THE VIDEO GAME THAT KILLED SANDRA HUGHES

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. ZAPP GAMES BOARDROOM. DAY.

RALPH is a computer game designer, aged late 20s and is stood at the front of smart corporate looking boardroom.

A large bright sign runs the length of the boardroom that reads; Zapp Games the cutting edge of gaming!

The boardroom is full of stern looking people all dressed in expensive suits.

RALPH
Imagine with me. Let me open your minds. Think about the Terminator, the immortal character of unstoppable destruction and now imagine what it would be like for our gamers to battle him. Welcome to The Deadly Face Off.

The people around the table look unimpressed.

SUITED MAN
Sounds dated.

RALPH
Continue using your imagination. I have used the latest available technology and taken the shoot‘em genre to another level. My new game creates a Terminator like character in the gamers very room! In more than 3d form, in real form! The gamer has to kill him before he kills them!

SUITED MAN
This Terminator appears, in full human form? To kill the gamer?

RALPH
Really kill them. Properly dead. I mean the good gamers they’ll survive and talk about it, talk about a lot!

Ralph grins proudly.

SUITED WOMAN
The Terminator kills the gamer?

RALPH
Well our character’s called The Silencer. No copyright issues here, I’ve thought about that.

(MORE)
RALPH (CONT'D)
I’ve broken new boundaries with this one.

The people around the table look horrified.

RALPH (CONT’D)
I know what you’re thinking, but where’s the consequence?

SUITED WOMAN
Apart from their pending death?

RALPH
Exactly. The Silencer gives them an option. They can fight him or he goes after the one they love. The old hero syndrome gets them every time. So what you thinking? I’m thinking how much bloody money this thing is gonna make us! Let’s see a few clips of it.

The people around the table are staring open mouthed as Ralph presses a button and a demo of the game appears on the TV behind him.

Screams can be heard from the TV.

Ralph grins.

INT. SOLICITORS OFFICE. DAY

GARETH is aged in his early 20s and dressed smartly. He is sat with his solicitor.

GARETH
That can’t be right, I mean her mother. The girl can barely look after herself let alone a kid.

SOLICITOR
You’ve paid for my advice Gareth and you seem like a decent young fellow so I’m going to be honest with you. I can’t say for certain that the custody action will fail. Indeed from a personal point of view, this is terrible advice, because if you did take this to court its likely to go on for months if not years. Which would make me an awful lot of money.

GARETH
The kid needs me, 7 days a week, not 1 stinking day.
SOLICITOR
Sadly courts are not equipped to judge parenting skills. Unless there’s a significant reason behind it, they will always keep custody with the mother. I don’t suppose she’s a drug dealer? Serial killer in her spare time?

GARETH
No.

SOLICITOR
Some evidence of parental neglect? A criminal record? Or even a declaration from the child might be considered.

GARETH
From my 1 year old?

SOLICITOR
Look Gareth, forget the court case. Here’s a plan for you. Work hard, get a decent job, meet a good woman and set up a good family home for Emily. Keep having her for your one day a week and over time she’ll realise the best place is with you.

GARETH
I don’t have a decent job, I’m a student and I don’t even know any decent women!

SOLICITOR
It might take some time but it’ll be worth it to Emily.

Gareth slumps into his seat.

INT. BOARDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

The demo comes to end, with images of blood all over the screen. Ralph is grinning proudly.

SUITED WOMAN
I think I’m going to be sick.

RALPH
Grand Theft Auto is no longer the baddest game on the high street ladies and gentlemen!
SUITED MAN
I need to know right now if any of these games have gone into circulation.

RALPH
No. There’s only one copy that went out as like a test copy, how else could I build the demo film?

SUITED WOMAN
Oh my God! What we just watched was real!?

RALPH
(Nodding proudly)
Yep. I kept track of the game for a couple of weeks, set up some highly covert filming and hey presto! One great demo film!

The Suited Woman runs out of the boardroom to be sick.

SUITED MAN
Are you mental Ralph!? Have you gone insane?

Ralph looks suddenly uncomfortable.

RALPH
Do you mean insane through the amount of opportunities this game will give Zapp games?

SUITED MAN
No I mean completely stark raving bonkers! That game would give us more lawsuits than any games company has ever seen!

RALPH
Come on, there’s no such thing as bad publicity.

SUITED WOMAN 2
All those senseless deaths!

SUITED MAN
We’d all be up on manslaughter charges or maybe even worse murder charges, from the look of that film, you bloody should be already!

RALPH
But what about the technology I’ve created? My game projects a physical form that actually thinks for itself.
SUITED MAN
And all it can think about is cold
blooded murder!

RALPH
Well he is The Silencer.

SUITED MAN
Destroy everything attached to this
game. Now!

RALPH
Ok, Ok. But the technology is...

SUITED MAN
Everything! I never want to hear
about this game again! This meeting
never happened! And we need to get
that test copy back!

RALPH
There might be a problem with that.
I just gave it to a local game
shop, you know just to get the word
out on the street, a cult audience
kind of thing.

SUITED MAN
Oh my God. Is Zapp Games insignia
on it?

RALPH
No. It was just in a plain black
case with the name on the front. No
one would know it came from...

SUITED MAN
Good.

Suited Man stands up and looks at everyone else on the room.

SUITED MAN (CONT’D)
No one ever talks of this game ever
again. This is the video game that
will never be spoken about!

10 YEARS LATER

EXT. A BLOCK OF FLATS WHICH LOOK LIKE STUDENT ACCOMMODATION
(GARETH AND BATESEY’S FLAT). SATURDAY EVENING. ESTABLISHING.

INT. BATESEY’S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

BATESEY, is an overweight 35 year old, who has never grown
out of his student way of life.
Call Me Maybe, by Carly Rae Jepson, is playing loudly. Batesey dressed only in his pants, is dancing and singing to the song in front of a mirror.

A plain looking video game case is on his shelf, the only thing on the cover is writing saying The Deadly Face Off.

INT. GARETH’S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Gareth’s room is adjacent to Batesey’s and Batesey’s music can be clearly heard.

Gareth (now in his mid 30s) is getting ready to go out.

SANDRA (25) is sat on Gareth’s bed.

SANDRA
Come on Gareth! I booked the table for seven thirty!

GARETH
(Fixing his hair in the mirror)
I’ll just be a minute.

SANDRA
I wanted to talk to you about something tonight but I guess we could talk now...

The bedroom door swings open and Batesey dances into the room singing into his brush.

BATESEY
(Singing to the music)

GARETH
What the hell!

Batesey ignores Gareth and carries on singing and dancing.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
Put some clothes on!

BATESEY
(Turns to Sandra)
Oh, she’s here.

GARETH
Yes. Do you reckon you could get dressed?

BATESEY
You’re right mate. I’m probably making her hot.
SANDRA
Sick, I think you mean.

BATESEY
(Starts to dance)
Yeah I’m sic.

Sandra forces a fake smile back.

GARETH
(Turns to Sandra)
We should go.

BATESEY
Yeah I think you’re right.

SANDRA
No. He’s coming with me, we’re going to a restaurant.

Gareth grimaces.

BATESEY
Well that’s funny, because he, is going out with me tonight! And unless he’s some kind of X-Man who can be in two places at once, which he’s not. Cause being his best mate, I’d know things like that. It looks like you’re on your own tonight.

GARETH
Batesey.

BATESEY
(Turns to Gareth)
It’s cool mate. I’ll leave you two on your own. You can break it to her gently.

GARETH
I’m really sorry mate, I meant to tell you.

BATESEY
What?! Tonight’s boys night!

GARETH
Hey, I know, we could do a curry night tomorrow instead?

BATESEY
But I entered us into the karaoke contest. That’s why I’m practising.

Beat.
BATESEY (CONT’D)
It’s our favourite song.

SANDRA
This is something my little sister would listen to!

BATESEY
Yeah well, I’m well into your sister then. I bet unlike you she’s a right fittie.

SANDRA
She’s 12.

Beat.

BATESEY
Well, you’ve just put me right off this song.

Batesey storms out of the room.

GARETH
(Turns to Sandra)
Sorry about that.

Music goes off.

GARETH
(Continues)
(Sighs)

SANDRA
It’s fine. Can we just go?

BATESEY (O.S.)
I hope you enjoy your bone tonight Sandra!

Sandra and Gareth look at each other confused.

BATESEY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
No I didn’t mean it like that! I meant it was what dogs eat!

EXT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S FLAT. SUNDAY MORNING.

INT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Gareth has a makeshift bed on the sofa and is trying to sleep, whilst Batesey is sat next to the sofa playing a football game on his video games console.

BATESEY
Come on, get up you cheese bandit!

GARETH
I’m asleep.
BATESEY
Well you’re clearly not.

GARETH
I’m depressed! Just let me sleep.

BATESEY
You’re still depressed!?

GARETH
I’m entitled to feel down, the girl who I thought was the one. The one I waited my whole life for, dumped me last night.

BATESEY
Mate she really wasn’t all that.

GARETH
That girl was going to make the difference in my life, my world at last was going to move forward. But instead here I am in the flat I have been in since uni, with the same flat mate!

BATESEY
I can’t believe you could list 3 superbly great facts and still be so depressed?

GARETH
Unless you’ve not noticed, we’re now in our 30s.

BATESEY
(Focused on his game)
Go on, go on. Ooooohhhh! Batesey’s unbelievable!

Batesey jumps up and runs around the living room with his shirt over his head, celebrating a goal he scored on his game.

GARETH
How mature.

BATESEY
What was that Gareth?

No response from Gareth.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
I know, I am probably the best player of FIFA in the country but please, stop going on about it.
GARETH
Grow up. Do you not see? My big plans, they’re all gone.

BATESEY
Well that big plan never made that much sense to me anyway. Me and you have a great time with Emily every Saturday! Video games, McDonalds, cinema, its bloody great! That kid’s lucky to have us both! She has two great father figures in her life.

GARETH
She’s almost 11 now, what have I got to offer her? Sandra’s a teacher, she’s great with kids! I thought we could get a place, with a bedroom for Emily. Give her a proper family life.

BATESEY
Are you trying to say we’re not a family. I’ll always be her bloody dad!

GARETH
I was kind of looking for a motherly figure.

BATESEY
Look on the bright side.

GARETH
What?

BATESEY
I think they’re doing karaoke at The Swan tonight. We haven’t completely missed out.

Gareth stares at Batesey in disbelief.

GARETH
(Getting up)
I’m having a shower.

BATESEY
There we go, I knew that would get you going again.

EXT. UP MARKET LOOKING HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER. ESTABLISHING.
INT. JEZZA’S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

JEZZA (30) is athletically built and good looking. Jezza and Sandra are in bed, their clothes are strewn on the floor.

SANDRA
That was unbelievable!

JEZZA
If I had a penny for every time I’d heard that.

SANDRA
Dumping Gareth, was the best thing I’ve ever done!

JEZZA
(Concerned)
You didn’t tell me you dumped him?

Jezza subtly rolls away from Sandra to the edge of the bed.

SANDRA
I just felt I was getting old too quickly. But Jezza with you, I think I can have the best of both worlds. Feel young and be in a solid relationship.

Jezza falls out of bed.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
God! Are you ok?

JEZZA
Gareth always seems a decent guy to me, I don’t think... I mean it’s important you don’t throw something away too soon.

SANDRA
Let’s not talk about history. I think we should spend the whole day together.

JEZZA
Ah no! I’ve got this thing, that, that was really important it was done. Actually thinking about it, I think it will probably take all day.

Sandra looks disappointed.
INT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Batesey is sat in front of the TV, looking through different video games to play and then sees The Deadly Face Off game.

BATESEY
(Looking at a video game case)
Ah, I forgot about you, The Deadly Face Off! Battle the cyborg foe until one of you dies or take the forfeit!

Batesey puts the disc into his console and picks up a toy gun and a lightsaber, which comes with the game.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
Forfeit! You’re going down cyborg.

VOICE FROM THE TV
Welcome to The Deadly Face Off. The game which enters your world.

Batesey turns his attention to the TV and presses a button on his console controller.

VOICE FROM THE TV (CONT’D)
You have selected hard difficulty.

Batesey looks around then turns the volume down.

VOICE FROM THE TV (CONT’D)
(Qieter)
You have selected easy difficulty.

The TV suddenly goes off and on and the lights in the room flicker.

BATESEY
What the hell?

VOICE FROM THE TV
Please open the door and select your game type.

There is a large banging sound coming from a walk in cupboard, next to the TV.

BATESEY
(Staring confused at the cupboard door)
Is that you Gareth?

More loud banging.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
What are you doing in the cupboard you munter?
More knocking from the cupboard. Batesey gets up and opens the cupboard door.

A huge aggressive looking man is standing in the cupboard, holding a large gun.

THE SILENCER
I am the The Silencer, a cyborg robot created to inflict death.

BATESEY
(Shocked)
Did you say death?

THE SILENCER
You have five minutes to...

BATESEY
Thanks!

Batesey slams the cupboard door shut, terrified, pressing his body against it to keep it from opening.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
Gareth!

GARETH (O.S.)
What!

BATESEY
(Girly Scream)
Help!

Gareth walks into the room, towel drying his hair.

GARETH
What are you going on about?

BATESEY
(Almost in tears)
Ok, you’ve got to keep calm.

GARETH
(calm)
Yes?

BATESEY
Keep calm Gareth! Jesus Christ!
Calm down! We’ve got to get through this!

GARETH
Ok?

BATESEY
Now, do you know anything about the cyborg robot in the cupboard?
GARETH
Have you lost your mind?

BATESEY
I knew you were too much of a square to have anything to do with this! I’ll keep the door shut, you save yourself.

Gareth starts to back away.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
Wait! Screw that! You take over holding the door, I’ll get help, I’ll head down the pub or something.

GARETH
Wait a minute, you’re telling me there’s a man in our cupboard?

BATESEY
(Whispers)
I don’t think he’s a man.

GARETH
He’s a woman?

BATESEY
(Whispers)
He’s a cyborg!

GARETH
Open the door.

BATESEY
You’re not ready for what’s behind this door.

GARETH
Open the door.

BATESEY
Fine!

Batesey pulls the door open and dives behind the sofa.

GARETH
Oh my God!

BATESEY
(From behind the sofa)
What?! I told you!

GARETH
Oh God! You’re right it’s too horrible.
Batesey looks up from behind the sofa.

GARETH (CONT’D)
What are your underpants doing
hanging up in the cupboard again?

BATESEY
Where’s The Silencer?

GARETH
Did he put your pants in here?

Gareth shakes his head and walks towards the kitchen.

GARETH (CONT’D)
I’m just going to get some
breakfast. That is unless he’s not
moved to the kitchen cupboard.

BATESEY
Really? How would he fit in there?

EXT. UP MARKET LOOKING HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Sandra dressed in her previous night’s outfit, closes the
doors to Jezza’s house and angrily walks up the path away from
his house.

INT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Batesey is sat on the sofa staring at the cupboard door,
Gareth walks in from the kitchen.

GARETH
I’ve decided. I’m going to get
Sandra back, it’s not too late for
us.

Batesey doesn’t respond and continues to stare at the
cupboard.

GARETH (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

BATESEY
I’m just waiting for The Silencer
to come back.

GARETH
You’re crazy.

A loud banging suddenly comes from the cupboard.

GARETH (CONT’D)
What is that?
BATESEY
I don’t think it’s my underpants.

GARETH
Right that’s it!

Gareth opens the cupboard door to reveal The Silencer aiming his gun at him.

GARETH (CONT’D)
(Shocked)
Batesey...

THE SILENCER
Player! You must now choose!

BATESEY
Wait a minute, how’d he know I’m a player?

EXT. BUS STOP NEAR JEZZAS HOUSE. LATER
A bus pulls up at the bus stop and Sandra gets on.

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS.
The bus is full with passengers going into town sunday shopping.

SANDRA
Town please.

BUS DRIVER
I’ll take you wherever you want to go honey.

Sandra takes a ticket.

SANDRA
Thanks but I’m a bit out of your league!

Sandra walks away to take a seat.

BUS DRIVER
You should see me out on a Friday night luv, I look well fit.

INT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

THE SILENCER
You are in the Deadly Face Off!

BATESEY
The game!?
Batesey and Gareth look at the video game box The Deadly Face Off, that’s laying in front of the TV.

THE SILENCER
You must decide; are you ready to battle me or will you take the forfeit?

BATESEY
I’m feeling drawn towards the forfeit.

THE SILENCER
I will hunt down your woman.

BATESEY
Forfeit. Definitely forfeit.

THE SILENCER
There is a system error. No target found.

BATESEY
(Turns to Gareth)
Phew! I thought your mum might come up.

THE SILENCER
New target found via Gareth Jackson brain scan.

GARETH
What! What did he just say?

THE SILENCER
Target acquired Sandra Hughes.

GARETH
Oh God no! Not Sandra!

BATESEY
Cool, you can take that slapper down.

The Silencer walks back into the cupboard and closes the door behind him.

GARETH
Sandra!

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

Sandra is sat next to an old lady.

SANDRA
I did really like him but he was so boring!
Old woman nods politely.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
And he had a daughter you know and
I never actually got to meet her!
That’s a bit weird isn’t it? He
kept saying it wasn’t the right
time.

Old woman shakes her head.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
And Jezza, he’s just so alive, you
know? But he seemed to think I was
boring?

OLD WOMAN
All men are wankers.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Ralph is sat on a bar stool slumped over the bar, drunk.

The bar tender shakes his head at Ralph as a man sits down on
the stool next to Ralph.

MAN
(Looking at Ralph)
It’s a bit early isn’t it?

RALPH
It’s never too early if you’ve
missed the biggest opportunity of
your life!

BAR TENDER
Don’t let him go into the one about
the time he invented the next big
thing in video games.

RALPH
I did! It would have changed the
world!

BAR TENDER
Ralph give it a break.

RALPH
There’s still a copy out there
somewhere and I’m going to find it
one day!

INT. GARETH AND BATESEY’S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

 Batesey and Gareth are having a beer on the sofa. Batesey is
holding the case to The Deadly Face Off, shaking his head.
GARETH
I can’t believe it.

BATESEY
I know, I could have got seriously hurt. There should be some kind of warning on this game.

GARETH
You’ve just sent a psychotic cyborg after my ex-girlfriend!

BATESEY
Yeah baby, high five!

GARETH
You have no idea do you?

BATESEY
You dump Gareth Jackson, you’re going down!

GARETH
I love her.

BATESEY
You are such a bloody homo!

GARETH
What the hell are we going to do now?

BATESEY
(picking up a console controller)
FIFA?

GARETH
I’ve got to save her.

Gareth gets up and puts his coat on.

BATESEY
You, are going after a mad killer cyborg robot?

GARETH
Yes. Someone’s got to.

BATESEY
Right Mr Selfish, I suppose I’m going to have to come with you.

Batesey starts to get ready.

GARETH
You’ve done enough already, you can stay here.
EXT. TOWN CENTRE. LATER

The bus pulls over at a bus stop.

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

Sandra walks off the bus.

SANDRA

Thank you.

The bus driver turns to an elderly passenger, sat at the front of the bus.

BUS DRIVER

I bet she was talking about me the whole time?

EXT. STREET. LATER

Gareth is walking at pace up the street, with Batesey lagging behind.

GARETH

Come on! Speed Up! We need to get to Sandra’s.

BATESEY

Why are we heading there?

GARETH

Psychotic cyborg thing, trying to kill her?

BATESEY

Yes, I know, but I doubt she’ll be back from Jezza’s...

Gareth stops.

GARETH

Why would she be at Jezza’s?

Batesey looks guilty.

BATESEY

Sorry you’re right, I’m being stupid, we better get to Sandra’s.
GARETH
Did Sandra stay at Jezza’s last night?

BATESEY
She’s a slutbag Gareth! I have been trying to tell you for ages!

GARETH
She slept with Jezza last night, the night we split up?

BATESEY
In my defence, I didn’t know the second part until this morning.

Gareth turns and starts walking the other way.

GARETH
That’s it! I’m going home!

BATESEY
That’s more like it, let’s stop for a curry on the way.

Gareth turns back round.

GARETH
No, we’ve got to save her.

BATESEY
What!

GARETH
Someone’s got to save her.

BATESEY
Look, I’ve got an idea, why don’t we go round Jezza’s, stick the lightsaber through his letter box and then on for a curry?

GARETH
You’ve always had something against her haven’t you?

BATESEY
Err earth to Gareth, she’s just dumped you and shagged Jezza on the same night.

GARETH
She’s obviously just confused, she is younger than us.

BATESEY
Confused... but strangely still horny it would seem.
INT. JEZZA’S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Jezza is asleep in bed.
A knocking comes from his cupboard.

JEZZA
(Sits up in bed)
What was that?
The front doorbell rings.

JEZZA (CONT’D)
Who’s that now?

EXT. UP MARKET LOOKING HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Batesey is stood at Jezza’s front door, which after a moment Jezza opens. Gareth is hiding away from sight.

JEZZA
Yes? Oh Master Bates, what can I do for you?

BATESEY
Master Bates. You’re a funny man Jiz.

JEZZA
It’s Jez you stupid fat cretin. Why are you here?

BATESEY
Well Jiz, I’m here for Sandra?

JEZZA
Why would she be round here?

Gareth steps from round the corner.

GARETH
Because she spent the night with you.

JEZZA
Oh.

BATESEY
Boning, we believe.

JEZZA
Look, ok you got me. She stayed over last night. But honestly, she means nothing to me. Don’t look at me as competition.
GARETH
No? I mean I wouldn’t anyway.

JEZZA
Maybe she’s just frustrated. You might just need to give her some more satisfaction in the bedroom.

BATESEY
Hold on, Gareth has not got a small...

JEZZA
It’s all about satisfaction

BATESEY
Yeah? Well she’s probably just got a massive fanny.

Beat.

GARETH
Is Sandra here or not? It’s really important.

JEZZA
I kicked her out ages ago. I hate the clingy ones.

GARETH
Let’s go.

EXT. SANDRA’S FLAT. MOMENTS LATER.
Sandra is walking towards a block of flats.

EXT. PARK BENCH. LATER.
Batesey and Gareth are sat on a park bench, in an empty park. Gareth has his head in his hands.

GARETH
I can’t believe it.

BATESEY
I know. Shall we just head down the pub?

Gareth suddenly stands up.

GARETH
God! What if The Silencer doesn’t get to Sandra ‘til tomorrow?
BATESEY
That’s more like it! We’ve got time on our hands. We could focus back on the karaoke tonight, both pull sickies tomorrow. We could always do the Sandra thing then and maybe have a few more pints tonight.

GARETH
What if he follows her to her classroom?

BATESEY
I think we should think about a new song though, a rock ballad, Holding Out For A Hero might be quite apt now.

GARETH
Emily will be in her classroom.

BATESEY
(Confused)
Emily? Why would Emily be in Sandra’s classroom?

GARETH
Because Sandra’s Emily’s teacher.

What?

Gareth ignores Batesey and starts hurrying away.

GARETH
We’ve got to find Sandra!

BATESEY
Wait! Hold on a minute!

Gareth stops.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
There’s another way we could look at this. Why don’t I go back to the guy that I bought it from? He probably knows something about the game.

GARETH
That is a good idea.

BATESEY
Stumpy’s bound to be at The Rose by now and this way we get a beer too.

GARETH
Stumpy?
INT. BAR. LATER.

The Bar Tender is pouring the man another drink, while Ralph is still slumped on the bar.

MAN
It’s funny he should be talking about video games, as this guy the other week was talking about this weird one.

BAR TENDER
They’re all weird if you ask me.

MAN
Apparently this one this guy was selling has actually killed people.

Ralph looks up.

BAR TENDER
They’re all just about killing people aren’t they?

MAN
No really killing them. Who the hell would pay a tenner for a game that was meant to kill ‘em?

Ralph is now listening intently.

MAN (CONT’D)
I was like, I’ll give you a fiver and that my tops.

RALPH
So did you buy it?

MAN
No this prat I know bought it.

RALPH
What was it called?

MAN
I dunno, it didn’t even have a cover or nothing. Thinking about it, it was probably not even a real game.

RALPH
And you said you know the guy who bought it?

MAN
Yeah Batesey, the idiot gave him twenty quid for that game.
Ralph’s eyes light up.

EXT. THE ROSE. LATER.
The Rose pub is a run down looking pub on the edge of town.

INT. THE ROSE. CONTINUOUS.
Batesey and Gareth walk into the pub.

BATESEY
Grub and beer. Just what the Doctor ordered.

GARETH
We haven’t got time to eat.

BARMAN
Are you guys eating?

BATESEY
Yes. Two burgers and chips and a couple of beers please John.

GARETH
We haven’t got time to eat.

BATESEY
We got to be at our best. Think of Sandra. Food is essential.

The barman looks confused.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
We’ll be sat over there John.

Batesey and Gareth sit down at a table.

BATESEY (CONT’D)
Hey, there’s Stumpy.

Batesey points towards a man in a wheelchair, with dreadlocks and a leather jacket on.

GARETH
The guy in the wheelchair?

BATESEY
Yeah. How do you not know Stumpy?

Stumpy comes over to the table.

STUMPY
Hey, here he is! I thought you’d still be in bed after the amount you drunk last night!
BATESEY
No mate. I was up with the birds!

STUMPY
Yeah, but which one!

BATESEY
Good one!

STUMPY
Nah, I’m joking he couldn’t get a bird!

BATESEY
Couldn’t get a bird. Stumpy’s such a kidder! Stumpy, you must know Gareth right?

STUMPY
Nah.

Gareth offers his hand to shake.

GARETH
Hi, nice to meet you.

Stumpy stands up to shake his hand.

GARETH (CONT’D)
God! You don’t need to get up.

STUMPY
What? Oh you think I’m in the chair cause I can’t walk!

GARETH
Well...?

STUMPY
I’m only in the chair for the honeys!

Batesey nods in agreement.

GARETH
Right, of course.

STUMPY
The honeys go crazy for guys with wheels! They can’t get enough! You should try it, they’d be crawling all over you!

GARETH
I’ve actually got a girlfriend thank you, well we’re taking kind of a break but...
BATESEY
Sandra Hughes.

STUMPY
That skank hoe!

GARETH
Excuse me, she’s actually...

BATESEY
Anyway, We’re here to chat to you about that game you sold me.

A barman arrives with the food they ordered.

BARMAN
There you go.

Batesey and Gareth start to eat and Stumpy grabs a handful of chips off Gareth’s plate and starts eating them much to Gareth’s annoyance.

STUMPY
What about it?

BATESEY
Was there anything you forgot to tell me about that game?

Stumpy stares at the ceiling for a moment.

STUMPY
There was something but I didn’t want to worry ya son.

GARETH
What was that?

Stumpy tears a chunk off Gareth’s burger and starts eating it.

GARETH (CONT’D)
Do you want me to order you something?

STUMPY
Nah, ya good. I’ll just scrounge bits off yours.

GARETH
Good.

STUMPY
Anyways, yeah that game. Been some crazy crap chatted about it. Seems people who played it been killed and stuff.
GARETH
Killed and stuff?

Stumpy takes a handful of chips from Gareth's plate

BATESEY
Why didn’t you tell me?

STUMPY
I thought it’d put you off buying it.

GARETH
Well that does make sense.

BATESEY
That game is trying to kill us mate.

STUMPY
True say? Well there ya go. I was right to get rid of it then!

GARETH
What the hell are we meant to do now?!

STUMPY
Well did you read the instructions?

GARETH
Of course we... Did you read the instructions?

BATESEY
Who on earth reads instructions?

GARETH
We need to get back to the flat and read the instructions, maybe there’s a way of cancelling it?

A group of attractive women walk over to Stumpy.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
Stumpy don’t leave us all alone.

STUMPY
Ladies, ladies, I’m so sorry to have left you alone. Boys, must go, there is no rest for the wicked!

The women push Stumpy away.

BATESEY
What a legend.
GARETH
What a git more like!

INT. JEZZA’S BEDROOM. LATER.
Jezza is in bed and a loud knocking comes from his walk-in wardrobe.

JEZZA
Sandra? Oh God! I thought you left?

Jezza gets up and opens the wardrobe door to reveal The Silencer is stood there.

JEZZA (CONT’D)
(Shocked)
What the hell!?

THE SILENCER
Where is Sandra Hughes?

Jezza stares back open mouthed

THE SILENCER (CONT’D)
Unless you tell me where Sandra Hughes is I will end you.

JEZZA
Ok, ok, I’m sure I can find her...

THE SILENCER
I don’t think you believe my intent.

EXT. JEZZA’S STREET. CONTINUOUS.
Jezza can be heard screaming.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.