

STEPASIDE
(LEAVE YOUR DREAMS BEHIND)

ST#02
"Kitty Kitty Bang Bang"

J.J.Watts

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EXT. ARTERBERRY HOUSE

The sun is rising over a new day. The camera pans up to the bathroom window of the house. Simon is happily singing in the shower. He's wearing a shower cap.

SIMON

*Oh what a beautiful morning, oh
what a beautiful day!*

Quick cuts to Simon coming down the stairs, now dressed in a suit. Aiden, Freya and Oliver are at the breakfast table while Cecilia is pouring alcohol into her morning coffee. There is a box of 'Posh Cornflakes' on the table. Aiden is reading a newspaper with the headline: **GODZILLA TO INTRODUCE FIRST TRANS KAIJU**

SIMON (CONT.)

*I'm heading to the Job Center, so I
can provide for-*

Simon endearingly addresses each of his family members with a "you" and a poke on the nose, until he gets to Cecilia.

SIMON (CONT.)

-you, and you, and you, and-

CECILIA

Don't touch me.

Cecilia walks over to the sink, leaving Simon to awkwardly rearrange his tie and halt his singing.

SIMON

Gang, today could be the start of my new career. I called up the Job Center the day we moved and they got me their first available appointment.

AIDEN

Wow, has it been two months already?

SIMON

I can't wait to meet my work coach. I just know we're going to get along like tea and Gary Baldies!

CECILIA

Is your work coach going to help us pay off the mortgage on this house that your wonderful, caring, loving, BITCH of an aunt left us?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Not to worry, Cecilia my love. Soon our money woes will be a thing of the past, thanks to the 'Support for Mortgage Interest' scheme, available through Universal Credit. Thank you George Osborne.

AIDEN

It's too bad the Middle Ages have come and gone. Leeches were in high demand back then.

Schrödinger comes up to Aiden and starts clawing at his leg, meowing. Aiden is annoyed by this.

AIDEN (CONT.)

Go away! Shoo! Get back you flea-infested mongrel!

CECILIA

Stop it. That cat loves you.

AIDEN

Well I don't love "it". You canceled my therapy sessions to pinch pennies but kept this filthy urchin?

FREYA

At least you've started using neutral pronouns when referring to Schrödinger. Just because an animal has a penis does not mean you can assume their gender.

Schrödinger walks into the living room and slumps down in front of the sofa, looking half-dead and gasping for breath.

AIDEN

It's practically decaying before our eyes.

CECILIA

Schrödinger has been part of this family a lot longer than you, Aiden. I'm not saying that means we love him more... but you know...
...We do.

Aiden looks annoyed. Simon looks down at a drawing Oliver is finishing.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
(Cicada 3-3-0-1.)

SIMON
Aww, look! Oliver did a drawing to
remind us all to wash our hands.
This is going right on the fridge!

Simon takes a drawing and sticks it on the fridge. It is an overhead drawing of someone washing their hands in a sink, but it looks like a penis about to penetrate an arsehole, and the hands are spreading the cheeks.

INT. COPPERFIELD HIGH, MISS KAY'S CLASSROOM

Aiden, Qassim, Connor and Jamal are at their desks. Qassim turns to Aiden.

QASSIM
You doing anything for Bonfire
Night, Aids? Is that something you
even had in London?

AIDEN
Why would I celebrate the
anniversary of when Parliament was
almost blown up?

QASSIM
The fuck you on about? It's just an
excuse to set off fireworks with
your mates.

AIDEN
Why do you think we burn an effigy
of Guy Fawkes?

QASSIM
Guy Fawkes?!

Qassim buries his face in his arms and hits the table.

QASSIM (CONT.)
Man! I thought it was Guy Ritchie!

Miss Kay walks in and addresses the class.

MISS KAY
Okay class. Now as you're all
aware, Bonfire Night is this
weekend-

Miss Kay proceeds to bring out a very old television.

(CONTINUED)

MISS KAY (CONT.)

-so we're going to watch a film about firework safety. That way maybe you won't blow your hand off whilst playing with your banger.

CONNOR

(laughs)

"Blow".

Miss Kay turns on the TV.

The video starts. A title card in psychedelic 70s font and colours reads '**Remember, Dismember: A Public Information Film in Association with Graphic & Grotesk Images**'.

It shows a group of children gathered around a bonfire playing with sparklers. The eerie disembodied voice of the fire narrates.

FIRE

Guy Fawkes night. Children gather 'round the bonfire. Their hair and flesh so flammable.

A boy and a girl come running towards the fire. The boy trips over a piece of wood and lands in the bonfire, burning him alive. He screams in horror as the other children watch.

Cuts to the classroom, where Qassim and Connor are excited.

CONNOR

Whoa shit fam! You see that?!

A group of children are playing with sparklers.

FIRE

Aah, sparklers. They've got me in the palm of their hands. Pity Sharon forgot to wear gloves on this cold November night.

A boy, DANNY, hands a sparkler to a girl, SHARON.

Sharon takes the hot end of the sparkler with her bare hand. It burns her immediately and she screams.

Danny takes out some matches. As he lights one it sets his coat on fire. He screams, knocking over the firework and lighting its fuse. It goes off and hits another boy, blowing his face off and splattering blood everywhere.

Jamal is very excited.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

This reminds me of 'Saw: The Final Chapter'. And 'Jigsaw', the sequel to 'Saw: The Final Chapter'.

Danny is sitting on a log. He's wrapped in bandages and missing an arm. A man wearing half a dog mask and ears, FREDDIE, walks over and sits down, putting Danny on his lap.

FREDDIE

Now Danny, have you learned anything about fire safety?

DANNY

Yes Freddie the Fire Safety Dog.

Freddie turns to the camera and addresses the audience directly.

FREDDIE

Remember, remember, if you want to avoid hideous deformities like these children, all you have to do is remember your 'SWODCAP'.

As Freddie lists off what SWODCAP stands for, the letters appear on the bottom of the screen.

FREDDIE (CONT.)

That's Supervision, Water, Observation, Distance, Caution, Awareness, and Protection. 'SWODCAP'. It's that simple.

Freddie looks down at Danny on his lap. He slowly runs his finger down the side of his face while looking aroused. Danny looks uncomfortable. It quickly cuts away to the word 'SWODCAP' flashing up on screen.

The next shot is of the fire. The screen is slowly zooming in as the fire laughs devilishly, and a live-action face slowly begins to appear in the flames like a demon.

Miss Kay turns the TV off and addresses the class.

MISS KAY

Well, I hope now you all understand the dangers of playing with fireworks.

Qassim, Connor and Jamal look at each other, all with the same smile.

EXT. PIGEON SHIT PARK

A small wooden shack inside a thick bramble bush. There are ashtrays, cigarette butts and porno magazines scattered all over the place. Qassim slams down a pack of fireworks on a box in front of Aiden, Connor and Jamal. The brand is called **"BANGER? I HARDLY KNOW HER!"**

QASSIM
 Boom! Get it? 'Cuz that's what fireworks do.

An excited Connor grabs the firework.

CONNOR
 Aww fuckin' TD mate!

AIDEN
 So this is your "den", so to speak?

They exit the shack and walk into the park with the firework.

QASSIM
 Yeah, this park's a shithole but...
 I do' have a but. It's kac.

The park has almost no grass, broken glass everywhere, and lots of dog and bird shit. What little play apparatus it has is rusty and jagged. A sign says 'BURGUNDY PARK', but someone has painted graffiti over the 'BURGUNDY' to say 'PIGEON SHIT'.

AIDEN
 I feel like every locale you've shown me is worse than its predecessor.

QASSIM
 And we 'a even got to Connor's house.

An angry Connor gets up in Qassim's face.

CONNOR
 I'll stab you, ya curry-munching Paki!

QASSIM
 Suck a potato, ya dad-bumming Pikey!

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN
(shocked)
My word!

Jamal laughs a little.

AIDEN (CONT.)
(confused)
Is that normal?

JAMAL
It's how they show affection.

CONNOR
Eww, gay! Shut up, bruv!

Qassim starts setting up the firework. He sticks the wooden part in the mud and takes out a box of matches. Aiden walks back a few feet.

AIDEN
I think I'll observe from a safe distance.

Jamal kneels down close to the firework.

JAMAL
I think I'll observe from an unsafe distance.

Connor grabs the matches out of Qassim's hand.

CONNOR
Oi! Just cuz yow'm the Muslim do' mean yow always get to light the bomb!

Connor lights a match with a devilish grimace.

QASSIM
Wait Connor, am ya sure it's a good idea for you to play with matches? You remember what happened when we visited my cousin in Grenfell Tower?

The scene transitions into a flashback. Connor and Qassim walk into a Pakistani boy's bedroom.

CONNOR
Look what I got! A box of matches!

As Connor pulls the matches out of his pocket he elbows a glass off a desk and it shatters. Cuts back to present.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

It was just a cup, bruv.

Connor tosses the matches back to Qassim.

CONNOR (CONT.)

Chill.

AIDEN

It doesn't matter who lights it.
Neither of you know what you're
doing.

CONNOR

Oh yeah?

Connor snatches the matches off Qassim and confronts Aiden.

CONNOR (CONT.)

Well why do' yow do it, Posh Boy?

AIDEN

I'm not that desperate for your
approval.

Qassim walks over, looking smug.

QASSIM

Oh I can make him do it. By using a
combination of peer pressure and
reverse-psychology.

Aiden stares at him angrily for a while, before snatching
the matches from Connor.

AIDEN

Give me the bloody matches!

Aiden walks over to the firework. Qassim, Connor and Jamal
watch excitedly. Aiden makes sure the firework is pointing
at the sky and away from them. He nervously lights the fuse
and takes a few feet back. A pigeon lands on a dead tree
nearby. Right before the firework goes off it falls forward
in the mud. It fires into the bird, exploding on impact,
creating a flurry of feathers and guts. Aiden gasps in
horror. Qassim, Connor and Jamal all look shocked. They
stand there in silence as feathers slowly float down to the
ground.

CONNOR

Bruv...

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN
I didn't mean to! That was-

CONNOR
SO FUCKING EPIC!

AIDEN
.....Huh?

Qassim, Connor and Jamal are very excited.

QASSIM
I day think yow woz gonna do that!
Props mate.

JAMAL
I'm just-! YAAAHHH!!! That was the
best thing I've ever seen! Do it
again!

AIDEN
(disgusted)
No!

Their faces all drop.

AIDEN (CONT.)
I'm going home. You all need
professional help.

Aiden leaves. After a short silence, Qassim turns to the
others.

QASSIM
You boys wanna throw stones at cars
now that all the moms are picking
up their toddlers from playgroup?

Connor and Jamal pick up a large bag of stones.

CONNOR
We'm way ahead of ya.

INT. JOB CENTER

Simon is entering the Job Center. He's looking very
positive. Simon sees two security guards by the entrance.

SIMON
Why on Earth do they need security?
The only people that come here are
law-abiding workaholics!

(CONTINUED)

Simon looks up at the clock which says 3.50.

SIMON (CONT.)

You're punctual as always, Simon!

An extremely unenthusiastic female employee addresses him.

EMPLOYEE

Can I help you?

Simon approaches her.

SIMON

Hello, I have an appointment at 4 o'clock. It's for Universal Credit.

EMPLOYEE

Name?

SIMON

Simon Arterberry.

The employee looks at the register while repeating Simon's surname back to him with weird bemusement.

EMPLOYEE

"Aaaarterberry"...? ... What's your National Insurance Number?

SIMON

Uhm, well I put it in when I made the claim online but I don't know it off the top of my head I'm afraid.

EMPLOYEE

Did you bring any documents with it on?

SIMON

No, I wasn't told I'd need them. I brought a bank statement with my proof of address, and my passport.

The employee talks over him while still looking at the register.

EMPLOYEE

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Simon looks at the clock, which now reads 3.53, which makes him anxious.

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE (CONT.)

Never mind. I've found you. Simon Arthur Berry. They'd put you in the wrong section.

SIMON

Ah, no worries. Mistakes happen.

The employee talks over him.

EMPLOYEE

Take a seat over there. They'll call you.

Simon goes and takes a seat in the middle of the Job Center. He's surrounded by people. The guy next to him looks at his suit.

STRANGE MAN

This 'a a job interview, mate.

SIMON

Dress to impress! That's my motto!

STRANGE MAN

Oh. My motto is "If it's got a pulse, I can fuck it!"
Hm-nm-nm-nmmm...

The man gives Simon and depraved look. Simon turns away from him, very uncomfortable. He keeps looking back at the clock, which now reads 3.56. A work coach walks over and calls out a name.

WORK COACH 2

Aivars Balodis?

A man gets up and walks over. Another work coach calls out another name.

WORK COACH 3

Casha Ina Rhy?

A woman in a straitjacket gets up and hops over.

There is a montage of work coaches calling out names and Simon staring at the clock.

WORK COACHES

Myra Shirts? Pahila Nam Upanama?
Miso Hornay? Hitler
Didnothingwrong? Bobbie McGee?
Sweeeeeet Caroline? Hue Mungus?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WORK COACHES (cont'd)
Justin Sider? Bruce Jones? Penis
Testicles Vagina Clitoris?

Simon looks to his right and realizes the last one was actually said by a strange man sitting next to him.

STRANGE MAN
Oh don't mind me. I have
Tourettes... YOU CUNT!

Simon looks at the clock. It is now 4.25.

SIMON
If no one calls me in the next hour
I may have to consider asking
someone what's taking so long. Oh
come on Simon! Show some Chupa
Chups!

Simon sheepishly flags down a work coach as she walks by with the tiniest little whimper of a delivery.

SIMON (CONT.)
Excuse me. I don't mean to be a
bother but my appointment was 25
minutes ago.

WORK COACH 4
What's your name?

SIMON
Simon Arterberry.

WORK COACH 4
Do you know who your work coach is?

SIMON
No, it's my first appointment.

WORK COACH 4
Are you sure your appointment is
today?

SIMON
Quite sure.

WORK COACH 4
And you're sure you've got the
right time?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Yes. One million percent.

WORK COACH 4

Bare with me one moment.

She walks away.

SIMON

Thank you. What a nice young lady.

STRANGE MAN

She 'aint comin' back.

SIMON

Pardon?

The strange man is becoming increasingly more deranged.

STRANGE MAN

They never come back. They just
leave you waiting for hours.
Waiting for the cold to get yeh.

The strange man rubs his arms as a cold wind blows by.

STRANGE MAN (CONT.)

You know, the thing about a work
coach, he's got lifeless eyes.
Black eyes, like a doll's eyes.
When he comes at ya, doesn't seem
to be livin', until he sanctions
ya, and those black eyes roll over
wide.

HARSHA

Simon Arthur Berry?

Simon leaves the strange man and goes over to a desk. His
work coach, HARSHA, is very friendly.

HARSHA (CONT.)

Hi Simon, sorry about the wait.
They'd booked you in for the wrong
kind of appointment and your
details weren't showing up on the
system.

SIMON

Oh, that's okay. Mistakes happen.
...Sometimes twice.

(CONTINUED)

HARSHA

Let's see what we have here.

Harsha brings up Simon's file.

HARSHA (CONT.)

A Master's degree?! Ooooooooooh! We got a professor here!

The scene transitions to five minutes later.

HARSHA

Right, that's everything sorted.

Harsha turns her computer screen around to show Simon.

HARSHA (CONT.)

There's the date of when you'll receive your first payment. Your employment goals are outlined here. I'll see you at your next appointment on the 25th.

SIMON

Thank you. How should I submit my job search?

HARSHA

I'm not really bothered. Just take photos of everything you apply for and then show me on your phone.

SIMON

Ten-four. Oh, erm, it's a little embarrassing, but when I called I also put in a claim for SMI.

HARSHA

That's right. You did.

SIMON

Oh... I thought you might not have known, since you didn't bring it up... I have all the relevant documents.

Simon hands the papers to Harsha.

HARSHA

Okay great, I'll make a photocopy and send this off.

Harsha gets up.

HARSHA (CONT.)

And I wouldn't call it
embarrassing, Mr. Arthur Berry.
Just emasculating.

Harsha walks away. Simon sits there, looking bemused.

The scene transitions to five minutes later as Harsha returns.

HARSHA

That's all done for you.

SIMON

Cheers. Do you know when they'll
reach a decision?

HARSHA

Normally it takes around ten
working days, obviously not
including bank holidays, of which
this week there are three. But if I
were you I'd call them every day
just to check on progress.

SIMON

Will do. Thank you very much.

Simon stands and holds out his hand to shake. Harsha stares at it with confusion, and tilts her head like a dog. Simon awkwardly retracts his arm.

EXT. COPPERFIELD HIGH MAIN ENTRANCE

Aiden and Qassim are walking into the school grounds.

QASSIM

Ya gotta admit, it was pretty sick,
fam.

AIDEN

No it wasn't. Now can we please
change the subject? I do not wish
to be reminded of it.

Wayne, Alex and Reece walk up to them.

WAYNE

Hey newfag, is it true you blew up
a bird?

Aiden groans and facepalms.

(CONTINUED)

REECE

Will ya do it again? A bunch of us
am gonna get together in Pigeon
Shit Park tonight and watch.

AIDEN

What is wrong with all of you? Why
does the idea of mutilating
innocent creatures excite you such?

WAYNE

Do' be gay, man. I'll give ya five
quid if you blow something up.

AIDEN

Nothing you say will make me...

Aiden stops and thinks. He imagines himself on a yacht,
sailing away from Stepside. He's sitting on a deckchair in
swimtrunks with a Martini next to him. Some seagulls land on
the deck. He takes out a rocket launcher and blows them up.
They explode into money which rain down on him. He sips his
Martini and relaxes as he's showered with money.

AIDEN (CONT.)

Make it a tenner. Each. VAT not
included.

INT. COPPERFIELD HIGH, DINING HALL

Aiden, Qassim, Connor and Jamal are sitting at a table.
Aiden is giving orders to Connor and Jamal who are taking
notes on their phones.

AIDEN

Spread the word to everyone. Aiden
Arterberry is putting on a
fireworks display after school in
Pigeon Shit Park. Alert them via
social media. Make sure to include
the time and price, both for
tickets and admission. And a little
extra for a private aftershow.
That's where we really ramp up the
gore.

JAMAL

This would be a lot easier if we
knew how to read and write.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

Legit.

QASSIM

You've done a 180.

AIDEN

If the plebs want to indulge in such macabre gratification I may as well exploit them for personal gain.

QASSIM

Wowww. You need professional help. That and a shit ton of fireworks.

CONNOR

Scott'll get you 'em! He's a legend! He's a fucking beast, bruv!

QASSIM

Connor wants to suck his dick.

Connor slams his fists down on the table.

CONNOR

I'LL SUCK YA MOM'S DICK!

Brief silence.

QASSIM

Is that really what you wanted to say, mate?

Connor turns red and looks down.

CONNOR

....No.

INT. SCOTT WHITE'S BEDROOM

Aiden, Qassim, Connor and Jamal are in Scott's bedroom. Scott, a manchild in his mid-20s wearing a tracksuit and cap, is sat on the bed placing fireworks down on a dirty, glass coffee table in front of the lads.

SCOTT

I got everything you need. Rockets, fountains, Roman candles, Catherine Wheels, Catherine Tate.

Scott puts a DVD of 'The Catherine Tate Show' on the coffee table next to the fireworks. Qassim picks up the DVD.

(CONTINUED)

QASSIM

Hey, we could blow this up tonight
and kill two birds with one stone.

JAMAL

I thought we were using fireworks.

SCOTT

Wait, yum gonna fire these at
birds? No way! I did the same thing
when I was your age.

AIDEN

And look at you now.

CONNOR

Scott mate, yum so cool!

SCOTT

What can I say? It's a gift.

Aretha shouts from downstairs.

ARETHA

Scott! Dinner's ready!

SCOTT

Not now Mom! I've got people over!

ARETHA

Right! It's going in the bin!

Scott quickly runs from his room, panicking.

SCOTT

Nono! Nono!

EXT. PIGEON SHIT PARK

Kids are giving money to Qassim and Connor as they enter the park. A crowd of kids has gathered. Aiden has tied a live pigeon to a rocket. He lights the fuse and the firework goes up, exploding and raining down guts and feathers on all the kids, who cheer. A girl who looks like a refugee is standing at the front wearing a shawl, she wipes away a tear of joy as blood rains down on her.

GIRL

It reminds me of Ukraine...

Connor walks up to Aiden with a sack of fireworks.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

Ya need some more, Aids?

QASSIM

You sure it's a good idea for you to be trusted with all those explosives, Connor? Remember what happened when we went to that Ariana Grande concert?

The scene transitions into a flashback. Qassim and Connor are walking up to an arena.

QASSIM

Ya got the tickets?

Connor feels around in his jacket but can't find them.

CONNOR

Shit.

Cuts back to present.

CONNOR

...Why was we at an Ariana Grande concert again?

Qassim shrugs. Jamal walks in through the crowd holding a feral rat in his hands. The rat is foaming at the mouth, freaking out and trying to escape, scratching and biting Jamal hands, drawing blood. As Jamal talks his mouth also starts to foam.

JAMAL

I caught that rat you wanted, Aiden.

Cuts to the rat strapped to the ground as Aiden prepares a firecracker. He shoves it up the rat's anus, as he does we get a close-up on the rat's face in an Anime-style, his head goes back and he makes an erotic "uuhhhh" noise, which echoes.

Aiden lights the firecracker and the rat explodes, his head flies up into the air. Everyone cheers.

INT. ARTERBERRY HOUSE, HALLWAY

Simon is calling Universal Credit on the landline. A prerecorded message starts playing.

(CONTINUED)

MESSAGE

This number is for Universal Credit customers who do not have an online account to manage their claim. If you do have an online account, then why the fuck are you calling us?

After a brief moment there is a tone. Another prerecorded message, a different voice, starts playing.

MESSAGE 2

To connect you to the right place, I'll need to know why you're calling today. So tell me, in your own words, what's the reason for your call?

SIMON

Ah yes, well, I put in a claim for SMI on the... 21st I believe. And I'm just calling to see if a decision has been reached yet.

MESSAGE 2

... Sorry, I didn't quite catch that. You can say things like "A claim inquiry" or "To change an appointment".

SIMON

But you said "in my own words"...

MESSAGE 2

So tell me, what's the reason for your call?

SIMON

A claim inquiry.

MESSAGE 2

... Sorry, I didn't quite catch that. Please hold, and we'll put you through to an adviser as soon as possible.

The most god-awful classical music starts playing, in poor quality, the same 10 seconds on loop.

EXT. PIGEON SHIT PARK

The classical music plays over a montage of Aiden blowing up critters with fireworks. Aiden skewers a bird on a fountain firework, the sparks shoot through the bird's head, showering brains everywhere. A squirrel's head is on the end of a Catherine Wheel being spun around. Jamal smacks a frog with a baseball bat in slow-motion. Aiden blows up a hedgehog and the spikes fly into Connor's eyeballs, causing him to scream in pain.

While these clips play, another recorded message plays over the music.

MESSAGE 3

Sorry to keep you waiting. You're in a queue and your call will be answered as soon as we can. Or if you prefer you can call back later, when we will be just as busy as we are now. Our opening hours are 8.00am to 6.00pm from Monday to Friday.

Aiden addresses his audience.

AIDEN

And now for 'le Grand Finale'.

The kids stare at him blankly.

AIDEN (CONT.)

...The last rocket.

The kids cheer. Aiden puts a firework inside a wasp's nest and lights it. It explodes and the kids rejoice, until they're all attacked by angry wasps and flee the park.

INT. ARTERBERRY HOUSE, HALLWAY

Simon is still on the phone to the Job Center. The music finally stops and he hears a person, a woman with an annoying overly-friendly voice. The camera splits down the middle to show the woman, SARAH, on the left side. They're separated by an old-style twirled telephone extension cord.

SARAH

Hello, you're through to Universal Credit, how can I help help help yooou?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Yes hello, I recently made a claim for SMI and I want to check on progress.

SARAH

Okay I'm just going to run through some security questions. Can I have your full name and the first line of your address pleeeeeease?

SIMON

You certainly can! It's Simon Arterberry. 69 Bell End.

SARAH

Arterberry? Is that 'A' for 'Apple' and 'R' for 'Ribena'?

SIMON

Yes.

SARAH

And 'Bell', is that 'B' for 'Bell' and 'E' for 'Envelope'?

SIMON

Uhm... Yes.

SARAH

And your postcoooode?

SIMON

Ah yes, it's-

Quick cut to old live-action footage of children dancing around a maypole in a field with music playing for about three seconds before cutting back to Simon.

SIMON (CONT.)

-D.

SARAH

...I'm sorry, you've failed the security questions. You're going to have to hang up and call baaack.

SIMON

I'm sorry? I'm almost certain I didn't get any of them wrong. Which one did I fail?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
I can't tell you that.

Simon puts the phone to his chest so she can't hear him and mutters to himself.

SIMON
What does she think I am? A Russian spy?

Simon puts the phone back to his ear.

SARAH
But if your circumstances have changed recently it's possible the system hasn't been updated yeeeet.

SIMON
Ah, that must be it. We just moved house you see. I can tell you my old postcode and then-

SARAH
It's too late I'm afraiiiiid.

SIMON
But... I was on hold for two hours. And it's too late to call again now. Your opening hours are 8.00am to 6.00pm from Monday to Friday.

Simon repeats the last section of that dialogue in the exact same mannerisms as the recording.

SARAH
I'm afraid I can't help you with that. Is there anything else I can help you with today?

Simon looks completely defeated, like a sad puppy.

SIMON
... No.

SARAH
Okay, have a *lovely lovely lovely daaaaay!*

Sarah pulls on the phone cord separating them as if it were a band and lets go, flicking it into Simon's eye, causing him to scream and drop the phone, and send her away.

Cuts to Sarah in the office. A fellow female employee walks up to her.

CO-WORKER

Alright Sarah? Fancy grabbing a drink across the road?

SARAH

Thanks, I could really use *iiiiit*. I don't know why I'm talking like *thiiiiis*. I can't seem to *stooop*. My husband left me and took the *kiiiiids*.

INT. ARTERBERRY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Aiden walks in, his face swollen and red from wasp stings. Schrödinger is curled up on the sofa. Aiden pushes him off and sits in his place. Aiden watches TV. It is a news show called "TRUTH-ASIDE: STEPASIDE NEWS". An Asian female reporter is sat at a desk, but she sounds like Allan Partridge. The graphic underneath includes her name: SHAKIRA RAMA LAMA DING-DONG

SHAKIRA

Move over Brook Houts, there's a new animal abuser online.

Aiden looks nervous.

SHAKIRA (CONT.)

The footage was captured earlier today at Burgundy Park, known locally and colloquially, try saying that three times, as Pigeon Shit Park. ...Oh fuck, we'll have to bleep that.

Footage plays of Aiden and the others in the park, but all their faces are blurred.

SHAKIRA (CONT.)

No, what you're seeing is not 'Lord of the Flies', these are in fact real children. Unfortunately the kid who filmed it forgot to wipe the smudge from his camera lens, meaning the boys have yet to be identified.

Cuts to a butchers, the butcher is being interviewed while his assistant chops up bloody steaks in the background.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCHER

I think it's absolutely disgusting
what they're doing.

Cuts to a science classroom where a female teacher is being interviewed. In the background her students are dissecting toads.

SCIENCE TEACHER

I certainly wouldn't want any of my
students imitating the actions of
these disturbed individuals.

Cuts to a well-off older woman wearing a fur coat, peacock hat, a fox scarf around her neck and a snakeskin handbag.

RICH WOMAN

Atrocious!

Cuts back to Shakira in the studio.

SHAKIRA

The motive behind their actions is
unclear, but one thing's for sure,
I certainly know what I'll be
buffin' the muffin to tonight. I'm
Shakira Rama Lama Ding-Dong,
Truth-Aside News.

Aiden sinks into his seat, looking nervous.

INT. COPPERFIELD HIGH, CAR PARK

Aiden, Qassim, Connor and Jamal are hanging out on the edge of the school car park by the fence during break.

CONNOR

Yum pussing out? Fucking gay mate!

QASSIM

You're really gonna give up being a
professional... I dunno, we day
think of a name for this...
monster?

AIDEN

I can't risk people finding out.
I've already dealt with enough
therapists to change a lightbulb.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Mate, a therapist cor change a lightbulb unless the lightbulb wants to change.

Aiden opens his wallet. It's full of money from last night.

QASSIM

How about this? We do one badass final show and then we'm out of the game forever.

JAMAL

And we can buy back Papa's farm!

AIDEN

Hmm. One more show is probably all I need.

QASSIM

But it's gotta be big to win everyone back after that last fuck up. Birds and rats 'a gonna cut it.

AIDEN

What do you propose then?

JAMAL

You know Letitia in Year 9 just had a baby?

Aiden, Qassim and Connor all give Jamal a horrified look.

JAMAL (CONT.)

What? ...Oh! O-Oh no! Fuckin' hell no bruv! Noooooo! I was just passin' on information!

Schrödinger comes up to the fence and rubs against Aiden's hand affectionately. He reacts with disgust.

AIDEN (CONT.)

Ugh! This cretin is even following me to school now?

Aiden suddenly has a realization, and starts laughing menacingly as intimidating music plays.

AIDEN (CONT.)

Oh, I've been waiting a long time for this my little gray friend!
HAHAHAHAHA!!!

INT. JOB CENTER

Simon, not wearing a suit this time, is walking into the job center as a security guard struggles to escort an unruly mother outside. He's followed by another security guard who's carrying her baby in a push-chair, who also appears to be struggling to control the chair, despite the baby being asleep. Simon approaches an employee.

SIMON

Hello, I have an appointment with Harsha in five minutes.

Cuts to 25 minutes later. Simon is still waiting. A work coach, an effeminate black man with glasses, calls him over.

PAUL

Simon Arterberry?

Simon goes over and sits at the desk.

PAUL (CONT.)

Hello Simon. How are you?

SIMON

I'm good thank you. Not with Harsha today?

PAUL

We're in the process of completely revising the system for the fifth time this month so I'll be your work coach from now on. I'm just going to run through some security questions if that's okay. Okay, super. Can you give me the first line of your address please?

SIMON

Ah, now here's the problem. The last time I provided my address the system hadn't been updated. My new address is in Stepside, but my old address is in Highgate.

Simon leans forward towards the computer screen.

SIMON (CONT.)

Maybe you could update it here?

Paul quickly pulls the screen away from him in a patronizing manner.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Don't look at the screen. The screen is just for me.

Simon slumps back in his seat like a chastised child.

SIMON

Okay. Sorry.

PAUL

I'll go into the screen and update your account this time, but next time you need to do it online because I won't be going into the screen again. Do I make myself clear?

SIMON

Crystal.

PAUL

Do you have your work search?

Simon takes out his phone and opens 'Photos'. Paul stares at it blankly.

PAUL (CONT.)

What am I looking at?

SIMON

My work search.

PAUL

Your work search needs to be filled out properly through Universal Jobmatch and submitted the day before your appointment.

SIMON

Okay, but this is how Harsha told me to do it.

PAUL

I've never heard of a work coach asking someone to do their job search like this. From now on you need to submit your job search through the appropriate channels or you may be sanctioned.

Simon looks annoyed.

Time lapses to ten minutes later.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Right, that's all done Simon. Your next appointment is on the-

SIMON

Wait, sorry. I need to discuss my SMI claim.

PAUL

Yes, I believe you do.

SIMON

... I was waiting for you to bring it up, but okay. My claim was rejected because the document I provided didn't include a breakdown of my late aunt's medical history, blood type, shoe size and favourite 'Doctor Who' episode.

PAUL

I don't know anything regarding the additional benefits side of your claim. That decision is made by the housing team. You'll have to call Universal Credit when you get home.

Simon is quickly becoming irate.

SIMON

I did that but they wouldn't let me speak to someone from the Housing Department. Furthermore, when I provided Harsha with the documents she neglected to mention that I needed to have received nine consecutive Universal Credit payments before I was even eligible for SMI! She just sent them off anyway!

PAUL

As I said, we have nothing to do with the claim aspects of our claimants.

SIMON

But our work coaches are the only face-to-face human interaction we're afforded! And my first mortgage repayment is due tomorrow!

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I can email the evidence you've provided directly to the housing team. That way they may be able to make another decision within the next 24 hours.

SIMON

You mean you don't email them the first time?

PAUL

No, we send them by post via our Live Service.

SIMON

(sarcastic)

Oh thanks George Osbourne!

Paul hands Simon a sheet of paper.

PAUL

Before I forget, there's a Back-to-Work workshop I want you to attend. It's about CV building and interview techniques.

SIMON

I know how to do all that. I've been in work for 25 years.

PAUL

I've also sent you a list of jobs I want you to apply for on Universal Jobmatch.

Simon's phone dings. He looks at it.

SIMON

Plumbing Apprentice? Assistant Trainee Manager at the Card Factory? Cleaning up the flakes which fall from Mel B's crotch on the red carpet? I'm grossly overqualified for these jobs! I have a Master's in Economics!

PAUL

Statistics show that employers are more likely to take on candidates with zero qualifications. Now I have a Five appointment, so are you done being rude and obnoxious or do I need to call security?

(CONTINUED)

Simon stands up, enraged.

SIMON

Me rude and obnoxious?! Oh I've tried to keep a stiff upper-lip, but all you've done is be unhelpful and patronizing! The service and support I've received since I signed on is appalling and I want to make an official complaint!

PAUL

The Job Center has never had, nor will it ever have, a complaints department.

Simon screams in anger. A security guard comes over and grabs him, dragging him away. Once he's gone, the boy band 'Five', looking poor and disheveled, walks over and sits at the table.

PAUL (CONT.)

Hello Five, how's the job search going?

INT. ARTERBERRY HOUSE, AIDEN'S BEDROOM

Aiden is in bed, sleeping. Schrödinger is curled up next to him. The scene fades into Aiden's dream. He's in a chamber as men carry barrels of gunpowder down a flight of stone steps into a wine cellar.

GUY FAWKES

Hello Aiden.

Aiden turns around to see Guy Fawkes behind him. He's quite surprised.

AIDEN

Well fuck me sideways with a slice of venison! You're Guy Fawkes!

GUY FAWKES

Correct! Though my friends call me Guido.

AIDEN

...I'll stick with "Guy" if it's all the same.

(CONTINUED)

GUY FAWKES

Fair enough. You're actually the first boy I've visited in a dream who didn't insist on calling me "V".

AIDEN

You do this often then? That doesn't raise alarm bells.

GUY FAWKES

Aiden, I am here to stop you from making a big mistake, like I did way back on November the 5th, 1605. ...Or was it the 6th?

Guy Fawkes ponders.

GUY FAWKES (CONT.)

Arr, if only there was a way to remember.

AIDEN

Big mistake? But I loath that cat.

GUY FAWKES

No, Aiden.

Guy Fawkes kneels down and puts his hand on Aiden's shoulder.

GUY FAWKES (CONT.)

I've been watching you with that cat since you were a baby.

AIDEN

Wha-

Guy Fawkes puts his finger on Aiden's lips and shushes him.

GUY FAWKES

Deep down inside you love him, and you don't want to hurt him.

Guy Fawkes slides his finger into Aiden's mouth. Aiden closes his eyes, grabs Guy Fawkes wrist and begins sucking on his index finger.

AIDEN

Oh Guy... Your finger tastes like gunpowder, treason and plot... Mmmmm...

(CONTINUED)

Aiden wakes up in his bed. It's morning. He looks down under the covers.

AIDEN

Ugh...

Quick cuts to Aiden washing his sheets in the washing machine while leaning against the cupboards reading a newspaper.

EXT. PIGEON SHIT PARK

Kids are coming into the park. Aiden is standing by the entrance as they come in. He looks miserable. Wayne comes up to him and gives him £5. He looks annoyed, and still has sting marks on his face.

WAYNE

This had better be worth it,
newfag!

Wayne prods Aiden hard on the chest and goes in.

Aiden walks up to the park gazebo where Jamal is waiting excitedly with Schrödinger in his arms. Connor is leading the crowd of kids over to the gazebo.

CONNOR

Come on! This way boys!

Qassim walks up to Connor.

QASSIM

Connor, am you sure it's a good idea for you to be directing crowds? You remember what happened when we went to see Liverpool vs. Nottingham Forest at the Hillsborough Stadium in 1989?

Connor looks puzzled.

CONNOR

No. We wor even born.

QASSIM

...Oh yeah.

Jamal is holding Schrödinger down as Aiden walks onto the gazebo holding a rocket. He looks unsure. Aiden looks down at Schrödinger, who isn't even fighting back. He starts to remember when Schrödinger was a kitten. Images of him and

(CONTINUED)

Schrödinger playing together throughout his childhood flash on screen in old-film effect.

CECILIA (V.O.)
You love Schrödinger. And he loves you.

YOUNG AIDEN
Slow-dinger! Row-dinga!

AIDEN (V.O.)
We should get that irredeemable mog put down.

YOUNG AIDEN
I'll always love you, Sarodingo.

PAUL (V.O.)
I won't be going into the screen again.

A blurry image of Guy Fawkes appears in Aiden's vision.

GUY FAWKES
Remember your SWODCAP, Aiden...

Aiden comes to his senses. He has a tear in his eye.

WAYNE
What the fuck am you waitin' for?
Do it!

The crowd cheers in agreement. Aiden wipes his tear and turns to them.

AIDEN
Listen to me! I was taught an important lesson last night by none other than Guy Fawkes.

CONNOR
We do' care how many gay fucks you've had! Kill the cat!

AIDEN
I will not! This cat may be unsightly, geriatric, and have poor bowel control-

Jamal looks down at Schrodinger in his arms, and suddenly holds him at arm's length.

AIDEN (CONT.)
-but he's family. And I cannot kill
him for all the money in the world.

ALEX
(What?!)

REECE
He's showing human emotion!

WAYNE
Gaaay!

AIDEN
Call me what you will, but what
I've been doing- What we've all
been participating in, is truly
abhorrent. Just look around!

The kids look around at the bloodied corpses of dead animals
which now litter the park.

AIDEN (CONT.)
This park was once swarming with
wildlife, playing in the discarded
crisp wrappers and making nests for
their young in the broken glass
bottles. But now it's like a scene
from 'The Animals of Farthing
Wood'.

The kids all look ashamed.

AIDEN (CONT.)
That being said, I did promise you
all a show. And there's only one
way I can atone for my misdeeds.

Aiden hands the rocket to Jamal and lowers his trousers.

AIDEN (CONT.)
Jamal, would you do the honours?

Aiden bends over, indicating to Jamal to shove the rocket up
his arsehole. Jamal is excited.

JAMAL
Just call me "Jamal Savile"!

Aiden winches as Jamal shoves the rocket up his arsehole.

(CONTINUED)

QASSIM

Aiden, am you spastic?!

AIDEN

Spastic about doing the right thing! Light the bloody rocket!

Jamal lights a match and starts bringing it towards the fuse.

Quick cut to an ambulance rushing down the street with its lights flashing. We cut back to Jamal watching from the gazebo as the ambulance speeds past the park. He hasn't lit the fuse.

JAMAL

Sorry. I got distracted by the ambulance.

Dramatic music plays as Jamal brings the lit match closer to the fuse. Everyone watches on tender hooks. Aiden is biting his bottom lip and trembling in anticipation. Freddie the Fire Safety Dog is standing at the back of the crowd with a small boy under his arm. He licks his finger and rubs his nipple as he watches.

Jamal lights the fuse and runs away. As the fuse goes down Aiden opens his eyes in shock.

AIDEN

Wait, why am I doing thi-

The rocket explodes, demolishing Aiden's arse and splattering all the kids with blood and bits of arse.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Aiden is in a hospital bed, his crotch completely covered in a cast. He does not look happy. Simon and Cecilia are on the right side of his bed, while Qassim, Connor, Jamal and a doctor, female and Middle Eastern, are on the left side.

DOCTOR HIDJRA

We've managed to successfully reconstruct your son's arsehole, although I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about his mental retardation.

AIDEN

(sarcastically annoyed)
Thank you Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CECILIA

Aiden, what on Earth possessed you to shove a firework up your bum? You're not a reality TV star.

QASSIM

It was pretty sick though, mate!

JAMAL

Yeah, everyone at school is talking about how you've got balls!

DOCTOR HIDJRA

No he doesn't. We had to replace his testis with prosthetic ones.

SIMON

Am I the only one who's extremely disturbed by what you boys have been doing? Don't you know that murdering small animals is how most serial killers get their start?

CONNOR

(turns to Qassim)
Aw cool, street cred!

AIDEN

I'm just glad I finally had my "save the cat" moment.

SIMON

But you saved it from yourself.

AIDEN

Well I'm counting it. And I've learned that mistreating animals is wrong. They are our friends and fellow travelers on this path of life. That is why from this moment forth I am never eating meat again.

CECILIA

Uhm, let's not go crazy, Aiden. Bob veal is delicious.

SIMON

And I do love a good Shepard's Pie...

QASSIM

Hey, you guys wanna go KFC?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone agrees, and they leave the room, including Doctor Hidjra.

SIMON
Why that's not a bad idea
at all!

CONNOR
Nice shout, bruv!

JAMAL
I cor believe those birds
fly all the way here from
Kentucky. I mean, whaaaat?

CECILIA
Peas and carrots. Peas and
carrots... is what I want
to have with my meat.

They turn the light off as they exit, leaving Aiden alone in the dark.

NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED DURING THE MAKING OF THIS CARTOON.

12 KOREAN ANIMATORS DIED OF EXHAUSTION.