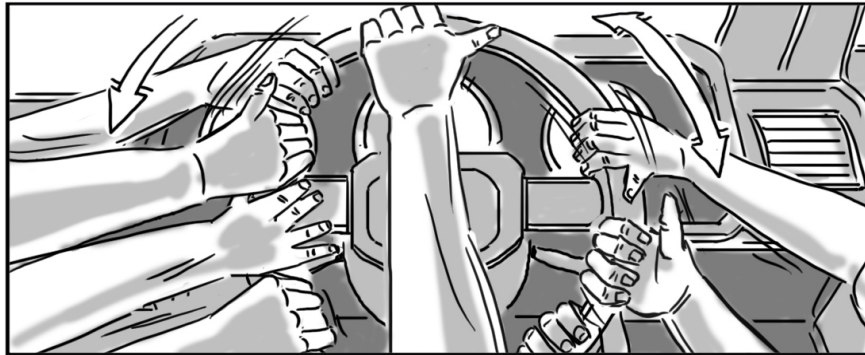


**Fare Play**

by K.G.Magrowitz



SE1 E1  
**"Call Russel"**

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EXT. TECH HUB BUILDING LONDON - DAY

American MATTHEW JONES (23) high-flying tech exec in a smart suit, no tie, emerges, a large brown envelope under his arm, whips out his mobile to thump an Upper. It flashes 'no signal'. He waves his mobile about to catch the signal.

INT. DAVE'S BLACK CAB - SAME TIME

DAVID GRAND(45) London working class boy, born and bread, in a shirt, trouser suits and his green taxi badge drives around looking for a fare, but it's slim pickings. He loves the hustle and bustle of his beloved city if only there was a customer...when he spots Matt wave his arm about. Dave smiles, turns the wheel.

EXT. TECH HUB BUILDING - SAME TIME

Matt's mobile still flashes 'no signal'. He checks his watch, impatiently waves his arm again. Dave's cab pulls up right in front of him. Matt looks up,

MATT  
(American accent)  
O, what the heck ...

INT. DAVE'S CAB - A FEW MOMENST LATER

Matt plunges down in the back,

MATT  
City Hall, please.

Dave starts the engine. Matt immediately whips out his mobile to check the signal. Thank God, it's back! Dave glances into the rear mirror to engage his customer as he drives.

DAVE  
City Hall. Interesting fact: City Hall was designed by Norman Forster as a Neo-Futuristic building and constructed at a cost of 43 million pounds!

MATT  
Huh...

Matt is busy checking emails on his mobile,

DAVE

City Hall was opened in 2002, two years after GLA, the Great London Authority, was created and is part of a larger development called More London. The nearest Underground and National Rail is London Brid--

Dave slams breaks and horn with full force. An Upper driver cut him turning left. Dave leans out the window, yells,

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oi! You! You need to indicate!

(to Matt)

You ok, Sir?

MATT

Yeah. Thanks.

DAVE

Bloody Upper driver! Doesn't know his ass from his elbow! They'd be lost without a Satnav! And to think they had their licence renewed today! The cheek of it! They're a health hazard! Need to be banned from our streets!

MATT

That's not very likely.

DAVE

Why not?

MATT

The concept's genius.

DAVE

What's genius about stealing our jobs and dragging down our standard?!

(holds up his green badge)

See this? Took me three years! But it guarantees this driver has got the entire map of London up here!

(points to his head)

And then some! We know everything about this city! We deliver passengers, babies, the disabled! We're the *fifth* emergency after police, ambulance, and fire brigades!

MATT

That's four...

But Dave's off on a rant,

DAVE

And what does UPPER have? No fleet!  
No drivers! Nothing but a bloody  
phone!

MATT

It's an app, actually.

DAVE

It's ridiculous!

MATT

It's a free market, Sir.  
Survival of the fittest.

DAVE

What's your job then?  
(jokingly)  
Fitness instructor?

Matt chuckles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now really...

MATT

You don't want to know...

DAVE

(half-joking)

Try me. I'm curious about what  
level of fitness you aspire to.

MATT

I'm an Upper exec.

Sound of screeching wheels.

INT. DAVE'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The cab is parked at the side of the curb,

DAVE

Out.

MATT

What?

DAVE  
You heard me - out.

MATT  
O, come on, mate...

DAVE  
I'm not your mate. Out.

MATT  
I pay you double.

Dave switches the lighted sign on.

DAVE  
I'm not for hire.

MATT  
But I'm in a hurry.

DAVE  
Then I suggest you run.  
Survival of the fittest.

MATT  
(mutters)  
Dinosaur.

Matt gets out.

DAVE  
What was that?

MATT  
Dinosaur. You know, the back  
numbers who checked out in the last  
ice age?

DAVE  
For your information: dinosaurs  
survived the ice age by adapting to  
evolution. They only died after an  
asteroid hit the earth and caused a  
climate change. You're not as smart  
as you think you are!

Matt slams the door. Dave revs off. Matt reaches for his  
phone to call an Upper, realises in the squabble he left  
phone and envelope in the cab.

MATT  
No way...

He runs after the cab waving his arms but only catches Dave's number plate TOZ1OFF. He tries to flag a cab but there're none.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fuck...

INT. JASMINE THAI TAKE AWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt rushes in. THAI ASSISTANT MS WANG (40s) holds up a menu,

MISS WANG

(thick Thai accent)

Welcome to Jasmine Thai what would you like?

MATT

I need to use your phone to make an urgent call!

MISS WANG

Ten pounds!

MATT

For a phone call?!

MISS WANG

You say urgent, no?

Matt groans, pulls out his card.

MISS WANG (CONT'D)

No card!

She points to a handwritten sign 'CASH ONLY'.

EXT. CAR PARK CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dave parks his cab, spots Matt's phone in the back, chuckles, puts it in his pocket, whistles, spots the brown envelope, picks it up, it tears, a big wad of MONEY slips out.

DAVE

Holy shit...

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The office is old and shabby. A yellowed poster lists the benefits of a CAB UNION membership covering medical, labour rights and insurance.

On the desk lies Matt's torn envelope, the money and his phone. The papers read TfL- TRANSPORT FOR LONDON LICENSING FORM. Four cabbies stand around the desk. SANJI SINGH(35),

2nd generation British Sikh with a turban, flamboyant vintage jacket and green taxi badge. ALBERT GRAND(75), jacket, tie and shirt, a retired London cabbie born and bread, who still likes to wear his taxi badge, LARA GALLAGHER(21) London working class girl, born and bread, low rise jeans, top tank, green badge and Dave.

SANJI

That's Upper's paper work. And the cash was inside?

DAVE

Yep.

ALBERT

Sneaky.

LARA

Who embosses a phone?

DAVE

People who can afford to bribe the Mayor. Bastards.

SANJI

Who says it's a bribe?

DAVE

Cash in a brown envelope among licensing papers?

SANJI

Fair point.

Albert eyes up the money. The office walls are decked out with photos of the cab tradition: cabs carry war veterans on Remembrance Day, deliver sick children to Great Ormond's children's hospital and charity trips to the seaside.

ALBERT

That's a lot of dosh, son, we could pay all our overdue bills with it.

DAVE

What? No, dad, it goes straight into the lost and found box.

Dave stuffs the cash back into the brown envelope. Cabbie BILL BOLTEN (55) rushes in with a newspaper. He's a big fella who always wears a rugby shirt, always with the collar up. He, too wears the green taxi badge.

BILL

Dave! A word in private?

DAVE

Bill...

They step aside. Bill waves the newspaper,

BILL

Upper got their license extended!  
You promised to sort it!

DAVE

What am I, God?  
It's a government ruling.

BILL

You're our chairman! You need to  
stand up to these bullies! We can't  
let those cowboys just ride into  
town and steal our crown from right  
under our noses! We've been around  
for 400 years!

DAVE

Counting horses as well and  
carriages?

BILL

Don't get smart with me, Dave.  
Stop Upper or we'll vote you out.

DAVE

And who's going to take my place?  
You?

BILL

Lead us out of this mess, or you're  
out.

Bill slams the newspaper on the desk and leaves.

EXT. ATM STREET LONDON - SAME TIME

Matt struggles to read the ATM screen hit by sunlight, shades  
it with one hand, hurriedly extracts cash with the other.

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lara and Sanji now google Upper on her computer. Dave paces  
the room. Albert sips a cup of tea.

ALBERT

Have a cuppa, son.



DAVE

I've gotta think on my feet, dad  
before Bill rallies the troops and  
kicks me out. He'll just make  
things worse.

LARA

... it says here the *Prime Minister  
sister-in-law sits on the board of  
directors at Upper.*

DAVE

Bloody hell!

SANJI

That's not good.

DAVE

We gotta strike back before they  
sell us out completely. Here, let's  
set up a public campaign to revoke  
Upper's license once and for all!

LARA

O, dad, not another one of your  
union protests! The last councillor  
sit-in got you arrested...

DAVE

No, no, this will be different!

SANJI

Different how?

DAVE

We'll get Russel Brand to front it!

Sanji tilts his head from side to side, not convinced.

LARA

Who?

DAVE

Russel Brand?

(off her look)

The award-winning comedian, actor,  
author, public thought leader, and  
passionate activist for mental  
health, drug rehabilitation and  
black cabs?

LARA

Sorry dad, don't know all your old  
folk heroes, I'm only 21, remember?

DAVE  
He's a movie star, for crying out  
loud!

SANJI  
Brad Pitt's a movie star. Russel  
Brand's more...

LARA  
What movies's been in?

DAVE  
Errr.. errr... Sanji, help me out.

SANJI  
Forgetting Sarah Marshal, Paradise,  
Katy Perry Part of me.

LARA  
Chick flicks.

DAVE  
Right.

Matt's mobile starts to ring.

LARA  
Shall I answer?

DAVE  
Nah. Let him sweat!  
Survival of the fittest...

They all look at Matt's buzzing mobile, it rings and rings.

INT. JASMINE THAI TAKE AWAY - SAME TIME

Matt receiver in hand,

MATT  
What the...

MISS WANG  
You know for sure, you leave phone  
in cab?!

MATT  
Yes.

MISS WANG  
You have number plate?!

MATT

TOZLOFF.

(off her look, slowly)

Toss-One-off.

Ms Wang giggles,

MATT (CONT'D)

What?

MISS WANG

Toss one off, British slang for  
'making wanky wanky'.

(wags finger at him)

You - kinky English man!

MATT

What? I'm American.

Can you help me or not?

MISS WANG

Try union!

(off his look)

Cab union!

MATT

Good thinking!

Matt reaches for her phone.

MISS WANG

Ten pounds!

MATT

No way...

MISS WANG

You want phone back?

You no want phone back?

Matt groans, pulls out another tenner,

MATT

I need you to get me the cab union  
number.

MISS WANG

Ten pounds!

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt's mobile has stopped ringing. The office phone rings.  
Sanji answers,

SANJI

London cab union, how can I help?  
 (cups receiver)  
 The Upper guy. What shall I say?

DAVE

Let him come here and collect it.  
 (to Lara)  
 When you speak to Russel's people  
 make sure you mention my full name  
 and the cab union.

Sanji cups phone with hand again,

SANJI

Really, Dave? I know, he's your  
 mate and you guys hang out at the  
 London Fashion show and all but  
 you're sure you want him? He's very  
 outspoken.

DAVE

And so are we! It's the perfect  
 fit! Russel Brand single-handedly  
 changed the government policy of  
 mental health thru his public  
 campaigns!

SANJI

He really didn't.  
 What about your other famous mates?  
 Paul Weller, Stephen Fry?

DAVE

They're all on tour. Lara?

LARA

I'm on it!

Sanji shakes his head,

SANJI

(into phone)  
 Sorry... Yes, please, come to 100  
 Drummond Road SE164 DG...

Albert is a bit hard of hearing.

ALBERT

Who's Russel Brand?

DAVE

A good mate.

ALBER

Just because I'm retired doesn't mean I don't care no more. Once a cabbie always a cabbie!

DAVE

Of course, dad. How're you getting home?

ALBERT

You're giving me a lift!

Dave sighs. Sanji hangs up. Dave grabs Matt's envelope.

DAVE

I want to confront the Mayor about this.

SANJI

You could try.

DAVE

The sooner the better. How about right now?

SANJI

You don't have an appointment but...

DAVE

What?

SANJI

The Mayor is doing his Baking Bread For The Poor' again today at the Leather market.

DAVE

You want me to gate crash it?

SANJI

You could try.

DAVE

I could try.

SANJI

You're a man about town.

DAVE

(smiles)

I'm a man about town.

(to Albert)

Come on, dad.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's first get you home.

(to Lara)

Keep the Upper guy here until I'm back. Back in a jiffy.

Dave and Albert leave.

INT. JASMINE THAI TAKE AWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt puts the phone back. Relieved,

MATT

They located it. I need you to call a cab now to the union office.

MISS WANG

Ten pounds!

Matt spots a black cab outside in the street, runs out of the shop, and flags it down.

Miss Wang has a good chuckle, puts away Matt's money.

MISS WANGG

(native English)

'Mr Miyagi' always works a treat.

EXT. LEATHERHEAD MARKET - SAME TIME

The MAYOR OF LONDON (40s) kneads bread dough with both hands and half his arms deep in the flour. He's surrounded by SECURITY, shiny banners spelling out the word COMMUNITY and happy faces, the PRESS and a selected GROUP OF POOR PEOPLE from the nearby council estate. The Mayor's a burly man with a shock of blond toddler hair. Jolly, straight to TV camera,

LONDON MAYOR

(posh accent)

Today I'm with the good people of the Nelson Mandela estate baking wholesome bread from scratch. As your Mayor I'm here to tell you, I want us *all* to live a healthy life! Today's kids don't know where the milk comes from - cows! The eggs - hens! The wheat - fields!

An estate KID(9) giggles,

KID

Hehehe, he said "weeeed"...

Dave tries to sneak into the 'community section' and is being stopped by SECURITY1 (30s), a laid back Black British muscle

fella.

SECURITY 1

Oi! And where do you think you're going?

DAVE

I'm part of the community, mate.

SECURITY 1

It's for the poor, numpty.  
 (pokes at Dave's badge)  
 You're a cabbie. You're not the poor.

DAVID

I will be, if you don't let me through.

Security1 chuckles,

SECURITY 1

Nice try. Now, get lost.

Dave scrambles.

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lara pronounced,

LARA

(into phone)

David Grand from the London Cab Union for Russel Brand in an urgent matter... for a campaign... of course, thank you... I'll hold...

She returns to her computer screen with an online dating site open: Dream Partner: 'smart', 'funny', 'sexy', deletes 'sexy' types in 'handsome',

Lara (CONT'D)

(into phone)

...Yes, I'll call back in an hour  
 Thank you, bye.

deletes 'funny' types in 'tall'... deletes 'tall', gives up.

LARA (CONT'D)

I'm done with men!

Sanji chuckles,

SANJI

At 21? What you got so far?

LARA

Tall, smart, handsome...

SANJI

What about money?

LARA

I can make my own!

SANJI

Or you can marry rich and never  
have to work again.

LARA

You didn't.

Lara glances at the wedding photo on his desk, two Indian  
fellas in traditional garments in a Sikh temple.

SANJI

Nope. But I got a first in  
interfaith and gay marriage in my  
community. And one day I'll tell my  
father, too. Close your eyes.

LARA

Close my eyes?

SANJI

Yes. The mind is a thousand times  
more powerful than any computer  
programme will ever be.

Lara closes her eyes,

SANJI (CONT'D)

Now, visualise your dreamboat.

Lara visualises when... the door swings open, Matt dashes in -  
tall, smart and handsome. Lara's spooked. Matt looks around,

MATT

Like Hogwarts from Harry Potter!  
Just what I imagined.

LARA

Err...

MATT

Is that an original, Miss?



LARA

I guess...

He approaches Lara's computer, she turns red, but Matt is oblivious to the dating site on her screen, he has only eyes for her old computer model.

MATT

Yes, it is! A CMB 64 8-bit home computer! Awesome!

LARA

(proud)

Our boss got them from a police auction, unreclaimed stolen goods.

MATT

That's a hell of a way to get your hands on collectables!

LARA

Thank you. How can I help?

MATT

I left my phone and a large brown envelope in one of your cabs earlier and was told I can collect it here.

LARA

You're that guy!

MATT

Excuse me?

Sanji rushes over, referring Matt's suit,

SANJI

Tom Ford, summer collection 2014, not out yet. What did you say your name was?

Matt smiles.

MATT

I didn't. Matthew Jones.

SANJI

Sanji Singh. You called earlier, we spoke on the phone.

Referring to his own flamboyant jacket,

SANJI (CONT'D)

I'm a vintage man, myself, that's London for you. Have a seat. I'll go and fetch our lost property box next door. Say, would you like a cup of tea? Please, have a seat.

MATT

No but thank you.

SANJI

You're very welcome. You'd be surprised what people leave in our cabs: a goldfish, dentures, wigs, and far too many sombreros! I mean, sombreros in London?

MATT

Yeah. Can I have my stuff please? I'm in a hurry.

SANJI

I'll be as quick as I can.

Sanji nods at Lara, disappears next door. There's a moment of awkward silence.

LARA

Your mobile has the letters MJ on it, right?

MATT

Yes! That's the one!

LARA

Sorry. We chucked that one in the river.

MATT

(chuckles)

You're funny.

(off her look)

You didn't. That's not fair.

LARA

Says the Upper exec!  
You lot bribed the Mayor to get your license back! How's that fair?

MATT

Excuse me?

LARA

Don't deny it!  
We've got the evidence!

MATT

I have no idea, what you're talking about, Miss.

LARA

Yeah, right. The cabbie who drove you is our union boss. He's at the leather market as we speak confronting the Mayor with your 'brown envelope'. Let's see who will keep their license now!

Sanji has come back with Matt's phone.

SANJI

What're you doing, Lara? You're not supposed to give out this info, that's not how this works...

MATT

I have no idea what either of you is talking about but I need my phone and that envelope, the paperwork in it needs to be filed before close of business day. So, pretty, please, with a bow on top?

Neither Lara nor Sanji move. Matt opens his wallet with a grand gesture,

MATT (CONT'D)

Here's a finder's fee! Here's...  
(empty wallet,  
scrambles)  
... one pound, twenty... I'd give you more, but I spent about fifty pounds on calling you and I don't suppose you take electronic payments around here?

LARA

No. No bribes either. Bye, bye.

Lara puts the phone on the counter. Matt quickly takes it,

MATT

And the envelope's at the leather market? Thank you!

He rushes out. Sanji turns to Lara,

SANJI  
 Yep, definitely done with men.

LARA  
 Shut up...

SANJI  
 You better call your dad.

EXT. CAR PARK CAB UNION - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Matt hurries across the courtyard as his phone connects to a video chat. We hear party noises, on his mobile screen, marketing manager LIZZ HATTERSON (22) a perfectly coiffed blonde in the London UPPER office pops up. All smile,

LIZZ  
 (onscreen)  
*Matti, baby...*

MATT  
 Listen babe, we'll kill that bottle tonight...

Lizz blows him a kiss. A face pops up next to her's. TREVOR BROWN (35), Upper's CEO, hyped up like a five year old on a sugar rush.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 Dude, I'm talking to my girlfriend!

TREVOR  
 (onscreen)  
*And I'm talking to my partner!  
 Lizz, do you mind?*

LIZZ  
*Make it quick.*

TREVOR  
 (to Matt)  
*How did it go with the Mayor?*

MATT  
 Still on my way.

TREVOR  
*Hurry up, dude! The paperwork needs to be in before close of business day!*

LIZZ  
*Why didn't you do it yourself?*

TREVOR

*No way! The Mayor meets CEO dudes like me all day long but a 10 X coder COO from Silicon valley? Not so much!*

Matt is flattered by Trevor's compliment. Trevor to Lizz,

TREVOR

*I know what I'm doing!*

LIZZ

*You're wearing shorts again and white socks with sandals.*

Onscreen Trevor wraps his arm around Lizz shoulder.

TREVOR

*I love that girl!*

MATT

Dude!

Trevor raises both hands, indicating his innocence

STAFFERS (O.S.)

*Speech... speech...*

TREVOR

*Staff wants a victory speech on our licensing! I'm going to give them a big wet one! Lizz, we gotta go...*

Lizz turns to Matt,

LIZZ

*Love you, baby...*

TREVOR

*I'm so pumped up right now-*

The call is disconnected, the mobile screen goes dark.

MATT

*Love you, too...*

The Upper car arrives. Matt gets in.

EXT. LEATHERMARKET - SAME TIME

Dave tucks his taxi badge away, checks his phone is off and pops up on the other side where SECURITY 2 (20s), a white Easter European muscle man guards the entrance to the bakery. Dave walks up to him, right up close, matey,

DAVE

Where are you from, mate?

The security guy's eyes light up.

SECURITY 2

(thick Polish accent)

I'm from Poland!

DAVE

You speak very good English.

POLISH SECURITY 2

(apologetic)

Only little...

That's just what Dave was hoping for. All in one go,

DAVE

No problemo, mate! You see, my community's over there baking lovely jubbly community bread, we've been practising for weeks on end, my community and me and everyone was so looking forward to it! Now, if something goes wrong in my community and I'm not there with my community they won't know what to do, my community, you understand, don't you?

The Polish guard is completely lost.

POLISH SECURITY2

Yes, yes, community...

And waves Dave thru.

EXT. LEATHERMARKET - DAY

Dave now wears a baker's hat and an apron, passes flour to the Mayor, kneads a dough himself.

DAVE

(under his breath)

I need to see you urgently Mayor, about Upper's license. You're head of Transport for London, you have the powers to stop it. Revoke their license, Upper will disappear from our streets and the nightmare will be over.

The Mayor, both his arms deep in the dough,

LONDON MAYOR

And you are, please?

DAVE

Cabbie Dave Grand from the London  
cab union! The hat's camouflage!

Dave quickly flashes his cabbie badge. The Mayor shrieks,

LONDON MAYOR

Good grief, man! Can't be seen with  
either side of you lot in public!

(sees brown envelope)

I see... Why didn't you say?

The Mayor smiles at the cameras, wipes his hand on his apron.

LONDON MAYOR (CONT'D)

Drop it on the floor between the  
flour bags. Don't look at me.

The burley Mayor leans over the counter to mop it up.

DAVE

No, no, I hang onto this. First, we  
talk.

LONDON MAYOR

(sighs)

Fine. Talk.

Dave's getting matey as he kneads away.

DAVE

They steal our jobs, Mayor. And  
they have no safety regulations in  
place and no proper training. We  
spent years learning The Knowledge  
and they just--

LONDON MAYOR

Stop. I can't be biased.

The Mayor continues to knead.

DAVE

I thought, you were with us!  
We voted for you, mate! Upper  
tries to bribe you! The money's in  
the envelope.

LONDON MAYOR

Hang on, the dough in there's not  
yours..?

DAVE  
No! It's Upper's.

LONDON MAYOR  
Then why am I talking to you?  
(off Dave's look)  
Tell you what. Meet me in my  
chambers, this afternoon and we'll  
sort you out.

DAVE  
You'll revoke Upper's license?

LONDON MAYOR  
Sure.

DAVE  
Thanks, mate... Mayor.

He leaves.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dave walks up to his cab, envelope under his arm. The leather  
market in the distance. Matt pops up,

MATT  
Sir! Sir, I need this back.

DAVE  
Mr SuperFit.

MATT  
Please, they need to be filed  
before end of business day.

DAVE  
My heart bleeds.

MATT  
Respectfully, what's it to you?  
We won our temp license today fair  
and square.

DAVE  
Fair and square?

Dave opens the envelope and shows him the money. Matt's  
gobsmacked. He didn't know there was cash inside.

EXT. DAVE'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt still stares at the money, impromptu grabs the envelope  
and runs off.



Dave is gobsmacked then gives chase but Matt, half his age, is much fitter than him and gets away. Dave stops to catch his breath,

DAVE  
Fuckin-unbelievable...

INT. UPPER OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER SAME DAY

Matt rushes thru the open-plan high tech office block coloured like an oversized kindergarten and staffed with nerdy millennials. Matt passes several gigantic glass bowls filled with Haribo sweets, a red telephone booth, table tennis tables, and bike racks with bikes on walls. Receptionist CLAIRE (21) looks flustered when she sees Matt,

CLAIRE  
Trevor asked not to be disturbed  
he's preparing for the conference  
call with San Fran...

MATT  
Sorry, Claire. This can't wait.

CLAIRE  
Matt...

MATT  
Now really, it can't.

Matt marches right into Trevor's office.

INT. TEVOR'S OFFICE UPPER - SAME TIME

Matt barges in,

MATT  
What the hell, man?! I delivered  
the package but don't ever ask me  
to do a thing like that again--  
What the fuck's going on in here?

Trevor and Lizz are on the floor, in a tryst. Several bottles of beer and bubble are stood beside them. Lizz turns red, whispers,

LIZZ  
Trev, Trevor...

Trevor turns, jumps up. He's short.

TEVOR  
Fuck...

INT. TREVOR'S OFFICE UPPER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Trevor in the middle of a heated argument.

MATT

We built this company together from the ground up, dreamed about it as Freshers! And you fuck me behind my back? Fuck you! You made a fool out of me! Robbed me off my dignity and my girl! I will never forgive you for that! Never!

TREVOR

You and your goddamn morals, will you please, just, chill?

MATT

What?

TREVOR

It was just a bribe, dude! Everybody's at it in this town! Why do you think all the Russian Oligarchs move here?!

MATT

Lizz meant something to me.

TREVOR

I don't know what that's supposed to mean, but, you know, she came on to me.

MATT

You disgust me.

TREVOR

Fuck sake, dude, over a chick?! We just won the bloody London license! Forget about San Fran! Forget about LA! London is the game changer! Always was going to be! Everyone said, it can't be done! You can't wipe off 400 years of tradition! It's a fortress! And we just did! We bloody did it, dude!

MATT

I don't give a fuck! You're on your own buddy! I'm out.

Matt leaves. Trevor freaks out,

TREVOR

That's mental!! Where are you going?! Come back! You're the COO! You can't just leave!! I won't accept it!

Trevor throws himself to the floor and has a fit.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I won't! I won't! I won't!!!

Secretary Claire, pops her head in, sees Trevor lie on the floor.

CLAIRE

Everything ok?

TREVOR

Sure. Why do you ask?

CLAIRE

No reason.

She closes the door.

INT. MATT'S UPPER OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Matt clears his desk, Lizz tries to talk him out of it.

LIZZ

... it was nothing, it meant nothing, in fact, I forgotten already!

(off his look)

Mattie...

MATT

I thought we had something special.

LIZZ

We do! No commitment, tons of fun, each our own place so we can focus on our careers... It's perfect, baby. Just agree to play a few rounds of golf with him, he's crap at it but if you let him win, we can all go back to where we were before.

She closes the gap between them.

MATT

Can't do.

LIZZ  
Can't or won't?

MATT  
Won't.

Matt moves away.

LIZZ  
Are you going to give up your whole  
career for me? That's flattering.

Matt continues to pack his stuff.

LIZZ (CONT'D)  
You're an exec at the biggest start-  
up in the world with top pay and  
vested options. I mean, where would  
you even go from here?

Matt stops.

MATT  
The thing is Elisabeth, all that  
shit about 'changing the world to  
make the world a better place', I  
actually, believe in it. I mean  
what's the point of it all, all of  
this here, if it doesn't make us  
better people?

Lizz shakes her head and leaves.

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lara, on the phone, jots down another number.

LARA  
Yes, ... Thank you. Good bye.  
(finishes call)  
This is the 10th person from  
Russel's people I talked to today.  
He's got an agent, a manager, a  
personal manager, an assistant, an  
assistant's assistant...

SANJI  
Dave, don't you have Russel's  
mobile number, as his mate? Be a  
lot easier talking to him directly.

DAV  
It doesn't work like that with  
famous people.

SANJI  
You don't have his number, do you?

DAVE  
Nope.

SANJI  
How often have you really met him?

DAVE  
Once. But he shook my hand and he  
always supports us in public!  
That's a fact!

SANJI  
Right.

DAVE  
Just keep at it, Lara. I'll keep at  
the Mayor.

SANJI  
You're still going to meet him?

DAVE  
I've got an appointment!

SANJI  
But you've lost the evidence.

DAVE  
I didn't lose it, it run away.

SANJI  
Same difference.

LARA  
Maybe you, too should bribe the  
Mayor, dad, if everyone's doing it?

DAVE  
Lara, you finished the Knowledge in  
under 18 months. You're smarter  
than your old man, and one day you  
will take over the business but the  
most important lesson from the  
Knowledge - we adhere to our code  
of conduct. It's our way of life.

SANJI  
Desperate times call for desperate  
measures.

DAVE

That may be so, but we're not  
stooping down to the level of  
blackmail and bribery.  
That's not our way.  
That's not what we're about.  
That's what I'll tell the Mayor.  
I need no 'evidence' to make him  
see the light!

Dave leaves with his head held high.

INT. CITY PUB - SAME TIME

Matt sits down at the bar to lick his wounds and drown his  
sorrow with a pint or two, raises his arm to order.

EXT. CITY HALL LONDON - SAME TIME

The modern glass and steel building is shaped like a sphere  
and sits right by the bank of the River Thames. Dave gazes  
up,

DAVE

Neo-futuristic, what will they  
think of next...

Dave shakes his head, walks up the stairs towards entrance.

INT. CITY HALL LONDON - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dave is in the middle of an argument with RECEPTIONIST (50s),  
a big, kind Caribbean Black British lady, with a hands-free  
headphone set and a mic.

DAVE

... I'm telling you, I have a  
personal appointment to see the  
Mayor. Please, just tell him that  
Dave Grand from LCU, the London Cab  
Union is here...

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, you need to have an officially  
booked appointment. I really must  
ask you to leave.

DAVE

Please, just tell him:  
(spells it)

D-A-V-E G-R-A-N-D from L-C-

RECEPTIONIST  
 (into mic)  
 Security.

Two burly SECURITY men grab Dave, pick him up like a leaf, and carry him out.

EXT. CITY HALL LONDON - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dave is unceremoniously dropped at the bottom of the steps. The security men walk back inside. The pretty London Tower bridge is still visible in the distance. Dave bounces back onto his feet, dusts himself off and marches to his cab.

INT. DAVE'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dave on the Nokia mobile,

DAVE  
 We need to get Russel on board as soon as, to take the campaign up a notch... What? He said what...

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Sanji on phone,

SANJI  
 Hang on, she can tell you herself,  
 hands phone to Lara.

LARA  
 (into phone)  
 ... a campaign for Mental Health and War on Drugs - yes, but Cabbies? There's no chance Russel Brand will do it. That's what his personal manager said. He also said, we need to stop calling them. Sorry, dad.

DAVE  
 Not to worry, Lar' I'll think of something. Everything will be fine. Call it a day, Sanji, too. See you in the morning. Bye.

Lara finishes call, sighs, looks at Sanji.

Dave flings the phone on the dash board next to the stack of unpaid bills and his copy of the EVEING STANDARD newspaper announcing Upper's license. He closes the windows, grabs his steering wheel, let's out a scream,

DAVE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaarrrrrr.

A street sweeping cleaning vehicle passes by and sprays the cab, WOOSH, drowning out Dave's howling.

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Sanji and Lara discuss options,

LARA

Or... we could ambush Russel Brand?  
Wait for him outside his house!

SANJI

Yeah, that will work.

LARA

What then? We've got to do something! The future of our trade is at stake here!

SANJI

You can't force these things.

LARA

Pub.

SANJI

Yes, we'll go to the pub, have a nice drink and it will come to us.

INT. CITY PUB - A LITTLE LATER

Matt finishes his pint, gestures the barman for another. He looks a little dishevelled now, gets up to go to the loo, when Lara and Sanji enter.

LARA

Unbelievable, bloody Upper's everywhere in this town! I'm going to give this one a piece of my mind!

SANJI

Don't...

LARA

Try stop me.

She charges over.



LARA (CONT'D)

My, what's an Upper exec doing in this waterhole? Looking for another license?

MATT

Ex-exec, actually...

LARA

What happened?

INT. CITY PUB BAR- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lara and Matt with fresh drinks. Matt, a little worse for wear, feels very sorry for himself. Behind him in the distance Sanji holds up two drinks, Lara discreetly motions him to go away.

MATT

... the thing is, we didn't even need to bribe that Mayor! I've never seen a more inefficient use of capital than black cabs: Sky high search costs and super low effective supply! Drivers congregating outside airports and stations and the ordinary punter waiting for a car in the street! The dispatch telephone system is ancient and the tariffs are capped by TfL! Frankly, it's a miracle you still exist...

LARA

Well, what would you do?

MATT

For starters, I'd put all my drivers on a single platform with a single app, then develop an algorithm that blows everyone else's out of the water, and then, I'd hook up with aerodynamics to develop flying cabs!

LARA

Flying cabs?

MATT

And that's just on the top of my head...

LARA  
 Can you wait here?  
 I'll be back in two seconds.

EXT. CITY PUB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lara steps out, mobile in hand. In the distance across the road we make out Trevor navigate his phone.

LARA  
 (into mobile)  
 Dad, please, just come down, ok?  
 I'll take him to your local...

INT. CITY PUB BAR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lara's back at the bar with Matt.

MATT  
 Are you sure?

LARA  
 Totally! He can't wait to meet you  
 again...

INT. DAVE'S LOCAL PUB - A LITTLE LATER

Dave strides through his local, stops to greet an individual with a handshake or a slap on the back. The BARMAN (30s) sees him and by the time Dave has walked up to him he's drafted his favourite beer and serves it with a smile,

DAVE  
 Cheers. Thanks, mate.

BARMAN  
 I put him in the billiard room.  
 Lara said you two got big business  
 to discuss.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM LOCAL PUB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dave enters but there's no one. He spots a jacket and a laptop case, figures Matt must have gone to the loo and seats himself. Matt comes back,

MATT  
 She told you everything, right?

DAVE  
 Only that we should meet.

Matt sits down,

MATT

What if I told you that today, of all days, I walked out of Upper to come and work for you.

DAVE

I'd say you're full of shit.

MATT

I found my boss shagging my girlfriend in his office, this afternoon. He was also my best friend.

DAVE

My heart bleeds.  
And now you want what - revenge?

MATT

Yes.

DAVE

Yeah, don't we all. I was betrayed once. You're no Liam Neeson, son.  
Good bye.

Dave gets up.

MATT

What if I told you that I can turn your trade into one hell of an efficient lean mean taxi machine to not only rival but surpass Upper? Remember, I was their COO!

DAVE

I don't even know what bloody CO-O means. Bye.

He makes to leave,

MATT

And that's your problem. Right there! You cling on to your values and tradition without giving an inch for the future! If you carry on like this you will have no future and no one to blame but yourself! If you don't adapt, you and your precious cabs will be wiped off the streets, chucked onto the scrapyard of history along with your 400 years of tradition.

DAVE

Shut up! You know nothing about how the crusty Hackney Carriage regulations paralyse us, how the Greater London Authority constantly slams it out with Westminster over who rules life in London or how TfL's kicked around like a bloody political football between No.10 and City Hall!

MATT

Of course I do. It's the reason why Upper got a foot in the door here in the first place - by ignoring it all. No regulations. Christ, we don't even pay taxes here.

DAVE

Are you proud of it?

MATT

I just left.  
Give me five minutes. If you still have doubts walk away.

DAVE

Two minutes.

INT. OFFICE UPPER - SAME TIME

It's past 10pm. Everyone's still working. Trevor pulls up a chair next to Lizz's desk, lowers his voice,

TREVOR

He went to meet with the London cab union leader. Can you believe that?! I mean, what the fuck?

LIZZ

How do you even know that?

TREVOR

I tracked him with our Greyball... and then I followed him.

LIZZ

That's creepy, Trevor.

TREVOR

So what? I want him back!

LIZZ

By tracking him with an unlicensed  
device?

TREVOR

Of course, it's unlicensed!  
Otherwise everyone knows we've got  
a God's eye on our app! Duuh!

LIZZ

If you want my advice, to keep  
tracking Matt is the surest way to  
lose him for good.

TREVOR

Then you must talk to him. Call  
him. Make him change his mind.  
It's either you or the lawyers.

LIZZ

He's not answering my calls.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM PUB - SAME TIME

Matt and Dave, now seated, deep in conversation. The billiard  
tables have filled up with guests playing.

DAVE

... And you can do all that?

MATT

Any X coder can. I come in where it  
really matters, big data system  
engineering, 10 X coders who can  
code java across all platforms.

A brawl breaks out at a nearby pool table,

DAVE

Ok, Steve frikkin' Jobs but I can't  
be an entrepreneur! Can't even  
pronounce the bloody word.

MATT

You just did.

DAVE

But it wasn't easy.  
Look, here, I'm a cabbie, I love my  
job. I get all emotional with big  
decisions, I'd ruin it all.

MATT

Let me ask you this-

A billiard ball comes flying, misses Matt and Dave by a margin.

DAVE

Oi!

A cocky young FELLA (early 20s) chuckles,

FELLA

Oi - what, old man?

Dave gets up, walks over, calmly gets right up close and stares the fella down.

FELLA (CONT'D)

Sorry...

DAVE

What was that?

FELLA

I'm very sorry, Sir.

DAVE

That's the magic word. Now behave.

Dave walks back to his table, seats himself.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now, where was we?

Matt smiles.

MATT

Let me ask you this: Do you want to be pushed onto the sideline or do you want to stay in the driver's seat?

DAVE

Driver's seat!

MATT

Then there's your answer. That was an impressive move just now.

DAVE

It was nothing. You should have seen me in my boxing days. So, I'm inclined to give you a shot but what, if I want to go another way?

MATT

I'd say that's fair. Sometimes I like to hang out with dinosaurs just to remind myself where we come from in the chain of evolution.

Dave chuckles.

DAVE

Let's go to the bar.

The pool players respectfully make space for the two as they walk over to the bar. This is a brand new experience for Matt. He likes it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

First of all, I'm going to teach you how to talk!

Matt chuckles.

MATT

Me? I talk for a living.

DAVE

Yeah, DigiBetaTech talk. Now listen and learn...

EXT. CAB UNION OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

The parking lot is black with black cabs.

DAVE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Bill, I haven't been able to stop Upper's licensing...

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dave has taken Bill aside in the hallway. The office is filled with chatting cabbies.

DAVE

... but I don't think anyone can. It's a watershed moment, times are changing. But if we can all come together on this one, it might just work out with this kid Matt.

BILL

Are you kidding me? Kid's the enemy! It's them! The other side!

DAVE

What - all kids?

BILL

Don't get smart with me Dave, being a cabbie means everything to me, it's all I ever wanted to be.

DAVE

Then we have an understanding with us changing things here top to bottom to keep the trade alive, right?

BILL

Wrong. It will never work. You'll fail, and when you do, which you will, I'll take your place and bring back order. I'll be watching your every move.

Dave sighs, heads back inside. Bill follows him closely.

INT. CAB UNION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Chatting Cabbies fill every inch in the office. Lara, Sanji, Matt and Albert are among them. Matt's phone's flashes Trevor's email, an ultimatum, if he joins the cabbies Upper's lawyers will come after him. Dave and Bill re-enter,

DAVE

So, what I'm saying is, this is 2014, we can continue to campaign against Upper as we have done since the day they invaded our city 20 months ago and we can continue to hope for the Mayor to reverse their license but we won't be in the driver's seat no more. What if...

Dave nods at Matt. Matt glances at the email, then the cabbies, puts the phone away, joins Dave at the front.

MATT

What if we just went ahead and created a tech that fits around you guys instead of you trying to fit in?

CABBIE

When you say we, who is that in reference to?



DAVE

We - all, you and Bill and Sanji and George, Lara and Sheila, every London cabbie in here and out in the street!  
Guys, for four hundred years we have been in charge of our own destiny, from horses with carriages to automobiles and TX4s!

MATT

Let's build a new taxi service for the people owned by the people who provide it.

DAVE

We don't want to be like Upper we want to be...

MATT

Uber Upper.

DAVE

We want to use this new technology and stay true to ourselves!  
It won't be easy and there will be bumps in the road but, if it means reclaiming our streets, upholding our standards and continuing to serve our beloved city as the fifth emergency...

MATT

Forth...

DAVE

... forth emergency, I say, let's do it!

Big cheers from everyone but Bill. Lara and Matt exchange a smile across the room. And as they all start chatting with excitement about the future... the door opens and RUSSEL BRAND sweeps in.

RUSSEL BRAND

Hi, I'm Russel Brand. I had an urgent message from my good cabbie mate Dave Grand. How can I help?

FADE OUT