

BLACK SCREEN.

1 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1

Dark woods. Thick, tall tree trunks block out the sky.

A young woman, JENNY, cradles the bloodied lifeless body of a twelve-year old BOY.

Her clothes torn, dirty, covered in her blood and his. Her face a patchwork of pain, blood, scratches, sorrow, savagery.

In the woods, SHOUTS. TORCHLIGHTS advancing, converging...

JENNY can't stay here.

She tears off through the woods, running for her life...

TITLE CARD: THREE DAYS EARLIER.

2 INT. NURSERY - DAY 2

JENNY HART leads her TODDLERS through the Peek-a-Boo song and gestures. *

More street chic than Sunday school, she's no doubt a natural: kind, smiley, down at their level, coaxing, delighting in their delight, absolutely in control.

The bell RINGS. The kids sit smiling, obedient, as Jenny teases them, making them wait...smiles, ushering them to their feet like an orchestra conductor. *
*
*

3 EXT. NURSERY - DAY 3

MUMS pick up children. Across the street, a used Cherokee Jeep pulls up, packed with camping kit and scuba gear.

At the wheel, STEVE. Like his car, he has rugged good looks. Feeling the sticky city heat, he yanks off his tie, his mirror shades, blasts his face with air con.

Impatient with radio news [the latest hoodie horror: a kid feeding his cat to his dog], Steve flips the dial to summer tunes. Watches the LOLLIPOP LADY, the YUMMY MUMMIES, Jenny waiting with one last boy. She gestures to Steve to turn his music down.

Steve kills time mating his mobile and the sat nav on his dash.

(CONTINUED)

Across the street, a harried NURSE bustles up to pick up her son from Jenny at the nursery door.

MOTHER

I'm so sorry.

JENNY

It's fine.

The little boy clings to Jenny.

LITTLE BOY

Nooo! I want Jenny! I want Jenny!

His mother finally prises him away. Awkward smiles.

JENNY

Have a nice weekend.

As Jenny heads towards the car, Steve remembers the blue Tiffany ring box in the glove box. Checking the ring is inside, he hides it in a back-seat bag.

Jenny gets in, leans in to kiss him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Sorry!

*

STEVE

Nice round here.

*

*

JENNY

We can't afford it.

*

*

STEVE

I love London.

*

*

3A EXT. WESTWAY - DAY

3A *

The Jeep drives down the elevated strip, heading out the sprawling city.

*

*

JENNY (O.S.)

Listen to this, bijou two bedroom-

*

*

*

STEVE (O.S.)

Bijou? You mean pokey.

*

*

3B EXT. ROADS - DAY [CAR POV- AS PER 'DUEL']

3B *

City streets...become the westway...become the burbs...become the motorway...pass a sign for 'The Midlands.'

*

*

*

JENNY (O.S.) *
Up and coming area. Would suit *
first time buyer. *

STEVE (O.S.) *
Who bolts the doors and buys a *
gun. *

JENNY (O.S.) *
Crouch End borders. *

STEVE (O.S.) *
You mean Crack Alley, Archway. *

JENNY (O.S.) *
It's got a bedroom, box room. *

STEVE *
Cupboard. *

JENNY *
Steve- *

STEVE *
How big? *

JENNY *
Four by five. *

STEVE (O.S.) *
That's not a room, that's a *
shoebox. A dwarf's shoebox. A *
contortionist dwarf's shoebox. *

JENNY *
How about this one? *
Characterful period flat, great *
potential, great for transport. *
Internal Viewing Recommended. *
Priced to Sell. *

STEVE *
Rundown shithole, between the *
massage parlour and the railway *
tracks, owners desperate to get *
the hell out. *

4 EXT. 'A' ROAD - DAY 4 *
Steve's jeep cruises past. *

5 I/E. JEEP - DAY 5 *
A game: Jenny raps along to MC Solaar on the stereo.
Steve turns the volume down. Jenny carries on rapping
in French.

After a time, Steve turns the volume back up to see if Jenny's still in time. She is. Steve applauds, impressed.

Jenny beams. A good middle-class rapper. Gets her breath.

*

STEVE

Drives well, doesn't it?

JENNY

Oh beautifully.

SAT NAV AUSSIE CHICK (O.S.)

Speed camera ahead.

STEVE

Good onya, Kylie.

JENNY

You're such a boy.

STEVE

Mated it up with my mobey.
Texts, calls, live stream the
footie.

JENNY

Live stream the footie! Steve,
stop before I start sticking to
my seat.

STEVE

Would you talk to your mother
with that mouth?

JENNY

You love that mouth.

STEVE

Stop it, I'm driving.

JENNY

You've got me going now.

Enjoying her tease, Steve hits a button on the dash.
Jenny's seat starts to vibrate.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Is that-?

STEVE

Guy's wife had a bad back.
Tacky, huh.

JENNY

It's actually rather nice.

- 6 INT. CAR - SUNSET/DUSK 6
Steve drives as Jenny sleeps. His sleeping beauty.
- 6A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET/DUSK [HELICOPTER SHOT] 6A
The Jeep powers down a long road through forest.
- 7 I/E. CAR/SMALL COUNTRY TOWN - NIGHT 7
They drive past a town sign: Redcot. It's an unprepossessing pebbledash sort of place.
- SAT NAV 'KYLIE'
At the traffic lights, turn left.
- JENNY
Slag.
- Just as the red lights turn green and Steve starts off, teenage BMX BOYS FLASH past, forcing him to brake.
- STEVE
You wanna die!
- 8 INT. 'THE GEORGE AND DRAGON' PUB CAR PARK - NIGHT 8
They look for a spot to park. A COUPLE are leaving. As Steve idles, waiting for the space, a car nips in from the other side, pinches it.
- STEVE
No. Way.
- Gobsmacked, Steve almost laughs, as a fat FAMILY troop out of the car, oblivious, into the pub. The son, eight, wears the same football shirt/gold chain combo as his dad. Walking in, the kid tosses his coke can. The parents do nothing.
- 9 INT. 'GEORGE AND DRAGON' PUB - NIGHT 9
A locals pub. Steve can't get served. Jenny returns with their room key.
- JENNY
Great bar presence.
- BARMAN
(to Jenny)
Yes, love.
- Jenny smiles at Steve. He has to smile.

10 INT. 'GEORGE AND DRAGON' PUB - MOMENTS LATER 10

They look for a space to sit. Two LOCAL GUYS sit at a table for eight.

STEVE

This free mate?

LOCAL [PAUL]

No.

STEVE

Right.

JENNY

Let's sit outside.

(with a smile)

Keep an eye on your car.

Steve, for Jenny's sake, lets it go, follows her out.

11 EXT. 'GEORGE AND DRAGON' BEER GARDEN - NIGHT 11

Steve and Jenny pick through sludgy pub grub. Kids charge around as their parents get pissed. One SCREAMING RED-FACED SCREECHER is particularly annoying.

STEVE

Bit past their bedtime, isn't it?

JENNY

Poor thing's exhausted.

STEVE

Kid needs a good-

WHACK! Sobbing child! Steve and Jenny recoil in shock.

MOTHER

I BLOODY TOLD YOU!

The MOTHER catches Jenny looking over, glares. Jenny looks away.

STEVE

(smiling)

'Nother pint of wife-beater?

12 INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM, PUB - NIGHT 12

Jenny and Steve, in bed. POUNDING MUSIC from downstairs. And a PISSED-UP ROW outside.

PISSED-UP WOMAN (O.S.)

You fooking dickhead, wind your neck in. You want beef? You want beef?

STEVE

(mimicking)

You fooking dickhead! You want beef...Or pork?

*

JENNY

(laughing)

Go on. Go and ask them to keep it down.

STEVE

You ask them.

JENNY

You a man or a mouse?

STEVE

'It were alright last time I were here-'

JENNY

Pissed up with your dive buddies?

STEVE

I promise you, the quarry's fucking stunning-

JENNY

The quarry's stunning-
(nuzzling his ear)
no fucking.

STEVE

Arrr, please Miss.
(kissing)
Please Miss.

Lovely morning light. Yawning, Steve drives down a country road, past power pylons.

SAT NAV 'KYLIE' (O.S.)

In a hundred yards, slow down.

A hundred yards later, a huge roadside sign announces an exclusive new housing development:

EDEN LAKE.

13A CONTINUED:

13A

An accompanying picture sells a sylvan dream: happy families picnicking in gardens that run down to a wooded lake.

Below the picture, blurb: *A secure gated community of fifty superior New England homes set around a beautiful lake within 300 acres of private woodland.*

It's clearly not what Steve and Jenny were expecting.

SAT NAV 'KYLIE' (O.S.)

You have reached your destination.

STEVE

Eden Lake, my arse. It's Slapton Quarry.

JENNY

Secure gated community- Who they so afraid of? *

STEVE *

Everybody.

Steve turns past the sign [which has graffiti on his back], onto an unsealed road through the forest. *

STEVE (O.S.) *

If that's a community, I'm a donut. *

13B INT. UNSEALED ROAD - DAY

13B

They drive down a long straight track that cuts through the forest.

14 EXT. UNSEALED ROAD - DAY

14

A huge locked gate interrupts the construction track. On either side, high barbed wire fence stretches off into the forest. *

Mounds of moved earth and building materials lie piled up. A sign hangs on the fence:

CONSTRUCTION SITE. KEEP OUT.

STEVE

Can you hear any construction?

JENNY

It's the weekend.

STEVE

Fucking right!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

Steve turns off road.

15 EXT. FOREST/FENCE TRACK - DAY 15

They follow the line of the fence through the forest.

JENNY *

It's a very gated community. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *

Keep out the pikey riff-raff. *

STEVE *

(RP voice) *

'Aryan housewives only. No *

darkies, no tinkers please. Must *

play golf.' *

JENNY *

An Englishman's home IS his *

castle. *

Deep in the forest, the fence finally runs out. Fence posts and wire bundles lie ready to be laid.

STEVE *

I'm Irish. *

Steve turns in, through the gap.

16 EXT. FOREST - DAY 16

Steve drives, off-road, through the woods. Jenny jokily bounces around in her seat.

SAT NAV 'KYLIE'

At your earliest opportunity, turn around.

Steve guns it down a long, overgrown footpath.

16A EXT. FOREST THICKET - DAY 16A

He hits a dead end.

SAT NAV 'KYLIE'

You have reached your destination.

They clearly haven't. Jenny laughs.

Steve reverses, tries another direction.

16B EXT. FOREST STREAM - DAY 16B

Steve drives through a stream.

Lost, Steve consults the Sat Nav screen: the 'you are here' arrow points to a blue splash in a green expanse. Jenny is amused.

17 EXT. HIGH-GROUND CLEARING - DAY 17

The jeep pulls up. Jenny and Steve smile at the sight: through a gap in the trees, the valley opens out, revealing the lake.

STEVE

I wasn't worried.

18 EXT. FOREST HILL [WITH LAKE BACKGROUND] - DAY 18

They lug their clobber down through the trees.

An Asian BOY [ADAM, 11], in an English cricket top, forages at the waterline.

Steve and Jenny wander up. Seeing them, he looks scared.

STEVE

You cycle all this way?

JENNY

(to Steve)

And without satellite navigation!

STEVE

It's cool, mate. We're gate-crashing too.

Adam's satchel brims with jam jars. He's a budding naturalist, collecting insects. A bug buzzes in a jam jar. Jenny slips easily into teacher mode.

JENNY

What you got there? A soldier beetle?

Adam nods, but is conflicted.

ADAM

My mum says I shouldn't talk to strangers.

JENNY

She's quite right. We'll leave you to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JENNY (CONT'D)
 (they wander off)
 Sweet.

19 EXT. QUARRY LAKE - DAY

19

They emerge from the dark of the forest...

Onto the steep banks of a lovely, secluded [eight-acre] lake.

Sun-dappled water stretches out before them. Think Swallow & Amazons. Famous Five. Lazy days fishing, swimming, canoeing.

Shaped like a wine bottle, the lake is a flooded limestone quarry, one long side sheer rock wall, the other has overhanging trees, steep banks, and bull-rushes.

At the bottle base, where Steve and Jenny head, the forest opens up onto a foreshore: the banks are less steep and there is a strip, maybe three hundred yards long, of flat lakeshore, where water laps up on a small curve of sand, a 'beach' area backed up by grass.

JENNY

You know what it's missing?
 Fifty executive homes.

Steve swots her. They set off round a rudimentary footpath that skirts the lake perimeter.

20 OMITTED

20

21 EXT. LAKESHORE - DAY

21

They've settled at the opposite end of the beach from Adam. Steve, stripped off, snoozes in the sun. Jenny unveils her bikini.

STEVE

That new?

JENNY

Is it okay?

STEVE

Yeah.

He pulls her over for a cuddle.

Two more BOYS on bikes [RICKY, MARK, 14] emerge from the trees behind Adam, carrying fishing rods and tackle.

*

Jenny and Steve watch them swagger over to Adam.

(CONTINUED)

The kids jostle and cuff the younger boy: boys being boys or boys being bullies?

They start to empty out his jam jars.

The little boy breaks away, hastily starts packing up.

The little boy gets his bike.

The other two chase after him: whipping and switching him with their rods.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Little hoods.

Driving him towards the trees, over rockier ground, where he stumbles in his haste. His jam jars fall out and smash.

Picking himself up, the boy races away, out of whipping range. So the fishermen start casting hooks after him.

Jenny starts to get up, to say something. Steve stops her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Boys being boys. Long as they leave us alone.

The fishermen chase the boy off into the trees.

Steve rolls over to snooze.

Jenny and Steve, sleeping. Woken by a dog. Rottweiler.

STEVE

Jesus!

KID (O.S.)

BONNIE!

The dog runs back to its owners: three more kids arrive on bikes. [BRETT, 16 and PAIGE, 15. COOPER, 12.]

Chomping crisps, they make no effort to apologise for their dog. Brett ruffles its ears with rough love, nuzzling girlfriend Paige in the same way when she complains he loves his dog more. *

The youngest boy acts as their mascot: keen to impress, he plays the fool. They laugh, fondly cuff his head. *

They join their friends. Elaborate hugs, high-fives, gangsta salutations. Clear kinship here. *

Joints are rolled.

22 CONTINUED:

22

Their dog shits on the sand- the kids do nothing to clear it up.

STEVE

Lovely. Fancy a dip?
(smiles)

Before it craps in the water.

JENNY

You go. I'll stay with the stuff.

STEVE

Yeah, probably a good move.

He grabs his mask and snorkel.

23 EXT. LAKE - LATER

23

Steve, snorkeling, sees one more kid [HARRY, 14] emerge on BMXs from the trees behind the gang. *

He carries a stereo: BLASTING BEATS mark his arrival. *

On the shore, Jenny watches the new boy saunter towards his mates at the water. One boy [Mark] returns her lingering look with interest. She looks away. *

The new boys greet their mates at the waterline. They dance like dudes, laughing at their moves, teasing their piggy-in-the-middle mascot-boy Cooper with a football. *

Finally getting the ball, Cooper teases the dog with it, offering and withdrawing it.

Jenny watches, uncomfortable.

Pushing it too far. The dog snaps its jaws perilously near his face. The others laugh. Ruff and cuff Cooper. *

Brett's dog tears off across the shore, up to Jenny, yapping and snapping. Too close for comfort. *

Seeing her discomfort, Steve comes ashore. *

As the dog runs back to his master. *

Reaching the beach half-way between Jenny and the gang, Steve checks for a second, deciding if its worth the hassle... *

Decides to stand tall, approach the gang... *

Steve struggles to speak over their THUMPING MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Hey guys, can you do us a favour
and turn it down a touch?

BRETT

Can't hear you.

STEVE

Can you turn your sounds down?

BRETT

Can't hear you.

Glances amongst the gang, giggles barely held back. A
bond in their bad behavior.

Steve leans in and turns the stereo down.

The kids tense up, close ranks. Steve tenses, stands
tall.

STEVE

And please watch your dog. He's
scaring my girlfriend.

PAIGE

She-

STEVE

Hey?

BRETT

Bitch. She's a bitch.

Brett eyes Jenny as much as the dog.

STEVE

Just keep it away from us, okay.

RICKY

She's just playin'

STEVE

Come on guys, don't be dicks,
there's plenty of room for us
all.

PAIGE

Who you calling a dick?

Faced with such feminine aggression, Steve doesn't know
what to say.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

What you looking at? What you
looking at? You looking at my
tits? Walk on, fuckin' walk on.

Dismissing them with a wave of his hand, he turns and walks back to Jenny. Ignoring Paige's backchat ['dickhead']. Just as he reaches Jenny someone turns the music right up again. Steve stops, catches Jenny's eyes.

With an effort of will he restrains himself.

STEVE

Fucking little chavvers. *

JENNY

Let's just find another spot.
We're not gonna get any peace
now.

Steve considers all the gear they've lugged here.

STEVE

I'm not gonna be bullied away by
a bunch of bloody twelve year
olds.

JENNY

Even if it means we have a shit
afternoon.

STEVE

We were here first.

Steve plonks down. Jaw set. Going nowhere.

The music loud to distortion.

JENNY

This is relaxing.

A war of attrition is being fought: the kids still have their music still cranked up; Steve stewing, has his headphones on, playing his own music.

Some kids smoke spliffs under a tree, loitering with insolent intent.

Some have a kickabout on the shore, forever on the fringes of invading the adult's space, deliberately kicking the ball ever nearer...

Jenny tries to focus on her book.

But the sun keeps glaring in her eyes. She looks up. The glare seems to be coming from the spliff kids.

Is it deliberate? Every time she looks up the glare stops. But every time she starts reading again...

24 CONTINUED:

24

Then she sees the source of the glare. Binoculars.
Passed round the kids under the tree. Watching her.

Binocs POV: Jenny's breasts. Stoned teenage witticisms
over: 'Man, I love birdwatching.' 'There's a tit.'
'You're a tit.'

Jenny considers telling Steve. Doesn't. She pulls a t-
shirt back on.

25 INT. LAKE - LATER

25

Kids leave. Booming music. Dog straining at its leash.
Walking provocatively close to Steve and Jenny. [They
don't have to pass this way.]

Back chat ['Dickhead' and 'Brat! Brat!' Uzi sounds].
Cooper hacks up a big phlegmy GOB. Brett flashes and
waggles his penis at them. Paige catches Steve's sour
gaze.

*
*
*

PAIGE

*

You want my autograph?

Steve stewing. Jenny holds his arm.

JENNY

They're leaving.

The kids drift off into the woods, leaving...

Finally the lake is free. Just Steve and Jenny.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Happy now.

26 EXT. LAKE - DUSK

26

Steve gets the tent out. Down the beach from him, Jenny
gathers firewood.

*
*

STEVE

*

JENNY!

*

Shazam! A pop-up tent, it opens in one. Smiling once
again at her magic Steve, Jenny walks over to some
wood.

*
*
*

A CRACK in the trees flips Jenny around. She scans the
trees. Nothing. Then a glint, a blur of movement,
catches her eye. She looks harder but can't see
anything.

27 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT 27

Treeline POV [Breathing camera]: The long empty lake. Jenny and Steve, their solitary campfire in the darkling light.

28 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT 28

Campfire crackling. Steve keen to stoke up the romantic flames. *

STEVE *

Sure beats our shoebox for a view. *

JENNY *

Thought we don't approve of gated communities. *

STEVE *

After today, pull up the drawbridge. *

(impersonating kids) *

'Fookin walk on, fookin walk on.' Honestly, I couldn't understand a word they were saying. Another brewski? *

JENNY *

Why not? *

Steve disappears behind the tent. Checking Jenny can't see, he pulls the velvet box from his pocket. Inside, the ring. He digs champagne out the esky, paces, mouth dry, psyching himself up. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *

Steve, what are those lights? *

Her attention has been distracted by little dots of lights in the treeline. Like cigarette ends. *

STEVE *

I dunno. Fireflies? *

The moment's gone. Steve pockets the box. Swaps beer for champagne. Settles beside Jenny. Beat. *

STEVE (CONT'D) *

Not much to do after it gets dark. *

JENNY *

No. *

Dirty smirks. Bum shifts over. *

28 CONTINUED:

28

STEVE

Wanna check out our exclusive
New England home?

*
*
*

29 INT. TENT - NIGHT

29

Shedding clothes, zips unzipping, limbs and lips
locked...

JENNY

Stephen Taylor, you're a very
naughty boy.

STEVE

Sorry miss.

A RASPING NOISE outside draws her up.

JENNY

What was that?

STEVE

Just the wind.

Steve gets back to business. Jenny relents.

RUSTLING outside. Jenny turns the lamp back on.

JENNY

That's not the wind.

They sit up, listen hard, trying to track the noise.
Silence.

STEVE

Could be a fox.
(smiles)
Or a donkey.

They start to kiss again. Something- maybe the wind-
makes an impression in the tent skin behind Steve.
Jenny jolts away.

JENNY

Someone's out there.

STEVE

What? You're imagining it. It's
just the wind.

JENNY

I swear.

STEVE

I'll go look.

JENNY

No, don't go.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I'm a big boy.

Steve grabs the torch, unzips the tent, disappears outside.

Jenny stays inside the tent. Listening.

A long beat. Nothing. Crashing waves and whirling wind.

JENNY

Steve?

(silence)

Steve?

Silence. Jenny is getting scared.

Jenny strains to hear...

A FLAPPING.

A DULL THUD.

A PAINED CRY.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve!

Silence.

Then a torch beam passes over the tent.

The torchlight settles on the tent.

The impression of a face presses against the tent's skin.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jenny scratches around for a weapon: a beer bottle.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve?

Again no reply.

Scraping. RUSTLING. Feet SLAPPING on the damp shore.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve!!

Nothing.

Then, suddenly, the unzipping of the tent.

Someone coming in...

Steve. Grinning.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (CONT'D)

You bastard! You absolute
bastard.

STEVE

(laughing)
Mua-ha-ha! I'm sorry. I'm really
sorry.

JENNY

Fucking hilarious. I was bloody
terrified.

STEVE

Come on, let me in, I'm cold.

He tries to get into their sleeping bag. She fights him
off.

JENNY

Get off. You're freezing.

STEVE

Come on, warm me up.

JENNY

(relenting)
You are a crude pikey oaf.

STEVE

(smothering her)
I love you. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE
YOU.

Delightful morning mist across the lake.

Jenny emerges from the tent, smiles at the sight.

Frowns when she sees that ants and animals have overrun
their food supplies.

Car loaded up, Steve starts the engine.

JENNY

I could eat a horse.

STEVE

So move to France.

Steve starts the engine and pulls out.

CRACK-TSSSSSSSS!

31 CONTINUED:

31

STEVE (CONT'D)

The hell was that?
 (gets out, looks)
 Oh shit.

Burst rear tyre. Then he sees the reason: an alcopops bottle tucked under the tire so as to smash and puncture it as they drove off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Those little fuckers.

32 EXT. CAR PARK CLEARING - MINUTES LATER

32

Jenny watches as Steve works the jack: his anger rising with each pump.

33 INT. CAR - DAY

33

Driving through Redcot. Steve still stewing.

They idle at a red light. Suddenly a gang of kids on BMX cut out from the shopping parade, across their path.

Steve, running the light, gives chase.

JENNY

Steve!

Steve ignores her.

The kids disappear down an alley.

Steve pulls up, frustrated.

34 INT. CAFE - DAY

34

Jenny and Steve sit at a booth. Steve is still stewing. A WAITRESS comes to take their order.

WAITRESS

What d'you like?

JENNY

I have the full English. Toast.
 White coffee.

WAITRESS

And for you?

STEVE

Same.

(a beat)

You haven't seen a bunch of kids tooling around on BMXs?

(CONTINUED)

Jenny looks away, incredulous.

WAITRESS

I certainly have.

(laughs)

They been terrorising you?

STEVE

Hassling us.

WAITRESS

Little terrors. Shouldn't worry.
Big boy like you.

STEVE

They bust my back tire with a
bottle. I just thought- the
parents might like to-

WAITRESS

Not my kids.

The friendly tone hardens. Local diners look over.

STEVE

No, I didn't mean it was your
kids.

WAITRESS

Not mine.

STEVE

I don't want to make a big deal
of it. Never mind.

The waitress huffily goes off to get their breakfasts.

JENNY

Making friends?

Driving out of town, Steve still stewing...

Steve spots the gang's distinctive bikes parked on the
front lawn outside a house.

He stops.

JENNY

Steve, for god's sake. It's not
worth it.

STEVE

(getting out)

If everyone said that, where
would we be?

36 EXT. HOUSE - DAY 36

The side gate is ajar. The side door beyond open.
Teenage VOICES drift through from deep within.

He peers into the house, leans in.

STEVE

HELLO!

Unlatching the bottom half of the door, he steps in.

37 INT. CAR - DAY 37

Jenny watches Steve go in.

JENNY

(to herself)

Steve, no.

Steve disappears inside...

38 INT. HOUSE - DAY 38

A dark interior. Hardly houseproud.

STEVE

Hello? Hello?

KITCHEN

Overflowing rubbish, clogged sink, takeaways.

A school photo of one of the lake kids [Brett] looking
unrecognisably angelic.

A hole where someone has punched the plasterboard wall.

LIVING ROOM

Cheap furniture, expensive TV.

39 I/E. CAR - DAY 39

Jenny in car outside. Watching.

A HORN gives her a start.

She turns round. A WHITE VAN has parked up beside her.
The DRIVER, thick-necked and puggish, indicates that
she's blocking his driveway and he wants to pull in.

Jenny climbs over the seats. Moves the car forward.

Jenny watches as the driver parks in his driveway, gets
out, disappears into his house with shopping bags.

40 INT. HALL, HOUSE - DAY 40

Steve proceeds into the HALL.

Samurai sword mounted on one wall.

Steve hears the man outside the front door. Sees his shape through the frosted glass by the front door. He knows it won't look good if he's caught.

He backs up the stairs.

41 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY 41

The driver down his shopping bags (of booze). Takes in the mess. Sees the hole in the wall, traces his hands towards it. His knuckles fit.

His eyes linger on an old family photo: him, his wife, his son [Brett], all smiling. Tears well. He slaps them away. Lashes out at coffee cups. SMASH!

41A INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY 41A

Steve, outside the parents bedroom [bed unmade, sheets unwashed], reacts to the SMASH! Stops still.

Steve treads carefully, wary of floorboards.

His foot hits a CREAKY one.

41B INT. DOWNSTAIRS - DAY 41B

The man hears a CREAK upstairs.

MAN

Brett, that you? You come and clean your bloody mess up!

42 INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY 42

Steve slips into the kid's BEDROOM: TV, X-Box, PC [left on, illegally downloading hard core porn], walls papered with posters of sports and kickboxing heroes, bed strewn with Manga comics and martial art nanchucks...

*

MAN (O.S.)

Don't make me come up!

Steve climbs out an open window, onto the ledge, considers the drop to the back garden. A good ten feet.

He sees kids [including COOPER] in the neighbour's garden, baiting a terrified rabbit in its hutch.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

Hearing FOOTSTEPS clomping up the stairs, Steve jumps.

He lands painfully, turning his ankle.

Gritting his teeth against the pain, he spots the garden wall, hauls himself over.

42A EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY 42A

Jenny sits in the car, watching the front door, anxiously waiting for Steve.

Someone bursts into the passenger seat. Steve.

Jenny jolts. Then looks at Steve very pissed off.

43 INT. CAR - DAY 43

Jenny drives back down the bumpy track. In the passenger seat, Steve twists his foot, testing its injury. *

SAT NAV 'KYLIE' (O.S.) *

At your first opportunity, turn- *

Irritated, Jenny whacks the machine off. *

JENNY

You're bloody lucky not to have broken anything.

Steve pulls up, back in the PARKING CLEARING.

STEVE

Let's just enjoy our weekend.

JENNY

I'd like that.

44 EXT. LAKE - DAY 44

Steve pulls on his diving gear. Tests his foot. Catches Jenny's disapproving look.

STEVE

I can see you, your schoolteacher look.

GROWLING, Steve bear hugs her, making her laugh. Picking her up, he charges with her into the water. [She's wearing her bikini.]

JENNY

It's fucking freezing.

44 CONTINUED:

44

STEVE
 (laughing)
 LANGUAGE!

45 EXT. LAKE [TREELINE BREATHING POV] - DAY

45

Someone watches them in the water. Jenny swimming, Steve scuba-diving. Two heads, bobbing like seals. On the banks, their gear unattended...

46 EXT. LAKE BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

46

Jenny dries off. Steve comes out the water with a net back of salvaged stuff, peels off his scuba gear. Dumping it, he discreetly pulls the Tiffany ring box from out his shoe, settles himself...

STEVE
 Jen, It's amazing the crap you
 find at the bottom of the-

JENNY
 Steve, where's the beach bag?

Steve pockets the ring box before Jenny sees it.

STEVE
 What? It was right here.

JENNY
 Where?

STEVE
 (they scrabble)
 I don't believe it.
 (a beat)
 It's got the bloody car keys in
 it.

47 EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

47

Marching through the woods...

STEVE
 Please don't tell me they've
 stolen the fucking-

48 EXT. CAR CLEARING - LATE AFTERNOON

48

The car's gone.

Steve holds his head in his hands.

STEVE
 FUUUUUUUUCK!

49 EXT. WOOD - LATE AFTERNOON 49

Jenny and Steve trudge through the trees.

50 EXT. WOOD - DUSK 50

A raided bird's nest. Bloody smears of its smashed eggs mess the bark below it.

Broken eggshells lie at the base of the tree. Alongside alcopops and tippex bottles.

They trudge on.

Turning a corner, they face another long hill.

51 EXT. WOOD - MINUTES LATER 51

They trudge on, tetchy, towards the crest of the hill.

Suddenly, ENGINE NOISE.

Steve and Jenny spin, trying to locate it.

The engine noise gets LOUDER. Steve, getting a bead on the sound, starts after it. Wrong way. They turn as

The car ROARS OVER the hill.

Steve's car!

Driven by a kid [Brett]. In Steve's shades. Egged on by Paige in the passenger seat, Cooper in the back. *

*
*

GUNNING the engine. Pedal to the metal.

Steve and Jenny stand in the road, raise their arms.

The car closes, accelerating all the time...

SUPER FAST. Straight at them.

Tearing down the hill. Spraying a wake of dust.

STEVE

FUCKIN' STOP!

Tearing towards them, the car shows no sign of stopping.

It's going to mow them down.

At the last second Steve and Jenny dive out of the way.

Steve lands hard on his ankle.

The car ROARS past.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Skids to a stop, kicking up a huge cloud of dust.
 For a second the kids stare back at them.
 Then the jeep turns hard, off-road, into the forest.
 Slowly the cloud of dust settles. An empty road again.
 Steve grimaces in pain. Dusts himself off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm fine. I'm fine.

He looks off into the trees, after the disappearing car.

52 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

52

It's dark now. They trudge on.

53 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

53

Then they see a light. Flickering flames, a hundred yards through the trees.

STEVE

Come on.

JENNY

What if it's them?

STEVE

They've got our car!

Steve moves in on the campfire.

54 EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

54

Reaching the edge of the CLEARING, they hear CHEERS.

It's the kids, gathered in a circle, CHEERING on Brett's dog as it snaps and snarls at a BADGER caught badly in an upturned shopping trolley trap.

The kids, tooled up with sharp sticks, bait the badger. Brett takes a hit from a jar of poppers. Other drinks, smokes and solvents have clearly been consumed.

JENNY

Steve, let's leave it.

Seeing them, the kids scramble. Hiding something?

This spurs Steve on. He steps forward into the clearing.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny stays at the treeline.

Brett yanks the dog off the badger.

STEVE

Listen, I don't give a rat's
arse what you're up to here. I
just want my car back.

BRETT

Not us mate.

STEVE

My car, keys, phone, wallet.

Brett, the leader, looks unrepentant, inscrutable in
mirror shades that reflect the fire.

BRETT

Not us mate.

JENNY

Steve, let's leave it.

STEVE

You wearing my shades?

BRETT

No. Mine mate.

STEVE

Your Rayban aviators?

BRETT

Fakes mate.

It's just possible. Not likely.

Some kids smirk, some CACKLE, some BARK, egging on the
dog. To liven up the fading badger, Mark splashes
petrol on its wounds. Brett remains glacial, staring
back. Steve struggles to stay calm. In face of the
bloody, barking, fire-crackling chaos.

STEVE

You've had your fun. We'll call
it quits. Just tell me where my
car is.

No reply. The dog, sensing danger to his master, snaps
at Steve, straining at the leash.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Keep that animal away!

JENNY

Steve!

She steps forward, to pull Steve back.

STEVE

Where's my fucking car?

BRETT

No idea mate.

STEVE

WATCH THAT FUCKING DOG!

PAIGE

You watch yours.

STEVE

What you say?

Jenny sees things getting out of hand.

JENNY

STEVE!

A mobile rings: Steve recognises the ringtone.

STEVE

That's my fucking phone. You got
the same fucking ringtone too?

Steve hunts out the phone. The ringing comes from the
direction of one of the bigger boys: Harry or Ricky. *

A scuffle. Individually Steve could clobber any of
them. But they come as a pack, close ranks...

Steve claws for the phone. Lands a couple of punches.

A flash of steel: Ricky produces a knife... *

Steve grabs at it...

The dog jumps in, snapping at Steve's head...

Steve fends it off.

The dog drops.

The knife bloody in Steve's hand.

Shock silences the camp.

Where everything happened fast, it now happens SLOW.

Harry clutches his head where Steve hit him.

The dog whines, wimpers. Twitching, bleeding, dying.

The gang leader, Brett, suddenly reduced, his voice
reedy.

BRETT

BONNIE? BONNIE! You stuck my dog.

Brett hugs his dying dog. Close to crying.

STEVE

Mate, I didn't mean- Get the car, I'll drive you to a vet.

BRETT

Get away. Fuck off.

Brett pulls the car keys from his pocket and throws them, past Jenny, into the dark of the woods.

Kids glare. Sharp sticks in hands.

JENNY

Steve. Come on.

Steve stands in shock.

STEVE

I'm sorry.

The gang stand shocked too, waiting on Brett as he comforts his dying dog.

Jenny ducks down in the woods, searching out the keys.

BRETT

He's fuckin' dead! He's fucking dead!

Jenny scrabbles around on the forest canopy floor.

PAIGE (O.S.)

Brett? Brett?

JENNY

Come on, come on.
(finds keys)
Steve, come on.

BRETT (O.S.)

BONNIE!!!!!!

JENNY

Steve!

As the kids close around the dog, Steve snaps out of his shock. Backs away. Out of the clearing.

Into the trees.

Catches Jenny's eye: let's get out of here.

They run. Steve's sprained ankle impeding his speed.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (4)

54

In the dark, they stumble through the trees. Putting distance between themselves and the kids.

BRETT (V.O.)

BONNIE!!!!!!

Steve trips. Gathers himself. Stumbles on.

From the camp, Brett's BELLOWING ROARS, the sound of pain fermenting into anger.

STEVE

Come on. COME ON!

They crash on through the trees.

55 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

55

Jenny is breathing hard. Steve pulls her on...

Lights. Moving fast through the trees. Bikes.

Heading their way.

Closing fast.

STEVE

Come on.

They pick up their pace.

56 EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

56

They hurtle out the trees into a clearing...

Nearly slamming into...

STEVE'S CAR.

Muddied and dented from off-road joyriding.

They jump in. Slam the doors shut behind them. *

Lights in the woods. The bikes, closing. *

Steve locks the doors. *

He starts the engine. *

Fires the headlights. *

Highlighting kids charging out the trees. Eerily white in the headlamp glare. *

To be able to turn, Steve grinds the car into reverse gear. *

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

A hard turn, away from the advancing kids, kicking up dust. *

Steve changes gear. *

SLAM! A rock hits the front windscreen. Shatter-proof, the glass spider-webs, staying intact, but screwing visibility. *

A hail of rocks rains down. *

Steve drives through it, struggling to negotiate the rocky, pitted and pot-holed track. *

Failing. The car hits a big sand hole. The wheels stick. No traction. Digging a hole. Kicking up a cloud of sand. *

57

INT. CAR - NIGHT

57

*

Out of which...

Slam! A storm of KIDS, descending on the car.

Faces smeared against the glass. Rocks hammering on it.

Smashing the passenger window. Hands reach in, grabbing at Jenny. Jenny fights them off.

JENNY

Come on Steve!

STEVE

COME ON. COME ON.

The more he revs the deeper the tires dig.

Steve changes gear, gives it gas.

Kids smash the headlights.

Steve grinds the car out, getting away. Starts putting distance between them and the kids.

But, without the headlights, he's driving blind. In the dark, through a cracked windscreen.

Gunning down the bumpy track.

JENNY

Go, go, go.

STEVE

Can't fucking see.

He flips on the FLASHING EMERGENCY LIGHTS.

More kids, on bikes, emerge from the trees.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

STEVE!

Steve instinctively swerves to avoid them.

Into the trees.

Losing control.

Slaloming past a couple of trees.

Heading for a third tree.

SMASH! A slamming collision.

Bloodying Jenny and Steve on the dash.

The car's wrapped itself around the tree. A branch has penetrated the cabin, pinpering Steve against his seat. He can't wrench himself free.

JENNY (CONT'D)

They're coming!

Behind, kids advancing. A hundred yards away.

Fighting the pedals, crunching the engine, Steve tries to reverse out.

STEVE

COME ON. COME ON.

The engine roars, but no traction. The car is stuck.

Steve is stuck. Despite bloody and excruciating efforts, he can't wrench his arm free.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm stuck. I'm fucking stuck!

Kids close on them. Fifty yards now.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Run into the woods.

He snatches the Sat Nav off its dash mount.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Take this. Go. Find the road.

Get help.

(she doesn't want
to leave him)

GO!

With his free hand, he practically pushes her out.

He guns the gas, kicking up dust. Cover for Jenny.

He watches Jenny disappear into the dark of the trees.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

In the rear-view mirror, he sees kids charging towards him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Suddenly, outside his right window, another KID.

Raises a club. WHACK! The window explodes.

58 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

58

Pitch dark. Jenny hiding in thick forest.

BRETT (O.S.)

FIND HER!

Jenny burrows herself up in the hollow of a large dead tree, trying to still her breathing.

Torchlight cuts through the trees. The kids advance in a line, sweeping with the lights from their mobile phones.

The advancing cordon of kids closes in...

Jenny keeps as still as she can. Trying to still her hard breathing. To stifle her sobs.

Torch beams pass over, on.

59 EXT. FOREST - DAWN

59

Sun rises over the lake, forest, thick pines...

60 EXT. THICK FOLIAGE - DAWN

60

Jenny, huddled in dense foliage, eyes alert to danger...

The woods rustle, thick with threat.

Steeling herself, Jenny crawls out of her hiding place.

Jenny hears a SNAP in the shrub. Spins.

Her eyes sweep the trees. Nothing.

Jenny reorientates. Checking no one is around, she turns on the Sat Nav. BEEP!

She huddles down, terrified who might hear.

Finally she settles. Takes her bearings from the Sat Nav screen: unable to locate a nearby road.

60 CONTINUED: 60

Jenny steps out, gingerly...

61 OMITTED 61

62 EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER 62

The car wreck. Jenny steps out of the trees.

Advances hesitantly. No one there. No Steve.

Spots something. Drops of blood, dotted on a leaf.

Jenny spots more blood, broken branches and drag marks, leading into the undergrowth.

Steeling herself, Jenny follows the blood trail.

63 EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER 63

Down the track, Jenny finds Steve's discarded shoe. It has blood on it.

STEVE (O.S.)

ARRRGHHH!

The cry is near. Jenny draws up. Edges on. Past discarded cider bottles and aerosol cans.

Her foot snaps a TWIG. She freezes. Sets off again.

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let me go, I won't say anything,
I swear. Please, just let me go.

Blood trails thicken.

OTHER VOICES: teenage voices.

RICKY (O.S.)

Bloody mess. Bloody mess.

64 INT. CLEARING - DAWN 64

Jenny, glimpses through the trees:

Steve lashed to a rusted barbed-wire fence, the dog's choke chain round his neck, a nasty gash on his head and his hand mangled.

Around the clearing, five of the kids: dirty, scuffed, tired after a night in the forest.

Air heavy with languor. Like a hangover after a party, when spirits have cooled and blood alcohol waned and you're faced with the mess.

(CONTINUED)

Harry nurses the bruised welt on his face where Steve hit him.

Ricky fretfully scrubs blood off his jacket.

Mark sits on a stump, tooling with his ninja stars, more detached than the others.

HARRY

This is fucked up.

STEVE

Please, just let me go. Please I won't say anything. Please, just let me go.

Brett paces, rubbing his temples, trying to think. His brain crashing, he takes a hit from his jar of amyl nitrate.

Behind his back, Steve works his wrists against his barbed wire bonds, tearing his flesh trying to loosen them. Adding to his pain.

Brett's mobile phone BLARES.

BRETT

Coops, you seen her? *

(listens)

You keep watching the road. *

(listens)

Mate, it's ten fuckin' miles to town. In the dark. She's not fuckin' Lassie, is she?

Jenny, in her hiding place, watches with trepidation. She doesn't know what to do, whether to intervene.

BRETT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D) *

Cooper, no one goes home. You hear me. You get here now.

Hangs up.

PAIGE

We can't find her, we're fucked.

HARRY *

Let's bounce man.

BRETT

And him?

Steve, feeling the attention, stops tugging and rubbing his wrists- lubricated by blood, his bonds are loosening.

STEVE

I won't say anything. On my
life. I swear.

Harry looks to Brett: he'll go with this.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I won't say anything. Just let
me go. Come on, no one's died.

Brett, his face suddenly in Steve's, yanks his chain.

BRETT

My dog died.

STEVE

(choking)
I'm sorry. It was an accident. I
swear to God.

BRETT

Turn the music down now, eh? Eh?

HARRY

Easy man. You killing the guy. *

Brett ignores him, intent on throttling Steve.

BRETT

Watch your dog now, eh?

Harry pulls Brett off.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me.

As Steve sucks air, Brett bears down on Harry. Paige, *

apeing Brett, takes the strain on Steve's chain.

HARRY

Let's not be head loose.

BRETT *

You callin' me head loose?

HARRY

Just saying, let's not be rash.

Other kids watch, waver. Brett sees this.

BRETT

First phone he sees. 9 9 9.
Who's head loose? We gotta
finish this.

HARRY

And his missus?

BRETT

She makes it to the fuzz and they find him, we're fucked. But they don't find him, we saw nowt. Domestic.

HARRY

This is rash shit man. I never touched him. I didn't touch him.

BRETT

You didn't fuckin' touch him?
(furious, pulls a
knife)

You touch him now.

Harry shakes his head. Brett advances.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Him or me?

(offering the
knife)

You wanna step up? You gonna front like the big rig, you step up!

Brett is nastier. They all know it. Harry gets no comfort from the faces of his other friends.

HARRY

(a whisper)

Gimmme the blade.

BRETT

Paige, get this.

With her phone, Paige films Harry as he advances on Steve with the knife.

HARRY

Don't fuckin' record it man.

Brett stares him down. Harry takes deep gulps of air, woozy, psyching himself up to stab. His eyes meeting Steve's. Then slashes his forearm.

BRETT

That's not a proper cut. Deeper.

(Harry cuts again)

DEEPER!

Gruelling it out, Harry cuts deeper.

PAIGE

You tube gonna love you.

*

Harry shoves the bloody knife back at Brett.

BRETT

Everyone has a dig.

*

The gang line up, like they are about to be picked for playground football. Some [Paige] look keener to be picked than others [Ricky]. Brett walks the line.

In her hiding place, Jenny watches in horror.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Marky Mark.

Mark produces his own knife. There's an unnerving steadiness about him.

Stepping up, he takes his time, steps behind Steve, teases his blade up against Steve's neck.

Steve BEGS, PLEADS, MOANS. Mark merely looks curious.

Brett's lieutenant Paige films with her cameraphone...

RICKY

I can't see this. I can't see this.

Harry's face echoes this.

Mark moves the blade down his chest to his crotch. Toying with Steve. Then Mark draws a vicious slice through his armpit.

Steve SCREAMS. Mark's eyes stay dead.

Brett nods approval, takes the knife.

BRETT

Ricky-Dicky.

Ricky reluctantly takes the knife. Jumpy, he does a kind of jittery two-step, in and back, as he builds his nerve...

Behind him, unnoticed behind the treeline, a boy and his bike. Twelve, he looks younger. He looks horrified.

He witnesses Ricky jab Steve in the kidneys, peel off, hopping, blood on his trainers.

As Steve slumps in pain, the wire barbs snag his chest.

RICKY

Shit, my shoe.
(off the laughter)
These are fucking gold tops.
Brand new.

BRETT

(amused)

Fuckwit.

Brett sees the boy. COOPER, the youngest in the gang. Way out of his depth. Drowning...

Brett seizes upon him, making the witness a participant.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Cooper! Bang on! You're up.
Knife!

Snatching Mark's stanley knife off him, Brett throws one arm around Cooper, presses the knife into his hand with the other... Guides him towards Steve.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Come on, Coops. Every one has a dig.

In the trees, Jenny looks on in horror. She has to do something. She remembers the Sat Nav. She taps the BLUETOOTH icon on its touchpad, selects CONTROL MOBILE DEVICE.

But the machine makes little BEEPS with each key press.

Jenny ducks down. A beep in these woods is a big deal.

But Steve's CRIES mask the noise.

As the knife shakes in Cooper's hand, inches from his face.

Steve tries to duck his head back.

COOPER

I can't. Can't Brett.

BRETT

Coops. We're all in this together.

HARRY

Come on man, he's only little.
He's scared.

COOPER

Not scared.

BRETT

He's heard our names. He's gonna spill.

PAIGE

(manic blurt)

CUT OUT HIS TONGUE!

(CONTINUED)

Not quite able to look, Coops lashes out at Steve's mouth, arm outstretched, blade shoved between his teeth.

Fighting his own disgust, his tears, shutting his eyes, Cooper persists. Steve tries to clamp his teeth on the knife. Cooper, panicking, rattles the blade, steel clanging off teeth and gums. A messy business.

The other kids watch on. Silenced, shocked by rawness of Cooper's response.

Steve blubs blood. Cooper finally gets the knife free.

RICKY

Fuck, that's bloody.

MARK

Lethal.

Backslapping. Hair-ruffling. A release of tension.

PAIGE

Mate, you're dark.

Brett swipes blood from Steve's face and smears blood across Cooper's face. A hunting-style bleeding.

BRETT

Tony Montana!

Steve slumps. Jenny, horrified, gags her cries.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Now we find her or we're ALL
fucked.

In the trees, Jenny's Sat Nav display glows: BLUETOOTH
CONNECTED - NOKIA DEVICE ID 'STEVEN TAYLOR'

On the ONSCREEN KEYBOARD, she dials 9. 9. 9.

She covers the speaker to muffle the DIAL-UP sounds.

JENNY

Come on. Come on.

Steve's mobile phone BUZZES in Brett's parka pocket.

Brett digs it out, sees on the screen:

BLUETOOTH CONNECTION. STEVE'S SAT NAV.

Then the phone remotely dials 999. This throws him for a second. Then, just as it connects, he ends the call.

BRETT

Bluetooth.
(looking around,
thinking)
She's here.

STEVE

(garbled)
JENNY! JENNY! RUN!

Breaking cover, Jenny catches Steve's eye. A split-second good bye...

The gang spot her...

Steve lashes out with his feet, kicking away Brett's legs. A moment's diversion. But Brett stays focussed.

BRETT

GO! GET HER!

Mark throws a ninja star...

THUNK! Embedded in a tree. Inches from Jenny's head.

Jenny takes off, away from the clearing.

As the kids scramble for their bikes. Take off after her.

Steve meanwhile, suddenly finds himself alone. He fights to get free.

One last wire holds him. Steve has to drag a stubborn barb through his flesh, along his palm and out between his fingers, scoring a vicious groove as it goes.

He clenches his blooded teeth against the agony.

Finally free, he staggers off into the woods, away from the chase.

Jenny runs uphill, through brambles and puddles, slaloms round trees, anything to make her hard to follow on a bike.

On their bikes, the boys are faster.

Tripping, Jenny nearly impales her face on a sharp spike.

But her pursuers are practiced riders. They know the tracks and terrain, the jumps and dips, better than her. They are more fearless. They close in.

Jenny darts away.

65 CONTINUED:

65

Over pitted and pot-holed ground, strewn with stones and sudden slopes. Trunks loom from nowhere; ferns lash her from both sides.

Behind her, the riders spread out, outflanking her. A classic pincer movement.

A head-height branch crosses her path like a sword, threatening to take her head off. Jenny ducks just in time.

Hacking through the forest, the bikes close in...

Catching her up, to her side, chrome glints through the green: Brett, flanking her on a parallel track. Converging...

66 EXT. GULLY - CONTINUOUS

66

Jenny skids down a steep bank. Into a thin gully, high-banked on both sides...

The bike bandits tear into the gully behind her...

The fastest boys close in on her. She can't outrun them..

Ahead, the gully tapers into a corridor of thick scrub.

Jenny rips through the scrub corridor...

She can hear the bike chains RATTLING in. Right onto her.

Grabbing a thick, gnarly branch, Jenny winds up, SWINGS...

TWACK! Knocking the first rider [Brett] back, off his bike.

Blocking the way: his lumpen body causes a logjam as the riders behind THUD into him and each other.

A nasty pile up.

Jenny scrambles away, up out of the gully, off...

67 EXT. GULLEY - MOMENTS LATER

67

A mess of arms and spokes. Buckled metal, bruised bodies.

Brett, bloodied, enraged, fights his way free, climbs out the gulley to look. No sign of her.

- 67A EXT. WOODS - DAY 67A *
- Jenny runs through the woods. *
- 68 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - DAY 68
- Jenny breaks into area of forest cleared for construction. There's a portacabin, a digger, stacks of felled logs and construction materials. The footprint of a house has been staked out.
- Desperate, Jenny checks the portacabin door and window. Door locked, window wired over. No one here. But a walkie-talkie on the table.
- She rattles the door, shoves it. No joy. She kicks it. A section starts to splinter.
- Birds fly up.
- 69 EXT. WOODS - DAY 69
- The gang fan out, on foot, like a police search cordon. Trawling...
- Hearing the BANGING, they tear towards it...
- 69A EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - DAY 69A
- Jenny has kicked out a small strip out the door. Enough to reach a hand in. She can't reach the walkie-talkie.
- She tries with a stick. Edging it closer to an arm's reach. Tantalisingly out of reach.
- She knocks it off the table, breaking it.
- 69B EXT. WOODS - DAY 69B
- Spotting a torn patch of red cotton hanging on a thorn bush that Jenny has crashed past, the kids converge on the edge of the clearing...
- The portacabin shields Jenny from their view.
- BRETT
- Ricky, you get to the clearing,
guard the fucker.
- Brett hangs up. The phone gives him an idea.
- BRETT (CONT'D)
- Bluetooth- what's the range?

HARRY

'Bout a hundred foot.

BRETT

(whispers)

Turn your phones off.

The kids enter the construction area. Fan out. Looking.

He programs his phone to search for a nearby bluetooth device...

BEEP. STEVE'S SAT NAV appears on his screen.

Brett locks on. His signal strength bars rise and fade depending on his proximity, showing him where is hot and cold, which way to go...

70 OMITTED 70

71 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - CONTINUOUS 71

Jenny's SAT NAV beeps in her pocket. With one arm stuck, she struggles to get it out and silence it. She sees the bluetooth connection, knows the kids are near.

Looking through the portacabin and out the window on the other side, she sees the kids closing in.

Having strained to get her arm and shoulder so far inside the cabin, she now struggles to get it free. Her top snags on a splintered section of the door.

72 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - CONTINUOUS 72

Brett consults his phone. The signal strength rises: four bars become five, focussing him in on the portacabin.

Silently, Brett signals to all the others. They close in on the portacabin, encircling it, knives drawn...

Brett nods. Mark and Brett sit back to back, like practiced house-breakers: Mark's body supporting Brett as he rabbit kicks the door open. *

The walkie-talkie is still there. *

And the Sat Nav. A decoy. Brett picks it up, unwittingly setting off...

SAT NAV 'KYLIE'

You have reached your destination.

72 CONTINUED: 72

BRETT

Bitch.

73 EXT. WOODS - THAT MOMENT 73

Elsewhere in the woods, Jenny thrashes through a stream, in sheer terror.

74 EXT. KIDS CAMP CLEARING - DAY 74

Ricky reaches the clearing. Sees Steve's gone. *

RICKY *

Shit.

He pulls a knife. Hunts around. No one there.

He pulls his phone.

RICKY (CONT'D) *

(on phone)
Brett. He's gone.

75 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - DAY 75

BRETT

(on phone)
What? He can't have.

76 EXT. KIDS CAMP CLEARING - DAY 76

RICKY *

(on phone)
He ain't here.

77 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CLEARING - DAY 77

BRETT

(on phone)
He's cut to fuck, can't have gone far. Follow the blood.

78 EXT. KIDS CAMP CLEARING - DAY 78

Ricky spots blood on the leaf, where Steve exited the clearing. He goes after it. *

79 EXT. WOODS - DAY 79

Steve. Staggering. Coughing blood. Wincing in pain.

Steve forces himself up, staggers on...

79

CONTINUED:

79

Fights through the foliage...

Crashing out, into metal. His car.

Steve tries the doors. Locked.

Circling the car, he sees the red cross of the first aid kit visible in the boot...

With some effort, he yanks open the dented rear door. *

Setting off the BLARING CAR ALARM. LIGHTS FLASHING! *

STEVE

Fucksake!

80

EXT. WOODS - DAY

80

Tracking the blood, Ricky looks up, hearing the CAR ALARM. *

He tears off towards it.

81

EXT. WOODS - DAY

81

Brett and the boys, racing back to the clearing on their bikes, skid round on hearing the alarm, changing direction for the car.

82

EXT. WOODS - DAY

82

Car alarm BLARES as Steve stuffs a daysack: first aid kit, bottled water, a small oxygen cannister, a tire iron.

He takes a hit of pure O₂, then staggers away with his bag, into the trees...

83

EXT. WOODS - DAY

83

Brett and the boys, on bikes, the car alarm noise getting nearer...

84

EXT. WOODS - DAY

84

Ricky tears through the trees, the car alarm nearer still... *

Aware his enemy might be close, Ricky slows, brandishing his blade... *

85 EXT. WOODS - DAY

85

Steve stumbles and staggers through the trees. Putting ground between himself and the car. [Its distant alarm still ANG-ANG-ANGS away...]

The SNAP of twigs underfoot freezes Steve.

A FLASH of movement through the green undergrowth...

He ducks down, hiding in a hollow...

Hearing the CRUNCH of footsteps.

A wounded cornered animal, Steve brandishes his steel bar.

The footsteps close in.

He swings hard...

At Jenny! She ducks just in time, inches from impact.

The bar SPLINTERS a tree trunk.

Jenny and Steve collapse on each other. Hugging hurts him. His blood seeps onto her.

STEVE

Jen.

JENNY

Oh Steve. Oh God.

MARK (O.S.)

BLOOD!

The cry isn't that close. But close enough.

JENNY

We've got to get out of here.

86 EXT. WOODS - DAY

86

With Jenny supporting Steve, they struggle from tree to tree. Steve is tiring, slumps against a trunk.

Steve takes a restorative hit of oxygen from the tank.

JENNY

Come on.

87 EXT. LAKE - DAY

87

Suddenly, water halts their retreat: they've hit the far side of the lake.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

Shit.

Refusing to give up, Jenny hauls Steve along the bank.

They stumble across on a dilapidated old BIRDWATCHER'S HIDE: a small wooden hut, painted green, draped in camo nets, tucked on stilts amidst the bullrushes.

Jenny sees Steve can't go on.

Jenny helps Steve into the shelter. A small wooden room, with wooden benches, papered with peeling pictures of endangered birds. Small shutters open up onto the lake, to observe birds at close quarters.

Jenny eases Steve down on a bench. He's a bloody mess. Caked in coagulated blood. Pale from blood loss. And still bleeding.

JENNY

We need to stop the bleeding.

Jenny snaps open the first aid box, cleans her dirty hands with a splash of alcohol, grabs a handful of swabs and dressings, gets set to work...

Where to start? The mess of his mouth, his mangled hand, his butchered arm, his blood-sodden torso?

She starts on his arm. First cleaning away the blood. He bats her hand away in pain.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve, I need to look.

She cracks open some ibuprofen. He chews several down.

As gently as she can, Jenny cleans his arm, revealing the cut. A deep gash.

Looking away, Jenny takes a breath, steadies herself, rips open some alcohol swabs.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This will sting.

The slightest dab STINGS like hell.

But Steve guts it out as Jenny cleans the wound, picking mud and dirt before she can bandage it.

STEVE

Hurts Jen.

JENNY

You're doing really well. I'm proud of you.

She then cleans his armpit wound, revealing a flappy wound. Wincing at the sight, Jenny wraps surgical gauze round his armpit.

Steve doubles up in pain, holding his side.

His kidney wound.

Jenny attends to it. Peeling back blood-sodden clothes, she cleans away coagulated blood.

Then she sees, close-up, the full horror of his wounds. The full deadly gore.

Her face freezes in fear. She hides it from Steve.

The kidney wound is a killer. Deep. Guts threatening to spill through. Dark kidney blood leaking out. The black blood of internal bleeding.

STEVE

How's it look?

JENNY

Looks worse than it is.

But the bleeding soaks the gauzes as fast she can get fresh ones.

STEVE

Let me see.

(sees)

Oh Jesus. It's black blood. Gut blood.

(panic rising)

I'm fucking bleeding to death.

JENNY

You're badly hurt, but you're not going to die.

Jenny faces him. A little boy, fear in his eyes. Tears. She grips him tight. Her love fierce.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I won't let you. I will not let you.

STEVE

I'm a mess Jen.

JENNY

They haven't hit any arteries. You've got to stay calm or you'll go into shock.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Take measured breaths. Keep still. You know the training. Steve, listen to me, Steve.

(he nods)

I'm going to have to bind this tight.

Steve nods as Jenny binds the wound. Painfully tight.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I should have done something. I didn't know what to do.

STEVE

What could you have done?

(a beat)

I didn't mean to kill his dog.

He coughs blood. In wincing pain.

Jenny gets the bandage adhesive snagged on Steve's combats. Tearing it off, she fumbles across the velvet engagement ring box.

They look at each other. Beyond words.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I was thinking Africa, for the honeymoon.

Jenny nods, too choked to speak.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Beach first. For a rest after the wedding. Then safari.

(Jenny nods)

I don't care where we go. Long as I'm with you.

JENNY

Africa sounds lovely.

STEVE

Least I'm on my knees.

It's not funny. Jenny fights back sobs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I even asked your old man.

MARK (O.S.)

THIS WAY! THE LAKE!

Steve and Jenny look at each other alarmed.

89 EXT. LAKE - DAY 89

The kids spot the bird hide, advance fast.

90 EXT. HIDE - DAY 90

The kids close in on the hide. Knives drawn.

Mark kicks the door open.

91 INT. HIDE - DAY 91

A floor plank eases back down into place, just before the door whips open, revealing the boys.

They survey the hide: bloody bench, bloody bandages.

PAIGE

He's been here.

BRETT

(touches wet blood)

He can't be far. Spread out.

Brett goes to the window to look.

92 EXT. BIRD HIDE - DAY 92

Brett surveys the lake through the hide window. Only birds.

But inches below his feet, Steve and Jenny hide in the water amidst the foundation stilts of the hide. Between water and floor, there is the tiniest, contortive head space.

Steve's blood rises up through the water. To clog and cloud the water. Jenny tries to disperse it as gently as she can.

Treading on the creaky boards above them, the gang. Jenny and Steve can hear every word...

As a gauze pad floats off Steve, out into the lake. Jenny tries to fish it back- hooks it with a branch before it can be seen from the hide.

To find Steve has slipped unconscious. Slips under. Jenny has to haul him out. Struggles to keep his head above water. And to do all this silently...

92A INT. BIRD HIDE - DAY 92A

Brett sprays some pain relief spray into a plastic bag.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT (O.S.)

Fucker can't be far. He must be
half-dead. We find him-
(takes a hit)
We find him and we fuckin' drown
him like a fuckin puppy.

HARRY

And her?

PAIGE

You soft on her or something?

HARRY

She's got a good unit. *

RICKY

What would you know? *

COOPER

Your mother. *

BRETT

Shut up, shiny bag.

A muddy footprint, beside the first aid bag.

BRETT (CONT'D)

That you? You? Fat lad?
(none fit)
She's with him! We were behind
him. So they either went
swimming. Or left. Or right.

RICKY

You think they swam? *

BRETT

Course fuckin' not. We split up,
left and right, find 'em.

COOPER

I'm tired Brett.

BRETT

You take a toke on this. That'll
get your gas going. Good lad.
Let's go.

Just as they are leaving, Harry's foot breaks through a
rotten floorboard. Inches from their heads. *

BRETT (CONT'D)

You fat fuck. Get going, work
off some fucking weight.

94 EXT. LAKE AROUND BIRD HIDE - DAY 94

The kids split, stalk off into the trees.

95 EXT. LAKE - LATER 95

Jenny and Steve burst out the water, gasping for air.

They flail for the shore, fighting their way through thick reeds then a muddy silt shore.

Steve makes a false step: his body is swallowed up, suddenly waist deep in the mud.

Panicking, he flails, worsening his plight: with the quality of quicksand, the mud swallows up Steve's torso. Shoulder deep.

His face starts to sink under.

JENNY

Don't move. Spread your weight.

Jenny, reaching firm ground, grabs a broken slat from the shed, places it before Steve.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Spread your arms over it.

Slowly he shifts his weight onto her upper body. With much struggle, they get him onto solid ground.

They collapse on the bank, breathless.

Jenny gathers her breath.

Steve's breathing doesn't recover so well. Raspy. Erratic.

In the cold water, Steve's condition has deteriorated: teeth chattering, body shivering, he suffers the first convulsions of shock.

STEVE

I'm bloody cold Jen.

JENNY

Let's get you in the sun.

STEVE

I'm going into shock.

JENNY

Here. In the sun.

*

Jenny lies Steve down on the hot rocks in the sun.

STEVE

(a bit delirious)
Make a fire, Jen.

JENNY

I can't. They'll see the smoke. *

She tries to rub him warm. Blood leaks through his bandages. *

STEVE

I'm scared Jenny. I'm really scared.

JENNY

(rubbing him)
I know.

He coughs up more blood. A hallucinatory edge to his eyes.

STEVE

Those little fuckers! You get their names?
(Jenny nods)
Brett, Harry, Ricky-

JENNY

(nods)
Shhh. Don't tire yourself.

STEVE

Mark, Cooper.
(Jenny nods)
TELL ME THEIR NAMES. TELL ME.

She hesitates: she sees that she's losing him.

JENNY

Brett, Paige, Mark... *

STEVE

Cooper.

JENNY

Cooper.

He slumps, slips out of consciousness.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve. Steve!

She thinks she's lost him. She rubs and slaps him. Nothing. Fear overwhelms her for a moment...

Then she runs and retrieves the oxygen cannister from the hide, gives him a big hit.

Finally, he comes round. Groggy, calmer...

JENNY (CONT'D)

Steve, we gotta get out of here.

STEVE

I can't move Jen.

JENNY

Then I'll have to go.

STEVE

They'll find you. We're safest here. They've gone.

JENNY

(a beat)

Steve, you need blood. I've got to get to town or you'll die.

This sinks in. There's no other choice.

STEVE

I saw power pylons as we drove in. They must lead somewhere. Keep off the paths. Take that off. It's too bright.

She removes her red top.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You need a weapon.

Jenny arms herself. A thick broken spur: a club.

She hugs him. Their fear as raw as their love.

JENNY

You stay hidden. You hold on.

STEVE

You come back.

Last, lingering moments. She doesn't want to go. He doesn't want her to. Both know she must.

Jenny slips the engagement ring on.

She runs off into the woods.

Steve watches her go, takes another hit of oxygen.

Suddenly so alone.

97 EXT. WOODS - DAY 97

Jenny steals through the woods. On a mission. Urgent. Alert. Armed.

Past an acorn nature trail sign. The trail long since overgrown. The vandalised direction of the sign impossible to discern.

*
*
*

From tree to tree.

She comes across the base of a power pylon. Electricity must serve civilisation. But which way: left or right? Jenny three-sixties. In the disorienting thicket of trees it's impossible to tell...

*

Jenny chooses left. Sets off under the power lines.

97A EXT. WOODS - DAY 97A

Brett and the gang hunt through the woods.

*

98 EXT. WOODS - DAY 98

Jenny trudges on. High ground. A view...

Of the power lines crossing endless forest. No civilisation in sight. She's been heading the wrong way. She could cry.

She turns round, turns back.

She knows Steve doesn't have time to waste. She runs. Giving it all she's got.

Not seeing a METAL SPIKE, an off-cut from the pylons, in the long grass...

Her foot lands right on it. Her momentum drives the spike through the sole of her shoe. Into her foot.

Jenny keels over. HOWLING with pain.

Blood trickles out her training shoe.

Then Jenny hears SHOUTS: the kids reacting to her scream?

Jenny can't hang around in this open space.

To move, she must first extract the spike from her shoe. She grabs the shaft that sticks through the sole. Bracing herself, she tugs it. It won't come.

Her face contorts. She CRIES OUT.

The forest RUSTLES. Danger could be behind every tree.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Jenny struggles to her feet.

Every step torture. But adrenaline fights the agony.
Jenny hobbles off down the path, desperate to get away.

98A EXT. STEEP BANK/CRATER - DAY

98A *

But her balance is shot. As she hurries along a thin
ridge, she loses her footing. Slips...

*

*

Slides down a steep bank. Every jog and jolt extorts
pain from her foot as she skids noisily down to the
bottom.

She lies still, listening. Trying to still her hard
breathing.

Satisfied no one is around, Jenny unlaces her shoe,
pulls out its tongue, eases the shoe off the spike.

Jenny peels her sock off. Her foot is caked with blood.

The spike has wedged deep and skew like a fish hook.

To remove it, she will have to rip her flesh further.

To stop her screaming, Jenny puts a stick of wood
between her teeth to bite on.

She then grabs the stub of the spike, steels herself,
yanks...

But her grip slips from the blood-wet spike. Her tug
only embeds the hook deeper.

She tries again. Without success. She can't get any
purchase on the stub that protrudes from her sole.

She tries a new tack. Lies on the ground and presses
the sole of her foot against a tree stump, pushing the
stub further in! Trying to press it all the way through
so she can pull it out from the top.

Finally, with nail-pulling pain, Jenny pulls the spike
free.

The stick SNAPS between her teeth.

Knowing Steve is bleeding to death, she has to fight
on. Jenny wraps her sock around her wound. With
excruciating pain, she pulls her shoe back on and laces
it up tight.

VOICES echo through the forest. Not far off.

She has to keep moving. She has to climb the bank.

98A CONTINUED:

98A

A difficult climb without an injured foot. With one, it is a hellish crawl...

Clawing herself up by whatever thorns, barbs and brambles she can grasp...

Her hands are a map of scratches and gashes.

She hauls herself to the top by a thick gnarled root.

SNAP. The root, dead and dry, gives under her weight.

Feeling herself sliding down again, she flails out, trying to find purchase, rubbing her palms raw with friction burns as she grabs at bushes.

Every jog and jolt extorts pain from her foot as she skids noisily back down to the bottom.

Back at the base of the slope, she lies still, listening. In fear of being discovered.

But her engagement ring steels her resolve. Like Tantalus pushing his rock, Jenny starts again...

98B EXT. WOODS - DAY

98B *

Brett takes another hit of amyl nitrate. He comes across the acorn nature trail sign...

*
*

99 EXT. BANK - DAY

99

Jenny finally tops the bank. Slumps.

Rolls over. Relief.

Shock. A boy stands over her. A silhouette.

Then Jenny sees the boy's face. Asian features, an English cricket top. It's the beetle boy [ADAM] from the lake. Carrying a sketchbook.

He seems to be alone.

JENNY

God, you gave me a shock. It's okay. It's me. From the lake. Jenny.

ADAM

My mum says I shouldn't talk to strangers.

JENNY

I'd like to speak to your mum.
Can you take me to her?

ADAM

Why? I haven't done anything.

JENNY

I know. I need her help.

ADAM

She's working.

Trying to win him round, she focusses on his drawing.

JENNY

What is it? A warbler?

ADAM

A crested tawk.

(beat)

Crested tawks have blue tails.

JENNY

You know your birds.

(he nods)

You've got a good eye. I teach
art.

ADAM

I won the art prize last year.
And science.

JENNY

Then you'll know what's so
special about that spider's web?

(he doesn't)

It's the silk of a crown spider.
So strong they use it to make
bullet-proof vests for the
police.

This finally wins him round. He smiles.

ADAM

Is that true?

(she nods, he
smiles)

Cool.

(a beat)

I'm Adam. Do you want to play
conkers?

Jenny just wants to get on.

JENNY

I don't have a conker.

ADAM

I got spares.

JENNY

I really need to get to town.

ADAM

One game.

JENNY

One game.

Adam produces conkers, lines up his conker.

ADAM

The longer your string, the more power you get. Basic physics.

Adam is deadly accurate, smashes her conker first swing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I win.

JENNY

Well played.

ADAM

Let's play again.

Jenny is restless. Every rustle in the bush worries her. Every second is precious for Steve.

JENNY

Adam, I really must get to town.

ADAM

(gathering his gear)

It's this way.

They stop at a junction of two overgrown tracks.

Far off, through the trees, the flash of chrome. TWO BIKES hack past.

Adam tenses, ducks down. Faster than Jenny.

They wait until they're long gone.

ADAM

They don't like me. They call me a Paki. I'm not a Paki. I'm English.

JENNY

They don't like me either.
They're looking for me. That's
why I need to get to town.

Adam looks agitated by this.

ADAM

They're looking for you?

JENNY

Adam, please, get me to town and
I'll stop their bullying.

ADAM

You didn't stop them at the
lake.

JENNY

I should have. I'm sorry. Please-

ADAM

Why they looking for you?

JENNY

They got into a fight with my
boyfriend. They-
(desperate)
please Adam.

A beat.

ADAM

It's this way.

Adam leads Jenny through the woods.

JENNY

Shouldn't we be following the
power lines?

ADAM

No, this way's quicker.
(dawdling)
You want a drink?

*
*
*

JENNY

I'm okay. Let's keep going.

*
*

They reach a clearing dominated by a large tree, from
which a tyre swing hangs from a long rope.

*
*

ADAM

This is where my mum picks me
up.

JENNY

Here?

ADAM

Yes.

It seems unlikely. Adam seems cagey.

JENNY

In her car?

(Adam nods)

But you're on a bike?

ADAM

She's got a rack.

Adam produces a mobile phone from his pocket.

Jenny eyes it hungrily. Salvation.

Adam sits down on a stump, tooling on his phone.

JENNY

You get a signal here?

ADAM

Nah. Just games.

He shields the screen as he taps away. [Sending a secret text.]

ADAM (CONT'D)

She should be here soon.

JENNY

I thought you said she was working.

ADAM

She's finished her shift.

BEEP-BEEP. Adam receives a text.

JENNY

No signal?

ADAM

Ah, yeah. One bar.

JENNY

Adam, can I borrow your phone?

ADAM

Why?

JENNY

To call the police.

ADAM

The police?

JENNY

Yes.

ADAM

But we shouldn't be here-

JENNY

Adam, please-

ADAM

Its battery's low.

JENNY

I won't be on long.

He's fidgety, restless. Looking all round.

ADAM

My mum might need to call me back.

JENNY

She's coming to pick you up. Isn't she? Adam, what's going on?

ADAM

She'll be here soon. Let's play conkers.

JENNY

Adam? Where have you brought me?

NOISES in the trees. MOVEMENT.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Adam?

Jenny clocks carvings on the tree: delinquent scratchings that confirm her suspicions.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Adam, just give me the bloody phone.

She tries to grab it. They tussle. He sinks his teeth into her arm. Jenny screams in pain.

BRETT (O.S.)

How now, brown cow.

Shadowy figures step from the trees. The kids.

ADAM

I brought her here. I want to join your gang.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

PAIGE

Piss off Paki.

RICKY

Go blow up a plane. *

They form circle around Jenny and Adam.

Jenny makes a dash for it. Up the bank. *

SLAM!

Mark cracks her with a rock. Knocking her out. *

102 EXT. CLEARING - LATER

102 *

Jenny comes round.

As Paige pours water over her head. *

Groggy, her head lolls...

She jolts back- seeing Steve's face, inches from hers.

He's dead.

Jenny SCREAMS! Red raw grief.

Through tears and panic, she gets her bearings. She's tied up, with Steve's corpse, in the middle of a bonfire. A funeral pyre. As yet unlit.

BRETT

We found him.

The smaller kids continue to add kindling.

Rope from the swing circles her and Steve, criss-crossing over her hands. *

Paige circles the bonfire, splashing petrol from a can. *

Jenny tastes it on her tongue.

Brett advances, with Adam. And a packet of matches.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

You wanna join our gang. Prove yourself.

He hands Adam the packet. Steps back.

Adam's hand trembles.

MARK

It's a match mate. You rub it on the box.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Not her box.

Kids laugh.

Jenny tries to work free her hands behind her back. The belt is too tight...

After a couple of strikes, Adam lights the match. Hesitates.

JENNY

Adam. Don't.

BRETT

Go on mate.

Paige has her phone out, thrust at the action.

The match goes out in Cooper's hand.

PAIGE

You twat!

COOPER

Useless prick.

Brett closes in on Adam.

BRETT

You've seen too much mate. You do it or you're next.

Adam starts to cry. He doesn't want to be here. The poor kid doesn't know what to do.

KIDS

VINDALOO! VINDALOO! VINDALOO!

Adam lights another match.

KIDS (CONT'D)

VINDALOO! VINDALOO! VINDALOO!

Unable to meet Jenny's eye, Adam [steered by Brett] goes behind her, to Steve's side of the pyre. *

To CHEERS, he drops it. *

WHOOMP! Flames.

Fire crackling, growing... *

Smoke in Jenny's nostrils. *

Steve's feet start to smoke.

The kids watch on, with exhilarated horror.

Behind Jenny's back, the fire starts to smoulder the rope on Steve's side of the fire. *

The heat starts to get unbearable, but also burns away the threads of her bondage.. *

As the fire burns through Steve's rope. Enabling Jenny to loop it through her hands. *

Adam, makes a dash for it, a distraction. *

Enabling Jenny to... *

It singes and burns Jenny, If she can endure the pain, her hands will be free. *

RICKY

Fuck, smell that.

Behind her back, Jenny breaks free. *

She grabs a burning stick from the fire.

Switches it through the air, a firebrand, fighting the kids off.

She kicks over the petrol can. It leaks a flammable stream.

Jenny sets the stream alight.

A wall of flames between her and her tormentors.

Allowing her escape. Into the trees...

Into a thicket of nettles and brambles. High and dense.

Jenny fights through, stinging and scratching herself.

Over her shoulder, through the trees and smoke, the burning pyre. Steve's body wracked by the flames.

The smell is intolerable.

ADAM (O.S.)

JENNY. JENNY. HELP ME. PLEASE.
THEY'LL HURT ME IF YOU DON'T.

BRETT

WE'LL FUCKIN BURN 'IM!

ADAM

JENNY! NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jenny struggles through barbed undergrowth and smoke. Glancing back, she sees them pour petrol on Adam.

KIDS
BURN THE GUP! BURN THE GUP!

*

Adam SCREAMS. And SCREAMS. It sounds genuinely horrific.

It is. Jenny glimpses Adam, the tyre like a burning necklace around his neck. The kids around, spectres in the smoke.

*

*

RICKY (O.S.)
Smoke her out.

*

Jenny lies low. Covers her face with her bandanna. Tries to stifle her coughs.

If the smoke makes Jenny cough, it also provides cover. Confusion.

As fire spreads, the wind blows smoke back at the kids.

BRETT (O.S.)
Cool it. Fuckin cool it. Start a forest fire, we're all fucked.

PAIGE
Can't see a fuckin' thing.

Crawling out the other side of the thick knot of nettles, keeping to the forest floor, Jenny slips away...

104 EXT. WOODS - LATER 104

Jenny darts through the bush.

*

105 EXT. WOODS - DAY 105

The kids fan out in the line through the forest.

Down the line, Mark spots blood.

MARK
Blood.

The kids converge, on Jenny's trail. Tracking her.

106 EXT. WOODS - DAY 106

Trees all around. Jenny has no idea which way leads out of the interminable wood.

She staggers past the acorn nature trail sign. Is she going in circles?

*

106 CONTINUED:

106

She presses on, biting back the pain. Breaks into a clearing.

107 EXT. ABANDONED FORESTRY INFORMATION STATION -
CONTINUOUS

107

A crumbling timber shelter covers a large information board: on the board, behind glass, an area map for walkers [with 'you are here' arrow], forestry warnings, plant and animal info. The paper is yellow and dated, but the directions hold.

Chained to the board, with its own pen, a signing-in-and-out book for hikers. Eerily, the last entry was 2005.

Jenny wipes the dirty glass clean, studies the map: from 'you are here' to town is [checking the squares against the scale] maybe five kilometres, with one track leading there...

Losing no time, Jenny scrawls fast in the logbook, across both pages. HELP!

JUMP CUT
TO:

Jenny rustles around for a rock.

Rips off her top and wraps it round it [to dull the noise] as she SMASHES the glass to steal the map...

Leaving the clearing, she passes a heavy-duty trash bin. On flipping the lid, Jenny is knocked back by the flies and the stench of putrescent mulch.

Then she hears VOICES. Stops dead. Kid's voices.

Nowhere to hide. Only the bin. She climbs in.

108 EXT. INFORMATION STATION - CONTINUOUS

108

Two kids reach the edge of the clearing: Brett and Ricky. Jenny is nowhere in sight. *

But broken branches suggest someone's crashed through...

Entering the clearing, Ricky spots the smashed map. *

RICKY *

Shit, she took the map. Now she knows which way she's going.

BRETT

No. Now we know which way she's going.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRETT (CONT'D)

There's only one track to town.
With her foot, she can't have
got far.

They spot her scrawl in the logbook.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(can't read)
What's it say?

RICKY

(poor reader)
Help! Jenny Hart and Steve
Taylor attacked by local kids.
Brett. Paige. Mark. Shit- you're
famous mate-

*

*

Brett isn't amused: he tears out the page. Then then
sees that Jenny's pressure has left an imprint through
the next three pages. Tears these out too.

BRETT

Got a match?

RICKY

No mate.

*

Brett chews the paper, then goes to throw them in the
trash. On flipping the lid, Brett is knocked back by
the flies and the stench. He nearly pukes.

BRETT

Rank!

He shoves the torn paper down. Flips the lip back.
Wipes his smeared arm on Ricky's back, flips open his
phone.

*

BRETT(CONT'D)

Come on you fat fuck.

The trash lid flips open. Jenny's head thrusts out,
oozing with gunk, covered in flies and maggots and
cockroaches cultivated by the years of warm rotten
mulch inside the bin.

She wretches, gags, slaps and swats her head free of
bugs.

She pulls out the map from under the protection of her
clothes. She look from the map to the trees, figuring
the way out. She knows that way is blocked.

She hunts around. Finds a sharp glass shard from the
broken notice board. She rips her top and wraps it
around the glass, making a handle for her blade.

(CONTINUED)

She smears the mulch into her face, blackening herself. War paint.

A black figure, brandishing a weapon. A warrior.

She catches a figure reflected in the glass shard, behind her.

Turns.

Cooper. A straggler, stumbling out the woods. Right upon her. He looks as surprised as she does.

Silence. They lock eyes. Neither knows what to do.

The boy raises his mobile phone, hits a key.

Jenny shakes her head. She must shut him up. But suffers a moment's hesitation. Somewhere she's a schoolteacher.

COOPER

Brett. Brett, she's-

She strikes. Hitting first his defensive hand. Then his chest. Then his neck. In the neck. It's messy. Arterial.

Blood gushes. Cooper GURGLES. Horribly CHOKING on his blood, SUCKING for air. Jenny has to cover his mouth, stifle his croupy CRIES for help, pull him down into the bushes.

Fear in his eyes. His life slipping away.

The boy writhes...

Stops.

Dies in her arms.

Jenny looks at the bloodied corpse. A dead child.

She is shocked at what she's done.

But she hears kids CALLING.

High powered LED bike lights sweep the trees, hunting her.

KIDS (O.S.)

COOPER! COOPS?

Stealing the boy's phone, Jenny loses precious seconds trying to unlock its keypad.

Every key she presses makes a little BEEP. In the city, negligible sounds. In this forest, consequential...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

BRETT (O.S.)

COOOOOPS!

The phone will have to wait. She can't hang around.

Stumbles off, blood seeping through her shoe. In pass-out pain.

110 OMITTED 110

111 OMITTED 111

112 OMITTED 112

113 OMITTED 113

114 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS 114

Jenny runs.

The mobile RINGS in her hand.

Every ring threatens to give her position away.

The screen identifies the caller with a photo: BRETT gurning like a mad dog at the camera.

Jenny kills the call.

Hobbling as best she can. Every step torture. But adrenaline fights the agony.

A LIGHT appears ahead. She veers off away from it. It sweeps after her- moving towards her.

The phone RINGS again.

Jenny, pounding on, tries to turn the phone off.

At full pelt. It's not easy. She fumbles and drops the phone.

Scrabbles for it on the forest floor.

Grabs it.

The woodland ripples with movement, glimpsed flashes of her hunters.

Pocketing the phone, Jenny scrambles on through the trees, desperate...

114A EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

114A

Suddenly she breaks free of the trees.

SLAM. Straight into THE PERIMETER FENCE.

Trapped! Ten-feet high, topped with barbed wire.

She runs along it's length. Dangerous dots of light pincer in on her.

It's useless. She'll never get over the fence.

But she might get under it. Suddenly she sees a spot where someone has dug a foxhole and bent up the bottom of the fence. Discarded cider bottles and fag packets suggest who.

Jenny squeezes under the fence, catching herself, not caring...

She gets through, sprints for all she's worth, back into woodland, wincing every time her foot has to take her weight.

Then it doesn't. She buckles. Loses her footing.

Slides down a bank.

Onto a track.

115 EXT. CONSTRUCTION ROAD - NIGHT

115

A sudden sunburst of light. Headlamps. Roaring ENGINE NOISE.

A slamming of brakes. Skidding tires.

Blinded by the glare, Jenny can't see the driver. But she hears the door open and a man's voice.

MAN

God. You okay?

JENNY

HELP ME, PLEASE.

MAN

God, I nearly killed you.
(seeing her state)
Holy fuck.

Jenny sees the man, REECE, late teens. He's driving an electrician's panel van.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY
PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE.

REECE
What the hell's going on?

JENNY
PLEASE, THEY'RE AFTER ME. THEY
KILLED MY BOYFRIEND. THEY'LL
KILL YOU.

Jenny's worried eyes scan the treeline. She's clearly terrified. REECE picks up on her urgency.

REECE
Okay. Come on. Get in.

They get in the car.

Jenny feels safer in a moving car. Reece, seeing her trauma, doesn't know what to say.

REECE
You're okay. You're okay.

JENNY
Please, just keep driving.

REECE
What happened back there?

JENNY
I was being hunted.

REECE
Hunted? Who by?

JENNY
A gang of them. They killed my
boyfriend. Please, get me to
town.

REECE
Town's the other way.

JENNY
(worried)
The other way?

REECE
My fuckin brother's out here.
He's supposed to be home.

JENNY
Your brother?

REECE

My little brother. And now
you've got me fucking worried.

(produces a mobile,
calls)

Ricky, Ricky, you okay?

(listens)

You ready?

(listens)

Well, get ready. I'll be there
in two ticks.

He starts to slow down.

JENNY

Please, don't stop, just get me
to town.

REECE

I will. Just get my brother.
He'll be round here somewhere.

117 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 117

The car parks up. Reece HONKS the horn.

118 INT. CAR - NIGHT 118

Jenny sits with Reece, waiting. Reece sees she's
getting blood on his seats.

REECE

Fuck, they better be okay.

119 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 119

He gets out, call his brother.

REECE

RICKY!

(a beat)

RICKY!

(a beat)

RICKY!

120 INT. CAR - NIGHT 120

Jenny sees the keys in the ignition. The engine ticks
over. She'd only have to cross seats.

REECE

RICKY YOU LITTLE SHIT WHERE ARE
YOU?

Jenny weighs up her options as...

(CONTINUED)

Two boys, Ricky and Mark, emerge from the trees.

REECE (CONT'D)

You little shits, I've got
better things to do than run
around after you. Nan's worried
fucking sick.

Jenny hops across into the driver's seat, fumbles the
car into gear...

REECE (CONT'D)

This lady says someone's
been...HEY! ...What the hell-
HEY!

Reece sprints towards her.

Jenny pulls off as Reece slams a hand against the
glass.

The car picks up speed, bumping over the rough surface.

Jenny sees the figures recede in the rear-view
mirror...

Ahead, another kid [Paige] steps out into the road.

Blanched white like a ghost in her headlights. Not
budging.

Jenny must slow or swerve off the road to avoid her.

She does neither.

She hits the gas.

WHHHOOOMP! RUNS THE GIRL DOWN.

Jenny drives on.

121 EXT. JUNCTION - NIGHT 121

Driving at reckless speed, Jenny skids onto the sealed
road.

122 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 122

The car ZOOMS past...

123 INT. CAR - NIGHT 123

Jenny floors it.

Ahead, through the trees, dots of lights.

Rounding a corner, suddenly, street lights.

Then the forest falls away.

Rows of houses.

She's hit the edge of TOWN.

Houses. Lights on.

Suddenly, from nowhere, another CAR rounds the corner. A boy racer. [Actually, its the father that stole Steve's spot in the pub car park earlier.]

Jenny swerves to avoid him.

She hits the kerb.

Loses control.

Mounts the pavement. Skids across someone's lawn.

Slamming into the car in their drive.

Jenny staggers out. Dazed. Even bloodier.

Makes for the loud music round the back yard of the HOUSE.

A scruffy back garden, glammed up with floodlights and fairy lights, hosts a rocking party.

Everyone from the pub seems to be here, enjoying the generous booze and bbq, the great music and the two central attractions:

In a raised plastic pool, brimming with bubbly water, two WOMEN wrestle each other on the shoulders of their MEN, CHEERED on by friends and neighbours.

On the bouncy castle, flabby adults bounce like big kids, back-flipping, belly-flopping...

Into this wet t-shirt carnival, Jenny crashes in. A bloody mess.

JENNY
SOMEONE PLEASE HELP!

Stunned silence. The party balloon popped. The women in the pool slip off shoulders. The trampoliner slowly bounces back to earth; bbq burns...

One woman, NAT snaps first from her shock, supports Jenny as she buckles.

*
*

124 CONTINUED:

124

NAT

Well, don't just stand there.

*

125 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

125

*

Nat dabs Jenny's foot with dettol. Other guests form a circle around her, concerned.

*

NAT

You've been in the wars.

MAN [PAUL]

What happened?

WOMAN [ABI]

Take your time.

Sharp eyes might spot Abi as the woman who smacked her child in the pub.

*

*

MAN [JON]

Give her some air.

Jon, the white van man from earlier, pushes them back.

NAT

That sting? Sorry.

Another woman, the waitress from the cafe, [TANYA] brings over a cup of tea.

*

NAT (CONT'D)

Thanks Tan. Here-

PAUL

You're safe now.

NAT

Lots of big ugly men around.

A mobile phone RINGS. A drunk woman called MEL peels off to answer.

MEL

(on phone)

Hi Babe. Yeah, I'm still at Uncle Jon's. Some poor lady's just crashed in, looking like death-

TANYA

MEL!

*

MEL

Sorry!

*

*

Mel slips into the background, in and out the room.

(CONTINUED)

<p style="text-align: center;">ABI</p> <p>(to Jenny) That's a lovely ring. From your fella? (Jenny nods) He must be doing well!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MEL</p> <p>What? What you say? (listens) Reece, say that again. (beat) This isn't funny.</p>
---	---

In the corridor, slipping in and out of view, Mel's face pales as she listens.

Party-goers sense something's up, glance over.

Her back to the corridor, Jenny struggles to see. She briefly catches Mel's eyes, which flick away fast.

A DOG [the same breed as Brett's, but bigger] bounds in, barking at Jenny. Jon slaps it away.

JON
CLYDE, GET OUT! Sorry, she's not
good with strangers.

Still on the phone, in some distress, Mel moves out of view down the corridor. Jon goes to see what's the matter. Others follow.

Muffled voices reverb from down the corridor.

JON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mel, Mel, what's the matter?
What the fuck-

PAUL (O.S.)
That's Reece's car.

JON (O.S.)
That's my van. I'll kill him.

MEL
(sobbing)
You bring him back here right
now. Right now, you hear me.

JON (O.S.)
Mel. MEL, give me the phone.

[NOTE: Through the walls, the words are not clear, but the tone suggests something is very wrong.]

JENNY
I really don't feel well. I
think I need an ambulance.

NAT
(calls)
Jon, you call this lady an
ambulance? Jon?

*

But Jon's not in the room. Other guests seem to have drifted out to the huddle in the hall.

With rising dread, Jenny sees something's not right.

Especially when she spots a photo on the sideboard. Brett. In school uniform.

The big dog champs at its bowl.

One of two customised bowls. Bonnie and Clyde.

Suddenly very scared. Jenny sees the phone, mounted on the wall, gets up to get it.

JENNY

I need to call the police.

Jon steps back in, sits her back in her chair.

JON

You don't worry about that. You let us do that. You sit tight.

The change in his manner unsettles Jenny.

JENNY

I think I'm going to be sick. Can I use your loo?

NAT

Course you can love. Let me show you.

Nat helps her to the toilet.

The looks she gets back are less friendly. Through the huddle at the living room door, she glimpses Mel hysterical, others trying to get sense out of her.

NAT (CONT'D)

Don't worry. She's always gets like that when she's pissed.

They reach the DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM.

There's a COUPLE getting it on in there.

NAT (CONT'D)

(laughing)

We got bedrooms, mate.

(they run upstairs)

Lou Trevitt, I'll tell your husband.

(to Jenny)

I'm sorry about this.

JENNY

It's okay.

126 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

126

Jenny shuts the door. Locks the flimsy lock.

The bath is full of ice and beers. There's a tiny window. Too small to get through.

Jenny tries to compose herself. On the other side of the door, worlds are falling apart. Anguish.

MEL (O.S.)

*

COOPER!!!!

Then Jenny remembers Cooper's mobile in her pocket.

She pulls it out.

Turns it on. Its START-UP TUNE unsettles her.

She tries to dial 999.

But the screen demands a four-digit PIN code.

Jenny tries various combinations [0000, 1111] in vain.

Outside, amidst animal howls of pain, snatches of discernible, disturbing dialogue.

JON (O.S.)

The boy is dead.

MEL (O.S.)

NOOOOO! NOOO! NOOOOO! NO! PLEASE
NO!

JON (O.S.)

She fuckin' killed him.

MEL (O.S.)

My boy!

*

The commotion moves closer to the door. Anguish finds a voice as anger.

JON (O.S.)

Where is she?

Someone BANGS on the door.

Jenny tries the window. But it's hopelessly small.

Jenny rifles through the bathroom cabinet. Amidst the toiletries, a cutthroat razorblade. She brandishes it. Then, aware that it won't look good nor do much good, she slips the blade into the back of her shorts.

Another BANG on the door.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny slumps against the wall. Trapped. Her ring twinkles under the bathroom bulb.

The Door SMASHES OPEN.

Jon stands by his son Brett.

Jenny stiffens.

JON (CONT'D)

This the lady?

JENNY

What's he told you?

Brett nods. Butter wouldn't melt.

BRETT

That's Cooper's phone.

Seeing the phone, Cooper's mother [Mel] explodes at Jenny. Banshee grief unleashed: nails, fists. The men have to drag her off. *

JENNY

What's he told you? He's a liar!

JON

And that car out there?

JENNY

I was trying to get away. They killed my boyfriend.

PAUL

He's told us about your sick bastard boyfriend.

JENNY

No. Call the police. If that's what you think, call the police.

JON

What good are they?
(pointing at Kerry)
What good are they to her?

Jenny whips out her razor, makes a lunge for Brett.

Jon blocks her, taking a nick on his arm, before he disarms her, spins her into a tight armlock.

JON (CONT'D)

You wanna play with the big boys?

ASHLEY

Jon, don't do anything rash.

JON

Rash. Bit late for that. She
killed her little boy.

(meaning Mel)

Look at her. Look at her.

*

MEL

THEY'RE CHILDREN. THEY'RE JUST
CHILDREN! THEY'RE JUST CHILDREN!

*

Jenny breaks down. Tears.

JENNY

I didn't mean- It wasn't-

PAUL

Yeah, so you do know about that?

JENNY

Not like that. Not like that.
They started it, not me.

JON

We finish it.

With the razorblade, Jon hacks at Jenny's hair.

*

ASHLEY

I'm not touching her.

JON

Say that again.

A long beat. Ashley wilting.

ASHLEY

There's dead children. Police'll
ask questions.

JON

Dun't mean they'll get answers
though does it?

(face in Ashley's)

We look after our own.

*

PAUL

What do you have in mind, Jon?

JON

(to Nat)

Take Brett upstairs.

BRETT

Narrrr!

JON

Brett, bed! Now!

BRETT

No dad!

Jon lashes out: a vicious SLAP to Brett's face.

JON

Don't fucking answer back. Or
you'll get another.

Brett skulks back, smaller, up the STAIRS.

He has one last look back as the door is closed on
Jenny. As Paul takes the samurai sword from the wall.

JON (CONT'D)

Put her in the shower.

The big men push Jenny back into the bathroom. The door
closes. *

Brett withdraws into his BEDROOM.

The horrible SCREAMS, of grief and pain, continue
below.

He pulls out Steve's mirror shades. *

Poses in front of the mirror.

JENNY (O.S.)

(muffled)

No! NO! PLEASE!

His death stare. Mirror shades on. Off. On. Off.

Jenny's SCREAMS.

The boy turns to look at us.

BLACK SCREEN.