

London Town
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EXT. STREET - DAY

TITLE CARD: EAST WICKHAM, LONDON 1978

Unemployment has hit hard in this run down, working-class, white, outer-suburb of London. Margaret Thatcher Campaign signs spot the brick and mortar landscape, along with a few National Front posters.

SHAY BAKER, 14, wearing a school uniform the way only a fourteen-year-old can, lugs his heavy book bag along with groceries and his younger sister, ALICE, 6, in tow. Alice is adorable but a complete handful.

Shay looks up with dread to see some older kids on the street in from of them. JACK, the ring leader, has it in for Shay.

JACK

What you got in the bag little
Sallyboy? Doing the cooking now
your mums off shagging all of
London?

SHAY

Piss off!

Jack shoves him hard, knocking him to the ground. Some groceries spill out, and he puts them back in. He turns to Jack, ready to fight, then sees Alice and stops.

JACK

That's right you dwarf. Get on!

Shay climbs to his feet and just keeps on course, yanking Alice along, as they make it through the bullies.

SHAY

(to himself)
Fucking tossers.

ALICE

(after a beat)
What does shagging mean?

He looks at her, caught off guard, thinks...

SHAY

Cooking... That's all.

ALICE

Oh... Mum was a much better
shagger than you Shay.

SHAY
 (can't help but laugh)
 Yeah, well she didn't make your
 favorite pudding every night either
 did she? It's a wonder we're still
 alive from malnutrition.

ALICE
 What's malnutrition?

SHAY
 It's what happens when you're poor.

INT. HOUSE

Shay and Alice come home to a cold empty row house. A few traces remain of a woman's touch, but they are mostly faded.

Shay picks up the mail and is surprised to find a small package addressed to him from his mother, SANDRINE DEMONTIER. His eyes light up, and he quickly tears it opens. Inside is a cassette tape along with a personal note inviting him to London to stay with her for the summer.

SHAY
 Thank God...

ALICE
 What is it?

SHAY
 Nothin. Mind your business.
 (glances at the clock)
 Come on, dad will be home soon.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Alice draws with crayons at the kitchen table, much of it on the table itself, as Shay prepares dinner. He dices vegetables like a pro as he prepares a pasta.

The TV is on in the background with a report about rising unemployment and the Thatcher campaign. We see Margaret Thatcher out on the campaign trail giving her stump speech.

SHAY
 She looks like a scary old witch
 doesn't she?

ALICE
Like Gran.

SHAY
Gran's not a witch!

ALICE
Yeah that's what dad says. Except
he says bitch, which means the same
thing, but only for adults to say.

SHAY
Yeah well she's neither.

Shay turns the channel to a football game. Just then a taxi
parks out front, and Shay frowns.

A moment later Shay's father NIGEL BAKER, 40, enters the back
door. He kisses Alice on the head, nodding at Shay. Nigel
is handsome in a rugged fashion, with a kind but lived in
face. He goes straight to the fridge and pulls a beer.

NIGEL
Bloody long day, but I sold an
upright Steinway.

SHAY
That's great.

NIGEL
It'll help. Who's winning?

SHAY
Man-U, forgot it was on.

NIGEL
Forgot?!

SHAY
Been a bit busy. What with school,
picking up Alice, shopping, cooking
you dinner...

NIGEL
(grins)
Like a proper wife.

Shay is about to get mad, but sees his dad is just taking the
piss and grins.

NIGEL

It is appreciated son... I've got
us a lead on some tickets for a
Chelsea match. FA cup.

SHAY

No... Really?!

NIGEL

Yeah.

SHAY

Bloody hell... How'd you do that?!

NIGEL

One of me clients at the shop. Not
bad, right? Makes up for the other
eight hours I get to spend in the
taxi tonight.

Shay serves them dinner, and they all dig in. Alice plays
with her food. Shay looks at his dad, hesitates.

SHAY

I got a package from mum.

Alice looks up now.

SHAY

She invited me to London for the
summer.

Nigel looks surprised and annoyed.

ALICE

Why didn't she invite me?!

NIGEL

I'm sure she did, sweetheart. But
no one's going to London for the
summer.

SHAY

Why not?

NIGEL

Because I've already been over it.
She knows full well. She shouldn't
have asked you. I'm sorry. I need
you here, son.

SHAY

Well what if I need to be there?
(off Nigel's look)
You can't keep me Mum. I'm not
your bloody slave.

NIGEL

That's enough.

SHAY

Bollocks it is.

NIGEL

Watch your Goddamn tongue!
(a beat)
I'm not letting any child of mine
go and live in a bloody squat with
a bunch of hippies... Let alone
with a woman more interested in
being her fourteen year-old's mate
than mother. I'm sorry, Shay, but
she can visit you here.

SHAY

It's not the same, and I'm almost
fifteen!

Shay gets up from the table and walks out angry.

NIGEL

Shay...

Nigel, too tired, gives up and looks over at Alice. Another
question.

ALICE

What's a "squat"?

NIGEL

Not a place for a lady like
yourself. That's for damn sure.

He drinks his beer, frustrated.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM

Shay throws his door open furious and sits back on the bed.
A massive Manchester United Football Club poster covers the
wall. On the side table we see an old photo of his mother,
Sandrine. She is very young and attractive, and we see Shay
has many of her features.

Shay opens the cassette from her, and a short note falls out. It lists the songs in the funny personalized way they should be heard-- "While eating", "First thing in the day", "Sleep on this". None of the artists names are mentioned.

The only song on the second side, "For when you're ready to begin...!!!"

Shay raises his eyebrows, flips the cassette around and inserts it. Before the song starts he turns it up all the way up to max.

At ear splitting volume- THE CLASH kick in - it's "WHITE RIOT"- a tidal wave of sound, total, real, driving. Shay has never heard anything like it. He sits there stunned, unable to move, as it fills the small room... And the rest of house below.

NIGEL
(from below)
Shay!!!

But Shay just stares at the stereo. He feels the total physicality of the music pounding through his blood.

NIGEL
(from below)
Shay!!!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Nigel looks at Alice in disbelief, neither know what to make of the music/noise. Alice holds her ears. Nigel gets up.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shay sits upright taking in every note, every lyric. He has found something new and very serious here. The song comes to an end, then abrupt silence... He hears his dad's footsteps climbing the stairs.

He grins to himself then hits rewind and play. Joe Strummer kicks right back in rocking and flooding the house. Finally Nigel barges into the room.

NIGEL
Turn it off!!!

After a short defiant beat Shay hits stop, silence.

NIGEL
Have you lost your mind boy?!
Bloody hell! What is that?!

SHAY
I don't know... It don't say...

NIGEL
I get you're mad at me son. But we
have neighbors. Understand?!

Nigel is not messing. He waits for Shay to nod.

NIGEL
I'm going on my shift. Keep an eye
on Alice.

He turns and walks out, leaving Shay to stare at the stereo.

INT. SCHOOL, MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Shay sits miserably at an upright piano in a private music lesson. He plays some very competent Bach, beyond his years.

TEACHER
I know it's the last day of the
year, but with a little feeling
please.

Shay indulges through to the end. It is impressive. When he finishes he looks over at the proud teacher.

TEACHER
Now I expect you to keep it up with
your father this summer. Royal
Academy admissions in the fall.
Have a good summer and do try to
stay out of trouble.

SHAY
Yes, ma'am. You too. Not the
trouble part.

The bell rings and Shay looks relieved. He grabs his bag.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD

Shay stands in the concrete schoolyard stealing a smoke with some friends, trying to act cool in front of the older kids. CHAZ, a young and clueless mate, coughs on his smoke.

CHAZ

Last day we'll be fourth form. I almost feel sorry for the new lot.

SHAY

I've got to get the fuck to London.

CHAZ

(sarcastic)

And leave East Wickham? Are you mad?!

(off Shay's look)

At least you can play that classical shit. That'll get you out of here.

SHAY

I don't want to play that classical shit. Dad makes me. I fuckin hate it. Bloody indentured servant I am. Gotta work in his lame shop all summer as well.

CHAZ

Plenty of pianos there to practice.

SHAY

Piss off!

Just then one of the older kids, Jack again, hammers a football towards them, nearly taking Shay's head off.

SHAY

Fuck, Jack! Why you always got to bother me?!

Jack pretends he's going to thrash the lot of them and the group all flinch in unison. He laughs and goes away.

CHAZ

He's just bitter he's not gonna have anyone to beat on now he's matriculating.

SHAY

Amazing?! My six year old sister's got more brains than him. You think any of that lot'll be heads of state? Not bloody likely. I tell you we stay here and we'll wind up pub stools with that fuck.

CHAZ
Yeah. And redundant...

SHAY
To be sure... It's what I get for
being the product of a broken home.
Statistics don't lie. I'm doomed.

Shay finishes his smoke and flicks it to the ground.

INT. PIANO SHOP

Shay, frustrated, enters his father's piano sales and repair shop. It is modest but has a warm personal charm.

A framed album adorns the wall over the register of a late 1960's rock band called The Thorns. The cover art is laughably cheesy of a rose stem with a long thorn beneath four badly-haired and poorly styled young men. In the center of the group is a much younger Nigel.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged version is hard at work repairing a piano when he sees Shay enter.

NIGEL
On the counter.

Shay looks over curious as he puts down his book bag, then thinks better of it and places it squarely in the trash, stomping on it. He turns to the counter and finds an envelope with his name on it.

NIGEL
(re: the envelope)
Congratulations on finishing the
year.

He quickly opens it to find two PLAYOFF FA CUP MATCH TICKETS.

SHAY
You serious?!

NIGEL
I am indeed. I'm proud of you.
You've done a great job this year.

Shay just smiles at his dad, genuinely happy.

NIGEL
That's not all.

Shay looks back in and finds another smaller envelope containing some pound notes. He looks up in disbelief.

NIGEL

I need you to go round into London
and fetch some parts from Al.
Thought you might want to treat
yourself to something in town.

SHAY

Dad... You don't need to...

NIGEL

Get outta here, son. I'll see you
tonight.

SHAY

Thank you... I mean it.

Nigel just nods, feeling pretty good about himself.

INT. TRAIN

Shay sits between two fat old blokes as hedgerows flash by. He reads his latest copy of Football World when he realizes the man to his right, who appears to be reading a newspaper, is secretly flipping through a copy of Triple D's. Shay stares in disbelief at a woman's huge naked breasts.

SHAY

Blimey... Them's wobbly...
(to the man)
Are you a perv?

The man frowns, embarrassed. He closes the paper and gets up to another seat. Shay just shakes his head.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LONDON OUTSKIRTS

Shay jumps off the train and sprints across the platform for another train that he just makes. This time he finds himself seated across from a girl, VIVIAN. She's a little punk rocker-- messed up hair, heavy on the mascara, high skirt, ripped stockings and Doc Martens.

She's a year or two older than Shay, a lot cooler, and quite pretty beneath the harsh exterior. She listens to a prehistoric looking Walkman, looking out the window. Shay tries not to stare at her... useless.

VIVIAN
(finally)
What you looking at?

Shay doesn't know what to say. She turns to him and now we see her face clearly. She's got this certainty, eyes that blaze and die down in the same instant.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Well?!

SHAY
I was just wondering what your
listening to?

She sees his face, the honesty in it, and it throws her off guard. She takes the headphones off, leans over and slips them onto him. He is shocked by the speed of that, but suddenly within, loud, chest thumping music. He recognizes the voice immediately, Strummer's voice, a blade ripping through the music. "WHITE RIOT".

Vivian watches him and grins to herself fully expecting him to hate it as she cranks the volume. But after a beat she is surprised to find the headphones still haven't come off.

To the contrary, Shay sits there and listens intently, and then after a long beat, a half smile, like he can feel it. As it ends he looks up at her and hands the headphones back.

SHAY
Thanks.

Vivian shrugs. She sits back.

SHAY
Who's that then?

VIVIAN
What have you been living under a
rock?

SHAY
Worse, I think. East Wickham.

She laughs. An older passenger sitting next to them shushes them, giving Vivian a rude look.

VIVIAN
Come on. I'm thirsty.

INT. SNACK CAR

Vivian orders at the counter of a cafe car. The attendant looks her over with disdain.

VIVIAN
Some chips.

ATTENDANT
What? Your mum didn't teach you
how to dress?

VIVIAN
(staring right back)
No, me mum was a prostitute and was
bludgeoned to death when I was
three. Then me pops raised me but
he was too busy molesting me to
teach me much of anything.

The man just shakes his head and turns his back. Vivian grins at Shay, who is speechless. She quickly swipes some nips of whiskey.

INT. BETWEEN THE CARS

Vivian throws back the nip, passing the other to Shay as she lights up a smoke.

SHAY
What's your name?

She hesitates, studying Shay, then simply:

VIVIAN
Vivian.

SHAY
Suits you.

VIVIAN
Yeah well what's yours?

SHAY
Shay.

VIVIAN
Guevara! I like that.

She downs another nip and studies him.

VIVIAN
The Clash.

SHAY
Huh?

VIVIAN
The band. It's The Clash

SHAY
I never heard of them.

VIVIAN
I could tell.

SHAY
How?

VIVIAN
Dunno, just the way you listened I
suppose... Why you going to
London?

SHAY
Pick up some parts for my dad...
And to see my mum. She lives
there.

VIVIAN
Parents are divorced?

SHAY
Yeah.

VIVIAN
Wish mine were... I'm going in to
get tickets for tomorrow's show.
The Clash are playing with the
Buzzcocks. It's sold out, but
they're doing a last minute
release.
(eyes him)
You should go too, if you know
what's good for you.

SHAY
Yeah?

VIVIAN
(mimicking)
Yeah... You going to drink that?

Shay stares at the nip, then takes a deep breath and swallows it down, choking on it. He has a horrible look to his face that makes Vivian laugh.

EXT. VICTORIA STATION LONDON - LATER

Vivian and Shay spill out onto the busy street. Shay takes in the roar of city, double-decker buses, horns.

SHAY
Civilization. Thank God.

VIVIAN
This is nothin. We're going to
Camdentown.

Shay looks up and sees a torn billboard poster of THE CLASH. Faces to the name.

SHAY
That's them? Miserable looking
blokes, aren't they?

VIVIAN
Nah, they're sexy!

He turns to her like she's nuts.

SHAY
No wonder I can't get a girlfriend.
Thought it was my spots.

VIVIAN
I've sucked them all off. Two at a
time. Strummer is huge!

Shay's jaw drops and Vivian bursts out laughing.

VIVIAN
You're too easy!

Shay, reeling, looks back up at the band.

SHAY
I really should go if I'm gonna get
to my mum's and the music supply.

VIVIAN
Come on Guevara! The fun's just
beginning.

Shay smiles as Vivian takes his hand and they hop a bus.

INT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS

They stand on the crowded bus with a cross section of London - Suits, Sloanies, Mods, New Wavers. A skinhead sits across from them, older, hard looking, with tattoos and a shaved head. He catches Shay's eye, glaring, accusing.

SKINHEAD

What?

SHAY

Your shoelace is undone...

So it is. Vivian grins. A wry smile in the next seat behind the Financial Times.

EXT. CAMDENTOWN

Shay and Vivian get off the bus into a virtual punk rock paradise. Shay stares around amazed at the enormous street bazaar that extends as far as the eye can see, a counter culture haven. Vivian smiles, right at home.

VIVIAN

Bloody amazing right?! Come on!

She grabs his hand, surprising him, and leads him through the crowds, passing like a blur.

In the midst of this, a large group of National Front members hold a rally, including some skinheads, guarded by police. Shay and Vivian stop to watch as one of the leaders spews out through a megaphone.

NATIONAL FRONT LEADER

...The situation we've got now is a decent workin' class British man can't find a job because of the immigrants. That's the facts. And the British workin man is fed up and tired of having everything laid out on the plate for the Pakis and the Coons. And we get nothin', sweet and simple nothin! It's time to take care of our own! It's time to STOP IMMIGRATION AND START REPATRIATION!!! STOP IMMIGRATION AND START REPATRIATION!!!

The man starts a chant and his fellow monkeys join in.

VIVIAN

Daft clowns. Like they could find
a job anyway.

SHAY

Thought we only we had their lot in
East Wickham.

VIVIAN

Bloody fascists... like vermin.
They're everywhere.

SHAY

Thought you punks support them.

VIVIAN

Not me punks. Not the Clash. They
are totally against it. You only
need to listen to Strummers lyrics.
"White youth black youth better
find another solution. Why not
phone up Robin Hood and ask him for
some wealth distribution."

SHAY

So he's a rotten commie?

VIVIAN

(scowls)

He's about us getting along. We're
in the same boat. It's the fucking
rich who are killing us.

SHAY

The rich? Why didn't anyone tell
me?

She just takes his hand again, leading on. Shay is quickly
becoming enamored.

INT. MUSIC STORE - LATER

Vivian and Shay stand at the front of a long ticket line.
She knows the cashier, RONNIE, a burly punk rocker.

VIVIAN

Hey Ronnie.

RONNIE
Last two, your in luck.

VIVIAN
Nice one!

RONNIE
(glances at Shay)
You sure you want to waste it on
him?

VIVIAN
Now now Ronnie.

RONNIE
Suit yourself.
(to the others)
That's it! All out. Sorry!

The window slams shut. One annoyed older punk eyes Shay.

PUNK
Little shit's barely able to reach
the window, and he's got the last
bleading ticket?!!

VIVIAN
Yeah, and if you got a problem you
can take it up with me!

She glares at the punk who quickly backs off.

VIVIAN
Wanker.

They go round to look at some records. The Ramones play in
the background. Shay pulls out The Clash's second album
"GIVE EM ENOUGH ROPE".

VIVIAN
You're not ready for that. Start
here.

She hands him their first album, simply titled "THE CLASH".

VIVIAN
You know you'd look good with black
hair, you would. Like Strummer.

He looks at the album cover as she points.

VIVIAN
Handsome devil, ain't he?

SHAY
If you say so...

VIVIAN
I do... I gotta go.

SHAY
What? That's it?

VIVIAN
What you thought I was gonna suck
you off too? I might.

She's loving it as he stands there at a total loss.

VIVIAN
I'll meet you in front before the
show.

With that she's gone, leaving Shay dumbfounded. He looks around as all eyes fall on him, dressed like the suburban school boy he is. He takes the album and goes to the register.

SHAY
And that poster too.

He points at a huge poster of The Clash, same as the billboard outside Victoria Station. Ronnie begrudgingly takes it down.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Shay stands waits for a train. He looks down at the envelope with his Mom's address.

The train across the platform comes first, and Shay puts the paper in his pocket and hops on the train.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE, EAST END - LATER

Shay walks along the street and into the back of a large wholesale instrument warehouse. He finds a big, old fat Welshman, AL, helping some punk musicians.

AL
Shay, be right with you.

Shay sits down and waits at a piano. Bored, he starts playing, not thinking anything of it. "WHITE RIOT", but strange sounding on the piano.

The other punks look over, intrigued. Shay sees them and stops, embarrassed. Al finishes and comes over.

AL

These punks are worse than the hippies. Just get uglier and uglier. An they all look half-starved.

SHAY

Better than disco.

AL

Truer words never spoken. Come on, I got the parts for you.

He looks around at the massive inventory of electric guitars, organs and amps.

SHAY

This is the stuff we need in the shop.

AL

Ha! Your dad gave all that up years ago. And for you.

SHAY

Well I didn't ask him to.

AL

Someone had to raise you.

INT. SHAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Clash poster is now up in place of the Man-U Football Club one. "WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS" plays on the stereo.

In the bathroom we see Shay dying his hair black, the sink and floor stained with dye. He sings along with Strummer, already having got a lot of the lyrics down.

SHAY

(singing)

"Ken Boothe for UK pop reggae
With backing bands sound systems,
(MORE)

SHAY (cont'd)
And if they've got anything to say
There's many black ears here to
listen..."

The chorus kicks in, and Shay fakes it, mumbling along.
Strummer can be impossible to comprehend.

He steps out and pulls the needle back on the album, trying
to understand the lyrics. He gets it and sings along again--

SHAY
"But it was Four Tops all night
with encores from stage right
Charging from the bass knives to
the treble. But onstage they ain't
got no Roots Rock Rebel.
Onstage they ain't got no...
(tries to roll his tongue)
Roots Rock Rebel!"

He combs back his hair in front of a mirror, looking pleased
with himself. Behind him Strummer looks down from the poster
sporting a similar look. Just then from downstairs--

NIGEL O.S.
Shay!! Dinner!

Shay frowns and quickly searches the room. He finds a hat
but it doesn't hide his hair enough.

INT. ATTIC

Shay climbs up to a storage attic where he opens a trunk
containing some of his mother's belongings. He finds what he
is looking for.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Shay enters the kitchen to the bewildered stare of Alice. He
wears his mother's purple velvet floppy hat, looking
ridiculous, and not a little like his mom.

ALICE
Why are you wearing mum's hat?
Daaaad!

Nigel turns around from the stove to see Shay in his ex-
wife's hat, looking a lot like her. It triggers something
deep inside.

NIGEL
What the bloody hell... You trying
to do me over boy?!!

In one motion he slaps the hat from his head in a fury, opens the door, and throws it outside in the rain.

NIGEL
I never want to see that fucking
thing again! You hear me!?

He looks back at his kids. Alice starts crying. Shay just glares at him with his newly dyed black hair revealed.

SHAY
It's your fault she left.

He regrets it as soon as he says it. Nigel's rage quickly turns to devastation.

NIGEL
Shay...

Shay just goes outside, collects the hat, and walks back in right past Nigel, who just stands there reeling.

INT. PIANO SHOP - DAY

Shay works at the shop with his dad, neither saying a word. Alice sits on the floor playing with a Winnie the Pooh doll.

NIGEL
I've got to drop Alice at day care
before we move the piano. So can
you set the straps while I'm gone?

Shay just nods. Nigel grabs his coat, picking up Alice.

SHAY
I'm leaving early tonight to go to
a concert.

NIGEL
What concert? Who's going to watch
Alice? I've got to be in the taxi
all night. And where did you get
money for that?

SHAY
From you. I'm going.

Shay glares defiantly at Nigel, who looks back at his son with his jet-black hair and attitude to match.

NIGEL

I know you think you've got it all
so figured out. But it's not as
simple as you think...

SHAY

It's not exactly rocket science, is
it, either? Your life.

NIGEL

(stares at him)

I hope you don't learn that anger
from me. It's only worth it if
it's only worth it son...

Shay doesn't want to hear it from him. Nigel walks out the door with Alice. Once he's gone Shay goes to the office and pulls a whisky bottle from the desk. He takes a swig noticing his dad's album on the wall.

He pulls it down and stares at it with disdain. He reads the thank you's on the jacket. Nigel has written "For the love of my life, Sandrine".

He puts the vinyl on the stereo. The needle skips for a second then catches into a song, sixties inspired straight forward rock and roll, in the vein of the Animals or Kinks. It's not half bad. Shay takes another swig, unimpressed.

He turns it off and goes about setting the straps on the piano, which he does haphazardly.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Shay sits between Nigel and two of his workers crammed in the front of a piano moving truck. Nigel glances at Shay who turns away, trying to hide his drinking.

NIGEL

You alright Shay?

SHAY

Yeah.

WORKER

Like the hair. Little Sid Vicious
are you?

SHAY
Sid's a wanker.

WORKER
Oh yea, who do you like then?

SHAY
The Clash.

The worker nods impressed. Nigel glances over, taking note.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Shay watches as his father and the movers struggle to lift the piano up a steep flight of stairs.

NIGEL
Shay, you're in the way boy!

Shay steps aside as Nigel bears down with all his might. Just then the straps that Shay set rip open. The piano falls back hard on Nigel with all its weight, sending him crashing hard down the flight.

Shay watches in horror as his father smashes against the bottom of the stairs, making a terrible sound, pinned beneath the instrument.

Shay rushes down to him in a panic and pushes in vain against the piano. The two other men react and together they manage to lift it enough to pry Nigel loose and pull him out. He's unconscious, badly injured.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Shay sits anxiously in the waiting room beside Alice, who kicks her legs back and forth.

ALICE
I've got to go to the loo, Shay.

SHAY
We've got to wait for the doctor...

ALICE
I want daddy.

SHAY
Me too.

Finally a doctor emerges looking very serious.

DOCTOR
Are you Shay Baker?

SHAY
Yes, sir.

DOCTOR
Where is your mother?

SHAY
She's... on her way.

Alice turns to him surprised, but Shay ignores her.

SHAY
He's not going to die, is he?!

Hearing this, Alice wells up with tears and can't speak.

DOCTOR
(flustered)
Your father's had a very severe
injury. He's broken his back,
which requires surgery. And his
lung collapsed. He'll have to stay
in the hospital at least a few
weeks.

ALICE
(sotto)
I want my daddy.

Shay is stunned also, on the verge of losing it.

SHAY
Can we see him, sir?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Alice holds Shay's hand as they enter the post-op. Nigel lies unconscious, in traction, with an enormous prehistoric 1970's body cast, hooked up to an IV and monitors. Shay looks shocked. Alice looks at the condition of Nigel and is afraid to get any closer. She speaks quietly

ALICE
Daddy.

A nurse comes rushing in.

NURSE

Where's your mum now luvs?

Shay is too stunned to respond.

SHAY

(after a beat)

On her way... from out of town.

NURSE

Well your dad needs his rest right now. He's heavily sedated so it's probably best you get your sister on home and wait for your mum there.

Shay nods. The nurse looks at him unsure. Shay just takes Alice's hand and pulls her from the room.

INT. BUS - LATER

Shay sits on a bus next to Alice, who has been crying.

ALICE

Mums not coming home is she?

SHAY

No.

ALICE

What are we going to do?

SHAY

I don't know. I'll think of something.

Alice leans her head against Shay. He looks down at his Clash ticket for that nights show and crumples it into a ball. He is about to toss it away when he thinks better of it and puts it back in his pocket.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Shay makes Alice dinner, "cook and curry" rice in a bag. Alice just stares at the food.

ALICE

I don't want it Shay.

SHAY
You have to.

ALICE
I don't want it!!!

She bursts into tears again. Shay just stares at her hopeless and overwhelmed.

SHAY
Alice, listen to me! I'm going to be like dad for the next couple of weeks. So you're going to have to really do what I say...

ALICE
But your not an adult!

SHAY
Well I'd better be or we're going to be in real trouble, you hear me? I'm serious Alice.
(no response)
Go on, get ready for bed. I'll put this away if you want it later.

ALICE
It's rubbish!

SHAY
It is. And you shouldn't be talking like that.

Alice glares at Shay as she gets up and goes to her room. Shay can't believe how quickly the tables have turned on him. He glances over at the clock and then at the crumpled concert ticket on the counter. He starts washing the dishes.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM - LATER

Shay finishes reading Alice "Winnie the Pooh". She is finally asleep. He quietly gets up and walks out, looking back at her.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Shay sits at the kitchen table by himself, jumping out of his skin. He turns on the tv. There's nothing on, and he turns it back off. He looks over at the Clash ticket, then the clock. Then back at the ticket.

He grabs the ticket, pokes his head in on Alice who is fast asleep, and shuts the door.

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - LATER

Shay rides the tube which is filled with Clash rockers on their way to the show alongside people returning home from work. A group of punks in their twenties see him with his dyed hair and nod approval. An older man in a suit next him just shakes his head.

EXT. CONCERT HALL

Shay races up to the concert hall where fans gather outside. Punk rockers everywhere, all waiting to get in. There is a heavy police presence. Shay looks around and finds the box office, searching for Vivian.

SHAY
(calls out)
Vivian!

It's useless. The crowd is enormous.

SHAY
Vivian!

A couple of punks see him searching about and to his surprise join in calling out for "Vivian" in a chorus.

PUNKS
Vivian! Vivian!

SHAY
(surprised)
Thanks...

It starts a chain reaction. This is a real community. Just then from behind him--

VIVIAN
(laughing)
Hey you! I was starting to wonder!

He turns around. She's lovely, a punk rockette vision. She smiles at him, all mischief, like she's known him a long time then sees something is off.

VIVIAN
You alright?

SHAY

My dad had an accident. He's in the hospital.

VIVIAN

What are you doing here then?

SHAY

I don't know. I couldn't just sit there anymore.

Behind them some skinheads start messing with some of the punks. Vivian frowns, looks at him determined.

VIVIAN

Come on then. We better get in before there's trouble.

He watches one of the skinheads throw a punch at a punk as police step in. Vivian grabs his hand and leads him inside.

INT. CONCERT HALL

The place is electric, like you could reach out and touch this thing. Bodies packed tight together, the floor underneath them taking a collective hard slamming.

Shay and Vivian are just off to the side on the stage as the crowd surges forward and the lights go down. Shay watches as four shadows take the stage silhouetted against the din.

The audience goes wild as The Clash break into "WHITE RIOT". The intensity is palpable. The music floods out in a wall of sound. The physicality of the band and the audience is almost violent, unleashed fury.

Against this, there is this one stillness. Shay holds against the crush of bodies and stares up at Joe Strummer. Just stares, he's never seen anything like this man. He has no idea what it is about him. And then he sees it - it's in Strummer's eyes, this lacerating light, clean, uncut voltage, like seeing and not seeing at the same time. And the flicker of ownership, owning that light.

Shay turns to Vivian in awe and she smiles wide knowing what he is experiencing.

SHAY

What's so funny?

VIVIAN
You! You're hilarious!

Just then she leans in and kisses him. They are both caught in the moment, the crowd surging all around them.

SHAY
Come on!

He takes her hand, and they push their way to the front having the time of their lives.

INT. STAGE - SAME

Strummer, singular, childlike almost in the sheer totality of it, the absolute, his body tightly wound, all corners, lashes out this energy.

Strummer roars out "I never felt so much light" - it seizes the place, mid-sentence, like picking it up in his hand and hurtling it back through the air into the crowd.

The whole place suspended in a moment of complete stillness, the only movement, a tiny flicker, a victory blaze, in Strummer's eyes - and for the split second, straight in Shay's direction.

A door blows wide open in Shay's mind.

INT. CONCERT HALL - LATER

The Clash wrap their set and the lights go up. The audience rides on a wave of adrenaline as they turn to go. Shay just stands there in a daze.

SHAY
Jesus.

VIVIAN
I'm sure he's been called worse...

SHAY
Why do you think he'd say something like that?
(off her look)
That thing about the light.

VIVIAN
Feeling it you mean?
(smiles)
(MORE)

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Dunno, I suppose you'd have to ask
him.

SHAY
Sure. I'll just walk right up to
him.

They turn to go but quickly see there is a problem. The
doors are not opening. And the crowd is growing angry.

One of the punks ahead of them turns back.

PUNK
Security don't want us out yet!
Fucking skinheads waiting for
trouble.

OTHER PUNK
Fuck 'em! Come on!!!

The crowd surges forward with Shay and Vivian get caught in
the wave. The doors break open and they all spill out into
the streets like they own it.

Shay, in the aftermath of the show, everything around him
lucid, but shifting, swaying, titling. The whole city
throbbing away in fast moving neon in front of him.

VIVIAN
Shay, come on!..

He looks up trying to focus. He snaps to just as some
skinheads break through the police lines. Chaos ensues as
fights break out. The police just start beating on everyone.

Shay and Vivian run down the streets with the crowd but then
one of the cops grabs Vivian's arm. Shay lunges at him
knocking him over.

SHAY
Run! Go!

Two other cops start wailing on Shay. Vivian turns.

SHAY
Go!

One of the police reaches for her, but she is already caught
in the stream of people. Gone.

Just then some punks come to Shay's defense and somehow he
manages to escape.

He looks around for Vivian but she's long gone. Blood drips from his face. All around him it's mayhem. He runs toward the closest tube station.

INT. SHAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shay gets home before the sunrise. He is exhausted and in pain. He grabs some ice and puts it in a towel against his face before going upstairs to check on Alice.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM

He opens the door and shocked to find Alice not there.

SHAY
Alice? Alice?!

He darts out of the room.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He searches the house in a complete panic.

SHAY
Alice, leave it out! Alice!!

Nothing. He goes down to the kitchen to the phone. He is about to call the police when the front door opens.

NEIGHBOR
Hello?

SHAY
Right here!

He rushes over to see their next door neighbor, PENELOPE, with Alice in tow.

SHAY
Alice?! You scared me death!

PENELOPE
I think you already scared her!
She woke up and nobody was home so
she came over to me.

SHAY
I'm so sorry. Alice, I'm sorry.

Alice just glares at him and walks past, going up to her room, not saying a word.

PENELOPE

What's going on, Shay? Alice said
there was an accident? I tried
calling the hospital...

SHAY

Dad had an accident moving a piano.

PENELOPE

And that's what happened to you?

SHAY

Yeah...

(a beat, off her look)

Thank you so much for helping.
you're a lifesaver. Really.

Shay maneuvers her towards the door.

PENELOPE

Well I think I should stay...

SHAY

It's alright, me mum is coming.
She's with me dad now. You've done
more than enough thanks. Good bye.

Just short of being completely rude Shay shuts the door on Penelope then darts upstairs after Alice.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM

Alice lies in bed with her Winnie the Pooh doll.

SHAY

Alice, I'm so sorry...

ALICE

You left me!

Shay sees how badly he hurt her.

SHAY

I was stupid. Never happen again.

She just looks away.

SHAY
I'm sorry. I'll never leave you
again. Promise.

ALICE
No.

SHAY
Alice...

ALICE
Promise, on dad!

SHAY
I promise. On dad.

After a beat she nods her head.

ALICE
What happened to your face? Jack?

SHAY
Something like that. Now go to
sleep.

She then rolls over and he turns out the light.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Shay lies back on his bed, ice pack on his face, staring at the Clash poster on the wall. He closes his eyes and can hear the concert still ringing in his ears. He lies there listening, replaying it in his mind. He whispers the lyrics to "TOTAL CONTROL" to himself.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Shay and Alice walk out the door past their father's taxi parked in front. He glances at it, reality kicking in. Shay looks like hell with his face all bruised.

ALICE
I don't want to go to day-care. I
want to see dad.

SHAY
I promise you can see dad tomorrow.

ALICE
I hate you Shay.

SHAY

I know.

INT. DAY CARE - LATER

Shay drops Alice at day care where the TEACHER takes one look at Shay with his bruises.

TEACHER

Where's your father, Shay?

SHAY

He's sick.

TEACHER

Is that right? You tell your dad either he pays up by the end of the week or Alice can't come back. And put some more ice on your face. I should be calling child services.

She stares at his bruises.

SHAY

Serious? He didn't bloody do this to me!

TEACHER

No, I'm sure the police did.

SHAY

In fact --

TEACHER

-- By this Friday. Goodbye, Shay.

EXT. PIANO SHOP

Shay opens Nigel's piano shop after trying a couple of different keys. He picks up the mail and is surprised to find it is mostly overdue demand notices.

Shay walks into his dad's office and sits down at his dad's desk... overwhelmed, no idea where to begin.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Shay sits with his dad, who looks awful, all rigged up in the bed. Shay sits there holding an ice bag to his own face.

NURSE
Quite a pair, you two.

SHAY
When's he going to wake up?

NURSE
He's heavily sedated... Is your
mum coming by?

SHAY
Yeah.

The nurse looks at him skeptical, checks his chart.

NURSE
Even when he's up he's not really
going to be himself. You're gonna
have to be patient. Probably be a
week or two. You and your sister
going to be alright?

SHAY
We're fine.
(unflinching)
Me mum's taking care of us.

The nurse looks right through him then goes. He looks back
at his unconscious father. In that moment he realizes that
something has to be done.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Shay sits on the train to London. He looks across at the
empty seat opposite, remembering where Vivian sat.

EXT. LONDON NEIGHBORHOOD

Shay walks the rows of houses in a leafy suburb, each well
kept house exactly the same as the next, neat and safe.

EXT. VICTORIAN STREET

He turns the corner onto a totally different sight-- large,
abandoned, once beautiful Victorian houses, windows and doors
boarded up. It looks like a post war scene. He checks the
address on his mom's letter again, worried now.

EXT. SQUAT - DAY

Shay gets to what should be number 24. It hangs together, a flag billowing from the open top window. Galvanized sheets board up the main door and chicken wire covers the broken basement windows. An electric drill squeals from inside, and the whole building pounds to a guttural, thumping bass.

He knocks, nothing. He knocks harder. A face appears through a home-made prison type slit. WHITE BOY, 20's, drill in hand, a shock of white albino hair pasted jagged around his forehead, right eye blue, left eye green, looks down at Shay.

WHITE BOY

What? You selling something?!

SHAY

No... I'm looking for me mum.

White Boy looks baffled. The kid is speaking but he can't hear a word because of the drill still going in his hand. Shay steps up a closer and yells just as the drill turns off.

SHAY

I'm looking for me mum!

WHITE BOY

(laughs)

Fine by me lad, so long as it's not a dad.

SHAY

Her name's Sandrine. You know her?

WHITE BOY

Know her well. Some days she lives here. Today not being one of em...
Come on in.

INT. SQUAT

Shay stands inside the hall door. It's a squat in all its hard-core, derelict glory, wall paint peeling, thumping music coming from all directions. White Boy roars up the stairs.

WHITE BOY

Oi, Johnny. Me man over here is looking for Sandrine!

Shay stands there in the hallway waiting.

JOHNNY, 20's, all cool, bubbling under energy, a velvet Scottish accent, emerges, looking down at Shay surprised.

JOHNNY
You're her son?

SHAY
Yeah.

JOHNNY
Come on up.

Shay doesn't move.

SHAY
No thanks. I'm just looking to find her. You don't know where she went do you?

JOHNNY
(smiles)
She told me about you. Shay right?

SHAY
Yeah.

JOHNNY
Come on. I don't bite. You could do with a cuppa tea.

INT. KITCHEN, SQUAT

Shay stands in the kitchen door taking in the whole scene. A few young punks - springing around the place, trying to fix a broken toaster. Toast flies - caught mid air.

There's a revved up energy here, charged, pulsing-- free-falling, laughter filled domestic chaos.

Then a girl, REBECCA, sees Shay in the doorway and smiles.

REBECCA
Hi.

SHAY
Hi.

Johnny puts a saucepan of water on the stove. Turns around.

JOHNNY
This is Shay. Sandrine's son.

White Boy squints up from under the sink.

WHITE BOY
Told him he's not mine!

RUDIE, another punk-

RUDIE
Mine either. But he's got your
eyes Johnny.

REBECCA
(mock accusingly)
He does, Johnny.

JOHNNY
He's too old to be mine.

SHAY
Fuck's sake, I have a dad! It's me
mum I need to find...

They all laugh, and he realizes they were just having fun.

Another punk climbs legs first through the kitchen window,
slithers onto the ground, and utterly oblivious, walks
straight past Shay on through.

PUNK
Oi.

Shay looks up astounded.

REBECCA
Right we gotta go. See you later.

And she's gone with some of the others. A huge thumping from
upstairs.

WHITE BOY
What the fuck?!

White Boy takes off up the stairs, drill in hand. Johnny
turns off the stereo, pours hot tea into two cups.

JOHNNY
Here you go.

Shay not knowing what to do, puts his bag down and sits at
the table. Suddenly the front door slams shut, and silence
descends. Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY(cont'd)
We're a noisy lot... So what's
going on Shay?

SHAY
Me dad's had an accident. I need
to find her.

JOHNNY
Well she's not here. Can't say I
know where. I could give you some
other places to try.

SHAY
Thanks.

JOHNNY
She'll turn back up. Always does.
Could be a couple weeks. Could be
a day. You're welcome to stay.

SHAY
(a beat)
Could I see her room?

EXT. SANDRINE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shay steps inside. It's not as bad as he expected. Art
hangs on the wall, books, a proper bed, and an old photo of
her with Shay and Alice when they were younger.

JOHNNY
Your mum, she's real talented you
know, at her music... And she
talks about you and your sis all
the time. See, I even know you
have a sis.

Shay just nods appreciative, his head spinning.

SHAY
You her boyfriend?

Awkward beat.

JOHNNY
When she lets me be.

SHAY
Can you just tell her I was here?

JOHNNY
Course... Come on I'll write down
some other places you can try.

EXT. LONDON - LATER

"ALL LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET" plays over as Shay emerges out of the Underground into the sunshine of London's Oxford Circus. He stands there looking at the addresses from Johnny then up trying to get his bearings. Above him he sees another Clash billboard. The band staring down.

Shay keeps walking, looks up at the street signs, checking his way, not sure if he is going in the right direction.

EXT. BRIXTON HOUSE - MUSIC CONTINUOUS

The song continues as Shay knocks on the front door of a two-up-two-down deep in Brixton. The door swings open, a tall, dreadlocked Rasta, looks down at Shay.

SHAY
Johnny gave me your address, I'm
looking for Sandrine... me mum.

RASTA
Sorry, haven't seen her for a long
time, bruddah.

The door closes in his face, he sets off again.

EXT. DIFFERENT SQUAT - MUSIC CONTINUOUS

Another squat. Shay knocks on the window. A half naked hippy chick opens it. Shay looks shocked, can't help but stare straight at her breasts.

SHAY
I'm looking for Sandrine.

GIRL
(grins)
Sandrine? Nah, sorry luv, not
here. Want to come in?

He sees some hippies inside smoking a joint.

SHAY
Nah, that's alright... Thanks.

The girl just LAUGHS and shuts the window.

EXT. HOUSE - MUSIC CONTINUOUS

And another building, a small house. Shay knocks. Nothing. Knocks harder, someone looks down. He shouts up. The man shakes his head. No.

INT. TUBE - MUSIC CONTINUOUS

Shay puts his head back frustrated and tired. "ALL LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET" fades out.

INT. RECORD SHOP - LATER

Shay stops at the record store in Camdentown. He looks around half-hoping to find Vivian but she's not there. He goes over to Ronnie, the cashier.

RONNIE
What you want midge?

SHAY
You seen Vivian?

RONNIE
Viv?! Yea all last night long.

Shay expression drops.

RONNIE
God, I'm just joking kid. You're a serious little bloke aren't you?

SHAY
Would you tell her Shay was looking for her?

RONNIE
Just what I had in mind to do...

Shay's innocence is unnerving and Ronnie can't refuse him.

RONNIE
Fuck's sake. Alright.

INT. PIANO SHOP - DAY

Shay answers the phone which has been ringing off the hook.

SHAY
(on phone)
Yes, Mrs. Sanders. No he's just
under the weather is all. I assure
you he still wants to tune your
piano. I'm sorry he didn't call to
cancel... Yes, I'll tell him...

He hangs up, and the phone immediately begins ringing again.

SHAY
Bollocks!

Shay yanks the cord from the wall. He goes back into the office with a growing stack of unpaid bills. He is starting to panic. He pries open a locked drawer and finds Nigel's bank book. He stares at it in shock to see the savings account has only two hundred pounds.

SHAY
That's bloody it?!
(stunned)
Fuck me...

Also in the drawer are a set of keys labeled "taxi", which he just stares at.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night after finally getting Alice to bed, entirely overwhelmed, Shay turns on the tv to find an interview with The Clash.

MICK JONES ON TV
Nah the government isn't helping
the people, and the working class
is all but forgotten.

JOE STRUMMER ON TV
Just look around, you can't miss
it. That's why we got these
tossers like the National Front
takin advantage of folks. But
that's all wrong. Nah it's up to
the people to take matters into
their own hands.

INTERVIEWER ON TV
So you're calling for a revolution
of sorts...

JOE STRUMMER ON TV
Now don't get me in trouble! But
yeah, a musical one for real.

PAUL SIMONEN ON TV
We've got an obligation. The Clash
has. To tell people to wake up!

JOE STRUMMER ON TV
(yells into camera)
Wake the bloody hell up people!!!
(grins)
That's what the song "London's
Burning" is all about, because
everyone's sleepwalking while the
right wing fascists are just
rolling over us. And now with
Thatcher, don't get me started...

Shay just watches in awe.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nigel is finally conscious and semi-coherent. He's been
ringing for the nurse who walks in with a big fake smile.

NURSE
Up and about are we, Mr. Baker?

NIGEL
Where's my kids?

NURSE
With your wife of course.

NIGEL
My wife...?!
(off her look)
Right... Thanks.

She looks at him, fears confirmed. The second she's gone
Nigel dials the house in a panic. It rings and rings....

NIGEL
Damn it..

He tries to get up but falls back in excruciating pain. Just then Shay walks in the door. Nigel turns and stares at his son. Shay can barely face him.

NIGEL
Shay... I'm so sorry...

Shay looks confused, overwhelmed with guilt.

NIGEL
They said you're with your mum?

SHAY
I had to tell them something.

NIGEL
You look worse than me. What happened to you?

SHAY
Nothing.

NIGEL
Something. Are you alright?

SHAY
I'm fine. We're managing.

NIGEL
Thank god. I'm making arrangements for you both to go to Manchester with your Gran.

SHAY
What?! No... you can't do that!

NIGEL
What else would you have me do? Look at me. I was only hanging on by a thread before.

SHAY
That's being generous. I've seen the books.
(off his surprise)
That's right. And I've kept the shop open, Alice is fine, and we're not going anywhere. I can handle it. I can handle everything.

Nigel looks at his son, surprised and impressed.

NIGEL

I'm sure you can son. But I want you to call Al and tell him what happened. He'll send someone over to help with the shop.

SHAY

I can do it.

NIGEL

(smiles, proud)

I know. But you have enough with your sister. How's my taxi?

SHAY

Fine.

NIGEL

I don't want anyone touching it.
You hear me?

Shay nods.

NIGEL

Good. I don't need any trouble with that. Sure they'll be calling soon enough when my deposits don't come in... I've really made a mess of things this time haven't I?

Shay doesn't respond, overcome with guilt.

INT. MUSIC STORE

Alice sits with Shay as he goes through the bills and books. Shay makes calls to clients, deepening his voice, trying to sound like his dad.

SHAY

(on phone, baritone)

Yeah, that's right. If you can just give me another week. I understand. Friday...

Shay hangs up and crosses off another creditor from the list.

SHAY

Thank God...

ALICE

Can I paint my hair like you?

SHAY

Why not.

Just then Vivian walks into the store.

VIVIAN

Ha! Found you!

Shay can't believe it.

SHAY

What took you so bloody long?!

VIVIAN

Yours isn't the only music store in East Wickham. Bloody boondocks out here. Two trains!

ALICE

(smiles)

I'm Alice!

VIVIAN

I'm Vivian!

ALICE

Do you want to paint my hair?

VIVIAN

Absofuckinlutely.

Shay grins, very happy to see her. Vivian stares at his bruises from the concert.

VIVIAN

Shit. That must hurt.

SHAY

It's nothing.

VIVIAN

(looks around)

Are you running this place?

SHAY

Yeah. While me dad's in the hospital. We're completely fucked.

ALICE

Completely.

Vivian laughs. Shay doesn't.

SHAY

Do you know how to drive?

Vivian looks at him curious.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Shay sits in the driver's seat of Nigel's taxi with Vivian at his side in a parking lot.

VIVIAN

Now let the clutch out. Now, Shay!

He doesn't do it right, and the car lurches hard and stalls, making a horrible grinding noise.

SHAY

Fuck!

VIVIAN

You're not listening!

SHAY

I am! But I can't feel the pedals with these fuckers on me feet!

We realize he has wood blocks taped to his shoes to reach the pedals as he is sitting on a phone book to see over the dash!

VIVIAN

Well it's that or we pull out the directory. But then you won't see.

SHAY

It's not my fault I'm so short.
It's all this stress stunting me
growth... and I haven't had a
proper meal since me mum left.

VIVIAN

When was that?

SHAY

Four years ago.

VIVIAN

(rolls her eyes)
Just try again Shay.

Shay gets it going out of first gear and into second.

VIVIAN
That's it! Now up to third!

He does it and smiles wide but then has to turn and downshift. Not so good, grinding the gears, and the car stalls out again.

SHAY
Bollocks! I'm going to fuck this bloody thing all to hell...

VIVIAN
You're mad. You are.

SHAY
Ambitious.

VIVIAN
Right. And that's what you're going to tell the police when they pull you over for underage driving. Gonna beat you worse than they did last time. And it will be my fault again.

SHAY
(a beat)
You don't understand... Me dad is going to lose everything. And that IS my fault... And then we're going to have to move to Manchester with me stinking rotten Gran, and I'll really never see you again.

A beat. She smiles.

VIVIAN
Alright. Start it up again.

Shay just nods as he puts it into first smoothly.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE--

--Shay out attempting to tune a piano as a disgruntled client looks on. He is only making it worse.

--Shay picking up Alice from day care under the glaring eye of the teacher.

--Shay visiting his dad at the hospital and going over the books with him.

--Shay studying taxi route maps, which Vivian tests him on flashcards. She pushes him down and gives him a hickey as he laughs.

--Shay on the train, meeting Vivian at the record store in London. She shows him all the good punk albums, educating him-- The Damned, The Ramones, Buzzcocks, the Jam etc.

--Vivian with Shay in the taxi. He's gotten much better at driving, though he does nearly run over the Jack and the bullies intentionally.

VIVIAN
Fucking mad man!

He laughs and leans over and kisses her as he drives. We see his confidence growing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nigel is hooked up to even more machines and in a lot of pain.

The nurse walks in and sees him, checks his chart.

NURSE
How you feeling?

NIGEL
Like someone ripped my chest open.

NURSE
Sounds about right.

NIGEL
Can't they give me something more
for the pain?

She checks his IVs and gives him a stronger dose of painkiller.

NURSE
Now easy luv. This'll help a bit.

Nigel feels the extra dose.

NIGEL
You're an angel... I'm Nigel.

He offers his hand and they shake.

NURSE

Cynthia. So now where's your wife?
(off his look, a beat)
That's what I thought... Don't
worry. I won't say anything. I'm
a single mum myself. You know your
son's hair was purple the other
day? I don't think he has the right
product.

Nigel laughs hard, and she laughs too. He winces in pain.

NIGEL

He's a good lad. I'm proud of him.

NURSE

And you should be. He's got his
hands full now.

NIGEL

He's up to it.

Shay walks in to see his dad and the nurse laughing together.

NURSE

Here he is now. The little
blighter.

Shay sheepishly waves and stands as the nurse puts the chart
away, smiling at him.

SHAY

Are you alright?

NIGEL

(for Shay's benefit)
Feeling much better actually.

The nurse and him share a smile and she walks out leaving
Shay with his dad. Nigel notices the hickey on his son's
neck.

NIGEL

That wasn't from Chaz I hope.

Shay looks over, realizing, embarrassed.

SHAY

Not bloody likely.

NIGEL
What's her name?

SHAY
(beet red)
Vivian.

Nigel smiles, nods his head in approval. Shay looks annoyed.

SHAY
You know you could have got a
girlfriend.

NIGEL
I'd be quite a catch now, eh? What
you worried I'm a poof?

SHAY
Yeah that's it. I think that nurse
fancies you.

NIGEL
You think?
(smiles, then a beat)
I haven't exactly had a lot of time
on my hands for that kind of thing.

SHAY
Because you're still in love with
mum.

NIGEL
(a beat)
No, Shay.

Shay just looks down.

NIGEL
Do you want me to be?

SHAY
No... But you were always kind of a
nag with her.

NIGEL
It must have seemed that way.

SHAY
It did...

Shay just stares at his dad. He looks weak in the bed,
almost pathetic.

NIGEL
I'll get better Shay.

SHAY
Yeah...
(a beat, struggling)
Dad... I'm sorry about the straps.
I didn't mean to hurt you. Honest.

Nigel sees the pain in him.

NIGEL
Ahh. The straps... Shay, I
checked them. They were just old
and they ripped. It wasn't your
fault.

Shay looks surprised.

SHAY
You're just saying that.

NIGEL
I'm not. Now you listen to me. I
know you're mad. And I know you
blame me for your mother and
everything else but...

SHAY
Dad...

NIGEL
No, quiet. You're gonna listen to
me... I am proud of you. More
than you'll ever know. You and
your sister are the one good thing
I've ever done. You gave me reason
to get out of bed when I was low.
So don't go feeling sorry for me or
blaming yourself. I love my life
and only hope you will love yours
half as much as I do. So when
you're done being angry I want you
to remember that. Alright?

Shay nods.

NIGEL
Good. Now get your arse out of
here and go take care of your
sister.

Shay just nods. He gives his dad a hug. It's an emotional one which they both try to hide.

INT. PIANO SHOP - DAY

Shay finishes with a well dressed rich couple while Vivian waits for him, sitting at a piano. She watches Shay, who comes over looking annoyed.

VIVIAN
You're fearless you know that?

SHAY
I don't know anything 'cept that
nobody wants to buy these pianos.

VIVIAN
Rich people do.

SHAY
I think those were the only two in
East Wickham, and they don't.

VIVIAN
Well fuck the rich. Here you are
busting it for your dad and Alice,
and it's just a drop in the bucket
to them.

SHAY
Yea but it's a good drop. Besides
I don't need any handouts.

VIVIAN
Still not fair.

SHAY
When was it ever? Where you from
anyway?

VIVIAN
(taken aback)
London. Why?

SHAY
Just, we never been to your house.

VIVIAN
Trust me it's better that way.
(changing subject)
So can you play any of these?

SHAY

Nah.

VIVIAN

You can too. Play me something.

(beat)

I'll let you feel me up.

SHAY

You should be so lucky.

VIVIAN

Don't get cocky now.

SHAY

I don't know anything you'd like.

She's not giving in. Shay, annoyed, sits down beside her. He hesitates then starts playing some Mozart. Vivian is floored, the talent flooding out of him, so young. When he finishes she just stares at him in awe.

VIVIAN

You bastard.

SHAY

No, that's me dad. He makes me do it. I use to hate it.

She leans in and kisses him. He looks at her surprised and she smiles. Just then the phone starts ringing.

SHAY

Bleeding creditors... Them's the real vermin...

He ignores the phone as it continues to ring.

SHAY

I'm taking the taxi tonight.

VIVIAN

Think your ready?

SHAY

As I'll ever be.

Vivian nods her approval.

SHAY

I'll see you tonight then?

VIVIAN
Promised Alice we'd have something
special for your birthday.
Couldn't disappoint her now. Could
I?

She smiles at Shay.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Shay and Alice visit with Nigel, who isn't doing very well
and is short of breath. Alice has a blue streak in her hair.

NIGEL
So you spoke to Al?

SHAY
Yeah, yeah, he's helping out.

NIGEL
Good. And the taxi, have they come
for it?

SHAY
Not yet.

NIGEL
That's strange. Well it's on them.
Might want to give it a wash
alright?

SHAY
It's my birthday.

NIGEL
I didn't forget.

He surprises Shay by handing him a card. Shay opens it and
reads-- *Dear Shay, Happy Birthday! After further
consideration and much soul searching I hereby permit you to
stay with your mother for three weeks this summer. The only
condition being that you let me know that you are alive on a
daily basis. And don't bring this up in front of Alice right
now!* Shay smiles wide.

SHAY
Thank you.

ALICE
What you get Shay?

NIGEL
That's between him and me. Alice
what have you done to your hair?

ALICE
I'm punk rock, dad!

NIGEL
Not you too.

INT. SHAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vivian and Alice give Shay a birthday cake.

SHAY
Fifteen. Hope it's better than
fourteen.

He is about to blow out the candles when he looks at Alice.

SHAY
All right then, you want the wish?

Alice nods her head.

SHAY
Go on.

She closes her eyes tight and blows them all out.

SHAY
Well what was it?

ALICE
Dad...

Shay just nods and cuts the cake as Vivian watches.

INT. SHAY'S HOUSE - LATER

Shay walks downstairs from putting Alice to bed. He finds
Vivian watching the news on TV.

SHAY
She's never going to sleep after
all that cake.

VIVIAN
Don't worry. I'll watch her.

Shay looks at the tv to see conservative MP Tom Daniels speaks on Thatchers behalf.

DANIELS ON TV

Margaret Thatcher is the voice of a new conservative revolution that this country has been waiting for. It's with great pride that we support her in this effort.

SHAY

Thatcher's boy Daniels. Misguided sod.

Vivian looks upset and turns the tv off.

VIVIAN

Let's just get you ready.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM

Vivian uses makeup to draw a mustache on Shay's face in an attempt to age him, but it isn't helping at all.

VIVIAN

I think we need to try something else.

SHAY

Don't like the sound of that.

MOMENTS LATER

We hear from behind the bathroom door--

SHAY (O.S.)

No way!

VIVIAN

(laughs)

Just come out.

Finally he emerges, mortified. He is wearing one of his mother's dresses, makeup on, and her floppy purple hat. Quite a sight. He bears a striking resemblance to her photo.

SHAY

But it's me birthday...

VIVIAN

Do you want to spend it in jail?
At least you look old enough now.

Shay just frowns.

EXT. HOUSE

Shay gets in the taxi, woodblocks on, phone book firmly under his ass, which is in the dress. He tapes the photo of his mom to the taxi licence.

VIVIAN

Good luck... you look real pretty.

SHAY

I'm a man! Fifteen years old! I
don't look pretty!

VIVIAN

Of course not. You're very
handsome, very. I'll see you
later. Be careful, Shay.

Shay just grunts. He flips on the vacant light and pulls out into the big city.

INT. TAXI - LATER

His first fare is an old rich couple who eye him suspiciously, taken aback by the jerkiness of his driving.

PASSENGER

Is everything alright miss?

SHAY

(like a girl)
Sorry. Gears are sticking.

PASSENGER

Please be careful!

Shay manages to see them to a Kensington mansion where the gentleman steps up to pay as his wife walks inside, annoyed.

GENTLEMAN

(looks Shay over)
You're a tasty little tart, aren't
you?

SHAY
(trying not to snap)
Four pounds twenty sir.

He pays Shay with a ten pound note.

GENTLEMAN
Keep that. Maybe you'd like to
come back later for some more?

SHAY
(in his own voice)
And maybe you'd like to get stuffed
you wanker!

The man looks shocked as Shay pulls away.

SHAY
(to himself)
Depraved rich.

CUT TO:

SHORT MONTAGE- TO "CAREER OPPORTUNITIES"

It is a Friday night, not a good choice for a maiden voyage--
Couples in the back going at it.

Drug users in the back.

Drunk gits in the back hitting on him.

He gets lost...

Cursed...

And repeatedly propositioned.

Finally, having had enough abuse for one night, he is ready
to go home, but before he does so he decides to make one last
stop. He pulls up outside his mothers squat.

There is another party going on inside as punk rockers roll
up to the door. He waits, watching, then finally pulls out
as "CAREER OPPORTUNITIES" ends.

EXT. STREET

As Shay pulls away he nearly cuts off a police car. The cops pull up beside him at the light, staring at him. One of them gestures for Shay to roll down his window.

SHAY

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

He panics, ignoring them. Just then a fare hops in the back.

PASSENGER

West London. Down by the river.

Shay turns around, panicked.

SHAY

No. You got to get out. Right now!

PASSENGER

Sorry luv, but I ain't goin nowhere but home! Besides can't remember last time I had me a hot bird chauffeur.

SHAY

I aint your nothin. Now get out!

PASSENGER

(looks at him odd)

No.

Shay glances at the police as the light changes.

SHAY

Suit yourself.

Just then the cops turn on their siren. The light changes, and Shay floors it, making a quick left. The passenger is thrown across the back seat.

PASSENGER

Oi! What the fuck!?!

Shay makes another quick left and drops the hammer across a lane of traffic. The passenger screams for his life. Sirens blare and lights flash in what has quickly become a high speed chase.

PASSENGER

Oi!!!

SHAY

You had your chance! Now shut it!!

Another sharp turn and Shay shoots like a maniac across an intersection and two lanes of traffic, miraculously coming out unscathed. He quickly ducks and dives down an alley where he sees the police lights go flashing by. Safe...

SHAY

Blimey...

PASSENGER

You're out of your fuckin mind!!

The passenger slams the door, getting out, only to surprise Shay by jumping right back in the front next to him.

PASSENGER

What the bloody hell was that
luv?!!

The passenger stares at Shay realizing this is no bird...

PASSENGER

What the?!?!?

He takes Shay's hat off to see the dyed black hair, then the phone book...

PASSENGER

Thought I'd seen it all. You some
kind of a tosser poof? I mean it's
alright if you are...

SHAY

Like fuck I am!

(a beat)

My girlfriend did it to me!
Thought it would make me look older
is all... It's my dad's taxi, but
he got hurt, so I have to fill in.

The passenger just laughs, impressed.

PASSENGER

You're a crazy little bugger, you
are. How old are you then, Shorty?

SHAY

Fifteen... It's me birthday...

The passenger takes out a flask from his studded leather jacket and has a big swig trying to calm himself. It's dark but Shay realizes this guy's a punk rocker. The real deal.

PASSENGER

Happy birthday then mate.

He offers it to Shay who takes a sip, his nerves fried. He looks at the passenger but can't see him well in the darkness.

PASSENGER

Look Shorty, you think you can still get me home?

SHAY

Yeah. What the hell...

Shay starts the taxi, and they pull out. The man sits back staring at Shay, who watches the road, searching for police.

PASSENGER

Man of the house. Are you then?

SHAY

Yea.

PASSENGER

Well I approve of the hair. You fancy your self a punk? Who you like Sex Pistols or the Buzzcocks I bet?

SHAY

The Clash.

PASSENGER

The Clash?!

(laughs)

Bunch of tossers!

SHAY

you can get out right here with that blasphemy! Least they got something to say for themselves. Like Sid Vicious ever did. What the fuck is anarchy anyway?!

(MORE)

SHAY (cont'd)
Not going to pay my dad's bills
with that am I? Not that they even
probably know what it is.

PASSENGER
So why should I listen to the
bloody Clash?

SHAY
Because no offense mister but if
more old geezes like yourself did
something, maybe I wouldn't be
dressed like me mum right now.
Working for the fucking clampdown.

Strummer looks up at him intrigued.

PASSENGER
The clampdown eh?

SHAY
See that's all the Clash want.
People to do fucking something
about it. Besides they're pretty
fucking good too. So don't talk to
me about the Sex Pistols mister.

PASSENGER
Old geezer huh?

SHAY
Yeah.

INT. TAXI - LATER

They arrive outside a flat and the passenger pays Shay, then
reconsiders, and he gives him his whole wad of cash. Shay
looks at the cash in shock.

PASSENGER
Tell Mr. Strummer he's got a new
fan when you meet him.

SHAY
(turns)
Thank you...

But the guy is already walking away up to a flat. Shay gets
a proper glimpse of the back of him under a streetlight
before he goes up his steps-- leather jacket with slick dyed
black hair. Shay wonders...

INT. SHAY'S HOUSE - LATER

Shay enters to find ice cream bowls still out in the kitchen, and Vivian crashed with Alice in his dad's bed. Vivian wakes when he comes in, relieved. He stands there in the dress.

SHAY

Worst birthday yet... But I had this bloke... He looked like he could have been Joe Strummer's brother.

VIVIAN

Not likely. His brother killed himself.

SHAY

(taken aback)

Well whoever he was he gave me this.

He holds up the wad of cash. Vivian looks up surprised and laughs.

VIVIAN

Did you shag him then?

SHAY

Piss off. Should I take you home?

She hops up and walks over to him.

VIVIAN

I told my parents I was staying at a friends. Besides I haven't given you your present yet.

He looks at her curious as she takes his hand and leads him down the hall to his bedroom.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM

Vivian takes him into the bedroom and kisses him. For someone who talks such a big game it is very gentle and she seems nervous too. She slowly takes off his dress as he helps undress her. It's strange, but oddly romantic. She takes him to the bed.

They start to make love and it's clear she was a virgin too. Afterwards they both lay back amazed.

He glances up at the Clash poster on the wall, and wonders again for a moment until he looks over at Vivian lying next to him, and quickly forgets everything else.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shay wakes to find Vivian gone. She has left a note which reads: "Didn't want to wake you. Hope you had a Happy Birthday!!!" He just shakes his head and smiles to himself proudly remembering the night before.

INT. ALICE'S ROOM

Shay goes to check on Alice and finds her still in bed.

ALICE
I don't feel well, Shay.

He puts his hand to her forehead.

SHAY
Alice? You're burning up... I'm
going to run you a bath.

He hurries to the bathroom to turn on the cold water. But nothing comes out.

SHAY
The fuck?

He goes to the sink. Nothing.

SHAY
Bastards turned the water off!!

He goes down the hall for the phone but that is dead too.

SHAY
FUCK!!!

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Alice sits in the taxi with a blanket around her leaning on Shay as he drives in plain daylight, no disguise, straight to the shop. When he gets there he finds a chain around the door and a note for Nigel to see the landlord.

SHAY
This isn't happenin...

He gets back in the taxi and looks at Alice.

SHAY

I don't want to bring you to the hospital cause then we're goin' to be in a worse world a shit.

ALICE

I want mommy.

SHAY

You and me both.

He puts the car in gear and pulls out.

EXT. LANDLORD'S FLAT

Shay bangs on the landlord's door with Alice waiting in the cab. Shay is furious. A fat old man comes to the door.

SHAY

What you fucking thinking lockin the store you fat old git?! How can I make you any money when you lock us out!

The man just stares at Shay taken aback.

SHAY

The piano shop! I'm Shay Baker. Here's your bleeding rent.

He smacks a wad of cash in his hand.

SHAY

Now give me the keys. Now!

LANDLORD

You got a mouth on you son.

SHAY

And you got a lot a nerve. You think Thatcher's gonna give a toss about you, Rockafeller? We're in it together mate if you hadn't noticed.

The man produces the keys, and Shay just grabs them.

INT. TAXI

He climbs back inside the taxi and sees Alice lying on the seat now shivering.

SHAY

Alice?

No response.

SHAY

Alice? Fuck....

He's got to do something.

INT. TAXI

Shay flies along the road and blows through a stoplight.

EXT. SANDRINE'S SQUAT

He bangs on the door of his mother's squat, carrying Alice in his arms, who is nearly as big as him.

SHAY

Mum!!

The knocking continues when White Boy opens the door. He is about to try and say something clever--

SHAY

Just find me fucking mum before I
belt you!

White Boy realizes something is wrong and runs up the stairs shouting for Sandrine.

INT. SANDRINE'S SQUAT

Shay carries Alice up the stairs.

SHAY

Mum!!

Sandrine appears. She's older than her photo, but every bit as beautiful with a rock and roll edge alla Chrissie Hynde. She sees Shay with Alice in his arms.

SANDRINE
(French accent)
Shay?!... What's going on?!

SHAY
Alice's sick. I need help.

Sandrine goes right to action taking Alice into her arms, feeling her forehead. Johnny pokes his head out.

SANDRINE
Johnny, run to docs and bring him
back at once.

JOHNNY
Yeah.

Johnny snaps to, as Sandrine brings Alice up the stairs.

SANDRINE
Shay get some ice.

INT. BATHROOM

Sandrine undresses Alice and dumps a bag of ice in a cold bath.

ALICE
Mummy?

SANDRINE
Right here.

Alice is a wreck, covered in sweat and shivering. Shay watches from the door relieved his mom is helping.

SANDRINE
Where's your dad?

SHAY
In the hospital. He broke his back
moving a piano.

Sandrine looks at him.

SANDRINE
Why didn't you come sooner?!

SHAY
I did! You weren't here.

SANDRINE

Well, I am now. Go downstairs and wait there. She'll be alright.

SHAY

No...

SANDRINE

Shay.

She's serious. He nods his head and goes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Shay waits in the kitchen when Johnny comes back with a punk looking doctor, carrying a medical bag.

SHAY

Leave it out. He's the doctor!?!

PUNK DOC

(off his look)

I went to med school mate.

SHAY

You hurt her an I'll fucking find you.

The doctor just ignores him and goes up the stairs. Johnny looks back at Shay and grins.

INT. SQUAT - NIGHT

Sandrine sets Shay up in a room with just a mattress on the floor. She helps make up a bed.

SANDRINE

I want you to stay for a few days. Until Alice is feeling better.

SHAY

But I've got the store.

SANDRINE

Shay, I'm not asking. Now how is your father?

SHAY

Not bloody good.

A beat. She stares at Shay, taking him in.

SANDRINE
(sincere)
He's done a fine job with you I
see.

Shay doesn't respond.

SANDRINE
I'm glad you're here.

He just looks at her as she walks out and closes the door.

INT. SHAY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Shay lies awake in bed. He can hear the house mates downstairs drinking and talking. He gets up and walks down the hall.

Shay watches Sandrine finish feeding some soup to Alice, who turns over and goes back to sleep.

SANDRINE
I've got to work tonight. I want
you to come. And then I'm going to
take you somewhere special after.
Johnny agreed to watch Alice.
(off his look)
God, how is that you can look at me
and I feel like the child. He's
the most responsible person I know.
I trust him with my life.

Shay thinks about it for a beat.

SHAY
Alright.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Shay stands with White Boy and Tommy Gun in the audience, a good crowd, a mix of races, some punks, some mods.

TOMMY GUN
You want a beer? You look like
you're going to jump out of your
skin.

SHAY

I'm fine.

He's clearly not.

WHITE BOY

She's good mate.

TOMMY GUN

Especially when she takes it all off.

WHITE BOY

Yeah. I like that part.

Shay looks up at them mortified and they laugh, taking the piss. The lights go down and out comes Sandrine. She looks down at Shay and smiles.

SANDRINE

Shay, this is for you.

He looks up, prepared for the worst, when she and the band break into a tuned down, raw, and rocking song ala THE VELVET UNDERGROUND & NICO. The audience is loving it. She sings in English -- Her voice raw but pure, and her French accent pronounced, over the edgy experimental sound of the band. Shay is blown away.

WHITE BOY

Told you mate.

White Boy smiles as he watches Shay's reaction.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Shay, White Boy, and Tommy Gun come back stage to see Sandrine. Shay notices some rails of cocaine on the back of her dressing table, but doesn't say anything.

WHITE BOY

Great show.

TOMMY GUN

Wicked as always. We'll see you back.

SANDRINE

Thanks.

They leave Shay with her.

SHAY
You're really good.

SANDRINE
Thanks, you ready?

He just nods.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

Sandrine and Shay sit high up on a flat rooftop, the whole city, 360 degrees, spread out in neon before them. The Thames is lit up below. Shay looks out, mouth open.

SHAY
Jesus.

It's breathtaking. You couldn't be further away from everything and at the same time have it all laid right there in front of you.

There is this absolute silence up here. They stand in it for a moment. Sandrine smiles.

SHAY
I like the sound of that.

SANDRINE
I thought you'd appreciate it.

Sandrine sips out of a wine bottle. She offers it to Shay who hesitates before taking a swig.

SHAY
You know you really are not like most mums.
(a beat)
It's alright, I guess.

SANDRINE
This is where I come to remind myself...
(turns to Shay)
It was never about you or Alice.

SHAY
I know.

SANDRINE
What do you know?

SHAY

Dad. He could have gone with you
to London. He gave up.

SANDRINE

Why'd you think that?

SHAY

Well he bloody quit playing didn't
he? Opened the shop.

SANDRINE

I left your dad. Shay. He did
everything he could. Don't know
where you got that idea.

SHAY

From him...

SANDRINE

Well he was probably trying to
protect me, to protect you. That's
what he did. Tried to protect
everyone. I didn't want it. Any
of it.

Shay frowns, taking it in. Sandrine just drinks some more
wine, lights a cigarette.

Shay looks at her -- understanding and disappointment.

INT. SQUAT - NIGHT

Shay, the only one awake, gets dressed and tip-toes down the
stairs.

As he comes downstairs, to the faint sound of groaning,
bodies litter mats on the floor. He looks over at a punk
couple having sex on a couch entwined together.

He's watches for a second. The woman sees him but doesn't
care. He walks out.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

He throws his moms dress over his head and puts on the floppy
hat, adjusting the taxi license. He is tired but knows they
need the money. He flips on the vacant light and goes to
work, pulling out into the city.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Shay stands next to the taxi and looks up at the dimly lit building. He wants to go in and see Nigel, but can't bring himself to do it.

He climbs back in the taxi and drives off.

INT. TAXI - MORNING

Shay wakes up sprawled out in the front seat. He's parked outside the record store in Camdentown. He sits up and checks the clock. He pulls out his nights earnings from the dress, then takes it off. He gets out of the taxi in his regular clothes.

INT. RECORD STORE

Shay enters the record store and walk straight up to Ronnie.

SHAY

I need to find Vivian. Know where she lives?

RONNIE

Not for me to say mate.

SHAY

Just tell me where I can find her. It's really fucking important. I'm serious.

Ronnie sees he's desperate and writes down the address.

RONNIE

Good luck.

Shay looks confused by his tone but nods and walks out.

EXT. BELGRAVIA TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Shay walks past the stately white mansions of Belgravia feeling completely out of place in his punk rock attire. He looks down at the address wondering if Ronnie has put him on. He then walks up to one of the townhouses and rings the bell.

After a beat the door opens and a butler answers staring down at Shay.

SHAY
Does Vivian live here?

BUTLER
And who might you be?

SHAY
I'd be Shay... What are you a
butler?

No response. Shay can't believe this.

SHAY
So she lives here? Vivian??

BUTLER
Ms. Daniels isn't accepting any
callers. Good day.

He tries to shut the door on Shay but he isn't having it.

SHAY
I'm not a fucking caller. I'm her
boyfriend you old git. Daniels?!
You don't mean Thatcher's pig?!

BUTLER
Watch your tongue!

He grabs Shay's ear, who responds by punching out, landing
one square in the man's balls.

Shay jumps up the steps past bent over butler and forces his
way in. It's palatial and he doesn't know where to begin
looking.

SHAY
Vivian?! Vivian!

He marches through the parlor when the butler grabs him
roughly by the collar.

BUTLER
Stop right there!

SHAY
Vivian!

BUTLER
Now out with you!

He is about to toss him when Vivian appears.

VIVIAN
Stop! Shay..

BUTLER
Do you know this guttersnipe?!

VIVIAN
He's not! Let go of him!

SHAY
Get your fucking hands off me!

The butler lets go of Shay and walks away furious.

SHAY
Daniels huh?! And you live here?!
Who are you?!

She doesn't answer.

SHAY
You're a fucking liar!

VIVIAN
Well what are you doing here?!

SHAY
Me Mum's a druggie, me Dad's dying
and we're losing everything. Is
that good enough?

VIVIAN
Shay...

She steps towards him but he won't have it.

SHAY
Piss off!

He turns and runs out the door, slamming it hard.

INT. KITCHEN

Shay slips into the back of the kitchen unnoticed. It's a
free for all as a very late brunch is being prepared.

TOMMY GUN
You can't mount a poxy revolution
on here-say.

JOHNNY

Depends on who is doing the saying,
doesn't it?

SLEDGE

Ah drawing-room politics my arse,
spare me. Are we fucking marching
then or what?

TOMMY GUN

The question here is what's more
important, the fucking truth or
freedom from it?

Johnny is about to respond when he notices Shay at the door.
They all turn, unsure how to act. Johnny decides for them.

JOHNNY

Why don't we ask Shay here, he's
too young to be corrupted.

Shay takes a seat beside him, depressed.

SHAY

I dunno, isn't it the same thing?

JOHNNY

Exactly...

The others laugh. Shay's doesn't as a plate of God knows
what is put in front of him. Just then Sandrine walks in.

SHAY

Where's Alice?

SANDRINE

Upstairs... You alright?

SHAY

No.

Sandrine looks at him but doesn't react. She sees the sludge
that's been put on his plate and picks it up.

SANDRINE

I'll fix you something proper.

SLEDGE

Care to fix me up to?

TOMMY GUN

And me?!

JOHNNY

Me too!

She looks at them all, and Shay can't help as a laugh escapes and a little light returns to him.

Just then White Boy bursts through the front door roaring at the top of his lungs, out of his mind with joy.

WHITE BOY

It's a happening yeah! Victoria Park. Going to be a march, anti Nazi league, a free concert. The Damned and....

(moderate response)

The Clash!

Shay looks up surprised.

TOMMY GUN

Convenient then. We get the piss kicked out of us by a bunch of skinheads, and then a concert? Lovely...

JOHNNY

When?

WHITE BOY

Now! Lets go!

Shay looks to Sandrine.

SANDRINE

Go on, Shay. Will be good for you.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Shay, Johnny, Tommy Gun, and White Boy join the Anti-Nazi League march. The streets are lined with National Front members and skinheads who jeer the thousands of protesters, separated only by a very thin blue line of police.

Shay has never been a part of something like this. It is a real movement. Eighty thousand strong marching to Victoria Park. A bottle comes flying, just missing his head. Shay looks like he could care less.

JOHNNY

Might try ducking on the next one, Shay. Piece of shit skinheads.

Shay doesn't answer.

EXT. VICTORIA PARK

Shay, Johnny, Tommy Gun, and White Boy get way down front at the foot of the stage.

JOHNNY

Gonna get ballistic. Stay close.

Shay looks determined and angry. The Clash take the stage and break out into "COMPLETE CONTROL". The crowd goes berserk, pogoing up and down. Shay is right in the middle of it. He is bounced around ferociously, releasing his anger.

On stage Strummer, wearing a Brigade Rosse shirt, is a lethal force. It's the largest crowd they've ever played to and they are on fire.

Johnny looks over at Shay going wild and can't help but laugh. He goes mad with him, singing back to Strummer with Shay, "Total C-O-N CONTROL... C-O-N CONTROL!!!!"

EXT. VICTORIA PARK - LATER

At the show's finale, things start to turn ugly. The Clash close with "WHITE RIOT", but Shay sees something has started further back in the crowd. Johnny turns and sees him looking.

JOHNNY

No... Shay, don't!

But it's too late. He's gone. Shay is on a mission, angry at Vivian, angry at the world. He gets to the line with the police, who are defending some Nazi skinheads.

Shay dives right in attacking one of the skinheads who just hit a girl. He gets a couple punches in before a policeman bashes him in the back with a billy club. He fights back but this time he isn't getting away.

As he's dragged off he turns back to see a full scale riot has broken out. In the distance, back on stage, Strummer points out to the fray, yelling at the police.

INT. JAIL - LATER

Shay is in a holding cell separate from the rest of the older population. It is dark and quiet, until he hears some footsteps approaching.

His cell door slides opens and a sole punk rocker is pushed hard into the cell. Shay looks scared.

POLICEMAN

Don't worry son, he's a softy ain't that right?

PUNK

Good to see you again Paul, regards to the family.

Shay looks up, the voice familiar. The cell door slams shut.

PUNK

It's not your fault
(calls after him)
you got shit for brains! Can't
help em all...

The punk squints through the darkness to see he's with a kid.

PUNK

(a beat)
It's alright. You're not my type
lad.

Shay looks stunned as he realizes this is the same man from his taxi.

SHAY

That's not what you said the last
you saw me.

The man looks at him confused, recognition slowly seeping in.

PUNK

Shorty? Is that you?!
(laughs hard)
What? They finally caught up to
you in the taxi?!

SHAY

Nah. I was beating up a skinhead.

PUNK

Oh, were you now? Weren't by
chance at my show?

Confirmation. Shay just stares at Joe Strummer, who laughs
again, his voice broken down and hoarse.

SHAY

I thought it was you.

Joe offers his hand and they shake.

JOE STRUMMER

What's your name Shorty?

SHAY

Shay.

JOE STRUMMER

(joking)

Guevara?! Is that you mate?! Nah
too young and white and short!

SHAY

I've heard that one before.

JOE STRUMMER

Hell of a show though, if I may say
so myself. Might a woke up some
corpses... And if this isn't the
cherry on top? Home sweet home.

SHAY

What they get you for?

JOE STRUMMER

Disturbing the peace, I suppose.

Shay laughs at that. Strummer leans back into the darkness
again, finds the corner, settles in. On the other side of the
cell, Shay rolls his jacket under his head, stretching out.

Each of them sits there listening to the utter silence.

STRUMMER (cont'd)

Sounds strange, doesn't it?

SHAY

The silence?

STRUMMER

Yeah, I suppose.

Shay nods.

SHAY

I miss it when its not there
sometimes, you know, just the
feeling in your stomach like this
is all that matters.

Strummer listens, just smiles, sadly it seems, and after a
long time.

STRUMMER

I knew someone and he used to say
that too.

SHAY

And was it?

Strummer looks over.

Shay (cont'd)

All that mattered?

If Strummer has ever spoken about this before, its been a
long time.

STRUMMER

I don't know. I've never really
known. In the end, yeah, I suppose
it was, in a way.

SHAY

Maybe that's all we get.

STRUMMER

How'd you mean?

SHAY

I dunno, but maybe its just one
shot at it, and that has to last.

STRUMMER

You been listening to too much of
my preaching, Shorty. Getting too
deep are you? Might need to turn
you onto some BeeGees or something?

SHAY

Not in this life... Me dad says,
its only worth it if its only worth
it.

STRUMMER
Well he's a wise man.

SHAY
(a beat)
Yeah...
(beat)
He gave everything up for us. Not
me mum though. On her own trip.
Left us. London was calling I
guess.

Strummer looks up at him, taking note, London Calling.

STRUMMER
Some people burn bright, just
plugged into somewhere else...
Completely.

Shay looks across at the shadow in the corner.

STRUMMER
And well maybe we don't really have
the right to expect em to be
burning just for us, just for our
sake... you know?

SHAY
(a long beat)
Bollocks.

STRUMMER
(grins)
Bollocks.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

The metal doors in the outer hall fly open, hard light pours
in. A voice calls out.

OFFICER
On your marks, gentlemen.

Strummer smiles at Shay, something in that smile, unspoken,
and shifting into the daylight.

STRUMMER
Looks like we going home, kiddo.

Shay looks at him, sees his face clearly for the first time,
all the life lived in it.

STRUMMER
Thanks, Shay.

SHAY
For what?

STRUMMER
Passing the night.

A smile from Shay.

STRUMMER
So how bout a lift in that taxi
then? I'm late for rehearsal and
they're gonna bloody kill me for
this one.
(beat)
There's a good tip in it for you.

SHAY
Yeah?

STRUMMER
Yeah.

The door flings open, bleaching us into full, white daylight.

INT. TAXI

Shay drops Joe off in Camdentown outside a rehearsal space.

JOE STRUMMER
Guevara, you want to come in?
We're writing some new stuff. You
can tell us if it's shit.

Shay looks at him in disbelief, but knows he has to get home.

JOE STRUMMER
Come on, for one.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE

Joe leads Shay past a huge bald headed bouncer inside where the band has been playing without him. Mick Jones glances at Joe knowingly. Joe just grabs his guitar and breaks straight into "CLAMPDOWN". Shay stands and watches as Joe sings it for him-- Surreal. When he hears the chorus he laughs and Joe grins.

Finally Joe gives him a quick salute, releasing Shay, who reluctantly goes to the door, utterly blown away.

INT. SQUAT - LATER

Shay rushes into the squat where he finds his mom in the kitchen with Alice.

SHAY
I'm sorry...

She just stares at her son, who is much worse for ware.

SHAY
It all got out of hand and --

SANDRINE
-- Johnny told me. You don't ever
have to explain yourself to me.

Shay just looks at her surprised. He's not sure how to feel about that. He just nods and after a beat walks out, going up to his room and collapses on his bed.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Sandrine wakes Shay. It is dark.

SANDRINE
We're going to some friends for
dinner. Do you want to come?

Shay just nods in a daze.

INT. BRIXTON HOUSE - NIGHT

A Reggae house party in a small two-up/two-down council house deep in Brixton. The small house is crammed with dark, slow moving bodies. LINTON KWESI JOHNSON plays 'SOON COME' - mercurial, hypnotic music.

Sandrine helps MAMA LETTY, a large Jamaican woman, put out a potluck dinner, emphasis on pot. Shay watches his mom, drinking and smoking a spleef right in front of Alice.

MAMA LETTY
Look at this little white face...
Sandrine, how come you keep him
secret from Mama Letty?

SANDRINE

I've no secrets from you, Letty,
just saving him up.

MAMA LETTY

And this little one.

She tickles Alice, who is loving it. Shay looks at his mom who pours herself more wine. She is quickly getting wasted. Shay, unimpressed, takes Alice into another room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Shay walks into a living room where Johnny and some rastas are watching Margaret Thatcher on the TV campaigning. Thatcher looks straight at us, *"Economics are the method; the object is to change the soul."* Johnny smiles, delighted.

JOHNNY

Now see that woman there - she's
what gets me up in the morning.

RASTA

Oh no, here come mistah punk rock
politics again. Come off it mon. Da
Joe Strummer says dis, da Joe
Strummer says dat.

JOHNNY

Well he says you and me should be
mates. Black and whites in it
together.

RASTA

And it took da bloody Clash tellin
you dat for you to figure it out,
huh? Some mate you are!

Johnny laughs. Then from behind them Shay pipes up.

SHAY

I know Strummer.

They both turn to look at Shay.

RASTA

Sure you do mate. We all do.

SHAY

No, I really do.

Johnny looks at him funny. Just then Mama Letty reaches in, turns off the TV.

MAMA LETTY
Revolution can wait. Foods a going
cold...
(aside to Johnny)
An Johnny, keep an eye on your
girl.

Shay overhears this and sees the disappointment wash over Johnny. Johnny catches it.

JOHNNY
No judgements, Shay. Come on.

They walk into the kitchen where a now drunk Sandrine is openly flirting with another rasta. Shay glances at Johnny.

JOHNNY
Shay, Alice, lets get you some
food.

SHAY
What are you doing?

Shay looks right at his mom, who takes a beat to realize he is addressing her.

SANDRINE
Eat your food, Shay.

SHAY
I said what are you bloody doing?!

JOHNNY
Shay, don't.

He glares at his mom then turns to the man talking to her.

SHAY
That's her boyfriend right there,
and I'm her son. Just in case your
wondering.

The man looks embarrassed as Shay takes Alice back into the other room. Johnny looks at Sandrine for a beat, then follows Shay and Alice.

INT. SQUAT - LATER

Shay, Alice, Johnny and Sandrine come back to the squat. Johnny carries Alice, who is asleep, up the stairs when Sandrine tries to take her.

SANDRINE
I'll take her up.

SHAY
Fuck that. Johnny you take her up.
I need to speak with me mum.

SANDRINE
Watch your mouth. I'm taking her.

SHAY
your wasted, Mum! Please, Johnny.

Johnny takes Alice up the stairs ignoring Sandrine, who turns to Shay.

SHAY
What is the matter with you?!

She lights up a cigarette staring at Shay with sharp disdain.

SANDRINE
I don't have to answer to anyone
Shay, let alone you.

SHAY
That's fine... But me and Alice
are going home in the morning.

SANDRINE
Suit yourself.

SHAY
I've got responsibilities. Not
that you'd understand.

SANDRINE
I don't need a thirteen year old
punk judging me.

SHAY
I'm fifteen. You don't even know
me age. And I've got to take care
of everything you ran away from.

SANDRINE
I didn't ask you to... I don't
tell you what to do or how to live.

SHAY
(furious)
Well that's the job description!
Alice needs a Mum not a fuckin'
drunk mate!

Shay glares at her. Sandrine slaps Shay hard across the face. He looks up stunned. He holds his face, blood rushing, eyes welling.

SHAY
You can't have it both ways, "Mum".
So you can go to hell.

Shay starts away then looks back.

SHAY
You don't deserve Johnny, and you
sure as fuck didn't deserve Dad.

Shay walks up the stairs leaving Sandrine standing there.

INT. SQUAT - MORNING

Shay throws his things into a bag then goes and wakes Alice.

SHAY
We're going home.

ALICE
But I don't want to.

SHAY
Don't you want to see Dad?

ALICE
Yes...

SHAY
Well then we have to go.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS, SQUAT - MOMENTS LATER

Sandrine is passed out on the couch. Shay sees Alice looking at her.

SHAY

Go on.

Alice tries to wake her.

ALICE

Mum... Mum.

Alice gives up and just kisses her goodbye as Shay watches, disgusted with his mother.

SHAY

Come on, Alice.

EXT. SQUAT - MOMENTS LATER

Shay and Alice walk to where the taxi is parked, only to see a MAN in coveralls hitching the car up to a tow truck.

SHAY

What you doin with me taxi?

MAN

Belongs to the Wickham Taxi Company, and I'm bringing it back to em.

The man gets in the tow truck and pulls away as Shay runs toward him.

SHAY

Wait!!!

ALICE

We're fucked eh?

Shay just looks at her.

ALICE

How you gonna make any money?

INT. TRAIN

Alice sits with her arms crossed, angry with Shay.

SHAY

Come off it, Alice. We'll be fine.

ALICE
We're going to have to live with
Gran. And she smells!

SHAY
We're not going to. I'll handle
it. I've got an idea anyway.

ALICE
(worried)
What idea?

SHAY
Joe Strummer. I know him. He's
going to help us...

She has no idea what that means.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, EAST END

Shay and Alice walk up in front of the instrument warehouse.
He sees Al in front with some clients. Shay reaches into his
bag, pulling out a roll of cash.

They walk up to Al.

AL
What's going on Shay?

SHAY
Dad's in some trouble. I need to
change the inventory.

Shay presents the roll of cash.

AL
Does he know what your doing, Shay?

Shay just looks back a him, no.

EXT./INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Shay watches as Al and his men move Danny's entire piano
stock out of the shop. Al and Shay shake hands.

AL
Good luck son. You're gonna need
it. I'll try to put the word out
in town.

Shay goes inside where we see the shop's new inventory- guitars, amps, keyboards, drums. Alice answers the phone.

ALICE
(on phone)
Hello, The Rock Shop...

Shay likes the sound of that.

ALICE
(on phone)
Hi Vivian...
(off Shay's no)
No, he's not here... Well that's
what he told me to say.

Shay looks at his sister like she has four heads.

ALICE
(on phone)
Yeah, Joe Strummer. They were in
the nic together... Yeah. Alright
bye.

SHAY
(stunned)
You weren't supposed to tell her
that!
(off her look, gives up)
Forget it. Just help me with the
flyers.

We see they've been drawing up a large stack of flyers advertising a free Clash concert outside the shop for the following week to promote the store's reopening.

EXT. EAST WICKHAM - DAY

Shay and Alice post the flyers as people look on surprised and skeptical.

KID
The Clash? Honest?

SHAY
Yeah.

KID
No fucking way? Here?!

SHAY

Yeah.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

If Shay and Alice weren't already punk enough, they paint their clothes like the Clash. Shay does Alice's hair up all Siouxsie and the Banshees.

SHAY

You've got an image to hold up now.

One of the delivery guys looks at Alice, who snarls at him. Shay laughs.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Alice and Shay sit together getting looks from everyone. Alice passes out a flier to an older lady who looks at her with true pity.

INT. RECORD LABEL

Alice waits while Shay talks to the receptionist.

SHAY

I'm telling you he knows me. Can you just give him this note?

RECEPTIONIST

Sure kid. Because Joe Strummer comes in here every day wanting the receptionist to give him a fan note from some kid.

Shay frowns and turns away, walking out with Alice.

EXT. RECORD SHOP, CAMDENTOWN - LATER

Shay and Alice step out of the record store where one of their flyers now graces the window. Shay spots Vivian up ahead, but she doesn't see them as she is writing something on one of the many Clash posters lining the street. We see that other people have written on them as well.

SHAY

(to Alice)

Just be quiet.

They watch as Vivian finishes writing then stops ahead to write on another, and then another. Finally she rounds the corner. Shay and Alice walk up to see what she wrote.

Lyrics from Garageland "I don't wanna hear about what the rich are doing. I don't wanna go to where the rich are going."

The next reads, "They think they're so clever, they think they're so right. But the truth is only known by guttersnipes."

SHAY

Yeah right.

ALICE

What's it say?

Shay steps ahead to the next-- "Joe Strummer tastes great. I know." His eyes widen in panic.

The last one reads-- I'm joking. I'm sorry Shay, and I miss you!"

Shay smiles. He looks around, but Vivian is nowhere to be seen. Shay grabs Alice by the hand and walks on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Shay sits next to the street, with Alice, outside the apartment where he dropped off Joe.

SHAY

This is where I dropped him. Just keep your eyes peeled.

ALICE

Shay, I'm hungry.

A couple of blondes walk up to the apartment with two punk rockers in their twenties.

SHAY

Oi!

They turn to see him.

SHAY

Does Joe Strummer live here? I'm a friend of his.

PUNK
(laughs)
Piss off!

SHAY
I need to talk to him. It's
important... Please. He knows me.
I swear.

PUNK
Go away fanboy. It's not autograph
time.

Alice jumps to his defense.

ALICE
Wait, stop! He really does know
him.

But they ignore her too, continuing on inside. But then one
of the blondes turns back, seeing Shay's desperation.

BLONDE
He just comes and goes. I don't
know when he'll be back.

SHAY
Can you give him this? Please.

He hands her a flyer.

BLONDE
Don't know that I'll see him.
Sorry luvs.

She smiles and goes inside. The door shuts.

EXT. REHEARSAL SPACE - NIGHT

Some Clash fans hang about outside. Word has begun to spread
about the rehearsal space. "COMPLETE CONTROL" pours out
through the walls of the warehouse. Shay walks up to the
huge bald bouncer, who was there the last time.

SHAY
Hey. I need to see Joe.

BOUNCER
You and everyone else. Can't help.

SHAY

What, come on mate? You know me.
I was here before.

BOUNCER

I'm not your mate, son.

SHAY

But it's important!

The guys isn't budging. Shay is shut out. He looks back up at the building completely frustrated. He walks around the side of the building where Alice is waiting.

SHAY

Let's go.

They walk off in silence.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Shay sits on the platform as Alice sleeps.

A train pulls up and Shay wakes her. They board the train.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Shay and Alice walk up outside their dad's house, where Shay is shocked to find lights on inside. He looks around and grabs a brick from a pile next to the sidewalk.

SHAY

Stay here.

INT. HOUSE

Shay enters the house with the brick raised.

SHAY

Oi who the fuck is here?!!

Penelope sticks her head out from the bedroom to see Shay.

SHAY

Penelope?

PENELOPE

Shay?! Where have you been? We've been worried sick.

SHAY

We?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shay stands there awkwardly looking at his dad lying in the bed with a massive brace when Alice runs inside.

ALICE

Daddy!!!

Alice gives her dad a huge kiss, tugging on him as he grimaces in pain.

NIGEL

Alice, it's good to see you little love.

Nigel just gives her a hug then looks back at Shay.

NIGEL

Honey do you think you can give me and Shay a moment. Then you can come right back in... Penelope?

PENELOPE

Alice, honey. Come with me.

She reluctantly lets go of her dad and follows Penelope out of the room. Shay waits for the axe to fall. Nigel holds out one of the fliers.

NIGEL

What the bloody hell is this "rock shop?!" And where the hell is me taxi?

SHAY

They took the taxi. I had to do something.

NIGEL

Bit more than something.

Shay is about to respond but thinks better of it.

NIGEL

Well?!

SHAY
Drastic times call for drastic
measures.

NIGEL
Don't use me words against me boy!
Now what's this about?!

SHAY
(a beat)
I traded the inventory. And
updated it is all. We needed to go
in another direction...

Nigel's eyes almost pop out of his head.

SHAY
you don't need to worry. I've got
a plan. I know Joe personally and
he'll help.

NIGEL
Have you gone barmy? You on drugs
son!?

Nigel realizes how screwed they are and looks really scared.

SHAY
Could just try saying "thanks".

Shay's had it and walks out the door as his dad sits there
stunned.

NIGEL
Shay... Shay!

The front door slams shut.

EXT. HOUSE

Shay walks off into the night.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Shay walks along the dimly lit street. He stops at a lamp
post and sees one of his flyers.

He tears the flyer off the post, crumples it up, and throws
it on the ground.

EXT. ROCK SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shay walks toward the shop in defeat, as he gets closer, he sees Vivian, camped out at the door with blanket and pillow.

Shay stops in his tracks.

VIVIAN

What? I wanted to get a jump on the crowds tomorrow.

Shay stares at her for a beat.

SHAY

I'm not a guttersnipe.

VIVIAN

Well I wouldn't care.

(beat)

I'm sorry I didn't tell you the truth.

(beat)

Forgive me?

Shay takes a moment, nods and smiles. She goes to him and they kiss.

Shay unlocks and opens the door.

SHAY

Come on. You'll catch your death out here.

He takes her things and leads her inside before closing the door behind them.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS we see them walk back toward the office.

Vivian puts her arm around Shay.

As they enter the office, Shay turns off the light.

INT. ROCK SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

Shay and Vivian lay sleeping together under the blanket.

Loud BANGING in the window wakes them.

They share a look, then peak out of the office toward the front of the store.

Outside, an angry crowd of about a hundred stand in a light rain before a bandstand. A huge homemade banner announces the shop's re-opening. There is no sign of the Clash and the crowd jeers and throws things at the stage.

Shay and Viv back into the office.

VIVIAN
Maybe we should call the police,
Shay. This could get ugly.

Another BANG at the door startles them.

Shay gets up, head full of steam, and starts toward the door.

As he gets a clear view, he sees Nigel, in a walking brace, on crutches, standing at the door.

SHAY
Shit.

Vivian stands behind him.

VIVIAN
What?

SHAY
Me Dad.

Shay makes his way to the front of the store and unlocks the door. Nigel enters for the first time since his accident. He looks around at the transformed shop.

NIGEL
You kept me album I see.

SHAY
Yeah.

NIGEL
But that's about all.
(to Vivian)
I'm Shay's dad.

VIVIAN
Vivian. Pleased to meet you, Sir.

They shake hands and Nigel smiles warmly. He then looks around for another beat, taking it in.

NIGEL
 You did good.
 (off Shay's shock)
 Should of been done long ago, truth
 be told.

An ice cream smashes against the window and drips down.

NIGEL
 What you want to do?

Shay takes a moment.

NIGEL
 We could call --

SHAY
 -- It's my doin. I'll handle it.

EXT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Shay gathers his courage and walks out before the crowd, ducking beneath some fruit, gobs of spit, and death threats. He goes to the mic. The feedback is deafening. Nigel quickly adjusts the amp. Vivian looks on, scared for Shay.

SHAY
 (to the crowd)
 Welcome to the grand opening of the
 Rock Shop.

The crowd overwhelms him, screaming for an answer about the absent Clash.

SHAY
 Thanks for your patience... I'm
 sure the Clash will be here very
 soon. Any moment now. But first,
 we have a warm up act... Me.

With that he turns and pulls the plastic covering off a keyboard. Vivian and Nigel stare at him in disbelief.

Shay sits behind the keyboard. The audience watches stunned at his balls.

He begins to play a not-half bad version of WHITE RIOT. He is quickly pelted with some very ripe fruit and JEERS from the punk crowd. He looks over at his dad, on the verge of tears. Nigel finally hobbles onto the stage and sits next to shay at the piano.

It is only the complete pathetic sight of the man in a back brace on crutches that gets the audience to back off, if only a bit.

NIGEL
It's alright son.
(to the crowd)
Let's clear it out now. No show
today!

A few more BOOS and JEERS come from the crowd. A PUNK with a boom box stands by the stage.

PUNK
No way The Clash are showing here
today mate.

NIGEL
I said go on!

PUNK
Peel's got'em on the BBC.

He turns up the radio, where JAMES PEEL speaks:

JAMES PEEL
... and that was Troy Tate with The
Shake. Now up in the studio, The
Clash are here to perform some new
songs. Welcome.

The guys say HELLO, as the crowd at the rock shop listens up at the chance to hear some new music.

JAMES PEEL
Thanks for being here today Gents.

JOE STRUMMER
Did have somewhere else I wanted to
be... but duty calls.

The guys LAUGH.

JAMES PEEL
We're happy to have you. Now tell
us what you're gonna play for us.

JOE STRUMMER
This one here's for me mate Shay,
and his dear old Dad, at The Rock
Shop in East Wickham.

Shay looks on in disbelief. The crowd is silenced as they listen for more.

JAMES PEEL

This is The Clash on BBC radio.

Vivian takes the mic and lays it next to the boom box, amplifying the sound.

JOE STRUMMER

Here you go Shorty...a one two
three four...

The Clash break into "CLASH CITY ROCKERS", as the gathering stands in awe. The raw chords scream out of the boom box.

JOE STRUMMER

An' I wanna move the town to the
Clash City Rockers
You need a little jump of
electrical shockers
You better leave town if you only
wanna knock us
Nothing stands the pressure of the
clash city rockers

You see the rate they come down the
escalator
Now listen to the tube train
accelerator
Then you realize that you got to
have a purpose
Or this place is gonna knock you
out sooner or later...

Shay smiles, and stands together with Vivian and Nigel as the crowd gets into the music.

So don't complain about your
useless employment
Jack it in forever tonight
Or shut your mouth and pretend you
enjoy it
Think of all the money you've got

We crane up and away, over the crowd and away from the stage, as credits roll over the scene.

JOE STRUMMER

An' I wanna liquefy everybody gone
dry

(MORE)

JOE STRUMMER (cont'd)
Or plug into the aerials that poke
up in the sky
Or burn down the suburbs with the
half-closed eyes
You won't succeed unless you try...

The song continues until the end, where we FADE TO BLACK.