

# **living in hope**

(draft #8)

A screenplay by Guy de Beaujeu

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2000

BLACK

HARRY (VO)  
(matter-of-fact cockney)  
Sometimes people who jump off  
the bridge don't die from the  
fall, they're suffocated in  
the mud instead. Surely a  
slower, more lingering and  
horrible death than the one  
they can have anticipated in  
the three seconds before they  
hit the deck.

FADE IN

**1.EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE. DAY.**

ANGLE on Clifton Suspension Bridge. A police car screeches up  
and stops at one end. Two PC's leap out.

HARRY (VO)  
Worse, if there can be worse  
than asphyxiation by river  
gunk, some of them get stuck  
in the mud and then drown as  
the tide flows up the Avon  
Gorge.

ANGLE on POSH (Alistair Baillie), nice looking, 19ish,  
student, middle class, public school, devil-may-care.  
The PC's keep running.

HARRY (VO)  
So it's all about timing. The  
potential jumper needs to be  
aware of his high tides.  
Hitting water at ten metres  
per second per second you  
might as well be hitting a  
large slab of concrete.

POSH is standing over the railings, looking out. He looks  
relatively serene considering. Breathing deeply.

PC1  
Hey, hey, don't do it, don't  
do it. C'mon son.

POSH licks his lips. His POV of the Avon Gorge hundreds of  
feet below him. Christ is he really going to jump off?

HARRY (VO)

Why come to this Georgian city  
to finish it all off? God  
knows. The view's nice I  
s'pose. If you like that sort  
of thing.

PC2

No, no.

POSH opens his arms.

HARRY (VO)

Of course the bridge, that  
beautiful, beautiful testament  
to all that was brilliant  
about Victorian engineering  
isn't just for the dead. Or  
rather the wannabe dead or  
even the soon to be dead.

Slowly, very slowly POSH leans ever further over. A beatific  
smile spreads across his face. The cops are almost with him.  
He gives a little push and is gone.

PC1

Shit!

Freeze.

HARRY (VO)

The bridge is a symbol, to  
50,000 shagging, drinking,  
breathing, sleeping, eating,  
living students. And I mean  
living. This my friends, is  
Bristol.

Titles.

CUT TO:

FADE IN

**2.INT. VAN. DAY**

OS a radio plays.

ANGLE on the messy cab of a scaffolder's truck.

DEREK (OS)

He's French.

DOREEN (OS)

So what?

DEREK (OS)  
We hate the French.

DOREEN (OS)  
You love their lager.

OS we hear a strained posh voice.

HARRY  
(posh)  
Sibilance. Sssssibilance.  
Sibilance.

ANGLE on HARRY, 19. He's dressed incongruously in a grey suit. Thin, ill-looking, crew cut. Cheeky chappie. Can this voice really be coming from him? He's got those big walkman headphones on and is talking to himself.

DEREK  
Stella Artois is brewed in  
London, under license by  
Whitbread, it says so on the  
can, just under the 4.2 per  
cent.

DOREEN  
Derek, you cannot compare  
Albert Camus to a can of  
lager. He wrote one of the  
best beginnings to any novel.  
Aujourd'hui Maman est morte.

HARRY  
(deliberate/posh)  
How now brown cow. How now  
brown cow.

A wider ANGLE reveals DOREEN and DEREK sitting in the front.  
East Enders/Working class. Poor. Both smoking.

DEREK  
What's that got to do with the  
price of fish?

DOREEN  
Derek, he was the driving  
force behind the  
existentialists.

DEREK  
Them froggie bands never do  
well over here. Too much  
crooning for the English ear  
if you ask me.

DOREEN

Derek...!

HARRY

Good afternoon from across the moon. Good afternoon fr...

DEREK

Doreen I don't know why you bother, all this reading, it don't improve the important things in life.

DOREEN

Improve...like what?

DEREK

Your bleedin' map reading. So where do we go now?

Doreen looks at the map and turns it sideways.

DOREEN

Right.

Beat. She points.

DOREEN

Right, right.

DEREK

Wotcha mean right right, right, why's yer pointing left then?

ANGLE on HARRY unperturbed by the chaos up front.

HARRY

Aim fane thank you. Aim fane...

CUT TO:

**3.EXT. PARK. DAY**

A scrum down. ANGLE from beneath as four heads lock. There's a collective grunt as the heads fit into shoulders. There's much straining. We see DAD, a big man, ex-sportsman, ruddy cheeks, hard, intense and opposite is ANIMAL (Malcolm), 18, equally big and ruddy, smiley. Also with them are Animal's younger twin brothers BILL and BEN, slightly weedier.

DAD

Squeeeeeeeeeze.

They break and DAD comes up with the ball.

MUM (OS)

Malcolm...Malcolm...

DAD is floored by ANIMAL. BEN picks up the ball and runs for the imaginary line.

DAD

Well done lad, well done.

He cuffs him fondly across the back of the head and sends him sprawling. A WIDER ANGLE reveals the boys playing in a park in suburbia. ANIMAL approaches MUM. DAD follows. He grabs ANIMAL and spins him round, looks him straight in the eye, face close, intense.

DAD

(urgent)

Now c'mon son.

MUM

Oh Mal look at you, you gonna miss the bus love.

DAD

Remember son, it's wins that make work. C,mon...

ANIMAL

And it's work that makes wins.

DAD

(shouts)

So c'mon! Fight for it!

CUT TO:

**4.INT. BEDROOM. DAY**

CLOSE ANGLE on a serious snog. Panting. The SNOGGERS break, but some form of clothes grabbing and lifting goes on, a watch is glanced at. African bracelets on a brown arm.

POSH

Shit!

WIDER ANGLE reveals POSH in a state of undress. He's on the bed with PIPPA, pretty, big eyes, bra on show, disarrayed.

WOMAN (OS)

(muffled/middle class)

Come on darling please.

POSH's POV of an overstuffed rucksack, he looks at PIPPA'S well filled bra and back to the rucksack.

POSH

Shit.

PIPPA

(moan)

I want you baby.

POSH

(more desperate)

Shit.

Beat. PIPPA is taking off more clothes.

POSH

Wait there.

He leaps off the bed and unlocks the door.

POSH

Two minutes mum.

ANGLE on PIPPA'S face falling.

POSH returns and in a single movement whips off PIPPA'S pants, while dropping his own. He starts scrabbling on the bed for the condom that keeps jumping out of his grasp.

POSH

Shit.

PIPPA grabs it and tears it open dramatically with her teeth. He goes to grab it, she holds it away.

PIPPA

Ah...what do you say?

ANGLE on POSH desperate.

PIPPA

I'll give you a clue, it starts with an I and ends with a U.

POSH

(guiltless)

I... want to fuck... you.

PIPPA

Ooops, not very good at this are you.

POSH

(guiltless)

Let's see, how about I... lust for you? I long for you...

PIPPA is disappointed. She starts to pull on a shirt.

PIPPA

Why can't you just say it? For  
once, say it and mean it.

POSH is resigned.

CUT TO:

**5.INT. LOO. DAY**

ANGLE from below of the Financial Times, being carefully read. There's a tearing sound as part of a page is ripped and then another one.

OS a banging on the door. In a Yorkshire accent we hear:

ERN (OS)

Hey lad, thee may be onst way  
to bloomin' university but  
that na gives 'ee the right to  
hog bleedin' toilet all  
mornin'.

The FT is dropped down in annoyance and we see FOOTSIE, spoddish looking, glasses, off-mauve shirt. Hair slicked down. He raises his eyes to the ceiling. Looks at his watch and then reaches for the loo roll.

CUT TO:

**6.INT. CORRIDOR. DAY**

FOOTSIE's dad, ERN is waiting in the corridor. He wrinkles his nose.

ERN

Blimey! You yer muther's son  
all right Bri.

FOOTSIE ignores him and walks regally past. ERN is a cheerful man. He starts to laugh.

ERN

(shouts)

Hey muther, d'you think  
they'll teach 'im to poo posh  
an' all at this university?

MUTHER (OS)

Mind your language you!

ERN

(furtive)

'Ere, Bri, come 'ere son.

Footsie stops. Ern reaches into his pocket and furtively produces £20.

FOOTSIE  
(regret)  
Dad...I didn't account for tha...

ERN  
Ye don't have it all covered  
son. Just don't tell Muther.

FOOTSIE looks like he's going to refuse. A look. He relents and smiles.

FOOTSIE  
Thanks dad.

ERN  
(emotional)  
Son...I just want you to know  
...I'm ...I'm so proud of...

FOOTSIE  
(emotional)  
I...I know dad...I know.

They hug and his dad kisses him.

ERN  
Good luck son. I...Muther and I  
love you very much.

FOOTSIE turns and leaves. Stops.

FOOTSIE  
I love you Dad.

ANGLE on tears behind the glasses.

CUT TO:

**7.INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT. DAY**

CLOSE ANGLE on REENA, tears rolling down her cheeks as she hugs LIAM. She's a slightly tarty-looking 19 year old.

REENA  
I'll wait for ye Liam, so I  
will.

They part and we see the tears in LIAM's eyes. He's tall and good looking, about 18 but looks older.

LIAM  
Oh Jesus Ree, I don't think I  
can do this...

REENA

(consolatory)

Of course ye can...do it for  
me...

LIAM

But that's the whole reason I  
can't do it. I can't imagine  
bein' away from ye for a day  
let alone a week.

REENA

Don't ye think I don't feel  
the same now?

ANGLE on flight to Bristol flashing on the board as last call.  
LIAM looks desperate.

LIAM

I'll be back, soon as I can  
Ree...

REENA smiles at him.

REENA

We're engaged Lee, d'you think  
I'm goin' anywhere?

He shoulders his hand luggage.

LIAM

I love you Ree, like the  
clouds love the sky, like  
birds love the trees.

He wipes his tears. REENA tries to put a brave face on it.

REENA

Be off with you old romantic  
or you'll have us both in  
floods.

They kiss and hug once more and he walks towards passport  
control. He hands over his passport, turns, blows a kiss and  
is gone.

ANGLE on REENA, she watches for a while, wipes a tear and  
blows out her cheeks. As she turns and walks away a good  
looking GUY walks past. She looks him up and down and smiles  
to herself.

CUT TO:

**8.EXT. HALLS OF RESIDENCE. DAY.**

ANGLE on a sign above a door. It reads 'Hope Hall'. ANGLE on STUDENTS, including LIAM, HARRY, FOOTsie, ANIMAL and POSH arriving with bags, suitcases, lights and usual student crap.

CUT TO:

**9.INT. TUTOR'S ROOM. DAY**

New STUDENTS are sitting in a tutor's room. STUDENT ONE is just sitting down.

TUTOR  
Err...Harold Strickland...

HARRY stands.

HARRY  
(posh/deliberate)  
Hello, I'm from London...

CUT TO:

**10.EXT. HOPE HALL. DAY**

HARRY is standing with his headphones still on, his crap lying around on the pavement in front of the van.

HARRY (VO)  
And father is in the steel  
business...

As the van pulls off we see "Strickland and Sons. Master Scaffolders" printed on the side. HARRY watches them go, waves vaguely and then inhales deeply, looking around. He smiles.

HARRY  
Ssssssibilance.

CUT TO:

**11.INT. TUTOR'S ROOM. DAY**

ANGLE on LIAM staring out of the window morosely as HARRY sits down.

TUTOR  
So who's left, a Mr O'Brien.  
Perhaps you'd tell us a little  
about yourself.

Everyone turns to look at LIAM, he's oblivious. There are smirks. HARRY gives him a nudge. LIAM starts.

CUT TO:

**12.EXT. CAMPUS. DAY**

LIAM and HARRY walk out of a building and pass FOOTsie walking towards a room full of computers. He peers inside. His POV of an empty room.

CUT TO:

**13.INT. COMPUTER ROOM. DAY.**

FOOTSIE settles down in front of the computer. He looks nervous.

HARRY (VO)  
(east end voice)  
Cabot University, an outpost of Chelsea, London, tucked away in the soft underbelly that is the south west of England. A city built on slavery and cigarettes. Two things that probably killed more people than anything else. In the world. Ever. The Lord giveth and the Lord bumpeth off.

CUT TO:

**14.EXT. BRISTOL. DAY.**

VARIOUS ANGLES of student life.

HARRY (VO)  
This hallowed seat of education is home to more private school kids than almost any other university, they've got more cars, more cable knit jumpers and more cash than anywhere else. Me, I was suffering from what might have been described as negative accent syndrome, but why should I let something as cosmetic as a crap London inflection rain on my parade? Yeah and OK, I know it sounded shite.

CUT TO:

**15.INT. STUDENT UNION. NIGHT.**

ANGLE on SICKIE, a very pissed-looking student, staring hard at a tequila slammer. He swallows nervously then downs it. Pause. Ooops this one's coming back.

CUT TO:

**16.EXT. STUDENT UNION. NIGHT**

OS a heavy beat. As we enter the hall we pass SICKIE chucking up. Hardly stopping we plunge on into the heaving mass.

CUT TO:

**17.INT. STUDENT PARTY. NIGHT**

Some serious clubbing going on. And some serious drinking. Some of the RUGBY LADS, big bruisers, including ANIMAL, are at the bar downing tequila slammers. ANIMAL is laughing happily.

ANGLE on POSH getting down with CHARLIE, a pretty, sloaney-looking girl. He whispers in her ear and she laughs and playfully hits him. Also there are two posh blokes, MARCUS & ADAM.

HARRY (VO)

So how did Posh and Footsie meet? Well that was altogether more prosaic. It was fuck a fresher week and Posh, well he was one serious fucker.

CUT TO:

**18.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM, STUDENT HALLS. NIGHT**

BLACK.

OS we can hear moans coming to a climax.

FOOTSIE sits up and switches on the light, pissed off. He crosses his arms and looks at the ceiling. He picks up an FT and begins to read.

CUT TO:

**19.INT. POSH'S ROOM. NIGHT**

POSH is lying in a single bed beside CHARLIE looking pleased with himself. She leans close to his ear.

CHARLIE

More...

POSH

More?

CHARLIE straddles him.

CHARLIE  
Or aren't you up to it?

POSH scrabbles in his side drawer, but only finds empty condom packets.

POSH  
Shit.

CHARLIE rubs herself up and down on him. His eyes close in pleasure and we see his hands disappear under the duvet. CHARLIE smiles lavishly and grabs his hands, holding them down behind his head.

CHARLIE  
Tish tish Ali. No rubber no  
hubba hubba.

POSH  
Shit.

CHARLIE rubs her breasts in his face.

CHARLIE  
What about your student pack?

POSH  
Used them.

CHARLIE  
(mock horror)  
Oh dear.

POSH  
Wait here.

He leaps naked out of bed and grabs a towel. CHARLIE's POV.

POSH  
Shit.

She giggles.

POSH  
Give me this.

He pulls the duvet off CHARLIE.

CHARLIE  
Hey!

He wraps the duvet around him and opens the door. He shuts it again.

POSH

Shit!

CHARLIE

What?

POSH

Come here.

CHARLIE

What?

POSH

Come here. Or they'll think  
I'm coming to shag them.

CHARLIE hops out of bed and wraps herself in the duvet. The two of them shuffle off down the corridor.

CUT TO:

**20.INT. ANIMAL'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

OS regular grunts - is Animal bonking? ANGLE on Animal's desk.

There are loads of photos with him playing different sports, teams with cups, dad standing proud. On the desk are loads of vitamins and some dodgy-looking steroid/body boosting supplements.

We pull back to discover ANIMAL doing sit-ups maniacally, bathed in sweat.

CUT TO:

**21.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

POSH'S POV. He looks around at the doors. OS CHARLIE giggles.

POSH

This guy definitely won't have  
used his stash.

CUT TO:

**22.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

OS there's a knock on the door. ANGLE on FOOTSIE looking resigned.

FOOTSIE

Come!

CHARLIE (OS)

Already has.

The door opens, they shuffle in, CHARLIE is in the front.  
FOOTSIE is hidden behind the FT.

POSH

(awkward)

Oh hi, I'm err...we're err we're  
next door.

FOOTSIE lowers the paper.

FOOTSIE

(dry)

So I heard.

CUT TO:

**23.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

ANGLE on DITCH, the house warden, on the prowl.

CUT TO:

**24.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. NIGHT**

POSH

Could I like...could I borrow..

FOOTSIE lowers the paper.

Beat. A look.

POSH

Y'know, in your student pack.

FOOTSIE reaches into his side drawer and pulls out the  
condoms. He throws them and they are dropped by CHARLIE.

POSH

Cool. Nice one.

FOOTSIE eyes them up again.

CHARLIE bends down to pick the condoms up. POSH grins and  
suddenly whips the duvet away and runs out of the door,  
slamming it shut. CHARLIE screams covering herself.

CHARLIE

Bastard!

CUT TO:

**24 (a).INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. NIGHT**

FOOTSIE looks on bored and then lifts his paper. CHARLIE yanks  
open the door and runs head first into DITCH.

CUT TO:

**25.INT. STUDY. DAY**

DITCH is giving the lads a lecture. We see them writing out cheques and handing them over.

CUT TO:

**26.INT. CORRIDOR. DAY**

The lads exit the study.

POSH

Look I'm...I'm so sorry, Christ  
I had no idea he could fine  
us.

FOOTSIE

Should've read yer rule book  
then shouldn't you?

POSH

Let me buy you a pint, it's  
the least I could do...

FOOTSIE

Gi'me me 20 quid back, that's  
the least yer can do.

Beat they walk on. POSH reaches annoyed into his wallet.

FOOTSIE

Makes condoms a bit bloody  
expensive hey?

POSH smiles.

FOOTSIE

Was she worth it?

POSH

Oh they're always worth it,  
always bloody worth it. And  
convent girls, they're worth  
double.

CUT TO:

**27.EXT. GARAGE. DAY.**

ANGLE on rigorous elbow movement. POSH is polishing. We can't see what. A slow reveal and we see it's a beaten up car.

HARRY (V/O)

Posh was acting like, well like he was just paroled after ten years, which I s'pose in a way he was, banged up in some arsey private school. No doubt the only sexual activity he'd seen was a quick hand shandy from one of the new boys.

ANGLE on a crappy old banger, with POSH behind the wheel.

HARRY (V/O)

We was all on the same corridor, scared shitless and desperate for friends. Except Posh boy. The old school tie I think they call it. Still, in his defence, if he hadn't blown a monkey on that heap of shite, he wouldn't have bothered with Animal. Or Liam. Or me. They say you spend the next three years at uni trying to lose the friends you made in the first week. I'll be trying to lose this lot for the rest of me life.

CUT TO:

**28.INT. STUDENT HALLS. NIGHT.**

POSH knocks on FOOTSIIE's door.

CUT TO:

**29.INT. FOOTSIIE'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

FOOTSIIE starts as he hears the knock. He has loads of spreadsheets on his desk. He picks them up and stuffs them under the desk as POSH enters.

POSH

Hey Footsie you wanna come chase some beaver?

FOOTSIIE

I don't believe in hunting. It's immoral.

POSH

That's why it feels so good.

FOOTSIIE

I don't think so.

POSH

C'mon on, it'll be a laugh.

FOOTSIE

250 19 year olds pissed up and  
leery is nowt my ideal night  
out.

Beat.

POSH

OK, I'll pay you.

FOOTSIE's attention is grabbed.

POSH

And you can ride Jemima with  
me.

FOOTSIE shoots him a look.

POSH

My car. Jemima Kah..N

CUT TO:

**30.INT. CAR. NIGHT**

POSH is driving.

FOOTSIE

I'm missing something here  
aren't I?

POSH

(grins)

Had to bring your next door  
neighbour to get in. And as  
I'm at the end you're my only  
neighbour.

CUT TO:

**31.EXT. ROAD. NIGHT**

OS shouts, flashes of a naked ANIMAL being chased by another  
RUGGER BUGGER, lit loo roll dangling from between his legs.

CUT TO:

**32.INT. CAR. NIGHT**

FOOTSIE

So let's get this straight,  
you'll pay me to...

Suddenly there's a huge thud.

POSH  
Fuck! What was that?

The car screeches to a halt.

CUT TO:

**33.EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.**

The RUGGER BUGGER runs off. ANIMAL is lying in the road, naked. POSH and FOOTSIIE run back.

POSH  
(losing it)  
Oh my God, oh my God. Oh shit,  
shit, shit.

FOOTSIE is quietly taking over. He feels expertly for a pulse and pushes ANIMAL into the recovery position.

POSH  
Shit...shit. Fuck I never saw  
him, I swear I...

FOOTSIE  
It's OK Alistair he's alive.

POSH bends down.

POSH  
Oh God, Oh God.  
  
(shock)  
Oh God look! Blood. He's  
fucking bleeding to death. Oh  
God, he's gonna die.

FOOTSIE is taking off his jacket.

FOOTSIE  
See if you can see where he's  
bleeding from.

POSH  
Urrggghhh. No way. I think I'm  
going to puke.

POSH runs off to throw up.

FOOTSIE  
(angry)  
Come on Alistair.

ANIMAL groans and coughs. He opens his eyes.

FOOTSIE

OK..OK lad, you're OK.

POSH returns wiping his mouth.

POSH

Sorry. Blood. That always happens.

ANIMAL suddenly realises what's happened (and that he's naked). He sits bolt up right.

ANIMAL

Shit!

He puts his hands between his legs to cover himself.

FOOTSIE

Here ye go.

He hands him his jacket. ANIMAL removes his hands from his crotch. They're covered in blood. He looks down and so do the other two. Horror.

ALL THREE

Shit!

CUT TO:

**34.INT. CAR. NIGHT.**

It's serious. At least it should be. POSH is driving with ANIMAL lying on the back seat. He's got some sort of tourniquet around his privates. FOOTSIE is in the front.

POSH

Why does rugby, such a man's game, always involve men getting their kit off? What sort of initiation is that? Stuffing lit bog roll up your arse?

ANIMAL

Can you just shut up?

POSH

Oh hello nurse, could you look at this inch long gash on me nob and while you're at it check out my third degree burns on my arse.

ANGLE on FOOTsie, he starts to grin a little.

ANIMAL

I think I'm gonna throw up.

CUT TO:

**35.EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.**

POSH walks towards the car with a medical gown. He hands it to ANIMAL who's still crouching in the back of the car.

POSH

I've told them that you're very happy for the student doctors to examine you. Being a student yourself you understand just how important on the nob training is.

FOOTSIE tries not to crack up, but can't help it. ANIMAL doesn't look amused.

CUT TO:

**36.INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.**

HARRY and LIAM are sitting in the waiting room. LIAM has a cut head. They're surrounded by other PATIENTS with various injuries. POSH sits down next to them.

POSH

All right?

LIAM

So so.

POSH

You're in Hope Hall aren't you?

LIAM

Aye.

POSH

What happened?

LIAM

Well you're not going to believe this, but me and Harry here was cycling to some neighbour party when this bloke runs past me stark bollock naked with lighted bog roll up his backside. I was so surprised I fell off me bike.

We pull away as they continue talking.

HARRY (V/O)

Well OK OK it didn't exactly happen like that, but it makes a good story dunnit. Living in Hope we were. Well that was the in joke. For 'bout a week. Anyways, that's where it all really started, me, Lee, Posh, Footsie and Animal down the hospital together. Hey c'mon, unless you sounded like Prince Charles it wasn't that easy making new mates.

CUT TO:

**37.INT. UNION. DAY.**

There's a fresher's fair on. All the societies are out trying to get members. Free drinks, give-aways. STUDENTS, including MARCUS & ADAM, with a POSSE are milling. HARRY is wandering. He approaches the Wine Soc stand, two public school CHAPS in charge.

CHAP 1

Yah, yah I mean bloody superb, had a nose on it like cat's piss with just a soupçon of bourganvillea if you know what I mean.

HARRY  
(posh)

Hi.

CHAP 2

Hi there, looking to join up there mate?

HARRY

Yah, yah, thinking about it, thinking about it.

CHAP 2

(conspiratorial)

Loads of fillies joined this year

He rubs his hands excitedly.

CHAP 1

If you know what we mean.

We pull away.

HARRY (V/O)

I know, I know. I know what you're thinking, still the dumb accent. But these posh kids seemed to have it sussed. I thought I had to change. Reinvent myself like some latter day cockney phoenix rising from the flames transformed. Sorry is that too flowery for you? Well it was true. Call it a chip on my shoulder, a disgrace to my roots, whatever you like, but I bet you've been to places where you've wished you could be something different.

ANGLE on some sloaney GIRLS.

HARRY (V/O)

These are the sons and daughters of the elite. The offspring of the military industrial complex, here to become my friends, to lead me out of the desert of the east end to the promised land.

ANGLE on the Extreme Sports Soc. TWO Posh LADS and a GIRL. The LADS suddenly turn on the GIRL, grab her knickers from behind and give her a wedgie. The CHAPS rush over to join in.

LADS

Waheeeey! Wedgie, wedgie.

They all crack up.

HARRY (V/O)

I know, I know, but I was young then. In fact I grew up in about 10 minutes.

HARRY begins to work his way through the wines on offer to taste. He accepts a little in a small glass at first, then thinks fuck it and grabs the whole bottle and starts to swig. The CHAPS are shocked.

HARRY (V/O)

OK, so I learnt a lesson. Number one, be true to yerself. But that's what uni's about right? I mean we are here to learn. Or is it just about growing up?

CUT TO:

**38.INT. HALLS. DAY.**

LIAM is on the phone.

LIAM

I know darlin' I know. I can't wait either, I don't think I can stand three years of this. I'm seriously thinking of jacking it in and coming home.....I know it's the only place for it but what's the point?.....we'll manage...who's that?...Well d'you want to answer it?...Oh...OK, well I'll call ye tomorrow. I love you Ree. Bye. Bye.

He puts the phone down and puts his head against the phone cabin, sighing. OS there's a cough. MICHAELA, a total babe is waiting.

MICHAELA

Are you done hugging the phone?

LIAM starts and stands up quickly. MICHAELA smiles at him sweetly. Beat.

LIAM

(flustered)

Oh sure, sure.

He walks off hurriedly. She smiles to herself and watches him go. Her POV of his disappearing butt. Footsie's door opens.

FOOTSIE

Oh hi Liam, just wondering if I could borrow yer laptop?

Liam looks at him. He pulls out his keys.

LIAM

Sure Footsie. No problem. Why do they call you Footsie?

CUT TO:

**39.EXT. ROAD. DAY.**

ANIMAL is out jogging. POSH arrives in his car behind him. He rolls the window down as he passes.

POSH

Bit over dressed for this sort  
of thing.

ANIMAL ignores him and runs up onto the grass. POSH follows  
and bounces the car onto the verge.

POSH

Come and have a bevvy instead,  
this might kill you.

ANIMAL

Bog off.

POSH

Or you might get run down.

ANIMAL stops.

ANIMAL

(panting)

You might not be here to  
achieve anything other than a  
beer gut and the clap, but  
some of us..

POSH

I'm not the one with the sore  
nob.

ANIMAL

...some of us want to get  
something outta this place.

POSH

C'mon, I almost killed you,  
it'll assuage my guilt.

CUT TO:

**40.INT. PUB. DAY**

ANIMAL and POSH are supping beers.

POSH

Oh right, so playing for the  
university rugby team is like  
progression. Achievement.

ANIMAL

It'll make my Dad proud of me.

POSH

Whoopee do.

ANIMAL

You're a hard bastard Posh,  
you know that. Don't you give  
a fuck about anything?

POSH

If you don't care you can't  
get hurt.

CUT TO:

**42.EXT. RUGBY PITCH. DAY.**

ANIMAL is standing in a circle with other RUGGER BUGGERS. A  
COACH is reading from a list. ANGLE on ANIMAL'S fingers,  
tightly crossed behind his back.

COACH

Derek Jardine, John Francis,  
Stewart de Dinant, M'Bala,  
Sebastian Greenock, Malcolm  
Speer, Jeff Leigh...

ANGLE on ANIMAL. He grins hugely and exhales in relief, the  
tiniest of tears escapes which is quickly wiped away.

CUT TO:

**43.INT. HALL KITCHEN. NIGHT.**

ANGLE on LIAM, ANIMAL, HARRY AND POSH cooking and generally  
mucking about in the kitchen. Plenty of student fare - Pot  
Noodle, spaghetti hoops etc.

CUT TO:

**44.INT. TV ROOM. NIGHT**

FOOTSIE is watching TV in a sparsely populated TV room in  
halls. OS chanting and shouting. The door smashes open and  
'the POSSE' including POSH, MARCUS, ADAM, NEIL, SICKIE in DJs  
conger in, pissed.

POSH

(shouts)

All right Footsie?

FOOTSIE forces the smallest of smiles.

POSH

Come on.

He goes to pull FOOTSIIE's arm, but FOOTSIIE moves away and the conger takes POSH across the room. POSH's face falls for a moment, like he realises what's going on, but it's fleeting.

They proceed to dance around the room, spray shaving foam on the TV and dance out. FOOTSIIE watches them dispassionately. ANGLE on him looking at the foam running down the TV as they dance out.

FOOTSIIE'S POV as the conger passes the windows outside. Suddenly POSH is floored by CHARLIE, his most recent conquest, who lays into him hitting him around the face. She is crying/livid. The conger stops and the blokes laugh uproariously as the fight continues. FOOTSIIE exits and heads upstairs.

HARRY (V/O)

It's a club this private school thing you know. One big happy club only they haven't paid for it. Their parents have. They take to university like pigs to shit. And for the first few weeks they rule. The only time most of 'em talk to someone with an accent is to ask for a copy of the Daily Telegraph. Sometimes I wonder if they think we're just here to make up the numbers. But Posh was different. I mean he was the same but he was different. Or rather would have been different. If he coulda found the guts.

CUT TO:

#### **45.EXT. PUB. NIGHT**

Someone is throwing up, it's SICKIE chucking up outside the pub - again. We pass him and cram inside. The bar's full of raucous rugby shirts. ANIMAL is trying to do a yard and the rugby LADS are counting him down.

He finishes and there's a huge cheers and back slapping. ANIMAL punches the air in triumph.

We follow MICHAELA (the babe) and her friend GINNY through to the other bar. GINNY is mixed race, has a dodgy haircut and glasses, baggy clothes. Could be a babe underneath. Smiley with attitude.

LIAM is sitting on his own nursing a Guinness. MICHAELA'S POV, there are no other tables, so they walk over. LIAM is staring into space.

MICHAELA  
(friendly)  
Hi are these seats taken?

LIAM  
(flat)  
No.

MICHAELA  
Great thanks.

They sit.

Beat.

ANGLE on HARRY at the bar. He watches with interest as the girls join LIAM. Smiles and licks his lips.

MICHAELA  
I'm Michaela by the way and  
this is Ginny.

LIAM  
Hi.

Beat.

MICHAELA  
Been doing much phone hugging  
recently?

LIAM grimaces and downs his pint. He stands as HARRY comes over all smiles with two pints.

HARRY  
Hi Lee, aren't you gonna  
intro...

LIAM ignores him and pushes past. He watches him go and then shrugs and turns to the girls.

HARRY  
Evening ladies are these  
seats...?

GIRLS  
Taken.

HARRY shrugs and grins. He looks around and spots GINGER, a pretty redhead.

CUT TO:

**45 (a) .EXT. PUB. NIGHT**

HARRY saunters over as POSH walks in. GINNY's POV of POSH as he slaps HARRY hello.

HARRY (V/O)

Hormones you see. And I was  
full of them. We all were.  
Well what d'you expect?

CUT TO:

**46.INT. CLUB. NIGHT.**

Frenzied dancing. HARRY snogging GINGER.

HARRY (V/O)

We was mainlining testosterone  
and man, that is one fucking  
wonderful drug.

ANGLE on POSH, crumpled, pissed, still in his DJ snogging a  
GIRL. ANGLE on GINNY walking past, disappointed.

CUT TO:

**47.INT. HALLS. NIGHT.**

It's quiet. FOOTSIE is on the phone home.

FOOTSIE

Put Muther on then our Pauline  
...hello mum...no...no...oh mum of  
course I am. It's very  
comfortable, but tell our  
Terry that I still can't get  
used to not having him in  
there with me. How's dad?...Oh  
mum why didn't ye tell me?...I  
don't care if he thinks it'll  
ruin me studies. You can't  
manage on just the social  
...no...no ye can't...I can help  
you...

CUT TO:

**48.INT. FOOTSIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

ERN is in his chair not looking too good. He's got a blanket  
on him and is watching TV.

ERN

(shouts/wheezes)

You tell that scoundrel that  
if he don't stick this out  
I'll have his hide. I'll not  
have him darken this door..

(coughs)

'Til those studies are done.

ANGLE on MUM, concerned.

ERN (OS)  
Tell him Uncle Eric's helping  
out for time being.

CUT TO:

**49.INT. HALLS. NIGHT.**

FOOTSIE puts the phone down. He looks terrified/hollow. He stands for a moment deep in thought breathing very deeply fighting for control. There are even some tears wiped away. He looks around and then knocks reluctantly on Posh's door. There's no answer. He turns back to his door and closes it behind him.

CUT TO:

**50.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

OS music, pissed laughter. FOOTSIE wakes groggily, pissed off.

CUT TO:

**51.INT. POSH'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Music blaring, the small room is packed with the POSSE, sitting around laughing and drinking, smoking. POSH has the girl from the club on his lap. He and four others are still in their DJs.

The door bursts open and FOOTSIE is standing there, hair mussed, wild eyed. No one really notices.

FOOTSIE  
Shut up, please shut up.

No one hears.

FOOTSIE  
I'm trying to sleep.

Ignored.

FOOTSIE  
(shouts)  
Shut the fuck up!

There's silence.

POSH  
(pissed)  
Hi Footsie wanna join us?  
Everyone this is my neighbour  
Footsie.

FOOTSIE looks at him. Someone farts. There's more outrage and something is thrown at the perpetrator. FOOTSIE turns away regretfully and shuts the door. There are hollers and cat calls. ANGLE on POSH.

Beat.

The party continues around him. He lifts the GIRL off his lap and stands unsteadily. He picks up a half-finished bottle of whisky and opens the door.

CUT TO:

**52.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

There's a knock.

FOOTSIE

Go away.

POSH (OS)

C'mon Footsie, open up.

FOOTSIE

What do you want?

POSH (OS)

I got a drink here for you.

FOOTSIE

I don't want a drink.

There's silence. FOOTSIE settles back on his pillow and stares at the ceiling.

A bottle of whisky lands on the carpet and POSH appears at the window joint in mouth. He hauls himself through it as FOOTSIE watches.

FOOTSIE

You don't give up do you.

POSH

A tout amant, encore!

FOOTSIE looks at him as he struggles in and joins the bottle on the floor.

POSH

Family motto. OK Footsie we have to talk.

FOOTSIE

Now?

POSH

While I'm wasted enough to say it. You are one tight arsed mother, you know that? This is university for fuck's sake and the second week to boot. C'mon, you're allowed to have fun.

FOOTSIE

You don't get it do you Alistair?

POSH

Sure I do.

FOOTSIE

You were born to this place, your father went, yer father's father, Christ your muther probably went an' all.

POSH

Yeah so? They met at Oxford.

FOOTSIE

I should be working in the shop. I should be doing the accounts, I should be babysitting round at me sister's. I shouldn't be here, dicking about.

POSH

(light)

Why the hell not, everyone else is?

FOOTSIE

I feel like a fraud here. This isn't work.

POSH

Bloody right, why d'you think I'm here?

FOOTSIE

(angry)

No one'e ever gone to bleedin' university from our family, no one's gone from the bleedin' village. I got in the bleedin' paper, toast of the bleedin' community I am.

FOOTSIE

This is valuable time for me Alistair. And I'm wasting it listening to your comings and goings, your stupid posh mates drinking stupid posh drinks singing stupid posh songs.

POSH

If it's that bad then why the fuck are you here at all? I'd head back down the mines if I were you.

FOOTSIE

D'you know why I'm here Alistair? Because this represents the biggest chance of my life. I've dreamed of going to university since I were a lad. To better meself and help the family an' all. This is just a bloody pit stop for you, on the way to some job that daddy's lined up..

POSH

Crap. That's crap.

FOOTSIE

Is it? I don't think so Alistair.

FOOTSIE pulls the sheet up and rolls over.

FOOTSIE

I'm here to make summit of meself.

CUT TO:

**53.EXT. RUGBY PITCH. DAY.**

A scrum smacks together. A collective 'humff'. A COACH is watching from the sidelines. As we watch the play he shouts a stream of abuse, advice and invective.

COACH

(shouting)

Come on you fuckers get down on the ball and get back up you look like your fucking the fucking thing. Daniels give it, give, give, give.

We see ANIMAL spill a pass. The whistle is blown hard.

COACH  
Sperry you fucking idiot!

The coach runs on.

COACH  
Eye on the ball not the man  
Sperry, how many times have I  
got to tell you? And what the  
fuck are you doing out here  
anyway?

He pushes ANIMAL back.

COACH  
OK, OK again. And Daniels give  
the fucking thing. Give it!

CUT TO:

**54.EXT. CAMPUS. DAY**

HARRY, LIAM and POSH are walking between lectures carrying student paraphernalia. ANGLE through a window of FOOTsie beavering away on a computer.

POSH  
I envy you you know?

LIAM  
Yeah right.

POSH  
No, no, I do. I mean to feel  
that strongly about any..

POSH's POV of MICHAELA walking diagonally to them with GINNY. It's a love at first sight thing (for Michaela).

POSH  
Bloody hell!

The boys follow his gaze.

POSH  
Shit! Did you see that? Bloody  
hell.

LIAM  
(flat)  
That's Michaela.

POSH

(amazed)

You know her?

HARRY

Don't only know her, she  
fancies the arse off him.

LIAM

(annoyed)

No she doesn't.

POSH

You know her? Shit you must  
have some mega babe back home  
to walk away from that one.

LIAM

I do.

POSH

Excellent. So you can  
introduce us?

LIAM checks his watch.

LIAM

Another time Posh, I gotta  
run.

We pull away as LIAM splits.

POSH

Aw c'mon, no wait a sec Lee.  
I....

He looks around hopelessly. HARRY puts an arm around him and  
starts to sing.

HARRY

You can't always get what you  
want, no, you can't always get  
what you want.

CUT TO:

**55.INT. LIBRARY. DAY.**

POSH is skulking around the library. It's quiet. His POV of  
MICHAELA sitting at a desk, working. He is transfixed. GINNY  
leans over to whisper to her, she laughs.

ANGLE on POSH leaning against the books thinking, geeing  
himself up. Suddenly GINNY appears. POSH jumps a mile and  
grabs the first book he can find. She grins at him and walks  
on. POSH makes a decision, takes a deep breath and turns the  
corner confidently, but she has gone. Defeat.

CUT TO:

**57.EXT. QUAD. DAY.**

HARRY and POSH are walking.

HARRY

Who else is coming?

POSH

I dunno. I might ask Johnno,  
Marcus, Adam.

HARRY

Bleah, I don't think so mate,  
not really my scene if you  
know what I mean?

Beat. They walk on.

HARRY

Why don't you give the nobs a  
miss and invite Liam, he's a  
good geezer. Make it a  
corridor thing.

POSH

Liam's kinda dull.

HARRY

He's in love, that's all.

POSH

That's what I said, he's kinda  
dull.

HARRY

He may be dull but least he's  
got more emotions than a road  
kill.

POSH

What's that s'posed to mean?

HARRY

He's a good bloke. Give him a  
break. You never know, he  
might introduce you to  
Michaela.

POSH

I don't need him to introduce  
me to..

HARRY

That's not what I heard.

POSH

You're quite amusing for a  
cockney.

HARRY

It's in the blood mate.

Towards them come MARCUS and ADAM, dressed a la Rocky Horror Show. MARCUS produces some aerosol string and splatters POSH. HARRY watches critically.

MARCUS

All right Ali?

POSH

(resigned)

Hi boys.

MARCUS

Coming to Lizzie's? It's gonna  
be well mad.

(sings)

"Let's do the time walk  
again".

POSH

Dunno, maybe later yeah?

ADAM keeps on singing, with both of them doing the associated dance steps.

MARCUS

(sings)

"It's just a jump to the left  
and a step to the right...."

They squirt POSH once more, catching HARRY. They leave. HARRY watches them critically.

HARRY

You can't help it can you?

POSH

Help what?

HARRY

You can't help being them.

POSH

Yes I can.

HARRY

Just 'cos you sound like them  
doesn't mean you have to be  
like them, or even like them.

POSH

Who are you? The frigging  
thought police?

HARRY

Aww c'mon mate, they're what  
you feel safe with.

POSH

Crap.

HARRY

You toffs, you're so fuckin'  
in-bred.

POSH

I'm not a toff, I don't have a  
title.

HARRY

Got a fuckin' family motto  
though.

CUT TO:

**58.INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.**

POSH is walking down the corridor towards his room. He passes  
ANIMAL's and stops.

Beat.

He reaches into his pocket for his key.

Beat.

He thinks, then knocks.

CUT TO:

**59.INT. ANIMAL'S ROOM. DAY.**

ANIMAL has lined up a load of pills and is taking them with  
water. OS a knock. He starts.

ANIMAL

Err, hang on.

He sweeps all the pills off the desk and into a drawer. He  
opens the door, it's POSH.

ANIMAL  
(guilty)

Hi.

POSH

Hi. You OK?

ANIMAL

Sure, fine.

POSH

Cool. Cool.

Beat.

POSH

Umm, we're gonna do like a  
sort of corridor get together  
sort of thing.

Beat.

POSH

My aunt's got a place on the  
moor and I'm thinking of going  
down there this weekend and I  
thought it'd be cool if...

ANIMAL

Playing rugby this weekend.

POSH

Oh. OK, of course. Well if you  
change your mind, don't get  
picked or whatever.

ANGLE on ANIMAL, eyes narrowed.

POSH

No. Well I mean, OK the  
offer's there anyway.

CUT TO:

**60.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. DAY.**

FOOTSIE's at his desk with the FT. Looks like he's scribbled  
on it, ringing stuff.

FOOTSIE

No thanks.

POSH

Why not?

FOOTSIE

I've got work to be doing.

POSH

C'mon Footsie, it's the frigging weekend, no first year works over a weekend. It'll be fun.

Beat.

FOOTSIE

My idea of fun or yours?

POSH

It's very bleak. It'll make you feel at home. I think they used to mine there too.

FOOTSIE

Perhaps we can conger round the village.

POSH looks at him.

FOOTSIE

Who's coming?

POSH

Me, you, Harry, Liam and maybe Animal. A corridor thing. See, no posh guys at all. Just you earthy types.

Beat.

POSH

What are you so scared of? Huh? If it's the money, I'll pay, it won't cost you anything 'cept maybe a pint in the boozier. You gotta relax man, it's not a sin you know. Are you from like some sort of northern Calvinist sect or something? Is this a catholic thing?

CUT TO:

**61.EXT. RUGBY TRAINING GROUND. DAY.**

ANIMAL jogs while shadow boxing towards a hut. He's in a good mood, whistling. RUGGER BUGGERS are throwing balls around on the pitch. Three other RUGGER BUGGERS are looking at a team list. They stand aside, not looking at him, as ANIMAL approaches. He looks at the team list.

CUT TO:

**62.INT. CAR. DAY.**

It's a serious squash. ANIMAL, deeply pissed off, gets the front seat, so LIAM, HARRY and FOOTsie are in the back.

LIAM

So this young guy has been left the pig farm by his father, and the father, just before he dies says to the son, son, you must get the pigs artificially inseminated before the end of the month or you'll be ruined.

CUT TO:

**63.EXT. ROAD. DAY.**

VARIOUS ANGLES of the car heading towards the moor, going over Clifton Suspension Bridge etc.

LIAM (OS)

The father dies and the son says to his wife, Christ Maggie what does artificial insemination mean when it's at home? Well says Maggie, it means that you've got to get them pigs inseminated artificially.

CUT TO:

**64.ANGLES on different occupants in the car as the joke continues.**

LIAM (OS)

Aye I know, but how do I do that? Well says Maggie you've got to get them a good seeing to in the field. So the next morning the farmer loads the pigs into a truck and drives them off to the field where he fucks them all one by one. Comes home that evening shattered and falls into bed. In the morning he awakes and asks Maggie to look out of the window. Do any of the pigs look like they might be pregnant Maggie? No she replies, they're all just snuffling about in the yard.

CUT TO:

**65.EXT. MOORS. DAY.**

Moor shots.

LIAM

Jesus he says, so he loads all the pigs up into the truck, drives them off to the field and fucks them all twice, returns home and falls into a deep deep sleep, wakes up in the mornin', asks Maggie to look out of the window. Do any of the pigs look like they might be pregnant Maggie? No she replies, they're all just snuffling about in the yard.

CUT TO:

**66.INT. CAR. DAY.**

ANGLE on LIAM.

LIAM

Christ he says, so he loads all the pigs up into the truck, drives them off to the field and fucks them all three times. He's so knackered he can hardly walk, I mean he is exhausted. Once more he falls into a deep deep sleep, wakes up in the mornin', asks Maggie to look out of the window. Do any of the pigs look like they might be pregnant Maggie? No she replies, But they're all in the back of the truck and there's one in the front with a big smile on his face tooting the horn.

The boys crack up, except ANIMAL. HARRY is almost sick he's laughing so much.

CUT TO:

**67.EXT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

The car draws up outside a cottage.

CUT TO:

**68.INT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

The boys carry in supplies. Beers are cracked open. FOOTSIIE holds back. POSH cracks a beer and hands it to him.

POSH

C'mon, you're on holiday.

Beat.

POSH

Harry we've got to knock this Calvinist crap outta Footsie. Look at Liam, he's a Reena-fearing Catholic and that doesn't stop him.

HARRY cracks a can and sprinkles beer in FOOTSIIE's direction.

HARRY

(Irish)

Oh bless him Holy Father and please turn away for the night whilst your disciple enjoys himself. He'll make it up to you with some Hail Mary's in the morning to be sure. She is the answer to all our guilt.

LIAM returns carrying stuff.

HARRY

Ain't that right Lee? Do the dirty then do the Hail Mary's?

LIAM cracks a can in answer.

FOOTSIE

Have you got any bitter? I don't like drinking piss from a can if I can help it.

POSH grins and chucks him a can.

ANGLE on ANIMAL, he's distant. He takes a sip of his can, then attacks it, downs it in one and then flattens the can against his head.

FOOTSIE

Oh very Animal House.

ANIMAL

(hard)

What would you know about it?

LIAM produces a bottle of whisky.

HARRY

Now you're talking

LIAM

Leaving present from Ree, been saving it for a special occasion.

POSH

How sweet.

HARRY

(surprise)

This is a special occasion?

LIAM

Christ no, don't be stupid, but it's only two weeks 'til I fly back, that's special.

POSH

Why bother?

LIAM

I thought you were jealous?

POSH

Yeah, but I'm not stupid.

HARRY

What...

POSH

Though if it keeps you away from the lovely Michaela I'm all for it.

ANIMAL leaves.

FOOTSIE

What is wrong with him going home to his loved one?

HARRY

It's just an experience that Posh has never had, right Posh boy?

POSH

Fuck off.

HARRY

See Posh boy's parents paid to have all the emotion squeezed out of their son from an early age. No crying or caring at the Posh boy's schools hey?

POSH

No, I just can't see the point of ruining a three year shag fest on a girl who lives a plane ride away. Christ she might be dicking someone else as we speak.

LIAM looks at his watch.

LIAM

She's at work so I doubt it.

They all laugh.

POSH

So what does she do, wonder girl?

ANIMAL returns in sports kit.

ANIMAL

I'm going for a run.

POSH

(Capt Oates style)

I may be sometime.

ANIMAL ignores him and leaves. FOOTSIIE watches him go, a flicker of concern.

POSH

Hey?

LIAM

(cagey)

She works in a restaurant.

POSH

Oh so it's a McJob.

LIAM

No.

POSH

Well c'mon.

FOOTSIE

What does it matter?

POSH  
I'm just interested.

FOOTSIE  
Why?

POSH  
Because.

FOOTSIE  
So you can make assumptions  
about her although you've  
never met her?

POSH  
Oh for fuck's sake Footsie  
will you get off this moral  
high horse you've ridden down  
from the grimey north. I'm  
just being nosey. I want to  
know who this special girl is  
that Lee is prostrating  
himself to on the altar of no  
fuckey fuckey.

LIAM  
She works in O'Leary's.

HARRY  
And what's that?

LIAM  
A fish and chip shop. There.  
Happy now Posh?

POSH smirks.

POSH  
I never said a word. You guys  
are the pits, you're just  
placing your own paranoia on  
to my shoulders.

HARRY  
Yeah that's right Posh.

CUT TO:

**69.EXT. MOORS. DAY.**

ANIMAL is running, hard and fast, tears pouring down his face.

CUT TO:

**70.EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT.**

It's dusk. The lads are on their way to the pub. They walk past a phone box.

FOOTSIE

I..I've got to make a call home, I'll see you there.

POSH

Oh the old arrive at the bar last trick, nice one Footsie.

They leave and FOOTSIE pulls out a bit of the FT he's cut out.

CUT TO:

**71.INT. COUNTRY PUB. NIGHT.**

The boys are ensconced in the pub and have got a few pints inside them.

POSH

So come on then Footsie, what d'you want to be doing in 10 years?

FOOTSIE

I want to run my own IT investment company.

POSH

Uh huh. Unexpectedly capitalist. And what about the crafty cockney?

HARRY

No fuckin' idea. Anything but scaffolding.

POSH

Brilliantly unfocussed. Liam will be a full time father to eight kids while Ree works the restaurant between sprogging.

LIAM

Fuck you, in 10 years time I'll be a great advertising copywriter and you lot will be veggin' in front of your tvs marvelling at my work.

POSH

Oh yeah, so what's your best line then Lee.

LIAM

OK well this is one for Extra Strong Mints, I thought it up the other day. Imagine a picture of the mints...

POSH

I'm blown away so far.

LIAM

And underneath it says 'so hot they're unholely'. Geddit?

He holds up a Polo mint. There are murmurs of approval.

LIAM

Good knocking copy that is. I sent that too them so I did. Either that or film. I'd like to write film.

POSH

And so to Animal? What are...

ANIMAL

What does it fuckin' matter to you what I'll be doing in 10 years?

POSH is taken aback.

POSH

Whoah A...

ANIMAL

What are we doing here? Huh? Why d'you invite us all down to play housey housey?

POSH

Well I thought it would...

ANIMAL

You think too much Posh.

HARRY

Hey c'mon mate give it...

ANIMAL stands and walks out. The others watch him go.

POSH

Have you farted Footsie?

HARRY goes to get out.

POSH

No, leave him Harry, he's not a little kid for fuck's sake.

LIAM

Don't you think we should...?

POSH

No, fuck him. Who wants a beer?

CUT TO:

**72.INT. BAR. NIGHT.**

LIAM and POSH are getting in the drinks.

POSH

I don't know, I guess he's pissed about not being picked to go and tear people's heads off in the name of Cabot Uni.

LIAM

Maybe it's important to him.

POSH

He's been a bit flippin' odd since he cut his nob.

CUT TO:

**73.INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.**

ANIMAL is on the search for something. In tears again. He finds the whisky, cracks it open and starts to drink maniacally from the bottle.

CUT TO:

**74.INT. COUNTRY PUB. NIGHT.**

The boys are getting more pissed.

LIAM

Took me three weeks to pluck up the courage to ask her out.

POSH

Three weeks!

ANGLE on HARRY looking at POSH critically.

LIAM

Aye, I was so scared she'd turn me down. I kept goin' in for more and more fish n' chips. Meanwhile with all the spots popping up me face was starting to look like a pizza. I was so sick of bloody fish and chips, but each time I'd come to paying, she'd say and will there be anything else and I'd say yes would you ..would you and then I'd bottle and say put in a pickled egg or summat.

FOOTSIE

So what happened in the end?

HARRY

He heart attacked on the premises and she had to give 'im the kiss of life!

LIAM

I rang her up! And she says she'd been waitin' on me for the last three weeks, but had given me up for gay.

CUT TO:

**75.INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.**

ANIMAL is sitting on the floor, his rugby shirt in his hand. The whisky beside him.

CUT TO:

**76.INT. PUB. NIGHT.**

HARRY  
(surprise)

Never?

POSH

Never.

LIAM

You've never told no one that you love them?

POSH

Nope.

LIAM

Not even your parents?

POSH

God no, especially not my parents.

FOOTSIE

Do you love your parents?

POSH

I...umm, well they're there aren't they? I guess that's comforting to know.

Beat.

POSH

Course I love them. I just find it hard to tell them.

HARRY

What about babes then?

POSH

Absolutely not. If you don't care, you can't get hurt, that's my motto.

FOOTSIE

And I thought it were summat French.

CUT TO:

**77.EXT. DRIVE. NIGHT.**

OS a crash as something goes in the house. The car is sitting in the moonlight, keys in the ignition. ANIMAL falls out of the back door. He opens the car door and falls in. VARIOUS ANGLES of him driving drunkenly down the road. He's all over the place.

ANIMAL

Yeeeeeeehaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

He drives faster and faster. He passes a LOCAL heading to the pub. He shakes his head and enters the pub.

CUT TO:

**78.INT. PUB. NIGHT.**

ANGLE on the LOCAL having a chat with the BARMAN. His POV of the boys drinking.

CUT TO:

**79.EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.**

ANIMAL hand brakes at the end of the village and heads back through. He looks mad.

CUT TO:

**80.INT. PUB. NIGHT.**

HARRY

And she's lying on the bonnet  
and calls out oi Harry don't  
leave me half done.

The boys crack up. OS a revving engine. POSH's POV of the car screaming past the window.

POSH

Holy fuck. Animal.

CUT TO:

**81.EXT. PUB. NIGHT.**

The boys fall out of the pub as ANIMAL screams past again almost flattening them.

POSH

(screaming)

Animal, Animal. Fuck what's  
his real name?

The LOCAL and the BARMAN appear.

LOCAL

Fuckin' students.

LIAM

Malcolm. It's Malcolm.

POSH starts running down the road.

POSH

Malcolm, Malcolm.

ANIMAL hand brakes again and comes down the road as another car appears, he sees it too late. He goes to avoid it and crashes instantly into a parked car. There is silence and then a huge explosion.

CUT TO:

**82.INT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

Police activity. POSH is talking to a POLICE WOMAN. He looks like death. Hollow. She is taking a statement. The other lads are sitting close.

POSH  
(flat)

I...I take full responsibility.  
I...I must have left the keys in  
the car. I'm always doing  
that. Fucking idiot.

He cracks up a little.

POSH

Fucking, fucking idiot. I  
didn't know it was so bad  
y'know. I mean it was only a  
fucking rugby game. I didn't  
let Harry go after him. I just  
said fuck him. Jesus I hardly  
knew the guy and he's dead.  
He's fucking dead. This isn't  
supposed to happen here you  
know? This is supposed to be  
fun.

He wipes his nose.

POSH

Shit. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Oh  
Jesus.

POLICE WOMAN

So he left the pub at about  
nine, nine fifteen.

POSH is trying to hold it together.

POSH  
(calm)

Yup.

PC

You reckon he came back to the  
cottage, which belongs to  
Daphne Alexanders, your Aunt  
where upon he drank upwards of  
three quarters of a bottle of  
whisky.

POSH

Uh huh.

PC

But you know nothing at all  
about the steroids.

POSH

No nothing, I promise.

PC

He then found your keys either in the cottage or in the car and the rest we know. Will you be making a claim?

POSH

What?

PC

An insurance claim. For the car?

POSH

I...I dunno, I guess so.

PC

You'll probably have to sue his estate.

POSH

Sue Animal...Malcolm's estate?

PC

Well technically he had stolen the vehicle.

POSH

Oh Jesus.

PC

If you need assistance with any prosecution, let me know.

CUT TO:

**83.EXT. ROAD. DAY.**

The boys are in a panda car. Silent. ANGLE on POSH staring out of the window, something seems to have died inside him.

CUT TO:

**84.INT. CHURCH. DAY.**

Usual funeral scene. LIAM, HARRY, FOOTsie and POSH are wearing similar dark suits and looking uncomfortable in them. Animal's DAD is giving a speech.

DAD

He were just a four year old boy then, but already he was knocking the other kids flying.

DAD

British Bulldog champion he was at the junior school two years in a row. Head teacher said he'd never seen anything like our Malcolm. Would take on boys twice his size and if he got flattened he'd get right back up and go back for more. Never shirked what he knew he had to do. Had that bulldog spirit in him. Born with it he was. I knew he'd make a fantastic player even then. A God given gift it was and I wasn't slow in reminding him. Of course there were times when he wanted out, wanted to try football like the other lads, but he soon saw sense and thank our dear Lord that he did and so did all the teams he ever played for. See our Malcolm was a fighter. Had been all his life. Had a heart as big as any man. He was a great competitor, a great sportsman and a great son.

HARRY

(whisper to LIAM)

Yeah but he was a crap driver.

LIAM's eyes open wide in shock, then he starts to silently laugh uncontrollably, tears pouring down his face.

DAD

He wanted to succeed more than anything. Winning was his life and his life was winning. He wasn't content with mere....

CUT TO:

**85.EXT. CHURCH. DAY.**

The lads are standing around with various other MOURNERS. We see Animal's MUM & DAD and the twins, BILL & BEN in the background.

LIAM

Well what d'you think Animal woulda wanted then?

POSH

(pissed off)

I've no fucking idea, I hardly knew the guy. Christ I hardly know any of you. We've been here four weeks for Christ's sake. Hardly a lifetime's friendship is it?

HARRY

Probably like his ashes scattered on the rugby pitch or something like that.

POSH

Look, Animal was a nice guy, just a bit...

HARRY signals at POSH to turn round. Animal's DAD approaches.

DAD

Which of you lads took Malcolm off to the hospital then?

POSH looks demure, like he wants out.

FOOTSIE

Err that would be me and Po...Alistair sir.

DAD

I came to shake two troopers by the hand. Good lads. He liked you and so do I, what's good enough for my son is plenty good enough for me.

He shakes their hands vigorously and takes them each into an awkward bear hug.

DAD

(brusque)

Marjorie, Bill, Ben, come here and meet some of Malcolm's friends.

(to the lads)

Good lads they are my sons, real players.

ANGLE on the lads meeting Marjorie, Bill and Ben. It's awkward.

CUT TO:

**86.EXT. CHURCH. DAY.**

Almost everyone has gone. The lads are sitting on the church steps watching people driving away. Malcolm's DAD is gesticulating in the distance with his twins.

FOOTSIE

They fuck you up, your mum and dad. They may not mean to, but they do. They fill you with the faults they had And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn By fools in old-style hats and coats, Who half the time were sappy-stern And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man. It deepens like a coastal shelf. Get out as early as you can, And don't have any kids yourself.

LIAM

Philip Larkin, now there's a happy man.

HARRY

Not exactly WH Auden is it?

POSH

I could really do with a drink.

CUT TO:

**87.INT. PUB. DAY.**

ANGLE on GINNY and MICHAELA as the lads walk in.

GINNY

Christ it's Reservoir Dogs.

MICHAELA smiles. Her POV of LIAM.

POSH

He killed himself.

LIAM

(shocked)

Don't be so merciless.

FOOTSIE

No he didn't, it were death by misadventure.

POSH

Oh c'mon Footsie, work it out.

LIAM

Harry, what d'you think?

HARRY

Sure as if he threw himself  
off the suspension bridge.

LIAM

Jesus Christ.

POSH

(to barman)

Four JB's, Guinness, two  
Kroneys and a John Smiths.  
You've given me an idea you  
have.

HARRY leans over the bar and looks at POSH.

HARRY

Dream lover's here Posh boy.

POSH

(cold)

I saw, I saw.

HARRY

Perhaps Lee might do the  
honours for you this time.

POSH

Change the fucking record pal.

The JB's arrive in small glasses.

POSH

Here. Compliments of the  
management.

The lads each pick up a glass. FOOTSIE sniffs it suspiciously.

POSH

(pissed off)

Just drink it.

MICHAELA arrives at the bar at LIAM's shoulder. GINNY's POV of POSH turning to look at MICHAELA. She watches as LIAM, who looks totally uninterested introduces them. POSH looks serious as he shakes her hand. HARRY is smirking. FOOTSIE has picked up the paper.

ANGLE on GINNY, she looks alone.

CUT TO:

**88.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

FOOTSIE is just finishing on the phone. He replaces the receiver, sticken. He knocks on POSH's door.

POSH (OS)

Yo?

CUT TO:

**89.INT. POSH'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

POSH is looking concerned.

POSH

Oh Jesus Footsie, I'm so  
sorry, why didn't you say  
before?

ANGLE on POSH's desk, there's a credit card bill in red with  
'final demand' on it.

FOOTSIE

Didn't think you'd want hear.

POSH pushes the bill under some paper.

POSH

D'you need some money to get  
home?

FOOTSIE

I'll be alright. I mean he's  
only in hospital, it's not  
like he's dying or nuthin'.

Beat.

FOOTSIE

There's something el...something  
you, I need to...

POSH looks at him. FOOTSIE smiles weakly and looks away.

FOOTSIE

Another time.

POSH

(awkward)

Footsie.

FOOTSIE

Aye?

POSH

You better bloody come back  
OK? Come back and finish what  
you started. None of this  
disappearing off down the  
mines stuff. Never to be seen  
again.

Beat. FOOTSIE looks at him.

FOOTSIE

It might not be that...

POSH

C'mon Footsie. Live in the  
future, not the past. Don't  
let what might happen drag you  
back. OK?

FOOTSIE

Aye. Could I borrow yer  
computer before I go?

POSH

Make yourself at home, I gotta  
make a call.

He stands with his mobile and waves it around. Tuts and  
leaves. Footsie settles in.

CUT TO:

**90.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

POSH is leaning out of the window on the phone.

POSH

Mum?...It's me...what?...yeah,  
yeah I know, well I've been  
busy y'know. Oh rubbish. It  
hasn't been that long..

We pull away.

CUT TO:

**91.EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE. DAY.**

POSH, HARRY and LIAM are standing on the bridge.

HARRY

You're fuckin' jokin'.

POSH

No I'm deadly serious.

LIAM

Deadly's about right.

POSH

Sure as if he threw himself  
off the suspension bridge you  
said.

LIAM

Jesus Christ.

POSH

I think you said that as well.

HARRY

Posh, I'm not jumping off the  
fuckin' bridge.

POSH

Why not?

HARRY

You might have had your brains  
scrambled by a thousand years  
of in-breeding.

POSH

C'mon, where's your Dunkirk  
spirit?

LIAM

On the beach where it should  
be.

POSH

Look I'll carry the ashes.

HARRY

(amazed)

Whoah, whoah, whoah, what  
fuckin' ashes?

POSH

Animal's ashes who's flipping  
ashes did you think I was  
talking about. I'm not doing  
this for my granny.

LIAM

But aren't Animal's ashes in  
the mausoleum?

POSH

(slow)

Yeeeeesssss?

HARRY

(determined)

No. No way. No fuckin' way.  
I'm not indulging in some  
fucking weirded out death wish  
just to rid you of excessive  
guilt.

Beat.

POSH's POV of the view far below the bridge.

LIAM

Death by misadventure. It  
wasn't your fault. You know  
that.

Beat.

POSH

(serious)

Wasn't it? D'you know what I  
think this place is about?  
It's about making something of  
yourself, it's about pushing  
the boundaries. Doing the  
things you'll never be able to  
do again 'cos you'll be too  
old or too frigging  
responsible to even consider  
it. It's about learning. Not  
just in a bloody class room,  
not on a muddy field, but in  
here...

Points to head.

POSH

But may be more importantly,  
in here, right in here.

Points to heart.

HARRY lights a cigarette and tosses the match soaring over the  
side of the bridge.

POSH

(earnest)

This is our bond, the four of  
us. We saw a guy die, a guy we  
knew, now were going to die a  
little ourselves and come back  
even more alive, with an  
experience we'll never forget.  
We'll never forget each other.  
We'll make history.

Beat.

LIAM

I can't this weekend, I'm in Dublin.

HARRY

Who d'you think you are fuckin' Olivier? That's the trouble with toffs, always got the stirring speech before sending the plebs to certain death. It's born into them Lee. Agincourt, Hastings, Verdun, D-Day.

HARRY stares out over the bridge. Slight smile.

HARRY

And d'you know what the worst of it is Lee, we fuckin' fall for it, every time. We love that 'fight them on the beaches' shit. It's the porn movie syndrome Lee.

LIAM

Hey?

HARRY

'No' is never in the script.

POSH looks out over the view and grins.

CUT TO:

**92.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

POSH is on the phone.

POSH

Great news Footsie, I'm really thrilled, send the old bastard my best wishes...I know he hasn't met me but send them anyway. Now look you're needed back here?...what?...no no, I haven't been talking to your bloody tutor, we need you back here. The boys do. So get your arse in gear soon as. What... no, no, it's a long story. OK...OK, you too.

He puts the phone down and grins to himself, shaking his head. GINNY appears down the corridor as POSH turns from the phone and walks away.

GINNY  
Hi Alistair.

POSH stops and turns. Doesn't recognise her at first.

POSH  
Oh hi, hi, how ya doing  
....err?

GINNY  
(awkward)  
Ginny, it's Ginny.

POSH  
Ginny, Ginny of course.

GINNY  
(awkward)  
Do...do you, ummm wanna come  
for a drink with me?...and  
ummm well a few mates...in the  
Union.

POSH is taken aback.

POSH  
Err, well I...actually, look  
that's really kind but I got  
quite a lot of...

GINNY  
It's OK, I geddit. Well, see  
ya round.

She turns and walks off.

POSH  
(perplexed - to himself)  
Yeah, see ya.

He watches her go, shakes his head and goes into his room.

CUT TO:

**93.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

GINNY scoots casually round the corner and stops. The act over.

GINNY  
Shit! Shit, shit, shit. Shit.

She leans against the wall and blows out. Head goes into hands.

GINNY  
Oh bloody bollocks.

CUT TO:

**94.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

Another corridor. LIAM is on the phone.

LIAM  
Hello Ree darlin'...

CUT TO:

**95.EXT. CHURCHYARD. NIGHT.**

FOOTSIE is standing around in the dark looking antsy. Owls hoot. He looks up quickly.

CUT TO:

**96.EXT. CHURCHYARD. NIGHT.**

POSH and HARRY are carefully breaking off the frontpiece of the memorial stone in the wall. LIAM is off.

LIAM (OS)  
(shouts)  
Fuckin' bitch.

POSH and HARRY jump.

HARRY  
(strained)  
Jesus Liam, will you shut the fuck up. Christ you'll get us arrested.

LIAM (OS)  
(shouting)  
I don't care. Like she didn't care. Bitch.

FOOTSIE comes pegging round the corner. POSH and HARRY practically heart attack.

POSH  
Shit! What are you doing.

FOOTSIE  
It's scary round there and I heard shouting.

LIAM (OS)

Bitch!

HARRY

Go shut up jilted boy will  
you.

The boys remove the front piece and POSH reaches inside. It's  
dark.

POSH

(light)

Are you in there Anima...

(shouts)

Jesus Christ!

He yanks out his arm.

HARRY

What, what?

A spider falls off.

POSH

Yuck.

HARRY

Bleedin' 'ell this is like the  
fuckin' Keystone Cops.

LIAM (OS)

(shouting)

Feekin' bitch.

HARRY

(screams)

Liam if you don't fuckin' shut  
it I'm gonna come and thump  
ya.

LIAM

(unchastised)

You and who's army might that  
be.

POSH has got the ashes.

POSH

OK, where's the cement?

HARRY

Over there.

POSH gets a small sack of cement and a bucket.

POSH

Water?

HARRY

Oh shit.

POSH grabs the bucket, turns away and starts pissing in it.

HARRY

Lee? Lee, come here. Come and stir this.

CUT TO:

**97.EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.**

The boys are walking down the road. LIAM looks at his hands and smells them with some disgust.

LIAM

We're feckin' engaged for Christ's sake and she finishes it on the phone.

LIAM

I mean Christ, she could have done it to me straight.

POSH

What? Don't be daft, you should be thanking her.

LIAM

Thanking her?

POSH

She just saved you the bloody airfare. At least you can spend it drowning your sorrows with your mates. Now that is..

LIAM

Three years! Three years and now she's focking the bleedin' potato delivery driver.

HARRY

She's had his chips then.

There's laughter.

POSH

Perhaps he'll just be a flash in the pan.

LIAM

Piss off.

Beat.

LIAM  
(shouts)

Bitch!

POSH  
Lee, without wanting to be  
mercenary about this...

FOOTSIE  
It's never stopped you in the  
past.

POSH  
Don't get chippy about this.  
Let's just look at this  
logically. Mr Spud-U-Like is  
porking your Reena, they'll be  
married in six months, bun in  
the oven in nine, loads of  
little chip butties in 18.

More laughter.

POSH  
Is that what you really  
wanted?

FOOTSIE  
How d'you suppose to know what  
he really wanted?

POSH  
She worked in a fucking chip  
shop.

FOOTSIE  
(rising)  
What's wrong with that?

POSH  
There's nothing wrong with it.  
I'm not saying it's wrong. It  
just lacks...

HARRY  
Class?

POSH  
Ambition.

FOOTSIE

And what would you know about ambition?

POSH

Christ there's more chips on shoulders here then...

LIAM

Will you shut up about bloody chips.

Beat.

POSH

Opportunity. Oppor-fucking-tunity. You guys really don't get it.

HARRY

So tell us Posh boy, what does stealing some dead guy's ashes have to do with oppor-fucking-tunity.

POSH

When the chips are down...

LIAM shoots him a look.

POSH

Sorry.

Beat.

POSH

I know you guys think I'm to the manor born and maybe you're right, but Footsie said something to me which really hit home. He said he was here to make something of himself.

HARRY

But in a strange northern accent.

POSH

But it's not just about the end product, it's about what you do before you get there y'know.

HARRY

Woah, deep Posh.

POSH

Carpe diem Harry, carpe diem.

LIAM

(suspicious)

Is that another feckin' chip  
joke Posh?

We pull away.

FOOTSIE (OS)

It means seize the day.

LIAM (OS)

Feckin' private education.

They walk on into the night.

LIAM (OS)

Bitch!

CUT TO:

**98.INT. ROOM. NIGHT.**

There's music and giggles, lots of FEMALE STUDENTS getting ready for some sort of fashion show. Hair and make up being applied, clothes being fitted. MICHAELA is giving a demo of cat walking.

MICHAELA leads a reluctant GINNY towards a HAIRDRESSER. She sits down pissed off and the hairdresser takes off her glasses. GINNY squints.

CUT TO:

**99.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

LIAM, POSH, HARRY and FOOTSIIE are walking down the corridor, they join a queue. FOOTSIIE'S in a grim jacket.

POSH turns to FOOTSIIE.

POSH

Look, I know this isn't  
strictly kosher but could I...

He messes up FOOTSIIE's carefully combed hair.

FOOTSIE

Hey!

POSH

Seriously Footsie, trust me.

FOOTSIE goes to brush it down.

POSH

Under that dour northern exterior, I know there's the beating heart of a Brian Casanova, but you ain't gonna pull the babes looking like this.

He musses his hair again.

POSH

And give me the coat.

FOOTSIE crosses his arms defensively.

POSH

Footsie...come on, gimme gimme.

FOOTSIE relents. POSH pulls FOOTSIE's shirt out of his trousers.

MARCUS, ADAM and the POSSE are in the queue. ANGLE on them watching critically. Someone says something and there's laughter as POSH walks off to the check in with the coat.

CUT TO:

**100.INT. STUDENT HALL. NIGHT.**

The place is set up for a fashion show, with a runway down the middle. Music blaring, students are lined up around the runway drinking. It's being sponsored by some drinks company.

The lads are in amongst it, enjoying it. FOOTSIE seems to be loosening up. A COMPERE comes onto the runway with a mike.

COMPERE

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, Uni Events in association with Smirnoff Ice ask you to big it up for tonight's kings of style. Those kitty, kitty, kittens of the catwalk. Let's hit it!

Lights go down. Music off. Cheering, whistling. Funky tunes, lights, the first model appears to more cheers.

ANGLE on the lads, grinning in the crowd. More girls come and strut their stuff and a few lads too. And then down the runway comes GINNY, in something very revealing. She looks a million dollars. The crowd goes wild. ANGLE on POSH transfixed as GINNY gets funky with it.

She spins and struts back as MICHAELA comes out. But POSH hardly notices her. More ANGLES of different models, then a finale.

CUT TO:

**101.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

The lads are leaving.

POSH  
No you guys go on, I...I'll  
catch you up.

MOLLY, a really short Scottish girl walks past. She looks up at FOOTSIIE.

MOLLY  
Hello.

FOOTSIE looks around and realises she's talking to him.

FOOTSIE  
Hello.

She walks on. FOOTSIIE grins sheepishly to himself.

CUT TO:

**102.EXT. CORRIDOR NIGHT.**

POSH is hanging around awkward. A door backstage keeps opening and different MODEL/STUDENTS pass in high spirits.

Eventually MICHAELA and GINNY appear. MICHAELA disappears into the loo and POSH takes a breath and approaches.

POSH  
Hello.

GINNY fumbles in her bag and puts her glasses on.

GINNY  
(cool)  
All right?

Beat.

POSH  
(casual)  
Do wanna come for a drink with  
me?

GINNY looks at him coolly.

GINNY

Err, well I...actually, look that's really kind but I got quite a lot of things to do.

POSH looks at her appraisingly. He grins self-consciously.

POSH

OK, I geddit. Well, see ya round.

He watches her go.

POSH

You realise this means I'm gonna have to kill myself.

He turns shaking his head and walks off.

POSH

Shit.

CUT TO:

**103.EXT. BRIDGE. DAY.**

The lads are walking towards the bridge.

FOOTSIE

We are going to get into a lot of trouble.

POSH

Rubbish. Just think what it'll do to your reputation on campus.

FOOTSIE

I don't have a reputation on campus.

POSH

Exactly.

HARRY

What's that?

ANGLE on a cameraman lurking beneath the bridge.

POSH

(casual)

That'll be the news.

LIAM

Get to fock.

HARRY

You're fucking mad posh boy,  
you know that.

POSH

You wanna back out now Harry.

LIAM

Where's Animal?

POSH pats his jacket.

CUT TO:

**104.EXT. BRIDGE. DAY.**

ANGLE on the four boys standing ready, similar to the opening scene. The police are running down the bridge. ANGLE on FOOTSIE, very obviously crapping himself.

FOOTSIE

Posh, Posh, there's something  
I need to tell you. It's  
important. I got a plan. Posh,  
seriously..

POSH

Is it a plan so cunning we  
could put a tail on it?

We see POSH going for it and FOOTSIE, resigned, just closes his eyes and dives.

We pull back and into a news report which shows the boys falling and a cloud of ashes being released.

CUT TO:

**105 (a) INT. TV ROOM. DAY.**

GINNY is curled up on a chair watching the TV.

CUT TO:

**105.INT. NEWSROOM. DAY.**

NEWSREADER (VO)

The four men who are  
understood to all be students  
from Cabot University were  
arrested shortly afterwards  
and taken to Central police  
station where they were  
charged with public order  
offences.

The news report shows the lads being bundled into panda cars.

NEWSREADER (VO)

To Somerset now and the start of the cheddar cheese rolling championships. Susie Maclean has this report.

CUT TO:

**106.INT. VICE CHANCELLOR'S OFFICES. DAY.**

The lads are lined up in front of a grave looking VICE CHANCELLOR.

LIAM

(amazement)

Suspended!

VC

I'm afraid so Mr O'Brien, I will not have the good name of the university brought into disrepute in such a manner. You will leave by 11am tomorrow.

ANGLE on FOOTsie. He is completely gutted. His hair is mussed and his shirt hanging out.

HARRY

But they fined us.

VC

That was the police, that has nothing to do with the university.

POSH

But isn't that punishment enough?

VC

No, frankly it is not. This is not some giant playground for testosterone-filled children. This is an educational establishment, one of the best in the country, in case it had escaped your notice. I have a board to answer to. I have the Government to answer to.

POSH

It was my fault sir. My idea, couldn't you let the...

VC

Mr Baillie, your compatriots have their own minds, I think we can be sure of that. If they didn't they wouldn't be here. You may return on licence at the beginning of next term. Good day.

FOOTSIE remains totally gutted.

CUT TO:

**107.EXT. CAR PARK. DAY.**

The lads are walking away.

FOOTSIE

I can't believe I let you talk me in to this. I can't believe it. It's just inconceivable that this has happened to me.

POSH

What are talking about? I got the mouth full of Animal for my sins.

FOOTSIE stops and turns, livid, like the most angry we've seen him.

FOOTSIE

Just shut up Alistair, this is not one of your fucking stupid little jokes. What they fuck to I tell my parents hey? They busted the bank to get me here and all I can do is throw it all right back in their faces. How does that make me feel hey?

POSH approaches.

POSH

Look F...

FOOTSIE

Just leave me alone.

He stomps off, followed by LIAM.

HARRY

See ya round.

He leaves. We begin to pull away, POSH is standing in the empty car park. Then GINNY appears crossing the open space. We can just make out it's her as we pull ever further away.

GINNY (OS)

Hi Alistair.

POSH

(pissed off)

Not right now Ginny.

He walks off, leaving her standing. She turns on her heel and stomps off.

CUT TO:

**108.EXT. ROAD. DAY.**

LIAM, FOOTSIE and HARRY are walking together, all looking gutted. A STUDENT comes up. He shakes each one of them by the hand.

STUDENT

Yo guys, all right.

The lads look mystified.

LIAM

Hi.

The student walks on. Other STUDENTS walk past and greet them, shaking their hands or slapping them on the back. ANGLE on HARRY, we see the slightest of smiles.

MOLLY passes and gives FOOTSIE a kiss.

CUT TO:

**109.EXT. DOWNS. DAY.**

ANGLE on POSH sitting in the middle of the downs, alone.

CUT TO:

**110.INT. STUDENT BAR. DAY,**

LIAM, FOOTSIE and HARRY walk into the bar. A huge cheer goes up. The lads look at each other and crack up. On a screen someone has taped the news. We see them going off the bridge.

There's loads of bevvies going down and they are all loving the attention. ANGLE on FOOTSIE chatting to MOLLY. The other two are making wild gesticulations and demonstrating their dives.

CUT TO:

**111.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

It's deserted. POSH skulks down the corridor. He knocks on FOOTsie's door. No reply. He puts his head against the door and breathes out.

GINNY (OS)

You're a hero.

POSH doesn't move.

POSH

No I'm not. I'm an idiot.

GINNY

Most student heroes are idiots. Look at Jim Belushi.

He turns to look at her. She's looking amazing.

POSH

Is that why you're here? You after a trophy?

GINNY

No. Are you?

POSH

No.

GINNY

Only you didn't pay me much attention 'til the rest of the uni was shouting the house down.

Beat.

GINNY

But I'd spotted you long before.

POSH

I was blind, now I can see. Bungy jumping can do that to a man.

Beat.

POSH

That was some dress.

GINNY

Took me three double vodkas to even think about putting it on.

Beat.

POSH

I'm...I'm sorry about earlier, I suddenly realised I didn't want to lose them. That hasn't happened to me before.

Beat.

POSH

(rueful)

And with those dead beats as well.

GINNY smiles.

GINNY

Suspension huh? So I guess you're the official bad boys in town.

POSH

Gotta go by 11 tomorrow.

GINNY

Well just think, if I'd come on a date this wouldn't have all happened.

POSH

So what do you have to say for yourself?

GINNY

If you've only got 'til 11 we'd better get a move on.

POSH grins ruefully.

GINNY

Unless you'd rather go and get the nation's adulation with your friends.

She moves closer.

POSH

In normal circumstances I'm as fond of a little adulation as the next guy, but I'm not sure this is normal.

GINNY

Whattaya mean? I'm not normal?

POSH

Oh no, you're very normal,  
it's what's happening to me  
that isn't normal, it isn't  
normal at all.

He bends forward and they kiss, gently at first.

CUT TO:

**112.INT. FOOTSIE'S ROOM. DAWN.**

FOOTSIE is in his small bed with MOLLY asleep in his arms. He is awake, staring at the ceiling, a smile the size of Texas on his face.

CUT TO:

**113.INT. LIAM'S ROOM. DAWN.**

LIAM is on his bed comatose. He turns over and comes face to face with HARRY's feet. He sniffs them and half wakes in horror. He pushes the feet away and HARRY falls fully dressed on to the floor.

CUT TO:

**114.INT. POSH'S ROOM. DAY.**

OS a knock. POSH is in bed with GINNY. He stirs, she snuggles into him. POSH is half asleep.

POSH

Mmmmm? Who is it?

FOOTSIE (OS)

Footsie. I've got a plan.

CUT TO:

**115.EXT. DOCKS CAFÉ. DAY.**

The lads are sitting at a long table with the detritus of a cooked breakfast around them.

FOOTSIE seems different somehow. Confident. He's writing on a piece of paper and has a calculator.

FOOTSIE

OK, so between us we've got  
the fine of five grand. Harry?

HARRY

Dunno, 'bout 500 quid to the  
good.

FOOTSIE

Lee?

LIAM

Minus two hundred at the last count.

POSH

All that money wasted on the spud shagger. Your parents must be so pr...

Liam flicks a baked bean at him.

LIAM

Fuck you. What is it with him...?

FOOTSIE

Posh?

LIAM

Aye, how much of the inheritance has Lord Baillie left?

POSH

I think I'm about six grand down.

LIAM

Jesus Posh!

POSH

Well y'know there was the car and...

HARRY

I thought you claimed for that.

POSH

Oh I couldn't y'know, the keys were in it, my insurance weren't gonna pay, they said I'd have to sue Animal's parents.

LIAM

OK, and what about the rest?

POSH

Debts from travelling that I've been hiding from the folks. Drinks for you fuckers every night.

HARRY

Yeah right Posh boy!

LIAM

Shit! That's a lot of dough.

POSH

Yeah OK, thanks Lee, I know.  
You'd probably recognise the  
summons I got and all.

FOOTSIE pulls out an FT.

FOOTSIE

D'you know what this is?

POSH

Ummm might it be a Financial  
Times.

FOOTSIE

Wrong. It's a cash point  
machine.

LIAM

(dubious)

Looks like a newspaper to me,  
but then I'm from Ireland.

HARRY

(casual)

How much to you owe Footsie?

FOOTSIE

(matter-of-fact)

About a hundred and forty  
grand. OK so first up...

Total amazement all round. Silence. Awe. Mouths like goldfish.

HARRY

Fuck me!

LIAM

(loud)

A hundred and forty grand!

Other PUNTERS nearby look up.

LIAM

(quieter)

A hundred and forty grand!

POSH starts laughing.

POSH

You sly dog.

LIAM

(shocked)

What have you been doing with  
a hundred and forty grand?  
Jesus mother of God.

CUT TO:

**116.EXT. DOCKS. DAY.**

The lads are walking along the docks.

FOOTSIE

OK, here's the deal. I never  
thought I'd say this to you  
losers. I was always going to  
do this on me own, but now  
we're bungy brothers I guess  
I'm cutting you in. And anyway  
I need your help if this is  
gonna work. The parents don't  
hear we've been suspended,  
Posh gets us an invitation to  
the cottage 'til the end of  
term and whoever's got a  
computer brings it with them.

Harry studies FOOTSIIE.

HARRY

You got laid last night didn't  
you?

FOOTSIE tries not to grin.

FOOTSIE

While you southern pansies  
have been pissing your measly  
lives away, some of us have  
been trying to make summat of  
ourselves.

CUT TO:

**117.EXT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

The boys pile out of a taxi in front of the cottage.

CUT TO:

**118.EXT. MOORS. DAY.**

They're sitting around on top of a tor.

HARRY

So let's get this straight. Ramping involves you feeding false company information to investor chat pages and newspapers.

FOOTSIE

Uh huh.

HARRY

Before you send out this information you buy a load of the shares, the info gets everyone hot, they buy, the price rises, you sell, the company denies the rumour and the shares fall again.

FOOTSIE

Yup.

LIAM

Isn't that illegal?

HARRY

That isn't illegal Lee, that's fuckin genius. Anyway what d'you care if it's legal, you're a criminal.

LIAM

I am not so.

HARRY

You've got a criminal record pal. You're one of the bad guys now.

POSH

Can't they just trace who sent the information in? I mean I thought all computers leave some mark wherever they've been?

FOOTSIE

They do. So we need to send the information from anywhere that's not going to be connected to us.

POSH

But isn't it going to be a bit obvious if one person suddenly starts buying a load of shares in the very company that goes ballistic?

FOOTSIE

Why d'you think I'm a hundred forty grand in debt? I've been planning this for about six months. I've bought shares ages ago, in fact I'm so good that the shares have gone up and I've been able to pay off the interest that way.

POSH

But if that's the case why bother to risk everything?

FOOTSIE

(smiles)

Oppor-fuckin-tunity!

POSH

How much d'you reckon we'll make?

LIAM is eating a sandwich.

FOOTSIE

Depends. Maybe a hundred thousand each.

LIAM coughs out his sarnie. HARRY grins.

CUT TO:

**119.EXT. MOOR. DAY.**

The lads are walking on the moor.

POSH

Where d'you get the money?

FOOTSIE

Used me dad's business as collateral. That's why I were crapping meself he was gonna peg it. He would do an all if he found out what was going on.

POSH

But it's working, you said so yourself.

FOOTSIE

It's not work. Me dad'd never see this as working. It's bleedin' capitalist piracy. He feels guilty enough about the profits as it is.

POSH looks at him.

POSH

Sometimes I wonder if I'm living in the same country.

FOOTSIE

Lucky for you I feel vaguely the same way or I'd be pocketing the lot.

LIAM bowls up.

LIAM

I feels like feckin' Robin Hood.

POSH

Maid Marian might be a bit upset.

LIAM looks at him.

LIAM

Y'know, robbing the rich to..

FOOTSIE

It's got nothing to do with robbing the rich, though fortunately most internet investors are middle income, middle class who should know better. It's about fucking over the most pure statement of capitalism that exists today.

LIAM stops and looks at him.

LIAM

Since when did you become a feckin' revolutionary?

HARRY's been listening.

HARRY

Great sex can do that to a man  
Liam. Footsie is simply  
suffering from an all  
encompassing feeling of well  
being and bonhomie to his  
fellow man.

FOOTSIE

Who on campus has a mobile?

POSH

Marcus.

FOOTSIE/HARRY

Perfect.

FOOTSIE

(grins)

Let's go to work.

CUT TO:

**120.EXT. BRISTOL STREET. DAY.**

LIAM is walking along carrying a lap top, looking around.

CUT TO:

**121.INT. INTERNET CAFÉ. DAY**

HARRY is typing away on a screen. Presses send and smiles.

CUT TO:

**122.INT. RECEPTION. DAY.**

LIAM is sitting in a reception looking around innocently.  
Between his legs runs a cable into a phone socket. He presses  
a button on the computer.

CUT TO:

**123.INT. PHONE BOX. DAY.**

HARRY is in a phone box with a hanky over the receiver.

HARRY

(posh voice)

Yeah, like to speak to the  
finance editor please.

CUT TO:

**124.INT. PUB. NIGHT.**

ANGLE on MARCUS, in the pub with the POSSE. ANGLE on a hand reaching into his jacket, pulling out his mobile and tossing it out of the window.

CUT TO:

**125.EXT. PUB. NIGHT.**

Angle on POSH, the mobile attached to the lap top, smiling.

CUT TO:

**126.INT. PUB. NIGHT.**

The mobile is tossed back in and caught and popped back into the jacket.

CUT TO:

**127.INT. GINNY'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

She's in bed. Stones at the window.

CUT TO:

**128.EXT. STUDENT HALL. NIGHT.**

POSH is standing by a door as it's opened by GINNY.

GINNY  
(whisper)

What are you doing here?  
You'll get expelled.

POSH  
I had to see you.

GINNY  
You're mad.

POSH  
I think it's John Donne who  
describes it as a kind of  
madness. I think I'm in love.

CUT TO:

**129.INT. GINNY'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

POSH is sitting on the bed. He looks nervous.

GINNY  
You shouldn't play with things  
like that.

POSH

Like what?

GINNY

Love.

POSH

Who's playing?

GINNY

You've been suspended, you're  
in shock, it's screwed you up.

POSH

Oh shut up, that's got nothing  
to do with it. I'm embracing  
an alien concept.

GINNY

Yeah right!

POSH

Why don't you believe me?

GINNY

Now let me see...how about track  
record, female intuition and  
that you're a flaky middle  
class white boy who couldn't...

POSH

I...

Beat. This is weird.

...love you. I love you!

GINNY

I bet you say that to all the  
girls.

POSH

I've never said it to anybody  
before in my life.

Beat. She looks at him to see if he's joking.

POSH

Honest.

GINNY

You hardly know me.

POSH

I know, weird isn't it?

He grins.

GINNY  
Stop it, you look demented.

POSH  
I can't help it. I love you.

He kisses her.

POSH  
I care and it feels fantastic.  
Weird. Very, very weird.

GINNY snuggles closer and kisses him back.

GINNY  
Will you just shut up.

POSH  
Gin, I know this is terrible,  
but can you spare me 10  
minutes? I'm coming back, I  
promise.

CUT TO:

**130.EXT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

POSH stands in front of Ditch's door.

POSH  
(to himself)  
I must be fucking mad.

He tries the door, very quietly. It opens, he looks heavenward and mouths 'thank you', entering painfully.

CUT TO:

**131.INT. DITCH'S STUDY. NIGHT.**

The computer is on standby on the desk. He approaches it and sits quietly down, lying a piece of paper on the desk.

CUT TO:

**132.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

DITCH is on the prowl.

CUT TO:

**133.INT. DITCH'S STUDY. NIGHT.**

POSH is on the internet looking at the paper and typing.

CUT TO:

**134.INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

DITCH is approaching his door.

CUT TO:

**135.INT. DITCH'S STUDY. NIGHT.**

The door opens and the light is switched on. ANGLE on the desk. The computer is off, but the piece of paper is lying there. DITCH walks across the study. ANGLE on a hand from under the desk feeling for the paper. Just as Ditch turns to the desk the paper disappears.

Satisfied, DITCH walks back, turns off the light and shuts the door. POSH falls out of the desk in relief. Then OS we hear the lock turn. ANGLE on POSH's horror-struck face. He looks at his watch. And looks around. ANGLE on the phone.

CUT TO:

**136.INT. GINNY'S CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

The phone rings.

CUT TO:

**137.INT. DITCH'S STUDY. NIGHT.**

DITCH enters with GINNY.

DITCH

This is very irregular.

GINNY

I know sir, I'm sorry. Only it's so late and I knew you would be the only one still up.

They enter the study, POSH is behind the door.

GINNY

I think it must be PMT or something sir.

Ditch looks grim as he walks across to the desk and opens a drawer. Behind him POSH sneaks out.

GINNY

Only I do seem to get it quite badl..

DITCH

Yes OK, you can spare the details. There you are.

He produces some Nurofen.

GINNY

(sweet smile)

Thank you sir. You're a life saver.

CUT TO:

**138.INT. GINNY'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

They're bonking. More kissing.

POSH

(serious)

D'you trust me?

GINNY

Are you mad?

More kissing. Some moaning.

POSH

I've got a major tip for you.

GINNY

I can feel it, there's no need to show off about it.

POSH

I mean it.

GINNY

Oh God. Mmmm, so do I.

POSH

No, no, this is a big secret.

GINNY

What, between you me and the rest of the girls at Cabot Uni.

POSH

No, no, I'm being serious.

CUT TO:

**139.EXT. NEWSAGENT'S. DAY.**

POSH opens up the finance pages. His POV of a small piece headlined 'Asperley on Acquisition Trail'.

POSH

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

**140.INT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

The boys are crowded round a computer.

OS a TV is on.

FOOTSIE

I bought at 44p, at one point they were 61 but today they are...here we go, 58. Right lads, here we go and it's open.

They all stare at the screen. Except POSH who can hardly keep his eyes open. He yawns.

NEWSREADER (OS)

The London Stock market has opened and with large falls on the NASDAQ over night, some feel the market is due for a realignment.

LIAM

Not much happening Footsie.

FOOTSIE

Patience is a virtue Liam, perseverance is an art.

LIAM, bored, sits in front of the TV and picks up a cold sausage off a half-eaten plate of something.

NEWSREADER

Asperley Holdings has denied a rumour that it is on the acquisition trail.

FOOTSIE (OS)

Here we go! 60, 62...

NEWSREADER

Due to these rumours and a heavy spate of buying from mainly internet investors, Asperley has asked the Stock Market authorities to suspend the shares pending a statement at midday London time.

LIAM sits up.

NEWSREADER

Dot coms look most likely to  
bear the brunt...

LIAM

Footsie...

FOOTSIE

Not now Lee.

LIAM stands and returns to the group.

LIAM

No, Footsie it's....

Our POV of the screen as the Asperley figures turn from blue  
to red.

LIAM

Important.

CUT TO:

**140 (a) .EXT. MOORS. DAY.**

The lads are back on the tor. Depressed.

FOOTSIE

That's sometimes the trouble  
with ramping, they get to find  
out about it.

LIAM

What happens after they've  
suspended the shares?

FOOTSIE

If I knew that Lee I'd know  
whether it was time to return  
to the Suspension Bridge, but  
this time with out the rope.

He puts his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

**141.EXT. TOR. DAY.**

ANGLE on a portable radio. FOOTsie has walked off into the  
distance with POSH.

POSH

Why didn't you tell me before?

FOOTSIE

Dunno really. Didn't know you,  
thought you'd disapprove,  
think I were some sort of  
criminal.

Beat.

POSH

So why the change of heart?

FOOTSIE

You weren't the bloke I  
thought you were.

POSH

Is that good or bad?

FOOTSIE

Oh that's good.

POSH

Well you're not the bloke I  
thought you were either, and  
believe you me that's good.

FOOTSIE

Yesterday felt...well it felt  
great. I never thought I'd  
feel...

POSH

You mean she felt great.

FOOTSIE

No, no, I mean, well...yeah she  
did, but I don't mean that, I  
meant us together, campus  
heroes. I mean it sounds a bit  
pathetic really, but I loved  
it.

Beat.

FOOTSIE

Listen to me, me dad would  
kill me! Suspended for bungy  
jumping.

POSH

It's not about your dad, it's  
about you Footsie. You're the  
ballsiest guy I know. You got  
70 years to his 25. Live it  
for yerself. Live it in hope.

A grim smile from FOOTsie.

FOOTSIE

Fockin' hell Alistair, I'm crapping meself. In a way it were just a game before.

POSH

What's the worse thing that can happen?

FOOTSIE

I lose the lot, me dad's business is bankrupted, me family turfed onto the street, I go to jail.

POSH puts an arm round FOOTsie.

POSH

Is that all? Well what are you worrying about then?

He looks at his watch. It says 12pm.

POSH

C'mon, let's go see what life has in store. Profit, as they say, is the reward of risk.

We pull slowly away.

FOOTSIE

Aye. They also say don't gamble more than you can afford to lose.

POSH

Pah, we're students for God's sake, we haven't got anything to lose.

CUT TO:

**142.EXT. TOR. DAY.**

We see POSH and FOOTsie walking slowly towards the other two. ANGLE on the radio. HARRY turns it on.

PRESENTER (V/O)

..the largest for sometime. In an unusual move, thought to be connected to possible illegal share dealings, Asperley holdings has confirmed it is to enforce its internet buyout clause and buy back all internet purchased shares at Monday's share price of 53 pence. Internet investors will receive the buyback enforcement order over the next few days. A spokesman said it was unlikely any prosecutions would be forthcoming. In other news...

Beat. LIAM and HARRY look at each other. FOOTSIIE and POSH are off in the distance. HARRY drops the car magazine he was reading, resignedly.

BOTH

Shit!

CUT TO:

**143.INT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

They're slumped on the sofa. FOOTSIIE has his calculator.

FOOTSIIE

Bought at 44 sold at 53 times  
140,000 equals nine thousand  
eight hundred, less a bit of  
commission, call it nine  
grand. Sorry lads.

Beat. They all look at each other. Silence.

FOOTISE

Less the fine, five grand  
equals four grand, so that's a  
grand each.

HARRY

Nah, that's yours mate.

LIAM

To be sure.

FOOTSIIE

I don't want it.

POSH

Don't be daft.

FOOTSIE

I got my dad's money back, I'm not going to jail, you don't know what that means.

HARRY

With his debts Posh is probably about to find out.

Posh gives him the finger.

LIAM

(to no one)

One hundred thousand pounds, Jesus how good would that have felt?

POSH

You coulda bought the chippy Lee.

LIAM

(big smile)

Who needs a chip shop when there's a tall blond up for grabs?

Whooping and high fives. We cut to slow motion around the lads bantering and mucking about.

HARRY (VO)

Sometimes people who don't jump are suffocated, not by river gunk, but by their own lack of ambition, drowning in a tide of apathy. Surely a slower, more lingering death that the one they can have anticipated on the road to university. So it's all about doing. The potential student needs to be aware of his, and her, opportunities. And to take them. All of them. To have a go, cut lose, take the plunge, be different, carpe bleedin' diem as Posh boy would say. And why come to this Georgian city to start it all off? Well the truth is it don't really matter where you go, it's what you do when you get there. It's about looking at the weather beaten face of chance and kissin' her hard on the lips.

HARRY (VO)

It's about 50,000 shagging,  
drinking, breathing, sleeping,  
eating, living opportunities.  
And I mean living. Because  
this my friends, is it.

We cut back to normal speed.

FOOTSIE

Let's set up a company.

LIAM

Hey?

FOOTSIE

Let's use the four grand and  
set up a company.

POSH

What's it gonna do?

HARRY

Do you care?

POSH looks around. Beat.

POSH

(serious)

If it's with you guys, no I  
guess I don't.

HARRY makes throwing up motions.

POSH

(smile)

Fuck you!

HARRY

You're just one big softie  
really aren't you Posh boy?

POSH grins and goes to grab him.

FOOTSIE

C'mon lads, are you in?

HARRY

Give Posh's share to Save the  
Seals, he's come over all New  
Darling on us.

They grapple.

HARRY

Seems to have rediscovered  
those emotions so long  
concealed under layers of  
class indifference

POSH is held by HARRY, both laughing, fighting.

POSH

Yes, yes, c'mon Footsie let's  
do it, as long as Harry is the  
bog cleaner in this wonderful  
new enterprise.

ANGLE on FOOTSIE. He looks at them all. Big grin. Hand  
slapping all round.

LIAM

This is like a 21<sup>st</sup> century  
Risky Business.

HARRY

It's four grand Lee, I think  
Tom Cruise might be  
disappointed.

POSH

So what are we going to call  
this great company?

We follow as the lads leave the house.

CUT TO:

**144.EXT. COTTAGE. DAY.**

Gradually we pull slowly away as the lads stream out of the  
house.

FOOTSIE

Oppor-fuckin-tunity.

HARRY

(droll)

That's kinda snappy.

LIAM (VO)

I'm going to write about this  
y'know. I think we should make  
a film about it, a sort of  
Risky Business meets Human  
Traffic with a little Swingers  
thrown in for good measure.

POSH (VO)

Only if a real dog plays  
Harry.

HARRY (VO)

Yeah well bad luck Posh boy,  
Hugh Grant's too old to play  
you.

We speed over the moors and find ourselves approaching the  
Suspension Bridge.

POSH (VO)

Thank fuck for that.

LIAM (VO)

And we can call the company  
Oppor-fuckin-tunity Films.

HARRY (VO)

And will it be a tale told by  
four idiots, full of sound and  
fury, signifying nothing?

LIAM (VO)

No, Shakespeare it won't.  
It'll be a buddy movie,  
testament to Posh and Footsie  
and me and you. Four lads, one  
bridge, one friendship.

Over the bridge we see a film set up, with the lights and FILM  
PEOPLE milling about.

POSH (VO)

(rye)

I think I'm gonna burst into  
tears.

HARRY (VO)

And how would you start this  
great film then maestro?

LIAM (VO)

On the bridge of course. With  
Posh, on the bridge. It starts  
where it ends. Living in Hope.

POSH (VO)

Lads, we've only got four  
grand.

FOOTSIE (VO)

Yeah, but you know what?  
There's always next term and  
I've got this brilliant idea..

CUT TO:

**145.EXT. BRIDGE. DAY.**

Beatific smile. POSH jumps. Freeze.

THE END