

FADE IN TO:

INT. BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 1958.

A small room with an open fireplace, lino covered floor, single bed, chest of drawers.

Ten year-old SIMON, in vest, short grey trousers, knee length socks around his ankles, stands by the window looking at the Asylum over the road.

A single entrance and gate-house to his left directly opposite a small road junction. In front of him, a large array of depressingly grey ragstone buildings spread over many acres. A former Victorian workhouse converted into an asylum for the mentally ill.

Simon's eyes follow the length of one particularly long two-storey building that stretches from the gate-house, parallel to the road and disappears off to the right.

His eyes pause at a small pre-fabricated section in the middle where the tower once stood.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. (FLASH BACK ONE YEAR EARLIER).

Simon is asleep in bed, covered by a single blanket and an army greatcoat.

The door bursts open. The light from the landing filters in. HARRY, father, 36 years-old, tall, wearing striped pyjamas rushes to the window and flicks back the curtains. BESSIE, mother, 34 years-old, medium build, wearing a long nightdress under an old coat, looks over Harry's shoulder.

There is an orange glow in the sky, the sound of roaring engines, people shouting.

HARRY
Blimey Bess!

BESSIE
I'd better wake Simon.

Bessie sits on his bed, shakes him by the shoulders until he wakes. He stares at her for a while.

BESSIE
Quick Simon, the asylum's alight!

Simon rubs his eyes, stares at her again.

SIMON
What?

BESSIE
 Quick! The asylum's alight. The
 window!

She gestures with her head towards the window. Harry looks
 down at him

HARRY
 C'mon son, before they put it
 out.

Simon, wearing only a vest, jumps out of bed, squeezes
 between Harry and the window. All three stand huddled
 together as Simon stares wide-eyed at the flames and sparks
 flaring up the tower.

INT. BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON (CONTINUED).

Simon blinks, looks down to the gate-house. A man in drab
 clothing, and a cheese-cutter hat, walks across the road to
 the pavement with his eyes to the ground.

He stops, picks up a flattened dog-end, re-shapes it, puts
 it in his mouth and lights it.

SIMON
 Yeuk!

He looks back at the pre-fabricated section.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED. NEXT DAY).

Bessie leans on the front gate talking to a neighbour.
 Several other residents are doing the same.

Simon runs along the road, reaches his house, tries to get
 in the gate. Bessie looks at him.

BESSIE
 Well?

SIMON
 Oh! Can I get by mum?

BESSIE
 Not that! Haven't you noticed
 anything?

Simon looks around, puzzled. There is a deathly silence. He
 gives her a questioning look.

BESSIE
 (continuing)
 The tower's gone.

He turns, stares at the vacant space in the sky where the tower had been.

BESSIE
Collapsed this morning. They say
some people were killed.

Simon just stands still, unable to comprehend. This is the closest he's been to death.

INT. BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON (CONTINUED).

Simon looks down the road and sees the distant figure of his mother. She has a parcel, wrapped in newspaper, under her arm. He smiles to himself.

SIMON
Chips!

He waits until she reaches the front gate. Makes his way downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON.

Bessie, wearing a green cleaner's overall, enters through the back door. She puts the parcel on the table, unwraps two portions of sausage and chips.

BESSIE
C'mon Si/

He dashes into the kitchen. Bessie gets two plates from a cupboard while he sits at the table.

BESSIE
Hey! Just a minute! Wash your
hands!

Simon slides off the chair, goes to the sink, turns on the solitary cold tap, rinses his hands, dries them on his trousers. Bessie puts the food on the plates, gets out cutlery.

Simon returns, holds out both hands for inspection. Satisfied, Bessie nods, he sits down. She throws the crumpled newspaper into a bin, joins him at the table.

BESSIE
Had a hell of a job cleaning them
desks today.

She sprinkles vinegar on her chips. Offers some to Simon. He declines with a shake of his head.

BESSIE
 Must've been throwing them ink
 pots around again! Glad It's over
 'til September now. Just have to
 put up with you all day.

Simon, gets stuck into his meal, eating rapidly, putting
 each portion into his mouth before swallowing the previous
 one.

Bessie gives him a quizzical look.

BESSIE
 You listening? Did you hear me?

He looks up at her.

SIMON
 (mouth full of food)
 Yes mum.

He hums as he chews, swings his legs back and forth.

BESSIE
 Hey! Slow down or you'll get
 indigestion. It's bad manners.
 Sit still, shut up and slow down.

SIMON
 (still eating)
 Yes mum.

BESSIE
 Don't forget your father's coming
 Saturday. Said he'd take you to
 football.

SIMON
 Okay.

He grabs the last few chips, wipes his plate with them,
 jumps up, makes a dash for the back door.

Bessie sticks out an arm as he passes and stops him.

BESSIE
 Oi! What d'yer think your doin'?
 Get back to the table.

SIMON
 But/

BESSIE
 Back!

He goes back, sits down, keeps glancing impatiently at the
 back door.

She carries on eating for a while, looks back at him.

BESSIE
Well? Out with it.

SIMON
Please may I leave the table?

BESSIE
That's better. Yes. Put your
plate in the sink and DON'T run.

Simon puts his plate in the sink, runs cold water on it,
turns it off and leaves.

EXT. BACKDOOR. EARLY EVENING.

Simon pulls the door shut.

(FOLLOW THROUGH) He runs to the front gate, down to the
next side road, turns left, stops when he sees a crowd of
boys of similar age choosing individuals for a game of
Cowboys and Indians.

He looks disappointed, realising the last two have been
chosen. He walks up to the group.

They greet him, he responds, turns to the largest boy,
ROBERT, bright teeth, smart hair cut, shiny shoes, pressed
short trousers, who stares at him from under his cowboy
hat, hands resting on two shiny toy six-shooters in a gun-
belt round his tubby waist.

SIMON
Who's side am I on?

Robert hands out toy guns from an old cardboard box.

ROBERT
Too late. Sides are even. Anyway,
not enough guns.

Simon watches, at a loss. The final gun has chipped paint
and is barely the size of a fist. Robert gives it to
WINKLE, the smallest, scruffy, scrawny, scuffed shoes.

Winkle's stares at it, groans.

WINKLE
Spud gun. I always get the spud
gun. How can I kill anyone with
This?

ROBERT
Throw it at 'em.

General laughter in the group. Simon smiles, winks at Winkle. He smiles back at him.

ROBERT
(continuing)
Right you lot, You'll get a count
of a hundred. We're the Cowboys.

Winkle looks up at him.

WINKLE
You're always on the Cowboy side.

ROBERT
I own the guns! Fifteen, sixteen
... well? Seventeen ... get
running!

Winkle tuts, runs to catch up with the others.

ROBERT
(continuing)
He's gonna be trouble... twenty-
six ... twenty-seven ... no
respect .. twenty-eight ... I'll
kill him first. The little
squirt.

SIMON
Doubt it. He could hide in a
bloomin' matchbox. Nobody'd find
him.

ROBERT
Maybe. Twenty-nine ... thirty.

Robert adjusts his gun belt.

ROBERT
(continuing)
Fifty! Better go and eliminate
them savages then. See yer
tomorrow?

Simon lifts his head, perks up.

SIMON
Er ... yeh ... of course, but you
haven't counted to a hundred yet.

ROBERT
I know.

He gives a wicked grin.

ROBERT
 (continuing)
 War's a dirty business! See yer
 then.

Robert pulls out both guns, uses the barrel of one to tilt his hat back, holds them up in the air.

ROBERT
 Forward! Ho! C'mon lads!

Robert and his Cowboys run in the direction of Winkle's last sighting

Simon watches for a while, laughs at the holsters flapping, glinting on Robert's thighs.

He shouts after Robert.

SIMON
 'bout time you tied them holsters
 down!

Robert drops one arm, fires to the rear without looking back. Simon grunts, puts a hand to his chest, wobbles, laughs.

ROBERT
 Yee-haa!

The Cowboys disappear round a corner. Simon turns, walks home.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN. EARLY EVENING.

The front door is open, Simon sits on the step paring twigs from a branch. Beside him a home-made bow. On the ground some string, few small nails, candle, matches.

He places a nail in the split end of a thin stick, binds it with string, lights the candle, drops hot wax over the binding.

He hears heavy breathing, gasping, looks up. Winkle staggers up to the gate.

Simon turns back to his work, grins, speaks without looking up.

SIMON
 Hi Wink'. Got yer then?

Winkle hangs on to the top of the gate, lets his weight drop.

WINKLE

Gasp! Yes ... aagh! Caught up
with me straight away.

Simon looks up at him, tries to restrain his urge to laugh,
looks serious.

SIMON

What you doin' here then?

WINKLE

Aint quite dead yet.

SIMON

Aint quite dead?

WINKLE

Said he'd shot me in the stomach.
Slow, painful death. Gasp!

Simon still restrains a grin, can't bear to look at Winkle
for fear of laughing.

SIMON

So?

WINKLE

Looking for a medicine man.

Simon's shoulders start to shake, he tenses, then in an
effort to keep them still, bites his lip.

WINKLE

(continuing)

Cough! Couldn't shoot me with a
'releaser bullet' could you?

Unable to contain it any longer, Simon looks up, roars with
laughter, shakes his head, tears start to flow, he holds
his chest.

Winkle stares, open mouthed, perplexed.

WINKLE

(continuing)

Was-a-matter?

SIMON

Releaser bullet? I can only bring
you back to life if I am on your
side.

WINKLE

Well? I am dying you know.

Winkle's plea makes Simon laugh even more.

SIMON
 Firstly, I'm not on your side.
 Secondly, I'm not even in the
 game.

WINKLE
 I'm gonna die then?

SIMON
 Looks like it ... unless you find
 a medicine man.

Winkle looks desperate.

WINKLE
 I'm a gonna! I bet he didn't
 count to a hundred!

SIMON
 Dirty business.

WINKLE
 What is?

SIMON
 War.

The continuous wail of a loud siren suddenly pierces the
 air.

Winkle lets go of the gate, falls to the ground, open-
 mouthed in shock. Simon jumps up, runs to the gate, ignores
 Winkle, looks up and down the street.

Robert and two other boys run up the road. Simon shouts to
 them as they approach.

SIMON
 What's going on?

ROBERT
 (excited, puffing)
 A looney's escaped!

SIMON
 Wadda yer mean?

ROBERT
 (still puffing)
 The asylum! You deaf? The siren!
 Someone's escaped! We're going on
 a looney hunt. Comin'?

Robert looks down at Winkle.

ROBERT
(continuing)
Hello, what's he doing here?

Simon looks down, smiles.

SIMON
You killed him.

ROBERT
Did I? Oh! Yeh! Is he still in
pain?

SIMON
I think so.

ROBERT
Good! You can't beat a belly
shot.

Robert looks back at Simon.

ROBERT
(continuing)
Well, you comin'?

Simon rubs his chin, looks up and down the road.

SIMON
Okay, but what about Wink'?

ROBERT
He can join as well.

WINKLE
Can't.

ROBERT
Why not?

WINKLE
I'm dead!

Robert looks at Simon, raises his eyebrows. Simon holds
back his laughter again.

Robert turns to DAVE, one of the other boys.

ROBERT
Dave, was you a medicine man
yesterday?

DAVE
Yeh! And I also got away.

ROBERT
No need to boast! Sort Winkle
out.

DAVE
Sure, but no looking. My powers
are secret.

Simon stares at Robert. Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT
Get on with it!

The others turn their backs. Dave bends over Winkle, waves
his hands, mumbles some chants.

Finally, he spits on his palm and rubs it into Winkle's
forehead. The others see it and giggle.

DAVE
The Great Spirit has let you go
now Winkle.

WINKLE
Thank goodness! Was getting
worried.

Winkle stands up, stomps his feet.

ROBERT
Right Si'. You and Winkle go that
way and we'll go this.

He indicts the directions with his hand.

SIMON
(continuing)
Keep your guns with yer.

The two groups set off in different directions.

EXT. ROAD. EARLY EVENING.

Winkle lags behind Simon as they jog along the pavement.
The asylum fields and out-buildings are on the left,
parallel to the road. The asylum has a tall perimeter
hedge.

On the right is a high ragstone wall. A right-hand bend is
just ahead.

The daylight is fading.

WINKLE
W'do we do if we find the looney
Si'?

Simon looks back.

SIMON
Use your spud gun Wink'.

Winkle looks at his gun, frowns.

WINKLE
Nothing else?

SIMON
Got me penknife.

Winkle's face relaxes.

WINKLE
That's good.

SIMON
We'd better run a bit faster.
It's getting dark.

They increase their speed, turn the bend in the road.

He suddenly stops, frozen to the spot. Winkle bumps into him. Simon stares wide-eyed at a red telephone kiosk.

A thirty year-old woman, CYNTHIA, with long blonde hair, naked apart from a long see-through nightdress, is sobbing into the phone. The dim bulb produces a ghostly atmosphere.

WINKLE
Ouch! Wha/

He peeks from behind Simon, screams and runs back down the road. Simon stays absolutely still.

CYNTHIA
(talking into phone)
Please! Please help me! ...
They'll kill me away. Help me!
... Help me.

She turns, sees Simon, drops the phone, staggers out towards him, arms outstretched.

CYNTHIA
(continuing)
I beg you ... please ... please!

Simon doesn't move.

She gets nearer. He stares, petrified, wets himself.

The whine of an electric motor sounds in the distance, gets louder. A milk float, converted for passengers, pulls up, the brakes screech.

Two men jump out and grab her arms.

MAN #1
Come on Cynth'. You've caused us
enough trouble.

She screams, refuses to go, struggles, gets one arm free, scratches his face, screams again.

He slaps her, grabs her arm again. They drag her to the cart. The grit on the road cuts her feet, they bleed.

She looks back at Simon, sobbing, pleading.

CYNTHIA
Please ... please! Help me!

MAN #2
Get in you stupid cow!

They throw her in the back. Man #2 gets in with her, slams the door.

Man #1 gets in the front, puts his foot on the pedal, the electric motor clicks a few times, whines as the cart pulls away.

Simon turns his head, watches, listens to her muffled screams until the cart is out of sight.

He looks down at his crutch, squeezes excess urine out with his hands, wipes them on the sides, shrugs, waddles back home.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOOTPATH. DAY.

A footpath follows the rear perimeter of the Asylum grounds. On the left is the Asylum farm and fields, on the right, orchards.

There is a small wood where the footpath slopes sharply down to a road.

Simon and Winkle walk towards the wood. Simon carries his home-made bow and some arrows. Winkle has a large brown paper bag.

WINKLE
Why d'we have to come all the way
out here?

SIMON
You want a bow don't yer?

WINKLE
Yeh.

SIMON
This is where the best wood is.

WINKLE
Oh!

Simon looks at him, smiles, struts on. Winkle follows. Every now and then he runs a few steps in order to keep up.

WINKLE
Why did you ask me to bring some food?

SIMON
Be here most of the day. Takes time making a good bow. The arrows have to be perfect as well.

WINKLE
Oh!

SIMON
You did bring food?

WINKLE
Yes, took some out the cupboard.

SIMON
Good! We'll make camp just on the edge, near the path.

A small group of people walk towards them on a well worn track inside the perimeter.

Simon sees them, slows down, stops. Winkle looks at him then at the group.

There are three people in single file. A tall man is in the lead, a short tubby man at the rear. Both are dressed in dark navy blue suits. Cynthia, dressed in drab, second-hand clothes walks like a zombie between them.

They march in silence. Cynthia's glazed eyes look straight ahead, arms hanging limp by her sides.

Her eyes move slightly to the left, she sees Simon, stares at him, tears well up.

Simon stares back. Sees the sun filter through the long strands of her hair.

They pass, the last man turns, pulls a mean face, bellows at Simon.

NURSE #3
Sitting Bull eh? Better run! The cavalry's arrived! Go on! RUN! or we'll drag you over here.

Terrified, Simon jerks, shakes, falls to his knees, holds his stomach, retches. Winkle bursts out crying, runs to the wood.

Nurse #3 looks back, laughs wickedly, loudly.

Simon looks up, sees Winkle, coughs up phlegm, staggers/half runs to him.

EXT. WOOD. DAY.

The trees on both sides form a natural roof over the path. Sunlight filters through the gaps.

Winkle waits patiently. Simon composes himself before reaching him.

SIMON
What'dyer run for?

WINKLE
Why d'yer think? Anyway, you spewed up.

SIMON
Didn't! I was just pretending.

WINKLE
Looked real to me, that's why I ran.

SIMON
Has to look real if you want to fool the enemy.

Winkle frowns, looks away, frowns again.

WINKLE
They the enemy then?

SIMON
You 'eard 'im ... cavalry! And if they get you in there ... torture!

Winkle's mouth drops.

WINKLE
Lucky escape then?

SIMON
Yes. Thanks to my acting. I saved
your life Winkle.

WINKLE
Wow!

SIMON
Better make camp.

Simon inspects the area, spots a clear patch covered in
Dock Weed.

SIMON
Here'll do. Flatten it down and
get rid of those branches.

They stomp over the ground, flattening the weeds, pulling
the larger ones with their hands.

WINKLE
Ouch!

Simon stiffens, looks at him with a frown. Winkle sucks a
sting on his hand.

SIMON
Wa'sup?

WINKLE
Nettle!

SIMON
Phew! Thought it was a snake! You
only suck when it's a snake bite!

Nettles are easy! Just grip 'em
firmly ... they won't sting.

Simon gives a demonstration.

SIMON
(continuing)
Now you try it.

Winkle hesitates.

SIMON
(continuing)
You'll never make a good Indian.
Go on, give it a go.

Winkle's hand hovers near a nettle. He makes a quick grab.

WINKLE

Ouch!

SIMON

Forget it! Rub yer hand with a
Dock leaf.

EXT. WOOD. DAY. (FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER).

Simon and Winkle sit beside a small camp-fire. Whiffs of smoke make their eyes water.

Simon, deep in thought, pokes the embers with a long stick. Winkle glances at him occasionally, waiting for him to speak.

WINKLE

Alright Si'?

He ignores him, still deep in thought.

WINKLE

(continuing)
Si'?

Simon looks up, stares at him, blinks a few times.

SIMON

Uh? Oh! Yeh.

He whacks the embers a couple of times with the stick, throws it on the fire, stands up, puts his hands in his pockets. Stares at the fire again.

Winkle gives him his full attention, something important is coming.

Simon takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly, stares up at the sky.

SIMON

She's a captive.

He looks down at Winkle, waiting for a response.

Winkle glances left, right, then at Simon.

WINKLE

Where? Who?

SIMON

That woman with the two men.

Winkle frowns, ponders a moment.

WINKLE
 Didn't look human to me. You sure
 it was a woman?

Simon sits down beside him.

SIMON
 Sure, she's a woman alright. Saw
 her in that Phone box.

Winkle's jaw drops.

WINKLE'S
 H ... How ... Do you know?

SIMON
 I *know* ... she's a woman .

Simon gets up, goes to the fence, looks at the farm, fields
 and the distant array of asylum buildings.

SIMON
 (continuing)
 Take my word for it, eh?

He goes back to him, shrugs.

SIMON
 Where's the grub then?

Winkle looks round, panics, puts his hand to his mouth.

WINKLE
 Dropped it! Dropped it when I
 ran!

Simon pulls him up from the ground, turns him in the
 direction of the path.

SIMON
 Better go and get it then.

WINKLE
 But ... but ... the cavalry!

SIMON
 Long gone. Now git!

He gives him a push. Winkle leaves, walks slowly,
 reluctantly, occasionally looks back for reassurance.

Simon sits back down. Strips the bark from potential
 arrows.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

A dishevelled man in his thirties, MEYER, thin, black hair, hands in pockets, jacket open, shuffles down the hill from the direction of the hospital. His body is bent forward like an old man.

The wood and footpath or on his right, he stops, looks at them, grunts, looks around, looks at them again.

MEYER

What's this, what's this? Humpf
... hmmm ..what's this? That's
right ... that's right.

Meyer turns, has one more look around, shuffles up the footpath.

EXT. WOOD. DAY.

Simon sits with his back to the path, engrossed in arrow making. The fire crackles loudly, he does not hear Meyer shuffling towards him.

Meyer stops, looks at him, looks ahead, looks at him again.

MEYER

What's this ... humpf ... humpf.

Meyer looks around again, shuffles to Simon.

Simon hears him, turns round, jerks with surprise.

Meyer stands beside him, looks into vacant space, thinks for a while. Simon sits still waiting for something to happen.

SIMON

Er ... er ... hello.

Meyer looks down at him.

MEYER

Humpf ... hello.

Meyer looks around again, deep in thought.

MEYER

(continuing)

What's this ... what's this ...
coat of many colours?

Simon screws up his face in puzzlement.

SIMON
 (muttering under his
 breath)
 Coat of many colours ... coat of
 many colours? What's he on about?

Simon gives him a blank look, opens his arms in a
 questioning manner.

Mayer gets excited, smiles with enthusiasm.

MEYER
 Coat of many colours! Humpf ...
 you know ... you know.

Simon stares at the ground, frowning.

SIMON
 Got me there. What do you mean?

MEYER
 Don't know? Don't know?

SIMON
 No. I don't know.

MEYER
 Joseph! Joseph! Coat of many
 colours. That's right.

Simon opens his mouth, throws back his head as he realises
 what he was on about. He grins, relaxes.

SIMON
 Joseph. A quiz eh?

MEYER
 That's right ... that's right.

Simon spots Winkle waiting on the path with his paper bag.
 He nods for him to join them.

Winkle walks over without taking his eyes off Meyer, goes
 to the far side of the fire, sits down, waits.

Meyer watches him until he settles, looks up at the sky,
 ponders, looks back.

MEYER
 Humpf ... another? Another?
 What's this?

He gets a little excited again.

MEYER
 (continuing)
 Loaves and fishes ... loaves and
 fishes?

He looks at the sky again, occasionally back at them.

SIMON
 Jesus!

Winkle looks at him and frowns.

Meyer looks straight at Simon, grins.

MEYER
 That's right ... that's right!
 Our Lord!

Winkle puts a finger to his head, rotates it to indicate
 that he reckons the man is mad.

Simon waves one hand at him, motioning for him to keep
 quiet.

MEYER
 Another ... another Bull
 rushes?

Simon smiles.

SIMON
 Moses!

MEYER
 That's right!

Meyer looks to the path, makes an initial step to walk
 away, stops, turns to them.

MEYER
 (continuing)
 Humpf ... you live here? No roof?

Simon resists the urge to giggle.

SIMON
 No. Live on the estate. You a
 patient?

Meyer looks to the sky again, then across the fields.

MEYER
 That's right That's right.

Meyer shuffles onto the path and in the direction of the
 orchards.

Simon and Winkle wait until he is out of sight and then burst out laughing.

WINKLE
You read the Bible?

SIMON
No.

WINKLE
You knew the answers though.

SIMON
Choir boy. Pick up a few things.

Winkle grins, stares mockingly at him.

WINKLE
You got religion! Don't want anyone to know.

Simon looks up, sees his mocking stare.

SIMON
No. Money! Half-a-crown for weddings and five shillings for funerals.

Winkle looks surprised.

WINKLE
Really?

SIMON
Trouble is, we don't get enough funerals.

WINKLE
Oh! Pity!

SIMON
Had two funerals in one day once. First time I've had a ten-bob note in my hand.

Winkles eyes light up in astonishment.

WINKLE
Wow! Ten bob!

SIMON
Yeh. Then *nothing* for three months ... Lean times.

Anyway, what food you got?

Winkle empties his bag, half-a-dozen small gold tins, with stencilled writing on, fall out.

WINKLE
Don't know what it is, been there
a long time.

Simon picks one up, looks at the War Department logo, reads the lettering out loud.

SIMON
Pro ... processed cheese. Looks
old to me.

WINKLE
Told you it was.

Simon puts it down, shakes his head in disbelief.

SIMON
Wa's a matter with you? Didn't
you have any bread and marg' or
cake?

Winkle frowns, looks down.

WINKLE
Mum would have killed me.

Simon takes a large intake of breath.

SIMON
Some Indian you are! Told you it
was dirty business.

WINKLE
What?

SIMON
War! Idiot! Better heat these up
in case we get food poisoning.

He tosses the cans into the fire, picks up some twigs, gives them to Winkle.

SIMON
(continuing)
Here, strip these.

Winkle looks at him, takes the twigs.

WINKLE
Sorry Si'.

SIMON
(softly)
Idiot.

Simon uses his penknife to remove the bark in a deft, efficient manner. Winkle struggles, using only his finger nails.

SIMON
(continuing)
'ere, why'd they call you Winkle?

WINKLE
I help JIM on his van on Sundays.

SIMON
Nothing to do with size then?

WINKLE
Nah!

Simon gives a puzzled look.

SIMON
Who's Jim?

Winkle stops what he's doing, looks at Simon.

WINKLE
Jim! Seafood. The Cockle man.

Winkle gets back to his work. Silence for a few minutes.

SIMON
Why not 'Cockle' then?

WINKLE
They're too small.

Simon carries on paring sticks, mutters under his breath.

SIMON
(softly)
Nothing to do with size then.

WINKLE
What?

SIMON
I said, 'what about Whelk'?

Winkle carries on working.

WINKLE
They're too big.

Simon titters, grits his teeth, holds back a chuckle.

Suddenly, there's a large bang as a tin explodes, then another, the fire erupts in a shower of charcoal, sparks and hot melted cheese.

Both of them are flung backwards.

Winkle screams, jumps up, claws at the cheese on his body and runs down the footpath.

Simon grabs some weeds, frantically uses them to cool the hot-spots on his face. Shouts after Winkle.

SIMON
Dock leaf! Dock leaf! Grab some
of that!

His shouts are in vain. Winkle has disappeared over the horizon.

Simon sucks a bit of cheese off his finger, mutters under his breath.

SIMON
(continuing)
Tastes alright.

He looks forlornly at the scattered ashes of the fire, shrugs.

SIMON
(continuing)
Such is war, S'pos you're half-
way home by now Wink'.

He sticks his hands in his pockets, saunters over to the fence, looks across at the Asylum.

Simon peers over to the left where it meets the fields, squints, sees three tiny figures and nods knowingly.

SIMON
(continuing)
You're a captive alright.

He sees a solitary figure shuffling two hundred yards behind them.

SIMON
(continuing)
That's right ...that's right.

He smiles, retrieves his bow, leaves.

EXT. FOOTPATH. DAY (10 MINUTES LATER).

Simon approaches the other end of the footpath near the telephone Kiosk and the road home.

Winkle sits, munching an apple, on a grass verge under the hedge. Robert stands next to him, shirt tucked in his trousers, bulging with apples.

He looks at them both, smiles inwardly at the sight of a few red blotches on Winkle's face.

SIMON
Hi Rob', Wink'

ROBERT
Hi Si'.

Winkle looks sheepish, nods while taking another large bite of his apple, pauses mid-way.

He looks at him for a while. Winkle avoids his gaze.

SIMON
Sorry Wink'. You alright?

Winkle's teeth are still stuck into the apple. He nods.

ROBERT
I heard all about it.

SIMON
Should have known better. Mum
always makes a hole in a tin when
she warms it up.

Winkle clenches his teeth, sucks excess juice, chomps noisily.

SIMON
(continuing)
Been scrumping then!

ROBERT
Yeh, should have brought a bag
with me.

Simon gestures to Robert's midriff.

SIMON
You'll never get through all
them. I'll take a few if you
like.

Robert looks at him sternly.

ROBERT
No you won't. Got plans for
these.

SIMON
Cider?

Robert shakes his head, gives one of his wicked smiles.

ROBERT
Nah! BERNIE. He's buying them.

Simon looks puzzled.

SIMON
Bernie?

ROBERT
Bernie.

SIMON
But he's the butcher

Robert's smile broadens with the satisfaction of revealing a secret.

ROBERT
I know. He keeps them under the counter. Flogs 'em to his customers.

I'll probably get one and six for this lot. And don't you go getting any ideas neither.

Winkle looks up.

WINKLE
Don't need to. He gets five shillings for funerals!

ROBERT
Funerals?

WINKLE
Choir/

SIMON
Choir money.

ROBERT
Oh!

Simon stares across the fields.

Robert looks at him, perplexed.

ROBERT
You alright Si'?

SIMON
Yeh ... Yeh. Fine.

He carries on staring. Robert and Winkle wait in silence.

SIMON
(continuing)
She's a prisoner you know.

Winkle sighs, eyes roll back in his head. Robert looks puzzled.

ROBERT
Who is?

Simon turns to him.

WINKLE
The one I showed yer.

ROBERT
That one?

He looks across at simon.

ROBERT
(continuing)
Just before you got here?

Simon looks across the fields again.

SIMON
That's right.

He turns to Winkle, studies his face.

SIMON
(continuing)
Them burns hurt Wink'?

Winkle stops chewing.

WINKLE
Not much.

SIMON
Sorry.

WINKLE
S'okay.

Simon stares back at the fields.

SIMON
Got to rescue her somehow.

Winkle chokes on his apple, coughs violently. Robert's eyes light up.

ROBERT
Really?!

SIMON

Really.

Winkle looks horrified.

WINKLE

But ... but it's dangerous!

SIMON

Dirty business.

ROBERT

(enthusiastically)

War!

Simon lets out a sigh of relief, relaxes, he's made his decision at last.

ROBERT

(continuing)

Well, out with it then. What's the plan?

Simon smiles, shrugs.

SIMON

Haven't got one yet. I'll go home, think about it.

Robert looks disappointed.

SIMON

(continuing)

Comin'?

Winkle stands up. They cross the road to the pavement, walk home.

Robert lags behind, arms round his waist holding in the apples. Every few steps a single apple falls, unnoticed, out of the back of his shirt.