Rare Birds

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EXT. MORNING. RURAL LINCOLNSHIRE.

Late summertime. Endless Fields. A dirt road, shrubbery, woods in the distance.

A van trundles along the road, it reads "Bug brothers: pest management solutions," on the side in faded letters.

Birds scatter as the van passes.

INT. DAY. TRANSIT VAN.

A scruffy, ancient transit van. stinks of smoke.

Two men sit in the van, They wear matching blue boiler suits with an embroidered "bug brothers" logo.

IAN, 30, short and thin. Stresshead, the self-proclaimed brains of the operation.

BEN, Ian's brother, 27 tall, broad. Has a shaved head. He is dull, a follower.

Ian smokes and drives. Ben stares out of the window absent-mindedly.

BEN
You seen them things what they got now?

IAN
What?

BEN
S'like a computer watch.

IAN
You what?

BEN
Well it's like-

IAN
You mean a digital watch?

BEN
Yeah, but-

IAN
Anyone'd think you'd been inside since the fuckin' eighties.

BEN
S'different, innit...

IAN
How?

BEN
S'like... computerfied.

IAN
You what?

BEN
It's like... A little computer.

IAN
Bollocks, what's it for?

BEN
Dunno... It like, finds you stuff out.

IAN
What, like the time?

BEN
Other stuff and all!

IAN
Like what?

BEN
Like about satellites and that.

IAN
Satellites? Don't talk shit, Who's got one, James Bond?

EXT. DAY. FIELDS.

A field in the distance is swarmed with men clad in tartan, greens, sheepskin and other farmer-ish attire. A shooting party.

They wander through the field, watching the sky. They carry shotguns slung over the shoulder or trained on the skies.

A boy, fourteen or so, trails behind them with two dozen dead birds on strings.

The faint pop of a shotgun.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

BEN
I like it round here, proper peaceful innit...

Ian ignores Ben.

BEN
Ian?

IAN
Yes Ben?

BEN
D'ya remember when dad used to take us to work with him?

IAN
(Not listening)
Yeah, yeah...

Ian checks his watch.

BEN
And we used to go round all different houses, and we'd help him and he'd always say-

IAN
(Not listening)
I do mate... Yeah.

BEN
Do you reckon Dad's gonna stop being poorly soon?

IAN
Don't work like that mate...

BEN
Oh, right... Sorry.

Silence.

BEN
I really like this van you know. S'like, made of memories innit.

IAN
Don't get too attached.

BEN
What?

IAN
Cause we're gonna burn it, yeah?

BEN
What?

Ian looks pissed.

IAN
For fuck's sake!

BEN
What?!

Ian pulls the van into a layby.

IAN
Talk me through it again.

BEN
Why?

IAN
So I know you understand.

BEN
Why'dya always go on like I'm stupid-

IAN
Cause ya don't fucking listen!

BEN
But-

IAN
You're wasting time!

BEN
Right, so we...

IAN
We...

BEN
We... Right so first we... Bang on the gate.

IAN
Yeah, Then what?

BEN
And we... We... Tell the 'ald fella about termites.

IAN
Good lad, what next?

BEN
We come in, shit him up a bit, take it off him.

IAN
Then what?

BEN
Do a runner.

IAN
Come on mate, details. 's all in the details.

BEN
We run off, and then we-

IAN
Before that.

BEN
I dunno!

IAN
Come on mate, I've just told you-

BEN
Burn it!

IAN
Good lad, get down the layby, burn the van. Swap it for the banger Chinese Terry's left us and go and meet him down the local, yeah?

Ben nods. He whispers the steps to himself over and over, trying his best to commit them to memory.

The Van drives on.

IAN
You see mate, you ain't thick. Just gotta listen... yeah?

BEN
yeah...

Ben stares out of the window, deflated.

EXT. DAY. A WINDING DIRT TRACK.

A large field with an ornate bungalow and a large conservatory sits in the distance. It is surrounded by a high fence.

The van turns onto a winding, one track road. It rattles against the uneven road. Dust rises in their wake.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ben stares out the window, hurt, Ian focuses on the road.

IAN
Listen, I don't mean to get on. Just gotta get this right, yeah?

The brothers rattle around in their seats. Ben says nothing.

IAN
Come on fella it's nearly fuckin' game time, get excited!

Ben turns away.

The sound of wheels scraping against loose stones.

IAN
Jesus, Sorry mate... Listen...

BEN
What?

IAN
You know I only get on at you 'cause I love ya, yeah?

BEN
Mmm.

IAN
And even though you're thick as pigshit, you're my little brother.

BEN
Yeah...

IAN
And what's that mean?

BEN
What?

IAN
Me, being your big brother.

BEN
I dunno?

IAN
Means I've gotta look after ya, don't it?

BEN
Does... yeah.

IAN
Means we've gotta do things right, be proper on it this time, yeah? S'not personal.

BEN
yeah...

EXT. DAY. FOOT OF THE GATE.

An elaborate, well kept bungalow sits behind a large electric gate.

The van pulls up to the gate.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ian takes a deep breath, he steps out the van. He pulls a small whiskey bottle from the inside of his jacket and finishes it off, tossing it in the footwell.

EXT. DAY. THE FOOT OF THE GATE.

Ian, fighting nerves, walks up to the intercom and clears his throat before buzzing.

INT. DAY. BUNGALOW.

An elderly gypsy's living room. Colourful, traditional. Bird imagery. An armchair. The TV blares out old quiz shows.

The OLD MAN sits in his chair, he is smartly dressed in suit trousers, shirt, braces and a hat.

A buzz. The old man picks up a yellowed house phone from beside him and begins speaking.

EXT. DAY. THE GATE/INT. DAY. BUNGALOW. INTERCUT.

Ian leans into the intercom.

OLD MAN
(Irish, hoarse)
Whose this I'm speakin te?

IAN
(putting on his best posh voice)
Um, good morning sir. My colleague and I have been sent on behalf of the council.

OLD MAN
Council? Piss off I never-

IAN
Listen, Right now you're at risk of a serious health hazard-

OLD MAN
You what?

IAN
Termites I'm afraid.

OLD MAN
Termites?

IAN
I'm afraid so, we have reason to believe some infested timber was delivered to your yard.

OLD MAN
Well I never in all my life, I-

IAN
I know, I know. I'm afraid the whole house could be structurally unsound.

OLD MAN
Lord almighty, fuckin' termites?

IAN
Termites, aye.

OLD MAN
And this ain't gonna cost us-

IAN
Rest assured sir this has all been covered on our end, we wouldn't dream of-

OLD MAN
alright, give us a second lads I'll buzz yous in, thank you son, bless yas.

The gate buzzes open. Ian hops back in the van.

The van pulls onto the old man's driveway.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ian pops the glove box open. There is a small, rusted revolver wrapped in a tea towel.

Ben unwraps the gun, he inspects it, feeling it's weight.

He stashes it behind his back. Ian stuffs a small burlap sack into the front pouch of his clothes.

IAN
Remember mate, don't let him see down the end.

BEN
Yeah yeah, course yeah.

EXT. DAY. PORCH.

Well kept, decorative, warm. Traditional traveller imagery and colours. Bird motifs. Hanging baskets full of greenery.

The brothers stand in front of the door. Waiting. Breathing. Ben has his hands behind his back.

Ian looks back at the road, anxious.

The door creeps open.

In one swift motion Ben raises the gun to the old man's head, slowly bringing back the hammer.

Their eyes meet. Silence. The world stands still, then...

OLD MAN
ACK-

The old man clutches his chest.

THUD!

He falls to the ground clutching the wall, taking a shelf with him.

The contents of the shelf, an ashtray and some small ornaments, fall to the ground. Clattering around before falling dead silent.

Ben and Ian turn to one another, panicked.

BOTH
FUCK-

BEN
What do we do?

IAN
I don't fucking know!

BEN
We weren't supposed to kill him!

IAN
We weren't, no...

BEN
Do you think he's had a heart attack?

IAN
Yeah!

Ian paces around, frantic. He takes a deep breath.

IAN
We've got to help him-

BEN
But I thought you said he was a bastard-

IAN
You know what happens when you go round killing bastards?

Ben pauses.

BEN
Do you go to heaven, or-

IAN
They send someone worse!

INT. DAY. HALLWAY.

Ian steps into the house in shock. His composure has disappeared. He takes a look at the road behind them. His head spins.

The bungalow is immaculate. It is quaint and warm with Victorian wallpaper, fine china, imagery of birds, catholic imagery, family photographs.

Birdkeeping/poaching equipment is out on a kitchen table nearby inc binoculars, cages.

Ian stands over the old man. He leans in slowly, trembling. He tries to listen for breath.

BEN
Is he-

IAN
SHH!

Faint, shallow breaths. Ian leans in, kneeling next to him.

The old man's eyes snap open, meeting Ian's.

WHACK! Ian is struck above the eye with the ashtray.

The world vibrates, Ian's ears ring, he is stunned, he buckles.

OLD MAN
Ya think I don't know when a gun's not fuckin' loaded!

The old man seizes Ian by the neck as he reels. He gasps for air.

Ben stands there. Panicked, shaking. He holds the gun tight.

Stunned, Ian is overpowered by the old man who rolls him over, he sits on top of him with his hands around his throat.

OLD MAN
You've got no idea-

Ian pushes his hands into the old man's face to try and hold him off.

Ben watches, frozen, trembling, still pointing the gun.

IAN
(choking)
GET... (GASP) GET HIM OFF ME!

Ben, panic stricken marches over to them.

BEN
OI! Stop it!

Ben grabs the old man and throws him off Ian with ease.

The old man hits the hallway wall, denting the plaster. He wheezes. He tries to stand up and leap at Ben.

OLD MAN
You're fucked!

BEN
No!

Thud! Ben hits the old man with the hilt of the gun. The old man swipes at Ben to defend himself.

BEN
STOP IT!

Ben, frenzied, strikes the old man again. Blood pours from the top of his head.

BEN
NO!

The old man claws at Ben's face, pushing him away.

BEN
NO NO NO!

Ben loses it, he hits the old man over and over.

BEN
STOP, NOW!

The fear and panic in his eyes turns to blank, expressionless horror as he stares into the old man's broken skull, panting.

Ian watches, horrified. He gasps for air.

Ian tries and fails to stand up, he clutches his eye.

Ben looks over at Ian. His face is speckled with blood. Ian stands up, panting.

Ian, clings to the wall, he clutches his eye, the room sways.

Ian looks down at the old man. His broken skull leaks onto the carpet.

Ian gulps, trying to fight it... He throws up all over the carpet.

IAN
Oh fucking hell.

Ian wipes blood and vomit from his face with his sleeve.

BEN
I think he saw down the-

IAN
Ya think so!

Ian stumbles over and closes the door behind him, leaning against the wall.

He slides down, sitting on the floor. He wheezes. He watches blood pour from the old man's head.

BEN
It ain't my fault, He-

IAN
(through gritted teeth)
I didn't SAY it was your fault.

BEN
What do we do now?

IAN
I dunno, you wasn't supposed to-

BEN
He made me!

IAN
Just... FUCK!

Ben wheezes. Both men's eyes drift toward the corpse.

BEN
Terry said this was gonna be easy-

IAN
I know what he-

Ian dry heaves.

BEN
I've fucked it up, ain't I?

IAN
YES! Now let me think.

Ian stands up and paces around. He surveys the room, taking deep breaths.

Ben is disappointed in himself.

IAN
FUCK!

Ben stands around, unsure of what to do, his eyes drift toward the tv in the other room.

IAN
Right, right. I'll go in there and grab the bird. You have a look round the van and get sommerts to rip the carpet up with.

BEN
What?

IAN
The sick.

Ben stares blankly, facing the tv.

IAN
DNA innit. Gonna have to burn the lot.

Ben continues staring at the tv.

BEN
there's DNA in sick?

IAN
YEAH!

BEN
I didn't know that...

IAN
VAN!

Ben snaps out of it, he rushes toward the door.

IAN
(shouting after Ben)
Anything that comes out of ya has DNA in it. You know this!

EXT. DAY. THE DRIVEWAY.

Ben scurries to the van. He opens the sliding door and rummages around.

BEN
Stupid, stupid...

INT. DAY. BUNGALOW.

Ian creeps through the house. Stepping over the old man's body, he tracks a single bloody footprint through the house. The sound of the TV blasting quiz shows.

He sees his own reflection in the glass of an elaborate taxidermy display.

He passes a table covered with cages, traps, binoculars and other poaching equipment.

He passes a board on the wall that reads "Proverbs 19:21," before turning a corner.

A large conservatory door, behind it a makeshift aviary. There are dozens of colourful birds housed inside.

As he gets closer the birds swarm wildly.

Ian freezes, awestruck. Ethereal music builds.

TITLE CARD: RARE BIRDS

Ben can be heard closing the door behind him.

BEN (OFFSCREEN)
Gis a hand with this.

Ian is mesmerised by the birds.

BEN
OI!

IAN
Be right there mate...

Ian staggers back through the house. Ben is finishing up pulling up the carpet with the back end of a hammer.

Ian takes the old man's phone from his pocket, he switches it off.

They roll the body up and walk it out the front door.

EXT. DAY. THE DRIVEWAY.

The brothers sling the carpet in the back of the van. It lands in a heap. They both stare at it for a second, silent.

The Van door slams shut.

Ian throws the old man's phone on the drive. He stomps on it repeatedly. He picks it up and throws it as far as he can.

They head back inside, silent.

INT. DAY. BUNGALOW.

Ben follows Ian to the aviary. The birds swarm as they get closer.

BEN
Which one is it?

IAN
Black Palm. Terry says it's the one with a thing on it's head.

BEN
What?

A blank stare from Ben. Ian, frustrated, puts his hand on top of his head with his fingers splayed out, mimicking a bird's comb.

BEN
Ah yeah, yeah.

IAN
Right, be quick.

BEN
Yeah, alright.

Ben and Ian press themselves against the wall, ready to slip in. The birds sense danger.

IAN
Alright, three... Two...

Ian tries the door, it's locked.

IAN
Shit! Look for a key.

the brothers scramble around the house, rifling through drawers, knocking things off counters.

Ian checks his watch. He leans around to check the dirt road is still empty.

IAN
Found owt?

Ben continues searching. Ian paces.

Ben comes back with a massive Keychain. He fumbles with the keys one by one, none of them seem to fit.

Ian paces. He clutches the burlap bag, wringing it in his hands, he checks his watch repeatedly.

IAN
Come on mate, hurry up.

Ben fumbles with the keys, his hands shake.

Ian clutches his head and takes a deep breath. He picks up an antique paperweight, weighing it in his hand.

Ben drops the keys. He bends down to pick them up, fumbling with them on the ground.

IAN
Fuck it.

Crash! Ian breaks the glass door with the paperweight. Ben jumps out of his skin.

Birds rush out in all directions. Total chaos. They collide in mid air. They smash into furniture and windows. Feathers rise into the air.

We hear the bleating and chirping of dying birds.

BEN
What was that for!

IAN
Ya took too bloody long!

BEN
Shit me right up that did!

The birds go even more ballistic at the shouting.

IAN
Fuckssake, concentrate!

Ian watches the birds swarming, intently, cat-like.

IAN
Watch for him...

Ian fixes his eye on the bird, catlike.

IAN
There he is...

BEN
Where?

IAN
There, jet Black.

The bird nears. Ian makes a swipe with the bag. He misses.

IAN
Shit...

The bird comes back around.

BEN
Watch where it's going.

IAN
I am you tit!

The bird nears. Ian moves around, trying to intercept it.

He lunges, knocking a picture frame onto the ground, it breaks.

BEN
Get ahead of it so it flies in-

IAN
It's a bird for fuck's sake, it goes where it wants!

BEN
I were only-

IAN
EEET!

Swoop, the bird goes in the bag. It thrashes around.

BEN
Nice one mate, well done.

Ian marches through the house with the bag. He takes a deep breath, he steps outside.

EXT. DAY. THE OLD MAN'S DRIVEWAY.

Ian steps out, he shields his face from the sun. Ben follows behind. They get in the van.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ian pulls a bird cage from the passenger side footwell and transfers the bird into it. He admires it, the bird looks back at him, curious.

He gets in and starts the engine.

EXT. DAY. THE OLD MAN'S DRIVEWAY.

The van pulls away and onto the dirt track. They set off in the direction of the main road.

INT. DAY. PICKUP TRUCK.

There is a dog crate on the back containing a large German Shepard. Scruffy work van interior.

Two brothers, DANNY, (22 slim, well meaning, naive.) and JACK, (31,) The Old man's Sons, drive down the dirt track toward the Old Man's house.

They both dress like typical young gypsy lads, vests, jeans, gold chains, rings, big buckle belts. Jack has a traditional-style swallow tattooed on each of his hands.

JACK
Ye remember our Anne?

DANNY
Ald woman? used to help Mam wi-

JACK
No, no that were ANNIE, I'm on about our Anne.

DANNY
Anne? Our Anne? I never-

JACK
You must-

DANNY
I never-

JACK
She's got two children.

DANNY
Never-

JACK
You must, they was at Maria's weddin', Michael and Jayden.

DANNY
Never in my life have I-

The bug bros van comes into view. They slow down, ready to give way along the single track road.

DANNY
Whose that mush?

JACK
Dunno, Dad didn't say nowt 'bout buyers.

Jack squints.

JACK
Says they're pest controllers.

DANNY
He's got fleas now mush!

Jack thumps Danny in the leg.

JACK
Dordy, he'll ave' your ear off.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

The vans are a short distance away. The bungalow comes into view. Several birds circle the building. Others spill out the front door.

JACK/DANNY
Shit!

Jack swings the Pickup wide so it blocks the length of the road.

DANNY
What we gonna do mush?

JACK
Steady yersen. See what he does now.

The van speeds up. It veers off the road slightly.

DANNY
Shit!

JACK
Steady yersen...

The Van hits top speed, no intention of stopping. both sets of men's eyes meet, everyone braces for impact. Ian looks desperate.

JACK
Mad bastards...

BOOM! The van plows into the side of the pickup. One of the front lights explodes. The van pushes the pickup, they lock together. The dog howls.

Jack and Danny rattle around. Danny is shaken.

DANNY
Jesus Christ!

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

The two vehicles are stuck together. A loud metallic scraping as the van tries to push on.

INT. DAY. THE VAN/THE PICKUP, INTERCUT.

Both sets of men lock eyes as the van tries to push through. Jack flashes a look of pure violence at them and points.

JACK
Who the FUCK do you think you are?

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

The pickup gives way, the van pushes through, the pickup is pushed into the ditch. The leaves with a scrape down one side.

The Van speeds away, turning out of sight towards the main road.

INT. DAY. PICKUP.

JACK
Get out and check on him.

Danny is stunned, his breathing quickens.

JACK
GO!

Danny snaps out of it.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

Danny piles out of the car and bolts toward the bungalow. He stumbles on the uneven ground.

INT. DAY. THE PICKUP.

Jack reverses out of the ditch. Furiously shifting gears, cursing under his breath. The dog in the back howls.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

The pickup speeds off towards the van. Dust and loose stones spray everywhere.

The pickup squeals around a corner. Merging with the main road on two wheels.

INT. DAY. THE BUNGALOW.

Danny bursts into the house, breathless.

Broken glass and dead birds lie strewn around. Feathers float through the air.

The TV still plays quiz shows.

Danny staggers about the house surveying the chaos. His breath quickens. The room starts to spin.

Thud! A bird flies into a window and it shatters. Danny jumps. His ears ring.

He looks down and sees the carpet has been removed, as well as the dent in the wall. His eyes widen with fear.

DANNY
Dad? DAD!

He staggers around the house.

He scrambles for his phone. His hands shake as he takes it out. The room goes blurry.

He calls Jack. He struggles to breathe as he puts the phone up to his ear.

INT. DAY. THE PICKUP.

Jack drives, stone faced. Weaving aggressively through traffic. The bug bros van is nowhere to be seen.

His phone buzzes. He shuffles around in his pocket. He takes it out and answers it.

DANNY
(On phone)
(INCOMPREHENSIBLE) I- I- He's gone...

JACK
Breathe mush.

DANNY
(On phone)
They've hurt him...

Jack's eyes darken. He puts the phone down and throws it onto the passenger seat. He puts his foot down, pushing the old pickup to it's limit.

INT. DAY. THE BUNGALOW.

Danny. sits on the floor with his head in his hands, he sobs gently. He stares at the broken picture, a family portrait.

DANNY
They've... They've...

INT. DAY. THE PICKUP.

Jack reaches into the glove box and pulls out a cigarette. He lights it and takes a huge pull, engulfing him in smoke.

EXT. DAY. A MAIN ROAD.

Fields, trees, cars, lorries. the pickup.

The pickup powers on, faster now. It weaves through traffic, causing other cars to swerve and brake sharply.

The pickup swerves into the fast lane, overtaking a lorry.

Jack catches a glimpse of the Bug Bros Van pulling onto a side road. he cannot turn as he is cut off by the lorries.

He screams through gritted teeth, he thumps the dashboard. He takes a final, giant drag on his cigarette before flicking it out the window.

EXT. DAY. MAIN ROAD.

The van turns right, onto the central reservation to turn around.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ian checks the mirror, he takes deep breaths. The van rattles.

Ben sits with the bird cage on his lap. He studies it carefully, awestruck.

BEN
Amazing innit...

IAN
Yeah yeah... Keep an eye out for the car, it's near here somewhere.

Ian keeps his eyes on the road, constantly checking the mirrors.

Ben puts his finger through the bars of the cage to touch it.

BEN
Whaddya think he's called?

Ian ignores Ben. He pulls an old flip-phone from his overalls. He makes a call to CHINESE TERRY in his contacts before putting it up to his ear.

INT. DAY. TAXI OFFICE./INT. DAY. THE VAN. INTERCUT.

Taxi Palace, a dim, grimy taxi office.

Yellow light creeps through closed blinds. The air is impossibly thick with smoke.

Yelling in both Chinese and English can be heard.

MRS LAO, an elderly Chinese woman sits at the front desk, a cigarette hangs out of the corner of her mouth.

The phone rings, she answers.

MRS LAO
(Heavy Chinese accent)
Taxi palace-

IAN
's Ian, put T on the phone-

MRS LAO
Terry in Hong-Kong he-

Ian mutes the phone. He groans and slams his hand on the dashboard. The bird stirs in it's cage.

BEN
Oi- watch it!

IAN
(Through gritted teeth, at Ben)
Fuck off-

Ian points at the phone aggressively.

Ben clutches the cage closely. He whispers into it.

BEN
Shhhh... Shhhhh...

Ian unnmutes the phone.

IAN
(Down phone)
What's he doing in 'ong-kong?

MRS LAO
Issa family emergency.

IAN
Right... Fuck me...

Ian takes a deep breath. He fights panic.

IAN
Right... Can you pass a message-

MRS LAO
No... No, I don't know nothing about-

IAN
Right, whose about who does then?

A pause. Mrs Lao covers the phone, she yells down a corridor.

MRS LAO
(in good english)
Mike, MIKE... It's those two arseholes...

MIKE (OFFSCREEN)
(london accent, voice like gravel)
Fuck me love, which ones?

MRS LAO
(good english)
Them two Terry sent for the bird.

MIKE (OFFSCREEN)
Just a minute love...

MRS LAO (DOWN PHONE)
(in accent)
Mike is here.

Ian loses it. He screams through gritted teeth while covering the phone's microphone.

IAN
Jesus CHRIST!

Ian takes a deep breath.

IAN (DOWN PHONE)
Right, put Mike on...

MRS LAO
He say one minute.

Ian snaps. He screams down the phone. The bird goes mad again.

IAN
I DONTHAVEFIVEFUCKINGMINUTES!

MRS LAO
Ok, ok. Mike, MIKE...

Ian rocks back and forth, grinding his teeth, he grips the steering wheel so hard it looks painful.

Mike steps in. He is an impossibly rough looking man. Bald. Hands like shovels. Voice like gravel. He takes the phone from Mrs Lao.

MRS LAO
(Whispering)
He sounds fucked.

MIKE (DOWN PHONE)
Listen son, if you ain't got my fackin' money-

IAN
Listen, Mike. Me and your boss had a job on-

MIKE
yeah?

IAN
Yeah.

MIKE
How come I never-

IAN
Listen mate, I-

MIKE
You've been ducking me, sunshine.

IAN
I ain't got time for this, are you gonna fucking listen or-

MIKE
Where's my money, Ian?

IAN
Listen MIKE I'm getting there.

MIKE
Go on...

IAN
Terry told you about this bird?

A smile creeps onto Mike's face.

MIKE
What bird?

IAN
Right, well we've got this fucking cockatoo right.

MIKE
This ain't pets at home you know, whaddya-

IAN
Terry were gonna give us twenty five grand for it. Can you hold onto it for us until-

MIKE
Yeah yeah, I remember now, black palm innit?

IAN
Yeah, yeah, that's the one.

MIKE
I ain't doing you any more favours sunshine-

IAN
Mike... Mate-

MIKE
I'll buy it off ya like...

IAN
Fine. Twenty grand.

MIKE
Fuck off.

IAN
What? Terry was gonna give me twenty five, all you've gotta do is feed the cunt till he gets back. 'S pet-sittin' for fuck's sake.

MIKE
Ain't worth 25, seen em go for ten, twelve grand before.

IAN
He's got a collector lined up in china, ain't he.

MIKE
Bullshit he ain't told me-

IAN
He doesn't tell you shit, dumbfuck-

MIKE
Careful, son... Listen, here's what I can do for ya. Bring me the bird and I'll do ya ten... minus the four you owe us from before you went inside.

IAN
FUCK YOU!

Ian hangs up the phone and screams.

BEN
what's the score then mate are we-

IAN
Are you winding me up?

The pickup appears in the rearview.

IAN
Shit!

Ian slams his foot down.

BEN
Ian?

IAN
Fuck off now mate.

BEN
I only-

Ian shoots Ben a look.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

A long, winding dirt track, fields for miles.

The pickup gains on them, the van skims down the dirt track, kicking up dust and stones.

INT. DAY. PICKUP.

The pickup closes in, it is now about ten feet away from the back of the Van. The bird thrashes around.

Jack makes eye contact with Ian through the rearview. He points at him with murder in his eyes.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

The pickup tailgates the van hard. Dust fills the air as both vehicles are pushed to their limits.

The pickup bumps the back of the van.

The van swerves, almost coming off the road, a burst of dust and loose stones.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ian grips the wheel, the van throws the boys around in their seats. The bird rattles it's cage.

INT. DAY. THE PICKUP.

Danny picks up his phone. He calls DAD this time. His eyes are fixed on the van in front of him. He doesn't blink.

INT. DAY. VAN.

The sound of a phone ringing.

BEN
I thought you chucked his phone?

IAN
I did!

BEN
Ah, I bet he's got a personal one and a-

IAN
Look for it then!

Ben climbs into the back of the van, sliding around, he rummages around the back.

EXT. DAY. DIRT TRACK.

Another shunt. The van swerves.

INT. DAY. THE VAN.

Ben rattles around the back of the Van. Grasping at the bloody carpet the body unravels, bouncing around, blood goes everywhere.

The sound is coming from a Smartwatch around the old man's wrist. Ben holds it up proudly.

BEN
LOOK! S'one of them computer watches!

IAN
Fuck MEEEEEE!

BEN
What should I?

IAN
IDONTFUCKINGKNOW!

Ben answers the call.

IAN
Don't answer it!

BEN
Hello?

IAN
you TIT!

BEN
hello?

JACK
(Over the phone)
You've Got no fucking idea who I am!

IAN
hang it up!

BEN
I'm trying...

JACK
Ya think you can steal from us?

Ben fumbles with the watch, trying to switch it off.

JACK
You're dead men!

The pickup shunts the van again, Ben rattles around, nearly losing his footing. He steadies himself.

JACK
See ya soon boys!d

Ben, fearful holds the watch by the strap and beats it against the side of the van, breaking it, Jack's voice fades out.

EXT. DAY. DIRT ROAD.

The van is shunted again, the back wheels slide around wildly. Jack slows down, anticipating them crashing.

INT. DAY. DIRT ROAD.

Ben scrambles to the front of the Van, trying to get back into his seat. He climbs over and falls into the footwell.

The van heads towards a crossroad. The getaway car is parked roughly twenty feet away on a grass verge.

Ben tries to force himself back into his seat with his legs.

We get closer to the crossroad. To the left, the road carries on. Straight on the road turns into a thin public footpath set with big, loose stones.

Ben points at the car.

BEN
LOOK!

Ian looks over at the getaway car, elated.

A second later he looks back at the road ahead, his face fills with terror.

IAN
it's a fucking footpath!

All too late, Ian tries to make the turn. Ben fights to get his seatbelt on as the Van skids toward the ditch at an angle.

Click! With a fraction of a second to spare Ben's seatbelt goes in.

BOOM! The van hits the bottom of the hedge, leaving a huge gap in the hedge.

All of the windows shatter. The body rattles around in the back, spraying blood everywhere, beer cans from the footwell rattle around. The van is nose down in the ditch, smoking.

EXT. DAY. THE CROSSROAD.

The boys pile out through the back doors. Stunned. Ian clutches his newly broken left arm. They stand on the road disorientated.

They watch as the bird, somehow unharmed flies deeper into the vast wheat field, it glints in the sun. The world stands still. Ethereal music plays.

IAN
The car!

The brothers sprint towards the car.

Jack's pickup comes to a screaming halt, blocking the brothers' path.

Ian points the gun at Jack.

IAN
OI!

Jack is too furious to even notice, he climbs out and onto the back of the pickup, he lets the dog out.

JACK
Gwarn boy!

Ben and Ian bolt in the opposite direction.

They dive into the ditch, making a break for the fields.

The Dog, bounds towards the brothers at incredible speed, snapping it's jaws.

The brothers scramble up the other side of the ditch as the dog bounds towards them.

BEN
I hate dogs!

Ben pulls Ian up by his good arm with a second to go as the dog dives into the ditch, snapping at his feet.

IAN
Jesus!

The dog scrambles up the bank, it struggles against the steep, wet ditch, buying the brothers some time.

The brothers sprint into the field, battling through waist high vegetation.

BEN
What we gonna do?

IAN
Run!

They head toward a decent sized stream.

IAN
Water!

Upstream the water runs out of an irrigation tunnel, portruding from a ridge of earth. A train line runs over the top of the mound.

The brothers make it to the edge of the stream, it is about two feet deep and flows slowly. Ian shimmies down the steep sides into the water. Ben dives in head first.

Ian splashes the water over himself in a desperate attempt to disguise his scent. Ben emerges, soaked head to toe.

IAN
In there!

Ian points to the tunnel, they wade towards it, the dog is a ways off.

INT. DAY. IRRIGATION TUNNEL.

The tunnel is dark. Faint light protrudes from either end. The water is ankle deep. The brothers panting echoes the length of the tunnel.

They stagger through the tunnel hunched over. Ian stumbles, he tries to correct himself with his broken arm and cries out in pain.

Two splashes can be heard as the dog, and then Jack can be heard entering the water.

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL.

The other end of the tunnel. The brothers stagger into the daylight.

An even steeper embankment with fences on each side. The water comes out to about waist deep here.

The sound of the dog approaching gets louder.

Ian steps out and stumbles into the water, he loses his footing and goes under before standing up.

BEN
What do we-

IAN
Gis' a leg up!

Ian points to the top of the edge of the tunnel. He uses his good arm to hoist himself up as Ben gives him a boost.

Jack yells something incomprehensible down the tunnel. Little splashes echo throughout as the dog draws closer.

The faint wail of the level crossing starts up.

Ben turns and looks down the tunnel. he can see the dog's shadow moving toward them. Splashing sounds as it nears.

Ian lies flat on the ground above, he tries to pull Ben up. He struggles because of Ben's weight and his broken arm.

The dog bursts out of the tunnel. It sinks it's teeth into Ben's calf. Ben cries out in pain.

Without thinking he reaches out and grabs Ian's other, broken, arm and pulls himself up.

Ian cries out in pain. His ears ring, his vision blurs.

Ben shakes the dog off, it lands in the deeper water and splashes around, temporarily incapacitated.

INT. DAY. IRRIGATION TUNNEL.

Jack watches Ben's legs disappear just as he enters the tunnel.

EXT. DAY. TUNNEL.

Jack bursts out of the end of the tunnel and stands, waist deep in the water.

The hum of a train approaching.

He looks around. The brothers are gone, he looks over the top of the tunnel as the train rushes by. He screams in frustration. He whistles for the dog and heads back the way he came.

EXT. DAY. OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK.

Ian stumbles down the other side of the mound, Narrowly missing being hit by the train, Ben freefalls head first.

Limping, they sprint as fast as they can, deep into the mass of seemingly endless fields. They are completely lost, they get low and hide, catching their breath.

EXT. DAY. THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.

Jack climbs back up the slope toward the crashed van, furious. The dog trails behind him.

He kicks the back of the van with his heavy work boot, leaving a dent.

He looks inside the van. He sees blood splattered all over the interior and the body, half-covered in bloodstained carpet.

His face drops, rage turns to sorrow and powerlessness.

Carefully, he drags the body of the van and places it across the back seats of the pickup. He stares at it for a moment, his vest stained with blood.

Tears well in his eyes.

The door slams shut, he gets in. he takes a moment to compose himself.

The pickup speeds off back in the direction of the bungalow.

EXT. DAY. ENDLESS FIELDS.

The brothers limp aimlessly through the fields.

Ian shivers, he keeps checking his phone for signal to no avail.

Ian looks at his arm. it is mangled beyond belief. He tries to move his fingers, they don't do much.

BEN
I quite like being lost ya know, 's like when we was little and we used to go out exploring... Do you remember when-

Ian shoots Ben a look.

More wandering.

They find themselves a clearing, another single track road. Exhausted, Ian sits on the grass verge. He takes out the gun again and sits with it hanging at his feet.

BEN
What's the plan now?

IAN
I can't walk anymore...

BEN
So what do we-

IAN
We're gonna have to wait for a car mate...

BEN
Oh, okay...

Ben sits down next to Ian.

Ian grips the gun tightly.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DAY. OLD MAN'S DRIVEWAY.

Jack's pickup pulls onto the drive. He gets out and heads toward the house. The sun is beginning to set.

INT. DAY. THE BUNGALOW.

Silence. The house is a wreck. All of the birds are dead or have escaped. Feathers and shards of glass are strewn about the place, blood stains random surfaces.

Danny sits at the table with his head in his hands, he looks gaunt and exhausted.

Jack beelines for a cabinet, he pulls out a bottle of Whiskey and begins taking swigs from it.

DANNY
He's dead, ain't he?

JACK
aye...

DANNY
We've gotta call the police-

JACK
What good have muskerers ever done us?

DANNY
He's been kilt Jack-

JACK
Do ya think police care about some dead old pikey?

DANNY
It's their job to-

JACK
When things like this happen you know what they say?

DANNY
Please just listen-

JACK
Good fuckin' riddance!

Jack takes another swig.

JACK
Not to mention all the shit we're in, the birds are an easy five years, and everythin' else, then what?

DANNY
They'll find-

JACK
(Choked up)
They won't fuckin' look.

Danny starts to cry.

DANNY
What the fuck are we supposed to do?

JACK
Call Shane...

Danny takes a deep breath. He looks at Jack fearfully, tears stream down his face silently.

DANNY
We can't just-

JACK
What else are we-

DANNY
Call the fuckin' police Jack!

JACK
Then what? Get eight, ten years, come out on us arse? They ain't gonna bother looking-

DANNY
They have to!

JACK
Believe me, the only way we'll get any justice is if we go and find it oursen.

DANNY
We can't...

Jack sits down at the table, exhausted.

JACK
Nobody likes us, you know that...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DUSK. RURAL IRELAND.

Rolling hills, tall grass. Livestock. Dry stone walls. A patch of woodland, we are miles from civilisation.

The sounds of wind, water and birds.

SHANE, Short, thin. Stone faced, sixty-odd. Casual clothes, army boots. Walks with a limp consistent with having had a shattered hip.

He lies in a divot in the ground, surrounded by trees. He points a small rifle, a Rueger mini-14, deeper into the woods.

A fox grooms itself.

Pop! A muzzle flash illuminates Shane's face. Birds scatter. The fox falls into a heap, dead.

Shane pulls up his sleeves, he seizes the fox by it's tail and carries it with one hand. Blood runs down the length of his forearm.

Shane's old flip phone vibrates. He answers it. He exits the woods and heads downhill in the direction of a small cabin.

SHANE
Mmm... I see... My condolences...

Shane passes a chicken coop near a stone cabin. The chickens rustle around and make noise.

SHANE
I'll be there in about six hours...

INT. DUSK. THE CABIN.

Shane steps into the dimly lit, simple stone cabin. A single room with a small fireplace, a table, a single chair and a simple single bunk.

He places the fox on the table and props the rifle up next to him.

Shane removes the foxes tail with a single stroke of a large buck knife.

He straightens the tail out, winds a string around the end and leaves it to dry out next to the fireplace.

He drops the knife into the sink, he washes his hands, then the knife. The blood swirls down the drain.

He kneels before a large, wooden army style Lockbox at the bottom of the bed.

He opens it with a key from around his neck. Inside it is a small stash of weapons. All guns used by the IRA, including a British army L1A1.

He takes out a sawed-off shotgun on a sling and a fistful of shells before locking the box again.

EXT. NIGHT. COAST.

A rough cliff side, a narrow, rocky beach.

A boat floats in the shallows. The silhouette of a man stands over the water.

Shane, heads towards the boat with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He wades into the water knee deep.

THE BOATMAN, easily in his 70s, tired and weathered by the sea, reaches toward him and pulls him up.

They exchange a sombre look.

INT. NIGHT. A SMALL BOAT.

The boat is cramped. Shane sits on one side. A man and a woman sit on the other, they are refugees, they look exhausted.

A small boy sits on the woman's lap. He stares at Shane, who gives him a reassuring look. Faint, tinny music from a radio. The boat sways.

EXT. NIGHT. THE SEA.

The tiny boat sails toward England, clad by darkness on all sides.

Fade to black.

EXT. NIGHT. A BACK ROAD.

Ben and Ian sit on the grass verge.

The glare of the setting sun reflects off a beaten old family wagon.

IAN
'Ere we are...

Ian lies flat on the grass. Ben crouches, scratching at the scabby wound on his head until it starts bleeding. The car draws nearer.

IAN
Right, get ready... NOW!

Ben emerges, clutching his head, blood trickles from his scalp. He stands in the way of the car.

BEN
Help, help!

The car screeches to a halt a few feet away from Ben. He and it's driver, MARTIN, a fat, unmistakably English man, bit of a hardnut. Mid-50s, dressed in fishing gear, make eye contact.

Ian emerges pointing the gun at the car, the car slows down.

Ben tries to come around the side and open the door.

Martin ducks. The car suddenly accelerates in the direction of Ian.

Ian dives into the ditch, dropping the gun.

Ben is clipped by the car, he mounts the bonnet for a second. He tries to hold onto the car's door handle, running alongside the car.

Martin boots the door open, and then slams it shut. Ben loses his grip and falls over in a heap clutching his hand.

The car loses control and hits a telegraph pole, smashing one of the lights. The pole collapses and lands in the field, crushing part of a hedge.

Ben stands up, he rushes the car and drags Martin out of the car.

He grips Martin's neck so hard he starts to go blue. Martin struggles, trying to prise Ben's arm away from his neck.

MARTIN
Gaaah!

IAN
Don't kill him!

Ben isn't listening.

BEN
STOP!

Ian scrambles around in the ditch, looking for the gun.

Martin jams his thumb in Ben's eye.

IAN
Fuck's sake, just hold him!

Martin gouges at Ben's face.

BEN
He's hurting me!

IAN
Don't you dare kill anyone else!

Martin thrashes around, fearing for his life now. He throws Ben to the ground, they roll around in the road.

BEN
HELP!

Martin thumps Ben a few times as they roll around.

Ian pulls the gun out the ditch, he runs up to Martin and boots him in the ribs full force, seperating the two. Martin lies wheezing in the road.

Ian points the gun at Martin, who stands up and raises his hands, gasping for breath.

IAN
Get in!

BEN
He can't come with us, he hit me!

IAN
We can't let him go, can we!

BEN
But he's an arsehole!

IAN
Right! both of you, in the car.

Martin gets in the back seat of the car, still gasping for air.

INT. NIGHT. MARTIN'S CAR.

A scruffy, bloke's car. Fishing equipment inc a big angling net, half a dozen yellowed air-fresheners.

Ian gets in the driver's seat, Ben rides up front with him.

Ian hands Ben the gun.

IAN
If he tries anything, shoot him.

BEN
But-

Ian shoots Ben a murderous look.

BEN
Oh, yeah...

Ben nods, he trains the gun on Martin.

EXT. NIGHT. DIRT ROAD.

Martin's car reverses back onto the road and pulls away.

INT. NIGHT. MARTIN'S CAR.

The car drives slowly down a long, straight road. There is nothing but fields for miles.

IAN
Get the wheel for us mate.

Ben holds the steering wheel straight while also trying to keep the gun on Martin. He finds this very difficult, glancing back and forth between the two.

Ian rummages around the side panel of the car.

IAN
Got any beers or owt, take the edge off this arm.

Martin says nothing, his eyes trained on the gun.

Ian pops open the glove box, it is full of paperwork, bits of fishing tackle.

BEN
Where are we going?

Ian rummages around the glove box. He pulls out a bottle of pills marked "sevroquil, slow release morphine capsules."

IAN
Kept these quiet didn't ya!

Ian starts trying to prise the childproof lid off the pills with his teeth.

MARTIN
Oi!

IAN
Fuck off you drug addict.

MARTIN
S'my medication you cunt!

IAN
He'll shoot you!

Ben gives Martin his best menacing look, he pipes down.

Ian tries to get the lid off again.

BEN
Ian?

IAN
Don't use my name!

BEN
Sorry... Um, boss?

IAN
What!

BEN
Where are we going?

IAN
I don't know, just steer.

BEN
I don't like driving if I don't know where I'm going-

IAN
hold on-

POP! the lid comes off, half the pills spill onto the floor. Ian dumps a load of them into his hand. He rummages around looking for something to wash them down with.

BEN
Makes me nervous...

IAN
Gimme a second...

Ian, unable to find anything, chews his tongue for a second.

He slings a good few pills into his mouth. He chews them before swallowing them so they hit faster.

BEN
Ian-

IAN
JUST HOLD IT STRAIGHT!

Ian looks down at his hand. He flexes his fingers. They move a bit more now. His arm looks a mess.

BEN
Sorry...

Ian drives on, scheming, talking to himself, he grows drowsy from the pills.

Ben is distracted, he points the gun at Martin but is no longer looking at him.

Martin fidgets in his seat.

MARTIN
Listen lads-

IAN
Shuddup!

A minute or so passes in silence.

BEN
What's the plan?

IAN
I dunno mate...

BEN
But you've always got a-

IAN
Listen mate, I ain't got a fucking clue, right?

BEN
Alright...

Ian tries to calm himself down.

BEN
Ian...

IAN
Yeah?

BEN
Are we gonna die?

IAN
Why'd you say that?

BEN
Cause you always say, if you ain't got a plan you're as good as dead-

IAN
Mate... It's-

BEN
And now we don't have a plan and-

IAN
You're stressing me right out!

BEN
I'm worried!

IAN
I'm fucking worried!

BEN
I know, that's why i'm Worried- ACK!

Martin makes his move. In one swift motion he wraps a length of thick fishing line around Ben's neck. He pushes the gun up with his other hand, trapping it against the roof of the car.

BEN
Gaaah!

MARTIN
Let me go you CUNT!

Ian panics, the car swerves. Ben turns purple, gasping for air.

BEN
I- Can't breathe!

MARTIN
Let me out!

Ian slams the brakes on, Martin hits his head on the seat, he loses his grip on the fishing line.

Ben gasps for air. He turns around and whacks Martin on the back of his head with the gun. Martin falls forward, limp in his seat.

IAN
If he's dead I'm gonna kill you.

BEN
He started it!

IAN
Fuck meee, see if he's breathing!

Ben leans in cautiously. He listens to Martins laboured breathing.

BEN
Yeah, yeah, hundred percent.

Ian hands Ben the duct tape.

IAN
Right, tape him up.

Ben climbs over the seat and tapes martin's hands together. He winds the tape around his whole head, covering his nose.

IAN
Not the bloody nose!

BEN
Sorry...

Ben corrects his mistake, peeling the tape off Martin's face, taking bits of stubble with it. He reapplies it properly.

Ian starts the car up again and they carry on.

BEN
Any ideas yet?

IAN
Not since five minutes ago, no!

BEN
Sorry...

Ian carries on driving, he checks the phone again, still no signal.

Then, suddenly, in the glare of the headlights we see the bird, eating spilled animal feed in the middle of the road.

It turns it's head to stare at the car, frozen.

IAN
S'a mircale!

BEN
What?

IAN
There he is!

BEN
Oh, yeah... Wow.

IAN
Told you it'd work out.

Ian scrambles around, he pulls the burlap sack out of his overalls, he jumps out of the car with the engine running.

EXT. NIGHT. DIRT ROAD.

Illuminated by the car lights Ian creeps towards the bird, he grabs some of the feed from the ground and slings it into the bag.

He inches closer to the bird making a tutting noise, it looks at him curiously.

IAN
C'mon little fella...

Ian is within an arm's reach now, the bird still studies him, he takes a deep breath.

IAN
Good boy, you wanna come with me?

Ian takes a deep breath, he and the bird are feet apart, staring at each other.

He makes a swipe with the bag. The bird startles and flies away, perching on a nearby telegraph pole.

IAN
FUCK!

Ian stuffs some more feed into the sack and holds it out.

IAN
C'mon, Here boy. S'only me.

The bird stares at Ian, curiously. Ian is desperate.

IAN
Come on...

Ian stares at the bird in anticipation, he smiles at it unconvincingly.

The bird flies away.

IAN
Fuck! FUCK YOU!

Ian clutches his head and screams into the night. He gets back in the car.

INT. NIGHT. MARTIN'S CAR.

Ian carries on driving, he takes deep breaths.

BEN
Still no-

IAN
Listen, best thing now is to find somewhere to get us heads down, alright?

BEN
Oh, okay... sorry.

IAN
Just keep your eye out for a hotel or something...

They carry on driving, Ben watches out the window.

BEN
I've got an idea!

IAN
You what?

BEN
We could go to the bed and breakfast dad used to take us to!

IAN
What?

BEN
S'near here innit...

EXT. NIGHT. DIRT TRACK.

The car screeches to a halt.

INT. NIGHT. MARTIN'S CAR.

Ian's blood boils.

IAN
D'you know where we are?

BEN
Yeah...

IAN
When were you gonna tell me?

BEN
I thought you already knew.

IAN
Are you winding me up!

BEN
No! I thought you're cleverer than I am so if I know, you did and all-

IAN
For fuck's sake mate...

Ian puts his head in his hands, he takes a deep breath.

IAN
Right, where is it?

BEN
Down this road a bit, then left, then there's this tunnel thingy and then you go for a bit, and then you're there.

IAN
Good lad...

Ian carries on down the dirt road.

EXT. NIGHT. DIRT ROAD.

The car drives on.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NIGHT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE. FOOT OF THE GATE.

Shane stands at the foot of the gate. He wears a loose navy Addidas shell suit jacket, bootcut jeans, army boots, black leather driving gloves. He finishes a cigarette and crushes it under his boot. The gate rolls open.

INT. NIGHT. THE BUNGALOW.

Shane steps inside, he embraces the brothers one by one. Danny has been crying. Jack has been drinking.

SHANE
Big boys now ain't ya. Sorry it took all this to-

JACK
You're here now...

Shane walks through the house. The old man's body, covered over with a bloody bedsheet lies on the dining room table.

SHANE
Describe em to me.

He notes the dent in the wall, he picks up the bloodied ashtray and studies it. He stands up and puts it back on the side.

JACK
first lad were skinny, rat faced.
Other chavvy were proper big and fat.

Shane nods. He walks through the house, following the bloody footprints.

Shane sees his reflection in the taxidermy display as he passes. The bible quote again.

He squats in front of the conservatory and studies the broken glass. He nods.

SHANE
Amateurs, whole 'hing screams a panic.

DANNY
Dya reckon you'll-

SHANE
Aye...

Shane gets up and addresses the brothers.

SHANE
We'll bury yer da' when we get back-

Danny nods. Jack takes a deep breath.

EXT. NIGHT. THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.

The van lies in a ditch, wispy smoke curls off the engine. The getaway car sits not far away in the shade of a tree.

Danny's pickup pulls in. They get out.

Shane surveys the scene. He walks over to the van and peers inside, it is full of blood and broken glass.

Shane checks out the getaway car, he puts his hand under the front wheel, the keys are taped to the top of the arch. Shane takes it, drops it to the ground and crushes it under his boot.

JACK
Looks organised-

SHANE
Someone's helping 'em, aye...

JACK
S'that a problem?

SHANE
No...

Shane comes around the front end of the van, he studies the trail left behind by Ben and Ian. He follows it by eye down to the stream, barely visible in the dark.

SHANE
They go down here?

JACK
Yeah, lost em down there.

Shane walks the brothers through the fields, toward the tunnel.

Shane and the brothers stand at the edge of the stream, Shane shines a compact hunting torch around, tracing the path the brothers took.

SHANE
Came back around...

They go deeper into the field and back up onto the road.

Shane comes across the scene of the second crash. he finds the damaged post, shards of fibreglass. He studies them.

SHANE
They took another car.

JACK
Looks like they wrecked it.

SHANE
Aye, they ain't got far.

JACK
Mmm.

SHANE
Right... 'S best if we come back in the mornin'.

They start walking back to the Van.

JACK
y' ain't gonna start-

SHANE
They ain't makin' it far. On their last legs now. Might be a problem that fixes isself.

Shane approaches the van. He produces a big buck knife from his waist.

Shane pries off the van's front and back number plates using the knife.

SHANE
Look up the number on the side of the van for me will ya.

Shane tosses the plates in the back of the van, which we see again is coated with blood.

He does the same for the plates on the getaway car.

JACK
Buisness' on the industrial estate, shed six. Reckons they've gone bust.

SHANE
Good lad. I'll head down in the mornin', find out names an' faces.

JACK
So, you'll definitely find em?

SHANE
They've got two days at most.

DANNY
Shane?

Shane produces a newspaper from the inside of his jacket, he opens the fuel cap of the van and stuffs it inside.

SHANE
Yes son?

DANNY
You're gonna kill these?

SHANE
Aye.

DANNY
There's not-

SHANE
Horse's bolted now, Danny...

Shane lights the newspaper, streaks of flame rise into the air.

They get in the pickup and drive away.

The van is engulfed in flames.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NIGHT. THE OLD MAN'S BACK GARDEN.

The three men stand over a hole under a tree, illuminated by the light of the back porch.

A huge mound of dirt sits next to the hole. A makeshift burial site. An excavator sits in the distance.

Danny tries not to cry. Jack fills in the hole slowly.

SHANE
(Singing)
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep-

Tears stream down Danny's face.

SHANE
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep... Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, and I've robbed both great and small

Jack puts his arm around Danny.

SHANE
And me neck will pay for all, when I die, when I die...
And me neck will pay for all, when I die...

FADE TO BLACK, WE FADE IN AS THE MUSIC FADES OUT.

EXT. NIGHT. B&B, CAR PARK.

A car park out front of the B&B, empty save for Martin's car.

The Bed and breakfast has seen better days. Vines creep up the side of the building, paint peels off the window frames.

Faded, wooden signs read "Vacancy," and, "late check-ins welcome."

The car sits just out of view of the building in a small car park. It is empty apart from Martin's car.

INT. NIGHT. THE CAR.

The three men sit in the car. Ian plots. Ben looks tired, Martin is awake again now, bound and gagged. Ian holds Martin's wallet and license. Ben points the gun.

Ian tears the tape off Martin's mouth, taking more bits of stubble with him.

IAN
Alright, Martin.

MARTIN
Listen lads I'm sorry, keep the car, just please-

IAN
Listen!

Martin nods.

IAN
Are you gonna behave?

MARTIN
yeah, yeah.

IAN
I'm gonna let you go once you do us a little favour, yeah?

MARTIN
Anything you say lads.

IAN
Right, so you're gonna go in there and ask for a double room, yeah...

MARTIN
Ok, ok.

IAN
And if they ask you about-

MARTIN
It's just me...

IAN
Good man, Make sure its one of the bottom ones and all-

MARTIN
Course mate, whatever you say...

IAN
And if you try and do a runner I swear on me life I'll shoot you in the fucking back.

Martin takes a deep breath.

Ian takes the gun off Ben.

IAN
Right, get the tape off him.

Ben stretches the tape around Martin's wrists, breaking it.

IAN
Right, geddout.

Martin opens the door and sets one foot outside.

IAN
Take the fishing shit and all.

MARTIN
What?

IAN
You wouldn't normally leave it, would ya?

MARTIN
Yeah, no. Good- good point.

Martin grabs his fishing equipment, including a large net and tackle box.

Ian jumps out of the car, holding the gun by his side, he tries to look casual.

EXT. NIGHT. CAR PARK OVERLOOKING B&B.

A desolate little car park in front of a run down old B&B.

Martin walks toward the front entrance, unsteady on his feet.

Ian swings wide to avoid being seen, he leans up against the wall by the front door, listening.

Ian watches Martin go inside, both men are afraid.

martin talks to the OLD LADY behind the desk, she smiles at him.

He hands her his debit card. She turns around and starts rummaging through a desk.

Martin looks over his shoulder and sees Ian peering at him. He nods. Ian nods back.

The old lady disappears into a back room.

Ian slips in through the door.

INT. NIGHT. AN OLD B&B.

A plastic pot plant and half an inch of dust sit on the desk alongside an old, yellowing telephone. Everything is beyond dated and the wallpaper has patches of damp.

Ian creeps past the front desk, into the corridor, out of view of the old lady. He pokes his head around and glares at martin again.

The old woman comes back with the keys.

OLD LADY
Don't you look ever so familiar...

MARTIN
(Nervous)
Ah, really?

OLD LADY
Ooh, you don't know our Claire do ya?

MARTIN
Oh, I'm... not from round here-

OLD LADY
Ooh, whereabouts have you come from, love?

Ian watches Martin, unblinking. Martin starts to sweat.

MARTIN
(flustered)
Wigan!

OLD LADY
Oooh, that's far int' it? one of my sisters lived in Wigan, I mean goodness this was forty odd years ago now-

Ian looks like he could lose it.

MARTIN
Oh yeah?

OLD LADY
Ooh listen to me going on, anyway duck, sign here for me.

The old lady slides Martin a piece of paper, he signs it, the signature looks manic.

OLD LADY
Ever so familiar...

MARTIN
Got one of them faces I reckon, get it all the time...

Martin forces a smile.

OLD LADY
maybe you're right. I am a very old lady now you know.

Martin tries to laugh. The old lady leans in to get a better look at him.

OLD LADY
Well I won't keep you any longer, I can tell you've had a big day.

MARTIN
You don't know the half of it love...

Martin walks down the corridor, past Ian.

INT. NIGHT. THE CORRIDOR.

Peeling wallpaper. Faded paintings inc the crying boy. A vase with plastic flowers, dust and cobwebs on a side table.

OLD LADY (OFFSCREEN)
Ooh, it's just the one on the end, love.

MARTIN
Thanks sweetheart!

OLD LADY (OFFSCREEN)
Whatever am I like...

The old lady chuckles.

Martin walks down the corridor. Ian slips in behind him, he puts the gun to his back.

MARTIN
(whispering)
Alright, alright.

IAN
(whispering)
Fuck was that!

MARTIN
What?

IAN
You were tryna give her a signal.

MARTIN
I never-

IAN
What was that look you gave her then?

MARTIN
What look?

IAN
You know-

MARTIN
She's fucking eighty she don't know-

IAN
Think yoursen lucky, yeah?

Ian digs the barrel of the gun into Martin's back, Martin takes a deep breath.

They reach the door of their room, Martin's hands shake, he drops the keys.

Ian shoots him a violent look.

IAN
Step back...

Martin takes a step back.

IAN
I know your fucking game... Get in the corner, face the wall.

MARTIN
What?

IAN
You heard me!

Martin stands facing the wall, eye to eye with the painting.

IAN
Right, siddown.

Martin sits down.

IAN
Right, if you get up you're done.

MARTIN
Right, alright.

Ian holds the gun under his arm, he picks up the keys, unlocks the door and swings it open.

IAN
Get in.

INT. NIGHT. THE ROOM.

Dated interior. Floral patterns, textured wallpaper. A double bed. A wooden chair behind a desk. An old CRT TV. Everything is yellowing. There is a window opposite the door.

Martin steps in, Ian follows him. He locks the door and puts the deadbolt on.

IAN
sit down.

Martin sits on the end of the bed.

IAN
The chair!

Martin pulls the chair out and sits down in the middle of the room, the stress is getting to him.

Ian looks at the window, he realises he can't open it without putting the gun down. Ian gestures at Martin with the gun.

IAN
Open the window.

Martin gets up and opens the window, he looks over at Ian, who sits in the passenger seat, bobbing his head to the radio.

He sits back down.

Ian leans out of the window, he whistles, Ben doesn't notice, he waves at him, trying to get his attention.

After a moment Ben climbs in through the window. Ian shuts the window behind him and shutters the blinds.

BEN
(To martin, casual)
Alright mate.

MARTIN
Alright...

Ian pulls the roll of tape from his overalls, he tosses it to Ben.

IAN
Right, tape him.

Ben tapes Martin's hands behind his back.

IAN
Do his legs an' all.

Ben tapes up martin's legs.

Ben sits on the bed, he puts the tv on and starts flicking through channels, he bounces in his seat.

Ian goes into the wardrobe and yanks out the metal pole, trying to turn it into a makeshift splint.

He undoes the top of his overalls, revealing casual clothes underneath. They are caked in blood and filth.

We see the broken arm. a piece of bone juts out at an awkward angle, almost breaking the skin.

He straightens his arm out, he cries out in pain through gritted teeth.

He stops halfway and pants, tears in his eyes.

He puts his back against the wall.

he rummages around in his pockets again and pulls out the pills.

MARTIN
Give us one of them will ya my back's-

IAN
Shuddup!

Ian shoves a bunch of the pills into his mouth and starts chewing them up.

He sits on the floor with his back to the wall, trying to control his breathing.

MARTIN
I need them-

IAN
(Mouth full)
Fuck off!

Ian pulls his arm straight with an almighty crunch.

IAN
Gaaaah!

MARTIN
I've got chronic pain ya know-

Ian gestures to his arm.

IAN
What do you think I've got!

Ian tries to tape the pole to his arm. He sweats and shakes from the pain, almost passing out.

MARTIN
Twat!

IAN
(through gritted teeth)
Keep your fucking voice down!

MARTIN
I've got a compressed spine, I've been sat on me tailbone for fucking ten hours, the least you can do is-

IAN
SHUDDUP!

Ian slings the rest of the pill bottle at Martin's head, it misses and hits the wall, pills spray everywhere.

Martin spits in Ian's direction.

IAN
That's it, do his mouth an' all.

Ian throws Ben the tape, he catches it.

Ben tries to tape up Martin's mouth. Martin struggles violently and starts to scream.

BEN
Hold still.

MARTIN
Fuck you!

Ben grabs Martin's jaw. Martin bites his hand.

BEN
OW!

Martin growls and spits again.

Ben punches him clean across the face, knocking him out in one.

BEN
That's not nice!

IAN
What did I tell ya!

BEN
I only did it once!

IAN
That's all it takes, he's an ald fella!

BEN
Nah, he's breathing.

IAN
Think yersen lucky, yeah?

BEN
Alright, sorry...

Ben tapes martin's mouth up.

Ian gestures for the tape. Ben hands it over.

IAN
Gis' a hand.

BEN
Alright, yeah.

Ben sits down next to him.

IAN
Right, hold this will ya?

BEN
Yeah, course...

Ben holds the pole close to Ian's arm. Ian tapes it up, wincing from the pain.

IAN
Good lad, cheers.

Ian gets up and starts pacing around the room.

IAN
Right get your kit off.

BEN
What?

IAN
Evidence innit.

Ben takes his boiler suit off and hands it to Ian, he is wearing tracksuit bottoms and a t-shirt underneath. Ian does the same, wearing similar underneath.

Ian rummages around in the mini-fridge. He pulls out a handful of miniature spirits and starts sinking them, hardly stopping to breathe between bottles.

He steps into the en suite to the left.

INT. NIGHT. EN SUITE.

Dated. Slightly dingy. Yellowing of tiles. The light flickers, Ian's eyes adjust.

Ian drops the minis in the sink, he kneels next to the bath.

Delicately, he bends back the front panel of the bath, he stashes the two grimy, bloody boiler suits in the cavity between the front panel and the actual bath.

Ian stares at himself in the mirror, his face is crusted with blood and his eye twitches.

He drinks the minis back to back. He slings them in the corner one by one, one of them smashes.

He finishes the last one, runs the tap and lets the sink fill up. Still staring at himself in the mirror.

He splashes some of the water on his face and neck to try and clean the blood and filth off himself.

He staggers away, the tap still running.

INT. NIGHT. THE ROOM.

Ben sits, staring at the tv, old late night B-movies play.

Ian staggers over to the bed.

He falls onto it face down, he passes out.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SUNRISE. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE.

A row of industrial units. Rusty, dingy, plants grow through cracks in the concrete.

One of the units has a sign, half peeled away and sun bleached that reads "Bug Brothers, bespoke pest management solutions."

Shane walks up to the door. He produces a tool from his sleeve, the door clicks open.

He creeps inside.

INT. DAY. WORKSHOP.

A dingy workshop an inch thick with dust. Bug bros overalls sit on a peg, mothbitten. Lights above flicker, bits of rusted tools and car parts lie strewn around.

A counter top, a toastie maker, a sink and a kettle.

A man works underneath a car with a broken drivers side window, lying on a creeper.

Another man stands nearby with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth, on the phone, he hangs up and sets his eye on Shane as he enters.

Both men are scruffy, small timers. They look wired. They wear cheap gold chains and tracksuits.

Silence as Shane enters.

The kettle heats up.

SHANE
D'like to speak to whoever's in charge please.

MAN 1
Fuck are you?

SHANE
Who're you?

The two men look at each other.

SHANE
You gentlemen have a van go missin'?

MAN 1
You police?

SHANE
No...

The guy working on the car comes out from under the car.

He sits on the creeper and watches Shane closely, he clutches a screwdriver tight, Shane glances at the kettle.

SHANE
Just wanna have a little chat with yous-

The guy with the screwdriver stands up and starts walking towards Shane. Shane glances at the kettle.

MAN 1
Think it's time for you to fuck off old timer.

The kettle clicks off.

The other man moves to get behind Shane. They both close in.

Shane lunges for the kettle. Before anyone can react he splashes boiling water in the face of the screwdriver guy, he falls to the ground writhing and screaming, clutching his face.

Shane seizes the other man by the throat, he pushes him over the counter top, putting his full weight on his chest, they are face to face. Shane clutches the kettle.

SHANE
This place don't belong to you, does it?

The man struggles but Shane has too much leverage.

MAN 1
(spluttering)
Fuck... you!

Shane starts to pour the water slowly, a little way away from the man's face, steam clings to both of their faces, a bead of sweat runs down Shane's expressionless face.

MAN 1
Aaah!

Shane brings the kettle closer, the man's panic intensifies, he thrashes around losing his footing, completely at Shane's mercy. The sound of the water gets louder.

MAN 1
No, no, p-please.

SHANE
Listen to me.

The man nods, terrified.

SHANE
Who's this place belong to?

MAN 1
Nobody, it was-

SHANE
Whose nobody?

MAN 1
i don't fucking know just some blokes!
They left it so we-

Shane brings the trickle of water even closer to the man's face, the water is now mere inches away from his face, he struggles to breathe.

SHANE
What blokes?

MAN 1
Some old git and his two lads!

SHANE
One fat, other one rat lookin?

MAN 1
Yeah, yeah!

SHANE
Where?

MAN 1
The old fella lives in a cottage in the village, can't miss it...

SHANE
What village?

MAN 1
(Incomprehensible panic) Claypole!
Right on the edge of the village, Red brick cottage, can't miss it!

SHANE
Good lad.

Shane puts the kettle down, he lets the guy go, who collapses to the floor, struggling to breathe.

SHANE
Don't let me see either of yous again.

Shane picks up the screwdriver, the man on the floor whimpers and writhes in pain, shuffling away as Shane gets close.

Shane leaves out the front door, never taking his eyes off the men.

He exits, wedging the screwdriver underneath the door to stop it being opened from the inside.

EXT. EARLY MORNING. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE.

Shane looks up at the morning sun. He sighs before getting into the car.

INT. EARLY MORNING. THE ROOM.

Ben sits entranced by Total Wipeout on the tv.

Ian is still passed out on the bed.

Martin wakes up as if from a nightmare, his gasps turn into coughs through the tape.

Ben hears this and turns around.

BEN
Alright mate.

MARTIN
(Muffled through tape)
MMM.

Ben goes back to watching the tv. Martin flexes his wrists, loosening the tape, but not enough. We can see his wearing a large wristwatch.

MARTIN
MMMM!

BEN
What?

MARTIN
Medication!

BEN
What?

MARTIN
Med-i-cation!

BEN
WHAT?

Martin wiggles his mouth.

BEN
Oh, yeah...

Ben goes to take the tape off.

BEN
Wait, you're not gonna do anything horrible again are you?

Martin shakes his head.

BEN
Alright...

Ben peels the tape off Martin's mouth.

MARTIN
(dry mouth)
Listen mate, I really need my medication, can you-

BEN
Yeah, course...

Ben gets up and starts picking the pills up one by one off the floor.

MARTIN
Really?

BEN
Yeah.

Ben brings a handful of pills over to Martin and offers them up.

MARTIN
Just two mate.

Ben puts two of the pills in Martin's mouth.

MARTIN
(With his mouth full)
Got any water?

BEN
Ah yeah, course mate, sound.

Ben rummages around the fridge, he finds a bottle of water.

Ben cracks the top off and gives Martin a sip, he gulps down about half the bottle, the rest going down his front.

BEN
Sorry about earlier. It's my brother, he gets all stressed out, and then I get all stressed out and-

MARTIN
S'alright mate, s' one born every minute.

BEN
He's nice normally, he always looks after me-

MARTIN
I bet...

BEN
It's just, I made a big mistake and now everything's gone wrong.

MARTIN
Trust me mate, I know the feeling...

Ben watches the tv some more, restless.

Martin flexes his wrists again, getting closer to freeing his hands.

BEN
When we get the money, you can have a bit of mine if you like... Not all of it like but-

Martin laughs.

MARTIN
You're shit at this.

BEN
No!

MARTIN
First off you kidnap us, next thing you know I'm in on the score! never in my life have I-

BEN
I was only trying to be nice!

MARTIN
Just my luck innit, abducted by fucking Del-boy and Rodney-

BEN
Stop being rude, I'm being nice!

MARTIN
Listen mate, you are nice, I can tell. That's why you've gotta listen, best thing to do now is call it a day-

BEN
No!

MARTIN
Listen mate, I've seen this one no end before and I'll tell you now, it don't ever end well.

BEN
That's not the plan, and Ian says if we don't follow the-

MARTIN
Fucking hell, what plan! Listen, whatever you've got mixed up in it's fucking bad, best thing you can do now is untie me, walk out that door, go to the nearest police station-

BEN
That's not what Ian said, we're-

MARTIN
Fuck him! He's the reason-

BEN
No! Ian looks after me and he helps me, and-

MARTIN
Listen to me, son-

BEN
Ian, IAN!

The noise wakes Ian up. He sits up sheepishly, his head beats like a drum. He scrambles around looking for the gun.

IAN
S'goingon?

BEN
He's saying to let him go!

Ian finds the gun on the floor near the bedside table. He points it at Martin again.

IAN
Shut up!

BEN
Yeah!

MARTIN
Go on then, shoot me! It ain't gonna change a fucking thing!

IAN
SHUTUP!

MARTIN
FUCK YOU!

Ian gestures toward the roll of duct tape sitting on the counter.

IAN
Get the tape.

Ben tapes Martin's mouth up by winding the roll of tape around his head several times as Martin struggles, laughing, the rest of the roll hangs loose.

MARTIN
(Muffled through tape)
YOU'RE FUCKED!

IAN
Jesus, FUCK!

BEN
Ian?

IAN
Not now...

Ian paces up and down like a caged animal.

Martin laughs through the tape, taunting Ian. He continues moving his wrists, loosening the tape some more.

IAN
(To martin)
I'll fucking kill you you know!

Ben, nervous, sits down and turns back to the tv, he starts flicking around channels, for a brief moment we see martin's face on the screen, Ian catches this out of the corner of his eye as he paces.

IAN
Go back!

BEN
I'm watching-

Ian shoots Ben a look, he snatches the tv remote and starts flicking around.

The tv stops on a picture of Martin on a local news channel, Ian looks as if he has seen a ghost.

TV
Baffling scenes today as police investigate the disappearance of Martin Wilson, 58 from Welbourn after a fishing trip-

IAN
FUCK!

TV
Police are keeping an open mind as to the cause of the disappearance at this time but they believe it could be a case of mistaken identity-

Ian paces around.

TV
In other news, the A46 has been closed as a precautionary measure due to a fire nearby, with firemen saying the cloud of smoke could make it unsafe to drive-

A shot of firemen extinguishing the burning bug brothers van is shown on the tv.

Ian looks as if he is about to be sick.

BEN
Oi, we never-

IAN
no, we didn't...

BEN
Why are they lying?

IAN
No you muppet, it means someone's looking for us.

BEN
What?

IAN
Remember what I said before?

BEN
No...

Ian is on the verge of breaking down.

IAN
Fucking hell...

BEN
What's the plan then?

IAN
IDONTFUCKIGNKNOWANYMORE!

BEN
Sorry, I only-

IAN
Never mind. Just don't leave the room until I get back.

BEN
Alright...

Ben goes into the bathroom, he grabs the overalls from behind the bathtub panel. He grabs Martin's keys from the table and another few beers from the fridge.

Ian climbs out of the window.

EXT. EARLY MORNING. THE CAR PARK.

Ian sprints towards the car and jumps inside.

INT. EARLY MORNING. MARTIN'S CAR.

Ian sits in the car. Helplessness builds inside of him, he hammers on the dashboard and screams. He sheds a tear.

He opens one of the beers and downs as much of it as he can in one go, sobbing.

He breathes a few deep breaths, he stops himself crying.

EXT. EARLY MORNING. THE CAR PARK.

The car pulls away.

INT. EARLY MORNING. THE ROOM.

Ben watches from the window, confused.

He goes and sits back down, he flicks through tv channels.

BEN
Do you wanna see if there's any good films on?

Martin tries to loosen the tape again, he makes some progress but not enough to get free, one of his wrists bleeds a little, the drops of blood run down his fingers onto the floor.

EXT. DAY. A RED BRICK COTTAGE.

Shane stands at the front door. He tries the door, it opens and he steps inside.

INT. DAY. RED BRICK COTTAGE.

A dusty old man's house. Dated interior, messy. Pictures on walls. A jar of ashes on the mantlepeice next to some old fashioned brass ornaments.

Shane creeps through the house, one hand in his jacket.

A living room, an old man stares into an old CRT TV with a blank expression, it blares out static.

He turns and looks at Shane as he enters.

IAN'S DAD
Are you my son?

SHANE
no...

IAN'S DAD
Do you know where he is?

Shane takes his hand out of his jacket.

SHANE
I was hopin' you could tell me-

The old man laughs, glassy eyed.

IAN'S DAD
We're both as bad as each other ain't we.

SHANE
Aye...

Shane goes into the other room.

INT. DAY. KITCHEN.

An old, dusty kitchen.

He puts the kettle on. He picks up a photograph of the two brothers from the side.

He takes it out of the frame and puts it in his inside pocket.

Click! the kettle boils.

Shane makes two cups of tea.

Shane brings them through. He gives one to the old man. He blows on it, his hands shake, he slurps the tea.

IAN'S DAD
Thank you, son.

Shane nods.

IAN'S DAD
S'been a long time since we've had visitors, eh Maria?

Shane glances at the ashes.

IAN'S DAD
Maria, MARIA? We've a very important guest...

SHANE
She's... Gone shoppin' she'll be back soon...

IAN'S DAD
Oh...

SHANE
You're an exterminator?

IAN'S DAD
Ooooh, long time ago that now.

SHANE
Aye.

IAN'S DAD
Just watch me shows now...

SHANE
Aye...

The two sit in silence as the old man stares into the static. They sip their teas.

IAN'S DAD
You always put too much milk in mine.

They sit and "watch" the tv some more. Shane finishes his tea.

IAN'S DAD
You've always been such a good lad...

Shane nods. He shows a flicker of sadness.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DAY. RED BRICK COTTAGE.

Shane sighs. He looks up. He sees a stack of smoke a few miles away. He shakes his head.

Shane gets into his van.

INT. DAY. TRANSIT VAN.

Shane puts the picture of the brothers in the sun visor. He drives in the direction of the smoke.

EXT. DAY. A FIELD.

Martin's car is consumed by flames.

Ian watches, drinking the last of the beers, he turns away from the car and heads back towards the road. he is unsteady on his feet, he is pale, gaunt and filthy.

We can see the B&B off in the distance, he is no more than half a mile away.

He vaults a fence, coming onto a thin road. He wanders through the village in the direction of the B&B, he slings the empty bottle in a hedge, he lights a cigarette.

INT. DAY. SHANE'S VAN.

Shane turns a corner, a figure in the distance down the dirt road.

The figure becomes clearer as Shane gets closer. It's Ian.

Shane undoes the strap on the shotgun, he produces it from his jacket.

He rolls down the window and rests it on the frame, just out of sight, ready to blast Ian as he drives past.

They get close enough that they can see each other's faces clearly.

Ian notices Shane is staring at him. He looks fearful.

At the last second, three boys of about twelve riding bicycles come from around a corner appear in the rearview, they laugh and joke among themselves.

Shane spots them and puts the gun away.

The van rolls past Ian.

EXT. DAY. THE STREET.

Ian looks behind him at the van, it turns a corner and disappears.

Ian diverts from the road, breaking through a hedge and into a field, we can see the roof of the B&B, he heads toward it.

INT. DAY. THE ROOM.

Ben watches TV with Martin, his mouth is still taped up.

Tekashi's Castle plays on the tv.

BEN
You, never know whose gonna make it through, do ya...

Martin tries some more to loosen his restraints.

Ben watches as someone fails spectacularly.

BEN
ooooh!

Martin slips one of his hands out of the tape cuffs. He breathes a sigh of relief, his wrist bleeds from the tape.

He takes his watch off and wraps it around his knuckles, ready to fight his way out.

Ian appears at the window and starts pounding on the glass, both men startle at the sound.

Martin hides the hand with the watch behind the one still taped up, it looks as if he is still bound.

Ben rushes over and lets him in through the window.

BEN
Jesus, you shit me right up-

IAN
He's here!

BEN
Who?

IAN
The bastard I were on about before!

INT. DAY. SHANE'S VAN.

Shane drives past the B&B, he sees there is one room with the light on, he slows the van down to a crawl.

INT. DAY. THE ROOM.

Ben looks anxious. Ian paces around some more, he grabs another beer from the mini-fridge, he pops it open on the side and downs it in one go, dropping it on the floor, he opens another.

He gets on his hands and knees, he picks up a few of the pills from the floor and washes them down with the rest of the beer.

Ian pulls out his flip phone. He paces up and down frantically trying to make calls, none of which connect. He grows more and more restless. He closes the blinds and keeps peering through them.

A voicemail tone.

TERRY'S VOICEMAIL
Terry's work phone. Leave a message.

IAN
(slurred)
Hey T, 'Ss Ian... Listen, I'll level with you pal... Things ain't gone to plan...

Ian fights back fearful tears, the cocktail of pills and beer is really getting to him now.

IAN
Fucking hell... Just call me as ssoon as you get this...

Ian puts the phone down. He looks up at the tv, a news report is playing.

TV
Baffling scenes today as birdwatchers flock to Stapleford woods after a series of alleged exotic bird sightings. Scientists are divided on-

Ian is filled with a surge of delirious hope.

IAN
'ss a fuckin' miracle!

Ben looks confused.

Ian grabs Martin's angling net from the side. He rummages around in the tackle box and pulls out a handful of bait balls, he stuffs them in his tracksuit pockets.

He stands staring at the tv in awe. They are interviewing two birdwatchers, farmerish men clad in tweed.

With Ian's back turned Martin takes his shot, he stands up, legs still taped to the chair and takes a swing for Ian.

POP! Ian hears him and turns around just in time to get hit clean across the face with the watch, knocking him to the ground behind the bed, a big graze on his cheek.

IAN
Bastard!

INT. MORNING. THE CORRIDOR.

Shane stands outside the boys' room, commotion can be heard from inside.

He slides out the lockpick and uses it on the door, the door clicks, he turns the handle and pushes it open half an inch.

He takes a deep breath, he puts the shotgun up to where the deadbolt would be on the other side.

BOOM!

INT. MORNING. THE ROOM.

Ian watches from the floor in horror as the door blows open. Splinters spray everywhere.

Shane stands in the doorway brandishing the shotgun, expressionless.

Martin turns and looks at Shane, their eyes lock.

BOOM! Martin is hit centre mass, his face goes blank, he falls forward. Blood sprays everywhere. Stray shot shatters the window behind them.

Ian's face is covered in blood. He dives through the window without a second thought, pulling the blind off the wall, he lands on the other side, fighting to get the blind off him.

Shane, calm as ever, reloads without taking his eyes off the brothers.

EXT. MORNING. CAR PARK.

Ben runs and jumps through the window just as Shane's gun snaps shut.

BOOM! A burst of blood. Ben's shoulder is hit.

BEN
AAAH!

Ian sprints across the car park, Ben staggers behind him, clutching his shoulder, his arm limp.

Ian jumps in front of a passing car in a desperate attempt to get it to stop. The car hits him at a low speed, rolling him over the bonnet.

The car skids to a halt. The driver, panic stricken gets out.

Ben rushes the driver, knocking them out with a superman punch.

The brothers pile into the car and speed away.

INT. DAY. THE HOTEL ROOM.

Shane watches the car leave.

He turns toward the tv, the news report about the birds still plays. He shakes his head and breathes deeply.

He picks the two shotgun shells up and puts them in his pocket.

INT. DAY. THE B&B HALLWAY.

Shane limps through the corridor of the hotel, the lights flicker.

INT. DAY. FRONT DESK.

He passes the front desk. The old lady sits slumped forward, clutching the phone, blood trickling out of her mouth, her throat cut. We hear the drone of the dial tone.

EXT. DAY. CAR PARK.

Shane gets in his van and drives in the direction the brothers set off in.

INT. DAY. STOLEN CAR.

Ian drives at breakneck speed, shifting through gears like a lunatic. He mutters something incomprehensible under his breath.

Ben dry heaves.

BEN
(slurred)
I've been ssshot!

IAN
I know mate, jusss try and stay-

BEN
It's (heaves) horrible.

IAN
I know mate...

BEN
'Sss bleeding-

IAN
Just focus on your breathin', yeah?

BEN
It's (heaves) gross.

IAN
Don't look at it then!

Ben heaves again.

IAN
I said don't look!

BEN
I- I- (heaves)

IAN
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!

Ben stares out of the window, glassy eyed.

Ian rummages around in his clothes. He hands Ben a few of the pills.

IAN
Swallow these, bite em first, makes em stronger.

BEN
Cheers...

Ben chokes down the dry pills and stares out of the window, shivering.

Ian rummages around in his pockets, he pulls out his phone and makes another call to "Chinese Terry" in his contacts.

The phone dials. Ian grows restless.

Terry's voicemail message chimes again.

IAN
It's Ian. Scratch that last message pal, we're back on it. Call me soon as you can.

Ian closes the phone and stuffs it in his jeans.

EXT. DAY. BACK ROADS.

The middle of nowhere, more fields, high hedges and trees, an empty road.

The car passes a sign that says "Stapleford Woods: 10 miles" the car veers in and out of the lines.

INT. DAY. THE CAR.

Ian obsessively checks the rear view. Shane is nowhere to be seen.

IAN
Not far now mate.

BEN
Is it bad?

Ian glances over at Ben's arm. His shoulder is ripped to pieces, it oozes blood in waves.

IAN
Nah mate, just hold on. We'll get you sorted soon.

BEN
(faintly)
I feel really weird you know.

IAN
Hold on. Terry knows someone who'll sort you out.

BEN
Chinese Terry... Yeah.

IAN
Just keep your eyes open mate, s' not as bad as it looks.

BEN
S'not as bad as it looks...

Ian glances over at Ben's arm. It's as bad as it looks. Ben's clothes slowly darken with blood.

BEN
It's a bit like when we was kids, innit.

Ben does a long blink, as if he is about to fall asleep.

IAN
Yeah, yeah...

BEN
Remember when Perchie drank all his mum's vodka and then we tried to ride us bikes home and he rode straight into the kerb.

Ian lets out a nervous laugh.

IAN
Yeah mate, I remember.

Ben grows woozier from the blood loss and the pills.

BEN
And he come off his bike... and split his head open, and we had to carry him all the way to the hospital.

IAN
Yeah...

BEN
I miss Perchie...

IAN
Me too mate, Me too...

EXT. DAY. BACK ROAD.

The car swerves down the back roads.

We take a left turn. A sign reads "stapleford woods: 1 mile."

The car passes a large gate, beyond it a car park, swarming with people, a news van, birdwatchers, families, all clamouring to get a look at the bird. beyond that, the woods.

INT. DAY. CAR.

Ian looks fearful at the sight of so many people.

IAN
Shit...

BEN
(slurred)
Whatarewe-

IAN
S'alright mate, just breathe.

BEN
Ian, I'm really sorry... This is all my...

IAN
S'fine mate. S'not your fault.

Ian drives past the front entrance. The car follows a road along the edge of the woodland for a while, Ben takes shallow, desperate breaths.

There is a steep slope on the edge of the road, into the woods, they are well away from the crowd now, it is still and silent.

The car pulls into a layby. There is a small fence, followed by the slope. Ian takes some deep breaths.

Ian grabs the net. He pulls out a fistful of bait balls.

IAN
Wait here mate, yeah-

BOOM!

The back window shatters, Ben's head explodes. His body slumps forward, the car's front windscreen is painted with blood.

Ian catches a glimpse of Shane's face in the cracked rear view mirror, he is ten feet or so away, expressionless.

Ian is consumed by terror. He is soaked in blood.

Shane closes in, limping towards the car.

Ian, ducks in the footwell, he slams the car into reverse.

Boom!

Shane fires another shot. The wing mirror explodes.

The car squeals towards Shane, he dives out of the way, the car narrowly misses him, instead slamming into a fence post behind them. The engine hums.

Ian climbs over to the back seat.

Bing! Bing! Bing! The seatbelt alarm chimes.

He gets out of the car through the back seat.

EXT. DAY. ROAD THROUGH WOODS.

Ian cowers behind the car, Shane is on the other side, his ears ring, he takes a moment to get to his feet.

Ian peeks through the car window at Shane, who is reloading, their eyes meet for a second, Shane's eyes flicker like a cat's.

Shane snaps the shotgun shut and fires in one swift motion.

Ian ducks with a fraction of a second to spare. More of the car is obliterated.

Ian is petrified, his legs shake.

Ian's phone starts to ring. He pulls it out, trembling, it reads "Chinese Terry"

IAN
(Under breath)
Fuck!

Ian steadies his breathing. He leaves the phone on the ground to distract Shane. He crawls in the opposite direction, hiding at the front of the car.

Shane, following the sound of the phone, comes around the side of the car. He sees the phone sitting on the ground, Ian is nowhere to be seen, Shane is impressed.

Shane looks up, he sees Ian limping toward the woodland, he fires another shot a second too late as Ian dives down the slope.

EXT. DAY. DENSE WOODLAND.

Woodland in all directions, fragments of light filter through the treetops.

Ian skims down the steep slope like a ragdoll, completely losing control of his body.

He lands at the bottom, a thick, exposed tree root pierces his side, he gasps.

He stands up, he is bleeding badly from his side, the pole that was keeping his arm straight is bent out of shape.

He staggers deeper into the woods, disorientated and afraid, his vision keeps fading to black, despite the pills he is in agony.

He looks up, a rush of colour, birds cross paths overhead.

He staggers around, trying to run. He takes the sack and some more of the bait balls from his pocket. He hears an indiscernible, faint mumbling, it sounds like Ben's voice.

His run turns to aimless meandering, he staggers deeper into the woods. He is confused and afraid.

Limping, he checks over his shoulder, he no longer knows which way he came from.

He stumbles around until he comes to a clearing with a bench with a bronze "in memoriam" plaque on it.

He sits on the bench, staring off into the distance blankly. A rotten old fence post sticks out of the earth.

Ian's vision fades to black, then back up again.

The bird lands on the fence post, watching Ian.

Ian starts laughing, his teeth are covered in blood.

A rustling in the bushes, the bird seems not to care.

Shane emerges from the bushes, gripping the gun in one hand, seeming not to notice the bird.

IAN
(slurring worse than before)
Go on, sssshoot me...

SHANE
There's no rush now...

Shane limps toward Ian. He lets go of the Shotgun, it falls to his side on it's leather strap. Ian coughs blood into his hand, he wipes it on his shirt.

IAN
What?

SHANE
Ya know how I knew you'd be here?

Shane sits down next to Ian. Ian stares at him, drowsy, afraid.

SHANE
People like you never know when to call it a day.

IAN
Who'ssss me?

SHANE
Amateurs...

Ian laughs, it turns to an almighty cough, blood runs down his chin.

SHANE
All this grief eh, all for a little bit of money...

IAN
Jussshootme-

Shane laughs, he looks at Ian's broken body.

SHANE
Be doin' you a favour I reckon... You know what my old man used tell us?

Ian's head dips like he is about to pass out, he jolts back up.

IAN
Why'reyabothering? just-

SHANE
Sometimes it's nice to hear your thoughts out loud...

Ian laughs, spluttering blood down his chin.

SHANE
Used to tell us crime's a form of gamblin'.

IAN
Too right...

SHANE
Took us a long time to get my head round that one...

Ian watches the bird, it still doesn't move. Perhaps it is not there at all. His head spins.

SHANE
You remind me of me, a long time ago...

Ian laughs deliriously, he looks over at the bird one last time.

Shane puts his hand inside his jacket. He sighs.

SHANE
Full of big fuckin' ideas...

We see the treeline from above, vast and green.

A final, faint Boom!

birds scatter from the trees, flying in all directions.

HOLD ON THE TREELINE AS THE CREDITS ROLL. A REPRISE OF SAM HALL. (IN FULL THIS TIME.)