

WHAT FRESH HELL IS THIS?

EPISODE 1

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It's hell on Earth.

Late Friday night on a busy UK street of clubs and bars.

Drunken revellers stagger and argue, fight and fall over outside kebab shops. A WOMAN vomits next to a URINATING MAN.

And through the chaos walks RHYS PENDRAGON (late 20s). Very much a fish out of water. He looks like someone you might see at a sci-fi convention, wearing a LONG COAT and FEDORA, and with a CHILDREN'S BACKPACK. Achingly uncool. An outsider.

Rhys weaves purposely through the crowds, scanning the street, eyes keen, searching for someone.

TWO DRUNKEN MEN, MARK and TERRY (early twenties, steroidal, moustachioed meat heads) laugh as he passes then stagger along beside him, mocking.

MARK

Alright mate, nice hat.

RHYS

(distracted)

Thank you.

MARK

I weren't serious. You look like a fucking knob.

RHYS

Oh, okay. Appreciate the input.

They get in front of him.

TERRY

Yeah. And your coat is like, stupid.

RHYS

Wow, 'nice hat, your coat is stupid'. Do you guys write for Vogue?

TERRY

No.

Rhys indicates his outfit.

RHYS

See, I dress this way, because I don't mind being different. To me different is good. Weird is good. Idiosyncrasy? Yes please. But you, you hate all that don't you? It confuses you.

MARK

What?

RHYS

Exactly.

Mark shoves Rhys, up against a shop front. They get right up in his face.

MARK

Are you taking the piss?

RHYS

No actually, to clarify, you were taking the piss, I was just walking along.

Over their shoulders, Rhys spots A LARGE MAN (handsome, muscly) leaving the NIGHTCLUB opposite, leading a VERY DRUNK WOMAN by the arm.

RHYS (CONT'D)

(To self)

Shit.

(to Mark and Terry)

Look, I'm actually in quite a hurry, so could you let me go?

MARK

Make me.

RHYS

(sighs)

Oh come on, let's not do this, eh Mark?

MARK

(surprised)

How'd you know my name?

RHYS

Mark Thomas, 14 Bedford Drive?

MARK

Do I know you?

RHYS

No, but I know you, and your friend Terry here.

TERRY

Eh?

RHYS

I know all about you. Frustrated, angry, lonely, a little bit scared. You try and hide it but, well, you're not doing a very good job.

(MORE)

RHYS (CONT'D)

How's that condom in your wallet
Mark? Looking a bit tatty. Past
it's sell by date too. All that
time in the gym. The expensive
aftershave, that sleeve tattoo.
Ouch. And for what? Another lonely
walk home with your equally lonely
mate. Both of you pretending
everything is fine and now you're
going to hit me.

And indeed, Mark, throws a punch...

...which Rhys ducks, dropping low so that Mark smashes his
fist into the wall.

MARK

Arrgh! My hand...!

Rhys takes off, running down the street.

RHYS

(calling back)

You probably want to put some ice
on that.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

The man Rhys spotted earlier is holding the woman by the
throat, her feet off the ground, scrabbling at the air. His
face close on hers.

MAN

You are nothing. A maggot. Blind.
Meaningless. Afraid. I will feed
and you will scream and I will
laugh as you perish.

RHYS (O.S)

Do you find that chat up line works
for you?

The Man turns to see Rhys, approaching down the alley way. He
takes his back pack off and opens it.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Only I'll be honest, it's coming
off a *little bit* creepy.

The man throws the Woman aside. Dazed, she struggles to her
feet.

RHYS (CONT'D)

(to the woman)

Go. Run. Now.

The woman staggers off, terrified, past Rhys and out of the alley way.

The man regards Rhys, head cocked, curious.

As he talks, Rhys takes something out of his backpack and places it on the ground - a strange looking scientific contraption. Old looking, like something from the 1960's, all bakelite and valves and needle dial readouts. He attaches two modern mini speakers to it with wires and places them several feet away on either side.

MAN

You would deny me my feast?

RHYS

Yup. I'm the party pooper. Consider your party...pooped.

MAN

No matter. You will suffice.
Better. Fatter.

The man starts to walk towards Rhys.

RHYS

Wow. Everyone is having a pop tonight. Let's get the formalities over shall we?

The man stops and <GRUNTS>, puzzled. Rhys sighs.

RHYS (CONT'D)

(as if to an idiot)

To whom am I speaking?

The man smiles wolfishly.

MAN

I have many names.

Rhys adjusting dials on his device.

RHYS

Uh huh...and one of them would be...?

MAN

Andramalech.

...says the Man, so let's call him that from now on.

RHYS

Never heard of you.

ANDRAMALECH

Duke Infernal of the Ninth Realm.

RHYS

Nope. Pretty sure that's Belphegor,
isn't it? Duke of the Ninth Realm?
At least that's what he told me.

ANDRAMLECH

(scornful)
Belphegor. He lies.

RHYS

Well, what can you expect? That's
Demons for you.

Rhys presses down decisively on a switch on his machine.

Nothing happens. Rhys looks down at the machine, presses the
button again. Still nothing.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Oh bloody hell.

2

EXT. CITY STREET.

2

Mark, cradling his hand and Terry are running along the
street, blood up.

MARK

Come on, he went this way!

ANITA (early 20's), drunk, comes out of a kebab shop, kebab
in one hand, mobile in the other.

ANITA

(on phone, angry)
What do you mean you're staying in
the club?...I'm out here on the
street aren't I? It's not my fault
I got kicked out. Alright it's
partly my fault. Some mates you
are. Anyway I got a kebab. And now
I'm gonna enjoy it. Alone. So
arriverfuckingderci!

Anita hangs up and is about to tuck in to her kebab when...

...Mark and Terry run into her, knocking her kebab into the
gutter.

ANITA (CONT'D)

(incensed)
What the actual fuck!

Anita goes to pick up the kebab only for a minicab to pull up
and crush it under it's front wheel.

A fuming Anita snaps her head around, Mark and Terry running
off down the street.

3

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS.

3

Rhys nervous, tearing out batteries from his machine and fumbling to replace them with new ones as the Demon approaches.

RHYS

See that's the thing with batteries, the big brands, so pricey, so what do you do? You buy the value brand. But it's a false economy isn't it?

ANDRAMALECH

You talk a lot. But words will not help you.

Andramalech reaches down and grabs Rhys by the throat, lifting him up so his feet dangle and jerk in the air.

ANDRAMALECH (CONT'D)

I shall peel the skin from your face and swallow your eyes.

RHYS

(choking)

I bet you say that to all the boys.

Rhys slams his foot down on the button on the machine. A high pitched whine emerges from the speakers, getting higher and higher.

Andramalech drops Rhys, clapping his hands to his ears. He roars in pain and goes to leap at Rhys. But Rhys turns a dial on the machine and the high pitched whine is replaced by a subsonic rumble.

Suddenly Andramalech is stopped in his tracks, writhing against an invisible force.

ANDRAMALECH

(struggling)

What are you doing?

RHYS

I'm putting you back in the box.

ANDRAMALECH

Box? What box? No box can hold me.

Andramalech forces his hand slowly towards Rhys' face.

RHYS

This one can.

Another twist of the dial. The sound is unbearable. Dustbins in the alley start to rattle and vibrate, litter blows in the wind.

Behind Andramalech, twenty feet or so, a BLACK IRON TRAPDOOR appears on the alley floor, a fiery red glow pulses beneath it.

ANDRAMALECH

No, no!

The trapdoor swings open with a CLANG! Flames and gouts of thick roiling black smoke boil out from inside.

Andramalech's struggles increase. He drops to all fours, clawing at the ground to stop himself as slowly, inch by inch, he is dragged backwards towards the trapdoor.

Rhys sits back, breathing heavily, relieved, watching the demon being sucked back into hell when...

Mark and Terry appear at the mouth of the alley and spot him.

TERRY

There he is! Wait, what...?

They stop as they take in the scene. But only for a moment. Andramalech's hand shoots out, Terry and Mark's eyes roll back in their skulls. Snarling like beasts, they charge at Rhys.

RHYS

Oh. Great.

Terry and Mark pile in to Rhys, slamming him into the wall, raining down kicks and punches. He drops to the floor, curled in a foetal position, trying to protect himself.

Andramalech is still being dragged towards the trapdoor, his fingernails digging into the concrete floor, leaving deep scratch marks...

ANDRAMALECH

Gaaarrhhh!

Anita marches into the alley way, spots Mark and Terry and goes for them.

ANITA

Oi, you owe me a kebab.

Mark turns, snarling, eyes completely white. He aims a vicious backhand at her...

Unfazed, Anita grabs his wrist...and twists.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Oh, hello?

Then she spins expertly on one foot, delivering a roundhouse kick to Mark's head, knocking him down.

Terry turns from a groaning Rhys, roars and rounds on Anita. She skips back on the balls of her feet, stretching her neck and shoulders, readying herself. She *may* have done this before.

Andramalech is almost at the trapdoor.

Terry charges. Anita unleashes a flurry of kicks and punches knocking him to the ground where she pins him with her foot.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Get your wallet out. Large. Extra chilli sauce. And chips, for all the energy I just had to use...

Mark rushes her from behind and barrels her to the floor, they roll around struggling, he gets her in a headlock, choking her.

Rhys, coughing, sits up, takes in the scene...

Mark strangling Anita.

Andramalech almost at the trapdoor, his feet in the flames. He screams in agony, his face warping, changing from human to something far more unpleasant, something demonic.

Anita reaching behind her for something, anything, and finding Rhys' machine, which she grabs and swings up, smashing into Mark's head, knocking him out cold.

The subsonic rumble of the machine instantly stops. Rhys watches in horror as the flames and the trapdoor disappear. Andramalech staggers to his feet, shoes on fire, breathing heavily. Then he turns and runs, scaling the wall of the alley way at speed like some hideous spider.

Anita watches him disappear over the roof, then goes and helps Rhys up.

ANITA (CONT'D)

You alright mate?

RHYS

You idiot!

ANITA

(taken aback)

Oh, nice.

Rhys picks up his broken machine angrily and starts shoving his equipment away in his backpack.

RHYS

I almost had him! And now he's gone. Thanks to you!

ANITA

I just saved you a trip to
casualty.

(re: Andramalech)

Who was that anyway?

RHYS

That was a Demon.

ANITA

(highly sceptical)

Piss off.

RHYS

Fine. Ok. It wasn't a Demon. You're
just drunk. You imagined it all.
That sound more plausible? Goodbye.

Rhys shoulders his backpack and marches off out of the alley.

ANITA

Oi! Aren't you even going to say
thanks? The least you can do is buy
me a kebab!

RHYS

No!

And with that, he's gone, leaving a dumbfounded Anita in the
alleyway.

Anita looks down at the scratches in the concrete, leading to
where the trapdoor was. The groaning Terrence and Mark behind
her.

She spots a wallet on the floor, opens it and takes out a
BUSINESS CARD. Terrence and Mark start to get up behind her,
their eyes returned to normal.

ANITA

(without looking)

Stay down!

The men instantly ease back to the floor.

She looks at the business card.

It reads...*Rhys Pendragon - Occult Invostigator.*

4

EXT. A RUN DOWN INDUSTRIAL LOT. DAY.

4

A portakabin in a small fenced off lot by some railway
arches. It's all a bit dirty and run down. If this is a
business it's possibly the crappiest business ever.

5

INT. PORTAKABIN

5

CLOSE ON a pile of the same business cards - *Rhys Pendragon - Occult Investigator*.

A young man, ALED (mid 20's) sits, cross legged on a table looking at the cards.

The Portakabin itself seems to be serving as an office cum bedsit. A sofa with a duvet on it, a fridge, a kettle. A map of the city on a corkboard with coloured pins and notes stuck on it.

Beat.

ALED

You do realise these are spelt wrong?

He looks over to Rhys who is working on a laptop, brow furrowed in irritated concentration. He looks a little beaten up.

ALED (CONT'D)

Rhys...

RHYS

Yes, thankyou, I had noticed.

ALED

You're going to have to do them again.

RHYS

(irritated)

I can't do them again, I printed a thousand.

ALED

A thousand? Why?

RHYS

It's called advertising.

ALED

Yeah, but what are you going to do with them all?

RHYS

I thought I'd leave some in the libraries.

ALED

Most of the libraries are shut, there's only like four left.

RHYS

Okay well, I could hand them out at parties.

ALED

Except that would mean you actually have to go to par...

RHYS

Fine, not parties then. Shops. I could put them in the newsagents.

ALED

What, next to the cards for dog grooming and someone trying to sell a lawnmower? Mmm. High end.

RHYS

Well that's what the website's for, isn't it? I'm trying to cover all the bases. It's a start up. I've got to get my name out there.

ALED

Ah yes, your name...Rhys Pendragon?

RHYS

It's better than Parry. It sounds more...

ALED

Like you're in a fantasy novel? With wizards?

RHYS

(pointed)

More *suitable*, given the nature of the business. Look, are you going to sit there and be negative all day? Cause I'm trying to finish this.

Aled leans over and looks at the laptop screen.

ALED

I don't like the font.

RHYS

(annoyed)

The font's not important, is it? Also, do you know what? Can you get off the flipping desk? What if a client came in? Not very professional, is it?

Aled snorts out a stifled laugh.

RHYS (CONT'D)

What?

ALED

(taking the piss)

No sorry, we must be *professional*.
For our *clients*.

RHYS

Why don't you just go away?

Pause. Aled looks a bit hurt.

ALED

I've got nowhere else to go.

Rhys sighs, frustrated and continues working.

ALED (CONT'D)

I notice you didn't put my name on
the cards. I am sort of like your
assistant.

RHYS

No, you were my assistant. I took
you on for one case. Didn't really
work out, did it?

ALE

Well who's fault's that?

RHYS

Er...yours?

ALED

Yeah, true, it was my fault.

RHYS

Exactly. So from now on it's just
me. A lone wolf. A gun for hire.

Rhys turns back to the laptop and busies himself with his
website.

RHYS (CONT'D)

I don't need anyone else.

6

INT. MARTIAL ARTS GYM. DAY.

6

The gym is empty save for Anita, who trains aggressively,
landing blow after blow in a heavy bag. JOHN (40's) her
trainer, enters and stops when he sees her.

JOHN

Anita? What are you doing here?

ANITA

What's it look like?

JOHN

You can't be here. You're banned.

ANITA

What, really? I thought you were just saying that.

JOHN

I was, because it's true. You broke Tim's eye socket.

ANITA

Okay, well, newsflash, it's a dojo, sometimes people get hurt.

JOHN

He wasn't in the dojo, he was making a cup of tea.

ANITA

And talking shit about me.

JOHN

Which you should have dealt with in a very different way.

ANITA

Like what?

JOHN

Like not kick him in the fucking head! No one wants to train with you. They're scared of you, I'm scared of you. You've got to curb that temper. You've got very thin skin.

ANITA

There's nothing wrong with my skin, it's normal.

JOHN

No, it means you take offence very easily.

ANITA

(offended)

No I fucking don't, that's bollocks!

John laughs despite himself.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What?

JOHN

Why aren't you at work?

ANITA

I quit.

JOHN

Why?

ANITA

They were going to fire me.

JOHN

(sighs)

Because?

ANITA

I hit a customer.

(off John's look)

Not hard! Anyway, this way I can train more.

JOHN

Did you not just hear what I said?

ANITA

Yes John, I heard but the Olympic trials are coming up, aren't they? And you know I'm going to get in. And that's good for everyone, you, me, the gym...

JOHN

I've taken you off the list.

Anita stops short.

ANITA

What?

JOHN

I'm sorry.

ANITA

You can't do that.

JOHN

And I didn't want to have to. But it's a small world. Word gets around. No one wants you on that team.

ANITA

But it's all I've been working for. This is my life.

John shrugs sadly, feeling her pain.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do now?

JOHN

Something else.

ANITA

Like what? What am I without this?
Nobody! Nothing!

Anita storms off. She picks up a chair as she goes and hurls it at a trophy cabinet, smashing the glass.

John shakes his head, angry, exasperated

JOHN

(calling after her)

You can't fight the whole world
Anita! It's not going to solve your
problems. One day you're going to
take someone on and they are going
to knock you down.

But she's gone.

7

EXT. MARTIAL ARTS GYM.

7

Anita gets in her car, furious, raging. She slams the steering wheel again and again. Rubs a tear away from her eye with the heel of her hand. She's not going to cry.

She takes a deep breath and calms down.

She takes out the wallet she found in the alleyway. Opens it and removes the money, pockets that.

She looks at the business card. An address.

8

EXT. PORTAKABIN.

8

Anita approaches the portakabin and knocks on the door.

Rhys answers.

RHYS

(surprised)

Oh, it's you.

Anita holds out the wallet.

ANITA

You dropped this.

RHYS

Oh good, thank you. I'd only just
noticed it was gone.

Rhys takes the wallet and opens it. It's empty.

RHYS (CONT'D)

There was thirty quid in here.

ANITA

I don't know about that. That's how I found it.

RHYS

Right.

They stand there, a bit awkward with each other, partly due to their unfortunate first meeting but mainly because they're both a bit socially inept. Finally...

RHYS (CONT'D)

Sorry about last night. I was a bit cross. Not your fault.

ANITA

Yeah, I know.

RHYS

So...what are you? Like a stunt woman or something?

ANITA

(nodding)

I could be....I mean I'm not but...you know.

Another awkward beat. Rhys holds up the wallet.

RHYS

Well, anyway, thanks for...

ANITA

(interrupting)

What's an *Occult*

(doing air quotes with her fingers)

Investigator?

RHYS

It's *Investigator*, it was a misprint.

ANITA

Yeah I realise, that's why I did the whole...with my fingers...it was a joke.

RHYS

Gotcha. Um...well, I offer a service looking into and if necessary dealing with... extraordinary phenomena.

ANITA

Like what?

RHYS

Ghosts, localised spirits, shadow people, witches, unexplained creatures, unusual disappearances, wraiths, demons like our friend last night...

ANITA

Vampires?

RHYS

No. They don't actually exist. At least I've never met one.

ANITA

But, like... weird shit.

RYS

Essentially.

Anita nods thoughtfully, then...

ANITA

I've read a few Stephen Kings.

RHYS

Okay.

Anita looks around, taking in the run down portakabin.

ANITA

So you're like Ghostbusters?

RHYS

I mean that's fictional so...

ANITA

Buffy the Vampire Slayer then?

RHYS

As I said there are no vampires and again, fictional.

ANITA

Right. Dangerous, is it? I imagine things can get a little bit dicey.

RHYS

Not if you're careful.

ANITA

Does it pay well?

RHYS

Erm...it's early days. But the website's about to go live...

ANITA

Cool, cool. So, do you need an assistant?

RHYS

No.

ANITA

Only it looked like you needed a bit of help last night...

RHYS

...I didn't...

ANITA

...and I'm between jobs at the moment, so I thought...

RHYS

...No, I'm fine...

ANITA

...maybe I could help, okay, you're fine.

RHYS

I am. Thanks.

Anita nods and starts walking away.

ANITA

Well If you change your mind.

RHYS

I won't. I don't need any help.

ANITA

Yeah, you said, don't keep going on about it.

Irritated, she takes out her car keys, presses them and the lights on a car parked on the street flash.

RHYS

Wait, is that your car?

Anita shrugs.

ANITA

Yeah.

RHYS

You couldn't give me a lift, could you?

Rhys walks over and joins her at the car.

ANITA
Technically you owe me a favour,
rather than the other way around.

RHYS
You can take it out of the thirty
quid you owe me.

Rhys smiles and gets in the car.

9

INT. CAR. A LITTLE LATER.

9

Anita drives aggressively as Rhys nervously grips his chair.

ANITA
...thing about me is, I don't take
no shit. Give me shit, I'll hand it
back to you, with your arse...

RHYS
(re: car in front)
Very close.

ANITA
Anyway, that's why I'm banned from
Wetherspoons.

RHYS
Which one?

ANITA
All of them.

Anita overtakes the car in front and screams at the family
inside.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Learn to fucking drive!

Rhys stomps his leg down repeatedly.

ANITA (CONT'D)
What's wrong with your leg?

RHYS
Just reaching for an imaginary
brake.

ANITA
Why? I'm a really good driver. Are
we nearly there?

RHYS
Oh god I hope so.

They drive on in silence. Then...

ANITA
What's with the hat?

RHYS
It's cool isn't it?

ANITA
Is it?

RHYS
Yeah. Also, people remember a man
in a hat.

ANITA
I suppose. Cause without it you'd
be a bit nothingy wouldn't you?
Your face is quite bland.

10 EXT. CARE HOME. A LITTLE LATER.

10

The car pulls up outside. Rhys hastily gets out.

RHYS
Well thankyou for that...
experience. Goodbye.

ANITA
What you doing here then?

RHYS
Just popping in to see my old boss.
She doesn't get many visitors.
Catch up. Have a cup of tea.

ANITA
That's nice. I could do with a cup
of tea.

RHYS
There's a cafe down the road.
Unless you're banned from it.

ANITA
You're not a very grateful person
are you? I just took time out of my
busy day to drive you here.

RHYS
(sighs)
Fine. I'll get you a tea.

11 INT. CARE HOME. MARGARET'S ROOM.

11

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH in a FRAME, of a YOUNG WOMAN in an ARMY UNIFORM sits on a BOOKSHELF full of ANTIQUARIAN LEATHERBOUND BOOKS.

MARGARET (70'S) sits by the window. Rhys and Anita enter with cups of tea.

MARGARET
Ah, there he is.

RHYS
Hi Margaret.

MARGARET
And who's this?

RHYS
This is...
(to Anita)
Actually what is your name?

ANITA
Anita. Alright?

MARGARET
Can it be? Surely not. Rhys, you dark horse.

RHYS
What? Oh, no.

ANITA
What?

RHYS
She thinks you're my girlfriend.

ANITA
What? Him? No. I mean look at me and look at him.

RHYS
What's that supposed to mean?

ANITA
I'm just saying I'm a lot more attractive than you. Like a lot more.
(to Margaret)
No I just met him last night.

MARGARET
Ah. On tinder.

ANITA

No! I saved him from getting beaten to death as it happens...

RHYS

Bit of an exaggeration...

Margaret suddenly takes more of an interest. Eyes sharp.

MARGARET

Really? And how did you do that exactly?

ANITA

Taekwondo. Black belt. On the national team...was on the national team, politics. Lucky for him I was there.

RHYS

I had everything under control.

ANITA

He absolutely did not.

Rhys ushers Anita out as...

RHYS

Tell you what why don't you use your black belt skills to go and find some biscuits, while the grown ups talk.

Rhys shuts the door.

MARGARET

I like her.

RHYS

Why? I don't.

MARGARET

So, I'm assuming last night...?

RHYS

Went a little bit horribly wrong, yeah. I had him and, well then I didn't. But on the plus side, I did stop him from killing someone else and I got a name, Andramalech?

Margaret crosses to the bookshelf and takes down a book and begins flipping through it. It is filled with dense hand written notes, clippings and sketches.

MARGARET

Let me see....Abraxas...Alastor...
Ah. Here we are, Andramalech.
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Oh dear. Soul sucker. Seriously bad news.

RHYS

As opposed to all the fun, party demons?

MARGARET

Don't be cheeky. Three people are dead already.

RHYS

I know.

MARGARET

They all disappeared from the same nightclub. That's where he's hunting. You stopped him feeding last night which means he'll be hungry. Which means he'll be back. And so will you.

RHYS

Yay. Nightclubbing. Again.

MARGARET

You have to stop him.

RHYS

I know and I will, obviously. Thing is, I've been thinking about maybe... expanding? Taking paying customers.

MARGARET

What? No.

RHYS

But if you want me to carry on the business, it's a full time job. We could advertise, maybe a website.

MARGARET

No website.

RHYS

We are providing a fairly valuable service, there's no harm in charging a nominal fee, minimum wage at least.

MARGARET

Do you think this *thing* we do is about money?

RHYS

No. But money is a thing too. And I haven't got any. I need to eat.

MARGARET

You're young. You'll get by. No website.

RHYS

Fine. No website.

MARGARET

And take the girl with you. You could do with an assistant.

RHYS

I tried that. It didn't work out.

MARGARET

Humour a dying old lady.

RHYS

You're not dying. Don't say that.

MARGARET

It's a lonely life Rhys. Why do you think I took you on?

RHYS

Because you recognised my innate potential?

MARGARET

Sure, if you like. But it's also good to have someone to talk to. I worry about you all alone.

RHYS

I'm fine.

Anita comes in, holding a plate of biscuits, eating one.

MARGARET

Take the girl.

ANITA

(mouth full)

Take me where?

12 EXT. CARE HOME CAR PARK. LATER

12

Rhys and Anita get in the car. Rhys turns and waves to Margaret who watches from her window.

13 INT. CARE HOME. MARGARET'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

13

Margaret watches the car pull away. She stays at the window, deep in thought.

LEONARD (O.S.)
There he goes. Your good little
soldier.

Margaret stiffens slightly but continues staring out the window.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I wonder, which of you do you think
will die first?

In the window, a reflection of a figure in the room, behind Margaret, dark, indistinct.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My money's on him.

The figure crosses out of view.

CLOSE ON Margaret as she turns to face the figure.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And when he screams his last, will
you feel even a tiny pang of guilt.

CLOSE ON a hand, grey, mottled with rot, the fingernails long, filthy, runs across the bookshelf, flinching back as it passes THE BIBLE, then selects another book, opens it.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Not really your style, is it?
Besides, there are so many deaths
on your conscience, what's one
more?

BACK ON Margaret, listening, watching as the figure approaches.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How do you sleep, eh? How do you
even breathe with all that weight
on your chest. Maybe you should
just stop. Give up the fight. Pay
the piper.

MARGARET
Oh don't worry, you'll have me soon
enough.

A face leans in, nose to nose with Margaret, rotting, decayed, foul. It takes a big, hungry sniff.

LEONARD
Yes, I think you're right. And then
you and I will have so much fun.
Well, I will at least.

The figure holds up a biscuit and bites into it with rotten teeth, chews slowly, then...

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Christ, these biscuits are
horrible!

The face moves away. Sounds of violence. Things being broken.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(angry)
If I have to stay in this godawful
place, can we at least get some
decent fucking biscuits!

A knock on the door. A NURSE enters.

NURSE
Everything alright Margaret?

The Nurse takes in the room...furniture turned over, teacups
smashed against the wall, tea dripping down, the mirror
smashed. Margaret still by the window.

MARGARET
I had a bit of an accident.

14 INT. PORTAKABIN.

14

Rhys is fixing his demon machine, soldering metals. Aled
stares at the computer screen.

ALED
Ah, you changed the font.

RHYS
Yes, I did. Happy?

ALED
Still don't like it. What's she
like then? Your new assistant?

RHYS
Angry. Annoying. Terrible driver.

ALED
Sounds like you love her. Why don't
you just give her a kiss?

RHYS
Oh. Shut up.

ALED
What happened to Mr Lone Wolf?

RHYS
Are you jealous?

ALED

What? No. Just don't expect me to come and help you out, when it goes wrong. Which it will.

RHYS

I won't. You've done enough.

Aled huffs like a moody teen. Rhys finishes working on the machine and walks over to the computer and taps on the keyboard.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Look, honestly, I didn't want to take her on. Margaret made me.

ALED

(whiny)

'Margaret made me'. She's 78, she's got dementia. Is it a good idea to do everything she says?

RHYS

I don't do *everything* she says.

Rhys presses enter on the keyboard.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Boom. And the website is live.
(staring at the screen)
I think. Is it? Aled?

ALED

Don't ask me. I don't work here anymore.

15

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

15

Rhys and Anita are nearing the head of a queue for the club, surrounded by tipsy revellers. Anita dressed for clubbing, sparkly top, leggings and heels. Rhys in his long coat and fedora. Anita cricks her neck, loosens her shoulders.

RHYS

What are you doing?

ANITA

I'm tense ain't I? Excited. Like just before a fight.

RHYS

There's not going to be a fight.
Not if you follow my instructions.

ANITA

Yeah, yeah.

RHYS

What were my instructions?

ANITA

(sighs)

Split up. Locate weird demon man.
Notify each other if we have 'eyes
on'. Follow him outside. And you
zap him with your toy.

RHYS

And?

ANITA

Don't engage. Whatever that means.

RHYS

It means don't try and take him on
on your own. He's dangerous. He's
killed three people already.

ANITA

I know. But what if he spots me and
it kicks off? Also what are you
wearing?

RHYS

Clothes.

ANITA

Have you ever been to a nightclub?

RHYS

Unfortunately, yes.

ANITA

You're like proper weird, aren't
you? Like Gavin Thomas who used to
go to my school.

RHYS

I don't know who that is.

ANITA

(sing song)

Weird Gavin Thomas, thought he was
cool, Till he done a poo in the
swimming pool...

RHYS

What are you talking about?

ANITA

Sorry, I'm babbling. I'm a bit
nervous.

RHYS

Just to be clear. You're not my assistant yet. This is a trial. A probationary period.

ANITA

That's alright. I been on probation before.

Rhys sighs and they walk up to the door. A BOUNCER stops them.

BOUNCER

(to Rhys)

Sorry mate. No hats.

ANITA

Told you.

Rhys takes his hat off.

BOUNCER

No weird coats, either.

RHYS

Come on! It's just a coat.

Rhys takes his coat off revealing a shirt and velvet waistcoat.

BOUNCER

Yeah, you just can't come in.

RHYS

What? Why not?

BOUNCER

We're full. Your girlfriend can, though.

ANITA

I'm not his girlfriend.

RHYS

This is ridiculous.

BOUNCER

I know. It's like I'm making random arbitrary decisions, just based on the way people look. What a world. In you go, luv.

Anita heads in.

ANITA

Don't worry, I got this.

RHYS
(concerned)
Ok, but I'll be out here, waiting,
just remember the plan and please
be careful.

ANITA
I will.

Anita goes inside.

RHYS
(calling after her)
Don't engage! Anita!

...but she's gone.

16

INT. NIGHTCLUB.

16

A proper middle of the road townie nightclub crowded with
people dancing.

Anita at the bar, downs a shot, followed by half a pint. And
belches.

ANITA
Let's do this.

She scans the crowded dancefloor, looking for Andramalech.

CONNOR and STEVE (20s) approach, pencil moustached and cocky.

STEVE
Alright love? Looking gorgeous. My
face is leaving soon. You want to
be on it?

Connor giggles.

CONNOR
Nice. He's saying like he wants,
like, to do like...minge.

As Anita turns to look at Connor, Steve puts something in her
drink.

ANITA
Piss off. I'm working.

CONNOR
Wha'? Is you a prossie? How much?

STEVE
Not much I reckon. Bargain bin
innit.

Anita picks up her pint but instead of drinking it, throws it in Connor's face, she rams Steve's head swiftly onto the bar, stunning him.

CONNOR

Ah no. I got ket in my eyes!

Anita grabs Connor hard by the balls. He squeals.

ANITA

Now, normally I'd rip these off,
but I'm trying to remain incognito.
Don't want to cause a scene. So,
I'm just going to knee you really
hard. Is that alright?

Connor, in great pain, nods. Anita knees him in the balls.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Anita walks off. Connor collapses to the ground behind her.

17

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. SIMULTANEOUS.

17

An agitated Rhys is on his mobile phone trying to get hold of Anita. The call goes to her voicemail.

ANITA

(voicemail message)

Can't pick up right now, which
means I'm either down the pub or
kicking arse and taking names.
Leave a message after the beep
unless it's Keanu in which case
fuck off Keanu I did not shit in
your car so stop telling people I
did!

Rhys hangs up, nonplussed and frustrated. He's got to get inside the nightclub. He spots TWO GROUPS of DRUNKEN LADS in the queue and casually inserts himself between them.

RHYS

(loudly)

Wow! Gosh! That's a bit harsh,
dude.

The group in front of him turn round. Rhys gestures to the group behind.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Sheesh.

DRUNK MAN 1

What?

RHYS

Nothing. It's not my place. Just
what he said about you...

Rhys points to DRUNK MAN 2 behind him.

DRUNK MAN 2

What?

DRUNK MAN 1

What did you say?

DRUNK MAN 2

I didn't say nothing.

RHYS

Well, we both know that's not true.

DRUNK MAN 1

Tell me to my face.

RHYS

Yeah, tell him to his face. Don't
be sly.

Drunk Man 1 pushes Drunk Man 2. Rhys gets out of the way as a
fight develops.

18

INT. NIGHTCLUB. CONTINUOUS.

18

Eighties pop blares. Anita attempts to dance her way through
the crowds.

She spots Andramalech on the other side of the dancefloor.
He looks jittery, eyes raking the crowds looking for prey. He
looks in Anita's direction, she drops down, hidden by
dancers.

Andramalech dances up to a GROUP OF WOMEN zeroing in on one
of them.

Anita pops back up and sees Andramalech dancing up to the
WOMAN. He's not a natural mover, awkward, jerky and intense.
He gets up close and goes to whisper into her ear.

Anita watches, tenses.

The Woman, repulsed, brushes Andramalech off and moves away.

Undeterred Andramalech dances up to a GEEKY YOUNG MAN, LIAM,
dancing on his own, who, flattered and obviously attracted to
Andramalech, the man starts to copy the demon's awful dance
moves.

Anita watches as Andramalech whispers into Liam's ear. Liam
laughs and nods and they head off leaving the dancefloor.

ANITA

Oh shit.

Anita takes out her phone.

19 EXT. NIGHTCLUB. SIMULTANEOUS. 19

The fight has escalated dramatically. Groups of tanked up clubbers are now brawling outside the club.

Rhys surveys his handiwork with satisfaction. Bouncers wade in to try and control the mayhem.

Rhys takes the opportunity to slip into the nightclub pointedly putting his hat back on as he goes inside.

20 INT. NIGHTCLUB. 20

Rhys looks around, trying to spot Anita, but the place is packed. He climbs up on a table to get a better look.

CLUBBERS

Whoo! Yeah!

Other clubbers get on the table with him and start dancing blocking his view again.

RHYS

No, no! I'm not dancing! Get off!

Rhys takes out his mobile. He has a text.

The text reads : <EYE EMOJI> ON. NOT LEAVING! <DEVIL EMOJI> TAKING SOMEONE TO <TOILET EMOJI> <THREE POO EMOJIS>

RHYS (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Rhys pushes a dancer blocking his view off the table.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Rhys spots Anita across the club heading down a corridor towards the toilets.

RHYS (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Do not engage, do not engage.

21 INT. NIGHTCLUB CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS. 21

Anita stands poised outside the male toilets, psyching herself up. She checks no one is around, cricks her neck and enters the toilets.

INT. TOILETS. CONTINUOUS.

Anita enters, ready for action, but the toilets appear empty.

There are three cubicles, two with their doors shut.

She puts a mop through the door handle, so no one else can come in.

ANITA

Oi! Laughing Boy. You're trapped.
Stop whatever it is your doing and
come out where I can see you.

A cubicle door opens slowly. Anita steels herself, fists raised and a MAN shuffles out, hastily pulling up his trousers.

MAN

(nervous)

Um...what's this regarding?

ANITA

Get out.

Anita sigh and removes the mop from the door.

MAN

I haven't washed my hands.

ANITA

Out.

Anita shoves the man out and puts the mop back in place.

There's only one cubicle door shut now.

22 INT. NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR. SIMULTANEOUS.

22

Rhys struggles across the dancefloor, jostled by clubbers.

23 INT. TOILETS. CONTINUOUS.

23

Anita takes a deep breath and kicks the cubicle door in.

Andramalech, his back to Anita, has Liam by the throat, his mouth wide open over his, sucking out Liam's soul, a gleaming mist, which he inhales greedily.

ANITA

Oi, dickhead!

Andramalech holds up a finger to silence her and continues 'feeding'.

Anita grabs Andramalech and pulls him off the now unconscious Liam and out of the cubicle, blocking his way.

ANDRAMALECH
You have disturbed my meal.

ANITA
Yeah? Well...it's not very
hygienic, eating in a toilet.

Andramalech strides forward. Anita launches a kick at his head. It has little effect. He shrugs it off, apparently unfazed.

Andramalech smiles. Anita gulps.

24 INT. NIGHTCLUB. OUTSIDE TOILETS. 24

Rhys runs down to the corridor to the male toilets. He tries the door, but can't open it.

RHYS
Anita! Anita!

The sound of a ruckus within.

25 INT. NIGHTCLUB TOILETS. CONTINUOUS. 25

Anita is thrown across the toilet, slamming into a wall. Before she can collect herself Andramalech is on her again, raining blows.

Genuinely scared Anita crawls towards the door, only to have Andramalech grab her leg and pull her back, dragging her across the floor.

She manages to turn and starts kicking desperately at his face.

Andramalech reels back as one of her kicks really connects.

Black blood pours down his face, the heel of Anita's shoe buried in his eye.

ANITA
That's right! That's what you get!

Andramalech calmly pulls the shoe out of his eye and tosses it aside.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

Andramalech grabs Anita by the throat slamming her into the mirror above the sinks, the glass shatters behind her.

Anita struggles to get free, but his grip is too strong.

ANDRAMALECH

Why do you struggle? Your life is unimportant. I am eternal. You are a mayfly. Worthless fodder. Insignificant. I am all. You are nothing.

These words hit home. Anita's eyes fill with tears.

26

INT. NIGHTCLUB TOILETS. CONTINUOUS.

26

Rhys desperately ramming the door.

RHYS

Anita! Anita!

Suddenly, Aled appears beside him.

ALED

Alright? How's it going?

RHYS

What are you doing here?

ALED

How's the new girl working out?

RHYS

Shut up and help me open the door!

ALED

Oh, so you want my help now? Now everything's gone wrong? Like I said it would.

RHYS

Don't be a dick!

ALED

You're welcome.

27

INT. NIGHTCLUB TOILETS. CONTINUOUS.

27

Anita, pinned against the broken mirror being choked by Andramalech.

ANITA'S POV - her vision is blurring. Everything is slowing down. Her heartbeat all she can hear. Andramalech opens his mouth horribly wide. Over his shoulder she sees the toilet door burst open and Rhys and Aled spill in. Rhys hurriedly sets up his equipment whilst gesturing to Aled to help Anita.

A gleaming mist starts to come out of her mouth sucked up greedily by Andramalech.

A blinding white light appears behind Andramalech, as if far away. Anita is dying.

Aled suddenly appears over Andramalech's shoulder.

ALED
(to Anita)
Hi, you must be Anita. I'm Rhys'
mate slash ex-coworker slash
advisor, strategist, he's probably
mentioned me. Has he mentioned me?

Anita's eyes are closing, her strangled breath a death rattle.

ALED (CONT'D)
Oh, right yes, maybe we do the
introductions later. Hang on...

Aled sizes up Andramalech, who seems completely unaware of his prescence. Aled thrusts his hand deep inside Andramalech's chest. Up to the elbow.

Andramalech roars in pain, releasing Anita.

ALED (CONT'D)
Eugh. That is... what is
that...gross...

Aled pulls out his arm which is dripping with black goo.

The glowing mist pours out of Andramalech's mouth and back into Anita.

Anita gasps back into life. The white light disappears and the room snaps back into focus.

Rhys has assembled his equipment.

RHYS
Cover your ears!

A ear piercing howl. Rhys adjusts the dial and the sound drops down into a subsonic rumble. The whole room starts to vibrate.

A BLACK IRON TRAPDOOR appears in the toilet floor and springs open.

Andramalech writhes, fighting against the invisible pull of the trapdoor.

ANDRAMALECH
Aaaaarrrgghh!!!

Anita kicks Andramalech sending him into the gaping fiery mouth of the trapdoor.

The Trapdoor slams shut. The noise abates.

Anita stands over the trapdoor.

ANITA

I'm not nothing. You're nothing!

The trapdoor fades from view.

RHYS

(to Anita)

You ok?

ANITA

Yeah, fine. That was easy.

Rhys smiles. Anita smiles back at him. It wasn't easy at all.

Beat.

ALED

(to Rhys)

I'm ok too by the way.

ANITA

Thanks, you know, for the assist.
Not that I needed it.

ALED

Really? Cause it looked like you
did. Wait, can you see me?

ANITA

Course I can.

Aled and Rhys exchange a look.

RHYS

Ok, that's weird.

ANITA

What's weird?

RHYS

Anita this is Aled. Aled's dead.

ALED

Alright, don't say it like it's a
negative thing.

Suddenly Liam sits up and screams. Aled, Rhys and Anita jump.

LIAM

<Screams>

ALED, RHYS AND ANITA

<Screams>

Liam looks around in bewilderment.

LIAM
Why am in a toilet?

28 INT. CARE HOME. MARGARET'S ROOM.

28

Margaret is in bed. Her phone buzzes. She picks it up.

A text message from Rhys.

<Forces of Darkness 0. Forces of Light 1.>

Margaret smiles grimly and puts the phone down.

She glances to the corner of the room where Leonard stands in the shadows. He gives her a bored wave.

She turns over in bed, faces away from him and shuts her eyes tight.

29 EXT. CITY STREETS. LATER.

29

Rhys, Anita and Aled walk down the late night streets.

RHYS
...maybe because you nearly died,
maybe that's why you can see Aled.

ANITA
Maybe. So you going to take me on
as your assistant or what?

RHYS
Really? After what just happened?

ANITA
It's way more exciting than working
in Aldi.

RHYS
You nearly died. Aled did die.

ALED
It's not that bad.

Aled walks straight through a late night reveller walking in the opposite direction.

RHYS
Yes it is.

ALED
Alright, it's not great.

RHYS

I can't let that happen again.

ALED

I wouldn't worry about it. It's not like you're going get any cases.

RHYS

Why not?

ALED

Told you, the fonts all wrong.

30

INT. PORTAKABIN.

30 *

The glow of the computer screen.

The RHYS PENDRAGON -OCCULT INVESTIGATOR Home Page.

An alert pings up onscreen - *you have 1 message in your inbox.*

Followed by another alert. Ping. And another. Ping.

The pings multiply as the number of messages increase.

There are hundreds.

It looks like Rhys Pendragon is in business.