

THE YANK
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1 INT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT 1

A mostly-empty train station in London. Three or four people sit quietly, reading newspapers, waiting for the train.

2 INT. BANK TUBE STATION - TUNNEL - NIGHT 2

A long glazed-tile tunnel is empty of pedestrians. The raucous sound of singing and chanting approaches from the far side of the tunnel, around the bend.

3 INT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT 3

A group of YOUNG MEN ascend the stairs to the platform. One of them, PETE DUNHAM (24) rouses the group with a song. Beside him walks his best mate BOVVER, along with his other main lads SWILL, IKE, DAVE BUONO, NED and KEITH. They seem like a relaxed group out for a night on the town. The group waits for a train at their platform. PETE and BOVVER play football with a can.

Across the tracks, a train pulls away to reveal another group of 15 lads. All are dressed in "CASUAL CLOTHES" as well. GARRY, the leader of this gang, makes eye contact with PETE.

PETE turns and gives a discreet nod to his friends who immediately stop joking and square off with the opposite group. PETE walks to the edge of the platform. The mood has changed. Everybody looks serious.

PETE

(bellowing, sarcastic)

Well! What's all this? 'Girls Night Out' in Tottenham? Since this is our manor, and you're not us, you must be either lost or fucking stupid. So which is it?

GARRY

Still one for the cheeky barbs, eh, Dunham? You know, back when 'The Major' had your job, he wasn't nearly so chatty. Probably 'cause he wasn't quite so nervous either. The Major always preferred a scrap to your yammer.

Pete's face darkens.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

You reckon? Maybe you should get
on the next train and fuck off out
of here before something bad
happens.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

GARRY

And maybe we'd be interested to see exactly what that is. I mean you're not exactly a top flight mob these days are you? More like a two-bob mob.

PETE

See, now that's just plain rude. But hey, if you fancy it, who are we to let you down?

All eyes turn to a train screeching toward the platform.

4 INT. UNDERGROUND TUBE - NIGHT 4

The PASSENGERS on the tube move towards the exits as the train stops. A YOUNG WOMAN, 30's, stands nearest the exit.

5 INT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLATFORM 5

The doors open. The LADS have all vanished. The PASSENGERS exit the tube and descend the stairs.

5A INT. BANK TUBE STATION - TUNNEL - NIGHT 5A

The PASSENGERS walk through the tunnel. They all look exhausted after a long week at the office.

5B EXT. BANK TUBE STATION - EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT (BEING RE- WRITTEN) 5B

They approach the exit stairs.

Suddenly, TWO MEN cascade down the stairs in front of the PASSENGERS, engaged in a fierce battle. They pummel each other as gravity pulls them down the stairs. The PASSENGERS are thrown into a panic as the clash approaches. At the base of the stairs, one of the men delivers a vicious head-butt to the other, knocking him to the ground. The standing man turns to face the PASSENGERS. It is PETE. He notices the YOUNG WOMAN - she looks shaken. PETE flashes a cheeky smile.

PETE

I'd take the other exit, luv.

PETE turns and races back up the stairs.

5C EXT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLAZA - NIGHT 5C

PETE crests the stairs, revealing BEDLAM in the plaza. It's a chaotic frenzy as the lads beat the crap out of each other.

(CONTINUED)

5C

CONTINUED:

5C

BOVVER slams a TOTTENHAM LAD's face into a post.

(CONTINUED)

5C CONTINUED: (2)

5C

DAVE is leveled by a TOTTENHAM LAD hurling a trash bin.

KEITH sends another TOTTENHAM LAD into a newspaper stand.

GARRY has NED pinned on the ground. PETE grabs GARRY by the collar and bounces him off a cement pillar.

PETE

Two bob firm my arse!

Off the rebound, PETE sends GARRY smashing face-first into the glass window of a telephone booth.

6 EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY 6

Establishing shot of Harvard.

7 INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - CRIMSON PAPER OFFICE - SAME DAY 7

A busy student newspaper bullpen. At a prominent desk, MATT BUCKNER (21) droops over a box as he packs away his belongings: article clippings, his JOURNALISM THESIS, an award plaque. A crimson-jacketed SECURITY GUARD accompanies him.

Other STUDENTS sneak looks at MATT. A STUDENT pats MATT'S shoulder. MATT can only return an embarrassed nod back.

8 EXT. HARVARD COURTYARD - DAY 8

MATT crosses the courtyard, escorted by the SECURITY GUARD. Other STUDENTS gawk.

9 INT. HARVARD - DORM ROOM - DAY 9

The TV blares an AMERICAN FOOTBALL GAME. JEREMY VAN HOLDEN (21) is chain-smoking and barking into a telephone as he watches the game. A computer features a "Locker Room Fantasy Football" gambling WEBSITE.

MATT enters carrying his box. He throws a disgusted look in JEREMY'S direction and starts packing his clothes into a duffel. Without breaking conversation, JEREMY snaps his fingers to get MATT'S attention, handing him an envelope. JEREMY watches as MATT opens it and discovers a thick wad of hundred dollar bills inside. MATT immediately throws the entire envelope in trash.

JEREMY quickly reacts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY
(into telephone)
I'll call you back, I gotta deal
with something.

JEREMY retrieves the envelope from the trash.

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Matt! That's ten thousand dollars -
I think that's a pretty good deal.

MATT

We never had a deal, Jeremy.

JEREMY

Look, I know you got screwed here,
but I've got my family's reputation
to protect. A Van Holden expelled
from Harvard? There's no way.
I've got a little more at stake
here, Matt.

MATT continues packing.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

(frat-boyish)

Buck-ner...C'mon, man. Look, my
Dad's *definitely* going to be re-
elected, and once I graduate, I'll
totally hook you up.

JEREMY places the envelope on MATT'S desk and pats his back
on the way out the door.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Thanks bro. You're really saving
my ass.

JEREMY leaves. Emotions boil inside of MATT - he pounds his
desk, but then controls himself. MATT is deflated. He
considers the envelope, hundred dollar bills exposed. It
lies next to his phone. He reaches down to choose one,
picking up the phone and dialing. A machine answers:

DAD

(on tape)

You've reached Carl Buckner. I'm on
assignment in Kabul and
unreachable. Leave a message with
Marcy at the Foreign Correspondents
Desk of the Washington Bureau...

MATT hangs up the phone. He looks back down at the money.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE:

- 10 INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - NIGHT 10
- MATT walks up to the International Ticket Counter. MATT pays the TICKETING OFFICER with cash from Jeremy's envelope.
- MATT (V.O.)
My name is Matt Buckner. Last spring I was kicked out of Harvard two months shy of my diploma. Since then I've basically only learned one thing, and this is it. When you take everything away from a man, you'd better kill him. Because you've just set him free.
- 11 EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT 11
- The plane takes off into the night sky.
- 12 INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT 12
- Only MATT is awake on the red-eye. He flips through some old papers. He sees his JOURNALISM THESIS: "*Death in a Paris Tunnel: The New Role of Journalism in the Paparazzi Era.*"
- The grade: "A." The comment: *This is graduate-level work. Do you have a job yet? Let's talk immediately - KMD*
- 13 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT 13
- MATT walks a long passageway from the arrival gate.
- MATT stands in line at CUSTOMS.
- MATT collects his luggage from baggage claim.
- MATT trades money at a MONEY EXCHANGE.
- MATT descends an escalator toward the Heathrow Express.
- 13A INT. HEATHROW EXPRESS - DAY 13A
- MATT rides on the train, counting Pounds.
- 14 INT. PADDINGTON - HEATHROW EXPRESS PLATFORM - DAY 14
- A groggy MATT walks away from the platform, marvelling at the gigantic station.
- 15 INT. UNDERGROUND TUBE - DAY 15
- MATT stares blankly out the tube window, exhausted.

15A INT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLATFORM - DAY 15A

MATT gets off the train and crosses the platform to the stairs.

16 EXT. BANK TUBE STATION - PLAZA - DAY 16

MATT walks toward the exit stairs. A JANITOR mops up a blood stain on the tiled floor.

MATT reaches the top of the stairs and finds a crane-truck uplifting a fallen telephone booth. Three WORKERS sweep broken glass. MATT is confused by the carnage.

SHANNON (O.S.)

Matt!

MATT looks across the plaza and smiles as he spots SHANNON (28) with her nine month old baby, BEN, who sits in a stroller in front of her. He crosses to her and they hug.

MATT

What happened here? Was there a terrorist attack or something?

SHANNON

What are you talking about?

SHANNON notices the carnage.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Oh. Welcome to Matchday Madness. Tottenham was in town last night.

MATT

What are you, like a soccer fan now?

SHANNON

Don't let them hear you say "soccer."

MATT

Who's "them."

SHANNON

The British Empire.

She squeezes MATT'S hand and gestures to the stroller.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Uncle Matt, meet Ben.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

MATT crouches down next to the stroller.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

MATT
(to BEN)
Hey there little guy.

SHANNON breaks the silence.

SHANNON
So Matt, what are you doing here?

CUT TO:

17 EXT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S STREET - DAY

17

MATT and SHANNON walk and talk with BEN in stroller.

SHANNON
It just doesn't make sense Matt.
Why would you be expelled if you
didn't do anything wrong?

MATT
(deflated)
It was my roommate. He's a total
coke-head. Someone tipped off
campus security and our room got
searched. They found Jeremy's
stash with my stuff. I guess he'd
been hiding it there the entire
time.

SHANNON
Really...

MATT
Yeah, really.

SHANNON
OK, I'm just saying you can tell
me, it's not...OK...

MATT
It's not like that.

SHANNON
So, you fought it and they didn't
believe you?

MATT looks to the ground in silence and stops talking.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Matt? You fought this right?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MATT

Shan, you don't know who this guy is. He's a Van Holden. That's like royalty at Harvard. They even have a building named after them on campus. I wouldn't have had a chance.

SHANNON can see that MATT is upset - she lets it go for now.

18

INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 18

MATT sits in SHANNON's living room. SHANNON settles BEN with a mountain of toys.

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

That should keep him busy for a little while. Matt, I can't believe what that guy did to you.

SHANNON sits and looks at him seriously.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

What did Dad say?

MATT

(imitating)

"You've reached Carl Buckner..."

SHANNON

(chiming in)

"I'll be in the Ivory Coast for the next 57 years--"

MATT

Kabul this time.

SHANNON

Whatever. But seriously, what did he say?

MATT looks down.

MATT

I, uh...I didn't tell him.

SHANNON

You mean he doesn't know yet?

MATT doesn't say anything. He's burning with shame.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Oh my God. But you know what? If I were you, I would have done the same thing.

MATT

Yeah?

SHANNON

Yeah. Because when he finds out that his golden boy got kicked out of Harvard, he's going to dive into an empty swimming pool.

MATT

Gee, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

A loud horn HONKS. MATT looks outside the window and sees a BLACK RANGE ROVER pull into the driveway.

SHANNON
(to BEN)
Daddy's home!

MATT watches as SHANNON scoops up BEN and brings him to the door. STEVE (mid 30s) enters and moves straight to SHANNON for a kiss. MATT watches the family embrace. STEVE becomes more intimate, unaware that MATT is watching.

STEVE
(flirtatious)
Have I got a surprise for you.

SHANNON
(embarrassed)
Steve. We have a guest.

19 INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 19

STEVE turns around and sees MATT, who stands. MATT walks to STEVE.

SHANNON
This is my little brother Matt.

STEVE looks surprised. MATT extends a hand.

MATT
Nice to finally meet you.

STEVE shakes MATT's hand.

STEVE
So you made it across the pond,
huh?

BEN begins to cry. SHANNON hands BEN to STEVE.

STEVE (CONT'D)
How's my little boy? How rotten of
me to ignore you, Lord Ben.

BEN smiles immediately.

SHANNON
I'll put on some tea.

MATT
Tea, huh?

SHANNON
Get over it!

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON smiles and exits to the kitchen. MATT watches as STEVE plays affectionately with BEN.

STEVE
Good looking little geezer ain't
he?

MATT

Sure is.

STEVE stands lifting BEN up with him. He moves closer to MATT.

STEVE

(apologetic)

Takes after his old man - Listen Matt, I'm really happy you're here, but I kind of made some plans for tonight. I had a whole romantic evening set up for Shannon.

(ticking them off)

Babysitter's booked, dinner reservations, tickets to see "Chicago". Would you mind if we...

A loud BANGING on the front door interrupts them. STEVE frowns and heads for the door, carrying BEN. MATT follows.

STEVE (CONT'D)

...Oh Christ

19A INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 19A

STEVE pulls open the door and PETE - the hooligan from the train station - enters. PETE seems a bit drunk. He barrels past STEVE toward the kitchen.

19B INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 19B

PETE heads straight for the refrigerator, eyeing MATT on the way.

PETE

Jesus, Shannon, you look rough.

SHANNON takes BEN from STEVE.

SHANNON

(to Pete)

You're a funny guy. Matt, this is Pete, Steve's brother. Pete, Matt. My brother.

PETE smiles and holds out his hand. He is slightly unsteady on his feet. MATT takes his hand and nervously smiles.

MATT

Good to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

19B CONTINUED:

19B

PETE
A pleasure sir.

(CONTINUED)

PETE steps on a small toy and falls on his face into a litter of plastic baby toys. Several baby-toy songs sing around PETE at once. BEN starts crying. SHANNON rolls her eyes.

SHANNON

Okay, that's it. Somebody needs to go to sleep.

SHANNON and BEN and walk up the stairs. PETE picks up a toy MICKEY MOUSE and holds it up to his face.

PETE

If I ever meet that bleedin' Disney bloke I'm gonna punch him right in the mouth.

MATT smiles. STEVE remains stern.

STEVE

What are you doing here Pete? You not going to the match?

PETE raises a finger.

PETE

Technically, yes. But me and the lads got into a bit of a drinking session last night and...and one thing led to another.

STEVE

...let me guess. You lost your wallet...

PETE

...and my keys. There's a taxi outside.

STEVE grimaces and heads out the door.

PETE (CONT'D)

Top bloke, my brother.

MATT smiles, not sure what to think of PETE.

PETE (CONT'D)

So, how are you my colonial cousin?

MATT

Fine. Thanks.

19B CONTINUED: (3)

19B

PETE
(mocking his American
accent)
FINE. THAAANKS.

(CONTINUED)

MATT looks annoyed. STEVE comes back in.

STEVE

That's 20 quid you owe me.

PETE looks sheepish.

PETE

You couldn't make it a hundred could you? The lads are getting together at the BRIGID ABBEY before the match.

STEVE

How does piss off sound?

PETE

C'mon. C'mon you Irons! For the lads. Get some drinks in for the lads.

STEVE shakes his head and reaches into his wallet. He stops and smiles.

STEVE

Tell you what, I'll give you a hundred on one condition.

(beat)

You take Matt here to the match.

MATT is initially surprised but then understands. PETE looks horrified.

PETE

You're taking the piss right?

MATT

(playing along)

Uh, okay. I guess I could go to the soccer game.

PETE and STEVE both throw MATT a look.

PETE

Fuck off, you're having a bubble. You know I can't take a Yank to football.

STEVE lowers his voice and holds up the cash in front of PETE'S face.

19B CONTINUED: (5)

19B

STEVE

Oh yes you can, and you're going to
be on your best behavior,
understand?

(CONTINUED)

19B CONTINUED: (6)

19B

PETE tries to grab the money, but STEVE is quicker - he pulls it away, then hands it to MATT. PETE storm out. MATT stares at STEVE who pats him on the shoulder. STEVE leads MATT to the foyer.

19C INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

19C

STEVE

Thanks Matt. Me and Shan haven't been out alone in a long time. Just don't give him the money. That's beer for the boys.

As MATT is leaving, SHANNON comes down the stairs.

SHANNON

Matt. Where are you going?

MATT

I'm going to the soccer game with Pete.

SHANNON

But you just got here.

MATT

I know...I wanna go - we'll catch up later.

STEVE puts his arm around SHANNON as they watch MATT catch up to PETE. SHANNON is concerned.

SHANNON

I don't want him hanging out with your brother and those thugs.

STEVE

Oh come on, babe. Your brother's a big boy. I promise you, Pete will take good care of him.

SHANNON

Pete!

STEVE puts his hands behind his back.

STEVE

Which hand?

SHANNON can't help but smile. She points to the right hand. He lifts it up revealing the tickets. Shannon embraces him. STEVE laughs, picks her up and carries her up the stairs.

20

EXT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S STREET - DAY

20

MATT and PETE walk for a while in silence. They round the corner. PETE turns and confronts MATT.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Look I'm not being funny mate, but the last thing I wanna do is take you to a match with me. So gimme half the money - I'll go to football and you go look where Churchill took a 'Tom' or whatever it is that you Yanks do in Jolly Old.

MATT

A 'Tom'?

PETE

Tom. 'Tom Tit': Shit. It's rhyming slang. Like 'Bees and Honey': Money. As in: Hand over the fucking 'Bees and Honey'!

MATT

I promised Steve...

PETE cuts him off.

PETE

...well he ain't here, is he? I am. And you're pissin' in the wind if you think I'm taking you with me.

MATT takes a step back away from PETE.

MATT

Pete, I'm not gonna give you the money.

PETE takes another step forward. MATT backs up against a wall. PETE steps closer until they are almost nose to nose.

PETE

Look, you're really starting to get on my tits now. Just give me half money.

MATT is cornered, panicked - there is no where to escape. He looks over PETE'S shoulder and his expression changes.

MATT

Cops.

PETE turns to look, but there are no cops. MATT moves to one side and, with a yell, kicks towards PETE'S crotch.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

The kick is over-dramatic, all arms and legs, and before the foot can make contact, PETE catches MATT'S foot and keeps hold of it.

(CONTINUED)

PETE grins as he pulls the foot around, making MATT dance on one foot. MATT desperately hops, trying to not to fall.

PETE

Well, well. How fucking stupid do you feel now? Dance for me Yankee Doodle Dandy!

PETE pulls MATT towards him and kicks his other leg from under him. MATT crashes to the ground.

PETE (CONT'D)

Serves you right for fighting like a bleedin' tart.

MATT groans.

PETE (CONT'D)

But try that again and I will kick the shit out of you.

MATT

The "Tom" out of me. I get it.

PETE roars with laughter. MATT grins sheepishly. PETE extends his hand to pull MATT up.

PETE

So based on that one-legged jig you just performed, I'm guessing you're not much of a fighter are you, Michael Flatley.

MATT

Fighter? I think that's the first fight I've ever had in my life.

PETE

Ha! You call that a fight? Maybe I will take you with me after all. You might learn something.

MATT

About soccer?

Pete shakes his head and puts his arm around MATT'S shoulder.

PETE

No, my old mate, not about soccer. And for fuck's sake, stop saying SA-CCER!!!!

21 INT. UNDERGROUND TUBE - DAY

21

MATT and PETE stand in the tube carriage, talking animatedly.

MATT

What are you talking about?
"Baseball is a girl's game". The
Red Sox have a guy who pitches a
ball at over 90 miles per hour.

PETE

Big bloody deal. All that means to
me is that he can jerk off faster
than you.

22 EXT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - DAY

22

PETE and MATT approach the pub, stopping outside the door.

PETE

Alright, here it is. We're sort of
going into my place of business,
right? So shut up until you're
spoken to and you'll probably have
a better go of it. Only thing
regarded worse than Yanks around
here are coppers and journalists.

MATT takes this in.

MATT

What've you got against
journalists?

PETE

How long've you got? They're lying
fucking scum who'll write anything
just to fill papers.

(beat)

I mean, not your old man of course,
he's the exception maybe. By the
way, these guys don't know your old
man's a journo, and I'd keep it
that way.

MATT smiles to himself but says nothing.

PETE (CONT'D)

Second thing. What you hear in
here, stays in here. Right? No
blabbin' to brother Steve about how
your day was or who said what.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

PETE (CONT'D)

What happens at football stays at
football. Got that?

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Alright.

PETE

Right. Now let's have some fun.
It's football day!

A half-full pub. "West Ham United" memorabilia is displayed everywhere. Televisions broadcast football for the PATRONS - most of them clad in the claret and blue colors of West Ham United. PETE walks MATT to the back, where seated in the corner are SWILL, IKE, DAVE, NED, and KEITH.

PETE

Lads, this is Matt, Shannon's brother. Matt, this is Ike, Dave, and some other faggots I can't be bothered to introduce.

A murmur of 'hellos' ripples through the LADS. IKE stands.

IKE

I'll get a round in.

PETE

Where's Bover?

SWILL

Having a shit, been in there for ages. 'Dodgey Ruby' or something.

NED

Yeah.

DAVE glances at MATT who looks bewildered.

DAVE

Ruby means curry. You look lost son. Ruby Murray. It's Cockney rhyming...

MATT

(interrupting)

...slang. Yeah, I know. Like 'Bees and Honey' for Money.

SWILL chimes in.

SWILL

Like 'Struggle and Grunt' for, err
Cunt.

They all share a laugh.

BOVVER (O.S.)

Like 'Septic Tank' for Yank.

The mood shifts as BOVVER approaches the table, staring hard at MATT. MATT gets up to shake hands with Bov who ignores him.

PETE

Easy Bov, this is Matt, Shan's brother. He's practically family. Bov's a miserable cunt but we love him dearly, don't we boys.

DAVE

Hey, get some peanuts Matt.

The LADS laugh in agreement as MATT extends his hand. BOVVER reluctantly takes it.

IKE returns with his hands full of beers.

IKE

Hey Matt - grab those last two pints for me?

MATT

Sure.

DAVE

Hey, get some peanuts Matt.

MATT goes to the bar. BOVVER walks over to PETE.

BOVVER

What's with all the fuckin' baby sitting? You know we had a meet set up for today.

PETE

Let it lie, Bov. I'll just stay out the way. It's not like we didn't 'ave it last night.

BOVVER

What, that's not the bloody point. We look like mugs if we set something up and our fearless leader don't show cause he's playing pin-the-tail on the fucking Yank.

NED

You gotta point mate.

PETE

(stern)

You let me worry about that,
alright Bov?

(CONTINUED)

MATT returns with the rest of the drinks. BOVVER leaves PETE'S side.

PETE (CONT'D)

(to lads)

As for the Yank, he's too modest to tell you, but back in the States he's an internationally ranked double black belt in ka-ra-te.

The LADS stare at MATT skeptically.

IKE

Is he fuck, look at the size of him.

PETE

Bloody Karate Kid film was based on his exploits.

They break into laughter.

MONTAGE: The LADS, including MATT, get absolutely wasted, drinking pint after pint. The pub is packed with PATRONS gathered in a standing mob, all singing rousing songs about West Ham United. The LADS don't have much of a problem with MATT, except BOVVER, who eyes MATT suspiciously.

DAVE

(shouting)

That shite about the Karate Kid's a bunch of bollocks, right?

MATT

(completely wasted)

Uh...

PETE

No, mate. That shite's the Gospel of Paul.

IKE

What was your coaches name?

SWILL

That little chink geezer was your coach?

MATT

Yeah.

(can't remember)

His name?

(CONTINUED)

SWILL
Your coach.

MATT
(can't remember)
My coach's name.

SWILL
Yeah his bloody name!

PETE cracks up watching MATT flail around.

MATT
(can't remember)
My coach's name was...in the first
one?

SWILL
In bloody all three of em-

MATT
Myiagi! Miyagi!

SWILL
Miyagi.

MATT
(correcting)
Mister Miyagi. He was based on a
real person.

SWILL
So they stole his name right out of
real life. The wankers.

PETE
(raises a glass, crying
from laughter)
To the real Mister Miyagi.

SWILL
TO THE REAL BLOODY MIYAGI.

MATT
MIYAGI-SAAAAANNN-

BOVVER is the only one not toasting.

MATT leans over the toilet and wipes his mouth, post-
vomiting. He gets up and turns to find BOVVER. They're
alone in the small bathroom.

24 CONTINUED:

24

BOVVER
Guest of the family, eh?

MATT nods.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

BOVVER (CONT'D)

Pete might be showing you a bit of
courtesy, you being Shannon's
brother and all, but get it
straight: we don't like outsiders.

MATT stares at him. BOVVER does not blink.

25 EXT. BRIGID ABBEY PUB - STREET - DAY

25

The LADS stumble out of the pub. The street is full of
FOOTBALL FANS. TWO POLICEMEN stand at the entrance to the
pub. All are merry as they begin their march to the stadium.

MATT sneaks a look at BOVVER, who cocks his head: scram.

MATT

Hey, Pete. I'm taking off,
alright? I'm not feeling so hot.
Jet lag.

PETE

Oh fuck off, mate. You're not
missing the match. You're the one
who wanted to learn about 'sa-
aacker'.

PETE pulls MATT along as BOVVER glares. PETE teaches MATT
the West Ham song:

LADS

*I'm forever blowing bubbles,
pretty bubbles in the air...*

More pubs clear out and join the advancing MOB. Soon there
are 50 PEOPLE marching and singing.

LADS (CONT'D)

*They fly so high,
they reach the sky
and like my dreams
they fade and die
(and continues)
Fortunes always hiding
I've looked everywhere
I'm forever blowing bubbles.....*

26 EXT. WEST HAM STADIUM - STREET - DAY

26

The MOB swells to 200. The energy is extraordinary as they
arrive. The stadium looms over them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTAGE: COPS are everywhere: on horseback, staked out in vans, lining the streets. CROWDS are singing, laughing, and shouting. It's madness.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

26A INSERT: HANDS TYPE ON A COMPUTER - THE SCREEN READS: 26A

First Match - West Ham v Birmingham, home

27 EXT. WEST HAM STADIUM - ENTRY GATE - DAY 27

The MOB hits the turnstiles and MATT's breath is almost squeezed out of him by the crush.

PETE and the LADS pulls hoods over their heads/look down as they enter. MATT is confused. PETE gestures to a CCTV CAMERA.

PETE

Look out, mate - we're the most watched country in the world you know...

MATT looks up at the CCTV CAMERA.

28 INT. STADIUM SECURITY BOOTH 28

Dozens of monitors are supervised by STADIUM SECURITY. On one monitor, MATT stares up at the camera. PETE pulls MATT away.

28A INT. WEST HAM STADIUM - TURNSTILES 28A

The GANG pass through the turnstiles.

29 INT. WEST HAM STADIUM - TUNNEL LEADING TO STANDS - DAY 29

MATT follows the LADS down a crowded tunnel, which opens to reveal the stadium. MATT is overwhelmed at first sight of the pitch.

PETE

Sweet 'eh?

MATT nods in agreement. The LADS look towards the Away Supporter Section, housing the Birmingham firm. It is packed solid and contains a large number of TOUGH LOOKING LADS wearing "CASUAL CLOTHES".

DAVE

Fair play, that's a tidy firm.

PETE

The Zulus. Northern cunts the lot of 'em.

(CONTINUED)

The BIRMINGHAM FANS start to sing their anthem. The WEST HAM FANS respond with theirs. PETE and the other lads smile as the atmosphere becomes increasingly charged.

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

PETE (CONT'D)

Don't you just fucking love
football.

30 INT. WEST HAM STADIUM - WEST HAM SECTION - DAY

30

MONTAGE: PETE and the LADS show MATT the ropes as they watch the match, chant West Ham songs, scream at the REFEREE, celebrate a goal.

PETE looks around, noticing that BOVVER is gone.

PETE

Where the fuck is Bovver?

IKE

Dunno. Maybe his bottle finally
went.

PETE

Never happen. Bov will still be
scrapping when they put the lid
down on him. And he hates these
Zulus with a passion.

SWILL points toward the Birmingham section.

SWILL

I don't fucking 'Adam and Eve' it.

31 INT. WEST HAM STADIUM - BIRMINGHAM SECTION - DAY

31

BOVVER is obsessed with badgering the BIRMINGHAM FANS. He is wearing a PHOTOGRAPHERS VEST and walking around the pitch toward the Away Supporter Section. He faces the entire BIRMINGHAM MOB and belts out a West Ham song, gesturing at them to take him on. A large Birmingham Supporter - CLIVE (40's) - gestures back at BOVVER, frothing at the mouth.

The STADIUM STEWARDS quickly tackle BOVVER and lead him away.

32 INT. WEST HAM STADIUM - WEST HAM SECTION - DAY

32

The LADS roar with laughter at BOVVER'S antics.

33 EXT. WEST HAM STADIUM - STREET - DAY

33

PETE, MATT and the LADS walk through the AFTER-MATCH CROWD. They find BOVVER waiting for them.

DAVE

Fucking quality.

(CONTINUED)

IKE

Top man Bov.

MATT notices CLIVE fifty yards away, standing with four TOUGH GUYS, watching BOVVER and the group. He catches MATT'S eye and looks darkly.

PETE puts his arms around BOVVER and hugs him warmly.

PETE

Stuff of legends mate.

BOVVER

(pissed)

Yeah, well, someone had to pull their finger out and do something.

DAVE

It ain't over yet boys. Word is these twats are gonna have a pop.

PETE

Is it?

DAVE

Heard em plotting it up. Bloody Zulus, more than fifty of them. They're mobbing up in the tube right now. It's going off near East Ham.

A murmur of anticipation ripples through the LADS.

BOVVER

Time to go then boys. Can't let this lot take liberties.

All heads turn to MATT.

MATT

(stating the obvious)

Say: why don't I head home.

PETE

(thinking for a second)

Yeah, yeah. You know where you're going? Back to Shan's?

MATT

London Station, right?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

PETE

Yeah. No wait. The bloody
Birmingham lot will be on the tube.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

It's all right. I'll manage.

PETE thinks about it. He's in a bind.

PETE

Hang on, let me work out another way.

BOVVER

(impatient)

For fuck's sake. Wouldn't he be better in a creche?

PETE throws BOVVER a look.

PETE

(to MATT)

Walk down there to Barking station. Ask a copper how to get there. Don't get on at East Ham. If you see any trouble, just walk the other way.

MATT

Yeah, yeah. Don't worry.

PETE and the LADS walk away.

34

EXT. STADIUM - STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

34

MATT walks off in the other direction. He looks over his shoulder to see if anyone is following him. He sees nobody.

Suddenly a bottle SMASHES against the wall next to him, inches from his head. He whirls and sees the CLIVE with his LADS.

MATT runs away. He makes two quick turns. The BIRMINGHAM LADS give full chase.

35

EXT. ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

35

He turns another corner and hits a dead end. BOOM! A SHORT LAD tackles MATT viciously from behind. MATT tries to pull him off but the short guy twists the hell out of MATT'S ear. He screams. It makes a pop-hissing sound.

MATT

I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!

The BIRMINGHAM LADS are shocked by his American accent.

(CONTINUED)

CLIVE

A fucking Yank. Why's a Yank running with the GSE?

MATT

GSE? I don't know anything about any GSE. I'm...I'm trying to find the London Bridge. I'm just a tourist.

CLIVE

Oh! Well in that case, how's about we leave you with a proper souvenir? You ever hear of a Chelsea Grin?

The BIRMINGHAM LADS chuckle and hold MATT as CLIVE pulls out his wallet. He holds up a credit card.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(mock American accent)

Do you take American Express?

The BIRMINGHAM LADS roar with laughter. MATT is terrified and confused.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Hold still now...

CLIVE grabs MATT's face and forces the credit card into the corner's of MATT's mouth, distorting his face grotesquely. The BIRMINGHAM LADS pull MATT's legs apart as CLIVE takes three steps back and lines up, as if taking a penalty kick.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Yeah...I'd wager the Major gave out his share of Chelsea Grins back in the old glory days, eh? Back when the GSE weren't so sloppy as to leave one a their own behind...

PETE (O.S.)

We never leave our mates behind.

CLIVE whirls and sees PETE standing behind him, along with IKE, DAVE, and SWILL. PETE belts CLIVE and knocks him out in one shot. MATT watches PETE and the lads knock out the BIRMINGHAM CREW in seconds. MATT is too shocked to participate. The SHORT LAD belts DAVE and sprints away.

DAVE

The little shit's getting away.

(CONTINUED)

IKE
I'll get the van.

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

They take off after the SHORT LAD. PETE drags MATT along.

PETE

Stay close. Don't lose sight of me.

36 EXT. NARROW STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

36

They race down a narrow street in pursuit. The SHORT LAD darts around a corner out of sight. They turn the corner, but the SHORT LAD is gone. They are exhausted, doubled-over and heaving for air.

DAVE

I'm too old for this shit. I need a smoke and a pint.

PETE smiles. IKE pulls up in a WHITE VAN. They all pile in.

PETE

Come on lads, back to the BRIGID ABBEY.

37 INT. VAN - DAY

37

The VAN pulls away. The LADS have relaxed, celebrating their victory.

Suddenly the WINDSHIELD EXPLODES as a BRICK impacts the glass. They all FREAK OUT. The SHORT LAD stands in front of the van and gestures at them to chase him.

DAVE

Get the little cunt!

38 EXT. NARROW STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

38

They exit the VAN and give chase, turning a corner to reveal a mob of 20 ZULUS, just 50 yards away.

IKE

Oh shit.

The ZULUS holler with a bloodcurdling yell.

ZULU MOB

ZOOOOLLOOOOOOOOOOS!

MATT's eyes widen as he sees the numbers. It's 20 against 7.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

The Zulus start hurling missiles and roaring. Bricks and glass rain down on the LADS. A bottle shatters across IKE'S head, knocking him down. The moment is terrifying.

(CONTINUED)

MATT looks for an escape - he sees a way out down an alley. He turns to PETE.

MATT

There's a way out. Come on -

PETE

What?

MATT

There are twenty guys with bricks...

PETE

...you are not running mate. Not when you're with us. You stand your ground and fight.

MATT

Fight! I don't know how to fight!

PETE

Jesus. Just think of someone you really hate.

MATT thinks hard. Only one name comes to mind. The ZULU mob runs at them and, in an instant, is upon them.

Almost immediately MATT takes a right cross to the chin. He looks up and sees the SHORT LAD. MATT sets his jaw and belts the SHORT LAD in the solar plexis. The SHORT LAD doubles over. MATT hits him twice more and down he goes.

PETE screams with joy as he fights TWO LADS at once. A THIRD LAD jumps on PETE, making it three-on-one.

MATT runs over and pulls the guy off of PETE'S back, freeing him. PETE kicks the lad in the head and down he goes. MATT is about to kick him again when PETE holds him back.

PETE (CONT'D)

Easy mate. He's down.

MATT, wild eyed, begins swinging furiously. The adrenaline kicks in and he loses all inhibition. PETE cracks up as he watches MATT, who's a bit of a spaz in his first real brawl.

MATT sees DAVE, pinned against a wall by two ZULUS. MATT reaches down and grabs an object without even seeing what it is. He battering-rams one of the ZULUS in the face with it. DAVE thanks him and takes out the other guys.

Now four ZULUS have PETE. They are pummeling him. MATT runs towards them but gets clothes-lined and falls on his ass. A ZULU runs towards MATT with a brick and is about to knock MATT's head with it. MATT is in serious trouble.

Suddenly another war cry comes around the corner.

BOVVER rounds the corner with 20 GSE LADS. PETE howls with joy as BOVVER steams in and the new troops finish off the ZULUS. The Birmingham mob beats a hasty retreat, soundly defeated.

PETE begins celebrating as the fleeing mob vanishes.

PETE (CONT'D)

That's it. Run all the way home
you tooled up Zulu poofster cunts.

PETE embraces MATT, who's wild-eyed, amped.

PETE (CONT'D)

What a fucking result. What do you
make of that then?

DAVE is bleeding from a head wound but is smiling. He thumps MATT on the back.

DAVE

You're a fucking maniac Matt. Fair
play son, there's plenty who would
have bottled it and done a runner
there. Good for you.

The LADS all celebrate. SWILL rubs MATT's head. Even BOVVER nods to MATT with a measure of respect.

PETE winks at MATT and puts his arm around him.

PETE

So who was he then?

MATT

Who?

PETE

The fella you was just fighting.

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

MATT smiles to himself.

MATT
Jeremy Van fucking Holden.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Well he must have really fucked you off, that's for sure.

DAVE comes over and looks at MATT's weapon.

DAVE

What's this you used?

IKE grabs it and turns a switch. It starts vibrating. It's a vibrator. The LADS laugh hysterically.

PETE

(calling out)

By day, they called him Matt the Yank, but by night, he grabbed his trusty marital aid and became...G-SPOT, DEFENDER OF THE FRAIL!"

An approaching POLICE SIREN breaks into their fun.

BOVVER

Come on. Let's piss off.

39 INT. PETE'S FLAT - THE NEXT MORNING

39

MATT wakes up the next morning on PETE's couch. He can barely move. PETE walks in from the bedroom.

PETE

How's your ear?

MATT

Bit sore.

PETE

Sorry. We don't provide medical coverage.

They laugh as they look at each other, bruised and battered.

40 EXT. EAST END STREET - MORNING

40

PETE buys two cups of coffee from a STREET VENDOR, handing one to MATT. He picks up a copy of THE INDEPENDENT newspaper on the counter.

PETE

Fucking hell. Look at this.

PETE shows MATT the tabloid headline: "SHAME! HOOLIGANS SOUR WEST HAM'S BIG NIGHT".

40A EXT. EAST END NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

40A

They walk and talk thru the East End neighborhood.

PETE
Fucking journos. West Ham wins 3-
nil but our little scrap is the
headline. Bloody muckrakers.

MATT
So what is all this?

PETE
(referring to newspaper)
This? Bollocks journo bullshit.

MATT
No, *this*. The GSE.

PETE
Shh! Lower it, lad.

MATT
(whispering)
Are you guys like an organized
political movement or something?

PETE
Nah, we're a firm. Never heard of
football firms in the States?

MATT shakes his head no.

PETE (CONT'D)
Every football team in Europe's got
a firm. Some have two. Christ, I
forgot how clueless you Yanks are.
All you know about us are the
stadium riots on the telly.

40B EXT. TBD EAST END LOCATION - MORNING

40B

PETE and MATT continue to walk and talk.

PETE
West Ham football's mediocre, but
our firm's top-notch, and everyone
knows it: the Green Street Elite,
GSE. Arsenal's got top football
but a shit firm, the Gooners.
Tottenham's got a shit team AND a
shit firm, the Yids they're called.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40B

CONTINUED:

40B

PETE (CONT'D)

I just put their main lad through a
telephone booth the other night.

(CONTINUED)

MATT
(pointing at headline)
What about Millwall?

PETE
(more serious)
Millwall...where to even fucking
begin with Millwall. West Ham and
Millwall firms hate each other more
than any other firms, by far.

MATT
Sort of like the Yankees and the
Red Sox.

PETE
More like the Israelis and the
Palestinians.

MATT chuckles at this.

PETE (CONT'D)
We haven't played Millwall in ten
years. Their top lad is this
geezer Tommy Hatcher. Back in the
Major's day, Tommy's son was killed
in a scrap. Old Tommy Hatcher went
completely mental after that.
Totally psychotic.

MATT
So who's the Major?

PETE
Ah, the Major. Quite the legend
around here. He ran the GSE in the
early 90s when I was coming up -
hardest bastard I ever saw. They
say we kinda lost our way when he
quit, but my lads are bringing the
old GSE reputation right back.

PETE looks at his watch.

PETE (CONT'D)
Come on mate, we better get going
before your sister calls the old
bill on me.

41 INT. UNDERGROUND TUBE - DAY

41

PETE and MATT sit on a CROWDED tube carriage.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MATT

So basically, firms are gangs.

PETE

Kind of, but we're a far cry from all that Bloods and Crips shite. I mean, shooting a machine gun out of a moving car at eight-year-old girls. That's just cowardly.

(beat)

See we might be into fighting and all that but it's really all about reputation - humiliating the other mob by beating them in a row or doing something that other firms get to hear about.

(laughs)

Like battering one of Birmingham's main lads with a vibrator.

They laugh. MATT faces PETE.

MATT

Pete, I don't know how to thank-you for what you did...

PETE

...don't give it another thought, mate. Yesterday was a good result for us. We had a laugh, a few pints, cheered on the mighty Hammers.

PETE stands, giving up his seat to a WOMAN WITH SUITCASE. He is more animated, imagining yesterday's scrap.

PETE (CONT'D)

We were completely outnumbered, but we stuck by our mates and stood our ground, no matter what happened. That's what it's all about.

MATT is drawn in.

42

EXT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - DAY

42

STEVE opens the front door as PETE and MATT approach - he's been waiting. He takes in their bruised faces. STEVE is furious.

PETE

Now don't get all...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

STEVE grabs PETE by the front of his shirt and drags him into the house.

42A INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - FOYER

42A

STEVE slams PETE into a wall.

STEVE

(Looking at MATT)

Look at him.

(to PETE)

...you're pathetic. You really are. I said "no trouble".

PETE

It had nothing to do with me. He was walking home and got jumped. It was only luck that we were there.

STEVE

That's right, Pete. You're a real hero.

PETE

Had a good view of it from the sofa, did ya? You concentrate on your family and leave my business to me.

STEVE tightens his grasp on PETE.

STEVE

You want Mum to visit you in knick, then? Or maybe you'll be in the plot next to Dad.

SHANNON emerges. She looks at MATT in shock.

SHANNON

Matt! Oh my God. What happened to you?

(turn to Steve)

Steve, this is exactly what I was talking about...

MATT

...Shannon I'm fine.

SHANNON

No you're not fine.

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

STEVE

(to PETE)

Don't you see what you're doing to
the family?

PETE

(sneers)

All I see is a scared old man.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE explodes. He pulls his fist back to hit PETE but before he can strike, MATT jumps forward and grabs his arm. STEVE turns round and glares at MATT.

STEVE
You best take your hand off me,
Sunshine.

MATT
Get off him! You got it all wrong.

STEVE, enraged, struggles with MATT to free his arm.

PETE
Leave it Matt.

SHANNON
Steve! Stop it. Please, stop.

They all freeze, reacting to SHANNON, who is in tears. BEN starts to cry in the background. PETE shakes himself away from STEVE and grabs MATT, pulling him out the door. MATT turns back to SHANNON.

MATT
It's okay, Shan.

PETE and MATT exit. STEVE turns to his wife.

STEVE
I'm so sorry, baby.

He tries to touch her arm, but SHANNON brushes him away.

SHANNON
Don't.

STEVE watches as she walks away into the house. He sinks down onto the stairs.

43 EXT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S - STREET - DAY

43

PETE and MATT walk along. MATT is shell-shocked.

PETE
That wasn't the smartest move, but-
thanks.

MATT says nothing as they continue to walk along.

PETE (CONT'D)
Fancy a pint?

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

No response.

(CONTINUED)

PETE (CONT'D)

C'mon, you're the one who has to buy the bleedin' thing.

MATT can't help but break into laughter.

MATT and PETE walk into the pub. BOVVER is there with his mates KEITH, NED, SWILL, DAVE and IKE. They are obviously drunk. BOVVER sees MATT and gestures in exasperation.

BOVVER

Jesus. Are you two joined at the fucking hip or what?

PETE

Leave it out, Bov. It's getting really old.

(to Matt)

I'll have a pint, yeah.

MATT heads for the bar, PETE finds them 2 chairs

BOVVER

I'm starting to wonder about you two. I mean, if I didn't know any better I'd say you were a pair of faggots.

PETE returning with the chairs freezes. Bovver doesn't flinch. The other lads watch.

PETE

Bov, I've known you a long time and trust you more than any bloke I know. But you're getting close to crossing over a line with me.

(He leans in close)

If you've got a problem, then it's your fucking problem, not mine.

PETE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

But if you wanna go outside and discuss it further...

BOVVER stands still and stares at PETE. He doesn't move, doesn't respond. MATT and the other LADS look nervously back and forth. Breaking the silent standoff, SWILL holds PETE back and KEITH, barging in with two pints of lager he holds back BOVVER.

44 CONTINUED:

44

KEITH

Here you go boys, two pints of wife
beater.

PETE breaks his stare and smiles at NED. He takes the pint
and walks away from BOVVER.

45 INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

45

MATT is gathering his belongings. SHANNON watches.

SHANNON

You finally came all this way and
didn't even stay the night.

MATT

I just don't want to mess anything
else up for you.

SHANNON

You didn't mess anything up.

MATT

So you and Steve are okay?

SHANNON

We're fine Matt.

MATT

Alright, well, I'll call you from
Pete's...

He carries his duffel to the front door.

SHANNON

...Matt, you don't have to leave.
Steve feels horrible about the
whole thing. He really wants you
to stay with us and so do I. We
don't want you to stay with Pete.

Matt stops.

MATT

I want to stay with Pete.

SHANNON

Pete and his thug friends are not
the answer.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

What are you talking about? What
answer?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

Matt, I've been begging you to visit me for the last three years. You didn't even come to my wedding.

MATT look uncomfortable.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Matt, I'm your sister and you don't know my husband and you've never even held your nephew. You show up on my doorstep yesterday and you're leaving already.

MATT

Look who's talking. You ran to another country after Mom died.

MATT regrets saying this. SHANNON starts to cry.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

SHANNON

Matt, you got a really bad break back at Harvard. It's okay for you to be mad at the world. But don't run away from your life like I did. I was seventeen and Dad...Dad didn't invest in me as much as he invested in you.

MATT

Oh, come on.

SHANNON

He lived for you! He hasn't been there for either one of us since Mom died, but let's face it - Matt he wanted more for you than this.

MATT

Shannon, you're making a bigger deal out of this than it is. Pete and the guys. I'm just having fun.

MATT kisses her on the cheek and walks out.

46 EXT. PETE'S FLAT - BALCONY - DUSK

46

PETE and MATT drink cans of ale and smoke cigarettes on
PETE's small balcony.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(low whistle)

Jeremy Van Holden, sounds like a cunt. If that happened to me, I'd beat seven shades of shite out of him.

MATT laughs at this.

PETE (CONT'D)

Sounds like this Harvard cunt would slit your throat in your sleep.

MATT

I still can't believe it happened.

PETE

What were you studying then, before this wanker screwed you over?

MATT catches himself.

MATT

Jour...History.

PETE

(starts laughing)

History. No shit. You know I teach history.

MATT

You teach?

PETE

Yeah. History and P.E. for Prep School. What? You didn't think the GSE paid a bloody wage, didja?

PETE stands in front of his CLASS OF 4TH GRADERS, holding a football and a mesh bag of jerseys. MATT is at PETE's side.

PETE

Class, today we have an extraordinarily distinguished guest. Mr. Buckner is an American who went to the finest school in all of America - Harvard University.

The YOUNG STUDENTS stare at MATT, who nods - playing the 'distinguished guest'.

PETE (CONT'D)

But despite his prestigious education, Mr. Buckner still thinks that...

(building suspense)

...baseball is better than football!

YOUNG STUDENTS

Boo! Yankee!

MATT feigns that he's insulted.

PETE

I know lads, it's an outright sin. Now it's our mission to save this heathen from his evil ways and teach him what really matters in life. And what is that?

YOUNG STUDENTS

Football!

PETE

Exactly. So everyone suit up...

PETE opens the mesh bag. The 4TH GRADERS dive into the bag, pulling out WEST HAM UNITED JERSEYS, both HOME and AWAY colors.

PETE (CONT'D)

...we're going to play five out. Mr. Buckner will be the Keeper for the Away Colors.

PETE tosses a JERSEY to MATT, who is taken off-guard.

PETE (CONT'D)

Go easy on him, boys - you know how these Yanks bruise.

PETE blows his whistle and the boys take their positions. MATT stretches on the tight jersey. He pulls PETE aside.

MATT

So how do we keep this fair - I should let every other ball go through or something?

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

PETE
I wouldn't worry about that, mate.

(CONTINUED)

PETE blows the whistle twice and drops the ball onto the field.

Immediately a boy from the HOME TEAM - DUNCAN - conquers the ball and is off in MATT'S direction. MATT looks confident, amused. Suddenly, DUNCAN blasts the ball past MATT - a complete surprise. The HOME TEAM cheers. The AWAY TEAM groans. MATT throws a look at PETE, who is in hysterics.

AWAY TEAM BOY

You know the Keeper can use his hands, right?

MATT

Sorry...won't happen again.

MONTAGE:

THE BOYS DRIBBLE THE BALL LIKE LITTLE PROS.

MATT CONCENTRATES, WATCHES THE BALL LIKE A HAWK.

A HOME TEAM PLAYER SCORES ON MATT WITH A PERFECT HEADER.

A ONE-ON-ONE WITH DUNCAN. MATT LOSES AGAIN.

THE HOME TEAM PLAYERS CELEBRATE WITH VICTORY-DANCES.

PETE LAUGHS.

THE AWAY TEAM IS FRUSTRATED.

Finally PETE blows the whistle to end the game.

PETE

That's game. Home Team: 10. Away Team: 3, thanks to some pathetic goal-keeping by our guest from the 'Home of the Brave'. Alright boys, back to the locker room.

The BOYS disappear towards the school. MATT is collapsed on the ground inside his goal. PETE walks up to him.

PETE (CONT'D)

(fake American accent)

Now that's what I call a real ass whipping.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

47

MATT

You set me up. That was, like, the
Junior Olympic Football Team,
right?

(CONTINUED)

PETE
No, just regular English boys.

PETE smiles, he pulls MATT up.

PETE (CONT'D)
Listen mate, we've got history next
and I thought, as long as you're
here, you could teach them
something about the War of American
Independence. They'd get a kick
hearing it from a real live
Colonial.

MATT becomes nervous, avoiding PETE'S eyes.

MATT
You know, American History wasn't
really my specialty.

PETE
These are 4th Graders - you could
teach them anything. What was your
specialty?

MATT is caught up in his lie. He looks for an escape.

MATT
Uh, the thing is, I already made
plans with Shannon this afternoon.

PETE looks disappointed. The SCHOOL BELL rings.

PETE
All right mate, maybe next time.
Catch up for a pint later?

MATT
Yeah - see you at the BRIGID ABBEY.

MATT watches PETE walks off, relieved.

48 I/E. BRIGID ABBEY PUB - ON STAGE - NIGHT

48

Through the pub window, PETE and MATT laugh with the LADS.
PETE pantomimes MATT'S pathetic Goalie performance. BOVVER
is watching them from outside, seething as MATT retells his
side of the story. BOVVER storms away.

48A EXT. BRIGID ABBEY PUB - ON LOCATION - NIGHT

48A

BOVVER jumps on a BLACK MOTORCYCLE and roars away.

49 EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 49

BOVVER, riding a BLACK MOTORCYCLE, blazes through the tunnel under the Thames.

50 EXT. MILLWALL STREET - NIGHT 50

The BLACK MOTORCYCLE roars out of the tunnel and past a SIGN that reads "Entering Millwall".

51 EXT. THE KING'S HEAD PUB - NIGHT 51

BOVVER is parked across the street from THE KING'S HEAD PUB. He lights a cigarette and stares at the pub for a long beat. As PATRONS enter/exit, Millwall chants resonate from within.

BOVVER stubs out the cigarette and walks towards a Fish & Chips Shop.

52 INT. FISH & CHIPS SHOP - NIGHT 52

BOVVER sits at the counter of the busy shop, eating his fish & chips.

A menacing looking man enters the shop - the infamous TOMMY HATCHER, 40 - flanked by the enormous BIG MARC and TWO OTHER MEN. All Millwall main faces. TOMMY double-takes at seeing BOVVER in the shop.

TOMMY

Well I'll be fucked. My old mate
Bovver.

BOVVER looks up from his plate. TOMMY gestures for his MEN to find a table. TOMMY sits next to BOVVER at the counter.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll say one thing for you Bovver,
you got some front showing your
face on this side of the water.
Plenty of lads round here who'd
like to kick your arse given half a
chance. There's three of them are
sitting over there.

BIG MARC eyeballs BOVVER, who continues to eat, unfazed by TOMMY'S threat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Word is the GSE's gone
international.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

BOVVER glances at him, then carries on eating.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(Raises his voice)

Don't fucking ignore me son I said.

The shop quiets down a little.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I said what's all this bollocks
about you having a Yank on staff.

BOVVER

It's only temporary.

TOMMY

Temporary 'eh?(gets up and turns)
Could I get just a bit of quiet,
please? I'm trying to have a
fucking conversation. (sits)

The shop goes dead silent. Everyone looks at TOMMY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to Bovver)

So Little Bovver is all grown up.
And where's little Petey then?
Trying to fit his wee toes into the
Major's great big shoes?

BOVVER

(Turning to face Tommy)

Yeah, I guess we were pretty small
back then, Tommy, back in your day.

TOMMY and his three men chuckle at BOVVER'S courage.

TOMMY

You always did have bottle, didn't
you. Tell me, Bov - you come over
here to Millwall, all alone...

A young couple sit at the next table. The woman laughs out loud. ***

TOMMY ***
...s'cuse me a minute Bov ***

Tommy walks to the next table and sits down next to the young couple. The other Patrons turn to look at the poor young man who swallows as Tommy speaks. Tommy looks straight at the man and ignores the woman. ***

TOMMY (CONT'D) ***
Hi, I'm Tommy...Tommy Hatcher. ***

YOUNG MAN ***
Yes I know. ***

TOMMY ***
Oh you know? Now that's bad. That's really, really bad. Because now you don't have an excuse for not keeping this loud mouth cunt quiet. ***

YOUNG WOMAN ***
Excuse me? ***

The young man avoids her look. ***

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D) ***
George, you're not letting him talk to me like that? ***

Marc is still looking down. ***

TOMMY ***
"George", your bird is still yabbing away. I recommend you shut her up so I can continue my conversation with our guest Bover from the once proud GSE. ***

YOUNG WOMAN ***
You can't tell me... ***

Tommy without looking once at the woman, grabs the young man's head and slams it down on the table. The young woman screams. ***

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D) ***
Oh my God, you monster. Somebody call the police. ***

(CONTINUED)

The young man is in pain. A trickle of blood drips out of his ear. ***

TOMMY ***
For fuck's sake, the bird is still ***
yabbing. ***

Tommy grabs the young man's head again and slams it onto the table four more times. The young woman screams and cries. ***

Bovver is overwhelmed by the barbaric assault. ***

BOVVER ***
That's enough! ***

In an instant, Tommy is nose to nose with Bovver. A sneer spreads across his face. This is exactly what he wanted. Big Marc interrupts, ***

BIG MARC ***
Tommy, the Paki's called the old ***
bill. We best fuck off sharpish. ***

Bovver hasn't moved an inch. Tommy smiles and evil smile. ***

TOMMY ***
Next time Bov, eh? Soon. ***

Tommy and his men head for the door. ***

53 OMITTED 53

54 EXT. PADDINGTON STATION - CAR PARK - DAY 54

PETE parks and they exit the car.

PETE
Don't reckon I'll be back til
tomorrow night. Just remember: Be
gentle with her and.....

MATT AND PETE
(together)
left side, okay?

PETE hands over the keys, looking around anxiously.

MATT
You seem nervous.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

PETE
Nervous? Fuck off.

MATT
What's on your mind, then?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(semi-forcing a big grin)
Just two little words that keep
every Hammer in England up all
night: United. Away.

IKE and SWILL approach.

SWILL

Lo, Matt.

PETE

Hello mate, where's Bovver?

IKE

Fuck knows. He's been a pain in
the arse all week. Must have PMS.

PETE

(to Matt)
Pre-Match-Stress.

(to Ike)
Jesus wept. He can be a right cunt
sometimes.

IKE

C'mon then, Pete. Train's in two
minutes.

PETE dials his cell phone. No answer.

PETE

Bovver's gonna pull a runner for
United Away?

IKE

They'll be gunning for you, too,
Pete - after the job you pulled on
their bloke last year.

MATT

What happened last year?

SWILL and IKE throw looks at each other and smile.

PETE

Ah, well, I might have gone a bit
over the top.

From afar, an approaching train whistle blows. PETE looks at
his watch anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

PETE (CONT'D)
Heard from Dave yet?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (4)

SWILL

No, you?

PETE

(sarcastic)

Oh everything's just fallin' right
into place, isn't it?

MATT steps up.

MATT

I'll go.

PETE and IKE role their eyes and discreetly step away.

MATT (CONT'D)

I said I'll go. You can't go up
there with just Ike and Swill.

PETE

Hey, I'd take on the bloody IRA
with just these two.

IKE

(grimly)

Yeah, I'll just get me B-2 bomber
out the garage.

PETE thumps the top of the car.

PETE

No offense Matt, but we can't take
passengers on this trip. Go on,
piss off. I'll give you a bell
later.

55 INT. PADDINGTON STATION - CONCOURSE - DAY

55

PETE and the LADS walk across the concourse, approaching the
platforms. They are stunned to find BOVVER joking around
with his mates NED and KEITH.

PETE

The plan was to meet you at the car
park.

BOVVER

So I decided to wait here.

PETE

Look Bov, you want to play the
wanker, that's fine with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

PETE (CONT'D)

But leave it out until we've got
today out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

PETE storms away toward the platforms, followed by the other LADS. BOVVER is pissed-off.

56 EXT. EUSTON STATION - DAY

56

WIDE as the train pulls away from the station.

57 INT. TRAIN - DAY

57

The train speeds along. PETE and BOVVER sit opposite each other. BOVVER looks past PETE.

BOVVER

Are you taking the piss or what?

PETE follows BOVVER'S look and is dumbfounded to see MATT approaching through the sliding carriage door. He stands and grabs MATT, speaking under his breath.

PETE

What the fucking hell are you doing here?

MATT

(defensive)

I thought it was just the three of you...

BOVVER sneers at PETE.

BOVVER

Aaah, ain't that sweet. This your brilliant plan? Look I ain't goin' in with this mug.

PETE looks at BOVVER and turns to PETE.

PETE

Sit down mate.

58 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

58

The train blasts across the English landscape.

59 INSERT: HANDS TYPING ON A COMPUTER - THE SCREEN READS:

59

Second Match - West Ham v United, away

60 INT. TRAIN - DAY

60

BOVVER stares daggers at MATT, who avoids his look. PETE'S cell phone breaks the tension. PETE answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Dave! Where are you?

61 EXT. MANCHESTER PICCADILLY STATION - DAY 61

DAVE in an AIRLINE PILOT UNIFORM stands behind a raucous mob of 40 UNITED-LADS, all wearing CAUSUAL CLOTHES. They sing a chant: "Where's Your Famous GSE?". DAVE speaks quietly into the phone - trying to look inconspicuous.

DAVE

Mate, we landed an hour late...I couldn't get back to West Ham in time. I was gonna meet you here at Manchester Picadilly, but fucking hell, there are about 40 lads mobbing outside the station.

DAVE holds his phone out toward the crowd.

62 INT. TRAIN 62

PETE listens as the singing mob sounds through his phone. The other LADS watch PETE, eager for the news. PETE holds out the phone for them to hear. MATT sinks.

63 EXT. MANCHESTER PICCADILLY STATION - DAY 63

DAVE spies at the mob.

DAVE

They're blocking off the entire exit from the station. They're waiting for you Pete - you gotta get off that train.

DAVE makes eye contact with one of the UNITED LADS and nervously looks away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shit. Gotta go.

DAVE quickly hangs up the phone.

64 INT. TRAIN - DAY 64

PETE snaps his phone shut and turns to his LADS.

PETE

We're fucked.

IKE

They know we're on here?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

PETE

They must have had a scout watching
us get on.

MATT looks out the window nervously.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Can't we just get off at the next station?

SWILL

This is the *express* train. It doesn't stop before Manchester.

BOVVER

That right, Swill?

BOVVER crosses to the EMERGENCY BRAKE panel. He smashes the glass panel with his elbow and pulls the BRAKE. An ALARM sounds. Everybody lurches forward as the train brakes. BOVVER is thrown toward PETE. They share a smirk.

PETE

Nice one, Bov.

65 OMITTED

65

66 INT. TRAIN - DAY

66

The LADS all scramble out of their seats and toward the exit. A CONDUCTOR appears at the opposite end of the carriage.

IKE

Go! Go! Go!

BOVVER pulls the train door open and they all exit.

67 INT. MACCLESFIELD STATION - DAY

67

The LADS race across the platform and down a flight of stairs leading to the exit.

PETE

We don't show up there now, they'll claim a result.

BOVVER

Fuck that. We gotta get to that station.

MATT

Are you insane? We just got away.

BOVVER

Shut the fuck up Yank! You shouldn't even be here.

PETE steps between MATT and BOVVER to diffuse the conflict.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Matt - look mate, we've got no choice here. We can't just pull a runner.

MATT is baffled. PETE explains.

PETE (CONT'D)

This is what it's all about - it's what we live for.

BOVVER

Fuck him.

PETE snaps into action - the LADS storm down a corridor toward the exit.

PETE

Here's the plan. Ike, call Dave and tell him what's happening. It's about 12 miles to Manchester - we need a couple of black cabs immediately.

They burst out of the station and regroup on the street, huddling around PETE. They are all charged, breathing hard.

PETE scans the street. There are no cabs in sight.

PETE

Where the fuck are all the cabs?

MATT watches PETE'S plan fall apart. He spots a PANEL VAN being unloaded by a DRIVER. His eyes light up.

MATT

Pete, I have an idea.

BOVVER is furious. He barks at MATT.

BOVVER

I thought I told you to shut up!

MATT has had enough.

MATT

Fuck you Bovver!

BOVVER jumps at MATT and grabs him by the throat. MATT struggles to breath. PETE immediately pulls BOVVER off MATT.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

PETE

Enough! Bovver, back off.

BOVVER looks at MATT with disgust. For the first time MATT holds his look, glaring back. They both breath hard. PETE turns to MATT.

PETE (CONT'D)

What's your idea, mate?

69 INT. SECURITY BOOTH - DAY

69

The UNITED MOB is viewed on security monitors by a small team of SECURITY GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD

(to COMMANDING OFFICER)

We got a mob outside the main gate.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Keep an eye on them...

70 EXT. MANCHESTER PICCADILLY STATION - STREET - DAY

70

CLOSE ON CCTV CAMERA above the MOB.

The UNITED MOB waits for the train. The leader is a gigantic man named MORRIS (40s). Near him stands the wiry NIGEL (26).

NIGEL

(over-anxious)

Where the fuck are these cunts?
Train should have been here ten
minutes ago.

MORRIS puts a hand on NIGEL, who turns to reveal a GLASS EYE surrounded by scar tissue.

MORRIS

They'll be here soon enough.
There's no way off that train.

Louder, to the entire mob.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Stay sharp lads! And remember:
Nigel gets that Dunham cunt to
himself!

A PANEL VAN approaches, pulling up in front of the mob, HONKING it's horn to get through. MORRIS approaches the truck, threatening.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you want?

MATT is in the passenger seat, pretending to be a clueless delivery guy. DRIVER is at the wheel.

MATT

Sorry guys! We're with Paramount Pictures - shooting the new Hugh Grant movie - and I need to get this gear through.

MORRIS

(impressed)

Hugh Grant film, eh? Any decent birds in it?

MATT

Cameron Diaz I think, I'm not sure.

MORRIS

Hope so. She's fit as fuck.

(to mob)

Here lads, look out.

The MOB parts and the PANEL VAN drives through.

71 INT. STATION SECURITY BOOTH - DAY

71

ON THE MONITORS: The PANEL VAN drives through the parting crowd and parks 20 yards behind the back of the mob, out of sight around a corner.

71A INT. PANEL VAN - DAY

71A

MATT hands the DRIVER a wad of cash.

MATT

Gimme 30 seconds, Garry - then I'd get the fuck out of here.

72 EXT. MANCHESTER PICCADILLY STATION - DAY

72

MATT hops out and opens the cargo door revealing PETE, BOVVER, IKE, SWILL, DAVE, NED and KEITH: it's the Trojan Horse trick.

PETE

Sweet as a nut, mate.

PUSH-IN ON CCTV CAMERA

73 INT. STATION SECURITY BOOTH - DAY 73

ON THE MONITORS: THE GSE MOB jump out of the truck and race toward the UNITED MOB.

The SECURITY GUARD grabs a telephone.

SECURITY GUARD #1
We've got another mob outside the station!

74 EXT. MANCHESTER PICADILLY STATION - DAY 74

PETE bellows as they charge at the unsuspecting MOB from behind, getting the jump on them. The MOB panics. MORRIS struggles to get his lads under control. He is tripped by the swarming MOB and falls out of sight.

Completely outnumbered, the GSE lads ATTACK.

RIOT POLICE race down the pavement toward the scrap.

MATT is knocked to the ground and smothered by 3 UNITED LADS. DAVE, IKE, NED and KEITH are also knocked to the ground. BOVVER and PETE remain standing, both taking hard shots.

The RIOT POLICE arrive, battering the mob with night-sticks, pulling the fight apart. The MOB scatters.

MORRIS gets to his feet, disheveled and bruised from the trample of his own mob. He is immediately tackled by RIOT POLICE and hand-cuffed with a ZIP-TIE. Other UNITED LADS are arrested.

PETE locks eyes with MORRIS, who is prone on ground. Though bloodied and battered, PETE howls with laughter at the humiliated MORRIS.

PETE
50 FUCKING LADS and you couldn't
take the Green Street Elite!

The GSE LADS look annihilated, but still celebrate a victory as they retreat from the RIOT POLICE.

75 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - DAY 75

MONTAGE BEGINS: The LADS are the new Lords of the Manor. Pints are brought over to PETE, MATT, and the LADS.

(CONTINUED)

MATT (V.O.)

We could have died that day in
Manchester. Everyone knew it. But
we didn't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ike said later that the story travelled across England faster than the death of Lady Di. The GSE were finally back.

The pub gives them a standing ovation. PETE thanks some old GSE GEEZERS, who raise their pints. They all sing. PETE is now top dog. He clasps MATT's head with gratitude.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Suddenly I was part of the firm with the best rep in London.

76 EXT. STREET NEAR AWAY GROUNDS - DAY

76

A MOB of two thousand West Ham Supporters is escorted to the grounds by dozens of POLICEMEN on foot, on horseback, in vans. At the front of the MOB is PETE, MATT, and the LADS.

MATT (V.O.)

People around town had heard of me. They would hear my accent and say, "So you're the Yank."

77 OMITTED

77

77A INT. TATTOO PARLOUR - DAY

77A

MATT grimaces as a "West Ham United" tattoo is scrolled into his arm. PETE and the LADS laugh and cheer in support.

MATT (V.O.)

You know the best part? It isn't knowing that your friends have your back. The best part is knowing that you have your friends' back.

78 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - DAY

78

MATT and PETE flirt with a couple of CUTE GIRLS.

MATT (V.O.)

I had never lived closer to danger. But I had never felt safer. I had never felt more confident. And people could spot it a mile away.

One of the girls gives MATT her number.

79 EXT. UNDER RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY

79

SLOW MOTION: CASUAL-DRESSED MATT and the LADS have a scrap.

(CONTINUED)

MATT (V.O.)

And as for this? The violence? I gotta be honest, after a few weeks, I was hooked. It grew on me. Soon I couldn't recognize myself without it. Once you've taken a few punches and realize you're not made of glass, you don't feel alive unless you're pushing yourself as far as you can go.

80 EXT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - DAY

80

SHANNON opens the front door for MATT. He looks hardened - he wears CASUAL CLOTHES and has fresh bruises.

MATT

So what couldn't you tell me over the phone...?

MATT's voice trails off. An older man appears over SHANNON'S shoulder. He's about 50. MATT's face falls.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dad?

DAD stares at his son, the hooligan.

81 EXT. LEADEN HALL MARKET - CAFE - DAY

81

MATT and DAD are seated on the patio of a cafe, nursing coffees in silence.

DAD

I had to find out from your sister that you were expelled? Why didn't you call me?

MATT

I did. The machine answered.

DAD

You could have left a message.

MATT

I was sick of having a relationship with your voice mail. You know what? I don't need this.

MATT stands and walks away into the market. DAD quickly throws down some cash and chases after him.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

DAD
Matt, c'mon!

81A EXT. LEADEN HALL MARKET - DAY

81A

MATT continues to walk away.

DAD
Shannon said you were set up. Is
that true?

MATT stops. He turns to face DAD.

MATT
Yes.

DAD
Why didn't you find me then?

MATT
Why didn't I find you? What's your
fucking point?

DAD
My point is it doesn't look good.
If you were set up, you would have
called your father, the
investigative journalist. We could
have fought this together. If you
were innocent.

MATT
(scoffing)
If I were innocent.

DAD
Yes, if you were innocent why
didn't you ask me for help?

MATT
Do you really think I'm a drug
dealer?

DAD
Well, obviously I don't know.

MATT
Yeah, but what do you think?

DAD
I don't know what to think.

MATT stops and stares at his DAD.

(CONTINUED)

81A CONTINUED:

MATT

Yeah, that's why I didn't find you.

This lands. Dad inhales deep.

(CONTINUED)

MATT (CONT'D)

Of course you don't know what to think. You don't really know anything about me.

MATT'S eyes are glassy. He wipes them and looks away. DAD tries to lighten things.

DAD

So you came to England.

MATT

Yeah.

DAD

So what now, Matt? What's the plan?

MATT

Come on, what do you really want?

DAD

It's just a question...

MATT

...Listen Carl, do you really expect me to unburden myself to you? You just show up and decide you're the Dad again?

DAD absorbs this, frustrated. They walk in silence.

DAD

I have to stop by the London Times...

MATT

...you're unbelievable, you know that?

DAD

There's someone I want you to meet...

MATT

...I'm not five years old anymore. It takes a little more to manipulate me.

DAD

He's an old friend from the Tribune days and...

(CONTINUED)

MATT

...you think all it takes is a handshake from the Editor of The Times and I'll have my old life back? I got kicked out of Harvard Dad! I'm not gonna be a journalist anymore.

DAD gives up, defeated.

DAD

It's just a free lunch, Matt. I have to go anyway. I'd really like you to come with me.

MATT looks at his father. Sighs.

82 CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN: INT. "CUP DRAW" TV STAGE - DAY 82

ANNOUNCER

Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen to the Quarter Final Draw for the Football Association Cup - the oldest and most prestigious tournament in world club football.

IAN ST.JOHN and JIMMY GREAVES stand around a crystal bowl filled with numbered balls.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

As usual, the home team will be drawn first.

INTERCUT:

83 INT. ST. JOSEPH'S CLASS ROOM - DAY 83

PETE watches the Cup Draw on TV with his students.

84 INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY 84

DAVE watches on TV with other PILOTS and STEWARDESSES.

85 INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE - DAY 85

BOVVER wears a headset and sits in a stark office, filled with other MOTLEY TELEMARKETERS. He listens to a radio.

86 INT. HIP WEB-DESIGN COMPANY - OFFICE - DAY 86

KEITH is in a modern office, surrounded by rows of computers. He watches a web-broadcast of the Cup Draw.

87 EXT. LLOYD'S BUILDING - DAY 87

NED, a bicycle courier, wears headphones and adjusts a radio strapped to his arm.

88 INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY 88

STEVE watches from his office TV.

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN: The Cup Draw in progress.

ANNOUNCER

Number 2, Cardiff City will play.

(beat)

Number 3, Liverpool. Number 7, Sunderland, will play number 6, Newcastle United. Number 8, West Ham United...

89 INT. HATCHER'S GARAGE - DAY 89

TOMMY HATCHER sits in the grimy office of his auto-body shop. He watches on a small beat-up TV.

ANNOUNCER

...will play number 5, Millwall.

EVERYONE ERUPTS. The rest of the draw is forgotten. PETE dances around the class room. BOVVER throws off his headset and does a victory dance. DAVE suppresses a howl in the airport lounge. STEVE shakes his head, disturbed. TOMMY celebrates in his office.

90 EXT. LLOYD'S BUILDING - DAY 90

REVEAL that NED is standing in front of THE TIMES OF LONDON office. He pulls out his mobile phone.

NED

Bovver. Can you fucking 'Adam and Eve' it?

INTERCUT:

91 INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE - DAY 91

BOVVER

Jesus, this is gonna be the ruck of the century.

91A EXT. LLOYD'S BUILDING - DAY

91A

Through his windshield, NED sees MATT and DAD arrive at THE TIMES and shake hands with a WELL DRESSED MAN, who shows them into the building.

(CONTINUED)

NED

Bloody hell. You're not gonna believe who I just saw walking into The Times.

BOVVER

Who?

NED

Only our little Yank mate.

BOVVER

I knew it. I fucking knew there was something dodgy about that cunt. Pick me up after work. I'm gonna get this sorted once and for all.

92 EXT. SHANNON AND STEVE'S HOUSE

92

MATT and DAD are walking towards the house.

DAD

You know your sister's worried sick about you. She says you're running around with some kind of gang.

MATT

It's not a gang, Dad. They're my friends.

DAD

Are you at least writing about it?

MATT

Am I writing about it? No!

DAD

Matt, listen to me. You're a talented writer, but that's not something you can just switch on and off. Whatever you're experiencing here, you need to write about it - even if it's just for yourself - or someday you'll regret it...

MATT

...let it go, Dad.

DAD is frustrated. He backs off. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

DAD
I have to get on a plane tonight.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

MATT is not surprised.

MATT
Where to now?

DAD
I've got another week on assignment
but then I'm going home.

DAD stops and looks at MATT.

DAD (CONT'D)
Matt, I want you to come home with
me...

MATT
...Dad!

DAD
Listen, you may not trust me as
your father, but as a fellow
journalist, I'm telling you, your
reputation is all you have. You
have to go back to Harvard and
clear your name. We'll fight it
together.

MATT
Dad, forget it. I'm not going
back.

DAD looks dejected. MATT softens.

MATT (CONT'D)
Look, if it makes you feel any
better, I am keeping a journal.
That's one thing you taught me that
I've held onto.

DAD smiles, a little encouraged.

DAD
I knew that, really. I was just
making sure.

MATT laughs. The moment is interrupted as STEVE'S RANGE
ROVER pulls into the driveway. MATT is uneasy - they haven't
seen each other since their argument.

STEVE steps out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Hey Carl.

DAD and STEVE shake hands. They seem to like each other.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (4)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hi Matt.

MATT

Hey.

STEVE

Carl, I'm just gonna get changed,
When's your flight?

DAD

(looks at watch)

Take your time. My cab should be
here in half an hour. I need to
say goodbye to my grandson anyway.

DAD follows STEVE toward the house. MATT does not follow.

MATT

I have to take off, Dad.

DAD

Okay Matt. Look, I know things...

He catches himself.

DAD (CONT'D)

...it was good to see you.

DAD hugs MATT, then walks into the house. STEVE stays
outside with MATT.

STEVE

I suppose you'll be celebrating the
draw with the lads at the pub?

MATT

The draw! Who'd we get?

STEVE half smiles and turns to walk away.

MATT (CONT'D)

Come on, Steve. Who?

STEVE steps into the doorway.

STEVE

Millwall, at Home.

STEVE shuts the door, leaving MATT outside. MATT is stunned.
He lets out a low whistle, turns and walks away.

93 INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 93

DAD is playing with BEN. SHANNON watches, her eyes well up. She walks upstairs.

94 INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 94

STEVE is untying his tie, removing his suit. SHANNON enters.

STEVE
Hey Beautiful. You okay?

SHANNON
Yeah. It's just, seeing my Dad play with Ben. He's already a better Grandfather than he was a Dad.

STEVE smiles at her. He gently kisses her, then goes to the bedroom cupboard.

STEVE
He seems like a decent bloke now, Shan. For a bloody journo.

SHANNON laughs following STEVE, picking up his disguardedly clothes.

STEVE (CONT'D)
So he was an asshole when you were growing up...I guess that's why neither of you joined the old man's racket?

SHANNON
What do you mean?

STEVE
You know, caught the journo bug - followed in his footsteps.

SHANNON
What are you talking about? Matt did.

STEVE stops what he's doing. He is dead serious.

STEVE
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

Matt was always more fascinated
with our absentee father than I
was.

STEVE

Shan, what do you mean "Matt did"?

SHANNON

That's what he did at Harvard - he was a journalism major. I'm sure he'll get back to it, once he gets your fucking brother out of his system.

STEVE'S face darkens.

95 INT. KEITH'S CAR - NIGHT

95

KEITH drives as BOVVER is in the passenger seat and NED is in the backseat. BOVVER holds a cricket bat. KEITH tries to lighten the mood, which is deadly.

KEITH

A Yank AND an undercover journo?
Can we break four of his arms?

BOVVER does not smile.

96 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - NIGHT

96

MATT stands in the back of the crowded and noisy pub, chatting with DAVE and IKE. All of the OLD GUARD LADS are here to celebrate the Cup Draw. They all sing "*Stand Up if You Hate Millwall...*"

A MAN enters the pub wearing a dark jacket and hat pulled low to disguise his face. He avoids eye-contact with other patrons. TERRY, the Bartender, notices the MAN - a flicker of recognition. The MAN marches straight to MATT.

MAN

Matt.

MATT is startled: the MAN is STEVE. DAVE and IKE stare.

MATT

Steve, what are you doing here?

STEVE gives DAVE and IKE a look. They quickly step away.

STEVE

I need a word with you outside.

MATT

(alarmed)
What happened? Is Shannon okay?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

STEVE

Shannon's fine - I need to talk to you in private.

MATT

Did something happen to Dad...

STEVE gets frustrated.

STEVE

...Why didn't you tell me you're a Journo major?

MATT is exasperated - tired of being preached to.

MATT

I'm not. I quit. Jesus - what difference does it make?

STEVE

To some people it makes a huge difference.

MATT

What would you know about that?

STEVE explodes, quiet but fierce.

STEVE

You don't know what you're getting into.

MATT is taken back by STEVE'S intensity. STEVE calms, backing off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

We gotta figure out how to tell my brother that his new best mate is a journo, before he finds out on his own. But not here. Let's go.

STEVE pulls MATT up. They walk thru the pub, past the bar where TERRY is pulling pints. He makes eye contact with STEVE, who quickly looks away and keeps walking.

STEVE and MATT are nearing the door. A loud bell CLANGS. TERRY is hammering the large BRASS BELL hanging above the bar. The LADS quiet to a dull roar.

TERRY (O.S.)

A toast to Steven Dunham.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE stops in tracks. The pub falls dead silent. TERRY walks around from behind the bar, towards STEVE, holding out a pint. LADS strain to get a look at STEVE.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

TERRY (CONT'D)
Back in the BRIGID ABBEY, after all
these years.

TERRY steps up to STEVE, who finally turns and makes eye
contact. MATT is baffled by this stale-mate.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Welcome back. Major.

The entire pub explodes.

EVERYBODY
MAJOR! MAJOR! MAJOR!

TERRY bear-hugs STEVE, who reluctantly returns a warm hug.
STEVE accepts a pint from one of the LADS and raises it to
the pub audience. The pub ROARS.

EVERYBODY (CONT'D)
G-S-E! G-S-E! G-S-E!

MATT stares at STEVE. STEVE finally returns the look.

97 INT. PETE'S FLAT - NIGHT

97

PETE, wrapped in a towel, stands at the bathroom mirror
grooming his hair. A TV in the background broadcasts more
Cup Draw news.

There is a knock at the door. PETE crosses to the door and
opens it. BOVVER, NED and KEITH stare bitterly at him.

PETE
Jesus. You lot moonlighting as
bailiffs now?

BOVVER
Is the Yank here?

PETE
No. He's...

BOVVER
...a fucking undercover journo.

PETE
What? Bollocks.

BOVVER looks back at NED. NED nods at PETE.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

NED

I saw him hanging out with the
other journos at The Times, shaking
hands, friendly and all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOVVER

Drops in outta nowhere, never been in a scrap, snugs in tight with the top man in the firm. For fuck's sake, Pete! What else was he doing at The Times of London?

PETE

That means fuck all. There could be any one of a hundred reasons why he was there.

BOVVER

Yeah, well this time I'd like to make sure of that myself.

BOVVER tries to push past PETE, but PETE puts his arm against the door frame to stop him. He eyeballs BOVVER.

PETE

You sure of this Bov? 'Cos if you're coming in here like this you'd fucking well better be.

BOVVER pushes past him. NED and KEITH hold back. PETE stares them down for a second and then steps aside. They enter. PETE follows.

BOVVER finds MATT'S duffel bag in the living room. He dumps everything on the floor. He finds MATT'S JOURNALISM THESIS.

BOVVER

What the fuck is this?

PETE grabs the paper, astonished.

BOVVER keeps searching. He finds MATT'S LAPTOP.

BOVVER (CONT'D)

...KEITH, you know about this computer stuff. See what's on there.

PETE continues to look at the THESIS.

KEITH turns on the laptop and finds a FOLDER called "JOURNAL". He clicks open the FOLDER, revealing dozens of individual DATED FILES: *March 11, March 12, March 13...*

CLOSE on COMPUTER SCREEN:

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

First game: Birmingham-Home...

BOVVER reads the Journal aloud to PETE, who is still reeling from the JOURNALISM THESIS.

BOVVER (CONT'D)

"First game: Birmingham - Home.
Pete brought me to BRIGID ABBEY Pub
on Walsh Road - his main hang out -
and introduced me to his gang..."

PETE looks up from the THESIS. NED and KEITH are dumbstruck. They try to read over BOVVER'S shoulder.

BOVVER (CONT'D)

(skimming)

"...Bovver is Pete's thuggish right
hand man...KEITH is sort of
Bovver's Enforcer..." Jesus, we're
all in here..."

NED

Didn't he say anything about me?

PETE crushes the THESIS in his hands.

PETE

Alright, wait here, I'll put some
clothes on.

98

INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - NIGHT

98

STEVE and MATT sit at a booth in the back of the pub.

MATT

So you're the Major?

STEVE

I was the Major.

STEVE shrugs his shoulders.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I guess to some I still am.

TERRY arrives with a new round of pints. He sits down with MATT and STEVE. STEVE looks at TERRY.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Terry here was my strategist back
in the glory days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

STEVE (CONT'D)

He was an absolute animal in a
scrap. We used to call him 'Terry
the Dog.'

TERRY smiles.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Long time ago.

MATT

Why did you get out of it?

STEVE looks at TERRY. TERRY shrugs.

STEVE

I was a crazy bastard in those days. All I cared about was my reputation within the firms of England.

Matt listens.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You've heard the stories about Millwall, right?

MATT nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Last match I went to was West Ham-Millwall, ten years ago.

INTERCUT:

98A INT. STADIUM - AWAY SUPPORTERS - DAY - FLASHBACK 1993 98A ***
 STEVE and TERRY lead an aggressive chant in the terraces. ***

99 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: INT. STADIUM - NIGHT - 1990'S 99
 The stadium roars. The match is underway.

STEVE (V.O.)
 This was the match we waited for
 all year. At Millwall. Stepping
 into their manor, completely
 outnumbered, we were amped from the
 start. ***

100 OMITTED 100 ***

101 INT. STADIUM - MILLWALL TERRACE - NIGHT - 1993 101 ***
 TOMMY HATCHER leads the MILLWALL MOB in chants. His son TOMMY ***
 JR. stands next to him. ***

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

STEVE (V.O.)

Tommy Hatcher was their main man
back then. He used to bring his 12
year-old son Tommy Junior to the
grounds. Bragged how he brought him
up like a little pit bull. ***

TOMMY JR. Gestures aggressively at the West Ham supporters. ***

101A INT. THE ABBEY PUB - NIGHT 101A ***

STEVE continues his story. ***

STEVE ***
We lost that match 3-nil. Those ***
cunts were laughing at us. I ***
couldn't let that lie. I assembled ***
the troops and we hunted them down. ***

102	OMITTED	102 ***
103	OMITTED	103 ***
104	OMITTED	104 ***
105	OMITTED	105 ***
105A	EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE OF GROUNDS - FLASHBACK 1993	105A ***
	ABSTRACT BLURRY IMAGES:	***
	STEVE AND TERRY LEAD THEIR LADS IN A CHARGE - ALL FISTS AND KICKS	*** ***
	TOMMY HATCHER, TOMMY JUNIOR, AND HIS LADS ARE TAKEN OFF-GUARD, BUT FIGHT BACK.	*** ***
	TOMMY JUNIOR IS OVERTAKEN AND FALLS OUT OF FRAME	***
	STEVE SEES THAT TOMMY JUNIOR HAS FALLEN	***
	STEVE (V.O.)	***
	I saw a boy go down.	***
	TOMMY SEES THAT TOMMY JUNIOR LIES ON THE GROUND BENEATH THE TRAMPLING MOB	*** ***
	STEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)	***
	That night his little skull was crushed under the boots of the GSE.	*** ***

(CONTINUED)

105A CONTINUED:

105A

106 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - NIGHT - PRESENT

106

STEVE and TERRY stare into their pints.

STEVE

I never went to another match and I left 'The Major' behind.

STEVE looks out at the pub. TERRY understands.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I got pretty low after that. Then I met your sister.

MATT slightly smiles.

STEVE (CONT'D)

She was my angel, Matt. She really saved me. Showed me a new life and helped me forget this one. And swore she'd leave me if I ever returned to it.

STEVE sits back and takes in the pub.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And when it comes back - when I hear the roar of the stadium on match day, the call of the lads to have a pint down at the BRIGID ABBEY again - Shannon and Ben remind me there's more to life than all this.

STEVE sits back.

PETE (O.S.)

Get all those juicy details, mate?

MATT whirls to see PETE and BOVVER, fuming. NED and KEITH back them up.

PETE (CONT'D)

Writing it all down, you fucking journo cunt!

STEVE jumps to his feet.

STEVE

Now hold on, lads.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

PETE ignores STEVE. He grabs MATT by the collar and pulls him out of his seat. He shoves MATT towards BOVVER, NED, and KEITH: literally throwing him to the dogs.

MATT

I'm not a journalist! I'm not...

BOVVER belts MATT in the face 3 times, releasing months of pent-up frustration, knocking him to the ground. STEVE steps between BOVVER and MATT. He gives PETE a cautioning look.

STEVE

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

PETE

He's fucking undercover. Don't tell him anything.

STEVE

I said, are you sure?

PETE stares at his brother.

PETE

You already knew, didn't you?

STEVE

All I know is that Matt was studying journalism at Harvard, but he dropped out.

PETE

We found his journal full of stories about all of us...

MATT, still on the ground, interjects.

MATT

...that's just a fucking diary!

PETE

(to STEVE)

Ned saw him at the bloody Times with a couple of journos...

MATT

...that was my Dad! He's the journalist - you knew that.

PETE stops and looks down at MATT, mortified.

(CONTINUED)

BOVVER

His Dad's a fucking journo? And
you knew about it?

BOVVER stares at PETE, aghast. PETE looks back at BOVVER, defensive.

PETE

That don't mean anything yet,
Bov...

BOVVER

He studies to be a journo. His
father is a journo, What's the
fucking difference? You let a
journo infiltrate the inner circle
of the GSE!

MATT

I'm not trying to infiltrate
anything. I'm not a journalist!

BOVVER

Shut the fuck up, Yank!

BOVVER grabs a bottle and charges MATT on the ground. He is
BLIND-SIDED by PETE and knocked over a table.

PETE

I don't care who he is or what he's
done. You don't do a guy on the
deck. Look at him - he's already
fucked up.

BOVVER stands, wipes his brow - he is bleeding.

BOVVER

(to Pete)

What's fucking wrong with you?
He's going to bury us all and
you're going to let him do it.

BOVVER turns to the STEVE.

BOVVER (CONT'D)

Steve. You're the Major, you
started this firm. I'm speaking
for the lads here when I say we've
got the biggest ruck of our lives
coming up and your brother's too
weak to lead us.

All eyes turn to STEVE. STEVE looks at the LADS and speaks
with total authority.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

The GSE is Pete's firm. He calls
the shots.

(CONTINUED)

PETE is strengthened by the vote of confidence. BOVVER is overwhelmed.

BOVVER
You're all fucking mental. The GSE
is over!

BOVVER spits on the ground and storms out.

The pub is silent. The OLD LADS stare hard at PETE. MATT is still on the ground, holding a bleeding nose. PETE tosses him a bar towel.

PETE
(to MATT, stern)
Get yourself cleaned up. Then
we'll sort this out.

107 EXT. TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES - NIGHT 107

BOVVER blasts through the tunnel on his motorcycle.

108 INT. THE KING'S HEAD PUB - NIGHT 108

MILLWALL celebrates the Cup Draw, singing "*We are Millwall, Super Millwall...*". TOMMY HATCHER is gathered with BIG MARC and a few other MEN. They are seated at table.

BIG MARC
This is it Tommy. Finally we'll
get back at those fucking Hammer
cunts. Revenge for your boy.

The rest of the MEN murmur in agreement. TOMMY stares into empty space. His look is hateful.

BOVVER walks into the pub, straight to TOMMY HATCHER. BIG MARC stands to intercept but TOMMY settles him.

TOMMY
Bovver. We gotta stop meeting like
this. People'll start to talk.

TOMMY'S MEN chuckle.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
How come you're not with your mates
shitting it at the thought of us
turning you over? Lovers' tiff is
it?

BOVVER does not respond.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What's the story Bov?

(CONTINUED)

BOVVER stares at TOMMY. He pauses. BOVVER makes his decision.

BOVVER

The fucking Yank's an undercover journo. He's gotta be taken out. He's at The BRIGID ABBEY right now. He's got 'em all wrapped up.

TOMMY

And why would I sort that out for you?

BOVVER

Because the Major is there, too.

This gets TOMMY'S attention.

109 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

109

MATT checks his bleeding nose in the mirror. PETE enters.

MATT

Thanks Pete...

PETE is furious.

PETE

...Shut it Yank. History major my arse. Who the fuck are you?

MATT is taken off-guard.

MATT

I'm sorry. I lied about being a history major, but that's it. I'm not a journalist.

PETE

Well it doesn't look good for you, mate. You say you were tossed out of Harvard. You turn up on your sister's doorstep, who you haven't seen in three years, and who just *happens* to be married to the ex-leader of the GSE. You lied to my face about your past! And you kept a record of the whole thing.

MATT

I told you, it's just a journal. I've done that my whole life.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

PETE locks eyes with MATT.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(direct)

You're not working undercover for the Times?

MATT

No! Pete, I'm telling you the truth. You've got to trust me.

PETE

I've got no choice, do I? It's my head on the fucking block.

PETE paces in the small bathroom.

PETE (CONT'D)

If I don't convince those lads that the head of their firm was not just taken by a fucking Yank journo, the GSE is gonna fall apart.

PETE looks at MATT, dead serious.

PETE (CONT'D)

So I'm gonna go out there and tell them that Bov's got it wrong - that you're one of us. And I'd better be right.

MATT nods in agreement.

110

EXT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - STREET - NIGHT

110

TOMMY HATCHER, BIG MARC and BOVVER lead a mob of 30 MILLWALL LADS to THE BRIGID ABBEY. TOMMY puts an arm around BOVVER.

TOMMY

Alright, Bov. Anything else you want to tell us?

BOVVER

(uneasy)

This is how it has to go down...

CRASH! BIG MARC smashes a bottle across BOVVER'S head. He drops.

BIG MARC

...'fraid you're the one going down, little Bover.

The MILLWALL LADS roar with laughter.

111 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - NIGHT

111

STEVE, TERRY, PETE, and MATT sit around a table. The mood is tense.

PETE

(to STEVE)

That shite with Bover could tear this firm apart. We need you, Steve. Stay with us, just through this Millwall match. We can restore the rep of the GSE back to when you were the Major.

STEVE looks around the table and then focuses on PETE.

STEVE

This firm used to be my life, too.

PETE is encouraged.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But I'm not going to help you. I made a promise to my wife and my son, and I'm keeping it.

TERRY nods in agreement. PETE is disappointed.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There is a time in a man's life, when the best reputation he can have is the one with his family.

CRASH! An EXPLOSION of GLASS. THREE MILLWALL LADS jump through the windows, tumbling into the pub.

TOMMY HATCHER bursts through the front door.

STEVE pushes PETE onto the floor, to safety. TERRY does the same - pushing MATT to the floor next to PETE.

TOMMY holds a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. He hurls it across the pub. It smashes into the back wall of the bar, setting it ablaze.

The pub descends into chaos. Thick smoke quickly fills the air. PATRONS rush for the exit in a mad stampede. TOMMY HATCHER moves further into the pub, searching for the MAJOR.

MATT and PETE rush to escape, fighting through the MILLWALL MOB. They become separated.

AT THE FRONT OF THE PUB:

(CONTINUED)

MATT is on his own. He is at the pub front door, looking back to make sure PETE is safe.

MATT

Pete! C'mon man! Pete!

VOICE (O.S.)

Oi! It's the fucking Yank journo!

MATT spins and is face-to-face with RICKY (24), a younger MILLWALL brute. RICKY pops MATT across the face - there is a flash of BRASS and MATT is knocked down, cut badly above his eye. He looks up to see RICKY brandishing KNUCKLE-DUSTERS.

RICKY

C'mon you wanker! Come and get it!

IN THE BACK OF THE PUB:

TERRY fights the blaze with a fire extinguisher. BIG MARC grabs TERRY from behind, spinning him and head-butting him. TERRY falters back, then quickly returns 3 head-butts, followed by a smash from the fire extinguisher. BIG MARC drops. TERRY continues to fight the fire - to save his pub.

STEVE searches for PETE and MATT.

STEVE

Pete! Matt!

TOMMY HATCHER hunts for STEVE, finally spotting him through the smoke and madness.

TOMMY

Well, look who's back at the BRIGID ABBEY.

STEVE holds up his hands to surrender.

STEVE

Listen Tommy, I'm done with all this.

TOMMY

Retired, did you? Got yourself a Yank wife and had a son of your own, eh? I had a son once. Remember him?

TOMMY lunges at STEVE, grabbing him by the throat. STEVE struggles to breath as TOMMY squeezes harder and harder. STEVE swings an elbow, crushing TOMMY'S nose.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY'S eyes tear-up and his nose starts bleeding. He lets go of STEVE'S neck and brings his hands to his face.

STEVE rips the BRASS BELL from the bar and swings at TOMMY'S head - CLANG! TOMMY drops to one knee. TOMMY grabs a BROKEN BOTTLE from the floor and lunges at STEVE. He shoves the jagged end into STEVE'S throat.

STEVE'S neck pours blood. STEVE drops back, holding his neck. TOMMY watches, breathing hard, satisfied.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This makes us even, Major. You die tonight and we call it a draw.

STEVE falls into shock, slumped in a booth. He is rapidly losing color. TOMMY disappears into the smoke.

AT THE FRONT OF THE PUB:

MATT tries to trade blows with RICKY, but cannot compete with the KNUCKLE-DUSTERS. He is knocked to the ground again.

SIRENS are heard.

MILLWALL LAD

The Old Bill! Let's go Millwall.

RICKY looks down at MATT and spits.

RICKY

Go back to the fucking States,
Yankee journo!

RICKY quickly exits. PETE bursts through the smoke and pulls MATT to his feet.

PETE

Have you seen Steve? Did Steve get out?

They scan the pub - it's a disaster of overturned tables and chairs. MATT spots STEVE, slumped in a booth.

MATT

Over there!

They rush to STEVE.

PETE

Steve! Steve can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (3)

111

TERRY spots MATT and PETE, then the bloody STEVE and runs to help.

112 EXT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT 112

BOVVER is gaining consciousness. He holds his bleeding head and looks across the street at the BRIGID ABBEY. It is anarchy. Smoke pours out of the pub. MILLWALL and GSE lads run in all directions. POLICE SIRENS approach. BOVVER rises and runs across the street into the action.

113 EXT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - STREET - NIGHT 113

TERRY, MATT, and PETE carry STEVE'S body out of the pub. BOVVER approaches and sees STEVE, shirt stained red.

BOVVER

Oh, Jesus.

TERRY looks into BOVVER'S eyes.

TERRY

Bovver, what the fuck did you do?

PETE is looking for a car.

PETE

We need a car. Somebody get a fucking car!

BOVVER springs to action. He smashes the window of a nearby car, opens the door and quickly hotwires the car. He pulls the car up to where STEVE lies bleeding on the pavement.

MATT

Bovver?

BOVVER

Get him in.

MATT climbs in the backseat with bloody STEVE and PETE. BOVVER peels out.

BOVVER, behind the wheel, looks back at STEVE.

BOVVER (CONT'D)

I didn't mean for this to happen.

MATT

Just drive, man. The Major's fucking dying here.

BOVVER pounds the wheel as he drives.

114 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

114

The car screeches to a halt in front of the E.R.

115 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 115

BOVVER, MATT and PETE pull STEVE into the E.R. They are all covered in blood. STEVE'S eyes are open, glassy.

TWO ORDERLIES rush to meet them, lifting STEVE onto a gurney and wheeling him away.

116 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 116

MATT and BOVVER wait outside a hospital room. BOVVER shakes with hysterical sobs. PETE finishes speaking with a DOCTOR. He approaches MATT.

MATT
What did he say?

PETE
He's hanging on.

PETE sits down and stares at BOVVER. BOVVER looks back in agony.

BOVVER
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

PETE is exhausted.

PETE
Trusting lads. You always said trusting lads was my problem Bov. I trust lads too much, trust the Yank too much. This how you prove your point then? Back-stabbing me, teaming up with Tommy Hatcher to kill the Major? To kill my brother, Bov?

BOVVER
I'll kill Tommy. Say the word and I'll do it.

PETE
I don't need you for that, Bovver.

BOVVER knows that it's over.

PETE (CONT'D)
I don't need you for anything anymore. Just leave.

BOVVER slowly stands and walks away.

117 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

117

PETE and MATT sit in the waiting room, staring into space, still in shock.

The SOUND of footsteps and stroller approaching breaks their silence. A shaken SHANNON appears, little BEN happy as ever. MATT feels sick just looking at her. She looks at MATT and PETE.

PETE slowly stands as SHANNON walks towards him. She looks into his eyes, then SLAPS him with all her strength.

PETE continues to look at SHANNON. He is at her disposal. She slaps him again, then punches him. Again and again. PETE hardly defends himself.

Finally MATT jumps up and pulls his sister away. Everybody drops on the floor, exhausted.

SHANNON falls into her brother's arms. PETE begins to cry.

118 INT. HOSPITAL - STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

118

SHANNON is seated next to STEVE's bed. BEN is nearby, asleep in his stroller. As she puts his hand into hers, STEVE slowly wakes up. He looks at the tubes and the heart monitor.

STEVE

Oh, Shan. I'm...

SHANNON

...I know.

STEVE has trouble talking. He is in a lot of pain.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

The doctor said it's going to take some time, but you'll be okay.

STEVE tries to lift his head to look at little BEN. He can't quite make it. SHANNON watches. She fights back tears.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

We're leaving for Boston tomorrow.

STEVE struggles to object.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Ben and I. It's not safe for us here.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

STEVE nods. SHANNON rests her head on STEVE's chest.

119 EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

119

IKE, DAVE, SWILL are waiting in front of the hospital. As PETE and MATT walk out, they approach and stand in a circle around them.

DAVE

How's the Major?

PETE

Hanging in there.

DAVE

What now?

PETE looks at MATT and then glances back at the hospital. He turns back to DAVE, his eyes are full of hatred.

PETE

Let Tommy know I want a straightener. Tomorrow morning. We finish this once and for all. We need a copper free zone. Ike, you still know that lad who runs the security at Trinity Wharf? Get a hold of him and set it up.

The LADS part ways into the darkness.

120 INT. STEVE AND SHANNON'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

120

SHANNON opens the door to find PETE and MATT. MATT sees luggage piled up near the door.

MATT

What's going on?

SHANNON

Ben and I are booked on the noon flight to Boston.

MATT

You can't leave him. It wasn't his fault. He was trying to protect us. You can't do that to him Shannon.

PETE

Yes she can. She has to. And so should you.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

MATT

What? No way - I'm not missing
payback at the wharf tomorrow...

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

Jesus Christ.

SHANNON is disgusted. She exits the room.

MATT

They crash our pub, they put *your* brother in the hospital...

PETE

That's not your problem any more.

MATT

What the fuck are you talking about? I've got just as much at stake here as you! That's my sister's husband...

Matt is getting wound up. PETE remains calm. He puts a hand on MATT'S shoulder.

PETE

It's time to go home, Yank.

PETE's words begin to sink in.

MATT

I don't know where my home is anymore.

PETE

I think we both know where it isn't.

MATT listens to PETE.

PETE (CONT'D)

This is my fight, Matt. That's my brother in the hospital. I'll take care of Tommy.

PETE forces a smile through his dark mood.

PETE (CONT'D)

Go back to the States. Find that Jeremy Van Whathisface. Show him what you learned from the GSE.

PETE turns and leaves MATT without even a handshake.

120A EXT. THAMES RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

120A

BOVVER sits by the river, wasted.

(CONTINUED)

120A CONTINUED:

120A

BOVVER
(slurring to himself)
I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty
bubbles in the air...

He gets louder and louder, shouting at the river.

BOVVER (CONT'D)
...and like my dreams they fade and
die...

121 INT. THE BRIGID ABBEY PUB - SUNRISE - THE NEXT MORNING 121

The early morning sun shines through the broken windows.

122 INT. PETE'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY 122

In the bathroom mirror, PETE adjusts his shirt and jacket:
his Match Day CASUALS. He looks at the clock: it's 8 a.m.

MONTAGE of the other lads getting ready:

123 INT. SWILL'S APT. - DAY 123

SWILL smooths out his jacket.

124 INT. DAVE'S APT. - DAY 124

DAVE stretches.

125 INT. IKE'S APT. - DAY 125

IKE scared shitless. He kisses his wife and walks out.

126 EXT. THAMES RIVERSIDE - DAY 126

BOVVER is passed-out on a bench.

127 INT. SHANNON AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 127

MATT stands in the open front door, smoking a cigarette and
staring blankly into space. SHANNON watches from across the
room.

SHANNON
You're doing the right thing Matt.

MATT
(unsure)
I know.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

SHANNON

Once you're back in Boston, you're
not going to believe what you've
been a part of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

SHANNON (CONT'D)

All these wanna-be gangsters and their showdowns at the wharf...gotta protect their precious 'rep'...You think anybody in the real world cares about your reputation on the back-streets of London?

MATT looks up at that comment.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I'll call the cab.

SHANNON leaves the room.

128 EXT. BRIGID ABBEY PUB - DAY

128

PETE walks down the pavement. His GSE LADS join in step. IKE looks around, concerned.

IKE

Where's Matt?

PETE doesn't make eye contact with IKE.

PETE

Yank finally went home...

The LADS are disappointed. The seven of them walk silently. An eighth falls in, a ninth.

129 EXT. THAMES RIVERSIDE - DAY

129

A POLICEMAN stands near the passed-out BOVVER. He prods him with his nightstick. BOVVER wakes with a start, disoriented. He looks at his watch - makes a decision - and runs off.

130 EXT. STREET - DAY

130

The MILLWALL MOB is on the move, TOMMY'S broken nose in a bandage. He leads the large pack.

131 INT. SHANNON AND STEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

131

SHANNON returns to the living room.

SHANNON

You think Dad will...

MATT is gone.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Matt? Matt?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

She knows where he's gone.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Goddammit Matt.

SHANNON grabs her car keys and looks down at BEN. She is not sure what to do.

132 EXT. BRIGID ABBEY PUB - DAY

132

MATT sprints at full speed down the street past the BRIGID ABBEY.

133 EXT. STREET NEAR THE WHARF - DAY

133

THE GSE has amassed to a full mob of 50 LADS, marching silently, determined.

MATT enters the foreground, sprinting hard towards the mob.

PETE leads the mob. MATT suddenly bursts through the pack to the front line, startling PETE and the MAIN LADS. MATT is heaving for air. He falls into step with the group, saying nothing. Finally MATT looks at PETE, determined. PETE and the LADS stare back - the LADS wait for PETE to react. PETE nods at MATT. The LADS smile - DAVE slaps MATT's shoulder. They keep moving.

134 EXT. TRINITY WHARF - DAY

134

The GSE MOB enters the wharf grounds. REVEAL the MILLENNIUM DOME looming close in the background. They reach the end of the wharf, near the water's edge. TOMMY and the MILLWALL MOB have already arrived and are gathered 100 feet away. The two mobs square off. MATT locks eyes with RICKY, who winks at him. TERRY locks eyes with BIG MARC. PETE locks eyes with TOMMY.

TOMMY is overconfident - hollering at PETE.

TOMMY
What's all this, little Petey?
Shouldn't you be pitchin' dirt over
big bruvver this morning?

His MILLWALL LADS chuckle. PETE is stone-cold.

PETE
The Major's more alive than your
boy, Tommy.

TOMMY'S jaw drops at the insult.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

PETE (CONT'D)
Today is *your* funeral, not his.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

The MILLWALL MOB is incited - they scream and gesture "C'mon!" The GSE MOB returns the fury. Both sides shout and gesture at each other.

135 INT. CAR - DAY

135

SHANNON drives madly. She passes signs for THE WHARF - trying to find the exit. BEN is in the back of the car.

136 OMITTED

136

137 EXT. WHARF - DAY

137

IN SLOW MOTION: The GSE and MILLWALL run at each other howling war-cries. The scrap is on.

PETE and TOMMY grapple with each other. PETE gets TOMMY in a headlock and pounds him in the face.

MATT attacks RICKY, dodging the KNUCKLE-DUSTERS this time, and returning fierce punches.

TERRY finds BIG MARC in the crowd and attacks.

PETE unleashes his wrath on TOMMY - beating him furiously. TOMMY is knocked down - he wipes his own blood from his face and becomes enraged. He pulls a SHORT HANDLE from his pocket, snapping it to extend a FLICK KOSH.

PETE

You bastard...

CRACK! TOMMY strikes PETE across the face with the weapon. Another flash of metal into PETE'S stomach and he doubles over. TOMMY deals a final crack to PETE'S knee - it shatters and bends laterally. It's a hideous injury. PETE falls limp to the ground, bellowing in agony.

MATT sees PETE fall to the ground.

MATT

Pete!

TOMMY looks to see MATT running toward him. A MILLWALL LAD clothes-lines MATT, knocking him off his feet. TOMMY smirks.

TOMMY

At least one of you Dunham cunts
will pay for my boy...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

MATT watches TOMMY tower over PETE. TOMMY strikes down, but is suddenly torn out of the frame by BOVVER, who absolutely blind-sides him. BOVVER delivers a vicious head-butt, destroying TOMMY'S already-broken nose.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

TOMMY is sent reeling, holding his bleeding face - out of commission.

MATT gets to his feet and races over to PETE, collapsed on the ground. BOVVER joins MATT to help PETE.

PETE

(to BOVVER)

My old mate Bovver - you never could turn down a scrap.

BOVVER

You know me, Pete...

MATT and BOVVER pull PETE to his feet. PETE's knee gives out - he screams in pain and collapses again.

PETE

Bleeding tooled-up Millwall scum!

MATT

We gotta get you out of here.

MATT and BOVVER start to carry/drag PETE away from the fight.

138 I/E. SHANNON'S CAR - WHARF - DAY

138

SHANNON is racing towards the wharf. The car bounces against the cobblestone. Little BEN is jerked around in his car-seat. Through the windshield, the massive scrap is revealed. It looks like a battle field.

SHANNON

Oh my god - Matt!

139 EXT. WHARF - DAY

139

MATT looks up to see SHANNON'S car racing toward the fight. He waves her to him.

MATT

SHAN! Shan over here!

PETE sees the car and understands the danger. His expression darkens.

PETE

No, mate. Get her to stop.

MATT

What? No!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

PETE

Get her to FUCKING STOP! STOP!

PETE raises his hand.

140 I/E. SHANNON'S CAR - DAY 140

SHANNON makes eye contact with PETE. She hits the brakes, skidding to a stop 50 feet away.

141 EXT. WHARF - DAY 141

MATT
What are you doing?

PETE
Get her out of here!

MATT
Are you insane? We have to get you...

PETE
...if Tommy reaches that car, do you know what he'll do to her? He's a fucking animal!

PETE wriggles out of their hold.

PETE (CONT'D)
Get her the fuck out of here!

142 I/E. SHANNON'S CAR - WHARF - DAY 142

SHANNON leaps out of her car - shielding herself behind it.

SHANNON
Matt! Matt - c'mon!

143 EXT. WHARF - DAY 143

TOMMY holds his bleeding face, regaining his balance. BIG MARC is nearby. He looks over at SHANNON.

BIG MARC
That's Steve Dunham's wife.

TOMMY
(ferocious)
The Major's wife? That'll do.

MATT grabs PETE again, determined to get him to safety.

MATT
C'mon Pete! We gotta get you in that car.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Listen to me. I can defend myself.
She won't be able to.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

MATT looks down at PETE, then over to SHANNON'S car. BIG MARC approaches her. SHANNON screams and jumps back inside.

144 I/E. SHANNON'S CAR - WHARF - DAY

144

SHANNON frantically locks all the doors as BIG MARC reaches the car.

BIG MARC
(through window)
'ello Luv!

BIG MARC grabs the door handle and rattles it fiercely. He pounds on the window. SHANNON screams. BEN starts to cry. SHANNON dives into the back seat with BEN, protecting him. BIG MARC moves to the backseat window - he sees BEN.

BIG MARC continues to taunt. Suddenly his head jerks back and then violently forward, smashing into the car frame with a loud THUD. He stumbles away, revealing MATT.

SHANNON
Matt!

MATT
(through window)
Shan! Are you okay? Is Ben okay?

BIG MARC regains his balance and attacks MATT.

PETE watches as MATT is hurled over the hood of the car.

PETE
Bov - drop me! Go help him!

BOVVER
I'm not leaving you mate.

PETE
You wanna make up for what you did?
Get my brother's family out of
here!

MATT drags himself off the ground. BIG MARC grabs him again. BOVVER jumps into the fray, slamming BIG MARC'S head onto the hood of the car - he stumbles back holding his bleeding head.

TOMMY watches as MATT and BOVVER double-team BIG MARC. TOMMY marches over, iron-jawed.

(CONTINUED)

MATT clubs BIG MARC in the kidney, doubling him over. BOVVER sends a knee to BIG MARC'S face - he drops like a rag doll. MATT looks in the car, his face a mess of blood. SHANNON is in hysterics.

MATT

Are you hurt? Shannon!

SHANNON

Yes...no! I'm okay...Where's Pete?
What happened to Pete?

PETE is dragging himself, wincing in pain. He sees TOMMY stalking towards SHANNON and BEN. He forces himself to stand - the pain in his knee is overwhelming. He grits his teeth and pushes himself up.

PETE

Tommy Hatcher!

TOMMY stops in his tracks and turns to face PETE. MATT looks up as well - watching as PETE gestures to TOMMY.

PETE (CONT'D)

Come on! Don't you want to finish
me off?

TOMMY laughs - he's not taking the bait.

TOMMY

(scoffing)
You're already finished, Little
Petey.

TOMMY keeps moving towards the car. PETE is desperate.

PETE

We didn't kill your son Tommy, you
did.

TOMMY face drains. He storms back towards PETE. MATT can see that PETE is barely holding himself up. He is horrified when he realizes what Pete is doing. PETE smiles at MATT, then looks back at TOMMY, about to reach him.

TOMMY is overwhelmed - tears of rage and sadness welling up.

TOMMY

(psychotic)
...Don't you talk about my boy!

TOMMY strikes PETE hard across the face with the FLICK KOSH.
PETE drops to the ground. He spits blood, looks up at TOMMY.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

You were supposed to protect him
Tommy...you were his father...

TOMMY veins are bursting - he froths at the mouth. He strikes PETE again and again.

SHANNON watches PETE get decimated.

SHANNON

Oh my god! Pete!

MATT struggles with BOVVER.

MATT

What are you doing? Help him!

BOVVER

I promised Pete to get you out of here.

MATT

I will get us out of here. Go!
You can't leave him.

Bovver looks at Matt. They nod to each other.

MATT slams the door shut and starts the car. BOVVER runs back to PETE. MATT reverses quickly out of the wharf.

TOMMY continues to pulverize PETE'S body.

TERRY, the GSE LADS, and even some MILLWALL LADS notice TOMMY hammering PETE - taking it too far.

SLOW MOTION: They all lunge to stop TOMMY. BOVVER sprints as hard as he can. MILLWALL LADS drag TOMMY away from PETE, but it's too late.

BOVVER

Nooo!

OVERHEAD SHOT - CRANE UP:

BOVVER holds a lifeless PETE in his arms as the WEST HAM and MILLWALL LADS stand back and watch.

CUT TO:

145 INT. SHANNON'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

145

MATT drives - his face darkened, his eyes glazed. SHANNON is crying.

146 EXT. SHANNON'S CAR - DAY 146

SHANNON'S car drives past a sign for HEATHROW AIRPORT.

147 INT. HOSPITAL - STEVE'S ROOM - DAY 147

TERRY stands in the back of the hospital room, bloodied and bruised, watching STEVE sleep. STEVE'S eyes open - TERRY takes a deep breath and crosses to the bed.

THROUGH THE DOOR-WINDOW: TERRY leans down to STEVE and whispers in his ear. STEVE explodes - TERRY holds him down.

FADE TO BLACK.

148 EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT 148

Establishing shot of Boston.

149 INT. UPSCALE BOSTON RESTAURANT - NIGHT 149

Distinguished GENTLEMEN mix with Elegant LADIES in an UPSCALE BOSTON RESTAURANT. Sitting in the LOUNGE AREA is JEREMY VAN HOLDEN, with his three YUPPIE friends: MITCH, TODD, and BRAD. They all drink scotch. MITCH leads a toast.

MITCH

Congrats on the Epstein account,
Van Holden. That'll be a nice
commish'.

TODD

I'm sure your father's election had
nothing to do with it.

JEREMY

(sarcastic)

Fuck you very much, Todd.

They all laugh. JEREMY stands.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me. I
must partake, once again, in this
restaurant's fine facilities.

He leaves the LOUNGE AREA.

150 INT. UPSCALE BOSTON RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 150

JEREMY enters the bathroom, checking himself in the mirror, rubbing at his nose. He enters a stall and anxiously pulls out a small VIAL OF COCAINE.

(CONTINUED)

The bathroom door opens and in walks a dangerous-looking man, his face bruised and scarred, his eyes ablaze. It is MATT.

MATT quietly approaches JEREMY'S stall. He slowly pushes the stall-door open, finding JEREMY snorting a line. A powder-nosed JEREMY jolts up, caught. He spills his cocaine on himself and the floor.

JEREMY

What the fuck?

JEREMY recognizes MATT and relaxes. MATT'S stern look has disappeared.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Matt Buckner? Is that you?

JEREMY tends to his spilled cocaine mess, snorting his hands for stray dust.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Jesus, dude, you look like shit.

MATT stares at JEREMY. JEREMY prepares another line of cocaine. He gestures for MATT to scam.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Hey Buckner, do you mind?

JEREMY notices MATT'S stare.

MATT

You said you would hook me up.

JEREMY

What?

MATT

I took the fall for you at Harvard and you said you would hook me...

JEREMY

You gotta be kidding me.

MATT rambles nervously, pathetic.

MATT

They were your drugs and...and you said that you had more to lose and..and that you would hook me up if I...

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY

...alright! Yes. I said I would hook you up. Jesus Matt. I'm in a meeting right now.

JEREMY stands and flips a business card at MATT.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

(condescending)

Call my office. Talk to Cindy. She'll make an appointment for you.

JEREMY grabs the stall door and closes it, locking it.

MATT turns and walks away. He breaks into a smile. It was a charade. He reaches into jacket and retrieves a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER, rewinding it and pressing play.

TAPE RECORDER

"...and that you would hook me up if I...alright! Yes. I said I would hook you up..."

JEREMY bursts from the stall. He is a coked-up fiend.

JEREMY

What the fuck is this?

MATT turns. He breaks into a confident grin.

MATT

(holds up RECORDER)

This? This is my ticket back to Harvard.

JEREMY scowls. He charges at MATT and lunges for RECORDER.

JEREMY

Gimme that.

In a lightning-quick move, MATT grabs JEREMY by the throat and slams him against the bathroom wall.

MATT

I wouldn't do that.

MATT holds JEREMY'S neck tightly. Their eyes lock. JEREMY'S eyes bulge. MATT could kill JEREMY in an instant - JEREMY knows it.

A song plays in MATT'S head. He murmurs to himself:

(CONTINUED)

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm forever blowing bubbles...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (4)

150

MATT calms. He looks at JEREMY - completely disheveled and humiliated. He releases his grip and walks to the bathroom door, singing louder. JEREMY crumples to the floor, defeated.

151 INT. UPSCALE BOSTON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

151

MATT marches through the posh restaurant, singing fully.

MATT

Pretty bubbles in the air...

He passes the three YUPPIES, who stare at the hooligan, fearful.

152 EXT. UPSCALE BOSTON RESTAURANT - STREET - NIGHT

152

MATT exits the restaurant and walks down the street. The VOICES of the GSE LADS join him in song.

MATT AND THE LADS

They fly so high, they reach the sky...

THE END