



"BOUDICCA"

EXT. PEAT BOG - DAY - AUGUST 1, 1984

Drizzle. A Peat Bog ringed by trees. A spade cuts into what might be a grave wall. Peat and mud are hoisted into the air, land in a growing mound. An old PEAT CUTTER at the end of the spade SINGS...

PEAT CUTTER

When I was young and loved, I thought it...

His song becomes humming, chuckling. The spade plunges deep. A slab of peat peels away...

...revealing a leathery HUMAN LEG, embedded in the mud.

The PEAT CUTTER oblivious, the spade plunges again.

The LEG is sheared off--

--and falls at the PEAT CUTTER's feet. Shocked, he checks his own legs--both still attached. He looks up at the peat bank, scrapes at the pit wall with the spade. The wall gives way--

PEAT CUTTER (CONT'D)

Holy bloody Jesus!--

Embedded in peat, a SQUASHED, BEARDED, EYELESS FACE...ears folded forward, head caved in...a leathery HAND pressed to it. A MAN who may have been buried for decades, or centuries.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - LABORATORY - DAY

Three shadows in lab coats, latex gloves, masks. One-- PILCHER, 50--whips away a plastic sheet covering a table. His partner--SRI, a Pakistani--laughs as the third man, in a SUIT, recoils.

PILCHER

Peat is a remarkable preservative. Our man could be five hundred years old. Or a thousand. Or more.

SRI

The Denmark finds lay undisturbed for two thousand years.

PILCHER

Our man may be the oldest of his kind in Britain.