

Pub Lunch

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Busy WORKERS in bright white uniforms and tall hats, bustle in the chaos.

The clatter of pans and shouts of orders echo throughout.

GAV, (20) short, tubby, sensitive, rolls a large lump of pastry. He sprinkles on more flour.

To his left, RUSS, (19) average build and looks, dark circles around the eyes, slowly dices a carrot.

To his right, MOZZA, (20) stocky, confident, prods a large joint of meat with his finger.

Gav turns to Russ.

GAV
You got your money?

RUSS
Yeah.

Gav looks to Mozza.

GAV
You...

MOZZA
Yes, I've got my money.

GAV
Right, I'll go straight after class.

Mozza picks up a large meat cleaver.

MOZZA
Don't book somewhere shit!

He pounds the cleaver into the meat.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FOREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Thick and dense foliage.

A female HIKER, (22) slim, attractive with glasses, runs. Her open raincoat flaps. She stops and quickly looks over a map in her hand.

Footsteps (O.S.)

She holds he breath.

Branches snap (O.S.)

She runs. Stumbles over a fallen tree and loses her glasses.

She searches on her hands and knees. Her hand runs over a large boot. She looks up.

A meat cleaver smashes down.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD - DAY

A single road dissects the beautiful rolling hills.

A large coach travels along the tarmac.

INT. COACH - DAY

MIDDLE SEATS

Gav, Russ and Mozza, all casually dressed, lounge in the cramped seats. Each has a row to themselves with their feet up on the arm rests.

Mozza hinges himself up and looks out the opposite window. His pornographic magazine slips to the floor.

MOZZA
(sarcastically)
Wow, look at that scenery.

Gav peers overs his food magazine.

GAV
Looks alright. Besides, we aren't there yet.

MOZZA
A weekend on the Moors? What the hell is there to do up here?

GAV
Oh, I'm sorry, I bet you could have got us two weeks in the Costa's for a hundred quid. Besides, it's not in the sticks you know. There's a town a few miles over, we'll just swing by there on a night.

Gav smiles.

MOZZA

I bet it's a shit hole.

GAV

Oh, you're never happy.

MOZZA

You better hope the these townie's aren't all dykes cos someone's getting fucked this weekend.

Gav sits up.

GAV

Is that all you're bothered about? We're suppose to be relaxing. You know, taking a break from it all.

MOZZA

Why?

GAV

What do you mean, why?

RUSS

He means, he'd rather relax with a pint and stripper than with a tea and a nun.

Mozza frowns.

MOZZA

That's kinda right.

Gav shakes his head and slumps back in his seat. He noisily rustles his magazine and mumbles to himself.

MOZZA

What was that?

He sits up again.

GAV

Why have you come, Moz? I mean, I get the feeling you'd rather be anywhere else?

Mozza shrugs.

MOZZA

To be with my mates.

Gav smiles and slouches back down in his seat.

GAV

Can't bare to be away from us,
Moz. Sounds a bit gay to me.

MOZZA

Fuck off!

Gav and Russ chuckle.

Mozza searches the floor and picks up his porno magazine.
He glares at a picture of a naked woman.

MOZZA

I'd only be gay if I was a woman.

They all chuckle.

BACK SEATS

The back seats are taken by COLIN (40) and SUSAN (36).

COLIN, (40) unkept hair, wears a brightly coloured shirt
and equally garish sleeveless jumper. He fills in a
crossword puzzle.

SUSAN, (36) perfectly style blonde hair, wears a smart
blouse and small skirt. She reads a woman's magazine

MOZZA (O.S.)

I'd give her one, right up the
back alley.

Susan looks up and shakes her head.

SUSAN

Jesus, the language on them.

She looks to Colin.

SUSAN

Do you hear them? Colin?

Colin peers over the page.

COLIN

Sorry?

She sighs.

SUSAN

Christ, I can't take much more of
this.

Colin slowly looks up.

COLIN
Why don't you go ask?

SUSAN
Ask what?

COLIN
If we're nearly there.

She stands.

SUSAN
Fine.

MIDDLE SEATS

Susan walks down the aisle.

Mozza flicks the page of his magazine.

MOZZA
Look at the muff on that!

He waves the page in the air and almost into Susan's face.

SUSAN
Excuse me!

She notices the artwork and snatches the magazine. Her long red finger nails tear into the paper.

SUSAN
Will you get your filth out of my face!

Mozza and Russ laugh.

She drops the magazine into Mozza's lap.

Gav looks on, embarrassed.

GAV
Sorry about that.

Susan shakes her head and continues to the front of the coach.

FRONT SEATS

DORIS, (70) blue rinse, furiously knits. EDNA (72) large thick rimmed glasses, rustles through a bag of boiled sweets.

Just behind sites PATTY (75), GWEN (72) and PEGGY (80). They all sleep.

Susan walks past and stops beside JASON, (35) the travel guide. He reads a trashy romantic novel.

SUSAN
Excuse me.

Jason looks up from his book.

SUSAN
How much further is it?

Jason smiles.

JASON
I can assure you, my love, we're nearly there.

Susan smiles back. She looks up through the windscreen. A police car blocks the way.

The coach slows.

SUSAN
Oh, I don't believe this, what now?

She turns to the driver, DEREK, (40) overweight and scruffy.

DEREK
Beats me.

The coach stops.

Jason leaps up.

JASON
Don't panic, I'll have this sorted in a jiffy.

He exits the coach.

Derek raises his bottom and pulls a newspaper off his seat. He flicks it open and begins to read.

Susan watches Jason through the windscreen. He talks to FRAISER, (45) an overweight policeman.

Fraiser points down the road and shakes his head. He turns and points up a different road.

Susan sighs and heads back down the coach.

Patty, Gwen and Peggy continue to sleep. Edna sucks hard on a sweet and watches excitedly out of the window. Doris continues to knit, oblivious to the distraction.

MIDDLE SEATS

Gav looks up over his seat.

MOZZA

Go see why we've stopped, Gav.

GAV

Why me?

MOZZA

It's your trip, you booked it.

GAV

Are you gonna blame me for every inconvenience?

MOZZA

Yep.

Russ lies, eyes closed.

RUSS

Go on, Gav.

Gav sighs and reluctantly stands.

FRONT SEATS

Jason climbs back aboard. He grabs a microphone and it crackles into life. It wakes the sleeping pensioners with a startle.

JASON

Girls and boys, it seems there's been some sort of accident and unfortunately the roads been closed.

Sighs echo around the coach.

JASON

We'll have to make a slight detour but don't fret, we should still make it to the village for lunch.

He switches off the microphone.

JASON

It's not far, chuck. Just go down this next left.

Derek looks at the narrow road on the left.

JASON

Chop, chop.

Derek looks unimpressed.

DEREK

Don't call me chuck or this'll be my first and last day.

The coach slowly sets off.

MIDDLE SEATS

Mozza looks over at Gav, who sits.

MOZZA

Did you hear that? He said, village. I bet there's fuck all there?

GAV

Every village has got a pub, right?

MOZZA

The Slaughtered Lamb probably.

Russ opens his eyes and stretches out.

RUSS

Don't you know where we're staying, Gav?

Gav sits up.

GAV

What do you mean?

RUSS

Like, haven't you seen a picture of the hotel?

GAV

Well, no.

RUSS

You booked us on a trip and have no idea where we're staying?

GAV

I was a limited budget.

MOZZA

Fuck's sake.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - DAY

A small market square is surrounded by local shops and a public house with adjoining beer garden. Thatched cottages with beautiful flower gardens complete the idyllic setting.

The village is quiet and empty of locals.

The coach pulls into the square and stops outside the pub.

INT. COACH - DAY

Jason stands and takes hold of the microphone.

JASON

Rise and shine boys and girls,
we've reached our destination.
We'll be staying in the local
pub, the Abberston Arms, which I
hear does good food and drink.

The pensioners slowly get to their feet and mutter amongst themselves.

JASON

If you want to go inside and get
yourself a drink, ladies, Derek
will sort out the luggage...and
I'll look after the boys.

Derek shuffles out from behind the wheel. His beer gut hangs proudly over his waist band.

The pensioners disembark without a fuss.

MIDDLE SEATS

Colin and Susan pass by the lads. Susan gives Mozza an unapproved stare.

GAV

Right, come on.

Russ remains still, his eyes tightly closed. Mozza sighs and closes his magazine.

MOZZA

To the strip club. No, wait
there ain't one is there because
we're in the middle of nowhere!

GAV

Lets just get a pint, some grub
and relax.

Russ flicks his eyes open.

RUSS
You getting them in like, Gav?

MOZZA
You're joking, he can peel an
orange in his pocket.

Mozza clambers to his feet and heads toward the exit.

Russ sits up.

RUSS
What does that mean?

Gav shrugs. He and Russ get to their feet.

FRONT SEATS

The lads pass Jason.

JASON
Don't get into too much mischief
boys...not without me anyway.

Mozza cringes.

MOZZA
Fuck me, Hi De Hi campers.

RUSS
What?

They exit the coach.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

A number of benches with covering parasols and a large
garden heater stands in the centre.

Local VILLAGERS emerge from their dwellings and eye up the
tourists.

The pensioners enter the pub, followed by Colin and Susan.

The three lads step down from the coach.

JESS, (44), overweight and bearded, stands and stares.

TWO LOCALS (40's) exit the pub mumbling to each other, and
stand beside him.

The three local men look the lads up and down as they pass.
They nudge each other and smile.

Mozza stares back with a cheeky smile.

MOZZA
Hey, we've pulled.

GAV
(whispers)
Shut up.

Gav storms into the pub.

Mozza pulls back on Russ' arm.

MOZZA
What's up with him?

RUSS
Beats me, maybe he's just sick of
your endless digs.

Mozza grabs his crotch.

MOZZA
Maybe he's just jealous of my
Meat Balls.

RUSS
Doubt it, you burnt them last
time.

Mozza shakes his head.

MOZZA
No, I mean... oh, have a day off,
mate.

Mozza shakes his head and strides into the pub.

Russ looks back at the locals. They've been joined by a burly BUTCHER, (45) wears a gleaming white apron. His frame is huge and his face bares a large scar across the cheek.

Russ puffs out his cheeks and enters the pub.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

A quaint setting with flock wallpaper, old wooden tables, chairs and black and white pictures decorate the walls.

One picture hangs pride of place behind the bar. It depicts Jess and the Butcher, younger in age, outside the pub. The Butcher holds a large tray of pies, Jess' face grins from ear to ear.

Next to this is a picture of Jess and a WOMAN, both look miserable. The woman is dressed in a flowery frock and wears a large summer hat. She holds a BABY in her arms.

Doris, Gwen, Patty and Peggy sit around a table. They drink wine and chat. Doris continues to knit.

Colin sips from a pint and studies a tourist guide with interest. Susan looks uninterested and fondles the stem of her wine glass.

Gav hangs by the bar, his eyes fixed on KELLY (19), the bar maid, black hair with pink tips and her ample chest bulges under her tight T-shirt. She serves Edna at the other end of the bar.

Mozza enters.

MOZZA
You ordered yet?

Kelly turns away from the bar and bends to pick a bag of crisps from the box on the floor. Her bright red thong is now visible.

Mozza notices Gav as he stares at Kelly.

MOZZA
Put your eyes back in, mate.

Russ enters.

Mozza nudges Gav and breaks his trance.

GAV
What?

MOZZA
Have you ordered us a pint yet?

GAV
I'm going to, I'm not a tight arse you know!

MOZZA
Alright, calm down. Fucking hell.

Russ leans on the bar, he looks over the drinks selection.

RUSS
I'll have a...

MOZZA
Three pints when you're ready, love.

Kelly acknowledges Mozza with a forced smile. She hands the crisps to the Edna.

RUSS
I'll get us a seat then.

Russ wanders over to an empty table.

GAV
What you do that for?

MOZZA
What?

Mozza looks at Kelly. He smiles and raises his eyebrows.

MOZZA
Oh, I'm sorry, were you gonna give her a go?

Gav looks embarrassed.

GAV
(sarcastically)
Oh yeah!

MOZZA
Might as well, mate. Even if you get shot down, it'll be a good bit of entertainment.

He looks round the pub.

MOZZA
Probably the best we're gonna get round here.

Kelly approaches Gav.

KELLY
Three pints, was it?

Mozza nudges Gav in the ribs.

GAV
Erm, yes please.

Kelly grabs a glass and places it under the tap.

MOZZA
Bring 'em over, Gav.

Mozza joins Russ at the table.

Kelly places the first pint on the bar.

Gav smiles at her, she looks down as she fills the next glass.

Gav's smile wilts, he looks over to Russ and Mozza. Mozza laughs and nods toward Kelly. Russ looks unimpressed.

Kelly bangs down the second pint and startles Gav.

GAV

Erm...you live here? I mean, do you live in the pub...I mean, not in the actual bar...upstairs...

Gav points to the ceiling.

Kelly glares at him. She places a third glass under the tap.

The door behind her opens and Jess enters. He stands arms folded.

Kelly's eye's acknowledge his presence. She sighs and a smile develops across her face.

KELLY

Yes, I live here. Are you staying with us?

Gav beams.

GAV

Erm, yeah. We're here for the weekend.

KELLY

You all work together or something?

GAV

Work, ha! No, we're at college together.

Kelly places the last pint on the bar.

TABLE

Russ and Mozza are seated. Russ picks up the menu and glances over it.

RUSS

We getting some?

Mozza watches Gav.

MOZZA

Gav might be?

Russ looks over at Gav at the bar.

They both chuckle.

Gav turns and struggles with the three pint glasses.

RUSS
Maybe not then, eh?

Mozza shakes his head.

MOZZA
He's fucking tragic.

Gav tentatively places the drinks on the table and sits down.

BAR

Kelly looks toward the three lads.

JESS
You know your job here young
lady, don't fuck this up.

KELLY
What if I want to...fuck it up.

Jess leans over Kelly's shoulder.

JESS
You don't.

KELLY
Did mum fuck it up?

Jess spins Kelly round by the arm.

KELLY
Is that why she left?

JESS
Your mum left because she didn't
love us.

Father and daughter stare each other down.

KELLY
Liar.

Kelly turns her back on Jess.

TABLE

The lads remain silent and sip their drinks.

GAV

Is there's anything good on the menu?

MOZZA

There was but you seem to have fudged your chances.

Mozza and Russ giggle.

GAV

Why are you laughing, Russ. You never get any.

RUSS

Hey. I pulled that lass last week.

GAV

Yeah, but you fell asleep.

RUSS

I still pulled her.

Russ stands and finishes his pint in one long swig.

MOZZA

Piss?

RUSS

Fag.

Russ leaves.

MOZZA

I'm not surprised he fell asleep, I've seen more go in a fat lass.

GAV

Can you stop spouting shit for five minutes?

Mozza looks stunned.

Gav grins.

MOZZA

What's with you today?

Mozza downs the rest of his pint.

MOZZA

Shall I get you one?

Gav has over half a pint left. He shakes his head.

Mozza stands and looks at Kelly behind the bar.

MOZZA

Well, If you're not getting
anywhere, maybe I'll have a stab
at her?

GAV

Who said I wasn't getting
anywhere!

Mozza slams a twenty pound note down on the table.

MOZZA

Go on then, have another go.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Russ exits the pub, an unlit cigarette hangs from his lips.
He walks to the edge of the beer garden and sits on a small
wall.

He rummages in his pocket, produces a lighter and sparks up
his cigarette.

He takes a long slow drag and exhales.

His eyes are drawn to Derek who struggles with a number of
suitcases.

Jason exits the pub behind Russ and stares at him. Jess
exits stands beside him. They both now stare at Russ who
turns and looks at them.

Jason gestures in Russ' direction.

Russ turns and looks behind him, there's no one else in the
beer garden.

Jason uses his hands to suggests the size of something.

Jess nods in agreement.

Russ looks baffled and confused.

Jason mimics the weight of something.

Russ takes a drag from his cigarette and flicks ash on the
floor.

Jess and Jason finish their conversation. Jason enters the
pub, Jess approaches Russ.

Russ nervously draws on his cigarette.

JESS

Can you please smoke in the
designated area.

Jess points over to a corner of the beer garden. A yellow painted three foot square is marked out on the floor. A sand filled bucket beside.

Russ, unimpressed, slowly trudges over and stands in the square.

Jess enters the pub.

Russ immediately stubs out his cigarette in the bucket and enters the pub. He bumps into Colin and Susan as they exit.

Colin strides away. Susan looks miserable and stops.

SUSAN

Colin, I'm not going anywhere now. We haven't even checked on.

COLIN

The bags will be fine in reception. Lets just have a quick look round.

SUSAN

Can I at least change my shoes?

She looks down at her high heels.

COLIN

We'll not go far.

Susan reluctantly sets off after Colin.

SUSAN

Colin, don't you dare walk away from me.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Russ enters and breezes past Gav, who waits to be served.

Gav spins and casually leans against the bar.

He watches Russ pass the pensioners. They drink wine and Doris continues to knit.

Russ sits at the empty table and looks back at Gav. He nods at him.

Gav nods back.

Russ shakes his head.

Gav looks confused, he shrugs.

He spins, Kelly stands before him behind the bar. A big smile lit up across her face.

Gav flinches back with surprise.

KELLY

Sorry, did I scare you?

Gav composes himself.

GAV

Erm...no. I just didn't expect you to be there. I mean, I did expect you to be behind the bar, but...I didn't hear you, so I didn't expect you to be there.

Kelly smiles again.

KELLY

Same again?

GAV

Yeah, three pints please.

KELLY

Certainly.

She turns and grabs a pint glass.

Gav sighs and rests his head on the bar.

Kelly pulls the pint.

KELLY

You okay?

GAV

Yeah.

Kelly places the first pint down.

TABLE

Russ places a beer mat on the edge of the table. He flicks it up with the back of his hand and snatches it before it touches back down.

Gav approaches with the drinks. A huge smile across his face.

RUSS

What you smiling about?

GAV

I think she actually likes me.

He puts the pints down and sits. Stares at the bar.

Kelly stares back, her hand on a beer pump. She gently strokes the pump up and down in an erotic fashion.

RUSS

Her! Bollocks, she's way out of your league.

GAV

I'm not sure. I mean, I've just made a complete cock of myself and she was still like, you're lovely you aren't you.

Russ takes a big swig from his fresh pint.

RUSS

She's probably taking the piss.

GAV

No, I really think there's something between us. You know, a spark.

Russ turns his nose up.

RUSS

Spark, you've only known her ten minutes. I sometimes don't get a spark from my lighter in that time.

Gav isn't listening, he smiles at Kelly.

Russ looks over to the bar.

Jess approaches Kelly from behind, looks over her shoulder and smiles at Gav and Russ. Kelly continues to rub the pump.

Jess smiles and mouths something to his daughter. He gently pats her on the shoulder.

The two lads stare, transfixed.

RUSS

Where's Mozza?

GAV

He took the bags up.

Kelly winks at the lads.

Both wink back.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - ROOM SIX - DAY

Flowered wallpaper lines the walls of the small room, complimented by flowered curtains. Three single beds are squeezed in, barely a foot between them.

A bump on the door from outside the room, then another.

A faint mutter (O.S.)

The door flies open.

Mozza stands in the doorway, he clutches three suitcases. He struggles through the door and drops the cases on the floor. Leaves and closes the door.

A moment passes, the door bursts open. Mozza stares at the decor.

MOZZA

Jesus Christ, we've gone back in time!

He shakes his head and closes the door.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - RECEPTION - DAY

A small desk and sign-in book. Stairs lead up one side and the Bar entrance is to the other.

Jason stands behind the desk and hold a telephone to his ear.

JASON

Hello, is that the Allerston Arm's?

He nods.

JASON

Hiya, love. I'm just calling from Trojan Tours and I'm afraid it's bad news. Yeah, we've had to cancel, sorry for the short notice.

He nods.

Mozza descends the stairs and looks to Jason. Jason winks and pushes his cheek out with his tongue.

Mozza cringes and quickly enters the bar.

JASON

Yeah, one of the old dears passed
this morning so we thought it
best.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

Large stainless steel work surfaces and a large oven. A chopping board is smeared in blood, a cleaver lies nearby. A number of large dust bins stand in the corner.

Two metal doors, one on the far wall leads to the exit and one leading inside to the bar.

HOWARD, (18), muscular and cross-eyed, wears a pristine apron. He carefully picks up a dead fly from the work surface with a pair of large cooking tongs.

He holds it up to his face and studies it intently.

BUTCHER (O.S.)

Boy!

He puts the fly back on the counter.

The Butcher enters, he carries a large meat cleaver. He hands it to Howard.

BUTCHER

One's not enough, stocks are low.

Howard picks up a walkie-talkie from a shelf, ducks and grabs a large black bag from another and tentatively walks toward the bar entrance.

BUTCHER

The back door you fool! Some
days boy, I wish I'd beat more
sense into you.

Howard trudges past the Butcher and leaves via the rear door.

The Butcher opens the door to a walk-in freezer, smiles and steps inside.

FREEZER

The Butcher stands before the Hiker.

She's naked but for her underwear. She hangs from a meat hook through the bottom of her jaw. Her hands bound behind his back. A large open gash on her head.

Her eyes flicker and open.

BUTCHER

Bloody boy's useless.

He grabs her by the legs and lifts her up and off the hook. A spurt of blood and she coughs out more. A huge hole in her jaw.

HIKER

Ait, on't ill me. I on't ome
ack.

The Butcher lets her flop and the Hiker's head crashes into the floor with a crack. She falls silent.

KITCHEN

The Butcher drags the Hiker out the freezer and lifts her onto a to a work top. He grabs a large meat cleaver and, without hesitation, bangs it down. It severs her right foot in one blow.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Lush green hills and a clear water stream.

Colin strides with purpose. Susan follows barefoot, her shoes in her hand.

SUSAN

I thought we weren't going far?

COLIN

I just need the fresh air.

Susan stops. She looks down at her feet, waggles her toes.

SUSAN

My feet are killing me, Colin.

COLIN

Don't exaggerate, Susan, they're
not killing you are they! They
just hurt a bit.

Susan looks unimpressed.

COLIN

Look, why don't you go back. I'm
not going to do anything stupid
am I.

SUSAN

You better not?

COLIN

Look I'm fine. You don't have to follow me everywhere.

SUSAN

I know. I'll see you back at the pub then?

Colin nods and heads off.

Susan turns and heads back toward the village.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Two local WOMEN, (30's) wear bright flowery dresses and sit at a table. Napkins tucked into their collars and their eyes glazed over, they eagerly hold their cutlery.

Kelly approaches and places down two plates of food.

Gav, Mozza and Russ sit at a table, each with a fresh pint. Kelly approaches and smiles at Gav.

KELLY

Can I get you any lunch now?

She removes a pencil and note pad from her pocket.

Gav looks over to the menu board. It reads: *'Today's Special; Fresh Succulent Meat Pies with Chips and Gravy'*.

GAV

Sounds nice, I'll have the special.

MOZZA

Go on then, I'll have the same.

Kelly hovers her pencil over her note pad.

KELLY

It's a very local dish, I'm not sure you'll like it?

MOZZA

Pie, chips and gravy, we're not from the fucking moon, love.

KELLY

The pie's made with....horse meat.

Mozza shrugs.

MOZZA

It's alright, we'll eat anything.

Kelly pauses.

MOZZA
Write it down then.

Reluctantly she notes down the order.

GAV
Russ, you want the same?

Russ shakes his head.

RUSS
Nah, I'll try the Ploughman's,
please.

Mozza and Gav glare at him.

KELLY
Okay, it'll be about ten minutes.

GAV
Thanks.

Kelly quickly enters the pub.

MOZZA
You can have her, Gav. She's
obviously thick as fuck.

Gav gives Mozza a stare, who swigs back his pint.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

The Butcher slices through a piece of meat and slides out a bone. He dices the meat and pats it into a pastry dish.

Kelly enters. She looks around.

KELLY
Where's my dad?

The Butcher shrugs.

KELLY
Some of the guests have ordered
pie and chips.

The Butcher looks up.

BUTCHER
And?

KELLY
Well, I thought I better check it
was okay?

The Butcher smiles. His scar crinkles his cheek.

BUTCHER
It's fine, darling. They can eat
what they want.

Kelly looks uncomfortable.

KELLY
Erm, three pie and chips then.

BUTCHER
Coming right up.

Kelly exits.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Russ sits, his eyes closed.

Gav and Mozza swig their drinks.

GAV
So, did the cream work then?

Mozza glances at Russ.

MOZZA
What you bringing that up for?

GAV
I'm just asking. I mean, we're
all sharing a room and it would
be nice to know if you're
contagious.

MOZZA
I'm fine thanks. Now can we talk
about something else?

Russ opens his eyes.

RUSS
What's this, what you got like,
Moz?

MOZZA
Nothing, mate.

GAV
He had a nasty rash on his
gentleman bits.

Mozza glares at Gav.

MOZZA

Well I'm feeling fine now okay.
Ready for a bit of action.

Russ looks over at the local women who feverishly eat their pies. Large chunks of meat filling spill out onto their plates.

GAV

What's with the Ploughman's,
Russ?

Russ stares, transfixed as they devour their food.

GAV

Russ!

He breaks from his trance and takes a swig of lager.

RUSS

Sorry, what?

GAV

You feeling alright?

RUSS

Fine thanks.

Mozza eyes his two friends.

Kelly approaches and places three plates of pies, chips and gravy.

MOZZA

That was quick, couldn't the cow
run?

Kelly shrugs and smiles with a nervous look. She walks away.

MOZZA

What's up with her, has she no
sense of humour?

Russ looks over his plate.

RUSS

I didn't order this.

GAV

Why do feel the need to have a go
at everyone you meet?

Mozza shrugs and cuts into his pie. The meat filling is rare and bloody.

MOZZA

Hey, look at this. I thought these Northern folk liked to incinerate their meat?

He shovels a large piece of pie into his mouth.

Russ tentatively shoves the chips around his plate with his fork.

RUSS

Where's my Ploughman's?

MOZZA

Just eat it and we'll dispute it later, you might get it for free.

Russ cuts open his pie, looks inside and picks at it with his fork.

MOZZA

What you waiting for?

Russ turns up his nose.

RUSS

Don't fancy it.

Gav cuts into his pie and forks a chunk of meat. He sniffs it and tentatively pops it into his mouth.

Russ watches the others eat. He skewers a chip and eats it.

MOZZA

Doesn't taste like horse?

GAV

Tastes like chicken. A bit chewy but not...

Gav's teeth crunch into something hard. He coughs and wretches, spits the hard object into his hand.

MOZZA

Probably just a bit of hoof.

Mozza and Russ chuckle. Gav looks in to his hand.

GAV

It's a finger nail.

MOZZA

Course it is.

Mozza shovels more pie into his mouth.

Gav holds up the finger nail. It's long and painted red.

GAV

It's a woman's finger nail.

Mozza stops eating. He slowly pushes the food out of his mouth with his tongue. Spits it back onto his plate.

Russ shoves his plate away.

RUSS

I'm definitely don't fancy it now.

Russ looks over at the two local women. They dab up the last small pieces of meat with bread and shovel it into their mouths.

RUSS

Look at them.

GAV

I'm gonna spew.

Gav jumps from the table, hands over his mouth. He rushes into the pub.

MOZZA

Strange people Northerners,
they'll eat fucking anything.
Did you know they smear cheese on
chicken?

Mozza laughs to himself.

MOZZA

What's for dessert, a fart on a
cracker? Fucking weirdos the lot
of 'em

Russ shakes his head.

RUSS

You'll fit right in then.

MOZZA

What do you mean by that?

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

The pensioners sit and chat. Doris continues to knit. A scarf is taking shape.

Kelly talks to LAURA, (19) across the bar.

Laura wears a short skirt and tight shirt. Her black hair shimmers as she flicks it.

LAURA
So, what time do you get off?

KELLY
Ten.

LAURA
Ten! We ain't gonna get into town till nearly twelve. Not much time to find some men then.

Kelly nods.

Jess swings the door open behind her and looks at the girls.

JESS
Evening, Laura.

LAURA
Evening.

JESS
You told her about our new residents?

KELLY
I was about to, Dad.

JESS
Good girl. You know what to do. Lets not have another fuck up like earlier.

Jess disappears back into the kitchen and closes the door.

Laura smiles at Kelly. She sighs, reluctantly smiles back and leans on the bar.

KELLY
There's some boys staying with us. Came in on the coach.

Laura smiles and turns to scope out the bar. Her smile drops.

LAURA
All I see are a bunch of old fuddy duddy's.

KELLY
They're students or something.

Laura licks her lips.

LAURA

How many?

KELLY

There's three of them but I've got my eye on one already.

LAURA

Don't tell me, I'm left with dumb or dumber.

Kelly reaches for a bottle of alcopops and opens it.

KELLY

Here.

She hands the bottle to Laura.

KELLY

It won't be long before you can get your daggers into one of them...or maybe both.

The girls share a laugh.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - HILLTOP FIELD- DAY

Howard sits on a bench and looks out over the village below. Sheep meander round him.

The cleaver is embedded in the wooden seat beside him.

Susan walks past, behind him. Her clothes are tattered and torn and her bare feet are filthy.

She stops and slowly backtracks.

SUSAN

Excuse, is this way back to the village.

A devilish smile grows on Howard's face.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Laura hangs on the bar, a bottle in her hand.

TABLE

Kelly replaces the empty wine bottle on the pensioners table with a fresh one.

The old ladies are enjoying a game of dominos.

KELLY
You girls have fun tonight won't
you?

EDNA
We will dear, we will.

The tipsy ladies chuckle.

Kelly returns to the bar.

KELLY
(whispers)
It might be your last.

BAR

Kelly ducks under the bar.

KELLY
Evening boys.

Laura's eyes spark into life.

Mozza strides in, closely followed by Russ and Gav.

MOZZA
Evening.

The lads are dressed up in smart jeans and shirts.

Gav struggles with his belt, desperate to fasten it one notch tighter.

MOZZA
Three pints please, sweet cheeks.

Kelly ignores Mozza and looks over at Gav.

KELLY
Evening Gavin, sorry about
earlier. Are you feeling any
better?

Gav looks surprised.

GAV
Hi, erm, yeah thanks.

He concedes defeat with his belt and fastens it slacker.

Laura smiles at Kelly.

LAURA
Good choice.

Mozza looks unimpressed.

MOZZA
Alright lovebirds, can I get some
service here.

Kelly reluctantly pulls the first pint.

MOZZA
Well we wont be stopping here all
night, so you'll have to get your
glad rags on if you want some of
the stud later.

GAV
Shut up, Mozza!

MOZZA
Relax, I'm just joshing.

Laura gets up in to Mozza's face and stares straight into
his eyes. Mozza takes a small step back.

LAURA
I like this one...

She cups his crotch.

LAURA
...he's got balls.

Mozza gasps, then laughs.

MOZZA
That's right, my dear, my balls
are legendary.

RUSS
I'm sick of hearing about his
bloody balls.

Russ, unimpressed, takes a seat at a table.

Kelly places the third pint down.

KELLY
There you go.

Gav hands over some money.

Mozza grabs his pint and takes a large swig, a foam
moustache is left on his top lip. He seductively licks it
off.

MOZZA

I promise, if I don't get anything in town, I'll be back to show you my meat balls.

LAURA

So you're going into town. What makes you think you'll get lucky there?

Mozza opens his posture, showing off his complete look.

MOZZA

Well apart from this, I've got my witty banter haven't I.

Laura and Kelly look bemused.

Mozza smiles and wanders off. He sits beside Russ.

GAV

It's half term isn't it, he's got some crazy idea that some Northern toff college girl is gonna fall for his charm.

The girls look over at Mozza. He toasts their glance.

KELLY

Charm?

GAV

I know. He's not exactly subtle is he.

Laura smiles and licks the neck of her bottle.

LAURA

I like him.

Kelly passes Gav his change, her hand caresses his for just a moment. She looks at him and mouths.

KELLY

(silently)

I like you.

Gav smiles, stuffs his change in his pocket and quickly sits with Russ and Mozza.

TABLE

Russ takes a gulp from his pint and stands, his hand rooting around in his pocket. He heads for the door.

MOZZA
Oh, time to go is it?

Mozza downs his pint in one.

RUSS
I was just going for a fag.

MOZZA
Well we might as well head off,
seeing as you're going outside.

Gav looks down at his full glass.

GAV
I haven't started mine.

MOZZA
Well you best get it down you
then, hadn't you.

Russ shrugs his shoulders and downs his remaining lager.

Russ and Mozza head toward the exit.

BAR

Mozza and Russ pass the girls.

LAURA
See you soon.

MOZZA
Later darling, maybe later.

LAURA
Oh, I think it will be sooner
than you think.

Mozza exits. Russ turns to Gav.

RUSS
Are you coming.

He turns to the girls, a nonchalant smile.

RUSS
Erm....bye, Then.

He exits.

Gav walks over, he carries his full pint.

He gulps down a large mouthful. Stops, coughs and chokes.

KELLY

You okay?

He nods and wipes the spit from his chin.

Laura chuckles.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Howard carries a large black body bag over his shoulder, the bloody cleaver in his grasp.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Mozza stands in the empty garden. The sun setting over the hills. He takes out a mobile phone.

Russ exits, a cigarette perched between his lips. He takes out his lighter but stops. His shoulders drop. He marches over and stops in the yellow box and lights up.

Mozza waves his phone about wildly.

MOZZA

Come on, come on. Stupid fucking thing.

He stands on a bench, holds the phone at arms length and struggles to view the screen.

MOZZA

You got a signal?

He turns to Russ.

MOZZA

What the fuck you doing over there?

RUSS

I'm in the designated smoking area.

Mozza shakes his head.

MOZZA

Check your phone, I got nothing.

Russ pulls out his phone and glances at it.

RUSS

No, I got nought either.

MOZZA

Fuck!

Mozza looks around the village. It's empty.

MOZZA
 Jesus, it's buzzing here ain't
 it. I'll go see if I can use the
 phone in reception.

Mozza re-enters the pub.

Russ slips his phone away and takes a long drag. He
 purposely flicks ash outside the yellow square.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Gav stands by the bar, he forces the remaining lager down
 his throat. He covers his mouth with his hand and burps
 loudly.

GAV
 Excuse me. Maybe I'll see you
 two later?

KELLY
 Maybe?

Gav turns to leave.

Mozza strides past him.

GAV
 I thought we were leaving?

MOZZA
 Can I use the phone in reception?

The girls laugh.

KELLY
 No, sorry.

MOZZA
 Why?

KELLY
 It's not working.

MOZZA
 Well it was earlier, I saw that
 puff using it.

LAURA
 Well it's not now.

Mozza sighs.

MOZZA

Well that's convenient.

LAURA

Isn't it. Try your mobile or haven't you got one.

MOZZA

I ain't got a signal.

KELLY

No, you'll have to go up the hills if you want to use it.

Mozza's shoulders drop.

LAURA

Seems fate has drawn us together.

Laura winks at Mozza. Mozza turns to Kelly.

MOZZA

Nice one. What about a taxi?

KELLY

What about a taxi?

Mozza slowly blinks.

MOZZA

Where can we get a taxi from?

KELLY

From town.

MOZZA

And I need a taxi to get to town, right? Great.

Laura taps on Mozza's shoulder.

LAURA

You could get a lift.

MOZZA

Have you got a car?

LAURA

Yeah.

MOZZA

Will you give us a lift into town?

Laura ponders.

LAURA
 No, I think I'm gonna stay here
 tonight.

Laura steps up to Mozza, inches between them.

LAURA
 Shall we get cosy?

Mozza looks at Gav, then around the bar. The pensioners
 enjoy their wine and dominos. He looks at the girls.

MOZZA
 Fuck it, three pints please,
 darling.

Laura sits back down.

Kelly smiles at Gav and grabs a glass.

KELLY
 Certainly.

She pulls the pint.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

The Butcher emerges.

He peers into the darkness.

BUTCHER
 Where is that boy?

The surrounding hills are quiet and still.

BUTCHER
 (shouting)
 Boy!

He shakes his head and enters the pub, closes the door and
 locks it behind him.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

A light on top of the garden heater illuminates the nearby
 surroundings.

Russ sits on the bucket of sand. He holds a small bag in
 his teeth, an open cigarette between his fingers. He hums
 to himself.

BUTCHER (O.S.)
 (faint)
 Boy!

Russ looks up, then continues his business.

Gav exits the pub.

GAV

You've been out here ages, what
are doing?

Russ puts the bag in his pocket and lights the manipulated
cigarette.

Russ shrugs.

Gav approaches and hands him a small glass.

GAV

This will warm your up.

RUSS

Thanks, mate.

GAV

You coming in?

RUSS

I thought we were going into
town?

GAV

Change of plan.

Russ takes a long, deep drag. His eyes glaze and flutter,
a grin grows across his face.

RUSS

Nice one.

Gav shakes his head and walks back in the pub.

RUSS

If it's good enough for the dude.

Russ downs the glass of alcohol. He gasps, coughs and
examines the empty glass. A shake of the head and enters
the bar.

Howard carries the body bag in to the beer garden.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - NIGHT

Doris remains in the bar, her knitted scarf now really long
in length. She is asleep, her mouth open, she snores
loudly.

Around a table, Kelly sits next to Gav. Her hand on his thigh, his around the only glass on the table that contains liquid.

Laura drapes herself across Mozza's lap. Her eyes look up at him. His eyes down the open neck of her T-shirt.

Russ sits between the two couples, his forehead rests on the table. His hand clasped around a large empty bottle.

KELLY

It's getting late, I'll have to close the bar soon.

Gav looks over to the clock behind the bar. He strains his drunk eyes into focus.

KELLY

Maybe we should go upstairs?

GAV

Is there another bar upstairs?

KELLY

I mean, maybe we should go to your room?

GAV

But what about...

Gav looks to Russ, his eyes closed and drool runs from his mouth.

GAV

And...

He looks at Mozza, who kisses Laura wildly.

GAV

Yeah, okay then.

Kelly playfully laughs.

GAV

Er guys, just gonna pop upstairs...for a bit...if you don't mind?

Kelly jumps to her feet and drags Gav to his.

KELLY

They don't mind. Lets go have some fun.

Kelly leads Gav toward the exit of the bar.

Gav looks nervous.

GAV
(quietly)
I hope you like your fun in small
measures.

They exit.

Laura squeezes Mozza by the mouth, puffs his lips out like
a fish.

LAURA
Wanna get some fresh air?

MOZZA
(muffled)
Alfresco, alright.

She releases Mozza's face. He stretches it back to life.

LAURA
You can show me these balls of
yours.

Laura leaves.

Mozza stands and follows her out.

MOZZA
I hope you're talking about my
testicles cos I'm to pissed to
cook.

Mozza exits.

Russ moans and slowly raises his head. He looks around the
bar, only he and Doris remain. He sighs and lowers his
head back down on the table.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly giggles as she drags Gav along. His drunk legs
struggle to keep him upright.

She opens the door to the lads room and beckons him to
enter.

Gav enters, Kelly playfully slaps his bum as he passes.
She enters and closes the door.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - ROOM SIX - NIGHT

Gav sits nervously on the edge of the middle bed. Kelly
stands by the door. She takes off her T-shirt, revealing a
sexy blue bra.

Gav gasps.

GAV
Why are you doing this, to me I
mean?

KELLY
What do you mean?

Gav looks down at his podge. He gives it a poke.

GAV
Well look at this, I'm no catch.

Kelly smiles.

KELLY
You're so sweet.

Her smile drops.

KELLY
Now get your kit off.

Gav's eyes bulge, he turns and grabs a bottle off the bedside cabinet. He looks over the label which reads: '*Aniseed Blast*'.

He turns up his nose.

Kelly unbuttons her jeans and slides them down.

Gav stares transfixed. He takes a swig from the bottle.

KELLY
You ready?

Gav opens his mouth to speak. He gasps, his eyes wide and he frantically waves his hand in front of his face, to cool his burning throat.

KELLY
I'm gonna get you hotter than
that.

Kelly advances on Gav. She crawls up his body and removes his shirt.

She pushes him down on the bed and straddles him. She leans over him and kisses him passionately.

Gav's hands wander over her back, he caresses every inch.

GAV
You're the sexiest girl ever.

Kelly kisses Gav and ruffles his hair.

GAV

Thank you.

Kelly stops and sits up. She looks down on Gav and climbs off his frame.

She sits beside him.

GAV

What's wrong?

KELLY

I'm sorry, I can't do this.

Gav sits up. He snatches a pillow and rests it over his crotch.

GAV

Why, what have I done?

He drops his head.

GAV

I spoilt the moment didn't I?

Kelly smiles.

KELLY

No, far from it.

Gav looks up at Kelly.

KELLY

I like you. You're different, you're sweet. And I'm tired of all this and I just...can't.

GAV

No...you can.

Kelly shakes her head.

Gav looks disappointed.

GAV

Sweet, I don't wanna be sweet.

KELLY

(whispering)
Yes you do.

She kisses him softly on the lips.

KELLY

(whispering)
You should go.

GAV
But this is my room.

Kelly stands and pulls on her jeans.

KELLY
No, you should go. First thing in
the morning, you should head
home.

GAV
Why, I don't get what's just
happened?

Kelly pulls on her T-shirt and flicks her hair.

KELLY
Trust me Gavin, it's for the
best.

She kisses him on the cheek and leaves.

GAV
But we paid for the weekend.

He looks under the pillow, satisfied he throws it behind
him. He falls back onto the bed and sighs loudly.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly leaves the room and closes the door behind her. She
pauses and ponders for a moment.

She walks down the hallway.

JESS (O.S.)
What happened?

Kelly turns to see Jess, he stands in an open doorway.

KELLY
I couldn't...he wasn't right.

JESS
And what's that supposed to mean?

Kelly hangs her head.

KELLY
He...he was ill.

Jess looks unimpressed.

JESS
Stop pissing about Kelly, you
can't change who you are.

KELLY
 Maybe I can?

Jess' brow dips and anger fills his eyes.

JESS
 Don't pretend you care for him.
 Besides, if Laura does that
 gobshite, we'll have to do the
 other two anyway.

Kelly looks down.

KELLY
 Yes, dad.

Jess barges past his daughter and heads down the stairs.

Kelly glances at Gav's room.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Small and decorated for someone much younger.

The door swings open and Kelly enters. She closes the door
 flicks on the light.

She sits at her dresser and opens a large scrap book. She
 looks over a newspaper cutting with the headline '*Mother
 dies in car blaze*'.

KELLY
 I can change who am. I know I
 can.

She turns the page. A cutting with the headline '*Search
 for missing hikers*'. She flicks more pages to show *The
 Moors claims another victim*', '*Bus crash kills six*' and
 more.

She slams the book closed.

KELLY
 I have to change.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - GARDENS - NIGHT

Numerous allotments are intersected by a narrow footpath.
 Each allotment garden has a shed and vegetable patch.

Laura leads Mozza along the footpath and stops at one
 allotment.

The garden shed is rustic and run down. Its wooden
 structure partly hidden in the undergrowth.

MOZZA

This is quaint. Very...rural.

Laura opens the shed with a creek and enters.

A light appears from inside, it streams out of the gaps in the walls.

LAURA (O.S.)

Come on sexy.

Mozza looks round and tentatively enters.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

An assortment of spades, shovels and forks stand in the corners. A plastic sheet covers the floor.

Mozza sits on a stack of compost bags.

Laura stands before him, she holds a torch. Carefully she places it on a shelf and beams a smile.

Seductively, she approaches an excited Mozza.

LAURA

Why don't we make this more exciting?

MOZZA

What have you got in mind?

Laura picks up a strip of cloth from a shelf.

MOZZA

Kinky.

Mozza stretches his arms out in front of him.

LAURA

Who said I was gonna tie you up.

He lowers his arms.

LAURA

Trust is exciting, don't you think?

MOZZA

What?

Laura raises the cloth.

LAURA

Do you trust me?

She wraps the cloth around Mozza's head as a blindfold.

MOZZA

Don't take this the wrong way,
love, but...not really, we've
just met.

LAURA

Oh, don't be scared. I'll be
gentle.

She grabs his nipple through his shirt and gives it a
tweak.

MOZZA

Aghh! What the fuck.

She laughs and growls like a tiger.

MOZZA

Erm...Laura isn't it? I think we
should...

She sticks her tongue in his mouth. Mozza mumbles.

She pulls her tongue out and licks his lips.

LAURA

Just relax.

She unzips his trousers and slides her hand inside.

A grin appears across Mozza's face.

MOZZA

Now we're talking.

Laura suction her lips to his again.

Her hand frantically jostles in Mozza's trousers.

Mozza wriggles uncomfortably on the compost. His body
jerking with the rhythm of Laura's movements.

MOZZA

(nervously)

I think we may be going a bit
fast, lets slow things down a
tadge.

He fidgets and adjusts his posture. His leg shakes with
pleasure.

MOZZA

Yeah, that's nice but you might
wanna stop a minute.

Laura reaches above Mozza's head. Her hand searches a shelf for a glistening knife.

Mozza fidgets more, his body jerks.

MOZZA

Oh...stop...a...

Laura's fingers search frantically. She raises her frame above Mozza but continues her actions. Her fingers touch the handle.

Mozza jumps up and head butts Laura under the chin. The force crashes her teeth together and traps her tongue between.

Laura squeals and buckles to her knees. The knife slides off the shelf and buries itself in the floor.

Mozza removes the blind fold and rubs his head.

Laura holds her mouth, blood trickles from her lips.

MOZZA

Jesus, you alright?

Laura, her tongue swollen, mumbles something incoherent.

Mozza stares at her, confused at her response. He notices the knife as it sways gently. He questionably points at it.

MOZZA

What the fuck's that?

His eyes widen in realisation.

MOZZA

Did you just...at me with...while
spanking my monkey...fucking
crazy bitch.

Laura panics and mumbles something.

Mozza's eyes flicker round the shed, taking in the situation. He shrugs and punches Laura square in the face. She drops to the floor with a thud.

Mozza zips up his trousers and quickly exits.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - GARDENS - NIGHT

Mozza mumbles to himself as he dashes along the footpath. He shakes the pain from his hand.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Mozza trudges toward the pub, he nears the coach.

BESIDE COACH

Howard, his cleaver in his hand, peers from behind the rear of the vehicle.

VILLAGE SQUARE

Mozza shakes his head and mumbles to himself.

MOZZA

Jesus, Jesus Christ, she's a
bloody psycho!

Mozza glances behind him and quickens his pace.

BESIDE COACH

A noise from the coach, Howard looks round. He walks toward the front.

He quietly glances inside, his cleaver at the ready.

Mozza walks past the coach and quickly enters the pub.

Howard spins and rushes to the pub door, disappointment across his face.

Behind him, Derek climbs down from the coach. He yawns and stretches.

DEREK

Who are you?

Howard's eyes dart to the side, a wry smile appears. He turns and raises the cleaver.

Derek steps back.

DEREK

Actually, I don't....

Howard charges Derek.

Derek turns to run. The cleaver slams into his spine.

Derek staggers and drops to his knees. He collapses, face first into the ground.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - NIGHT

Russ fidgets, his face squashed against the table top. He fidgets again and falls off his chair, waking himself from his alcoholic coma.

He staggers to his feet and rubs his head.

He walks toward the exit, stops and ponders a moment. A rumble from his stomach, he puts his hand to his mouth and runs for the exit.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Russ bursts out of the exit, his hand barricades his mouth.

He runs to the smoking area and hovers above the sand filled bucket. He lowers his hand, his cheeks puff out.

A rustle is heard (O.S.)

Russ freezes, his stomach jerks and his mouth fills. He holds it in. He slowly looks up to see Howard next to the coach.

BESIDE COACH

Howard lays a body bag on the ground and unzips it.

BEER GARDEN

Russ stares in awe, struggles to see in the dim light. Vomit slowly seeps from his lips.

BESIDE COACH

Howard grabs Derek's feet and maneuvers the dead weight inside the bag.

BEER GARDEN

Russ' eyes bulge and his lips quiver. He wretches and a little vomit escapes.

Howard turns and looks over toward Russ' location.

Russ frantically searches for a hiding place but is unable to see one. He freezes in the darkness.

Howard scans the area for a moment. Content, he continues to wrestle with the corpse. He zips up the bag and, with a heave, hoists it onto his shoulder and walks away.

Russ bends over the bucket, opens his mouth and allows the remaining vomit to escape. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and quietly sneaks back inside the pub.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - ROOM SIX - NIGHT

In just his underpants, Gav sits on the bed.

Mozza stands by the window, he peers out.

The door knob rattles and both anxiously turn.

RUSS (O.S.)
Open the door.

Mozza and Gav relax. Mozza unlocks the door and swings it open.

MOZZA
Fuck, you scared the shit out of us!

Russ stands shocked, wipes vomit from his chin.

MOZZA
Shut the door!

Russ enters, closes the door and locks it.

RUSS
You'll never guess what I've just seen!

MOZZA
Get packing, we're leaving.

Gav rustles his hair.

GAV
This is just a bit unbelievable. You're sure she tried to kill you?

MOZZA
Of course I'm sure, she came at me with a knife.

RUSS
Who?

GAV
That Laura, lass.

MOZZA

Fucking crazy bitch. I gave her a good smack in the mouth though.

Russ sits down on his bed, his head down.

RUSS

Well I've just seen a guy bagging up a body.

Mozza and Gav stare at Russ in amazement.

Russ looks up.

RUSS

No shit.

GAV

Where was this?

RUSS

Outside, by the coach, just now. I went for a fag and he was definitely putting a body in a bag.

GAV

Who was?

RUSS

I don't know it was too dark.

MOZZA

Well that's it, we're going, and I mean now.

GAV

Maybe we should wait 'til morning?

Mozza grabs his suitcase from beneath the bed. He quickly flips it open, all his clothes are inside. He snaps it shut and grabs the handle.

MOZZA

No way, lets go.

Gav and Russ look at him.

MOZZA

I never unpack, it's a waste of time.

GAV

You know that Kelly told me to wait till morning.

RUSS

What?

Gav stands and grabs his trousers.

Mozza stops by the door.

GAV

Yeah, she said it would be best if we left the village tomorrow.

MOZZA

She said that?

Gav nods.

MOZZA

And why didn't you mention it?

GAV

Well I didn't think it was that important.

MOZZA

And now?

GAV

Well, now I think maybe she was trying to help us.

Mozza sits on his suitcase.

RUSS

What you reckon, Moz?

MOZZA

I dunno, mate.

GAV

It might be safer in daylight?

MOZZA

Why would she wanna help us, it doesn't make sense? I mean, she must know her friends a lunatic.

Gav throws a shirt over his head.

GAV

I think she likes me.

MOZZA

Either that or she wants to save you for breakfast.

Mozza lets out a nervous laugh.

Gav looks on confused.

MOZZA

Oh come on, don't tell me you two haven't had the same thought.

Gav and Russ look at each other with blank faces.

MOZZA

A psycho woman, a body bag, the conscience of a nice girl and of course, shall we not forget, a finger nail in a pie.

Gav and Russ look at Mozza.

MOZZA

Fucking specials board.

Mozza taps his temple.

MOZZA

They're fucking special alright. Fucking inbreeds probably and your girlfriend wants us to hang around so we can be the full English.

GAV

No way.

RUSS

What?

MOZZA

Oh come on, would you put it past them?

Gav sticks out his tongue, his face contorts in disgust.

GAV

I feel sick again.

RUSS

I've just emptied.

Mozza nods.

MOZZA

Right, I'm going.

Mozza grabs his case and flings the door open. He looks out into the hallway.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jess stands at the top of the stairs. His hands caress Laura's swollen face.

Mozza's frame leans from the doorway further up the hallway.

JESS

What has he done to you?

Laura mumbles.

Jess shakes his head.

JESS

We'll get them, darling.

Jess passionately kisses Laura.

Mozza ducks back in to the room and reveals Kelly, who leans from a doorway further up the hallway.

She watches her dad and Laura kiss.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - ROOM NUMBER SIX - NIGHT

Mozza quietly closes the door and locks it.

He sits on his suitcase.

MOZZA

Right, we'll wait till morning.

Gav drops onto his bed and lays back.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Colin studies his map, stuffs in his backpack and struggles to his feet. A large bandage is wrapped around his ankle.

He walks away from the pub and grimaces with every step.

Jason exits the pub and scurries across the square.

JASON

Woo-who, Colin.

Jason waves frantically toward Colin, who spins. Concern written across his face.

JASON

We've got bingo tonight.

COLIN
I...I don't think...

JASON
Hey, where's that sexy wife of yours?

Colin fidgets.

COLIN
She's not my wife.

Jason smiles and winks.

JASON
Oh, really.

COLIN
She's my sister and she's missing.

Colin shakes his head.

COLIN
She came here for me. To keep me company after my wife...

Colin buries his head in his hands.

Jason looks down at Colin's leg.

JASON
Oh you poor sweetheart, you've hurt your leg.

Colin shakes his head.

COLIN
Did you not hear me, she's missing. I can't find Abberston on the map, only an Allerston, and I can't get a signal on this either.

He takes a mobile phone from his pocket and waves it in front of Jason.

JASON
That's awful. Have you been trying to phone her?

Colin frowns.

COLIN
I've been trying to phone the police!

Jason nods.

JASON
So you're going to look for her?

Colin glares at Jason. He takes a compass out of his pocket and checks it.

COLIN
(angrily)
Yes, seen as though no one else cares, I'm going to find my sister. I may not be back for bingo.

Colin limps away. Jason watches for a moment.

JASON
I'll help you.

He runs to catch up, his arms swing across his chest in a feminine way.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - ROOM NUMBER SIX - DAY

Gav sits on his bed with his legs crossed.

Mozza lays on his, his arms behind his head and his eyes closed.

Russ stands by the window. He peers through the curtains.

RUSS
There's only a few people in the square.

Gav stands and looks at Mozza.

GAV
We going then? You couldn't wait to get out of here last night.

MOZZA
No sign of that crazy bitch then?

Russ peers out again.

RUSS
No, there's that bender and the bloke from the coach, no wife though. Oh, and...a few people in the beer garden.

Mozza jumps up and grabs his case.

MOZZA

Right then.

GAV

I'm still not happy with your plan.

RUSS

What plan?

Mozza opens the door and strides out.

Gav tentatively collects his case and nods at Russ.

GAV

Come on.

RUSS

Are we just gonna walk out of here with our cases and hope no one notices?

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Edna and Gwen sit at a table drinking tea and eating toast.

Mozza, Gav and Russ exit the pub.

GAV

Right, lets find the driver and get him to drive us to the nearest police station.

RUSS

Do you think he'll do that?

MOZZA

Yeah, if we pay him enough.

Russ stops and turns to Mozza.

RUSS

Really?

MOZZA

No! Why the fuck would he. Anyway, would you trust a man who's cock probably stinks of sheep's arse by now.

Gav stops, a little ahead of the others.

GAV

Give it a rest, Mozza.

He strides off towards the coach.

Mozza shakes his head and walks after Gav. Russ follows.

Gwen takes a sip of her tea.

EDNA

Have you seen Doris this morning?

GWEN

No, and I hope I don't see her
all day. There's bingo tonight
and she always false calls.

EDNA

True.

They both sip their tea.

INT. COACH - DAY

Gav boards and glances down the aisle.

Mozza and Russ board and bump him for more room.

Mozza throws his suitcase on to the front seats.

MOZZA

He's not gonna take us anywhere,
lets just take the fucking coach.

Gav strides down the aisle. He systematically checks every seat.

GAV

He's not here anyway.

RUSS

So now what?

Gav walks back the front of the coach.

GAV

I dunno.

Mozza slides behind the wheel.

GAV

What you doing?

MOZZA

Taking the coach. The drivers
probably dead anyway.

Russ puts his case in the overhead storage and sits down.

Gav looks at Russ.

GAV
What you doing?

Russ shrugs.

RUSS
What?

He takes out a cigarette.

Mozza ducks down and looks under the steering wheel.

GAV
I dunno about stealing the coach.

Mozza sits back up and sighs.

GAV
No, we'll just borrow it.

MOZZA
What, you're gonna bring it back,
and say what? Sorry but the
village is full of lunatics and
we thought you were probably
dead. So we borrowed your coach
to flee to safety but now we know
you're alive, we're really sorry,
so please don't tell the police.

Gav puts his case down and sits.

GAV
Alright. Lets just get going
then.

MOZZA
Yeah, no keys though.

Russ lights up his cigarette and takes a puff.

RUSS
Is this the plan, Gav?

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

The freezer door is ajar.

The butcher exits.

BUTCHER
Boy!

Howard enters through the back door. He carries body bag
on his shoulder. He bashes it into the door frame.

BUTCHER
Careful with that.

Howard carries it into the freezer.

BUTCHER
You might as well start on the
fresh one.

Howard walks back in and drops the body bag on to the work
top.

BUTCHER
It's going to be a busy day.

The Butcher strides out.

Howard glares in his direction and unzips the body bag.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Jess stands behind the bar, a small glass of wine in his
hand.

The Butcher enters.

BUTCHER
How much we need?

JESS
Just do one, that should keep us
going through lunch. We'll need
more for Sunday lunch tomorrow.

BUTCHER
Right, I'll send the boy out
again later.

Jess sips his wine.

JESS
And how's your daughter this
morning?

BUTCHER
She fucked up last night and she
wont do it again.

The Butcher exits back into the kitchen.

JESS
That's what you think.

Jess downs his drink and refills his glass.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

Howard stands over the half-naked body of Peggy, a meat cleaver in his hand. She has a large head wound and her feet are missing. Both stumps bleed out.

BUTCHER (O.S.)
Make sure she's dead this time?

The Butcher approaches and grabs the corpse by the face. He violently shakes Peggy's head back and forth.

Howard wields his cleaver and with great force smashes it into Peggy's wrist. It chops right through the bone.

He tosses the severed hand it into a waste bin.

INT. COACH - DAY

Gav leans from the open door.

GAV
Hurry up.

Mozza is ducked under the steering wheel.

MOZZA
I don't know what the fuck I'm doing, Gav.

GAV
Just jam the wires together.

Mozza sits up.

MOZZA
What fucking wires!?

Gav shrugs.

MOZZA
If you think you can do it, be my guest.

GAV
I don't know what to do either, but we better do somet.

He looks out the door.

Laura strides toward the coach. Her face is swollen and bruised.

GAV
Erm, Mozza.

Mozza slides from behind the wheel and pushes past Gav.

Russ glances up at the sun visor. He casually walks over and pulls it down, the keys slide off and hit him in the face.

Mozza peers from the door.

MOZZA

Oh shit.

The engine fires up.

Gav and Mozza spin with surprise.

Russ grins. A cigarette hangs from his lips.

GAV

How'd you do that?

Russ shrugs.

RUSS

Easy really.

Mozza stares at Russ.

MOZZA

Bollocks.

RUSS

What?

Mozza shakes his head.

Gav looks out the door. Laura runs toward them.

GAV

Lets get going.

MOZZA

Right.

Russ looks over the dashboard and cautiously selects first gear.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEAR GARDEN - DAY

Gwen and Edna look over as a cloud of smoke bellows from the coach.

Laura races into the garden as the coach pulls away.

She stops and grunts with anger. She angrily walks past the two old women.

GWEN
Morning, dear.

Laura mumbles as she passes. She enters the pub.

EDNA
Nice girl.

Gwen nods her agreement.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - TOP OF HILL - DAY

Colin marches to the brow of the hill and stops. He looks down the steep descent to the valley below. Large boulders break up the lush green grass.

COLIN
This is the place. This is where
I fell yesterday.

Jason stops beside him and looks down.

JASON
That's a long way down, you got
lucky, darling.

Colin sneaks a look at Jason.

COLIN
Maybe.

He looks across the landscape.

COLIN
(shouts)
Susan! Where are you?

Jason looks around.

Colin shudders and grimaces, he turns to face Jason.

Jason holds a Swiss army knife, the open blade stained in blood.

Colin reaches for the small of his back and spasms in pain.

COLIN
What...

Jason readies the blade.

Colin steps back, his feet slip over the edge and he struggles to gain his balance. His arms flail in a panic.

Jason smiles.

Colin bounces his way to the bottom of the valley.

JASON
 Lets see how lucky you are this
 time, chuck?

BOTTOM OF HILL

Colin lays unmoved in a crumpled heap.

Jason walks down a narrow footpath to reach him.

He tentatively nudges Colin with his foot. He looks around the deserted landscape.

Colin's injured foot twitches. Jason doesn't notice.

Jason takes out a walkie-talkie from his pocket and fumbles with it. He looks round, sighs and treks back up to the top of the hill.

TOP OF HILL

Jason holds up the walkie-talkie.

JASON
 Hello?

Below, Colin eyes open with a flutter.

Jason shakes the walkie-talkie.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

Howard slices through a lump of fresh meat with a large knife. He carefully runs the blade along the length of the meat. He digs in, removes the large bone and tosses it into a bin.

BUTCHER (O.S.)
 Let's have it then.

Howard turns and hands over the boneless meat.

With a smile, the Butcher rubs his hand along the blood soaked meat. He gives it a sniff.

BUTCHER
 Beautiful.

He places the meat down on a chopping board and carefully dices it. Beside him, the work top is filled with pastry dishes.

BUTCHER
Keep it coming, boy.

Howard picks up another lump of meat and cuts into it.
The Butcher stuffs a handful of meat into a pastry dish.
A muffled crackle (O.S.)

Howard wipes his bloodied hands on his apron and delves into his pocket. He removes a walkie-talkie and stares at it quizzically.

BUTCHER
Well?

It crackles again.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - HILLTOP - DAY

Jason holds the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

Below, Colin struggles to his feet. Blood trickles from his back wound.

JASON
We're at the Peak, get up here as quick as you....

Jason notices Colin and hurries back down the path, his head shaking with anger.

JASON
...can.

BOTTOM OF HILL

Colin hobbles away as fast as he can.

Jason catches him quickly.

Colin, in a panic, turns to face Jason.

COLIN
What are you doing?

Jason lurches at him with the knife branded.

Colin backs away. He snatches a stone from the ground.

The two stare at each other.

JASON
What are you going to do with that?

Jason smiles.

Colin throws the stone.

It hits Jason full in the face. He clutches his face, blood pours from the break in the bridge of his nose. He lets out a cry of pain and anger.

The two stare at each other again. Colin's eyes are wide with fear, Jason's narrow with pain.

Colin turns and quickly limps away. Jason holds his nose as he staggers after him.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Jess stands behind the bar next an empty wine bottle.

Laura bursts in. She mumbles with her fat lip.

LAURA
They're leaving!

JESS
What?

She talks slowly.

LAURA
They're leaving.

JESS
Who's leaving?

Laura marches up to the bar.

LAURA
The boys. They took the coach.

Jess' nostrils flare. He darts into the kitchen.

Laura looks round in a panic. The bar is empty.

Kelly enters behind her.

Laura turns and Kelly looks at her injured face.

KELLY
What's happened to you?

Jess bursts back into the bar. He points at Kelly.

JESS
This is your fault you stupid
bitch!

Kelly looks blankly but scared.

JESS
You better pray we catch them or
you might be on tomorrow's menu.

Jess nudges Kelly as he races past.

Laura quickly follows.

Kelly has a wry smile.

KELLY
Good lads.

INT. COACH - DAY

Russ concentrates on the road ahead while he puffs on his
cigarette.

Gav and Mozza sit in the front seats.

RUSS
I can't believe it was that easy.

MOZZA
Shut it you, muppet.

Russ turns away from the road.

RUSS
What?

Mozza stares at him.

MOZZA
That's like the commentators kiss
of death.

GAV
It is like, Russ.

RUSS
Oh, sorry, guys.

Mozza points out through the windscreen.

MOZZA
Concentrate on the road.

Russ sighs and turns back.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Beautiful hills of bright yellow rapeseed and lush green grass conjure the image of a patchwork quilt.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - RAPESEED FIELD - DAY

The tall rapeseed sways gently in the breeze.

Heavy breathing (O.S.)

Colin drags his injured leg as he staggers through the waist high seed. The back of his shirt stained in blood, his trousers in yellow dust.

He winces with every slow movement.

He pauses for breath, gently dabs the knife wound and grimaces.

JASON (O.S.)

There's nowhere to hide out here.

Jason closes on Colin. His nose horribly broken, it leans to one side. Blood smeared across his cheeks and his eyes are swollen.

Colin staggers away with all his effort.

He reaches a small wooden fence, a road beyond it. He throws himself over and lands on his back with a thud. He lets out a groan.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY.

Colin drags himself to his feet and looks up the road. A large coach speeds down the hill toward him.

His face lights up with relief.

COLIN

Thank God.

Frantically, he waves his arms and wanders into the road.

INT. COACH - DAY

Russ looks back at Gav and Mozza.

Through the windscreen, Colin waves his arms as he staggers into the road.

Mozza holds his phone up.

MOZZA
It definitely fucking beeped
didn't it?

GAV
Yeah, definitely.

Mozza violently waves his phone back and forth above his head, pauses momentarily to check the signal bars.

MOZZA
Fucking phone.

Russ shakes his head.

Through the windscreen, Colin stands in the middle of the road. Jason climbs over the fence.

RUSS
Who cares, we'll be out of here
soon enough anyway.

GAV
Yeah, lets just keep...

Gav stares at the road.

GAV
...fuck!

Gav points.

Mozza stops, his arm still above his head.

Russ turns.

Colin smashes into the front of the coach with a sickening thud. Blood sprays across the windscreen.

The lads scream in unison.

Russ struggles with the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

The coach veers to the left and drops into a ditch at the side of the road. It veers right, bounces up and turns over on its side. Glass and metal grind across the tarmac before eventually it comes to a stop.

Colin's mangled body lays in the ditch.

Jason stands frozen beside the road. He looks over at the coach and calmly takes out his walkie-talkie.

INT. COACH - DAY

Halfway down the aisle is Gav, his body twisted between the seats. He groans and twitches.

He drags himself up with the aide of the seats. His feet stand on a smashed side window.

He touches his head and gently rubs at his pain. He looks down the coach, there is no sign of Russ at the front.

He turns round. Mozza lies a few rows back.

JASON (O.S.)
 What took you so long? The
 others are on their way now.

Gav opens his mouth to call out. A hand reaches round and muffles him.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

Jason stands beside the coach's underbelly. At his feet is the lifeless body of Russ.

Howard climbs over the fence and marches toward them. A bag in one hand and a meat cleaver in the other. He is out of breath.

INT. COACH - DAY

Mozza stands behind Gav, his hand over his mouth.

MOZZA
 (whispers)
 They could be from the village?

Slowly, he removes his hand.

GAV
 (whispers)
 What if they're not?

JASON (O.S.)
 Lets get him in.

GAV
 They could be paramedics?

Mozza picks glass from his hair.

MOZZA

(whispers)

Then they're the quickest paramedics in the world. And the quietest.

JASON (O.S.)

What you going to do with that, he's already dead you moron. Just get him in the bag.

Mozza and Gav stare at each other.

MOZZA

(whispers)

Bastards.

JASON (O.S.)

Right grab that, the other two must still be on the coach.

Mozza looks behind him, the back window is smashed. He drags Gav toward the emergency exit.

MOZZA

(whispers)

Let's fucking move.

GAV

(whispers)

What about Russ?

Mozza stops. He looks toward the front of the coach. Jason and Howard pass by the smashed front windscreen.

MOZZA

(whispers)

We gotta go, mate.

The pair hurry toward the back window.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

Mozza and Gav exit the coach carefully through the carnage.

MOZZA

Come on.

Mozza charges off along the roadside. He stops almost immediately.

Gav stops beside him.

GAV

What?

Mozza stares at Colin's mangled corpse in the ditch.

GAV
Holy shit.

They both look back at the body bag that lies beside the coach.

MOZZA
Lets go.

Mozza runs off.

GAV
What about Russ, we can't just
leave him.

Gav looks back at the wrecked coach. He runs after Mozza, his slower pace can't keep up.

Mozza stops and jumps into the field beside the road.

Gav follows him.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FIELD - DAY

Mozza and Gav crouch in the long grass. They peer over the hedge.

GAV
Why we stopped?

MOZZA
You're right, we can't leave him.
No fuckers eating our Russ.

Gav sits back, his eye lids flicker. He rubs his face and shakes his head.

GAV
I can't believe this is
happening.

Mozza watches the coach.

Jason exits through the back window and walks round the side. Howard emerges from the front, the two are in conversation.

Howard grabs the body bag and throws it over his shoulder. He heads across the road and disappears into the rapeseed.

Jason picks up the cleaver and heads up the road toward Mozza and Gav.

GAV

Jesus, are they really gonna eat
him, Moz?

Gav sniffs, his eyes fill up.

MOZZA

We're gonna get him back.

He ducks down.

MOZZA

That puffs on his way. We're
gonna beat the shit out of him
until he tells us what the hell's
going on.

Gav holds back the tears. He peers up over the hedge and
drops back into the grass.

GAV

Do you think that's a good idea,
Moz?

MOZZA

Grow some balls, Gav, there's two
of us.

Gav wipes his eyes.

GAV

Right.

He peers over the hedge.

GAV

What's the plan?

Mozza puts his finger to his lips to shush him.

The two sit quietly.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

Jason stops at the corpse of Colin and looks down on it.
He shakes his head and crouches for a closer look.

He sighs and stands.

JASON

Ruined.

He continues up the road.

He nears Mozza and Gav's position. The cleaver swings at
his side.

He looks over the idyllic fields.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FIELD - DAY

Jason's head passes by the top of the hedge.

GAV
(whispers)
Now what?

Mozza dashes over the hedge. Gav stares on in disbelief.

GAV
(whispers)
Where you going? Shit!

He stands but freezes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

Mozza's shoes skid in the gravel. Jason spins.

MOZZA
Fucking fag.

JASON
Sorry?

Mozza bounces with adrenaline.

MOZZA
Don't play dumb, dipshit, we know
you're a fucking psycho.

JASON
We?

Mozza looks round, no sign of Gav. He looks over at the hedge.

Jason raises the cleaver and swings it at Mozza.

Mozza catches sight of the blade and dodges back. He loses his footing and slips to the ground.

Jason towers over him.

Gav roars (O.S.)

He charges over the hedge and startles Jason.

GAV
We're gonna...

He mimics a punch.

GAV

...beat the shit out of ya, right
Moz.

Mozza stands.

MOZZA

Right.

Jason waves the cleaver back and forth, blood from his broken nose runs across his cheeks.

The lads take a step back in shock.

GAV

Your plans suck.

MOZZA

Just punch him.

Jason swings even more wildly.

MOZZA

This is fucking nuts.

JASON

We're gonna enjoy eating your
friend.

Gav crunches his fist.

Jason swings at Mozza, he darts out of the way.

He swings again, but again misses.

JASON

Do you really think you're gonna
get out of here?

He swings again.

Gav steps forward and thumps Jason on his broken nose.

Jason drops the cleaver, grabs his face and lets out a sickening yelp.

Mozza quickly kicks Jason in the crotch with all his might.

Jason screams and crumples to the tarmac.

MOZZA

Yeah, and you're gonna tell us
what we wanna know or else.

Jason looks up, his face swollen and his eyes streaming.

MOZZA

Or else we're gonna...

He picks up the cleaver.

MOZZA

...chop your fucking hands off.
Lets see you wank ya gay mates
off with no fucking hands.

Mozza swings the cleaver above Jason's head.

Gav slowly opens his hand. He starts to shake and breath heavy.

GAV

Shit, Russ is dead, Moz.

Mozza looks at Gav.

GAV

He's fucking dead isn't he?

Mozza reluctantly nods, sympathy in his eyes.

Jason spits out a mouthful of blood.

JASON

Touching.

Mozza snaps. He raises the cleaver and waves it in Jason's direction.

MOZZA

Shut your mouth.

GAV

What we gonna do with him?

MOZZA

We're gonna kill him.

Gav stares at Mozza.

GAV

What?

MOZZA

For Russ. We're gonna kill him.
Smash his head in.

Jason looks on wide-eyed.

MOZZA

I'm gonna fucking brain him.

Mozza shakes, egging himself on.

JASON

You don't have the...

Mozza crashes the cleaver into Jason's head. The blade buries into his skull.

Gav gasps and covers his mouth.

Mozza releases his grasp of the cleaver and freezes. The blade still buried deep into Jason's head.

Jason blinks rapidly and looks up at the handle of the weapon. He silently speaks and falls backwards.

MOZZA

Holy shit! Did you see that?

Gav dry heaves.

Blood spills from Jason's head and pools around him.

GAV

That's disgusting.

Mozza stares at Jason.

MOZZA

Fuck yeah. Right lets go.

GAV

We can't just leave him here?

MOZZA

You're right, someone might eat him.

Mozza lets out a nervous chuckle.

GAV

This is serious.

Mozza stifles his laugh.

MOZZA

You're right, I'm gonna get bugged in the showers for this.

GAV

Does this not sink in with you?

Gav waves his arms in panic.

GAV

This whole situation here, is it not ringing bells in your head? This is some serious shit we're in.

Mozza looks down.

MOZZA

Sorry mate, I just josh when I'm nervous.

Gav looks down at Jason. He blows out his cheeks and puts his hand to his mouth.

GAV

I've never seen a dead body before. Well not one that wasn't in a coffin anyway.

Mozza grabs Jason's feet and starts to drag him toward the ditch. Gav reluctantly helps.

The two look down at Jason. His face is pale, lifeless.

Mozza playfully punches Gav's arm.

MOZZA

Come on.

He walks away up the road. Gav follows.

MOZZA

I saw Martin Dickson cut his finger off in Woodwork, that was pretty nasty.

GAV

Shit, I remember that.

The two continue up the road.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

The fields rush by the windows.

Jess drives. A walkie-talkie is on the dashboard.

Laura in the passenger seat, the sun visor pulled down and the mirror exposed. She checks her bruises.

JESS

The crash isn't far now, so keep your eyes open for anyone.

Laura pays no attention, she's too interested in her reflection.

JESS

Hey!

Laura reluctantly looks over at Jess.

Jess shakes his head, he snatches the walkie-talkie and hands it to Laura.

JESS
Make yourself useful and get
Fraiser to meet us there.

Laura fiddles with the walkie-talkie.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD - DAY

The Land Rover speeds past a drystone wall.

Mozza and Gav bob up from behind it.

GAV
Who was that do you think?

Mozza shrugs his shoulders.

They climb over the wall and continue along the road.

GAV
Surely someone will miss us,
right?

MOZZA
What, coming looking for us?

GAV
Yeah.

MOZZA
Doubtful. Will anyone miss you?

Gav shrugs.

EXT. ABBERSTON VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Mozza and Gav peer over a small wall at the village square.

A rhythmic thudding echoes (O.S.)

Doris sits on a bench and knits at great speed.

Behind her stands a local MAN and WOMAN (both 30's), blonde hair and identical clothes. They stare in to the back of her head.

A YOUNG BOY, (10) blonde hair, shorts and T-shirt, bounces a ball against a wall, not far from the lads cover.

Mozza ducks back behind the wall, Gav continues to watch.

MOZZA
Jesus, it's worse than we
thought.

Gav looks down at Mozza.

MOZZA
It's the village of the fucking
damned.

Mozza smiles. Gav looks back over the wall.

MOZZA
Do you get it, the village of the
damned?

Gav sits down.

The thudding stops.

GAV
You're back to spouting bollocks
again.

Mozza takes a deep breath.

MOZZA
Right, lets get Russ and get
gone.

Gav nods.

Mozza peers back over the wall. The young boy stares him
full in the face. He recoils in shock.

MOZZA
Fucking hell, you scared the shit
of me.

The boy stares at Mozza, he holds his ball in both hands.

Gav stands up and the two lads share a glance.

The boy smiles and turns to face the couple in the square.

Quickly, Mozza grabs the ball and the boys attention.

Mozza nods.

MOZZA
You wanna play fetch?

GAV
He's not a dog.

MOZZA
Shut up, Gav.

He mimics throwing the ball. The boy's eyes follow.

MOZZA

Yeah.

Mozza turns and kicks the ball over a high hedge and into a nearby field.

The boy runs after it.

MOZZA

Right, lets go.

Mozza rushes to a nearby bush, further into the square.

Gav stands dumbstruck. He turns and watches the young boy attempt to climb over the hedge.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BEER GARDEN - DAY

LOCALS queue outside the doors.

A sign stands in the beer garden, it reads '*Local Meat Pies Today*'.

The table where Edna and Gwen sat earlier is now empty. Their tea cups and empty plates remain.

Two small mounds of sand cover the ground beneath the table's seats.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROADSIDE - DAY

The Land Rover is parked near the coach.

Laura stands over Colin's mangled body.

Further up the road Jess stands by the ditch. He crouches down over Jason's body and tenderly rubs blood from his cheek.

JESS

Bastards.

He grabs a hold of Jason's ankle and drags his body toward the coach.

JESS

Grab that one.

He motions to Colin's body.

Laura sighs.

A police car approaches the scene and stops. Fraiser exits.

FRAISER
Well, well, well, what have we here?

JESS
A fuck up, that's what we have.

Jess lays Jason's body against the wrecked coach.

FRAISER
Best fix it then hadn't we?

Laura looks away from Colin's mangled body as she struggles to drag his remains to the coach.

Jess opens the back of the Land Rover and removes a jerry can.

JESS
You report it as an R.T.I. and I'll sort you out.

FRAISER
The usual?

Laura stops beside the coach.

JESS
Two dozen.

Fraiser smiles.

Jess leans in the coach and pours the petrol.

Fraiser looks Laura up and down. He pats his stomach.

FRAISER
Lovely.

Laura looks at him with contempt.

EXT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

A narrow gravel road, the pub on one side and a shallow beck on the other. The water runs red.

GAV
Look at the water.

Mozza nods.

MOZZA
This could be it.

He walks toward an open door.

Gav follows.

GAV
Where you going? You can't just
walk in, what if there's someone
there?

MOZZA
Well shall we just wait for him
to come out?

GAV
That's not funny.

Mozza leans back against the side of the pub.

MOZZA
Sorry. I guess we haven't really
thought this through, have we?

Gav shakes his head.

GAV
It's not the first time today.

MOZZA
Let's do this.

Mozza takes a deep breath.

He sneakily looks in the door.

He glances at Gav, then enters.

Gav looks round and reluctantly follows.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

The work surfaces are smeared with fresh blood and a large
cleaver sticks in a joint of meat.

On a work top lies a white sheet, it covers something.

The oven door handle shows bloodied finger prints and the
bins are all covered in blood too.

The door to the freezer is ajar. The door to the bar is
closed.

Mozza enters, his eyes fleeting everywhere. Gav enters.

GAV
Jesus.

MOZZA

I know, hygiene standards would
have a field day in here.

Gav leans over one of the bins. He squints and leans in
further.

MOZZA

What? What's in there?

He pulls out a hand. He holds it at arms length. The hand
has long red fingernails, one is missing.

GAV

Shit, that's disgusting.

Mozza notices the missing nail.

MOZZA

Least you only got the nail.

GAV

Oh, God!

He drops the hand and wretches a little.

GAV

We probably ate some of her
yesterday.

The two lads repulse.

Mozza tentatively walks up to the white sheet.

GAV

Moz.

Mozza waves away Gav's worries.

MOZZA

I gotta check.

He takes a deep breath and pulls it back.

MOZZA

Jesus. Fuck.

Russ' bloodied face stares up at him, a large gash is
visible on his forehead.

Footsteps (O.S.)

GAV

Someone's coming.

Mozza covers Russ.

Gav steps in to the walk-in freezer. Mozza follows and pulls the door closed.

The sheet twitches slightly.

FREEZER

Mozza faces the door. Cramped, he steps back and bumps into Gav and nudges him.

Gav's head bangs into a hanging lump of meat. He turns, his face inches from the crotch of a pair of underpants. Startled, he steps back into Mozza.

MOZZA

(whispers)

Easy man. There's no room in here.

Gav's eyes bulge, he muffles his scream. Mozza turns to see the all-but naked body of Derek. His body covered in thick curly hair. He hangs from a meat hook, skewered through the bottom of his jaw.

GAV

(whispers)

It's the driver.

A bang (O.S.)

BUTCHER (O.S.)

Start on the new one. I don't like the look of the hairy bastard.

The lads look at each other, then at the freezer door. They look round, a few empty body bags lie on the floor. They shake their heads in unison and look back at the freezer door.

The footsteps pass by (O.S.)

MOZZA

(whispers)

They're gonna cut him up.

Mozza crunches his face and pushes the door. It fails to open.

MOZZA

(whispers)

Shit, it's locked.

GAV

(whispers)

What?

Mozza pushes again. He presses his shoulder against the door and shoves.

MOZZA

(whispers)

We're locked in, we're fucking
locked in.

Gav flings his head back in frustration and knocks it into Derek's crotch.

He quickly wipes the back of his hair.

KITCHEN

Howard stands by the work top and pulls the sheet from Russ' body.

Russ lies naked but for his pants.

Howard picks up a large meat cleaver and hovers it over Russ' ankle joint.

A thud on the freezer door (O.S.)

Howard glances round.

Russ' eyes flicker.

Howard looks back at Russ.

Another thud (O.S.)

Howard looks again.

Russ opens his eyes. The cleaver in full view.

Howard shakes his head and turns back. He crashes the meat cleaver down.

Russ moves his foot just in time. The cleaver bounces off the work top.

A loud thud from the freezer door (O.S.)

Howard lets out a grunt and swings again.

Russ slides his knees up to his chest and the cleaver just grazes his toe nails.

Russ pushes himself along the work top and narrowly avoids another chop from the cleaver.

He backs up against the wall, no where to go. The cleaver crashes down again. It severs Russ' toes in one quick blow.

Russ howls in pain.

Muffled screams emanate from the freezer. (O.S.)

Blood flows quickly from Russ' toeless foot. He rolls off the work top and onto the floor with a thud.

Howard panics, he wields the cleaver wildly.

Russ crawls toward the door that leads to the bar.

The door swings open and Kelly stands over him.

KELLY

What the hell is going on in here!?

The freezer door thuds (O.S.)

FREEZER

Mozza bangs on the door.

Gav bounces with frustration.

GAV

What's happening out there?

MOZZA

I dunno but it definitely sounded like Russ didn't it?

Gav shrugs.

GAV

Maybe.

Mozza looks back at Gav.

MOZZA

No it was him, I know it.

He thumps the door again.

KITCHEN

Howard stands frozen, the cleaver in his hand.

Russ lies on the floor, blood spills from his foot.

Kelly calmly steps over him and walks to the freezer door. She opens it.

Mozza jumps out, his arms swing wildly.

MOZZA
Fucking sick locals!

Kelly side steps.

Mozza crashes into Howard and knocks him to the ground. He sits on Howard's chest and pummels him in the face with ferocity.

RUSS
Moz.

Mozza stops and looks round at Russ.

MOZZA
Jesus, mate, we thought you were...you know.

Kelly stands quiet and unmoved.

Gav cautiously walks from the freezer.

RUSS
Gav, watch out.

Gav looks at Kelly.

GAV
Hi.

MOZZA
Hi!? Knock her out, Man.

Kelly smiles at Gav, he smiles back. She grabs his hand.

KELLY
I told you to leave, why didn't you go?

GAV
We did but...

MOZZA
Erm, not really the time for this romantic shit.

Russ pulls himself up.

RUSS
And I could do with a doctor.

Howard starts to stir. Mozza punches him in the face. The force breaks his nose and knocks him out.

MOZZA
Right, time to leave.

GAV

Erm...guys.

The butcher stands in the door. His apron thick in blood.

BUTCHER

What you doing back here!?

MOZZA

Move it.

Mozza jumps to his feet.

The butcher grabs hold of his shirt and tosses him across the floor. He crashes into the bins and knocks them over. An assortment of body parts and juices spew over the floor.

Gav grabs a hold of Russ and helps him to his feet.

Kelly confronts the Butcher.

KELLY

Listen, I'm taking care of this.

The Butcher looks at Howard then at Kelly. His large hand grabs her head and he tosses aside with ease.

GAV

Kelly!

Gav releases Russ, takes a step and stops. He looks at Kelly, then Russ.

RUSS

Don't worry, I'm fine.

Gav rushes to Kelly's aide.

Russ struggles to keep himself upright.

The hum of a nearing engine (O.S.)

Mozza slowly picks himself up, his clothes now stained in blood.

Gav helps Kelly to her feet and hurries her toward the exit.

The engine noise dies and a car door slams (O.S.)

Gav swings the door open, his arm around Kelly.

Jess stands in the exit. He enters and forces Gav and Kelly to retreat.

Jess turns and looks back.

JESS
Go round the front, Laura.

He closes the door.

GAV
Er, we haven't seen anything
here...we won't say anything,
right, guys.

KELLY
Dad, I was...

JESS
Shut your mouth before I shut it
for you.

He runs his fingers through his matted beard.

Kelly leaves Gav's side and hovers beside her father.

Gav backs up against the work surface, beside Russ.

RUSS
I was joking by the way. I'm not
fine.

GAV
Sorry.

Russ turns and grabs a cleaver, the joint of meat still
attached.

RUSS
Come on then fuckwit!

MOZZA
Yeah, fuck him up Russ.

Russ nervously nods at Mozza.

He swings the cleaver back and forth. The lump of meat
flies off, narrowly misses Jess and thumps into the wall.

The Butcher snatches a fresh cleaver off a shelf and
without hesitation hurtles it toward Mozza. It flashes
past, slices a piece from his upper arm and crashes into
the wall.

Mozza screams and clutches the wound.

MOZZA
Jesus!

Howard stirs and sits up. He clutches his nose.

Russ looks at Mozza and then at the Butcher.

RUSS

Bastard!

He cocks his arm back with the cleaver ready. He lets rip and flings it toward the Butcher.

Howard shakily stands up right into the flight path of the cleaver and catches it in his face. He flops back to the floor. Blood spills everywhere.

GAV

Holy fuck, Russ!

The Butcher is unfazed.

Mozza stares at Jess. Blood pools at his feet.

MOZZA

What you got then?

Jess unsheathes a large knife from his belt.

JESS

This.

MOZZA

Fuck!

Mozza backs away, his feet slip and slide on the blood-wet floor.

The Butcher edges closer.

KELLY

Dad...

JESS

I've told you, shut your mouth or you'll go the same way as your mother.

The Butcher chuckles.

KELLY

What does that mean?

JESS

Not now.

Kelly tugs on his arm.

KELLY

Tell me, Dad.

Jess pushes her away.

GAV

Hey!

JESS

What?

Gav and Russ back up to Mozza. The Butcher and Jess corner them against the work surface.

Mozza rubs his injured arm.

GAV

You alright?

MOZZA

We'll, now I know what a Bernard Matthews turkey feels like.

The Butcher and Jess laugh. The lads look at them with surprise and nervously laugh back.

The Butcher opens a draw and takes out a bone saw.

The laughter dies.

GAV

Maybe we should've gone to Spain?

Russ sways, his face pale.

RUSS

I'm starting to feel a bit light-headed, guys.

Gav spins and looks under the work surface. He digs into a bin and pulls out a large bone. He holds it out like a baseball bat.

MOZZA

Alright, Gav, finally showing you got some balls.

Mozza digs into a different bin.

MOZZA

What the fuck...

Mozza holds the severed head of Patty.

GAV

Oh my God!

Mozza holds the head at arm's length and swings it around by the hair in a windmill motion.

MOZZA

Heads up.

He lets go. The head hits the Butcher in the groin and he doubles over in pain.

MOZZA

Right, run for it!

Mozza darts to the door that leads into the pub. He steps over the stricken Butcher and exits.

Russ limps after him. The Butcher snatches at his legs but misses. He exits.

Gav stares at Kelly.

Jess advances. Kelly again grabs his arm.

KELLY

Dad please, let them go.

Jess stops.

JESS

How stupid are you?

Kelly looks at Gav.

KELLY

Run Gavin!

Jess advances, Gav runs for the door. He stands on the Butcher in his haste.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

Mozza and a pale faced Russ stand behind the bar. Gav enters and they hastily close the door behind them.

The bar is full of LOCALS who chatter amongst themselves. Laura stands at the front.

The crowd falls silent and they all look at the lads. Their mouths foam.

RUSS

Another shit plan, Moz.

MOZZA

Yep.

RUSS

Maybe we should leave the decisions up to, Gav from now on?

Gav looks over at a tray of halved lemons on the bar. He snatches a knife from it.

GAV

Lets go back the other way.

Russ and Mozza share a glance.

MOZZA

Seriously?

RUSS

Seriously?

Gav shrugs.

Mozza looks round. He picks up a pair of tongs from the ice jug.

Gav takes a breath and opens the door.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

The Butcher struggles to his feet. He places his hand on the work surface and pulls himself up.

The door flies open and Gav races in. He smashes the knife down on the work surfaces and chops off the Butcher's fingers. He clutches his hand and screams, blood sprays over Gav.

GAV

Be more careful with fingernails!

Gav swings the knife and buries it into the Butchers shoulder. The Butcher falls to his knees, blood gushes from his wound.

Mozza pushes past Gav and confronts Jess, who wields his knife. Mozza rushes him.

Jess whisks the knife across Mozza's cheek, and slices it open. Mozza screams and violently kicks Jess between the legs.

Jess loses grip of his knife and Mozza thrusts the tongs up his nose with force.

Blood pours as Mozza tugs on the tongs with both hands. Jess struggles to free his nose. Mozza jerks him back and forth and bashes his head off the wall.

Gav pulls the knife free from the Butcher. Mozza looks over.

MOZZA

Stick him again.

Gav distracted, nods. The Butcher punches Gav in the face and splits his lip. He falls and slides across the blood-soaked floor with the force. His knife slides under the work surface.

MOZZA
 (sarcastically)
 Nice one.

Russ staggers into the kitchen. He grips anything to keep himself upright.

Kelly stares, shocked. She looks at Gav, drops to the floor and reaches for his knife.

Mozza bangs Jess' head into the wall and the tongs lose their grip of his nostrils. Still between the tongs, Jess' septum is torn from his nose.

Jess takes out a handkerchief and stuffs it up his nose to stem the flow of blood. He narrows his eyes and he bends to pick up his knife.

Mozza punches the top of his head and recoils in pain. He shakes his hand.

MOZZA
 Son of a bitch!

Jess picks up the knife and waves it in Mozza's direction.

Gav struggles to his feet on the blood soaked floor.

The Butcher's fingerless hand drips blood everywhere. He attacks Gav.

Gav searches for his dropped knife. Kelly's hand offers it to him. He accepts.

Gav swings and hits the Butcher in the neck. The open artery squirts blood over Gav and Mozza. The Butcher slumps over and falls silent.

Gav helps Kelly pu.

Jess stands before Mozza, who holds up his tongs.

KELLY
 It's over, Dad.

Jess lunges at Mozza with a shoulder charge. Mozza's feet slip away and he crashes to the floor.

Jess spins to face Russ.

RUSS
 I feel a bit...

Russ' eyes roll and he topples over backwards. He splashes down in the pool of blood.

Jess eyes up Gav.

KELLY

Dad...

JESS

Enough!

Jess charges Gav.

Gav screams. He swings the knife wildly. As he is knocked to the ground, he manages to stick the knife into Jess' chest.

Jess faces Kelly, the knife embedded in his body.

JESS

You, you're going in there like
your mother.

He points to the oven.

KELLY

No, you didn't?

Jess smiles.

JESS

Moaning cow.

Gav lies on the floor. He wriggles and grabs a cleaver. He rolls and chops through Jess' foot. The cleaver severs his toes.

Jess screams out and hops with pain.

Gav sends the cleaver through his other foot. Jess crashes to the floor.

Kelly looks down on her dad. She picks up a saucepan.

KELLY

I hate you!

She hits down on the knife that sticks from his chest. Blood spews from Jess' mouth, he burbles and falls silent.

Gav tentatively tugs on Kelly's arm. She turns and they embrace.

Mozza stands and helps up a very pale Russ.

Gav walks over to his two friends.

The three lads stand silent, drenched in blood.

GAV

You two alright?

Mozza looks at Russ.

MOZZA
You look like shit, mate.

RUSS
Thanks, I really need a fag.

A commotion from the bar (O.S.)

Kelly walks to the door.

KELLY
What we gonna do about the
customers?

Mozza looks over the bodies of the Butcher, Jess and Howard. He looks toward the oven.

The lads share a glance.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

The locals nudge each other as they squeeze for space at the bar. They mumble between themselves.

Doris stands at the back, she wears her finished scarf.

DORIS
Is this the queue for bingo?

The door swings open and Gav enters. He wears a blood-soaked apron.

GAV
Right, there's more pies on the
way. Won't be long now.

He quickly exits.

The locals look at each other confused.

Angry, Laura storms toward the kitchen door.

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - KITCHEN - DAY

Russ props himself against the work surface. A number of severed limbs are scattered about. He carefully slices flesh from bone.

RUSS
It's a bit like boning fish
really.

Gav enters.

GAV

How long do you reckon? They're getting a bit boisterous.

Mozza stuffs the meat into the pastry dishes and adds the pastry tops. His injured arm hangs at his side.

MOZZA

You can't rush these things.

GAV

It's all in the timing.

MOZZA

Right.

Gav snatches an oven glove and grabs a tray of meat pies. He slides the tray into the large oven.

Laura bursts into the kitchen.

LAURA

What the hell!

She glances round the body parts.

LAURA

What the fuck are you doing?

The lads stare at her.

GAV

Er...

Mozza sighs.

MOZZA

Fuck off!

Laura fumes.

Kelly walks out of the freezer behind her, she holds a rolling pin.

LAURA

How dare you...

Kelly bashes Laura over the head. She drops to the floor, silent

Kelly smiles at the lads.

KELLY

That's for fucking my dad!

INT. ABBERSTON ARMS - BAR - DAY

The door swings open and Gav enters. He holds a tray of piping hot meat pies.

The locals drool and excitedly grunt.

Kelly enters behind Gav, she too holds a tray of pies.

KELLY
Right, if you'd all like to take
a seat. We've enough to go
round.

The locals hurry to the empty tables.

Kelly nudges Gav and he turns to face her. They smile.

Kelly leans in.

MOZZA (O.S.)
Hey, Russ is down again.

Gav shakes his head.

GAV
Be right there, Moz.

He places the tray on the bar and exits.

Kelly looks over the full bar.

KELLY
Who's first?

The locals all look on excitedly. Doris stands at the bar.

DORIS
Two books and dabber for me
please, love.

Kelly looks at her, confused.

FADE OUT.