

"Armour"

Episode 1:
Kick/Beat

(Draft #6
October 2022)

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Produced by
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1 INT. CHANGING ROOM, TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

1

SUPER: JUNE 2021

The lights shine on HARRY (25), standing in front of a mirror. He is slim built but there's no mistaking his powerful physique. He's an athlete.

Sharp haircut, earring in one ear and flair for fashion to boot, it's clear: Harry is a footballer.

But this is no football match.

Harry takes in his appearance, face determined.

It's go time.

2 INT. CORRIDOR, TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

2

Harry walks down a corridor, walls emblazoned with the FOUNTAINS CITY crest and photos of players, past and present, including himself. AIDEN - 32, crisp suit - appears.

AIDEN

Don't worry little bro, only going out to about two million Saturday primetime. And it'll be on iPla-

HARRY

Fuck off, Aid.

3 INT. INDOOR PITCH, TRAINING COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

3

In the centre of the pitch a FILM CREW set up equipment around a pair of comfy chairs.

Nearby stands LORNA (50s) dressed in a Fountains City tracksuit. Poised and reverent.

Lorna nods to Harry. Harry holds her gaze as he nods back. There's history there. This is a momentous occasion.

CHARLOTTE (26) stands just beyond Lorna. She beams. A young professional but with some edge. She wears a lanyard pass and a Pride pin attached to her lapel.

AIDEN

Ready?

Harry nods.

CHARLOTTE

You're making history here, Harry.

For the first time, Harry smiles. He takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAC (23), light and lithe in a spiffy suit with a mullet, runs onto the pitch.

He grabs Harry round the waist and kisses him on the mouth.

ZAC
(quietly)
Sorry I'm late!

Harry squeezes his hand in appreciation, then sits himself down on one of the chairs. Too nervous to speak.

A MAKE-UP ARTIST hurries over to Harry. Charlotte sits opposite. Eyes boring into his soul. Trying to inject her own confidence into him.

CHARLOTTE
It's gonna be okay mate.

Harry nods. Deep breath.

HARRY
Let's fucking do it.

4 EXT. PITCH, STADIUM - DAY

4

SUPER: APRIL 2016

Now 20, Harry, in a Fountains City kit. He's more clean cut and boyish. There's not the style or the gravitas he'll find later. He is staring intensely at...

MASON (27) - buzz cut, tall, bulky - is ready to take a corner.

Harry receives the ball and shoots it low into the net, shrugging off WILLIAMS - an opposing player - as he does so.

Mason rushes over, pulling Harry into a celebratory headlock.

Harry starts at Mason's touch. TEAMMATES pile on WHOOPING and HOLLERING.

COMMENTATOR (O-S)
Young Harry Slade there, living up to his billing and really proving himself in the Fountains first team.

As they pull away, Harry's arm lingers an extra second around Mason's waist. Harry's eyes follow Mason as he pulls away.

5 EXT. PITCH, STADIUM - LATER

5

Harry sprints up the pitch then crumples to the ground as Williams CRASHES into him. The REF blows his whistle.

But Harry's already back up on his feet, coming at Williams, who's nearly twice his width.

HARRY
Oi! What you playing at mate?

Mason spots the trouble and rushes over.

WILLIAMS
Alright princess, calm down.

Harry launches himself at Williams and he SHOVES him, hard. He takes hold of a handful of Williams' shirt.

The crowd BOOS.

The ref wildly BLOWS HIS WHISTLE, sprinting toward the fracas.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Tryna rip my clothes off?

Harry is right in Williams' face. Mason holds Harry back.

HARRY
What you tryna say?

The ref gets there, gets in between them and sends Harry off.

The HOME CROWD erupts in BOOS...

FOUNTAINS FANS
...referee's a wanker!

6 INT. CHANGING ROOM, STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

6

Harry saunters theatrically into the changing room and splays himself across a bench.

Lorna - younger than we last saw her, hair dressed - comes marching in his wake. She's a deeply dignified woman, warmth even in her unsmiling attitude.

LORNA
You going to explain the theatrics out there that's left your squad a man down for the last two minutes of a key match?

She folds her arms.

HARRY
If someone calls me a fucking fag/

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA
Don't use that word/

HARRY
I'm gonna defend myself/

LORNA
Are you so stupid you can't see that
buffoon trying to get you riled up and
sent off? It was a tactic!

Harry squirms. He drops the diva attitude.

LORNA (CONT'D)
You're gaining a reputation as a loose
cannon. Doesn't matter how talented
you are, if it's that easy, you won't
be worth the risk. Cut the juvenile
bollocks.

HARRY
(muttering to himself)
Fucking dickhead wanker.

LORNA
Sitting here swearing won't help.

HARRY
Yes, Mum.

LORNA
You're one scrap away from anger
management, you know. The gaffer will
drop you. Thin fucking ice.

The rest of the lads file into the changing room, CELEBRATING a remarkable last minute win. They nod respectfully at Lorna as they pass.

Mason clocks the tension between Harry and Lorna.

MASON
Alright Mum?

He takes it upon himself to lighten the mood.

MASON (CONT'D)
Don't be too hard on him. On how much
a week and still lives at home with
his Mam! That's where his anger
problem comes from. Cock-blocked at
every turn. No wonder he never gets
any, tryna sneak pussy past his/

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry goes from zero to sixty. He launches himself up at Mason, right in his face. The changing room tenses.

MASON (CONT'D)

What? You going to hit me now?

HARRY

You made me look fucking gay/

LORNA

Do not use that language/

MASON

Shoulda let you hit him, should I? How many kids look up to you?

Harry holds for a sec and then shrugs back.

HARRY

Sorry, mate. That prick wound me up.

Mason shakes his head. Lorna stands, arms folded.

LORNA

Your face is plastered all over the county, Slade.

MASON

I know, poor people of Yorkshire 'ey?

The lads laugh.

LORNA

Get yourself sent off again and I'll make sure they know who to hang draw and quarter.

Harry looks embarrassed. Lorna leaves.

7 EXT. YORKSHIRE MOORS - SUNRISE

7

The Yorkshire Moors peek over the horizon as the sun rises. Harry dashes down a grassy hill in sports gear.

MUSIC BLARES in his ears: frantic breakbeats, discordant synths. The sound of his HEAVY BREATHING and his FEET HITTING THE GROUND keep him company.

He races to a finish.

He checks his stopwatch. He's missed his PB. He KICKS a wall in frustration, shouting out in pain at the impact.

8 INT. HARRY'S CAR, YORKSHIRE MOORS - DAY 8

Harry jumps in his Range Rover. The car is decked out to the hilt with custom leather seats and all the mod cons. He connects his phone to the speakers. DRUM AND BASS BLASTS.

9 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - DAY 9

Harry gets changed in his bedroom. DRUM AND BASS BLASTING again. The room is all packed up except for a few bits and bobs.

Harry starts dancing with puppy dog abandon, watching himself in the mirror.

The door opens. Harry spots his AIDEN (now 25) - suited and booted - out of the corner of his eye and stops dancing. They stare at each other, frozen.

Aiden cracks into a laugh.

AIDEN

Bender.

HARRY

What you call me?

Harry launches himself at Aiden and they wrestle on the floor of Harry's room.

AIDEN

Alright, Jesus! Get off ya bastard!
This is an expensive fucking suit!
That's my fucking knee!

Aiden cradles his knee.

Harry fights his way out of their tangle.

HARRY

Get off us, will ya.

AIDEN

So fucking sensitive. We're a fucking team, ya daft bastard.

Harry straightens himself out after their tumble. He turns the music off. Aiden clears his throat.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I came with amazing news ya prick.

HARRY

Could have called.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

I could have. But I wanted to see your little happy face, alright? Time you started treating your agent with some fucking respect.

HARRY

Okay, okay. What?

AIDEN

You made England Under 21s!

HARRY

What!?! No I didn't.

AIDEN

You did.

Harry grabs hold of Aiden again but this time they're jumping up and down together on the bed like little boys.

Aiden cracks his head on the ceiling.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Fucking fuck!

ANGIE - (46), their mum, pretty in a "girl-next-door" way - bustles in with an armload of washing. The small room is crowded.

ANGIE

What's going on in here?

Aiden is huddled on the bed, cradling his head. Harry LAUGHS at him. Aiden talks through the pain.

Aiden ignores her.

AIDEN

Nose clean, alright chap? There'll be more press attention. We need a nice clean boy image. No fucking fighting.

AARON (O-S)

Oi, language around your mother!

Their dad AARON (52) - a "proper bloke" in his work gear - now enters too.

Harry squeezes himself into the corner between two boxes.

ANGIE

Here he is. Our Harry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

Our Harry, member of the England Under 21s I'll have you find!

ANGIE

My lad. England Under 21s and Player of the Year/

Aaron laughs and pulls a face to Aiden who is watching him.

AIDEN

Young Player of the Year, Mother.

ANGIE

Young Player of the Year then.

AIDEN

He's hardly Harry Kane. Might be by the time I'm done with him though.

ANGIE

Aren't we proud, Father?

AARON

Aye, very proud. Well done, son.

ANGIE

Your brother's right though - I don't like this fighting, Harry. That's not the nice boy I raised.

AARON

You've said your piece, Mother.

Harry nods awkwardly.

AARON (CONT'D)

We won't know ourselves without you in the house, Harry.

AIDEN

Got to spend his money somehow.

ANGIE

But you'll still bring your washing round? You don't have the time to bother with that.

AARON

He'll have people to do that for him, Mother. Won't he, Aiden?

ANGIE

Doesn't seem right, all on your lonesome. Call if you're lonely?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

He won't be on his own a single night,
Mam. He's a footballer!

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

Right. Off down the boozier. Quiz
tonight. Aiden?

AIDEN

Nah, I'm off. Hot date but I'll drop
you. See you later, Mum.

Aiden rolls off the bed, barging Harry slightly on his way.
Aaron kisses Angie and he and Aiden head out.

As soon as they're out of earshot...

HARRY

Can I actually bring my washing round,
Mum?

ANGIE

Course you can!

Angie beams.

10 INT. INDOOR PITCH, TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

10

Mason poses in front of a green screen as a PHOTOGRAPHER
takes RAPID PRESS SHOTS. Harry watches on. Mason is very good
at the brooding footballer poses. He's living his best life.

MASON

(calling over to Harry)
You're too stiff, mate. Key is: the
camera's a sexy lady.

Mason hits a pose. He eyes the camera - giving full smoulder.

MASON (CONT'D)

She's got Jordan's tits, the hair of a
mermaid and an ass you know can't be
real. She spots you across the club.
You give her the brow, let her know
you're looking. Give her a bit of
shoulder. She loves it.

Mason hits a pose, eyes down the barrel. Harry is perplexed.

HARRY

Twat. You sound like a homo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry's nearly vibrating at the adrenaline coursing through him, playing the big man with Mason. Mason is oblivious.

MASON

Says the virgin. I'm telling you, golf. Unlocks the hips. Transforms your game.

HARRY

Football?

MASON

No! Women! A woman sees stiff hips and her evolution brain tells her you're a shit lay. You need swing!

Mason GUFFAWS. Harry laughs along awkwardly.

Finished with his shoot, Mason strides over to hold Harry's head in something between a loving embrace and a headlock. Harry holds his breath from the moment Mason touches him.

MASON (CONT'D)

If you're not getting pussy, poster boy, it's a crime. Do it for every blighter who's had to fight for all the pussy he's ever had. Do it for Yorkshire. Go out and *fuck*, son.

Mason and Harry SCREAM A BATTLE CRY. The PHOTOGRAPHY CREW don't look up. Standard practice. Footballers ey.

Nose to nose with Mason, a realisation crashes over Harry.

Mason drops his face and strides away, oblivious.

Harry is frozen, adrenaline coursing through him.

A MAKE-UP ASSISTANT approaches him timidly with a compact and starts powdering his nose.

Harry tries to CONTROL HIS BREATHING.

11 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - DAY

11

Harry stands in his new flat. No furniture, just boxes on boxes and a sound system with speakers playing MUSIC. Harry stands and surveys his new home, alone.

There's a CRASH. Harry whips around. Charlotte, now 21, is standing over a smashed glass sculpture.

She's not a confident young professional yet, dressed like a student. But the style is there, a bit of flair, a bit of edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

Please tell me that wasn't worth
millions of pounds.

Aiden approaches, PANTING and carrying a box.

AIDEN

Give us a hand. Lazy twat!

Aiden enters the living room from the hall. Harry's frozen.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Look who I found outside. It's only
Charlotte bloody Anson!

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry! Let me clear it up. Are
these floors marble? I slipped.
Where's your dustpan and brush?

HARRY

Nah, you're alright.

CHARLOTTE

I just wanted to come by and say happy
housewarming and all.

AIDEN

Doing him a favour Charlotte. Thing
was hideous. Impulse purchase after
his first big payday. A crystal
figurine of Bugs Bunny, I tell ya!

Harry hurries over, awkwardly, with a dustpan and brush.

CHARLOTTE

You alright Harry? Been a while.

HARRY

(uncomfortably)
Hey.

AIDEN

Got too big for your mates?

HARRY

Sorry, I...

CHARLOTTE

(to Aiden)
Nooo, it was me too. Been away at uni,
haven't I?

There's an awkwardness between Harry and Charlotte which
Aiden clocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

You must be nearly finished now!

CHARLOTTE

Graduate in a month.

AIDEN

Jesus, Charlotte Anson with an Oxford degree.

CHARLOTTE

Well, nearly. Hopefully.

HARRY

Lovely to see you, Char.

CHARLOTTE

You too, mate. You're alright...
Apology accepted.

Aiden looks between them. What's going on here?

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

God this place is beautiful. You're really living the life aren't you?

Charlotte looks around the flat.

With Charlotte's back turned, Aiden mimes lewd gestures to Harry, assuming Harry and Charlotte have slept together.

Charlotte stops to examine a box of watches.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Gimme one of these and I'll pay off my student debt?

Charlotte turns back, interrupting Aiden miming something about her breasts.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Joking--obviously. God, you've done so well.

HARRY

(awkwardly)

Yeah... it's alright.

Aiden coughs.

AIDEN

I'm off for a slash.

Aiden leaves with a sly look over his shoulder to Harry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

What's your plans for summer?

HARRY

Off camping with the lot from school.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you're coming?

HARRY

Not got 'owt else on.

There's an awkward silence.

CHARLOTTE

Listen, I know you're sorry and you didn't mean what you said. Can we get back to being mates? Because it's made me really sad thinking of you as an arsehole since Christmas. I miss you. So can you just not be a football prick about it?

HARRY

I don't know what to say.

CHARLOTTE

I'm guessing you've never had anyone come out to you before?

HARRY

No.

CHARLOTTE

Can we keep it between us for now?

HARRY

Course. Yeah definitely.

CHARLOTTE

The lads think I'm tragically in love with you and it's actually quite helpful as a cover for why I won't sleep with any of them, so...

HARRY

I really am sorry, Charlotte.

Aiden returns. He looks gleeful at catching the drama. Charlotte waves Harry away.

AIDEN

Show her your jewel encrusted pouf, Harry. Honestly, more money than taste this man, Charlotte.

Aiden winks at Charlotte.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlotte and Harry hold a smile. Whatever his awkwardness, Harry is happy to have his friend back.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Now which box are ya hand towels in?

Aiden looks around. Harry clearly doesn't have any. Aiden wipes his hands on his jeans...

AIDEN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake, Harry.

12 INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - LATER

12

Harry walks through a shopping centre with Aiden and Charlotte. He keeps his hood up and hangs back a little bit from the other two, who are in deep conversation.

CHARLOTTE

How is it managing the little bro?

AIDEN

I'm going grey with it, man.

Aiden gets distracted by a bunch of SCREAMING TEENAGE GIRLS taking selfies with a massive vinyl sticker of Harry on the outside of an official Fountains City shop. Charlotte GIGGLES.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' 'ell.

HARRY

Fuck's sake.

TEENAGE GIRL #1

Oh my god, he's sooo fit!

TEENAGE GIRL #2

Does he have a girlfriend?

One of the girls suddenly spots Harry. He gets mobbed. Harry's demeanour instantly switches, the shy guy replaced by a confident lad sporting a toothy, media-friendly smile.

AIDEN

These little minxes with their mitts all over your man.

Charlotte rolls her eyes. Aiden laughs.

CHARLOTTE

Not *my* man. And not *minxes*. Children. Children, Aiden.

Aiden tries to grab Harry from the melee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

Right, that'll do.

Aiden can't get through to Harry. Harry is starting to look overwhelmed. The crowd is getting bigger.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Harry needs to go now, girls.

Charlotte watches on, tosses her hair in exasperation and strides past Aiden, slinking through the crowd to Harry.

She slips her hand around Harry's waist. Harry looks round terrified until he sees who it is. Charlotte locks Harry in a gaze as if to say, "I have a plan, just go with it."

She plants a big soap opera style kiss on Harry. Harry's eyes open in shock. The girls erupt into a chorus of...

FANGIRLS

Aawww!

Charlotte grabs Harry by the hand and the girls release him but continue to take pictures manically.

CHARLOTTE

(under her breath as they hurry
away)

You've not got a girlfriend who's
gonna kill me over that, do you?

Harry shakes his head, laughing.

Aiden follows behind, thunderstruck.

13 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - THAT NIGHT

13

Harry sits in his flat. It's totally silent. He stares at a pile of clean washing.

14 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - LATER

14

Harry struggles to unfold an ironing board and somehow manages to both stub his toe and smack himself in the face.

He takes a new iron out of the box. He tries to plug it in and use it without putting any water in.

When this doesn't work, he's forced to read the instructions.

He works out where to put the water in. He finally succeeds and turns the iron onto maximum then leaves it to heat up, face-down on a carefully laid out, very expensive-looking shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smelling burning, he realises he's burned through both the shirt and the ironing board.

15 INT. BIN ROOM, HARRY'S BUILDING - LATER 15

Harry struggles to fold the ironing board into the bins and dumps it along with the ruined shirt.

16 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - NIGHT 16

Harry sits on his sofa again, with nothing to do, lonely.

His breathing starts to get heavy. He has a panic coming on. He takes a deep breath and dials a number on his phone.

HARRY

Mum?

17 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS 17

Angie swats at Aaron to turn down the TV, phone to her ear.

ANGIE

It's him! All settled in, love?

18 INTERCUT: PHONE CALL 18

HARRY

Yeah. What are you two up to?

ANGIE

We just had our tea.

HARRY

What did you have?

ANGIE

I defrosted that chicken.

Harry's breathing calms as he speaks to his Mum.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Now, while I've got you, what's this I see on Facebook of you kissing Charlotte Anson?

Aaron rolls his eyes at his wife.

Harry shifts uncomfortably.

HARRY

Oh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Just wonderful news! So exciting! I always said the other football boys might mess girls about. But not my Harry, he's waiting for the right one. That's what I always said. It seems so obvious now, it was always Charlotte, wasn't it?

HARRY

(cringing)

Yeah.

ANGIE

You know your father and I love her. Do you love her? You do don't you?

HARRY

Yeah. I do.

Angie SQUEALS. Aaron CHUCKLES.

19 INT. GYM, TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

19

Harry's on an exercise bike, headphones in, staring straight ahead. Mason appears next to him; Harry doesn't notice, absolutely tearing up the exercise bike like his life depends on it. Mason pulls out an earphone.

MASON

Away with the fairies, lad?

Harry jumps. Mason jumps on the bike next to him.

MASON (CONT'D)

Alright?

Harry nods. Mason shakes his head.

HARRY

What's up?

MASON

Problems with the missus. Got caught with texts from a girl didn't I?

HARRY

Shit.

MASON

Got a flat. Lease starts next month like. Stuck in World War III till then. Can't be fucked with a hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Come stay at mine then?

MASON
Seriously, mate?

HARRY
Yeah, yeah. Of course.

MASON
Ya stallion. Appreciate it.

Mason pats Harry on the back.

MASON (CONT'D)
Outta the goodness of my heart, I'll
take you out as a thanks.

Mason smiles cheekily. Harry forces a smile back, distracted.

20 INT. RECEPTION, TRAINING COMPLEX - LATER

20

Lorna stands chatting with a couple of young players.

Harry heads out after his workout, towel draped round his neck. He makes to nod at Lorna without stopping but Lorna stops him.

LORNA
Harry, I want you to meet Anders, Zac
and Nico. Some of our new young pros
for next season.

Zac, now 18, doesn't have the mullet yet. He looks incredibly boyish - some might say twinkie...

His eyes lock on Harry playfully. Harry lingers on the look and seems unable to say anything.

ZAC
Alright, Harry?

Zac holds out his hand to shake.

HARRY
Alright, mate.
(to Anders & Nico)
Lads.

Harry offers fist bumps.

LORNA
I was saying, Harry - Wheaton helped
with your strength regime when you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA (CONT'D)
 moved up. Maybe you could do the same
 for young Zac? We'd like him to bulk
 out a bit.

ZAC
 No use being Speedy Gonzales if I
 can't take being tackled by the big
 boys.

Harry nods.

HARRY
 Yeah alright.

Zac winks at Harry. Harry has no idea how to take him.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Need to head.

Zac watches as Harry marches out as quickly as possible.

21 EXT. PITCH, STADIUM - THAT NIGHT 21

The CROWD ROARS.

Harry pelts up the pitch with the ball. Swarmed by DEFENDERS.

He passes to Mason. Mason doesn't get there in time.

A defender takes the ball.

Harry makes a tackle and wins the ball back. He sprints away
 and scores a spectacular goal.

The crowd goes WILD.

22 EXT. DIRECTORS' BOX, STADIUM - CONTINUOUS 22

Aiden punches the air.

AIDEN
 THANK FUCK FOR THAT!

Aiden is swept up into celebrating with some of the other
 AGENTS, jumping up and down like little boys.

23 EXT. PITCH, STADIUM - LATER 23

Harry makes the assist for the winning goal from right wing
 and celebrates with his fellow teammates behind the net.

24 EXT. STAND, STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

24

Charlotte and Aaron celebrate. Aaron gets MOBBED by the SUPPORTERS next to him.

AARON'S MATE

What a pass by your lad there, Aaron!

Aaron beams with joy.

AARON

Dare say he's had a bit of divine inspiration!

Aaron nods in Charlotte's direction. Charlotte is confused. Aaron misreads this for bashfulness.

25 EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

25

Charlotte and Aaron meet up with Aiden. Two WOMEN in Fountains City shirts walk a little way ahead of them.

AARON

Odd nowadays, isn't it? You'd never have seen two lasses alone at a game like that back in my day, y'know...

Charlotte tuts. Aiden rolls his eyes, slightly amused.

CHARLOTTE

Aaron...

AARON

Sorry love, pay me no mind, I'm an old dinosaur.

She smiles at him despite herself. There's affection, she knows him well enough. Aaron sidles up closer to her.

AARON (CONT'D)

I hope I don't embarrass ya but just to say that Angie and me are thrilled. All the attention and that, a young lad could lose his head. But you're already part of the family. Over the moon we are.

Aiden watches Charlotte's reaction to this carefully. Charlotte musters another smile. Faking it for fangirls was one thing, but why do Harry's parents think it was real?

26 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE HARRY'S FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT

26

Harry looks DRUNK and stumbles as he holds a door open. Mason

arrives through the door, holding a bottle of champagne.
Mason puts the bottle in Harry's face. Harry takes a swig.

MASON

Fuck me, I am annihilated.
(groaning loudly)
Christ, the arse on that redhead. How
the fuck did we leave alone-

HARRY

Mate, would you shut the fuck up. Come
on let's just get inside.

Harry fumbles with the key and opens his door.

27 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

27

The two men enter the living room. Mason collapses onto the huge sofa, set up with a duvet and pillows. Harry sits in an armchair and covers himself with a thin blanket.

HARRY

Mad night.

MASON

Mad night. My head's spinning.

Mason takes out his phone as he heads to the bathroom.

MASON (CONT'D)

Fucking women...

They shout back and forth from the bathroom.

HARRY

What's up?

Mason, door open, strips to his boxers and splashes his face with water. Harry faces determinedly away, not looking.

MASON

Don't screw up your life marrying the
first girl who comes along.

HARRY

Ha!

MASON

What's this I hear about you getting
off with young women in shopping
centres?

Harry is thrown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

What? Oh. Charlotte. She's just...
mates from school, s'all.

Using his finger as a toothbrush, Mason vigorously rubs his teeth with toothpaste, then GARGLES some mouthwash.

MASON

See - that. *That's* what I'm talking about. A whole world of anonymous, beautiful women out there ready to drop their knickers for you without so much as a conversation. No need to be fucking the ones that know your family. Baggage, mate.

HARRY

Charlotte's great.

MASON

Oh no doubt. I saw the photos. Stunning. No disrespect. But I find you've put a ring on it and I'll be having fucking words. Got any retinol mate?

HARRY

What?

Mason comes out of the bathroom in his boxers. Harry vaguely uncomfortable. Mason is oblivious.

MASON

Retinol. Night cream.

Harry cocks an eyebrow.

HARRY

Night cream?

MASON

Don't tell me you're not moisturising?

HARRY

Gay.

Mason is outraged.

MASON

SPF in the AM, retinol at night or you're haggard by thirty, mate. S'all fun and games 'til those fine lines come in. You think Lineker and Beckham don't have a skincare routine? You're dreaming man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason gets under the duvet. Harry puts FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS on the TV. Mason grabs his laptop and clicks through some webpages. PORN comes on the laptop screen.

HARRY

What... what are you doing?

MASON

Calm down. Just cheering myself up.

Harry looks at Mason. Mason stares at the porn. Harry tries to ignore Mason. Mason shuffles under the covers.

HARRY

What are you-

MASON

Oh calm the fuck down, would ya?

Mason begins to touch himself, MOANING. Harry stares, but catches himself and turns away. Involuntarily, Harry glances again and feels his hand sliding under his blanket. Dizzying. Unable to stop himself. Unsure if Mason realises.

Mason continues to fixate on the porn; the contrived and artificial MOANS and SCREAMS. Harry's eyes shift from the laptop to Mason... snatched glances, uncontrollable desire.

Mason, on the edge, spots Harry watching. Sees Harry is also on the edge. They both have their hands on their dicks.

MASON (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

Harry freezes.

MASON (CONT'D)

Are you fucking gay?

Harry doesn't answer... he jumps from his bed and darts to the bathroom, slamming the door closed behind him. He just makes it in time to be SICK in the toilet.

Mason hurriedly starts putting his clothes back on. The bathroom door LOCKS.

The football highlights are still playing on low volume. The room is bathed in the eerie blue glow of the TV.

Now dressed, Mason goes to leave and then hesitates. He doubles back to the bathroom. He doesn't try the door.

Harry is leaning against the door on the other side, breathing hard.

MASON (O-S)
 Look... Sorry. No judgement. I don't
 wanna be a dick.

Harry is CRYING. It's taking everything in him to keep his
 sobs inaudible to Mason.

29 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 29

Mason pauses. He doesn't know what to say.

30 INT. BATHROOM, HARRY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 30

MASON (O-S)
 I'm gonna go, mate. Get a hotel.

Harry tries to control his breathing as he listens.

When he hears the CLICK of the front door, he lets himself
 break down.

31 INT. TV STUDIO - MORNING 31

Harry sits in his Fountains City training kit with a young
 JOURNALIST (20s) who is all toothy grins and perky
 cheerleader energy. Some kind of YouTube channel.

Aiden watches on, just off camera.

JOURNALIST
 And today I am sitting with the latest
 recruit to England Under 21s and
 Fountains wonderkid Harry Slade!
 Congratulations Harry!

HARRY
 Thanks.

Aiden gesticulates at Harry to smile, for the love of God.

JOURNALIST
 Are you chuffed to bits?

HARRY
 Yeah.

The journalist is thrown by Harry's lack of enthusiasm.

JOURNALIST
 You were spotted the other day with a
 childhood friend... looking rather
 loved up! Am I allowed to ask?

CONTINUED:

Aiden is gesticulating wildly now, trying to get him to smile.

Harry shrugs.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

His lips are sealed ladies!

(to Harry)

Our viewers want to get to know the real Harry Slade. Happy with some rapid-fire viewer questions?

Harry shrugs again.

Aiden's head is in his hands.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

You're a lifelong Fountains fan. Who would you prefer to see get relegated: Chelsea or Man Utd.

Harry pauses.

HARRY

Dunno.

AIDEN

(under his breath)

Gonna send me to an early grave.

32 EXT. PITCHES, TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

32

The team play a 7-a-side training game, watched by coaching staff.

Harry and Mason battle for the ball. Mason wins. Harry comes back ferociously, fouling Mason to try and win it back. Mason still manages to shrug him away and Harry falls to the ground.

Harry scrambles up to standing and shoves Mason, whose hands are in the air in surrender.

MASON

What the fuck, Harry?

The COACH (50s) blows his whistle and stops play.

COACH

Slade! Off my pitch! Now!

Harry stalks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason makes to follow him but looks for permission. The coach shrugs, annoyed.

Mason jogs after Harry.

33 INT. CHANGING ROOM, TRAINING COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

33

Harry punches a locker, hard. Following in behind...

MASON

What was that?

Harry whips around. He shrugs and slumps down on a bench.

MASON (CONT'D)

Listen, Harry...

Harry stands abruptly.

HARRY

Why don't you fuck off?

Harry kicks the lockers. Through an open door, Lorna looks up at the noise.

Harry thunders out of the changing room past Lorna, leaving Mason totally at a loss.

34 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

34

Harry pulls up in his Range Rover, no drum and bass this time. He looks a tad nervous.

MATT (21) - unassuming, with a quiet, calm energy - is helping Charlotte put up a tent. Beers are CRACKED OPEN.

Three lads laze around another tent: TEDDY (21) boisterous and loud, the leader of the group; NATHAN (21) generally guffawing at anything Teddy says; and LLOYD (21) your average cheeky chappy who's yet to realise school is over.

The lads spot Harry pulling up. They speak over each other.

LADS

WAAAAYYYY

HARRY

AYYYYY!

NATHAN

(in greeting)

Wanker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

Big man!

HARRY

Teddy! Been too long, mate!

TEDDY

Bollocks finally dropped then?

Teddy elbows Charlotte in the ribs. Charlotte's eyes roll into the back of her head.

HARRY

'right lads?

Charlotte hugs Harry. As they hug the lads WOLF WHISTLE.

CHARLOTTE

(privately to Harry)

Thank god you're here.

Harry smirks and goes to greet Matt and the others.

HARRY

(to Matt)

Hey, mate.

(to the group)

Jesus, haven't seen ya since leavers.

NATHAN

You hear Matt's gay now?

Matt blushes and falters.

CHARLOTTE

For god's sake, Nathan.

Matt collects himself into a good-humoured response.

MATT

I wrote an article for my uni paper about exploring my bisexuality.

(sarcastically)

Guess that means I'm gay.

Matt smiles at Harry. Harry is taken aback.

Harry's phone starts to RING. Saved by the bell. He takes the call.

Aiden paces around his desk.

36 INTERCUT: PHONE CALL

36

HARRY
What's up?

AIDEN
Man City. They're interested. Had a scout at the last few matches.

HARRY
Right.

Harry sees the lads watching out of the corner of his eye.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Not interested.

Aiden grimaces.

AIDEN
Why the fuck wouldn't you be interested? I know you're the local hero. But we need to think long term. This is business. We can't throw away opportunities for the sake of loyalty!

HARRY
I can't talk, I'm with the lads.

AIDEN
Harry! This is a time sensitive/

Harry hangs up and goes to join the lads.

37 EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER THAT NIGHT

37

All the lads and Charlotte sit around a campfire with cans. Everyone's tipsy.

TEDDY
Thing is, I know he's your mate, but Wheaton, he's getting on a bit/

CHARLOTTE
You're obsessed with Mason Wheaton/

TEDDY
His form's been shit all season.

MATT
Where is your loyalty, man?

TEDDY
It's time we cut the deadweight/

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

Like you know better than the manager.

TEDDY

Maybe I should be the manager!

NATHAN

Don't know what they're playing at/

MATT

He's the best centre mid we have/

NATHAN

He doesn't have the endurance/

MATT

But the young lads don't have his tactical experience, you can't deny -no offence, Harry.

Harry laughs for the first time and shakes his head.

TEDDY

So what's the inside scoop, Slade?

Harry hesitates. Everyone looks at him.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Slade, come on. He for the chop?

MATT

You know he can't answer that.

NATHAN

Gay!

CHARLOTTE

That's really unnecessary...

HARRY

I'm not giving you pricks anything.

TEDDY

Don't be a fucking homo.

CHARLOTTE

Why don't you fuck off Teddy?

LADS

OOOHHHHH!

TEDDY

What, Matt gets bummed and now I can't say anything?

The lads all laugh appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

You realise being a homophobic prick isn't a sense of humour?

TEDDY

Go and paint your nails, love.

NATHAN

It's just banter. If you can't take it, don't play with the boys.

TEDDY

(to Matt)

Mason Wheaton give you a stiffy? I don't think you're his type mate.

LLOYD

Show us your Grindr then Matt.

CHARLOTTE

Just shut up. You're not funny.

TEDDY

I'm not even bringing up all the times he's probably perverted on us.

Charlotte stands and marches away. Harry looks after her, torn. The other lads barely notice.

Matt covers the moment.

MATT

You wish, mate. You're hardly Harry Styles. You're scraping James Blunt.

TEDDY

C'mon. I'm at least Liam Payne.

MATT

In your dreams, mate.

LADS

OOOOHHHH!!!

LLOYD

You'd take it from Harry fucking Styles, mate?

MATT

You saying you wouldn't?

Teddy nods in Charlotte's direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

What's her fucking problem? Went to Cambridge and now she can't take a fucking joke?

HARRY

It was Oxford.

TEDDY

What?

HARRY

She was at Oxford, not Cambridge.

TEDDY

Sorry, forgot she's the only girl to ever let you stick it in her.

All the other lads laugh. Harry laughs in spite of himself.

38 EXT. CAMPSITE - NEXT MORNING

38

Matt cooks sausages and bacon on the campfire.

Harry emerges from his tent. No one else is up yet. He spots the empty space where Charlotte's tent was.

HARRY

Where's Charlotte?

MATT

Packed up and left first thing.

HARRY

Listen. All that stuff these pricks said last night. I should have/

MATT

Nothing I've not heard before.

HARRY

Well, I mean... sorry.

MATT

Me and the boyfriend have our life in London. What the lads from home have to say doesn't bother me. I'm happy. Their ignorance isn't my problem. Sausage?

HARRY

What?

MATT

Brekkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Oh, yeah.

MATT
Between us, you're in the dog house by the way.

HARRY
What?

MATT
Charlotte. She was pretty upset. You guys are together now, right?

HARRY
Oh. Yeah...

Harry goes quiet. Silence for a moment.

MATT
Funny. I always thought...

Harry looks up aggressively.

HARRY
What?

MATT
Just Charlotte. But what do I know?

Silence again. Harry's working up to something...

HARRY
Did you always know you were gay?

MATT
Bisexual.

HARRY
Right.

MATT
No. Maybe.

Harry looks at his phone. Aiden is calling.

HARRY
Two secs.

MATT
Sure thing.

Harry answers.

39 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

39

Aiden's already in the office and still pacing.

AIDEN

Look. We need to consider Man City.
I'm setting up a meeting/

40 INTERCUT: PHONE CALL

40

HARRY

I'm not saying *no* to a move.

Aiden raises his eyebrows. He's listening.

AIDEN

Okay.

HARRY

But what about a London club? Maybe
Camden?

Aiden smiles, he's got him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm more likely to start there. I
won't get a look in at Man City. And
I'd still get Champions League games
there. Think they'd be interested?

Aiden sighs.

AIDEN

I know one of the coaches. Let me put
some feelers out. But I want us to
consider Man City.

Harry bites his lip.

41 INT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - NIGHT

41

Harry is surrounded by PARTY GUESTS: Aaron, Charlotte, Lorna,
several people who look like they might be EXTENDED FAMILY,
PLAYERS from Fountains, the lads from school.

Angie stands in front of Harry, beaming, holding a birthday
cake.

GROUP

(singing)

Happy Birthday, to youuu!

TEDDY, NATHAN & LLOYD

Ey!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aiden hovers in the back on the phone. He storms out the backdoor of the pub, unable to hear.

Harry is distracted, scanning the crowd for...

MASON has just arrived holding a bottle of champagne. He greets Lorna. Harry stares at him from across the room.

Harry's look is clocked only by Charlotte and THEO (23), the bartender who is holding out a tray of champagne glasses next to Angie.

Angie smiles expectantly at Harry, waiting for him to blow out the candles. Harry snaps out of it and BLOWS them out. Theo hands Harry a glass.

THEO
(barely heard over the chatter)
Happy birthday, mate.

Harry smiles. People pat his back and SHOUT "HAPPY BIRTHDAY". Harry tries to mingle with the whole throng of well-wishers, checking continually to see where in the room Mason is.

He's still talking to Lorna.

CHARLOTTE
How we doin' pal? Good birthday?

HARRY
Can't complain.

Mason and Lorna part ways. Lorna heads for Harry while Mason walks over to some of the other lads from the team. Mason doesn't look up at Harry as he goes.

CHARLOTTE
Got ya a drink.

Harry is still watching Mason when Lorna gets to him. Lorna shakes Harry's hand and hands over a bottle of champagne.

Charlotte smiles respectfully at Lorna.

LORNA
Can't stay long - I'm with the 16s at Bradford in the morning, but thought I'd show my face.

Harry's respect for Lorna forces him to give her his full attention and abandon following Mason.

HARRY
Grateful you came along at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA

Not gonna miss our Harry's 21st!

HARRY

I'm sorry, Mum.

LORNA

I know you're the best thing since sliced bread to a lot of people now regardless. But you owe it to the people who love you to stay decent.

Harry nods.

Charlotte looks back and forth between Lorna and Harry.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Now buck up lad and enjoy your night. Plenty of people prettier than me for you to talk to.

Harry glances up to check where Mason is.

He's sat with TWO WOMEN (20s), attractive and done-up. Lorna misreads the direction of Harry's gaze and raises an eyebrow toward Charlotte, impressed with her understated good looks. She raises her glass.

LORNA (CONT'D)

To the pair of you.
(to Charlotte)
Talk some sense into this one, will you?

Lorna smacks Harry on the back.

LORNA (CONT'D)

I'll just pay my respects to your parents. Talk Monday.

Lorna heads for Aaron and Angie.

CHARLOTTE

Harry.

Mason glances over to Harry for the first time.

Harry pulls Charlotte in and kisses her. His parents and Lorna are looking. Charlotte's body tenses.

They're watched by most of the people at the party.

There are several WOLF WHISTLES.

HARRY

You look beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlotte is thrown. She leans into his ear.

CHARLOTTE
(whispering)
You do remember I'm a raging dyke?

The parents smile, thinking they're observing a sweet moment between young lovers.

HARRY
Sorry, Char. Just/

CHARLOTTE
What's going on, Harry?

Aiden strides up to them.

AIDEN
We need to talk.

HARRY
Now?

AIDEN
Ya missus won't mind.

Aiden looks to Charlotte to leave. Charlotte looks to Harry to correct Aiden. She's not his missus.

Harry does nothing. Charlotte thunders away to Angie and Aaron.

Aiden pulls Harry into a quiet corner.

HARRY
Can this not wait? It's my 21st.

AIDEN
When Man City's on the phone you pick up. You need to reconsider.

The rest of the lads from the team swarm around Harry.

FOOTBALL LADS
HAZZZAAAAA!

Harry is swept away to perform some kind of birthday hazing with the lads.

Aiden grunts in frustration at being interrupted.

42 INT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - LATER

42

Harry stands chatting with his Fountains teammates. His eyes find Charlotte chatting with Angie, Aaron and Lorna.

She avoids his eye.

He sees Mason putting on his jacket. One of the attractive girls he was talking to has his hand.

Harry chases after him.

HARRY
You off already?

MASON
Sorry, mate. Yeah. This is Chloe.

CHLOE (20s) smiles radiantly.

CHLOE
Hi!

HARRY
Stay for another. I've not seen you all night.

Mason looks to the beautiful woman on his arm.

MASON
Sorry mate. I'll take ya for a pint another time, yeah? Happy birthday.

Mason hands Harry the bottle of champagne.

HARRY
Don't be weird.

MASON
What's weird?

HARRY
I don't know. There a problem?

Mason shrugs.

MASON
Nah. All good.

HARRY
Good.

CHLOE
Happy birthday!

Mason takes Chloe round the waist and they leave.

Harry watches them go, crestfallen.

Lorna appears behind Harry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA

Go on son, enjoy your night.

Despite her earlier promise to only be "popping in", Lorna is three sheets to the wind.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Been chatting to your girl. She's a corker. Don't worry about her heading down to London/

HARRY

Charlotte? London?

Harry is flummoxed.

LORNA

She'll be back once she comes to her senses and realises the Big Smoke's got nothing on the North. And those London boys'll have nothing on you, lad.

Lorna pounds Harry on the back and leaves. Harry is left gobsmacked, Charlotte's leaving?

Harry marches up to Charlotte who is still chatting to Aaron and Angie.

ANGIE

I must get a brew with your Mam soon
Charlotte, tell her. What with you
two/

HARRY

Fancy some fresh air, Char?

Aaron looks to Harry and Charlotte apologetically.

AARON

Only just got together and your Mam's
planning the wedding/

ANGIE

But Father, Charlotte's not just any
girlfriend!

Charlotte smiles at Aaron and Angie but discreetly smacks away Harry's hand as it reaches for her waist.

She speaks under her breath as they walk away.

CHARLOTTE

I can't even look at you. I've never
been so humiliated. How could you lie
to them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

You're moving to London?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. I got offered a trainee job. I'm actually incredibly excited. Not that you asked. I'll be living with Matt and his boyfriend and plan on spending all my time being a massive lesbian. So I will be unavailable to lie for you. I need a minute. But when I calm down I have some serious fucking questions.

Harry looks at Charlotte, totally lost.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Get out of my way. I need a fag.

Charlotte storms out of the party, bumping into Aiden who's on his way back inside.

AIDEN

Someone's time of the month.

HARRY

Shut up, Aiden.

AIDEN

Listen, we need to hear Man City out.

HARRY

I'm not going to Man City.

AIDEN

Don't be a fucking child.

HARRY

I'm not a kid! I know what I want. For once in your life, will you trust me? I want a London club.

AIDEN

If your girlfriend wants to move to London, that's her issue. I'm not having whatever girl you're fucking dictating our next move.

Angie scurries over as people start to look round.

ANGIE

No business chat tonight, boys. Harry, come and speak to your Auntie Sue, she's leaving.

Angie whisks Harry away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43 INT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - LATER

43

Harry is at the bar, brooding over his pint. From behind the bar, Theo spots his chance.

THEO
 Birthday shot on the house?

Harry looks up at the attractive bartender.

HARRY
 You're alright, mate.

THEO
 You've been nursing that pint for twenty minutes. So, a shot to cheer you up.

Theo's eyes are twinkling. Harry considers him.

HARRY
 Ah fuck it, go on.

THEO
 What's your poison?

HARRY
 Ach. Surprise me.

Harry throws caution to the wind.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 And one for yourself?

THEO
 Boss has fucked off for the night. Why not?

Tipsy, Harry looks at Theo carefully as he pours the shot. They exchange an engaging but brief look.

THEO (CONT'D)
 Cheers!

HARRY
 Cheers!

They down their shots.

Harry grins and raises his eyebrows to Theo who is amused.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Where do I recognise you from?

THEO
 Couple of years above you at Nidd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

That's right. You must've been in my brother's year?

THEO

Nah he's older.

(jokingly offended)

You don't think I look mid-twenties already do ya?

HARRY

Nah you don't. You look great.

Harry blushes a bit.

THEO

Cheers.

Theo gives Harry a cheeky nod.

THEO (CONT'D)

I'm due a smoke break actually. Fancy popping out?

44 EXT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - MOMENTS LATER

44

Theo and Harry are alone in the smoking area, MUSIC THUMPING inside. Theo smokes.

A GAGGLE OF GIRLS stumble out of the pub.

GIRLS

'NIGHT HARRY!

Harry acknowledges them, embarrassed, with a wave.

THEO

Very nice.

HARRY

Not my type.

THEO

Really? What's your type?

Harry shrugs. Blushing again, this time under Theo's steady gaze.

THEO (CONT'D)

Thought there'd be only one type for a footballer. You think as a pack don't you? Like dogs.

HARRY

You calling me thick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Cheeky wanker.

Theo smiles looking closely at Harry.

Harry now deep in thought...

HARRY (CONT'D)
What other career do you get to 33 and
you're past your prime, right?

THEO
Better hurry up and lock down a WAG
while you're still a hot commodity.

HARRY
Right. Yeah.

THEO
Any talents beyond kicking a ball?

Harry considers. Thoughtful.

HARRY
I like history.

THEO
Huh.

HARRY
Thought about doing one of them
degrees online. Study the Tudors or
summat.

THEO
Well aren't you a surprise? Anyway,
you're 21 - got a good 10 years in ya.

Harry nods. Theo offers him a cigarette.

Harry pauses.

HARRY
You gonna lead me astray?

THEO
I don't think you're *that* innocent.

Harry's gaze is focused on Theo's movements as he takes on a fag, bringing it to his lips. Harry takes the cigarette from Theo's lips and puts it to his own.

Theo raises his eyebrows. Harry smirks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

End of the season - the fitness coach'll never know.

THEO

I don't remember you being that impressive in school.

HARRY

Jesus, thanks.

They laugh.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I guess I was probably just a scrawny kid to you, right?

THEO

And look at us now. The scrawny kid on god knows how much a week and the big man still on minimum wage at the local.

Harry laughs awkwardly. Theo realises his faux pas.

THEO (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'll take my self-loathing elsewhere.

Harry smiles at Theo. He takes his phone from his pocket and starts to type 'Theo' in the search bar.

HARRY

Theo what?

THEO

You don't remember?

HARRY

Just a thick footballer, aren't I?

Theo laughs.

THEO

(mocking offence)

You mean to say you don't already follow me?

Harry giggles. Theo puts down his drink and points to one of the results on Instagram. Harry opens up Theo's page.

THEO (CONT'D)

You better be adding me on the private account your mates use, not your "oh the fans were the twelfth man today" account.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
 (in a mock voice)
 "Disappointed with the result but
 we'll come back stronger."

They laugh. Theo takes out his own phone and looks at Harry's Insta. He clicks on a picture of Harry topless on holiday.

THEO
 Nice view.

HARRY
 It was gorgeous. Honestly, the/

THEO
 /wasn't talking about the vista, mate.

Theo holds Harry's gaze and for once Harry lets him.

THEO (CONT'D)
 I'd best head off in a mo. Early one
 tomorrow. Sunday Roast isn't gonna
 serve itself.

Harry's look lingers on Theo's face.

From inside comes the sound of KARAOKE starting.

THEO (CONT'D)
 Who's idea was karaoke? Fucking
 dreadful.

They listen to a particularly pitchy BELTED NOTE.

HARRY
 Oh, Dad for sure. More into repetitive
 beats, me. No words.

THEO
 What we talking? Techno, trance or a
 bit of drum and bass?

HARRY
 Aye DnB for sure. You?

THEO
 I'm partial, not gonna lie. Actually,
 fuck Sunday Roast. How about I steal a
 bottle of something and we go for a
 walk with some filthy jump-up?

They stare at each other, tension building. Harry nods.

Theo heads off into the pub via a back entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry looks nervous. He finishes Theo's cigarette and stamps it out.

45 EXT. VILLAGE, YORKSHIRE DALES - NIGHT

45

Theo plays DRUM AND BASS from his phone as they walk down a country road through the local village. Harry dances stupidly. Theo laughs at him, fag in his mouth, bottle of champagne grasped in his hand.

The music suddenly stops.

THEO
Fuck's sake. Signal's gone.

It starts to rain. No. Absolutely chuck it down.

THEO (CONT'D)
Bloody 'ell...

46 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, YORKSHIRE DALES - MOMENTS LATER

46

The pair run through the rain. Only dark hedgerows and their childish laughs at getting soaked...

47 INT. GARAGE, FARMHOUSE, YORKSHIRE DALES - MOMENTS LATER

47

Theo leads as he and Harry run into the courtyard of a farmhouse. Theo opens the garage door.

THEO
Folks'll be asleep so we'd best keep our voices down. I'll go get us some towels.

Harry laughs. He takes out his phone to see a text from Aiden.

AIDEN (TEXT)
Where the fuck you gone?

Theo returns and hands Harry a towel. He sits down on a bench and dries his hair. They fall into silence. Theo LIGHTS a cig. Harry looks out of the open garage door at the stars. He sees his breath in the cold night air.

Theo looks over at Harry. He holds out his cig.

Harry nods.

Theo shuffles closer to pass the cigarette, nearly pressing against him. Theo looks at Harry as he lifts the cigarette, confidently and slowly putting it to Harry's lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo settles back as Harry smokes. Harry quickly finishes the cigarette and chucks it to the floor.

Harry down. His eyes meet Theo's.

Theo closes his eyes.

And then they're kissing. Harry moans softly...

Before pulling away suddenly from Theo.

HARRY

What the fuck are you doing?

Theo smirks. He tries to kiss Harry again.

Harry turns his face away. Theo's kiss lands on Harry's neck. Harry fights his enjoyment and Theo pulls his head back.

Harry stands up, stressed.

Theo stands.

Silence.

They watch each other for a moment.

Harry breathes deeply, but does not move away from Theo.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Just... no kissing.

Theo nods cheekily.

He slowly gets down to his knees, watching Harry's reaction. Harry looks around nervously. He can't look at Theo. The sound of Harry's belt being undone CLINKS in the silence.

Theo goes down on Harry. Harry continues looking around nervously, but eventually gives into the pleasure. He closes his eyes, breathing in deeply as his body shakes involuntarily.

Theo stands back up, facing Harry.

Harry refuses to meet his gaze.

Harry moves away from Theo, suddenly, as if burnt.

Harry fastens his belt buckle.

Theo goes to kiss Harry's neck again. Harry pulls away.

Harry spots movement near the farmhouse fence. Then a camera.

It's a PAP (40s). Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry dashes toward the fence, ready to fight.

HARRY (CONT'D)

OI!

THEO

Shit.

The pap takes off at a run.

Harry sprints after him.

Theo follows.

48 EXT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - MOMENTS LATER

48

Harry catches up to the pap in the car park. He gets him up against a car by the collar.

THEO

Woah, woah, woah!

Aiden is smoking outside and looks up in horror.

AIDEN

Harry! No!

Harry punches the pap on the chin.

HARRY

Give me the fucking memory card.

Aiden and Theo grab Harry by an arm each.

The pap wriggles free and sprints to his car, shouting over his shoulder...

PAP

I'LL HAVE YOU FOR FUCKING ASSAULT.
FAGGOTS.

Realisation of what may have happened dawns on Aiden.

Harry pulls himself free of Aiden and Theo and attempts to run after the pap's car as it SCREECHES around the corner.

Aiden joins Theo in giving chase and grabbing Harry again.

49 INT. OFFICE, PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - MOMENTS LATER

49

Theo opens the door with Harry and Aiden right behind him.

THEO

Here alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aiden muscles Harry inside.

AIDEN

Anyone want to tell me what the fuck
I'm dealing with here?

(to Harry)

Care to explain how you ended up
punching a photographer from the most
famous tabloid in the country?

Theo looks to Harry.

THEO

Just experimenting weren't we.

HARRY

It was just stupid, drunk, messing
around. It's not like I'm gay.

AIDEN

Oh fuck.

Aiden looks from Harry to Theo. Theo shrugs.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

(to Theo)

Get us a fucking drink.

Theo backs out of the room and closes the door.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Harry. Mate. Right now, I don't care
if you're gay, curious, whatever the
fuck/ruin

HARRY

I'm not gay! Alright!

AIDEN

Good. Okay.

Harry's eyes widen.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Okay. This is fixable. Assuming he
doesn't press charges. Why would you
punch him in the fucking face? For
fuck's sake.

Theo sheepishly re-enters with a tray of whiskies.

Aiden takes his without acknowledging Theo.

He knocks it back in one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I've got a contact. We're gonna handle this.

Theo raises a toast to Harry and knocks back his whisky.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need some of your lovely cash, but we have the money. So it's fine. But I need to get the wheels in motion. Now.

Aiden poises himself.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'm gone.

Aiden starts to sweep out, then turns back.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Not a fucking word, yes?

Theo and Harry look up.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Tell no one. Not even Charlotte, Harry, yeah? I don't care how guilty your conscience is.

Harry scrunches up his face.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Theo buddy, you'll want something in return?

THEO

What?

AIDEN

How much?

THEO

I don't want your money. It was innocent fun between two adults on private property.

AIDEN

He's a famous footballer. Think. How do I know you're not gonna cash in for a big payday?

Theo spots a tear on Harry's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO

Whatever. I'll sign whatever you want me to sign. I'm not gonna be a prick.

AIDEN

I'll get an NDA drafted.

Theo walks out. Aiden ignores him and rounds on Harry.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'm about to do some shit that I shouldn't, Harry. But I'm doing it as your agent and your brother. If you could avoid punching, kicking or biting anyone in the meantime, that would be fucking great. Charlotte still here?

HARRY

Think so.

AIDEN

Good. I'm gonna tell her to take you home. Make a big show of leaving together, alright? Wait for me there. And Harry?

HARRY

What?

AIDEN

Drink the whisky.

Aiden follows Theo out. Harry knocks back the whisky.

50 INT. PUB, YORKSHIRE DALES - CONTINUOUS

50

Harry stumbles out of the back office.

He sees Aiden sidle up to Charlotte who stands laughing at Aaron performing KARAOKE. He whispers something in her ear.

She stares back at Aiden, confused and angry.

51 INT. TAXI, YORKSHIRE DALES - LATER THAT NIGHT

51

Harry and Charlotte sit in silence.

Charlotte stares at Harry, wanting to understand.

TAXI DRIVER

It's Harry Slade. Isn't it? And this must be the Mrs? Nephews are huge

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

fans. Fountains and Harry Slade's all they can talk about truth be told. Any chance of an autograph?

Harry turns it on. But weakly. It costs him every effort.

HARRY

Course! No problem mate.

Charlotte stares at Harry.

52 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

52

Aiden's got his earbuds in on a call, pacing.

Through the glass fronted wall of the office...

AIDEN

You're gonna ruin this kid's life.

Aiden necks half a bottle of beer.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, he's not gay! He was off his face on his twenty-first and got taken advantage of.

Aiden necks the other half.

53 INT. TAXI, YORKSHIRE DALES - CONTINUOUS

53

The taxi pulls up outside Harry's flat. He exits hurriedly.

Charlotte unbuckles her seat belt and starts to get out but Harry discreetly blocks her.

HARRY

Get back safe.

CHARLOTTE

I'll come in.

HARRY

(quietly, sternly)

Char, no.

(he grabs her by the arm)

Not tonight.

CHARLOTTE

(whispering)

Harry, what the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry pushes the cab door shut firmly and vanishes in seconds. Charlotte is stricken.

- 54 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 54
- AIDEN
- Stop bullshitting me. Tell me what
it's going to take.
- Aiden leans his full upper body weight on the desk like he's trying to push it away in frustration.
- 55 INT. LIFT, HARRY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 55
- Harry enters the lift, mashing the button for the top floor. The doors close slowly. He's barely keeping it together.
- 56 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 56
- Aiden sits at his desk looking exhausted, sleeves rolled up, feet kicked up, massaging his temples.
- 57 INT. LIFT, HARRY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 57
- The lift DINGS as it goes up a level.
- 58 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 58
- An email PINGS in and Aiden sits bolt upright.
- 59 INT. LIFT, HARRY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 59
- Another level. Harry's keys are in his hands.
- 60 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 60
- There's a flash of a tabloid headline as Aiden opens the email.
- 61 INT. LIFT, HARRY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 61
- Another. Almost there. Seconds away from the breakdown. A tear on Harry's cheek.

62 INT. AIDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 62

Aiden rubs his eyes. Exhaustion. Face bathed in the eerie, pale glow of the computer screen.

63 INT. LIFT, HARRY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 63

The doors open. Harry lunges across the hall to his flat door, immediately opposite. It's open in seconds.

He stands in his hallway. Can get no further. Folding into a crouch with a half-groan, half-whimper as the flat door swings shut behind him.

Slowly, the lift doors close.

CUT TO BLACK

64 INT. LOUNGE, HARRY'S FLAT - NEXT MORNING 64

FADE IN

Harry wakes up. He is a wreck. Eyes red, he must have barely slept. Curled on the sofa, almost childlike with a blanket clutched around him, up to his neck, like it'll protect him.

Dozens of missed calls from Aiden from throughout the night. His face is anguish, thumb hovering over Aiden's name. What if he just didn't call back... would it still be real...

A key SCRATCHES in the lock. Harry freezes.

Aiden enters the room. It's several seconds before Harry can even look at him. Eventually, he does.

Aiden throws the newspaper towards him.

The headline is obscured.

Harry looks up...