



# the next stop is lewknor turn

*ian pointer  
nicolás nieto  
marin*

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script

**Ian Pointer**

*ian@snappishproductions.com*

art

**Nicolás Nieto**

*nicolasnieto62@gmail.com*

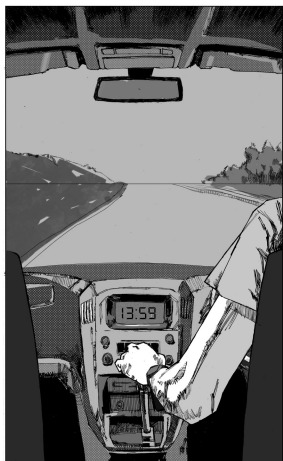
special thanks

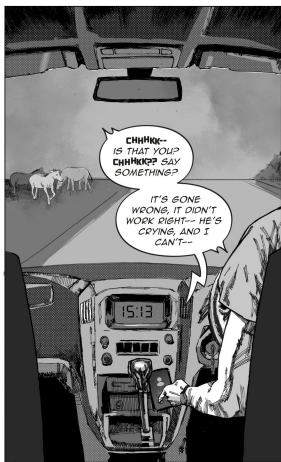
**Rhian E. Jones**

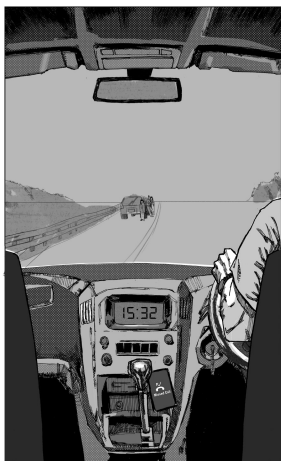
lettering

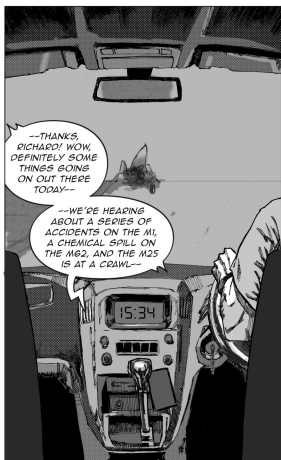
**Marin**

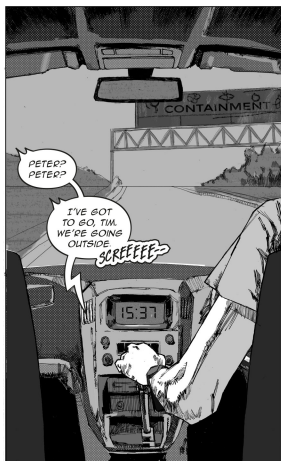
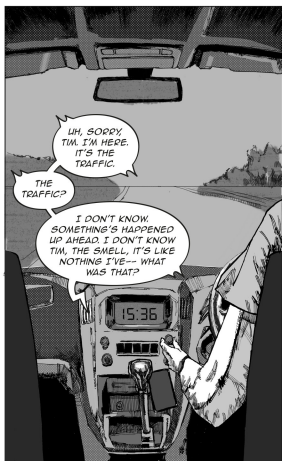
*marinandrealeon@gmail.com*

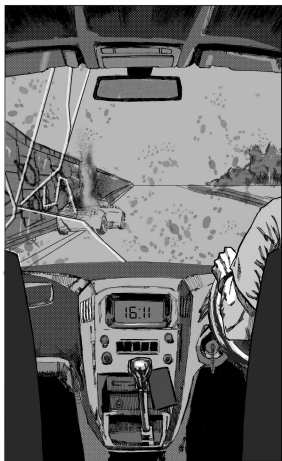
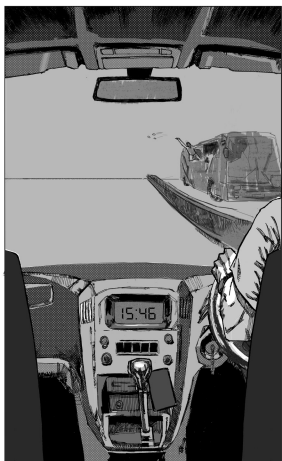




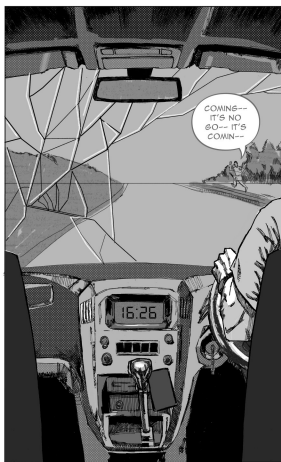
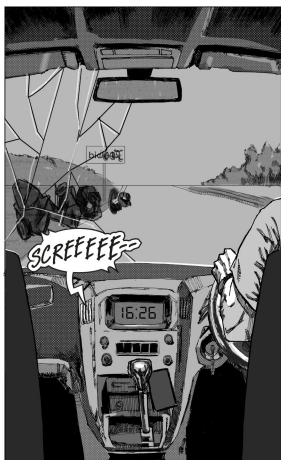
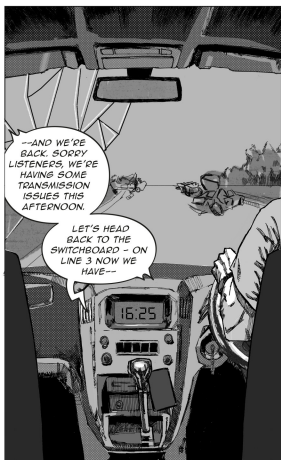


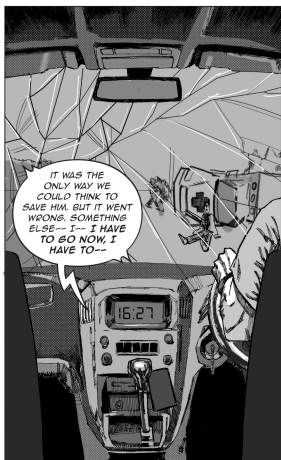


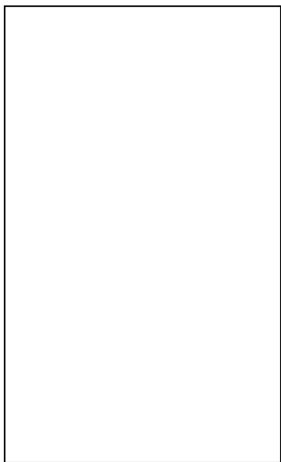
















IT WAS YEARS  
AGO NOW.

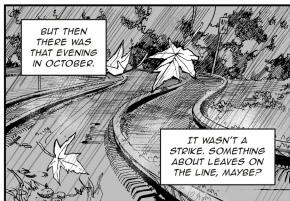
WE WERE  
INSEPARABLE.

SAM AND NIAMH,  
LEGENDS OF YEAR 13,  
MATTHEW ARNOLD  
SCHOOL REPRESENT  
OXFORD DURING THE  
WEEK, AND HITTING  
LONDON MOST  
SATURDAYS, LOOK AT  
MY STUPID BLACK HAIR.

SUNDAYS?  
IN BED,  
OBVIOUSLY.

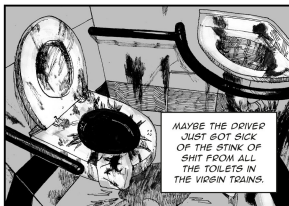


WE ALWAYS  
GOT THE  
TRAIN TO  
PADDINGTON.

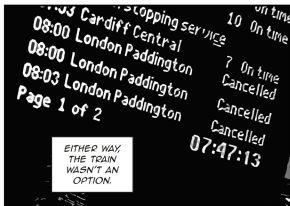


BUT THEN  
THERE WAS  
THAT EVENING  
IN OCTOBER.

IT WASN'T A  
STRIKE. SOMETHING  
ABOUT LEAVES ON  
THE LINE, MAYBE?

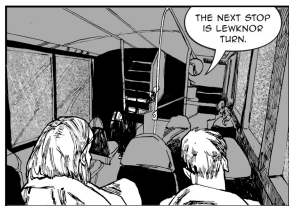
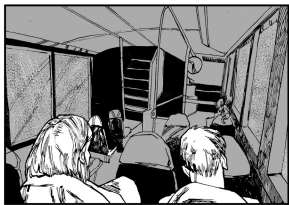
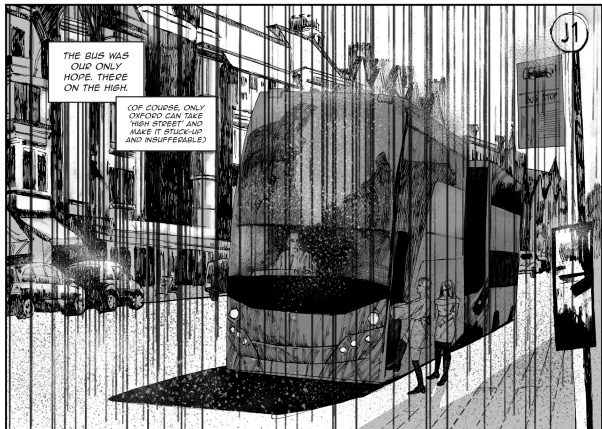


MAYBE THE DRIVER  
JUST GOT SICK  
OF THE STINK OF  
SHIT FROM ALL  
THE TOILETS IN  
THE VIRGIN TRAINS.



Cardiff Central 10 On time  
08:00 London Paddington 7 On time  
08:00 London Paddington Cancelled  
08:03 London Paddington Cancelled  
Page 1 of 2 Cancelled  
07:47:13

EITHER WAY,  
THE TRAIN  
WASN'T AN  
OPTION.





HOW  
FUCKING  
BLEAK IS  
THAT??

SSSH,  
SAM!



AFTER FAR TOO  
MUCH TRAFFIC, WE  
GOT INTO VICTORIA.  
AT LEAST IT HAD  
STOPPED RAINING  
BY THEN.



TIME TO HIT  
THE TOWN.



BUT SAM  
WOULDN'T  
LET IT GO...

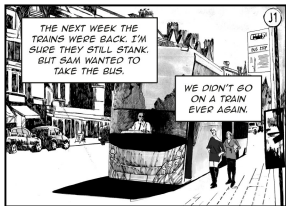
THAT STOP  
WAS SO CREEPY!  
OUT IN THE MIDDLE  
OF FUCKING  
NOWHERE!

O-  
WATCH  
YOUR  
FEET!



AT LEAST  
NOT UNTIL  
HER FOURTH  
VODKA AND  
DIET COKE  
ANYWAY.

COME ON,  
NIAMH, THIS  
ONE'S OURS!  
WATCH OUT FOR  
MR. STOMPY  
BOOTS OVER  
THERE!



THE NEXT WEEK THE TRAINS WERE BACK. I'M SURE THEY STILL STANK. BUT SAM WANTED TO TAKE THE BUS.

WE DIDN'T GO ON A TRAIN EVER AGAIN.



THE NEXT STOP IS LEWKNOR TURN.



NOBODY GOT OFF THAT WEEK. OR THE NEXT.

THE NEXT STOP IS HILLINGDON.



CAN WE GO EARLY? PLEASE?



THE NEXT STOP IS LEWKNOR TURN.



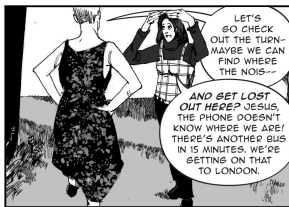
MOVE!  
OW!



THIS STOP YOURS? REALLY?

YEAH, THANKS!







NEXT SATURDAY, I WASN'T WELL. CAUGHT SOMETHING OFF MR. STOMPY BOOTS, WHO I KISSED AT I AM IN THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM.

DOCTOR SAID IT MIGHT BE GLANDULAR FEVER. MUM SENT ME TO BED. NO ARGUING.

(THERE WAS SOME ARGUING)

SAM CALLED JUST AFTER 8.



HEY! GUESS WHERE I AM?

SAM... FUCK, SAM, YOU'RE THERE BY YOURSELF? ALSO, YOU'RE GOING TO KILL THAT DATA PLAN OF YOURS...

END OF THE MONTH, 'MUM'- PLENTY OF IT LEFT. AND CALM DOWN, THE NEXT BUS IS ONLY IN TEN MINUTES.

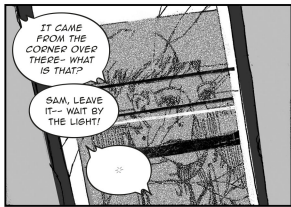


I DON'T KNOW, DOES IT LOOK LIKE THERE'S A FEW MORE MARKS HERE SINCE LAST TIME?

I CAN'T SEE SHIT, SAM. SCOUGH- YOU NEED A NEW PHONE. KEEP TELLING YOU.

AT LEAST MINE ISN'T CRACKED! WAIT... DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SCRITCH



IT CAME FROM THE CORNER OVER THERE- WHAT IS THAT?

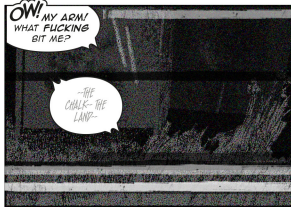
SAM, LEAVE IT-- WAIT BY THE LIGHT!



WHO'S THERE? WHO'S FUCKING THERE?

SAM?

-ARE TO SET YOU FREE-



OW! MY ARM! WHAT FUCKING BIT ME?

-THE CHALK- THE LAND-



AAAAARGH!!!

-THE CHALK- THE VILLAGE-

MLM!



WE COULDN'T  
GET THE POLICE TO  
GO AROUND UNTIL  
THE MORNING. SHE  
WASN'T THERE.

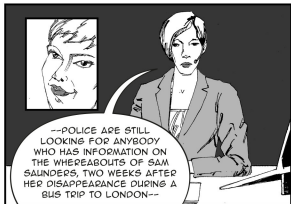
NO BUS DRIVER  
THAT NIGHT SAW  
HER AFTER SHE  
GOT OFF.

NOBODY  
SAW HER IN  
LONDON.

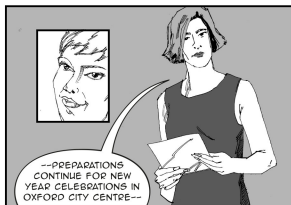
AND SHE  
NEVER CAME  
HOME.



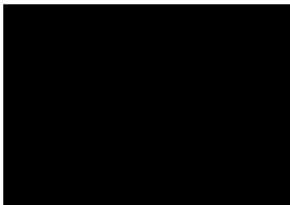
--LAST SEEN HERE  
ON SATURDAY NIGHT.  
POLICE HAVE ASKED  
ANYBODY TRAVELLING TO  
LONDON ON THE OXFORD  
TUBE WHO REMEMBER  
SEEING HER TO  
PHONE THEM ON  
01865--

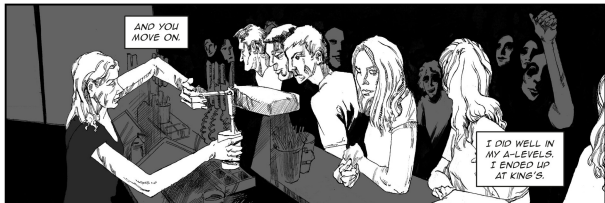


--POLICE ARE STILL  
LOOKING FOR ANYBODY  
WHO HAS INFORMATION ON  
THE WHEREABOUTS OF SAM  
SAUNDERS, TWO WEEKS AFTER  
HER DISAPPEARANCE DURING A  
BUS TRIP TO LONDON--



--PREPARATIONS  
CONTINUE FOR NEW  
YEAR CELEBRATIONS IN  
OXFORD CITY CENTRE--





AND YOU  
MOVE ON.

I DID WELL IN  
MY A-LEVELS.  
I ENDED UP  
AT KING'S.



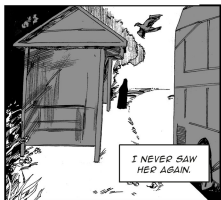
IT WAS CHRISTMAS IN  
MY FINAL YEAR. I CAME  
HOME TO SPEND IT WITH  
MY MUM, BUT I NEEDED  
TO GET BACK EARLY TO  
START MY DISSERTATION.

I FORGOT THAT  
BRITISH RAIL  
GOES TO SHIT  
OVER CHRISTMAS.

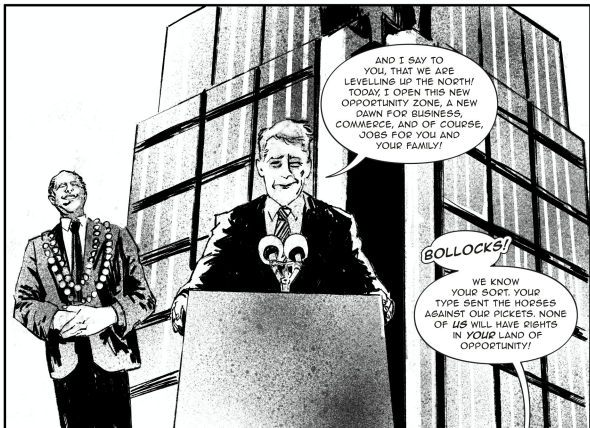


THE NEXT STOP  
IS LEWKNOR  
TURN.

SHIT.



I NEVER SAW  
HER AGAIN.

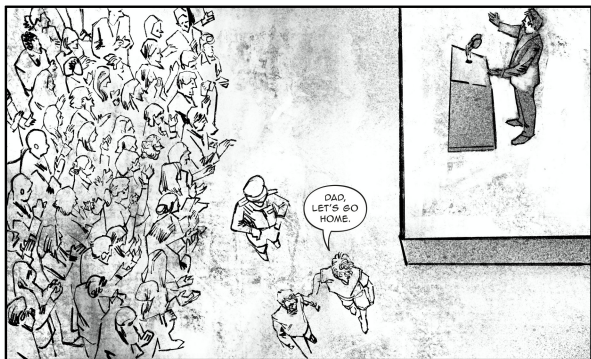


**BOLLOCKS!**

WE KNOW YOUR SORT. YOUR TYPE SENT THE HORSES AGAINST OUR PICKETS. NONE OF US WILL HAVE RIGHTS IN YOUR LAND OF OPPORTUNITY!



I MYSELF WILL  
LIVE IN THE TOP FLOOR  
OF THE NEW RESIDENTIAL  
TOWER! I'M WILLING TO PUT  
MY MONEY WHERE MY  
MOUTH IS AND INVEST IN  
YOUR FUTURE!



DAD,  
LET'S GO  
HOME.



WENT DOWN  
A STORM. YEAH,  
LOCAL PRESS LAPPED  
IT UP, FEW SEGMENTS AND  
INTERVIEWS FILMED. WILL  
PROBABLY MAKE  
NATIONAL.



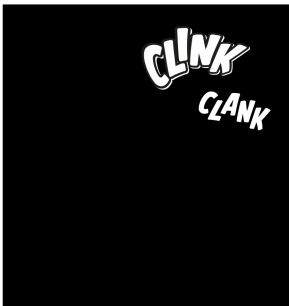
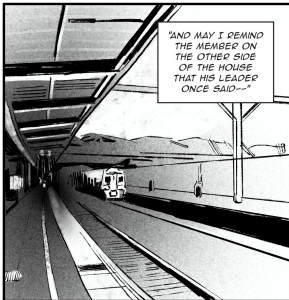
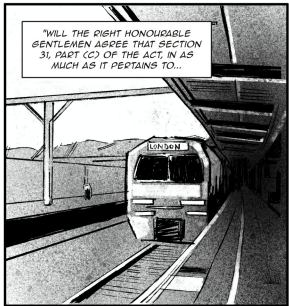
NOT SO BAD. VIEW ISN'T  
TERRIBLE, I GUESS, IF YOU'RE  
INTO THAT SORT OF BLEAKNESS,  
BUT THANK FUCK THERE'S A TRAIN  
TO LONDON. ONCE A DAY, BUT  
IT'S NOT LIKE I NEED TO  
STAY IN THIS HELLHOLE  
ALL THE TIME--



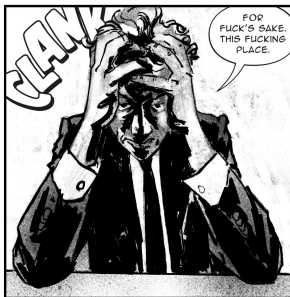
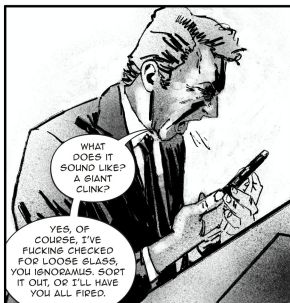
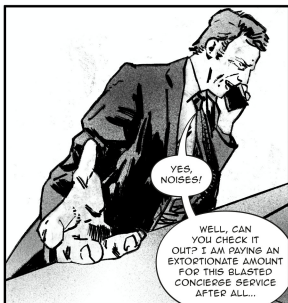
**CLANK**

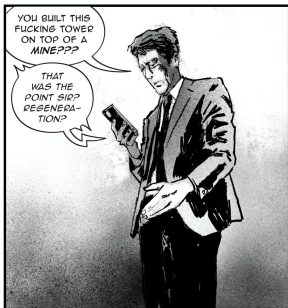
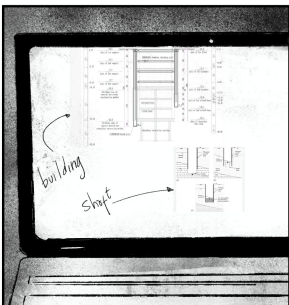
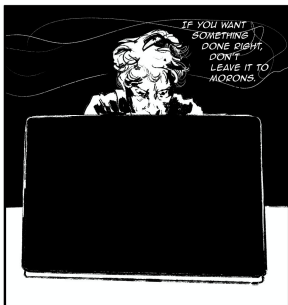


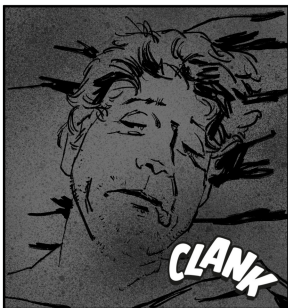
NO, SOMETHING  
JUST FELL, THAT'S  
ALL. SOUNDED LIKE  
METAL? GOD  
KNOWS WHAT.

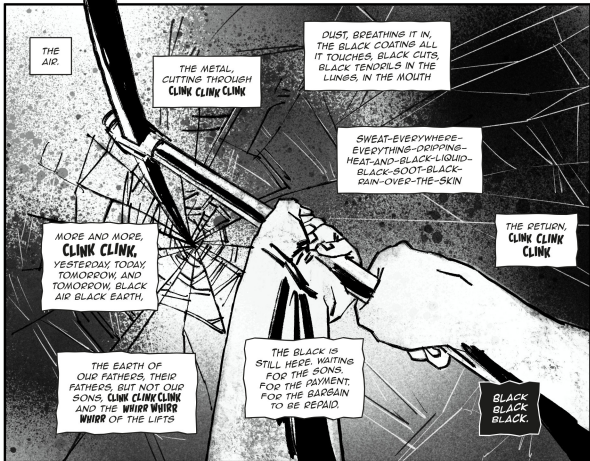
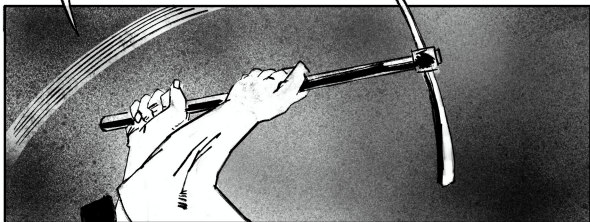












THE  
AIR.

THE METAL,  
CUTTING THROUGH  
CLINK CLINK CLINK

DUST, BREATHING IT IN,  
THE BLACK COATING ALL  
IT TOUCHES, BLACK CUTS,  
BLACK TENDRILS IN THE  
LUNGS, IN THE MOUTH

SWEAT-EVERYWHERE-  
EVERYTHING-DRIPPING-  
HEAT-AND-BLACK-LIQUID-  
BLACK-SOOT-BLACK-  
RAIN-OVER-THE-SKIN

MORE AND MORE,  
CLINK CLINK,  
YESTERDAY, TODAY,  
TOMORROW, AND  
TOMORROW, BLACK  
AIR BLACK EARTH,

THE RETURN,  
CLINK CLINK  
CLINK

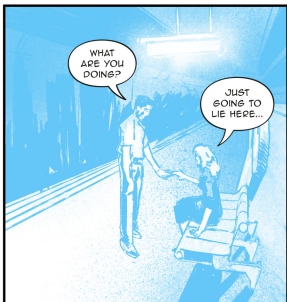
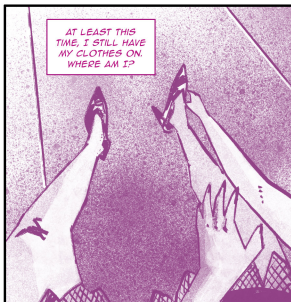
THE EARTH OF  
OUR FATHERS, THEIR  
FATHERS, BUT NOT OUR  
SONS, CLINK CLINK CLINK  
AND THE WHIRR WHIRR  
WHIRR OF THE LIFTS

THE BLACK IS  
STILL HERE, WAITING  
FOR THE SONS,  
FOR THE PAYMENT,  
FOR THE BARBAIN  
TO BE REPAID.

BLACK  
BLACK  
BLACK.



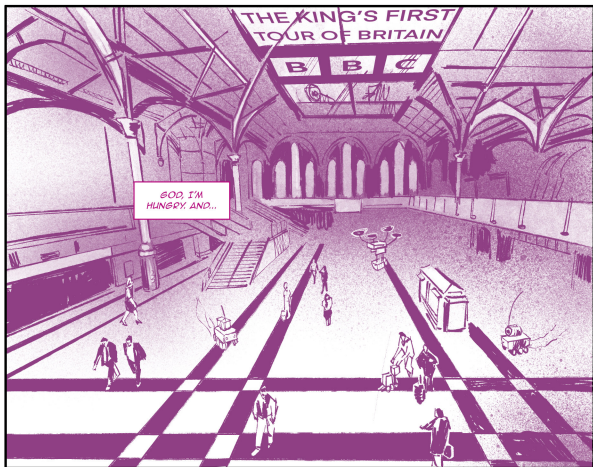
**[1591, 870, 269, 1171, 530, 273, 271, 273, 274]**



THE KING'S FIRST  
TOUR OF BRITAIN

BBC

GOD, I'M  
HUNGRY, AND...

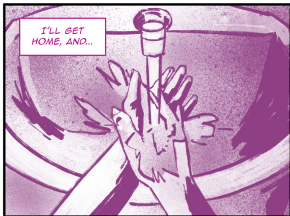


PAID



...BURSTING FOR  
A PISS. WHAT DID  
HE PUT IN ME  
LAST NIGHT?

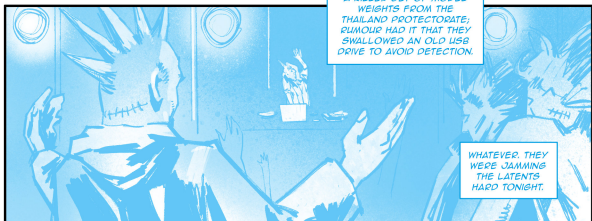
I'LL GET  
HOME, AND...

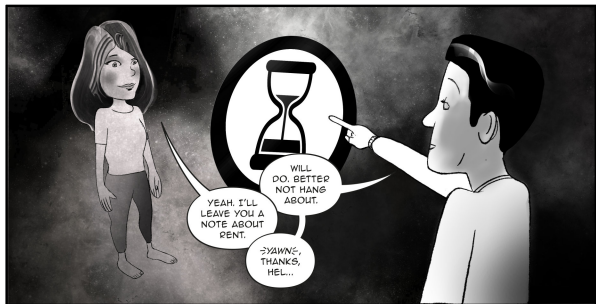


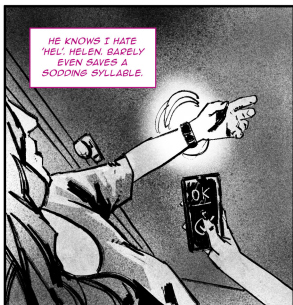
...OH, FOR  
FUCK'S SAKE,  
MARK.



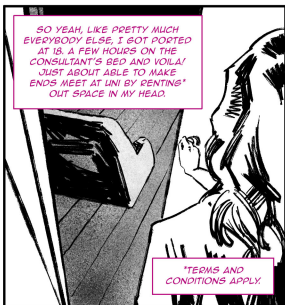






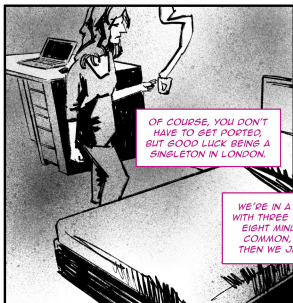


HE KNOWS I HATE 'HEL'. HELEN, BARELY EVEN SAVES A SODDING SYLLABLE.



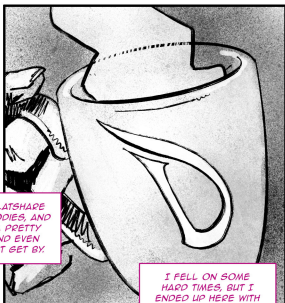
SO YEAH, LIKE PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY ELSE, I GOT PORTED AT 18. A FEW HOURS ON THE CONSULTANT'S BED AND VOILA! JUST ABOUT ABLE TO MAKE ENDS MEET AT UNI BY RENTING\* OUT SPACE IN MY HEAD.

\*TERMS AND CONDITIONS APPLY.



OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET PORTED, BUT GOOD LUCK BEING A SINGLETON IN LONDON.

WE'RE IN A FLATSHARE WITH THREE BODIES, AND EIGHT MINDS. PRETTY COMMON, AND EVEN THEN WE JUST GET BY.



I FELL ON SOME HARD TIMES, BUT I ENDED UP HERE WITH MARK, WHO IS MOSTLY RELIABLE, UNLESS HE GETS TOO PISSED.



OUR BACK IS KILLING ME. WASTING MY ALLOTTED TIME TODAY, BUT FUCK IT, IT'S ONLY SUNDAY, AND MARK CAN SHARE THE HANGOVER WHEN HE WAKES UP, THE BASTARD.



THE WEEK  
STARTS AS IT  
ALWAYS DOES.  
TEDIOUSLY.



WAITING FOR  
FRIDAY SOME  
THINGS NEVER  
REALLY CHANGE.



MARK DOES WHAT  
EVER HE ACTUALLY  
DOES IN THE EARLY  
HOURS. I DON'T THINK  
IT'S DRUGS. BUT IT  
PROBABLY IS.



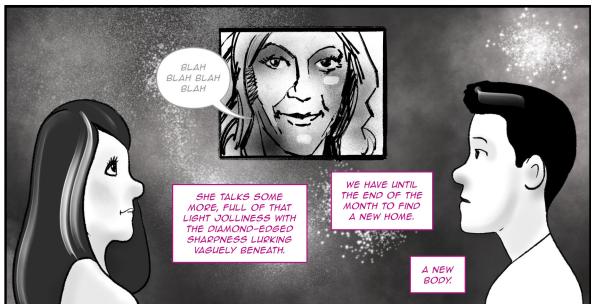
AND THEN  
THERE WAS  
THURSDAY.



HI THERE!  
I SPOKE TO  
FOXTOPORT, BUT  
I'M NOT SURE IF  
THEY'VE BEEN IN  
CONTACT WITH  
YOU YET.

FOXTOPORT  
IS OUR  
LANDLORD.

PORTLORD.

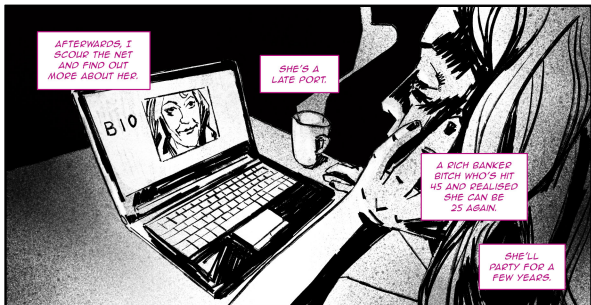


BLAH  
BLAH BLAH  
BLAH

SHE TALKS SOME  
MORE, FULL OF THAT  
LIGHT JOLLINESS WITH  
THE DIAMOND-EDGED  
SHARPNESS LURKING  
VAGUELY BENEATH.

WE HAVE UNTIL  
THE END OF THE  
MONTH TO FIND  
A NEW HOME.

A NEW  
BODY.



AFTERWARDS, I  
SCOUR THE NET  
AND FIND OUT  
MORE ABOUT HER.

SHE'S A  
LATE PORT.

A RICH BANKER  
BITCH WHO'S HIT  
45 AND REALISED  
SHE CAN BE  
25 AGAIN.

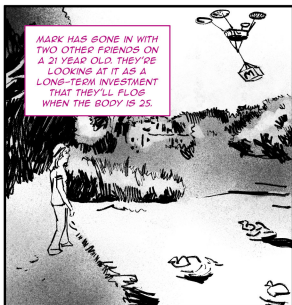
SHE'LL  
PARTY FOR A  
FEW YEARS.



THEN THERE'LL  
PROBABLY BE AN  
AU PAIR THAT LOOKS  
AFTER THE BODY  
ONCE IT GETS  
KNOCKED UP TO  
CREATE THE NEXT  
GENERATION.

AND IN ANOTHER 25  
YEARS, MUMMY WILL  
MOVE IN AGAIN.

THE RICH  
ARE ANOTHER  
COUNTRY.

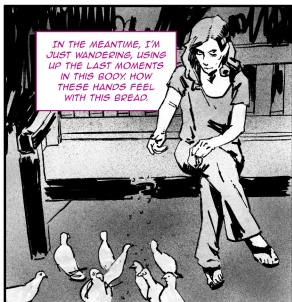


MARK HAS GONE IN WITH TWO OTHER FRIENDS ON A 21 YEAR OLD. THEY'RE LOOKING AT IT AS A LONG-TERM INVESTMENT THAT THEY'LL FLOG WHEN THE BODY IS 25.



I'M STILL LOOKING. ALL I CAN FIND IS A SHARE WITH THREE OTHERS IN A 45-YEAR-OLD. GRIM.

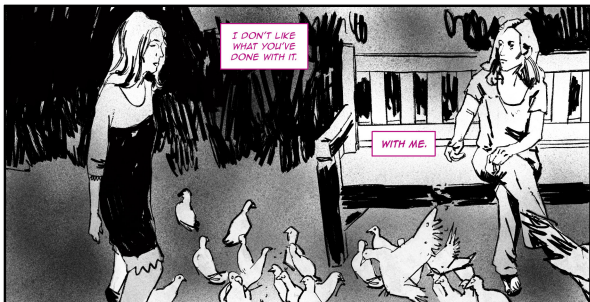
GOD KNOWS IF I CAN GET MY HOURS ALTERED TO WORK WITH THAT.



IN THE MEANTIME, I'M JUST WANDERING, USING UP THE LAST MOMENTS IN THIS BODY. HOW THESE HANDS FEEL WITH THIS BREAD.

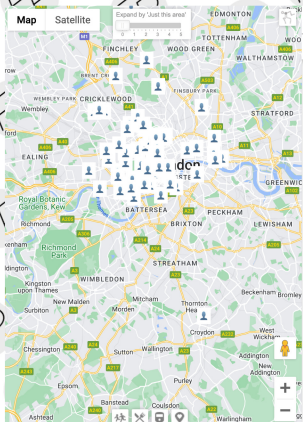


AND THEN I SEE IT. HER.



I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH IT.

WITH ME.



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