

EXT. UP IN THE LANCASHIRE HILLS - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Higher up in the hills, all three keep pace together. Dave has his head hung low, Steve grooms himself as he walks, and Geoffrey stares out across the land in search of his missing pigeon.

DAVE  
The bird got lost, but how did we  
get lost?

Geoffrey points across Morecambe bay to the power station in the distance.

GEOFFREY  
Heysham.

DAVE  
Heysham, bloody Heysham!

Dave takes the lead up a narrow track.

DAVE  
I tell you something, boys, modern  
day power stations are this  
millennium's dark satanic mills.

Behind him, Steve makes a yawning gesture to Geoffrey, who reacts nonplussed, receiving a subsequent glare from Steve.

DAVE  
I remember that millennium...

GEOFFREY  
I don't.

DAVE  
...I remember it well. And now it's  
the end of the Naughties, and what  
have we achieved? We can't even  
work out what to call the next  
decade!

GEOFFREY  
I believe it will be known as 'The  
Teenies'.

DAVE  
The Teenies? Well what the hell  
were the Naughties anyway? The most  
non-descript ten years in the age  
of mankind that anyone can  
remember! You think it's a new  
decade and all this amazing stuff's  
going to happen, but nothing  
changes, not now. The 60s, 70s, 80s  
- all that's over and done.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now it's just the same-old from decade to decade. Nothing's been any different since the mid-90s, except we've got faster broadband, but that's it.

STEVE

Hey, Dave? Rearrange these words:  
fuck the up shut.

Dave falls back into line with the other two, but Geoffrey peels off to the right.

DAVE

Fine. Seeing as you're the only one who still has a job to go to, how's it going?

STEVE

You saw me back there in the boozier; I'm giving away more samples than I'm selling.

DAVE

You sleeping at hers tonight?

STEVE

Guess so, but I didn't enjoy the sex last time. It was like going to bed with a five fingered kitkat.

Dave looks confused, then notices Geoffrey has headed into a dilapidated barn at the bottom of the field.

DAVE

He always has to go more often when he's upset.

STEVE

Puh! Why is he such a miserable bastard with a wife as hot as his? And why is she even with him? Eight years on and I've never been able to figure that out.

DAVE

Maybe it's to do with his traction control.

STEVE

(looks up to the heavens)  
Oh Evelyn...I'll `ave ya one day...

DAVE

Oi! I've told you to leave that alone. Who knows what she sees in him, but she's happy.

STEVE  
Even though he's a miserable  
bastard?

DAVE  
Who the hell isn't miserable at the  
moment?

GEOFFREY  
Lads!

Geoffrey stands at the entrance to the barn, furiously waving them over. Steve sighs as he and Dave head across the field.

STEVE  
If that pigeon's dead then I'm  
getting the bus back. I don't roll  
with corpses.

DAVE  
(firmly)  
Be nice.

As they reach the barn Geoffrey goes back inside. It is an old stone structure that once housed livestock and dirty straw litters the floor. The roof contains the odd small hole, but there are no birds.

As the other two enter, Geoffrey points excitedly at a brown paper bag from a high street shopping outlet.

STEVE  
Pound Palace? I thought you came in  
here for a slash.

DAVE  
(to Geoffrey)  
What's the big deal?

STEVE  
(looks the barn up and  
down)  
Feels like I am in a bloody Pound  
Palace store!

Geoffrey excitedly picks up the bag and takes a few steps towards them, holding it out in front of him, causing Steve to take a step backwards. Then Geoffrey tips the bag upside down and lots of twenty pound notes fall upon the floor. Dave and Steve are gobsmacked.

GEOFFREY  
(trembling with  
excitement)  
Goodbye Credit Crunch!

Steve keeps walking backwards until he meets the barn wall, upon which he leans casually, surveying the scene warily from a distance while Dave remains rooted to the spot, wide-eyed as he surveys the collection of notes.

STEVE

I've never seen so many.

DAVE

Because you spend them before you can stockpile them.

STEVE

You sure those aren't marked with that police dye stuff?

Geoffrey holds up his hands, fingers covered in filthy plasters, but free of any dye.

GEOFFREY

Clean as they come.

DAVE

They're not real, are they? They can't be.

Geoffrey picks up one of the notes and passes it to Dave, who cautiously accepts it.

GEOFFREY

See if you can tell the difference.

DAVE

How would I know?

STEVE

(sarcastic)

Come on, you've seen enough twenty pounds notes in your life, what with all that "stockpiling".

DAVE

Not since I got the sack.

STEVE

Redundancy is not being sacked, mate, you need to remember this.

Dave walks to one of the walls where light shines in from a small hole in the roof and holds up the note, studying it with a squint and a grimace.

DAVE

Have you got one I can compare it to?

STEVE  
(tapping his pocket)  
Err, been a bit short recently,  
mate.  
(to Geoffrey)  
What about you?

GEOFFREY  
No, but trust me, they really do  
look the genuine article.

DAVE  
I trust you, mate. You know your  
stuff.

Dave walks to the pile of notes on the floor and picks one up to compare it to that already in his hand. Then he checks another, then another.

DAVE  
There could be millions here.

GEOFFREY  
No. But enough to get you drinking  
doubles again.

A pause descends as they all think hard about the next move, their respective glances switching back and forth between each other. After several seconds of contemplation a crow is heard in the distance.

STEVE  
What do you wanna do, Dave?

He looks at the money one last time, then very seriously at Steve.

DAVE  
We should go. Now.