

TRANSPORT MAN

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

GREG, six, sits at the top of a flight of stairs dressed as Superman, staring at his front door. Next to him is a Daschund called BERNIE. Greg and Bernie take it in turns to lick an Ice-cream Greg is holding. This is repeated over and over. The front door opens and his parents enter. His MUM is holding a new-born baby. They walk up the stairs, passing Greg, and into the living room. Greg and Bernie look at each other confusedly. His parents call him into the living room. He pops his head round the door, thinking about his next move. Finally, he chooses to sit on the sofa in a bad mood. He picks up a book upside down, the Thesaurus. He sticks his tongue out at his parents then sticks his head into the book.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Greg, now a short, weedy man stares transfixed out of the window as the train rolls along. A woman's automated voice on the tannoy announces the approaching stop. Greg is still focused on the outside and perfectly and silently mimics the announcement.

PAN OUT:

He has one foot on a chair and one foot on the backrest of the chair. King of the castle. He is bald and wears a full DLR uniform two sizes too big for him. He has a ticket checker taped to each of his palms. Commuters are very aware of him, but at the same time are trying to ignore his odd

actions. One commuter sits in the window seat next to where he is standing. Her face inches from his crotch. She sits as still as possible, scared to move. He hasn't even noticed.

GREG

Tickets ready please.

The baffled passengers get out their tickets and Oyster cards. He jumps off the chair and ushers them all to hold their Oyster cards outstretched into the aisle. Suddenly he runs, palm down over the outstretched hands. He ends his run with a skid. The train arrives at its destination. Still on his knees, he points at the door.

GREG

Everybody, get off my train.

No one moves

GREG

Get the fuck off my train!

Everyone in that carriage rushes off the train. He breathes in as if he is owner of the world - a god. He motions as if his brain is suddenly starting to hurt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Greg, now around eight years old and dressed as Batman, is at the kitchen table with his mum. The baby is on the kitchen table in a rocker. Mum is trying to get Greg to speak some basic words. From the look on her face you know she has tried

this numerous times, all to no avail. He still hasn't spoken, even at his age. She tries and tries until she cannot contain her frustration anymore.

MUM

Why won't you speak! What's wrong with you!?

She turns to the baby in the rocker, ANDY, and begins rocking him. Greg sees this and grows jealous. He picks up nearby Bernie and puts him on the table. His mother watches in astonishment at this random act. Bernie rolls on his back (expecting to be stroked) and Greg rocks Bernie backwards and forwards in perfect unison to his mother's rocking, without losing eye contact with her. He mimics everything she is doing (apart from speaking). Finally, she storms off in frustration. He stops rocking Bernie and picks up the Thesaurus from the table and reads.

CUT TO:

INT: DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY - NIGHT

As the doors close he hears, even senses, in the next carriage, a person jamming their foot in the door so they can get on. Greg feels the door's pain. He turns, and from the other carriage (through the window) he points at the passenger.

Greg

You!

The passenger is Eastern European, a tower in height and well-built. GREG heads towards him. He enters the door in question, bends down, and strokes it, even kisses it where he believes the (non-existent) damage has been done.

GREG

(Stares at the man's chest) So?

EUROPEAN MAN

So, what?

GREG

So what? Who do you think you are? You think you're better than everyone else? Do you? DO YOU?!

EUROPEAN MAN

What is problem?

GREG

What makes you think you can do that to my doors? Eh? Got an answer? Or maybe you'd like to explain to me why you're so special...needs!

EUROPEAN MAN

Doors? I want to enter. They were closing and I get there in good time. Is simple.

GREG

Simple is it? Simple? Like your brain? It's simple when you break my doors in and they need repairing for millions of pounds is it?

EUROPEAN MAN

Millions? What?

GREG

So what's your excuse then? Why do you need to get inside Lorraine so bad?

EUROPEAN MAN

Lorraine?

GREG

My train.

EUROPEAN MAN

(Dejected) My son is ill, he has problem with his mind and body all his life. He in a hospital and I want to get there fast. The next train not for 12 minutes. I need to see him now. Enough for you?

Greg realises his mistake, but his pride is too strong so he reacts by not responding. He pulls his water bottle from the holster on his belt like a gun and a thimble from his bum bag. He pours some water into the thimble then takes a shot of it. He acts as though it hits him hard and winces at the drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: HOUSE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Greg, now twelve and dressed as Spiderman, is at the window, watching his mother kiss Andy, six, before being taken to pre-school by supervisors. This infuriates Greg. He runs to his mum as she walks inside and pulls a tantrum.

MOTHER

(As though she's explained 1000 times)  
Greg, we've been through this. You can't go to that school. I'm trying hard to get you into a school that will take you. You know this. Now, go and play or read your book or whatever.

CUT TO:

INT: DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

EUROPEAN MAN

(beat)

Is vodka?

GREG

(beat - snaps out of daydream)

Who do you think I am? This is solid H 2 Zero my friend. I need my powerjuice to tackle speci... people like you. Now, in the words of a prostitute who didn't get the correct quota in her latest non-contractual agreement with mounting bills and four mouths to feed through the medium of unwanted pregnancies - enough of

this foreplay. I'd rather be getting my hair done.

The European man looks at Greg's bald head. The train is coming to its next stop. Greg sees two black youths getting on the carriage next to him. Like a bull in a ring, Greg heads towards them for a new battle.

GREG

(To the youths) You're not coming on Lorraine. No chance.

BOY

What?

He tries to step on the train but Greg blocks his way by stepping back quickly and asserting a defensive hand-block stance, as if he is about to be attacked - prepared but overzealous. The boy just stares at Greg as he tiptoes around him in this defensive stance, almost dancing.

GREG

I know boys like you. Sixteen, hood over the hair, cocksure. Do you know what you are to me? Numbers. I'll give you some numbers. Statistically there's a 1 in 8 chance you're armed, a 1 in 4 chance you're intoxicated with drugs slash alcohol, a 1 in 5 chance that you've accidentally impregnated a female, and a 2 in 5 chance that you don't have a validated Oyster card. Now, you can stick out of the end of some little Barbie doll unprotected whilst injecting cocaine into your anus armed with daddy's letter opener that he

won at the bingo, but you ain't riding Lorraine for free. No siry. Now. Get the fuck off my train.

GREG

(beat)

Does anyone have a problem with that!?

The carriage is empty.

The door closes and he stares devilishly at them. As the train moves away, he turns his head to the European man in the opposite carriage, who stares straight back. He doesn't take his eyes off him as he reaches for the overhead bar. He does several pull ups. Greg tries further intimidation by kissing his biceps as he pulls up.

After his session, he tries to pretend the pull-ups didn't make him tired. He pulls out his bottle of water and thimble; eyes still locked on the European man. He smirks to himself, then moves the thimble to the top of his bald head, and pours it over himself. He treats the pour as if he has had a shower and rubs it all over his face, head and neck. He keeps his eyes closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Greg is in his room. He has set up a tea party with his superhero figurines and Bernie. He looks at them for a while and smiles. He picks up his Thesaurus, (which looks increasingly worn every time we see it). He clears his throat and takes one last look at his 'audience', ensuring they are not talking.



GREG

Brother. Brethren. Colleague. Associate.  
Partner, comrade, fellow, friend, pal,  
chum, mate.

He looks at his audience. He flicks through some pages until he finds his desired page. He clears his throat again.

GREG (CONT'D)

Opponent. Adversary. Rival. Antagonist.  
Combatant, challenger, competitor,  
opposition, enemy, foe.

He closes the book, proud that he has spoken the words out loud that he has known for years. It is no mistake who he is aiming these words at.

CUT TO:

INT: DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

The train comes to another stop (a quiet station) and a handful of people get on the train. He instantly gets everyone back off the train by walking through it and simply pointing and shouting a single word to offend each person.

GREG

Fat, tall, spotty, skinny, four eyes, lonely, old, needy.

Then he comes across a lady, late 60s, with a Daschund, which stops him in his tracks. She sits down. As he catches sight of the dog he suddenly freezes. He heads towards the dog and sits very close to it on the floor, cross-legged. The woman thinks it is slightly odd but just watches on. He wells up with emotion as he begins to break into a smile. The dog is sitting next to the woman.

GREG

Bernie?

LADY

(Leans down slightly and gives a kind response)

Albert

GREG

I wasn't asking your name. I was talking to Bernie.

He looks at the lady for a long while, and then looks back down at the dog.

GREG (CONT'D)

It's been a while my old friend. They told me you'd gone to a better place. Liars Bernie, liars.

He lifts up 'Bernie's' paw to give him a 'best friend' fist pound. Greg then adds a few more moves to this handshake, as if this is their secret handshake they've had for years; he even adds a few subtle sound effects to the move. Obviously 'Bernie' does nothing.

GREG (CONT'D)

I know why the Feds took you away, you were the only true witness to what happened to me. After you had gone, I was as lonely as The Invisible Man's friendship group.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: KITCHEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Greg, now thirteen, is at the dinner table with his mother, father and Andy, nine. Greg is playing with a train on the table. It is bugging Andy.

ANDY

Mum, why is Greg allowed trains at the table? I can't play with my X-Men.

Mother

Come on Greg. Toys off the table.

Greg throws his train on the floor.

(beat)

ANDY

(Under his breath) You're too old for toys anyway.

Greg stares at his brother with a growing rage. Andy smirks. Greg stares at Andy for a long while then slowly opens his mouth.

GREG

Train. Carriage. Railway. Locomotive.  
Procession. Convoy. Cavalcade, caravan,  
succession, vehicles.

Everyone freezes. This is the first time he has spoken. His father has un-chewed food sitting in his open mouth. Greg is scared of what he's doing but he can't stop as he interrupts Andy, about to speak.

GREG (CONT'D)

Brother. Brethren. Colleague,  
associate, partner, comrade, fellow,  
friend pal chum mate. Hate loathe  
detest despise dislike abhor not-stand

disgust revulsion execration odium KILL  
MURDER ASSASSINATE ELIMINATE TERMINATE

Greg jumps on the table and goes for his brother's neck.

GREG (CONT'D)

DISPATCH FINISH-OFF EXECUTE SLAUGHTER  
BUTCHER MASSACRE WIPE-OUT ANNIHILATE  
EXTERMINATE LIQUIDATE MOW-DOWN!

His mother finally pulls a screaming Greg off his brother.

CUT TO:

Paramedics put a still screaming Greg into the back of an ambulance.  
His mother follows.

CUT TO:

INT: DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

GREG

He'll be here soon

LADY

Sorry?

GREG

Alfred, I was talking to Bernie. We'll need to  
have our wits about us. But don't worry, I'll  
protect you. I'm Transport Man.

LADY

Who?

Greg turns to look at her in disgust. He stands up.

GREG

(beat)

I don't quite think you realise what the situation is here, Alfred. Ticket please.

She gets out her oyster card. He pauses before he taps it. He looks at it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Before I touch you in, I already know your papers are legit on board Lorraine. I know this because, otherwise, Bernie would never have let you on.

LADY

Alfred

GREG

(The reader flashes green, he turns to 'Bernie')

That's my boy. That's my boy.

The train rolls into a large, empty station. One door opens further down the carriage and Greg senses who it is.

GREG

(whispers to himself)

In the name of the District Line, it can't possibly be.

All three look towards the people who have entered the carriage. It is a man in the middle wearing a large coat and three policemen. Greg nods with a sarcastic smile on his face.

GREG

Well look who it is. I wondered how long until your evil senses would know what I'm trying to do here. Well, now we meet again, Line Suspension Man. Bernie, you got one last fight in you? For old time's sake?

The dog does not react. The lady pulls him closer, worried over the events about to unfold. Greg's pov looks down at Bernie, who is now dressed in superhero clothes for dogs (small cape, shiny boots etc.).

GREG

That's the Bernie I need.

(Greg's POV) The man in the long coat, ANDY/LINE SUSPENSION MAN, is seen to be dressed in an elaborate superhero costume with a cape, mask, gadgets and shiny boots. The police look like Line Suspension Man's mutated lizard-like minions, ready to pounce on him. Line Suspension Man looks is ready to do battle.

(Lady's POV) Everyone is wearing the clothes they should be wearing - this is the reality. The lady is as nervous as she is confused over the unfolding events. Andy looks as though he is trying to calm the situation.

ANDY

Greg, it's me, Andy. Let the woman go.

Greg lets out a sarcastic laugh.

GREG

You really think I'm falling for that one, Line Suspension Man? You think I'm stupid! I know what you're here for. You're here to suspend my lines. Well, I won't let you do it. Not this time.

ANDY

Greg, I am not Line Suspension Man and you are not, whoever you are this time. We've been over this a hundred times. Your name is Greg Connolly and I am your brother, Andy Connolly. Our parents were called Robin and Selina. You live at 175 Flatiron Road. You have to remember, Greg. Now, leave this lady alone and come with me.

GREG

Next you'll be telling me that this is my wife. And let's both face facts here, if she was my wife not only would she be an extremely lucky woman, but she is past the ability to reproduce, and I need an heir to the Greg bloodline. Minus the moustache she has now grown in her twilight years I can see that she used to be a 7 out of 10. But someone has to continue my legacy when I die on the 25<sup>th</sup> July 2019 and she won't be part of it.

(Greg's POV) The minions are looking around frantically as the drama intensifies. They keep looking at Line Suspension Man for the word to attack.

(Omniscient POV - reality) The police are looking around at each other, beginning to understand that this man is quite insane.

ANDY

Greg...

GREG

If you Greg me one more time...

He holds his free hand up, and looks at the Oyster reader taped to his hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'll see if you're tapped in. And let's not beat around your bush, we both know you're not. A fine will be coming your way my foe. Your kryptonite shall we say.

Andy looks back at the officers behind him.

ANDY

(beat)

Gentlemen, I know this may sound crazy, but I need five minutes with him. In five minutes I promise I can get him and the lady off this train safe.

The officers look at each other.

OFFICER

We need to stay here, sir. This is a hostage situation.

ANDY

I know this may look bad, but he just believes he is a superhero. I've had to talk him out of this a thousand times and I know how to do it. I just need him as relaxed as possible, and it will work. And to be fair,



all he can do to this lady is see if she's tapped in.  
That's all he cares about. Please, officers.

They take another look at each other. They nod to each other then leave the train.

OFFICER

We'll be by the doors. Five minutes.

Andy turns back to Greg with an evil smile on his face.

ANDY

I offered you the easy way out, but you just wouldn't leave quietly would you ... Transport Man.

GREG

And so he reveals his true colours. No hiding behind your minions now Line Suspension Man. This, is the final showdown.

Andy takes off his big coat to reveal a train engineer's uniform with a luminous orange vest and toolkit around his waist. He slowly unclips a white helmet from his waist and puts it on.

ANDY

I am Line Suspension Man and this is our fight.  
Not hers.

Greg, still one eye on Andy, moves over to the train controls and locks the doors, then puts the keys back in his pocket. The lady sits still, watching the event unfold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: MENTAL INSTITUTION ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Andy comes to visit Greg in the institution. Greg is in bed but sitting up. He is wearing a scarf around his eyes. He has cut eyeholes into the scarf. He is also wearing a bed sheet for a cape.

ANDY

Hi Greg. It's Andy.

GREG

Andy? Oh. It's you, my foe.

ANDY

(rolls eyes) When will you drop this?

GREG

You know when. It's in the prophecies. Only when we meet on our sacred ground to test our powers against each other will our conclusion be met.

ANDY

Umm. Sure. So I just thought I'd come and tell you that I qualified today. I finally got my train operator licence.

Andy stands up to show Greg his DLR uniform. Greg looks at him enviously. He then sharply turns away.

GREG

And so the prophecy shall be met.

Where's Bernie?

ANDY

Greg. Bernie died about 8 years ago. You know this. You have to remember.

GREG

Oh yes. I remember. I remember when you said he went to Doggy Heaven. We all know it was prison. Sent away for being my sidekick. You'll see. The prophecy never lies. When we meet next, Bernie will be there. I've sent him the message as we speak.

Greg puts his finger up to his temple, as if sending a message to Bernie. Andy drops his head in disappointment. He's giving up.

ANDY

Alright then. Well I just thought I'd come and tell you the good news. I'm going now.  
(Beat) I love you bro.

Greg winces at this, almost as if his body is rejecting it. Andy leaves.

CUT TO:

INT: DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

GREG

You want to end it now?

There is a long exchange of looks. Almost like a Mexican standoff. It turns into an awkward standoff; neither knows how to start fighting, which increases the tension. We even end up getting a look from the lady and 'Bernie', who both join the standoff.

GREG (CONT'D)

Then try this for size!

(Transport Man POV) Transport Man opens his hands out and points them towards Line Suspensions Man. He leans forward and two powerful beams explode from the oyster readers embedded in his hand. The impact violently throws Line Suspension Man on his back.

From the floor he takes off his helmet and throws it at Transport Man; the speed of the spinning throw (almost faster than the speed of light) leaves a trail of smoke. It hits Transport Man in the chest and throws him to the floor. Transport man flips himself up in a way which gravity wouldn't allow, but he is a superhero. Andy gets up in a similar gravity-defying manner.

Transport Man pulls out his notepad and pen like a Jedi would pull a lightsaber from his belt. From the pen, he electrifies a page of the note pad, then rips the electrified page and throws it at Line Suspension Man. He does this about four times. Line Suspension Man dodges some of the throws, causing some of these electrified paper bullets to hit the train, making explosions and gaping holes all over it. This battle is causing carnage.

(Police/Lady's/Omniscient POV) Greg opens his hands out and points them towards Andy. He leans forward imagining two powerful beams are coming from the oyster readers taped to his hand. Andy plays along, jumping backwards and falls, knocked back by the artificial beams. He falls softly, so as not to hurt himself.

From the floor he takes off his helmet and throws it at Greg; it hits Greg in the knee. Greg makes an elaborate dive to the floor, as if it has seriously injured him, although not much damage could have been done as the throw was very soft.

Greg tries to flip himself up, which doesn't work, so instead turns it into a strange breakdance in an attempt to look cool. Andy gets up normally and brushes himself down, slightly annoyed for getting a bit dirty.

Greg pulls out his notepad and pen and scribbles on it, then rips the page off the pad, screws it up and throws it at Andy. He does this about four times. Some screwed up pieces of paper hit him, some don't. The ones that hit, Andy pretends it has hurt him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Fines in your face!

This thrown paper pushes Andy up against the door and Greg runs up to him and locks his arm across his throat. They are face-to-face, glaring at each other.

GREG (CONT'D)

This is the last time you will ever defeat me. My parents' combined skills gave me this superpower, but it turns out you have the same parents too, but you inherited the evil powers didn't you. Well now I'll put a stop to that. There will only be one of us! To the end!

In the meantime, Andy slips his hand into Greg's pocket and pulls the key for the train door. Greg places the oyster checker taped to his hand up to Andy's face, and pulls back to hit him.

ANDY

(His throat is gagged, so struggles to speak)  
That might be true, but you forgot one thing.

GREG

Oh? And what might that be?

ANDY

Always keep the keys attached to your belt

He shows Greg the train keys in his hand.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Or someone might take them

He unlocks the door which swings open and they both fall through it. The Police Officers grab Greg. Andy gets up and brushes himself off. They are dragging Greg away and handcuffing him.

GREG

This isn't over Line Disruption Man! This isn't over!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Greg has broken into the Andy's house. He is still wearing his hospital gowns. He ransacks the place until he finds what he is looking for - Andy's DLR Uniform. He looks at the badge which says Andrew Connolly. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT: BACK OF POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Greg is in the back of a police van. In his hands is a headless figurine he has pulled from his jacket pocket. Tears fall on it. Andy pokes his head around the open doors. They stare at each other for a while. It feels different. Finally, Greg opens out his arms. He wants a hug. Andy hops in the van and embraces him. Greg is crying in his chest.

ANDY

It's OK. It's OK.

They pull away from each other but do not lose eye contact.

GREG

(Utterly confused with himself)

What's wrong with me?

Andy straightens the name tag on Greg's coat which reads 'Andrew Connolly'.

ANDY

Let's get you home.

GREG

(Worryingly)

Which home?

Andy doesn't answer as he steps out of the van. The police officers close the van doors on Greg.

CUT TO BLACK:

**END**