

LUSH

Written by

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EXT. PARK - DAY

A big green expanse of field, with pockets of people strewn out at random points.

Charlie sits on a deck chair beside FINLAY (21), who is also in a chair.

The two are shirtless and have bottles of wine at their feet.

Finlay pulls out a little brown bottle, on the label it reads "English Room Odoriser". He passes it to Charlie.

Charlie unscrews the top from it and takes a big huff, sitting back in the chair with a dazed expression upon his face.

He smacks his lips and passes the bottle back to Finlay.

A kid on a bike speeds down the hill behind them and off over the flat plain.

CHARLIE
Nowt on liquid gold.

FINLAY
Ya pullin' me leg sunshine, jungle
juice platinum is the one.

CHARLIE
Never heard of it.

FINLAY
Aye cos it's rare as fuck.

CHARLIE
Ya a right gimp you aren't yi.

The two sit there sloped in their chairs. The general sounds of Summer's day carrying on across the field.

The kid pushes his bike back up the hill.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Am fuckin' sick of this place.

FINLAY
Back on this are you. You've
literally just got back.

CHARLIE
What of it?

The two sit there slumped.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What we doing the day then?

FINLAY
Was just thinking we could doss
here and wait for something
interesting to happen.

CHARLIE
Sounds about right.

FINLAY
Any birds?

CHARLIE
A thought you'd never ask. Just
waiting on this pure glamour thing
from last night to ring is.

FINLAY
Just give her a bell man.

Charlie sits up in his chair.

Another kid on a bike shoots off down the field.

CHARLIE
Ya reckon like?

FINLAY
Aye definitely.

CHARLIE
Am going to do it.

FINLAY
Go on ya madman.

Charlie pulls his phone out.

CHARLIE
Reet. Am doing it.

He puts the phone to his ear, sitting forward.

Finlay looks to him with a half smile.

The kid pushes the bicycle back up the hill.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hellow. Yeh it's me from last neet.
Charlie. Aw sound nevermind then.
Tra.

Charlie puts the phone away and slumps back in his chair.

FINLAY

Whey?

CHARLIE

Said she couldn't remember.

Finlay starts creasing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Shurruup man.

This time a full grown bloke flies down the hill on the bike and disappears off down the crest.

A moment passes then a group of kids come running down the hill shouting on.

The two lads in the deck chairs turn to look at the miniature conquest.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Here, he's just taxed their bike.

The two lads start howling and scramble to their feet.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Down at the bottom of the hill the group of kids, about ten strong and ten years old, all stand around shouting.

Some argue with each other and a couple have moved over to the nearby trees to pull branches off for makeshift weapons.

Charlie and Finlay come down the hill.

CHARLIE

What's gan on here then ya little blerts?

KID 1

Fuck off.

FINLAY

Ohh what's with the hostility man?

KID 2

That fat cunt just hoysteed our bike.

CHARLIE

Well that's nee good is it.

FINLAY
What yis gonna do now then?

KID 3
Wu gana batter him.

Charlie and Finlay are holding back laughter, talking exaggeratedly to the bairns.

CHARLIE
Get up son.

KID 1
What's with ya gay hat?

CHARLIE
What's gay about me hat ya little bellend?

FINLAY
Aye what *is* with ya hat?

CHARLIE
A found it actually-

WHACK

One of the kids smacks Charlie's leg with the newfound wooden lances.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck ya doing ya little gimp?!

Charlie lurches at the young chancer.

BOBBY (O.S.)
What ya bothering the bairns for man?

Bobby, now 24 and with the pot belly tenting his shirt to prove it, comes strutting across carrying a blue carrier bag full of drink.

The kid with the branch brandishes it ready to strike again, the other kids seem to have lost interest and have fallen into arguing with one another again.

CHARLIE
Little cunt just hit is with that.

BOBBY
Y'areet Fin.

FINLAY
Hellow mate

BOBBY
Fuck ya do that for then?

KID 4
Cos he's a nonce.

CHARLIE
Is there any need?

Finlay and Bobby are creasing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Come here ya little butterball.

Charlie grabs the stick from the small warrior, and quickly snaps it in half.

The kid hesitates for a second then scarpers.

FINLAY
Did ya have to break the bairns
stick man?

EXT. PARK - DAY

The two lads have returned to their deck chairs, Bobby lies across a rug on the floor in front of them

BOBBY
Am bored as all hell.

CHARLIE
A kna.

FINLAY
Whey what do you propose we do?

CHARLIE
Only one thing to do really isn't
there.

FINLAY
And that is?

CHARLIE
Peeve.

BOBBY
Funny ya should say actually.

Bobby sits up and reaches into his blue carrier bag.

He looks up to the two lads on the chairs with a huge grin planted across his face.

CHARLIE

Whey haway then.

He pulls out a crusty bucket kit; a 2 litre bottle of supermarket cola completely emptied out and cut in half, marred grey from the resin lining it's interior.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You can fuck off.