence a kilometre!

SIMON

Hardly a sponsored walk, is it?

They eye a very attractive mixed race woman stood alone by the side of the road, who smiles at Dan.

DAN

(to Simon and Andy)  
Wow. Did you see her?

Simon and Andy nod in recognition.

DAN (CONT'D)

I was in there. She smiled at me!

ANDY

(sarcastic)  
I'm sure you're just her type.

As they continue to cycle along, they notice a stunning brunette. The boys slow down to take a better look at her.

DAN

Jesus, another one!

The roll along a further fifty metres. An incredible looking, red headed woman stands alone on the corner of a junction.

DAN (CONT'D)

What is it about this part of Spain and beautiful women, eh? They're everywhere.

SIMON

(mocking)  
Yes, I wonder.

DAN

Where are they all going on a Friday afternoon? That's what I want to know?

SIMON

Are you kidding me?

ANDY

Seriously, Dan?

DAN

Yes, seriously.

ANDY

They're prostitutes, you buffoon!

DAN

No way!

SIMON

Way! You didn't know they were hookers? What did you think it was, a Spanish, Spice Girls tribute band reunion?

DAN

I had no idea. Prostitutes don't look like that in England.

SIMON

How do you know?

DAN

I'm guessing, aren't I?  
So, does anyone fancy a little bit of light relief, then?

SIMON

(laughing)  
What's wrong with you?

DAN

Nothing. I bet you'd love to really, Andy!

Andy glares at Dan. He's caught a nerve.

ANDY

No I wouldn't!

DAN

Come on! It won't take long.

SIMON

Isn't that why you got divorced again?

DAN

You're so funny, Simon!

SIMON

Dan, can we just keep our heads down and our eyes on the road, please.

DAN

You're such a spoil sport!

ANDY

(to Dan)  
Best just to keep your dirty little  
mind from thinking about women for  
a week or so.

DAN

Easier said than done.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - DUSK

The riders swing into the hotel car park, dismount their  
bikes and walk into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Andy is about to get into the shower when his phone rings. He  
slumps on his bed to take the call. It's Marie.

ANDY

(on phone)  
Hello my darling. Just got to our  
rooms. It was tough. How is  
everyone?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marie chats while she prepares dinner for Jack and Adam.

MARIE

(on phone)  
We're all fine. Just getting the  
boys their dinner. Yes bump is  
fine, but I don't know if I can  
hold on for too much longer, Andy.  
Oh, the estate agent called today  
about the new place. Says we could  
have a moving date by next week.

A long pause.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Andy?!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy's phone drops to the floor.

MARIE (O.S.)

(on phone)  
Andy?! Andy?!

Andy and Simon are sound asleep.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION : DAY 5 VIC TO PERPIGNAN, DISTANCE: 153 KMS

On a mountainous border road, Simon encourages Andy and Dan, who battle desperately with the terrain.

SIMON  
Keep going you two, great effort,  
we're almost in France.

DAN  
(screaming)  
I can't do this!

SIMON  
Yes you can! So can you, Andy!

ANDY  
I know. I know.

DAN  
I'm seizing up. I'm going to have  
to stop.

SIMON  
No you're not. It's all in your  
head. We're almost in another  
country, remember? That's how well  
we're doing. Come on! Keep going!

Andy and Dan pass over the crest of the hill and the "Welcome to France" sign. They whoop with joy.

ANDY  
Well done lads! Bloody brilliant!

DAN  
Get in.

SIMON  
Awesome, you two!

Millsy and Craz, parked at the side of the road, applaud the riders arrival into France.

CRAZ  
Great stuff, boys.

MILLSY  
Top effort fellas. Just another  
fifty ks to Perpignan. Keep going!

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Road signs for Perpignan South.

EXT. HOTEL - DUSK

Andy, Simon and Dan arrive at a futuristic, budget hotel. Here they are met by a worried looking Millsy and Craz.

ANDY

What's up with you two?

MILLSY

We're at the wrong hotel.

SIMON

You're kidding me?

CRAZ

No, we're not.

MILLSY

This isn't Perpignan North.

DAN

So what is it then?

Craz, incredulous, barks at Dan.

CRAZ

Well, it's Perpignan South, isn't it? You muppet!

ANDY

Can't we just stay here?

CRAZ

We've asked, but it's fully booked.

ANDY

Shit. Have you tried calling the other hotel?

CRAZ

Yes, but I couldn't understand a word they were saying.

SIMON

Dan, can you speak French?

DAN

No, solo hablo Espanol.

SIMON

Smart arse.

ANDY

I speak it.

SIMON

No you don't, I've heard you.

ANDY

Er, I lived in Belgium for five years, how do you think I got by?

SIMON

You married a Belgian. Okay, ring them, then.

ANDY

You got their number, Craz?

CRAZ

Here.

Craz hands Andy the number. Andy makes the call. Andy proceeds to speak in the worst pidgin French imaginable.

ANDY

(on phone)  
 Bonjour madame.. Je'mappelle  
 Monsiuer Feakins. We are here ala  
 L'hotel en Perpignan Sud. Ici, now,  
 maintenant, yes, oui.

Andy spells his name out phonetically.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
 Fau,eee, aaa,kkk,eeee nnnn,sss.

The rest of the team bite their lips, as they try desperately not to laugh out loud at Andy's terrible French accent.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
 Oui. Vous avez tres chambres por  
 cinq personne en tu hotel,  
 Perpignan, Nord?

Simon thinks it's an appropriate time to do his deliberately bad "Inspector Jacques Clouseau" (from the film "The Pink Panther") impression in front of the others.

SIMON

(As Clouseau)  
 "I would like a reum with a veur,  
 as I'm an officieur of the leur".

Andy is completely oblivious to the sniggers and giggles behind him.

ANDY

(on phone)  
 Oui, excellent. Ce soir, por  
 Monsiuer Feakins.

As Andy's accent gets worse, the others can barely control their laughter. Dan gets on the act with his "Clouseau".



DAN  
(As Clouseau)  
Cato! You imbecile, not now.

ANDY  
(on phone)  
Merci beaucoup, au revoir.

The others burst out laughing. Andy, unimpressed, turns to the others as he ends his call.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with you lot?

Dan, Nick, Simon, Craz and Millsy immediately pull straight faces.

DAN  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

SIMON  
(to Andy)  
Did you sort it out?

ANDY  
(smugly)  
Yes, of course I did. The hotel is only five ks up the road.

Simon can't help but mock.

SIMON  
Well done! I take it back. Your French is magnifique, monsieur!

More laughter from the others. Andy isn't amused.

ANDY  
Oh shove off, you lot.

A child like reaction that causes further amusement.

INT. ANDY AND SIMON'S ROOM - NIGHT

While Simon snoozes, Andy bolts upright as he checks his emails on his laptop. He gets up and runs out of the room.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Andy knocks hard on Dan's door.

DAN (O.S.)  
Who is it?

ANDY  
It's Andy.

DAN  
What's up?

ANDY  
I need to see you and Craz in my  
room, in two minutes.

DAN  
Oh Andy, what now? We want to  
sleep!

ANDY  
It's really important. Can you  
knock and tell Millsy, too?

DAN (O.S.)  
Yes.

ANDY  
Two minutes.

DAN (O.S.)  
Yes! I heard you the first time.

ANDY  
Good, don't be long.

DAN (O.S.)  
Piss off!

INT. ANDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dan, Craz and Millsy burst into the room, waking a startled  
Simon.

SIMON  
What's going on?

DAN  
Andy's called a meeting.

SIMON  
He's what? Why?

DAN  
God knows.

SIMON  
Is it because we took this piss out  
of him earlier?

Andy enters from the bathroom.

ANDY  
No it was not!

SIMON

So what's all this about, Andy?!

ANDY

I've called you in here because someone wants to come and join us.

DAN

Who?

ANDY

Just a bloke who wants to help us out.

SIMON

We don't need any help. We've smashed it the last couple of days. A few more hilly ones and we're pretty much home and dry.

ANDY

Well, this guy thinks he can help.

SIMON

Who is he?

ANDY

His name is Nick, he's a professional musician and a gun cyclist.

DAN

God, I hate him already.

ANDY

And I haven't finished. He's fluent in French.

DAN

(sarcastically to Andy)  
What? More fluent than you?

ANDY

I'll ignore that.

MILLSY

So what?

ANDY

So what? It can come in quite handy when you're in France, Millsy.

SIMON

How has he heard about us?

ANDY

Well he's been following Craz's blog, and he knows some of the lads from the club I used to cycle with.

SIMON

Oh, so he's bound to be an arrogant prick, then?

ANDY

Give him a chance, eh? We could really start flagging at any point. If he joins us, he can do all the pulling from now on. He's a pretty fit lad.

Andy may have convinced Dan.

DAN

Andy, are you sure this is necessary?

ANDY

Yes.

DAN

We're a pretty tight unit now.

ANDY

I know. Well, we'll find out tomorrow what he's like, won't we?

DAN

Tomorrow?

SIMON

Tomorrow?

ANDY

Yes. He's flying into Carcassonne, lunchtime. Craz, Millsy, could you two pick him up from the airport about one o'clock, please?

Craz and Millsy nod obligingly. Simon is less than impressed.

SIMON

I swear Andy, if this goes tits up thanks to him, I will never speak to you again! Do you understand me?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 6, PERPIGNON TO CASTRE DISTANCE: 195 KMS

Andy, Dan and Simon pull up outside a workman's cafe, where they are met by Craz.

SIMON

(to Craz)  
Is Elvis in the building?

CRAZ

Yes.

ANDY

Simon, please.

SIMON

(to Craz)  
What's he like?

CRAZ

He's great. Very laid back.

Dan pulls a face of mock disapproval.

DAN

God, I really do hate him now.

SIMON

Me too.

INT. CAFE - DAY CONTINUOUS

Andy, Simon, Dan and Craz are greeted with disapproving looks from the locals as they enter the busy cafe. They spot a table being reserved by Millsy, and wander over to him.

CRAZ

(to Millsy)  
Where's Nick?

MILLSY

He's ordering lunch for everyone.

SIMON

I've changed my mind. I love him  
already.

NICK, tall, unshaven, super cool, (32) orders lunch at the counter with the swagger and style of a native Frenchman.

NOTE: All dialogue between Nick and the WAITRESS, (50) is in French.

NICK

Hi, can I have six meals of the  
day, please. We'll have bread, the  
soup, lamb and dessert. Chuck it  
all in. These boys have been  
cycling all the way from Spain.  
They're bound to be hungry.

WAITRESS

Okay, we'll bring it over.

NICK

Thank you.

Nick walks over to the team's table and introduces himself.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hi guys! Who's, Andy?

ANDY

I am. Andy Feakins.  
(offering his hand)  
You must be, Nick?

NICK

I am indeed. Nick Tyson. How you doing?

ANDY

Nick! Great to meet you.  
(gesturing to Dan and Simon)  
This is Dan Cocklin, and this is Simon Thurston.

SIMON

Hello.

DAN

Hi, Nick! Take a seat.

Nick joins the table.

NICK

A real pleasure to be here, gents.  
Thanks for having me. Anyway, I hope you all like lamb? I've ordered us the braised cutlets.

ANDY

Fantastic.

Their food arrives. It's a veritable feast.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Look at that!

MILLSY

Wow.

CRAZ

Oh my god! Are we going to eat all of this?

NICK

Of course you are. You're all growing lads, aren't you?

The boys are in awe of Nick, who gains instant hero status and accepted as part of the team. Even the cynical Dan and Simon are putty in his hands.

DAN  
Makes a nice change from being  
ripped off for  
(cod French accent)  
"Le pomme frites". Or, "une jambon  
et fromage baguette".

SIMON  
Yes, a total rip off.

NICK  
This little lot will cost you eight  
euros. It's incredible value.

Simon raises his glass of water in the air.

SIMON  
Welcome aboard, Nick!  
(making a toast)  
Here's to Nick, lads.

ANDY DAN CRAZ MILLSY  
To Nick!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 8, LAGUOILE TO CLEMONT-FERRAND DISTANCE: 177 KMS

Andy, Simon, Dan and Nick cycle merrily along when they spot a roadside bar with "THE ALBION, AN ENGLISH PUB " emblazoned on the wall.

SIMON  
Who fancies a nice old English  
boozier for lunch? A bit of roast  
beef, Yorkshire pud?

DAN  
Leave off.

ANDY  
Yeah, no thanks.

DAN  
Looks like a bit of a dive to me.

NICK  
I could do with a drink, to be  
honest.

ANDY  
Come on then, let's break here for  
half an hour, guys.

EXT. BAR - DAY

The riders park their bikes on the kerb. Craz and Millsy get out of the support car and grab two tables for everyone to sit at.

DAN  
(to Andy Simon and Nick)  
Where are the menus?

An ENGLISH BAR OWNER, pompous, (55) acknowledges the table.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
Good afternoon gentlemen, what can  
I get you?

Millsy is genuinely surprised to hear another English voice.

MILLSY  
You're English?

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, well spotted.

MILLSY  
Do you get many English people up  
here?

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
One or two. Not many this time of  
year.

The bar owner isn't one for small talk. Dan orders for the table.

DAN  
Can we have four cokes and four  
coffees please, mate. Oh and seeing  
as we're in France, two large beers  
for the drivers. Cheers, mate.

The English bar owner, mortified at being spoken to so familiarly, writes down the order.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
(disbelieving)  
Mate?  
Will any of you be eating?

DAN  
I think so.

ANDY  
Can we just have a second to chose?

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
The kitchen closes in ten minutes.



ANDY

We won't be long. We're starving.  
We've been climbing through Le  
Massif Central for the last couple  
of days.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

I did wonder what you brought here.

SIMON

We're doing a charity bike ride  
from the South of Spain to London.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

Really? What charity is that for?

ANDY

A learning trust set up in memory  
of my late brother for  
disadvantaged young people in  
Hackney, and for Great Ormond  
Street Hospital.

The English bar owner responds offhandedly.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

Oh, I see. Good luck with that.  
After all the rioting I've read  
about recently, I wonder if there's  
any helping some of these inner  
city kids.

ANDY

Well my brother and a lot of other  
people happen to think so.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

You're all probably too young to  
know what the birch was used for.

SIMON

I do.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

That would be my solution.

SIMON

Luckily we're a bit more  
enlightened these days.

The English bar owner goes inside to fetch the drinks. He  
doesn't hear Simon barrack him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You can't believe all you read in  
the Daily Mail, you know?

Dan also never fails to seize an opportunity to antagonise.

DAN  
Yeah, cheers, mate!

SIMON  
(to the team)  
What a supercilious prick?

ANDY  
No wonder his bar's empty. I need a pee.

Andy heads for the toilet. Dan follows.

DAN  
Me too.

SIMON  
And me.

Simon also head inside, closely followed by Nick, Millsy and Craz.

INT. BAR - DAY CONTINUOUS

The English bar owner hands the drinks order to his barman.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER  
Michelle, sort these out for those bloody do gooders out there, riding for lost causes.

He looks up as the team enter and offers a weak smile, more in hope they didn't hear him.

INT. TOILET - DAY CONTINUOUS

The team pee in a line along the urinals.

ANDY  
We finish this, and we're straight off.

DAN  
Why? I'm starving.

ANDY  
Did you not hear him out there?

DAN  
Who?

ANDY  
The prick of an owner!

DAN

No.

SIMON

I heard him, loud and clear.

NICK

Me too.

ANDY

Shall I say anything?

SIMON

No point. Don't waste your energy.  
Millsy, Craz, you leaving too?

Craz simply nods.

MILLSY

You bet we are. The bloke's an  
arsehole.

The team finish and walk out the cafe.

EXT. CAFE ENTRANCE - DAY CONTINUOUS

As he rushes out with the drinks, the English bar owner looks  
around in disbelief as the team leave.

ENGLISH BAR OWNER

(to the team)  
You've got a bloody cheek! You  
can't come in here, have a piss and  
then piss off without saying  
anything!

ANDY

Yes we can.

SIMON

And we just have.

DAN

See you later, mate!

EXT. ROAD - DAY CONTINUOUS

The boys ride along in a quiet mood. Andy is thoroughly  
dejected.

ANDY

I think that old tosser might have  
had a point, you know.

SIMON

What are you talking about?

ANDY

Does anyone really wants to help us  
or these kids?

DAN

How can you say that?

ANDY

I checked the "Just giving" page  
again this morning. We raised forty  
five quid yesterday. It's pathetic.

DAN

Yes, but you said yourself, it'll  
pick up.

ANDY

We've been at it for over a week  
now, Dan. The target is ten grand,  
remember?

SIMON

He's only one bloke, Andy.

ANDY

That's the problem. I think there  
are loads of people like him that  
think the same. Including some of  
our friends.

DAN

Yeah, "I'm alright, Jack, stuff the  
rest!"

ANDY

Exactly.

SIMON

Forget about that twat! Anyway,  
we're not doing it for just for  
charity, are we?

ANDY

What do you mean?

Simon is reticent about what he's about to say.

SIMON

Andy, come on. Let's not kid  
ourselves.

ANDY

What are you talking about?

SIMON

We're not doing it just for the  
trust and Great Ormond Street, are  
we?

ANDY

Well I am! And for Stu.

SIMON

Of course, for Stu.

ANDY

Why else would we do it?

SIMON

It's the challenge. That's why most people do these ridiculous charity things. So stuff everyone else, okay and let's do it for us!

Dan nods in agreement. Andy considers what has been said, just as the road goes downwards.

ANDY

Yes, maybe. Anyway, see you at the bottom, guys.

As the road drops, Andy whoops with delight as he disappears out of sight, bombing down the mountain like a daredevil. Dan, Nick and Simon watch on in amusement.

SIMON

He's priceless. For him, cycling is just a major inconvenience between massive descents.

Dan and Nick laugh.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

As the road goes upwards, Nick and Simon start to ease away from Dan and Andy, who struggle on another painfully steep climb.

ANDY

(to Dan, struggling to breathe)  
This is brutal.

DAN

Tell me about it.

NICK

(to Andy and Dan)  
Try and get onto my wheel.

DAN

Mate, we can't hold onto your wheel.

NICK

Yes you can! Look, we've got three  
ks to go. Come on, stick behind me.

DAN

Okay.

NICK

We can rest up for the night once we get up this brute. I'll order us some nice steaks later, it'll be awesome.

DAN

Don't talk about food, please.

ANDY

(to the group)  
God, I feel really weird.

SIMON

(to Andy)  
You are weird.

NICK

(to Andy)  
What's wrong?

ANDY

(to Nick)  
Nothing, I'll be fine.

NICK

Are you sure?

ANDY

I'm sure.

SIMON

(to Andy)  
Well I suggest not talking, it saves energy.

Dan tries unsuccessfully not to laugh. He never tires of Simon's wicked sense of humour.

ANDY

Piss off, Simon!

NICK

(to Andy)  
You eaten anything?

ANDY

I had an energy gel earlier.

While Simon and Nick are on cruise control, Andy slips further behind. Dan tries to offer him support.

DAN

Do you need to stop?

Andy nods up the road to Nick and Simon.

ANDY

No! They'll only start taking the piss.

DAN

Nick won't. He's a great lad.

ANDY

Yes, but you know what Simon is like?

DAN

Andy, you've known him thirty years. He takes the piss out of everyone and everything.

Andy starts to wobble.

ANDY

I'm really struggling.

Andy swerves from side to side of the road.

DAN

Andy?!

ANDY

Oh my god, help me!

Andy stops peddling, gets off his bike and stumbles into a roadside bush that keeps him from falling.

DAN

Andy!

Dan rushes over to Andy and sits him down.

DAN (CONT'D)

(to Andy)  
What happened?

Andy shakes. He's in a daze.

ANDY

It felt like the lights were going out.

DAN

You thought you were going to die?

ANDY

For a moment I did.

DAN  
Bloody hell.  
(shouting to Simon and Nick)  
You two, stop! Andy's in trouble.

Simon and Nick turn around to see Andy sitting by the road.

NICK  
Shit.

SIMON  
(exasperated to Nick)  
What's wrong with him?

NICK  
I think I know.

Nick and Simon rush back to Andy.

NICK (CONT'D)  
How you feeling, Andy?

ANDY  
I went dizzy and all I could see  
were the hills moving around.

SIMON  
Sounds like you've been smoking  
Stu's funny fags.

ANDY  
(wistfully)  
Nothing like that.

NICK  
Anyone got any food?

Nick, Simon and Dan check their pockets.

DAN  
No, I'm out.

NICK  
Me too.

SIMON  
Same here. What's wrong with him?

NICK  
He's bonked.

Dan is incredulous.

DAN  
He's what?

NICK  
He's bonked.



Simon chuckles as he looks down at Andy.

SIMON  
Sounds about right. He loves  
bonking. Not normally on his bike,  
though.

Nick snaps at Simon.

NICK  
This is serious! Where are Craz and  
Millsy?

SIMON  
They should be at the hotel.

NICK  
Call them quickly! He can't move  
until he gets something into his  
system.

DAN  
(to Nick)  
You're joking?

NICK  
Do I look like I'm joking?!  
Mate, he's in a bad way!

Simon whips out his phone and makes a call.

SIMON  
(on phone)  
Craz, Andy has bonked.

Laughter can be heard from down the phone.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
Yeah, I said he loves bonking, too.

The scowl Simon receives from Nick, makes him change his tone immediately.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
No, it is quite serious.  
Can you get here as quickly as you  
can please, mate. We're about two  
miles down the hill. You'll see us.  
(to Nick)  
He's on his way.

NICK  
Good!

Dan, ever inquisitive, is keen to know what's wrong with  
Andy.

DAN

So what's happened to him, Nick?

NICK

He's hit a wall, basically.

DAN

How's he done that?

NICK

Quite easily. He's blood glucose levels have been depleted by not eating enough, causing his body to shut down like a dying battery.

(to Andy)

Andy, Craz is on his way, you'll soon feel better, mate.

Andy is almost asleep.

ANDY

Thanks.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A ghostly white Andy stuffs an energy bar into his mouth as he cycles along slowly. He's marshalled closely by Nick, Simon and Dan. Craz follows in the car behind. Headlights on, hazard lights flashing.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE- NIGHT CONTINUOUS

As Andy gets off his bike, he slumps to the ground and breaks down in tears. The other riders try to console him.

SIMON

Come on, mate. It's okay.

DAN

What's wrong?

ANDY

(sobbing)

I just can't believe what we're all putting ourselves through for this. You boys are unbelievable.

DAN

It's what friends do, isn't it? This is for you and Stu, remember?

SIMON

Actually, I wouldn't have done it had you died, Andy.

Gasps of disbelief as Simon may have taken it too far. Dan is quickly on hand to make light of the comment.

DAN  
No, come to think of it, Si's  
right! I wouldn't have done it for  
you, either.

NICK  
Me too. And I hardly know you!

Andy sits up. He appreciates the blackness of the humour as  
he looks up at the team.

ANDY  
Bastards.

EXT. RESTAURANT/ STREET - NIGHT

The team leave the restaurant and walk along the street  
towards their hotel.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The team enter the hotel.

SIMON  
(to the rest of the team)  
See you in reception for nine,  
boys?

ANDY  
Good night, gents.

A chorus of "good nights" from the team as they head to their  
rooms.

INT. ANDY AND SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Andy gets undressed, Simon crashes onto his bed, fully  
clothed and rests his eyes.

ANDY  
We've bitten off way more than we  
can chew here, haven't we?

SIMON  
We did all insist on two steaks.

ANDY  
I'm speaking metaphorically.

SIMON  
I know what you're talking about.

ANDY  
You agree with me?

SIMON

Yes. There's a first time for everything.

ANDY

Wow. Why haven't you said anything until now?

SIMON

There's no point. You don't listen.

ANDY

So what do you suggest we do?

SIMON

We keep going. We're not going to suddenly turn back round, now.

ANDY

No.

SIMON

Of course, no!

ANDY

I'm sorry.

SIMON

Don't be sorry. Look, we all got carried away and never thought it through. What does worries me is that one or more of us is going to crack. Then we are screwed.

ANDY

Don't say that.

SIMON

It's true. You were in real trouble today. I thought it was your usual attention seeking at first, but...

ANDY

It wasn't that bad.

SIMON

It was, Andy. You couldn't even stand up. You're eyes were rolling round and round like that snake in the "Jungle Book". You could have been a gonna.

ANDY

Jesus, I've fucked up, haven't I?

SIMON

So what's new?

ANDY

Thanks.

Simon tries to reassure Andy.

SIMON

I'm joking. It was ambitious to say the least, but we're doing okay, considering.

ANDY

Do you think so?

SIMON

Yes. I though getting Nick in was a bad idea, originally. But the bloke is a godsend. So it shows you just how much I know.

ANDY

What do we do now?

SIMON

Go to sleep and pretend we never had this conversation.

ANDY

Good idea. Good night.

Simon is asleep already.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 9, CLEMONT FERRAND TO BOURGE DISTANCE: 182 KMS

The riders pedal at a comfortable pace.

SIMON

We're going to have to put a begging video out on the blog and facebook, tonight.

ANDY

Why?

SIMON

Nobody is donating, that's why! We're up to eleven hundred quid.

DAN

Shit, that's embarrassing.

SIMON

Tell me about it! I can't even look at the thing that measures in percentages how much we haven't raised.

ANDY

I know. Okay, let me think of something along the way that will attract people's attention.

SIMON

Please don't say "I'll get my cock out".

Andy looks genuinely disappointed. Millsy and Craz pull up level with Simon, who leans onto the car's wing mirror.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Millsy and Craz)  
We'll see you in Montlucon, okay?  
It's about half way. Should be there by one o'clock. Just in time for lunch.

MILLSY

You'll be going some!

SIMON

Easy.

MILLSY

Love the confidence, Simon. See you there, lads.

The support car speeds off.

INT. CAR - DAY CONTINUOUS

CRAZ

(to Millsy)  
Come on, let's get there nice and early and have a mooch about the vineyards.

MILLSY

Cheap vino?

CRAZ

Exactly, my friend.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Craz places a crate of wine in the boot of the car.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

As is now tradition, Craz and Millsy stand to applaud the riders as they arrive and park up at the front of the cafe.

CRAZ

Perfect timing, boys.

Simon is particularly smug.

SIMON

I did say one o'clock, didn't I?

MILLSY

Top effort again, boys. Anyone collapse?

ANDY

No chance. I was very sensible this time.

CRAZ

You won't want lunch, then?

ANDY

You're joking? I'm starving.

DAN

Me too.

MILLSY

(to Dan)  
You're always hungry.

Nick pulls up a seat and joins the table.

NICK

We pissed it really, didn't we boys?

Nick is miffed when greeted with stares and stoney silence.

NICK (CONT'D)

Sorry fellas, was it something I said?

Nick gets up. He knows what the problem is.

NICK (CONT'D)

I take it I'm ordering lunch, again?

The rest of the table simply nod.

DAN

(in mock indignation)  
Yes, all the way to Hackney please, Nicholas.

NICK

(to the team)  
Six meals of the day, is it?

SIMON

Cheers, Nick. And an extra plate of pomme frites for me, please.

ANDY DAN CRAZ MILLSY  
(in perfect unison)  
Thanks, Nick!

Nick heads inside.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

The team devour their lunch. Simon notices Dan stare at him as he eats his food.

SIMON  
Dan, this food envy of yours is  
ridiculous.

DAN  
Sorry. Can we get going soon, boys?  
I'm getting cold. Have you got the  
keys, Craz? I need to get a top.

EXT/INT. CAR - DAY CONTINUOUS

Craz throws Dan the car keys. Dan walks to the car, opens the boot and rummages through his bags. He finds a jacket and slams the boot shut.

EXT. CAFE - DAY CONTINUOUS

Dan returns to the table.

SIMON  
(to Dan)  
Warm enough, now?

DAN  
Yes, thanks.

CRAZ  
(to Dan)  
You got the keys?

DAN  
What?

CRAZ  
The keys.

DAN  
Oh yeah, hold on.

Dan rummages through his trouser pockets.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Where are they?



CRAZ  
Hurry up, will you?

DAN  
Okay, keep you're hair on!

Dan checks all his pockets, and then a sickening realisation.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck, no!

CRAZ  
You've locked them in the car,  
haven't you?

The whole table stare at Dan, who nods his head in shame.

DAN  
I think so. Shit! I'm sorry, lads.

Andy explodes.

ANDY  
Dan, you fucking idiot!

DAN  
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

ANDY  
Do you realise how much it's going  
to cost me to get someone out to  
get them?

CRAZ  
(to Andy)  
Haven't you got a spare?

ANDY  
(to Craz)  
Who the hell takes a spare key with  
them, for fuck's sake?!

Craz retaliates.

CRAZ  
Don't shout at me! Shout at your  
dopey mate who locked the fucking  
keys in the car, you prick!

DAN  
(sarcastic)  
Cheers.

Simon gets in the middle of them.

SIMON  
Enough! It's a mistake, we'll have  
to live with it.  
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

We'll just have to get someone out to sort it. Dan, I suggest you don't speak for the next day or two.

MONTAGE:

The team try to keep warm as they wait for the breakdown services. Andy watches on in horror as a breakdown man swings a hammer through the side window of the car. Dan sits alone, feeling rather sorry for himself.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Nick, Simon, Andy and Dan cycle along in gloomy silence. Craz drives the support car past them, exposing the broken window, covered by a black bin liner.

ANDY

Christ knows what my credit card bill is going to look like after this trip.

DAN

Jesus! I said I'm sorry, didn't I?

ANDY

Not as sorry as I am.

SIMON

Just forget about it now, Andy!

DAN

(to Andy)  
Yeah, if you don't mind.

SIMON

(to Dan)  
You be quiet and concentrate on the road.

Nick is tired of the bickering.

NICK

Guys, please, we really need to work together, okay? Come on!

Taking heed of Nick's pleas, they plough into a fierce headwind. Pain etched on each of their faces.

SIMON

Stick tight on my wheel, Dan.

As they speed along, Dan's front wheel clips Simon's back wheel, throwing him headfirst down a twenty foot ravine covered in rocks and gravel.

Simon, Nick and Andy brake sharply. Frozen in horror, they look down at Dan lying motionless, prostrate at the bottom of the bank.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fuck!

NICK

Dan!

Dan doesn't respond. Andy is in a state of shock.

ANDY

(to Nick and Simon)

Oh my god, is he breathing?

SIMON

How the hell do I know?

Nick, call the boys and get an ambulance, please.

NICK

Sure.

Nick starts to make calls. Simon and Andy rush down to attend to Dan.

SIMON

We'll be right there, Dan.

ANDY

(to Dan)

Hold in there, mate.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

As Craze and Millsy load the bikes onto the car, Andy, Simon and Nick watch on forlornly as Dan is stretchered into a waiting ambulance. The doors slam shut before it speeds off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Craze drives the support car (now heavily overloaded with the three remaining riders) behind the ambulance.

EXT. A&E ENTRANCE, HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Andy and Simon share a cigarette.

ANDY

If it's really bad news, do we carry on without him?

SIMON

Knowing Dan, he'd still want us to finish, even if he couldn't.

ANDY

I suppose so.

SIMON

I wish we could go in and see him.

Andy is beside himself with guilt.

ANDY

You said this would happen, didn't you?

SIMON

I thought something might. Nothing like this!

ANDY

I kept on at him about the keys.

SIMON

Andy, as much as I'd love to blame you, it was an accident, okay!

ANDY

Yeah, but I wouldn't let it go.

SIMON

Don't blame yourself for that.

ANDY

He was obviously distracted by what had happened.

SIMON

He's always distracted!

ANDY

Do you think we should let anyone at home know?

SIMON

Oh Christ, of course! I wouldn't know who to call.

ANDY

Have you got his parent's number?

SIMON

No.

ANDY

So, who do you suggest?  
The first wife or the second one?

SIMON

Whoever hated him most, probably.

ANDY

Simon, please! The bloke could be dying in there, for all we know.

SIMON

Andy, stop with the melodramatics! He was clearly breathing. You heard the paramedics say to Nick that it was concussion. They also said there was no internal bleeding, so can we try and stay positive, please?

ANDY

And you're okay with that, are you?

SIMON

For now, yes!

ANDY

It just seems like you're not that bothered to me.

Simon is incensed.

SIMON

What did you say!? How dare you! Take that back, now!

ANDY

Okay, I'm sorry. I take it back.

SIMON

Why say a thing like that?

ANDY

You're always so flippant. It's like nothing bothers you.

SIMON

You have no idea what I'm feeling! It's just my way of dealing with things. Look, this whole thing was your poxy idea. Remember?! So don't try putting your shit onto me.

Andy becomes tearful. Simon, to diffuse the situation, puts a comforting arm around him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come on, he's going to be okay.

Andy composes himself as Nick walks out of the A&E ward to join them.

ANDY

Any news, Nick?

NICK  
Yes he's conscious. We can go in  
now, if we want?

ANDY  
Great.

INT. A&E WARD, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Andy, Simon and Nick enter the ward. They're amazed to see  
Dan, sat up, being assessed by a male DOCTOR, (35).

ANDY  
(to Dan)  
How are you, mate?

Dan gives a thumbs up.

SIMON  
You okay, Dan?

Dan forces a smile before he closes his eyes.

DAN  
Been better.

Note: Conversation between Doctor and Nick is in French with  
English subtitles.

NICK  
How is he doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR  
Does your friend do the lottery?

NICK  
I don't know, why?

DOCTOR  
I think he should, he's the  
luckiest man in France.

NICK  
Really?

Andy and Simon look to Nick for an explanation.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(to Andy and Simon)  
He's been very lucky by the sound  
of things.

SIMON  
I could have told you that.

NICK  
(curtly to Simon)  
Really? Well, if that's the case,  
perhaps you'd like to ask the  
doctor if we can get him out of  
here tonight?

Simon wisely shuts up. Nick nods at Dan.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(to Doctor)  
Any chance we can take home with us  
tonight?

DOCTOR  
I don't see why not. Someone will  
need to keep an eye on him at all  
times, due to the concussion.

NICK  
Of course.

Nick nods confidently to Andy and Simon.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Excellent. Any chance he can ride  
his bike tomorrow?

DOCTOR  
Where do you have to ride to?

NICK  
We're riding to London.

DOCTOR  
(incredulously)  
London?!

NICK  
Yes, we're doing a charity bike  
ride from Southern Spain.

DOCTOR  
(gesturing out the window)  
He'll do well to do a lap of the  
car park. His knee is like a  
football.

Nick's dejected face tells Andy and Simon everything.

NICK  
Shit.

DOCTOR  
Look, he's a big boy. He can give  
it a go if he wants, but I really  
wouldn't advise it.

NICK

Okay. I understand. Thank you for everything, Doctor.

DOCTOR

My pleasure.

The doctor looks at his pager beeping.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

NICK

Of course.

The doctor exits the ward.

ANDY

What did he say, Nick?

NICK

He says he can leave tonight but he doesn't think he'll be able to carry on riding.

ANDY

Bloody hell.

SIMON

(to Andy)  
What did you expect him to say?

ANDY

(dejected)  
I don't know. I was just living in hope, I suppose.

Andy's voice turns to a whisper, as he points his thumb at Dan.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So what are we going to do with him if he can't continue?

SIMON

I don't know.

ANDY

There's no room in the car for him. He'd have to go home.

Simon acknowledges the facts. From nowhere, Dan speaks up, much to the other's astonishment.

DAN

Let's see what the morning brings?  
Bit more rest and I could be okay.



NICK  
I hope so, mate.

SIMON  
(to Dan)  
Absolutely! That's the spirit,  
mate!

ANDY  
Come on Dan, lets get you out of  
here.

Andy and Simon attempt to get Dan up, when Andy suddenly  
stops and eases Dan back on the bed.

SIMON  
What are you doing?

ANDY  
Hold on a sec.

Andy reaches for his camera and take photos of a disbelieving  
Dan.

DAN  
What the...?

SIMON  
For crying out loud, Andy! What are  
you? Some sort of ghoul?

ANDY  
Don't worry, it's fine. Come on  
let's get him out of here. Nick,  
come and take his things.

Nick grabs Dan's personal belongings as Andy and Simon walk  
him slowly out of the ward.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 10, BOURGES TO CHARTRES DISTANCE: 182 KMS

Dan is heavily bandaged as he cycles gently around the hotel  
car park. He is closely observed by Simon, Nick and Andy, who  
once again takes photos of him.

ANDY  
(to Dan)  
How is it?

Dan tries to put on a brave face.

DAN  
The knee's very tender, but my  
head's okay.

ANDY  
Are you sure?

DAN  
I'm sure.

Simon isn't convinced.

SIMON  
(whispering to Andy and Nick)  
Jesus, my nan moves easier, and  
she's been dead thirty years.  
(to Dan)  
Well, if you're sure you're okay,  
can we head off?

DAN  
No problem. Just don't go too mad.

NICK  
Of course we won't.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Dan, clearly in pain, lags behind Simon, Nick and Andy.

DAN  
Ease up, boys.

SIMON  
Okay, mate, will do.

Simon Nick and Andy lower the tempo. They eye each other nervously as they believe Dan will soon stop.

ANDY  
(to Dan)  
Just go at your own pace. Nice and  
easy does it.

DAN  
(in pain)  
I'm trying. I'm trying.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DUSK

Dan attempts to draft behind Nick, Simon and Andy who are now going at a snail's pace. They whistle a happy tune to keep up morale.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Nick, Simon, Andy and Dan, escorted by Craz in the support car, whistle away as they arrive at another desolate looking hotel.

SIMON  
(sarcastic)  
Another wonderful looking resting  
place I see, gentlemen. I believe  
this one is five star.

The other riders groan with fatigue as they dismount from  
their bikes.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
I'll probably have a dip in the  
indoor pool, before dinner.

Nick chuckles. Andy is too tired to laugh.

DAN  
There's an indoor pool?

ANDY  
(to Dan)  
He's being silly, ignore him.

SIMON  
I hear their lobster thermidor is  
to die for!

Millisy greets the riders and hands them their hotel keys.

MILLSY  
Well done, lads!

The riders acknowledge Millisy.

DAN  
Cheers, Millisy.

MILLSY  
Great stuff.

MILLSY (CONT'D)  
(to Dan)  
Your suitcase is in the room.

DAN  
Thanks. What floor are we on?

MILLSY  
The second.

DAN  
(sarcastic)  
Great.

MILLSY  
(to Dan)  
Go on! Get in the shower.

Millsy takes Dan's bike and watches him as he hobbles into the hotel.

DAN  
If I can get up the stairs, I will.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dan, badly marked and injured, winces with pain as he limps into the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Simon gets undressed, Andy sit on his bed, reading his emails. He slams his laptop shut in frustration and gets up.

ANDY  
Fuck this!

SIMON  
What's wrong?

Andy ignores Simon, grabs his camera and heads out of the room.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
For Christ's sake, where are you going, now?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Simon follows Andy along the corridor, as he knocks on Dan's door.

SIMON  
Why are you bothering Dan?

ANDY  
I want to ask him something.

DAN (O.S.)  
Who is it?

ANDY  
It's Andy.

DAN (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

ANDY  
Can Simon and I have a word?

DAN (O.S.)  
Of course.

Dan opens the door with just a towel wrapped around him.

INT. DAN'S ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Andy and Simon enter Dan's room.

ANDY

(to Dan)  
How you feeling?

DAN

Sore. Anyway, I'm glad you swung by. I was going to come and speak to you both.

SIMON

Why was that?

Andy anticipates what Dan is about to say as he bows his head.

ANDY

DAN

You're done? I'm done.

DAN

My knee's had it. I'm going get a bus to Paris tomorrow, and fly home from there.

SIMON

Are you sure?

DAN

Yes, one hundred percent.

SIMON

If that's what you think is for the best, then you have to, mate. You were really brave having a go in the first place.

DAN

Thanks for getting me through today.

ANDY

That's what friends do for each other, isn't it?

DAN

It's exactly what they do. I'm so sorry, guys.

SIMON

There's no need to apologise.

DAN

I don't want to go home, but I know there's no room in the car for me to support you, either.

Andy looks at Simon, guiltily.

DAN (CONT'D)

So it's best if I'm not under your feet any longer.

ANDY

Before you do go, there are a couple of things..

DAN

What are they?

ANDY

Firstly, I wanted to apologise for the way I spoke to you the other day, before you came off.

DAN

Don't be silly. I asked for it.

ANDY

Well, I was out of order.

DAN

No you wasn't. I messed up.

ANDY

I said to Simon a couple of nights ago, the whole thing was maybe just a bit too much for blokes of our age, didn't I, Simon?

SIMON

Yes he did.

DAN

Well we've given it a bloody good go, haven't we?

ANDY

Yes. We should be proud of what we've done.

DAN

So what else did you want?

Andy has forgotten already.

ANDY

Oh yeah, can you just lift up your arm and show me the road rash down your side, please.

DAN  
If you insist.

As Dan obliges and shows his injuries, Andy whips out his camera and takes more photos of Dan's wounds. Somewhat irked, Dan tries to wrestle the camera from Andy.

DAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

ANDY  
Nothing! Don't worry.

DAN  
Is there something you want to tell me, you bender? If you're not trying to grab my cock in the showers, you're taking weird photos of me.

SIMON  
You are one sick puppy, Andy. What are you up to?

ANDY  
Nothing. Look, I'm writing a journal of our trip. I wanted some pictures for posterity, that's all.

DAN  
Why didn't you just say that?

ANDY  
I don't know. I'm sorry.

DAN  
You're such a closet homo.

ANDY  
I know. Anyway, I don't want you having to worry about getting a bus, with your knee like that. We'll get you to Paris.

DAN  
Thanks. I appreciate it.

ANDY  
We'll see you in the morning.

DAN  
Okay.

ANDY  
Get some sleep, mate.

DAN  
I'll try. You too.

Simon and Andy leave the room.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 11, CHARTRE TO AMIENS DISTANCE: 193 KMS

Dan embraces Nick, Andy and Simon farewell before they depart. They're interrupted by an excitable Craz who rushes over, reading from his phone.

CRAZ

Andy, who is Steve Hudson?

ANDY

He's a mate we play football with,  
why?

CRAZ

He's donated five hundred quid to  
the charity and says he'll donate  
another five hundred if Dan can  
make it to London.

Andy is startled.

ANDY

Wow. That's good of him.

CRAZ

(reading from his phone)  
Hold on, there's few more that have  
said the same. "Double it if Dan  
finishes".

ANDY

Really? That's amazing.

CRAZ

Those photos of Dan you took in the  
hospital and in his room have  
really done the trick?!

Andy, embarrassed, shakes his head as he tries to shoosh  
Craz. Simon is aghast.

SIMON

You did what?

CRAZ

(to Simon)  
Yeah, he told me to put the  
pictures on facebook. Hundreds of  
people have seen them already.

Simon, on the crossbar of his bike, leans over and grabs  
Andy angrily by the collar.



SIMON

Our mate almost got killed and you shared pictures of his injured body on social media?

ANDY

How else were we going to get people donating? The whole fund raising thing's been a joke, until now.

SIMON

I hate to do this to you..

ANDY

What?

Andy flinches as he anticipates a thump. Much to his surprise, he receives a kiss on the lips, instead.

SIMON

Well done Andy Feakins! I never thought you were that smart. Dan, get your kit on! You're staying!

Andy is still reeling from the shock of the kiss.

ANDY

No, no. That's not fair. He's in agony. He's got to go home.

Simon is insistent.

SIMON

I'm telling you, he's not!

DAN

Do I get a say in any of this?

SIMON

Dan, We've come this far. We've got two days to get to Calais. It's flat from now on, and a strong southerly wind all the way. What do you say?

Dan thinks hard.

DAN

Okay, I'll give it a go.

SIMON

Good boy, Rodney! You know it makes sense!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

While Nick, Simon and Andy grind away, Dan is pulled along by the support car's wing mirror.

CRAZ

(to Dan)  
You enjoying the ride?

DAN

You bet I am. I could get used to this.

MILLSY

Yeah, it looks like it.

DAN

Just got to hold on for another three hundred ks!

Millsy and Craz laugh.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Andy, Simon and Nick, heads down, plough along with Dan trying desperately to keep the pace. They hear Millsy and Craz beep the car horn, pointing to the road signs for Paris. Nick is the first to notice.

NICK

Have a look, lads!

ANDY

We're getting close now, boys.

Simon points at another road sign.

SIMON

Look! There's even a sign for Calais! Who'd have thought we'd get this far, eh fellas?

Simon turns to Dan, desperately trying to reassure him as he battles along.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Just think Dan, by the end of the weekend it will all be over.

Craz leans out of the window with more good news.

CRAZ

Someone has just donated a grand!

ANDY

Who was that?

CRAZ

Don't know, it was an anonymous donor.

SIMON

(to Dan)  
Wow! That's unbelievable, isn't it?  
Keep going, mate, we can't let these people down!

Dan, in too much pain to talk, nods in agreement.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Dan falls back behind Nick, Andy and Simon, who continue to whistle the same happy tune to distract themselves from their suffering.

DAN

Hold on, boys.

Andy turns back to Dan.

ANDY

How you doing, big boy?

Dan shakes his head.

DAN

I'm dying here.

SIMON

You're looking strong, mate.

DAN

I don't feel it.

Dan, in pain, grits his teeth as he tries to pedal.

DAN (CONT'D)

I need to tell you boys something..

Andy and Simon always fear the worst.

ANDY

Go on, what is it?

DAN

Stevie Hudson better be good for this money. It'll be a thousand quid he owes us.

The riders roar with delight.

ANDY

That's my boy!

NICK  
You know it, Dan!

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Craz leans out of the support car as he takes photos of Nick, Simon and Andy stretched out along the road, with Dan way behind in the distance.

IMAGE: POSTED ON THE BLOG AND FACEBOOK IS A PHOTO OF THE TEAM LITTERED OUT ALONG THE ROAD WITH A MESSAGE THAT READS:

"THANKS FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT SO FAR! THE BOYS ARE GETTING CLOSER TO THE FINISHING LINE. PLEASE DONATE TO S.F.L.T & G.O.S.H AND HELP US RAISE £10K

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Nick Andy and Simon pull up outside their hotel. Dan follows, holding onto the wing mirror of the support car.

DAN  
(to Millsy and Craz)  
Thanks for the lift, guys!

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The boys enjoy a meal together. Craz scrolls through his phone.

CRAZ  
Bloody hell!

ANDY  
What's up?

CRAZ  
We've had loads more donations in.

ANDY  
Brilliant! From who?

CRAZ  
(reading from phone)  
I don't any of these names.  
Matt Lovell, fifty quid, Johnny  
Lovell, two hundred and fifty quid,  
Mark Cantwell, Simon Haynes, The  
Brooks family, all the same. We're  
up to almost eight grand!

Simon goes very serious.

SIMON  
Dan, I'm going to say something to  
you now, you might not like.

DAN  
What's that, mate?

SIMON  
Why didn't you fall off sooner?!

Booming laughter emits from the table.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Simon and Nick stand in the hotel garden, chatting and smoking.

NICK  
(to Simon)  
Fair play to Dan for carrying on.

SIMON  
He's got some balls, I'll give him that.

NICK  
Have you seen the profile for tomorrow?

SIMON  
Yes.

NICK  
Have you seen how lumpy it is?

SIMON  
No. The profile I saw was plain sailing.

Nick grimaces.

NICK  
I wish it was. It's horrendous.

SIMON  
Shit.

NICK  
What time we meant to be on the ferry?

SIMON  
Seven.

NICK  
That's going to be tight.

SIMON  
Very tight.

Andy enters the garden and takes a cigarette from Simon.

ANDY

What are you guys talking about?

NICK

I was saying the route from here to Calais is hilly to say the least. I think we'll struggle to do it, let alone Dan.

SIMON

Can't we go a different way?

NICK

A bit late to change it now?

ANDY

No we can't. It's in my navigator.

SIMON

(smiling sarcastically)  
And we know how reliable that's been, don't we?

ANDY

Simon, don't start.

Simon smirks like a naughty child.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but if Dan can't make it, he'll have to go in the car.

SIMON

Andy, he's somehow got this far, we can't just sling him in the back of the car. It'll destroy him.

ANDY

There's going to be a load of people waiting in that park in Hackney for us on Sunday. We have to be on the ferry.

SIMON

So what do you suggest?

ANDY

Well there's only one thing we can do?

NICK

What's that?

ANDY

We'll have to leave before daylight.

Simon laughs as he mocks Andy.

SIMON

"Leave before daylight?" What do you think we are? Soldiers leading a rebellion in some eighteenth century, costume drama.

NICK

None of us have lights, Andy. It'll be madness to set off in the dark.

ANDY

I'm sorry, we've no choice if we want Dan with us. We have to leave by six, lights or no lights.

Dan limps out to join the others in the garden. He senses an atmosphere.

DAN

What's up with you lot?

Andy looks at his watch as he answers.

ANDY

We've got to leave in seven hours.

DAN

Why?

ANDY

Well the map profile suggests it's going to be a lot hillier than expected. And if we want to catch the ferry, we've got to leave very early.

DAN

Because of me?

ANDY

Yes.

DAN

Don't you think I can make it?

ANDY

If I'm honest, no I don't.

DAN

Well, I appreciate your honesty.

Dan, hurt by the truth, starts to walk inside.

ANDY

You've been amazing, Dan, but tomorrow looks like hell.

DAN  
Should I just go in the car and  
save you lot the worry?

Nick, Simon and Andy shake their heads in unison.

ANDY  
Of course not, but if it comes to  
it, you will have to.

DAN  
Do you remember when we were  
training for this, and you told me  
we'd be doing at least a hundred  
miles a day?

ANDY  
Vaguely.

DAN  
And I told you to never doubt me?

ANDY  
And?

DAN  
The same applies now!

ANDY  
Fine. I want you to prove us wrong.

DAN  
Don't worry, I will.

Dan hobbles inside, leaving Nick, Simon and Andy deep in  
contemplation.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

CAPTION: DAY 12, AMIENS TO FOLKSTONE DISTANCE: 163 KMS

Millsy and Craz, tired and grumpy, pack the car.

MILLSY  
Half past five in the bloody  
morning? It's bloody lunacy!

CRAZ  
And having to drive behind them at  
twenty ks an hour?! It's an another  
accident waiting to happen.

EXT ROAD - NIGHT

The support car, with headlights beaming and hazard lights  
flashing, drives slowly behind the riders, who try  
desperately to keep warm in the cold.



ANDY

My feet are numb, already.

SIMON

It's my hands that are killing me.  
How are you feeling, Dan?

DAN

Other than the crippling knee pain  
and hypothermia?

SIMON

Yes.

DAN

Absolutely fine. When I get home,  
I'm throwing this bike on the  
biggest fucking bonfire I can find.

NICK

That's the spirit, Dan.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Daylight breaks as the riders attempt the first steep climb  
of the day.

ANDY

The profile wasn't lying, was it?

SIMON

It's like this for the next thirty  
kilometres.

NICK

Shit.

Dan, already slipping behind, cries with pain.

ANDY

What's up?

DAN

I can't do this!

ANDY

Do you want to get in the car?

DAN

No.

Andy turns to face Dan.

ANDY

Well shut up then,  
(mouthing)  
You cu...!

Andy winks cheekily at Dan, who momentarily speechless, laughs loudly.

DAN  
You've made my day already, Andy!

ANDY  
My pleasure, sweetheart.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Andy, Nick and Simon wait at the top of another climb for Dan. They cheer him when he gets to the top of the hill. Dan gracefully accepts the gesture.

NICK  
Go on, Dan!

DAN  
Cheers, boys.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The riders sit by the side of the road, demolishing ham and cheese baguettes and slurping Coca Cola.

SIMON  
(eating)  
I've been constantly hungry for almost two weeks.

ANDY  
I know, it's a joke isn't it?

NICK  
(to Andy)  
How we doing for time?

Andy looks at his watch.

ANDY  
We'd better shake a leg. We've got four hours.

Andy, Nick, Simon and Dan get up and mount their bikes.

SIMON  
How we all feeling, lads?

ANDY  
Knackered!

NICK  
Me too!

DAN  
(sarcastic)  
Never been better, actually.

EXT. ROAD - DAY CONTINUOUS

The riders roll together in a line across the road.

SIMON  
Let's do this boys! The last push  
over the top! "Once more unto the  
breach dear friends, once more!"

The riders roar, united in a common goal.

DAN ANDY SIMON NICK  
Come on !!

Nick tries to recite more from "Henry V" as they accelerate.

NICK  
"Cry God for Harry, England and  
Saint George!"

DAN ANDY SIMON NICK  
(together)  
Yeah!

The riders become increasingly excited as they gain more speed.

DAN  
Good old Saint George! The Armenian  
or Turk that never visited England.

The mood quickly dampens, the pace drops instantly.

SIMON  
(to Dan)  
Oh, you've just gone and ruined it  
now!

NICK  
Yeah, Dan, you muppet!

Dan is genuinely remorseful.

DAN  
Sorry, guys.

MONTAGE:

Andy, Nick and Simon churn up and down the undulating countryside, as Dan slogs way behind. Craz and Millsy, swig beer and smoke as they follow patiently in the support car. A clock on a small town's Hotel de Ville shows seventeen hundred hours.

A road sign states "CALAIS, twenty kilometres". Andy continuously checks his watch, while Dan and Nick look on anxiously as Simon repairs a puncture.

EXT. PORT OF CALAIS FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

The large clock on the terminal wall reads eighteen hundred and thirty hours. The riders, exhausted, roll up to join the queuing foot passengers, ready to embark onto the ferry.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

The team board the ferry, delighted with their efforts.

EXT. FERRY - DUSK

The team stand together and admire England's white cliffs as they come into view.

SIMON

Here she is in all her splendour!

DAN

Looks great, doesn't it?

NICK

Can't believe we've done it, lads.

ANDY

Hey, we've still got another seventy odd miles tomorrow, guys.

DAN

Simon's the one that kills the mood, Andy. Not you!

ANDY

I know. I've spent way too much time with him recently.

MILLSY

I can't wait for a pint in an English pub.

CRAZ

Me too.

ANDY

You won't have to wait long. There's a bar at the hotel we're staying at.

CRAZ

Seriously?

ANDY  
Seriously.

MILLSY  
You're pulling our plonkers?

ANDY  
No. Steve text me this morning to tell me he'd booked this particular hotel as a treat.

The rest of the team smirk and raise questionable eyebrows as one. "As if!".

NICK  
By treat he means, hot running water, electricity and a room bigger than a shoe cupboard?

ANDY  
Yes.

SIMON  
Christ, I could do with a pint after today.

ANDY  
We can have a couple. And I mean a couple.

SIMON  
Excellent. Good old Steve!

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE, FOLKSTONE - NIGHT

The riders, followed by the support car, pull up outside a tired, sea front hotel. Simon looks around the hotel grounds.

SIMON  
(sarcastic)  
Yep, Steve's really pushed the boat out on this one.

Nick pushes his bike past Simon and heads for the entrance.

NICK  
Where's this bar?

EXT/INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

The sound of cyclist's cleats on the wooden floor disturbs the drinkers enough for the room to fall silent. The punters stare at the team as if they've just seen aliens. Every one of Andy's footsteps is deafening as he heads to the bar.

ANDY  
 (to BARMAN)  
 Six pints of lager, please.

The BARMAN, heavily built, (55) nods and pours the drinks.

BARMAN  
 (to Andy)  
 That will be nineteen pounds,  
 eighty pence, please.

Andy hands over a twenty pound note to the barman, as Simon hands out the beers to the team.

SIMON  
 (quietly to the team)  
 Let's drink these quickly and get  
 the hell out of here.

DAN  
 Yeah, it's like that bar in "Star  
 Wars".

The team make short work of their pints when Simon notices a HUGE MAN heading straight towards them. He's a menacing looking individual, (64) who wears a cheap leather jacket and is dripping with gold.

SIMON  
 (to team)  
 Jesus, here we go.

NICK  
 What's up?

Nick looks up to see the huge man looming towards them.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Bloody hell.  
 (smiling politely at the Huge Man)  
 Hello, how are you?

HUGE MAN  
 Yeah, alright. You lot come down  
 from London on your fancy bikes,  
 have you?

Andy is wary of the Huge Man's aggressive demeanour.

ANDY  
 No, we're actually heading that  
 way.

HUGE MAN  
 What you doing here, then? You  
 local?

DAN  
No, we're not local.

SIMON  
We're doing a charity bike ride  
from Spain to Hackney.

HUGE MAN  
Spain? Leave off!

SIMON  
We are! We're not long off the  
ferry from Calais.

HUGE MAN  
Whereabouts in Spain?

SIMON  
A place called Denia. It's on the  
Costa Blanca, not that far from  
Benidorm?

HUGE MAN  
I know where Benidorm is, son.  
That's a bleeding long way. Bet  
you've all got sore arses, ain't  
you?

The huge man cackles at his own joke, while the team smile  
nervously and nod in agreement.

DAN  
Yes, mine looks like a baboon's,  
but it's all for a good cause.

HUGE MAN  
Oh yeah, what's that, then?

ANDY  
We're raising money for my late  
brother's trust for the  
disadvantaged kids of Hackney and  
for Great Ormond Street hospital.

HUGE MAN  
I'm a Hackney boy, originally.

ANDY  
Are you really?

The team are still unsure of the Huge Man.

HUGE MAN  
Yeah, I'm from Homerton. But I left  
before it became full of ponces.

ANDY

There's still lots of deprivation there, sadly. That's why we're doing our bit to help.

HUGE MAN

How long has it taken you?

SIMON

Thirteen days by the time we get to London tomorrow. About two and half thousand kilometres in distance.

The Huge Man stops and rummages around his pockets. The team watch him in trepidation. They recoil when he slams a big bundle of cash on the bar.

HUGE MAN / ALAN

(gesturing to the money)  
There you go, lads! Stick that lot towards your ride.

The team are stunned.

ANDY

Wow! Are you sure? That's very kind of you, thank you!

Simon counts the cash before pocketing it.

SIMON

Three hundred quid, are you sure?

HUGE MAN

Of course I'm bleeding sure!  
(to the barman)  
Jeff, get these boys whatever they want to drink tonight, and stick it on my card.

The barman nods, dutifully.

NICK

(to huge man)  
No, we couldn't possibly.

SIMON

Shut up, Nick. Let the man buy us a drink if he wants to.

HUGE MAN

(to Simon)  
That's the spirit.

The Huge Man offers his hand to Simon.

HUGE MAN / ALAN

I'm Alan, by the way.



Simon introduces the team.

SIMON

Alan, I'm Simon, this is Andy, Dan,  
Nick, Craz and Millsy. We've raised  
over nine grand now, so thank you  
so much for your donation.

The team all thank Alan.

ALAN

Don't be silly, it's nothing. It's  
incredible what you boys have done.  
Come on, don't be shy, get  
yourselves a drink.

MONTAGE:

The team drink, play pool, dance and have a sing along with  
Alan. Reasonably drunk, the team say their farewells to Alan  
and the locals, as they leave the pub in the small hours.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CAPTION: DAY 13, FOLKSTONE TO HACKNEY DISTANCE: 119 KMS

Worse for wear, the team try and push the pace, but are  
unable to.

SIMON

(sarcastic)  
Whose idea was it to have a beer  
last night?

Andy's response is equally ironic.

ANDY

Yeah, I wonder?

DAN

It says something when my head  
hurts more than my knee.

EXT. PATIO, PUB IN THE PARK, HACKNEY - DAY

A slightly built couple in their eighties decorate the pub  
patio area with balloons and streamers. They are Andy's  
parents, DOT(80) and NORMAN(82).

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The support car pulls up next to the riders.

CRAZ

How you feeling, boys?

DAN

Don't ask.

NICK  
I'm hanging.

SIMON  
(generic Les Dawson impression)  
I'm as rough as a buzzard's crutch.

Craz thumbs at Millsy.

CRAZ  
He's had to pull over twice to be sick. Anyway, listen. We're not far away now, so we just wanted to say while we're still sober..ish, thanks for inviting us along. It's been great.

MILLSY  
Yeah, I played professional cricket for six years, but this is by far the best thing I've ever done.

ANDY  
Thank you, that means a lot.

Andy becomes choked with tears.

SIMON  
Don't set him off again, lads.

ANDY  
Cheers boys, we couldn't have done it without you both.

DAN  
Thanks, lads.

The traffic lights start to change.

CRAZ  
Last one to the pub, buys the first round.

The riders sprint off ahead. The support car sticks close behind.

EXT. PATIO, PUB IN THE PARK, HACKNEY - DAY

Friends and family of the team slowly arrive on the patio, where they are warmly greeted by Dot and Norman.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The riders navigate through the streets of East London.

DAN  
I wonder how many people are going  
to be at the pub?

SIMON  
No idea. Knowing Steve, he probably  
thinks we arrive next Sunday.

ANDY  
Don't say that!

DAN  
Could you imagine?

EXT. PATIO, PUB ON THE PARK - DAY

Excited murmurs as Norman spots the riders turn into Victoria Park.

NORMAN  
(to the guests)  
Is that them?

DOT  
Where? Yes, it's them! Everyone,  
they're here!

All of the guests rise to cheer the riders as they approach. Steve unfurls a large banner that reads: "WELCOME HOME BOYS". The riders are staggered by the crowd that has gathered for them.

ANDY  
Will you take a look at that?

SIMON  
Bloody hell.

DAN  
Oh my god!

NICK  
Absolutely incredible.

The riders park their bikes carefully on the garden wall. They congratulate each other with hugs and hand shakes.

MONTAGE:

Andy rushes up the stairs to embrace Dot and Norm. He sobs both tears of joy and grief when he notices the friends present, and the many pictures of Stuart that adorn the patio. Completely overwhelmed, he sits on the floor, gathering his thoughts as he drags on a cigarette and drinks a bottle of beer. His fellow riders gather round him to support him.

SIMON

Come on Gazza, get up.

INT. PATIO, PUB IN THE PARK - DAY CONTINUOUS

The team pose for photographs when Andy is egged onto say a few words.

CROWD

Speech! Speech! Speech!

Andy indulges the crowds wishes.

ANDY

Okay, I'm going to keep this short.

SIMON

A bit like yourself, Andy.

ANDY

Ha ha. I'd firstly like to thank everyone for being here today. For your support and your generous donations. We've not quite made the ten grand yet, but never mind. Mum and Dad, thanks for organising this lovely venue. But most of all I'd like to thank my fellow riders and our drivers for putting up with me for the last two weeks. I know I have been a pain in the arse, at times.

The crowd laugh.

DAN

(sarcastic)  
Not you, Andy.

CRAZ

Never!

DAN

(to crowd)  
I'd like to take this moment to thank Andy for organising this whole adventure. Only he would have the balls and the vision to attempt this ridiculous challenge. There were many times where we didn't think we could do it, but he drove us on. So here's to Andy! Well done, mate.

The crowd oblige with rousing applause.

ANDY

One, final thing from me. There were two things that got us through our journey. One, was honouring the memory of our beloved Stu, the other, was simply our strength of friendship, that was tested on several occasions. If we didn't have each other's backs throughout, this miraculous achievement would never have happened. So, dear friends, Mum and Dad, thank you! I love you!

The crowd cheers.

FREEZE ON: The team as they pose for more photographs while holding their "Welcome Home Boys " banner aloft.

CAPTION: THIS SCREEN PLAY IS DEDICATED IN ITS ENTIRETY TO THE MEMORY OF STUART FEAKINS 10/6/66 - 02/01/08

VIDEO IMAGE: Grainy video footage from a promotional video for the Stuart Feakins Learning Trust. A boy (maybe thirteen) dressed in full cycling kit, is being interviewed about being a member of Hackney Cycling Club.

CAPTION: ONE FINAL THING. STUART ALWAYS TOLD HIS STUDENTS "TO DREAM BIG"

TV IMAGE: Recent footage of a professional cyclist as he crosses the finishing line in a hugely prestigious race. He is immediately embraced by his ecstatic teammates and then quickly escorted to the podium. After congratulating his competitors, he holds a large gold trophy aloft.

CAPTION: NOTHING ENCAPSULATES THIS BELIEF MORE THAN THE SAME YOUNG BOY IN THE PROMOTIONAL VIDEO, WHO TEN YEARS LATER IN OCTOBER 2020 WON THE WORLD'S SECOND BIGGEST CYCLING RACE, THE GIRO D' ITALIA. HOWEVER TENUOUS THE CONNECTION, WE HOPE THAT BY RAISING FUNDS FOR THE HACKNEY CYCLING CLUB BY WAY OF OUR BIKE RIDE FROM DENIA TO HACKNEY, THREE MIDDLE AGED CYCLISTS MAY HAVE POSSIBLY PLAYED A TINY PART IN HIS INCREDIBLE VICTORY. CONGRATULATIONS TAO GEOGHEGAN HART! WE SALUTE YOU !

THE END