

The Incident at Wembley Stadium

The Incident at Wembley Stadium

by

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SCENE I

SATURDAY 23RD MAY 2020. FA CUP FINAL
LIVERPOOL 1 - 1 MAN CITY. HALF TIME.
SOUNDS OF DRUMMING, FAN FAYRE, AND
SUPPORT CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE
FANS AS THE SECOND HALF IS ABOUT TO
KICK OFF. THE SCOREBOARD IS POSITIONED
JUST ABOVE EYE-LINE FOR THE FANS (THE
AUDIENCE) TO FOLLOW.

A TANNOY IS HEARD.

TANNOY Substitution at halftime. Number 9. Goal scorer
 Roberto Firmino. Off for number 27. Divock
 Origi. Ladies and gentlemen please take your
 seats, the second half is about to commence.

WHEN THE AUDIENCE FINISH TAKING THEIR
SEATS, THE WHISTLE BLOWS FOR SECOND
HALF KICK OFF.

THE SOUNDS FROM THE CROWD SLOWLY DIES
DOWN AND THE LIGHTS FADE IN TO REVEAL
TWO SECURITY GUARDS - A BRITISH
CAUCASIAN HARRY SKINNER (25) AND AMRAN
AKBARI (26) A BRITISH CITIZEN OF
IRANIAN ETHNICITY.

THEY ARE SITTING IN FRONT OF THE CROWD
TO PREVENT ANY DISORDER. THEY'RE
DRESSED IN HI-VIS UNIFORMS AND AMRAN
HAS A BULKED OUT RUCKSACK ON THE FLOOR
BESIDE HIM.

THE SOUNDS FROM THE CROWD BECOME
DISTANT. AMRAN STARES FOR A MOMENT,
WATCHING THE CROWD INTENTLY.

AMRAN OH COME ON! We've got everything to play for!

beat.

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AMRAN (singing)

When you walk, through the storm, hold your head
up high! And don't, be afraid, of the dark... At
the end--

HARRY Amran!

AMRAN WHAT?

HARRY Shut the fuck up.

AMRAN Why?

HARRY: We're not allowed to sing.

AMRAN: I'm only trying to psych them up a bit. --At the
end, of the storm--

HARRY: Half of them probably don't even support these
teams.

AMRAN: Why are they even here then?

HARRY: I don't know. Entertainment?

AMRAN: I can assure you there's a lot more to it than
that. --There's a golden sky--

HARRY: You're going to get us both sacked.

AMRAN: What's wrong with them?

HARRY: What?

AMRAN: They've gone all quiet. It's the bloody FA Cup
final and they aren't saying a word.

HARRY: They're probably just anxious is all.

AMRAN: So they should be.

PAUSE.

AMRAN: I love football.

HARRY: Well it's too bad you're facing the wrong way
then isn't it now shut the fuck up.

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PAUSE.

AMRAN: Have you ever been hit in the back of the head?

HARRY: Oh. My. Christ.

AMRAN: By the ball I mean. Have you ever been hit in the back of the head by the ball?

HARRY JUST STARES. SHAKING HIS HEAD.

AMRAN: Sorry. I'm just nervous.

HARRY: Well if that's the case you really shouldn't be doing this.

AMRAN: It's the anticipation that gets me. It could happen at any moment.

HARRY: The chances are one in a million.

AMRAN: Not if you're the one in control of it all. You create the chances.

HARRY: How can you control whether the ball hits you in the back of the head?

SILENCE.

HARRY: You're not on about that are you?

AMRAN CONTINUES TO PREPARE HIMSELF MENTALLY.

HARRY: You're on about that stupid plot again.

AMRAN: Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not.

HARRY: You won't do it. You never do.

AMRAN: I'll do it right now if you don't believe me.

HARRY: You know you could get fired for even mentioning something like that.

AMRAN: As if I'm worried about being fired, I'm going to go out with a bang.

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**AMRAN REACHES INTO HIS RUCKSACK AND
FIDDLES AROUND.**

HARRY GETS UP.

HARRY: I'll report you to the officials!

AMRAN: Too late.

HARRY: You're so fucking selfish you know that? What about the players? What have they done wrong to you? And there's children in these stands, have you thought about that? What about the millions of people watching at home?

AMRAN: It's not about them. And it's certainly not about the players. Why are you worried about them? You think they care about us? Ever since I've worked at this poxy stadium it's always been about them. Oh look at me, I've got the ball. Am I going left? Am I going right? Neither. I'm gunna writhe around on the floor because someone flicked me in the ear. Almost knocked me out. Ouch it hurts so much. I think I'm going to suffocate and die. Suddenly my shin hurts. It's making me roll this way for some reason. My whole body hurts actually. What's that? A free kick? Okay I'm fine. Nothing to worry about. It's all good. For once they're not going to be the centre of attention.

HARRY: See that's where you're wrong.

AMRAN: Yeah?

HARRY: This day will be remembered. But you won't. No matter what happens. You will be irrelevant. So there's really no point in doing it.

AMRAN: You're not going to talk me out of it. I've already made my mind up. Now let me finish the song so that I can do it on a high.

HARRY: You need help. That's what you need. It doesn't make any sense at all.

AMRAN: It makes sense to me. -- And the sweet, silver song, of a lark--

HARRY: Give me one reason then. Go on. One solid

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reason. And don't tell me it's to please Allah because we both know that ain't true.

PAUSE.

HARRY: Come on Amran. One reason. You can't give me one can you?

AMRAN: I can.

HARRY: Go on then.

AMRAN: Sinjit.

HARRY: Singe it? Singe what?

AMRAN: My friend. Sinjit. I'm doing it for Sinjit.

HARRY: What did he do? Burn half his eyebrow off?

AMRAN: No. He died in a fire.

HARRY: Oh. Wow. Sorry, that's ironic.

AMRAN: What?

HARRY: Nothing. How?

AMRAN: I thought you didn't want to talk?

HARRY: Yeah you're right. Sorry. Forget it.

AMRAN: I can't.

HARRY: Okay.

PAUSE.

AMRAN: He blew himself up.

HARRY: Wow.

AMRAN: There's a lot more to it than that.

HARRY: Sure there is!

AMRAN: Why the sarcasm? There is!

HARRY: I know. And I'm saying sure there is!

AMRAN: You don't believe me.

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HE TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE.

AMRAN: NONE OF YOU WILL BELIEVE ME.

HARRY: I don't think they're listening. Too busy watching the match.

AMRAN: The whole world won't believe me when I say. Sinjit was a soldier!

SCENE II

THE SCOREBOARD CHANGES TO READ 'NEWS REPORT VS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED'. FOLLOWED BY REPETITION OF THE WORDS 'BREAKING NEWS'.

LIGHTS FADE IN ON AMRAN AS HE RE-LIVES A VIVID MEMORY.

NEWS ANCHOR: (on radio) The man that is responsible for the flat explosion in Stockwell has been named as Sinjit Marah a Syrian refugee that gained citizenship in the UK in 2012. The incident that took place at 2.23pm last Friday, has been treated as a terror attack. Although it is believed that Marah targeted residents of the flats above and below, there have been no civilian casualties as none were at home at the time of the incident.

AMRAN: BULLSHIT is what I say to that. No casualties? What about Sinjit? He's not a civilian no? Sinjit fought in Syria for the British marines, but they don't mention that! Do they?! He never actually made it to Syria as he broke his leg in training - to get into the army but that's beside the point. He was a soldier up here.
(Pointing to his temple)

The news weren't there, so how would they know? Only I know what really happened. Because I was there. Just me and Sinj smoking a big fat spliff watching a lion tear up a gazelle with good old David Attenborough. Yeah I watch David

Attenborough too. And as we watched that poor little fucker get its head ripped off while trying to play dead we both came to a sudden realisation - that life shouldn't be taken so seriously. Maybe that's why Sinjit did it. Maybe it was because of such an in depth epiphany that it was too much at once for Sinjit's baked mind to fathom. Maybe he left the gas on deliberately because he had enough.

Either way, I saw the fire from my bedroom window, I was only gone for an hour when it happened. I went home to masturbate if you must ask, because it really feels good when you're high. And if there's anything that could stop you half way through it's the dreading thought that someone close to you is in danger. I ran over there as quick as I could. Still had a semi, but it soon shrivelled up because of the cold weather. Almost got run over three times and I even stole a little kid's scooter to get there quicker. I got to the scene and the flashing lights from the emergency services were blinding. I managed to force my way through and shout up at the window SINJIT! SINJIT!

It didn't sound great if I'm honest. The police thought I was a mad man. Standing there in my pants, with my GI-Joe scooter. Yelling Sinjit at a fire. That's why they escorted me from the area. Nothing I could do would make any difference. It was too late. Sinjit was the only casualty. ISIS took credit for the attack - even though Sinjit was the only casualty. Why would you take credit for that? That's like a defender taking credit for an own goal.

A SUDDEN CHEER FROM THE CROWD ENDS THE SCENE.

SCENE III

BACK TO THE STADIUM.

THE SCOREBOARD READS 'LIVERPOOL 2 - 1
MAN CITY. 70TH MINUTE'.

TANNOY: An own goal! By number four. Virgil Van Dijk.

THE CHEERING GETS LOUDER BEFORE DYING
DOWN.

HARRY: I hate to be rude. But I don't think they're listening.

AMRAN: Nobody does. That's why I've got to do this. For Sinjit.

HARRY: What will it prove?

AMRAN: That life shouldn't be taken so seriously.

HARRY: I don't think that is the reason why you're doing this.

AMRAN: Oh really? Go on then Mr shrink. Enlighten me.

HARRY: I think you're doing this because you have a heavy feeling of guilt hidden deep inside you that you're suppressing, but subconsciously trying to liberate.

AMRAN: Guilt? What guilt?

HARRY: That you decided to bash the bishop when your friend needed help.

AMRAN: How was I supposed to know that he was going to blow himself up?

HARRY: I'm not saying it's your fault. I'm just saying that while you were choking the chicken your friend needed help and you feel guilty about it.

AMRAN: It was just bad timing okay. I was with him no less than an hour before.

HARRY: But you decided to leave to jerk the Johnson and you feel guilty about it.

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AMRAN: Stop saying it like that.

HARRY: Sorry. You decided to stroke the salami.

AMRAN: Stop.

HARRY: Spank the monkey.

AMRAN: I mean it.

HARRY: Strangle the snake.

AMRAN: STOP!

HARRY: Buck the slobbering Donkey.

AMRAN: This is all a joke to you isn't it?

HARRY: Tug of war with cyclops.

AMRAN: My friend is dead and all you want to do is get a laugh out of it. You're just like everyone else. Treating us as a piece of shit stuck on your shoe.

HARRY: Don't make it about that.

AMRAN: It's true though isn't it. Oh 'you come to our country and you steal our jobs'. You don't want to do them. You go to a job interview and you're asked; 'why do you want this job at Sainsbury's?', you reply; 'well to be honest with you, I don't really, but I kind of need the money so that I can just about keep my head above water, yet the thought of working eight hours a day, five days a week, fifty two weeks a year for over sixty years of my life. Which works out to be over seventy five percent of my entire life doing a job I really hate, all to line the pockets of some obscure elite that cares more about beating his tycoon friend on an eighteen hole luxury golf course than the exploitation of labour within his own corporation, kind of makes me want to go on jobseekers instead and spend all of my benefits on alcohol and drugs to forget about the world that forgets about me. So when do I start'. 'Oh I'm sorry but you're not really what Sainsbury's is looking for' 'Okay! Best go blame an immigrant'.

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HARRY: Wow. You know, for someone that doesn't take life seriously you really do take yourself seriously.

AMRAN: Shame that no-one else does. Which is why I'm doing this -- Walk on, through the wind --

HARRY: Well that's a massive contradiction.

AMRAN: What?

HARRY: The whole reason you're doing this is because life shouldn't be taken so seriously, yet what you hope to achieve is for people to start taking you seriously?

AMRAN: People must first learn to take me seriously, if they are to then take me less seriously.

HARRY: That doesn't make any sense at all.

AMRAN: Think about it. And ask yourself the same question.

HARRY: People take me seriously. They take me seriously all of the time.

AMRAN: Like who?

HARRY : All my mates.

AMRAN: You definitely don't have mates.

HARRY: People take me seriously.

AMRAN: Maybe that's your problem.

HARRY: Don't try that reverse psychology shit on me.

AMRAN: Okay. Whatever -- Walk on, through the rain --

HARRY: What do you mean 'that's my problem'?

AMRAN: Well maybe you've been taking life way too seriously. You're stuck in routine. In a stagnant bubble, going nowhere. You know, 'choose life' and all that.

HARRY: Choose life?

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AMRAN: You know. Trainspotting?

NO ANSWER.

AMRAN: Come on. You must have seen trainspotting?
'Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career.
Choose a family. Choose a big fucking
television?' OH COME ON.

HARRY: What are you trying to say? That I'm boring and
normal?

AMRAN: That's exactly what I'm trying to say. Live a
little. Make a mark.

AMRAN BECOMES EXCITED.

AMRAN: Bloody hell! That's it. I have the answer to all
your problems.

HARRY: No. No way.

AMRAN: Yes! Yes you must!

HARRY: Nope.

AMRAN: Come on. Help me psych up the crowd. Help me get
them on a high. Then we can do it together.

HARRY: Not happening.

AMRAN: --Though your dreams, be tossed and blown!--

HARRY: I had dreams. I had big dreams.

AMRAN: Then where are they now?

HARRY: I let go. I had to.

AMRAN: WHY?!

HARRY: You wouldn't understand.

AMRAN: Try me.

HARRY: I've moved on. Just leave it.

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AMRAN: Not until you tell me!

HARRY: I don't want to. I've left it behind.

AMRAN: TELL ME!

HARRY: NO!

AMRAN: TELL ME! TELL ME!

TANNOY: This is an important announcement. Could Mr. Nigel Foster please report to the entrance of gate fourteen. Your son is waiting for you.

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE IN ON HARRY.

TANNOY: He is lost. You abandoned him you silly forgetful twat. All you care about is the poxy match. What is wrong with you? Were you dropped on your head at birth? Come and get him and make sure you buy him a hotdog or something. Show him you care, poor little sod. Been looking for you everywhere.

SCENE IV

THE SCOREBOARD READS; 'CHOOSE LIFE VS THE DREAM'.

HARRY IS PLAYING ACOUSTIC GUITAR ON THE END OF HIS BED.

HARRY: I wanted to be a singer/songwriter. I was never any good, but I had the dedication to get better. If only I could go back to that time. Fifteen years old. Sitting by the window looking out at the world at my feet, the smell of the rain creeping into my nostalgic bedroom. Thunderbirds wallpaper. And this overwhelming hunger. A hunger to do things differently and go for it. You taught me to be a dreamer Dad. And then took it all away and acted like it was a mere bedtime story.

DAD STORMS IN, BOTTLE OF VODKA IN HIS

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HANDS.

DRUNK.

DAD: Time to face reality son! LIFE'S A PILE OF SHIT
SO GET USED TO IT.

HARRY PUTS THE GUITAR DOWN.

HARRY: You told me reality is what you make it.

DAD: Yea, well a broken clock is still right twice a
day.

HARRY: How many years to Babylon?

DAD: Three score years and ten.

HARRY: Can you get there by candle light? Yes. And back
again.

DAD: And what if you spend three score years and ten
searching for something that doesn't exist?

HARRY: You're left with nothing. Back where you
started.

DAD: So tell me. What is the fucking point?

**HARRY STARTS CLEANING HIS ROOM AND
ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.**

HARRY: That's why mum left him. His search for candle
light casted a shadow of neglect on the family
he was leaving behind. And when he turned
around, everything was gone except me. The
sponge that absorbed it all. All of the regret.
Brainwashed to believe that stability is the
most vital cog in the circle of life.

**DAD HAS SET UP HIS OWN CHINA SMASH
STAND IN THE MAKE-SHIFT KITCHEN. HE
BEGINS TO THROW THE HARD WOODEN BALL
AT THE CROCKERY.**

DAD: Ten points for being the breadwinner.

SMASH.

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DAD: Fifteen points for every person you fucked to get there.

SMASH.

DAD: Twenty points for all the love you gave us.

SMASH.

DAD: Thirty for being the perfect wife.

SMASH.

DAD: Fifty for being the perfect mother.

SMASH.

DAD: One hundred and eighty points for providing a stable household to grow up in. For never leaving us. Through sickness and in health. For better or worse.

SMASH.

HARRY: I step into the kitchen. And there he is, bottle of vodka. Drinking it straight. And he just stares at me for a moment. I half expect a plate to come flying at my face but nothing. Just downs his drink and continues his rampage.

SMASH. SMASH. SMASH.

HARRY: Give me the drink. PLEASE. You think it's your friend but it's your enemy.

DAD: Go to fucking hell you silly little boy.

HARRY ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.

HARRY: You don't mean that. Alcohol brings the biggest and the best down to their knees.

DAD: Don't use my words against me.

HARRY: It's true though. It doesn't matter what you say to me, because it's not about me. This is about you.

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DAD: I don't need help. I've never needed help.

DAD TURNS HIS BACK TO THE BOTTLE OF
VODKA AS HE MAKES HIS SPEECH.

IT BECOMES A GAME OF 'WHAT'S THE TIME
MR. WOLF' AS HARRY ATTEMPTS TO TAKE
THE BOTTLE FROM HIM.

DAD: No matter how hard we try. We can't change things. YOU can't change things. All is set in stone and no-one has any control over anything. So what's the fucking point? I don't want to be here anymore son. I really don't. I used to be scared of death. Thinking that one day it will all end, and then there would be nothing. Everything you've ever known turns to nothing. I'm not afraid of that now, believe me. Because nothingness is better than this. And I don't wish it upon you but one day you will learn it for yourself.

HARRY RUNS UPSTAIRS WITH THE BOTTLE OF
VODKA. DAD CHASES HIM.

HARRY SHUTS AND LOCKS THE DOOR JUST IN
TIME BEFORE DAD SLAMS AGAINST IT.

DAD: Come on son. Open the door. The drink isn't the problem here you know that. I promise I'll just go to sleep, please give it back. I love you son.

HARRY: He thinks I'll give in, but he forgets the things he teaches me. You can fool all of the people half the time and half the people all of the time. But you don't fool me.

DAD: You think you're fucking clever don't you? Taking my stuff! Well you can get the fuck out of my house! I don't want you! I'm sick of carrying you. One day you'll be sorry I'm gone. All you are is a pathetic little cunt. Just like your mother.

HARRY: He didn't mean it. Did he? It wasn't him talking, it was the drink. I waited there for a moment, moved away from the door, ready for it

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to come flying off its hinges. But again.
Nothing. First I hear the front door go. He's
gone to get some more.

THE SOUND OF A FATAL ACCIDENT CAN BE
HEARD OUTSIDE.

HARRY: That was the last time I saw him.

HARRY STARES AT THE TWO OBJECTS IN HIS
HANDS. A BOTTLE OF VODKA IN THE LEFT
AND HIS GUITAR IN THE RIGHT.

THE SOUNDS OF CHEERING ENDS THE SCENE.

SCENE V

BACK TO THE STADIUM. THE SCOREBOARD
READS LIVERPOOL 2 - 2 MAN CITY. 85TH
MINUTE.

HARRY REMAINS STANDING.

TANNOY: Goal! By number 11. Mo Salah!

THE CHEERING DIES DOWN.

AMRAN: Thank fuck for that.

HARRY: For what? I did love him you know.

AMRAN: No for the goal.

HARRY: Weren't even listening. Just what I thought.

AMRAN: No I was! I don't think they were, but I was.
Just a bit irrelevant that's all.

HARRY: Irrelevant?

AMRAN: Yea. Didn't really answer my question is all.

HARRY: What question?

AMRAN: I asked you to do this with me and you started

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banging on about how you're Dad's a pisshead.

HARRY: I was telling you about my dreams. And how they were broken.

AMRAN: And I'm saying so what?

HARRY: So. You know. The butterfly effect.

AMRAN: So your response was to react?

HARRY: I didn't choose to. It kind of infects you like a parasite of the brain. Only, I guess I chose to mask the infection.

AMRAN: So you chose life instead of your dream? That was then. This is now.

HARRY: It's not that simple.

AMRAN: You have a family?

HARRY: I had a girlfriend. We were trying for a baby.

AMRAN: A house?

HARRY: A Flat.

AMRAN: A mortgage?

HARRY: YEP.

AMRAN: So where did it all go wrong?

HARRY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND FINDS HIS WALLET. INSIDE HIS WALLET IS A CRUMPLED UP NOTE THAT HE PASSES TO AMRAN.

AMRAN: What's this?

HARRY: Read it.

HE OPENS IT.

AMRAN: My darling Harry, I don't think this is working out. You're a lovely, kind hearted, beautiful person...

AMRAN LAUGHS.

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HARRY: What's funny?

AMRAN: Nothing.

HE CONTINUES.

AMRAN: But I've always wanted to be with someone with a bit more drive. Someone with ambition. Being with you makes me feel stuck. I'm sorry if I sound harsh but I know you will appreciate my honesty. I love you and I think I always will. Hannah. Wow. Deep.

HARRY: I mean. 'My darling Harry' who the fuck even writes that.

AMRAN: I know. And 'I love you and think I always will'. She thinks? Not very reassuring.

HARRY: Alright. Calm down mate.

AMRAN: So you think she might come back one day? That's why you carry around this note?

HARRY: No I carry the note around as a constant reminder that it's time to face reality. That life's a pile of shit.

AMRAN: EXACTLY. Reality is what you make it.

HARRY: My Dad had ambition. But my mum leaves him because he's not stable. And then I find myself sitting there beside his grave, determined to learn from his mistakes. So I give up on my dreams. Get myself this stable fucking job. Buy a nice small flat in Southeast London and find myself a girlfriend. Just when I think I've finally done my father proud she dumps me for not being ambitious. Lose/lose. And now the only way I can actually get through this job I completely despise is with the knowledge that after work, I can sweep it all under the rug with a nice bottle of vodka. Reality is not what you make it. Reality has a fixed agenda for everyone. And the sooner one faces it, the sooner we can face mortality.

AMRAN: So you're an alcoholic? You're not so boring after all.

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BEAT.

HARRY: Alcohol isn't the issue. It helps.

AMRAN: You said it brings the biggest and the best down to their knees.

HARRY: My dad said that, not me. But he was wrong. Alcohol doesn't do that. Life does.

SILENCE.

HARRY: I wanted to sail away after that night. Far away. You know that last scene in the Lord of the Rings where Bilbo, and Frodo, and Gandalf all get onto that boat and sail away forever. Never to return. It's what I wanted to do. So I walked all the way to the coast, early the next morning. I found a small boat. I got in. But before I could even get anywhere, one of the ores was already in the water. And I just remember picturing this poor little old man trying to go out for his morning fishing trip with one ore, and just be rowing around in circles. So I took off all of my clothes, and jumped into this huge finding nemo mission to retrieve the ore from the merciless and unforgiving ocean to return it to the boat from whence it came. Only problem was. When I miraculously completed the mission and fist pumped the air like - yeah! The owner of the boat, was staring back at me, stark naked, slowly bobbing out to sea, holding one of his ores up in the air like a harpoon. And he wasn't an old man like I imagined either. He was an absolute tank. Last thing I remember is shouting 'YOU SHALL NOT PASS!' whilst being converted into a pretzel by Arnold Schwartzneggar's doppelganger.

BEAT.

AMRAN: Sounds like we've both had embarrassing situations. Maybe we're not so different after all.

HARRY: I have this constant gut wrenching feeling that I can't shake. It's the last time I saw him. If

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only I...

AMRAN: Don't say it.

HARRY: What?

AMRAN: I know what your about to say. Don't say it.

HARRY: What?

AMRAN: That if you gave your drink back to your dad that night, that things might be different. Maybe he would have stayed in and went to sleep. It wasn't your fault.

HARRY: I was going to say that if the stupid corner shop didn't keep selling him alcohol when he was already plastered, then maybe things might be different. But whatever.

AMRAN: Oh. So you are racist.

HARRY: I'm saying that if we all looked out for each other a bit more...

AMRAN: You blame the corner shop for the death of your father. That's what you just said.

HARRY: I blame the mindset of the shopkeeper if anything.

AMRAN: And if he was white?

HARRY: I'd blame him instead.

AMRAN: Oh come off it. You could put your blame on anything that night, but you chose the corner shop.

HARRY: Like what?

AMRAN: Like, I don't know. Yourself?

HARRY: You just said it wasn't my fault.

AMRAN: Like Sinjit wasn't my fault.

HARRY: Okay then. Fuck it. Maybe you're right. You're all the bloody same. Care about nothing but yourselves. As long as you and your family get what you want. Free health service. Benefits. A

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piss easy citizenship. A nice big council house for you and your four siblings, mum, dad, nan, granddad, and two cousins. A house that you will all band together and buy along with six other flats that you will end up renting out to the poor British single parent dad with two jobs and a kid to look after. But as long as the rent's paid on time and that extra £9.50 vodka payment goes in the till at your corner shop, you couldn't give two fucks about your white neighbour, because he's going to hell anyway for not being a muslim, or sikh. Or whatever you are.

AMRAN: Your just angry about how your life has turned out after the trauma of losing your father. Don't worry, I know you don't mean it.

HARRY: You can't deny it though. It's the reason why you've made this fucked up plan in the first place. Because all you care about is yourself and your own beliefs.

AMRAN: At least I can take control of my life, instead of being completely dependent on the very thing that killed my own parent.

HARRY: Your parents are still alive. Bleeding this country dry.

AMRAN: You're so full of shit. You think we should just all feel sorry for you because you're a hard-done-by working class Proletarian that has such an honest, humble background that if you decide to do fuck all with your life then you have a reason. Which is all the more reason why you should do this with me. Now help me psych up this crowd.

HARRY: I've already told you. I'm not taking part in your demented plot.

AMRAN: Why not? What have you got to lose?

HARRY: Why are you so desperate to get me involved?

AMRAN: Because it will be ten times more powerful. It would send a message. The ultimate message that would force people to watch. To listen.

HARRY: What message?!

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AMRAN: That life shouldn't be taken so seriously.

HARRY: You've been brainwashed.

AMRAN: People say that all the time. I don't think so. The real definition of it is to be pressurized into adopting radically different beliefs. I wasn't pressurized at all. I decided to do this. It is my choice.

HARRY: You're right. It is your choice. And you can still change it.

AMRAN: Why should I?

HARRY: Because you're not an idiot.

AMRAN: I am.

HARRY: No. You're intelligent. You know things.

AMRAN: But I make stupid decisions.

HARRY: We all make stupid decisions. But if you're aware of that, why do you continue to make them?

AMRAN: Because I'm an idiot. I just told you that.

HARRY: Well that makes two of us then.

AMRAN: At least the decisions you made in your life were caused by things that you had no control over. Like heartbreak, trauma, or because you're mentally disabled.

HARRY IS A LITTLE OFFENDED.

AMRAN: The decisions I've made are fuelled by being sensitive, by wanting to fit in.

HARRY: I don't think that's true.

AMRAN: All I've wanted to do is fit in.

HARRY: You do fit in.

AMRAN: I stand out like a sore thumb and you know it. I always have.

(singing)

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We've got dansak mains, Coconut rice its all the same, or would you like some poppadum's like a little paki boy I got tikka, and vindaloo! Anything you like I will cook it for you, It might not seem that hard to make but I'll make it on a great big plate. Or if you like, just give us a ring and I'll pop it in the microwave bud, bud, DING! You know what they used to call me when I joined my local football team? Turban boy.

HARRY: Turban boy? So you are a Sikh?

AMRAN: No I'm a Muslim.

HARRY: Don't you only wear turbans if you got well long hair?

AMRAN: If you're Sikh. I'm a muslim. A Shia Muslim. We regard it as Sunnah Mu'akkadah. A confirmed tradition. And my family takes it very seriously. I asked if I could take it off before practice and I was punished for asking. You know what my punishment was? Go on. Have a guess.

HARRY: You were grounded?

AMRAN: Worse.

HARRY: He hit you with the slipper?

AMRAN: Worse.

HARRY: They stubbed out a cigarette on your forehead to make a bhindi?

AMRAN: Fucking hell mate that's a bit extreme.

HARRY: You asked me to guess.

AMRAN: Yea but still! Anyway he took me out of the team and I had to go play for the Graves Indians.

HARRY: THAT'S NOT SO BAD.

AMRAN: They were shit. The manager threw a party after our best game of the season. He prepared a buffet with samosas, chapati, Bombay potatoes, the lot. And you know what the worse thing about

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it all was?

PAUSE.

AMRAN: We actually lost two nil. That was our best result of the season because our goalkeeper only had one arm.

HARRY: Well at least if they were that bad, it would make you look good.

AMRAN: Yeah I thought that too. And when we played my old football team I actually scored three goals. I was proper proud of myself that day, until they all started crowd surfing me in the air during my celebration singing;
(singing)

**Vindaloo. Vindaloo. And we all like vindaloo!
Were gunna score one more than you. ENGLAND.**

PAUSE.

AMRAN: That was my dream that was. And it was treated like a fucking joke. But look who's going to have the last laugh.

HARRY: Is it still how you feel. After all these years?

BEAT.

HARRY: Like you don't fit in?

AMRAN: No. Not anymore. Now I feel like I've finally been accepted, like I'm part of something. That's why I'm doing this. That's the real reason. So now you know.

HARRY: But it's another massive contradiction though.

AMRAN: How?

HARRY: Well at last, after years of feeling alone, you finally feel accepted and part of something. And so now you're going to put an end to it all anyway.

AMRAN: I won't be alone after this. Far from it. I'm going to open the door to new horizons.

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HARRY: I think you were right. I feel like we're not so different me and you.

AMRAN: No?

HARRY: I feel like we have a lot in common. Much more in common than I thought. A lack of identity. The lack of opportunity. The feeling of not fitting in. The feeling of struggle, of keeping your head above water. We shouldn't be blaming each other. We should be blaming the system that put us here.

AMRAN: Yeah?

HARRY: Absolutely. And deep down, I think you haven't really thought this all through. You just want change.

AMRAN: All I want is change.

HARRY: Your a good person really. You care.

AMRAN: Care how?

HARRY: All of this psyching up the crowd. That's why the song is important isn't it? You'll never walk alone. We are all one. That's why people go to see their favourite football team. To feel part of something. The sense of identity. The sense of belonging. To a community. All in support of the same cause. To watch their team win. And you want them all to watch you win. For once. I get it now.

HARRY LOOKS DOWN AT HIS NOTE AND READS IT AGAIN.

HARRY: I've got nothing. So what is the fucking point? In life. In everything. If a meteor collided with our planet and we all fucking died. Everything we've ever known will be gone anyway. Friendships. Relationships. All hopes. All knowledge. All memories gone. Wiped out from existence. So what is the fucking point?

AMRAN: Exactly. What's there to lose?

HARRY: So why not feel part of something while we are here?

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AMRAN: Exactly.

HARRY: It's a big fuck you to the system isn't it?

AMRAN: You could say that.

HARRY: That we are not going to be held down by the constraints of adult life.

AMRAN: Exactly. Wait, what?

HARRY: That we are in control of our own destiny. Not the government.

AMRAN: I GUESS.

HARRY: Why should they be the ones who decide how we live, and how we die?

AMRAN: Wait a second.

HARRY: I'm not afraid of death.

AMRAN: You're not?

HARRY: We're just energy, that's all we are. Energy within the shared field of consciousness that is everywhere and eternal.

AMRAN: Wow. You're getting dark.

DRUMMING GETS LOUDER.

HARRY: It's not dark. It's enlightenment. The fact is Amran. The universe exists. And that's a whole lot better than if it didn't.

AMRAN: I think you're missing the point a bit.

HARRY: The universe is eternal. Life should not be taken that seriously. It's infinite.

AMRAN: You're starting to worry me a little bit.

HARRY: And for that reason we must strip back to the core of who we truly are.

AMRAN: You're making me nervous.

HARRY: To show that we are not a product of our circumstances.

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AMRAN: We're not?

HARRY: You may very well think it's your fault for wanting to be aroused at the wrong time. But maybe it was a sneaky wank that saved your life.

AMRAN: I don't think it matters.

DRUMMING GETS LOUDER.

HARRY: And life may beat you down. But it ain't about how hard you hit. It's about how hard you can get hit, and keep moving forward.

AMRAN: I swear that's from Rocky three.

HARRY: So why not respond with the ultimate act of freedom!

AMRAN: I'm not sure.

HARRY: So we can go back to our dreams!

AMRAN: Come again?

HARRY: And dying in your bed many years from now, would you be willing to trade all the days from this day to that for one chance...

AMRAN: What accent is that?

HARRY: Just one chance, to come back here as young men and tell our enemies that they may take our lives but they will never take. OUR FREEDOM!

AMRAN: OKAY ENOUGH!! Please! Okay. One. Stop stealing lines from movies to spread motivation. Because two. I've changed my mind.

HARRY: No you can't! You said it's too late.

AMRAN: You don't think this is one of those huge fuck ups, that we haven't thought through.

HARRY: Oh I've thought it through alright. You've changed me.

AMRAN: So you think we would be making our parents proud by doing this?

HARRY: It's not about what happens here today. It's

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about how we will affect the world after it all.

DRUMMING GETS LOUDER.

AMRAN: I don't know.

HARRY: Well if you don't. I will do it anyway.

AMRAN: You can't.

HARRY: Oh yes I can. And I will be in the limelight for once. Instead of hidden in the shadows.

AMRAN: But it's my plan.

HARRY: And you've bottled it. So I have to take it over.

AMRAN: I haven't.

HARRY: I am the one who is going to be remembered in years to come. On this day. At this moment. It's now or never. Give me the rucksack.

AMRAN: No. It's mine.

HARRY: GIVE ME THE RUCKSACK.

AMRAN: But I need it.

HARRY: Time is running out! GIVE ME THE RUCKSACK!!

AMRAN: But I want to do it.

HARRY: You haven't got the balls. As Nelson Mandela once said 'Courage is not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear'.

AMRAN: Okay fine. Let's do it. Let's conquer that fear. I'm ready!

HARRY: --WALK ON! WALK ON!--

AMRAN: --WITH HOPE IN YOUR HEART--

HARRY & AMRAN: --AND YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE!--

AMRAN TAKES OUT TWO RED RIBBONS FROM

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THE RUCKSACK AND PASSES ONE TO HARRY.

THEY TIE IT AROUND THEIR HEADS.

DRUMMING HITS ITS PEAK.

THEY TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE AUDIENCE,
DROP THEIR HI-VIS COATS TO BECOME
FULLY NAKED - STUFFING THEIR CLOTHES
INTO THE BAG. AMRAN THROWS THE
RUCKSACK OVER HIS BACK.

THEY STREAK ONTO THE PITCH. HAND IN
HAND.

BLACKOUT.

COMMENTATOR #1: The game has been put on hold as two imbeciles
have decided to streak across the pitch.

COMMENTATOR #2: They are in fact security guards employed here
at Wembley stadium, but I've got a sneak feeling
they won't be employed for much longer John.

COMMENTATOR #1: Nope. But it doesn't seem as though they care to
be honest. They're having a hell of a time.
Look. One of them has taken the corner flag and
is using it as a broomstick... And the other one
has taken possession of the ball. He's doing a
step over. Doesn't look like they're getting
caught anytime -Oh- Spoke to soon. Choke slammed
by one of the players.

COMMENTATOR #2: Why's he writhing around on the floor like that
John? The player didn't even touch his elbow.

COMMENTATOR #1: Think he's learn't a few things from Neymar by
the looks of it. You'd think he's had his whole
arm blown off by a pump-action shotgun.

COMMENTATOR #2: Oh. The other one's just been close-lined off
his broomstick. He's landed on the player that
has taken him down. I tell you what, I wouldn't
want to be him right now Alan, a pair of sweaty
balls right in his face.

COMMENTATOR #1: I'm sure he's used to having plenty of balls to
the face by now John. But that's besides the

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point. Get it? Beside the point? Anyway. The streakers have been taken off the pitch and the game can continue. It's wasted a lot of injury time though. And I must admit, it's woken up the fans a little bit John, look like they need a stiff drink after seeing that... There's kids in the crowd as well. Not very considerate at all. But that's Great Britain for ya!

THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS.

END.