

"Rewind"

Pilot episode for a six part television series

by

Michael G Zealey

21a Norcott Road
Stoke Newington
London
N16 7EJ

WGA Registration no:1225192

Tel:+44 7814685247
email:mike@mywriting.co.uk

FADE IN:

DO IT AGAIN (STEELY DAN) FADES IN.

A naked pair of breasts lie in repose.

MARCUS DAY (32) opens his eyes and smiles down at the breasts. His eyes move slowly upwards to take in the face. His expression changes to absolute fear and revulsion. His mouth opens as wide as possible in a silent scream, forming a large black hole.

INT. A 1981 VAUXHALL CAVALIER CAR. DAY.

Title: 1981.

The black hole becomes a square into which three red neon lines appear moving up and down. The image is reminiscent of "K.I.T.T." from "Knight Rider".

ENOCH (45) is heard and the red neon lines move in time, but unlike K.I.T.T., this voice is low, mellow and Jamaican.

ENOCH (O.S.)
No-one gonna buy this. I'm a
talking car right?

The voice of Marcus Day replies.

MARCUS DAY (O.S.)
Keep filming. Trust me Enoch.
This is going to be one of the
80's biggest hitters.

The red lines continue to move, unconvinced.

ENOCH
Nothing but a hard-up Herbie to
me. It's cool as long as you use
my music.

EXT. "ARTSTART" FILM SET. A MUNICIPAL CAR PARK. DAY.

Marcus Day is looking through the viewfinder on a large video camera resting on a tripod. They are filming a Vauxhall Cavalier which has been painted black, badly.

BRIAN DARLINGTON (32) crouches next to the car's front fender, sticking on a large red dot-matrix neon strip.

MARCUS DAY
We will. I promise.

Marcus raises his eye from the viewfinder and sucks in his cheeks at Brian.

MARCUS DAY
This is going to be great.

Brian switches on the dot-matrix and stands up.

The red lettering moves from right to left and then back again, sporting the message:

"MOONLIGHT KEBABS".

Brian looks at Marcus and shrugs his shoulders.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

MARCUS DAY

Cue music.

EXT. "NIGHT RIDER" VIDEO PACKAGE.

Black screen.

The familiar theme tune to "Knight Rider" begins, but with a distinctly Jamaican Roots twang. It sounds very cheap.

The Vauxhall Cavalier swerves into the car park and begins turning in figures of eight.

The dot-matrix on the front of the car now scans smoothly.

ENOCH (V.O.)

Marcus Night. A flight into the heavy world of a man, who shouldn't exist.

The car screeches to a halt and a tall, skinny man gets out of the drivers side. He looks like a poor man's David Hasselhoff.

MARCUS DAY (V.O.)

Cut.

INT. EDITING SUITE. LONDON. DAY.

Marcus and Brian sit facing the large TV monitor. Brian pauses the video and the image on the monitor freezes.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

That's as good as we get in 1981, Marcus.

Marcus links his hands behind his head and sits back on the chair.

MARCUS DAY

Ok. Let's take it from the top.

He stares at the screen as the images move backwards.

MARCUS DAY

Rewind...

OPENING CREDITS. VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR (THE BUGGLES) plays.

INT. HALLWAY. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Title: 2007.

The letterbox of a front door.

The flap opens and a small A4-shaped parcel falls onto the doormat.

The parcel sits forlornly on the mat, its label reading "FARGAS PRODUCTIONS. REJECTION". The addressee is Mr Marcus Day.

A slipper appears next to the parcel, followed by a hand picking it up.

Marcus brings the parcel up to eye level, expectantly. His eyes form a scowl and he throws the parcel viciously behind him like a square frisbee.

The parcel hits into an A5-sized picture on a shelf against the wall, knocking it to the ground.

The glass in the frame smashes and the music stops abruptly.

Marcus holds his head in his hands and walks to the smashed picture. He looks at the picture in the frame of a smiling girl, MANDY DARLINGTON (29).

MARCUS DAY
Double Rejection.

He touches her smiling face.

MARCUS DAY
Bitch.

EXT. LARGE GARDEN OF COUNTRY HOTEL. A WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

The smiling girl in the photo is still smiling against the backdrop of a large country hotel.

Guests are milling around the garden, holding white plastic buffet plates and champagne glasses.

Mandy Darlington, wearing a smart dress, turns to Marcus and points to the bride, DEBBIE, wearing a light pink dress.

Marcus looks shy and uncomfortable.

MANDY DARLINGTON
Doesn't she just look perfect.

Marcus nods, mildly disinterested.

MARCUS DAY
Pretty in Pink.

He looks around at some of the guests.

MARCUS DAY
Jeez, I haven't seen some of
these faces in about fifteen years.

He is tapped on the shoulder.

PHIL PANTERA
Mucus Day! How you doing?

PHIL PANTERA (33) wears large dark Aviator sunglasses to hide as much of his haggard, stubble face as possible. His clothes look ragged and unwashed but he wears them in an effortlessly hip way. His shoes are sparkling white Italian leather and the only indication that his outfit is a contrived look rather than poverty.

Marcus freezes, then visibly tries to relax.

MARCUS DAY
Phil Pantera? Is that you under
there?

Phil lifts up his shades and winks at Marcus, his eyes are red and bloodshot, he nods approvingly to Mandy. She smiles back lasciviously.

PHIL PANTERA
I always cry at weddings. Must
be the overpowering smell of onions.

Marcus looks at Phil's clothes then down at his own crisp suit. He seems pleased.

They look round at the mainly mid-thirties crowd.

PHIL PANTERA
Time rapes up all, eh? When did
everyone get so fat and bald?
Even the women!

MARCUS DAY
Check Facebook, it gets worse.
In cyberspace no-one can hear you
scream!

PHIL PANTERA
Still quoting other people's
films there, Mucus? Not got any
of your own dialogue yet? What
did you end up becoming then?

CUT TO

INT. A HALAL BUTCHERS. FINSBURY PARK. LONDON. DAY.

The sweating face of a moustached Turkish man leering. He holds a meat cleaver above his head, in his other hand is a dead chicken with head still attached, resting on a slab. He brings the cleaver down and decapitates the bird in one smooth and aggressive motion.

CUT BACK TO

EXT. LARGE GARDEN OF COUNTRY HOTEL. A WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

Marcus reaches over to Mandy's plate and steals a chicken drumstick. He gnaws on it nervously.

MARCUS DAY

I'm a screenwriter. Mainly shorts,
but a few features.

Phil folds his arms, impressed.

Marcus looks triumphantly over at Debbie the bride.

She is throwing her head back and laughing wildly, braying like a donkey with her wedding bouquet held out like an Olympic torch.

Phil puts his hand on Marcus's shoulder to excuse himself and walks over to Debbie.

Marcus watches him kiss her on the lips in an exaggerated gesture. Debbie brays once more.

Marcus turns to Mandy.

MARCUS DAY

At last. Someone who's doing
worse than me by the looks of it.
I was starting to feel like a bit
of a screw-up.

Mandy shakes her head and grits her teeth.

Phil returns to where they stand and whispers to Marcus.

PHIL PANTERA

Debbie hasn't changed. She's
still not got much upstairs...
but what a staircase!

MARCUS DAY

So how are you paying the bills
these days, last I heard you were
on the rocks.

Phil laughs and takes off his shades.

PHIL PANTERA

I still am, except now I own it.

Marcus looks confused.

PHIL PANTERA

On The Rocks. It's my nightclub
down in Brighton.

Marcus looks crestfallen.

PHIL PANTERA

You and your gorgeous lady will
have to come down sometime. I'm
no good at these uptight
functions. Much better to see you
in a more relaxing vibe.

Mandy nudges Phil playfully.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Relaxing? Marcus? Ha! The chance
would be a fine thing.

PHIL PANTERA

Yep. He was always wound so tight
when he farted only dogs could
hear it.

Marcus coughs nervously.

MARCUS DAY

Hey guys. I'm standing right here
you know.

BRIAN DARLINGTON (60) appears behind Mandy. He wears a
cream suit with expensive-looking brown shoes. He looks
younger than his years, helped by a dyed blonde goatee
beard, San Tropez tan and arrogant swagger.

Marcus although relieved by the interruption, pulls a sour
face behind Brian's back.

This sour face is noticed by Brian, who is looking at Phil
but has Marcus clearly visible in Phil's reflective
sunglasses. He addresses Marcus without turning round.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

If the wind changes you'll be
stuck like that.

MARCUS DAY

Like what?

Brian turns and shoots him a knowing look.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Unemployed.

Becky stifles a snigger, Phil laughs. Marcus blushes and kicks at a divot with his less expensive-looking slip-ons.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Becky love. Have you seen your
mother?

He taps his watch.

MANDY DARLINGTON
But you've only just got here.

Brian nods to Marcus and Phil.

MARCUS DAY
Phil, this is Brian, my dad's
partner.

Phil looks surprised.

MARCUS DAY
Business partner that is.
Artstart pictures? I do a few
scripts for them now and again,
you know.

Brian clasps Phil's outstretched hand.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
(to Phil)
Marcus is always saying that. We
do corporate videos and the
scripts are hardly...

Marcus waves his chicken drumstick in front of Brian's face.

MARCUS DAY
Have you eaten?

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Just a flying visit. We only
popped by to wish Debbie all the
best.

Mandy and Phil are staring at each other and flirting suggestively.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
OK Mand...

She is lost in Phil's eyes.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Mandy?

Mandy turns to face her dad, a warm glow on her cheeks.

MANDY DARLINGTON
Nice to see you, dad. Good luck
with Patrick.

Brian coughs and shoots a look to Marcus before walking off.

MARCUS DAY
Mandy?

MANDY DARLINGTON
What?

MARCUS DAY
What do you mean good luck with
Patrick?

Mandy shifts nervously.

MARCUS DAY
Why does he need good luck with dad?

Mandy takes the chicken drumstick from his hand, smiles
at Phil and begins gnawing on the bone.

Phil continues to stare lasciviously at her.

The whistle of a kettle boiling on a stove is heard as
Phil stares at Mandy sucking on the chicken leg.

Debbie the bride holds the bouquet of flowers above her
head and with eyes closed, throws it over her shoulder.

Mandy leaps to catch it effortlessly and looks down at the
bouquet, then back at Phil.

INT. KITCHEN. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Marcus removes the boiling kettle from the hob and pours
the steaming liquid into a coffee mug. He is in his
bathrobe and looks awful.

He reaches into the cupboard above the sink and removes
three headache tablets from their blister pack.

He swallows then and moves to the sink, looking for a
clean mug amongst the dirty dishes. Unable to find one he
runs the tap and puts his mouth to it.

The doorbell rings painfully loud.

Marcus jumps back and puts his left foot into the cat
litter tray.

The tray is encrusted with a good week's worth of cat matter.

He retracts his foot and studies the now brown slipper.

INT. HALLWAY. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Marcus opens the door to a disheveled looking Mandy, still wearing the dress from the wedding and clutching the bouquet which looks as wilted as she does.

Marcus nods with a sad realization. Unable to look her in the eye he stares down at the bouquet.

MARCUS DAY

You caught it then? And probably
more besides if I know Phil.

He leaves the door ajar and moves back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

He takes his coffee and sits down on a chair at the breakfast table.

Mandy loiters in the doorway. The tension is palpable.

MANDY DARLINGTON

How's the head?

MARCUS DAY

Is that what you asked Phil?

He makes a blow-job imitation with his hand and mouth.

MANDY DARLINGTON

I knew this was a mistake.

Marcus' eyes fall to the rejection package on the table and then to the smashed photo of Mandy next to it. He puts on a fake American drawl.

MARCUS DAY

You can take a horse to water but
you can't make it drink ; you can
take a whore to culture but you
can't make her think.

Mandy pulls up a chair opposite him in exasperation.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Enough with the film quotes.
Let's have a real conversation
for once.

Marcus spins the broken photo on the table with his finger, eyes downcast.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Why's everything always so much
worse for you than anyone else?

She puts her hand on the photo to stop Marcus spinning it.

MANDY DARLINGTON
 You knew this was on the cards.
 Things haven't been right since
 Ibiza.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB TERRACE. IBIZA. NIGHT.

Mandy is in a bikini dancing to banging house music. She is surrounded by admiring men.

Marcus sits at the bar in a long-sleeve black shirt and blacker mood. He knocks back a shot of some dark liquid and motions for the Spanish barman to pour him another.

A street-seller clutching a bundle of pirated DVD's approaches Marcus and hands him one expectantly.

He looks at the cover. "10 Things I Hate about You".

He looks back up at Mandy and fans himself with the DVD.

MARCUS DAY

Only ten?

She is now dancing between two men, the meat in a particularly unsavory Spanish Sandwich.

INT. KITCHEN. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Marcus looks at the smashed photo of Mandy on the table in front of him.

MARCUS DAY

You must really hate me, huh? Why
 Phil? He's so bloody... Why not
 Barry?

CUT TO

A passport photo of BARRY (32). By anyone's standards Barry looks ugly and downtrodden.

CUT BACK TO

MANDY DARLINGTON

Leave poor Barry out of this.

MARCUS DAY

Yeah well at least I could've
 salvaged some self-respect.

MANDY DARLINGTON

It's not about you Marcus. It
 just happened. We were all drunk.
 I no it's no excuse but...

MARCUS DAY

And yesterday of all days. Phil,
Jason, Tony, Lee...they were all
so fucking successful. everyone's
making it but me!

MANDY DARLINGTON

That's a little melodramatic
isn't it?

Mandy sniffs the air and pulls a sour expression.

Under the table, Marcus tries to wipe his cat-poo slipper
on the chair-leg.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Have you..?

Marcus bangs his hand onto the photo and yelps in pain,
as a piece of broken glass buries itself in his hand.

MANDY DARLINGTON

This is exactly what I'm talking
about. I can't stand your
negative self-pitying anymore.
Why don't you just accept it's
not going to happen for you and
get a normal job. Everyone else
has to.

She pauses and an evil smile tweaks the corners of her mouth.

MANDY DARLINGTON

I see that job's still advertised
in next door's butchers.

Marcus' eyes glaze over in fear.

CUT TO

INT. A HALAL BUTCHERS. FINSBURY PARK. LONDON. DAY.

The sweating face of a moustached Turkish man leering. He
holds a meat cleaver above his head, in his other hand is
a dead chicken with head still attached. He brings the
cleaver down and decapitates the bird.

CUT BACK TO

INT. KITCHEN. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Marcus stands up and throws his coffee mug to the wall.

It hits another A5 picture in a frame, next to his mobile
phone. Both smash to the floor.

MARCUS DAY

I'm a writer. There's nothing
else I can be. It's what I do.
Don't ask me to be anything else.

He walks over to the photo. The glass is smashed but the picture is still visible of Marcus in a black polo-neck shirt sitting at an old-fashioned typewriter. He is looking very serious as he smokes a cigarette.

MARCUS DAY

It nearly finished me off
yesterday, hearing about
everyone's wonderful fucking life.
What's that quote..?

Mandy mouths the words as he repeats it.

MARCUS DAY

Nothing depresses me more than
my friend's success.

She grits her teeth once more.

CUT TO

EXT. LARGE GARDEN OF COUNTRY HOTEL. A WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

Marcus stands on the grass facing a single line queue of people waiting to shake his hand.

They greet him one by one in quick succession, moving out of view like a row of dominoes. Marcus has a big grin on his face which becomes smaller and more pained with each new handshake.

MARCUS DAY

Hi. What are you doing these days?

PHIL PANTERA

Screwing your girlfriend.

Marcus clutches his side as if he's been punched by an invisible fist.

Phil steps aside, to be replaced by another person offering a handshake.

MARCUS DAY

Hi.

TOBY

I'm a Channel Four Producer....

Marcus grasps his own shoulder as if shot.

MARCUS DAY

Hi.

LEE
Documentary Maker...

Marcus doubles-up, clutching his stomach.

MARCUS DAY
Hi.

TONY
Creative for Saatchi & Saatchi...

Marcus falls to his knees.

SHARON
Executive Producer...

KATE
Freelance Writer and Columnist.

PETER
I don't work.

A glimmer of hope registers on Marcus' face.

PETER
Daddy gave me a Trust Fund.

Marcus screams and falls forward, collapsing to the floor.

CUT BACK TO

INT. KITCHEN. MARCUS DAY'S SMALL LONDON FLAT. MORNING.

Marcus throws his hands in the air.

MARCUS DAY
Everyone's making it but me!

Mandy stands up and moves for the door.

MANDY DARLINGTON
You don't even give a shit that
I shagged Phil do you?

MARCUS DAY
I give a great shit my dear. A
great big brown stinking elephant
size shit.

He sniffs the air and looks down at the cat-poo clinging
to his slippers.

MARCUS DAY
I thought you might be the one,
Mandy. I just wanted you to know
that. I need you to know that
before you walk out that door.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Marcus don't. I just can't compete with your bitterness anymore. Your self-obsession. When I flirted with those other men, it wasn't to hurt you.

MARCUS DAY

No?

MANDY DARLINGTON

I wanted to get a reaction from you. Something, anything. Just a little indication that you cared. But no, you are so self-absorbed even shagging your friend didn't make you jealous.

MARCUS DAY

you've got a real warped logic girl. Don't push it all onto me. You've made your bed. Literally. In the fucking rhododendron bushes. Didn't you?

Marcus wags his finger at her.

MARCUS DAY

Yes. I saw!

Mandy bites her tongue and turns to leave.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Phil's a winner Marcus, you're just a whiner. Like Father, like son.

She pauses in the doorway and throws the bouquet into the cat-litter tray.

MANDY DARLINGTON

Goodbye Marcus. Have a good life.

Marcus is left standing alone.

His phone rings. Marcus looks round for it before realizing it is on the floor under the smashed picture.

He answers it, shaking off the wet drops of coffee.

MARCUS DAY

What? Oh hi dad. Look it's a bad time. Me and Becks have just... No! You've got to be kidding me. Of course. I'll be round in an hour.

He moves towards the door and with his shit-stained slipper steps on the photo of himself.

He raises his foot to reveal a large brown streak over his image.

He raises his fist to the ceiling, shaking it at the sky.

EXT. MARYLEBONE ROAD. DAY.

KASHMIR (LED ZEPPELIN) plays.

Marcus is cycling aggressively down the busy Marylebone road, deep in thought. He disappears down the Euston underpass.

A poster above the entrance to the underpass reads "London Olympics 2012".

EXT. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. EDGEWARE, LONDON. DAY.

Marcus pulls up outside the house and reaches into his pocket for a set of keys. He enters and the music stops with the door shutting.

INT. LOUNGE. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. EDGEWARE, LONDON. DAY.

PATRICK DAY (60) is putting a vinyl record onto an old red and white turntable. A glass of whiskey rests next to it by a photo of a small white dog.

AFRICA (TOTO) begins on the record player.

MARCUS DAY

Oh dear. You must be depressed
if it's Toto time!

Patrick smiles and embraces his son.

PATRICK DAY

Good to see you boy. Thanks for
coming.

Marcus looks over at the red and white turntable.

MARCUS DAY

I can't believe that old thing
still works.

PATRICK DAY

Like me, eh?

Patrick takes his whiskey glass with him as he moves to the sofa.

JUDY DAY (55) enters from the adjoining room and moves to the record player. She notices Marcus but seems nervous of him or perhaps it is repressed anger.

JUDY DAY (TO MARCUS)
 I thought I heard you. It was
 about all I could hear over this
 racket.

She turns the volume down and moves to hug Marcus, but he holds out his hand instead. When he speaks he sounds cold, formal.

MARCUS DAY
 Mother. How are you?

Judy smiles at him but looks sad.

JUDY DAY
 Cup of tea? Your father's decided
 it's ok to drink whiskey before
 lunch. Five whiskeys to be
 precise. Yes, Pat, I've been
 watching you.

PATRICK DAY
 Give the boy a whiskey if he
 wants one. Sermons and Soda
 Waters another time.

Patrick moves to the drinks cabinet and pours two fingers for Marcus.

Judy shakes her head.

Patrick looks at Marcus and flips his thumb over his shoulder pointing at another door.

He leads Marcus into his study.

INT. STUDY. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAY.

The study wall has posters of 1980's shows. Airwolf. Knight Rider. Miami Vice.

Patrick sits in a large leather chair. Marcus sits in a smaller arm chair.

PATRICK DAY
 How's the writing going? I'm
 sorry to hear about Mandy by the
 way.

Marcus takes the offered drink.

MARCUS DAY
 Thanks. Got the final rejection
 letter this morning. That's all
 fifty prod co's now.

PATRICK DAY
 All those pitching meetings?

INT. A SMART OFFICE. DAY.

Marcus sits in a small chair in a plush office.

Facing him is a smart executive, arms folded.

SMART EXECUTIVE.

Smack my pitch up.

MARCUS DAY

A gang of sexy ultra-feminists have created a sperm storing device in their pussies that allow them to sleep with all these rich and famous people and then sell their spunk on a secret website to couples who want designer kids...

SMART EXECUTIVE.

Next...

INT. A SEMI-SMART OFFICE. DAY

Marcus is wearing the same suit. A casually dressed man sits across the desk.

EXECUTIVE 2

Hit me...

MARCUS DAY

There are six undersea fiber-optic cables that carry the internet across the Atlantic. A group of extremist terrorists have trained sharks to bite through the cables and hold the world to ransom. It's like an eco-James Bond trip...

EXECUTIVE 2

Next.

INT. A DIRTY OFFICE. DAY.

Marcus looks despondent. His suit is now crumpled. He sits in a plastic chair.

MARCUS DAY

Picture this. A Downs Syndrome Heist Movie.

The man across the desk just stares. He slowly raises an eyebrow.

INT. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. EDGEWARE. DAY.

PATRICK DAY
Keep at it son. I think you've
got talent. Even if they don't.

Patrick warms the glass in his hand.

MARCUS DAY
So you saw Brian yesterday?

PATRICK DAY
Bastard. Looks like we've both
been done over by a member of the
Darlington clan.

MARCUS DAY
Dad?

PATRICK DAY
He's pulled the plug on Artstart
and stripped the assets. Bloody
traitor. The age of the corporate
video is coming to an end son.
Everyone's doing it in-house now.
Without Brian I'm filing for
Bankruptcy. You know how I'd
hoped you could've continued the
business.

Marcus bangs his hand on the chair arm.

MARCUS DAY
Smarmy bastard! I never liked him.
I only tolerated him for Mandy's
sake.

PATRICK DAY
You live and learn son.

MARCUS DAY
What about the scripts I've
written? You'll still be able to
pay me right?

PATRICK DAY
I'll try, but you may have to get
in line like every other creditor.

Patrick looks across at a framed photo on the wall, next
to the poster for Miami Vice. It says "ARTSTART CORPORATE
VIDEO PRODUCTION".

PATRICK DAY
I can't believe it's over. It
would've been thirty years in June.

Patrick reaches for a gold plated VHS tape which stands on an award plinth on top of his bureau.

PATRICK DAY

I remember when we started, if only I'd convinced Brian that Artstart should pitch for TV shows rather than bloody corporates.

MARCUS DAY

Why didn't you? I remember your little black note-book, you had some great ideas for series in there. Even at seven I wanted to watch them, remember?

Patrick smiles wistfully.

PATRICK DAY

Brian was the money man, video was a new format, it was like shooting fish in a barrel. We could turn out fifty corporate videos a year, but with TV you'd be lucky if one show got picked up.

He looks at the poster of Knight Rider and shakes his head.

PATRICK DAY

Hindsight's a great thing. If only I could have my time again, I'd go back and do it my way. Pitch a beauty to them. An English Knight Rider. An A+ Team. Margate Vice. I swear to you, I came up with all those ideas before they did.

Marcus coughs into his hand.

MARCUS DAY

Bullshit. It was easier back then anyway. Think how lazy the writing was.

Patrick looks hurt.

PATRICK DAY

What do you mean?

MARCUS DAY

Face it. Think how the mobile phone scuppers most 80's TV. If only the character had had a mobile phone they could've called someone and saved them, warned them. You get the picture.

PATRICK DAY

I don't get the whole irony thingy these days. That knowingness. The audience is so media-savvy these days. Everything is so self-referential. I'm lost in this whole post-modern thing.

MARCUS DAY

I'm just lost.

Marcus looks at a large photo on his dad's bureau. It is a picture of a young Patrick with his arms round the young Brian at an awards ceremony. Both are wearing Tuxedos, Brian holds the golden VHS tape.

PATRICK DAY

That's what you get for not trusting your own instincts. I should've followed my own dream rather than re-writing Brian's. Rewrite after rewrite. I wish I could go back and rewrite history instead.

The golden VHS tape catches an unseen light and Patrick drops it as if hot.

MARCUS DAY

Don't talk like that dad, it makes me sad.

Patrick drains his whiskey in one and reaches to the floor to pick up the tape. He hands it to Marcus.

PATRICK DAY

I want you to have this. It was the first award we ever won. I hope it brings you luck. Don't give up. It's too late for me son.

Marcus holds the tape to his mouth to stifle his obvious emotion.

MARCUS DAY

Oh dad. I'm so sorry.

EXT. A FOREST. DAY. 1981.

Seen through an 8mm Cinefilm Camera, a seven year old Marcus runs at the screen. He is wearing a Peter Pan outfit and he waves a small wooden sword.

He runs past the camera and to a rope which hangs from a tree over a small stream.

When he reaches the rope, he stops, unable to grab it whilst still holding the sword.

Patrick, looking in his early thirties, stops filming and laughs.

PATRICK DAY
 Marcus, try holding the sword
 between your teeth. It'll be
 easier to hold the rope and will
 look better on film too.

Marcus nods and tries to swallow the sword vertically.

Patrick drops the camera and runs up to him, taking the sword.

He hugs Marcus and spins him round.

PATRICK DAY
 Scorsese and De Niro, eat your
 hearts out.

INT. STUDY. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAY.

Marcus taps the tape on his dad's knee sympathetically.

Judy appears in the doorway. She looks at the two broken men, nursing their whiskeys.

JUDY DAY
 Look at you two. Faces like a wet
 weekend.

Both men dolefully stare back at her.

She collects the empty glasses and leaves.

Patrick looks after her for a moment before speaking to Marcus.

PATRICK DAY
 Son, I wish you two would make up.

Marcus expression changes from kind concern to irritation.

MARCUS DAY
 It's not me that started it.

PATRICK DAY
 True. But it could be you that
 finishes it. All this over a dog
 that's been dead for thirty
 bloody years.

INT. LOUNGE. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. EDGWARE.

Judy Day is polishing the photo of the small white dog next to the record player.

She listens to the muffled voices off in the study.

INT. STUDY. PATRICK DAY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAY.

Marcus peers round the door to watch her dusting.

He leans in to Patrick, whispering hoarsely.

MARCUS DAY

Jesus don't bring it up. Not today. Please. How many times have I told her it wasn't my fault. I didn't kill it. If she wants to go on blaming me...

A coughing is heard from the lounge.

JUDY DAY (O.S.)

Have you even visited his grave?

Patrick makes eyes at Marcus.

Marcus grits his teeth.

MARCUS DAY

Yes. Yes I have.

JUDY DAY (O.S.)

Oh really. What does the inscription say?

Marcus hits the golden VHS tape on his head.

Patrick puts his index finger to his lips in a silencing motion.

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS DAY

It says...

JUDY DAY (O.S.)

Yes...

There is a painful silence, only the faint sound of polishing can be heard.

MARCUS DAY

Woof?

Judy erupts through the doorway.

JUDY DAY

I knew it.

Marcus sticks the golden VHS tape in his back pocket and stands up.

MARCUS DAY

Oh bollocks to it. I can't take any more today. I'm off.

EXT. MARYLEBONE ROAD. DAY.

Marcus cycles down the Marylebone road.

He cycles past three Islamic dressed individuals carrying a large fish tank.

Further down the road, he sees a group of Down's Syndrome teenagers milling around outside a bank.

It begins to rain heavily. He sees three women with shaved heads walking towards him.

One of them sees him staring angrily and gives him the finger.

A peel of thunder followed by the threat of lightening.

Marcus wipes away the tears from his face, mixing with the rain drops.

HUNG UP (MADONNA) fades in.

CUT TO

Image of Mandy laughing as she shags Phil in a bush.

CUT BACK TO

Marcus cycles furiously.

CUT TO

Brian is pointing at Patrick and laughing cruelly.

CUT BACK TO

Marcus cycles faster.

CUT TO

The doormat and letterbox of his flat. A parcel falls through the hole. "Rejection" is written in big red letters.

CUT BACK TO

Marcus cycles down the Marylebone road.

CUT TO

Marcus is shaking hands with Toby, then Peter at the wedding. They are laughing, he is not.

CUT BACK TO

Marcus is approaching the Euston underpass at breakneck speed.

CUT TO

The letterbox releases, two, three, four, five brown envelopes - all with "Rejection" visible. They mount up on the doormat.

CUT BACK TO

The golden VHS tape sticks out of Marcus' back pocket.

CUT TO

Patrick is sitting in his leather chair weeping, his face is momentarily illuminated by the lightening outside.

CUT BACK TO

Lightening streaks down in the blackening sky.

Marcus freewheels down towards the tunnel.

A bolt of lightening hits the golden metal VHS tape.

Marcus looks behind him at his back wheel.

A single line of flames has appeared in the skid marks behind him, coming out from his bike tire.

He enters the underpass tunnel and is obscured from view.

The poster above the tunnel entrance reads "London Olympics 2012".

There is a flash of white light.

Marcus reappears at the tunnel exit, still freewheeling. The trail of flame from his back tire recedes.

The music changes to the original GIMME GIMME GIMME (ABBA)

The poster above the tunnel exit shows a poster for "ET THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL". In large letters at the top of the poster is visible: "COMING SUMMER 1982".

A small white dog runs in front of his bike, Marcus swerves to avoid it and hits into the side wall.

He lies on the pavement, the bike wheel spinning. A small red line of blood trickles down from his hairline.

The small white dog reappears and gently licks his blooded forehead.

Marcus is too dazed to stop it but tries to focus his eyes on the small identity disc dangling from the dog's collar.

The disc reads "TOTO. If lost, call Patrick & Judy Day. 01 427 6931".

A young JUDY DAY (29), dog lead in hand runs over to where Marcus lies.

She looks down at him with genuine concern.

JUDY DAY

Pat? What the hell are you doing down there?

Marcus passes out.

INT. A BEDROOM. PATRICK DAY'S 1981 FLAT. AFTERNOON.

A large pair of breasts in repose move gently from side to side.

Marcus looks at them with a big grin on his face.

He looks up from the breasts to uncover the face.

A cushion covers the face, but a muffled voice is heard underneath.

MUFFLED VOICE

No don't stop. press harder. Suffocate me.

Marcus kisses one of the exposed breasts but then pauses.

He removes the cushion to reveal a young looking Judy Day.

Marcus pauses, studying the vaguely familiar face. He breathes in sharply at recognition.

MARCUS DAY

Mum? Oh my God. No!

The music scratches as if a needle is stuck, repeating the words "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme". Marcus looks over to where the music is coming from and sees the red and white record player from Patrick's house.

He flips his head round to the right and looks into the full length wardrobe mirror. A young Patrick Day stares back at him, his naked buttocks visible above the naked Judy's thighs.

MARCUS DAY

Dad?

He leaps off the bed and pins himself against the wall, staring at the naked reflection of the young Patrick in the same position.

Judy leans up, her bare breasts still exposed.

JUDY DAY

Mum, Dad? What role play is this?

MARCUS DAY

Stop.

JUDY DAY

I thought we were doing the smothering one tonight...

MARCUS DAY

No, no, no. Stop. I don't want to know.

Judy realises something is wrong.

JUDY DAY

Pat? What's the matter. Why you looking at me like that?

A bathrobe hangs next to where he stands. He throws it to Judy.

MARCUS DAY

Cover yourself. Please. What the fuck is going on?

Judy gets out of bed, putting on the bathrobe. She chastises him.

JUDY DAY

It was you who initiated the afternoon sex. Not me Patrick Day. I told you you'd be late for Brian.

Marcus is dazed, but finding his clothes spread on the floor, he begins to get dressed.

MARCUS DAY

I'm sorry, mum. Judy. Brian, yes. I'll call him, where's my mobile.

JUDY DAY

Mobile? Mobile what? Pat what the fuck is wrong with you?

MARCUS DAY

You swear now?

Marcus pulls on the trousers. They are flared brown slacks. He pulls on the red turtle-neck top and looks in the mirror. He clicks his fingers, speaking with a Harlem twang.

MARCUS DAY

Man, that is a bad outfit!

Judy shakes her head.

JUDY DAY

I don't know what the hell's wrong with you, Pat, but you're going to be late.

Judy allows her bathrobe to fall open exposing her naked self to him.

Marcus shrieks in horror and turns away.

JUDY DAY

I don't understand your trip at all. You were over the moon twenty minutes ago.

MARCUS DAY

I still am, mum.

JUDY DAY

Mum?

MARCUS DAY

Mum, Ma'am. Arm, where arm I meeting Brian?

JUDY DAY

Is this a joke?

MARCUS DAY

Please Judy, I think maybe I suffocated myself too much this time. I feel kind of dizzy.

JUDY DAY

Well it's not every day you start your own business I suppose. Brian's at home.

Marcus nods and walks to the bedroom door. He pauses.

MARCUS DAY

And home is..?

Judy hands him a collection of papers from the bedside table.

Marcus looks and nods.

MARCUS DAY

Cool. I'll cycle there now.

JUDY DAY
 Cycle? The bike's wrecked Evil
 Kneavel, remember?

She throws him a set of car keys.

JUDY DAY
 Drive.

He catches them and studies the fob. He is about to say something, but then thinks better of it and moves to the en suite toilet door.

INT. TOILET. PATRICK DAY'S 1981 FLAT. AFTERNOON.

Marcus bolts the door and moves to the sink.

He runs the cold tap and splashes water on his face.

A mirror is directly above the sink and toilet to the left.

He raises his eyes up slowly to meet his own reflection. Patrick stares back.

Marcus moves to the toilet and unzips the flies of his brown cords. He reaches in and is about to pull out his penis, when he looks up and sees his reflection.

He can't bring himself to pull out his manhood under this gaze and re-zips his flies.

EXT. PAVEMENT. PATRICK DAY'S 1981 FLAT. AFTERNOON.

CARS (GARY NEWMAN) plays.

Marcus is staring at an old green Vauxhall Cavalier car.

He slowly looks around him.

People are dressed in 1981 clothing. An old Ford Transit van and Ford Capri pass on the street.

ENOCH (42) a Rastafarian man, is painting the window of the ground floor flat. He waves his brush at Marcus.

ENOCH
 Pat. Arie?

Marcus stares blankly at him then back to the car. He has a look of total bemusement as he gets into the vehicle.

INT. VAUXHALL CAVALIER.

Marcus looks out of the window at the 1981 view.

He turns the key in the ignition and the engine comes alive.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Ah! Pat my boy, you've brought
 the papers, good stuff. Let's
 sign and then celebrate. I've got
 the girls coming round in an hour.

Marcus raises an eyebrow and sits silently down on a metal
 chrome chair, next to a Commodore 64 computer.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 So are you ready to become part
 of the greatest video production
 company of the 1980's?

He pops open the champagne cork and pours the overspill
 into the glasses.

He hands the smaller one to Marcus.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 A toast!

Marcus drains his glass in one.

Brian lowers his own glass.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Pat?

Marcus is taking in the flat. His face demonstrates both
 confusion at his surroundings and dislike for Brian.

MARCUS DAY
 You haven't changed a bit. Still
 rocking the style over substance.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Pat? Are you feeling alright?

MARCUS DAY
 Pat. Pat.

Marcus stands up, picks up Brian's full champagne glass
 and throws it over the stunned Brian.

MARCUS DAY
 That's for my dad.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Your dad? Peter? What the fuck?

Marcus stands stock still and looks up at the ceiling. He
 talks to an unseen person.

MARCUS DAY
 OK. Thanks. I'd like to wake up
 now please. I've gained closure.

Both men stand still in silence.

Marcus looks worriedly down at Brian.

MARCUS DAY
Pinch me. I need to come down now.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
What the fuck is your problem.

MARCUS DAY
My problem? What year is it? I'm serious.

Brian sits down on the wicker chair facing Marcus.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
I can see that. It's 1981. What's going on? Are you having a stroke?

Marcus stands up and walks to the window.

He stares into the street below.

MARCUS DAY
This is not my time.

Brian laughs nervously and walks to the Betamax video recorder.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
You're wrong there. This is our time. Trust me, I'm the one who's cutting edge round here. I'm the one who knows the future.

He slams the top-loading Betamax lid with a smug grin.

Marcus looks round at him and pulls the same face from the wedding.

MARCUS DAY
You don't change do you, Digital Dick! You think you know the future? The Internet? Global Warming, 9/11. You don't have a clue what's coming down the line.

He looks at the Commodore 64 computer then back to the Betamax machine.

MARCUS DAY
Betamax? Great move Brian. I'd bet the farm on it. Buy as many as you can.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Really? I thought so too. It's got VHS licked.

Brian walks over to a closed wooden dresser. He opens the double doors to expose a Hi-Fi stack. He takes a CD from the side and holds it up to Marcus, twisting it in the light.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Not cutting edge eh?

He puts the CD into the player.

GIVE IT UP (KC & the Sunshine Band) begins playing.

Marcus pours a large slug of the champagne into his glass.

Brian starts dancing in earnest.

MARCUS DAY

Twat.

The entrance door slams and Brian looks to the hall, continuing his robotic dance.

MONICA DARLINGTON (30) enters carrying three different types of carrier bag. She drops them on the floor, her breathlessness adding to her considerable beauty.

Marcus jaw hits the floor as he watches her move.

MONICA DARLINGTON

Hi Brian, Pat. Oh I'm shattered.

MARCUS DAY

(under his breath)

How fit were you?!

Monica puts her hand on her hips indignantly, causing her breasts to jut out.

MONICA DARLINGTON

Is that sarcasm Patrick? You'd be out of breath if you had to march round the shops. Why can't they put everything in one place. I'm run ragged.

MARCUS DAY

Like a supermarket?

MONICA DARLINGTON

Yes. A super market.

She looks at the TV.

MONICA DARLINGTON

I haven't missed it have I?

Brian looks at his watch and turns on the TV.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
No, you've just got time to do
the washing up.

Marcus looks at the TV.

It shows a crowd of people in St Paul's Cathedral
preparing for the wedding of Charles & Diana.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Come on matey, I'm not in to all
these wedding shenanigans, shall
we go down the boozier. Maybe a
drink'll dislodge this shit
rolling round your head. You can
drive.

MARCUS DAY
I can't drive.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Why?

MARCUS DAY
I mean I didn't drive, here.

Marcus continues to stare at the TV, an image of Princess
Diana appears.

Monica re-enters the room and sits down on the sofa next
to him.

MARCUS DAY
Can I use your toilet?

Brian points with his hand.

Monica is engrossed in watching Diana walking up the aisle.

MONICA DARLINGTON
Oh it's a fairy tale isn't it?

Marcus puts his hand on Monica's knee to stand up and
gestures towards the TV.

MARCUS DAY
Divorce and Death. A Hairy tale.

INT. TOILET. BRIAN DARLINGTON'S FLAT.

Marcus bolts the door. He turns round and sees another
mirror directly above the toilet.

He groans and lifts the toilet seat.

He unzips his fly and catches his reflection full force. Standing there for a moment, he still can't bring himself to take out, what in effect is, his dad's penis.

He zips up his flies in an annoyed upwards motion.

He turns round to the sink and runs the faucet to splash some cold water on his face. A yellow and a blue toothbrush sit in a glass on the sink.

Above the sink is a picture of Brian and Monica taken at a disco in a "Saturday Night Fever" pose.

Brian's face holds the same earnest dancing expression.

MARCUS DAY

Twat. I'm going to stitch you up
good and proper.

He touches the toothbrushes, unsure whether to use the blue or yellow one. He reaches for the blue toothbrush and swirls it round the toilet bowl, before replacing it.

INT. THE ROXBURGH PUBLIC HOUSE. LONDON. EARLY EVENING.

The pub is pure early 80's, thick with smoke and male only. A 7 inch record jukebox is in the corner, next to a sit-down Space Invaders machine.

Brian turns from the bar holding two beveled glasses of beer and moves to the table where Marcus sits.

MAKE ME SMILE (STEVE HARLEY) plays on the jukebox.

Marcus sips his beer.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Ah the great public house. The
one place you can have a smoke
and not be disturbed by the misses.

MARCUS DAY

You just wait.

Marcus becomes aware of the music.

MARCUS DAY

One of my dad's favorite tunes this.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Your dad? Ha! I thought Peter was
more a music hall man.

(BEAT)

What was that Lady Diana shit
about with Monica? You know how
excited she's been about this
wedding. She even bought the
royal blue commemorative dining set.

Brian lights a cigarette.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Although blue is her favorite color.

INT. TOILET. BRIAN DARLINGTON'S FLAT.

The blue and yellow toothbrushes sit in their glass.

INT. THE ROXBURGH PUBLIC HOUSE. LONDON. EARLY EVENING.

Marcus winces at the memory.

MARCUS DAY
Don't get too excited. Diana dies
in a car crash. 1997.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
97? Last time I checked we were
1981.

Marcus opens a bag of peanuts and throws a handful into
his mouth.

MARCUS DAY
And the last time I checked it
was 2007.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
OK Captain Kirk. It's that acid
you took in '69 isn't it. I've
read about this.

MARCUS DAY
Dad didn't take acid.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Dad, dad, what's all this dad
bollocks.

Brian drains his drink.

MARCUS DAY
Look. I need to get very drunk,
very quickly.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Do you want to talk about it?

Marcus ignores the question. He gets up and leaves the table.

INT. TOILET. THE ROXBURGH PUBLIC HOUSE.

Marcus opens the door to see a urinal with a mirror above
it. He looks to his left and sees the cubicles, without
any mirrors.

MARCUS DAY

Thank God.

He rushes into the cubicle and shuts the door.

INT. A LAPDANCING CLUB. SOHO. NIGHT.

LOVE ACTION (HUMAN LEAGUE) fades in.

Brian continues to smile as the lights of a glitter ball reflect in his face. Marcus is next to him, a near empty bottle of whiskey on the small round table.

On the elevated dance floor a young girl is dancing topless.

Both men appear very drunk. Brian leans in to Marcus and shouts above the noise.

BRIAN DARLINGTON

We're going to be rich you know.

Marcus sneers at him.

MARCUS DAY

You think?

BRIAN DARLINGTON

Corporates are the future. I'm seldom wrong about these things.

MARCUS DAY

And so's Betamax.

Brian nods and turns back to watch the girl.

An unseen Compeer takes to the microphone.

COMPEER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentleman, she's a construction engineer, the builder of massive erections... I give you Clara.

The music changes to AFRICA (TOTO).

Marcus eye's are drawn to the stage where this new girl has appeared.

CLARA HUNT (24) stalks the small stage wearing a metallic bra and pants. She is almost identical to Mandy.

Marcus is transfixed by her.

MARCUS DAY

She's beautiful...

Brian studies Marcus then looks back at the stage.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 ...And you're married!

EXT. A LAPDANCING CLUB. SOHO. NIGHT.

Marcus and Brian lean against the wall. Brian is making a roll-up joint in his hand, sheltering it from the wind.

He lights the joint.

Takes a puff and hands it to Marcus.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Watch out, the roach is a bit loose.

Marcus takes a drag and registers his surprise.

MARCUS DAY
 It's a joint! What the hell?

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 So you don't have joints in 2007
 then Captain Tomorrow?

Marcus takes another drag.

MARCUS DAY
 Patrick certainly doesn't.

A side door to the club opens and Clara Hunt exits, wearing a raincoat.

She walks past them, eyes forward.

MARCUS DAY
 Excuse me, miss.

She turns to Marcus.

MARCUS DAY
 I thought you were great tonight.
 Spell-binding.

Clara looks at them, leaning drunk against the wall, and at the joint in Marcus' hand.

CLARA
 Thanks babe. I've gotta get off.

MARCUS DAY
 With me?

She starts to walk off.

MARCUS DAY
 Give me your number, please. I
 really need someone to be nice
 to me today.

She carries on walking.

Marcus sings after her, recalling the JAMES BLUNT song.

MARCUS DAY
 You're beautiful, you're
 beautiful it's true, and I saw
 your face in a crowded place and
 I don't know what to do, coz I'll
 never be with you...

Clara pauses and turns.

CLARA
 Nice tune. You a musician?

MARCUS DAY
 Not really. You just inspire me.

Clara looks him up and down.

CLARA
 That's original. Here.

She pulls a pen out from her coat and takes his hand with
 the joint in it.

She writes her number on his palm and takes the joint.

Marcus watches her walks off under the streetlights until
 swallowed by the darkness.

He looks behind him. Brian is laughing.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Nice going Sinatra. That was our
 only joint.

Marcus swings on the street light watching Clara disappear
 into the night. He sings after her.

MARCUS DAY
 Everything I do, I do it for you!

He swings round again.

MARCUS DAY
 Fuck you Brian. If you only knew...

BRIAN DARLINGTON
 Ok...

MARCUS DAY
 That song I just sung isn't
 written till 2005.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Spare me. You're still going on
about the future? Tell me who
wins next week's Grand National
then, or better still, the World
Cup.

Marcus stops spinning.

MARCUS DAY
Yes! Of course.

He stops and thinks, slowly folding his arms.

A look of despair on his face.

MARCUS DAY
I don't know. I never knew it.
And football..?

He holds up his hands.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
For fuck's sake!

MARCUS DAY
You tell me who won the Grand
National twenty-five years ago.

Brian thinks then holds up his hands.

Marcus points triumphantly at him.

Brian walks up to him and stares deeply into his eyes, as
if searching for something.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
What's going on in there, Pat?

Marcus narrows his eyes with genuine venom.

BRIAN DARLINGTON
Look. Just because we're old
friends, it doesn't mean I'm not
scared to pull the plug on
Artstart. If you're going all
moggerty I'm not sure I want to
be in business with you.

MARCUS DAY
And don't we know it. I just need
a little distance tonight. It's
been one hell of a day.

EXT. PAVEMENT. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Marcus searches for his keys. He finds them and struggles to open the door, a mixture of drunkenness and never using the keys before.

INT. HALLWAY. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

He creeps past a half closed bedroom door, dimly lit. There is a stirring from inside.

BOY (O.S.)

Dad?

Marcus freezes.

BOY

Dad? Is that you?

Marcus opens the door slightly to reveal a seven year old boy in bed.

MARCUS DAY

Oh my god.

Before the boy can answer, Judy comes out of the adjoining bedroom and shuts the boy's door.

She turns to Marcus.

JUDY DAY

Do you know what time it is?

MARCUS DAY

I was celebrating.

She recoils at the smell of alcohol on his breath.

He burps and puts his hand to his mouth. The phone number written in pen clearly visible.

JUDY DAY

And who's number is that?

Marcus's eyes dart from side to side as Judy fixes him in her angry glare.

JUDY DAY

I swear to god Pat if you're up to your old tricks again, Marcus and me are off this time.

MARCUS DAY

Again?

Marcus rolls his eyes at this revelation.

A small white dog bounds out of the bedroom door and starts to hump Marcus' leg.

MARCUS DAY

Toto?!

Marcus bends down, happy for the interruption. Toto begins licking the salt off his hands.

MARCUS DAY

Oh boy, it's good to see you.
You're so much smaller than I
remember you.

Judy shakes her head.

Toto finishes licking his hand.

JUDY DAY

Either way, I hope it wasn't an
important number.

Marcus looks at the dog-smudged ink. The number is indecipherable.

JUDY DAY

Now come to bed, we've got some
unfinished business too, remember?

She takes his hand and leads him towards the bedroom.

Marcus looks back at the boy's bedroom door and then at the approaching bedroom. He seems unsure which holds more horror.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK MAIN THEME (JOHN CARPENTER) plays as he approaches the bedroom door in slow motion.

INT. A BEDROOM. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Marcus sits on the edge of the bed getting undressed at a very slow speed.

Judy gets under the sheets and starts patting the bed.

JUDY DAY

Come and get me cowboy.

Marcus takes off his shoe.

MARCUS DAY

Listen, Judy, I've drunk so much
I think I might throw up. I'd
better sleep on the couch.

Judy, throws the covers over her head and disappears under the blankets.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

INT. LOUNGE. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Marcus lays down on the sofa and stares up at the bookshelf facing him.

VIDEO KILLS THE RADIO STAR (BUGGLES) FADES IN.

He closes his eyes to remember.

INT. LOUNGE. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. DAY.

The seven year old Marcus, is playing with a small red ball. He throws it carelessly and the ball becomes stuck in the top of the bookshelf.

He stands on the edge of the sofa trying to reach it.

Patrick Day enters the room and sees where Marcus is about to reach. He shouts much louder than is necessary.

PATRICK DAY

No! Marcus!

Patrick picks him up and roughly puts him on the ground. Marcus looks petrified.

INT. LOUNGE. PATRICK DAY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Marcus opens his eyes and stands up on the sofa.

He reaches to the top of the bookshelf and feels at the back for anything.

His hand connects with something and he pulls out a roll of magazines, held by an elastic band. On top of the magazines is a small black note-book.

Sitting back down on the sofa, he flicks through the notebook.

PATRICK DAY (V.O.)

Don't you remember? In my little black book. I came up with all those ideas before they did. Knight Rider. Miami Vice. Airwolf, even Manimal. If I could have my time again I'd trust my instincts and do TV not those bloody corporates.

Marcus looks through the pages. Sketches of the Knight Rider car and Airwolf helicopter are seen next to scribbles and doodles.

MARCUS DAY
(under his breath)
I don't believe it. You were
right. Well humdinger. I'll do
it. I'll do it for you dad. I'll
show that slick jim bastard Brian.

Marcus shuts the book triumphantly and picks up the rolled up magazines. He removes the elastic band and unfurls them to reveal a collection of pornographic magazines. The titles are "Fat and Fifty".

Marcus looks aghast.

MARCUS DAY
Oh Dad! Oh yuk! Too much
information.

He stashes the magazines under the sofa and takes off his other shoe, then removes his sock.

He stares down at his foot in disbelief.

The small toe of his left foot has become translucent.

He tries to touch it but his hand passes through.

He stares at the clock on the wall as the hands spin round.

VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR (BUGGLES) Fades out.

End credits. The reels in the Golden VHS tape start to rewind with increasing speed.

DO IT AGAIN (STEELY DAN) plays till black screen.

FADE OUT.