

Heartattack and Vine A Screenplay

By Jonas Wyatt

## SCENE 1 - OPENING

Black screen. A man is heard humming the main tune of the song Heartattack and Vine by Tom Waits. After a while, it is seen that the boot of a car is opened and the black screen is caused by the camera close to the car itself. It is revealed that a person is tied up with a bag on their head in the boot writhing around. The man stops humming.

MAN 1

Showtime!

CREDITS: The real song plays over the credits, showing exterior shots of country lanes from a moving vehicle (not showing the vehicle itself). Eventually the song goes grainy, and in the next scene is revealed to be playing on a radio in a car.

## SCENE 2 - MOVING CAR

Two people are seen in a car driving through a dark country lane. The person in the passenger seat (MAN 2) is looking out of the window pensively. This is filmed from the back seats through the gap between the driver and passengers seat. Eventually the passenger turns to the driver (MAN 1) to speak.

MAN 2

Can you turn this shit off? I've got a raging headache.

MAN 1

Seriously? You want me to turn off Tom Waits? No chance.

MAN 2

Don't be a dick, my head's killing me.

MAN 1

There's some paracetamol in the glove box.

MAN 2

Cheers.

MAN 2 opens up and reaches into the glove box and takes out a packet of paracetamol tablets. He opens the packet up and takes one, visibly struggling to swallow it.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

What...What the fuck are you doing?

MAN 2

I can't take tablets.

MAN 1

I can see that. Whats with the head bobbing?

MAN 2

It's the only way I can actually take them.

MAN 1

Wash them down with something. You're supposed to swallow them not deep throat them. There's water in the back.

MAN 2

Stop taking the piss, alright. I feel like shit.

MAN 1

Whatever.

MAN 1 reaches back and finds a water bottle rolling around on the floor in the back. He then uses it to wash down the tablets to much relief. He then goes back to looking out the window. Without turning away, he then begins talking again.

MAN 2

You got the stuff ready?

MAN 1

Stuff?

MAN 2

You know.

MAN 1

If I knew I would have answered already. Have I got what ready?

MAN 2 turns away from the window towards MAN 1.

MAN 2

You know...the guns.

MAN 1

Yeah, they're...er, they're in the boot.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2

Right.

MAN 1

Is that to your satisfaction?

MAN 2

I guess. You got the real stuff this time? You didn't get one of those pecker hand cannons again?

MAN 1

No, I made it quite clear to Tom that I wanted a man's gun.

MAN 2

Well, what did he give you?

MAN 1

I only got a fucking winchester rifle, didn't I.

MAN 2

You what?

MAN 1

Yeah, I got a massive bloody rifle. It looks pretty fucking badass, I'm telling you.

MAN 2

Why the fuck did you get a rifle? We're not going clay pigeon shooting. We're holding up a fucking texaco not shooting pheasants.

MAN 1

Well, it's a gun. Either way they're going to hand over the money.

MAN 2

Whens that, then? During the 5 minutes it's going to take you to reload? Besides, where the hell do you plan on concealing it?

MAN 1

Conceal it?

( CONTINUED )

MAN 2

Yeah, you know, concealing it.  
You're not seriously planning on  
just strolling straight on in from  
the courtyard holding a great big  
fucking winchester rifle, are you?

MAN 1

Sort of.

MAN 2

God, you're an idiot.

MAN 1

Well I'm sorry. Next time you can  
fucking get the guns.

MAN 2

I will, and I can be damn well sure  
I won't be getting any rifles.  
What's wrong with a pistol?

MAN 1

They aren't just called pistols.  
They have specific names like  
glocks or gats or...

MAN 2

Look, I'm not planning on fucking  
killing a rapper or something, you  
know. I'm not going to be popping a  
cap in somebody's ass. I just want  
a normal gun that I can hide in my  
waist band under my shirt. Not  
something that requires a fucking  
bombadier following me around with  
a whole fucking armoury.

MAN 1

Whatever. We have the rifles now.  
There isn't really anything we can  
do about it.

MAN 2

Let's just make the best out of a  
bad lot then.

MAN 1 carry's on driving, and they both remain in silence.  
Throw in a couple exterior shots of the countryside at  
night, from the moving vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1  
Right, the petrol stations just up ahead.

MAN 2  
Ok. Got the balaclavas ready?

MAN 1  
Glove box.

MAN 2 reaches into the glove box and pulls out two balaclavas, throwing one onto MAN 1's lap, and putting one on himself.

MAN 2  
Where are you parking?

MAN 1  
In the courtyard.

MAN 2  
What if the license plate gets on the CCTV or something?

MAN 1  
It's a stolen car. You worry too much. Besides, what if we need a quick escape.

MAN 2  
That's a point. So...how are we going to do this?

MAN 1  
The usual. You go on in, and try to pay for petrol or buy some chocolate or something, I'll fiddle about in the boot and get the gun ready and rush on in.

The car pulls into the petrol station and MAN 1 parks up.

MAN 2  
Right. Let's go.

### SCENE 3 - THE HEIST

MAN 2 goes into the petrol stations and looks around, eventually picking up several items. Every now and then cut away to MAN 1 messing around near the car looking aloof. MAN 2 takes his items to the counter.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2  
Quiet night?

PETROL STATION WORKER  
Yeah. A bit more than normal,  
tonight. Is this everything?

MAN 2  
Yeah, yeah. Near enough.

MAN 1 barges through the door of the petrol station holding  
the rifle at the clerk.

MAN 1  
Don't you move a fucking muscle!

The petrol station worker reaches underneath the counter and  
presses a button.

MAN 1  
What the fuck was that, you little  
shithead. I said not to fucking  
move a muscle. I think you fucking  
moved a fair bit, boy.

PETROL STATION WORKER  
I pres...

MAN 1  
Fucking talk up.

PETROL STATION WORKER  
I pressed the panic button.

MAN 1  
Wh...why'd you do that?

MAN 2  
Well, you are sort of holding a gun  
at him.

MAN 1  
Yeah and I told him not to fucking  
move. Did it work? Should it have  
sirens or an alarm or something?

MAN 2  
I don't know, I've never pressed a  
panic button before.

PETROL STATION WORKER  
Neither have I.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

Sorry, did I ask you to join the fucking conversation. Zip your fucking mouth shut you weedy little cunt and empty the register.

MAN 2

D'you reckon it's worked?

MAN 1

I don't want to stick around and take any chances. Go check to see if the door locked.

MAN 2

I'll have a look now.

MAN 2 walks over to check the door opens while MAN 1 continues to hold the rifle at the man behind the counter.

MAN 2

It opens.

MAN 1

Yes. Yes oh fucking yes. Looks like you're in trouble now. Looks like the shitty panic button didn't work. Fan-fucking-tastic. Right, now give me all of the fucking money that's sitting in that shitty register. Is there a safe?

PETROL STATION WORKER

Safe? No.

MAN 1

Well done fucking genius, I saw you fucking hesitate. Go on, fucking go out there and empty it.

The petrol station worker goes out the back.

MAN 2

And bring the CCTV tapes with you!

MAN 1

I thought we fucking spoke about that.

MAN 2

Can't be too careful.

(CONTINUED)



MAN 1

But we have fucking balaclavas on.

MAN 2

Still.

MAN 1

You know best.

The petrol station worker returns with a bag and a video tape.

MAN 1

Right, that better be full of cash,  
or I swear to fucking Jesus Hector  
Christ that I'll blowing your  
pissing brains out. Hand it over.  
Look, fucking give it here.

MAN 1 snatches the bag and videotape off of the worker and hands them to MAN 2.

MAN 1

Fill that up with some snacks,  
could you?

MAN 2

You kidding me? We're supposed to  
be fucking stealing money not Lion  
bars.

MAN 1

What? I'm fucking starving. Right,  
you, down on the ground and put  
your hands on your head. Thats it,  
fucking lie there you little shit.  
Right, now I want you to count to  
20. Close your eyes and count to  
20. Can you do that? Course you  
fucking can. Out loud. Right, well  
go on then.

PETROL STATION WORKER

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...  
10...11...12...13...14...15...16...  
17...18...19...20

The petrol station worker, having counted to 20, climbs up to find the petrol station and the courtyard empty.

## SCENE 4 - THE GETAWAY

Both MAN 1 and MAN 2 are in the car driving away from the petrol station and are both visibly pumped up. They are no longer wearing balaclava. The stereo is blasting Babe, I'm Gonna Leave You by Led Zeppelin mid song.

MAN 1

Wooh. Fucking YES! Pass me a Mars bar or something. Fucking boom. You see me out there? Fucking bossed it. See I told you the rifles would fucking work alright.

MAN 2 reaches into the bag and retrieves a chocolate bar which he then passes to MAN 1.

MAN 2

Yeah, I take it back, it looked fucking badass. Can you get me one?

MAN 1

I bought two. One for me, one for you.

MAN 2

Oh you fucking gent. I love it.

MAN 1

Steady now, this is just baby steps.

MAN 2

What d'you wanna do now?

MAN 1

I think...we've got the whole fucking world in front of us.

MAN 2

We've got the whole of Essex in front of us.

MAN 1

Same thing. Besides, I'm pretty sure there's a fair few petrol stations in Essex.

MAN 2

You wanna rob another one?

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

Another one? Try another fucking hundred!

MAN 2

We can't go too mad. What if this was just a fluke. You know, beginners luck. That guy even pressed the fucking panic button. If it'd worked we'd be in the back of a fucking police car by now.

MAN 1

Come on, don't be a pussy. I'll even let you use your rifle next time.

MAN 2

Fuck it. As long as I get to hold the bleeding gun.

MAN 2 puts on his balaclava, and turns to MAN 1.

MAN 2

Right. Let's fucking do this.

#### SCENE 5 - THE HEIST GOES WRONG

The car pulls up to a different petrol station, and both MAN 1 and 2 get out and go to the boot.

MAN 2

How are we gonna do this?

MAN 1

Let's just both fucking go in guns blazing.

MAN 2

Seriously?

MAN 1

Seriously.

MAN 2 lifts a rifle out of the boot and holds it up.

MAN 2

Alright, come on.

Both MAN 1 and 2 walk into the petrol station, this time MAN 2 taking the lead.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2

Put your hands on the counter. Now!  
Don't you even fucking dare breath.

MAN 1

OK, now here's what you're gonna  
do. You're gonna empty that  
register, then go out back and  
empty the fucking safe.

PETROL STATION WORKER 2

We don't have a safe.

MAN 1

Yeah, you fucking do. I just saw  
you hesitate. Funny joke, dipshit.

PETROL STATION WORKER 2

Ok. Please, just, don't hurt me.

MAN 1

Do what we say and you won't even  
get a fucking scratch.

The Petrol Station Worker empties the register and then  
walks out back.

MAN 2

What was that bullshit? He didn't  
hesitate.

MAN 1

Works every time. Spin some  
bullshit double bluff, and  
considering the barrel sticking in  
their face, they just eat that shit  
up.

MAN 2

God, this is too easy.

Just after MAN 2 finishes talking, another group of Robbers  
rush in (2 or 3) but look surprised to see MAN 1 and 2  
there. This results in a 'showdown' between them. After a  
few seconds of awkward and surprised silence, they begin to  
communicate.

ROBBER 1

What the fuck are you doing here?

MAN 1

Wh...What the fuck are YOU doing  
here? This is our fucking robbery!  
Get your own!

(CONTINUED)

ROBBER 2

Piss off you little shite and put the gun down.

MAN 1

Are you fucking serious?

MAN 2

You put your guns down.

ROBBER 1

Let's just do the maths, toff.  
Who's going to win, you with your ancient rifles or us with our shotguns?

MAN 2

Why don't we find out?

ROBBER 2

Big talk. Big talk for a small man.

MAN 1

You're about to find out just how 'big' a men we are in a little while.

ROBBER 1

Right, so...how're we gonna do this?

MAN 1

I thought you had all the answers, Clint Eastwood.

MAN 2

Right, you go over there and take cover by the magazine racks and we'll go over by the counter.

ROBBER 2

That's not fair, you're right by the money then!

MAN 1

Yeah, but you'll both be by the door so you can get out quicker.

ROBBER 1

Right, should we swap?

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2  
We're not fucking swapping.

ROBBER 1  
I think we should swap.

MAN 2  
I said we're not fucking swapping.  
Go over by the magazine racks or I  
swear to god I'll blow your fucking  
brains out.

ROBBER 2  
Alright, alright, we're going. How  
do we start?

MAN 1  
Duck down, and count to 10. Then  
it...begins.

ROBBER 1  
God, I haven't been this excited in  
years.

MAN 2  
Men...take your positions.

They each go to their respectively assigned areas and duck  
down taking cover.

MAN 1  
Who's gonna fucking count?

ROBBER 1  
Us?

MAN 2  
No way. We'll do it! We were here  
first.

ROBBER 2  
Fuck off.

ROBBER 1  
Together?

MAN 1  
Ok.

MAN 2  
Well how're we going to start it.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBER 1  
We say 1, then you come in on 2 and  
we go from there.

MAN 1  
That's ok.

ROBBER 1 AND 2  
1

EVERYONE  
2...3...4...5...6

ROBBER 1  
7, 8, 9, 10

Resulting 'shoot out' between the two groups. They just scatter around and try and shoot at each other. Eventually the petrol worker appears, admittedly hiding by the door leading into the back.

PETROL STATION WORKER 2  
I...called the police. I'VE CALLED  
THE POLICE!

MAN 1  
Stop. Fucking stop! This cunts only  
phoned the police!

ROBBER 2  
What the fuck. You little shite.  
That's right fuck off out the back,  
dickhead.

The other robbers then direct their attention to the petrol station worker aiming their guns at him. MAN 1 and 2 use this opportunity to take one of the other robbers hostage.

MAN 1  
Put your gun down. Now.

ROBBER 2  
Do as he says, do as he says!  
Please.

ROBBER 1  
You fucking let him go. I swear to  
God, you fucking let him go.

MAN 1  
Put the gun down. Get the door,  
open the fucking door, quickly!

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2  
I'm going.

MAN 2 goes over and opens the door to the courtyard, holding it open. MAN 1 and his hostage then back out, his gun still held against him.

SCENE 6 - THE SECOND GETAWAY

MAN 1 & 2 are driving in their car, and over them talking, you can hear muffled shouts and banging from the boot.

MAN 1  
FUCK!

MAN 2  
Shit. Shit. Shit. What do we do?

MAN 1  
We have to fucking kill him.

MAN 2  
We can't. He's a fucking person. I can't just shoot him.

MAN 1  
Well I can't either, I'm scared of blood.

MAN 2  
Scared of blood? You fucking pussy. Killing him was your stupid idea.

MAN 1  
Yeah, what else are we gonna do?

MAN 2  
Not fucking kill him.

MAN 1  
Ok, well you tell me. How the fuck are we going to get out of this one, then?

MAN 2  
Argh, God, I don't know.

MAN 1  
Ok, well don't fucking act like I'm an idiot.

(CONTINUED)



MAN 2

I've got it, we just leave him  
somewhere out in the countryside.

MAN 1

Well, that's effectively killing  
him.

MAN 2

How is it? It's not exactly  
throwing a fucking bullet into his  
brain.

MAN 1

Ok, well, you explain to me how  
leaving someone in the middle of  
nowhere, tied up with a fucking bag  
on his head, with no food or water  
and no sense of direction or  
location isn't killing him. You do  
that, and I'll eat my words, I'll  
eat them right up, and we can  
fucking do that, we can leave him  
out there, and we can wash our  
hands and go back to life without a  
worry.

MAN 2

Shit.

MAN 1

Yes, shit.

MAN 2

We're going to have to shoot him.

MAN 1

Says the man moaning about killing  
him.

MAN 2

I mean, it'd be quicker. It'd be  
cruel leaving him there, thinking  
about it.

MAN 1

It's fucking cruel shooting him in  
the face.

MAN 2

Yeah I know, but didn't you say it  
earlier...Its the only way. It's  
the only option.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

Alright. Fucking alright. I'll pull over here and you can shoot him in the face.

MAN 2

You can.

MAN 1

No, you can.

MAN 2

This is your fault.

MAN 1

How is it my fucking fault?

MAN 2

Oh, let's rob more petrol stations. Oh, I'm not content with a little bit of money, I want to push the boat right fucking out.

MAN 1

Oh, piss off.

#### SCENE 7 - CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The car pulls up into a countryside clearing and MAN 1 gets out, humming the tune and opening the boot showing the scene from beginning. He forces the person out of the boot and gets them to kneel down.

MAN 1

Showtime! Out the car. Out the car. Kneel. Kneel, by fucking Jesus, kneel. Right. You better fucking pray to whatever God you believe in, because you're going to need his fucking help. You are going to need a fucking miracle my friend. A fucking miracle. Goodbye and...goodluck, dickhead.

MAN 1 enters the car leaving the person stood there. MAN 1 and 2 try to drive away but the car doesn't start prompting them to argue.

MAN 2

What the fuck are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1  
Starting the car...

MAN 2  
Are you sure?

MAN 1  
Yes I'm fucking sure.

MAN 2  
But it's not starting.

MAN 1  
I'm aware of that.

MAN 2  
What's wrong?

MAN 1  
If I knew that, we wouldn't be  
having this problem.

MAN 2  
Can you fix it?

MAN 1  
Look, please, can you just shut the  
fuck up for one moment. Please, for  
me. I don't know whats wrong. I  
don't know If I can fix it. I don't  
fucking know, so can you please  
just let me try and start the car  
in some fucking silence. Thank you.

MAN 2  
Dick.

MAN 1  
I think the belts gone.

MAN 2  
That means...

MAN 1  
Jesus fucking Christ grandma. It  
means we're not moving unless we're  
being towed.

MAN 2  
Shit. Can we just call green flag?

( CONTINUED )

MAN 1

Not with crouching tiger hidden  
dragon out there.

MAN 2

We can just throw him in the boot,  
right?

MAN 1

No, not with how he was banging and  
yelling before.

MAN 2

FUCK. What do we do?

MAN 1

We don't have many options. We can,  
A. Kill him. B. Leave him here and  
walk, but if he's found we're  
implicated. Or C. We walk to safety  
with him and let him go, no hard  
feelings. He was trying to rob the  
petrol station as well.

MAN 2

One problem...where are we going to  
walk?

MAN 1

I'm sure just at the end of those  
woods there, there's a little bit  
of civilization. It's only a 10  
minute walk if I'm correct.

MAN 2

Are you sure?

MAN 1

As sure as I can be. We're going to  
have to take our chances and walk  
it.

MAN 2

Ah well, let's take our chances.  
Bring on the death march.

Both MAN 1 and 2 get out of the car and walk over the the  
man from the boot.

MAN 2

You. What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

Why does that matter?

MAN 2

We've got to fucking walk around with him, I may as well know his name. What's your name mate?

JACK

It's Jack.

MAN 2

Ok, Jack. Our car has broken down. We're going to walk to the nearest village, and you're going to come with us, ok. Ignore my friend's rant earlier. We're not going to hurt you, if anything we're going to let you go unharmed. We never meant for any of this to happen, but it was necessary to prevent any deaths or injuries. So can you be trusted to be untied?

JACK

Yeah, yes, please.

MAN 1

You sure about this?

MAN 2

Yeah, we may need his help. And at the very least, it'll look pretty damn odd if we're walking around with a guy with a bag on his head thats tied up.

MAN 1

You're right. Shit. Ok, let's untie him.

Both MAN 1 and 2 untie Jack, who groggily rises and begins to shake about and stretch.

JACK

Fuck, that boot was cramped.

MAN 2

Yeah, sorry about that, just a minor triviality.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Forgiven. I did have a gun at your heads earlier. Thanks for not killing me.

MAN 1

We never we're going to. I mean we spoke about it, on the drive here, but we're both chickens. We couldn't do that. I was just trying to sound scary.

JACK

You did an alright job.

MAN 1

You think?

JACK

Yeah, it was alright. Right, so, where are we going?

MAN 2

Over there, right?

MAN 1

No, over there.

JACK

Are you sure?

MAN 1

Yeah, I'm sure.

MAN 2

I swear you said over there earlier.

MAN 1

For fuck sake, it's over there. Now come on, we've got a long way to go.

Montage of MAN 1 and 2 and Jack walking through the countryside/forest at night to Clap Hands by Tom Waits. Stylised with moonlight, and haunting images. Make them look tired/fed up and nervous, almost scared.

Eventually they set up a camp in which they create a fire. they then find mushrooms which they proceed to eat, causing them to experience psychedelic hallucinations.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1  
Move back from the fire, you'll  
make it go out.

MAN 2  
Make it go out?

MAN 1  
Yeah, you're near enough sitting on  
it.

MAN 2  
Whatever, I fucking made it, I can  
do what I want.

JACK  
You guys are going to hate me for  
saying this, but...

MAN 1  
Don't say it?

MAN 2  
No, go on.

JACK  
You two are like an old married  
couple.

MAN 1  
Piss off.

MAN 2  
I can see it.

MAN 1  
You what?

MAN 2  
Yeah, he's always been the girly  
one, so I guess he can be my wife.

MAN 1  
Shut the fuck up.

MAN 2  
I suppose I've always worn the  
trousers in our 'friendship'

MAN 1  
Ha ha very funny.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
You guys are mad.

MAN 2  
A lot more so than we care to admit.

MAN 1  
I'm not mad.

JACK  
I was only joking.

MAN 2  
Ignore him, she's just having a  
strop. So Jack, what's the story?  
We're sitting around a campfire, we  
need a tale to entertain us.

MAN 1  
We're not scouts.

MAN 2  
Shhh. Jack, go on.

JACK  
Well, I'm from round Upminster  
and...

MAN 1  
Fake Essex.

MAN 2  
Shut the fuck up, there isn't such  
a thing as fake Essex.

MAN 1  
Yeah there is. Real Essex and fake  
Essex. We're from Thurrock, that's  
real Essex and head in the clouds  
land Brentwood and Upminster is  
fake Essex.

MAN 2  
All that is that there's a divide  
in financial income. We're from a  
deprived area. It doesn't mean it's  
any more real or fake. Besides, why  
would you want to be from Essex.

MAN 1  
I'm proud of Essex.

(CONTINUED)



MAN 2  
I'm not.

JACK  
What would you say Basildon is?

MAN 1  
Real.

JACK  
And Benfleet?

MAN 1  
That's a tough one. Fake.

MAN 2  
Really?

MAN 1  
Yeah. Benfleet's quite nice.

MAN 2  
Piss off, it is!

JACK  
What about Braintree?

MAN 1  
Fake, fake, fake.

MAN 2  
Stop it. Sorry, what we're you saying?

JACK  
Yeah, I'm from Uppy...

MAN 1  
Fake.

MAN 2  
Shh.

JACK  
Had a normal life, I'm just a bit of a fuck up. Never been good at anything really. I suppose there's no surprise I just fell into robbing petrol stations. Didn't really want to do it, it just sort of happened. Well, I need the money so who was I to pass up an opportunity. I've had enough of sleeping in a bathtub.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2

What?

MAN 1

Why're you sleeping in a bathtub?

JACK

I'm crashing with some people I know as my parents kicked me out.

MAN 2

Shit, that's tough. Sorry.

MAN 1

Fucking bathtub. And I thought I had it bad in a single bed.

MAN 2

You always think you have it bad.

MAN 1

Yeah but I did.

MAN 2

Yeah yeah, I've heard it all before.

MAN 1

Not 5 years almost to the day, was I merely minding my own business when...

MAN 2

Shut it. God, here it comes. Boohoo, you ran away from home and came back 2 days later.

MAN 2

Yeah, but why did I run away? You didn't mention that.

MAN 1

So what, you had an argument with your dad. It's not like that ever ever happens with anyone anywhere.

MAN 2

Ignore him. He has a stick up his ass because his family's normal and loving and have given him everything and he still managed to fuck his life up. It wasn't just one fucking argument. You see my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2 (cont'd)  
eye, see the pupil. It's  
permanently dilated. That isn't  
fucking normal. I can't see out of  
it properly. Know what it was? A  
right hook to the face. See this  
scar on my arm? Want to know what  
that is?

MAN 2  
Enough. Look I'm sorry. I take back  
what I said, I just didn't want the  
conversation to get too deep. I  
just wanted to know a bit about our  
guest.

JACK  
Yeah, man, sorry.

MAN 1  
It's fine. I'm sorry for going off  
the edge a bit.

MAN 2  
Is there anything to eat?

MAN 1  
Doubt it.

JACK  
There's some mushrooms here.

MAN 2  
Reckon they're edible?

MAN 1  
Not sure. Let's have a look?

JACK  
Here.

MAN 2  
They look alright.

MAN 1  
Fuck it, give them here. Who cares?  
Whether we start tripping out or  
not, at least we won't be hungry.

MAN 2  
Well, I was more worried about them  
being poison and...and you've both  
gone and started eating them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN 2 (cont'd)  
Great. Fuck it, give us some. May  
as well join in the fun.

MAN 1 & 2 and JACK trip out on the mushrooms. MAN 2 becomes paranoid that JACK is trying to kill him and MAN 1, which results in them hallucinating him having a knife which ends up with them arguing and fighting while tripping. Eventually JACK runs away and both MAN 1 & 2 give chase until they reach a wooden, thatched Teepee. They stop fighting and inspect it, decided to sleep there.

MAN 2  
Psst.

MAN 1  
Yeahh.

MAN 2  
Psssst.

MAN 1  
Yeah. What?

MAN 2  
Psssssssssssst.

MAN 1  
What the fuck do you want?

MAN 2  
I think he's trying to get us.

MAN 1  
Who?

MAN 2  
Jack.

MAN 1  
Nah, look at him, he's harmless.

MAN 2  
He's trying to fucking kill us. I  
seen his eyes. You can see it.

MAN 1  
He does look a bit angry.

MAN 2  
Fuck, he's got a knife.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1  
Where?

MAN 2  
There! Look.

MAN 1  
I don't see it.

MAN 2  
In his right hand. Fuck he's coming  
towards us.

MAN 1  
Shit. Ah shit! Fuck. What do we do?  
What do we do?

MAN 2  
I don't know. Shit.

MAN 1  
Fuck. Fuck. What's going on?

JACK  
Hey guys, do you want any more  
mushrooms?

MAN 2  
Get the fuck away from me, you  
cunt.

MAN 1  
Fuck off. Just fuck off.

JACK  
What? Are you guys messing around?  
You're just messing me, aren't you?

MAN 2  
Step away or I'll fucking kill you.

MAN 1  
Back off.

JACK  
Funny guys. Look could you just  
stop, I'm getting a bit scared.

MAN 2  
Put the knife down.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

What knife? I don't even have a knife.

MAN 1

Don't lie.

MAN 2

Get the fuck away.

MAN 1

That's it. Let's fucking kill him.

JACK

What?

MAN 2

Yeah. Let's fucking eat him.

JACK

Shit.

JACK then runs away from them and they give chase. Eventually he trips and they jump upon him, and they sprawl around fighting. Improvise various pieces of dialect while fighting, mostly swear words and angry nonsense. Eventually he breaks free and carries on running, MAN 1 & 2 struggle to get up but eventually do and carry on. Eventually they come to a clearing but cannot see JACK, however they hear a scraping noise and look to find him clambering up a tree. They try to pull him down, resulting in him flying back and them falling over as well. Eventually he gets up and backs away.

JACK

Please. Please, just leave me alone. Don't hurt me. Please.