

A GUN

- Feature Extract -

by

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EXT. MARSHLAND, RURAL ENGLAND - DAY.

Wet grass.

Patches of grey water from recent rain.

It stretches out in all directions, like a damp green desert.

SUPER:

1352AD - BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

TWO HORSES stomp to a standstill; their hooves slopping in the mud; hot breath in the air.

On one horse sits TILTON (35, neat, in a Friar's robe).

On the other, two men ride together - ROLAND (30, stocky, dirty) and DURWIN (30, unkempt, slack jawed).

Roland swigs from a BOTTLE. He's already drunk.

The three men stare silently at something - -

A bush. In the middle of the soaking marsh.

It's burnt out; charred branches snaking into the damp air.

Tilton dismounts into the watery mud.

He takes a few cautious steps forward. It feels *strange*.

DURWIN
(about the bush)
See? Just as I said.

Roland swigs again.

ROLAND
The fire's out.

Roland spits. It slaps onto the ground, unpleasantly close to Tilton's foot.

Tilton is quietly irritated.

DURWIN
Well... I don't know what that means.

TILTON
(slow, considered)
It's so wet out here... Strange that it would burn at all.

DURWIN
 (offended)
 You think I did it! You think I lit
 the fire!

ROLAND
 You're calling your own brother a
 liar?!

TILTON
 (exasperated)
 I haven't said anything.

ROLAND
 (angry drunk)
 Friar, if God can light a bush, he
 can put it out too, can't he.

It's a good point.

Tilton approaches the bush.

He reaches out, gingerly touching the burnt-out twigs;
 rubbing the charcoal between his fingers.

Looking down, he sees smeared FOOTPRINTS sunk into the mud.
 They disappear into the water - impossible to follow.

Roland takes another glug of his flask.

DURWIN
 (earnest)
 So what's God saying?

TILTON
 (still doubting Durwin's
 story)
 I don't know.

ROLAND
 (laughing)
 So you don't make merry, you don't
 eat meat and you don't fuck, all so
 you can hear God better - and you
 "don't know"?

Roland swigs again, this time he LEANS BACK TOO FAR and
 topples backwards into the water.

SPLASH!

Roland flounders in the mud.

Tilton seizes the chance to ask - -

TILTON
 (quietly, to Durwin)
 Did you set it on fire?
 (MORE)

TILTON (CONT'D)

It's alright. I just need to know
the truth.

Durwin looks hurt.

DURWIN

No.

Tilton searches his face for a lie.

ROLAND (O.S.)

There's something down here.

Tilton and Durwin turn to face him.

Roland is on his hands and knees.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

What is this?

He fishes around in the mud, up to his elbows.

Roland hauls out a large brown lump - something caked in
soggy grass roots and soaking clay.

He picks away at the mess with his hands, like an animal
stripping a carcass.

Tilton watches...

Something shimmers.

Something metal.

Something chrome.

Tilton steps closer.

Roland wipes away the last of the dirt, revealing the object
inside:

**A 2013 Colt M45 Close Quarters Combat Pistol, with a silencer
screwed tight onto the barrel.**

They stand, wordless.

Tilton stares.

CUT TO BLACK.