

"Rummy"

Two Legends. One Race.

by

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BLACK SCREEN.SILENCE.REVERENCE

(Male voice over. Words fade in)
Respect this place,
This hallowed ground,
A legend here,
His rest has found,
His feet would fly,
Our spirits soar,
He earned our love,
For evermore.

SILENCE. A BEAT.

The sound of a distant crowd begins to grow, rising from barely a murmur to one creating a sense of anticipation.

CUT TO

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. 1940 - DAY
(B/W)

The crowd noise is now in the foreground. The camera captures the vast expanse of the Aintree Racecourse, where crowds are gathered for the Grand National and bookies shout their odds from their stands, cigarette smoke hangs in the air between the amassed bodies. Men with betting slips clutched in one hand and a beer in the other, women dressed in their 1930's finery.

Among them is DONALD "GINGER" MCCAIN a boy of nine years old, holding onto his AUNT MARGARET's hand. They are squeezing their way through the crowd.

LOW ANGLE SHOT from a child's perspective capturing the sea of adult legs as he is passing. Adults tower above, their faces partially obscured. Snippets of conversations drift down from every direction punctuated by a single laugh.

They stop at spot with a clearer view and more room to manoeuvre. A CLOSE UP captures GINGER's expression of open-mouthed wonderment.

GINGER
(whispers, to himself)
The whole world is right here.

From somewhere behind GINGER, a man with Binoculars.

MAN
(shouts)
They're lining up.
(Then louder, guttural)
G'on Workman, show 'em how it's
done!

The crowds begin to hush, a sense of quiet anticipation, just a murmur survives.

CUT TO

The race starter surveys the line up with his expert eye and then when all is right, he RAPIDLY lowers his flag

GRANDSTAND ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And they're off! The Grand National
is underway!

As the announcers voice BOOMS over the loudspeakers, signalling the start of the race, the crowd erupts into a rapturous expectant roar, the SUDDEN SURGE of noise STARTLES GINGER.

EXTREME CLOSE UP GINGER's hand, as it tightens around his aunt's, AUNT MARGARET places her free hand over GINGER's hand reassuringly.

CLOSE UP ON GINGER's face, his eyes wide with wonder as he gazes out at the track before him. The thundering of hooves echoes in his ears, mingling with the cheers of the spectators.

The horses thunder past, their powerful strides kicking up clouds of dirt and grass.

GINGER

(excited tones)

I'm going to be a jockey, I'm going
to be the fastest rider and win the
Grand National and then I'll be
Champion of the World.

AUNT MARGARET wryly smiles and crouches close to her nephew.

AUNT MARGARET

(she neatens his shirt
collar)

Hey, anything's possible lad. But
remember, it ain't just about
riding fast. It's about
understanding the horse, knowing
its heart. It's what's in here that
counts.

GINGER nods thoughtfully, his gaze fixed on AUNT MARGARET's face as the words sink in, hinting at the spark of ambition ignited.

The scene fades, leaving the audience with the echo of hoofbeats.

EXT. CAR. SOUTHPORT SEAFRONT. - DAY

Hoofbeats slowly morph into the sound of the Car Engine.

FADE IN

WIDE SHOT

The vast expanse of SOUTHPORT front and beach.

INT. BACK SEAT OF THE CAR

GINGER is returning home from his outing to the races. He sits in the back seat of the car. He is staring out of the window, watching the sights of Southport beach as they drive along the seafront.

EXT. SOUTHPORT FRONT.BEACH - DAY

The bustling beachfront is alive with activity; families flying colourful kites, children building sandcastles and playing ball games, and a group of kids gathered around a Punch and Judy show. In the background the shimmering blue sea stretches to the horizon. The tone shifts as a platoon of new army recruits marches toward the base. The car moves steadily, offering a continuous view of the lively scene until the car shudders, slows, and finally pulls over to the side of the road. .

INT. CAR - DAY

UNCLE

Bugger! It's that chuffing back tyre again.

Uncle exits the car.

EXT.SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAY.

In the distance, a small line of weary cart horses (shrimpers), trudge along a sandy path leading to the edge of the sea. Their heads hang low, and their steps are heavy, hooves dragging through the sand.

CLOSE UP The once-glossy coats of the horses now appear dull, and their manes are tangled and unkempt. The horses reach the edge of the water. For a moment, they hesitate, their exhaustion palpable. The LEAD HORSE, an aged but still sturdy stallion, snorts, his nostrils struggling with laboured breath, his eyes heavy and weary. He steps slowly into the sea and the others follow, reluctantly at first.

INT.CAR - DAY

GINGER's interest is more peaked now, he angles his seating position so his face is pressed close to the window.

GINGER

Look, more horses Aunt Margaret!

AUNT M

Poor things, worked to death. I don't think they'll be winning the National soon Donald. They look ready for the knackers yard if anything.

EXT. SOUTHPORT SEA - DAY

As the horses wade deeper into the water the cool, refreshing sea seems to breathe new life into them. The waves caress their legs, washing away the fatigue with each step they take further into the ocean. The LEAD HORSE lets out a whinny, a sound filled with renewed vigour. The other horses respond, their spirits visibly lifting. Their coats, now wet, glisten under the setting sun, and their manes flow freely in the sea breeze.

CLOSE UP of the LEAD HORSE, his eyes are wide and alert, his nostril flaring. He now begins to emerge from the sea, the water cascading off his body, he shakes off the excess water sending a fine mist into the air.

The rest of the pack begin to follow his lead, their movements fluid and spirited.

GINGER

They look different don't they Aunt Margaret?

AUNT MARGARET

Well, they've certainly perked up a bit that's for sure. That back one even looks like it's having a frolic.

(giggle to self)

UNCLE returns to the driver's seat, beaten.

UNCLE

No good, it'll have to go back to the garage. I think I can limp home.

GINGER's UNCLE starts the engine and prepares to drive away - AUNT MARGARET stops him by placing her hand upon his arm.

AUNT MARGARET

Not yet love.

AUNT MARGARET silently motions toward GINGER in the rear. Both watch on as GINGER is transfixed, his gaze unfocused, his mind only on the horses that have and continue to emerge from the sea.

FADE OUT

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD. SOUTHPORT - DAY - 21ST MARCH 1959

The late afternoon sun casts long shadows across Aughton Road, illuminating the timeless charm of the houses.

To the left of the 'new' house, a narrow, cobblestone lane winds its way along the side of the property with overhanging branches from the neighbouring trees, it is bordered by wild flowers and stinging nettles that are out

of control.

A Morris Minor, decorated with white ribbons and a "Just Married" sign on the back, rolls to a stop outside the 'new' house. To the RH side of the house, a small pie shop is being closed up for the night.

INT.CAR - DAY

GINGER, now late twenties, his hair a vibrant red, parks the car and hauls up the handbrake. Beside him, BERYL, his bride, sits in her home made wedding dress.

GINGER

What a brilliant day, they're saying Scudamore gave Oxo a great ride, had to navigate a pile up at Becher's too. We had ten bob on.

BERYL glances at GINGER with a knowing look. She understands his habit of prioritising horses, and while she accepts it, she decides to playfully respond.

BERYL

(A twinkle of amusement in her eye)

Oh, Donald, maybe you should've married one of your four legged friends?

GINGER

I would have, but they can't cook love.

BERYL

(As she playfully slaps him across the arm)

Sod!

BERYL reaches for the door handle, but GINGER is quicker, already halfway out of the car.

GINGER

Hold on, love. Let me get that for you.

BERYL

I can get it myself thank you, I've never been a pampered woman and I'm not about to start now.

BERYL exits the vehicle, GINGER bypasses her walking toward the house entrance.

BERYL clears her throat.

GINGER stops and turns.

BERYL
Wedding Day?... Tradition?

GINGER
Oh, you mean.

BERYL
Yes I mean.

GINGER
But I thought - ?

BERYL
I can get out of a car Donald but
this is a tradition, it'd be
unlucky not to.

GINGER sweeps her BERYL off her feet, the bunching of BERYL's lace dress obscuring his face so that BERYL needs to pat it down.

INT. GINGER'S HALLWAY - DAY

The distinct metallic jingle of a key being inserted into the front door lock. With a click, the key turns and the door opens.

GINGER steps carefully over the threshold, the floorboards groaning slightly under his weight. The door shuts behind them with a gentle thud. GINGER pauses in the entryway, still holding BERYL effortlessly.

The interior is sparse and is in a state of poor decoration, there is an outdated light fixture hanging from the ceiling. The floor is linoleum, often faded and where odd sized pieces have separated previously and been placed back together like a jigsaw. The walls here are a dingy beige, with a few nail holes indicating where previous residents had hung pictures or shelves.

GINGER
Welcome home, Mrs. McCain.

He sets her down, their feet now firmly planted in their space. BERYL looks around, taking in the details of her new home.

BERYL
It needs a clean but we can sort
that. I think we'll need some new
lino or carpet and a spot of paint.
That light needs sorting too.

GINGER takes BERYL's hand.

GINGER
C'mon, I'll show you around. Don't
want you getting lost in the old
manor.

INT. GINGER'S LIVING ROOM. - DAY

They enter a spacious living room with large windows that let in plenty of light. The sunlight cuts into the room highlighting countless dust particles floating lazily in the air. An armchair, its upholstery worn and wooden legs scuffed sits abandoned in one corner. Above the fireplace, the simple floral wallpaper has been partially scraped off revealing old plaster and layers of previous designs.

BERYL

Needs a clean but we can sort that.

GINGER

Plenty of parties to be had in here Beryl.

BERYL

I should coco! I have enough trouble dragging you out of other people's houses, I can't drag you out of your own.

GINGER

(hands on hips)

Well, you've changed since we got married Beryl Harris.

BERYL

You don't know the half of it, Donald McCain. Kitchen?

GINGER

Of course, it's where you'll be spending most of your time anyway.

BERYL

Will I indeed?

GINGER

At least twelve hours a day I would imagine.

He doffs his flat cap toward the direction of the Kitchen. Beryl grasps the cap from him as she passes.

INT. GINGER'S KITCHEN - DAY

They enter the kitchen. The kitchen is large with white tile countertops that have yellowed slightly over time. The cabinets are wooden with a dark finish, their doors hanging slightly ajar, revealing empty shelves. A single, deep sink sits beneath a window that overlooks the overgrown backyard. GINGER opens a cupboard with a flourish.

GINGER

Plenty of space for all your baking ingredients. Flour, eggs, milk and
(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)
 er
 (avoids eye contact)
 ...eggs....and -

He QUICKLY pulls open a drawer

GINGER
 And in here for cutlery, tin
 openers and the whisk thing.

BERYL
 Brilliant, although I might put the
 milk in the fridge rather than the
 cupboard Donald.

GINGER
 See, I knew you'd get the hang of
 this married malarkey, I'm a bloody
 good judge.

BERYL runs her finger across the window sill and examines
 the grime on it.

GINGER
 Also, being in here, you can see
 the best bit

BERYL looks quizzical

CUT TO

EXT. GINGER'S BACKYARD - DAY

GINGER the door open.

GINGER
 Ta-da!

They step out into a large backyard. GINGER is excited,
 animated and full of energy. The backyard is expansive but
 overgrown, with tall grass and weeds dominating the
 landscape. An old, rusting child's swing stands in one
 corner.

A group of dilapidated sheds sits at the far end of the yard
 and disappears up the adjacent lane. Unperturbed, GINGER
 fights through the undergrowth toward the first crumbling
 building, motioning for BERYL to follow.

GINGER
 (excitedly)
 Here's where I'll stable the
 horses. Picture it. Stables here,
 we'll fix the roof, reinforce the
 walls, and add new stalls. Over
 there a tack room, keep the feed in
 the corner and the stable lads can
 have their packing up over there.

BERYL

How much is all this going to cost Donald? Can we afford it?

GINGER

We haven't got two h'pennies to rub together love but hopefully I'll get the car lot up and running plus I'll keep taxiing at night. If there's twenty days in every week, we'll be okay.

GINGER scans and surveys his domain, envisioning the future.

BERYL

You're one of life's dreamers, aren't you love?

GINGER

If you don't have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true, like the song in picture says. All I need is that one that can get round without needing an inhaler

BERYL

(Placing Ginger's flat cap on his head)

C'mon fella, it's our wedding night and you're out here talking and dreaming about horses. How's that supposed to make a girl feel?

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

"CHAIN GANG" by SAM COOKE begins to play.

GINGER is a man with a determined look, he stands in front of a row of used cars. He waves energetically at passing cars and gestures to the cars, trying to catch their attention. The soulful melody underscores his efforts, adding a touch of melancholy to his struggles.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

The camera captures GINGER talking to a potential customer, his animated gestures contrasting with the customer's disinterested expression. The customer shakes his head and walks away. GINGER sighs but quickly regains his composure and rolls his sleeves up, ready for the next attempt.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

GINGER is scything down the undergrowth taking out the weeds and tangled vines that have taken over the area.

CUT TO

GINGER mixes cement in an old wheelbarrow and uses it to repair crumbling walls, he carefully trowels it into cracks and gaps, smoothing it out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

GINGER, in his taxi, waits at the curb. The camera captures different clients climbing into the back of his cab at different times of the year

An ELDERLY WOMAN climbs in, complete with shopping bags on a late winter afternoon. The Christmas lights visible in the background.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A YOUNG COUPLE in summer clothing as the July sun beats down.

A BUSINESSMAN gets in, he is wearing a rain mac while holding a newspaper over his head to shelter him from the autumn rain.

Each passenger represents a different slice of life.

EXT. RACECOURSE - DAY

GINGER stands at the edge of the racecourse adjacent to the finish line, he watches on as horse after horse passes the line then looks back in the distance for his horse and checks his watch, the horse eventually completes the race.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

GINGER installs wooden doors to the stables, carefully measuring and fitting each one. He oils the hinges to ensure they swing smoothly.

EXT. CITY STREET.SOUTHPORT THEATRE - NIGHT

The marquee juts out above the theatre entrance and in bold capitals the names of the nights performers are lit by individual light bulbs. "NORMAN WISDOM"

NORMAN WISDOM exits the theatre, he is being pestered for autographs and duly obliges before he climbs into the back of GINGER's taxi.

CUT TO

The marquee lights show "FRANK SINATRA"

An entourage hold back fans as FRANK SINATRA exit the theatre, he doesn't sign any autographs. FRANK climbs into the rear of the taxi, complete with two members of his entourage.

CUT TO

The marquee lights show "WALLACE THE LION"

CUT TO

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

A full grown male LION and his HANDLER already seated.

GINGER looks in his rear view mirror.

RV MIRROR POV - A ROARING LION.

GINGER
(Deadpan)
London Zoo cock?

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

There is no car dealership sign up yet, just "For Sale" stickers in the car windows to alert potential customers.

We look through a large window at a messy desk adorned with scattered paperwork, used tea cups and a petty cash box. GINGER, feet up on desk and flat cap over his eyes, is in the process of drifting off to sleep.

He is awoken by a FAMILY eagerly KNOCKING on the window MOTIONING that they want to look at a car on the forecourt. GINGER moves QUICK.

CUT TO

GINGER shakes the CUSTOMER's hand. The CUSTOMER climbs into his new car and drives off. GINGER looks pleased.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The stables appear almost complete in their renovation. GINGER stands in the doorway of one of the stables, looking out at the progress he's made. The cobblestone lane leading to the stables are now cleared of growth and sparkle under the afternoon sun. A STABLE LAD is leading TWO HORSES to their new home.

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

GINGER stands at the edge of the racetrack adjacent to the finish line, he is becoming more excited as he watches as his horse battle with another over the last fence and up the finishing straight toward the line. In the shadow of the winning pole, GINGER's horse takes a head bob lead and passes the finishing line. GINGER thumps the air in triumph and enthusiastically kisses the cheek of the ELDERLY female stranger by his side.

AS GINGER walks HAPPILY away from the scene. "CHAIN GANG" by SAM COOKE fades slowly out, leaving a lingering sense of perseverance and quiet triumph.

INT. CAR AUCTION HOUSE - DAY. 1967

The camera opens to a bustling auction house filled with people. The walls are lined with car memorabilia and vintage road and petrol signs. A large crowd is gathered around the auction block, where various cars are being displayed one by one.

AUCTIONEER

(voice booming)

Next up, we have a stunning Mini
from 1964! A delight this one.

The camera pans to GINGER. He stands with his friend BRYAN, a laid-back man in casual clothes, who watches the proceedings with a mix of curiosity.

GINGER

The one I've been waiting for cock.
Young 'uns today love these along
with knackered tambourines and
unbrushed hair.

The auctioneer starts the bidding, and hands shoot up around the room. The price begins to climb steadily.

AUCTIONEER

Do I hear hundred pounds?.. And
fifty. Yes, thank you. One seventy?
Thank you, sir. One eight?... Do I
hear one hundred and eighty?

GINGER remains calm, watching the bidders intently.

BRYAN

(confused)

Are you going to bid?

GINGER

(watching the room)

Not yet cock. Let them think
they're getting it for a song.

AUCTIONEER

The bid is two hundred and twenty
now. Can we get two thirty?

Ginger ceases his opportunity.

GINGER

(suddenly raising his
hand)

Three hundred!

The room falls silent for a moment, the sudden jump in price catching everyone off guard. The auctioneer looks pleased.

AUCTIONEER

Three hundred! Three hundred pounds
the bid. Three ten anyone?.....

The other bidders hesitate, whispering among themselves.
GINGER remains stone-faced, giving nothing away.

AUCTIONEER

Anyone? Okay three hundred, going
once, going twice... Sold for three
hundred pounds.

GINGER

Scares the shit out of them.

BRYAN

Liverpool next?

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

A "Welcome to Aintree" sign which has been left to the
ravages of time and the graffiti artists. "LFC" is tattooed
repeatedly with "Everton FA Cup Winners" and "I luv Ringo"
breaking the monotony of the Liverpool fans' scrawl.

The camera cuts to the grandstand, a shadow of its former
grandeur. Paint is peeling off the exterior, and cracks run
through the facade. The structure looks tired, signs are
faded and empty betting slips litter the ground, adding to
the sense of neglect.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. BETTING RING - DAY

The bookies sip tea from flask cups as they change and
re-change prices on their boards. Punters make their bets
under flat caps accompanied by the smoke from Park Drive
cigarettes.

GINGER and BRYAN queue at a nearby tea and sandwich stall
where Brooke Bond Tea and Ham Sandwiches in sliced bread are
the flavour of the day. Both men are interested in their own
conversation only

CAMERA OVER THE SHOULDER

Two horses, one a young RED RUM, fight out a close finish.

RACECOURSE COMMENTATOR (VO)

Curlicue now being reeled in by Red
Rum, it's neck and neck and they
pass the line together. Impossible
to separate them, it's gone to the
judge. Great performance by both
horses there especially Red Rum on
his first run and he can only
improve from here.

The camera follows both horses as they are brought to a slow
trot. The Jockeys, still aboard, talk amongst themselves

about whom they thought won.

SFX Racecourse Klaxons.

RACECOURSE COMMENTATOR (VO)

Judge has called and it's a dead
heat. Curlicue and Red Rum share
the honours.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. AUCTION AREA - DAY

The scene transitions to the horse auction which is held in the parade ring post racing. The area is filled with potential buyers and various horses being showcased. The auction is ongoing.

Ginger thumbs through the catalogue, unimpressed.

GINGER

Come on cock. We're not in luck
today and it's suet pudding for
tea.

GINGER and BRYAN walk away from the auction, their backs to the action.

In the background a handler leads RED RUM into the ring.

AUCTIONEER (V.O)

Red Rum foaled 3rd May 1965 sired
by Quorum out of Mared, start the
bidding please.

GINGER and BRYAN, oblivious to the announcement, continue their departure, not looking back.

EXT. STABLE YARD - DAY

The camera opens to a picturesque stable yard, where horses are grazing in the paddocks and stable hands are going about their tasks. A horse trailer pulls up, and the ramp is lowered. Out steps RED RUM, led by his new stable lass, SANDRA, a bright-eyed young woman with an instant love for the horse.

SANDRA

(Softly, to Red Rum)

Welcome home, boy. You're going to
love it here.

Sandra gently leads Red Rum into the yard, talking to him soothingly. She is clearly besotted with the bay gelding, her eyes filled with admiration.

SANDRA

You're a special one, aren't you?
You're going to do great things
boy, I can feel it.

RED RUM's new trainer ANTHONY GILLAM comes over.

GILLAM

Tack him up please Sandra, Tommy's going to take him for a spin, see what we can do with him.

EXT. BOROUGHBIDGE. GALLOPS - DAY

The picturesque North Yorkshire hills provide a stunning backdrop as the camera follows RED RUM as he gallops across open fields.

GILLAM waits near the gallop end as TOMMY pulls the horse up to a near standstill.

TOMMY

I can see why he's been through a few yards, he pulls like a mule. Sure he'll win a few but he doesn't give me the 'feel' you know? He's a bit disappointing if I'm telling the truth Tony.

GILLAM

Muffie has bought him as a National horse. Hope he's a lot better than disappointing Tom.

ALL EXTERIOR - DAY

MUSIC INSTRUMENTAL "SCHOOL'S OUT" BY ALICE COOPER

Played in a Regency style where the guitar riffs are replaced by soaring violins and cellos, the percussion section keeps up a hectic driving beat and harps/piano add delicate intricate textures.

TICKER TAPE

A ticker tape scrolls across the action, displaying this info over and over.

"NATIONAL HUNT SEASON 1968/69 TOTAL RACES 10 - WINS 3"

A HORSE BOX travelling down the M1 MOTORWAY.

RED RUM is unloaded from his horse box.

PARADE RING RED RUM is led around the ring.

SANDRA grooms RED RUM including brushing his coat and checking his hooves.

RED RUM is exercised on the GALLOPS.

RED RUM lines up AT THE START OF A RACE.

TICKER TAPE

A ticker tape scrolls across the action, displaying this info over and over.

"NATIONAL HUNT SEASON 1969/70 TOTAL RACES 13 - WINS 0"

RED RUM is loaded into his horse box.

SANDRA brushes RED RUM's teeth.

PARADE RING Jockeys mount.

SANDRA carries RED RUM's feed across the STABLE YARD

RED RUM is 'schooled' over the obstacles at home.

A HORSE BOX turns on to the M62 MOTORWAY

SANDRA neatly lays out the saddling and riding equipment on a bench, saddle pad, saddle girth, bridle, riding hat.

TICKER TAPE:

A ticker tape scrolls across the action, displaying this info over and over.

"NATIONAL HUNT SEASON 1970/71 TOTAL RACES 13 - WINS 3"

Post race RED RUM is led into the enclosure and taken to the SECOND place spot.

A series of TOWN and WELCOME signs being approached from the viewpoint of a travelling car. They appear in quick succession CHELTENHAM, WETHERBY, PERTH, DONCASTER, AYR, NEWBURY, HAYDOCK, LIVERPOOL, WELCOME TO SCOTLAND, THIRSK, CATTERICK, NOTTINGHAM, NEWCASTLE the scene fades out.

SANDRA grooms RED RUM including washing him down and brushing his coat.

RED RUM having one of his shoes replaced by a FARRIER.

RED RUM is racing..

END TICKER TAPE scroll.

INT. CATTERICK RACECOURSE.OWNER'S SUITE - NEW YEAR'S DAY.1972

CONT. MUSIC 'SCHOOL'S OUT' by ALICE COOPER to background and eventual fade away.

RED RUM's owner is in attendance at Catterick, sat next to her is RED RUM's trainer ANTHONY GILLAM. MRS BROTHERTON (Muffie) follows a race through vintage binoculars.

MRS BROTHERTON
(Unwavering focus on the
race)

He's been awfully busy Tony, I hope
you're not over racing him

GILLAM

I understand your concern but he's
a tough horse, a warrior. He'll
just keep going and going.

MRS BROTHERTON

Yes I know, but four festive races
Tony?

GILLAM

As I mentioned Muffie, he's a
warrior and we're managing his
training. Also, the recent weather
hasn't helped, he hates the soft,
come the spring he'll be a
different horse.

MRS BROTHERTON

Do you think he'll get to Aintree
next year? I would so much like
another one on the board. It's been
so long since Freebooter.

GILLAM

I'll do all that I can. The
National is well within our sights.

EXT. CATTERICK RACECOURSE - DAY

Over the last fence we see RED RUM in the lead.

RACECOURSE COMMENTATOR (VO)

And Red Rum over the last in this
Zetland Handicap Chase, Proud King
now making a race of it.

RED RUM is in the lead, but PROUD KING is closing him down.

CUT TO

RED RUM'S HOOVES The camera captures the rapid, powerful
strides, dirt flying up behind him.

RACECOURSE COMMENTATOR (VO)

Red Rum and Proud King, it's
between these two...and what a
gutsy performance. Red Rum see's
off Proud King. Red Rum is the
winner.

RED RUM's rival makes one last desperate push, but he
refuses to be overtaken and wins his race.

INT. CATTERICK RACECOURSE.OWNER'S SUITE - DAY

MRS BROTHERTON snaps the binoculars into her classic Chanel handbag.

MRS BROTHERTON
(pleased)
Another glass?

EXT. CATTERICK RACECOURSE - DAY

RED RUM is slowing after the race, TOMMY is perched on his back when he notices a change in the horse's stride, now being laboured and uneven.

INT. GILLAM'S STABLES - DAY

The camera opens with a shot inside the stable, where the atmosphere is filled with quiet concern.

RED RUM stands in his stall, his head low but his eyes alert. GILLAM and SANDRA stand nearby, watching as the VET, a middle-aged man with a serious expression, carefully examines RED RUM's leg.

CLOSE-UP OF THE VET

The vet's hands move skillfully over the horse's leg, feeling for heat and swelling. His face is a mask of concentration. The vet finishes his examination and stands up, brushing off his hands. He looks at GILLAM.

VET
There's some significant lameness
I'm afraid Tony. I would suspect
pedal osteitis but I would need an
x-ray to be hundred percent. Either
way, I would be very surprised if
this horse runs again.

GILLAM glances to a very worried looking SANDRA

GILLAM
Surely there must be something we
can do?

VET
Well, if you do intend to run him,
then he'll need rest and lots of
it, together with some intense
physiotherapy. I'll also write you
the anti-inflammatory medication
up.

SANDRA reaches out to stroke RED RUM's neck, trying to comfort both him and herself.

SANDRA

I'll do whatever it takes. I'll
work extra hours, nights even.

The vet gathers his bag and leaves.

EXT. GINGER MCCAIN'S CAR SALES ROOM - DAY

The camera opens with a wide shot of AUGHTON ROAD in SOUTHPORT. A sign reads "MCCAIN'S CAR SALES" above the showroom with several cars parked. The camera pans to a stream of racehorses emerging from the side of the showroom and they begin clip clopping down the road, their hooves echoing off the pavement as they head towards the beach.

Across the road, a group of builders are working on the exterior of a house. They pause their work, leaning on their tools to watch the familiar sight. Two of the rotund, mid forties builders TOM and BOB, exchange amused glances.

TOM

(grinning)

Off paddling again, Ginger? I don't
know why you bother mate.

BOB laughs and the OTHER WORKERS join in.

TOM

That one's moving faster down the
road than he does on the track.

The camera shifts to GINGER, who stands outside his showroom, hands on his hips. He takes the ribbing in good stride and is more interested in watching the way the horses move.

BERYL appears at the front entrance JUST as a child on a three wheeled bike, pedals past.

BERYL

Can you pick up Mr Le Mare tonight?

GINGER

Usual place and time?

TOM

Hey, I'm backing that kiddie to get
to the end of the road before your
horse does.

BERYL

Hey, anymore of that and I'll give
you a bunch of fives sunshine. It's
never nice to see a grown man cry
in front of his mates.

TOM

Busted. Only jesting Beryl.

The builders go back to their work, still chuckling among themselves.

BERYL

(to ginger)

He hasn't said, I would imagine so. And don't come home half cut again tonight. Either he's a bad influence, or you are. Also, I've packed the kids off to your Mum's so you can watch the racing instead of Play School this afternoon.

GINGER

And how am I supposed to find out what Hamble and Jemima are up to this week?

BERYL

(rolls her eyes and looks away briefly)

I'll put the kettle on shall I?

INT. GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A shot of a 1970's lounge, rich in vibrant colours and distinct decor.

GINGER, mug of tea in hand, approaches the boxy television set.

SCREEN VIEW - The 1972 Scottish Grand National, with horses ready to race, including RED RUM.

GINGER dials up the volume and the familiar voice of commentator JULIAN WILSON is heard.

GINGER seats himself on a comfy, familiar chair that looks out of place next to the much newer burnt orange sofa.

As the race progresses GINGER spots something significant that intrigues him. He leans forward and takes a drink, his gaze unfaltering, then takes another drink and then another drink.

The camera keeps focus on GINGER as we hear JULIAN WILSON (V.O) calling RED RUM's name as being up with the race leaders. GINGER places his tea down and sits back, a thoughtful look crossing his face.

CUT TO

INT. GILLAMS KITCHEN - MORNING

A large, rustic kitchen bathed in the soft morning light. The kitchen is warm and inviting, MRS. GILLAM (Pamela) is bustling about, preparing breakfast. Through the large windows, there is a clear view of the stables and the yard, where horses are being led out for their morning routines.

CLOSE-UP OF THE TABLE

The table is set with a hearty breakfast: eggs, bacon, toast, and fresh juice. A vase of wildflowers sits in the centre, adding a touch of colour and warmth. From above a racing newspaper is slapped onto the table with the headline prominently reading "QUICK REPLY WINS SCOTTISH NATIONAL."

GILLAM

(Talking to his wife like
he is trying to convince
her)

It's obvious the horse has ability.
We just need a chance to get him
match fit. What would you do?

PAMELA

I'm sure Mrs Brotherton will be
more than reasonable love.

GILLAM

(Butters and then takes
a bite from a thick
slice of granary toast)

I hope so, I think we've got some
way to go with this fellow

PAMELA pours a coffee from a steaming percolator and places it close to GILLAM who is now drumming his fingers on the table. His eyes flicker every few seconds toward the window and the view of the yard.

(POV Through the kitchen window).

A pristine chauffeur driven Bentley drives into the yard and stops.

GILLAM reacts.

GILLAM

Ah, here we go. Wish me luck.

He grabs his coat and exits to the yard.

EXT. GILLAM'S STABLE YARD - MORNING

The stable yard is bustling with activity. Horses are being groomed, and stable hands are busy with their cleaning chores.

SANDRA is close by, grooming another horse.

GILLAM

Morning, thank you for coming,
Muffie. I understand you're anxious
to know the outcome.

MRS. BROTHERTON
(fidgeting with her
handbag)

I need to know the cost
implications of the breakdown this
time Tony. As you can appreciate
I've already spent quite a bit on
treatment.

GILLAM
Well the horse's X-ray shows a
significant inflammation of the
coffin bone. It's not the worst
example of Pedal Osteitis..

GILLAM waits for a response from Mrs Brotherton, there isn't
one so continues.

GILLAM
I mean, as before, we would need to
focus on reducing the inflammation
and preventing further damage, then
we can get him back on the
racecourse.

MRS BROTHERTON
But how long for Tony? He'll just
keep breaking down and that's even
if he gets back to racing again. No
no, I've made my mind up, it's
better to cut our losses and move
on. There's the Doncaster sales
shortly.

SANDRA
No! You can't do that! You can't
send him to auction!

GILLAM and MRS. BROTHERTON turn, startled by Sandra's
outburst.

GILLAM
(sternly)
Sandra, this isn't your decision to
make.

SANDRA
(pleading)
But it's not fair. He deserves
better than to be sold off like
some old piece of meat. Please,
don't send him to auction. If you
sell him, I'll leave. I can't stay
here and watch this happen.

MRS BROTHERTON
 (Directly to GILLAM as
 if SANDRA did not exist)
 And when you take him to auction,
 this girl stays here. Nobody knows
 about his condition and it must
 stay that way. Put the reserve at
 three thousand.

GILLAM
 Can I suggest that the reserve is
 set at five, if we set at three it
 may raise suspicions?

MRS BROTHERTON
 Very well, five it is. Keep me
 updated Tony

The CHAUFFEUR opens the car door and MRS BROTHERTON glides in.

SANDRA is desperate to say something but has to wait until the car drives away. GILLAM has noticed SANDRA's desire to talk and pre-interjects.

GILLAM
 Before you say or do anything, I am
 going to raise the funds and buy
 him back for the yard. That's why
 the reserve is five thousand, to
 ensure that we get him back.
 Understand?

SANDRA
 Thank you. I wouldn't know what to
 do without him.

EXT. PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL. SOUTHPORT - MIDNIGHT

A dapperly dressed man, NOEL LE MARE, exits the PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL. GINGER opens the rear door of his taxi.

LONG SHOT

As good friends, they greet each other. NOEL climbs into the back seat of the car. GINGER takes his place in the driver's seat. GINGER starts the car and drives away.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The interior of the taxi is dimly lit by the dashboard lights. The city streets are mostly quiet, with only the occasional car passing by.

GINGER
 (passionately)
 Guv, I've found this horse and I'm
 telling you, he's something
 special.

NOEL

Special how?

GINGER

His stride, the way he jumps, he laughs at the fences. I think he's got it, the spark you know. He's a National horse if ever I saw one and the best news is that he's up for auction. We can't hang about.

CLOSE UP as GINGER's hand grabs the Doncaster Sales Catalogue from the door pocket.

GINGER

(Still driving, Ginger twists his torso and gaze toward the rear seats, attempting to hand the catalogue to Noel while keeping one hand on the steering wheel)

Take a look, he's already qualified for the National. I just need the money to meet the reserve price.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Taxi begins to drift, it's tyres crossing the centre line.

INT.TAXI - NIGHT

GINGER

(still looking to the rear seat)

That's the page, there, lot forty three.

NOEL's POV

HEADLIGHTS from an oncoming car RAPIDLY APPROACHING.

CUT TO

NOEL's FACE

NOEL'S eyes widen in alarm. He QUICKLY point ahead, urgency in every movement.

SFX Frantic horn from the oncoming car.

GINGER SNAPS back and jerks the steering wheel.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The taxi swerves SHARPLY to the left, to clear road, kicking gravel up from the road's edge. It fishtails slightly before straightening out.

INT.TAXI - NIGHT

NOEL puts his hand on his pounding heart and exhales a long, shaky breath. Beads of sweat dot his forehead.

GINGER

(Focused on the horse
sale only)

Heart of a lion and never fallen,
that's what you need to win the
National. Have a look.

NOEL is shocked that GINGER has not reacted to the incident, he himself has to brush it off due to GINGER's indifference.

NOEL

I'll look later, my eyesight isn't
what it used to be.

GINGER

Good, I'll call you.

INT. 2 WATERLOO ROAD. BEDROOM. SOUTHPORT - DAWN

The bedroom is a cosy, old-fashioned space, filled with the warmth of a life well-lived. Early morning light filters through the curtains, casting a soft glow across the room. NOEL lies peacefully, his silver hair tousled from sleep. The dawn light eases across NOEL's face. The tranquillity of the scene is abruptly broken by the SHARP RING of the PHONE on the bedside table.

NOEL stirs, slowly opening his eyes. He frowns, puzzled by the early call. With a sigh, he reaches out a slightly shaky hand to pick up the receiver.

NOEL LE MARE

(clearing his throat,
voice groggy)

Hello?

He listens intently, his expression is of confusion. The early morning call is clearly unexpected.

NOEL glances at the clock on the table, which reads "5:01 AM" His expression moves from confusion to reality.

NOEL LE MARE

No, I haven't read it yet, Ginger.
It's five O'clock in the morning.
Go back to bed, I'll call you
tomorrow.

He places the phone receiver down.

INT. PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL. LOUNGE. SOUTHPORT - MIDDAY

The lounge of the PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL in SOUTHPORT exudes old-world charm. Plush, velvet armchairs and polished wooden tables are scattered around the room. Large windows let in streams of sunlight, illuminating the ornate decor and creating a warm, inviting atmosphere. NOEL sits comfortably in an armchair, across from him separated by an ornate table, GINGER sits in the adjacent armchair.

A WAITER approaches and places two whiskies on the table between them. NOEL picks up his whisky while GINGER's remains untouched the table.

GINGER

I'm not exaggerating, this is a golden opportunity. I've got a good feeling about this one Guv'nor

NOEL LE MARE

(sceptical, sipping his Whisky)

Ginger, I've known you a long time, and I know you're passionate about this. But, buying the horse is a significant investment. We're talking about a lot of money.

GINGER

He ran in the Scottish National-

NOEL

He lost. Quick Reply won it.

GINGER

I know I can get more out of him. The National is seven months away and we won't get another chance like this Noel.

NOEL ponders, takes a sip of his whisky.

NOEL

Let's say, just for argument's sake, we bought the horse, who would you have in mind to ride him at Aintree?

GINGER

Probably Stack, Dennis or Fletcher. Brian gave Red Alligator a peach of a ride the other year.

NOEL

But he's in hospital, fractured skull wasn't it?

GINGER

(downplaying)

Just a ruddy flesh wound Noel.
Anyway, you don't need brains to
take on the National fences, you
need bollocks.

NOEL scratches his conflicted forehead; an action that
GINGER cannot help but notice.

GINGER

You once said that you had three
ambitions in life. Marry a
beautiful woman, become a
millionaire and win the National.
Now, I know you're already a
millionaire and although I haven't
met your wife I'm betting a fiver
that if I put some lippy on and
wear a frock I still wouldn't be
that beautiful but I can help you
win the National Noel, I can.....
Now I'm a proud man and this is the
last time I'm going to
ask.....until the next time. The
auction is on Wednesday this week.

NOEL ponders for a moment, then gestures the waiter to come
over; With a nod from the waiter, NOEL takes his pad and
pen. He begins to scribble while GINGER watches anxiously.

NOEL tears the paper from the notepad, folds it in half and
hands to GINGER. GINGER unfolds the paper slowly, revealing
the first part of the note.

CLOSE UP ON FIRST HALF OF NOTE

Written in neat handwriting is the sentence "I hereby
authorise Ginger McCain to go to the sum of"

WIDE SHOT

GINGER unfolds the second half of the note, taking a moment
to read and reread it. He then grabs his glass of whisky and
downs it in one.

Turning to NOEL, GINGER extends his hand for a handshake.
Without a word, they shake hands, both nodding in silent
agreement.

EXT. DONCASTER HORSE AUCTIONS - MIDDAY

GILLAM stands by the entrance with his assistant, JOE, a
young, eager man in his late 20s.

GILLAM
 (leaning in)
 We've raised five, that will be
 enough. Only one person has shown
 any real interest in the horse.

JOE
 Who's the other?

GILLAM subtly motions across the yard to a well-dressed man.

CAPT. TIM FORSTER, is making his way towards the auction
 area. FORSTER exudes confidence and sophistication.

JOE
 Understood. I'll keep an eye on
 him.

As FORSTER crosses the yard, he glances briefly in their
 direction, acknowledging GILLAM with a nod before continuing
 into the auction area. GILLAM returns the nod, his
 expression unreadable.

INT. DONCASTER HORSE AUCTION HOUSE - MIDDAY

The interior of the Doncaster Horse Auction is a large
 space, with wooden beams that give it a rustic atmosphere.
 Rows of wooden benches and seats are filled with horsemen
 from all walks of life: breeders, trainers, jockeys, and
 wealthy enthusiasts. The room buzzes with anticipation and
 the low murmur of conversations.

The parade ring is illuminated by bright lights, where the
 horses are brought in one by one.

The auctioneer, HARRY BEEBY stands at the podium, a gavel in
 hand, his voice amplified by the microphone, commanding the
 attention of the entire assembly. Behind him, a large
 digital display shows the current bids in real-time. In the
 midst of the crowd, JOE sits, eyes focused and alert. He
 watches each horse carefully, noting the competition. CAPT.
 FORSTER sits directly opposite, his posture relaxed but his
 eyes sharp, surveying the horses with a practised eye. A
 white coated handler leads RED RUM into the ring.

HARRY BEEBY
 (exuberant)
 Lot number forty three, RED RUM a
 seven year old gelding out of
 Quorum, winner of Flat and
 National Hunt races. He's qualified
 for the Grand National having won
 the Zetland Handicap at Catterick.
 Gentlemen, who will start the
 bidding at a thousand guineas?

Capt Forster raises his paddle.

HARRY BEEBY
 Thousand guineas, do I hear two?

Joe makes a bid with his hand.

HARRY BEEBY
 Two over there, do I hear three,
 three now?

Capt Forster raises his paddle.

HARRY BEEBY
 Thank you, Capt Forster. Can I get
 three five?

Joe bids.

HARRY BEEBY
 Thankyou Sir. It's a two horse race
 here at Doncaster. Can I get four?

Capt Forster raises his paddle.

HARRY BEEBY
 Four thousand over there.
 (looks at Joe)
 Four three...?

Joe nods

HARRY BEEBY
 Four three it is.

The AUCTIONEER glances at CAPT FORSTER who is visibly struggling with an internal conflict. Joe notices the turmoil, CAPT FORSTER makes one last bid.

CAPT FORSTER
 Yes, we'll go four five.

JOE
 (Immediately and
 victoriously jumps in)
 Four six.

JOE's momentary satisfaction fades as he hears GINGER's voice from the back of the room.

GINGER
 Six thousand cock!

HARRY BEEBY glances over, bemused, as GINGER mouths the word "S-I-X"

CLOSE UP The gavel comes down.

EXT. SOUTHPORT BEACH - MORNING

The beach is empty except for the calm sea and the rising sun as a group of horses are taken on their daily gallop.

At the rear the camera follows GINGER as he walks alongside RED RUM. The rider aboard is adjusting his stirrups.

GINGER

Give him a decent run. He needs to stretch his legs and feel the wind.

The jockey understands.

TRACK SHOT

The jockey pushes off RED RUM in a slow trot, gradually picking up speed.

EXT. SOUTHPORT BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Suddenly, RED RUM pulls up, his gait faltering. The rider tries to steady him, but it is clear something is wrong. The horse's movements become laboured, and he finally comes to a stop, lifting one leg off the ground.

GINGER's face falls as he watches from a distance. His hopes are dashed. The camera captures the anguish in his eyes as he looks up to the sky, seeking divine intervention.

EXT. STABLE YARD - VERY EARLY MORNING

The moonlight casts its light upon the stable yard, glistening against the cobbled lane. GINGER exits the house, locks up and approaches where RED RUM is stabled. He reassuringly pats the horse.

GINGER

Hey up fella, how are we doing? Leg giving you a bit of jip is it?

INT.STABLE - VERY EARLY MORNING

GINGER steps inside the stable and kneels to examine RED RUM's lame leg. GINGER's touch is gentle but purposeful as RED RUM watches him with curiosity and a hint of anxiety. A touch somewhere and RED RUM nickers softly, shifting his weight.

GINGER

Easy now fella.

GINGER stands up and looks directly into RED RUM's eyes as he reassuringly strokes him.

GINGER

You're not finished yet are you son? I can see that fire in your
(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)
eyes. Don't worry, we'll get you
back to where you should be.

GINGER fills up RED RUM's water bucket.

GINGER
And there's plenty of non perfect
things in this world that are much
better than the rest. That Venus De
Milo for a start, worth a ruddy
fortune, you'd think cos it's got
no bloody arms you'd get a few bob
knocked off it, but no, makes it
more expensive. I can't work it
out.

GINGER reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crinkled
packet of polo mints and pops a couple into his mouth, RED
RUM's ears perk up and he nudges GINGER's hand with his
nose, eyes wide and expectant.

GINGER
You want some?

GINGER places a row of Polo mints on his hand and RED RUM
eagerly nuzzles close to GINGER's hand, licks them from his
palm and crunches contentedly. Once consumed he nudges
GINGER's hand intensely with his head.

GINGER
(taking more packets from
his pocket)
Alright, alright, there's plenty
more fella.

EXT. SOUTHPORT BEACH - EARLY MORNING

WIDE SHOT

The sky is now a deep, pre-dawn blue, with just the faintest
hint of light on the horizon. The beach is empty and quiet,
with only the sound of the waves gently lapping against the
shore. The air is cool and crisp.

CLOSER

GINGER and RED RUM stand at the very edge of the sea, where
the waves just barely touch the sand before retreating back.
With a look of quiet resolve on his face, GINGER holds the
reins of RED RUM and gives a gentle tug on the reins urging
the horse forward. There is a slight hesitation in the
horse's step, a subtle limp that hints at his lameness.
GINGER places a comforting hand on his neck, the touch is
steady and reassuring. GINGER then produces a few Polo Mints
from his pockets and offers them to RED RUM. RED RUM eases
into the cooling water following the Polo's.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT - SILHOUETTE The sky is a beautiful gradient of colours now, with the sun half peeking over the horizon. GINGER and RED RUM are silhouetted against the glowing backdrop, their forms dark and distinct as RED RUM, with GINGER by his side, as they have eased further into the water.

FADE OUT.

INT.GINGER'S KITCHEN - DAY

1970's Sunday Roast day, the extended family gathers in BERYL's kitchen, bustling with activity mostly around the kitchen table covered with a simple chequered tablecloth and surrounded by mismatched chairs that have seen years of family meals.

BERYL is checking on the star of the show, a golden brown masterpiece that is a large joint of beef surrounded by roasting potatoes. These are placed back into the oven to "Keep warm" while pans of boiled cabbage, carrots and mashing potatoes boil forever, the mashing potatoes have fallen into the water a long time ago.

Grandparents chatter amongst themselves and give the atmosphere a sense of continuity and tradition. In the midst of all this, young children burst in, cheeks flushed from playing in the yard, they then dart past the adults to grab glasses of water that are guzzled down before the glasses are discarded on the counter and they rush out again. Just as the last one leaves another young lad enters and is stopped in his tracks by BERYL's authoritarian voice.

BERYL

Right! That's it! In out, in out.
you're either in, or you're out,
Next time come in, you're stopping
in.

LAD

(with trepidation)
Yes, Aunty Beryl

BERYL bends to take the roast from the oven and when transferring it to the table, time has moved on and everyone, including the KIDS and GINGER are seated ready for lunch. The gravy boat is full to the brim and the overflow gravy is held in a plastic measuring jug. Grandma has a glass of Sherry, while some of the younger women share a bottle of BLUE NUN, the men drink cans of SKOL LAGER.

As per tradition, GINGER sits at the head of the table and carves the roast beef while everyone helps themselves to vegetables placed in various sized containers and scattered around the table.

CHILD

Can I have a ride on Rummy after
dinner please Uncle Donnie?

GINGER

Oooh, sorry young 'un, Rummy's got a dodgy leg.

BERYL

Six thousand pounds worth of dodgy leg. I don't know what we're going to do if he can't race. We're ruined, the bailiffs or the bobbies will be knocking on the door. It's Donald's fault for not throwing that salt he split over his shoulder last week. Tempting fate.

GINGER

Give over woman, it'll be right. I'm the bee's knees at this stuff. He was a lot easier when he came out yesterday.

WILLIAM

Will someone pass the gravy down?
Ta

The measuring jug half full of gravy is passed ceremoniously down the line, each recipient taking a portion on their lunch, until it reaches WILLIAM

BERYL

First I broke mums vase and she'd had that vase years you know? Then Rummy, what's next? They say it comes in threes.

The gravy jug returns to GINGER. He pours but only the dregs seep out and drop onto his mashed potatoes.

GINGER

There's no bloody gravy left, there's nothing moist on this plate Beryl. That's what the third one is.

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The soft light of early morning, the street is quiet and peaceful. On one side, TOM steps out of his house dressed in work clothes that hint of long hours of manual labour. His hair is slightly damp as if he has rushed through his morning routine.

On the opposite side of the street, the gently clatter of hooves is heard before RED RUM appears being led out of the stable lane, his breath forming faint clouds in the cool air. GINGER stops to adjust his bit.

TOM

(glances across the road)
When are the rest of the donkeys
being taken down Ginger?

GINGER, unflustered, acknowledges with a touch of his flat cap. A young rider, BARRY, late for work, clutching and occasionally dropping some of his his riding apparel, appears and joins GINGER

GINGER

What time do you call this Barry?
It's all that long hair lad, you
can't hear the bloody alarm clock
over it. So far I've got lads with
long hair who wear earrings and
chuffing make up! One word Barry,
stilettos, and you're out.

BARRY, scratches his head bemused as he, RED RUM and GINGER continue down the road.

EXT.SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAWN

GINGER watches on as RED RUM emerges from the sea and gives BARRY the signal to push on.

BARRY urges RED RUM into a slow trot, gradually picking up speed. The camera captures his powerful strides. RED RUM is now in full gallop.

CLOSE UP on RED RUM's hooves throwing up sand

The camera switches to a WIDE SHOT of the beach and RED RUM disappearing in the distance, emphasising the speed and power of the gallop.

INT.GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A 1970s living room display cabinet overflowing with nostalgia, figurines, ceramic animals, black and white portraits and ornate china plates fill it's shelves, a cherished repository of family memories.

The doors swing open and several of the figurines are gently removed then placed upon a nearby side table, in their place, a gleaming horse racing trophy takes centre stage.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

A bookmakers board where the antepost prices for the 1973 Grand National are already chalked up.

CLOSE UP RED RUM's odds are chalked from 40/1 to 33/1

INT.GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Several more are carefully removed, making way for another gleaming horse racing trophy.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

CLOSE UP RED RUM's odds are chalked from 33/1 to 25/1

INT.GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The final figurine is removed from the cabinet, a fifth and largest trophy, is prominently displayed at the centre.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

CLOSE UP RED RUM's odds are chalked from 16/1 to 9/1

INT.GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GINGER is sitting in his seat, but he can't keep still. He fidgets constantly, tapping his foot and shifting his position every few seconds.

BERYL is sitting nearby, reading. She notices his distraction.

BERYL

Why don't you go to bed? It's a big day tomorrow.

GINGER

I don't think I'll be able to sleep.

BERYL

Well, do something useful and put the kettle on. You'll find it in the kitchen.

GINGER

I'll just go and see if the Old Fella needs anything, make sure we're hundred percent ready.

BERYL puts her book down.

BERYL

Do you want a cuppa?

GINGER

Yes, I'd love one ta.

GINGER exits as BERYL gets to her feet.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

The stable is quiet, illuminated by a single, dim overhead light casting long shadows. The sound of RED RUM's gentle breathing fills the space, accompanied by the occasional rustle of hay. GINGER approaches and gently strokes RED RUM's forehead.

GINGER

You're looking good lad. Strong.
It's the big one tomorrow, but I
think you know that already don't
you?

GINGER pauses, contemplative.

GINGER

Tomorrow go out and make your
history son. Don't listen to the
doubters, I believe you can do it,
I believe you can beat every last
one of them, grind them down to
dust. They don't know you fella,
they don't know the pain you've run
through, the mental toughness
needed to keep going when the
searing pain is thrusting through
your foot, step after step after
step.

GINGER pats RED RUM's neck.

GINGER

And if you hear them sniggering in
the parade ring, it's not about
you, it's about me. They think I'm
a bit of a joke, I'm just a car
dealer who got lucky. David versus
Goliath right here, hey? And you
know what? They're right, I did get
lucky. I got lucky when I first saw
you. I knew instantly that you were
something special, magical even
fella.

RED RUM nuzzles GINGER's shoulder, as if sensing the weight
of his words.

GINGER

Anyway, stop going on and on and
on, I can't stop here gabbing to
you all night. Get some sleep kid.

SLOW FADE OUT

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - EARLY AM. 31ST MARCH 1973

SUPERIMPOSE "GRAND NATIONAL DAY 1973"

The early morning sun casts a golden glow over Aintree
Racecourse, the air buzzing with anticipation and the
unmistakable energy of the Grand National.

Trucks and trailers arrive in a steady stream, each carrying
precious cargo, the finest racehorses in the country. Stable
hands, trainers, and jockeys move with practised efficiency,
the scene a well-orchestrated ballet of preparation and

expectation. Among the arrivals, a modest trailer pulls up.

EXT.AINTREE - CAR PARK

GINGER in his battered Land Rover, is pointed to the Trainer's Car Park. He parks in between a gleaming Daimler and a Mercedes S-Class.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE

GINGER arrives as his small team are carefully unloading RED RUM.

GINGER
 (to Red Rum)
 Easy, boy. We've got a big day
 ahead.

The team lead RED RUM towards the stables. As they walk, GINGER can't help but notice the contrast around him. To one side, grand stables housing horses from the wealthiest owners, their teams bustling with numerous staff, each person performing a specific task with clockwork precision. The sight is both impressive and daunting.

GINGER'S STABLE LAD
 (Nodding toward Red
 Rum's main rival)
 Crisp's over there Guv'nor, he
 looks bloody impressive.

GINGER
 Aye, he looks like a fine horse.

STABLE LAD
 And he's come with his own army.

GINGER
 Well, if they want a battle, we
 should give them one.

INT.AINTREE RACECOURSE.BAR - DAY

A bustling bar, filled with the chink of glasses and shouted orders, TOM and BOB finish their pints of bitter and simultaneously set the empty glasses on the cloth 'TETLEY' mat.

TOM
 Time for a waz.

INT. MALE PUBLIC TOILET. AINTREE - DAY

The dim light barely reaches the far corners, where shadows pool, creating a sense of unease and discomfort. The atmosphere is heavy with neglect, a forgotten place lost in time.

SIDE ON SHOT

TOM stands at one of the chipped, stained porcelain urinals running along one wall. He is looking straight ahead. BOB takes the urinal next to TOM, glancing at TOM briefly before focusing forward. (They both focus forward throughout)

BOB

Could be a local winner Tom, I'm on him.

TOM

Chucking your money away mate. McCain's a part timer, how's a horse galloping with the beach balls and candy floss going to beat the likes of L'escargot or Crisp? Tell you what, I think Crisp is the horse to be on here. Not been brought over from Australia for nothing, he's a shoe in. Boom.

TOM finishes urinating, giving a slight sigh of relief. With a practised, almost mechanical motion, he gives a few shakes and as he steps back slightly he pulls up the zip on his trousers.

He moves to the wash basin where the sinks are old and yellowed with age, are chipped and cracked, with tarnished metal faucets that drip sporadically. Above them, a grimy mirror, streaked with water stains and grime, reflects the bleak scene. TOM reaches out to turn on the faucet. As he twists the handle. Nothing happens. He twists it harder, but still no water flows. He resigns himself to a less sanitary solution and wipes his hands on the front of his shirt.

EXT.AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

The camera tracks GINGER and his friend, BRYAN, as they navigate through the bustling grandstand. They weave through the crowd until reaching the Trainers and Owners section. GINGER takes his place on the steps, his gaze fixed on the upcoming race. He readies himself.

Then from closeby a young woman with down's syndrome, SALLY, speaks to him.

SALLY

Hello Mr McCain, I'm Sally.

GINGER

Hello Sally, are you enjoying the day love?

SALLY

I've seen you on the telly. You fixed Red Rum. He was poorly and you fixed him.

GINGER

Well he's getting better, Sally.

SALLY

I like Red Rum. He's a nice horse.
I hope you win.

GINGER

To be honest, so do I cock.

AT THE STARTING LINE

Thirty eight powerful racehorses, their coats shining in the sunlight, move in slow, nervous circles. Jockeys, perched atop their mounts, each one feeling the tension and excitement of the impending race, some make last-minute adjustments, some glance around at their competition, some stare into space.

TV SCREEN

Picture of the latest betting imposed on the starting scene where CRISP and RED RUM vying for favouritism.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.0)

The latest betting 9/1 Joint
Favourites Crisp and Red Rum 11/1
L'Escargot 14/1 Ashville 16's
Canaris and Spanish Steps 20/1 now
Highland Seal 25/1 Bar

The betting forecast is removed and the camera is focused on CRISP

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.0)

CRISP there being prepared for the race ahead, he is carrying top weight of twelve stone ridden by Richard Pitman. Currently 9/1 joint favourite

The picture switches to RED RUM

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.0)

And Brian Fletcher is looking for his second win in the National. Today he is aboard Red Rum, the eight year old gelding who has won five chases this season and carries just ten stone five pounds. Trained locally by Ginger McCain he's the joint top favourite.

The race participants jostle to get in some sort of unequal line.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.0)

The white flag is raised, they're being called in and Rough Silk has unseated his rider, Rough Silk has unseated his rider.

The starter's flag drops.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.O.)

And they're off in the 1973 Grand
National and Rouge Autumn starts
first on the inside with Sunny
Laird.

Horses surge forward as one, a thunderous roar erupting from the crowd.

BRIAN FLETCHER (POV)

The cacophony of the race assaults his senses, the grunts and snorts of the other horses, the shouted commands of the jockeys, a rhythmic drumming of galloping horses mingling with the roars of the crowd that line the course. The ground vibrates beneath him as pounding hooves of a veritable cavalry charge as the thirty eight horses race toward the first fence. Dislodged turf flies up all around him like shrapnel.

Melling Road flashes by, a blur of green and brown and, looking ahead, the first fence is rapidly approaching, a formidable barrier at such speed. As the fence rushes closer to us, we lean forward readying for the jump. The horse leaps, his powerful legs launching them both into the air. Once airborne, everything seems to slow, the lush green of the turf gives way to the wooden structure of the fence. Clods of earth hang suspended in the air, each fragment catching the sunlight. We can hear the whooshing of air, as the next stretch of the racecourse stretches out before them, a lush green carpet inviting them onward.

MID SHOT

To both sides of RED RUM other horses and jockeys are also in mid-leap, their bodies frozen in various stages of flight. The jockeys have an intense focus, eyes locked forward.

THEN

BRIAN FLETCHER (POV)

The ground rushes up quickly as the descent begins. RED RUM clears the fence. There are jarring thuds to either side, horses are landing almost simultaneously, the synchronised drumming of hooves a chaotic orchestra. BRIAN glances back just in time to see the horse RICHELEAU stumble and fall, ejecting his jockey NEIL KERNICK brutally onto the floor.

Horses continue onward at full throttle, there are no prisoners taken, no inch given.

HIGH SHOT

The field begins to spread out. The expanse of Aintree stretching out before the horses. CRISP takes the 7th fence

and begins to pull away from the closest horse, GRAY SOMBRERO and the chasing pack. We watch as he easily extends his lead and takes the eighth fence and ninth fence, his lead extending all the time.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER watches on, calm.

BRYAN

Barring accidents, Crisp's won it already. He's not stopping.

GINGER

You can't win anything at half time, five-nil up or not.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

HIGH SHOT

CRISP approaches the 21st fence while the chasing pack, including RED RUM, are jumping the 20th.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.O)

Another beautiful jump there from Crisp who seems to be going very well indeed. What a fantastic ride he's having. I can't remember a horse so far ahead in the Grand National at this stage.

CLOSE UP CRISP on a silent, strangely eerie gallop, no horse noise except his own. The background distant roar of the Aintree crowd.

CLOSE UP RUM RED takes a fence in fourth place behind SPANISH STEPS and ROUGE AUTUMN. RED RUM is ridden to overtake both horses and move into second place.

WIDE SHOT

CRISP approaches BECHER'S BROOK for the second time, where DAVID NICHOLSON, a jockey floored on the first circuit, stands out to the side of the course. He is watching this magnificent display.

CRISP jumps BECHER'S BROOK with no issue

DAVID NICHOLSON

(Shouts)

Richard, you're 33 lengths clear, kick on and you'll win!

CLOSE UP on CRISP and RICHARD PITMAN. Near silence but we can hear the race tannoy in the distance.

TANNOY (V.O)

And Red Rum is coming out of the pack. Brian Fletcher is kicking him hard.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER watches his charge being forced forward. He looks more hopeful and with that, more excited.

BRYAN

Two fences left Ginger, you're going to get second pal, a National second, well done.

EXT.AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

CRISP is pushed on by RICHARD PITMAN as they come to the second last, CRISP jumps and lands okay, however his stride begins to momentarily stutter and slow after landing. He is pushed and urged on again.

HEAD ON, WIDE SHOT

CRISP still has a huge lead. Over RICHARD PITMAN's shoulder we see RED RUM taking the second last, he appears a distance away, the chasm looks huge and unassailable.

CRISP jumps the last fence, he is now 15 lengths in front and just two furlongs left to run. RICHARD PITMAN urges CRISP forward, but the horse's once powerful strides are faltering. The engine is empty, the fuel gauge reading zero. RICHARD goes for his whip with his right hand which forces CRISP to VEER away from the elbow rather toward it, costing them a few lengths in the process and allowing RED RUM to close the gap some more.

We view the final stages complete with commentary.

CRISP runs toward the Aintree elbow, RED RUM is closing all the time. They reach the furlong pole and the two warriors are battling it out, CRISP, not giving up and desperate to hold on.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.O)

Just a furlong to run now, two hundred yards for Crisp, and Red Rum is still closing on him! Crisp is getting very tired, and Red Rum is pounding after him.

RICHARD PITMAN's desperate urgings to get CRISP home in first place is in contrast to RED RUM closing with every stride. RED RUM is sticking out his chest and neck under a forceful ride. RED RUM eventually emerges as the winner by a quarter of a length.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (V.O)
 Red Rum is the one who's finishing
 the strongest. He's going to get
 up! Red Rum is going to win the
 National. At the line Red Rum has
 just snatched it from Crisp!

GINGER and BRYAN walk briskly down the stairs to greet the hero of the hour. GINGER is being congratulated by hordes of punters, many wanting to shake his hand or pat him on the back.

The horses walk toward the Winners circle, the camera picks out the joyful expression of BRIAN FLETCHER and the agony etched on the face of RICHARD PITMAN

GINGER, a huge broad smile on his face, arrives, and half hugs then gives a congratulatory pat to RED RUM. He begins to lead RED RUM through the sea of people, who erupt into applause and cheers as the two magnificent horses make their way past. CRISP, the valiant runner-up, follows closely behind, head held high in dignified defeat.

Among the jubilant crowd, a small group of spectators catches GINGER's ear. The tone shifts as he overhears a conversation that is meant to be heard.

MAN IN CROWD#1
 (disparagingly)
 He didn't deserve to win it. Crisp
 was carrying twelve bloody stones!

MAN IN CROWD#2
 I could've won it with Rummy's
 weight.

GINGER's smile fades slightly, and his eyes narrow as he processes the comments. He continues to lead RED RUM but can't help glancing towards the dissenters.

GINGER walks on toward the Circle where RED RUM is led to the Winner's place. A garland is put over RED RUM's head and a couple of trainers come to congratulate GINGER. CRISP is put in the runners up spot and has plenty of attention. GINGER forgets the dissenters and his mood improves.

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD - EVENING

The sun has just set, casting a soft twilight glow over Aughton Road. There are a group of locals, maybe a hundred, gathered to welcome home RED RUM.

ANGLE ON GINGER, a warm but exhausted smile, steps out of his Land Rover that is parked behind the horse box. There are congratulatory shouts from the crowd and reciprocal thanks from GINGER.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING

From an exterior viewpoint, we see TOM survey the scene from behind his window. He shakes his head, clearly unimpressed and pulls his curtains closed.

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD - EVENING

The door of the horse box opens, RED RUM, his coat gleaming even in the dim light, steps out, his ears pricked forward. The crowd, applaud, cheer and whistle.

INT. GINGER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is bustling with the morning routine. JOANNE and DONALD JR. sit at the breakfast table, crunching on Cornflakes. BERLY is wiping down the kitchen counters, GINGER paces around the kitchen while reading some of the many newspapers he has in his hands. His expression is a mix of frustration and disbelief.

GINGER

"Red Rum wins, but Crisp is immortal", The Telegraph. "Red Rum the Winner but Crisp was really the hero", Daily Mirror... And look at this one.

He holds up a copy of the Northern Echo.

HEADLINE "THE GREATEST NATIONAL EVER!"

GINGER

Then it says, "No horse has carried 12 stone to victory since 1930-odd and it was in many ways it was heartbreaking to see Crisp beaten" blah blah blah.

GINGER swaps to the next broadsheet.

GINGER

"The greatest display put up by any horse ever and it was sad that Crisp could not earn just reward for his efforts" The Guardian.

(Incredulous)

He smashed the course record by 19 seconds. No horse has ever run that fast in the National, he proper lit up and ran down a 30 length lead and if he had to run another furlong he would've and had a 30 length lead himself. According to these clowns, Rummy didn't actually win it. Tell you what, I'm going to rip these up and wipe my hairy arse with the buggers!

At the table Donald Jnr triumphantly holds up his spoon like a comic book superhero.

DONALD JNR
Daddy win. Win again Daddy.

BERYL
You need to get ready, those reporters will be here soon. I think I've some Jammie Dodgers in the cupboard.

DONALD JNR
Win again Daddy!

BERYL
And Custard Creams.

GINGER
Okay Donnie, we'll win again next year. RICH TEA's Beryl, that's all they deserve.

DONALD JNR
Win again Daddy!

GINGER picks Donald Jnr up and holds him out front, facing away from him while he studies his back.

GINGER
Nope, no string here, must be batteries.

GINGER places Donald back in his chair to finish his breakfast then grabs his flat cap from the hook on the door.

GINGER
Off to take the Old Fella down to the beach.

BERYL
What about the reporters?

GINGER
They'll have to wait, Rummy first love, always Rummy first.

EXT.AUGHTON ROAD - LATE MORNING

A crowd of reporters, have been waiting for a couple of hours and now shifting from foot to foot, their cameras drooping and microphones held limply at their sides with occasional glances down the road, eager for the story and to be onto their next assignment. They jostle for position more out of boredom as much as necessity, each trying to stake a claim to the best vantage point.

BERYL appears with cups of Tea held in various sized and patterned cups. Jammie Dodgers and Custard Cream are given

out by the stable girl who accompanies BERYL. The reporters are appreciative and relax their positions to grab a cup.

REPORTER1

Any idea when he's going to be here love? It's a long way back to London.

The noise from a small crowd's enthusiasm alerts the reporters that RED RUM has turned onto Aughton Road. They snap to attention, cameras raised and microphones extended.

Flanked by GINGER, RED RUM walks with a distinctive sideways swagger. He revels in the adoration, his ears pricking up at the sound of his name being called from all sides. He pauses and flicks his tail, as if acknowledging his fans individually.

The press capture every second, knowing that this was more than just a routine return from a workout, it was a parade of a champion.

A makeshift press conference is assembled on the road.

REPORTER1

Nice cuppa Ginger, say thanks to the mMissus for me.

GINGER

Will do cock.

REPORTER1

And say thanks for the Custard Creams, we usually only get offered Rich Tea's.

GINGER opens his mouth as if to speak, but then closes it, the words dying on his lips. He then gives a forced gracious smile before clearing his throat as if ready to take questions.

REPORTER2

If I ran four and half miles in nine minutes I'd be knackered. Has Rummy recovered Ginger? What's his routine today?

GINGER

He returned fine yesterday but we took him to the beach this morning, stretch his legs and all that. His routine doesn't change, win or lose. Morning feed, morning gallop, good scrub down, evening feed, three packs of Polo's and bed.

REPORTER2

You say, three packets of Polos?

GINGER

Yes cock, unless a race is coming up and then then he won't touch 'em. Turns his nostril up.

Reporter3 presents himself, he differs from the rest of the pack, he has a polished exterior, crisp suit, meticulously groomed hair. His demeanour is confident, almost too confident.

REPORTER3

(Laced with a tone that suggests he found the answer laughable)

But how on earth would he know he's got a race coming up? He's just a horse.

GINGER

Oh he's more than just a horse, he's got it up here

(Points to his brain)

This fella could go on Mastermind with Magnus Magnusson. Only thing he doesn't know how to do is read and write, a bit like yourself cock.

There is a ripple of laughter among the journalists at the expense of their colleague.

REPORTER2

What are his future plans Ginger?

GINGER

Rest, first and foremost and then we might have a crack at the Hennessy later in the year.

REPORTER3

Do you think he has the class to go toe to toe with the likes of Charlie Potheen and The Dikler? After all, Crisp gave him twenty three pounds yesterday and your horse only just scraped home?

GINGER

I get what you're saying and frankly, I didn't think mine had much chance of catching Crisp, but I knew if Crisp was going to stop, mine is tremendously tough and game and, given just a chance, would battle it out. And that's just what he did. I've looked at the BBC replay numerous times and even on those I'm sure Crisp wins on the odd occasion

The reporters are amused again.

ANGLE ON

A car approaches and behind the wheel is a middle aged man with his wife as a passenger. The assembled press means he is unable to get past and the irritation shows in his face.

GINGER

Don't forget the Old Fella beat L'Escargot into third place and he's a double Gold Cup winner. No one can take this victory away from him.

REPORTER2

Will he be going back to Aintree to defend his title next year?

GINGER

Well, that's the plan.

REPORTER5

And what if this is the last National, what happens then Ginger? Aintree's being sold and a development company is interested in buying the land.

GINGER

Listen, Aintree belongs to you, it belongs to me and the rest of the people in this country. It would be a disaster if yesterday was the last one to be run. The rest of the world thinks that the Grand National is just a horse race. It is nothing of the bloody sort. It is a national institution. In the same way that the FA Cup Final is, or Wimbledon, or the Derby, or driving on the left. National institutions don't belong solely to one person, one company, they belong to the people who are alive today. They also belong to the past and the future. They are being held in trust. It is as unthinkable to scrap the Grand National as it would be to scrap the Boat Race and the Boat Race is the greatest non-event in the entire world sporting calendar. Yes they say the Boat Race is boring, of course it is, like watching chuffing paint dry, it's for Tarquin's and Tilly's only, but that's the whole point of it. It is one thing to denigrate a

(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)
 national institution, but a very
 different matter to threaten to
 kill it off. Britain can't afford
 to lose any institutions. There is
 already one on the way out as the
 missus has got me chicken for
 Sunday dinner instead of roast
 beef. We're going to have to have
 words, me and that lass.

The reporters appear impressed, including Reporter3.

INT. CAR - DAY

The driver taps his fingers impatiently on the steering
 wheel.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

REPORTER1

I noticed Rummy was walking
 sideways, is there a problem
 Ginger?

GINGER

No he's perfectly fine, he does
 that as he knows people are looking
 at him, he's the star of the show
 you know?

The reporters seem to have found an angle. There is some
 energetic activity as they scribble in their pads and
 photographers snap away.

INT. CAR - DAY

The driver's patience evaporates and he leans on the horn,
 it is a PENETRATING, FRUSTRATED sound. It causes the
 reporters to immediately stop writing and look. RED RUM eyes
 widen as he begins to slowly back away, a visible sign of
 distress. The stable lad calms him.

GINGER approaches the drivers side window and raps, HARD, on
 the glass. The window is wound down. The driver is about to
 remonstrate but undeterred, GINGER leans slightly into the
 car and talks first.

GINGER

Do you have kids cock?

DRIVER

(confused)

Well, yes I do but what has that-

GINGER

And you love your family right?

DRIVER

Of course I do.

GINGER

And you keep them safe, green cross code, stranger danger and all that?

DRIVER

Yes, of course.

GINGER

Well that horse there, he's my family cock. I love that fella and he trusts me implicitly to keep him safe and when something scares him, like your car horn, then it can lead to injuries. Now if anything ever happened to your family, I can tell you'd be a very angry man and rightly so. You'd be well in your rights to punch their lights out, agree?

DRIVER

Well, yes. Look. I'm sorry. I just-

GINGER

No problem cock, I appreciate that you'd do anything to protect your family, that's very commendable - You would do ANYTHING right?

DRIVER

Sure, I'd walk over hot coals.

GINGER

Top fella. Listen, I'll get these guys out of the way and then we can talk business.

The DRIVER again looks confused, GINGER motions to the rear seats.

GINGER

No seat belts, pre 66 and bloody criminal. Imagine if - no don't imagine. Listen, I'm going to do you a favour, yes I have a nice Vauxhall Viva, yes it has all the mod cons, radio, windscreen wipers, steering wheel, brakes but best of all, rear seat belts. Pull over here before I come to my senses.
(points to side of the road)

GINGER

(to the reporters)

Sorry lad's it's time to get the old fella washed down, plus this guy is insistent on buying a car RIGHT now. Thank you lady and gents. Have a great summer, see you in the autumn when the roller coaster ride starts all over again.

1973 POPULAR CULTURE MONTAGE.

EXT. TOP OF ROLLER COASTER. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

MUSIC: "TOP OF THE WORLD" BY THE CARPENTERS.

The roller coaster train reaches the apex, momentarily pausing at the top of the steep drop. The camera zooms in on the riders, their expressions a mix of excitement and apprehension. TOM and WIFE are seated at the front.

WIDE SHOT

The camera show the entire train perched precariously on the edge.

CLOSE ON

TOM grips the safety bars tightly, he is wide-eyed and silent while his WIFE laughs uncontrollably, enjoying the moment.

There is the faint clicking of the final chain links and then with a SUDDEN lurch, the train tips forward, beginning its RAPID descent.

TOM's POV

The view is a blur of motion. The ground rushes up rapidly, and the track twists and turns in a dizzying array of loops and bends. The rider's screams erupt in unison, blending with the roaring sound of the coaster racing down the track.

GROUND LEVEL. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

The rollercoaster races by and passes GINGER, BERYL and FAMILY all enjoying a day out, all consuming a Mr Whippy Ice Cream as they approach the CUPS and SAUCERS ride.

WEMBLEY - EXT

BBC Footage FA CUP Final 1973

IAN PORTERFIELD smashes the goal into the LEEDS net. BOB STOKOE runs onto the pitch to celebrate.

EXT - DAY

BBC News

Scene's of industrial unrest, picket lines complete with obligatory smoking bin, placards, lorries being turned away.

WIMBLEDON - EXT

BILLIE JEAN KING beating CHRIS EVERT in the Women's Singles final.

EXT - DAY

BBC News

PRINCESS ANNE her engagement to CAPT MARK PHILLIPS.

EXT - DAY

INTERJECT DRAMATIC MUSIC INTRO: "LIVE AND LET DIE" by PAUL MCCARTNEY AND WINGS

BBC News

Live and Let Die is released at the cinema. Roger Moore debuts.

EXT. CANTERBURY GOLF CLUB - DAY

Jack Nicklaus wins the US PGA putting the 18th, the leaderboard shows he is four ahead of his nearest rival. He takes the applause from the gathered crowd.

INT - DAY

A BBC weatherman puts a bright Sun symbol on a map of the UK which joins with many other Sun symbols already applied. The headline month is September.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. EXIT OF ROLLERCOASTER - DAY

WIDE SHOT

The train comes to a smooth halt at the unloading area. The safety bars lift with a metallic clink, and the ride operator gives a friendly nod, signalling the passengers to disembark.

TOM is ashen faced and struggling to keep his lunch down as he delicately exits his seat. He holds onto the railings of the wooden pathway for support as he stumbles along. His wife, noticing his discomfort, squeezes his arm gently and guides him towards a nearby bench opposite the Amusement Arcade. Once seated, TOM takes a deep breath and looks over.

END MUSIC: "TOP OF THE WORLD" BY THE CARPENTERS

INT.AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

A symphony of noise, the jingling of coins, the mechanical clatter of games machines and the lively chatter of people.

BERYL, purse open, is playing on the One Armed Bandits, the whirring of the reels and the occasional clatter of cascading coins when someone hits the jackpot. She spits on the coin (for luck) before depositing her money.

GINGER is wandering around the arcade, amused at the children racing from machine to machine clutching handfuls of coins, he walks past the Rock n Roll and Space Adventure themed PinBall machines where the snapping of flippers and the clinking off bumpers does not grab his attention. He watches the Coin Pushers for a moment but moves on uninterested and the colourful Bingo area is bypassed. He is about to double back when something extraordinary catches his eye situated in the corner. His eyes widen, and his smile broadens into a grin of pure delight. GINGER walks over and stops at a 1970's Whittaker Brother 'THE DERBY' machine.

BERYL spits on another coin and tries her hand. She loses out with Two Cherries and a BAR ending up on the centre line. BERYL takes out another coin as a RED HAired eight year old passes, she rubs the coin on his head, the child stops.

BERYL

For luck, son.

The child moves on as the coin is deposited and the reels spin. BAR-BAR-BAR and BERYL is ecstatic as the winning coins pour out.

GINGER is about to bet on the 'Horse Race' where the options and winnings are Blue or Red for 4p, Green for 6p, Yellow for 8p and White for a huge 12p. GINGER deposits his coin and it clunks inside as it accepts. The race sets off.

GINGER

(body animated with excitement, shouting)

Come on Red un, keep pushing him
lad, push it, push it, push iiiit!
Yeeesss!

Four pence winnings drop below. GINGER collects as the CHILD with the RED HAIR appears beside him. It is time to wager for the next race. GINGER notices the child with his coin hovering over the blue selection.

GINGER

Not the Blue one kid, you want the
Red one, Red always wins.

The child changes from Blue to Red and the race starts.

Customer POV - The race starts and Green takes an early lead then Red takes over

GINGER

Told you.

Customer POV - Red gets three quarters into the race then Blue takes over

GINGER

Oh no, it's like Hennesey all over again.

Customer POV - The Blue wins by half a length.

The CHILD looks up to GINGER for answers

GINGER

(shakes his head)

Gambling's a mug's game kid, let that be a lesson to you.

GINGER leaves the area, the CHILD looks upset and alone

GINGER's long strides takes him deeper into the Arcades throng, as he passes the COIN PUSHER machine, with one quick, deliberate motion he strikes the side of it with his fist. The impact sends a subtle tremor through the device, causing coins to dislodge and fall into the collection tray.

The RED HAired CHILD notices the commotion and hurries over to the machine, his face lights up with surprise and excitement. He looks up for GINGER but he has already disappeared from view.

EXT.LIME ST STATION. LIVERPOOL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE "GRAND NATIONAL DAY 1974"

The station is bustling with activity. A sea of red as the platform is teeming with LIVERPOOL FANS all eager to board the train. TOM and BOB are among the crowd. In the background a group of fans are singing "We're the famous Liverpool and we're going to Wem-ber-lee, Wem-ber-lee..." The sounds of train whistles and rumble of engines.

TOM

Keep your ticket safe mate, loads of scallies about.

BOB

There's no way I'm parting with a cup semi ticket, they'd have to fight me to the death for it.

TOM

Same here. This train's taking it's time, bloody British Rail.

BOB

Gone Red on the National too, had to be done.

TOM

Can't see it myself, he was lucky last year. I'm on Charles Dickens, Liverpool v Leicester, a tale of two cities see. Boom.

EXT.AINTREE RACECOURSE. GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER and BRYAN stand on the grandstand steps, their usual spot, ready and waiting for the National.

GINGER pops a couple of Polo's into his mouth. He is approached by SALLY.

SALLY

Hello Mr McCain, I'm Sally.

GINGER

Hello Sally, how are you today cock?

SALLY

I've seen you on the telly. You fixed Red Rum. He was poorly and you fixed him.

GINGER

It's the sea Sally. It's magic!

SALLY

I like Red Rum. He's a nice horse. I hope you win.

GINGER

I think he has a marvellous chance today. Thank you very much.

The adult chaperone with SALLY, has 'a word' with GINGER.

CHAPERONE

You don't have to talk to her Mr McCain, I know she says the same thing over and over again. You've better things to do I would imagine.

GINGER

Sally doesn't have to talk to me either cock. Please thank her for her time.

CHAPERONE

(not expecting the
response given)

Erm, yes. Thank you anyway. Good
luck with the race.

As per BBC TV coverage, among a herd of horses and jockey silks, the camera follows RED RUM walking around waiting to come under starters orders.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

Red Rum there with Brian Fletcher.
Can he be the first double winner
of the National since 1936. He's
carrying a welterweight of twelve
stone, if he wins it's a feat not
matched for nearly forty years.

The camera switches to L'ESCARGOT.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

And twice Gold Cup winner
L'Escargot and third behind Red
Rum in last year's National. He's
got a one pound weight advantage
this year carrying eleven stone
thirteen. He's currently second
favourite at seventeen to two.

The camera switches to SCOUT

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

And here's Scout, a lot of money
has been placed on this horse up
and down the country in the last
hour or so and Tommy Stack won't
know he's riding the National
favourite. They're being called
into line.

The forty two horses start to line up.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

Princess Camilla is not too happy
and backs off, she's giving Martin
Blackshaw an anxious moment or two
now. He gets her back in line. And
they're away

The cavalry charge starts, the action as per the commentary.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

And she's away all right, they're
all away, Karacola just a little
bit slow and as they stream down
towards the Melling Road, Sunny Lad
is one of the first to show with
Nereo towards the outside and....

TIME LAPSE

The race has progressed, the horses are more spread out, some falling behind, while others jostle at the head of the races. The horses are approaching the CANAL TURN. We approach the CANAL TURN fence at speed which looms large, with its dense, green foliage and imposing structure.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

...as Sunny Lad approaches the
Canal Turn now with Charles Dickens
in second

CAMERA LOW, from a low perspective on the landing side of the CANAL TURN, SUNNY LAD looms above and soars over the fence, his muscles straining as he lands with a graceful arch. From this vantage point, its underbelly and outstretched legs are clearly visible. SUNNY LAD's hooves make ground contact with a soft, dull thud. The horse quickly gathers itself, its legs working in perfect harmony. It pivots to the left, the rider leaning into the turn.

A second later CHARLES DICKENS follows and successfully jumps the obstacle. Followed by horse after horse until ROUGE HOUSE, slightly misaligned, clips the top of the fence. He lands awkwardly, his legs buckling under the strain.

CAMERA LOW, From this low perspective we can see the horse's body twisting as it hits the ground hard, sending a spray of turf and dirt into the air and across the camera lens.

The Jockey is thrown forward, rolling away to avoid the thrashing hooves. Just a split second behind is CULLA HILLS, perhaps spooked by the fallen competitor, falters mid-jump. The horse crashes into the fence, the impact sending a reverberating noise through the air. He flips forward, landing heavily on its side, while the rider is catapulted into the ground, hitting the turf with a bone-jarring thud.

Horses keep jumping the CANAL TURN, often circumnavigating horses still getting to their feet. CLOSE UP Among the pack, RED RUM jumps CANAL TURN.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

And Red Rum is still going strong.
They...

TIME LAPSE

We pick up with just a few horses at the head of the race and in with a chance.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

... approach Becher's for the
second time and Red Rum takes over
the lead from Charles Dickens
second, L'Escargot third.

The camera now tracks the three leaders. From a side view, RED RUM is a picture of effortless power and grace. BRIAN FLETCHER is almost motionless, his hands lightly holding the reins, allowing his horse to run freely. They approach BECHER's BROOK and RED RUM jumps up into the lead.

Behind RED RUM, the scene shifts to CHARLES DICKEN's and L'ESCARGOT, both formidable competitors, but struggling to keep up with the leader. Jockeys strain as they push their horses, shouting encouragement, their bodies moving rhythmically in sync with their mounts.

WIDE SHOT

Captures the trailing two showing the gap between them and RED RUM. CHARLES DICKENS and L'ESCARGOT are close together, their jockeys in full ride motion, while CAMERA PAN to RED RUM who continues to stretch his lead effortlessly, BRIAN sits almost still.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

They come to the final fence and it looks like RED RUM only has to jump it.

RED RUM jumps without issue. There is a HUGE ROAR from the crowd.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

And this great local crowd are giving him a tremendous ovation.

On the run toward the finish line RED RUM's jockey, almost motionless, often nonchalantly glances back to see if the chasing pack are catching him. They are trailing behind. It is all too easy for RED RUM. BRIAN FLETCHER raises his hand to acknowledge the crowd as he passes the line.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

A furlong to run, he's got a big weight, remember 23 pounds more than last year.. It's Red Rum, from L'Escargot in second, Charles Dickens third and Spanish Steps fourth and racing up towards the line, Red Rum, getting the ovation of his career and Brian Fletcher acknowledges the cheers of the crowd as he comes to the line the winner of the National.

THE WALK TOWARD THE WINNERS CIRCLE - A smiling BRIAN FLETCHER, atop leads RED RUM in, the crowds are gathered, wanting to congratulate the horse.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

What a reception that crowds are giving. This is a national winner really worthy of the great chase.

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD - EVENING.

HIGH SHOT

Revealing a sea of people, many thousands strong, stretching as far as the camera can see. We can see down adjoining streets that are packed with RED RUM fans.

RED RUM's horsebox slowly turns into the street, people disperse to the pavement. The high shot watches RED RUM and his entourage making their way through the crowd. The horsebox is adorned with red roses thrown by the crowd. The crowd's volume rises to a deafening roar, the atmosphere is electric.

The main street is now the focal point, lined with buildings adorned with celebratory decorations. Shop windows display congratulatory signs, where young men scramble up lampposts to get a better view.

The car following the horsebox opens and GINGER squeezes out. The crowd around him is a blend of fans, reporters, and well-wishers, each eager to offer their congratulations and share a moment with the victorious trainer. Hands reach out to shake his, and many pat him on the back in a show of appreciation and camaraderie. GINGER attempts to make his way through the throng, but each step brings another round of congratulations and requests for a moment of his time.

INT. GINGER'S HALLWAY - EVENING

The door bursts open and GINGER steps inside, leaving hordes of well-wishers and reporters behind. The muffled sound of cheers and chatter fades as he closes the door. He pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath to steady himself before he hangs up his tweed jacket and flat cap.

Beryl stands at the foot of the stairs, shepherding the children to bed. The children are reluctant to climb the stairs. Joanne mildly protests until Beryl gives her the stare. The children disappear off to bed while Beryl starts to tidy the phone table at the stair side.

GINGER

It's madness. Absolute madness out there. I can't wait for the Scottish.

BERYL stops in her tracks.

BERYL

He's not going to Ayr.

GINGER

He's fine. Came home with hardly a puff.

BERYL

He's not going Donald. Poor lad's done four and a half miles today and that's another four miles. Sorry, no, it's not going to happen.

GINGER

Yes it is.

BERYL

It's not

GINGER

It is.

BERYL

Over my dead body Donald.

INT.GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BERYL sits arms folded across her chest as she watches the TV. Only the noise of the TV disturbs the silence. BERYL's anger is loud and clear, communicated through every tight muscle and sharp breath.

TV COMMENTATOR (VO)

What a roar of appreciation by this Ayr crowd this is for the race victor, Red Rum. Eighteen thousand people here makes the Hampden Roar sound a mere ripple. He's the first horse ever to complete the English and Scottish National double, a feat thought impossible. What a gutsy performance that was by the nine year old, just three weeks after his appearance at the Aintree National. Many said he wouldn't and couldn't do it but Ginger McCain stuck to his guns and has been rewarded with another great success.

INT.GINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is bathed in semi-darkness, illuminated only by the soft glow of a bedside lamp. The sound of the door creaking open breaks the silence. GINGER, slightly tipsy, quietly pushes the door open, peeking in to see if BERYL is asleep.

BERYL is sitting upright in bed, back against the headboard, curlers in her hair, dressing gown over a nighty, arms still stiffly folded.

GINGER

Erm, we won. Did you watch?

BERYL

Yes.

GINGER

Well? We won?

Silence.

GINGER

Be a shame not to go for the
Whitbread now.

BERYL's eyes narrows tight, along with pursed lips.

BERYL

You send Rummy there and that's it
Donald. I'm packing my bags, taking
the kids and leaving. Up to you,
husband or ex husband.

Pause as GINGER spots the luggage cases situated the end of
the bed.

GINGER

(sheepish)

Well, maybe we'll give the Old
Fella a break hey? He deserves it.

BERYL makes a throaty noise that sounds like a mix of a
scoff and a growl before doubling down on the folded arms.

The camera fades to darkness.

EXT. AUGHTON ROAD. DECEMBER - MORNING

FADE UP

The sky starts to lighten from deep indigo to a soft, pastel
blue as the first light of dawn begins to break. The camera
tilts upward, capturing the gradual transition.

A wide shot of Aughton Road, showing the entire street
covered in snow. The camera slowly pans from one end of the
road to the other, capturing the peaceful, picturesque
scene.

A Royal Mail van turns into the road and parks up.

INT. GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Paper chain decorations crisscross the ceiling, a Christmas
tree stands in the corner adorned with multi-coloured fairy
lights and tinsel. The tree is topped with a child made
Fairy/Angel.

The TV plays YOUNG AT HEART 1955 (Frank Sinatra and Doris
Day) but the sound is drowned out by the noise of the vacuum
cleaner being rigorously pushed and pulled across the carpet
by BERYL. GINGER, sat in his chair, is reading the Racing

Post. He has the paper unfolded and spread wide, completely obscuring his face from view.

BERYL reaches GINGER's chair and without any words or glances being traded Ginger automatically lifts his leg so Beryl can Hoover underneath. Once completed GINGER's legs return to their original position.

BERYL turns off the Hoover and the scene captures the simple, everyday task of wrapping up a vacuum cleaner cord.

BERYL

Can you drop me off at Boothroyd's later, I'm getting some Weebles for the kids.

GINGER lowers his paper, we can now see his eyes peeping over the top.

GINGER

You mean those little fat bastards that won't lay down? You can't do anything with 'em, waste of money.

BERYL

It's what they've been pestering me for, that and a Cindy doll.

GINGER

Not for our Donald I hope, we don't want him growing up to be a nancy boy.

BERYL

Don't be so daft.

GINGER returns to reading the Racing Post. Once more obscuring his face.

GINGER

(Over)

If I can get the car out. Shouldn't be a problem.

There is a knock at the door.

BERYL

Tell 'em I'll be there in ten. Kettle's already been on.

Ginger puts his paper down, gets up and turns the TV over from FRANK SINATRA singing to WHITE CHRISTMAS 1954 where BING CROSBY is singing.

GINGER

Can't stand that insignificant little man, Bing is much better.

He goes to answer the door.

INT. GINGER'S HALLWAY - DAY

GINGER opens the door, outside is a snow covered postman.

GINGER
Hey up Reg, how are you?

POSTMAN
Not too bad mate. Weather could be better.

GINGER
Aye, racings off. Sent the lads over the border to Thirsk and they're on their way back. It'll be Big Daddy and Giant Haystacks for the lads later.

POSTMAN
Number three next year Ginger?

GINGER
Try and stop us.

POSTMAN
Good for you, be the last one won't it? Dave who works at the Aintree depot says the new owners have put the price up. It'll be the death of it. Oh, these are for you Ginger.

The POSTMAN hands GINGER a handful of colourful envelopes.

GINGER
Thanks Reg, have a good Christmas cock.

GINGER shuts the door but before he can turn and walk away, there is another knock at the door.

OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT

The camera captures GINGER from behind as he reopens the doore, revealing the POSTMAN still standing there.

The POSTMAN leans slightly to the side, momentarily disappearing from view, then reappears in full view, now holding a large, overflowing mail sack of post.

POSTMAN
And that's for the horse.

The camera follows GINGER as he carries the sack inside, he looks surprised by the delivery. He takes one envelope from the bag. It is in a child's handwriting, simply addressed as

"Red Rum The Seaside" (Seaside spelt as Seeside).

INT. GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

GINGER enters, he holds the mail sack as if showing it off before turning the bag over so the cards cascade to the floor.

GINGER
(laughing)
Old Fella's more popular than the
Queen.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

MUSIC: "SHANG-A-LANG" BY THE BAY CITY ROLLERS

KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UP - a tea towel with a bold print of RED RUM's face and name. MUM picks it up.

STABLE - DAY

There are school tours to see RED RUM.

TATTOO PARLOUR - DAY

Three men, all friends, show their tattoo's one by one.

MAN1 pulls up his sleeve to proudly show a "Dave Loves Julie" tattoo

MAN2 pulls up his sleeve to proudly show "Mum" written in a Red Heart

MAN3 Pulls off his T-Shirt to show a full RED RUM profile picture on his back.

AUGHTON ROAD - DAY

Adult tours queue on the street. More people are arriving, coaches are parked up nearby.

SOUTHPORT ROCK SHOP - DAY

Rows of brightly coloured sticks of rock candy, each with RED RUM's name spiralling through the centre.

STABLES - DAY

RED RUM is in his stable, his head protruding through the open door, ears pricked. There are flashes indicating many photos being taken by his fans.

CLOSE UP A red coloured record is placed on a Dansette record player. The shot gets Closer to reveal it's "RED RUM by CHASER" on Polydor records. The record and picture begins to spin into.

LADIES HAIRDRESSERS- DAY

A woman sits under a 1970's permanent wave hair dryer, her head covered in large curlers underneath a hair net. She picks up the RADIO TIMES edition from April 1975 with the headline "THREE ON THE TROT" and a picture of RED RUM on the front page.

The camera PANS INTO the picture

EXT. TICKET OFFICE. AINTREE RACECOURSE. 5TH APRIL 1975 - DAY.

SHANG-A-LANG continues but as background only.

CLOSE UP of THE RADIO TIMES, the camera pans out to a spectator holding the magazine walking with others streaming towards the entrance and ticket office. Their chatter blends with the sounds of passing cars, vendors call out, selling racecards and sporting papers.

SUPERIMPOSE "GRAND NATIONAL DAY 1975"

There is a BBC outside broadcast trailer close by.

The ticket office, a simple structure with several windows, is bustling with racegoers, each queue filled with animated conversation.

In one of these lines stand TOM, BOB and their WIVES.

While in the short queue, TOM turns to BOB

TOM
Who you backing?

BOB
Rummy of course.

TOM
(shaking his head)
Twice, yes. But a third time? Give me a break. Rag Trade, it's got that young Johnny Francombe on board. Boom.

They reach the ticket window.

TOM
Two tickets mate.

CLERK
That'll be forty pounds.

TOM
How much? I don't want to buy the National winner mate, I just want to get in.

TOM'S WIFE

We paid fifteen for both of us last year.

The clerk stares blankly. TOM tuts as he reaches into his pocket for the additional money.

TOM

I suppose we've come this far. We won't be coming next year mind.

He hands over the cash with a reluctant grimace. He receives their tickets and tucks them safely away.

TOM

Is there a horse in the National called Daylight Robbery, because that's what this is mate?

The clerk stares blankly

FADE OUT SHANG-A-LANG

TOM and his wife move to the side while BOB and his WIFE shuffle forward to purchase their tickets.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

The attendance is dramatically down on the previous years, shown by the sparse crowds in the Grandstand, empty queues at the tea and burger stands, shots of idle bookmakers with workers standing around with nothing to do. A few people make bets but there are no lines of activity.

The camera tracks GINGER as he makes his way across the Aintree course. He is stopped by a group of press reporters at the ready with their recording devices

REPORTER1

How's the horse Ginger, all set for today? Is he going to make history?

GINGER

He's in fine fettle, I think he'll have a good chance today.

REPORTER2

What about the rain we've had all week? Your horse flopped in the soft at Haydock.

GINGER

Yes, but I'd been a bit easy on him with his work and he blew after the race. I've sharpened him up for this. We'll have a go whatever the conditions.

REPORTER4

Are you worried about L'Escargot?
He's carrying ten pounds less than
last year and goes in the
conditions.

GINGER

L'escargot? I can't eat it and
can't spell it cock, so maybe we
can beat it. There's no doubt being
a double Gold Cup winner he is a
beast of a horse but I've got
Rummy, who's better. Look I've got
to go to saddle the Old Fella up as
they won't let us race without one.
Come and see me after the race.

EXT. PARADE RING - DAY

Horses are released from the parade ring, onto the course.
Jockeys standing tall in their stirrups as they pass by. In
the background, GINGER navigates his way up through the
bustling crowd, frequently stopped by people wanting to
chat. He spots SALLY near the railings and makes a point of
approaching her.

GINGER

Hello Sally. Good to see you again.
Have you had any winners today?

SALLY

Hello Mr McCain, I'm Sally. You
fixed Red Rum. He was poorly and
you fixed him.

GINGER

I did, didn't I?

SALLY

My Mum's poorly, can you fix my Mum
so i can stay with her please?

GINGER

I wish I could Sally but I can fix
only horses I'm afraid, but I hope
your Mum is better soon okay?

SALLY

I like Red Rum. He's a nice horse.
I hope you win.

GINGER

Yes, so do I Sally. Thank you.

INT.CAFE - MORNING

Chipped formica tables, scuffed linoleum flooring and non
matching chairs. A waitress unceremoniously delivers two

steaming mugs of tea to Tom and Bob who are about to tuck into their fried breakfast

WAITRESS

There you go boys.

TOM

Thanks love.

TOM

(cutting into his
sausage)

Nothing beats a proper breakfast
before a hard day's graft, eh Bob?

BOB

(nodding, mouth full)

You got that right. Fuel for the
day.

They eat with gusto, enjoying every bite. The clatter of cutlery and the murmur of conversations from other patrons create a lively atmosphere.

TOM scrapes a generous portion of bacon, eggs, and beans onto his fork, moving it towards his open mouth. Just as it nears, he pauses, fork hovering in mid-air, his eyes catching something across the room. A nearby CUSTOMER is holding up a newspaper, the bold headline reads "L'ESCARGOT ENDS IRISH HOODOO IN NATIONAL". The sub heading is "RED RUM SECOND"

TOM

Told you didn't I?

BOB looks up, following TOM's gaze to the newspaper.

TOM

He's won two already, there's no
way he could win a third. I knew he
wouldn't. Just saying.

EXT. NEWCASTLE RACECOURSE - DAY

The camera pans across the scene, settling on a makeshift interview area where a TV PRESENTER, microphone in hand, stands beside GINGER.

TV PRESENTER

(enthusiastically)

Good afternoon, ladies and
gentlemen. We're coming to you live
from Newcastle Racecourse. I'm here
with the trainer, Ginger McCain.
Ginger, there's been quite a stir
about Brian Fletcher being replaced
as Red Rum's jockey. Can you shed
some light on this decision?

GINGER

(firmly)

Well, it's never an easy decision to change jockeys, but we felt it was in the best interest of the horse. Brian has come in after a couple of races and said that Red Rum had not given him the same feel. I believe the horse is as good as ever and possibly they are getting too used to each other. It's all about what's best for the horse.

TV PRESENTER

(nodding)

Any thoughts on who will replace Brian?

GINGER

We have three or four jockeys in the North under consideration. I would favour Ron Barry but Tommy Stack was his regular jockey before Brian so we shall see.

TV PRESENTER

Brian has stated that the horse doesn't give him the same feel, the talk is that Rummy isn't the same horse as he was. Is age catching up with him or does he need a rest?

GINGER

(short shrift)

He's as good as ever, cock.

The PRESENTER waits for more explanation but there is non forthcoming except dead air.

TV PRESENTER

Thank you, Ginger. We appreciate your candour.

The camera pans closer to the TV PRESENTER to cut GINGER out of the shot.

TV PRESENTER

Now, let's switch gears to another pressing matter concerning the very future of the Grand National itself. I've just been handed a statement by the Horserace Betting Levy Board that their latest offer has been rejected and the question now was whether Mr Davies, who owns the course, was personally prepared

(MORE)

TV PRESENTER (cont'd)
 to let the Grand National die. It
 adds that time was running out for
 the 1976 National and if there is
 no agreement by the 29th of
 December, just over a month away,
 the National dies.

GINGER O/S
 Bloody hell that'll spoil my
 Christmas dinner, someone needs to
 bang their heads together and get
 it sorted.

TV PRESENTER
 (a smirk on his lips, an
 internal chuckle, he
 continues on admirably)
 So, it appears that before the New
 Years celebrations begin-

GINGER O/S
 Bloody travesty!

TV PRESENTER
 The Grand National will be no more
 and it will also ruin Ginger
 McCain's Christmas lunch.

EXT. OXFORD STREET.LONDON. 1975. XMAS - NIGHT

The scene opens with a wide shot of Oxford Street at night,
 bustling with activity. The storefronts are adorned with
 elaborate holiday displays, drawing the eyes of busy
 shoppers. The street is decorated with twinkling Christmas
 lights hanging overhead, creating a canopy of festive
 illumination.

INT. LADBROKES HQ. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT.

The scene opens with a wide shot of a spacious boardroom.
 The walls are panelled with dark wood, and large windows
 offer a panoramic view of the city skyline. A long, polished
 mahogany table dominates the centre of the room, surrounded
 by high-backed leather chairs. Around the table, several men
 in suits are seated. They are dressed in typical 1970s
 corporate attire: wide-lapel suits, bold ties, and neatly
 combed hair. The atmosphere is serious and focused, with
 documents, ashtrays and pots of tea scattered across the
 table. The Ladbrokes Chairman speaks.

CYRIL
 Gentlemen, as you are aware the
 deadline for a deal to save and
 keep the Grand National at Aintree
 (MORE)

CYRIL (cont'd)

is the 29th of December. As of today, the 23rd of December no other body has or was likely to step in. Therefore we have reached agreement with Mr Davies to lease Aintree and manage the race for the next seven years with an option to buy, we have also negotiated the option to drop the deal after the 1977 race if we need to. Thoughts?

MARK

I'm ecstatic that we have the option to drop the race next year Cyril, it's a hard sell. All the media and public outcry about the brutality of the race, the fatalities. It's had its heyday, I don't think anyone is interested in it anymore.

CYRIL

I understand your thought process Mark, but no National means no punters in our shops.

MARK

Attendance was under ten thousand this year, the proof is right there.

HOWARD

Didn't Davies treble the entrance price to try and recoup some of his losses?

CYRIL

We run it, we set the entrance price. We just need to sell the race back to the public. Deep down, they love it but the red tops have spent years trying to hack the life out of it, the public have forgotten the dream. To sell it back to them Mike Dillon will be stepping in.

MIKE

(surprised)

Me?

CYRIL

Yes you. You're from Manchester so you'll be able to understand the Northern people.

MIKE

Oh, okay, thanks

CYRIL

Any idea what our hook would be here Mike, how do we get the public on our side?

Put on the spot, MIKE has to think QUICK. His eyes DART around the room and stop on the framed advert for the previous Grand National where Ladbrokes were offering 10/1 for RED RUM to win.

MIKE

Rummy! Yes..er.. there's only one hook, Rummy. The people love him and if we concentrate on that angle, we may get somewhere.

His colleagues look at each other then back at him, nodding slowly as they begin to see the potential

CYRIL

Good stuff. Obviously you would need the assistance of his trainer, a bit of character apparently.

MARK

Scared Mike?

MIKE

Yep.

CYRIL

They'll be busy wrapping presents and stuffing the turkey tomorrow so give him a call as soon as possible.

CUT TO

INT. GINGER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The phone on the hallway table rings. GINGER answers.

GINGER

Southport 566007 Hello?oh yes.. yes.....yes....who? Emlyn Hughes? The Liverpool and England Captain Emlyn Hughes?no problem, we'll do whatever we can cock.

EXT. BENIDORM HOTEL 1970'S. POOL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE "GRAND NATIONAL DAY 1976"

TOM and BOB lie side by side on their sun loungers, basking in the heat with an air of unabashed relaxation. Their bellies, prominent and sunburnt to a shade of lobster red.

Beside them on the table lager bottles are lined up ready to be consumed.

BOB

I can see Super Sub doing it again today. Two points for the Pool Fairclough in the last minute. Pool One - Toffees Nil. Hoping Rummy gets that third National too. I've already put my bet on.

TOM

Chucking your money away mate. Golden Wrapper, Francombe on board at twenty eight to one. Boom.

BOB

Rag Trade last year wasn't it?

TOM

Yeah, ran like a snail going uphill through treacle. I've swerved it this year.

EXT. AINTREE. 3RD APRIL 1976 - DAY

There is a large turnout of spectators who queue at the entrance waiting to enter.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

The grandstand has been rejuvenated with fresh paint. News of The World and The Sun newspaper stands give souvenir papers away. Outside catering trucks serve hot drinks to eager spectators. While the new "Pukka Pies Est 1975" have much interest from an inquisitive and hungry group. Punters crowd around bookies trying to get their bets on.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. PARADE RING - DAY

Crowds gather, four deep around the Parade ring as Thirty two horses parade, RED RUM is among them, TOMMY STACK atop.

GINGER stands with BRYAN, admiring his charge.

GINGER

He looks magnificent today, I don't think anything can stop him.

BRYAN

He looks great and you've done the things?

GINGER

Yeah, we've done the things. Same colours, same breakfast, same car, Beryl's done his hair.

BRYAN
Different Jockey though.

GINGER
Can't change that now, be bloody
ironic if Brian beats us today.
Imagine the headlines?

The horses are being released to trot to the start.

GINGER and BRYAN exit the parade ring and head toward the grandstand, making their way to the step where GINGER always watches the race. As they climb the steps, GINGER's eyes scan the area, looking for someone. His defeated expression reveals that he hasn't found them.

INT.FACILITY FOR MENTALLY CHALLENGED ADULTS. COMMON ROOM -
DAY

In a large lounge within a home for individuals with mentally challenged abilities in the 1970s, the residents sit in a state of listlessness and lack of stimulation. The walls are hospital white, harsh and plain. The only sound in the room comes from a television mounted high on the wall. It plays BBC 1, currently airing the coverage of the Grand National. The commentators' voices fill the otherwise silent room.

The residents' faces are blank, eyes glazed over, showing a lack of engagement or stimulation. A few residents fidget aimlessly, while others stare vacantly at the television screen. An attendant moves around the room and checks on the residents periodically, offering minimal interaction.

SALLY sits alone, she is subdued but more animated than the other residents as, eyes transfixed, waits for the start of the Grand National.

As the horses are lining up. One of the male residents, DARREN (impish), stands up and moves a chair close to the TV so he can reach up and start twiddling with the dials, causing the screen to flicker and fill with white noise. SALLY, who has been quietly watching the TV, becomes visibly upset.

SALLY
(angrily)
Stop it, Stop!

DARREN turns to look at Sally, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. He continues to fiddle with the dials, finding amusement in the chaos he's causing.

Sally stands up, her face red with frustration and anger. She marches over to DARREN, trying to reach the TV dials herself to stop him, but DARREN is stood on the chair to keep the controls out of her reach.

SALLY protests to the attendant

SALLY

He broke it and I want to watch Red Rum.

The attendant makes her way over to the TV

ATTENDANT

Darren, get down from there. You could break a leg, you silly boy.

She places a firm hand on DARREN and gently moves him down from the chair to reseat him.

SALLY

(with urgency)

Red Rum on please. Do it please, do it please..

ATTENDANT

Okay okay, where's the blooming fire?

The attendant turns the dials, her frustration growing as she struggles to find the right channel. The picture flickers between static and brief glimpses of various broadcasts, but not the Grand National.

SALLY

It's not working, he's broke it. I hate him.

ATTENDANT

I'm trying my best Sally.

The TV flickers between BBC2 and ITV

The attendant takes a deep breath and tries again, carefully tuning the dials. Finally, the picture stabilises, and the Grand National coverage comes back on screen. The race is over and RAG TRADE, the winner, is being led in.

SUPER IMPOSED on the TV is the finishing order of the first four complete with starting price odds.

The commentator reads them out 1st Rag Trade 14/1 2nd Red Rum 10/1 3rd Eye Catcher 28/1 4th Barona 7/1 Fav

DARREN

Lost. He lost anyway. He's shit he is.

SALLY has a face of sadness, anger and resignation, her eyes narrow and she stares at DARREN with unmitigated hate.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - WINNERS ENCLOSURE - DAY

Spectators cheer and applaud as horses and their jockeys enter the winners enclosure. RED RUM is led to the runners up spot, he is sweaty but calm, stable hands douse him with

cold water. GINGER pats RED RUM on the neck, giving the horse an affectionate rub of the ears while TOMMY dismounts.

TOMMY

Sorry Guv, he just got away.
Thought I'd be able to go toe to
toe with him over the last two.

GINGER

Aye, Fred's horse has a good turn
of foot, he's done us there.
Thought we might have allowed the
Old Fella to kick on from the fifth
last to take the sting out of the
others.

TOMMY listens intently, nodding in understanding.

GINGER

But I'm not riding the horse so
it's easy for me to say. Just a
thought.

A reporter approaches GINGER.

REPORTER

Any quotes Ginger?

GINGER

He did brilliantly but fair play to
Fred and Rag Trade he was a worthy
winner.

REPORTER

The crowd got very excited when
your horse jumped the last, what
did you think at that point?

GINGER

I thought that if he wins, they're
going to take the roof off this old
place.

REPORTER

Will you be back next year?

GINGER

Of course we will. No reason not
to.

REPORTER

Rummy will be twelve by then, are
you worried about the advancing
years?

GINGER

As long as he tells me he's
enjoying it, then we'll continue to
race.

EXT.SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAY

EMLYN HUGHES, dressed in football tracksuit and trainers, stands, waiting, at the shoreline. Further behind, RED RUM gallops along the edge of the sea, his hooves kicking up sprays of water. The work rider slows RED RUM to a trot as a Land Rover with camera jutting from it's window cruises parallel to the action.

As RED RUM gets closer to EMLYN, EMLYN starts to sprint. The horse comes alongside him.

CLOSE UP PHOTOGRAPHER'S CAMERA, the lens zooms and focuses, the shutter clicking rapidly. The photographer's hands adjust settings and angles quickly.

GINGER and MIKE DILLON are to the side watching.

MIKE

Thanks for bringing him down
Ginger. Crazy Horse and Red Rum
together, it's awesome, we couldn't
buy it. We'll get it off to the
press as soon as we can.

EMLYN gives up, exhausted and RED RUM disappears off screen.

INT - DAY

CLOSE UP A 1976 Racing Calendar detailing RED RUM's racing itinerary

It is open on the written month.

"October 16th - Charisma Records Hcap Chase"

An 'X' in RED pen strikes it out.

Turn to

"November 5th - Cheltenham Hcap Chase"

RED 'X' strike out

"November 20th - Salamance Hcap Chase"

RED 'X' strike out.

EXT.AINTREE RACECOURSE. BECHER'S BROOK -DAY

EMLYN is sat atop RED RUM who is stood next to BECHER'S BROOK. A Ladbroke's media photographer snaps away.

MIKE AND GINGER share a cup of tea close by.

MIKE

Seen the papers Ginger? I'm keeping
my finger's crossed for Rummy's
return to form

GINGER

There's nearly six months between now and the National. He'll be fine and if not, they'll just have to hate me some more. The trouble with journalists is that they've never done the job cock.

MIKE

But they have the power.

GINGER

And don't I know it, every time he's at the races.

INT - DAY

Turn to

"December 1st - Sundew Chase"

RED 'X' strike out.

EXT. SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAY

GINGER is on the beach, he is watching his horses train and looks concerned and somewhat down-hearted.

INT - DAY

CLOSE UP A 1977 Racing Calendar. Red Rum's racing itinerary

"9th February - Malcolm Fudge National Trial"

RED 'X' strike out.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Without fanfare, RED RUM is led in from his horse box. He shows signs of fatigue and disinterest. His head is lowered and his movements are slower.

INT - DAY

CLOSE UP A 1977 Racing Calendar.

"4th March - Greenall Whitley Hcap Chase"

RED 'X' strike out.

INT. GINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

GINGER, sits in his favourite armchair, in his hands, he holds a letter, the paper slightly crumpled from repeated handling. He sighs deeply and unfolds the letter to start reading it.

BERYL

Are you reading that letter, yet again?

GINGER

Have I read this to you?

BERYL

Yes, four times.

GINGER

"Dear Mr. McCain, I hope this letter finds you well. As a long-time admirer of Red Rum, I write to you with a heavy heart. Red Rum has given us so many wonderful memories, but I fear for his safety in the upcoming Grand National. He's twelve years old now, and the risk of injury should he fall, is high. Please, consider retiring him. Let him live out his days in peace. We love him too much to see him get hurt. Yours sincerely, a concerned fan"

GINGER lowers the letter, his eyes reflecting a mix of concern and uncertainty.

GINGER

It's what everyone is thinking. That the old fella is too old and shouldn't be taking part. The TV, papers, people in the street, they all want me to take the horse out of the race and put him to pasture.

BERYL

Well, there's a first time for everything I suppose?

GINGER looks puzzled

BERYL

You, not being so bloody sure of yourself and taking everyone on that disagrees with you.

GINGER looks around the room at the various mementos of RED RUM's career. Photos of past races and the trophies won.

BERYL

You always said you'd let the horse tell you when he'd had enough, so let him.

EXT.SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAY

A cold blustery day and a group of reporters gather to watch RED RUM's final preparation for the National. Shivering, they stamp their feet and rub their hands for warmth.

At the water's edge GINGER stands with RED RUM, his hands moving with familiarity over the horse's neck, a calming presence. Atop the horse the young rider waits for the order.

GINGER

(To Red Rum)

Okay Old Fella, it's just two days until the big one and those guys over there...

(Red Rum turns his head as if having a look while Ginger, false smile, waves enthusiastically to the reporters)

Yep, those ugly looking beggars. They're here to see you fail, they want you to fail so they can write that in their papers and bask in their own self congratulatory crap. They're saying you're over the hill, that you're an has been, what do they know? I can still feel it in you lad. You're a heavy weight champion who's taken a hit, but you're going to rise again, you'll keep slugging and punching cos that's what champions do. Gimme one more round fella, just one more round.

REPORTER

(pulls his coat tight against the biting wind, shouts over)

Hurry up Ginger, I'm freezing me knackers off over here.

GINGER

Now, the kid on top is going to take you on the gallop, just make sure you pull his bloody arms out.

The jockey tightens his grip on the reins as his posture stiffens as if bracing for a wild ride.

CUT TO

INT.LAND ROVER - DAY

PASSENGER SEAT SIDE VIEW

The window is fully wound down on the Land Rover, with the wind allowed to blow through the Rover interior, the sea is unforgiving in the background as GINGER, wearing his signature flat cap, drives along the beach.

GINGER speeds up to catch up with RED RUM who is being galloped along. He stays alongside for a few seconds.

GINGER
(Shouts)
Go on fella!

EXT. SOUTHPORT BEACH - DAY

CLOSE UP as RED RUM visibly pulls and quickens his stride, his jockey struggling to keep a hold.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

CLOSE UP on the car accelerator pedal as GINGER has to increase speed, his foot pressing steadily down. The engine growls and roars echoing the surge of power of both car and horse.

SIDE VIEW

RED RUM gallops off into the distance and out of view. GINGER is ecstatic, he takes off his cap and waves it triumphantly in the air.

INT - DAY

CLOSE UP A 1977 Racing Calendar. The page turns from MARCH to APRIL .

Marked on the 2nd of April is the entry.

"Grand National Handicap Chase"

The camera pans into the date.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE "GRAND NATIONAL DAY 1977"

The bookmaker's shop is a small, cramped space, but today it's packed to the brim with eager bettors. It is a male dominated space. The walls are adorned with racing papers and betting odds boards. There is a murmur of excited conversations below a haze of smoke lingering just below the ceiling and illuminated by harsh fluorescent lights. Tom is studying the form from one of the papers tacked to the wall, pen in hand and empty betting slip at the ready. He is joined by BOB, who is just folding his completed slip and pocketing it.

TOM
Red Rum again?

BOB

I think we're all on him today.
Southport, Liverpool, the whole
country mate.

TOM

Housewives sentimentality money
pal. Face it, Rummys past it. Andy
Pandy will be the winner, trained
by Fred Rimell. He's got a National
pedigree see? Andy Pandy. Boom.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. BETTING RING - DAY

MIKE DILLON enters the betting ring and is immediately taken
aback by the sheer volume of people and the frenetic energy
of the betting ring. There is a clamour of voices with
bookmakers shouting to be heard above the din.

MIKE navigates through the crowd and heads for one of the
bookies he knows well. A burly man, STAN.

MIKE

I've never seen a betting ring so
busy, what's going on?

STAN

(while still taking bets)
It's gone mad Mike, they're piling
on Rummy, just took a huge one 'k'
at nines.

He pauses to update the odds on a chalk stained board beside
him.

STAN

It's the same in the shops Mike.
The only chance we've got is if
something amiss happens in the
race, god forbid with Rummy, but
otherwise they'll be betting shop
managers crying into their porridge
tomorrow.

INT.FACILITY FOR MENTALLY CHALLENGED ADULTS. COMMON ROOM -
DAY

SALLY sits closest to the TV, her eyes glued to the screen
as the Grand National build up continues. Over her shoulder
and into focus DARREN spots SALLY and grins. As he is about
to stand up when SALLY takes a 'Curly Wurly' from her pocket
and starts to unwrap it. DARREN is very interested in the
Curly Wurly and mimic's TERRY SCOTT's catchphrase from the
chocolate bar advert.

DARREN
Hands Off My Curly Wurly!

He moves over to SALLY, appearing casual. SALLY is aware of his presence, but is transfixed by the TV

DARREN
Gimme some.

SALLY
No. Can't have any.

DARREN
Want one.

SALLY
Can't have one.

DARREN
I want one!

SALLY
Can't have one. Anyway there's none left in the storeroom cupboard, so there!

Darren glances to the storeroom across the lounge, a grin slowly widens.

DARREN
(makes his way over to
the storeroom)
I'm going to get one, I'm going to
get ten and eat 'em until I'm sick.

Darren, eagerly, opens the door to the store cupboard and excitedly steps inside.

INT. STORECUPBOARD - DAY

The cupboard is small and cramped, filled with cleaning supplies and other miscellaneous items. Darren steps further inside, looking around for the chocolate bars.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Sally quickly and quietly closes the door behind Darren, locking it with a click. With a mercenary expression she drops the key into a nearby tropical fish aquarium. The key sinks to the bottom.

DARREN (O/S)
Hello. Anybody there? Hello.

Darren's voice is drowned out by Sally turning up the TV.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE.GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER steps up to his favourite viewing spot. He is with his friend BRYAN. He composes himself.

BRYAN
Worried Ginger?

GINGER
(shakes head)
Calm and confident. The old boy is on his toes, ears pricked. He's loving it.

BRYAN
Not long now then.

GINGER
Nope.

SUPERIMPOSE "SATURDAY 2ND APRIL 1977 - 3.15 PM"

EXT.TOWN/CITY - DAY

The usually bustling town/city centre is eerily quiet. Market traders look over empty streets. The camera pans across the deserted pavement, showing an occasional stray paper blowing in the wind. Storefronts are being closed.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A lone POLICE OFFICER stands in the middle of the main street, leaning against his patrol car, eyes fixed on the distance. His radio crackles with intermittent service updates.

INT.SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The BBC Grandstand coverage of the Grand National continues. SANDRA sits comfortably on the sofa as she cradles her newborn baby in her arms, gently feeding the infant with a bottle. Her eyes are fixed on the TV screen, clearly invested. Behind the sofa, her HUSBAND is decorating the wall. He hums a tune to himself as he carefully applies a fresh coat of paint.

INT.GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A lounge invoking a sense of warmth, nostalgia, and comfort, a floral-upholstered sofa flanked by two wingback chairs, a china cabinet showcasing delicate teacups and saucers together with various knick-knacks collected over a lifetime. DONALD MCCAIN Jnr is seated beside his GRANDMOTHER, both watching the TV.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

WIDE SHOT

Aintree Grandstand and course. The scene is alive with energy and anticipation. The grandstand is packed to capacity, with thousands of spectators eagerly awaiting the start of the race.

EXT. AINTREE. RACE START

The horses are called to line up. A huge field of forty two horses crowd each other for the best starting space.

TOMMY's face is set in concentration, his eyes look at the open track ahead. He leans forward slightly, whispering soothing words to RED RUM.

The other jockeys and horses fidget restlessly, the air thick with anticipation. The exterior noise of the crowd, jockeys and other horses fade into a muffled background hum. From atop RED RUM, TOMMY can hear his heart pounding in his chest. He takes a deep breath, trying to calm his racing mind.

There are one or two horses eager to get on with the race so the starter makes some horses take a turn.

STARTER

(To a Constable Unseen)

Will the policemen get out of the road, please!

A hush falls over the crowd The STARTER lowers his flag and the horses race away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The policeman leaning against his car is radio'd from HQ

HQ

Oi, Dixon of Dock Green. They've set off in the National, Spittin Image is leading - nope, he's gone at the first.

AINTREE. RACECOURSE.DAY

TRACKING SHOT

The sound of hooves and whistling wind. The camera runs with RED RUM who is deep in the pack and preparing to take the third fence along with the multitude of horses and riders around us. Jockeys are crouching lower in the saddle and taking a tighter grip of their reins.

CLOSE-UP

RED RUM nostrils flare, taking in deep, steady breaths.

MEDIUM SHOT

The pack draws close to the fence, the ground rushing up to meet them.

The action and commentary, near identical. Other horse make it over the fence but time dictates not all can be named.

COMMENTARY (VO)

As the horses take the fence, the third, the big ditch, it's Sebastian in the lead from Prince Rock then Brown Admiral and Forest King has made a mistake, the faller there - Davy Lad, Davy Lad has gone, Innycaca has gone, Burrator has gone and also Royal Thrust.

INT. SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

As they jump the one before Becher's Sebastian over, from in second Boom Docker, then came Hidden Value in the centre, Prince Rock on the far side Sage Merlin.

SANDRA, still feeding the baby, watches on nervously. Her body is tightening with anxiety.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

COMMENTARY(VO)

Over Becher's, Sebastian over and Sebastian's fallen!

GINGER watches on, appearing calm but his demeanour belies inner turmoil and nervousness as the commentator announces horse after horse that falls at Becher's.

COMMENTARY (VO)

Songwriter has fallen and Winter Rain has been brought down and Castleruddery is a faller at Becher's and Lord of the Hill also.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

Boom Docker is building a lead now as they land over Valentine's. Sage Merlin and Prince Rock are chasing and it's five lengths back to Forest King, Andy Pandy and Red Rum.

The first mention of RED RUM's name and SALLY's eyes widen. She leans forward, her excitement palpable. A few residents around her glance up, sensing the excitement.

The camera cuts to the TV SCREEN showing the huge lead that BOOM DOCKER has as he thunders down the track and over fences and in the distance we can just see the white noseband and the yellow cap of RED RUM are poking into view on the shoulder of FOREST KING, both in the chasing pack.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

Boom Docker miles clear of Andy
Pandy, Hidden Value, What A Buck,
Brown Admiral....

TOM's body language becomes more assertive, his stance wider as he bounces on the balls of his feet, unable to contain his excitement as he hears ANDY PANDY is in second.

TOM

Yes, get in son. Just need Boom
Docker to fall at the next and I'm
in. No stopping me.

COMMENTARY (VO)

....then Roman Bar, Red Rum, Sir
Garnet, Sandwilan, Forest King,
Nereo, Happy Ranger, The Pilgarlic,
Churchtown Boy.

BOB

You can't say that Tom!

TOM shrugs.

COMMENTARY (VO)

Barony Fort with Charlotte Brew,
who sounds as though she's getting
a great reception from the crowd,
as they clear The Water with Boom
Docker already piling back out into
the country.

TOM

Bugger off Boom Docker!

EXT. STREET - DAY

HQ

(Over Police Radio)
Have you got the Gay one? He's
still going.

The POLICEMAN gives a good-natured roll of his eyes as if used to being the butt of workmate jokes.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

TOM AND BOB listen to the commentary with everyone else. TOM has his ANDY PANDY betting slip in his hand.

COMMENTARY (VO)

They're coming to the second fence on the second circuit. Boom Docker has a huge lead and yes, it looks like he has stopped. Refusing the jump the 16th fence so Andy Pandy is left clear in the lead

TOM silently celebrates BOOM DOCKER refusing and wants everyone to know he has backed ANDY PANDY, he is excited and shouting his horse on. He kisses his ticket as if already won.

GINGER

BOOM! ANDY PANDY! I got it lads, I got it.

INT.SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

Andy Pandy in front and all the leaders over safely...

Sandra is now much closer to the TV, which shows a short CLOSE UP of RED RUM. The baby has been given to her HUSBAND Dad who cradles the baby in one arm while holding his paint brush with the other. He gives a latin shrug as he becomes resigned to not continuing with the painting for the moment.

COMMENTARY (VO)

...And going to the twentieth fence it's Andy Pandy then What a Buck, Nereo with Red Rum just behind.

SANDRA

(Whispers)

Come on boy, you can do it.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

They come down to the one before Bechers and Andy Pandy is ten lengths clear from What a Buck and Nereo. Red Rum is on the outside with Churchtown Boy behind.

MID SHOT

Horses in mid gallop, rhythmic breathing of horses and the occasional snort as they race, we are racing with the chasing pack and RED RUM is in fourth place.

CLOSE UP TOMMY's face is set in a mask of concentration, his eyes narrowing as he gauges the distance between himself and ANDY PANDY.

EXT.GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER outwardly calm but the inner nerves show, his hands, though resting down by his side, are clenched together, the knuckles slightly white. His posture, while upright and seemingly confident, has a slight tension to it. His shoulders are just a bit too straight, almost rigid, and there's a tightness in his jaw as he occasionally presses his lips together.

INT. GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

Yes and Andy Pandy is well well clear from What a Buck in second place, towards the outside is Red Rum who's going really well.

Young DONALD MCCAIN Jnr is already riding the horse, gripping imaginary reins while crouching as if perched in a saddle.

DONALD MCCAIN JNR

Come on Red Rum, come on!

GRANDMA

Donald! Don't jinx the horse he might fall down.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

They come to Becher's Brook and ANDY PANDY IS DOWN! ANDY PANDY IS DOWN AT BECHERS!

TOM's face falls, his shoulders slump and his mouth opens slightly in a silent cry of despair.

CLOSE UP Held at his side, his hand clenches into a fist crumpling the betting slip as he processes his disappointment. The betting slip is allowed to be released onto the floor.

COMMENTARY (VO)

And Nereo is also down at Becher's, Brown Admiral has gone as well. But the rest of the field are over and coming to the twenty third fence..

As the betting slip hits the floor and WITHOUT WARNING TOM becomes animated.

COMMENTARY (VO)

It's Red Rum disputing with What a Buck.

TOM

(Punching forward with
fist)

Come on Rummy! Come on lad! Let's
have 'em!

BOB is quietly amused at TOM's sudden change of heart.

EXT. STREET - DAY

HQ

(Over radio,exited)

I can't believe it, Andy Pandy's
fallen and Red Rum has taken the
lead, there's not many left to
jump.

The policeman wants to celebrate but knows he must maintain his professional demeanour. He half raises his arms in the air before snapping them down by his side, military style.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. BETTING RING - DAY

COMMENTARY (VO)

And over that one Red Rum is the
leader and as they race down toward
the Canal Turn it's Red Rum to
Churchtown Boy and What a Buck and
Happy Ranger.

MIKE and STAN watch on with pensive expressions, the crowd roar around them rising in volume.

EXT.RACECOURSE - DAY

There is a loose horse on the inside of RED RUM as they approach the CANAL TURN. CLOSE UP TOMMY glances over to the loose horse who is disputing with RED RUM to be in front.

TOMMY

(to the loose horse)

OVER AND LEFT!, OVER AND LEFT!

COMMENTARY (VO)

Red Rum jumps the Canal Turn....

RED RUM and the loose horse jump and land together.

TOMMY
 (As they both land,
 rapid)
 LEFT, LEFT, LEFT, LEFT!

RED RUM angles out to the left and the loose horse follows suit, continuing without impeding him.

COMMENTARY (VO)
 ...And is in front by two or three
 lengths from Churchtown Boy.

TRACKING SHOT RED RUM between the CANAL TURN and VALENTINE'S BROOK. RED RUM clears VALENTINE'S.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. GRANDSTAND - DAY

GINGER
 (to himself)
 Five out son, let him go.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

CLOSE UP TOMMY shifts his weight forward and urges RED RUM onward. The horse's stride lengthens, its head bobbing with the effort.

COMMENTARY (VO)
 Over that one and it's Red Rum in a
 clear lead from Churchtown Boy.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY.

The room has come alive. Residents edge closer to the TV, some standing, others sitting up straighter and shouting for RED RUM. SALLY's excitement is at its peak, and now the entire room is invested.

COMMENTARY (VO)
 And this is the last ditch, the
 fourth from home, Red Rum over with
 two loose horses after him.
 Churchtown Boy over second, the
 Pilgarlic third then comes
 Eyecatcher.

COMMENTARY (VO)
 And over to Peter O'Sullivan.

EXT. RACECOURSE - DAY

TOMMY STACK is now often looking behind, the third and fourth placed horses are back in the distance but CHURCHTOWN BOY is NOW gaining on him.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

We cross the Melling Road and Churchtown Boy is closing, just two fences to jump now. It's Red Rum with two loose horses around, just these two fences between Red Rum and Grand National history, close in behind him is Churchtown Boy.

INT.BOOKMAKERS - DAY

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

There's not many left in this year's Grand National and still making relentless progress, Martin Blackshaw coming there very sweetly on Churchtown Boy.

BOB

Oh Shhh-iiit! Do the thing like you did with Boom Docker.

TOM

Bugger off Churchtown Boy!

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

There coming to the second last now, Red Rum over in the lead and Churchtown Boy didn't jump it too well.

TOM

OH - he's stumbled!, he did didn't he? Stumbled. Churchtown Boy stumbled.

BOB nods in agreement.

INT.SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

(mixed with the rising crowd noise)

Just one more fence between Red Rum and Grand National glory, he's getting the most tremendous cheer from the crowd.

Sandra lips pressed in a tense line. Her hands clutched tightly over her eyes, trying to shield herself from the race. She cannot bear to look but occasionally peeks through a small gap. She grimaces as RED RUM approaches the last fence.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

Red Rum jumps and he's over the last, just the run in now.

SANDRA breathes a huge sigh of relief.

EXT.RACECOURSE - DAY

As the commentary continues We watch the final run in of the 1977 Grand National. An historic moment in time and sport. We hear the tumultuous roar of the crowd as RED RUM takes his place in history.

PETER O'SULLIVAN (VO)

The 12-year-old Red Rum, being preceded only by loose horses, being chased by Churchtown Boy Eyecatcher has moved into third. The Pilgarlic is fourth. They're coming to the elbow, there's a furlong now between Red Rum and his third Grand National triumph! And he's coming up to the line, to win it like a fresh horse in great style. It's hats off and a tremendous reception, you've never heard one like it at Liverpool. Red Rum wins the National.

FREEZE FRAME - As RED RUM passes the finish line.

CUT TO

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Residents CHEER, CLAP, and some JUMP UP and DOWN. The room buzzes with excitement as the residents shouts of BRILLIANT, AMAZING, RED RUM IS BEST HORSE. There is a shared sense of joy in the room.

INT.SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP SANDRA's eyes well up with pride, tears gather in the corners, glistening as she smiles the broadest of smiles, her hand resting over her heart.

EXT.AINTREE BETTING RING - DAY

MIKE and STAN hug each other, both uncontrollably crying.

MIKE

What are you crying for?

STAN

I don't know, I've lost a bloody fortune Mike. I'm bankrupt but he's only gone and bloody won it!

INT.GRANDMA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DONALD MCCAIN Jnr runs aimlessly around the furniture, he is riding an imaginary horse and shouting the finish of RED RUM's victory. GRANDMOTHER tries to catch him as he races by, without success.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Policeman doesn't know what to do first, he cannot vocally exclaim his delight due to serious demeanour of the job, however he takes off his helmet and with showbusiness flair rolls it down his arm grasping it in his hand and instantly flipping it back on to his head.

Two elderly women, headscarves and sensible shoes are walking down the street, each carrying full grocery shopping bags. They stop in their tracks, looking dumbfounded, their mouths slightly open and eyes wide in surprise at the sight of the policeman.

INT.BETTING SHOP - DAY

TOM, arms raised aloft.

TOM
(singing, liverpool
anthem style, loud and
proud)
Walk on, walk on with hope in your
heart...

TRACKING SHOT

The camera begins at the betting shop's payout counter, moving past the queue of winning patrons as we head toward the exit door.

EXT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

TOM's anthem carries into this scene "And you'll never walk alone"

The queue continues outside and we weave through the waiting patrons, turning the corner into another street. The camera slowly rises from ground level, ascending to a higher vantage point. As it climbs the full length of the queue comes into view, revealing the surrounding streets filled with waiting customers.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE - DAY

UNFREEZE FRAME As RED RUM passes the finish line and carries on until TOMMY is able to pull him up, RED RUM is mobbed by congratulatory punters, a policeman rides closer to ensure RED RUM is safe.

EXT. AINTREE RACECOURSE. GRANDSTAND - DAY

As the commentator's voice echoes through the stands, declaring RED RUM's unprecedented third victory, GINGER is ecstatic. He begins making his way down the grandstand steps, eager to get to his horse.

Without missing a beat, GINGER races to the ground where RED RUM stands, the crowds, the course, the grandstand all blur and merge into the background.

Amid all the chaos RED RUM stands majestic and calm. As GINGER approaches, the crowds surrounding RED RUM part, allowing GINGER through. He reaches the horse and he hugs him tightly, the horse nuzzles his shoulder as if reciprocating the affection. GINGER places his forehead upon the horse's neck, his eyes close for a moment, around him the noise dissipates into near silence and the crowd are blurred outlines in the distance, leaving GINGER and RED RUM in a moment of pure, quiet connection.

The camera freezes and the picture turns grey.

END TITLE'S

EPILOGUES

TOMMY STACK PICTURE

Tommy Stack won his only Grand National aboard Red Rum.

He was Champion National Hunt Jockey for 1974-75 and 1976-77

He had a successful training career and is now retired.

NEW SCREEN

BRIAN FLETCHER PICTURE

18th MAY 1947 - 11th January 2017

Brian Fletcher is the only Jockey to win three modern day Aintree Grand Nationals.

After numerous falls and injuries, Brian retired in 1976 aged just 29

NEW SCREEN

RED RUM PICTURE

Red Rum is the only horse to win 3 Grand Nationals. He completed this feat under the gruelling conditions of the race during the 1970's.

He is also the only horse to have won both the English and Scottish Nationals in the same year. A feat thought impossible before he triumphed at Ayr.

He is and will forever be, the only race horse to have won at the shortest racing distance of 5 furlongs and the longest racing distance of 4 miles and 4 furlongs.

Red Rum's huge popularity is accredited as being one of the main reasons the Grand National was saved and the reason we have the institution today.

In retirement Red Rum's national celebrity meant he was in great demand and as part of his many appearances he switched on the Blackpool Illuminations and appeared on BBC's Sports Personality of the Year.

Red Rum passed away aged 30 on 18th October 1995 and his passing made headline news across all media.

Red Rum is buried at the winning post of the Grand National

NEW SCREEN

DONALD "GINGER" MCCAIN PICTURE

21st September 1930 - 19th September 2011

Donald "Ginger" McCain continued training and in 2004 equalled Fred Rimell's (Rag Trade) record of training four Grand National winners when Amberleigh House won the historic race.

During his lifetime he was affectionately known as "Mr Aintree" and following his death 800 people, the public and celebrities alike, gathered at Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral to say farewell to the great man.

His son, Donald McCain Jnr, is a successful trainer in his own right and trained Ballabriggs to win the National in 2011.

Ginger is succeeded by wife Beryl and children Joanne and Donald Jnr.

Donald McCain Jnr revealed that the only time he ever saw his father cry was when he had to make the call to the vet to put Red Rum to sleep.

NEW SCREEN

RED RUM and GINGER MCCAIN PICTURE

It is the picture of smiling Ginger leading Red Rum after winning the Grand National. The text on this should only be.

Two Legends. One Race.

MUSIC: "RED RUM" BY CHASER

End Credits.