

'L.A.R.Pers'

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Abstract

This study comprises of a screenplay for a feature film entitled L.A.R.Pers, a comedy following the misadventures of a group of 'live action role-players'. The main character, Laura, is a grumpy, bitter young woman forced into taking her overeager brother, Jerry, to L.A.R.Ping practice by her mother, only to see him later abducted in the back of a white van. Stuck in the woods with no vehicle or contact with the outside world, with only Jerry's fellow L.A.R.Pers to aid her, she sets out on an epic quest to find her brother. However, what entails is a story of crime, plotting, secrets and revelations, as Laura learns that her view of the world, and those around her, may not be as concrete as she once thought.

The film is a 'comedy' (specifically a 'British Comedy') with elements of the 'action', 'fantasy' and, to a lesser extent, 'thriller' genres.

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Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as References.

L.A.R.PERS

Written by

James Smith

JERRY (V.O.)
 What is it that makes a hero?

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Silhouetted by the setting sun, a group of MEN walk across an open field.

JERRY (V.O.)
 Some say it is their physical strength. Others claim that it is what's in their hearts.

The men walk more clearly into view - they are dressed from head to toe in medieval armour. They are facing off against another group of men in similar attire. One of them yells, and the two groups charge towards each other.

JERRY (V.O.)
 Live action role-playing. Some call it L.A.R.Ping. Others call it fantasy battling, but most simply refer to it as 'the most badass thing anyone can do with their time ever.'

The two groups clash as a beam of sunlight shines down upon their battle.

JERRY (V.O.)
 Like other role-playing games, L.A.R.Ping involves a group of people working together to complete a series of campaigns set in a fictional world. But this one is obviously cooler because you can hit each other with bloody big sticks. Or swords, or bows. And sometimes -

A WOMAN in a long hooded cloak appears in the middle of the brawling knights holding only a wooden staff, which she holds above her head.

JERRY (V.O.)
 Magic.

She thrusts the staff into the ground, creating a wild array of sparks and flames, throwing all of the knights to the floor.

JERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Disclaimer: massive explosions not included.

The woman stands over one of the fallen knights. She takes from his person a golden cup.

JERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is fraught with peril, and a constant dance with death, but L.A.R.Ping, above all, truly proves that one person can be a -

LAURA (V.O.)

Massive tosspot!

INT. ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A coffee cup is slammed down in front of JERRY (18) who is subsequently torn from the book on the table in front of him. Lanky and mop-haired, he appears to be in the final stages of his awkward teenage years. Small scars from popped zits dot his freckled face, as do the hairs of a poorly performed shave. His teeth are white and straight, but his lips are dry and cracked. He wears a green hoodie and flared grey trousers which swing just above his ankles.

The hardback book is titled 'L.A.R.Ping - The Ultimate Guide', with a lavishly decorated green cover.

Standing over him is LAURA (22), her bright blue eyes wide with anger and her long, painted nails digging into her long, shiny brown hair. With her leather jacket and blue jeans and black boots, it is clear she cares far more about her appearance than Jerry does about his.

Jerry stares at her and shrugs.

LAURA

I asked specifically for no sugar in this. None. But what does the tit at the counter do? I should complain. I really should.

JERRY

Are you not doing that now?

She glares at him.

LAURA

I swear down Jerry, I will shove you back into that car and drive back home if I have to.

Jerry returns to his book, while Laura turns around and narrows her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Who the hell does she think she is?

Behind the counter is a sweet little old lady, smiling kindly at the customer in front of her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Bitch.

She turns back round to Jerry, who is back to his book.

Without warning, she swipes it from him.

JERRY

Oi!

LAURA

(mockingly)

'Creeds, colours, names - heroism does not discriminate. You can be as strong as the mountain or as frail as glass.' Ooh, that's lucky for you then.

He tries to grab it back.

JERRY

Are you really that desperate for attention?

LAURA

That statement coming from someone who is going out to spend the weekend camping in the forest dressed like a homeless person.

He grabs the book back.

JERRY

There is far more to it than that.

LAURA

Suit yourself, but don't come crying to me when you're still a virgin at 47.

JERRY

(defiantly)

Oh don't worry, I won't.

His face reflects his realisation at what she just implied.

Suddenly, Laura clutches at something in her jacket pocket. She pulls out her phone which is buzzing frantically - the caller is 'Mum'.

LAURA

Uh oh.

JERRY

It's Mum isn't it?

Laura stares blankly at the phone.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Whatever she wants, she'll go easier on you if you just answer.

LAURA

Shut up.

She takes a deep breath and answers the phone.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Hello?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

Laura? It's your mother.

LAURA

I'm aware.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CHARLOTTE (40), a stern and intimidating woman, sits in a large, black office chair. She scowls out of the window opposite her across the grey, dull cityscape.

CHARLOTTE

Is Jerry with you?

LAURA (V.O.)

Unfortunately.

Charlotte rolls her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

Careful, Laura. That's no way to talk about your brother.

LAURA (V.O.)

Stepbrother.

CHARLOTTE

He's just as much your brother as I am your mother.

LAURA (V.O)

Well, that's not true, is it? You and I are blood - for better or for worse. Usually for worse.

CHARLOTTE

Watch it, young lady. This weekend means a lot to him.

LAURA (V.O)

If you or Frank actually cared, one of you would be here doing it.

Charlotte stands up from her seat, frustrated.

CHARLOTTE

Funnily enough, we both have to work. I know you hate trying new things, but maybe you should give it a go sometime.

LAURA (V.O)

(sarcastically)

Ooh, I'd love to, but unfortunately I keep getting stuck taxiing nerdy losers to the middle of nowhere.

CHARLOTTE

(shouting)

Laura, think very carefully before choosing your next words, because I

-

She stops dead, as she realises half the office behind her is looking at her. She takes a deep breath and continues.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Look, just - for once in your life, do me a favour, and be there for him. Please?

INT. ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Laura closes her eyes and relaxes her shoulders.

LAURA

I'll try.

CHARLOTTE (V.O)
Good. I love you both.

LAURA
But me slightly more right?

Charlotte hangs up on her. Laura looks genuinely disappointed.

JERRY
You trying to make her pick
favourites again?

Laura turns to him and scoffs.

LAURA
Don't need to try. She's already
got one.

She marches past Jerry, grabbing his cup of coffee on the way.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Come on.

JERRY
Um - I wasn't finished with that -

Thud! It lands in the bin.

JERRY (CONT'D)
- yet.

Jerry sighs, grabs his book and scrambles after her.

EXT. ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Laura and Jerry both walk towards the car. As she unlocks it, Laura notices Jerry go for the front passenger door.

LAURA
Whoa, whoa, whoa! What are you
doing? Get in the back.

JERRY
Aw, come on, Laura! Not again!

Laura points to the back doors.

LAURA
In the back!

JERRY
But it's cramped, and I get travel
sick back there!

LAURA
Someone doesn't want to go looping!

Jerry opens the back door, and climbs inside.

JERRY
(fed up)
It's 'L.A.R.Ping'.

She shuts the door, completely ignoring him, before getting into her own seat.

INT. LAURA'S CAR - DAY

JERRY
Can you move your seat forward a
little bit?

Laura reverses her seat as far back as it will go. She tries to start the car, but nothing happens.

LAURA
Come on.

JERRY
Even the car thinks you're being
too harsh.

LAURA
Pfft, damn thing.

She tries again. It starts. Laura looks smugly at Jerry and the car pulls off onto the motorway.

EXT. MOTORWAY JUNCTION - DAY

The car pulls off the motorway, onto a small road.

EXT. FOREST TURNING - DAY

The car turns down a road surrounded by trees, far from civilisation - the road into the woods.

INT. LAURA'S CAR - DAY

Laura looks out of the window at the dark forest surrounding them. She switches on her car headlights in order to see ahead more clearly.

LAURA
Jesus, this really is miles out.

JERRY
Can I borrow your phone? I'll message Mo and ask where they are.

LAURA
Use your own phone.

JERRY
I can't, I still haven't got it fixed since you poured wine all over it, remember?

LAURA
No.

JERRY
Exactly.

Laura sighs angrily and hands him her phone. Jerry starts texting on it.

LAURA
You lot are going to spend the night here?

JERRY
Yeah, all six of us. Why?

LAURA
Didn't realise trying to get murdered by crazy forest psychos was a part of L.A.R.Ping.

JERRY
That stuff only happens in movies. And America. Besides, what would it matter to you if I was murdered?

Laura shrugs.

LAURA
Fair point. It would save me having to pick you up.

Jerry looks out of the window. He looks slightly sad and thoughtful.

Ping! Laura's phone lights up, as does his face as he reads the message he has received.

JERRY

Mo says they're down the little
dirt track at the end of the road.

Laura continues along her way.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

A clearing in the trees lies ahead. There, surrounded by tents of different colours, are five other people - Jerry's L.A.R.Ping team.

MO (18) is a very large boy of Asian descent. He has over-sized round glasses and long, wavy black hair that hangs just above his shoulders. Even standing still he is clearly breathing loudly through his mouth. He looks very tense and anxious.

GWEN (18) is a very short girl with bright ginger hair. Her face is covered in orange freckles, and she wears black jeans and a cyan hoodie. Her expression is a constant frown, as though she is trying to look at something in bright sunlight.

NICK (58) is by far the oldest of the group. Lean with grey bowl-cut hair, thick glasses and a very thick patterned jumper, he looks as though he would be more at home in a library than the woods.

GUY (19) has his hair long at the top and shaved at the sides. He's a fierce looking bloke with a pierced eyebrow and a light scar on his neck. He wears a black raincoat and tracksuit bottoms with filthy grey trainers. He is also noticeably missing a canine tooth in the side of his mouth.

CHRISSIE (18) is waif-like, with long blonde hair, kept in place by a bandanna wrapped around her head. She looks like a relic from the 60's, complete with a tie-dyed shirt and tinted sunglasses.

The gang all crowd around the parked car.

GWEN

Bloody finally.

Laura and Jerry scramble out of the car.

GUY
Well, well, well.

JERRY
Afternoon all!

Nick ambles forward.

NICK
Ah, Jerry! I thought you'd decided
to turn back! Leave us behind and
all that.

JERRY
Turn back? And leave you lot to
face the road ahead by yourselves?
What the hell would you do without
me?

NICK
Quite right, my boy! Quite right.

He leans closer in.

NICK (CONT'D)
And this must be Laura!

He holds out his hand to shake hers.

LAURA
And you are?

NICK
Ah, my apologies! I'm Nick, the
leader of this merry gathering.
This is Gwen, over there is
Chrissie. These gentlemen here are
Mo and Guy. We'll be your friends
for the weekend.

LAURA
Oh, I'm not -

JERRY
Laura's not staying, Nick.

NICK
Oh, is that so? That's a shame.

LAURA
Is it?

An awkward silence.

MO
So - um - you're Jerry's sister?

LAURA
Stepsister, that's all.

Jerry looks slightly hurt.

NICK
Right then, what say we get into
our uniforms?

The others all cheer and dart into their tents. Jerry runs
over to join them.

Laura is left with a beaming Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)
Thanks for bringing him over, by
the way.

LAURA
Oh. It's fine.

Silence.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't mean to be rude, but
aren't you a little - old - for
this stuff?

NICK
Oh. Well, I suppose some may
consider me a little -

LAURA
(unimpressed)
Old.

NICK
Mature. Like a fine wine, or a good
brandy.

LAURA
Mm.

NICK
What about you? What do you do?

LAURA
'What do I do'?

NICK

I mean what do you do for fun? What lights your heart and soul in equal measure? What helps you forget about the world around you and truly allows you to be at one with yourself?

Laura pauses to try and compute what was just said.

LAURA

You know what? I was wrong. You're absolutely the kind of person who should be doing this kind of thing.

NICK

Oh! Thanks very much!

Laura smiles sarcastically, before turning her head in disgust.

JERRY

(offscreen)

I'm ready!

NICK

Oh, good stuff! You'll love this, Laura.

He runs over to the tents.

Laura turns her nose up, but follows anyway.

EXT. TENTS - DAY

Jerry, is emerging from one of the tents in his 'uniform' - a full suit of armour, made from rusting tin and mesh. A long black cloak with a large hood covers his body over the armour.

JERRY

Jerriah, Assassin of the Sleeping Woods, at your service, Nilios.

Laura quietly sniggers.

NICK

Looking well, Jerriah. We are waiting on your companions.

Next to emerge is Mo, dressed in even thicker armour than Jerry. No cloak this time. His armour is too big. It dwarfs even his hefty, round body.

MO
Mohammia, Last Knight of the
Western Gate, reporting in, sir.

NICK
Ah! Truly the heavy hitter the
legends speak of.

LAURA
'Heavy hitter?'

They turn towards her.

JERRY
Is there a problem?

LAURA
Well - that's not exactly muscle
keep you on the ground, is it? No
offence.

MO
Um - some offence taken.

GWEN
Did someone call Mo fat again?

Gwen appears, wearing a light-blue tunic, trousers and boots,
with a pointed, gnome-like cap on her head, the same colour
as her tunic. In her hand, a giant wooden bow. On her back, a
quiver full of wooden arrows.

NICK
Ah! Guinevere, Light of the
Marshes!

GWEN
That's not my name uncle.

NICK
What?

GWEN
I'm not the 'Light of the Marshes',
that's Chrissie.

NICK
(confused)
Right. So you're Guinevere - you
are Guinevere -

GWEN
Guinevere the Fleet! That's it!
That is all you have to remember!

Laura smirks.

GUY
You messed up her name again,
didn't ya, Nick?

Guy has appeared dressed in a full wizard's outfit: grey robes, a pointed hat, a beard and a long, wooden staff with a head carved into a spiral.

NICK
Ah! Gaius! Good to see you!

He holds out his hand. Guy looks down at it, and shakes it.

NICK (CONT'D)
No.

GUY
What?

NICK
Hand them over.

GUY
Hand what over? Oh for God's sake,
fine.

He pulls a box of matches out from his robe and gives them to Nick.

NICK
And the others.

Guy sighs, and hands him three more boxes.

NICK (CONT'D)
You seriously did not think that I
would underestimate the cunning of
the 'Dark Flame'?

GWEN
Oh, so you remember his bloody
title!

NICK
I have to - I have to ensure he
doesn't 'unleash his true power',
as he did during the last
tournament we entered.

GUY
Hey, did we or did we not win that
tournament?

NICK

We 'won' because half of our
opponents had to be hospitalised!
And speaking of healing, where is
our Chrissie?

CHRISSIE

(from inside tent)

I'm just coming out! Prepare to
have your minds blown.

She emerges from the tent, dressed in a spotless, flowing
white dress with puffy, fancy sleeves.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

The vibes on this - the aura - it's
so - y'know?

Laura snorts.

LAURA

It's not very - fantasy-ish, is it?

NICK

I think it is most grand! Besides,
she's our cleric! Health, purity
and all that!

NICK (CONT'D)

Right, that's our little fellowship
reunited, I believe we are ready.

Excited talking breaks out among the group.

NICK (CONT'D)

What are we starting with?

GWEN

King of the Hill.

JERRY

It would be far better to hone our
weapon skills, would it not? We're
all quite behind the other teams in
both 'attack' and 'defence'
categories.

CHRISSIE

Isn't the next tournament based on
target retrieval? Shouldn't we,
like, practice that? It will bring
us good karma come the tournament.

NICK
 Ah! Good point, Chrissie. I believe
 you are right. Okay, team! Quickly
 now.

They hurry past Laura into the woods. Laura turns and heads
 back towards her car.

JERRY
 You not coming?

LAURA
 What? Hell no, I'm off. You can
 only play 'spot the virgin' so long
 before it gets boring.

She walks away.

JERRY
 Bye, then.

She ignores him. Gwen walks up to him.

GWEN
 You okay? Is she picking on you?

JERRY
 Nothing new there.

GWEN
 She sounds like a right sour cow
 from what you've said.

JERRY
 Yeah - maybe.

They both turn and hurry off to join the others.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Next to the babbling brook, the team stand in a circle.

NICK
 Now then, 'target retrieval', as
 far as the folks at the competition
 are concerned, means what?

MO
 Rescuing a princess.

NICK
 So we need a princess.

GWEN

Dibs not.

CHRISSIE

Nah.

MO

One of you has to do it.

CHRISSIE

Why? Because we're girls? Get out of here with those sexist licks man, it's not the 1960's anymore.

GUY

Oh, so you did get that memo, then?

MO

Yeah, could have fooled me.

NICK

Come on, lads and ladies. Someone has to be the princess.

Slowly, they all turn to look at Jerry.

JERRY

What? Me?

NICK

Fantastic suggestion, Jerry!

JERRY

But - but - fine. I'll do it. But I'm not wearing the dress.

NICK

Thank you Jerry! Now, we are all aware of the plan?

GWEN

Same as last time. Someone distracts the enemy while the rest of us use our individual skills to locate and retrieve our pretty princess here?

Jerry scowls at her.

NICK

Yes, yes. The same as before. Just give Jerry a few minutes to hide somewhere before we start looking for him.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Once we find him, we escort him to safety. Jerry, we need you to make this challenging, understand? No hiding behind trees. Be creative.

Jerry nods.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh, and everyone give Jerry your phones and other devices. No contact with each other as per the rules. If we can't find Jerry within the hour we meet back at the tents. Princess included.

They all hand Jerry their phones. One by one, Jerry tucks them into the various pockets in his costume.

NICK (CONT'D)

Are you all ready and willing?

They all cheer.

NICK (CONT'D)

Then, let us recite the motto.

They all place their hands on their chests.

ALL

'Hold your head well high, and try not to die.'

NICK

Let us be off.

They all scatter.

EXT. LAURA'S CAR - DAY

Laura gets to her car, and pulls out her keys. Suddenly, she turns around, as though she feels she is being watched.

Nothing.

She opens the car door and climbs in.

INT. LAURA'S CAR - DAY

She looks around to make sure no one is watching, and then opens the glove compartment. There inside is a hip flask.

She picks it up and looks at it.

She takes a huge swig from the flask, and winces.

She inserts her keys into the ignition and tries to start the engine. Nothing.

She tries again. Nothing.

Then she spots the headlight switch. It is still on. She has flattened the battery.

LAURA

Shit.

She sighs, and reaches for her phone - only to find it isn't in her pocket.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Phone, phone, phone.

She pats herself down before realising.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Jerry.

She jumps out the car and slams the door.

EXT. DEEP WOOD - DAY

Jerry is wandering through the wood. He is looking around in all directions.

JERRY

Now, if I were a helpless damsel,
where would I hide?

Suddenly, he stops, staring at something ahead of him.

There, just beyond the bushes, is an old white van.

He approaches the van. It looks very run-down and rusted. The back doors are wide open.

As Jerry approaches, he almost trips over on something. He looks down.

At his feet is a huge knife, like a machete. The blade looks filthy. Upon picking it up, Jerry realises it is dried blood.

Then he looks in the back of the van. It is filled with more weapons - mostly knives, but also tattered police body armour and even a chainsaw.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Okay, I really shouldn't be here.

KEITH
No, you shouldn't.

Jerry slowly turns around to see two men standing behind him. KEITH (25) is built like a tank, his face covered by both a hoodie and a bandana. Next to him is NEIL (23), slimmer and shorter than Keith, he is nevertheless a very intimidating individual. He is also wearing a hoodie, but his face is visible. It is bearded, dirty and riddled with cuts and spots.

Both men are standing mere feet from Jerry and both are armed with machetes similar to the one Jerry is holding.

NEIL
You'll wanna be dropping that,
mate.

Jerry nervously puts the machete on the floor, and raises his hands.

JERRY
(stammering)
There. There we go, no harm done.

Keith and Neil stare menacingly at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Okay, I guess I'll be -

KEITH
Why the hell are you dressed like
that?

JERRY
Sorry?

KEITH
Like some kind of - robot.

NEIL
He's not a robot, you moron. He's
clearly a welder.

JERRY
(stammering)
Well, I best be getting on my way.

NEIL
Nah, nah nah. Afraid not, mate.
You're coming with us.

Jerry gulps.

JERRY

I am?

NEIL

Yeah, can't have any nosy welders poking around. The boss will wanna have a word with you for sure.

JERRY

(frightened)

Is it - only welders not allowed? Because to tell you the truth I'm -

Keith holds his knife to Jerry's throat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Coming with you, I guess.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Laura emerges from amongst the trees, looking around for Jerry.

She hears the sound of a vehicle engine, and starts walking towards it.

Suddenly, she sees the van go past along the nearby dirt track. She sees the two men in the front seats, but her attention is mainly on the back, for there, in one of the door windows, is Jerry! He looks very confused and frightened.

LAURA

Jerry! Jerry! Jerry?

Laura runs towards the van. The van is already at some speed, but that doesn't stop Laura chasing it.

EXT. WOODED HILL - DAY

The van continues up the path, which begins to get steeper and steeper. Laura, in desperation, keeps running. Jerry isn't looking at her. He is wildly tugging on the door, trying to get out.

It soon becomes clear that she is falling further and further behind. However, this only causes her to run more and more frantically.

The van reaches the top of the hill, and disappears over the brow. Laura follows as fast as she can in pursuit.

She reaches the top, and...

A cloud of dust. The van has sped off down the other side of the hill. She watches it disappear into the trees below.

She collapses to her knees.

LAURA

Shit.

Suddenly, her frustration bursts out. She thrashes and throws the dead leaves that cover the ground around her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Shit! Shit! Shit! What am I going to do?

She buries her head into her hands.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Mum's gonna murder me.

GWEN

Why?

Laura jumps. There, still in costume, are the other L.A.R.Pers.

LAURA

What - what are you lot doing?

NICK

Looking for Jerry. You seen him?

LAURA

(sarcastically)

Yes! Yes, I have seen him actually. I've just seen him carted off in the back of a van!

NICK

Oh? Really?

LAURA

Yes, really!

GUY

Wow, that's dedication.

LAURA

What?

GWEN

Do you reckon he got someone to give him a lift?

LAURA

What the hell are you talking about?

MO

Oh, Jerry is our princess.

LAURA

Look, I don't know what kind of weirdo game you're playing, but I just saw Jerry in the back of a white van, being driven off to God-knows-where by two blokes who are probably mass murderers or cannibals or something. Oh God, what if they eat him?

She frantically grabs Nick.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What if they eat Jerry?

NICK

Laura, I think you need to calm down and tell us -

LAURA

Calm down? I've just seen my own brother abducted, possibly never to be seen again, and you want me to calm down?

GUY

I don't think he was abducted.

LAURA

Why the hell would I lie?

GWEN

You've been drinking.

LAURA

What?

GWEN

You've been drinking. I can smell it on you. Whiskey.

LAURA

So?

GWEN

So I think you're drunk. Jerry is always on about how much you drink and how you bully him. I'd bet anything you're trying to mess up our practice.

LAURA

Oh please, I've got better things to do with my time than mess up your pointless pissing practice, and for the record, I had one sip in the car, it was hardly anything.

CHRISSIE

You drank before driving?

LAURA

One sip!

GUY

So why are you still here if it was only one sip?

LAURA

I left my lights on. Now I have a flat battery.

The L.A.R.Pers all groan.

GWEN

(sarcastically)

Oh yeah, sure. You've just been drinking and now can't drive.

LAURA

What is your deal?

NICK

Now, let's all remain calm, here. I think it's very clear to see what has happened here.

LAURA

Thank you.

NICK

Jerry has asked some men in a van
to give him a lift somewhere so he
can hide from us!

LAURA

What? No way. that's -

MO

Classic Jerry.

CHRISSIE

He always finds a way to go the
extra mile to -

LAURA

Right, you know what? I don't care
anymore. Whether he's pissing
around or not, my arse is on the
stove if he disappears and Mum
finds out.

NICK

Well, if you really are concerned
you can come with us. We're looking
for him anyway.

LAURA

No way. I'm going alone. Go and
play your stupid little games, I'll
find him myself.

She storms off down the path, following the tyre tracks.

MO

Now what are we going to do, Nick?

CHRISSIE

Do you think Jerry might have been
taken?

GUY

I don't think so.

GWEN

Yeah, she was just sloshed.

Nick is in thought.

CHRISSIE

Nick?

NICK

We look for Jerry. But, we do it our way. Then it's a win-win. Besides, he couldn't have gone far.

GWEN

So you think she was lying then?

NICK

I don't think our Jerry should be underestimated, by his sister or ourselves.

GUY

So it's business as usual, boss?

NICK

Let's go find our princess.

They all cheer.

EXT. FOREST DEPTHS - DUSK

It is very dark beneath the trees, forcing Laura to walk slowly so as not to lose the trail in front of her. The tyre tracks are faint, but visible.

Suddenly, she stops, and clutches her bladder area.

She looks towards a cluster of shrubs surrounding a large tree.

She shrugs scampers over to the tree and disappears behind it.

While she is on one side of the tree, a fox is on the other, also relieving itself.

In unison, Laura and the fox finish what they are doing. Laura pulls up her trousers while the fox shakes itself down.

Then, they both come face to face, staring each other down. Laura is frozen.

Suddenly, the fox lets out a blood-curdling shriek. Laura screams at the top of her lungs and jumps to her feet, before both her and the fox dash away in opposite directions.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The van speeds out of the trees. Keith and Neil rock up and down.

NEIL
Slow down!

KEITH
Nah.

They drive through a pair of iron gates and into a large compound. It looks like a cross between a garden centre and a military base. On the left, three large greenhouses are under armed guard. To the right is a large collection of various pieces of run-down machinery, from old cars to diggers.

In the centre of the compound is a huge, multistorey warehouse. It looks rather decrepit, but, like the compound itself, is crawling with thugs in similar attire to Keith and Neil. It is almost as though they are in uniform.

The van pulls up outside the warehouse, and Keith and Neil jump out. They go round the back of the van and open it.

Jerry is hiding under a white sheet.

NEIL
Come on. We can bloody see you.

There is a pause.

JERRY
See who?

The thugs pull Jerry out and march him into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The interior of the warehouse is huge, and very busy. Men dart around with large boxes, bags and sacks. A couple are sat in the corner sorting stacks of cash. Another is sharpening weapons.

Each one Jerry passes gives him a piercing look. One or two follow Keith and Neil, clearly curious as to what is occurring.

Keith and Neil march to the far end of the warehouse, where a figure is sat on a stool with their back turned. They are facing a fire bin, and polishing what appears to be a dagger of some sort.

MILLICENT
You're late.

MILLICENT (39), is a tall, imposing woman with piercing, sunken eyes.

Her skin is blotchy, and she has long, black hair. Her appearance is not unlike that of an evil sorceress, only she is wearing what appears to be black military-standard body armour under a large, black trench coat.

She slowly looks down at Jerry.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Who's this?

NEIL
We dunno. We found him in the woods
poking around the van.

KEITH
He had all these on him as well.

Keith dumps all the phones Jerry had been given earlier on the floor.

Millicent bends down until she is inches from Jerry's face.

MILLICENT
Why is he dressed like a toaster?

NEIL
He says he's a welder.

KEITH
No he didn't, did he?

Jerry looks up at her nervously.

MILLICENT
Whatever he is, it's armour of some
kind. And why on earth would
someone need so many phones? Unless
of course, they were up to
something.

She leans in towards Jerry.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Are you spying on us?

A terrified Jerry shakes his head.

KEITH
He's lying.

JERRY
I'm not. I mean, I'm not a welder.
I don't have a job.
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
I'm unemployed - and pretty scared -
this is all pretty scary.

NEIL
So tell us who you are or we'll
smash your head in!

MILLICENT
Neil! That's not how we do things.

She puts her hand gently on Jerry's shoulder, smiling
sweetly.

SLAM! She knocks Jerry to the floor and pins his head to the
ground.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Tell us who you are or we'll smash
your sodding head in!

Keith and Neil nod in admiration.

JERRY
I'm - I'm just a L.A.R.Per!

MILLICENT
A what?

JERRY
A Live Action Role Player! I was
meant to be playing the role of a
princess because I was the only one
who would do it and -

MILLICENT
You think we're the sort of people
to mess with? What the hell are you
talking about?

JERRY
I'm - just a kid! Playing dress up!

This revelation seems to pain Jerry. Millicent takes her
hands from him.

MILLICENT
Thought as much. He's just some
nerd.

KEITH
Right - so should we kill him?

MILLICENT

Not yet. We're too close to getting through this to get blood on our hands right now. I'm not sure our client would approve. The office will do, for now.

She looks at Jerry.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Are there any more of you?

He shakes his head. Millicent turns to Keith and Neil.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

He's lying. Get the area searched. No delays.

She walks away, picking up the phones as she goes.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

I'll hang onto these.

She looks down at one of the screens and sees a picture of Laura on the home-screen of one of the phones.

Neil and Keith look at Jerry and snigger before violently grabbing him and pulling him away.

EXT. FOREST DEPTHS - DAY

The others are walking in single file.

CHRISSIE

Nick, do we know where Jerry is?

NICK

He won't have gone far.

GWEN

How do we know that?

NICK

He wouldn't get a lift too far, would he?

CHRISSIE

Maybe we should have asked Laura which direction he went in before we split up.

NICK

Well, if we find her we'll ask her
along.

GUY

How will we find her now?

Laura screams! It rings out through the forest.

MO

Like that, apparently.

NICK

With me!

They draw their weapons and all run towards Laura.

Mo, at first frozen solid, takes a deep breath.

MO

(screaming)

Argh!

Screaming like a little child, he charges off behind the rest
of them.

EXT. FALLEN TREE - DUSK

Laura continues running through the woods.

Suddenly, she trips and falls flat on her face.

LAURA

Goddammit.

She rolls over, and sighs. The sun is beginning to set, and
already it is fairly dark in the woods.

She seats herself on top of a large fallen tree. She sits
with her head in her hands, exhausted and confused.

A rustle in the bushes. She looks up. Nothing.

Suspicious, she stands back up and approaches a large bush,
the source of the noise. Nothing is in there, so she looks
through it.

On the other side, she can see two hooded men. They're
wearing large black scarves over their faces and both are
carrying weapons - a machete and a baseball bat.

One of them, LIAM (24) is considerably broader than the
other, MARTIN (25) who is of average build but taller.

LIAM

It was all bull, he was on his own.

Laura slowly backs away from the hedge.

Crack! She steps on a twig. Liam and Martin flick their gaze towards the hedge.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

They start approaching. Slowly, Laura turns and, as quietly as possible, scampers away.

As she gets further away, her run becomes hurried and more desperate.

EXT. FOREST BUSHES - DUSK

Soon, she has to stop again, staggering to a halt out of exhaustion.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Over here! This way!

Laura turns towards the source of the voice.

LAURA

Oh God.

MO

Hello!

Laura screams. Mo screams. Laura suddenly realises and stops.

LAURA

Shh!

Mo stops screaming.

MO

Oh, sorry.

Then, Nick appears from behind a tree.

NICK

Ah! Laura! We've been looking for you!

LAURA

Shh! Shh!

NICK
Oh? Is something wrong?

MO
Er - why are you all sweaty?

LAURA
(hissing)
Shut up! Shut up!

NICK
Look, I understand you're upset,
but we came to talk things through.
We -

LAURA
Stop talking! They'll find us!

NICK
Who will find us?

MARTIN
Oi!

Laura turns to see Martin and Liam emerge from the shadows of the trees.

NICK
Oh. Right then, and you are?

MARTIN
Nah, old man. We ask the questions.
For starters, what's a bunch of
kids doing playing out in the
middle of the woods?

LIAM
Yeah. Ain't safe out here.

NICK
Well, you see, we're practicing for
a tournament. A live action role-
playing tournament and we -

Martin yawns loudly. Nick is visibly offended.

MARTIN
So you're a bunch of weirdos.
Understood.

LIAM
You'll wanna be coming with us.

Nick seems rather uneasy.

NICK

Perhaps you can help us find our friend. You see, he has gone and got himself a little bit - well, lost and -

MARTIN

Are you gonna shut your mouth or am I gonna have to knock you out?

Nick steps back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now then, are there any more of ya?

No one replies.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well?

MO

There is no one else. Just us.

LIAM

He's lying. There's gotta be more of 'em.

Martin looks from Liam to the others.

MARTIN

If there are others, we'll find them, and if we find them, then we're all going to have problems.

He starts slapping the baseball bat into the palm of his free hand.

LAURA

Are you the ones who took my brother?

MARTIN

What did I say about questions?

Laura notices Gwen, bow drawn, emerging from the bushes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Let's not let this get nasty.

GWEN

Oi!

Martin turns around.

MARTIN

So there were more of you.

Guy and Chrissie also emerge behind Gwen.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Three more. Tsk, tsk.

He turns back to Mo.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

So you were lying.

GWEN

Who are you?

MARTIN

I assure you, we'll have plenty of
time to get to know each other
where we're going.

He approaches Gwen, who tightens her grip on her bow.

He stops.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Look, we both know you're too
scared to actually use that, don't
we?

Gwen doesn't reply.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Look, you've got nothing to be
afraid of.

He suddenly strikes the ground with his bat hard, making
everyone jump.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

So long as you put the damn bow
down!

No one moves or speaks.

Suddenly, Martin lunges for Gwen in an attempt to grab her,
but she yells and starts back before running away.

Liam tries to do the same to Laura, but she also jumps out of
the way.

The L.A.R.Pers scatter - Gwen, Chrissie and Guy in one
direction, and Laura, Nick and Mo in the other.

Martin turns to Liam

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Get after them!

Martin chases Gwen, Guy and Chrissie, while Liam pursues Laura and the others.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP - DUSK

Laura, Mo and Nick sprint through the woods

NICK
Very well played Laura!

LAURA
Just - shh, okay? We need to keep running.

MO
We're gonna die! We're gonna die!
We're gonna die! Oh!

Mo, still holding onto Nick, spots and leaps into a nearby bush. The two of them are completely hidden.

LAURA
We need to find a place to -

She turns - they've disappeared.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hide.

She sees Martin coming through the trees, so turns to keep running. After a few more steps, she finds herself on the edge of a rocky cliff. The drop is far too much for her to attempt. She runs along the edge to find a way down.

Suddenly, Gwen jumps from a nearby bush, grabs her and pulls her in.

INT. BUSH - DUSK

GWEN
Shh!

They both watch as Martin walks past. He looks around, but fails to spot them.

LIAM
Damn.

He walks away, leaving Gwen and Laura alone.

LAURA
Thanks.

GWEN
Yeah.

Gwen peeks through the hedge, before re-emerging and sneaking away. Laura hesitates, before rushing after her.

EXT. CLEARING - DUSK

Laura and Gwen break into a run. Suddenly -

LIAM
Found ya!

They run straight into Liam, who was hiding behind a tree.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Now you're gonna come with me or -

Mo jumps out from behind him.

CRACK! He smacks Liam on the head as hard as he can with his shield, knocking him out cold.

They all stare down at him.

GWEN
Christ, Mo.

MO
Sorry, I didn't know what else to do! Is he dead?

Chrissie checks his pulse, and shakes her head. Mo breathes a sigh of relief.

GWEN
Who are these guys?

NICK
Whoever they are, I believe we may owe Laura an apology.

LAURA
It's fine. Look, let's just call the police and -

GUY
Shit. We all gave our phones to
Jerry.

Laura smacks her palm against her face.

LAURA
You did what?

NICK
Ah, yes. A little oversight on my
part. Tried to make the whole
experience a little more -
authentic, if you will.

Laura searches Liam. She pulls out a walkie-talkie.

LAURA
I got one! Look!

MO
That's a walkie-talkie.

LAURA
So? Maybe we can use it to track
them?

GWEN
How would that even work?

LAURA
I don't know! You lot are the nerdy
ones! Figure something out!

MARTIN (O.S)
(shouting)
Come on, kids! Where'd ya go?

LAURA
Shit.

NICK
I believe we should be on our way.

LAURA
But what about Jerry?

GWEN
I'd rather find him and get out
alive than go with those loons.

They all start to leave. Laura, after hesitating, tries to
take the walkie-talkie - and drops it.

She attempts to return to it, but the sound of Martin approaching drives her to carry on running.

Martin emerges from the undergrowth, and spots Liam on the floor.

MARTIN

Tsk, tsk.

He picks up the walkie-talkie next to him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Boss? We've had some -
developments.

INT. MILLICENT'S OFFICE - DUSK

Millicent's office is a grim, dingy room on the upper floor of the warehouse. It has a desk with scraps of paper and pens as well as a fold-out bed with a mattress and pillow. It looks more like a prison cell than a place of work.

Jerry sits in the corner of the room crouching on the other side of the desk, away from the door. He rocks back and forth, his face white and eyes wide with fear.

He slowly gathers the courage to look out of the glassless window. It is very small, and the frame is surrounded by barbed wire on the outside. It is a long drop to the ground below. He sees a row of four greenhouses. Inside them are rows upon rows of green plants. Men carrying machetes stand outside each one.

MILLICENT

You're getting nosy again.

Jerry jumps and spins around to see Millicent standing in the doorway.

JERRY

I er - I -

MILLICENT

Shut up, I don't wanna hear it.

She walks over to her desk and unlocks the drawer. She pulls out some papers before locking it again.

She heads to the door to walk out again -

JERRY

What's going to happen?

She turns around slowly, her eyes narrowing angrily.

JERRY (CONT'D)
To me, I mean.

MILLICENT
Well, I know this. You misbehave,
on tonight of all nights, and we'll
kill you. I don't know how yet, but
it will be slow, and painful.

Jerry is shaking. He nods frantically. Millicent smiles
evilly and turns around to walk out.

JERRY
(stammering)
Is it your birthday?

Millicent turns, confused.

MILLICENT
What?

JERRY
Well, it must be a special night to
think it's worth killing someone
over so -

She draws a large knife from her pocket and runs at Jerry. He
shuts his eyes tight -

Thud!

Jerry opens his eyes to see that Millicent has driven the
knife into the mattress of the bed, inches from him.

MILLICENT
(hissing)
No, it is not my birthday. Any more
ridiculous questions like that and
you die, am I clear?

JERRY
(whispering)
Yep. Very clear.

Suddenly, MIKE (23), a small, chubby man dressed similarly to
the others but with untidy, dirty hair and a shaggy beard,
rushes in holding a phone.

MIKE
Boss? It's Greygoth. He wants to
talk to you.

MILLICENT

He can wait.

MIKE

(nervously)

Of course he can.

Talking is heard from the phone set.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh - um - no he can't.

She angrily turns around, snatches the phone from Mike and marches out of the room. Mike walks out of the room, locking the door behind him.

Jerry is once again alone in the room.

EXT. INN - DUSK

Meanwhile, the team are all staring at something in confusion.

LAURA

Well, this was unexpected.

They are all stood outside an Inn. In the middle of nowhere. It looks fairly well kept from the outside, and there are lights on within. A sign slowly rocks back and forth above the door - 'The Wet Donkey'

CHRISSIE

Did - did you know there was a pub round here Nick?

NICK

I - I have no memory of this place.

MO

This feels weird. What should we do?

GWEN

Keep moving, it's probably serial killers in there or something.

GUY

Yeah, 'Wet Donkey' sounds sexual, and not in a good way.

LAURA

They might know about Jerry.

NICK
But the trail of tyre tracks
continues onward!

Laura walks towards the door.

LAURA
I don't care. We have to ask them.
Maybe they have a phone. We can
contact him, or the Police.

GWEN
I'm not sure we should summon the
Police.

GUY
Yeah, if he did just get a lift.

NICK
I think it's pretty clear by this
point that he didn't just get a
lift.

He looks to Laura.

NICK (CONT'D)
Your call.

She takes a deep breath and opens the door, walking inside.
The others reluctantly follow her.

INT. INN - DUSK

Laura can hardly believe her eyes. The interior is very well kept and clean, but it doesn't look as though it has changed for centuries. A fire flickers in the corner of the room, and oil lamps are the main source of light.

Behind the bar is CYRUS (50), a very large, friendly looking man, with rough black hair and an untrimmed beard. On the other side of the bar, a single punter - PERCIVAL (55), a big-nosed skeleton of a man with very grey, wild hair and a very bristly, pointed chin.

Both are dressed in old country clothes, with Percival in particular dressed almost like a peasant, wearing an old coat with the hood up, despite being inside.

They both turn towards Laura.

CYRUS
Well - well I'll be damned.

He throws up his arms in welcome.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
Welcome, traveller! Haven't seen
the likes of you round these parts!
What will it be, wanderer?

The others suddenly appear around the corner.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
Bloody hell! Wanderers! Multiple
Wanderers! This is a turn up for
the books I'll tell you that much
for free!

LAURA
We're looking for someone.

CYRUS
Oh! Is it me?

LAURA
Um, no.

CYRUS
Is it Percival?

He points, and they all look at Percival, who smiles at them, revealing that he only has two teeth. This makes the team uncomfortable.

LAURA
Um - no it's not. It's my brother.
His name is Jerry.

Cyrus looks around the pub.

CYRUS
Nope, sorry. Don't see him. Of
course, it's usually only a couple
of us here. Don't get many new
faces.

NICK
Have you witnessed anything unusual
tonight? A bunch of lads walking
round, perhaps?

CYRUS
Other than you lot showing your
faces? Oh, and Percival's new coat?
No, 'fraid I haven't.

Percival looks down proudly at his dirty, torn jacket, and grins again.

NICK

Right.

He turns to Laura and shrugs.

LAURA

Do you have a phone?

CYRUS

A what, m'dear?

LAURA

A phone. We need to call the police.

CYRUS

A phone? My dear lass, what's a phone?

A tense silence.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm just fucking with ya. I know what a phone is. So does Percival.

Percival nods slowly.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

We haven't got one of those.

LAURA

You don't have a phone?

CYRUS

Nope. Never 'ave, never will. All those sex lines and con men. Why bring such chaos and disorder into your own home? I don't understand it. That's why I prefer good ol' written word.

LAURA

Right. Okay.

She turns to the others, then back to Cyrus.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And you didn't see a white van go past tonight, did -

Cyrus drops the glass he is cleaning. It smashes on the ground.

Percival smashes his glass on the side of the bar and holds it towards the team. Cyrus looks at him, confused.

CYRUS

What - what are you doing? You can't just go around threatening people like that. Christs sake, mate. You're paying for that you are.

Percival looks at the floor, ashamed. Cyrus looks at the team.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

So - you've seen the shades, then?

NICK

Shades?

CYRUS

Shades. Short for 'Shady Gits'. Bunch of guys, all in clothes of the blackest night, astride great, white vans.

LAURA

Yes! Yes, that sounds like them!

NICK

(under breath)

I'm not sure 'astride' is quite the right -

LAURA

Do you know where it might have gone?

CYRUS

Oh, I know where it went, and I know where your friend is.

The team look at each other in shock.

INT. INN KITCHEN - DUSK

Six pints of beer come down, one after the other, onto the table in the cramped kitchen. This room is far less well kept than the front room. The team sit down behind each one of them.

CYRUS

Get you lips round those beauties.

The L.A.R.Pers subtly push away their beers, but Laura is tempted.

NICK

We appreciate the hospitality, but we are in a spot of bother. We'll need our wits about us.

CYRUS

Suit yourself. They're there if you want them.

Just as Laura is about to take a gulp, she spots Nick giving her a hard stare. Slowly, she puts down the glass and pushes it away.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Now, onto business.

He pulls out a dusty old book from one of the cupboards.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

This is a record of the Inn. Tells you everything about it, including -

He flips through pages, then suddenly slaps down on one.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

The perimeters and surrounding area.

He points at a large area on the sketched map.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

We are here. That is where the shades have been operating. Now, it's not that far, but it is a right pain in the proverbial arsehole to get there. First, you have to cross the 'Field of Bastards', which is here. Then, you have to journey through the 'Forbidden Green'. Going through there leads you right into the middle of their fortress.

NICK

It says here that it's a warehouse.

CYRUS

Er - times have changed since these words were written. Far more like a fortress now. Don't know what's going on there. Could be builders. Could be farmers. Could be something - else.

CHRISSIE

What do you mean?

GUY

Criminals?

Cyrus nods gravely.

CYRUS

And not only that. They answer to someone - someone by the name of - Greygoth.

MO

Who is Greygoth?

CYRUS

I do not know. I dare not know. Besides, it was Percival who heard it. I don't know who he is, or the true extent of his capabilities. But I do know that you'll need all your wits, and plenty more besides.

NICK

We've come prepared.

CYRUS

Indeed you have. Well except her.

He points at Laura.

LAURA

Me?

CYRUS

No armour? No weapons?

LAURA

I - I don't -

Cyrus heads out of the room, and then comes back in.

CYRUS

You should take this.

He hands her a blade. It is long, thin and sharp, like a dagger.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Now, I should mention that,
technically, it's a letter opener.
Not the finest weapon, but it'll
serve you.

LAURA

I really don't think it's
necessary.

CYRUS

Please. It was my Nora's - before I
lost her.

The team look solemnly at each other. Percival bows his head.

LAURA

I - I can't take this. You need it,
to remember her.

CYRUS

Remember? Oh! No, she's not dead.
Bitch ran off with some chef from
Dublin. Nah, you'd be doing me a
favour. Take it.

He shoves it into Laura's hand. She slips it into her trouser pocket.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Right then, folks, no time to lose.
You best be off.

INT. INN - DUSK

Cyrus leads them through the front room towards the door.

CYRUS

The path ahead of you is fraught
with risk, but take heed of one
another, and your battle will be
won. You can prevail, and I for one
believe you will.

Laura, on the way out, nearly trips over Percival's stool.

LAURA

Oh, sorry.

As she continues, he grabs her arm. Shocked, she turns back to him.

PERCIVAL
One will fall.

Laura stares at him, before he lets go of her arm. She hurries out the door. Cyrus waves them off and turns back to Percival.

CYRUS
Well, they were a bit odd, weren't they? Folk need to get out more.

Percival nods.

PERCIVAL
Fuckin' weirdos.

EXT. INN - DUSK

The L.A.R.Pers all continue on their way.

LAURA
Right, so we just follow the tracks until we get to this 'field' then?

NICK
Seems that way.

LAURA
Okay - let's do it then.

They walk on.

NICK
Maybe he has found a way out all on his own!

LAURA
Pfft? How? It's Jerry. He couldn't hurt a thing, even if he wanted to.

INT. MILLICENT'S OFFICE - DUSK

A pigeon lands on the window ledge. It clumsily plods from one side to the other.

Whoosh! Jerry grabs it and takes it into his room.

The pigeon flaps its wings violently as Jerry struggles to keep it under control.

JERRY
Stay still!

He stuffs the pigeon under his cloak to keep it still, then grabs a small scrap of paper from the desk and scrawls 'send for help' onto it. Using a piece of thread from his role playing costume, he attaches it to the pigeons foot, battling the bird all the while.

He holds the pigeon up to the window.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I believe in you.

He takes a deep breath and lets the pigeon go. It spreads its wings and flaps frantically, taking to the sky.

Until that is, it hits a nearby electrical wire. Jerry, in horror, lets out a barely audible squeak.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DUSK

Thud. The roasted pigeon falls to the ground in front of two of the thugs guarding the greenhouses. They look at each other in bemusement.

INT. MILLICENT'S OFFICE - DUSK

Jerry turns around and stares at the room in which he is locked. His hands begin to shake - not in fear, but in anger.

JERRY
Son of a -

He lunges at his cloak, which has been dumped in the corner - and rips it clean in two.

He stares at the result of his rage at first in sadness, before his eyes widen - he has had an idea.

EXT. FIELD EDGE - NIGHT

The team are walking through the forest. The final traces of sunlight have completely faded.

LAURA
I don't hate him. Not really.

GWEN
Could have fooled us.

LAURA

It's - difficult between us.

GUY

In what way?

LAURA

Well - my dad packed up and pissed off out the door, and what does Mum do? Get with the first loser that smiles at her in the pub. Then he moves in and with him comes Jerry.

GUY

Sounds pretty rough.

LAURA

Didn't even know he was on his way. I think mum might have wanted to surprise me. I was an only child. I think she thought a brother would mean the world to me.

GWEN

So your Dad messes up, and you've spent all your time blaming Jerry?

LAURA

He just gets on my nerves. This L.A.R.Ping stuff is all - well - a bit much.

NICK

Don't you have hobbies?

GWEN

Drinking, wasn't it?

LAURA

I used to enjoy stuff. Dad and me always used to play a game called 'Castles'. It was great. I was always the princess.

GWEN

So you hate this stuff because of your dad.

LAURA

No, I hate this stuff because I grew out of it. That's normal.

Silence.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Isn't it?

NICK
I think we're here.

MO
Where? Near the Warehouse?

NICK
The 'Field of Bastards'.

Beyond is a wire fence. Beyond that - darkness.

LAURA
I can't see anything. It's too dark.

NICK
We need a light. A flame.

GUY
I can provide -

NICK
Thank you Guy, but that won't be necessary.

Guy looks at the floor in disappointment. Nick reaches into his rucksack and pulls out the princess dress.

NICK (CONT'D)
I knew this would come in handy.

He picks up a stick from the ground. He rips a piece from the dress and wraps it around the stick. Then, he lights it. It makes a very efficient torch.

GUY
Right. Is everybody prepared?

They all nod, and one by one, they climb over the fence.

EXT. FIELD OF BASTARDS - NIGHT

With Nick leading the way, they slowly creep through the fields.

Suddenly -

NICK
Stop.

They halt. Nick bends down to the ground.

NICK (CONT'D)
This ground. It's been kicked up.
There was a scuffle here. A battle,
even.

GWEN
Looks like a bit of mud.

NICK
What's rule 34?

GUY
Oof, I wouldn't look it up on the
internet if I were you.

NICK
I mean the rule I taught you.
'Always read between the lines'.
Come on, lads and lasses, you
should know these rules by now.

MO
Who is going to remember 120 rules
for L.A.R.Ping?

NICK
There weren't that many.

CHRISSIE
125. That was the exact number, if
I remember correctly.

NICK
No - really?

They all nod.

NICK (CONT'D)
Bloody hell.

They are interrupted by a strange bellow in the distance.

MO
What the hell was that?

CHRISSIE
Maybe it was the 'bastards'.

They look at her.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
It's called the 'Field of
Bastards', isn't it? Must have that
name for a reason.

 GUY
Yeah, some crazy old bloke said it
was, so it must be true.

 NICK
Right. Quietly, everyone.

They all creep forwards, their armour and costumes clinking
and rustling loudly.

Suddenly Nick stops.

 NICK (CONT'D)
Whoah, whoah, whoah.

They all stop, except Mo, who bumps into them.

 NICK (CONT'D)
I said 'whoah'!

 MO
 (panicking)
Sorry, it's just - um - I really
wanted to get away from them.

They all turn, and Nick shines his light in the direction Mo
is pointing. There, out in the darkness, are no less than
seven pairs of glowing eyes.

They all stand in horror. Guy turns around.

 GUY
You might want to avoid those ones
too, while you're at it.

They all turn, and Nick shines his light in the direction Guy
is pointing. Another eight pairs of eyes.

Another loud bellow erupts.

 MO
 (frightened)
Is it them? The bad guys?

 CHRISSIE
Nick! What do we do?

NICK

Um - I - I must have given you a rule on what to do if you're surrounded?

They all look at each other, confused.

NICK (CONT'D)

Right, if we get back, I'm having a look at those rules!

The eyes begin to approach the group.

NICK (CONT'D)

Everyone behind me, now. We must stand our ground.

He begins waving his torch at the eyes.

LAURA

Back, beasts! Back!

Slowly, the creatures are revealed by the light of the flame - goats.

GUY

Oh, goats.

One of the goats bleats again. The ones around it begin closing in on the team.

LAURA

You know, we should probably leave them be.

They begin walking away, past the goats.

As Laura is walking, she suddenly feels a tug, and is violently pulled to the floor.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Argh!

The others turn to find one of the goats tugging at her jacket.

Another one starts nudging at Mo's knees, while another bites Guy's fake beard.

GUY

Oi! Get off me!

Chrissie is surrounded by four young goats, who dart in and out of the darkness around her.

CHRISSIE

What do we do?

NICK

There is nothing we can do! We are
being overrun! Hurry! We must
retreat! Now!

Gwen tries to run, but a goat blocks her path.

Mo also tries to run but is pushed over by another goat.

MO

Ow! Bloody hell!

One of the goats climbs on top of his huge plate of chest
armour, as though it is a hill. It starts bleating calmly.

MO (CONT'D)

I'm pinned down!

Laura tries to get up, but the goat continues to chew on her
jacket. Reluctantly, she leaves it behind. Growling and
hissing, the goat drags the torn jacket back into the
darkness.

Chrissie takes a deep breath and runs towards Nick. As she
looks to her left, she sees one of the baby goats, its eyes
glowing in the light of the torch, running alongside her. It
turns to her, and bleats. She screams and continues to run.

Guy tears his beard away from the goat chewing it.

GUY

I warn you, you little furry git, I
can, and I will, bring upon you an
inferno, the likes of which have
never been -

GWEN

Not the time!

She grabs him and they both run.

Mo is still pinned down, until another goat climbs onto his
chest.

MO

Ow! Get off!

Suddenly, the two goats on top of him break out into a fight.
One knocks the other off Mo, and jumps down to fight it. Mo,
after much struggling to stand in his armour, finally gets up
and leaves.

They all run past Nick, towards the other side of the field.

NICK
Go! I'll hold them back!

LAURA
We can't just leave you!

NICK
I'm not asking you, Laura!

He hands her the flaming torch.

NICK (CONT'D)
Bring Jerry home.

Laura takes the torch and turns to join the others. Nick turns towards the approaching eyes in the darkness.

NICK (CONT'D)
You want to get to them? Well come on then! Come and meet thy maker!

The others continue to run into the night as Nick's shouting is drowned out by the sounds of some very angry goats.

EXT. HEDGEROW - NIGHT

The others leap over the fence, and end up next to a large hedge.

GWEN
We can't leave Uncle back there.
What did he say to you?

LAURA
He - told me to bring Jerry back home.

GWEN
So - what? He's - he's gone?

LAURA
I - I don't know what to say. He stayed behind so - so we could get away. And find Jerry. Without him.

NICK
Without who?

EVERYONE
Nick!

They all cheer and surround him as he clammers over the fence. Gwen hugs him tightly.

 GWEN
Don't do that again.

 NICK
Okay, okay.

 GUY
You okay?

 NICK
Oh, of course I'm okay, they're goats for goodness sake. Right, no more interruptions. The warehouse can't be too far from here.

He leads on, but the others notice he is limping.

 LAURA
Are you okay Nick?

 NICK
Fine thanks, Laura.

 GWEN
Uncle - you're limping.

 NICK
Yes. Well -

He lifts up his trouser leg, revealing a huge wound.

The others recoil in disgust.

 GUY
Ugh, that is one hell of an affliction there, Boss.

 NICK
Yes. One of the little fellows back there must have got my leg. Still, nothing a bit of a walk won't fix.

He tries walking, but he stumbles. Gwen helps prop him up.

Laura walks over, and assists in helping him walk.

Nick smiles at her.

 GWEN
 (whispers)
Thanks.

Laura smiles.

CHRISSIE

We need to stop. Set up a little camp. He won't get far unless I sort out that cut.

LAURA

It's going to take a little more than a couple of chants and fake spells to sort that out.

CHRISSIE

You're right.

From her bag she pulls out a large box with the words 'First Aid' written on it.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

So let's get on with it.

She walks past Laura, before stopping and turning around.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Oh, and FYI, vocalisation is involved in hundreds of medical practices all over the world. Get down from your platform of superiority. We might find Jerry quicker.

She continues onwards. Laura looks at Nick, before they both follow.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Millicent is staring intensely into the flames of one of the fire bins which are dotted around the warehouse.

NEIL

Er - Millicent?

She spins around. The flames dance in her eyes. She looks terrifying.

NEIL (CONT'D)

We - er - we haven't heard from the lads who went looking for the kid's mates. They were meant to be back an hour ago.

MILLICENT

No one likes a tell-tale, Neil.

NEIL

No, it's just - well, what if something has happened? It all reeks. This whole thing. Kids showing up so close to the deal getting settled.

MILLICENT

What are you trying to say Neil?

NEIL

I reckon the kid knows more than he's letting on. Let me find out, good and proper.

Millicent narrows her eyes. She knows what he is inferring.

MILLICENT

I said 'no blood'.

NEIL

You underestimate my creativity, boss.

She looks up at the stairs that lead to the room in which Jerry is being kept.

She nods, and walks away. Neil smiles viciously.

INT. MILLICENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Slam! The door swings open and Neil marches in, holding a bat.

NEIL

Alright, you little shit! You'd better -

He stops and looks around. No one is there.

Neil immediately checks the window, only to find a long line made out of mattress sheets, pillowcases and Jerry's cloak. The barbed wire has been bent out of shape, though torn remnants of Jerry's clothes remain entangled in it. The line doesn't quite reach the ground, but it's more than long enough to minimise any injury from falling. Jerry has escaped.

Outraged, Neil turns to exit the room - only to nearly jump out of skin as Millicent is standing in the doorway.

NEIL (CONT'D)

He got out.

Millicent looks around the room, void of emotion.

MILLICENT

I can see that.

NEIL

This wouldn't have happened if you'd listened and just got rid of him in the first place! Now he's running around -

Millicent cuts him off by pinning him against the wall.

MILLICENT

I would think very carefully about how you choose to address me, Neil, because I am truly at the end of my generously long tether. If Greygoth gets here and likes what he sees - and he will like what he sees - I'm set for life, and you lot won't fare too badly either.

She reaches into her pocket and brings out the same serrated knife she threatened Jerry with earlier.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let you, or some little freak playing dress-up, fuck things up. Are we on the same page?

Neil nods nervously and Millicent lets him go. She turns to walk out, but spots a scrap of Jerry's costume on the floor. As though in some kind of psychotic trance, she calmly picks it up, and slowly cuts through it with her knife. Then, she turns back to Neil.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Do what you have to. Just find him, and stop him from interfering.

She walks out, clutching the scrap of the costume.

Neil, breathing heavily, looks fairly embarrassed. Then, he hears a quiet chuckling. Standing in the doorway is Keith.

KEITH

Heh, you got beat up by a girl.

Half of Jerry's cloak comes flying back and slaps Keith in the face. Millicent can then be heard continuing her walk away. Both men look at the ground without saying a word.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The L.A.R.Pers Surround the campfire. Chrissie is holding a piece of cloth on Nick's wound, while chatting to the others. Laura is noticeably absent.

 CHRISSIE
I'm telling you, it works.

 GUY
And I'm telling you, it doesn't.

 CHRISSIE
Palm-reading has been a tradition
in hundreds of cultures for
countless centuries.

 GUY
They're just quotes from the bible,
aren't they?

 GWEN
What?

 GUY
Palm-readings are things I used to
go and hear in church.

 GWEN
What - those are 'psalms' you dense
plank.

 GUY
Wait, so what are we talking about?

 CHRISSIE
Here, let me show you.

She takes her hand from Nick's leg, and holds Guy's hand.

 CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
Hm. Tricky. This is very hard to
read.

 GUY
Sorry, I'll be sure to have it in
English next time.

 CHRISSIE
You will be forced to make a choice
you really don't want to make.
(MORE)

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

You will choose the option you don't want to choose, but you will come to understand in time that it was the right decision.

Nick notices Laura in the distance looking at something. He gets up, and limps towards her.

The others are far too engrossed in the palm readings to notice.

GUY

That's total bull.

CHRISSIE

What do you mean?

GUY

That was so damn vague. It could mean anything. If I needed to take a shit right now, I have to make a choice whether to hold it in or go into the woods and do my business. If I decide to hold it in, that sucks, because I have to hold in my shit, but I won't get stabbed by some nutter, so I will in time think it was the right decision.

MO

Lovely.

GUY

It's true, though isn't it?

MO

Do me next, Chrissie. I promise not to turn it into an analogy about shit.

Chrissie begins to read Mo's palm.

GUY

(muttering)

I'm right, though.

EXT. HORSE FIELD - NIGHT

Nick limps up to Laura to find her leaning over a fence, stroking a large, white horse. Next to it is a tiny Shetland pony. It lets out a soft whinny, and Laura strokes it through the fence.

Laura is shivering. Nick drapes the princess outfit around her shoulders, causing Laura to jump.

He raises his hand and waves.

NICK

Only me.

LAURA

You should be sorting out that leg.

NICK

I just popped over to see how you are doing.

LAURA

Fine. I found these guys, and thought I might be able to find the owner nearby. Couldn't find anyone, though.

NICK

You - like horses, then?

LAURA

Used to. Dad used to take me horse-riding all the time. My real Dad, not Jerry's. Every Wednesday and Friday evening after school. I wanted to do it professionally and everything.

She looks at the ground.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Then he pissed off. Mum was too busy to take me, what with her work and the divorce. Never really liked horses after that. They just sort of made me - sick.

Nick leans on the fence to take the weight off of his leg. He gently strokes one of the other horses.

NICK

Losing a parent can be hard. I should know, or rather, Gwen should.

LAURA

What do you mean?

NICK

Her mother - my sister. She died when Gwen was three. Her father does his best, but -

LAURA

It's not the same.

NICK

Precisely. That's why Gwen - well - puts up a front. It's all she knows. She's just trying for her Dad as her Dad tries for her.

LAURA

Pfft, at least he tries. My Mum gives far more of a shit about Jerry than Frank does. She takes him to these L.A.R.Ping things you guys have, she buys him the equipment, helps him make the clothes. It's more than he does for him. It's more than she does for me.

NICK

Must be rough when it feels like your own flesh and blood doesn't care.

Laura stares at Nick.

LAURA

Yeah. I suppose.

She looks thoughtfully into the sky. The stars are shining brightly.

NICK

You should get back into horse-riding, you know. It's jolly good fun.

LAURA

You sound as though you speak from experience.

NICK

I do. Big fan. I can ride a horse better than I can walk. Especially now I can't walk.

They chuckle.

LAURA
I never would have known.

NICK
I could show you round the stables
I help out at sometimes. Lovely
people, lots of lovely trails
around it.

Laura smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)
The offer is there.

LAURA
Thanks Nick. I really -

She stops, spotting something on the edge of the horse field -
torch lights.

Nick sees it, too.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Friend or foe?

Slowly, the figures holding the torches come into the field -
hooded, and holding batons and knives.

NICK
Foe.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Chrissie is reading Gwen's palm.

CHRISSIE
You're going to show them what you
are capable of.

GWEN
Show who?

CHRISSIE
I don't know.

GWEN
When?

CHRISSIE
I don't know.

GWEN
How?

Chrissie shrugs.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Wow. Thanks.

Laura darts over. Nick is limping behind her.

She kicks dirt on the small fire, and it starts to go out.

GWEN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LAURA
We have to go.

GWEN
Why?

NICK
Come on everyone. Get your things together.

GUY
What's up?

They then here shouting in the distance.

LAURA
Come on, we need to go. Now or never.

They all grab their things and start moving. Nick tries to follow, but falls back against the tree.

NICK
I - er - I'm not going.

They all spin around.

GWEN
What?

NICK
I'm not going anywhere. Not with this leg.

LAURA
Don't be stupid, you've got to.

Nick shakes his head.

GWEN
But - they'll get you.

NICK

No they won't. I promise. Just -
get on your way, I'll - distract
them.

GWEN

No, you won't.

NICK

Gwen, I've made up my mind.
Besides, if I tag along making a
fuss, we'll break Rule 2.

GWEN

What's Rule 2?

GUY

Go in at once and overpower the
enemy.

NICK

Exact - wait, is it?

GUY

Pretty sure.

NICK

Oh, I thought it was 'the best
prize is a surprise' or something
like that?

MO

'Something like that'? They're your
bloody rules!

NICK

Maybe it's Number 3?

CHRISSIE

I believe Rule 3 is 'remain in
character at all times, no matter
what'.

MO

Wait, seriously? It's that high up?

LAURA

That explains a lot.

CHRISSIE

It's pretty important.

NICK

Look, whatever number it is, it's definitely a rule - isn't it?

MO

Nick, we have established several times now that no one knows or gives a shit about the rules, including you.

They see the torch lights approaching.

NICK

For goodness sake, go. Now! Go!

Gwen gives him a hug and takes off into the night. The others follow her one by one, until only Laura and Nick are left.

NICK (CONT'D)

Look after Gwen please, Laura. And - bring Jerry home.

LAURA

Fine, but you owe me a trip to those stables.

They exchange a smile, and Laura runs to join the others, wrapping the princess dress around her waist.

Nick limps over towards the torch light.

EXT. HORSE FIELD - NIGHT

The two THUGS are shining their torches towards the trees. They briefly see the shapes of the L.A.R.Pers running through the woods, but before they can act -

NICK

Hello!

Nick cheerfully clambers over the fence to meet them in the field. One THUG walks up to him.

THUG

Are you alone?

NICK

Who, me? Yes, yes I am.

He looks towards one of the horses.

NICK (CONT'D)

Unless you count these fellows.

THUG
I don't.

NICK
Right-o.

A silence.

NICK (CONT'D)
So - what happens now?

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

The L.A.R.Pers continue to run through the woods. Suddenly, they halt in front of a long, high chain-link fence, covered in overgrown shrubbery.

LAURA
I think - this is it!

GWEN
Grand. How the hell do we get in?

LAURA
I don't know. I can't see a thing.
Hold on.

She takes her princess dress and rips it in two, wrapping one half around a large stick on the floor.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Anyone have any matches?

GUY
Pfft, I wish.

GWEN
I do.

She gets out a small box and hands it to Laura.

GUY
Oh, so she's allowed them.

GWEN
That'll be because I'm not a compulsive arsonist.

Guy sneers. Laura lights the fabric, creating a makeshift torch.

Shining the burning torch along the fence, they eventually spot a small opening.

One by one, they clamber through. Laura is last.

LAURA
Someone take the torch.

Guy's hand shoots back through the hole.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Not you.

Guy's hand disappears, and Chrissie's replaces it. Laura hands her the torch before crawling through.

EXT. COMPOUND EDGE - NIGHT

They find themselves directly behind a large greenhouse. On the other side, bright lights and voices.

GUY
What now?

LAURA
(whispering)
Well - let's hide in here and get a game plan together, yeah?

She tries to open the greenhouse door. With some force, it slides open. It's pitch black inside. She takes the torch off of Chrissie and walks inside. One by one, the others follow her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Neil slowly approaches Millicent, who is talking to a group of hooded thugs by one of the fire bins.

MILLICENT
Now go. We have to be ready.

They all head off, save for Neil, who looks rather angry.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
You didn't find him then?

Neil winces with rage, and spits at the floor.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a 'no', but no matter. Greygoth is fast approaching. We keep this up for one more hour and we'll be home and dry.

(MORE)

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

He'll buy the stock, we move out,
he takes over, and then everything
is his problem.

Neil nods and marches away, still frustrated. Millicent then sees something - someone moving in one of the neighbouring rooms.

INT. STOCK ROOM - NIGHT

She walks into the stock room, a darkened room lined with rows upon rows of kegs, barrels and bin bags. The only light that shines in is from the doorway.

MILLICENT

Is anyone in here?

No reply. She smiles.

She shuts the door, creating total darkness, before lighting up a match, highlighting her gaunt face in a very sinister orange glow.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Just you and me now.

On the other side of the rather small room, Jerry is hiding under a pile of bin bags.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

I see you've found our stock room.
Should have suspected it's where
you'd end up. You know I really
wasn't sure what you were. I'm
still not.

She begins to walk about the room, lifting the lids of barrels and tossing bin bags as she goes.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

You know, since your little
vanishing act, I've been doing some
thinking about who you might be. I
thought you were from one of the
other gangs we've been dealing
with. Thought we'd wiped most of
them out, so I was sceptical. It
then occurred to me that you may
well be a reporter, or some
undercover detective - y'know,
someone we could have got a little
money out of.

She edges closer. Jerry shrinks further into the pile of bags.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

But you know what? I think I was right all along. All we've been dealing with is a pathetic little brat who spends his time trying to be someone far better than he is.

She looks directly at the pile in which Jerry is hiding, and draws her knife.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

You're going to die here. You know that? There are going to be over 50 men here tonight ready to kill anyone who so much as breathes funny. If I don't get you, someone else will. I promise you that.

She stands over the pile of bin bags, and is about to reach for them.

Suddenly, light shoots into the room. The door has been opened and Mike is standing in the doorway.

MIKE

Boss?

She turns to look at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, are you alright? You wanna be alone? I sometimes talk to myself in the dark, too. I find it makes you more able to cope with the hardships and stresses of -

MILLICENT

What the hell do you want, Mike?

MIKE

Oh, sorry. He's here. Greygoth is here.

He walks away. Millicent thinks to herself before following him.

MILLICENT

(shouting)

Neil!

Neil walks in. She hands him her knife, and points towards the bin bags before leaving. Neil grins psychotically before moving in on the quivering bags.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The greenhouse is pitch black. The L.A.R.Pers slowly trek through it.

Crash.

They all jump and turn - it's Guy, he has knocked over a rake leaning up against one of the shelves.

EVERYONE

Shh!

They keep walking.

GUY

This would be a lot easier if more than one of us had fire!

LAURA

What is it with you and fire? Why aren't you allowed it?

CHRISSIE

Multiple reasons, most of them involving Guy, fire, and something expensive.

GUY

How am I going to be able to repent my sins and learn to use the flame properly if I am never given the chance -

LAURA

Does something smell funny to you?

GUY

(sarcastically)

Oh yeah, nice. Is it 'bullshit' by any chance. Very mature of you.

GWEN

No, I smell it too.

CHRISSIE

Me too.

GWEN
It smells -

LAURA
Illegal.

Laura lifts up her flaming torch. In front of them, separating them from the other side of the greenhouse, are hundreds of cannabis plants.

GUY
Holy shit.

LAURA
I think - I think this is the
'Forbidden Green'.

GWEN
The name checks out.

GUY
But this is ridiculous. Cannabis
plants need far more to survive
than just a greenhouse. Lack of
routine care spoils the plant and
leads to bad cannabis.

They all turn to look at him.

GUY (CONT'D)
Or - um - so I'm told.

CHRISSIE
Laura, you want to be careful,
setting these plants alight could
be disastrous.

GUY
Depends who you ask.

LAURA
Okay, let's just do this slowly and
-

MO
Hey, where are all those guys
running to?

Mo rushes past Laura to the front of the greenhouse. Mo, Chrissie, Gwen and Guy follow him.

LAURA
Wait for me!

Laura tries to get through the forest of plants, but she can't with her torch.

The others peer through the greenhouse glass. A group of men rush towards the front gates of the compound.

GWEN

What do you think is going on?

EXT. WAREHOUSE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Millicent's thugs are in the process of lining up in front of the iron front gates of the compound as they slowly creak open. Millicent appears with Mike behind her. They both stand and watch.

Rumbling engines can be heard through the trees on the other side of the chain-link fence. Four black cars appear and roll into the compound. They all park in a semi-circle, leaving a gap for one more to park in between them. Slowly, a luxury car purrs up through the gate.

It parks at the head of the arch of cars. The DRIVER, a huge hulking beast of a man in a leather jacket decorated with metal chains and rings, gets out and opens a rear door. The passenger clambers out.

MILLICENT

Greygoth.

GREYGOTH (35), looks nothing like Millicent or her fellow gang members. He is exactly what his name implies - he is literally an undersized, feeble-looking goth, only wearing all grey instead of all black. He has long, wiry grey hair, grey piercings in his long nose and big ears, and even grey contact lenses to make his irises appear grey. All of his clothes and piercings look too big for him.

He looks totally stoned, almost absent from this plane of existence. While this makes him appear extremely docile. For a leader of a successful gang, he is rather underwhelming.

Slowly, members of his gang emerge from their cars. Like him, they appear to be more goth-like than Millicent's typically thuggish gang, but still intimidating with their wide, white eyes, thick grey hoodies and various blades and blunt weapons.

GREYGOTH

Millicent.

He pulls out a blunt and lights it. He inhales, and looks around.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
Like what you've done with the
place.

MILLICENT
Thank you.

GREYGOTH
No, but I really do. Like, it's
exactly my style. Dark. Run down.
Lonely.

An awkward silence. It is obvious by this point that Greygoth is a very monochrome man with a monotonous voice.

MILLICENT
I see you've brought the cavalry.

Greygoth squints.

GREYGOTH
What?

MILLICENT
(pronounced)
I said 'I see you have brought the
cavalry'.

GREYGOTH
Oh. Have we?

Everyone looks confused. Greygoth turns to his driver.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Have we?

The driver looks around and nods.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
Ah, yeah. Yeah we have.

He takes another drag of the blunt.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
So - er - what happens now?

MILLICENT
Well - if you come with me, we can
get everything sorted and make the
exchange.

She gestures to the warehouse.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

All this, for the price we
discussed. Do you have the cash?

Greygoth scratches his head and looks at his driver. His driver nods.

GREYGOTH

Oh, yeah, apparently.

Millicent nods, smiling, before turning to Mike. Her smile instantly turns into a look of frustration.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The L.A.R.Pers continue to observe what is taking place, but they can barely see the front gate through the surrounding plants.

Mo is clearly the most frightened out of all of them. He is breathing heavily and sweating.

MO

Who - who is the scary-looking
lady?

GWEN

I bet she's the boss.

CHRISSIE

This looks like - some kind of
rendezvous.

MO

You mean like a drug deal? Are they
dealing drugs? Are these the drugs
the drug dealers are drug dealing?

Laura rushes up to them.

LAURA

Will you lot be quiet? Clearly
whatever they're doing is dodgy, we
can't raise the alarm under any -

Suddenly, she spots one of the thugs look in their direction. In shock, she staggers back, knocking all the others back with her.

Whoosh! As she topples she brushes a whole row of plants with her torch. They ignite in seconds.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Shit.

GWEN

Quick we need to get out of here!

LAURA

No! They're right outside! We'll be slaughtered!

GWEN

Well we'll be cooked alive in here!

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Two thugs walk past the greenhouse, and see the light from inside. Out of curiosity, they approach.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen and Laura are still arguing.

GWEN

We stand way more chance out there!

LAURA

But they'll just see us and - shit!
They're coming! Hide!

Laura dives behind a shelf of plants.

Gwen, Mo, Chrissie and Guy do the same.

The THUGS walk in a look around. At first, they are shocked by the fire, but then they look at each other and grin.

THUG 1

What the hell happened here?

Suddenly, the both start staggering. Laura watches as they start laughing like naughty schoolchildren.

THUG 2

I think I'm blazed, man.

They laugh again. The fire grows in size. One of the laughing thugs coughs, causing the other to laugh harder.

THUG 1

You can't handle your weed, mate!

They laugh and try to high-five, but miss completely.

THUG 2

Let's go, man, I'm really hungry.

THUG 1

Same. I love you man.

They hug, then stagger out in each other's arms.

Laura emerges from her hiding place.

LAURA

Guys! Let's go!

No reply.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Guys?

Still nothing. Laura begins to cough as the flames close in around her, and her vision begins to blur.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

A suitcase slowly opens, revealing hundreds of wads of £50 notes.

Millicent beams down at it, before looking up at the man holding it - Greygoth's driver.

MILLICENT

How much?

GREYGOTH

£250,000, as we agreed.

Suddenly, Millicent sees the smoke rising above the sheds separating them from the greenhouses. Greygoth has yet to notice, but he does seem curious as to what she is looking at.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)

What?

MILLICENT

Nothing! And all we have to do is just pack up and leave you to it?

GREYGOTH

Well, no. I can't just, like, give you all that without checking the stock.

(MORE)

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
 That would be gross incompetence on
 my part, and I don't like being
 incompetent. Or gross.

Millicent looks very concerned now.

MILLICENT
 And - um - how long do you think
 that will take?

GREYGOTH
 Oh, we just need to check for
 anything dodgy. Y'know, floods,
 fires, faulty wires, wet floors -
 I'm not sure if air conditioning or
 lack thereof counts as a health and
 safety concern but I wanna check
 anyway. The boys and I prefer the
 cold.

BOOM! The greenhouse explodes, sending a fireball up into the
 sky for all of the shocked onlookers to see including
 Greycloth, who while witnessing the burning cloud rise up into
 air, retains his soul-dulling composure.

GREYGOTH (CONT'D)
 I should probably check on that.

MILLICENT
 (sarcastic)
 Oh? Explosions are a health and
 safety concern are they?

Greycloth looks concerned, completely missing her sarcasm.

GREYGOTH
 Er - yeah. A really big one.

He turns and marches towards the explosion. His men, drawing
 their weapons, follow, along with the driver, who snaps the
 case shut and tucks it underneath his arm. Millicent follows
 with her men close behind her. The thugs and the goths start
 eyeing each other up - tensions are now very high.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Laura is on her hands and knees retching and coughing on the
 ground outside the burning warehouse. Her vision is blurred
 and her skin is dirty.

Then, she looks up, only to see a line of eyes staring at
 her.

Millicent, Greygoth and their armies of thugs have arrived. Millicent cannot believe her eyes.

MILLICENT

Oh my God.

There is a very awkward silence as Laura, still out of breath and winded from the explosion, stares at Millicent and Greygoth.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

What the hell have you done?

Laura tries to stand. She looks at the thugs, the bodyguards, the weapons, and the leaders - she is out of options. She raises her hands to show that she is not a threat.

LAURA

I think I'm going to be sick.

Without warning, Millicent charges over to her and kicks her violently to the ground, before pinning her down by the neck with her foot.

MILLICENT

You've ruined it. You've ruined the whole thing.

Her eyes narrow, and she smiles.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Wait, I've seen you before, haven't I? On that phone - you're with the knight-boy.

Laura nods.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

You know, I tried to be generous. I tried to do the right thing and spare him, give him a chance to co-operate, and what does he do?

She presses down harder on Laura's neck.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

HE COCKS EVERYTHING UP! So we had to get rid of him good and proper. This time, let's just jump to the good part shall we?

It all looks over for Laura when -

GWEN

Oi!

Millicent looks up. There, emerging from the shadows with her bow drawn, is Gwen. Her clothes are burnt, and her skin is grubby. Her eyes are blood red from the burning cannabis. She struggles to stay still, swaying gently in the breeze.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You'll - you'll wanna think twice about that, lady.

Millicent sniggers. The thugs are all shocked.

GREYGOTH

Is that bow real?

GWEN

You bet your arse it's real.

GREYGOTH

Oh. That's pretty cool.

Millicent snarls at him, before refocusing on Gwen.

MILLICENT

It's very sweet that you've got it into your head that you'll be able to get out of here, but I'm afraid that's just not going to happen.

GWEN

I know, it sucks. I just wanted a nice weekend out in the woods with my uncle and my friends, and now I feel really funny and I'm probably going to die out here. But you know what? Fuck it.

She readies her bow, Millicent doesn't budge.

There is a long and very tense silence.

MILLICENT

Go on then. Do it.

GWEN

Do what? Actually shoot you?

MILLICENT

Of course. Why? What's holding you back?

From Gwen's perspective, it is very clear that she is feeling the effects of the burning cannabis. Her vision is very blurred and unstable.

GWEN

Nothing much. I could take you, all
- er - three of you.

MILLICENT

So what are you waiting for?

GWEN

Well, there are a couple of things, actually. First, I'm waiting to see whether or not I can see any trace of humanity in those cold, dead, hag-like eyes of yours, but I'm not having much luck so far. Second, I'm waiting to see if I truly do get consumed by the ever-growing urge to just drop the weapon and give up - to just surrender and go out quickly, hopefully rather painlessly.

Rather awkwardly, but nevertheless very calmly, Chrissie, Guy and Mo emerge and stand by her side.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Mostly though, I was just stalling so these guys could set your other greenhouses on fire.

Millicent, Greygoth and their men spin around to find smoke emerging from both of the remaining greenhouses.

Guy emerges from behind one of them. His staff has a flaming scrap of cloth wrapped around the tip, just like the torch Laura had. He holds it triumphantly above his head. His eyes are also bright red.

GUY

Gentlemen! The 'Lord of the Flame' sends his regards!

MILLICENT

(screaming)

No! Put it out! Put it out!

She takes her foot off of Laura and runs over to Mike. She hits him repeatedly.

Some try to lunge at Guy, but he waves the torch about, laughing manically while making his way back to Gwen.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Put it out! Put it out!

Mike and the others begin rushing around searching for a way to put out the fires. In the midst of the chaos, Gwen runs over to Laura, helps her up and with the other L.A.R.Pers, they take off in search of a place to hide.

They find a row of three dumpsters, which they hide behind. Millicent's screams of rage and the yelling of the hoodlums can be heard above the crackling flames.

LAURA

So, that was the 'Lord of the Flame' thing, was it?

Guy nods enthusiastically.

GUY

Worth the wait?

LAURA

It was certainly - er -

She pauses, lost for words and out of breath.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Where did you guys get to anyway?

GWEN

We never left!

GUY

Yes we did. We got separated.

GWEN

Oh yeah! Yeah we did.

It is at this point that Laura notices their eyes.

LAURA

Are - are you guys okay?

MO

We may or may not have taken in a little too much of the ol' forbidden green.

GUY

He means that we inhaled a load of the smoke from the burning cannabis.

MO
That's what I said!

GUY
Yeah but she doesn't understand it
when we talk all fantasy-like, does
she?

LAURA
Oh my God. You're all off the
chain.

Mo leans into Guy's ear.

MO
(whispers)
That means she thinks we're cool.

Guy and Mo giggle like schoolgirls. Laura turns to Gwen and
Chrissie.

LAURA
Not you guys too?

GWEN
Not as bad as them. I can't aim to
save my life, though - literally in
this case.

They look to Chrissie, who looks totally fine.

CHRISSIE
Pfft, it's going to take more than
a couple of greenhouses to get me
going, my dudes.

GWEN
Did you find out about Jerry?

LAURA
She mentioned him, but -

She begins to tear up.

GWEN
Hey, hey. Whatever she said, she
could be lying.

LAURA
She called him the 'knight-boy',
Gwen. How many boys dressed as
knights do you think there are
around here?

GWEN

Well, there's two right here.

Guy and Mo smile at them, looking rather gormless.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Besides, until we find him, we won't know for sure.

LAURA

And if we find him and he's -

GWEN

Then at least - at least we'll know.

MIKE (O.S.)

Boss! I think they're over here!

They can hear people approaching.

GWEN

Laura, run.

LAURA

What?

GWEN

Run. We'll distract them. Get Jerry, find us, and then we can make like a washing line and peg it.

Laura looks at the rest of the group. They look at her earnestly.

LAURA

Alright, guys. I'll go get us our princess.

She runs off in the opposite direction to the approaching footsteps and muffled talking.

The others watch her leave, before Mo lets out a high pitched chuckle.

MO

Heh heh, 'peg it'. That's - that's very good.

CHRISSIE

So, what's, like, the plan?

GWEN
Just what I said.

She places an arrow on her bow.

GWEN (CONT'D)
We distract them.

She jumps up from behind the bins. The other three do the same, only to come face to face with a whole army of armed men facing them from no less than 20 feet away.

MO
Shit. There are a lot of them.

GWEN
Yeah thanks Mo, I noticed.

Then, a familiar face steps out from the crowd - Martin.

MARTIN
Well, well, well.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
If it isn't the little girl we found earlier?

Gwen tightens her grip on her bow.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You've come a long way, haven't you? Bet you still haven't fired that bow once yet, eh?

Gwen shakes her head, trying to focus.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Now, we both know you're not going to shoot me, so why don't you put it down and -

Gwen lets go of the arrow. Whoosh! It flies through the air, straight into Martin's thigh.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(pained)
Argh!

The thugs recoil. The L.A.R.Pers recoil.

GWEN
Shit.

Yelling out in pain, Martin - now with a large arrow sticking out of his leg, sinks to floor.

MARTIN

Aargh! Fuckin' get them!

The thugs charge. Mo lets out a high-pitched scream, and starts running towards the side of the building. The L.A.R.Pers follow. Mo spots a ladder on the side of the warehouse and desperately starts climbing up. The others do the same.

CHRISSIE

What the hell Gwen?

GWEN

What? He started it!

GUY

I think I'm too high for this.

EXT. WAREHOUSE WINDOW - NIGHT

Laura kicks the large wooden panels barricading one of the warehouse windows until they break apart. She slowly climbs inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The inside of the warehouse looks deserted. Broken beer bottles, chairs, wooden boxes and the odd knife litter the floor, but no sign of anyone, including Jerry.

LAURA

(whispering)

Jerry!

Then, she hears a noise, like someone stepping on glass. She freezes. She looks around.

All of a sudden, Neil knocks her to the ground.

NEIL

Surprise!

Wielding the same dagger Millicent gave him earlier, he tries to plunge it into the downed Laura's abdomen, but she rolls and he misses. Laura scrambles back onto her feet.

LAURA

Get the hell away from me!

NEIL

Or what? Huh? I've had it with
bloody kids being a pain in my arse
today. I'm gonna enjoy this.

He prepares to lunge at Laura again when a cry rings out.
Suddenly, Jerry bursts from the shadows holding a long wooden
plank, screaming at Neil.

Wham! Without thinking twice, Jerry slams the wooden plank
directly into Neil's head. Neil yelps in pain and staggers
back.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Argh! What the fuck?

Jerry frantically hits him again.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Ow! Stop it!

Wham! He hits him again.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Ow! Listen, you little shit, if you
don't stop hitting me -

Jerry, still in berserk-mode, drops the plank and kicks him
hard in-between the legs.

Neil yelps, and falls to the ground, writhing in pain.

Jerry picks up the plank, ready to hit him again.

NEIL (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Stop! Stop! I'm done!

Jerry drops the plank as his senses return to him. Breathing
heavily, he puts his head between his knees in exhaustion.

He stands upright, finally noticing Laura, who is still
staring at him in disbelief.

JERRY

Well - you took your time.

Laura snaps out of her trance and charges at Jerry. She wraps
her arms around him tightly as tears fill her eyes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are you - is this a hug?

LAURA

I never thought I'd see you again!

JERRY
I can only imagine your current
disappointment.

LAURA
No - it's not disappointment. It is
the total opposite of
disappointment.

Jerry, ever so slowly, puts his arms around her in return.

JERRY
I was bloody terrified.

LAURA
You know what? Me too. If it wasn't
for your friends I wouldn't have -

JERRY
Wait, they're here?

LAURA
Yeah, we all came together.

JERRY
Where are they?

LAURA
Outside. They caused a distraction
so I could get in here.

JERRY
Wow. We've all had a long night
then?

Laura turns her attention to Neil, still curled up on the
floor whimpering.

LAURA
It isn't over yet.

She picks up Neil's knife, and Jerry picks up the plank.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Oi. We have some questions.

Neil looks up at them.

NEIL
Good luck. I don't know shit.

JERRY
Then I'll kick you again.

Neil thinks.

NEIL
I may know some shit.

LAURA
What the hell is going on here?

NEIL
I mean, your guess is as good as mine.

Jerry raises the plank.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Alright, alright! We're traffickers. That's all.

JERRY
Dealing drugs?

NEIL
Not just drugs. Drink, weapons - that knife you're holding is probably worth 'bout £400.

JERRY
So why take me?

He gasps.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Were you going to sell me?

LAURA
Don't flatter yourself.

NEIL
We don't do people. Millicent says it's too risky. She just can't see the bigger picture. But she did want anyone who got too close in the run up to today to be taken care of.

LAURA
Why? What's so special about today?

JERRY
It's not her birthday. I know that much.

At first, Neil doesn't seem to want to say.

LAURA
Kick him in the balls again.

JERRY
With pleasure.

NEIL
Alright. Big switchover. We're selling our goods over to that Greygoth and his lot. Millicent's been working on it for months. It's the score of our lives - you lot messing it up - I've never seen her so angry. She might actually grow a pair and start letting me get rid of people properly.

JERRY
Who's Greygoth?

LAURA
We were wondering that. He's outside now. He's literally a goth in grey.

JERRY
Oh. Really? That's a letdown. I thought he might be a dark lord or something.

NEIL
So - can I go now?

LAURA
Give me your phone.

NEIL
What?

LAURA
Your phone. Come on.

Neil looks uneasy.

NEIL
Don't have one.

Laura leans down to search his pockets.

NEIL (CONT'D)
What the hell are -

As he springs for Laura, Jerry kicks him hard.

He lies back on the ground again while Laura manages to pull a large, dirty smart phone from his pocket. She goes straight to the 'emergency' menu and dials 999.

Laura puts the phone to her ear while Jerry tries to look threatening as he stares at Neil.

LAURA

Hello? Police? Yes, this is an emergency.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

MO

This is an emergency!

Mo, Chrissie, Guy and Gwen are running around the roof of the warehouse, fighting with any of the would-be attackers making their way up the two ladders leading to the roof.

Chrissie and Guy are one side, with Chrissie aggressively trying to stamp on the fingers of anyone trying to climb up.

GUY

Let them come.

Chrissie turns around to see Guy, holding the propellant can he picked up earlier and his staff.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

CHRISSIE

You're crazy.

Suddenly, one of the men climbing up pulls on her leg, and she falls over as they come to stand on top of the roof.

This is Guy's moment. He pushes down the button on the can behind the staff, creating a torrent of fire that races towards the two thugs threatening Chrissie.

Cloaked in flames, the men stagger back towards the ladder, toppling off.

Chrissie turns to Guy.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Like, I appreciate the help, but that's the kind of carnage that lands you in hell.

GUY

Good. There is more fire in hell.

Mo peeps down the ladder next to him. There are quite a few men lying on the floor, having been swatted by those plummeting from the ladder. However, a fresh batch of men are climbing up.

MO

Um, they're still coming.

Guy creates another swirling wave of fire, and more men fall to the ground.

GUY

I dunno, I think we might have this!

As he says this, up from the ladder rises a giant of a man dressed in body armour and holding a riot shield.

Guy is intimidated, but nevertheless tries to spray the man with his makeshift flamethrower, but he simply hides behind his shield.

GUY (CONT'D)

Shit.

The man kicks Guy to the floor. In a panic, he holds up his can, but the man draws out from behind him what appears to be a huge cattle prod. He thrusts it towards the can, shocking it out of Guy's hand.

Guy cries out in pain, clutching his burnt hand, but is able to dodge further attack and get back on his feet.

The shield-bearer looks down at Chrissie and rather violently bats her with his shield. She looks up at him, as blood slowly trickles down her nose.

CHRISSIE

Attacking a healer in the field?
That's bad karma, man.

The shield-bearer tilts his head in confusion, before throwing the cattle prod forward at her. She closes her eyes, ready to receive it -

ZAP! It backfires, sending a powerful shock through the shield bearer. Spasming violently, he falls to the floor.

Chrissie gets up and looks down at him.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Told you.

Guy runs up to her.

GUY

Are you okay?

CHRISSIE

Yeah, I'll be fine. How is the
'Lord of the Flame'?

Guy picks up the cattle prod and admires it as though it is some kind of holy artifact.

GUY

I think he's about to make an
important decision.

He sees another thug finish his ascent up the ladder, and proceeds to shock him. He falls to the ground.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm - I'm the lord of -
electricity. No, the Lord of -
Lightning! Lightning Lord!

He begins to climb down the ladder, swinging the cattle prod wildly as he goes. The thugs see the adrenaline-filled man dressed as a wizard wildly waving a cattle prod - and quickly begin to run.

CHRISSIE

Should we stop him?

MO

Nah. What can man do against such
wanton destruction?

The cries of terrified men and a victorious Guy fill the air. They turn to see that the other ladder has been overrun. Mo is able to grab the riot shield and use it to hold them off while the two girls are able to escape with Guy.

MO (CONT'D)

Go! I've got this!

GWEN

Screw it, Mo! Just run!

MO

I've been running all day! Not
anymore!

He is surrounded, but he doesn't turn and run. He stands his ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Laura is pacing up and down, still on the phone to the police, while Jerry and Neil watch.

LAURA

Yes - No, we were role-playing. No, not with you, with ourselves. Look, how long will it take you get here? I don't know where 'here' is! No - look, I'm sorry but you need to get over, there are loads of drugs and everyone is fighting and - look, I know it sounds mental, I know that better than anyone, but we urgently need assistance. Please.

Silence.

Then, a muffled reply. Laura sighs, seemingly disappointed.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Okay. Thanks.

She hangs up.

JERRY

What did they say?

LAURA

They're coming.

Jerry punches the air.

LAURA (CONT'D)

But they'll be 20 minutes.

JERRY

What? 20 minutes?

LAURA

They tracked our location. It's the best time they could do.

Suddenly, Neil strikes Laura and wrestles the knife from her. He stands back holding it towards them, chuckling in a wheezy yet sinister tone.

NEIL

20 minutes? Aw, you're not gonna survive 20 minutes. You're not gonna last 20 seconds. You and your friends? You're screwed.

JERRY

Says the guy who got taken out by a girl and a scrawny teenager with a wooden plank.

Neil starts edging towards the back door.

NEIL

I'm gettin' out of here, and I'm gonna remember you. Both of you. You're both dead. Everyone you know is dead. You ain't gonna know what hit you.

SLAM! The door comes crashing down on top of him, knocking him out cold. A pony comes charging in - the same tiny Shetland pony Laura had seen earlier, and there, on its back - is Nick!

LAURA

Nick?

JERRY

Nick!

NICK

Jerry! They found you! You're well, I trust?

JERRY

Better now.

NICK

Jolly good.

LAURA

Where did you...?

NICK

Well I heard the commotion - and saw the smoke - and thought you might have hit a snag or two, so I thought I'd borrow some transportation and get on over.

LAURA

The others are outside. Nick, there's an army out there.

NICK

So I assumed. I must admit, I put
together a rather - hasty plan,
though I fear it may be too
ambitious.

LAURA

Rule Number 3, Nick. Fuck it.

JERRY

That's not Rule Number 3.

LAURA

It is now.

Nick and Jerry grin, and the former leans down toward them.

NICK

Okay chaps, I've brought some
friends along, we're all about to
give you a couple of tips I learnt
from a lovely Bangladeshi shepherd
I met at the pub once.

Laura and Jerry look at each other, confused. Then, they hear
a noise - bleating.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

With the others having safely climbed down the ladder, Mo
continues to fight off attackers on the roof. Guy continues
his path of destruction with the cattle prod while Gwen and
Chrissie are driven to the front doors of the warehouse.
Around 20 men surround them.

Around 10 surround Mo, and, step by step, drive him to the
edge of the ladder. Then, one of them smacks him hard with a
baton, pushing him over the edge.

Crying out, he manages to grab one of the rungs of the ladder
at the expense of his sword, which falls to the ground below.
The thugs crowd around the edge of the roof, staring down
menacingly at him.

The baton-wielder suddenly strikes the hand that Mo is using
to hold on. With a pained shriek, Mo plummets to the floor.

Chrissie sees this, and charges over to where he lies.

CHRISSIE

Are you okay? Where does it hurt?

MO

I think I'm gonna be sick.

CHRISSIE

Don't worry, you're just winded,
you're not going to -

But he does. All over the floor.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Ugh, okay, you are then.

Mo groans.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

Come on. Can you get up?

MO

I think I'm too high.

CHRISSIE

Just take your mind off it, and off
throwing up.

MO

Isn't thinking about anything but
throwing up technically thinking
about throwing up, as you're
constantly avoiding the thought of
throwing up, thus -

CHRISSIE

Mo, never smoke anything ever
again.

Chrissie helps Mo back over to Gwen, who is keeping her
attackers back by firing arrows at their feet.

She reaches back for another - but she's out.

GWEN

Oh, balls.

Guy arrives too. He holds up the cattle prod, preventing the
circle of thugs from closing in any further.

They are cornered, held against the huge front doors of the
warehouse.

Millicent and Greygoth emerge. Mike, Keith and Greygoth's
driver are also in the crowd.

Guy tries to shock Millicent, but she grabs the prod from him. Snap! She breaks it over her knee. She looks furious. Even Greygoth looks at her with a hint of fear.

MILLICENT

You've made quite a few silly mistakes tonight haven't you?

No answer. The four L.A.R.Pers look at the ground like guilty schoolchildren.

GREYGOTH

What are you going to do?

MILLICENT

Well, there is only one thing to do, isn't there? Something I should have done from the beginning.

She draws from behind her a revolver. Everyone around her gasps.

GREYGOTH

Whoa, is that real?

MILLICENT

Of course, and it's about to get its first taste of purpose.

She holds it towards the L.A.R.Pers. Her breathing gets more erratic. A thundering sound begins to build in the ground, as though her rage is taking physical form.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

You've taken everything. You've - ruined - everything, and God help me if I'm going to stand by and -

The reverberating sound is now almost drowning out her speech.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

What the hell is that noise?

She turns to the crowd behind her.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Huh? Who is it? Show yourself!

CRASH! The doors of the warehouse burst open. The crowd, Millicent and the L.A.R.Pers turn to see the source of the noise.

Goats. The same goats from before. The whole herd.

They charge out from the warehouse, calling out to each other and ramming anything in sight.

The L.A.R.Pers dive out of the way, but Millicent and her men are caught in a tidal wave of horns and hooves.

KEITH

Fall back! Retreat!

The hoodlums that are still standing turn and run, with the goats hot on their heels.

Then, out from the warehouse, on horseback, ride Nick and Laura! Nick is riding the tiny pony while Laura sits astride the larger, faster white horse she had seen earlier. Both carry large wooden batons that they use to smack anyone they get close to.

The L.A.R.Pers watch on, amazed. Mike and Keith approach them.

NICK

(calling out)

Now Jerry!

Whoosh! Out from one of the upper warehouse windows comes a shower of oil and flaming rags.

Mike and Keith, doused in oil, quickly turn and run as the rags hit the floor, creating a carpet of fire which chases the men as the oil dripping from them creates a path along which the fire can pursue.

JERRY

Yeah, that's right! Off you go!

Millicent is facing off with a goat who is trying to pull at her boot and gives the creature a hard whack. Nevertheless, it manages to pull off her boot and run away with it.

She screams in rage, before spotting Jerry in the window of the balcony giving two fingers to the retreating rabble. She skulks towards the warehouse.

The mob continues to run from the building and out of the compound. Greygoth jumps into his car, as does his driver. They try to drive off, but their car is surrounded by goats. Then, Greygoth sees something in the distance - red and blue lights.

GREYGOTH

Shit.

EXT. PATH TO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Four police cars and an ambulance pull up on the path. They come to a halt, seemingly lost.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

CHARLIE (37), a gruff, well-built man, and JANE (30), plump and stern, sit in the car.

JANE

The signal came from here.

CHARLIE

So it was a joke. Great.

JANE

It does seem that way.

Charlie grabs his walkie-talkie.

CHARLIE

Okay all, seems to be a false alarm, we'll be -

He stops. Both he and Jane stare ahead of them in surprise.

Men in hoodies, body armour and masks dart across the road screaming. Some are on fire, others are being harassed by goats.

Charlie and Jane look at each other in confusion.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

In the aftermath of the stampede, Nick and Laura ride over and dismount their horses. Nick, still in a lot of pain, is helped down by Laura and Gwen.

Gwen gives him a big hug, which he proudly returns.

NICK

Are you okay, dear?

GWEN

I'm very tired.

NICK

Yes, well I think we could all do with a - wait, have you been smoking?

Gwen chuckles weakly while the others gather round, congratulating each other.

GWEN

So Jerry is alive? He's okay?

LAURA

Yeah, he's fine, he's - where is he?

MILLICENT

Don't worry! I found him!

Millicent manically staggers towards them, holding Jerry by the scruff of the collar, with her gun held into his side.

JERRY

Hi everyone. Long time, no see.

The L.A.R.Pers look on in shock and helplessness. Gwen grips Nick tightly, while Guy tries to step forward, but Mo and Chrissie hold him back.

Laura slowly walks forward.

MILLICENT

Ah, ah, ah! Not another step!

Laura halts.

LAURA

Please. Don't hurt him.

Millicent looks them up and down.

MILLICENT

Look at you all. Maybe if I'd told Greygoth he'd be getting his own renaissance show tonight, he might have stayed a little longer. Still, hindsight is a wonderful thing. For example, in hindsight, getting yourselves involved in all this probably wasn't the best idea, eh? Bad things happen.

BANG!

Jerry looks down. Blood begins spilling from just above his hip.

He falls down to the floor, in front of a horrified Laura.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
That, for instance. That's a bad thing. Well, depending on who you're asking, anyway.

LAURA
You just shot my brother.

Millicent smirks.

Without warning, Laura draws her 'letter opener' and charges at Millicent.

Before Millicent can fire her gun again, Laura slashes at her, knocking the gun from her grasp and severely cutting her hand.

MILLICENT
Fine.

She draws her own machete.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Have it your way.

They begin fighting with their 'swords', but Millicent is quickly shown to be outmatched by Laura's sheer ferocity.

Enraged, Millicent kicks Laura's legs out from under her, knocking her to the floor. They wrestle violently, kicking and head-butting one another.

Millicent pins Laura down, and begins pushing her machete closer and closer to her face.

Straining with all her might, Laura manages to reach the gun and fires it into the air, knocking Millicent back in shock. Laura punches her away and stands up, holding the gun and the sword, triumphant.

Millicent, exhausted, raises her hands, and chuckles evilly.

MILLICENT (CONT'D)
Congratulations. You win. You have well and truly -

Laura punches her again, knocking her out.

LAURA
Don't shoot my fucking brother.

With Millicent out cold and her men either retreating or hiding from the chaos, the L.A.R.Pers are able to surround Jerry, lying in a pool of his own blood.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Jerry? Jerry, it's Laura.

JERRY
Yeah, I can tell.

He winces from the pain.

JERRY (CONT'D)
That was pretty cool. Fancy joining
the team? You can take my place. I
won't be needing it.

LAURA
Shut up. Don't say things like
that.

JERRY
Won't be able to say anything soon.

She hits him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Argh! It was a joke!

LAURA
Not funny.

Finally, the police cars begin pulling up. Laura flags down
the ambulance accompanying them. It parks, and a couple of
PARAMEDICS jump out. AMY (28) is black with her hair tied in
a bun, while RICK (29) is muscular with blonde hair.

AMY
Hello? Is anyone here hurt?

LAURA
This one is!

RICK
Jesus, what the hell happened here?

JERRY
A great battle was fought.
Friendships were forged, lives were
saved, weapons saw the greatest of
combat and -

LAURA
You know what? It's probably best
not to ask.

Amy looks towards the police, who are bewildered by the sight
surrounding them.

AMY

Well these guys are going to want some proper answers. Just a warning.

They all look at each other, nervously.

RICK

Are there - napkins on this wound?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An hour or so has passed and the area certainly looks as though a battle was fought here. Burning barrels, puddles of flaming oil, broken cars, unconscious men and agitated goats dot the landscape.

Police are rounding up the animals with the help of a couple of farmers, while more paramedics have arrived to tend to the injured.

Laura, wrapped in a first aid blanket, and still with her princess dress around her waist, is talking to an officer. She finishes, and walks past the L.A.R.Pers one by one, as well as the thugs, beaten, burned and tired, being looked over and spoken to by police. She sees Millicent, looking injured but wild. They exchange a long look and a nod before she is forced into a police car.

The L.A.R.Pers are all crowded around Jerry, as are Rick, Amy and a couple of officers.

Nick, now on crutches, comes over with Charlie, the officer.

Jerry looks stronger and more awake than he did earlier, though he is still very pale and heavily bandaged.

LAURA

How are you doing?

JERRY

Been better. Been worse.

LAURA

Been worse?

JERRY

Well, when you're trapped in a criminal base for 8 hours, scared for your life, worrying about friends and family, really needing a piss - a gunshot wound doesn't seem that bad.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
And I've just won the biggest
battle I'll ever fight and I can't
even celebrate.

RICK
I'm sorry, mate. It's important you
stay as still as possible.

LAURA
But you're alive. Surely, that
counts for something?

JERRY
Well, to be honest it kind of pales
in comparison to you lot coming to
get me.

He holds Laura's hand.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

LAURA
Don't mention it. Guess you were
just worthy of my time after all.

They chuckle.

NICK
Well these chaps believe we'll need
to go to the station for a spot of
questioning, but evidence so far is
certainly in our favour, but they
reckon given the circumstances
we'll get off easy if all goes
according to plan. No one died.

LAURA
Really? No one?

Charlie gives her a hard stare.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Very good to hear.

CHARLIE
We also have to explain the fact
that someone let out all this
livestock, and a couple of possible
incidents involving a bearded man
committing arson.

GUY

Collateral. Nothing more, nothing less.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well - we'll see.

JERRY

Even so, given these last few hours, I think we'll need a miracle for everything to go 'according to plan'.

CHRISSIE

Dude, you were just snatched away from the jaws of death by six chumps in fancy dress. Sure, it was a bumpy ride - and you did get, y'know, shot in the process - but I'd say the miracles have been coming thick and fast.

Amy, the paramedic, appears.

AMY

Right, we need to get this brave young fellow to the hospital to give patch him up.

LAURA

Is he going to be okay?

AMY

Well, the wound will need a proper seeing to, but by the looks of it, the bullet impact was weakened considerably by his armour, so things are looking good. Proper little Lancelot, this guy.

LAURA

Jerriah, actually.

Jerry lights up, and smiles at his sister. Amy looks very confused.

AMY

Well, anyway, we better get on our way.

JERRY

Can you come with me?

Laura looks at Amy. She nods.

LAURA

Sure thing, and we'll celebrate with everyone when you get out. Big party.

He is loaded into the back of the ambulance. She gets in too, and they both wave at Nick and the others as the ambulance starts up.

JERRY

Sounds like one hell of a plan. Oh, and by the way, somebody is going to have to tell Mum.

LAURA

Oh f-

The doors shut, and the ambulance drives away, as the others wave happily.

NICK

Well, that's certainly the most eventful practice trip we've ever had.

Mo suddenly gasps.

MO

Nick, without Jerry, we're a man down. We won't be allowed to participate next weekend!

GWEN

Really? We're doing this now?

NICK

Now, now, team.

He watches the ambulance leave.

NICK (CONT'D)

I believe I have an idea.

INT. MEDIEVAL TENT - DAY

The grand interior of the tent features candles, paintings and furniture.

Nick, dressed as medieval lord, complete with the cap and fine jewelry, walks in.

NICK

Now then, are we all changed and ready?

The L.A.R.Pers, in finer versions of the outfits they had been wearing before, all look at Nick proudly.

GWEN

Just waiting for the go ahead.

NICK

Well, they are ready for us. Just remember our rules, and we'll be fine. These guys are the tournament champions. Their levels are far beyond ours.

GUY

Pfft.

CHRISSIE

I think our experience outweighs theirs.

NICK

That's the spirit.

He looks at Guy.

NICK (CONT'D)

No matches?

GUY

The 'Lord of the Flame' is no more, for the 'Lightning Lord' stands in his place.

NICK

And what borderline offensive weapon does he have.

Guy pulls out a balloon, rubs it on his hair, and shocks Nick's hand with his finger.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ow!

He chuckles.

NICK (CONT'D)

Fair enough. Well then, looks like we're ready. Where's our princess?

LAURA
She's ready.

Laura steps out from behind a decorated changing screen, wearing the rugged remains of the princess dress wrapped around a far more elegant set of armour. She looks more like a seasoned warrior than an actual princess.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Just getting a pep talk.

She holds up her phone, and on the screen, tucked up in bed, is Jerry, waving at them happily. The others wave back.

LAURA (CONT'D)
We off then?

NICK
It would seem that way.

Laura draws her weapon - a wooden sword.

LAURA
Well, let's not keep them waiting.

The others nod.

NICK
Glad to have you with us.

LAURA
Don't get used to it, I'm carrying out a favour.

They exchange a friendly smile.

NICK
Jerry? Anything you want to say before we race into the jaws of uncertainty?

JERRY
'Hold your head well high'.

EVERYONE
'And try not to die'.

They all draw their weapons, and head out of the tent into a bright light, and the sound of a cheering crowd.