

SEVERANCE
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Early morning. The forest is dark, quiet, and malevolent. Animals rustle in the darkness. We hear the sound of someone running, really fast, getting closer and closer.

A man and two women burst out of the trees, running as fast as they can. None of them are dressed properly for a forest chase. GEORGE looks like an executive. NADIA and OLGA look like they've come from a nightclub.

They run as if their lives depend on it. Behind them, someone or something is chasing them, stealthily.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING 1 - DAY

They run into the clearing, shrieking in terror. As they get to the middle of the clearing, the two women disappear into the ground. George looks back, confused.

EXT. BEAR PIT - DAY

The women lie on the ground inside a deep bear pit, dazed and bruised. Far above them they see the opening. A thick branch from the covering is lying over the opening.

Nadia tries to jump up, but it's too high to reach. They see George looking in over the top.

NADIA
Get us out!

EXT. FOREST CLEARING 1 - DAY

George hesitates, then hears their pursuer coming. He panics, and runs away, abandoning the two women.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING 2 - DAY

George runs, nearly falling. His pursuer just keeps coming.

EXT. BEAR PIT - DAY

Nadia and Olga look around, terrified, trying to think. Nadia takes off her jacket and tries to throw it over the branch - again, the top of the pit is too far away.

NADIA
(in Serbian, subtitled)
Give me your jacket!

EXT. FOREST CLEARING 2 - DAY

As George passes a tree, his foot gets caught. The camera flips upside down - he has been caught in a razor-wire rope trap, yanking him above the ground. He dangles upside down.

EXT. BEAR PIT - DAY

Nadia ties the two jackets together. She throws them up again. They reach, but the branch snaps as soon as she puts weight on it. The women huddle together in fear, waiting.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING 2 - DAY

George swings upside down, hanging from the tree. He tries to lift himself up to untie the wire, but has never done a hard day's work in his life, and isn't fit enough.

The razor wire cuts into his leg, making it bleed.

His pursuer comes out of the woods. We only see his boots, which have a distinctive, military-style emblem on them, and spurs. He starts walking slowly towards George.

We are upside down again, and swaying. Hanging from the tree, George hears the footsteps, the spurs jingling, and starts screaming.

He screams until something punctures his neck, too quickly for us to see what did it.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

George screams, seemingly in pain, until we realise that he is roaring in delight as he shoots a machine gun at a paper target. The paper target is quickly shredded.

George is the man from the opening sequence, but looks to be in fine form here. He wears a shirt, tie, and braces.

The scene changes - this is a corporate video for an arms company. We see lots of shots of tanks, missiles, explosions, soldiers, infra red visuals, and so on.

A shiny logo forms itself over the top of all this, with the company name "Palisade Defense".

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Palisade Defense - envisioning the
future of warfare, to protect our
children's heritage.

We see bright-eyed children waving an American flag in slow motion. We then see some impossibly handsome men and women working in a shiny new office.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
This is our discovery platform. Our
cohesive team of dedicated
individuals-

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

The corporate video is shown on a laptop, watched by the "cohesive team of dedicated individuals" on the minibus, most of them staring in amazement at the crass imagery.

GARETH is in his late thirties, and insanely cheerful. He wears a bright yellow and black striped rugby shirt, tucked into his jeans, which are pulled up way, way too high.

He's the sort of man who would wear an "amusing" comedy tie to the office party.

He sits as close to the laptop as he can get, straining at the leash and bouncing with excitement, genuinely looking thrilled to be watching the video.

MAGGIE is in her twenties. She is very intelligent and friendly, but assertive - she doesn't suffer fools gladly, or at all. She looks disgusted.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
...customer focussed, forward
thinking - weapons you can trust,
anti-personnel devices you can rely
on. "What Ordnance" magazine says
our new CRM 114 landmine is "the
most exciting development in
concealed termination in years"...

JILL is the most sensible looking. She is facing forward, wearing her seatbelt, because those are the rules. She wears warm, bulky hiking gear.

She holds a booklet called "The Country Code", but politely watches the video. She's no older than the others, but seems old before her time, fussy, a bit prim.

RICHARD, the manager, a jobsworth in a crisp shirt and tie with braces, sits with his arms folded next to the laptop, mouthing the words as the announcer speaks.

HARRIS is a salesman in his early thirties, flash suit, perfect skin, beautifully conditioned hair. He oozes style, sophistication and confidence. He reads a newspaper.

BILLY is the newest employee. He's in his twenties, and rapidly becoming aware that his job is not quite the thrusting world of glamour he had been led to believe.

He sits apart from everyone else, looking slightly awkward. He tries to see the screen, but can't get the angle right.

STEVE is a long haired, pony-tailed, goatee'd Cockney geezer, with a flash suit that still manages to look scruffy on him.

He sits at the back, feet up on the seat in front, with a 2000AD comic. He has a PDA connected to a mobile phone hidden behind the comic, and is surfing the net.

The website on the PDA screen is an escort service - lurid pictures of scantily clad girls are everywhere, with Cyrillic text and flashing fonts.

Steve is booking two girls. He puts his credit card number in. It goes through, just before he loses the connection. He mutters under his breath. Maggie glances over.

MAGGIE

You looking at porn again?

STEVE

Just sorting out a little birthday present for myself. I'll need it round here.

Richard shushes them, excitedly - it's his big moment. He points at the screen. He is American.

RICHARD

This is it, here I come...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

George takes off his protective goggles, puts the gun down, and pulls his tie back down - it had flapped over his shoulder. He looks at the camera and grins.

Richard comes into shot to join him. They shake hands.

GEORGE

Power. Strength. Integrity. Truth.
Palisade Defense brings you
tomorrow's weaponry...

GEORGE & RICHARD

...today!

George winks, picks up a rocket launcher, and fires at the remaining shreds of the paper target, destroying it entirely. The Palisade Defense logo comes up again.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

The video stops. Richard looks at everyone, clearly excited by it. He raises his eyebrows, waiting to be congratulated. Nobody says anything. Gareth claps, delighted with it all.

RICHARD
So what do you think?

GARETH
Fantastic! Your best one yet.

RICHARD
Really?

STEVE
(without looking)
Yeah, brought a tear to my eye.

Richard ignores Steve. He looks at the others, waiting for them to say something, anything. Cautiously, Jill pipes up.

JILL
Well, yes, I liked it, but...
should it be quite so... jolly?

RICHARD
"Jolly"?

JILL
Yes - considering what we sell?

RICHARD
Why not?

JILL
Well. You know. We sell things
that, well... kill people.

RICHARD
Jill, our products do not kill
people. Our products enable others
to defend their countries, and
protect against undesirable
elements.

MAGGIE
Yeah, by killing people.

Maggie is the other American in the team. She looks at Richard when she says this. He smiles humourlessly.

RICHARD
Palisade Defense is an ethical
company. We always ensure that our
customers will not use our products
for unsavoury purposes.

MAGGIE
Sure. "Dear customer, what do you
plan to use this missile for?"
(MORE)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Please tick box A if you plan to use it to kill people, or box B if you just want to paint it yellow and use it as a water slide".

RICHARD
That is *not* on the questionnaire.

BILLY
There's a questionnaire?

MAGGIE
We don't give a shit, as long as the cheque clears.

RICHARD
And what about those protestors outside our office? They're always throwing eggs at my car, one of them said he was going to kill me - is that ethical? At least we operate within the law.

HARRIS
Look, if we didn't sell them, someone else would. Our stuff is humane, too.

JILL
Humane?

HARRIS
Before modern weaponry, you were much more likely to get maimed instead of killed. At least our weapons guarantee you a quick death. Bang, you're dead, the end, or your money back.

JILL
I think I'd rather be maimed than killed.

HARRIS
My mate Stewie got his legs blown off by a landmine in the Falklands. His feet still get itchy now, even though they're gone. Drives him mad. That's no kind of life.

STEVE
Yeah, tell him to step on one of ours next time, he'll love that.

MAGGIE
I'm so glad we're having this conversation, finally my life has some meaning.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The road winds along the side of a mountain. The minibus drives carefully to avoid potholes. It passes by a dead dog by the side of the road, mouldy and shrunken.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

Some time has passed. Everyone sits in their seats, not talking. The minibus clatters along the road. Steve throws his comic down, fed up.

STEVE

Are we having fun yet?

GARETH

Of course we are!

STEVE

I was being sarcastic.

GARETH

Come on Steve, where's your positive mental attitude?

STEVE

That's funny, I'm sure I had it here a minute ago - oh, hang on a sec - it's up my arse!

RICHARD

Steve.

STEVE

I think I lost it halfway through the most boring trade show in the world. And now I've got to face a weekend of wanky team building with you ponces. What kind of birthday present is that?

GARETH

Hey, we could give you the birthday bumps!

Steve rolls his eyes, and goes back to his comic. Richard reads the paper, circling things with a pen. He frowns, looking worried. Billy tries to make conversation.

BILLY

Everything okay?

RICHARD

I'm just worried about this situation in Liberia.

BILLY
Oh, the military coup? Pretty scary.

RICHARD
Yeah. I think it's all going to blow over.

Richard seems genuinely disappointed. Billy blinks.

BILLY
Is that bad?

RICHARD
Well, I've just spent a month doing a deal with them for cluster bombs. Now it looks like they're going to sign a peace treaty.

BILLY
(joking)
Unreliable bastards, eh?

RICHARD
(deadly serious)
It's unprofessional, Billy, that's what it is.

Billy nods sympathetically, then looks away, a bit freaked out. He looks out of the window.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A barren, rocky hillside. A few patches of stunted grass are blasted and faded by the cold, windy weather. Mountains rise up around the hill, some of them snow-capped.

Wind whistles and howls through the hills. Dark, tumorous clouds roll overhead; ready to spill rain at any moment.

Far below, the only sign of life is the minibus on the road. From this distance, the bus and road are tiny.

The road twists and turns for miles and miles, no turnings, no houses, no nothing. Thick forest looms over much of it.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

The minibus is old, beat up, and shabby. So is the driver. He looks like he's made of cigarette ash, and just as fragile.

He concentrates hard on the road ahead, leaning forward and squinting. He grips the steering wheel like it's all that's keeping him alive.

He loudly starts singing some strange, East European folk song. Maggie glances up briefly from her book, then back down again. The others just stare at the passing scenery.

There is a faint rumble of thunder in the distance.

The driver's song tails off, and he mutters to himself, rubbing a rabbit's foot on a chain around his neck. He crosses himself three times, quickly.

Steve stares at him, shaking his head. Richard is watching the advert on the laptop again, with headphones, mouthing the words to himself.

MAGGIE

Are you actually memorising it?

RICHARD

Just making sure I'm familiar with the concepts. When we meet George tonight, I want to be able to discuss it with him properly.

MAGGIE

Relax, Richard, it's only George. He doesn't care what-

RICHARD

"Only George"? Only the man who has revolutionised the arms industry? Oh, well, in that case, forget it! I guess it doesn't matter what we talk about, eh? He doesn't care how we work together as a team, does he?

MAGGIE

As long as the money keeps rolling in, probably not.

Gareth turns around.

GARETH

How about a sing-along?

Everyone slowly turns to look at Gareth.

HARRIS

Sorry?

GARETH

A sing-along! You know, get our spirits up, make the journey go more quickly!

STEVE

Seeing you horribly injured would make my journey go more quickly.

GARETH
 Who knows "Itchycoo Park"? Anyone?
 The Small Faces? Come on, I'll
 start us off!

STEVE
 Christ.

GARETH
 (singing)
 Over bridge of sighs - To rest, my
 eyes, in shades of green - Under
 dreaming spires - To Itchycoo Park,
 that's where I've been...

He stops, waiting. Nobody speaks. Gareth coughs, loudly and expectantly. He looks at Billy, eagerly. Billy clearly isn't keen, but doesn't want to make waves.

BILLY
 (flat, not singing)
 What did you do there?

GARETH
 (singing)
 I got hi-igh!

BILLY
 (even flatter)
 What did you feel there.

GARETH
 (singing)
 Well I cri-ied!

BILLY
 (pancake flat)
 But why the tears then.

GARETH
 (singing)
 Tell you whyyyyy-yyyy!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The minibus struggles along the road, as the actual recorded version of Itchycoo Park takes over from Gareth's tuneless singing ("It's all too beautiful", etc).

Roll credits.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

The bus turns a corner, and the driver sees something. He slams his foot down on the brake pedal.

EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

The minibus screeches to a halt, sliding across the road.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

Everyone goes flying, bags, laptops, books, all flung to the floor, higgledy piggledy.

STEVE

What the fuck are you playing at?

He scrambles to his feet, and looks out the front window.

A landslide has blocked the road completely. The other road in the fork is relatively okay. Everyone picks themselves up, and peers at the landslide. Richard consults a map.

RICHARD

We can take this road instead.

Richard points at the map and shows it to the driver.

RICHARD (CONT)

We can go this way, it's only half a mile. We go this way? This way?

The driver looks where Richard's finger is pointing, and panics, shaking his head furiously, and rubbing the rabbit's foot. He starts babbling in Serbian.

RICHARD (CONT)

The road is fine - it's not blocked. Not! Blocked!

The driver is shouting now, banging the steering wheel and crossing himself. Everyone looks at him.

RICHARD (CONT)

We're paying for this bus, your salary, and the whole weekend. So drive us there, right now, or you're in big, big trouble.

EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

Everybody is standing in the road watching the driver pull a lever at the back of the bus. The boot opens with a jerk, dumping all their bags out.

The driver gets back in the bus, and drives off.

Everybody turns to look at Richard, their breath condensing in the cold air.

MAGGIE

Good job, Richard. You really showed him.

The minibus turns the corner, and is gone.

STEVE

Stupid old fucker. Hope he crashes and dies.

(shouting)

Hope you crash and die!

RICHARD

He'd better not - he's picking us up on Monday morning.

MAGGIE

When they find our decomposing bodies, mine will have a note tied to it blaming you for everything.

RICHARD

Okay, people. I'm not paying you all to stand around making witty remarks. Billy, take the team bag.

Richard points at Billy, then at a large green trolley-bag. Billy has his own trolley-bag, as do the others. Richard turns to go. Maggie makes a face and gives him the finger.

Steve gives him the V-sign. Maggie sees this, and changes hers to copy Steve, raising her eyebrows to check she's doing it right. Steve nods approvingly.

Way up the side of the valley, someone or something is watching the gang through the crosshairs of a rifle. It zooms in, focusing in on Gareth's Palisade badge.

The gang walks away. Unseen by them, some sort of warning sign lies half buried under some loose earth. The words read "LEKARSKI INSTALACIJA". It was once part of a fence.

Further away, hidden in the trees, the fence continues on either side. We pull out and up, and see that it goes on for several miles in a circle, collapsed in several places.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - DAY

The gang trudge along the road. The woods completely overhang the road, making it seem almost like night. All around are the sounds of animals rustling and moving.

Maggie staggers along in a pair of ultra high heeled shoes, which occasionally sink into a patch of mud. Jill smiles smugly; she is wearing proper hiking boots.

Billy struggles with the large green bag, as well as his own. Every now and then, we hear the tinkling of a bell. Steve frowns, not sure if he's imagining it.

STEVE

Can anyone else hear a bell?

Jill turns around, embarrassed. She has a small bell tied around her neck. She shakes it, by way of explanation.

HARRIS

What's that?

JILL

A bear bell.

HARRIS

A what?

JILL

A bear bell. You know - the bears hear it, they know you're coming, and they get out of the way?

STEVE

Yeah - or they think, here comes a tasty snack.

HARRIS

Bears don't eat humans.

MAGGIE

They kill them though, don't they?

HARRIS

Yes. But only when provoked, or defending cubs. Besides, there aren't any bears in this country.

JILL

Are you sure?

HARRIS

It depends. If we're still in Serbia, then there are no bears. If we've crossed the border, then there are.

RICHARD

I don't remember us crossing the border.

HARRIS

They don't worry about borders this far out. You can pretty much come and go as you please.

STEVE

Yeah, so what's stopping the bears from doing the same thing?

MAGGIE

Richard, which country is the lodge in?

RICHARD

I'm not sure. Our field office is based in Budapest, I assumed it was all in Hungary.

HARRIS

So we could actually be in any one of five countries?

RICHARD

I guess. Does it matter?

STEVE

Yes! Because of the bears!

MAGGIE

If there were any bears, they've been bored to death by now.

Everyone looks fed up, except for Gareth, who strides ahead as if discovering a new world. He's even found a stout stick so he can look even more poncey.

Billy drops the bag, and loads of team game equipment spills out. He sighs, and stuffs it back in again.

From the right, a twig snaps in the forest. Everybody stops. There is a nervous silence.

JILL

Did you hear that?

STEVE

No Jill, we just all decided to stop at exactly the same time. Course we fucking heard it.

RICHARD

Steve. That'll do.

MAGGIE

So... shall we stay here all day?

HARRIS

How much further is it?

RICHARD

Not long, about another five minutes.

HARRIS
You said that half an hour ago.

RICHARD
I did not. I said five miles, not minutes.

HARRIS
Can we have that in writing?

JILL
Where's Steve?

They look around. Steve has disappeared, but his bag is still there. Jill clutches her bag in fear. Harris notices some broken twigs on one side of the path.

HARRIS
He must have gone this way. Shall we go and have a look?

RICHARD
Yes. Harris, take Maggie and Billy with you. We'll wait here, keep an eye on things.

HARRIS
Good thinking, Richard. You keep an eye on the road, in case it falls up into the sky.

Harris, Maggie and Billy walk into the woods, snickering. Richard looks at Jill and Gareth, who smile politely.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Harris, Maggie and Billy wander through the forest. It is very dark and scary. It rustles mysteriously.

HARRIS
Steve? STEVE! Where are you?

MAGGIE
Probably smoking an entire tree.

BILLY
Do they make cigarette papers that big now?

Maggie smiles uncertainly - she doesn't know Billy yet, but he seems like an okay sort. They walk through the dark forest, mouldering leaves beneath their feet.

They stop when they hear a trickling noise from up ahead. It sounds like rain, or a leaky tap. They get closer together, and approach the sound, slowly.

It is coming from behind a massive tree. Harris picks up a length of wood, and they slowly walk around the tree. They stop, staring at something in absolute horror.

Steve is standing there, his back to them, having a long, long piss. He is trying to coax the stream up to where a bird sits, but can't quite reach.

STEVE

Come on, son, you can do it...

MAGGIE

Steve?

The golden stream stops abruptly. Steve doesn't look back.

STEVE

What?

MAGGIE

What are you doing?

STEVE

I'm flying a hot air balloon around the world. What's it look like?

HARRIS

We were calling you.

STEVE

I know. I can't talk to anyone when I'm pissing. Like now.

HARRIS

Well, hurry up, we have to get going.

STEVE

Okay.

Nobody moves. Steve coughs.

STEVE (CONT)

Are you going to stand there and watch, or what?

HARRIS

Oh. Sorry.

Harris, Maggie and Billy awkwardly turn around and walk away. After a few moments, the piss stream starts up again. Steve sighs in relief. He looks up, but the bird has gone.

Steve looks around for the bird. On the other side of a bush, unseen by Steve, the stream of piss is slowly uncovering something covered in mud.

It is a long dead soldier, half his face eaten away by time and mould. He looks like he died in a lot of pain.

Steve finishes, zips up, and walks off, whistling, having never noticed what was just a few feet away.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - DAY

A forest clearing at the bottom edge of a deep valley. The clearing touches the edge of the valley hill, which is rocky and steep. It's quite beautiful.

A large, old, L-shaped, two-storey, concrete structure sits in the middle of the clearing. It looks like a temporary school, or a Russian box factory.

Behind the lodge is a stream, near that an old path leads into the woods. The trees are bare, apart from the odd evergreen, but are packed very close together.

It is just starting to get dark. The weary travellers arrive and look around in shock. Except, of course, for Gareth, who looks like he's died and gone to Heaven.

STEVE

Bugger me sideways.

GARETH

Isn't it wonderful?

STEVE

Is this some sort of joke? Cause if it is, I don't think it's very funny. Where's the real camp?

RICHARD

This is it.

HARRIS

Are you sure? It looks like a Russian box factory.

BILLY

It's a bit... rustic.

STEVE

Rustic? RUSTIC? It's prehis-fucking-storic!

RICHARD

Billy. That's enough.

BILLY

Me? But I didn't-

RICHARD

I said that's enough!

Billy looks sharply at Richard, but manages to stop himself saying anything, with a visible effort. Harris is struggling to find the words. He looks at Richard.

HARRIS

I can't even find the words. You've excelled yourself this time, Richard, you really have.

Maggie's fancy shoes are filthy, covered in mud.

MAGGIE

Bloody Miu Mius.

STEVE

What the fuck is a moomoo?

Billy shrugs. Maggie sighs at Billy and Steve's ignorance.

MAGGIE

My shoes. They're Miu Mius.

STEVE

Better give 'em back to him, then.

Gareth whips out a Polaroid camera. It has a yellow label that says "***Gareth's Camera!!***" with a big smiley face.

GARETH

Group photo - smile, everyone!

They all throw dirty looks at Gareth, except for Jill, who smiles, and Richard, who tries to look important. Steve gives Gareth the V-sign. Gareth takes the photo.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Everyone walks in. This is the kitchen/diner/living room. In the corner is a wood stove, and a sink. In another corner a door leads to the hallway.

There's a fireplace, plenty of functional, 50's style furniture, and wooden floors. Gareth looks at the lodge pamphlet, which Maggie takes off him and reads aloud.

MAGGIE

(reading aloud)

"Welcome to the Palisade Conference Centre, your one stop shop for all your business needs. Have a drink from the well stocked bar, take a dip in the jacuzzi, or just while away the evening by the roaring log fire."

She looks around at the obvious lack of all those things. She points at the sink.

MAGGIE (CONT)

That must be the jacuzzi. Me first.

BILLY

Well, at least there's a roof.

GARETH

That's the spirit! It's all character building!

MAGGIE

Yeah, it always is. Can we light the fire? I'm freezing.

GARETH

You'll soon warm up when we play the team games! We're going to have *so* much fun!

STEVE

We're all going to die out here. The clowns. Clowns will get us.

RICHARD

We're not going to die, don't be silly.

Richard takes his clipboard and goes out into the hallway.

MAGGIE

Yeah, because Eastern Europe is perfectly safe, isn't it?

GARETH

Of course it's safe!

MAGGIE

Apart from the war, famine, and genocide, of course.

GARETH

That's all over and done with now; we won't see anything like that.

MAGGIE

We won't see anything in the middle of winter - it gets dark about half three in the afternoon. Not very exotic, is it?

GARETH

Serbia's exotic. So's Romania. They have wonderful folk songs.

STEVE

Oh, good. Sing us a better fucking cabin, then.

Harris inspects the fireplace.

HARRIS

Think we could fit Richard in here?

MAGGIE

If we work together as a team.

GARETH

See? Maggie's got the right attitude.

Maggie gives him the V-sign. Richard comes back in, ticking items off on his clipboard.

Harris gets his mobile phone out; he presses the buttons, doing the mobile phone stroll, but can't get a signal.

HARRIS

Shit. Anyone got a phone?

Maggie and Steve throw their phones to Harris, but he doesn't have any luck with them either.

RICHARD

They won't work in the valley.

HARRIS

Great. I was going to go and stay in a hotel.

RICHARD

Come on, this is a perfectly nice place, there's plenty of food, a fire, electricity, running water - I've worked in worse offices.

HARRIS

This is supposed to be a break, not work.

Richard's face hardens. He stands in front of one of the windows. Outside, it is getting darker.

RICHARD

Harris, we don't pay you to have fun. This is a business. And team building weekends, like it or not, are part of that business.

He walks around as he starts his speech. He's probably rehearsed it a lot on his own. He stands in front of another window, but this one is open.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - DAY

Somebody or something is watching from the woods.

POV: we move slowly out of the woods, towards the lodge, where we can see Richard giving his speech. We get closer, creeping up on him stealthily, looking around carefully.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Richard steps away from the window, still talking.

RICHARD

We need to think out of the box if we're going to beat last year's targets. We're not getting much traction lately, and we need to see the bigger picture.

He wanders around the room again, stopping by another open window. He leans on the window sill, his arm hanging out.

RICHARD (CONT)

We need to take ownership of this weekend. And that means working together. I can't spell "success" without "u".

Richard looks as if he's said something really clever. There is silence as everyone looks daggers at Richard. Steve wanders out the front door, in a daze.

RICHARD (CONT)

Steve, get b-

STEVE (OFF)

I'm going for a piss.

RICHARD

The toilet's upstairs.

Steve has already gone. Richard stretches, his back to the window. He turns around and closes it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Steve looks around at the bare trees, frowning as some of them start melting and dissolving. He digs into his pockets, and pulls out a large, transparent plastic bag.

It is full of pills, all shapes and sizes, the big sheets of dodgy-looking acid tabs, and lots of joints.

He takes out one or two pills, and knocks them back, taking out a hip flask to wash them down with. From the grimace, the flask is obviously full of something very strong.

He takes out a joint, and lights it. He smokes for a while, keeping an eye out in case someone comes out of the lodge.

Something rustles behind him. He spins around quickly, hiding the joint, and looks around. There's nothing there. Steve frowns, and slowly brings the joint out again.

Steve's eyes go glassy, and a dopey grin becomes laminated to his face. He leans against a tree. He turns his head quickly, hearing a rustle, and frowns.

In the distance, he sees a boot sticking out from behind a tree - the boot has the military insignia symbol on it, like the one in the opening sequence.

Steve is just about to say something, when there is a louder rustle just to his left. He turns and sees a grinning clown.

The clown moves his arms up and down slowly, creepily.

CLOWN

I thought she was dead?

He points. Five feet away from Steve, an elderly woman in a blue floral print frock is crawling towards him, with a knife clenched between her teeth.

Steve shuts his eyes tightly, then opens them again, looking around quickly. The clown and granny are gone. Steve sighs, and sips from the hip flask, his hand shaking.

The boot behind the tree is also gone. Behind Steve, over at the lodge, Harris is outside.

EXT. BACK OF LODGE - DAY

There is a generator housed in a small, wooden cupboard. Harris tops it up with petrol from one of several cans. He finds the starter cord, and gives it a yank. It splutters.

He yanks it again, several times, until eventually it coughs into life, smoke coming out the top.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Harris comes in, and sees the lit light bulb. Maggie applauds Harris, who bows graciously. Gareth, Jill and Richard take their bags upstairs. Billy stands aimlessly.

With the light on, Harris can see a large hook set into the ceiling in one corner. It's not sharp, but looks quite sturdy. Harris frowns at it, and walks out.

EXT. MAGICAL FOREST PATH - DAY

It is getting dark in the forest, but suddenly the path is strewn with fairy lights and torches. Steve wanders down it. Suddenly, a deer confronts him.

It begins talking at him, in Serbian (no subtitles). It talks angrily.

STEVE
I don't know what you're saying.
I'm English. Eng-lish.

The deer looks surprised, and begins speaking English in a cut-glass BBC accent.

DEER
Oh you are? Splendid!

STEVE
You can talk?

DEER
Of course not. Don't be stupid.

STEVE
Oh. Okay.

DEER
Now get out of my forest. Fucking
druggie.

Steve frowns at the deer, but it starts screeching at him, really loudly. Steve jumps, and runs away.

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Harris wanders down the hall, glancing into the utility rooms. He gets to an archway leading down to the cellar. A banging, clanking noise comes from the cellar.

INT. LODGE CELLAR STEPS - DAY

Harris walks down the steps, slowly. It's not easy going: the stairs are crooked and creaky. The banging, clanking noise gets louder as Harris approaches.

EXT. DARK FOREST PATH - DAY

Steve runs along the dark forest path, looking all around him. He's paranoid, imagining all sorts of things in the shadows.

All around him, the forest rustles, creaks, and crackles. Someone or something follows him, keeping a cautious distance between them.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - DAY

The light is very dim in here. Harris gets a lighter out and flicks it on. The cellar is full of old furniture, covered in sheets, and lots of old filing cabinets.

At one end of the cellar is a fuse box. Wind is getting in through cracks in the wood, and making the fuse box door swing around, banging and clanking.

Harris shuts the fuse box door, firmly. It stays still. He opens one of the filing cabinets, and finds hundreds of old files with photographs of various men, names, dates, etc.

The files are written in some Cyrillic text Harris cannot understand. They have the same military insignia on them that was on the boots in the opening sequence.

Harris puts them back into the file drawer. He looks at the objects covered in sheets, and stands right in front of one. He stares at it. It doesn't move.

Harris steels himself, grabs the sheet, and pulls it off. It reveals a plastic, life-size skeleton on a stand, like the ones in doctors' offices.

Harris sighs, not even remotely scared.

INT. LODGE STUDY - DAY

This is a medium sized room on the ground floor with a musty desk, chair, and an ottoman-style chest.

Richard puts office stuff on the desk - stapler, papers, pens, notepads, post-its, photo of his wife and kids, etc. He tidies it, fussily.

In the hallway, Billy walks past. He looks at Richard briefly, shaking his head. Richard spots Billy, and points at a load of rubbish on the floor.

RICHARD

Billy, clean this place up, it's a mess. I need my office to be tidy.

Billy walks in, clearly reluctant, but not wanting to get into trouble. Richard walks out, pompously. Billy sighs.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Harris walks in, carrying the plastic skeleton on a stand.

HARRIS

I've found a skeleton.

He places it in the middle of the room. Jill and Gareth come back into the room, where Maggie sits, bored. Steve runs in through the front door, sweating.

JILL
What's the matter?

STEVE
Nothing.

MAGGIE
Maybe I can help you relax, Steve.

Maggie stands up and walks towards Steve. She smiles at him seductively. Steve looks at her, uncertainly. Maggie starts undoing her shirt, swaying sexily. Steve smiles.

MAGGIE
Hot in here, isn't it? Why don't we
just take off our clothes, and see
what happens?

STEVE
Innit!

Steve starts undoing his belt buckle enthusiastically.

MAGGIE
What are you doing?

STEVE
Eh?

Maggie is still sitting in the chair, fully clothed. Steve has his belt half open. Everyone is looking at him. He does his belt up again, slowly, not sure what is real anymore.

He backs away, and turns around to see the skeleton right behind him. He screams.

STEVE
Jeeeeeeesus!

Steve runs out of the room, terrified. Maggie rolls her eyes, and Harris chuckles to himself.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Steve sees that Gareth has got a big room. Steve throws Gareth's bag into the small room, and takes his own bag into the big room. He lies down, making himself get a grip.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - DAY/NIGHT

Night is falling, making the woods and the lodge look even more sinister.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The gang (except Steve) sit around the fireplace. A fire is lit, some candles too. The gang are eating some of the pork pies that were left out, and drinking plenty of wine.

It's raining outside. A pot has been placed under a leak in the roof, making an interesting plinky plonky sound. Gareth eats using a fork on his Swiss army penknife.

Maggie taps a spoon on her plate. Richard glares at her, and she stops, making a face. Jill smiles politely when anyone catches her eye. Harris rolls and unrolls his tie.

Gareth still looks cheerful. He doodles on the outside of his folder - smiley faces, motivational sayings ("I am a powerful, unique person, and I deserve to win"), and so on.

HARRIS

George is definitely coming, isn't he?

RICHARD

Yes. For the last time, he will be here. He is committed to this weekend, and to the team.

MAGGIE

Good for him.

Maggie takes out a cigarette and lighter, stands up, opens the front door and stands in the doorway, smoking.

As Maggie smokes, she hears the faint sound of a twig snapping in the forest. She looks out into the clearing, but can't see anybody.

She thinks she can see something moving, but isn't sure. She leans a bit further out--

--and something runs along the porch, making her jump. It is a squirrel. It hisses at Maggie, then scampers off. Maggie flicks it the V-sign.

BILLY

Not having any pie, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Are you serious? I can feel my arteries clogging just looking at them.

Steve wanders back into the room from upstairs, shakily. He sits down. He looks over at the window. A clown face stares in, grinning.

It draws a finger across its throat and points at Steve. Its face melts. There is now a silhouette of somebody with a wide brimmed hat staring in.

Steve shuts his eyes, shakes his head, and looks up again. Both clown and hat man have gone. Steve breathes out slowly, shaking his head.

Jill takes out an asthma inhaler, and inhales a dose.

She then gets out a bottle of prescription pills, and takes one with some water. Steve looks at her, interested, one pill popper to another. Jill sees him nodding at the pills.

JILL

For my blood pressure. White ones twice a day, yellow once a day, blue once a week. My sister takes them too, she has trouble with her monthlies, and she always says-

STEVE

All right, all right, didn't ask for your life story.

Jill looks down, embarrassed. Her hand shakes slightly as she closes the pill bottle. Silence again. Billy breaks it.

BILLY

So what was this place before we turned it into this luxury villa?

HARRIS

What, nobody told you?

BILLY

No.

Harris raises an eyebrow.

HARRIS

Back during the last war, these were all lunatic asylums. State run, no money, the usual. Anyway, they'd been getting funny reports about some of them, complaints from the locals, so they sent an inspector to check it out.

We see the exaggerated visuals accompanying the story: A huge, gothic version of the lodge looms up in the darkness, a man in a suit approaches, during a wild thunderstorm.

HARRIS (CONT)

He arrived late one night, and asked the staff what was going on. They showed him around, said everything was fine. But it wasn't.

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT) (cont'd)
The inspector noticed that the inmates were going bananas, screaming at him to let them out.

The inspector walks down a white corridor lined with padded cells. Faces scream at the windows, furious, terrified.

HARRIS (CONT)
Then he realised that everybody was wearing the wrong clothes - the inmates had taken over, and locked up the doctors. Turns out it's happened at all of the asylums. The inmates that were let out each time went to the next asylum to let the others out, and so on and so on.

We see an ever-growing army of exaggerated lunatics running from one asylum to the next, to free the next set of inmates.

Back in the original one, in the white corridor, all the "staff" turn to face the inspector, grinning madly. The inspector screams.

HARRIS (CONT)
Took them months to catch them all. After that, they sold all the buildings off cheap to Palisade. We got them for next to nothing. They never found the inspector, though.

He sits back, satisfied. Billy is fascinated. Everybody else is amazed at the dodgy tale.

JILL
That's not what happened.

HARRIS
It is.

JILL
So if they never found the inspector, how did they find out about it?

HARRIS
I don't know all the details.

JILL
You can say that again. Don't listen to him, Billy, he's got it all wrong.

HARRIS
Okay then, you tell it.

JILL

It was during the last conflict,
before all the countries got new
names. These places were detention
centres for war criminals. Soldiers
who got to like the killing a bit
too much. Too unstable even for the
genocide.

We see the visuals, different this time: A group of soldiers
machine-gunning about fifty people lined up, laughing
crazily as they kill them.

JILL (CONT)

They wiped out whole villages,
burned children alive, put heads on
spikes. They even - you know - did
sex things with the bodies.

A soldier climbs out of a mass grave, lighting a cigarette
and sighing contentedly. He is covered in blood.

JILL (CONT)

They built these detention centres,
and locked the soldiers away. Tried
to "cure" them, but it was no good.

We see a row of prison cells filled with hollow-eyed
soldiers. We go past them, and into a room filled with
medical experimentation devices.

A soldier is strapped into a chair, with electro-shock
terminals attached to his head - they are just left switched
on, burning into his skull. He screams in agony.

JILL (CONT)

Eventually, they just abandoned the
buildings, and left the soldiers to
die. Much later, Palisade came
along, and spent about a year
cleaning the buildings up. As
quickly as possible.

We see several large, white vans with the Palisade logo on.
Men in chemical protection suits are using flamethrowers to
clean out the buildings, and shooting at injured soldiers.

A wounded soldier runs away, screaming, on fire.

JILL (CONT)

It was hushed up, but all of the
soldiers were killed - except for
one, who escaped. And they never
found him...

Jill sits back, her gory tale at an end. Steve snorts.

STEVE

That is *such* bollocks. Where do you get this shit from? Palisade wouldn't go round executing people, even if they were psychos.

JILL

That's what I heard, anyway.

STEVE

Well you're both wrong. This is what really happened. Back in the sixties, these places were private hospitals for rich fuckers. All the nurses were foxy chicks, and they used to get really lonely.

We see Steve's version: impossibly beautiful young women sashaying around in tight nurse outfits, in soft focus.

STEVE (OFF)

Anyway, they went a bit mad with sexual frustration. They couldn't shag the patients, they were all old gits who couldn't get it up anymore. So they went for each other. Couldn't get enough. They were so sex mad, they let all the patients die.

The nurses are dragging each other off to broom cupboards lustfully, while the elderly patients gasp for breath, dying, in need of medication.

STEVE (OFF)

Except for one young bloke who turned up one day with a broken leg. They moved him into an empty ward, and-

MAGGIE

Steve. Does this story end with that man having sex with all the nurses?

STEVE

Oh, you know it, then?

Billy looks at them all.

BILLY

So... are any of the stories true?

MAGGIE

Sure. Pick the one you like, or make one up yourself.

BILLY

I think I like Steve's one best.

Steve winks at him.

STEVE

Innit?

Steve takes a big mouthful of pie. There is a nasty crunching sound. Everybody winces, and looks at Steve.

Steve looks confused, and pulls something out of his mouth. His eyes widen. It's a tooth. Harris smiles.

HARRIS

Bit young to be losing your teeth,
Steve. It's all downhill from here.

STEVE

It's not mine.

Steve is gradually realising what this means.

STEVE (CONT)

It's not my tooth; I haven't got
any gold fillings.

He holds it up. It's a single tooth with a gold filling. Steve is starting to look quite ill.

RICHARD

Are you sure? It might be a clove.

STEVE

Does it look like a fucking clove?
Oh God, I'm going to puke.

Everybody puts down their forks. Maggie flicks away her cigarette and comes in to look.

JILL

Could it be, I don't know... the
cow's tooth?

Steve stares at her, stunned. He drops the tooth.

STEVE

The cow's tooth? Do cows have
fucking GOLD FILLINGS?

RICHARD

Okay, calm down; sometimes people
drop things into food when they're
cooking. One time I dropped my
watch into some chicken soup.

MAGGIE

You don't just drop your teeth.

JILL
Actually, one time my sister-

STEVE
I don't want to know! They must
have chopped up the last people who
stayed here, made pies out of them!
And now we're eating them!

RICHARD
Why would they do that?

STEVE
Cause they're cannibals!

BILLY
If they're cannibals, why would
they make *us* eat people?

Steve thinks about it. Billy's got a point.

STEVE
Cause... the... I don't know.

RICHARD
There you go. Haven't you ever had
a tooth fall out before?

Everyone thinks about this. They all look at each other,
uneasily. Harris can't resist stirring it up, for a laugh.

HARRIS
Unless the cannibals are feeding us
humans because they like their
meals to be stuffed! Woo-oooooh!

STEVE
Oh shit! Oh shit!

MAGGIE
Harris!

Maggie throws the remains of her pie at Harris, who ducks.

RICHARD
Pick that up.

Steve pops some pills to calm himself down. Several pills
later, his eyes go glassy, and he spaces out.

Billy crumples up the newspaper around his pie, but
something catches his eye. He opens out the paper fully,
dropping the pie and crumbs all over the floor.

BILLY
Look.

He shows them the newspaper, and they all crowd around.

There is an article which has the word "Palisade" in the headline. The rest of the article, and in fact the whole newspaper, is in Serbian.

HARRIS
Bollocks. Anybody speak Serbian?

GARETH
Oh! Um, I know some French!

HARRIS
That's great, but Serbian is a totally different language.

RICHARD
Nobody knows any Serbian? Steve?

Steve stares at Richard, frowning. From Steve's Point-Of-View, we see that he can't understand anyone at all:

MAGGIE
Lobber nobber? Fobber gobber dobber lobber?

BILLY
Habba gabba, dabba flabba yabba.

RICHARD
Blurgle spurgle. Urgle burgle?

HARRIS
(high pitched,
screeching)
Skeeeeeeeeeebiejeebiejeebiejeebie!

Everyone wears top hats, and Harris has a child perched on his shoulders. The child waves at Steve. Steve shakes his head, looking frightened. We go back to normal again.

MAGGIE
Why would Palisade be mentioned in a local paper? They must have done something wrong.

HARRIS
Yeah, it can't be anything heartwarming, can it?

RICHARD
You're all being completely irrational. Our company is extremely well regarded.

MAGGIE
For what? Food with teeth in?

Everyone looks at each other.

INT. LODGE/VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

Everyone is getting ready for bed. Like a predator, we prowl around the lodge, spying on their preparations.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM / STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Billy are in Billy's room. They have been chatting for a while, getting on well, starting to flirt.

Billy is fresh out the shower, and wears a towel, showing off his rippling torso. He is drying his hair as he talks.

In his room opposite, Steve isn't happy about this, and is keeping an eye on the situation, while eating crisps. He inspects each crisp carefully before eating it.

MAGGIE

Why do you let Richard talk to you like that?

BILLY

He's not that bad. Once you get past all the business talk, he's decent enough.

MAGGIE

Are you serious? He's a dick. You should stand up for yourself. Tell him "no" once in a while.

BILLY

There's a space opening up in our New York branch next year. I want that space.

MAGGIE

Oh, right. You'll have to eat a lot of shit between now and then.

BILLY

I know. It could be worse, though.

MAGGIE

Yeah, you could be eating that horrible Marmite stuff.

In his room opposite, Steve is clearly desperate to be involved in the conversation. He tries to think of some way he can join in, as the other two carry on talking.

BILLY

I love Marmite!

MAGGIE

Eugh. Filthy, smelly salt paste, I don't know how you can stand it.

BILLY
It's gorgeous.

MAGGIE
What's it even made of?

BILLY
Yeast extract. It's very good for you. It's got loads of vitamins, and hardly any fat or sugar.

MAGGIE
I'd rather eat shit on toast.

Finally, something Steve knows about. He leans out of his bedroom doorway, and pipes up quickly:

STEVE
I hate Marmite too.

It sounds really plaintive and pathetic. Maggie and Billy just look at him. Steve looks away, embarrassed.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

We move away from Steve's embarrassment, and pass by Richard's room.

Richard is laying out all his clothes, and folding them neatly, ticking them off on his clipboard - Pants (3), Shirts (5), etc. There are little tickboxes next to them.

We move away from his room, and see Gareth looking for his room. He leans into Steve's room, confused, wondering where his stuff went.

GARETH
I thought that this was-

STEVE
You thought wrong. You're down the end.

GARETH
Right. Sorry.

Steve kicks the door shut. Gareth finds his room at the end. It is dark, cobwebby, and scary looking. He walks in, clearly trying to make the best of it. He opens his bag.

He takes out little postcards with motivational sayings on - "Understand before trying to be understood", "You cannot change what you don't acknowledge", and so on.

He starts placing them around the room. Down along the hall we go, past Harris' room. Harris is doing pushups.

Harris has some books on his bed: "The SAS Survival Manual", "The Art of War", "Sell! Sell! Sell", and "Only Take 'No' for an Answer When You're Dead".

We slowly approach the bathroom. Somebody is inside. We move towards the bathroom door...

INT. LODGE BATHROOM - NIGHT

...and in we go, through clouds of steam from the hot water. A shadowy figure lurks near the sink, draped in a long outfit. We move closer, until the figure turns around.

It is Jill, in a long dressing gown.

We move in towards the mirrored bathroom cabinet. For a moment, it looks like there is a shape in the reflection, but before we can see it, Jill opens the cabinet door.

She starts loading up the cabinet with her pill bottles, all shapes and sizes. She keeps a couple with her, including her asthma inhaler, and puts them in her pocket.

She is about to close the bathroom cabinet, but stops. She takes out another pill bottle, and then closes the cabinet. There is no longer a shape in the mirror.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jill comes out the bathroom, walking straight into Steve. They both scream a little bit, then look embarrassed. They shuffle past each other, really awkwardly.

INT. LODGE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve goes into the bathroom with his toothbrush and toothpaste. He opens the mirrored bathroom cabinet, and whistles at the amount of pills inside it.

He opens a few bottles, stealing some of the pills. He closes the cabinet door, and Harris' face appears in the reflection, making a scary face. Steve screams.

STEVE

You bastard!

HARRIS

You big wimp. Hurry up, I need the toilet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gareth is fast asleep. His travel clock shows twenty past three a.m.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy lies awake, thinking.

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve sits by his open window, having a crafty joint. He hears a creak, and glances over to his half open door. Somebody walks past, but Steve can't make out who it is.

INT. HARRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Harris mumbles in his sleep. Behind him, a shadow moves past his doorway. Moments later, a high-pitched, nerve-shredding scream shocks him out of bed.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill is screaming blue fucking murder.

Everyone bursts into the room, shouting, panicking. The light comes on, people wave torches, confused, scared. Harris grabs Jill by the shoulders and shakes her.

HARRIS

What's wrong? What happened?

JILL

Someone was in the room!

BILLY

What? One of us, or someone else?

JILL

Someone else.

STEVE

Could have been a badger.

JILL

It wasn't a bloody badger! He was huge, taller than any of you.

HARRIS

All right, calm down. Look, maybe-

Jill sees something behind them, and lets out another earsplitting scream. Everybody jumps. She points. On the floor are some muddy footprints.

STEVE

Bloody hell, I'm going to have a heart attack in a minute.

JILL

They weren't there when I went to bed!

HARRIS

Are you sure?

JILL

I'm positive!

Jill whimpers, and Maggie tries to comfort her, awkwardly. Harris and Steve exchange glances. Their faces say it all - here we go again, daft Jill panicking for no reason.

Jill starts gasping for breath, and fumbles for her asthma inhaler, taking a deep drag from it.

GARETH

Shall I make some tea?

RICHARD

Harris, take Billy and Steve, go and check outside, just in case.

HARRIS

What about you?

RICHARD

I'll keep an eye on things here.

Harris expected as much. He looks at Billy and Steve.

HARRIS

Come on then.

Billy, Steve, and Harris go outside to check things out.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

Billy, Steve, and Harris cautiously peer out the door. They come out fully, brandishing torches.

HARRIS

Don't go too far.

STEVE

Yeah, right.

They search the area with the torches. There is nobody there. They look at each other and shrug.

STEVE

I saw someone walking around in the corridor, but it must have been one of us.

HARRIS

Why didn't you say that upstairs?

STEVE

Cause Jill would have fucking screamed the place down again.

BILLY

Is she always like this?

STEVE

She's just imagining it, she's paranoid. Come on - we all know there's nobody out here.

Harris nods, then leads them back inside.

Over at the edge of the clearing, someone or something lurks behind a tree, watching them. Harris turns for one last look, and the hidden figure ducks behind a tree.

Harris doesn't see anything, and goes inside.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The boys come back. Richard is pacing up and down. Gareth hovers, trying to be helpful.

HARRIS

Nothing out there. Jill, are you sure you weren't just dreaming?

JILL

Yes! What about the footprints?

BILLY

Could have been one of us during the day. Maybe George was here.

Everybody looks at everybody else, shrugging.

HARRIS

Well there's nobody here now. Tell you what, in the morning we'll see if we can get a phone signal up the hill, get someone to come and pick you up. How's that?

JILL

Really?

HARRIS

Sure.

RICHARD

Wait a minute-

STEVE

Can I go too?

HARRIS

Maybe we should all go. I don't think this is working out. We'll go to a hotel.

STEVE

Yesssss! Go on, my son!

RICHARD

Anyone who leaves, gets a written warning, right now. Billy, you're on even thinner ice - last in, first out, as they say.

BILLY

I'm not staying here on my own.

RICHARD

I'll be here.

BILLY

Then I'm definitely leaving.

RICHARD

Oh, really? Then you can kiss goodbye to that transfer.

GARETH

I agree with Richard. I think we should stay.

STEVE

Oh, surprise sur-fuckin-prise.

RICHARD

Steve! That's enough!

GARETH

It's okay, he's entitled to-

RICHARD

You too, Gareth.

JILL

Please don't make me stay.

Jill is opening one of her pill bottles with a shaking hand. She drops it, and pills fall all over the place. Billy helps her pick them up.

RICHARD
You know the rules, Jill.

HARRIS
Leave her alone, Richard. George isn't here, the place is a mess, it's all gone wrong, admit it.

RICHARD
We can discuss it in the morning.

HARRIS
Whatever. Jill, will you be okay for the rest of the night?

JILL
I think so, yes. Thank you.

STEVE
You should stay with Maggie tonight. Just in case.

He's talking to Jill, but glancing at Billy and Maggie, clearly trying to stop any night-time shenanigans.

JILL
Oh, yes, would that be okay?

Maggie isn't happy about it. She starts to say no, but looks at Jill's petrified face, and takes pity on her.

MAGGIE
Sure it is. We'll bring your mattress and sheets in.

STEVE
Nice!

His voice implies that he knows *exactly* what sort of thing they'll be getting up to. Maggie clips him round the ear, annoyed.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Harris jam a chair under the door handle. They pull the door experimentally. It doesn't budge. They nod.

HARRIS
Don't mind Richard, he can't do anything without a good reason.

BILLY
Didn't sound like that to me.

HARRIS
He can bark all he wants, but George has the final say.

(MORE)

HARRIS (cont'd)
Besides, I can prove Richard's
fiddling his expenses - if he tries
to shaft you, I'll have a quiet
word.

BILLY
Thanks, Harris.

Harris winks at Billy, and claps him on the back.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill and Maggie drag Jill's mattress and bedclothes inside.
Jill looks at Maggie, gratefully, wanting to say something,
but a bit embarrassed. She manages to speak.

JILL
Thank you, Maggie.

MAGGIE
You'd do the same for me.

JILL
Yes, of course I would.

MAGGIE
Look, I know we've never really
been friends or anything...

JILL
We just got off on the wrong foot,
that's all.

MAGGIE
No, I'm just a bad tempered cow
sometimes, but it's nice of you not
to say so. Let's start again, from
tonight.

She offers her hand. Jill takes it, and they shake hands,
awkwardly. They'll never be best friends, but they've made
more progress tonight than in the past two years.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Morning has broken. The seven office samurai are getting
their things together. Steve is feeling a bit ropey -
everything's a bit too bright, sober and real for him.

Breakfast is served - crisps and sweets. The gang eat
hungrily. Maggie shows two packets to Billy.

MAGGIE
Smokey bacon, and salt and vinegar -
it's almost a fryup.

Billy shows his packet to Maggie.

BILLY
Cheese and chives. That's almost
one of my mum's parties.

Steve tries to join in, and looks at his crisps - they are Ready Salted. He can't think of a joke.

Harris finishes eating. He puts on his shoes and starts lacing them up. Richard stands up and comes over to him.

RICHARD
Harris. Can we talk?

HARRIS
What about?

Richard is talking quietly, trying not to make a scene, but Harris is talking at normal volume, even slightly louder.

RICHARD
In my office, if you don't mind.

HARRIS
Your "office"? No, I don't think so. Look, if we get a signal, we're leaving. We can do the team games in a hotel. I'm sure George won't mind, if he ever turns up.

RICHARD
Okay, we can send Jill to a hotel, but we are not-

HARRIS
This conversation is over. Okay?

Harris smiles at Richard firmly, indicating that if he pushes it any further, there'll be trouble. Richard pretends he hasn't given in, with:

RICHARD
We'll discuss it later.

HARRIS
Sure we will.

Behind Richard, there is an outbreak of intense, quiet sniggering. Richard turns around sharply, but everyone is immediately the picture of innocence.

HARRIS
Okay. Two of us go, everyone else stays here.

STEVE

I'll go; I'm not hanging around
here with the cub scout here.

He points at Gareth. Gareth is wearing oversize shorts, and a khaki shirt, and is whittling a piece of wood with a Swiss army penknife.

HARRIS

No. We'll do it fairly.

Harris gets seven matches, and snaps two to make them short. He turns away from the others for a minute.

He turns back around, the tops of the matches poking out from his hand. He offers them to Steve. Steve sighs, and picks one. It is a long one.

STEVE

Bollocks. Can I have another go?

HARRIS

No. Billy.

Billy takes one - it's long. Then each person in turn. Jill and Harris end up with short straws. Jill looks nervous.

STEVE

Fix!

HARRIS

Are you okay to go, Jill?

JILL

Yes, I'm fine, I'll be fine.

Jill is quaking silently, popping pills and blasting herself with the asthma inhaler. She's clearly not fine.

MAGGIE

Where will you go?

HARRIS

We'll just follow the road. Past that landslide, it goes up the side of the valley; we should get high enough after a while.

Jill and Harris get up.

HARRIS

We'll try the bus driver first. If all else fails, we'll call the police and make something up. We'll say Richard had an accident.

RICHARD

But I haven't.

HARRIS

Don't worry, we can arrange something.

Richard half-smiles, not sure if it's a joke or not.

HARRIS (CONT)

See you later. Behave yourselves.

The rest wave, as Jill and Harris leave.

Gareth claps his hands together.

GARETH

Right. Who's up for team games?

EXT. FORK IN ROAD - DAY

Jill and Harris walk along the road, coming from the road that leads to the lodge, and passing the landslide.

It's an uphill walk, and cold - they are glad to be wearing their coats. Jill throws terrified glances at the woods.

HARRIS

Anything yet?

Jill checks her mobile phone. It's still not working. She shakes her head. Harris looks at his own phone, which is also useless.

HARRIS (CONT)

This is going to take hours. Fancy just climbing up?

Jill looks to their left. The valley wall rises far, far up above them. If it were any steeper, it would be past vertical, and falling back on to the road.

JILL

Not really, no.

They walk on. The sun is high in the sky. Jill looks away.

JILL (CONT)

I didn't imagine it, you know. I really did see someone.

HARRIS

Don't worry about it. We'll be out of here soon.

JILL

It's a nice area. Until last night, I was quite enjoying myself.

HARRIS

Really?

JILL

Weren't you?

HARRIS

This isn't really my sort of thing.
I prefer the city. Cleaner, safer,
less wild animals.

Jill nods. They walk on a bit further.

JILL

So what do you think they're up to
now?

HARRIS

God knows. I tell you what, though -
I bet they *won't* be playing
bloody team games.

They smile at the thought, and walk on.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Billy and Steve walk through the woods. They wear combat
gear and carry paintball guns. They look embarrassed.

STEVE

Load of bollocks.

Billy stops Steve, and points. Up ahead is a squirrel. Steve
quickly takes aim, but Billy pulls his arm down, shaking his
head. Steve pouts. The squirrel scampers away.

They walk on, and Billy stops suddenly. In a clearing ahead,
they can see Richard hiding behind a tree. He hasn't seen
them yet. Near him is a small sandbag fort.

BILLY

Where's Maggie?

STEVE

Why?

Steve says it too sharply. Billy notices, and smiles.

BILLY

Why don't you just ask her out?

STEVE

Pfft. Women like Maggie don't like
blokes like me. They like pretty
boys like you. No offence.

BILLY
I like Maggie, I really do. But I
could never love somebody who
didn't like Marmite.

STEVE
Really?

BILLY
Really. Go for it. Ask her out. Be
a man.

STEVE
I'll think about it.

About fifty yards away, there is a stealthy movement.
Somebody runs from right to left, incredibly fast, dodging
trees, just a flash of camouflage gear.

Billy and Steve fire their paintball guns furiously, trying
to track the running figure, but it is too fast.

BILLY
Bloody hell. I didn't think Maggie
could run that fast.

STEVE
She must have taken off those
pointy shoes.

BILLY
Did you see where she went?

STEVE
No, she must be hiding. Richard's
still there, though.

BILLY
I know. Let's get him. I mean,
really get him.

STEVE
Yeah. Let's paint the bastard
bright yellow.

BILLY
Okay, here's the plan: we-

Several yards away, someone pulls a branch to one side,
spying on the two men. Billy hears something, and turns.

The person hiding quickly ducks down, and Billy carries on
whispering to Steve.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jill and Harris turn a corner, waving the mobile phones around, trying to get service, chattering away.

HARRIS

I'm serious, when they cut off Marie Antoinette's head, she looked up from the basket and saw the bloody stump of her neck before she died.

JILL

It's just not physically possible.

HARRIS

Brain activity continues up to thirty seconds after decapitation. If your head lands at the right angle, you can see your headless body before you die.

JILL

No, that's bollocks!

HARRIS

Why? There's still blood in the head, there's still oxygen in the brain - Jill, did you just use a swearword?

JILL

Um...

HARRIS

That's the second one this year. You'll get a reputation, you know.

JILL

I've got a long, long way to go before I overtake any of you.

Harris laughs, and realises that he really likes Jill. She smiles back at him, looking happy at last. They suddenly notice something and stop dead, their faces dropping.

Up ahead is the minibus.

It is in the middle of the road, parked sideways. The headlights are smashed. Jill and Harris look at each other, then approach the minibus slowly.

EXT. FORT CLEARING - DAY

Richard crouches behind his tree, as before, ready for action. He is well protected by the trees. Maggie is nowhere to be seen. Richard waits, primed for an assault.

Silence. The calm before the storm.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Harris walks to the door of the bus and looks in. The driver's seat is empty. Flies buzz around it. Jill gets out her inhaler, and takes a couple of hits.

JILL
Where's the driver?

HARRIS
He couldn't have been around here
the whole time.

JILL
He must have been kidnapped. Or
murdered.

Harris notices that the keys are still in the ignition. He gingerly opens the driver door. There is a trickling sound.

They look down, and see a trickle of blood coming out of the bus, splattering near their shoes. They jump back, disgusted.

Harris turns the ignition key. The engine coughs. He tries again. Nothing. The third time, the engine belches into life.

JILL
I think I'm going to be sick.

HARRIS
It's okay, we have the bus, we're
safe now.

JILL
But what happened to the driver?

Harris looks at Jill, uncertainly. He is unable to think of an answer that won't terrify her.

EXT. FORT CLEARING - DAY

Steve runs into the clearing, roaring a war cry.

STEVE
Kawasaki! Ducati! Sony!

He starts firing wildly. Richard jumps, and pelts Steve with paintballs. Steve keeps running, screeching in pain.

STEVE (CONT)
Ow! Ow! Fuck, that hurts!

As the attack goes on, Billy crawls along the ground from the left. Nobody sees him. He moves slowly, keeping low.

It is perfect. Richard concentrates on Steve, while Billy reaches the fort. Billy stands up, smiling, and reaches for the flag. He glances down.

Maggie is lying on her back inside the fort, grinning, gun pointed right at Billy. Billy rolls his eyes.

MAGGIE

Close, but no cigar. You're dead, sucker!

She shoots him in the chest several times, splattering him with paint. Richard erupts from the woods, cheering.

RICHARD

We won! You're all dead!

BILLY

Oh yeah? Well somehow I survived.
I'm taking the flag!

Billy grabs the flag, then shoots Richard in the chest, enjoying himself hugely.

MAGGIE

You'll get a black mark in Gareth's rulebook for this.

BILLY

Good!

Billy sticks the flag into his goggle strap, then picks up Maggie, throwing her over his shoulder.

BILLY (CONT)

Men - I have the flag! And a comely wench! We shall make sport tonight!

He runs off with Maggie and the flag, Maggie screaming with laughter. Steve is laughing, even Richard has lightened up - they both start pelting Billy and Maggie with paintballs.

MAGGIE

Hey! I'm on your team, Richard! And so is my ass!

The game descends into farce, with people running around in circles, shooting at each other and laughing. Gareth appears, with his whistle. He blows the whistle.

GARETH

Now, I think we broke a few little rules here and there, didn't we?

There is a pause while the others look at each other, then without a word, they all run at Gareth, pelting him silly with paintballs.

GARETH (CONT)

Ow! Ow! That hurts! Stop! I'm the activities co-ordinator! Help!

Steve waves his gun around in triumph. Gareth runs away from the paintballs--

--and steps right into a beartrap, a rusty, metal one concealed in the grass - circular with a serrated edge, really heavy, spring-loaded, and very nasty.

It closes on his left shin with a thunk and a crunch. Gareth screeches in agony, and falls down heavily. Everyone jumps back in panic.

STEVE

What the fuck?

BILLY

Quick, help me get it off him. Turn him over.

They grab Gareth, picking him up awkwardly, not quite sure what to do. They move him round a bit, but the trap has a chain attached, with one end driven into the ground.

The slack in the chain runs out, yanking Gareth back, and they drop him. The trap teeth dig further into his leg, and blood oozes out. He whimpers, close to fainting.

Billy uses a stick to yank the chain out of the ground.

The trap is quite big, with a massive spring on either side of the teeth. Billy tries pressing one of the springs down, but it won't budge.

BILLY (CONT)

Get on the other side of it. After three - one, two, three, go.

Billy stands on one spring, Steve stands on the other. The spring opens halfway, partially releasing the trap. Steve's foot slips off the spring, and it slams shut again.

Clang! Everybody winces as Gareth screams in agony again. The teeth dig even further into his leg.

BILLY (CONT)

Shit! Sorry! Okay, one more time. One, two, three...

They stand on the springs again, and get the trap fully open. Gareth pulls his leg out. They release the trap, and it slams shut, splattering blood on the grass.

The trap has cut almost all the way through his leg, about eight inches above his ankle. Billy picks Gareth up, and the whole thing falls off, his foot landing in the grass.

Steve has a small cut on his finger, and isn't too brave about it.

STEVE

My fucking finger! It's killing-

He notices Gareth's foot, and shuts up, embarrassed.

They pick up Gareth, and his foot, and hurry out of the clearing, watching where they step.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - DAY/DUSK

It is starting to get dark. The gang carry Gareth along the path and into the clearing. Just before they reach it, Billy stops them, holding his hand up.

He gets a stick, and pokes about in the leaves on the path.

There is another beartrap hidden there, the same type that got Gareth. Billy sets it off with the stick, and they carry Gareth past it. Billy looks around on the ground.

BILLY

There's more.

There are two traps either side of the sprung one. Billy pokes about, using a longer stick this time. As the others watch, he uncovers more and more of them.

They put Gareth down for a minute. He is unconscious. Billy uncovers all of the traps, in a big circle right around the edge of the clearing, surrounding the lodge.

MAGGIE

They weren't there when we came out. They can't have been.

STEVE

Either someone really, really wants to catch a bear, or there's a fuckload of bears to catch.

MAGGIE

Maybe someone lives nearby. What the hell are they up to? They must know we're here.

STEVE

Can we go inside now please? I don't like this.

They hear the cough of an engine. The battered minibus staggers into the clearing. Jill and Harris get out. Harris notices Gareth and the mess of his leg.

HARRIS

What did you do to him?

BILLY

Beartrap. There's loads of them,
all round the clearing.

HARRIS

Jesus...

RICHARD

Where's the bus driver?

HARRIS

Don't know. Probably dead.

STEVE

Nice! Can we go, then?

Everyone looks at Steve, who realises his gaffe.

STEVE (CONT)

I mean, terrible, tragedy, yeah. So
can we go, then?

BILLY

We need to stop Gareth's bleeding.
What should we do?

MAGGIE

I don't know, don't we have a first
aid kit?

RICHARD

There wasn't anything in the lodge.
There should be, health and safety
rules clearly state-

MAGGIE

Shouldn't we run water over it or
something?

BILLY

Why?

MAGGIE

To clean it?

STEVE

It'll still be bleeding though.

As they argue, Gareth is slowly losing colour as the blood drains from his leg.

HARRIS
Cauterise it?

STEVE
What's that mean?

HARRIS
Burn the stump, seal it off.

RICHARD
Jesus. Isn't there another way?

HARRIS
No, I read it in my SAS book.
Billy, get the fire lit. Maggie,
try and find the poker. Steve, boil
some water, and-

BILLY
But by the time the fire's lit,
he'll have bled to death!

HARRIS
Then hurry up!

STEVE
Fucking hell, stop shouting!

They're all shouting, panicking. Jill, surprisingly, is suddenly very calm. She steps into the middle of the group, speaking calmly and authoritatively, silencing them.

JILL
Billy, give me your paintball
jacket.

Everybody stops talking, amazed at this new, calm, sensible Jill. Billy takes off his paintball camouflage jacket. Jill ties it tightly around Gareth's leg, just above the wound.

Gareth gets his Swiss army knife out, opening the scissors, but Jill waves it away, gently.

GARETH
I'm okay, it doesn't really hurt
that much-

He tries to stand but falls back down, in agony.

JILL
It's okay, Gareth. We'll get help,
don't worry.

GARETH
Oh, you know, what doesn't kill me,
only makes--

Jill yanks the tied jacket so that it is really tight.
Gareth faints.

MAGGIE

Jesus, he just doesn't stop, does he? "I'm glad I got caught in a beartrap, it has helped me to become a better person"...

Jill gives the tied jacket another yank. The bleeding stops.
She sees their amazed faces.

JILL

It's called a tourniquet. You have to stop the blood getting to the wound. It's easier than trying to plug it up.

Now that the bad things have started to actually happen, rather than threatening to happen, Jill is remarkably well adjusted. Severed legs she can deal with.

STEVE

Nice. Can we fuck off now, then?

BILLY

Good idea. What about this?

Billy holds up Gareth's foot.

STEVE

Throw it away.

BILLY

Maybe they can re-attach it?

RICHARD

I saw a documentary once, they said if your finger gets cut off, the best place to keep it is in your mouth, for hygiene.

Billy holds up the foot for Richard to see. It is far too big for anyone's mouth.

STEVE

Oh yeah, why didn't we think of that? You hold his mouth open, we'll shove his foot in.

JILL

There were some frozen peas in the top of the fridge, put them in a plastic bag with the foot. It'll do for a few hours, at least.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

The gang are coming out of the lodge with their bags. Gareth is still where they left him. Maggie tries to warm herself around the lit cigarette in her mouth.

Jill fills a plastic bag with packets of frozen peas and crispy pancakes.

STEVE

Hurry up, I want to get out of this
shit hole. Bollocks, Richard, where
are the passports?

RICHARD

Passports are all in the team bag,
upstairs. Billy?

BILLY

I'd be delighted to get it,
Richard. It'll be the highlight of
my day.

Maggie smiles at Billy, who winks back.

HARRIS

Let's get these bags in first.

Harris pulls the lever on the bus to open the boot.

With a squeak and a clatter, the boot jerks open, throwing a pile of rubbish out onto the ground, and knocking Gareth's foot out of Billy's hand.

Billy bends to retrieve the foot, and Harris bends to see what has been dumped out of the bus.

They both stand up. They are both holding a foot.

Billy holds Gareth's foot. Harris holds the driver's foot, yellowy nails, crusty sandal and all. Everybody looks down.

The remains of the driver are on the ground. He has been chopped up into several pieces, and partially skinned. Nails have been hammered into his eyes.

Steve puts his hands over his mouth, gagging and retching. Everybody backs away into the room. The cigarette falls from Maggie's mouth.

MAGGIE

Oh shit oh shit oh shit-

There is a stunned silence. Nobody moves. Harris knows he needs to keep it together, before anyone panics.

HARRIS

Okay. Billy, Maggie, load up the bags. Steve, Richard, get Gareth on the bus. Jill, sort the ice bag out.

STEVE

We're all going to die!

HARRIS

Shut the fuck up and do it!

Billy gives the foot to Jill, and he and Maggie start throwing bags into the boot.

MAGGIE

Where are you going?

HARRIS

I'm getting the passports.

MAGGIE

No, it's too dangerous.

HARRIS

They won't let us through the airport without passports. We need them.

MAGGIE

Be careful.

HARRIS

Duh.

Harris runs off, as Steve and Richard pick up Gareth. Gareth looks at them all, proudly.

GARETH

Great teamwork, guys! See? If you work together, you can accomplish anything.

Steve rolls his eyes.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Harris runs through the lodge, looking around wildly. Trying to think. Trying not to panic. Steps around the furniture, moving quickly, shakily.

INT. LODGE MAIN STEPS - NIGHT

Harris bounds up the dark stairs, two at a time.

INT. LODGE RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harris runs into Richard's room. He empties the team bag onto the bed. He finds the folder of passports, and leaves.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harris comes out of the room, and stops. He hears a very faint rustle from one of the rooms.

For a horrible moment, it seems as if he's going to be stupid enough to go and check the room - but common sense prevails.

HARRIS

Fuck that.

Harris turns, and bolts for the stairs.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Harris runs through the room, looking around fearfully.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

Harris runs into the clearing, getting the bus keys out of his pocket. The others on the bus scream at him to hurry up.

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

Harris leaps on to the bus, tripping, and dropping the keys, which fly under a seat. Steve shouts in frustration, and kicks the back of one of the seats.

Harris scrabbles around on the floor, and finally grabs the keys. He gets in the driver's seat and puts the keys in.

STEVE

Fuck, it's not going to start, it's
not going to start-

The engine starts first time. Harris and Steve nervously smile at each other. Then the engine stalls, and stops.

Everyone looks utterly terrified. Harris curses under his breath, forces himself to stay calm, and tries again. The engine coughs - then starts.

Harris floors the accelerator.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

The bus fishtails wildly before the wheels grip, and it screeches away.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The minibus roars around the first bend. We can still see the lodge in the background. It is pitch dark outside.

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

STEVE

Faster!

HARRIS

I can't see where I'm going!

Billy leans out of a window, holding a torch pointing ahead. It's faint, but helps a bit.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The minibus screeches around another corner, Billy hanging precariously out of the window, shining his torch.

Suddenly, something makes all four tyres blow out. Sparks fly up from the wheels as the bus slides all over the road.

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

Billy falls to the floor. Harris struggles with the wheel.

HARRIS

What the fuck-

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The minibus runs right into a tree, crumpling the front instantly, and stops dead - somebody smashes straight through the windscreen.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

Everyone lies around the place in a heap, unconscious.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The minibus is wrecked. Smoke pours from the crumpled front. The door has come open, and Jill has rolled out of it, a huge cut on her head oozing blood.

She stands up, completely concussed and confused. One eye is swollen shut, the other keeps getting blood in it from the cut on her head.

She wanders off, unsure who she is or what's going on, occasionally wiping her eye. She's totally confused.

JILL

Mum? I can't sleep. There was a...
accident...

She disappears into the forest.

About twenty feet away, Harris lies in a heap.

He is still alive. Blood oozes from his mouth. His eyes open, narrowly, and he sees someone standing near him. They are wearing the boots with the military insignia.

They start walking towards Harris. Harris tries crawling away, making slow progress. Every inch causes him agonising pain, and more blood seeps from his wounds.

He stops, realising that his ankle is impaled on the inch-thick stump of a tree branch. He can't get away unless he frees himself. He pulls at his leg, screaming in pain.

Slowly, Harris pulls his leg off the branch, and tries crawling away again. The owner of the boots catches up fairly easily. Harris looks up, woozily.

A large axe is raised up, and swiftly brought down.

Harris' POV: Everything spins around and gradually comes to a halt, looking at Harris' body, which is missing his head.

Normal view: We see Harris' head lying in the road, several yards from his body. He looks at his own body, and for a second or two, his expression says "I told you so".

Harris' POV: Still looking at his body. Everything goes out of focus, and fades to black.

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

Billy comes round first, slowly. He appears to be leaning against the side of the bus. We pull back, turn 90 degrees, and reveal that the bus is on its side.

The side of the bus is now the floor. Billy looks around. He isn't sure where he is for a moment, but then it all comes back.

He looks at the hole in the windscreen, the empty driver's seat. He pulls himself up, wincing at the pain from a large wound in his shoulder.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The smashed front of the bus bursts into flames.

INT. MINIBUS - NIGHT

The others are starting to come round. Billy gets to his feet, unsteadily. He sees the fire.

BILLY

Everybody out! Quick!

Everyone is battered and bruised. Gareth has become lodged between two seats, his left arm twisted at an odd angle. Billy and Maggie manhandle him out.

Glass crunches under their feet as they shuffle around. Maggie pauses to pull two pieces of glass out of her forearm, wincing. Richard has got gravel stuck to his face.

Steve throws up at the back of the bus. He climbs out of the broken back window, followed by the others.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

Billy, Maggie and Steve bring Gareth out the back window, awkwardly. Gareth groans in pain, tears streaming down his face. Richard just stands there, shellshocked.

The gang stand around, dazed. Billy notices the blown tyres. Maggie calls out to him, upset. She has spotted Harris' body, about twenty yards away.

Billy goes over to look. He sees the condition of the body, and screws his eyes tightly shut. He opens them again, and turns back to the group.

The minibus is now completely ablaze. Even if the engine had survived the crash, the fire is now destroying it. The five survivors stand there, staring at it helplessly.

BILLY

Has anyone seen Jill?

Billy looks around. Nobody is in any state for rational thought, least of all Richard. Billy realises that somebody needs to take charge - reluctantly, he takes the job.

BILLY
 We need to get back to the lodge.
 Steve, Richard, give me a hand with
 Gareth.

Steve comes over, but Richard stares into space. Billy shouts at Richard, making him jump.

BILLY (CONT)
 RICHARD!
 (then, gently)
 Give us a hand.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

Billy leads the survivors back along the road. Animals chitter and screech in the woods, making everyone flinch. Billy, Steve and Richard carry Gareth, awkwardly.

Billy is determined to keep it together, although his eyes are terrified. He constantly checks that everyone is keeping up, making sure Gareth is okay.

BILLY
 JILL? Jiiiiill? Can you hear us?

Richard is trying to convince himself everything's going to be fine, not very convincingly.

RICHARD
 She'll find her way back to the
 lodge. She has to.

EXT. FOREST TREESTUMP - NIGHT

Jill is tied down with ropes and tent pegs, over a tree stump. She still can't see properly. Someone moves around her. She jerks her head around, terrified.

The figure asks her something in a foreign language.

JILL
 I don't understand.

It asks her again, more impatiently, showing her a drawing of the Palisade logo, but Jill can't see.

JILL
 I don't understand! I don't speak
 your language! Please, help me!

The figure asks Jill again. It sighs, and walks over to a small tray of torture instruments - scalpels, pliers, forks, needles, and so on. It chooses one.

EXT. ROAD TO LODGE - NIGHT

The rest of the gang are still heading back to the lodge, frightened and shellshocked at the loss of Harris and Jill.

Richard stumbles, and they drop Gareth, who screams. Richard has tripped over a board with loads of nails in it - and Gareth has landed on it, on his other leg.

Billy bends down for a closer look. The board has been placed deliberately in the road, all the nails pointing sharp end upwards - the cause of their blown tyres.

They pick up Gareth and head off. Steve mutters to himself.

STEVE

This is fucked up. Things like this
don't happen to people who work in
offices. They happen in horror
movies, to teenage birds with big
tits. Not us. Not us.

They are nearly at the lodge clearing. A twig snaps in the forest behind them. They stop for a second, and look. They can't see anything.

They all instinctively start running.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

The gang run full speed back to the lodge. They hear another noise in the forest, and Steve screams like a three year old girl. They make it to the lodge, and pile inside.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

They get in, and barricade the door shut, as firmly as they can. Billy looks out the window, but can't see anything. Richard has a cut on his arm - he holds it, in pain.

Billy's shoulder is bleeding. Maggie has a cut over her eye. Steve has a limp, but paces nervously anyway. They're all shaken, and their clothes are torn in places.

Steve takes out his bag of drugs. He knocks back a few pills, swigging from his hip flask. He then takes out a large joint, and lights it with shaking hands.

Richard is still trying to keep up the illusion that everything's going to be fine. And that means rules.

RICHARD

Is that a marijuana cigarette?

STEVE

Yes. A great big fat one, and
you're not getting any.

RICHARD

Are you aware that taking drugs in
the workplace is gross misconduct?

STEVE

We're not in the workplace, you
muppet. We're in Apocalypse fucking
Now or something, and I'm going to
get off my tits.

Steve smokes his joint, trembling. He jumps up to look out
of the window, then sits down again to smoke.

MAGGIE

Okay, the minibus driver's been
missing since Friday, his company
will be looking for him.

BILLY

Not over the weekend. He won't be
missed until Monday morning.
Neither will we, for that matter.
And where the hell is George?

RICHARD

He should be here.

BILLY

Yes, thank you Richard, I'm aware
that he *should* be here. But he is
not here.

STEVE

Somebody got him. He's going to get
us, too. We're all going to die.

BILLY

We're not going to die. We're going
to keep watch tonight, then first
thing in the morning, we start
walking. Okay?

Everybody seems okay with this plan, mainly because they
don't have any better ideas. Steve carries on smoking.

Billy glances at Maggie, who nods at him, trying to reassure
him that he's doing okay.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

Crickets chirp, owls hoot, things rustle. The faint light
from the lodge window glows.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Billy carries a mattress into the main room. There are now five mattresses huddled around the fireplace. Their bags sit in a pile next to the mattresses.

Billy's shoulder is bandaged with a torn sheet. Maggie has a plaster on her forehead. Richard's arm is bandaged, too. Maggie sits by the window, chainsmoking.

Billy has an idea. He searches Gareth's bag. He finds a whistle, the Swiss army knife, and some paintball guns.

BILLY

Funny, isn't it? We work for an arms company, but we don't have any weapons now we need them.

The others just look at him.

BILLY (CONT)

Not "funny ha ha", obviously...

STEVE

Give me a gun.

BILLY

It's a paintball gun.

STEVE

Give me a gun.

Billy shrugs, and hands it over. Steve grabs it, cocks it, and immediately seems happier, though still twitchy. Steve pops some pills, and takes a swig of his hip flask.

Billy takes some long plastic poles out of Gareth's bag. He checks the sink - the only metal piece of cutlery is a spork. Billy throws it away, annoyed.

He picks up a chair, and smashes it to pieces. He sharpens the metal parts against the fireplace. He gets out a tin of deodorant and a lighter, and tries some flamethrowing.

He looks at the weapons - metal spikes, some pathetic spears, a penknife, the deodorant and lighter - it's not much, but gives them a bit more of a chance.

Billy starts a fire in the fireplace, to warm them all up. Gareth comes to, and pitches his oar in. He's a bit woozy, and doesn't seem to realise where he is or what's going on.

GARETH

My foot... it's so itchy... can someone scratch my foot please? The left one.

Steve looks at Gareth. His left foot is the one that is missing. Billy looks at Steve, realising something.

BILLY

Did anyone bring the plastic bag?

Clearly, nobody did. There is an awkward silence.

GARETH

Is it time for the team games?

BILLY

No, go back to sleep.

GARETH

I think some word games would cheer us all up.

STEVE

We don't need cheering up, you muppet, we need rescuing!

GARETH

If you aim for the moon and miss, you'll land in the stars.

Steve loses his temper.

STEVE

Oh, give it a fucking rest! This constant positive shite is driving me up the wall! You float around in airy-fairy land, thinking everything is brilliant - well it's not! People are shit! Life is shit! You are shit! It's all shit! People are dying, including you if we don't get you help. Can't you see that?

There is a long, long pause while Gareth thinks about this. Steve looks hopeful - maybe it's sunk in, finally.

GARETH

Paintball?

Gareth passes out again. Steve rolls his eyes. Billy takes off Gareth's dressing and inspects the wound. Blood still seeps out slowly. Gareth's face is really white.

Billy gets another shirt out. He ties another tourniquet around Gareth's leg, tightly. Gareth wakes up, yelling.

BILLY

Steve, got any pills that might work as a painkiller?

Steve gets his bag out, and picks out various different types of pills. He shows Billy a handful.

STEVE

Any one of these should do.

Billy grabs them all, and gives two to Gareth.

STEVE

Oi! They're a tenner each!

BILLY

He needs them.

STEVE

So do I!

Gareth looks at the pills. Billy hands him some water.

GARETH

I don't take drugs, thank you.

BILLY

Would you prefer the pain?

Gareth eyes the two pills suspiciously. One is bright blue, the other is red and green. He pops them in his mouth, and knocks them back. Billy hands him the rest of the pills.

BILLY (CONT)

Take another two in a few hours.

STEVE

Such a waste of good drugs.

BILLY

Who wants first watch?

Nobody answers.

BILLY (CONT)

That'd be me, then.

Everyone makes their beds, and settles down for the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie wakes up quickly, alarmed, almost screaming, to find Billy shaking her shoulder. Maggie looks around the room. Everyone else is fast asleep.

Billy hands over the tiny Swiss army knife. Maggie gets up, while Billy goes to bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie keeps watch, holding the penknife with the corkscrew pointing out. She looks around, nervously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is keeping watch now, while the others sleep. Steve holds the paintball gun tightly, breathing really quickly.

His eyes are wide. He's terrified. He whips his head around, eyes darting all around the lodge.

The tap drips. Steve whips around and shoots at it. The paintball splatters on the sink. Steve calms down.

The wind blows down the chimney, making the fireplace whisper. Steve panics, and shoots at it before he realises what it is. He calms down again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is sitting bolt upright, shivering in fear. He checks his watch, then kicks Richard, waking him up.

Richard looks around. We see that there are approximately 427,000 paintball splashes everywhere. Steve gets into bed. Richard sighs.

Richard goes and sits in the chair, covering himself with a blanket. He looks around - everyone else is asleep. Richard rests his head against the chair.

In less than thirty seconds, Richard's eyes droop closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Richard, supposedly on watch, is fast asleep. Everyone else is asleep too. Gareth comes to every now and again. His pile of pills is much smaller.

Gareth wakes up, slowly. He looks around, unsure where he is for a minute. He sees Richard asleep, and tries to speak, but is too mashed on the pills. He pops another two.

Gareth sees a face at the window. He blinks, but it is gone. He's not sure if he really saw it or not. His vision is starting to blur and swim before his eyes.

Gareth takes a sip from his glass of water, and mumbles to himself. He looks up sharply at the window. There was definitely something there that time.

He tries to reach for the glass of water again, but can't move at all now, thanks to the pills. He looks at the object in the window, trying to concentrate.

Gareth frowns. It's not something outside the window at all - it's a reflection, of something inside the room..

Gareth's eyes widen. He becomes aware of quiet, stealthy footsteps behind him. He twists, trying to turn around, but is too stiff and woozy. He drops his pills.

They fall to the ground. Behind Gareth's foot, we see the pair of boots with military insignia and spurs approaching, very slowly so as not to make them jangle.

Gareth is terrified. The only things he can move quickly are his eyes. He rolls them around, desperately trying to get his body to catch up.

Gareth tries craning his head around, but can't get the angle right. Somebody stands just behind him, not moving now, just standing, breathing softly.

Gareth tries to speak again, but just manages to make soft moaning sounds. Saliva drops from the corner of his mouth. He tries screaming, but no sound comes out.

Gareth breathes heavily, willing himself to move. It's no use. He moans softly, tears trickling from his eyes. The boots come closer to Gareth. Gareth closes his eyes.

Gareth's chair tilts backwards, and is slowly dragged away, out of the room.

INT. LODGE CELLAR STEPS - NIGHT

Gareth is slowly dragged down the steps, his head bumping off each step in turn.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - NIGHT

Gareth is dragged into the cellar. There is a pause, and we hear a click. Gareth is becoming woozier by the second.

INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT

Gareth is being dragged along the floor of somewhere we can't quite make out.

Gareth's POV: blurry, distorted glimpses of sawdust, a cage, and then the silhouette of a man in a chair with what looks like huge antennae coming out the top of his head.

Gareth screams.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Billy wakes up, noticing that Richard is asleep. He checks his watch - it reads 4:17AM. Billy gets up, then notices that Gareth is missing.

He runs over and kicks Richard's chair over. Richard hits the floor with a clatter, and Billy is right on him.

BILLY

You're supposed to be on watch!

RICHARD

I just closed my eyes for a sec-

BILLY

Actually, *I'm* supposed to be on watch, you should have woken me at four! Gareth's missing! Somebody must have got in and-

They all look at the door. It is still barricaded.

BILLY (CONT)

He's been in here the whole time. We'll have to search the lodge, find out where he's hiding.

STEVE

You're having a giraffe! Let's just wait till morning, then walk, like we said.

BILLY

He could have killed us all, while we were asleep. He's up to something. So we're not just going to sit around and wait until he attacks us again.

RICHARD

Well I'm not wandering around this place at night. Count me out.

Richard is still under the impression that he is in charge. Billy looks up slowly, suddenly furious with him.

BILLY

"Count you out"? People are dying, you ignorant prick, so I'm counting you the fuck in.

Richard draws himself up, and delivers what he thinks is a complete bombshell:

RICHARD

That was your last chance, mister.
As soon as we get back, I'm talking
to George. No transfer, no nothing -
you're fired.

Billy stares at Richard, astonished, almost amused that Richard actually believes that he cares.

BILLY

Are you serious? Harris is dead,
thanks to you insisting we come
here with no safety net, probably
Jill and Gareth too, and I'll make
sure you go to prison for it. But
first, you're going to help us.

Steve is enjoying the show. Maggie is watching, impressed. Richard is desperately clinging on, in vain.

RICHARD

I'm still the manager here, buster.
And you still do what I say.

BILLY

Not any more. Office hours are
over.

RICHARD

Oh, really? Says who?

BILLY

Says. Fucking. Me.

Billy pokes Richard in the chest three times as he speaks, once for each word. He is inches away from Richard's face.

Richard stares at him, breathing hard, lower lip trembling ever so slightly. He has lost, and he knows it. He caves in, wandering over to the window.

Billy hands out the weapons.

BILLY

Okay. Two teams. Steve, you and
Richard take this floor and the
cellar, Maggie and me will do
upstairs. That way he can't dodge
us by-

Billy pauses, noticing the paint splashes.

BILLY (CONT)

Why is there paint everywhere?

Everybody looks at Steve. Steve shrugs.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Billy and Maggie walk along the hallway, warily. All the lights are on.

BILLY
Gareth? Gareth, can you hear us?

MAGGIE
Gareth!

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Steve and Richard walk along the hallway, terrified. The lights are on down here, too.

STEVE
Gareth! Where are you, you ponce?

INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT

Gareth lies on the floor, bound and gagged. We can't see anything in the room, only that it is lit by a red light.

We hear the sound of a knife being sharpened. Gareth struggles weakly, terrified. A gloved hand holds the same drawing of the Palisade logo in front of his face.

The unseen figure asks the same question they asked Jill.

INT. GARETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Maggie enter. Billy motions Maggie to get ready, while he checks under the bed. There's nothing there. Relieved, they walk out.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Maggie approach the bed. The sheet hangs down over the edge. Billy motions to Maggie. She nods, then whips the sheet up as Billy lunges in with his metal spike.

He jumps back, seeing a darkened face. He stops, and pulls out a copy of "Management Today", with a big picture of a smiling Bill Gates on the front.

Billy lets out his breath, and stabs Bill's picture anyway, throwing the magazine aside. Maggie manages a half smile. They leave the room.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Maggie check the bed. There is nothing there. Billy nods, shrugging at the same time. They move on.

INT. LODGE STUDY - NIGHT

This is the room Richard was using as an office, with the desk, chairs, and an ottoman-style chest. Steve and Richard walk in. Richard checks under the desk. Nothing there.

They walk over to the ottoman chest. This looks recently used. Steve glances at Richard. Richard readies his metal spike, and gets ready, breathing hard.

Steve throws open the lid. Gareth's foot is inside. Steve yells, and slams the chest shut.

STEVE

He's pissing us about, now.

Richard picks up the framed photo of his wife and kid, and puts it in his pocket.

STEVE (CONT)

Any other rooms on this floor?

RICHARD

No. Just the cellar downstairs.

STEVE

Bollocks.

They leave the room, reluctantly.

INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT

Gareth hears Steve and Richard's footsteps coming down the stairs. He must be fairly close to where they are. He starts trying to scream through his taped-shut mouth.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - NIGHT

Richard and Steve enter the cellar, trying to stay behind each other. They wave their torches around quickly, trying to see everywhere at once.

Steve kicks at something under a sheet, then quickly pulls the sheet off. It is a large armchair.

Richard opens a few drawers in the filing cabinets. They are all filled with the old files. Richard looks like he has an idea of what's going on, and doesn't like it at all.

Steve lifts up another sheet, then crouches down to shine the torch underneath the others. It all looks reassuringly furniture-like. Steve stands up again, quickly.

RICHARD

Well?

STEVE

Nothing.

INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT

Gareth hears Steve and Richard talking - they sound very close now. Again, he tries to call out to them. He can only make a muffled grunting noise.

A pair of gloved hands throw a burlap bag over Gareth's head, to muffle his noise. A knife glints, and moves to Gareth's stomach. Gareth's muffled screams get louder.

We hear Steve and Richard leaving, walking up the stairs again. There is a faint ripping sound, and Gareth is dragged out of view.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large room with nothing but a ramshackle wardrobe in the corner. Billy approaches it, while Maggie watches. He reaches out slowly for the handle. He quickly opens it.

There is nothing inside.

Billy leaves the wardrobe doors open, and faces Maggie, who nods at him, relieved. In the background, the wardrobe, overbalanced with its doors open, falls over with a crash.

Billy and Maggie jump, turning to look at the wardrobe. They look at each other, and leave the room.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Steve and Richard enter the room. Richard puts the photo of his wife and kids on the table. Steve paces impatiently.

STEVE

For fuck's sake. How long do the
nights last in this poxy country?

Steve kicks the desk, and the picture of Richard's wife and kids falls to the floor, cracking the glass. Richard rushes over, grabs it, and suddenly starts crying.

Steve can't deal with this at all, he's not equipped.

STEVE

Fuck. I'm sorry, I'll buy you another frame, all right?

RICHARD

It's not the frame. It's Sara. She left me six months ago.

STEVE

Oh bloody hell.

RICHARD

I screwed it up, just like I screw everything up. I'm a failure.

STEVE

You're not a failure.

RICHARD

I am. I lost us the Jefferson contract. That's why we had to do this team building thing.

STEVE

Eh?

RICHARD

George didn't want to single me out, so he made us all do it.

STEVE

Fucking hell...

RICHARD

Please don't tell the others.

STEVE

Okay, just stop crying.

Richard stands up, still crying, and suddenly hugs Steve, crying on his shoulder. Steve is utterly horrified. For a moment, he looks like he's going to push Richard away.

Steve shakes his head, closes his eyes, and puts his arms around Richard. Richard sobs away, while Steve tries to make him feel better, incredibly awkwardly.

RICHARD

I'll never find another woman to love me. I'll die alone.

STEVE

You'll be all right. You'll find someone else, you'll see.

RICHARD

I won't! I'm boring and ugly.

Billy and Maggie walk in, and see Steve and Richard hugging. Steve and Richard don't see them.

STEVE

Stop that. You're not boring. And you're not ugly, either. If I was a woman-

They notice Billy and Maggie. They pull apart, quickly, Richard wiping his eyes. Billy and Maggie keep staring.

MAGGIE

What's that on your shoes?

Her voice is quiet and brittle. She points at Steve and Richard's feet. Everyone looks down.

Steve and Richard's shoes are covered in blood. They look on the floor, and see their bloody footprints leading from the door. Steve's face goes white, and he looks petrified.

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wind howls outside, worse than before. Billy, Maggie, Steve and Richard stand there, looking down the hall. The footprints come from the archway leading to the cellar.

INT. CELLAR STEPS - NIGHT

The gang walk down the steps, very slowly.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - NIGHT

They shine their torches at the ground, and see a huge bloodstain. It looks as if someone was dragged through the room, bleeding heavily.

The blood path goes right across the floor, and past the desk near the corner. It goes under a large, dirty rug. Billy grabs the rug and throws it to one side.

It reveals a large trapdoor with a rope handle. Billy gives it a pull - it is not locked. He looks at the others.

Everyone gets their weapons ready. As quietly as possible, Billy pulls the trapdoor open. They all peer in. It is very dark. Stone steps lead down into the darkness.

INT. CELL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Billy comes down the steps, followed by Maggie, Steve and Richard. They are in a dark corridor. Billy reaches around looking for the light switch. He finds it, and turns it on.

A red light bulb illuminates the hallway in a stark, red glow. Everyone jumps.

The hallway is lined with prison cells on one side. All of the doors are closed, except for the last one at the end.

On the other side of the hallway are some normal rooms. The doors are all open. Near the steps, a load of rubbish is piled up - personal belongings, papers, and so on.

The gang wander into the first room on the right.

INT. LARDER - NIGHT

This room is filled with dead, strung up animals. Billy brushes against a deer, which suddenly violently rears up and starts kicking and screaming.

Everyone screams and backs off. The deer is flailing and kicking furiously, eyes rolling wildly. Maggie takes the penknife and gets close enough to cut the rope quickly.

The deer falls to the ground, scrambles to its feet, and runs up the stairs, the sound of its hooves incredibly loud on the stone.

They hear it upstairs, crashing about for a while, until there is silence. Shaken, they go back to the hallway.

INT. CELL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The cells on the left are dark and closed. The open cell at the end is empty. They go into the next room on the right.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

This is some sort of medical treatment room. The same red light illuminates the area.

There are shelves full of medical supplies. Many of the boxes and jars have been opened and scattered around the floor, which is covered in water and other liquids.

There is a filthy metal autopsy table, with channels to allow blood to drain through. It has been used recently. Blood drips from it, slowly.

There are two large, dentist-type chairs in the middle of the room - electro-shock treatment devices.

One of them is occupied. A naked man is strapped into the chair, the two electro-shock electrode cups attached to the top of his head, with wires coming out.

The electro-shock must have been left running until he died - the electrodes have been burned into his scalp, the skin blackened and melted around them. They look like antennae.

He must be the "alien" Gareth thought he saw earlier. He has clearly been dead for a long time. Steve can't take his eyes off the corpse, and is very close to hysteria.

STEVE

Oh shit my fucking roof.

BILLY

Jill was right. I thought those stories were made up. Richard, what the fuck did Palisade do?

RICHARD

They were just rumours, I didn't believe them. George always laughed it off, but some people said he oversaw the whole thing.

We see the scenes from Jill's story again, the Palisade logo on the vans, but this time George strides around, directing the "cleansing" operation.

BILLY

And one of them's still alive. No wonder he's pissed off with us. He thinks we did all this to him.

MAGGIE

A psycho war criminal. Great. Aren't there any normal serial killers anymore?

STEVE

We've got to get the fuck out of here. Now.

RICHARD

In the dark? And go where?

STEVE

Fucking anywhere! I don't know. We're dead if we stay here. Is there anything on those maps?

RICHARD

There's nothing. Nothing. We're all going to die.

BILLY

We're not going to die. We'll follow that path through the forest, it has to go somewhere.

There is a thud from the ceiling. Everybody stops, and looks up.

Outside, the generator noise sputters and coughs, and slowly winds down. The lights dim, and slowly go out. They all switch on their torches.

BILLY
Don't panic. Stay together.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - NIGHT

The gang come up the steps into the cellar.

There is another thud. It's something banging on the floor of the room above them (the main room). The banging stops, and something is scraped along the floor/ceiling.

MAGGIE
Maybe it's Gareth. Or Jill.

BILLY
Why would they make that noise?

MAGGIE
Maybe they're limping.

She's not convinced, and neither are the others. The scraping stops. A squeak of metal, briefly. Then a trickle of liquid into a metal container.

INT. LODGE CELLAR STEPS - NIGHT

The gang walk up the stairs, terrified. The trickling sound continues, but is joined by a wet, ripping sound, like a sheet of wet leather being torn in half, bit by bit.

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

They walk towards the main room. They come to the doorway.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The gang stop in the doorway. There are still some candles lit in the room, so they can see what's happening.

The hunter stands with his back to them, wearing his wide brimmed hat. He does something to Gareth, who hangs upside down from the ceiling hook.

Gareth is just barely still alive. Blood drains out of a hole in his neck, filling up a dirty metal bucket - the source of the trickling noise.

One of his legs is attached to the meat hook, the other hangs askew.

The hunter works on Gareth. We can't see exactly what he's doing, but we can still hear the wet tearing noises.

The hunter wears old, dirty, army khaki gear and has a rifle slung over his shoulder. His khaki gear is covered in the military insignia we saw before.

The rifle is an old, military-style one with a bayonet - the weird knife we saw earlier. The hunter gets ready to gut Gareth with a large filleting knife.

Just before he does, Gareth spots the gang.

GARETH

I forgive you...

The hunter disembowels Gareth, slashing him across the stomach. Richard gasps in shock. The hunter spins around, holding up the knife, blood splattered on his face.

In the same movement, as he's turning, he's drawing back his knife hand. He throws the knife, hard--

--which flies across the room and embeds itself into Billy's forehead, right up to the hilt.

Billy's eyes go wide, and he sinks to the ground, turning to look at Maggie as he does. He reaches out to her, then just collapses.

MAGGIE

BILLY!

Billy is dead. The hunter starts walking towards the others. Steve backs up. Richard is already running.

Maggie crouches down, desperately hoping that Billy isn't too badly hurt, but quickly realises that he is gone. She throws a look of sheer fury at the hunter, before running.

She follows Steve out of the room, both of them running as fast as they can.

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Everyone panics. They run through the partial darkness, torches waving everywhere, meeting the deer which comes running towards them, screeching in the torchlight.

In the confusion, Richard heads down the stairs, Steve and Maggie head up the stairs. They're running blind, just to get away, terrified.

INT. LODGE CELLAR - NIGHT

Richard bursts into the cellar, and runs down the stairs into the prison section.

INT. CELL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Richard pulls the trapdoor closed. He notices a large wooden bar under the door, and slots it into place, making the door impossible to open from the other side.

He backs away, looking around wildly. He runs down to the end of the cell hallway, and shines his torch around, desperate to find a way out.

Around a corner from the cells is a homemade tunnel. He climbs into it, awkwardly.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Steve and Maggie run into separate rooms, not even looking at each other, in total panic.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

Richard climbs out the tunnel exit, through a camouflaged trapdoor. It is at the far end of the clearing, and impossible to notice once it is closed.

Richard is free. He looks around, pleased with himself. He runs into the woods, heading down the path.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve runs in, looking for a place to hide. He glances out the window, and sees Richard escaping into the forest. Steve hides behind Jill's locker, terrified.

EXT. FORT CLEARING - NIGHT

Richard runs past the fort where they played paintball the previous day. He keeps going, following the path.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Richard runs through the forest. He gets into the clearing, and slows down, panting. He checks that he's still on the path. He wipes his forehead, and takes a step forward.

There is a faint click, and he freezes. He looks down, and sees something that seems to take all the fight out of him. He sags, looking like he's going to cry.

RICHARD

Fuck...

INT. LODGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hunter slowly walks along the hall, looking into the rooms. One of his shoes squeaks softly.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is still behind the locker, in the dark. He shivers.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hunter comes up the stairs, and walks down the hallway, looking into the rooms. One of the rooms catches his eye.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is the spare bedroom with the wardrobe that collapsed earlier. Apart from that, it's just a large, empty room, full of shadows.

Faint moonlight from the tiny window shines into the middle of the room. The hunter walks in slowly, looking around. He can't see much. He stands in the square of faint light.

In one corner, deep in the shadows, Maggie stands completely still. The wall juts out slightly, casting a thick shadow over her, making her invisible.

The hunter slowly walks over towards Maggie, feeling his way carefully. Maggie inches sideways, as fast as she can, but desperately trying not to make a sound.

Every step the hunter takes, Maggie takes one too, like some sort of weird dance. If Maggie breathes, she's caught.

The hunter feels around. At one point, his hand almost touches Maggie. She flinches, but keeps quiet.

The hunter goes over to another corner, slowly, eyes still not adjusting to the gloom. Maggie sees her chance. She edges slowly over to the door, staying in the shadows.

As she passes the wall, a stray nail catches a thread from her sleeve. She doesn't notice, but the thread comes out more the further she moves from the nail.

She gets to the doorway, and outside, when the thread pings off the nail. The hunter's head spins around. He walks towards the door, but Maggie nimbly tiptoes out of sight.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hunter walks into the hallway, listening. He's not sure if what he heard was really one of the gang. He looks into the nearest room.

Maggie is just inside the doorway of the next room, flat against the wall.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is still behind the locker, waiting. He listens, bored now. There is total and absolute silence. Steve stands up slowly, deciding to get out of there.

STEVE

Fuck this...

He peers over the locker into the darkness. He switches on his torch. It lights up the hunter's large, blood-splattered face, right there in front of him.

Steve screams. The hunter swipes for him with his rifle bayonet. It misses Steve, and sticks into the locker.

Steve scrambles around him, bumping into Maggie, who has just run in. She shines her torch to see what is going on.

The hunter turns around, gun up. Steve throws some of Jill's ornaments at him, and points his metal spike at him.

STEVE

Get back! I'll cut you! I'll fuckin' cut you!

The hunter swipes at Steve and Maggie, cutting Steve on one arm, the floor creaking alarmingly as they move around.

Maggie sees Jill's bag, and quickly rifles around in it for something, anything. She grabs a can of deodorant, and takes out a lighter.

She flame throws at the hunter a couple of times, trying to keep him at bay. He isn't bothered, and comes for her, so she gives him a full dose in the face.

He screams. Skin blisters on the side of his face. Maggie does him again, but he dodges it. The curtains go up in flames, one of them falling to the ground.

He knocks the deodorant can from Maggie's hand. It lands in the flames, then explodes, sending flames shooting across the floor, and shards of metal into his back.

He knocks all of Jill's toiletries off the dresser - they smash, catching fire, and the flames spread right across the room, all over the floor.

Steve throws a punch at him, but the hunter is shouting in pain again, so Steve catches him in the teeth, with a scraping, squelching sound.

Steve looks at his hand. A tooth is embedded in a flap of skin.

The hunter touches the new gap in his teeth. He comes at Steve, furious. His foot goes through the floor. He looks down.

Nobody moves. For a moment, nothing happens.

Then half of the floor gives way. Maggie and the hunter fall through, holding onto the edges of the hole. They dangle above the lodge main room below.

Gareth and Billy's bodies are still there.

Maggie is hanging on to the carpet, some of which is burning. The hunter tries to grab her. Steve runs out of the room.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Steve runs into the room, looking up at the hunter and Maggie, dangling. The hunter is trying to grab Maggie. Bits of flaming debris are falling through the hole.

The ceiling is quite high, about fifteen feet off the ground. Maggie's piece of carpet starts ripping. Steve grabs the sofa, and moves it underneath Maggie.

STEVE

Jump!

Maggie lets go, landing awkwardly but without injury on the sofa. The hunter looks down for something to land on.

Steve and Maggie quickly move everything out of his way, so he has a longer way to fall, and move dangerous objects underneath him instead. They throw cups and plates at him.

One of the cups hits his hand, shattering. The hunter lets go, and falls, banging his head off the floor. Everybody keeps their distance, as he is knocked out cold.

Steve jumps up and down, gleefully.

STEVE

Got you, you fucker!

MAGGIE

You okay?

STEVE

I think so, unless he's got rabies.

Steve pulls the tooth out of his hand, wincing. He and Maggie are shaken, and have some fresh cuts and bruises. Maggie's face is smoke blackened.

They stamp out several small fires. The ceiling is still burning, and they'll need to evacuate fairly soon. Steve points at the hunter.

STEVE

What if he wakes up when we're gone? Can't we just kill him?

MAGGIE

Not in cold blood. That's murder.

STEVE

But he killed B-

MAGGIE

I know what he did. But we're not like him. We don't do that. Okay?

Steve grumbles and nods. A thought strikes him. He takes out his bag of drugs. He grabs a handful of pills, and squeezes them, breaking the plastic shells.

MAGGIE (CONT)

What are you doing?

STEVE

Just in case he wakes up. Give him something to think about, apart from us. Keep an eye on him.

Maggie picks up the rifle dropped by the hunter, and opens the chamber. There is only one bullet. She cocks it, and aims at the hunter's head.

MAGGIE

One bullet. That'll do. Go for it, I'll keep him covered.

STEVE

Don't fucking miss if he moves.

Steve slowly approaches the hunter, who is still breathing. Steve stands over him, carefully. He looks at him - still unconscious. Steve reaches down.

The hunter moves, just a little bit. Steve pulls his hand back, but Maggie nods reassuringly.

Steve reaches out again, carefully. Maggie aims the rifle, as Steve drops all his drugs into the hunter's mouth. Steve closes the mouth for him.

STEVE

There you go, my son. Sweet dreams.

He pats him on the cheek.

MAGGIE

Take your time. No rush. It's not as if the building's burning down or anything.

STEVE

All right, keep your knickers on. We've got nowhere to go anyway. I saw Richard go down the path a while back, we could see if he got anywhere.

MAGGIE

Good idea. What about Jill?

When Steve replies, he speaks softly and kindly, the only time he has done so up until now. He doesn't want to upset her, but it has to be said.

STEVE

I don't think we're going to find her, Maggie.

Maggie nods. They share a look - they both know Jill is dead. Maggie goes over to Billy's body, and crouches down. She touches his head, and whispers to him.

MAGGIE

Thanks for looking after us.

She kisses him gently on the cheek, and stands up.

On her way out, she spots the Polaroid photo Gareth took when they first arrived. She puts it in her pocket, slinging the rifle over her shoulder. They both leave.

EXT. LODGE CLEARING - NIGHT

Maggie and Steve walk outside. Steve lights a spliff.

MAGGIE

Another spliff?

STEVE

Yeah. So what?

MAGGIE

Junkie.

STEVE

We're all junkies, mate. We just use different drugs.

MAGGIE

Fuck it. Give me a drag.

Steve is surprised. He offers it to Maggie.

There is the sound of a shotgun being cocked.

Maggie and Steve stop where they are.

In the middle of the clearing are five other soldiers turned hunters from the underground prison. The gunman (Hunter 1) holds a pump-action shotgun.

Another (Hunter 2) carries a large machete, and has a nasty-looking bull terrier on a leash. Hunter 2 has the spurs on his boots, next to the military insignia.

The other hunters have various weapons. They are all dressed in the same filthy, khaki military gear as the original hunter. They look feral.

Hunter 1 starts to lift up his shotgun. Without hesitation, Maggie aims, squints, and squeezes the trigger. CRACK! She gets him right in the forehead, dropping him.

Hunter 2 freezes, then starts to reach for the dropped gun. Maggie re-cocks the rifle, shouting a warning.

MAGGIE

NO! Don't you fucking MOVE!

Hunter 2 stays where he is, one hand raised. He obviously doesn't understand her words, but her tone of voice is very clear. He signals the other three hunters to stay put.

The wind whistles around them. Smoke and flames pour from the upstairs window. The dog barks furiously. Steve is still holding the spliff out to Maggie, stunned.

The first faint traces of dawn are starting to appear. The sky has lightened ever so slightly.

The hunters look at Maggie and Steve. Maggie and Steve look back at them. Steve whispers out the corner of his mouth.

STEVE

You haven't got any bullets left.

Maggie whispers back, out the corner of her mouth.

MAGGIE

I know. But they don't know that.

STEVE

So what do we do?

MAGGIE

Fucked if I know.

Hunter 2 is straining to keep the dog in check. He asks them something in Serbian, with no subtitles. Maggie just glares at him. He says it again, louder.

MAGGIE

Yeah, fuck you too.

Maggie and Steve slowly circle around the hunter, on their way to the path. Hunter 2 doesn't move, but is suspicious - he knows something is up.

Hunter 2 mutters to the other hunters. They have a fast, quiet conversation, never taking their eyes off Maggie.

Hunter 2 looks down at the dog. Maggie and Steve are almost at the path. Hunter 2 thinks. Decides to risk it. He lets go of the leash, and the dog bolts for Maggie and Steve.

Maggie dumps the rifle. She and Steve run into the forest, as fast as they can. Hunter 2 grabs the shotgun, and makes quick, military hand signals to the other hunters.

One hunter runs to the left, one to the right, one stays with Hunter 2, and they all disappear into the forest.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The lodge is burning down quite quickly. The original hunter with the hat suddenly wakes up, coughing up Steve's pills. He rubs his eyes, feeling woozy.

He stands up, and looks around. His face stays blank. Silently, he walks out the front door.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Maggie and Steve run hard, hearing the shouts of the hunters behind them.

STEVE

Which way, which way?

MAGGIE

Follow the path.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The hunters chase them, Hunter 2 at the front.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT/DAWN

Maggie and Steve run through the woods, following the path. The sky is lighter now, like twilight.

The dog comes barrelling out from the trees, and leaps for Steve's throat. Steve screams and falls, sending the dog flying.

The dog gets up, trying to bite Steve and Maggie, jumping at them, barking furiously, saliva dripping from its mouth.

It runs at Maggie, catching her on the leg, drawing blood. Steve breaks off a tree branch and throws it at the dog.

The dog turns, and runs straight for Steve. It leaps. Steve tries ducking, but the dog sinks its teeth into his arm. Steve howls in pain.

The dog isn't letting go. It shakes Steve's arm, soaking the sleeve with blood. Steve screams.

Maggie comes over and tries kicking the dog, but it won't budge. Steve can't shake it off - the dog just gets its teeth further into the flesh.

MAGGIE

Try choking it.

STEVE

It'll chew my fucking arm off!

MAGGIE

Stand still for a second.

Maggie gets behind the dog, and grabs its front legs, one in each hand. Steve looks at her, puzzled.

STEVE

What are you d-

Maggie quickly pulls both legs out and up. There is a loud, sharp crunch. Steve is horrified.

STEVE (CONT)

OHHHHHH! Fucking hell!

The dog goes limp, and slides off Steve's arm, landing in a crumpled heap.

STEVE (CONT)

Where'd you learn that?

MAGGIE

My dad.

STEVE

More of a cat-person, is he?

EXT. FORT CLEARING - DAWN

Maggie and Steve run past the paintball fort, Steve holding his injured arm.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAWN

Steve and Maggie burst into the clearing, and are startled to see Richard standing there. He nods at them, listlessly.

RICHARD

Oh. Hi.

MAGGIE

What are you doing here?

STEVE

There's a gang of fucking pikeys coming, we've got to go quick.

RICHARD

Yes, well, I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't.

STEVE

Why not?

RICHARD

Because I'm standing on a landmine.

They see a metallic green object under his foot. It has the Palisade logo on it.

STEVE

Well - get off it, then.

RICHARD

This is a C.R.M. Model 114 anti-personnel mine. You step on, it's armed. You step off, it explodes, you die.

MAGGIE

Are you sure?

RICHARD

Very sure. We sell them.

They look at him, realising that he's a dead man.

MAGGIE

Can't we switch it off, or put a rock on it or something?

RICHARD

It's booby trapped, impossible to neutralise.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
And it has a massive explosive
charge. These things never maim.
They just kill. It's one of our
biggest sellers.

STEVE
Fuck.

RICHARD
Yeah. Another one of life's almost-
amusing little ironies, eh?

There is an awkward silence.

RICHARD (CONT)
You'd better get going.

MAGGIE
We can't just-

RICHARD
I'm dead either way. Just - just
tell Sara and the kids that I
helped, in the end.

MAGGIE
I will.

They share a look. Richard nods, then notices Steve's
mangled arm. He looks at Steve.

STEVE
If you see a crazy bloke with a
shotgun, tell him his dog's dead.

Richard gives Steve his metal spike, nodding. Steve slaps
him on the arm, awkwardly.

RICHARD
I'll break it to him gently. Go on,
get moving.

Steve and Maggie hesitate, so Richard starts shouting.

RICHARD (CONT)
Hey! I'm over here! Come and get
me, you fucking mutants!

Steve and Maggie back out of the clearing, and run off. It
is now early morning.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Hunter 2 runs quickly through the woods, listening to
Richard's shouts. He is wary, but never slows down.

EXT. FANCY LODGE CLEARING - DAY

Maggie and Steve come into a clearing, where there is a lodge almost identical to the one they escaped from, but a modern, clean, and fancy version with twee additions.

Outside the lodge is a sign that reads "Palisade Conference Centre". Maggie and Steve look at each other.

INT. FANCY LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Maggie and Steve burst in the front door. Inside they see an incredibly luxurious, modern living room, with a roaring log fire, buffet table, and television.

Standing by the fire is George, from the opening sequence - which clearly hasn't happened yet. Near him, giggling and drinking champagne, are Nadia and Olga.

George is drunk, but pleased to see the new arrivals.

GEORGE

Maggie! Steve! Where the hell have you guys been? Have a drink! Oh, and you've got to try the jacuzzi upstairs, it's amazing, trust me.

Maggie pulls a tattered map out of her pocket, and looks at it. Slowly, she turns it ninety degrees to one side.

MAGGIE

You've been here the whole time?

GEORGE

Of course! Where were you?

George only now notices the state Steve and Maggie are in. Something starts getting through to his drunken brain.

NADIA

You are Steve? We are from escort agency! We make birthday party!

STEVE

No, no, I-

OLGA

It's okay, you paid for two days, we still make party time now!

MAGGIE

You hired floozies for your birthday?

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Hunter 2 appears, with his machete and shotgun, accompanied by another hunter. Richard is still standing there. Hunter 2 looks all around the clearing, suspiciously.

RICHARD
You took your time.

Hunter 2 approaches, carefully. He knows something is not right, but can't figure it out.

INT. FANCY LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Steve is embarrassed and flustered.

STEVE
We haven't got time for this! The
fucking chavs are coming!

MAGGIE
Is there any way out of here?

GEORGE
Yeah, about a hundred yards down
the path, there's a lake with some
boats.

MAGGIE
That'll do. Leave all your shit
behind, let's get moving.

GEORGE
Wait, what's going on? Where are
the others?

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Hunter 2 stares at Richard, trying to figure out what is going on. The other hunter mutters.

RICHARD
Do you speak English?

Hunter 2 looks blank.

RICHARD (CONT)
Hello? Do you even speak your own
language?

Hunter 2 doesn't answer. Richard sighs.

RICHARD (CONT)
Just can't get the staff these
days.

Richard steps off the landmine.

INT. FANCY LODGE MAIN ROOM - DAY

George is being drunkenly stubborn.

GEORGE

This is ridiculous. I'm not going
anywhere until you tell me what
really happened. Where is Richard?

Maggie and Steve left the front door open when they came in. Behind them, outside in the background, a huge explosion erupts from the forest, jolting everyone.

Maggie looks down at her shoes, then back up at George.

MAGGIE

Now? He's dead. As are the others.
They're all dead. There is a pack
of psychotic war criminals fucked
up on electro-shock treatment and
medication right behind us, and
very soon they will come through
that door, rip off our heads, and
shit down our necks. So if you have
any more questions, maybe they can
wait until we have GOT THE FUCK OUT
OF HERE! NOW MOVE YOUR FAT FUCKING
ASS OR I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF!

There is total and utter silence. George has never, ever been spoken to like that in his life. He is terrified. Even Nadia and Olga are scared.

Steve stares at Maggie like she's the coolest thing on the face of the earth, and right now, she really is. George is totally cowed by the outburst, and gives in completely.

GEORGE

Okay.

EXT. FANCY LODGE CLEARING - DAY

Maggie, Steve, George, Nadia and Olga come out of the front door. Ahead of them, two more hunters appear out of the woods. For a second, nobody moves.

The hunters have machetes. Their khaki military gear is covered in blood. They start running towards the gang.

George screams a high pitched scream, and runs away, the rest of the gang following. The hunters give chase.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

George, Nadia, Olga, Maggie and Steve run full tilt along the path. The path forks, and George, Nadia and Olga run down the left fork. Maggie checks her map quickly.

MAGGIE

No, right! Go right!

George, Nadia and Olga disappear down the path, too terrified to listen or care - they just want to get away. Behind Maggie and Steve, there are running footsteps.

STEVE

They're coming, they're coming!

MAGGIE

Fuck it.

She leads Steve off down the right path.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The same shot as the opening sequence. We hear the sound of someone running, really fast, getting closer and closer.

George, Nadia and Olga burst out of the trees, running as fast as they can. We hear the hunters chasing them.

EXT. TANGLED FOREST - DAY

Steve and Maggie run through a particularly dense patch of forest. Steve gets out first, and keeps running. Behind him, Maggie runs after him.

We stay with Maggie, as everything jerks and spins upside down. She has been caught in another razor wire trap, which digs into her ankle. She swings around, the wire creaking.

All of her change and personal belongings fall out of her pockets.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Steve keeps running, then realises he is alone. He stops.

STEVE

Fuck. Maggie?

He dithers. He hears a beeping noise. Slowly, he takes his phone out of his pocket. It has one bar of a signal. Excitedly, he starts pressing buttons, walking off.

The signal vanishes. Steve swears, and walks back to where he was. He keeps moving, but narrows it down to about one square foot where he can get reception. He speeddials.

On his phone screen, we see "Calling: Maggie".

EXT. TANGLED FOREST - DAY

Maggie dangles from her wire. On the ground, about two feet away, her mobile phone starts ringing. She sighs.

From her left, she hears George pleading for his life, and then screaming a horrible, ragged scream as something terrible happens to him. Maggie looks scared.

She starts swinging herself, to try and get closer to the phone. She swings back and forth, fingertips brushing against the ground.

George stops screaming. Whoever did it starts making their way towards Maggie. Maggie swings harder, if only to stop the phone giving away her position.

She swings past, misses, and catches the phone on the next swing. We intercut between her and Steve as necessary.

MAGGIE

Hello?

STEVE

Maggie! Where are you?

MAGGIE

I'm on the fucking train. I'm hanging from a tree.

STEVE

Where?

MAGGIE

In the forest somewhere, I don't know. Wait, remember those prickly bushes we went through?

STEVE

Yeah?

MAGGIE

I'm just past those.

STEVE

Right, I'm coming.

MAGGIE

No! Look Steve, the guy's nearly here. I don't want him to get you too.

STEVE

But you-

MAGGIE

We need one of us to survive, to tell people what happened. Then they can fucking burn the whole forest down.

STEVE

I can't just leave you.

MAGGIE

Yes, you can. No sense us both getting killed. Just go.

One of the hunters walks towards Maggie, carefully. He grabs her mobile phone.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

STEVE

But I l-

He is stopped by a crunch sound coming from the phone earpiece - Maggie's phone is cut off. Steve looks at the "Call Terminated" message, sadly.

He walks away, heartbroken.

EXT. FOREST TREESTUMP - DAY

Steve walks into the area where Jill was captured. Her body is still tied down over the treestump. She is dead, but was clearly tortured for a very, very long time.

She has been partially burned. Her face is set in an agonised scream. Steve stares at her.

He looks ahead - he can see the lake with the boats about twenty yards away. He looks back to where Maggie yelled from.

EXT. TANGLED FOREST - DAY

Maggie still hangs from the wire. The hunter approaches her, grinning. Maggie makes a face at him. The hunter starts undoing his belt buckle. Maggie's eyes flash.

MAGGIE

Go for it, big boy, I'll rip your dick off.

The hunter doesn't know what she's saying. He takes his trousers down, drops his machete, and laughs.

STEVE (OFF)
Oi, fuckface.

The hunter turns around to see Steve standing there, holding a huge tree branch.

STEVE
She said she's not interested.

Steve pulls back, swings the branch, and whacks the hunter round the head with it. The hunter goes down like a bag of shite. Steve pounds his head into a pulp with the branch.

STEVE
You - dirty - fuckin' - bastard!

MAGGIE
I think he's dead.

Steve drops the branch on to the hunter, picks up the machete, and cuts the wire around Maggie's ankle. Maggie tumbles to the ground.

STEVE
Shit, sorry.

MAGGIE
It's okay. Thanks, Steve.

She gives Steve a huge kiss on the forehead, then one on each cheek, and a quick one on the lips. Steve is delighted. Maggie turns away for a moment.

Maggie has kept a brave face, but we can see now that she was absolutely terrified. She shakes slightly at the thought of what might have been.

Before they go, Maggie kicks the dead hunter in the balls.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Maggie and Steve burst out of the trees, and see the lake. It is quite large, and so is the river that leads off from it, on the far side.

Tied to a jetty are several motor boats. Maggie looks at them in triumph, and high-fives Steve.

STEVE
What about the others?

MAGGIE
I'm not waiting. They can take one of the other boats.

Maggie unties the rope from one of the boats. Steve sighs.

STEVE

I don't need this. It's my fucking birthday, for fuck's sake. I should be in a pub getting drunk with my mates. This is the worst birthday ever.

Steve sighs, looking tired. Maggie smiles at him.

MAGGIE

Happy birthday.

STEVE

Thanks.

Steve manages a half smile. Maggie just stares at him. Behind Steve, the original hunter from the lodge has come out of the trees. He raises a knife up to throw it.

MAGGIE

Steve! DUCK!

STEVE

Where?

There's no time to explain - Maggie kicks Steve in the balls, bending him over double. She ducks at the same time.

The knife flies over them and splashes in the water. The hunter approaches, grinning. Maggie and Steve are helpless.

Steve lies on the ground, groaning, not even aware that the hunter is coming. Maggie backs away, trying to think. She looks around desperately for a weapon. There is nothing.

The hunter walks towards her, kicking Steve in the face, hard. Steve is sent flying off the jetty into one of the boats, and is knocked unconscious.

The hunter takes out a curved knife, and wipes it on his sleeve. Maggie and the hunter face each other. There is a terrible silence.

Maggie has no weapons. She knows she's dead. But she's not going down without one hell of a fight. She straightens up, gets in a fighting stance, and spits.

MAGGIE

Okay, motherfucker. You want me?
Come and get me.

The hunter approaches with his knife. He and Maggie circle each other like caged tigers. The hunter swipes at Maggie's stomach, but she jumps back, dodging it.

As the hunter is on his down-swing, Maggie darts around and kicks him in the knee. The hunter staggers, grunting in pain. He slashes at her arms, cutting her lightly.

Maggie quickly punches him in the jaw, gasping at the pain from the cuts. She kicks his knife hand, and the knife flies away, landing right on the very edge of the jetty.

Maggie is high on adrenaline. The hunter is no longer amused. He walks towards her, and punches her right in the face, twice, quickly. Maggie staggers back.

The hunter moves in and punches her in the stomach, hard. Maggie doubles over, gasping for breath.

The hunter kicks her in the side. He looks at her, satisfied. He's weakened her, now he can take his time. He licks the blood off his hand, smiling.

Maggie starts crawling towards the jetty - and the knife - while the hunter watches, amused. Maggie doesn't take her eyes off the knife, which is about ten feet away.

The hunter climbs on top of Maggie. She tries to shake him off, but he's too heavy. He grabs her hair and whacks her head into the ground. And again. And again. And again.

He gets his arm round her neck to choke her. Maggie sinks her teeth into his arm, viciously, and the hunter screams and lets go.

Maggie throws her head back into his nose, which breaks with a loud crunch. The hunter howls in pain.

Maggie manages to get her keys out of her pocket. She flails out with a key, and scrapes the jagged side down the hunter's face, the metal squeaking against his cheekbone.

The hunter yells, and slams her head into the ground again. Maggie bunches up the keys and sticks them right into the hunter's eye, leaving them in there.

The hunter screams, and falls over, clutching his ruined face. The bunch of keys hangs from his eye, jangling. Maggie crawls towards the knife, slowly but steadily.

Behind her, the hunter gets up, and staggers after her. The keys fall out of his eye. Bloody jelly drips down his face. He pulls another, smaller knife out of his boot.

Maggie gets closer to the knife, determined to make it. The jetty wobbles, making the knife bounce. Maggie gets closer.

Just as the hunter reaches her, she gets within grabbing distance of the knife. She reaches out for it--

--but it drops off the edge, into the water.

MAGGIE

No!

The hunter kicks her, sending her flying into the boat. Maggie lands on her back, cracking her head on the side of the boat, all the fight taken out of her.

In the other boat, Steve comes around. He sees a wooden oar next to him.

The hunter steps into Maggie's boat. He raises his knife up in the air, ready to stab. Steve whacks him over the head with the oar. The hunter turns to face him.

STEVE

Maggie, get the boat started! I'll keep him busy!

Steve swipes at the hunter, while Maggie grabs the starter cord of the motor. She yanks it, hard. Nothing happens. The hunter punches Steve, and knocks the oar into the water.

Maggie tries the motor again, harder. Still nothing happens. The hunter kicks and punches Steve repeatedly, until Steve collapses on the jetty.

The hunter turns around. Maggie still can't get the motor started. She yanks and yanks, as the hunter approaches.

Suddenly the motor starts, but the entire assembly rips out of the cheap boat wood. Maggie is now holding the chugging motor in her hands. The boat isn't going anywhere.

On the jetty, Steve sees the hunter lunging towards Maggie, and hears a horrible gurgling sound. The hunter's back shakes, as he crouches over Maggie.

STEVE

No! You bastard, leave her alone!

Steve staggers towards the hunter to save Maggie, but doesn't need to. The spinning propellor of the motor comes out through the hunter's back, impaling him.

Maggie stands up, holding the motor, and lets out an unholy warrior screech.

Still screeching, she wiggles the motor around, then brings it up through the hunter's stomach and chest, as the hunter screams in agony.

Maggie pulls the motor out, then jams the spinning propellor into the hunter's face, sending fragments of face, flesh and bone spinning everywhere.

She keeps it there, holding the hunter up, screaming as the metal tears through his head, then pulls it away.

The hunter falls to the ground, dead. Maggie throws her head back, holding the motor aloft, still screeching, like Bruce Lee administering the fatal blow to the bad guy.

Birds erupt from the treetops, squawking, flocking away, spooked by the unnatural sound.

Gradually, her screech dies away. Panting, she tosses the motor away. Steve is now covered in the hunter's blood. He looks at himself, and at the hunter's remains.

STEVE
Fucking hell...

Steve takes a step, groans in pain, and clutches his groin.

STEVE (CONT)
Could have just said 'get down'.

MAGGIE
No time. More fun.

She half smiles, uncertainly, then just collapses.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Steve and Maggie pilot one of the boats away from the jetty. Behind them, about twenty more hunters come out of the woods. They just stare at them, watching them go.

Maggie and Steve keep an eye on them, and increase their speed. They look at each other.

EXT. BOAT/RIVER - DAY

Later. Steve and Maggie lie in the boat, utterly trashed, filthy, covered in blood, battered to hell and back.

Maggie is a wreck. She looks like a berserker from Braveheart after one of the battles. Blood-soaked bits of shirt are wrapped around her many, many wounds.

Painfully, she pulls out her battered cigarette packet. She takes out the last cigarette, but it's completely broken and blood soaked. Shrugging, she lights it anyway.

She stares at her Polaroid photo of the gang in happier times. They're all making silly faces, except for Steve's V-sign, Jill's smile and Richard's "I'm important" pose.

Steve steers the boat; his other arm is bandaged. He sees that Maggie is sad, and tries to take her mind off things.

STEVE
So how much are we going to sue the company for?

MAGGIE
I hadn't really thought about it.
How much do you think?

STEVE

Oh, shitloads. Emotional damage,
loss of earnings, blah blah blah.
Couple of mill, I reckon.

MAGGIE

Really?

STEVE

When they see me limping through
the door, they might as well write
me a cheque there and then. Limps
are a fucking gold mine in court.

MAGGIE

You should cry, as well. Get out a
big tissue, then drop it.

STEVE

Fuck off, I've got *some* dignity.

Steve gets out his bag of drugs. Passing them, going the
other way, are Nadia and Olga in a boat, half naked. Steve
sighs, shakes his head, and puts his drugs away.

There is a pause. Steve whistles.

STEVE (CONT)

So, anyway... you fancy one?

MAGGIE

One what?

STEVE

You know.

He waggles his eyebrows, nods his head, and makes general
silly faces implying that they should have sex.

MAGGIE

Jesus, Steve!

STEVE

What?

MAGGIE

I didn't think it was possible to
imagine anything worse than what
we've just been through - but hey,
apparently it is.

STEVE

Is that a no, then?

Maggie flicks him the V-sign, sighing.

MAGGIE

At least now I know my life can't
possibly get any worse.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

As she talks, we are up in the air, high up, looking down on
a large stretch of the river.

As we see more of the river, we see that ahead of the boat,
around a bend, there is some white water, with vicious
looking rocks poking above the surface.

We pull out even further, revealing more of the river. After
the white water, the river ends in a huge, *huge*
waterfall...

FADE OUT.