

End Of The Weak

By

Kyle Bowler

kyle-92@live.com

Copyright (c) 2015. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DAY

A worn 'Keep Out - Restricted Area' sign hangs on a chain link fence that surrounds a lumber yard.

Inside, two forklifts and a saw mill sit dormant next to a large open storage unit, home to stacks of neatly cut pine.

A heap of broken pallets, off-cuts and rotten logs sit in the centre of the yard. On top lies a paint-peeled wooden door.

The sound of faint, leaf crunching footsteps approach.

LUKE (O.S.)

There it is. I told you it would still be here. Come on.

The fence rattles.

LUKE (O.S.)

What's the matter?

BILLY (O.S.)

Well, what if we get caught?

LUKE, ten, an adventurous kid a few birthdays away from being the talking point at a girls sleepover, lets go of the fence and drops to the ground. He stands next to BILLY.

Billy is eight and the polar opposite of Luke in pretty much every way imaginable. He's pale, scrawny and wears a pair of thick-rimmed glasses that look as if they were bought from a fancy dress shop, not Specsavers.

Billy holds a lead attached to WHISKEY, a scatty Springer Spaniel that's around the same age as Luke.

LUKE

It's Sunday. There's no one here. And they're just gonna burn it anyway, probably won't even know it's gone.

BILLY

What about Whiskey?

LUKE

He can stay here and keep guard.

BILLY

I'm not sure.

LUKE

Go on. It'll only take a minute.  
Just think, we do this now and we  
can have it finished by the  
weekend.

Billy considers it.

EXT. DISUSED RAILWAY LINE - DAY

Luke and Billy carry the paint-peeled door around a bend of a  
track that hasn't met a train in decades.

Whiskey follows close behind.

BILLY

Can we have a break?

LUKE

We've just had one.

BILLY

That was ages ago. Please, my arms  
are about to fall off.

Luke glances back at Billy and takes pity.

LUKE

I tell you what. If you can get to  
the next bridge without stopping,  
we'll sit down and finish the rest  
of my Pick 'n' Mix.

BILLY

Okay.

LUKE

You reckon you can manage that?

Billy drops his end as they step onto a long straight.

LUKE

(annoyed)  
Billy.

Billy stares nervously ahead. He sees three KIDS further up  
the track. They're hard to make out from this distance but  
Billy and Luke seem to recognise them.

LUKE

It'll be alright.

FURTHER UP THE TRACK

JACK, thirteen and fearless, sits on an embankment with a  
joint hanging out of his mouth.

In front of him stand LAMBERT and ORIN, both twelve. Lambert has long dark hair and wears far too much black clothing.

Orin wears whatever is handed down to him by his siblings and is clearly the runt of the group.

Jack holds the joint out to Orin.

JACK  
You won't know unless you try it.

ORIN  
I don't wanna know.

LAMBERT  
I heard it makes you feel like you're floating.

JACK  
It does.

ORIN  
Then why aren't you having any?

LAMBERT  
I'm allergic.

ORIN  
No you're not.

JACK  
He is.

ORIN  
Well, I might be as well then.

JACK  
You can't be.

ORIN  
How do you know?

JACK  
It would say it on your birth certificate.

LAMBERT  
It's true. Something like ninety percent of all adults smoke it. So when you're born they put a little bit on the end of your tongue to see if you come out in a rash.

ORIN  
No they don't.

LAMBERT

My mum said, when they done it to me, my head looked like a giant strawberry.

Orin looks lost, doesn't know what to believe.

JACK

Orin. My lighter's run out of gas. If this goes out, then you're paying for it.

ORIN

I just thought, actually. I think I did see something on my birth certificate the other day.

JACK

Why was you looking at your birth certificate the other day?

ORIN

Umm, I had to go doctors.

LAMBERT

What did it say?

ORIN

I don't know really, something about... an allergy... to green, I think.

Jack and Lambert crack up laughing.

JACK

You're full of shit.

Jack throws gravel at Orin's leg and stands to the sound of a dirt bike engine closing in from a distance.

BACK TO LUKE AND BILLY

Luke watches as a KID on a dirt bike pulls up next to Jack, Lambert and Orin. He sighs and turns to an increasingly worried Billy.

LUKE

Help me stash it in the bush, then. We'll come back for it after school tomorrow.

FURTHER UP THE TRACK

Jack, Lambert and Orin watch in awe as DYLAN, thirteen, an ASBO waiting to happen, kills the engine, kicks the stand and steps off of the dirt bike in cool as fuck fashion.

ORIN

Woah, Dylan. When d'you get that?

DYLAN

This morning.

Dylan reaches out, takes the joint from Jack and inhales.

LAMBERT

Where from?

DYLAN

It's my cousins.

JACK

He let you borrow it?

DYLAN

Well, no. I'm just using it til he gets out.

LAMBERT

When's that?

DYLAN

S'pose to be six months. But my dad reckons he'll be out in three.

JACK

You gonna let us have a go, then?

DYLAN

No chance. If he finds out I've got it, he'll kill me.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The joint room is on the small side of average but feels more cosy than cramped. Luke and Billy wait eagerly at the dining table, armed with a knife and fork.

JOYCE HOSKINS, thirty three, stopped worrying about her looks a long time ago but has the loving smile that every parent should have, places a roast dinner in front of each of them.

She walks off and returns moments later with two more plates.

JOYCE

Where are you eating it, Michael?

MICHAEL HOSKINS, forty, a kind face and an equally loving smile, sits on the sofa and watches football with a beer.

MICHAEL

I'll have to eat it down here, love. Can't pause it 'cause there's two things recording at eight.

Joyce carries a plate to Michael and places it on his lap.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Joyce joins Luke and Billy at the table.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Luke sits on one sofa and watches cartoons, in a desperate battle to keep his eyes open while Billy's fast asleep, nestled into Michael's lap on the other.

Michael nurses a beer and quietly laughs at jokes that clearly aren't aimed at his age range.

The house phone rings.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Can you get that, Michael.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joyce washes dishes at the sink. She waits for a response but is met by silence. She sighs, removes her gloves and heads towards the phone.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joyce glances at Michael on the sofa, sees the reason for him not getting up and grants a forgiving smile.

She picks up the phone.

JOYCE

Hello.

Her smile fades.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Michael picks Billy up and carries him out of the room.

The mood is tense. Luke sits on the sofa. Joyce kneels in front of him like he's in some sort of trouble.

LUKE

Who was it?

JOYCE

The hospital.

Joyce rubs her thumb down Luke's face.

JOYCE

Now I know we both knew this day would come, but that doesn't make it any easier.

LUKE

My mum's dead?

Joyce nods.

JOYCE

I'm sorry, Luke. I'll book a day off work next week so I can take you to the funeral.

LUKE

Don't bother. I don't wanna go.

JOYCE

She was still your mum, Luke.

LUKE

I don't remember much about her, and what I do I don't like. I like the mum I've got now.

Joyce leans in and embraces him.

EXT. SCHOOL - FRONT GATES - DAY

Billy waits restlessly. He checks his watch and glances around for signs of Luke.

He watches nervously as Dylan and Jack stroll out of the main entrance and each spark a cigarette.

Luke bundles out from behind them and hurries towards the gates. Dylan kicks his bag as he passes.

LUKE

(whilst flipping the bird  
and running off)

Twats!

Dylan and Jack start their pursuit but are called back by an ANGRY TEACHER.

ANGRY TEACHER

Dylan. Jack. Get back here! That's the third time I've caught you smoking this month.

Luke laughs at Dylan and Jack as he reaches Billy.

Dylan stares back at him.

BILLY

What took you so long?

LUKE

Had to stay behind. Come on,  
there's still loads of time.

EXT. WOODLAND SURROUNDING FIELD - HOMEMADE DEN - DAY

It's not exactly a summer house but a lot of effort has gone into it. The old remains of a tin-roofed building make up the foundation, with bushes and branches filling in the gaps.

Luke sits half way up a tree and finger paints a pillow case with a lumpy purple substance. It reads 'Billukes D...'

Billy sweeps leaves with a branch while Whiskey turns up sticks and soil like a pig searching for truffles.

LUKE

I've ran out of paint.

Billy puts the branch down and pulls a piece of rope attached to a tree. The rope lifts the handle of the paint-peeled door from the undergrowth which reveals a small trench stuffed with fizzy drinks, sweets and a tub of blackberries.

Billy grabs the blackberries and mashes them with a stick.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Luke, Billy and Whiskey make their way home. Billy wipes his hands on his trousers in an attempt to rid them of purple.

BILLY

What if it doesn't come off?

LUKE

It will. Just don't touch anything  
when you get in. Go straight  
upstairs and wash.

Luke and Billy jump as Lambert and Orin leap out from behind a car. Luke grabs Billy's shoulder, turns and runs straight into Dylan and Jack. Dylan grabs Luke. Whiskey growls.

DYLAN

There you are. We've been looking  
all over for ya.

LUKE

(to Billy)  
Run home.

Billy stands, frozen with fear. Jack puts him in a headlock.

LUKE  
Get off of him.

Luke attempts to kick Jack but Dylan pins him to the ground.

DYLAN  
What was it you called me earlier?  
I didn't quite catch it.

LUKE  
Piss off.

JACK  
Looks like you'll have to pump it  
out of him.

Dylan laughs, kneels on Luke's elbow joints and gives him petrol pumps. Luke squirms in agony.

Billy struggles to restrain Whiskey who desperately wants a piece of the action.

DYLAN  
Tell me and I'll stop.

LUKE  
A twat! I called you a twat.

Dylan stands.

DYLAN  
See, it wasn't that hard, was it?  
You gonna call me it again?

Luke stumbles to his feet and shakes his head.

JACK  
Looks like he's gonna cry.

DYLAN  
That's 'cause he's a faggot.  
Probably gonna run home now and  
tell his mummy.

Luke lands a swift jab on Dylan's jaw.

Dylan stumbles backwards in shock. Jack throws Billy to the ground and grabs Luke by the throat.

Dylan wipes his jaw, walks up to Luke and punches him in the stomach. Luke hits the deck. Whiskey barks loudly.

DYLAN  
(to Billy)  
Shut that fucking dog up.  
(to Luke)  
Think you can take a swing at me?

Dylan and Jack kick Luke in the ribs and face while Lambert and Orin watch uncomfortably.

Billy uses all his strength to keep hold of the lead but it's no use. Whiskey darts forward and latches onto Dylan's leg.

Dylan wails in pain. Jack reaches out to a nearby wall, pulls a loose brick from it and chucks it to Dylan.

Dylan forcefully swings it towards the top of Whiskey's head.

Billy's eyes begin to well as Whiskey whimpers.

Then falls silent.

EXT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Billy sobs as Michael shovels dirt into a dog-sized hole. He puts the shovel down and comforts Billy.

MICHAEL

He was getting old anyway, son.  
Probably only had a couple more  
good years left in him.

Joyce and Luke stand a few feet behind.

LUKE

Are you still mad?

JOYCE

It's sad, but your father's right.  
His time was almost up. I just want  
to know what happened.

LUKE

I told you, he...

JOYCE

He didn't get hit by a car, Luke.

Joyce lifts Luke's chin and studies his split lip and swelling eye.

JOYCE

Unless it reversed back and hit you  
afterwards.

Luke stares at the ground, avoiding eye contact at all costs.

JOYCE

If you don't tell me what's going  
on, I can't help.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

Luke stares out of the window. Billy lies on the top bunk of their bed. The room's not huge but it's pretty tidy.

BILLY  
Why can't we just tell her?

LUKE  
'Cause it'll make us look like pussies.

Luke watches as the light in the garden goes out.

LUKE  
Get dressed.

BILLY  
It's bed time.

LUKE  
No it's not.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A red brick wall overlooks a well kept garden. A pair of small hands land on top of it. Luke pulls himself up and peers inside. Unsatisfied, he drops back down.

Billy stands below, clutching a Jerrycan. Luke takes a few steps forward, leaps up and checks another garden.

BILLY  
Can we go home? Please.

LUKE  
I know it's one of these. It's gotta be.

BILLY  
I don't care. I just wanna go.

LUKE  
Let me try a few more.

EXT. DYLAN'S HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Luke lowers himself down from the alleyway and drops inside.

He moves silently across the grass towards a motorbike cover and uncovers it to reveal Dylan's dirt bike.

He darts back to the wall and jumps up to see Billy, sat cross-legged in the alleyway looking glum.

LUKE

Give me your hand. This is it

Billy remains still. Luke glances back to check he hasn't been spotted and turns his focus back to Billy.

LUKE

Just pass us the can, then. You get a head start, I'll catch up.

Billy reluctantly stands and passes Luke the Jerrycan.

Luke drops back down, approaches the dirt bike and douses it with petrol. Without hesitation, he pulls a box of matches from his jacket, strikes one and flicks it towards the bike.

He watches, overwhelmed with satisfaction as flames engulf steel and plastic in an orange, flickering glow.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Luke dries his hair with a towel in the mirror.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - BOYS' ROOM - DAY

Billy attempts to fasten a tie around his neck but soon gives up and throws it on a set of drawers.

LUKE (O.S.)

What's that?

Billy turns to see Luke enter, wrapped in a towel.

BILLY

Nothing.

Luke grabs a shirt from his wardrobe, puts it on and begins buttoning.

LUKE

Remember what we said. No secrets.

BILLY

It's just a tie.

LUKE

What d'you want that for?

BILLY

I was gonna wear it today. So I can look like Mr. Peabody.

LUKE

I thought he wore a bow tie.

BILLY

He does. But this is all dad's got.  
It was a stupid idea anyway, I'd  
just get laughed at.

LUKE

It's non-school uniform day, you  
can wear what you want. Who cares  
if people laugh?

Luke finishes buttoning his shirt and picks up the tie.

LUKE

Come here.

Billy stands in front of Luke who fastens the tie around his  
neck with ease.

BILLY

Where did you learn to do that?

LUKE

My last carers were religious, made  
me go to church every Sunday.

BILLY

What happened?

LUKE

Not much really. Just had to listen  
to an old man in fancy dress tell  
stories for an hour.

BILLY

I meant your carers, what happened  
to them?

Luke reaches into his wardrobe and pulls out a set of jeans.

BILLY

No secrets, remember?

Luke sighs.

LUKE

They kicked me out for stealing  
money from a donation box. It  
wasn't much. But the funny thing  
is, I didn't even get caught. I  
felt bad so I owned up to it.

BILLY

And they still kicked you out?

LUKE

Yeah. Guess they never got to the  
chapter on forgiveness.



He stares at his new pet, unaware of Lambert and Orin approaching from behind.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Luke taps his fingers on the desk.

LUKE

Sir, can I go to the toilet?

TEACHER

Not until the other one gets back.

LUKE

But sir, he's been ages. I'm busting.

The Teacher looks up from his papers with a stern glare.

TEACHER

Not until the other one gets back.

Luke slumps back into his seat.

EXT. ALLOTMENTS - DAY

Billy runs as fast as he can past plots of land, sheds, greenhouses and the odd polytunnel, still clutching tightly to the bug jar. Lambert and Orin are hot on his heels.

Billy attempts to climb over a wooden fence but can't reach the top. He turns and quickly dashes along a path leading to a row of houses.

He reaches the end but is cut off by Dylan and Jack, waiting at the exit. Billy turns to see Lambert and Orin close behind and soon realizes he's trapped.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Luke stares at the door and then to the Teacher.

LUKE

Sir, can you go check on Dylan?

TEACHER

He's a big boy. I'm sure he can manage on his own.

LUKE

But...

The Teacher looks up with a face full of rage.

LUKE

It's just, I heard this rumor at lunch.

TEACHER

Go on.

LUKE

Dylan bought in a load of rook scarers and was gonna try and blow up the boys' toilet.

TEACHER

(briskly exiting the room)  
Everyone stay put, I'll be back in a minute.

The other Kids watch as Luke slides open the window, chucks his bag through, hops outside and sprints across the school field.

EXT. ALLOTMENTS - DAY

Jack has Billy's chest pinned to the floor with his foot. Dylan kneels down beside him while Lambert and Orin watch.

DYLAN

What's this you got, then?

Dylan snatches the jar from Billy's hand and studies it.

DYLAN

Orin, open his mouth.

Orin looks unsure.

DYLAN

Fucking do it.

Orin bends down and tries to prise Billy's mouth open, but Billy bites down on his fingers.

ORIN

Ah!

Jack shoves Orin to the ground and pinches Billy's nose shut.

Billy squirms and wriggles as Dylan unscrews the jar and picks out the bug by its hind legs.

He holds it above Billy's mouth, waits for it to open, pushes it inside and forces his jaw up and down. Tears stream down Billy's face. Blood and bug juice stream down his chin.

Jack and Dylan laugh. Lambert and Orin look uncomfortable.

LAMBERT

Do you not think he's had enough?

DYLAN

Hold his face up, I wanna get a pic'.

Jack turns Billy's face to the side. Dylan pulls a phone from his pocket and takes a picture. Jack slams Billy's face back into the dirt.

LAMBERT

Come on, guys. That's enough now.

DYLAN

Well fuck off home then. I'm just getting started.

(to Jack)

Get him up.

Jack follows his commands and pins Billy to a shed door. Dylan punches Billy in the stomach with two powerful hooks.

Jack lets go. Billy slumps to his knees. Dylan grabs him by the collar.

DYLAN

I'm gonna make sure that every night, before this little prick's head hits the pillow, he's gonna be thinking about what I'm gonna do to him the next day.

Dylan leans into Billy's face.

DYLAN

If I was you, I'd put that tie to good use.

Dylan floors Billy and strolls off. Jack kicks him as he passes and Lambert and Orin walk around him sheepishly.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The door swings open and Luke enters, sweating and out of breath.

LUKE

Where's Billy?

Joyce is in the kitchen and talks with her back turned.

JOYCE

He got home about half an hour ago.

LUKE

But where is he?

JOYCE

He ran straight upstairs. I thought  
you were with him.

Joyce turns to look at Luke but he's already up the stairs.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - OUTSIDE BOYS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Luke and Joyce watch as Michael kicks the door with all his  
strength. After three, the door bursts open.

All sound fades to silence.

Luke's eyes widen as Joyce and Michael pile into the room, a  
look of horror on their faces as they see the unthinkable.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Luke strolls along at a snails pace in school uniform, his  
hands in his pockets and head hung low.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dirty dishes and cutlery fill the sink and draining board.

Luke pulls a loaf of bread from a cupboard.

LUKE

Do you want anything to eat?

Luke opens the loaf.

LUKE

Dad?

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael sits on the sofa, staring at a blank TV screen which  
now has a crack down the middle. He necks the rest of a beer,  
drops it onto the growing pile of empties at his feet and  
grabs a fresh one from the coffee table.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Luke cuts mould from two slices of bread.

MOMENTS LATER

Luke sits on the kitchen side, staring out of the window.

The toaster pops.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

Luke lies on the bottom bunk of the bed, staring up at the top bunk which is now nothing more than a bare mattress.

The sound of Michael and Joyce arguing downstairs filters through the ceiling. Luke folds a pillow over his ears.

EXT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DAY

Luke heads up the road towards his house. A PLUMP KID, around the same age, rolls up next to him on a BMX.

PLUMP KID  
It's Luke, ain't it?

Luke smiles faintly and keeps walking.

PLUMP KID  
My mum told me what happened to  
your brother. It's pretty sad.

Luke stops at the edge of the path leading to his house.

PLUMP KID  
I only live around the corner. It's  
the one with the green garage,  
number twenty two.

The Plump Kid pedals off.

PLUMP KID  
(turning his head back)  
If you want to hang out some time,  
give us a knock. My dad's just put  
a pool table in the garage.

Luke turns and walks up the path.

INT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Luke enters. Joyce sits on the stairs, eyes red from evaporated tears and cheeks swollen from Michael's knuckles.

LUKE  
What's going on?

EXT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DAY

Luke sits on a curb with two suitcases and a holdall beside him. Joyce sits next to him with a cup of gin in hand. And it's clearly not her first of the morning.

JOYCE

He never wanted a brother, you know. I think he enjoyed being alone. In his own head.

Luke stares across the road.

JOYCE

We thought it would do him good to have a bit of company. Someone he could talk to, spend time with, maybe bring him out of his shell a bit. I can't remember the last time he smiled before we brought you in.

Joyce starts to tear up.

JOYCE

I'm sorry it's come to this, Luke. But every time I look at you, it's a constant reminder.

Joyce wipes her eyes but winces as her hand runs over a swollen cheek.

JOYCE

And I don't want you growing up around this.

LUKE

But I don't wanna go.

JOYCE

I know. I think you'll be happy with your uncle Adge, though. He sounded nice on the phone.

INT. BATTERED PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Luke sits in the passenger seat and stares out of the window.

In the background, ADGE, forty five, in good shape but looks permanently tired, talks to Joyce outside of her house. He turns, walks towards the truck and climbs in.

Luke doesn't batter an eyelid. Just keeps staring at the world outside. Adge opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. He's not used to being around people and it shows.

He starts the engine and pulls off.

EXT. HOSKINS' HOUSE - DAY

Joyce bursts into tears as she watches the truck leave.

INT. BATTERED PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - MONTAGE - DAY

Luke stares out of the window and sees -

- The Plump Kid on his BMX, riding alone outside a house with a green garage.

- CHILDREN playing in a playground.

- A HAPPY FAMILY loading beach gear into a car.

- Jack laughing at a joke with Lambert and Orin on a street corner. Dylan sits on a curb beside them. He locks eyes with Luke as he passes with a face full of genuine remorse. Luke stares back, expressionless.

- Miles upon miles of vibrant countryside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Adge unloads Luke's luggage from the bed of his pickup while Luke stares at his new home - an ivy-clad farmhouse, built some time in the nineteenth century and by the looks of it, hasn't been renovated since.

It's certainly no mansion, but it's a decent size with beautiful rural surroundings. Farms, fields and meadows, rich with agriculture and wildlife as far as the eye can see.

Adge picks up Luke's suitcases and heads towards the house.

ADGE

Little help.

Luke sighs, picks up the holdall and follows him.

ADGE

I just gotta finish cleaning the stalls, then we'll get you settled in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LUKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luke lies asleep in bed.

His eyes open without his consent as blinding sunlight fills the room. He squints at Adge who stands by the window.

ADGE

Come on, get up.

LUKE

What time is it?

ADGE

Time for work.

Luke checks his bedside clock.

LUKE  
It's half six.

ADGE  
It's time for work. If the sun's  
up, then so are we. If you want a  
lie-in, you'll have to wait til  
winter.

Luke groans.

ADGE  
(while leaving the room)  
And it's half five. I forgot to put  
that one back last month.

EXT. FARM - FREE RANGE PIGPEN - DAY

Luke scoops a handful of cereal from a bucket and chucks it  
on the ground.

Four PIGLETS scurry towards him and lapse it up, in a pen  
that's home to around fifty PIGS and two dozen PIGLETS.

Adge emerges from a pig ark with a handful of dirty straw. He  
watches Luke feed the piglets and drops it.

ADGE  
You'll be here all day, you keep on  
like that.

Adge snatches the bucket from Luke and chucks all of the feed  
on the ground in one go. He picks up the straw and strides  
towards the next ark.

ADGE  
Come on. We got six more to do,  
then I'll show you how to make the  
mud baths.

Luke follows, trying his hardest to keep up while side  
stepping piles of pig shit.

LUKE  
Will that not just make them dirty?

ADGE  
That's the point. Acts like  
sunscreen and keeps the insects  
from getting to 'em.

INT. FARMHOUSE - RUSTIC KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luke and Adge sit at a solid plank dining table with two plates of cremated lasagna in front them.

Adge attempts to cut it. Luke prods his with a fork.

ADGE

So, we both agree that this ain't edible, right?

Luke shrugs.

Adge stands, takes both plates and scrapes them into a bin.

ADGE

Joyce told me it was your favorite so I picked up some ingredients a couple days back.

Adge puts the plates into the sink and opens a freezer.

ADGE

But as you can probably guess, I've never made it before. Usually just knock up a casserole on the Monday and it lasts me most the week.

Adge pulls out a tub of ice cream, fills two bowls, slides one in front of Luke and sits back down.

ADGE

You done alright today, kid. Sorry if I seemed a bit grumpy. Just used to doing everything on me own is all.

Luke prods his ice cream with a spoon and tastes a bit.

ADGE

What d'you reckon?

LUKE

It's good.

ADGE

It's better than good. That right there was probably inside a cow a few days ago. Don't get any fresher than that, I'll tell ya.

LUKE

It's really good.

ADGE

(smiling)  
That's better.

Luke shovels more into his mouth.

ADGE  
You ever been fishing before?

Luke shakes his head.

ADGE  
I was thinking tomorrow, after the morning run, we could go down to the lake for a couple hours. I gotta twelve foot ali' down there and it's mid season. There should be plenty of fish about.

Luke smiles faintly.

EXT. LAKE - ALUMINIUM BOAT - DAY

Luke sits at the back, one hand on a fishing rod, the other holding his chin up to stop him from nodding off.

Adge sits at the front, baits up a boilie and casts.

ADGE  
Maybe they're all still asleep.

LUKE  
I wanna go home.

ADGE  
We can make this the last cast and head back if you want?

LUKE  
No. Home. With my mum and dad.

Adge sighs.

ADGE  
I'm sorry, Luke. I know this ain't easy for ya, and I know you miss 'em, but...

LUKE  
It's not just that. There's something I've gotta do.

Adge reels in and puts his rod down.

ADGE  
Has this 'something' got anything to do with the drawings that Joyce found in your room?

Luke turns his focus to the lake.

ADGE

She told me you and your brother were getting bullied. I know what it's like, but that don't mean...

Luke snaps back in a bitter rage.

LUKE

You don't know what it's like. They did it to him. And now he's gone.

ADGE

Did you ever meet your grandad, Luke?

Luke takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

ADGE

He was a man that cared about two things. Respect and reputation. And the town where me and your mum grew up. She ever tell you about it?

LUKE

I don't remember.

ADGE

Well, it was small, only a few thousand people. But you could bet your life that almost every one of them had heard of the Durdle Brothers and the Skylark's. Two families that had been at each others throats for decades. And after your grandma had me and your mum, both our uncle's died in a car crash. Which means they didn't have any kids. Now what I didn't know growing up, is that I was part of this feud, whether I liked it or not. There were six Skylark's in my school alone and it was just me and your mum. I used to come home every other day with fresh cuts and bruises.

Adge pulls up his sleeve to show Luke a series or small, circular scars. Luke frowns.

ADGE

Used to force my own friends to stub their smokes out on me.

Adge rolls his sleeve back down.

ADGE

Your grandad used to tell me to fight back, that I was a disgrace, that I didn't deserve my second name. I didn't realize it at the time but he was ten times worse than the Skylark kids. They did it because of some twisted code of honour, but he used to enjoy it.

Luke stares at Adge, now fully engulfed in his story.

ADGE

One day, I'd had enough of him telling me to fight back, so I did. I took one of his hunting knives from the cabinet into school and fought back.

Adge lifts his shirt to reveal half a dozen scars from a large blade.

ADGE

And this is where it got me.

Luke studies them but seems unfazed.

ADGE

I was never weak, Luke. It took a lot of strength for me not retaliate. Grab your grandad's rifle from the shelf and end it once and for all. But I chose a different way. I took joy in him knowing that his legacy would die with me. As soon as I could afford it, I moved out here and started fresh. And if I could give you one bit of advice, it'd be to let whatever you got building up inside of you go. It'll save you a lot of wasted years in the long run.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - WOOD PILE - DAY

The blade of a nine inch hunting knife cuts into a RABBIT'S thigh. Adge places the rabbit onto the surface of a tree stump and skins it while Luke watches.

Adge ties the rabbit's hind legs with string and chucks it into a sack along with two others.

Adge hands Luke the knife.

ADGE

Now it's your turn. It's a bit tricky at first but you'll soon get used to it. And you better get used to the taste as well.

Adge picks up the sack and heads towards the house.

Luke stares at a pile of six dead RABBIT'S on the ground.

He grabs one, lays it on the tree stump, makes cuts into both of its thighs and attempts to separate skin from flesh but it doesn't budge.

He throws the rabbit on the ground in a sulk.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - WOOD PILE - DAY - LATER

A RABBIT lands on the surface of the tree stump.

A pair of fully grown HANDS make slits into its thighs and remove the skin with expertise.

Luke, now twenty five, chucks the rabbit into a bag and starts on the next one. Over a decade of manual labour has shaped him from a scrawny kid into a well-built man.

He wears a sweat-stained check shirt, sun faded jeans and a worn trucker hat which sits on top of a head that hasn't seen a razor in years.

SUPER: Fifteen Years Later

Luke glances towards the house as a white AUDI A3 pulls up. As the door opens, he turns back and carries on skinning.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

MR. WILDE, fifties, wears a suit unworthy of its fabric and a grin that's worthy of a slap, exits the Audi and knocks on the door. He waits a moment, notices Luke and approaches him.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - WOOD PILE - DAY

Luke chucks a skinned rabbit into a bag and grabs another.

MR. WILDE

Hello, sir. My name's Mr. Wilde. I'm looking for a Mr. Durdle, the man who owns this property.

LUKE

Weren't a man.

MR. WILDE

I do apologize, it must be a typo.  
Mrs. Durdle.

LUKE

Oh, no. He had a cock. But he weren't a man. He was a fucking coward. And he's in the cemetery, left the place to me.

MR. WILDE

Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.

LUKE

Don't be.

MR. WILDE

I get it. You didn't get along. I had the same sort of relationship with my dad. He always told me to have no regrets, but one of my biggest is not forgiving him when I had the chance.

LUKE

He wasn't my dad. And as interesting as it is, I take it you're here to talk about something other than your upbringing?

MR. WILDE

Is there somewhere we can sit?

Luke chucks another carcass into a bag and lodges his knife into the stump.

He pulls two more stumps of wood from the log pile, positions them across from each other and sits on one.

Mr. Wilde goes to speak but stops himself and sheepishly sits on the stump across from Luke.

MR. WILDE

I'm here regarding the property.

LUKE

It sold?

MR. WILDE

Well, the thing is, Mr...

LUKE

Luke.

MR. WILDE

...Luke. I've been in this line of work for almost twenty years, and believe me, this is a first.

(MORE)

MR. WILDE (CONT'D)

I don't quite know how to put it,  
but the price you've agreed to sell  
at is ridiculous.

LUKE

You've found a buyer, then?

MR. WILDE

My phone's been ringing non stop.

LUKE

How long til the money goes  
through?

MR. WILDE

Luke. I don't think you fully  
understand the situation here. The  
business alone is worth your asking  
price. And the property, you could  
fetch three times that, at least.

LUKE

I understand.

MR. WILDE

So we can negotiate a more  
reasonable price?

LUKE

No. I understand the situation.

Luke stands, grabs the bag of rabbits and strolls towards the  
farm house.

LUKE

Ring me when the money's gone  
through. And tell 'em they can have  
all the shit inside if they want.  
If not, there's twenty litres of  
petty out back.

Mr. Wilde sits in sheer bewilderment.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ADGE'S ROOM - DAY

Luke unlocks a gun cabinet, grabs a hunting rifle and a box  
of cartridges and stuffs them into a holdall on Adge's bed.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LUKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luke rummages through his wardrobe, pulls out a worn shoebox  
and places it inside the holdall.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Luke has a phone wedged between his shoulder and ear. He locks the door, posts the keys through the letter box and strides towards Adge's pickup truck with the holdall in hand.

LUKE  
(into phone)  
I'm on my way. I'll try you again  
when I'm close.

Luke hangs up and slips the phone into his pocket. As he passes the wood pile, he grabs his knife from the stump and adds it to the holdall.

He chucks the holdall on the passenger seat of the pickup, climbs into the drivers seat and speeds off.

EXT. CAR DEALER - DAY

Luke drives into the lot in Adge's battered pickup truck.

EXT. CAR DEALER - DAY - LATER

Luke drives out of the lot in a gun metal grey AUDI A3.

INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ready meal packets, used paper plates and empty spirit bottles litter the sides, along with leftover food and spent tea bags. A kitchen that a meth addict wouldn't step in.

Luke wipes a cup with a cloth, places it on the side and adds a tea bag.

He pours in water from a freshly boiled kettle and stares out of the window to the scenic view of a red brick wall.

He spoons the tea bag out and bins it.

LUKE  
(raised voice)  
Do you still take sugar?

Luke waits a moment, spoons a sugar into the cup and carries it through to the living room.

INT. COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joyce, now almost fifty and a complete mess, both physically and mentally, sits on a sofa in an equally messy room.

Years of drug and alcohol abuse have taken their toll. Her face, once natural with a warming smile, is now pale, skinny and practically toothless.

Luke places the cup of tea in front of her and sits opposite. Joyce stares at the cup, completely distant from him.

LUKE

Joyce.

Joyce glances up.

LUKE

We all set?

Joyce nods.

LUKE

The money went through?

Joyce nods.

LUKE

I need a bit more communication here, Joyce. This is important.

JOYCE

I didn't know you were coming.

LUKE

I tried ringing.

Joyce glances at her phone on the coffee table next to her.

JOYCE

Oh.

LUKE

So the money went through and you booked it, the one with the lake?

JOYCE

For six weeks, just like you said.

LUKE

Good. And it's in Michael's name?

Joyce nods.

LUKE

And you haven't heard from him in five years, no idea where he is?

Joyce remains silent.

LUKE

Joyce, this is important.

JOYCE

I have no idea where he is.

LUKE

They might still come and ask questions. And you're prepared for that?

JOYCE

I just want it to be over with.

LUKE

It will be. Soon.

JOYCE

What if it doesn't work? What if they recognize you?

LUKE

Then I'll find another way. I'll go prison if it comes to it. But at least this way I've got a chance.

JOYCE

What name did you choose?

LUKE

Gonna stick with Luke.

JOYCE

But they'll...

LUKE

I don't think they knew my name to begin with. I was just shit-stain or faggot to them. There's more chance of me slipping up if I use a fake one, and Luke's pretty common.

Luke stands.

LUKE

You probably won't see me again. But keep an eye on your phone, keep it charged. I'll call you when I know details.

Luke walks towards the front door and grabs his holdall.

JOYCE

I'm sorry, Luke. We should never have kicked you out.

LUKE

It wasn't your fault.

JOYCE

I just couldn't stand it. Every time I looked at you, all I could think about is what those animals did to him.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I was gonna do it myself, you know.  
I even bought a gun. Do you wanna  
see it? It's pretty.

LUKE

Take care, Joyce.

Luke opens the door and leaves.

INT. BASIC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Luke lies on a double bed with his eyes fixed on a laptop.

He scrolls through a flight and travel website which features pictures and information about Croatia.

He closes the tab to reveal a social media website, showing various pictures of Jack, Lambert and Orin, now in their late twenties, on a heavy night out on the town.

A message pops up in the bottom right hand corner. Luke clicks it and an online chat room window fills the screen.

It features a message from 'Dylan132' that reads 'I'm off to bed now, can barely keep my eyes open, good luck with the interview tomorrow, good night x'.

Luke clicks reply and writes 'Good night. Counting down the days til we meet in person, not long now, so excited xxx', under the username 'Libby-08' and clicks send.

INT. BASIC HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom lino looks like a hairdressers floor.

Luke trims his beard with a set of clippers.

INT. BASIC HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Luke steps out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist, walks over to a mirror and studies his new look, completely stone-faced.

Behind him, around a dozen designer shopping bags and four shoe boxes lay on the bed.

INT. IRISH PUB - POOL TABLE - NIGHT

Fifteen Guinness balls sit in a perfect triangle. A cue ball crashes into them and sends the balls flying.

A DRUNKEN LOU, thirties, shaved head and nursing a beer belly, watches proudly as three of the balls find a home.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
Get in there!

He grabs a half full pint of lager from a table and necks it.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
Who's round is it?

Three of his DRUNKEN FRIENDS, around the same age but slightly less intimidating, all look straight towards him.

INT. IRISH PUB - BAR - NIGHT

Traditional IRISH FOLK music plays softly from surround sound speakers, which is occasionally drowned out by the Drunken Lout and his friends, laughing and shouting.

Luke sits on a stall in a smart check shirt and jeans and finishes a bottle of beer. Apart from a SCRUFFY OLD MAN at the far end, he's got the bar to himself.

Luke places his bottle on the bar and makes eye contact with BROGAN, twenty six, a natural stunner who's not aware of how stunning she is, behind the bar.

BROGAN  
Same again?

LUKE  
Please.

Brogan reaches into a fridge, pulls out a bottle and places it in front of Luke who hands her some change.

Brogan smiles, turns and carries on cleaning behind the bar.

INT. IRISH PUB - POOL TABLE - NIGHT

The Drunken Lout and his friends chin off a shot of tequila and slam in on the table.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
What we having next?

DRUNKEN FRIEND #1  
Anything but tequila, shit's nasty.

The Drunken Lout pulls a twenty from his pocket and chucks it to Drunken Friend #2.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
Get eight more.

Drunken Friend #1 shakes his head as Drunken Friend #2 makes his way to the bar.

INT. IRISH PUB - BAR - NIGHT

As Drunken Friend #2 approaches, Luke locks eyes with the Scruffy Old Man and nods.

The man shuffles up to Drunken Friend #2 and whispers something into his ear.

INT. IRISH PUB - POOL TABLE - NIGHT

Drunken Friend #2 places a tray of eight shots on the table.

DRUNKEN FRIEND #2  
(to Drunken Lout)  
Think you got a secret admirer in there, mate.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
Who?

DRUNKEN FRIEND #2  
That little tasty bit behind the bar.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
Yeah?

DRUNKEN FRIEND #2  
That's what some old geezer reckons. Said she's been trying to pluck up the courage to give you her number all night.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
I'll give her more than my fucking number.

The Drunken Lout necks his two shots and slams them on the table.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
This better not be a wind up.

DRUNKEN FRIEND #2  
No, straight up. That's what he said.

DRUNKEN LOUT  
S'pose I better go introduce myself, then.

The Drunken Lout pulls a wedding ring from his finger and pockets it.

INT. IRISH PUB - BAR - NIGHT

The Scruffy Old Man walks towards the exit with a fifty pound note clutched tightly in his hand.

Luke nurses his beer at the bar alone. The Drunken Lout staggers over and slumps up against the bar beside him.

DRUNKEN LOU  
(to Brogan)  
Alright, love.

BROGAN  
Are you waiting to be served?

DRUNKEN LOU  
I could ask you the same question.

Brogan stops cleaning and turns to face him.

BROGAN  
What can I get for you?

DRUNKEN LOU  
A taxi back to mine would be good.  
Unless you got a spare room going  
upstairs?

BROGAN  
Sorry. We're not a B&B.

DRUNKEN LOU  
Looks like you'll have to pack an  
overnight bag, then.

BROGAN  
Look, I don't...

DRUNKEN LOU  
There's no need to play dumb. I  
know you're keen, so let's say we  
skip all the back and forth  
bollocks and have some fun.

Brogan rolls her eyes, turns and carries on cleaning.

DRUNKEN LOU  
Don't turn your back on me.

Luke glances at The Drunken Lout.

DRUNKEN LOU  
Fuck you staring at, lumberjack.

Luke smiles.

DRUNKEN LOUT

(to Brogan)

Oi. I'm fucking talking to you, you little slag.

LUKE

That line might have worked on your old dear, mate. But it's probably not everyone's cup of tea.

DRUNKEN LOUT

Say that again.

Luke calmly stands and squares up to him.

LUKE

I said...

The Drunken Lout lunges forward and head butts Luke who stumbles backward with a look of astonishment on his face.

Brogan opens a door to the kitchen and leans in.

BROGAN

Dad!

The Drunken Lout swings a heavy right, but due to his blood-alcohol level, Luke sees it coming a mile off and ducks.

Luke takes full advantage of the Lout's exposed rib cage and drives a couple of powerful left hooks into it.

The Lout falls to his knees and holds his now broken ribs in agony. Luke grabs him by the throat and pins him to the bar.

The Lout's Drunken Friends pile over to get in amongst it but stop suddenly as COLT, sixty five, physically frail but stern faced, bundles out of the kitchen wielding a cricket bat.

COLT

All of you. Out now!

Luke lets go of the Lout and stands.

The Drunken Friends help the Lout to his feet and carry him outside. Colt holds the bat against Luke's throat.

COLT

That means you as well.

Brogan puts her hand on Colt's shoulder.

BROGAN

He was helping me, dad.

Colt and Luke have a brief stare-off.

INT. IRISH PUB - TABLE - NIGHT

Two shot glasses hit the table.

Luke, Colt and Brogan sit in a circle behind an almost empty bottle of whiskey. Luke fiddles with a cigarette.

Colt refills the two shot glasses and slides one to Luke while Brogan sips on a glass of orange juice.

COLT

(to Brogan)

Last chance to try the best whiskey that's ever passed through them doors.

BROGAN

I'm fine, dad.

Colt eyes her suspiciously.

COLT

You're not pregnant, are ya?

BROGAN

(laughing)

No. I told you I've got a driving lesson in the morning.

COLT

Good. You better not be. Now don't get me wrong, Luke. I wouldn't mind seeing grandkids before my time's up. But not with that pagan that she's latched herself onto. Have you met him?

BROGAN

It's his first day in town, dad. He's told you that three times.

COLT

Sorry. I blame the medication they keep pumping into me. Used to have a memory like a computer, now you'd think I had cancer of the brain, not the fucking nut sack.

LUKE

It's alright. No, I haven't met him.

COLT

You're lucky. Kid's a waste of fucking oxygen.

BROGAN

Can we change the subject?

COLT

All I'm saying is that you deserve better. You hitched up with anyone, Luke?

Luke laughs.

BROGAN

I think you've had a bit too much to drink, dad. Maybe it's time to head on up.

Colt grabs his shot and knocks it back.

COLT

Yeah, you're probably right. Catches up with you a lot quicker these days.

Colt stands.

COLT

Good night and god bless.

Colt rests his hand on Luke's shoulder.

COLT

Pleasure to meet you, Luke.

LUKE

You too, Colt.

COLT

(while kissing Brogan's head)  
Night, sweetheart.

BROGAN

Good night, dad.

Colt staggers to the bar and leaves through the kitchen door.

BROGAN

Sorry about him. Ever since his diagnosis he's been a bit full on, you know.

LUKE

Probably the best way to be. A lot of people just give up.

BROGAN

While we're on the subject, you gonna smoke that at some point tonight?

Luke slips the cigarette into his pocket.

LUKE

I'm trying to quit. Down to one in the morning and one to crown the night off. If I have it too soon, I won't sleep.

Brogan smiles.

BROGAN

Well, I better lock up.  
(nods at the whiskey)  
You gonna finish that?

LUKE

That's enough for me.

BROGAN

Do you drink a lot? Sorry, I didn't mean to get personal, but you seem fine.

LUKE

To tell you the truth, it's the first time I've drank in years. Never been too keen on it.

BROGAN

You picked a good place to spend your first night, then.

Luke laughs.

LUKE

I move around a lot so I don't really get to meet people. Thought a pub would be a good place to start.

BROGAN

You did get to mingle with that lovely gentleman earlier.

LUKE

Yeah, there is that. Forgot to slip him my number, though. He'll have to look me up if he wants to pencil me in to be his best man.

Brogan laughs as Luke stands. She stares at him curiously.

LUKE

What?

BROGAN

You've been keeping up with my dad for the last hour and you're not even swaying.

LUKE

Probably 'cause it goes straight through me. I'll just use the toilet again then I'll wait with you outside.

BROGAN

You don't have to. They're probably passed out in bed by now.

LUKE

I know. But it's best to be safe.

INT. IRISH PUB - TOILET - NIGHT

Luke sticks his fingers down his throat and clears his stomach into a cubicle.

MOMENTS LATER

Luke splashes water onto his face and stares into a mirror without a hint of emotion.

EXT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Luke and Brogan lean against the wall and laugh at a joke.

BROGAN

You can go, you know. If he's any longer, I'll just go back inside and wait.

LUKE

It's either this, or watch teleshopping, alone, on a twenty inch TV back at the hotel.

BROGAN

Fair enough. It's only your first night, though. I'm sure you'll make friends in no time.

A BLACK BMW pulls up at the end of the street.

Luke sparks his cigarette.

LUKE

It's harder than it looks.

BROGAN

Well, this is me. If you get bored, pop back into the pub some time, I'm sure my dad would like the company.

Brogan and Luke glance around to the sound of a car door being opened and slammed shut.

Jack, now twenty eight and complete nut job, storms towards Luke and Brogan. Luke stares at him with bitter rage.

JACK  
Is he one of them?

Brogan steps in front of Jack in an attempt to tame him.

BROGAN  
He's the one that put a stop to it.

JACK  
I thought you said your dad did.

Luke swallows his rage and acts calm.

LUKE  
He did.

JACK  
I'm not talking to you yet.

BROGAN  
Jack, he was just waiting with me until you got here. Incase they came back.

JACK  
Oh, sorry. I didn't know he was a fucking hero.

BROGAN  
Jack, please. I just wanna go home.

JACK  
And we will.

Jack barges past Brogan and squares up to Luke.

JACK  
As soon as I find out why this little cunt thinks it's alright to get all friendly with someone else's bird.

LUKE  
It weren't intentional. I don't know anyone around here so it was a nice change of pace to actually talk to someone. Sorry if I overstepped the mark.

Luke holds out his hand to shake.

Jack looks lost. If they were at each others throat he'd be in his element, but he's not used to this.

Brogan pulls on Jack's sleeve and he reluctantly turns and walks away. Brogan smiles at Luke before following him.

Luke nods and watches as they storm towards Jack's car, jump inside and start arguing.

Luke begins to walk away but turns back to the sound of a horn. He sees Jack waving him towards his car.

Luke approaches Brogan and a now calm Jack.

JACK  
You want a lift?

LUKE  
Cheers for the offer. But it's a two minute walk.

JACK  
Got a phone?

Luke pulls a phone from his pocket. Jack reaches out, snatches it, dials a number and passes it back.

JACK  
It's the last number dialed. If you fancy a beer at the weekend, drop us a text.

Luke nods. Brogan nudges Jack.

JACK  
And sorry for being a dick.

LUKE  
Don't be. It shows that you care.

Jack smiles.

JACK  
I like you already. I'll see you later...

LUKE  
Luke.

JACK  
...Luke.

BROGAN  
See ya.

LUKE  
You two have a good night.

Luke taps the roof of the car and strolls off as the BMW pulls away. He chucks his almost full cigarette on the ground and crushes it into the pavement.

INT. BASIC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Luke sits at the edge of his bed and reads a worn sheet of paper. He folds it into his pocket, lies on his back and stares at the ceiling.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The place is quiet, but judging by the beer stained carpet and outdated decor, it's definitely not topping any lists on Tripadvisor.

Luke and Jack sit at a table full of empty pint glasses and bar snacks along with Lambert and Orin, both now twenty seven.

Lambert's grown into a tall, handsome young man but Orin's still no model and probably got ID'd on the way in.

LAMBERT

(to Luke)

What, so you just do 'em up and sell 'em on, then?

LUKE

Pretty much.

JACK

Sounds like easy money.

LUKE

It ain't bad. You gotta travel around a lot to pick up the bargains, though.

JACK

Speaking of money. Who's round is it?

LUKE

I'll go.

JACK

No, it's alright. I think it's Orin's.

ORIN

I got the last one.

JACK

Just go and get 'em. It ain't your dough anyway.

Jack nudges Luke.

JACK  
His mum still gives him pocket  
money.

ORIN  
Piss off.

Jack pushes Orin to his feet and he reluctantly stumbles  
towards the bar.

JACK  
And get some more peanuts while  
you're at it.

Luke sends a message on his phone. Jack notices.

JACK  
You've been on that non stop. The  
missus's been on at me all week to  
show you around, and you've got  
your eyes glued to a fucking phone  
all night.

Luke slips his phone into his pocket.

LUKE  
Sorry. It's the ex. In a completely  
different time zone and she's still  
giving me grief.

LAMBERT  
Bad break up?

LUKE  
Could say that. Didn't you say you  
were engaged?

LAMBERT  
Yep. She's the best thing that's  
ever happened to me.

JACK  
She's the only thing that's ever  
happened to you.  
(to Luke)  
Little pussies only shagged one  
bird, and now he's trying to marry  
it.

LAMBERT  
Why would I try to fuck a load of  
girls who I don't give a shit  
about, when I can spend the rest of  
my life with one that I do.

JACK

Where d'you read that? The back of a fucking Love Heart? And it's 'cause it's soft, mate. And embarrassing. I'm ashamed to know you if I'm being honest.

Lambert laughs.

LAMBERT

You're just as loved up as I am.

JACK

Have a word with yourself. She's just another tick on a long, long list, mate. And a fucking blinding one at that.

LAMBERT

You keep telling yourself that.

Luke checks his watch.

LUKE

D'you fancy a change of scenery in a bit?

JACK

What, this place not good enough for ya?

LUKE

Na, it's alright. I was speaking to this bloke on the way here, though, said there's a club around the corner.

LAMBERT

Deja Vu?

LUKE

That's it. He reckons it's decent.

JACK

It should be for the fucking prices they charge. You need Wonga on speed dial just to get a foot in the door.

LUKE

I got a bit of money. I'll get us in and pay for a few rounds. If it's shit we can always come back.

JACK

Sounds good to me.

INT. POSH NIGHTCLUB - QUIET SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Jack, Lambert and Orin sit at a table full of empty tumblers and pint glasses. Jack and Lambert are well on their way and Orin's on the verge of passing out.

LAMBERT

It's not just about that, though.  
It's about spending the rest of  
your life with someone.

JACK

You can do that without slapping a  
bit of metal on their finger.

LAMBERT

So you wouldn't actually come?

JACK

I'm up for the stag night, pre-  
party and reception. But you will  
not find me at a fucking wedding.

LAMBERT

Looks like I'll have to start  
looking for a new best man, then.

JACK

(smiling)  
Alright, I'll have a think about  
it.

Lambert laughs.

Luke approaches, places a tray of ten shots and five pints of  
lager on the table and sits.

LAMBERT

Jesus, you are splashing out.

LUKE

Can't take it with ya.

JACK

You must be doing something right.  
What sort of properties do you  
sell, like mansions and that?

LUKE

No, barely even do houses.

LAMBERT

Isn't that where the money's at?

LUKE

It is, but there's a lot of competition. And they take a good few months to refurbish, even longer to sell.

JACK

What do you do, then?

LUKE

Mostly holiday homes, lodges, the odd cabin now and again.

JACK

Cabin?

LUKE

Yeah. They're pretty hard to come across but worth picking up when you get the chance. Secluded lodges are where it's at, though. It's mad how much people will pay to get away from it all.

Jack grabs a pint from the tray.

JACK

Who's the extra one for?

Dylan, now twenty eight, pale, skinny and as timid as a hedgehog, shuffles over with a tray of shots and places them on the table.

LUKE

This is Dylan.

JACK

(confused)  
We know.

LAMBERT

Alright, bud.

DYLAN

(barely above a mumble)  
I just gotta go toilet.

Dylan heads towards the toilets.

JACK

What the fuck's he doing here? Do you know him?

LUKE

No, just seen him at the bar. I needed a hand with the drinks, he was alone, so I asked if he wanted to join us. It's not a problem, is it?

JACK

Na, it's just a bit weird, is all.

LUKE

Do you lot know him, then? He kept looking over, I thought you might have been friends.

JACK

Yeah, we used...

Jack glances at Orin asleep on the table and wakes him with a shove.

JACK

Dylan's here.

ORIN

(barely conscious)  
What?

LAMBERT

Dylan's here.

ORIN

Where?

JACK

He'll be back in a minute.  
(to Luke)  
We used to all knock about together.

LUKE

What happened?

JACK

Nothing really, he just went a bit weird. Then we sort of lost touch.

LAMBERT

He's alright.

JACK

Yeah, he's alright. Apparently he never leaves the house anymore. Just sits around and plays Xbox.

LAMBERT

How d'you know that?

JACK

My old dear still speaks to his grandma. Does a bit of shopping for her now and again.

LUKE

Sorry if I killed the mood. He just looked a bit shy. And I don't like seeing people on their own, I know what it's like.

Jack pats Luke on the shoulder.

JACK

It'll be fine. Won't it Dylan?

Dylan sheepishly returns to the table.

DYLAN

What's that?

Jack slides along the seat to let Dylan in.

Orin smiles at him, Dylan smiles back.

JACK

I was just telling our new pal, Luke, about what we used to get up to.

Dylan stares at Luke curiously.

DYLAN

Luke?

Luke stares back, desperately trying to conceal the fear of being found out and nods.

DYLAN

(after a tense pause)  
Nice to meet you. And cheers for the drinks.

LUKE

No worries.

JACK

Right, are we gonna do these fucking shots, or what?

INT. POSH NIGHTCLUB - QUIET SEATING AREA - LATER

Orin is passed out with his head on the table. Jack and Lambert knock back a shot. Dylan has one in hand and seems a lot more comfortable than before.

Luke stands about ten feet away on the phone.

LAMBERT

We wouldn't do that to you, mate.

DYLAN

No, I know you wouldn't. I just don't know why she wouldn't turn up. Then I seen you lot here and it just made me wonder.

JACK

Na, that's cruel by anyone's standards. She probably just got caught up with something.

DYLAN

Probably.

Dylan drinks his shot.

LAMBERT

Are you together, then?

DYLAN

Not really. This is the first night we were s'posed to meet.

JACK

So you've never even seen her?

DYLAN

I have. She's sent pictures and that, but never in person.

LAMBERT

What, you just speak on the phone?

DYLAN

She said she don't like to. And I know what you're thinking. I'm starting to think it too.

JACK

That it could be a pedo?

LAMBERT

He's got a weird taste in children if he is.

DYLAN

That she might not be real. I know it sounds mad, but I even though I might love her.

JACK

Love's a weird fucking thing, mate. I'm starting to think I might be under its spell, en'all.

Lambert laughs.

LAMBERT

I told ya.

JACK

Yeah, alright. I'll put it down to the tequila.

Luke returns to the table, slips his phone into his pocket and sits.

JACK

That the ex again?

LUKE

A client. They just cancelled a booking.

LAMBERT

Bet you're regretting them now.

Lambert nods towards two trays of almost empty shot glasses.

LUKE

No, it's all paid for. Just means I got a place to live for the next month or so.

JACK

What sort of place?

LUKE

A lake house.

JACK

Lake house?

LUKE

Yeah.

DYLAN

What, like them ones in American horror films, where everyone dies except for the main character?

LUKE

Yeah. Well, it's a lodge, but there's a lake next to it.

JACK

Fucking hell. Living the dream, ain't ya?

LUKE

You lot can come and stay for a bit if you want? It's only about an hours drive.

JACK

I'm keen.

LUKE

Next weekend?

LAMBERT

I've got work.

JACK

Call in sick.

LAMBERT

I can't. If we don't meet the targets this month, I won't have a job to go back to.

LUKE

The weekend after?

LAMBERT

I can't see why not.

LUKE

What about Orin?

JACK

Yeah, he ain't exactly got commitments. Only way he won't come is if his mum grounds him.

LUKE

Dylan?

DYLAN

Umm...

LUKE

It'll be a laugh.

DYLAN

I might do.

LUKE

Get a few beers in, bit of music on the go.

DYLAN

Does sound pretty good.

JACK

It will be.

Luke places a shot in front of Jack, Lambert and Dylan.

LUKE

I want you lot to promise that you ain't gonna let me down.

Luke raises his shot. Jack and Lambert do the same.

LUKE

It'll be boring as fuck if I'm up there by myself all month. I need something to look forward to.

JACK

I'm game.

LAMBERT

Yeah, a hundred percent.

Everyone looks to Dylan for an answer. He reluctantly picks up his shot and shakes his head.

DYLAN

Go on then. I'm in.

LUKE

Promise?

DYLAN

Yeah. I promise.

LUKE

One more thing. D'you reckon we could just make it a lads only sort of deal? Like just us lot. It might help take my mind off the ex a bit.

Jack laughs.

JACK

Yeah. Lads only.

Jack leads the way and necks his shot. Luke, Dylan and Lambert follow suit.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

The perfect mix of stone and timber make up a stunning, secluded property that overlooks a quarry lake, surrounded by tall oaks with a backdrop of bright fields and meadows.

Luke's Audi is parked outside.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Steam escapes from a gap in the door of an on-suite bathroom. The sound of an active shower fills the room.

A king sized bed sits in the centre of the rustic room.

Luke's holdall lies on top, open, with Adge's rifle clearly visible, next to a worn, poorly written note which reads -

I DONT LIKE  
BEING HERE  
ANYMORE SO IM  
GOING TO LIVE  
WITH GRANDMA  
AND WHISKY.  
LOVE YOU MUMMY  
DADDY AND MY  
BROTHER LUKE. I  
MIGHT COME BACK  
IF IT GETS  
BORING. SEE YOU  
SOON.

BILLY

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luke sits on the sofa in a cosy but spacious room that screams hunting lodge, wearing a smart shirt, jeans and a pair of pricey looking shoes.

He sits eerily still as he stares straight ahead out the front window like a man possessed.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

A set of headlights approach from a dirt track.

Jack's BMW pulls up.

The engine dies and an excited Jack, Lambert and Orin step outside, along with a sheepish looking Dylan.

Luke waits in the doorway as his guests approach with a few bags of luggage.

JACK

Fucking hell, you weren't kidding  
when you said we wouldn't wanna  
leave, was ya?

Luke smiles and pats Jack on the shoulder as he enters.

LUKE

Hello, boys.

Luke gives Dylan a reassuring nod as he scurries past.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luke closes the door as Jack, Lambert, Orin and Dylan drop their bags and take in the surroundings.

JACK

You hunt, then?

LUKE

Could say that.

JACK

Me old man used to do a bit. Street  
hunting he called it. Used to shoot  
foxes, cats, anything that stepped  
into our garden really. He was a  
cruel bastard.

Jack pats a mounted moose head on the wall.

JACK

How many shots did it take to flop  
this big fella, then.

LUKE

Just the one if they used the right gun, and managed to get close enough.

JACK

So you didn't shoot it yourself?

LAMBERT

When was the last time you saw a moose in England?

JACK

Last weekend when I went round Orin's mum's house.

ORIN

Fuck off.

Luke leaves the room, returns moments later with four bottles of beer and dishes them out.

LUKE

I'm just gonna go upstairs and set the heating for the morning. Then I'll give you the tour.

Luke turns to leave.

DYLAN

Luke.

He turns back to see Dylan rummaging through his bag.

Dylan retrieves a CD and holds it out to Luke.

DYLAN

I done you a copy. It's got some of the songs on that I was telling you about the other week.

After slight hesitation, Luke takes the CD.

LUKE

Cheers. I'll have to give it a listen later.

Dylan smiles faintly as Luke turns and heads upstairs.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke enters, chucks the CD onto the bed, storms over to the wardrobe, reaches behind it and retrieves Adge's rifle.

He leans it up against the bed, pulls out a box of bullets from the wardrobe drawer and loads five rounds into the gun.

He grabs the rifle, sits on the bed, rests the barrel under his chin and takes a deep breath.

He stands, pulls back the bolt, charges towards the door but stops to the sound of a car pulling up outside.

He approaches the window and pulls the curtain open slightly.

LUKE

Fuck.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lambert stands at the front door and gives his fiancée, TANYA, twenty five, a peck on the cheek as she enters.

Luke walks down the stairs just in time to see more uninvited guests bundle through the door.

Brogan, looking pleased to see him, and Tanya's younger sister, ELLIE, twenty three.

LAMBERT

Tanya, this is Luke. Luke, Tanya.

TANYA

Hello. Thanks for letting us stay.

Luke stares back, too angry to speak. Lambert notices and escorts Tanya and Ellie out of there as quickly as he can.

LAMBERT

(to Tanya and Ellie)  
I'll show you the front room.

ELLIE

(under her breath)  
Is he alright?

Brogan stands alone in the doorway and stares at Luke curiously.

BROGAN

Are you alright?

Jack waltzes out into the hall and approaches Luke.

JACK

Look, mate. I know you said you just wanted a lads thing. But I thought a bit of female company would do you good.

BROGAN

Jack, you said we were invited.

JACK

It's okay.

BROGAN

No, it's not okay. You said...

JACK

I know what I said. Don't fucking start.

(to Luke)

Is it okay?

LUKE

S'pose it'll have to be.

Tanya timidly shuffles back out into the hallway.

TANYA

Are you sure you don't mind us being here?

Luke grabs his car keys from the stairs.

LUKE

If I did, would it make a difference?

Luke sidesteps Brogan and heads outside.

JACK

Where you going?

LUKE

Gonna need more drink.

Lambert, Dylan and Ellie step into the hall.

ELLIE

What's up with him?

BROGAN

Nothing. Probably just doesn't like being lied to.

JACK

What, so you're sticking up for him, now? Some cunt that you barely even know?

DYLAN

I did say that it was a bad idea.

JACK

You can shut the fuck up, en'all.

BROGAN

Jack!

LAMBERT

Do you want me to go talk to him?

JACK

No. I'll sort it.

INT. LUKE'S AUDI - NIGHT

Luke sits with both hands and head on the wheel. He takes a few deep breathes, sits up and starts the car.

He puts his hand on the gear stick but stops as the passenger door swings open and an apologetic looking Jack leans inside.

JACK

Mate, it was a cunt move on my part. I didn't think it would be that much of a big deal.

LUKE

Just weren't expecting it, is all. I'll see you when I get back.

Jack smiles and hops inside.

JACK

Fuck it. I'll pay for the drink.

LUKE

(firmly shaking his head)  
No.

JACK

It's the least I can do.

Luke swallows his anger, turns his focus to the track ahead and reluctantly pulls off as Jack fastens his seat belt.

INT. LUKE'S AUDI - MOVING - NIGHT

Luke's eyes are fixed on the dark country road ahead.

Jack grins and speaks as if he's telling a joke but all we hear is the sound of Billy and Luke playing and laughing as children.

BILLY (V.O.)

Don't let go.

YOUNG LUKE (V.O.)

I won't. I promise. Just put your legs around. That's it. Now I'll take one hand off.

BILLY (V.O.)

No.

YOUNG LUKE (V.O.)  
I won't let you fall. You got it.  
Now the other one.

BILLY (V.O.)  
Mum, look! I'm hanging all by  
myself.

Jack playfully nudges Luke and all sound abruptly returns to normal.

JACK  
I mean, I've had my fair share of  
break ups in the past, but I've  
never been the one on the receiving  
end, you know. It's always been me  
that's fucked them over. I just  
thought having a bit of ass to look  
at would help take your mind off  
things.

Luke takes one hand off the wheel and discreetly rummages through the door compartment, where his hunting knife lies along with a map and a couple of CD's.

JACK  
Ellie's single. And it don't take a  
rose and candlelit dinner to get  
some alone time with her. She likes  
Orin, but he's too much of a pussy  
to do anything about it, so she's  
all yours if you want her.

Luke places his hand over the hunting knife.

Jack glances at him and sighs.

JACK  
Look, if I tell you something, will  
you promise not to take the piss?

LUKE  
(through gritted teeth)  
Promise.

Luke grips the handle and squeezes tight.

JACK  
It probably sounds a bit selfish or  
whatever. But the real reason I  
invited them lot was so that I  
could spend some time with Brogan.

Luke glances at Jack as he stares out of the passenger window, clearly out of his comfort zone.

JACK

Her old man makes no attempt to hide the fact that he fucking hates me, and she's always with him these days. I just thought it would be nice to have her to myself for a weekend, you know. But that's fucked now anyway cause she only wants to stay the night.

Luke locks eyes with Jack briefly and turns his focus back to the road.

JACK

Normally I would've sacked her off by now but it just seems different. I mean, it's gotta mean something, when you've found a person that every day you don't spend with, it makes you feel shit inside.

Luke lets go of the knife, picks up a CD and slots it into the player.

LUKE

I know the feeling.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door swings open and Jack and Luke enter carrying a handful of shopping bags full of cheap spirits and junk food.

Jack puts his bags on the floor and steps into the living room while Luke carries his into the kitchen.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere is tense.

Lambert and Tanya sit on one sofa. Dylan, Orin and Ellie squeeze up on the other. Brogan stands in the centre and fiddles with a set of car keys.

JACK

What you doing?

BROGAN

We're gonna head off.

JACK

Don't be silly.

BROGAN

I just wanted to say bye.

Brogan gestures Tanya and Ellie. They both stand.

JACK  
Ah, don't go.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Luke stands outside the living room entrance and listens.

JACK (O.S.)  
Brogan, please. Luke's cool with  
it, just stay.

BROGAN (O.S.)  
I'm fed up of you making decisions  
for people, Jack.

JACK (O.S.)  
I've said I'm fucking sorry. What  
else do you want?

BROGAN (O.S.)  
I'm gonna have to have a serious  
think about that.

JACK (O.S.)  
What's that s'pose to mean?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luke enters, looking like an agoraphobic best man about to do  
a speech. All eyes are on him.

LUKE  
I want you all to stay.

FADE TO BLACK.

An INDIE ROCK song plays, softly at first but gets louder as  
the montage kicks in.

FADE IN:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Note: Throughout the montage the mood has shifted and  
everyone seems to be having a good time, apart from Luke,  
Dylan and Brogan.

Luke sits on the corner of a sofa and nurses a beer. Dylan  
joins in but seems to be in his own little world, and Brogan  
sits next to Jack but clearly isn't happy about it.

- An empty shot glass slides across the living room table.  
Lambert refills it along with six others and dishes them out  
to everyone except Luke.

- Lambert attempts to crack open a bottle of beer with his teeth but fails miserably. Jack snatches the bottle from him, cracks it open with ease and spits the cap into the air.
- The empty shot glasses have returned to the centre of the table where Jack refills them with a now half empty bottle of tequila, spilling a fair amount on the table itself.
- A coin spins in the air and lands in Jack's hand. Jack turns it onto the table and to Orin's horror, it's tails. Orin shakes his head and reluctantly takes a shot as everyone laughs at him.
- Jack offers a shot to Luke but he shakes his head and instead takes a swig of beer.
- Ellie shuffles up closer to Orin and smiles but he pretends not to notice, while Lambert and Tanya kiss passionately.
- Dylan takes another shot but seems to be drowning his sorrows more than enjoying himself.
- Brogan sighs as Jack puts his arm around her and squeezes.
- Jack takes three shots in a row.
- Lambert passes Orin a shot but he shakes his head and looks as if he's on the verge of puking.
- Lambert and Jack tap the tops of two beers together and down them. To Jack's dismay, Lambert's quicker.
- Jack slams the now empty bottle of tequila on the table.
- Jack breaks the seal of a fresh bottle of spirits, this time whiskey. He offers shots around but is met by shaking heads.
- Jack swigs from the bottle of whiskey.
- Ellie places a small dog blanket over Orin, who's now passed out on the sofa.
- Lambert takes a swig of beer but is looking a bit worse for wear. Jack powers on and downs another bottle.
- Brogan sips a beer but looks more fed up by the minute.
- The chair where Dylan was sat is now empty.
- Tanya is asleep next to Lambert, who looks like he'll be joining her soon.
- Jack laughs at something but is clearly the only one to find it funny.
- The chair where Luke was sat is now empty.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luke sits on the side with a bottle of beer in hand.

HIP HOP music fills the room as Brogan enters.

She shuts the door behind her, grabs a beer from the fridge and sits on the side opposite Luke.

BROGAN

So, what's it feel like?

Luke stares at her blankly.

BROGAN

Being the life and soul of the party?

Luke smiles.

LUKE

Just giving my ears a bit of a rest.

BROGAN

Not in to that type of music, then?

LUKE

Music?

Brogan laughs.

BROGAN

Yeah, I can't say I'd have it on my gym playlist either. You strike me as more of a Dance kind of guy.

Luke laughs.

BROGAN

What are you into, then?

LUKE

Sturgill Simpson, Merle Haggard.

BROGAN

Anyone I've heard of?

LUKE

I like country music.

BROGAN

Oh, like Johnny Cash and that.

LUKE

Yeah.

BROGAN

My dad used to listen to him all the time. It's the only thing I've ever heard him sing along to.

LUKE

How's he getting on?

BROGAN

He's good, yeah. Well, as good as he can be these days. I can see he's in a lot of pain, no matter how hard he tries to hide it.

LUKE

Seems like a strong bloke.

BROGAN

He must be doing something right. They gave him a year, tops, it'll be four next month.

LUKE

From what I've seen, he's got a lot more left in him.

BROGAN

I hope so. I just don't like leaving him alone anymore incase something does happen, you know. That's why I didn't want to come tonight. And if I had known you didn't want us to either, I wouldn't have.

LUKE

It weren't about you. Or the others.

BROGAN

(sarcastic)

I know. It's about this ex we've heard so much about.

(serious)

Sorry. Do you really think she'd come here, though?

LUKE

Probably not. But if she did, it wouldn't be a pretty sight.

The door swings open and Jack stumbles in.

JACK

Am I missing something?

Luke and Brogan watch uncomfortably as Jack rummages through the fridge, pulls out a beer and opens it on the edge of the kitchen side.

BROGAN  
Jack?

JACK  
What?

BROGAN  
What's wrong with you?

JACK  
I could ask you lot the same question. I thought it was s'posed to be a fucking party.

Jack grabs another beer, leaves the fridge wide open and heads towards the hallway.

JACK  
I'm surprised some cunt hasn't whipped out an acoustic yet and started singing Kumbaya.

Jack slams the door behind him.

BROGAN  
I'm so sorry.

LUKE  
Don't be.

BROGAN  
If he's marked it, he's paying.

Luke stands and walks towards the back door.

BROGAN  
Where you going?

LUKE  
Walk.

BROGAN  
Do you want some company?

Luke steps outside and shuts the door behind him, leaving Brogan alone, annoyed and embarrassed.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - QUARRY LAKE - NIGHT

Luke sits at the waters edge and fiddles with the label of a beer bottle to the sound of Billy and Luke talking as children over the squeak of a park swing.

BILLY (V.O.)  
But it's almost dark.

YOUNG LUKE (V.O.)  
Just ten more minutes.

BILLY (V.O.)  
Mum will kill us.

YOUNG LUKE (V.O.)  
She'll kill me. You'll be fine.

BILLY (V.O.)  
Five minutes. And I'm timing it.

YOUNG LUKE (V.O.)  
Okay, five minutes. I bet I can  
swing higher than you.

BILLY (V.O.)  
I bet you can't.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party is well and truly over.

Lambert and Tanya sleep fully clothed on one sofa. Orin and Ellie are tucked up under a dog blanket on the other.

Luke watches from the doorway. He flicks off the lights and moves quietly across the room towards the stairs.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

Luke softly shuts the living room door and turns to see Dylan perched on one of the steps.

LUKE  
Thought you went to bed.

DYLAN  
I did. But it's a bit noisy up there.

LUKE  
I've always found folding a pillow over your head helps.

DYLAN  
It's not just that.

Luke takes a seat next to Dylan.

LUKE  
Stuff on your mind?

Dylan nods.

LUKE

I know the feeling.

DYLAN

It's that girl. The one that I told you about at the bar, Libby?

LUKE

I remember.

DYLAN

I can't stop fucking thinking about her. She's the only reason I even came this weekend. Said I should get out more, spend time with my friends.

LUKE

You don't seem all that friendly with them lot.

DYLAN

I was. But stuff happens, you know. And now she won't even message me back. I keep trying to talk myself out of thinking she's real. But I've wanted things to happen with her for so long, it honestly feels like I've got nothing else to live for. I've never loved anything this much before.

LUKE

What about your family?

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN

You never met them.

LUKE

I do know a thing or two about having a shit childhood, though.

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN

Shit? I could have dealt with shit. But when your dad's kicking the fuck out of you every other night, while your mum watches with her hands up her skirt, it goes a bit beyond that.

Luke stares at Dylan curiously.

DYLAN

Sorry.

Luke pats Dylan on the shoulder and stands.

LUKE

If you lie down for long enough,  
you're bound to nod off eventually.

Luke makes his way upstairs.

He reaches the top and the sound of Brogan and Jack having  
some alone time captures his attention.

It sounds rough but consensual.

Luke stares towards the spare room at the end of the hall as  
Brogan's cries grow louder and more consistent.

He steps into the master bedroom and closes the door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Luke lies on the bed, fully awake and fully clothed as the  
first rays of sunlight filter through the curtains.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - QUARRY LAKE - DAY

Orin lies on a grass verge with his hands over his head,  
looking worse for wear. Ellie reads a book next to him.

Lambert and Tanya sit at the waters edge with their feet in  
the lake.

LAMBERT

You enjoying it so far?

Tanya glances around and takes in the scenery.

TANYA

It's nice.

LAMBERT

The place, or the time you're  
having?

TANYA

Both. I was thinking earlier. It'd  
be a perfect place for a wedding.

Lambert smiles.

LAMBERT

I could have a word with Luke. See  
what he says.

TANYA

We haven't even set a date yet.

LAMBERT

We will. Soon, I promise.

Tanya smiles back.

TANYA

It's a shame I gotta leave today.  
We didn't even get to explore the  
bedrooms.

LAMBERT

You haven't got to leave.

TANYA

I can't let Brogan drive back on  
her own. She's only been on the  
road a week.

LAMBERT

Jack might go with her.

TANYA

Are you lot walking home, then?

LAMBERT

Shit. I forgot he drove up.

TANYA

I'm more surprised by the fact that  
you think he'd pick her over you  
lot.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - WOODLAND SURROUNDING QUARRY LAKE - DAY

Luke emerges from a behind a bush with a rifle in one hand,  
tray of mushrooms in the other and a string of three dead  
RABBITS around his neck.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - QUARRY LAKE - DAY

Ellie puts her book down and watches in disgust as Luke  
strolls past with his morning forage. She nudges Orin with  
her foot but he's too hungover to care.

Tanya watches with a similar reaction.

TANYA

(quietly to Lambert)  
What's that around his neck?

LAMBERT

Breakfast, I guess.

Lambert nods at Luke as he gets closer.

LUKE  
Morning.

LAMBERT  
What's it taste like?

LUKE  
You can find out in a bit if you want. Plenty to go around.

TANYA  
I'm not trying any.

LUKE  
No one's making you. But I ain't eating none of that processed shit.

Luke carries on towards the house.

TANYA  
Is he alright in the head?

LAMBERT  
Seems alright to me.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

As Luke approaches, Jack steps outside cradling a crate of beer under his arm.

JACK  
Here he is.

Luke blanks him and attempts to walk past but stops dead as Jack grabs onto his shoulder.

JACK  
What's up with you?

LUKE  
Get your fucking hand off me.

Luke and Jack have a brief but tense staring contest until Jack eventually gives in and lets go.

Jack watches with frustration as Luke rips open the front door and slams it behind him.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A large pot of rabbit carcasses boil on a stove.

Luke adds a handful of chopped mushrooms to a casserole dish home to six skinned rabbit legs on the side.

He turns the stove off and pours the rabbit stock over the contents of the dish.

BROGAN (O.S.)  
Something smells nice.

Luke opens the oven, slides the dish inside, closes it and turns to face Brogan.

LUKE  
Works better with cider.

Brogan smiles.

BROGAN  
Where is everyone?

LUKE  
Down by the lake.

BROGAN  
You spoke to Jack?

LUKE  
Briefly.

BROGAN  
Said he wanted to apologize for last night. The way he acted.

LUKE  
It's alright. Some people can't handle their drink.

BROGAN  
So you two are good, then?

Luke nods.

BROGAN  
I don't wanna leave here and find out that something's happened. I know what he's like. And judging by that night at the bar, you're not exactly one to back down either.

LUKE  
It'll be fine. What time you going?

BROGAN  
I've gotta speak to Tanya and Ellie. But I wouldn't mind getting back before it's dark.

Luke's phone vibrates on the kitchen side. He glances at the caller and ignores it.

BROGAN  
You not gonna get that?

LUKE  
It's just an alarm.

Luke picks up the phone and slips it into his pocket.

Dylan enters with a worried look plastered across his face.

Brogan notices.

BROGAN  
You okay, Dylan?

Dylan nods.

DYLAN  
D'you mind if I just speak to Luke  
for a minute?

Brogan smiles.

BROGAN  
I was just on my way out.

Luke stares at Dylan suspiciously.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - QUARRY LAKE - DAY

Brogan approaches Jack who sits next to Lambert and Tanya. He has a beer in hand and another four empties next to him.

BROGAN  
How's everyone feeling?

TANYA  
We're alright. Orin don't look too  
healthy, though.

Brogan glances at a corpse-like Orin and laughs.

JACK  
You gonna have a beer with me? No  
one else fucking wants to.

BROGAN  
Probably 'cause it's ten o'clock in  
the morning.

JACK  
And?

BROGAN  
And I've gotta drive later.

JACK  
You ain't got to.

BROGAN  
We've been through this.

JACK  
Yeah, and I'm getting sick of it.  
I'm surprised you ain't started  
sleeping in the same fucking bed as  
the cunt yet.

Brogan shakes her head, turns and walks towards the house.

LAMBERT  
That was too far, mate.

JACK  
I'll show you too far in a minute,  
you don't keep your fucking nose  
out.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dylan stands opposite Luke who sits on the kitchen side.

LUKE  
As much as I enjoy the silence,  
having a word with someone usually  
involves talking.

Dylan takes a deep breath.

DYLAN  
I'm sorry.

LUKE  
What for?

DYLAN  
The stuff I was saying last night.

LUKE  
About your family?

Dylan nods sheepishly.

DYLAN  
I've never told anyone that before.  
None of them lot, not even Libby.

LUKE  
It's good to get things off your  
chest now and again. Don't always  
make you feel better but it helps  
stop it building up inside.

DYLAN  
I just feel a bit stupid.

LUKE  
I could tell you some things about  
me that would sound pretty fucking  
stupid right now.

Dylan smiles faintly.

DYLAN  
I am sorry, though. You didn't need  
to hear that.

LUKE  
I did. Trust me. For your sake.

Brogan bursts through the door with teary eyes and storms  
upstairs.

DYLAN  
(to Brogan)  
Are you alright?

A door slams shut from above.

DYLAN  
What's up with her?

LUKE  
Let's go find out.

Luke jumps to his feet.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - QUARRY LAKE - DAY

Luke and Dylan stroll towards the group.

Jack notices and laughs.

JACK  
Here we fucking go.

LAMBERT  
Don't start.

JACK  
Here, Dylan. You'll have a drink  
with me.

Jack grabs a bottle from the crate and throws it towards an  
unsuspecting Dylan. It smashes at his feet.

Ellie looks up from her book. Lambert and Tanya watch in  
discomfort.

Jack pulls another bottle from the crate.

JACK  
You ready?

LUKE  
If he wants a beer you can pass him  
one after you pick that up.

Jack laughs.

JACK  
I ain't picking up shit.

Jack takes a gulp of beer and turns his focus towards the lake. Luke stares at him in sheer disbelief.

TANYA  
Jack, just pick it up.

JACK  
This don't fucking concern you.

Lambert opens his mouth to speak but is muted by a glare from Jack.

JACK  
Or you.

Jack finishes his beer and chucks the bottle into the lake.

LUKE  
Get up.

Jack glances towards Luke and stands.

Luke approaches, dodges Jack's attempt of a right hook with ease and floors him with one push.

Jack casually gets up and tries again with the same result.

Jack composes himself on the floor, grabs a bottle of beer by the neck, jumps up and breaks it across Luke's forehead.

Luke, now in a fit of uncontrollable rage, grabs Jack, pins him to the floor, lands a series of powerful blows to side of his face and presses his elbow firmly across his throat.

Tanya and Ellie push themselves up and scurry away from the action.

Orin turns and watches in horror as Lambert attempts to intervene but is pushed away by Luke's free arm.

Luke squeezes harder until the only sound coming out of Jack is him gasping for air.

LAMBERT  
That's enough!

Jack clenches his hand around the broken bottle neck and swings it at Luke's arm, but he's too weak to pierce skin.

Luke releases his elbow, grabs Jack's face, takes the broken bottle neck and holds it an inch from his eye.

DYLAN

Luke. It's not worth it, mate.  
Trust me.

Dylan timidly rests his hand on Luke's shoulder. Luke stares into Jack's near lifeless eyes as he weighs up his options.

DYLAN

Please.

Luke lets out a grunt of frustration, shoves Jack's head against the ground and stumbles to his feet while the rest of the group stand around in shock.

Jack catches his breath, clambers to his feet and storms towards the house, meeting Brogan in the distance, who's frantically coming out to investigate.

They stop and talk briefly before Jack carries on walking.

Brogan races over to the rest of the group, stops and frowns at the blood dripping onto Luke's shirt from his head wound.

BROGAN

(to Luke)  
What happened?

DYLAN

It wasn't his fault.

BROGAN

I didn't ask who's fault it was.

LUKE

We had a bit of a scuffle.

BROGAN

A bit?

LUKE

Could've been worse.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tanya stands next to Lambert and stares out of the window while Ellie, Orin and Brogan sit on the sofa.

TANYA

He's still not back.

BROGAN  
He's not coming back. He'll be too  
embarrassed.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dylan watches as Luke pulls his rabbit casserole from the  
oven and places it on the side.

DYLAN  
You sure you're alright?

LUKE  
Yeah.

DYLAN  
You should get that looked at.

LUKE  
I'll live.

Brogan enters and stares at Dylan. He takes the hint and  
exits the room.

BROGAN  
You happy now?

LUKE  
Are you?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dylan enters.

LAMBERT  
How's he doing?

DYLAN  
Fine. Said he'll give us a lift  
back if we wanna leave tonight.

ORIN  
He won't be driving his car.

Lambert glares at Orin as if he's said something he shouldn't  
have. Dylan looks to Lambert for an answer.

LAMBERT  
It's got four slashed tyres.

DYLAN  
Jack?

Lambert nods.

DYLAN

Do you not think someone should  
tell him?

LAMBERT

Yeah. Was just waiting for him to  
calm down a bit.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Luke scrubs a pot in the sink while Brogan stands behind him.

LUKE

I don't know what else you want me  
to say.

BROGAN

Sorry would be a good start.

LUKE

If it was true, yeah. But he had it  
coming.

BROGAN

I can handle myself, Luke. I don't  
need some stranger to help me.

Luke turns to face her.

LUKE

Have you stopped to think for a  
second that it might not have been  
about you.

Brogan opens her mouth to speak but is at a loss for words.

LUKE

He deserved a lot more than he got,  
trust me. And you do deserve  
better. But that's something you  
need to figure out on your own.

BROGAN

Who do I deserve then, Luke?  
Please, tell me. Who's this  
'someone better' that I keep  
hearing about? Someone like you?

Luke shakes his head and continues scrubbing.

LUKE

You won't see me again after this  
weekend.

BROGAN

What?

LUKE

I've finally decided to move on.

BROGAN

Finally? You've only been in town for a few weeks.

Luke shrugs.

BROGAN

What about all that stuff you told me at the bar, about settling down? It was just a load of shit, then?

LUKE

That was true. But it needs to be somewhere else.

BROGAN

So you tell me about how hard it is for you to make friends, you finally make some and now you're just gonna fuck off.

LUKE

I was a stranger a second ago.

BROGAN

This your way of dealing with stuff is it? Acting like a fucking child. Say what you want about Jack but at least he faces his problems head on.

Luke turns to face Brogan.

LUKE

I meant what I said. At the bar, about making friends, settling down. But it needs to be somewhere else.

BROGAN

Why?

LUKE

I've got my reasons. And I wish I could tell you but it ain't gonna happen. It's personal.

BROGAN

So you're serious. You're really leaving?

Luke nods. Brogan stands for a moment in deep thought.

BROGAN

Looks like we'll have to make your last night a special one, then.

LUKE

(confused)

You're going home.

BROGAN

I was. But dad rang earlier, I told him I was having a good time. He said if I keep coming back because of him, he's gonna turn himself in to a retirement home.

Luke laughs.

LUKE

You hungry?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Luke, Dylan and Lambert tuck into rabbit casserole on the sofa while Ellie and Tanya watch uncomfortably.

LAMBERT

You cook stuff like this a lot?

LUKE

Most days.

LAMBERT

Jesus. You got no one else to cook for you?

Luke shakes his head.

TANYA

Not everyone's as lucky as you are.

LAMBERT

And I'm very grateful. But you know how fucking useless I am in the kitchen.

TANYA

(under her breath)

And in other rooms of the house.

LUKE

It's easy enough to follow a recipe. I usually just stick to the same three or four, though.

ELLIE

And this is one of them?

Luke nods.

ELLIE  
Do you not feel mean?

LUKE  
For killing rabbits?

ELLIE  
Well, yeah. They're all cute and fluffy.

LUKE  
You eat pork?

ELLIE  
That's different.

LUKE  
Trust me, if you think rabbits are cute, try looking a two week old piglet in the eye and eating a bacon butty afterwards.

Lambert, Dylan and Tanya chuckle.

ELLIE  
Just the fact that it smells nice is making me feel guilty.

Ellie stands.

TANYA  
Where you going?

ELLIE  
Upstairs to check on Orin.

LAMBERT  
What you planning on doing, feeding him grapes? He's hungover, not terminally ill.

ELLIE  
I just wanna see if he's okay.

TANYA  
Be safe.

Lambert and Dylan laugh as Ellie shakes her head and walks away, bright red with embarrassment.

Luke pulls a vibrating phone from his pocket which reads 'Joyce Mobile', cancels it and slips it back inside.

LAMBERT  
What's on the cards for tonight, then?

DYLAN  
I actually brought some cards, if  
anyone's up for a game.

LAMBERT  
Bastard Brag?

TANYA  
Bastard what?

LAMBERT  
It's a bit like poker. We used to  
play it all the time as kids.

Luke glances at Lambert for a moment and carries on eating.

LAMBERT  
Used to bet for stuff like conkers  
and Pokemon cards, but we can play  
for money if anyone's keen.

DYLAN  
Luke?

Luke finishes his last mouthful of food and stands.

LUKE  
I'm easy. Need to get a shower  
before I do anything.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Brogan sits on the side with her phone up to her ear as she  
picks at a plate of food next to her.

Luke enters and places his plate in the sink.

LUKE  
Still not answering?

Brogan shakes her head.

LUKE  
You reckon he's alright?

Brogan smiles.

BROGAN  
He always is. It's one of his many  
flaws.

LUKE  
If you do get hold of him, tell him  
not to worry about the Audi.

Luke heads towards the stairs.

LUKE

Was gonna scrap it after this weekend, anyway.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Luke picks a small shard of glass from the cut on his forehead, chucks it into the sink and begins cleaning his wound with ball of wet tissue.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Luke sits on the bed and checks his phone. It reads 'Joyce Mobile - 17 Missed Calls'.

He sighs, puts the phone to his ear and stands.

After pacing up and down the room a few times, he stops, presses a button and tries again with no luck.

He slips the phone back into his pocket, walks towards the door but stops as he notices the CD that Dylan gave him on top of a set of drawers.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan, Lambert, Orin, Tanya and Brogan sit around the coffee table and play Three Card Brag to the sound of ALTERNATIVE ROCK music, while Ellie reads a book on the sofa.

BROGAN

What's a prial again?

DYLAN

Three of the same number.

BROGAN

So if I get one, I knock?

LAMBERT

As long as it's not your first go, yeah. And if you get a prial of three's it's game over, you win.

BROGAN

Right, I think I get it now.

ELLIE

I don't.

ORIN

Just come and play a couple more rounds. You'll soon get the hang of it.

ELLIE

I'm good here, thanks.

TANYA

I might join you in a minute. I still ain't got a clue what's going on.

LAMBERT

Wait for Luke to get back and we'll have another dummy run. It's one of the easiest games going, trust me.

TANYA

You're talking to someone who used to get confused by Hungry Hippos as a kid.

LAMBERT

That is true.

Luke enters with a handful of beers, places them on the table and sits.

LUKE

Where we at, then?

DYLAN

It's your deal.

ORIN

Ellie, you playing?

Ellie glances up from her book.

ELLIE

I'm hungry.

TANYA

Must admit, I'm getting a bit peckish too.

(to Luke)

Have you honestly got nothing in the house apart from rabbit carcasses?

Luke shakes his head.

DYLAN

Didn't we pass a garage on the way here? Just before the turning.

TANYA

It'll be shut now.

LUKE  
Shuts at eleven. I'd say you could  
use my car but it's not exactly  
road worthy at the minute.

TANYA  
(to Brogan)  
Can you drive?

Brogan raises a bottle of beer.

BROGAN  
Not if I wanna keep my licence for  
more than a week.

ELLIE  
(to Luke)  
How far away is it?

LUKE  
Couple of miles.

Ellie locks eyes with Orin.

ORIN  
What? I can't drive.

ELLIE  
Fancy a walk?

TANYA  
Don't be silly, it's pitch black  
out. Get a taxi.

ELLIE  
It'll be fine. It's a nice night  
for it.

LUKE  
I've got a torch you can use.

ELLIE  
Orin? The fresh air might help sort  
your head out.

LAMBERT  
Probably save you some money as  
well. You're about as good at  
bluffing as I am at cooking.

Orin considers it a moment and stands.

ORIN  
Go on, then. As long as we've got a  
torch.

LUKE  
I'll go grab it.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke rummages through the wardrobe with his phone wedged between his shoulder and ear.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
(from downstairs)  
Have you found it yet?

Luke slips the phone into his pocket, pulls a torch from his holdall and stands.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A MODERN HORROR FILM plays on TV.

Luke, Brogan and Dylan watch from one sofa while Lambert and Tanya snuggle up on the other.

Brogan, Tanya and Dylan react accordingly to a jump scare.

Tanya playfully shoves Lambert.

TANYA  
I told you to let me know when  
there's a scary bit.

Lambert laughs and squeezes Tanya in closer.

LAMBERT  
Sorry. I forgot about that one.

Brogan shuffles a little closer to Luke and watches the screen through her fingers.

BROGAN  
Have you honestly not seen this  
before?

Luke shakes his head.

BROGAN  
How do you not find it scary?

Luke shrugs.

LUKE  
Seen a lot worse outside of a TV  
screen.

DYLAN  
You're braver than I am.

Tanya turns to face Lambert.

TANYA

I'm starting to get a bit worried now.

LAMBERT

It's not real.

TANYA

About Ellie you twat.

LAMBERT

Oh. She'll be alright. She's got Orin to look after her.

TANYA

That's partly what I'm worried about.

BROGAN

They've only been gone an hour.

TANYA

I know, but she always answers her phone.

(to Luke)

And I thought you said it was only a twenty minute walk.

LUKE

Depends how quick they're walking.

LAMBERT

Probably just taking it slow.

TANYA

That shouldn't stop them from answering their phones.

LAMBERT

I hate to break it to you. But If you think getting a bite to eat was Ellie's only motive, you've been missing something for the past few months.

Tanya elbows Lambert in the stomach.

LAMBERT

(smirking)

What?

Tanya perks up to the sound of a car pulling up outside and a set of headlights shining through the window.

TANYA

(to Luke)

Are you expecting anyone?

Luke shakes his head.

LAMBERT

They must've got a taxi after all.

DYLAN

Unless Jack's decided to make a  
come back.

Brogan glances at her phone and then towards the window as  
the sound of a car door opens and slams shut outside.

The door knocks faintly three times.

LUKE

(raised voice)

It's open.

Luke waits for a response but is met by silence. He pushes  
himself up but is pulled back down by Brogan.

BROGAN

I better go, just incase it is  
Jack.

LUKE

(concerned)

Yeah, what if it is and he...

Brogan shakes her head.

BROGAN

He's not like that. Not to me,  
anyway.

Brogan strolls up to the door and opens it to find Joyce,  
looking like she's at least three grams into a powder supper.

Brogan stares at her, confused and unaware of the pistol  
pointed straight towards her stomach.

BROGAN

Hi, can I help you?

Joyce peers over Brogan's shoulder and spots Dylan with his  
eyes glued to the TV on the sofa.

Luke looks towards the door but can't see who's behind it.

LUKE

Who is it?

A loud shot fills the room and all eyes turn towards Brogan,  
just in time to see her hit the deck.

Tanya screams loudly as Joyce enters the room, but is  
immediately silenced by a shot to the chest.

LUKE

Joyce! No!

Luke jumps to his feet, moves towards her with his hand out but is put down by a single shot to the throat.

He slumps to the floor, holds his wound in agony and attempts to speak, but instead gargles blood.

Joyce looks him in the eye, horrified by her actions.

Dylan sits perfectly still, in complete shock, while Lambert wails over Tanya's lifeless body and tries desperately to shake her back to life.

Brogan clutches Joyce's leg with all the strength she has left but is finished off by a bullet to the top of the head.

Joyce focuses on Luke with a face full of genuine remorse as he tries and fails to mumble any last words.

Joyce raises the gun towards Dylan who pitifully shakes his head and cowers into the sofa.

DYLAN

I'm sorry!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

An ESTATE with a shattered windscreen and caved in bonnet sits with its full beams shining towards the house.

Apart from the gentle hum of its engine and the distant cries of Lambert and Dylan, it's an otherwise peaceful night.

A loud shot echoes from inside the house.

Followed by another seconds later.

FADE OUT.