

PREPPED

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One of the burka-clad ladies - CHARLIE - raises her latex-gloved hand. Which is holding a revolver with a sinister looking silencer.

She shoots ABDULLAH in the head. A fine spray of blood hits the wall. As ABDULLAH falls to the ground. Dead.

FELICIA cries out. PHILLIPS transfixed, stunned.

CHARLIE

(calm)

What he was trying to say - this is  
a robbery.

PHILLIPS sees the matching revolver that has appeared in the other woman's hand. This is ALICE. The narrow slit in her niqab reveals brown eyes, brown skin. Hard to say, but possibly she's Asian.

ALICE

(to Phillips)

Those special pieces...? Show me.

PHILLIPS points to the rear of the shop.

PHILLIPS

They're in the safe.

ALICE

Let's go.

ALICE walks PHILLIPS into the rear of the shop.

FELICIA, frozen, stares at CHARLIE. All she can see is two blue eyes. But CHARLIE's gaze is piercing, frightening.

CHARLIE

Alright...

She reaches into her burka, comes up with a black canvas bag.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We're going to fill this.

FELICIA

I have to unlock...

FELICIA reaches into her trouser pocket, takes out a chain on which there are several small keys.

Tries to unlock a cabinet. It's the wrong key. Hands shaking. Breath becoming ragged as the panic rises.

CHARLIE

Look at me.

FELICIA obeys. CHARLIE indicates ABDULLAH's body.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I had to shoot him - he'd seen our  
faces. But I'm not going to hurt  
you, okay?

FELICIA nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So just slow down, take a breath...

FELICIA does.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You good?

FELICIA nods. Tries another key. It works. Opens the cabinet.  
Trays of rings.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'll do this, you open the next  
one.

FELICIA moves to the next cabinet. As CHARLIE quickly and  
deftly removes the trays, empties the rings into the bag.

FELICIA has opened the next cabinet. Bracelets and necklaces.

Stands back as CHARLIE gets busy with that.

ALICE (O.S.)  
Thirty seconds!

CHARLIE stands. Moves close to FELICIA so they are eye to  
eye. She hooks a finger into FELICIA's waistband, pulls,  
creating a small gap. FELICIA gasps - what's this?

Answered when CHARLIE drops a diamond ring down the front of  
FELICIA's trousers.

CHARLIE  
(whispers)  
You can keep that if you like.

FELICIA stares into CHARLIE's eyes. An intense moment.

Broken when ALICE returns with PHILLIPS. She is holding a  
similar black canvas bag.

ALICE  
Let's go.

ALICE already backing towards the door. CHARLIE follows, gun  
trained on PHILLIPS.

CHARLIE  
Door.



TED (CONT'D)

What?

DAWN looks to her mum - go on, tell him.

CAROL

They don't want to go.

TED - stunned.

TED

But it's all planned! We're - Amy,  
you want to go, don't you?

AMY feels terrible.

AMY

Sorry, dad. It's just... it's a lot  
of walking.

DAWN

It's boring!

AMY

And last time it was really hot in  
the tent.

TED

Boring? We're having a barbecue.  
And I've made special survival  
packs for both of you.

An ELDERLY LADY CUSTOMER glances up at this. Frowns.

CAROL pulls TED off to one side.

CAROL

(quiet)

Maybe it's best not to push it. You  
could take them to the cinema  
during the week...

TED

That's not the same! I never get to  
have them for a night.

CAROL

Well you can't, can you? If you had  
your own place...

TED - doesn't want to get into that.

TED

I was so looking forward to this.  
We haven't been camping all year.

CAROL

I know. But it's better to do something they enjoy.

TED

They would! They'd love it!

CAROL gives him a look. TED backs off.

TED (CONT'D)

Alright, it's just... why didn't they tell me?

CAROL

They didn't want to hurt your feelings.

TED

I am. I'm really disappointed.

CAROL

I know.

TED can't help it - feels really hurt.

TED

Right, I'll be off then.

He pulls himself together, crosses to the girls.

TED (CONT'D)

It's okay, you don't have to come.

AMY

Sorry, dad.

TED

We'll go to the cinema during the week.

AMY wants to end on a positive note. Smiles.

AMY

Yeah, that'd be great.

TED

Right...

An awkward beat.

TED (CONT'D)

See you later, then.

He exits. AMY - feels terrible. Looks to her mum.

CAROL

Don't worry, he's fine.



JAKE (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Yeah, I'm here.

NEIL rolls his eyes, exasperated.

TED  
 Can we please observe proper radio  
 protocol? Over.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 Sorry, Ted. Yeah, I'm here. Over.

TED  
 I'm handing over to Neil. He'll  
 explain the situation. Over.

He hands the radio to NEIL. Who takes a breath. Finally  
 getting to the important stuff.

NEIL  
 Okay, here is the scenario. Twelve  
 minutes ago, at exactly fourteen oh  
 eight, a state actor launched a  
 massive cyberattack against the UK.  
 Critical infrastructure - including  
 electricity supply and cellular  
 networks - has been taken out and  
 will not be restored for months.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Is that realistic? Over.

NEIL  
 (irritated)  
 Yes, it's definitely- Jake! It's a  
 bug out drill! Just listen. Over.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Alright! (beat) Over.

NEIL  
 At this point, the sheeple think  
 it's just a power cut, so we still  
 have some time. We will evacuate  
 immediately and rendezvous asap at  
 bug out point B. Is everyone clear?  
 Over.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Yeah. Over.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Yeah. Over and out.

NEIL switches off the radio.

TED  
Alright, let's go.

8

**EXT. DARTMOOR - FOREST CLEARING. DAY.**

8

Oppressively hot and still. Insects drone and birds call.

ANGE DALTON (42) plump and sexy, dressed in fatigues.  
Unloading a backpack from a high-end SUV.

Husband MIKE (44), fit, also in fatigues, has already  
unloaded his backpack. Now adjusting the straps.

ANGE  
This new bloke...? Jake...? Where'd  
he come from?

MIKE  
I believe he subscribes to Ted's  
youtube channel. I know Neil's not  
impressed.

The sound of an engine.

ANGE  
Here they are!

Sure enough, TED's Defender pulls into the clearing. ANGE  
waves.

NEIL gets out of the Defender. All business. Checks his  
watch.

NEIL  
T plus forty two. Not bad.

TED - changed into fatigues - is out of the Defender now.  
NEIL looks around.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Jake not here?

MIKE shakes his head - no. NEIL sighs. Gets out his radio.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
(on radio)  
Jake - are you receiving? Over.

Silence.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Come in, Jake. We need an ETA.  
Over.

Silence. NEIL looks at TED.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I told you - he's a liability.

TED is unloading his gear.

TED

He'll be here.

MIKE has noticed the high-tech compound bow TED has casually placed by his backpack.

MIKE

Very nice. Sixty pound draw if I'm not mistaken?

TED

(proud)

Seventy. Three hundred feet per second. Bring down a deer with this.

MIKE

You could - if it was legal.

TED

Mate, when the shit hits the fan - all bets are off.

NEIL has wandered to the edge of the clearing. Bending to examine a plant.

NEIL

Found some vervain! Really good for fever or -

A meaty arm clamped around his forehead. And a large knife pressed to his throat.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Aaaaah!

JAKE (O.S.)

And just like that - you're dead.

NEIL is released. Whirls around to confront JAKE (28), overweight, pasty.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ambush. Now who's the liability?

NEIL

(livid)

What you think you're doing? You can't do that!

TED coming over -

TED  
What's going on?

NEIL  
He put a knife to my throat!

JAKE  
Just testing the perimeter. Not  
secure.

Smiles over to MIKE and ANGE.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Alright? I'm Jake.

NEIL looks to TED - do something.

TED  
Jake! You can't mess about with  
knives - that is a real weapon!

JAKE - sees he's overstepped.

JAKE  
Sorry, just trying to highlight our  
weaknesses.

He looks pointedly at NEIL. TED takes a breath.

TED  
Right everyone! Get your gear -  
let's move out!

9 **EXT. DARTMOOR. DAY.**

9

Sparse deciduous forest. TED leads the others up a gentle  
incline.

Spread out behind him in single file - NEIL, MIKE, ANGE.  
JAKE, unfit, has fallen back about fifty yards. All have  
backpacks. TED has his bow slung over one shoulder.

Now he stops on a level patch of ground. Waits for NEIL and  
MIKE.

TED  
(to MIKE)  
This is it. Camp one.

MIKE is skeptical.

MIKE  
Here?

NEIL  
Ted and I did a full recce...

He points off to one side.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Got a nice stream over there,  
plenty of firewood. Line of sight  
down the hill - see anyone coming  
up...

ANGE has arrived in time to hear this. She points up the hill.

ANGE

What if they come from up top?

NEIL

Unlikely...

MIKE

That's what the Romans said about  
Hannibal.

TED

Unlikely but not impossible - which  
is why we're setting tripwires...

JAKE arrives. Red, panting.

TED (CONT'D)

Right, you all know what to do.

As the others start to open backpacks, retrieve equipment...

TED (CONT'D)

Jake, you go down there, collect  
some dry branches for firewood.

JAKE nods. TED opens his backpack, takes out a spool of thin cord.

TED (CONT'D)

Right, Neil...

TED and NEIL head up the incline.

ANGE is unrolling a large groundsheet. JAKE watches.

ANGE

So what got you into prepping?

JAKE

If it all goes tits up, I want to  
be ready. A wolf, not a sheep.

ANGE - taken aback by his answer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You?

ANGE

Mike, he's really studied up on it - ecology, energy, overpopulation. He reckons we're heading for disaster. Just a question of when.

JAKE nods - makes sense.

JAKE

I seen you two before. You own that furniture shop...

ANGE

Goodwin's, yeah.

JAKE

New IKEA in Exeter must be killing you, is it?

ANGE doesn't want to go there, smiles brightly.

ANGE

Right, let's get this tent up, shall we?

10

**EXT. DARTMOOR - RIDGE. DAY.**

10

TED has nailed a small KEYCHAIN ALARM to the base of a tree. Threads some cord through the PIN on the alarm and back through the slipknot he's made.

Hands the cord to NEIL.

TED

Here you go.

NEIL walks the cord to a bush about fifteen feet away. Has something on his mind.

NEIL

Jake - I don't think he's cut out for this.

TED

It's his first day. Remember how green you were...

NEIL ties the cord off around the base of the bush. Creating a tripwire about six inches off the ground.

NEIL

But I kept discipline...

He stands, tests the tripwire. Satisfied.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Right from the start, I followed orders.

TED

I'll take him hunting, evaluate him. If he fails, he can ship out.

NEIL nods - happy with that.

11

**EXT. DARTMOOR - VALLEY. DAY.**

11

ANGE sitting in long grass. Munching a digestive.

As she watches MIKE at work. He's put a metal stake into the earth and is now carefully positioning a wire loop so that it sits across a rabbit run.

MIKE

Just so. Put it too low, the rabbits will run right over it.

He sits back, satisfied. She offers him a digestive.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't mind if I do...

They munch in companionable silence.

ANGE

That's all the snares, is it?

MIKE

Yes it is. And I do believe we are a little ahead of schedule...

He leans over, kisses ANGE's neck. She looks at him, incredulous.

ANGE

Please tell me you're not looking for a shag?

He is.

ANGE (CONT'D)

Here? No way! Catch bloody Lyme disease... And why now? Lovely bed at home, you haven't been near me all week.

MIKE sighs.

MIKE

Down there, it's the shop, the bills, the worry.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Up here, it's different, you leave  
all that behind...

ANGE looks at him tenderly.

ANGE

Tonight then. Alright?

MIKE smiles at her - yes, it is.

MIKE

Wonder how Ted's getting on? I'd  
say Jake can be a right pain...

12

**EXT. DARTMOOR - WOOD. DAY.**

12

TED and JAKE sitting in some bushes. TED is holding his bow,  
two arrows stuck in the earth beside him. A quiver on his  
back with more arrows.

JAKE is not happy.

JAKE

(quiet)

Weapons and tactics, that's what we  
should be doing. Then when the shit  
hits the fan, we can just roll into  
Tesco, take what we want.

TED doesn't want to get into it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The strong take from the weak.  
That's what happens, that's history-

Interrupted when TED suddenly raises his hand - shut up.

He points - to a GREY SQUIRREL climbing the trunk of a nearby  
tree. TED nocks an arrow.

Watching the squirrel. Which is now motionless on a branch.

TED slowly raises his bow. Draws, aims, releases.

The arrow sings away. Misses the squirrel by inches. Flies  
on, deeper into the wood.

The squirrel darts off. JAKE gives TED a look - not overly  
impressed.

TED

New bow, takes a bit of adjustment.  
(pleased) Got some power though,  
doesn't it?

JAKE

Yeah, it's alright.

TED  
You want to fetch the arrow?

JAKE  
(indignant)  
What? Why should I-

TED  
(irritated)  
Okay, I'll get it.

TED stalks off, clearly annoyed. JAKE realises he has overstepped.

JAKE  
Ted! I just meant...

But TED has disappeared among the trees.

13 **EXT. DARTMOOR - FOREST. DAY.**

13

TED strides on. Still annoyed. Deeper into the wood. Then -  
Sees something odd on the ground up ahead. Before his conscious mind can even register what it is, TED feels an icy wash.

TED  
What's...?

He quickens his pace, breaks into a run. And now it's clearly visible. In a little dip, a young Asian woman lies on the ground. TED's arrow buried deep in her throat.

She makes feeble gestures, trying to pull the arrow out.

TED (CONT'D)  
No, no...!

TED runs to her. Crouches beside her. Surprisingly little blood coming from the wound. Her eyes already glazing over, she can't even see TED. Still pulling at the arrow.

TED - utter panic.

TED (CONT'D)  
Jesus!

He goes to pull the arrow, then stops. Is that the right thing? What should he do?

TED (CONT'D)  
It's alright, you'll be alright!

He scrabbles at his pockets, takes out his phone. Dials 999.  
But -

TED (CONT'D)

There's no signal! (to woman) I've just got to go up the hill, get a signal...

No response. She has stopped moving. Her dead eyes stare up at the sky.

JAKE (O.S.)

Fuck!

JAKE appears. Looks at the body. Seems to take it in his stride.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You've done it now...

TED jumps up.

TED

I'll get a signal, call for help!

JAKE puts a hand on TED's arm.

JAKE

Mate, look at her. She's dead.

TED looks. Sees it's true. Filled with panic, fear, remorse.

TED

What have I done? This poor girl...

JAKE

It was an accident! I'm a witness.

TED

That doesn't... bow hunting is illegal. This is manslaughter...

JAKE

Oh. Shit.

TED is overcome with anguish.

TED

I've ruined everything... My poor kids! They've been through so much already...

JAKE kneels by the body. Eases a satchel from her shoulder.

JAKE

We need to find out who she is. Next of kin, all that.

TED closes his eyes as the reality hits him again. JAKE opens the satchel.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell!

He lifts out a silenced Glock. The dead girl - it's ALICE.

JAKE admires the gun.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Glock! Silencer and all.

TED - tries to make sense of this.

TED  
What...?

JAKE, exploring further, opens a zipped compartment in the satchel.

JAKE  
And look at this!

He lifts out a fistful of jewelry - diamond rings, bracelets, ear-rings.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Jewelry! Must be worth thousands!

JAKE - looks at TED.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Gun, jewelry. She's well dodgy...

TED - still in despair.

TED  
Doesn't matter who she is. She's a person - and I've killed her. Come on, we need to phone it in...

14 **EXT. WOODED SLOPE. DAY.**

14

TED and JAKE make their way up the slope. TED checking his phone for a signal. JAKE carrying ALICE's satchel.

TED  
(re phone)  
Nothing...! Bloody useless!

JAKE has been thinking. Holds up the satchel.

JAKE  
You know what? We could actually keep all this...

TED - too absorbed in his private hell. Can't quite grasp what he's hearing.

TED

What...?

JAKE

The jewelry. There's no proof she had it on her. I could bugger off now and hide it.

TED

Hide the jewelry...?

JAKE

I'll keep your half safe. So when you get out, you won't have to start over. You'll have a proper nest egg.

TED

I'm already looking at manslaughter! And you're trying to...? No way!

They march on. But JAKE hasn't given up.

JAKE

Or we could hide her. Then you walk away from this.

TED

I couldn't do that...

But his protest seems slightly less vehement.

JAKE

What about your girls? You won't be much of a dad if you're banged up. Them coming in to visit. Being searched by the screws... You don't want that, do you?

JAKE is hitting TED where it hurts.

TED

No, but still...

JAKE checks his phone.

JAKE

Hang on! I've got a signal...

TED's heart sinks. Time to face the music. But - JAKE taps an icon on the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(speaks to phone)

News jewelry robbery UK...

TED  
What are you...?

JAKE waits a moment, eyes on the screen. Then -

JAKE  
Fucking hell! Jeweller's in Bristol  
was robbed! Two people dead!

TED  
Jesus...! You think...?

JAKE  
Definitely it's her! Ted, she's a  
killer! You really going to throw  
your life away over this?

TED thinks about it. He looks around, points to a large bed  
of ferns.

TED  
I suppose, if we hid her in  
there...

JAKE  
Yeah....?

TED  
Then we could finish the drill like  
everything's normal. Come back with  
shovels tomorrow and bury her deep.

JAKE  
Yeah, that's good. And if I  
help...?

TED takes a breath. Knows he's standing on the edge of a  
cliff. Jumps.

TED  
The gun, the jewelry - you can have  
the lot.

15 **EXT. DARTMOOR - WOOD. DAY.**

15

TED and JAKE are standing waist deep in a wide area of ferns.  
Looking down at something.

REVEAL: ALICE's body. The arrow protruding from her throat.

TED looks down at her. Still in shock - this just doesn't  
seem real.

JAKE  
Right, let's go.

TED  
I need to take the arrow. Anyone  
finds her, it'll lead them straight  
to me.

JAKE  
Go on then.

TED steels himself. Takes a firm grip of the arrow. Pulls. It  
won't budge.

TED  
It won't...

JAKE mimes pulling something back and forth.

JAKE  
You got to wiggle it, work it out.

TED starts to wiggle the arrow back and forth. Blood bubbling  
from the wound. ALICE's head moving from side to side like  
some grisly marionette.

TED  
(horrified)  
Jesus!

But it works. The arrow starts to come free and TED makes one  
final effort, wrenches it out. Wipes it clean on a fern.

JAKE offers him a large knife. TED doesn't understand.

JAKE  
In case she's found. You got to  
disguise the wound, so it don't  
look like an arrow.

TED gets the idea. Is appalled.

TED  
Christ...!

JAKE  
She doesn't care, she's dead! Just  
stab her a couple of times where it  
went in.

TED crouches over ALICE. Raises the knife. Knuckles whiten as  
he steels himself... But -

TED stands up.

TED  
I can't! I just can't!

JAKE  
(impatient)  
Alright, give it here!

TED hands JAKE the knife. Turns away. But can't escaping the sound - a sucking, then the dry scrape of knife on cartilage and bone. TED wincing. And then -

The sound of voices. TED crouches.

TED  
(whispers)  
Someone's coming! Down! Lie down!

They both lie flat. Facing each other across ALICE's torso. Utterly still. Holding their breath. As the voices come closer...

NEIL (O.S.)  
Got some hedge mustard, dandelion greens, nettles...

16 **EXT. DARTMOOR - WOODLAND PATH. DAY.**

16

MIKE, ANGE and NEIL come down the slope. Passing the fern bed where TED and JAKE are hiding. NEIL is carrying a knapsack. Leaves sticking out of it.

NEIL  
Make a nice salad, maybe a nettle soup.

ANGE  
Lovely. If we get a rabbit or two, we'll have a proper wild dinner.

NEIL  
And maybe Ted will have wised up and sent Jake packing.

17 **EXT. DARTMOOR - FERN BED. DAY.**

17

TED and JAKE listening to this.

NEIL (O.S.)  
There's something off about him...

Their voices fade away. JAKE glaring after them.

JAKE  
(whispers)  
That Neil - he's a right arsehole.

Not what TED is worried about. He doesn't want to look up at whatever JAKE has done to ALICE's throat. So he nods in that direction.

TED  
You...eh..? Finished?

JAKE

Yeah.

JAKE brings up the knife he has been holding. Blood on it. And little lumps of something pink.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Just clean this.

He lifts a corner of ALICE'S t-shirt, uses it to clean the blade.

Lifting the t-shirt has exposed a couple of inches of ALICE'S toned belly. JAKE looks at it. Shakes his head sadly.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Beautiful. What a waste.

TED - looks at JAKE with deepening concern.

18

**EXT. DARTMOOR - CAMP. EVENING.**

18

Twilight. ANGE is feeding wood into the camp fire. NEIL is stirring a pot which is simmering on a small stove. When -

TED and JAKE appear from the gloom.

TED

Alright?

ANGE

Yeah. Any luck?

TED

Nah.

He sets his bow and quiver down. Keeping it casual.

TED (CONT'D)

Saw a squirrel, but I missed.

JAKE

(a little too quickly)

Hit the tree. Arrow went right in, like about an inch.

TED flicks an anxious look at JAKE - let's not over-embellish. Moving on -

TED

Where's Mike?

ANGE

Gone to check the snares.

NEIL  
 Got a nice nettle soup on the go  
 here. Be ready in a minute.

JAKE  
 (withering)  
 Nettle soup? You having a laugh?

NEIL bristles.

NEIL  
 It's delicious! Packed with  
 nutrients.

TED - doesn't want any friction.

TED  
 Jake did really well today. Picks  
 up field craft like that...

Snaps his fingers to show how quickly. NEIL is doubtful.

NEIL  
 Yeah?

JAKE  
 I watch a lot of Youtube videos...

He taps his head.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 It all goes in.

NEIL flashes an eloquent look at ANGE.

NEIL  
 Right.

JAKE crosses to the fire, warms his hands.

JAKE  
 (pointed)  
 Reckon I could be a real asset to  
 the team. What you think, Neil?

NEIL frowns. But before he can answer -

MIKE (O.S.)  
 Hey ho!

MIKE appears. Carrying a rucksack.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Operation Rabbit...

He turns the rucksack upside down. Three dead rabbits spill  
 out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Has shown an excellent return on investment...

ANGE

Yay! Well done us!

NEIL looks at JAKE with a grim satisfaction.

NEIL

Right, Jake. I'll show you how to clean them.

JAKE picks up on the vibe.

JAKE

You think I'm squeamish. But I'm not. Am I, Ted?

TED - on the back foot.

TED

No, I... I wouldn't think so.

19

**EXT. DARTMOOR - CAMP. NIGHT.**

19

The fire blazes, branches crackle and spit, sparks shoot into the night.

The five sit around the fire, eating from metal mess tins. JAKE - not a care in the world. Eats with relish.

JAKE

It's good, this rabbit.

MIKE

Yes, well done, Neil. Hint of thyme if I'm not mistaken?

NEIL

Yeah. Found some today.

ANGE looks at TED. Staring moodily into the fire.

ANGE

You alright, Ted? You're very quiet.

TED

Sorry. I'm... I'm missing the girls. I was so looking forward to camping out with them.

ANGE puts a comforting hand on his knee.

ANGE

They'll come up another time...



JAKE  
What's happening?

MIKE  
We don't know. There's a police  
helicopter.

JAKE scrambles out in t-shirt and boxers. Looks at TED.

JAKE  
Police?

TED - tries to sound confident.

TED  
We think it's search and rescue.  
Happens all the time.

ANGE picks up the kettle.

ANGE  
Come on, let's get some breakfast  
on.

TED - happy to be distracted.

TED  
Good idea.

He picks up some firewood. But -

NEIL (O.S.)  
Guys! Guys!

NEIL comes running into camp.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
It's serious! Dog walker found a  
body! They think it's murder!

ANGE  
What?!

JAKE shoots a look at TED. TED ignores it.

NEIL  
(points)  
Police said we're not to go over  
that way - it's a crime scene.

MIKE nods sagely.

MIKE  
They'll want to do a fingertip  
search. Standard operating  
procedure...

TED thinks. Then -

TED

You know what? I think we should pull out.

NEIL - not happy with that.

NEIL

What? Two days, that's what we said. Today is patrol and ambush.

TED

Exactly. We can't go wandering about, we could mess up some evidence.

MIKE

Ted's right. A single fibre, a partial footprint - it's enough to muddy the trail.

ANGE nods - it makes sense. NEIL sighs, frustrated.

NEIL

We really have to do some longer drills. We need the experience.

TED

Duly noted. Right, pack up! Let's move!

They all get busy. TED walks JAKE over to his tent. Speaks quietly - but intensely.

TED (CONT'D)

That's her! They found her!

JAKE

Relax. They've got nothing...

TED

No, no, this changes everything. You need to dump... what you took.

JAKE

What? No way!

TED

Listen to me! This is a murder now! They won't stop till-

JAKE

Fuck off! You're not the boss of me.

JAKE crawls into his tent.

TED left standing there. Feels a rage boiling up. Pushes it down when he sees NEIL looking over at him.



JAKE

Fucking hell! Four million!  
Wouldn't mind a taste of that, eh,  
Ted?

TED would dearly love to punch JAKE in the face. But manages to keep his composure.

TED

Yeah, and I wouldn't mind winning  
the lottery...

JAKE leans forward, points.

JAKE

It's this right.

They turn into a small estate of cheaply built houses. Grim.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Just here.

They pull up in front of a house. Its only distinguishing feature - two middle-aged women sitting on the front step drinking cans of lager.

NEIL eyes them. Disapproving.

NEIL

They're getting an early start.

JAKE

Shut up, Neil! People got a right  
to enjoy themselves.

JAKE opens the car door.

TED

(to NEIL)

Just get his backpack. Door can be  
tricky...

25

EXT. STREET. DAY.

25

JAKE and TED walk around to the back of the Defender.

TED

Jake, we need to talk about... you  
know... what you've got...

JAKE

No we don't. We had a deal, so it's  
mine now. End of.

(shouts)

Mum!

The women see him. One of them, ELLIE (45), raises a can to him in silent toast.

TED opens the back door of the Defender. Pulls out a backpack.

TED  
The cops, they'll go all out on  
this...

JAKE doesn't want to hear about it. Grabs his backpack.

TED (CONT'D)  
And what about the other woman?

JAKE  
(confused)  
What?

TED  
On the radio, it said there was two  
of them. So where's the other one?

JAKE shrugs - who cares?

26

**EXT. FOREST CAR PARK - NEAR BRISTOL. DAY.**

26

Small car park, surrounded by forest. Just one car parked. A green Skoda saloon.

CHARLIE (31) - lean, athletic, a quirky face that doesn't immediately reveal its beauty - takes a one gallon container of petrol from the boot.

Opens the back door of the Skoda.

CHARLIE throwing petrol all over the interior of the car. Just emptying the last of it when -

MAN (O.S.)  
Hey!

CHARLIE turns. Sees a man in jogging gear emerging from the woods. T-shirt soaked with sweat. Confident demeanour. Looking angrily at CHARLIE. This is GARY PRICE (48).

PRICE  
What do you think you're doing?

CHARLIE throws the container into the car. Looks at PRICE. Inscrutable.

PRICE doesn't pick up on the weird vibe.

PRICE (CONT'D)  
You were going to burn that car!  
I'm calling the police.

PRICE (CONT'D)

And I'm warning you, if you try to  
leave - I will detain you.

PRICE is pulling his phone from the band on his arm.

PRICE (CONT'D)

We try to keep it nice round here.  
And what we don't need is some  
scumbag-

CHARLIE reaches behind, slides a SILENCED GLOCK from her  
waistband. Points it at him.

PRICE is stunned. Tries to register what he is looking at.

PRICE (CONT'D)

What...?

CHARLIE

Thought I was some little joyrider,  
did you? Oops.

It's sinking in for PRICE - he's in way over his head.

PRICE

I don't want any trouble...

CHARLIE

No? Then you should probably drop  
the whole alpha male thing.

PRICE doesn't know what to say. Tries to swallow, but his  
mouth is suddenly horribly dry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You seen an Asian girl? About my  
age?

PRICE

No. Haven't seen anyone.

CHARLIE - not pleased.

CHARLIE

Something wrong. She's never late.

PRICE - hoping to establish a connection. Tries to look  
sympathetic.

PRICE

Did you try phoning...? You can use  
mine if you...

He offers her his phone. CHARLIE looks at him like he's some  
kind of lab specimen.

CHARLIE

I don't mean to worry you, but I'm having a bad day... My girl's gone missing. Thought this car was clean, but it's just been on the news...

The news? PRICE doesn't like the sound of that.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I know it's not your fault. But still, sometimes you just want lash out, don't you?

PRICE can feel it - he's looking death right in the eye. Tries to take control.

PRICE

Look, I can just walk away.

He drops his phone on the ground, stamps on it. It breaks.

PRICE (CONT'D)

See? I won't phone anyone.

CHARLIE seems to think about it. PRICE feels hope blossom in his chest.

CHARLIE

What's your name?

PRICE

Gary.

CHARLIE

Alright, Gary. I'm going to let you go.

PRICE feels his heart soar.

PRICE

Thank you! Thank you!

CHARLIE

But not here. Can you drive a manual?

MAN

What?

CHARLIE

You. Can you drive a car with gears?

PRICE

Yeah, but-

CHARLIE points at the Skoda.

CHARLIE

Get in.

PRICE

What? No!

CHARLIE

You'll be fine. I'll drop you  
somewhere remote...

PRICE

No! I am not getting in that car.

CHARLIE fires. PHHHHT! A round hums past his ear. Close.

CHARLIE

Get in, this will be over in twenty  
minutes. Otherwise, I don't have a  
choice, do I?

She motions with the GLOCK. He is torn.

PRICE

Twenty minutes...?

CHARLIE

I promise. I don't want to hurt  
you.

He makes a decision. Nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Driver's seat.

He opens the door. Hit by a bang of petrol.

PRICE

Christ! Is this safe?

CHARLIE

We'll be fine.

PRICE gets in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Seat belt.

He fastens the seat belt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Keep your hands on the wheel.

He does. She shuts the door. Walks around to the passenger  
side. Gun trained on him.

She opens the front passenger door. He looks at her.  
Mesmerised by the strange hunger he sees in her eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Scumbag. That's not a nice thing to say, is it?

PRICE

I didn't mean... I'm sorry.

A metallic click from behind her back.

CHARLIE raises the hand that's not holding the gun. In it, a Zippo lighter. Flame dancing.

PRICE makes a move to unfasten his seat belt.

PRICE (CONT'D)

No, please...!

CHARLIE

Don't move.

PRICE freezes. They look at each other. CHARLIE - seems to be enjoying herself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I know what you're feeling, I've been there. Time stretching out, you could write a whole book about every second. All the bullshit falls away, suddenly you see how beautiful everything is. Even this little carpark, the trees, it's a paradise. And you know, deep in your heart, that if you get out of this, you'll be a better man, you'll only do good in the world. Right?

PRICE nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's even true. But it's too late, Gary.

PRICE

No....

CHARLIE

This, right here, this is the human tragedy.

She tosses the lighter.

In SLOW MOTION it spins, falls towards the pool of petrol on the floor.

27

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY.**

27

The room is bare to the point of being sterile. An IKEA wardrobe, a chair, a double bed. On which TED lies, fully dressed. Staring up at the ceiling. A book beside him, unopened.

A knock.

NEIL (O.S.)

Ted?

TED quickly picks up the book, opens it. It's 'Collapse' by Jared Diamond.

TED

Yeah?

NEIL comes in with a mug.

NEIL

Made you a brew.

TED sits up. Takes it.

TED

Cheers.

NEIL hovers. A little awkward.

NEIL

You okay? You been in here all day...

TED

Yeah. Just tired.

NEIL nods, understanding.

NEIL

I'm making a spag bol in a bit if you fancy.

TED

Nah, you're alright. I want to drop round the girls, bring them a treat.

NEIL nods.

NEIL

Okay. Well I'll... I'll let you get on with it.

NEIL exits, quietly shuts the door.

TED heaves himself off the bed. Reaches for his boots.



MIKE

You know what this is, don't you?  
Robots.

TED shrugs - whatever.

MELANIE

As part of that, Tracy will be shadowing some of you. Just to get a full understanding of our systems.

MIKE puts his hand up.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Mike?

MIKE

Can I ask, Tracy - what's your background?

TRACY

Computer science and logistics.

MIKE smiles, agreeable. Then gives TED a significant look - see? I told you.

MELANIE

So I'd like you to answer all her questions, give her whatever she needs. Okay, that's it.

The workers break up, head back to work. But -

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Ted! You got a minute?

TED turns back, approaches MELANIE and TRACY. Who smiles.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to put Tracy with you first. (to Tracy) Ted's been here longer than anyone. Coming on twenty years, right?

TED nods.

TED

About that.

TRACY looks around the shoddy warehouse. Tries to seem impressed.

TRACY

Wow.

MELANIE

He does all sorts, so you'll get a good overview.

TRACY

Great!

TED - not looking forward to this.

32

**INT. GOODGE AGRI SUPPLIES - WAREHOUSE. DAY.**

32

TED is unloading an electric handcart. Putting boxes on shelves. He looks tired.

TRACY watches. She has a clipboard.

TRACY

So how do you know what goes where?

TED

Experience. You build up a map in your head.

TRACY looks suitably impressed.

TRACY

Pure memory. Proper old school...

She makes a note on her clipboard.

TED

Tracy, are people going to lose their jobs?

TRACY is not comfortable with that topic.

TRACY

I'm just here to help the company perform better. That's good for everyone, right?

TED - not convinced. Resumes unloading the cart. Then -

MIKE sticks his head around the corner.

MIKE

Ted! Some bloke in reception for you!

TED - a sudden rush of dread.

TED

What? Who?

MIKE

Dunno. Says it's urgent.

MIKE moves off.

TED  
(to Tracy)  
I better... (go)

TRACY  
Absolutely. Take a few...

As TED leaves, he sees TRACY make another note on her clipboard.

33           **INT. GOODGE AGRI SUPPLIES - RECEPTION. DAY.**

33

Tatty reception area. Desk manned by FEMALE RECEPTIONIST. JAKE sits to one side. He's holding a folded tabloid.

Jumps up when TED enters.

JAKE  
Ted!

TED - stunned to see JAKE here.

JAKE motions with his eyes at the RECEPTIONIST - not here.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You got a minute?

TED tries to smile. Look relaxed.

TED  
Sure. Let's step outside...

He leads JAKE out...

34           **EXT. GOODGE AGRI SUPPLIES. DAY.**

34

...rounds on him as soon as they're through the door.

TED  
(intense)  
What you doing here?

JAKE  
Great news!

He unfolds the tabloid. HEADLINE - 'MURDER ON THE MOOR'.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
See? It says -

TED - feels like he might pass out.

TED  
Put that away! Put it away!

JAKE folds the paper.

JAKE

Relax! It says police suspect a link to organised crime...

TED doesn't see why that's good.

JAKE (CONT'D)

They obviously know she was in on the Bristol jewellery job. So they'll think some gangster did her in, stole the gear. You're off the hook!

TED realises JAKE is making some kind of sense.

TED

Alright, good. But listen, about the jewelry...

JAKE

Don't worry. I'm getting rid of it.

TED - a massive sense of relief.

TED

Great. That's the right-

JAKE

Going to sell it on the dark web.

Relief instantly turns to panic.

TED

What? You can't do that! The police, they'll be looking-

JAKE

The dark web! It's untraceable!

TED

No way! You can't sell-

JAKE

Mate, I'm unemployed, my mum's got serious medical problems. I need money - end of.

TED takes a breath. Sees he needs to try a different tack.

TED

Jake, you won't be much good to your mum in jail. Best thing you can do for her is dump the lot.



CHARLIE

Alright?

The VAN DRIVER gestures towards the forecourt.

VAN DRIVER

Twenty quid number eight. And these...

He slides the chocolate and paper across the counter.

CHARLIE hits a couple of buttons on the till, scans the chocolate. Scanning the paper when she freezes. Starts to read something on it. With fierce concentration.

CLOSE UP on the paper. A small article on the bottom corner of the front page... Headline - 'BODY FOUND ON DARTMOOR'. The text beneath begins - 'The body of a young Asian woman...'

Seconds pass. The VAN DRIVER grows impatient.

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

Alright, love? You don't want to wear out the print.

CHARLIE looks up. Fixes him with a gaze of such cold intensity that he takes an involuntary half-step back.

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

I just... I need to crack on.

CHARLIE makes a sudden decision. Unzips her fleece, drops it to the floor. Walks out from behind the counter.

As her manager RIZ approaches.

RIZ

Alex...?

CHARLIE

Sorry, Riz. I'm not well, I've gotta go.

And she's gone. RIZ smiles apologetically at the van driver.

RIZ

Sorry about that. I think maybe it's her... eh...

The VAN DRIVER nods. A man of the world.

VAN DRIVER

Say no more.

CAROL

Here we go.

Rewarded with a smile.

CAROL starts clearing off another table when -

TED, AMY, DAWN come in. The girls are wearing their school uniforms.

DAWN

Mum! I won at hockey!

AMY rolls her eyes.

AMY

The team won. Not you.

DAWN

But I scored!

CAROL gives her a little hug.

CAROL

That's great, well done.

She points to an empty table.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Okay, homework. I'll bring you some soup.

The girls go and sit.

TED

Amy needs some help with her maths.  
Will I...?

CAROL

Yeah, go on. You want something?  
BLT?

TED

Great. Thanks, l-

Is about to say 'love', manages to change to -

TED (CONT'D)

-Carol.

He goes to sit with the girls. CAROL goes behind the counter.

As the door opens and DS TONY METCALFE (34) comes in. He looks like a high-end hipster - well-groomed beard, expensive jeans, retro brogues.

Looks around, likes what he sees. Approaches the counter.

METCALFE  
Americano to go, please.

CAROL smiles at him.

CAROL  
Sure.

She starts to make the coffee. As METCALFE eyes the pastries on the counter.

METCALFE  
All looks lovely.

CAROL  
Treat yourself, why don't you?

METCALFE  
Nah. Trying to stay off the carbs.

CAROL  
(gently mocking)  
Yeah? Watching your figure?

METCALFE smiles.

METCALFE  
Men have to these days. It's awful -  
sometimes I feel like an object.

CAROL laughs. But TED has overheard and doesn't appreciate METCALFE's flirtatious tone.

TED  
(hostile)  
You should try a cake, mate. Best  
in town.

METCALFE nods an acknowledgement.

CAROL - tries to lighten the moment as she makes the coffee.

CAROL  
On holiday?

METCALFE  
I wish. I'm here for work.

CAROL  
(surprised)  
In Rosminster? What do you do?

METCALFE  
Police.

TED - doesn't react. But the girls have been earwigging too.

AMY  
You here about the girl who was  
murdered?

CAROL  
Amy!

AMY  
What? Everyone knows about it!

DAWN  
(to METCALFE)  
Dad was up on the moor when it  
happened.

METCALFE - looks at TED with interest.

METCALFE  
Yeah?

TED fights to keep his voice calm, indifferent.

TED  
Camping with some friends.

That rings a bell with METCALFE.

METCALFE  
Were you the group...? Did one of  
you talk to the police at the  
scene?

TED finds himself in a minefield. What should he say?

TED  
Eh... yeah. Neil.

METCALFE  
Great. I wanted to have a chat with  
you guys. You were camped quite  
near...

He looks at the girls. Doesn't want to say too much in front  
of them.

METCALFE (CONT'D)  
...the ...eh ...the site.

TED  
Yeah, but like Neil said, we didn't  
see anything.

METCALFE  
What you didn't see can be as  
important as what you did. Helps us  
with timelines.

METCALFE fishes a card from his wallet.

METCALFE (CONT'D)

Now's obviously not a good... but  
if you could call me later...

He hands TED the card.

DAWN

(excited)

You might give them a clue!

TED

But really we didn't see...

METCALFE

Won't take five minutes, thanks.

CAROL puts his coffee on the counter.

CAROL

Americano.

METCALFE pays her. Has a sip. Smiles at CAROL.

METCALFE

Very nice. This is a bit of a  
find...

METCALFE heads for the door, exits.

TED watches him go - worried.

38      **INT. GOODWIN'S FURNITURE. DAY.**

38

A large space, running to seed.

Furniture - beds, wardrobes, sofas, armchairs - haphazardly  
arranged. A feeling that some of these pieces have been here  
a long time.

A glance is enough to know that in the era of IKEA Goodwin's  
is doomed.

MIKE sits at a desk which is covered in bills and receipts.  
ANGE is doing something on a laptop.

There are no customers. Until -

JAKE comes in. Walking with a swagger.

JAKE

Alright?

MIKE

(surprised)

Jake!

JAKE

Yeah, I'm looking for a bit of furniture. Thought I'd see what you've got...

MIKE

Right. Em...

JAKE

Shop local, that's what I say. Not like all those wankers running off to Ikea.

ANGE suspects he's a classic time waster. Is slightly brisk.

ANGE

What are you looking for?

JAKE

My mum, she's always fancied one of those sofas that, like, wrap around.

ANGE describes a right angle with her hands.

ANGE

A corner sofa...?

JAKE

That's the one. But in nice leather.

MIKE

That'll cost you...

JAKE

That's alright. Buy something for your mum, you want it to be nice, don't you?

ANGE points to a black leather three seater sofa. Looks as high-end as anything in here.

ANGE

There's the Duro. That's the basic model, but we can get it made up any shape you like.

JAKE sits on it.

JAKE

I like it. It's firm but it's comfy.

MIKE

German. Last you a life time.

JAKE

Yeah, that's quality. Alright, I'll take it. But the corner one - I'll get the measurements.

ANGE goes back to her laptop. Taps some keys.

ANGE

Get you a rough price on that...

MIKE knows what's coming. Wants to soften the blow.

MIKE

Comes with a ten year guarantee. That's how confident they are.

ANGE

Average corner model is three thousand six hundred...

JAKE doesn't bat an eyelid.

JAKE

Done. You need a deposit or...?

MIKE and ANGE still can't quite believe this.

ANGE

Twenty per cent is the usual...

JAKE stands, decisive.

JAKE

I'll have it by the end of the week. In fact, I'll have the full amount.

MIKE

Great. Well that's...

JAKE

Alright, got to get on.

ANGE

Bye, Jake. And thank you.

JAKE waves a magnanimous hand - as he exits.

ANGE (CONT'D)

Is he... ? You think that's for real?

MIKE

(puzzled)  
I'm not exactly sure.

39

**INT. DANDELION CAFE. EVENING.**

39

The cafe is closed now. Chairs up on tables. CAROL still here, cleaning up.

A knock at the window. It's NEIL.

CAROL opens the door to him.

CAROL

Hi Neil, thanks for coming.

She steps aside, he enters, she shuts the door.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Can I get you a coffee or anything?

NEIL

No, I'm good. So... what's up?

CAROL hesitates, searching for the words. Then decides it's best just to be straight.

CAROL

Ted - I'm worried about him.

NEIL frowns.

NEIL

Ted? He's fine.

CAROL

Is he? A year since we broke up and he's still living in your spare room.

NEIL

He's welcome.

CAROL

That's not the point. It's like he's put his life on hold. And the girls, it's not good them seeing their dad like this. They're getting to an age... Dawn finds him embarrassing.

NEIL stiffens.

NEIL

You mean the prepping?

CAROL

That certainly doesn't help.

NEIL feels a familiar anger rising up. Tries to keep his voice neutral.

NEIL

You think we don't know people  
laugh at us? But it doesn't matter -  
because we're right.

CAROL

Yeah, well...

NEIL

Carol, it's not just us! Half the  
billionaires in Silicon Valley are  
prepping. You think they're stupid?  
They can see what's coming...

CAROL realises she has strayed into dangerous territory.

CAROL

Neil...

But NEIL is fired up now.

NEIL

Humans don't get a special pass.  
We're a species and when any  
species reaches the limits of its  
ecosystem there's a die off. It's  
inevitable, it's a law of nature. I  
don't know how it will happen -

CAROL

Look -

NEIL

Maybe a virus, maybe a resource  
war. But it will! And when it does -

CAROL

Neil! I don't need a lecture!

NEIL takes a breath.

CAROL (CONT'D)

All I'm asking is you give Ted a  
little nudge...

NEIL

A nudge?

CAROL

Maybe suggest he should move on,  
get his own place...

NEIL

Kick him out?

CAROL

No, just... If he had his own place, the girls could stay over some nights, he'd love that. And it would give me a break. Be better for everyone...

NEIL

Ted and I, we have a bond, we're like brothers. I could never ask him to move out.

CAROL

But-

NEIL

(firm)  
Never.

CAROL - sees there is no shifting him.

40 **EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE. EVENING.**

40

TED approaches. Comes up the short drive and rings the bell.

Waits. No answer. Rings again. No answer.

He bends, opens the letter box. Can hear the telly on. Someone is in there.

TED

Jake!

No answer.

TED walks around the side of the house. A narrow passage. Wooden gate with a latch. It's open. TED pushes on towards...

41 **EXT. REAR JAKE'S HOUSE. EVENING.**

41

A small back yard. Half filled with random bits of wood, an old bike, some refuse sacks.

TED comes around the side of the house. Looks in the back window.

A shabby living room. ELLIE fast asleep in an armchair in front of the TV. Two cans of lager on the little side table.

TED

Shit...

TED starts to walk away. Then stops, struck by a thought.

He tries the back door. Open. Hesitates for a moment. Then moves on into...



He pushes the clothes aside to see if there is anything below them.

Disturbing a metal hanger which clatters on to the wooden floor of the wardrobe.

TED freezes, holds his breath. Nothing. Just the murmur of the TV from downstairs.

Nowhere left to search except the cabinet underneath the display case.

TED tries the doors, but they are locked.

He takes out his screwdriver, forces the head between the doors and starts to lever.

With a groan and a CRACK! The doors open. Revealing a large collection of porn DVDs. And ALICE's satchel.

TED grabs it, opens it. Inside, the gun and the jewelry.

TED  
(whispers)  
Yesss!

He hears something and looks up.

Sees ELLIE running at him. A carving knife held aloft and murder in her eyes.

TED leaps to one side as ELLIE strikes with the knife.

She misses him. The knife hits the wall and ELLIE loses her grip on the handle. Her hand slides along the blade, almost severing her thumb.

Blood spouts.

ELLIE  
Aaaaah! My thumb! My fucking thumb!

TED runs out. Clutching the satchel.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Help! Help me!

TED  
I'm sorry! I - I can't!

He runs down the stairs, taking them three at a time.

TED comes out. Walks quickly away.

ELLIE's screams still faintly audible.

