

FADE IN:

EXT. GREEN HILLTOP. DAY

A LONE FIGURE puffs over the hilltop.

It is BOB BELL (early 40s). His left arm is in a sling.

He looks out to a small TOWN below. Smiles.

There is a BLOOD STAIN on the sling. The wound is recent.

BOB (V.O.)

It doesn't feel like the blood's mine.  
It belongs to them. And given past  
deeds, it's the least I can do.

He looks out over the town. Bob walks from view.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A plastic container sits on a worktop. There is something dark inside it. A hand appears and snaps a lid on it.

SUPERTITLE: BOB

EXT. THE TOWN - DAY

A rundown affair.

Shops boarded up.

A dog defecates in the street.

People shop.

Bob walks through the street, his arm still in the sling. Some people acknowledge him as he passes. He seems to be quite popular.

BOB (V.O.)

I don't care what people say. Blood's  
not thicker than water - not where dad  
was concerned. But it's what's owed to  
this town. To these kids.

Some scabby looking children mull around a street corner. They don't look particularly friendly.

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Bob is helping at a JUMBLE SALE. A gaggle of OLD LADIES are gathered around his table.

A bewildering variety of objects of extreme trivia and little use are inspected and manipulated by the prospective buyers.

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Some are exchanged for money.

Some are tossed aside.

Some are secreted in the pockets of the old ladies.

Bob doesn't seem to notice the thefts. He is engrossed in a transaction. He loves this.

One old lady, ISSIE, takes a moment from her purchasing to speak to us.

ISSIE

The loveliest man we've ever met. He's raised so much money for the children.

Bob's table becomes busier. He is selling more and more things.

LATER

The table is empty.

Bob smiles as he and his wife, MAUREEN (40's), pack up.

BOB (V.O.)

After all the rough time they were put through through it's only right. I'm just glad my Maureen's around to help.

As Bob walks away, he has a noticeable limp. He bends down and scratches his ankle, revealing --

A bandage with a spot of BLOOD on it.

Maureen lays a hand on his shoulder and Bob looks up and smiles.

BOB

I'm alright, love.

CLOSE ON:

A PHOTOGRAPH of Bob in his garden with his friend, DEREK.

DEREK (V.O.)

Well, I've never met anyone quite like him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is clean and tidy but empty.

Arranged on the worktop are a variety of cooking utensils - bowls, pots, knives, a fish slice, a large cheese grater and a box of plasters.

INT. DEREK'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

Derek (40's) is a smaller man than Bob, in a thick knitted pullover. He seems very keen.

More PHOTOS of Bob and Derek line his mantle-piece.

Derek's face alternates between an admiring smile and a look of awe for his friend.

DEREK  
(Stressing the point  
slightly)  
His sense of honour and of loyalty to  
the town shouldn't really be  
undestimated.

INT. BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Maureen slices some potatoes on a chopping board with a large knife.

Bob watches.

A SMALL TUB filled with something dark sits beside the chopping board.

BOB  
I've been doing this kind of thing for  
a few years now.

PHOTO MONTAGE:

Bob standing beside a jumble sale table. With a big grin.

Bob sitting in a bath as Derek pours baked beans into it. With a big grin.

END MONTAGE

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

A lone dinner place is laid out very precisely.

PHOTO MONTAGE:

Bob standing proud with Derek and Maureen dressed in parachute gear. With a big grin.

Bob struggling from underneath the parachute he has just used.

Bob wearing a neck-brace, presenting a cheque to a priest, FATHER STEVE. With a big grin.

INT. BOB'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bob sits down at the dining table. Maureen places a DISH of something nice before him. He looks up at her and thanks her.

ISSIE (V.O.)

Oh, Bob brought us his own wee ray of sunshine when he came to this town.

Bob tucks heartily into his dinner as Maureen looks on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The aged Issie and several similarly AGED LADIES are gathered around speaking to the camera.

ISSIE

And this sacrifice he's making now is just wonderful, isn't it?

OLD LADY#1

Oh yes, wonderful.

OLD LADY#2

Mmm.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Maureen prepares another meal over the cooker. It bubbles away relentlessly on the hob.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Aided by Maureen, Bob lowers himself into his chair. He winces in a little discomfort.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ISSIE

I only hope he can see this through and do it. It would be such a shame if he couldn't.

OLD WOMAN#1

Such a shame.

OLD WOMAN#2

Mmm.

(beat)

What's he doing?

EXT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Bob and FATHER STEVE (30's), are standing outside the dilapidated church hall. Bob points up at a part of the roof.

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Bob and Father Steve wander through a passage way, looking up at the ceiling.

FATHER STEVE (O.S.)  
We've been trying to repair the roof  
of the church hall for some time now.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Steve sits before us. He's an enthusiastic chap.

FATHER STEVE  
We need another £5,000 to complete the  
job, along with various other little  
repair jobs. Then we can re-establish  
our Youth Club.

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Father Steve watches Bob as he climbs a ladder to examine a specific part of the ceiling.

FATHER STEVE (O.S.)  
Well, there's much that needs to be  
done. And Bob has kindly donated  
himself to our cause. Bob's sacrifices  
for our community should be noted by  
the rest of us.

INT. BOB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob sits in his chair, his left leg up on a footstool. The blood spot at his ankle slightly but noticeably larger.

Maureen sits on the arm of the chair, a picture of loyalty.

BOB  
So, I've figured it all out. If I'm  
sponsored £1 a gram then I need to eat  
5 kilograms of meat to make the 5K.  
(beat)  
But not all in the one go, obviously.

Bob seems rather amused at his clever plan. He looks up at Maureen, who looks lovingly back down at him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Several KIDS loiter around a bus stop.

One child repeatedly smashes a doll's head into a fence.

BOB (V.O.)  
It's been twenty years since the Youth  
Club was running.  
(MORE)

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BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The way things are going these days,  
these kids deserve more. So if I'm  
ever going to help anyone, it's got to  
be them.

Bob walks by the kids. He smiles at them. Their eyes follow him with ominous intent.

INT. BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY

The sparkling clean cooking utensils lie on the worktop. A scalpel and a small plastic tub are placed beside them.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Steve sits smiling. He looks as though he may be suppressing tears.

FATHER STEVE

I'm just -- speechless. Amazing.

INT. DEREK'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

DEREK

We were going to call it the "A Pound  
for a Pound Drive", but what with all  
this metric nonsense we felt we ought  
to change it.

INT. BOB'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Bob sits at the dining table. Around him stand Father Steve, Derek, videoing the events, and a solemn looking independent adjudicator, MR ROURKE, who holds a clipboard in his hand. They are waiting patiently.

Maureen comes through from the kitchen holding a tray that carries a dish covered by an upturned bowl.

Everyone stands in expectation as she places the bowl on the table.

DEREK (V.O.)

So we've renamed it "The Pound for a  
Gram Drive".

Maureen removes the cereal bowl to revealing --

A small and delicate looking piece of cooked meat in a red wine and shallot sauce. It looks rather nice.

Bob leans in and savours the aroma. Mr Rourke hands him a knife and fork and nods.

Bob cuts a small piece of the meat and raises it to his mouth.

Mr Rourke watches intently.

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Maureen watches intently.

Derek seems very focused.

Bob pushes the piece of meat into his mouth and begins to chew it. As looks to Maureen and nods his head. Maureen smiles.

Mr Rourke makes some marks on his clipboard.

Father Steve looks to Derek, inspecting his video camera. Derek sees him out of the corner of his eye and turns away from him.

EXT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Bob and Father Steve stand outside the Church Hall, facing us.

BOB (V.O.)  
5 Grand for the kids.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob is sitting next to Maureen once again.

BOB  
I've always tried to give back what Dad took from the town. From Derek's dad. But this eating thing came about almost by accident. Oddly enough, Derek's should really take the credit.

INT. DEREK'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

DEREK  
Anyway, we'd had had a few drinks and got a bit carried away when Bob got out his appendix.  
(beat)  
He'd kept it in a jar since he was a child. Well, Maureen had been spring cleaning and forgot to put it away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOB  
Chewy, I thought, but not without its charm. I get Maureen to add that little bit extra vinegar now.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Derek is camcording the event:

Bob lies on his front on the bed, topless. Maureen carefully lays a swab to Bob's shoulder.

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DEREK (V.O.)

A small anaesthetic is administered in whatever part he has selected. It might be a portion of his thigh or the piece of skin at the nape of his neck. And then Maureen does the honours.

A SCALPEL lies on the bedside table alongside the spent syringe.

Mr Rourke closes the lid of the plastic tub we saw in the kitchen.

INT. DEREK'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

DEREK

She's whipped up some real treats for Bob in the past, having been a cook abroad. She once cooked for an expedition to the deep Amazon. She came back with some stunning recipes, but she's a bit too proud to let us in on them. We originally wanted to do it at the hospital, but Bob's doctor...well...

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

DR RAY

FUCKING LUNACY!

Nope, DR RAY is not at all a happy man.

DR RAY (CONT'D)

I do beg your pardon, but just the simple mention of that man's name just sets me off, I'm afraid.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maureen raises a hypodermic needle in front of her face. She presses the plunger a little and some clear fluid spurts from its end.

She bends down out of frame, revealing a picture of Bob smiling on the wall behind her.

DR RAY (O.S.)

I used to prescribe Mr Bell his insulin previously, but when I found out that his diabetes had been caused because he had eaten his pancreas...

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Dr Ray just can't seem to get the words out.

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CONTINUED:

DR RAY  
 (muttering)  
 ...charity my arse.  
 (the good doctor slams his  
 fist against the table.)  
 Something stinks here! It's just not  
 moral. There are a million other  
 things he could have done for charity,  
 but this is a waste of valuable NHS  
 resources. There are children in  
 hospital right now, needing vital  
 operations that require the kind of  
 attention that this man is being  
 given. I mean, doesn't he realise the  
 dangers?  
 (beat)  
 The man's eating himself, for god's  
 sake!

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - HALL CUPBOARD - DAY

The cupboard door opens and reveals everything a man eating  
 himself needs to look after himself -- piles and piles of  
 swabs, gauze and other medical supplies.

Maureen takes a pile of swabs and some surgical tape and  
 closes the door.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Bob has just finished his dinner, a satisfied smile on his  
 face. Mr Rourke marks up his clipboard.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Derek stands shaking a bucket of money, trying to attract  
 donations. Bob stands next to him, holding a sponsor sheet.

DEREK  
 Help Bob Bell help you! Please, "A  
 Gram For A Pound"!

A WOMAN tosses a pound into the bucket and signs Bob's  
 sponsor sheet. She places a compassionate hand on Bob's  
 chest.

She exits and Bob winces in agony.

BOB (O.S.)  
 Well, I suppose there is the  
 inevitable question of bad taste...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob and Maureen sit in front of us, side by side.

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CONTINUED:

BOB

There are always assumptions about bad taste. Most assume it tastes like pork, which I don't eat, incidentally. But my Maureen here can work miracles in the kitchen. She even made it taste like veal once.

Maureen glances down and smiles modestly. Bob smiles at her modesty.

BOB (CONT'D)

But as far as the pork myth goes, I'll be looking to avoid any crackling or scratchings.

(pats his chest)

Got to watch the old ticker here.

Bob laughs to himself, amused at his own little joke. Maureen smiles.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

DR RAY

Well, I think we'd all be better off if he used bleach as an anaesthetic.

INT. GYM - DAY

Bob is on an exercise bike, going hard at it. Sweating like a pig.

DEREK (O.S.)

We've put him on a strict exercise regime. He's getting in trim in order to cut down on his body fat. Well, there's nothing worse than finding gristle and fat in your stew, is there? He also thinks that by exercising he might be able to replace some of the tissue he'll be consuming.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Dr ray sits unimpressed.

DR RAY

Define delusion. And there he is.

EXT. BOB'S GARDEN - DAY

Bob is examining a wheelchair. Maureen and Derek are on hand also.

BOB

Oh, I don't want to die, or anything. That would just be foolish.

(MORE)

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BOB (CONT'D)

I mean, there's so much more work to do, isn't there?

Bob sits in the wheelchair. Maureen and Derek watch as he slowly wheels himself forwards.

DEREK

They've been putting a little bit aside for themselves for the future, haven't you, Bob?

BOB

Yes, Derek has helped us set up a trust fund to help support us when I'm down to the bare essentials.

He wheels around enthusiastically in the chair. He yells as he catches one of his fingers in the wheels. Derek rushes to help. Maureen just stands and watches. She seems to be backing away slightly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A young BOY stands in front of us with his MOTHER. The boy looks away, shy. His mother encourages him to speak.

BOY

I think...I think he's very brave.

INT. BOB'S DINING ROOM - DAY

LETTERS flood all over a table.

Bob sits at his dining table, picking through the letters. Derek comes through with another big bundle of letters and places them on the table in front of Bob.

BOB

I've been getting a tremendous amount of support from the children at the local school.

Bob and Derek begin to open some of the letters. Bob holds one up and begins to read from it aloud. A wonderful smile crosses his face. The look on his face is akin to that of a father cradling his firstborn for the first time.

BOB (CONT'D)

Dear Mr Bell...

CLOSE ON: THE LETTER

A child's colourful, scrawly handwriting. There is a smiley face drawn at the top of the page alongside a drawing that would seem to be Bob.

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EDWARD (V.O.)  
...My name is Edward and I am in primary four. We all think that what you are doing is very nice. You are a very brave man. Our teacher, Mrs Morrison, says that we should all be very proud of you.

ANGLE ON:

Bob. There are tears in his eyes as he puts the letter down.

BOB  
You wanted to know why I'm doing this?

Bob pushes the letters towards us. Derek puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

FADE TO:

BLACK

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A FLASHING BLUE LIGHT lights up the front of Bob's house.

Maureen stands at the front door, looking very nervous.

A PARAMEDIC rushes up the path towards the door. Maureen ushers him into the house. The door shuts.

LATER

Derek pulls up in his car and gets out. He looks desperately worried.

DEREK  
We're not exactly sure of what's happened. Bob complained of a severe itchiness nears one of his wounds. And later, Maureen and I could have sworn we smelled something off this morning. Excuse me.

He rushes to the house and shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

Derek stands at the gate watching the ambulance. The flashing blue light of the ambulance fades, along with it's SIREN. Derek stands and watches as the light fades.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Father Steve approaches from the entrance.

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FATHER STEVE

Well, gangrene is obviously not the best news that we could have hoped for. I've asked the people of the town to join me in prayer for Bob's recovery.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Derek and father Steve stand faithfully outside the hospital. Derek holds his mobile phone at the ready, pacing about.

His phone RINGS.

DEREK

Yes?

Derek listens. The look of concern on his face changes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What do you mean?

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Bob emerges from the main door of the hospital accompanied by Maureen. He is smiling as usual. Everything seems fine.

BOB

Bit of a false alarm I'm glad to say!

PHOTOGRAPH

-- of Bob and Maureen. Maureen holds Bob's bandaged thigh on her knee. Bob is holding a jar of green Pesto, smiling and pointing at his wound.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maureen had prepared an Italian dish from my thigh the previous night, some Cacciatore. Well, it seems as though I managed to spill some basil pesto onto the wound somehow.

Bob laughs. He seems to find it funnier than it is.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Maureen prepares more meals.

Bob eats them.

BOB (O.S.)

We're well on the way to success now. I'm that little bit closer to a particular steak and kidney pie.

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Mr Rourke officiates.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
"Chew it all at least six times", my  
old dad used to say. "You won't get  
the benefit otherwise."

Maureen continues to chop.

The sound of Bob's laughter fades as we:

CUT TO:

BLACK

FATHER STEVE (O.S.)  
I couldn't think straight when I  
heard. Just an almighty rush of one  
conflicting emotion after another.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Father Steve is kneeling down, his head in his hands, bowed  
in silent prayer.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Issie and her pals look as though they've just received  
some shocking news.

ISSIE  
What? Oh my God! That's awful!

She puts her hand up to her mouth as though to prevent  
spilling vomit. Her two friends are stunned into silence.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Silence. The room is empty.

Dirty saucepans, dishes and large knives lie abandoned.

INT. BOB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Silence. The room lies empty. Bob's chair is empty.

DEREK (O.S.)  
Bob and Maureen Bell would like to  
make it clear that these allegations  
are untrue and completely without  
substance.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Derek reads from a piece of paper.

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DEREK

Given all of her efforts and support,  
Bob is deeply distressed that his wife  
should be painted in this light.

In the background, Maureen can be seen at the window,  
peering through the curtains.

DEREK (CONT'D)

All Bob and Maureen ever wanted to do  
was to help the children of this town.  
However, given the circumstances, Bob  
feels that he can no longer go on if  
these allegations of cheating and  
cannibalism continue to be levelled at  
his wife. This is all we have to say  
right now.

Derek lowers the piece of paper. He starts back to the  
house. He sees Maureen peering out of the window and  
hesitates. He looks back to us for a moment, afraid. He  
then turns and goes back to Bob's house, albeit more  
cautiously.

INT. MR ROURKE'S OFFICE - DAY

The independent adjudicator we saw at Bob's house, Mr  
Rourke, sits behind his desk. Derek's camcorder is sitting  
on the desk in front of him.

MR ROURKE

It came to my attention that Bob was  
losing significantly more flesh than  
he was eating. There were little tell  
tale signs I began to notice, such as  
little extra wounds that I had not  
been informed about, and so on. But my  
suspicions were really aroused when I  
realised that nobody had ever seen  
Maureen eating before. Ever. Now, we  
would all have a cup of tea after Bob  
had eaten his meal but Maureen never  
so much as touched a biscuit in front  
of us. But she would always disappear  
for a few minutes after Bob had eaten  
his meal.

Mr Rourke pats the camcorder.

MR ROURKE (CONT'D)

She was making extra helpings.

INT. BOB'S KITCHEN - DAY

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE:

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Through a crack in the almost closed kitchen door, Maureen can be seen devouring strips of dry white meat in an almost animalistic way.

Then she turns her attention to licking Bob's dinner plates insatiably. Almost snarling.

DEREK (O.S.)  
That's right, Mo. Eat him. Eat that  
shite.

MR ROURKE (V.O.)  
Revenge is a dish best served on your  
own dining table, it seems.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Dr Ray is LAUGHING fiercely. So much in fact that he FALLS backwards in his chair.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Steve is sitting in his chair, staring at the floor.

A man abandoned by his God.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

The soles of Dr Ray's shoes stick up from where he lies on the floor behind his desk, still LAUGHING hysterically.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

Father Steve, still staring into space, slowly reaches up to his neck and removes his priest's dog collar.

He tosses it to the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ISSIE  
(to herself)  
I wonder what he tasted like.

Issie catches what she just said out loud and looks away, embarrassed.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up and Derek gets out.

He opens the passenger door and helps Bob out of the car, followed by Maureen.

Jaundiced and weak, Bob needs help standing up. Underneath his jacket, his chest is completely trussed up in a bloody bandage.

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Derek and Maureen help him into the house. Bob looks as though he is whimpering something under his breath. He weakly cranes his head towards us.

BOB  
(faintly)  
Daddy -- had to atone -- for Daddy.

Maureen turns to the camera crew as she helps Bob.

MAUREEN  
(a real sudden spite)  
Fuck off!

Maureen gives the Interviewer a look that hisses EVIL and then turns away to help Bob into the house.

The door is SLAMMED shut in Derek's face.

He is left standing on the front doorstep, alone and silent. He looks around, not knowing what to do.

Derek walks away from the Bell's door, past the documentary crew. The Interviewer corners him.

INTERVIEWER  
Mr McCarron, why did you set up your  
friend to marry a cannibal?

Derek looks away, confused. He tries to speak but can't get the words out.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)  
What do you have to say to the people  
of this town who put their faith and  
trust in you?

Derek once again does not know what to say. He looks over the Interviewer's shoulder, as if he's seen someone.

DEREK  
(feigning delight)  
Hey, hi kids!

The Interviewer turns to see who Derek is shouting at but there is no one there. He turns back and sees --

Derek making a solitary run for it up the middle of the quiet road.

The front door OPENS.

The Interviewer turns around to see Maureen rush out of the house, wielding a large kitchen knife. She SCREAMS like an animal.

Rushes towards the camera, knocking its operator to the ground.

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Everything literally turns upside down as the camera whirls.

The camera operator gives out a CRY and Maureen's feet rush past the camera as she RACES back into the house.

The Interviewer picks up the camera, just as Maureen rushes back inside the house.

The camera operator rolls on the ground, clutching his bloodied ear.

The camera turns back to the house.

In the window, Maureen can be made out peering from behind the net curtains, stuffing her face with something.

Faintly, Bob can be heard pleading with Maureen. A LOW GROWL sound rises and she rises to face him.

BOB (O.S.)  
Aw, aw, jesus!! Daddy!

The camera turns back the fallen camera operator, crawling on the ground.

FADE TO:

BLACK

FADE UP TO:

A photograph of Bob. He is sitting at his dining table, surrounded by Maureen, Derek and Mr Rourke. On the table before him is a plate of food. There is a huge, genuinely happy smile on his face.

SUPERTITLE: BOB - MUCH MISSED.