

THE REBEL 2 - TRAVEL

REHEARSAL SCRIPT

Written by

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Based on his strip in The Oldie

1 INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

1

A cremation is in progress, Charles and Margaret side by side in the congregation. Margaret's in tears, Charles gives her a hanky. Henry's nowhere to be seen.

MARGARET

Sorry, I tried to stop this from happening.

CHARLES

I know, I know.

The congregation, holding copies of the lyrics, stand and start singing "My Way".

Henry enters, joins them.

HENRY

Sorry about that, I was dying for a... piss.

HENRY sees MARGARET in a state.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Margaret. I didn't know you were so close.

MARGARET

No, I couldn't stand him. It's my hay fever with all these flowers. I took a pill but it's made no difference!

CONGREGATION

(sings)

"And more, much more than this, I did it my way."

The coffin slides away.

2 EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

2

The congregation are looking up at the smoke rising from the chimney.

HENRY

Safe journey, Reggie!

CHARLES

(puzzled)

Reggie? That's Frank, surely?

MARGARET

I thought it was Lionel? Or was he  
last week?

Henry checks the order of service.

HENRY

He was. It was Frank.  
(calling out to the smoke)  
Sorry, Frank!

CHARLES

So many funerals lately, you lose  
track.

HENRY

I don't like cremations. Give me an  
old-fashioned burial any time.

MARGARET

The churchyards are full.  
Cremations are much more  
convenient.

HENRY

I want my funeral to be as  
**in**convenient as possible.

CHARLES

So... a gun carriage to Westminster  
Abbey?

HENRY

I was thinking of a blazing Viking  
longship off Brighton Marina,  
sailing into the sunset as the  
flames mount to the sky...

MARGARET

In India there's a tradition of  
leaving their dead in towers, to be  
eaten by vultures.

HENRY

I like the sound of that - very  
ecological.

CHARLES

Get in touch with the council,  
perhaps you can do it with  
seagulls.

MARGARET

We've got another on Friday...

HENRY

Doors Johnson. At least it'll be a proper burial in a country churchyard.

CHARLES

Have you written your speech yet?

HENRY

Don't remind me. It's so hard to strike the right note. The family will want me to be respectful. "He was a pillar of the community..."

MARGARET

You met in jail, didn't you?

HENRY

1964 Clacton riots. Mod through and through.

CHARLES

Margaret, I meant to ask. How are you getting to Doors' funeral? I was thinking we could make a day of it, take a picnic, bottle of wine-

MARGARET

It's a funeral, Charles, not Glyndebourne!

FRANK'S SON

(shouts)

If we could all make our way to the pub, please. We've laid on some food.

HENRY

Hope it's a good spread.

MARGARET

Didn't you hear? Frank turned vegan.

HENRY

Oh. Is that what did for him?

CHARLES

Come on, let's go.

HENRY  
(stomping off)  
Fine. But I'm stopping for a kebab  
on the way home.

3 EXT. CATH'S HOUSE - MORNING, FRIDAY.

3

A tiny, Nissan Leaf type electric car is sitting out the front. Round it stands, Margaret, Charles, Henry, and Amaya. A vacuum cleaner powers down in the house and Cath rushes out.

CATH  
I can't leave the house untidy.

She spots the car.

CATH (CONT'D)  
We're not all going to fit in that,  
Amaya!

AMAYA  
Well that is the only size of  
electric car they had, Cath.

HENRY  
Couldn't you get a different sort?  
It's not customary to turn up to a  
funeral by Scalextric.

AMAYA  
I will only drive a low-emission  
vehicle, Henry. Climate change is a  
crisis for everyone. (pointedly)  
Except perhaps the old.

MARGARET  
Good point, Amaya!

HENRY  
Oh yes, of course, we're all part  
of the problem. But don't worry,  
we'll be dead soon.

CATH  
Don't say that Dad.

CHARLES  
Even then, Henry. I'm not sure  
crematoriums are carbon neutral.

Cath is studying a folder worriedly.

CATH

Well this puts my schedule out straight away.

HENRY

Well, Cath, if you'd taken me up on my offer to teach you to drive when you were seventeen, Amaya wouldn't have to be our chauffeur for the day.

CATH

You owned an Austin Seven. I wasn't going to be seen in that.

HENRY

There was more room in that than this. It'll be like driving round in a tin hat.

Charles is trying unsuccessfully to put a large HAMPER into the boot.

MARGARET

Are you catering for the entire funeral Charles?

CHARLES

Well, I wasn't sure whether we'd be in the mood for a crisp white or some bubbly...

MARGARET

Yes, pairing wines at the graveside is notoriously tricky...

The hamper is not going to go in.

CHARLES

It's going to be cosy in the back anyway... Three of us...

HENRY

Don't worry Charles. It need not come to that.

EXT CATH'S HOUSE TEN MINUTES LATER.

In the car are Amaya in the driving seat, Cath in the passenger seat, and Margaret and Charles in the back. The hamper, to Charles's chagrin, is jammed between them. No sign of Henry.

CATH

(Fretting already)

Now, have we got everything? Big bottle of water? We don't want to dehydrate.

MARGARET

No worries on that score. We've got half of Oddbins in the hamper.

CATH

I just don't want anything to go wrong.

AMAYA

Why d'you think it would?

CATH

Past experience. That's why I've made the itinerary.

Shows them her folder, "Funeral Journey" written on the front.

CATH (CONT'D)

Everything carefully planned. Timed toilet breaks, games to pass the time...

MARGARET

(to Charles)

This is like being back at school.

CHARLES

What are adults, but grown up children?

MARGARET looks at him rather baffled.

A Beep, beep... as HENRY pulls up next to the driver's window on his SCOOTER, splendid in his Brighton Mods parka. He leans in.

HENRY

Right. Everyone ready?

CATH

This was *not* part of the plan.

HENRY

It's a Mod funeral. Of course I should arrive by scooter!

CATH

You're over seventy-

HENRY

Wrong. I am seventy.

CATH

Fine, but it's a long way -

Margaret puts a hand on her shoulder.

MARGARET

It's OK. I know you want this to be perfect. Doors was your godfather-

CATH

I don't care about him. He's dead. It's Dad I'm worried about. He's not. Yet. He's a danger to himself and other road users!

HENRY

For Pity's sake! I've ridden halfway across Britain on this!

CATH

(controlling her anxiety)  
All right, all right. We'll drive together then, in convoy.

HENRY

...Of course.

CATH

We'll lead, you follow. You'll be the outrider.

HENRY

Outriders go first.

CATH

Behind's a lot safer.

HENRY

Yes, I remember just before the Clacton riots we had a safety briefing.

CATH

Really?

(Realises.)

Oh.



AMAYA

Now, Henry, do you have a phone?

HENRY

Yes. It's in the hall by the door to the kitchen.

AMAYA

A mobile phone.

HENRY

No. I do not have a mobile phone. When I am mobile, my telephone is stationary, as God and Alexander Graham Bell intended.

MARGARET

You're right, Amaya. You should take a phone, Henry.

AMAYA

You could give him yours, Cath... In case we get separated.

CATH

But I had some talking books for the journey.

MARGARET

Ooh, what did you have?

CATH

Crime and Punishment. Martin Chuzzlewit.

MARGARET

Hand it over.

Cath hands over her smartphone. Amaya briefly checks something and hands it to Henry.

HENRY

You know I hate these things! Everyone in Brighton's surgically attached to them. Like zombies staggering around, bumping into one another.

CATH

In case of an emergency. Go on, Dad. Please. For me.

He begrudgingly drops it into a Parka pocket and starts the scooter. CATH opens her folder.

CATH (CONT'D)  
Ok, let's go. We're already  
thirteen minutes behind!

On Margaret and Charles. Margaret is fidgeting.

CHARLES  
You don't look comfortable. Is it  
the hamper? I could swap places  
with it and -

MARGARET  
No, it's fine as it is.

We hear the scooter engine rev.

CATH  
(out of car window)  
Just follow us, Dad!

She turns round - and he's already gone.

CHARLES  
I knew he'd do that.

MARGARET  
So did I.

4 EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - MINUTES LATER

4

Henry zooming along (To The Who's "I Can See for Miles").  
This is the life! He's got the road to himself - he weaves  
from side to side, laughing with delight, a kid again.

5 INT. CAR - MORNING

5

... whereas the car is already snarled in a traffic  
jam/roadworks behind traffic lights. Cath is suprisingly  
calm.

CATH  
Now twenty-nine minutes behind  
schedule. It's lucky I factored in  
time for delays.

CHARLES  
Thirty minutes now.

Cath immediately stresses.

CATH

Right! We've got to speed up!  
That's all I allowed!

MARGARET

Don't worry Cath. We'll get there.  
At least Henry might be quicker.

CATH

That's what worries me. He  
shouldn't be on that scooter.  
Stupid, stubborn old fool!

CHARLES

That's our Henry.  
(tapping the hamper)  
On the other hand, more smoked  
salmon for the rest of us.

CATH

Does he not realise how upset I  
will be if he has an accident on  
that thing? He's so selfish.

AMAYA

If you're worried about him, just  
look at where he is.

CATH

I don't know where he is.

AMAYA

Take my phone, there, open the  
tracker app. Then, you can see  
where your phone is on the map.

Cath processes this.

CATH

Brilliant!

AMAYA

I made sure the GPS was switched on  
when I gave it to him.

The lights change/traffic clears.

CATH

About bloody time! Go, Go, Go!

CHARLES

Put your foot down!

AMAYA

Alright!

The car accelerates with a weedy electric whine. It's not very impressive. CHARLES in particular isn't impressed.

CATH

So. He's currently on the B2139  
west of Storrington...

6 EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

6

Henry is stuck behind a slow-moving Volkswagen Beetle. There's a sticker on the back: "I voted Brexit". He signals to the elderly driver to move to the left, so he can squeeze by. The driver ignores him.

HENRY

(shouts)

Move out of the way!

The driver still ignores him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(shouts, pointing at the  
sticker)

It didn't stop you buying a German  
car!

The inevitable happens, Henry veers to one side and drives through a HEDGE and into a ditch.

HENRY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Balls!

7 INT. CAR - MORNING

7

Cath is looking at Amaya's phone, worried.

CATH

He's stopped moving! He's stopped  
moving. What if he's dead in a  
ditch?

MARGARET

It's probably just traffic lights.

CATH

There are no traffic lights on the  
B2139! I'm going to call him.

MARGARET

Not while he's driving Cath!

CHARLES

That would be six points on his  
licence. He could go to prison.

CATH

I have to know. I'm going to call  
him.

Cath dials the phone.

8

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - MORNING

8

Henry, a bit the worse for wear, is glumly pushing his  
scooter down the road, and hears a ring tone. He looks around  
at the trees. Is it a bird? Then realises it's the phone,  
fishes it out of his pocket, sees "Lodger" on the screen,  
answers it.

HENRY

Hello, Lodger.

CATH (V.O.)

What? Oh. It's me, Cath. I'm on  
Amaya's phone. Are you alright? You  
stopped moving. I thought you might  
have driven into a hedge or a ditch  
or something.

HENRY

Don't worry, Cath. I'm just in some  
slow moving traffic. Traffic  
lights.

There's no-one to be seen.

CATH

Thank goodness. That's what  
Margaret said. I was getting really  
worried.

HENRY

I'm fine Cath. I'll see you there.  
At this rate, you might get there  
before me.

9

EXT. GARAGE - MORNING

9

There's no one to be seen, but rap music's playing.

HENRY  
(calls)  
Hello! Anyone there?

He sees a car with feet sticking out from underneath, the radio blasting out. He parks the scooter and walks over.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Hello!

No response.

He turns off the radio.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Hello!

Clang as the mechanic bumps his head.

MECHANIC  
(shouts from under the car)  
Shit!

He scrambles out, rubbing his head. Young, angry.

HENRY  
Good Morning to you, too!

MECHANIC  
Ah, man, why you turn off my radio?!

HENRY  
Because I'm a music lover. Now, I've got a job for you.

MECHANIC  
I bumped my head!

HENRY  
I'm not too worried about the contents. Bit late for that.

MECHANIC  
What?! ...No respect.

HENRY  
You want some work or not? Or is that against your principles?

MECHANIC  
Whatever.

HENRY

Fine. I'll go elsewhere.

MECHANIC

Ha. Good luck with that, grandpa.  
Nowhere else for miles!

Turns back to the scooter. An older man comes out of the garage.

GARAGE BOSS

What's the problem, Lance?

MECHANIC

Yeah. This old guy's brought in  
some kind of shiny hairdryer?

The boss clocks the Lambretta, and smiles.

GARAGE BOSS

(to Henry)

Hairdryer?! That is a vintage  
Lambretta. Is it yours?

HENRY

Certainly is!

GARAGE BOSS

Beautiful!

HENRY

Thanks. Pity your other mechanic  
has neither taste nor manners.

GARAGE BOSS

He's my nephew. Don't understand  
what he says half the time.

(turns to MECHANIC)

Yo, yo, yo. Make us a cuppa tea,  
innit?

(to Henry)

It's the only way to talk to these  
people. You want a tea?

Lance gives him a sceptical look, chucks down his tools  
petulantly and walks into the back.

HENRY

Bit of a hurry, actually. I've bent  
the front forks and-

GARAGE BOSS  
(feasting his eyes)  
My Dad had one of these, you know.  
He was a mod.

Henry looks at his watch.

HENRY  
Oh, yes? Er... Did he go down to  
Brighton?

GARAGE BOSS  
And Clacton, Southend... You  
might've known him... Vince  
Woolley. Now, how about those  
forks?

HENRY  
Um... Vince! Of course! From, erm, -

GARAGE BOSS / HENRY  
Br...omley! / ...Brockley!

HENRY  
(Immediately:)  
Bromley! That's right. Vince from  
Bromley. So you're his son!  
Amazing! You look just like him.

GARAGE BOSS  
(grinning)  
Everyone says that.  
(clapping his hands  
together)  
Right! We need to get this thing  
fixed pronto! I'll do it  
personally.

HENRY  
How long will it take?

GARAGE BOSS  
No time.

HENRY  
Great!

GARAGE BOSS  
A couple of hours.

HENRY  
Ah. Thing is, I'm going to a  
funeral. One of the old gang.



GARAGE BOSS

There's a railway station in the village...

HENRY

That'll do me! I'll leave it here, collect it later, OK?

GARAGE BOSS

Fine. It's a bit of a walk though. Lance, drop this gentleman down to the station would you?

The mechanic returns, plonks tea down and turns on the radio. More hip-hop. The Garage boss changes the music to another station. Classic rock plays. Henry and Garage boss share a moment.

HENRY

Keep the faith.

10

INT. CAR - MORNING

10

CHARLES

Can we have the radio on now?

CATH

That's not on the plan for another 41 minutes.

CHARLES

And when is the picnic scheduled again?

AMAYA

...Quite soon I think.

We see a flashing charge light on the dashboard.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

For some reason the battery's low.

CHARLES

Well it's not the radio draining it...

CATH

What? Why isn't it charged?

AMAYA

I don't know. We just need a socket.

CATH  
(muttering)  
I'll sock you in a minute.

CHARLES  
Did you plug it in before we left?

AMAYA  
Yes. In the socket by the door.

Cath looks guilty.

MARGARET  
Cath, weren't you vacuuming the  
hall just before we left?

There's a short silence.

CATH  
Turn right here. Time to stretch  
our legs I think!

11 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - MORNING

11

Henry gets out of Lance's car, which is booming rap music.  
Not a soul around.

HENRY  
Thanks Lance. "Safe"

Lance drives off as quickly as he can. Henry approaches a  
ticket machine and stands staring at the screen.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
No chance of a human being. Just  
more electronics. Perfect.  
(looking at the blank  
screen)  
Right. Now. Erm...

Henry hears some music coming through some speakers. He turns  
and sees a teenage girl listen to more rap music on her  
phone. She shows no signs of interaction.

Henry dithers and then decides to step to one side and let  
her use the machine - and observe.

Teenage girl gives him a thin smile and steps forward. She  
presses the screen. It lights up. She presses several other  
points on the screen, then puts her phone to a pad. And  
machine spits out a ticket. She takes it walks off.

Henry is amazed. How did she do that? He waves his hand at the screen. And then touches it. And then gets the phone out of his pocket and starts to waft it at the screen.

He looks at the teenage girl who is completely uninterested in his predicament. Her music is still very loud.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Right. I could handle police in the  
Clacton Riots. I can ride a  
Lambretta. I can do this. Right.  
Destination: Tisbury.

Henry starts to press buttons on the screen.

HENRY (CONT'D)

T-I- ah there it is! No that's  
Tilbury. Not Tisbury. Go back. No,  
I don't want to return to Tilbury,  
I want to go back to Tisbury. Why  
aren't you doing what I want?!

Henry starts pounding the screen with his fist. He hears the train start to arrive.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can't you hear the train coming?! I  
just need a ticket to Tisbury!

The teenage girl reaches over onto the screen and presses some buttons.

GIRL

There you go. My nan can't do these  
machines either. You an OAP?

HENRY

Well, I'm hardly in my twenties but  
I like to think-

GIRL

For the ticket. You got an old  
persons railcard?

HENRY

Probably somewhere. They keep  
sending me things.

GIRL

There you go.

Henry puts some money in the machine. And the tickets starts to be printed. Hurry up! Henry keeps looking at the train. A ticket comes out. He grabs it and runs to the train.

But he hears the ticket machine print out something else. He runs back to grab that. Then runs back to the train. Then he hears something else being printed and doesn't know what to do. The doors are beeping that they are about to close.

HENRY

Oh, fuck it!

Henry dives onto the train.

12 INT. TRAIN. MORNING.

12

Henry has dived onto GLORIA, a West Indian lady. And her luggage. Henry looks up at her.

HENRY

Morning.

GLORIA

Hello.

13 EXT. ROADSIDE/PETROL STATION VERGE - AFTERNOON

13

Charles is laying out the contents of his hamper on the grass. Single shots on Charles and Margaret. Charles is pouring.

Reveal that Amaya and Cath are sitting between Charles and Margaret. Amaya is studying the phone. Cath is scribbling furiously on her schedule.

CATH

Because I did not schedule the hire of a ridiculous electric car, I did not schedule a break for the charging of a ridiculous electric car.

Cut round to reveal the grass verge is next to an overflowing bin next to an electric car charging point at a roadside garage.

MARGARET

Lucky, really, they have a charger.

CHARLES

Well, we're not that far from Brighton. If they can make something sustainable, they will.

AMAYA

They've put wind turbines on  
aeroplanes now, you know. I've seen  
them.

They look at her.

CHARLES

They're not wind turbines. They're  
propellers. Like planes used to  
have.

AMAYA

Oh. Makes sense.

MARGARET

Seems strange without Henry.

CHARLES

Yeah, but it's quieter without him.

MARGARET

Hm, I suppose. And this is nice.

CHARLES

Yes. One drama after another. It's  
exhausting.

MARGARET

(Looking at the others)  
But you'd miss him if he wasn't  
around!

CHARLES

Now that'll be one hell of a  
funeral.

Cath is trying not to be drawn in.

AMAYA

So which one of you would do the  
eulogy?

CHARLES

Henry would if he could. Tell  
everyone exactly what he thought of  
them.

CATH

(getting emotional)  
Could we not talk about my dad's  
funeral please?

MARGARET

Well, it never hurts to think about these things in advance.

CHARLES

I'm sure I could say a few words if required. "I first met Henry when he tried to score off me on Brighton Beach."

MARGARET

I first met him when he slept with my sister. And then again when he slept with my brother.

CHARLES

Ha! Mm... I'd talk about his spirit. His energy. His... ability to pick an argument with anyone.

MARGARET

Charles!

CATH

Dad's just... very passionate.

CHARLES

OK then. How about this. For me it's about how being with Henry makes you feel. Like you can achieve anything. Like nothing can get in your way.

We see Margaret is listening intently.

MARGARET

Oh, Charles. I've never heard you talk this way before. It's rather wonderful.

Charles looks slightly coy.

CHARLES

Smoked salmon?

MARGARET

Don't mind if I do.

Cath is looking at the phone. "No signal"

CATH

No time! Have to get back on the road.

AMAYA

We actually need another ten -

CATH

We'll risk it. Chop chop!

Charles and Margaret look quite put out as Cath starts chucking stuff back in the hamper.

14 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

14

Henry is now comfortably seated across from Gloria. Countryside rolls past the window. Cath's phone on the table - also "no signal". He takes his speech and a pen from his pocket, starts going over it, reading bits of it aloud.

HENRY

(reading)

"A bit of a rogue... loved his  
booze, ideally with some and  
drugs...nicked anything that wasn't  
screwed down...

(chuckles)

He looks up at Gloria.

GLORIA

I hope this man's not relying on  
you in court.

HENRY

Bit late for that. He's dead.

GLORIA

Oh, I'm sorry.

HENRY

Me too. I'm saying a few words at  
the funeral. Thought I'd tell them  
about that time he got arrested  
after smashing someone over the  
head with a deckchair. He'd had so  
much speed, his eyes were sticking  
out like chapel hat pegs...

They both laugh.

GLORIA

Nice turn of phrase.

HENRY

Bit over the top?

GLORIA

No. But, don't just tell stories.  
Tell them how he made you feel.

HENRY

Hung over, mostly.

INSPECTOR (O.C.)

Tickets!

HENRY

(fishing out his ticket)  
I usually fiddle it, but I've  
actually got one this time!

The inspector glances at Henry's ticket.

INSPECTOR

(reads)

Can I see your OAP railcard?

HENRY

What?

INSPECTOR

You need to show that as well as  
the ticket to get the discount.

HENRY

Look at me. I'm in my seventies!  
(Querulously)  
My late seventies.  
(Off her doubtful look:)  
You don't trust the word of a  
senior citizen. What is the world  
coming to?

GLORIA

Maybe it's in your luggage at the  
end of the carriage.

Gloria winks knowingly at Henry.

HENRY

Good point. Yes, I'll go and have a  
look now.

INSPECTOR

Hang on, I do need to -

A refreshment trolley is approaching from the other  
direction.



GLORIA

I don't know where my ticket is.  
Sorry.

GLORIA makes a big fuss of digging through a large handbag.

Henry heads towards the trolley. He tries to push past, but the operator is in the way, selling a cup of horrible looking coffee and a kitkat.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

My ticket's in here somewhere.  
Silly me. Where is it?

Henry tries to squeeze by on the other side, but someone else is coming in the opposite direction. The inspector pushes past the case.

INSPECTOR

I'll come back to you. You.  
Railcard!

He is looking at Henry.

HENRY

I can't seem to find that OAP card  
but you don't really need to see  
it, do you?

INSPECTOR

Without a valid ticket I'll have to  
charge you for a new full price  
ticket, plus a fifty pounds on the  
spot fine.

HENRY

**What?!**

Henry dodges to the other side of the trolley. The trolley operator gets out of the way.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(raises voice)

Ripping off an old age pensioner  
because their poxy machines don't  
give you crucial information! Why  
aren't there human beings on their  
stations anyway? There's a human  
being here selling coffee that  
looks like weak piss!

He pushes the trolley towards the inspector.

INSPECTOR

Sir -

He pushes the trolley back.

Henry and the inspector continue pushing it back and forth throughout their confrontation.

CUSTOMER

(indignant)

That and a kitkat cost me four pounds eighty!

HENRY

That's privatisation for you!  
Vultures like this franchise  
getting fat on the remains of our  
once great railways!

The passengers start nodding and agreeing with him.

INSPECTOR

Look, just pay the full price  
ticket and fine, then you can fill  
in a complaints form and send it to  
head office in Frankfurt, they'll  
consider your appeal within sixty  
days.

HENRY

Unbelievable. Head office in  
another fucking country - Germany  
of all places - Rail bosses in  
chauffeured limousines, we're  
treated like cattle, robbed blind  
at every turn! And we just sit here  
and take it! Let's do something!  
Let today be the day that the  
downtrodden passengers started to  
fight back!

The customers start shouting their agreement. The trolley operator throws up her hands and sits down as Henry moves the trolley from side to side to stop the inspector getting by, whilst retreating along the corridor. Drawing level with the lavatory (one of those semicircular jobs) he presses the button and the door slides open.

He suddenly pushes the trolley forward, forcing the inspector into the lavatory, and rams the trolley in the doorway, trapping him, before running off down the train.

15

INT. CAR - MORNING

15

Margaret is now looking at the phone.

CHARLES

...something beginning with S.

MARGARET

Signpost?

CHARLES

No.

AMAYA

Smoked salmon?

MARGARET

I can still taste it, but I can't see it.

CHARLES

And anyway that would be SS. Cath?

CATH

How about Safety Barrier? Smashed-up moped? Senior Citizen Dead By the Road Side?

CHARLES

That would be SCDBTR-

CATH

Am I the only one worried about my father?

CHARLES

Of course not Cath. We're just trying to take our minds off it.

AMAYA

Can you see where he is on the app?

Margaret looks at the phone.

MARGARET

No I can't, there's no... hang on! Yes! He's travelling quickly now. It's funny, though...

CHARLES

What do you mean, funny?

MARGARET

He's not on a road. At least not on this map.

CATH

**What??**

MARGARET

He'll be all right, Cath. It must be a bridle way, or something. A short cut. Don't worry.

CATH

But I do worry! Ah, god this is a nightmare.

There is a silence. Charles tries to break it.

CHARLES

Give up on the S?

MARGARET

What was it?

CHARLES

Champagne!

He lifts a bottle. CATH looks back with a scowl.

MARGARET

Well, yes I will, thank you Charles.

16 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

16

INSPECTOR (O.C.)

(over tannoy)

This train terminates at the next station stop due to an act of vandalism in a toilet causing major flooding in a carriage. Please detrain for a long and bumpy replacement bus service.

The passengers start shouting, still mutinous.

17 INT. CAR

17

Margaret is looking at the phone with a glass of champagne in her hand, a little tipsy.

She shows it to Charles, who is also slightly drunk and has decided to make up for the failings of the electric car by making proper "car noises" to soundtrack the journey.

CHARLES

Vrrrrrrrm! Vrrrrrr--rrrrrm! Screech!

MARGARET

Oh look, he's stopped again.

CATH

Give me that phone back!

18 EXT. STATION EXIT - MINUTES LATER

18

The inspector is standing by the exit watching for Henry as the passengers pour out, complaining. Gloria emerges with her big suitcase. She looks down at Henry crawling on all fours next to it (or in disguise, using some of Gloria's clothes?), out of sight, and smiles. She stops in the queue at the bus stop as the replacement bus pulls up and passengers start to board. The phone rings. The woman motions Henry to be quiet. He scrabbles for the phone.

HENRY

(on phone, in a low  
voice)

Hello? Yes, of course I'm all  
right! What's wrong with you? Why  
shouldn't I be?

He sees a pair of feet. He looks up to see the inspector from the train, looking down at Henry.

INSPECTOR

(smiling broadly)

Ticket, Sir? And railcard.

19 EXT. STATION EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

19

Henry, arms folded, watches the bus as it drives off. GLORIA waves sadly as she passes him. Then the inspector waves happily at him through the back window.

HENRY

(shouts)

Fuck you, too!

HENRY looks around and starts walking.

20

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

20

As before. Cath is distraught.

CATH

...and then he said something about  
rail privatisation, and Isambard  
Kingdom Brunel, then it just cut  
off again.

AMAYA

Maybe we can try and find him?

CATH

Yes. Yes! He can't be far away...  
hang on...

(Cath stares at her phone)

...GPS connection lost? What does  
that even mean?

Cath starts waving the phone in the air, getting in Amaya's  
way. Meanwhile, in the back seat, Charles and Margaret have  
changed wines.

MARGARET

This Riesling is just perfect with  
the cheese.

CHARLES

Another drop?

MARGARET

Maybe just a little more.

Charles finds the bottle, opens it and starts pouring under:

CHARLES

Of course. You know, Margaret, we  
have the same taste in a lot of  
things. Maybe -

CATH

Left here!

Cath bellows this at Amaya, phone in hand, GPS reconnected.  
Amaya, terrified, instinctively swerves the car. Wine  
everywhere.

MARGARET / CHARLES

Aaagh! / Cath!!

CHARLES' moment is gone.

21 EXT. RURAL ROAD NEAR STATION - AFTERNOON 21

Henry is stomping along. He looks at his watch and comes up to a signpost. It has both a road sign "St Bartholomew's Church 4 miles" (pointing down the road) and a public footpath sign "St Bartholomew's Church 2 miles" (pointing across the fields). Through a gap in the hedge he sees the church spire itself. He also sees a HORSE in the field. It snorts. A wild idea occurs to Henry, and he approaches with a handful of grass, making encouraging noises.

22 EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON 22

Henry's on the horse, trotting along. "Chestnut Mare" by The Byrds is playing.

Henry checks his watch, suddenly worried.

He digs his heels in. The horse whinnies. And starts to gallop. Henry starts to slide... On the SMARTPHONE as it falls from his pocket into the long grass.

Henry grabs the horse's neck to hold on... and drops his notes.

In the grass, as the notes flutter by, Henry's phone starts to ring. "Lodger" appears on the screen....

23 EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON 23

The horse jumps over a fence... eventually Henry falls off. He lies on his back, winded, then struggles to his feet as the horse gallops away.

HENRY  
(shouts)  
I hope you end up in a ready meal!

24 EXT. RURAL ROAD SIDE - AFTERNOON 24

The car whines to a halt, everyone piles out. Charles is still dabbing himself dry. Margaret is looking at the tracking app.

MARGARET  
In here!

Cath starts to climb the fence.

CATH

What would he be doing in a field?  
(building panic)  
What if he's been murdered and  
buried there!

CHARLES

He's more likely to be the  
murderer.

MARGARET

Charles! After all those lovely  
words you said.

The others climb the fence.

25

EXT. FIELD - LATER

25

Cath, Charles, Margaret and Amaya have fanned out and are  
searching the field.

CHARLES

Got something!

Everyone whips round to him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

No! It's just a rock. Just a rock.

MARGARET

You're drunk.

CHARLES

Look, he's fine. He's always fine.  
I'm going back to the car.

He heads off. MARGARET huffs, but keeps searching.

CATH

If you see blood, shout out.

AMAYA

We're not going to see... Yes!  
Here!

CATH

Blood?! No!!!!

AMAYA

No, it's my phone!

CATH

Is there blood?



AMAYA

No.

CATH

He could have been kidnapped by  
drug dealers!

AMAYA

It's still warm.

CATH

He left it as a clue!

MARGARET

Cath, Cath, Cath. He stopped for a  
rest, and the phone fell out of his  
pocket.

CATH

Dear God, I hope so! I'd give  
anything to see his dear old face  
again!

She bursts into tears. Margaret comforts her.

AMAYA

He's probably at the church  
already, waiting for us.

As they head back to the car, they find that CHARLES has got  
his hamper out again and is starting to lay out some cheese.  
They stop and look at him.

CHARLES

What?!

26

EXT. FIELD - LATE MORNING

26

Henry makes his way across another field. He sees a FARMER  
driving a very large tractor - the bigger the better - with a  
trailer full of muck. He has a thought.

He waves to the FARMER and shouts.

HENRY

Hey! Oi!

The FARMER drives the tractor over to him and gets out.

FARMER

What is it? This isn't a public  
footpath!

HENRY

I know, I know... but is that your horse back there?

FARMER

...Yeah?

HENRY

I saw it get out of its field and run off.

FARMER

What?!

The FARMER heads over to the fence, standing on it to get a better look. HENRY clambers into the tractor and puts it into gear.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Oi! Get out of my tractor!

HENRY

Duty calls!

He drives off.

FARMER

That is theft!

HENRY

I'm borrowing it!

FARMER

No you're not!

HENRY

Can't hear you!

He's gone.

27

EXT CHURCH DAY

27

The funeral party are milling around the grave.

Cath, Charles, Margaret and Amaya have taken the Vicar to one side, along with Doors' widow.

VICAR

We do probably need to start.

CATH

But we have no idea where he is.

VICAR

That's why we need to start. I can say a few words about Doors.

AMAYA

We've got the notes for his speech if that helps.

Amaya hands them over. The vicar looks at them. He looks puzzled, baffled, surprised, then shocked. Then amused. Then embarrassed. Then appreciative. Then shocked again.

VICAR

I'll, er... do my best.

The vicar makes his way to the grave. People are assembling.

AMAYA

Should we phone the police?

CATH

Yes!

CHARLES

I don't think he'd appreciate that.

AMAYA

But we don't know where he is.

MARGARET

He means that Henry is probably carrying.

AMAYA

Carrying what? Oh. Drugs.  
(Whispers.)  
Drugs.

CATH

He's probably been kidnapped by cannabis dealers anyway! He might lead the police to them! But the dealers might exact their revenge!!

CHARLES

You've not met many dealers, have you.

AMAYA

I'll call them.

She gets on the phone. Cath goes with him. Charles and Margaret head to the grave.

VICAR

...to lay to rest Paul 'Doors'  
Johnson. Unfortunately his friend  
Henry has been unable to join us,  
but I do have some notes from his  
speech.

He leafs through. It's hard to know where to start.

VICAR (CONT'D)

"Doors was no saint. In fact could  
be a complete..."

(He extemporises:)

...difficult gentleman. "Most  
people thought he was an idle..."

(Beat.)

...beggar! "...and he had been  
given the boot from so many jobs  
that he was awarded a long service  
medal by the job centre."

(Chuckles.)

That's a good one.

(Sees the family's faces.)

Sorry. "He was a total - "

Suddenly, the roar of a tractor engine comes around the  
corner. Or, even better, through a hedge and over several  
graves. Henry steps out and strides over to the vicar.

CATH

Daddy! My daddy!

Cath goes to hug him. Henry acknowledges her but presses on.  
He takes the notes from the vicar.

HENRY

Thanks, Vicar. But this is  
bollocks.

He crumples the paper and chucks it into the grave.

VICAR

I'm inclined to agree.

HENRY

(Offended:)

Everyone's a critic!

(Softens:)

...Anyway I worked on it for ages,  
couldn't get it right. But then I  
thought, perhaps I was meant to  
wing it, that's what Paul would  
have done.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

No-one called him Paul, did they?  
Doors. You all know how he got his  
name?

On his widow, nodding her head and laughing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No. We were arrested for disturbing  
the peace, Easter bank holiday,  
1964. The next day, out on bail, he  
got his revenge by pissing on the  
police station Doors.

Everyone laughs.

28 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

28

The furious farmer stomping down the road towards the church.

29 EXT. CHURCHYARD - CONTINUOUS

29

HENRY

I nearly didn't get here today.  
Everything went wrong. But, you  
know - that's what he'd have  
wanted. He was shambolic,  
disorganised, didn't give a fuck.  
But he got there in the end, and we  
should learn from that. Don't plan  
too much, life gets in the way.

On people nodding.

HENRY (CONT'D)

But to the end he was still the Mod  
sweeping down on Brighton with his  
mates like knights in armour, flags  
fluttering from aerials, sun  
glinting on chrome and all those  
mirrors. He kept the faith.

The Mods cheer.

FARMER (O.C.)

(bellows)

Right, you bastard!

All turn to see the farmer stomp towards them.

VICAR

(shouts)

Tom, please! This is a funeral!

Some undertakers try to restrain the farmer but he shakes them off. A couple of ageing mods head over to try and stop / start the trouble. A bit of a ruckus.

FARMER  
(bellowing, pointing at Henry)  
That bastard stole my tractor!

HENRY  
(Shouting:)  
It's OK, you can have it back now!

VICAR  
(to the congregation)  
I'll deal with this.

He hurries over to the farmer as a police car arrives and a couple of cops get out.

DOORS'S WIDOW  
He'd have loved all this! Thanks, Henry.

HENRY  
My pleasure.

On Cath and Margaret.

MARGARET  
We'll be laughing about this in a few years time.

CATH  
Yeah. And we'll tell the story... at his funeral.

CHARLES  
I'll add it to my eulogy.

MARGARET  
I'm sure it won't be for ages yet.

CATH  
Yeah. He's a tenacious bugger. Indestructible.

CHARLES  
Like a cockroach.

MARGARET  
(Disappointed:)  
Charles.

CHARLES

What?

Their conversation finished, the farmer gets in his tractor and drives off, and the vicar returns. The cops leave too.

VICAR

That's all sorted. He's always wanted to be a church warden.

(low voice, to Henry)

And I promised to say nothing about his inveterate dogging.

(Coughs.)

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust.

The coffin's lowered into the grave. The vicar throws some earth on top.

HENRY

Goodbye Doors. You'll be pissing on the pearly gates now.

30

EXT. GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

30

Everyone's at the garage. Henry's scooter is parked outside. Henry gets out, and strokes the Lambretta lovingly. The garage boss appears.

HENRY

It looks great!

GARAGE BOSS

Good as new. I got rid of the scratches, too.

HENRY

Brilliant! Marvellous job! How much do I owe you?

GARAGE BOSS

Nothing.

HENRY

But -

GARAGE BOSS

(shakes his head)

No. You rode with my Dad...

HENRY

(smiles reminiscently)

Vince... A legend.

They hug one another. Henry gets on the scooter, keys the ignition. He does a thumbs up to the garage boss, drives over to the car. The others look out of the open windows.

CHARLES

Did you really know his Dad?

HENRY

Never heard of him.

Amaya pulls away. Henry drops in obediently behind them.

31 INT. CAR - EVENING 31

Cath pulls down her mirror looking for Henry. He's not there.

32 EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 32

Henry roars past.

HENRY

See you all in Brighton!

CATH (O.C.)

Dad! Slow down!

MARGARET

I knew he'd do that

CHARLES

So did I

The sun's setting as Henry roars off down the open road.

END