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# The Cottage

By Paul Andrew Williams

We're going to go to hell for this.  
Shut up.  
It's freezing in here.  
Jump up and down a bit.  
You know how  
temperature-sensitive I am, David.  
In actual driven miles,  
I think this is the furthest away  
I've been from Rebecca  
since we got married.  
I'm sure she'll survive.  
Well, I don't feel comfortable  
lying to her like this.  
I know you're used to a...  
I know you're used  
to a world of deception.  
Our relationship  
relies on a bond of trust.  
Do you want some tea?  
Yes, please.  
Can you get the milk from the car?  
How many sugars?  
Shows how often you've made me tea.  
Give it a rest.  
You're doing my head in.  
I'm just pointing out facts, David.  
Just get the milk from the car, please.  
Christ, what are you doing  
frightening me?  
Aren't you forgetting something?  
Oh, yeah.  
Well, I'm not used to this, am I?  
How many times  
do I have to fucking tell you?  
She all right?  
Still unconscious.  
That's chloroform for you.  
It's freezing out there,  
so if I may make a suggestion,  
I think we should bring her in  
so she doesn't die of pneumonia.  
Look, Peter, we've just got here.  
I am very tired.  
We are not in Iceland,

and she is not going to die of...  
What have you put that back on for?  
Because I'm cold.  
I don't want to talk to your eyes.  
Take it off.  
You're not the boss of me.  
Where the fuck are you, please?  
Get rid of it.  
What?  
Oh, shit, yeah.  
You don't like moths, do you?  
Get rid of it now,  
or I'm bloody going.  
I didn't say kill it.  
What do you want me  
to do with it, adopt it?  
I think I'd like to ring Rebecca now.  
It's a good time.  
Because you've seen a moth?  
No, we like to let  
each other know we're okay.  
That's what you do  
in a serious relationship.  
No, it's called reporting in.  
That's what you do  
when you're under a very fat thumb.  
I'm not under a thumb.  
It's not fat, either.  
The reason why I'm ringing her now  
is she'll be putting Amy to bed  
and it'll go to the answering machine.  
I don't want her asking questions.  
I don't like lying.  
Don't be all day.  
I don't remember putting  
a time limit on your calls.  
This is my fucking phone.  
- You always were selfish.  
- Where's your phone?  
- In my car.  
- Why?  
Because it's my work phone.  
It's in my work car.  
Did you forget your phone?

- My work phone.

- Idiot.

What did you call me?

Idiot. You are a bald idiot.

Well, I'd rather be slightly thinning  
than a friendless mockney-phile.

I cannot wait

till I never have to see your...

Hi, darling,

I'm just calling to check in.

Everything's okay my end...

apart from being really cold.

Anyway, I'll try you again later on.

Give baby Amy a kiss for me.

Love you lots.

Yes, I blew her a kiss.

So?

Listen, if she's asleep,

I suggest we be as quiet as possible  
so we keep her that way.

Can I hold the legs?

Come on.

I really don't like it out here, David.

Hurry up and get inside, then.

Wait, wait, I have to have a rest.

Come on, we're only

three steps from the top.

I'm not as strong as you, David.

Okay, go on.

Fuck.

I'll see if the keys are downstairs.

Don't drop her.

Get your hands off me!

Fucking bastard!

Get off,

you fucking pervert!

You fucking cunt!

You only had to hold her up.

What the fuck were you doing?!

I think she's broken my nose.

Yeah, that is well and truly busted.

What the hell am I going to do?

It really hurts!

You should have been

concentrating, then.  
I bet... I bet you  
were looking at her tits.  
I was not!  
She head-butted me repeatedly!  
I've never been head-butted  
by anyone before in my life!  
Well, you have now.  
Please help me,  
I'm in a lot of pain!  
Whenever I'm with you,  
I always end up getting hurt,  
every time, guaranteed.  
Don't blame me.  
I wasn't with you.  
That's what you said about  
the greenhouse.  
That was 20 fucking years ago.  
Right, I'm gonna knock this  
back into place.  
How? I don't want you to.  
- Shut up and hold still.  
- Wait, wait, wait, do it slowly!  
Nice hair, Andrew.  
Just had it done?  
Nice hair, Andrew.  
Andrew.  
Dad asked to see me.  
Nice haircut, Andrew.  
A lot of work's gone into that.  
Keep him out there  
till we get the call.  
God.  
Okay, time for work.  
I need you to stop whining  
and sort yourself out.  
Why?  
Because you are going  
to have to speak to her.  
- To who?  
- To fucking...  
the woman upstairs.  
Why?  
I told you, she knows me.

She comes in the club all the time.  
That's why it has to be you.  
Oh, yes, okay.  
What do you want me to say?  
Well, you have to say  
a lot of things but...  
but more importantly,  
you have to sound like someone  
who is gonna kill her  
if she fucks about.  
- I'm not gonna kill her.  
- I never said you had to, did I?  
You just have to sound like  
someone who would if they had to.  
Well, what do you  
want me to say, then?  
You have to tell her  
that if you get any more  
trouble out of her,  
you're gonna break  
her fucking fingers.  
I can say that easily.  
Why are you making a big deal of it?  
Because you couldn't scare  
a child in the dark.  
You have to say it right.  
You have to... like you're fucking hard.  
Okay, let's go.  
But no, no, no.  
Say it to me first.  
Why?  
Just... do it, come on.  
Okay, fine.  
Any more trouble from you, miss,  
and I'll break your fingers.  
Right, say it again, harder.  
Any more trouble from you, miss,  
and I'll break your fingers.  
- That was rubbish.  
- Well, how should I say it...?  
Any more trouble from you,  
you fucking bitch,  
and I'll break your fucking fingers!  
Like that.

Fine. I now understand.  
Any more shit from you,  
and I'll break your bloody fingers!  
Yeah, that was...  
that was better.  
Yeah, finally.  
Thank you. Anything else?  
Yeah, yeah...  
we have to let her speak to her dad,  
and then you're gonna  
take the phone off her  
and tell him we want the money.  
- A hundred thousand?  
- Yep.  
- I remember that bit.  
- I thought you might.  
Now, this bit's very specific,  
so I want you to read  
this bit of paper to her.  
Okay.  
No, no, no, no. Read it now,  
once, so that you know it.  
- Got it?  
- Badly written.  
- Without commenting on it.  
- Of course.  
Okay, I've read it.  
Let's make some tea.  
You fucking bastards!  
Get my hands free,  
and I'll cut and kill you!  
Listen, if we have to go through this  
every time I want to speak to you,  
then David here will have to use  
his knife to teach you a lesson.  
So will you be quiet now?  
I want to pour this  
into your mouth for you.  
There's no sugar in this.  
Oh, sorry.  
I broke your nose, didn't I?  
What... what do you mean?  
I mean, pussy,  
that I broke your fucking nose

with me hands  
tied behind me back,  
so what does that make you  
apart from a little pussy?  
You didn't break it.  
I think I fucking did.  
Now, look, you are our hostage.  
If you don't give us a hard time,  
you will be fine and looked after.  
However, if you cross us,  
I will break your fingers.  
I'm gonna be speaking to your father,  
so will you please be quiet?  
Can I speak to Arnie, please?  
This is you, okay.  
No, it doesn't matter who I am.  
Yes, I'm with her...  
No, you can speak to her  
in a second.  
No, the amount is 100,000!  
We would like you to put the money  
in a bag and give it to your son.  
He is to drive alone  
to Fleet services on the M3  
and wait next to the men's toilets.  
Make sure you  
don't send no one else.  
Terrible double negative.  
Doesn't make sense.  
If anything goes wrong  
or someone is with him,  
your stepdaughter is a dead girl.  
You've got two hours.  
Yeah, you can, yeah.  
Yeah, I'm all right.  
From the house.  
No, they seem like  
a bunch of fucking morons.  
One of them's called David.  
And they're a pair of hopeless cunts...  
Right, you bastard,  
we will hurt her if you  
don't give us what you want!  
What we want!



Big mistake.  
No one has ever hit me  
in the whole of my fucking life.  
You don't know  
who my father is, do you?  
Do you know what he'll do  
to you and David here  
when he finds out who you are?  
Every member  
of your queer-boy family  
will be in wheelchairs  
for the rest of their fucking lives  
because they'll have no knees left  
because me dad  
will cut them out with an axe!  
Then they'll get you,  
and then they'll kill you,  
and they'll kill  
your family and friends!  
You're a fucking moron.  
Why? I said what you  
wanted me to, didn't I?  
Because, moron, the reason  
I got you to talk in the first place  
was because I didn't want  
anyone to know  
it was me who  
was keeping her hostage!  
Now, that plan falls to shit  
if you start using my name!  
- Did I use your name?  
- You fucking did.  
Sorry. It's hard to concentrate when  
you're having your life threatened!  
It was the first fucking thing you said!  
You're never satisfied, are you?  
You turn up out of the blue,  
begging for my help  
in something completely illegal.  
You're not doing this out of charity,  
you self-righteous fuck!  
I want that house,  
and I want you out of it!  
I will take Mum's house,

and I will make you fucking eat it!  
What the hell's going on?  
David, it's dark.  
Fucking relax.  
The meter's run out.  
I've only just put money in.  
This is ridiculous.  
What kind of a place still has a meter?  
Right.  
Let's see how long this lasts.  
In you go, Andrew.  
Seems like some idiots  
have made the mistake  
of kidnapping your stepsister.  
Son... I've got a job for you.  
He's leaving now.  
Hello.  
David.  
Yes. I'm very near.  
Yes, I've got the bag next to me.  
Hang on.  
Look, David, I think this phone's  
gonna die on me any second.  
Oh, no.  
I am fucking rich!  
I didn't know you had a brother.  
Nobody does.  
That's why I used him.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
I brought these to celebrate.  
Peter, brother dearest, this is it.  
I earn 50,000 pounds,  
and Mum's house is all yours.  
God, you made it work!  
You bloody did it!  
We did it.  
50,000 pounds. I'll be free.  
I'll never have to live  
in East Sheen again.  
I'll have my own independence.  
What's it look like?  
I don't know.  
I didn't look inside.

What?

I didn't check it.

No!

Maybe that fuck face

look in the bag.

Probably should have checked it.

Yes, you fucking should.

What does this mean, David?

It means that the money  
isn't in the fucking bag,  
is it, Andrew?

It means that your dad  
probably has a good fucking idea  
that you are involved.

Sorry. What shall we do?

Were you followed?

By a car?

I don't think so.

This changes everything.

I still want the house.

That's the deal.

That happens when I get the money.

That's the deal.

I knew it, backstabber!

The minute you asked me  
to get involved,

I should have handcuffed  
myself to the house!

I said when I get the money  
you could have  
my half of the house.

I never mentioned a bag of tissues!

This Arnie knows.

He could have thugs at my house!

He doesn't even care,  
he doesn't even know.

He doesn't even know  
who the fuck you are!

The only person he knows  
is involved is him!

You told me this would be simple.

I can't believe I listened  
to you again, again!

Just give me two minutes!

It's only just happened.  
I'll make it work, Peter.  
I'll believe it when I see it.  
I'm going outside for a cigarette,  
and after that I might just  
bloody well go home!  
David?  
Have you got a bottle opener?  
You'd better disappear  
from my presence  
or I'm likely to hurt you.  
I'm going to take a look at Tracey.  
I don't care.  
Just let me alone.  
I take it while you  
were being a fucking idiot  
you remembered a mask?  
Yes, I got one on the way here.  
Great, now get out.  
David?  
I've picked up the wrong kind.  
Get out of my fucking sight now.  
Sorry.  
There's some bald fuck outside.  
Some bald fuck here.  
You recognize his ass?  
Never see this mother before.  
Okay.  
Tracey is alive.  
You go and see who in there.  
Arnie want to know right now.  
I cut them the fuck up.  
Go and look in the house!  
Then you can cut this fool.  
We don't need his ass no more.  
You see this cleaver?  
No, please, no!  
When I get back,  
me, you go play big time, baby.  
Real nice.  
No, no!  
What's that? A boat?  
No, it's a lemon tree.  
It's mine.

I'm getting on it, and I am  
fucking off away from all of this.  
A hoodlum running away  
from his underworld pals  
to get on a boat  
and lead a simple life.  
How bloody original.  
Well, you want me gone, don't you,  
so you can live happily ever after  
with that fat pig of a wife of yours?  
At least I have a wife, David.  
So you agree she's a fat pig?  
No, I bloody don't!  
Unlike you, I like the stability  
of having a partner.  
A controller, just like Mum.  
I couldn't help it  
if Mum loved me more.  
I know you hate me for that.  
Couldn't really give a shit  
who she loved.  
She still gave me half the house.  
Charity was always her weak spot.  
Just stop talking  
for two seconds, will you?  
Don't worry, I will.  
Nothing more to say.  
I'm smoking too much  
because of you!  
I can see you.  
Peter, I need  
your bank account number.  
Why?  
We're going to have to get  
him to do a bank transfer.  
- Why can't we use your account?  
- I don't have one, do I?  
I only use cash.  
I don't have one either.  
Why don't you have one?  
Me and Rebecca  
share a joint account.  
You've got a bank card.  
What's the number on it?

I don't know the number.  
Rebecca looks after the card.  
God, I should've known.  
Andrew, tell me,  
have you got a bank account?  
- Yes.  
- Fantastic. What's the number?  
I don't know.  
What are we gonna do  
if we don't have an account?  
I've got an account we can use.  
Oh, great. Whose?  
Mum's.  
What?! That is supposed  
to be shut down!  
Well, I didn't get round to it.  
And a good job, too.  
You fucker, you're dragging  
Mum into criminal activity.  
I won't allow it!  
It's as simple as that!  
It's either that  
or no money and no house.  
You're blackmailing me  
and dirtying Mum.  
What if they trace the details  
back to Mum's account?  
Well, it doesn't matter, does it?  
'Cause she's dead.  
You bastard, David!  
Peter, I didn't mean  
to say that... really.  
Look, if we don't get the money,  
then all this  
will have been for nothing.  
That boat is my dream,  
and Mum's house is yours.  
We're both risking a lot here.  
And I am.  
You are a pain in the ass  
who fucks up everything he touches.  
Okay, David, but then I want  
that account closed.  
It will be.

I haven't got the account number.  
Have you?  
It's at home.  
I'll have to wake Rebecca,  
she won't like that.  
Thank you.  
Hello. Hiya.  
Was she asleep?  
Sorry.  
Are you stressed?  
Yeah, sorry.  
I know, sorry.  
This is gonna sound  
like a strange request.  
I need you to get the Mum folder.  
I just... I need the details  
so I can close it down.  
No, don't say that.  
He just... he just forgot, that's all.  
No, I'm not.  
I'm not sticking up for him.  
Yeah, I'm sorry.  
Yeah, I know. Sorry.  
Can I... can I have it, though, please?  
Thank you.  
You fucking cunts!  
Get me out of this  
fucking smelly fucking room now!  
You fucking bastards!  
Take me out of this room, you slags!  
I've had nothing to eat!  
I am not a fucking animal!  
Andrew.  
I knew it was you, you smelly fuck.  
You are fucking dead!  
David, I've dropped the phone  
in some water downstairs!  
I've seen your face, dead cunt.  
You're dead,  
you're all dead!  
Ugly, David,  
and fat fucking Andrew!  
I must be the biggest idiot  
out of all of us

for getting involved with you  
and for getting you involved.  
What are we gonna do?  
Let me see the phone.  
It's broken.  
I can fucking see that!  
I'm sorry, it was the pond.  
How's your phone?  
It's run out of battery.  
- Okay, have you got a charger?  
- Yes.  
Great. Where is it?  
In the club.  
What the fuck is it doing there?!  
It's plugged in the wall.  
It was a rhetorical question!  
I'm gonna have to go up  
to that village, use a payphone.  
Won't he recognize your voice?  
She knows now, doesn't she?  
So none of that means  
anything anymore.  
I'm not the only one  
that makes mistakes.  
You think you're perfect!  
Shut up, Peter!  
For once in your life, shut up!  
And take some  
fucking responsibility!  
I take it that that is right?  
Fucking hell!  
You blocked me in, you cunt!  
What the fuck?  
What are you doing?  
What the fuck you doing?  
Hello, you mother, Arnie.  
How many?  
Andrew, that guy David,  
and some bald mother.  
What do you want us to do?  
Okay, I send you details now.  
Muk Li, get rid of this fuck.  
What did you say?  
Arnie coming now,



and he very pissed man.  
Okay, dumb fuck, we go now.  
No, please! Please, no!  
No! Please!  
Arnie.  
Yes, it's me.  
Yeah, thanks for that.  
You never know  
when you'll need a tissue.  
I'll check the account in the morning,  
and I'll call you back.  
What?  
Fuck.  
What the fuck are you all staring at?  
Stranger, eh?  
I've seen a few flash cars  
driving through here tonight.  
You're up at  
the Barnaby cottage, in't ya?  
What the fuck's  
it got to do with you?  
You make sure you lock your doors.  
Strangers don't fare well  
in these parts.  
What?  
Thorn! Thorn.  
You just don't go wandering.  
That's my advice to you, my lad.  
Thanks, great.  
Muk Li.  
You finished?  
What the fuck?  
Shit!  
Peter!  
Peter!  
Wake up, you fat fuck.  
Where's that bitch and my brother?  
I've been gone for less than an hour.  
What the fuck's been going on?  
Stop squeezing, I can't think.  
You're not capable of thinking,  
you're a fucking idiot.  
- What happened?  
- Ow.

Okay, wait.  
Where's Peter?  
That's the point. He and your sister  
have gone missing.  
She was hitting me.  
I'm going to hit you in a minute.  
Wait. I remember.  
Wee were sat at the table  
when she started to bang  
on the ceiling,  
so we both went upstairs  
to see what she wanted.  
She wanted to use the toilet.  
I said it was a bad idea,  
but he said we should allow it.  
I told him we couldn't trust her,  
so we went in with her.  
After she'd done a urine,  
she said she wanted to wipe herself,  
and unless we wanted to do it for her,  
we'd have to untie her.  
Well, I didn't fancy it,  
and I don't think  
your brother did either.  
So we untied her.  
But that's  
when he started to freak out.  
I don't know why.  
There was something in the room.  
- Weas it a moth?  
- Yeah.  
Well, while we were distracted,  
she lunged at me,  
and I fell out with the door.  
It hurt.  
She was furious.  
She grabbed Peter.  
And then she came over  
and hit me.  
He's on his own with her.  
He better be all right  
for your fucking sake.  
I ca... what else can go wrong?  
Help me!

What the fuck?  
Steven?  
Do you know him?  
Yes, I saw him this morning.  
He cuts my hair.  
What the fuck's he doing here?  
Wait. You didn't tell him  
about this, did you?  
No.  
Oh, yes.  
No, I did.  
You really are fucking unbelievable.  
Who brought you here?  
Chinese... Korean?  
- Muk Li and Chun Yo.  
- Oh, no.  
Fuck.  
Where are they?  
Did you see a bald bloke?  
No.  
Don't go out there.  
You'll... die.  
Oh, my God.  
They've cut him open.  
Is he dead?  
What do you think?  
Well, if they can do that to him,  
they can do that to us.  
Okay.  
That's for everything  
you've ever done.  
All right, you got here  
an hour and a half ago,  
which means that, as Arnie  
probably knows where we are,  
he's less than an hour away.  
Okay, get your ass in gear.  
We're gonna find my brother,  
grab your sister,  
then we're fucking off  
back to the city.  
Where's my knife?  
My face!  
You've broken my jaw, I know it.

Shut your fucking mouth  
and keep walking.  
I've got a family. What are you  
going to do to me?  
I can't understand what you're saying.  
Why did you bring me?  
Because I couldn't move  
me fat cunt of a stepbrother,  
and when I finally see me father,  
he is gonna want to talk to someone,  
and that will be you.  
Why are we walking in the woods?  
I hate woods.  
There could be wolves out here.  
Have you thought about that?  
It's so cold. I'm really  
temperature-sensitive, you know?  
What?  
Tem-pera-ture sen-si-tive.  
You had better hope  
that we find a phone soon,  
or I am gonna stick this knife  
in your balls.  
Now, keep close to me,  
and get a fucking move on.  
That's my brother's knife.  
"Keep off land!"  
Obviously  
some thick cunt lives here.  
I can't climb up with this.  
Stop staring at it  
and get the fuck over it!  
We shouldn't even be here.  
It says, "Keep off land."  
There's a dead animal.  
We're going into the woods.  
Is anyone there?  
What?  
Is anyone in the house?  
Hello?  
Right, fuckhead,  
if you whinge, cry,  
or do anything to let the owners  
of this house know

that I'm gonna kill you,  
I'll kill you. Got it?  
This wasn't even my plan...  
A nod of the fucking head'll do.  
Hello?  
Fucking rubbish!  
What the fuck are all these?  
This isn't normal.  
Where you going?  
I'm going upstairs  
to see if there's a phone.  
Well, I might run away.  
You might run away?  
God, I can't take this anymore!  
I can talk.  
I can talk again!  
Fucking run now, you cunt!  
Definitely won't be able to go  
home again.  
I should have checked  
that bag for the money.  
Damn it, I would have seen  
those tissues...  
Andrew, shut up a minute.  
What?  
Do you know  
what Muk Li San looks like?  
Yes.  
Shit.  
Yes, that's him.  
What's happened?  
He's had his throat cut.  
Maybe it was Chun Yo Fu.  
They're always arguing.  
You don't get your throat slit  
over an argument.  
Something's not right.  
Oh, my God!  
Help! Come down!  
Quick, come down!  
Fucking idiot.  
What the fuck is the matter with you?  
Why are there peas  
all over the floor?

I heard something  
underneath that trapdoor.  
What?  
There, there, underneath.  
There, there it is.  
No, no, no. Don't open it,  
don't open it! We'll be killed!  
We're in a creepy house  
in the middle of nowhere.  
There's a trapdoor in the kitchen  
with a weird noise  
coming from underneath.  
What the fuck do you think  
is gonna be down there?  
See, nothing.  
It was probably a fucking rat,  
which is why only you heard it.  
Now stop causing  
a fucking problem, or I'll tear...  
What? What?  
Why are there hands in the freezer?  
I think we should go now.  
Yeah.  
Wait!  
Don't you leave me.  
Don't you fucking leave me.  
Peter, I'm sorry.  
And I won't tell me dad.  
I promise you'll be okay.  
Why should I believe you?  
Because I'm begging you.  
Please, I don't wanna die.  
Oh, what am I doing?  
All you've done is hurt me  
or be rude to me.  
I must be an idiot.  
Just hurry up  
and get me out of here.  
He's right bloody there.  
Hurry up!  
Get a move on!  
You fucking bastard!  
Get back here now!  
Get back here,

you fucking pussy!  
Coward! Chickenshit!  
What are you looking at,  
you ugly fuck?  
Please don't say anything.  
This is the worst night in my life.  
Not only have I met you,  
I've stumbled  
into the only house in the country  
with someone worse than you.  
Shut up, for fuck's sake!  
I saved you.  
Well, that's your fault, pussy.  
Please, Peter, please.  
I need you.  
Mug!  
I knew it. I'm so gullible.  
I should have left you.  
I'd be miles away by now.  
What do you want me to do  
with this?  
We've gotta kill him.  
No, I will not.  
Yes, you fucking will.  
When he wakes up,  
he's not gonna be very happy.  
We've got to kill him now,  
before he comes round.  
I can't, I don't know what to do.  
Just stick it in him,  
you fucking weed!  
Where?  
In his head.  
Today!  
Give me the fucking thing.  
If you're too much of a wet shit,  
I'll do it meself.  
Stop calling me names.  
I'm not like you.  
I know that, little boy!  
I'm not a little boy.  
I'm probably twice your age.  
Just because I can't murder or kill...  
Go on! Fucking do it,

you ugly prick!  
Cut the cunt's head off!  
Come on!  
Fucking do it!  
What are you waiting for?  
You're a fucking man, aren't you?  
Or are you just a fucking woman  
like all the fucking others?  
Come on.  
I haven't got all day to wait  
for some ugly prick  
to kill some scraggy cunt.  
They've been over this fence.  
How do you know that?  
Because that whale  
and baby are his family.  
Let's go.  
Can't we stop a moment?  
I'm really tired.  
- No, we can't.  
- I'm not used to walking.  
I don't care.  
Should we be  
on the lookout for traps?  
Why?  
Because we're near a farm.  
Don't they always use traps?  
- David!  
- Shut up!  
Okay.  
- Who do you think lives here?  
- Old MacDonald.  
- Who's that?  
- Shut up.  
Keep your eyes peeled  
and be careful.  
Do you think we should look inside,  
see if they're in the house?  
Yeah.  
What the fuck?  
What is that?  
If I'm not mistaken,  
it's a piece of my brother's shoe.  
And foot.



Oh, fuck me!  
What?  
They've cut off his feet.  
Who's doing this?  
Have they got Tracey?  
Right, fuck the plan!  
Fuck the money!  
I need to find my brother.  
What was that?  
That door over there.  
Don't be long.  
Peter?  
Peter?  
"The children have found  
a young man tied up in the barn.  
"He had no face.  
"I think he's going to hurt us.  
We will try to flee tonight.  
Must stop.  
He is coming."  
What the hell is this place?  
Tracey?  
Tracey?  
David. Dav...  
David.  
David, somebody's cut off  
Tracey's head.  
I know, I'm looking at it.  
Should we get out of here now?  
I'm not leaving without Peter.  
I've found a coat.  
I think there's a light in here.  
Jesus! Mother of fuck!  
Well, Peter's not here,  
so he may still be alive.  
That one moved.  
Which one?  
The ugly one.  
What the fuck are you?  
Oh, God!  
David!  
Hello? No.  
Dad? Is that you?  
Oh, please come quick.

We're on a farm.  
Tracey's dead,  
and there's a madman after me.  
Peter?  
David!  
What the hell's going on?  
Where are you?  
There's a farmer.  
He's a lunatic.  
He's killed Tracey.  
I'm hanging on a hook.  
I'm in so much pain.  
Wait.  
I'm trying to get free.  
Peter, can you move?  
I can't.  
I'm stuck, pinned to the ground.  
I need your help.  
Okay, wait there.  
Okay. I'll wait here.  
Okay, David, I'm coming.  
Don't worry, I'm coming.  
Oh, God.  
Oh, this is taking ages.  
Oh, hurry up, for fuck's sake.  
I'm here.  
I know.  
You okay?  
No, I'm in a lot of pain.  
This is probably gonna hurt.  
I've only got half a foot.  
I know.  
I found the other half of it  
over there.  
What did you do with it?  
I lost it.  
Oh, not to worry.  
What a clear night.  
You can actually see the stars.  
Wow, they're amazing.  
Peter, I'm sorry.  
Oh, forget about it.  
I don't think even you  
could have foreseen this.

What's this?  
It's the deed to Mum's house.  
Oh, well...  
I'm sure we'll both be dead  
within the hour.  
Let's share for the rest of our lives.  
Sounds like a plan.  
Mum would've...  
she'd have liked that.  
Yes, she would've done.  
Fuck this.  
I want my boat.  
I want to sail on it  
and live the rest of my life.  
We are not dying here tonight.  
Okay.  
Have you looked for a phone yet?  
No, not properly.  
I was being chased by a madman.  
I'm gonna look for one.  
No, no. Shouldn't we  
just try and get away?  
It's taken us ten minutes  
to get in here.  
There isn't another house  
for miles around.  
Best thing we can do  
is get help to come here.  
- What shall I do?  
- Just wait here.  
If the farmer comes back,  
just give me a shout.  
Okay, be careful.  
Yeah, you too.  
Don't do anything stupid.  
No.  
- Peter.  
- Yes?  
About the greenhouse...  
I'm sorry.  
Holy shit!  
Peter! He's outside!  
Outside. Outside.  
- I thought you said he was outside.

- He is outside.  
I can't see him.  
Did you hear that?  
It's a head!  
It's Andrew's bloody head!  
I can't take this anymore!  
We can't get out that way.  
We have to go out this way.  
Oh, do you want this, do you?  
You fucking mad, mad bastard.  
I swear.  
If you move one more muscle,  
I'm gonna rip this bitch in two.  
Okay, Peter, get away  
from the trapdoor.  
You are going down in the cellar.  
Right, Peter, start moving  
that dresser over the trapdoor.  
We're gonna lock the fucker  
down there.  
Come on!  
Get down now!  
Move it!  
Move!  
Come on,  
the fucking pair of you.  
I've got a whole book of these photos.  
No, David!  
No! No! No, no, no! David!  
You bastard!  
You bastard!  
You killed my brother.  
Oh, you must be joking.