

'SUMMER SCARS'

By Al Wilson  
and Julian Richards

SCREENPLAY BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE GUERRILLA FILM MAKERS  
HANDBOOK. LISTEN TO THE INTERVIEW WITH JULIAN RICHARDS AT  
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**CREDIT SEQUENCE****1.EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY**

Bingo, a scrawny but tough-looking 14 year old is stood outside a high street supermarket. His hair cropped short with tramlines around both ears, he gurns his face angrily and holds both his middle fingers up.

BINGO  
(mouthing)  
Wankers.

A bus pulls away from the kerb, inside which the recipients of Bingo's gesturing, a group of kids in school uniform, return his taunts.

BINGO smiles and spins around to his scruffier looking mate. Holding a large sports bag, 14 year old JONESY, laughs.

Both clad in tracksuits and hooded tops, they leave the shop front and move through the busy high street.

**2.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

In the shade beneath the trees of a woodland area, foliage is dropped onto a wheelchair until it is completely covered.

PAUL, a tall 14 year-old is bending down on one knee to heave his disabled brother BEN, up from the ground. Although only a year's difference between them they couldn't look more different as Ben's slight frame is hoisted onto the strong back of his brother.

Paul takes a couple of steps before removing a portable stereo hanging from a nearby tree branch. Ben takes the stereo and holds it to his brother's chest.

Paul shuffles off along the line of the trees until they reach a rusting steel gate flanked by a '**No Trespassing**' sign.

They brush through a gap in the trees and enter the woods.

**3.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Bingo and Jonesy are stood at the top of a steep incline leading to a line of train tracks.

Bingo smokes a cigarette and looks back over his shoulder as Paul struggles to carry Ben up the bank towards them.

BINGO

Get a move on lard arse, we've been waiting ages!

#### **4.EXT. VIADUCT. DAY**

A view of the viaduct from ground level: with its huge arch pillars, the magnificent century old construction splits the dense woodland down the middle.

#### **5.EXT. VIADUCT/RAILWAY TRACK. DAY**

The four hooded figures make their way between the train tracks.

Bingo marches determinedly ahead carrying the sports bag.

Jonesy follows, cradling the stereo as he negotiates the loose pebbles.

JONESY

What if a train comes?

Paul takes up the rear with Ben cranking his neck for a view over the wall.

BEN

I wanna see Paul, I wanna see!

Puffing for breath, Paul steps over the track and leans his brother against the wall.

Ben looks down at a field hundreds of feet below.

Bingo turns and yells back at his friends:

BINGO

If the train comes, get into the wall and hold on pure tight, cos the wind'll suck you under the wheels!

He cackles wickedly and runs ahead to where the tracks reach the safety of solid ground. Jonesy takes up the chase and calls over his shoulder to Paul and Ben.

JONESY

Ooh, I think I can hear the 10 o'clock coming!

Ben jerks his brother forward, jockey-style.

BEN

C,mon Paul, hurry up!

PAUL

Shut up, nipper! You knows there's nothing coming, they're just being dick heads.

#### **6.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Bingo rounds the end wall of the viaduct and races down a mud embankment into the woods.

He slaloms through the trees hollering a Cardiff City football chant.

Jonesy traces his route through the trees echoing the chant.

#### **7.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Underneath the first arch of the viaduct, the slope of the hill and the surrounding trees have formed a cosy, sheltered area. The archway is furnished with three old car seats and a couple of plastic beer crates leaned up against the wall of the next arch.

Bingo slides into the den. Dropping the sports bag to the ground he jumps onto the best seat, claiming it by draping his hooded top over the slashed leather head-rest.

BINGO

Safe man, safe.

#### **8.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Skidding their way down towards the den, Paul and Ben grab at the trees to slow their motion.

BEN

Do you think my chair'll be alright? We'll get done if someone nicks it.

PAUL

It's your fault if it does get nicked, you're the one who was grizzling cos you wanted to come.

**9.EXT. BUNGALOW. DAY**

Gravel crackles under the wheels of an old Honda moped as it hums along the drive of a detached bungalow.

Concealed behind a bush, a hooded figure observes as the moped comes to a halt at the front door.

An elderly lady turns off the engine and climbs from the seat. She takes her shopping bag and enters the bungalow.

When all is clear, a second hooded figure runs to the moped and struggles to push it back along the drive.

The first hooded figure bounds across the lawn, takes up the other side of the moped and together they push it towards the trees.

**10.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

The moped speeds noisily along a shadowed concrete path following the tree-line of the woods.

13 year old tomboy LEANNE, pulls the hood from her head and shakes her ponytail of mousy hair.

Her cousin, 14 year old MUGSEY, clings to her midriff for dear life.

Their cheeks reddened, they squint against the breeze as they speed past the '**No Trespassing**' sign at the steel gate.

**11.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Paul, Bingo and Jonesy are huddled in the middle of the arch, bickering about the correct construction of the fire.

An owl-like noise sounds up from the woodland.

Bingo's head snaps up like a hound. He scrambles to the edge of the arch and returns the owl call to the trees below.

**12.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Leanne pushes the handlebars of the moped and Mugsey takes up the rear as they follow a muddy path through the trees.

The owl noise echoes down from the viaduct again.

LEANNE

Who's that? Bingo?

MUGSEY

Yeah. You fancy 'im don' you.

LEANNE

No I don't. Shut yer mouth.

MUGSEY

Your mum said he's gonna end up just like his dad.

LEANNE

She don' even know Bingo. Anyway, I don't fancy 'im, 'e's hanging.

Suddenly Bingo leaps out from behind a tree and grabs the moped by the handlebars.

Mugsey falls backwards in shock and lands in a pool of mud.

MUGSEY

Orr, fuckin hell!

Bingo gives out a screech of delight as he pretends to rev the throttle.

BINGO

Wicked man!

LEANNE

Bingo, get lost, it's ours!

Bingo drags the moped up the path as Leanne and Mugsy cling on for ownership.

**13.EXT. DEN. DAY**

The moped sits on its stand outside the den. Leanne turns the ignition key and starts the engine.

The gang gather around eagerly as it purrs gently between revs.

Jonesy glares at Leanne with disgust in his eyes.

JONESY

I thought we said there ain't no girls  
allowed up 'ere?

Leanne returns his stare.

LEANNE

Shut yer mouth, Jonesy!

BINGO

Yeah, who brought the bitch?

Leanne punches Bingo in the arm.

BINGO

Watch it, bitch.

Bingo returns the punch and ducks away as Leanne makes a grab for him.

He side steps out of her grasp and jumps onto the seat of the moped, laughing as Leanne attempts to wrestle him from the seat.

LEANNE

Bingo, get off!

BINGO

Easy now, easy. There's no need for violence.  
Just let Bingo do his t'ing.

LEANNE

No, I don't think so, cos if it weren't for  
me it wouldn't be 'ere. I'm the one who  
nicked it.

MUGSEY

And I nicked it as well!

LEANNE

No way, you were too scared to go in the  
garden, til I done all the 'ard work.

Paul steps up. He puts one hand on the moped's handlebar and looks down at Bingo.

PAUL  
Who say's you get first go?

BINGO  
I do.

PAUL  
I don't think so Bing'.

Bingo attempts to remove Paul's hand.

BINGO  
Get lost! You're not the boss.

Paul takes a step back, then shoves Bingo clean off the seat to the ground.

Bingo scrambles quickly to his feet.

Ben cranks his neck from his seat to see his brother and a furious looking Bingo facing-off, the moped between them.

BINGO (cont'd)  
I said get lost!

PAUL  
Come on then!

Paul holds his arms out invitingly. Bingo does a quick scan of the watching gang and puffs his chest out.

BINGO  
I don't care how big you are, I'll drop you.

PAUL  
C,mon then bitch, start me.

BINGO  
I'm telling you now, I will.

PAUL  
Come on then, start me now!

BINGO

Yeah alright, I will. I'll, I'll bust a cap  
in your arse!

There's a momentary silence before everyone bursts into  
laughter.

BINGO (cont'd)

Yeah, you can laugh now, but I will, you  
knows I will.

PAUL

And how you gonna do that, with yer catapult is it?  
You 'avent got a gun.

BINGO

I didn't say I did. But my old man has, and I  
know where he's stashed it.

PAUL

What, an air gun, keep the cats off the  
pigeon loft?

BINGO

No, I don't think so. Its a glock or something, and I  
knows how to load it an' all.

PAUL

Piss off yer silly bastard.

BEN

Your dad's in nick, he 'avent got a gun.

Bingo looks over at Ben.

BINGO

Who rattled your cage?

PAUL

Bingo, you're so full of shit.

Bingo glares up at Paul.

BINGO

Am I? Jonesy 'ave my old man got a gun?

Everyone looks at Jonesy for verification. He nods.

JONESY

Yeah he 'ave. I've seen it.

Paul pushes Bingo away from the moped and mounts the seat, turning his back on him dismissively.

PAUL

Yer tripping man.

BINGO

Yeah? You'll see. I'll use it, I will. And you wont be laughing when I blow yer fat head right off yer lanky arse.

Bingo barges his way through Jonesy and Mugsey and storms off through the arch.

JONESY

Where you going Bing?

Bingo kicks the unlit fire across the arch.

BINGO

Get some proper wood for a fire. I'll wait all day for my burgers with you bunch of faggots.

Leanne watches with dismay as Bingo runs down into the woods.

She shakes her head at Paul.

LEANNE

You're just a bully Paul.

PAUL

Shut up. Who told you, you could come up 'ere anyway?

Leanne runs through the arch after Bingo.

Paul looks at Ben.

PAUL

Want a backy, Ben?

Paul pushes the moped towards an excited looking Ben.

#### **14.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

In the thick of the woods, Bingo is snapping off branches. He hears footsteps behind him and turns to see Leanne.

BINGO

What do you want?

LEANNE

I just come to give you 'and.

Leanne bends down and picks up the branches Bingo has thrown to the ground.

In the background they hear the engine revving and the moped drive away.

BINGO

He thinks 'e's 'king shit' or somethin' 'im don' 'e?

LEANNE

Ignore 'im. 'Es just a wanker.

BINGO

They're all a bunch of wankers them. They don't believe me do they?

LEANNE

I believe you.

Bingo snaps a branch over his knee and blows out some air. He watches Leanne struggle to cradle the branches in her arms.

BINGO

Do you fancy me or somethin'?

LEANNE

No. I was just making sure you were alright. God, who do you think you are?

BINGO

Chill out sister. I'm the Bingo man ain't I. I was just saying that's all. Girls are always trying to get with me, its no big deal.

LEANNE

Arka' you! Get with you.

BINGO

Eh, I can't help it if I look a bit like Eminem.

LEANNE

You don't look nothing like 'im. Bingo? What kind of a name is that anyway?

BINGO

Least it's original. I know about three or four Leanne's.

LEANNE

And I suppose they all fancy you as well do they?

BINGO

I spect so.

Bingo steps close to Leanne. She pushes him away coyly.

LEANNE

What are you doing?

BINGO

I aint got a girlfriend though.

**15.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Ben's eyes are shut tight. His face pressed up against his brother's back as they fly through the woods on the moped.

The background blurs as Paul negotiates the bumps and curves of the narrow path snaking through the trees.

Ben opens his eyes and peers over his brother's shoulder into the wind.

PAUL

Alright? Not scaring you is it?

BEN

No, I aint scared. Faster Paul, Faster!

**16.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Jonesy and Mugsey are looking at the wall of the arch. A pentagram and some old death metal band names have been sprayed in white paint.

JONESY

It's freaky innit? Must be devil worshippers.

MUGSEY

Probably those moshers from Broughton Park.  
The ones who wear all that make-up on their  
eyes.

JONESY

This must've been their den too. What if they  
come back?

MUGSEY

Nah, it's years old that paint.

JONESY

Maybe that's why nobody comes up 'ere no  
more, cos it's cursed.

MUGSEY

What you on about?

JONESY

Ya know, something 'appened up 'ere. They  
were probably sacrificing things and  
something went wrong.

MUGSEY

Sacrificing things? Like what?

JONESY

I dunno, allsorts. Animals, ya know, little  
baby lambs and dogs.

MUGSEY

Piss off, why would they do that?

JONESY

That's what they do. They offer things up to  
the devil, as gifts and that, and then he  
gives them what they want.

MUGSEY

You reckon they did the ouija board as well?

JONESY

Probably.

Mugsey visibly stiffens at the remark. He walks out of the  
archway into the sunlight and looks down into the trees.

MUGSEY

I wonder what those two are up to, they've been gone ages.

JONESY

Mugsey?

MUGSEY

What?

JONESY

C'mon, we're gonna do the ouija board like the devil worshippers.

MUGSEY

Shut up Jones! Don't be a dick!

JONESY

Don't be scared Mugs.

MUGSEY

I aint. It's just childish, that's all.

Jonesy laughs then turns around stern-faced and holds an old plastic coke bottle up to Mugsey.

JONESY

C'mon Mugsey, lets see what 'appens.

MUGSEY

That wont even work, its plastic.

JONESY

It don't matter, it represents the same thing.

MUGSEY

What's a crappy old placcy bottle gonna represent?

JONESY

The soul.

Jonesy moves slowly toward Mugsey making ghost-like noises.

JONESY

Ouija board, Ouija board.

MUGSEY

Stop messin' around.

Jonesy crouches down and spins the bottle on the dry mud, then he holds his arms up to the heavens, muttering spooky gibberish.

The bottle stops spinning, pointing towards Mugsey who steps to one side in a futile attempt to escape the bottles trajectory.

JONESY

It's pointing to you Mugsey!

MUGSEY

No it aint!

JONESY

It is Mugs', they want you man.

MUGSEY

You knows I aint scared' it's just stupid.

Mugsey stands behind the punch-bag.

JONESY

You cant hide from Lucifer.

MUGSEY

Get lost! You lot are always picking on me.  
Leave me alone!

Mugsey looks down into the woods and yells:

MUGSEY (cont'd)

Bingo! What are you doing?

Jonesy roars with laughter.

JONESY

Bingo's gone. The woods have got 'im!

#### **17.EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY**

An elderly guy in long shorts and T-shirt prepares to take a shot on a 'pitch and putt' course at the rear of the woods.

His wife tilts her sun-visor as the quiet is broken by the hum of the moped's engine.

Suddenly, Paul and Ben come leaping over the bunker ahead, laughing hysterically as they hit the green with a bump and almost lose control.

The elderly guy waves his club at them angrily.

ELDERLY GUY

Oi! Get out of it you little bastards!

Ben gives him the finger as Paul swerves the moped on the green, churning up a patch of grass.

BEN

Piss off you old tosser!

The moped continues along the perimeter line of the woods.

**18.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

The moped struggles up the steep incline under the weight of its giggling passengers.

Paul shakily steers them onto a path and they accelerate through the trees.

**19.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

The moped speeds along the path through the pockets of sunlight reflecting through the treetops.

Ben laughs nervously as they bounce and jerk along the dirt pathway.

BEN

Paul, slow down, you're gonna kill us!

PAUL

I cant, the brakes have gone.

Suddenly, a man steps from behind a tree into their path.

Paul hits the brakes but it's too late and they collide with a thud.

The impact snaps the handlebars from Paul's grasp and the moped is sent off the path, tumbling down through the trees.

Ben falls backward off the seat and rolls down the bank.

The front wheel of the moped lodges in the trunk of a felled tree and Paul is propelled clean over the handlebars in a somersault, landing with a thud on his back.

Paul expels a lung-full of air as he gets his wind back. Dazed, he sits up and stares blankly down into the trees.

PAUL

Ben, are you alright?

Paul gets up and moves towards Ben who is sat in grass looking at the pathway.

Through the trees they can just make out the figure of the man writhing in pain on the ground.

Paul looks down at Ben who clings to him in terror.

BEN

I think we killed him!

PAUL

Shush, c'mon.

He lifts Ben onto his back and quietly moves away.

## 20. EXT. WOODS. DAY

Bingo has Leanne pressed up against a tree. As they kiss she runs her hands awkwardly up and down his back whilst he fondles her breasts. They both look as nervous as each other as Bingo moves his hand down and attempts to undo the buttons on her jeans.

LEANNE

Don't tell no-one. Promise?

BINGO

I promise.

They both look up at the sound of passing footsteps to see Paul carrying Ben on his back, running through the woods.

BINGO

What's he gone and done now!

## 21. EXT. DEN. DAY

Paul arrives breathless in the den and lowers Ben to the ground.

Bingo and Leanne arrive behind them.

BINGO

What's going on? Where's the bike?

Leanne notices Ben's fragile state.

LEANNE

Ben, what's the matter?

BEN

I think we killed 'im.

PAUL

No we didn't, 'e was moving when we left 'im.

Paul squats beside Mugsy and takes a swig from the bottle of lemonade. Bingo quickly steps across the arch and grabs him by the arm.

BINGO

You aint 'aving anything till you tell us what 'appened.

Paul pulls away.

PAUL

It's my lemonade!

LEANNE

Paul, what have you done?

Paul takes another swig from the bottle.

BEN

We gotta get outta 'ere.

Everyone looks at Ben.

BINGO

Ben, what 'appened?

BEN

We run someone over, on accident.

PAUL

It weren't my fault. 'E came out of nowhere.  
I nearly broke my neck. And 'is...

Paul points at Ben, who nods and rubs the back of his head.

BEN

I whacked my 'ead on a stone.

MUGSEY

Who was it? Is 'e alright?

BEN

I dunno, 'e was just some guy walking in the woods..

PAUL

'E's alright, 'e was getting up. 'E's probably phoned the law already.

BEN

Yeah, c'mon we gotta leg it.

LEANNE

Where's the moped then?

PAUL

It's history. We wrapped it 'round a tree.

BINGO

You selfish twat!

PAUL

How am I? It weren't my fault.

BINGO

Bollocks Paul, you're always spoiling it for everyone else. You 'ad to go off didn't you.

PAUL

No Bing, you don't know what you're on about, you weren't even there. I didn't do anything, it was an accident!

BEN

C'mon, lets just go 'ome.

BINGO

You do what you want. I aint going nowhere.

LEANNE

Yeah, you two go, we aint done nothing.

PAUL

We will, don't worry. But you're the ones that nicked it.

Paul looks at Mugsey.

MUGSEY

I didn't nick it, she did.

Mugsey points at Leanne. She points back at him.

LEANNE

You little shithouse!

PAUL

Well who brought her up 'ere anyway Mugs?

LEANNE

Shut yer mouth Paul, I brought myself up 'ere. Anyway I didn't see you complaining when you 'ad first go. You didn't care who nicked it then did you?

Paul looks down at Ben's head and sees a patch of blood in his hair.

PAUL

Ben. Your head's bleedin!

Ben puts his hand to his head.

BEN

Where?

He quickly finds a wet patch in his hair and looks at his fingers to see that they are covered in blood.

PETER (O.O.V)

I can show you how to stop that bleeding.

They all turn to see a man stood in the light outside the archway.

PETER MORTIMER is in his early thirties and is dressed in a green combat jacket, jeans and hiking boots. Over his right shoulder he carries an air rifle.

He scans the nervous looking faces of the gang. His eyes look older than they should until they narrow in a warm smile that lends his acne-scarred features a boyish charm.

Mugsy crouches down and turns the stereo off, amplifying the silence.

PETER (cont'd)

Morning boys.

The gang manage a mumbled response. Peter looks at Leanne.

PETER (cont'd)

Oh, sorry, and girls.

Leanne forces a straight smile. Peter Grimaces and leans to one side, holding his ribs.

PETER (cont'd)

So which one of you is the stunt rider?

The gang look around at each other before focusing on Paul. Primed to make a run for it, Paul watches the stranger's movements.

PAUL

Uh, yeah, sorry we knocked you over an' that.

Peter looks at Paul and holds his hand up dismissively.

PETER

That's okay son, it was completely my fault. I was looking for my dog. My hearings not too good on the right side, I didn't realize you were so close. I stepped right out in front of you and bang!

Peter brings his hands together with a clap that makes everyone else jump.

PETER (cont'd)

I'm really sorry. Are you okay?

Paul nods in surprise.

PAUL

Yeah, yeah we're alright aint we?

He looks across at Ben who nods in a similar fashion.

BEN

I whacked my 'ead on a stone.

PETER

Yeah? I think I might have cracked a couple of ribs myself.

Peter chuckles and points to one of the car seats.

PETER (cont'd)

Do you mind if I sit down for a minute. Just until I get my breath back.

They all shake their heads and open their arms invitingly.

Peter shuffles into the shade of the archway and holds his breath until seated next to Ben. He exhales deeply and looks up at his young audience.

PETER (cont'd)

Please, sit down, I'm not going to bite you.

The gang cautiously take their seats around the fire.

Peter looks around the arch.

PETER (cont'd)

This your den is it?

The gang looks to Paul.

PAUL

Yeah.

Peter nods approvingly. He turns to Ben.

PETER

Lets have a look at your head.

Ben leans forward and Peter inspects his wound gently.

PETER (cont'd)

I've seen worse. You'll live.

Ben nods. The gang shuffle nervously in their seats.

PETER (cont'd)

So, have any of you guys seen a dopey looking dog running around the woods?

JONESY

What's 'e look like?

PETER

A white bull terrier with brown spots on his face and a black collar.

The gang look at eachother, shaking their heads.

BINGO

My uncle breeds pit bulls.

PETER

Does he?

MUGSEY

E's not your real uncle.

BINGO

Yes 'e is, you don't even know him Mugs', so shut up.

Peter smiles at the exchange.

PETER

So are you guys from Broughton park?

PAUL

St David's.

PETER

The estate? That's a fair old trek isn't it?

PAUL

Not that far really.

PETER

Well shouldn't you guys be in school today?

PAUL

No we uh, we aint got exams, so we don't 'ave to go.

PETER

Yeah, I hear you. I didn't much like school myself. So what, this is your secret place where you come to get away from things is it?

The gang look at each other and nod slowly as though it's the first time they've thought about it.

Peter straightens his back and slowly gets to his feet, holding his ribs.

PETER (cont'd)

Well, it was nice to meet you guys, but I'd better get going. Get myself up to casualty at the hospital so they can check me over..

Peter winks at Paul and Ben.

PETER (cont'd)

Only joking guys. I'm fine, a little stiff is all. I've got to get this dog back, wherever the silly little bugger has got to. I suppose he could be anywhere around here.

Paul looks across at a still bemused looking Bingo. They watch Peter shuffle awkwardly towards the sunlight.

PAUL

We'll 'elp you. We'll 'elp you find your dog.

PETER

That's very kind of you to offer young man, but I think I've imposed myself enough on you guys for one day. I'm sure I'll find him eventually, he doesn't like to be out in the dark.

BINGO

It's not a problem mate. We're good at finding dogs.

Peter turns back to face the gang. He smiles and scratches his chin.

PETER

Are you sure? Well, thinking about it, it would be a lot easier to cover the ground with a few extra pairs of hands. Are you sure you guys haven't got anything better to do?

Peter looks around the faces of the gang for a response. Following Paul's lead, they all shake their heads.

BEN

Yeah, don't worry mate, we'll find 'im for you.

PETER

Great, well thanks a lot guys.

Ben watches the gang from his chair as they get to their feet. Paul picks up a roll and a burger from the grill and hands it to his brother.

PAUL

Don't worry, we wont be long.

As the gang ready themselves to leave, Peter notices Ben is still seated. He steps toward the brothers.

PETER

What's the matter with you son?

PAUL

'Is legs don't work.

Peter looks down at Ben's straightened legs.

PETER

How did you get all the way up here?

PAUL

I carried 'im, e's my brother.

Peter smiles at Paul.

PETER

Is he heavy?

PAUL

Depends.

PETER

On what?

PAUL

How far I've gotta' carry 'im.

Peter laughs uproariously.

PETER

That's a good answer son. Well you're not going to be able to carry him around the woods are you. So maybe somebody should volunteer to stay with the little fella. You

should never leave a wounded man alone.  
Especially not out here.

BEN

I aint wounded.

Peter is shocked at Ben's retort.

PETER

I was on about your head, son. Not your legs.

LEANNE

I'll stay with 'im.

Leanne steps back into the den. Peter looks her up and down and smiles warmly.

PETER

Good girl. We shouldn't be gone too long.

Leanne takes a seat opposite Ben at the fireside. They watch Peter lead the gang out of the den and into the daylight.

LEANNE

Who wants to go chasing some stupid dog  
anyway.

Ben looks shyly at the ground as he nibbles on his burger.

## **22.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

The moped is still jammed upright against the felled tree.

The handle bars bent forward and the front forks buckled from the impact.

Peter and the gang arrive at the top of the embankment and look down at the wreckage.

BINGO

Look at it man, it's pure wrecked.

Peter laughs and looks at Paul

PETER

I think we got off pretty lightly.

JONESY

Yeah, there's no way you could fix that.

PETER

Good. I'd recognize that old thing anywhere.  
The owner's a nosy old hag, always gossiping  
around. This should slow her up a bit.

Peter notices Paul and Bingo exchange nervous glances.

PETER (cont'd)

Don't worry boys, I haven't seen a sausage.

MUGSEY

So what's your dog's name?

PETER

Jesus!

Mugsey leads the dog search party as they disperse into the vast woodland.

Jonesy echoes the call as he scuttles enthusiastically through the trees:

JONESY

Jesus! C'mon boy!

Peter stays with Paul

PETER

My names Peter by the way. What's yours?

PAUL

Paul.

Peter listens to the rest of the gang hollering "Jesus" in the distance. He scratches his chin and frowns at Paul.

PETER

Are you Catholic?

PAUL

Don' think so.

MUGSEY(O/V)

Eh! Eh mister, I've found something!

**23.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Bingo, Little Mugsy and Jonesy are looking down at something at the base of a tree.

They step aside as Peter and Paul approach.

A red fox is lying on the ground with its mouth and eyes open.

JONESY

Look how sharp 'is teeth are.

Jonesy nudges Mugsey forward.

BINGO

All the better to eat you with!

MUGSEY

Don't mess around, Bingo!

PAUL

What do you reckon 'appened to 'im?

Peter picks up a small stick from the undergrowth. He kneels down and pokes the fox's head from side to side.

PETER

He's a beauty isn't he. I can't see any wound or injury. He might have been poisoned by some farmer. Maybe he just died from exhaustion, chased up here by those bastards on the hunt.

JONESY

What, the fox hunter's with all the dogs?

PETER

This is way beyond their boundary, but this poor little sod didn't know that. He was probably looking for a hole to crawl into, and couldn't find one.

BINGO

My bamps used to chase rabbits into their 'oles with 'is dogs. Can I cut 'is tail off?

Bingo's friends look horrified at the request.

BINGO(cont'd)

Ya know, for a souvenir an' that. 'E's dead anyway.

Peter reaches into his back pocket and produces a large multi-purpose army knife. He snaps open a sharp two-inch blade and hands the knife to Bingo. Bingo squats down to carry out his task.

PAUL

Should we bury 'im?

PETER

No. Leave it for the woods.

MUGSEY

Yeah, but if 'es been poisoned, don't that mean if another animal comes along and eats 'im, that animal 'll get poisoned as well?

PETER

That's a chance we all take son.

Mugsey shudders as Bingo cuts the fox's tail off with a snap. Bingo gets to his feet with his souvenir held aloft triumphantly. Peter ruffles his hair affectionately, looks at his watch and surveys the woods.

PETER (cont'd)

You boys want to see something funny?

**24.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Ben slowly rolls his tracksuit bottoms up above his knees, revealing long scars lined with healed stitching marks from both shins to his knees.

Leanne bends down to closer inspect the scars.

Ben watches her wince and looks away as she attempts to meet his stare.

LEANNE

Does it do yer 'ead in?

BEN

What?

LEANNE

Ya know, yer wheelchair an' that.

BEN

Sometimes. Not a lot I can do about it though. Be better when I gets my crutches.

Ben rolls his tracksuit bottoms back to his trainers. He picks up the wooden fork and pokes at the embers of the fire.

LEANNE

Is yer brother still going out with Joanne Clever?

BEN

Nut, she finished with 'im. He aint said nothin', but I read 'is E-mail off 'er the other day. Don't tell anyone I told you

LEANNE

I wont, don' worry.

BEN

Is Bingo your boyfriend?

LEANNE

No!

BEN

You likes 'im though?

LEANNE

'E's alright. Do you think yer brother would've beaten 'im up?

BEN

Yeah, he would've battered 'im.

They giggle as Leanne places fresh twigs onto the fire.

## 25.EXT. WOODS. DAY

Peter is crouched behind a wall of bushes. He squints through the foliage then looks back over his shoulder at the four boys huddled behind a tree. He holds a finger to his lips and beckons them forward with his other hand.

They quietly creep toward him and settle in a line at the bushes. Peter points through the bush and they all peer through the foliage.

Mugsey is stung by a nettle as he struggles for a viewing position. He yelps and they all shush him in annoyance.

A car is parked in a small clearing. The windows are steamed up but from their vantage point the boys can see two figures embracing on the back seat. They all snigger as the 'penny drops'.

Peter grins as the boys bustle for a better view. Bingo looks at him pleadingly.

BINGO

Can I get closer?

Peter points along the bushes and whispers:

PETER

There's a gap down by there.

Bingo crouches along the bush toward the gap.

PAUL

I wanna see as well.

Peter daringly nods him forward. Paul tiptoes through the grass and follows Bingo through the gap.

## **26. INT. CAR. DAY**

A middle-aged man in a sweat-soaked shirt and his trousers at his ankles has a younger woman squashed up against the back seat of the car. His hands grasping her thighs, he pumps away at her furiously.

Her lipstick smeared across her cheek, breasts bouncing out of the top of her bra, she encourages him with slaps on his backside as they grunt in unison.

## **27. EXT. CAR. DAY**

Bingo's face slowly appears in the rear passenger side window. Open-mouthed, he watches.

Bingo laughs silently as Paul's face appears in the opposite window of the car. Paul has to turn away and smother his giggles as Bingo mimics the man's straining features. Paul composes himself and is quickly transfixed by the act he is witnessing inside the car.

Suddenly, the couple's intimacy is shattered by the small thud of acorns landing on the roof of the car.

Equally surprised, Bingo yelps and falls backwards away from the car.

Paul suddenly finds himself in direct eye contact with the woman as the man pulls up from her.

She screams.

Paul scampers to the gap in the bushes where he discovers Peter and his two accomplices laughing hysterically as they continue to launch the acorns over the bush at their target.

Bingo follows Paul back through the gap in the bushes, leaving the bemused faces of the cars inhabitants staring through the steam of the rear window.

#### **28.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Peter leads the boys up through the trees. He comes to a halt and ushers them upward with a tap on the back as they pass.

PETER

Run boys, run!. It's a twenty-minute hike  
back to camp, but we've got to do it in five!

#### **29.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Leanne is stood at the edge of the archway, listening to the excited screams of the boys as they make their way to the den.

BEN

What are they doing now?

Bingo comes flying up the clay bank into the shade of the archway.

He reaches the den and collapses at Leanne's feet. Mugsey, Jonesy and Paul follow in a similar state of exhaustion.

LEANNE

What have you arseholes been up to?

BINGO

Running.

JONESY

We got all the way back from the other side  
of the woods in about four minutes!

BEN

We got some visitors.

Ben looks through the arch at two kids in baggy skating  
attire stood beside the punchbag, drinking the cans of lager  
from Bingo's sports bag.

17 year old DEAN has thick celtic design tattoos escaping  
from both arms of his T-shirt. His friend SCOTT has a  
skateboard strapped to his back. Dean raises his can toward  
the gang.

DEAN

Cheers boys!

Enraged, Bingo looks at the empty bag.

BINGO

What you give 'em my beers for?

LEANNE

We didn't, they just took 'em.

Bingo marches through the archway toward Dean and Scott.

Mugsey recognizes Dean and whispers to his friends:

MUGSY

I know 'im, he used to hang around with my  
brother. He's well 'ard.

BINGO

Oi!, who said you could tax my cans man?

DEAN

Easy bro, you don't mind sharing a beverage  
or two with a couple of thirsty hombres do  
you?

Bingo makes a grab for Dean's can. Holding the can up high,  
Dean shoves Bingo back.

BINGO

Give it 'ere now!

DEAN

Woah, chill out Slim Shady. You're too young to drink anyway.

BINGO

So! They're mine, give 'em back.

Bingo makes another grab for the can. Dean grabs him behind the neck and pushes his head down toward the floor.

Leanne and Mugsey move towards the scuffle.

LEANNE

Oi! Leave 'im alone!

Ben hears footsteps. He watches Peter step down the embankment and peer around the wall of the arch at the confrontation.

Ben looks puzzled as Peter holds his finger to his lips and winks.

Scott laughs as Dean struggles to control Bingo with one hand. Bingo lashes out with legs and fists, his face reddening in Dean's grip.

DEAN

Calm down kid will you!

BINGO

Get off me now!

SCOTT

Chopsy little prick. What are you doing here anyway, these are our woods. I dont recall anyone asking for my permission to come up 'ere.

Jonesy steps from the archway.

JONESY

We don't need permission, cos anyone can walk in the woods, they belongs to the people.

DEAN

The people? That's beautiful man.

SCOTT

Listen, Nelson Mandela, I don't give a toss.  
Any more lip from any of you and I'll kick  
your bony arse's back to St Davids.

Leanne looks back at Paul, stood watching from the arch. She  
grits her teeth and steps forward attempting to free Bingo  
from Dean's grasp. Dean drops his can to the floor and  
shoves Leanne back.

MUGSEY

Oi, don't 'it 'er!

DEAN

I didn't 'it her. But I'll drop somebody in a  
minute if you don't get this little prick to  
calm down.

BINGO

Get off!

LEANNE

Just let 'im go!

SCOTT

Shut it you, don't think I wont smack a girl.

MUGSEY

Yeah, you touch her and you're dead!

SCOTT

You gonna do something ya little prick?

MUGSEY

No, but my brother will.

SCOTT

Yeah, who's your brother?

DEAN

He's Mugsy Mcgough's nipper.

SCOTT

No way. I'm shitting it now. What's that  
junkie gonna do, hard luck story me to death?

MUGSEY

'E aint a junkie.

SCOTT

Aint 'e?

Scott flicks the can at Mugsey spraying him with lager.

Peter steps into the archway.

PETER

Okay, that's enough.

He picks up Dean's skateboard from the car seat and strides out into the sunlight.

As everyone stops and turns, Peter launches the skateboard down through the trees below.

Dean watches in amazement. He throws Bingo aside and meets Peter face on.

DEAN

What the fuck are you doing man, that's my board.

PETER

Well you'd better go and fetch it then hadn't you boy.

DEAN

Do you know how much that cost? If it's broke you'll pay for it.

PETER

You should have thought of that before you started picking on kids half your bloody size!

DEAN

We weren't picking on anyone. It was that chopsy little prick.

Dean points at Bingo. Bingo gives him the finger.

BINGO

You shouldn't have nicked my beers yer gaylord!

PETER

Okay that's enough.

MUGSEY

And they were gonna hit Leanne.

PETER

I said that's enough. Lets all calm down.

Peter smiles disarmingly as he looks back and forth between Dean and Scott

PETER (cont'd)

Aren't you boys a little old to be doing this kind of stuff?

SCOTT

What's it got to do with you anyway?

PETER

It doesn't matter who I am. I know these kids, and they weren't doing any harm to anyone, until you two came along, winding them up. Now the pair of you piss-off before this situation gets out of hand.

Dropping his can to the ground, Scott peels his skateboard from his back-pack and holds it over his shoulder.

SCOTT

Out of hand? I'll show you out of hand when I wrap this around your skull!

Peter pulls the air rifle from his shoulder and raises it up towards Scott.

PETER

I think you'd better calm your friend down. I know you don't want any trouble, do you?

Dean looks hard at Peter.

DEAN

Leave it Scott. It's not worth it.

Scott shields his face with his skateboard.

SCOTT

If he shoots me, he's a dead man!

DEAN

Shut up Scott. C'mon I just wanna go ride.

Dean nods to Scott and steps away from Peter. Scott lowers his skateboard and slowly follows Dean

SCOTT

Another time, another place.

DEAN

Scott! C'mon, the guys obviously nuts.

Peter follows them with the nozzle of his rifle as they walk down through the trees. He lowers the gun and turns to Bingo.

PETER

Are you okay?

Swigging from the discarded can of lager, Bingo nods.

Peter looks around at the silent faces of the gang. He steps to the punchbag and slams it with the butt of his rifle.

PETER(cont'd)

What an eventful day.

Peter lays a hand on Bingo's shoulder and they walk back into the den, leaving the punchbag swinging behind them.

### **30.EXT. DEN. LATER**

The den echoes with hip hop from the stereo as Leanne inspects the marks on Bingo's neck.

Mugsey hands the bottle of lemonade to Peter, seated beside him. Peter swigs from the bottle and replaces the lid with a contented sigh.

PETER

Thank you, it's very kind of you. So what's your name young man.

MUGSEY

They call me Little Mugsey.

PETER

What do you like to be called?

MUGSEY

Lil.

PETER

I see. So it's Lil, Paul..

Mugsey follows Peter's eyes around the rest of the gang.

MUGSEY

That's Ben, Jonesy and that's Leanne and  
Bingo over there.

PETER

It's nice to put a name to all the faces. By  
the way, I'm Peter.

The gang nods collectively. Ben looks across the fire at  
Peter as he nods his head clumsily to the music.

BEN

So what happened to your dog?

PETER

I guess he's just got tired and made his own  
way home. He knows the terrain as well as I  
do. We've been walking these woods together  
for more years than I'd care to admit to. I  
guess that's why I've enjoyed meeting you  
guys so much. Believe it or not, when I was  
your age, these woods were my special place  
too. It takes me back. I thought we'd lost  
you guys for good to your computer games and  
your internet. Nice to hear young voices in  
the woods again.

PAUL

Yeah it's alright 'ere. It's good.

PETER

Jes, we had some fun in those days. A few of  
us, we had the run of this entire area. We  
had a couple of treehouses, one at each side  
of the valley. We'd run manouevres and  
surveillance operations using walkie-talkies,  
I tell you now boy, nothing went on in these  
woods that we didn't know about. I've seen  
things going on down here that you wouldn't

believe. I still know a few of her secrets too, don't I boys.

Peter winks at Mugsey and taps his nose. Mugsey smiles, Paul and Jonesy nod in agreement.

BEN

What you on about?

MUGSEY

Orr, you should've seen it Ben, it was pure funny.

PETER

Now, now, what goes on in the field stays in the field. Am I right boys?

The boys nod in agreement, if a little confused.

JONESY

Were you in the army then?

PETER

No, not quite. My father was.

Ben nudges his brother.

BEN

What did you do Paul? You'd better not get into any trouble.

PAUL

I'm not, shut up.

Bingo and Leanne join them at the fireside. Bingo lights a cigarette.

BINGO

Yeah, that was raz man!

Peter slaps his thighs and looks over at Paul.

PETER

I bet you didn't think you could move that fast did you Paul?

JONESY

Yeah, you shit yourself.

PAUL

No I didn't. Anyway Bingo was out of there before me.

BINGO

That's cos I'm faster than you.

JONESY

Yeah I saw you, you went like this..

Jonesy leaps to his feet, but as he recreates Paul's jump from the car, his heel clips the stop button on the stereo behind him, silencing the music. Paul leaps forward and shoves him backwards.

PAUL

Watch my stereo ya clumsy idiot!

Jonesy hits the floor hard and surprised. His eyes well instantly.

Peter grabs Paul by the arm as Leanne steps up behind him.

PETER

Eh, come on now, there's no need for that.

LEANNE

What you do that for?

PAUL

'E broke my stereo!

Paul shrugs free of Peter and kneels down to inspect his stereo.

LEANNE

It was an accident!

PAUL

So!

Peter helps Jonesy to his feet. Wiping the tears from his eyes Jonesy attempts to push him away but Peter puts his arm around his waist.

PETER

Easy now little fella, there's no need to get upset.

JONESY

Get off!

LEANNE

Don't worry Jones', its not even broke. E's just a big bully.

Paul spins around to face Leanne.

PAUL

Shut yer mouth! Stop calling me that.

LEANNE

Why should I, that's what you are.

PAUL

No I aint. If you wanna know who a bully is, why don't you ask your boyfriend?

BINGO

Shut yer face Paul!

PETER

Hey! Hey that's enough all of you!

The gang looks at Jonesy as he wriggles violently in Peter's grasp.

JONESY

Let me go, I'm going 'ome.

PETER

Easy, easy Jonesy. You're just upset, calm down, it'll pass.

Jonesy persists until finally Peter stiffens his posture, securing him firmly with a hand on the back of the neck he faces Jonesy back to the fireside and shoves him forward, kicking him up the backside as he releases his skinny frame.

Everyone freezes. Peter holds his hands out in a gesture of innocence.

PETER (cont'd)

What?..

Jonesy turns around and looks open-mouthed at Peter.

PETER (cont'd)

Oh come on, that didn't hurt did it? Come here..

Peter steps toward Jonesy. Draping an arm over his shoulder he bends down to meet Jonesy's zombie-like gaze with a smile.

PETER (cont'd)

Jeez Jonesy, you've got to be tougher than that if you want to be in the army.

JONESY

I don' wanna be in the army.

PETER

Fair enough. But believe me you're going to have to toughen up just the same. Have I upset you?

JONESY

Nah, its okay.

PETER

My kicking you up the arse, did it upset you more than when he pushed you over?..

Jonesy looks up at Peter blankly.

Peter quickly marches over to Paul and shoves him backwards.

He holds his hand up calmly and looks to Jonesy for a response.

PETER (cont'd)

How about that, did that make you feel better?..

Jonesy shakes his head. Peter looks at Paul.

PETER (cont'd)

How about you, did you enjoy that?..

Paul shakes his head quickly.

PETER (cont'd)

It didn't make me feel any better either. It's not very nice to be pushed around by somebody stronger than you is it son?

PAUL

No.

PETER

I don't know Paul, maybe you do like bullying smaller kids than yourself. Maybe it does feel good, I don't know.

PAUL

No I don't. It don't.

PETER

Well I hope not. Because if that is the case, what's the difference between you and those knuckleheads who were pushing Bingo around for no good reason earlier? Do you want to act like them?

PAUL

No.

PETER

Do you see what you've done by introducing violence into the group Paul? Violence is just an emotion that, I mean violence is just an emotional response made physical that if uncontrolled can bring nothing but bad things. Do you guys understand?..

Peter looks around the non-plussed faces of the gang.

PETER (cont'd)

See, now the mood is soured. I didn't mean to freak you out. You're probably all a bit young to understand. I'm gonna go..

Peter sighs, he runs his hand along his ribs and turns away from the fireside.

PETER (cont'd)

Well it was nice meeting you guys..

He walks slowly out of the den and looks across at the punch bag swaying gently beneath the tree.

Suddenly he stops and turns to face the gang once again.

PETER (cont'd)

Listen, I feel awful now. Before I go can I show you something?..

The gang look meekly at each other. Paul and Jonesy nod their heads.

PETER (cont'd)

It wont take long, but maybe it'll help you understand my point. I'll leave you to it and you can do your own thinking. Is that okay with you guys?..

The gang nod their heads as one again. Peter beams in obvious relief.

PETER (cont'd)

Good. I tell you what, put your music back on Paul, it'll help with the atmosphere..

Paul does as he's told, bending down and pressing the play button on the stereo.

Peter walks over to the tree and kneels down beside the punch-bag. He sways to the beat of the music and beckons the gang to join him.

PETER (Cont'd)

Gather around guys.

Paul looks down at his brother.

BEN

I'm alright 'ere.

Paul joins the rest of the gang as they slowly shuffle out of the den. Peter notices Ben still seated.

PETER

And you big fella, don't be shy. Give Ben a hand guys.

BEN

I'm alright 'ere.

Peter shields his eyes from the sun and glares at Ben. He shakes his head disappointedly and beckons the gang closer.

PETER

C'mon, don't be scared, I wont hurt you..

They do as they are told and form a tight line in front of the punch-bag.

Peter arches his back and crooks his neck. He rolls his sleeves up to his elbows revealing several random scar lines on both fore-arms.

PETER (cont'd)

What I'm about to show you is going to seem a little strange. But hopefully after we're done, you will have learned a valuable lesson. It may be ten minutes from now or it may take twenty years, but you'll figure it out. You're bright kids and don't let anyone tell you any different..

Peter takes a deep breath and places his hands behind his back. He smiles up at the watching gang before focusing on Jonesy.

PETER (cont'd)

Right son, take the punch-bag back as far as you can and smack it into me.

JONESY

What?

PETER

I want you to use it like a wrecking ball and just smash me with it.

MUGSEY

What's a wrecking ball?

PAUL

It's what they use to smash old buildings down.

Jonesy laughs falsely and looks to Bingo for guidance. Bingo shrugs in obvious amusement.

PETER

Don't look at him, I'm over here! And I'm gonna teach you something right here and now..

Peter shoves the bag at Jonesy then replaces his hands behind his back.

PETER (cont'd)

Come on you little girl, do as your told, I said hit me with it. Don't worry, you can't

hurt me. I just kicked you up the arse, hit me back!..

Jonesy pulls the heavy bag back as far as he can and lets it swing timidly against Peter.

PETER (cont'd)  
Harder! You big man, help him out..

Peter nods to Paul and shoves the bag forward with his head. Paul takes the bag with Jonesy and they pull it back, raising it to shoulder height.

PETER (cont'd)  
Come on knock me out!..

Paul grits his teeth and they push the bag hard at Peter.

This time it slams hard against his torso, knocking him off balance.

PETER (cont'd)  
That's better, now again harder..

They do as they're told and repeat the process with added gusto, knocking him to the ground.

Peter scrambles back to his kneeling position and ushers the rest of the gang forward with a clap of his hands.

PETER (cont'd)  
Come on all of you. Lets see what you got!..

Ben watches from the seat as the gang take turns whacking Peter with the bag, their giggles and effort intensifying with every thump of the bag.

PETER (cont'd)  
Harder! Harder!..

Peter guffaws and everyone laughs uproariously as Mugsey tumbles over the top of him.

Peter helps him to his feet and takes the bag in both hands.

PETER (cont'd)  
Now we're getting there! Is this fun or what?..

Peter looks at the reddening cheeks of the smiling gang as they all claim credit for the best body hits.

PETER (cont'd)

Okay, now I want you to really cut loose. What I want you to do is think of someone you hate, someone who's been really mean to you, anyone you'd really like to kick the 'you know what' out of, okay? Don't worry about me, I can take it, this is training for me, I do this kind of thing all the time. Only one rule, watch my face, don't hit me in the face okay? I've got a really important appointment tomorrow, I can't look beat up.

Before anyone has a chance to reply, Peter shoves the bag back at them and the game quickly resumes.

Paul looks back at his brother sat in puzzlement in the den then joins his friends in the clamour for control of the punch-bag.

PETER (cont'd)

Come on, harder! Come on kick me. This is important. You can't hurt me, come on hit me with everything you've got. Lets go!..

Peter slaps out playfully at the legs of the gang as they collide in the circle of the swinging bag.

The gang assent but their kicks at him are meek and controlled.

He slaps harder.

PETER (cont'd)

Come on you're St David's kids, you're supposed to be tough, lets see it!..

Peter catches Leanne hard behind the knee with a slap, buckling her leg. She gives out a yelp and instinctively reacts with a hard kick to his ribs.

PETER (cont'd)

That's it! Now we're getting somewhere..

Peter keeps slapping at the legs of the gang, shoving the punch-bag back at them as they encircle him, kicking dust up from the dry ground as feet and fists fly amidst the swinging bag and the reaching slaps.

PETER (cont'd)

Come on you poofdah's! You cant hurt me, its not me! Get it out of your system. Hit those bastards!..

The playful expressions of the circling gang evaporate as the slaps sting their legs and they collide with each other, shuffling for attack positions.

The punch-bag is discarded as Peter crawls along the ground, still reaching out with slaps as the increasingly aggressive blows rain down on him.

Jonesy is sent limping back into the den with a yelp as Bingo steps on his foot in the melee.

Paul straddles Peter's back and punches him hard in the kidneys, arching him upward in pain.

Peter lashes out with a fist that catches an advancing Bingo in the groin, buckling him over.

PETER (cont'd)

Ha ha! Come on Bingo, your girlfriend hits harder than you do. Do you want those bloody bastards out there to grind you down just cos you're different, because you don't fit in to what they want you to be?..

His face screwed up in pain, Bingo watches Peter bring Little Mugsey to ground by grabbing his standing foot.

PETER (cont'd)

Man down!..

Peter laughs. As he spins around to face his next attacker he takes the full force of Bingo's swinging foot on the jaw. His head snaps back and he drops onto one arm.

Everything stops.

Peter's eyes widen in shock and he looks around the watching faces of the gang.

Suddenly, scrambling to his feet with a roar he backhands Bingo viciously across the face, sending him sprawling backwards to the ground.

Bingo looks up at the ceiling of the archway, gasping.

Peter stands over him menacingly.

PETER (cont'd)

I told you not in the face. Are you that thick that you can't remember one simple rule?

Bingo holds his cheek and snarls up at Peter defiantly.

BINGO

You're dead. My dad knows Yardies and they're gunna cut your 'ead off!

Peter's nostrils flare in fury. He reaches down and picks Bingo up by the throat with both hands, lifting him high into the air, his arms at full stretch.

He takes a couple of steps and slams Bingo up against the wall of the archway, banging his head on the stone blocks.

Bingo gives out a muted cry as Peter begins to throttle him.

Leanne instinctively lunges at Peter, smacking him wildly on the back.

LEANNE

Get off 'im! You're gunna kill 'im!

Peter shirks at Leanne's punches and blinks as though awoken from some nightmare.

He slides Bingo down the wall and releases his grip.

Bingo falls to the ground in a heap, holding his throat as he coughs for air.

Peter turns to face Leanne.

PETER

It's a waste of time with little fuckers like you isn't it. I don't know why I bother even trying.

Paul stands in front of Leanne. Jonesy and Mugsey cowering behind them.

Peter clenches his fists and takes an attack posture.

PETER (cont'd)

Come on then big man.

Paul holds his hands up pleadingly.

PAUL

You promised you wouldn't 'it us.

Jonesy and Mugsey start screaming in terror as Peter steps toward Paul.

BEN(O/V)

Don't you hurt my brother!

Peter looks over at Ben as if he had forgotten he was there.

Ben glares back at Paul then over at the now whimpering Bingo.

Peter shakes his head dismissively and picks up his rifle.

The gang hold their breath as he aims the gun at Ben.

Gripping the car seat with both fists, Ben braces himself.

PETER

I almost forgot about little Miss misery guts. I'm going to say this once, nobody tells me what to do, okay?

Ben nods his head as much as he is able. Peter looks back at the gang and watches Jonesy backing out of the archway.

PETER (cont'd)

Where do you think you're going?

Jonesy turns and runs for the trees.

Peter strides through the arch, pointing the gun at Paul, Leanne and Mugsey as they step aside to let Peter pass.

PETER (cont'd)

Nobody moves!

They watch Peter follow Jonesy's route down through the trees.

**31.EXT. WOODS. DAY**

Sobbing uncontrollably, Jonesy struggles down through the trees.

Looking back over his shoulder he gasps as Peter comes bounding after him with the rifle held aloft.

Like a hunter chasing a deer, Peter raises the rifle, aims and squeezes the trigger.

Jonesy screams in pain as he is hit by a pellet and tumbles into a heap of ferns.

**32.EXT. DEN. DAY**

The gang shudder as Jonesy is pushed to the ground in the arch.

Blood streaming from his nose, he scrambles frantically across the dry mud to his friends.

JONESY

Don't let im kill me!

Peter follows him into the arch and stands at the fireside. Tapping the side of his leg with the rifle he sniggers at Jonesy's cries.

PETER

Stop bleating you little poofdah. It's only a pellet.

Peter freezes. He looks at the spot where Bingo was lying moments earlier, then scans the archway.

Bingo is gone.

Peter lunges at the gang. They all shriek as he pushes them aside and looks behind the car seats.

PETER (cont'd)

Where is he?..

Leanne screams as Peter grabs her by the ponytail, cranking her head back.

PETER (cont'd)

I said where is he? Which way?..

He doesn't give her time to answer. He runs to the far end of the archway and looks down the muddy path.

The woods are silent.

PETER (cont'd)

I swear to god, you lot are a test. I guess we do this the hard way. The next one that runs wont be as lucky as him, do you understand me?

Peter jerks the gun at Jonesy. The gang nod their heads then watch Peter sprint back through the arch and up the embankment into the trees.

MUGSEY

C'mon lets leg it!

BEN

Don't leave me with this psycho!

PAUL

No, we'll do like 'e says. Everyone just keep their mouths shut, don't say nothing.

LEANNE

What about Bingo?

MUGSEY

'E's gone. 'E wont catch 'im, Bingo's fast.

BEN

Yeah, Bingo'll tell someone and they'll come and get us.

MUGSEY

So what do we do, just wait ere for 'im to come back and shoot us all? E's a nutter!

PAUL

Don't worry, 'e wont touch us. We'll ave im up in court, sue the bastard.

They all look at Paul incredulously.

Still sniveling, Jonesy lifts his head up from Ben's lap and they inspect his bloodied face.

MUGSEY

Jonesy?

JONESY

What?

MUGSEY

You've got an 'ole in your nose, bra'.

Jonsey slowly opens his mouth releasing a piercing high pitched tone.

**33.EXT. VIADUCT. DAY**

Peter rounds the high wall on top of the viaduct and looks both ways along the empty stretch of train tracks.

Breathing heavily, he kicks at the stones underfoot making a circle between the tracks.

PETER

Now you've done it, now you've really gone  
and done something. You signed your name  
Peter, you promised.

His voice changes, as if spoken by a different personality.

PETER (cont)

I know, I know I promised. I don't know what  
happened. I didn't mean to..

He squats down on the steel track and bangs his head with the palms of his hands. He begins to chant, mantra like.

PETER (cont'd)

Michael Flatley's feet of flames, Michael  
Flatley's feet of flames, Michael Flatley's  
feet of flames..

**34.EXT. FEILD/WOODS. DAY**

Bingo runs out of the woods and into the field beneath the viaduct. He stops and rests his hands on his knees in exhaustion, gasping for breath.

He checks back for any signs of pursuit.

He puts his hand to his mouth and looks at the blood as he rubs it between his fingers.

BINGO

Yer a dead man!

**35.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Mugsey is being pulled by the arm to the edge of the archway.  
Peter stops him with a jolt and faces him down towards the woods.

PETER

I want you to watch this area like a hawk.

Mugsey looks zombie-like down at the trees as Peter waves the rifle at him.

PETER (cont'd)

If anyone comes up this way and you don't tell me, whatever happens, I'm gonna shoot you first. Got it?

Mugsey nods. Peter looks back at Leanne as she watches the embankment that leads up to the train tracks above.

PETER

Did you hear that young lady?

LEANNE

If anyone comes, tell you.

PETER

Good girl..

Peter walks back through the den, passing Ben, Paul and Jonesy seated silently at the fireside.

He stops at the far end of the arch and looks out across the woodland access. He shouts loud enough for all to hear:

PETER (cont'd)

If you guys do exactly what you're told, we'll all be fine..

Peter walks back to the fireside and the frightened faces of the three boys. He takes Bens head and tilts it forward, to inspect the cut.

PETER (cont'd)

That's gonna be fine, it's starting to congeal.

He releases Ben's head gently, then steps in front of Jonesy, ushering him to his feet.

Jonesy rises cautiously. Peter holds him by the chin and looks closely at his nose through the dried blood.

PETER (cont'd)

Let's have a look at it in the light..

Jonesy follows him out of the arch and Peter takes him by the chin once again. Tilting his head back Peter looks up Jonesy's nostril, then beckons Paul over.

PETER (cont'd)

Stand behind him and take his arms please Paul.

JONESY

What's 'e gonna do that for?

PETER

Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you.

Peter nods to Paul and he stands behind Jonesy, holding his arms at the elbow.

Jonesy attempts to back away but between them Peter and Paul secure him.

JONESY

What are you gunna do?

PETER

There's a pellet lodged in your nose and we've got to get it out.

Peter pulls out his army knife and pops out a tooth-pick sized blade. Jonesy begins to cry.

JONESY

No! Please!

PETER

Do you want to die from lead poisoning?

JONESY

No!

PETER

Be quiet then. Hold him tight in case he faints Paul..

Paul takes a firm grip of his whimpering friend, both equally frightened.

Peter bends down low to see up Jonesy's nose. Very carefully he holds the nostril open with the thumb and first finger of his right hand and holding the knife vertically with his left hand he delicately pokes the blade down through the small hole on the outside of his nose.

Paul screws his eyes closed with a grimace.

Jonesy shudders as a trickle of blood runs down his nostril and into his mouth. He spits out the blood.

PETER (cont'd)

Hold very still!..

Jonesy twitches as Peter jerks the knife slightly. A lead pellet falls out of the nostril and Peter skilfully catches it in his right palm. Peter removes the knife from Jonesy's nose and holds the pellet up for him to see.

PETER (cont'd)

There we go..

Paul releases Jonesy and steps back from him, heaving.

PETER (cont'd)

Don't worry, I only probably just saved your life.

Peter wipes the blade and walks away.

### **36.EXT. DEN. DAY**

There's a semblance of calm in the camp.

From his chair, Ben looks at Paul, sat in silence opposite a still sniveling Jonesy as Peter replenishes the fire with fresh wood.

Ben looks back across the woodland and as the light begins to fade above the treetops he watches the wood pigeons circling their nests.

Peter stands beside his chair and joins him in admiring the view.

PETER

It's beautiful isn't it?

Peter looks down but Ben is reluctant to hold his stare.

BEN

Yeah.

PETER

Look, I'm sorry if I scared you earlier.

BEN

It's alright. Are you gonna let us go?

PETER

Of course.

BEN

So when can we go 'ome?

PETER

That's not my decision to make Ben. It's out of my hands. The police will probably be here soon, maybe others, all baying for my blood. They're not going to understand, they wont even try. Unfortunately we're in a situation here, and I've got to try to make the best of it, for all of us.

BEN

Nobody 'll do anything to you if you just let us go. We wont say nothing to no one, I promise.

PETER

You'll forget we ever met?

BEN

Yeah

Peter's eyes begin to well with tears.

PETER

All of you? You'll forget all about me?

BEN

Yeah we wil, 'onest.

Ben notices Peter's trembling hands.

PETER

Let me ask you something Ben, have you ever been in a situation like this before?

BEN

No.

PETER

Well I have and it's never that bastard simple. So do us both a favour, you just sit there on those crooked little legs of yours and keep your crooked little mouth shut, Okay?

Ben jumps as Peter kicks the base of the chair.

Peter moves back towards the den and stokes the fire.

**37.EXT. DEN. DAY**

Tiring from their standing positions, Leanne and Mugsey keep an eye on Peter through the den.

MUGSEY

(whispered)

Leanne?

LEANNE

What's the matter now?

MUGSEY

I need a wee.

LEANNE

Have one then.

MUGSEY

I cant, I'm scared.

LEANNE

Well what you want me to do?

MUGSEY

Where?

LEANNE

Just take it out by there. Don't move for christ's sake.

Mugsy watches Peter take a seat at the fireside.

Taking a deep breath, he turns his shoulder to the den and pisses down into the woods, shuddering at the trickling noise on the ground below.

**38.EXT. WOODS. EARLY EVENING**

The darkening woods below the viaduct. Vibrant with natural noise but empty of any sign of rescue.

**39.EXT. DEN. EARLY EVENING**

Peter looks up from the fire as the music from the stereo stutters and fades.

PAUL

We've got some more batteries in the bag

Peter nods and beckons Paul from his watch position.

Paul steps into the arch, pops the back panel of the stereo and removes the dying batteries.

Suddenly, his mobile phone rings.

Everyone freezes at the intrusion.

Peter leaps to his feet and pushes Paul up against the wall of the arch. Paul holds his hands in the air as Peter lifts up his top and snatches the phone from the belt clip.

As the ring tone repeats, Peter looks around the faces of his hostages with his finger at his lips. He hands him the phone.

PETER

Answer it. Be good.

PAUL

What do you want me to say?

PETER

Make something up. Just use your head if you wanna live.

Staring into the eyes of his captor Paul slowly holds the phone to his ear and presses the answer button.

PAUL

(On telephone with his mother)

Alright mum?..

What, Ben didn't tell you?..

No, we're having tea at Little Mugsey's..

No 'e's upstairs on the computer..

I cant 'e's in the middle of a game..

Okay, okay 'ang on a minute..

Paul holds his hand over the phone receiver.

Peter widens his eyes for an explanation.

Paul dry swallows and looks over at his brother.

PAUL (cont'd)

Mum wants to know if you want chicken or beef tomorrow, nan's coming over for dinner.

The brother's look at Peter.

BEN

Chicken.

PAUL

Yeah but if we 'aves chicken we can't 'ave Yorkshire puddings.

BEN

I don't care I wants chicken.

Paul holds the phone to his ear once again.

PAUL

He said he wants beef..

Ben gurns his face up angrily and gives his brother the finger.

Paul (cont'd)

Okay mum..

No we wont be late..

Alright, see you in a bit, tara.

Paul ends the call. Peter takes the phone from him and smiles.

PETER

That was, unexpected.

Peter laughs and the gang find themselves joining him in amusement at the welcome break in tension. He looks at the phone menu for recent made calls.

PETER

You made any calls on the sly?  
Any text messages?

PAUL

I aint got no credit.

PETER

Good

He moves from the archway and throws the phone into the woods.

#### **40.EXT. DEN. NIGHT**

The sound of a local commercial radio station echoes gently from the stereo in the den.

Leanne is looking up the embankment into the darkness of the trees. She hears a rustling in the undergrowth and watches a squirrel scamper up a tree trunk and twist into the shadows of the branches.

She looks over her shoulder into the den and sees Peter squatting down at the foot of the wall of the archway.

He picks something up from the ground and catches Leanne watching him as he rises to his feet.

She quickly averts her eyes back to her watch.

Peter takes a seat opposite Ben and Jonesy at the fireside.

He takes the last cigarette from Bingo's discarded packet and purses it between his lips. He crumples the empty packet and throws it onto the fire, then carefully selects a burning twig and uses the lit end to light the cigarette.

He coughs at the first puff before gently exhaling the smoke.

The gang look up as the gentle rumble of a freight train quickly ascends in volume as it thunders across the viaduct.

Ben and Jonesy watch Peter across the fire as he stares forlornly into the flames.

After a few moments, the noise of the train fades as quickly as it arrived.

Peter glances through the arch at Mugsey, silhouetted in the fading light at his lookout-point, his hands clasped in front of him, obviously praying.

Peter looks at his watch, then reaches across to the stereo, silencing it.

He takes a last drag on the cigarette before throwing it onto the fire.

Clasping his hands together, he calls both ways through the arch to his watching guards:

PETER

Okay guys, that'll do. Come and have a warm by the fire. It's dark, you wont see anything until it's too late now..

Paul, Leanne and Mugsey do as they're told and join Ben and Jonesy at the fireside.

PETER (cont'd)

I know you're all pretty tired by now, and hungry..

Peter reaches into the sports bag and takes out the packet of coconut marshmallows. Taking one for himself, he passes the packet across the fire to Mugsey who passes them along the line of the gang.

Leanne is the only one to decline, shivering as she stares into the fire.

Peter looks over the tired faces of his hostages as the marshmallows are nibbled quietly.

PETER (cont'd)

Listen, I just want to clear something up because it's been on my mind and I just want to be honest with you guys. The last thing I want is any of you coming away from this with the wrong impression. It really cuts me up to think of you thinking, you know, badly of me. So, basically I lied to you earlier when I said I had an important appointment. The reason I got so angry, um, to cut along story

short, when I was young, not much older than you guys actually, I was in an accident, it was pretty bad and they had to put a steel plate in my forehead, and when they fitted the plate they inserted a chip, a very sophisticated micro chip to monitor me so they would know where I was at all times, and if anything happened to me they could always recover the body.

Peter looks at the childrens faces to make sure he has their full attention.

PETER (cont'd)

I don't expect you to understand all this, it was very secretive and very technical, pretty advanced stuff. Anyway, I'm sure you can understand it's dangerous for me if the chip is damaged, which is why I was so angry with the little fella when he kicked me in the face. Thinking about it, that probably explains why they haven't found us yet.

PETER (cont)

I feel awful about what happened. But maybe you wont be so quick to judge me now, I don't know, I just wanted to be truthful with you, and now it's off my chest so, I feel better..

Peter sighs deeply and sits back in his chair. He looks across the fire at the dumbstruck faces of the gang.

PETER (cont'd)

I really do feel better now. If you take anything from today guys, I hope it's that honesty is the only thing we've got. Lies and deception get you nowhere, I mean look where we are now? Am I right?

The gang nod sheepishly.

MUGSEY

Honesty is the best policy.

Peter sits back up in his chair excitedly.

PETER

You said it Lil Mugsey! That's right, and you know what? I'm feeling open and confessional now, so if you guys want to ask me anything else I'll be totally honest with you. You're probably gonna hear a lot of rubbish about me, so anything you wanna know, I promise I'll tell you the truth.

Although not sharing Peter's enthusiasm, the gang respond to his offer by slowly looking at each other. Everyone is shocked as Ben shifts in his seat and looks sternly across the fire at Peter.

BEN

Did you really lose your dog?

Peter smiles at Ben's question.

PETER

No. Well not today anyway. I did lose Jesus, but that was six years ago, he was run over by a taxi.

MUGSY

Why did you 'ave us looking for 'im then?

PETER

I don't know Lil, I guess I was just enjoying being around you guys so much I didn't want to just, leave. It was wrong I know, and I'm sorry I lied to you all..

Peter hangs his head and looks into the fire.

PETER (cont'd)

Do you know how some days you wake up in the morning and for some unexplainable reason you're in a good mood? You just think to yourself, something exciting is going to happen today. Well when I was walking in the woods and you hit me with the bike, I wasn't angry. I thought, I'm okay, I'm not hurt, this is just something that has happened. And then I found you guys, and your den was really cool, and you were all really cool with me, and I just enjoyed being here. I know we've had our teething problems and one or two of us have clashed horns, so to speak, but on the whole I hope you'll all agree that

the least it's been is memorable. I certainly don't bare any grudges..

Peter slowly lifts his jacket and inspects the bruises on his torso inflicted upon him by the gang.

PETER (cont'd)  
Maybe the odd ache and pain, but it was all worth it..

Peter lowers his jacket and smiles warmly at his audience. He clasps his hands to his chin and bows his head.

PETER (cont'd)  
Do you mind joining me in a quick prayer?..

Peter glances up for a response and the gang nod their heads wearily.

Peter nods in appreciation and closes his eyes.

The gang follow Paul's lead as he bows his head.

PETER (cont'd)  
Help me lord to recognize my faults, and distress they bring to others. Show me the way of forgiveness that Jesus has provided through his sacrifice of himself upon the cross. Amen..

The gang are surprised as Peter continues:

PETER (cont'd)  
Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread..

One by one the gang attempt to join in mumbled prayer. Only Leanne declines.

Through squinted eyes, Peter watches her staring off into the distance of the woods.

PETER (cont'd)  
Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one, for yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen..

The fire crackles softly. Peter leans back in his seat and looks up at the ceiling.

PETER (cont'd)

Amen indeed. You know something, you guys should be proud of yourselves, the way you've handled the situation here today. Your parents are going to be very proud of you all. And don't think for a second that I'm not going to make sure of that..

Peter picks up the bottle of lemonade, unscrewing the cap and takes a swig.

He hands the bottle across the fire to Mugsey, who drinks thirstily before offering the bottle to Leanne. She shakes her head and Mugsey passes the bottle along to Ben.

Peter meets Leanne's stare across the fire.

PETER

Something wrong Leanne?

LEANNE

No.

PETER

If something I've said bothers you..

LEANNE

No, I just aint thirsty.

PETER

Fair enough. But I think I've been as open as I possibly can about our time together. You've been very quiet. You're obviously a bright young woman, I'd like to hear your thoughts.

LEANNE

I just wanna go 'ome.

PETER

I know. Believe it or not, so do I. We all do

LEANNE

Let us go then!

PETER

I can't do that just yet. Believe me, it's for your own safety. I have to do this my way. But don't worry, you have my word, I am not going to let anything happen to you guys.

LEANNE

Yeah but you say your proud of us and all that, but if you really liked us you'd just let us go 'ome now wouldn't you?

PETER

So you think I'm lying to you?

LEANNE

No, it's just everything you said an' that..

PETER

Look if it's me you're worried about, I'm sure these young men right here are not about to let anything happen to you.

Peter holds his arms out toward the boys.

LEANNE

That's it though aint it, they aint men, if they were we wouldn't be 'ere. They're just kids, we're all just kids and that's why you're picking on us. You're just like everyone else.

The gang watch nervously as Peter's jaw twitches and he taps the side of his leg with the rifle.

PETER

Well you're entitled to your opinion Leanne. I must say I'm a little disappointed, but if that's how you feel. Personally, I think you're being a bit harsh on your friends. Especially since they're not the ones responsible for starting all this in the first place. No, we've got your tough guy boyfriend to thank for that. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe these guys are still here. They didn't run off with their tail between their legs, leaving you at the mercy of a monster like me. No that's a real man..

LEANNE

I didn't say that!

PETER

You honestly don't think these kids, as you call them, have shown any maturity or strength here today?

LEANNE

Yeah, I do.

PETER

No you don't.

LEANNE

I do!

PETER

I don't think so. I think you know what a real man looks like. You see I've met women like you before. You say one thing, but you're really thinking something else.

LEANNE

I'm not.

The air of terror revisits the gang as Peter focuses on Leanne.

PETER

No. What you're doing, and you may not even realize it, but you're fuckin' doing it anyway, is questioning these boys. And when you talk about the difference between boys and men, you're asking what they've got between the legs. These poor boys, who've done nothing wrong, just by asking a question like that you're saying that they have no hair on their balls!

LEANNE

No I aint!

PETER

Oh come on! You're all the bloody same. You think we're stupid just because we're men?

Leanne looks pleadingly at the boys.

LEANNE

I didn't say that, 'onest.

Peter stands up and faces Paul.

PETER

Paul, have you got hair on your balls?..

Paul looks at his friends for help.

PETER

Don't look at them, answer the question.

PAUL

Yeah.

PETER

Good. Show me, c'mon, on your feet.

Paul hesitantly gets to his feet.

PAUL

Here?

PETER

Yes. Drop your pants please..

Paul slowly pulls his tracksuit bottoms to his knees.

PETER (cont'd)

All of it..

Paul does as he's told, hunching as he pulls his underpants down.

Peter looks proudly at his genitals.

Her head bowed, Leanne is staring at the ground.

PETER (cont'd)

Leanne, look at him. I said look at him!..

Leanne looks up at Paul in apology. She glances at his groin before quickly returning her eyes to the ground.

PETER (cont'd)

What do you see?

LEANNE

Hair.

PETER

Damn right you do. You see his penis, which may I say is quite impressive Paul. You should be so lucky young lady. You see his penis, his balls, and what else?

LEANNE

Hair.

PETER

Hair on his balls. Just stay there for a moment please Paul..

Peter looks down at Ben on his seat.

BEN

I think you've probably proved your point..

Peter points at Jonesy.

PETER

You, have you got hair on your balls?

JONESY

Some.

PETER

Come on then, lets see, and you Lil Mugsey, on your feet..

Mugsey slowly gets to his feet. He watches Jonesy dry swallow before dropping his pants and looking up at the ceiling of the archway.

PETER (cont'd)

Leanne, c'mon, the quicker we can get this over with, the quicker we can move on. Look!..

Leanne buries her head in her hands. Mugsey begins to cry.

PETER (cont'd)

Mugsey stop crying!

LEANNE

Please stop it!

PETER

Leanne, shut up and do as your told, don't make me come over there. Mugsey, get your pants down.

MUGSEY

I don't want to.

PETER

Mugsey if you don't show her right now I will strip you naked, tie you to a tree in the middle of the woods and leave you there to rot!. Now show her!

MUGSEY

I cant!

PETER

You can!

MUGSEY

I cant, I aint got no hair down there!

Mugsey drops to his knees and hides his face in his hands. The silence is broken only by his sobs.

Leanne looks up to see Peter glaring at her.

PETER

Great.

Shaking his head, Peter signals Paul and Jonesy to pull their pants up.

They hurriedly comply and return to their seats.

Leanne cowers as Peter walks behind her. He helps Mugsey onto his seat and stands beside him, stroking his hair gently.

PETER

Don't worry son, it'll come in time. Before you know it. You told the truth, that makes you a man in my book. What the hell could she possibly know about you.

Mugsey looks across at Leanne's saddened face.

LEANNE

Mugsey, I didn't mean..

PETER

You shut your mouth! You've said enough. We've had a quiet couple of hours and then you had to go and spoil it with your filthy little mind.

LEANNE

I didn't say nothin'.

PETER

You didn't have to! Just be quiet. I'm sick to my stomach of your lies. Yeah, that's right, I saw you today, I watched you let that grubby little bastard touch you.

LEANNE

Shut up!

Leanne starts to cry.

PETER

Oh here come the tears. You must think I was born yesterday. Well it aint gonna work with me young lady. Get your clothes off.

LEANNE

No.

PETER

You heard me you little prick-tease. The only girl with a group of boys, you think I don't know what you're up to? I think we've proved a point or two here, now lets see you with your pants down.

Leanne looks around the helpless faces of the boys. Trembling with anger, Ben responds to her despair:

BEN

Leave her alone, she 'aven't done nothin' to you!

Peter calmly looks at Ben.

PETER

I've already warned you. I wont tell you again..

He reaches for Leanne and pulls her to her feet by the hair.

PETER (cont'd)

Leanne, if you don't finish this, I will.  
Strip!

Paul is frozen in his seat.

Ben looks out of the arch into the darkness of the woods and yells at the top of his voice:

BEN  
Help! Somebody help us!

Peter pushes Leanne aside, grabs his rifle and marches towards Ben.

Paul gets to his feet with his hands up.

PAUL  
Please don't hurt 'im.

Peter pushes Paul backwards and he falls over his seat to the ground.

PETER  
Too late!..

Peter stands over Ben, pointing the rifle at his head.

PETER (cont'd)  
I'm going to give you something to whine about..

Ben screws his eyes shut and digs his chin into his chest.

Peters index finger squeezes the trigger.

Paul curls up into a ball on the ground.

PETER (cont'd)  
Open your eyes..

Peter kicks out at Ben.

PETER (cont'd)  
Open your eyes right now and you can keep one, or I take them both. It's up to you..

Peter steps between Ben's outstretched legs and places the nozzle of the rifle against one of his eye lids.

PETER (cont'd)

Last chance. Open your eyes!

An owl-like noise echoes up from the woodland. Leanne hears it but doesn't let on that she recognises Bingo's secret call.

LEANNE

Peter.

Peter freezes at the sound of his name. He looks over the fire at the pleading face of Leanne.

LEANNE

Peter. It aint 'is fault, it's my fault. It's all my fault. Don't hurt 'im. I'll show you, but in private.

PETER

How stupid do you think I am?

LEANNE

No, no 'onest, I wanna do it, I just wanna show you first. Ya know, just me and you.

Peter looks down at Ben, his eyes still shut tight.

He drops the rifle to his side and walks slowly toward Leanne.

He stops at the fireside and surveys the broken gang.

PETER

You know the drill, nobody moves. There's not a hiding place out here that I can't find you.

Peter leads Leanne out of the archway by the arm.

Ben is rocking back and forth on his seat, staring blankly ahead.

Paul scrambles across the ground to him and touches his brother's arm.

PAUL

It's okay Ben, 'e's gone.

**41.EXT. ARCHWAY/DEN. NIGHT**

Leanne is stood against the wall of the archway at the foot of the embankment. Peter stands motionless in front of her.

Staring vacantly at him, she pulls her t-shirt over her head and drops it to the ground.

Breathing heavily, Peter watches as Leanne undoes her jeans.

She pushes her jeans down to her ankles in one quick movement, then drops her hands to her side.

Peter looks down at her.

She shudders as his hand moves toward her.

He withdraws his hand in response then looks at her, almost child-like.

PETER

Can I show you mine?..

Leanne nods. Peter opens his jeans and looks down at himself.

PETER (cont'd)

Do you like it?..

Leanne looks down at him and nods again.

Afraid to meet her stare, Peter hangs his head.

PETER (cont'd)

Will you touch it?

Leanne shudders once again as Peter puts his hand on her neck attempting to pull her to him.

Suddenly, Bingo appears from behind the bushes, pointing a gun at Peter.

BINGO(O/V)

Get away from 'er now!..

Peter steps away from Leanne, fumbling with his jeans.

Bingo jerks the gun at him.

BINGO (cont'd)

That's far enough.

Peter looks into the den and sees the boys stood at the fireside, as surprised as he is.

Jonesy gives him a knowing smirk and mouths the words:

JONESY

I told you.

Peter looks at the huge looking gun in Bingo's small hands.

PETER

Easy. Easy now big fella.

BINGO

Not such an 'ard man now are you?

Her jeans pulled back up, Leanne steps from the bushes with the rest of her clothes held at her chest.

Bingo nods for her to join him. She does so, kicking Peter in the leg as she passes.

BINGO

Stand behind me Leanne.

PETER

Where the hell did you get that?

BINGO

Fatmas.

PETER

Now you calm down son. I know you're upset, but be very careful with that thing, especially if it's loaded.

BINGO

Course it's loaded.

Peter surveys the surrounding trees and the pathway through the woods.

PETER

You're on your own? You didn't tell anyone? The police?

BINGO

No.

PETER

Why not!

BINGO

Cos they would've tried to stop me.

PETER

Stop you? Whoah!

As Leanne dresses behind him, Bingo holds the gun up and squints in aim at Peter.

Paul walks towards Bingo.

PAUL

No! Bingo don't! Don't' do it man!

BINGO

Shut up Paul!

JONESY

Yeah shut up Paul. Shoot 'im Bing!

Bingo sighs in annoyance as his hands tremble under the weight of the gun.

PAUL

If you shoot 'im Bing', you'll be locked up forever.

BINGO

I don't give a toss!

PAUL

Don't do it man, please.

Peter begins to sob. He holds his hand out in a gesture of helplessness.

PETER

Listen to him, he's talking a lot of sense.

BINGO

Move again, see what 'appens.

LEANNE

Paul's right Bing'. Don't kill 'im.

BINGO

Do yer think 'e was just gunna let you all go after 'e finished?

PETER

That's not how it was, I would never..

BINGO

Shut up!

PAUL

Bing' don't! We'll all get done for it. They'll send us all down. Even Leanne.

BINGO

No they wont. Everyone shut up. You, Peter pervert, get on yer knees..

Peter holds his hands up and does as he's told.

With the gun still trained on Peter, Bingo glances over to Paul.

BINGO (cont'd)

Paul, go in my pocket 'ere. Don't do anything stupid cos he 'll 'ave us again.

PAUL

I wont.

Paul steps forward and gently puts his hand into Bingo's jacket pocket. He pulls a length of plastic zip-tie out and holds it up in puzzlement.

BINGO

Use that to tie 'is arms behind 'is back.

Paul tugs at the thin plastic.

PAUL

That wont be strong enough.

BINGO

It will, it's what robbers use. Just poke the one end through the hole..

Paul does so, forming a loop.

BINGO (cont'd)

Now tie 'is 'ands behind 'is back.

Paul steps nervously towards Peter.

Winking reassuringly, Peter holds his hands behind his back in compliance.

BINGO (cont'd)

Make sure you pull it pure tight, so 'e can't get out of it.

Paul pulls the loop tight around Peter's hands until he stiffens uncomfortably.

PETER

Not too tight Paul, you'll stop the circulation.

PAUL

Shut it you!

Paul steps back from Peter and looks at Bingo with a nod.

Ben, Jonesy and Little Mugsy watch incredulously from the den.

LEANNE

What do we do now?

BINGO

Paul, make sure you get that knife off 'im.

PAUL

Where is it?

BINGO

In his back pocket.

Paul shoves Peter forward, removes the knife from the back pocket of his jeans and throws it into the trees below.

Bingo lowers the gun and steps closer to Peter.

PETER

You're a special lad Bingo.

Peter flinches as Bingo spits in his face.

PAUL

What do we do now, get the cops?

Bingo turns to face Paul and Leanne.

BINGO

Yeah, lets get outta 'ere. You two get everything together and I'll watch 'im.

Bingo turns the gun sideways and points it at Peter once again.

PETER

Well, well. It's funny how things get turned on their head isn't it Bing'.

BINGO

Don' talk.

PETER

Your father is going to be so proud of you.

Bingo stiffens at the remark. He looks back into the den as his friends ready to leave.

As Paul bends down to help his brother out of his seat he glances through the archway and sees Bingo step towards Peter.

Bingo aims the gun between Peter's right shoulder and neck, and pulls the trigger...

**BANG!**

Everyone jumps at the deafening blast. Peter is thrown backwards to the ground.

The shot echoes through the woodland then suddenly everything is silent.

Bingo calmly watches Peter twist onto his side, his face against the dry mud of the ground. He looks down at the gun in his hand then holds it up for his watching friends to see in a momentary show of pride.

MUGSEY

Orr fuckin' 'ell.

Peter clenches his fists at the base of his spine. He shuffles to the wall of the arch with an aching groan and manages to force himself into an upright position. He peers down at the wound as blood floods the front right side of his jacket. With glazed eyes he looks up at Bingo showing his teeth and barks like a dog...

**Woof, woof, woof**

Bingo flinches at the act of aggression.

The gang watch dumb-struck as Peter uses the solid wall of the arch to push himself to his feet. Bingo backs away into the den, shakily pointing the gun at Peter as he staggers into the moonlight outside the archway.

Straining for release from his ties, Peter roars a terrifying scream and lunges toward Bingo.

The gun now in one hand, Bingo turns and runs through the den, firing blindly behind him, another deafening blast as the shot ricochets off the wall of the arch and whistles out through the trees.

Bingo stumbles through the fire sending glowing embers flashing through the arch.

BINGO

Run!

The gang push against each other in their delayed panic to escape the chaos.

Mugsey crashes over Ben's seat sending Ben tumbling backwards.

Peter manages to catch Bingo with a flailing kick and they both tumble to the ground screaming.

Bingo is quick to his feet and frantically follows the hysterical trail of his friends as they race down into the woods.

Lying flat on his back, Ben shudders in pain as he pushes the weight of the car seat off his legs.

**42.EXT. WOODS. NIGHT**

Paul leads the terrified gang down through the darkness of the trees.

He screams through tears and rage as he hears his brother's voice calling after him.

BEN(O/C)

Paul!

**43.EXT. DEN. NIGHT**

Crouched on his knees, Peter rests his forehead against the cool mud of the ground. Trembling as he enters shock, he lifts his head at the sound of Ben's whimpering.

Ben is sat shivering against the far wall of the arch, pointing Bingo's gun at Peter in a last pitiful act of defiance.

Peter manages a pained chuckle. He slowly struggles to his feet and looks blankly at the tiny figure of Ben amidst the debris of the den.

PETER

You've broken that poor woman's heart.

**44.EXT. WOODS. NIGHT**

Paul runs through the long grass of the field below the viaduct.

He stumbles and falls to the ground with a thud.

Shaking in sobs he looks up in desperation as the rest of the gang run past him.

PAUL

Ben, did anybody get Ben?

Leanne watches the rest of the gang as they scamper ahead through the field.

LEANNE

Bingo! Wait!

Bingo comes to a panting halt.

LEANNE

Where's the gun?

BINGO

I don't know, I must have...

Suddenly, the sound of a gun shot echoes through the woods.

The gang look at each other, sharing concern for Ben. Paul puts his hand to his mouth and calls his brothers name.

PAUL

Ben, Ben...

There is no answer.

PAUL (cont)

We got to go back.

JONESY

He might have the gun?

BINGO

No way he could shoot it. Not with 'is 'ands tied like that.

MUGSEY

What if he broke loose?

PAUL

We can't just leave 'im there.

Bingo turns to Leanne.

BINGO

Look after Jonesy.

Bingo joins Paul and together they re-trace their route to the den.

#### **45.EXT. DEN. NIGHT**

Paul and Bingo cautiously emerge from the surrounding foliage to find the den in chaos.

Ben is sat at the edge of the archway, holding Bingo's gun, but there is no sign of Peter.

BEN

Paul, come and get me, I've pissed myself!

#### **46.EXT. CAR PARK. MORNING**

A WPC helps Leanne into the back of a police car.

Paul, Ben, Bingo, Jonesy and Mugsey stand at the back of a police van and observe as Leanne is driven away.

JONESY

What if he's dead when they find `im.  
We'll all go down for murder.

BINGO

I don' care if they lock me up in Portland.  
I'll see Toozy and Marc Power. I don' give a  
shit.

PAUL

He was gonna rape Leanne and kill us lot. It  
was self defence.

BEN

What about the gun. Does your old man have a  
licence?

BINGO

What's it matter, he's already banged up  
anyway.

MUGSEY

The bike! What if they find the bike.

PAUL

Just say we found it in the woods after seeing `em  
older lads riding it.

BEN

But we'll still get done if he tells 'em we ran 'im  
over. No licence, insurance, our mam'll go nuts!

PAUL

She'll go nuts anyway when she finds out what's  
happened.

As the gang consider their parents reaction, they are  
approached by a policeman.

POLICEMAN

Alright lads, in the back.

Bingo helps Paul lift Ben into the back of the van where  
they are joined by Mugsey and Jonesy.

The Policeman slams the door, climbs into the drivers seat and sets off out of the car park.

**47 INT. VAN. MORNING.**

As they drive towards the station the boys sit deep in thought, contemplating the nights events.

Jonesy is first to break the silence.

JONESY

You think he was one of `em Devil worshippers come to claim our souls?

BEN

Maybe that's why he wouldn't die. Maybe he was already dead.

JONESY

Yeah, like Bruce Willis in that Sixth Sense...

Jonesy looks at Mugsey and mimics a scary voice.

JONESY

I see dead people.

Paul and Ben make ghost like sounds.

MUGSEY

Piss off you lot. You're always trying to scare me.

**48 EXT. VAN. MORNING.**

As the boys laugh at Mugsey, the Van passes the entrance to the woods.

BINGO

The only souls round `ere are you lot... arse holes.

Above the **No Trespassing** sign, the woods remain the same; lush green and tranquil, except for an owl like noise that sounds like it's made by a human.

THE END