

Setting: Neglected well roughly 10 ft in diameter and 30 ft deep. The stone walls are covered in moss. The well is plugged at the base by a large rock acting like a stop cap. It is night but the moon is full and the sky is clear so light is reduced at the base of the well.

At Rise: HEATHER and BORIS lie slumped and unconscious. They have been stripped of armour and weapons.

Heather breathes deep and shifts awake. She rubs her eyes and strains into the dark as she pulls herself into a seated position against the wall.

HEATHER
(whispered)

Hello?

When the echoing whispers of her voice fade, she shuffles her hands up the slick wall to stand.

Stepping forward, away from the wall, with her arms waving slowly in front, she trips on something solid and falls back to the ground.

BORIS
(Groans)

What th'...

Heather turns quickly into a seated position and shuffles to find another wall at her back.

HEATHER
Who's there?

BORIS
Calm yerself lass, it's me.

HEATHER
(relieved)
Boris? Are you ok?

BORIS
Other than a few stiff limbs,
I'm awright.

HEATHER
I can't see --

BORIS

Clearly no been eatin your
carrots.

HEATHER

-- But from the echo, circular
walls and smell of rotten eggs,
I'm gonna take a stab in the
dark... and say we're in a well.

BORIS

Very funny. Of all the people...

HEATHER

You're not exactly my ideal
well-partner either, Boris.

Boris simply grunts in response.

HEATHER

What's the last thing you
remember?

BORIS

A dull thud on the back of ma
neck (rubs the area). Why only
dump us two down here?

HEATHER

Maybe they figured we'd be the
most likely to strangle each
other if we did wake.

BORIS

Can't say I've no dreamt of it.

HEATHER

I know we don't always see
eye-to-eye but if we want to
see Alo and Fig again we need
to set our differences aside.

Boris rasps another grunt.

Heather stands and begins to pace around the tight
space, scanning the walls.

Boris pats himself down and jumps to his feet.

BORIS

My armour! My sword!

HEATHER

Yeah, whoever threw us down
here clearly thought we
wouldn't be needing those.

BORIS

Unless you can scale walls I'm
not sure how we get out o this.

HEATHER

Unfortunately, that ain't a
skill I learned on the farm.

BORIS

I was a great climber as a boy.

He steps towards the wall and tries to find a grip
on the slippery stones.

HEATHER

You're strong, Boris, but
you're not a boy any longer.
And even if you could hoist
yourself up, the walls are
slick.

Heather tilts her head and her brows furrow.

HEATHER (cont'd)

The walls are slick.

Heather returns to scanning the walls but more
frantically now.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Up there! There's water
trickling in.

BORIS

And?

HEATHER

And, there must still be a
water table that we're below.

BORIS

And?

HEATHER

So there has to be a well plug.

BORIS

That we can unplug?

HEATHER

You got it!

She drops to her knees and begins meticulously inspecting rocks.

HEATHER

Here! This has to be the one.
It's much larger and damper
around the edges than the
others. We just need a way to
move it.

Heather attempts to push the rock. When it refuses to move, she slaps it in frustration.

BORIS

Easy. Move back.

Boris removes a subtly steel-capped boot and begins bashing it against the rock.

After several moments of grunting and bashing, it cracks.

Water floods into the well. As it rises, they relax into it and are carried upwards.

They stop a few metres short of the mouth of the wall and tread water.

BORIS

What now?

HEATHER

If I can get on your shoulders
I think I could grab the rope
down to us.

BORIS

If it gets us out of here then
get on with it.

Heather climbs onto his shoulders and reaches for the rope. Pulling it down until it's taught. She slides off his shoulders into the water.

HEATHER

Feels like it would hold. You want to go first?

BORIS

First? Get on ma back, hold tight and I'll get us both out.

HEATHER

You're sure?

BORIS

Just do it.

She swims around to his back and latches onto him. He begins to haul them both up the rope for the final 10ft.

As he leans over the lip of the well, Heather climbs off and pulls him over.

BORIS

That was fucking smart!

HEATHER

Was that a compliment?

Boris grumbles and shrugs.

HEATHER

I'm just messin'. Let's find the others.

BORIS

Aye. And maybe a towel.