

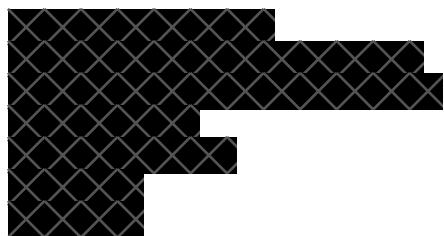
MAYFLIES

Written by

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Adapted from the novel by Andrew O'Hagan

28/4/22



1

EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB. AYRSHIRE. SCOTLAND. DAY. 1986

1 *

MUSIC: THE SMITHS. THIS CHARMING MAN. Played by THE BICYCLE FACTORY.

Black and white footage of a van pulling up outside a run down working men's club. Like an alternative 80s music video. The doors open. TWO YOUNG MEN jump out. Their names flash up.

TULLY DAWSON. Just 20 and cool as fuck. Hair slicked up like Albert Finney.

18 year old JIMMY (NOODLES) COLLINS. Fresh-faced. Eager. A battered copy of 'Nausea' by Sartre, in his back pocket.

Tully opens the back doors. THE REST OF THE AYRSHIRE BOYS tumble out. Their names flash up too.

TIBBS. Unruly fringe flopping over both eyes, his tee shirt slogan - FUCK THE TORIES - declaring his left wing credentials without apology.

DR CLOGS. Hair dyed jet black. Kraftwerk tee shirt under a battered leather jacket.

HOGG. Tight jeans. Cropped peroxide hair. Contempt his stock in trade.

And last but never least, LIMBO. Round in face and aura.

Tully, their undisputed leader, allocates each one a piece of gear for transportation.

TULLY

Question. What instrument would Karl Marx play if he was in The Fall?

HOGG

Glockenspiel. He's German. Its banging metal. Industrial sound. Fits with the means of production.

TIBBS

Get tae. Marx would never play that bourgeois piece of shit. Mark E would boot him out on his arse.

TULLY

Noodles?

JIMMY

Bass. Marx would be a solid bass player.

HOGG
Glockenspiel.

TIBBS
You say that one more time and I'm
going to batter you.

HOGG
Glockenspiel.

Hogg ducks to avoid Tibbs' fist. But both are grinning. Tibbs never means it. Tully gives Jimmy the last amp then slams the van doors shut. He's not carrying anything.

As they go inside, they pass the gig poster. Tully's band is called THE BICYCLE FACTORY. His face dominates the poster. Pure Albert Finney. Pure Angry Young Man.

2

INT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB. AYRSHIRE. NIGHT. 1986

2 *

CUT TO TULLY. Lead singer. The Front Man. Commanding the tiny stage. Eyes flashing provocatively. Giving the sweaty crowd exactly what they want. THE GIRLS want to fuck him. THE BOYS want to be him.

JIMMY is right up the front. Just proud to know him. LIMBO, TIBBS, DR CLOGS and HOGG push up behind. LIMBO's already drunk. A pint of black and tan in both hands.

Limbo goes down like a buckled wheel, onto the beer soaked floor, drenched. No one cares. Especially not Limbo. An ecstatic expression spreads across his wide open features.

Jimmy smiles. This is life. This is living.

TITLE: MAYFLIES

3

INT. PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB. NIGHT. LONDON. 2016

3 *

JIMMY, now 48, is at a reception celebrating novelist KRISTINA ELEK'S 85th birthday. An altogether more refined affair than the 80s gig. Jimmy stands slightly apart from the crowd. Happy to watch.

CAPTION: LONDON. 2016

*

Kristina's in the corner holding court. Elegant. Serene. Jimmy watches GUESTS mill round her. Acolytes all. Her gaze shifts to him. She beckons him over with a tilt of her head. He moves towards her.

KRISTINA
Jimmy. You came then.

JIMMY
I couldn't miss it, you know that.

KRISTINA

We need lunch. One of those long
for old times sake lunches. So we
can put the world to rights.

JIMMY

Name a day.

KRISTINA

Soon. Before it's too late.

She's smiling. He smiles back. Indulging her.

KRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'll send a card.

JIMMY

You could email.

KRISTINA

Never. Bring champagne.

Jimmy leans in and kisses her cheek.

JIMMY

Soon.

He walks away, into the throng. He turns to look back at her
but she's already engrossed in another conversation.

4

EXT. STREET. LONDON. NIGHT

4

JIMMY emerges into rain. He glances at Big Ben, proud against
the night sky. It's 10.30 pm. He starts to walk.

5

EXT. THE EMBANKMENT. NIGHT

5

London's lit up along the length of the river. As JIMMY walks
beside it, his phone pings. A text. The sender's name comes
up. TULLY. It says: *Noodles, can you talk?*

Jimmy's brow knits. This is odd. He texts back: *Sure. Home in
half an hour.* Then adds: *You alright?* Tully's reply is short
and to the point: *Phone you then.*

Jimmy shoves his phone in his pocket and heads for the tube.

6

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE. NIGHT

6

Half empty carriage. JIMMY's eye is taken to SOME YOUNG LADS
down the far end. They're larking about, easy in each other's
company. He watches them till the tube stops, the doors open
and they bundle out. The tube moves off. Jimmy's last blurred
view through the window is of the lads, on the platform,
laughing.

7

EXT. STREET. PRIMROSE HILL. LONDON. NIGHT

7

JIMMY arrives at a smart house in a tree-lined street. Lights burn in the windows, giving off a welcoming glow. Jimmy bounds up the stairs to the front door, keys in hand. Glad to be home.

8

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT

8

The walls in the hall are lined with art and books. But it's not pretentious. These books get read. The front door opens and JIMMY come in.

JIMMY

Hello....!

IONA (O.S.)

(shouts from upstairs)

In the bath, darling. Won't be long.

JIMMY

(shouts up)

Want a drink?

IONA (O.S.)

(shouts down)

Got one.

Jimmy dumps his coat and keys and carries on to his study.

9

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE. STUDY. MOMENTS LATER

9

Jimmy's study is a riot of colour and comfort. His desk is piled high with books and manuscripts and there's a big comfy sofa for slouching on. There's nothing austere here. This is a room that's lived in and loved.

There's lots of photos of Jimmy and his wife, Iona. She's small with a shock of dark hair and matching eyes. They're happy. It shines out.

We close in on a framed black and white photo from the 80s. In it A GROUP OF EUPHORIC YOUNG MEN hold each other close. We recognise them immediately. Tully, Jimmy, Tibbs, Hogg, Dr Clegg and Limbo. Back in the day. There's a Manchester gig ticket stuck behind the glass.

JIMMY pours himself a whisky just as IONA (late 30s) appears, fresh out of the bath, hair wrapped in a towel. They kiss. There's love here.

JIMMY

You smell good.

IONA

How was it?

JIMMY

It was nice, actually. Glad I went.
Kristina held court and was
magnificent.

IONA

I bet.

JIMMY

We're going to have lunch. Have you
packed?

IONA

Nearly. I don't want to go.

JIMMY

I know but it's not a long tour
this time. As long as you can get
home at weekends.

IONA

There's no show on a Monday so I
will. I better go and get it done.
You coming up?

JIMMY

I'm waiting for Tully to phone. He
sent a weird text.

His phone lights up. It's Tully.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Right on the money.

IONA

Give him my love.

She kisses him again then heads for the door. Jimmy answers
the phone.

JIMMY

Good evening, Tullygarven, Townland
of Ulster, what's the sketch?

TULLY (O.S.)

Noodles.....

There's something in his tone.

JIMMY

Tully, what is it....?

TULLY (Now 50, shaved head, still handsome, piercing
intelligent gaze) holds the phone close to his ear. He's
silent. As if working out what to say.

Tully's study is chaotic. He's a teacher and piles of secondary school jotters clutter his desk. There's an impressive collection of vinyl, framed gig posters, political posters, guitars, music memorabilia, kitsch, souvenirs from Cuba, an array of family photos and the same 80s photo that Jimmy has.

The intervening years have been kind to Tully. His face might be thinner, his spiked hair gone, but his eyes still blaze.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Come on, what's going on?

The words come.

TULLY
I'm fucked man and I need to see you.

(Cut between Tully in Glasgow and Jimmy in London for the rest of this conversation)

JIMMY
Why? What have you done? What's happened?

TULLY
Meet me at the caravan tomorrow afternoon. Don't fuck about, just come.
(smiles)
I mean it's not as if you writers ever do any work....

JIMMY
(urgent)
Just tell me now...

TULLY
Get yourself home, Noodles.

Tully ends the call. ANNA (TULLY'S GIRLFRIEND. Early 40s) is in the doorway behind him. A picture of anxious concern. Tully starts to sing 'This Charming Man' by The Smiths --

TULLY (CONT'D)
"Punctured bicycle. On a hillside desolate. Will nature make a man of me yet? This charming man....

Now THE SMITHS crash in, loud. Over -

JIMMY. On a train. Earphones in. Speeding North. He turns his head to the window and watches the world flash by. All of a sudden, a black and white film plays across the carriage window. Like an alternative 80s music video --

12

EXT. CARAVAN. SEAMILL. DAY. 1986

12 *

TULLY (20) and JIMMY (18) are perched on a rock, in front of a neglected old caravan. They're passing a bottle of Vimto between them and eating pasties.

YOUNG TULLY

Top three films starring Robert De Niro. Go.

YOUNG JIMMY

The Godfather Part 11, Taxi Driver, Once Upon A Time in America.

YOUNG TULLY

Noodles! Man afuckinlive. Only a wearer of arseless chaps would leave out Raging Bull.

They sit for a moment. Content.

YOUNG JIMMY

D'you think Robert De Niro's a family man?

YOUNG TULLY

In dreams. Everybody is in dreams.

YOUNG JIMMY

My folks aint. I'm gonna divorce them.

YOUNG TULLY

Do it. Then come to mine whenever you like. My mum loves you.

He passes Jimmy the Vimto.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

You're in charge, Noodles. Do life the way you want.

13

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. DAY 2016

13 *

Back in the present. The train goes through a tunnel, the window goes black and the memory has gone. JIMMY turns his head away. The train speeds on. Out of the tunnel. Into the light.

Music ends.

14

EXT. CARAVAN. SEAMILL. DAY. 2016

14 *

A taxi pulls up outside the same caravan from Jimmy's memory. Only now it's beautifully restored. Its wooden terrace is bedecked with colourful Chinese lanterns. The sea beyond glows grey.

JIMMY gets out. TULLY's perched on the same rock, their rock, looking out to Arran beyond. He's cradling a half bottle of Glenmorangie and a box set of 'The Godfather'. He senses Jimmy's presence, without even looking, and smiles.

JIMMY

Why didn't you go in? You've got a key.

TULLY

Wanted to wait for you. I stopped off in Saltcoats and got us a bottle.

Tully holds up the whisky.

JIMMY

Half a bottle. You tight bastard.

TULLY

I was worried we wouldn't have time to finish it.

Jimmy looks at him oddly.

JIMMY

What's going on, Tully?

Jimmy's on the rock beside him now. Tully's arms go round him and he kisses Jimmy on the lips then stays in the clinch. Foreheads pressed hard together.

TULLY

Aw Noodles.....

Jimmy's heart contracts. Something's coming. Something bad.

TULLY (CONT'D)

I'm fucked, man. And I didn't want to tell you on the phone.

JIMMY

So I'm here. Take your time. It's okay.

Tully moves his head away and hands Jimmy the whisky. Jimmy's hand trembles a little as he takes it.

TULLY

Anna and I were on holiday. A few months ago. In Cuba. God, I love Cuba. I was hiccuping. A fuck of a lot. But it didn't worry me. Indigestion. It's the drink, I thought. I'd been caning it. So I tell Anna I'm going to screw the nut when we get home. That well worn refrain. But I didn't tell her about the pain.

(MORE)

TULLY (CONT'D)

And if I'm completely fucking honest, I'd been in pain for months.

(adopts a 1950s RP accent)

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a Public Service Announcement. Never ignore constant fucking pain.

A wave of dread washes over Jimmy.

TULLY (CONT'D)

I get home, go to the doctor. She sends me for a scan. And the rest as they say is cancer.

Jimmy finds his voice. From somewhere.

JIMMY

Where?

TULLY

Oesophagus, liver, stomach and lymph nodes. Whatever the fuck they are. I've got four months. And that's the short of it.

JIMMY

I don't believe it.

Tully just smiles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We'll get another opinion.

TULLY

It's not a matter of opinion.

JIMMY

You can go private. I'll sort it.

TULLY

I'd rather die than go private.

JIMMY

Fuck's sake. No! You look too well. They've got it wrong.

TULLY

You sound like Anna. She wants me to have chemo. I'm not doing it.

JIMMY

Tully you have to! You can't just check out. You've got responsibilities.

TULLY

Like what? Who to?

JIMMY

Us. Your family. The people who
love you.

TULLY

(gently)

No. I'm doing this my way.

Jimmy turns his head towards the bulk of Arran and the angry sea. He's struggling not to cry. After a long moment --

JIMMY

Fuck. Okay. You'll have every last
thing you need. Just ask, okay?
Anything.

TULLY

Don't let me die like a prick.

JIMMY

We all die like pricks.

TULLY

I mean it. What's that quote?

JIMMY

What quote?

TULLY

The Anthony and Cleopatra one.

JIMMY

'Make death proud to take us?'

TULLY

That's it. That's the one.

They make eye contact. For the longest time. Jimmy looks away.

JIMMY

Do Fiona and your mum know?

TULLY

Fiona does. That was fucking hard.
Telling them. Her kids are great,
you know. I haven't told Barbara.
And I'm not going to.

JIMMY

She's your mother.

TULLY

Get you, pontificating about
mothers.

(beat)

Do you want to see Barbara?

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11.

JIMMY

When?

TULLY

Now.

He smiles as he stands up.

TULLY (CONT'D)

She'll be having her tea. It's soup
tonight.

15

INT. TAXI. DAY

15

JIMMY and TULLY are in a taxi, silent, passing through a housing estate. The houses are small unassuming council houses, covered in grey pebble dash. The colour of the Ayrshire sky and sea.

Jimmy turns his head to the window. His past comes into focus again as THE BUZZCOCKS' 'EVERYBODY'S HAPPY NOWADAYS' crashes in --

16

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. GARDENS. DAY. 1986

16 *

-- YOUNG JIMMY and YOUNG TULLY case the estate gardens, on the hunt for vegetable patches. Jimmy spots one and sneaks in, fishing in the beds for potatoes and carrots.

Tully's approach is bolder. A mix of bravado and devil-may-care. He pushes a gate open, coughs loudly, strolls up to a fenced off bed and hoiks a turnip out of the ground.

All of a sudden, there's a loud bang on the window. Tully looks up to see ONE VERY ANGRY MAN thumping the glass. Tully grabs the turnip and makes a run for it. Jimmy on his heels.

They hare down the street. Pissing themselves laughing.

MUSIC ENDS.

17

INT. TAXI. DAY. 2016

17 *

The taxi pulls up outside a nursing home. TULLY touches JIMMY's arm.

TULLY

I mean it, Noodles. I don't want
her to know.

Jimmy nods.

18

INT. NURSING HOME. RECEPTION. DAY

18

The reception area is busy. SEVERAL CARE ASSISTANTS go about their duties, leading THEIR CHARGES gently by the arm. They acknowledge TULLY warmly as he passes through with JIMMY.

19

INT. NURSING HOME. CORRIDOR. DAY

19

BARBARA (Tully's 70 year old mother. Still bonny) stands at the end of a long corridor in her housecoat, hair sticking up, carrying a handbag. She's bathed in the corridor light. Giving her a strange, ethereal quality. JIMMY falters as he sees her. TULLY grins from ear to ear as he reaches her.

TULLY

Got your glad rags on, mum?

Barbara's face lights up. Tully pats down her hair.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Look who's come to see you.

Barbara's follows his gaze to Jimmy. Her brow knits. Trying to remember.

TULLY (CONT'D)

It's Noodles, mum. He's come all the way from London.

JIMMY

Hello Barbara.

Her brow knits some more. The memory out of reach. Tully gently takes her by the arm and leads her to her room. Jimmy collects himself and follows.

20

INT. NURSING HOME. BARBARA'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

20

ANGELA (BARBARA'S CARER) is inside, holding a spoon. There's a bowl of vegetable soup on a table in front of Barbara's chair.

ANGELA

She won't eat her soup, Tully. It's vegetable. Good for her. See if you can make her.

She hands Tully the spoon.

TULLY

Angela, this is my old friend, Jimmy Collins. He's a very posh writer.

There's pride here. Jimmy looks embarrassed.

JIMMY

Not really....

ANGELA

You're not from round here then.

TULLY

(smiles)

He is. But he got out.

ANGELA

(smiles)

Good on him.

And she leaves.

TULLY

Come on, mum, let's have a go at
this soup.

Tully holds out his hand to Barbara and settles her in the chair. Her eyes find Jimmy, fixing him with her watery gaze.

JIMMY

You used to make me soup, Barbara.
Jimmy's broth. Remember?

Barbara's brow knits. A thread reaches back to the past. She remembers!

BARBARA

Noodles. Aw my.

Jimmy's heart swells. So does Tully's.

TULLY

Do you want your music on, mum?

She nods.

TULLY (CONT'D)

Noodles'll put it on for you.

Tully indicates the CD player and Jimmy presses play. It's FRANK SINATRA singing 'A FOGGY DAY IN LONDON TOWN.' Barbara begins to sway. She opens her mouth. Tully starts to feed her. Slowly, gently. Maintaining eye contact with her at all times. Frank croons on. Over --

YOUNG JIMMY and YOUNG TULLY at a table, scraping the stolen vegetables. BARBARA (early 40s, blonde and ever so bonny) chops onions, swaying in time to Frank. She wipes her eyes on her sleeve. Is it the onions? Or Frank?

BARBARA

How's your mum and dad, Jimmy?

YOUNG JIMMY
Fine. As far as I know.

BARBARA
What do you mean as far as you know?

YOUNG JIMMY
They don't tell me anything, Mrs Dawson. We live separate lives.

BARBARA
How can you live separate lives in these wee houses? You can't swing a cat in them.

YOUNG JIMMY
People don't need space to be alone.

BARBARA
You shouldn't be talking like that. Not at your age.

YOUNG JIMMY
I'm considering filing for divorce.

BARBARA
Don't talk daft. You can't divorce your mum and dad! How will you manage?

YOUNG JIMMY
I'll get a job. Any job. I'll go out on my own. It's no big deal. They're useless. The pair of them.

She looks at him, eyes full of concern.

TULLY
Don't worry, mum. Noodles gets things done. He'll just get himself a fancy pants lawyer.

YOUNG FIONA (O.S.)
Why d'you need a lawyer, Jimmy?

FIONA (18. TULLY'S YOUNGER SISTER) appears. Ready to go out. Skirt not too short. Not too much make up. She's got a lovely open face and the kindest smile.

YOUNG FIONA (CONT'D)
(teasing)
Been nicking vegetables again?

Jimmy flashes Fiona a look but Barbara isn't bothered. She's known all along.

BARBARA
You look nice, pet. Meeting Scott?

YOUNG FIONA
Uhuh. We're going to the youth
meeting at the church.

YOUNG TULLY
God is dead, Fiona.

BARBARA
Tully! You'll upset your sister.

YOUNG FIONA
He won't. What you making, Mum?

BARBARA
Jimmy's broth.

Jimmy beams. Touched. The peelings are piled high on the floor now. Suddenly, WOODBINE (50s. TULLY'S DAD) is in the doorway. He surveys the mayhem of peelings. Not impressed.

WOODBINE
It's like a Chinese laundry in
here.
(he eyes Jimmy)
Christ, don't you have a home to go
to?

YOUNG TULLY
Yep. It's here.

Tully can barely disguise his contempt for his father.

WOODBINE
Happy Families, right enough.

And he's gone. Barbara turns to Jimmy.

BARBARA
Jimmy, you come here any time you
want. Ewan doesn't mind.

Tully says nothing. Jimmy smiles, grateful. Happy families indeed. Jimmy's eyes stay on Barbara, chopping vegetables, and swaying to the music. His heart swells.

Back in the present with BARBARA, TULLY and JIMMY. Tully's still trying to make Barbara eat. Watching them makes Jimmy's heart hurt.

TULLY
(firm)
Come on, mum. Just a bit more.

Barbara shakes her head. Just as firm. She's done. Instead, she just stands up and moves to Jimmy. Swaying to the music as she goes. She puts her hand on his shoulder and takes his hand in hers. He smiles. She smiles. And they begin to dance.

JIMMY

You're a good mover, Barbara.

BARBARA

Aw, my.

Tully looks away.

As Jimmy and Barbara take a turn round the room, Jimmy clocks the framed pictures on her chest of drawers. There's Tully in his graduation gown. Fiona and Scott with their kids. Woodbine and Barbara's wedding picture. She looks like Doris Day. He looks like a matinee idol in his 60's suit.

Jimmy's gaze shifts to Tully. Over at the window. Back to them. Unable to watch.

23

EXT. NURSING HOME. DAY

23

JIMMY and TULLY emerge from the nursing home.

JIMMY

How long has she been like that?

TULLY

A while. It is what it is. I don't know what's worse, dying before your time or living beyond it.

Before Jimmy can answer, Tully snaps out of his melancholy.

TULLY (CONT'D)

I could murder a pint. And we have a campaign to plan. Let's walk.

JIMMY

(concerned)

It's a fair old hike.

TULLY

I can still walk, you arse-hole.

MUSIC CRASHES IN. 'SIDEWALKING.' THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN.

24

EXT. IRVINE STREETS. EVENING. MONTAGE. 1986 AND 2016

24

*

The past engulfs them once more. Like an 80s music video. YOUNG JIMMY and YOUNG TULLY walk past their small town teenage haunts; The Harbour. The Magnum. The Job Centre. The School.

These shots intercut with JIMMY and TULLY walking the same route in the present day. Only now the buildings are older, or no longer there. All changed. And so have they. The passage of time in sharp relief.

YOUNG JIMMY and TULLY don't walk, they bound. Eyes on the future. Their past irrelevant. MIDDLE-AGED JIMMY and TULLY are more considered. Not wanting to look too far ahead. Every step, a footprint from their past.

TULLY
(loud)
Stop!

The music ends. We close on TULLY. In the present. Out of breath. Struggling a bit.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Need a fag.

He leans against an iron fence, catching his breath.

JIMMY
Not sure you should be smoking....

TULLY
That nag has bolted.

Tully holds his hand out for the fag. Jimmy gives it to him. Then leans against the fence beside him.

Behind them, through the metal spikes, St Cuthbert's Secondary School comes into sharp relief ---

25 EXT. ST CUTHBERT'S. DAY. 1986

25 *

The playground fills with A SWARM OF PUPILS. YOUNG JIMMY appears among them. Heading for the entrance. Despondent.

26 INT. ST CUTHBERT'S. DAY

26

YOUNG JIMMY walks down the corridor. Past A CLEANER mopping the floor. Back and forth. He reaches a classroom door and pushes it open.

27 INT. CLASSROOM. ST CUTHBERT'S. DAY

27

MRS O'CONNOR (40's. YOUNG JIMMY'S ENGLISH TEACHER) resplendent in a red cardigan, is standing in front of YOUNG JIMMY. The light bounces off her matching red hair. There's something of the angel about her.

YOUNG JIMMY
Things are desperate Mrs O'Connor.
I can't even get a job as an office
dogsbody.
(MORE)

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm going to do
with my life. It's a disaster area.

MRS O'CONNOR

Sit down, James.

THE CLEANER is now visible through the glass in the door,
still mopping the floor. Jimmy slumps down in a desk.

MRS O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

Fact is you're only seventeen.....

YOUNG JIMMY

(in despair)

....nearly eighteen.....

MRS O'CONNOR

....and you've read more books than
I have.

YOUNG JIMMY

You must have read some. To have
ended up in this dump.

MRS O'CONNOR

The other day you mentioned Edith
Sitwell. James, nobody in the
history of this school has ever
mentioned Edith Sitwell. All I know
about her is she had a long nose
and wore a lot of rings. You cannot
become an office dogsbody, James.
You will die.

YOUNG JIMMY

(in even more despair)

What choice do I have?

MRS O'CONNOR

For goodness sake! You admire the
writing of Jean Rhys and Norman
Mailer. You should be going to
university with people who know who
Edith Sitwell is.

YOUNG JIMMY

University?

It's as if the thought never occurred to him. Him?

MRS O'CONNOR

Yes. So why aren't you?

YOUNG JIMMY

I don't know. I can't.
Because...things are...

MRS O'CONNOR

Rough at home?

YOUNG JIMMY
I didn't say that.

She reaches over and takes his hand. Her eyes swim with kindness. He keeps his head down. Overcome by the gesture.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's no big drama, Mrs O'Connor.
It's just how it is.

MRS O'CONNOR
James, get out of here. Just leave.
Pass your exams then go. Don't look back. You're a weirdo. And weirdos have to get out.

28 EXT. THE PARADE. NIGHT. 2016

28 *

TULLY and JIMMY are on the Beach Parade near the pub.

JIMMY
(faux American accent)
Do you think I'm a weirdo?

TULLY
(faux American accent)
'Yeah, but so what? Everybody's weird.'

YOUNG HOGG (O.S.)
Stand by Me. Rob Reiner. 1986.
Twenty points.

Suddenly, YOUNG LIMBO, TIBBS and HOGG - emerge from the darkness, leaping onto YOUNG TULLY and YOUNG JIMMY. And the past comes tumbling back. Engulfing them. Literally.

29 EXT. BEACH PARADE. NIGHT. 1986

29 *

YOUNG TULLY
Five points.

YOUNG HOGG
Fucking cheapskate.

YOUNG TIBBS
'Being cheap is one thing. Looking cheap is another. That really takes talent...'

YOUNG JIMMY
Mona Lisa. Ten points.

YOUNG TIBBS
Five.

YOUNG TULLY

'I can't stand people who laugh at other people. They'd get a bigger laugh if they laughed at themselves.'

HOGG beats TIBBS to it.

YOUNG HOGG

Taste of Honey. Predictable.

YOUNG TULLY

Is it fuck predictable. Shelagh Delaney's a genius.

YOUNG HOGG

I'm not talking about the words, I'm talking about the messenger.

LIMBO takes a swig from his bottle of El Dorado.

YOUNG LIMBO

'O God, make me good, but not yet.'

ALL

DISALLOWED.

YOUNG TULLY

Brideshead's a fucking novel. Novels are not permitted. Unless you're Noodles and they're your life blood.

Limbo doesn't care. He's drunk. Happy drunk. He turns on his heel and staggers off. In the direction of the sea. Waving his bottle in the air. Without looking back.

Back in the present. The boys have gone. JIMMY's eyes shift to the sea and cloud over. After the longest beat -

JIMMY

Do the boys know yet?

TULLY

Nope. I'm not ready for the onslaught of sentiment. You're my campaign manager so you can tell them.

JIMMY

(horrified)

Fuck no.

TULLY

You said I only had to ask.

JIMMY

I wouldn't know what to say.

TULLY

And you call yourself a writer.

He smiles and walks towards the pub. A beat. Jimmy follows.

31

INT. GLEBE PUB. IRVINE. NIGHT

31

A typical characterless small town pub. It's empty. Very Twin Peaks. TULLY and JIMMY are in the restaurant bit at the back. A TEENAGE WAITRESS waits for their order. Tully takes his time.

TULLY

I'll have cherry pie followed by pizza.

WAITRESS

You mean pizza, followed by cherry pie?

TULLY

I mean cherry pie followed by pizza. Capiche?

She eyes him with derision, doesn't grace him with a reply, picks up the menus and walks away. Tully grins.

JIMMY

You're a bad bastard.

TULLY

Just stating my wants with clarity.
No time to waste. Right posh pen out, Mr Writer, and let's do what we love best. Make a plan. Do a list.

Tully loves a plan. Jimmy loves a list. He gets out his posh pen and ever present notebook.

JIMMY

Okay. So what's first?

TULLY

Anna.

Jimmy waits, pen poised.

TULLY (CONT'D)

What am I going to do about her?

JIMMY

Marry her. That's what I'd do.

TULLY

You can't. You're already married.
 Don't you think it's a bit weird to
 do it now? Just because. We might
 not get time for a honeymoon.

JIMMY

You will.

TULLY

I don't want to leave her a widow.

JIMMY

She's going to be a widow whether
 you're married or not. Do it. It'll
 mean everything to her.

Beat.

TULLY

I love her. So much.

JIMMY

That's settled then. We'll do it
 properly. No holding back. Anna's
 Big Day.

TULLY

But no sit-downy shite with a
 hundred and fifty speeches and
 grannies in daft hats bullshit.
 Okay?

JIMMY

Okay.

TULLY

Write it down.

Jimmy writes down ANNA'S BIG DAY. And underlines it twice.

The cherry pie arrives. Tully stares at it before picking up his spoon. Jimmy clocks his struggle to swallow. A stab of concern. He keeps his head down.

JIMMY

(hopeful)

Item 2. Chemo?

TULLY

(firm)

Nope. Seriously. What's the point?

JIMMY

Extra time.

TULLY

I was always shit at penalties.

JIMMY

True. What did your doctor say about the chemo?

TULLY

It might give me an extra seven months.

JIMMY

Fuck's sake, Tully, do it!

TULLY

I don't fancy it. It sounds like a total nightmare.

JIMMY

It's seven more months with Anna.

Tully doesn't answer. Jimmy writes CHEMO down.

TULLY

Fuck off, this is my plan. Cross it out.

Jimmy doesn't. Tully grabs the pen and puts a line through chemo.

TULLY (CONT'D)

No. It might turn me into somebody I'm not.

JIMMY

It might not and then you and Anna can use the time. You've always had style, Tully. That'll never change.

TULLY

No. I want control. So this is the plan. Write this down. Item no 2. Switzerland.

JIMMY

On holiday?

This makes Tully laugh.

TULLY

The last place I'd ever go on holiday is the land of fence sitting and fucking cuckoo clocks.

He leans in. Close.

TULLY (CONT'D)

You said ask me anything so I am. As soon as this gets bad, and it will soon, get me to Switzerland for the Hitler Chow Down.

JIMMY

The what?

TULLY

The chow-down. The suicide bullet.
When the bad time comes I want to
end it myself and not go skelly. I
want to go to Switzerland. And I
want you to sort it.

Jimmy is processing this bombshell.

JIMMY

Does Anna know?

TULLY

I'll tell her when it's sorted.

JIMMY

Wait....you're saying you want
to...assisted dying...that's what
you're saying...

TULLY

That's exactly what I'm saying. And
I need you to help me.

JIMMY

No! Fuck, no. I love you but you
cannot ask me to do that.

TULLY

'Make death proud to take us.' You
said it. You gave me my last quote.
Please. You have to promise me.

There's an urgency now. He means it. Jimmy's heart tightens.

JIMMY

You fucker. Is that why you asked
me to come up here? So I'd say yes?
Well fuck off. No.

Distraught, Jimmy pushes his plate away, grabs his notebook
and storms out.

A long beat. Then Tully takes out his wallet, pulls out a
couple of notes and puts them on the table.

JIMMY is down on the sand, smoking a fag, collecting himself.
He senses TULLY behind him.

JIMMY

Why me?

TULLY

Because you get things done,
Noodles.

Silence. Save the sound of the waves lapping on the rocks and sand.

A MAN emerges out of the darkness. Walking towards them. A big Alsatian on a lead. He sees them and puts his head down. He seems timid. Tully's eyes light up. He's in the mood for a wind up now.

TULLY (CONT'D)

(to THE MAN)
That's some beast.

MAN

Aye, he is. Lovely night.

He goes to walk past. But Tully's not finished yet.

TULLY

Are you riding that dug?

MAN

Excuse me?

TULLY

You and the dug? Are youse at it?

Tully has never looked more serious.

MAN

Come on, lads. That's not right.

He hurries off up the beach.

TULLY

A perfectly reasonable question, I thought.

JIMMY

Really?

TULLY

(softly)

Yes, Jimmy. Really. A perfectly reasonable question. I'm going in to watch The Godfather. Coming?

Jimmy shifts. The caravan is up ahead.

JIMMY

You go on. You've got a key. I need to phone Iona. Signal's better out here.

TULLY

Sure. But this is just between you
and me. Okay?

There's a warning in his gaze. Jimmy nods. Tully makes for the caravan. Kicking up the sand. Jimmy waits for a moment then runs after the man with the dog. The man turns, spooked.

JIMMY

Sorry. About my friend. He's dying.

MAN

That's no excuse.

He walks on. Drained, Jimmy sits on a rock, takes out his phone and dials Iona. After what seems like an eternity, she answers.

IONA (O.S.)

Hey darling.

Relief floods his face.

JIMMY

You sound so good.

He doesn't.

IONA (O.S.)

Jimmy...

JIMMY

Tully's got terminal cancer.

33

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

33

IONA is perched on the bed, in a cheerless hotel room. Shocked to her core.

IONA

Oh God, no. Oh Jimmy, I'm so sorry,
darling.

The rest of this scene intercuts between them.

On the beach, Jimmy is struggling to hold it together.

JIMMY

He wants me to.....

He stops himself.

IONA

What?

JIMMY

Help plan their wedding.

IONA

Poor Anna.

JIMMY

He loves her so much. It's just...I
better go. He's in the caravan,
we're going to watch the Godfather.
He wants everything to be normal.
Normal. Fuck.

(beat)

I love you. You know that, yes?

Her eyes fill up.

IONA

I know.

34

INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT

34

'The Godfather' plays on the small TV screen. TULLY's asleep on the settee. JIMMY's at the door, watching him. After a moment, he closes the door, gets a blanket and covers Tully up. He's just about to switch the DVD off when ---

DON VITO CORLEONE

Friendship is everything.
Friendship is more than talent.
It's more than the government. It
is almost equal to the family.

Jimmy slumps down on the settee, lays his hand gently on Tully's leg, puts his head back and closes his eyes. A beat later Tully opens his.

MUSIC. 'LIVING TOO LATE'. THE FALL.

35

INT. TULLY'S CAR. DAY

35

TULLY and JIMMY are in Tully's old banger, speeding back to Glasgow. Tully's all bright and breezy, singing along.

TULLY

(singing)

Crow's feet are ingrained on my
face. And I'm living too late
Try to wash the black off my face,
but it's ingrained. And I'm living
too late....

Jimmy turns his head to the window. Eyes full of pain.

36

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

36

ANNA, back to us, is unpacking a new NutriBullet from its box. There's boxes of blueberries piled up on the side.

TULLY (O.S.)
 What the fuck is that?

Anna spins round. Her face lights up when she sees TULLY.

ANNA
 I have no intention of letting you
 die without a battle that involves
 an electrical appliance.

A beat later she's holding him like she might never let him go.

TULLY
 You're choking me, babes.

She loosens her grip.

ANNA
 Sorry.

Her eyes shift over his shoulder to JIMMY, behind him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Thanks for bringing him back.

JIMMY
 He brought me back.

ANNA
 He's good at that.

TULLY
 Stop talking about me like I've
 chucked off the mortal coil.
 There's plenty of time for that
 chat. We've got stuff to do first.
 Haven't we, Jimmy?

Jimmy shifts. Anna clocks their look.

ANNA
 What you two up to?

TULLY
 Fuck all. As usual.

He's smiling. But she's unsettled.

TULLY, ANNA and JIMMY are having supper together. He's staring at the blueberry smoothie with contempt.

ANNA
 Drink it.

TULLY

I fucking hate blueberries.

ANNA

I don't give a shit. They're good for you. Anti-oxidants. We need to pump you full of them.

JIMMY

Listen to your lawyer. She's right.

Tully shoves the smoothie away. This bugs Anna. But she bites her tongue. She pointedly addresses her question to Jimmy.

ANNA

So what did you two get up to?

Jimmy shifts.

TULLY

Saw Barbara and my campaign manager here, made a list.

ANNA

Campaign manager? Is that a promotion, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Failing upwards.

ANNA

So what's on this list?

Is she bristling? A little. For sure.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Chemo, I hope.

TULLY

No chemo, darling. I told you. I'm not up for it.

Anna's eyes swim. Jimmy can't look at her.

TULLY (CONT'D)

But item number one on the list is Anna's Big Day.

ANNA

What Big Day?

TULLY

Your Big Fuck Off Wedding Day.

Anna's expression is set.

ANNA

Who decided that?

TULLY

We did.

She looks at Jimmy. Then back to Tully.

ANNA

Did you not think of asking me
first?

Jimmy shifts again. Tully looks hurt.

TULLY

If you don't fucking want to...

Jimmy reaches over, picks up the plates and heads for the kitchen. We stay with Anna and Tully but see Jimmy through the doorway, back turned.

ANNA

(quiet)

Don't be a dick...

Tully reaches out and takes Anna's hand.

TULLY

I'm sorry. I love you. With all my
heart. The only one of my organs
that still functions.

He picks up a napkin ring and puts it over three of Anna's fingers, on her left hand.

TULLY (CONT'D)

So, fancy it?

ANNA

Have the chemo and I'll think about
it.

The longest beat.

TULLY

Fucking lawyers. They've got you
bang to rights.

ANNA

Do you mean it?

TULLY

I never say anything I don't mean.

Tully's face widens into a smile. Anna screams. With pure unfettered joy. And she's on him. Wrapping herself around him.

CUT TO JIMMY in the kitchen. He knows Tully's comment was meant for him too.

38

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

38

We stay close on JIMMY in the kitchen and watch ANNA and TULLY, in the dining room, over his shoulder.

TULLY

Jimmy'll help you organise everything. He'll get it done. He'll make a list. He loves making lists. It's his favourite thing. Just leave me out of it, okay?

ANNA

Tully....!

TULLY

If I'm going to subject myself to chemical intervention, I want the space to enjoy it. One thing though...

(shouts through to JIMMY)
...I'm in charge of the playlist.
None of you philistines has any taste.

Hope floods Jimmy's face. Maybe it's going to be alright.

39

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

39

ANNA and JIMMY are in the garden. Tully's visible in the window behind them, washing up. Anna's wrapped in Tully's big coat.

ANNA

How do you think he looks?

JIMMY

I think he looks good. Jammy fucker.

ANNA

He's in a lot of pain. But the chemo will help, Jimmy. I know it.

She looks at Jimmy, gaze direct.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I can't believe he's agreed, I've been begging him. What did you say to him? Why is he doing it now?

JIMMY

To have more time with you.

ANNA

Good. He has to do everything he can to stay with me for as long as he can. He has to.

JIMMY

He will.

Jimmy puts his arm round her.

ANNA

Was the wedding your idea?

JIMMY

Absolutely not. Tully suggested it.
It's what he wants.

She just smiles. She doesn't buy it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But I want to pay. It's my gift.

ANNA

No! We can manage. We've got money.
You don't have to come here
flashing yours.

JIMMY

Let me do it. I'm losing him too.

Beat.

ANNA

It doesn't have to be big.

JIMMY

Okay.

He grins.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yes, it does.

Anna laughs. And puts her head on his shoulder.

It's a beautiful night. Clear sky. Majestic stars. IONA is sitting on the caravan terrace when a taxi drives up, and JIMMY gets out. His face lights up when he sees her.

JIMMY

What you doing here?

IONA

What do you think? I have to go
back first thing.

JIMMY

You're here now.

A beat later they're in each others arms and kissing. It's long. And grateful. When they break apart Jimmy is crying.

Finally allowing himself to give in to his grief. Iona holds him very close. And lets him weep.

41

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

41

ANNA and TULLY walk down a long hospital corridor. They walk through a door. The sign above says 'NO WAY OUT'. Tully looks up at it and grins.

TULLY

Brutal. But refreshingly honest.

Anna walks on.

42

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

42

TULLY is sitting in a big chair, in a ward with OTHER CHEMO patients in various stages of illness. He makes a point of not looking at them. ANNA holds his hand as A NURSE attaches a spider web of lines and plugs to his veins. HIS ONCOLOGIST approaches. He's wearing a bowtie. In true Consultant cliche.

ONCOLOGIST

Mr Dawson. Welcome.

TULLY

Cheers. I think.

ONCOLOGIST

Now. It's my job to keep you healthy for as long as I can. And there's new drugs coming all the time. This won't make the cancer go away but it'll keep you toddling along for a while longer.

He smiles at Anna. Anna smiles back. A small, hopeful smile.

TULLY

I haven't toddled since I was three. Looking forward to it.

43

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. DAY

43

TULLY is laid out on the bed, drained, aching from the tip of his head to his feet. ANNA is lying with him, stroking his arm. He manages to speak. But it's an effort.

TULLY

I'm better on my own. Let me be in the tunnel. On my own.

If she's hurt she tries not to show it.

ANNA

Okay. But I'm just in the kitchen,
if you need me.

He's already going inside himself. Away from her. She leaves.
As soon as she's gone, he opens his eyes and stares blankly
into space.

44

INT. CAFE. IRVINE. DAY

44

JIMMY and TIBBS (now nearly 50) are in a cafe, overlooking
the beach. Tibbs is a postman and he's in his uniform. He's
greyer. His face more angular. But his smile and fringe are
the same.

TIBBS

So what does he need us to do?

A small hesitation then -

JIMMY

Come to his wedding and celebrate
the fuck out of it.

TIBBS

This whole thing, it's murder. It's
so wrong and it's so shite. How
could a thing like this happen to a
healthy guy? Not just anybody but
Tully.

JIMMY

I wish I could help you, Tibbs,
but...

After a moment -

TIBBS

He's having chemo, so that should
help, yes?

JIMMY

That's what we're hoping. He's not
keen though.

TIBBS

He's Tully. He likes to be in
control. Okay, so we take it as it
comes. We rally. We let him be
Tully. For as long as its humanly
possible. We do for Tully what we
didn't do for Limbo.

They make eye contact. Guilt unspoken. But shared.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

We rally.

Jimmy looks at Tibbs, heart full.

JIMMY

You really haven't changed, Tibbs.
But you've grown into your face.
Age suits you. You've sorted your
life out. You stick by your team.
And you never expect people to be
better than they are.

TIBBS

There's no secret to it, I just get
on with it. Right, I'm going home
to hug Helen and the kids tighter.
Keep in touch, okay? Tell him, I'm
here.

He gathers up his bag, puts a fiver on the table and leaves.
Jimmy sits for a moment longer. Lost in his thoughts. He
watches Tibbs pass the window. Bag over his shoulder. Steps
heavy. Tibbs raises his hand and waves, without looking back.
Jimmy takes out his notebook and looks at the list. He
focuses on the word Switzerland, with the line through it.
Then he shuts the notebook. With a snap.

45

INT. TULLY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

45

ANNA and JIMMY are making a list; cake, flowers, cars, venue,
dress, suits, food, booze. And on it goes. Their heads are
together. Working as one. TULLY appears. Looking like death.
Shuffling like an old man.

ANNA

Go back to bed, babe, I can get it.

TULLY

I don't need you to fucking get it.
I can get it myself.

He shuffles on through to the kitchen. Anna avoids Jimmy's
eyes. The door bell rings. She starts to get up.

TULLY (CONT'D)
(appearing from the
kitchen)

TULLY (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

ANNA

It's probably the air purifier I
ordered. Just go back to bed.

She goes out to the hall. Jimmy and Tully make eye contact.
Jimmy looks away first.

46

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. HALL. CONTINUOUS

46

Anna opens the door to the AMAZON DELIVERY MAN.

ANNA

Thanks.

She goes to sign for it. TULLY has appeared behind her, murderous.

TULLY

Take that fucking thing away. We don't need a fucking air purifier. We don't want it. We've got enough shite.

ANNA

(to the Delivery Man,
mortified)

Sorry, he's not very well. Sorry.
Thanks.

She takes the parcel, closes the door and turns round, eyes blazing.

TULLY

Don't fucking apologise for me. I'm dying. End of. And I wish you'd all let me get on with it.

ANNA

I know you feel like shit but I am not your cat to kick.

She pushes past him. And goes back into the living room.

47

INT. TULLY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

47

ANNA appears. JIMMY goes to stand up.

JIMMY

Anna.....

ANNA

Don't, Jimmy. Just don't.

She moves to the window, trying not to cry. TULLY appears in the doorway, shamefaced.

TULLY

I'm sorry. I love you. I'm sorry.

He walks up behind her, reaches out and takes her hand in his. She grips it. Tight. His head goes down on her shoulder. Behind them, heart sore, Jimmy picks up his coat and quietly takes his leave.

ANNA and IONA are in a restaurant, eating lunch and drinking champagne. Anna looks shattered but she's still feeling positive.

IONA

Fuck it, let's have another bottle.
I'm paying.

ANNA

No! What is it about you and your husband insisting on paying for everything? It's kind of patronising, you know.

IONA

Is it? I'm sorry.

ANNA

We're not your poor relations,
Iona.

IONA

I didn't think of it like that.
Honestly. Jimmy would be mortified if he thought you felt that.

ANNA

Jimmy knows. I've told him. I don't mean to sound ungrateful...I know he does it because he loves Tully. They go back. That's the deal. You can't manufacture that stuff.

(beat)

If I'm being really honest I resent that sometimes. I do. I resent the fact he's had years with Tully and I don't. I won't.

IONA

Oh, Anna....

ANNA

They have secrets, don't they?

IONA

No. They don't. They think they do. But they're completely transparent. That's why we love them.

ANNA

(smiles)

I always get a bit anxious when they go down to that caravan. Don't know about you but sometimes I feel like they're the couple.

IONA

The fucking odd couple.

They laugh. Anna's starting to relax more.

ANNA

The wedding was Jimmy's idea,
wasn't it?

IONA

Not that I know of.

ANNA

Come on, Tully doesn't want the
fuss. But I do. I really do. So I'm
fucking glad he suggested it.

IONA

Good. It's your day though.

ANNA

Too bloody right it is.

They raise their glasses and chink.

ANNA (CONT'D)

People have me down as this high
achiever. And I am. A First from
Uni. Coming out as a lawyer. Big
career. But the minute Tully Dawson
crashed into my life, all I wanted
was to marry him and have his kids.
I've been waiting for him my whole
life. He squeezes my arse on the
way to the kettle.

Iona smiles.

IONA

Jimmy told me when you and Tully
got together, he was relieved.
Finally, there was someone worthy.
You and Tully just fit. We know how
awful this is, Anna. We do.

Anna puts her napkin over her face and is doing everything in
her power not to cry.

IONA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I....

ANNA

The chemo's murder, Iona. It really
is. And I feel bad because he's
suffering with it.

IONA

You want him to stay. That's not
bad.

Anna lets the napkin drop.

ANNA

The oncologist says a strong reaction could mean its working. And he's definitely better. I can see it. The chemo could give him another year. Maybe two.

(beat)

I'd settle for that.

49

EXT. HOUSE FOR AN ART LOVER. LATER

49

ANNA and IONA get out of a taxi. JIMMY is waiting on the steps.

JIMMY

How was lunch?

ANNA

Excellent.

Jimmy catches Iona's eye and smiles.

50

INT. HOUSE FOR AN ART LOVER. GLASGOW. LATER

50

JIMMY, ANNA and IONA are wandering round the wedding venue, checking it out. She turns to them, eyes bright.

ANNA

This is the place. We can have drinks in the drawing room, do the vows upstairs then eat in here. Just a buffet, Tully won't want any sit-downy shit. Then he can eat or not. It'll be over by 6. Then it's the dancing. That's Tully's bit. And I want photographs. Lots of Tully. Not formal. Candids.

Jimmy nods. That's decided then.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you. For doing this.

JIMMY

(shrugs)

I'm good at doing.

IONA

He loves to organise. We have that in common.

They smile.

ANNA

(to Jimmy)

Did he always rely on you like
this?

JIMMY

Nope. When we were young, it was
the other way round. I relied on
him and Barbara.

ANNA

He says it was all music and
comedy.

JIMMY

It was. And a few films.

Beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know it's not him. When he
takes it out on you. It's the
chemo.

ANNA

I know and I'm okay with it. As
long as he's doing it, then there's
still a chance. This is the right
thing, Jimmy. We just have to stay
still and hold our shape.

Iona puts her arm through Anna's.

IONA

Come on, let's go upstairs again.

They move to the stairs. In step. Jimmy holds back for a
moment before following.

Music crashes in. THE FALL. TOTALLY WIRED.

51

INT. TULLY'S FLAT. STUDY. LATE AFTERNOON

51

TULLY is dancing round his study, like a man possessed. Off
his face on steroids. His youthful spirit miraculously
returned.

ANNA (O.S.)

Jesus. Whatever you're on, can we
have some?He turns to find JIMMY, ANNA and IONA watching him, shocked.
Tully laughs. And laughs. And laughs.

TULLY

Get tae fuck. These babies are all
mine. Steroids, who knew?

(MORE)

TULLY (CONT'D)

Dexamethasone AKA Dexy's Midnight
Madness. Who fucking knew???

He goes to Anna and dances around her. She joins in. Then Tully pulls Jimmy and Iona in. They don't resist either. Anna and Jimmy make eye contact. Hope bursting out of them.

He's back. Tully is back.

52

INT. THE GLEBE PUB. IRVINE. NIGHT

52

JIMMY and TULLY are in the pub. Tully's looks better. He's got more colour. Jimmy has his notebook open at The List.

JIMMY

You look better.

Tully just smiles and sips his pint.

TULLY

I'm on A Class drugs, Noodles. But we know there's always a come down, don't we? Nothing's changed. Nothing.

Beat. Jimmy focuses on the list.

TULLY (CONT'D)

You've crossed a lot of stuff off.

JIMMY

Anna and I are like a well-oiled machine.

TULLY

Good. That's good. Though why we need posh cars beats me.

JIMMY

To get us there. Unless you want to get the bus.

TULLY

Happily.

This makes Jimmy laugh. Tully looks around.

TULLY (CONT'D)

This place is dead now. Mind you, that's an improvement on how it was.

All of a sudden, the pub doors burst open and YOUNG JIMMY and YOUNG TULLY burst through them ---

--- And push their way through A PUB RAMMED FULL OF MEN. The air heavy with cigarette smoke. Every surface awash with crumpled betting slips and stuffed ashtrays.

YOUNG TULLY is wearing his 'We Are All Prostitutes' tee shirt as he strides into the back bar, YOUNG JIMMY on his heel. STEDMAN (STEADY) McCALLA (47) sitting alone near the back wall. Steady is the town's black Jamaican barber and the area around his table is empty. The only space in a crowded sea.

Tully makes a bee-line for Steady's table. All eyes follow him. You could cut the disapproval with a knife.

YOUNG TULLY
(to Steady)
These seats taken?

Steady shrugs. Tully and Jimmy sit down on either side of him. Tully's voice is loud. Unapologetic.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)
Was Scotland always like this,
Steady? Full of racist fuckers?

The air crackles with danger. Steady shrugs again.

YOUNG STEADY
When we first got here, my father
got a job working on the
Corporation buses, but the union
complained.

Tully addresses the men at the bar.

YOUNG TULLY
Hear that? The Transport and
General Workers Union said they
would go on strike if men from
Barbados and Jamaica got given jobs
on the fucking buses.

ONE MAN turns his head and draws Tully a look. Tully ignores him, puts his elbows on the table and addresses Steady and Jimmy, making sure the men can hear.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)
See these men in here, Steady,
they've all been fucked over by
that cow Thatcher so they're
victims. Absolutely No Question.
But that doesn't stop them doing
their own fucking victimising.

Tully's eyes shift to find WOODBINE at the bar. Back to Tully. Hunched over his pint.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)
 Difficult things do not cancel out
 other difficult things.

This is directed at Woodbine. Woodbine doesn't turn round.

Tully's expression hardens as he fixes on his father. All of a sudden, he stands up, walks over to the fireplace, and casually throws a handful of firearm blanks into the flames. A beat. They go off like it's November 5th.

THE MEN in the bar nearly crap themselves. All except Woodbine. He carries on drinking his pint. THE BARMAN gives Tully daggers. Tully lifts his arms, in a gesture of pure innocence.

BARMAN
 (to Tully and Jimmy)
 Don't you two come back in here.
 You're barred!

Jimmy scrambles for the door. Steady allows himself a smile. Tully strolls to the door, last glance is for Woodbine, who withholds his attention.

54

EXT. PUB. NIGHT. 1986

54 *

Back in the present. TULLY and JIMMY emerge from the pub. They stop. Breathe in the night air.

TULLY
 All the reluctant fathers. Shit!
 Why did I never call a band that?
 That's a great name for a band.

JIMMY
 You can still do it.

TULLY
 No, I can't.

He puts his arm round Jimmy's neck. And pulls him close.

TULLY (CONT'D)
 You know what, at least we didn't
 end up like them.

55

INT. CORRIDOR SCHOOL. DAY 1986

55 *

YOUNG JIMMY walks down the corridor towards the classroom. THE CLEANER is mopping the floor outside.

CLEANER
 You must love it here. You're never
 away from it.

Jimmy grins. He reaches the door, knocks and goes inside.

MRS O'CONNOR is sitting at her desk, marking a huge pile of jotters. She looks up when YOUNG JIMMY appears.

MRS O'CONNOR
So, James, I gather you got a place.

YOUNG JIMMY
Strathclyde. English and Russian.

All of a sudden, she gets up and hugs him. Tight.

JIMMY
Susan!

She lets him go. Smiling.

MRS O'CONNOR
Mrs O'Connor to you.

All of a sudden Jimmy's overcome. He struggles to speak.

MRS O'CONNOR (CONT'D)
You don't have to say anything, Jimmy. It's all good. Go. And do not come back. Hear me.

He turns to leave. She takes up her pen. He stops at the door.

YOUNG JIMMY
She had two brothers, you know.

MRS O'CONNOR
Who did?

YOUNG JIMMY
Edith Sitwell. Her with the long nose and the rings. They were called Osbert and Sacheverell.

He adopts his broadest Scottish twang.

JIMMY
Sacheverall, your tea's ready!

She laughs. Really laughs. Jimmy heads out of the door. And into the light. Her laughter echoing around him.

GRANDMASTER FLASH. THE MESSAGE crashes in. A factory siren goes off. YOUNG JIMMY is outside the gates, cassette player pushed against his ear. Not a care in the world.

YOUNG TULLY emerges. Among the crowd of DISAFFECTED MEN. A copy of the NME sticking out his back pocket. None of them react. It's The Dead Zone. We sense contempt in Tully's gait. He hates it here.

YOUNG JIMMY (O.S.)
Tully....!

Jimmy is grinning from ear to ear.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm getting the fuck out.

He's euphoric. Tully grabs him in a bear hug. Kisses him on the lips.

YOUNG TULLY
Your Susan did the business then?

YOUNG JIMMY
Mrs O'Connor to you. Strathclyde.
English and Russian.

Tully pulls him close again.

YOUNG TULLY
Weirdo.

There's something new in Tully's eyes. A flash of loss perhaps? He's losing his friend. He's getting out.

MUSIC: FELT. PRIMITIVE PAINTERS

58

EXT. WIGTON. NIGHT

58

It's starting to snow. Not heavy but it's definitely starting. A car pushes through the town. It's lit up. In all its glory. The car passes a poster for an event marking the Centenary of a First World War battle. JIMMY'S FACE stares out at us. He to speak at it.

59

INT. CAR. NIGHT

59

The track plays on the stereo as JIMMY drives into town. Past the war memorial. He's alone. His phone on speaker. Talking to Iona.

IONA (O.S.)
Are you there yet?

JIMMY
Just got here. It's snowing. I
don't know how I'm going to do
this.

IONA (O.S.)
 Doctor Theatre. Once you're up
 there.

JIMMY
 It's hundred years since those six
 local men died.

IONA (O.S.)
 They still remember them, Jimmy.
 That's good.

JIMMY
 Yeah. It is.

60

INT. HALL. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT

60

JIMMY is with THE ORGANISER.

ORGANISER
 We've cleaned up the war memorial.
 With the hundredth anniversary and
 all that, we wanted it to look
 spruce.

He peers through the curtains. The hall is a ceilidh of
 coloured scarves. PEOPLE huddle together, talking in a low
 hum.

ORGANISER (CONT'D)
 It's a sell out. You and The War
 Poets. A match made in heaven.

Jimmy shuffles his notes. Suddenly nervous.

61

INT. STAGE. MOMENTS LATER

61

JIMMY is standing on stage. THE AUDIENCE wait. Expectantly.

JIMMY
 It's an honour to be here. To
 remember your town's young men. The
 war Poets spoke, eloquently, of
 their pain at that loss.

Jimmy looks up. Snow is falling on the skylight. A long
 pause. He looks down at his notes again. Then, all of a
 sudden, folds them in half.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 But there's another story of this
 centenary. Not foreign to poetry.
 But remote perhaps from the idea
 that young death is an Olympic
 sport. The poet's disgust didn't go
 far enough. There's no glory in any
 of it.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

To die young is always a waste.
Whether it's in Afghanistan, or
Iraq, or crossing the Channel in a
boat. *'Life to be sure, is nothing
much to lose, but young men think
it is. And we were young.'*

AN OLD MAN IN HIS MEDALS shakes his head and shouts out.

OLD MAN

Shame! People die in war. That's
the fact. That's what it's all
about.

JIMMY

And every war is a catastrophe.

OLD MAN

Every death is a catastrophe. But
it's an honour to die for your
country. And they did die in glory.

The old man gathers his sticks and gets up. Jimmy looks up.
The skylight is covered in snow.

62

EXT. HALL. NIGHT

62

JIMMY is heading for his car when -

FIONA

We saw you were giving a talk...

Jimmy looks up and into FIONA's face. Still the same kind
eyes. HER HUSBAND, SCOTT is behind her.

SCOTT

Tully would have loved the way you
turned it away from the whole war
is a celebration thing.

FIONA

(gently)

Would love it. He's still here.

63

INT. PUB. MOMENTS LATER

63

JIMMY, SCOTT and FIONA are by the fire, nursing whiskies.

FIONA

I've been talking to him a lot. He
seems to have reacted well to the
chemo. He's starting the second
course straight after the wedding.

JIMMY

Good.

Fiona hesitates. Choosing her words very carefully. She shares a look with Scott.

FIONA

We want to support him. In every way we can. Him and Anna. But...

Beat.

JIMMY

You know, don't you?

She nods. Scott takes her hand in his.

FIONA

It's hard. What he's asking of you. And he's not doing it properly. He hasn't set it in motion with Anna. She won't want it. He's expecting you to sort it out and it doesn't work like that. He can't leave her out of this and make it a pact between you two.

JIMMY

I've said no.

SCOTT

Then just let that play out.

Jimmy's anguish bubbles up.

JIMMY

But if it's what he wants, Fiona? I know you and Scott won't agree with what he's thinking...

FIONA

I don't think you know my feelings.

JIMMY

You and Scott have a faith...

FIONA

But it's Tully's life, not ours.

Jimmy's face registers his surprise. He wasn't expecting this. She takes a hankie out of her pocket. It's hurting her.

SCOTT

But he can't make a secret of it, conspiring with his old pal because he has a responsibility to Anna.

JIMMY

I know that. But it's...he's my friend and I love him.

Fiona leans over, eyes meeting Jimmy's.

FIONA

And, in your heart, you want to help him out of a desperate situation. But Anna wants to keep him alive with every fibre of her being. Nobody's wrong.

JIMMY

Can he do it without her?

FIONA

I think he just might.

SCOTT

What does Iona say?

JIMMY

I haven't told her.

(beat)

I know, I know....It's all about control. That's all Tully wants.

FIONA

Yes. First of life. And then of death. That's who my brother is.

SCOTT

Jimmy, just remember he's heading for a life everlasting, in a world greater than this one.

JIMMY

Do you really believe that?

Scott smiles. And nods. Jimmy smiles kindly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I wish I could but I think Earth is all the heaven we'll ever know and I've just been lucky to share my story with him.

MUSIC: JOY DIVISION. LOVE WILL TEAR US APART.

Dusk is falling. YOUNG JIMMY is sitting on the rock, staring out at Arran. Lost in his thoughts. Suddenly YOUNG TULLY appears, running. He's carrying a celebratory bottle of El Dorado and a copy of the NME.

YOUNG TULLY

Noodles, we're about to mark Your Great Escape.

He sits down and thrusts the open NME at Jimmy. It shows THE BROTHERS from THE JESUS and MARY CHAIN sitting under a Gibson guitar.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

Now we can go and see these Neds at the Barrowlands, playing for fifteen minutes, with their backs to the fucking audience. Or....

He pauses for effect and shoves another page in Jimmy's face.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

....We can go to Manchester for the best gig in fucking history.

Jimmy takes the paper and stares at the advert for '*The Celebration of Punk*' at the G Mex in Manchester. The band list is eye watering. Jimmy stares at it in disbelief.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

The Shop Assistants at the International on the Friday. Then on Saturday, it's New Order, The Smiths, The Fall, Magazine and the fucking rest. If we miss this, we might as well be dead.

He pulls five gig tickets out of his pocket and puts them next to the NME. They were white with black writing. Jimmy's eye falls on the words '*Standing Area*', '*CELEBRATION OF PUNK*', '*Greater Manchester Exhibition Centre*', and '*f13 in advance*'. Jimmy stares at the tickets.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

We're going to Manchester. You, me, Limbo, Tibbs and Hogg. The Ayrshire Boys. Manchester! The land of Ian Curtis and Shelagh Delaney. It's going to be epic.

He holds out the tickets.

YOUNG TULLY (CONT'D)

Take one. It's a present. For passing your exams. You're getting out, Noodles.

Jimmy takes the ticket, moved.

JIMMY is outside the stage door. THE COMPANY pour out. IONA is with them. She sees him. Her heart contracts.

JIMMY

It's okay, it's okay. He's okay.
It's not that.

IONA

Thank God.

JIMMY

I need to tell you something.

66

INT. HOTEL ROOM. LEEDS. NIGHT.

66

JIMMY and IONA are sitting on the bed. Close. But not touching.

IONA

How could he ask you to do that?
 Imagine. Imagine how you would feel
 after....? You'd have to live with
 that. That you took him there.
 Jimmy, you can't. It's too big an
 ask.

JIMMY

I said no....

IONA

But....?

JIMMY

I'm torn. I'm fucking torn.

Beat.

IONA

What does Anna say?

JIMMY

She doesn't know. Not yet.

IONA

For fuck's sake.

JIMMY

I know. I know.

IONA

He can't. It'll break her heart.

JIMMY

Her heart is going to break anyway.

IONA

Then let him do it. Not you.

JIMMY

He's my friend.

IONA

She'll be his wife on Saturday.
 Would he do it for you?

JIMMY

Without hesitation.

IONA
 Jimmy, you can't.

We're out on Jimmy's tortured expression.

67

INT. LIMBO'S FLAT. PAISLEY. NIGHT. 1986

67 *

YOUNG TIBBS is eyeing Limbo's flat with disgust. It's the dirtiest flat in the history of dirty flats.

YOUNG LIMBO's standing beside a huge stereo stack system with a double tape deck. There's piles of mix-tapes on top of the smoked glass, all with a price sticker. He's wearing a striped T-shirt, a military coat and has the ubiquitous bottle of Eldorado in his giant hand. Tibbs is in the only chair, wearing his Celtic shirt.

YOUNG JIMMY and YOUNG TULLY are lying on the threadbare carpet, sharing a joint. There's one single tap dripping into the grubby sink.

YOUNG TIBBS
 Where do you wash, Limbo?

YOUNG LIMBO
 I go to the baths every day.

YOUNG TULLY
 You swim every day?

YOUNG LIMBO
 I don't swim. If God had meant me to swim, he'd have given me the shoulders and buttocks of Mark Spitz.

Tibbs eyes the two bar gas fire with derision.

YOUNG TIBBS
 Pass the doobie, Tully. I'll need to be numb to survive this night.

YOUNG LIMBO
 Please make full use of all the facilities. Mi casa es su casa. There's only one rule. If anybody draws a cock and balls on my forehead when I'm asleep, I'll fuckin' kill them.

Tully leaps up and starts dancing. Thumping the air. Under the poster of Lenin.

YOUNG TULLY
 We need to make a plan. For when we get off the bus. Jimmy, make a list.

Jimmy gets out his biro and prepares to write on his hand.

YOUNG LIMBO
Piccadilly Records. Straight there.

Jimmy smiles, stoned now.

YOUNG JIMMY
Straight there.

YOUNG TULLY
England is getting rode!

Tibbs, Tully and Limbo erupt into song. '*England is getting rode, England is getting rode....*' Jimmy sits this one out.

YOUNG HOGG appears. He's wearing a sixteen-eye pair of Doc Martens, a biker's jacket and a TEST DEPT tee-shirt. He gives them all the finger, starts moving about the room, opening drawers, checking them out, pulling things out. Looking for something.

YOUNG TIBBS
You bored, Davie?

YOUNG HOGG
I'm making something.

He wanders out again.

YOUNG TULLY
Right. So. Friday. Off the bus.
Piccadilly Records. Town Centre.
Beers. Grub on the way to the
International Club. The Shop
assistants. Don't know where we
sleep. Saturday...

YOUNG TIBBS
Go round the shops?

YOUNG TULLY
Fuck the shops. We see Manchester.
In all it's majesty. Then G Mex.
The best time anyone's ever had.
Then we go to the Hacienda. Then we
lie down. And then we die.

Limbo bites into a curly wurly.

YOUNG TIBBS
What the fuck is Hogg doing ?

YOUNG HOGG is standing in the middle of the room with a joint in one hand and a dripping paintbrush in the other.

The walls and ceiling are covered in the words 'NAG, NAG, NAG' In acid yellow paint.

A naked light bulb hangs overhead, illuminating the blobs of paint all over Hogg's hair, down his legs, over his Docs and all over the floor. Hogg looks at THE YOUNG TULLY, TIBBS, LIMBO and JIMMY, all framed in the doorway, agog.

YOUNG HOGG

I am the Jackson of Pollock.

69

INT. TULLY'S FLAT. DAY

69

A CROWD OF MEN are rammed into Tully's front room, drinking whisky. Among them are MICK CAESAR, ROSS MCARDLE, JIMMY and TIBBS. Jimmy and Tully make eye contact.

JIMMY

Your tie's not right.

TULLY

It's only a wedding.

MICK

Jimmy knows zilch about gambling but he knows about ties.

TULLY

What is this? Queer Eye?

Jimmy starts to fix Tully's tie.

JIMMY

For the straight guys.

Tully locks eyes with him. Then kisses him right on the lips. His greeting of choice.

70

EXT. POLLOK PARK. DAY

70

A black wedding car drives through Pollok Park. TULLY, JIMMY and TIBBS are in the back seat. ROSS and MICK in the front. Jimmy turns his head and looks out of the window.

A grainy image sweeps across it. Like an alternative 80's pop video. Of THE YOUNG TULLY, JIMMY, TIBBS, HOGG and LIMBO piling on a bus to Manchester ---

71

EXT. BUS. GLASGOW. DAY. 1986

71

*

THEY'RE carrying sleeping bags and rucksacks, excitement off the scale, singing '*England's going to get rode. England's going to get rode*' YOUNG JIMMY is last on. Ubiquitous book sticking out his back pocket. The doors crunch shut behind them.

72

EXT. POLLOK HOUSE. DAY 2016

72 *

TULLY gets out of the car, to be greeted by ALL HIS FRIENDS. Cameras click. A cheer goes up. Tully puts on his best 100 watt smile. They head inside. JIMMY brings up the rear. IONA is on the steps, waiting for him. A slight awkwardness between them. Then -

JIMMY

You look incredible.

IONA

So do you.

She takes his hand.

JIMMY

This is going to be hard.

They walk inside. MUSIC: PIANO TRIO. DEBUSSY.

73

INT. POLLOK HOUSE. DAY

73

The house is all candlelight and mahogany. THE GUESTS head up the stairs. JIMMY and IONA at the rear. As JIMMY passes THE MUSICIANS, he whispers to them.

JIMMY

Too fast. Slow down. We want today to last forever.

Iona squeezes his hand. ROSS appears with a tray of carnations. Jimmy takes his.

ROSS

Flowers for the groom and his gang of fucking reprobates.

Jimmy notices that TULLY is struggling with his carnation. He goes to him, just as Tully's face contorts in pain. But he manages to hide it before Jimmy reaches him.

JIMMY

How you doing?

TULLY

I'm fine. It's going to be perfect.

Button hole attached, Tully admires himself in the mirror.

TULLY (CONT'D)

'That'll do, pig. That'll do'

JIMMY

Babe. 10 points.

TULLY

Five. Don't get carried away.

74

INT. PAVILION LIBRARY. DAY

74

JIMMY, TULLY, TIBBS, ROSS and MIKE stand in a line, by a row of gold chairs. The atmosphere has tensed. There's no sign of Anna. FIONA and SCOTT are in the front row. Tully steps towards and kisses her cheek.

TULLY
(whispers)
Love you, sis.

She nods. Unable to speak. Tully moves back into line.

Suddenly all eyes shift to the back of the hall where ANNA has appeared. White beaded dress shimmering. Face lit up. Carrying a halo of hope into the room along with her bouquet.

THE COCTEAU TWINS fill the room. PEARLY-DEWDROPS DROPS. Anna starts to walk. Eyes fixed on Tully. Tully squeezes Jimmy's hand then takes a step towards her. All eyes stay on Anna. Many of them hot with tears. But not Anna's. Hers are clear. Her path straight. She arrives in front of Tully and he kisses her. Softly.

Jimmy's gaze shifts to a painting in the room. Goya's 'Boys Playing At Soldiers'. Like it's been waiting for them. All their lives.

75

INT. MEN'S LOO. EVENING

75

TULLY is at the sink, water running. He grips the sides and bends over, just as a spasm of pain grips him. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a small bottle of liquid morphine. He gets the lid off somehow and knocks it back. Then he lifts his head. Drained. His face is pale. Like a ghost. He puts the bottle down and splashes his face with water.

CUT TO JIMMY. In the doorway. Shocked. He's seen.

JIMMY
You said you were fine.

TULLY
That's what you want me to say. I'm not the one in denial here. I know what's what. This ain't going away. No matter how much you and Anna wish it.

JIMMY
You haven't had your scan yet, you don't know.

TULLY
I can hardly swallow, Noodles. It's fucking torture.
(a small, sad smile)
(MORE)

TULLY (CONT'D)

It's okay though. I won't ask you again. I'll sort it myself. Now come on, come and blow us away with your command of the English language. Make sure they know I've had a fucking great life.

He puts his arm round Jimmy's shoulders. This isn't just a gesture of friendship. He's leaning on Jimmy for physical support.

76

INT. DINING ROOM. EVENING

76

JIMMY is on his feet, mid-speech. Determined to make this a celebration. TULLY stands with ANNA and IONA.

JIMMY

This might feel like a wedding but in fact it's a convention for all those poor fuckers who've had their lives blighted by the madness of Tully Dawson.

Everyone cheers.

TIBBS

Show us your arse!

JIMMY

I'll get to that shortly. As we all know Tully has always been very handsome.

ROSS

Bastard!

Tully grins. Another cheer.

JIMMY

He's in that insufferable group of people that includes Rob Lowe and Jamie Rednapp. But some people are just....stars....and Tully Dawson is the brightest. He's given me some of the biggest laughs of my whole life. That might sound like a small thing. But it's huge. It's fucking huge. There's nothing greater. So I want to thank him for it.

Tully and Jimmy lock eyes. Then Jimmy looks at Anna.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But Anna's the one we really have to thank. She's bossy, tenacious, loyal and has excellent taste in her husband's friends.

Another cheer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 She's loved Tully like no person
 could hope to be loved in their
 whole lifetime.

Anna's eyes swim.

TULLY
 Right, that's enough of that shite,
 Noodles. Let the dancing begin.

A huge cheer. We close on Tully's face. The pain forgotten in
 the joy of the moment.

77

INT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT

77

The dancing is wild. TULLY is in charge of music. There's an
 old 80s mix tape by the sound system. One of Limbo's. It
 still has the price ticket on it.

ANNA and IONA are on the dance floor, euphoric. JIMMY's in
 the corner, nursing a whisky, watching. Iona tries to pull
 him up but Jimmy shakes his head, smiling. Tully heads for
 Anna and wraps himself around her and Iona. Jimmy can't look
 at them. He has to turn away.

78

EXT. SMOKING AREA. NIGHT

78

JIMMY is outside with TIBBS, smoking.

TIBBS
 You know I once applied to Napier
 to study journalism.

This is news to Jimmy.

TIBBS (CONT'D)
 They asked me to suggest a title
 for a column. And I did. 'Britain
 is a ropey old cow'.

JIMMY
 (laughing)
 Fuck me.

TIBBS
 And then I proceeded to dictate
 aforementioned column. British
 Steel is dead. British coal is
 dead. British rail is dead. Britain
 is a ropey old cow. And then I
 mooed.

He moos. As if to demonstrate. Jimmy grabs him in a bear hug.

JIMMY
Never change.

A shadow crosses Tibbs' face

TIBBS
It's weird, isn't it? Limbo's
music. But no Limbo.

They fall silent. Suddenly AN OVERWEIGHT MAN in a trilby hat appears. Up ahead.

TIBBS (CONT'D)
Fuck's sake, it's Hogg. I thought
he wasn't coming.

JIMMY
Well he can't eat. We haven't
catered for him.

TIBBS
(a grin spreads across his
angled face)
He shouldn't eat, look at the
fuckin' nick of him. He must have
eaten every pie in Denmark.
He's a fucking baldy bastard.
Jimmy, there is a God!

HOGG is upon them. Jimmy holds his hand out. Hogg takes it.

HOGG
Jimmy. Tibbs.

TIBBS
Hogg.

JIMMY
You didn't reply to the invite.

HOGG
I'm sorry I didn't....you
know...but then I couldn't not...

TIBBS
Is it true, you've got six kids?
And three ex-wives?

Hogg shrugs.

JIMMY
How's Copenhagen?

HOGG
They've got excellent bicycle
lanes.

TIBBS

It must be weird. Living in a
country famed for its fried pork.
Mind you...

They grin. Tibbs holds up his whisky.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

Slainte! Manchester must have been
the last time we were all together.

HOGG

Manchester?

TIBBS

The trip we took to G Mex.

HOGG

I don't remember.

Jimmy and Tibbs share a look. He does. They know he does. Then Jimmy clocks TULLY, emerging from the house. He takes a covert swig of morphine. Not knowing Jimmy has seen.

79

INT. THE BUS. DAY 1986

79 *

THE YOUNG TULLY, JIMMY, TIBBS, LIMBO and HOGG are up the back of the bus. Limbo is knocking back the booze. Tully is uncharacteristically quiet. Head turned to the window.

YOUNG TIBBS

If Thatcher doesn't agree to
sanctions, I hope every African
nation boycotts the Commonwealth
Games.

YOUNG HOGG

That'll be bad for Edinburgh.

YOUNG TIBBS

You fucking twat. How old are you?
Fifty? Just because you've got a
car.

YOUNG LIMBO

Poser Mobile.

YOUNG TIBBS

Shagging wagon.

YOUNG HOGG

It's a silver Capri.

YOUNG TIBBS

It's a dick mobile, David. If
you're going to drive a Capri, you
might as well grow a moustache and
call yourself Gavin.

They all laugh. Except Tully.

YOUNG JIMMY
You alright, Tullygarven?

YOUNG TULLY
Sure. Just pacing myself.

80

EXT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT 2016

80 *

HOGG, JIMMY and TIBBS bear down on TULLY.

TIBBS
Tully, look who it is. Old fuck
features.

HOGG
I was just passing.

TULLY
Oh yeah. Pollok's on the way to
Copenhagen.

HOGG
Thought I'd say hello.

TULLY
And wave cheerio?

Hogg shifts. Embarrassed. A long awkward beat.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming. Tibbs, take Hogg
and get him arseholed. But don't
let him near any paint.

Hogg looks as if he might decline the invite but Tibbs is
having none of it.

TIBBS
So, Davie, have you given up four
wheels in favour of two, due to the
glut of Danish bicycle lanes.....?

Tully and Jimmy share a smile as they sit on a bench. ANNA
and IONA are visible through the window behind them, dancing
to Joy Division's 'A Means To An End'. Tully lights up, takes
a draw then passes the fag to Jimmy.

TULLY
Do you miss Iona? When she's away
on tour?

JIMMY
Yeah. A lot.

We watch Anna and Iona behind them. Drunk. Happy.

TULLY

The good thing is I won't miss Anna because I won't exist. It's you poor fuckers who'll do the missing. Thank you for today. You've done us proud. I will never forget it. For as long as I live.

(grins)

You know what I mean.

Jimmy nods. He can't speak.

TULLY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to feel bad about Switzerland, Noodles. Okay? It doesn't change anything between us. Fiona says it was asking too much of you. She's very wise, my sister.

A long beat. Jimmy turns towards him, eyes searching.

JIMMY

Why did you ask me?

Tully's eyes fill up.

TULLY

I needed you to say it was okay.
Is it okay?

Ian Curtis's voice washes over them; '*We fought for good, stood side by side. Our friendship never died. On stranger waves, the lows and highs our vision touched the sky Immortalists with points to prove. I put my trust in you.*'

Then, all of a sudden, Jimmy rolls up his sleeve, takes out his pen and scrawls Switzerland on his arm. Tully's heart lurches.

JIMMY

Yes. It's okay.

We end on Anna. Visible behind them. Laughing. Oblivious.

END OF EPISODE