

EXT. East Lane. London Wembley. Council Estate. Day-time.

TERRY is a 30 year old white man who is knocking on a door. He's wearing a non-matching hoody and tracksuit bottoms. He's also wearing old trainers, a cap and has a black backpack on. When nobody answers he takes his cap off and starts to try and peer through the window. As he does an old Asian lady calls out from behind him.

OLD LADY
Hello can I help you? (OS)

TERRY
(turns around) Yeah, I'm looking for
Caroline..

OLD LADY
You won't find her there. She moved
out some weeks ago.

TERRY
Really?

OLD LADY
Yes.

TERRY
Fuck. (runs his hand through his
thinning hair thinking)

TERRY CONT'D
(sighs) Do you know where she went?

OLD LADY
No I just saw the suitcase and the
little boy with her.

TERRY
Yeah that's my brother. Half-brother.

OLD LADY
Do you want me to take a message
incase she comes back?

TERRY
(agitated) Yeah, just say ermm...
Terry came round. Her son.

The old lady nods and moves on. Terry is left standing outside the door alone. He watches the kids play in the small playground for a second and then walks away.

CUTS TO.

INT. JOB CENTRE. DAY-TIME. Terry sits in the job centre waiting to be seen. His leg is bouncing up and down. He's looking up at the television in the corner as David Cameron is getting interviewed. He finally gets called over by a black girl who is around the same age as him.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

Hello Terry

TERRY

Hi

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

How's your job search been going?

TERRY

Not bad.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

Have you had any luck?

TERRY

(looking about) No, none.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

The thing is Terry you've been on this Job Seekers Allowance now for too long. And I'm not happy..

TERRY

(interrupts snappy) Woah, hold on yeah. I've done the job searches (throws booklet on table). That's all you ask from me, and I do it.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

Firstly, you need to calm down. Secondly, you need to find work. Go to interviews, and you haven't been.

TERRY

(agitated further) That's not my fault is it. All I can do is apply init. And if they want me then cool but if they don't then they don't. All you need to do is sign what you have to sign and make sure I get my money. I don't understand why you can't just do that without all this fuss!

JOB CENTRE WORKER is taken aback by TERRY'S sudden anger.
TERRY sits back in his seat.

TERRY CONT'D

It makes no difference to your life
but it makes a difference to mine. You
understand? You're just longing this
out for no reason.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

I'm sorry you feel that way Terry but
it's my job to find you a job. So I
think you should just let me do that.

TERRY

Can we just hurry this up so I can get
out. I hate it in here, it's full of
pricks.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

Look take this (hands over leaflet)
it's a workshop to help people in the
community get back in to work.

TERRY

Is this a joke? (He turns the leaflet
around to show the lady)

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

What?

TERRY

Read it for fuck sake. It says for 18
to 25 years olds. It also says for
Black and Ethnic minorities. I know
you're stupid but are you blind too?
I'm white, I've just turned 30 and you
want me to ride up to this place and
say what exactly? "I know you're
trying to help minorities but can you
please help little old me because my
white privilege isn't working". I
don't think they're going to buy that.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

It shouldn't be a problem. I know what
it says but it's for people in the
local community. We've been giving it
to everyone. You need to go to this
Terry.

TERRY

But it's today. I got things to do.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

Terry if you don't go to this workshop, you will not get authorised for another payment.

TERRY

You lot are jokers. You lot are corrupt.

FEMALE JOB CENTRE WORKER

It's at 3 O'clock.

TERRY

I'm going to go to this stupidity yeah, but you better make sure I get my funds. (stands up, grabs the leaflet off the desk and walks away).

CUTS TO.

EXT. PARK. DAY-TIME. Terry walks through the park. He walks past a gang of young kids just hanging about and they all watch him walk away. He takes his bag off his back and sits down on a bench further down the path. There's a cigarette butt which is still slightly lit sitting next to him. He picks up the cigarette and squeezes it into the bench to put it out. He stares out into the distance for a moment.

JAMAL (OS)

Yo!

A male voice is heard off screen but Terry doesn't turn around.

JAMAL (OS)

Yo cuz! I'm talking to you.

Irritated Terry turns around. He raises his eyebrows and smirks.

TERRY

O MY. If it's not Jamal from class 3b. (stands up)

JAMAL

(laughs) and if it's not my main man

from class 3b Terry the top baller in the whole of North West London.

TERRY

Funny! Funny! (the two men greet each other)

JAMAL

How you been my brother?!

TERRY

Not bad not bad! (looks Jamal up and down) Looking dappa bruv!

Jamal is wearing a nice suit.

JAMAL

Nah, not at all! Just a work thing init.

TERRY

Looks good bruv. Take a seat take a seat.

JAMAL

Okay, cool. Just for a quick minute though because I got the Mrs and the kid the car. I saw you walk in and I told her I had to say hello.

TERRY

Oh wow. You got a wifey now yeah? And a little one? That's crazy!

JAMAL

Tell me about it G, it's scary. But we all have to grow up at some stage.

TERRY

(looks awkward) Where you living now?

JAMAL

Camden. It's ok. Got a nice little place.

TERRY

That's cool. I'm happy for you.

JAMAL

What about you man? I thought you'd playing ball over there by now.

Jamal points towards the Wembley Stadium arch which can be seen from the park they're sitting in.

TERRY
(laughs slightly) Nah. That dream died time ago.

JAMAL
You know before my Dad passed, like 10 years ago, he gave me a betting slip and on that slip he placed a bet on you playing for England.

TERRY
What?

JAMAL
Yeah, not his on his son. You. He used to come and watch us play for the school and he was certain you'd make it. I'm keeping the slip just incase.
(smiles)

TERRY
Put it in the bin bruv. (sighs) That was another life man.

JAMAL
(nods) (awkward silence) Look Terry I got to go. But it's been a pleasure yeah.

TERRY
Yeah that's cool man.

JAMAL
Can I give you a lift somewhere?

TERRY
Nah you're good.

JAMAL
Okay, stay safe yeah? (stands up)

TERRY
Yeah you too. (stands up and shakes Jamal's hand)

Jamal walks away leaving Terry standing on his own. A ball rolls over towards Terry and some kids in the distance shout for him to pass it back. He kicks the ball straight to one of

the kids feet from a distance. He looks back up towards the Wembley Arch and puts his hood up. He walks out of the park and as he does Jamal drives past in a Mercedes car and beeps at him. They wave and Terry watches the car drive off down the road.

CUTS TO.

INT. WORK-SHOP. EVENING-TIME. TERRY is sitting in a workshop as the tutor gives tips on how to write a good CV. His backpack sitting on the seat next to him. There's teenagers sitting to one side of him laughing and looking at their phones. All dressed in tracksuits. The tutor approaches them.

TUTOR

Boys, please put your phones away you might be able to learn something.

TEENAGER 1

There's nothing you can teach me blud.

TUTOR

Just put the phone away

TEENAGER 1

(kisses teeth) Make me blud.

TUTOR looks nervous

TERRY

Just put the phone away dickhead

The boys jump up out of their seats and look at Terry.

TEENAGER 1

What? Who are you blud? Are you fucking stupid?

TEENAGER 2

Are you fucking dumb white boy?

Terry remains calm in his seat.

TERRY

I'm not dumb. Blud (sarcastic). I want to come here and do this shit and get my money as quick as possible. And if you jokers are cotching there on your phones and my man can't do his job then you're longing out my life. You're longing out your life too.

Older Sikh man in the group nods. Others in the group also nod along.

SIKH MAN

Please boys. I urge you to listen to this man. Let's just get on with this please.

TEENAGER ONE

Don't ever call me a dickhead again.
(calms down and takes his seat)

The boys put there phones away and the Tutor gives a thankful nod to Terry.

TUTOR

What I'm going to ask each of you to do is to come up to the board and write one word which you think potential employers are looking for in you. Who wants to go first? (holds out pen)

A woman gets up and writes 'skills' on the board.

TUTOR CONT'D

Skills. Good start. Employers are going to be looking for people who have skills in specific areas. Ask yourself, what do you bring to the table? (looks at Terry) Terry? Please come up.

Terry reluctantly gets up and takes the pen off the tutor. He turns his back to the rest of the group as he thinks of something to write. He pauses for an awkward moment and then writes 'education'. As he turns away the tutor stops him from walking back to his seat.

TUTOR CONT'D

Okay Terry, thanks for that. What made you write education?

TERRY

Dunno, I just did.

TUTOR

And you think that's important?

TERRY

Yeah of course. I've applied for bare

jobs that I know I can do but I always get turned away because I ain't got no GCSE'S or A-Levels or a Degree. It's mad. And other places want you to have experience but how can you get the experience if you need experience to get the job in the first place?

TEENAGER 1

Yes bruv! He's 100% right. These companies are mad. (stands up) And then when you get a job they want to pay you £4 something an hour. I'm 17 yeah, I ain't got qualifications but I'm not dumb. I'm a clever guy trust me, but how can you expect me to feel good about myself or support myself if you're only going to pay me £4 an hour, when the next man who is older than me is getting paid double for the same work? Can anyone tell me?

TERRY

I feel you. And I know there's going to be people in this room like me who feel like there's just no way out. No way out of this horrible situation because you go to the Job Centre for help and they treat you like you're scum, like you're lazy and a drain on society. If anything it's society who made us this way.

Little clap from the group.

TERRY CONT'D

I got respect for the young, but I'm kind of sick aswell of people always saying 'We have to help them because they're our future'. I was once that future bruv, we were all once that future and we have been continuously let down by government and people in power in general. My youth has gone. And my guys here (points at the teenagers) I'm telling you, if you don't start getting your heads down and working hard to get the fuck out of here you're going to be me in 10 years. (gets emotional) 30 years old, no opportunity, no prospects.

Teenagers now listening intently.

TERRY CONT'D

You know they say, the wealth trickles down. That's bullshit. The rich just keep getting richer and the poor poorer. They got people like us on workfare, working for companies just so we can pick up our dole money. Got us doing 40 hours a week work sometimes but won't pay us that wage. We are nothing to them. They said slavery is dead but trust me, it's fucking alive. And they'll blame it all on us, they'll have us blaming each other. Every race, every religion, all hating each other being distracted by the truth. And the truth is the rich don't give fuck about us, let's be clear about that. Do you think any rich man would ever be allowed to die in his bedroom because his block of flats were burning down? Never.

Terry stands up at the front of group getting angry and emotional. They look at him and then some bow their heads in thought.

CUTS TO.

EXT. Outside-Workshop Buidling. Night-time. People are leaving. The three teenagers say goodbye to Terry and each boy spuds him as they leave. As everyone walks off Terry lingers in the background. The Tutor pulls away in his car and waves at Terry as he leaves. When it's quiet, Terry walks around the side of the building near a small hut. He sits down on the floor and reaches in to his backpack. He pulls out a pillow and a blanket. He lies down on the floor and closes his eyes.

FADES TO BLACK

FADES UP

EXT. Highroad. Morning. Terry is walking along the street. He looks tired as he walks the opposite way to all the commuters