



INTO THE LIONS DEN
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Written by

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Loosely Based on, (Podcast interview with Ex-Cop, link below)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gbo_PXZaYTo&t=744s

(Altered for dramatic effect)

INT. THE LONDON STADIUM, BREEZEWAY, LONDON - LATE AFTERNOON

A group of six men, (Henry, 30), (Kyle, 33), (Steven, 28), (Edward, 42), (George, 22) and (Theo, 22) strut through the stadium breezeway confident and fearless. They pass crowds of fans and concession stands. The smell of sweat and grease fill the air as songs and cheers cover the entire breezeway with noise. The group weaves in between the sea of West Ham shirts. They are all wearing bulky jackets. They arrive at a section entrance leading out to the seats.

EDWARD

(Intense)

Come on lads.

(Ushering them to enter
the section)

This way.

GEORGE

What?

(A beat)

In there?

(A beat)

You crazy?

Henry subtly opens up his jacket revealing a stiletto knife cleverly tucked away.

HENRY

Don't worry lad.

(A beat)

We watch each other's backs.

George nods, still unsure.

KYLE

Come on guys. What are we waiting
for?

(A beat)

Let's go!

The group enters the section. George follows. He stops half way up realizing Theo isn't behind him. He turns.

GEORGE

You coming?

Theo shakes his head no with fear.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ah fuck!

George runs through the entrance chasing the other men.

Int. London Stadium, West Ham Section - Late Afternoon

As George enters, there is an explosion of noise and atmosphere. The game is fever pitch and the West Hams are singing their song.

WEST HAM FANS
(Overwhelmingly loud)
Like my dreams, They fade and die.
Fortune's always hiding, I've
looked everywhere, I'm forever
blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in
the air!

There's a lull in the West Ham song.

EDWARD
Now lads.

Edward rips off his coat exposing his Millwall Kit.

EDWARD AND THE GROUP
(Extremely loud, louder
than the West Ham fans
were)
No one likes us! No one likes us!
No one likes us! We don't care!
(A pause)
We are Millwall, super Millwall! We
are Millwall from the Den!

A mix of reactions from the West Ham fans. Some laugh. Some boo and throw their empty beer cups and popcorn at them. A few yell profanity. Most continue watching the game unbothered.

WEST HAM FANS
Oi, fuck off!
(A beat)
You know where you at big man?
(A beat)
Keep singing and see what happens!

Finally one West Ham fan has had enough. A stocky, muscle head with tattoos. He rolls up his sleeves walks over to the group.

THE GROUP
No one likes us! We don't care!
(A pause)
(MORE)

THE GROUP (CONT'D)
We are Millwall, super Millwall! We
are Millwall from the den.

The man approaches the group casually, they barely even notice. As he gets a few yards from them, he rushes them. He swings hard at George. Right as he makes contact, we cut to Black.

TITLE SCREEN "INTO THE LIONS DEN" - LET EM COME BY ROY GREEN
PLAYS

A year earlier...

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

George and Theo from the previous scene are walking down a hallway in the police station in their uniforms. George speaks in voiceover.

GEORGE (VOICEOVER)
That guy on the left...
(A beat)
Yeah that's me.
(A beat)
My name's George Wright.
(a beat)
I'm 22 and I'm a police officer.
(A beat)
My old man was a police officer so
I figured why not.
(A beat)
They stuck me in Narcotics to
start.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR OF A TRAP HOUSE- NIGHT

George and a fully kitted SWAT team wait patiently, staking out the house. George signals to another member of the team with some random hand gestures. He then kicks in the door to the house.

INT. INSIDE THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

A gunshot flies out of the darkness, hitting the officer standing directly behind George in the shoulder.

GEORGE
Stop! Police!

The suspect takes off running further into the darkness. George quickly, as if it was gut reaction, draws his gun to his eye and shoots.

SUSPECT

Ahhh!

The suspect hits the ground with a thud.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

Still slow motion of George and Theo walking down the hallway.

GEORGE(V.O.)

No it wasn't like that.

(A pause)

It was more like this.

EXT. ON TOP OF AN ESTATE BUILDING - DAY

George and another cop are sitting on the roof of a big estate building in civilian clothes. George is peering into the estate below with binoculars. The other cop is sitting with his back up against the wall facing the opposite direction, eating a sandwich.

COP

(Chewing)

See anything?

The cop reaches into a bag of chips and grabs a messy hand full and stuffs them in his mouth.

GEORGE

(Sighing)

Still no.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

George and Theo continue walking down the hallway.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Well...

(A beat)

Now I'm getting reassigned.

(A beat)

To what you ask?

(A pause)

Your guess is as good as mine.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

George and Theo enter the office.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Ah Wright, Bell, take a seat.

George and Theo (Bell) take a seat across the desk from the captain.

THEO
Hello Captain.

Theo sits up right, attentive and eager. George is slumped in his chair, feeling no specific need to impress.

CAPTAIN
Look I'll get right to the point.
The drug unit you two's been workin
in is being dissolved.
(Lets out a deep breath)
Our resources are going to be put
to other things.

THEO
What?
(A beat)
What does that mean for us?

CAPTAIN
It means you're being reassigned.

THEO
Reassigned to what?

CAPTAIN
Good question...
(A beat)
Football hooliganism has run
rampant across the country and it's
our job to do the crack down on it.

Both George and Theo looked annoyed at this idea.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Look.
(A beat)
It's a political move. Too many
riots, too many stabbings. Up top
wants this shit shut down now. And
it's our job to do so.

George and Theo still look reluctant.

THEO

But I don't know the first thing
about football!

CAPTAIN

(Assuringly)

You'll learn.

(A beat)

Look, the job is simple really. You
two are going to go undercover as
Millwall football fans and
infiltrate their hooligan group.

GEORGE

What are we supposed to do once
we're in it?

CAPTAIN

Well look who's decided to join us.

George seems unamused at the captains comment.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(Coughs)

Anyway...

(Annoyed his comment

brought no reaction from

George)

Establish the hierarchy, gain
evidence and we'll make the arrests
at the end.

GEORGE

That's it?

CAPTAIN

More or less.

(A beat)

I mean you'll get more details over
the coming days, but that's all I
have for you.

GEORGE

Why us?

CAPTAIN

Let's just say, you two fit the
bill of a football hooligan. And
you both being so young will allow
you to get recruited to the group
with less suspicion.

(A beat)

No one thinks a 21 year old is an
undercover cop.

George and Theo nod.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(Smiling)
Plus. I like you too.
(A beat)
Now go on. Get outta here.

George and Theo stand up and walk towards the door to leave the room. Right as Theo opens the door, the captain speaks.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Remember, establish their
hierarchy, it's the leaders we
want... Not the foot soldiers.

The two nod and leave the office, shutting the door behind them. Leaving just the captain at his table alone for a moment, looking more concerned than he previously let on during the meeting.

COMPILATION SCENE:

THE SCENE IS CONSTANTLY SHUFFLING BETWEEN PLACES.

INT. OFFICE AT POLICE STATION - DAY

George is sitting at his desk studying Millwall intensely. There are multiple empty coffee cups, a stack of books about Millwall's club history, etc.

INT. BUS - EVENING

George is sitting on the bus, headphones in, looking at his phone screen. His screen shows Millwall game scores from the previous season. He clicks on the matches and studies the line-ups.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

George sits at his bedroom desk, once again reading about Millwall.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

George is sitting on the toilet in his apartment. He is once again looking at his phone, but commentary plays quietly. He is watching Millwall match highlights.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

George lays in bed, he continues to watch Millwall highlights on his phone. He slowly fades into a deep sleep.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Over the next month, I studied.

(A beat)

Studied everything Millwall.

(A beat)

Once the month was over, I hated West Ham as much as any other Millwall fan. I'd kiss Neil Harris's boot if he'd let me. The Den might as well have been my home.

(A beat)

No one liked me, but I didn't care.

(A beat)

To the outside eye, I was your typical Millwall hooligan.

(A beat)

Unfortunately, I learned the hard way, that my partner, Theo Bell...

(A beat)

Had not...

Int. Car - Afternoon

George is driving while Theo is sitting next to him. George has a straight face and looks ready. Theo is eating a burger and fries very messily.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Our instructions weren't particularly clear.

(A beat)

They're essentially expecting us two, to go to a football club, join a group of people, all of whom are men, most have known each other their whole life and just turn up like "Hi I'm Arthur from Wandsworth, you don't know me but I love Millwall, let me join the group." Like... I got nothing to back it up. I had a fake business card made up, but I only got ten of them.

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION (IN MILLWALL) - AFTERNOON

George and Theo step out of the car, Theo wipes the crumbs off his shirt. George looks professional and presentable, Theo looks sloppy and unkept. They look up at the police station.

GEORGE

Well this is the place.

The two of them walk in together.

INT. INSIDE POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

George and Theo step inside. They are greeted by a lady at the front desk. She isn't particularly friendly or helpful.

LADY

(Sternly)

Hello, how can I help you?

GEORGE

Yeah, we're with the unit in Wandsworth, we were told to report here.

LADY

(Disinterested)

Okay.

(A beat)

Let me check real quick.

The lady takes a moment to look through something on the computer. George and Theo sit there helplessly. A slightly painful amount of time and silence pass. George and Theo look at each other in shared thought: "What is she even doing?"

LADY (CONT'D)

Your badges.

GEORGE

I'm sorry?

LADY

(With attitude)

Your badges.

(A beat)

I need to see them.

GEORGE

(Flustered)

Oh yeah...

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(Of course)
Of course.

George and Theo each pull their badge out and set on the table in front of her. The lady still looks at the computer.

LADY
(Said like it's an issue
but not really)
Okay it looks like you weren't
supposed to arrive until tomorrow.

GEORGE
(Matching her energy, as
if saying make it work)
We were told today.

The lady scans their badges real quick.

LADY
(Said with a fake smile)
Okay let me show you your office.

The lady leads George and Theo up the stairs to the first floor. She takes them down a hall to an extremely tiny, old, poorly lit room with just the essentials. Probably the worst room in the whole building.

INT. POLICE BUILDING, OFFICE - AFTERNOON

LADY
Here you are.

She starts to walk back down the hall.

GEORGE
Wait. That's it?

LADY
That's all I got told to do.

She shrugs and continues walking. George and Theo look at their new shitty office.

GEORGE
(Sarcastically)
Well... This is just great.

SIDEWALK, MILLWALL - DAY

George and Theo are walking down the sidewalk, George is smoking a cigarette.

THEO
(Nervously)
You sure this is the best way?

GEORGE
(Confidently)
Ah come on Theo, we got this.

George and Theo continue walking down the street talking (we can't hear them) as we follow them. George's voiceover plays.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Well, that's it. No more George...
You're looking at Arthur Wood from
Wandsworth. I work for "Better
Decorating." My plan was simple.
(A beat)
The unit basically gave us no
direction or approach... So I had
to take things into my own hands...
(A beat)
I figured if we eat lunch at the
pub the hooligans hang at everyday
for the entire summer leading up to
the season.
(A beat)
Then when the games start, the bar
tenders will vouch for us. We'd
look like we were supposed to be
there.

George and Theo turn a corner and arrive at the pub. They look up to see a sign reading "The Den."

GEORGE
Of course...

George opens the door.

THEO
What?
(Following after George)
What is it?
(George ignores him)

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - AFTERNOON

The two enter the pub, George looks confident, Theo less so. It's relatively empty, a couple people here and there, mostly older people having lunch alone.

George waves to the bartender.

GEORGE
Hey, how are you?

George walks up the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

GEORGE
We'll each get a beer and uh, can
we see a menu?

The bartender nods. Hands him a lunch menu and pours the two beers. He isn't mean but he isn't friendly.

BARTENDER
How come I've never seen you in
here before?

Theo looks nervous.

GEORGE
Ah just moved here from Wandsworth.

BARTENDER
Well, welcome.
(sliding the beers to
George)
Let me know what you want.

GEORGE
Thanks.
(passing a beer to Theo)

George and Theo both take a seat at the pub and look over the menu.

THEO
(Nervously)
You think we're good?

GEORGE
We're just having lunch at a bar
Theo. Relax.

They continue to talk a bit but we can't hear them. George's voiceover plays.

GEORGE (V.O.)
And just like that we were in.

COMPILATION SCENE:

George and Theo entering the bar, ordering from the bartenders everyday repeatedly. As time goes on their interactions with the bartenders get friendlier and more personal every time.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - LUNCH TIME

George and Theo walk into the bar as usual.

SAME BARTENDER
Hey, Hey! Arthur, Nile, how are you guys doing?

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
Hey Henry, good, good. How's the wife?

HENRY
Ahh, still alive... Unfortunately.
(They all laugh)
Yeah we're on the third ring of marriage.

NILE (THEO)
The third?

HENRY
(Chuckles a bit)
You got the engagement ring, the wedding ring, and the suffering.
(They all start to laugh)

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
That's a good one. Hold on to that one.

HENRY
Yeah, one my pop use to say.
(A beat)
Anyway the usual?

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
Nah, today I'm going fish n chips.

HENRY
Oh switching it up I see.
(Jokingly)
Special occasion?

Henry turns to Nile (Theo).

HENRY (CONT'D)
You?

NILE (THEO)
Fuck it. I'll have the same.

Nile hands the menu back to Henry.

HENRY
Coming right up.

Henry pours two beers for them and they walk over and take a seat in their regular booth.

Sped up film of them sitting together bored. They take sips of beer, a ticking clock plays in the background. Finally Henry arrives with their food.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Here you lads are.

Henry sets their plates down on the table

NILE (THEO)
Cheers.

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
Finally.

HENRY
(Chuckles a bit)
Enjoy.

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
Oh and two more beers please.

HENRY
Coming right up.

Fast forward. George and Theo are sitting at the table, their dirty plates and 8 empty glasses line the table, suggesting they drank a good amount. Henry approaches the table.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(Grabbing their plates)
How was everything?

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
My compliments to the chef.

HENRY
I think chef may be a bit of an
overstatement.
(Chuckles)
So you guys coming for opening day
tomorrow? Millwall plays Coventry.

NILE (THEO)
Uh...

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
Of course. I never miss a game.

HENRY
That's what I like to hear.
(A beat)
Two more beers on me lads.

Henry walks over to get the beers and Theo gives George a
glance.

THEO
We're going tomorrow?

GEORGE
This is our chance. Come on... It's
perfect.

Henry starts approaching with two of the beers.

HENRY
Here you lads are.
(Setting the beers down)
Don't drink yet. I'm grabbing mine.

Henry returns to the bar to make one more beer. Theo looks at
George again.

GEORGE
(Firmly)
We're going.

Theo reluctantly nods. Henry returns with his beer.

HENRY
Okay. Cheers lads. To Millwall.

ALL
To Millwall!

The three beers clink together ending the scene.

GEORGE'S HOME, DESK - NIGHT

George is sitting at his desk researching Millwall on his computer. A few more bottles of beer sit next to him.

GEORGE (V.O.)
That night I studied harder than I
ever had before. The clock struck 2
AM. Time to got to bed.

George stands up, stumbling at first from the alcohol.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I'm drunker than I thought.

He stumbles over to the bed and falls down on it.

GEORGE
(Groaning)
Uhhhhh.

He pulls himself up to be in bed proper and loosely pulls a blanket over himself.

GEORGE (V.O.)
When I tried to go to sleep,
blurred highlights of the 2004 FA
cup final filled my mind. I was
ready for tomorrow.

SIDEWALK, DOWN THE STREET FROM THE BAR - NIGHT

George and Theo walk down the street each in a Millwall kit.

THEO
So what's the plan?

GEORGE
Tonight.... Let's just take it
easy, try not to interact with
anyone too much.

Theo looks relieved to hear this.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Let's just watch and see how it all
operates.

Theo nods his head.

THEO
Okay.

The two approach the bar, but a bouncer is there.

ARTHUR (GEORGE)
(Casually, like he
belongs)
What's up?

BOUNCER
I ain't ever seen you before. Who
the fuck are you lads?

Just then Henry (The bartender) comes outside to smoke a
cigarette.

HENRY
Hey Ed, they're alright. They moved
here this summer.

ED (BOUNCER)
You know em?

HENRY
Yeah, yeah, they've been coming
here every day for lunch.
(He takes a big drag of
his cigarette)
I told them to come.

ED
If Henry vouches for you, you
mus'be alright.

GEORGE AND THEO
Thanks.
(George nods to Henry)

HENRY
I'll see you guys in there, just
give me a sec.
(Holding up his cigarette)

George and Theo nod and head inside.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, NIGHT

The pub is rowdy and full, the game just started and already half the people are hammered. They walk over and stand in the corner scanning the place. They look uncomfortable and out of place.

THEO

Fuck they're drunk already.

GEORGE

It's opening day Theo.

(A beat)

Of course they are.

THEO

Well, I think we need a beer to fit in. I'll go grab us some.

GEORGE

Good call... Thanks.

Theo heads over to the crowded bar, George scans the room, looking for anything useful. It switches back and forth from views of the bar to close ups of George's face. We see a group of men do a cheers and chug their beers, a big guy covered in sauce eating wings, women in Millwall kits whose behavior, you know, is only seen in their kits. Henry approaches George.

HENRY

Ay, glad you could make it buddy.
Sorry about the rough time getting in. Got a keep a tight ship you know.

(Taking a sip of his beer)

ARTHUR (GEORGE)

Yeah, I get it.

(A beat)

So... Sorry if this is obvious, but I just moved here. Is everyone in here a Millwall fan?

HENRY

I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I like you George.

(A beat)

We aren't just fans. We're Bushwackers. We back Millwall to the end.

Scene Pauses:

GEORGE (V.O.)
 This was them. We were in the right
 place. I knew I had to act excited.

Scene unpauses:

ARTHUR(GEORGE)
 Let's go!

HENRY
 Yeah?

ARTHUR(GEORGE)
 Yeah! I'm finally with people who
 give a fuck. Let's go Lions!

HENRY
 (Excited)
 Alright!

Arthur (George) and Henry dap each other up.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Alright I gotta get back to work,
 it's crazy in here.
 (A beat)
 I'll bring you a beer later on me.

Henry starts to walk away. He pauses for a second and turns
 back.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 If I can find you.

ARTHUR(GEORGE)
 Thanks Henry.
 (Nodding)

Theo comes with the beers.

THEO
 Here you go.

GEORGE
 Thanks.

THEO
 Cheers.
 (A beat)
 To Millwall.

The two of them cheer and take a sip of their drink.

GEORGE
Theo.

THEO
Yeah?

GEORGE
This is them.

THEO
What?

GEORGE
This is them...

THEO
Who?

GEORGE
The Bushwackers.

THEO
The who?

GEORGE
The Bushwackers.
(A beat)
(Shaking his head annoyed)
Did you do any research?

THEO
Just tell me in English.
(Taking a sip of his beer)

GEORGE
Not here.
(A beat)
Later.
(A beat)
I gotta take a leak.

Theo nods.

THEO
Yeah alright.

George strolls over to the bathroom. Theo stays sipping his beer. Right as George is about to enter a group of drunk men spill out of the bathroom.

DRUNK MAN 1
Nah, nah it's going to be 2 nil.

DRUNK MAN 2
Care to put your money where your
mouth is?

The group pass George without a second thought. George enters the bathroom.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

George walks up to a urinal more stressed than he let on to Theo.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

Theo sips his drink and looks around the room.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

George is peeing.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

Theo makes eye contact with a group of guys and instantly tries to look away. They continue to glare at him.

ONE GUY
Who the fuck are you mate?

Theo looks surprised and worried.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

George is still peeing.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

The guys are up in Theo's face now.

ONE GUY
(Aggressively)
Do you even support Millwall mate?

THEO
(Defensively)
Of course I do.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

George is washing his hands now, not a worry about Theo in his head.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

The guys are really up in Theo's face now.

ONE GUY
You don't know shit about Millwall!
How'd you even get in here?

INT. INSIDE THE PUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

George is washing his face slowly. He cleans his hands with paper towels and exits the bathroom.

INT. INSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

George walks out of the bathroom to Theo laying on the group, the group of guys kicking the shit out of him.

GEORGE
Hey, hey! What are you doing?

The guys stop for a second?

ONE GUY
Are you with him?

GEORGE
Yeah.

The guys instantly pounce on George and throw him to the ground next to Theo. The beating continues.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR - NIGHT

George and Theo come flying out the front door and on to the pavement.

ONE GUY
Fuck outta here!

The group walks back inside. George and Theo slowly move themselves into a seated position and look at each other.

GEORGE
(Annoyed, out of breath)
What the fuck did you do?

CUT TO BLACK