

GOING UNDERGROUND

Written by

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EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE - DAY

Sunny day.

Tourists flock among street performers.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT [60], his wife ELOISE HARPER [60], PETER WRIGHT [60], his wife ANGEL DENNING [60], RICKY NEWMAN [60], his wife BETH FLEETWOOD [60], and Ricky's beagle BUDDY, casually meander up the busy High Street.

ANGEL DENNING

(to Peter)

Where's this place you're going?

PETER WRIGHT

Living Scottish Discoveries. Ricky received a leaflet with an offer to visit.

ELOISE HARPER

(to Angel)

One of those historical trips through dark, dusty tunnels.

BETH FLEETWOOD

(to Ricky)

You sure Buddy will be OK down there?

Ricky Newman glances down at his dog.

RICKY NEWMAN

Yeah, he'll be fine.

ANGEL DENNING

(to Peter)

You be careful with that chest of yours if it is dusty down there.

PETER WRIGHT

I'll be fine.

ANGEL DENNING

(to Beth)

Weak chest.

Angel glances at Peter.

ANGEL DENNING (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

You should have a mask.

Peter glances at Ricky and shakes his head in despair.

They pass OLD BABA FATT [67] who is selling stuffed toys including pandas.

OLD BABA FATT
Cute animals for the kids. Made
with loving care. Only three
pounds!

People gather around to inspect the merchandise.

OLD BABA FATT (CONT'D)
Not just for children, you know.

The three wives smile.

ANGEL DENNING
Not today, thanks.

They continue past the stall.

OLD BABA FATT
Maybe another time.

EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE - MOMENTS LATER

The group stop at the entrance to a close.

ELOISE HARPER
We'll meet you back here...

She checks her watch.

ELOISE HARPER (CONT'D)
...at midday.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
(with resignation)
Uh-huh.

Peter glances at his Rolex and nods.

Beth pecks Ricky on the cheek.

BETH FLEETWOOD
Enjoy.

RICKY NEWMAN
Should be interesting.

BETH FLEETWOOD
Yeah, well just be here as
arranged.

ANGEL DENNING
You got your bag?

Peter reveals his paper bag.

ANGEL DENNING (CONT'D)
Good.

Angel leans in to Beth.

ANGEL DENNING (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Panic attacks.

The three men and the dog advance into the close.

EXT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES/CLOSE - CONTINUOUS

Ahead, an unassuming shop is signposted *Living Scottish Discoveries*.

RICKY NEWMAN
Here we go.

Peter Wright studies the signage.

PETER WRIGHT
Living Scottish Discoveries?

RICKY NEWMAN
Quaint.

INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - DAY

The three men and Buddy approach BILL MAYHEW [80], dressed in thirties attire, standing behind the counter.

The men survey the reception, fascinated with the antique surroundings.

A clock on the wall shows it is eleven o' clock in the morning.

BILL MAYHEW
Welcome, gentlemen.

Ricky retrieves the tickets from his pocket and hands them over.

PETER WRIGHT
It's been a while since we've all
been out together.

RICKY NEWMAN
Yeah, I think this is the first
since our sixtieth birthdays.

Bill returns the ticket stubs to Ricky.

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

RICKY NEWMAN
Nice.

The men approach a small table in the corner of the room
where three leaflets lie.

They sit down.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
So why here?

Ricky picks up a leaflet.

RICKY NEWMAN
Just something different to pass
the time.

Peter studies a leaflet.

PETER WRIGHT
Interesting.

Bill brings a tray with three glasses and a bottle of
whisky.

The men smile and rub their hands with anticipation as he
lays down the tray.

The label on the bottle has the words *ELIXIR 1328* printed.

Bill wipes away the dust from the bottle and begins to pour.

Some of the whisky drips onto the floor.

Peter takes a glass and sniffs the contents.

PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)
Lovely.

The dog licks the alcohol on the stone floor.

BILL MAYHEW

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

Ricky turns over his leaflet to reveal a map on the other
side.

BILL MAYHEW (CONT'D)

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

Ricky raises an eyebrow while the others savour their drink.

BILL MAYHEW (CONT'D)

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

He points to the location on the map.

BILL MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Ye can choose whichever path ye
wish to take.

Ricky nods.

RICKY NEWMAN

Sounds good to me.

BILL MAYHEW

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

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

BILL MAYHEW (CONT'D)

...and enjoy yer trip.

Bill takes the bottle and leaves the foyer through a door
behind the counter.

PETER WRIGHT

What a funny wee man.

As Danny finishes his drink, he studies the map.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

These tunnels stretch for miles.

Ricky angles down at his dog, who is licking the whisky on
the floor.

RICKY NEWMAN
You like that, Buddy?

INT. LIVING SCOTTISH DISCOVERIES RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

RICKY NEWMAN
Shall we make our way, then?

They rise from their chairs. Ricky and Peter take their maps.

Ricky turns the handle and opens the door.

A gentle breeze escapes. The men sniff the air.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
It smells old.

The party enters the passageway and close the door behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 - CONTINUOUS

Centuries-old stone lines the arched tunnel.

Lamps run the length of the narrow passageway.

Peter's nose twitches before sneezing onto his jacket.

PETER WRIGHT
Damn.

He pulls out a hanky and wipes his nose.

PETER WRIGHT (CONT'D)
Where's the antihistamine when you need it?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
Pete, stop moaning.

Peter searches his pockets and finds a nasal spray.

He drops back a step and squirts it up his nose.

Ricky turns to Danny.

RICKY NEWMAN
Not bad, eh?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
Definitely.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1/FORK - MOMENTS LATER

The three men and Buddy reach the fork.

Ricky studies his map, then peers down each passage.

RICKY NEWMAN
Which one?

PETER WRIGHT
Does it matter?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
C'mon, we'll just take this one.

Danny turns left, followed by the others.

Ricky shrugs at Peter.

He stuffs the leaflet in his pocket.

RICKY NEWMAN
Well, that settles it.

Peter eyes Ricky quizzically with the nasal spray up one nostril and sniffs hard.

PETER WRIGHT
Yes.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE #1 LEFT - MOMENTS LATER

Danny is ahead of the others.

Peter shivers then wipes his nose.

PETER WRIGHT
Not a lot to see, so far.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY NEWMAN
Sorry guys. Maybe this wasn't a
good idea.

Danny raises a hand to signal.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
Hold on. We've got something.

The passageway widens to reveal a cavern.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Dust hangs in the air.

Bric-a-brac and discarded boxes lie scattered.

Sounds echo.

Buddy sniffs around.

The three men wander, studying the scattered objects.

RICKY NEWMAN

Props?

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Could be.

PETER WRIGHT

Guys.

Ricky and Danny turn to Peter who is standing at a closed door.

They approach.

Buddy follows.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

No point staring at it.

Danny turns the handle.

It sticks.

He wiggles it.

PETER WRIGHT

Maybe it's out of bounds.

The lock clicks and the handle fully turns.

Danny smiles at Peter.

He opens the door.

A blinding light floods the cavern.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT

Wow.

The men raise their hands to protect their eyes from the bright light.

Buddy drops his head, his ears flopping over his eyes.

PETER WRIGHT
Jeez, that's bright.

RICKY NEWMAN
The man said we can't go back.

PETER WRIGHT
It's already giving me a headache.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
Don't be a wimp.

PETER WRIGHT
Just saying.

Danny enters.

Ricky starts after Danny, then stops and turns to Buddy.

RICKY NEWMAN
C'mon, Bud. It's fine.

PETER WRIGHT
I don't think he's keen.

Buddy hesitates then follows him in.

Ricky glances at Peter.

RICKY NEWMAN
You coming?

Peter lingers.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)
We can always turn back.

Peter sighs.

PETER WRIGHT
We've come this far.

He follows Ricky in.

EXT. EDINBURGH ROYAL MILE - DAY

Bright, technicolour animation.

The sun shines brightly.

The Edinburgh Festival is in full swing as crowds swarm the street.

A breakdancer performs to a ghetto blaster playing AxelF watched by onlookers.

The three men find themselves standing outside a small shop.

A red public telephone box stands opposite the shop.

Danny studies the shop.

'EDINBURGH'S SMALLEST SHOP' is emblazoned above the entrance.

Peter, Ricky and Buddy are checking themselves.

Peter takes a deep breath.

PETER WRIGHT
Eh, guys this isn't right.

Ricky scans his surroundings.

RICKY NEWMAN
Weird.

He glances at Buddy.

The dog shrugs.

Ricky retrieves his mobile phone.

RICKY NEWMAN (CONT'D)
No signal.

He scans the crowded street.

No one has mobile phones.

Danny turns to face his friends.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT
Guys.

Beat.

DANNY ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)
You realise where we are?

Beat.

PETER WRIGHT
Edinburgh, dummy.

Danny points up.