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Wilderness

By Dario Poloni

Davie!

Step off.

Single file.

- Come on.

- Fucking shit hole.

No talking I said!

-You should start pumping up.

- I've got a 20-pack.

- Lindsay! Lindsay!

- Get off me! Get off me!

Morning, girls.

I want you to say hello
to your new roomie, Callum.

Pick a bed. Any bed, son.

Now you play nice.

-You skinny boy, man.

-Yeah, a real bad boy.

Not there.

Or there.

Looks like you're on the floor, mate.

It's real nice down there, man.

Bull's-eye.

Yo, new man.

What do you reckon, boys?

Lindsay's turn now?

- No, Steve, no.

-Yeah, I reckon half an hour, man.

Oh, please, just leave me alone.

- Come on.

- Lewis?

- I done it yesterday.

- Talk to him.

- Come on.

- No, no. Not today, no.

Get up!

Help me!

Shut up!

Get in there, you faggot.

Communication is the key.

By that I just don't mean
communicating with each other.

I mean communication
with your inner self.

In this room you can express yourself

in a safe environment.
So. Lewis. This is your chance.
Externalise your anger.
Understand it and you control it.
I'm not angry.
Lewis, are you sure?
Lewis?
Fuck's sake.
Callum, would you like to share
your anger?
I know this can be a little bit
intimidating at the start,
but once you get over the first hurdle
you'll realise that...
Anger.
Shut up, man.
Hey, Lindsay, lookin' for Davie,
batty man?
Batty boy.
He's a dick, isn't he?
No! Get away!
Davie, it's me, man!
Let me in. Steve's comin'!
Oi!
-Where are they?
-Who's that, Steve?
-You know who?
- Don't know what you're talking about.
Steve, leave him. We'll all get
in shit if you cause trouble.
Speak!
Perfect.
Two little cock-sucking
rat bastards together.
- How funny is it now?
- Not funny at all, Steve.
Steve, don't. Please.
Just leave us alone.
I don't know about you, Lewis,...
but I feel like taking a piss.
I thought we were gonna do this...
Oh, yeah. Yeah, I'm really burstin'.
- No, don't!
- No, you don't.

Why can't you just be
a man about it, eh, Davie?
Take what's coming to ya!
You're such a little faggot.
I bet you're slipping it
to your little chum here, eh?
Now, boys...
Now... drink up.
Warden!
They'll blame us for this.
Shit always rolls downhill, man.
Trust me, they're comin' our way,
you know. Fresh and steamin'.
Who'd notice on you, Jethro?
What the fuck you say, Steve?
You got to learn to take a joke, mate.
You brothers are so sensitive.
I'll beat the shit out of you,
you prick.
- Come on then.
- Right! By your beds.
Governor's here.
Jethro, put that down.
You can't fucking read!
Sir!
This was his dorm.
-Which was his?
- That bed there, sir.
You. Did you know David?
Then get off his bed.
Now!
Did any of you know him?
Why didn't you try to help him,
or stop him?
We were sleeping. We didn't know.
Didn't know?
That he was dying right beside you all?
What's your name?
Lindsay, sir.
I know what all of you did.
You should be ashamed.
And so should you!
Get them out of here.
Get them to the island,

and teach them a bloody lesson.

Yes, sir.

Fuckin' brilliant.

- Reckon we could get pizza delivered?

- Give me that phone.

Right, guys, grab your kit.

Let's get moving.

Tragic, man. Tragic.

- Keep up, Callum.

- Come on, Callum.

- Why can't we camp here?

- See the size of that hill?

- Does anyone even live here?

- No, not anymore.

It was a training station for the army
before being handed over to the
Prison Service for the likes of you lot.

Missing the concrete, bruv?

You know me, blood,
it's all about street lamps, pollution,
fast food and Dixie Fried Chicken,
you get me?

- Straight up, Blue.

- Deep-Pan pizza.

- Oh, yeah, KFC.

- Shut up, man. Just walk, man.

What the fuck are we doin' here?

Building character, lads.

Character?

Uninhabited? Right?

There's a tree. Another one.

- Do these things bite?

- No.

Look, man, another tree.

Well, here we are, lads.

Home, sweet home.

This is a joke, right?

This is where we're supposed to stay?

This is dead, man.

Four tents. One for me, one for the kit,
and you can fight
over the others yourselves.

Callum.

- There's some over there, mate.

-Where?
- There.
- I can't see where you're pointing.
There!
Oh, you're fucking useless, mate.
Little flyin' bastards!
Look at this shit. Been bitten all over.
I thought you'd like
this jungle life, Jethro.
Make you feel right at home.
You're a flippin' comedian, Steve.
Fucking clown!
That's enough.
Who wants a lovely, morning,
steaming cup of tea then?
- Yeah, nice one, Jed.
-Yeah?
Callum, go and fill these up.
The river's 200 metres down there, son.
And get a move on.
Somebody wake Lindsay up.
Where's my bloody water?
Jed, he's over here.
You'll live. What happened?
- I got hit.
- Hit?
- Someone hit you?
- No, he just fell over.
I got hit! Some joker
smacked me from behind.
-Was it you?
- It was us that found you.
Calm down, killer.
Where's your sense of team spirit?
Are we safe with him being here?
Somehow I think you'll be all right
with loverboy Lewis to protect you.
I don't really like water, man.
- Quiet, man. Shit.
- Come on, man.
- That's it, man.
- It's not far.
- Even fucking Lindsay's done it.
- Come on, man.

That's it, Blue.
I can't swim.
I swear,
I'm the only one getting bitten.
Boys. Boys!
Hang on a minute. Just gonna have a waz.
Wait for me.
Whoa.
What the fuck is that?
- Is that a camp site?
- Boys.
Hello.
-You said there was no one here.
- There bloody well shouldn't be.
Yous lot, sit down, shut up
and don't touch anything.
Look at this.
They got a proper camp going on.
Jeth, see if there's any money.
Hi. Who are you?
This island is private property.
There's no public access.
Yeah, I'm not public,
so I'll ask again, who are you?
Jed Wyler, Moorgates Young Offenders'.
Who the fuck are you?
Louise Dow, Temple Park.
I thought we had the island
to ourselves.
-Yeah, well, so did I.
- Found our stalker.
Jo, is this the little prick
that you saw?
- Get off me.
-Who the fuck are these?
- Blue, sit the fuck down!
-Yeah, you been spying on us?
- No one's been spying.
- Fucking perverts!
Can I have a word?
Yeah.
I don't want your lads near my girls.
They're enough trouble already.
I'm not exactly delighted about

the situation myself, Louise.
I've got a couple of drug dealers,
a violent sociopath,
an armed robber, a murderer
and a serial sex offender.
I don't want your girls
getting hot under the collar. Get me?
Fine. We'll keep them totally separate.
Then why don't you pack up your shiny
tents and piss off back to the mainland?
It's not going to happen.
Right, well, I'll take the north side
of the river, you take the south side.
Fine.
But I think you mean east and west.
North's that way.
Right. On your feet, lads,
we're moving out.
- Come on, chop, chop.
- See you later, babes, yeah?
Wanker.
So what's your name?
Jo. And you?
- Lewis.
- Lewis.
- Bye, Jo.
- Bye, Lewis.
You done?
- Stay on your side of the river.
- Yeah, yeah.
- You are such a little slut.
- Go fuck yourself.
Right, here we go, boys. Munchies.
More importantly, jobs.
Steve, Lew, there's a monastery
on our side of the river.
I want you to find it. It's on the map.
Blue and Jethro, I want you to find some
high ground in case the weather changes.
Callum and Lindsay, there's a natural
harbour. I want you to find it.
- Wait for me!
- Piss off.
- Jed said you and me.

- I didn't.
I thought you were different.
Well, I'm not! I'm just like
all the others, so fuck off!
- So you want to cross the river?
-You heard what Jed said, man.
- There's girls there.
- They're a little too white for me.
I don't care about their colour, blood.
I just care about their gash,
you get me?
To be honest, bruv,
I don't think you really stand a chance.
Look at that chick back at camp.
What's her name? Jo.
She was only making eyes for Lewis.
Yeah, but why, Jethro?
I mean, I reckon I'm quite buff.
Buff? You see them girls?
They like the big mans, like me.
I'm big, man. Trust me, I'm big.
Where it counts.
It's not worth it, man. I say we just
kick back and chill here, innit?
Take in some of that fresh air, Blue.
Oi, oi.
I'm not one to blow my own trumpet,
but well done, me.
I've got the map.
That's the point.
I didn't need the map, you did.
Who the fuck is this guy?
Looks like someone left a monk behind.
Are you all right, Father?
Or did they forget about you, eh?
Eh?
Eh!
Fuck him.
Now that's not very holy, is it, Father?
Lew.
Take that stick away from me, man.
Why have you got a stick?
- Cos I want a stick.
- Put it down, man.

Afternoon, lads.
- Get lost?
- Never even tried.
-What's the point?
- It's good foryou to do something new.
Good forthe soul.
You'll thank me for it one day.
Don't count on it, Jed.
Fair enough.
Are you all right, mate?
Jesus. Fuck.
We need to get out ofhere.
Come on, let's get Louise.
What are you doing?
Come on, let's get Louise.
Callum. Up you get, son.
I know what this looks like,
but I swear...
Get the fucking cunt off me.
- Stay down!
- Don't struggle!
-Atramp lived here?
-Yeah.
For an uninhabited island,
it's getting pretty fucking crowded.
You seriously do not think I did this.
You sent them to find it, not me.
- But we neverfound it, did we?
- No, we got lost.
Yeah. I fucking know you.
-You don't know nothing.
- There's something not right.
Too fucking right there's not.
I think they look like bite marks.
Right.
Well, this trip is well and truly over.
- Got a phone?
-Yeah.
Use it. Call the mainland.
The phone's gone.
Maybe we should let the police
decide who's guilty.
Maybe you should stop
undermining my authority, Louise.

How much experience have you had
with special-unit youth prisoners?

Me? Ten years.

No, not much to be honest.

I served in Basra with the
The inmates I'm used to are Republican
Guard, Fedayeen and Taliban types.

You're right, I've not had much
special-unit youth experience,
but it was all they had.

How much experience have you had with
dead bodies and how they got that way?

Right, who's the joker?

Who's got my phone? Which one of you
slags has taken my fucking phone?

We ain't got your phone, man.

If we did we'd give it back.

-Just to get out of this shitty place.

- I need my phone.

-You fucking know, don't you?

- I ain't fucking got it, right?

And even if I did, you ain't got the
stones to take it off me, have you?

You done a head count recently?

There's more of us than you.

Simple question!

Have you got the phone? Yes or no!

No, fucking no!

You need to keep a lid
on this situation.

Right, everyone listen up.

Considering everything
that's happened today
the girls are going
to stay here tonight.

No dicking around. I mean it.

- So what's the plan? We leaving?

- No.

Tomorrow we'll find the tramp's boat,
take it to the mainland and get help.

So get some food on, eh?

Them Supernoodles are mine.

Bruv, I'm sick of beans.

Stop moaning.

- So you enjoying that?
- This isn't bad.
Can you give me the keys
to Callum's cuffs?
-Why?
- I want to give him some food.
Unless you want to.
Louise, don't be mugged offby Callum.
Don't be fooled by him.
You never know which way
he's going to fly.
He's got a list of previous
as long as my arm.
Tell you something,
you know when he was 14,
he even killed another boy.
I know, I was there.
He got away without charge.
Maybe he shouldn't have done.
I don't know what he's capable of.
Still want the keys?
You're taking a bit of a risk.
I'm a stone-cold killer, remember?
I don't think so.
You don't think I did it then?
I don't think
you could do anything to me.
Can I smoke a cigarette?
Did you kill that lad
back in the other institution?
What?
Jed's told you his favourite story then?
Well, did you?
He died.
You see that?
This lad, Neeson,
stuck his craft knife in me.
I defended myself was all.
He stabbed me,
but no way I wanted to kill him.
Why would I want to kill him?
I don't want to spend
all my life inside.
These boys, they don't give a shit.

They love it. They're never getting out.

But me, I'm using this.

I've got a plan.

-You've got a plan, eh?

-Yeah, I have.

I keep my head down

and I do this quietly.

Cos when I get out

there's no foster care,

no more care at all, out of the system.

It's just Callum.

And I can have one day without doors

slamming, without shouting,

just silence, to think.

Shh!

-What's that?

- It's me.

Shh!

Yo, Blue, come on, man. Wake up.

-Wake up, it's water duty.

- It don't take two of us.

Jed said not to go out alone.

You'll need a crowbar and a winch

to get me out of here.

I ain't movin', all right?

So flippin' useless, you, man.

- Don't know why I hang around with you.

- Shut up!

Hello there!

Yeah, yeah...

So you let him go out alone, you...

you plank.

How many times

have I got to tell you things?

He's gonna be fine.

I mean, what's gonna happen to him?

I'll tell you what's gonna happen.

You are going to go and find him.

Let me get this straight.

You want me to go out there alone

to find another guy out there alone

when no one's meant to be alone.

Really makes sense.

I'll tell you what, why don't you take

your best mate, shitty pants, with you?
Yeah, take Lindsay
for your protection, Blue.
No, I'd rather go out alone.
Don't talk to me, yeah?
Don't walk near me. Do you understand?
What you doing? That's nuff close.
I said don't walk next to me.
- How far?
- That far! Just stay away from me.
Fucking dickhead.
Shit, it's always me, innit?
Jethro!
-Jethro, man!
- He's not here, is he?
Well, he was here, look.
Just keep lookin', innit?
Jethro, man!
Come on, cuz, where are you?
Come on, cuz!
Jethro!
Look, why do you think he'd run off?
Do you think something bad's
happened to him?
Something bad? You'd like that, innit?
A little bit of action.
You never did like Jethro...
-We'll make a move when they get back.
- He's dead! Quickly!
He's fuckin' dead, man! He's dead!
We found his arm floating
down the river. It's torn off.
-What happened?
- Something is on this island.
- It tore Jethro to pieces!
-You saw him?
- I saw his arm.
-You're sure he's dead?
-Yeah, he's dead!
-Are you dicking me around?
- No, I'm not!
- Everybody calm down! Stay here.
Everybody get down!
Hide behind something! Move!

Come on!

- Callum, what can you see?

- I can't see anybody.

I've been shot by a fucking arrow!

Fuck!

Come here! Help me!

- Get it out!

-Where are the keys?

Jed! Where are the keys?

I can't help with my hands cuffed.

- Go! Go!

- No!

Go now!

Take this! I'll try and draw them off.

Come on!

- Hey, over here!

- Hey!

Hey! Go, go, go!

Christ!

Oh Christ!

Leave him! Go!

- Fuck!

- I'll head them off.

-We've got to...

-Just do it.

Louise!

-You all right?

-Yeah.

Fuckin' unbelievable, eh?

What was that, man? What's happenin'?

Did you see anyone?

Did you see a guy with a crossbow?

No! Shut up!

Fuck me.

It couldn't have happened

to a nicer prick.

Fuck.

Where's everyone else? Where's Louise?

Why would someone do this to us?

What have we done?

Maybe they were mates with that tramp.

Maybe. But we didn't kill him, did we?

Well, wasn't this

one of them old army places?

Maybe... Maybe them dogs
were just left here and...
And I suppose they left
the guy with the crossbow, too?
Listen, I don't care.
I just want to get out of here, OK?
How we going to get out of here? There's
no way off this island without a boat!
Killer made it then.
Have you seen Louise?
Do you know where she is?
- She died.
-What?
She took one of the dogs over the cliff
with her.
Where are you going? Stop!
Please!
Why would I wait here?
He knows where we are.
No, maybe he don't wanna kill us.
Maybe he just wanted Jed.
I mean, it's a possibility, innit?
A pissed off former inmate or something.
Listen. We need to stick together.
-We need to help each other.
-Why would I help you.
Fuck him. Let him go.
Who gives a shit?
Look, Steve, he's got the knife, man.
Yeah. Well, leave the knife,
there's a good boy.
You're joking, aren't you?
Nah. Leave it.
- Take it.
- Give us it.
- I will fucking gut you, kidder.
- OK, all right.
All right.
He's right, we can't stay here.
Mandy, those army huts.
-Where?
- The other side of the island.
Let's get our shit together
and get out of here.

Oi! Come on!

-Wait up, man!

- Shut up!

- Oi!

- Ow!

No!

- Have they gone yet?

- Come on.

Let's go.

Steve.

What?

- Nothing.

-Well, fuck off.

How come he's in charge now?

He's got the knife. He's the man.

- Surely you could take that offhim?

-Yeah, ifl wanted to.

I don't want to. Not yet.

Why not? Are you scared?

OK. I reckon

there's only three dogs left.

There's seven of us. Even if they come fast they can't get us if we have these.

- Maybe they won't come back.

- They will.

Just shut up!

- Are we going the right way?

- Yes, this is the way.

This is the way. I remember.

Fuck.

Man.

My God, that's sick.

- It's so sick.

- This is so fucked up.

What's the matter, Lewis?

You not feeling rehabilitated yet?

He's following us. He's watching us now.

What do we do, Steve?

Get the fuck out ofhere.

Fuck you!

- This is good, right?

- Yeah, this is good.

You first, killer.

-What is this place?

- This is good.
- So we're gonna be safe here?
-Yeah.
I've never seen a dead body before.
I have.
What did that "D" mean, man?
Do you reckon it was his name?
He's not fucking Zorro, is he?
Maybe it was D for dead.
Then his name should be
the Bloody Obvious Killer.
Maybe it's someone else's name.
Like who?
- David, Donald, Derek...
- Dickhead.
Davie.
Oh, shit. Davie.
- Davie.
-Who's Davie?
It's Davie's dad out there.
No. No way. No fuckin' way, man!
Yeah, he's come to get us,
cos of what you did to him.
You shut yourfuckin' mouth!
We didn't kill him, did we?
He topped himself, remember?
Yeah, why, though?
Because of you.
All of you.
You know something, don't you?
Talk, you little shit! What do you know?
Nothing.
You tell me what you know
or I will slice yourfucking throat.
What do you know about Davie's dad?
He was scared ofhim.
He loved him, but he said he was crazy.
All right!
He was a soldier or something.
That's it, a soldier.
And that is all I know, I swear.
You know more, you lying little fucker!
I don't know...
Special Forces or something.

- I don't know.
- Special Forces?
-Yeah.
- He's going to kill us, Steve.
What are we gonna do
if he's a real soldier?
- Shut up, Lewis.
-And what about the dogs?
- Fuck the dogs! Is that it?
- That's all I know.
I swear to you, that is all I know.
We're so fucked.
No, Jo. No, we're not.
This is nothing to do with us.
It's not us he wants.
It's just those little shits.
Why don't you go and tell him
that? And tell him I done nothing.
He's not going to let anyone
off the island now.
We didn't do anything.
If he's letting us know who he is, none
of us are getting out of here alive.
Fuck off!
Hey.
-What do you want?
-Just making sure you're all right.
I mean, you shouldn't really
be out here by yourself.
- I'm fine, thanks.
-Why does Lewis get all the favours?
I mean, what about me?
Don't you like me?
Fuck you! Get out of my way.
- I want a bit of what Lewis is getting.
- Fuck off!
Who do you think you're talking to, eh?
Eh?
Shut your mouth! If you scream,
I will fucking kill you!
They'll just think
it was the hunter anyway.
Don't worry, you're gonna like this.
I swear.

I'm good. All right?

No, no, no...

Gonna rape my girl, were you?

Were you? Were you?

I'm gonna fuckin' kill you.

- Get off!

- Relax!

Fuckin' psycho. What's wrong with you?

- I didn't do nothing, you stupid bitch.

- I'm gonna fucking kill you.

-Yeah? Well, you got to catch me first.

-You better run, motherfucker.

You betterfucking run!

Someone, please!

- No.

- My leg!

- My leg! Please help me!

- We have to help.

- Let him bleed.

- Does it hurt, mate?

- I bet that's stinging.

- Stay still. We're coming.

- Mandy, hold him up!

- I can't do it.

Callum. I can't hold him.

Help me hold him up! Please!

- Don't you dare.

- He's falling!

Help me!

Guys, the dogs are here!

Quick, hurry up!

- I can't hold him!

- Blue! Blue!

I can't get you out, man.

I'm going to have to cut yourfoot off.

What? No! No!

Run.

Mandy, run!

Get down!

- Fuck!

- Quick!

Put it out!

Move!

There's another one!

- Go on, Lewis!
- Go, go!
Give us a hand!
Another one!
- Open the door!
-We've got to get out!
- I can't open the door!
- Get out the fucking way!
Fuck!
Shit.
Move, Lewis!
Go!
Guys! Wait there!
Wait for me, please!
I think I've hurt myself.
I've seen this in the movies.
So they can't catch the scent, right?
Yeah, that's it. We cross
at one point, come out at another.
Then they can't catch us, yeah?
You all right?
- Thanks.
-What are you like, Lewis?
He's being a nice guy.
You wouldn't know about that.
- Slap herfor me, Lewis.
-You're a twat.
Hey, watch yourself.
- What did you do to that boy?
- Nothing. He killed himself.
- Yeah, but why?
- I don't know.
Wait!
Wait!
Oi, wait!
Who is that guy?
Get down!
What?
He's in there. I saw him moving.
- Let's get out ofhere.
- No.
We've got the edge on him.
He doesn't know we're here.
- Louise.

- Louise.
Get some wood for a fire, keep her warm.
Jesus Christ, Louise.
Let her down gently.
Louise, can you hear me?
You have to get off the island.
- No shit, Sherlock.
- Shut up, Steve.
Get the boat. It's not far.
Hang in there.
So we find this boat then, yeah?
- Well, where is it?
- We'll have to look for it, dummy.
- Don't call me a dummy.
- Then stop acting like one.
All you do is follow him around
like some lapdog.
- If you want a punch...
- Listen.
We gotta find our way to the shore
and find that boat.
But what about Louise?
We find her
somewhere comfortable and dry.
We'll come back when we find a boat.
We're gonna have to split up
and look for this boat.
That's gonna take fucking forever.
You found something else to do?
Don't be a smartarse, slut.
Let's go.
Come on, Lew.
I'm not just cool, I'm lucky, too.
Nice.
This his boat?
Doubt it. Probably that tramp's.
Good enough for me.
- I'll call the others.
- What for?
- You ain't gonna tell 'em?
- What would I do that for?
There's not one here
I give a shit about. Help me shift it.
- But Jo...

- Fuck Jo.
Sorry, I forgot. You already have.
- I don't want to leave her.
- Then stay here.
I don't give a shit what you do,
I'm going.
Oh, fuck it!
Come on.
Oi!
Oi!
No!
- Wait!
- Fuck!
-What? What is it?
- He's cut the fuel line.
He knows we're here.
Jesus.
Fuck! Fuck, the dogs!
Oh, fuck.
The sea. Run into the sea.
- I can't swim.
-You can swim farther than a dog.
Come on, into the water.
Come on.
Steve! Dog! Dog!
-We can take it.
-You think?
Oh, fuck it! Run!
Get a fucking grip, OK?
I wanna get off this island.
Do you understand?
OK.
Oh, fuck, he's up there.
Lindsay, well done! You made it.
You left me, you fuckin' bastards!
No, no, no.
No, we wouldn't have left you.
You must have got lost or something.
Listen! Throw some rocks at this dog,
will ya?
Lindsay!
You fucker! I'm gonna do for you!
Those fucking dogs.
We're trapped out here.

That dog's fucked off.
You little bastard! Come here!
Jo, get a fucking grip!
We can swim to a safer place
and we can get out.
I can't, I'm so fucking...
- Thinking of leaving us, eh?
- Steve.
Steve!
In here. In here.
Yeah, Lew.
- Let me in.
- Sorry, mate, not enough room.
Actually, come here.
Get off me. No!
Steve, the dog's coming.
Steve, let go!
You're doing well, Linds.
Callum, one's gone.
Callum!
Callum!
Come on, you fuckin' bitch!
Jesus. Where's she gone?
But Louise couldn't have walked away.
Get off me.
- Let go of me!
- Shut up!
You're gonna die.
Yeah, well,
you're coming with me, fucko.
- God, I'm hungry.
- Yeah.
I could eat
just about anything now.
Me too.
- Where you going?
- You said you were hungry.
- He could be out there.
- I know he's out there.
Jo.
Come here.
- Piss off.
- What's the matter?
You were going to leave me here.

No, we were going for help.
The boat wasn't big enough and...
Steve told me to.
Shh! I can hear something.
What?
What is it?
There's something there.
Something there in the tree.
Well, you said you were hungry.
What's wrong?
Louise.
Oh, shit. He cut its fucking head off.
Maybe it's the best bit.
You're not serious?
You never heard of chow mein?
That's dog, that is.
Killer's lost it.
Maybe he's doing the right thing.
Going out into the woods
and getting yourthroat slit?
-Very smart.
- He's got some stones on him though.
Steve, have you got that lighter?
Yeah.
Can I use it?
Nah.
Steve, don't be a dick.
What?
Look, I just want to get this fire
going. It is for all of us, yeah.
I want you to come and suck my cock,
but that ain't gonna happen either.
Why are you being like this?
Cos I can be. Why are you such a bitch?
At least I ain't a coward.
I'm a what?
You're a fucking coward.
And you know you are.
The only reason we're in this mess
is cos of you.
-Yeah?
-Yeah.
I'll give you coward.
Lewis, do something.

-What did you say?
- I said you're a fucking coward!
- Stop him!
- Steve.
You pussy-whipped twat!
Don't you dare fucking speak to me.
Steve, I said don't...
-We've got to work together.
-Why don't you try and stop me?
Fucking get off...
You are fucking dead!
You are going to pray forthat crossbow
cos I'm going to do it slow.
I don't want to fight you, Steve.
Let it go, Steve! Let it go!
- Please!
- Get the fuck off me!
Fuck off! Get off!
- Please.
-All right.
-All right, fucking all right!
- No more fighting.
All right. Fuck off.
Where'd Mandy go?
She's run away.
Because ofhim.
You should have gone, not her.
We don't need you here.
Lewis doesn't need you here.
You're... poison.
He's got me now.
He will do what I want.
He's mine.
- He's yours?
-Yeah.
-Yeah?
-Yeah.
-Well, you can fucking have him.
- Lewis!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Oh, Steve, thank God.
Steve, cut me down, please.

- Please cut me down, Steve!
- Shh, shh.
Do you smell that?
I know, it's petrol. Please cut me down.
And this... That's nasty, innit?
I'm sorry... I'm sorry about Lewis...
Don't you ever say his name! Ever!
It's your fault.
You killed him.
-You made it happen.
- I didn't mean to. I'm sorry.
Please cut me down. Please.
Please.
Please!
Nah.
Help! Don't fucking leave me here.
I don't wanna die like this,
you murdering bastard!
No, please, no! Come back!
What do you want?
You're gonna help me get out of here.
Not good enough.
I brought him for you.
He was the one.
He was the real bastard.
We never touched him.
- He fucking killed himself.
-You drove him to it.
No one helped him.
No one's gonna help you either.
I never fucking touched him, right?
Remind me, what happened to my son?
He cut his wrists.
Slashed them open. Bled to death.
All right?
Your turn.
I want you to feel what my son felt.
I want you to feel what my son felt!
You know your son was a pussy, don't ya?
That's why he killed himself.
No stones.
Well, that ain't me.
So go fuck yourself.
- Have you killed them all?

- Not yet.
Well, he was the worst.
Go down to the boat
and wait for me there.
All this
because your boy got bullied?
Do you know he was scared of you?
Ask Lindsay.
Your boy was frightened of you.
You're just anotherfucking father
with no idea about his kid.
Well, I ain't scared of you,
oryour pooches.
Go on, call your dogs,
cos you'll fuckin' need 'em, mate.
You want a fairfight, do you?
You think what happened to my son
was fair?
I don't give a shit
what happened to your son.
I never knew him.
But I tell you one thing.
You're gonna kill me
and you're going to do it like a man.
One more thing,
I'm not here for a fairfucking fight.
I'm sorry, motherfucker,
I meant to cut your head off!
Come on!
You knew.
Knew?
I asked him to come.
I told him we'd be here.
This... was because of you?
Yeah.
Ijust told him all of the things they
did to me and Davie, those bastards!
I knew he'd come.
I knew he'd come
and I knew he'd hunt them down.
What about me?
And Jo?
And Jed?
And Louise?

You fucking murdering bastard!
Where are the others?
What do we do now?
I'm not staying here,
just to get sent back.
What?
I died on this island. We all died.
You not feeling rehabilitated yet?