

HOW THE WEB WAS WON

by

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Episode 1

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1. EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

A modest ex-council house, in need of refurbishment. At the gate, an estate agent's SOLD SIGN.

On the kerb, a VAN with signage: 'ADAM CADMAN - Building and Event Management'

TITLE: PENDLE, LANCASHIRE, 1995.

OPENING CREDITS OVER:

2. INT. YVONNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ADAM (tall, lean, 30s, in work clothes) admires the striking DECOR in the cluttered but cosy space.

Walls, shelves, and tables display Pre-Raphaelite pictures, crystal skulls, black candles, corn-dollies, pentagram designs, and stacks of occult books.

He also admires YVONNE (buxom, attractive, mid-forties) who smiles as he shows her a rough sketch he's drawn.

ADAM

I'd be delighted to do your patio, Yvonne. Just need to order the materials. I'll send you a quote ASAP.

YVONNE

I knew you'd be the right man for the job. I'm sure it'll be grand.

ADAM

Did you find me through the small ads?

Yvonne grins and shrugs.

YVONNE

Oh, I just knew... You can always drop the quote off and save the stamp.

ADAM

No problem!

He picks up his paperwork.

ADAM
(Cont.)

OK, I'll be off.

They walk through the small hallway, also hung with esoteric pictures and objects, to the front door. Adam pauses briefly to glance at them.

ADAM
(Cont.)
Some interesting stuff you've got here...

Yvonne smiles as she opens the front door - and gives Adam a kiss on the cheek.

YVONNE
Thanks, Adam - you're a star!

Adam's pleased but slightly bemused. He's about to say something but she puts a finger to his lips.

YVONNE
(cont)
Off you go now!

3. EXT/INT NEW BUILD SMALL SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE - DAY

By the gate, a 'FOR SALE' SIGN.

Inside, in the unfurnished living room WAYNE (late 20s, in shiny suit and polished shoes, gripping a clipboard) is making his pitch to a defensive young couple. The WOMAN is pregnant.

WAYNE
...and this has such potential for an amazing family lifestyle space!

WOMAN
It's a bit -ah- small.

MAN
We'll have a think about it...

WAYNE
Well, there's been a lot of interest. You need to think big, be decisive!

MAN
I said we'll think it over.

WAYNE
Make sure you call me first thing.

Wayne hands over his CARD. 'Wayne Bidwell, Sales Negotiator, Arnedale and Jackson'. The couple shuffle off towards the door. Wayne grimaces behind their backs.

WAYNE

(Vo)
Muppets...

4. EXT/INT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING

EXT: A run-down terrace house on a side street.

INT: The LIVING ROOM is cramped, shelves are overflowing with paperbacks. The floor is covered with magazines including Wired, Rolling Stone and Fortean Times plus scribbled notepads, sheet music and children's toys scattered everywhere. The space is dominated by a big audio system and random piles of CDs, vinyl and cassettes.

TOM (late 20s, slight, with glasses, in black t-shirt and jeans) sits at at his synth KEYBOARD playing minor key riffs.

Wayne, now in casual denims, is listening and looking at Tom's lyric sheet. But he's shaking his head.

WAYNE

It doesn't do it for me, Tom.
Where's the big tune?

TOM

We could try it out on the next gig.

WAYNE

We need a head banger, not your weird chords and those lyrics.

Wayne tosses the lyric sheet on the floor. Tom shrugs and plays random chords. Tom's children, CHARLOTTE(7) and RALPH(5) run in from the kitchen, chasing the CAT, followed by Tom's wife IMOGEN (late twenties, striking fashion model looks, but tired and frazzled in old jeans).

IMOGEN

For God's sake, Tom, stop noodling around on that thing and help me get these two to bed!

Wayne starts heading for the door.

WAYNE

Don't worry, Imogen. I get the message.

Imogen glares at Wayne as she struggles rounding up the protesting children. She fires a parting shot as she drags them out.

IMOGEN

(To Tom)

I thought you were going to do that council job application tonight. You waste so much time on your useless hobbies!

Tom meekly protests.

TOM

It's not a hobby, Imogen...

But Imogen's gone. We hear her arguing with the children as they thump around upstairs. Tom follows Wayne to the front door.

WAYNE

Pay her no mind, mate. She'll think differently when we're living the dream...

5. INT. CORNER SHOP - EVENING

Adam strides in and hands a POSTER to the SHOPKEEPER who nods. As Adam leaves, the shopkeeper unrolls the poster. It advertises 'THE FACELIFTERS - AT THE LODESTONE!'

6. EXT/INT. JARED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A quick shot establishes that Jared lives in an up-market DETACHED HOUSE. There's an upstairs light on.

In his BEDROOM, JARED (22, plump, grungy, dreadlocks, piercings) sits hunched over his POWER MAC. He looks fearsome. The walls are covered in sci-fi movie posters and album cover graphics and his Degree Certificate in Graphic Design is prominently displayed, while his bookshelves are crammed with fantasy and sword'n'sorcery paperbacks.

But he's designing a POSTER for the Burnley Thespian Society's production of Noel Coward's 'Blithe Spirit'. It's very stylish.

His mother EDITH (late 40s) enters in her dressing gown carrying a tray with a hot drink and biscuits.

EDITH

Now promise you'll go to bed when you've had your cocoa. You mustn't tire yourself out.

Jared, engrossed in his work, simply grunts. Edith peers at the screen.

EDITH

(Cont)

You've made us look so professional! You're such a clever boy... But remember, Jared - you must save it to one of those floppy things. You will do that, won't you?

Jared, exasperated, grunts again and gropes for a biscuit. Edith tip-toes out.

7. EXT. TOWN CENTRE STREET - NIGHT, RAIN

Adam and Wayne are pasting the Facelifters POSTERS on empty shopfronts. Blue lights flash! A POLICE CAR is turning the corner. Adam and Wayne drop everything and run.

8. INT. THE LODESTONE ROCK PUB - NIGHT

The Facelifters are playing full volume on the tiny STAGE. RATTY (30s, ex-punk) flails away behind his drum kit, BAZ (40s, hairy old rocker) grooves on bass, while lead guitarist JOE (late 20s, skinny, intense) thrusts and grinds with his Telecaster.

Front man Wayne is giving it his all as they reach the final bars of a Happy Mondays cover. Only Tom sits impassive behind his keyboard, seemingly detached.

In the middle of the empty DANCE FLOOR a drunk woman (DEBBIE, blonde, late 20s) is dancing erratically by herself, giving Wayne an adoring look. Despite the band's energy only a handful pf people are sitting at the tables around the edge.

Sober-faced Adam is sitting further back with STANNY (early 30s), who is monitoring levels on the MIXER. Fan boy WILL (20s) is sporting his home-made Facelifters t-shirt and cheering them on.

9. INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jared is rummaging furtively under his bed. Beneath the copies of Playboy and Mayfair, he unearths a box containing a dial-up MODEM and cables. It's already half open. He takes everything out, connects it to his Mac and plugs the splitter into the bedside phone socket.

TITLE: HOW THE WEB WAS WON

10. INT. LODESTONE CLUB - NIGHT

In the empty club the band are packing up their gear. Baz and Ratty laugh as Will struggles manhandling a heavy amp.

Drunken Debbie has wrapped herself around Wayne but he's shaking her off impatiently as he's arguing with Adam.

ADAM

OK, so it's been slow tonight but I got you the gig, didn't I? And I can get more.

WAYNE

Like one of your crusty raves in the middle of fucking nowhere? No thanks! You're not marketing us properly for the clubs, that's the problem.

Adam keeps his cool.

ADAM

Look, we're all shagged. Talk about it tomorrow.

Wayne's about to reply, but he can no longer ignore Debbie's attentions.

DEBBIE

Never mind, Wayne love. Always got your groupie...

Behind her Will is now staggering out with a speaker column.

11. EXT. LODESTONE CLUB - NIGHT

Tom starts his rusty estate car with difficulty as Wayne glides away in his VW Golf with Debbie. The musicians are loading their gear into a battered Ford Transit.

Adam takes unused posters from his van and shoves them into a rubbish bin.

12. INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights twinkle on Jared's modem. He is typing away furiously and staring into his monitor. We don't know what he's watching but he's transfixed.

13. WAYNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A bedside clock displays 10.20 AM. The bedroom is furnished in bland IKEA style. There are wine glasses and a half-empty bottle on the dressing table among Debbie's make-up.

Wayne extricates himself from the duvet and Debbie's embrace. He gets up and starts wriggling into T-shirt and jeans. Debbie yawns and rolls over.

DEBBIE

Oh, for fuck's sake, it's Sunday...

WAYNE

Got stuff to do, Debbie. A load of stuff...

Wayne opens the curtains and looks down on the High Street traffic. Debbie shields her eyes from the daylight.

DEBBIE

That hurts!

Wayne continues dressing.

WAYNE

You should have eased off on the Bacardis.

DEBBIE

I was just trying to liven things up, you know, get people onto the floor.

WAYNE

It was a waste of time.

Debbie looks pained.

WAYNE

(Cont.)

I mean - the whole gig...

DEBBIE

You've got to start somewhere...

WAYNE

We're going nowhere with Adam managing us. Spends all his time on patios and kitchen extensions.

DEBBIE

He's got to keep the day job. So have you...

Wayne isn't listening.

WAYNE

A front man shouldn't have to do his own fly posting. And we could save ten per cent. I'm gonna talk to Tom.

DEBBIE

But you've known Adam for yonks...

WAYNE

Music's a business, Debbie. No room for losers. It's all about winning...

Wayne grabs his coat. As the door closes behind him Debbie wraps the duvet around herself and crawls out of bed to pour herself a drink.

14. EXT. PARK - DAY

Tom is sitting on a BENCH beside the children's PLAYGROUND. Charlotte and Ralph are chasing each other around the slides and roundabouts, yelling happily, but Tom is absorbed in the cyber-tech magazine 'Wired'.

Then he sniffs and recognises a distinctive scent. He looks up to see Wayne standing over him, smoking a joint. Wayne passes it to him.

WAYNE

Imogen said you'd be here. She was a bit -

TOM

Frosty? In one of her Cold War moods? Sorry about that...

WAYNE

Well, you married her. But that's not what I'm here to talk about.

TOM

Is this a post-mortem about Saturday?

WAYNE

OK, I was edgy - and maybe too hard on your new stuff the other night. I reckon we could do something with that 'Cyber Babes' number.

TOM

Guess I could try giving it more
of a hook.

WAYNE

Well, you've got the talent. Ratty
and Baz just bash things and
thrash around. You're a proper
muso...

Tom laughs.

TOM

This isn't like you, Wayne.

(Beat)

WAYNE

I'll cut to the chase. Big
decision time. We need to lose
Adam!

TOM

What?

WAYNE

He's obviously not getting the
message across.

TOM

He works his ass off.

WAYNE

Not for us, he doesn't. We should
do our own management and PR.

TOM

While you're running around
selling three-bed semis?

WAYNE

I got media contacts - local
papers we do ads with - and Dave
Botney at Nelson FM -

TOM

Mister Cheesy's Breakfast Show?
'Coming up after Barry Manilow,
the new one from the Facelifters!'
I can't see it somehow.

WAYNE

Got any better ideas, Mister
Clever-Clogs?

Tom flips open a page of his magazine, to a piece about
the latest Apple Macs.

TOM

Big idea time! Get one of these.

Wayne stares at the picture of a Mac Performa.

WAYNE

What for? We're not going to sit around playing fucking Space Invaders.

TOM

Home computers are versatile these days, especially the Macs. For a start we could design our own posters.

WAYNE

Anything's better than Adam's Day-Glo efforts...

TOM

Album covers, flyers. Mass emailings, forums. Create an image, create a brand. And there's music software too - use MIDI, use samples. All kinds of possibilities...

Despite himself, Wayne is interested.

WAYNE

Do you think it could give us an edge?

TOM

Of course. And there's the Web.

WAYNE

Web?

TOM

World Wide Web. It's taking off.

WAYNE

Oh yeah, yeah... I think I read something about that. How much does one of these babies cost?

TOM

Only twelve hundred bucks.

Wayne does a brief mental calculation.

WAYNE

Holy shit...

TOM

Of course, I can't afford to
boldly go into cyberspace...

Wayne's hovering...

WAYNE

Ah, what the fuck! Arnedales must
owe me a bonus. And there's always
the bank of Debbie. No point in
hanging about, is there?

TOM

That's what you tell the clients.

WAYNE

Guess what - I'm doing it! Adam's
gonna do his fucking nut...

Tom for the first time scans the playground.

TOM

Christ, where have those kids got
to? Always playing hide 'n'seek...
Imogen's gonna kill me if we're
late for lunch...

Tom runs off into the playground, shouting. Wayne smiles
and shakes his head.

15 INT. YVONNE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yvonne, dressed in a dark cape, opens the door to Adam,
who hands an envelope to her.

ADAM

Sorry to bother you, Yvonne but
here's the quote. Any questions ,
just ask away.

YVONNE

I'm sure it'll be fine. I'd ask
you in but I'm off out in a
minute. I've got a working.

Adam thinks he's misheard her.

ADAM

You're working on a Sunday? What
sort of work?

YVONNE

It's a working, Adam.

ADAM

Not sure how to put this - but you don't come across as a 'working girl'...

Yvonne laughs.

YVONNE

There's workings and there's workings. You might find out one fine day... Now when can you start your work?

ADAM

A week tomorrow, if that suits you.

YVONNE

See you then!

Yvonne closes the door but watches through the living room window as he turns and walks towards his van.

16. WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The decor of Wayne's living room is as as bland as the bedroom. Through the bedroom door we have a brief glimpse of Debbie watching daytime TV in bed. The carpet is littered with packaging for a MAC PERFORMA, which is now set up on the dining table and connected to a modem. It's booting up, to Tom's delight.

TOM

Yep, it's hand-shaking. ISDN connection looking good. We have boot-up, we have internet!

WAYNE

Then take me for a ride along the information super highway. I've paid a big fare for this.

Wayne sits down in front of the keyboard, with Tom guiding him over his shoulder. Wayne is cautious dealing with this unfamiliar experience.

TOM

OK, move the mouse to the icon for Netscape. And click. That's it! You're in a browser. And there's the default page.

WAYNE

What's 'Nodespeed'?

TOM
Our ISP - Internet Service
Provider.

WAYNE
Uh-huh... There has to be more to
it, though...

TOM
Type <http://www.altavista.com>.
That's right! You got yourself a
search engine.

We now see the Mac screen from Wayne's POV.

WAYNE
What are we looking for?

TOM
You like dogs, don't you? Big
ones, right?

Wayne types laboriously.

WAYNE
OK...P-I-T-B-U-L-L...Bloody hell!
Hundreds of them...

A page of LINKS appears.

TOM
Click on any link!

A PAGE pops up, displaying 'Rambo's Xmas Home Page' in heavy gothic font. It depicts a blurry image of Rambo, an enormous sinister dog wearing a party hat with tinsel ribbons round its neck and his owner, a substantial gent in a Texan hat and a tartan suit. The picture is bordered with holly, smiling elves and a flashing wallpaper pattern featuring dozens of Santa Clauses.

WAYNE
Fuck me...

TOM
It's electronic folk art, Wayne.

WAYNE
If you say so... I think it's your
turn.

A RAPID MONTAGE as Tom and Wayne laugh while they scroll rapidly and at random through garish websites about cats, Harley-Davidsons. UFOs, Manchester bands, witches and real ale.

WAYNE

I guess it's a great way of sharing your hobbies or your holiday pics.

TOM

This is a whole new medium, don't you see? You can become an on-line broadcaster, sort of...

Wayne isn't listening...

WAYNE

What do you think happens if I type in 'porn'?

Debbie is now out of bed, lounging in the doorway.

DEBBIE

Hey, what are you boys up to?

TOM

Just giving Wayne a demo.

DEBBIE

I see...

17 EXT. YVONNE'S GARDEN DAY

A sunny morning. Adam is outside the back door laying string lines across the lawn, to show where he needs to dig out turf before laying the patio flagstones.

At the end of the garden there's a SECLUDED AREA bordered by high hedges on both sides, with a tree overhanging, which creates a leafy sheltered space.

Yvonne is lying down in this bower but we can only glimpse her head.

YVONNE

Adam! Come here... Give yourself a break.

Adam puts his string and pegs aside, and starts walking down the garden path. As he approaches, she gets up - and it's clear that she's quite naked. Adam stops in his tracks.

ADAM

Sorry - I didn't realise -

YVONNE

Nothing to be sorry about...

ADAM
It's just that -

YVONNE
We're all children of nature. It's
my morning ritual.

(Beat)

ADAM
Are you a sun worshipper or
something?

YVONNE
It's the source of all life, isn't
it? That's what witches believe...

ADAM
So you're - a witch. A real witch
- in the flesh?

YVONNE
A white witch, please. With a
touch of scarlet, of course

Yvonne smiles and beckons.

YVONNE
(Cont.)
Shall we perform a little sex
working together? To raise our
energies and get your work off to
a good start?

Adam is mesmerised. He moves towards her open arms.

18. EXT. YVONNE'S GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Adam has made good progress laying the patio. Yvonne, now
dressed in a loose kaftan, comes out with a cup of tea.
She seems very calm and matter-of-fact.

YVONNE
Good work, Adam.

ADAM
Glad to be of service, madam. But
what happens now? I mean, we've
had our Garden of Eden moment...

YVONNE
You've been initiated, Adam. Not
formally, of course. That normally
happens at the coven.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

ADAM

The coven...?

YVONNE

But I never have been one for convention.

ADAM

I get that...

YVONNE

I felt you had the gift. It was an act of recognition, if you like. A bonding, you know? Even if you don't know it yet...

ADAM

I don't know what to think, to be honest.

YVONNE

Don't worry about it. Love is the Law, and all that...

She gives him a hug and goes back inside, leaving him pleasantly mystified.

19. INT. WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wayne shows Adam, in up-beat mood, into the living room, where Tom is sitting at the Mac.

ADAM

...and I've got you one in Nelson, another at the Miners' Club, I'm talking to a publican in Colne, I can get you headlining my next Psychotrance event -

Adam catches sight of the computer.

ADAM

(Cont)

Hey? What's this? A replacement manager?

Wayne and Tom exchange uneasy glances. Wayne starts rolling a joint. As they talk, he lights it and passes it around.

ADAM

(Cont)

Only joking, chaps.. Right - let's see what your new toy can do.

Tom opens the ISP page for Nodespeed.

TOM

There's Nodespeed, our service provider. Basically, it's run from a box in London.

WAYNE

But they must need local resellers like us - for domain registration, email accounts. We could do that as an add-on to promoting the band - I guess even create a website for it. If we knew how to do that stuff...

Adam thinks for a moment, takes a long toke on Wayne's joint - and has a rush of inspiration

ADAM

'Create a website - as an add-on'... You know something? You're talking like a guy who's invented the internal combustion engine and thinks it might be useful for powering lawn-mowers. Or the boffin in 1950 who said Britain might need four or five computers. Can't you see where this is going?

TOM

The web's going everywhere. It's global!

ADAM

Everyone's going to need a site - all the tradespeople I deal with for a start. Not to mention the bands! And who's going to wait for property details in the post when they can click a link and see them right away? It's a fucking great disruptor for advertising, marketing, the music biz, the whole media industry - even the broadcasters.

TOM

Like I said, we can all be webcasters. Could be the start of a whole new culture!

WAYNE

That's all well and good. But if we're going to do the business, we need someone who can actually design the great disruptor. (HE LOOKS AT TOM) Can you do it, Professor Tom? I mean we know you're big on the vision thing and you read all the glossy mags...

TOM

Ah...I've grasped the general principles behind hypertext coding...

WAYNE

But can you fucking do it?

Tom remains silent.

20. INT. STANNY'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a small office. The walls are covered with posters and flyers. Stanny is sitting at his desk, checking out a proof copy of a large Facelifters poster, as Adam enters.

STANNY

Good timing. You can sign off this proof.

Adam gives the proof a quick glance and initials it.

ADAM

Looking good, Stanny. But right now I'm head-hunting a web designer. Know any one?

STANNY

I think it's flash in the pan, that internet stuff. People don't want to look into screens all the time.

ADAM

But do you know anyone?

STANNY

There's a graphic designer who did some DTP work with us during his college vacations. Only just graduated. But he's up to speed with all the latest tech wizardry. He's got flair. And a good eye. Although you wouldn't think so to look at him.

ADAM

It's the wizardry I'm after.

STANNY

It might help if I came along
after work and introduced you.
It's a slightly strange
household...

21. INT. HALLWAY OF JARED'S HOUSE - EVENING

Everything about the hall - carpet, wallpaper, vase of flowers on the side table, landscape paintings on the wall - suggests middle-class comfort and middle-of-the road tastes.

The doorbell chimes. Edith, flustered at this unexpected call, unchains and unlocks the door.

Stanny is standing in the porch. Behind him, Adam, Wayne and Tom stand solemnly, arms folded.

EDITH

Well, good evening, Stanley. I must say this is a surprise.

STANNY

Evening, Mrs Hudson. These are some friends of mine. We'd like to see Jared, if that's all right. Can we come in?

Edith isn't quite sure about this.

EDITH

He doesn't usually have visitors.

STANNY

It's about work. He did great work for me last summer, Mrs Hudson. He's a very clever lad.

Edith beams.

EDITH

He's very busy of course. He's just done the poster for our next production. 'Blithe Spirit' I'm Madam Arcarti, the medium...

ADAM

Great! I'm really looking forward to it. Aren't you, Wayne?

Wayne forces a smile. Edith relaxes as Tom starts a charm offensive.

TOM

I thought you were wonderful in that Agatha Christie play. And my kids loved last year's panto...

Edith now feels reassured.

EDITH

You're too kind. Now you better all come inside.

They file in and gather at the foot of the stairs.

EDITH

(Cont.)

Do you know anything about telephones? We're having lot of trouble with ours, we just get buzzy noises most of the time. And such big bills! I hope Jared hasn't done something funny to it. But he never tells us anything. And here we are, giving him bed and board... Anyway, up you go. And remember to knock...

They start ascending the stairs.

22. INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Wayne stand over Jared, who is sitting nervously at his desk, while Tom explores the room, peering at the bookshelves and flipping through magazines. Stanny studies the posters and artwork on the wall.

JARED

What are you doing here? In my room...

ADAM

Stanny's told us good things about you. He says you know your way around software - like web design software?

Jared relaxes slightly. But he's still wary.

JARED

I've taught myself HTML, hyperlinks, style sheets, and so on...

WAYNE

That's all Greek to me. Show us what you can actually do.

JARED
It's not finished, it's still in
development -

WAYNE
I hope this isn't a waste of
time...

Jared looks hurt as if he might retreat back into his shell. Adam's body language suggests that Wayne should ease off.

ADAM
Don't worry, Jared. It's all new
and exciting for us.

TOM
We're waiting to be astounded!

Tom comes over to look as Jared brings up the WEBSITE for the Burnley Thespians, clicking through the home page, forthcoming productions, archive pictures in which Edith is prominently featured, contact details.

The design is clean and elegant, while the links all work smoothly.

WAYNE
This is much better than the shite
I was looking at with Tom.

TOM
You can actually go through it
without getting a migraine. It's
really neat.

JARED
I'm going to add a page for
bookings. Soon people will be able
to reserve tickets on-line.

ADAM
And pay for them?

JARED
Yes! Customers will want to buy
things on the web. And services...

WAYNE
With their credit cards?

JARED
There'll be a secure private way
of paying - people in the States
are already working on it.

WAYNE
This is beginning to make sense.

STANNY

I told you he knew his stuff.

WAYNE

I owe you an apology, Jared. I was a bit hasty there. It looks like you're the right man for the job. What do you say, Adam?

ADAM

You could be a real asset for us, Jared.

JARED

I'm not sure... Could I work from here?

ADAM

You'd be part of a team, Jared. In an office...

JARED

I don't know...

ADAM

You don't want to stay in your bedroom for ever.

WAYNE

Here's the bottom line. We'll pay you. How about - four quid an hour?

Adam raises his eyebrows.

WAYNE

(Cont.)

Or let's say...four fifty...

JARED

Really? As much as that?

WAYNE

Yes, really... It's your life-changing opportunity. Take the plunge!

JARED

I should talk it over with Mum.

ADAM

I'm sure your mother will be thrilled.

JARED

I'll give it a try...

ADAM

Good man! Now we've got a few things to sort out. We'll be in touch.

23. INT. PUB - DAY

In a quiet corner of the saloon bar, Adam and Wayne sit over beers.

ADAM

You jumped the gun a bit last night, talking about pay.

WAYNE

You reckon four fifty is too much?

ADAM

No, it's not enough. His contribution is going to be crucial. Like he needs a proper salary.

WAYNE

Like we need to start this up as proper business. Companies House and the rest of it. Separate from all your building stuff.

ADAM

Right - then we need to talk about money. Seed money.

WAYNE

Well, don't look at me. I've spent a fucking fortune on that fancy computer.

ADAM

I wouldn't expect you to be the major shareholder. My idea. So I'll put my money where my mouth is.

WAYNE

You sure? Renting an office, all the overheads?

ADAM

Of course, I'm fucking sure! I'm sure it's your round too...

Wayne laughs. He gets up and heads towards the counter.

24. INT. YVONNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvonne leads Adam into the candle-lit living room and steers him towards the sofa. She sits in an armchair.

YVONNE

Well, here's a nice surprise.
You've come to finish the patio in
the dark. Is that the big idea?

ADAM

We need to talk. A proper talk.

YVONNE

Sounds like you're going to go
down on your knees and propose to
me.

Adam smiles ruefully.

ADAM

Been there, done that. Not on my
knees - but all the rest. Church,
flowers, vicar, champagne
reception...

YVONNE

And it didn't work out?

ADAM

Two years, more or less.

YVONNE

I hope you didn't thump her.

ADAM

No, I'm not that kind of guy! But
let's say I had a couple of
dalliances...

YVONNE

I can imagine. You're quite good
at that... What was her name?

ADAM

Anne. And there's Rachel. Just
turned seven...

YVONNE

I can't magic them back for you,
if that's what you're after.

ADAM

Don't worry, it's all quite
sensible now. She has her new
bloke in Manchester and I have
regular access. But I need your
wise woman advice.

Yvonne laughs.

YVONNE

You think I'm a wise woman?

Adam waves a hand at the Wiccan objects and pictures that adorn the room.

ADAM

You've got all the gear. Anyway, you told me you were a witch. In our garden of Eden moment...

YVONNE

I might have been a serpent. Or a big spider... Leading you up the garden path...OK, what's on your mind?

ADAM

Mind's going all over the place, to be honest. Ever since the split with Anne I've been kind of drifting. I've lost direction. I've sort of made a go of this building work, I've started music promotion. But I haven't had any sense of direction. I dropped out of uni -

YVONNE

What did you study?

ADAM

BA Economics, Manchester. I was a great entertainments secretary - for two terms.

YVONNE

Maybe economics didn't answer the big questions.

ADAM

Maybe I didn't know what the big questions were back then. Anyway, there was talk about me going into the family engineering business, but that was already going bust. And I couldn't go back to something like that now, even if I wanted to.

YVONNE

So what are you going to do?

ADAM

I've got a chance to try something completely new, something that could be huge. A company creating websites.

YVONNE

The Web?

ADAM

The World Wide Web - on the internet...

YVONNE

Not the sort of web I know much about. Don't know if I can help you there. But go on...

ADAM

I'm taking a big risk here. With everything I've worked for. With people I need to trust. Once I've done it, there's no going back. So should I do it?

YVONNE

I think you know the answer already. But let's see, shall we?

Yvonne goes to the table and picks up her TAROT PACK. She starts spreading the cards.

25 INT. TOM AND IMOGEN'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

A lava lamp on the bedside table and a reproduction psychedelic poster for The Doors over the bedhead. Imogen is setting the alarm on the clock radio, but Tom is still reading Montague Summers' 'The Geography of Witchcraft.' As Imogen starts to snuggle under the duvet, he reads aloud.

TOM

'In the lonely forest of Pendle, among the wild hills of Eastern Lancashire, there lived a witch, acknowledged to be the agent of the Devil in these parts -'

IMOGEN

Oh, put away that silly book and keep me warm for a change.

TOM

It's fascinating stuff. Part of our local heritage.

IMOGEN
More fascinating than me, I
guess...

TOM
I never said that...

Tom closes the book and puts it on the bedside table. He takes off his glasses, gives Imogen a peck on the cheek, settles down and turns over. She sighs - and prods him.

IMOGEN
What's going on, Tom?

TOM
What do you mean?

IMOGEN
I was in Barclay's today. You've transferred a hundred quid out of the joint savings. What's that for? Some gizmo for Wayne's bloody band?

TOM
No, no way. It's only a token investment.

IMOGEN
Investment? From our joint account?

TOM
In Adam's new business! On the internet. You'll like this. I'm going to be a co-director.

IMOGEN
My husband a company director? On the internet? That's a bad joke...

TOM
Don't worry. Adam's putting up the lion's share.

IMOGEN
I hope he knows what he's doing.

TOM
He knows about business. The internet is the future of business, Imogen.

IMOGEN
Everything's the future with you. When it's not wizards and warlocks...

TOM

Don't worry about it...

IMOGEN

I'm too tired for worrying. Or anything else now.

Imogen switches off the light and turns over.

26. INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bank Manager MR. HARBOTTLE is sitting at his DESK, squinting at Adam's business plan. He seems unconvinced.

HARBOTTLE

I don't know about this, Mr Cadman. Untested waters and all that. I'd stick with the building trade, if I were you. There'll always be a demand for that. This internet thing could be a passing fad.

ADAM

It's the future, Mr Harbottle. Could be the future of banking...

HARBOTTLE

Not sure about that. People value the personal touch, you know. They won't want to talk to a screen. Especially if they're asking for a substantial loan.

ADAM

Yes or no, Mr Harbottle?

HARBOTTLE

I'll see what we can do...

27. EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Adam's VAN is parked outside his terrace house. The signage has been roughly painted over. Stanny studies the blank side panel and turns to Adam.

STANNY

So what are you going to call it then?

28. INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adam's kitchen is crowded and low-lit. Adam, Wayne, Tom and Jared sit around a long TABLE covered in beer cans, ash-trays and paperwork. Wayne is passing round a JOINT. Tom takes a puff and passes it to wide-eyed Jared who inhales and splutters.

TOM

How about 'Hypster'? Take a trip into electronic hyperreality!

ADAM

Yeah, maybe.. gets the hipster connection in there too...

WAYNE

Nah, it's too fancy - too clever for the muppets.

TOM

I thought you'd like it - all about hype, talking things up, selling the dream. All the stuff you're so good at...

Adam senses Tom is perhaps trying to wind Wayne up.

ADAM

Let's keep on topic, lads.

TOM

OK, if you really want impact - watch this!

Tom grabs a marker pen and a sheet of paper. Everyone crowds round as he carefully draws a LOGO - a bold runic S, with sharp angles like a stylised lightning bolt.

TOM

(Cont.)

A logo has to carry powerful connotations, it has to have a subliminal charge at the unconscious level, take you on a trip. This carries a current of energy, it suggests a lightning flash of illumination. It even suggests the witchery and craft of Pendle's history. This, my brothers, will be 'TRIP/S/WITCH'!

WAYNE

Well, who's selling the dream now? That's even crazier than your last one...

JARED

You know...I think...I think...I could really do something with that...

Adam ponders and studies Tom's sketch carefully.

ADAM

So that's our brand? 'TRIP/S/WITCH'? I see...

WAYNE

It's too weird...

ADAM

For fuck's sake, Wayne, weird and wild and wonderful is what we should be about. TRIP/S/WITCH'? It feels right. Take a trip, trip your switch, switch on to us, switch over to us. Quick as a flash! I like it!

WAYNE

I guess you're the boss. It's down to you. But only on one condition.

ADAM

Oh yeah?

WAYNE

I bring Debbie in as my PA. She's been good on reception at the dentists, she knows how to handle people. I need someone to follow up contacts.

ADAM

You reckon she's up for it? It could be quite high-pressure...

WAYNE

Oh, she'll always do what I ask.

ADAM

If you think she can cope...

WAYNE

And here's another thing. There's lots of empty shops around town. A bit run-down but I know of one that would be OK for an office.

TOM

Not rented through Arnedale and Jackson by any chance?

WAYNE

Piss off, Tom!

ADAM

Easy, guys. You'll upset Jared if you carry on like this. Don't get me wrong, Wayne, I appreciate the suggestion but if we're going to have credibility we got to have presence in the community, the right location to impress clients. I'm looking at getting a space in Arkwright Mill, the new business centre.

WAYNE

That's gonna cost a fucking fortune!

ADAM

Image, Wayne, image! Don't worry, we're going to have media coverage too.

He rolls another joint.

29. EXT/INT MONTAGE - DAY

EXT: Adam, Wayne, Tom and Jared pose for pics by journalist JENNY (bright spark, late 20s) outside THE ARKWRIGHT MILL BUSINESS CENTRE, an upscale industrial building office conversion.

INT: A small OFFICE with two rooms - TEAM AREA and Adam's INNER OFFICE.

The team carry in computer kit and office furniture/Adam allocates desks/Jared unboxes a new Mac/Wayne sticks up a Facelifters poster in his corner/Tom carries in boxes of books/Stanny documents it all on his CAMCORDER/Adam ushers Jenny into his sanctum.

30. INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenny makes eye contact with Adam and smiles as she closes her notebook.

JENNY

That's brilliant, Adam! I've learned so much today.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

This is really going to put the town on the cyber-map. I'll make sure you're front page news on Friday.

ADAM

Thanks, Jenny! You'll be the first to receive a tape of our promo video, as soon as it's been edited.

JENNY

My! You are a real mover and shaker! Just give me a call as soon as you've got any more news for me. This is sensational!

She smiles again as she picks up her things to go.

31. INT./EXT. STANNY'S VIDEO

Stanny's VIDEO is shot in low-budget imitation of MTV style.

Over uptempo indie rock by the Facelifters, the team strut out of the office and stride down the main corridor of Arkwright Mill. Will marches towards them, in fancy dress as a policeman. Adam cockily knocks off his helmet and crowns Jared with it.

Outside they pile into a stretch LIMO and drive off. Wayne is at the wheel. Inside there's a control panel, a B-movie sci-fi mock-up with flashing lights, plus a big switch protruding.

Adam throws the switch; and a great flash of lightning fills the sky, followed by the tag-line:

TRIP/S/WITCH - INTO THE CYBERZONE!

32. OFFICE TEAM AREA - DAY

The air is thick with pot fumes as Adam switches off the TV monitor. Tom, Wayne, and Debbie laugh, applaud and slap Stanny on the back.

ADAM

Great job, Stanny!

WAYNE

Yeah, it could help with the pitch. But I've been talking us up all over town and no-one's taking the plunge.

STANNY

Half the old farts in the Chamber of Commerce haven't even got a computer. They can't see the point.

ADAM

We need businesses reaching young people.

Jared emerges shyly from behind his computer.

JARED

I've er, seen this girl...

TOM

Good for you, Jared...

JARED

No, I've seen her.. going down the corridor.. through the lobby...

WAYNE

The suspense is killing us...

JARED

She went into an office...

ADAM

And..?

JARED

They do package holidays - for young people...

TOM

Of course! SUNFEST! SUNFEST - Your Sky-Way to The Med! Sea, sex and sunburn! It's pure synchronicity.

WAYNE

Must have a chat with this interesting young lady.

Jared looks uneasy, while Debbie is obviously peeved.

33. INT. ARKWRIGHT MILL LOBBY - DAY

Wayne is lurking in the corridor. LORRAINE (21) emerges from the SUNFEST office.

WAYNE
Morning, love!

LORRAINE
Hey, you're the guy from the
Facelifters, right?

WAYNE
You got it, honey. I'm the man...

LORRAINE
So what are you doing here?

WAYNE
I'm Sales Director for Trip/S/
Witch. Just moved in.

LORRAINE
What's that all about? Trip/S/
Witch?

WAYNE
We take people on trips - just
like you!

LORRAINE
I'm not quite sure -

WAYNE
It's all about making your
business big - on the World Wide
Web!

LORRAINE
Ah... My boss was talking about
that last week. He's struggling
trying to get his head around that
stuff.

WAYNE
What's his name?

LORRAINE
Larry Fosdyke.

WAYNE
And you are?

LORRAINE
Lorraine. Lorraine Howard...

WAYNE

Well, Lorraine, you're invited to pay us a visit. With your Mr Fosdyke. We'll sort him out. But he needs to get in there fast. Unit Seven, just down the corridor.

Wayne walks off, leaving Lorraine slightly dazed.

34. INT. OFFICE TEAM AREA - DAY

LARRY (florid, late 30s) and Lorraine peer into a large MONITOR which displays the new WEBSITE for the Facelifters.

The rest of the team crowd around. Jared can't take his eyes off Lorraine, who is also the focus of Debbie's distrust.

Wayne clicks through the links.

WAYNE

So there's the website for the band. It's all here - pics - forthcoming gigs - contact us. You can even hear us.

Wayne clicks on a link for 'Cyber Babes'. There's a long pause. Tom looks nervous.

LARRY

Is there a problem, folks?

JARED

It's band-width. Only 28.8k download on the modem. So there's a latency issue -

Adam silences Jared with a warning look. Then the song suddenly blasts out through the desktop speakers. Larry's amazed and Lorraine's delighted. They shout over the music.

LORRAINE

Hey - is this going be a single?

LARRY

And anyone with a computer on line could hear it?

WAYNE

Anyone, anywhere. From Manchester to Ibiza to Outer Mongolia...

ADAM

We're adding video clips in the next upgrade - isn't that right, Jared?

Jared nods eagerly. Wayne pauses the song.

TOM

You see, Larry, the interweb is the ultimate post-modern market place, it's like the enchanted interface of digitised capitalism, it's -

ADAM

All right, Tom, you can save Larry the philosophy lecture -

LARRY

No - interweb! Audio! Video! I like it! In fact, I love the whole package. I think we can do business here. Tell you what, you guys got to meet our CEO in Manchester.

35. SUNFEST BOARD ROOM - DAY

A modern meeting room decorated with Sunfest posters. Three DIRECTORS(40s, suits) sit around the table. At the end, Larry sits with Adam and Wayne next to a monitor.

LARRY

Ok, so you've seen what they can do.

DIRECTOR

Very clever stuff - but are you attuned to our target demographic, Mr Cadman? You haven't said much.

LARRY

How would you describe yourselves, lads?

ADAM

We're the Sex Pistols of the Cyber-web!

WAYNE

Your summer holidays won't sound like Cliff Richard any more...

ADAM

We're rocking...rocking the foundations of the ad industry!

The Director tries to make sense of this.

DIRECTOR

But have you ever been on one of our holidays ?

ADAM

Well, if you give us a freebie, we'll be properly attuned to the demographic.

DIRECTOR

I don't really think -

ADAM

If we're going to make people love the product, we've got to know it, we gotta feel that Sunfest magic ourselves.

LARRY

The lads need to do their in-depth research.

ADAM

It'll be a whole new image for Sun-Fest. The hits will keep on coming. You won't regret it...

36. INT. PUB - NIGHT

The pub is quiet. Adam and Will sit over their pints.

WILL

Couldn't you get me on board? I'd be no trouble, honest.

ADAM

I've had to really push the Sunfest honchos to get all my team on the flight.

WILL

But I don't want to be running around managing cleaners, I want to be on the beach and on the decks. I could be the new Pete Tong...

ADAM

You're the Pete Tong of weddings all right.

WILL

I mean, I lent Wayne my mixer at the Lodestone. And I gave your number to loads of people for your building stuff. Like there was a woman, Yvonne, one of my part-timers. Did she ever get in touch?

ADAM

I did a small job for someone of that name.

(Beat)

Look, maybe I can try and wangle you in.

WILL

Really?

ADAM

Yeah, as team mascot or something...

They laugh.

I37. INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Imogen busies herself tidying up the children's toys, while Tom has his nose in a Sunfest brochure.

IMOGEN

So I'm supposed to be the loyal wifette keeping the home fires burning while you're gallivanting across the Mediterranean?

TOM

It's only for a week.

IMOGEN

Well, that's long enough for you to get one of those Sunfest tarts into bed.

TOM

You know I'd never -

IMOGEN

No, on your current bedroom performance you probably wouldn't...

(Beat)

Imogen is suddenly tearful. Tom is shaken.

IMOGEN

(Cont.)

Sorry, Tom, that was mean. I'm a bitch, I know. I shouldn't have said that. But - I feel so alone these days. You're more and more stuck into your music and weird books, now there's bloody Trip/S/Witch taking over your life, we're stuck in this fucking backstreet hovel, while I do chores and the kids go bananas.

TOM

Imogen, I'm only trying to -

IMOGEN

I could have had a career, that agency in Liverpool really wanted my designs, but I said no, I'll wait, give Tom a chance to sort out what he really wants to do, and here I am seven years later, and I'm just muddling along to nowhere, all by myself...

TOM

You need to talk to someone...

IMOGEN

Who, outside your cronies..?

TOM

Well, there's the new neighbour you were chatting to last week. You seemed to like her well enough... Invite her round for coffee while I'm away. It would be a start...

IMOGEN

I'll think about it... But we've got to make some changes, Tom.

Imogen packs up a box of toys and leaves the room.

38. EXT/INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY

EXT: Julie's terrace house is neat and newly decorated, unlike Tom's.

INT: Inside Julie's LIVING ROOM the three-piece suite looks new and a huge TV plays a gameshow with the sound turned down.

JULIE (30s, dark hair) sits in a big armchair, wearing a bulky dressing gown and knitting a cardigan. There's a glass of wine on the table in front of her. She's talking into a HEADSET WITH A MICROPHONE.

JULIE

Yes, I'm eighteen and I'm blonde... I'm wearing fishnet stockings, my little suspender belt - and nothing else... You like that, mmm?

We hear the faint chatter of the caller as she continues knitting.

39. INT. IBIZA NIGHT CLUB, BAR/DANCE FLOOR.

A fast paced MONTAGE: Adam passing round E's/Adam and Wayne partying with Lorraine and random girls on the dance floor/Will fixated on the DJ and the decks/Jared, bewildered, at the bar, trying to focus on Lorraine/Stanny taking pics and/or video/Debbie at the bar knocking back cocktails/Adam and Wayne dragging Jared on to the dance floor/Adam, Wayne and Will in tribal celebration.

40. INT. IBIZA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is squatting on the floor. He solemnly takes a tab of acid - and opens a book on the Kabbalah.

In front of him is a diagram of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life. He focuses on the zig-zag Lightning Bolt that links Kether to Malkuth and traces it with his finger.

He closed his eyes. He has a sudden flash of illumination across his interior vision - a strange luminous SIGIL. But it fades almost immediately.

He gets up and stares out of the window into the sky, indifferent to the noise of the club below.

41. EXT. IBIZA, BY THE POOL - DAY

The team frolic around the pool, splashing in and out of the water. Adam, Wayne and Will fight mock battles and chase Debbie and Lorraine. Stanny snaps them all like a paparazzo.

Tom lies on a sun lounger reading while Jared watches forlornly from under a beach umbrella.

42. EXT. IBIZA POOL - DAY

A montage of stills - group PHOTOS of the team. Everyone, even Jared , is smiling madly except Tom at the edge of the group who seems detached from it all.

43. INT. OFFICE - DAY

A meeting in the team area with Adam, Wayne, Tom and Jared. They drink coffee. Adam looks at the clock.

ADAM

Where's Debbie? It's half-ten.

WAYNE

She takes time to warm up in the mornings.

ADAM

Still in recovery mode, I guess. Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed our little field trip.

WAYNE

Yeah, it was a cracker. Will was really going apeshit. Guess we all were...

ADAM

How about you, Tom? You even never made it down to Amnesia. They were playing some good beats.

WAYNE

You could have learned a thing or two. And you missed some top totty. Sorry, forgot your marital status...

TOM

I was quite happy to chill. Had my own trip. It was quite inspirational.

WAYNE

Fine - has it inspired you to come up with bright ideas for clients?

ADAM

Let's keep the vibe mellow. I know it's early but I think we already need a pick-me-up.

Adam goes over to the office sound system and puts on an ambient track. He starts rolling a joint. Jared puts up his hand like an anxious pupil.

JARED

I could ask my mum at St Winifred's.

WAYNE

A local primary school doesn't really kick ass for me. If we're going to be local, we might as well try Wonder Windows - don't forget, I was their top salesman, I've still got a contact there. And there's Nelson FM, I know Dave Botney -

TOM

Oh no, not fucking Dave Botney again!

ADAM

Look, think of the big picture! Think national, even international. Finding Sunfest down the corridor was a lucky break. We need to hit big ad agencies in London, make our services indispensable.

JARED

But we're just a little company in a little northern town.

Adam has another eureka moment. He leaps up.

ADAM

Northern! That's just it! Northern - like the Beatles, the Animals, Oasis. We're outsiders, the barbarians at their gates, we're the movers and shakers. We have to capitalise on that - 'Sex Pistols of the Cyber-Web,' remember?

Wayne and Tom laugh.

ADAM

There's so much talent in this room! Wayne could sell ice to an Eskimo, Tom's got a head full of ideas, Jared's our ace webmaster. And the Web is the Wild West. We're going to ride into town on bucking broncos...

TOM

Hold tight, Jared!

ADAM

We're going to hit all the big ones - Saatchi and Saatchi, McCann Erickson - and the biggest of them all - Elliot Godwin Stromberg... We've got to set up meetings. It's the Big Pitch!

A befuddled Debbie arrives. She almost chokes on the cannabis fumes.

WAYNE

You've got a lot of calls ahead of you, babe!

Debbie flops down on her desk.

FADE TO CREDITS

END OF EPISODE ONE