

INFLUENCER

18/12/20 - Shooting script

Written by

Greg Davies

Based on Der Tatortreiniger, 'Traces', by Mizzi Meyer.

Studio Hamburg UK

5 Market Place, 4th floor

London W1W 8AE, UK

T: +44 (0)2071835628

Wicky's van pulls in to the driveway of a very upmarket modern house, all white and angles. He gets out, he is wearing his usual work trousers but on this occasion a faded Roxy Music T shirt. He immediately spots the car on the drive. It is a white Porsche 911. Wicky whistles at it appreciatively and looks in the window.

WICKY

What a beauty.

He walks up to the door and before he can ring the bell a young man comes out. He is black, gay, 21, and wearing retro 80s clothing (eg *Don't Believe the Hype* era Public Enemy). This is social influencer RICHARD HOSEA CLARKE, known online as 'Home Alone Hosea'.

RICHARD

Hi! You from the police?

WICKY

Well sort of.

RICHARD

Your mates left about two hours ago.

WICKY

Yeah I always come after them,  
because I...

\*  
\*

He takes his jacket off revealing his T shirt.

RICHARD

Oh My God!

WICKY

What?!

RICHARD

Where did you get that T shirt,  
it's SO cool!

Wicky looks down at the T shirt.

WICKY

Dunno, I've had it years.

\*

RICHARD

Thought it might be from the vintage place in town. It looks proper 80s

WICKY

It is proper 80s. I bought it in the proper 80s.

RICHARD

SHUT up!

He doesn't understand.

WICKY

You shut up.

He laughs with delight and starts to bounce back in to the house.

RICHARD

Come on, I'll show you where it happened.

As he's leaving.

WICKY

Your folks have good taste.

RICHARD

Huh?

Wicky nods at the car. Richard shakes his head with light incredulity.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh. That's my car. Come on!

He bounces in to the house. Wicky is dumbfounded.

2

INT. HALLWAY / LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

2

\*

Wicky carries his bag in to the hallway and looks around. The house is tastefully garish. Pop art covers the walls. An electric scooter and various signs of youthful wealth litter the hallway. He calls from the lounge.

\*

RICHARD (O.S.)

In here.

\*

Wicky walks down a corridor and into the lounge. As soon as he enters his face drops. Richard is sitting half cross legged at two big screen Mac computers. He is casually clicking across social media platforms. The room is a gobsmacking shrine to the 80s. The posters are of Wham and Steven Spielberg films. There is a Coke machine, several Rubik's cubes in the corner and an actual Sinclair C5 has been bolted to the wall.

\*

\*

WICKY

Jesus Christ, you've nicked my childhood.

\*

RICHARD

I'm literally totally obsessed with 80s stuff.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Literally anything made in the 80s.  
Have you seen Stranger Things?

WICKY

That's wasn't made in the 80s.

RICHARD

But you like the 80s too?

WICKY

I'm from the 80s.

RICHARD

Amazing. Like Back to the Future.

\*

Wicky loves that film

WICKY

"Where we're going, we don't need roads".

RICHARD

What?

WICKY

You've not seen it, have you?

RICHARD

No but I got that poster. If I met Michael J fox nothing would stop me from marrying him.

\*

WICKY

Well, there's a couple of things...

\*

RICHARD

I've just got to update my socials.  
You ok to do your thing, put tape up or whatever.

\*

WICKY

Yeah, whatever.

\*

\*

He nods toward the corner of the room and then starts tapping on his computer. In the corner of the room is a free standing original 'Moon Invaders' arcade machine. It's bloodstained, with scorch marks behind it from an electrical fire. Blood is sprayed on the walls nearby, and near the machine is the wreckage of a smashed glass coffee table, in a horrific pool of blood.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

What happened?

He looks up briefly.

\*

RICHARD

Oh man, this dude came over to wire  
in the arcade machine and bam!

\*

WICKY

Bam?

\*

\*

RICHARD

Bam!

\*

\*

WICKY

What do you mean 'Bam?'

\*

RICHARD

Just went up. What's a fuse?

\*

WICKY

Oh. It stops people going 'bam.'

\*

RICHARD

Thank GOD I was out... blood makes  
me barf.

He goes back to typing.

\*

WICKY

(pointedly)

Poor guy though eh?

\*

\*

Richard doesn't look up and is barely engaged in his  
response.

\*

RICHARD

I know it's like SO sad.

We register a flicker of irritation in Wicky's eyes.

Richard taps away on his computer. He is a YouTube blogger  
and we occasionally hear his voice on videos that he clicks  
on:

YOUTUBE RICHARD

Hi guys! Today I'm going to do a  
vintage haulllll

He jumps from clip to clip...

YOUTUBE RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm so in to these ear-rings...  
they look legit but they actually  
got sent by....Wicky watches Richard jump on the keyboard. His fingers  
skitter across the keyboard but his face seems oddly  
unanimated. His eyes dart from clip to clip. We see that he  
is getting hundreds of thousands of views. Wicky hasn't got a  
fucking clue what is going on. He puts his equipment down and  
assesses the scene of carnage.

RICHARD

Before you start, are you good to  
check something for me?

Richard composes himself, makes his face look a bit sad, then takes a deep, solemn breath. He delivers a short, sad, monologue to Wicky. A bit of hyperventilating, distraught behaviour is scattered throughout.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm in shock, something terrible  
has happened. I'm... I don't know  
what to say. I'm... I need a few  
moments. I know this is going to  
worry a few of you... I'm fine...  
no I'm not OK. Look, I can't do  
this now. I'll be back in 30  
minutes. To tell you how my life  
has changed forever.

WICKY looks bemused.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What do you think? \*

WICKY

That you've had too much coffee? \*

RICHARD

Did I seem cut up?

WICKY

You didn't seem happy.

RICHARD

But like, enough to make you like  
and subscribe? \*

WICKY

(no idea what he means) \*

Oh my god yes. \*

RICHARD

Cool, thanks so much!

He then sniffs an onion which he pulls from his drawer and delivers the same speech into his Instagram Live. We see him via his Instagram Live page, with comments and emojis and it's working - people seem to be taking the bait. Meanwhile Wicky looks at all the paraphernalia in his room. Richard finishes.

WICKY

Did you buy all this stuff? \*

RICHARD

Most of it was sent to me.

Wicky picks up a Rubik's cube.

WICKY  
(like a child)  
Can I play with them?

\*  
\*  
\*

Richard looks at him incredulously.

RICHARD  
Sure?

Wicky gleefully picks up a Rubik's cube.

WICKY  
I used to be able to do these.

RICHARD  
What do you mean?

Wicky frowns

WICKY  
What do you mean?

\*  
\*

Richard is blank, confused.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)  
Well you know, 'do' them. Complete  
them.

\*

RICHARD  
NFC.  
(beat. off his face)  
'No F'ing Clue'. It's a new thing  
I'm trying out. Does it work?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY  
ISS.  
(off Richard)  
'I'd Say So'.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He starts to tentatively turn the squares.

WICKY (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure I can still...

As he gains in confidence he turns the squares quicker. Richard starts filming him on his phone, a close-up of just his hands. Richard is mesmerised. He didn't even know it turned! After a few more rapid turns the Rubik's cube is complete.

WICKY (CONT'D)  
Ta da.

RICHARD  
FUCK OFF!

Wicky is proud and embarrassed

WICKY  
YOU fuck off!

He laughs with delight, he almost blushes.

RICHARD  
This is going to break the  
internet! You should film it.

\*

WICKY  
I think there's probably clips of  
someone doing a Rubik's cube out  
there already.

RICHARD  
You should upload it. I can't  
because of the big announcement.  
What platforms you on?

WICKY  
Eh?

RICHARD  
Social media?

WICKY  
Oh. Only Facebook. But I don't  
really use it. A girl kept posting  
death threats. Look her up if you  
want, she's funny. 'The Tattoo'd  
Milf' she's called...

\*\*\*\*\*

Richard isn't listening

RICHARD  
You should get on Insta and Tik  
Tok.

\*\*\*\*\*

WICKY  
Nah, I don't like seeing how old  
school mates are doing. Chris  
Marner has got an Audi R8 and at  
school he got suspended for eating  
the hood off a girl's coat.

\*\*\*\*\*

RICHARD  
You wouldn't have to do all this  
police business any more if you got  
enough followers.

WICKY  
Sorry, what is your job?!

\*\*\*\*\*

RICHARD  
Do you not recognise me?!

WICKY  
 (pretends to)  
 Oh... you're...

\*  
 \*  
 \*

RICHARD  
 I'm 'Home Alone Hosea'!

He puts his hands up to his face in the Macaulay Culkin Home Alone pose. Wicky looks blank. Richard points to a nearby poster: official 'Home Alone Hosea' merch, featuring Richard striking the same pose. Wicky looks from Richard to the poster and back again. The penny drops.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

WICKY  
 I'm old.

\*

RICHARD  
 You must be very old!

\*

WICKY  
 Just old.

\*

RICHARD  
 Catch you later.

\*

He gets up and bounces out. Wicky shakes his head in wonderment.

He takes one last walk around the room, there are so many reminders of his childhood. He stops, plays with the odd thing and then sees a record player. Next to it are some old vinyls. He leafs through them and his eyes light up. He puts a single on the record player. It is "Rip it up and start again" by Orange Juice. Wicky takes a furtive glance at the door and then thinks fuck it. He places the record on.

As the song kicks in we go in to a cleaning montage... Wicky mixes chemicals, puts his mask on etc etc. It's beautifully choreographed by the director. After a great montage most of the blood, burn marks and smashed glass coffee table is gone.

\*

Wicky stands, he is hot... he glances in the direction of the coke machine walks over and takes out a can of coke. It has the old style ring pull and Wicky smiles warmly. He wipes his brow and like an old commercial goes to take a sip. The record abruptly stops as Wicky spits out the vile contents of the can. Suddenly Richard burst in. He has floppy haired young cretin MICKEY-BOY with him.

\*

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God! What the fuck!?

\*

MICKEY-BOY  
 Oh dude, this is bad.

RICHARD  
 What have you done?!

WICKY

Sorry, I was thirsty...

MICKEY-BOY

You drank that! Those cans are 35  
years old! We got them off ebay.

Wicky looks at the can in horror. What has he just drunk?  
Richard is oblivious to their conversation.

RICHARD

Never mind that, you've cleaned all  
the blood up!

\*

WICKY

I know, that's my job.

RICHARD

You said you were the Police.

WICKY

No you said I was the Police!

RICHARD

Well what are you?

WICKY

I'm a crime scene cleaner.

RICHARD

You're a cleaner?

WICKY

Crime scene

MICKEY-BOY

Dude's just a cleaner!

WICKY

Not 'just'

RICHARD

Why didn't you say you were just  
some cleaner

WICKY

Because I'm not

MICKEY-BOY

Says he's not

RICHARD

Well he is

WICKY

I'm not

RICHARD

What?!

MICKEY-BOY

What are you dude?

WICKY

I'm a crime scene cleaner!

RICHARD

If you clean you're a cleaner and  
you've basically ruined my life.

Well done cleaner!

\*

He stomps off. The cretin Mickey Boy, who we see has a camera in his hand, follows.

\*

MICKEY-BOY

Not cool bro.

He leaves too. Then pops his head back around the door.

MICKEY-BOY (CONT'D)

Cool T shirt though.

He does the devil rock sign with his fingers

Wicky is baffled. He puts down the vintage can of coke and follows them.

Wicky walks into the open-plan kitchen. The 80s theme is continued. There is a soda stream etc and a huge Home Alone poster in fills a wall. The signs of youthful wealth continue too. Richard is nowhere to be seen. Mickey-Boy tries doing tricks on a skateboard in the kitchen.

WICKY

What did I do?

MICKEY-BOY

You cleaned his content away man.

\*

WICKY

What?

MICKEY-BOY

He needed that content.

\*

WICKY

Why do you keep saying content?

MICKEY-BOY

Content is money bra.

WICKY

Okay, I'm not going to talk to you  
anymore there's obviously something  
wrong.

\*  
\*  
\*

Wicky walks away to find Richard whilst Mickey-Boy takes a  
call. It's another of the clients he 'manages'

\*

MICKEY-BOY

Yo, stay where you are. We don't  
need to light it, some massive fat  
dude's cleaned it up. Yeah I'll  
come there now.

\*

He hangs up

MICKEY-BOY (CONT'D)

Yo H, I've got to go and deal with  
something. Talk later. Don't worry  
about it.

\*

WICKY

Fat?

\*

He points at Wicky's belly.

\*

MICKEY-BOY

Yeah, you're like really fat?

\*

He's gone. A baffled Wicky walks out in to the garden in  
search of Richard.

\*

The garden is an adult child's playground. There's a huge  
rope swing from a tree, various electric vehicles and cool  
furniture. Wicky scans the grounds and finally sees Richard.  
He is sitting by an enormous carp pond, his knees up to his  
face like a child. Wicky strolls over.

\*

WICKY

I'm confused. I'm confused.com

\*

RICHARD

What?

\*

WICKY

It was just something I was trying  
out.

\*

\*

Richard rolls his eyes. Wicky sits next to him. A beat of  
silence between the two that Wicky decides to break with  
small talk. He tries again.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Bet you've been in there a few  
times.

He nods at the pond.

RICHARD

What?

WICKY

5 or 6 cans and I'd be straight in.  
Probably after just one to be  
honest.

\*

RICHARD

Why would you get in a pond?

\*

WICKY

You and your mates haven't jumped  
in that when you're pissed? My lot  
would be straight in that.

RICHARD

It's for fish!

WICKY

Yeah but when you're pissed...

RICHARD

I don't drink.

Wicky's face drops.

WICKY

What?! WHY?

RICHARD

Because I'm not a total loser I  
guess.

Richard sighs in contempt. He is clearly close to tears.

WICKY

Look. I'm not sure what I've done  
wrong.

\*

RICHARD

I was going to do a big stream  
about that guy getting fried and  
now it's like it never happened!

\*

\*

WICKY

Right, well sorry about that.

RICHARD

Are you? How often do you think  
content like that happens in your  
own house?

\*

WICKY

Oh you say content for no reason  
too, excellent.

\*

RICHARD

I can't keep vlogging about the  
80s, I've done it all...

\*  
\*

WICKY

You've not watched Back to the  
Future! (beat) Skip the third one  
by the way... wild west... they  
jumped the shark. It's shithouse.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

RICHARD

(oblivious)

I would have broken the internet  
with this, you saw how real my  
emotion was!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WICKY

People want to hear about an  
electrical accident? I should film  
fat Baz from the pub, he blew his  
thumb off...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

RICHARD

WHY?

\*

\*

WICKY

He was fishing a crumpet out of his  
toaster.

\*

\*

\*

RICHARD

I mean why are you still talking to  
me, I needed that dead guy and  
you've cleaned him up!

\*

\*

\*

\*

WICKY

It's my bloody job!

RICHARD

And this is mine! (Long beat) Can't  
you put it back?

\*

WICKY

Put what back?

RICHARD

The blood.

Wicky is sarcastic

WICKY

Oh the blood! Of course! I think  
I've got a big bag of blood in the  
van, yeah I'll splash it back on.

\*

\*

Richard is hopeful

RICHARD

Are you shitting me?!

WICKY

Yes I'm shitting you.

He jumps to his feet

RICHARD

Well congratulations for finding my  
ruined life so hilarious, you sad  
old fuck. Go and mop up somewhere  
else.

\*  
\*

He walks away, further down the garden.

\*

WICKY

(to himself through  
gritted teeth)

I don't use a mop.

His phone goes. It's Wicky's boss.

WICKY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello Boss, yeah sorry. It's taken  
longer than I thought. More  
charring than I thought.

Wicky looks down the garden to where the troubled young man  
has gone.

WICKY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

'Fraid not, I'll be a while.

\*

Wicky walks around the corner to another part of the garden.  
A dead end. He looks around and Richard is nowhere to be  
seen. Wicky is baffled, then he looks up and sees that  
Richard is up a tree.

WICKY

Hey. I feel bad. Can you come down.

He ignores him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

You're going to make me climb a  
tree aren't you. Old skool. You  
think I don't have those skills?

He wheezes his way up the tree, cursing and almost slipping  
on numerous occasions. Eventually he makes it to Richard's  
branch.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I haven't done that since I was a  
kid!

RICHARD

Nor me.

WICKY

Tree climbing was our version of  
Disney world.

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

Coz you were poor? boo hoo.

\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

No we weren't actually, I just come  
from a time when parents spent all  
their money on booze and fags.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Almost a smile from Richard

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

Where did you grow up?

He turns to look at him.

\*

RICHARD

You really haven't heard of me have  
you?!

WICKY

No, sorry.

RICHARD

I told you I'm 'Home Alone Hosea!'  
Jesus Christ, Grandad. Do you own a  
computer?

\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

Yeah but my mate Weasel got it for  
me and the keyboard's confusing.

\*  
\*

RICHARD

Well look me up some time.

\*

WICKY

Okay (beat) do you know your name  
in Chinese?

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

Why are you still here?!

\*

WICKY

Because you're upset and I want to  
help but I don't get why? I don't  
get why you live in this big house  
and why you want to put a video of  
you crying online!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He rolls his eyes and trots out his CV as he clearly has many times.

RICHARD

When I was 16 my parents moved to Italy. I told them I didn't want to come and they said, 'well that's up to you, you're old enough to make your own mind up', and they left me in the house. My insta went mental... lots of jealous little kids imagining the perfect life with no rules... now I'm rich. The end.

WICKY

They left you on your own!?

RICHARD

I wanted to stay.

WICKY

I'm sure you did. Kids want to eat ice cream that's been dropped in shit but they shouldn't be allowed!

RICHARD

Have you got kids?

WICKY

No.

RICHARD

Then what do you know about it?

WICKY

I used to be one?

RICHARD

Oh yes, in the fucking 80s.

WICKY

Yes in the 80s when in real life parents didn't leave kids behind.

\*

\*

\*

RICHARD

I don't need them. You think this is what the house looked like when they left? I've paid for all this!

\*

\*

\*

WICKY

Well. If you've made all this money why does it matter if I cleaned up the blood!?

\*

Richard's defiance fades. A sadness comes over him.

RICHARD

Guess what, a 23 year old living in a house isn't very 'home alone'...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

people have stopped finding it  
cute!\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

Ahhh I see. Michael Jackson  
syndrome.\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

I am not like Michael Jackson!

\*  
\*

WICKY

Calm down, I'm thinking bubbles the  
chimp era when people first started  
thinking... hang on a minute, I  
don't think he's right...\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

I'm getting trolled all the time.

\*  
\*

WICKY

You see, that's positive.

\*  
\*

RICHARD

It's not positive. They're saying  
I'm weird.(can barely say it he's so  
upset)

Like Britney.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

Well. You don't need it now... what  
does it matter what a load of  
strangers think? Turn the computers  
off, job done.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A tear rolls down Richard's cheek.

RICHARD

Then what am I going to do? What.  
am. I?\*  
\*

WICKY

How is you pretend-blubbing online  
going to help?\*  
\*

RICHARD

A death in Home Alone Hosea's  
house, are you joking? It's me  
moving to next level... it's real  
life, me showing my emotions...WICKY  
With onions...

RICHARD

More followers, more likes... it  
would have...

WICKY

Broken the internet?

RICHARD

Yes!

WICKY

Why are you people obsessed with  
breaking the internet?

Richard is so broken he's barely audible. \*

RICHARD

It's over. I know that really. \*

\*

\*

Wicky looks at him, he suddenly seems like a little boy.  
After a long beat. \*

\*

\*

WICKY

Blackberry jam.

RICHARD

What?

WICKY

You can make blood with blackberry  
jam.

Richard cautiously beams.

A scored, frenetic and brilliantly directed montage scene where Richard and Wicky create blood from blackberry jam. A clearable 80s block buster plays throughout. 'That's the way I like it' by Dead or Alive off the top of my head. Halfway through Wicky spies a soda stream. He goes over and expertly makes himself a drink. The music grinds to a halt.

RICHARD

Did you have one in the 80s?

Wicky sips and shakes his head.

WICKY

No, mum said they were a waste of  
money, arguably her 40 a day  
smoking habit was but.. there we  
are.

RICHARD

So how did you know how to use it?

Wicky drips with grown up incredulity.

WICKY

They're not that complicated.

The music starts again and they go back to creating the blood. Finally a squeezy tube is filled. Wicky looks at a hopeful Richard and nods. It looks perfect.

\*

7 INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

7 \*

Wicky and Richard stand next to the arcade machine.

\*

RICHARD

Well? Splurge it down.

\*

WICKY

'Splurge' it down?

\*

RICHARD

No?

\*

WICKY

No. Do you know much about blood splatter?

\*

RICHARD

'Bout as much as you know about Instagram.

\*

Wicky is serious. This is what he's good at and he's proud of it.

\*

WICKY

Then listen carefully. From the blood I cleaned up I can tell you it wasn't the shock that killed him.

\*

RICHARD

It wasn't?!

\*

WICKY

No, that sent him in to spasm, sure, and sent him thrashing around until he walloped his head on the cabinet here:

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Wicky splurges a bit of blood onto the corner of the arcade machine, and gives it a bit of a smear.

\*

\*

RICHARD

Ew.

\*

\*

WICKY

The blood up that wall was from his head injury. Violent involuntary convulsions from the shock...

\*

\*

\*

\*

Wicky gently sprays an arc of blood onto a nearby wall.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

...Resulting in light to moderate blood splatter. Simple enough to remove from non-porous surfaces.

RICHARD

Gross.

WICKY

You'd be amazed at how much blood you get when you cut your head.

RICHARD

So that was what killed him.

WICKY

A third degree abrasion?  
(chuckles condescendingly)  
Oh sweet child, I very much doubt it. No, he's not done yet.

Wicky grabs one of his plastic 'contaminated waste' bags.

WICKY (CONT'D)

So he thrashes around a bit on the end of a live wire, receiving electrical burns at point of contact and, you know...

- Flicks a bit more jam-blood onto nearby walls -

RICHARD

... 'Light to moderate blood splatter' ...

WICKY

Very good yes... but eventually, and this is what finishes him off, he's thrown over this way-

He takes a step or two back from the machine:

WICKY (CONT'D)

And lands here, right in your glass coffee table:

Wicky empties the waste bag. all the blood-stained glass he cleared up earlier falls out onto the floor.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Glass is such a stupid thing to build a table out of. Impractical. And tacky.

RICHARD

It wasn't tacky! It was an original. Cost me two grand.

WICKY

Oh right, well I'm sure he'll be relieved to hear he was killed by an original two grand table.

RICHARD

So it wasn't the arcade machine that killed him?

WICKY

He's just been thrown through a lovely bit of two grand non-safety-standard-compliant 'original' glass. A bit must have ended up in his neck or his wrist, and severed an artery.

RICHARD

An artery?

WICKY

Yes and arteries are connected to?

He is excited, like a school kid

\*

RICHARD

The heart!

WICKY

Nature's pump. Pump up the jam.

\*

Richard is blank-faced. The scene is suddenly scored by 'Pump up the jam'

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

Coz, it pumped and this is jam...  
Doesn't matter.

\*

He does one arterial spurt across the room and is about to do another when Richard stops him.

\*

RICHARD

Can I do it?

Wicky looks at him. In this moment he seems like a little boy wanting to join in with an adult's game. A moment. Wicky smiles, almost perversely proud. Richard repositions himself and, with Wicky watching on, does a tentative squirt.

WICKY

What was that?!

RICHARD

No good?

WICKY

Have you any idea how much blood a heart pumps around the body? Put some welly in to it.

He sprays a huge jet

WICKY (CONT'D)

Now we're talking.

He does two more and Wicky nods his approval. He is laughing and clearly having fun. It's a weirdly touching scene. They both laugh and under the music we see them enjoying the process.

RICHARD

Enough? Is that how it looked.

WICKY

I'd say so. You just missed one bit.

Wicky sprays a jet in to his face. The music stops abruptly.

RICHARD

What the fuck?!

WICKY

Oh I was just... (having a laugh).

RICHARD

What the actual fuck?!

He walks out of the room. Wicky is deflated but also knows it was a terrible idea.

Richard sits by a large coy carp pond. He is obsessively wiping his face with wipes and applying make up. Wicky arrives with a cup of tea and sits down beside him. He sees that Richard's face is made up in quite an extreme New Romantic style.

WICKY

Blimey. Is this Home Alone Hosea's look?

RICHARD

One of them, I had to go with this because someone squirted fake blood in my face.

WICKY

Sorry, got carried away.

\*

RICHARD

Why would you do that?

\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

Well... for fun.

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

Yeah, spraying jam in people's  
faces is well fun.\*  
\*

WICKY

You need to have a laugh more often  
son.\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

What are you talking about?! I'm  
known for my laugh.\*  
\*  
\*He does a ridiculous contrived laugh and then goes straight  
to serious.\*  
\*

WICKY

That's your real laugh is it?

\*  
\*

Richard's confused.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

If I tickled you that's the noise  
you would make?\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

If you tickled me I'd pepper spray  
you.\*  
\*  
\*Wicky gently shakes his head. He feels for him. So much  
angst.\*  
\*

WICKY

How do you actually make money  
then?\*  
\*

Continuing his make up

\*

RICHARD

I haven't made much lately.

\*  
\*

WICKY

But how have you made any?

\*

RICHARD

Advertising.

\*

WICKY

You sell stuff?

\*

RICHARD

No, I had a range of pjs and stuff  
but that deal's gone away.

WICKY

Eh?

Richard turns to him exasperated.

RICHARD

It's followers, Grandad. The more followers I have, the more likes I get the more popular I am the more people come to my page. Then people want to advertise there and I get a share of the money.

WICKY

But you're not selling anything yourself?

\*  
\*

RICHARD

No, I'm bringing in an audience

\*

WICKY

So you are selling... them?

RICHARD

What?!

WICKY

Well if people want to sell things to your fans... then you're selling them.

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

I would never sell my followers, they're fam!

WICKY

Sounds like your selling your fam.

RICHARD

I'm not selling anyone. I'm real, that's why they follow me because we have a genuine friendship.

(he turns to him)

Is this a good sad look?

\*

  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He looks like a ridiculous 80s pop star.

WICKY

It doesn't scream 'there's been a death.'

RICHARD

Shit! Well what does?

WICKY

I never really trust anyone who dresses up for a funeral.

WICKY (CONT'D)

My auntie turned up to my dad's in a bright yellow dress and kept telling everyone 'it's what he would have wanted.' It wasn't, he would have wanted not to have had a massive heart attack.

RICHARD

You're right this is a bit much.  
I'll just cry.

WICKY

Exactly like my auntie *didn't* at dad's funeral. Good call.

RICHARD

I do emotional vulnerability so well, hashtag men's mental health, hashtag boys do cry... they'll love it.

He starts wiping make up off.

WICKY

How many followers have you got?

RICHARD

Was 3 million, this should get the likes back up.

WICKY

Jesus Christ, I find it hard enough managing 5 mates and if I'm honest I only like 4 of them. Weasel's on a final warning.

RICHARD

You have a friend called Weasel?

WICKY

We keep saying we'll get rid of him then he pulls us back in. He ate 45 bags of pork scratchings last time we tried, had to go to A&E.

Wicky starts laughing

WICKY (CONT'D)

The doctors said 'eating an extreme amount of pork rind' is a waste of NHS resources' and next time they'll refuse to treat him.

RICHARD

Maybe my life isn't so sad.

There is some noise behind them. The floppy haired cretin is back.

MICKEY-BOY

Yo... H.

He whips round.

RICHARD

Did you see? Looks good right?

MICKEY-BOY

Yeah bra, sweet... we've got the  
live stream ready to go, come on...

\*  
\*  
\*

He disappears

WICKY

Who is that?

RICHARD

My manager.

WICKY

Interesting. He seems like an  
actual simpleton.

RICHARD

He manages all the big influencers.  
Come on...

\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

What do you mean?

RICHARD

You've got to be in it!

WICKY

What? Why?!

\*

RICHARD

To make it look proper, you can  
clean up in the background.

WICKY

Clean up the mess we made! No way.

RICHARD

Please! This is a big deal for me.

Wicky rolls his eyes, he's not comfortable with any of this.

The floppy haired cretin Mickey-Boy and another smaller F.H.C. have set up a light and a camera (something better than just doing it on a phone). Wicky follows Richard and starts to get his cleaning gear ready. Richard sits on a stool with the arcade machine, and Wicky, behind him.

MICKEY-BOY

Can you, like, start thingy?

\*

He makes a bizarre hand gesture.

\*

WICKY

Cleaning? I need to get things  
ready.

\*

\*

MICKEY-BOY

Dude we're going live any second.

Wicky rolls his eyes and takes a sponge out of his pack

WICKY

Well I can start rubbing it with  
this but I'll tell you now without  
the right chemical formula I'll  
just be moving jam around a  
carpet...

RICHARD

Please! I'm trying to get in the  
right headspace...

\*

He reveals he's holding an onion under his eyes

WICKY

I've got standards, if another  
crime scene cleaner sees this I'll  
be the talk of the profession.

RICHARD

Please.

Wicky drops to his knees and starts to scrub.

CUT TO:

A POV shot of Richard through the lens of the Instagram viewers. The screen shows he's getting love, and followers starting to mount straight away... Richard dramatically looks away in the opening beats and then faces camera. The onion has done its work and he looks tearful. We cannot see Wicky at this point, he is below the line of vision.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hi Guys, soooo.

(He breathes deeply)

Yesterday, something mad happened  
here. You guys know how much I love  
the 80s so I decided what's more  
80s than an original 80s arcade  
cabinet, right. I found a dealer  
and he said he could get it  
imported from France where it was  
and yadda yadda yesterday it turned  
up and bummer alert!

\*

\*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Wasn't wired properly, like a fuse had gone or something. This is when things get freaky... this dude came to fix it and he was super sweet but... there was a big problem with the machine and...

(he breathes deeply)

It like, totally killed him.

The on screen reactions start going insane, emoticons and OMG's flying all over the place. Slowly Wicky's face comes up in to vision. He doesn't like the tone of this chat. The camera moves up and away from his face. Richard continues.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

So the police came and were soooo nice to me, they made me sweet tea which is good for shock because when I came in to the room... it was... it was the worst...

He forces out a little whimper. The screen is erupting with sympathy and new followers galore. It's working.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Today the police have sent a clean up guy but I just wanted you all to see what's been happening with me...

Richard moves to one side to reveal the 'blood' stains and Wicky scrubbing them up... the screen goes briefly silent and then questions and reactions go insane. \*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Apparently it wasn't the shock that killed him and that's why there's like so much blood. That's what you said right?

Wicky wasn't expecting to be spoken to.

WICKY

Umm, yes.

Richard gets up, picks up his phone, and films himself interviewing Wicky, holding the phone in 'selfy' position. \*

RICHARD

Tell the guys what you were saying about him falling through the coffee table and the glass going into an artery... \*

WICKY

Well, the blood on the wall here is from a minor head wound as I told you... \*

WICKY (CONT'D)

he's thrown around by the  
 convulsions, whacked his head on  
 the machine, and you can see how  
 blood's splattered up here...

Wicky is quite in to it now

RICHARD

Right, so like you said, hitting  
 his head wasn't what killed him.

WICKY

Yes, that looks worse than it is  
 really... if you look here the  
 blood from the abrasion is quite  
 localised...

But Richard's stopped listening. He's spotted something under  
 the machine.

RICHARD

Ooh! What's that!

Richard picks up something: a ring. Richard is delighted. He  
 hands the phone to Mickey Boy who keeps on filming as Richard  
 tries the ring on, and admires it on his hand.

WICKY

Ah, that's probably his wedding  
 ring.

An awful moment of realisation for Richard.

RICHARD

Oh, God.

He desperately tries to remove the dead man's wedding ring,  
 but it's a tight fit. Wicky is oblivious, and keeps talking:

WICKY

(really into it)

You see, electrocution causes a  
 tightening of the muscles, even the  
 small ones in the hand so...

Richard is shocked and the screen is going crazy... why would  
 you show that... the poor guy... what about his family...  
 you're sick...

Mickey behind the camera is also into it. But Richard, in  
 front of the camera, is trying to signal for him to stop.  
 Richard gets increasingly frantic as Wicky continues:

WICKY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you'd be amazed what you  
learn about the deceased, it's all  
part of the job. Clearly he was  
married, maybe he had kids-

RICHARD

(screams)

Shut up! This is not about the dead  
guy!!

The reaction on the live-stream is furious: 'cancel Hosea!'

Richard bats the phone out of Mickey-Boy's hand. There's a  
horrible beat.

From phone camera's POV on the floor, we see Mickey-Boy  
peering down at the phone.

MICKEY-BOY

(to Richard)

Not cool, bro.

Wicky is still buzzing from his big moment on camera.

WICKY

Too much? Let's go again.

10

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

10

\*

Time jump.

Wicky is looking out of the window. In the garden Richard is  
arguing with Mickey-Boy who is clearly abandoning the sinking  
ship. Richard is desperate, shouting at him, pulling at his  
sweatshirt but he breaks free and is gone. Wicky looks over  
at the computer... it is covered with 'Hosea is cancelled'  
type net stories. Wicky sighs.

11

EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

11

\*

Richard sits back at the pond, motionless. Wicky brings out  
two glasses of soda-streamed coke and puts one next to him.  
He doesn't react.

WICKY

I bought you a cola flavoured soda.  
They can't call it Coke for legal  
reasons (beat) and because it  
tastes like piss.

He takes a sip and clearly isn't impressed.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Yep. Mum was right. Undrinkable.

\*

CONTINUED:

Wicky takes a sip and winces, before putting the glass down. He looks at the broken Richard.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)  
They'll forget.

RICHARD  
They never forget. It's there  
forever.

WICKY  
Where.

RICHARD  
Up there. Nothing disappears from  
the cloud.

\*

Wicky looks worried.

WICKY  
Really?

RICHARD  
You been sending dick-picks,  
Grandad?

WICKY  
No, of course not!

He has. He definitely has.

There's silence again.

RICHARD  
I wish I had been born in the  
fucking 80s.

\*

WICKY  
No internet, no phones, small group  
of mates. Endless summers.

RICHARD  
Yeah all right! I get it.

WICKY  
You know what else happened in the  
80s? The Challenger space disaster,  
Chernobyl and the Exxon Valdez oil  
spill, the threat of nuclear war,  
AIDS...

RICHARD  
What?

WICKY

You don't see anyone at an 80s party dancing to 'girls just wanna have fun' in a bio-hazard suit do you? Girls want to have fun, sure, but they shouldn't want to have their faces melted off in a nuclear holocaust.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He can't help but laugh.

WICKY (CONT'D)

The 80s were just like today, Hosea. Really great. And really shitty.

\*

(beat)

Don't believe the hype.  
(maybe a beat of the song?)

Wicky notices that Richard is playing with his hands, clearly uncomfortable that they're sticky.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's the jam. The beauty of real blood is that it's less sticky.

RICHARD

I'm like Lady Macbeth.

\*

WICKY

(impressed)

Shit me, he reads, there's hope for our future after all.

RICHARD

It was in a YouTube video.

WICKY

Of course it was.

Richard smiles.

WICKY (CONT'D)

You know there's only one way to get it off, properly, though.

He looks at Richard. Richard doesn't understand. Wicky stands up and looks to the pond.

RICHARD

You're not going to...

WICKY

I am.

RICHARD

You haven't even got any jam on  
you!

He laughs

WICKY

I haven't got any jam on me, no.  
I'm going to jump in this pond just  
for the fuck of it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Richard instinctively puts his phone up to film it and Wicky  
stops him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

No phones! No streams. Just do a  
thing for the sake of doing a  
thing.

\*

RICHARD

Fuck it all.

Richard grabs the phone back and throws it in the pond. And  
with that, they both run towards the pond in dramatic slow  
motion like Thelma and Louise. They jump in. They initially  
jump around laughing but soon realise it's freezing.

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh God, it's freezing.

\*  
\*  
\*

He immediately gets out.

\*

WICKY

Yeah that's awful actually.

\*  
\*

RICHARD (OOV)

What's that smell?

\*  
\*

WICKY

Fish shit.

\*

It's dusk by now. Wicky and Richard have got out the pond and  
are well-wrapped up, sitting round a fire pit.

\*  
\*

RICHARD

So what would happen next, in the  
80s?

\*

WICKY

My mum bollocks us for getting wet  
and then feeds us flavourless  
minced beef.

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

I think I can feel my feet again.

WICKY

That's a positive sign. Maybe use them. Go and have a look around. There's good stuff out there you know. Maybe leave Hosea at home and see the world as... what's your real name?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD

Richard Clarke.

\*  
\*

WICKY

Okay stick with Hosea.

\*  
\*

Richard playfully throws something at Wicky. Content for a moment. The silence is broken by:

WICKY (CONT'D)

You know Home Alone was released in 1990, right?

RICHARD

It's been pointed out to me.

WICKY

Now... the 90s were AMAZING.

They both smile.

A reprise of Pump Up the Jam kicks in, credits.

\*  
\*

THE END.