

SNUFF BROS

'STINKY'

by
Jon Hayes

OUTSIDE: The SNUFF WAGON skids to a halt in a cloud of TIRE SMOKE and rubber. Darryl SPLATS against the windscreen.

CUT TO:

INSIDE: Darryl slides down the windscreen leaving a dirty smear.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I am sick of being cooped up in this metal box with you stinky lot. Mike's got Mould growing all over him --

A rumbling GROWL echoes from the depths of the Snuff Wagon.

-- Even Errol smells!

The tiny face of Errol the bat appears over Arthur's Shoulder. He sniffs under his wing. His eyes go wide and he goes rigid with shock at the smell, and falls backward off of Arthur's shoulder.

ZOE (CONT'D)

The cars gone toxic and I'm not driving any further until you lot get cleaned up!

Zoe points at a SIGN outside. It shows a glittering HEALTH SPA, SHADY ACRES and a grinning attendant with perfect teeth. The slogan reads: De-Tox and get deep down clean at Shady Acres.

ARTHUR

Not bad. Nice and quiet. Good place to practice.

DARRYL

I'm perfectly clean and what I need is fun, not practice. I need re-charging.

Zoe glares at him.

ZOE

You *need* disinfecting.

2 **EXT. SHADY ACRES HEATH SPA - DAY** 2

The Snuff Wagon roars up to the palatial main building.

3 **INT. RECEPTION - DAY** 3

The grubby collection of occult bounty hunters that comprises Darryl, Arthur and the looming figure of Mike stand at the desk.

Errol sits on Arthur's shoulder and Zoe stands as far away from them as possible marvelling at how clean everything is. Darryl dings the bell repeatedly.

DARRYL

This is a colossal waste of time
and there's no one home. Lets go.

ZOE

Oh, look. Even the plants are
clean! Everything is so pristine.

The potted plants GLEAM with cleanliness.

ARTHUR

That's not natural. Plants grow in
dirt. Dirt's, dirty. *That's*
natural.

ZOE

We're staying.

Darryl hops up onto the reception desk.

DARRYL

Hellloooo!

No response. Mike blinks slowly and glares dumbly down at the bell. He brings one huge distorted hand down onto the bell. As usual he completely misjudges his strength and CRUSHES the bell.

A flustered figure dressed all in white appears from a corridor behind the desk. Quick as a flash Arthur sweeps the mangled bell off the desk. Darryl, sat on the reception desk, grins at the newcomer.

WHITE CLAD MAN

What is it? What do you want? Why
are you making my pristine desk
dirty, boy?

Darryl looks up curiously as Errol begins sniffing at the white clad man. Zoe pops up at the desk.

ZOE

They need help. Just look at them.

The figure gives the motley crew a quick scan.

WHITE CLAD FIGURE

We cannot help. We are... closed
for cleaning. Yes, Closed for
cleaning.

Arthur looks round at the sparkling reception in surprise. Zoe looks horror struck.

Darryl watches as Errol suddenly launches himself into the air and, with a loud SQUEAK, shoots out of the reception back towards the Snuff Wagon.

ZOE

(Begging)

What? You can't be! Look at them. They're rancid. Please help me. I can't take it anymore. They keep showing me crusty things they pull out of unspeakable places. I need help!

Darryl turns back to the white-clad man.

DARRYL

We'll pay whatever you want.

Arthur and Zoe's jaws both drop.

ARTHUR

You what!?

4

INT. CLEARING BY LAKE - DAY

4

Errol cowers on the bonnet of the SNUFF WAGON, squeaking. Arthur and Darryl both watch him.

DARRYL

Whatever's in there must be pretty potent to do that to him.

ARTHUR

Which is why you need PRACTICE!

Darryl scowls.

DARRYL

I can't practice if I've got no juice. What I need is FUN!

Zoe sits scowling by the lake her face cupped in her hand.

ZOE

If you two weren't so disgustingly foul they'd have let us in and I'd be soaking in a mud bath.

Darryl picks up a handful of OOZING MUD from the shore.

DARRYL

Plenty of mud here.

ZOE

They use special mud.

DARRYL
Mud's, mud.

ZOE
Idiot.

Mike slowly lumbers past Zoe and into the lake.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Look at that. Even Mike, the Golem,
has better hygiene than you lot.
He's going for a bath.

Arthur yells at Darryl from over by the Snuff Wagon.

ARTHUR
Oi, prodigy. How about we have some
fun?

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. CLEARING BESIDE LAKE - DAY** 5

Arthur stands next to a huge MECHANICAL TENNIS BALL FLINGER.

ARTHUR
-- This'll be fun.

Darryl stands opposite the machine with a BLINDFOLD over his eyes.

DARRYL
How exactly is this 'fun'

Arthur grins wickedly through his beard.

ARTHUR
I never said it'd be fun for you.

Arthur flicks the switch and the machine SPITS a flurry of TENNIS BALLS towards Darryl. His PSYCHIC SENSES go off warning him of approaching danger. Darryl hurriedly drops into a defensive PSYKATA form, but it's too little too late and the TENNIS BALLS SLAM into him, knocking him over.

DARRYL
Aaargh!!

Arthur CLICKS the machine off and bellows at Darryl.

ARTHUR
SLOPPY!

Darryl struggles to his feet gasping.

DARRYL
 (To Zoe)
 Hey, Zoe. Did you see that? Pretty
 impressive, right?

Zoe pointedly ignores him.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 Zoe. Hey, ZOE!

She looks over at the lake just in time to see a giant figure covered in SLIME and GREEN TENDRILS emerge from the lake. She jumps up with a yell.

ZOE
 What the hell is that?

Darryl sprints to her side and skids to a stop in front of her holding a PSYKATA pose as he does.

DARRYL
 I'll protect you!

Zoe brushes past him.

ZOE
 Grow up. It's only Mike.

Zoe heads over to Mike who's stood on the shore dripping slime. Zoe recoils from him, gagging.

ARTHUR
 Don't touch him!

DARRYL
 No chance, he reeks!

ZOE
 What's he got all over him?

Arthur reaches out with a stick and snags one of the stinking TENDRILS. He inspects it.

ARTHUR
 Oh, wonderful.

8 **EXT. LAKESIDE CAMP - DAY**

8

Arthur peers down at THE LIST which is so long covers most of the bed and pools on the floor. His finger stops at a NAME on the list.

ARTHUR
 Gotcha! Yig-Ururt demon of foul,
 decayed and rotten things. This
 must be him.

ZOE
Yigurt? Really? His name's actually
'Yigurt?' Sounds terrifying.

Arthur glares at her.

ARTHUR
It's a swamp demon. This thing
touches you and you stink to high
heaven for ten years and a day. I'm
not talking a bit of B.O I'm
talking serious stench. People'll
puke if they get within ten feet of
you. Imagine stinking like that?

DARRYL
According to Zoe I already am.

ZOE
Why ten years and 'a day'? That's
ridiculous. And how can it be
exactly ten years and one day? How
is that measured?

DARRYL
It's magic.

ZOE
But there still need to be rules.
What about Physics? Chemistry?
Science!? Ring any bells?

DARRYL
There's no poetry in your soul, is
there? Magic is a law unto itself,
right Arthur.

ZOE
No it isn't. It's a bunch of half
made-up rubbish that makes no
logical sense.

Arthur rolls the list up.

ARTHUR
You two can flirt later. First
thing we have to do is to find old
stinky.

ZOE
Flirting!?

DARRYL
(Grinning)
I guess I'll just follow my nose,
right?

Tumbleweed.

ARTHUR

Ha ha. Excuse me while I hold my sides. We'll have to get some scuba gear and --

Zoe cuts him off.

ZOE

It's not down there.

DARRYL

Course it is. Look at Mike.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE

He's five feet away. The completely random rules are ten feet right.

ARTHUR

She's right. If he'd been slimed by a swamp demon we'd be vomiting all over the place and we're not.

ZOE

Well if it's not down there then where is it?

DARRYL

The spa. It explains Errol's reaction to the place. Stinky's gone for the mother of all de-toxes.

Darryl stands up and strikes his best superhero pose..

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Arthur, exactly how much is old stinky worth?

9

EXT. BUSHES/SPA - NIGHT

9

Darryl, his face streaked with camouflage make-up, lurks in the bushes with Errol on his shoulder. The little Bat gibbers and squeak in distress. Arthur grumbles next to Darryl.

ARTHUR

This is hell on my rheumatism.

DARRYL

Once I've found it how do I catch it?

ARTHUR

Well, best thing would be a psychic cage.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Throw a big one and then squeeze it
 down till it's own stench
 overwhelms it.

DARRYL
 Right, easy.

ARTHUR
 But --

Arthur grabs at Darryl who slinks out of the bushes like a Ninja and scampers across the lawn towards the SPA.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 -- I haven't taught you that yet.

Arthur winces as Darryl attempts a FORWARD ROLL and winds up tangled in his own legs in front of the Spa's main doors. With a sigh Arthur goes after him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Darryl!

But Darryl disappears round the corner of the building dragging a protesting Errol with him by his chain.

10 **INT. SNUFF WAGON - NIGHT**

10

Zoe sits behind the wheel a CLOTHES PEG on her nose, her arms crossed. Mike looms behind her.

ZOE
 I hate this. Waiting. Just sitting
 here waiting to see if they come
 back and worrying if they do,
 whether they'll be hurt.

Mike rumbles behind her. He puts a massive hand on her shoulder.

ZOE (CONT'D)
 It sucks.

She makes a decision and opens the door.

ZOE (CONT'D)
 Well, not this time. You coming?

Mike extricates himself from the Snuff Wagon and lumbers after Zoe.

11 **INT. SPA CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

11

Darryl drops silently through a skylight and into a crouch.

DARRYL
 (Whispering)
 Which way?

Errol points down a dark corridor. Darryl slinks down the corridor like a shadow.

12

EXT. SPA - CONTINUOUS

12

Arthur stands by a DRAIN PIPE calling up in a hoarse voice.

ARTHUR
 DARRYL!

Zoe appears round the corner closely followed by Mike.

ZOE
 Where's miracle boy?

ARTHUR
 What are you doing here? You're supposed to wait in the car with Mike.

ZOE
 I've had enough of waiting.

ARTHUR
 This is dangerous. I don't want you involved.

ZOE
 Bit late for that, Dad. You involved me when you agreed to help the annoying little so and so.

Arthur glares at Zoe, but her eyes are hard.

ARTHUR
 Darryl's in trouble.

ZOE
 Already? It's only been five minutes. That's impressive even for him.

ARTHUR
 He needs a psychic cage, but I haven't actually taught him how to make one.

ZOE
 Oh, perfect. What is it with you two?

Zoe grabs the drainpipe. Arthur looks horrified.

ARTHUR
What are you doing?

ZOE
Going after him before he gets
himself killed.

Arthur grabs for her, but Mike's huge hands grab him and haul him back. Zoe shins up the drainpipe like a cat.

ARTHUR
Mike, let me go!

But Zoe's long gone.

13 **INT. SPA CORRIDOR/DOOR TO SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT** 13

Darryl sneaks up to a door marked SWIMMING POOL. He wrinkles his nose as Errol squeaks excitedly. Music POUNDS DULLY from behind the door.

DARRYL
Shush.

Darryl eases the door open a crack as Errol makes a break for it and disappears back down the corridor the way they came.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
(After Errol)
Gutless!

Darryl takes a DEEP BREATH and ducks through the door into
...

14 **INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT** 14

... the POOL ROOM. 80's power pop workout music blares and Darryl gapes at a huge TENTACLED FIGURE in the swimming pool apparently doing WATER AEROBICS.

Yig-Ururt, demon of foul and rotten things is working out.

The monstrous be-tentacled, slime dripping creature copying moves demonstrated by an instructor who wears a GAS MASK.

DARRYL
Oh, wow.

15 **INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS** 15

Zoe skids to a stop as she spots Errol heading towards her at high speed. She jumps, catches him as he tries to fly past.

ERROL
SQUEAK!

The wall ahead of her EXPLODES outwards as Mike thunders through it. He sweeps her and Darryl up in one huge arm, turns and lumbers back the way he came.

25 **I/E. SPA ENTRANCE/RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

25

Mike lumbers through the reception and Arthur WHOOPS with joy as he see's what he thinks is Zoe and Darryl in the Golem's arms.

ARTHUR

Lets get out of here!

They race out of the Spa as, behind them, a mass of oozing tentacles EXPLODES from corridor behind reception, SHOOT through the doors and reaches for them.

But they're out of range.

Unable to reach them the tentacles instead wrap round the facade of the Spa and rip it to pieces. As they watch the front of the building collapses back on itself, sealing it firmly SHUT.

A NEAT WHITE CAR, emblazoned with the SPA LOGO, screeches to a halt in front of the ruined building. The WHITE CLAD MAN jumps out.

WHITE CLAD MAN

ABIGAIL!

The woman over her Mike's shoulder yells.

ABIGAIL

DAD! I'm here!

Arthur looks up.

ARTHUR

Zoe?

Abigail jumps down from Mike's shoulder as he places a groaning Darryl gently on the floor. She runs into her Dad's arms and they hug each tight.

Arthur slowly sags and drops to the ground looking back at the demolished entrance to the Spa.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

No...

26 **INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT**

26

Slowly in the murky darkness Zoe's eyes flicker open. As the room swims into focus (no pun intended!) Zoe becomes aware of a horrible slobbering, wet sound.

The demon's CRYING.

Zoe sits up and sees the huge mound of the demons back shuddering as it SOBS. Zoe sits up further and realises the demon is sat in front of the MIRRORS that line one side of the pool room.

Zoe looks round and spots the door. She begins to inch towards it.

YIG-URURT

What's the point? I'm disgusting.
Look at me. Just look. Disgusting,
fat, foul and horrible. Who'd want
me? No-one, that's who.

Zoe stops, blinks and looks back.

ZOE

Erm...

The demon waves a few tentacles dismissively at her.

YIG-URURT

You've all had your laugh. Ha ha.
Look at the disgusting fat demon.
She's so ugly. Ho ho. Just...
just... leave me alone.

A new wave of sobbing self-pity engulfs the demon. Zoe slowly stands.

ZOE

I... er, we weren't laughing.

The demon turns its hideous head towards her.

YIG-URURT

'Course you were. Everyone laughs
at me. Even the other demons point
and laugh. Look at you. All thin
and pretty. How could you
understand.

ZOE

I hate my thighs.

Yig-Ururt blinks several eyes.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I hate them. They're massive. I
never wear shorts because, well,
they're so massive.

YIG-URURT

Really?

27

EXT. SPA ENTRANCE - DAWN

27

Mike stands immobile staring at the rising sun. Errol sits on Darryl's shoulder.

DARRYL

This is all my fault.

The white clad man, MARTIN, Abigail's dad and the owner of the Spa glowers at him.

MARTIN

Yes, it is. I told you people we were closed. Are you deaf or just stupid?

DARRYL

A bit of both, actually.

Off to one side Arthur and Abigail are talking intently.

ARTHUR

Are you sure?

ABIGAIL

Pretty sure. Yiggy isn't really dangerous she's just very insecure about her looks and goes all 'demonic' if she thinks someone's laughing at her.

ARTHUR

This is all my fault.

Abigail gestures at Darryl a bit confused.

ABIGAIL

I thought it was his fault?

DARRYL

It is.

ARTHUR

No, boy. It's my fault. I knew you weren't ready. I wanted to teach you a lesson about arrogance.

DARRYL

It worked.

MARTIN

Your personal development is all well and good, but LOOK AT MY SPA!

DARRYL

I think it's mostly just cosmetic.

MARTIN
Cosmetic!? Why you --

Abigail cuts him off.

ABIGAIL
We've got insurance, Dad. Besides
you've been wanting to re-model for
years. Now you have to.

MARTIN
That's hardly the point, Abigail.

ARTHUR
No, it isn't. The point is Zoe. How
do we get her out of there?

They look at the pile of rubble.

DARRYL
There's loads of ways in round the
back.

ABIGAIL
(Shaking her head)
We'll never get into the pool room
if Yiggy doesn't want us to.

DARRYL
There's got to be something we can
do.

28 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

28

Zoe's face LOOMS in the mirrors.

ZOE
And then there's my ears. Look at
them. They're such a weird shape.
Ugh.

Yiggy's hideous reflection fills the mirror.

YIGGY
Well, look at mine. There's five of
them. At least you have an even
number.

Zoe sits back.

ZOE
There must be something you like
about yourself?

YIGGY
Like what?

ZOE

I don't know. But there has to be something. Everyone has at least one thing about themselves they think is pretty.

Yiggy shakes her head.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Well... you seem really nice.

YIGGY

You mean I have 'nice personality' thanks a lot.

Yiggy slumps back into the pool.

YIGGY (CONT'D)

I'm hideous.

Zoe sniffs.

ZOE

But you don't smell.

YIGGY

Oh, that's only when I exercise or get frightened.

ZOE

Oh... Someone told me that if you touched me I'd stink for ten years and a day.

YIGGY

What? That's ridiculous. How would that work? That's completely illogical.

ZOE

That's what I said!

29

EXT. REAR OF SPA - DAWN

29

Darryl, Arthur, Abigail and Martin peer at the extension that houses the SWIMMING POOL. It's completely covered in SWAMP VINES and TENTACLES.

DARRYL

Yeah... we're not getting in there anytime soon.

MARTIN

She comes every year in the off season and there's never a problem. Except this year. Why this year? What's so special about this year?

ABIGAIL

Dad! You're not helping.

Arthur rubs his chin.

ARTHUR

You know... there is a spell we could try.

DARRYL

What spell?

30

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

30

A hideous TALONED FOOT fills the screen. A BRUSH appears. It paints one of the talons with RED POLISH.

YIGGY

... and he just tells me I'm fat and disgusting.

Zoe inspects her handiwork. Not bad.

ZOE

He sounds like a moron. Why are you with him? You could do so much better.

Yiggy shakes her head.

YIGGY

No... he's right. I am fat and disgusting.

ZOE

(Angry)
No you're not!

A faint SHIMMERING appears in the air above the swimming pool. Neither Yiggy nor Zoe notice.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You don't need a spa break what you need is confidence.

The SHIMMERING slowly begins to resolve into the cross-legged figure of Darryl.

YIGGY

Maybe...

ZOE

There's no maybe, I'm right. Are you on FaceMash?

YIGGY

What's that?

Zoe sighs and pulls out her PHONE.

ZOE

It's great. You create a profile,
upload photo's and you can chat to
people anywhere in the world.
There's all kinds of groups you can
join - look, here's one for Swamp
Demons!

YIGGY

Demons like me?

Darryl slowly COALESCES above the swimming pool. He's
completely NAKED.

ZOE

Look, they *all* look just like you!

Yiggy takes the PHONE in a TENTACLE and looks at the pictures
with wonder.

YIGGY

They do...

Darryl suddenly FULLY MATERIALISES fifteen feet above the
swimming pool. Gravity does what it does best. He plummets
into the swimming pool, which is a hideous morass of slime,
with a distinct PLOP.

Yiggy screams. Zoe gags as a wave of stench rolls over her.
Half a dozen tentacles dart into the water and snatch Darryl
up and out.

ZOE

(Gagging)

Yiggy... it's alright. It's only
Darryl.

Yiggy holds him at tentacles length as if he smelt.

YIGGY

The idiot?

DARRYL

Hi. Listen, about earlier. I'm
really sorry.

ZOE

Yep.

YIGGY

But he's hideous.

DARRYL

Oi!

ZOE

Exactly! It's all in the eye of the beholder. You think he's hideous but to me he's...

Zoe stops herself. Darryl looks down at her.

ZOE (CONT'D)

... not.

31 **I/E. SNUFF WAGON - DAY**

31

Off to one side Mike HOSES DARRYL down as Arthur sits on the bonnet with his ancient NOTEBOOK open, writing furiously as Yiggy apologises to Martin and Abigail as Zoe fiddles on her LAPTOP.

ARTHUR

Wrong, wrong all bloomin' wrong. The only 'fact' that's right is that Swamp Demons are green.

YIGGY

(To Martin)

I'm very sorry. I just lost my head.

MARTIN

Yes, well...

ABIGAIL

It's fine, right Dad?

MARTIN

Insurance. Yes, lots of insurance. Act of God and so on.

ABIGAIL

It'll give us the excuse to remodel, won't it?

Martin nods. Zoe jumps up and, with a huge grin, shows her LAPTOP to Yiggy.

ZOE

I've created a profile for you. All you have to do is upload a profile picture and start chatting.

Yiggy gently picks her up with a tentacle and draws her close so she can see the laptop. Yiggy looks worried.

YIGGY

What if they say I'm ugly and fat
and stupid and --

Zoe cuts her off.

ZOE

Look at them. They all look just
like you. You're... normal.

Zoe SNIFFS. Yiggy looks a bit PANICKY.

YIGGY

Do I smell?

ZOE

(Interrupting)

Yeah... like flowers and cut grass
and sunshine!

YIGGY

Really?

Arthur look up from his notes.

ARTHUR

Oh yeah, I figure they transmit
their emotional state via scent. I
reckon she's happy, right?

Yiggy SMILES.

32

INT. SNUFF WAGON - DAY

32

The car ROARS down a wide road. Zoe's behind the wheel,
Darryl next to her. Arthur sits in the back pouring over the
list.

ARTHUR

Reckon we need a big score to make
up for all this. Hmm... looks like
Scotland might be worth checking
out.

Darryl suddenly sits up and points out the window.

DARRYL

There! That's where we're going
next. Right there.

ZOE

Are you sure?

DARRYL

Absolutely.

33 **INT. LAUNDERETTE - DAY**

33

Darryl sits in front of the machine watching his SOCKS go round. Behind him Mike peers at a box of detergent.

DARRYL

You can never have enough clean socks.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE

Very true.

Mike takes a huge BITE out of the detergent. Then BURPS a stream of bubbles. He grins showing a set of very white, very soapy teeth.

34 **INT. SPA - DAY**

34

Yiggy holds a CAMERA PHONE at arms length and smiles awkwardly as she prepares to take her first 'SELFIE.' She's wearing LIPSTICK and has EARRINGS in all FIVE EARS.

FLASH.

CUT TO:

35 **YIGGY'S FACEMASH PAGE**

35

It shows she has over a HUNDRED friends, but top of the list is ZOE. She's a member of SWAMP DEMON FORUM and something called BIG, GREEN & PROUD.

Her profile picture shows her SMILING.

SNUFF BROS

'LARPing with Lovecraft'

by
Jon Hayes

1

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

1

The room is 'olde worlde', specifically SCOTTISH and shows lots of WOOD and TARTAN. Darryl stands in front of a FULL LENGTH MIRROR dressed, apparently, as DRACULA.

DARRYL

I want to drink your blood... A-Ha
HAAA.

Zoe looks over at him from the bed where she's reading an ENGINEERING MAGAZINE - 'Superchargers for Dummies'.

ZOE

I don't really get this 'larping'
thing.

DARRYL

(Still in character)

A lot of people misunderstand Live
Action Role Playing. Vich is vhy
you should come and play my pretty,
A-Haaa haaaa.

Zoe harrumphs from behind her magazine.

ZOE

We spend our days hunting spooky
ooky's and on your day off you
decide to dress up like one of them
with a bunch of geeks for fun.
You're not right.

Darryl stalks around practicing his vampire walk. Errol peers down at him from on top of a wardrobe.

DARRYL

Does this look like stalking to
you?

Errol mimics Darryl's walk using his wings as a cape. He's much better at stalking.

ZOE

Don't care. Reading.

DARRYL

You're no fun. LARPing is all about
letting go of yourself and just
going wild in a character. You're
wound too tight to be any good at
it.

Zoe glares at him irritated.

ZOE

No I'm not!

DARRYL

Zen come viz me and become a child
of ze night my pretty.

ZOE

Don't call me that. And I have work
to do. The supercharger won't fix
itself.

DARRYL

Zen can I get a lift?

Zoe rolls her eyes and hops off the bed. She jams her hands
in the pockets of her overalls and heads out. Darryl stalks
after her, and Errol, more believably, stalks after him.

2

INT. SNUFF WAGON - NIGHT

2

Darryl sits fiddling with his FAKE FANGS in the review mirror
as Errol perches on the dashboard. Zoe scowls behind the
wheel as the engine FARTS and BLARTS, clearly not running
right.

ZOE

Does that sound like the manifold
pressure dropping to you?

DARRYL

Ask Errol. He's got more idea than
me.

Errol looks up at Zoe and SHRUGS with a SQUEAK.

ZOE

It's pressure dropping somewhere.

She STAMPS the accelerator and the car SHOOTs forward as the
engine ROARS.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/SCOTTISH LOCH - NIGHT

3

It ZOOMS up a winding road that wraps round a MOUNTAIN
overlooking a MOODY LOCH. The sky is heavily OVERCAST and off
in the distance a flash of LIGHTING splits the sky.

The Snuff Wagon rounds a corner in the mountain and brings a
LOOMING GOTHIC CASTLE into view that sits on a barren SPIT OF
LAND over the Loch below.

INT. HOTEL SITTING ROOM/ROARING FIRE - NIGHT

Arthur sits in a chair in front of a roaring fire. Next to him is a SIDE TABLE with a delicate china TEAPOT and CUP on it and he's totally engrossed in a ROMANCE NOVEL.

Mike sits opposite him, his face, as usual, impassive.

ARTHUR

Now this is more like it. Earl Grey in proper china, a roaring fire and the latest Freya Lovelorn. What else does a man need? Ahhhhh....

Arthur stretches his SOCK CLAD feet out to the fire. Mike BLINKS and copies Arthur.

Mike's foot catches FIRE.

Arthur yelps and by reflex attempts to BAT OUT the flames with his NOVEL. It goes up in a MINi-FIREBALL. Mike catches it in one hand, which promptly catches FIRE.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Help! My Golem's on fire!

A sturdily built fierce looking middle-aged woman, BRONWYN, appears with FIRE EXTINGUISHER. She BLASTS Mike's with the fire extinguisher dousing the flames and also Arthur,

Arthur blinks and COUGHS out a lungful of fire extinguisher.

BRONWYN

Are ye alright, hen?

ARTHUR

I'm fine.

BRONWYN

(To Arthur)

Nae you, you silly auld fool. Your strappin' wee son here.

(To Mike)

Are ye alright, hen?

Mike BLINKS, focuses on Bronwyn and rumbles.

ARTHUR

He doesn't really talk.

Bronwyn stick a finger in Arthurs' face accusingly.

BRONWYN

Maebe that's because someone disnae listen? What's wrang wi' ye? Ah saw ye set fire to the puir wee laddie! Whit kinda parent are ye?

Arthur shrinks back.

ARTHUR
It was an accident!

Bronwyn takes Mike's hand and draws the hulking Golem away.

BRONWYN
Come away we me, laddie. I'll see
tae your foot and your hand.

She scowls at Arthur as she leads Mike away. Arthur BLINKS and ROMANTIC MUSIC swells as, in his eyes, Bronwyn is surrounded by sunshine, flowers and all the trappings of romance.

ARTHUR
What else does a man need. Blimey.

5 **EXT. GLOOMY SCOTTISH CASTLE/HUGE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT** 5

Darryl, with Errol on his shoulder, and Zoe stand in front of a HUGE DOOR.

DARRYL
(To Errol)
You're the expert what do you
think?

Darryl strikes a vampire pose. Errol regards him critically then gives him the thumbs up.

ZOE
Darryl, are you sure about this?

DARRYL
Absolutely!

He opens the door. Zoe grabs his arm.

ZOE
You've got your phone, right.

DARRYL
Of course not! The whole point is
the minute the door opens I'm in
the game and totally in character.
That's what's fun! Ever heard of an
eighteenth century vampire lord
with a smartphone?

Zoe looks unsure.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
If you're that worried, come with
me.

Zoe can't decide.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Your loss.

Darryl grabs the ORNATE KNOCKERS and knocks.

BOOM!

BOOM!

ZOE
Don't I need a costume?

DARRYL
We'll figure something out.

The door slowly opens with an OMINOUS CREEEEEEEEAK... A SKELETAL BUTLER peers out holding a giant CANDLE. His skeletal costume is undercut slightly by the fact that he's quite fat!

BUTLER
I am Butler the butler. May I help you, sir?

DARRYL
(In character)
I am Baron Snuffinstein here for *The Book* at the invitation of Laird MacMuckle's. My assistant requires a change of clothing.

Darryl imperiously sweeps past the butler.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
See to it.

ZOE
(Uncomfortable)
Er... hi.

The butler looks her up and down with evident distaste.

BUTLER
Of course, sir. This way.

Butler waddles away. Darryl follows and Zoe has to hurry to catch up.

6 **INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS**

6

Behind her the great door swings shut with an ominous BOOOOOOM. Darryl whispers to Zoe out of the side of his mouth.

DARRYL
 (Whispering)
 Try and lose yourself in your
 character.

ZOE
 (Whispering)
 Not easy when I don't know what it
 is.

DARRYL
 (Whispering)
 Right, right. OK, so... I'm a two
 hundred year old Vampire and you're
 like my human familiar. You do
 whatever I say 'cause you want me
 to make you a vampire. OK?

ZOE
 No!

Darryl SHUSHES her as Butler stops by set of doors.

BUTLER
 The Great Library.

DARRYL
 Cool! Er, I mean... excellent, my
 man.

Butler opens the doors and Darryl sweeps inside. Zoe goes to
 follow, but Butler stops her.

BUTLER
 Follow me... madam. The servants
 will have some appropriate
 clothing... somewhere.

Zoe scowls as Butler leads her away.

7 **INT. GREAT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS** 7

Darryl looks round the BOOK-LINED room. There are THREE
 PEOPLE scattered about the room. In the centre is a TABLE
 with a huge BOOK on it.

A tall thin young Indian man with a permanent stoop,
 MACMUCKLE, dressed all in TARTAN and wearing a ridiculously
 fake RED BEARD, walks towards Darryl with his hand
 outstretched.

MACMUCKLE
 Ah... Baron, glad you could make it
 for this. Where was it we last saw
 each other?

DARRYL

Austria, you attempted to stake me
and failed. Ah hahh haaaaaaa.

They shake hands. A YOUNG WOMAN wearing a huge DARK WIG with
WHITE STRIPES running up each side who speaks with an
AMERICAN accent, ANASTASIA, cuts in.

ANASTASIA

You dare invite one of the undead!

She jumps to her feet and produces a CRUCIFIX from under her
dress.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

BEGONE! Foul fiend!

Darryl drops into a theatrical crouch and HISSES as she
advances. A teenager wearing THICK GLASSES, JOSEPH, stands
and raises his hand.

JOESPH

Excuse me, but we haven't
established her level of faith.

Anastasia freezes as does Darryl.

ANASTASIA

(To Joesph)

Yes we did. We did it last session.

Joesph shakes his head and produces a book titled VAMPIRE,
THE RULES.

JOESPH

Excuse me, but you have to
establish your faith before combat
with a level nine Vampire Lord.

DARRYL

He's right. You do.

MACMUCKLE

OK, roll.

Darryl and Anastasia both produce SETS OF DICE. They kneel
and roll. Anastasia scowls.

DARRYL

Ha! I win. I use my 'Force of
Hypnosis' to --

JOESPH

You should act it.

DARRYL

Oh, yeah. Forgot.

He clears his throat and drops back into character as Anastasia advance again with her CRUCIFIX.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
HEAR ME! I am lord Snuffinstein and
by the power of my mind alone I
COMMAND you to kneel before me!

Darryl strikes a pose as Anastasia grabs at her throat and gasps.

ANASTASIA
No! You, you dread fiend. You're...

She drops to her knees.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
... too powerful.

Darryl advances and Anastasia falls to her knees before him.

DARRYL
A-hahh haaaaaa. But I am not here
to squabble with vampire hunters. I
am here for... *The Book*.

He sweeps an arm towards the HUGE BOOK on the counter.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
I release you!

Anastasia gasps with relief.

ANASTASIA
That was fantastic! Wow. My group
in Massachusetts aren't anything
like this committed.

MacMuckle smiles awkwardly at her.

MACMUCKLE
Which is why we always stay in
character, Anastasia.

ANASTASIA
Sorry.

He drops back into character

MACMUCKLE
(To the room)
We must put our disputes aside and
focus on the ceremony of sealing
and destroy *The Book* forever.

Thunder rumbles outside.

ANASTASIA
Coooooooool.

8 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Bronwyn is busy cleaning up Mike as Arthur lurks nearby trying to engage her in conversation.

ARTHUR
... so, his brother's trying to
earn his soul back.

BRONWYN
You're pullin mah leg. Ghosts,
zombies an' aw that are pish. kids
stuff.

Arthur's eyes get all dreamy as she speaks to him.

ARTHUR
Scotch is such a lovely accent.

Bronwyn bristles.

BRONWYN
'Scotch' is a drink. I'm a scot.

ARTHUR
And a beautiful one.

Bronwyn smiles shyly and waves Arthur away.

BRONWYN
Awa' wae ya, ya daftee.

She looks up at Mike.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
But I cannae deny this wee lad
isnae right. Where's his brother?

ARTHUR
Wasting time playing stupid games
up at the castle with a bunch of
stupid friends when he should be
practicing.

BRONWYN
Och aye. They're staying here. Seem
odd especially that American lass,
Anastasia wi the funny name and the
funnier book. What's it now...
Lovecraft. Anastasia Lovecraft.

Mike slowly RUMBLES at the name. Arthur's brow furrows.

ARTHUR
Lovecraft? Her name's 'Lovecraft!?'

9 **INT. GREAT LIBRARY - NIGHT**

9

The LARPERS are arranged in a circle around the HUGE BOOK on the table. MacMuckle holds his hand wide over it's cover.

MACMUCKLE
Anastasia, the enchantment.

Anastasia steps up and holds out a SEALED SCROLL.

JOESPH
We need to roll for enchantment.

The others all roll. Joseph checks the numbers as Darryl examines the SEAL on the SCROLL.

DARRYL
That's awesome. It looks real. How long did it take you to make it?

MACMUCKLE/RAVI
Can you all stay in character? It's ruining the game!

Darryl looks embarrassed as MacMuckle SNAPS the seal on the scroll. Anastasia grins at Darryl as MacMuckle begins to read from the scroll.

MACMUCKLE
I read these ancient words of enchantment handed down the family line of Ms. Anastasia Lovecraft, our colleague from the New World, speak with me...

MacMuckle raises his arms dramatically.

MACMUCKLE (CONT'D)
Cthulu, fengluey mglawnafh Cthulhu
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.

The others all raise their hands and chant with him.

ALL
Cthulu, fengluey mglawnafh Cthulhu
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.

Their voices rise louder and louder as they chant. Errol shudders and leaps into the air and flaps up into the rafters as the chanting rises.

ALL (CONT'D)
Cthulu, fengluey mglawnafh Cthulhu
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.

The tendrils DRAG dark shifting shapes - GHOSTS - from the building itself. The ghosts giggle and shriek maniacally. The LARPERS are all held in the grip of the tendrils, too.

All except Darryl who is a whirling dervish of Psykata moves. Kicks, forms and punches flow one after the other from him in a fluid ballet that draws BLASTS of his psychic power from his body and FLINGS them at the tendrils.

Where Darryl's BLASTS hit the tendrils, the tendrils EXPLODE and the Ghosts are SUCKED back into the walls of the building.

Darryl manages to free the LARPERS, but several of the ghosts are pulled completely free of the walls and zoom round the room cackling.

ZOE
DARRYL! LOOK OUT!

Darryl spins as a Ghost dives for him. He BLASTS it with a reverse kick and it CAREENS into a WALL behind him and EXPLODES in a mass of ECTOPLASM and PSYCHIC ENERGY, blowing her backwards into the wall.

A TENDRIL reaches out from the book and STRIKES DARRYL. HE writhes and the Tendril seems to RIP something from him. It drags a writhing MASS OF LIGHT back into itself.

Darryl falls to the ground, motionless.

The larpers YELL and SCREAM as Zoe races towards Darryl's motionless body.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(Panicked)
DARRYL!

CUT TO:

THE RAFTERS. Errol, hyperventilating with terror, peers down from his hiding place in the roof and sees Darryl lying motionless.

And above him...

THE BOOK.

It THROBS and BULGES as it ABSORBS Darryl's power and builds towards some kind of explosion. Errol takes a breath, squares his tiny shoulders and LEAPS into the air!

The tiny bat dips and swerves, banks and rolls avoiding the tendrils that reach for him and the ghosts who chase him, all trying to stop him reaching his objective.

CUT TO:

The LARPERS yell in shock as a TRIO of GHOSTS grab hold of MACMUCKLE and drag him into the air. Anastasia and Joseph leap up and grab his feet, dragging him back towards earth. A desperate game of TUG OF WAR ensues.

CUT TO:

ERROL who, with a SQUEAK of desperation, WRAPS his wings round himself and SOMERSAULTS forward through the air, aiming himself past the Ghosts and towards the book.

Errol SLAMS into the book knocking it out of the air and directly towards MacMuckle who, much to his surprise, reflexively GRABS it and SLAMS it SHUT.

The TENDRILS disappear and all the ghosts are SUCKED BACK into the stonework. MacMuckle drops into the arms of the other Larpers as the ghosts disappear.

MacMuckle YELLS to them as he struggles with the writhing book.

MACMUCKLE/RAVI

Get me some chains or something!
FAST!

14 **EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CASTLE - NIGHT**

14

RAIN lashes down, THUNDER rumbles and LIGHTENING cracks as Bronwyn, Arthur and Mike PUTT-PUTT up the winding road and into the castle courtyard on an ANCIENT OLD MOPED.

Bronwyn drives with Arthur behind her holding on for dear life. Mike fills a straining SIDECAR to overflowing. The load is so great that the moped looks about to expire.

They wobble to a stop next to the snuff wagon and climb off. The moped COLLAPSES behind them into a sad pile of exhausted metal. Arthur grimaces at Bronwyn.

ARTHUR

Must be metal fatigue.

15 **INT. BOOK - NO TIME**

15

Darryl BLINKS.

DARRYL

Where am I...?

His surroundings swim into view. A huge endless WINDSWEPT PLAIN shrouded in MIST. As he watches a LARGE WORM suddenly DRILLS its way out of the ground before plunging back beneath the surface and disappearing.

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

A stooped figure in a suit shuffles towards him out of the shadows and introduces himself with a bow.

LOVECRAFT
Howard Phillips Lovecraft. That was a bookworm. A terrible nuisance, but not dangerous. Would you like some tea?

The figure indicates a small TABLE laid for a chintzy AFTERNOON TEA complete with cakes and cucumber sandwiches.

16

INT. GREAT LIBRARY - NIGHT

16

Arthur peers down at Darryl who's been laid on the table. Anastasia sits on a chair shivering and clearly in shock. Mike stands over her, rumbling as Zoe PACES.

ARTHUR
Well, he ain't dead. He's just... elsewhere.

Zoe GLARES at Anastasia and points at the book behind her, which Joesph, Ravi, Butler and Bronwyn are in the process of BINDING tightly with CHAINS. A *lot* of chains.

ZOE
What exactly is that... thing!?

ANASTASIA
It's just my great uncle Howard's notebook of unfinished stories. It looks really cool and I thought it would be an awesome prop for the game. That's all.

Arthur looks horrified.

ARTHUR
They're not stories, girl. They're unfinished spells written by the greatest Necromancer who ever lived. And now they've got Darryl to power 'em.

ANASTASIA
How was I supposed to know!?

Zoe, with murder in her eyes, HURLS herself at Anastasia. Mike reaches out and GRABS Zoe in one huge hand holding her immobile.

He slowly shakes his head: No.

Zoe sags.

BRONWYN

Well, we best find a way tae get
young Darryl oot of there, toot
sweet.

ZOE

How?

17

INT. THE BOOK/PLATEAU OF UNFINISHED TALES - NO TIME

17

Darryl sits eating a CREAM CAKE and watching BOOKWORMS
drilling myriad holes in the ground as Lovecraft pours TEA.

DARRYL

(Round his cake)

So, this whole place is made out of
your unfinished stories?

LOVECRAFT

Essentially, yes. I call it the
Plateau of Unfinished Tales and my
greatest creation watches over all.

Darryl looks up and, from the mists that shroud the sky an
indistinct GIANT FIGURE looms. A suggestion of HUGE LEATHERY
WINGS and an OCTOPUS-LIKE face that writhes with tentacles.

DARRYL

Cooooool!

LOVECRAFT

Great Cthulu my greatest creation
and my curse. Milk or Lemon?

DARRYL

Er, Howie, how exactly do I get out
of here?

Lovecraft winces.

LOVECRAFT

It is 'Howard' and, to answer your
question, you cannot. Escape is
quite impossible. Scone?

Darryl takes one of the proffered scones and shoves it into
his mouth.

DARRYL

So, all these stories are
unfinished, right?

LOVECRAFT

As they must be.

Lovecraft's voice RISES as he gives vent to his obsession.

LOVECRAFT (CONT'D)

My tales of the weird are never
ending interconnected cosmic
pantheon of elder gods who view man
as nothing more than a speck in the
never ending nothingness of a story
without end. Watercress sandwich?

Darryl shoves the sandwich into his mouth.

DARRYL

(Round sandwich)

So, if they get their power from
being unfinished lets finish 'em.

LOVECRAFT

Forgive, but I don't understand.

Darryl crams several more watercress sandwiches into his gob
as he explains.

DARRYL

We just go to the last page - yum,
these are really good - and write
'The End'.

Lovecraft stands his eyes blazing with rage.

LOVECRAFT

Pardon me, sir. Such an ending
would be an insult to my life's
work!

Behind him the figure of GREAT CTHULU looms it's spreading
wings and writhing tentacled head OVERSHADOWING Lovecraft.
Darryl tumbles backwards off his chair his mouth dribbling
sandwich CRUMBS.

DARRYL

How about, 'and they all lived
happily ever after'?

A HOWLING WIND rises as Lovecraft, his eyes BLAZING, lifts
his arm. Above him Great Cthulu MIRRORS him and lifts its
arm, forming a giant FIREBALL as it does.

Quick as a flash Darryl aims a PSYKATA PUNCH at Lovecraft,
blowing him off his feet with Psychic energy, then races past
him and makes for the BOOKWORMS.

Cthulu SCREAMS and hammers his FIREBALL down at him as Darryl
LEAPS for the mass of HOLES drilled by the bookworms. He
lands on them just as the fireball STRIKES.

The holes GIVE under Darryl as he strikes them and with a YELL he plunges down through the pages, the FIREBALL silhouetting him as he does.

18 **INT. BETWEEN THE PAGES - CONTINUOUS**

18

Darryl tumbles feet first through the crazy physics of the world between the pages. Bookworms are everywhere drilling TUNNELS from one place to another with no apparent respect for narrative.

Great Cthulu HURLS itself down after Darryl who, realising he can't outrun Lovecraft's alter-ego, grabs at a passing page and hauls himself sideways into another set of tunnels.

Great Cthulu thunders past, HOWLING.

Darryl tumbles out of control through the tunnels, bouncing from one to another without any apparent concern for gravity or physics until he finally drops out of a page and...

19 **INT. CONTENTS PAGE - CONTINUOUS**

19

... pops out onto the contents page. Darryl takes a breath and stands. He looks down at the list of HANDWRITTEN chapter headings. Each is one of Lovecraft's stories and is followed by a page number;

1. Thoughts on Innsmouth
2. History of Miskatonic University
3. Arkham Asylum and the environs
4. Wider mythology of the Dunwich Horror

Etc.,

Darryl scans down the huge list and finds the final entry:

487. The Final Fate of Great Cthulu.

DARRYL

Page two thousand one hundred and forty three. Great! Now I know exactly where I need to go.

He stands with a grin and then scratches his head.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Question is, how do I get there?

BUTLER

Stop it!

ZOE

No, Mike, that's right rip it open!

Mike STRAINS.

MIKE

GRRRRRAAAAARGH!

22 **INT. CONTENTS PAGE - CONTINUOUS**

22

Darryl holds out a tasty piece of The Book to several BOOKWORMS who SLITHER towards him, sniffing at the paper. They reach him and MUNCH on the paper.

Quick as a heartbeat Darryl conjures a PSYCHIC ROPE and BINDS the half dozen or so Bookworms together. He HOPS up on their backs and pulls the rope TIGHT.

They REAR up.

DARRYL

Lets ride! Yee-haa!

He SNAPS the psychic reins and the bookworms LEAP and plunge into the pages, their RAZOR SHARP teeth BURROWING through the pages.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Page two thousand one hundred and forty three here I come!

He disappears back into the book.

23 **INT. GREAT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

23

The chains BURST as Mike RIPS them apart. The Book SPRINGS open and levitates with an EXPLOSION of light to the middle of the room.

Mike STAGGERS BACK as the FLIPPING PAGES of The Book cause a HOWLING WIND to rise. Everyone is BLOWN around the room and grabs onto whatever they can.

BRONWYN

What's happening!?

ARTHUR

Search me!

24 **INT. BOOK - CONTINUOUS**

24

Darryl EXPLODES from between the pages out and onto...

25 **INT. LAST PAGE - CONTINUOUS**

25

... the LAST PAGE.

He jumps from the bookworms and the psychic reins disappear.

DARRYL
Thanks, boys!

The BOOKWORMS scatter and disappear as Darryl looks up at a MASS OF WRITING that hangs high in the air. He grins and pats his pockets.

He frowns.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Uh oh... I must have one
somewhere...

With a terrible SCREAM Great Cthulu EXPLODES from the pages and lands with a BOOM. It stares down at Darryl and BELLOWS. Darryl grins nervously up at him.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Er... I don't suppose you've got a
pen?

Cthulu ROARS and strikes at Darryl...

26 **INT. GREAT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

26

The FLIPPING PAGES stop dead on the last page. The howling GALE stops as abruptly as it started.

Darryl's GHOSTLY VOICE echoes out of the pages.

DARRYL
...got a pen... pen... PEN

Anastasia BLINKS.

She RIPS a pen from her pocket and SPRINTS for the open book. She leaps and dives HEADFIRST into the PAGES of the book...

27 **INT. LAST PAGE - CONTINUOUS**

27

... and lands on the LAST PAGE. She GASPS as she see's Great Cthulu about to SMASH Darryl.

ANASTASIA
HEY, UNCLE HOWARD! TRY THIS!

Cthulu glances at her and she HURLS the PEN like a Javelin at him. It ARROWS towards him, transforming as it does into a BEAM of PURE LIGHT and PIERCES him.

Great Cthulu SCREAMS!

And SHRINKS down into the wounded figure of HP Lovecraft who kneels on the ground panting.

DARRYL

Howie? That was you in there all the time?

Lovecraft picks up the pen in a trembling hand.

LOVECRAFT

I was... never good with endings.

Anastasia kneels in front of her ghostly relative. He looks up at her with frightened eyes.

ANASTASIA

I'll help.

Anastasia takes his hand and together they write the final words...

THE END.

The world EXPLODES into light.

28 **INT. GREAT LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

28

Darryl opens his eyes and sits up. Zoe GASPS and hugs him tight.

DARRYL

Coooooooool.

29 **EXT. BRONWYN'S HOTEL/GARDEN - DAY**

29

Darryl sits in a CHAIR in the garden, which overlooks the LOCH. The CASTLE can just be seen high above the Loch. He holds a BOOK in his hands: HP Lovecraft's Weird Tales.

ANASTASIA

Hey, should you really be reading that?

DARRYL

I was curious and you know what? It's really good. Howie wrote a cracking creepy tale.

ANASTASIA

I'm... I'm really sorry about everything.

DARRYL

What for? That was the best role playing game I've ever played! We battled for the safety of the universe for real. Now that's fun!

ANASTASIA

What if we'd lost?

Darryl hops out of his chair.

DARRYL

Me lose? Not a chance.

ANASTASIA

You're pretty cocky.

DARRYL

I've got a bunch of secret weapons. Come on, I'll show you.

Darryl strolls through the garden. Mike comes into view lumbering after Errol who dips and dodges as they play together.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

There's a couple now playing catch.

Anastasia smiles.

30

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

30

Darryl leads Anastasia round to the front of the hotel. The SNUFF WAGON comes into view, the bonnet up. Zoe's legs are just visible as she works on the engine.

ANASTASIA

Another secret weapon?

Darryl grins.

DARRYL

Exactly.

A CAB pulls up. Joseph pokes his head out of the window. He TAPS his WATCH.

JOESPH

Excuse me, but we're behind schedule.

ANASTASIA

(To Darryl)

Where's your oldest secret weapon. The grumpy one with the beard?

Darryl shrugs.

DARRYL

No idea.

Ravi's face appears next to Joseph's.

RAVI

(To Darryl)

I can't wait for our next LARPing session. You playing?

DARRYL

Wouldn't miss it!

A voice echoes from inside the cab, Butler.

BUTLER

Oh god.

Zoe looks up from under the engine her face streaked with grease. She sees Anastasia hesitate, then KISS Darryl on the cheek. He blushes as Anastasia jumps into the cab.

ANASTASIA

See you around, Darryl.

DARRYL

Grrklmpf.

Zoe scowls as the cab pulls away. She walks over as Darryl stands in trance grinning stupidly.

ZOE

Cat got your tongue, lover boy?

Darryl sighs.

DARRYL

Wow.

Zoe SLAPS him with her GREASY RAG.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Hey!

ZOE

She's a blood relative of a deadly Necromancer. It'd never work.

DARRYL

Jealous?

Zoe reddens and turns back to the safety of the Snuff Wagon's engine.

ZOE

I'm just giving you some free advice.

She fiddles with a piece of the engine.

DARRYL

We're supposed to be relaxing and you're working on the Snuff Wagon. I told you, you didn't know how to have fun.

Zoe stands and pokes him in the chest with a GREASY SPANNER.

ZOE

For your information *this* is how I relax. This is my idea of fun, got it.

Darryl backs off his hands in the air the book in one of them.

DARRYL

Hey, peace.

ZOE

Since when do you read?

DARRYL

It's fun! Where's Arthur?

Zoe shakes her head and turns back to the engine.

ZOE

Making a fool of himself with Bronwyn. They're just so... old.

She shudders.

EXT. WINDING SCOTTISH ROAD - DAY

Bronwyn YELLS with joy as she ZOOMS round the twisting mountain roads in a powerful MOTORCYCLE. Arthur CLINGS behind her looking terrified, but very happy.

Bronwyn YELLS to Arthur over the ROAR of the engine.

BRONWYN

Ye didnae hafta buy me this ya dafteee!

ARTHUR

Do you like it?

BRONWYN

I LOVE it! It's so much FUN!

She GUNS the accelerator and pulls a WHEELIE making Arthur SCREAM in terror as she accelerates up the winding road.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
WHEEEEEEEE!

The motorcycle disappears into the distance as Bronwyn's cry of joy ECHOES across the Loch.