

ROAMERS

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

TV ADVERT:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An austere room. A happy **TEENAGER** works a sewing machine.

CHIRPY MALE (V.O.)
Do you have creative flare?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Rows of happy **STUDENTS** sit in front of sewing machines.

CHIRPY MALE (V.O.)
The Royal College of Seamsters is
now open for online admissions.

WHITE BACKGROUND

Glitter sparkles over a shabby polo shirt, transforming it
into a short-sleeve blazer.

CHIRPY MALE (V.O.)
Learn to repurpose unwanted clothes
and become a fashion icon -- she
did!

INT. STYLISH BEDROOM - DAY

CHANTAL DRAPER lounges on a button-back sofa.

CHANTAL DRAPER
I'm Chantal Draper.

She rises. Struts towards camera.

CHANTAL DRAPER (CONT'D)
When I realised the one forties
were making a comeback, I
transformed my Nan's wardrobe. And
I haven't looked back.

The camera pans to a massive walk-in wardrobe.

CHANTAL DRAPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
With the support of the Royal
College of Seamsters, you can too.

The door *slams* shut. "Fashion Icon" is stenciled on it.

CHIRPY MALE (V.O.)
Enrolments close October first.

(END OF ADVERT)

TV ADVERT:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

Two Cybertrucks ride side-by-side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYM - DAY

A **MAN** and a **WOMAN** in gym-wear complete chin-ups next to each other. Both are supremely fit.

STRONG MALE (V.O.)
At Mercia Land Services, when faced
with the ultimate challenge...

EXT. GYM - DAY

The man and woman exit, exuding confidence. They climb into a Cybertruck.

STRONG MALE (V.O.)
... We're always ready to serve
the land.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

Armed, wearing helmets and protective clothing, the man and woman exit a Cybertruck, prepared for confrontation.

STRONG MALE (V.O.)
Our agents are protected by the
latest armour tech.

INT. CONTROL CENTRE - DAY

An **ANALYST** works in front of a screen.

STRONG MALE (V.O.)
And supplied with the most up-to-
date civilian data.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MERCIA LAND SERVICES HQ - DAY

The man and woman pose in uniform by two Cybertrucks.

STRONG MALE (V.O.)
Join the best. Serve the best.

SUPER: Mercia Land Services. Protecting our land since 2098.

(END OF ADVERT)

EXT. M.L.S. CAMP - DAY

A large, temporary structure, pitched in a lush wilderness. Two Cybertrucks, three eVans, are parked outside. **TWO M.L.S. AGENTS** approach the entrance.

INT. M.L.S. TENT - BREAKOUT AREA

VICKY ARCHER and **RACHEL SMITH** (both late 30s), wearing M.L.S. uniform, sit at the corner of a table, dirty plates beside them. A muted TV behind cuts from commercial break to Sat Net News. Neither pay it any attention.

VICKY

This time next week.

RACHEL

We'll be on our way...

Vicky affectionately strokes Rachel's engagement ring.

VICKY

Tell me how excited you are.

RACHEL

(Sighs)

I could burst really, thinking about it.

VICKY

Are you going to pop?

RACHEL

Eventually, I think I will.

VICKY

I can't wait, either.

RACHEL

Well, we're going to.

They are about to kiss when...

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Archer! Smith!

The **CAPTAIN** is in the double doorway, full of steely contempt. **OTHER M.L.S. AGENTS** mill past.

RACHEL

Did you wait for that, Cap?

CAPTAIN

I got enough on my hands. Follow.

He leaves.

INT. COMMS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Captain is flanked by Vicky and Rachel.

CAPTAIN
I need you to join patrol on
Northwest Corner.

VICKY
Sure thing.

CAPTAIN
We've had reports of Burners
stalking a large convoy of Roamers
who split from Main Town last week.

RACHEL
Well if they insist on doing their
own thing...

CAPTAIN
That's not the point.

RACHEL
Sorry, Cap.

CAPTAIN
It's the usual -- small cells
breaking cover -- but the sightings
are up. Four oh three are out there
now. Mac and Bill are mounted up.

He points at the exit.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Move it.

EXT. M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky and Rachel approach a Cybertruck. **MAC** is in the
driver's seat, the window open. **BILL** next to him.

MAC
Welcome along, ladies.

Vicky and Rachel climb in the back.

RACHEL
Hey, Mac. Bill.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

The Cybertruck cruises along a road through sprawling fields.
No sign of civilisation in any direction.

INT. CYBERTRUCK - TRAVELLING

Open countryside rolls past outside.

BILL
So you're having the ceremony while
you're away?

RACHEL
Yep.

VICKY
On a cruise. It was the only way I
could get my step-dad to come. He
refuses to return to the Old-World.

MAC
I hope you tax him for that.

They laugh.

VICKY
You're welcome to try.

RACHEL
Instead, he's been persuaded to
take a holiday -- his first. Aged
sixty. You believe it?

BILL
Man, me and Wendy take one every
six without fail.

MAC
Heck, at least twice a year! Get
out on the ocean. All the amenities.
Decent food. You can't beat it.

VICKY
He's bringing his new lady friend,
Mary. Almost ten years since Mum
passed. I'm happy for him.

Vicky and Rachel share a smile. Bill alerts Mac.

BILL
Dude, company.

Rachel and Vicky search for the interruption.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE

A custom dune-buggy with **THREE BURNERS** onboard approaches
the Cybertruck at speed, bouncing over the adjacent field.

INT. CYBERTRUCK - TRAVELLING

All four are alarmed.

MAC
What are they playing at?

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE

The dune-buggy turns alongside the Cybertruck, jerking aggressively towards it. The Cybertruck takes avoiding action, giving the road to the dune-buggy.

INT. CYBERTRUCK - TRAVELLING

All eyes are on the agressors.

BILL
We could flatten that flimsy heap
of junk we wanted to.

MAC
You want to deal with the admin?
(Shouting at the
window)
You want to play, do you?

Mac jerks the wheel towards them.

RACHEL
Idiots.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE

The dune-buggy backs away. One of the riders raises a gun, aims at the Cybertruck.

INT. CYBERTRUCK - TRAVELLING

Alarm has turned to ridicule.

VICKY
They know we're bullet proof, right?

BILL
Drop back, I'll take a shot.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE

The rider shoots the Cybertrucks front tyre, which explodes, causing the Cybertruck to spin across the grass.

FULL SHOT: GRASS

The Cybertruck hits a large rock hidden in the soil.

INT. CYBERTRUCK - TRAVELLING

Mac turns into the spin. Outside, the dune-buggy zooms off.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE

SFX: Skidding on turf. *Thump! Crash!* A horn fades to silence.

A WHITE OVERCAST SKY.

SUPER: One year later

EXT. AUTUMNAL VALLEY - DAY

A SMALL URBAN AREA, nestled between hills. The older centre, with traditional stone buildings, is extended by a network of portable cabins and shipping containers.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Vicky and **TOBY** (18) crouch behind rock cover. Vicky holds a stubby telescope. Toby watches on expectantly.

VICKY
Fence has been replaced. We'll
need the pliers.

Toby removes a set from his bag, shows Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)
They're the ones.

P.O.V. TELESCOPE

Close on a checkpoint, a couple of **SQUADDIES** in fatigues loiter near a Land Rover.

VICKY (O.S.)
Squaddies look as bored as ever.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Vicky lowers the telescope.

TOBY
What if they catch us?

VICKY
They won't. Apathy and bribery
rule supreme.

Toby stuffs a cosh up his sleeve.

VICKY (CONT'D)
What you doing, Tobe?

Vicky tries to take it off him but he resists.

TOBY
Mick said to.

VICKY
Has he been winding you up? There'll
be no need. They just tax us if we
bust.

TOBY

Just in case. It's my first time.

VICKY

Fine. Don't go getting any ideas.
You won't need it.

EXT. LOWER GROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Hunched over. Dressed in t-shirts and shorts with sturdy footwear. Rucksacks on backs. Vicky and Toby navigate down the uneven terrain.

EXT. B-ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

They hurdle a crumbling, dry-stone wall and cross the narrow strip of tarmac.

EXT. OVERGROWN WASTELAND - MOMENTS LATER

Alert to danger, they arrive at a wire fence.

VICKY

Get snipping then. -- Quickly.

Toby snips down with cutters. Vicky pulls it open.

EXT. URBAN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Crouched low, they hunker through a narrow gap between shipping containers.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Coming into the open between stone buildings, they stand tall, relax.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

None of the **LOCALS** pay Vicky and Toby any attention. Most walk. Some are on eScooters. There are no cars.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

YOUTHS, styled like Chantal Draper, sit on a wall. They jeer Vicky and Toby.

YOUTH 1

Oi oi, look at these Vags.

YOUTH 2

Go rot in the fields ya tourists.

VICKY

Drones.

YOUTH 1

What of it, fair dame?

Toby shows the cosh.

 TOBY
You sure you want to rely on the
health service round here?

 YOUTH 1
Pah! You're not worth my time.

 TOBY
Didn't think so.

 VICKY
 (Hisses)
Toby!

Toby charms her with an innocent grin.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky and Toby approach a shop with a **SECURITY GUARD** outside.

 SECURITY GUARD
Passes?

Vicky offers a power-pack from her bag.

 VICKY
Fully charged.

The security guard tests it with a pocket ohmmeter, nods
them inside.

 SECURITY GUARD
I'm sick of the power cuts.

 VICKY
Me too.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Goods are stacked efficiently. Mostly hardware. No frills.
Vicky takes a basket. Toby gets distracted by a solitary
stand of chocolate bars.

 TOBY
Chocolate!

Toby takes some, catches up with Vicky, who browses. He
places the chocolate in the basket.

 VICKY
Don't expect much. It's pretty
gnarly these days.

Vicky indicates a row of shelves.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Make yourself useful. See if you
can find ballbearings. Thirty mil.

They split.

COUNTER - LATER

Vicky lays a few items in front of the **CLERK**.

VICKY
You got ballbearings back there?

CLERK
What size?

VICKY
Thirty mil should do it.

The clerk routes around. Vicky notices a POSTER offering a financial grant to pregnant women.

TOBY
Are you planning?

VICKY
You cheeky--

CLERK
--How many you want?

Archie's fury simmers as she turns to the clerk.

VICKY
I'll take half dozen.

The clerk places the ballbearings on the counter.

CLERK
Passes?

Vicky offers a power-pack.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Got plenty of them, my friend.

Archie's disappointed.

CLERK (CONT'D)
You forgot your pass, it's a ten
percent premium.

VICKY
Ten? Five's usual.

CLERK
You got anything I can sell, then
we'll talk.

EXT. URBAN AREA - LATER

Vicky and Toby go single file between storage containers.

TOBY

I saw something on Sat-Net saying
they're working to re-freeze
Antarctica within the next decade.

VICKY

Click-bait, buddy.

TOBY

You never know.

VICKY

If you spent more time on self
study, you would.

TOBY

The whole world wants things to go
back to before the melt.

VICKY

Ain't going to happen.

TOBY

Seriously, they've developed
particles they can put into the
atmosphere, to cool it down. They
want to test over the South Pole.

VICKY

If the powers that be cared that
much for climate change, they
wouldn't have dragged their heels
the past two hundred years.

TOBY

Maybe they want to be able to
predict the weather again?

EXT. WIRE FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Vicky holds the fence open for Toby to pass through.

VICKY

Even if they are, you think it
will work? Sea levels won't drop
overnight.

TOBY

Probably not.

VICKY

What would there be to go back to,
soggy carpets?

(MORE)

VICKY (CONT'D)
Drowned cities will either get
looted or be turned into tourist
attractions -- Ooo, look how they
used to live.

EXT. OVERGROWN WASTELAND - CONTINUOUS

Toby holds the fence open for Vicky on the other side.

TOBY
It would be rads, though.

VICKY
Yeah, well don't kid yourself.

Vicky stops as soon as she's through. Resignation passes over her. The two squaddies from the checkpoint approach, casually holding rifles.

LEAD SQUADDIE
What Tax dodging Vags have we here?

Vicky checks Toby who is nervous. She reaches for her bag and the lead squaddie raises his rifle.

LEAD SQUADDIE (CONT'D)
Easy there.

VICKY
You want tax, no?

LEAD SQUADDIE
I'll decide what we want.

MOMENTS LATER

The squaddies shove them against the fence for frisking.

VICKY
Easy, he's just a kid.

LEAD SQUADDIE
A Vag child.

They yank Vicky and Toby's backpacks off.

VICKY
What's eating you today?

The lead squaddie has menace, leaning close to Vicky, his hand on her backside. She shows signs of discomfort.

LEAD SQUADDIE
You.

VICKY
Creep.

Toby reacts. A spinning back-fist with the cosh catches the second squaddie clean across the temple, sending him down.

Seizing the opportunity, Vicky spins, grabs the lead squaddie's rifle. They wrestle with it. He gains the upper hand, uses it to pin her at the throat against the fence.

TOBY
Ease up, fella.

Toby trains the second squaddie's rifle on them. The lead squaddie steps away from Vicky.

LEAD SQUADDIE
You sure about that, kid?.

Vicky snatches the lead squaddie's rifle, startling him. She steps aside. Aims.

LEAD SQUADDIE (CONT'D)
(To Vicky)
You'll hang.

VICKY
You want to get on the ground or
you want one in the knee?

The lead squaddie lowers next to the dazed one.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(To Toby)
Get valuables.

Toby shoulders the rifle, stoops to frisk the dazed squaddie.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(To lead squaddie)
Empty your pockets.

He removes his belongings, hands it over. Toby stuffs them into his backpack.

VICKY (CONT'D)
And your radio.

The lead squaddie complies.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(To Toby)
Get the land rover.

Toby is unsure.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Now, please.

Toby accepts the instruction, hurries off.

Vicky and the lead squaddie hold each other's gaze.

VICKY (CONT'D)

King'd hang you himself he knew
how corrupt you've all got.

LEAD SQUADDIE

His lot are off fending for
themselves like the rest of us,
ain't they?

VICKY

I guess there's no enthusiasm for
another civil war.

MOMENTS LATER

The rumble of the Land Rover signals Toby's return. Vicky
backs towards it.

VICKY

There's a good range on this rifle,
I bet. I want you sitting there
five minutes 'fore you go find an
ice pack for your mate.

She tosses the lead squaddie a couple of power-packs.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Put it towards a new radio.

She grins and gets a smirk from him.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky climbs in.

TOBY

I bet you're glad I listened to
Mick now?

VICKY

Just drive.

Toby shifts into first.

EXT. B-ROAD

The Land Rover speeds off into the distance.

EXT. WOODLAND TRACK - DAY

The Land Rover skids to a halt. Vicky climbs out.

MOMENTS LATER

She lugs a felled tree trunk at the side of the track, clears
a hidden route into the trees.

MOMENTS LATER

She steps onto the Land Rover's side-skirt, thumps the roof.

The Land Rover motors past the trunk deeper into the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky and Toby pull a camo tarpaulin off a Campervan modified with large, off-road wheels, wire mesh on the windows and armoured ploughs across both bumpers.

Vicky kicks the identification plates off the Land Rover.

VICKY

Are you going to be okay driving
this on your own?

TOBY

Yeah.

VICKY

It's okay if you're not.

TOBY

Stop sounding like my Mum.

VICKY

You haven't been out on your own
before.

TOBY

So?

Vicky starts rummaging through items in the back of the Land Rover.

VICKY

We'll probably have to head to
Main Town for a while.

TOBY

Now?!

VICKY

Don't panic, big boy. We'll go
back to camp first.

Vicky finds a stash of booze, studdies a bottle.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Nice.

(To Toby)

Help me load up the Camper.

She hands Toby the bottle.

LATER

Vicky climbs behind the wheel of the Campervan. Toby sits behind the wheel of the Land Rover.

VICKY
You go first. If we find any
trouble, just stay there, okay?

TOBY
Yes, Mum.

VICKY
I'm serious -- I've had enough of
your cheek for one day.

Vicky lets her point sink in.

VICKY (CONT'D)
You don't want my concern, you
need to spend less time on Sat-Net
and more time exercising. There's
nothing to you.

TOBY
Okay, fine.

VICKY
-- Any trouble, don't react. You
just keep a steady pace and leave
the rest to me.

TOBY
Okay.

VICKY
Good.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATER

The Campervan follows the Land Rover up into the hills. A
stunning rolling, green backdrop visible below.

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATER

The Land Rover pulls in, followed by the Campervan. Vicky
climbs out.

MOMENTS LATER

Vicky drags a pile of branches aside to reveal another hidden
route into woodland.

Toby watches on.

VICKY
Off you go.

The Land Rover moves through the gap created.

From inside the Campervan, Vicky retrieves a wooden plank studded with nails. Using chains, she attaches it to the Campervan's rear bumper.

MOMENTS LATER

The Campervan moves past the branches and stops. It looks like the wooden plank is used to cover their tracks.

Vicky jumps out to drag the branches back. The Land Rover continues into the forest ahead.

TV ADVERT:

INT. HIGH-END KITCHEN - DAY

A picture perfect kitchen.

TABLE TOP

A plate of food is set down.

SULTRY FEMALE (V.O.)
Beef putty, the nation's favourite
meat substitute.

Gravy is poured over the steaming food.

SULTRY FEMALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
100% lab grown. 100% vegan friendly.

WORK TOP

A tin of 'Beef Putty' is moved aside and a tube put in its place.

SULTRY FEMALE (V.O.)
Now available in a tube as a squeezy
paste. Beef Putty. Life's little
comforts.

(END OF ADVERT)

TV ADVERT:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Flashing lights. Hip, electronic music. An enthusiastic **PRESENTER**, complete with **ENTOURAGE**. They dress in an alternative style to Chantal Draper.

PRESENTER
Yo, don't be one of those gnarl
kids who likes to splash.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A **KID** plays a computer console in front of a TV. The volume loud. The room blazed in light from many sources.

Electronic devices charging beside them.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The presenter approaches camera.

PRESENTER

If you ain't using it, don't be
juicing it. So, here's my shout,
take them plugs out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The kid continues to play. The volume low. Only one side
light on. The devices switched off.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The entourage high -five the presenter.

ALL

Be rad.

SUPER: Be rad.

ALL (CONT'D)

Save power.

SUPER: Save Power.

(END OF ADVERT)

EXT. ROAMERS' CAMP - DAY

A shallow ravine with a stream running through it. On the
bank, three motor-homes arranged in a triangle. They each
have solar panels and a small windmill on the roof. Trailers
behind house crops and wire cages.

Equipment and temporary structures are laid out around the
motor-homes. A small waterwheel turns in the stream, driving
a micro-mill on the bank. **PINE** (30s) is crouched near it.

In the centre of the vehicles is a gazebo.

BENEATH THE GAZEBO

Sitting in camping chairs: **MARY** (60s) knits, **RUBY** (16) sews,
FOSTER (60s) and **MICK** (20s) watch a TV on the side of Motor-
Home Three.

The last frame of the Save Power advert cuts to the news. A
wide aerial shot shows a disordered city with a wide estuary
running through it.

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)

For the third day running, the
North Bank Shanty has launched a
(MORE)

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
raid on the secure enclave of
Muswell Hill.

On screen, a security checkpoint at the foot of a hill.

MICK
Not this again.

FOSTER
Unrest makes headlines.

MICK
They only go on about the London
troubles to make people believe
the place is still relevant.

Still knitting, Mary chuckles, she's heard this before.

MICK (CONT'D)
All Muswell Hill is is a place
rich folk put up with lab food so
they can keep their big houses.

FOSTER
There's still a lot of Old-World
networks there.

MICK
That's what I'm saying. They want
you to think that.

Foster's not convinced he's the one being duped.

MICK (CONT'D)
It's true. What are the three most
powerful cities in the world:
Madrid, Denver, Balmoral. That's
where our Government's gone. And
they've taken all the good doctors
and all the engineers and they're
busy building a new Babylon up in
the Mountains.

FOSTER
You make it sound exotic.

MICK
Not likely.

FOSTER
If they are re-building up there,
they'd be entitled to. We've lost
a lot of resources over the past
couple hundred years.

JADE (30) exits the second motor-home, stretches luxuriously.

JADE
Do you want to keep your nonsense
down?

MICK
Ain't nothing wrong with healthy
debate.

JADE
Define healthy.

Jade wanders between two motor-homes to Pine, who's crouched
by the micro-mill. She ruffles his hair affectionately.

MICK
(Mutters)
Dozy mare.

RUBY
If I made you some decent clothes,
would that cheer you up?

MICK
Drones don't have decent clothes.
You really want to go live with
them, Icon?

RUBY
London's peach.

MICK
What would you eat?

RUBY
I'll make you my food assistant.
You can bring it to me.

She clicks her fingers.

MICK
Unlikely.

Over at the stream, Pine hands Jade a sack lying nearby.

MICK (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's it Pine, give her
something to do for once.

Jade pulls a face at Mick, taking his comment with good
humour. She carries the sack to a barrel next to one of the
trailers and drops it in.

JADE
We're going to have milled all
that grain in no time.

Dusting her hands off, she joins the seated.

JADE (CONT'D)
Coffee beans should be ready by
next week. Can't wait.

MICK
Yeah, you need it.

JADE
Shouldn't you be in your bedroom
"reading" Sat-Net?

Foster holds out a hand. He can hear something.

FOSTER
Guys ...

The others listen too. It's the faint sound of an engine.

MARY
Ooo, Vicky and Toby.

FOSTER
But I think there's two vehicles.

Mary and Jade share concern.

MICK
That other one sounds military.

Foster rises. The others follow suit.

FOSTER
Why are they bothering with us?

MICK
Burners, then?

JADE
(Loud)
Visitors, Pine.

FOSTER
(Loud to Pine)
Let's assume the worst.

Pine rises holding the micro-mill.

MARY
(To Ruby)
Inside, sweetheart.

Ruby heads for one of the motor-homes. Jade dashes to a
trailer, reaches beneath the undercarriage.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME THREE TRAILER

Jade gasps and withdraws her hand in pain. She's cut badly.

MICK
Are you okay?

Undeterred, Jade reaches in with the other hand. *Click!* She retrieves a rifle.

MICK (CONT'D)
I've got it.

Jade hands the rifle to Mick, who sprints off with it.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME THREE

At the side door, Foster passes Mary seating which she stows inside. Jade arrives, clutching her hand. Mary escorts her inside. Foster moves to the rear of the vehicle.

FOSTER
(Loud)
Calm head, Mick.

P.O.V. MOTOR-HOME THREE

Mick sprints up a grass slope behind the camp. He acknowledges Foster's instruction.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME THREE TRAILER

Foster arrives at the trailer, where Pine is placing the micro-mill. They both secure it closed.

EXT. TOP OF GRASS SLOPE

Mick arrives at the summit. Takes position behind a rocky outcrop, readies the rifle. The engine noise clearer now.

P.O.V. RIFLE SCOPE

Scanning the tree line below.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE

At the table, Mary attends to Jade. Ruby watches on.

Pine and Foster pull shutters over the windows. Pine retrieves two rifles.

FOSTER
We need you behind the wheel, Mary.

MARY
One moment.

RUBY
I'll do it.

FOSTER
Not now, lovely.

Mary douses a cloth in liquid, presses it into Jade's hand.

MARY
Hold it firm.

Mary rises.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP

Mick adjusts his position. Muttering to himself. The engine noise is louder.

P.O.V. RIFLE SCOPE

Scans to Toby in the Land Rover, emerging from the trees.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP

Mick is relieved and perplexed. Climbing to his feet, he yells in hysterics.

MICK
What the heck, Toby?

INT. LAND ROVER

Toby responds by pumping his fist out of the window.

EXT. TOP OF GRASS SLOPE

Mick runs down towards camp.

MICK
It's Toby.

EXT. ROAMERS' CAMP

Mick pounds the side of the third Motor-Home.

MICK
Guys, it's Toby.

MOMENTS LATER

Mick, Pine and Foster watch the Land Rover skid to a halt. Toby climbs out, bashful.

MICK
What have you got there, bro? First trip an' all.

Behind, in the distance, the Campervan turns into view.

FOSTER
I think I want to know what's happened.

PINE
Is it in good nick?

TOBY

Drives well.

Pine peers inside.

MICK

Much juice in it?

TOBY

Over half.

MICK

Yeah! We'll have those cells out.

FOSTER

Now hang on. Our lot get left alone because we don't cause trouble and we're not a burden like the rest of 'em. What happened, Toby?

The Campervan parks next to the Land Rover.

TOBY

We didn't start it. Couple of squaddies did.

Vicky climbs out.

FOSTER

You just pay them!

Toby turns to Vicky for support.

VICKY

Calm down, Pops. We tried. They were out of order.

TOBY

Way out.

FOSTER

So you took their motor? We're going to have to move on now.

VICKY

There was nothing I could do.

Mick gives Toby a congratulatory pat on the shoulder.

MICK

Look at you all big now, bro. First trip out and you come back with the goods.

FOSTER

It's not funny. If they pin it on you...

VICKY
They won't. We can just strip the
VIN.

Foster indicates the Land Rover.

FOSTER
Please. Step to it. Another crime.

VICKY
But only a taxable one.

FOSTER
We don't need unnecessary expense.
People like us end up in the labour
camps they run out of coin.

MICK
Unc, we get that Land Rover to
Main Town, we'll make a packet.
It'll get recycled, disappear
quicker than a snitch in old East
London.

Mary, Ruby and Jade exit the third motor-home.

MARY
Ooo, what's this?

Foster finds a seat, irritated. Vicky unloads the Campervan.

FOSTER
Back to Main Town it is.

VICKY
They were thugs on a power trip,
Dad. I had to. You know how it is.

TOBY
Camper was stashed a mile off.
They'd have caught up to us we
didn't take it.

VICKY
Right.

FOSTER
You could have tied 'em.

VICKY
Well, we didn't.

TOBY
(To Mick)
Glad I took the cosh. I caught one
of them clean with it.

Mick laughs, proud of his brother.

VICKY

(To Mick)

You shouldn't have told him to
bring it.

MICK

Clearly.

FOSTER

We've definitely got to move.

VICKY

Back to Main Town. Sort it from
there.

Foster looks miserable. Vicky hands him a bottle of booze.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Will that cheer you up.

Foster sniffs it. Winces.

FOSTER

That can keep for the RVs. We're
not drinking that.

VICKY

There's beer, too.

FOSTER

Yeah?

MICK

Knees up before we go. All right!

Foster's disgruntled.

FOSTER

I like this spot.

VICKY

(Snaps)

Do you have to keep on?

FOSTER

What about the ballbearings?

VICKY

(Irritated)

Here, somewhere. I did go get them
for you.

FOSTER

Okay.

Foster gestures for calm. Vicky turns to the Campervan.

EXT. ROAMERS' CAMP - NIGHT

They sit beneath the gazebo, which is lit by fairy-lights.

Pine cooks over an electric stove. Ruby helps. Adults have beers.

VICKY

We'll get good money in Main Town
for the parts.

MICK

I said we should get the cells
out.

VICKY

Wouldn't it be easier to drive it?

PINE

Strip the main panels off if we
do. Make it less obvious.

Foster's still not happy.

FOSTER

I like it here. The water's good.
It's sheltered.

VICKY

I'm not apologising, Dad. I've had
enough of a hard time today as it
is.

FOSTER

No one's to breathe a word of this
spot in Main Town. I'm not sharing
it.

PINE

If we're going to go, we should
finish milling the grain first.

FOSTER

It's not an if.

JADE

And there's the coffee.

FOSTER

I've got to fix the windmills, but
I don't know about the coffee ...
another week might be too much.

MARY

The coffee will be all right on
the go with the fuel cells at full
power. Same as the battery packs.

MICK
They're mostly done.

FOSTER
How long to strip the Land Rover?

MICK
Day?

MARY
I'd prefer sooner than later. Jade's
hand has made me realise how low
we are on meds.

FOSTER
Day after tomorrow, then?

They all agree.

LATER

Jade and Pine dance to music. Vicky sips a beer, distant.
Toby and Mick argue over the playlist. Mary and Foster are
elsewhere. Ruby exits in a stylish sleeping bag onesie,
receives appreciative coos from Jade and Vicky.

RUBY
It's for bad days.

JADE
I love it.

VICKY
Sign me up for one.

MICK
You're going to be the best thing
since waterproof TVs.

TOBY
You look like a marshmallow man.

RUBY
I could make you one, where it
zips up all the way over the face.

TOBY
Funny.

Toby reaches to change the music.

JADE
Don't change it, I like this one.

MICK
It's too slow.

JADE
So are you.

MICK

Knock knock.

TOBY

Here, Jade. They've upped the grant for pregnant women. Five-hundred-k now. We saw a poster in Old-World.

JADE

Not likely.

(To Pine)

Sorry, my dear.

Pine shrugs it off with a smile and a spin.

JADE (CONT'D)

If I do, one day, I wouldn't go Old-World. I'd go Main Town. They're better at natural births.

MICK

Five-hundred-k, though?

JADE

I've already got everything I need.

VICKY

Except coffee.

Jade laughs.

JADE

Yeah.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - NIGHT

Mary and Foster lie in bed.

FOSTER

I think you're reading too much into it.

MARY

She'd have never hit anyone before.

Foster chuckles.

FOSTER

I don't know. Mick's felt a few.

MARY

That's not serious. I mean a soldier.

FOSTER

Vicky has always stood up for what's right. If she thinks she had to, I believe her.

MARY

Don't you see it though, day to day? It's like she's simmering away. I don't ever remember her snapping like she does now.

FOSTER

She's been through a lot. You know that. She needs time.

Mary rolls over.

MARY

This isn't grief, this is something else.

FOSTER

She'll be all right. She's got us. We'll keep an eye on her.

MARY

I hope so.

The light is switched off.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

GUESTS sit in rows in front of an altar, where Vicky and Rachel stand in white suits either side of a **REGISTRAR**.

ALTAR

The registrar speaks but we hear no words. Holding hands, Vicky and Rachel share their joy.

REGISTRAR (V.O.)

Do you Lisa?

Vicky nods.

VICKY

(Silent)

I do.

Archie's fond gaze.

REGISTRAR (V.O.)

Do you Rachel?

Archie's demeanour turns from joy to fear.

Rachel is no longer there.

REGISTRAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Do you Rachel?

Vicky is terrified.

REGISTRAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Vicky! Do you Rachel?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

INT. CAMPERVAN - DAY

Vicky wakes with a start.

FOSTER (O.S.)
Vicky!

VICKY
Yeah?

Foster's silhouette is outlined behind the closed curtain.

FOSTER
We're leaving today. There's been
two helicopters across the valley
already.

VICKY
They might not be for us.

FOSTER
In the absence of information to
the contrary, I'm going to assume
they are.

Vicky rubs sleep from her eye.

VICKY
Okay.

Foster's silhouette recedes. Archie's irritated. She notices
a purple, velvet, draw-string pouch on the mattress.

Vicky reaches for the pouch, caresses it with a thumb. From
inside the pouch she places two gold rings in her palm. She
takes a moment before returning them to the pouch and placing
it in her rucksack.

EXT. ROAMERS' CAMP - DAY

Vicky, dressed, exits the Campervan. Toby places grain sacks
in a barrel. Mick dismantles one of the temporary structures.
Jade and Ruby carry plants to a trailer. Foster reassembles
a windmill. Mary dismantles the micro-mill.

VICKY
Why's everyone looking at me like
this is my fault?

MICK
Tetchy this morning, Cous?

MARY
We're not, darling. There's
breakfast there for you.

Mary indicates the table, which Vicky approaches.

VICKY
Thanks.

Vicky takes a bite of fruit, watches the work going on.

VICKY (CONT'D)
We're not stripping the Land Rover
then?

MICK
No time. VIN's off.

Pine returns topless carrying the rifle and two dead rabbits.

PINE
I got time to do anything with
these?

FOSTER
If you're quick.

RUBY
Want a hand?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Netting is dragged to the side revealing two scrambler eBikes. They lie next to two waterproof holdalls. Toby swings a holdall onto his back. He mounts an eBike while Mick folds the netting.

TOBY
Race you back to camp?

MICK
One lap?

TOBY
Better save juice, yeah.

MOMENTS LATER

The front wheel of an eBike tears through dirt. Trees whip by in flashes.

Toby has Mick, on the other eBike, on his flank, gaining. They weave between trees.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby hits a mound, rides the eBike through the air. Mick drops steeply down. Toby lands, makes a sharp turn. They arrive shoulder-to-shoulder, enjoying the competition.

They race full speed towards the edge of the forest.

EXT. ROAMERS' CAMP - LATER

Vicky secures the lids of the trailers.

Toby and Mick burst from the trees and race through camp on the eBikes, desperate to get the better of each other.

Foster descends a ladder propped against a motor-home, The repaired windmill on the roof. Pine carries containers of water from the stream. Jade and Mary roll a barrel onto the trailer attached to the Land Rover. Ruby exits a motor-home.

FOSTER

Get them on there before you hurt yourselves.

While stowing the containers, Pine watches Toby and Mick riding around each other outside the camp.

PINE

Come on, boys, ramp's down. Circus is leaving town.

Mick leads the race to the ramp with the barrel Mary and Jade placed. They take routes either side of the Land Rover and manoeuvre sharply to turn onto the ramp. Riding up and arriving boisterously at the same time.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby locks the eBikes to the trailer at the front wheels.

TOBY

I won, yeah. I drive the Land Rover.

MICK

If you want, you found it.

FOSTER

I think you should, Mick. You're a bit more experienced.

MICK

Hang on, I'm not taking the wrap we meet any gnarly Raiders.

FOSTER

I'm not saying that. We're going to stick together, take it nice and steady. It's just in case.

MICK

In case what? If anything, they're
less likely to take his baby face
for a crook.

FOSTER

Don't be awkward.

MICK

Fine.

(To Toby)

You owe me big if we do.

LATER

With the camp clear, the five vehicles move off one-by-one,
leaving no trace of their presence.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS - DAY

The three motor-homes followed by the Land Rover and
Campervan convoy between peaks rising over stunning scenery.

Mick, driving the Land Rover, gets on the tail of Motor-
Home One.

INT. MOTOR-HOME ONE - TRAVELLING

Driving, Toby watches Mick trying to overtake.

TOBY

What are you like, bro?

Toby steers to block him.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky anxiously watches the two brothers' antics in front.
She turns music on.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade drives, Pine next to her. She watches the brothers in
the wing mirror.

JADE

I'm so glad we're not actually
related.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS - LATER

The scenery appears endless.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster drives next to Mary.

MARY

I'd be happy to stay a week or two.

FOSTER

I guess it depends who's there. We'll get a lawyer to feel the situation out for us.

MARY

Still, it's a young person's haunt, Main Town. Makes me feel old.

FOSTER

It's where we met.

MARY

I suppose...

FOSTER

Thanks, Ruby.

Ruby is sewing at the table.

RUBY

What?

FOSTER

If you hadn't been such a fussy eater as a child, your Mother would have never left Old-World for Main Town.

RUBY

I know. You've told me this lie a million times.

FOSTER

It's a nice story.

MARY

I'm happy to stay for as long as we need.

FOSTER

Shouldn't take long to sell off our grain.

MARY

There might be some old faces worth hanging around for.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine sets up a tablet on the dash. Jade speaks into it.

JADE

Boys?

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick glances at his table.

JADE (O.S.)
Have you considered an education
when we get to Main Town.

MICK
I'm self taught.

INT. MOTOR-HOME ONE - TRAVELLING

Toby joins in.

TOBY
I do two hours online schooling a
day.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine glances at jade in disbelief.

PINE
(To tablet)
Like heck you do.

INT. MOTOR-HOME ONE - TRAVELLING

Toby glances at his device.

TOBY
Let's be honest, we know everything
we need to know.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade speaks to the device on the dash.

JADE
I bet I can fix the hydrogen fuel
cells quicker than either of you.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick is incredulous.

MICK
Like heck.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster chimes in.

FOSTER
No one's quicker than me.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade concedes the point.

JADE

All right, Fos. No need to show off.

EXT. VALLEY ROAD - LATER

The convoy motors through more stunning wilderness.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Mary drives next to Foster.

MARY

Maybe if I had a garden, but they're unaffordable.

FOSTER

You know my parents left the Old-World when I was four. All I know is life in the open. I don't think a garden would be enough.

MARY

I'm glad I left when I did. Ruby's happy.

Sewing at the table, Ruby glances up, shakes her head.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine drives. Jade in the passenger seat.

JADE

I know Mum wouldn't like it. She thinks Main Town is for youngsters.

PINE

What you said the other day got me thinking is all.

JADE

About what?

PINE

You know, if you were to...

JADE

I'm not having kids yet!

PINE

I know. But if you were to, we'd have to think about the others.

JADE
And where do you fit in to all
this?

Pine smiles.

JADE (CONT'D)
Aww, have you been thinking about
babies?

PINE
No.

JADE
Whatever... We've got Toby anyway.

PINE
Those two should try to meet someone
while we're in Main Town. Date
apps are flaky.

JADE
Mick maybe. I don't think Toby's
ready.

MICK (O.S.)
I can hear you, guys.

Jade and Pine laugh.

JADE
Maybe you should listen, too. We're
offering good advice here.

Jade switches the tablet off, laughing.

MICK
Dating--

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick speaks to his device, which shows a cage fight.

MICK (CONT'D)
-- apps aren't flaky, I'm chatting
to loads of girls!

He realises the call has ended.

MICK (CONT'D)
The cheek... Hey Toby...

TOBY (O.S.)
Yeah?

MICK
You caught the latest Cage War
yet?

TOBY (O.S.)
It's on my list.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - LATER

The low sun casts long shadows from the convoy.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Mary drives. Foster taps the tablet.

FOSTER
Guys, there's a temp spot nearby.
What say we call it a night?

PINE (O.S.)
Sounds good.

MICK (O.S.)
Yeah, I've got a munch on.

TOBY (O.S.)
Same.

FOSTER
... Vicky...?

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

With heavy guitar music blaring, Vicky is oblivious.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick glances in the wing mirror.

MICK
She'll figure it out.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

The convoy pulls in beside a gate between overgrown hedgerows. Jade and Foster climb out, lift the gate off its hinges and move it aside. Jade's hand causes her discomfort.

MOMENTS LATER

The vehicles pass through. Jade and Foster return the gate to its original position. Jade winces.

FOSTER
You okay?

JADE
Hand's just a bit sore is all.

They follow the vehicles on foot.

FOSTER
Get your Mum to take a look at it.

JADE

I will.

TV ADVERT:

INT. SWISH KITCHEN - DAY

The stylish kitchen is light and airy.

SINK

An expensive tap.

DISSOLVE TO:

CUPBOARD UNDER SINK

A water filter appears and floats magically into a device attached to the pipework.

PRACTICAL MAN (V.O.)

Don't trust your water supplier?

The cupboard door closes.

PRACTICAL MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Get peace of mind with Pure Fluid's industrial rated water filter.

SINK

The expensive tap dispenses water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

A filter and tap attached to a water butt.

PRACTICAL MAN (V.O.)

Worried about acid rain?

The tap turns on.

PRACTICAL MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our filters are so powerful, you can even use them to drink rain water.

SUPER: Pure Fluid Product Card

PRACTICAL MAN (CONT'D)

Available online and in store.

(END OF ADVERT)

TV ADVERT:

EXT. CAR GARAGE - DAY

The shutters open, several cars are inside on ramps.

STAN in overalls, arrives in a motor. He climbs out.

STAN
Sick of your wheels?

He slams the door, approaches a parked coupe.

STAN (CONT'D)
Still driving a last line 2080
coupe?

He climbs in the coupe. Opens the window.

STAN (CONT'D)
Think this is the best it will
ever get?

He points at camera.

STAN (CONT'D)
Wrong.

He reverses the coupe into the garage.

INT. CAR GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan paces through the garage addressing the camera, which tracks back with him.

STAN
At any one of Stan's Auto Shops,
you can do anything to spice up
your motor.

He indicates a parked car.

STAN (CONT'D)
From a new jacket.

The parked car magically changes colour.

STAN (CONT'D)
To interiors.

FULL SHOT: CAR INTERIOR

The interior magically changes from white to brown cloth.

EXT. CAR GARAGE

Stan exits.

STAN
A brand new electric motor or part-
ex.

He arrives at a horse shoe of parked cars.

STAN (CONT'D)
Whether your baby is one hundred
or two hundred years old, we've
got the skills to keep it fresh,
nimble and on the road; or, finance
packages to help you swap your
vehicle entirely.

SUPER: Stan's

STAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stan's. Your local bodyshop or
swap.

(END OF ADVERT)

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD - NIGHT

The sun close to the horizon. The vehicles parked up.

An electric stove is beside the group. Plates on laps, they
finish food while watching the news:

A picture of a silver ring in space beside the **NEWSREADER**.

NEWSREADER
NASA announced today that its
troubled Solar Orbital Array is
likely to go online within six
months now issues relating to power
distribution have been fixed.

A graphic communicates what the Newsreader describes:

NEWSREADER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Updates carried out in a series of
space walks have dramatically
improved accuracy of the microwave
delivery system, finally allowing
deployment of the next-generation,
community-targeted receivers on
Earth.

FOSTER
No doubt they'll cost a fortune.

Pine rises to stow the electric stove. Foster mutes the TV.

PINE
Might benefit the Old-World.

TOBY
We don't need one.

Mick rises to collect plates.

MICK
What if we all get fried by the
microwaves it sends down?

Mary exits Motor-Home Three. Mick jet-washes the plates
from a water tank attached to the back of it.

MARY
Did anyone move the antibiotics
when we packed?

She receives denials.

JADE
Don't worry. We get an early start,
we'll be in Main Town this time
tomorrow.

TOBY
Stocking up on the good stuff,
prescription free.

Mick cleans the last plate, wanders off.

MARY
Put them away, Ruby.

He receives Ruby's scorn.

MICK
Nature calls.

EXT. EDGE OF FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Mick approaches a copse of trees where the land descends
down an embankment. The motor-homes are behind him.

Nearing the edge, voices are audible. Mick cautiously
investigates.

EXT. TOP OF EMBANKMENT

Mick peers down the slope.

P.O.V. TOP OF EMBANKMENT

At the bottom of the slope: a tent, a modified dune-buggy
and **FOUR GUYS** sitting around a fire. One looks up.

EXT. TOP OF EMBANKMENT

Mick gasps, ducks out of the way.

MICK
(To himself)
Burners!

The voices below become raised.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Mick sprints towards the motor-homes, yelling.

MICK

Burners!

Everyone turns to the disturbance.

Mick points back. Behind him, two of the guys appear over the brow of the hill.

Everyone grabs their seat scrambles towards the vehicles.

One of the guys raises a rocket launcher, fires.

The missile whizzes past as they start engines.

EXT. GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky in the Campervan smashes through the gate. The rest of the motor-homes and the Land Rover zoom through behind.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD

The modified dune-buggy bounces over the brow of the embankment with the other two guys onboard.

INT. MOTOR-HOME ONE - TRAVELLING

Mick grimaces as the motor-home jolts onto the road.

MICK

Gnarl wheels.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Motor-Home One's trailer rattles and fishtails across the tarmac.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Mary driving, speaks into the tablet on the dash.

MARY

Where's Ruby?

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

At the rear of the convoy, Toby drives. Ruby is in the passenger seat.

RUBY

I'm with Toby, Mum.

EXT. GATE

The modified dune-buggy speeds through the broken gate.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Campervan exits the forest road. Across the grass of the open plains, the sun touches the horizon.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine drives. Jade busies herself loading a rifle, her hand bothering her.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The convoy continues at pace.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster searches the cupboard in the rear.

FOSTER
I think it's still in the other
one.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Toby glances back.

P.O.V. REAR OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

The dune-buggy is gaining on them.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Toby yells at the device on the dash.

TOBY
I can't do anything back here.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky glances in the mirror.

VICKY
I'm dropping back now.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade speaks to the device.

JADE
We've got the rifles. Fos, Mum,
overtake us. You too, Toby. I'll
cover you, Vicky.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky glances in the mirror.

VICKY
Got it.

INT. DUNE-BUGGY - TRAVELLING

In hot pursuit, the two guys cackle.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

Motor-Home Two moves over, allowing the other Motor-Homes and the Land Rover to pass.

Behind, the dune-buggy is gaining. The passenger rises with a weapon, steadies himself to shoot.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade positions herself by the door, foot on the counter to brace herself, she puts her shoulder into the door.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

Motor-Home Two's side door swings open. Two flashes of gunfire from Jade's weapon, aimed backwards.

CONTINUOUS

The dune-buggy swerves the shots.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Toby, glances at the dash.

TOBY

Guys, battery light has just come on.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade closes the door, takes a breath.

JADE

Tell him I'm busy.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster rises from the passenger seat.

FOSTER

I'm on it.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The Campervan is on the outside, dropping back.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky drives on the mirrors.

VICKY

I'm on the left.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Alert to the surroundings, Pine yells to Jade, who reloads.

PINE
You hear that? She's closing.

JADE
Yup.

Jade jumps onto the counter. Positions by the sky light.

JADE (CONT'D)
Am I clear?

Pine checks the mirrors.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The dune-buggy is inches from Motor-Home Two. Their bumpers collide.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine calls back.

PINE
They're on us.

Jade holds on, riding the impact.

JADE
Scumbags.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster leans from the door's open upper hatch, attaching the charging cable to the exterior socket. Once it's secured, he yells back to Mary.

FOSTER
Tell them to get ready to catch.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Ruby unhooks the soft-top, tilts it back.

MARY (O.S.)
Cable's coming.

Ruby rises, ready to lean over the windscreen.

TOBY
Careful, Sis.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster swings the coiled cable and lets go. It flies backwards, unfurling.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Thud! The cable head lands on the bonnet. Ruby leans over the windscreen, scrambling for the end.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The Campervan arrives beside the dune-buggy.

They collide side on.

The dune-buggy drops back behind the Campervan.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky yells.

VICKY

That's it. Back you go.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Ruby returns to her seat with the cable.

TOBY

Well in there.

Barely taking a breath, Ruby leans over the door to plug the cable into the exterior socket.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine turns from the side mirror.

PINE

Archie's pushed them back.

JADE

Right.

Jade pops up through the hatch.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

A flash of gunfire from the roof of Motor-Home Two.

CONTINUOUS

A bullet ricochets off the tarmac. The dune-buggy swerves to avoid it. The passenger rises to return fire.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky watches in the mirrors.

VICKY

No chance.

INT. FOOTWELL

Archie's boot stamps the brake pedal. Hard.

EXT. WHEEL ARCH

The Campervan's wheels lock. Dusk kicks up. Tyres screech.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The Campervan skids to a halt. The dune-buggy doesn't react in time, smashing its nearside front wheel into the reinforced rear bumper.

The dune-buggy spins off, its suspension severed.

INT. CAMPERVAN

Vicky rides the impact. She shoves it into gear, stamps the accelerator. The Campervan stalls.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

The Campervan limps to a stop.

EXT. CAMPERVAN REAR BUMPER

Clear signs of damage.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

From the hatch, Jade yells down to Pine.

JADE

Back up. I can't get a shot.

PINE

Right.

Pine brakes.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME TWO ROOF - TRAVELLING

Jade raises the rifle. Aims.

JADE

Come on ...

INT. CAMPERVAN

Vicky struggles to get it going.

INT. DUNE-BUGGY

The two guys shake themselves off, climb out armed.

INT. CAMPERVAN

Vicky turns the ignition over.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME TWO ROOF - TRAVELLING

Moving back towards the incident, the dune-buggy comes into view over the Campervan. Jade racks the weapon. Fires.

EXT. DUNE-BUGGY

A bullet whizzes by. The two guys take evading action.

INT. CAMPERVAN

The engine sparks to life. Archie's relieved.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Pine, driving in the mirrors, sees the Campervan's lights switch on.

PINE

Yes!

He brakes.

JADE

She's good!

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

Motor-Home Two halts. The Campervan accelerates towards it.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO

Glancing from the mirror, Pine shifts into first.

PINE

Go, go, go.

EXT. MOTOR-HOME TWO ROOF - TRAVELLING

Jade lowers the rifle, gives Vicky a thumbs up.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky returns a thumbs up.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

Motor-Home Two and the Campervan move on.

EXT. DUNE-BUGGY

The two guys watch the vehicles receding into the distance.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade returns to the front seat.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky breaths a sigh of relief.

JADE (O.S.)
How bad's the damage?

VICKY
At best, a puncture.

MICK (O.S.)
Can't fault the eco-wagon.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN ROAD

Motor-Home Two and the Campervan continue. The road empty in front and behind.

INT. MOTOR-HOME TWO - TRAVELLING

Jade examines the bandage on her hand.

JADE
Where are the rest of you?

MARY (O.S.)
Are you okay? We're not too far ahead.

JADE
We're fine.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Toby glances behind, looking for them.

P.O.V. FRONT OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Motor-Home Three isn't far ahead, the cable linking them.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky follows the road.

TOBY (O.S.)
Wish we didn't have this Land Rover.
I would have loved to show those
freaks what for.

INT. MOTOR-HOME THREE - TRAVELLING

Foster faces the device on the dash.

FOSTER
It sounded a little too close for
comfort. Do you think we can put
some distance on them, Vicky?

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Vicky speaks to the tablet.

VICKY
Might be able to get a few miles
out of her.

FOSTER (O.S.)
Keep an eye out for side tracks,
Mick.

INT. MOTOR-HOME ONE - TRAVELLING

Mick has a clear road ahead of him.

MICK
Will do.

EXT. SIDE TRACK - NIGHT

The convoy navigates a track lined by trees on both sides.
The path ahead lit by headlights.

EXT. UNCULTIVATED FIELD - LATER

The group exit vehicles. Foster scans the field lit by
headlights. It's full of wilted maize.

FOSTER
Someone's had a pop at growing
here.

The Campervan arrives, judders to a halt. Vicky climbs out
to be greeted by Jade. The two embrace.

JADE
Are you okay?

Vicky nods.

VICKY
You soared.

TOBY
So did Ruby.

Ruby shies.

RUBY
Shut up.

Mick and Toby roll the eBikes off the trailer, rifles on
their backs.

MICK
We'll do a recce. Just in case.

FOSTER

Sure.

They move off on the eBikes. Jade and Vicky approach Mary.

JADE

Think I should change my bandage,
Mum.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF UNCULTIVATED FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Mick and Toby skirt the field on the quiet eBikes.

TOBY

That sounded mad.

MICK

Can you imagine?

TOBY

All that shooting practice we do
and we missed it.

MICK

We're ready for it this time.

TOBY

Twice in one night's never going
to happen.

MICK

Hope not.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Up a slope, the eBikes manoeuvre around rocks, the bulky
suspensions handling the uneven terrain with easy.

EXT. HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Mick and Toby arrive at a vantage point. The sprawling land
below is dark and uninhabited. The sky is crystal clear.
They stand in awe of the resplendent Milkyway overhead.

TV ADVERT:

INT. NEAT LIVING ROOM - DAY

A clear plastic box containing plants sits on a windowsill.

An **EXCITED CHILD** runs up to fondly gaze inside.

Watched by the child, a **HAPPY MOTHER** removes the plants.

FRIENDLY FEMALE (V.O.)

Cater for their sweet tooth with
Hydroponic Chocolate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOME KITCHEN - DAY

The happy Mother stirs a bowl of melted chocolate.

FRIENDLY FEMALE (V.O.)
Our grow-your-own kits are ninety-
nine percent cheaper than the real
thing.

LATER

A tidy fridge. The happy Mother removes a solid block of chocolate on a tray. She presents it to the expectant child.

FRIENDLY FEMALE (V.O.)
The patented Tempura plastic is one
hundred percent recycled and
sustains the required micro-
environment whatever your weather.

INT. NEAT LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the sofa, eating chocolate, the child looks from the TV to the window, where another plant grows. The happy Mother watches from the door.

FRIENDLY FEMALE (V.O.)
Another simply neat treat from
Hydroponics Global. Always
available. Everywhere.

(END OF ADVERT)

TV ADVERT:

EXT. UNSPOILT WILDERNESS - DAY

A herd of wild deer run gracefully through a CG composed wilderness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

The white blades of an off-shore wind-farm rotate majestically above breaking waves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A futuristic car cruises along a strip of tarmac surrounded by open fields. It is joined by the deers, who run along side it.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.)
British Hydrogen, harnessing the
pure power of nature.

In a small font at the bottom of the screen: A BP company.

(END OF ADVERT)

EXT. UNCULTIVATED FIELD - DAY

Toby and Mick doze in sleeping bags in the Land Rover, rifles across their laps, a tablet plays TV idly on the dash.

Foster emerges from an Motor-Home chewing a knob of bread. He joins Toby and Mick, ignoring their lack of alertness.

FOSTER

I think the Campervan could be a big job.

Toby and Mick stir.

MICK

We'll get it done.

FOSTER

Mary's getting angsty about Jade's hand.

MICK

Is it that bad?

FOSTER

Bad enough for her to get angsty. It looks infected.

Mick shakes himself.

MICK

Let's make a start then.

Mick shakes Toby. Climbs out.

FOSTER

Eat something first.

LATER

The group sit around eating a healthy breakfast.

FOSTER

You know I don't like it when we split.

MARY

Especially after last night.

MICK

It doesn't have to be a big deal. Me and Toby will take no time.

PINE

I can stay.

Pine looks to Jade, seeking approval.

VICKY
I'll stay, it's my van.

TOBY
Whatever. It's what, a few hours
work? We'll be right behind you.

FOSTER
What if it's not?

MICK
We'll keep the Land Rover with us.
Worst case, we stash the camper.

VICKY
Getting Jade meds is more important
than the van.

Everyone agrees.

LATER

The Campervan jacked up, tools on the ground, Toby and Mick
remove the damaged wheel.

Vicky and Mary arrive with food containers, which they place
on the trailer attached to the Land Rover.

MARY
I've done two days worth. If it
takes any longer than that, you'll
just have to forget it and come to
Main Town. Okay?

VICKY
Thanks, Mary, we'll be all the
better for it.

They embrace.

Foster removes a power cable from the Land Rover and reels
it back to Motor-Home Three. Mary passes him to climb aboard.

FOSTER
The cells are full on that one,
okay. Be careful, you three.

He climbs into Motor-Home Three.

MOMENTS LATER

The three motor-homes leave via the dirt track. Vicky turns
to Mick and Toby, who are removing the tyre from the wheel.

VICKY
What can I do?

MICK

If you want to make yourself busy,
you could strip the Land Rover?

VICKY

I suppose we've got time now.

LATER

Mick lies beneath the Campervan. Toby repairs the punctured tyre. Vicky carries a panel from the semi-stripped Land Rover and places it with the others on the trailer.

Mick pulls himself out, searches the tools on the ground.

MICK

I haven't seen Burners for at least
five years.

TOBY

Was that when Uncle Fos shot a
couple?

MICK

Yeah.

VICKY

First time I've seen them since...

Mick notices Archie's sadness.

MICK

Sorry, Cous.

VICKY

It's okay. You can't pretend they
don't exist on account of me.

MICK

I forget you used to be a Raider.

VICKY

They had a push to dismantle the
main Burner gangs when I started
at M.L.S. We were still at it by
the end. So, that was worth it.

Vicky forces a smile.

TOBY

Burners are the gnarliest. I've
heard they steal dogs and eat them.
That's brutes, man. I wish we could
have done more than run them off
the road, last night.

MICK

We've got a rifle. Maybe we'll get
lucky next time.

VICKY
I doubt it. We put those out of
business.

Vicky returns to the Land Rover.

LATER

Clang! Mick groans, rolls out from under the Campervan.

MICK
The mount has sheered.

Vicky is helping Toby place the tyre back on the wheel.

VICKY
Can't you weld it?

MICK
Yeah, but I don't know if it'll be
enough. We might need a new arm.

Toby goes to his tablet.

TOBY
On it.

Vicky leaves the wheel for a drink.

VICKY
Perhaps we eat while we figure it.

LATER

They sit on the Land Rover's tailgate, eating.

MICK
To get to that town and back is at
least half a day.

TOBY
We don't even know they'll have
the part.

VICKY
If they do, we're not leaving here
until tomorrow afternoon at the
earliest.

The tablet buzzes, it's Foster on screen.

ALL
Hey, Unc/Fos/Dad.

FOSTER
I thought I'd check in. A
checkpoint's gone up through Mid
Valley.

MICK
Squaddies?

FOSTER
Yeah, they've taken a couple dozen
power units off us for their
troubles. You might want to take a
different route.

MICK
Got ya.

FOSTER
Any progress?

MICK
Suspension arm's sheered.

FOSTER
We got any gussets?

MICK
No.

VICKY
We've looked in Old-World but
that'll set us back a day.

TOBY
I reckon Mick's going to have to
weld it an' hope for the best.

FOSTER
(Sighs)
Make sure you let it cool between
passes.

MICK
Yeah, will do.

LATER

Next to the wheel arch, Mick fiddles with a weld gun. Toby
pumps up the tyre. Vicky holds the rifle in the stripped
back Land Rover. She scans the horizon.

MICK
Sometimes I wonder if it's worth
the effort, living how we do.

Toby pauses, takes a breath.

TOBY
You call that effort?

MICK
Funny.

VICKY
I think it is.

TOBY
It's all I know.

Toby returns to his task.

VICKY
I'm glad I've been back this past year.

MICK
A Raider is better than being a Drone. All they do is work the recycling plants and eat synthetic.

TOBY
Gnarl.

Mick pulls on a welding mask.

MICK
Let's do this.

He lies under the Campervan.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

All the loose parts are gone. Mick and Toby reattach the wheel.

VICKY
We can get on our way once that's done?

MICK
Yeah. But we need to take it slow.

TOBY
Reckon the others will be there by now?

VICKY
Maybe we drive through the night, rest if necessary.

TOBY
I cold probably go straight through.

VICKY
We'll see.

Mick indicated the Campervan.

MICK
I think it's best I drive this.

VICKY

Sure.

LATER

Mick places the tool box in the Campervan, climbs behind the wheel.

Vicky is beside Toby, who's at the wheel of the Land Rover.

VICKY

No larking today.

TOBY

Yeah, yeah.

The Land Rover moves off. Mick starts the Campervan.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

The Land Rover rolls over the bumps followed by the Campervan.

INT. CAMPERVAN - TRAVELLING

Mick assesses the uneven terrain, careful as he goes. *Thud! Clang!* The Campervan shudders to a halt.

MICK

You're kidding!

He's distraught.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

The three stand around the collapsed rear wheel, nestled in the arch.

MICK

I knew we were pushing our luck.

VICKY

You did your best.

MICK

It needed reinforcing.

TOBY

What now?

MOMENTS LATER

They move items from the Campervan to the trailer attached to the Land Rover, cramming it in next to the eBikes.

MICK

If we can get the parts in Main Town, I'll come back next week.

VICKY
I'll come with.

EXT. UNCULTIVATED FIELD - LATER

They push the Campervan into the trees away from the dirt track. It takes some effort.

MOMENTS LATER

With the Campervan well amongst the trees, they cover it with the camo tarpaulin.

VICKY
It should be all right here.

Concerned, Vicky glances back at the dirt track.

MICK
Wouldn't be the first time we've
left it.

TOBY
No one's driving off in it, that's
for sure.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

With Toby driving, the three set off in the Land Rover.

Vicky glances back at the trees.

P.O.V. REAR OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

It's difficult to make out the Campervan within the cover of the trees.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick turns from the passenger seat to Vicky in the back.

MICK
It'll be fine.

Vicky nods.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

The Land Rover motors through beautiful scenery. All three appear relaxed as they make good headway.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick holds the rifle in his lap. Behind, Vicky rests her eyes.

MICK
It was almost good luck we ran
into those Burners.

VICKY
How do you figure?

MICK
We'd have never split up if we
hadn't. What's worse, Burners you
can smash or Squaddies on the take?

Mick glances at Vicky for confirmation, doesn't get it.

TOBY
I'd agree if Unc said our wanted
posters were pinned all over the
checkpoint.

MICK
(Laughs)
As if.

TOBY
Serious. It's probably been all
over Gov-Comm.

VICKY
To hell with those Feudal Stooges.

TOBY
What doesn't mean?

VICKY
Just keep driving, there's a good
lad.

Mick shoots Toby a look of distain.

TOBY
(To Mick)
What? I bet you don't know either.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - LATER

The Land Rover ascends a road lined by steep, rocky sides.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick drives. Toby beside him. Vicky in the back, awake.

MICK
Surely America gets a shout? West
Coast is meant to be full of eco-
communes like Main Town. And there's
so much more space for the community
to grow.

TOBY
I bet the Burners over there are
even gnarlier.

MICK

Appellations are real brutes. They have, like, no law.

VICKY

Madrid would be interesting, to see all the European micro-states built around the city.

MICK

You can't get near Madrid without an invite.

VICKY

That's what I mean. If I had one.

Mick notices the Moon in the sky, points.

MICK

Would you want to go to the Moon colony?

VICKY

I'd like to see the view.

TOBY

Moon would be boring as once you got used to the view. All there is to do up there is work.

VICKY

But would you ever get bored of the view?

TOBY

I would. And how you supposed to go out shooting rabbits in a space suit, anyway?

MICK

There are no rabbits.

TOBY

Exactly. No rabbits. No eBikes to ride. No nothing up there.

VICKY

Oh, Toby.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS - LATER

The evening sun stretches over the idyllic landscape.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Mick drives. Vicky notices some sort of camp on a distant hilltop in front of them. Toby lifts the rifle to his eye, looks through the scope.

VICKY

What you doing, Tobe? We're not going to shoot them.

TOBY

'Course not. I'm trying to get a better look.

MICK

Do I speed up?

VICKY

Take it easy for now.

Toby lowers the rifle.

TOBY

It's hard to make it out. It's just over the brow of the hill.

MICK

My money's on Raiders.

Mick accelerates.

VICKY

Let's try not to draw attention.

MICK

Avoid whatever, I say.

(To Toby)

Get Sat-Maps up.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby works his tablet device.

TOBY

There's a turning we can take in a bit. Will take us a good few miles out the way.

Vicky looks through the rifle's scope.

VICKY

A couple of Cybertrucks are on their way.

P.O.V. RIFLE SCOPE

The two Cybertrucks descend a grassy slope.

MICK (O.S.)

I knew it was Raiders.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

The engine whines as Mick accelerates.

VICKY
They might not be interested in
us.

TOBY
Yeah right. What they can see,
they can tax.

EXT. RURAL JUNCTION - LATER

The Land Rover takes the turning at speed, moving away from
the approaching Cybertrucks.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Vicky searches in the direction of the Cybertrucks.

VICKY
I just hope we're out of range of
the heat-cam.

MICK
We're below their line of sight,
aren't we?

VICKY
Maybe.

Mick glances at the speedo, ups the pace. Faces are fraught.

TOBY
What if we ditch this? Take off on
the bikes.

MICK
Yeah, if we can find somewhere.

VICKY
Sounds extreme for a bit of tax.
They can't pin the wheels on us.

MICK
They'll try.

TOBY
If we see cover we should--

VICKY
Heat-cams, remember?

EXT. 2ND RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Land Rover shoots along at speed.

Behind, one of the Cybertrucks crosses a field towards the
road. It smashes through the hedgerow onto tarmac.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Vicky turns back, surprise across her face.

P.O.V. REAR OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Behind, the Cybertruck finds grip and pursues.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Vicky faces front.

VICKY

Here they are.

The engine whines as Mick maxes it.

P.O.V. REAR OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

The Cybertruck recedes. Red lights flash from its grille. It accelerates, gaining.

EXT. 2ND RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Pursued by the Cybertruck, the Land Rover takes a sweeping corner at speed.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Tension inside the Land Rover.

VICKY

We'll never outrun it.

MICK

What do you want me to do?

Something in front causes Mick to despair. He slows.

P.O.V. FRONT OF LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

They gain on the other Cybertruck, travelling slowly. An LED 'STOP' sign flashes in its rear window.

A voice bellows over a tannoy.

M.L.S. AGENT (O.S.)

Bring your vehicle to a stop
immediately.

INT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING

Vicky glances back, concerned.

M.L.S. AGENT (O.S.)

Bring your vehicle to a stop
immediately.

Resigned, Mick brakes.

EXT. 2ND RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Land Rover halts a short distance from the lead Cybertruck. The pursuing Cybertruck arrives on their tail.

M.L.S. AGENT (O.S.)
Raise your hands.

Vicky, Toby and Mick comply.

FOUR ARMED M.L.S AGENTS emerge from the rear Cybertruck wearing helmets and protective clothing.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
(Shouts)
Are you armed?

MICK
A rifle, yeah.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Toss it.

Vicky drops it on the road outside the vehicle.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
Out you come, driver. Face down on
the road.

Mick shifts out of the open doorway.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
Slowly.

Mick lies on the ground.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
You next, lady.

Vicky rises, steps over the rear flank. Toby flashes a concerned glance in her direction.

MOMENTS LATER

Lying on the ground, Vicky, Mick and Toby have their hands secured behind their backs with cable ties.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Get 'em up.

MOMENTS LATER

They stand against the Land Rover watching their belongings being searched by three of the M.L.S. Agents.

TWO M.L.S. AGENTS FROM THE LEAD CYBERTRUCK stand guard in front of Vicky, Mick and Toby. The Lead Agent studies a tablet device then assesses them.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Burners, ey?

Vicky scoffs.

MICK
As if.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Ah, so you're salt of the Earth Vags.

MICK
You should know we prefer to be called Roamers.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
I see, politically correct Vags. Citing rules you choose to reject. Ironic, don't you think?

MICK
Why you giving us a hard time. The Burners are down south. We had to outrun them yest.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
... Not my jurisdiction.

He returns to the info on his tablet.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
I've got a description here of a couple of outcasts who assaulted a military officer and stole Government equipment.

He studies Toby, Mick and the stripped down Land Rover.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
Which one of you two was it?

Mick and Toby remain silent.

VICKY
We've not been cast out of anything. We choose to live how we do, so you can get that straight. We're not miscreants. We don't steal.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Then where did you get those wheels?

MICK
We traded our Campervan for it, job lot.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Really?

The Lead M.L.S. Agent turns to Toby.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)
Is that true?

TOBY
Yeah.

VICKY
He's just a kid.

TOBY
(To Vicky)
I'm eighteen.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Eighteen! And well educated, I'm
sure.

TOBY
I read.

The Lead M.L.S. Agent smirks but doesn't justify the comment
with a response.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Are you on the National Register?
Do you know what that is?

VICKY
I am.

Toby and Mick nod.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
That's saved you some bother.
(To other agents)
Let's take them back tonight. We'll
hand them over tomorrow.

TOBY
Wait, you said you're only looking
for two.

MICK
Shut up, Toby.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT
Yes, please, Toby. Before I add
breach of the peace to my many
suspicions.

EXT. HILLTOP M.L.S. CAMP - NIGHT

Lit by panel lights on temporary stands, several Cybertrucks
are parked outside the large, industrial tents Vicky, Mick
and Toby spotted pitched on the hillside earlier. The Land
Rover and trailer with the eBikes is further on.

INT. JAIL TENT - NIGHT

Vicky, Mick and Toby sit in a wire cage, three metres cubed, housed inside a tent. A couple of hammocks hang across each of the corners. Their hands are unbound.

MICK

You think they'll let us make a call?

VICKY

And risk their payment? No, they'll leave that for after the handover.

The Lead M.L.S. Agent enters with two Agents, who carry food on trays. They slide the trays through a hatch to a table inside the cage and leave. The Lead M.L.S. Agent remains.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

I hope the food is as you expect, Miss Archer.

Vicky is unsure.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT (CONT'D)

I must admit, when I ran your details, I was surprised to see you were once one of our own. We don't lose many to this side. Civilians, yes.

Vicky remains defiantly quiet.

MICK

Your food looks terrible.

The Agent ignores Mick, focuses on Vicky.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

You had a good record but you were dismissed in absentia. Help me join the dots.

VICKY

Is that relevant to anything?

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

A good agent is a curious agent.

VICKY

I remember that line from training. I also remember that joining land agency was meant to be like joining a family.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

It is.

VICKY

Didn't seem that way after my partner died on duty.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

I presume you are referring to the sad case of Miss Smith who, whilst on leave, died of a blood clot on the brain.

VICKY

Sustained in a motor accident while on duty. Rachel deserved to be honoured. Instead, the service washed their hands of her.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

As I understand it from the notes, Medical Support assessed Miss Smith after the incident and found only a mild concussion, to which she was treated accordingly.

VICKY

Except, she died three weeks later. On our honeymoon.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

A tragic coincidence. You have my condolences.

MICK

Listen fella, Vicky lived through it. There's no need to drag it out all over again. You're way out of order.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

My apologies. A note on Miss Archer's record advised to seek clarity when appropriate.

MICK

Well it's not appropriate.

LEAD M.L.S. AGENT

It would appear I've misjudged the situation -- Eat, I will send someone to collect trays shortly.

He turns on his heels and leaves. Mick watches, furious. Vicky composes herself.

LATER

Vicky, Mick and Toby eat, the trays on their laps.

VICKY

It's funny how you get used to it.
The food.

TOBY

It's disgusting.

MICK

Yeah.

TOBY

You think we can get them to bring
us Mary's sandwiches?

VICKY

You can try.

Toby sets his tray aside.

MICK

I bet they'll be confiscated like
everything else.

FADE TO:

EXT. HILLTOP M.L.S. CAMP - DAY

Vicky, Toby and Mick stand by the trailer attached to the
Land Rover. They are with two M.L.S. Agents.

M.L.S. AGENT 1

Captain says you can take a bag
while you're processed.

MICK

How are we supposed to fit our
wheels in a bag?

The Agent's not amused.

M.L.S. AGENT 1

Your vehicles will be retained
until ownership can be proven or
otherwise.

MICK

Or otherwise? I built those bikes
from spare parts. How do I prove
that?

M.L.S. AGENT 1

Count yourself lucky to be afforded
your current privilege.

Mick takes a bag from the back of the Land Rover.

MICK

Has yours got the food in, Tobe?

TOBE

Yeah.

The other M.L.S. Agent is at the tow bar, trying to unhitch.

M.L.S. AGENT 2

How do you do this?

Mick hands the bag to Toby, approaches the Agent to assist.

M.L.S. AGENT 1

(To M.L.S. Agent 2)

What about these body panels?

He indicates the Land Rover's removed parts in the trailer.

M.L.S. AGENT 2

No one will miss them.

The trailer unhitched, Mick returns to Toby and Vicky. The M.L.S. Agent 1 shows them the way.

M.L.S. AGENT 2 (CONT'D)

Move it.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

Similar to the settlement at the start, the small old town at the centre has been expanded by many temporary cabins and colourful shipping containers, converted into property.

EXT. CHECKPOINT

Vicky, Toby and Mick sit in the truck's bed accompanied by an M.L.S. Agent. The Cybertruck arrives at the checkpoint on the outskirts of the settlement.

Driven by an Agent, the Land Rover, minus the trailer, follows behind.

TWO CHECKPOINT GUARDS exit a hut and approach the vehicles.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1

Making our morning a lively one,
are you?

M.L.S. AGENT 2

Afraid so. Three vagrants. Two
detained under suspicion. The other
aiding, if you want him.

The M.L.S. Agent hands over paperwork, which the Checkpoint Guard studies.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1

We'd have Main Town under seige if
we cared about aiding.

(Mutters)

Open prison that place.

M.L.S. AGENT 2
He's not got anywhere else to go.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
Budgets are tight, my friend.

M.L.S. AGENT 2
No bonus points for bringing the merch?

The M.L.S. Agent hooks a thumb backwards. The Checkpoint Guard assesses the Land Rover.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
What's left of it, you mean?

M.L.S. AGENT 2
Merch is merch, we'll be collecting on it.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
You do that.

MOMENTS LATER

Checkpoint Guard 2 climbs into the vacated Land Rover. In front, Checkpoint Guard 1 escorts Vicky, Toby and Mick out of the Cybertruck.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
To confirm, you're being detained on suspicion of assault and theft.
(To M.L.S. Agent)
Which of the fellas is it?

The M.L.S. Agent assesses Mick and Toby. Indicates Mick.

M.L.S. AGENT 2
Probably the ugly one.

Mick scoffs. The Checkpoint Guard cuts the ties on Toby's wrists.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
Beat it, kid.

Toby looks lost, turns to Vicky and Mick. Mick hands him the backpack.

MICK
You got coin?

TOBY
Yeah.

VICKY
Maybe stay close. Call Unc, see what he thinks.

TOBY
Where are they taking you?

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
Detainment Facility Three.

The Land Rover starts up.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
(To Checkpoint Guard
2)
May as well take them with you.

Checkpoint Guard 1 indicates for Vicky and Mick to move to the Land Rover. They comply.

VICKY
(To Toby)
Come find us.

TOBY
Sure.

Mick indicates Toby's backpack.

MICK
Don't eat all the food at once.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby watches Vicky and Mick in the Land Rover pass through the checkpoint and into the settlement. He approaches the gate routing through his bag.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
Found ya papers, have ya?

Toby holds out a power-pack, which the guard takes and tests. He nods Toby inside, unimpressed.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
Why don't you stay a while, kid.
Get a job.

He returns to his duty. Toby wanders beyond the barrier.

TV ADVERT:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A majestic cruise ship sails the seas.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Get away from it all on an Ocean
Escape.

INT. CRUISE SHIP

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) An elegant curved staircase.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT (V.O.)
With thousands of miles of new
coastline, there's more sea to
explore with Ocean Escapes.

B) A stylish restaurant.

C) A thriving casino.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Our three, four and five star ships
have luxury to accomodate all
budgets.

D) A spacious cabin.

EXT. OCEAN

The cruise ship is flanked by a couple of gun ships.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Supported by discreet private
flotillas, you can forget about
your holiday being ruined by piracy.

INT. CRUISE SHIP

The HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT has a gleaming smile.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT
So, jump aboard Ocean Escapes.

She hands cocktails to a **SATISFIED COUPLE** sitting at a table.

HAPPY FEMALE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
They really are the only way to
get away from it all.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A majestic cruise ship sails the seas.

SUPER: OCEAN ESCAPES

(END OF ADVERT)

TV ADVERT:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Above the back wall, flames are visible among the trees of
a distant mountain.

A **CONCERNED MOTHER** watches the flames from the patio.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.)
You may not be able to see a
wildfire to be effected.

She turns inside, slides the door closed.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Smoke and toxic fumes can travel
miles.

INFORMATION CARD:

Porta-Breathe's gas mask rotates on one side of the screen
next to a typical face mask.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.)
Porta-breathe's most discrete gas
mask is of a similar size to
standard face masks.

Porta-Breathe's gas mask tasks centre stage. It's inner
workings are revealed.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Its patented filters are embedded
internally to allow you to move
with comfort when outside.

INT. AFFLUENT HOUSE - DAY

The Concerned Mother carries a sleek box to a side table.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.)
Our family kits are supplied in a
protective shell and fit into any
standard household drawer.

She conceals the box in a drawer, becomes relieved.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

She stands happily at the patio doors, watching her **TWO CHILDREN** play in the garden.

AUTHORITATIVE WOMAN (V.O.)
Breathe easy with Porta-Breathe.

(END OF ADVERT)

EXT. CENTRE OF SETTLEMENT - DAY

Toby stands in front of a shop window watching all the
screens on display. He approaches the entrance, where a
STORE GUARD waits.

INT. STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Toby enters. The Store Guard outside pockets a power-pack. It's the same chain as the store at the start.

COUNTER

Toby approaches the **STAFF MEMBER**.

TOBY
Do you sell vehicle parts?

STAFF MEMBER
We can get them in. What you after?

TOBY
Suspension mount for a Camper.

The Staff Member checks their tablet.

STAFF MEMBER
They're in our central warehouse.
Can have them delivered to store
in two weeks.

TOBY
Two weeks?

STAFF MEMBER
Is that all right?

TOBY
Nothing sooner?

STAFF MEMBER
Two weeks is the express transfer.

TOBY
Okay, thanks.

Toby leaves. Pauses. Turns back.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Do you know the way to Detainment
Facility Three?

EXT. DETAINMENT FACILITY THREE - DAY

Toby surveys the barbed wire fence surrounding several temporary cabins. A row of parked Land Rovers are near the entrance on the other side. He sets off towards it.

WITHIN THE WIRE FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A **DETAINMENT GUARD** escorts Toby to a cabin on the outskirts of the facility. The entrance gate behind.

INT. DETAINMENT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky and Mick are in wire cells. Two other cells are empty. Toby enters with the Detainment Guard.

MOMENTS LATER

The Detainment Guard has left. Toby sits on the opposite side of the wire fence from Vicky and Mick. He leans forward conspiratorially.

TOBY

I tried to get hold of suspension mounts but they'll take a couple of weeks. We can't wait that long, so I'm making plans to break you out.

Mick raises an eyebrow. Vicky smiles.

VICKY

Cute. We've spoken to Dad. They've made it to Main Town, which is a relief. He's organising a lawyer from there. They've got hold of antibiotics, too. In case you were wondering about Jade.

TOBY

Sure, great... but does Unc need to go to all that trouble?

Mick indicates their confined predicament.

MICK

Err, hello?

Mick and Vicky are perplexed.

VICKY

Probably just leave it to Dad...?

TOBY

Yeah, but it can't hurt to show we can take care of ourselves.

Mick sniggers.

VICKY

You'll have us locked up for decades, Tobe.

Toby looks to Mick for confirmation.

MICK

Seriously.

TOBY

But I thought...

He receives blank stares.

 TOBY (CONT'D)
Well what do you want me to do
then?

 MICK
I don't know.

 VICKY
Go look around, maybe?

EXT. DETAINMENT FACILITY THREE - LATER

Miffed, Toby follows the Detainment Guard towards the entrance gate. His gaze lingers on the parked vehicles and wire fence. He's still scheming.

EXT. STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

Toby approaches the Store Guard.

 TOBY
Hi, mate. Err, I left something
inside earlier. Is it okay to pop
back in?

The Store Guard reluctantly lets Toby enter.

INT. COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Toby places a metal rule next to the till.

 TOBY
Just that, please.

 STAFF MEMBER
Papers...

EXT. CIVIC GARDEN - DAY

On a bench, Toby nibbles at some food, his bag open. Foster calls. **PEDESTRIANS** pass by on eScooters.

 TOBY
Hey, Unc.

Fosters face appears on the screen.

 FOSTER
How's things?

 TOBY
Okay.

 FOSTER
Good. Sit tight. I've got someone
working their case.

TOBY

I know, I went to see them. I thought they might need me to break them out.

FOSTER

I don't think that would do us any good.

TOBY

But I thought we despised the Old-World, Unc?

FOSTER

Well... we believe our way is better.

TOBY

So why can't I break them out?

FOSTER

You need to choose your battles, Toby. As much as you may think you should rebel against the system, sometimes, taking the middle path is best in the long run.

TOBY

But... I've bought a metal rule now, you know, like you showed me, for when you've locked your keys in the RV.

FOSTER

Keep it as a souvenir. There's a good lad.

EXT. CINEMA - LATER

Toby arrives at a kiosk in a shipping container. "Cinema" is scrawled above the door in a fancy script.

TOBY

One for Earth Hero, please.

INT. CINEMA - LATER

Toby sits in a busy auditorium. The big screen is off. For this film, everyone wears VR headsets and move in unison.

P.O.V. VR HEADSET

The digital scenery is like Avatar on steroids. **MYTHICAL BEASTS** run past on either side. **EARTH HERO**, a musclebound crusader, flies above the galloping herd.

EARTH HERO

Don't look back. I'll guide you to the ark.

INT. CINEMA - LATER

Toby exits the auditorium full of verve. He returns the VR headset to an **ATTENDANT** outside the door.

TOBY

Thanks.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Toby enters the Old-World, stone building.

INT. MUSEUM - LATER

Wearing headphones, Toby arrives at display of grubby mannequins digging through a rubbish tip.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)

Landfill sites can now be mined
for single use plastic.

The next display is a pile of used plastic bottles.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

New technologies mean it is possible
to return waste polymers to
constituent monomers.

On the wall behind, "Earth Cycle" is printed inside a circular diagram with arrows linking four stages: at the top, an image depicts landfill; at three o'clock, an image depicts a recycling plant; at the bottom, an image depicts pure plastic; at nine o'clock, an image depicts new products.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These can be used in all sorts of
products, from TVs to the house
you live in!

MOMENTS LATER

Toby enters a room signed "History World".

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Land Wars of the early 22nd
Century were crucial in shaping
modern society...

MOMENTS LATER

Toby passes a display: a life-size mannequin of a poor person in a front porch.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)

In Britain as around the world,
costal displaced were left stranded
in their homes by the Great
Insurance Crisis of the 2060s,

(MORE)

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 when environmental damage was
 removed from all future policies.

MOMENTS LATER

A digital animation shows the landmass of Britain shrinking
 as sea levels rise. Toby watches the screen.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 As sea levels rose, Britain found
 itself on the precipice of an
 uncertain catastrophe.

The map of Britain zooms out to a new world view. Key
 countries are indicated by their flags.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The International authoritarian
 coalitions, formed in the preceding
 decades, were undone as global
 infrastructure fractured and...

The flags of the affected countries fade.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... economies faltered. For some,
 this was a worrying sign of a higher
 power. For most, their immediate
 concerns were of a practical nature.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby observes a life-size mock-up of a battle scene, complete
 with sound effects.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 With law and order disintegrating,
 wealthy landowners banded together
 and created security forces to
 prevent the coastal displaced from
 squatting on their land.

Toby is engrossed.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 This practice was outlawed but,
 knowing the Government was weak,
 the landowners refused.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby moves onto a life-size scene depicting a peace accord.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Several short civil wars resulted
 in the Turf Act and the legalisation
 of private security teams.

MOMENTS LATER

Toby arrives at a life-size display depicting a team of M.L.S. Agents in front of citizens.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)
As society gradually rebuilt, these
private security teams were tasked
with upholding the rights of the
common person.

MOMENTS LATER

A life-size display depicts a group of Burners in a quadbike.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.)
Once society re-urbanised, the
responsibility of private security
teams changed.

Toby studies the scene.

MUSEUM NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They now protect our way of life
from outcasts and those who reject
the common good.

Toby removes his metal rule and places it in the hand of one of the mannequins.

INT. DETAINMENT CABIN - DAY

Vicky and Mick sit in their cells.

MICK
I'm half expecting Toby to be
marched in here any minute.

VICKY
I think he must have been trying
to play up to us.

MICK
A little too much.

They ponder this.

MICK (CONT'D)
You okay after last night? That
guy was a creep.

VICKY
I always knew I made the right
decision. He helped confirm I'll
never go back.

MICK
You handled it well.

VICKY

Thanks.

EXT. MUSIC HALL - DAY

The venue is a few shipping containers tall.

INT. MUSIC HALL - DANCE FLOOR

A courtyard in the middle of shipping containers. A handful of dancers are in the large, silent space. All wear VR headsets. Toby's among them, whooping and cheering.

P.O.V. VR HEADSET

Pyramid Stage. Glastonbury. All the atmosphere you'd expect from a packed out performance. The crowd are digital avatars.

INT. MUSIC HALL - DANCE FLOOR

Toby yells to no one.

TOBY

Is this live?

P.O.V. VR HEADSET

The **FEMALE AVATAR** nearby scoffs.

FEMALE AVATAR

I wish. It is too hard to get live tickets. You need to be a millionaire.

INT. MUSIC HALL - DANCE FLOOR

Toby yells to no one.

TOBY

Where you from?

P.O.V. VR HEADSET

The Female Avatar leans in.

FEMALE AVATAR

I'm in Geneva.

INT. MUSIC HALL - DANCE FLOOR

Toby raises his hand for a high five.

TOBY

Rads.

P.O.V. VR HEADSET

The Female Avatar raises a hand for a virtual high five.

INT. TAKEAWAY - NIGHT

Toby heads the **QUEUE**, the **SERVER** waiting on him.

TOBY
Do you have anything that isn't
made from powder?

The server looks at the digital menu behind him, isn't sure.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Potatoes?

SERVER
We've just got what's there.

INT. DETAINMENT CABIN - NIGHT

Vicky and Mick are in adjacent cells. Bored.

MICK
I hope that lawyer Unc's found is
up to the job.

VICKY
If they're Main Town, they'll be
sympathetic.

MICK
Still... Don't fancy making this
my new home.

VICKY
No...

MICK
Honestly, what did we do to end up
here?

Vicky agrees but is helpless.

MICK (CONT'D)
You stuck up for yourself, that's
what. Sometimes it feels like the
whole world wants to stop us from
living our lives. Us! We're the
ones who cause the least problems.
We're self sufficient in the most
part. Hardly any burden. The best
intentions out of any community.

VICKY
It's just how it is.

INT. LAZER BOWL - NIGHT

The outermost lane in a bowling alley, the wall beside it
corrugated-metal. Toby prepares to bowl like a novice.

He sends the ball down the lane. At the end, it smashes through a hologrammatic set of pins. *Strike!*

Toby's chuffed. On the bench, his tablet alerts him to a call from Foster.

TOBY

Hey, Unc.

FOSTER

Staying out of trouble?

TOBY

Yeah, bowling.

FOSTER

Good. Vicky and Mick have been granted bail.

TOBY

Rads.

FOSTER

Expect a call. Maybe head their way.

TOBY

Will do. Are you coming to pick us up?

FOSTER

I guess I'll have to! Go meet the others first. We'll figure something from there.

INT. CUSTODY CABIN - NIGHT

A **CUSTODY OFFICER** places Vicky and Mick's loose possessions on a table in front of them.

CUSTODY OFFICER

You're to remain within the confines of the immediate urbanisation until the tribunal.

He hands Vicky a tablet.

CUSTODY OFFICER (CONT'D)

You'll both need to sign to confirm the address provided by your lawyer.

Vicky signs. Hands the tablet to Mick.

CUSTODY OFFICER (CONT'D)

You're to report here weekly until the tribunal.

(MORE)

CUSTODY OFFICER (CONT'D)
If you are not able to do so, for
sickness, for example, you must
contact us via Sat-Net on the link
provided in your digital release
form.

Mick hands the tablet back.

MICK
Sure.

CUSTODY OFFICER
Breach of terms will result in a
warrant for your detainment, for
which you will be liable for search
costs.

Vicky and Mick pocket their things.

MICK
No problem.

The Custody Officer indicates the door.

EXT. DETAINMENT FACILITY THREE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky and Mick exit to find Toby waiting.

VICKY
Pining for us, were you?

TOBY
You wish.

Toby offers them food.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Sandwich?

Mick and Archie's take them enthusiastically.

VICKY
Smart kid.

MICK
Major rads.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eating sandwiches, Vicky, Mick and Toby walk past shipping
containers that have been converted into property.

TOBY
So, the land agentries exist as a
direct result of the Turf Act of
2098, which would have never
happened if the costal displaced
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)
hadn't resisted their authority in
the first place. Ain't that weird?

MICK
Fascinating.

VICKY
You should know all this anyway,
Toby.

TOBY
I forget.

MICK
Like heck, you never complete your
self study hours. If we lived around
here, the schol board would be
knocking Uncle Foster's door.

TOBY
Oh, well... Speaking of Fos, he
said we should arrange for him to
pick us up.

VICKY
A right man of the world you are
now, aren't you? One day in the
Old-World and you need Unc to give
you a lift home.

TOBY
Well, we're not going to walk to
Main Town, are we.

VICKY
Of course not.

TOBY
Exactly.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

They reach a corner. Mick notes the sign.

MICK
I think it's down here, Vick.

TOBY
Wait, where are we going?

EXT. CONTAINER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky knocks the door of a property. A flower basket hangs
below the ground floor window. Mick and Toby wait behind.

MOMENTS LATER

An **ELDERLY LADY** opens the door. Casts a sharp eye over them.

ELDERLY LADY
You must be Vicky?

She moves to let them in. They thank her. Step inside.

INT. CONTAINER HOUSE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Elderly Lady shows them to a spartan room containing a bunk bed and a sofa.

ELDERLY LADY
(Indicating sofa)
One of you will have to sleep there.

VICKY
It's not a problem. We really appreciate your help.

ELDERLY LADY
It's all right. I don't mind the company and I get paid. My daughter roams now, you see. Ever since she met one of your type in town.

MICK
You should join us.

ELDERLY LADY
(Chuckles)
At my age? No, I'm settled here. You won't catch me camping. Would you like a bite to eat?

VICKY
We've just had something. I wouldn't mind a wash, if that's okay?

ELDERLY LADY
The shower's only rain water. I doubt you'll be too prim for that. But we've got a heat pump, so it'll be warm.

VICKY
That's great, thanks.

ELDERLY LADY
Let me show you through.

She exits the bedroom. Vicky follows.

LATER

Toby lies on the top bunk. Mick is on the sofa. Vicky enters, drying her hair on a towel.

MICK
You want the good news or the bad news?

VICKY

Go on.

MICK

Your Dad will pick us up in a day or so. There's no way we'll be able to get the bikes until after the tribunal.

VICKY

Which we have no intention of attending.

MICK

Precisely.

VICKY

So, they're lost.

TOBY

How sure is he? Those bikes are valuable.

MICK

I suppose the lawyer might be able to wrangle something. Might take a while.

Vicky rummages through the backpack.

VICKY

Did you put my night bag in here, Toby?

TOBY

Was I supposed to?

VICKY

Well I would have appreciated the consideration.

Vicky double checks inside the backpack.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Shit!

TOBY

Sorry, like. No need to get gnarl. It's only a--

VICKY

-- The rings were in it. Mine and Rachel's.

Vicky sits on the bottom bunk. Distraught. Mick and Toby exchange concern. They know how important the rings are.

TOBY

If I had known...

VICKY
It's not your fault.

MICK
We might be able to get them back.

Vicky shoots him her irritation.

VICKY
They'll be gone along with the
rest of our stuff.

TOBY
So let's go get them.

Vicky considers this. Seeks confirmation from Mick.

MICK
It's risky. I'm not against it.
But it's very risky.

Vicky stands.

VICKY
M.L.S. have taken enough from me
already.

MICK
Why don't we sleep on it?

VICKY
What if they move camp?

TOBY
Lets do it. How far do you think
it was? Five miles?

Toby checks his watch.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Go now, we could be in Main Town
by morning.

Vicky and Toby look to Mick, who puffs his cheeks.

MICK
Fine.

INT. CONTAINER HOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

Vicky, Mick and Toby say goodbye to the Elderly Lady.

ELDERLY LADY
Thanks for letting me know. Some
haven't and I end up paying a fine
until Main Town reimburse me.

VICKY

We don't feel we have anything to hide.

ELDERLY LADY

You know I'll have to report you if you're not here tomorrow night? Try and get back here if it doesn't work out.

VICKY

Thanks. We will.

EXT. WIRE FENCE - NIGHT

Toby cuts through the mesh. Vicky pulls open the gap. Mick is on the lookout. Once the gap is big enough, they pass through one by one.

MICK

And they call Main Town an open prison!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Vicky, Mick and Toby hurdle a gate and cross tall grass.

TOBY

Earth Hero was major rads. I'm definitely getting one of those headsets.

MICK

You can't buy them. They only rent them to cinemas, to make people go.

TOBY

Pah! I thought you said you can get anything in Main Town.

VICKY

Shall we keep it down. They'll hear us coming.

TOBY

We've got at least a couple of miles to go.

VICKY

I know!

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

Vicky, Mick and Toby take cover at the tree line. Their attention fixed further beyond.

P.O.V. EDGE OF FOREST

In the distance, up the hill, the M.L.S. Camp is lit by panel lights.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST

Vicky removes the stubby telescope from her bag.

P.O.V. TELESCOPE

Scanning from bushes on one side: three eVans are parked outside the tent complex. **FOUR M.L.S. AGENTS**, dressed casually, sit around an outside table, enjoying the evening off. The trailer with the eBikes is on the far side, beyond several Cybertrucks.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST

Vicky lowers the stubby telescope. Rummages in her bag, removes some items, including a flick knife, which she opens to check the blade.

TOBY

(Quietly)

What's the plan, Captain?

Vicky ties her hair back.

VICKY

Well, we're not waiting for them
to go to bed. -- Keys?

Toby and Mick remove chains from around their necks.

EXT. HILL BELOW M.L.S. CAMP - LATER

Vicky, Mick and Toby, three stealthy shadows, manoeuvre up the terrain towards the camp. The sound of the agents enjoying themselves grows louder.

EXT. OUTCROP - MOMENTS LATER

They pause behind rocks. Vicky signals the direction she wants Toby and Mick to take. They agree, move off.

Vicky watches them go then hunkers off in the opposite direction.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky crawls up to a row of bushes. Flattens out and rolls underneath.

EXT. BUSH

Carefully, Vicky removes some dead leaves from within the branches, keeping her eye on the M.L.S. Agents outside.

P.O.V. BUSH

Through the branches, the M.L.S. Agents continue to socialise, unaware of Vicky.

EXT. BUSH

Vicky has a small stash of dry leaves in front of her. She gently crushes them up, her attention shifting to the danger as she does so.

MOMENTS LATER

With the leaves in a pile, Vicky removes the flint and knife. With her eyes on the M.L.S. Agents, she strikes the flint with the knife when the conversation flares loud enough to obscure the noise.

MOMENTS LATER

The leaves catch alight, Vicky shields them, blowing until the flames are strong enough. Satisfied, she crawls off.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The M.L.S. Agents play cards. One shuffles.

M.L.S. AGENT 3
You're not going to fool me with
pocket twos this time.

M.L.S. AGENT 4
Wanna bet?

They laugh watching the cards being delt.

One of them throws in some chips.

M.L.S. AGENT 5
You're small blind, Marty.

M.L.S. AGENT 6
Sorry.

He throws in some chips. Picks up his cards.

One of them notices the burning bush.

M.L.S. AGENT 4
Holy shit! We got a fire!

P.O.V. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

The bush on the outskirts of the camp is engulfed in flames.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

They abandon the game, scrambling to deal with it.

M.L.S. AGENT 3
Where are the fire extinguishers?

M.L.S. AGENT 6
Inside the door, I think.

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Mick and Toby hunker into the camp.

EXT. ROW OF CYBERTRUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The shimmering light of the flames reflects off the gleaming Cybertrucks. Mick and Toby approach. Mick flicks out the blade. Toby continues past the vehicles.

Mick plants the blade into the wheel of the first vehicle. It hisses. He moves on.

EXT. E-BIKE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Toby arrives at the eBikes, begins working the wheel locks.

MOMENTS LATER

Vicky arrives, climbing straight onto the trailer. She takes hold of the first eBike, waiting to lift it off.

EXT. ROW OF CYBERTRUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Mick removes the blade from the wheel of the last vehicle.

EXT. E-BIKE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Toby takes the second eBike off Vicky. She jumps down as Mick arrives. He climbs onto an eBike, waits while Vicky pulls on her backpack. She hands Mick his.

Toby is already moving, swinging around the trailer.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Toby rides towards the distracted M.L.S. Agents, who are trying to extinguish the burning bush, and skids to a halt.

TOBY
Hey!

The M.L.S. Agents turn to the distraction.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Do you think that's a sign from
God?

They clumsily react to Toby's presence. Toby offers middle fingers before spinning around to zoom off.

The eBike catches on a rock hidden in the grass. Toby loses control. The eBike topples. Toby is sent sprawling.

EXT. E-BIKE TRAILER

Vicky and Mick look back in horror.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

Two M.L.S. Agents run towards Toby, trying to scramble free. They grab him and pull him to his feet.

M.L.S. AGENT 3
Think you're funny do you, you
dirty little Vag.

M.L.S. AGENT 5
I thought we saw you off.

EXT. E-BIKE TRAILER

Vicky and Mick look to each other for leadership.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

The M.L.S. Agents shove Toby towards the smouldering bush.

EXT. E-BIKE TRAILER

Vicky has a moment of realisation.

VICKY
(Whispers)
Wait.

Vicky climbs off the bike, routes around beneath the trailer. *Click!* She removes a rifle. It's loaded. She indicates for Mick to start the bike.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF M.L.S. CAMP

The four M.L.S. Agents push Toby about, getting dangerously close to the flames. One douses Toby with CO2 from the extinguisher.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

From the shadows, Vicky approaches with the rifle.

VICKY
Leave him be.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF M.L.S. CAMP

They stop to see Vicky arrive, cautious of the weapon.

VICKY
(To Toby)
Get the bike.

Relieved, Toby dashes off. Vicky remains, seething.

M.L.S. AGENT 6
You going to shoot us, Vag lady?

Vicky fires into the ground near them. They tense.

VICKY
I should. For Rachel.

They remain silent.

VICKY (CONT'D)
You got no principles. You pretend
you do. But you treat people like
currency. Even your own. Bottom
line. That's all that matters. To
hell with humanity.

Vicky backs away, staring the M.L.S. Agents down.

EXT. TABLE OUTSIDE M.L.S. CAMP

Mick arrives on the eBike.

MICK
Let's go.

Vicky throws the rifle onto her back and mounts the eBike.

The M.L.S. Agents watch Vicky glance back. Mick moves off.

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Standing whilst riding slowly, Toby watches Mick and Vicky arrive.

TOBY
You see that?

MICK
Shut up, idiot.

They continue past. Toby reacts to catch up.

TOBY
Hey!

EXT. ROW OF CYBERTRUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Two M.L.S. Agents reach the vehicles and climb inside.

EXT. HILL BELOW M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Riding behind Vicky and Mick, Toby looks back laughing.

EXT. ROW OF CYBERTRUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The two Cybertrucks manoeuvre awkwardly and come to a halt.
The drivers climb out to find the damaged tyres. They're
helpless as they watch their tormentors escape.

EXT. HILL BELOW M.L.S. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky, Mick and Toby disappear into the night.

EXT. HILLY TERRAIN - DAY

With the sun rising over a beautiful, remote expanse, Vicky, Mick and Toby motor along on the eBikes.

EXT. NARROW ROAD BETWEEN FIELDS

All three appear contented.

EXT. BEYOND THE NEAREST HILL - DAY

Within a perimeter fence, Main Town sits on a flat plain within the hills. It looks like a giant Christmas market surrounded by tepees and parked recreational vehicles.

EXT. NARROW ROAD BETWEEN FIELDS - LATER

Rounding a corner, Main Town comes into view. Vicky and Mick look appreciatively to Toby on the other eBike.

EXT. MAIN TOWN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky, Toby and Mick roll up to the main gate. **MAIN TOWN SECURITY** step over to meet them. They climb off the eBikes.

FADE OUT: