

FENLANDS

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An original screenplay

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BLACK SCREEN

(SUPER:) FENLANDS

EXT.(AERIAL) OVERFLYING EAST ANGLIA-DAY

The rotor blades of a helicopter beat against the sky, the aircraft hovers a thousand feet above fields and waterways. It banks sharply then buzzes the coastline of the Fen land Wash; sunlight glints against the Police badge on the aircraft's fuselage.

A police marksman, adjusts a safety harness then leans outside the open cabin door. She trains the scope of her rifle at the ground.

Looking down at the scene it resembles a vast patchwork quilt of Nature's shades, spread-out majestically upon the surface below. A dispatcher's voice invades the marksman's earpiece.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Hotel, Yankee, Zulu...Suspects
 armed and dangerous..repeat
 Suspects armed and dangerous..Over.

CREDITS.

(SUPER:) LONDON - A WEEK EARLIER

INT. MOTOR GARAGE - DAYTIME

A pair of work boots poke out from under an ageing car.

The sound of an overly cheery disc jockey prattles on, his voice reverberates from the grease stained workshop radio.

Two young men, clean cut(early twenties)stand with hands in pockets looking glumly on at their decommissioned vehicle.

DISC JOCKEY (O.S)
 It's ten after three here in
 London town, and this is Tony
 Peters coming to you from radio
 Chingford...we got a super duper
 day in the capital city
 today...so keep it tuned to radio
 Chingford...(radio jingle)

Adam, the more photogenic of the pair, slowly and deliberately rolls a spent matchstick between his lips while his twin brother Colin shuffles nervously on the spot, hoping for a miracle.

COLIN
 Will the patient live?

A mechanic slides out from under the car, grease splattered across his overalls and as he gets to his feet he begins rubbing his hands on an oily rag. He turns the radio off.

EXT. LONDON HIGH RISE BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

A limousine pulls up outside the block of flats. Two men exit the vehicle.

The driver of the limo is a 'mountain' of a man and wears a long dark overcoat. His passenger, by comparison, is comically smaller and dressed in patent leather shoes, a tailored suit, and flashy jewellery.

The pair make their way around to the rear of the flats.

INT. BATHROOM (SEMI-DARKNESS)

What appears to be a corpse is submerged below the murky waterline of a grimy bath.

A crumpled copy of Penthouse, all bosoms and curves, lays spread-eagled on the linoleum floor.

A grubby towel drapes across a shabby looking bathroom in a shabby looking flat. The towel blocks out the light from the window and a solitary candle flickers in a brown beer bottle, propped up in a dirty sink.

EXT. LONDON HIGH RISE BLOCK OF FLATS - SAME TIME

The two men from the limousine are eyeing a rusty camper van parked at the rear of the flats.

MEHMET, (the smaller man), takes out a device no bigger than a matchbox from his pocket. He pushes a small switch and a tiny green cathode bulb comes on. He smiles a devilish smile before handing the object over to his giant of an accomplice.

The accomplice, ALI, clambers underneath the vehicle and attaches the small black magnetic box to the chassis so that it is hidden from view.

Mehmet walks away. Ali scrambles to his feet, brushing down his coat with his great paws, he scurries after the smaller man like a faithful labrador on the heels of his master.

INT. MOTOR GARAGE - SAME TIME

The mechanic tosses aside the rag and gives his verdict.

MECHANIC

Head gasket's blown, big end's gone, and it's pissin' oil...in a word it's knackered.

Colin's jaw drops.

Adam crosses the garage and yanks open the car passenger door. He leans in and pulls out an acoustic guitar which he straps over his shoulder. He turns to his brother and says.

ADAM
We're screwed dude!

INT/EXT. HALLWAY (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT - DAY

Mehmet is stood alongside Ali who cracks his big hairy knuckles. Mehmet nods and those big hairy knuckles rap on the door.

The little man preens himself, takes out a BREATH FRESHENER and squirts a jet of spray into his mouth, as if preparing for a date. The door is partially opened though still held secure on a chain lock.

DENNY (the body in the bath) peers apprehensively through the gap between the door and frame, but before he has a chance to say a word a bunch of big hairy knuckles has seized hold of the door chain and ripped it from its fittings.

INT LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT

The door is thrown open and Mehmet breezes into the room, beaming smile on his face, big Ali follows in tow.

MEHMET
Denny, Denny, Denny, long time no see, we all miss you over at the hair salon, how ya been fella?...sorry about the damage-

Denny stands nervously in the centre of the room with only a towel wrapped around his waist. Ali closes the door.

MEHMET
-I always say to Ali, be more careful with the clients..but I don't think he speaks so good the Queen's English, and besides, I think he enjoys to break things just for the hezll of it!

DENNY
Mr Kaya,I..I -

MEHMET
-Oh Denny! Please, please, to my friends I'm simply Memmy, so if we ever have to introduce ourselves I can say 'Hi I'm Memmy, stylist to the stars, and this is Denny...the MOTHERFUCKER who owes me money'!

Mehmet's expression turns from that of anger back to one of wicked mirth.

MEHMET
-this is just my little Kurdish
joking with you-

Mehmet glances over at Ali for a reaction but meets only the deadpan expression on the big man's face. Mehmet turns back with a look of disappointment to the anxious figure of Denny.

MEHMET
- he's a Turk, no fuckin' sense
of humour.

Mehmet advances towards Denny carrying a malevolent smile. He ushers Denny onto one of his own chairs.

DENNY
(nervously)
I...I better go and put some
clothes on.

Denny feebly gestures towards the bathroom.

MEHMET
Sit!..I insist..we can't stay
long anyway fella.

Denny sheepishly cooperates and takes up a seat, still clutching nervously at the bath towel around his waist.

DENNY
(flustered)
If you've come about the money Mr
Memmy..I..I mean Memmy, I can
explain-

Mehmet interrupts, leans down, pressing his finger to his lips as though he were hushing a baby.

MEHMET
Sssssh!

INT. TOP DECK OF A LONDON BUS - SAME TIME

COLIN
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Adam and Colin are sitting together on the upper deck of a London bus.

COLIN is banging his head against the back of the empty seat in front of him.

ADAM stares idly out of the window, stroking his guitar and quietly humming the words of a song. The view outside is of a busy North London. Heavy traffic, crowded streets.

COLIN

Months of planning's gone into this trip, and the bloody car goes and packs up..

ADAM

(disinterestedly)
Yeah!..a real bumner.

Colin suddenly turns to Adam with a 'eureka moment'.

COLIN

I know!..what about the train?

Adam turns to Colin with a look of incredulity.

ADAM

We're carrying a four man tent bro! A weeks supply of tinned food, bottled water, not to mention the research equipment, and your talking about a train-

Colin tries to interrupt but Adam is having none of it.

ADAM

-we're students bro', not bloody sherpas.

COLIN

What about mum and dad?

ADAM

(caustically)
Well they're not gonna carry the stuff; are they?

COLIN

No..no I mean maybe they'd lend us enough to buy another car, or maybe we could get a rental.

ADAM

I thought we'd agreed, it's time we started standing on our own two feet, we're not kids anymore.

A bell rings, and the bus and its passengers lurch forward.

COLIN

It was only an idea, Ad.

ADAM
 (testily)
 Well think of a better one.

Colin lowers his head, apparently wounded by his brother's reproach. A small gang of hooded youths swagger noisily past, on route to the back of the bus. Adam turns to his brother and his tone softens.

ADAM
 Sorry bro', I'm just as pissed
 off about this as you are.

INT. LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT

Mehmet studies the anxiety registering across Denny's face.

He holds the shiny implements up before Denny's eyes. The scissor blades are opened and closed in a testing action. Denny stares up at the blades, they look razor sharp.

MEHMET
 Beautiful aren't they..had them
 custom made, in memory of an old
 friend..eighteen carat gold
 handles, toughened blades,
 Sheffield steel...y'know Denny, I
 once cut off a man's balls with
 these..He owed me money
 too!...(pointing) See *there*,
 those two tiny diamonds.

Ali's huge bulk blocks the door like a great boulder.
 Mehmet smiles and takes hold of a clump of Denny's hair.

MEHMET
 What you need Denny is a bloody
 good haircut!...seriously Fella,
 this is a mess!

Mehmet swivels on his heels and looks in the direction of Ali. The big man simply nods. Mehmet swivels back to meet Denny's nervous gaze.

MEHMET
 You see! The big man over there
 agrees with me, it's a fuckin'
 car crash, but don't worry, I can
 fix it good for you fella..a
 little snip here, a little snip
 there..and, and you can tell me
 all about the money you still owe
 me for my big bag of coke.

Mehmet lifts two fingers of hair from behind Denny's left ear and nimbly cuts away, humming to himself above the 'snip' 'snip' sound of the scissors.

INT. TOP DECK OF A LONDON BUS

Colin turns to Adam with renewed enthusiasm.

COLIN

Hey!..What About Denny the guy
who's just moved in upstairs?

ADAM

And?..apart From the fact that he
appears to be a complete friggin'
nutcase, what about him?

COLIN

Well he owns that old camper van,
it's parked round back. Yeah I
know it's a bit of an old banger,
but I'm sure I could convince him
to let us use it..if we made it
worth his while -

Colin pulls a small bundle of notes from his pocket.

COLIN

Look!..we've Still got the ninety
five quid scrap money the garage
gave us for the car... plus the
petrol and beer money.

Adam grimaces, urging his brother to re-pocket the cash
just as a couple of 'hoodie' gang members look over.

ADAM

(whispering)

Put it away Col, y'know they'd
top you for the price of a burger
around here.

Colin continues his conversation in hushed tones; stuffing
the notes back into his pocket.

COLIN

He knocked the other day to
introduce himself. He wanted to
borrow some sugar..I think you'd
gone to the gym..anyway, We got
talking and he started telling me
that he used to be in the Special
Air Service, but got injured or
something, just before he was due
to go to Iraq. So then he starts
telling me that he was on
benefits, and down on his luck-

Adam stretches up to press the stop bell.

ADAM
 (Glibly)
 -well fancy that!

INT. LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT

Mehmet adds a final trim and then stops cutting, leaving Denny to shuffle uncomfortably in the chair.

Mehmet is holding a comb in one hand and the scissors in the other. The stylist crouches down on his haunches so that his gaze meets the anxiety in Denny's eyes.

MEHMET
 Tell me about my money, fella.

Denny is shaking nervously but blurts out a pitiful response.

DENNY
 I'm really very sorry ...I'll get your money Mr Kaya..I just need a little more time.

Mehmet directs the scissors so that they point directly at Denny's eyeballs. Then he turns back and clicks his fingers.

Ali Steps forward and draws a small ladies compact mirror from inside his overcoat which he promptly hands to Mehmet. He in turn hands it on to Denny who sheepishly accepts the mirror, and stares down at his own reflection.

MEHMET
 So what d'ya think Denny, have I still got my reputation intact?

Denny, hands trembling on the mirror, attempts a positive response.

DENNY
 It looks very good mister Kaya, really very good.

Mehmet looks over to the implacable Ali.

MEHMET
 (smirking)
 Very good he says..

Turning back to whisper into Denny's ear.

MEHMET
 It's fuckin' genius fella!

DENNY
 I was about to say that mister Kaya

Mehmet lets go a self satisfied laugh at Denny's expense, then carefully tucks scissors and comb into a leather case.

He snatches back the compact from Denny and hands it over to Ali, on route to the door.

Mehmet suddenly stops on the spot, swivelling on his heels, he points a finger.

MEHMET

Tomorrow fella...Midday, I'll be
back for my money...don't worry
though, the haircut's on the
house!

The two men exit the flat, slamming the door behind them.

EXT CHINGFORD ROAD - SAME TIME

The brothers cross the busy intersection, clearly squabbling. Adam's guitar swings from the strap across his shoulder with each dismissive shake of his head. Colin darts ahead of his brother frantically gesturing with his hands. The pair walk on by the parade of 'Pound' shops and Takeaway cafes; the sound of a council worker's PNEUMATIC DRILL receding in their ears.

ADAM

Col, there's no way I'm letting
you waste the last of our cash on
hiring that old rust bucket
parked around the corner, from
some guy who thinks he's Rambo.

COLIN

(accusatively)

Y'know what Adam?..I Sometimes
wonder just how seriously you're
taking Uni..all you seem to be
interested in these days is gigging
with your band.
Look!..the farmer said we've only
got access to that field next
week, and then only for five
days.

ADAM

trust me bro' this Denny's a
nutter!

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Colin arrive outside the high rise just as the 'Dealer' and his 'Enforcer' emerge from the entrance to the block of flats.

The students barely notice the limousine pulling away from the estate.

INT HALLWAY (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT

Adam and Colin are stood whispering outside the door to Denny's flat. Eventually Colin knocks. At first there is no reply, then a voice tentatively calls out.

DENNY (O.S.)

Is that you mister Kaya?

Colin answers back through the closed door while Adam listens in.

COLIN

It's Colin, I need to speak to you.

DENNY (O.S.)

Who?

Adam looks across at Colin and shakes his head despairingly. Colin presses on.

COLIN

Colin! Colin from downstairs. The sugar remember, you borrowed some sugar.

DENNY

Oh yeah!..look man, I'll get the sugar back to you as soon as...

COLIN

No you don't understand; I haven't come about the sugar, can we come in for a moment?.. I need to speak to you, I'm with my brother Adam.

INT. UPPER FLOOR FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Denny, now dressed, is sitting on a chair in the middle of the room; pensive attending to the business of rolling a cigarette.

Adam and Colin are sitting on a tattered sofa in Denny's living room. Tufts of human hair festoon an otherwise threadbare carpet. Denny starts to chuckle to himself.

DENNY

So you two plan on driving all the way up to, to-

ADAM

East Anglia, The Fens.

DENNY

Just to dig up some
fields..you're 'aving a fuckin'
larf, aren't ya?

COLIN

No, seriously, we're doing soil
research. We're geology students,
doing a Masters'.

Denny uses the tips of his fingers to clip the loose
tobacco from the end of his 'roll up' before announcing.

DENNY

Sorry boys..I'd love to help you
out, I'm real eco-friendly, me,
but something's come up and I'm
gonna need the van this-

COLIN

-ninety five quid cash now, plus
another fifty quid when our
student loan cheque arrives.

Colin produces the bundle of notes from his pocket with all
the exuberance of a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat.
He speaks quickly and proffers the notes.

COLIN

We need the van for a week, and
we need it tomorrow, we're
leaving early.

Adam casts Colin a quizzical look, surprised by his
brother's gusto. Denny hungrily eyes the notes.

DENNY

I don't know boys, y'see me and
that old van, well we -

COLIN

- we've got a driving licence if
that's what you're worried about,
and, and we'd be insured to
drive, we could have the van back
to you in a week.

Denny thinks long and hard before responding.

DENNY

Tomorrow,mmm!..how early were you
boys planning to leave?

COLIN

At the crack of dawn!

Denny strokes the contours of his hand rolled cigarette and then pops it between his lips, lights it up then sucks back.

DENNY

I'll tell you what I'll do..

EXT. THE FENS/EAST ANGLIA - DAYBREAK

(SUPER): THE FENS/EAST ANGLIA

As dawn breaks across East Anglia, the vast panorama of the lowland fens becomes visible to the naked eye.

Fields and parcels of rich arable farmland, tinged in ochre and brownish hue, stretch out towards the faint strip of coastline marking the eastern inlet of The Wash.

EXT. NORTH EAST LONDON - DAYBREAK

The Sun slowly rises over the Tower Blocks of North London.

Denny is sat behind the wheel of his battered camper van thumbing through an issue of 'Busty Babes'. He is wearing a headband just like Rambo; and dressed in khaki combat fatigues just like Rambo. The rear of the van door is open.

After a closer inspection of Miss September Denny impatiently begins to sound the vehicle's horn. The brothers emerge from the block of flats heavily laden with camping equipment which they toss into the back of the van.

EXT. M11 JUNCTION 6 NORTHBOUND - MORNING

Colin stares forlornly out of the side window while Denny talks incessantly from behind the wheel. Adam occupies the rear passenger seat, and is gently strumming a guitar.

DENNY

(jovially)

Y'know what?..ya Can't beat a nice trip to the countryside. Damn decent of you boys to invite me along..I sure as hell needed to get out of Town for a while.

ADAM

We didn't invite you Denny, you invited yourself...remember?

The view through the windscreen sees Denny weaving the van across lanes of traffic, tailgating the vehicles up ahead. He glances across to Colin before looking back in his rearview mirror.

DENNY

Are you sure you're twins, cos
you don't look much like each
other...huh! (Chuckles)

Colin injects a note of nervousness into proceedings.

COLIN

Can you slow down a little bit?

DENNY

It's lucky for you boys I've had
some Special forces training,
might come in real useful where
we're headin'...reckon some of
those ol' tractor boys don't play
by the rules.

Denny suddenly begins to squeal like a hog, thrusting
himself against the steering wheel, clearly intent on
simulating an act of buggery.

DENNY

'Squeal piggy, piggy,squeal'.. I
just lurv that fuckin' movie man.
Hey! Let's stop for breakfast.

EXT: UNDERCARRIAGE - VW CAMPER VAN IN MOTION

CLOSE UP:

A green light flashes intermittently from the small black
box fixed to the undercarriage of the vehicle.

EXT: COUNTRY ROAD SAME TIME

The van can be seen swerving across a country road as it
approaches a bend up ahead.

INT: CAMPER VAN

Denny struggles at the wheel to regain control of the van.
Adam lets go of his guitar and shouts.

ADAM

Denny!

COLIN

Lookout!

The van mounts the grass verge, there's a loud 'BANG' as
the vehicle thuds into a ditch.

INT. UPPER FLOOR FLAT/HALLWAY (LONDON) SAME TIME

'BANG' - Ali's shoulder crashes into the front door; it
flies open.

Mehmet strolls into the lifeless flat. He slowly glances around the empty room and shakes his head prophetically.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY TIME

Denny and Colin are staring down at the ditch, and the deflated near-side tyre.

COLIN
We need a jack.

DENNY
Who the fuck's JACK ?

Colin motions with his hands in a winding action.

COLIN
The hydraulic jack! Denny,
where's the bloody hydraulic
jack?

DENNY
Shit! man..I sold it.

Adam is by the roadside trying to flag down passing traffic.

After what seems like an age, a brightly painted van stops up ahead. The rear lights come on and the van slowly reverses. A sign across the side of the van announces:

THE APACHE JOHN TRAVELLING BAND.

The van comes to a halt alongside the trio from London.

A seasoned, long haired, bohemian looking quartet - two guys and two girls - clamber from the vehicle. Their well worn attire invokes an air of both the gypsy and the hobo.

APACHE JOHN steps forward, scratches his Khaki hat, and in a soft rustic tone introduces himself and the band.

APACHE JOHN
..a'noon.

Denny and the twins exchange a look of surprise.

APACHE JOHN
APACHE JOHN at ya service..this
here is me pa'ner AMAZON JAN and
that *there'll* be BRAKEN and her
pa'ner BERNE.

DITCH

The band have fitted their own hydraulic jack beneath the camper van and are busily replacing the spare wheel.

Apache John is sitting in the front passenger seat, while Berne is reversing the vehicle from the ditch. Adam and Colin look on in bewilderment at the progress of their 'Good samaritans'.

Denny skulks away and sits down beside the road. He opens up his tobacco tin and starts to roll himself a smoke.

The younger female, Braken, approaches the solitary figure of Denny sat on the ground. She looks down and smiles. He looks quizzically up at her. Braken is holding a flyer in her hand and she offers it to him.

BRAKEN

If you get a chance, check us out!

Braken turns and heads back to join the others. Denny takes no more than a cursory glance at the flyer and then tosses it away, mumbling under his breathe...

DENNY

Fuckin' weirdos!

ROADSIDE

Apache John exits the van carrying Adam's acoustic guitar. He holds the instrument up in the air and with his other hand scratching at his khaki hat he begins to smile.

APACHE JOHN

Are you boys hungry?

EXT LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

The limousine twists and winds its way through the narrow leafy roads of the English countryside.

INT LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

Mehmet stares at the screen balanced on the passenger dashboard. A black cursor moves across a map towards a red flashing light.

Ali focuses his gaze on the twisting turns ahead, and as he drives shafts of late afternoon sunshine flash through the branches of the trees dazzling the occupants in the car.

EXT. WOODLAND CUTTING - LATE AFTERNOON.

Apache John and Adam are sitting in deck chairs, in a woodland cutting, picking out chords on their guitars.

A barbecue is underway.

Adam starts to sing the words to a self penned ballad. Apache John listens for a while, smiles, picks up the chords and adeptly begins to play along.

EXT DITCH - A142 - SOMETIME LATER

Mehmet and Ali stare down at the tyre tracks leading into the battered ditch.

MEHMET
(In Turkish)
you're sure this is the place?

Ali draws up some phlegm in his throat spits it onto the tyre track and nods.

Mehmet begins foraging the bank alongside the tyre tracks and soon finds what he is looking for. Trapped between soil and wild grass, his hand scoops up the flashing tracker device.

EXT WOODLAND CUTTING

Berne and Braken are sitting cross legged on a blanket facing each other, deep in meditation.

Denny is slumped against the back wheel of his van as drunk as the proverbial skunk; cradling a near empty whisky bottle, mumbling incoherently.

Amazon Jan plies Colin with the last of the barbecued chicken wings. The evening Sun is slowly setting over the countryside and the afternoon has drifted idly away to the strains of acoustic guitars.

EXT DITCH - A142. EVENING

Ali has spotted a crumpled sheet of paper discarded on the grass verge. He bends down and picks it up just as Mehmet approaches.

MEHMET
(In Turkish)
Let me see.

Mehmet unfolds the crumpled paper, smoothing out the creases of the flyer, he begins to hesitantly mouth the words.

MEHMET
A..pach.e John travell..ing
band..live..at The Bell..Pub..lic
house...

Mehmet's eyes narrow in fury and he hisses through his teeth.

MEHMET
(In Turkish)
...you're a dead man Denny!

EXT. THE FENS LATER THAT EVENING

The camper van slowly rolls to a halt somewhere in the back of beyond. The vehicle's lights remain on but the engine has stalled.

INT. THE BELL PUB SAME TIME

Big Ali is resting his frame so that his back is against the bar. He scans the patrons, looking for a familiar face. Mehmet watches the reaction of the elderly barmaid staring at the crumpled flyer in her hand.

ELDERLY BARMAID

No..it's Not tonight lurv, see
now theys be playin' next Friday
night...look.. says 'ere down at
bottom...Friday September 25th.

The barmaid hands back the flyer to Mehmet then cheerfully asks.

ELDERLY BARMAID

Now wha' will you gentlemen be
'avin?

INT. CAMPER VAN - NIGHT

The loud and continuous sound of someone snoring carries from the rear of the van. The brothers are sitting up-front

Adam turns the key in the ignition several times, still the engine fails to fire up. He glances at the empty fuel gauge.

ADAM

We gave him enough money to fill
up the tank before we left...I
tell ya bro' this guy's some kind
of tosser for sure!

The snoring from the rear of the vehicle suddenly turns into an intermittent snorting sound. Colin looks over his shoulder and spots a container on the floor of the van.

COLIN

Hey! Maybe there's some in *that*
fuel can over *there*.

Colin clambers over the back of his seat, careful to avoid stepping on the boozy figure of Denny stretched out on the floor, still snoring and still clutching at a whisky bottle. Colin shakes the fuel can, then casts it aside.

COLIN

It's empty, what we gonna do now?

EXT THE FENS NIGHTTIME

High above the Fens the Moon is on the wane, partially obscured by solar gases, it casts a grey and feeble light over blackened fields and watery canals.

The dark silhouettes of isolated farmhouses protrude from an otherwise featureless landscape.

INT. CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Denny's continual snoring forces Adam to a decision.

ADAM

I can't take this anymore, hand
me over the petrol can and torch.

EXT. FENLANDS SAME TIME

The dark sticky soil impacts underfoot. A five litre fuel can swings against the wrist carrying it.

Adam carefully directs the beam of his torch as he makes his way across a number of small irrigation channels. His soiled boots scramble over a water inlet - (a man made canal marking out the boundary between two vast fields).

Adam stops to catch his breath. He is halfway along a muddy track and moving in the direction of a small cluster of buildings set darkly against the horizon.

In the distance, several hundred yards ahead, a tiny glow emanates from what looks to be a large farmhouse.

The farmhouse stands in the midst of a collection of sheds and outbuildings. The big house is weathered and partially overgrown with vegetation. Excepting that of a solitary light from an upstairs room, the estate is in darkness.

Parked at the entrance to the farmyard are two LAND ROVERS.

Adam moves by the beam of his torch, picking his way over a rusty barbed wire fence near to the farmhouse. He pauses for breath, looks over at the solitary light filtering from the upstairs window and then edges closer.

Adam looks up at the glow from the window and spots the figure of a young girl of similar age to his own, sitting in her nightgown, in front of a dresser.

He can clearly see the girl's profile through the curtainless window; and she looks for all the world to be the image of a fairy tale's 'Rapunzel', timeless, serene, combing back traces of long golden hair, the shade of ripened wheat.

Adam shimmies closer to the farmhouse just as the girl turns towards the window.

He ducks down, out of sight, behind a water butt. The torch spills from his hand and clatters to the ground alerting a pack of dogs.

(SOUND) DOGS BARKING.

The barking from the compound wakes the household. Lights come on in the farmhouse. Adam cusses and hurriedly gathers up the torch.

A man, old enough to be Adam's father, steps onto the porch and into the glow of light. He has a rugged face and hawkish blue eyes. He is stroking a long wispy beard, and cradling a double-barrelled shotgun.

The student huddles in the darkness listening to the pounding of his heart and the baying of the hounds. A voice calls out across the dark empty space.

ELI SPOONER (O.S.)

I's Eli Tobias Spooner, servant
of the Lord, defender of the
righteous, and I stand ready to
send the agents of Satan back to
hell's own inferno!

Adam looks up again at the window transfixed momentarily by the girl's gaze. She glances down dispassionately.

Now, with arms aloft, the fuel can in one hand and a white hanky and torch in the other, Adam walks nervously towards ELI SPOONER. The old man has been joined by a pair of much younger men. They, too, carry shotguns.

EXT FENLANDS NIGHTTIME

Colin is holding the torch while his brother pours the fuel into the petrol tank.

COLIN

Twenty five quid for five litres
of petrol!...that's; well that's
daylight robbery.

ADAM

(looking at his watch)
Well technically...it's midnight
robbery, but then again they were
armed to the teeth, what was I
gonna do bro'...haggle?

Adam removes the funnel and replaces the fuel cap.

ADAM

Anyway it's too late to be
pitching a tent now, besides our
driver appears to be in a coma,
so let's pull off the road
somewhere, get our heads down in
the van 'til it gets light.

FADE TO:

EXT WOODED AREA - MORNING

The van sits parked up in a wooded grove. The morning sun
is tipping over the horizon and bird song is underway.
Cattle graze in fields nearby and the scene is pastoral.

With sunlight seeping into the van, Adam slowly sits up and
rubs his eyes. He yawns, stretches, and taps the shoulder
of his brother who is gradually waking up alongside him.

Adam peers over his shoulder to where Denny is fast asleep
on the floor of the van. He turns back and smiles at Colin.

ADAM

With a bit of luck he might stay
like that for the rest of the
trip.

Colin smiles back, then opens the glove compartment and
pulls out a map, unfolds and examines it. He fumbles in his
trouser pocket for his mobile phone.

EXT FENLAND FIELD - MORNING

A rotund farmer, in need of a good shave, is sitting on a
tractor in the middle of a field. The man is talking into
his mobile phone, he speaks with a strong local dialect.

FARMER

As loike this 'ere, yu's be
minded not to go a garpen on ol'
man Spooner's place-

INT CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Colin is clearly struggling to understand the voice on the
phone. He turns to his brother.

COLIN

He says he cashed our cheque, and
I think he said we can use his
two fields marked in red on the
map, but nothing
beyond...something about
Spoonland or Spoonerland, he says
we should stay away.(returning
his attention to the
phone)...Yes, okay Mr Pike, bye.

Colin pockets his mobile and begins studying the map.

COLIN

According to the map we're less
than three miles from our
farmer's field, somewhere near
the town of Wisbrook.

Adam takes a swig from a bottle of water and hands it
across to his brother, and then with renewed enthusiasm he
switches on the vehicle's engine.

ADAM

So what are we waiting for bro'?
Let's rock an' roll, I'm
famished.

The vehicle eventually chokes into action and wheel-spins
out of the wood.

DENNY (O.S.)

Where are we?

ADAM

The middle of nowhere.

DENNY (O.S.)

Has anyone got any smokes on 'em?

The van hurtles along the B157.

EXT METHODIST CHURCH - MORNING

The sign at the entrance to the church reads: WISBROOK
METHODIST CHURCH. It is a modest structure of white brick
and stained wooden feather-boarding.

INT METHODIST CHURCH - SAME TIME

A congregation stand dutifully behind polished wooden pews.

Eli Spooner lowers his head in unison with the rest of the
assembled. Alongside stands the girl glimpsed the night
before at the bedroom window.

She is clutching a prayer book and dressed in 'Sunday
best'. Next to her stands the two younger men seen earlier
carrying shotguns at the farm, their bull necks straining
at the buttons on their shirt collars.

The Pastor begins with the first article of faith.

PASTOR

There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body or parts, of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible...and in unity of this Godhead there are three persons, of one substance, power and eternity...The Father, The Son and The Holy Ghost, Amen.

The congregation respond as one: AMEN.

EXT FENLANDS FIELD DAYTIME

FIELD.

An array of research and testing equipment lies on the ground; pipes, tubes, spades, trowels, etc.

Colin is kneeling down, busily driving a soil auger (a metre length metal pipe) into the ground with a wooden mallet. He looks up and catches sight of Adam walking off towards the tent. Colin calls after his brother.

COLIN

Hey! Where you going?

Adam has reached the edge of the campsite. He calls back.

ADAM

I'm going to take a walk, maybe look around for a water supply we could use...I came across some irrigation channels the other night...might go and check 'em out.

Adam points into the distance. Colin smiles, cups his mouth, and joshes with his brother, calling out.

COLIN

Part-timer!

EXT CAMPSITE SAME TIME

Adam opens the door of the van and collects his guitar.

Denny is sitting nearby on the upturned damaged wheel. He has his shirt undone to the waist, shoes and socks off; and he is cleaning the dirt from under his toenails with a large hunting knife.

Denny lifts up the tip of the blade, exhibiting the deposits taken from under his toenails, he quips.

DENNY
I got all the soil samples you
college boys need, right here!

Adam ignores the quip and moves off, guitar strapped over his shoulder, he says nothing as he passes by Denny who calls after him.

DENNY
Where you off to, man?

ADAM
(calling back)
Just thought I'd take a stroll,
y'know strum the guitar a bit.

DENNY
Why don't I come with ya? (Eyeing
his knife)..cover yer back, keep
an eye open for the local yokels.

EXT FIELD SOME TIME LATER

Colin is using a trowel to gently tap out soil samples from a number of metal pipes, the soil spills onto a plastic sheet arranged on the ground.

The trowel is used to carefully separate out the various hues of brown soil, ranging from a dark sticky looking coagulation to a dry almost reddish looking powder.

EXT FENLANDS - CANAL - SOMETIME LATER

Adam's guitar is propped up against the dead root of a gorse bush. He is stripping down to his boxer shorts and is preparing to enter the canal. It is a secluded spot alongside an irrigation canal. The stream's gentle flow is several metres wide at the head of its source, and it is shrouded by a small outcrop of vegetation.

A pair of eyes are watching, from the cover of the vegetation, as Adam disrobes. His naked torso is in full view as he discards the last of his clothing and, still unaware of the prying eyes, wades waist deep into the cool water.

EXT FENLAND FIELD - SAME TIME

Denny is kneeling down beside Colin, toying with his hunting knife. Some earthworms wriggle from the soil deposits and a rain beetle scurries to the edge of the plastic sheet.

EXT FENLAND -CANAL- SAME TIME

Adam is suddenly alerted by the sound of twigs snapping, he stops mid-stream, waist deep, turns and looks warily about.

His attention is drawn to the fleeting movement of something or someone hidden in the undergrowth. He glances across to his clothes left strewn on the ground.

He spots a shape moving in the bushes and instinctively springs from the water, scooping up his jeans in one swipe.

A girl concealing herself in the undergrowth breaks cover and dashes across a field. Adam is pulling on his jeans, running barefoot in determined pursuit.

FIELD

Adam is gaining on the girl as she trips on a furrow and tumbles. She looks up in alarm at the stranger standing over her, she draws long deep breathes.

Adam looks down at her, aware that it is the same girl he caught sight of the previous night. Droplets of water trickle down his torso onto his denims. He speaks softly.

ADAM

Hey, hey!...I mean you no harm.

Adam cautiously leans down and offers an outstretched arm, which only serves to frighten the girl even more.

As her chest rises and falls with each pant of her breath she casts her eyes about her like a cornered doe looking for a route to escape. Then suddenly she kicks out.

Adam's frame buckles as the full force of the blow strikes him between his legs. He let's out a GASP! - like air escaping the neck of a balloon - and collapses on top of the girl as she attempts, unsuccessfully, to scramble clear.

Adam struggles to his feet, desperately rubbing his loins. He takes the opportunity to do up the buttons on his jeans, before searching for and findings his wallet in his back pocket.

ADAM

Look I'm sorry if I frightened you, but I thought I was being robbed.

The girl remains flat on her back, motionless, her dress muddied, her body at rest, her breathing eased. She looks warily up at the handsome young stranger.

Adam steps clear of her and for the second time offers out an outstretched arm.

ADAM

Please!...I'm not going to try to hurt you.

EXT FENLAND FIELD (CAMPSITE) - SAME TIME

Colin and Denny are knelt over the soil samples arranged on the plastic sheet.

COLIN (V.O.)

(earnestly)

See look!..see how the hues of the soil are different, that gives the monitor an indication of the depth it was drawn from...the darker pile that's called the plough zone, it's rich in organic matter, whereas over here we've got drier rockier soil, that's known as the C horizon, it's still weathering and has very little organic material or life...cos there's less nutrients.

DENNY (V.O.)

Looks like fuckin' piles of mud to me.

Denny starts to trace his knife haphazardly across the neatly stacked soil samples, as he taunts an earthworm.

COLIN

(panicking)

Don't do that...don't do that!

Denny stops, turns, and glares at Colin, knife in hand.

COLIN

(nervously)

I..I just mean that when you run a stability test..you, you shouldn't mix topsoil together with the underlying subsoil-

Denny slowly draws himself to his feet, a cruel scowl fixed to his face. Colin meanwhile is transfixed by the tip of the blade now being pointed down at him. He gulps before continuing his entreaty on a single breath.

COLIN

-soils of different types or different horizons should never be mixed p.please Denny p.p.put the knife down.

Denny's menacing expression slowly dissolves to that of a smirk, then a smile, and finally to mocking laughter. Denny slaps his thigh and mimic's Colin's distress.

DENNY

P.p.please Denny..p.put The knife
down. (He guffaws). Had ya goin'
there, man...p.p.please Denny.

EXT: CANAL BANK SAME TIME

The young girl is sitting cross-legged on the canal bank with her back to the water. She tries to speak, Adam is putting on his shirt.

Despite several nervy attempts to articulate herself, the girl's stammer means her words fall stillborn. Frustrated, she scrambles along the bank and collects up a stick; returning to scratch out on the ground the name: BESS.

BESS SPOONER

M.m.my name is B..Bess.

Adam smiles and then gently takes the stick from her hand and scratches out on the ground the name: ADAM.

ADAM

My name is Adam

The girl smiles back appearing a little more at ease.

Adam sits down on the ground, and collects up his socks.

ADAM

You were the girl at the window
last night?

Bess's blue eyes flash open then shyly look away. She nods.

ADAM

Hey look I wasn't spying on you
or anything, our van ran out of
fuel and I was just...I mean, I'm
not a peeping Tom.

At this the girl giggles to herself and then straightens up and looks directly at Adam.

BESS

F..f.father told me you were a
townie lookin' f.for pe'rol..I
live with m..m.my -

She Screws up her eyes in her struggle to enunciate.

BESS

- f..f.father and two older
brothers.

ADAM

Were they the two boys last night
carrying shotguns?

BESS
 Theys won't thank you for callin'
 'em boys. brother Tom is
 t..twenty t.two and brother
 Martin is ..twenty fi-

ADAM
 - And you?...How old are you?

The girl looks shyly about her as if to avoid answering the question. Adam tries another tack.

ADAM
 - Well I was 22 last
 month..(grimacing like an old
 man)..and look I've still got all
 my own teeth!

Bess smiles at the remark.

BESS
 Come F..Friday I'll be
 n..nineteen.

ADAM
 - You sure are pretty!

Bess begins to blush, Adam tries to rescue the situation.

ADAM
 - That's super corny I know, but
 that doesn't make it any less
 true...well anyway, happy
 Birthday for Friday Bess.

Adam pulls on a sock and casually asks.

ADAM
 - What about your mum, doesn't
 she live on the farm?

The girl hesitates then looks skyward, stifling the tears welling in her eyes.

BESS
 M..m.ma..was taken into the arms
 of our Lord when I was s..s.six.

Adam abruptly stops what he is doing and looks over at the girl. He is about to offer words of condolence, but Bess counters with a weak smile, and the moment passes.

Adam pulls on his boots and begins to tie his laces. Bess casts her gaze about her and her eyes fall upon the acoustic guitar.

BESS
 R'you in a b.band?

ADAM

Back in London I play in a band
yeah...why?

Bess looks across to the visitor. She watches as he straightens out the collar on his shirt, adjusts his belt, then drives his fingers through the locks of his hair. She appears mesmerized by the presence of the visitor, as though she had found herself in the company of an alien life form.

BESS

Are y..you a f.f.famous Rockstar?

Adam chuckles at the question then sits down beside the girl.

ADAM

No..I'm just a student with a bank
overdraft and an Oyster
Card...(Pause)...but who
knows?..Oneday?

Bess scampers over to retrieve the guitar.

Returning with it, she proceeds to drop the instrument into Adam's arms and cheekily demands.

BESS

P.play f.f.for me.

ADAM

Hey!..look It's gettin' late, maybe
I'd best be getting back-

FIELD - SAME TIME

A flock of gulls dive bomb the ploughed furrows, picking over the earthworms in the fields beyond the canal.

BESS SPOONER (V.O.)

Play!

A veil of stratus cumulus clouds the greying sky, as the light begins to slowly fade across the fens.

ADAM (V.O.)

(Singing)

*....I thought you loved me..I
thought you did still...don't you
remember...the house on the hill?*

CANAL

Nimble fingers pick at the strings of a guitar accompanied by the soft, almost melancholy, lilt in the vocal.

ADAM

(Singing)

*...the foaming sea breaking,
crashing waves on the shore...how
could you seek..seek something
more?*

Bess sits gleefully by the canal. Her pretty face cradled against her knees. She listens intently to the refrain and begins to hum the folksy melody.

ADAM

(Singing)

*...to the house on the hill,
above the shore...how could you
seek, seek something more?*

Adam strums the final notes, ending with a flourish on his guitar and a performer's bow. He then feigns addressing an imaginary audience. Announcing.

ADAM

Ladies and gentlemen thank you,
thank you, Something more...A
song I have dedicated to a
beautiful girl called Bess...who
is soon to be nineteen.

An overjoyed Bess begins clapping enthusiastically.

INT FARMHOUSE EVENING

The Spooner men folk are gathered around the dinner table. Cutlery has been set out before them. Eli Spooner, the Patriarch, sits at the head of the table. His eyes are fixed on the door. His mood is pensive.

Brothers Tom and Martin sit on either side of their father. The younger brother is studying a letter.

ELI SPOONER

C'mon Tom, what does it say?.. I
haven't got me reading glasses
on.

Tom is struggling to read the contents of the letter. Eventually he announces.

TOM

It's addressed to you father!

ELI SPOONER

(Testily)

I's already knows that much our
Thomas ! But what's it say ?

Martin reaches across and snatches the letter from his younger brother and begins to decipher it.

MARTIN

It's from the Police, father.
Says 'ere Norfolk
Constabulary...Our records
indicate that you are in
con..tra..vention of the
dangerous weapons act 1985 -

ELI SPOONER

- go on Martin.

Martin clears his throat and then continues.

MARTIN

- despite previous notification,
to date no application has been
received in respect of renewal
licences on shotgun and firearms
currently recorded as being at or
located on the property of
(pause) Mister Elias Spooner,
Graveney farm, Wisbrook, Norfolk
County -

Martin pauses and looks across to his father.

MARTIN

- it goes on to say father
..under subsection four of the
dangerous weapons Act 1985, it is
a criminal offence to use, trade,
transport or otherwise store
firearms without a statutory
licence-

Eli Spooner strokes his wispy beard as he listens. His hawkish eyes continue to stare toward the kitchen door.

MARTIN (O.S)

You are required by law to
register, within the next 48
hours, an application in respect
of all firearms currently in your
possession.

Tom looks puzzled by what he is hearing and tries to interrupt but his brother brushes aside the attempt with a wave of his arm and continues on with the letter verbatim.

MARTIN

- Failure to comply with this
notice will result in prosecution
and may result in a fine and or
imprisonment, along with the
confiscation of all weapons held
in con...contravention.

Tom looks to his father and asks.

TOM

Wha's that mean father?

MARTIN

They's fixin' to take our guns
from us brother...tha's what that
means!

TOM

(boastfully)

The Spooners don't give up their
guns for nobody, ain't that right
father..we ain't afraid of no
police notice.

Eli bangs his fist on the table and rages.

ELI SPOONER

Enough!..enough or, may the Lord
be my witness, I'll take my belt
to ya Thomas.

Spooner looks over as his daughter delicately enters the room carrying a large casserole dish. His rage subsides and the room falls silent. A proud paternal glint flickers in those hawkish eyes.

Bess carefully places the dish in the centre of the table then courteously takes up her seat next to her brothers.

Tom and Martin stare hungrily at the steaming casserole dish, both salivating with growing anticipation.

In silence and in unison the Spooner family raise their arms above the table. They join hands and bow their heads.

ELI SPOONER

Thank you lord for what we are
about to receive -

EXT NIGHTTIME - THE FENLANDS

The Fens takes on an austere almost abandoned quality under the soft glow of the moon.

From a bird's eye-view, a small green tent intrudes on the sombre landscape. Pitched as it is on the edge of an immense field surrounded in a sea of immense fields.

The rhythmic snoring, from inside the tent, gradually increases intensity before a torch light is switched on and two of the three silhouetted forms sit upright.

ADAM (O.S.)

(whispering)

I told ya we shouldn't have
brought him.

The snoring continues unabated.

COLIN (O.S.)

(whispering)

Well it's not my fault, how was I to know he drinks more than his own body weight in alcohol, besides, Where does he get the money from?

ADAM (O.S.)

(whispering)

Oh! I'd hazard a guess its probably from our petrol kitty you entrusted him with, a decision which, may I add, was a balls up of epic proportion on your part, dear brother...now go on lean over and pinch his nose..go on.

COLIN (O.S.)

(whispering)

No way, have you seen the size of that knife he sleeps with.

ADAM (O.S.)

(whispering)

Go on pinch his nose..go on..

COLIN (O.S.)

(whispering)

No, No way, you do it.

EXT: COUNTRY ROAD DAY TIME

It is a fresh bright morning.

Denny is back at the wheel of his van. The route ahead is clear of traffic and a light mist is lifting from the surrounding fields. Some of rabbits have emerged from the hedgerows to forage for food by the side of the road.

INT CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Denny swerves his van in the direction of the rabbits, who immediately scatter. Adam suddenly sits up and bellows from the back of the camper.

ADAM

What ya doin' ?

DENNY

Lunch!

With the bunnies having scurried from harms way, Denny returns the van to the main road.

ADAM

For pity's sake can you not keep
this bloody vehicle on the road.

DENNY

Just tryin' to save you boys some
grub money, that's all.

COLIN

(Pointing)

Look! There's a garage up ahead,
pull in we need to fill up.

EXT PETROL STATION COUNTRY ROADSIDE SAME TIME

The van pulls into a deserted garage and rolls up to the
fore-court pump. The sound of a helicopter can be heard
passing overhead.

A collection of wrecked vehicles and worn tyres litter the
perimeter. Raised voices can be heard coming from inside
the fore-court shop, which in itself is little more than a
dilapidated shed.

Adam and Colin clamber from the vehicle just as the shop
door opens and someone dressed in a DOLPHIN COSTUME comes
waddling towards them.

INT CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Denny stops rolling his cigarette and gapes out of the
window at the sight of the dolphin dragging its tail across
the fore-court.

DENNY

What the fuck 'ave we got 'ere?

EXT PETROL STATION

The dolphin shimmies up to the pump and snatches out the
fuel nozzle. A pimply faced youth talks through the
dolphin's head.

DOLPHIN

We're jus' closin', but if you
hurry I's can make you folks the
last.

Colin unscrews the vans fuel cap and exclaims.

COLIN

But it's only ten o'clock in the
morning!

DOLPHIN

We're off to the demo.

The dolphin begins pumping fuel.

DOLPHIN
How much petroleum you be
wantin'?

ADAM
Fill it up please...Why are you
dressed like a dolphin?

DOLPHIN
It's the demo see, we's goin' to
the demo. The Noah's Ark Alliance

ADAM
The who?

DOLPHIN
The North Anglia Homestead
Alliance, NOAH....cos we aims to
highlight the flood of capitalism
washing away our homes and
livelihoods on a sea of cement.

The dolphin removes the fuel nozzle and points to the shed.

DOLPHIN
You pays in the shop.

Adam moves off in the direction of the shop. Colin replaces
the fuel cap and Denny shouts out the window at him.

DENNY
Hurry up! Hurry up! I'm gagging
for a beer.

The dolphin starts up a conversation with Colin.

DOLPHIN
You boy's ain't local then.

COLIN
No, we're from London. Me and my
brother are geology students
(pointing) that's Denny, our
neighbour, we've hired his van
for our field trip.

INT SHOP SAME TIME

Adam enters the shop and stares across at a GORILLA sitting
behind the cash deck reading a comic. The gorilla looks up.

EXT GARAGE FORE-COURT SAME TIME

The dolphin continues chatting to Colin.

DOLPHIN

I's been down to that there London, with me brother-in-law. Followed the Norwich a few years back, when we goes down to the Arsenal, FA Cup sixth round it was, lost two nil we did. Bloody glad to get back I was; don't know how you people live in all that concrete.

COLIN

Oh it's not so bad.

INT SHOP SAME TIME

The head of the gorilla has been removed to reveal a plump red faced teen age girl shrouded in a hairy ape suit.

YOUTH

That'll be forty seven pounds, seventy four, thank you.

ADAM

Off to the demo then?

Handing over a £50 pound note.

YOUTH

Tha's right, how do you knows that then?

ADAM

Just a lucky guess.

The girl glances down at her hairy chest, and then returns the customers change.

YOUTH

Oh yeah, this, well we's going into Wisbrook, gonna get ourselves on the box. The BBC and everyone's gonna be there.

EXT AERIAL VIEW FROM HELICOPTER SAME TIME

An executive helicopter bearing the insignia of the Anglo-American Corporation descends and hovers some five hundred feet above the patchwork of fields, irrigation channels and isolated farmsteads.

INT HELICOPTER SAME TIME

Two middle-aged businessmen are sat together in the back of the helicopter. They gaze down through the side windows, at the fertile landscape below.

The pair are wearing headphone intercoms. Hugh Pemberton-Carter, a thin clean shaven 'gentleman' in a pin striped suit points out of the window. He speaks with a Received Pronunciation, the legacy of a public school background.

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER

We are still negotiating the transfer of some of the land in this area, but we hope to start laying pipe just as soon as we've cleared the paperwork....We have already brought some heavy plant in at our site some five miles from here...but it seems like you chaps want everything sewn up by yesterday.

The stocky American, sitting beside Hugh, chuckles and stabs emphatically at his jewelled wristwatch. His lazy Texan drawl chides his associate.

TEXAN

You shittin' me Hugh, time's money, hell! y'know that...so tell me what's the overall scale of redevelopment. Assuming we get the full co-operation of your Government?

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER

We're looking to push right through the Fens, all the way to the bay. We're now flying over The Wash, some thousand square miles of land, about a fifth of the size of Wales...This area was all reclaimed from the sea by Dutch engineers on behalf of the British Crown back in the Seventeenth century...so I guess you could say Anglo-American are simply reclaiming it in the Twenty First century on behalf of The free market.

EXT: AERIAL VIEW OF HELICOPTER SAME TIME

The helicopter climbs above the power lines and banks right, heading easterly towards the wash (North sea Bay).

TEXAN (V.O.)

And the opposition?

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER (V.O.)

(Dismissively)

Oh! Greens, environmentalists,
local anarchists, the usual
suspects...nothing our lawyers
can't handle.

EXT SPOONER'S FARM DAYTIME

The Spooner menfolk are working hard driving wooden stakes deep into the ground and rolling out barbed wire fencing.

Martin, the elder brother, is stripped to the waist and is pounding stake posts with a sledge hammer. His younger brother Tom operates the cable stretcher, winding the wire taut across the requisite posts.

Eli Spooner is busy slicing the spools of barbed steel with a set of long-arm wire cutters.

Bess is crossing the fields towards the men. She is carrying a wicker basket and a jug of milk.

EXT SUPERMARKET CAR PARK DAYTIME

The trio from London are in the car park of a local supermarket loading groceries from a shopping trolley into the back of the van. Police SIRENS can be heard screaming out across the tiny rural town.

DENNY

Fuck me sideways! This place is
noisier than Camden Town on a
Saturday night.

Denny is holding a case of beers, he looks lovingly at them before announcing.

DENNY

You see boys, to some people *this*
is merely a six pack, but to me
..aah! It's a support group.

ADAM

C'mon let's get out of here
before all the roads are blocked.

Denny stops loading to crack open a tin of lager. He listens to the cacophony of sirens. The chaos in the air.

COLIN

Denny, c'mon we gotta get going.

Denny adopts a fighter's stance, kicking and punching an invisible foe; spilling his beer in the process. He slurps at the froth on the top the can with his tongue.

DENNY

What's the matter boys, don't ya
fancy a bit of ultra violence?

Adam slams shut the rear door of the van in dismay, Colin returns the trolley, imploring Denny to hurry up.

COLIN

Please Denny can we just go, I
don't like fighting.

Denny glances disappointedly at the twins and then skulks off towards the driver's door, muttering under his breath.

DENNY

Pussies!

EXT COUNTRY ROAD DAYTIME

A long line of noisy demonstrators march along the two lane highway approaching the town of Wisbrook.

The demonstrators are rowdy, defiantly waving placards bearing the message: HANDS OF OUR LANDS - NOAH. Some of the marchers are wearing animal costumes.

The demonstrators jeer at the thin line of uniformed officers flanking them while a posse of police motorcycles whizz up and down attempting to marshal the raucous column.

POLICE (V.O.)

(radio transmission)
...Whisky Kilo Bravo...numbering
between four to five hundred,
position, Bravo..one..four..two...
half Mile from town centre.
Thirty two officers on
scene...request support...over.

EXT SPOONER'S FARM DAYTIME

The Spooner men are sitting on the ground in the midst of their morning's labour eating sandwiches; Bess attends to them, filling their glasses with fresh milk.

MARTIN

They's be 'avin' tha' public
meetin' over at Town Council this
afternoon father, d'ya reckon
they'll sort anythin' out?

ELI SPOONER

...talk's Cheap, son.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD DAY TIME

The Camper van crawls through the throng of protestors lining the B142.

The traffic is being ushered on by a police escort. Some of those in the crowd jump up and down with their placards, jubilantly taunting the passing traffic. Denny winds down his window and cusses them.

DENNY

Tossers!

The hotheads in the crowd begin to boo, jeer, even spit.

INT CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Adam exchanges a look that says - 'oh no' - with his brother just as a cabbage is hurled towards the windscreen. The cabbage thuds against the glass amid great cheers from the crowd.

ADAM

(Angrily)

Nice one Denny!

DENNY

Fuck 'em! They're all a bunch of inbreeds anyway.

Denny presses his foot on the accelerator and heads out of town, passing the BBC Outside broadcast vehicle approaching in the opposite direction.

INT WISBROOK TOWN COUNCIL MEETING HALL SAME TIME

The meeting hall is filled with local residents, such that many of them are forced to stand at the back of the hall.

A local farmer, seated near the front, stands up and points an accusatory finger at the panel. Hugh Pemberton-Carter and the Texan are among the six strong panel ensconced behind a long table, on a stage.

The dissenter is red faced and shouts angrily at the panel of middle aged men dressed in expensive suits.

ANGRY FARMER

Trouble with you people is ya all
afters feathering your own nests.
we've been farming these lands
for hundreds of years, and you
'Townies' think that ya money
will just up and buy us all off
(turning for affirmation to the
assembled) but we country folk
won't give up our lands without a
fight...tha's f'sure!

At this, the assembled residents stomp their feet in unison and slow hand clap in support of the speaker. The atmosphere in the hall turns decidedly hostile.

The Texan gets to his feet and flaps his hands in an attempt to pacify the public. He leans forward and speaks into a microphone positioned on the desk in front of him

TEXAN

Ladies and gentlemen, let me reassure you that everything is being done to ensure that this project will have negligible adverse effects on both the environment and individual land owners...Anglo-American pledge - (the audience jeer) - we pledge-

EXT COUNCIL OFFICE SAME TIME

The entrance to the Council Office is under siege. Several hundred placard waving demonstrators have engulfed the thin cordon of uniformed police.

INT COUNCIL OFFICE SAME TIME

The large front doors to the Council Offices have been locked and are facing a battering. A handful of security officers are frantically pushing against it in a futile attempt to keep them closed.

The meeting room doors buckle under the weight of the onslaught and the demonstrators swarm in. Mayhem ensues.

EXT FENLANDS DAYTIME

A lone goose flies inland from across the Wash. It's silhouette fixed against the clear afternoon sky.

Three heavily camouflaged men are crouched in the marsh reeds, under the flight path of the wildfowl. Eli Spooner picks his moment and carefully directs the barrel of his shotgun skyward, following the track of the goose in flight.

EXT CANAL BANK SAME TIME

It is a bright sunny day and Bess is sitting by the canal, dangling her toes in the water, a book at her side.

The tranquility of the canal is suddenly shattered by the report of two shotgun blasts vibrating across the fields. Bess looks up with concern.

EXT FENLANDS SAME TIME

A pink footed goose collapses in mid-flight like a broken kite, plummeting to the ground.

TOM (V.O.)

Ya got it father!

Martin releases a small pack of hounds who tear across the marshland in pursuit of the downed bird.

EXT CANAL BANK SAME TIME

Bess turns a page and is again startled when a pair of hands suddenly appear from behind her, gently cupping her eyes. She flashes a knowing smile, laying down her book.

Adam takes his hands away and crouches down beside the girl. He has his guitar strapped over his shoulder, and as he makes to sit down he smiles at her. She grins back.

ADAM

Let me see what you're reading.
(picking up the book). Doctor
Zhivago! So your a hopeless
romantic then?

BESS

It was m.m.mother's ..I f.found a
ch..chest with her old books in.

She takes back the book and stares wistfully at the cover.

BESS

F. fa..father don't approve of me
reading these books, s.says they
are the Devils temp..temptations.
S..s.says I should read the
Scriptures.

ADAM

And d'ya do everything your
father tells ya to do? He sounds
like a difficult man to me... why
do you stay with him?

Bess looks across at Adam with dismay. She stammers out her own question by way of reply?

BESS

D..do you not love your father?

ADAM

Well sure, but -

EXT FENLANDS SAME TIME

Eli and sons are crossing the Fens carrying their shotguns. A dead goose is draped over Tom's shoulder and a pack of English Springer Spaniels trail on the heels of Martin.

EXT: FIELD SAME TIME

Colin and Denny are knelt down in a field next to the campsite. A collection of sticks with marker flags festoon the ground around them.

Colin is holding a long metal pipe with cylindrical chambers. The pipe is the length of a walking stick, and Colin is patiently explaining its significance to a decidedly underwhelmed Denny.

COLIN

It's called a Dutch Auger, it's inserted into the soil like *this* -

Colin forces the pipe into the soil and gives it a twist.

COLIN

- and pushed down to the desired sampling level, and then twisted so that the sample is trapped in the chamber.

Denny removes a hand rolled cigarette from behind his ear and, now balanced on his haunches, lights up. He inhales and looks around at the array of research paraphernalia spread out before him on the ground.

DENNY

Reckon ya got a few bobs worth of kit here. Ever thought about sellin' it?

Colin continues with his master-class.

COLIN

(earnestly)

You should never overfill a Dutch Auger, especially in wet clays and loams -

Colin strains as he slowly heaves the pipe from the soil.

COLIN

- overfilling will cause soil to be squeezed out of the auger body back to the wall of the hole..which will seriously frustrate the removal of the auger.

DENNY

So where's that brother of yours?

Colin crouches down and busily prepares a second auger.

COLIN

Oh, Adam took off with his guitar, while you were taking a nap, said he needed to work on a new song.

DENNY

But ain't you two meant to be up
here digging mud together?

Colin leans conspiratorially in towards Denny and confides.

COLIN

This field trip was all my idea.
Y'know back in London he plays in a
rock band. And they've just signed
a record contract.
To tell you the truth Denny, I
really don't think my brother's
heart is in geology.

Denny tosses aside his cigarette butt.

DENNY

No shit! Einstein.

EXT CANAL BANK SAME TIME

Adam is sitting on the ground, Bess has her back to him. He is leaning over her shoulder guiding her fingers across the frets of the guitar. Bess laughs playfully as her fingers stroke the chords, trying to pick out a tune.

Bess stiffens as Adam's body presses gently against hers.

He leans in and slows the progress of her fingers, caressing them in the process. Then he kisses her full on the lips.

Bess closes her eyes and embraces Adam, the guitar slides from her grip to the ground.

FADE TO:

EXT FENLANDS LANDSCAPE - SAME TIME

The view sweeps over the canal, crossing the flat, low lying district and the craggy fields of root crops which stretch out to the horizon.

EXT FENLANDS LANDSCAPE (LIGHT FADING) EVENING

The afternoon light is fading as Adam makes his way back across the fields, his fingers fumbling to do up the buttons on his shirt. The mobile phone in his pocket starts to ring.

INT CAMPER VAN SAME TIME

Colin is in the van talking on the mobile phone. He appears agitated and keeps looking out of the window.

COLIN
Adam..Adam..where are you?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ADAM
I'm on my way, I can see the camp
from here, what's up?

COLIN
Denny's pissed again, he's been
drinking lager all afternoon,
says he wants to go clubbing.

ADAM
Clubbing?...but we're in the
middle of the bloody Fens,
where's he gonna go clubbing?

COLIN
Says he'll drive the van all the
way to Norwich if he has to.

ADAM
Well you've got to stop him.

COLIN
Easier said than done bro', he's
steamin'.

ADAM
Here's what you do, disable the
van 'til I get back, I'm on my
way, pull the distributor cap
off, his drunk he won't spot it.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

Eli Spooner sits in his armchair looking down, through a pair of wire framed spectacles, at a copy of the Old Testament.

An antique (long-case) grandfather clock stands - 'tick' 'tock' 'tick' 'tock' - against the wall. Across the room, sat at the heavy oak table are the Spooner boys cleaning their shotguns. Arranged amongst the weaponry are pots of grease and rag cloths.

TOM
See they's be campin' up on ol'
Pike's place, father.

Martin plunges a cleaning rod down the barrel of a shotgun.

MARTIN
Who that be then Tom?

Tom re-attaches the breech to his weapon before answering his brother.

TOM

I's reckon they be from that
Anglo-American mob...reckon ol'
man Pike's gone and sold out to
'em,

Tom holds the double barrel up to the light and stares directly along the bore.

INT FARMHOUSE KITCHEN SAME TIME

Bess is standing by the kitchen sink washing out pots and pans, her mood is sombre. She looks up from her chores and gazes longingly out of the window, into the black night as though she were expecting a kindred spirit to come walking across the darkened landscape.

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHTTIME

Fingers drag a piece of bread across a plate, until it scrapes up the last of the egg yoke.

The three 'townies' are warming themselves around the glow of a campfire.

Denny pops the morsel of bread into his mouth, he appears boisterously drunk and is busily expanding upon his personal view of country life.

DENNY

You see boys, the trouble with
the fuckin' countryside is that
if you don't like shaggin'
livestock, then there's abso-
fuckin'-lutely nothing to do
after dark.

Right on cue, the nocturnal sound of a TAWNEY OWL can be heard COOING in the still of the night.

DENNY

(waving a can of lager)
See, even the fuckin' wildlife
agrees with me.

Adam and Colin both crack up with laughter at Denny's banter, and the mood around the campfire lightens.

Colin snaps a few twigs and tosses them into the flames. Adam searches his back pocket and dramatically produces a flyer/leaflet.

ADAM

Voila!..this proves you wrong
Denny, my boy.

COLIN

What is it?

ADAM

Remember that band that helped us out on the road, well they gave this to me before we left..(reading)..The Apache John band..live at the Public Bell house, acoustic country blues, Friday 25th September...all welcome.

COLIN

The Bell, that's the pub we passed just outside Wisbrook.

Adam looks at Colin and grins, Colin looks across at Denny with a grin, and in turn Denny looks to Adam with a grin.

DENNY

D'you think there'll be any pussy there?

INT SPOONER'S LIVING ROOM SAME TIME

Eli Spooner has dozed off in his armchair, a copy of the Old Testament balances on his lap, a pair of wire framed spectacles cling to his nose. Only the grunting sound of the two brothers competes with the 'tick' 'tock' of the pendulum clock.

Bess is standing over her father dozing away in the armchair. She leans down and gently lifts the bible from his lap, then carefully removes his spectacles before taking hold of his arm.

BESS SPOONER

F..father let m..me help you to b..b..bed.

Eli Spooner is suddenly awoken by his daughter's touch. He looks up and smiles at her. He leans against her for support and slowly emerges from the armchair.

LIVING ROOM TABLE

The Spooner boys are sat around the living room table, playfully arm wrestling each other. The family's arsenal of weapons are laid out on the table before them in various stages of disassembly.

LIVING ROOM

ELI SPOONER

I'll be sayin' goodnight to you boys then.

The boys call across in unison.

MARTIN & TOM SPOONER (O.S.)
Goodnight to ya father.

ELI SPOONER
God bless ya.

Eli turns to speak to his daughter as he reaches the door of the living room.

ELI SPOONER
Gonna need you to work over at
East Marsh with yer brothers for
the next few days Bess.

LIVING ROOM TABLE

Tom calls over.

TOM
Father's gotta fix the Massey.

LIVING ROOM

Eli looks across at his daughter who remains silent.

ELI SPOONER
Gotta get that tractor back in
the fields, put food on the
table.

Bess gently clasps her hands together and with a degree of resignation obediently nods. Eli turns back to open the door.

ELI SPOONER
Good night daughter, God bless ya

BESS SPOONER
Y..you too f.f.father.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

The night sky is clear and a heavy stillness shrouds the farm. The house is in darkness with its occupants asleep.

INT BEDROOM NIGHTTIME

Bess tosses and turns in her sleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE (FLASHBACK)

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE DAYTIME

It is a bright sunny afternoon. A mud splattered estate car is idling at the farm's entrance. The vehicle is full of noisy children wearing school uniforms.

A little girl, no more than six or seven years old, with long blonde hair and glee in her eyes steps from the back of the vehicle and waves back to the other children.

A woman in her mid-thirties leaves the driver's seat holding up a school satchel. The woman smiles at the little girl and hands her the satchel.

WOMAN

Hey! You nearly forgot this
Bessie..here..tell Your mum I'm
in a bit of a rush today and
can't stop, tell her I'll see her
tomorrow.

The little girl dutifully nods and skips towards the farmhouse door, swinging her satchel. She looks back at the children playing in the car. They wave to her as the vehicle pulls out of the yard.

INTERIOR (Dream sequence)

The farmhouse door is pushed open. The place appears eerily quiet with only the ticking sound of a clock filling up the space in the passage. The little girl moves slowly down the hallway. She calls out.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

Mummy!..Mummy!

At the far end of the hallway the kitchen door has been left slightly ajar, a tiny hand pushes it open.

KITCHEN

A small pool of liquid, human discharge, has collected on the tiles below the legs of a suspended corpse.

A woman's lifeless body hangs from a beam high above the kitchen, dangling grotesquely over an upturned chair. The little girl looks up at the legs swinging to and fro, to and fro, like a pendulum clock.

INT BEDROOM (REAL-TIME / DAYBREAK)

Bess wakes in startled panic, bolting upright in her bed. Her breathing is rapid. She purses her lips but her words are strangled.

BESS SPOONER

M..m..m!

She looks around desperately in panic as daybreak feeds a feeble trickle of first light in through the bedroom window. Gradually her breathing eases.

EXT FENLAND FIELD MORNING

A FALCONER stands in the middle of field, with outstretched arm and leather gauntlet, providing the perfect perch for his bird of prey.

On signal the PEREGRINE FALCON beats his mighty wings and lifts off into the sky.

AERIAL VIEW (BIRDS EYE VIEW)

The Peregrine, on-the-wing, surveys all that's below: Soil, Water, Fauna. The hunter's feathers flap rhythmically against the breeze, ergonomic, balletic; arcing its way over The Wash and deep into the Fens.

The Falcon glides, rolls, suddenly drops, collects a thermal and then majestically pirouettes in the warm air like a winged Nureyev of the sky.

EXT CANAL (Environs) SAME TIME

UNDERGROWTH

Someone is watching Adam and Bess embracing beside the canal bank.

CANAL BANK

The young couple are locked in a passionate kiss. Adam's fingers are slowly undoing the buttons of the girl's dress.

The Falcon drops at a hundred miles per hour, from overhead the canal, claws scooping up a tiny water-vole (mouse).

Bess suddenly pulls away from the embrace.

UNDERGROWTH

The prying eyes follow the direction of the girl as she turns and dashes for the fields, with Adam giving chase.

Denny, who remains concealed in the undergrowth, smirks and whispers to himself under his breath.

DENNY

Well, would you Adam and Eve it!
The boy's gone and got himself
some country skirt.

FIELD

Adam and Bess are stood facing each other in a field, she has her head lowered. The girl stutters and looks up at the young man through teary eyes.

BESS

I.I.can't meet you no more.
F.father says to help my brothers
over in the East Marshes, and
y.you're g.going back to London
s.so I just came to s.say -

Adam clasps the girl's shoulder.

ADAM

- We're not going for a couple of
days, besides just tell me where
this East Marsh is, or I could
see you again at the farm.

The girl appears anxious to leave.

BESS

That would be s.s.suicide!

She makes to leave but Adam takes hold of her arm.

BESS

Bess...Wait!

Adam reaches into his back pocket. He draws out the flyer
and pushes it into the girl's hand.

Bess stares at it, while Adam desperately explains.

ADAM

You know this place, right?

Bess nods, Adam continues.

ADAM

Meet me there, in the carpark, 8
o'clock Friday night.

Bess looks at him in astonishment, shaking her head.

BESS

F..f..family don't go into town
much, not s.since ma...

The girl's hand trembles as she offers back the crumpled
flyer. She wipes away the shaft of a tear then turns and
flees across the field.

Adam calls after her.

ADAM

Bess, Friday's your Birthday,
please meet me..Bess!..Bess!

She doesn't look back.

EXT SKYWARD - DARK CLOUD BASE - EVENING

Storm clouds roll across the Fens like a vast curtain sweeping away the last of the day's light.

Heavy rain billows from dark clouds and mighty rumbles of thunder can be heard from way up in the bundles of cumulus.

INT TENT SAME TIME

The trio from London are sitting on the floor inside the tent drinking beer and playing poker for matchsticks. A lamp illuminates the cramped space under canvass and torrent of rain beats down against the tarpaulin.

Denny is revisiting the rules of Draw poker for the benefit of a confused Colin. Their respective card hands are laid out before them.

Denny's patience appears to be wearing thin.

DENNY

No! You muppet, you've only got a pair of DB's -

COLIN

What?

DENNY

A pair of DB's, Dogs Bollocks
..you've only got a pair of
two's!

Colin points to his solitary Ace card. Denny snaps back.

DENNY

You've only got one ace, so that
don't bloody count on this
occasion; whereas I on the other
hand have a pair of tens and a
pair of fours.

Adam looks across to Denny and smiles before triumphantly laying down his hand of cards for all to see.

ADAM

(mocking)

Whereas I, on the other hand
Denny, have a pair of Queens and
a pair of fives.

Adam grins at his two opponents and rakes in the pile of matches placed as a wager. Denny looks peeved and cracks open another can of beer, then pushes the pile of cards towards Adam.

DENNY

Your deal smart arse!

ADAM
(smiling)
I see you're ever the gentleman
in defeat, Denny.

DENNY
Fuck off and deal the cards.

Denny lifts the lid of his tobacco tin, revealing a number of dried plant buds. He places the opened tin under his nose and inhales, letting out a blissful sigh.

DENNY
Now that's real good shit!

Adam is busy shuffling the pack of cards, while Denny attends to the business of building a mighty 'spliff'.

The sound of rain lashing against the canvas takes prominence as the talk falls silent.

Colin looks up at the entrance of the small tent and asks no-one in particular.

COLIN
Do you think it's gonna stop
raining soon? I really need to go
for a pee.

DENNY
How the fuck should I know.

Denny is completing the construction of his 'joint' as Adam begins dealing out three hands of cards. Denny lights up the fat 'spliff' and inhales and then exhales, filling the small tent with smoke.

Colin coughs and Denny smiles and passes him the 'spliff'. Adam looks down at his hand. Colin stares at the stick of Marijuana as though it were a hand grenade. He shakes his head.

COLIN
No thanks.

DENNY
(insistently)
Come on! Take a drag you pansy!

Colin looks at Denny nervously and shakes his head. Denny is insistent and pushes the 'joint' towards Colin.

DENNY
Take it!

Adam slowly raises himself up, leans in, lifts the 'joint' from Denny's fingers, slips it between his lips and sits back down.

Adam takes two long draws from the 'joint', then holds it up to his nose and sniffs at the tiny plumes of smoke lifting from the lighted end.

The sound of rain hitting tarpaulin suddenly stops.

ADAM

Sweet, a quality grade skunk,
good bud, possibly a K2.

Colin looks agog at his brother while Denny leans in and covets the joint from Adam.

DENNY

Good guess college boy, but it's
actually White Widow, Amsterdam's
finest.

Adam looks down at his hand of cards, holding them close to his chest.

COLIN

I didn't know you smoked weed,
you never said.

Denny lifts his cards, then turns conspiratorially to Colin

DENNY

Oh! Your brother's good at
keeping little secrets.

Adam snaps back.

ADAM

What's that suppose to mean?

Colin interrupts.

COLIN

Sssh! Listen, I think it's
stopped raining.

Colin suddenly drops his cards and scampers for the entrance to the tent.

DENNY

I thought we was playin' fucking
cards here, now this fuckin'
wussies gotta go for a pee pee.

Colin is almost out of the tent when Adam says to Denny.

ADAM

Why don't you leave him alone?

Denny looks smugly back as Colin crawls from the tent.

DENNY

Or what! what are you gonna do
college boy, sing me to death?

Adam watches as a smug grin crosses Denny's face.

EXT EDGE OF FIELD NIGHT

Colin is stood on the edge of a field relieving himself.
The storm has passed, leaving in its wake a dark blue
ceiling of sky liberally sprinkled with stars.

Colin gazes up at the cosmos in wonderment.

Adam approaches, unzips his flies. After the rains only a
light breeze stirs across the Fens; and only the sound of
the two students making little puddles disturbs the quiet.

COLIN

It's a beautiful night brother.

Adam joins his twin, looking up at the stars.

ADAM

Sure is bro'!

COLIN

Thanks for sticking up for me
back there. I don't think Denny
likes me.

ADAM

Forget him ...he's Just a bully
that's all.

Colin zips up his flies.

COLIN

Don't you ever get fed up with
looking out for me?

ADAM

What do you mean?

COLIN

Well, y'know it's always been
like that hasn't it? Even back in
the day... when we were in the
playground.....do you remember
when you gave fatty Gibson a
bloody nose for sitting on my
head and farting in my face? And
you had to stand up in assembly,
in front of the whole school, the
following morning to apologise.

Adam laughs and recalls.

ADAM

And do you remember how fatty
Gibson got so embarrassed when I
pointed him out in assembly that
his nose started bleeding all
over again?

At this the brothers chuckle together under a veil of
stars.

COLIN

How old were we?

ADAM

I don't know, six or seven

Adam zips up his flies and is about to turn back for the
campsite when Colin suddenly asks.

COLIN

What was Denny going on about
back there, y'know secrets or
something?

Adam looks across at his twin.

ADAM

Forget it, Denny's full of shit.
He's just a wind up merchant,
take no notice of him.

Colin gazes across the sweep of fields. A Look of pure
contentment spreads over his face. He turns to his brother
and declares.

COLIN

I bloody love it here!

He breathes in a lung full of fresh air, leans down, picks
up a stone from the soil and hurls it into the night.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

Two muddied Land Rovers are parked out front of the
farmhouse.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE SAME TIME

Eli Spooner is on his feet, readying himself for bed. He
slips his spectacles into the top pocket of his shirt,
stretches and yawns before placing his Old Testament Bible
on the mantelpiece above the fireplace.

The pendulum clock in the living room marks out time.

Bess is sat carefully stitching a floral cotton dress. Her
brothers are playing draughts (Checkers) at the dining
table.

Eli looks over to where his daughter sits.

ELI SPOONER

Ain't no need for you to be
fussin' over that dress daughter,
father promised to take you to
Wisbrook 'morrow, buy you a new
one, it being your birthday an'
all.

Bess looks up from her sewing and asks timidly.

BESS

C..c.can we go l.listen to Apache
J..John instead, they be
p.playin' tomorrow evening in the
B.B.Bell?....you n.n.needn't buy
me a new dress f.father, I can
f.fix this dress up jus' f.fine.

ELI SPOONER

Who that Apache John be then?

Tom looks up from the draught-board.

TOM

Apache John father, they be
playin' on the local radio, tha'
song you said you like, don't you
remember father?

Tom attempts to hum a few bars.

ELI SPOONER

Whether I likes 'em or not son,
don't mean ya father ought to go
encouragin' his boys to be
drinkin' in the ale houses...The
good Lord didn't put you on the
earth for tha'.

'TAP' 'TAP' - Martin moves a draught piece and jumps two of
his brother's pieces on the board.

MARTIN

A Birthday drink can't do no 'arm
father, 'sides, reckon old man
Sykes likely as not be proppin'
up the bar, don't he owes us a
brace or two of pheasant.

Now at the door, Eli turns wearily back.

ELI SPOONER

Let father sleep on it, I say God
bless you all.

Spooner leaves the room, the blessings of his offspring ringing in his ears.

EXT FENLAND WATERWAY MORNING

A breezy dawn has broken and the BOAT-MAN'S wooden oars stroke their way through the ripples of an inland waterway.

The 2 metre row boat is carefully manoeuvred to the middle of the Waterway and the oars are lifted aboard. 4 TRAPS known as hives, Long wicker strung cones with funnel flaps, are tossed over the side, attached to lines. They sink to the bottom.

The Boat-Man takes up the oars and gently rows the boat towards the bank all the while feeding the trap lines out and over the surface of the water.

EXT FENLAND SAME TIME

In the foreground a rusty barbed wire fence rattles in the early morning breeze. A series of holes the circumference of a tea cup have been dug into the ground alongside.

EXT FENLAND WATERWAY MORNING

The rickety wooden boat gently sways on its moorings while the Boat-Man tethers the lines to 4 small pegs.

The pegs are buried into the soft marshy soil that skirts the river bank.

EXT EAST MARSH FENLAND SAME TIME

Martin Spooner removes his jacket revealing a powerful torso. He spits on the palms of his calloused hands and rubs them together. He watches as six feet of steel fence post is lowered, by hand, into one of the holes.

Martin's broad shoulders lean forward and he collects up the eight pound sledge hammer.

MARTIN

Hold it!

Tom's hands grip the fence post.

Martin swings the hammer and delivers a crashing blow to the top of the post, driving it deeper into the ground.

EXT FENLAND WATERWAY

The Boat-Man takes up his oars, slips his moorings and rows his craft back along the waterway. Against the stillness of the river the harsh clunking sound of iron on steel can be heard reverberating across the fields.

EXT EAST MARSH FENLAND LATE AFTERNOON

The evening is drawing in and plumes of cloud are forming.

Beyond the vast bed of fields, on the horizon, the solitary form of a man on a tractor crosses the murky vista.

Two Land Rovers leave the scene on the East Marsh. Behind them stands a long line of metal posts erected five yards apart, all freshly embedded into the soil.

EXT FENLAND WATERWAY SAME TIME

The light is slowly fading and a stillness hangs over the waterway. The small rickety boat is bobbing up and down, mid-river, as the Boat-Man begins hauling up the lines of his traps.

Each of the wicker traps or 'hives' are dragged from the depths and unceremoniously dumped dripping with water onto the floor of the boat. A thick slithery knot of black eels wriggle and writhe around inside the willow traps unable to escape through the cone shaped openings.

EXT WISBROOK HIGH STREET EVENING

The GLOBE TRACK BETTING SHOP, on the High street, sits next door to the Bernie's Pie shop, speciality - Eel pie and Chips + mushy peas.

INT BETTING SHOP EVENING

WALL SCREEN

A dog racing meeting is showing on the large flat screen monitor on the betting shop wall.

Six greyhounds are set in their Starting Traps.

COMMENTATOR (O.C.)

...This is the seven fifteen evening meeting... Stanton paint Challenge coming to you from Yarmouth...They're off!

The sound of the starting gate cracks and six lithe greyhounds accelerate from their traps onto the circuit, pursuing a mechanical rabbit they are never going to catch.

Denny is standing in the centre of the betting shop looking up at the screen, waving his betting slip.

(O.C) DOG RACING COMMENTARY (background).

SHOP FLOOR (SAME TIME)

DENNY

C'mon 'Bob's your uncle', c'mon my son...

A dozen or so customers are in the shop, all male, some scribble down esoteric notes, odds, bets, but most stare up at the Wall screen urging their chosen dog to run faster.

The Twins are both looking 'Pissed-off', eager to leave.

ADAM

Are we going Denny, we've been here nearly two hours.

COLIN

Yeah! Let's go.

Denny looks back over his shoulder at the brothers', but he is enthralled and going nowhere.

DENNY

For fuck sake guys I got an accumulator on the burn 'ere..there's a ton riding on it...(TURNING BACK TO THE RACE)..C'mon 'Bob's your uncle', c'mon my son!.

COMMENTATOR (O.C.)

Bob's your uncle leads by a neck as they come into the back straight, but there's a strong challenge from Whisky a go go on the inside, it's Bob's your uncle from Whisky a go go with Artisan closing third...

Adam gestures towards the door of the betting shop.

ADAM

We've had enough we're getting a taxi Denny, we'll see you *there*.

The boys make to leave though Denny barely notices their exit, focused as he is on the race in front of him.

The atmosphere in the betting shop bristles as customers goad their respective dogs over the finishing line

COMMENTATOR (O.C.)

Artisan making a strong challenge now for the front, Whisky a go go falls back and its Bob's your uncle neck and neck with Artisan, it's Artisan now, finishing stronger and as they cross the line it's Artisan by a nose from Bob's your uncle, with Whisky a go go picking up third!

Denny crushes his betting slip and hurls it angrily at the TV screen.

DENNY

Fuck it!

EXT THE BELL PUBLIC HOUSE (WISBROOK) EVENING

The custom van heralding - THE APACHE JOHN BAND - sits in the car park at the front of the Bell Public house.

The hostelry glows like a beacon of bright light in a sea of otherwise dark green heath-land. The sound of the evening's reverie spills out through the pub's windows.

INT THE BELL PUB SAME TIME

The Master of Ceremonies stands in front of the microphone and addresses the expectant patrons in a broad Norfolk brogue.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Few technical 'itches that's all,
we'll sort em out in a mo..
meanwhile let me remind our
patrons there's forty pence a
pint off The Barnes and
Stowbridge real ale. That's a
special offa' tonight only.

Adam and Colin are stood at the busy bar.

COLIN

What are you having...do you
fancy trying the Stowbridge?

Adam has his attention fixed on the pub door and hasn't been listening to a word his brother's said.

COLIN

(Waving his hand)
Hello!...Earth Calling Adam.

Adam swiftly turns his attention to his brother.

ADAM

Sorry bro', what's that you said?

COLIN

(bemused)
What's with you tonight, you've
been on edge since we got here?

ADAM

Oh! I don't know...it's just
Denny, he gets on my nerves
that's all.

COLIN

Anyway we've got our samples and we're heading back to London tomorrow so we'll be shot of him soon.

ADAM

Yeah!..look bro', I've been thinking things over (pause)..I've decided to quit uni, once we get back...the band have given me a sort of ultimatum, our manager's booked us on a tour...

Colin's jaw drops open for a second time in the space of a week. Adam continues.

ADAM

...we'll be Supporting The Crows. Our manager says it could be our big break..

Colin regains a little composure and posits.

COLIN

(enthusiastically)

But what about all the course-work you put in, and now we've got the samples we are almost home and dry... Masters' degrees in the bag...just a couple more months.

Adam tries to downplay his twin's misdirected encouragement with a disarming smile and a playful slap across his brother's shoulders.

ADAM

Tell me bro' what kind of a family needs two geologists?..Now that would be just greedy (Winks)..let me buy you a pint.

Adam leans across the bar, catching sight of an unusual looking pair just entering the Pub. A short dapper man and a much bigger accomplice, clearly not locals, both wearing long black coats, conspicuous given the mild autumn evening outside.

EXT WISBROOK HIGH STREET SAME TIME

Denny is sat at the wheel of the Camper van, parked up in a side street directly opposite the betting shop. He swigs back the last dregs of whisky before tossing the empty bottle aside all the while mumbling incoherently about dogs and castration.

A thin line of white powder has been arranged neatly on the dashboard, and Denny fumbles in his pocket and recovers a five pound note. He folds the note into a thin tube and places it to his nostril, with one continuous snort the white powder is vacuumed up his nose, and into his blood stream.

He lets out a manic howl of exuberance.

INT THE BELL PUBLIC HOUSE

Adam and Colin drink beer at a table near the front of the empty stage. Adam has one eye on the door. He checks his wristwatch.

ADAM

What time do you make it?

COLIN

(checking his own watch)

Just gone eight o'clock.

Adam glances over his shoulder and spots Bess coming through the door, and she has spotted him.

The girl shyly enters the bar, flanked by her father and two brothers. She is wearing the floral dress she had been repairing only the previous night.

Suddenly the stage lights come on and the Master of Ceremonies takes to the STAGE.

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together. I Give you the one and only Apache John Band

The pub fills with applause as the four piece band arrive on stage. Apache John carries his guitar to the microphone and carefully adjusts the harmonica caged around his neck. He scratches his khaki hat and smiles back at the audience.

APACHE JOHN

We're Apache John, thank y'all for coming here tonight...we're gonna start off by introducing you to a character you don't wanna mess with, and he goes by the name of Snakebite Burt'

Apache John steps back from the microphone and nods his head. Right on cue, a raucous, foot tapping, rhythm pours from the stage. (The introduction to 'Snakebite Burt')

The Spooner family take up some seats near the door and Martin is despatched to the bar.

Adam glances over his shoulder and can see Bess gesturing to her family. She is on her feet and indicating to her father - over the sound of the music - that she has lost one of her earrings.

The girl points towards the door and Adam watches as the girl exits the pub alone.

EXT BELL PUBLIC HOUSE CAR-PARK MOMENTS LATER

The Sun is setting by the time Denny parks up the camper van just inside the entrance to the car park.

Bess is waiting in the car park leaning back idly against the frame of the Land Rover, gazing across to the door of the pub. She can't fail to notice an inebriated man stagger from a camper van, he is chomping on a pie and he begins to walk across the car park towards her.

Denny approaches the slim figure of the girl, waiting anxiously beside the Land Rover. In the fading light of the cool evening she watches him toss the takeaway wrapper to the ground and then drag the back of his hand across his greasy lips.

He is now standing so close to her she can smell his sticky breath.

DENNY

'alloy darlin', giss a kiss then,
you're gorgeous.

INT BELL PUB SAME TIME

Elias Spooner and his two sons sit at a table near the door solemnly supping on their ale. A solitary glass of orange juice is perched on the table, waiting to be claimed.

The band are coming to the end of their first number, with the bar still busy and many of the patrons merrily singing and dancing.

Beyond the curve of the polished oak-wood bar lurks the natty looking figure of Mehmet, protected as always by the hulk, Ali. Both men are nursing small bottles of mineral water and are busily scanning the faces in the crowded bar.

EXT BELL PUB CAR-PARK MOMENTS LATER

Denny looks down into the girl's frightened eyes and a lustful almost predatory expression crosses his face.

DENNY

I recognise you, yeah, you're
that bird I saw down on the canal
giving that fuckin' college twat
a boner -

Denny licks his lips and then slowly and very deliberately unzips the flies on his jeans.

DENNY

- Let me show you what a real man
can do for you.

Denny takes a step closer and Bess tries to back away but is trapped against the Land Rover. She attempts to scream but her cries are stifled by Denny's greasy palms.

INT BELL PUB SAME TIME

Adam turns to his twin brother.

ADAM

I'm just stepping outside for a
breath of fresh air.

STAGE

The band play out the final notes of their song, with Apache John stepping forward to the microphone. He asks the lighting engineer to turn the house spotlights onto a particular table, in the audience.

APACHE JOHN

(directing the light)

Can we get a light on that table
over *there*, thank you kindly.

The engineer duly obliges, catching Adam rising from his seat in the beam of the swivelled spotlight.

TABLE

Adam pushes back his chair and he is now in full glare of the audience.

APACHE JOHN (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I've just
spotted some new found friends in
the audience, Adam and his
brother Colin, we all met up on
the road a few days back -

Adam, now framed in a beam of light, appears stunned.

APACHE JOHN (O.S.)

- and let me tell ya folks,
brother Adam plays a mean guitar,
and I'm sure if we all put our
hands together and welcome him up
on stage he'll join us in giving
you a song...(clapping and
leading the applause).

The audience burst into boisterous applause, whooping and cheering with encouragement. Adam is taken aback by the situation and is clearly in no position to back out.

With the audience continuing to egg the startled Adam on, Colin smiles and pushes his brother forwards towards the stage. Apache John holds up a spare acoustic guitar.

EXT BELL PUB CAR-PARK SAME TIME

Denny is pressing the petrified girl tightly against the door of the Land Rover; and while one hand is forcefully stifling her cries the other is groping under her dress.

Bess wriggles and struggles as Denny forces himself upon her, pushing deeper and deeper into her, ripping gratuitously at her dress in his attempts to gain purchase on her body. Tears begin to stream down her pale cheeks.

INT BELL PUB MOMENTS LATER

STAGE

Adam is on stage holding an acoustic guitar. Berne, Bracken and Amazon Jan await the signal. Apache John has his guitar slung over his shoulder and is whispering into Adam's ear.

Adam has his eyes focused on the door at the far end of the bar. He seems on edge, eager to get on with proceedings.

APACHE JOHN

Folks, we're all gonna play a
beautiful song for you now
entitled '*Something more*',
written by Adam himself.

Apache John nonchalantly swings his guitar to his waist and picks out the chords of a ballad while Adam sings along.

ADAM

(singing)
...I Thought you loved me, I
thought you did still

EXT PUB CAR-PARK SAME TIME

Music seeps out through the windows of the Pub and hangs delicately in the air. Bess continues to struggle and turns her face away from her attackers leer and stale breath.

DENNY

(panting)
Y'know you want it, c'mon petal.

She snaps out at him in an attempt to bite his hand but he slaps her face so hard that her head crashes against the vehicle door, rendering her unconscious.

Denny presses ever more tightly against the girls waist. His body shudders in its moment of release, and his hand slips from the girl's lips. Then, after a final surge, he steps back from the girl and casually zips up his flies.

The girl's dishevelled body falls limp against the frame of the Land Rover and slowly slides down the side of the door, finally slumping in a heap on the ground.

Denny stands over his unconscious victim. He adjusts his belt, sweeps back his hair before nonchalantly turning away in the direction of the Camper van.

INT BELL PUB MOMENTS LATER

SALOON BAR

Mehmet turns to 'Big' Ali, giving him instructions in Turkish, over the noise of the music.

MEHMET

(In Turkish)

Go outside, take a look around.

Ali makes his way across the crowded saloon passing the Spooner's table on route to the door.

INT/EXT BELL PUB DUSK

Ali steps out into the car park and surveys the scene in the fading light. The sound of gravel crunching under his heavy footfall mingles with the evening's merriment. He moves across the car park towards the body slumped against the wheel of a Land Rover.

INT BELL PUB SAME TIME

DOOR

Eli Spooner whispers into Tom's ear and indicates, with a flick of his head toward the car park.

STAGE

Adam and the band play on.

ADAM

(singing)

*You gave me life when I thought I
was dead...tended my body, mended
my head, I can't seem to call,
say bye, bye from the shore..How
can you seek, seek something
more?*

EXT PUB CAR-PARK SAME TIME

Ali is stood alongside a Silver 4x4 R V - he is flustered, animated and talks rapidly in Turkish into his mobile phone. Bess' lifeless body lays across the front passenger seat, the door is open and her legs protrude from the vehicle.

Ali winces as he feels the sharp tip of a blade pierce his neck, then the phone falls from his hand to the ground.

TOM

Get down on your knees heathen!
Put your hands behind your back!

Ali can only mumble a few words in Turkish before the back of his legs are kicked from under him, forcing him to his knees.

Still holding the knife tightly against the Turks neck, Tom makes to unbuckle his belt with his free hand; but the sound in his ear of a safety mechanism being released on a revolver stops him in his tracks.

Then Tom recognises his father's voice calling out.

ELI SPOONER

Lay down your pistol stranger or
God help me I will smite you with
both barrels.

Mehmet's hand quivers slightly on his revolver, now pointed at Tom's ear. His finger eases away from the trigger.

A wry smile forms across Mehmet's face as he weighs up the predicament. - In front of him is a man holding a knife to Ali's neck, behind him is at least one man holding a double barrel shotgun. Mehmet, still pointing the revolver, calls back into the darkness.

MEHMET

Easy, easy fella... we don't want
this pistol going off and killing
your boy by accident.. now do we?

No reply comes, only the strains of acoustic guitars and a plaintive cry of a vocal can be heard drifting across the half lit car park.

TOM

(Calling out)
They's been messin' with our Bess
father, she's hurt, shall I cut
this sinners throat right here
where he kneels?

ELI SPOONER
 Patience boy till the good lord
 says otherwise ..y'hear me?

Ali gulps, and beads of sweat roll over the blade tip pressing viciously against his neck.

Bess is still unconscious on the front seat of the car.

Mehmet, his revolver still aimed at Tom's head, appears implacable. He steals a glance over his shoulder - ten paces back - catching sight of an older man with a long wispy beard and a shotgun. Next to him stands a younger man also armed.

Unperturbed, Mehmet slips a hand inside his overcoat and removes a card; Then, with an outstretched arm and Tom still in his sights, he offers the card to his adversaries at his back. He tries a little false bonhomie.

MEHMET
 Mehmet Kaya at your service.
 Hairdresser to the Stars
 ..(nodding in the direction of
 Ali)...and my loyal employee Ali
 Orkan..We're here on private
 business and I swear on my
 ancestors graves we've done
 nothing to hurt your girl.

Martin warily steps forward and snatches the card from Mehmet's hand.

Eli Spooner continues to train his shotgun at his targets back. Mehmet boldly continues.

MEHMET
 what we have here gentlemen is a
 good old fashioned Mexican stand
 off...

Martin turns to his father Eli and asks.

MARTIN
 'Mexican' what father?

ELI SPOONER
 Don't rightly know son, reckon
 theys be from Mexico.

Mehmet smiles a bluffers smile glaring down the barrel of his revolver. Ali, a hostage, arms behind back; forced onto his knees at knife-point.

MEHMET
 (In Turkish)
 These peasants think we're
 Mexican.

Ali tries to muster a smile. Mehmet, practically revelling in this new found challenge, glances over his shoulder at the men aiming shotguns at him. He labours his point as though explaining it to a child.

MEHMET

You shoot me...I Shoot your boy and he might or might not have time to kill my man Ali... a Mexican stand off...(in frustration)...Jesus Christ! Don't you fellas ever go to the movies?

MARTIN

He's blaspheming father, should I shoot him on the spot?

ELI SPOONER

An' risk killin' your own brother at the same time?...Don't Be a fool...besides these men didn't harm your sister...(He shouts across at his youngest son)...Tom, Tom put your knife away, d'ya hear me boy.

Martin looks across at his father in surprise, Tom reluctantly removes the knife from Ali's neck and sheathes it inside his boot.

ELI SPOONER

They've been inside since we arrived... the big one over *their* (nodding toward the relieved Ali) he's kind of difficult to miss..so we'd be takin' life from the wrong man, and what d'ya think the good book would have to say about that? ..Now Tom you step away, go fetch your sister, and just pray the good Lord has protected her.

What follows can only be described as a mutual and tactical withdrawal. As if choreographed, and without a further word spoken, each player carefully and deliberately removing themselves from centre stage.

Ali slowly and gingerly gets to his feet.

Tom, meanwhile, moves around to the passenger side of the vehicle, where his sister lays unconscious.

Mehmet, revolver still pointed and firmly gripped in hand, slowly turns the 180 degrees to face the shotguns of Eli and Martin Spooner.

Tom carries his sister from the Silver 4x4 and moves towards Martin and their father. The family slowly back away towards their Land Rover, shotguns 'cocked' and at the ready.

INT BELL PUB SAME TIME

The band have come to the end of their performance and the audience burst into rapturous applause.

Adam, having strummed his last chord, hurriedly lays down his guitar and dashes from the stage. Colin, surprised by his brother's hurried exit, follows him outside.

EXT PUB CARPARK NIGHT

Night has fallen. The twins rush out into the car park. Adam can make out the tail lights of The Land Rover just pulling out of the Pub car park. He flings his arms up to the darkened sky in exasperation.

ADAM

Shit!

COLIN

It wasn't, the crowd loved it.

Adam looks around at the vehicles left in the car park.

ADAM

Where the hell's Denny got to?

COLIN

Probably getting drunk somewhere.

An irritated Adam kicks at the ground.

Colin ferrets through the pocket of his jeans and pulls out his mobile phone.

COLIN

Don't worry bro' I'm gonna call a taxi, at least we can get back to the campsite.

ADAM

Look! There's something I need to tell you.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

Both Land Rovers are parked up in the farmyard and lights are on in the farmhouse.

INT FARMHOUSE SAME TIME

Bess is red eyed from the torrent of tears that have fallen.

The girl is sitting on a chair in the living room dabbing a cloth on a bruise above her left eye. Her dress hangs tattered and torn.

Her father and brothers stand over her. Eli Spooner spits out his words with biblical rage.

ELI SPOONER
Daughter of mine, you've brought
shame upon this family...now tell
me who did this thing?

Bess looks up at her family through tear stained eyes. Her words seem to get trapped in her throat and her lips can mouth only the solitary phoneme 'I'.

Eli Spooner raises his voice again.

ELI SPOONER
Who did this?

Bess shakes her head in despair.

BESS SPOONER
I..I..I don't know..I don't know.

Her father glares down at her and wags a preacher's finger.

ELI SPOONER
Whore-mongers and adulterers The
Lord will judge, for they which
do such things shall not inherit
the Kingdom of God!

Eli Spooner turns his rage away from his daughter and gestures to Martin who gently ushers his distraught sister from the room.

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHTTIME

Colin hands the cab fare through window to the Taxi driver. Adam storms off in the direction of the tent. The driver begins to reverse his vehicle back along the narrow track and away from the campsite.

INT TENT SAME TIME

Adam bursts into the tent, shouting. Only a lamp hanging from the rear gable of the tent frame throws any light onto the scene. Denny snores under cover of his sleeping bag.

ADAM
Where the hell have you been?

Adam shakes the sleeping bag, rousing Denny awake. Denny - still half asleep - sits up and rubs at his tired eyes. He is still fully clothed.

ADAM

We've paid you good money for
this trip and you leave us
standing in a bloody car park.

DENNY

Look man, I had a headache..Okay?
I figured you were big enough
boys to get yourselves back here.

Colin enters the tent just as Adam says.

ADAM

You're an asshole Denny!

Denny looks up at Adam and smugly replies.

DENNY

Yeah, but at least I'm asshole
with a van.

Denny turns over in his sleeping bag and goes back to sleep.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM HALLWAY

Eli Spooner quietly turns the key in the bedroom door. He
carefully pushes the door ajar a few inches and peers in.

Bess is sitting on her bed staring solemnly out of the
window. A blanket covers her shoulders.

The door is discreetly closed and re-locked.

KITCHEN

A small arsenal of weapons and ammunition are laid out on
the kitchen table. Martin and Tom break open a couple of
boxes of cartridges. They are both wearing hunting jackets,
khaki trousers, and heavy boots.

Eli Spooner enters the kitchen. He picks up a fully laden
cartridge belt and straps it across his left shoulder.

Martin is first to break the silence in the kitchen.

MARTIN

But how can we be sure it's them
father. I mean-

Tom interrupts his older brother, clearly relishing what
they are about to do.

TOM

- It ain't no local what did it,
or Bess would've recognised
'em..It was outsiders what did
it...them 'Townies' diggin' up
our land..I even recognised one
of 'em up on that stage, a
singin'.

MARTIN

(testily)

Well it sure couldn't 'ave been
him..now Could it Tom?

Eli Spooner snaps open the breech of his weapon and slams
two 12 gauge cartridges into his shotgun.

ELI SPOONER

That's enough talk!...we've got
The Lords work to do.

At this, the Spooners collect up their weapons and
ammunition from the kitchen table and move in union towards
the back door.

EXT FARMLAND NIGHTTIME

The full beam of the vehicle moving at speed over the rough
ground illuminates every bump and crevice in its path.

One of the Spooner's Land Rovers can be seen bouncing over
the bleak terrain, crossing field after field.

INT LAND ROVER SAME TIME

Martin is at the wheel. His father Eli sits alongside
nursing a double barrelled shotgun. Young Tom occupies the
rear passenger seat, peering out into the night. Nobody
speaks.

INT/EXT TENT SAME TIME

Adam watches from just inside the tent as the beams of a
pair of headlights can be seen bobbing over the landscape.
The vehicle is moving at speed and heading towards the
campsite. The whir of the engine can now clearly be heard.

Adam scurries back inside the tent, raising the alarm while
pulling on his trousers, socks and boots.

ADAM

Get up! Get up!...someone's Coming

Suddenly the sound of a gun blast shatters the stillness of
the night, then a second volley is delivered.

DENNY

What the fuck's goin' on!

ADAM

I don't know, just get out.

The scene is soon awash with artificial light as the halogen beams draw close enough to penetrate the tent's fabric.

COLIN

Is that someone shooting at us?

ADAM

Come on Col..we gotta get out of here.

A mad dash for the tent door ensues as the three jostle for the exit. Denny is still wearing the clothes he went to bed in and scoops up his boots on the way out; Adam follows, with Colin scrambling behind, dressed only in his shirt and underpants.

Colin turns back to retrieve his trousers.

EXT TENT SAME TIME

Both Denny and Adam emerge from the tent in the full beam of the approaching vehicle. The pair make off across the fields under cover of the night.

The Land Rover jolts to a halt, engine running, just yards from the opening to the tent.

Colin clambers from the tent, his eyes squinting in the glow of the halogen. He looks up at the double barrel pointing at his face.

EXT FARMLAND NIGHTTIME

Adam and Denny scurry across fields. Denny calls out.

DENNY

Wait, hold on, I gotta rest.

Adam stops and turns. He calls back, concerned.

ADAM

Where's Colin?...Where's Colin?

Denny sinks to the ground exhausted; Adam tracks back and comes across him coughing and wheezing in the dark.

ADAM

We gotta go back and get him,
come on get up.

Denny looks up pitifully, spitting out bits of soil.

DENNY
 You're kidding me, them crazy
 fuckers are trying to kill us.

EXT CAMPSITE SAME TIME

Tom Spooner stands over Colin aiming a shotgun down into his eyes. Colin is sitting on the ground with his hands on his head, his teeth chatter and his body shivers.

TOM
 What about the others father?

ELI SPOONER
 Take him back to the farm, we'll
 find the others later.

Eli Spooner points to the tent.

ELI SPOONER
 Martin, go fetch a bedsheet.

Eli Spooner grips his shotgun and moves across toward the parked camper van.

Martin, a big man, struggles to manoeuvre his bulky frame into the small tent.

Tom badgers a frightened Colin towards the Land Rover.

Eli Spooner lifts his shotgun to his shoulder and unloads both barrels into the engine block sending fragments of the metal grill flying into the darkness.

EXT FARMLAND SAME TIME

Adam suddenly turns in the direction of the gun shots. Denny looks wearily up at him from the ground.

DENNY
 Sounds like they've plugged your
 boy.

EXT FIELDS NIGHTTIME

Feet sprint over the ground, ploughed soil kicked up in their wake, furrows trampled under foot. Adam runs on gasping for breath, his voice calling out into the night.

ADAM
 Col!..Col!..Col!

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHTTIME

Two Land Rovers are parked in the farmyard. Lights are on in the farmhouse.

INT KITCHEN SAME TIME

A head struggles for breath below the water, tiny bubbles lift from the lips and float upwards. The eyes bulge.

Colin's head is yanked up from the sink. He gasps, splutters for breath, then his head is forced under again.

Father and Son are stood by the sink. Martin's powerful hands press down, keeping Colin's head submerged underwater. The victim's arms are tied behind his back. His head thrashes desperately about for air.

Eli Spooner nods and Martin's grip yanks the student, gasping for breath, back out of the water.

EXT FIELD SAME TIME

Adam sprints across the fields leading to the campsite.

INT (FARMHOUSE) KITCHEN SAME TIME

Bess is forced to watch the ordeal taking place at the kitchen sink. Tom stands over her. The girl has changed into clean clothes but signs of distress still register across her face. She is frantically shaking her head and is close to tears.

BESS

He d.did'nt do it f.father,
I.I.I've never seen him before, I
b..beg you father, l.let him be.

Eli glares across at Bess. He gestures to Tom who leads his sister away.

ELI SPOONER

You'd better not be lying to me
daughter!

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHTTIME

Adam can see the damage done to the van and the Land Rover tracks leading away from it. He moves cautiously around to the front of the tent and peers through the entrance flap.

ADAM

(with trepidation)
Col, are you there? Speak to me.

INT KITCHEN SAME TIME

Colin's head is jerked up out of the sink, dripping with water, he is clearly petrified. Old man Spooner looks him the eyes.

ELI SPOONER

Now tell me boy, who did the
Devil's work? For he who doth
bring shame upon my daughter's
name?...then give this cursed man
up to me so that I might smite
him for all eternity!

Colin chokes back breathes of desperation, then pleads.

COLIN

I don't know sir, honestly, I, I
don't know anything about
anything.

Eli Spooner slowly nods before turning away to look out
through the window, and out into the darkness of the night.

Martin does as his father commands and once again ducks
Colin's head back under the water.

INT TENT SAME TIME

Adam is desperately rummaging through the scattered
possessions, finally finding what he is looking for.

ADAM

(triumphantly)
Yes..Yes!

Adam snatches up his mobile phone and hurriedly presses
speed dial. In haste his finger trembles.

INT KITCHEN SAME TIME

Eli Spooner is still staring out of the window, seemingly
oblivious to the strangled breathe and gurgling sound
emanating from the sink. Unmoved, he continues to gaze out
upon the dark unforgiving landscape.

The kitchen fills with the sounds of a desperate man
thrashing for air, for life, a man being drowned; And in
between the gurgling noises, and the blowing of bubbles,
the sound of a pendulum clock can be heard marking out time
in the living room.

Suddenly, and from somewhere, a phone starts ringing. Eli
Spooner instinctively turns in the direction of the sound
which is coming from Colin's trouser pocket. Martin
immediately yanks his victims head from the water.

INT TENT SAME TIME

Adam is sitting in the abandoned tent with his mobile phone
to his ear; his impatience growing.

ADAM

Come on, come on Col, pick up?

As soon the call connects Adam blurts out.

ADAM
Where are you?

An unfamiliar voice replies.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)
Where are you?

Adam, startled, drops the phone like a hot potato then scrambles to collect it up. He asks; trepidation undermining his request.

ADAM
Who's this?

There is a long pause before the response.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)
I am wrath, and I am retribution.

Adam listens as his brother's voice comes over the phone. A voice riddled with terror.

COLIN (V.O.)
Adam. Adam, is that you, what the fuck's going on? They said if you contact the police they'll kil-

The phone goes dead. Adam frantically re-dials but the phone rings unanswered.

INT KITCHEN SAME TIME

Eli Spooner stands in the kitchen, mobile phone in hand, looking out through the window. Martin stands guard over their bedraggled captive.

As Tom re-enters the kitchen, Eli Spooner turns his face away from the window and whispers.

ELI SPOONER
They're still out there!

Eli walks over to the kitchen table and scoops up what appears to be a grubby bedsheet, tossing the bundle across to his youngest son Tom who catches it.

ELI SPOONER
Fetch the dogs!

Tom looks over at his older brother Martin and smiles.

INT TENT SAME TIME

Adam is still desperately trying to re-dial his brother when he hears someone or something moving about outside the tent. He instinctively looks around in the semi darkness for a weapon; A stick, a pole, anything. He spots the stem of an empty whisky bottle.

EXT TENT SAME TIME

A figure, obscured by darkness, crouches by the door of the van. It is Denny, and as he spins on his haunches he looks up and catches sight of Adam wielding a bottle.

DENNY

It's me, it's me, Denny!

EXT SPOONER FARM (ENTRANCE) NIGHT

Two Land Rovers leave Spooner's farm. One turns left the other turns right.

INT BARN (SPOONER'S FARM) NIGHT

Colin is tethered to a wooden chair, dressed in only his vest and trousers. The chair has armrests, and he is bound hand and foot. There is a gag across his mouth, and above him hangs a solitary electric light bulb.

The prisoner looks nervously about at his surroundings; A wooden barn where grain is being stored. Various agricultural implements lay strewn about the place, and at the far end of the barn stands a large rusty storage tank.

INT KITCHEN SAME TIME

A sharp knife cuts into a block of cheese.

The slice of cheese is laid onto the plate alongside some crusty bread and ripened tomatoes. The plate, together with a glass of milk is placed on a tray and then carefully lifted from the kitchen table.

INT FARMHOUSE (UPPER FLOOR) NIGHTTIME

Eli Spooner quietly unlocks the door to his daughter's bedroom. He pushes open the door a few inches and peers in.

BEDROOM

Bess is in her night dress. She is laying on her bed staring blankly out of the window. A makeshift latch and padlock secures the window frame shut.

As Eli quietly nudges the tray across the floor and into the bedroom Bess springs from her bed and rushes tearfully towards the door and her father.

The door is pulled shut and hurriedly locked.

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHTTIME

Adam and Denny are sat beside the van remonstrating. The empty whisky bottle lays at their feet.

ADAM

So is that it as far as your concerned?.. You're telling me you're not prepared to help me find my brother.

Denny ignores Adam and scrambles to his feet, kicking the empty bottle from his path. Adam follows after him and persists.

ADAM

Look Denny, I think I know who might be holding him, and I reckon I can find their farm..even in the dark.

DENNY

(Agitated)

Hey man!..They got Police for that sort of thing.

ADAM

He said that if we contacted the Police they would kill him.

Denny raises his arms in dismay, gesturing to the shotgun blast to the engine.

DENNY

look what they've done to my van.

At this Adam's patience snaps and he squares up toe to toe with Denny.

ADAM

(contemptuously)

So is this all you came back for..This Piece of junk you call a van? I guess you really don't give a damn for anybody else in this entire world but yourself. Do you?

A disillusioned Adam turns and walks away, calling back.

ADAM

Special Forces training my arse!..What a bull-shitting bastard You are, face it.. you're just a coward at heart.

DENNY
 (defensively)
 Look, I'm really sorry about your
 brother and all..hell, shit, I
 didn't mean it to end up like
 this...

On hearing this Adam suddenly stops, does an about turn,
 then advances on Denny.

ADAM
 (Paraphrasing Denny)
 You didn't mean what? To end up
 like what exactly Denny?

Denny, realising that he has just talked himself into
 trouble, backs away sheepishly from Adam's advance. Denny
 tries to make light of the situation.

DENNY
 Hey bro', she was asking for it,
 y'know waitin' out there in that
 car park an all...her lookin' so
 fine, with them legs and all;
 goddamit I know you been *there*..
 it's not like I planned it, I
 mean -

Adam shouts back as he closes on Denny.

ADAM
 -What did you do to her?

He steps forward and knocks Denny to the ground with a
 single punch. Denny rubs at his jaw and looks up at Adam
 who is glaring down at him.

Denny warily gets up still rubbing his bruised jaw, backing
 away slowly he turns and flees across the fields.

EXT FIELDS SAME TIME

Adam goes in pursuit and tackles Denny to the ground. The
 two men begin rolling around in the muddy field, trading
 kicks and punches.

Adam pins Denny to the ground and screams at him.

ADAM
 Tell me what you did to her?

Adam is on top of Denny and throttling the life out of him.

ADAM

Is this why they've taken my
brother?...Tell Me Denny or I
swear on my mother's life, I will
kill you right here!

Only the sound of dogs barking in the distance prevents Adam from carrying out his threat.

Adam stops at the sound of the dogs drawing ever closer; he slowly releases the pressure on Denny's neck.

Denny gasps for breath as the choke hold is released; he pushes Adam aside and clambers to his feet, then bolts towards the track leading to the edge of the field, and away from the approaching sound of the dogs.

Adam slowly rises to his feet, a darkened form more like a great ape than a man. He is caked in mud and looks defiantly out into the night. He turns to face each of the four points of the Compass; probing the breeze, the sense of the primal, the feral stirring from somewhere deep within him.

A light easterly wind carries the sound of barking dogs, and its cool breeze blows through Adam's hair.

It starts to rain.

EXT EDGE OF FIELD MOMENTS LATER

As Denny flees towards a track leading to the edge of the field he can see the headlights of a vehicle coming towards him. He quickly doubles back on himself and darts into a ploughed field.

EXT FIELDS TO THE EAST SAME TIME

The Defender Land Rover careers effortlessly over the terrain, windscreen wiper slapping backwards and forth, a searchlight mounted over the cab.

A pack of four hounds run ahead of the vehicle, sniffing at the ground and snapping at the night.

EXT CENTRE OF FIELD MOMENTS LATER

Denny is engulfed in hectares of field looking anxiously for a means to escape the pursuing Land Rover.

He runs to the east, but in blind panic he accidentally stumbles into the beam of the second Land Rover and within moments the pack of baying hounds have surrounded him.

EXT CANAL SAME TIME

Adam has reached the fields near an irrigation channel, he is exhausted, and in the darkness he stumbles head first into the canal.

Adam floats idly on the surface of the water looking up at the rain drops falling from the sky, he listens to the mingled sounds of human voices and dogs barking in the distance. After a moments respite he ducks down under the water, resurfaces and pulls himself from the canal.

EXT ADJACENT FIELD NIGHTTIME

Two Land Rovers are parked up in the middle of a field. Their lamps throw a wide arc of light across the landscape.

INT LAND ROVER-1 SAME TIME

Denny is crouching down on the floor of the vehicle, hands on head. He is flanked on all sides by panting dogs and is looking up at the twin barrels of a shotgun pointing directly at him from the front passenger seat.

Martin's finger rests precariously on the hair trigger of the shotgun. The mud splattered hounds sniff and slobber at the scent on the strangers clothes.

EXT PLOUGHED FIELD SAME TIME

Adam is sprawled prone on his stomach, he is scooping up handfuls of moist brown soil and busily smearing it all over his forearms, face and neck. He soon takes on the appearance of a clay like figurine.

Even with one side of his face pressed tightly against the soil he still manages to see, laterally, across the level ground towards the arc of light in the distance.

Suddenly the lights go out.

EXT LAND ROVER-2 SAME TIME

Tom is standing beside the second of the Land Rovers surveying the dark Landscape through a set of NIGHT SIGHTS.

VIEW THROUGH NIGHT SIGHTS - INFRA RED IMAGING

The night sights pan across the fields, the irrigation inlets and the crumbling ditches, finally settling on an irregular shape detected on the landscape, several hundred yards up ahead.

EXT LAND ROVER-2 SAME TIME

Tom is holding the night sights in one hand and a mobile phone in the other. He speaks quietly into the phone.

TOM
 Reckon it's time to go hunting
 father.

Message delivered, Tom rings off and lifts the night sights to his eyes.

EXT PLOUGHED FIELD SAME TIME

Adam is still pressing himself flat against the soil in an attempt to remain concealed against the geography.

The rain starts to fall heavier and the mobile phone in his pocket starts to ring, shocking him into activity.

He instinctively sits up as he scrambles for the phone.

EXT LAND ROVER-1 SAME TIME

Tom is standing alongside the opened driver's door looking through the night sights.

A shape on the landscape is now clearly moving.

EXT LAND ROVER 1 SAME TIME

Tom tosses the night sights into the cab and climbs in.

INT LAND ROVER -1 MOMENTS LATER

Tom looks across at his brother. Martin is still directing the shotgun at Denny. Tom remarks with a smile.

TOM
 We've got him.

EXT PLOUGHED FIELD SAME TIME

ADAM
 Colin is that you?

A cold, vengeful voice comes back over the phone.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)
 For the day of vengeance is in
 mine heart, and the moment of my
 redeemed is come.

Adam can clearly make out the flash of headlights in the distance then he hears an engine start up. He curses down the phone.

ADAM
 You fucker!

Hurriedly re-pocketing his phone he high tails it off into the darkness.

INT LAND ROVER-1 SAME TIME

Denny sits compliantly amongst the pack of hounds, ever conscious of the shotgun wavering just a yard from his head

Tom Slips into gear and the four wheel drive accelerates across the ploughed field, in pursuit of the quarry.

Martin is sitting alongside his brother Tom, head turned to face Denny, the breech of his shotgun resting over the passenger seat.

INT BARN SAME TIME

Colin bites on the gag as he desperately struggles to break free; his hands and feet are bound to a chair.

Eli Spooner circles his captive, all the while preaching from a bible held in his hand. The harsh light from the electric bulb overhead accentuates the globules of salty sweat, borne out of fear, and now clearly showing on the young man's brow.

ELI SPOONER

..their Feet rush into sin, they
are swift to shed blood!

EXT LAND ROVER_-1 SAME TIME

The wheels of the Land Rover spin viciously and are spewing up the damp soil as the vehicle is manoeuvred in an ever decreasing circle; effectively corralling Adam into its centre.

INT BARN SAME TIME

Eli Spooner looks down at his captive and raises a finger to the heavens.

ELI SPOONER

-but the fearful, and
unbelieving, and the abominable,
and murderers, and whore-mongers,
sorcerers, and idolators-

INT LAND ROVER-1 SAME TIME

Adam is sighted, through the mud splattered windscreen, standing passively in the rain, wearily gazing into the oncoming beams.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)

-and all the liars shall have
their part in the lake which
burneth fire with fire and
brimstone; which is the second
death!

Martin's finger patiently nurses the trigger of his shotgun, and it is still aimed at Denny.

Tom points the Land Rover at bedraggled figure of Adam.

He pushes his foot to the accelerator and the vehicle hurtles forward. Tom glances across to his brother Martin.

TOM
(turning to Martin)
I'm just gonna clip him, father
wants him alive.

He turns back to look through the muddied windscreen just as the bedraggled figure in his beam leaps side-ways, disappearing from view.

A split second later sees a canal bank looming up out of the darkness, filling the view through the windscreen.

Tom brakes sharply but it is already too late, and the fierce jolt is enough to release the trigger on Martin's shotgun.

The tilting cab fills with noise and gun smoke as Denny is blasted out through the back doors of the Land Rover.

EXT CANAL BANK SAME TIME

Tom crashes through the windscreen, sending particles of glass everywhere, his twisted body plummets into the canal. The vehicle soon follows. The engine cuts out but the headlights stay on.

The smoke of gunpowder drifts through the shattered windscreen, merging with the beams of light cast on Tom's floating corpse.

Martin and two of the dogs scramble from the wreckage and wade to the Canal bank.

Denny lays in a field several yards away, drenched in blood, screaming and trying to push his entrails back inside his stomach. Then the screaming stops.

Adam, crouching in a shallow ditch, looks on at the carnage. The surface of the water reflects back like a scene of 'fire and brimstone'. Then an eerie stillness descends over the canal.

The lights on the vehicle begin to flicker and spark before they are finally extinguished. Adam turns away and lopes off across the sodden fields.

EXT FENLANDS DAWN

It has stopped raining across the Fens and dawn is slowly breaking. Adam slurps rain water from a puddle on the land. On the horizon he can see the outline of Spooner's farm.

EXT SPOONER'S FARM SAME TIME

The second of the two Land Rovers is parked up at the entrance to the farm.

INT SPOONER'S KITCHEN SAME TIME

The bloodied corpse of Tom has been laid out on the kitchen table. His smashed head sticks out from under the white-sheet covering his mangled body, and his eyes stare into infinity.

The Spooner family are gathered around their dead kin. Heads bowed. Eli Spooner holds his bible in his hand. Bess is overcome with grief and is being supported by her brother Martin.

Eli Spooner turns towards his daughter accusingly with scorn hissing from the lips.

ELI SPOONER
Sin, when it is finished,
bringeth forth death!

Martin, diplomatically, leads Bess sobbing from the kitchen

Elias Spooner stands over the dead body of his beloved Tom, like a latter day incarnation of The Old Testament character 'JOB', who would not renounce 'THE LORD ALMIGHTY' even when called upon to sacrifice his own son.

Eli leans down and gently closes Tom's eyelids. The White sheet is carefully drawn across his son's face and the Holy Bible is placed on his chest.

EXT FENLANDS EARLY MORNING

Adam is resting up in a potato field, struggling in pain to remove his boots. With boots removed he pulls off his socks and wrings out the dirty water. The phone in his pocket starts buzzing. He scrambles to answer it.

ADAM
Col? Col?

There is a LONG PAUSE before a voice whispers back.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)
D'you read your bible, son?

Adam hesitates, unsure of what to say, he meekly replies.

ADAM

Eh!..yes sir..please let me speak
to my-

INT BARN SAME TIME

Colin struggles, bound to a chair, gag in mouth. Eli Spooner stands over him while speaking into a mobile phone.

ELI SPOONER

Then y'know that The Good Lord
spoke of 'an eye for an eye'

Martin crosses the barn carrying a bundle of rags, a bottle of spirits and a set of long handled wire-cutters. On seeing this, Colin wriggles ever more desperately against his binds. Eli Spooner continues his conversation, as a slow and deliberate whisper.

ELI SPOONER

I need to encourage you to give
yourself up for your sins...I
need you to come to me boy!

Eli looks across to his oldest son, Martin, and nods. Martin pulls the gag from Colin's mouth and then picks up the wire-cutters.

Eli Spooner directs the mobile to his captive's petrified face. Colin desperately struggles but Martin is able to slide the right hand index finger between the opposing blades of the wire-cutters. Then Martin closes them with force.

The finger snaps like a dry twig and falls to the floor.

EXT FENLANDS SAME TIME

Adam recoils on hearing his brother's SCREAM vibrate down the phone.

EXT COUNTRYSIDE EARLY MORNING

A male, uniformed Police Officer is driving a marked Police vehicle along a country lane.

INT POLICE CAR SAME TIME

The Officer is talking on his car radio, he makes a left turn onto a dirt track.

POLICE OFFICER

Delta, Mike, Two, Five, Victor
Kilo. Book me Ten, Two..routine
licence check, Spooner's
farm..over!

EXT DIRT TRACK MOMENTS LATER

The Police car bumps its way over the potholes and rocks until it reaches the entrance to Spooner's farmyard.

INT BARN SAME TIME

Colin, still bound, is shivering in his chair, his right hand heavily bandaged with rags. The gag has been lowered and Martin is pouring the bottle of spirits into his mouth.

A pool of blood is drying around the dismembered finger, now lying discarded on the floor.

INT FARMHOUSE BEDROOM MOMENTS LATER

Bess is rummaging furiously threw her wardrobe. She lifts all her clothes from the rail and tosses them onto her bed. With the unit bare she focuses her attention on the metal rail that runs along the top of the wardrobe. It is about a metre long, and flat.

Bess ducks inside the wardrobe and gives the rail a sharp tug. The rail snaps away from its fittings, splintering wood at either end. She yanks it out and carries it to the door. She wedges one end of the rail behind the upper hinge of the door and begins to lever it with all her might.

The girl suddenly stops, at hearing the sound of a car door slam and the sound of someone calling from outside the house. She rushes to the window and looks down onto the farmyard.

EXT FARMYARD SAME TIME

The Police officer wanders through the farmyard, and is heading towards the large barns.

INT BEDROOM SAME TIME

Bess tries to open the window but is defeated by the padlock securing it shut. She frantically bangs on the glass trying to attract the Officers attention, but he simply disappears behind an outhouse.

EXT FARMYARD SAME TIME

The Officer is following the sound of voices heard coming from the barn. He calls out.

POLICE OFFICER

Mister Spooner! Mister Spooner!
Anyone there?

INT BARN SAME TIME

The officer's call can be heard in the barn. Tom struggles and tries to cry out but Martin quickly replaces the gag.

Eli switches off the light and both men drag Colin, still bound to the chair, to the rear of the storage tank.

The Officer enters the barn and looks around for signs of life. The light is poor and so he treads cautiously over the straw and grain scattered on the floor.

BEHIND STORAGE TANK

Colin tries to spit out his gag but Eli presses the tip of a knife to his throat, by way of warning.

CENTRE OF BARN

The Police Officer is moving deeper into the barn when he suddenly halts, feeling his tread on something unusual. He crouches down and finds, amongst the straw and congealed blood, an amputated finger.

The Officer looks around and slowly begins to track the blood trail leading to the far end of the barn.

EXT ENTRANCE TO SPOONER'S FARM

Adam, meanwhile, is creeping up to the entrance of the farm. He ducks down into a ditch adjacent to the farmyard.

INT BARN SAME TIME

The Police Officer is now warily following the blood trail, and is only yards from the tank when he hears the sound of breathing.

Eli Spooner steps from behind the tank and into the dim light. He brandishes the knife, confronting the Police Officer right *there* in the barn. The officer backs off, slowly raising his arms in capitulation. He attempts to placate his adversary.

POLICE OFFICER

Don't do this, whatever's happened we can sort things out, now just drop the knife.

The Police Officer has backed himself up against the wall of the barn. Eli has stopped his advance, and for a brief moment both men stand motionless, as if frozen in time; staring back at each other. Neither of them blink.

Eli slowly releases the grip on the handle of the knife and the weapon falls to the ground. The Officer visibly breathes a sigh of relief and lowers his arms.

POLICE OFFICER

(anxiously)

OK sir..now just turn around, and put your hands behind your back.

The Police officer opens his jacket, revealing a set of Handcuffs and a radio mike attached to his belt. Eli remains motionless.

POLICE OFFICER
Now slowly turn around sir..

Spooner's attention turns to a pitchfork nearby.

ELI SPOONER (O.S.)
Forgive me father for what I am
about to do...May The lord have
mercy on my soul.

The Officer's eyes suddenly flash wide open, then flicker until the white's of his eyes roll into view. He gasps, winded, as though he had just been punched in the solar plexus. He looks down.

Eli Spooner is still rushing onto the officer, pushing the prongs of the fork straight through the Officer's torso, effectively skewering him. The shaft of the fork vibrates from the force; impaling the Policeman to the wall of the barn. He coughs up blood.

EXT ENTRANCE TO SPOONER'S FARM MORNING

Adam is huddled in the ditch looking at the screen on his mobile. It reads: LOW BATTERY - RECHARGE.

ADAM (O.S.)
Bollocks!

Adam hurriedly pockets the phone then glances over to farmhouse from his vantage point in the ditch.

INT BEDROOM SAME TIME

Bess continues to work on making her escape. She heaves against the metal rail wedged behind the upper hinge of the door, and slowly the hinge begins to buckle under pressure.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE MOMENTS LATER

Adam is creeping up to the back of the house when he catches sight of his brother through the glass of the kitchen door.

As he draws closer he can see that Colin is laying on the kitchen floor, bound and gagged. A blood stained bandage is wrapped around his hand.

Adam ducks down out of sight as the figures of Eli Spooner and his son Martin suddenly loom into view.

INT BARN MOMENTS LATER

The Officer clutches the spine of the fork prongs piercing him. Blood oozes from the four puncture wounds seeping onto his trembling hands then down onto the floor.

He gazes around the empty barn but the scene blurs before him and he hears only the sound of his own desperate breathing. He fumbles blindly for the police radio clipped to his belt. He holds the radio mike to his mouth and chokes out a communication.

POLICE OFFICER
Delta, mike...two..five..Victor,
charlie..ten, zero, ten
zero..officer down..repeat
officer down.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE (KITCHEN) MOMENTS LATER

The glass door leads out onto a small kitchen garden. Nearby, a broken wheelbarrow filled with some digging implements has been left standing in the open.

Adam is crouching against the wall alongside the kitchen door. He grips hold of a spade and is listening to the faint voices of Spooner's talking from inside the kitchen.

He is clearly contemplating his next move when the kitchen door is suddenly flung open and the strapping frame of Martin emerges carrying across his arms something wrapped in a white sheet.

Adam stands up and swings the spade.

With both his arms fully occupied, Martin can do nothing to prevent the spade from crashing into his face. The impact initially causes him to stagger, then drop like a mighty tree being felled in the forest.

The pale corpse of his brother Tom falls from his arms, unravelling from the sheet, onto the ground.

EXT/INT KITCHEN MOMENTS LATER

With the morning Sun at his back, Adam's silhouette stands in the doorway holding aloft a spade. His brother Colin, bound and gagged on the floor, tries to wriggle towards him. Eli Spooner glares across the kitchen to where his adversary stands. He calls out triumphantly.

ELI SPOONER
My redeemed is come!

Adam charges into the kitchen like a maniac waving the spade.

He rushes towards Eli Spooner swinging the implement as a weapon and accidentally trips over his own brother in the process. Then, rather like slapstick, he crashes into a kitchen cabinet with the spade falling from his hand.

Colin can do nothing but watch as Eli Spooner yanks his brother up off his knees by the scruff of his neck.

Spooner hurls Adam against the kitchen wall, splitting open his nose. Colin tries to call out to his brother through the gag but as Eli Spooner rages Adam continues to be tossed about the kitchen like a rag doll.

INT BEDROOM SAME TIME

Bess can hear the commotion going on downstairs and she feverishly works away at levering the last hinge from the door frame.

INT/EXT KITCHEN MOMENTS LATER

Adam is prostrate on the floor of the kitchen, near the open door. He slowly drags his bruised and battered body outside and into the bright morning sunshine. Eli Spooner summarily follows just a few paces behind, preaching in righteous tone.

ELI SPOONER

...and I will execute vengeance
in anger and fury upon the
heathen, such that they have not
heard!

INT BEDROOM SAME TIME

Bess snaps the final hinge away from the frame and begins to shoulder barge the collapsing door.

EXT FARMHOUSE ENTRANCE MOMENTS LATER

Adam has managed to struggle around to the front of the farmhouse. His face is bruised and badly cut and he is on his knees and gasping for breath. He looks up into the unforgiving eyes of Elias Spooner.

From high above the scene, the rotor blades of a helicopter can be heard buffeting through the air.

Eli Spooner glares down at the spent figure before him.

The father slowly draws the blade of a hunting knife from its sheath as though he were about to perform a ritual slaughter on a defenceless animal

He hears his daughter's voice calling across the farmyard.

BESS SPOONER (O.S.)
No father!...please Don't do it
father!

Eli looks with affection across to where his daughter is standing, some twenty yards away, on the porch. She is crying and looking back at him down the barrel of a shotgun

From above, the whirring sound of rotor blades can be heard merging with the wail of Police car sirens approaching from the track.

Eli turns back, knife gripped in hand, then calmly looks down into the eyes of his adversary and whispers to Adam.

ELI SPOONER
Depart from me, ye cursed, into
everlasting fire, prepared for
the devil and his angels!

He leans in, ready to deliver the final cut....BOOM!

The scene fills with gun-smoke.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT PRISON CELL

Martin Spooner is sitting on his bunk in a prison cell. He has a letter in his hands, and he begins to open it.

INT UNIVERSITY

Colin proudly stands in front of the photographer's camera, wearing an academic gown and mortar board. He holds up his Masters Degree certificate. He smiles into the lens; and if you look very closely you can just make out that a finger on his right hand is missing.

EXT NORTH LONDON CEMETERY DAYTIME

A leather gloved hand scrapes some moss from a drab and unkept gravestone in a London municipal cemetery. The burial spot of: DENNIS STARKEY 1985 - 2012. RIP.

Mehmet is scrutinising the markings on the gravestone. He turns and glances up at 'Big' Ali with a devilish smile.

EXT TRANQUIL GARDEN

A wheelchair is being pushed slowly over the lush green lawn. Eli Spooner is sitting in the wheelchair. He has a patch over one eye. His disfigured face lays slumped to one side, and he is clearly paralysed down one half of his body. An Old Testament copy of the Bible rests on his lap. A trail of saliva slithers from the corner of his lips and his daughter Bess leans down and gently dabs it away with a tissue.

INT PRISON CELL

Martin Spooner stares down at his letter.

BESS SPOONER (V.O.)

Hello Martin...father sends all his love. I try to get to see him as often as I can, but it's difficult what with the strict visiting times and everything... I scattered Tom's ashes out there in the grove, just like you asked me to. The lawyer people say we got to sell the farm, but I'm keeping the news from father, it would break his heart. I'm truly sorry you can't bring yourself to letting me visit you in prison, but I pray someday you'll change your mind...I gotta go now Martin. I love you always, God Bless...your little sister 'B'.

INT MEDICAL FACILITY DAYTIME

Bess is walking along a brightly lit corridor towards the reception desk. It is a modern medical facility, chrome, reinforced glass and white walls.

The female nurse on the front desk is watching the Daily News on a small TV set just below the counter.

(TELEVISION SCREEN)

NEWSCASTER

..a Memorial was held today in the town of Wisbrook, Norfolk, to commemorate the courage of Police Constable Simon Milton killed in the line of duty three months ago. Police Constable Milton was honoured by friends and family and received a posthumous award for bravery from The Chief Commissioner of Norfolk Police.... With further news we now go over to Penny Longbridge reporting on the controversial acquisition of Crown Lands by the global multi-national, Anglo-American.

Bess stops at the front desk and hands in her pass. The nurse looks up from the TV set, takes back the pass and smiles. The nurse beckons her towards the frosted glass doors where a male nurse activates a door lock by inserting a plastic card into a slot. Bess moves into a functional courtyard.

EXT COURTYARD MOMENTS LATER

Bess passes through the security gate and out onto the pavement. It is a lovely day.

Adam is leaning against a sign along the outer wall of the facility. He is carrying his guitar. The sign reads:
GRINSTEAD SECURE HOSPITAL.

Bess smiles across at him.

Adam smiles back, then walks towards her.

FADE TO BLACK.

(SUPER):

'in overflowing wrath for a moment I hid my face from you but with everlasting love I will have compassion on you, says the lord, your redeemer.'

VENGEANCE: (Isaiah 54. 8)

THE END