

Student Number:

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Fight to the Grave Beatsheet:

1. Television broadcast about the fighting competition encouraging members of the public to audition. Gram: News-channel-Esque soundtrack.
2. Carter and his friends walk home from school chatting about the fighting competition. Jenny convinces Carter that if he auditions, she will go out on a date with him. Ben mocks Carter, making him lose interest in the fight. Carter says he'll think about it. FX: School bell, papers shuffling, chairs scraping, footsteps, children chatting.
3. Carter returns home to his parents arguing. They ask him where he's going and doesn't he want dinner? He says, "No, Donny wants me at the club." FX: Door opening, tv in background, door slamming.
4. Carter trains. Donny, head boxing trainer of the club, tells him he's got potential, but he seems to sabotage himself. Says if he competed, he could go professional. Gram: Upbeat rap. FX: Fists impacting punching bag, shoes squeaking on the canvas, workout noises.
5. Ben calls Carter, clearly drunk, saying it's not fair that Jenny said she'll date him and that he deserves her love, not Carter. Carter tells Ben to go fuck himself. FX: Typing noises interrupted by phone ringing.
6. Carter attends the audition, lying about his age. Another contestant tells him it's brutal out there. Gram: Intense rock music. FX: punch impacts, crowd cheering and oohing. Bell chiming to indicate fight starting.
7. Carter wins his fight to his own bemusement. A producer offers him a place on the show. Gram: Upbeat rap from training session. FX: Punch impacts, crowd cheering, winner announcer.

8. Carter is walking to school when he sees Ben and Jenny kissing. He confronts them, punching Ben. FX: punch impact
9. Carter rings the producer, trying to back out of the competition, only to be told he can't. FX: Dialling phone number, phone ringing. Gram: Ending score.

GRAM: SPORTY SOUNDTRACK

FX: SHUFFLING PAPERS.

SPENCER: Now, onto something a little different. Members of the public are being encouraged to audition for the spectacular, all-new competitive show: Fight to the Grave. Beat your opponent live onstage and you are guaranteed a place in the televised show.

GRAM: ATTENTION-CAPTURING MUSIC

GEORGE: Indeed, Spencer, with a whopping tax-free cash prize of £800,000, I might even audition!

SPENCER (CHUCKLING): A few of our audience members would pay to see that! Hell, I might even join them.

GEORGE (DRYLY): As long as you bring chocolates to my hospital bed, you're welcome to!

SPENCER: If *you* think you've got what it takes, sign up now. See the official website for more details. Applicants must be 18 or over.

SCENE 2

SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

DAY

**FX: SCHOOL BELL RINGING, SOUND OF CHAIRS SCRAPING, SCHOOL
AMBIANCE.**

CARTER (GROANING): If Mr Bunnings asks me the value of X
one more time, I think I'm gonna die. School sucks.

BEN: Don't know why *you're* complainin'. Coach Kizuma thinks
the sun shines out your arse. What was it he said? One more
extra-curricular club and you're bound to get a scholarship
for that fancy sports collage.

CARTER: I ain't got time for more clubs.

JENNY: So, *make* time. It's not like it's hard. Mum said I
had to give up tap and jazz before she'd even think about
signing me up for advanced gymnastics. Why don't you just drop
the kickboxing, it won't go towards your grades anyway.

CARTER: I *like* kickboxing, Jen. It gets me outta the house.

BEN: It's a shame really. If you were 18 you could audition for that new fighting show everyone's talkin' about. What's it called, Fight 'til You're Dead? The prize money is insane.

JENNY (EXASPERATED): Fight to the Grave. Ben's right, Carter. You should audition.

CARTER: Did you miss the part where you have to be 18?

JENNY: No, but I'm sure Ben knows someone who can get you a fake I.D. Don't you, Ben?

BEN (Confidently): Sure, I do. (BEAT) Uh, at least, my brother does.

CARTER: No way, man. I'm not being caught on live television with a fake I.D. That will blow my chance of finally bein' someone.

JENNY: I thought you were braver than that. And to think, if you said you'd audition I'd ask you out on a date.

CARTER: Wait, what? (SIMULTANIOULY) BEN: Wait, what?

CARTER: (TRYING TO HIDE HIS GLEE) I'll think about it!

GRAM: OMINOUS MUSIC

SCENE 3

CARTER' S

KITCHEN

DAY

FX: RAISED VOICES, A MUG SMASHING, RADIO PLAYING IN
BACKGROUND.

CARTER'S MUM: I can't believe you'd say that! It's not like *I'm* the one sleeping 'round.

CARTER'S DAD: I've told you, you stupid cow, you've got no proof I've done anything wrong.

CARTER'S MUM (Hysterically): Proof? Proof? What proof do I need when some strange woman's knickers are in our bedroom? I don't even wear thongs!

FX: KEYS IN A LOCK. A DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSES.

CARTER: (CALLING) Hi Mum, hi Dad!

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS. A BAG THUMPS TO THE FLOOR.

COATHANGERS CLINK AND CLOTHES RUSTLE. FOOTSTEPS RUN BACK DOWNSTAIRS.

CARTER: (CALLING) Bye Mum, bye Dad!

CARTER'S MUM: Just where do you think you're going, young man?

CARTER'S DAD (SARCASTICALLY): Probably to sleep around, you know what men are like.

CARTER'S MUM: Shut up, Paul. Carter?

CARTER: Kickboxing. Donny wants me to coach at the club.

CARTER'S MUM: You gonna be back for dinner?

CARTER'S DAD: No, he'll be eatin' out tonight, won't you son? Eatin' out all night long!

FX: A FIST SLAMMING ONTO THE WORKTOP.

CARTER'S MUM: *Enough*, Paul. Carter?

CARTER (Uncertainly): I'll grab something from the chippy.

FX: DOOR OPENS THEN SLAMS SHUT. FOOTSTEPS FADING.

SCENE 4

DONNY' S KICKBOXING GYM

EVENING

GRAM: UPBEAT RAP MUSIC

FX: GYM AMBIANCE, PUNCHES IMPACTING PUNCHBAG, THE SQUEAK OF
SHOES ON CANVAS.

DONNY: You did well tonight, kid. Thanks for taking over for Brody. He's almost as good at coaching as you... when he's here.

CARTER (PANTING): No problem. Y'know I love this place. I'd rather be helping the boys and training than stuck at home.

FX: HAND THUMPING ON BACK.

DONNY: You stay and work out as long as you want. You've got real potential, you know that?

CARTER: So people keep saying.

FX: METAL WATER BOTTLE UNSCREWING. GULPING WATER.

DONNY: It's true. You could go professional, if you turned up for competitions and stopped sabotaging yourself.

CARTER: You know I don't like people staring at me.

DONNY: Not even for the money?

CARTER: Money's not everything. Happiness is the true key to living a successful life.

DONNY (SNORTING): Who told you that, your philosophy teacher?

CARTER (SHEEPISH): (BEAT) Yeah.

DONNY: Here's a life-lesson, kid. Aint no-one happy, and I'd much rather be depressed in a brand-new Porsche than in a cardboard box on the side of the road. Now, pass me a pair of gloves and let's see what you've got.

FX: SPARRING NOISES.

SCENE 5

CARTER' S BEDROOM

EVENING

GRAM: RAP MUSIC PLAYING

FX: CARTER HUMMING ALONG. PHONE RINGING. MUSIC BEING TURNED
DOWN.

CARTER: Hey Ben!

BEN (SLURRING): Y'know, it's not fair. Why'd Jenny say she'd date you. Am I not good enough?

CARTER: Are you drunk?

BEN: ... Nooooooooooooo! That's (BURPING) illegal. Seriously though, you gonna go on that stupid show?

CARTER: I dunno. I mean, I thought about it. The money would be nice.

BEN: And Jenny!

CARTER (REMEMBERING): Oh yeah! And Jenny!

BEN: I spoke to Robbie. He's already working on getting you that fake I.D. Only wants ten quid for it too!

CARTER: ... I don't know.

BEN: I think you should (HICCOUPHING) go for it. Not like you got anything to lose. Plus, it's always good to have a best mate who's loaded.

CARTER: I'm not throwing another party.

BEN: Awww, man, why not? Your parties are the best. Jen brought all her friends 'round last time.

CARTER: Exactly. My parents are still finding their underwear all over the house, and I can't exactly explain where they came from.

FX: A LOUD THUMP ON BEN'S END OF THE PHONE.

CARTER: Ben?

BEN: Yeah, 'm alright. Floor's spinnin' though.

CARTER (SIGHING): Then you'd best hang up, climb into bed and go to sleep.

FX: LINE GOES DEAD.

SCENE 6

FIGHT TO THE GRAVE AUDITION

DAY

GRAM: INTENSE ROCK MUSIC

FX: FIGHTING SHOW AMBIANCE, CROWD CHEERING AND OOHING

ANNOUNCER: And the winner for this fight is the powerful, the steadfast, Ice 'Breaker' Thompson! It would appear we have our first competitor in this season's 'Fight to the Grave', ladies and gentlemen.

FX: CROWD CHEERING.

GRAM: ROCK MUSIC SWELLS THEN FADES TO BACKGROUND.

FX: FIGHTING SHOW AMBIANCE FADES TO BACKGROUND. REPLACED WITH
OFFICE AMBIANCE.

CARTER: Erm, hi? I'm here to audition for Fight to the Grave.

RECEPTIONIST (DISINTERESTEDLY): Please present your name,
I.D and specified fighting style?

CARTER: Carter Saunders. I kickbox, mainly. Here's my I.D.

FX: KEYBOARD STOPS. SHUFFLING.

RECEPTIONIST: (BEAT) You're twenty-five?

CARTER: Yup!

RECEPTIONIST: It's a shame you still can't grow a proper
beard.

CARTER: I have a... condition.

RECEPTIONIST: Well, everything seems to be in order. Go ahead and get changed in the locker room behind me, Mr Saunders, and a producer will be with you shortly.

FX: DOOR OPENING. SWELL OF FIGHTING RING AMBIANCE.

GRAM: TENSE MUSIC, GRADUALLY SWELLING.

Treatment for Episode 1 of a TV series:

The Death Hound

In Glasgors bog in West Wales, in the dead of night, a mysterious portal opens to Annwn, the world of the fae. CADFAN, the arrogant prince of the land, stumbles in a bewildered haze out of the portal and collapses into the mud. He's been sent on a dire quest by his father to save their land and he fully intends to complete it and make his people proud.

The following morning the JENKINS household is awoken at an early hour by a frantic knocking at the door. NIA (23) the fun-loving eldest daughter of the household, answers the door to Mr Edwards - the local peat farmer's- SERVANT BOY in a state of panic. He claims he and his master were attacked in the bog and

that Mr Edwards has been murdered. Awoken by the commotion the matriarch of the family, MRS JENKINS (46) arrives to take control of the situation. After fifteen years of running her household without her husband she knows how to get things done in an efficient manner.

RHYS (23), Nia's twin brother and a serious though troubled youth, heads to the crime scene. Though Mrs Jenkins is the true manager of the family behind the scenes, Rhys is perceived as Head of the household and takes his responsibilities very seriously. He, along with his butler: MR EVANS (mid 80's), the village Doctor: DR THOMAS (50's), and a crowd of concerned locals find Mr Edward's body mangled and mutated beyond recognition. With bare footprints leading away from the body they conclude that he was indeed murdered.

Relishing the idea of finally taking control of a situation and proving himself to the village people, Rhys follows the footprints and a trail of blood, discovering Cadfan lying bloody and beaten at the bottom of a ditch. He's unlike anything the rural villagers have ever seen, a godlike marvel in comparison to their provincial charm. He slides down to check that the unconscious Cadfan has a pulse and orders Mr Evans to fetch Dr Thomas.

With the villagers in turmoil and calling for retribution for the murder of one of their own, Cadfan is rushed to be treated out of sight at the Jenkins's estate. A crowd gathers on the driveway outside of the stately home, calling for blood. Stepping into the mantle of local Lord, Rhys, with the help of Dr Thomas, manage to persuade the unsettled villagers to back down.

Hours pass in which the tense atmosphere settles down. Rhys and Nia, concerned for their strange new charge, observe Dr Thomas at work. Despite

Cadfan's extensive injuries, the doctor claims that with bedrest he will make a full recovery. Moments later, Cadfan awakens, confused and on edge in the strange new world he finds himself in. He confesses that there was a gwyllgi – a death hound – from his world loose on the on the previous night. Used to a more brutal way of life, in which every shadow is a potential assassin, Cadfan acts. He darts from the bed and begins to choke the person he sees as the biggest threat, Dr Thomas. Before Cadfan can hurt Dr Thomas any further, Rhys acts, managing to knock Cadfan unconscious. Though Rhys attempts to talk things over with the now-terrified doctor, Dr Thomas flees the scene.

Convinced that the villagers were right and that Cadfan is a murderer, Dr Thomas enters The Salt and Iron pub, hysterical. He claims that the locals are right and that there's something dangerous about the stranger they fished out of the bog. Incensed and convinced that the Jenkins household are preventing a murderer from receiving justice, the villagers form a MOB and begin to march on the Jenkins' estate.

Worried for his family yet still drawn to the stranger he's taken into his household, Rhys arranges for Cadfan to be watched and for himself to be alerted as soon as he awakens. A servant promptly does so, and upon entering Cadfan's sickroom Rhys receives a full apology. Cadfan tells a disbelieving Rhys that he has come to the human world to find a cure to his people's suffering. He seems so earnest that Rhys believes him to be a harmless, though delusional, victim of circumstance.

While trying to keep Cadfan from doing anything dangerous, Rhys is alerted by Mr Evans that the angry mob is heading their way and are out for blood. Though

he feels anything but confident, he once more channels his inner strength and steps outside to face the mob. Ever at his side to support him, Nia follows, clutching their father's old machete in case things turn south. The mob, now led by Dr Thomas, demands that Rhys gives up the 'murderous' Cadfan. Nia steps forward and vehemently refuses to do so. She must be gently pulled back by her brother. At the refusal, the mob grow restless, gripping their rifles and preparing to attack. Before they can do so, a scream rings out and, in the firelight, a member of the mob is seen being dragged off by a giant wolf-like creature – the GWYLLGI. The scene descends into chaos. Villagers scream and flee for their lives, all whilst the creature continues to attack.

Drawn by the noise, Cadfan rushes outside. He makes eye contact with the gwylli – a creature that has come from the depths of Annwn just to hunt him- as it closes its jaws around Rhys's arm and drags him off into the dark. Nia immediately rushes after her brother. As his twin, she has a connection to him that is impossible to break and will do everything in her power to get him back. Cadfan joins her, feeling the first flicker of emotion since he arrived in the human world: guilt. These humans took him in, tended to him, kept him from the gwyllgi and are now paying the price. With Nia relying on him, he finally admits that the gwyllgi has been sent after him to stop him from completing his mission. He also promises her that no matter what, they will get her brother back. Nia is sceptical, until Cadfan shows her a spark of magic at his fingertips.

Deep in the bog, in a hidden scraggly copse of trees, Rhys lies prone beneath the gwyllgi. Looking into the giant creature's face and the thick smoke spewing from its body, he realises that Cadfan isn't delusional after all. Reaching for a nearby rock

to use as a weapon, he attempts to fight back and escape, only to be caught by the gwyllgi once more. To his terror, the creature opens its maw and talks to him.

Cadfan and Nia find Rhys being guarded by the gwyllgi. Cadfan distracts the creature, whilst Nia draws on her inner courage and manages to sneak around to rescue Rhys. Together, the twins decide not to flee but to stay and help Cadfan.

Intent on its mission to hunt down and kill Cadfan, the gwyllgi is all menace and black smoke. Cadfan and the creature fight, both receiving multiple injuries. Before the gwyllgi can deal a killing blow, Rhys distracts it and Nia cuts off its head with her father's machete.

Morning dawns, and with it comes a police presence to the Jenkins household. A giant 'wolf' lies dead on their kitchen table while the POLICE prod and poke at it. It is decided that the creature must be a part of the exotic pet trade and that somehow it got loose and killed Mr Edwards. Rhys, Nia and Cadfan are lauded for bringing the animal down.

Due to Cadfan's heroics, Mrs Jenkins offers him a place with her family until his business is concluded.

"The Death Hound"

TEASER

FADE IN:

Black, then mist dances across the screen.

EXT. BOG - NIGHT 1. 03:33

The fog clears. Moonlight reflects off the groundwater, revealing the forms of half-submerged logs and reeds rustling in the wind. A hand breaks through the reeds and scrabbles at the soft ground. CADFAN.

He pulls himself forward, his bare shoulder becoming visible. This is followed by his head. His wild hair is plastered against his skull. He's ethereal and almost completely naked, save for a pair of ragged trousers.

Cadfan tilts his head to the sky and screams, before collapsing onto his back.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY. JENKINS RESIDENCE - DAY 1. 04:45

A large ivy-covered house stands alone in the early morning light, backdropped by the vast expanse of the bog. Despite the early hour a SERVANT BOY sprints up the driveway to the house. At his heels runs a little white dog, its paws dark with mud. The boy knocks, frantic.

SERVANT BOY

Hello? Hello?

A pause and a faint shuffling, before the door swings open. NIA stands there, wrapped in a dressing-gown. She's in her early twenties and pretty, despite her hair hanging dishevelled down her back. She frowns at the unwelcome visitor.

NIA

Do you have any idea what time it is?

The boy doesn't appear to hear her.

SERVANT BOY

Miss, miss, you've got to send for help right away! It's Mr Edwards, miss. He's dead!

Nia pulls the door open. Her face softens. The boy is young and clearly distraught. A bit of kindness won't go amiss.

NIA

Come inside and calm your nerves, then you can tell me all about it. I'll have the servants put on a pot of tea, shall I?

Before she can usher the boy inside, there's a commotion from the stairway. MRS JENKINS, the matriarch of the household, hurries down the stairs. Despite the early hour, she's dressed, and her hair is perfectly pinned into place.

MRS JENKINS

(Exasperated)

You will do no such thing! Honestly, dear, do you have no sense of decorum?

Mrs Jenkins turns to the boy, her eyes flickering over him and the dog at his heels. He shrinks under her gaze.

MRS JENKINS (CONT'D)

Shoo now and take that dastardly mutt with you. We're not in the habit of giving handouts.

The boy glances between Mrs Jenkins and Nia, his eyes wide.

SERVANT BOY

But... ma'am?

MRS JENKINS

No excuses, child. Shoo!

The servant boy takes a step backwards. He bites his lip, unsure. Nia places a hand on Mrs Jenkins's shoulder, gaining her attention.

NIA

He said Mr Edwards is dead, Ma.

MRS JENKINS

I beg your pardon?

NIA

That's why he's here. Came directly from the bog, by the looks of his boots. We should at least send someone to validate his story.

Mrs Jenkins nods slowly. She now recognises the seriousness of the situation.

MRS JENKINS

I'll find Mr Evans. He should be awake at this hour. Take the boy into the sitting room but for the love of all that's holy, leave that dog outside!

EXT. BOG - DAY 1. 05:30

MR EVANS, the Jenkins's portly middle-aged butler, stands with a group of men ankle-deep in the bog. The sun has fully risen now, painting the sky in pinks and golds.

RHYS, the Jenkins's eldest son, stands amongst the group. A cold breeze rustles the men's hair and catches in their coats. It covers the low murmur of their voices. A pair of legs poke out from behind the gathered crowd.

MR EVANS

Heavens help us. It appears the boy was right.

Rhys steps away from the conversing group to stand at Mr Evans's side. Alun Edwards's body comes into view. Something has ripped him in half.

RHYS

What could have done something like this?

MR EVANS

I'm not sure, sir. A wolf, perhaps. There's

been all sorts of unusual goings on around these parts lately.

Rhys raises an eyebrow, disbelieving. He's a handsome, practical sort, used to his butler's tall tales.

RHYS

When's the last time you saw a wolf wandering around the countryside, Evans?

MR EVANS

(Hesitating)

I can't say I ever have, sir.

RHYS

Precisely. This was something... else.

Rhys crouches next to the body, prodding the severed torso with shaking fingers.

RHYS (CONT'D)

What was he doing out here in the first place?

MR EVANS

Peat, sir.

RHYS (Confused)

Peat?

Overhearing their exchange, a muscled man breaks away from the huddle of villagers. He's a blacksmith, still wearing his leather apron beneath his overcoat.

BLACKSMITH

That would be for me, my lord. It burns well, good for smelting tin. Alun offered to go out with his boy and collect the stuff. I think he misses good, old-fashioned work, you know?

RHYS

(To himself)

Tin, you say?

The blacksmith blabbers on, but Rhys is no longer listening. In the mud he discovers the imprint of bare human feet. Rhys glances at Mr Edwards's work-boots, dismissing them as the cause. He holds up a hand and the villagers and blacksmith fall silent.

RHYS

Mr Edwards and the boy weren't alone.

There are footprints here in the mud. I suggest we spread out and see what we can find.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOG. HIDDEN DIP - DAY 1. 05:56

Rhys and Mr Evans trudge through the bog. Other villagers can be seen spread out in a semi-circle around them. Mr Evans huffs and puffs, out of his element, but Rhys soldiers on with a determined frown on his face.

RHYS

They couldn't have gotten far without any boots.

MR EVANS (Out of breath)

Indeed, sir.

Rhys spots a splash of blood darkening a patch of moss and hurries forward.

RHYS

Aha!

The splash of blood leads to another and yet another. Following the blood trail, Rhys and Mr Evans come across another footprint at the top of a sudden dip. Rhys pauses, flinging an arm out to stop Mr Evans from sending them both tumbling.

At the bottom of the dip, spread-eagle in the mud, is Cadfan. His eyes are closed, his chest still. Deep lacerations curl up his mud-caked arms and over his shoulders.

MR EVANS

My God, we've found another one.

Rhys is already sliding into the ditch. There's a glint to his eyes that wasn't there previously. He's been given a purpose. He presses a finger to Cadfan's neck, searching for a pulse.

Cadfan's eyes flicker open. They're bloodshot, his pupils blown wide. He takes a gasping breath, darting out a hand to clutch Rhys's shirt.

RHYS

It's okay. You're going to be fine.

(To Mr Evans)

Get a medic over here!

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JENKINS RESIDENCE. GUEST BEDROOM. DAY 1. 09:00

BLACK.

Then, a voice. The soothing words of Dr. Thomas can be heard, getting clearer with every second.

DR. THOMAS (O.C.)

- going to be okay. Didn't even need stitches! Keep those injuries clean and dry and, after a couple more days of bedrest, he'll be right as rain.

Cadfan lies in the Jenkins's guest bed, sheets pulled up to his chin. He appears out of place amongst the human trappings, a god amongst ants. Dr Thomas stands at the foot of the bed, packing his equipment into his bag.

Rhys is settled in an armchair beside the side table. He's playing with a knife, a peeled apple lying abandoned on the table. Nia stands next to him, listening intently to the doctor. As Dr Thomas talks, Cadfan's eyes slowly flicker open.

CADFAN

(Groans)

NIA

(Excitedly)

He's awake!

She moves forward but Rhys catches her by the wrist with his free hand.

RHYS

Slowly now. The poor man's had quite a

fright. Your face looming above him is the

last thing he needs right now.

NIA

Why you-

Cadfan bolts upright. In a moment, he's out of bed with his back pressed against the wall. His eyes are wide and wild; a fox caught in a hunter's trap.

CADFAN

(In Seelie)

Who are you people? Who sent you?

DR. THOMAS

Calm down, son! We're here to help. Do you speak English? Cymraeg?

A frown settles on Cadfan's face. He recognises the words but hasn't had to speak the mortal tongue in so long. He's still wary but relaxes his tense pose.

CADFAN

(In English)

Both.

(beat)

Who are you?

DR THOMAS

I'm Dr. Thomas. I've been tending to your injuries. You were discovered out in the bog. Do you remember how you got there? Anything about the attack?

As Dr Thomas talks Cadfan's posture relaxes further. His shoulders fall back, and his chin adopts an arrogant tilt. He glances briefly at Rhys and Nia before dismissing them.

CADFAN

Of course I remember. I stepped through the veil into your ghastly realm where I was attacked by a death- hound. My father was sure they were extinct. I suppose this proves him wrong. Ha!

NIA

A... death-hound?

She glances at Dr Thomas who minutely shakes his head.

DR THOMAS

Can you describe what this 'death-hound' looked like? Did it have a collar on, any other identifying features?

CADFAN

(Still chuckling to himself)

Of course not! They're not common pets.

It looked like any other. Glowing red eyes, made from pure shadow, a fondness for death and destruction. Surely, I don't need to explain any further?

RHYS

(Mouthing to Nia)

He's mad!

Nia nods vigorously, agreeing with her brother's assessment. Dr Thomas sends them both another stern look.

DR THOMAS

Of course. Anything else you can tell us? How did you fight the creature off?

Cadfan's eyes narrow. This man is asking too many questions. Could he mean him harm?

CADFAN

Like this!

Cadfan throws himself at Dr Thomas, impossibly fast. His hands curl around Dr Thomas's throat, pushing him against the wall. Cadfan looms over him, his eyes dark. Then his expression goes slack, and he collapses to the floor.

Rhys stands over Cadfan's prone form. It's a reflection of their first meeting. Rhys grips the knife by the blade. The handle is wet with Cadfan's blood.

RHYS

Oh dear.

Reflective Essay

Within my portfolio is included a beatsheet for my radio play, 'Fight to the Grave', and an extract from the radio play's script. I also incorporated the treatment for a television miniseries, 'Beyond the Veil', and an extract from the miniseries' first episode, 'The Death Hound'. In this essay I shall discuss how the beatsheet for 'Fight to the Grave' is crafted around the three-act structure, including the setup, confrontation and resolution. I shall also discuss how the script for the radio play honours the beatsheet, with scenes and locations listed, as well as the inclusion of appropriate gram and FX sounds and accompaniments. Furthermore, I shall discuss the treatment for the television mini-series, 'The Death Hound' and how it is written in a way to showcase to producers the story outline as well as character development. Following on from this I shall analyse an extract from the script and explain the techniques that I have used to keep it true to the treatment, such as tone, plot and character building, whilst still fitting the conventions for television scripts in Britain. As Robert McKee explains in *Story: Substance, structure, style, and the principles of Screenwriting*, '75 percent or more of a writer's labour goes into designing story' If they fail at this or don't put in

the effort it leads to ‘bland, boring text.’¹ If I wanted to ensure this did not happen, then I had to make sure my story was sound by giving the characters reasonable motivations and flaws and have the story progress as the attempt to achieve these.

The beatsheet for ‘Fight to the Grave’ includes a beat-by-beat outline of the first episode of a radio mini-series, with the intended audience being young adults. It follows Syd Field’s three act structure and includes a setup in which the protagonist, Carter, discovers the fighting competition and reveals to the listener his motivations for auditioning, as well as highlighting his personal and school life.² The confrontation consists of Carter’s audition for the competition, with him managing to win a place despite being underage. Following on from this, he then discovers that his whole motivation for entering the competition – winning a date with the girl he fancies – was for nothing as she has begun to date his friend instead. I chose to keep the resolution open-ended as the episode is a part of a wider mini-series. To conclude the episode, I chose to have Carter attempt to back out of the competition, only to find out that it is too late and he is stuck in the situation he put himself in.

With a brief synopsis in mind for the radio play, I began to work on fitting the three-act structure into a beat sheet. Field emphasises that, when creating a scene, a writer ‘should first created the *context*, then determine *content*.’³ I realised that each scene and location had to move the story along and covey something to the listener, be this character building, backstory or theme. Screenwriting books such as Blake Snyder’s ‘*Save the Cat!*’ helped with my research for the correct layout of a beatsheet.

¹ Robert McKee, *Story: Substance, Structure, Style, and the Principles of Screenwriting* (York: Methuen, 2014) Pg.19

² Syd Field, *The Definitive Guide to Screenwriting*, (London: Ebury Press, 2003) Pg. 11

³ Syd Field, *The Definitive Guide to Screenwriting*, (London: Ebury Press, 2003) Pg. 160.

Snyder suggests separating the scenes into fifteen bullet points, with shorter pieces reduced to nine or ten , which is what I ended up doing.⁴

With the beatsheet written up, I could begin to work on the radio play itself. I began by perusing the BBC Writer's Room website for pre-written scripts so that I could study them and correctly imitate the form. '*Nightmare(ish)*' was of particular interest, showcasing how to approach a radio show or podcast within a radio spec script.⁵ It also helped me to establish the balance between dialogue and intradiegetic sound. For example, it hadn't occurred to me to use sound between transitions. In '*Nightmare(ish)*' this can be seen when the scene transitions from Amy cooking to Ben worried about his agent ringing:

'FX: CHOPPING, CUTTING, COOKING CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

BEN: What time is it? God, it's gone seven, why is my agent always late?!'⁶

As evidenced, I mirrored this with the transition between Carter's parents arguing and his return home:

'CARTER'S MUM (Hysterically): Proof? Proof? What proof do I need when some strange woman's knickers are in our bedroom? I don't even wear thongs!

FX: KEYS IN A LOCK. A DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSES.

⁴ Blake Snyder, *Save The Cat: The Last Book on Screenwriting That You'll Ever Need* (California: Michael Wiese Productions, 2005) Pg. 70

⁵ Ollie George Clarke, BBC, *Nightmare(ish)*, 2023, <https://www.bbc.co.uk/writers/scripts/radio-drama/nightmareish> [Accessed: 29 November 2025]

⁶ Ollie George Clarke, BBC, *Nightmare(ish)*, 2023, <https://www.bbc.co.uk/writers/scripts/radio-drama/nightmareish> [Accessed: 29 November 2025] Pg. 3

CARTER: (CALLING) Hi Mum, hi Dad!''

It became apparent that simplicity is key when it comes to setting the scene, with the location of the scene, the time of day and a few brief notes on the intradiegetic and extradiegetic sound effects being the primary information to convey. This can be seen in the opening scene, which merely says: 'Scene 1: Spencer's Sports Podcast, Day. Gram: Sporty Soundtrack. FX: Shuffling papers.' Using the beatsheet as my guide, as well as relying on the sound effects to help set the scene, I began crafting dialogue that would seem natural yet convey information without being over-expository. As inferred by Mackendrick, dialogue is there to convey information and, even if cut down to its bare bones, should remain 'absolutely faithful to the playwrights original story.'⁷ I ensured this by keeping my dialogue short and to the point.

In preparation for the treatment for 'The Death Hound', I first wrote a beatsheet so that I could see the overall flow of the story, highlight key scenes and see which themes stood out the most, self-discovery being the prime example. I then researched the treatments. This showed me that beautiful prose was not important. I worked key character traits into the treatment – how they react to certain situations and why – as well as giving an overall synopsis of the story. The writing of the treatment helped me see what elements of the story worked and what didn't. I concluded that some of the scenes I thought were essential, held the story back and didn't make sense regarding the overall plot. I cut some scenes that I had included in the beatsheet and/or rearranging them in a way that made more sense to themes of self-discovery and discovery of the world, as well as the overall story arc. Stephen Earnshaw emphasises

⁷ Alexander Mackendrick, *On Film-Making* (London: Faber and Faber Inc, 2004) Pg. 164

that, 'whatever is written can usually be improved upon.'⁸ Indeed, in my original treatment, I had the inclusion of another character, Pwyll, who is a servant of Cadfan. His character became obsolete within the overall story and took vital exterior character development away from Cadfan, Nia and Rhys. This led to me cutting him completely.

'The Death Hound' speculative script is aimed at a young adult audience in the same vein as BBC's '*Merlin*'.⁹ I used the shooting script of '*Being Human*' as an example on format and how much detail I could go into regarding description¹⁰. In '*Being Human*' it became obvious that script is a very visual medium. Keeping this in mind, I showed character thoughts and interaction through body language, for example:

RHYS

(Mouthing to Nia)

He's mad!

Nia nods vigorously, agreeing with her brother's assessment.

Dr Thomas sends them both another stern look.

DR THOMAS

⁸ Stephen Earnshaw, *The Handbook of Creative Writing* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2007) Pg. 96

⁹ Julian Jones, BBC, *Merlin: Excalibur*, 2005, <https://www.bbc.co.uk/writers/scripts/tv-drama/merlin> [Accessed: 29 November 2025]

¹⁰ BBC, *Being Human: Series 1, Episode 1*, 2009, <https://www.bbc.co.uk/writers/scripts/tv-drama/being-human> [Accessed 29 November 2025]

Of course. Anything else you can tell us? How
did you fight the creature off?

Cadfan's eyes narrow. This man is asking too many questions.
Could he mean him harm?

Field makes it clear that “Without character, there is no action.”¹¹ This sliver of script already shows multiple aspects of character, from Rhys and Nia’s close connection through their familiar interactions and agreements with each other, to Cadfan’s unease of the situation through his eyes narrowing. The dialogue too, gives us insight to character. Rhys is amused by the situation, whilst Dr Thomas is more concerned with discovering what has happened to his patient.

During the writing of the radio and screenplay, I learned that there are more technical aspects than I had anticipated, from setting the scene, to conveying critical information through action and dialogue. It was especially tricky to do this with the radio play as it is a purely aural form and required thought about how much dialogue and sound effects could convey without alienating the listener. It was interesting to experiment with how different character interactions and personalities could change the meaning of a scene depending on the focus I gave to them. Candy supports this in her book *The Creative Reflective Practitioner*, stating that by seeing work in a different context the ‘practitioner’s perspective can be altered.’¹² I also concluded that information left unsaid paints its own picture to the listener, such as Carter’s

¹¹ Syd Field, *The Definitive Guide to Screenwriting* (London: Ebury Press, 2003) Pg 31

¹² Linda Candy, *The Creative Reflective Practitioner* (Oxon: Routledge, 2020) Pg. 63

relationship with his parents. Upon self-reflecting, I have come to the conclusion that my skills with story are solid, but when it comes to translating story to script I shall focus on streamlining dialogue to make it sound more realistic, by focusing on dialect, and researching ways to fit the appropriate script format.

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