

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

# CRUCIFIED

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Series 1 Episode 2  
*The Gospel According to Simon Trout*

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FADE IN:

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

It's QUIZ NIGHT. TEAMS huddle over their PINTS at booths and stools, SCRIBBLE answers with fury onto their sheets.

Behind a MIXING DESK, CHRISTOPHER -- in full Messianic regalia. His hair long and beard unruly. He looks UNHAPPY.

With the mic, Christopher clears his throat.

CHRISTOPHER

(deflated)

Alrighty, alrighty, hail the all-mighty -- it's the final round. We call this one:

Christopher stretches out his arms:

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Cross Examination. Swap your sheets.

The interchange STARTS.

**EXT. CANARY WHARF APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT**

High, deep in the built-up trenches of CANARY WHARF. LONDON sprawls out from the balcony.

SIMON paces, smokes a cigarette. CARRIE (50s, solid) is mid-rant at him:

CARRIE

Are you seriously that desperate?

SIMON

It wasn't me!

CARRIE

Oh, don't act like a fucking child. I have a *drinking* problem?

She STABS her finger at him, Simon tries to de-escalate --

SIMON

It was a play! He said it would work, I erred.

CARRIE

You erred? How about this, Simon --

SIMON

Carrie --

CARRIE

No, no. How about this -- I tell Darren about that time you racked up five-hundred pounds on feet pics from your old assistant?

SIMON

That was a *momentary* lapse of judgement!

CARRIE

For SIX months? Let's see how that "play" works out, what do you think happens to your custody rights then?

SIMON

They're my kids, Carrie -- you're insane.

CARRIE

You're a sex addict.

A beat. Both SIMMER. Simon exhales smoke, looks out.

Carrie shakes her head, tries to calm herself.

**EXT. PUB - NIGHT**

A dingy SIDE-STREET. Christopher sits on the CURB, phone to his ear. Rings --

**EXT. CANARY WHARF APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Simon's phone goes off. He pulls it from his pocket -- "Jesus Freak" is calling. With a huff, Simon hangs up.

SIMON

Fuck off.

Carrie pricks up.

CARRIE

What was that?

SIMON

No -- that -- that wasn't to you. It's one of my --

CARRIE  
Whores?

SIMON  
Clients!

A beat.

**EXT. PUB - NIGHT**

Christopher shakes in the cold, still with his phone:

CHRISTOPHER  
Uh, hi, Simon -- I keep callin' but you must be busy. Just leavin' you a message. We gotta talk about these gigs, mate. I ain't doin' one of these again. That's, uh. That's it. Bye.

He shuts his phone off, looks up at a STREETLIGHT. Sighs.

**EXT. CANARY WHARF APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Carrie sits, has a glass of WINE. Simon leans on the RAIL, stares out at the CITY. He swigs a SCOTCH. Smokes.

SIMON  
How did we let it get to this?

CARRIE  
Ask yourself that question.

Simon SWELLS:

SIMON  
Boom! No accountability YET again, that must be great for you--

CARRIE  
You and your mid-life crisis bollocks did this. Not me.

SIMON  
But do we have to do *this*? This? Do you have any idea how much I loved you?

Carrie looks at him. Almost as if she sees a boy. She lets out a short laugh.

CARRIE

You're... You're unbelievable, Simon.  
After everything, all we've gone  
through... The worst things are still  
the things we do to each other.  
You're not better than me.

SIMON

And vice-versa--

CARRIE

Exactly. If you throw shit at me, I  
will fucking *kill* you in court. My  
solicitor's drafting an offer for  
you. I suggest you take it.

SIMON

What is it?

CARRIE

You can read it.

Ugly silence.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Get out.

Simon throws his cigarette off the balcony, obliges.

**INT. TRENT'S FLAT - NIGHT**

A MESS. BONGS and ASHTRAYS, TAPESTRIES cling to walls by  
pins and FLOOR CUSHIONS.

Christopher languishes on a BEANBAG in a white BATHROBE. He  
splays out. A look of utter DEFEAT washes over him.

A bottle of WATER stands on the table. Christopher stares at  
it -- SQUINTS -- hardens with FOCUS:

He reaches his hand out toward it -- his face goes RED --

He gives up. Nothing. Christopher closes his eyes.

TRENT (30, a trendy slob) and MIMI (22, viper) enter --  
laugh. Both faces FALL when they spot Christopher.

Mimi stares daggers at Trent.

TRENT

Uh -- hi, Chris!

MIMI  
You didn't tell him?

CHRISTOPHER  
Tell me what?

Trent looks sheepish, fakes a smile at Mimi.

MIMI  
You're a joke, Trent.

She leaves.

TRENT  
(after her, sippy)  
Looooove you!

Trent turns to Christopher, beams at him. He grabs a WARM BEER BOTTLE from off the ash-covered carpet.

TRENT (cont'd)  
Fancy a beer?

Christopher shakes his head. Trent puts the bottle down.

TRENT (cont'd)  
Ah, yeah. Still on that peanuts only diet?

Christopher nods, solemn. Trent DROPS into a beanbag next to Christopher, leans in -- looks serious.

TRENT (cont'd)  
You know, Chris-man, fasting is a sign of body dysmorphia --

CHRISTOPHER  
And you're a sign of an encroaching pain in my arse, what do you wanna tell me?

A beat. Trent shifts, becomes mild-mannered.

TRENT  
Well. Last week, at the Boggle tournament, the polycule and I noticed that --

CHRISTOPHER  
Is it really a polycule if it's just Mimi sleeping around?

TRENT

We don't like that term, Chris, it's outmoded--

CHRISTOPHER

But she started it?

TRENT

She got the ball rolling, I put it into the net. But, our relationship has never been stronger since her partners came around. Anyway. We noticed your vibes were "off".

CHRISTOPHER

My vibes were "off"?

TRENT

In a way --

CHRISTOPHER

What way?

TRENT

You don't seem to be... Energetically aligned with our spaces, Chris, so after a meeting --

CHRISTOPHER

*A meeting?*

Christopher can't help but laugh. Trent forges on:

TRENT

Yes, the boundaries of ethical non-monogamy are complex. This thing is *modular*. So, after a meeting, we decided it would be better if you were to...

CHRISTOPHER

Become homeless?

TRENT

We prefer "unhoused".

CHRISTOPHER

Trent, I let you crash on my sofa for five months -- and you're kicking *me* out?

TRENT

I voted for you to stay! The council was pretty united on this one. The Christ stuff freaks everyone out.

A beat. Christopher cannot believe what he hears.

CHRISTOPHER

So... So, you're kicking me out, because your girlfriend's fuck-buddies --

TRENT

Partners, let's be sex-positive about all this.

CHRISTOPHER

-- Don't want me around? Right?

Trent nods.

TRENT

Christopher. You must understand. There are three central rules to the polycule. Communication, communication, and -- *communication*.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh? I'll communicate right now.

Christopher struggles up out of the beanbag, steadies himself -- stands over Trent.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

You, are an insufferable *cunt*. I wish your independent, post-modern-bullshit magazine takes off.

He storms out. Trent looks hurt.

**EXT. THAMES PATH - NIGHT**

Christopher stands and stares at the THAMES, as it flows by -- CITY LIGHTS speckle across its inky black surface.

**INT. TRAVELODGE ROOM - NIGHT**

Small and dull. Simon sits at the foot of his BED, sips from a bottle of WHISKEY.

The TV shows a NEWSCASTER:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Tonight, manufacturers forced to  
consider a recall after another jet-  
ski blows up in Greece--

Simon shuts it off. He gets his phone out, dials...

**EXT. THAMES PATH - NIGHT**

Christopher is half-way climbing over the railing --

His PHONE goes off. Christopher clambers down, takes a few  
steps away from his suicide. Answers.

CHRISTOPHER  
Where have you been?

INTERCUT:

Simon gets up, swigs, paces.

SIMON  
Dante's Second Circle. Might go up to  
Third if I buy a kebab tomorrow.  
What's all this about the gigs?

Christopher controls his anger.

CHRISTOPHER  
They're not me, Simon. I haven't been  
on the circuit in three weeks. I  
should be at the clubs --

SIMON  
Last time you went to a comedy club,  
you read from Corinthians. It wasn't  
funny.

CHRISTOPHER  
You just don't get my material!

SIMON  
I was around in the eighties, son, I  
get alternative comedy. I watched The  
Young Ones. Your material is just  
shit. And where's the magic?

CHRISTOPHER  
Then why sign me?

SIMON  
'Cos I expected short-term gains on  
long-term losses.

CHRISTOPHER

You firing me?

SIMON

No, I'm giving you some good news.  
I've booked you a gig. A real one.

CHRISTOPHER

Not a quiz?

SIMON

No. A variety night. Stand up.

Christopher mouths "thank you" at the SKY.

CHRISTOPHER

Where?

SIMON

Port Talbot.

CHRISTOPHER

*Fuck off.*

SIMON

That, or there's a guest spot at a  
drag karaoke night in Hackney.

A beat. Christopher mulls.

CHRISTOPHER

Wales? You couldn't even get me  
something in Reading?

SIMON

Beggars can't be choosers, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER

Fine. Fine, fuck it. Port Talbot.

SIMON

Good.

Christopher tenses.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh... Any chance I can stay with you  
tonight?

SIMON

Are you joking?

CHRISTOPHER

I ain't got nowhere else.

SIMON

Chris, I've been living out of a Travelodge for six weeks.

CHRISTOPHER

Does it have a floor?

Simon sighs.

END INTERCUT

**INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY**

Sleek. COUNTRYSIDE passes by the window. Christopher and Simon sit opposite at a table.

A WOMAN WITH A CART (30s) comes down the aisle, stops at them. With a thick WELSH accent:

WOMAN WITH A CART

Food or drink?

CHRISTOPHER

Do you have any chicory, or wild lettuce?

WOMAN WITH A CART

You're in economy, love, it's either a tuna sandwich or a luke-warm can of coke.

SIMON

I'll have the luke-warm coke.

She hands it to Simon. He pays. She walks on, pulls the cart down the aisle with her.

Simon cracks the can open. Christopher looks at him.

CHRISTOPHER

How'd you get this gig? You promise it's not, like... A gimmick thing.

SIMON

No. It's a serious stand up night. And I helped the promoter out with a certain coke problem.

CHRISTOPHER

Wow. Didn't realise you were so noble.

SIMON

Don't canonise me yet, all I did was pay off his dealer.

Simon leans forward, hardens.

SIMON (cont'd)

Now. On the concept of money.

CHRISTOPHER

You're lowering your percentage?

SIMON

Are you joking? You should be glad I'm putting this as an expense.

Something in Simon turns deadly serious.

SIMON (cont'd)

Christopher. My divorce is about to go nuclear. It's like India-Pakistan with my wife right now. I need to start earning off of you. If I see you get up there with a Bible, I'm coming onstage and beating you with the mic-stand.

CHRISTOPHER

*Sure* you will.

SIMON

Don't fuck this up, or -- I gotta move on.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, it's not like I ain't got problems. Right? I'm homeless.

SIMON

Then you better do a good job.

Simon leans back, looks out of the window.

Christopher goes pale, looks to the floor.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL - DAY**

A MAIN ROAD. With their bags, Christopher and Simon approach the run-down HOTEL.

They stop just outside.

CHRISTOPHER  
(off the hotel)  
You cheap bastard.

SIMON  
It's Port Talbot, not Manhattan.

Simon goes to the FRONT DOOR -- stops. He points --  
Across the road, the BIG LAUGHS COMEDY CLUB.

SIMON (cont'd)  
There's the venue!

Christopher looks: an A-BOARD stands outside the club. It  
reads, with chalk drawings:

*"CHARACTER COMEDY! Better than shaggin' a sheep's arse!"*

CHRISTOPHER  
It IS a gimmick thing!

Simon opens the front door, looks at Christopher.

SIMON  
If we get the next train we can make  
it to drag karaoke.

He enters. Christopher follows him inside -- reluctant.

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Two beds, inches apart. Simon sets his bags down.

Christopher opens the curtains -- looks out at PORT TALBOT.

CHRISTOPHER  
What's Port Talbot known for?

As Simon unpacks:

SIMON  
Oh, weather. The lake -- good  
watersports. Uhh. Pubs.

CHRISTOPHER  
What's the capacity of the venue?

SIMON  
Hundred-fifty.

Christopher tries to hide his disdain.

CUT TO:

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Christopher sits on the foot of his bed. Stares out.

From the EN-SUITE, Simon exits -- wet. He has a bathrobe around his waist.

SIMON  
Felt that water pressure? This  
place's a bloody bargain.

Nothing. Christopher stares out.

Simon fills with concern. He approaches, slow.

SIMON (cont'd)  
Chris? You alright?

CHRISTOPHER  
Am I a joke to you?

A beat. Simon sits down next to him.

SIMON  
What? Uh -- no. No. What's brought  
this on?

CHRISTOPHER  
Do you know how long I've been doing  
this?

SIMON  
Not long enough.

CHRISTOPHER  
You said my material was shit.

SIMON  
I -- yeah. I did. I was angry.  
Disgruntled. It's not you, it's...

Simon gestures vaguely at the door.

SIMON (cont'd)  
Everything on the, uh... Other side  
of that.

Christopher wipes his eyes -- stands.

CHRISTOPHER

Sorry. Sorry, this is... This is pathetic of me.

With care, Simon stands and places a hand on Christopher's shoulder. Smiles.

SIMON

You know what, Chris? I think you could use a drink.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't drink anymore.

SIMON

What?

CHRISTOPHER

I'm trying to live a more spiritual life.

SIMON

If you focused less on spirituality and more on profitability we wouldn't be in fucking Wales, Chris. It's on me.

Simon hugs Christopher -- steps back. Christopher stares at him with a mixture of fear and discomfort.

Off his face, Simon furrows.

SIMON (cont'd)

What?

CHRISTOPHER

You've, uh... Slipped.

Simon looks down -- grimaces.

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

At the BAR. Simon and Christopher sit on stools, finish off their first PINTS. The BARTENDER (20s, lanky) watches them.

SIMON

That was class, what was this again?

CHRISTOPHER

Sapporo. Vietnamese.

SIMON

Should we get another?

CHRISTOPHER

Sure.

Christopher turns to the Bartender.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Hiya mate, can we have six shots of  
tequila?

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The room is a MESS.

Christopher is OUT on the floor. Snores. Simon stirs on top  
of his mattress -- wakes up. He squints at the light.

As he holds his head, Simon sits up -- groans.

He checks his WATCH -- a JOLT runs through him. He FALLS off  
the bed, clambers over to Christopher, shakes him --

SIMON

(slurs)

Chrish, Chrish...

Christopher comes to, painful and slow --

CHRISTOPHER

Wha--what is it?

SIMON

Gig's in an hour! C'mon!

CHRISTOPHER

What gig?

His eyelids flutter -- sleep KNOCKS Christopher out again.

SIMON

Oh, shit -- we're still drunk. We're  
still...

Simon's head SCRAMBLES -- his eyes DART around --

LAND on the en-suite DOOR.

Fast, Simon HEAVES Christopher up -- ambles over to the door  
and KICKS it open --

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - EN-SUITE - DAY**

CHAOS. Simon PROPS Christopher -- still unconscious -- up in the SHOWER.

He GRABS the tap, YANKS it cold --

WATER JETS from the SPOUT, CRASHES down upon Christopher --

Christopher BOLTS awake -- SCREAMS --

Simon turns the tap.

CHRISTOPHER

What the FUCK -- IS -- WRONG WITH YOU!?

SIMON

We're still pissed you cunt! They ran outta the Clase Azule last night! That tab's on my fucking American Express!

Christopher realises something. Stops.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, fuck.

SIMON

That's right! How can I expense *that* shit--

CHRISTOPHER

No -- the gig's in an hour!

SIMON

I KNOW! That's what I'm SAYING to you!

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, and you soaked my fucking robe! It's not gonna be dry for it.

SIMON

You brought *one* robe?

CHRISTOPHER

Who owns TWO robes?

SIMON

Who owns ONE you fuckin' FREAK?!

CHRISTOPHER

ME! You've fucked us!

Simon KICKS the wall.

SIMON  
FUCK! For FUCK'S SAKE!

Simon paces -- ragged -- stops -- tries to calm. Christopher slips and slides as he gets out of the bath.

SIMON (cont'd)  
The bed sheets.

CHRISTOPHER  
What?

SIMON  
We'll -- we'll make a new robe, out of the bed sheets.

CHRISTOPHER  
Have you lost it?

SIMON  
What's your suggestion, gobshite?  
Pray for a new set of fucking robes?!

A beat.

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Simon and Christopher CRASH out of the en-suite, RUSH the BEDS -- MANIC, they try to RIP the sheets off --

With grit and panic, Simon tries to TUG a sheet off a stubborn corner of the mattress --

SIMON  
C'mon -- C'MON! GET THE -- GET OFF!

He YANKS -- the sheet FLIES off, the force sends Simon BACK -- he BANGS into the chest of drawers with the TV --

It WOBBLER, FALLS and SMASHES onto the floor.

With a TORNADO of linen, Christopher desperately tries to wrap the sheets around him --

Simon gets up, feels his head -- looks at the BLOOD on his fingers. He rushes over to his briefcase, opens it:

SOCKS, UNDERWEAR, PAPERCLIPS and PLASTERS.

Simon reaches STRAIGHT for the paperclips, rushes over to Christopher -- grabs hold of him --

SIMON (cont'd)  
Stop -- STOP moving! Stay still.  
We're gonna clip 'em on.

CHRISTOPHER  
I don't think I can do this.

SIMON  
*We're doing it!*

Simon opens the box of paperclips.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY**

In a literally thrown-together set of bed sheet robes, Christopher walks down the street with Simon.

**EXT. BIG LAUGHS COMEDY CLUB - DAY**

Cheap POP MUSIC plays from inside the CLUB. A SECURITY GUARD plays on his phone.

Christopher and Simon approach.

The Security Guard eyes them up.

SECURITY GUARD  
Got a ticket, lads?

SIMON  
He's talent.

The Security Guard looks at Christopher, back at Simon.

SECURITY GUARD  
Doesn't look like it.

SIMON  
He's Jesus, on the line-up. Right after, y'know...

With a sigh, the Security Guard looks at the LIST on a clipboard by him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Oh, after Adolf Sinatra?

CHRISTOPHER  
(to Simon)  
I'm on after *who*?

Simon SNAPS --

SIMON  
He's got a fanbase. You don't.

The Security Guard shrugs.

SECURITY GUARD  
Yeah, fuck it, come in. I don't  
really give one.

SIMON  
Thank you for your professionalism.

Simon HAULS Christopher inside.

**INT. BIG LAUGHS COMEDY CLUB - STAGE ROOM - DAY**

SOLD OUT. A full HOUSE sits in front of a STAGE -- bright  
lights on MEL BOY (30s, a Del Boy act played by a woman).

Christopher and Simon shuffle in, at the back.

MEL BOY  
Grandad said the war was bad, but he  
never 'ad to come to Port Talbot!

Laughs. Christopher nudges Simon.

CHRISTOPHER  
What is this shit?

SIMON  
She's Mel Boy. It's a Del Boy act  
played by a woman.

CHRISTOPHER  
What's the joke?

Simon shrugs. Mel Boy continues.

MEL BOY  
Cyoooar, Rodney you plonker! You've  
not gone and voted Lib Dem again 'ave  
ya!?

RAUCOUS laughter.

Christopher puts his face in his hands.

CHRISTOPHER  
I feel like I'm gonna pass out.

SIMON

It'll be the alcohol wearing off. You need another pint. One sec.

Simon leaves. Christopher leans against the wall.

To the Only Fools and Horses theme song, Mel Boy exits the stage. APPLAUSE fills the room.

A spiritedly WELSH MC (20s) runs on stage, takes the microphone. He grins in a fake way:

WELSH MC

Let's give it to Mel Boy! Now, Port Talbot, it's time to hide the only gay in the village... Because our next act, is ADOLF SINAAAAAATRA!

The crowd goes WILD.

CHRISTOPHER

Fuck.

Simon rushes back, hands Christopher a pint -- and has one for himself, too. Christopher GULPS it down.

ADOLF SINATRA (60s, in a tux and Hitler stache) takes the stage as the Welsh MC leaves it.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Oh, *fuck*.

SIMON

Keep it together.

Adolf Sinatra clears his throat -- the applause dies DOWN...

ADOLF SINATRA

Now, now... It's lovely to see a full audience. Any blacks?

HOWLS of laughter. This bewilders Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

What is so funny?

Simon tuts.

SIMON

Feel the room. You're a comedian, it's your job. Pay attention.

Adolf Sinatra smiles.

ADOLF SINATRA

Not a purely Aryan turnout but...  
Hopefully by my *next* show. Start the  
music.

A BACKING TRACK plays from the speakers -- it's to *That's Life* by Frank Sinatra.

Adolf Sinatra dances, slowly, around the stage. The audience claps and hollers.

The beat comes in:

ADOLF SINATRA (cont'd)

(to the tune of  
*That's Life*)

*Third REI-ICH!*  
*That's what all the people sayyyy!*  
*You're riiidin' high in Poland,*  
*Shot down by the U.S.AAAAAA,*  
*But I know I'm gonna change that tune*  
*When I'm back on top,*  
*And kickin' out the Jeeeeewwwws...*

The crowd LOVE it.

ADOLF SINATRA (cont'd)

*Third REI-ICH!*

Jaws agape, Simon and Christopher watch.

The Audience are nearly in tears with laughter.

Simon blows a raspberry with his mouth.

SIMON

I... May have a drinking problem.

Furious, Christopher looks over at Simon.

CHRISTOPHER

What is this? What kind of material  
is *this*?

CUT TO:

LATER.

Adolf Sinatra bows to WAVES of applause.

Nerves grip Christopher. Simon looks off, pensive.

The Welsh MC takes the stage.

WELSH MC

Amazing. Simply amazing. How does he come up with it? Now, for a change of pace, Port Talbot...

AUDIENCE

Oooooooooooh!

WELSH MC

Up next, all the way from Bethnal Green in London, Jeeeeesuuuuuuus Chriiiiiiiiiist!

APPLAUSE. Simon nudges Christopher.

Bracing, Christopher HEADS toward the stage -- fixes a wide SMILE to his face. The Welsh MC leaves.

Christopher takes the mic. Applause dies down.

SWEAT beads race down Christopher's forehead.

CHRISTOPHER

Wow, that... That's a tough act to follow. Even for me!

Some weak CHUCKLES.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

But... I'll, uh...

He's losing them.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

I'll tell you one thing.

Christopher points at himself:

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

No one hates Jews more than *this* guy!

SILENCE. It bombs. A sea of still FACES.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

...Shit.

Simon puts his head in his hands.

**INT. PORT TALBOT PUB - NIGHT**

Dim, cramped. OLD MEN sit in nooks and crannies.

Christopher and Simon argue in a booth.

SIMON

Why would you follow Nazi Sinatra with anti-Semitism? That's like following 9/11 with James Corden's career.

CHRISTOPHER

You told me to feel the room! They seemed to love it when he did it!

SIMON

His act is laced with bitingly satirical irreverence, your opener was just pushing the knife into a four-thousand year old wound.

CHRISTOPHER

Your taste is shit.

SIMON

You're shit.

A beat. They stare into their drinks.

Christopher surrenders to himself.

CHRISTOPHER

*I am* shit.

Simon looks at him.

SIMON

I'm shit, too.

At the same time:

CHRISTOPHER

I'm sorry.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

CHRISTOPHER

No, I'm sorry --

SIMON

Fuck off, no. This was my fault. Wrong venue.

Christopher nods. Simon's phone goes off. He checks it:

It's Carrie, who's contact is saved as "DON'T ANSWER".

Simon hangs up.

CHRISTOPHER

Who was that?

SIMON  
Another client.

CHRISTOPHER  
Well. You'll have more time for them  
now.

Simon laughs at himself.

SIMON  
Chris. You're my only client. They're  
all gone now. That was my ex-wife.  
Well, soon to be ex-wife. It's the  
end of the line for me. What're you  
gonna do after?

A beat.

CHRISTOPHER  
Probably get *really* back into poetry,  
then overdose.

SIMON  
Sounds great.

CHRISTOPHER  
I really wanted this to work. I loved  
doing this. It seems to not love me.  
And I actually thought *I was Jesus*.  
God, was I actually that insane?

The two drink. Simon taps on the table.

SIMON  
Look. Before we head back to the  
screaming voids that are our lives,  
why don't we stay here for one more  
day? We could both use a holiday.  
Heard the weather's nice tomorrow.  
Port Talbot lake is -- as some say --  
the eighth wonder of the Aberavon  
constituency.

Christopher smirks, nods -- slight.

CHRISTOPHER  
Couldn't hurt.

Simon pats him on the arm.

SIMON  
Good man. Another round?

Before Christopher can answer, Simon shoots off to the bar.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - DAY**

The SUN shines upon the wide, verdant LAKE. SUNBATHERS line around, UMBRELLAS and ICE CREAM VANS dot about.

In swimming trunks, T-shirts and flip-flops, Simon and Christopher walk through -- join a LONG QUEUE for ice cream.

SIMON

See? Port Talbot *is* nice.

CHRISTOPHER

It has its qualities.

A beat. Simon fidgets.

SIMON

Do you really want ice cream that badly?

CHRISTOPHER

I've eaten peanuts for two weeks, I deserve this.

SIMON

Fine, but I'm gonna go and have some fun. For the last time.

Simon darts off.

The queue moves up by one -- Christopher shuffles forward.

Toward the lake, Simon moseys along. Bobs his head to the amalgam of all-genre MUSIC that blasts from a myriad of PORTABLE SPEAKERS.

He makes his way through the Sunbathers and STONERS.

Gets to the lake's edge. Simon looks out at the water...

Stops. He spots, across the way: a PIER, with CANOES.

Over by the ice cream van, Christopher is front-in-line.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - PIER - DAY**

Simon approaches the INSTRUCTOR, who smokes a cigarette.

SIMON

Oi, mate -- how much for a ride?

INSTRUCTOR

Have you ever rode one before?

SIMON  
Sometimes the amateurs stitch up  
professionals.

The Instructor nods, shrugs.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - DAY**

The ICE CREAM MAN (50s) hands Christopher a 99.

Finally happy, Christopher walks away, takes the FLAKE out  
and is about to bite it --

He turns around.

The OVERLY-PISSED WOMAN from the first episode orders at the  
van in a sundress:

OVERLY-PISSED WOMAN  
Can I get...

Time SLOWS.

Christopher DROPS his flake -- it tumbles like a Baroque  
tragedy toward the grass -- the cone not far behind --

His head turns to the LAKE -- his EYES fixate on:

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - PIER - DAY**

Simon, with a life-jacket, clambers onto a JET-SKI.

He's ABOUT to rev it --

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - DAY**

In SLOW MOTION, Christopher SPRINTS toward the lake -- he  
PUSHES by BEACHGOERS and CHILDREN, screams:

CHRISTOPHER  
Siiiiiiiiiiiiimooooooooooooon!

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - PIER - DAY**

Slow, Simon chuckles --

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - DAY**

Christopher RUNS like a bat out of Hell:

CHRISTOPHER  
Siiiiiiiiimoooooooooon! Get off the  
jeeeeet-skiiiiiiiiiiii!

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - PIER - DAY**

Simon turns -- SEES. Freezes. His face FALLS.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - DAY**

Christopher slows down, PANTS. Stops. Catches his breath.

From all around: MURMURS, SHOUTS and SCREAMS sound out.

Christopher turns around.

ALL of the BEACHGOERS have their PHONES out, record him.

Christopher looks down:

He stands on water, out in the middle of the lake.

**EXT. PORT TALBOT LAKE - PIER - DAY**

Simon climbs back onto the pier. He stares at Christopher  
stood in the lake. Not able to process it.

CUE MUSIC:  
"IRIS" BY WIM  
MERTENS

**EXT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL - DAY**

Christopher looks at the CROWD on the beach. His face breaks  
into a short, disbelieving LAUGH --

Tears SWELL in his eyes, escape down his face.

He finally has his audience.

**INT. BBC NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT**

It's the Six O'Clock News. A PRESENTER stares with composure  
into camera, stern.

BBC PRESENTER

Reports from Wales today indicate that a man was spotted standing on water at Port Talbot Lake. We go to amateur footage of the event, now --

**INT. UK NOW STUDIO - NIGHT**

It's the evening WOKE WARRIOR segment of UK NOW NEWS. The UK NOW NEWS PRESENTER berates the camera:

UK NOW NEWS PRESENTER

Bugger to D.E.I! The new Messiah is here, and he's *white*. But, more importantly -- is he English?

CUT TO:

- PHONE FOOTAGE OF CHRISTOPHER ON THE WATER. Over it, ANOTHER PRESENTER speaks:

ANOTHER PRESENTER (V.O.)

Breaking news on Channel Four, something noteworthy has finally happened in Wales.

CUT TO:

**INT. JAPANESE NEWS STUDIO - DAY**

A JAPANESE PRESENTER speaks to the camera:

JAPANESE PRESENTER

Kyou, ni-ji ni, otoko no hito ga mizu no ue ni tatteiru tokoro o mirareta. Miru hito wa odorokimashita. Otoko no shousai wa mada wakatte imasen. Kono fushigi na deki goto wa "Port Talbotto" de okimashita. Mada jouhou wa natteimasu. Sorede wa, mata--

CUT TO:

**INT. NEWSNIGHT STUDIO - NIGHT**

A THEOLOGIAN speaks to the INTERVIEWER.

THEOLOGIAN

We have not *categorically* ruled out that this was an elaborate prank.

INTERVIEWER

Very true, but -- supposedly, if this man really *is* the Second Coming, would you devote yourself to him as if he were... Christ?

THEOLOGIAN

Unquestionably.

CUT TO:

**INT. PORT TALBOT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Christopher sits at the foot of bed, **CLENCHES** the end of the mattress, digs his nails into it. His eyes are **WIDE**.

Simon sits on a chair in the corner.

SIMON

We, uh... We should -- we need to get you an interview.

A beat. Christopher nods. Doesn't blink.

FADE OUT