

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
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EXT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The Scrap-Merchant stands in Geoff's yard, looking back at the door to the warehouse.

INT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Geoff watches the Scrap-Merchant from the kitchen window. The Scrap-Merchant leaves.

EXT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Geoff runs outside. He points his fob at his car. *Bloop* it unlocks.

He hears a distant engine. He runs to the gate and sees the Scrap-Merchant reversing his truck into the access road, blocking Geoff's escape route.

Geoff pushes the gate shut and fumbles for the padlock to secure the chain. He thinks better of it - it's too flimsy to keep anyone determined out for long. He leaves the gate unlocked.

He runs back to the warehouse and goes inside.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, SCRAP-YARD - MORNING

The Scrap-Merchant, his wife and THREE YOUNG MEN, his employees, head down the track to Geoff's warehouse, armed with various scrap metal weapons and heavy tools.

INT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Geoff watches through his little kitchen window as they walk up the road towards his gate.

INT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Geoff approaches Mahmoud. Mahmoud grasps the curtain rail, hidden from Geoff's view. This might be the moment to use it.

As usual, Mahmoud's ankle is shackled by a handcuff to the chain secured to the wall, but his hands are free.

GEOFF

There's people coming. Carrying weapons. I want you to do exactly what I say.

GEOFF(cont'd)

And listen, this isn't just to save my ass. I don't know if you appreciate... this could turn out differently to how you want it.

MAHMOUD

(top of his voice)

HEELP! HEELLP!

Geoff grabs the rubber ball and tape, and advances on Mahmoud.

Mahmoud adjusts his grip on the sharpened curtain rail behind his back.

GEOFF

You think these people are friends of yours? You ever heard of the Crusades? They come through that door, you completely sure they'll be on your side?

Mahmoud pushes the curtain rail back under the futon.

Geoff forces the ball into Mahmoud's mouth and tapes it in place.

EXT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The scrap gang enters Geoff's yard.

INT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The lights are off, the blinds are down. It's dark inside.

Geoff tightens buckles, tests chains, clicks steel studs. Everything is seen close-to, it's not clear what he's up to.

It looks like he's preparing for a fight.

EXT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The vigilantes approach the warehouse door. It's open an inch. They stop.

They hear what sounds like a whip. And muffled cries.

The scrap-merchant's wife steps forward.

INT. GEOFF'S COUNTRY STUDIO/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

She pulls the door open. It rolls back with a crashing echo. Light floods in.

The scrap gang sees Geoff strapped naked into a leather harness suspended from the ceiling. He's armed with a whip, apparently humping Mahmoud. Mahmoud is handcuffed to the wall in full bondage gear including a zipped-up face mask.

Geoff squints at the four figures standing at his door.

For a moment the opposing parties look at each other in silence.

Then the scrap-merchant's wife rolls the door shut again.