

Gary's Game

Written by

Martyn Rainbird

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EXT. LONDON RUN DOWN STREET - DAY

Gary (17), gangly and awkward with floppy hair, wearing a tired grey tracksuit, walks under the weight of a holdall over one shoulder and 6 foot ski bag over the other. The ski bag CLANGS to the ground. He struggles to pick it back up.

EXT. LONDON AFFLUENT STREET - DAY

Gary continues walking, stopping outside THE PUB, with its exposed timber beams and leaded light stained glass windows. He bundles through the narrow entrance double doors.

INT. THE PUB DOWNSTAIRS BAR - DAY

THE CHAUFFEUR (50), tall and stocky, wears a chauffeurs uniform and hat. He serves two pints of beer to a BUTCHER wearing a bloodied apron. The butcher carries the drinks to his table where a FIREFIGHTER sits. She flips open her visor. Gary stands at the doorway.

GARY

Hello Dad.

THE CHAUFFEUR

What the fuck are you doing here!

GARY

The Aristocrat has evicted me. Mum said I could live with you.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Good of her. How is your mum?

GARY

Dead.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Don't be a twat, how is she?

GARY

Still dead.

DARREN (22), tall, strong, gelled fair hair, walks into the bar. He's wearing a football shirt, shorts, socks and boots.

DARREN

Wow, you've grown. Still wetting the bed?

THE CHAUFFEUR

(to Darren)

Oi, did you know your Mum was dead?

DARREN

Yeah. The funeral was last week.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Did you go?

DARREN

Nah. We had a match.

Gary looks around the bar. A set of stairs in the far corner.

GARY

Is there a room where I can set up my livestream?

THE CHAUFFEUR

You can't just turn up here after 10 years.

GARY

Darren lives here.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Yes, because the rules say so.

GARY

I checked. The rules don't say I can't.

DARREN

(to The Chauffeur)

Is that true?

Gary is already walking up the stairs. Ski bag scraping the walls, CLANGING as he goes.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna check with The Aristocrat.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Oh no you don't!

DARREN

Gary did.

The Chauffeur raises his hand and prods a chubby finger into Darrens chest.

THE CHAUFFEUR

You go through me if you want to get to the Aristocrat.

DARREN

Yeah, of course. Sorry Dad.

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

Pictures in ornate frames adorn the deep red and gold patterned walls.

Wooden tables and chairs stand on creaky floorboards. Gary unpacks the ski bag. He assembles the green screen, tripods, camera phone and ring-light.

Gary sits at a table with the green screen behind. The ornate wallpaper and picture frames creep in at the edges.

INT. GDP YOUTUBE GREEN SCREEN SET - DAY

Gary sits in an open plan office. Bright ceiling lights. Glass, chrome and white fittings. The GDP (Gary Does Politics) logo sits in the top left.

GARY

Welcome to another episode of Gary Does Politics. If you are enjoying my content then don't forget to hit the like and subscribe buttons below.

Gary points his two index fingers downwards.

GARY (CONT'D)

One of the aims of my channel is to raise awareness of wealth inequality. How the rich get richer, the poor get poorer. If you look at history, it has always been that way. The rich became powerful by buying assets. The exception was the 70 years after the Second World War. A rate of tax for the highest earners was at 90%. As a result the wealth inequality gap reduced. People in everyday jobs were able to buy their homes. But since the austerity measures and lower taxes imposed after the 2008 financial crisis, it is no longer possible for young people to buy their own homes. Families are struggling to afford food. Households unable to pay energy bills.

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

The Chauffeur and Darren stand quietly in the corner watching Gary talking to a camera with a green screen behind him.

THE CHAUFFEUR

Always knew he'd grow up to be like this.

DARREN

A Communist?

GARY

(to the camera)

So since 2008, lower taxes on the rich meant they have been able to go back to acquiring a larger proportion of the assets.

THE CHAUFFEUR

He took after your Mum. Best thing I did winning this pub, accepting the forfeit.

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - LATER

Gary clears away his YouTube gear. The Chauffeur is bending behind the small bar in the corner. Bottles are clanking. Darren watches Gary.

Footsteps climb the stairs. THE ARISTOCRAT (60), portly, full head of grey hair and ruddy cheeks, wearing full House of Lords red robes with white fur trim, appears in the doorway. He holds an A4 envelope in his hand.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Good day to you all.

The Chauffeur straightens his tie, adjusts his hat and flattens down the hair on the back of his neck.

THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

I see your subscriber numbers are doing ferociously well Gary. You must be nearly at one thousand.

Gary zips up the ski bag and slings it over his shoulder.

THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

(to the whole room)

Please accept my heartfelt condolences.

THE CHAUFFEUR

I didn't know she'd died until Gary told me, m'Lord.

The Aristocrat opens the envelope, he takes out a document, then looks out at his audience.

THE ARISTOCRAT

In death, there is life. And by life, I mean money. One million of the King's pounds.

Gary stares blankly at The Aristocrat.

GARY

There's another game isn't there?

The Chauffeur and Darren's faces light up.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Yes, another 'Game'. This time between you two boys.

GARY

What if we don't want to play?

DARREN

I'm playing! For one million of the kings, I'm definitely fucking playing.

The Aristocrat takes four discs out of the envelope and places them on the table. Two have the word 'TAKE' on them and the other two have the word 'SHARE'. He places them face down on the table.

GARY

What's the winner's forfeit?

The Aristocrat slides a TAKE disc and a SHARE disc towards Gary's side of the table. He slides the two remaining discs towards Darren. He turns all 4 discs over. Gary and Darren look down at the discs.

GARY (CONT'D)

No way?

The two discs in front of Gary have the YouTube logo on them. Darren's two discs have a picture of a football on them.

DARREN

What?

THE ARISTOCRAT

Impart the rules to the boys my man.

The Aristocrat hands the document to The Chauffeur.

THE CHAUFFEUR

The prize is one million pounds. Each player can either play TAKE or SHARE. If both players choose TAKE The Aristocrat keeps the money. If both players choose SHARE then they each get half a million pounds, with no forfeit. If one player chooses TAKE and the other player chooses SHARE, then the player who has chosen TAKE wins one million pounds.

(MORE)

## THE CHAUFFEUR (CONT'D)

If Darren wins the million pounds, the forfeit is he never plays football again. If Gary wins the million pounds, the forfeit is he never broadcasts on social media again.

## GARY

You can't enforce that.

The Aristocrat arrogantly nods his head at Gary.

## THE ARISTOCRAT

Now, now Gary...

The Aristocrat looks across to The Chauffeur.

## THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

...you know I can.

The Chauffeur looks away ashamed.

## THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

I shall return Friday, when one of you could become a millionaire.

The Aristocrat picks up the discs. He leaves with the broadest of smiles. Darren and Gary study each other.

INT. GDP YOUTUBE GREEN SCREEN SET - DAY

Gary is livestreaming. Same bright glass and chrome backdrop.

## GARY

People are told to work hard, and be rewarded with a good life. But lots of people work hard, and they still struggle. The super-rich on the other hand, earn their money just by getting out of bed in the morning. Working people, whether they earn one hundred and twenty thousand pounds or twenty thousand, are not enemies. People and voters need to understand that the multi-millionaires, billionaires...the greedy and the selfish...they are the problem for our society.

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

The Chauffeur and Darren watch Gary from the doorway.

THE CHAUFFEUR

(to Gary)

You'll change your tune when you're a millionaire!

Gary turns and looks back at them.

GARY

Erm...I'm in the middle of a livestream.

THE CHAUFFEUR

You'll be in the middle of the fucking Thames if you keep spouting shit!

GARY

So you think people struggling in poverty aren't working hard enough?

THE CHAUFFEUR

You have to work hard to get ahead. I had to work hard for this.

GARY

You won it in the Aristocrat's game. You accepted the forfeit to leave me and Mum behind. Where's the hard work in that?

THE CHAUFFEUR

You show some respect boy!

GARY

You'll never get that.

The Chauffeur bends down, takes off one of his shoes, and throws it towards Gary. The shoe flies through the air...

INT. GDP YOU TUBE GREEN SCREEN SET - DAY

...Gary swerves out of the way. The shoe hits the green screen background. The virtual office wobbles and sways, as The Chauffeur's shoe broadcasts live across the internet. Gary taps the camera screen. The livestream goes black.

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

The Chauffeur turns to storm off, grabbing Darren's arm.

THE CHAUFFEUR

(an angry whisper)

You make sure we win that million.

Gary looks around at his YouTube gear scattered on the floor. Darren walks into the room towards Gary.



DARREN  
Why do you bother?

GARY  
I want to make a difference with my  
channel...but if I had the money...

DARREN  
I thought you were a Communist.

GARY  
You really are an idiot Darren.

DARREN  
You don't know me Gary.

Gary zips up the ski bag. He stares into the distance, then turns to Darren.

GARY  
Do you remember when we played  
football together as kids?

Darren's eyes glaze over. He then focusses on Gary. He turns his head over his shoulder.

DARREN  
He's finished Dad! What time's The  
Aristocrat getting here?!

INT. THE PUB UPSTAIRS ROOM - LATER

Gary, Darren, The Chauffeur and The Aristocrat sit around a table. Two YouTube discs in front of Gary. Two football discs in front of Darren. The Aristocrat rubs his hands together.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Jolly good young fellows. Take a  
look at your two discs.

Gary and Darren pick up each disc. They look at the words written on them. They place them face down on the table.

THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)  
Your are permitted to have a  
discussion with your opponent. Who  
would like to begin?

DARREN  
Gary, I'm definitely playing TAKE.  
If you play SHARE at least one of  
us gets the money.

GARY  
Really! I could say that to you.

DARREN

I can't trust you. I'm definitely playing TAKE.

GARY

And give up football?

Darren shrugs.

GARY (CONT'D)

If I play TAKE too, then we can be free from this. We won't owe them anything.

Darren glares at The Chauffeur.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Ok. Are you ready to play?

Darren nods. Gary shrugs.

THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

Pick up the disc you want to play without revealing it.

Darren immediately picks up one disc and pats it against the badge on his football shirt and holds it there. Gary looks down at the discs. Then he looks at The Aristocrat.

GARY

I guess it doesn't matter to you whether you keep the million pounds or not.

THE ARISTOCRAT

To the contrary my dear boy. The east wing is in dire need of some TLC.

Gary turns towards The Chauffeur.

GARY

And you...you'll get your hands on it if Darren wins, won't you?

The Chauffeur smiles smugly.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm tempted to not let that happen.

Darren's smirk falls from his face. Gary looks at the discs.

DARREN

Ok, I'll give you ten grand to buy some new camera gear.

Gary tilts his head as he looks directly at Darren.

THE ARISTOCRAT

You'll have to take Darren's word for it. Do you trust him Gary?

GARY

I hardly know him. Do I Dad?

Gary glares at The Chauffeur. He picks up one of the discs.

GARY (CONT'D)

You have the money then.

Gary and Darren place their discs face up on the table. Both discs show SHARE! Gary looks across at the broad smile on Darren's face.

GARY (CONT'D)

Wh...why did you...?

THE CHAUFFEUR

What did you fucking do that for?

THE ARISTOCRAT

No need to admonish the lad.

DARREN

Yeah. Shut the fuck up Dad.

Darren gets up, walks over to Gary side of the table. Keeping a disdainful stare on The Chauffeur.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm not like you Dad. I get what Gary's doing.

THE CHAUFFEUR

A bit hypocritical, preaching that naive bollocks with a million quid in your pockets.

GARY

Better in our pockets than the likes of you and this clown.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Thank you my Lord, would suffice.

EXT. LONDON AFFLUENT STREET - DAY

Gary and Darren exit THE PUB, smiling, both carrying holdalls. Gary has the 6 foot ski bag over his shoulder.

EXT. LONDON RUN DOWN STREET - DAY

As they walk Gary's ski bag falls to the ground. Darren helps Gary put it back over his shoulder. They continue walking.