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SUBTITLE FADES IN: CORNWALL, ENGLAND

A BLACK LONDON CAB speeds down a country road, it passes a sign that reads - "A39 - FALMOUTH 42 MILES".

INT. BLACK LONDON CAB - DAY

The DRIVER (70's, grey faced, wrinkled features, frail) sits at the wheel, and GILES LLOYD (50's, grey slicked back hair, horn rimmed glasses, dressed in an expensive suit) reads a copy of the Financial Times in the back.

A glass partition separates the two men, and a sign on the passenger door, with a light on it, reads - "red light indicates doors are secured". The light beams a consistent red.

DRIVER

So, where have you come from today?

Giles sighs, and looks up from his newspaper.

GILES

London.

DRIVER

The big smoke! What on earth are you doing slumming it down these parts?

GILES

If you must know, I've come to finalise the purchase of a holiday cottage in Falmouth.

The Driver frowns.

DRIVER

Ah, so you're one of them.

GILES

I beg your pardon, what do you mean by *them*?

DRIVER

One of these out of town bi-monthly visitors. You come here and buy our houses, making it completely unaffordable for us locals.

GILES

If you can't afford a house, then you simply can't afford a house. That's the way the world works I'm afraid.

DRIVER

Maybe that's the case in London, but around these parts we like to look after each other.

GILES

Well, in return let me and my city friends sprinkle a little bit of the high life down here. We'll raise the standard of the local eateries, introduce a few wine bars, give the place a little gentrification.

DRIVER

You don't really think we need gentrification do you? You obviously haven't had a local pasty yet.

GILES

I really do, and I prefer a fine steak. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to my paper.

DRIVER

Right you are, sorry to bother you.

Giles returns to his newspaper. A scowl spreads across the Driver's face, he studies Giles in his rear view mirror.

DRIVER (CONTD.)

One last thing.

GILES

What?

DRIVER

Do you mind if we quickly stop by my house, it's just around the corner and I need to pick something up for the wife.

GILES

(sneering)

Make it quick.

DRIVER

Thank you.

The driver returns his gaze to the road.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The black cab pulls into the driveway of a small red brick house. The Driver exits the cab, and walks to a nearby garage.

INT. BLACK LONDON CAB - CONTINUOUS

Giles glowers out of his window at the the Driver, he looks down at his watch and tuts. He's about to return to his newspaper when his eye is drawn to the red light on the passenger door, still illuminated.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Driver exits the garage with a BLACK SPORTS BAG. He returns to the taxi and drives onwards.

INT. BLACK LONDON CAB - DAY

Giles sits in the back seat, admiring the view of the Cornish coast line. Falmouth comes into view.

GILES

And there it is, beautiful isn't it?

The Driver doesn't answer.

GILES (CONTD.)

I can see it now, relaxing on a summer's day looking out onto the Penryn River.

The Driver doesn't even look in the rear view mirror, he just stares ahead.

The town looms large in the background as the cab stops at a t-junction. A road sign opposite indicates left leads to Falmouth, right to The Lizard Heritage Coast.

The cab sits idle, the engine running and the red light on the passenger door still lit.

GILES (CONTD.)
Onwards please driver.

The Driver stares on, emotionless.

GILES (CONTD.)
Drive on.

The driver hits the accelerator pedal hard and swings the cab right.

GILES (CONTD.)
You idiot, left leads to Falmouth!

Still no response from the Driver.

GILES (CONTD.)
Turn this cab around this instance!
I know you Cornish are slower than
the average human being, but surely
you can read a bloody road sign.

The driver looks at Giles in his rear view mirror, he smiles.

DRIVER
Have you ever heard of Michael An
Gof? Maybe Thomas Flamank?

GILES
What in blazes are you babbling on
about? Turn around now!

DRIVER
Maybe it's best I drop you off
here.

GILES
Just stop the blasted cab, I'll
walk into town myself. Rest assured
you're not getting the fare and
your manager is getting a call.

The Driver parks the cab in a passing place.

DRIVER
Off you pop.

Giles lets out an indignant grunt, grabs his bag and tries the door handle, only to find that it's locked.

GILES
The door won't open.

DRIVER
Is the red light on the door lit?

GILES
Yes.

DRIVER
Then that's your problem right there, that means it's locked.

GILES
Well unlock it!

DRIVER
I can't.

Giles, with a look of rage, throws his bag against the door.

GILES
(screaming)
Now!

DRIVER
It's probably broken, I don't have a phone so you'll have to find a mechanic and call them for me.

Giles furiously rakes through his suit jacket pockets until he finds his mobile phone. He drags it out, only to find he has no reception. He stares at the screen for a moment before he returns it to his pocket.

DRIVER (CONTD.)
No reception? That's the problem with you city boys, you never come to the countryside prepared.

GILES
Just drive into town, please.

DRIVER
Let's go for a ride first.

GILES
No...

As Giles starts to move towards the cab's glass partition, the Driver floors the accelerator, and sends him flying back into his seat.

Giles, now panicked, drags himself forward and starts to hammer on the glass partition.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The black cab flies down a country road past fields of cattle. Giles furiously bangs on the passenger windows, which are smeared with hand marks from all his effort.

INT. BLACK LONDON CAB - NIGHT

The sun has set. Giles, now disheveled, sits in the back of the cab with sweat drenched arm pits and his hair all over the place.

DRIVER
Are you finished?

GILES
(whimpering)
Pull over, please.

DRIVER
Not yet, let's get back to the history lesson.

The cab speeds down the main street of a small town, the street lights strobe the inside of the cab.

DRIVER (CONTD.)
An Gof was a blacksmith, a simple person, much like myself. Flamank was actually a lawyer and an MP, but we've forgiven him for that.

GILES
What are you going on about?

DRIVER
In the fiteenth century, you lot in London were busy trying to fight the Jocks up north, and to support this you introduced new taxes against us local Cornish folk.

GILES
It was the fifteenth century.

DRIVER
An Gof and Flamank led an army of locals all the way to London, where

DRIVER
they stood and fought for what they
believed.

GILES
And?

DRIVER
They lost and had their heads put
on some sticks, but the point still
stands. When you posh fuckwits come
down here to screw us over, well we
don't take too kindly to it.

GILES
I'm buying a house.

DRIVER
You were buying a house.

Giles looks suddenly panicked.

DRIVER (CONTD.)
That's right, if my grandsons can't
buy their own house because of you
lot, and we can't march on London,
then we're going to have to make
our point another way. Ever fancied
being a sacrificial lamb?

GILES
You're a madman.

DRIVER
Probably, but I'm old and my family
have got their whole lives to live.

Giles bursts forward and starts hammering on the glass
partition again.

GILES
(screaming)
Let me out of this fucking cab now!

DRIVER
Bang all you want, it won't break.
This is a London Cab, one of the
few things you Londoners have done
right.

Giles falls back into the passenger seat, he starts to cry.

DRIVER (CONTD.)

In this little bag of mine, I've got a small home made explosive. Not big enough to do anyone else damage, but big enough to take you and this cab out. Think of it as a good reason for your city friends to stay away from Cornwall.

GILES

I won't buy the house, please don't do this.

DRIVER

I was saving it for another occasion but you'll do nicely.

The Driver looks at Giles in his rear view mirror, he smiles as he sees him cower and sob.

DRIVER (CONTD.)

Not long now, not long at all.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The cab passes a sign saying - "NOW ENTERING ST KEVERNE", as it enters the small town.

INT. BLACK LONDON CAB - CONTINUOUS

Giles sits in the back, a snotty mess, rocking back and forward. The passenger cabin is strewn with his luggage, and the light on the door still shines a solid red.

DRIVER

And here it is.

The Driver parks beside a statue of two men, one holding a scroll and the other with a foot resting on top of an anvil.

DRIVER (CONTD.)

The great An Gof and Flamank.

GILES

This isn't happening.

DRIVER

I'm afraid it is. We targeted Jamie Oliver and Rick Stein's restaurants, we tore down every St George's flag we could find and we

DRIVER
 even blew up the occasional
 courthouse, but you still came here
 to take what wasn't yours.

GILES
 But it isn't yours!

DRIVER
 Your right, it belongs to the
 community! You didn't listen
 before, I think you'll listen now.

The Driver unfastens his seat belt, opens the sports bag and takes out a plastic switch with roll of wire attached.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Driver exits the cab, and unravels the roll for about 20 metres. He takes cover behind a small wall.

Giles tries to smash a window with his briefcase, but it doesn't break.

DRIVER
 Goodbye my friend.

Giles looks on, completely defeated, he realises his fate is sealed.

The Driver peers over the wall and stares at him for a moment, before he flicks the switch. BANG! The front of the cab explodes, glass showers the street and smoke fills the surrounding area.

As the smoke clears we see the front of the cab is completely mangled, but the rear in one piece. Giles, realises he's unharmed, leaps forward and bangs on the window with a manic grin.

GILES
 (muffled behind glass)
 Ha! What do you call that then? You
 can't even blow your own car up
 properly, what a fucking joke you
 Cornish idiots are!

The Driver looks on, smiling.

GILES
 What are you smiling about? Wait
 till the police get here old man.

WHOOSH! Flames suddenly erupt from the front of the cab and start to catch on the back section.

GILES

(panicked)

What the? No, get me out of here,
NO!

The back of the cab becomes engulfed in flames.

The driver pulls a pasty from his coat pocket. He opens his pasty, takes a bite and smiles as Giles's screams fade amongst the cracking of burning metal.

BLACK: