

Henning & Brooks

Conjured

SERIES BIBLE

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[6X1HR TV SERIES] – COMEDY/HORROR
"DUST SETTLES, MEMORIES LINGER, MAGIC RISES."

BROOKS, A DISILLUSIONED HANDYMAN, RELUCTANTLY TEAMS UP WITH A POMPOUS WIZARD FROM A ONCE VIBRANT 1970'S MAGICAL REALM TO CONFRONT INNER DEMONS AND PHYSICAL MONSTERS TO SECURE THE FUTURE AND PROTECT THE PAST.

**BROOKS NEEDS TO RESCUE HIS KIDNAPPED GIRLFRIEND.
HENNING NEEDS TO GET HOME.**

The World

Woven into our society, but kept very much hidden, are people who can use magic.

The essence of magic, a physical element, like an invisible dust on old objects. It comes from items that hold **sentimental value** and **nostalgia**. This is where magic users get their **magic**.

It's been kept a secret to most everyday people for a variety of reasons; The protection of magical communities, ethical considerations in fear of such widespread magical use and the preservation of magical essence - sentimental value simply cannot be forced into existence.

Magic use in the Underworld in the **1970's** was natural and safe. However, a group of magic users found a method to refine the essence, creating **Mana**. An addictive and unhealthy substance. After a civil war, the evil **New Order of Magic** used its addictive nature to gain control of the Underworld, making users become reliant on it and ultimately sick and in debt. The magic Underworld turned seedy, full of crime and riddled with mana **addiction**.

By the 2020's, many magic users quit magic practice altogether and some that remain, the most desperate, have turned into magic-starved **beasts**, using what little power they have left to seek any source of nostalgic essence that they can – however they can.

This puts both the magic Underworld and our ordinary world in jeopardy. If the magic-starved beasts come out of the Underworld in search of nostalgic essence, the secret Underworld would be revealed, putting everything and everyone at risk.

.... And this is where Henning and Brooks find themselves right in the middle of.

The Setting

2024. ABBEY GARDENS RETIREMENT HOME, COOKHAM, BERKSHIRE.

Why?

October 7th 2023. I received a phone call from my brother's landlord. Strange. He had been found on the floor of his flat, out cold. He'd been there for about 4 days. It took weeks, but we finally got a diagnosis - a ruptured brain aneurysm. Like magic, 2 months later, he woke up. It was a long and tough journey, but eventually he became himself again.

However, unable to create new memories.

On the day of him being taken to hospital, I called our mother to tell her what had happened. She was acting strange. Really strange.

That was the day I found out that she had dementia.

It got me thinking about how precious memory and nostalgia is. It's magic.

October 7th 2023. What a day.

Tone and Style

A HIGHLY STYLIZED SERIES WHERE MAGIC, MONSTERS, FAIRY TALES AND THE ECCENTRICITY OF THE 1970'S CLASH WITH THE TRANQUIL, MODERN AND QUAIN T ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE.

EMOTION, HUMOUR AND HORROR ACTION... AND GORE. THERE'S PLENTY OF GORE... AND 70'S MUSIC.

**SERIES ELEMENTS
A "BEAST OF THE WEEK."**

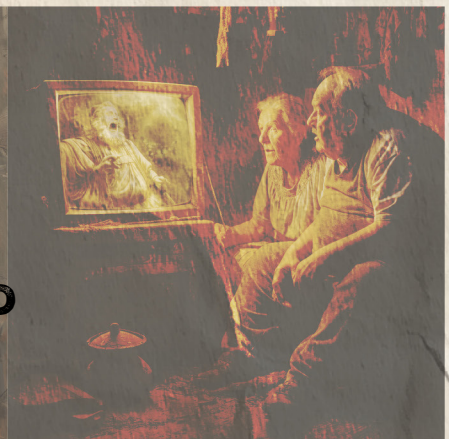
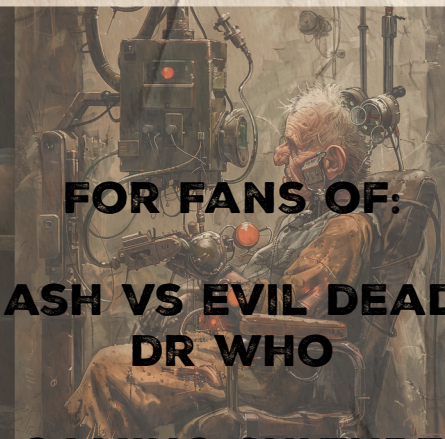
NEW ITEMS OF SENTIMENTAL VALUE EACH WITH A UNIQUE MAGICAL ABILITY.

HENNING AND BROOKS ON THEIR MAIN QUEST TO FIND DAVE TO GET HENNING BACK HOME.

**MARY KEEPING HENNING AND BROOKS FROM FINDING DAVE.
BROOKS LEARNING ABOUT MAGIC, THE PAST, HIS FAMILY AND HIS ADDICTION.**

**HENNING LEARNING ABOUT MODERN SOCIETY.
ABBEE GARDENS RESIDENTS' MAGICAL PAST, UNCOVERING WHY THEY ALL HAVE ENDED UP THERE.**

THE THEME OF NOSTALGIA AND SENTIMENTAL VALUE RUNS THROUGHOUT THE SERIES: THE EPISODES THEMSELVES TAKING INSPIRATION FROM NURSERY RHYMES AND FOLK TALES. BROOKS LOOKING BACK TO HIS FAMILY HISTORY AND WRONGLY HOLDING ONTO SENTIMENT FOR ADDICTIVE SUBSTANCES. HENNING LONGING FOR HOME AND SIMPLY BEING SOMEONE FROM AN ERA MANY ARE NOSTALGIC FOR. THE DEVELOPMENT OF SENTIMENTAL VALUE WITH RELATIONSHIPS. JAQUELINE, DEMENTIA AND MEMORY LOSS. THE RESIDENTS OF ABBEE GARDENS AND THE HANDLING OF GROWING OLD.



FOR FANS OF:

**ASH VS EVIL DEAD
DR WHO**

**GAMING CULTURE
TERRY PRATCHETT
SAM RAIMI**

Sweet, whimsical gore

The Characters



BROOKS – His outwardly appearance of being good looking and well-groomed might show success and ambition but his eyes and dirty overalls tell a deeper tale. A life of missed opportunities and lingering regrets. Brooks never quite found his path, drifting from one dead-end job to another, never achieving anything of note. On reflection, this only drives his self-esteem further into the ground. His lack of dopamine has manifested into a dependence on substances. His overly concerned mum got him a job at Abbey Gardens Retirement where he spends his days unclogging their toilets.

Despite his despise for his job, he harbours a genuine concern for the residents and the community around him. Brooks may be seen lost in thought, staring into the distance, wondering when his moment to shine will come. Yet, when duty calls, he sets aside his personal demons and becomes a reliable and skilled handyman, friend and carer for those around him.

BROOKS' ARC: Brooks must deal with learning a whole new world, one that comes with unimaginable power, one of the first times he has felt that he is gifted. He must battle with using this power and in a safe and responsible manner. He needs to get Lucy back, who has been kidnapped back to 1974, but sometimes, he is enjoying his new life a little too much and shirks his responsibilities. This stems from never feeling enough for anyone – the opposite to his new friend, Henning.

While dealing with his own personal issues, he is also supporting his dementia-sick mum. It's tough for Brooks, watching her lose the memories which he desperately needs clarity on.

HENNING – He soared in his career, safeguarding the Magical realm from evil. Descending from a long lineage of Wizards with the ability to control the elements. Despite his airheaded demeanour and outwardly rock-star-like persona there's a much darker story. Once the epitome of success, he's now a fish out of water estranged from his former life. It's lonely in the 2020's. The uncertainty of acceptance upon his return home weighs heavily on him, driven by a deep-seated desire for belonging and love compounded by a lifelong quest to fill a void left by his father's disappearance in World War Two.

HENNING'S ARC: Henning must find Dave. He is the only one who can wield magic powerful enough to send him home. Henning must learn that he can't be in control the whole time. He must let other people take charge. More importantly, he now needs to learn to trust people again. He also needs to realise that he is worth more than the magic which he holds dearly. He teaches Brooks to use magic over the series, becoming jealous of his talented ability. Henning finds love in Rosie, something he hasn't particularly felt at home. Maybe going out of his comfort zone of magic and monsters was the best thing for him? It will make the decision to go home much more difficult though.



DAVE – Henning's once loyal co-worker protecting the Underworld. Already known for being one of the most powerful wizards, Dave began using a substance that allowed his magic to be more potent than ever. Mana. Once addicted, he was blackmailed and corrupted to begin making its use more mainstream in the Underworld. If Henning was to find out about Dave's involvement in the spread of Mana, he would be brought to justice. So, to Dave and those he was under a wage of, it seemed inevitable that Henning had to go.

DAVE'S ARC: Dave is a mysterious watcher, using his magical crew to find Henning and bring him to him. We assume it's to finish the job and to end Henning's life. However, there is someone that Dave is answering to, and we learn of Dave's plot to save Henning from a greater evil. He lives in a world of pain, regret and reflection. Will Henning forgive him and right the wrongs Dave put into motion?

MARY – A formidable and enigmatic figure. Clad in sleek, dark attire, her movements are fluid, graceful and deadly. She has the precision of a seasoned rogue. Her origins are shrouded in mystery. Some whisper that she emerged from the depths of an ancient order of elite protectors, trained in the most lethal combat arts and magic. She is Dave's protector and acts as his eyes, ears and muscle. She must find Henning. Not because it's what Dave wants, but because Lucy/Cilla needs him dead.

MARY'S ARC: Henning and Brooks believe she is working for Dave, doing his bidding. But, after some tussles, they come to realise that she doesn't work for him at all. In fact, she may be keeping him prisoner and she is the key to finding him.

LUCY/CILLA: First and foremost, she is a carer. She has worked at Abbey Gardens since her early 20's where her and Brooks first met. Despite the challenges and demands of her profession, Lucy thrives in her role, finding fulfilment in providing compassionate care to the residents but too often putting others needs in front of her own.

As a negotiation tool for Brooks to stop his quest with Henning, she was taken hostage into the 1970's Underworld. She saved herself and lived a fulfilling and rounded life – by becoming the faceless leader of the evil New Order of Magic. She retired at Abbey Gardens watching over Brooks as someone he doesn't recognise; unable to tell him of her identity in fear of losing her loved ones who will cease to exist if he stops her from being taken back to the past. His addictions turn him into someone she doesn't recognise either.

LUCY'S ARC: Lucy must do everything she can to stop Brooks from saving her younger self from the past. She will always offer her hand and do what she can for him, but she cannot give her heart or support in this new magical quest... to save the lives of her own family and that of the New Order of Magic.

JACQUELINE – Jacqueline is Brooks' mother. She has raised him to be the best person she could. It's been a struggle with Brooks' father being killed in action while serving. Serving who, however, is a mystery to Brooks. Jacqueline has been keeping the truth from him, sheltering him from the quickly darkening skies of the Magical Underworld. Despite her efforts to stop him, Brooks still finds his way to magic and addiction. Her dementia makes it difficult for her to remember her past when she tries. She knows however, that her and her husband served for justice.

THE RESIDENTS OF ABBEY GARDENS – Some of the residents have been at Abbey Gardens for as long as they can remember, which isn't particularly long in some cases. There's plenty of residents whose past is shrouded in magic. They all seem to know each other. Take Jim, for instance. It's only when Henning comes to town when Jim's life of being a Warrior, a championed one at that, comes to light. We meet plenty more residents with a past at Abbey Gardens, throwing into question, why are there so many magical residents here?

ARC OF ABBEY GARDENS: Brooks learns that his father set up Abbey Gardens before his passing, as a sanctuary for clean magic users, away from the crime, Mana and magic-starved beasts in the Underworld

Episode 1: A Red Henning

A crash through a door. Henning and Dave run through a colourful, eclectic and strange 1970's magical market. Henning goes in one direction. He thinks partner has his back. Dave runs into an alleyway, takes out a blue substance and breathes it in. He sneers towards Henning before re-joining him and feigning loyalty. Henning frantically urges everyone to evacuate but his pleas fall on deaf ears. Together, they rush towards the centre of the market, desperately trying to clear the area. Flames burst from a wall above, scattering debris. Amidst the chaos, a Dragon emerges onto an overhanging balcony, its massive form casting a shadow over the market. Henning gulps. Takes a step forward. Then... projects his voice. "Quit that!" The dragon halts. Henning is impressed with his own competence. The victory is short-lived. The dragon unleashes a torrent of fire, forcing the wizards to seek cover. Henning shields Dave from flying rubble – he has his back. Emerging from their shelter, Henning and Dave confront the dragon head-on. With a mighty leap it crashes to the ground, creating a fissure and exposing molten lava below. The wizards use a magical force to push the dragon towards the revealed magma. Just when the battle seems in their favour, Dave unmasks his betrayal. The dragon is his. As Dave prepares for one final blow to our hero, Henning, distraught, pleads for mercy. Lightning erupts from Dave's finger...



2024. Cookham, Berkshire. Brooks is repairing an AC unit in the retirement home, Abbey Gardens. He explains to the resident about how lucky she is to have it. She says how lucky she is to have him. As he leaves, he holds her hand and says goodbye. She tells Brooks to just be himself tonight. Her door has a pink



"L" on it despite her name being Cilla. Brooks puts his headphones on and continues walking. He pulls out an engagement ring from his pocket and smiles to himself.

The sound of an engine and the clunking of metal. Eyes open. Henning wakes up. He's in the back of a van. A frail, elderly stranger (Jim) sits opposite him telling him to remain calm. Henning does not. His hands are tied, literally and figuratively. Jim recognises the wizard. Henning catches a glimpse of a circular symbolled pendent glinting in the moonlight. There's a failed attempt at using magic to free himself. There's no magic in him. This shocks Henning,

this is new. Jim and Henning tussle for the pendant causing the van to stop. The doors open. Jim, now strong and sprightly, runs off leaving Henning alone in the van. The driver starts to explain the situation but is mysteriously decapitated. Henning uses the opportunity to free himself from the van. A silhouette of a dark attired figure watches Henning sprinting down the road, past a sign reading "Welcome to Berkshire."

In his workshop, Brooks has his headphones on listening to a self-help guru. Lucy enters his domain and takes his headphones off. Lucy is loving and flirtatious, making Brooks uncomfortable – there's a picture of his mother on his desk. It's Valentines night. Brooks promises to meet Lucy at home. They're clearly in love. Lucy has left. Brooks reaches into a drawer and gets a hip flask. He takes a swig and puts it in his pocket. There's a box on the wall with a list of room numbers on it. One has a piece of paper over the number with the word "mum." There are unlit LED's next to each number.

Brooks steps out of his workshop into the grounds overlooking Abbey Gardens. He struggles trying to light a cigarette while holding a mug of coffee, unsure which one should take priority, he reluctantly places the coffee down onto the floor. It's immediately knocked over by something running. He looks up. Nothing. He picks up the mug and tips it upside down. Empty. Grumbling, he heads back inside and flicks the kettle on.

Lucy is getting into her car. Someone is watching her.

Brooks forgoes the hot water and just pours his hipflask into the mug. Outside, Brooks places the mug carefully, looking around as he does so and attempts to light his cigarette. The flame of the lighter floats in the air before dancing away. He quizzically watches it zip past the security box. "Mum" is blinking. He removes his headphones. The alarm. Brooks gulps the rest of his drink in one and sprints towards Abbey Gardens. He uses a key card to open the back door and enters. Just before the door closes, the small flame rushes into the building.

The corridor is silent. Brooks is on edge. Slightly drunk. He drinks from his flask and the flame flicks past him. Now, fire light flickers through an open doorway down the corridor. Mum's room. He edges closer. A commotion inside. Taking a deep breath, Brooks crashes through the door. There's no flickering. His mum (Jacqueline) and the stranger from the van (Jim) are sat down having a conversation. Jacqueline scolds Brooks for jumping in unannounced. He tells her that her alarm was going off. All she did was open the window, Jim had been out running working up quite the sweat. Brooks apologises and leads Jim back to his room. Brooks flicks on the light. Henning is stood there holding up the circular pendent. Brooks, spotting a thief and intruder, lunges. The two scuffle. Jim watches gleefully. Jacqueline enters the room and grabs them both by the ear telling them to stop. Henning, bruised, recognises her and he glows with joy. He realises Brooks's parentage and feels an immediate bond. Brooks does not. Jacqueline shuts the conversation down when it verges on discussion of magic. She tells Brooks that he must help Henning get home. Brooks explains that he won't help the pompous trespasser. Jacqueline doesn't take no for an answer and tells Henning not to show or discuss magic. Brooks as always, does what his mum tells him. Out of ear shot of Jacqueline, Brooks tells Henning to leave and not to take advantage of vulnerable people. Henning refuses. Brooks lashes out, headbutting the wizard.

A hooded figure walks through an underground train tunnel. There's a steel door and a small security office. A booming voice asks the hooded figure for a password. Instead, the hooded figure hurls lightning into the office, electrocuting it's inhabitant. The steel door opens. A voice on a Tannoy says "If you see something suspicious, see it, say it, sorted."



Henning is tied up in the passenger seat of Brooks' car. Brooks wants answers. But, so does Henning. Brooks questions the wizard on his past and his link with Jacqueline, but Henning avoids the questions. Instead, realising he is 50 years into the future and having a panic attack.

Clues may be found in the van Henning fled from. Brooks drinks from the hipflask. Henning scolds him. As they drive, Henning continually steers the conversation away from Brooks's questioning. At the apex of a personality clash the back-window shatters. Mary leaps onto the bonnet and aims at Henning. Brooks reactively accelerates, flinging Mary to the concrete. He panics and stops to check on her. Henning attempts to remove himself from the situation and gets a dagger hurled into his calf. Brooks can't believe that Henning was going to leave him, despite their earlier communication.

Driving at breakneck speed, Mary's attached herself to the car with a glowing rope. A pursuit. Brooks is screaming but showcases drunken skill. Henning throws items out of the back window at Mary. Brooks tells him not to throw the engagement ring, it means a lot to him. Henning does just this and it's the first time we see that sentimental value gives magical ability as the ring pierces Mary in a fiery glow. Spotting the crashed van, Henning yanks the wheel, sending Mary crashing into it. After a momentary reprieve, the pair go back to look for the ring.

A picturesque cottage at the edge of the village. Brooks, shaken, tells Henning to wait in the car. He freshens up, Lucy will kill him if she smells alcohol.

Lucy slides up the skin of her right arm tight to her muscles. Odd. She opens the door and kisses Brooks passionately. They head inside, closing the door behind them. Lucy pushes Brooks onto the couch and slides over his lap. Brooks interrupts her. He must take Henning back. His mum told him. Lucy grows furious. She pulls the skin on her arm tighter. He grovels. Kisses her. She smells his hair. Her eyes widen. "Magic!" Her skin begins to crack and split open. She has been desperate for some magic for so, so long. Her mouth widens. From inside her throat fingers open her lips. A beast emerges and hurls a petrified Brooks to the floor.

Henning is in the car and finds a lighter, he uses it to conjure a fireball and cauterise the wound on his calf. fiddling with everything he can see. The lights in the cottage are flickering. He's disappointed that Brooks has left him in the car. He decides to go against the instructions and pursue company. He knocks on the front door. No answer. He knocks again. A loud moan is heard.

Inside, the Beast is stepping on Brooks's neck. She bellows that she knows he's a user, she can smell it. He has no idea what the beast is talking about. Not that this is his main concern. To draw out anything she can, she widens her mouth to an unbelievable size and puts Brooks inside of it. Outside, Henning hears the commotion. He calls through the letter box asking if everything is ok. Brooks screams "she's sucking me! Help!" Henning knows it's Valentines and thinks that was too much information. He turns to leave. A chair crashes out of the cottage window and Henning jumps through it to save his new best friend. On landing, glass impales itself into his calf. He uses all his physical strength and charges into Lucy. Unfortunately for them, he hasn't got much physical strength at all and bounces right off her. Her attention shifts towards Henning. There's a tussle and now it's Henning who needs help.

Brooks is clueless. Henning is losing his battle. He tells Brooks to use the lighter. Henning creates another fireball and flings it at the Beast. Brooks sees magic for the first time. The fire splits the duo apart. Henning instructs Brooks to use magic himself. Brooks doesn't know how. In desperation, Brooks grabs his lighter and throws it at Lucy. It does nothing, obviously. Henning throws Brooks the engagement ring. In a rare moment of clarity, Brooks realises the importance of sentiment. A lightning bolt zaps from Brooks's hands – exploding Lucy the Beast and covering the living room with her insides.



Episode 2: Hansel and Regretel

Henning and Brooks are sat in the car, covered with guts and gore. After a brief argument, Brooks kicks Henning out and drives off into the night.

At Abbey Gardens, Brooks drinks away the trauma he has just encountered. The next morning, he tries to tell his mum, Jaqueline what has happened but she is pre-occupied. Two sibling residents haven't been seen for days. Brooks cannot believe that his mum isn't paying attention to him despite his girlfriend exploding all over their living room.

In a justified stop, Brooks notices breadcrumbs down the hallway, leading out into the carpark and across to the woods that sit at the back of Abbey Gardens. Despite his frustrations with Henning, he tells him that he's got a feeling that Lucy is still around. Henning convinces him that the breadcrumbs could be a clue, leading to her whereabouts. They follow the trail into the woods.

After an encounter with a zombie bird, the trail turns from breadcrumbs to corpses. It leads them to a small, brown, sludgy river. Out from it, a monster made of sewage attacks. It's an opportunity for Brooks to practice his magic, shooting electricity into water. But Henning and Brooks are dragged into the river. They wake up in the basement of a cottage. The room is full of bottles with various coloured liquids inside. Blue liquid appears to strengthen their magic, red liquid heals wounds. The theme tune to Dad's Army echoes down some pipes and a Hag cackles from the shadows. Henning and Brooks escape the basement to find themselves in a cottage made of gingerbread and sweets.

The Hag has taken the two elderly siblings, forcing them to watch shows from their childhood to harvest their nostalgia.

In a fierce battle, Brooks learns that the Hag was creating Mana potion to protect her woods from the sewage plant up on the hill. Before she can explain any further, Henning impales the Hag with a broken off candy cane and she melts into the sugary floor.

Watching the gingerbread house melt, Henning and Brooks reflect on the past two days. Henning needs Brooks' help to take him back home and Brooks needs Henning to get Lucy back.

However, just when everything seems safe, Mary appears through the flames – ready for battle.

Episode 3: Jill and Jack

Two friends have an inexplicable accident at a water treatment centre. Henning and Brooks believe something magical may have been the cause.

Brooks learns about the magical past that was in front of him his whole life, further questions about his father are answered and his powers grow stronger, to the annoyance of Henning. Both Brooks and Henning learn about the magical civil war and the rise of the New Order of Magic.

In the sewage plant, further clues that Lucy may still be alive are revealed and Henning and Brooks must fight a Water demon to save Jill and Jack.

Brooks starts using his new powers in his everyday life, despite the warnings given to him by those around him. How do the people of Abbey Gardens know so much about all this anyway?

Henning is trying to get the attention of Rosie, an Antiques Store owner. Brooks shows he's not "a square" after all and helps him in the world of modern dating.

Episode 4: The Ring Around Rosie

Since finding a new friend in Brooks, and a romantic interest in Rosie, the seed of doubt enters Henning's mind about going home.

Mary uses Rosie as a trap for Henning and escalates her hunt.

Henning learns that Lucy was kidnapped because she was seen helping him in the 1970's. Henning must tell Brooks that it was his fault she was taken. Brooks doesn't take this well and drives Brooks further into the use of Mana.

Feeling alone, questioning his friendship with Henning and realising the powerful feeling of Mana, Brooks struggles with his addiction - manifesting itself by the beginnings of turning him into a magic-starved beast.

Episode 5: Three Blind Mice.

Henning gets caught by Mary. Brooks must face up to his past to deal with his present. He must save Henning and Rosie. He can't leave them. But, to do so, he must face up to his trauma, his overprotective mother and these strange body mutations.

Brooks learns that Abbey Gardens was set up as a sanctuary for magic users, away from the crime and magic-starved beasts - by his father.

Episode 6: Mary, Mary Quite Contrary

Henning and Brooks infiltrate the Magic Circle.

Mary wants revenge. There's a battle between her crew and Henning and Brooks.

The Abbey Gardens residents gate-crash the battle and provide much needed magical artillery, fuelled by Mana.

Brooks learns that Lucy is one of the residents in Abbey Gardens. She has lived a full life, made friends, had children. If Brooks goes back to save her, she won't have lived the life she chose after she saved herself and - her children would cease to exist. Brooks must come to terms with Lucy's decision to live her life separately from him.

The death of Jacqueline forces Brooks to face his inner demons taking it out on Mary and the rest of her crew in a final battle of revenge and redemption.

Dave, 50 years older and ruined by long term use of Mana explains that he banished Henning for his own safety. There's a much darker force out there that corrupted and blackmailed Dave and the magical Underworld, the people Mary worked for, the New Order of Magic. They must be stopped.

Dave offers to sacrifice himself, using the last of his magic and body to send Henning and Brooks back to the past.

Henning faces a decision to return home or stay with Rosie.

Henning, needing to save the magical Underworld and Brooks, now without his mother to look after, decide to go back to the 1970's... Maybe Brooks can overcome his addictions in another era all together?



Season Two - Henning and Brooks: Divination

1974.

Potential story lines involve Henning and Brooks stopping the greater evil and stopping the mass production of Mana. Could this be the key for Brooks? To never have got his hands on Mana in the first place?

Henning finds himself in the Market, moments after he was originally thrown into the future. But now he knows that he can't trust everyone around him. But who? Right now, it's only Brooks. Brooks would be seeing Lucy again but knows that her older self doesn't want him to save her. However, her younger self has other ideas. Will Brooks use this against her to get revenge for the death of his mother?



CONJURED

PILOT: A RED HENNING

An indoor market. The brick walls and ceiling climb high up. Highly eccentric looking people and creatures bustle around. Strange to us, but familiar to them items are being haggled and bartered. It's busy. Very busy. Colourful art and posters adorn the walls, showing a peaceful, vibrant town.

A crash through a set of huge wooden doors. HENNING (34), equally colourful in clothes as he is in charisma, races with his partner, DAVE (32) with a darker robe and demeanor, down a long brick corridor. Henning screams at the crowd.

HENNING
(out of breath)
Everyone get out! You must leave,
now!

Henning's eyes dart towards Dave who nods knowingly.

Henning and Dave split up. Henning towards the crowd, Dave down an alleyway.

Dave stops running. He watches Henning scream for everyone to vacate the area. Dave sneers. He pulls out a small woven pouch. Inside, a bright blue powder that glistens in the light. He puts his nose inside the pouch and takes one deep breath. His pupils widen. He looks back over at Henning, sighs, and runs to him while placing the pouch back into his dark robe.

His finger tips glow.

Henning is frantic, surrounded by a slowly vacating mob.

HENNING (CONT'D)
You have to move!

An OLD LADY drops a strange looking fruit. She bends down to pick it up but her back doesn't let her. Henning grabs the fruit, places it into her bag and pushes her towards the market exit. A YOUNG LADY dressed in a red silk nightie takes over from Henning to lead the Old Lady away.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The Young Lady smiles and exits.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Dave! Whatever happens, man. We're
getting out of this!

DAVE

Whatever happens!... Man.

Dave looks up at a balcony above the market, expectantly. Henning catches his breath.

A loud rumble. The market shakes. An explosion from the balcony above. Something blasts through the wall. A foot. A big, red, scaly foot. The smoke thins. Henning looks up. An Elder Dragon steps onto the balcony. The market-goers scream and scatter. Some are stood in awe. Henning rushes to them.

HENNING

You HAVE to leave! Go, go, go!

Henning looks at Dave. Dave looks glum and defeated.

HENNING (CONT'D)

We've got this!

The Dragons stomach glows and expands. Its mouth becomes a furnace. With a loud roar, flames erupt from the Dragon and rain down onto the market. Henning pushes Dave behind cover and shields him from the hot debris.

As the flames settle, Henning stands in front of the Dragon with his shoulders back and head held high. He raises his fist to the sky.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Stop that! It's kind of scary!

Dave closes his eyes, disappointed at Henning. Henning looks back at him, smiling childishly.

The Dragon doesn't move. Henning looks up, back at the dragon.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Well. I'm glad we could come to a sensible agreement-

The Dragon leaps from the balcony and lands in front of Henning, towering over him. The floor cracks and falls under itself. Behind the Dragon is now a huge hole revealing molten lava deep below. Henning runs back to the cover with Dave.

DAVE

Henning. My dear friend -

Dave has blood coming from under his robe. Flames rush towards the wizards. Before hitting their target they are stopped. A force field is surrounding Dave and Henning.

Revealed behind the flames, they both have their hands pointing up, controlling the shield. The ashes of what was once the market float around them. Henning looks towards the open fissure in the ground.

HENNING

You need to help me push!

Henning gets to his feet and uses all of his strength to hold the flames back. He waits for an opening from the fire. He picks Dave up. Dave and Henning make their force field larger and use it to push the dragon backwards. Dave is struggling and in pain.

The Dragon pushes back with its fire. Its feet are on the edge of the drop. Dave lets go.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Keep pushing!

Dave stands still, staring into Henning's eyes.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Push!

Dave pulls out the pouch from his robe. He opens it and breathes in the contents. Henning is aghast.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Is that Mana!?

Dave smiles and steps out of the force field, into the flames.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Dave!

Henning is struggling to keep the flames at bay. Dave's voice echos around the market.

DAVE

I'd apologise for what is about to happen, Henning. But. Alas. It would fall on deaf ears.

Henning looks around, trying to pinpoint the location of Dave's voice.

HENNING

You mean deaf ears!?

DAVE

Dead. Like father. Like son.

A lightning bolts zaps through the force field, striking Henning who falls to the floor in agony. The flames around him disperse. Henning, through blurred vision and smoke spots Dave stood next to the dragon. Dave smirks.

HENNING

Dave. What -

Another lightning bolt strikes Henning. He again, screams in agony and his veins glow an electric blue.

DAVE

You will never understand. You never have!

HENNING

Why!?

DAVE

You always knew best. And needed to be the best. You were holding us all back!.. Naive.

Dave zaps Henning.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Ignorant.

Henning is zapped again and screams with ferocity.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Selfish!

Dave's eyes glow. He fires another lightning bolt. It travels towards Henning.

Injured and grieving residents, including the Young Lady in the red silk nightie, watch as the lightning bolt makes it's way towards Henning.

Dark flags showing "The New Order" drape over the walls, covering the now burning, colourful art.

Time winds down to a stop.

2

INT. ABBEY GARDENS CILLA'S BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR

2

A zap. A screw is being tightened in a white box. A hand holding a screwdriver pulls away.

BROOKS (O.C.)

Ouch!

BROOKS (39), a tired man in overalls is stood on a makeshift stool reaching up to an air conditioner unit. CILLA (72), an elderly resident in a pastel pink nightie, is sat on an armchair looking up at him. Brooks gives the AC Unit a tap.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
That'll do it.

CILLA
Ohh Brooks. You are a sweetheart.

BROOKS
You know how lucky you are to have this? They're pretty rare around here.

CILLA
People like you are rare around here! That would just be a boring box on the wall if you weren't here to fix the damned thing all the time. You didn't have to do this for me. I didn't want to trouble you but -

Brooks steps down and takes Cilla's hand. He stares into her eyes.

BROOKS
Oh Cilla. Never feel like you can't ask me. Ok? I'm sorry it took so long, it's always only me...

CILLA
I know dear.

Brooks and Cilla smile at each other.

BROOKS
I'll see you later.

CILLA
You will.

Brooks grabs his tool bag and walks out of the room. A pink "L" is on the front of the door.

CILLA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Good luck! Just be yourself!

Her bedroom door closes.

BROOKS pulls out a ring box from his pocket, smiles, flicks it into the air and places it back in his pocket. He gives it two taps for safety.

He puts some beaten old headphones on and plays metal music from his phone. He scrunches his face in approval. As he walks past the next room an ELDERLY MAN is reaching for his remote.

ELDERLY MAN

Brooks! Brooks!

Brooks looks across to the Elderly Man, waves and continues walking down the hallway. Brooks pulls a hip flask out of his coat and drinks from it. The Elderly Man leans forward too far trying to reach a remote control and falls to the floor.

It's black.

The sound of an engine and loud metal clunking. Eye lids open. A blurred figure is sat in front. He comes into focus. JIM (72), a skinny, frail elderly man wearing a dark blue poncho and a heavy New Zealand accent.

JIM

Hey, you, you're finally awake.

HENNING looks to his surroundings. A moving, metal prison. His hands are tied behind his back. He struggles, tries to set himself free but fails to do so.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's ok. Don't struggle.

Henning struggles even more.

JIM (CONT'D)

Stop! Calm down!

HENNING

Since when has telling anyone to
calm down ever calmed someone down!

Henning frantically tries to free his wrists.

JIM

I remember you... Henning.

Henning stops struggling and glares at Jim.

HENNING

Good, then you'll know exactly what
will happen to you if you don't let
me go!

JIM

They took me too!

Jim shows Henning that his wrists are also tied together.

HENNING

Who?

JIM

The New Order of Magic. Duh.

HENNING

The Order!?

JIM

The NEW Order.

Henning looks to his surroundings for a way out.

HENNING

How'd I get in here?

JIM

I don't know.

HENNING

Where we are going?

JIM

I don't know that either.

Henning looks around, dazed.

HENNING

How long was I out for?

JIM

Ah! Now that!... Is also something
I don't know.

Henning tenses his whole body. He turns red.

JIM (CONT'D)

What... are you... taking a shit?

Henning relaxes his body.

HENNING

I have nothing in me.

Henning panics. He frantically tries to free his hands and closes his eyes tightly.

JIM

It's ok! Just don't... don't shit.
Please.

Jim leans forward and puts a fragile and shaking hand on Henning's shoulder. Henning spots a silver pendant glinting in the moonlight. He looks up at Jim.

HENNING

Give that to me.

Henning nods to the pendant. Jim moves back.

JIM

Absolutely not!

HENNING

I can use it to set us free!

JIM

This was my brothers! It means a lot to me!

HENNING

Precisely! Hand it over.

Henning leans towards Jim and snaps his teeth at the necklace trying to retrieve it.

JIM

Get off! It's mine!

HENNING

No it's not! You said so yourself!

Henning tries to grab the pendant with his teeth again, climbing over Jim. Jim wriggles away from Henning. Henning lunges towards Jim but Jim darts out of the way. Henning's head hits the wall of the van. The van breaks and sends the men into the wall as it squeals to a hard stop.

DRIVER (O.C.)

What ya scuffling for!?

Henning and Jim look at each other.

HENNING

He's trying to touch me!

Jim is shocked.

JIM
Outrageous! You're not my type!

Henning gestures to Jim for him to go along with it.

JIM (CONT'D)
He's not my type!

Henning pushes Jim to the floor and stomps around the van making as much noise as possible. The engine turns off.

JIM (CONT'D)
Don't you dare make a run for it.
They'll kill us both.

HENNING
Just the slowest one.

DRIVER (O.C.)
Don't make me come back there!

HENNING
(whispers to Jim)
He doesn't sound big.

JIM
You can tell that, can you?

HENNING
We can take him.

Henning has energy about him and he is pumped.

Jim raises his hands to show Henning the rope around them again. The van engine turns back on.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Give me that pendant.

JIM
No! Why do you want it so bad. Use
your own!

HENNING
I don't have my own.

JIM
Henning, the great elemental
conjurer, with no magic? A likely
story.

HENNING
Just give me the damn pendant!

Henning jumps down onto Jim and tries to tear the necklace off him with his teeth. The van stops and the engine cuts. They hear the driver door open. Outside, steps get louder as they go towards the back of the van.

JIM

Don't you dare run.

A shaft of light fills the van as the back doors open. Jim springs to his feet, no longer weak and fragile, and bolts past the Driver who then watches him run down the street.

DRIVER

What's he runnin' for?

HENNING

Let me go!

DRIVER

It's ok! You'll be safe.

HENNING

Where am I?!

DRIVER

In a van.

HENNING

Yes. I get that! Where is this van?
In relation to... England.

DRIVER

Oh! You're inside of it.

HENNING

Not the brightest wand in the
academy.

DRIVER

It's my best asset. That's why he
picked me.

The driver smiles to himself.

HENNING

Dave?

The Driver's head drops to the floor. Blood spurts from his former neck. The rest of his body falls onto the road. Henning panics, gets to his feet and jumps out of the van.

5 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

5

HENNING is running down the road and past a sign that reads "Welcome to Berkshire".

A bloodied sword held by a silhouetted feminine FIGURE watches him.

6 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

6

The workshop is rustic but tidy. Everything has its place. A photo of Brooks and an elderly lady is placed on his workbench. A hip flask stands next to it. The ring box sits beside that. BROOKS is sat down, eyes closed, headphones on, listening.

AUDIOBOOK (O.S.)
Breathing. Breathe and feel. Live
life. You are a strong, living
being deserving of love -

Hands reach down and pull the headphones off. Brooks is startled. He looks up to see LUCY. (The Young Lady in the silk nightie)

LUCY
Ooo, what are you listening to!?

BROOKS
Stop! It's nothing!

Brooks swipes at the headphones with one hand and scoops the hip flask into a drawer with the other, taking a ring box with it. Lucy dodges the swipe attempt and keeps hold of the headphones.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
It's the new Fetal Discord album.

LUCY
With their new single..

Lucy puts her ear to the headphones.

AUDIOBOOK
Abandon self deprecation. Feel at
peace with love.

LUCY
Peace and Love.

BROOKS
Artists are allowed to evolve,
Lucy. You can't just be stuck in
the past. Expand your palette. Let
people grow.

Lucy and Brooks look at each other and smiles turn into a
laugh. Lucy kisses Brooks.

LUCY
I'll let you grow...

BROOKS
I'm working.

LUCY
Hard?

Lucy puts her hand on Brooks' stomach.

BROOKS
(Playful)
Lucy, stop.

Brooks brushes his hand over her cheek. Lucy kisses Brooks
again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Save it for tonight. I know you're
not a fan. But... I'd like to make
it special.

LUCY
You've never said you were a
Valentines sort of guy! Did your...
book... tell you that's what I'd
want?

BROOKS
Not at all.

Lucy sits on Brooks' lap and her hand reaches down his body.

LUCY
Brooks. The man with a hidden,
deep... sensitive... side.

BROOKS
Stop. Mum's looking at me.

They look at the picture on Brooks' workbench. Lucy sighs and
gets off him.

LUCY
I went to see her earlier.

BROOKS
She's doing much better!

Lucy gives Brooks a loving, but skeptical glance.

LUCY
What time should I expect to see
you?

BROOKS
Not sure.

Brooks stands.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
But I don't want to be late.

LUCY
I'll kill you.

Brooks laughs.

Lucy walks out of the door. Brooks takes out the ring box and smiles to himself.

Lucy pops her head back in and blows a kiss. Brooks panics and throws the ring box back into the open drawer. He covers by miming watching the kiss float over to him. He kisses back.

Lucy leaves. Brooks puts his hand back into the open drawer, touches the ring box but retrieves his hip flask.

7 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

7

Leather boots run with a swish.

A second pair go in the same direction.

A bright, orange flash in the distance.

8 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

8

There's a security box with room numbers. One of the numbers is covered over with a piece of torn paper that reads "Mum". Next to the numbers, LED's. None of which are on. BROOKS' hip-flask is out.

He has his elbows on the desk and his head in his hands. In front of him is a pen and a notepad. He reaches for the pen. He moves past it and goes for the hip flask, but stops. He moves past that and instead, flicks the switch on the kettle.

He puts his headphones on.

AUDIOBOOK

Everything you've done. You. Are.
Enough....

Brooks closes his eyes.

AUDIOBOOK (CONT'D)

You have achieved marvelous things.
Write down three of your
achievements. They can be
anything...

Brooks slams his fist down, snapping him out of his thoughts.

BROOKS

I've done nothing.

Steam comes out of the kettle spout. Coffee is spooned into a mug. Boiling water on top. Three sugars. Brooks goes to take a sip, but stops before it touches his lips. The mug is placed back on the workbench. The hip flask liquid is poured into it. Brooks takes his sip.

9

EXT. ABBEY GARDENS LAWN - NIGHT

9

BROOKS pulls out a packet of cigarettes with his right hand. He has his coffee/alcohol mug in his left hand. He contorts his right hand, opening up the packet, sliding a cigarette up and picking it out with his mouth.

BROOKS

She can't say no again?

The packet goes back into a pocket, and a lighter is pulled out. He continually tries to ignite a flame but the light wind doesn't allow him.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

She could though.

He places his mug on the floor and shields the lighter from the wind with his hand.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I would. What can I offer?

Something runs past. Quickly. Brooks' mug is knocked over. Startled, Brooks looks up but sees nothing.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
(Defeated)
Ah Come on!

He picks the mug up and flips it upside down. Only a single drop of liquid drips out.

CUT TO:

10 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT 10

BROOKS slams his mug onto the workbench.

BROOKS
Welcome to the rest of your life
Lucy. This shithole.

Brooks gestures around the room.

The kettle is flicked on. The sound of the water boiling is heard over -

11 EXT. ABBEY GARDENS CAR PARK - NIGHT 11

Through the eyes of a stranger, we watch LUCY getting into a car. The sound of the kettle reaches boiling point.

CUT TO:

12 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT 12

Liquid is being poured into the mug. It's from Brooks' hip flask, not the kettle. BROOKS exits.

13 EXT. ABBEY GARDENS LAWN - NIGHT 13

BROOKS stands outside his workshop door. He turns his head, checking his surroundings before hesitantly placing his mug on the floor. He retrieves a cigarette and a lighter from his pocket. He clicks the lighter. Once. Twice. Three times. Nothing. He gives it a shake and lights it once more. A flame is lit. It's swaying in the gentle breeze. It sways a little more.

The flame doesn't appear to be on the lighter anymore. Brooks lowers the lighter. The flame stays in place, still swaying in the breeze. Brooks stares at it quizzically.

Brooks leans in even closer. The flame steadies and then zips off down the lawn and around the back of Abbey Gardens.

Brooks lifts his headphones off. A high pitched beeping. He turns and looks through the doorway.

CUT TO:

14 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT 14

The security box has a single LED blinking. It's Mum.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ABBEY GARDENS LAWN - NIGHT 15

Brooks' eyes widen. He gulps down the contents of the mug in one, drips run down his chin. He throws the mug and the unlit cigarette to the floor and runs towards the main building.

16 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - NIGHT 16

BROOKS leans his head through the doorway. He swigs from his hip flask while walking in.

There's a fiery glow coming from one of the doors at the end of the corridor. Brooks traverses the hallway, more curious than concerned. He sips from his hip flask. The sound of chatter is coming from the room with flickering lights. It's mumbled, but sounds chaotic.

Brooks reaches the door with the flickering glow. There's whispering.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Well, he's back.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

... Dropped ... start using...

MALE VOICE

Well, he is!... You have to tell
... about his Dad...

BROOKS

(Whispers)

Dad?

Brooks takes some short, sharp breaths. His face is lit by the glow. He crashes through the door.

BROOKS bursts in.

BROOKS

Mum!

JACQUELINE (73), a frail, elderly lady is sat upright on her bed, under the covers. Her pale skin shows sickness. JIM is sat on the edge of her bed. Brooks realises that there is no flames or flickering. The elderly pair turn their heads sharply towards him.

JACQUELINE

Charlie! Don't burst in like that!

JIM

Yeah Brooks, don't just burst in like that.

BROOKS

What's he doing in here? Come on, out you go.

Brooks walks towards Jim.

JACQUELINE

How many times have I told you to knock? I could have been doing anything.

JIM

We could have been doing anything!

BROOKS

(To Jim)

Out. Now.

(To Mum)

Your alarm was going off.

JACQUELINE

That fucking thing. I was only opening the window.

Jacqueline points towards the closed window. Brooks walks towards it, grabs the handle and feigns pulling it up.

BROOKS

They don't open. You know this.

JACQUELINE

I forget!

Brooks looks at her. His lips tighten.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
He's been out running. I can't even
get fresh air.

BROOKS
(To Jim)
Where have you been!?

JIM
(Dismissive)
Nowhere... a van.

BROOKS
Who's van?

JIM
I don't know.

BROOKS
Where was this van?

JIM
I don't know this either.

Brooks is taken aback.

BROOKS
Were you with anyone!?

JIM
Ah! Now this... is something I -

JACQUELINE
Charlie, leave him alone. Go to bed
Jim.

Jim nods to Jacqueline and slowly, very slowly, gets up off the bed and walks towards the door. His feet scuff on the floor. Brooks and Jacqueline watch him take one frail step at a time. Brooks looks at his mum.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Give him a hand.

Brooks walks towards Jim and pretends to slap the back of his head. Jacqueline laughs.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
That's not what I meant.

BROOKS
Just checking.

Jacqueline looks at Brooks lovingly. Brooks looks at Jim, still making his way towards the door. He turns back towards Jacqueline.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Mum. There wasn't anything...
glowing in here? Was there?

Jacqueline stares blankly at him. Brooks smiles and shakes the thoughts away.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
It's been a day.

JACQUELINE
Probably.

Brooks looks at Jacqueline quizzically.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Cilla got an aircon. You helped her
get that.

BROOKS
Mum...

JACQUELINE
I can't even open the fucking
window.

Jim has just about reached the door.

BROOKS
I'm going to make sure he gets to
his room without breaking anything.

JIM
I'm as fit as a fiddle! Nothing's
breaking!

Brooks smiles and walks Jim out of the door.

It's quiet for a moment. It's just Jacqueline in her bed.

Brooks enters back into the room and takes a look at his mum. Jacqueline spots Brooks and smiles.

JACQUELINE
Aww Charlie! It's so nice to see
you! It's a bit late though!

Brooks is upset but feigns pleasantries.

BROOKS
Just wanted to say goodnight, Mum.

JACQUELINE
My sweet boy. I Love you.

BROOKS
Love you too.

Brooks closes the door.

18 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - NIGHT

18

BROOKS is holding onto JIM's arm, walking him down the hallway. Jim is incredibly slow.

JIM
I can walk by myself.

Jim shrugs Brooks off him.

BROOKS
You can't just walk into other
people's rooms. You'll scare my mum
half to death one day.

JIM
Give her some credit. She's a tough
old bird.

JACQUELINE (O.C.)
Oi! Less of the old!

Brooks opens a bedroom door. On the wall beside it, a plaque reads "Jim Heaphy".

19 INT. ABBEY GARDENS JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

JIM enters the room first, with BROOKS closely following, still holding onto his arm. The light is off.

JIM
You don't have to hold me!

Brooks reaches for the light switch and flicks it on.

HENNING is stood in the middle of the room holding up Jim's pendant. Brooks and Jim jump. Jim grabs Brooks' arm.

JIM (CONT'D)
Hold me!

Brooks takes a look at Jim and then up at Henning.

BROOKS

Hey!

Brooks runs towards Henning, grabbing him by his cloak.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing!?
Jim! Call security!

Jim, very slowly, turns to walk out of the door. Henning and Brooks pause as they watch him. A moment of silence other than light footsteps from Jim.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

... Forget it.

Henning tries to pull away but Brooks has a firm grip.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing!?

HENNING

(Struggling)

I was chasing this sneaky cheetah!

Brooks looks at Jim struggling to walk.

HENNING (CONT'D)

He's deceptively sprightly!

Jim is slowly still making his way to the door.

BROOKS

And what were you going to do with him, huh?!

Brooks pulls on Henning's cloak.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Think you can just stroll in here.

Brooks rough handles Henning once more.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Intimidate, rob the elderly!?

HENNING

We're the same age!

Brooks forces Henning to crouch by pulling on his cloak. Henning looks up to Brooks.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I wasn't robbing him!

Jim turns back to Henning.

JIM
Yes you were! That's my pendant!

Brooks grabs at the pendant but Henning pulls it away and straightens himself.

HENNING
It's not! He even said so himself!

Jim starts making his way over to Henning.

JIM
You wait until I get my hands on you, Henning!

Henning and Brooks watch Jim take each painfully slow step by step.

BROOKS
(To Henning)
Henning?
(To Jim)
Do you know him?

Jim is still making his way over to them.

JIM
Sort of. I've heard of him. Never pegged him as a Dick Turpin! Just you wait!

HENNING
You stole it first! You're a Dick Turpin!

JIM
You're Dick!

HENNING
No! You're Dick!

JACQUELINE (O.C.)
You're both dicks!

JACQUELINE walks into the bedroom.

HENNING
Jackie Brooks!?

JACQUELINE
(Sweetly)
Henning.

Jacqueline lowers her head and walks up to Henning and hugs him tightly. She looks at Brooks who is still holding him by the cloak.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Charlie, let go of him!

HENNING
Charlie?

Henning looks into Brooks' eyes.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Charlie... Brooks?

Jacqueline's lips tighten as she is filled with pride. She nods at Henning.

HENNING (CONT'D)
(Warming)
Charlie.

Brooks looks at each of them in turn.

BROOKS
Does someone want to tell me who
this...

Brooks looks Henning up and down.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
... Larper... is?

JACQUELINE
This, Charlie...

Jacqueline puts a hand on each of Henning and Brooks' chest.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
... is Charlie. Charlie Henning. A
dear old friend.

Henning looks at Brooks, tearful. He reaches his hand to place it on Brooks' cheek.

HENNING
Charlie.

Brooks slaps away Henning's hand.

BROOKS
Visiting hours have ended. Come
back tomorrow.

Henning's expression changes to something serious. The rest
of the room stop in anticipation.

HENNING
I'm afraid, there may not be a
tomorrow.

The group stare in dread, wide eyed at Henning.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Got you!

Everyone but Brooks laughs.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Jackie. I seem to have misplaced...
erm... myself.

BROOKS
You need to go home.

HENNING
Precisely! You are intuitive.

Henning sniffs the air.

HENNING (CONT'D)
And drunk. And like you, I have no
idea where or when I am.

Brooks shakes his head, clearly exasperated at the
accusation.

JACQUELINE
I get like that too.

Brooks looks to the floor, momentarily upset.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Do you know how we can get you
going?

HENNING
I need to find Dave. He sent me
here, he must be able to send me
back. The absolute Judas!

JACQUELINE
We know the truth dear, it's ok.
(To Brooks)
(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Help him. Just do what he says and
then go straight home.

Brooks shrugs.

BROOKS
Who's Dave?

HENNING
An old friend of your dads.

JACQUELINE
(Stern)
Henning.

BROOKS
You knew him!?

HENNING
Everyone did! He was the greatest,
most radical, insane demon hunting
wizard, the likes of which you've
never -

Jacqueline coughs, stopping Henning. Henning looks at
Jacqueline.

HENNING (CONT'D)
He was a fantastic officer and
served his community well. Do I
dare ask, where is the scrawny
little guy?

Jacqueline and Brooks look to each other then softly close
their eyes. Henning lowers his head.

JACQUELINE
I'll fill you both in later.

Henning snorts and smirks. Brooks dead eyes Henning.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Take Henning to where he needs to
go.

BROOKS
I'm so confused.

JACQUELINE
I get like that too.

Jacqueline puts her hand on each of their shoulders and
ushers Henning and Brooks out. Jim points at Henning.

JIM
Oi! My pendant!

JACQUELINE
He'll need it more than you.

HENNING
I'll bring it back!

JIM
No you won't! You're going home!

HENNING
Jacqueline...

Henning puts his hands on Jacqueline's shoulders.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I truly hope I see you again.

JACQUELINE
You will. It's been such a long
time.

Jacqueline hugs Henning.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
(Whispers)
No magic.

Henning darts his eyes towards Brooks. Then, over to Jim.

HENNING
Jim. Thanks for leaving me to my
death.

Jim sticks his middle finger up at Henning.

20 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - NIGHT

20

BROOKS and HENNING are walking down the hallway. Brooks looks at Henning and shakes his head. Brooks stops. Henning turns to him and stops.

HENNING
We erm... going?

BROOKS
I don't know who you are. Or what
your game is. But. I'm not buying
it.

HENNING
Charlie?

BROOKS
You don't get to call me that.

Brooks takes a step closer to Henning.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Those people in there, they're
vulnerable. Leave.

HENNING
I'm just...

BROOKS
LEAVE.

Brooks moves up to Henning. His breath makes Henning scrunch his face in disgust.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I'm not asking.

Henning's mouth opens to speak.

Brooks headbutts him with a crunch.

21 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

21

An underground train whooshes by. Train tracks lead off into a dark underground tunnel.

A bright flash.

A HOODED FIGURE walks down the tracks. They reach a steel door next to a security office. A booming voice comes out from it.

GUARD
Password.

The Hooded Figure throws electricity into the security office. Screaming from inside. The office brightly glows, revealing a giant shadow of a humanoid being electrocuted.

The steel door opens and the Hooded Figure walks in.

A squeal from the tannoy. A voice booms throughout the underground.

GUARD (CONT'D)
If you spot something suspicious.
See it, say it. Sorted.

Smoke comes out from the security office window.

22

INT. BROOKS' CAR - NIGHT

22

Henning has a bloody nose and is sat in the passenger seat. Brooks slumps into the drivers side, reaches to put the key into the ignition but stops. He turns to Henning.

Brooks clenches the keys into his fist, one key sticks out.

BROOKS
We're not going anywhere until you
tell me what's going on and who you
are.

HENNING
I've got questions for you first.

BROOKS
No. I'll go first.

HENNING
Same time?

BROOKS	HENNING (CONT'D)
How do you know Mum?	Why are you so negative?

Brooks stares at Henning.

HENNING (CONT'D)
The rope is unnecessary.

Henning looks down. He's tied up. Brooks clenches his fist around the keys tighter.

HENNING (CONT'D)
We go way back... My turn. What
year is it? I'm guessing late
nineties? The fashion is abysmal.

Henning eyes at Brooks' overalls. Brooks is taken aback.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Just awful.

BROOKS
Coming from you! It's like Mick
Jagger shagged a toucan and the
afterbirth got in my car.

HENNING

Eloquent! Go wash your mouth out.
Or at least brush your teeth. I
guess it's your locution making you
stink of scat.

Brooks breathes into his hand and sniffs. A moment of
venomous silence.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Look at this car. Where's the brown
carpet?

BROOKS

The hell is wrong with you? Are you
high?

HENNING

Absolutely not! That's a scandalous
accusation.

Henning turns to Brooks and his face turns serious.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Please... Charlie -

BROOKS

You don't get to call me that. It's
Brooks. Only she calls me Charlie.

HENNING

(Sincere)

Brooks. I need to know where I am.
And why you referenced Mick Jagger.

Brooks sighs.

BROOKS

Really? You're lost?

Henning looks at him with puppy eyes.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Cookham. Berkshire.

HENNING

And the date?

BROOKS

Fourteenth of February.

HENNING

The year.

Brooks squints.

BROOKS
Twenty Twenty Four.

Henning throws his arms in the air.

HENNING
Twenty Twenty Four!?

Henning starts having a panic attack. Brooks looks at the rope, now completely untied.

Henning's breathing is shallow and quick. He throws his body around in the car seat and tugs at his clothes. Henning screams. Brooks tries to calm him down, reaching his hands over to him.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I have to get home! I have to get home! How is Mick Jagger still alive!? I have to get home!

BROOKS
Calm down!

HENNING
That's what Jim said!

BROOKS
Where do you need to get to!?

HENNING
The last thing I remember was in Nineteen Seventy Four. But you can't take me there, obviously.

BROOKS
Obviously.... What??

Henning catches his breath.

HENNING
Nineteen Seventy Four. I was in, well, under, London. My old partner, Dave, smashed me in the face with lightning and now I'm here.

Brooks shakes his head in disbelief.

BROOKS
This is all bullshit.

HENNING

Then... I woke up in a van... and
that bastard Jim just runs off.

BROOKS

What was he doing in a van!? The
only running in that mans world is
from his bowels. I've unclogged his
toilet more times than I'd like to
count. He can't run.

HENNING

He can.

BROOKS

Can't.

HENNING

(Whispers)

Can.

FADE TO:

23

EXT. ARENA - DAY

23

A gigantic Roman looking arena filled with thousands of
people cheering. The sun shines down on a long, blonde
haired, muscular gladiator. YOUNG JIM has his arms out
relishing in the applause. One LADY in the stands feints in
his presence.

HENNING (V.O.)

If I remember correctly, he was a
prized arena combatant.

Flowers are being thrown at him. He picks one up and smells
it. A lion jumps at him from behind. The audience gasp.

HENNING (V.O.)

One of the most agile and gifted
warriors out there.

Young Jim throws the flower with such speed, it pierces the
lions skull.

HENNING (V.O.)

Quicker than a bullet, stronger
than a... quicker bullet. He was a
man who had everything. Admiration,
money, fame, women. Men.

The audience applauds and Young Jim brings his arms out again, with one foot on the lion. Smug. A man and a woman in togas run in and kiss him on the cheek.

FADE TO:

24

INT. BROOKS' CAR - NIGHT

24

HENNING and BROOKS are sat in the car.

HENNING

But now it seems he's less of a gladiator, more... a sad-iator.

Brooks groans.

BROOKS

Where was the van going?

HENNING

No idea. And Jim was no help whatsoever.

BROOKS

Anyone else there?

HENNING

The driver. He was about to tell me something but then he was beheaded.

BROOKS

Beheaded?

HENNING

Yeah. The loss of everything above the neck.

Henning points his finger from his neck to the top of his head.

BROOKS

And you're from the seventies. Despite looking like a forty year old?

HENNING

Forty!?

BROOKS

Jim being some kind of fighting champion?

HENNING
A warrior. With moves.

BROOKS
(Sarcastic)
Like Jagger?

HENNING
Erm... Have you seen Jagger's
moves? The man has rickets.

Brooks moves the protruding key from his fist closer to
Henning's face.

BROOKS
Start telling me the truth.

HENNING
Let's just go back to the van, it
can't have gone far, not with the
beheading and all. You'll see for
yourself.

Brooks turns on the ignition and the engine rumbles deeply.

HENNING (CONT'D)
It even sounds stupid.

BROOKS
You sound stupid.

Brooks has his phone in his hand and dials "999".

HENNING (CONT'D)
Twenty twenty four and Jagger is
still knocking....

The car pulls away as Henning's continuous questions fade
away.

FADE TO:

25 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE STREET - NIGHT

25

LUCY's car pulls up outside her cottage situated on a dark
street. The engine cuts off. The door opens. Lucy steps out.

26 INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

26

We are watching LUCY make her way to the front door.

LUCY has her keys in her hand. She's struggling to open the cottage front door. There is a loud bang from inside the cottage. She looks through the window. But, doesn't pay much more attention to it. She walks back to the front door and puts the key in. The door opens without her turning it. She steps inside. The front door closes.

LUCY (O.C.)
Are you back already?

The countryside is silent.

Street lamps light the interior of the car as BROOKS drives. HENNING is in the passenger seat looking out of the window.

HENNING
It was somewhere around here.

BROOKS
This is quite a way out of the town.

HENNING
I told you Jim was quick. Your dad was too.

Brooks sighs.

BROOKS
Tell me about my dad.

HENNING
What do you want to know?

BROOKS
Anything. Just, anything.

HENNING
Yeah. He was nice. Oh, turn left.

Brooks turns the car left.

BROOKS
Nice?

HENNING
Yeah man. Really nice.

BROOKS

I want more than nice. Tell me
about his job. What was he like
with Mum?

Henning is looking in every direction other than at Brooks.

HENNING

There was a white fence somewhere
around here. I'm sensing some
disbelief?

Brooks ignores Henning.

BROOKS

Did he have a load of mates?

Henning ignores Brooks.

HENNING

And at the edge, a big... tree.

BROOKS

There's trees everywhere! I knew
you were full of shit.

HENNING

I'm not! I'm just... a little
discombobulated still.

BROOKS

Tell me something about him then!

Henning turns his body to Brooks.

HENNING

He was nice! He was a nice man, who
lived in a nice house and had a
nice girlfriend! Ok!

BROOKS

Nice, nice, nice!?

HENNING

I have traveled across fifty years
and don't have a clue where I am,
who's still alive, where I'm going
to stay or how on Earth I'm going
to get home. Why my best friend
tried to kill me. Where are my own
family!?

The car back window shatters. Henning and Brooks scream. Brooks drops his phone, "999" shows on the screen, not called. Brooks momentarily loses control of the car but quickly pulls the wheel back straight. He slams the breaks on.

BROOKS
What the hell!?

They turn and look through the broken window. Just the countryside. They turn back, and spot the item that broke through the car. A dagger is impaled into the dashboard.

There's a thud on the roof of the car. Henning and Brooks look up. A scratching. More scratching. A blade cuts through into the car. Brooks panics and floors the accelerator. The wheels screech. The car jolts forwards. The sound of tumbling. A body drops behind the car. Brooks slams on the brakes. He catches his breath. He looks through the rear view mirror at the still body laying on the road behind them, lit in red brake lights.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Should we check on them?

HENNING
The sword wielding maniac? You do
you. I'm out of here!

Henning opens the car door and sticks a leg out. A dagger pierces his calf. Henning screams in pain.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Drive! Drive now!

Henning pulls his leg back into the car and shuts the door.

BROOKS
You were going to leave me!?

HENNING
Of course not! Drive!

Brooks looks down, sees the dagger in Henning's leg and then throws up down his overalls.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Seriously!?

A thud on the bonnet. The pair look up and see a dark haired woman, MARY (31), with a ready to throw dagger in her hand. She is dressed in black and purple leather tight to the body. They all gaze at each other for a moment. She smiles.

MARY

Charlie.

HENNING AND BROOKS

Yeah?

Mary looks at Brooks. She eyes back at Henning and pulls her arm back ready to throw the dagger. Brooks accelerates and Mary runs over the top of the car, landing on her feet as the car drives off. She grabs a whip from her side. It glows. Mary whips it in front of her and it travels at great speed, catching up with the car and latching onto it. It pulls Mary along the road but she easily matches her running speed with the car. A magic glow is keeping her an inch off the ground.

Mary is pulling herself closer and closer up the whip to the car.

Henning and Brooks frantically change their gaze from the road to behind them and back again, watching Mary closing in.

Henning reaches below the seat and grabs hold of a torch. He throws it out of the back window. It goes nowhere near its intended target, Mary. Brooks looks over at Henning.

BROOKS

Don't do that!

HENNING

What choice do we have!?

Henning reaches down and grabs a cd.

BROOKS

No! Not that one!

HENNING

Does it mean a lot to you?

BROOKS

Yes! Me and Lucy got that when -

HENNING

Perfect.

Henning hurls the cd out of the back window, watching Brooks as he does so. Brooks is focused on the road. As it leaves the car, it glows blue, re-adjusts its trajectory and it slices across Mary's arm. She lets go, in pain, leaving one arm on the rope. She loses balance.

BROOKS

What did I just say!?

Henning reaches down and grabs another CD. He flings it out the back. It misses Mary completely.

HENNING
Not a fan of them?

BROOKS
Is anyone.

A Coldplay CD is smashed on the road.

Henning reaches under the seat again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Can you stop!?

Mary catches her balance and pulls herself towards the car. She reaches the boot. Henning takes out some flowers from the back seat and throws them at Mary, they land on her face but quickly scatter in the wind. Henning grabs hold of a broom from the back seat.

HENNING
I won't ask.

BROOKS
It's useful!

Henning jabs the broom at Mary's face multiple times. She dodges with speed and elegance. She grabs a dagger from her waist. She throws it towards Henning. The car hits a bump in the road and Henning is jolted out of the way. The dagger goes through the passenger window.

Mary has drops back but still holding onto the whip, attached to the car. Henning turns around, facing the front. He rummages through the glovebox and grabs the ring box. Brooks looks down at it.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
No.

Henning smiles. He turns back round and opens the box revealing a diamond ring.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Henning! No!

Henning pulls it out and flicks it out of the smashed back window. Brooks turns, watching where he's driving.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
You bastard!

The ring glows golden, curves round and goes right through the torso of Mary, leaving a ring shaped hole in her. The ring turns around and follows the car.

HENNING

The van!

Up ahead a van is on the side of the road. Henning pulls the steering wheel sharply to one side. Brooks fights the now out of control vehicle. Mary is swaying all over the road behind them, gripping onto the glowing rope tightly.

The van approaches. Brooks looks through the rear view mirror and then turns sharply to the left. Mary swings to the right. She slams into the parked van, landing next to the beheaded body of the DRIVER.

HENNING (CONT'D)

You're bloody great at this!

BROOKS

I've never been good at anything before!

HENNING

Well, don't stop now!

Henning and Brooks drive off into the countryside. The engagement ring, almost sentient, flies behind the car.

29

INT. ABBEY GARDENS MUM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

JACQUELINE pulls the curtains closed and sits in an armchair. She closes her eyes and breathes in deeply. She holds it. And then, exhales. She does this once more. A breath in. Hold. A breath out. She opens her eyes with a blank expression on her face.

Her mouth turns downward in sadness. She reaches across and pulls out a clear bottle with a glowing blue liquid inside of it. She holds it up.

JACQUELINE

It's basically just a prescription.

She opens the bottle and holds it to her lips. She drinks. Her pupils glow blue. She places the bottle down on a small table next to her.

Jacqueline closes her eyes again. She breathes in deeply. She holds it. And then, exhales. She opens her eyes and stares forward. Swirling colours emerge and form in front of her. She smiles.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
(Sweetly)
Michael.

The bright colours reflect onto her face as she watches. She gets a notepad and pen from next to her and begins to write.

Her eyes stop glowing.

Her face relaxes.

She defaults back to sadness.

30

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

30

The car is parked up in the darkness. The back window and passenger window are smashed. HENNING and BROOKS are searching in long grass. The dagger is still in Henning's calf. He touches it and flinches in pain.

BROOKS
Just leave it. You'll make it worse. Lucy can get it out.

HENNING
Sister?

BROOKS
(Proud)
We're seeing each other.

Brooks shows Henning the background on his phone. It's Brooks and Lucy together, kissing at a beach.

HENNING
Ugh. Things really are different here. What is this picture clock thing?

Henning reaches towards the phone. Brooks snaps it out of his reach.

BROOKS
What? No.

HENNING
You look the same.

BROOKS
No we don't! She's not related.

HENNING
You look related.

BROOKS
No we don't! She's just my partner.
A nurse at the care home with Mum.

HENNING
Ohhh. Ok. Sorry. This really
stings.

Hennings leg is seeping with blood.

HENNING (CONT'D)
And I think I've lost a lot of
blood. Are you two... serious?

BROOKS
Well. Actually...

Brooks stops in his tracks.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Yes!

Brooks holds up the ring.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I've got it!

HENNING
See, it was no big deal.

BROOKS
Yes it was! I told you not to throw
this out!

HENNING
Chill man. We got it. Things like
this always have a way of getting
back to us.

Brooks places it in his pocket. He gives it two taps for
safety.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Do you think she'll say yes?

Henning sits back in the car. Brooks follows him in.

31 INT. BROOKS' CAR - NIGHT

31

BROOKS
... This will be my second time
asking.

HENNING

Yikes.

Henning and Brooks sit momentarily in silence. Brooks takes his phone and points the screen away from Henning. He inputs "999".

Henning sucks on his bottom lip, making a squeaking sound.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I feel awkward and ... woozy. It stinks of sick.

Henning is much paler than before. Brooks looks down at the wet vomit on his clothes.

Brooks looks around, out of the windows.

BROOKS

I think we're clear.

HENNING

Take me to your mother. She -

BROOKS

Not a chance. I can't have whoever that was finding her.

HENNING

Yeah man, who was that!? It was really uncalled for!

BROOKS

Lucy will know what to do. She always does.

HENNING

Girlfriend suckler AND mummy suckler! No wonder you've still got the ring.

Brooks gives Henning a cold stare.

BROOKS

Mum's unwell.

HENNING

I guessed. What is it?

BROOKS

I don't want to go into it.

HENNING

I get it. She was... is, a very close friend. It was difficult even for me to see her like that.

BROOKS

We're ok.

HENNING

Just ok?

Brooks sighs.

BROOKS

We're trying our best.

HENNING

Do you feel like you're even in a position to be giving it your all and trying your best? Because, if not... and you're still doing it, then trying your best is actually pretty great. Good job.

Brooks lets out a small laugh.

BROOKS

That's a little confusing. But I appreciate the sentiment.

HENNING

Sentiment is a confusing topic.

Brooks pauses.

BROOKS

It's dementia. It's... tough.

HENNING

I'm sorry Charlie.

Silence fills the car.

HENNING (CONT'D)

You can lose a lot of things in your life. Job. House. Loved ones. Though, even they get to live on in your mind once they're gone. To lose your memory, unable to create new ones ... you're simply... stuck in time.

BROOKS

That's what worries me. If she can't remember yesterday, and only lives in 'today'... one day... she'll wake up and life will nearly be over for her. You know? She won't know how she got to where she is. Or who's around her. Or how she got so old. And, she'll live that same 'today' over and over until one of those 'today's'... in the same bed with the same white walls with the same fucking window that won't open...

HENNING

the sun will forget to rise...

BROOKS

Something like that.

Brooks drinks from his hip flask. He looks at his phone and deletes 999 from the screen. He starts the car.

32 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE STREET - NIGHT

32

BROOKS' beat up car pulls up outside a thatched roofed cottage. Windows broken. Dents everywhere. The engine and lights turn off.

33 INT. BROOKS' CAR - NIGHT

33

Brooks is shaking. He unclips his seat belt and reaches for the car door handle. He turns towards HENNING.

BROOKS

Stay in here. I won't be long.

Henning grabs Brooks' arm, leans forward and looks around outside.

HENNING

Aww! Can't I come with you? You don't seem ok. Talk to me.

BROOKS

What the hell is going on. I'm a caretaker. I can't be having car chases and... and... whatever the hell you are in my car.

HENNING

A wizard.

BROOKS

Ah yeah. A wizard. How stupid of me. I was supposed to be proposing tonight. Why would mum send me out with you!?

HENNING

Look. We've both got problems. I need to get home, you want to make a home. You feel stabbed in the back. I've been stabbed in my leg.

Henning reaches for the door handle.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I'm going to be sick. I'll be right back.

Brooks grabs him.

BROOKS

Oi! Stay. In. Here.

Henning sinks into his seat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Just keep tight. As soon as I know it's safe, I'll come and get you.

HENNING

Why wouldn't it be safe?

Wind blows through the broken passenger window. Brooks points out the damage around them.

Brooks takes his hip flask from his jacket pocket and has a swig. He puts it back and from the glove box gets out aftershave. There's a lighter in the glove box too. He sprays the aftershave on himself five times, one more on the wet sick, and Henning chokes on the fumes. Brooks takes out the ring box from his pocket. Looks at it for a moment, then places back into his pocket. He takes the hip flask out again, swigs and throws it in the glove box.

BROOKS

Sorry. She'll kill me if she smells it.

HENNING

Go, go! I'll be ok. Just me and... Mr Stabby.

Henning points at the knife in his calf and coughs again.
Brooks sighs.

Brooks opens the car door and steps out, grabbing a long coat on the way.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Say bye, Mr Stabby!

The door shuts behind him. Henning reaches for the passenger door handle. The locks click. Henning sinks in the seat. He looks around the car. He notices a bit of sick on the driver seat and turns away in disgust. He touches the dagger in his leg and winces in pain.

He flips the sun visor up and down a couple of times. His eyes scan towards the radio. He presses it. Henning jumps at the loud metal music that comes out of the speakers, knocking the dagger, causing more pain. He keeps pressing the radio, changing radio channels and making the music louder. Brooks' head pops through the broken passenger window with teeth-like broken glass around his neck.

BROOKS
What the hell are you doing!?

Brooks leans over Henning and turns the radio off.

HENNING
... Do you have any jazz -

Brooks sighs and exits. Henning looks out of the broken passenger side window and watches Brooks walk towards the cottage front door.

Brooks breathes into his hand and smells the outcome. He looks down at the wet sick on him, tries to brush it off and then covers it by putting the long coat on.

Brooks rings the door bell.

34

INT. COTTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

34

LUCY, dressed in a red silk nightie groans and limps towards the front door. The skin on her right arm sags. She pulls it upwards, tight. She opens the door and stands behind it as Brooks walks in.

BROOKS
Hey.

Brooks leans in for a kiss. Lucy leans away.

LUCY
What time do you call this?

BROOKS
Lucy, it's -

35 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE STREET - NIGHT 35

Henning is calling out from the broken window.

HENNING
It's almost nine o' clock!

36 INT. COTTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT 36

Brooks looks back and glares at Henning.

BROOKS
Sorry about... him.

LUCY
You better not be coming here to
tell me that you're going out with
mates.

BROOKS
It's not that. He's erm...

37 INT. BROOKS' CAR - NIGHT 37

Henning touches the top of a car lighter and flinches from the heat. He drops the lighter into the seat, burning him on the way, and jumps up, again knocking the dagger and screams in pain.

38 INT. COTTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT 38

BROOKS
He needs a lot of help.

HENNING (O.C.)
Can you see the stars!?

Henning leans out of the window and is sick on the road.
Brooks closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I'm ok!

Lucy takes Brooks by the hand and closes the door behind him, leading him into the living room.

39

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

The living room is small and is filled with vintage, dark wooden furniture. A fire is lit and the light is dim. Brooks starts to remove his coat but stops and puts it back over his shoulders.

LUCY
So you're not staying then.

BROOKS
Baby. You look so good.

Lucy smiles and pushes Brooks onto the couch. She slowly slides herself onto his lap and starts kissing his neck, hands all over him. Three hands. The third has scales.

LUCY
(playful)
This isn't acceptable you know.

Lucy slaps the third hand as it attempts to undo a shirt button and it retreats back into the nightie. Brooks looks down, a little disgusted and concerned about the wet sick on his crotch.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I've been waiting all night...

BROOKS
I'm sorry.

LUCY
You're always sorry.

BROOKS
I brought you flowers.

Lucy stops kissing Brooks and looks him up and down.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I don't actually have them on me right now.

LUCY
Let's just... enjoy each other.

Lucy kisses and pushes herself against Brooks, who struggles to move.

She reaches to the back of her nightie and pulls on the string. The nightie loosens, but so does the skin on her back, revealing more slimy scales.

BROOKS
(struggling)
That guy outside... He turned up
earlier and he knows my mum.

LUCY
Every guy knows your mum.

BROOKS
Excuse me?

Brooks leans backwards away from Lucy and pushes his hands against her shoulders.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Are you alright? I'm talking
from... a long time ago. He needs
taking home... to... a hospital.

LUCY
Which is it?

BROOKS
Probably Royal Berkshire.

LUCY
(annoyed)
That's not what I meant.

Lucy forces herself at Brooks.

Brooks tries gently at first, but has to force Lucy off his lap. He stands up and straightens his coat.

BROOKS
I'll be back here SO quick. I'll
drop him off, make sure he gets
seen to and then I'll be back...
And then, you can get seen to.

Brooks smirks, winks and takes a step towards Lucy. Lucy smiles and kisses him. She strokes her hand through Brooks' hair and grabs a fistful. Lucy thrusts Brooks' head back and takes a big sniff. Brooks is slightly panicked.

LUCY
I knew it.

BROOKS
(panicked)
I said I'm sorry. I'll be back soon.

LUCY
This absolutely stinks.

BROOKS
It was just a beer, and puke!.. And whiskey.

LUCY
Of magic.

Lucy's eyes roll backwards and she lets go of him. Brooks steps back. Lucy's breathing becomes shallow and fast. She leans her head back. Fingers emerge from her mouth. Brooks steps back more. Lucy chokes. Two hands come out of her mouth and pry it open.

Brooks heaves.

Arms appear. They push her mouth open even further. Her jaw creaks. Her skin splits. Bones crack. A head starts crowning from her mouth.

A beast's head snaps out of Lucy's mouth. Brooks screams.

BEAST
Give it to me baby.

BROOKS
Fucking hell!

The beast bursts out of Lucy spraying blood and body parts everywhere. It lunges towards Brooks.

40 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

40

HENNING is outside of the car, whistling along to classical music playing on the radio.

RADIO PRESENTER (O.S.)
And this is Danse Macabre by Camille Saint-Saëns. The dance of death. A strange request on Valentines night!

Henning is looking down at the dagger in his leg. He grabs hold of the handle and screams in pain. Slowly, he pulls on it, sliding it out of his leg.

Two shadows behind the curtains in the cottage dance quickly.
A very low scuffle sound is heard.

Henning has the lighter from the glove box. He lights it and with his free hand makes the flame much bigger. He controls it, moving the flame towards his leg wound and flings the flame on it. Henning tries his best to remain quiet, grinding his teeth together. The flame disappears quickly, and the leg wound is cauterized. He sits against the car and catches his breath.

41 INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

BROOKS is dodging the BEAST who is swiping at him. Brooks throws a vase at it.

The Danse Macabre song from the radio becomes a heavy metal rendition.

BROOKS
Lucy! Stop!

Brooks jumps over the couch. The Beast tosses the couch aside and it slams into a wall.

Brooks grabs a picture frame. It's one of him and Jacqueline. He puts it down and grabs another, of him and Lucy. He launches it at the Beast. The Beast catches it in its mouth and swallows it.

BEAST
Sentiment!

BROOKS
What the fuck!

The doorbell rings. The Beast and Brooks stop still.

HENNING (O.C.)
(Softly)
Guys. It's pretty cold out here.

The Beast grabs Brooks. It lifts him up to its mouth while Brooks kicks and screams.

His arms are holding the Beast's lips apart, fighting against being pushed inside. He fails and Brooks is put head first into the Beast's mouth, only his legs sticking out.

42 EXT. COTTAGE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

42

HENNING rings the doorbell.

HENNING

Please? I'm really not feeling so great. I'm quite lonely.

Henning places his ear against the door. He can hear a commotion, banging and gargling on the other side.

BROOKS (O.C.)

Henning!

HENNING

Brooks! Can I come in!?

BROOKS (O.C.)

Help!

HENNING

What?

BROOKS (O.C.)

She's sucking on me!

HENNING

Oh hell no! It's Valentines. I'm not falling for that again!

Henning turns around and starts to walk off.

BROOKS (O.C.)

Henning! Help!

A dining chair smashes out of the living room window, landing in front of Henning.

Henning looks into the cottage and see's Brooks struggling inside the beast's mouth.

HENNING

I'm coming Brooks!

Henning dives through the broken window.

43

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Henning lands on the floor. He screams. There's a shard of glass sticking out of his calf.

BROOKS

Help!

HENNING

I've got glass sticking out of my leg!

BROOKS

HELP!

HENNING

It really hurts!

The Beast turns to Henning. It takes a deep sniff in the air. It spits Brooks out of its mouth.

BEAST

Magic!

The Beast runs towards Henning. He dives out of the way and the Beast crashes into the wall, extinguishing the flames in the fireplace. Brooks is on the floor, covered in slime and bile.

Henning pulls out the lighter and lights it. The Beast swipes it away. It lands near Brooks. The Beast squares up to Henning, its mouth widening horrifically.

HENNING

Light it!

Brooks spots the lighter and picks it up. His slimy hands and his anxiety-shakes struggle to ignite it.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Light it!!

BROOKS

I'm trying!

The Beast is stood over Henning. Brooks looks over at Henning in danger. The lighter flicks on. Henning moves his hand quickly and the flame becomes huge and crashes into the Beast, setting it alight.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that!?

HENNING

Magic! Don't tell your mum!

The Beast screams in agony and flails around the living room.

It sets alight to items around the room, separating Henning and Brooks with a wall of fire.

BROOKS

My stuff!

The Beast re-focuses and sets eyes on Henning once more. It charges and grabs Henning by the throat.

Henning pulls away but the pendant catches on the Beast. It falls and rolls towards Brooks. The Beast starts choking the life out of Henning. Brooks picks up the pendant.

HENNING

Use it!

BROOKS

What!?

HENNING

Use it!!

BROOKS

I don't know how!?

The Beast tightens its grip. Brooks lights the lighter and holds it onto the pendant. Nothing.

HENNING

Not like that!

Hennings eyes are bloodshot. Brooks holds onto the pendant and throws the lighter at the Beast. It bounces off.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Charlie...!

Hennings eyes start fading.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

BROOKS

I can't!

Brooks gets up and runs towards the flames. But, they are too hot. Hennings arms go limp.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Henning!

Brooks reaches out. He burns his hand. He looks up to see Henning barely holding on. The Beast lifts him and expands its mouth further.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Stop!

Brooks raises his hand towards Henning and the Beast. A lightning bolt flashes out of his hand and strikes the Beast. Henning is dropped to the floor. Brooks is stunned, he looks at his hands and the pendant. His eyes refocus on the Beast. He tries to zap it again, but nothing.

BEAST
Sentiment!

The Beast steps forward and puts a foot on Hennings head. It starts to push down.

BROOKS
Sentiment... Sentiment!

Brooks fumbles in his pocket and pulls out the ring box. He opens it, takes the ring out and puts it on his little finger.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Lucy! Leave him alone!

The Beast laughs and pushes down harder. Hennings skull creaks under the strain. Brooks screams.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I said stop!

He raises his hand and a huge lightning bolt flies out of it. It strikes the Beast... exploding it over the entire room. The cottage falls silent underneath the sound of crackling fire.

HENNING
(Weak)
We don't have to tell your mother about this.

Brooks is stood in the living room, surrounded by fire, blood and monster body parts. He looks at the ring on his hand in shock.

Henning is lying on the floor breathing weakly.

His eyes close.

CONJURED

EPISODE 2: HANSEL AND REGRETTEL

HENNING and BROOKS are sat in silence. The flicker of bright flames make the shadows in the vehicle dance. A low roar and crackle.

Brooks is in the drivers seat. Henning, the passenger, next to the smashed open window. A dagger is impaled in the dashboard. Henning and Brooks are both covered in blood and thick chunks of beast.

They sit in silence. Motionless.

Henning flicks some meat off his shoulder.

Staring straight ahead. He opens his mouth to talk.

BROOKS

Don't.

Henning exhales his attempt at conversation.

He tries again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Seriously. Don't.

HENNING

It's just that.

BROOKS

I said, don't.

HENNING

I...

BROOKS

Henning. Stop.

HENNING

I saw you kiss it.

Brooks' eyes pierce into Hennings soul.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Great. More daggers.

The silence is deafening.

BROOKS

Get out.

HENNING

Huh?

BROOKS
Get. Out. Of. The. Car.

HENNING
Was there tongue?

Henning holds out the beasts tongue and wobbles it in front of Brooks' face.

BROOKS
OUT!

Brooks reaches over and opens the passenger door. He pushes Henning outside the car, grabs out and slams the door closed. The engine is turned on with a roar and the car screeches away.

Black Sabbath - War Pigs

Generals gathered in their masses

Just like witches at black masses

Evil minds that plot destruction

Sorcerer of death's construction

Brooks looks through his rear view mirror. The back window is smashed. The cottage is swamped with flames. Henning is stood, alone, in the middle of the countryside road watching the car drive further into the distance.

2

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

2

A dragging sound. Scraping and dragging. Moonlight beams into the woods.

Long, elderly fingers with pointed nails dip into a stream. They come up, lifting a small pool of water in their palms. A scraggly haired silhouette slurps.

It spits out the water.

The silhouette of the HAG weakly gets to their feet. They grab hold of a hessian bag.

The Hag is dragging a suspiciously-body-shaped bag across the ground, groaning from the weight.

The bag gets caught on a twig sticking out from the ground. She pulls. Pulls once more. A voice stirs in the bag.

HAG

Shh.

She uses all of her strength and pulls the bag free from the clutches of nature.

3 EXT. HUT - NIGHT

3

The HAG reaches the porch way to a crooked hut. The door creaks and cracks open. It's a void of darkness inside.

The bodybag moves and moans. The Hag smiles and bends down. She strokes the bag softly.

She reaches towards the hut and snaps off some of the wall. She puts her hand into the top of the bodybag.

Crunching. An elderly voice.

OLD MAN

This tastes like shit!

The Hag's face crinkles. She cackles; echoing out into the forest.

4 EXT. ABBEY GARDENS - NIGHT

4

A car engine.

A hubcapless wheel screeches to a stop. A beaten up car door swings open. Brooks' blood drenched leg exits the vehicle. Drops of meat slop to the concrete floor. The car door slams.

5 INT. BROOKS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

5

The door flings open and BROOKS enters the room. He wipes away a drop of blood that's about to reach his top lip.

Brooks opens the desk drawer. He takes out a bottle of whiskey. He opens the lid. Brooks takes a long swig.

He slumps into his chair and sits. He's blank. Staring into the distance. He pulls the engagement ring off his little finger. It's covered in bright red blood. He wipes it on his overalls, smearing the blood on himself. The ring pings as he flicks it onto the desk.

Brooks swigs the whiskey.

His head thumps onto the desk.

And again.

And again and again. On the last thump, he keeps his head there, resting on his cheek. His eyes look at the bloodied ring. A tear escapes and rolls downward.

Brooks closes his eyes.

FADE TO:

6 INT. BROOKS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

6

It's quiet. The sun beats down onto BROOKS' sleeping face, still leaning against the desk.

He slowly opens his eyes and shields them from the sun with his hand. He clutches onto the engagement ring. Brooks raises his head, looking at his surroundings.

A note that he wrote yesterday. "I've never done anything."

A picture of him and Lucy hanging on the wall gloats at him. He grabs the bottle of whiskey. Swigs.

He hurls it at the picture. Glass explodes onto the floor.

7 INT. ABBEY GARDENS LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

7

BROOKS takes off the blood drenched overalls that cling to his skin. His body is cut and bruised. Some scars are old. Some are new.

He opens a washing machine door and places the overalls inside. There's already washing inside it but Brooks pays no notice. He removes his socks and chucks them in. Finally, his boxer shorts drop to the floor.

HENNING bursts in.

HENNING

Thanks for the lift!

Henning looks Brooks up and down flirtatiously.

HENNING (CONT'D)

All is forgiven.

Henning smirks. Brooks rushes to lift his boxer shorts back up. Blood smears up his legs.

BROOKS

I told you to leave me alone.

HENNING
No you didn't. You said -

BROOKS
Leave me alone!

Henning's face changes to concern.

HENNING
Hey man. You weren't to know.

Brooks looks at Henning.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I'd probably have kissed it too
given the chance.

Brooks flings a bloodied sock at Henning. It slaps against his face and hangs there. Henning takes it, walks to the washing machine and puts it in.

HENNING (CONT'D)
That tastes like shit.

Henning removes his blood-stained coat. Brooks glares at him. Henning smiles back. He removes his shirt. His body covered in blood and scars. Brooks looks at the scars and drops the glare.

HENNING (CONT'D)
So. That was Lucy.

Brooks takes a moment.

HENNING (CONT'D)
She seems nice.

Hennings trousers slop to the floor, leaving a pool of red liquid and meat on the tiles.

Henning puts his brightly coloured coat, shirt and trousers into the wash. They stand out from the rest of the fabric.

BROOKS
What was that?

HENNING
Erm.. It wasn't the Barbor one.

Henning takes a look at the label of his coat.

BROOKS
The fucking monster.

HENNING

Oh! Sorry... To be honest. It
wasn't like anything I've seen
before. It was, desperate.

Brooks closes the washing machine door.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Not going to erm...

Henning looks down at Brooks' boxer shorts. Brooks is taken
aback.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I'll go first then.

Henning drops his boxer shorts to the floor. Brooks storms
out, grabbing a dressing gown on the way. Bloody footprints
are left in his absence.

Henning puts his boxers into the machine, closes the door and
studies the many buttons.

8

INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - MORNING

8

BROOKS has a quick pace to him as he walks down the long
corridor. Some residents are looking around, confused.

He stops mid stride and listens. Mumbled voices.

JACQUELINE (O.S.)

I told them not to leave!

BROOKS

(To himself)

No...

Brooks steps towards the recreational room.

JIM (O.S.)

What a pair of dick'eds!

Brooks grunts and walks in.

9

INT. ABBEY GARDENS REC ROOM - MORNING

9

BROOKS walks in with an agenda. A group of residents are in
the middle of the room. Some stood. Others in wheelchairs.
JACQUELINE and JIM are in amongst the group.

BROOKS

You told me to go with him!

Everyone turns to Brooks. Jacqueline smiles.

JACQUELINE
Charlie!

JIM
We weren't talking about you. We
never talk about you.

BROOKS
Good morning Jim.

JIM
I don't celebrate it... Mornings.

Brooks sighs and closes his eyes.

JACQUELINE
Good morning, Charlie.

Jacqueline hobbles over to Brooks and leans up. Brooks leans
down to receive the kiss on his cheek from his mum.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
You better be going to shower. You
smell like shit.

BROOKS
Mum, I have to tell you something.

Brooks looks around the room. The room with everyone staring
at him.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Alone.

JACQUELINE
Not now Charlie dear. We've lost...

BROOKS
Mum! Right now!

Jacqueline looks to the room. The group have gone back to
talking amongst themselves.

JACQUELINE
It's Johan. He's gone.

BROOKS
What?

JACQUELINE
His sister. The lovely lady who
does the flowers.
(MORE)

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
She was over last night. This morning, they didn't come for breakfast.

BROOKS
Mum! Listen to me! Lucy... exploded!

JIM
That's a bit personal. It's blueberry porridge day.

BROOKS
Thanks for the input.

JIM
Fuck off. It's blueberry porridge day. Johan never misses blueberry porridge day. It's his best. Now none of us have blueberry porridge!

The rest of the room grumbles in agreement. Brooks is dismissive.

JACQUELINE
He's not here Charlie.

BROOKS
Lucy's dead, mum!

Jacqueline stares blankly.

JACQUELINE
And who told you that?

Brooks looks at Jacqueline quizzically.

BROOKS
I was there!

JACQUELINE
Were you now? She seemed very much alive this morning.

BROOKS
This morning? Mum, are you sure it was Lucy?

JACQUELINE
We'll catch up later! If I see her, I'll pass on your... condolences. We're all so concerned about Johan. He's been acting all funny lately.

BROOKS
Mum, where did you see Lucy?

JACQUELINE
Be a dear and look for Johan,
Charlie.

BROOKS
Mum! Please, focus. Where did you
see Lucy!?

Jacqueline is taken aback by Brooks' sternness.

JIM
Don't talk to your mother like
that! On blueberry porridge day
too!

Brooks exhales in frustration and walks out of the room,
slamming the door.

10 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - MORNING 10

BROOKS staggers down the hallway.

BROOKS
(To himself)
Of course. Why would they give a
shit. Fuck sake.

He opens a door with a big, pink L on it and peers in. CILLA
is sat upright on her couch, fast asleep. Brooks carefully
closes the door.

11 INT. CILLA'S ROOM - MORNING. 11

CILLA'S eyes open and she looks towards the door. BROOKS'
mumbling to himself continues down the hallway outside.

12 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - MORNING 12

A few elderly residents have come out of the Recreation Room
and into the hallway.

RESIDENTS
Johan! Johan!

BROOKS stops walking. He looks at the residents, sighs and
starts opening doors in the hallway and peering inside.

First door. Nothing.

Second Door. Nothing.

He stands outside one door with a sign on it reading "Johan Slack."

Brooks opens the door.

13 INT. JOHAN'S ROOM - MORNING

13

BROOKS walks in, looking around the room. Everything is tidy. The bed is still made. He walks to the ensuite and knocks on the door. There's no answer. He turns around and his foot crunches on something. He bends down and picks up something tiny. He holds it close to his face. Breadcrumb.

He flicks it into a bedside bin.

There's a commotion coming from somewhere in Abbey Gardens. Brooks missions towards the noise.

14 INT. ABBEY GARDENS REC ROOM - MORNING

14

Brooks enters to see the group of residents gathering in a circle, clapping and jeering. Brooks walks closer and looks over the shoulders of the residents.

HENNING is naked, stained with blood. Freeform dancing on top of a coffee table. Completely. Naked.

BROOKS

What the fuck are you doing!?

HENNING

Vibing man! Join me!

Brooks grabs Henning's wrist. Henning thrusts his hips towards Brooks' hand.

A slapping sound.

Brooks pulls his hand away.

JIM

We're vibing man!

Jim lifts his shirt off but struggles to get it over his head. Henning continues to dance, thrusting his hips towards the crowd. One elderly resident smiles from ear to ear, sat in her wheelchair. She's at eye level.

BROOKS

Put some clothes on!

HENNING
Take yours off!

JIM
Yeah, take yours off!

BROOKS
Henning!

Brooks jolts forwards and grabs at Henning. He pulls him off the coffee table and drags him out.

The crowd boos.

15 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - MORNING

15

BROOKS marches HENNING down the hallway. Henning struggles to keep with the pace.

BROOKS
Get your shit and get out!

HENNING
It's just a bit of fun mate!
Lighten up.

Brooks comes to a sudden stop.

BROOKS
Lighten up!? I've just found a
stranger stripping in the Rec Room!

HENNING
Where!? Can I see?

BROOKS
You!

HENNING
I wasn't stripping! My clothes were
already off!

Brooks grabs Henning's arm and leads him down the hallway. There's a crunching sound. Henning looks down.

HENNING (CONT'D)
There's crumbs everywhere. Isn't it
your job to clean up?

They reach the laundry and Brooks pushes Henning inside.

16

INT. ABBEY GARDENS LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

16

BROOKS pushes Henning towards the washing machine.

BROOKS
Grab your clothes and get out.
Before I call the police.

HENNING
Oh come on. If you were going to
call the police you'd have done
that last night.

BROOKS
Get out!

HENNING
I think you want me around.

BROOKS
I want to be on my own!

HENNING
(Doubtful)
Really?

BROOKS
Yes!

HENNING
(Even more doubtful)
Reeeeaalllly?

Brooks opens the washing machine. He pulls out a load of
damp, colourful clothes.

BROOKS
Are you kidding me. It was only in
there for a few minutes.

Henning laughs and takes his coat. Brooks flips through the
clothes. Each item is just as colourful as Hennings.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Since you showed up my car's been
smashed up, my fiancé turned into a
monster. I had to KILL said
monster. Lightning came out of my
hands -

HENNING
That was wicked though.

BROOKS

Two people have gone missing and my mum's just seen her first dick in twenty years.

HENNING

Doubtful.

BROOKS

They're not here Henning! They're missing!

HENNING

The bit about your mum.

Brooks flings a wet sock at Henning's face. Henning dodges. Boxer shorts fly towards him.

BROOKS

Put these on and leave!

HENNING

I'm trying to leave, Brooks!

Brooks pushes Henning in the chest. Henning's feet crunch.

HENNING (CONT'D)

You really need to clean this place up.

Blood and crumbs pop from the white tiled floor.

Henning produces a lighter from his coat pocket and ignites it.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Wow. Even when wet.

BROOKS

That's my lighter!

Henning makes the flame much larger and uses it to start drying his clothes.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

And you can stop that nonsense! These... these... party tricks.

HENNING

Was blowing up a beast, who for the record wasn't actually your fiancé yet, a party trick?

Brooks glares at Henning. Henning looks to the flame.

HENNING (CONT'D)
You've got magic in you.

The fire circles around Henning's hand. Brooks stares at the flame. Then his hands.

BROOKS
Help me clean this up.

Brooks grabs a mop and broom. He throws the broom at Henning.

HENNING
Don't you get paid for this?

Brooks shoulder checks Henning on his way out of the room.

17 INT. TUNNELS - MORNING

17

MARY walks with a swagger down a long, dark tunnel. Train tracks lay in the middle. She walks, balancing on the rail, with no effort at all.

She skips off the rail and steps towards a metal door.

She knocks. Bang. Bang. Bang.

A deep, boomy voice comes from the other side.

GUARD
Password.

Mary looks around cautiously.

MARY
(Whispers)
Password One Two Three.

GUARD
Just say it. I don't got time for this again.

MARY
What about... Goblin nuts.

GUARD
Oi! That's offensive that is!

The metal door screeches open.

Nothing appears to be there other than a long metal corridor. Mary looks down and winks. A small green humanoid GUARD is looking straight back up at her with his arms crossed. He is unimpressed.

MARY
Thanks sweetie.

GUARD
Goblin is offensive and this counts
as a hate crime.

MARY
Shoot me.

GUARD
You're such a prick sometimes.

MARY
You love it.

Mary pats him on the head and struts past. The Guard watches her move by in her figure hugging attire and raises his eyebrows approvingly. She turns a corner out of sight. A female voice comes through the guards radio.

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)
I knew it!

The Guard is startled. He walks into his security office.

GUARD
She was flirting with me!

The radio crackles. The Guard sighs.

GUARD (CONT'D)
I'll pull out the sofa bed.

The Guard pulls himself up on his chair and turns a photo around to face away from him. It's him and a green, female humanoid cuddling on a beach.

18 INT. DARK OFFICE - MORNING

18

A windowless office dressed in gothic decor. A HOODED FIGURE is sat by a large desk.

MARY struts in, hips first.

MARY
I found him.

HOODED FIGURE
Well?

Mary lowers her head and looks to the floor.

MARY
He killed Keith.

HOODED FIGURE
Bring him to me.

MARY
He sort of... got away.

The Hooded figure picks up a black wand. He has pale, old skin and long nails.

MARY (CONT'D)
(Panicked)
Someone was helping him!

HOODED FIGURE
Who?

MARY
Brown overalls. Bad car. Stupid hair. Quite good looking. He has really nice eyes.

The Hooded Figure slams his fist on the desk. Blue magic puffs from the wand.

HOODED FIGURE
Three magic-starved beasts escaped.
Three. You couldn't bring any of them back to me. And now...

The Hooded Figure points the wand towards Mary. She cowers.

HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)
You've lost Henning too!

MARY
It's not my fault! I -

HOODED FIGURE
This is your last chance. You have one day. Bring me Henning.

MARY
And the hot guy?

The Hooded Figure releases a lightning bolt. It zips past Mary's head and hits a bookshelf behind her, scattering singed pages into the room.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'll get him!

The Hooded Figure lowers the wand.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you. I won't let you down,
Dave.

Mary turns and rushes out of the office. The door closes behind her. Pages continue to float to the floor.

DAVE picks up his wand. He twirls it. It glows white.

DAVE

He's got assistance. They've
murdered one of our own.

An elderly female voice comes through.

ELDERLY VOICE

You're late.

Dave stares into the glowing wand.

19

INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - MORNING

19

Bristles sweep on beige tiles. Hair, a couple of finger nail cuttings and breadcrumbs scuttle into a pan.

BROOKS is on his hands and knees, still wearing just a white dressing gown, sweeping down the hallway. From one side to the other.

Brooks sweeps up a small pile of crumbs. He lifts his head a little and spots some more. He slides on his knees towards them and sweeps. He lifts his head. See's more crumbs. Slides some more. Sweeps.

He continues until he hits the fire escape door. There's a sign next to the handle warning that the door is alarmed.

However, the door is ajar. Brooks stands and pushes it open. He looks down. Breadcrumbs. They go all the way down the stairs.

20

EXT. ABBEY GARDENS CARPARK - DAY

20

A second door. It's open. It leads out to the car park. On the concrete floor, an entire slice of bread. Brooks picks it up. Further on, another slice. And another. Brooks picks them up, one by one.

He reaches the end of the car park. It's lined with tall, old trees.

A blackbird hops on the grass. Brooks looks at the slices of bread in his hand. He tears a piece and throws it toward the bird. It hops over and looks at it curiously. It sharply turns it's head toward the woods. Brooks looks deep past the trees. A human shape is stood watching.

HENNING (O.C.)

Oi!

The bird flies away. Brooks turns to see HENNING, now fully clothed but skin covered in dried blood walking towards him. Brooks turns back and the human shape is no longer there.

BROOKS

Did you see that?

HENNING

I did! I knew you had a soft side.
Feeding birds. It's cute.

BROOKS

No. Someone was there.

HENNING

Think it was that woman from last
night?

BROOKS

I don't know.

Henning looks at the bread in Brooks' hand.

HENNING

Hungry? There's no blueberry
porridge. I checked.

BROOKS

They were scattered around.
Followed them from the home.

HENNING

Johan?

BROOKS

There were crumbs in his room. It's
strange though.

HENNING

Strangeness has a way of being less
a riddle and more a signpost.

Brooks looks at the bread.

BROOKS
There's more.

He points into the woods.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
And, I... can't shake the feeling
that that thing last night wasn't
her. I know what I saw but even mum
said she saw her this morning.

HENNING
But isn't your mum... you know.

BROOKS
What?

HENNING
A bit...

BROOKS
You choose your next words
carefully.

HENNING
Forgetful.

BROOKS
Lucy was being weird at the house.

HENNING
Before being ripped apart?

BROOKS
Like it wasn't her.

HENNING
That makes the kissing weirder, but
ok.

Brooks becomes thoughtful.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Let's go take a shower. Get this
blood off. Then we can get off.

BROOKS
Into the woods?

HENNING
Yes. The woods.

A trail of bread leads deep into the woods. Henning and
Brooks walk back across the car park to Abbey Gardens.

21

INT. JACQUELINE'S ROOM - DAY

21

JACQUELINE opens a drawer. Underneath some pastel coloured socks, she takes hold of a plastic shopping bag. It's wrapped around something.

She unwraps it. A blue liquid in a bottle. Her bedroom door swings open.

HENNING

Jackie!

Jacqueline throws the bottle back into the drawer and slams it shut. HENNING walks into her room.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Brooks is in the shower and apparently it's inappropriate for us to share.

JACQUELINE

He's quite private.

Henning sits on the bed.

HENNING

So. How are you?

JACQUELINE

Do you want the polite answer or the truth?

Jacqueline sits next to Henning. He smiles. She scoots over, closer to him on the bed.

Jacqueline rests her hand on top of his.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

I've missed you so much.

Henning gives her a wistful smile.

HENNING

I mean, for me it's been about two days.

JACQUELINE

We were so young.

HENNING

I still am, thank you very much!

JACQUELINE

If only Michael could see this.

There is a moment of silent reflection.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
His last days were hard.

HENNING
Lucky man.

Jacqueline slaps Henning playfully on the arm.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Was he close with Brooks? ...
Charlie?

JACQUELINE
He was the best Dad.

Jacqueline sinks into deep thought.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
When Michael left us, Charlie just
stopped trying. He wouldn't come
out of his room for days at a time.
And when his girlfriend said she
couldn't marry him. It hurt him so
much.

HENNING
When was this?

JACQUELINE
Two Thousand and Eight. That would
make it, about two years ago.

HENNING
(Softly)
Close enough.

JACQUELINE
You'll look after Charlie while
you're here. I know. He erm... had
an accident a little while back.

HENNING
What sort of accident?

JACQUELINE
He didn't want to be here. I think
he wanted to join his dad.

HENNING
Oh Charlie. Well. Men never really
want to be dead. They just want to
be missed. And loved.

JACQUELINE
I can't believe I'm talking to you.

Jacqueline and Henning both look down at their hands holding.

22 INT. ABBEY GARDENS HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 22

CILLA is stood next to the open door into Jacqueline's room. Through the doorway, Henning looks round at her. She waves enthusiastically.

CILLA
Charlie says that the shower is
free now!

23 INT. JACQUELINE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 23

HENNING gives a thumbs up to CILLA who is stood outside of the doorway. He turns back to JACQUELINE.

HENNING
We're going to try to find Johan
for you.

Cilla leaves from the doorway.

JACQUELINE
Thank you. Remember, no magic.
We've had to keep all of this away
from Charlie.

HENNING
It's a little late for that.

JACQUELINE
It's a little late for a lot of
things.

Henning stands up.

HENNING
I'm going to get soapy if you want
to come?

Jacqueline laughs.

24 EXT. WOOD - AFTERNOON 24

Time has passed, HENNING and BROOKS stare at the ground as they make their way through the woods. Brooks is in his overalls, Henning back in his colourful suit.

Dappled light shines through the high trees. Bread is creating a trail on the floor.

BROOKS
Someone definitely wanted to find
their way back.

HENNING
Or they wanted to be found.

BROOKS
Why bread?

HENNING
They needed a way to make sure they
could be saved.

Brooks stares blankly and continues to walk.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Kneaded.

Henning mimes kneading dough. Brooks shakes his head.

HENNING (CONT'D)
They knew we would rise to the
occasion.

BROOKS
Ok.

HENNING
They wanted to make sure that they
weren't toast.

BROOKS
Alright.

HENNING
Maybe their plan went a-rye.

BROOKS
That pun wasn't easy to digest.

Henning points to Brooks.

HENNING
Ahhh!!

They both laugh.

Leaves rustle.

BROOKS

Shh.

HENNING

This bread could be the yeast of
our worries.

BROOKS

(Whispers)

Quiet.

Brooks plants his feet and squints as he looks around.
Henning is stood casually.

Brooks scans the area.

HENNING

Searching high and dough.

The area falls to a quiet once more.

BROOKS

Johan!

HENNING

(Dismissive)

Cool. We're just shouting now.

Henning gets up on a stump and puts his hands on his hips.

HENNING (CONT'D)

(In a German accent)

Johan! Your schnitzel is ready!

BROOKS

We don't do that anymore!

Brooks grabs at Henning to get him off the stump.

HENNING

What!?

BROOKS

Racism.

HENNING

(Dismissive)

He's German!

There's another rustle.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Johan! Schnitzel!

BROOKS

Stop that!

A rustle. The pair tilt their head, listening intently.

A white dove hops out of a bush, scaring Henning and Brooks. It pecks at the ground and edges nearer the humans.

Bravely, it comes closer.

And closer.

Henning kneels down and holds out some bread.

HENNING

Come here little guy.

BROOKS

Or girl. Or neither.

Henning gives a confused look towards Brooks.

The dove hops a bit closer.

Henning stretches his hand out even more.

The dove stops. It looks at Henning and tilts its head.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I think it likes you.

The bird flaps its wings and hurls itself at Hennings face. Its beak narrowly misses Hennings eye. Brooks panics then adjusts himself with poise.

HENNING

Ow! Get them off me!

BROOKS

That's how we use pronouns! Well done!

HENNING

Brooks!!

Henning is rolling around, wrestling with the flapping dove on the floor, getting covered in dirt. Brooks has resorted to laughing hysterically.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Brooks! Help me for Christ sake!

BROOKS

Can't you handle a little bird!?

HENNING

Brooks!

Brooks sighs and bends down. With ease, he picks the bird up. The bird is calm in Brooks' hands. Henning gets himself to his feet and brushes himself down. He spits a leaf out of his mouth and brushes another out of his hair. He walks towards the dove cradled in Brooks' hands.

HENNING (CONT'D)

You little... little bastard!

Brooks moves the dove out of Hennings reach.

BROOKS

They were scared.

Henning is taken aback.

HENNING

Oh! He was scared!? I highly doubt it! The little shit! He tried to gouge my eye out!

BROOKS

Maybe they're German and didn't take kindly to your racism. Or the misgendering.

HENNING

Oh please.

The dove flaps its wings and Brooks lowers it to the ground. Henning flinches in expectancy.

The dove hops away.

It twitches.

It calls out in pain.

Brooks, concerned, moves towards the dove.

The dove's twitching becomes stronger and more violent. It rolls onto its side.

Brooks kneels down. His hands come forward to pick it up.

He touches the dove gently.

The dove pops.

A single puff of blood lands on Brooks' face.

Brooks kneels in silence.

HENNING (CONT'D)
You're building a habit.

Brooks looks at the popped dove. Its body is full of mould and maggots.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Zombie Dove.

BROOKS
Is that a thing!?

HENNING
(Dismissive)
Don't be ridiculous.

The dove jumps up to Hennings face.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Zombie Dove!!

Both Henning and the dove are flapping around. Maggots falling out of the dove's stomach.

A loud screech echoes in the distance.

The dove stops flapping at Henning and flies off in the direction of the noise.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Come back here!

BROOKS
Sod it. Let's follow it!

Brooks watches the dove flying into the woods. It gets high up into the trees.

A fireball smacks the bird, turning it to ash.

Brooks looks at Henning who is putting the flames out from his fingers.

HENNING
He was already dead!

Brooks glares at Henning.

HENNING (CONT'D)
They, were already dead.

Brooks steps further into the woods, slapping Henning on the back of the head as he goes by.

Henning rubs the back of his head and follows Brooks.

25

INT. JACQUELINE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

25

JACQUELINE is asleep. She's sat upright in bed. Used plates, a bowl and a mug are on a small table next to her. Her mouth is wide open while she sleeps.

She twitches awake.

CILLA is stood at the end of her bed, smiling. Jacqueline panics and fumbles for something by her. Cilla takes one step towards her.

JACQUELINE

Lucy.

CILLA

Have you seen Charlie today?

JACQUELINE

I... don't remember.

CILLA

Oh. That's a shame. It must be so difficult. Not knowing where you are.

Cilla takes one step closer.

CILLA (CONT'D)

Who has come and gone.

Jacqueline pains as she tries to get out of bed. Cilla puts her hand on Jacquelines shoulder. She pushes down, calmly.

CILLA (CONT'D)

You don't need to worry. I need you to think really hard for me. They've gone to look for Johan. Where did they go?

JACQUELINE

I... Don't know.

Cilla pushes down harder onto Jacqueline.

CILLA

Where. Is. Charlie, Jackie.

Jacqueline fumbles again, looking for something.

CILLA (CONT'D)

Ok. So be it. If you see sweet,
dear Charlie. You'll tell him to
come and visit me, won't you dear.
If you can remember. I'll come
back. Ask you again later.

Cilla drops a controller onto the bed. Jacqueline grabs it
and starts pressing its singular button.

CILLA (CONT'D)

Tut. They do take a long time to
come when you call them. Don't
they. You just can't get the staff
these days.

Cilla walks out of the room and closes the door.

Jacqueline is breathing heavily. She presses the red button
on the controller. Nothing.

She lifts it up, the chord has been cut. Jacqueline rests her
head on her pillow. She breathes deeply. Calmly.

A moment passes.

The bedroom door opens.

Cilla walks in, smiling.

JACQUELINE

(Cheerful)

Cilla! You look wonderful. Are you
off out?

CILLA

Oh Jackie! You look lovely too! I
am going out as it happens. I just
wanted to check in and make sure
you're doing alright.

Jacqueline tilts her head and smiles at Cilla.

26

EXT. WOOD - DAY

26

BROOKS wipes some remaining dove blood off his face.

HENNING

Here. I'll get it.

HENNING approaches Brooks. He lifts a slice of bread up and uses it to wipe Brooks' face. Brooks slaps the bread out of his hand.

BROOKS

Really!?

HENNING

Don't tell me you're gluten intolerant? ... This generation.

BROOKS

I'd rather be intolerant to gluten than other types of people!

HENNING

He's German! It was hardly a sin!

A loud screech fills the air.

BROOKS

It sounds like an animal.

HENNING

(Gleeful)

Must be huge!

BROOKS

We should probably go back. Report it... to... mum?

Brooks is shaken. He turns to walk back.

HENNING

Erm. Brooks.

Brooks turns around. Henning is by an opening in the trees. Brooks walks over and peers through.

It's a clearing.

A line of deer and bird carcasses stretches from one end to the other, creating a trail of death.

Henning and Brooks cover their mouth and noses. They wince.

BROOKS

Who did this!?

HENNING

What did this.

BROOKS
The thing that pretended to be
Lucy?

Henning takes a step into the clearing.

HENNING
Your mum said Johan had been acting
weird recently.

BROOKS
He didn't kill an entire herd!

Brooks follows Henning. A loud screech in the air.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
What the hell is that!?

HENNING
It might be the same answer.

BROOKS
It's not Johan.

HENNING
Didn't say it was!

Henning bends down and touches one of the deer. Its insides
are now outside. Maggots fill in the gaps.

Henning checks the next deer. It's the same. Brooks looks
around cautiously.

HENNING (CONT'D)
What about who you saw in the car
park?

BROOKS
No. They were.. small. Frail.

HENNING
German.

BROOKS
It wasn't Johan!

HENNING
Let's go.

Brooks stares at Henning curiously. He's not walking with
Henning, who turns back to Brooks.

HENNING (CONT'D)

We've come this far! Let's follow it!

BROOKS

I don't know.

HENNING

You were feeling adventurous a minute ago! What are you scared of? You can shoot lightning out of your hands. You're ok.

Brooks looks at his hands. He looks at Henning. Henning gets something out of his pocket. He approaches Brooks and holds his hand out. Brooks holds out his hand and receives a ring. Brooks stares at it.

HENNING (CONT'D)

It means a lot to you. Use it.

BROOKS

Did you take this from my desk!?

HENNING

Shh.

Brooks puts his little finger into the ring.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I do... Did. I did take it off your desk.

The ring gives off a tiny spark. Brooks swats his hand. Henning laughs.

HENNING (CONT'D)

You'll get used to it. Just don't... don't question it.

Henning walks the line of the deer corpses. Brooks hangs back momentarily. He looks behind him and then jogs to catch up with Henning.

27

EXT. WOODS RIVER - DAY

27

Henning and Brooks reach a river bank. The trail of corpses has ended. The water is dark brown but flowing.

BROOKS

This smells worse than the deer.

Henning throws a stick into the water and watches it float downstream.

HENNING
Poo sticks.

Henning points at the stick floating in the water.

BROOKS
Huh?

HENNING
Poo. Sticks. You must have played
poo sticks!

Brooks remains silent.

HENNING (CONT'D)
(Flabbergasted)
This generation!

Henning snaps off a twig from a tree and forces it upon Brooks. He points in the direction of the river.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Throw it.

Brooks stands still.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Throw it in! Whoever's stick gets
to the end first, wins.

Brooks smirks. He throws his stick into the river and watches it float.

Henning's stick stops moving. It's caught on a rock.

HENNING (CONT'D)
No! That's cheating!

Henning runs to the bank of the river and reaches out to get the stick loose. He can't reach. He reaches out a bit more. He still can't reach.

BROOKS
Just leave it!

HENNING
Never!

Henning reaches a little bit further.

BROOKS
You're going to fall in!

HENNING
Aghhh!

Brooks covers his eyes in expectancy.

A moment of silence.

BROOKS
Henning!

Brooks looks. Henning is stood on the ground, waving his stick in the air.

HENNING
Got it!

He waves it around, flicking brown liquid over Brooks' face. Brooks starts coughing and scrunching his face.

BROOKS
That tastes like shit!

Brooks spits onto the ground. Henning laughs.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
No! Actual shit!

Henning throws his stick back into the river.

HENNING
There. I will retire poo stick champion. Undefeated since nineteen sixty eight. And you thought I was going to fall in.

The river behind Henning explodes. Brown liquid is hurled into the sky. A loud screech causes Henning and Brooks to cover their ears in pain. They are cast into shadow.

They look up.

A huge brown, sludgy, sewage beast towers over them and roars. Brown sludge drips onto them.

BROOKS
What the fuck!

HENNING
Shit!

The monster screams and curls down toward Henning and Brooks. Brooks jolts backwards. Henning puts his arms up, defensively.

The monster swipes at Henning who ducks the attempt. Henning flicks his fingers and sparks a flame. He throws it at the monster. The fireball hits but fizzles out in the wet sludge.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Poo sticks.

Brooks is pacing backwards.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Brooks! Lightning. Water.

BROOKS
What!?

HENNING
Lightning. Water!

Henning dodges another swiping attempt from the monster.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Now would be nice!

Brooks panics. He raises his hand.

He scrunches his face.

Nothing.

The monster grabs Henning and pulls him into the river. Brooks continues to try to use magic. Henning is appearing and disappearing in and out of the river, being pummeled by the sludge monster.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Brooks. Now. Brooks. Help. Now.
Please.

Nothing is happening for Brooks. Henning is lifted from the water.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Lucy's dead!

Brooks scowls.

Henning is smashed into the river. Then, is lifted back up.

HENNING (CONT'D)
She wasn't even that attractive.

Henning is put under water again. And, comes back up.

HENNING (CONT'D)

And you were still punching!

Brooks unleashes a lightning bolt straight at the monster. It squeals in pain and throws Henning to the dry floor. It then dissolves back into the river.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Better late than never! Well done!

BROOKS

Why'd you say that about Lucy! Did Mum tell you something! She never really liked her. I wouldn't listen to what -

HENNING

Calm! Emotional response. Magic is fueled by sentimental value, attachment and emotion. I'm sure she's alive.

BROOKS

She did like me.

HENNING

No doubt! You're kind of likable!

The river explodes. A huge roar. The river pulls Henning and Brooks into itself. The pair scream into darkness.

28

EXT. ABBEY GARDENS CARPARK - DAY

28

MARY kicks a piece of bread along the car park floor. She is mumbling to herself.

MARY

Do this. Do that. You do it. Oh.
You can't.
(Mockingly)
I'm too old.

Mary is startled. She looks up and squints.

CILLA is looking at her from a window in Abbey Gardens. She smiles and waves.

Mary stares, confused. She waves back.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (To herself)
 Ok?

The sound of a sludgy explosion in the distance. Across the car park, birds fly out of the trees away from the woods. Mary moves towards the direction of the noise.

29

EXT.WOODS - DAY

29

Sun beats down onto the trees. A deer corpse lays on the grass.

A humming. MARY is gleefully strolling in the nature, holding a slice of bread. She skips past the animal corpse.

In the distance, another loud, slushy explosion is heard. Mary smirks, throws the bread onto the floor and follows the sound.

She hits the trees with a dagger as she passes, marking her route.

The dagger glows white.

She holds it up. A voice emits from it.

DAVE (O.S.)
 Time is ticking, Mary.

MARY
 I'm going straight there!

DAVE (O.S.)
 Good. Get to them before the beasts do.

MARY
 These beasts... They're not... something I should be concerned about? Right?

The wand stops glowing.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (To herself)
 What a dick.

DAVE (O.S.)
 I'm still here, Mary.

Mary jumps in a panic and throws the dagger. It splashes on its landing. Mary closes her eyes and exhales to calm herself down.

MARY
I needed that.

She skips in the direction of the throw.

Mary reaches a river bed. The water is disgustingly brown and sludgy.

She sniffs the air and backs away.

MARY (CONT'D)
You know what. I can make do
without it.

She turns around and steps.

The dagger flies past her head and is impaled into a tree trunk.

MARY (CONT'D)
Curious.

She pulls the dagger out of the tree and studies it.

MARY (CONT'D)
Dave?

She taps the dagger. Nothing. She flings the dagger back into the river.

It flings out towards her again. She picks it up off the floor and looks downstream. A bright, multicoloured piece of fabric is caught on a tree branch.

She looks towards the river.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'll be back for you later.

She smiles to herself and skips a few steps.

She is cast into shadow.

The monster screeches.

Mary readies her blade.

30

INT. BROOKS' COTTAGE BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR

30

Darkness.

LUCY (O.C.)
Are you ready?

BROOKS
I am.

BROOKS' POV. The bedroom is warm and inviting. Black beams stretch across the ceiling. The off-white walls flicker in candle light. Brooks is sat upright on the cotton sheet covered bed. He's looking towards a closed door on the other side of the room.

LUCY (O.C.)
Don't laugh, ok?

BROOKS
Why would I laugh!?

The door opens, letting in a bright, white light.

LUCY steps out, and closes the door behind her. She is wearing a red nightie and red lipstick.

LUCY
Be honest.

BROOKS
I... I'm speechless.

Lucy walks over to him, failing to be sexy. The pair laugh together. She sits opposite Brooks on the bed.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Lucy. There's something I need to ask you.

LUCY
I'm not doing that. I told you, it doesn't feel nice for me.

Brooks laughs.

BROOKS
No, no. Not that.

Brooks gets off the bed. On one knee.

Lucy offers out her hand.

LUCY
Please don't do that now.

BROOKS
No?

LUCY
It's not a no. Just. Not now. I
don't want this moment to be with
me wearing this, sat next to...
these.

Lucy holds up rope and a blindfold.

BROOKS
Tying the knot? No. Fair enough.

Brooks gets up, back onto the bed. Lucy kisses him on the
lips, puts her hand against his chest and guides him to lay
down onto the bed.

She takes the rope and ties one hand to the other.

The rope tightens.

It tightens even more.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Ok, that's good.

The rope tightens again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
That's good!

The rope tightens once more, digging into his skin. Brooks
looks down at Lucy sat on top of his hips.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
That's enough.

Lucy leans in to kiss him. Brooks closes his eyes. He opens
them.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. RIVER BED - NIGHT

31

Still with BROOKS' POV. The HAG's face jumps towards Brooks
and she screams. He is lying down, hands tied together. A
hessian bag is placed over his head.

32

INT. HUT - NIGHT

32

A hessian bag is being dragged across the floor.

An elderly hand opens a beaten, old door. It creaks.

The hessian bag is pushed down some wooden stairs.

The door closes, leaving a slither of moonlight in the room from a thin window near the ceiling.

The door opens again. Another bag is pushed down the stairs. The door closes.

HENNING

Owwwww.

HENNING lifts his head out of the bag. He's at the bottom of the stairs, covered in brown sludge. He looks around the room.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Brooks? Brooks!?

BROOKS (O.C.)

(Weak)

Get. Off. Me.

Henning looks behind, at what he's leaning on.

HENNING

Brooksy!

Henning pulls his arms out of the sack he is in and pulls down on another one behind him. Brooks' head sticks out.

BROOKS

Please get off me.

HENNING

Oh right. Sorry.

Henning stands to his feet. He takes a deeper look into the room.

HENNING (CONT'D)

What is this place?

A small brick walled room. There's coloured bottles lining the walls in holders. Brooks struggles to his feet.

BROOKS

You ok?

HENNING

Are you??

BROOKS

I'm fine.

Brooks coughs up some brown sludge. He spits it onto the floor.

HENNING

Here, drink this.

Henning passes him a bottle. Brooks takes it and drinks it straight.

He coughs and spits it out.

BROOKS

What is that!?

HENNING

No idea. I was hoping you could tell me.

BROOKS

How would I know!?

HENNING

I'm quite certain that this is the longest you've ever been without a drink in you.

Brooks looks down at his feet.

BROOKS

That's a fair comment.

Henning walks further into the room. Brooks makes sure Henning's not looking and then swigs from the bottle again.

Brooks looks around the room. He looks at the small window at the top, letting the moonlight in. Then to the door at the top of the stairs. Henning turns to Brooks.

Brooks points to the door.

HENNING

That's a bit obvious. Here, give me a boost.

Henning moves up to the wall with the window and signals, waving Brooks to go over. Brooks drinks again, walks past Henning and moves up the stairs.

He opens the door.

BROOKS

See.

The door slams against Brooks and he flies down the stairs, hitting his head on the wall at the bottom. Blood pours out.

Henning runs over to him.

HENNING

What did I say!?

Brooks groans. Henning checks his head. There's a big gash on his hairline.

BROOKS

Is it bad?

HENNING

Incredibly. Like. Probably the worst.

Brooks swigs from the bottle he's still holding in his hands.

He lays there for a moment.

Henning studies him curiously.

BROOKS

Don't look at me like that.

Henning pokes him in the head.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Ow!

HENNING

The wound has healed.

Brooks touches the top of his head.

BROOKS

Ha. Would you look at that.

Brooks holds the bottle up into the light. It's a red liquid. Henning gets up, walks to a rack of more bottles and checks through them. There's red, blue and green.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Do you think it's this?

Henning takes a blue bottle from a holder and opens it. He sniffs the top of the bottle.

HENNING
Smells like... oh wow. Lavender.

BROOKS
Lavender?

HENNING
Yeah. We used to grow it when I was
a boy. My mum loved it.

Henning drinks from the bottle. His eyes light up. Literally.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Oh WOW.

Fire ignites on his finger tips.

HENNING (CONT'D)
I feel fucking GREAT.

Brooks rushes to his feet and then towards Henning. He
snatches the bottle and swigs. Henning grabs it back.

Brooks stands for a moment, taken aback. His hands start to
shake. He drops the red bottle which smashes on the stone
floor.

Electricity sparks from his fingers.

HENNING (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, baby.

Brooks looks at a shelf holding bottles. He points his finger
at it. Lightning shoots out and smashes two of the bottles.

BROOKS
Oh yeah, baby!

Henning is shooting fire, Brooks lightning, at items around
the room. They are laughing and playing.

Behind them, they fail to notice the door open and close. A
small figure walks down the stairs, only lit by flashes of
Henning and Brooks' magic

Eventually, they are unable to produce the magic. Brooks
picks up a bottle.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
It's blue.

Henning smiles. Brooks swigs. He shoots a lightning bolt
against the wall.

HENNING

What is this stuff. It's great!

Brooks spots pipes in the corner of the room leading upwards, out of the room. He walks over to them and runs his finger along the bottom of it. A blue residue is left on his skin.

BROOKS

Look.

Henning walks over to him. They stand in silence. There's a noise. It sounds musical.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Hear that?

There's lyrics. *Mr Hitler ... England's done...*

Hennings eye's widen.

HENNING

Germans!

BROOKS

Shh!

The Dad's Army theme tune becomes clear.

HENNING

I know this!

Henning starts singing along.

Brooks joins in.

A third voice joins in. Henning and Brooks stop silent.

The third voice continues. It's frail. Henning and Brooks look into the corner of the room.

A silhouette emerges from the shadows. Brooks screams. Henning throws a bottle at it. The figure swipes it away. It lifts it's head. An elderly, crooked HAG. The Hag cackles loudly.

Brooks fires lightning at the Hag, grabs two handfuls of small bottles from a container, stuffs his pockets and runs up the stairs.

Henning grabs another blue bottle and follows in pursuit of Brooks.

The Hag floats up the stairs behind them.

33

INT. HUT GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

33

HENNING and BROOKS run through the door and slam it closed behind them. Brooks looks around. It's an open plan room. It's warm and inviting, being lit with candle light. There's a spiral staircase leading up to another floor in the centre of the room. The banister is made of candy cane. Giant lollipops line the walls. It looks like icing has been used to decorate.

HENNING

It's a bit noncey.

Brooks quickly heads for the front door and pulls on the handle.

The door won't budge. He looks closely at the door handle.

BROOKS

Sugar.

HENNING

Yes, honey?

BROOKS

No. The door. It's sugar.

HENNING

Let's just kick it down then!

Brooks steps back. He kicks at the door. It's not opening. Henning steps in.

HENNING (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

Henning walks backward to get a running start. He charges at the door, shoulder first.

He bounces right off it.

BROOKS

Melt it.

HENNING

Yes! Embrace the magic.

Henning creates a ball of fire and throws it at the door.

Some of the sugar melts down it.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Step back.

Henning blasts a long stream of fire against the door. He holds it in place.

The door begins to melt.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Brooks looks at the door to the basement. He taps Henning on the shoulder.

BROOKS

Hurry up!

HENNING

I think it's just caramelising.

BROOKS

Henning, come on!

The cellar door creaks open. Long fingers appear from behind it.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Henning!

Brooks see's the HAG walking straight towards him and he turns towards her with his hands held up.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Ok, just calm down lady.

The hag continues to walk to him, grinning.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I can look past the kidnapping.
Just be cool.

She gets closer.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Right, fuck you then.

Brooks hurls lightning at her.

She screams in agony.

HENNING

That's just an old lady!

Brooks checks the door. It's slightly melted. He pushes and pulls on the handle. It's still not opening.

BROOKS

Run!

Henning and Brooks run up the candy cane stairs.

34

INT. HUT UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

34

HENNING and BROOKS get to the top of the stairs. It's two rooms either side of a hallway. The walls are translucent, made from gummy sweets and jelly, giving a green and red glow as the light passes through.

HENNING

She's weak. Why are we running?

BROOKS

She has a shit-monster for a pet and threw us in a basement. You think she wants to be friends?

HENNING

Let's go fuck her up then.

Henning turns back towards the stairs.

Brooks places his hand on Henning's shoulder.

BROOKS

I... I feel bad, you know she's like -

Laughing comes from one of the rooms. The jelly walls allow Brooks to see two shapes and some bright, flickering lights.

He opens a chocolate door.

35

INT. CHOCOLATE ROOM - NIGHT

35

JOHAN and MARGARET are strapped down in chairs. Their eyes held open with candy canes under the eye lids. In front of them is a TV, showing Dad's Army.

BROOKS

Johan!

The brother and sister are hysterically laughing with tears streaming down their face.

HENNING runs over and pulls the plug on the TV while Brooks releases the straps on their chairs. The siblings snap out of their trance.

JOHAN

Brooks! That thing. In the woods!

BROOKS
It's ok, it's ok. Let's get you out
of here.

Margaret has tubes coming out the back of her neck.

HENNING
What are these?

MARGARET
She's harvesting us.

JOHAN
For our nostalgia.

BROOKS is taken aback.

BROOKS
What.

Margaret pulls the tubes out of her neck. They are much longer than she expects. They slide out from under her skin, covered in grease and puss.

Once they are out, blue liquid dribbles from the end. Brooks looks at the blue bottle in his pocket.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
That's what we've been drinking!?

Brooks vomits a little in his mouth.

JOHAN
Please take me home.

BROOKS
Yes, yes. Let's go.

They all run to the top of the stairs.

36

INT. HUT UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

36

BROOKS, HENNING, JOHAN and MARGARET look down the stairs. The HAG is walking up with her clothes burned to her body. Henning throws fire towards her. It hits the stairs, melting them. The Hag falls to the floor below.

Henning drinks a blue potion. Brooks looks at him, disgusted.

Henning conjures fire and aims it at the ground below. Fire spreads around the Hag and the floor starts to melt beneath her.

BROOKS
That's a bit excessive! Now how are
we getting out!?

They all run into the second room.

37 INT. UPPER SUGAR ROOM - NIGHT

37

There's a window on the far end. BROOKS points towards it as
HENNING, JOHAN and MARGARET run into the room.

BROOKS
It'll be sugar. We can break it
easily.

HENNING
You're so smart! And handsome!

Henning runs towards the window, clenches a fist and puts it
through the glass.

It's not made of sugar.

Shards of glass stick out his knuckles and wrist. He screams
in pain.

Margaret steps to the window and pushes it open.

MARGARET
It wasn't locked.

BROOKS
Henning, catch!

Brooks throws Henning a red bottle. Henning drinks from it
and the glass comes out of his skin, the wounds instantly
heal.

Flames rise from the corridor behind them. The walls start to
melt.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
We're going to either burn or
drown!

Margaret steps out of the window.

MARGARET
It's not far, we can make it!

The HAG, furious, enters the room.

BROOKS

Johan! Go!

Brooks drinks a blue potion and throws lightning at the Hag. Johan runs to the window. The Hag swats the lightning away.

Johan and Margaret are on the window ledge, looking down at the ground below. Henning gives them the red potion bottle.

HENNING

Jump, and drink this. It'll probably hurt. A lot.

JOHAN

I can't!

The Hag levitates and darts towards the two siblings. Henning in a panic, pushes them out of the window.

BROOKS

Henning!

HAG

You dare... pollute... My woods!

The Hag flings herself at Henning. She grabs hold of his throat.

HENNING

(Choking)

Your breath is polluting!

Brooks flings more lightning at the Hag.

Both her and Henning glow blue and scream out.

HENNING (CONT'D)

Stoooooppppp!

BROOKS

Sorry!

Brooks runs over and tries to pry the Hag's hands off Henning.

They wrestle.

Brooks puts his hands on the Hags back and releases lightning. The Hag and Henning shake with electrocution. The Hag lets Henning go, he drops to the floor and she flies into some shelving made of candy cane, breaking it into pieces.

The Hag turns her attention to Brooks.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

We didn't ask to be brought to your predatory cottage! I don't want to hurt you!

HAG

You already have!

BROOKS

What the fuck have I done!?

HAG

The water! The Trees!

Brooks looks behind the Hag and sees Henning grabbing hold of a sharp candy cane from the broken shelving.

BROOKS

I voted Green!

HAG

You keep on ruining it!

The Hag launches herself at Brooks. He counters with a jolt of electricity, pushing her back.

HAG (CONT'D)

Your shit. Runs. Into my water.
Infecting my trees! Sickening my
animals!

She launches at Brooks again. He jolts her once more. She's weakened.

BROOKS

We saw it. We saw it too! The
river! The shit monster!

HAG

If I don't feed him, he gets mad.
And when he gets mad, we all
suffer!

Brooks and the Hag are circling around the room in a stand off.

Brooks looks at Henning and holds his hand up, signaling to wait before acting.

BROOKS

Why'd you take Johan and Margaret.

HAG

To protect!

Brooks reflects for a moment and then holds up the small bottles he's taken.

BROOKS

With these?

HAG

Give them back! My Mana! Give it back!

HENNING

(To himself)

Mana!?

The Hag jumps at Brooks. Henning steps in the way and impales her with the candy cane. The Hag screams. Brooks steps towards the window. Henning smirks and lets loose with fire, incinerating the Hag. He doesn't stop. Brooks watches, it seems a little too far.

The room continues to melt. The floor is sticky and Brooks' boots sink into it.

On fire, The Hag runs backwards and falls down the opening where the stairs once were. The room around her on fire, she sinks into the melted floor unable to free herself.

Henning and Brooks look out of the window. Brooks holds out a red potion to Henning. Henning shakes his head, not taking it and jumps out of the window. Brooks drinks it then jumps.

38

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

38

HENNING and BROOKS are sat on the grass, looking up at the burning house made of gingerbread and candy, melting into a huge pile of goop.

HENNING

Don't feel bad. She was definitely a wrong 'un. What sort was she really trying to lure into there? Hypothetical question.

BROOKS

I think she was just trying to look after this place.

They look back towards the burning house.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I don't think she knew where that shit-monster came from. What could be polluting the water like that?

HENNING

Something magical. That's certain.
Speaking of which. You're getting
the hang of all of this rather
quickly. I'm impressed.

Brooks smirks, pleased with himself. He gets to his feet and reaches out his hand. Henning grabs it and is pulled up. The two take a moment. Brooks nods to Henning.

BROOKS

We should find where those two got
to.

HENNING

I'm sure they just followed the
bread. And the excrement. And the
corpses. This smells lovely though.

They walk away with the burning building and goop behind them.

HENNING (CONT'D)

(In a German accent)
Oh Johan!

BROOKS

Don't do that!

A figure emerges from the fire behind them.

MARY

Charlie!

Henning and Brooks turn around and see MARY, covered in brown sludge running towards them.

HENNING AND BROOKS

Oh fuck off!

They stand, ready for battle.

END