

Escape To The Country

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. COASTLINE - MORNING

The first rays of sunlight illuminate a stunning stretch of the Jurassic Coast.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - MORNING

ROD and BLAKE, late twenties, sit peacefully. In complete awe of the view. Their urban dress sense and South London accents do not fit the surroundings.

BLAKE

Do you think things would've been different if we were raised in a place like this?

ROD

I doubt it. People are always quick to blame their surroundings, or upbringing, but we make our own choices. We could've moved here.

BLAKE

I s'pose.

ROD

I honestly think we're just born a certain way. I mean, look at Marcus. Mum and Dad thought the world of him, had plenty of money, he still went inside for dealin'. Cared more about a fuckin' reputation than his family.

BLAKE

I just always thought we'd have more time, you know. Maybe do somethin' worth while.

ROD

We could try and hold out for a couple more days?

BLAKE

Nah. Can't risk goin' back. Not when we've got nothin' to come out for. I just wanna get it over and done with now.

Rod and Blake sit in silence a moment.

ROD

I'll make the call.

Rod stands and pulls a phone from his pocket. He holds it in the air and paces a few feet away.

Blake absorbs the sight and sound of sea battling jagged coastline, along with the odd squawk from awakening seagulls.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Rod and Blake enter, same clothes, but they each wear a trestle mask to conceal their faces.

Rod points a shotgun at a small, unsuspecting CROWD of staff and customers.

ROD

Get on the fuckin' floor!

Blake grabs a POSTAL WORKER and shoves a pistol into the side of her neck.

BACK TO PRESENT

Rod returns and sits next to Blake.

ROD

That's one thing that would piss me off about livin' here.

BLAKE

Seagulls?

Rod pulls a packet of cigarettes and a Zippo lighter from his pocket.

ROD

The signal.

He sparks two up and passes one to Blake.

BLAKE

Would've been nice, though.

ROD

Yeah.

Rod throws the Zippo lighter off of the cliff.

BLAKE

I've always wanted to learn how to fish.

ROD

Never fancied it myself. I'm not
exactly the patient type.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

A MAN stands completely still, frozen with fear.

ROD

I said get on the floor!

Rod rams the butt of his gun into the Man's face.

BACK TO PRESENT

Rod and Blake puff away on their cigarettes.

BLAKE

I sorta wish I would've gave God a
chance now. You know, just in case.
Don't think I've ever stepped foot
inside a church.

ROD

I went a couple of times when I got
outta Feltham.

BLAKE

Did it do anythin'?

ROD

Yeah. Made me an atheist.

BLAKE

Don't s'pose you remember any
prayers?

ROD

There's thousands of Gods out
there, mate. Chances of you gettin'
the right one are pretty slim.

The sound of a car SKIDDING to a halt.

Rod and Blake glance towards it and turn back, unfazed.

BLAKE

We could still jump.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Rod hurries towards the door with a bulging cloth bag in one hand, shotgun in the other.

ROD

Let's go!

Blake backs towards the exit, the barrel of his pistol still firmly against the Postal Worker's neck.

Rod opens the door and stops dead.

Two ARMED POLICEMEN wait at the entrance.

POLICEMAN

Drop your wea...

Blake shoves the Postal Worker to the ground and turns into the back of Rod. The shotgun goes off.

BACK TO PRESENT

Rod and Blake stub out their cigarettes.

ROD

No. Let's let'em have this.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - MORNING

Two ARMED POLICEMEN exit their vehicle and cautiously move towards Rod and Blake, weapons at the ready.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - MORNING

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Armed police. Show us your hands.

Now!

Rod turns to Blake.

ROD

Ready?

Blake smiles nervously and nods.

They jump to their feet, turn and reach into their jacket pockets.

OVER BLACK

The sound of two GUNSHOTS.