'Kick It Out' by Farhan Qureshi

FADE IN

EXT FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Long shot of a non league football match taking place.

Big burly goalkeeper in the foreground jockies the action.

In the stand immediately behind the keeper a CROWD OF SKINHEADS chant, clapping their hands above their heads.

As we move past the goalkeeper we approach the crowd.

CROWD
I'd rather be a Paki,
I'd rather be a Paki,
I'd rather be a Paki than a Turk
I'd rather be a Paki than a Turk…

And they continue.

We move close into a YOB in the middle. He sings with more fervour than anyone else.

C.U. of yob, he strains to chant louder than anyone.

C.U in yob's eyes, wishing for every word he barks.

The yob raises his clenched fist ahead of himself.

Medium Shot of yob, he abruptly stops. He has turned brown, he looks at his hand in astonishment. He pulls his sleeve, his whole arm has turned brown.

The crowd continue singing to the sky not noticing.

CUT TO

INT TOILETS - DAY

The yob bursts into the grubby room adorned with graffiti. breathing heavily, immediately he rushes to the mirror.

The LOW CHANTING from outside is audible.

farhanq_uk@yahoo.co.uk
mobile: 07747 798 317

His worst fears are confirmed, he scraps away at his face, he pulls the front of his t-shirt down, his chest is brown.

Sounds of his HEART BEATING become louder and louder.

Frantically he pushes the taps, he throws water over himself, trying to scrub away his new found tan.

His tears are superseded by his panicked hurried breathing.

He continues to wash and claw away at himself.

From the cubicle the sound of a TOILET FLUSHES.

C.U. of yob's worried face, Pan around to the cubicle door opening. Sound of LOCK UNLATCHING.

From the cubicle comes a GIANT THUG with a relieved air about him.

The giant thug's smile broadens as he sees the brown man ahead of him.

C.U. of yob, he trembles. The giant thug grins from ear to ear, he rolls his sleeves up.

From outside the SOUND OF SEVERAL PAIRS OF DOC MARTENS rushing towards the toilet.

The giant thug, cracks his knuckles as he glees over the ensuing carnage.

The yob backs up, hitting the wall behind him, there is nowhere for him to escape to.

They both look towards the door, the yob in terror, the giant thug in delight.

Through the door other members of the crowd we saw earlier, push past each other rushing for water to wipe away their now brown skin too.

Everyone looks at each other in bewilderment. The CHANTING FROM OUTSIDE STOPS.

FADE OUT

farhanq_uk@yahoo.co.uk
mobile: 07747 798 317