

LUCA

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INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

A sparse room, devoid of warmth or human touch. A show, 'Cooking with the Stars' blares from a large TV. Onscreen, the tanned female HOST (50's) speaks over fading applause.

HOST

Now, our next guest knows more about footballs than dough balls. *But* he can find his way around the kitchen just as well as the penalty box, it's Tottenham legend, Matt Lewis!

After a brief pause, MATT LEWIS (50's) bounds onto stage to raucous applause. Tall and lean, he towers over the host.

HOST

Ooh, big boy aren't you?

MATT LEWIS

It has been said, Jane!

Scandalised whoops from the audience.

From the TV, we pan across a mantelpiece. A framed 1980's polaroid of a smiling woman on a settee. A carriage clock. An unused scented candle. A large Golden Boot on a plinth which reads 'BARCLAYS Golden Boot - 1994/95'.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Amid the din of the show, LUCA CASEY (50's) sits on the stairs of his modest terraced house. He has a greying crew cut, a livid black eye and looks like he hasn't shaved or changed in days. A mobile phone is ringing on repeat.

Luca stands, walks to a chair and steps up onto it. He takes hold of a rudimentary noose hanging from a ceiling beam. He seems to be having a conversation with himself.

LUCA

You can't say that.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Onscreen, Matt and the host are getting into the swing.

HOST

...and boys will be boys, yes, I know!  
Well, there'll be no funny business tonight that's for sure.

MATT

Aw, why not?

HOST

My husband's an Arsenal fan, he'd never  
speak to me again!

More whoops of laughter. Matt plays along with a rueful shrug.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

The phone is still ringing. Luca's head is in the noose. He takes a deep breath. A calmness comes over his face. His right foot draws back, ready to kick away the back of the chair.

SUPER OVER BLACK - ONE MONTH AGO

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

The same hallway, but this time rays of sun are beaming through as Luca bounds down the stairs looking crisp and smart in jeans, trainers and a sports jacket.

He pauses in front of the mirror to run a comb through his hair, then picks up his mail and exits the house.

INT. BUS. DAY

Luca has taken a seat at the back of the bus as it trundles through a sun-drenched and bustling Liverpool City Centre. He squints happily out at the imposing St Georges Hall, with the Radio City tower looming up behind.

INT. RETIREMENT COMPLEX. DAY

Luca enters the complex, passing one old man, LES (80's) who is leaving, bent over a zimmer frame. Les spots Luca coming, and growls in a pure scouse accent.

LES

Here comes the blueshite.

Luca grins as he passes by.

LUCA

My kicking leg still works, Les.

Les smiles and carries on his way.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING APARTMENT. DAY

The small apartment is homely, bright and clean. A couple of emergency pull cords are the only items which visually indicate the home as assisted living.

Luca's MUM (80's) is sat watching the TV. She is repeatedly checking her watch and twisting around to view her front door. We hear the theme tune of UK gameshow 'The Chase'.

MUM  
(Grumbling)  
It's starting.

The front door opens, and, to his mum's relief, Luca enters.

MUM  
It's starting!

LUCA  
Alright. Have I got time to put the kettle on?

MUM  
No! Wait til the adverts.

Disappointed, Luca joins her on the settee.

LUCA  
Dying for a brew.

MUM  
Ooh look, it's the girl with the glasses. She's very clever.

LUCA  
They're all clever, mum.

EXT. PATIO. DAY

Each apartment has a small patio which drops onto a communal lawn backed by tall stone wall. Luca and his mum are sat at their table. His mum is carefully working through Luca's mail.

MUM  
Sky TV...

A few doors up, a young woman takes an elderly man through a gentle fitness session. A couple of women natter and stroll along the lawn. Luca's gaze switches to the other direction.

LUCA  
What's Harry up to?

His mum looks up. Next to the wall twenty yards away, an Afro-Caribbean man, HARRY (90's), is grimly digging a hole with a shovel. Despite his frailty, he has the hole a foot deep.

MUM  
Trying to escape. Building society...

A MALE CARER (20's) hurries out of Harry's patio doors and darts across the lawn. He gently attempts to prise the shovel

out of Harry's hands. We hear Harry's angry voice as he gamely tries to fight the young man off.

LUCA  
Why doesn't he just walk out the door?

MUM  
Life Insurance... You should get life insurance.

LUCA  
Who for?

A friendly voice from within the apartment.

LUCY (O.S)  
That's your bedding done, Mary!

MUM  
Thank you love!

A female carer, LUCY (30's) pops her head out.

LUCY  
Hiya Luca.

LUCA  
Hiya love.

LUCY  
Anything else, just give me a ping.

Lucy heads back inside. Luca's mum pauses and frowns at the next letter. She pulls it out and starts scanning through it.

MUM  
Missed payment!? Luca, you've missed a payment on your Mortgage!

Luca, shocked, stares at his Mum. Then, he reaches over, grabs the letter and stuffs it into his pocket.

LUCA  
It's fine. It's all in hand.

MUM  
What do you mean 'all in hand?'

LUCA  
I've made an investment. Foreign Exchange Market. An old mate of mine is a trader now, raking it in. Said there might be short-to-medium term turbulence but not to worry.

MUM  
Short-to-medium term turbulence? Who's this talking, this isn't you talking?

Luca sighs and then stands, ready to leave.

MUM  
Which old mate?

LUCA  
Bye, mum.

Luca gives his mum a kiss and heads away.

MUM  
Luca! You can't go missing mortgage payments!

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Luca is standing at his kitchen table, stressed, looking down at his phone as a speakerphone call goes to answerphone. PAT WORTHINGTON (60's) has a booming voice and Liverpool accent.

PAT WORTHINGTON (O.S)  
You've reached Pat Worthington, Number Nine Trading, please leave your message after the tone.

Luca is a little flustered and embarrassed.

LUCA  
Yeah, hi Pat. Luca again. Sorry mate, I know you're busy but it is actually important you ring back. When you get five. Alright. Nice one.

INT. PUB. EVENING

Luca sits alone, appearing to read a newspaper. A rotund man approaches nervously. BILLY (60's) is autistic. He wears a parker jacket over an Everton replica shirt and carries a Tesco carrier bag. He also wears an Autism jigsaw lapel badge.

LUCA  
Hiya Billy!

BILLY  
Do you need someone to talk to?

LUCA  
That'd be nice! How you doing, mate?

BILLY  
Very well, thank you.

Billy looks down and to the side as he addresses people, but glances at them as they speak. He makes to sit down but then spots KEV MILLER (50's) approaching and stands back up.

BILLY  
Miller is here, now.

KEV  
Billy, stick around mate!

Too late. Billy has wandered off.

KEV  
Ach, why does he always do that?

LUCA  
Don't take it personally, mate.

Kev takes a seat next to Luca. He has ginger/grey hair and is wearing a Royal Blue tracksuit with the initials 'KM' above a football club badge.

LUCA  
Fuck me Kev, you're greyer than you were a fortnight ago!

Kev whips out a mobile phone, clicks to reverse camera. His accent is pure Glasgow Gorbals.

KEV  
Prick chairman sold my centre mid to pay for the ladies' bogs. Where's Matt?

LUCA  
One Show. He'll be here now.

KEV  
How'd he get on in the jungle?

LUCA  
I thought it was dancing?

Matt Lewis joins them with a glass of wine. In the flesh, his fake tan and luminous teeth look silly. His botox job provides him with an alert demeanour but cannot disguise his misery.

MATT  
Fucking had it with this bullshit.  
Testing gravy I was today. Oldham High Street.

LUCA  
Who won?

MATT  
Bisto.

KEV  
Was it the jungle or dancing you just done?

MATT

Nice to know you were watching.

He takes a dainty sip of his wine.

MATT

Dancing.

LUCA

How'd you get on?

MATT

Fifth.

KEV

Decent.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

The three friends are now several drinks in, reminiscing loudly about times past. Matt is extra sloshed on the wine.

MATT

So there I am, hanging from the fucking balcony, twenty feet in the air. I can hear the husband coming in, talking Italian...

KEV

There's song there, mate!

MATT

I look down and there's Kev in the bar with some bird, practically falling off his chair laughing.

Kev dissolves into laughter.

MATT

Suddenly, Kev shuts up. So I'm like, what's going on here. Then I hear the gaffer, all guns blazing, 'MILLER! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU STILL DOING UP! WE GOT PERUGIA TOMORROW!'

LUCA

Where the fuck was I?

KEV

Injured remember? You missed the trip.

MATT

He's standing directly below where I'm hanging! So I'm thinking, alright, I either drop on the gaffer and kill him, or I climb back in and get killed by this Italian cunt--

He stops dead as he spots an attractive WOMAN (40's) approaching nervously with her mobile phone.

MATT  
Oop, 'scuse my language!

WOMAN  
Sorry, can I...

MATT  
Course, love.

Matt takes the phone and does the selfie himself. His drunken smile is lingering as the blushing woman leaves.

MATT  
Fuck me, I'm in there, boys.  
Where was I...

KEV  
About to die in Perugia.

LUCA  
How come he gets all the milfs?

Now a MAN, (60's), sidles over nervously and addresses Luca.

MAN  
Sorry to bother you, mate.

He glances at the other two and seems to drain of confidence.

MAN  
Uh...

LUCA  
S'alright mate. How you doing?

MAN  
Yeah, good. Uh, I just wanted to say.  
You, you gave my wife and I so much  
happiness for so many years. She's...

His clearly practiced lines are going a bit wrong, but he stutters through it.

MAN  
She's passed away now, my wife, but we,  
we named our son Luca because of you.  
And I saw you sat here, and I thought,  
well, can I buy you a pint?

Kev is watching this and melting a little.

LUCA  
Oh, you don't have to do that mate.

MAN

I'd love to. Honestly. Luca won't believe it if I tell him. He's living in the Netherlands now, what you having?

LUCA

Oh well, Carling please--

MATT

--HEINEKEN MATE SURELY, HIS SON'S IN FUCKING HOLLAND!

MAN

Heineken it is.

He wanders away. Kev looks at Luca a little awed. The woman, now predatory, approaches again. She whispers into Matt's ear. He nods and stands. Gives them a wink.

MATT

Sorry boys.

They watch him stumble away with the woman. Kev drinks up.

KEV

I better go too. Dunes in the morning. Can't be the first one to puke after the grief I've been giving them.

He gives Luca a quick hug.

KEV

Good luck tonight.

LUCA

Cheers mate.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Luca pulls his collar up and exits the pub into a grim, wet evening in Liverpool city centre. He crosses the road and ducks into a back entrance of the grand Adelphi Hotel.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Luca is greeted by a smiling YOUNG MAN wearing all black and carrying a walkie talkie.

YOUNG MAN

Hi, Mr Casey! Ok to go straight on?

LUCA

Yeah, let's go.

As Luca follows the man along a tight corridor, we hear the growing buzz of excited conversation and clinking glasses.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. NIGHT.

The large, ornate conference room has oak-panelled walls and is lit by grand chandeliers. A stage has been set up, the royal blue backdrop emblazoned with 'A Night With Super Luca'.

Hundreds of excited people, mainly men aged 50 and over, sit listening to a HOST (50's) complete a glowing introduction.

HOST

...culminating in that glorious hattrick at Anfield in '98 where Champions League football was secured and that lot across the park were sent on their way!

That last part is almost drowned out by the cheers.

HOST

GIVE IT UP FOR SUPER. LUCA. CASEEEEEYY!

Beaming, Luca bounds onto stage to an enormous roar, which causes the host to flinch. Luca raises both arms to his adoring crowd, his words lost in the tumult.

LUCA

Thank you so much!

Luca looks over the sea of mainly pink faces, a few twisted in that angry euphoria displayed when their team scores a goal, as if their neural pathways are unable to differentiate between a football stadium and a hotel conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. NIGHT

Luca and the host are sat on chairs, centre stage. A pint sits on a small stand close to Luca. The crowd's laughter is coming in waves. Luca waits for another wave to die down.

LUCA

...course, Roy Keane looks Matt dead in the eye. You know in Jaws where Quint says (Goes into a Quint Impression) 'You know the thing about a shark, he's got lifeless eyes, black eyes, like a dolls eyes. When he comes at ya, he doesn't seem to be livin...'

HOST

Ha! Yeah...

LUCA

Well, that's Roy Keane. So he looks at Matt and says 'I'm gonna kill you'. Well Matt has absolutely SHIT himself!!

Roars of laughter.

LUCA

He's looking over to the bench giving it... (mimics the 'make a sub' rolling hand signal). The gaffers like, what the fuck, we've only played twelve minutes! Anyway, then Matt's looking at me and he's like 'Help me out here mate, he's gonna fucking kill me!', and I'm like 'Fuck that mate, you're on your own'.

Loving his story, Luca has the audience on a string.

LUCA

Two minutes later, Stevo's got it, ready to go long. I look around, and there's Matt, up front with me! I'm like 'what the fuck you doing up here, knob'ead!'

Some of the audience are now crying with laughter.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. NIGHT

A band has congregated on one half of the stage and are playing a folk song that has been converted into a catchy football song lauding Luca.

Luca sits, now alone and slightly self-conscious, on the other half of the stage. His sea of drunk, pink-faced admirers roar his song straight up into his face. Unsure where to look, Luca smiles and takes a sip of his latest pint.

ALL

(Singing)  
And they gave us Luca Casey straight  
from Tocky way,  
Two hundred goals and an FA cup on the  
greatest day...

The music is loud and the atmosphere thick. Luca spots Billy at the back, singing along earnestly, and gives him a wave.

ALL

(Singing)  
While most of the football greats have  
passed through Goodison's Gates,  
Super Luca will always lead the way...

Now, some of the more drunk punters are crying. Luca is beginning to look unsettled. The song roars on.

Cut close to Luca's face. Something changes. His wide smile betrays thankfulness and pride, but his eyes suddenly betray something darker. Something existential.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

We hear wild applause and then Luca bounds through a door into the tight corridor, followed by the host. Both are breathless.

HOST  
Wow! Best one yet, mate!

LUCA  
Yeah, good one that.

HOST  
You coming to the bar, yeah?

LUCA  
Uh, actually can I just...

Luca sort of nods at the host's pocket. For a second, the host doesn't understand. Then he realises.

HOST  
Oh! Course, yeah.

He frantically fishes into his pocket, pulls out a wad of notes and passes them to Luca.

HOST  
Sure I can't tempt you? It would make their day, mate.

LUCA  
Nah, cream crackered to be honest mate.  
Not been sleeping too good, you know...

Luca edges away toward the back exit door.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Luca exits back out into the rainy Liverpool night and hurries away with head down.

EXT. BAR. NIGHT

A near empty bar. Luca is sat in the corner, very drunk. As we pan back, JOEL (50's) comes into shot across the table. Mixed race, Joel has spiky dreadlocks and is wearing plumber's gear. In contrast to Luca, Joel seems sober, fit and energised.

JOEL  
You wanna spend the rest of your life being paraded like a museum exhibit?

LUCA  
Fuck off.

JOEL

How many times they heard them stories now? They're gonna get bored mate. You'll have to get a job one day, and to do that you'll need to read and write--

LUCA

Oh, here he goes...

JOEL

Just do the fucking class, no-one's gonna give a shit who you are!

LUCA

I GIVE A SHIT!

Luca looks up at a young couple who are looking at him a little odd as they leave. Slightly put out, he follows them with his gaze, then settles back.

LUCA

I give a shit.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Luca strides along a narrow, tree-lined lane. The top of a dozen sprawling properties peep over high security fencing. He reaches a set of wrought iron gates and presses the intercom.

A crackle. Quiet, rushed voices. Then, a booming one.

PAT (O.S)

Luca!

LUCA

Hi Pat, sorry mate. Sorry to just turn up. I left a message to say I was...

The gate clicks open.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Pat Worthington is a towering man with a silver mane of hair and luxurious smile. He walks Luca across a sun terrace, past a 10-metre pool. He bellows out to assistant KIMBERLEY (20's).

PAT

Kimberley, pop the La Gioiosa, love.

LUCA

You're a hard man to track down, mate!

PAT

Yeah, lot of jealous people out there, you know. Gotta keep your head down.

Pat makes to sit down on a poolside lounge but stops himself.

PAT  
Oh! You haven't seen her.

Pat leads Luca across the terrace to a white outbuilding.  
He turns and smiles as he opens the door.

INT. GARAGE. DAY

From the doorway, Pat gestures toward a red Lamborghini  
Countach sat within the spacious garage.

PAT  
Nineteen ninety.

LUCA  
Wow.

PAT  
Picked her up last week. Them cunts at  
the golf club are gonna puke!

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Pat slams the door and leads Luca back to the pool, briefly  
pausing to turn, lean toward Luca and point at his own watch.

PAT  
Breitling Chronomat. Nice?

LUCA  
Yeah!

PAT  
Titanium. You should get one. Want me to  
get you one?

Kimberley materialises and hands Luca a glass of prosecco.

LUCA  
Yeah, I mean... Oh. Thanks!

Luca is becoming discombobulated.

PAT  
Kimberley, this gentleman is one of  
Liverpool's most famous sons.

KIMBERLEY  
(Blushing)  
I know. My Dad didn't stop going on  
about you when I was growing up.

PAT

HAH! Thanks Kimbs, make us feel old why don't you! Take a seat Luca.

Kimberley giggles back into the house. Pat sits on a deck chair, then Luca heaves down onto a sun lounger.

PAT

How can I help you, buddy?

Luca looks embarrassed. He leans forward.

LUCA

One percent per month you said, didn't you?

Luca pulls out a scrap of paper, on which he has done some rough calculations in pencil. He looks through it.

LUCA

Which is £2,300. I worked it out.

PAT

Aye. One percent a month, compounding to 12.68% annual.

LUCA

I phoned my bank. They said I was only getting a grand since April, and now I've had nothing for three months.

Pat smiles and shakes his head. A little patronising.

LUCA

Three months! You said about short term turbulence, but this is taking the piss.

PAT

Right, what else did I say?

Luca looks blank.

PAT

I said trading's just like football. A *man's* game. You can't shit the bed over a few blips early on.

LUCA

A few blips?? You said--

PAT

--1990 cup final. Liverpool scored after 3 minutes, did we start flapping and panicking? No.

Luca, frustrated, isn't buying it.

PAT

We stayed calm. Played our game. Ended up the greatest day in the club's history! Needed me to come off the bench mind, HAH! Look, this is the same, stay calm and the result will take care of itself...

LUCA

I've missed a mortgage payment mate.

Pat bellows with laughter, which instantly annoys Luca.

PAT

Missed a mortgage payment! A year from now you'll be paying off that mortgage and buying a house like this, cash! Look, stop crying, stop flapping and hold your fucking nerve.

Luca takes a deep breath. Stands.

LUCA

I need it back.

PAT

KIMBERLEY, FETCH THE CASEY DOCS!

LUCA

I'm out. I need my money back. Just give me it back. Same amount.

Pat instantly switches to gentle chumminess.

PAT

Look, any missed payments are made up at the end of the financial year.

Kimberley arrives with a smile and passes documents to Pat.

PAT

Whatever happens, you'll have your 12.68% by year end. For you that's 27 grand. Let's see, you've received £7,500 - yes, I see the missed payments, fair enough - but that means you've got 19 grand due in six weeks! Look, it's all in the small print... Read it!

Pat passes the document to Luca, who stares blankly down at the dense forest of words.

PAT

If you don't get the money, you take that to a solicitor and they'll come and get it off me!

LUCA  
Well, I mean--

PAT  
It's global currency arbitrage, mate,  
low risk, low yield. Just gotta show  
some bollocks in the initial trading.

Luca is weakening under Pat's confident spiel.

PAT  
Remember Des Morgan? Man Utd? He's in.  
Had a few wobbles early on, but he held  
his nerve and now he's just bought a pad  
out in Provence. I'm playing golf with  
him this afternoon! Talking of which...

Pat looks at his watch, then stands and starts easing Luca  
toward the exit.

PAT  
Actually, come along! You play golf?  
I've got a spare set in the garage.

LUCA  
Nah, never really--

PAT  
--Des was saying he'd like to see you!

LUCA  
Nah, honestly. Better go. I just wanted  
to come and double check, you know...

PAT  
Course mate.

LUCA  
Scary when the bank start talking about  
taking your house, like.

Pat opens the door to the garage.

PAT  
Jump in, I'm giving you a lift home.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The wrought iron gates glide open. Pat's Lamborghini Countach  
screeches out, swings left and roars away up the street.

PAT (O.S)  
LET'S FUCKING GO, BABY!!

LUCA (O.S)  
SLOW DOWN YA MANIAC!

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Luca is watching a cheap 1990's club DVD 'SUPER LUCA CASEY'. He opens a bottle of rum as the dreadful, obviously overlaid 'COMMENTARY' squawks through a grainy montage of his goals.

COMMENTARY

Surely no way back for Everton, unless Luca Casey can produce a moment of Paul Daniels magic yet again. Oh, you'll like this... [Crowd erupts] NOT A LOT, BUT YOU'LL LIKE IT!!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK. DAY

Luca enters a run-down industrial park and heads for a door with 'Unit 4' taped to the window. As he approaches, the door opens and a smiling, bespectacled man, YOUTUBER CALLUM (30's), bounds out and shakes Luca warmly by the hand.

YOUTUBER CALLUM

Hiya mate! Thanks for coming.

LUCA

No worries, man.

INT. INDUSTRIAL UNIT. DAY

Luca is led down a dark corridor toward an office.

YOUTUBER CALLUM

So, usual thing. The stuff we never got to see, you know. Got some stuff ready?

INT. STUDIO. DAY

Luca is sat on a blue settee in front of a brightly lit wall emblazoned with 'Everton 101'. Callum and YOUTUBER JAMIE (30's), who has dark hair and a thick beard, are sat opposite. A camera on a tripod is live-streaming the jovial scene.

LUCA

So there I am, hanging from the balcony, and I hear the husband walk into the room (turns to camera) I'm not proud of this by the way, kids.

YOUTUBER CALLUM

Hah, yeah Everton 101 does NOT condone sleeping with other people's wives while on UEFA Cup duty...

YOUTUBER JAMIE

How about Champions League duty?

LUCA

So he's ranting and raving in Italian, I'm hanging by my fingertips. I look down and there's Kev in the bar with some bird, pissing himself and shouting up, 'Eh Amigo! Amigo! Look on your balconario!'

Both YouTubers dissolve into laughter.

LUCA

Suddenly, the gaffer storms out, directly below me, and he's like 'MILLER! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, WE GOT PERUGIA TOMORROW!' I'm thinking fuck me, either I fall on the gaffer and kill him, or this Italian fella kills me!

INT. STUDIO. DAY

Luca is now holding up a hardback book. On the front, a picture of him looking perhaps 35-40, smiling and holding a football. The inset picture is him firing in at Highfield Road in the 1990's. The title is 'Finish Like Super Luca'.

YOUTUBER CALLUM

Yeah, so Everton 101 can exclusively reveal that there are still copies available, but you'll have to move fast. Where can they get the book, Luca?

LUCA

Uh... So, Amazon. Uh...

YOUTUBER JAMIE

Club website?

LUCA

Oh, nah they didn't want to, uh, or you can get them from me personally, my address is 16 Harrington Street--

YOUTUBER CALLUM

--Tell you what, if people contact us here, we'll get it all sorted. It's a great book folks, guaranteed win as a pressie for any budding Super-Luca's and Super-Lucy's!

YOUTUBER JAMIE

(Suddenly wooden)  
Talking of guaranteed wins Cal, have you seen what NineBet have just introduced for weekly Acca's?

YOUTUBER CALLUM

What's that?

YOUTUBER JAMIE

At any point in the first half, if you double your stake, they'll treble the odds.

YOUTUBER CALLUM

Shut the front door. You're having me on.

As the Youtuber's stiltedly work through a pre-determined script, Luca continues to hold up his book and stare awkwardly at the camera.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Luca sits with a coffee, gazing out the front window at the street. He grabs his phone, makes a call to 'Kev', and sets it to speakerphone. Kev answers.

KEV (O.S)

Luca.

LUCA

Sorry mate, you training?

KEV (O.S)

Just warming up. What can I do for you?

LUCA

Remember Des Morgan? Man Utd?

KEV (O.S)

Oh, aye. Big Des. You calling from his back pocket?

LUCA

Fuck off. You got a number for him?

KEV (O.S)

JACOB!! GET YA KNEES UP YA LAZY CUNT!  
Uh, no mate. He went off-grid didn't he?

Luca is immediately concerned.

LUCA

You wha?

KEV (O.S)

Coaching kids in London, I think.

LUCA

London?

Luca has now stood up. Starting to panic.

**End Of Sample**