

DICK TURPIN & THE GREGORY GANG

(Sample scene)

by

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EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - TWILIGHT

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Lashing rain.

A STAGECOACH hurtles down a muddy highway.

On a HILLTOP in the distance the ominous silhouette of a LONE MAN in frock coat and tricorn hat.

He sits hunched on horseback. Watching. Waiting.

INT. STAGECOACH - TWILIGHT

Two aristocratic couples dripping with expensive jewelry sit uncomfortably sandwiched together in the confined coach.

A shiny-buckled shoe nervously taps on the carriage floor.

A CANE is slammed for dramatic effect.

JUDGE CHAPPLE

(bombastic)

Will you *stop* that incessant foot tapping.

SIR PERCIVAL

(timid)

S-s-sorry old chap.

The tapping stops.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

The mysterious LONE MAN in the shadows swigs from a GIN BOTTLE then pulls up a scarf to cover his face.

An almighty CRASH of wheels and hooves - THE STAGECOACH WIPES SCREEN.

LONE MAN

HEYAA!

He spurs his whinnying horse and gives chase.

INT. STAGECOACH - TWILIGHT

LADY CHAPPLE

...And I warned them when they moved to Epping not to expect us so frequently. Oh but she's a very proud woman. And you know what they say, pride comes before a...

JUDGE CHAPPLE

For god's sake, will you *stop wittering* woman. How's a man to think?

Sir Percival warily twitches back the plush window DRAPES and nervously peers into the darkness.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Stagecoach hurtles along the highway.

The LONE MAN spurs his horse through the driving rain, pulls alongside it.

He takes one last swig from the GIN BOTTLE then tosses it into the road ahead.

THICK SHARDS OF GLASS explode onto the Highway.

The horses rear and the coach comes to a screeching halt.

INT. STAGECOACH - CONTINUOUS

JUDGE CHAPPLE

My God, what was THAT?!

LADY CHAPPLE

(oblivious)

Are we here?

Hearts pound. Breaths held. Horses hooves encircle the carriage. Muffled voices.

SIR PERCIVAL

(calling out)

I s-say, Coachman? Why have we...

SMASH

A CARBINE breaks the window pane, shattering the lantern and plunging the carriage into darkness.

An arm reaches in, unlatches the door - it CRASHES open.

LADY CHAPPLE
(screams)
ARGGHH!

A HORSES HEAD leers into the carriage, SPIT FLIES, drenches the stunned noble-folk with thick globs of horse saliva. Then it is gone.

The petrified aristocrats hold their breath.

Judge Chapple hastily removes his wife's sparkling WEDDING RING and stuffs it into her mouth.

BANG

The door opposite bursts open and the passengers snap round to look.

Misty darkness. Driving rain.

Out of the shadows a BLACK HORSE sidesteps ominously into view, steam shoots from it's flared nostrils.

On horseback, coach lantern in one hand, musket drawn in the other sits England's most notorious criminal - DICK TURPIN.

SIR PERCIVAL
(sheer terror)
It's HIM!

A dark stain grows down Sir Percival's finely tailored pants and a puddle appears around his shiny-buckled shoes.

TURPIN
(sinister charm)
I see you've been expecting me.

He tosses a SACK into the carriage.

TURPIN (CONT'D)
(back to business)
Turn it all over. Everything you have. Don't hold nothing back cause I'll find it, and I'll kill you.

The noble-folk hurriedly remove their jewelry and place it in the sack.

Judge Chapple hesitates at his wife's bejeweled BROOCH, musters up what pompous courage he has left and addresses the darkness.

SIR PERCIVAL

(terrified)

May we s-s-stand and deliver them
outside the c-confines of the c-
carriage?

JUDGE CHAPPLE

(full bluster)

Now listen hear you braggart, take
what you will, but you *will* let her
keep the brooch.

A hand reaches in and snatches Judge Chapple's periwig off his bald head.

JUDGE CHAPPLE (CONT'D)

OutrrrrRAGEOUS! UNHAND MY HAIR!!

He is hauled from the coach.

The women scream. Sir Percival whimpers.

Judge Chapple's terrified cries for mercy echo through the darkness. The sobbing ladies cover their ears.

Laboured breaths. Moans. Silence.

A HUNTING KNIFE flashes in through the carriage doorway. Turpin presses it hard against Lady Chapple's throat.

TURPIN

You live on the bleedin' edge...

He violently slices the brooch from her bodice.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

...Sometimes you're gonna get cut.

Turpin snatches up the sackful of SWAG and turns to leave.

LADY CHAPPLE

(slightly garbled)

Please. It belonged to my mother.

Turpin's piercing brown eyes lock onto Lady Chapple.

A devilish grin spreads across his face and he pulls her close.

He sniffs the lady's neck, savors the aroma and whispers in her ear.

TURPIN

I've always had a weakness for
rosebud.

He presses his lips passionately against hers, exploring her petite mouth with his criminal tongue.

She exhales an aroused moan, melts in his arms.

He pulls back and smiles, reveals her wedding ring between his teeth. Pockets it.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

Here.

He flicks the BROOCH into the air, Lady Chapple fumbles to catch it.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

Give my regards to your mother.

Turpin inspects the sparkling wedding ring.

Judge Chapple lies bald, bloodied and beaten in the puddled tracks of the muddy highway.

JUDGE CHAPPLE

(defiant)

My kind shall never bow down to
filth like you.

Turpin raises his gun barrel to point at Judge Chapple.

TURPIN

(sneering)

That's rich that is. Filthy fucking
rich.

Turpin points his carbine into the air, snaps back the reigns and the whinnying horse rears up on hind legs...

BANG

He fires a shot.

The horses BOLT.

Inside the stage-coach Lady Chapple is thrown back into her seat. The other passengers are flung onto the piss-drenched floor.

The runaway Stage Coach careens off into the blackness.

Harrowing screams echo through the night.

The hooves of Turpin's horse thunder back to terra-firma.

Turpin slings the bag of loot over his shoulder with one hand, violently yanks the reigns to one side with the other, and with black cape billowing in the stormy wind gallops off into the distant inky blackness.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: DICK **TURPIN** & THE GREGORY GANG