

GOING UNDERGROUND

Written by

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INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - DAY

DANNY ALLBRIGHT [60], PETER WRIGHT [60], RICKY NEWMAN [60] and Ricky's beagle BUDDY wait in the rickety, reception area of the tour operator. Behind the old, wooden counter, an OLD MAN [80] accepts their payment which he places in an ancient till which registers in pounds and shillings.

The men, dressed in casual wear, are fascinated with the surroundings. The old man is dressed in working man's clothes from the thirties.

A clock on the wall indicates it is eleven-thirty in the morning.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

(to Ricky)

Can't believe we've never been aware of this place before.

Ricky shows his friends a tatty leaflet he holds in his hand, which is titled Living Scottish Discoveries

RICKY NEWMAN

Yeah. This was put through my letterbox. So, being our sixtieth birthdays I thought it'd be a nice day out.

OLD MAN

If ye'd like to take a wee seat over there, I'll bring ye a wee dram to set ye on yer way.

The men turn their heads to see a small round table with three wooden chairs in the corner of the room.

They walk over and sit as the man circles the counter and brings a tray with three glasses and a bottle of whisky.

The men smile and rub their hands with anticipation as he lays down the tray. The label on the bottle has the words *ELIXIR 1328* printed. The old man wipes away the dust from the bottle and begins to pour. With his hand slightly shaking, he spills some of the alcohol which runs to the edge of the table and drips on to the floor.

Peter takes a glass and sniffs the contents.

PETER WRIGHT

Oh...that's nice.

The dog is licking the alcohol on the stone floor.

OLD MAN

Aye, it's a rare one, it is. It'll set you up nicely for your venture below.

The old man then pulls out three A4 folded leaflets which he places on the table.

He shows Ricky the leaflet, which he opens to reveal a map inside.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Now, as you'll understand, these old tunnels under the city are centuries old, so watch yer step as ye make yer way.

Ricky looks intently at the illustration, taking a sip from his glass while the others savour their drink.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Then ye'll come to a fork. Just here.

He points to the location on the map.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Ye can choose whichever path ye wish to take, but ye cannae change yer mind once ye've made yer selection.

His head nods as he smiles reassuringly.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

It's fir health and safety reasons, ye ken.

Ricky looks up at the old man and grins, at ease with the instructions he has been given.

RICKY NEWMAN

Sounds good to me.

OLD MAN

Ye brought sunglasses like it says?

The men show the old man their sunglasses.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Richt. When yer finished yer dram just make yer way through that door...

He points over to the closed door and they all turn to look.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
...and enjoy your trip.

With that, the old man takes the bottle and leaves the foyer through a door behind the counter.

PETER WRIGHT  
What a funny wee man.

As Danny finishes his drink, he studies the map.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
These tunnels stretch for miles.

Ricky looks down at his dog, who is licking his lips as if waiting for more.

RICKY NEWMAN  
You enjoy that Buddy?

INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

RICKY NEWMAN  
Shall we make our way, then?

His friends agree and they rise from their chairs. Peter and Ricky both take their maps but Danny leaves his on the table.

Ricky turns the handle and opens the door, allowing a gently breeze to escape. The men sniff the air.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
It smells old.

The party enter the passageway and close the door behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 - CONTINUOUS

Centuries-old stone lines the arched tunnel with electrified lamps running the length of the passageway. With enough space for two to walk side-by-side, Ricky and Buddy walk behind the others.

PETER WRIGHT  
It says these tunnels go back to the thirteen hundreds.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Amazing.

RICKY NEWMAN  
I'm glad we had those drams. It's  
fair warmed me for here.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
There is a nip in the air.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1/FORK - MOMENTS LATER

The party reach the fork in the passageway. Ricky and Peter  
study their maps then stare down each path.

RICKY NEWMAN  
It doesn't really indicate what  
we'll find on either passage.

PETER WRIGHT  
You think it'll make any  
difference?

RICKY NEWMAN  
C'mon, we'll just take this one,  
for what it's worth.

The three men take the passageway to the left and continue.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 LEFT - MOMENTS LATER

Danny pulls out his mobile and checks the time.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
That's ten minutes. Not a lot to  
see, so far.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Yeah, it's not exactly...

Suddenly the men can see the passageway widens to reveal a  
cavern.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)  
Hold on. We've got something.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

A large cavern leads to a closed door at the top of some  
stone steps. On either side are stored old wooden boxes and  
discarded bric-a-brac. Everything is covered in dust and  
looks like it hasn't been touched in years.

The men study the boxes which have years stamped on them ranging from the nineteenth century to the late twentieth century.

RICKY NEWMAN

Props?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Yeah. Definatly.

Peter walks towards the door.

PETER WRIGHT

Never mind that.

He turns the handle and opens the door which instantly releases a blinding light that engulfs the cavern.

Peter steps back down the steps as the others advance. They stand in a line staring into the light.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Wow!

Instantly the men put on the sunglasses.

RICKY NEWMAN

I wasn't expecting a tanning centre.

PETER WRIGHT

Shall we?

The men and the dog climb the stairs and step into the bright light.

EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE - DAY

The sun is shining and tourists bustle among the street entertainers. Noise and laughter engulf the street as the three men remove their glasses. They have changed into animated characters and they are in a cartoon.

PETER WRIGHT

WOAH!

Danny surveys the scene around him and notices the banners lining the street for the Edinburgh Festival of 1984.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Guys. It's 1984!

RICKY NEWMAN

What is this?

Danny Allbright pulls out his mobile.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
No signal.

BUDDY (O.S.)  
This is wild.

The three men turn to look at the dog.

RICKY NEWMAN  
You can talk?!

The dog looks up at him.

BUDDY  
Uh. Yeah.

Danny looks behind to see where they came from. A sign above the shop says 'EDINBURGH'S SMALLEST SHOP'. The shop is closed.

The men are studying themselves and touching each others faces.

PETER WRIGHT  
(to Ricky)  
This is like some trip, man.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
This is just weird!

Everyone around them are going about their normal day. Tourist buses are adorned with snap-happy passengers. A fire-eater mesmerises a crowd of onlookers, while students hand out leaflets for upcoming events.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(thoughtful)  
You know, we were twenty-one in eighty-four. Everything looks the same.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Except in technicolour.

PETER WRIGHT  
Maybe it was the whisky.

BUDDY  
I wasn't around then.

Danny stares at the dog. He tries to speak but words cannot describe what he is thinking.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Where did you stay?

RICKY NEWMAN  
We shared a flat in the Southside.  
Not far from here.

BUDDY  
What say we visit it?

The three men stare inceduously at each other.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Actually that would be interesting.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/STAIRWAY - LATER

The three men and the dog stand at the front door of a top floor flat. Peter Wright chuckles.

PETER WRIGHT  
It's hasn't changed.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Man, we had some good times here.

RICKY NEWMAN  
More hangovers than I care to  
remember.

PETER WRIGHT  
You have regrets?

Just then the door opens. A YOUNG PETER WRIGHT [21] is surprised at the sight in front of him.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Hi. Can I help you?

Peter glances at his companions then back at his younger self who is wearing tattered jeans, black Doc Martens, a Jesus and Mary Chain t-shirt and a large mop of spiky black hair.

PETER WRIGHT  
(nervous)  
Sorry. We used to live here about  
forty years ago. We were just  
passing by.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Wow. In the nineteen forties?

The young man pivots towards the hallway of the flat.



YOUNG PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Guys! Check this out!

A YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN [21] with short, spiky, fair hair wearing a black leather biker jacket emblazoned with *THE DAMNED* on the back, narrow jeans and black converse training shoes appears with a YOUNG DANNY NEWMAN [21] with his hair shaved on the sides adorning purple slicked-back hair down the centre and wearing a Cramps t-shirt, ripped bleached jeans and leather, ankle-length cowboy boots.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
(mumbles)  
Not quite the forties.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
(to his flatmates)  
These dudes stayed here in the forties.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Get outta here!

The young ones study the three men and their dog.

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
You wanna come in?

The older men look at each other, unsure.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
C'mon. See how much it's changed...or not.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Yeah. Ok.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Cool.

The older men and their dog file past the smiling Young Peter Wright and follow the others through the hallway into a large room, while glancing into the cluttered rooms they pass.

INT. STUDENT FLAT/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A layer of stagnant smoke hangs in the middle of the room that was once a living room but which is now someone's bedroom. Large bay windows look out into the street, allowing the daylight to fill the enclosed space. Posters of eighties bands adorn the walls.

Clearly cleanliness is not high on the agenda with the worn carpet covered with vinyl albums, ashtrays, bottles of beer and discarded clothes covering the second-hand furniture. A large double mattress is wedged against the wall with beanbags plotted in a semi-circle around it.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Take a seat.

Danny Allbright studies the room.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Just how I remember it.

Ricky lowers himself into a beanbag. His body is not as dexterous as it once was as he tries to fit his body in the beanbag. He topples to one side but manages to stop himself from falling over, while Peter falls backwards, fighting gravity to pull himself upright.

The young ones casually take their seats on the bed and on the floor till they all sit in a circle.

Young Danny and Young Ricky retrieve roll-up joints from the ashtray and proceed to light up.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

I'm Danny. This is Peter and this is Ricky.

Young Danny exhales a cloud of smoke and passes the joint to his older counterpart, who accepts it and looks at it.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

It's ok. You'll like it.

Danny Allbright places it between his lips and draws in the smoke, watched by his companions.

He releases a long exhale.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

This is just wild.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Yeah it's Lebanese.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Not this.

He hands the joint back to him.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

That's our names too.

Peter Wright chokes on the joint he is smoking as he hands it to Ricky.

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Woah. This is weird.

Ricky looks at his younger counterpart.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Ricky Newman?

YOUNG RICKY NEWMAN  
Yeah.

RICKY NEWMAN  
(to Young Peter Wright)  
Peter Wright?

YOUNG PETER WRIGHT  
Uhuh.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Danny Allbright?

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Wild!

BUDDY  
Don't forget me.

The young ones laugh.

RICKY NEWMAN  
My dog Buddy.

The dog sniffs the air.

BUDDY  
Nice.

RICKY NEWMAN  
Somehow we've time travelled back  
to here.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT  
Seriously? So you're us?

Danny nods.

Young Danny studies him as he smokes the joint.

YOUNG DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Man, I'm not aging well.