

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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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.

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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.