

INT. 'DOWNTOWN RECORDS AND TAPES'. DAY.

A pair of hands flicking through album covers. A record playing in the shop - Gong or Tangerine Dream. The pair of hands finds what they're searching for - 'Penthouse and Pavement' by Heaven 17. The hands belong to JES, 17, spiky hair torn jeans post-punk, who steers through record browsers to the Hippy behind the counter.

JES Can I listen to this?

The Hippy looks at the cover, nods at the pair of headphones on the counter, puts the record on the turntable. Jes goes to the 'phones, watches the arm being set on the record, then puts them on. The hippy music muffles out; the crackle of the record on the phones. The soaring opening to 'Fascist Groove Thang'; when the song breaks, Jes starts manically dancing in the corner of the shop. Hippy and Customers look on, amused, bemused.

Music continues through-

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. DAY.

Jes walking, the jiggle of the dance still in his walk. He has the record under his arm, pleased as punch with himself like the boy carrying bottles in a Cartier Bresson photo. Shoppers stare or avoid him; he is an oddity, dancing to the tune in his head on the grey flat pedestrian expanse of the shopping centre.

Music continues through-

EXT. ESCALATOR. DAY.

A very long grey steel stairwell surrounded by glass, through which the shopping centre is visible.

Jes, still jiggling, goes up as a man approaches him on the down. This man is ROD, early 40s, and he carries with him a door. As they approach each other their eyes meet blankly; Jes with his record and Rod with his fake Tudor panelled door. A weird tension as they draw level, then pass each other. Rod snaps round to watch Jes's back; he is moving jerkily - he could be dancing, he could be laughing; Rod can't tell. Distracted, Rod spills off at the bottom of the elevator, and finds himself wrestling with a door in the middle of the shopping precinct.

Music continues through-

EXT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK. DAY.

The top level of the car park; builders are at work with circular saws and pneumatic drills. Jes walks past piled-up concrete slabs and bricks, still jiggling and dancing. Ahead are a bunch of SKINS, all about seventeen and not quite comfortable yet in their no. 1 cuts, up-the-crotch faded denims and dms. They smoke and spit with awkward exaggeration. Jes and the Skins do not spot each other until he's almost on them. He stops: music cuts, the sound now of drills and building site; SKIN 2 stops in mid-spit as they look at each other, a long bungee-cord of phlegm hanging from his mouth.

SKIN 1 (RAY) Fuck me.

SKIN 3 (TEL) Jes Nicholas.

JES Ray? Thought you'd gone away.

Skin 2 can't shake-off the thread of sputum, so he sucks it back up hoping no-one notices.

SKIN 1 Came back.

JES Tel? What you doin' looking like that?

SKIN 2 (MIK) And what are you? Commie or poof?

SKIN 3 Fucking freak. Wake up Jes, this is it.

Jes is giggling; can't help it.

SKIN 1 'S the fucking joke?

JES Can't help it. You look like fucking meercats.

SKIN 2 'S 'e sayin'?

JES You know. On the telly. Meercats. Fuzzy headed little rodents.

SKIN 3 Callin' us meercats.

SKIN 1 Kill the clit.

The music drops back in as, after one beat of looking at each other, Jes runs and is pursued by the Skins across the car park - Basildon down below swirling behind their heads. The Skins chase Jes exactly like a pack of meercats, their shaven heads dodging up and down behind parked cars, skipping through the slabs and bricks of the builders. Jes makes it to the stone steps and skips down several flights and along a walkway, still pursued by meercats. As he flies down the final flights of steps, the record shoots out of its sleeve and over the edge.

The record wobbles through the air like a UFO; and smashes on the road below. Music cuts.

Jes skips through traffic across the main arterial road which is the boarder of the Skins' territory. They sneer and snarl at him from the other side of the road; light cigarettes and walk back towards the car park. Jes gives them a jolly wave goodbye.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

Rod has taken the front door off his house, and is busy fixing on the new fake Tudor. Jes walks towards the house, still holding the empty record sleeve. He stops and watches Rod's exertions. Rod is Jes's dad. He turns to look at Jes, holding the door half-on, half-off.

ROD Don't say anything.

JES No, it's alright, really.

ROD Don't.

JES I didn't. It's great.

ROD Knock, knock.

JES It is a door. Supposed to knock.

ROD Instead of knocking all the time you could give me a hand.
Here hold this while I screw it in.

Jes puts down the record sleeve; takes hold of the door in position while Rod works on it.

JES Where's the post go?

ROD What you saying?

JES I'm just saying.

ROD What?

JES Lovely imitation brass knocker, but where's the postman
supposed to stick his bills?

ROD It's Tudor.

JES Is it.

ROD They didn't have post. What rubbish you got there?

JES Empty record sleeve.

ROD That's an improvement.

JES It's the new thing. Just buy the cover, then make the music
yourself.

ROD Done. Lovely job.

Jes steps back to look at the door with Rod. Jes smiles at its absurdity.

JES Mum up?

ROD She's out the back. But don't play that music too loud you know it makes her jumpy.

JES Told you, it's an empty sleeve.

Picks up the cover, flourishes it inside and out like a magician.

ROD And how much did you waste on that?

JES How much did you waste on that?

ROD Least it's got a purpose.

JES Like it keeps the rain out and you go through it to get indoors? The old door did that.

ROD It's a home improvement. It improves the home. You buy a house, you improve it, you pass it on to your kids. Life gets better. That's the deal. My old man, and his old man, and his before him, they never dreamed they'd own their home. What's your Grandad leave me? A pewter tankard. I'm making things better. I work. I buy the house. I improve it.

JES With a door.

ROD Instead of having every house the same, when you own it you make it your own. It's a statement. You're individual, you're different.

JES As different as Colin?

ROD Colin hasn't got a Tudor door.

JES Has now.

ROD Give over.

Jes is looking across the tarmac and grass plot to the houses opposite. Rod follows his sight-line. COLIN, a neighbour in his late-30s, has a fake Tudor front door leaning against the garden fence, and is working at detaching the old door from the porch.

JES Allright Col?

Colin turns, gives them a merry wave, and turns back to his work. Rod looks on with despair.

JES And he's got a letterbox.

Jes pats his dad on the shoulder and goes inside; Rod stares across the way at Colin.

ROD That is bang out of order.