

BLACK SCREEN

(SUPER:) FENLANDS

EXT. (AERIAL) OVERFLYING EAST ANGLIA - DAYTIME

The rotor blades of a Police helicopter beat against the sky, the aircraft hovers a thousand feet above the fields and waterways.

Looking down, the scene resembles a vast patchwork quilt of agriculture - spread out on the surface below.

The helicopter banks sharply and heads along the coast line which marks the Fen Land Wash. The sunlight glints against the badge on the fuselage.

(SUPER:) LONDON - A WEEK EARLIER

INT. MOTOR GARAGE - DAYTIME

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

An overly cheery Disc Jockey prattles on, the sound of his voice reverberating from the workshop radio.

DISC JOCKEY (V.O.)

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...

Two young men, clean cut - early twenties - stand with hands in pockets looking glumly on at the scene.

The mechanic slides himself out from under the car. He is wearing oily overalls and rubs his hands on a rag as he gets to his feet. He turns the radio off.

MECHANIC

Where did you say you were going?

ADAM

Norfolk...tomorrow we're driving up  
to the Fens.

MECHANIC

Not in this you ain't.

EXT. LONDON HIGH RISE BLOCK OF FLATS - DAYTIME

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 is considerably smaller, sporting a pair of crocodile shoes, a tailored suit, and flashy jewelry.

INT. BATHROOM (SEMI-DARKNESS) - DAYTIME

The motionless body of an adult male is submerged below the murky waterline of a bath.

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 the dirty sink.

INT. MOTOR GARAGE - SAMETIME

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'.

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

MEHMET (the shorter of the two men from the limo) is stood alongside ALI, The Colossus with the big hairy knuckles. Mehmet nods and the big hairy knuckles rap on the door.

Mehmet preens himself, then takes out a breath-freshener and squirts a jet of spray into his mouth, as if preparing for a date. The door of the flat 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 had a chance to say a word, a bunch of big hairy knuckles has seized the door chain and ripped it from its fixings.

INT. LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT.

The door is pushed open and Mehmet breezes into the room with a beaming smile on his face, he is accompanied by Ali.

MEHMET

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

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

MEHMET

-I always say to Ali, be more careful..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 hell of it.

DENNY

Mr Kaya, I...I -

MEHMET

-Oh Denny! Please, please, to my friends I'm Memmy, so if we ever have to introduce ourselves I can say 'hi I'm Memmy, your friendly hairstylist, and this is Denny...the motherfucker who owes me money!'

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

MEHMET

-this is just my little Kurdish joking with you-

Mehmet glances over at the deadpan expression on Ali's face, and then turns back to the anxious figure of Denny.

MEHMET

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

Mehmet advances towards Denny carrying a malevolent smile, ushering Denny onto one of his own chairs.

DENNY

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

Denny points feebly 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

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

Mehmet interrupts and holds his finger to his lips as though  
he were hushing a baby.

MEHMET

Ssshh!

INT. TOP DECK OF A LONDON BUS - SAMETIME

COLIN

Shit! Shit! Shit!

The two young men, seen earlier in the garage, 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 out of the window. The view outside is of a busy  
North London. The traffic is heavy and the streets are  
crowded.

COLIN

Months of planning have gone into  
this field trip, and the bloody car  
packs up the day before we're about  
to leave.

Colin suddenly stops assaulting the seat in front of him and  
turns to Adam, as if having a 'eureka moment'.

COLIN

I know!..What About the train?

Adam turns to look at Colin with incredulity, before calmly  
reminding him.

ADAM

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

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

ADAM

-we're a couple of geology students bro', we're not bloody Sherpas.

COLIN

What about mum and dad?

ADAM

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 hire a car?

ADAM

I thought we'd agreed no more sponging off mum and dad. We need to stand 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 youths swagger noisily past, on route to the back of the bus. Adam turns to his brother and his manner softens.

ADAM

Sorry bro', I'm just as pissed off as you are, that's all.

INT. LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT.

Mehmet studies the anxiety registering in Denny's face.

He holds the implements up before Denny's eyes. The scissor blades are opened and closed in a testing action. Denny stares up at the scissors with growing trepidation. The blades look sharp. Mehmet admires them.

MEHMET

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

Ali's huge frame blocks the door like a great boulder.

Mehmet smiles and takes hold of a clump of Denny's hair. He suddenly announces.

MEHMET

What you need Denny is a 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 turns back to meet Denny's nervous gaze as he slowly runs his fingers through Denny's hair.

MEHMET

You see! The big man over there agrees with me, it's a fuckin' traffic accident, 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 owe me for my bag of coke.

Mehmet lifts two fingers of hair from behind Denny's left ear and nimbly cuts away. He hums 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 looks back at his brother in bewilderment.

ADAM

And?...apart From the fact that he appears to be a fruit cake, what about him?

COLIN

Well he owns that old camper van, it's parked 'round back. I know it's a bit of an 'old banger', but I'm sure he'd 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 they gave us for the car, and that's not including petrol and beer money.

With a couple of gang members looking on, Adam grimaces and quickly urges him to re-pocket the cash.

ADAM

(Whispering)

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

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

COLIN

He knocked the other day, to introduce himself. He needed to borrow some sugar...you'd gone to the gym...anyway, we got talking and he started telling me that he used to be in the SAS, but got injured or something. So then he starts telling me that he was on benefits, and down on his luck-

As Adam stretches up to press the bell he glibly replies.

ADAM

-well fancy that!

INT. LIVING ROOM (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT.

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

The stylist crouches down on his haunches so that his eye-line meets the anxious look on Denny's face. He is holding a comb in one hand and the scissors in the other.

MEHMET

Tell me about my money, fella.

Denny blurts out a pitiful response.

DENNY

I will get your money Mr Kaya...I just need a little more time.

Mehmet raises the scissors up, so that they point directly at Denny's eyes. Then he stretches back his other arm in the direction of Ali, and clicks his fingers.

Ali steps forward and removes a small 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, his hands trembling on the mirror, attempts a cheerful response.

DENNY

It looks very good mister Kaya, really very good.

Mehmet looks across 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 replaces the scissors and comb in their leather case.

He snatches back the mirror from Denny and passes it across to Ali, on route to the door.

Then Mehmet suddenly stops, turns, and points a finger.

MEHMET

Tomorrow fella...twelve o'clock,  
I'll be back for my money... but  
the haircut's on the house.

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

EXT. CHINGFORD ROAD - SAMETIME

The two brothers cross the busy intersection and walk on past the parade of Pound shops and Takeaway cafes; the sound of a council worker's pneumatic drill receding in their ears.

ADAM

Col, please tell me you are not suggesting that we part with the last of our cash to hire out some rust bucket parked around the corner....and all from some guy upstairs who thinks he's Rambo.

COLIN

Look!..the farmer said we've only got access to that field next week, and for five days, no longer.

ADAM

But this Denny, he's a nutter!

COLIN

Well, have you got a better idea?

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - MOMENTS LATER

The students arrive outside the high rise just as Mehmet and Ali emerge from the entrance to the block of flats.

The brothers appear to be bickering and barely notice the limousine pulling away.

INT. HALLWAY (UPPER FLOOR) FLAT

Adam and Colin stand whispering to each other outside the door to Denny's flat.

Eventually Colin takes the initiative and knocks on the door. At first there is no reply, then a voice tentatively asks.

DENNY (O.S.)  
Is that you mister Kaya?

Colin calls through the closed door, while Adam listens in.

COLIN  
No, no...it's Colin, I need to  
speak to you.

DENNY (O.S.)  
Colin who?

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

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

DENNY (O.S.)  
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 fully dressed, is sitting on a chair in the middle of the room. He is pensive, and 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  
So you plan on driving all the way  
up to, to -

COLIN  
East Anglia, the Fens.

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

ADAM

No, seriously, we're doing soil research. We're post grad Geology students.

Colin gleefully chips in.

COLIN

It's for our Master' degrees.

The room falls silent. The students watch as Denny clips the loose tobacco from the ends of his cigarette with his fingers. Then after a brief deliberation he announces.

DENNY

Sorry boys...I'd love to help ya, but some thing's come up and I need the van this -

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

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

Colin presses on eagerly in his attempt to seal a deal.

COLIN

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

Adam casts Colin a quizzical glance, surprised by his brother's unilateral but forceful offer. Denny hungrily eyes the notes being offered.

DENNY

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

ADAM

-we've got our driver's licences 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 enquiring.

DENNY

Tomorrow, mmm!...How early did you say you were leaving?

COLIN

At the crack of Dawn.

Denny inspects the contours of his hand rolled cigarette and then slips it between his lips. He lights it and sucks back on the cigarette.

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 arable farmland, tinged in ochre and a brownish hue, stretch out towards the faint strip of coastline marking the eastern inlet known as The Wash.

EXT. NORTH LONDON - DAYBREAK

The sun slowly rises over the tower blocks of North London.

Denny is sat behind the wheel of his battered Camper van impatiently sounding on the vehicle's horn. Denny wears a headband, just like Rambo, and is dressed in combat fatigues. The rear door of the van is open.

Adam and Colin emerge from the entrance to the block of flats. They are 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 window, he is sitting alongside Denny the driver. Adam occupies the rear passenger seat, he is strumming gently on a guitar.

DENNY

You know what, ya can't beat a nice trip to the English countryside...damn decent of you boys to invite me along...I sure as hell needed to get out of London.

The view through the windscreen sees Denny weaving the van from lane to lane, tailgating the vehicles up ahead.

Colin injects a note of nervousness into proceedings.

COLIN

Can you slow down a little?

DENNY

Y'know, it's lucky for you boys  
I've had some Special Forces  
training, might come in real useful  
where we're heading, reckon some of  
them old tractor boys don't play by  
the rules.

Denny suddenly begins to squeal like a hog, while thrusting himself against the steering wheel, in a simulated act of buggery.

DENNY

'Squeal piggy, piggy,  
squeal'...hey! Let's stop for  
breakfast.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD DAYTIME

The van is swerving across a country road as it approaches a bend up ahead.

INT. CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

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 verge and a loud 'BANG' follows as it thuds into the roadside ditch.

INT. UPPER FLOOR FLAT/HALLWAY (LONDON) SAMETIME

There is a loud 'BANG' as Ali crashes into the front door. It flies open.

Mehmet strolls into the empty, lifeless flat. He glances around the room and then curses (in Turkish).

MEHMET (SUBTITLE - 'SHIT!')

Lanet olsun!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAYTIME

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

DENNY

So who the fuck's Jack?

Colin motions with his hands in a winding action.

COLIN

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

DENNY

Oh that!...I sold it at a car boot sale, the geezer offered me a tenner for it.

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

After a passage of time, a brightly painted van stops up ahead. The rear lights come on and the van slowly reverses. The sign painted across the side of the van announces:

THE APACHE JOHN TRAVELLING BAND.

The van stops alongside the trio from London.

A seasoned, bohemian looking quartet, two guys and two girls, clamber from the vehicle. Their attire suggests an air of the gypsy and the hobo lifestyle.

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 is AMAZON JAN and that there'll be BRACKEN 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'; even Denny has for once shut up.

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 boy's hungry?

EXT.COUNTRY ROAD - LAY BY - EVENING

Apache John and Adam are sitting in deck chairs, picking out chords on their guitars's. Adam begins to lament the words to a self penned ballad entitled: 'SOMETHING MORE'. Apache John smiles, picks up the chords and plays along.

Berne and Bracken are sitting cross legged on a blanket, facing each other, deep in meditation. Amazon Jan is plying Colin with the last of some barbecued chicken wings.

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

The sun is setting on the countryside, and the day has drifted idyllically away to the sound of acoustic guitars.

EXT. THE FENS NIGHT TIME

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

INT. CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

A loud a continuous sound of snoring is coming from the rear of the van. The brothers are sitting up front and Adam is behind the wheel.

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

ADAM  
We gave him money to fill up the tank before we left...This guy's some kind of tosser for sure!

The snoring, from the back of the van, turns to an intermittent snorting sound.

COLIN

Maybe he's got some in *that* can.

Colin clammers over his seat, and is careful to avoid stepping on the snorting, boozy figure of Denny stretched out on the floor, still clutching at a whisky bottle.

Colin shakes the empty fuel can, then tosses it down on the rest of the equipment strewn around Denny.

COLIN

It's empty, what we gonna do now?

EXT. THE FENS NIGHT TIME

The Moon, partially obscured by mist, is on the wane and a grey light is cast over the blackened fields and irrigation canals. Silhouettes of the occasional farmhouse or small holding protrude on an otherwise featureless landscape.

INT. CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

Denny's snoring continues and Adam makes a decision.

ADAM

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

EXT. FENLANDS SAMETIME

The soil underfoot impacts easily upon contact. A fuel can swings against the wrist that carries it.

Adam carefully directs 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 collection of buildings set against the horizon.

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

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

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

Adam moves by the light of his torch as he picks 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 edges ever closer.

Adam looks up at the light from the window and sees the figure of a girl of a similar age to his own. She is both young and pretty. She is sitting at a dresser.

Looking up, he can clearly see the girl's profile through the curtain-less window. She sits serenely, combing back traces of long golden hair, the colour of ripened wheat.

Adam shimmies up closer to the farmhouse just as the girl turns towards the window. In haste, he ducks down out of sight, behind a water butt. The torch spills from his hand, alerting a pack of dogs in the process.

(SOUND) DOGS BARKING

The barking, from the compound, wakes the household. Lights in the farmhouse come on. 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 is 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 'ere, ready  
to send the agents of Satan back to  
hell's own inferno!

Adam looks up at the window, perhaps drawn in by the girl's allure. She glances down dispassionately.

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

EXT. FENLANDS NIGHT TIME

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

COLIN

Twenty five quid for a five litre can of petrol!..that's, that's daylight robbery.

ADAM

(looking into the dark)  
Well technically, not daylight robbery...midnight robbery maybe..besides they were armed to the teeth, what was I gonna do bro'....barter?

Adam removes the funnel and replaces the fuel cap.

ADAM

Anyway it's too late to be pitching a tent now, why don't we pull off the road somewhere, get our heads down in the van 'til it's light.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - MORNING

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

As the sunlight seeps into the van, Adam slowly sits up and rubs at 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 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 whole week.

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

EXT FENLAND FIELD - MORNING

A rotund farmer, in need of a 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 a go a garpen on ol' man  
Spooner's place-

INT CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

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

COLIN

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 Spooner land, he  
says we should stay away...  
(returning his attention to the  
phone)...yes, OK, bye.

Colin puts his mobile in his pocket and studies the map.

COLIN

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

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

ADAM

So what are we waiting for bro?  
Let's get going. I'm famished.

The vehicle is reversed 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 is driven north 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 - SAMETIME

The congregation stand behind the polished wooden pews.

Eli Spooner lowers his head in unison with the rest of the assembled. Alongside stands the young woman seen at the bedroom window.

She is clutching a prayer book, and looks to be a picture of innocence, dressed in her 'Sunday best'. Alongside her, stands the two younger men seen earlier 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. WISBROOK POLICE STATION (NORFOLK) - DAYTIME

An unmarked police car pulls onto the station concourse.

The driver slowly brings the car to a halt in the parking bay alongside a number of vehicles emblazoned with the badge: NORFOLK CONSTABULARY.

The driver steps from his vehicle. The middle-aged man is tall, over six foot, and has a paunch for a belly. He stubs out a cigarette underfoot, and moves towards the station.

Detective Sergeant JACK LANGHAM is wearing a creased suit. He has a full head of tasselled hair and carries that 'pissed off' look of a veteran who has spent too long on the 'front-line'.

Jack Langham moves towards the station entrance working a tired smile from beneath his tired face at a pair of young traffic officers acknowledging him on route to their cars.

INT. WISBROOK STATION DESK - SAMETIME

The front desk is quiet, staffed only by a uniformed Sergeant. He is wearing spectacles and is making notes in a ledger. He looks up from the ledger as DS Langham enters the station.

DESK SERGEANT  
(Sarcastically)  
Nice of you to join us DS Langham,  
so you managed to quell the mob  
then?

The desk sergeant slowly removes his spectacles and attempts to cover a smirk.

DS LANGHAM  
Bill Hickey, outside the Parish  
Council offices threatening to take  
his clothes off in front of a BBC  
News crew, does not in my book  
constitute a mob.

The Desk Sergeant seems barely able to contain his amusement.

DESK SERGEANT  
It could 'ave turned ugly Jack, we  
might 'ave 'ad to call in  
forensics, 'specially if he had  
carried out his threat to take his  
pants off...what with the cameras  
being there an' all, it's lucky you  
got there in time.

DS LANGHAM  
Ha bloody ha!...Anyway I thought  
that's what they paid you uniform  
boys to sort out, so why did I get  
the call?

DESK SERGEANT  
Nearest officer to the scene DS  
Langham, them's the rules Jack!  
Anyway the superintendent's waiting  
to see you.

DS Langham makes his way past the station desk. The Sergeant calls after him. The Detective turns back.

DESK SERGEANT

Jack, I nearly forgot, look I need a favour...I got this new PC, on training, green as grass he is, they've sent him over to us from Kings Lynn, he looks about fourteen, anyway I got a firearms licence outstanding, over on the Spooner farm and I don't want to send someone out there who doesn't look old enough to shave...take a run over to the farm for me when you get a chance and 'ave a quiet word with Spooner about renewing the licence. You've known the ol' bugger longer than most.

DS LANGHAM

Leave it with me George..

The Detective turns away and disappears into the belly of the station.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

The SUPERINTENDENT is at his desk, speaking on the telephone. He is a lean figure of a man in his late fifties, with grey hair and friendly eyes. He is in uniform.

There is a knock at the door. He covers the telephone receiver with his hand.

SUPERINTENDENT

Come in!...come through.

Langham enters the office, the Super beckons him in, still holding the phone to his ear. The Super gestures to a chair as he continues to speak into the phone receiver.

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, I fully understand sir.

The Superintendent very carefully replaces the receiver. He looks up and smiles at the Detective.

SUPERINTENDENT

I won't beat about the bush on this one Jack, they're taking you off the case, I've just had confirmation from Norwich Division. Vice are really pushing on this one Jack, there's nothing I can do.

Langham's expression turns from indifference to incredulity

DS JACK LANGHAM

You're can't be serious  
guv'ner..I've spent the last six  
weeks undercover on this one-

SUPERINTENDENT

-They want the name of your  
informer, they're adamant about  
it...you know the way things are  
done these days. It's not like the  
old days Jack, these are squeaky  
clean days Jack, all our informants  
must go via the Unit. They run all  
informers, y'know that Jack-

DS JACK LANGHAM

-For Christ sake guv'ner, she's  
little more than a kid, if I feed  
her name to the Unit, you know  
there's a good chance it'll leak  
out and that, that pimp scum of a  
boyfriend is going to put her back  
in hospital again...she can't trust  
those 'gob shites' over at the Unit-

SUPERINTENDENT

-Steady DS Langham, these are  
fellow officer's you're talking  
about-

DS Langham shifts uncomfortably in his seat, he looks crestfallen. The Superintendent stares back at his Officer, and after a momentary pause demands.

SUPERINTENDENT

I need the name of your informant  
Detective Sergeant.

DS JACK LANGHAM

You know I can't do that Sir.

The Superintendent leans back in his chair and smiles. Then, lifting a pen from his desk, he begins to tap it rhythmically against a buff coloured folder. The Superintendent considers his next move. Langham watches the pen tapping against his personal file.

The Superintendent finally drops the pen onto the desk and opens up the file. He adopts a more conciliatory manner.

SUPERINTENDENT

How long have you got left in Jack?

DS JACK LANGHAM

Seventy days, six hours... (he glances at his wristwatch)... and Forty two minutes... It's All there on file... sir.

The Chief grins and looks down at the file.

SUPERINTENDENT

Thirty years on the force... that's a long time Jack

DS JACK LANGHAM

Yep! Time enough for a couple of divorces and a hernia.

SUPERINTENDENT

But still you're willing to risk a sizeable pension on an informer's name. 'Cos make no mistake Jack those bastards over at Head Quarters aren't going to back down easily.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Don't you mean those fellow officers... Sir?

The Superintendent closes the file and pushes it aside. He gets to his feet and moves across to a filing cabinet near the door. He lifts a small plastic watering can from off the top of the cabinet.

SUPERINTENDENT

You're a good copper Jack, Old school, you call it how you see it, I respect that, but maybe you haven't seen how the Force has changed Jack, so I'll tell you what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna try and keep you out of trouble, at least for the next seventy days.

The Superintendent begins moving about his office, carefully nourishing his rubber plants with the watering can. He looks over to the detective.

## SUPERINTENDENT

We've got an American by the name of Sam Dekka flying in from the States, some kind of hotshot lawyer...so as of today Jack, you're re-assigned.

EXT. DALLAS AIRPORT (USA) AIR-SIDE NIGHT

(SUPER): DALLAS FORT WORTH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Looking down through the night sky, the scene below sparkles with aircraft wing and ground lights - green, red, white - flickering over the taxi ways, on route to their allotted departure and arrival points.

(VOICE OVER - TELEPHONE CALL..BEEP..ANSWER PHONE PICKUP)

CHUCK EBBERTS (V.O.)

(American male)

Hi Sam. It's Chuck Ebberts calling from Miami...how are things out there in Texas? Seems like we got a situation developing over in Europe. It's one of our UK real estate portfolios, we need you to do Trans-Atlantic on this one...Head up to a region they call East Anglia, in England...We're arranging for someone from Anglo-American to meet you up there, in a small town called Wisbrook.

The dark brooding bulk of a jet fuselage lines up on the illuminated corridor of the runway.

CHUCK EBBERTS (V.O.)

There's a problem over there Sam, we've got the start of a media frenzy, it's only a brush fire at the moment but we don't want those god damn environmentalists fanning the flames...So it's a PR exercise, hearts and minds.

The jet starts its take off roll, and is soon hurtling down the runway.

CHUCK EBBERTS

We need a lawyer over there Sam,  
batting for the home team...so we  
got you booked on a red eye out of  
Dallas.

The aircraft lifts off into the night sky.

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

DS Langham listens while the Superintendent sits back down  
and refers to a note-pad opened on the desk.

SUPERINTENDENT

I had a call from the diplomatic  
office in London.

The Superintendent loosens his tie before continuing.

SUPERINTENDENT

It appears this guy Sam Dekka is  
working for a big US Corporation,  
who in turn are doing business with  
Her Majesty's Government. I'm still  
waiting for file clearance from the  
Yard...It's all to do with this US  
land lease fiasco Jack, anyway the  
starched collars down in London are  
worried that some of our locals  
might not behave themselves.

DS JACK LANGHAM

So!..the suits in London think  
we're all country bumpkins, but  
what's that got to do with me?

SUPERINTENDENT

Dekka's arriving up by train, from  
London, tomorrow.

The chief picks up his pen and taps away on the note-pad.

SUPERINTENDENT

Scotland Yard want me to put  
someone on the case, you know Jack,  
some support, call it protection if  
you like, someone who knows the  
area, someone who knows the  
locals...It's only for a few days  
Jack.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
 Guv'ner, I've got case loads  
 backing up and, and you're asking  
 me to nurse maid some overpaid yank  
 lawyer.

SUPERINTENDENT  
 I'm not asking you Detective  
 Sergeant, I'm ordering you.

EXT. FENLAND FIELD DAYTIME

FIELD

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

Colin is knelt on the soil, and is busily driving a soil  
 auger (a metre length metal pipe) into the ground with a  
 rubber headed mallet.

Colin 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 field. He calls back.

ADAM  
 I'm going to get my guitar, take a  
 walk, maybe look around for a water  
 supply we could use..I came across  
 some irrigation channels the other  
 night.

Adam points into the distance. Colin smiles, cups his mouth,  
 and calls .

COLIN  
 Part-timer!

CAMPSITE

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

Denny is sitting a few metres away 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  
 the tip of a large hunting knife.

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

DENNY

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

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

DENNY

Where you off to, man?

ADAM

Thought I'd take a walk, 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. NORWICH STATION MORNING

Passengers pass in and out of the Norwich station terminus.

INT. NORWICH STATION MORNING

The Public Address system announces.

TANNOY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The nine fifteen Intercity London  
to Norwich service from Liverpool  
street will be arriving on platform  
one in two minutes.

DS Langham dashes through the terminal, raincoat flapping, a cardboard sign under one arm. He is heading for platform one and is repeatedly excusing himself as he brushes past the stream of passengers.

Jack Langham arrives on the platform just as the train pulls in. He brushes his shirt and knots up his tie in a half hearted attempt to look presentable; then he holds up sign board with the name: SAM DEKKA.

The detective surveys the dozen or so passengers disembarking the train. An RAF engineer in grey uniform steps from the train, straightens his cap, and rushes into the arms of a plump looking women.

A female with a dark complexion and long black hair, in her early thirties, steps elegantly in stiletto heels onto the platform. She pulls at a trolley carrying her luggage.

A man with a bushy moustache, and wearing a double breasted suit, steps cautiously from the train. He is carrying a suitcase and an umbrella. He is checking his surroundings.

Behind the man, a family of Sikhs with noisy children pour off the train, followed by a young couple with push bikes.

The detective is moving towards the man with the moustache, who in turn is moving towards two men in grey suits. They have just arrived on the platform, and they begin shaking hands with him.

The detective spins around in reaction to a gentle tap on his shoulder and is met by the elegant woman who stepped from the train. She flashes a set of big brown eyes and announces herself in her Texan accent.

SAM DEKKA

I believe you're assigned to me?

Langham stares back at the woman, her skin as smooth and brown as caramel. She is dressed in a figure hugging jacket and knee length skirt.

SAM DEKKA

Miz SAMANTHA DEKKA, and you are?

The detective is caught momentarily off guard. He lets the arm holding the notice slip to his side, and rather self consciously wipes his other hand against his raincoat, before proffering it to Miz Dekka.

DS JACK LANGHAM

(offering a handshake)

Uh!..Detective Sergeant Jack Langham, Norfolk Constabulary, pleased to meet you, my car is parked just outside.

Dekka switches on and off a perfunctory smile and tucks the handle of her trolley into the outstretched detectives hand. Then in a polite but businesslike manner suggests.

SAM DEKKA

Well! Detective Jack Langham of the Norfolk Constabulary, what are we waiting for? Let's go.

Samantha Dekka turns, and with a nonchalant sway of her hips, strides towards the main exit. Jack Langham dutifully follows the 'click' 'click' sound of her stiletto heels, pulling the American visitors luggage in tow.

EXT. FENLANDS

Adam has arrived at the stream of an irrigation canal. A man made channel. Its gentle flow is several metres wide at the head of its source, and he has managed to find a secluded stretch, shrouded by an outcrop of vegetation.

Adam's guitar is propped up against the dead root of gorse bush. The young man is stripping down to his boxer shorts, on the open ground, and is preparing to enter the canal.

A pair of eyes are watching Adam disrobe, from the cover of the adjacent vegetation. Adam's naked back is in full view. He discards the last of his clothing, unaware of the prying eyes, he wades waist deep into the water.

INT. DS LANGHAM'S CAR SAMETIME

DS Langham is sitting at the wheel. Sam Dekka is sitting alongside, staring out of the window, a bored look on her face. A cigarette is smouldering in the dashboard ashtray. The vehicle is brought to a halt in a traffic jam.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Is this your first visit to Norfolk  
Miss Dekka?

Sam Dekka turns briefly to face the Detective and succinctly answers.

SAM DEKKA

Yes.

She turns her attention back to the side-window.

The traffic jam appears to be testing the Detective's patience. He reaches down and collects up a blue light, and with an outstretched arm directs it through the opened window, clamping it to the car's roof. He switches on the siren and pulls the car out of traffic.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Well if you're ever get to spend  
any time in Norwich and you want  
some proper English pub grub then  
you can't go wrong with The Wheat  
Sheaf, it's *that* pub over  
*there*...they do a lovely steak and  
ale pie, mash, fresh veg, the lot-

Sam Dekka glances over at Langham with indifference, and then turns her gaze to the cigarette still burning in the ashtray.

SAM DEKKA

-Detective Sergeant Langham, must you smoke? ...Don't you people have laws about that sort of thing over here?

The Detective hastily jettisons the cigarette through the opened window. The road ahead appears clear.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Sorry!..Force of habit..my friends call me Jack by the way.

SAM DEKKA

And the Siren, Detective Sergeant, is it really necessary?

The Detective leans forward and is momentarily distracted by the sight of shapely brown legs. He stretches across and switches the siren off just as his passenger decides to arrange the hem of her skirt.

The signpost up ahead reads: WISBROOK 13 MILES.

EXT. FENLANDS SAMETIME

The prying eyes continue to watch as the young man begins washing his hair and upper body. He looks fit and lean.

Adam is suddenly alerted by the sound of twigs snapping. He freezes, turns and looks warily around.

His attention is drawn to the fleeting movement of something or someone hidden in the undergrowth. He looks over to his clothes strewn about on the ground.

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

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

FIELD

As Adam gains on the fleeing girl she trips on a furrow and tumbles. She looks up in alarm at the young man standing over her, and she takes long deep breathes.

Adam looks down at the girl he had glimpsed the night before. Droplets of water slip from his torso down onto his denims, which remain unbuttoned at the waist.

ADAM

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

Adam slowly leans down and offers an outstretched arm, which seems to frighten the girl even more. The girl's chest rises and falls with each pant of her breath. She casts her eyes about her, like a cornered doe looking for a means of escape. Then suddenly she kicks out.

Adam's torso buckles up and he sinks unceremoniously to his knees as the full force of the blow thumps into his groin. He let's out a gasp, and collapses on top of the girl. She attempts to scramble clear.

Adam struggles to his feet and rubs at his groin, before doing up his jeans. He searches and finds his wallet in his back pocket.

ADAM

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

The girl remains rigid, on her back, her dress muddied from the fall. Her body is at rest, her breathing has eased. She looks warily across at Adam.

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. I promise.

EXT. CAMPSITE

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

Denny is standing alongside, toying with his hunting knife. Some earthworms wriggle from the soil deposit, and a rain beetle scurries to the edge of the plastic sheet.

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

COLIN (V.O.)  
 (enthusiastically)  
 See look!..see how the colours of the soil are different, that gives an indication of the depth it was drawn from...the darker the pile that's 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..there's less nutrients.

DENNY (V.O.)  
 looks like a pile of mud to me!

Colin and Denny are knelt beside the plastic sheet. Denny starts to trace his knife haphazardly across the neatly stacked soil samples, taunting 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 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 looks up at the tip of the blade, pointing directly at him. He gulps.

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 a smirk, then a smile, and finally to mocking laughter. Denny slaps his thigh and mimics Colin's alarm.

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

EXT. CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Spooner's daughter is sitting cross legged, on the canal bank, with her back to the water. She tries to speak.

Despite her several hesitant attempts to articulate, the girl's stammering causes her words to fall stillborn. In frustration she scrambles across the ground and collects up a stick, returning to scratch out 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 his name on the ground. ADAM

ADAM  
My name is Adam.

The girl returns the smile, appearing more at ease.

Adam sits back down on the ground, holding onto his socks.

ADAM  
You were the girl at the window!

Bess' 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 petrol 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. She concentrates on her words.

BESS  
F..f.father Say me you were lookin  
f.for fuel...I lives with my  
f..father and two older brothers.

ADAM  
(despondently)  
You mean those guys carrying  
shotguns?

Bess makes to get up, a slight look of concern on her face.

Overhead the relentless drone of an approaching engine can be heard.

BESS

I'd b.better now be a gorn, or  
verra loikely they'll be out a  
lookin' for me!

Adam touches her pale arm, urging her to stay.

ADAM

No wait!..please..I only want to  
talk with you awhile-.

Suddenly the thumping sound of a rotor engine drowns out further communication. They both look up to catch sight of the helicopters undercarriage passing 500 feet overhead.

EXT. FENLANDS (AERIAL VIEW) SAMETIME

An executive helicopter flies over a small rural town.

As the aircraft descends into view, the name Anglo-American Corps can be seen etched along the coach in gold paint-work

INT. HELICOPTER SAMETIME

The pilot looks back over his shoulder and points downwards

EXT. CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Adam pulls on a sock. Bess has sat back down, she is watching Adam as he finishes dressing.

ADAM

(casually)

And your mother does she live with  
you on the farm?

The girl delays her response before looking skyward.

BESS

Ma went into the arms of our Lord  
when I w.was s..s..six!

Adam halts tying a shoelace and looks across at the girl, as though contemplating words of sympathy, but Bess offers up a brave smile instead, and the moment passes in silence.

EXT. REMOTE AIRFIELD FENLANDS SAMETIME

A Tri-star executive helicopter hovers 50 feet above a heli-pad. Its downdraft flattening the grass. The coach-work bears the Company's name: ANGLO-AMERICAN CORP.

The aircraft drops gently onto the pad. The motor disengages; and the cabin door opens. A distinguished looking man, in his late forties, steps from the craft.

The man stoops slightly below the centrifugal force of the blades and then, once clear, straightens up, and adjusts the buttons on his blazer.

Sam Dekka rushes forward to shake hands with the man.

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER  
Hugh Pemberton - Carter, pleased to  
meet you, you must be Sam?

The American holds her windswept hair in place while offering her other hand to the elegant man in the blazer.

SAM DEKKA  
Pleased to meet ya.

Hugh guides Sam towards the cabin door.

DS Langham has his car parked up a short distance from the heli-pad. He is leaning back against the driver's door, chewing gum, and surveying the scene.

The helicopter lifts from the ground spiralling skyward.

Jack Langham spits the chewing gum out onto the ground and starts rummaging in his pocket for a packet of cigarettes.

The helicopter is practically out of view when Langham lights up his cigarette, turns, and gets into his vehicle.

EXT. CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Bess is doodling idly with a stick in the dirt. Adam is watching the girl.

ADAM  
How old are your brothers?

BESS  
(smiling)  
Brother Tom is t..twenty and  
brother Martin is t..twenty Fi-

ADAM  
-And you?

The girl looks shyly about her, as if avoiding the question. Adam tries another tack.

ADAM

I'm twenty two, got a twin brother  
Colin, we're students on a field  
trip..up from London.

Bess looks over into the eyes of the young man sitting across  
from her.

BESS

Come f.friday I'll be nineteen.

ADAM

You sure are pretty!

Bess blushes, Adam tries to rescue the situation.

ADAM

That sounds corny I know, but it  
doesn't stop it being true...anyway  
here's wishing you a happy birthday  
come Friday.

Bess casts her gaze towards the outcrop of vegetation, and  
her eyes come upon the guitar. She scurries over to retrieve  
it.

Returning with the guitar, Bess proceeds to drop the  
instrument into Adam's arms, then cheekily demands.

BESS

P.play for me!

EXT AERIAL VIEW OVER THE FENS SAMETIME

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

INT. HELICOPTER SAMETIME

Sam Dekka and Hugh are sat together in the executive cabin of  
the helicopter. They are gazing down at the land below. Hugh  
speaks with a received pronunciation borne of a public school  
education.

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER

We are still negotiating the transfer of some of the land in this area, but one hopes to start laying pipes for gas and water just as soon as!..We've already brought some heavy plant in at our site some five miles from here..but it seems that you Americans chaps want everything sewn up yesterday.

SAM DEKKA

(smiling)

Time's money. So what's the overall scale of redevelopment. Assuming we get the full cooperation of your government?

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER (V.O.)

The Company are looking to push right through, all the way to the Bay of the Wash, some thousand square miles of land, about a fifth the size of Wales...This region was all reclaimed from the sea, back in the seventeenth century by Dutch labourers..I guess you could say that Anglo-American are simply reclaiming it again, in the twenty first century.

Sam Dekka turns from the window and looks at her host.

SAM DEKKA

And the opposition?

HUGH PEMBERTON-CARTER

(dismissive)

Greens, environmentalists, local anarchists, the usual suspects.

EXT CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Adam sits cross legged on the ground playing acoustic guitar. He strums his fingers deftly across its strings, his voice is tinged with a gentle melancholy. Bess listens intently to the refrain.

ADAM

(singing/guitar)

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

A flock of gulls swoop from the sky, dive bombing the land, picking over the earthworms in the fields along the canal.

ADAM  
(singing)  
..the Foaming sea, breaking,  
crashing on the shore..how could  
you seek something more?-

Bess sits wistfully humming the melody. Her pretty face cradled against her knees.

ADAM  
(singing)  
..to the house on the hill, above  
the shore..how could you seek, seek  
something more?

Adam strums the final note and ends with a flourish and a performer's bow. He addresses an imaginary audience.

ADAM  
Ladies and gentlemen, thank  
you..Something More..a song I have  
dedicated to a beautiful girl  
called Bess..who is going to be  
nineteen on Friday.

An overjoyed Bess begins clapping enthusiastically.

A veil of stratus cumulus begins to cloud the greying sky as the light slowly draws in across the Fens.

INT FARMHOUSE EVENING

The Spooner menfolk are gathered around the dinner table, cutlery has been set out before them. Eli Spooner sits at the head of the table. His eyes are fixed on a closed door. His mood is pensive.

Brothers Tom and Martin are sitting either side of their father. There is a vacant chair. Tom is studying a letter.

ELI SPOONER  
Come on Tom, what does it say?..I  
haven't got my reading glasses on

Tom is clearly struggling to read the letter's content. Eventually he announces.

TOM  
It's addressed to you father!

ELI SPOONER  
 (testily)  
 I already knows that much, our  
 Thomas!

Martin reaches across and relieves his younger brother of the letter and begins to decipher it.

MARTIN  
 It's a Police Notice, father. Says  
 'ere Norfolk Constabulary, says,  
 '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 before continuing.

MARTIN  
 'to date, no application has been  
 filed in respect of renewal  
 licences for weapons currently  
 recorded as being at or located on  
 the property of Elias Tobias  
 Spooner, of Graveney farm, Spalding  
 lane, Wisbrook, Norfolk County'.

Martin pauses, a look of concern blotting his expression.

MARTIN  
 - they's goes on to say  
 father...'under Subsection four of  
 the dangerous weapons act, it is a  
 criminal offence to use, trade,  
 transport or store firearms without  
 a registered licence'-.

Eli Spooner grooms his wispy beard as he listens. He remains silent, and his hawkish eyes continue staring at the door.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
 'you are required by law to  
 register, within the next seven  
 days, an application in respect of  
 any firearms currently in your  
 possession-.

Tom looks puzzled and tries to interrupt but his brother presses on regardless.

MARTIN

Failure to comply with this Notice  
may result in a fine and or  
imprisonment, and confiscation of  
all weapons held in  
con..contravention.

Tom looks at his father and asks.

TOM

Wha's that mean father?

MARTIN

They's fixin' to take our guns  
brother...tha's what tha' means.

TOM

(cockily)

Tha's a lotta ol squit, we'll show  
'em..the Spooners don't give up  
their shotguns for nobody, ain't  
that righ' father? We ain't afraid  
of no Police Notice.

Eli bangs his fist fiercely on the table. He rages.

ELI SPOONER

Enough!..Enough or may the Lord be  
witness I'll take my belt to ya  
Thomas, an yu'll larf th'other side  
a y'r kisser.

Spooner looks across as his daughter quietly enters the room  
carrying a large casserole dish. His rage subsides and the  
room falls silent.

Bess dutifully places the hot dish on the dinning table, then  
delicately takes up her seat beside her brothers.

Eli Spooner stares over at Bess and, for the briefest moment,  
a paternal glint flickers in those hawkish eyes.

Tom and Martin stare hungrily at the steaming casserole dish  
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 yu Lord for wha' we are about  
to receive-

EXT: CAMPSITE MORNING

A boot kicks over the embers of a campfire. Colin is stood outside the tent talking to Denny.

COLIN

(Worried)

Are you sure the tent will be safe here..I mean?

DENNY

Look around ya man! Who the fuck's gonna come all the way out 'ere just to nick ya friggin' tent.

Adam calls across, still raking the ashes with his boot.

ADAM

Are we going into town, then?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD MORNING

Denny is back at the wheel of his van. The way ahead is clear of traffic and a light mist is lifting from the surrounding fields. A brace of rabbits have emerged from the hedgerow, and are foraging for food by the roadside.

INT. CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

Denny suddenly swerves the van towards the rabbits, they scatter. Adam cries out from the back of the vehicle.

ADAM

What'ya doing?

DENNY

Dinner!

Both rabbits dart out of harms way and Denny decides to return the vehicle to the centre of the road.

ADAM

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

DENNY

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

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

EXT: PETROL STATION (THE FENS) SAMETIME

The van pulls into a deserted garage and rolls up to the fore-court pump. A collection of wrecked vehicles and worn tyres litter the perimeter of the garage.

Raised voices can be heard coming from inside the fore-court shop, which resembles a dilapidated shed. Adam and Colin scramble from the vehicle.

The door of the shop opens and someone dressed in a DOLPHIN COSTUME scurries towards the van.

INT. CAMPER VAN SAMETIME

Denny stops rolling his cigarette as he catches sight of the dolphin dragging its tail across the fore-court.

DENNY  
 What the fuck 'ave we got 'ere?

EXT PETROL STATION (THE FENS) SAMETIME

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

DOLPHIN  
 We're closin', but I'll make you  
 folks the laaast!

Colin unscrews the van's fuel cap and remarks.

COLIN  
 But it's only ten in the morning!

DOLPHIN  
 We gotta demo to go to, see...now  
 'ow much petrol you be needin'?

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

The dolphin begins pumping fuel.

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

ADAM

The what?

DOLPHIN

(earnestly)

The North Anglia Homestead  
Alliance, NOAH. Cos we aim to  
highlight the flood of capitalism  
washing away our 'omes 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, across the fore-court, towards the shop.  
Colin replaces the fuel cap. Denny shouts out of the window

DENNY

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

The Dolphin is in conversation with Colin.

DOLPHIN

You boys ain't local then.

COLIN

We're up from London. I'm with my  
brother Colin we're geology  
students (pointing) he's Denny,  
we've hired his van for the week.

INT SHOP SAMETIME

Adam enters the shop and can see a GORILLA sitting at the  
cash desk. The gorilla looks up.

EXT GARAGE FORE-COURT SAMETIME

The dolphin continues chatting to Colin.

DOLPHIN

I's been down to that London.  
Followed the Norwich a few years  
back, when we goes down to the  
Arsenal, FA Cup sixth round it  
was...lost Two nil..don't know how  
you people live in all tha'  
concrete, bloody glad to get back I  
was.

COLIN  
Oh it's not so bad.

INT SHOP SAMETIME

The head of the gorilla has been removed to reveal a freckled youth shrouded in a hairy ape suit.

YOUTH  
Tha' be thirty seven pounds,  
seventy five, thanks.

ADAM  
So You're off to the demo?

Handing back the change.

YOUTH  
How's yu know tha' then?

ADAM  
Lucky guess.

The youth gazes down at his hairy chest.

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

EXT SPOONER'S FARM SAMETIME

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

Martin, the older brother, has his shirt off and is pounding the stakes into the soil with a sledge hammer. Tom is operating the cable stretcher, winding the wire taut across the posts.

Eli Spooner slices 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 whicker basket and a jug of milk.

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 and wave placards which read: HANDS OFF OUR LANDS-NOAH. Some of the demonstrators are wearing animal costumes

They jeer at the thin line of uniformed officers flanking them, whilst a posse of police motorcycles speed up and down the road marshalling the column.

POLICE (V.O.)  
 ...Whisky kilo bravo...numbering  
 between four to five hundred, B,  
 one, four, two..half a mile from  
 Wisbrook..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 by pouring out glasses of fresh milk.

MARTIN  
 They's 'avin that public meetin'  
 over at the town council this  
 a'noon father, d'you reckon they'll  
 sort anythin' out?

ELI SPOONER  
 ...talk's Cheap son.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD DAYTIME

The van crawls through the throng of protestors, ushered on by the police escort. Some in the crowd jump up and down, jubilantly taunting the vehicle with their placards. A disgruntled Denny winds down the window and shouts back.

DENNY  
 Tossers!

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

INT CAMPER VAN DAYTIME

Adam exchanges an - oh no!- glance with his brother, before scrambling across Denny's lap to draw the window closed.

ADAM  
 (ironically)  
 Nice one Denny!

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

Denny accelerates the van past the BBC Outside Broadcast vehicle, at the head of the column of protestors.

## INT. TOWN COUNCIL MEETING HALL

The meeting hall is filled with local residents, many are standing at the back of the room, including DS Langham. The locals are in an angry mood.

Sam Dekka is the only female on the six strong panel.

A local man gets up off his chair and points an accusing finger at the panel, they are sat behind a long table arranged on a stage. The heckler is red faced and shouts.

## ANGRY MAN

As loike this 'ere 'ere, trouble  
with you London people is y'all  
after feathering your own nests,  
our families 'ave farmed this land  
'ere for hundreds of years and, and  
you think ya money's good ta buy us  
all off...But I got suffen a-say to  
yo, we won't give up our lands  
without a fight!

At this, the assembled audience stomp their feet and slow clap their hands in support; and the atmosphere in the room turns hostile.

Sam Dekka gets to her feet in an attempt to pacify the public. She leans forward to speak into a microphone.

## SAM DEKKA

Ladies and gentleman, everything is  
being done to ensure that this  
project will have minimum adverse  
effects on both the environment as  
well as individual land owners,  
Anglo - American pledge (the  
audience jeer)...we pledge-

## EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK SAMETIME

The trio from London are standing around a shopping trolley in the car park of a local supermarket.

Adam and Colin are busily loading supplies into the back of the van. Denny is holding up some cans of beer. He stares lovingly at them.

## DENNY

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

Beyond the car park, an increasing number of locals are massing. The demonstrators pass by in a vociferous mood.

ADAM

C'mon let's get back before all the roads are blocked.

Police sirens screech out across the rural hamlet. Denny stands in the car park and cracks open a can of beer.

DENNY

Fuck me! It's fiercer than Camden town on a Saturday night.

ADAM

Denny, c'mon we gotta get going.

Denny adopts a fighter's stance, kicking and punching the air. He spills some of his beer in the process and licks the froth from the top of the can. He smiles.

DENNY

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

Adam slams shut the rear door of the van while Colin returns the trolley. He implores Denny.

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!

INT COUNCIL LOBBY SAMETIME

The entrance to the Council Offices are under siege. Two Council employees are furiously pushing against the main door, in a futile attempt to keep it closed.

Langham races down the hallway toward the main window, he can see a cordon of uniformed officers being forced back against the Council building by the surge of demonstrators.

EXT COUNCIL OFFICES SAMETIME

Several hundred placard waving demonstrators have engulfed the Police cordon and are forcing their way into the lobby.

## INT COUNCIL MEETING HALL

Inside the hall, things have reached fever pitch. The public are on their feet, jeering the panel members. A councillor stands up, hands raised, imploring the baying audience to calm down.

Langham is taking directions from a Steward who is pointing beyond the stage. The DS moves from the back of the hall, circling the angry audience until he reaches the stage.

The Detective has climbed onto the stage and is tugging on the arm of Sam Dekka, who appears reluctant to leave her seat. Langham leans down and whispers into the woman's ear.

DS JACK LANGHAM

We gotta go!

Dekka is resisting the Detectives pleas, and seems more interested in events taking place in the room.

DS JACK LANGHAM

We gotta go now!

Langham scoops up the lawyer's attache case and drags her away, hurriedly directing her towards a rear exit.

## INT COUNCIL LOBBY SAMETIME

The meeting room door buckles under the weight of the demonstrators, and they pour in. Mayhem ensues.

## INT DS LANGHAM'S CAR MOMENTS LATER

Langham is sitting at the wheel of his car. The vehicle is stationary, and he is looking in the rear view mirror.

The reflection of Sam Dekka scowls back at him from the rear seat. She says nothing. Only the sporadic wail of Police sirens interrupts the icy silence they share.

The Detective finally speaks to the brown eyes glaring back at him in the mirror. Their is an exasperated tone to him.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Let's get this straight lady, I've been assigned to protect you, I ain't your chauffeur, and this ain't driving Miss Daisy, so a little more cooperation on your part would be appreciated-

SAM DEKKA

-And does your assignment include  
man handling me Detective?

DS JACK LANGHAM

-Look! I've got less than 70 days  
left playing cops and robbers...I  
drew the short straw on this one,  
so I get the job of looking after  
your 'behind' for a few days..  
Then, and if I do my job well, I  
can pack you safely off back to  
Texas, or wherever your from.

SAM DEKKA

(indignantlly)

- my 'behind' ?

DS JACK LANGHAM

-Trust me lady, so far it's giving  
me no pleasure.

SAM DEKKA

Your a dinosaur!

DS Langham switches on the car engine. Sam Dekka tut! tuts!  
and looks contemptuously out of the window.

EXT FENLANDS - DAYTIME

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

Three men are crouched in the marsh reeds below the course of  
the wildfowl. Eli Spooner picks his moment carefully and he  
directs the bore of his shotgun skyward, following the track  
of the goose in mid flight.

EXT CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Bess is sitting by the canal, dangling her toes in the water  
with a book at her side.

The tranquility at the canal is broken by the sound of two  
shotgun blasts vibrating across the fields. The girl looks up  
with a degree of concern.

EXT FENLANDS SAMETIME

A pink footed goose collapses in mid air and plummets to the  
ground.

TOM (V.O.)  
 Yu got it father!

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

EXT CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Bess, who is engrossed in her book, is startled when a pair of hands appear from behind her gently cupping her eyes. She suddenly grins, and lays her book down.

Adam takes his hands away and crouches down beside her, guitar strapped over his shoulder. She smiles back at him.

EXT FENLANDS SAMETIME

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

EXT CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Bess looks at Adam with a look of bewilderment and asks.

BESS  
 S.s.so there's no circus?

ADAM  
 (shaking his head)  
 There's no circus.

BESS  
 So.so why d'yu call it  
 P.p.Piccadilly Circus?

ADAM  
 Well It's a busy roundabout, like a  
 circle of traffic.

BESS  
 (mystified)  
 S..so why d'yu folks not be callin'  
 it Piccadilly Circle then?

Adam shrugs his shoulders, at a loss for words.

BESS  
 They larn us up 'ere in Norfolk  
 that folks ought to say what they  
 mean and mean what they say.

Adam glances down at the book beside the girl.

ADAM

Let's see what you're reading. (lifting the book) Doctor Shivago! So you're a hopeless romantic then?

BESS

It was m.m.mother's..I found a b..box with her old books in.

She takes back the book and stares at the cover.

BESS

Fa..father don't like me readin' these books..He say they're the Devil's temptations...but since ma died he keep on a-sayen I should read the scriptures-

ADAM

-and d'ya do everything your father says?

EXT FIELD SAMETIME

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

Colin is holding up a long metal pipe with cylindrical chambers. The pipe is the length of the walking stick, and Colin is patiently explaining it's significance to Denny.

COLIN

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

Colin forces the pipe into the soil and twists it.

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 as he gazes around at the research paraphernalia spread out on the ground. Colin continues with his master-class.

COLIN

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

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, seriously  
frustrating removal of the auger.

DENNY

So where's that brother of yours?

Colin crouches and begins preparing a second auger.

COLIN

Oh..Adam took off with his guitar,  
said he needed to work on a new  
song. Back in London he plays in a  
band.

DENNY

Ain't you two meant to be up here  
diggin' mud together?

Colin leans conspiratorially in towards Denny and confides.

COLIN

This was all my idea. To tell you  
the truth Denny, I really don't  
think his heart is in geology.

DENNY

(tossing cigarette butt)  
No shit Einstein!

EXT CANAL BANK SAMETIME

Adam is sitting behind Bess, on the canal bank. He leans over  
her slender shoulder and guides her fingers across the frets  
of the guitar. Bess giggles 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 at the same time. Then he kisses her full on the lips.

She closes her eyes and embraces him; the guitar slides from her grip, to the ground.

FADE TO:

EXT FENLANDS LANDSCAPE - EVENING

The view sweeps low over the canal, crossing the flat low-lying district and the craggy fields of root crops that stretch as far as the horizon.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT TIME

Eli Spooner is sitting in a threadbare armchair holding a pair of wire framed spectacles over a copy of the Old Testament. A pendulum clock stands against the wall, its mechanism sounds out the irreversible passing of time.

Nearby, at the dinner table, the Spooner boys are cleaning their shotguns. Arranged amongst the weaponry are pots of grease, oils and cloth.

TOM

See they be campin' over on old  
Pike's land, father.

Martin pushes a plunger down inside a shotgun barrel.

MARTIN

Who that be then Tom?

Tom re-attaches a guns breech and then, holding the barrels up to the light, he stares directly along the bore.

TOM

Oi dunno..verra loikely they be  
from tha' plannin'  
department..reckon old Pike's sold  
out to 'em.

INT FARMHOUSE KITCHEN SAMETIME

Bess is standing by the kitchen sink washing pots and pans, pausing occasionally to look up and gaze out of the window. It is as though she were expecting someone to come walking across the darkening landscape.

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT TIME

Denny's fingers drag a piece of bread across a plate, until it scrapes up the last of the egg yolk. He is sat around a campfire. He pops the morsel into his mouth and continues to expand upon his view of rural life.

DENNY

You see boys, the trouble with the 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 sound of a Tawney Owl can be heard cooing in the still night air.

DENNY

(waving a tin of lager)  
See!..Even the fuckin' wildlife agree with me.

Adam and Colin both crack up with laughter at Denny's banter, and the mood around the campfire lightens. Colin snaps twigs and tosses them into the flames, Adam searches in his back pocket, dramatically producing a flyer/leaflet.

ADAM

Voila! Take a good look at this.

COLIN

What is it?

ADAM

It's a flyer, remember those guys that helped us out on the road, they gave this to me before we left..The Apache John Band..live at the Bell Public house. Acoustic country blues, this Friday 25 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 at Adam with a grin.

DENNY

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

INT SPOONER'S LIVING ROOM SAMETIME

Eli Spooner has dozed off in his armchair, with his back to the TV set, a copy of the Old Testament balances on his lap, a pair of wire framed spectacles cling to his nose.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

We are joined tonight in the BBC Norwich studio by Samantha Dekka.. a respected American Land and property lawyer, graduate of Harvard University and a representative of the Anglo-American corporation..we are also joined, from our studio in London, by Noel Trooper, a lifelong environmental campaigner and an MEP for the Green Party.

The pendulum clock in the room swings inexorably against the voices on the TV set.

LIVING ROOM DINNER TABLE.

The Spooner boys are sat around the dinner table with their guns in various stages of disassembly. They look up with only a fleeting interest, at the News debate on the TV.

CLOSE UP: TV SCREEN

ON SCREEN. The male newscaster sits opposite Sam Dekka in a TV studio. Sam looks poised and relaxed. In the background, an internal viewing screen projects the bearded and sombre face of the Environmentalist Noel Trooper.

MALE NEWSCASTER

Miss Dekka let me come to you first..Britain hasn't seen land lease deals like this since the Marshall plan, just after World War Two..Surely this is, to use an American expression, Carpet bagging, by any other name?

SAM DEKKA

Certainly not, as an American and a guest in the UK, I can vouch for the sincerity of the special relationship that our countries have historically shared..The US government are simply taking this opportunity to nourish that relationship. In, what, what some might say is Britain's hour of economic need.

NEWSCASTER

Like the 7th cavalry, coming over the horizon in the nick of time?

SAM DEKKA

No..not at all. What Anglo-American wants is to assist the UK, in any way it can to overcome its present economic recession.

NOEL TROOPER

(interrupting)

Can buying up vast swathes of our countryside be assisting us?

Dekka shifts uneasily in her chair before rebutting.

SAM DEKKA

Let's be clear about this. The joint UK/US land development proposals, are at this stage only proposals, and besides any future dispersal of land holdings would be on a temporary lease basis. Sovereignty over such areas would of course remain with the British Government, and therefore with the British people.

NOEL TROOPER

And what about the Super Runways?

LIVING ROOM

Bess is standing over her father, who is still dozing in his armchair. The girl leans down and gently lifts the bible from her father's lap. She carefully removes his glasses before taking hold of her drowsy father by the arm.

SAM DEKKA (O.S.)

The air bases in East Anglia would only be extended slightly to include areas of North Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, perhaps up as far as the Fen Land Wash.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

And what of the local population who have farmed this area for centuries?

SAM DEKKA (O.S.)

The US in partnership with the  
British Government would pledge to  
ensure that fair and prompt  
compensation would be paid to those  
landowners affected.

Eli Spooner, awoken by his daughter's touch looks up, and  
smiles at her.

BESS

F.father Let me help you to b.bed

Leaning against her shoulder for assistance, Eli Spooner  
slowly emerges from the armchair.

ELI SPOONER

I'll be sayin' good night to you  
boys then..God bless you.

The brothers call back in unison.

MARTIN/TOM SPOONER (O.S.)

God bless ya father.

Eli turns back to his daughter.

ELI SPOONER

Gonna need ya to work over East  
Marsh with ya brothers for a couple  
of days Bess.

LIVING ROOM DINNER TABLE.

Tom looks away from the TV set and calls over.

TOM

Father's gotta fix the Massey.

LIVING ROOM

Eli looks across at Bess, but she remains silent.

ELI SPOONER

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

Bess gently clasps her hands and obediently nods.

ELI SPOONER

Good night..God bless.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHT TIME

The night sky is clear. An austere stillness shrouds the farmyard. The house is in darkness as the occupants sleep.

INT BEDROOM SAMETIME

Bess tosses and turns in her sleep.

DREAM/NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE (FLASHBACK)

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE DAYTIME

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

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. She waves to the other children.

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

WOMAN

Hey! Bessie, you nearly forgot your satchel.

The little girl dutifully nods, turning back to the car.

WOMAN

Here..tell your mum I'm in a bit of a rush today, tell her I'll pop in to 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 car pulls away.

INT FARM HOUSE (NIGHTMARE)

The farmhouse door is pushed open. The place is eerily silent. The little girl looks about her as she moves down the hallway.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

(calling out)

Mummy!..Mummy!

At the far end of the hallway the kitchen door has been left slightly ajar. Only the sound of a pendulum clock swinging perpetually in the living room can be heard.

## KITCHEN

The kitchen door is slowly pushed aside.

A tiny pool of liquid has collected on the floor tiles directly below the legs of a suspended corpse.

A women's lifeless body hangs from a beam high above the kitchen floor, its momentum swings grotesquely above an upturned chair, in rhythmic time, like a pendulum clock.

The little girl looks up.

## INT BEDROOM (REAL-TIME/NIGHT)

Bess wakes in panic, bolting upright in her bed. She breathes rapidly. She purses her lips but her words are strangled.

BESS

M.m..m!

She looks fearfully around the darkened bedroom, and gradually her breathing eases.

FADE TO:

## EXT.COUNTRY ROAD DAYTIME

Langham's car speeds along a narrow country road, it indicates and overtakes a tractor trailer full of manure.

## INT CAR SAMETIME

Sam Dekka sits in the back of her car with her ear pressed against a mobile phone. She inhales sharply then hurriedly closes the window.

Langham passes the obstacle without incident. He talks into his car's dashboard radio receiver.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Delta Mike, two five, Victor Kilo

An unintelligible sound crackles back over the receiver

DS JACK LANGHAM

Book me ten two, routine firearms licence check, Marshes farm, copy.

EXT CANAL SAMETIME

UNDERGROWTH

A pair of eyes spy from behind the undergrowth. They observe the young couple embracing, beside the canal.

CANAL BANK

Adam's fingers are slowly undoing the buttons of the girl's dress. Bess is kissing Adam as though he were the last man on earth. Then suddenly she pulls away.

UNDERGROWTH

The prying eyes watch as the girl turns and dashes for the fields, with Adam chasing after her. Denny is concealing himself in undergrowth. He smirks with an almost playground complicity, whispering to himself.

DENNY

Well would you Adam and Eve it,  
College boys gone and found himself  
some poontang!

FIELD

Adam and Bess are standing together in a field. Bess has her head lowered. The girl stutters and then looks up at the young man through teary eyes.

BESS

I c.can't meet you again, f.father  
says to help my brothers over East  
Marshes, and you're g.going b.back  
to London, s.so I just came to  
s.say-

Adam interrupts the girl.

ADAM

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

The girl appears anxious to leave.

BESS

That'd be suicide!

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

BESS

Bess..wait!

Adam reaches into his pocket. He produces the flyer and pushes it into the girls hand. Bess looks at it while Adam hurriedly explains.

ADAM

You know this place, right?

Bess nods, Adam continues.

ADAM

Meet me there, in the car park,  
eight o'clock Friday night.

Bess looks at him in astonishment, shaking her head.

BESS

f.family don't go into town much,  
not s.since ma p.past away.

The girl's hand trembles as it offers back the crumpled flyer. She wipes away a shaft of a tear. Then she turns and flees across the field. Adam calls after her but she doesn't look back.

ADAM

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

EXT ENTRANCE TO SPOONER'S FARM DAYTIME

A car door is slammed shut.

DS Langham's car is parked at the entrance to Spooner's farm. Sam Dekka, still seated in the back, winds down her window and looks quizzically out at her surroundings.

From outside the car, the detective beseeches the lawyer.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Do me a favour lady, and just stay  
in the car, right now I'm on 'real'  
Police business, so please just  
stay put, it won't take long

Langham moves off towards the farmhouse.

Sam Dekka 'tut tuts' and moodily settles back in her seat.

## FARMYARD

It is a grey overcast day, and the detective is wearing a raincoat. The farmyard and the scattered collection of outbuildings appear to be deserted.

Langham knocks at the farmhouse, steps back and calls out.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
Eli, Eli, Martin..anybody home?

Langham receives no reply and begins to move about the farmyard. He hears voices coming from a corrugated shed at the rear of the estate.

## INT SHED SAMETIME

The Spooner men are using a block and tackle, and are in the process of winching an engine. The sump of the engine dangles a couple of feet over some cloth sacking. A disembowelled Massey Ferguson tractor stands idly alongside

ELI SPOONER  
Across, across, across, that's it,  
down, down, woo! Slowly boys.

Eli Spooner is clearly supervising events, watching carefully as his sons negotiate the block of metal safely onto the cloth sacking. Rivulets of oil drain from the sump onto Tom's boots. DS Langham stands in the doorway.

## INT CAR SAMETIME

Sam Dekka is sitting in the back of the car, Looking bored. She stares aimlessly out of the window at the cloudy sky.

Dekka gazes at the cluster of sheds and outbuildings encircling the farmhouse. She takes her I-phone from her bag and connects to the internet.

## INT SHED SAMETIME

DS Langham is appealing for cooperation. The Spooner brothers continue dismantling the engine block.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
Eli, Eli, you've known me long  
enough to know I ain't part of a  
plan to force you off the land.

Young Tom Spooner looks up with a wrench in the hand.

TOM  
So why's yoo fixin' to take our  
guns?

Eli Spooner snaps angrily at his son.

ELI SPOONER  
'old that tongue boy!

INT CAR SAMETIME

INSERT - MOBILE HANDSET SCREEN

Dekka's fingers touch screen the GPS icons: Region, area, and finally location maps appear alongside information.

- Marshes Farm 515 Acres - (Spooner E.)

EXT CAR SAMETIME

The car door opens and Sam Dekka steps from the rear of the vehicle carrying her I-Phone. She is wearing stiletto heels and a crisply pressed business suit.

INT SHED SAMETIME

DS JACK LANGHAM  
I haven't come about taking your  
guns, nor is this about taking your  
land, believe me.

INT/EXT FARMYARD SAMETIME

Sam Dekka is exploring the environs of the outbuildings. Her fingers constantly work the I- phone, summoning up further information.

MOBILE HANDSET SCREEN

A land registry file opens, showing details of Marshes farm. A UK Personal Database file opens with the words: ACCESS CODE REQUIRED.

Dekka's finger taps a series of on-screen numbers. A clearance code message flashes across the screen: US STATE DEPARTMENT - ACCESS GRANTED.

IDENTITY AND PERSONAL HISTORY FILE - ELI TOBIAS SPOONER  
7/1/1944 - appears on the screen.

EXT SHED SAMETIME

DS JACK LANGHAM

You just need to renew the licence  
on your firearms, that's all I'm  
here for.

Searching through the pockets of his raincoat.

DS JACK LANGHAM

I can leave you the paperwork, just  
fill it in and get it back to the  
station, it's a formality.

The Detective struggles to find what he is looking for.

DS JACK LANGHAM

I've left the papers in the car,  
I'll just go and get them.

INT OUTHOUSE BUILDING SAMETIME

Sam Dekka is moving around inside a windowless outhouse. The artificial light, from a low watt bulb, is poor and she is proceeding cautiously along a corridor.

EXT FARMYARD SAMETIME

DS Langham is in the farmyard and heading in the direction of his car. It has just started raining and the detective turns up the collars of his coat.

INT OUTHOUSE SAMETIME

Sam Dekka is approaching the far end of an 'L' shaped corridor, moving from the main corridor into an unlit space. Dekka screams out. Her I-Phone falls to the ground. She backs away from the eyes glinting at her in the dark.

EXT CAR/FARMYARD SAMETIME

The detective reacts to a scream coming from an outhouse.

INT OUTHOUSE SAMETIME

The animal is growling and advancing slowly towards the trembling intruder. Sam Dekka is fearfully backing into the light of the corridor.

The woman moves unsteadily on her stiletto heels and, looking back, has some 20 yards to make if she is to reach the door.

The Alsatian bares its canines and a trail of saliva drools from its jaws. The wolverine has a collar fixed about its neck, and this is tethered to a long chain that is dragged across the straw.

Sam is staring down at the chain unfurling when a pair of hands cup her lips, startling her still further. The detective whispers over her shoulder and into her ear.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Stay quiet, it'll be okay..I want you to slide yourself slowly around behind me.

The dog looks up at this new adversary, and its growling hardens as though it were setting itself for attack.

The couple appear to be locked in some bizarre tango step, with the woman slowly manoeuvring her body around and behind the pot-bellied detective.

SAM DEKKA

It's gonna attack.

Langham does not take his eyes off the dog. He whispers to Sam and slowly pushes her away.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Take off your shoes and just back away slowly to the door.

Sam Dekka trembles and for once she does as she is told.

Langham looks across at the chain, it still has several feet of slack left. He glances back and can see Sam Dekka is barefoot and nearing the door.

Langham carefully removes his raincoat. He is talking inanity to the dog throughout. The sound of rain can be heard buffeting the corrugated roof.

DS JACK LANGHAM

(nervously)

Easy now, easy, there now. Look I'm backing away , easy there.

Langham is back tracking along the corridor. He is wrapping his arm with his coat. The hound crouches on its haunches. It snarls, showing its fangs, before leaping for the intruder's throat. Langham raises his arm up as a shield.

The dog is in mid-air when the chain about its neck tightens, yanking the canine back to earth with a thud.

INT/EXT OUTHOUSE MOMENTS LATER

Langham throws open the door and rushes, panting for breath, into the rain.

Sam Dekka is standing barefoot, clutching her shoes in the downpour. She is drenched, trembling and in distress. Langham places his raincoat across the women's shoulders. He takes her arm and leads her back to the car. The Spooner men confront them in the yard.

ELI SPOONER

Reckon we got trespassers garpen  
'bout the place, boys!

Eli Spooner turns to his sons stood alongside him. Young Tom stares at the women while she tries to compose herself.

TOM

I recognize you lady, she was on  
telly las' night father, she's with  
th' yankee land company.

Martin corroborates his younger brother's claim.

MARTIN

Tha's right father...she was.

Langham has an arm around Sam and is guiding her away but Eli blocks his path. They stand face to face. The detective stares into the cold hawkish eyes of Eli Spooner.

ELI SPOONER

How many pieces of silver are they  
payin' you Jack?

The detective and the farmer stare implacably back at each other in the pouring rain. The sound of a police communication crackles over the radio receiver clipped to the detectives belt.

ELI SPOONER

(quietly)  
Now get off my land.

Langham brushes past Eli Spooner, as he leads Dekka towards the car.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Next time, I'll bring a warrant.

Spooner watches the couple depart. He points a warning finger

ELI SPOONER  
 Hear thee Jack...The Epistle of  
 Paul, the Apostle, to the  
 Romans..hear thee-

Eli Spooner calls after him, through the rain.

ELI SPOONER  
 For the wages of sin *is* death; but  
 the gift of God is eternal life,  
 remember Jack..The wages of sin,  
 the wages of Sin!

INT TENT SOMETIME LATER

The trio from London are sitting on the floor of the tent drinking beer and playing poker for matchsticks. A lamp lights up the tiny space. The rain can be heard falling against the tarpaulin.

Denny is revisiting the rules of 7 card draw poker for the benefit of Colin. Their respective card hands are laid out. 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 twos!

Colin points to his Ace card. Denny retorts.

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

Adam who is sitting holding two cards, smiles and triumphantly lays down his two picture cards.

ADAM  
 Whereas I, on the other hand, have  
 a pair of fives and a pair of  
 queens.

Adam grins back at his two opponents and rakes in the pile of matches placed as a wager. Denny grows tetchy and opens up another can of lager. He pushes his cards towards Adam.

DENNY  
Your fuckin' deal smart arse!

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

DENNY  
Fuck off and deal the cards.

Denny opens a tobacco tin. Inside there are a number of dried plant buds. He lifts the tin up to his nostrils and inhales. He lets out a blissful sigh.

DENNY  
Now that's real good shit!

Adam is shuffling the pack of cards. The sound of the rain can be heard lashing against the outside of the tent. Colin asks no-one in particular.

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

DENNY  
How the fuck should I know!

Denny is completing the final stages in building a marijuana joint. Adam is dealing out three hands of cards. Denny lights up, inhales the fat 'joint' and then exhales, filling the small tent with smoke.

Colin coughs and Denny smiles and passes the 'joint'. Colin stares at the offering as though it were a hand grenade. He shakes his head.

COLIN  
No thanks.

DENNY  
(insistently)  
Come on! Take a puff you Nancy!

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

DENNY

Take it!

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

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

The sound of rain hitting tarpaulin suddenly stops.

ADAM

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

Colin looks somewhat surprised at his brother's reaction. Denny leans in covets the joint from Adam.

DENNY

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

Adam picks up two cards and holds them close to his chest.

COLIN

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

Denny lifts his cards, he 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 lays down his cards and scampers to the entrance to the tent.

DENNY

I thought we was playin' fuckin' cards here, now this fuckin woosy's 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 at Adam just as Colin crawls from the tent.

DENNY

Or what! What y'gonna do college boy, sing me to death?

Adam watches as a smirk flickers across Denny's face.

EXT EDGE OF FIELD NIGHT

Colin is stood on the edge of a field, relieving himself. He looks up at the cosmos with a broad grin on his face. The clouds have cleared, leaving in there wake a dark blue ceiling of sky, liberally sprinkled with stars.

Adam unzips his flies. He stands alongside Colin. Only a breeze stirs across the Fens; And only the sound of two men making little puddles disturbs the local peace.

COLIN

It's a beautiful night brother.

Adam looks up at the stars.

ADAM

It sure is brother.

COLIN

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

ADAM

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 d'ya mean?

COLIN  
Well, you know, it's always been  
like that hasn't it? Even back when  
we were in the playground.

Adam continues to take care of the business at hand while listening to his brother recounting a childhood memory.

COLIN  
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 apologize.

Adam laughs and joins in.

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?

The brothers chuckle together under the veil of stars.

ADAM  
How old were we?

COLIN  
Six, maybe seven.

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

COLIN  
What was Denny going on about back  
there about keeping secrets or  
something.

Adam looks over at his twin and makes light of the matter.

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

Colin gazes across the sweep of fields lit by the moon. A look of pure contentment spreads over his face. He turns to his brother and says.

COLIN  
I bloody love it here!

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

EXT THE COACH HOUSE HOTEL NIGHT TIME

A host of stars hang in the sky, high above the rustic hotel. The detectives vehicle is in the car park.

INT THE COACH HOUSE HOTEL SAMETIME

Jack Langham is carrying a pint of 'black' beer and a glass of orange juice from the hotel bar. He crosses a room full of guests, and heads towards a table occupied by Sam Dekka.

Sam is clearly intoxicated and her hand wobbles when she raises the whisky tumbler to her lips. She looks up.

SAM DEKKA  
(slurring her words)  
My hero! Detective Sergeant  
Langham, the man of the hour, one  
of Norfolk's finest, can I call you  
Jack?....Jack.

The detective passes the beer to Sam Dekka and takes up a seat, nursing the orange juice and a sombre expression. Sam looks across at Jack with her tipsy grin.

She has changed into a black strapless dress. She strokes the long black draught of beer placed before her.

SAM DEKKA  
Not joining me Jack?

DS JACK LANGHAM  
I'm on duty, are you sure you  
haven't had enough?

Sam polishes of the last mouthful of whisky. Jack looks on.

SAM DEKKA  
Always on duty huh!..Jack.

Sam raises the pint unsteadily to her red lips.

SAM DEKKA  
 What d'you British call this?

Jack turns his attention away from observing the clientele.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
 Guinness, we call it Guinness.

She begins to blow globules of creamy white foam from the head of beer.

SAM DEKKA  
 D'ya get a spoon with this Jack?  
 (She giggles to herself).

The Texan begins to pour the beer down her neck as though she had been weened on the stuff. The detective is looking on with incredulity as she finishes nearly half the contents in one action.

She places the glass down and delicately raises her hand to her cherry red lips, shielding a tiny burp.

SAM DEKKA  
 (timidly)  
 Sorry Jack, it's been a tough day

DS JACK LANGHAM  
 Where did you learn to drink like that?

Sam adopts a dramatic, almost seductive expression. She flashes her eyelashes at the detective and assumes a comic Latino accent.

SAM DEKKA  
 (very tipsy)  
 Soy Senorita Samantha Maria Carmen Delgado Dekka, but you can continue to call me Sam and mi padre owns the largest cerveza plant that's beer to you gringos.

Jack looks on with a renewed interest while Sam, a little drunker, returns to her Texan manner of speaking.

SAM DEKKA  
 Daddy owns the largest beer bottling franchise, north of the Rio Grande.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
 Which makes you?

SAM DEKKA

(twirling a finger)

Well! That makes me Jack the extremely privileged, some might even say 'spoilt' Tex-Mex daughter of a billionaire 'Wet back'...did you know I got a first from Harvard?

Sam is drunk enough to laugh at her own jokes, which does not go unnoticed by the conservative clientele in the restaurant. She waggles the pint in the air.

SAM DEKKA

God bless America!

Sam polishes off another mouthful of beer.

DS JACK LANGHAM

A what back?

SAM DEKKA

A 'wet back' Oh! I think you guys call 'em Asylum seekers over here Jack. Back in the States they called my daddy a 'wet back', well at least they did before he went and got himself filthy rich.

The billionaire's daughter wiggles her finger at Jack.

SAM DEKKA

- Asylum seekers, I like that, you British are so goddam polite, b.but for a tiny little Island y'all sure make it easy for folks to sneak in. (thoughtful pause) Your back door's always open Jack, so to speak.

DS JACK LANGHAM

(Glibly)

Yeah well, we're all just praying for the day our American cousins finally buy up our tiny little island, so that they can concrete the whole place over for us.

The Detective throws his hands up in exasperation.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Hell! Who needs green fields when you can have a shopping mall.

Sam looks quizzically across at the detective.

SAM DEKKA

That's a joke right Jack, I mean  
your not serious, cos let me tell  
you Jack, Anglo-American (she  
whispers). Anglo-American are not  
here to build shopping malls.

Sam looks around the hotel bar at the other guests, and only  
when satisfied that her conversation is not being overheard  
does she whispers back.

SAM DEKKA

We're here to build Super Runways,  
Super runways Jack..not Shopping  
malls.

The detective lifts his empty glass and gets to his feet. He  
suggests laconically.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Well I'm sure that will come as a  
big relief to the local farmers.

Sam nods in affirmation, then polishes off her Guinness.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Do you want another drink?

Sam's eyes light up, and she says.

SAM DEKKA

It's my around! Isn't that what you  
British say.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Something like that. Anyway I'm up  
now so what will it be.

SAM DEKKA

(stifling her amusement)  
A Jack Daniels, please Jack.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHT TIME

The pendulum clock in the living room swings and marks 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, and then places his Old Testament bible on the  
mantelpiece above the fireplace.

Bess is stitching a floral dress. Her brothers are playing cribbage (Old English card game) at the table. Eli looks over to his daughter.

ELI SPOONER

Ain't no need for you to be fixin  
up tha' dress, daughter. Father  
promised to take ya into town on  
the morrow, buy you a new one, it  
bein' ya birthday an' all.

Bess looks up from her sewing and asks timidly.

BESS

F.father, c.can we go l..listen to  
Apache John instead, they be  
p.playin' tomorrow In the Bell?  
ain't got a need for a n.new dress,  
I can f.fix this up fine.

ELI SPOONER

'pache who?

Tom seizes on the question.

TOM

Apache John, father, you know that  
band playin' on the local radio,  
they sing tah' song you said you  
loike father.

Tom attempts to hum a few bars.

ELI SPOONER

Well whether I loikes 'em or not  
son, don't mean ya father ought to  
go encouragin' his kin to be  
drinkin' in the ale houses. The  
good lord didn't put you on this  
earth for that.

Martin lays down his hand of cards and begins to peg off his score on the cribbage board.

MARTIN

A birthday drink can't do no harm  
father.

Eli turns back at the doorway.

MARTIN

Besides, reckon old man Truscott will be proppin' up the bar, and don't he owe us a few brace of pheasant, on account of us fixin' his generator months past?

ELI SPOONER

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

Spooner leaves the room with the blessings of his offsprings ringing in his ears.

INT COACH HOUSE HOTEL SAMETIME

Sam Dekka sits with a bevy of empty spirit glasses lined up on the table in front of her. Langham is sitting across from her. She lazily waggles a glass at the detective, grinning back at him through bleary eyes.

SAM DEKKA

So..so where was I Jack? Oh yeah..there were these eleven people hanging below a helicopter..ten guys and one woman..you see Jack, the rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that someone had to let go-

JACK LANGHAM

- maybe this is a good time for me to go.

SAM DEKKA

No! Listen Jack, they knew that one of them had to let go, or they were all going to fall-

Dekka shrugs her shoulders nonchalantly.

SAM DEKKA

Well of course Jack, they weren't able to choose anybody, and that's when the woman gave a very touching speech. She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because as a woman she was use to giving up everything for her husband and kids or for men in general.

The American raises her whisky glass.

SAM DEKKA

She went on to say that she was  
fully prepared to make sacrifices  
for men and to expect little in  
return -

Sam takes a quick slug of whisky before spilling the glass  
back down onto the table.

SAM DEKKA

-Guess what happened next Jack?  
.....Well as soon as the woman  
finished her speech, all the men  
started clapping.

Dekka bursts into a fit of laughter, feigning the clapping  
she had just described. Jack, clearly aware that they have  
drawn the disapproving stares of the other guests, grimaces.

Dekka's eyes slowly begin to glaze over and her eyelids  
flutter. Her arms sink onto the table, knocking against some  
empty glasses on their way down, axed as she is by the  
gravity of the alcohol circulating in her system.

The detective watches as the Lawyer's head slumps forward,  
coming to rest on her arms. He gets up and addresses the  
sighs and concerns of the guests at a nearby table.

JACK LANGHAM

Delayed jet lag, that's all, a  
touch of jet lag, she'll be fine in  
the morning.

EXT FENLANDS MORNING

The sun peeks from behind the cumulus. On the horizon the  
lone figure of a tractor can be seen crossing a field. Rusty  
barbed wire fences rattle in the morning breeze.

CAMPSITE

Adam is sitting alone, around the burnt out camp fire.

He is shaving and looking into a hand held mirror. He is not  
yet fully dressed, without shoes and wearing only blue jeans  
and a string vest. He dips the razor into a cup of water then  
returns it to his lathered bristles.

EXT EAST MARSH SAMETIME

A series of holes, the circumference of a cup, have been bored into the ground. A five foot metal fence post is lowered by hand some six inches into the hole.

Martin Spooner removes his jacket, revealing a powerful torso. He spits on his palms and rubs them together. His broad shoulders lean forward and he collects up the eight pound sledge hammer.

MARTIN

Hold it steady!

Tom's fingers grip the base of the post. Martin swings the hammer and delivers a thunderous blow to the top of the post, driving it deep into the ground. Bess is sitting idly on the tailgate of one of the Land Rovers watching her two brothers at work.

Tom holds each metal post in place, one after another, spaced every five yards apart; while his more muscular brother Martin strikes them with the sledgehammer.

The sound of metal against metal reverberates across the fields, under a greying sky.

EXT CAMPSITE DAYTIME

Denny is stood alongside his van calling across to the twins, who are taking soil samples from the nearby field.

DENNY

Are you boys gonna put your bucket  
and spades away?..It's time we went  
into town and got bladdered.

EXT THE BELL PUBLIC HOUSE EVENING

The sun has set and the evening clouds are massing.

The brightly coloured van heralding - The Apache John Travelling Band - sits in the car park at the front of the Bell public house.

The hostelry stands like a beacon in a sea of heath-land. The sound of the evening's reverie spills out through the door and windows of the pub.

INT THE BELL PUBLIC HOUSE SAMETIME

The pub is busy, locals line the bar. There is a small spotlit area with a stage at the far end of the lounge.

A couple of guitars are propped against the amplifiers and a man is busy plugging cables into a mixing desk. He steps up onto the stage and rearranges the microphone stands.

Denny and the twins are sat at one of the many tables.

PUB TABLE (1)

Denny downs his pint in large gulps and then takes up the whisky glass. He tosses the spirit down his throat and bangs the empty tumbler back down on the table, then he gets to his feet. He points disparagingly at the menu.

DENNY

Meat and two veg, I can't eat any  
of that shit.

Colin is too pre-occupied with the pub's menu to notice his brother scanning the faces of the locals.

DENNY

I'm going to see if these hick  
fuckers 'ave got a kebab shop in  
town.

Adam glances discreetly at his wristwatch. Denny turns back to the table and waggles a finger before slurring out the word.

DENNY

Later!

EXT COUNTRYSIDE EVENING

A Land Rover can be seen through fading light, crossing the horizon. A camper van passes by in the opposite direction.

INT THE BELL PUBLIC HOUSE EVENING

The sound engineer stands in front of the microphone and addresses the expectant patrons in a broad Norfolk accent.

SOUNDMAN

Few technical 'itches tha's all,  
we'll sort 'em out, meanwhile let  
me remind ya that there's faarty  
pence a pint off The Barnes and  
Stowebridge real ale. Tha's a  
special offa tonight only.

PUB TABLE (1)

Colin has made his selection from the menu and looks up.

COLIN

What are you having ?...The steak  
and Ale pie looks good.

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

COLIN

(waving a hand)  
Hello!..earth calling Adam.

Adam turns his attention back to his brother.

ADAM

Sorry bro, what was that?

COLIN

What's with you?...You've been on  
edge since we got here.

ADAM

Oh, I dunno, it's just that Denny,  
he gets on my nerves.

COLIN

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

ADAM

Do you want another beer?

Colin points to the menu.

COLIN

Yeah, and do you fancy the pie.

ADAM

No I'm not hungry, but I'll order  
one for you up at the bar.

Adam rises from his seat just as the stage lights come on. He checks his wristwatch again.

ADAM

What time do you make it?

COLIN

(checking his own watch)  
Nearly eight o'clock.

COMPERE (O.S.)

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

STAGE

The pub fills with applause as the band arrive on-stage.  
Apache John carries his guitar to the microphone and adjust  
the harmonica hung around his neck. He smiles back at the  
audience and scratches his Khaki hat.

APACHE JOHN

We thank yu folks for coming here  
tonight, We are the Apache John  
Band and we're gonna take you 'Out  
in the Wilds'.

Apache John steps back from the microphone and nods his head;  
then right on cue, a thumping, foot tapping rhythm pours from  
the stage.

BAR

(MUSIC / SINGING - O.S)

Adam has just left the counter of the bar carrying two pints  
of beer when he spots Bess coming through the door, and she  
has spotted him.

DOORWAY

Bess looks uneasy, flanked by her father and two brothers.  
She is wearing the pretty floral dress she had been repairing  
the night before.

The Spooners take up some vacant seats near the door of the  
Pub, and it is left to Martin to accept the £20 note from his  
father, and head towards the bar.

PUB TABLE (1)

Adam places a pint of lager in front of Colin and sits down.  
He glances over his shoulder, looking in the direction of the  
Spoooner table. Bess returns his glance. Adam turns back and  
says to his brother.

ADAM

Your food's on its way.

The band are coming to the end of their first number.

PUB TABLE (2)

Bess is on her feet, and gesturing to her father above the sound of the music that she has lost an earring. Adam is looking over his shoulder and watches as the girl points to the car park. He sees her exit the pub alone.

PUB TABLE (1)

Adam turns to his twin.

ADAM

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

STAGE

The Band play out the final notes of their song, with Apache John stepping forward to the microphone and asking the sound engineer to turn the house spotlights onto a certain table among the audience

APACHE JOHN

(directing the beam)

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

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

PUB TABLE (1)

Adam, framed in the beam of light, appears stunned.

APACHE JOHN (O.S.)

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

Adam pushes back his chair in full glare of the crowd.

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).

The audience burst into boisterous applause, whooping and cheering with encouragement. Adam looks aghast, but is clearly in no position to back out of the invitation.

STAGE

Apache John holds up a spare acoustic guitar.

PUB TABLE (1)

With the audience continuing to egg the startled Adam on, Colin simply smiles and pushes Adam forwards to the stage.

EXTERIOR PUB CAR-PARK SAMETIME

Bess is leaning back against the frame of the Land Rover. She gazes across the car-park towards the door to the pub.

She is standing anxiously waiting when a battered camper van screeches into the car park. Bess watches as an inebriated man staggers from the vehicle, chewing a kebab.

INT PUB SAMETIME

STAGE

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

Adam has his eyes fixed over the heads of the audience, and focused on the door at the far end of the room. He looks uncomfortable and eager to get on with things.

APACHE JOHN

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

EXT PUB CAR-PARK SAMETIME

Denny approaches the slim figure of the girl leaning beside the Land Rover. Through the fading light she watches as he tosses the takeaway wrapper to the ground and then drags the back of his hand across his greasy lips.

DENNY

'alio darlin'..gis a kiss then,  
you're dead gorgeous.

INT PUB SAMETIME

STAGE

(MUSIC/SINGING)

Apache John finishes passing instructions and with no further to do, he nonchalantly swings his guitar about his waist and strikes up the band.

ADAM/APACHE JOHN

(singing in unison)

I thought you loved me...I thought  
you did still -

EXT PUB CAR-PARK SAMETIME

Denny looks down into the frightened eyes of Bess. A predatory expression crosses his face.

DENNY

I know you, yeah, you're that bird  
I saw over at the canal gettin' it  
on with that college twat Adam.

Denny slowly unzips the flies on his jeans.

DENNY

(Licking his lips)

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

He takes a step forward. The girl tries to retreat but is trapped against the Land Rover. She attempts to scream but her cry is stifled by Denny's greasy palm.

A song's refrain drifts gently across the car park.

INT PUB SAMETIME

(MUSIC/SINGING)

Apache John and Adam strum away on their guitars and are singing their hearts out. Amazon Jan keeps steady time on the hand drum as Berne plucks away nimbly on his ukulele. Bracken takes up her flute and embroiders the melody.

EXT PUB CAR-PARK SAMETIME

Denny is pressing the petrified girl tightly against the Land Rover's chassis; and while one of his hands is stifling her attempts to call out, the other hand probes under her skirt.

Bess wriggles and struggles as Denny thrusts himself upon her. When he pushes deeper and deeper into her she tries to turn her face away from his bestial leer and stale breath.

DENNY

(Panting)

Y'know you want it, c'mon petal.

The music seeps out through the windows of the pub, hanging delicately in the air, in stark contrast to the violation taking place in the car park.

Denny rips gratuitously at the girl's dress in his attempts to get greater leverage on her body. She is pinned so tightly against the vehicle that her arms are unable to push back against his assault.

Tears begin to stream down the girl's pale face.

INT PUB SAMETIME

STAGE

(MUSIC/SINGING)

The band play on.

ADAM

(singing)

You gave me life when I thought I  
was dead, tended my body, mended my  
head, packet steamer come say bye  
bye on the shore how come you  
sought, sought something more?

PUB TABLE (1)

Colin is tucking into his Steak and Ale pie and enjoying his brother's on stage performance.

PUB TABLE (2)

The Spooner menfolk are sat at a table near the door. The two brothers sup at their pints of dark ale. Eli sits with a solitary glass of orange juice resting on the table.

Eli Spooner wears a concerned expression on his face, and has been paying little attention to the performance on stage. He turns and whispers into Tom's ear, indicating with a flick of his head to the adjacent car park.

EXT PUB CAR PARK SAMETIME

Denny thrusts himself against the girl's waist. His body begins to shudder and his hand slips from covering her lips.

Then, after a final surge, he steps away from the girl and casually zips up his flies.

The girl's body falls limp against the frame of the Land Rover, it slowly slides down against the door, sinking in a dishevelled bundle to the ground.

Denny adjusts the crotch of his trousers, sweeps back his hair, and turns away in the direction of his camper van.

INT PUB SAMETIME

STAGE

Adam sings on. Apache John steps forward to play a soulful harmonica.

EXT PUB CAR PARK SAMETIME

The rear doors of the Land Rover are open. Tom is looking down at his sister curled up in distress, sobbing, and with her dress in tatters.

INT PUB SAMETIME

STAGE

Adam spots Tom Spooner dash back into the bar, and watches as the Spooner men hurriedly leave. Adam, now eager to finish his set, begins to speed through his performance.

EXT PUB CAR PARK SAMETIME

The Spooner's are gathered around the distraught figure of Bess, who is cowering in the rear of the vehicle.

Bess is shaking her head and trying to restrain her tears but her tears just keep coming. Her father is leaning into the vehicle, running his fingers over her ripped dress while demanding.

ELI SPOONER

Who done it?...who done this thing?

Bess, caught between stammer and distress, shakes her head.

ELI SPOONER

Tom, take the wheel..gotta sort  
this out back at the farm.

Martin slides in alongside his sister. The rear doors are closed. Eli and Tom climb into the front of the Land Rover.

INT PUB SAMETIME

The band have come to the end of their song, with the audience bursting into rapturous applause.

STAGE

Having strummed his final chord Adam hurriedly lays down his guitar and bolts from the stage.

PUB TABLE (1)

Colin, surprised by his brother's hasty exit follows Adam outside.

EXT PUB CAR PARK NIGHT TIME

Adam rushes into the car park just in time to see the red tail lights of Spooner's Land Rover pulling away. He throws his arms up to the night sky in exasperation.

ADAM

Shit!

Colin emerges from the pub, looking bemused.

COLIN

It wasn't, the audience loved it.

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

ADAM

Where the hell's Denny got to?

Colin follows his brother's gaze across to the empty space where they had parked the Camper van.

COLIN

Oh, he's probably just having a drink somewhere.

A frustrated Adam kicks a discarded takeaway wrapper.

ADAM

Pissed up in a ditch more likely.

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

COLIN

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

Before Colin has had a chance to use his phone, Adam says.

ADAM  
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 SAMETIME

Bess is red eyed from the torrent of tears that have fallen. She is sitting on a chair in a living room, shivering and clutching the pieces of her torn dress.

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

ELI SPOONER  
Daughter of mine, yu bring shame  
'pon this family..now tell us who  
done this thing?

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

Eli Spooner raises his voice.

ELI SPOONER  
Who done this thing?

Bess shakes her head in despair.

BESS  
I..I.I don't know, I don't know.

Her father glares down at her and raises a finger.

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

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

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT TIME

Colin hands the fare through the window to the waiting taxi driver. Adam storms across the campsite, past the van and towards the tent. The taxi driver reverses his vehicle back along the narrow track, away from the campsite.

INT TENT SAMETIME

Adam bursts into the tent, shouting at Denny. A lamp hanging from the frame illuminates the tent. Denny is snoring under the cover of his sleeping bag.

ADAM

Where the hell have you been?

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

ADAM

(shouting)

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

DENNY

Look man, I had a headache okay. Figured you're big enough boys to get yourselves back here.

Colin enters the tent just as Adam remarks.

ADAM

You're an arsehole Denny.

Denny looks up at Adam and replies

DENNY

Yeah!..but a least I'm an arsehole with a van.

Denny snuggles back under cover, and goes back to sleep.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHT TIME

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM HALLWAY

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

Bess is sitting on her bed, a blanket covering her shoulders. She stares solemnly out of the window.

The door is discreetly closed and re-locked.

KITCHEN

A small arsenal of weaponry and ammunition are laid out on the table. Martin and Tom slide cartridges into their shotguns. They are both wearing hunting jackets.

Eli Spooner enters the kitchen. He picks up a fully laden cartridge belt and straps it on. Martin is first to speak.

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 locals what done it,  
or Bess would've recognised them.  
It was strangers what done it, them  
Londoners, I seen 'em diggin' up  
the land. We even seen one of 'em  
up on that stage.

MARTIN

(chides)  
Well it couldn't have been 'im,  
could it now Tom?

Eli Spooner snaps 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 NIGHT TIME

The full beam of a vehicle moving at speed over the 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 SAMETIME

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

INT TENT SAMETIME

Adam stirs and turns in his sleeping bag, he wakes.

From inside the tent he can make out the faint sound of an engine. His brother and Denny remain asleep. Adam puts on his shirt. He carefully crawls across to the door flap and opens the zipper. He peers out.

EXT TENT SAMETIME

From Adam's point of view, he can just make out the headlights of a vehicle approaching from some distance.

INT LAND ROVER SAMETIME

The Land Rover is rapidly traversing the landscape. Its occupants are shaken and tossed about in the vehicle, as if on a fairground ride. Nobody speaks.

INT/EXT TENT SAMETIME

From just inside the tent, Adam watches the beams of the headlights bobbing over the landscape towards the campsite. The whir of an engine can now clearly be heard. Adam scurries back, raising the alarm, pulling on his trousers.

ADAM

Get up! get up!..someone's coming

A shotgun blast shatters the night, then a second volley is delivered and buckshot rains down on the roof of the tent.

DENNY

What the fuck's going on?

ADAM

I don't know just get out!

The scene is awash with artificial light as the halogen beams draw close enough to penetrate the fabric of the tent

COLIN

(bleary eyed)

Is that someone shooting at us?

ADAM

Come on Col!..we Gotta get out!

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

Colin turns back to retrieve his trousers.

EXT TENT SAMETIME

Both Denny and Adam emerge from the tent in the beams of the approaching vehicle. Both men make off across the fields under the cover of night.

The darkened figures of men, aiming shotguns, are leaning out of the side windows. The vehicle jolts to a halt, engine still purring, yards from the opening to the tent.

Colin's head emerges from the tent. His eyes squint in the glow of halogen light. He looks up to meet the barrel of a shotgun pointing directly at his face.

EXT FARM LAND SAMETIME

Adam and Denny scurry across some fields. Denny calls out.

DENNY

Wait, hold on, I gotta rest.

Adam stops and turns. He calls back with concern.

ADAM

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

Denny sinks to the ground, coughing and spluttering. Adam tracks back and stands over the exhausted Denny.

ADAM

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

Denny looks up, spitting out bits of soil.

DENNY

You gotta be joking..them fuckers are trying to kill us.

EXT CAMPSITE SAMETIME

Tom Spooner is standing over Colin, aiming a shotgun at his eyes. Colin is sitting on the ground with his hands on his head. His teeth chatter nervously and he shivers with fear.

TOM

Wha' 'bout the others father?

ELI SPOONER

Get 'im 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 towards the camper van. Martin, a big man, struggles to manoeuvre his bulk into the small tent, while Tom leads a frightened Colin, at gunpoint, towards the Land Rover.

Eli Spooner lifts his weapon to his shoulder and unloads both barrels into the engine block. Fragments of the metal grill fly off into the darkness.

EXT FARM LAND SAMETIME

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

DENNY

Sounds like they've done your boy

EXT FIELDS NIGHT TIME

A pair of boots sprint over the ploughed soil; Dirt is kicked up in their wake and furrows are trampled under foot. Adam runs on gasping for breath, his voice calling.

ADAM

Col!..Col!..Col!

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHT TIME

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

INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

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

Colin's head is yanked up from the sink. He gasps and splutters for breath, water cascading off his face. Then his head is forced down again.

Eli Spooner is standing alongside Martin at the sink. Martin's powerful arms keep Colin's head pressed below the surface. Colin's hands are tied behind his back. His head, still underwater, is thrashing desperately about for air.

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

EXT FIELDS SAMETIME

Adam is bolting across the fields towards the campsite.

INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

Bess is looking at the ordeal from just inside the kitchen. Brother Tom stands watch over her. Bess has changed her clothes but distress is still registering across her face. She is frantically shaking her head and is close to tears.

BESS

He d.didn't do it f.father,  
I.I.I've never seen him before,  
p.please, let him be.

Eli glares at Bess. He gestures to Tom, who leads her away.

ELI SPOONER

You'd better not be lying to me..  
daughter.

EXT CAMPSITE SAMETIME

Adam creeps cautiously around the tent. He can see the damage done to the camper van and the Land Rover tracks. Adam's hand hesitates on the door flap to the tent, his voice whispers plaintively.

ADAM

Col, are you there? Speak to me.

INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

Colin is held upright, dripping with water, and clearly petrified. Eli Spooner looks into the young man's eyes.

ELI SPOONER

Tell me stranger, who maketh this  
devil's work, who doth bring shame  
upon my daughter's virtue?..then  
give this accursed man up to me  
now!

Colin chokes in desperation, and then pleads.

COLIN

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

Eli Spooner slowly nods his head. He turns back, looking out of the window and into the darkness of the night. Martin takes the instruction, and once again ducks the young man's head under the water.

INT TENT SAMETIME

Adam desperately rummages through the scattered possessions in the tent until he finds what he is looking for.

ADAM

Yes..yes!

He snatches up his mobile phone and hurriedly taps out a number, his fingers trembling.

INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

Eli Spooner is staring out of the window. The kitchen fills with the sounds of a man thrashing about for air, a man being drowned; and in between the gurgling noises and the blowing of bubbles the sound of the pendulum clock in the living room can be heard marking out time.

A phone starts ringing. Eli Spooner instinctively turns his head in the direction of the noise. The sound is coming from Colin's trouser pocket. Martin pulls Colin's head up from under the water.

INT TENT SAMETIME

Adam is sitting in the tent with the mobile phone to his ear. He waits impatiently as the call rings on.

ADAM

Come on, come on Col pick up!

As soon as the call connects Adam blurts out.

ADAM  
Where are you?

An unfamiliar voice replies.

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

Adam drops the phone as though it were a hot brick, then scrambles to retrieve it. He asks , hesitantly.

ADAM  
Who's this?

There is a pause before the voice coldly answers.

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

Adam listens as his brother's voice comes over the phone, and it is riddled with terror.

COLIN (V.O.)  
Adam, Adam, is that you? What the hell's going on? They said if you contact the Police they'll ki -

The phone goes dead. Adam frantically tries to call back but the phone rings unanswered.

INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

Eli Spooner stands in the kitchen holding the mobile phone. He looks out at the familiar landscape beyond the window. Martin is standing guard over their captive when Tom re-enters the kitchen.

Eli Spooner turns his face away from the window and hisses.

ELI SPOONER  
They're still out there.

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

ELI SPOONER  
Fetch the dogs!

Tom looks across at his older brother and smiles.

INT TENT SAMETIME

Adam is punching numbers into his phone when he hears the noise of someone or something moving about outside. He looks around for a makeshift weapon. A stick, a pole, anything. He spots the stem of an empty whisky bottle.

EXT TENT SAMETIME

A figure, obscured by the darkness, crouches by the door of the van. Denny spins around and looks up into the eyes of Adam, who is looking down at Denny and wielding a bottle.

DENNY

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

EXT SPOONER'S FARM ENTRANCE NIGHT TIME

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

INT SPOONER'S FARM - BARN SAMETIME

Colin is tethered to a wooden chair. He is bound hand and foot. There is gag in his mouth; and above him dangles a solitary electric light bulb.

The captive looks nervously around at his surroundings; a wooden barn used for storing grain. Various agricultural implements are strewn about the place. At the far end of the barn, stands a large, rusty storage tank.

INT SPOONER'S KITCHEN SAMETIME

A sharp knife cuts into some cheese. The slab of cheese is laid onto the plate alongside some crusty bread and some tomatoes. The plate, together with a glass of milk, is carefully lifted from the kitchen table.

INT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE NIGHT TIME

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

BEDROOM

Through the gap he can see his daughter, she is laying on her bed staring up at the ceiling.

As Eli slowly pushes the plate of food and the glass of milk just inside the room, Bess springs from her bed and rushes tearfully towards the door, and her father.

The door is pulled shut and hurriedly locked.

EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT TIME

Adam and Denny are sat beside the van arguing. A discarded whisky bottle lays on the ground in front of them.

ADAM

So are you telling me you're not going to help me find my brother?

Denny scrambles to his feet and Adam follows and insists.

ADAM

I think I know who's got him, and I think I can remember where their farm is, even in the dark.

DENNY

(agitated)

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

ADAM

He said that if we contact the Police they'll kill him.

Gesturing at the gun blast to the engine.

DENNY

Look what they've done to my van.

At this Adam loses his patience and stands toe to toe with Denny. He spits out his words.

ADAM

(contemptuously)

Is this all you came back for, this piece of shite you call a van! You really don't give a damn for anybody else in this entire world but yourself, do you?

Adam turns his back on Denny and begins to walk away. He calls back over his shoulder.

ADAM

Special forces training my arse!..you're Just a simple coward when it comes down to it.

DENNY

Hey man! Look I'm sorry about your brother and all..Christ! I didn't mean it to end up like this, but-

Adam suddenly spins around and faces Denny.

ADAM

(paraphrasing Denny)

You didn't mean what to end up like what?

Denny realizing that he has just talked himself into trouble, starts backing away sheepishly from Adam's advance. Denny tries to smile and make light of things.

DENNY

Hey bro', she was asking for it, I mean she was waiting out there in the car park, with them legs and all; hell, I know you've been there..but it's not like, I mean-

Adam shouts back.

ADAM

- What did you do to her?

Adam steps forward and knocks Denny to the ground with a punch. Denny stares up at Adam with a startled look. Adam glares across at Denny, who rubs at his jaw and warily gets to his feet. He turns and flees into the field.

FIELD

Adam gives chase and tackles Denny to the ground. The two men begin rolling around in the muddy field, punching and kicking each other.

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 strangling the life out of him.

ADAM

Is this why they've taken my brother?..Tell me Denny or I swear I'll kill you right here.

Only the sound of dogs barking in the distance prevents Adam from carrying out his threat.

He pauses momentarily and listens to the sound of the dogs drawing ever closer. His hands slowly release pressure on Denny's neck.

Denny gasps for air as the choke hold is released. He pushes Adam aside and clambers to his feet, then runs towards the track leading to the edge of the field, and away from the sound of the dogs.

Adam, now covered in mud, slowly gets to his feet. He stares defiantly out into the night, calmly turning his head to face the four points of the compass.

An easterly breeze carries the howling of the dogs. The breeze blows through Adams hair. It starts to rain.

#### EDGE OF FIELD

As Denny flees towards a track leading to the edge of a field, he sees the headlights of a vehicle approaching. He quickly doubles back on himself and darts into the field.

#### FIELDS TO THE EAST

A Defender Land Rover is crossing the terrain, its windscreen wiper slapping to and fro. A search light is mounted over the cab.

The pack of four hounds run ahead, sniffing at the ground and snapping at the night.

#### CENTRE OF FIELD

Denny stands in fear, enveloped in a sea of field. He looks anxiously for a means to escape the pursuing Land Rover.

He runs to the East, but in blind panic simply stumbles into the beam of the second Land Rover. Within moments the pack of baying hounds surround him.

#### CANAL

Adam has reached the fields near the narrow canal, he is exhausted and in the darkness he staggers head first, waist deep into the canal.

Adam floats idly on the surface of the water, listening to the mingled sounds of human voices and the dogs in the distance. He comes to his senses, ducks his head underwater and then quietly pulls himself from the canal.

## ADJACENT FIELD

The 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 - SAMETIME

Denny is sitting on the floor of the Land Rover with his hands on his head. He is staring directly down the double barrels of a Purdey side by side 12 Bore shotgun; it is being pointed at him from the front passenger seat.

Four muzzled and mud splattered hounds gaze up at Denny. Martin's finger rests on the trigger of the shotgun.

## EXT PLOUGHED FIELD SAMETIME

Adam is laying flat on his stomach on the ground, he is scooping up handfuls of moist brown soil and smearing it all over his face and body, until he almost resembles a clay figurine.

With the side of his face pressed tightly against the soil, Adam can still see across the flat fenland towards the arc of the Land Rover's lights, way out in the distance.

Suddenly the lights go out.

## EXT LAND ROVER 2 - SAMETIME

Tom is standing beside the 2nd Land Rover. He is surveying the dark landscape through a set of night sights.

## VIEW THROUGH NIGHT SIGHTS - INFRA RED IMAGING

The night sights pan across the flat fields, the dark hedgerows and irrigation ditches. An irregular shape, several hundred yards up ahead is detected on the landscape

## LAND ROVER 2

Tom is holding the night sights in one hand and a mobile phone in the other. He speaks quietly into the phone.

TOM

Time to go hunting father!

Tom rings off, lifting the night sights back to his eyes.

PLOUGHED FIELD SAMETIME

Adam is still pressing himself tightly against the soil. The rain is now falling heavier, and the mobile phone in his pocket starts to ring, shocking him into activity.

He quickly sits up, scrambling for the phone.

EXT LAND ROVER 1

Tom is standing alongside the opened driver's door. He is looking through the Night Sights.

VIEW THROUGH NIGHT SIGHTS - INFRA RED IMAGING

A shape on the landscape starts to move.

EXT LAND ROVER 1 SAMETIME

Tom tosses the Night Sites into the cab and climbs in.

INT LAND ROVER 1

Tom looks over at his brother Martin, who is still aiming the shotgun at Denny, and he says with a smile.

TOM  
We got 'im!

PLOUGHED FIELD SAMETIME

ADAM  
Colin is that you?

A cold, chilling voice comes back over the phone.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)  
For the day of vengeance is in my  
heart, and the year of my redeemed  
is come.

Adam can see head lamps flash on somewhere in the distance. He hears an engine start up. He spits down the phone.

ADAM  
You bastards!

He quickly re-pockets the phone and scurries into the dark.

INT LAND ROVER 1

Denny sits, hands on head, on the floor amongst the muzzled hounds. He stares fearfully back at the shotgun tilted at him.

Tom slips gear and the four wheel drive accelerates across the ploughed field in the direction of their quarry. Martin is sitting alongside, with the breech of his shotgun resting over the back of his seat.

INT BARN SAMETIME

Colin bites on his gag, struggling desperately in the chair his hands and feet are bound and tied. Eli Spooner circles him, preaching from a bible. The harsh light from the bulb overhead shows sweat beads of fear on the young man's face

ELI SPOONER

-their feet rush into sin, they are  
swift to shed blood!

EXT LAND ROVER 1

The wheels of the Land Rover are spinning and spewing up the damp soil as the vehicle is being manoeuvred in an ever tighter rotation.

The beam from the head lamps chase Adam around and around, forming tracks on the soil like giant crop circles.

INT BARN SAMETIME

Eli Spooner looks down at his captive and raises a finger to the heavens, preaching for all he's worth.

ELI SPOONER

- but the fearful, and unbelieving,  
and the abominable, and murderers,  
and whore-mongers, sorcerers, and  
idolators-

INT LAND ROVER 1

Through the mud spattered windscreen the exhausted figure of Adam can be seen standing defenselessly in the rain, he stares passively into the oncoming beams of light.

ELI SPOONER (V.O.)

- and all liars shall have their  
part in the lake which burneth fire  
with fire and brimstone; which is  
the second death.

Martin's finger lingers on the trigger of the shotgun, and it is still aimed at Denny. Tom points the 4x4 at the motionless figure of Adam. He turns to his brother.

TOM  
I'm just gonna clip him, father  
wants 'im alive.

As Tom turns his attention back to the windscreen, accelerating towards his prey, the figure up ahead leaps sideways and disappears from view.

A split second later the edge of a canal bank rushes up out of the darkness, filling the view through the windscreen. Tom tries desperately to brake, but it is already too late.

The fierce jolt is enough to release the trigger on Martin's shotgun. The tilting cab fills with gun smoke, as Denny is blasted through the back door of the Land Rover.

EXT CANAL SAMETIME

The front wheels of the Land Rover tip over the edge of the canal. Tom crashes through the windscreen, sending fragments of glass everywhere, his bloodied body plummeting headfirst into the canal. The engine stops but the lights stay on.

Shotgun smoke drifts through the shattered windscreen, mingling in the beams of light shining on Tom's floating corpse. For a split second the scene falls eerily silent and the water reflects back, like a lake of fire and brimstone.

Martin and a couple of the dogs scramble from the wreckage.

Denny is a few yards away laying in a field, covered in blood. He is screaming and trying to push his entrails back into his own stomach. Then suddenly the screaming stops.

Adam crouches behind a hedgerow, looking back at the carnage. He turns away dispassionately and makes off across the fields in an easterly direction.

EXT FENLANDS DAWN

It has stopped raining across the Fens, and dawn is slowly breaking. Adam is covered in mud and eagerly slurping rain water from a puddle on the land.

He looks across to the horizon where he can see the outline of a farm, which sits in isolation on the terrain.

EXT SPOONER'S FARM ENTRANCE SAMETIME

The 2nd Land Rover is parked up at the entrance to the farm

INT SPOONER'S KITCHEN SAMETIME

The bloodied corpse of Tom has been laid out on the kitchen table. His smashed head protrudes from under the white sheet covering his body, and his eyes stare into infinity.

The Spooner family are gathered around their dead kin. Heads bowed. Eli Spooner has a bible in his hand. Bess is overcome with grief and is being supported by Martin.

Eli Spooner slowly turns his face to his daughter.

ELI SPOONER  
Sin, when it is finished, bringeth  
forth death.

Martin leads Bess sobbing from the kitchen.

Eli gazes down at his dead son. Then he closes his son's eyelids. The white sheet is carefully drawn over Tom's face and the Old Testament Bible is laid against his chest.

EXT FENLANDS MORNING

Adam is sitting up in a potato field, painfully removing his boots. He takes off his socks and is wringing the dirty water from them just as the mobile phone in his pocket sounds. He scrambles to answer it.

ADAM  
Col..Col!

There is a long pause before the 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 SAMETIME

Colin struggles, still bound to the chair, gag in mouth. Eli Spooner is standing over him, holding the mobile phone.

ELI SPOONER

Then you'll know that the 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. Colin wriggles desperately against his binds.

Eli Spooner continues his conversation on the phone.

ELI SPOONER

I need to encourage you to give  
yourself up for your sins..needs  
you to come to me, boy.

Eli looks across at his son and nods. Martin pulls down the gag from Colin's mouth and then picks up the wire cutters.

Spooner directs the mobile phone to Colin's petrified face. Colin wrestles in the chair but Martin is able to slide his captive's index finger between the blades of the wire cutters. Then he closes them with force.

The finger snaps like a twig and falls to the floor.

EXT FENLANDS SAMETIME

Adam hears his brother's scream vibrate down the phone.

INT (FLAT) BEDROOM SAMETIME

An alarm clock vibrates loudly at 7.am, on a bedside table. Jack Langham's hand scurries from under the bed covers and a finger shuts off the alarm.

INT (HOTEL) EN SUITE - BEDROOM SAMETIME

BATHROOM

The outline figure of Sam Dekka, taking a shower, can be seen through frosted glass.

EXT FENLANDS MORNING

Adam is sprinting across the fenlands as the morning sun clears the horizon.

INT NORWICH STATION MORNING

Passengers pass through the terminus. A platform announcement is being made.

TANNOY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The eight thirty five intercity  
Norwich to London - Liverpool  
street, will be departing from  
platform three in six minutes.

EXT NORWICH STATION SAMETIME

DS Langham is leaning against a wall near to the station entrance, he is toying with a pack of cigarettes. Sam Dekka is holding onto the handle of her luggage trolley. She looks up at the detective and smiles.

SAM DEKKA

So! Here's where we came in Jack.

An awkward silence follows, as if neither has rehearsed quite how to say goodbye. She stretches up, impulsively, and plants a kiss on the detectives cheek.

A feint smile drifts from Langham's face, but before he has had time to say a word, Sam has turned around and the detective is watching her walk away.

Langham pops a cigarette into his mouth. The American looks back with a grin and chides him.

SAM DEKKA

Them things will kill ya Jack!

She disappears into the station terminus.

EXT COUNTRYSIDE MORNING

DS Langham is driving along a country lane.

INT CAR SAMETIME

DS Langham is talking on the Police car radio. He makes a left turn onto a dirt track.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Delta, Mike, Two, Five, Victor  
Kilo. Book me Ten, Two..routine  
licence check, Spooner's farm.

EXT DIRT TRACK MOMENTS LATER

The detective's car bumps over the potholes until it reaches the entrance to Spooner's farmyard.

INT BARN SAMETIME

Colin is still bound, and is shivering in the chair. His gag has been lowered and Martin is pouring the contents of the spirit bottle into Colin's mouth.

A pool of blood is drying around the dismembered finger, which is lying discarded on the floor of the barn. Colin's right hand has been heavily bandaged with rags.

INT FARMHOUSE BEDROOM SAMETIME

Bess is rummaging furiously threw her wardrobe. She lifts her clothes from the rail and tosses them onto her bed.

With the unit now 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 steps into 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. Bess wedges one end of the rail behind the upper hinge of the door and begins to lever it back with all her might.

The girl suddenly stops, upon hearing the sound of someone calling from outside the house. She rushes to the window and looks down into the farmyard.

EXT FARMYARD MOMENTS LATER

Bess can see DS Langham wandering through the farmyard, moving towards the barn. She bangs on the window. He calls.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
Eli, Eli, are you there?

INT BARN SAMETIME

The 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 tied to the chair, behind the cover of the storage tank.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
Eli, Eli is that you?

The detective has entered the barn and is looking around for signs of life. The light is poor, and he treads cautiously over the grain and straw 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

DS Langham is moving deeper into the barn when his foot treads on something unusual. He crouches down and finds amongst the straw a severed finger.

The detective looks around and slowly begins to pick up the blood trail leading to the far end of the barn.

## EXT ENTRANCE TO SPOONER'S FARM SAMETIME

Adam is creeping up to the entrance of Spooner's farm. He ducks down in a ditch adjacent to the farmyard.

## INT BARN SAMETIME

The detective is warily following the blood trail, and is yards from the tank, when he hears the sound of breathing.

Eli Spooner steps into the dim light, brandishing a hunting knife. He confronts the detective right there in the barn. The detective slowly raises his arms and attempts to placate the farmer.

DS JACK LANGHAM

Don't do this Eli, whatever's happened we can sort things out, now just drop the knife.

The detective has backed himself up against the wall of the barn. Eli slows his advance, and for a brief moment both men appear frozen in time; staring back at each other. Neither of them blink.

Eli slowly releases his grip on the knife and it falls to the ground. The detective breathes a sigh of relief and lowers his arms. He calmly opens his coat to reveal a set of handcuffs and a radio mike, clipped to his belt.

Spooner's attention turns to a pitchfork standing nearby.

ELI SPOONER (O.S.)

Forgive me father for what I am about to do..May the Lord have mercy on my soul.

Jack Langham's eyes flash wide open, then flicker until the whites of his eyes roll into view. He gasps, as though he has just been punched in the stomach. He looks down.

Eli Spooner is still rushing onto him, pushing the prongs of the pitch fork straight through Langham's torso, impaling the detective against the wall of the barn.

The shaft of the fork vibrates from the force of the plunge, skewering the detective to the wall of wooden barn. He coughs up blood.

EXT ENTRANCE TO SPOONER'S FARM SAMETIME

Adam is huddled in the ditch, looking at the screen on his mobile. It reads: LOW BATTERY - RECHARGE.

ADAM (O.S.)

Damn it!

He hurriedly pockets the phone. Then he looks over to the farmhouse from his vantage point in the ditch.

INT BEDROOM SAMETIME

Bess heaves back against the metal rail, wedged behind the upper hinge, it slowly begins to buckle under the pressure.

INT BARN MOMENTS LATER

Jack clutches the spine of the fork prongs piercing him. Blood oozes from the four puncture wounds and seeps onto his hands and then down onto the floor.

He slowly gazes around the empty barn. In delayed shock the scene blurs before him, and he can hear only the sound of his own desperate breathing. He fumbles blindly for the radio, clipped to his belt.

EXT SPOONER'S FARMHOUSE SAMETIME

Adam is creeping towards the back of the house when he catches sight of Colin through the glass door. As he draws closer he can see that his brother has been bound, gagged, and laid out on the kitchen floor. A blood stained bandage is wrapped around his hand

Adam ducks out of sight as the figures of Eli Spooner and his son Martin come into view.

INT BARN MOMENTS LATER

Jack Langham holds the police radio to his face and chokes out a communication.

DS JACK LANGHAM  
Delta..mike..two..five..victor,  
charlie..ten zero, ten  
zero..officer down.

EXT SPOONER'S KITCHEN SAMETIME

The glass door leads out onto a small, kitchen garden. Nearby, a broken wheelbarrow and a few garden implements have been left standing in the open.

Adam scurries across to the wheelbarrow, taking care to stay out of the line of sight.

INT BARN MOMENTS LATER

The detective attempts in vain to lever his body away from the wall but the prongs fastening him are buried deep into the wood. In the dim light, Jack's crumpled torso hangs from the barn like an unpressed suit dangling on a hook.

He lifts his head and blood trickles from his nose and the corners of his lips. He pulls a crumpled and blood stained pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket.

Jack painstakingly ferrets out a cigarette from the pack, this too is bloodied and crumpled, yet, as he places it to his lips a contented smile seems to pass across his face.

The unlit cigarette spills from his mouth, tumbling to the floor alongside the radio, then his head slumps forward.

EXT FARMHOUSE KITCHEN MOMENTS LATER

Adam is crouching against the wall alongside the kitchen door. He is holding onto a spade and listening to the voices of the Spooner's talking from inside the house.

Adam is clearly contemplating his next move when the kitchen door is suddenly flung open and the strapping frame of Martin emerges. He appears to be carrying, across his arms, something rolled up in a white sheet.

Adam stands up and instinctively swings the spade.

With both his arms fully occupied, Martin can do nothing to prevent the spade from crashing into his face. He Staggeres on a few paces, then drops like a mighty oak felled in a forest.

The pale corpse of his brother Tom spills from his arms, unravelling from the white sheet onto the ground.

EXT/INT KITCHEN SAMETIME

Adam's silhouette stands in the doorway. Colin wriggles, still bound and gagged, on the floor.

Eli Spooner glares across the kitchen to where Adam is standing, holding aloft the spade. Eli calls out to him.

ELI SPOONER  
My redeemed is come!

Adam charges into the kitchen waving the spade like a maniac. He rushes at Eli Spooner, swinging the implement, but accidentally trips over his brother in the process. He crashes, rather comically, into a kitchen unit. The spade falls from his hands.

Colin watches as his brother is yanked up off his knees, by the scruff of his neck. Spooner rages and hurls the student against the Kitchen wall, splitting open his nose.

Adam is being tossed about the kitchen like a rag doll, while his twin attempts to call out through the gag.

INT BEDROOM SAMETIME

Bess can hear the commotion going on downstairs as she feverishly works away at levering the last hinge from the door frame.

INT/EXT KITCHEN MOMENTS LATER

Adam is on the floor, bleeding. He drags his battered body outside into the bright sunshine. Spooner summarily follows, just a few paces behind. He preaches in righteous tones.

EXT KITCHEN

ELI SPOONER  
..and I will execute vengeance in  
anger and fury upon the heathen,  
such that they have not heard!

INT BEDROOM SAMETIME

Bess snaps the final hinge away from the frame and she 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. The young man is on his knees, gasping for breath. He looks up into the unforgiving eyes of Elias Spooner.

From high above the scene, the blades of a Police helicopter can be heard buffeting through the air. The sunlight glints against the badge on the fuselage.

Eli Spooner glares down at the spent figure on the ground, Adam offers up no further resistance.

Spooner slowly draws the blade of his hunting knife from its sheath as though he were about to perform some kind of ritual slaughter on a defenceless animal.

He hears his daughter's voice calling, without stammer, across the farmyard.

BESS SPOONER (O.S.)

No father!..please don't do it  
father!

Eli looks affectionately over to the porch where his daughter is standing, some 20 yards away. She is sobbing and looking back at him down the barrel of a shotgun.

The sound of a helicopter can be heard merging with the wail of police sirens, approaching from the track.

Eli Spooner turns back, knife in hand; He looks down into the youthful eyes of his adversary and whispers into Adam's ear.

ELI SPOONER

(whispering)

Depart from me, ye cursed, into  
everlasting fire, prepared for the  
devil and his angels!

Spooner 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 a bunk in a prison cell. He has an envelope in his hands and he begins to open it.

INT UNIVERSITY HALLS

Colin stands proudly in front of the photographer's camera wearing an academic gown and mortar board. He is holding up his Degree certificate and smiling into the lens; and if you look very closely you can see that a finger on his right hand is missing.

EXT NORTH LONDON CEMETERY

A leather-gloved hand scrapes some moss from a drab and unkept gravestone in a London Municipal cemetery. The burial spot of: DENNIS RYAN STARKEY 1985 - 2009. RIP.

Mehmet and 'big' Ali stand over the gravestone. Mehmet scrutinizes the grave's markings, then looks up at his bodyguard with a devilish smile. They turn and walk away.

EXT WISBROOK PARISH CHURCH GRAVEYARD DAYTIME

A gentle breeze flutters through the dried-up wreaths at a grave-side in a rural parish church. The gravestone reads: JACK WILLIAM LANGHAM 1959 - 2009. 'In peace shall he rest'.

The breeze lifts a remembrance card attached to one of the wreaths. It carries the logo: ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION.

EXT TRANQUIL GARDEN DAYTIME.

A wheelchair is being pushed slowly over the lush green grass. Eli Spooner is sitting in the wheelchair. A copy of the Old Testament opened up on his lap. He has a patch over one eye. His head lays slumped at an awkward angle, and he is clearly paralysed down one side of his body.

A trail of saliva slithers from the corner of Eli's lips. His daughter, Bess, leans down with a handkerchief and wipes it away.

INT PRISON CELL

Martin Spooner stares down at his letter.

BESS SPOONER (V.O.)

Dear Martin..father sends his love.  
I try to get to see him as often as  
I can, but it's difficult. 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, but I hope someday  
you'll change your mind..I got to  
go now Martin. I love you always,  
God bless...your little sister B.

INT MEDICAL FACILITY

Bess is walking along a brightly lit corridor towards the  
reception desk. She stops to hand in a visitor pass. A male  
nurse activates the door lock by inserting a plastic card;  
and Bess moves into a functional courtyard.

EXT COURTYARD MOMENTS LATER

A security guard turns a key in the gate lock.

EXT SECURITY GATE MOMENTS LATER

Bess passes through the security gate and out onto the  
pavement. It is a lovely day. Adam is standing against the  
outer wall of the facility, leaning back on the sign:  
GRINSTEAD SECURE HOSPITAL. He is carrying his guitar.

Bess smiles at him. Adam smiles back, then he 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:

