

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

An old eerie cabin sits alone in the woods. A lonely light is shining through the creaks between the wood.

We hear a GIRL'S laughter and then a loud SLAM.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A Young girl, MELISSA, kneels on the bed laughing, as on the floor, her boyfriend DERRICK, is sprawled across.

MELISSA

Told you not to touch me there like that. It's a game.

DERRICK

Why can't the game be like a book? Peak at the ending and shit?

MELISSA

Cause it won't be as much fun getting there.

Derrick gets to his feet and crawls onto the bed next to Melissa.

He begins to stroke her back, then her bottom as they kiss.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A set of headlights APPEAR from deep in the woods. The lights get closer and brighter as a TRUCK pulls to a stop. Just OUTSIDE the cabin.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Too busy to notice the lights and the REVVING engine, Derrick and Melissa continue to get frisky.

The engine CUTS OUT, lights still shining through the gaps.

I/E. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN stand outside the cabin door, PICK AXES in hand. One of them, the oldest of the two, PEAKS through the hinges on the door.

This is BOB (oldest) and JEFF (youngest).

Peeking through the hinges, Bob sees Melissa and Derrick getting down to some fun.

Jeff, standing behind Bob, begins to breath HEAVILY.

Bob digs him in the side.

BOB
(whispers)
Will you shut it.

Derrick begins to kiss Melissa on the neck as she SEES Bob's SHADOW.

She FREEZES.

DERRICK
What is it?

Melissa points at the cabin wall.

Derrick turn's, NOTHING.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
You alright?

Now frozen with fear, melissa SHOOTS out of bed and grabs her things.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
What you doing? Come back on the bed.

MELISSA
I'm going the fuck home!

DERRICK
What's got into you?

As Melissa is picking her things up, she sees the shadows.

MELISSA
Someone's out there.

Derrick jumps off the bed, grabbing a log of wood from the fireplace.

DERRICK
Where?

MELISSA
There.

She points to the shadows, beaming in through the gaps. Derrick walks up to the door, slowly.

He reaches out, raising the log of wood above his head, he grabs the handle and twists.

Opening the door he SWINGS down onto --

-- NOTHING.

DERRICK
Nothing there, babe.

SUDDENLY out of nowhere, Bob has SMASHED a pick axe into Derrick's head!

Blood pours out of his mouth, eyes and ears as Melissa screams at the top of her lungs.

Bob DRAGS Derrick's body out of the way as Jeff walks in, claw hammer in hand.

JEFF
Knock, knock.

Jeff charges at Melissa, swinging the hammer as Melissa moves out the way --

-- the hammer lands on a table, shattering it to pieces --

-- Melissa runs for her life and heads for the door, only for Bob to swing the axe AGAIN! --

-- Melissa ducks and the axe embeds itself in the entrance way.

Melissa runs out into the woods as Bob wriggles the axe free.

BOB
Get after her!

Jeff sprints into the woods as Bob follows.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Running for her life, Melissa cuts and tears her skin as she powers through the twigs and branches.

Jeff and Bob run at full pelt after her, following the broken branches.

They spot her in front of them.

BOB
You go after her! I'll go this way!

Jeff takes off after Melissa as Bob runs off to the right.

Melissa runs and falls into a stream, as Jeff closes in on her.

JEFF

You can't run forever! I will get
you and rip your fucking heart
out!

Looking back, Melissa sees Jeff jumping over a fallen tree trunk.

She gets to her feet and runs off --

-- Bob runs through the maze of trees and upto a barn --

-- Jeff gets within inches of Melissa, SWINGING and SWIPING the claw hammer, catching her on the back of the leg, knocking her to the ground --

-- Bob runs into the barn, grabbing a pitch fork --

-- Now on the floor, Jeff turns Melissa onto her back, she brings her leg up, catching Jeff in the groin --

-- He goes down as Melissa gets up and runs. She spots the barn roof through a gap.

She smiles and runs through the trees, and onto the field.

Running for the barn, the pitch fork is STABBED into her stomach!

She looks down, seeing the pitch fork in her stomach. She cries in pain and falls onto her knees.

Standing over her, Bob looks down, a sick smile on his face. Jeff joins him, and they both let out a chuckle.

Through tears, Melissa sees Jeff going to grab her as we:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

-- were in the city. Busy traffic congests the streets as cars pile up both sides.

People wait to cross at the lights, as taxis and buses plow through on their own lanes.

Standing next to clothes shop, MICHAEL MITCHELL, waits. Phone glued to his ear he yells down.

MICHAEL

What you mean you can't book us a
later crossing! I'm paying you,
so you should be able to do this
one thing for me.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(pause)

I see where your coming from, but I'm the customer, the customer is always right!

(pause)

Yes, I would like to speak to one of your managers. Maybe I can more sense out them than you.

Walking out the clothes shop, arms full of bags is CLAIRE MITCHELL, Michael's wife.

She gives him peck on the cheek as he continues to unload on the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I just tried explaining to your worker, that I need to change my crossing time. I can't make the time I originally gave you due to bad business timing.

(pause)

What you mean you can't change it unless I pay the cancellation fee?! I've already paid for the tickets. How come I have to cancel them and order new ones? This is absurd. You know what, I'll cancel them and I'll find another ticket operator.

He hangs up. Claire hands him the bags.

CLAIRE

You thirsty now that you've wasted your time on there?

MICHAEL

I can't believe how arrogant they are! They've taken my money, now they want more because I'm cancelling them. This world is ridiculous.

They start to walk down the street and cross over. Going into a local coffee shop.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - LATER

Empty cups sit in front of them as they finish their muffins.

Michael flicks through a newspaper as Claire is on the phone.

CLAIRE

Okay, Sam. Come round about an hour before so you can help me with my makeup case. Okay, bye.

She hangs up as Michael picks up the bags.

MICHAEL

Ready?

CLAIRE

Yep. We got to get home before five. Mum and Dad are popping round to say goodbye before we leave.

MICHAEL

Yeah, whatever.

CLAIRE

Why you got to say that?

MICHAEL

(stumped)

Like what? All I said was yeah.

CLAIRE

You said whatever too. Why can't you just get on with my parents?

MICHAEL

I do, with your Dad.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with my Mum?

MICHAEL

Nothing. I just get on more with your Dad. Probably because we like the same things.

(beat)

Come on, lets get going.

They both get up and walk through the shop, Michael knocking into a lady.

MICHAEL

Oh so sorry.

The Lady looks at Michael, and raises a smile after a second.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL & CLAIRE'S HOME - DAY

Michael sits in the chair, laptop in front of him, as Claire finishes up packing her bag.

MICHAEL

For fuck sake! Look at this.

He points to the screen as Claire walks over to him.

CLAIRE

What?

MICHAEL

I could've got the tickets cheaper if I bought them online. And look! They don't even charge you if you cancel them. Those tossers wanted an extra 55 quid for a cancellation fee. No wonder this country is going through a recession, with those bastards conning people.

Claire walks away and sighs as the front door bell rings.

CLAIRE

I got it.

She walks through the hallway and opens the door. Standing in the doorway are Claire's Parents.

She hugs and kisses them as Michael jumps up, kissing the mother and shaking hands with the father.

MICHAEL

Hey, Tim, you'll never guess what's happened with the tickets.

TIM, Claire's father. In good shape for a man of his age.

TIM

What's that?

MICHAEL

I rang them up and tried to move them till tomorrow night, but they wanted me to cancel the ones I ordered, then charge my an extra 55 quid for the cancellation.

TIM

That's a bit of a con there, son.

MICHAEL

Don't have to tell me, Tim. Just ordering some new ones now on the net. Pick them up at the crossing station, and if anything goes tits up, I haven't got to pay a cancellation fee.

Claire's mother, GWEN, pops into the conversation.

GWEN

Now that is good. Always try and find the best way to save money, Mike. This day and age you need every penny if your going to have a baby.

Michael smiles as Claire goes a bit red in the face.

CLAIRE

Mum.

GWEN

Oh don't get embarrassed by that Claire. By the time I was your age, I had you and your brother.

CLAIRE

Yes, yes as you keep telling me. And you had to work in the school as a cleaner.

GWEN

I did!

TIM

Come on, love. Let's have a cup of tea.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL & CLAIRE'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Now alone, Michael is still typing away on the laptop. The glare the only source of light in the room.

Gwen walks in behind him, placing her hand on his shoulder, making him JUMP out of his skin.

MICHAEL

Jesus Gwen. Almost gave me a heart attack.

GWEN
(laughs)
I'm sorry. Just popped into to
get Tim's jacket. Were off.

Michael gets up, fold the screen down and walks out with Gwen into the hallway.

Tim grabs his jacket from Gwen and kisses Claire.

TIM
Now you two be careful and tell
Sam and Tony the same. Look out
for one another.

CLAIRE
Come on Dad. We know how to
survive. Were only popping over
for a few days.

TIM
Well I'll be expecting a call to
say you've arrived safe.

MICHAEL
That you can guarantee on.

Michael pecks Gwen on the cheek and shakes Tim's hand.

GWEN
Okay then Love, have a lovely
time and we'll see you when you
get back.

Claire kisses Gwen and they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL & CLAIRE'S HOME - DAY

Michael is loading the car as a 4x4 pulls up into the drive.

TONY and SAMANTHA BUSHELL steps out. Sam walks towards Michael as Tony is left to bring the bags out.

TONY
Don't you worry, Love. I'll get
the bags.

SAMANTHA
Hey Mike. She ready?

MICHAEL
She's getting the last of her
things.

Samantha walks into the house as Michael helps Tony, load the bags into Michael's car.

TONY

Why do women need so much shit to take away with them. Were only going for a few days.

MICHAEL

Claire has packed three bags. Just for her. I got one carry all. Just the essentials.

TONY

Boxers, spray and two clean shirts. All you need.

MICHAEL

Don't forget the socks. Need socks to keep your feet from sweating.

TIM

True.

They finish up loading the car when Claire and Samantha walk out. Claire locks the house up as Tony and Samantha get in the car. Tony in the front, Samantha in the back.

MICHAEL

You got everything now?

CLAIRE

Yes. Got all my stuff. You?

MICHAEL

Of course. I never forget anything.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah. Heard that before.

They get into the car, seat belt up and Michael starts the car.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DAY - MOVING

Cruising down the motor way, Claire and Samantha chat in the back as Tony reads the paper.

TONY

You see the football last night?

MICHAEL

Nah, was busy getting the packing done and had dinner with Claire's parents.

TONY

I wanted to know how bad that horror tackle was.

MICHAEL

I saw that on the news this morning. They always over exaggerate things in the paper.

TONY

Your telling me. Say's here, that it was a two footed tackle, that could've ended the guy's career.

MICHAEL

No way was it that bad. Two footed yeah, but no way was it bad enough to end his career.

In the back, Claire swigs from a bottle of coke as Samantha carries on.

SAMANTHA

That cow of a woman, Mrs. Birch, asked Tracy if she could sack me!

CLAIRE

No!

SAMANTHA

Oh yeah. She wanted me sacked, because I blow dried her hair for an extra five minutes. You've seen the size of her hair? The amount of frizz she gets after its washed is uncontrollable.

CLAIRE

What did Tracy say?

SAMANTHA

Nothing. She didn't even get involved with it, because I've helped her out so many times before. Don't think Birch will be coming back either.

Claire looks out the window and sees the sign for the SERVICES.

CLAIRE

We stopping at the services,
love?

MICHAEL

We only been driving for an hour.
What you need to stop for?

CLAIRE

Toilet, magazines and some
chocolate.

SAMANTHA

Yep. Toilet is always good on
long journeys. Break's it up.

TONY

But I don't need it. You?

MICHAEL

Nah, I'm good.

SAMANTHA

Well we need it.

CLAIRE

You know that, babe. Women always
go to toilet more than men.

Michael changes lanes and slows down.

MICHAEL

Alright. We'll only stop for ten
minutes though. Got to catch the
ferry.

Michael gets off the motor way and into the services.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICES - DAY

Michael and Tony are on the arcade machines as Claire and
Samantha wander round the magazines.

SAMANTHA

So you told him yet?

CLAIRE

No, I haven't. And I don't want
you shouting your mouth off,
either. I'll tell him when we get
there. Be a nice surprise for
him.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, I can see him being really surprised. Remember when I told Tony he was going to be a Dad? Whoosh, off he went for three days to Portugal for a golf trip.

They both laugh as they see a mother with her young baby.

CLAIRE

Aww that is so cute.
(to Samantha)
Remember, don't say a word. I'll tell him after I've taken a another test. Don't want to jump the gun on this.

They walk out the shop, arms full of magazines and chocolate, and up to the boys.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We ready then?

Michael and Tony, both in deep concentration as they blast away on the shooting game.

MICHAEL

Give us a few more minutes. Just got to kill --

The game kills them off.

MICHAEL

-- mother fucker! Why didn't you shoot him?

TONY

I was too busy getting my arse blasted by the guy with two heads!

The girls laugh as they hang the guns back up on the machine and walk out the services.

EXT. SERVICES - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the car park and pass several buses full of football supporters. They all shout and jeer through the windows as they get in the car.

TONY

Can't believe you got us killed.

MICHAEL

Shut up, Tone.

Michael starts the car and they drive off, BEEPING the horn at the football supporters.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DAY

Back on the motor way, they come to a stop in heavy traffic.

Michael hits the steering wheel as Tony gets out and looks up ahead.

He sees a five car smash. He looks back and sees the queue going back for a MILE.

He gets back in and turns the radio on.

TONY

Were going to be here for quite a bit.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

TONY

Been a smash. Big one too. Looks like five or six cars are involved in it.

Michael tries to look over the cars as Samantha starts to squirm on the back.

TONY

What's wrong?

SAMANTHA

Need to wee.

TONY

(shock)

Again? We just left the services half hour ago.

SAMANTHA

Well that's what happens when you drink a two litre bottle of red bull. Caffeine makes you wee a lot.

Claire, reading a road map looks out the window and at the signs above.

CLAIRE

We could get off here and drive through.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

It may add about an hour onto the journey, but at least we'll be moving.

Michael takes the map off her and takes a look.

MICHAEL

Be more than an hour, babe. We got to travel through this little village. By the time we get through it'll be night.

CLAIRE

Well the ferry doesn't leave till three in the morning. Why don't we drive to the village, park up, get some sleep and then take off early.

TONY

That's not a bad idea actually. We can bit more fun in, can't we babe.

SAMANTHA

(still squirming)
Huh-uh.

Michael, hesitates for a moment then gives in.

MICHAEL

Alright. But only for a few hours. We can take off about one.

The traffic slowly starts to move. Inch by inch they make their way onto the slip road.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - EVENING

They speed along on the side road, dodging the occasional pot hole.

Tony turns the radio up.

D.J (V.O.)

That was an amazing tune then guys! Come on people! All you radio listeners, we need some banging tunes to play while your either in the car on a journey, or just at home or in the office. You call, you choose, we play! Number is 0800 425758. Get calling!

Tony pulls out his phone and dials.

SAMANTHA

This is a much better way. None of the busy lanes, arseholes passing by in cars and giving you the finger. Just nice and calm.

They go over a pot hole and the car JUMPS.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but you get the odd bloody hole.

Tony hangs up and turns the radio up more.

TONY

This is it, people. The song for this trip.

On the radio, "Humans" by The Killers, blares out. They all start to sing along to the tune.

Samantha zips her window down and leans out, her hair BLOWING in the wind. Claire does the same as Michael and Tony carry on singing.

Not a care in the world, Michael drives over an ANIMAL!

The car jumps and SPINS. Claire and Samantha get knocked about and back into the back seat.

The car spins and HITS a pole. The air bags deploy as Tony and Michael hit them, HARD.

Claire and Samantha, bang their head's on the side.

Back on the road, the animal is PICKED UP by THREE PEOPLE.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire's eyes begin to move as she opens them. The harsh light from the bulb blinding her.

She gathers her senses and looks around the room. A child's bedroom. A teddy bear in the corner, a doll's house on the floor littered with dolls.

She pulls the sheets away and sees a bruise the size of a ball on her leg.

She feels her forehead and feels a LUMP. Looking round the room she SEES Michael's, Tony and Samantha's bags. Along with her own.

She gets out of bed, walks to the door. She grabs the handle and opens up.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking along the hallway she hears a few laughs coming from down stairs.

She begins to walk down when an ELDERLY LADY walks out one of the rooms. This is LINDA.

LINDA

Hello, dear. How's your head? You took a nasty bang when we found you.

CLAIRE

Is everyone okay? Where's my husband?

LINDA

He's down stairs with the rest. Their all okay.

Claire gives a slight smile as they both walk down the stairs and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Claire sees Michael, Tony and Samantha sitting round a table, all banged up, but well.

Michael gets up and gives her a kiss and a hug.

MICHAEL

You alright?

CLAIRE

I'm fine. How about you?

She notices the cut above his eye.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

MICHAEL

This? Nah it's fine. Just a little sore.

Claire sits down next to Samantha and gives her a peck on the cheek.

Linda brings over some more tea and a plate of sandwiches.

TONY

Again, thank you for looking
after us.

LINDA

No problem, dear. That road has
been more deadly than useful over
the years. The amount of injured
people we have seen and helped,
makes it more natural than
anything else to us.

(beat)

To help them out of course.

Michael finishes off his tea and sandwich.

MICHAEL

Not trying to be rude or
anything, but where is my car?

LINDA

I'm sorry to tell you this, but
your car is a write off. Unless
you know how to fix it, then be
my guest. It's over the next
street. Outside the pub.

Michael gets to his feet and taps Tony to come along with
him.

Samantha and Claire continue to eat the sandwiches and
talks to Linda.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Michael and Tony walk along the street, noticing the well
kept gardens, cars.

TONY

How the hell do they get the car
looking that good? Every time I
try and clean my car, it gets
dirty again within hours.

MICHAEL

This is the country. They haven't
got all the shit we get in the
air. No fumes, No sand from the
beach and all that.

TONY

So your saying I need to live in the country if I want a nice and sparkling car. That's shit.

They walk round the corner and come face to face with the BOB and JEFF.

They bump into them.

MICHAEL

So sorry, mate.

TONY

Our fault.

Bob looks at them blankly as Jeff shakes hands with Tony.

JEFF

No problem, boys. You visiting?

TONY

Uh no. We had a slight crash down the road.

MICHAEL

Where staying with a lady round the corner, until my car is fixed.

Bob pops into the conversation.

BOB

Is your car a black Nissan?

MICHAEL

Yeah, that's the one.

BOB

It's parked outside the pub. You won't be getting that fixed anytime soon, I'm afraid.

Michael's face drops.

MICHAEL

That bad, huh?

BOB

By what I saw, just from walking past, is that the front axle is snapped and the back suspension is knackered.

MICHAEL

Shit!

(pause)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Is there someone who can fix it
in the town?

BOB
(abruptly)
Village.

MICHAEL
Sorry. Anyone in the village who
can fix it?

BOB
There is, but Danny has gone for
a few days. Had to go see someone
in the city.

JEFF
Yeah, looks like your going to be
here for at least a day or so
mate.

MICHAEL
Shit.

TONY
Does anyone have a spare car? Or
maybe we could get a lift off
someone? We'll pay of course.

Bob looks at Jeff.

JEFF
There is a bus that travels
through. But that won't be here
till the early hours.

MICHAEL
How early is early?

JEFF
Five.

MICHAEL
Our ferry leaves at three.

BOB
We got to be going. Good luck you
boys.

Bob and Jeff begin to walk away as Jeff runs back up to
them.

JEFF
Dillon, he runs the pub right, he
can help you with some transport.
Cost you a bit though.

Jeff shakes hands and runs back to Bob and they walk away into the darkness.

Tony and Michael walk up the street and round the corner again.

They see the pub and Michael's car. Front end all mangled.

MICHAEL

Shit. Look at that? What the hell did I hit?

TONY

Ouch. The insurance company isn't going to like that.

They notice the pub is still open.

TONY (CONT'D)

Fancy a pint?

They walk into the pub.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire and Samantha sit at the table, Linda making more tea over by the door.

LINDA

You girls best drink up. It get's very cold round here at this time of year.

CLAIRE

Thank you ever so much for helping us like this.

SAMANTHA

Yeah. It's so hard to find people this day and age that would actually drag people from a car and take care of them.

LINDA

We've always helped people. If you can't help others, there is no point in helping yourself.

(pause)

That's what my boy says and it's the best advice he has said or given.

They all chuckle as the front door is KNOCKED.

Linda get's up and goes to the front door. Samantha and Claire get up and start to look around.

They see photographs of family members. Linda with Bob and Jeff, and Linda's late husband, THOMAS.

In another one, there is Linda clinking glasses with a man, not Thomas.

Linda comes back in, followed by a policeman.

LINDA

This is Sargent Lewis.

SARGENT LEWIS

Hi there. If it's okay, I'd like to ask you a bunch of questions about the crash, you people had.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, I don't see why not.

CLAIRE

Maybe we should wait for the guys?

SARGENT LEWIS

Guys?

CLAIRE

Oh, my our husbands.

SARGENT LEWIS

Could I have their names?

CLAIRE

Michael Mitchell --

SAMANTHA

-- Tony Bushell.

SARGENT LEWIS

We can wait for them if you want. Or we could get this over with now, and I can call round after to speak with them.

SAMANTHA

Come on, Claire. We might as well get this over and done with.

CLAIRE

(hesitant)
Okay.

SARGENT LEWIS

Great.

(opens pad)

Can I ask where your from?

SAMANTHA

Cardiff. Well just outside
Cardiff. But our post code says
Cardiff.

SARGENT LEWIS

And where are you guys travelling
too?

CLAIRE

Were on our way to France. Meant
to be catching the ferry from
Dover at three. But that look's
very unlikely.

SARGENT LEWIS

So how come you came through this
way?

SAMANTHA

The M4 was blocked up with a
smash.

LINDA

Oh I saw that on the news. Very
bad. Six car pile up.

SARGENT LEWIS

So this was a shortcut then?

CLAIRE

Yep, uh-huh.

Sargent lewis writes all this down as the kettle begins to
boil.

LINDA

Anyone like a cup of tea?
Sargent?

SARGENT LEWIS

Yes please, Ma'am.

Linda disappears and makes the tea as Sargent Lewis makes
sits down.

SARGENT LEWIS

So you going to France for
anything particular?

SAMANTHA

Not really. Mostly to just go and grab some booze.

SARGENT LEWIS

A booze cruise is it? Nice little earner.

Linda comes back in with a tray of tea and biscuits. She places them down on the table.

LINDA

Help yourself people.

Sargent Lewis dives right in as Samantha and Claire drink the tea.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The pub is empty. Tony and Michael stand at the bar. Tony looking at his watch.

TONY

We've been standing here now for five minutes. And still no service.

Michael looks through the bar and through a door. He sees a SHADOW move across.

MICHAEL

(shouting)
Hello?!

Nothing.

TONY

Oi! Anyone back there?!

Still silent.

TONY

Maybe we should go in the back and have a look?

MICHAEL

Yeah, alright.

They move round the bar and in through the door. They walk into the living room area and notice a plate of food on the table.

Tony grabs a chip and eats it.

TONY

Still hot. Someone must be here.

They walk through another door and into the kitchen. The kettle is on the stove, boiling and the water tap is DRIPPING.

They turn and walk back into the living room when --

-- SUDDENLY DILLON, is standing in the doorway.

Michael and Tony jump with FRIGHT.

TONY

Holy shit!

MICHAEL

You scared the shit out of us!

DILLON

Can I help you? What you doing in my living room?

MICHAEL

We've come for a drink.

DILLON

So why you in here?

TONY

We shouted through, but no one answered.

Dillon looks at his food, notices a chip is missing.

DILLON

Hungry where you?

TONY

Sorry, my fault.

The room is full of an awkward tension.

MICHAEL

(cutting the ice)
How about a drink?

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - LATER

Michael and Tony stand at the bar as Dillon pours them another pint.

DILLON

Danny is the only one round here,
who know's cars. He's out of the
village for a good day or two.

TONY

How long he been gone?

DILLON

Half a day.

TONY

Ah right.

MICHAEL

How about the AA?

DILLON

You can call them. But this is a
black spot for mobiles.

TONY

So how do you make phone calls?

DILLON

We use the land line.

MICHAEL

Great! Can I use yours? I'll pay
for the phone call.

Dillon finishes pulling the last pint when he chirps in
with,

DILLON

Had a power failure on the
telephone poles. The one's you
hit.

Tony and Michael slump into the bar stools and drink their
pints.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha and Claire curl up next to each other as they hear
the front door opening.

They both race onto the hallway, and see Michael and Tony.

TONY

Hey guys.

MICHAEL

Hey babe. You alright?

They go down stairs and all four go into the kitchen. Linda sits at the table.

She sees them.

LINDA
Hello kids. You see Dillon?

MICHAEL
Yeah, but no luck. He mentioned a guy called Danny.

LINDA
Oh Danny's lovely. But he's in the city for a day or so.

TONY
Yeah, that's what Dillon said.

Linda moves to the kettle and puts it on.

LINDA
You boys fancy a brew?

TONY
Yeah please.

MICHAEL
Yeah, that would be great.

LINDA
You lot sit down and I'll make you a nice cuppa.

They move into the lounge as Michael spots the photographs.

MICHAEL
Hey that's those guys we just saw.

CLAIRE
Who?

MICHAEL
Those two.

He points to Bob and Jeff.

SAMANTHA
Oh Bob and Jeff. Their Linda's nephew's.

Tony sits besides Samantha, giving her a hug.

TONY
Don't worry babe. This time tomorrow, we'll be in France.
(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)
Speaking of which, Mike. What
about those tickets?

MICHAEL
Not again. I'm going to have to
see what we can do when we get to
the ferry station.

CLAIRE
Can't you just ring up and move
them?

MICHAEL
Nope.

SAMANTHA
Why not? Thought they were
refundable?

MICHAEL
They are. But there's no phone
coverage.

CLAIRE
Mobile?

TONY
Black spot.

CLAIRE
Land line?

TONY
Nope as well. Thanks to action
Jackson here.

CLAIRE
What?

MICHAEL
When we crashed. We hit the
telephone pole that supplies the
village.

Samantha begins to fall asleep on Tony as Claire slaps
Michael on the leg.

Linda walks back in with a tray of tea. Linda sees Samantha
asleep.

LINDA
Aww bless her. Tired as a lamb
she is.

TONY
Yeah, I think I'll take her to
bed.

MICHAEL

You know what, since we won't be able to catch a bus till five, we might as well hit the sack too.

LINDA

Well take your cuppa's up to bed with you.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

Tony gets up and cradles Samantha up. Claire grabs two cups as Michael does too.

Michael gives Linda a kiss on the cheek.

MICHAEL

Thank you so much for helping us like this.

LINDA

Not a problem love. Night.

They walk out the room and up the stairs, and into bed.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is silent, apart from the snoring of Michael. Tony lies awake, stroking Samantha's hair.

He looks at his watch. "03:17am"

He gets out of bed and walks out onto the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He looks around and sees four closed doors.

TONY

Shit, which one is the toilet?

He begins to open the first door. He peers in and sees an immaculate bedroom. Not a thing out of place. Bed made with no creases.

He closes the door gently and goes to the next one. He looks in and sees an empty room, in the middle of being decorated. PLASTIC SHEETS cover the floor and a ladder is in the corner of the room.

He closes up and goes along to the next one. He gently turns the handle and looks in, seeing Linda asleep in bed.

He comes back out and sees the next door, the LAST DOOR. He grabs the handle and turns.

He sees a sink's reflection in the mirror.

TONY (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

He feels the wall until he finds the switch. The lights SPRING on light the room.

He closes the door behind him and lifts the toilet lid. He begins to go.

He finishes up and flushes the chain. He washes his hands and looks for a towel. Not one in sight.

TONY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He turns the light off and goes back onto the hallway. He goes into the decorating room, FLICKS the light on and sees a towel.

He grabs it and dries his hands. He places it back onto the hanger and closes the door behind him.

He grabs the handle for the bedroom when he hears a loud THUMP from the bottom of the house.

He stop, leans over the rails and listens. For a few moments silence, until --

-- THUMP.

He makes his way down the stairs and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

On the table LIES the BODY of MELISSA! Tony, in shock moves in slowly.

He reaches Melissa and sees the cut and slash marks on her body.

He sees blood seeping through her clothes, on her stomach. He reaches in and pulls her shirt up, revealing the pitch fork wounds.

He takes a deep breath as the sight is too much for him.

Looking at her neck, he sees the bruises from where Jeff strangled her.

He leans in closer when --

-- SUDDENLY Melissa takes a DEEP BREATH IN! Scaring Tony half to death.

He JUMPS back and against the cabinets. Knocking a glass onto the floor, SMASHING.

On the table, Melissa, breathing uncontrollably sees Tony. She begins to weep and REACHES out for Tony.

He grabs her hand and starts to brush his hand against her face.

TONY

It's okay, it's okay! I'll get help!

Melissa mouths something to Tony. He shakes his head, not knowing what she is saying.

TONY (CONT'D)

I can't hear you.

She points BEHIND Tony. He looks round to see BOB and JEFF, standing there, sledgehammer and carving knife in hand.

TONY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Jeff swings the hammer, catching Tony on the arm, breaking it with a LOUD SNAP.

He yells in pain as before he can wake the house, Bob has jumped on top of him, hand covering his mouth.

BOB

(softly)

This is our village, and we don't like people like you. Or her.

He looks up at Melissa who has now STOPPED breathing. Bob draws the knife across Tony's chest, cutting into his skin.

Winching in pain, Tony tries to get free.

BOB (CONT'D)

(softly)

No need to try and escape. Your going nowhere. Your our's now.

Jeff sweeps up the broken glass from the floor when Bob reaches out.

BOB (CONT'D)

Give me a bit of that glass.

Jeff searches for the biggest bit of glass and gives it to Bob.

Bob starts to HOVER the SHARD OF GLASS over Tony's EYE.

In one violent slam, the glass is embedded in Tony's eye! Screaming, only being muffled by Bob's hand.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh shush, oh shush, shush please.

Bob places the knife over Tony's chest and gets off him. Jeff stuffs a tea towel into Tony's mouth, GAGGING HIM.

BOB (CONT'D)
Right, do it properly this time.
Last time you almost took my arm off.

Jeff stands next to Bob, he raises the hammer above his head.

BOB (CONT'D)
On three, alright.
(pause)
One...two...
(pause)
Three!

Jeff brings the hammer down with such force, the knife SLAMS through Tony's chest and CRUSHES his chest.

Bob, on the floor next to him, gets to his feet and snatches the hammer from Jeff.

BOB (CONT'D)
(softly)
Again! You almost killed me.

JEFF
I'll get the hang of it don't worry.

They hear a WHIMPER as they look at the door way and see --
-- SAMANTHA! Staring at them, tears in her eyes.

BOB
(screaming)
Get her!

Jeff takes off after her as Samantha tears arse up the stairs and into the bedroom, SLAMMING the door behind her.

She throws a table and chair up against the wall as Michael and Claire wake up.

CLAIRE
What's going on?

MICHAEL
You okay, Sam?

SAMANTHA
(crying)
They killed Tony! They fucking
killed Tony!

Jumping out of bed, Michael gets his shoes on as Bob and Jeff begin to CRASH into the door!

BOB (O.S.)
Open this fucking door you bitch!
I'm going to cut your lungs out!

MICHAEL
Get your shoes!

Claire and Samantha get their shoes on and start to open the window.

Michael, up against the door, blocking them from coming in.

MICHAEL
Get those open!

CLAIRE
Their jammed!

Samantha grabs a chair and SWINGS at the window, shattering it to pieces.

Claire and Samantha jump out and down onto the grass below. Michael, pushing more things against the door, makes a run for the window, jumping out.

Bob and Jeff BURST into the room, throwing the table, chair out the way.

They look out the window and see the three of them running into the woods.

Bob screams as Linda runs into the room.

LINDA
The fuck you done now?!

JEFF
One of them saw us with the girl.
So we killed him.

LINDA
The fuck you do that for? You two
really are fucking stupid! Get
after them!

Bob turns to Linda. Grabs her round the throat.

BOB
I told you before, Mum! Don't
ever shout at me like that!

He lets go and they run out the house and after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sprinting through the woods at break neck speed, Samantha
can't stop crying.

Claire grabs her hand.

CLAIRE
We can't stop! Come on!

SAMANTHA
(through tears)
You never saw what they did! They
killed my Tony!

She falls to her knees as Michael catches her.

MICHAEL
Come on, we can't stay here.
Their after us.

SAMANTHA
What did we ever do to them!

Michael looks behind them and sees TWO BEAMS of LIGHT.

MICHAEL
Their there! Come on let's go!

They run through the woods as Bob and Jeff give chase.
Jumping over broken tree trunks, and branches.

Claire gets caught on a branch as her shirt rips.

MICHAEL
Leave it!

They carry on running as Jeff catches up first. Bob, a bit
behind begins to cough.

He stops and rests.

BOB
Jeff! Wait up! Need a breather!

Jeff reaches the ripped shirt and pulls it off the branch.
He waves it in the air.

JEFF

Look what I got!

He smells it and puts it in his pocket. He takes off after them by himself as Bob shouts out.

BOB

Wait there! Don't go by yourself!

Jeff doesn't listen and carries on into the darkness. Bob gathers his breath and takes off again.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Michael, Claire and Samantha run up to a barn. They stop and look behind, seeing only the one beam of light.

MICHAEL

Get in!

Claire and Samantha run into the barn as Michael looks around.

He finds a pitch fork on the floor next to the entrance. He swipes it up and hides inside the barn doorway.

Jeff, running up into the area, stops. He looks around and looks at the barn.

A smile comes across his face and he runs up to the entrance.

Michael, on the other side, hears the crunching beneath Jeff's feet, and SWINGS the pitch fork!

Catching Jeff in the leg, he goes down with a YELP, like a dog caught in a trap.

Michael punches him in the face and drags him into the barn, as Claire and Samantha close the barn door.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Blood pouring profoundly onto the floor, Jeff cries.

JEFF

What you do that for?

MICHAEL

Your lucky I haven't killed you!

Samantha, still crying, runs over and kicks him in the groin.

SAMANTHA

Mother fucker! That was my husband! The man I loved more than anything in the world!

JEFF

I'm sorry! We were going to let you leave. But he had to come and disturb us!

CLAIRE

Your saying this is our fault?
Your sick.

Jeff wraps his hands round his wounded thigh as Michael hovers above him, pitch fork in hand.

MICHAEL

What you mean you were going to let us leave?

JEFF

(through gritted teeth)
We weren't going to kill you.

CLAIRE

Why the fuck would you kill us?
What we done to you?!

JEFF

Nothing. But we don't like your kind!

Claire and Samantha start to punch and kick Jeff.

CLAIRE

Our kind?! We'll show you what our kind will do!

They continue to rain down punches and kicks.

JEFF

Your outsiders! We don't like outsiders!

They stop attacking him. Michael lowers the fork.

MICHAEL

Outsiders? Were not outsiders.
Were just people passing through your village.

JEFF

That's how it always happens.
Just passing through!

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
Then you start to take over,
buying into the village. Then
owning a shop. It carries on.

CLAIRE
We were just passing through.

SAMANTHA
(sobbing)
You killed my husband.

JEFF
I'm sorry. But we got to survive.

MICHAEL
Survive?

BOB (O.S.)
Jeff?!

Jeff goes to scream as Michael SLAMS the pitch fork handle across his face, knocking him COLD.

Michael picks up Jeff's flashlight.

MICHAEL
Out back!

They run out through the back as Bob pulls open the door. He sees Jeff, unconscious on the floor. He let's out a scream.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Michael, Claire and Samantha run back into the woods. The flashlight beam moving from the ground to the trees in front of them.

Running through the woods, they SPOT the TRUCK in front of the CABIN.

They run into the cabin door, knocking it off the hinges.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Looking round, they see Melissa's and Derrick's items. Clothes, shoes and shower kits.

Samantha steps back against the door frame as her hair gets STUCK to it.

She pulls away and turns, seeing BLOOD from Derrick's head sprayed on it.

Samantha screams as Claire is sick.

MICHAEL

I take it were not the only ones.

CLAIRE

They've been living off passers
by.

They begin to rummage through the bags, Claire finds a pair of shorts and puts them on.

Michael finds a pair of track suit bottoms and wears them as Samantha puts on a pair bottoms too.

MICHAEL

Anything we can use?

CLAIRE

Nope, nothing here.

Outside, they see HEADLIGHTS beaming.

MICHAEL

Quick get out!

They run out the cabin and back into the woods, taking off into the trees.

The headlights get closer and pulls up next to the truck. The lights go off and out steps SARGENT KEVIN SMITH.

He pulls out his flash light and turns it on. The powerful beam cuts through the windows of the truck as he looks inside.

He sees crisp packets and towels. He looks up at the cabin and walks upto it.

He beams the light in and looks round. He notices the "ransacked" look of the bags and sees the bed is a mess.

The beam cuts onto the floor as he drags it towards him and onto a spot of blood.

He follows the blood up the wall and lands on the sprayed area.

SMITH

Oh my god.

He grabs his radio.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Lewis, we got a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

They run through the woods as they HEAR running water.

They reach the stream. Claire falls to her knees as Samantha is sick as a dog.

Michael stops and presses the light on his watch, "03:54am"

MICHAEL

We got an hour until the bus
drives through. We can do this.
Just got to stay hidden.

Claire rubs Samantha's back as she stops being sick. Claire brushes her hair out of her face.

Samantha leans into the stream and scoops up water over her face, and swills her mouth out.

CLAIRE

That's easier said than done,
Mike.

MICHAEL

We need to find some weapons.

CLAIRE

Why did you drop the pitch fork?!

MICHAEL

I panicked! Don't start blaming
me, I've never done this before!

CLAIRE

Neither have I!

MICHAEL

(hugging Claire)
Look, we can do this. Stick
together, keep close and always
be on the look out. Right Sam?

They look round, shes GONE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sam?!

CLAIRE

Where are you love?

Michael shines the light down the woods and they see Samantha running down the woods, BACK TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

MICHAEL
(shouting)
Sam!

They take off after her.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Linda is cleaning up the blood, as Bob SLAMS through the door, DRAGGING Jeff.

LINDA
What happened to him?

BOB
Those bastards stabbed him with a
pitch fork.

LINDA
Get him on the table.

Bob slides Melissa's body out the way and SLUMPS Jeff on it.

Linda begins to cut off his trouser leg and sees the wound. Grabbing a bottle whiskey, she rubs it into the wound.

Jeff slowly wakes up, wincing in pain.

JEFF
We get them?

BOB
No you pilick. You let them stick
you.

JEFF
What?

Jeff looks down and sees Linda STITCHING him up.

LINDA
You two really are a class act,
you know that.

BOB
He interrupted us, as we were
carving her up.

JEFF
It was by accident.

LINDA
 Nothing is ever by accident,
 Jeff. You either do it, or you
 don't.

Linda finishes up the stitches. She pours some more whiskey
 onto the wound.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 There, all done.

BOB
 What you want us to do now?

LINDA
 Well they got less than an hour
 till the bus arrives.

JEFF
 You want us to wait by the bus
 stop?

BOB
 They wouldn't be that stupid
 would they?

LINDA
 Maybe. You never know with city
 folk.
 (pause)
 Jeff, you wait by the bus stop,
 while you, Bob, you go and get
 Dillon.

Jeff gets up as Linda throws him another set of trousers.
 Bob, picks up the hammer out of Tony's chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Samantha slowly makes her way out of the woods and onto the
 street.

Looking around there is no sign of life. She walks through
 the street as Claire and Michael appear behind her.

CLAIRE
 (whispers)
 Sam!

She looks back and sees them.

SAMANTHA
 (whispers)
 I want to fucking kill them.

CLAIRE

Let's get out of here. Come on,
we'll get the police, and they
can be arrested.

Almost like a light bulb going off, an idea.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sargent Lewis! We'll go and get
him.

MICHAEL

Where to is the station?

They look round. None of the houses or buildings has a
sign.

CLAIRE

It's bound to be one of these.

MICHAEL

You want to search them, be my
guest. But I'm not.

(pause)

The pub. Dillon is bound to be
awake at this time. We'll ask
him.

Michael and Claire walk towards the pub while Samantha
stands still.

They turn and face her.

SAMANTHA

I can't. I want those twats dead.
They killed my husband. My
children have lost their father!
I just want to get home to them.

Claire goes back and puts her arm round her. They move
through the streets and up to the pub.

They pass Michael's car.

CLAIRE

You got anything in there?

MICHAEL

Got a tire iron. And a small
Stanley knife.

CLAIRE

Well get them.

Michael opens the door and grabs the tire iron. He searches
the glove box and the side compartments.

MICHAEL
I can't find it.

CLAIRE
What you mean, you can't find it?

MICHAEL
It's not here. As in it's gone.
Wait a minute, didn't you use it
the other day to cut that rope in
the garden?

CLAIRE
Oh yeah.

MICHAEL
Don't worry, we got this. Come
on.

They walk up to the pub door and gently knock. Nothing.

CLAIRE
Bang harder.

Claire looks up and spots the window is open and a light is
shinning through.

CLAIRE
There's a light on.

Michael takes a step back and looks up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Throw a stone or something.

Michael looks on the ground and picks up a stone. He looks
up and throws it.

The stone hits the window and falls back onto them. They
wait a minute until Dillon, leans out the window.

He spots them.

DILLON
The bloody hell you doing? It's
gone four!

MICHAEL
We need your help.

DILLON
I told you, Danny is out for a
day. Car won't be fixed till
then.

CLAIRE
Can we come in?

Dillon looks round the village.

DILLON
Sure. Wait there.

He leans back in, closes the window and makes a move down. Michael keeps an eye out as Claire keeps Samantha up right.

The door opens up to the sound of clunking metal as Dillon unbolts it.

DILLON
Come on. Get in the warmth.

They walk in as Dillon closes the door behind them, BOLTING it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Michael stands by the window looking out, as Claire and Samantha wash the sick out of her hair.

Dillon pours them all a drink.

DILLON
What you lot doing out at this time anyway? It's bloody freezing out there.

Michael, not saying a word takes the drink.

DILLON (CONT'D)
Where's your friend, Tony?

Samantha begins to cry at hearing this.

DILLON (CONT'D)
(worried)
Everything okay? Have I said something to upset you?

MICHAEL
He's dead.

Dillon, acting shocked sits down.

DILLON
What? How?

SAMANTHA
Those arseholes! Two men!

DILLON
Who?

MICHAEL

Tony and me passed them when we came here. Two guys, one old, one young.

DILLON

Your on about Bob and Jeff. No one likes them round here. Bunch of wasters.

(softly)

They never killed him? Did they?

MICHAEL

We need to get the police.

DILLON

The station is two streets over. I'll go with you.

Claire rushes Michael.

CLAIRE

You can't leave us here. What if they come looking for us?

DILLON

They can't get in here, love. This place is like a castle. You got dead bolts on the doors, and the windows are five inches thick. Your going to need a tank to get through them.

Michael hugs Claire and Samantha. He hands them the tire iron.

MICHAEL

Anything happens, use this.

He kisses Claire and pecks Samantha on the cheek.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You got anything in here?

DILLON

Got a shotgun in the back.

MICHAEL

Get it.

Dillon and Michael disappear through the back as Claire and Samantha hide behind the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The place is now spotless. No bodies, no blood. Linda boils the kettle as Bob come back in, bloody knife in hand.

BOB

The bodies are out the way.

LINDA

Good. Any word on Dillon?

BOB

Nah. Can't get through to him.
Must be asleep or something.

Bob sits down and starts to eat a pack of biscuits.

LINDA

What do you think your doing?

BOB

I'm starving.

LINDA

I don't care. Their out there
somewhere and need shutting up.
If wind of this get's out, were
all doomed.

Bob eats two more biscuits and gets to his feet. He grabs a cup of tea and heads out the door.

LINDA

Make sure you bring that cup back
as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Armed with the double barreled shotgun, Dillon and Michael walk through the street.

DILLON

This village has been here for
donkeys years. It quite funny
because we once had a donkey that
was let loose.

Michael ignores Dillon's joke as they make their way up the street. Dillon starts to point out interesting facts. Well interesting to him.

DILLON (CONT'D)

This is the street that was used for filming once. You ever saw that film, straw dogs? Great movie.

MICHAEL

Not really my kind of film.

DILLON

I loved it. Dustin Hoffman can act. That guy is great.

(pause)

You see that house, the one with the large plant in the window. That was used in a TV advert for fertilizer.

They reach the next street and Michael spots a POLICE SIGN. He runs up to the station and into the doors. LOCKED.

MICHAEL

How the fuck can a police station be locked?

DILLON

He's probably gone to the woods.

MICHAEL

What? Why would he go there? And why would the station be shut?

DILLON

I keep telling you, mate. Your in a village. We only have three policemen, and one of them is dead.

MICHAEL

What's going on in the woods?

DILLON

Devil shit.

Michael goes quiet.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Nah, nothing like that. Bunch of kids are always lighting fires and burning things. People got it into their heads that their devil worshipers. Just misunderstood kids.

Dillon begins to walk back down the street.

DILLON (CONT'D)
You coming? I'll see if the land
line is up and running.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Claire and Samantha huddle together behind the bar. They look at the clock, "04:06am".

SAMANTHA
Were not going to make it. Are
we?

CLAIRE
We got plenty of time. Look, it's
only five past. We got to wait
another fifty minutes, and we'll
be safe and sound. Away from all
this.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, but you still have your
husband.

Samantha wipes the tears away from her face. She hugs Claire.

Suddenly their is a BANG on the door. They stay still, not making a noise.

BANG. There it goes again. Claire slowly peeps her head round the corner of the bar and sees the silhouette of a MAN.

He bangs again, this time much HARDER. It's Bob.

BOB (O.S.)
Dillon! Open up you nonce! We got
a situation out here.

Claire and Samantha freeze to the ground.

SAMANTHA
Shit, he's in on it.

CLAIRE
Mike's out with him.

Bob bangs on the door again and then looks through the window.

Seeing the chairs all on the tables and the place clean, he walks away.

Claire and Samantha crawl along the floor, and up to the windows.

They peak through and see the street is empty.

SAMANTHA

Where he go?

SUDDENLY out of nowhere, Bob SLAMS up against the window, face to face with Claire.

BOB

(shouting)

Open the fucking door!

CLAIRE

Fuck you!

Claire and Samantha run back behind the bar and into the living room, Bob still banging on the window.

He stops and runs round the back of the pub. BANGING each window he passes.

BOB

I'm going to get you, whatever happens my little sweeties.

He walks round, almost dancing to the back.

BOB (CONT'D)

You really think you can get out of this village? With us all around you? I don't think so.

He starts to hum a nursery rhyme, "Hush little baby".

Claire and Samantha, now in the living room, barricade the doors shut. Sofa in front of one, table and chairs in front of the other.

They hear Bob humming.

BOB

"Hush little baby, don't say a word. Momma's going to buy you a mockingbird".

SAMANTHA

This guy is fucking nuts!

They keep piling things against the doors as Bob slams his palm into the window, STARTLING them.

BOB

"And if that mockingbird don't sing, Momma's going to buy you a diamond ring!".

He reaches the back door and starts to force it open.

BOB (CONT'D)

I know your in there. I can smell you both.

They run low, back into the bar, closing the door behind them.

They hear a LOUD CRASH, as Bob has got in through a window.

BOB (CONT'D)

You should really bolt up the windows as well you know.

Claire, armed with the tire iron, stands up next to the door.

Bob, standing on the opposite side, stops in his track. He CRACKS his neck and giggles.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ready or not, here I come.

He reaches for the handle and pulls open the door. He sees Samantha, on the floor, cowering.

BOB (CONT'D)

Come to Daddy.

He takes a step in --

-- WHACK! Tire iron to the face. He crashes to the floor, blood pouring out of his nose.

He gets to his feet, unsteadily.

BOB (CONT'D)

The fuck that come from?

Claire comes round the corner, tire iron raised.

CLAIRE

Right here Mother fucker!

Claire swings again, connecting with Bob's Skull, knocking him to the floor.

Samantha grabs a bottle of brandy and walks in. She pours the brandy over Bob, emptying it.

On the table, lies a box of matches. She swipes them up as Bob looks up at them both.

BOB (CONT'D)

You wouldn't kill me, would you?

They both look at each other, then back at Bob.

CLAIRE

Why not?

He stares at them blankly as Samantha LIGHTS the match, and puts the match back in the box, setting it on FIRE.

BOB

Now come on! Don't mess around!

SAMANTHA

Fuck you.

She drops the match onto Bob, ENGULFING him in flames! He screams his heart out as he withers around on the floor, setting the carpet and table on fire.

In one last swing, Claire lands the tire iron right on skull, crushing it.

The smoke alarms begin to sound. Claire and Samantha run out the living room and back into the bar.

They spot Michael and Dillon outside. Claire unbolts the door and runs out, into Michael's arms.

MICHAEL

Everything okay?

Dillon sees the smoke.

DILLON

My pub!

CLAIRE

We got one! We killed that old guy!

Samantha runs out and sees Dillon.

SAMANTHA

Claire!

Claire turns and goes to swing at Dillon who aims the shotgun at them.

DILLON

Don't try it sweetheart.

MICHAEL
(shocked)
The fuck you doing? Put that
thing down.

SAMANTHA
Mike, he's one of them.

MICHAEL
One of what?

DILLON
Them. Bob, Jeff, me and even
Linda. Were one big happy family.

MICHAEL
The fuck you talking about?

Dillon aims the shotgun.

DILLON
Walk. You know the way.

The three of them walk on as Dillon jabs the gun into
Michael's back.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Linda is cutting up potatoes and vegetables, as Dillon
forces Michael, Claire and Samantha into the house.

LINDA
Oh, you decided to come back.

Dillon closes the door shut as Jeff limps back in. He sees
Michael and PUNCHES him!

Michael crashes to the floor.

JEFF
You fucked my leg up!

He gives him a sly kick as Dillon pushes him away.

DILLON
Enough of that!

JEFF
Let me kill him, that's all I'm
asking for!

Dillon aims the shotgun at Jeff. Jeff backs down and forces
Claire and Samantha into the chairs, as Dillon kicks
Michael to get up.

Michael sits down next to Claire who squeezes his hand tightly.

LINDA
Now, who's hungry?

Linda walks over carrying a loaf of bread and a plate of meat. She places them down on the table.

Dillon lays the shotgun down on the counter as they start to tuck in as Claire looks on.

Samantha stares at the floor, where Tony was killed.

CLAIRE
Why won't you let us leave?

Dillon and Jeff laugh with their mouthfuls, spitting food over the table as Linda pops in.

LINDA
Because your part of the village now. So eat up, your going to need your strength.

MICHAEL
For what? Killing you?

Jeff LASHES across the table, smacking Michael in the face.

JEFF
When you speak to Mother, you respect her! Got that?!

Michael looks at Jeff who gets back to eating. Lying on the table, a butter knife. Claire eyes it up and slowly moves her hands towards it, inch by inch.

Linda brings over three cups of tea for them.

LINDA
Drink up. We don't want you to catch a cold. After all, you have been out in the freezing cold woods.
(pause)
What made you go out there in this weather? Silly children.

Samantha continues to stare at the floor. She spots how clean the floor is.

SAMANTHA
Where's the blood?

LINDA
What's that, dear?

SAMANTHA

The blood? The floor is spotless.

LINDA

Oh I cleaned that up, love. No need for a dirty house. Dirty house makes your guests think different things about you.

(holding a plate up)

Meat?

Samantha looks at the plate and throws up. Linda puts the plate down, gets to her feet grabbing a towel.

She mops up the sick on the table as Jeff grabs a bucket and mop.

He begins to mop the floor, with a BLOOD SOAKED mop.

Seeing this, Claire throws up too.

DILLON

Bloody hell! Can't you girls keep anything down? Always the same from the city. You see all those girls and super models, all skinny, so you want to be like them! Make yourselves sick. Go on then! Here, I'll help.

Dillon grabs Claire by the scruff of her hair, and SHOVES his fingers DOWN HER THROAT.

Michael pounces on Dillon, knocking him back as Claire is sick everywhere.

Claire and Samantha cling to each other as Dillon and Jeff grab Michael.

LINDA

Throw him in the cellar!

JEFF

Yeah. Maybe he'll learn some manners down there.

They cart Michael out the room as Claire and Samantha shout Michael.

LINDA

Don't worry, girls. He's in safe hands. He'll back up soon. After he learn's some manners.

SAMANTHA

What kind of manners?

Linda takes all the food back over to the sink.

LINDA

That everything is everyone's.
You can play with Dillon, Jeff
and Bob. Speaking of which, where
is Bob?

Linda shouts after Jeff as Claire grabs the butter knife
and hides it in her lap.

Samantha eyes the door.

SAMANTHA

Let's go.

CLAIRE

What about Michael? We can't just
leave him.

SAMANTHA

You want to die? Cause I don't.
I've already lost a husband.

CLAIRE

So you want me to lose mine?
Where leaving together.

Samantha looks down and sees the knife.

SAMANTHA

What you going to do with that?

CLAIRE

Fucking kill them.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael is THROWN down the stairs and lands with a CRASH.
Dillon and Jeff stand at the top, laughing.

JEFF

Now you take some time to think
what you've done, and you can
come back up.

They slam the door and Michael hears them LOCKING the door.
He gets to his feet and looks round.

The cellar is in total darkness. He falls over something
heavy and lands against the wall.

He begins to feel the wall, until his fingers feels
something WET.

He feels a switch, and flicks it on.

The bright light makes him squint. He takes a second to grasp the light, pupils dilating.

He looks at his hand and sees BLOOD on his finger tips. He looks at the wall and sees it drenched in blood.

He steps back and falls over something. He lands HARD on his back and looks down at his feet.

He's tripped over a BODY. Better yet, it's TONY'S.

MICHAEL

What the fuck?!

He sees that Tony's leg's and arm's have been REMOVED. Only his torso and head lie on the floor.

Tears stream down his face as looks at Tony. He looks round and sees a blanket in the corner.

He grabs the blanket and covers Tony. He sits next to Tony, sobbing.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dillon sits down next to Samantha and begins to stroke her leg.

Samantha moves her leg away as Dillon tries to stroke her again.

Moving away round the table, Dillon get's angry.

DILLON

You come back here, and let me touch your leg.

SAMANTHA

Your a sick fuck.

Dillon SLAPS her across the face, printing his hand on her cheek.

Linda slaps Dillon across the back of the head.

LINDA

Leave her alone. She's just lost the one she loved.

Samantha looks up at Linda, with a smile.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Give her a day or so, love. She'll soon come round.

Samantha's smile drops. Jeff laughs as he eats a biscuit.

JEFF

So, Claire, where were you going then?

CLAIRE

What?

JEFF

Well you had to be going somewhere. Otherwise you wouldn't be coming through the village.

CLAIRE

We were going to France. Not that it's any of your business.

JEFF

(laughing)

Well, you see, it is my business that your here. I'm the one who put dog in the road.

Claire stares at Jeff who sprays biscuit onto the table. Linda throws him a cloth.

LINDA

Wipe that up, and close your mouth when you chew.

JEFF

Sorry Mum.

Linda carries on with the cooking. She puts the vegetables into a huge pot on the stove and puts the potatoes into the oven.

LINDA

Right, this should be ready by lunch time. A nice home made meal for you lot.

Samantha and Claire look on as they see a pot on the stove, bubbling to the brim with MEAT.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Hope you girls like pork and chicken, cause that's what were having.

Dillon finishes his tea as Linda leaves the room.

CLAIRE

Why won't you let us go? I promise we won't tell anyone about this place!

SAMANTHA

We swear we won't!

JEFF

You can't go. Your part of the family now. Family always stick together.

DILLON

This is either funny or horrendous to you, but we like you.

CLAIRE

Like us? You killed her husband!

JEFF

That was by accident. He shouldn't of been so nosey anyway.

Samantha screams across the table, LASHING out at Jeff.

SAMANTHA

Wrong place?! That was my husband! The father of my children!

Dillon restrains her as Jeff covers his face. Samantha, running dry on tears just sobs as Claire grabs her.

CLAIRE

Don't give them an excuse to hurt you. That's just what their after.

DILLON

You put a leash on her, or I'll make sure she won't be able to walk again.

Jeff leans in and looks into Samantha's eyes.

JEFF

Do as your friend says, or you'll be lying next to your husband.

Samantha buries her face into Claire's chest. Linda walks back in, arms full of clothes. Dresses, trousers, shirts.

She places them on the counter and begins to hold them up.

LINDA

Now, you girls, what do you like to wear most? Dresses or trouser and shirts?

Claire looks up at Linda, then at Dillon and Jeff. She sees a long sleeved shirt in the pile.

CLAIRE
Long sleeved shirts, and jeans.

Linda rummages through the pile and finds the long sleeved shirt.

LINDA
Well your in luck. Here you go.

She tosses the shirt over to Claire, who pushes the knife under her bottom.

LINDA (CONT'D)
You can get changed in here.

Jeff and Dillon look on, smiles BEAMING on their faces.

Claire hesitates.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Don't worry about them, love.
They haven't seen a good pair of
tits in years.

Jeff stares at Claire and Samantha's chests. Back and fore between the two.

JEFF
But you got crackers.

Claire, in one fluid motion whips her top off, showing that she is wearing a bra.

JEFF (CONT'D)
That's not fair! Mum, she wearing
a bra.

LINDA
And?

JEFF
But I want to see boobs.

Linda throws a salt shaker at Jeff, connecting with his head.

LINDA (CONT'D)
How dare you speak like that to
me!

Jeff rubs his head and sees blood is forming on his brow.

JEFF
You cut me!

LINDA
Next time speak with respect to
me.

The meat begins to bubble over, and onto the naked flames.

LINDA
Oh my word.

Linda turns the stove down and moves the pot over. She begins to stir the meat as Claire finishes off putting the shirt on.

She slowly reaches down and places the knife up her sleeve.

DILLON
What about you?

Samantha looks at Dillon, uneasy.

SAMANTHA
What about me?

DILLON
What do you like to wear?

Samantha looks at the pile of clothes.

SAMANTHA
Anything.

LINDA
Well don't be shy. Just dive
right in and grab yourself some
clothes.

Samantha gets next to the pile and starts to look through them.

Looking at the time, Linda looks at Jeff.

LINDA
Where the hell is Bob?

JEFF
I don't know.

Claire and Samantha look at each other as Dillon puts the kettle back on.

DILLON
Anyone want a cup of tea? Mum?

LINDA
Oh yes please, dear. I'm parched.

Putting the cups down and milk into the cups he looks out the window. He sees SMOKE floating into the air.

DILLON

You set something on fire, Jeff?

(realizes)

My pub! You fucking bitches!

Jeff and Dillon run out the house and up the street.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Michael gets to his feet and looks round the cellar. He sees blood lining the floor, walls and even on the ceiling.

He sees a toy tricycle and a children's trampoline in the corner of the grubby cellar.

In the other corner, lies a huge, 3ft deep sink. He walks over to it, pulling back a sheet covering it.

Inside, is HUMAN LEGS, ARMS and the HEADS of MELISSA and DERRICK.

Michael jumps back and is sick as a pig. The smell gets to him, he falls onto his knees and can't stop throwing up.

He finishes and wipes his mouth. He gets back up and turns the tap on.

Dirty water filters through. He turns the tap off and looks round.

He spots TWO FRIDGES nestled together under the stairs.

He goes over and opens up one. It's full of bottled water, bottles of fizzy drinks and SLICES of MEAT on silver platters.

He grabs a bottle of water and guzzles it down, getting rid of the sick taste.

He grabs a slice of meat and chews it. He closes the door and opens the next one to find --

-- a HUMAN TORSO, with SLICES of MEAT carved out.

He immediately spits out the meat, and starts to choke and be sick.

MICHAEL

Fucking cannibals!

He guzzles more water down and grabs another bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Running round the corner, they see the pub is nothing but wood burning.

Black smoke billowing into the air.

DILLON
My fucking pub! Jeff get the
hose!

They run up to the entrance, as Jeff grabs the hose from a garden.

They begin to spray water onto it as Dillon swipes up a bucket.

He fills it with water and chucks it onto the entrance way.

DILLON (CONT'D)
I'm going in!

JEFF
Take this.

Jeff tosses the hose to him, as Jeff unravels the hose cord.

Spraying his way a path, he makes his way into the bar area.

Looking at the damage, he spots Bob on the floor. He cries in pain as fire burns him on the leg.

He drops the hose. Water sprays out of control as Dillon runs back outside.

DILLON
They killed Bob!

JEFF
What?

DILLON
Bob! He's in there! They burnt
him alive!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Linda finishes off the cooking as Claire looks at the clock. "04:22am".

CLAIRE
(whispers)
Get ready to move.

They both silently move out of the seats and up to Linda. Linda talks to herself as she drains the vegetables.

She turns and is shocked by Claire and Samantha, standing behind her.

LINDA
Where you two going?

Claire springs out the knife and SLAMS it into the neck of Linda!

Blood spurts out over the counter and onto the stove. Samantha and Claire, Now caked in crimson run to the cellar.

They pull on the door only to see its PADLOCKED.

SAMANTHA
Where's the fucking keys!

They run back into the kitchen, frantically searching for the keys.

Tipping the place upside down as Linda, now on her knees, back against the sink, starts to laugh.

Claire bends down.

CLAIRE
What's so funny?

LINDA
Dillon has the keys.

She continues to laugh as Claire PULLS the knife out of her neck.

She begins to lose blood by the bucket full. Samantha starts to kick her as slides down onto the floor.

SAMANTHA
Bitch! Fucking die you cow! Fuck
you!

Claire looks round and sees the hammer leaning against the back door.

She runs by and swings it up. In one motion she swings and takes the door off it's hinges.

Michael runs up the stairs and out into the kitchen. He hugs them both and sees Linda on the floor, dead.

MICHAEL
You do that?

CLAIRE
We got to go!

MICHAEL
Where are they?

SAMANTHA
They ran to put the fire out in
the pub!

Michael looks up and sees the time.

MICHAEL
We got half hour till the bus.
Come on!

They run out the kitchen as Michael passes the shotgun. He comes back and swipes it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

They run out into the street and see the fire. The sheer size of it is over lapping the houses.

They run up behind a car and spot Dillon and Jeff outside the pub.

SAMANTHA
Fucking shoot them.

MICHAEL
I've only got two shots.

SAMANTHA
And there is two of them! Shoot
them!

MICHAEL
I can't! I fire from here it'll
not even reach them.

SAMANTHA
And how you know that?

MICHAEL
Video games.

Claire grabs them and they run off to a nearby house.

Jeff reels the hose back out, only for the end to be burnt to a crisp.

JEFF
We got no hose left.

DILLON
Well start filling up buckets.

BACK OF HOUSE:

Michael breaks the door down and they enter.

FRONT OF HOUSE:

Dillon hears the CRACK of the wood breaking. He grabs Jeff by the arm and spins him round.

DILLON
The houses. Someone's in them.

JEFF
Don't be daft.

Looking at the house they see a small LIGHT.

JEFF
Fuck a duck!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael slams the switch to turn the light off.

MICHAEL
What you doing? If they saw the
light were fucked!

SAMANTHA
We have a gun! And don't know how
many knives and things in here!

Claire searches the house for weapons as she SPOTS Jeff and Dillon walking towards the house.

CLAIRE
Shit their coming!

MICHAEL
Hide!

They all take up ingenious hiding places. Samantha behind the table and chairs, Claire behind the sofa, and Michael in a cupboard.

Dillon and Jeff begin to BANG on the door.

DILLON (O.S.)
We know your in there!

JEFF (O.S.)
Yeah! Open up and we'll make it
less painful for you.

Michael moves, KNOCKING a tin can onto the floor.

DILLON (O.S.)
Open it!

SUDDENLY the door is smashed open, Jeff in the doorway,
claw hammer in.

JEFF
Open sesame.

They take a step in and look round. They see the mess.

DILLON
See, told you someone was in
here.

JEFF
Good thing they moved out a while
ago. Sheila could never stand a
mess.

They both laugh as they walk into the hallway.

DILLON
You take the kitchen and living
room, I'll take upstairs.

Dillon walks up, as Jeff walks into the living room. Claire
pops her head just over the sofa and sees the back of Jeff.

JEFF
I know your in here.

Claire looks into the dinning room and sees Samantha's hand
under the table cloth.

Jeff looks behind one of the arm chairs, then the other. He
turns and faces the sofa.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Now are you behind the sofa? I
bet you are.

He slowly skips over to the sofa. He raises the claw hammer
and SWINGS down!

Hitting the floor behind the sofa.

He looks round and then behind him. He sees Claire crawling
into the dinning room.

JEFF (CONT'D)
No need to run away!

Claire looks over her shoulder and sees Jeff standing over her, hammer raised.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You into heavy metal?!

Claire screams as Michael PLOWS the butt of the shotgun into Jeff's face, knocking him onto the sofa.

Blood pours from his nose as Michael sticks the barrels into his face.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Go on, I dare you!

Michael squeezes the trigger --

-- POP! Nothing! The gun is empty!

Jeff lunges the hammer and connects with Michael's leg. Claire grabs Samantha and runs into the kitchen, only to be confronted by Dillon.

DILLON
Hello, loves.

Claire punches Dillon in the face, as Michael and Jeff beat several kind's of crap out of each other in the living room.

Claire and Samantha run out into the street as Dillon gives chase.

In the garden, Claire and Samantha jump the fence as Dillon runs out. He spots a pick axe on the floor. He picks it up.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff, on the floor with Michael punching him in the face, gets his knees up and pushes Michael off him.

Jeff squirms for the hammer as Michael jumps onto his back. Grabbing a handful of hair, he begins to smash his face into the floor.

Jeff reaches out, trying desperately to grab the hammer, spits a tooth.

Michael looks up and sees Jeff's fingers clutching the bottom of the handle.

He reaches out and grabs the hammer.

He jumps off Jeff and turns him over. Hammer in hand he looks him in the eyes.

MICHAEL

I hope you burn in fucking hell!

JEFF

I'll see you there!

Michael starts to rain blows of hammer shot after hammer shot down onto Jeff's face.

Michael stands up, barely able to lift his arm, sees the bloodied hammer, and the carnage of Jeff's face.

He kicks his body. Nothing.

He brings the hammer one more time, making sure he's dead. He is.

He looks up and HEARS screaming. He leaves the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Running into the street, Michael sees Claire and Samantha running, followed by Dillon, pick axe in hand.

He runs after them as behind him, a POLICE CAR beeps him.

He turns, sees the police car, SIGHS with relief.

MICHAEL

Thank fuck for you!

The officer jumps out the car, it's SARGENT LEWIS.

SARGENT LEWIS

You alright there, sir?

MICHAEL

The guy who owns the pub, he chasing my wife!

SARGENT LEWIS

Calm down sir.

MICHAEL

Calm down! I just killed a man!

Sargent Lewis draws his police baton.

SARGENT LEWIS

I'm going to have to arrest you!

MICHAEL

What the fuck?! He's going to
kill my wife and friend! They've
killed my mate! His body is back
at the house!

Sargent Lewis sees the hammer. He raises his baton.

SARGENT LEWIS

Drop the hammer sir, now!

Michael looks down at his hand, the blood stained hammer
sits nervously in it.

MICHAEL

He's going to kill my wife! Stop
him!

SARGENT LEWIS

Sir, drop it now, and We can sort
this out at the station.

Michael reluctantly drops it. Sargent Lewis grabs him and
slams him onto the bonnet, handcuffing him.

He puts him in the back seat and gets in. He puts the car
in gear and they take off.

Dillon jumps into one of the bushes as the police car
speeds by him!

MICHAEL

Stop! Stop the fucking car! He's
there!

SARGENT LEWIS

Now come on! Stay still and we'll
find your wife and friend.

The car drives on by and into the darkness as Dillon steps
back into the road, smiling.

He starts to sprint up the road after Claire and Samantha.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The car pulls to a stop and Sargent Lewis steps out,
grabbing and pulling Michael out.

MICHAEL

You even drove by a burning pub!
A building was on fire and you
didn't even blink!

SARGENT LEWIS

Let me see? A guy with a bloodied
hammer in his hand, or a burning
building? What would you choose?

Sargent lewis man handles him into the station.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET/WOODS - NIGHT

Claire and Samantha run at full pelt, trying to get a bit
of distance from the ever closing Dillon.

DILLON

(shouting)

No need to run my pretty girls.
I'll take care of you both!

He swings the axe and takes out a trunk from a tree.

DILLON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

I'm going to rip your insides
out!

The girls run back into the woods. Dodging a falling tree
branch.

Dillon, standing at the entrance of the woods, just STOPS.
He smiles to himself and WALKS OFF?!

Claire and Samantha run deep into the woods. Samantha trips
over and falls to her face, hitting a rock on the way.

Claire gets pulled down and sees blood appearing on
Samantha's head.

CLAIRE

Oh shit, shit, shit. Sam, wake up
darling. Come on wake up!

She starts to stroke her face and her hair.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Come on love. Open your eyes.

Samantha struggles to open, but she does.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Good girl. Come on, we got to get
going.

Samantha gets to her feet, unsteady but up. Claire puts her arm round her and carries her.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Looking at the clock, Michael sees the time "04:31am".

Michael sits behind a table, handcuffs attached to the chair.

Sargent Lewis walks in, cup of water in one hand, a clipboard in the other.

He takes a seat and takes off the handcuffs.

SARGENT LEWIS

Right, now what where you doing out at this time of night, and most importantly, why you have a bloody hammer.

MICHAEL

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

SARGENT LEWIS

(serious)
Try me.

MICHAEL

That old fuck who took us in, her family are cannibals!

SARGENT LEWIS

(confused)
What? Linda? Fuck off!

MICHAEL

I'm being serious! Go to her house, go into the cellar and you will find the body of my friend, Tony Bushell.

SARGENT LEWIS

Anything else?

MICHAEL

Two heads.

Sargent Lewis sits back, in shock. He looks at Michael's dark expression.

SARGENT LEWIS
You not bullshitting me are you?
Trying to get a rise out of me,
like all the other city folk do.

MICHAEL
No sir.

Sargent Lewis gets up, grabs Michael and drags him out the room --

-- into the riot room. On the walls hang full body armour, vests, helmets and three shotguns.

Sargent Lewis grabs a vest and a shotgun.

MICHAEL
What about me?

SARGENT LEWIS
Only thing you get is this.

He hands Michael a vest.

SARGENT LEWIS (CONT'D)
Your still under arrest.

On the table, Michael sees a pen knife. As Sargent Lewis kits up, Michael grabs it and places it in his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dillon walks through the woods, axe swinging back and fore. Whistling as does it.

DILLON
There is no need to run and hide.
I will find you. This is my
woods, my village.

He gets back to whistling as Claire struggles with Samantha.

They move through the woods, CRACKING and SNAPPING every twig and branch they hurry over.

Dillon hears the noises and takes off at speed. He swings the axe cutting down a path for himself.

Claire looks over her shoulder and sees Dillon, axe swinging, thirty yards behind them.

CLAIRE
Come on baby. Move!

Samantha starts to slow her breathing down. Feeling her body slowly breaking down, Claire pulls them behind a selection of rocks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on, keep breathing, keep breathing.

She runs her hands through Samantha's hair and pulls them out.

Her hair STICKS to Claire's fingers. Her hands covered in blood.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Samantha, baby, come on.
Wake up, wake up!

She starts to shake her and sees that the blow to her head is more fatal than she thought.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
No! Come on!

She feels her pulse, nothing. Claire begins to give Samantha CPR.

Dillon getting closer, starts to whistle the "family fortunes" theme song.

Claire looks up, sees the top of Dillon's head. She lays down next to Samantha.

Her chest rising in and out, slowly. Samantha murmurs.

Dillon stops dead in his tracks, Claire puts her hand over her mouth.

Dillon takes a sniff of the air.

DILLON
I know your by here, somewhere. I told you, this is my woods. Do you have any idea how many people are buried under this ground? How many people, like you, I have put under it? No? Well let me give you a first class ticket to meeting them!

He JUMPS onto the rock, seeing Samantha lying there, by herself.

DILLON (CONT'D)
The fuck's the other bitch?

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Right here!

Dillon turns round and Claire hits him with a rock in the face.

Dillon CRASHES to the floor. Claire picks Samantha up and they make haste.

Dillon lies on the floor, scratching at his face. Blood starts to seep through his fingers.

As he takes away his hands, we SEE his LEFT EYE has been hit out!

He looks round the floor, screaming as he does it. He rolls his fingers across the floor and FINDS his EYE BALL. He picks it up.

CUT TO:

I/E. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The police car pulls up outside. Michael and Sargent Lewis jump out and flies through the door, knocking it off it's hinges.

They look round and see Linda on the floor, lying in a pool of her own blood.

SARGENT LEWIS
Holy shit.

Michael runs through the kitchen and up to the cellar door.

MICHAEL
Down here! Come on!

They take off and run down the cellar steps. Sargent Lewis sees the TORSO of Tony.

SARGENT LEWIS
Think I'm going to be sick.

Michael walks over to the sink, pulls back the sheet and Sargent Lewis sees the LIMBS.

He begins to throw up as Michael opens both fridges. He grabs a bottle of water and throws it to Sargent Lewis who knocks it back in one.

MICHAEL
Now you believe me?

SARGENT LEWIS
Fucking right I believe you. We
need more help.

He grabs his radio and presses the distress button.

MICHAEL
Where does that go?

SARGENT LEWIS
The other officer. Kevin Smith.

MICHAEL
How long before he gets here?

SARGENT LEWIS
Shouldn't be long. He's in the
woods.

MICHAEL
Why is he in the woods?

SARGENT LEWIS
Been having a lot of kids setting
fires.

The radio BLEEPs back.

SARGENT LEWIS
Great! He got it. Come on, let's
go upstairs and wait.

They both turn and head for the stairs when the BLEEP is
heard again.

Sargent Lewis looks down at his radio.

SARGENT LEWIS
That ain't mine.

SMITH (O.S.)
No, it's mine.

Standing at the top of the stairs, SARGENT SMITH, Shotgun
in hand, he raises and aims --

SARGENT LEWIS
Sir?

-- BLAM! BLAM!

Sargent Lewis is blasted back down the stairs, knocking
Michael down too.

Smith reloads as he hears screaming.

CUT TO:

EXT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Samantha spot the police car.

CLAIRE
Were safe!

Claire drags Samantha into through the kitchen door as they come face to face with the business end of a shotgun.

SMITH
Get in.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael, Claire and Samantha are on the floor, handcuffed to one another.

Smith sits on a chair, cleaning the shotgun.

MICHAEL
Who are you then? Come on.

SMITH
I beg your pardon?

CLAIRE
Well we've met the rest of this fucked up family. You the brother are you?

SMITH
I'm the Sargent.

CLAIRE
No, the Sargent is,
(To Michael)
Where is he?

MICHAEL
At the bottom of the cellar steps.

SMITH
He was always looking to do good, that boy. Always looking to try and solve the case of that missing couple. It didn't even occur to look at his grandmother's house.

Claire looks at Michael.

MICHAEL
Grandmother?

Smith begins to laugh.

SMITH
Yeah. Linda was his grandmother.
How do you think he got up so
far?

MICHAEL
Cause there is only two of you.

SMITH
I see Dillon has been running his
mouth off, again. Speaking of
which, where is he, love?

CLAIRE
Hopefully with brain damage lying
in them woods.

Smith just laughs it off and makes himself a cup of tea.

SMITH
Anyone up for a cuppa?

Smith notices Samantha drifting away.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Oh, I think you best keep an eye
on her.

Claire and Michael see Samantha fall onto the floor, eyes
GLAZED over.

CLAIRE
Sam!

Michael grabs a coat and places it under her head. Claire
starts to feel her pulse and gives her CPR again.

MICHAEL
You got to help us!

SMITH
Why should I? Look what you did
to my family?

MICHAEL
Your family!? Your not even
related to them!

SMITH

When you start to eat with them,
and feel the warm of Linda's
cooking, you become part of the
family.

Samantha begins to go into shock and cardiac arrest.

CLAIRE

(shouting; crying)
Help us!

Smith walks over, pushes Claire away and aims the shotgun!

SMITH

Goodbye love.

BLAM!

Claire and Michael get sprayed with blood as Claire bursts
into tears.

Michael springs to his feet and GRABS Smith. Both of them
tussle for the gun as Claire is being dragged along the
floor.

She grabs Smith by the leg and SINKS her teeth into it.
Smith yells in pain as at the door, DILLON appears, his
left eye a hole of BLACK GLOP.

Blood streams down his face.

DILLON

Your going to fucking die, bitch!

He leaps onto Claire, who lets go of Smith, still being
dragged across the room as Michael and Smith fight.

Dillon grabs Claire by the throat.

DILLON (CONT'D)

I'm going to choke you to death!
Killing my boy!

Michael looks down and sees Dillon on Claire, and HEAD
BUTTS Smith.

Smith flies onto the floor, as Michael grabs Dillon by a
mopful of hair.

Dillon cries out in pain as Claire sticks her fingers in
Dillon's remaining eye!

Blinding him, his EYE BALL falls onto Claire's chest. She
swipes it up and LODGES it on Dillon's throat!

Choking to death on his eye ball, Claire pushes Dillon up, only for Smith to BLAST him with the shotgun.

Dillon's body SPINS across the floor and into Linda's corpse.

Michael and Claire stop, look up and see the shotgun pointing in their direction.

SMITH
Never did like you lot. Fucking outsiders.

MICHAEL
No need to fucking eat us!

CLAIRE
You make me sick.

SMITH
We got to survive love. You see any cows or anything round this part?

Claire gets a horrible sick feeling, and then throws up. Michael holds Claire as Smith walks towards them, blood dripping onto the floor.

He sticks the shotgun into Michael's face.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You want to die first, or do you want to see your love get?

Michael slyly reaches into his pocket, pulling the pen knife out.

MICHAEL
Why don't we flip for it?

Smith laughs at this. Looks at Michael in the eyes.

SMITH
Why not? Can't let you die without having your final wish granted.

They both laugh as Claire sees the knife.

Smith reaches into his pocket, pulls out a coin, flips it into the air --

-- as the coin flips in mid air, One hand on the shotgun, the other ready to catch the coin --

-- Michael SLASHES the knife across the throat of Smith! Blood SPURTS out and covers Claire and Michael!

Michael grabs the shotgun, Smith's finger pulls on the trigger --

-- The blast rockets the ceiling, bringing down the plaster onto them --

Smith falls back, letting go off the shotgun. Michael, now with the barrel in Smith's face, cocks it.

SMITH
(muffled)
Should've checked your pockets.
Ha ha.

MICHAEL
Any last wish?

SMITH
Yeah, tell me how it feels to
kill.

Michael looks on as Claire finds the key to the cuffs. She uncuffs them and runs over to Samantha. She cries as she hears --

-- BLAM!

She cries as she holds Samantha in her arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAWN

The sun is beginning to rise as Michael and Claire sit at the bus stop in blood drenched clothes.

Michael holds Claire in a protective hug as they see the smoke from the fire in the distance.

MICHAEL
How long can a building burn for?

They look down the road when they see the bus pulling up. They both stand, holding hands, as the bus comes to a stop.

The doors open and the driver looks at them.

DRIVER
What the hell happened to you
two?

Michael starts laughing as Claire begins to cry. They get onto the bus and take a seat by the window.

The Driver closes the door with a HISS and puts it into motion.

The bus drives off as Michael and Claire look out the window.

She rests her head on his shoulder and falls asleep.

The bus drives off and onto the motor way, heading for CARDIFF.

THE END.