

# 'Warriors F.C.'

By

Anvil Springstien.

*Final Draft*

33 Stratford Grove West. Newcastle upon Tyne. NE6 5BB

mobile: 0788 504 7856

land: 0191 265 2012

e-mail: [warriorsfc@anvilspringstien.co.uk](mailto:warriorsfc@anvilspringstien.co.uk)

website: [www.anvilspringstien.co.uk](http://www.anvilspringstien.co.uk)

A

'Near the Knuckle'

Production

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**Warriors F.C.**

**SYNOPSIS:**

'Warriors!' is set in the inner-city Liverpool of the mid '70's (1977). Liverpool Football Club have just won the League Championship and the European Cup.

Around this setting, a local under-14s street team; 'The Walton Industrial Estate Warriors FC', are (for the third time) kicked out of their local league for violence and misconduct.

At the same time, a local branch of the Air Cadets find themselves (by a fortuitous route, and for the the first time in their far from illustrious sporting history) in the fifth round of the 'Air Training Corps Cup'.

A plan is hatched btwn a 17yr old cadet sergeant; Winston 'Winnie' Churchill', and the Warriors manager; a middle-aged likable idiot known as 'Bus-Pass', to recruit the team to play as mercenaries in the cup competition.

What follows is the story of the 'Warriors' cup run, as related to a young lad by his father; Joey, (now forty two) who as a 13 yr old in 1977, wore the captains armband of 'The Walton Industrial Estate Warriors F.C.'

**Brief Character Breakdown.** (Major Characters.)

**YEAR 2006**

**JOEY** (as a man):

Joey is forty two years old. Married with a thirteen year old football mad son (Sammi). He is an engineer with a fairly good income, a mortgage on a nice house and a four wheel drive Toyota. He loves his family. His life has not always been this good.

**SAMMI** (Joey's son):

Sammi is your average all round nice, thirteen year old boy. He goes to a good school, supports Liverpool Football Club (of course), and thinks the world of his supportive parents. He is a fairly good footballer.

**YEAR 1977**

**BUS PASS** (the coach):

A local middle aged man, Bus Pass has been coaching the Warriors for about three years. He is portly, kind, and a bit thick. He is a sort of Johnney Vegas/Ricky Tomlinson character with few close adult friends (although he is liked by most people on the estate), devoting most if not all his time to the team.

**WINSTON** (Air Cadet Sergeant):

From the Wirral, (a placcy scouser) Winston has been an Air Cadet for as long as he can remember. He is loyal, responsible, and thinks he is doing the best he can for the Walton branch of the Air Training Corps. He is now seventeen years old.

**JOEY** (as a boy):

Joey is a skinhead of thirteen years old. Tall for his age, Joey is known for being a bit of a hard nut. He is about to start dating a thirteen year old girl called Chrissy (also a skinhead). Rarely going to school he prefers to hang out with Chrissy, sniffing glue or looking for used foil heroin wraps. We see or hear little of his family - as far as he is concerned, they don't exist. His most precious possessions are his oxblood airware and his crombie (which he always wears with a pin and kerchief).

**MONGO:**

Mongo has Downs Syndrome. He is thirteen years old and fairly large. He is (and always has been) the goalkeeper. He is looked after by one and all. Mongo is always asking questions, especially of Cadger (his ten year old brother). His pride and joy is his green 'keepers' jersey and 'keepers' gloves which he always wears. Mongo, believe it or not, is a term of affection.

**CADGER:**

Cadger is Mongo's younger brother. He is ten years old and is both loud and 'gobby'. He is popular with the rest of the lads and although only ten his power within the group is second only to Joey (Degsy would argue about this though).

**CHRISSY:** (Joey's romantic interest)

Chrissy is a 'gluey' who dresses identically to Joey, even down to the shaved head. Like most of the characters, she is a bit daft. The one solid thing she hopes to have in her life is Joey, who she expects to get pregnant by.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN:** (the Priest)

His real name is Father Joseph Flannigan but he is known by one and all as Father Bunloaf or just Bunloaf or, more commonly, as 'Father'. He is a kindly man who understands the grinding poverty on the estate. His only vices are a love of the horses and the odd drop of whiskey. He hails from Dublin, as anyone can tell by his brogue.

**THE C.O.:**

The C.O. is late middle-aged and your typical retired RAF type. Always immaculately turned out, he sports a whopping moustache. His accent is very 'far back'. He is a sort of Chris Luby character.

**DEGSY:**

Degsy is eleven. Hard lad though he is, he is not very vocal - he does all his talking on the pitch. He plays up front with Joey and Gizmo. Like a lot of people in Liverpool Degsy is mixed race.

**GIZMO:**

Gizmo is ten years old and small for his age. A few years back his Dad 'acquired' a small portable television which has a six inch screen and shoulder-borne battery pack. The only time Gizmo is ever seen without this television is when he is on the pitch. He plays up front with Joey and Degsy. Although he is chatty his eyes rarely leave the small screen.

**TWINNY #1 & #2:**

The Twins are eight years old, identical even down to their green parka's. They are both known as 'Twinny'. When called, they both always answer "What?". The hoods of their parka's are always over their heads. They are both fairly quiet and always go with the flow. They play on the wing.

**SPLITLIP:**

Ten years old, Midfield. Splitlip doesn't talk much due to his lower lip having a permanent scab running down it's middle. Attempts to talk, laugh or smile result in the scab splitting open. No-one can remember a time when this wasn't the case.

**GIFF:**

Giff is eight years old and almost anonymous. Plays midfield

**TINHEAD:**

Tinhead (or 'Tin'ead) is ten years old and has bright red hair. He is quiet, very quiet. He plays defence.

**MUFF:**

Twelve years old, Midfield.

**GIZMOS' MAM:**

Mutton dressed up as lamb. Old before her age, she has 'big' hair. She chain smokes and just wants a "bit of friggin' peace".

**GIZMOS' DAD:**

Rotund and unemployed, Gizmo's Dad is as rough and as scruffy as they come. Wearing a filthy white vest, he is always out of 'ciggies'. He is a sort of 'Eddie Yates' type character.

**MRS MURPHY (the church cleaner):**

About sixty years old. Blue rinse. Very broad accent. Smokes. Always wears a floral print pinafore.

**THE C.O.s GOOD LADY WIFE:**

Same age as her husband the C.O. She is undoubtedly a snob.

**JOEY'S DAD:**

Joey's Dad is early-forties. Unemployed. Joey's Mother died a few years back and he has since struggled to bring Joey up. He is an alcoholic.

**LOGLINE IDEAS:**

Just when you thought it was safe to go back onto the pitch...

The pursuit of victory, redemption... and a bag of wind.

Route One was never quite... well, this Route One.

It wasn't just the ball that crossed the line.

Football's not just a matter of life and death... it's all out war!

Pele might have been the best player in the world... but was he the hardest?

Their goal in life was to leave their mark... usually on the opposition!

When Saturday comes... be afraid, be very afraid.

Eleven lads, one coach, one goal... victory!

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FADE UP TO:

EXT. MUNICIPAL PLAYING FIELDS. AUTUMN - DAY.

MUSIC OVER: (LITTLE BOY. CARLA THOMAS. 1991 - *cd track 1* ).

The year is 2005. On the touchline of one of the many matches in progress, a Father (**JOEY**, 41), his 'mate' (**BILLY**, 40ish), and about ten or so other **PARENTS**, are cheering on their respective offspring in a local under-14's football match. all are enthusiastic regardless of the inclement weather.

JOEY is shouting encouragement to his SON (**SAMMI**, 13) who, wearing the captains arm-band, has just scored a goal.

SAMMI and his team-mates are celebrating whilst Joey and Billy are like young kids in their enthusiasm.

a WOMAN (SAMMI's **MOTHER**) appears with a Labrador dog on a leash. She is hugged and kissed by Joey. She waves to Sammi, who waves back. She leaves with the dog.

Further along the touch-line, ex-Liverpool footballer **ROBBIE FOWLER** with what appears to be a **MINDER**. The Minder has a small white Terrier on a retractable leash. Fowler is clapping and whistling.

MUSIC OVER FADES.

The game is about to re-start. Sammi and his fellow forward **DANNY** are waiting for the kick-off. They are both breathless.

**DANNY**

Gerrin' Sammi, well sorted... eh, d'yer see who's watchin'?

**SAMMI**

Yeah great eh. Must be injured. Look, hustle the ball an gerrit to me...

The WHISTLE BLOWS.

Danny runs and slides in as the **OPPOSING FORWARD** receives the ball from the kick-off. The ball takes a bounce, deflects and drops at Sammi's feet. As Sammi gets the ball he imagines he is Robbie Fowler about to score at Anfield.

Sammi bursts through the midfield on the angle, drops a shoulder and loses one player,

...pulls the ball back losing another, and, from the left side edge of the box,

...places the ball in the top right-hand corner of the net forcing a spectacular but fruitless full-length dive from the keeper.

On the touch-line Joey and Billy go wild.

Sammi throws his hand in the air as he races across the face of the goal. In his mind Sammi see's the Anfield Kop go wild...

**BILLY**

Two goals up eh Joey, and both down to your lad Sammi.

Billy looks at his watch

...If he can bang another one in as quick as that he'll be up fer keepin' the match-ball!

**JOEY**

Yeah great eh, it'll be 'is first...

**BILLY**

Eh, proud dad or what eh. D'yer see who's 'ere? He'd be chuffed scoring a hatrick in front of him wouldn't he

**JOEY**

...must be injured eh?

**BILLY**

Ah, he's always bloody injured... Eh up...

Billy gestures to the pitch

...'ere we go...

The WHISTLE BLOWS for the re-start.

The ball is pushed forward and picked up by Sammy's KEEPER who punts the ball high into the air.

The ball drops to Danny who pushes the ball forward into the box. Sammi and the opposition KEEPER challenge for the 50/50 ball.

WarriorsFC. Pagell.

In the ensuing challenge Sammi is apparently floored by the Keeper, just inside the box.

All on the touchline are shouting for the decision.

The REFEREE BLOWS and points to the spot.

Intercut this with footage from the infamous match (against Arsenal 98/99) where FOWLER is brought down by Arsenal Keeper: DAVID SEAMAN.

**BILLY**

It's gorra be 'is 'atrick now Joey, me boy!

**JOEY**

Gerraway Billy, it was hardly a penalty...

Sammi is seen talking to the referee. The Ref' blows his whistle and points to the corner of the box indicating a goal-kick.

On the TOUCHLINE, all but Billy are applauding.

**BILLY**

What the friggin' 'ell? He gave it away!

**JOEY**

It's not just about winning Billy, it's about how you...

**BILLY**

...play the friggin' game, yeah I know.

In the background Robbie Fowler is clapping and whistling.

The Ref' BLOWS for full-time.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR PARK. JOEY'S CAR - DAY.

The passenger door opens and a freshly showered Sammi throws his sports-bag over the seat into the back of the car. Under his arm he has a football. He climbs in and slams the door.

**JOEY**

What've yer got there kidda?

**SAMMI**

They decided to give me the match ball  
anyway Dad, look, they all signed it...  
includin' the ref!

Joey goes to ruffle his sons hair when there is a tap on the window of the passenger door... Joey presses the appropriate button and the rain soaked window slides down to reveal a smiling Robbie Fowler.

**FOWLER**

Hiya, look I hope yer don't mind...

**SAMMI**

...don't mind!

**FOWLER**

...I just wanna say I thought you had a  
great game...

**SAMMI**

Wow! ...Cheers Robbie!

Fowler indicates the match-ball.

**FOWLER**

Can I sign that as well?

**SAMMI**

...can yer?

**JOEY**

Listen, er, I've er, I've gorra camera in  
the back...?

SFX: 35MM CAMERA NOISE. (over).

We see a series of 10 x 1 second STILLS of Fowler, Sammi and Joey in the car park.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. HIGH STREET. JOEYS CAR - DAY.

Joey is coming through the doors of Boots The Chemist. He folds a piece of paper as he rounds his car and opens the door and enters.

**JOEY**

We can pick 'em up first thing on Monday...

**SAMMI**

God Dad, I can't wait!

Joey starts the engine.

**JOEY**

Wait'll we tell yer Mam!

**SAMMI**

She'll never believe us?

**JOEY**

Two Goals, the match-ball... and your hero Robbie Fowler!

**SAMMI**

Gerraway Dad, Robbies not my hero.

**JOEY**

Not yer hero? Robbie Fowler? Are yer daft?

**SAMMI**

Yeah, and you're soft in the 'ead.  
(laughs) Your my hero Dad...

Joey turns off the engine - there is a pause.

**SAMMI**

What's wrong Dad?

**JOEY**

Bless me Father for I have sinned...

**SAMMI**

Yer what, Dad?

**JOEY**

Listen Sammi, there's something I've got to tell yer. D'yer remember I told yer about the football team I used to play for when I was your age?

**SAMMI**

Yeah, the 'Warriors'. Great name Dad...

**JOEY**

Well, we were really called 'The Walton Industrial Estate Warriors'. Bit of a mouthful eh. 1977 it was...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

Similar municipal playing fields, same cold, same drizzle, but the year is now 1977.

**JOEY (V/O)**

...and Liverpool had just won the Championship and the European Cup. (beat) It was a different world back then and we were far from heroes... I used to play number seven...

A young lad (**JOEY**) wearing a red number seven shirt runs into a hard and vicious tackle with a younger and much smaller **OPPONENT** who, whilst they are both on the ground, he viciously elbows in the face. Joey is helped to his feet by his team-mate, **DEGSY** - an 11yr old lad of mixed race.

On the touch-line is a middle-aged man with a beard. He is the 'manager' of the Walton Industrial Estate Warriors and is known to one and all as '**BUS PASS**'. He is effing and blinding at all and everything. Close to him is a 13 year old girl: **CHRISSEY**.

**BUS PASS**

C'mon Warriors! Get stuck in, c'mon, get stuck in!

Bus Pass see's that the Warriors KEEPER - a tall 14 yr old with Downs Syndrome - is out of position:

**BUS PASS (CONT') (cont'd)**

Mongo... stay on yer line lad!

**MONGO** backs up to the goal-line.

A concerned and angry parent leads his limping, crying child away from the proceedings. In the background a figure in the light blue uniform and beret of The Air Training Corps walks towards Bus Pass.

**PARENT**

Get stuck in? They're a bunch of friggin animals your lot... friggin' animals...

Bus Pass half looks over his shoulder.

**BUS PASS**

That bunch of animals are top of the league...

He is joined at the touchline by the uniformed figure.

**BUS PASS (CONT')**

...friggin' poof. C'mon Warriors, get stuck in lads, give 'em what f... Hey! Cripple 'im Joey!

Chrissy is joined by a friend, **MARGIE** on the touchline.

**CHRISSY**

Hiya, Margie...

**MARGIE**

Thought I'd find you here, Chrissy. What's the score?

**CHRISSY**

They're fuckin' 'em three nil.

**MARGIE**

And has yer boyfriend scored?

Joey dribbles past an Opponent.

**CHRISSEY**

He's not my boyfriend!

**MARGIE**

Could'a fooled me, girl.

**CHRISSEY**

He scored two goals...

**MARGIE**

Why don't yer just ask him out and get it over with?

**CHRISSEY**

Why should I?

**MARGIE**

Why should yer?

**CHRISSEY**

Anyway... don't need to...

**MARGIE**

Eh?

**CHRISSEY**

He already asked me.

**MARGIE**

Yer what?

**CHRISSEY**

We're going out on a date on Thursday.

**MARGIE**

Yer sly old cow... (double beat) ...are yer gonna' shag him?

**CHRISSEY**

He's dead hard isn't he.

Joey tackles his opponent. The Ref' blows for a foul. Joey and his OPPONENT both get up off the grass. His Opponent has the ball in his hands as he speaks to Joey.

**OPPONENT**

So how come you've gorra' nigger an' a spas' playin' for yer?

Joey pushes his opponent and squares up.

**JOEY**

He's norra nigger, he's fuckin' half-cast, alright!

Chrissy provides vocal support from the touchline.

**CHRISSEY**

Fuck him, Joey!

Joeys Opponent nods towards Mongo.

**OPPONENT**

Does that mean he's half a fuckin' spas' then?

Joey grabs him by his shirt with both hands and head-butts him.

His Opponent falls to the ground, blood streams from his face.

The Ref' blows the whistle and to the astonishment of the Warriors and Bus Pass, abandons the game.

Bus Pass runs towards the referee. As does the rest of the Team. Following Bus Pass is the uniformed youth.

**BUS PASS**

What the friggin' 'ell d'yer think your doin'?

**REFEREE**

Enough is enough... You'll forfeit the game and after I put in my report I doubt very much whether you'll play in this League ever again!

Joey inhales audibly through his nose and spits the resulting flem into the face of the referee.

**REFEREE**

Why you little shi...

SFX: PUNCH NOISE.

TO BLACK.

FADE SOUND OUT:

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**CADGER (V/O)**

That's the third fuckin' league we've  
been kicked out of...

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - LATER.

The Team are sat down in various states of undress. There is an aura of gloom, despair and recrimination. **GIZMO**, (10yrs old) as is usual, has his eyes glued to his portable TV set - it has a six inch screen and a shoulder-born battery pack. Gizmo takes part in the bickering, but his eyes never leave the screen.

**DEGSY**

Yeah, well maybe if Joey hadn't gobbed on him...

**GIZMO**

Or if Bus Pass hadn't hit him yer mean...

**GIFF**

He went for Joey!

**TINHEAD**

Yeah, but only 'cos Joey gobbed on him!

**MUFF**

He stopped the game!

**TINHEAD**

But he gobbed on him!

**SPLITLIP**

(mumbled)

But they called Mongo a spas'!

**GIFF**

He gobbed on him 'cos he stopped the game

**CADGER**

He stopped the game 'cos he sent the 'ead in!

**DEGSY**

Yeah, and he only sent the head in 'cos that tart Chrissy was watching.

**JOEY**

Eh, soft lad, I sent the head in 'cos they called Mongo a spas'!

**MONGO**

Is she your tart then, Joey?

**JOEY**

Shut up Mongo...

**JOEY**

(to Degsy)

...and she's not a tart, alright!

**SPLITLIP**

(mumbled)

But they did call Mongo a spas'... Ow!

**DEGSY**

Mongo is a spas'!

**TWINNY #1**

Yeah, and you're a nigger but we don't let anyone call yer it do we?

**DEGSY**

You fuckin'... say that again, Twinny, go 'ead...

Degsy jumps to his feet. So does Joey. They square up to each other.

Bus Pass enters just in time. Behind him is the uniformed Youth.

**BUS PASS**

Hold on lads... together in victory, together in defeat... Now it's not the end of the world is it? Like the roof hasn't fallen down around our heads has it? Well? Has it? No. We are the Walton Industrial Estate Warriors F.C. A proud team yeah....

There are mumbles from the team. Amongst this we hear Mongo:

**MONGO**

Cadger... what's a spas'?

**BUS PASS**

...a great team yeah?

The mood is picking up amongst the team.

**BUS PASS (CONT')**

C'mon lads... a hard team yeah?

There are cheers of agreement.

**MONGO**

Cadger...?

**BUS PASS**

...smitten by adversity? Maybe! Shunned even, by their own kind, Yeah! But bowed? No chance. Deterred? Not on yer friggin' nellie! Why? 'Cos we are safe in the knowledge... the belief... that a Messiah would appear to lead us out of the valley of darkness once again to lifted to victory and glory beyond our wildest dreams.

**GIZMO**

What the fucks he on about?

**DEGSY**

'E's pissed...

There is a general hubbub.

**BUS PASS**

Lads...

**MONGO**

What's a Messiah Cadger?

**BUS PASS**

Lads, lads... let me introduce our  
Messiah...

**MONGO**

Cadger...?

Cadger is irritated by Mongos persistence.

**CADGER**

Like Bill Shankly, soft lad.

Bus Pass puts his arm around the uniformed youth

**BUS PASS**

...Winston S Churchill of the Walton  
Branch of the Air Training Corps!

They all look perplexed.

**BUS PASS**

Winston 'ere has asked me to put  
something to yer lads. For the first time  
in the history of the Air Cadets they  
have found themselves in the envious  
position of being in the 5th round of the  
ATC Cup! That's kinda' like their FA Cup  
yeah?

**JOEY**

Yeah, so?

**WINSTON**

...the point is we're shite. Crap. Worse than crap...

**SPLITLIP**

Yeah, Tho? Ow!

Splitlip holds his hands to his face in pain.

**WINSTON**

What's wrong with him?

**DEGSY**

He can't talk, can yer Splitlip.

**TWINNY #1**

If he talks, he splits his lip...

**TINHEAD**

...So he don't talk or smile or his lip'll split...

**TWINNY #2**

His Mam sez we can't tell him any jokes...

**WINSTON**

Why doesn't he just buy some lip balm?

Everyone bursts out laughing, as if a great joke has just been told.

**JOEY**

Lip balm? He's norra' poof yer know!

Bus Pass tries to get things back on track.

**BUS PASS**

Winnie? Go 'ead, lad...

**WINSTON**

Yeah, well, anyway... Look, we're crap... worse than crap, and we want...

well, we want you lot... the Warriors, to play for us in the Cup!

There is a pause whilst this sinks in. Gizmo turns down the volume of his portable T.V.

Bus Pass smiles at the staring faces and starts singing - low at first ...conducting with his fingers:

**BUS PASS**

We're gonna win the Cup, we're gonna win the Cup. And now yer gonna believe us, and now yer gonna...

Smiles break out amongst the team. They begin to join Bus Pass in singing.

**ALL**

...believe us, and now yer gonna believe us... We're gonna win the Cup!

There is excited cheering. Kit is thrown into the air. Bus Pass is clapping and cheering and slapping Winston on the back. Half the team are again singing 'WE'RE GONNA WIN THE CUP! WE'RE GONNA WIN THE CUP!'

Gizmo, amidst the cheering, returns his attention to his telly.

Mongo and Cadger are sat either side of him.

**GIZMO**

Mongo, Cadger, look! Yanks... playin' footie!

Cadger gives a perfunctory glance. Mongo is more interested.

**MONGO**

Why have they got their names on the backs of their shirts Cadger?

Bus Pass has to raise his voice to be heard.

**BUS PASS**

...all's we gorra do, yeah... is join the Air Training Corps!

There is almost instant silence.

The teams jaws have dropped.

They find their voice simultaneously:

**THE TEAM**

Fuck off!

FADE SOUND.

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**WINSTON (OVER)**

Fill in the first one and hand them back  
to me in the office...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE MAIN ROOM - EVENING.

They are all sat facing each other on gym benches in two  
rows.

Some of them have folded serge uniforms on their knees. Blue  
berets are perched perilously on some of their heads. Winston  
is walking btwn the seated lads, handing out FORMS.

**WINSTON (CONT')**

...the second one is a 'consent form',  
get it back by next Friday...

Cadger, Joey, Degsy & Mongo are studying the forms.

**GIZMO**

Whats 'consent' mean Cadger?

**CADGER**

Dunno'? What's 'consent' mean Joey?

**JOEY**

Like er... like yer know when yer Dad  
touches yer and you don't want him to...?

**DEGSY & GIZMO**

Yeah?

**CADGER**

Er... yeah... maybe?

**JOEY**

Well, he's touchin' yer... without your consent.

Cadger thinks this through.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE OFFICE - THE SAME.

Winston is putting a pile of papers in a filing cabinet when Bus Pass pops his head 'round the door.

**BUS PASS**

This the boot room then Winnie?

**WINSTON**

Sorry, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

Never mind Win'. Look, Winnie, the lads wanna know if they have to put their own names down... Y'know, in case any of their mates find out?

**WINSTON**

Look Bus Pass, they can write down Ghengis Khan for all I care... so long as I don't know about it alright!

Winston slams shut the filing cabinet drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE MAIN ROOM - THE SAME.

They are still seated. Bus Pass is standing.

**GIFF**

Ghengis fuckin' who, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

I don't bleedin' know, do I? But you can be 'im if yer want!

**JOEY**

Well I don't wanna be 'im!

**CADGER**

Neither do I!

**GIF**

Does someone have to be 'im?

**JOEY**

Well it's not gonna be me!

**TWINNY #1**

Sounds like a poofs name to me!

**TWINNY #2**

And me...

**MONGO**

Who are you gonna be, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

I don't know do I? I've never thought about bein' someone else?

There is a slight pause.

**JOEY**

Yeah, but if yer could be someone else Bus Pass... (double beat)

Joey folds his arms and leans back, knowingly.  
...who would you wanna be?

FADE SOUND.

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**WINSTON (OVER)**

Okay, as I call out your names...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE MAIN ROOM - EVENING.

Winston is doing a Roll Call. The lads, along with other Cadets, are lined up in front of him in three rows, standing to attention. Most are not wearing uniform but all are wearing berets.

**WINSTON (CONT')**

...shout 'Sir!'. Here we go... 'Paisley, Robert'?

Bus Pass answers to this name. As he speaks he salutes sharply.

**BUS PASS**

Sir!

Winston ticks off the name and continues.

**WINSTON**

Clemence. Raymond?

**MONGO**

Sir.

There are 'titters' from other 'real' cadets in the line up. Degsy nips this in the bud.

**DEGSY**

Shut it you, yer dickhead, or I'll do yer.

**WINSTON**

Lloyd. Larry?

**SPLITLIP**

Thir. Ow!

**WINSTON**

Boersma...

FADE SOUND.

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**C.O. (OVER)**

...Philip. (beat) Keegan, Kevin...

CUT TO :

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE OFFICE.

Winston is standing at attention, listening to his **COMMANDING OFFICER** continue, seamlessly, with the rest of the teams 'Roll Call'. As he reads out each name he slams the paper onto his desk.

**C.O. (CONT')**

...middle name; God! ...Toshack, John.  
What on earth is going on Churchill?

**WINSTON**

Er, well... well lots of people off the estate call their kids after footballers... Sir.

**C.O.**

Look Winston, I know the good people of Liverpool are renown for their knowledge of football, but I doubt even they would have the foresight to predict the names of the entire current Liverpool team as far back as what...

He picks up a form at random off his desk  
...as far back as 1964? How would you explain that Churchill?

**WINSTON**

Serendipity ...Sir?

**C.O.**

Seren-bloody-dipity?!?

**WINSTON**

It's the cup Sir... The ATC Cup.

**C.O.**

What about the Cup?

**WINSTON**

We've never won it... ever!

**C.O.**

Do you think I, of all people, do not know that Churchill? (beat) And...?

**WINSTON**

Look, Sir, as you know, in forty years we've never won the ATC Cup, not once, never. Other Branches laugh at us! Now, 'cos of the Train Drivers Strike, and a severe bout of measles in Leicester, we've been given a by into the fifth round. If we win on Saturday we'll only be two games away from the final and who can tell what'll happen?

**C.O.**

So... your telling me you've enlisted the services of a team of mercenaries to win the trophy for us? Is that what you're telling me?

**WINSTON**

Well...

There is a pause whilst the C.O. thinks about the glory of Walton ATC.

**C.O.**

...Look, Winston, they have to want to join, that's the whole point of the ATC, It's what the ATC is all about.

**WINSTON**

Oh, they're all very keen Sir!

**C.O.**

Keen eh? ...And what about the parents of this rag-tag army of yours?

**WINSTON**

...Seem's they're even keener Sir, y'know, bit of discipline, respect for authority...

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER BLOCK. GIZMO'S PARENTS COUNCIL FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Gizmo,s **MAM & DAD** are sat around the kitchen table, eating. Gizmo's Dad is wearing a dirty vest. Although Gizmo's Mam is eating she holds a cigarette in one hand. Gizmo is standing by the cooker filling up an empty dried milk tin with gas from one of the rings.

**DAD**

No!

He bangs the table as he speaks, food flies from his mouth.

Gizmo arrives at the table holding a '**Marvel**' dried milk tin. One of his fingers is covering a hole in the centre of the lid of the tin. He places the tin in the middle of the table.

**GIZMO**

But please Dad... it's dead good fun, and yer get to fire a rifle - a real rifle!

**DAD**

No son of mine is goin' ter get involved with that bunch of fuckin' arse bandits!

**GIZMO**

But they're not arse bandits, Dad!

**MAM**

Are yer sure this is safe?

**DAD**

Shirt lifters, everyone of them. Fuckin' RAF!

**GIZMO**

It was on the telly Mam...

**MAM**

Oh let the kid join Dad, it'll keep 'im off the streets...

**GIZMO**

Please Dad...?

**DAD**

Gangin' up on me now are yers?

**GIZMO**

Please Dad...?

**MAM**

Oh fer a bit of friggin' peace...

Gizmo's Dad strikes a match...

**DAD**

Alright, alright, alright!

**GIZMO**

Yes!

**DAD**

But I'm writing yer a note saying yer not ter mix with any of those darkie kids...

As he says this he offers the lit match to the hole in the lid of the tin... a small blue flame is visible.

**GIZMO**

But you can't friggin' write Dad!

**DAD**

Why you bleedin' little...

A large explosion occurs. Their eyes move slowly upwards. The lid of the Marvel Tin is embedded deep into the polystyrene tiled kitchen ceiling.

**GIZMO**

Gorra go out...

Gizmo rapidly makes for the door.

**DAD**

...and watch yer friggin' arse!

The door slams...

**DAD**

Where's he goin' at this time of night?

...only to open again briefly.

**GIZMO**

An' I'll need one pound fifty a week Mam!

**DAD**

Whaaat! And eh, where are you goin, this time of ni...

Gizmo slams the kitchen door and is gone. There is a brief pause before a large piece of ceiling crashes to the centre of the kitchen table.

**DAD (CONT')**

(beat) ...lend us a ciggie till tomorrow will yer luv'?

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SMALL CITY CENTRE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

MUSIC OVER:( 'STOLEN ANGEL' THE TONETTES (1962) - *cd track 2* )

Eclectic groups of people enter a small city centre cellar club.

On stage a **FEMALE SINGER** begins a new number. She fronts a 'Northern Soul' band dressed in late '50's/early '60's 'soul' garb.

The atmosphere is smokey. The floor is filling with dancers, among which are a group of **FOUR MALE PUNK ROCKERS**... They are pogo-ing to the soul music.

A fight breaks out at a table and bouncers move in... fast. People are ejected. No-one, least of all the band, bats an eye.

On another table a group of hard lads are impressing their girlfriends by 'gobbing' on the dancing punks.

In a corner of the bar stands a lone figure with a tormented expression. '**JOEY'S DAD**'. He stares into the bottom of a glass.

His thoughts are broken by the **BARMAID** who slams down another double scotch in front of him. The interruption takes him by suprise.

**BARSTAFF**

Three sixty without the tip...

**JOEY'S DAD**

Sorry...?

**BARSTAFF**

I said... three sixty without the tip...

**JOEY'S DAD**

Oh, yeah.

Joeys Dad pulls out his wallet and hands over a fiver - his eyes move to the photos in the wallet: A woman, presumably his wife, and his son Joey.

He touches the photos longingly before quickly downing his drink and gaining the attention of the barstaff.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Eh, luv...

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVERPOOL. STREETS. WATERFRONT. RIVER - NIGHT. MONTAGE

MUSIC CONTINUES (OVER).

Club Exterior. The street is packed with revellers. The 'Radio City' Tower visible in the background.

The twin Cathedrals are floodlit. Beyond the Cathedrals the 'Radio City' Tower and the greatest of the 'Three Graces': 'The Liver Building'.

C/U of the 'Liver Birds' and in the background the River Mersey. The clock shows 9.35pm. A ships horn sounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENCH FACING THE RIVER MERSEY - NIGHT.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER.

MUSIC FADES.

ANOTHER SHIPS HORN SOUNDS.

A brightly lit ferry is visible over the silouetted heads of Joey and Chrissy who are sat on a bench watching the river.

They are both wearing Crombie overcoats with pins, parallel jeans with turn-ups. Chrissy is examining Joey's blue beret. Both Joey and Chrissy never look at each other, they always look at the river.

Joey has a green Harrods carrier bag in his hands. In the carrier bag is a pot of Evo-Stik. He draws heavily on the bag.

**CHRISSY**

Well if yer think I'm gonna wait yer can fuck off!

**JOEY**

What?

**CHRISSY**

Me granny didn't wait during the war... soon as he was gone she fucked off wi' a yank!

**JOEY**

They have their names on the backs of their shirts, (beat) Yanks...

Chrissy looks confused but regains her train of thought.

**CHRISSY**

But will it mean you have to go  
abroad...?

Joey holds his breath. Taking the rush from the glue.

**JOEY**

Abroa... Are you a dick'ead or what? It's  
one Friday night a week on Rotherman  
Street!

Joey passes the bag to Chrissy who takes three or four  
breaths from the bag and holds her breath before she speaks.

**CHRISSY**

Yeah, but it's still dangerous innit... I  
mean, what with all that flying?

She passes the bag back to Joey.

...and then there's the war...

Joey repeats Chrissy's actions with the carrier bag. He cuts  
short his last draw, and rapidly tosses the bag over his  
shoulder, choking slightly. It is apparent someone is  
approaching. It is a **CATHOLIC PRIEST**, who is slightly the  
worse for drink. He acknowledges them as he passes.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Joey...

**JOEY**

Father.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Chrissy...

**CHRISSY**

Father...

Father Flannigan is barely out of earshot when the pair burst  
into giggles...

...hushing each other. They hold one another, laughing.

As they manage to prise themselves apart, their face's brush  
and thier eyes meet.

Their laughter subsides into teenage hormonal tension.

They kiss. Badly.

Joey pulls away suddenly, realising this kiss represents lifelong commitment. He leans back over the bench to retrieve the bag. Taking a deep draw he holds his breath for about ten seconds buzzing off the rush.

Eventually he exhales, satisfied. Life-long commitment forgotten.

**CHRISSY**

So, are we going out with each other then?

**JOEY**

Yeah, alright then... (double beat)  
...hold on... what d'yer mean, War?  
(beat) What fuckin' war?

CUT TO:

EXT. MUNICIPAL FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Joey violently punches an OPPOSING PLAYER, who instantly falls to the ground. Joey jumps across him and draws back his fist.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - SAME.

Bus Pass SLAMS the door of the changing room as he enters. The Warriors are sat around, kitted up.

**BUS PASS**

Right lads, five minutes to kickoff, are we fit then? (beat) Where's Joey?

**GIFF**

He's warmin' up and havin' a quick word with the Captain of the other team.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - THE SAME. MONTAGE.

The whistle is about to be blown for the start of the match. Joey's shirt is covered in blood. He shakes the hand of his Opponebt.

The Referee blows his whistle.

Cadger slides into a crunching tackle.

Gizmo does the same.

Mongo body checks an opposing forward.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. THE C.O.'S OFFICE - EVENING

Winston is being addressed by his C.O.

**C.O.**

...eleven complaints from Parents, seven bookings, one 12 year old taken to casualty before the match even started, and graffiti all over the changing room...

**WINSTON**

But they did win six nil, Sir.

**C.O.**

Give me one reason Churchill, One reason why I should allow these child thugs and young criminals to remain in this, up till now, honourable branch of the Air Training Corps? One good reason!

**WINSTON**

...We're in the quarter-finals Sir.

Winston lets this fact sink in. The CO is tapping a pencil on his desk. He holds the pencil in both hands. It breaks.

**C.O.**

One more match Churchill. Get out of here.

**WINSTON**

Sir. Yes Sir! (double beat) ...Sir?

**C.O.**

What?

**WINSTON**

...They'd like their names on the back of their shirts, Sir...

**C.O.**

No! No! No!

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S DAD'S FLAT - NIGHT.

Joey's Dad is sat on the sofa. The TV is on. In front of Joey's Dad is a coffee table. On the coffee table, a few empty guinness bottles and a half-full bottle of Teachers whisky. Joey's Dad looks into the whisky glass. He swirls the alcohol around. He hears Joey's key in the door.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Joey? Is that you son?

Joey's Dad leans over and turns the volume down on the TV.

**JOEY'S DAD (cont'd)**

That you, Joey?

Joey enters the living room. His football boots around his neck.

**JOEY**

Just me, Dad...

Joey throws his boots behind the sofa.

**JOEY (cont'd)**

Getting straight off to bed.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Hold on, son... Yer can talk to yer old fella' for a couple of minutes, can't yer? Have yer had anything to eat?

**JOEY**

Yeah, I had some chips, out.

**JOEY'S DAD**

What about school? Everything alright at school?

**JOEY**

Yeah, fine, Dad.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Sit down, son...

**JOEY**

I've gorra'get up dead early...

**JOEY'S DAD**

Just a couple of minutes, eh?

Joey sits on the arm of the sofa.

**JOEY'S DAD (cont'd)**

What you been up to?

**JOEY**

Nothin much.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Davey at the bookies sez you've got a judy?

**JOEY**

Nah, not really...

**JOEY'S DAD**

Sez it's the Lafferty's youngest... what's her name?

**JOEY**

Chrissy.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Chrissy Lafferty, eh? Is she nice?

**JOEY**

Just knockin' around...

**JOEY'S DAD**

Me and yer Mam were courting at your age.  
Real pretty she was...

**JOEY**

Look, Dad...

**JOEY'S DAD**

I miss her so much.

**JOEY**

Dad, look...

**JOEY'S DAD**

I'm sorry, Joey. I know I haven't been  
much of a Dad since...

**JOEY**

Dad...

**JOEY'S DAD**

It's going to change, kid, I promise... I  
mean it this time. Honestly.

**JOEY**

It's alright, Dad...

**JOEY'S DAD**

No, Joey, it's not alright. But it's  
gonna' change and we may as well start  
right now, with this...

Joey's Dad carefully pours his whiskey from the glass, back into the bottle. He picks up the bottle top and screws it on tightly.

**JOEY'S DAD (cont'd)**

Enough of that, eh.

**JOEY**

Really, Dad?

**JOEY'S DAD**

Y'know what we could do? We should go away for a few days...

**JOEY**

North Wales?

**JOEY'S DAD**

That Caravan?

Joey slips down on to the sofa, smiling.

**JOEY**

Oh, yes, Dad!

**JOEY'S DAD**

Remember the donkey?

**JOEY**

The bar of fudge!

**JOEY'S DAD**

What a grin that was...

**JOEY**

It was still eating it hours later!

Joey's Dad mimes the trying to eat the fudge. They both laugh.

**JOEY'S DAD**

We could go this weekend?

**JOEY**

Ah, Dad, I can't? I've got a game?

**JOEY'S DAD**

That's alright, we can go the week after.  
What's the game?

**JOEY**

Ah, Dad, it's boss! The Atc Cup! Were in  
the quarter final! D'yer wanna' come and  
watch us play?

**JOEY'S DAD**

My son, in a quarter final? Wouldn't miss  
it for the world.

**JOEY**

Oh, yes, Dad!

Joey throws his arms around his Dad. His Dad smiles and hugs  
Joey, his free arm picking up a framed photo of Joey's Mam  
from the shelf behind the sofa.

**JOEY'S DAD**

She'd have been dead proud of you,  
Joey...

**JOEY**

She'd be dead proud of you, Dad.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Go on the, son, it's well late. Get yer  
head down. Gorra' keep yer strength up  
now yer courting!

He tickles Joey, playfully. Joey jumps up from the sofa,  
laughing...

**JOEY**

Gerroff, you!

Joey heads for the door.

**JOEY (cont'd)**

And I'm not courting, alright!

**JOEY'S DAD**

Night, son.

**JOEY**

Night, Dad.

Joey goes to leave, then turns...

**JOEY (cont'd)**

Dad?

**JOEY'S DAD**

Yeah?

**JOEY**

There's a form on the top of the telly from the ATC. It need's signing...

**JOEY'S DAD**

I'll do it right this minute...

**JOEY**

Oh, and Dad?

**JOEY'S DAD**

Yeah, mate?

**JOEY**

I love you, Dad.

**JOEY'S DAD**

I love you too, mate.

Joey smiles and pulls the door shut behind him. Joeys Dad leans back to replace the framed photo on the shelf. He stops himself, then places the photograph in front of him on the coffee table. He touches her face...

**JOEY'S DAD (cont'd)**

God, you laughed so much at that donkey,  
didn't you, girl...

He laughs. The laugh turns into a sob. He holds his head in his hands and cries. Wiping tears from his eyes he puts the framed photo face down on the coffee table. Sobbing, he takes the top off the whiskey bottle...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANGING ROOMS - DAY.

Two teams (one of them, the Warriors) are running out of a dressing room/club house. Chrissy and a half a dozen or so supporters, some in uniforms, are applauding.

As they pass it becomes apparent that the Warriors have their names on the backs of their shirts. This is achieved by the propriotous use of WHITE ELECTRICAL TAPE.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - THE SAME.

The Ref' is about to blow for the start of the game.

**DEGSY**

...hold on, Ref'!

Gizmo is running from the changing rooms toward the pitch. He is carrying his 'telly' which he deposits next to Bus Pass on the touchline before running on to the pitch. He runs to the centre circle, next to Joey. Joey talks as he scans the touchline.

**JOEY**

D'yer do it?

**GIZMO**

Yeah... Chrissy helped us. It's in the orange. (beat) What are yer lookin' for?

**JOEY**

Ah, nowt... C'mon, let's fuck 'em.

The Ref' blows his whistle to start the game.

CUT TO:

EXT'. STREET ON COUNCIL ESTATE - EVENING

a TRAIN WHISTLE sounds - close by.

Winston & Bus Pass are walking through the drizzle to the ATC. Winston is clamouring for an explanation... Ahead of them is a bleak looking Catholic church.

**BUS PASS**

Well I don't know, do I?

**WINSTON**

But Twenty Eight nil, Bus Pass? How did we win Twenty Eight nil? I mean, it was nil nil at half time and we was hanging on by the skin of our teeth?

**BUS PASS**

Well they were knackered weren't they...

**WINSTON**

Knackered?

**BUS PASS**

Yeah! I mean, they tired dead quick in the second half didn't they...

**WINSTON**

C'mon Bus Pass, I don't think 'tired' was quite the word for it... comatosed maybe...

**BUS PASS**

...well I don't know, do I?

As they approach the church, Gizmo is crossing the street wearing a green parka and as usual, carrying his television set.

**BUS PASS**

Alright Gizmo? Yer gonna walk down with us are yer lad?

**GIZMO**

Yeah, but I've gorra go to confession first... Me Mam sez. Will yer hold me telly for us and wait? I'll only be a coupla' minutes...

**WINSTON**

Six months more like...

**GIZMO**

Fuck off you!

**BUS PASS**

'Ere, giz it 'ere, go on then.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH. CONFESSIONAL - THE SAME.

The Panel slides open - Loudly.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

My son?

Gizmo kneels, and rattles off the mantra.

**GIZMO**

Bless me Father for I have sinned it has been six weeks since my last confession and these are my sins...

Father Flannigan, sat in the other side of the grill, has a steaming mug of tea and a copy of the 'Racing Post' on his knee. He is circling various horses with a pen. He wears half-moon reading glasses which are perched low on his nose.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

...Go on my son?

**GIZMO**

I've swore at me Mam, Father...  
...and me Dad behind his back. I've  
sagged school. I've smoked ciggies. I've  
hit me cousin. And I've had bad  
thoughts... on me own, at night...

There is a long pause.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Anything else my son?

**GIZMO**

Yeah Father... I er, I...

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Look Gizmo, if it's about the Telly  
again? I've told you before, your not  
responsible for the sins of that thievin'  
father of yours...

**GIZMO**

No Father, I er...

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

It's okay my son, God is all forgiving...

**GIZMO**

I stole some of me grannies sleeping  
tablets Father...

Father Flannigan stops reading the form. Concerned at the  
seriousness of what he's just heard.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

How many sleeping tablets Gizmo?

**GIZMO**

About three bottles Father...

FADE SOUND.

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**WINSTON (OVER)**

Wake up now lads... look lively...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT - LATER.

Winston has finished the Roll Call. The C.O. enters:

**WINSTON (CONT')**

...Attention!

**C.O.**

Thank you Churchill. Stand easy lads.  
(beat) What can I say... Twenty eight  
nil! (beat) Never in the field of  
sporting conflict has so many been put in  
by so few...

No-one gets the reference. The C.O. coughs and continues.

...I can only express my gratitude for  
the er... new teams efforts last week.  
Never before has Walton ATC's star shone  
so brightly. The semi-final, as I'm sure  
you're all aware, takes place on Saturday  
in Preston. Now, (beat) we'll be taking  
the mini-bus up so space will be at a  
premium, however, should we win and make  
it to the final... we shall be hiring a  
coach, as we'll no-doubt be taking along  
some fervent support to the excellent  
sporting facilities at RAF Lyndehurst.  
That's about it chaps... No drill  
tonight, as a treat we'll spend all  
evening at the range...

CUT TO:

INT. THE INDOOR RIFLE RANGE - LATER.

Five Cadets are lying prone on mats at the indoor range.  
Squatting immediately behind them is Winston. Two of the  
cadets are Gizmo & Degsy.

**WINSTON**

So remember... any problems, put down your weapon, barrel forward, and raise your right hand. One of the Instructors will be with you straight away. Okay... twenty rounds, in your own time... Go.

They talk inbetween firing the rifles.

Bang.

**DEGSY**

What? Four 'Our Fathers' and three 'Hail Mary's'? That's nowt that is...

Bang.

...are we gonna' do it again?

Bang.

**GIZMO**

Nah, I had to promise Bunloaf... and God. ... Anyway, Joey's come up with this, yeah?

Gizmo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tube of Ralgex.

**DEGSY**

What's that, like?

Bang.

**GIZMO**

Like Deep Heat, yeah? Joey reckons we rub loads of this on our shirt sleeves...

Bang.

...and when we get the chance...

Bang.

...we rub it in their eyes.

Bang.

**DEGSY**

Yes, Joey.

Bang.

**GIZMO**

Eh, this is great innit, Degs...

**DEGSY**

Yeah, boss eh...

Bang.

...Eh, pity we didn't have a few of these  
fer the Semi-Final on Sunday...

We see the targets being hit:

Bang... Bang... bang...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. DAY - MONTAGE

Rapid Rifle shots continue over the following montage.

Bang - The Twins sandwich an opposing player.

Bang - Mongo saves a shot with his face. He shakes his head  
and smiles.

Bang - Tinhead runs into Splitlip. Splitlip holds his hands  
to his bloody mouth

Bang - Joey shoots the ball, at close range, into the roof of  
the net.

Rifle shots END.

Joey holds his hands high in the air. He is mobbed by his  
team-mates.

The Warriors are through to the Final.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S DAD'S FLAT - NIGHT.

A key turns in the front-door.

The door opens to reveal Joey, his football boots around his  
neck, a '70's Liverpool Football Club bag hanging off his  
shoulder.

He walks into the living room only to find his Dad, unconscious on the sofa. There are empty beer bottles and overflowing ashtrays all over the room. The TV is on and the volume is high.

On the television, Bill Grundy is interviewing the Sex Pistols.

Joey throws his boots behind the sofa and turns the TV volume down.

On top of the set are a number of un-opened bills. Joey flicks through these - stopping at a letter from Liverpool Social Services. This he pockets. Joey puts the rest back on top of the set after noticing his 'Consent Form' is amongst them. It is unsigned.

Joey picks up a pen off the mantelpiece and carefully signs it himself. This he folds and put it in his back pocket.

A photo-frame lies face down on the mantelpiece. Joey picks it up, restoring the photo of his Mother to it's upright position. His hand remains on the frame.

We pause on her face.

MUSIC OVER: (I CAN'T BREAK AWAY (FROM YOUR LOVE): BARBARA LEWIS 1969 - *cd track 3* ).

Joey gently places a quilt over the sleeping form on the settee.

Joey empties his kit from his bag replacing it with a portable cassette player.

Joey places a music cassette in his pocket.

Quietly, Joey removes half a dozen cigarettes from his Dads packet.

Joey quietly closes the front door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT. RIVER MERSEY. NIGHT - MONTAGE.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

Joey walks along the waterfront. His collar up against the wind and drizzle.

Joey's feet land on the coarse shale of the foreshore.

An impassive Joey skims stones out into Mersey.

Joey is sat on the shale huddled against the weather, smoking.

Joey is in silhouette. The sky beyond him is starting to lighten. Dawn is approaching.

MUSIC OVER FADES.

Joey opens his LFC bag and removes the cassette player. He searches for the music cassette. Finding it, he places it in the player and presses the button down with a resulting 'clunk'. The tape 'hisses'.

MUSIC OVER: (WHEN SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH MY BABY. KIM WESTON. 1971 - *cd track 4* ).

Joey slowly breaks down. Tears roll down his cheeks. His head hits his hands. His body is wracked by grief and anger.

Joey picks up a sea-worn housebrick and brings it down hard onto the cassette player repeatedly...

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

Joey's anger intensifies. Joey rips the cassette from the player, smashing it with the housebrick. Joey begins ripping the tape from the cassette.

Joey picks up the remains of the cassette and the player and throws them into the Mersey.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

Margie and Chrissy are sat on the bed sharing a cigarette and talking. They are wearing variations on a school uniform. As they talk Chrissy flicks through various Singles:

**MARGIE'S MAM** shouts from downstairs.

**MARGIE'S MAM (O/S)**

Will you stop that friggin racket, an'  
get to school!

Margie removes the needle from the record player.

MUSIC (OVER) STOPS ABRUPTLY.

**MARGIE**

So what's he like? Really...

**CHRISSEY**

Well... he's the oldest in the team, the  
hardest, the best looking and he takes  
all the penalties and he's got great  
legs, a great tongue, and he looks dead  
boss in that blue hat.

**MARGIE**

Beret!

Chrissy shrugs and exhales a long plume of smoke.

Chrissy holds up one of the Singles.

**CHRISSEY**

Can I borrow this?

Margie nods.

**MARGIE**

Have yer been 'round to his house?

**CHRISSEY**

Nah. Not allowed. There's just him and  
his Dad. He's a bastard. Has been since  
his Mam died...

Margie's Mams shouts from downstairs:

**MARGIE'S MAM (O/S)**

Margie?

**MARGIE**

Coming Mam.

Margie & Chrissy jump from the bed, dispersing the smoke with their hands.

**MARGIE**

Are yer goin' to the Final then?

**CHRISSEY**

Fuckin' right!

**MARGIE**

D'yer think they'll win?

**CHRISSEY**

Yeah... Joey reckons by this time next week they'll have God on their side...

**MARGIE**

God?

**CHRISSEY**

Yeah...

She crosses herself.

**CHRISSEY (cont'd)**

...God!

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VESTRY. A WEEK LATER - DAY.

Father Flannigan is finishing dressing prior to hearing confession. As he does this he secrets a pen and a copy of the 'Racing Post' in his cassock, opens a draw and removes a half bottle of whiskey, pouring a generous amount into a mug of hot tea. Replacing the whiskey he straightens himself before the door leading to the church, coughs and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - THE SAME.

The Vestry door opens and Father Flannigan enter the Church proper. He has a mug of hot tea in one hand and a bible in another. He smiles as he see's the waiting Confessionals.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Well what have we here then...

The church is empty apart from one pew next to the confessional which is populated entirely by the Team.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

...if it isn't the famous Warriors FC themselves.

**ALL**

Father...

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Well I hear congratulations are in order. Mongo's Mam tells me your in a cup final of some sort?

**ALL**

Father...

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Well ye'll no doubt be wanting to go onto the pitch with a soul as clean and pure as the little baby Jesus?

**JOEY**

It was Gizmo's idea Father.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Well that's one way of getting a jump on the opposition I suppose. And I hope I'm invited to the proceedings? Hmm? So... who's first in the firing line then?

CUT TO:

INT. THE CONFESSIONAL - THE SAME.

We see each of the team in the confessional box. Each has a sin to confess connected to the semi-final. The scene opens, again, with the GRILL COVER sliding open LOUDLY.

**JOEY**

Bless me Father for I have sinned...

**CADGER**

...his tooth just sorta' came out!

**DEGSY**

...like I didn't think it would break his toe?

**GIFF**

...but he started it Father!

**GIZMO**

I mean, who'da thought it could burn yer that much?

**MONGO**

I can't remember what I did Father... but I must've done sumthin'?

**SPLITLIP**

Ow!

**TWINNY #1**

There was blood everywhere wasn't there Twinny...

It becomes apparent they are both in the confessional.

**TWINNY #2**

Yeah, everywhere!

CUT TO:

INT. VESTRY - LATER.

The church cleaning lady, **MRS MURPHY**, is polishing a large brass cross. She is happily singing a pop song to herself as she cleans - the song is 'God save the Queen' by the Sex Pistols.

Her attention is gained by the sound of the vestry door closing. Father Flannigan has finished taking confession.

**MRS MURPHY**

Holy Mary Mudda of God! Are yer alright  
Father? Yer lookin' terribly pale?

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

I think I need to sit down, Mrs Murphy...  
Perhaps a wee drop of whiskey...

FADE SOUND.

FADE SOUND UP ON:

MUSIC OVER: (ZIPPITY DOO DAH. BOOKER T & THE MG'S. 1993 - *cd track 5* ).

CUT TO:

EXT. COACH - TRAVELLING DOWN AN 'A' ROAD - DAY.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER.

The Coach progresses through the countryside. On the side of the Coach in spray paint is the word 'Warriors!'.

Under the MUSIC the TEAM & SUPPORTERS on the coach are singing an England World Cup song:

**THE TEAM (OVER)**

...back home, they'll be watching and  
waiting and cheering every way...

CUT TO:

INT. COACH. BACKSEAT - THE SAME.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER.

Gizmo, Joey & Chrissy are sat on the back seat of the coach singing. Joey has his arm around Chrissy.

MUSIC FADES.

**JOEY**

I thought you said yer Mam and Dad were coming?

**GIZMO**

Yeah...

Gizmo is trying to get a picture on his TV.  
...they are.

She looks over the back of the chair in front.

**CHRISSEY**

Alls I can see is Muff's Granny and Mongo's Mam? They're not on the bus Gizmo...

**GIZMO**

Not there divvies...

Gizmo indicates to the REAR WINDOW over his shoulder. His eyes never leave his telly.

**GIZMO (CONT')**

...there!

MUSIC (AS ABOVE) FADES UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - THE SAME.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

From the rear window of the bus Chrissy and Joey can see Gizmo's Mam & Dad on a MOTORBIKE & SIDECAR. they are Windblown. Gizmo's Dad has to shout to be heard by Gizmo's Mam.

MUSIC FADES DOWN.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Light us a ciggie will yer luv'?

MUSIC FADES UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAF LYNDHURST. MAIN GATE - LATER.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

The coach, with the motorbike behind it, turn into the gate of the base. The barrier is raised and they pass through and stop at the GUARDHOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. COACH - SAME.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

MUSIC OVER FADES.

The doors at the front of the coach open with a loud HISS.

A very imposing RAF POLICEMAN enters the coach. He has a clipboard. He stops about a third of the way down the coach. There is low giggling.

**POLICEMAN**

Welcome to RAF Lyndhurst. We are pleased to host the final of the ATC cup, however, we want you to remember you are on an operational military base. As such you are all now under military law and subject to the Official Secrets Act.

As far as you are concerned this means you will not leave the confines of the sports area at any time during your visit. The use of cameras and recording equipment is strictly forbidden anywhere on the base. Fall foul of any of these rules and you will fall foul of me! Fall foul of me... and you'll wish you'd never been born!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN GATE/RAF LYNDHURST/COACH - SAME.

The RAF Policeman stands with a subordinate facing the closing doors of the coach. He waves the coach on with his clipboard.

**POLICEMAN**

Carry on...

As the coach door closes and pulls away there is singing from the Coach (We're gonna win the cup...). There are abusive cheers and gestures from the windows. Our Policeman waves on the motorbike and sidecar and speaks to his subordinate as an aside.

**POLICEMAN**

Scouse scum...

As the RAF Policeman turns and marches away, a large spray-painted 'W' is visible on his back.

MUSIC OVER (AS ABOVE) FADES UP.

CUT TO:

INT. C.O.'S CAR. 'A' ROAD - SAME.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

The C.O. and his Good Lady Wife, **Margherita**, are nearing the air-base in their immaculate Ford Anglia.

MUSIC OVER FADES.

**MARGHERITA**

Well, Charles, honestly, I just don't see why I had to attend? I mean, really, football? It's my Bridge Club today, you knew full well...

**C.O.**

Margherita... It's the Final of the ATC CUP! It's expected. Air Vice Marshal Marshall will be there.

**MARGHERITA**

Well, so long as I don't have to mix with any of that Liverpool riff raff of yours.

They turn into the Air Base.

**C.O.**

We're here now dear.

MUSIC OVER FADES UP.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. COACH/SPORTS COMPLEX & PITCH - SAME.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

The Coach is rounding the pitch. On the far side of the pitch is the Sports complex, incorporating a stand half the length of the pitch. All are gobsmacked at the facilities:

MUSIC OVER FADES TO BACKGROUND.

**CHRISSY**

Wow, take a look at that!

**JOEY**

It's gorra' proper stand!

**TINHEAD**

There's nets'n'everythin'

**TWINNY**

Look, Twinny, floodlights!

**TWINNY**

Yeah, Twinny, floodlights!

**CHRISSEY**

'Eh Joey, d'yer think they'll 'ave one of those big baths we can all gerrin'?

Bus Pass, who is sat toward the front, next to Father Flannigan, turns his head round to join in the banter.

**BUS PASS**

I'll gerrin' with yer Chrissy girl!

**CHRISSEY**

Gerraway, Bus Pass, yer dirty old get!

**MONGO**

That's why 'e needs a bath Chrissy!

There is laughter all round.

Bus Pass turns back and adjusts himself in his seat, laughing. He catches the reproachful eye of Father Flannigan. Bus Pass coughs, not knowing where to put his face.

MUSIC OVER FADES UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF STAND/SPORTS COMPLEX. PLAYERS ENTRANCE - SAME.

MUSIC OVER CONTINUES.

The coach pulls up at the rear of the main stand. The coach doors 'hiss' as they open.

MUSIC OVER FADES.

Bus Pass gets off and stands to one side, a piece of paper in his hand. Everyone streams past him as he talks:

**BUS PASS**

Okay you lot, we're in the 'Away' changies. Before you do anythin', get yer kit on first...

Father Flannigan steps off the bus.

... 'spect you'll be off the bar then, eh Father?

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Oh I expect I'll pay it a visit before the kick-off, Bus Pass. Got to get the Secret Weapon out of the boot first.

Bus Pass looks momentarily nonplussed before getting on with the job in hand; Shepherding the stragglers thro' the doors

**BUS PASS**

C'mon now lads...

Chrissy runs in with the lads. Bus Pass sighs:  
...and lasses

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - THE SAME.

The team run into the 'away' changing room. They are amazed at the relative opulence of the changing room. There are individual lockers. Private shower cubicles. A large communal bath. Next to each locker is a bench, a hook above it, and on the bench a bundle of fresh, folded bath towels. There is much chat.

**TWINNY**

God, look at all this?

**GIFF**

They've even got us our own towels!

Chrissy sits on the edge of a large COMMUNAL BATH.

**CHRISSY**

Eh, lads, shall I run yer one now?

Background of laughter and chat.

**MONGO**

Cadger... it's like Anfield...

Cadger grabs Mongo by the head with both hands.

**CADGER**

No Mongo... it's like Wembley! It's like fuckin' Wembley!

Winston & Bus Pass enter the changing room. Bus Pass is carrying two full hold-alls of kit. These he throws heavily onto the floor. He has turned into Bob Paisley.

**BUS PASS**

Right lads, here we go. Let's get down to business. Chrissy? Out of here girl, it's the team only in here from now on!

**CHRISSEY**

Ar' eh, Bus Pass... Yer wouldn't say that to Father Flannigan?

Bus Pass is waving a piece of paper.

**BUS PASS**

Is the little baby Jesus' name on the team sheet? Is he, eh? Is he? No! So what help Bunloaf'd be down here God only friggin'...

Chrissy notices the arrival of Father Flannigan carrying a large cardboard box.

**CHRISSEY**

Bus Pass!

**BUS PASS**

What?

**CHRISSEY**

Hiya, Father.

Bus Pass half turns, to face Father Flannigan.

**BUS PASS**

Oh, eh, er, look, Father, I...

Father Flannigan places the box on a bench, opening it as he talks.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Think nothing of it Bus Pass, I'll not take up too much of your 'teamtalk' time... Just thought that considering a team from our Parish was about to play their very best, we, that is Chrissy and me, thought that they should wear the very best...

He produces from the top of the box, a brand new red football shirt.

...The chapel font can wait for a year or two...

**CHRISSEY**

Show 'em the back, Father?

Father Flannigan turns the shirt 'round to reveal the name 'GIZMO' in white capitals across the back.

The noise level rises as they all rush the box.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

All Chrissy's idea by the way...

The team members are putting on or holding up their shirts. All the shirts have thier nick-names printed in white on the back.

Chrissy smiles as Joey excitedly shows her his 'name'.

**JOEY**

Fuckin' 'ell Chrissy!

Cadger & Gizmo are admiring each others shirts. Gizmo starts to turn on his telly, but Cadger has other, more conspiritorial plans.

**CADGER**

Fuck that Gizmo, C'mon Mongo, let's go and have a nose...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATS IN THE STAND - THE SAME.

The C.O. and his wife, Margherita, are already seated. We see Gizmo's Dad leading Gizmo's Mam to the adjacent empty seats.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Afternoon...

CUT TO:

INT. STAND/SPORTS COMPLEX. CORRIDOR - SAME.

Cadger, Mongo and Gizmo are running down a white-painted breezeblock corridor. On either side of which there are doors. As they pass each door they kick it in, a la 'Kojak'.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOME CHANGING ROOM - SAME.

The door of the 'Home' changing room bursts open. Crushed into the door-frame are Cadger, Mongo & Gizmo. There is a pause whilst they take in the scene. In the room are sat the Opposition changing into their kit. The Opposition look altogether different from the Warriors: fit, clean-cut and rosy cheeked.

**MONGO**

Hiya...?

The Opposition, dressed in blue, are dumbfounded. Gizmo attempts a posh accent.

**GIZMO**

We just wanted to wish you all the best old chaps...

**CADGER**

What, what, toodlepip...

A football boot bounces off the door-frame. They run away, laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORRIDOR - THE SAME.

Mongo, Cadger & Gizmo are running away from the 'Home' changing room, laughing and shouting abuse over their shoulders. Gizmo, noticing an adjoining corridor, calls the others back.

**GIZMO**

Hey, this way, this way...

Mongo Cadger and Gizmo come to a stop. Silent and shocked. Ahead of them is the ENTRANCE to the PITCH.

They literally see daylight at the end of the tunnel.

**CADGER**

Should we?

**MONGO**

Yeah...

**GIZMO**

Cum 'ead then!

Mongo, Cadger & Gizmo are, in silhouette, running screaming towards the LIGHT at the end of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH. THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - THE SAME.

The three lads run onto (in their heads at least) the hallowed turf.

They run about ten/fifteen yards onto the pitch. Arms aloft.

SFX: They all HEAR the ROAR of the Anfield Kop.

They acknowledge the imaginary crowd.

These sounds blend into applause. *Real applause.* They can hear their names being shouted.

They begin to look puzzled.

They (very mechanically) turn around to face a packed stand.

They are gobsmacked. Mongo can only whisper under his breath

**MONGO**

Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

In the 'Stand' People are standing, clapping.

Gizmo's Mam & Dad, are sat next to The C.O. and his Wife, who is less than happy about the seating arrangements.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Gerrin' there Gizmo Lad!

He nudges the C.O.'s Wife.

...that's my kid! That's our Gizmo!

A couple of uniformed cadets, sat to the rear of Gizmos Mam & Dad, chant.

**UNIFORMED CADETS**

Mongo! Mongo! Mongo!

**THE C.O.**

They're out a bit early aren't they?

The C.O. Checks his watch.

The lads scream and run for the Tunnel Entrance. Gizmo's Dad offers an explanation to Margherita, the C.O.'s Wife.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Must've just been warmin' up? Yer haven't gorra ciggie yer could lend us till termorrer 'ave yer luv? I've only got rollies...

**MARGHERITA**

I'm afraid I haven't touched the filthy things for years, Mr er... Gizmo.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - THE SAME.

Chrissy has Splitlip in a corner away from the rest of the team. She holds a tube of lipbalm, turning the base showing him how it works. She holds it out to him,

**CHRISSY**

See? It doesn't *really* mean yer a puff...  
and I wouldn't let yer muff us out with a  
scab like that on yer gob.

Splitlip blushes and smiles, splitting his lip. This moment of intimacy is broken by the arrival of Mongo, Cadger & Gizmo who enter at a run, breathless.

**CADGER**

Bus Pass, Bus Pass... there's thousands  
out there!

**MONGO**

Yeah, thousands!

**WINSTON**

There's six hundred...

**GIZMO**

Fuck off you! Sorry Father...

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Never mind that now, get yourself sat  
down. Bus Pass is about to inspire us  
with his pre-match talk.

**BUS PASS**

I'm gonna' what?

**TWINNY**

Yeah, go 'ead Bus Pass, inspire us!

**TWINNY**

Yeah, go 'ead Bus Pass...

**CHRISSY**

It's yer job Bus Pass...

**TINHEAD**

It's what Bob Paisley'd do...

There is silence. Bus Pass looks pleadingly to the team.

**BUS PASS**

Well, I don't know, do I...

Bus Pass looks at the expectant faces and realises there is no way out of this.

**BUS PASS**

Okay... Er, well, inspirin' eh? Well... okay, er.

**CHRISSY**

C'mon, Bus Pass...

**BUS PASS**

Alright! Alright! I'm tryin' to think! Look, I remember... when I was a kid, me grandad used to take me down the pier head - more to get me out from under the feet of me mam than anything else...

**MONGO**

I like the Pierhead.

**BUS PASS**

Oh, I used to love it those days, Mongo. Sat watching the river... there was ships back then - and listening over and over to me grandad and his old shipmates reliving stories about being signed off in the South China Seas, or of bein' impounded in Montivideo or some other far away or exotic place.

**GIFF**

My Dad goes to an exotic place...

**TINHEAD**

Yeah, but it's on Leece Street!

They all laugh at the reference to a local brothel. Father Flannigan puts his finger to his lips.

**BUS PASS**

Ha! Anyway, I remember one of them: he was about the same age as me grandad. He was always drunk... always had a bottle or a can of beer in his hand. And he used to climb on top of that War Monument by the landing stage, and he'd sing...

**CADGER**

What'd he sing, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

Anything. And oh, how he'd sing. Top of his voice. All day and everyday; rain, hail, whatever.

**TWINNY #1**

Even snow?

**TWINNY #2**

Or lightening?

**BUS PASS**

I reckon. 'Course, I grew up then and went to sea meself. Completely forgot about the 'old fella. Then, I remember this 'cos I'd just been paid off in Southampton and I got a lift up to the 'pool, just too late fer me grandads funeral: Ended up walking down the pier head, trying to remember the shape of his face.  
Funny that?

**MUFF**

What was?

**BUS PASS**

That I couldn't remember the shape of his face... yer know?

And then I heard this singin'? Low at first, real ghostly like, but then stronger. And by the time I came 'round the corner to the War Monument, there he was...

**CHRISSEY**

A ghost!

**BUS PASS**

No, Chrissy. Large as life and singin' fer all he was worth.

**TINHEAD**

He was alive?

**BUS PASS**

Aye! I legged it across the road to the offy and bought two cans of Special Brew and took them back fer him. Oh 'e was chuffed he was; "Cheers son, God bless yer son". An' I told him he was a mate of me grandads, and that he was dead, but to be honest, I don't think he remembered me or me grandad? But he took the beer and he was grateful fer that... and I asked him if he minded me askin' him a question, and he said he didn't so I said: 'Why do yer sing mate? All my life you've been down here singing... Why? Why do yer sing?'.  
.

**TWINNY #2**

What'd he say, Bus Pass?

**TWINNY#1**

Yeah, what'd he say?

**BUS PASS**

He said, he said "Son, if I didn't sing I'd be a No-Mark!" This was the only way fer him to leave his mark, see? The only way left fer him ter leave his mark.

The team are hooked into Bus Pass's story. They hang on his every word.

I suppose he did leave his mark in a way. On me if nobody else, and yer only dead if nobody remembers yer right?

**TINHEAD**

Like Jesus!

**JOEY**

And Bill Shankly?

**BUS PASS**

Exactly! After that day I swore I would leave my mark on this world. I swore on the memory of me grandad that I'd do somethin' with me life; that I wouldn't die a No-Mark... And then, like I almost didn't notice it, I got older... and the years started to go past faster and faster, and before I knew it I was middle-aged.

**MONGO**

..and fat Bus Pass

There is brief laughter.

**BUS PASS**

Yeah, and fat, Mongo. And had I left my mark? My arse! I'm middle-aged, and I'm a no-mark!

**TWINNY #1**

Yer not a no-mark, Bus Pass!

**BUS PASS**

Yeah I am...

**TWINNY #2**

Not to us yer not Bus Pass...  
Don't yer see? Today is my last chance to leave my mark. I don't think I'll get another chance?

**MUFF**

'Course yer will, Bus Pass...

**BUS PASS**

Maybe we only get one chance, Muff? Maybe this is the only chance we'll all get?

An' if it is... if this is the only  
chance we'll get to leave our mark...  
then let's grab it, eh? We don't have to  
be no-marks...

**MONGO**

Don't we, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

No, Mongo... We can go on that pitch and  
leave our mark on over six hundred  
people... in their memories, in their  
minds. We can live forever... We can be,  
we can be...

Bus Pass searches for the word.

**JOEY**

Immortal, Bus Pass...

**BUS PASS**

Immortal, Joey. Let's go out there and  
play football... No-Marks? Not us, no  
way!  
We're not cattle, we're Warriors... and  
it's our turn on the swings.

They are all affected by Bus Pass's touching speech. The  
silence is broken by Chrissy:

**CHRISSEY**

God... Bus Pass... Can I play?

Bus Pass puts his hand out:

**BUS PASS**

Who are we?

One by one they all put their hands onto Bus Pass's before  
chorusing:

**ALL**

Warriors!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH. THE SAME.

The Whistle blows for the start of the Final.

The opening few seconds of play culminate in a near miss from a shot by Joey.

The crowd roar.

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S DAD'S FLAT. BEDROOM - THE SAME.

Joey's Dad is asleep on top of an un-made bed. On the bedside table there are empty beer bottles and cans.

A persistant door bell eventually wakes him. He is hungover. He shouts for Joey.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Joey? (beat) Joey?

He gets up and, ignoring the doorbell, enters the kitchen checking cupboards for booze.

The bell stops. The door-knocker SOUNDS loudly.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Fuck off!

A voice calls through the letterbox.

**PAMELA ARDENT (O/S)**

Mr Baker? (beat) Mr Baker? It's Pamela Ardent from Social Services... Mr Baker?

CUT-AWAY TO:

EXT. THE FRONTDOOR. JOEY'S DADS FLAT - THE SAME.

A social-worker: PAMELA ARDENT, and another MAN in a suit, are at the front door. They both hold briefcases.

**PAMELA ARDENT**

Mr Baker, it's about your son, Joey. Mr Baker we really do need to talk...

**JOEY'S DAD (O/S)**

Fuck off!

**PAMELA ARDENT**

Are you aware he hasn't been attending school, Mr Baker?

BACK TO SCENE:

In the kitchen Joey's Dad turns on a transistor radio. On the radio is the commentary from the Liverpool game. It is nearing half-time.

Joey's Dad holds his head in pain and shouts.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Joey!

He opens a cupboard door and reaches for a whiskey bottle - smashing glasses in the process...

...as he tries to remove the top off the bottle he is bent double, his chest wracked with pain.

**JOEY'S DAD**

Where are yer, Joey lad?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Joey heads the ball to Degsy, who is tackled hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STANDS - SAME.

In the Stands, the tension is even getting to the C.O.'s Wife, whose handbag is getting a vigorous massage from nervous fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Degsy takes a free-kick about ten yards outside the opponents box: He punts the ball to Joey who hits it first time.

It flys through the air like a rocket only to be tipped onto the bar by an excellent save from the keeper.

The ball ricochets back into play.

The crowd roars.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

Gizmo's Dad jumps to his feet, shouting even though a rolled up cigarette remains in his mouth.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Oooh! Another inch and we'd have had that!

Gizmo's Dad sits.

**MARGHERITA**

You couldn't roll me one of those, could you Mr Gizmo?

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Yeah, 'course darlin'...

Seeing the opposition attack on the break, he again jumps to his feet.

...Watch it Muff lad! Watch it!

The C.O.'s Wife also jumps to her feet.

**MARGHERITA**

Oh dear...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Muff fails to tackle the Opposing Forward who, passing him, shoots the ball past Mongo, and into the net.

The Warriors are one nil down.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

The C.O.'s Wife loses her reserve:

**MARGHERITA**

Shit!

All around are shocked.

**C.O.**

Darling?

The whistle blows for half-time (o/s). There is loud Applause.

Father Flannigan stands:

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Half-time Bovril, anyone?

CUT TO:

INT. TOILETS. CHANGING ROOMS - LATER.

The toilet door opens revealing a wealth of noise from beyond. Silence is resumed as the door closes behind him. Splitlip reaches a basin, looks over his shoulder, and removes the top off the lipbalm. He looks at his reflection in the mirror and brings the tube to his lips.

The toilet door bursts open to a barrage of conversation from Bus Pass, Joey, Degsy, Mongo and Muff:

**BUS PASS**

...all's yer gorra do is stay with him,  
Muff...

Splitlip, embarrassed, pretends to wash his hands as his teammates use the urinals.

**JOEY**

Yeah, just hustle him, Muff. If yer don't give him any space...

**MUFF**

He's dead fast though, Bus Pass...

**DEGSY**

Yeah, but if Gizmo drops back a bit, he'll not get anything to run on to...

**BUS PASS**

Either way, if we keep our bottle, we can have these...

The lads finish urinating.

**BUS PASS**

You've got the making of the lad on the left, Degsy. Keep at him, and keep getting those balls through to Joey... we can have these. I can feel it in me water...

**CHRISSY (O/S)**

That'll be cystitis, that Bus Pass!

Chrissy, holding a cardboard tray with drinks on it, has her head poking through the toilet door.

**BUS PASS**

Chrissy! I've told you...

Chrissy disappears as they head back through the door.

**MONGO**

Y'know the bit about the swings, Bus Pass?

**BUS PASS**

Yeah..?

The door closes.

Splitlip is again alone in the toilets. He looks into the mirror.

Slowly, he brings the lipbalm to his lips... and applies it like a woman applies lipstick.

He pouts and smacks his lips... and smiles.

The door is kicked open

**BUS PASS (O/S)**

Splitlip!

**SPLITLIP**

Coming...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STANDS. START OF THE SECOND HALF - THE SAME.

Chrissy and Father Flannigan are taking their seats and passing out drinks in paper-cups to the others.

**C.O.**

Just in time, Father.

The Ref' blows his whistle for the start of the second half.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Joey touches the ball to Degsy who passes it back to Tinhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUCHLINE - SAME.

Bus Pass & Winston stand nervously on the touchline. Winston has his sleeves rolled up, a bucket in one hand... a magic sponge in another. Bus Pass shouts instructions

**BUS PASS**

Tight now lads! Keep it tight!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

The C.O.'S Wife is struggling to smoke a rollie.

**MARGHERITA**

Do you think they might possibly have a cigarette machine anywhere, dear?

CUT TO:

INT. JOEY'S DAD'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Joey's Dad is flat out on the couch. The television is on in the background. Final Score is showing. A few results are yet to come in.

Joey's Dad has his hand held tightly 'round the neck of a half-empty whiskey bottle. His face is contorted and still... his eyes are open, and lifeless.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Joey hits a volley, hard. It beats the keeper but is cleared off the line by a defender.

The crowd roar.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOUCHLINE - THE SAME.

Winston is nervously wringing out his sponge. Bus Pass is anxiously pacing the touchline looking at his watch.

**BUS PASS**

More of that, Joey! Come on, lads.  
C'mon...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Mongo catches the ball and boots it high up the pitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

C.O.'s Wife lights a cigarette from the stub of another. She drops the dog-end to the floor. She crushes the dog-end with her sensible shoes. Around her feet are six or seven other dog-ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - THE SAME.

Splitlip is half-way into his own half as the ball comes down out of the air. He challenges for it with the opposing forward.

Splitlip wins the header.

Muff picks up the loose ball and pushes it to Twinny on the left wing who instantly drives it up the line to Degsy.

Degsy runs with the ball briefly before crossing it into the box.

Joey, coming in on the angle, dives and heads the ball powerfully into the back of the net for the equaliser.

CUT-AWAY TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

Everybody is on their feet. Chrissy is jumping up and down. Margherita screams and hugs the C.O. Gizmo's Dad is punching

the air.

CUT AWAY TO:

EXT. THE TOUCHLINE - SAME.

Bus Pass and Winnie dance. Winnie's sponge throws water everywhere.

BACK TO SCENE:

Joey, aware of the lack of time, has picked the ball out of the back of the net and is running with it to the centre circle. He screams encouragement to his team-mates.

**JOEY**

C'mon!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOUCHLINE - SAME.

There are only a couple of minutes of normal time left. Bus Pass is pacing and watching as Degsy has the ball, on the attack near the far corner-flag. He anxiously talks to himself.

**BUS PASS**

C'mon Degsy, c'mon Degsy, c'mon Degsy...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

Father Flannigan has his eyes shut and his hands together.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

C'mon Degsy, c'mon Degsy...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

We see Degsy tackled on the opposition by-line. The Warriors win a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUCHLINE - SAME.

Bus Pass is pointing wildly at his watch. He screams at Mongo:

**BUS PASS**

Corner! Mongo! Get up there lad...  
there's only a coupla' minutes left!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Mongo starts to race the full length of the pitch to the opposing goalmouth.

Degsy runs towards the corner-flag with the ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUCHLINE - SAME.

**BUS PASS**

Degsy! Get a move on Lad!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Degsy places the ball and quickly takes the corner.

The ball moves in SLOW-MOTION, flying high in an arc towards the goal.

Faces in the goalmouth follow the path of the ball.

The Keeper moves off his line and jumps for the ball - Fist outstretched.

Mongo's head and shoulders appear.

Mongo gets to the ball first but the Keepers fist lands squarely on Mongo's jaw.

Mongo's body falls to earth - it seems to take an age.

As Mongo's body hits the turf the play returns to NORMAL SPEED.

The whole team (apart from Mongo, who is lying prone on the turf) appeal to the Referee.

The Referee blows his whistle and points to the spot.

A large water soaked sponge smacks into Mongo's face. The cold water has the desired shocking effect.

Joey grabs the ball and places it on the spot. Degsy pushes him away:

**DEGSY**

What are yer doin' Joey? It's Mongo's pen!

**JOEY**

Fuck off you... I take the penalties...

**GIZMO**

Play the white man Joey, it's Mongo's Pen'!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUCHLINE - SAME.

Winston returns to the touchline at a run. Bus Pass is tearing his hair out.

**BUS PASS**

What the friggin 'ell are they doin'?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

**DEGSY**

It's Mongo's pen. Alright!

**JOEY**

It's not up to you yer twat!

**CADGER**

Joey, it's Mongo's pen'...

**THE REFEREE**

Look, are you going to take this penalty?  
Or do I blow for full-time?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

The crowd in the Stand are going as wild as six hundred people can. Most are on their feet. Gizmo's Dad is screaming.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Will yer take the friggin' penalty...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

**MUFF**

Cum 'ead, Mongo...

**TWINNY#1**

Yeah, go'ead Mongo!

**TWINNY#2**

You've already scored one, Joey...

**DEGSY**

Look, Joey... It's only...

**JOEY**

Fuck off yer black twat!

Joey pushes Degsy hard and walks out of the box. Mongo places the ball on the spot and walk backwards to the edge of the 'D'.

There is total silence.

The Keeper, readying himself on his line, see's that it's Mongo who is taking the penalty. He smacks his gloves together and laughs once, loudly.

Mongo's face contorts at the insult.

His eye's narrow - Clint Eastwood-like.

SFX (OVER): The SHOOT-OUT music from 'A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS'.

**MONGO**

My mule don't like you laughing at him...

The Keeper seems confused at the reference.

**KEEPER**

Eh?

Mongo runs and hoofs the ball.

The Keeper dives (to no avail) as the ball shoots past him and hits the back of the net.

The Referee blows for full-time.

Mongo throws his arms in the air as he is mobbed by his team mates.

Bus Pass & Winston arrive and join in the celebrations.

Winston empties his bucket over the players.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAND - SAME.

The celebrations begin in the Stand.

The C.O.'s Wife is hugging Gizmo's Dad, Chrissy is dancing with Father Flannigan.

Gizmo's Mam is not impressed with the behaviour of the C.O.'s Wife. She gets the attention of the C.O.

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Eh... I'm watching her, like.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH - SAME.

Mongo is lifted shoulder high by the team.

Joey appears far away from the celebrations.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PITCH. THE PRESENTATION - SAME.

A tressle table has been set up on the edge of the pitch in front of the stand. On it is the impressive ATC CUP (it is about the size of the FA Cup).

Presenting the Cup is a retired AIR VICE MARSHAL MARSHALL.

Air Vice Marshal Marshall is speaking into a microphone.

**AIR VICE MARSHAL MARSHALL**

...and may I say that I have never before seen a final played in such a sporting manner as this has today...

To one side of the table are the C.O., Father Flannigan, Winston and Chrissy.

The C.O., respectful of the proceedings, talks quietly to Father Flannigan.

**C.O.**

There has to be some way I can show my appreciation to the lads for this wonderful achievement, Father?

Father Flannigan shrugs. Chrissy whispers to Winston who whispers to Father Flannigan who, in turn, whispers to the C.O.

**AIR VICE MARSHAL MARSHALL**

...and so I present this historic trophy  
to Walton ATC Squadron... the er, the  
Warriors.

The team push forward first a reluctant Mongo, and then Joey.

Mongo & Joey look at each other... nervously. (beat) They  
smile broadly.

The Cup is accepted by Mongo & Joey who, looking toward the  
Stand, thrust the Cup high.

Loud cheering.

CUT TO:

INT. GIZMO'S PARENTS COUNCIL FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

Gizmo's Dad enters from the kitchen. He is holding a large  
catering size 'Nescafe' tin, his finger covering a small hole  
in the centre of the lid. This he places carefully on the  
coffee table. Opposite him, Gizmo's Mam is reading a Teach-  
Yourself-Chess book. In front of her is a chessboard with  
various pieces in play.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Well, there's nowt about it in the Pink  
or in the Echo?

Outside, a car horn sounds repeatedly. Gizmo's Mam closes the  
book, annoyed.

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Oh fer a bit of friggin peace...

She gets up and moves to the window. Gizmo's Dad is trying to  
remove and strike a match with one hand.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Norra nuther friggin' stolen car.

He strikes a match... it flares into life.  
Yer think they'd've had somethin' about  
it in the paper, would'nt yer?

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Jesus Mary and Joseph...

**GIZMO'S DAD**

What?

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Cum'n'look at this will yer?

**GIZMO'S DAD**

What?

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Cum'n'look!

CUT TO:

EXT. VIEW OF BALCONY.

We see Gizmo's Mam & Dad step out onto the balcony. Their expressions change from amazement to delight.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Well, I'll be buggered shitless...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET BELOW THE FLATS.

A green Routemaster open-topped double-decker bus slowly rounds the corner. The whole estate is either on the balcony of their tower-block flats, or at the gates of their council houses.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK OF THE BUS - SAME.

The team are waving to all and sundry. Gizmo is holding one side of the Cup and waving up at his Mam & Dad.

**GIZMO**

Mam! Dad!

CUT TO:

EXT. VIEW OF BALCONY.

Gizmo's Dad is cheering and shouting to the neighbours.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Gizmo! Gizmo! That's my son that is.  
That's my son?

A LOUD BANG comes from within the flat. Both Gizmo's Mam & Dad jump at the shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE GATES BELOW TOWER BLOCK - SAME.

Three older woman are standing at the gates of their council houses. One of them is MRS MURPHY, the church cleaner.

**OLD WOMAN #1**

What's he shouting the odds about?

**MRS MURPHY**

He's the little fellas Dad.

**OLD WOMAN #2**

What? Little Gizmo? That's his Dad?

**MRS MURPHY**

Well, I know that she's his Mam, but I wouldn't be too sure about him...

**OLD WOMAN #1**

What... yer reckon she...?

**OLD WOMAN #2**

Yer jokin'?

They look at each other.

**OLD WOMAN #1**

Ah well, if yer Aunt had balls she be yer fuckin' Uncle.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIEW OF BALCONY.

Gizmo's Dad punches the air and cheers. As he does this there is a loud crash from within the flat. A rolling cloud of plaster dust engulfs the balcony.

Gizmo's Mam sighs, exasperated.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK OF THE BUS - SAME.

**BUS PASS**

Three cheers for Father Bunloa... sorry  
Father... Three cheers for Father  
Flannigan... hip hip...

**ALL**

Hurrah!

**BUS PASS**

Hip hip...

**ALL**

Hurrah!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT - LATER.

B/g: Low POP MUSIC.

In the hut the team, cadets and friends are celebrating with a disco.

The C.O. talks to Father Flannigan. In between them is a glass trophy cabinet containing The ATC Cup.

**BUS PASS**

Hip hip...

**ALL**

Hurrah...

The C.O. laughs.

**THE C.O.**

Do you know Father, I haven't cheered so much since V.E. Day. (beat) More Tizer Father?

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

No, Squadron Leader, I rather think I'm all cheered out, and Tizered out. Time for an old preist to go to his bed methinks.

Bus Pass arrives holding a bottle of pop.

**BUS PASS**

More Tizer Father?

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Oh no, Bus Pass... I was just saying...

Bus Pass leans towards Father Flannigans ear.

**BUS PASS**

Special Tizer, Father.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Well, maybe a wee dram, for the road.

Bus Pass pours him a shot from the pop bottle

**BUS PASS**

Hey, lads... Father Flannigans gettin' himself off. What about it? Hip hip...

There are groans. Bus Pass is hit by a barrage of plastic cups.

Laughter.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Ha! I know exactly how you all feel... however, we do need to give thanks for todays little miracle, so enjoy your disco, but I expect to see you all in Church tomorrow?

**BUS PASS**

Front row Father, eh lads! (beat)

There is a silence. A single paper cup bounces off Bus Pass' head.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT. DISCO - LATER.

A 'vinyl single' drop onto a record-deck. The needle arm moves over and drops onto the record.

MUSIC OVER: (I FINALLY GOT YOU. JIMMY McCracklin. 1971 - *cd track 6* ).

Various females, amongst them Margie, hit the dance floor. They dance in rows. The steps are complex but precise.

They MIME to the backing vocals.

The Twins MIME the brass section.

Tinhead plays 'AIR DRUMS' - again this is complex but precise.

Degsy MIMES the vocals - perfectly.

Muff is more than competent on the GUITAR LICKS.

Gizmo watches telly.

Joey and Chrissy are huddled together in the corner, drinking pop. They talk over the music.

**CHRISSY**

Look, I know you shoulda' took the penalty really... You are the hardest like, but Mongo...

**JOEY**

Fuck Mongo! Look, forget it, right. What  
d'yer reckon? Fancy goin' down the Pier  
Head? Last thing I wanna' do is go home  
tonight

Chrissy smiles.

**CHRISSY**

My (beat) Mam (beat) is on nights...

**JOEY**

Yer What?

Chrissy produces a Single.

**CHRISSY**

But first... we dance.

MUSIC OVER: (WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW. WILLIAM BELL.  
1991 - *cd track 7* ).

Chrissy & Joey move towards each other through the opening  
bars of the music.

They hold hands. Moving slowly.

They move closer. holding each other.

Others join them on the dance floor for 'the slowey'.

Chrissy & Joey kiss. Better this time.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - DAY

It is just prior to the service. The Church is packed out.  
There is an organ playing in the background. The Team, apart  
from Joey & Chrissy are sat in the front left hand pew. The  
C.O.(regardless of him being C of E) has dragged his Wife  
along. She is wearing a preposterously large hat. They are  
sat toward the back where they are joined by Gizmo's Mam &  
Dad.

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Alright Girl! Bit of a turnout today eh?  
(beat) Thought you lot were C of E?

**MARGHERITA**

Well, yes but...

**GIZMO'S DAD**

Eh! D'yer think we've got time to nip out  
fer a quick ciggie?

Margherita gives Gizmos Dad a kind of look which say's  
"You're scum". Chrissy arrives and shoves in to the second  
pew. The lads turn around to speak to her.

**DEGSY**

Where's Joey?

**CHRISSEY**

He'll be here... sez he's got somethin'  
to do...

**TINHEAD**

Did yer shag him Chrissy?

**DEGSY**

Yeah, did yer give him his hole then,  
Chrissy?

Chrissy, annoyed, puts her hand down her pants. Retrieving  
her hand she offers her fingers to the noses of Degsy &  
Tinhead

**CHRISSEY**

Fuck! Wanna smell do yer, eh!

**TINHEAD**

Ugh!

**DEGSY**

Fuck off yer slag.

**CHRISSEY**

Fuck off yerself yer black twat!

**MONGO**

Can I smell them, Chrissy?

Father Flannigan enters from the vestry. The congregation stands. Joey arrives and pushes in next to Chrissy.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Let us pray...

The congregation all kneel. As the C.O.'s Wife kneels, She sniffs, discovering a terrible smell. Her nose follows the smell and discovers the source - the backside of Gizmo's Dad. She wrinkles her nose in distaste and looks up to discover she is being stared at by Gizmo's Mam.

**GIZMO'S MAM**

Eh, I've got my eye on you, alright!

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEY'S DAD'S FLAT. SAME.

A workman is fixing a large hasp on the splintered doorframe of the front-door of Joey's Dad's flat. He stands aside as the door opens wide to allow the ambulance crew to wheel out the body of Joey's Dad.

Following close behind the stretcher trolley is Pamela Ardent.

There are many neighbours around the gate.

We see the ambulance pull away.

We see Pamela talking to the neighbours. They point down the road, in the direction of the church.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - LATER

Father Flannigan is winding up the service.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Amen.

**CONGREGATION**

Amen.

The congregation all sit.

**FATHER FLANNIGAN**

Now, before we all go off on our sinful ways for another week or so, I'd like to make a couple' of announcements: Firstly, thank you one and all for digging deep for the new font; That must've been the best collection all year. I'd also like to mention a group of lads off our estate who yesterday made me feel proud to be associated with this parish. I don't need to mention them by name but then you'd need to have been in a coma not to have noticed their homecoming last night. That said, I do wish to thank them on behalf of the parish (beat) I wasn't too sure how to do this (beat) and I suppose it's a bit of a first for a catholic church but... here goes...

Father Flannigan starts to APPLAUD, slow and strong. People in the congregation stare at one another, mouths agape - how could a priest act like this? In Church?

Chrissy see's Father Flannigan applauding on his own.

She looks to the shocked faces of the congregation and something inside her snaps:

She jumps to her feet and applauds enthusiastically.

Gizmo's Dad see's her doing this (double beat) and does exactly the same. So does The C.O. Then Winston...

One by one the congregation get to their feet and applaud. The noise grows. There is whistling and cheering.

the Team is bemused.

Gizmo's Mam is crying.

Chrissy throws her arms around Joey.

Joey looks confused.

Joey's eye is caught by movement at the back of the church.

Standing at the doors at the back of the church is Pamela Ardent. She is talking to a parishioner who points out Joey.

FADE SOUND OUT:

FADE SOUND UP ON:

**C.O. (V/O)**

Good God man... how many times do I have  
to tell you...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT - MORNING.

The C.O. is talking to THREE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS.  
Cadets and memmbers of the team are present. Various other  
members of the team enter. They have seen the police car  
outside.

**C.O. (CONT')**

...No, nothing else has been taken...

Behind the C.O. is the Trophy Cabinet, smashed and broken,  
and empty.

...just the Cup!

CUT TO:

EXT. JOEY'S DADS FLAT - MORNING.

Pamela Ardent and Joey are outside of the flat. Joey is  
carrying two hold-alls. Pamela has just locked the padlock  
that the Council had fitted to the flat door. She shakes the  
padlock, testing it's security.

**PAMELA ARDENT**

That should keep out the vandals.

They turn and walk down the path to Pamela's waiting car.

Next to the open rear door of the car stands Chrissy.

Joey throws the hold-alls onto the rear seat of the car,  
slamming the door closed.

**PAMELA ARDENT**

It'll only take us about an hour to get  
there.

Joey pulls his blue beret from his jacket pocket and offers it to Chrissy.

**JOEY**

Here, you may as well have this...

**CHRISSEY**

Nah, you keep it... bit of a souvenir like... But you will write won't yer?

In the near distance Gizmo & Bus Pass run across the junction. Gizmo spots Joey and Chrissy at the car and shouts.

**GIZMO**

Joey! Hey, Joey! There's sumthin' goin' on at the Hut, the Bizzies are there...

Joey and Chrissy look at one another...

...Joey makes to move off but is held back by Pamela Ardent.

**PAMELA ARDENT**

Joey, we haven't got time...

Chrissy kicks Pamela, hard on the shin, forcing her to release Joey. The pair run off in the direction of the Hut.

**PAMELA ARDENT**

Joey! No!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ATC HUT - MORNING.

Gizmo and Bus Pass enter at a run, followed by Joey and Chrissy.

**GIZMO**

What's goin' on?

**POLICE OFFICER**

Ahh! If it isn't little Gizmo? Know what your Dad was up to yesterday...? At home all day was he?

Everyone looks at Gizmo. Gizmo wells up.

**GIZMO**

Fuck you lot..

Gizmo throws his beret on the floor and runs from the building in tears.

**C.O.**

Well I never... Gizmo's Father? Who would have thought...

**JOEY**

Who would have thought? You just don't think do yer! That's yer fuckin' problem, yer just a pack of wankers... You don't give a shit about Gizmo, or any of us - all's you cared about was winning that fuckin' Cup!

**WINSTON**

C'mon Joey...

**JOEY**

Fuck You Winnie!

Joey pulls his beret from his pocket and throws it into the face of Winston.

**POLICE OFFICER**

Now, Son, we'll have less of that...

Joey turns and sees that Pamela Ardent has finally caught up with him. He looks back to Winston

**JOEY**

...And fuck yer fuckin' team!

Joey turns and leaves. Followed by Pamela Ardent & Chrissy. the members of the team that are left are silent. One by one their berets are thrown at Winston and the C.O. as the rest of the team walk out.

Bus Pass slowly walks up to Winston and, apologetically, hands him his beret before following suit.

**POLICE OFFICER**

Believe me, your better off without the likes of that lot.

**THE C.O.**

Somehow I doubt that Constable...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ATC HUT. THE SAME.

We see Pamela Ardents car pull away from the kerb and move off into the distance. Looking on are Chrissy and the other team members.

**THE C.O. (V/O)**

...somehow I doubt that very much...

DISSOLVE TO:

YEAR 2001. INT. JOEY'S TOYOTA.

Joey has more or less finished telling his son, Sammi, the story of the Warriors.

**SAMMI**

Wow, Dad, what a story!! D'yer have, like, reunions and things like that?

**JOEY**

Nah... After that, I was taken into care and got put into a home near Chester... (beat) After that I moved away and gorra' job... sorta' lost touch with them all. Even Chrissy. Think it was three years before I came back to Liverpool...

**SAMMI**

And yer never bump into any of them?

**JOEY**

Nah. I know Degsy got himself killed in a stolen car a coupla years later, and I read in the Echo that one of the Twins got blown up in the Falklands. I don't know what one? I could never tell them apart.

Me and yer Mam went to Father Flannigans funeral about seven years ago and someone there told me that Gizmo ended up as a cameraman on Granada Reports and that Mongo had died of a heart attack the year before. I don't know what happened to any of the others? Christ, to think we called him Mongo? His name was David Murphy... David Lloyd George Murphy - and he was my mate.

**SAMMI**

Yeah, but it was his nick-name Dad, he was dead proud of it...

Joey half smiles.

**JOEY**

Yeah, I suppose he was at that?

**SAMMI**

But what about the Cup Dad? Who stole the Cup? I bet it was Gizmos' Dad. Was it? Was it Gizmos' Dad?

Joey turns the ignition.

**JOEY**

C'mon Sammi, (beat) There's somethin' I want yer to help me do...

CUT TO:

INT. ATC HUT. THE OFFICE - MORNING.

The Hut is a hive of activity. There are many people standing. The current C.O. is on the phone to the Police.

**C.O.**

Yes... Churchill. The name is Churchill. Squadron Leader Winston Churchill.

There is a pause...

**C.O.**

On the contrary... somethings been returned. Something that was stolen over twenty five years ago...

Winston turns slightly in his chair to reveal the trophy cabinet. The ATC Cup is displayed proudly in it's rightful place. a Cadet, excited, brings in an envelope.

**C.O.**

...of course. Thank you

The C.O. hangs up the receiver as a young Cadet hovers.

**CADET**

Sir, this was in the mail box! There's no stamp on it? Just a small note, and eight hundred quid... in cash!

The goods are handed to the C.O. who reads the note.

**JOEY (VOICE-OVER)**

Sorry. Enclosed is a small donation to go towards some new football kit. From one Warrior to another.

The C.O. leans back in his chair, folding the note as he does.

There is a smile on his face.

**CADET**

What's it all mean Sir? What's goin' on?

**C.O.**

It's all about not being a 'No-Mark' son. It's all about leaving your mark... It's all about living forever.

There is a short pause before he speaks again, to himself.  
...Better late than never, Joey. Better late than never.

There is another short pause.

**CADET**

Sir?

**C.O.**

Johnson... how about we don't do any drill today!

MUSIC OVER: FADES UP - LOW (You'll never walk alone)

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER.

A grave and headstone slowly come into focus. The name on the headstone reads: "DAVID LLOYD GEORGE MURPHY". On the grave is a small bunch of red roses, a Liverpool FC scarf - and a match ball signed by, amongst others, Robbie Fowler.

MUSIC VOLUME INCREASES.

SFX: (over) The doors of Joey's Toyota shut.

SFX: (over) The ignition turns.

SFX: (over) The sound of WHEELS ON GRAVEL.

MUSIC FADES.

**SAMMI (O/S)**

So did yer marry me Mam 'cos she had the same name as Chrissy?

**JOEY (O/S)**

No, soft lad. Who's soft in the head now?  
(beat) I married yer mam 'cos she was Chrissy!

They Both laugh.

MUSIC OVER: (LITTLE BOY. CARLA THOMAS. 1991 - *cd track 8* ).

CREDITS ROLL OVER SHOT.

FADE TO BLACK.

END