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Name
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A dark, deserted city centre street. Rain is teaming down, forming puddles on the pavement. A BRUNETTE (22) hurries down the street, pulling her coat tighter around herself.

BRUNETTE

Just an extra couple of hours, he said. Bastard.

She turns a corner and OOF! she starts. A figure emerges from the gloom, his features shrouded in shadow.

MAN

'Scuse me - d'you have the time?

BRUNETTE

Oh, er...

Ferrets in her handbag. Pulls out a couple of tissues, then her phone. Checks it.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Quarter to eleven.

MAN

Almost time...thank you.

BRUNETTE

You're wel...

But he's gone, disappeared back into the shadow. Shrugging, she carries on, trying to ring someone on her phone. After a while...

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

No signal. Dammit.

Out of nowhere, a PRIMAL HOWL echoes through the night. Fearful, the Brunette drops her mobile. Scrambles on the floor to pick it up.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS, galloping closer and closer...she picks up the phone and starts running, running away from the sound...

but the footsteps keep coming, picking up speed, round another corner and she stops, smiling.

Looking at a tower block. Breathes a sigh of relief.

Another HOWL echoes round. Snapping out of it, she starts jogging towards the block of flats, rooting in her handbag.

Forgets the step leading up to the door, trips. Handbag goes flying. Scrambles around on the floor for a bit, stops. Transfixed in horror.

1 CONTINUED:

Out of the gloom comes a horrifying shadow. A creature. Coming closer and closer. For a second illuminated by moonlight. All teeth and fur and drool and...SMACK. It leaps onto the Brunette.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 MAIN TITLES: YOU GET ME BY MICHELLE BRANCH

2

CUT TO:

The town of Ravenshill in its picturesque glory. A hand appears. It's a picture on a leaflet. We are actually:

3 INT. CAR - DAY

3

JAMIE (15), whose hand it was, looks out of the car window at a rain-streaked version of the town. He's stocky, well-built, not the type to mess with.

Ravenshill flashes past. A venerable old town, which has tried and mainly failed to drag itself into the modern world. Rows of Neo-Georgian houses, well-built, fairly classy-looking, interspersed with an out-of-place curry house, an off-licence, and a pub.

Very few cars drive past, no pedestrians walk by. Almost like a ghost town.

SPLAT! A piece of chewing-gum flies across and sticks itself onto the window.

Jamie turns. The gum's VICKY's. 17, spiky-haired, a little too much make-up. She sticks out her tongue. In between the two on the cramped backseat is LUCY (15), cute, pixieish but distant, oblivious, listening to her iPod.

JAMIE

Couldn't you do summat else with it?

VICKY

Like what? You don't get ashtrays in cars anymore.

JAMIE

Why don't you swallow it?

VICKY

Oh yeah, and choke.

JAMIE

Nowt wrong with that.

She reaches across and punches him on the shoulder. He retaliates with a shove. She slaps him. He reaches across...

(CONTINUED)

Lucy pulls her iPod out of her ears with a sigh. Separates Jamie & Vicky, glaring at them.

LUCY
Can't you just drop it? Before I
open one of those doors and shove
you out?

Vicky turns away, pouting. Jamie also turns his head. Back to staring out of the window.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Now maybe I can listen to the whole
of this song. Because you two keep
jerking me, and I've heard the same
line like ten times!

Looks pointedly at both of them. Goes to put her iPod back in.

VICKY
He started it.

Lucy closes her eyes in frustration.

MRS GREEN
What's the matter?

She's in the front passenger seat. 38, attractive face but shapeless body. Notices the chewing-gum on the window. Frowns.

MRS GREEN (CONT'D)
Clean it off! We've got an MOT in a
couple of weeks!

Opens up the glove box, starts searching. It's a mess - sweet wrappers, used tissues, CD cases...

MRS GREEN (CONT'D)
When was the last time this was
cleaned? I don't believe this...

Scrabbling around in frustration, she knocks a CD case flying. It lands on Lucy's lap.

She takes out her iPod and looks. Leans forward to her father in driver's seat.

LUCY
Greatest Hits of Elton John?
Really, Dad. The stuff you listen
to.

MR GREEN, 40, suit + tie, rimmed glasses slipping down nose, raises an eyebrow and gestures at her iPod.

MR GREEN

I could say the same about you.

LUCY

Touche.

Looks out of the window, glum.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How long have we got?

MR GREEN

We're not far.

Lucy wrinkles her nose up. She's not impressed by what she sees.

LUCY

This place looks dull.

Mr Green looks surprised.

MR GREEN

It's not dull. I think Ravenshill has charm.

LUCY

This isn't charm, this is dullness.

Mr Green looks round at her, confused.

MR GREEN

Charm is like character. Something that just makes the town its own.

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

No. I have charm. That's how I always got into Dan's Bar...

Jamie gives her a concerned nudge. Shakes his head subtly.

Mrs Green's watching them, keen-eyed.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Barn. Dan's Barn. Dan was a farmer.

MR GREEN

(humoured)

In London?

LUCY

Urban re-development.

Bites her lip. Time to change subject.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY (CONT'D)
So this house has a name?

MR GREEN
Yep. Rowan House.

Lucy grimaces.

LUCY
Sounds pretentious to me.

MR GREEN
Pretentious or prestigious? Martin
Green, Rowan House, Ravenshill.
Sounds good.

LUCY
Sounds like Anne Hathaway's
Cottage.

Slumps back down.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. ROWAN HOUSE - DAY 4

The car pulls up outside Rowan House. Tall, almost mansion-like, clearly quite old, and looks more than a little sinister.

LUCY (O/S)
Bye-bye Anne Hathaway's Cottage,
hello Dracula's Castle.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ROWAN HOUSE HALL - DAY 5

Mrs Green and the kids open the large wooden double-doors and step through.

The entrance hall reflects the exterior of the house. Definitely long past its heyday. A sort of greyish murk in the atmosphere. Dank and dusty. Cobwebs in corners. A large grand staircase, uncarpeted, leads upstairs.

MRS GREEN
Now we know why it was so cheap.
MARTIN!

Turns round and storms outside, furious.

JAMIE
OK. Where's Casper?

LUCY
Come on. It's not that...

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

Ancient?

Vicky looks around in disgust, almost afraid to touch anything.

VICKY

Tell me there's a shower fitted.

MRS GREEN

(shouting)

First floor bedroom has a walk-in, apparently.

VICKY

Mine.

Heads up the stairs. Lucy takes Jamie to one side.

LUCY

What's got into you? You're acting like...like Vicky!

JAMIE

(with a Vicky-like voice)

Take that back, bitch!

Laughs. Lucy doesn't. She's worried about him.

LUCY

Seriously. I've seen you be a prick, an idiot, and a layabout. But I've never seen you acting like a bitch before.

Jamie shrugs non-committally.

JAMIE

I don't know, it's just...I was settled, you know. I liked London. And now, we're up here in Derbyshire, I mean, how long's it gonna be before I say "eh up" and talk about my combine harvester?

LUCY

That's a bit harsh.

Stops. Thinks.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And wrong. That's Yorkshire, isn't it?

JAMIE

Whatever.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns to walk away. She grabs him by the shoulder and leans in. Whispering.

LUCY
You know why we moved here. We had to. And you promised...

JAMIE
And I will. What are brothers for? Still gonna take some getting used to though.

She nods. He heads back outside.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna help Dad with the stuff.

Lucy acknowledges him, and turns away, looking upstairs.

LUCY
I'll have a wander about. There must be a clean spot *somewhere*.

She heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

6

Lucy walks through the door. The room's empty, but spacious. Same sort of state as the rest of the house. Needs some serious redecorating.

She walks to the large window. Would be a good view, if it wasn't raining. Turns to walk out, spots something behind the door. It's an old wooden chest.

Lucy walks up to it. The lid comes off easily - woodworm must have set in. A cloud of dust pours out, causing Lucy to cough violently. Her eyes, after she opens them, widen.

There is a wide collection of supernatural paraphernalia inside, ranging from candles to knives.

Lucy picks up a book with a pentagram on the cover. She flicks through it, causing more dust to rise and starting off another coughing fit. Goes to close the chest when something catches her eye.

It's a crystal hanging on a necklace, unnaturally bright. Lucy reaches out to touch it, and light pours out, streams up her hands and arms to her head. As quickly as it happened, it disappears.

LUCY
Wow!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

She grabs hold of the necklace and places it round her neck, a big smile coursing her face.

MRS GREEN (O/S)
Lucy! Can you give us a hand down here?

LUCY
Coming, Mum!

Moving fast, she shuts the chest, causing more dust to fly up, and runs through the door.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

7

Jamie's playing with a portable TV, trying desperately to get some reception. Mrs Green watches him with detached amusement. He clearly has no idea what to do.

MRS GREEN
You don't seem to be having much luck.

JAMIE
I'm not far off. Just needs a bit of...

He SNARLS in frustration. Still just interference. No picture. Not even close.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
How long before we get a proper telly?

MRS GREEN
The satellite people are coming on Friday. Surely you can make do.

JAMIE
But today's Sunday!

Resorts to shaking the TV in anger.

Lucy appears, and floats through the room, almost in a daze. Notices Jamie's struggles.

LUCY
You're hopeless. You know that?

Calmly pushes him away. Looks at the TV for a sec.

LUCY (CONT'D)
All it needs is a little...

(CONTINUED)

WHACKS it hard on the side.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Finesse.

The picture comes on.

She smiles in triumph at Jamie and slides out of the room.

VICKY (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Need a girl to fix it for you? How manly.

She's stood in the doorway, scowl on her face. Jamie gives her the finger. She ignores it.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Mum, Dad said someone should go to the chippy tonight.

MRS GREEN
I'd love to, but I've got a lot of sorting out to do. Why don't you ask Jamie?

Vicky's unconvinced, but turns to him anyway.

VICKY
What do you say, bonehead?

JAMIE
Shush.

Waves at Vicky to quieten down. He picks up a remote and turns up the volume. A news report plays.

REPORTER
This is the fourth of the so-called "savage killings" to have occurred in recent weeks. Police believe a large animal to be responsible. At the moment, they are urging people to take caution if walking the streets at night.

Jamie gulps and turns the volume back down. Vicky reaches for the remote.

JAMIE
What were you saying?

VICKY
Oh, we've just decided that you're going out for chips tonight, being the strongest and everything...

7 CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE
T'riffic.

He switches the TV off before Vicky grabs the remote. He leaves. She switches the TV back on, no reception. Scowls.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

8

Jamie, walking to the door, bumps into Lucy.

JAMIE
Lucy! Glad I bumped into you. Going for chips, you coming?

LUCY
Two of us?

Jamie shrugs.

JAMIE
I might get lost.

LUCY
OK. I'll just grab my coat.

He notices her crystal.

JAMIE
What's that round your neck?

LUCY
Oh, that? Just something I found upstairs.

JAMIE
And it's not giving you an asthma attack?

LUCY
Shut up. I just think it's pretty, that's all.

JAMIE
Whatever.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CHIP SHOP - NIGHT

9

The twins walk quickly up to the shop entrance. There's a fairly long queue, almost out of the door.

LUCY
You go in and wait. I'll stay out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE
(concerned)
You sure you'll be safe?

LUCY
Why wouldn't I be?

JAMIE
Yeah, of course. Forget I said anything.

He joins the queue.

Lucy starts fiddling with her hair, when she notices a girl walking on the opposite side of the road. Tall, lanky, long jet black hair, long trenchcoat. The two lock eyes. Lucy unconsciously reaches for her crystal.

Suddenly, a stream of light connects the two girls and pulls them out of the world, into a blank nothingness which stretches for as far as the eye can see.

Shocked, Lucy pulls her hand away from her crystal, returning her to the normal world. The other girl's gone.

Jamie hurries out of the shop, hands full.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sorry I was ages. Ran out of chips.
Must be popular.

LUCY
Ages?

JAMIE
God, it's eight. We'd better sprint back.

Jamie shuffles off. Lucy stays where she is.

LUCY
OK. What just happened?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock bleeps annoyingly. A hand appears from the bed covers, slams down, misses. Tries again, slams down, shoves alarm clock onto the floor, still beeping.

A figure sits up in bed. It's the girl from earlier, MICHELLE (15). She scrambles for the alarm clock and finally switches it off. Notices the time. Turns over, rebelling.

BEEP. BEEP. A GROWL of disapproval from Michelle. It's her mobile. Flicks it open.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Yeah?

INTERCUT

INT. CROWTREE LODGE KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle and ADAM, also 15, messy-haired, thickish black glasses, faded hoody-top. He's eating his cereal with one hand, the other holds his phone to his ear.

ADAM

(imitating the Speaking
Clock)

The time is now eight thirty-five.
Precisely.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michelle groans. Pulls back her covers.

MICHELLE

Hey, Adam.

ADAM

How'd you know it was me?

Michelle pulls her covers round her and gets up, phone pressed to her ear.

Her bedroom's decorated in a hotch-potch way. Mix of black wallpaper adorned with various posters for death-metal bands, and strangely supernatural items. Pentagrams and crystal balls dominate.

MICHELLE

Three reasons.

Counts them off on her fingers as she scrambles around in her wardrobe.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

One. My phone flashes up "Adam".

Pulls out her uniform.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Two. You always call me at this time.

Heads for the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Three. My credit's not draining like an Icelandic bank account. Gotta say, that's poor by your standards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Even my wellspring of sarcasm runs dry. You should try being early for once.

Michelle rolls her eyes. Leaves the room, giving the door a bit of a BANG.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - DAY 11

Michelle hurries in, now fully-dressed. Phone still pressed to her ear, but a bored expression on her face.

Still listening to whatever Adam's saying, she opens the fridge, pulls out a bottle of orange juice, takes a swig.

Fumbles around for something else.

MICHELLE

And what made you think I care about Bruce Forsyth?

ADAM

Hey! I've had to put up with it for the last few weeks. I thought I'd inflict some of my pain on you.

Michelle grabs a bottle of milk, unscrews the top. Sniffs, pours it down the sink.

MICHELLE

It says something if Strictly Come Dancing's the height of your worries.

Closes the fridge.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?
Anything...supernatural?

ADAM

We're not gonna talk about it now.

MICHELLE

(sarcastic)
Why? Are we bugged?

ADAM

(equally sarcastic)
Yeah. I let slip. Now I've got Torchwood on my backs.

MICHELLE

Why then?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

Toast pops up out of her toaster. Hurrying, Michelle grabs it, and crunches in. She mumbles something incoherently.

ADAM

That's why. See ya.

Michelle pulls her phone away, drops it in her coat pocket. Swings her coat on. A purple crystal, similar to Lucy's, hangs round her neck.

She heads for the front door.

It opens out. MR. HAWKES, 40ish, harried, balding fast, trudges in.

MICHELLE

Hi, Dad.

MR. HAWKES

Don't ask. Spent six hours staring at a bloody wall. Security? Ha.

Michelle smiles politely and walks out.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

12

A car pulls up outside the school gates. Out step Lucy, Jamie, Vicky and Mrs Green.

The school itself is fairly modern, glass buildings scattered around in a haphazard fashion. Plenty of grassy areas, picnic tables dotted about.

MRS GREEN

There you go, Vicky. Sixth Form's over there.

VICKY

You mean where the sign saying "Sixth Form" is? Thanks for clearing that up.

MRS GREEN

Go on.

VICKY

Smell you later.

She flounces away.

Lucy and Jamie look sheepishly at their mother.

LUCY

Mum, do you mind hanging back for a minute or two?

(CONTINUED)

MRS GREEN

Why?

LUCY

Well, we don't want people to know our mum's a teacher here.

MRS GREEN

They're going to find out eventually.

LUCY

Yeah, but I wanna be cool for a day.

JAMIE

And for my part, a football player being walked into school by his mum dents his chances a bit.

Mrs Green sighs and gives in.

MRS GREEN

Fine. Two minutes. Move fast.

LUCY

Thanks Mu-

She sees a group of kids walking in. Turns around and heads for the entrance, Jamie in tow.

MRS GREEN

You're welcome.

Lucy and Jamie walk towards the main building. A large gaggle of girls cut across them, strutting in the opposite direction.

A girl at the back spots the Greens. Abandons the troupe and approaches Lucy.

This is SOPHIE, 15, newly bleached hair, expensive, fashionable dress sense. Winning smile. Sucking on a lollipop.

SOPHIE

Hi. Haven't seen you before. Are you new?

Lucy and Jamie look at each other.

LUCY

Is it that obvious?

SOPHIE

A bit. You look kinda normal.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Kinda?

Sophie shrugs, gesturing around at the various groups of students trudging in.

SOPHIE

Everyone here's part of a clique or are just plain weird. You don't look like either.

LUCY

And you are?

Sophie steps back, surprised. Composes herself.

SOPHIE

Sophie Parker.

Little wave. Jamie sarcastically waves back.

LUCY

So...

Wondering why she's having this conversation.

SOPHIE

How about I introduce you to everyone? It'll be fun.

Lucy shrugs. Jamie turns away, really couldn't care less.

LUCY

(tentatively)

OK?

Sophie's smile widens. Starts to lead the Greens into the school building.

SOPHIE

(excitedly)

I mean there's loads of people I have to show you. A lot of them are coming to my party tonight. You've gotta come. Anyone who's anyone is gonna be there. Are you single? There's loads of prime meat going. I can fix you up no problem. What's your type? Tall, dark? Brooding, muscular? Hope it's not geeky. Is it geeky? I don't know many geeks. Well not datable ones anyway. I'm in your form. Why not follow me?

JAMIE

Hi.

SOPHIE

Sorry?

JAMIE

I'm just saying, you hadn't noticed me.

SOPHIE

Oh, I noticed you. [suggestive wink]

JAMIE

Oh, great.

Sophie throws her lollipop stick down on the ground in front of a CARETAKER, 50ish, scowly face, thick eyebrows.

He frowns at her.

CARETAKER

(muttering to himself)

Little shites. Just keep giving me more work to do. As if I haven't enough.

Sophie meanwhile is still in excitable mode.

SOPHIE

Lucy, I like your top.

LUCY

Thanks.

She and Jamie keep walking. Sophie has stood still a couple of paces behind. Lucy notices and goes back.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sophie?

SOPHIE

I said I liked your top.

LUCY

And I said...oh. I like yours too.

SOPHIE

(duh)

Well, you should. It cost me forty-five pounds. From The Arcade of course. *The* only place to buy clothes in Ravenshill. But I'll give you your orientation later. There's so much to tell.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

JAMIE
 (to himself)
 And of course you've got to tell
 it.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

13

The form tutor is sat at the front, doing paperwork. The entire back of the classroom is taken up by the girlie clique. Sophie's at the back. Talking loudly to get people's attention. Namely, EMILY and RACHEL, two girls with similar styles to Sophie, but with much less enthusiasm.

Lucy sits just in front, torn between listening and ignoring the rambling. Jamie is sat with another lad, GRAEME, who dwarfs even Jamie.

Lucy turns around, cutting in.

LUCY
 So what's this about a party?

SOPHIE
 Oh yes, only *the* social event of
 the week. It's at my house tonight.
 Miss it and you miss out.

Emily and Rachel have taken the opportunity to turn away and talk between themselves.

RACHEL
 Charlotte says she's gonna come
 with Darren.

EMILY
 Really? He's hunksome.

Sophie doesn't like being cut out like this. Sticks her head in between the two.

SOPHIE
 Didn't you hear me before?
 Charlotte's not coming. Ever since
 she screwed me over with Shaun.

EMILY
 Still don't get why you're so
 uptight about that.

SOPHIE
 Because he's a jerk! I don't want
 anyone else to suffer like I did.

The girls roll their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Yeah, but you say that about every
guy you went out with.

RACHEL

Which is pretty much everyone.

EMILY

(whispers)

If you believe her.

She and Rachel giggle. Sophie looks frustrated. Notices
Graeme giving her the once-over.

SOPHIE

Gray, you're coming, yeah?

GRAEME

Yeah, I'll be there.

Turns back round. Jamie looks unimpressed. Graeme notices.

GRAEME (CONT'D)

(Sotto voce)

Yeah, I know, she's a pain in the
arse. But hey, what an arse!

JAMIE

No way, Jose. I'd need earmuffs
before I'd even give her the time
of day.

GRAEME

(nonplussed)

Why? Anyway...you trying out for
the footy team?

JAMIE

Yeah, need something to do in this
quiet place.

GRAEME

Hey, it's not that bad.

JAMIE

Why, what is there here?

GRAEME

Well, there's...I mean,
there's...I'll get back to ya.

The bell RINGS.

As one, all the students get up and rush out. Lucy finds
herself carried out by the crowd. She fumbles around for her
timetable, quickly reads it, and looks non-plussed.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

French. Room 205. Where's that.
Sophie? Anyone?

No-one around. Not even Jamie. Lucy looks around, lonely and lost.

Suddenly, Lucy finds herself surrounded by people she doesn't know all pushing and shoving in different directions.

She instinctively reaches for her crystal, which zones her out from everyone.

Out of nowhere, an arm reaches round and touches her on the shoulder, breaking the moment.

SUZANNE

Hi. Did you say you had French?

LUCY

Sorry. Who are you?

SUZANNE

Suzanne...Suzanne Collins.

SUZANNE (15), sweet face, chunky body, big round spectacles, stringy hair, blushes dramatically. Lucy jumps back. Suzanne looks down at the floor.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just thought...

LUCY

It's OK. I was just shocked, that's all. Can you tell me where I have to get to?

SUZANNE

I'll come with you. I'm in the same class.

LUCY

Brilliant.

They walk up to the first door - Room 205.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ah. I'm an idiot, aren't I?

SUZANNE

You weren't to know. You're new here.

LUCY

Thanks, Suzanne was it?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

You're welcome.

They walk through and Suzanne finds a desk by herself to one side. Surprised, Lucy sits at a table with two spaces and motions for Suzanne to join her. Suzanne reacts with shock, and moves her stuff across.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you want me to sit next to you in public.

LUCY

Why not?

Suzanne looks sheepish.

SUZANNE

I mean, I'm not a loner or anything. I usually sit with Gerald.

LUCY

And Gerald is...?

Suzanne digs around in her bag. Pulls out a rag doll. Sits him on the desk. Lucy looks at it in disbelief.

LUCY (CONT'D)

...a doll?

Suzanne smirks.

SUZANNE

No! That would be silly.

Beat.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

He's invisible. He uses the doll to talk to me.

LUCY

Okay...

Lucy casts Suzanne an extremely worried glance and begins shuffling along a bit. Putting some distance between them.

Looks around for another desk. Two at the front. Gets up to walk towards them.

Suzanne puts an arm across and stops her.

SUZANNE

Don't sit at the front. You'll get snotted on.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

What?

SUZANNE

Mr. Graves. The teacher. When he's bored, he...

Mimics picking her nose and flicking it.

LUCY

Seriously?

Suzanne nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Urgh.

Settles back into her chair again.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So what do you do for fun around here?

SUZANNE

Oh. I don't go out or anything. Not any more. I used to go with Robert and Joanne. I remember this one time, we fought a dragon, and I kept its tail. We used the flames from its mouth to cook our toast the next morning.

Lucy looks back sceptically. Very sceptically.

LUCY

And who are Robert and Joanne?
(under her breath)
Barbie and Ken?

SUZANNE

My friends.

Silence from Suzanne. Lucy tries to restart conversation. Bring it back to normality.

LUCY

So, what are you doing tonight?

SUZANNE

Oh, I haven't got any plans.

Lucy weighs up the situation. Plunges in.

LUCY

If you want, you can come to a party tonight.

SUZANNE

A party? Is it for your dolls?
Because if it is, I can bring
Gerald!

Lucy shakes her head gently.

LUCY

No. It's for real people.

Stops. Put her foot in it. Decides to keep on talking to
cover up what she's just said.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's Sophie Parker's. I think she's
inviting everyone.

SUZANNE

Not me.

LUCY

Well...

SUZANNE

(brightly)
But yeah. I'll come!

LUCY

(under her breath)
Great.

MR GRAVES flies into the classroom, 50ish, flowing hair, wild
expression.

MR GRAVES

Bonjour, my eager learners. Most of
you know me already, and if you
don't, you soon will.

Looks round the room, scowling.

MR GRAVES (CONT'D)

(menacingly)
I can see I'll have trouble with
you. Be eager to learn, or face the
consequences.

Eases himself into his chair. The class are scared stiff.

CUT TO:

Michelle is walking towards a picnic table, where Adam's
having a chat with another lad, TONY, who has his back to
Michelle. Adam spots her.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Whazzup!

MICHELLE

Seriously, five years ago.

ADAM

Still sounds good to me.

Shrugs. Michelle glances at Tony.

MICHELLE

Hi, Tony.

Her eyes glow with a purplish tinge.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(deeper)

Bye, Tony.

He stands up and is almost pushed away by a purplish wall, a look of almost-shock on his face. Shakes his head and walks away.

Adam turns to Michelle, not happy.

ADAM

Show-off!

MICHELLE

If you've got it, flaunt it.

Adam looks her up and down.

ADAM

Normally, I wouldn't argue, but...

MICHELLE

You're only jealous because you haven't got any.

ADAM

Yeah. Say that as often as possible.

Michelle smiles at him. This is obviously a conversation they've had a million times before.

MICHELLE

So, you were gonna talk to me about something supernatural earlier?

ADAM

Yeah.

Reaches into his bag, pulls out a newspaper. Drops it onto the picnic table, flattens it out. The headline is clear.

MICHELLE

Ah. Now I see why you didn't want me to know while I was eating brekkie.

ADAM

Yeah. What d'ya think?

MICHELLE

Savage killings? From what I can see, it's bound to be werewolves.

Adam folds the paper back up.

ADAM

Just once, I wish we'd have a normal, mundane murder in this town.

MICHELLE

Or no murders at all.

Adam nods sagely.

ADAM

That'd probably be better.

Michelle smiles at him evilly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(resignedly)
What?

MICHELLE

(sweetly)
What's wrong, Ad?

ADAM

That smile. It means you're plotting something.

MICHELLE

Not in this case. I'm just thinking. We can get the gun out. Silver bullets. Yeah!

Fist-pumps. Adam looks at her with fake worry on his face.

ADAM

Just the thing to get excited about. Shooting things.

Michelle smirks.

MICHELLE

Yeah. Remember the Gazumi demon? Needed to be shot with a dart?

14 CONTINUED: (3)

Adam looks into the middle-distance, obviously remembering a previous event.

ADAM

From what I remember, your aim was
scarily accurate.

MICHELLE

Oh yeah.

Adam's spotted something in the distance. It's the girly
gaggle.

ADAM

Fancy target practice?

Nods over to the group.

MICHELLE

(darkly)

Don't tempt me.

It's the group we saw before, with Sophie in the middle,
trying to push her way to the front, Lucy tagging along
reluctantly at the back.

Sophie gets to the front, and points over at Michelle and
Adam. The group swings round and closes in.

Adam's looking at Lucy intently. Michelle notices.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're staring again.

ADAM

New girl. Not quite the type to be
part of Bitches United.

MICHELLE

She's not exactly our type either.

Thinks intently for a second.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But there is something. Last
night...

Frowns in concentration. That's broken.

SOPHIE

Look at this. It's Punky And The
Brain!

Michelle sighs. This is another round in an endless fight.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Good to see you've finally moved on from Disney films.

SOPHIE

I was tempted to say Beauty And The Beast, but I didn't know which was which.

Michelle sits forward, pushing her face into Sophie.

MICHELLE

Haven't you got somewhere else to be? Re-applying your next coat of makeup, or something?

SOPHIE

At least I wear some.

MICHELLE

Well. You need it.

Sophie looks shocked. Turns around. She's lost the interest of the gang, who are starting to chat amongst themselves.

Realising she needs to do something drastic to get their attention back, she pulls a perfume bottle out of her handbag.

SOPHIE

Listen, we're sitting here, so shove off.

MICHELLE

Funny, I thought we were sitting here.

SOPHIE

Not for long.

SQUIRTS Michelle with perfume. Right in her face.

The gang LAUGH raucously.

MICHELLE

Bitch!

Emily and Rachel follow Sophie's lead.

SOPHIE

Aim! FIRE!

They squirt at the table, aiming deliberately at Michelle. She gets up, coughing and spluttering. Instantly, the rest of the group (apart from Lucy) gather round the table. Emily and Rachel sit either side of Adam.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
Hello, sexy.

EMILY
My, have you been working out? I
thought I spotted a tenth of a
bicep there.

Pokes and prods Adam. Rachel does the same from the other
side.

RACHEL
Love the one-pack.

Adam is ignoring this teasing, but Michelle has been growing
more and more frustrated.

MICHELLE
Won't you bitches leave him alone?

SOPHIE
Hey, d'you want to stand in the way
of true love?

Emily and Rachel reach over to try and kiss him. He shoves
them away.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Oh, Michelle. Control your men!

MICHELLE
Shut up and leave us alone.

SOPHIE
Men have to be whipped into shape,
you know. Look at your dad.

MICHELLE
Keep him out of this.

SOPHIE
What a waster he is. Too bad your
mum died before she could finish
the job.

MICHELLE
You bitch.

She storms over to Sophie, a purplish light beginning to glow
off her. Adam sees this and pulls her away.

ADAM
No, Michelle! Not here. She's not
worth it.

He drags her away. The gang LAUGH uproariously.

14 CONTINUED: (6)

SOPHIE

Freaks.

Lucy looks after them, shocked.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad for them. No-one else does.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

15

The final bell rings. Students flood out. Jamie appears, pulling his coat on. He looks around and spots Lucy. He shuffles up to her.

JAMIE

Hey, sis. Good day?

LUCY

Hm.

She looks troubled.

JAMIE

What's wrong?

LUCY

Sophie. She just doesn't...I don't know. And then there's that girl Michelle.

JAMIE

Who?

LUCY

There's something weird going on.

JAMIE

You don't say. Vicky's having a conversation with Mum.

They head over to the car, not noticing the caretaker sweeping up litter who eyes them intently.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ROWAN HOUSE HALL - NIGHT

16

The hallway has been re-decorated since we last saw it. Crisp-looking pastel colours dominate. Lucy disappears upstairs straight away. Jamie looks after her, then sees Mr Green appearing out of one of the doors, wearing a paint-splattered apron.

(CONTINUED)

MR GREEN

Hey, son. Good day?

JAMIE

Well, if I had to stand up and introduce myself one more time I think I'd throw up.

MR GREEN

Ooh. Blind Date-style, eh?

Jamie looks back at him, not quite getting the reference.

Mrs Green and Vicky enter.

VICKY

Oh, you've decorated. Hate it.

MR GREEN

Glad to know I've got your approval.

She pouts and climbs upstairs.

MRS GREEN

How come you've done all this? Writer's block?

MR GREEN

You just assume that I...yeah.

MRS GREEN

Final proof. Nagging works.

JAMIE

Me and Lucy are going round to a friend's tonight, if that's OK?

MRS GREEN

Should be fine. I've got loads of paperwork to do. We won't have time to cook anything. Where is Lucy, anyway?

JAMIE

Rushed upstairs.

MR GREEN

Everything OK?

JAMIE

I dunno...she seemed a bit weird earlier. Probably nothing.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS GREEN

You're forgetting. She's a girl.
She's probably sorting out what to
wear. It takes time, you know.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

A pile of clothes go flying. Lucy is frantically searching through a cardboard box marked "Clothes". She pulls out a dress, holds it up to the light, and runs into the bathroom.

Her crystal, which she has left on the bed, suddenly glows with a blinding white light.

She re-emerges, now wearing the dress, and gets hit by a stream of light emanating from the crystal. She staggers backwards, absorbing this energy. She walks back to the bed and picks the crystal up.

As if in a trance, she walks over to the old chest and opens it. She picks up the dusty book. It opens by itself and begins flicking through the pages at lightning speed. The dust flies off again, but Lucy doesn't react.

Eventually, the book stops turning, and a page rips itself out and falls into her lap. The top line, in large letters, reads "CROWTREE LODGE".

Lucy takes a quick look at the page, folds it up, grabs her coat and heads out of the door, running into Jamie on the way.

JAMIE

Hey, Lucy, you OK?

LUCY

Yeah, I've just got to go
somewhere.

She carries on hurrying down the stairs. Jamie looks after her in shock.

MRS GREEN (O/S)

What was that?

JAMIE

That was the whirlwind formerly
known as Lucy.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CROWTREE LODGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

An old-fashioned living room, grandfather clock in corner,
log fireplace, peeling green and red wallpaper, brown carpet.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

Seated in a grand rocking-chair is MEREDITH HARPER (70), a well-built woman, clutching on to her old wooden walking-stick tightly, her eyes blazing even behind the half-moon glasses perched on her nose.

MEREDITH

A werewolf is a most fearsome adversary. They have the strength of ten, and they act on wild impulses.

Adam and Michelle are sat on a weatherbeaten sofa facing her. Adam is nervous, sitting on the edge of his seat, whilst Michelle is reclining, munching on a cupcake.

ADAM

So how do we put it down?

Meredith sips from a cup of tea balanced delicately on her chair arm.

MEREDITH

You treat it as an animal. That is unwise. Don't forget it has the intelligence of a man.

Adam shuffles nervously.

ADAM

So it's dangerous.

MEREDITH

Extremely. I advise caution. This is much stronger than anything you have faced before.

Michelle rolls her eyes, bored.

MICHELLE

Doesn't matter. Shoot it between the eyes, it'll die like anything else.

MEREDITH

And you are confident of your ability?

Michelle scoffs.

MICHELLE

Why wouldn't I be?

Meredith shakes her head and tuts.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Your overconfidence is most worrying. I have said it before, and I will say it again. Take care.

Adam leans forward again.

ADAM

So have you found out anything about what it's doing?

MEREDITH

As a matter of fact, I have. I sent Arnold Thorpe to the police station earlier.

Michelle looks surprised.

MICHELLE

That old duffer? Why him?

MEREDITH

He may wallow in the mire of insanity for much of his time, but he does occasionally have the most astonishing flashes of insight, as he did on this occasion.

ADAM

What did he find out?

MEREDITH

He was able to extract from the minds of the police a vital clue - each of the victims' hearts had been removed.

Michelle pulls a face and abandons her cupcake.

MICHELLE

And what does that accomplish? Other than telling us that whatever did this isn't on Atkins?

MEREDITH

It narrows down considerably the ultimate goal of this fiend.

Adam's beginning to cotton on, sits forward, starting to think hard.

ADAM

A ritual of some kind?

MEREDITH

Precisely.

ADAM

Which?

MEREDITH

Even my knowledge is not all-encompassing, child. You'll have to use the library.

Michelle's still treating this with a pinch of salt.

MICHELLE

And what are we looking for? Any ritual involving hearts?

MEREDITH

Involving at least five hearts.

MICHELLE

Why?

MEREDITH

Clearly, if the ritual required any less, we would be in considerably more peril than we already are.

MICHELLE

Which means that there's gotta be another killing?

MEREDITH

Unless you can think of another way of removing a human heart, than yes.

Michelle stands up. Realisation has dawned. This is serious.

MICHELLE

What are we doing sitting around? We should be hitting the streets, trying to stop it.

Meredith narrows her eyes.

MEREDITH

How?

MICHELLE

The traditional way.

Holds her thumb and forefinger out in the shape of a gun.

MEREDITH

No! There is something more going on here. We have yet to uncover the true motive of this fiend.

Adam nods, following her train of thought.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
Bloody nose.

Turns to Michelle.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We have to hit this thing where it hurts. So far it's not had any resistance. We'll give it something to think about.

Michelle relents.

MICHELLE
And force it into a mistake? Yeah, I could go along with that.

Meredith smiles in satisfaction.

MEREDITH
I can see I've trained you well.
Good.

Looks over at a carriage clock on the fireplace. 7:25. Seems to spur Meredith into action.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Hurry, children. Time is of the essence.

ADAM
I bet it is.

Whispers to Michelle.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Corrie time. Some day I'll show her how to use a DVD recorder.

MEREDITH
Insolence!

She makes an attempt to get up, but struggles. Adam comes over to help her.

ADAM
Here you go, Gran.

He helps her up, which is more of a struggle than anticipated. Together, they walk out into the reception area.

CUT TO:

19

INT. CROWTREE LODGE RECEPTION - NIGHT

19

Standing there looking around is Lucy. Adam reacts with surprise, Meredith with curious interest, and Michelle with barely controlled anger.

MICHELLE

Oh, God. What are you, the advance guard?

Lucy looks back, shocked at Michelle's tone.

LUCY

Sorry?

MICHELLE

Well, you're one of that bunch of chavettes, aren't you?

LUCY

Yes...no...what'dyou mean?

Michelle applauds sarcastically.

MICHELLE

Well done! You've found us! Now get lost.

Lucy's mouth drops open. She's not used to this.

LUCY

Listen, I'm not like them. I didn't do anything at lunch.

Michelle raises an eyebrow.

MICHELLE

Exactly. You could have stopped it.

LUCY

I didn't want to cut myself off from everyone. I mean, I've seen how...

Mimics craziness.

MICHELLE

Suzanne Collins? Oh. There's a story there.

Realises she's slipped into chatty mode. Hardens.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But still. You're hanging out with them. Which means you're no friend of mine.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy shakes her head in confusion.

LUCY
I didn't come here to make friends
with you. I didn't even know you'd
be here. I was told to come here.

Adam moves up to her, surprise on his face.

ADAM
By who?

MEREDITH
The crystal.

Michelle & Adam's jaws drop, virtually simultaneously.

MICHELLE
WHAT???

ADAM
WHAT???

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Am I right?

Lucy is also shocked, but manages to nod.

LUCY
How did you know?

MEREDITH
(commanding)
Show it to me.

Almost without hesitation, Lucy reaches for her crystal and pulls it out.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
(reverentially)
The White Crystal. So...Edina's
legacy continues.

ADAM
Edina Deacon? I remember her. She
always used to let me sit on her
lap and listen to nursery rhymes.

Lucy and Michelle give him an odd look.

ADAM (CONT'D)
As a kid...I'll shut up now, while
I have some dignity left.

MICHELLE
Not much.

Meredith has a new lease of life. Stands up tall, enters lecture mode.

MEREDITH

Edina Deacon was the most powerful white witch of her generation. It makes sense that she should pour her magic into this crystal upon her death.

Lucy looks sceptically back at her.

LUCY

Sorry? Witches, magic? I don't follow.

ADAM

Magic's real. It's all around us. But it takes a focused mind, and a crystal, to channel it properly.

Lucy raises an eyebrow.

LUCY

And you're saying I have that power?

MICHELLE

No, we're saying you have a crystal.

Lucy throws up her hands.

LUCY

Do you realise how stupid you all sound? There's no such thing as witches and demons and goblins and things. This is the real world.

MICHELLE

It's you who's being stupid. You're so ignorant of what's going on round you.

MEREDITH

It's a perfectly normal reaction, Michelle. She's too old to readily accept these things. She hasn't received the conditioning you have.

Lucy doesn't like the sound of that. Turns slowly to face the old battleaxe.

LUCY

(cautiously)
Conditioning?

MEREDITH

Your mind believes in its own logic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

You aren't willing to stretch your perceptions to accommodate the fantastic.

LUCY

It'd make it easier to believe if you kept to the same story.

MICHELLE

That's real life. It's complicated.

Lucy's heard enough. Her face hardens.

LUCY

All I've got is a nice piece of jewellery, that's all. And I don't see any demons wandering around.

MICHELLE

Not yet.

LUCY

There's nothing mystical going on round here, and there's not going to be.

MICHELLE

Open your eyes! What about those murders on the news?

That takes Lucy by surprise.

LUCY

Murd...murders?

MICHELLE

Victims of werewolf attacks.

Lucy's starting to get interested.

LUCY

But there's no full moon.

MICHELLE

There doesn't have to be. We're not in a Hammer film here. There's no handy weaknesses we can exploit.

LUCY

So I assume you're going to go out and kill it.

MICHELLE

That was the plan. Now we're just gonna give it the finger.

ADAM

A bit more than that.

Looks hopefully at Lucy.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Interested?

Lucy's torn. Picks her words carefully.

LUCY

Sorry. I'd love to go with you, partly because I want to see if this is some kind of elaborate practical joke, but I'm afraid I've got a social life.

Michelle turns away in disgust.

MICHELLE

Nothing like priorities.

Lucy sticks her tongue out, grabs the crystal back from a shell-shocked Meredith, turns round, and strides out of the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Good riddance.

MEREDITH

You should not have been so hard on her.

ADAM

She'd made up her mind. She wasn't going to join us.

MEREDITH

But she could have been a great asset in your quest.

MICHELLE

How, exactly?

MEREDITH

That crystal is one of awesome power. If she could be trained to use it properly, our chances of eliminating evil would be enhanced considerably.

Michelle's still unconvinced, and walks away from the others.

MICHELLE

She's no witch.

MEREDITH

You forget, crystals choose their wearers, not the other way around. There must be great potential within her.

MICHELLE

Yeah, well, we've not got time to build bridges tonight. We've gotta go werewolf hunting.

MEREDITH

Remember, this werewolf is only the accomplice. If you fail, and its master is released, we have a mighty battle on our hands. We must recruit any ally we can.

Adam grabs Michelle by the shoulders.

ADAM

Gran has a point, Michelle. If some Big Bad turns up, we're a bit pathetic, aren't we? Two witches, one barely mobile, sorry Gran, and a sorcerer with no magic. It's not exactly the Halliwell sisters, is it?

MICHELLE

We've done okay do far.

ADAM

But it's getting harder.

MICHELLE

I'll bear it in mind. Now come on, before anyone else gets killed!

They hurry out. Meredith watches after them.

MEREDITH

Foolish children.

She pulls out her own crystal from around her neck, a pale blue one, which seems to have lost some of its glow. She looks at it, and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

Suzanne is sitting in a dress on her bed, looking at her mobile intently, close to tears. Her bedroom is a throwback, reminiscent of a child's. Flowery pink wallpaper, doll's house, childish bedcovers.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
(mimics Lucy)
Course I'll be your friend,
Suzanne.

Frowns.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
True friends don't mess you about.
Don't let you down.

Looks over at a framed picture on the window-sill. A much happier, younger Suzanne, having fun with two friends, ROBERT and JOANNE.

All of a sudden, her phone rings. Suzanne jumps across the bed and picks it up.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Hi. Oh. No, Mum, I was expecting
someone else. Shopping? Sorry, Mum,
I've got a...

Looks at the clock. It's 8:30.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
nothing. Some milk? Yeah, I'll pick
it up. See you later.

She switches her phone off, grabs her coat, and hurries out, slamming the door as she goes.

CUT TO:

21 INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Loud music is blaring out. A couple are French-kissing. The doorbell rings. Sophie, wearing a shiny black evening dress, shoves the couple apart and heads for the door. The couple go back to kissing again. Sophie opens the door to reveal Lucy and Jamie.

SOPHIE
Oh, you're late. Didn't think you
were coming.

JAMIE
(with a pointed glance at
Lucy)
Yeah, Lucy went walkabout for a
bit.

SOPHIE
Well, you're here now. Let someone
take your coats and make yourselves
at home. The main stuff's going on
in the front.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Thanks.

Sophie opens the doors into the living room. Emily and Rachel are standing near the door. Emily's on her mobile.

EMILY

Yeah. Totally envy you, Char.

Holds the phone away. Whispers to Rachel.

EMILY (CONT'D)

She's in Eddie's bed! They're totally gonna have sex!

Rachel giggles excitedly. Emily puts the phone back to her ear.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Yeah. You get that, and we're stuck here, in Boring Central. I'm only waiting for the free drinks.

Waits, listening.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Totally. And that's worse, we have to act like we like her. She's, totally, like, sucking up to us. It's, like, get a life!

Sophie's stood just behind them, listening to this. A tear drops down her cheek. A pinkish light glows off her. It's from a crystal round her neck, similar to Lucy's.

She turns away, embarrassed, and heads over to a decanter. Pours herself a drink. Downs it.

Lucy and Jamie, meanwhile, are still at the door, looking around in bewilderment.

The living room is plushly decorated, with a lit chandelier suspended from the ceiling, a grand piano, and a conservatory, but the atmosphere is a complete contrast. All around them are couples kissing, or dancing, or people checking others out, whilst others, clearly drunk, are doing all sorts of weird stuff.

JAMIE

So, how many names can you remember?

LUCY

About two. But I've got a plan.

JAMIE

Yeah?

LUCY

Yeah. I've been taking photos on my mobile all day, with a little note on each one saying who they are.

JAMIE

You can do that on a phone?

LUCY

On any phone made in the last ten years.

Lucy looks in her coat pocket, but can't find her phone.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ahh.

Jamie looks triumphant.

JAMIE

You've forgotten your super-modern phone?

LUCY

Yeah.

Jamie reaches into his coat pocket, and pulls out his mobile. At least ten years old, a brick.

JAMIE

You'd never forget this.

LUCY

Unfortunately. Anyway, you'd know straight off if you left that behind. It weighs like ten pounds.

Jamie shrugs and slips the phone back.

JAMIE

No wonder you forgot your phone, considering the speed you zoomed out at. Where'd you go, anyway?

LUCY

Out.

JAMIE

Well, it's not safe.

LUCY

Yes, I heard about the murders. Why'd you not tell me?

Jamie's surprised. Stutters a response.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

JAMIE

I was trying to protect you. You know, with the whole problems...

LUCY

Shhh...not in public.

JAMIE

(looking around)

This lot are so gone, they won't be able to remember their names the next morning, never mind anything else.

LUCY

Still. And...thanks.

JAMIE

No problem. Let's mingle.

They head off into the mayhem.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

22

Suzanne is making her way down the road, clutching tightly to a glass bottle of milk. She checks her watch.

Out of nowhere, a blood-curdling HOWL! The same as we heard before, but even more terrifying. Suzanne shrieks and begins to run, scared out of her wits. A slight bluish glow shines off her.

She notices a stone staircase through an alleyway. She makes her way towards it, when suddenly another HOWL rings around. Suzanne stops dead and looks around.

THUMP! The beast hits Suzanne with some force and sends her tumbling down the staircase. She keeps her head, though, and holds the bottle of milk high, and it doesn't shatter.

She lands with a hard BUMP on the pavement. In panic, she looks up and sees the beast in all its hideous glory bounding towards her, licking its lips and drooling.

She hurries to her feet and looks around. The beast reaches the bottom of the staircase and turns its head from side to side, sniffing. Suzanne's gone. It pads quietly down the street.

WHACK! Out of nowhere, Suzanne steps out and smashes the milk bottle down onto the beast, hitting it in the eye. It SCREECHES in pain and claws its eye. Seeing her chance, Suzanne makes off down the road as fast as her limping legs can take her.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

She's on a residential street. She limps up to the first house she can find with a light on and hammers on the door.

SUZANNE

Help me! You've gotta help me!

The light switches off. The beast stirs. Suzanne looks around in panic. She sees a light on in a house a bit further down. She makes her way towards it.

CUT TO:

23 INT. SOPHIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Lucy's stood over in one corner, drink in hand. Glances quickly at her watch, bored. Spots Jamie off to one side, chatting to Graeme. Makes eye contact.

Does the universal "let's bail" hand-signal. Jamie nods subtly. Lucy quickly pours her drink away.

"Teenagers" by My Chemical Romance comes on over the speaker system. Lucy begins to thread her way through the throng towards the door, dancing in time with the music.

Just inches from the door when Sophie stops her.

SOPHIE

(blearily)

Lucy!

LUCY

Hi.

SOPHIE

Lucy!

Lucy smiles.

LUCY

Which one of me are you talking to?

Sophie blinks back, confused.

SOPHIE

Huh? Lucy. I'm cool, right?

LUCY

Yeah. Very cool.

Tries to edge away.

SOPHIE

I don't care what those bitches think.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Who?

SOPHIE

Emily and Rachel.

LUCY

Oh. Really?

Sophie shakes her head. Almost stumbles over.

SOPHIE

And I don't cling to people, do I?

Lucy tries to escape from Sophie's clinging.

LUCY

No, the thought of it!

SOPHIE

Course. I was right. Just gotta tell those two that.

Wanders away. Lucy shakes herself.

COMMOTION from the hallway. A crowd rushes to the door, then parts like the Red Sea to let a bedraggled Suzanne through.

She looks a mess - torn clothes, sweat dripping off her, hole in her jeans, blood coming from a wound.

Sophie notices.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(a little too loudly)

Who invited the freak?

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Was it me?

SUZANNE

I had to get inside, away from...

Emily and Rachel can't resist.

EMILY

Well, there's no need for you to dress up on our account.

Rachel giggles. Sophie stumbles up to them and giggles as well.

SUZANNE

I was att...attacked!

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

By who, the fashion police?

A sudden fury takes Suzanne.

SUZANNE

Listen to me! There's this...this thing, like a giant dog, and it's stalking me...

Lucy looks at her, putting the pieces together.

SOPHIE

Is it like your invisible friend?

LAUGHTER from the crowd. Suzanne stumbles away. Lucy looks after her thoughtfully.

Lucy, full of concern, moves towards Suzanne, and grabs her arm.

LUCY

Suzanne, what happened?

SUZANNE

Doesn't matter. Nothing.

LUCY

I believe you.

Suzanne looks up in shock. She isn't used to hearing that.

SUZANNE

Really?

LUCY

Yes.

SUZANNE

Well, it was this...this...thing, huge, and hairy, and...

LUCY

Can you describe it?

SUZANNE

It looked like...like...like THAT!

Points shakily.

CRAAASSSHHH! The front door of the house flies down the hallway, and the beast strides in. It's our first proper look at it. Huge, 8 feet tall, powerfully built, extremely muscular, but clearly canine, covered in fur. It opens its mouth, and we see sharp teeth, with drool dripping off them.

(CONTINUED)

The partygoers scream as one and run for safety. Suzanne faints. Lucy tries to hold her up, but she's lost consciousness. Her head lolls back, and we see that she's wearing a crystal like Lucy's, but dark blue.

Graeme, the bulky friend of Jamie's, quickly grabs a chair. He strides purposefully towards the creature. It looks at him. He throws the chair as hard as he can.

SMASH! The wolf ducks, and the chair breaks the glass of the conservatory door. Seeing an escape route, everyone hurries towards the gap, Graeme among them.

Sophie is left alone, torn about her next course of action. The werewolf pads towards her, opening its mouth in anticipation. Sophie faces it down, tears beginning to stream down her cheeks. The werewolf lunges...

...at thin air. At the last minute, Lucy rugby-tackled Sophie, and the two roll along the floor until they get wedged underneath the grand piano. Sophie looks breathlessly at her saviour.

SOPHIE

What...what is that?!

LUCY

No time to explain. You all right?

SOPHIE

Let's see. There's a great big beast in my house, my party's been ruined, and the door to my parents' conservatory is smashed in. I've never been better!

LUCY

No really, it was nothing.

SOPHIE

What?

Lucy ignores her, and twists around as best she can. She spots Suzanne, lying on her back, still unconscious, and defenceless. The werewolf is closing in on her.

Shaking, Lucy untangles herself from her hiding-place and strides as confidently as she can towards the monster.

LUCY

Hey, Lassie!

She wolf-whistles. This catches the wolf's attention, and it turns towards her, growling. It makes as if to lunge at her, but suddenly shrinks back.

(CONTINUED)

It's seen her crystal. Hesitantly, Lucy reaches around her neck and unhooks her crystal. She holds it out in front of her and begins to walk towards the beast. It keeps retreating.

Closing her eyes, and whispering a quick prayer, Lucy holds the crystal as far out as she can and holds out her other hand in what she hopes is a gesture of power.

NOTHING!

Seeing that Lucy contains no power, the wolf stops backing off and begins to rush towards her.

It's Lucy's turn to back away. She looks around, panic-stricken.

LUCY (CONT'D)

JAAMMIIIEE!

JAMIE (O/S)

COMING!

Behind the werewolf's back, we see Jamie rush back through the gap in the conservatory, leap on top of the grand piano, grab hold of the chandelier, and pull it down over the werewolf's head. Perfect fit, just like a collar.

Reacting, it rears up and lets out an almighty HOWL. Jamie clings onto its back for dear life.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Take those two and go!

LUCY

But...

JAMIE

Don't argue! I'll be fine, now get outta here!

Lucy, with a last, concerned look at Jamie, reaches down and lifts up Suzanne. Turning around, she looks under the piano for Sophie, but she's gone. Looking up, we see Sophie sprinting for the conservatory. Lucy follows.

Jamie, meanwhile, is clinging onto the beast's back like a bucking bronco. It tries desperately to fling him off, but he keeps hold. It smashes him into one wall, then the other. Smashes a photo of Sophie and her family. Crashes into the CD player, causing the loud music to stop suddenly.

Still, Jamie holds on, but his grip is loosening. With an almighty fling, the wolf jerks forward, causing Jamie to somersault over him and smash into what's left of the glass conservatory door. He lands painfully on the hard patio floor.

(CONTINUED)

Panic-stricken, Lucy rushes towards him, but is stopped in her tracks by the beast.

LUCY
Keep away from him!

It snarls menacingly, but suddenly...

WHOOSH! A stream of purple light appears from the direction of the house and cracks right into the back of the werewolf. It lands on the tiles with a CLUMP.

Adam and Michelle emerge from the house. Adam is holding up an open book. Michelle's eyes are glowing purple, and her hands are outstretched. She glances at the book.

MICHELLE
By the forces of good, and by the
guidance of...of...

ADAM
Anatharnia.

MICHELLE
Ana what?

Adam sighs.

ADAM
Tharnia. Anatharnia.

MICHELLE
Ana-thar-nia...I condemn thee, foul
beast! BEGONE!

With that, another stream of magic pours from Michelle's hands and hits the werewolf who levitates into the air and is flung across the patio. It scrambles to its feet and races away, its tail literally between its legs.

The danger passed, Michelle's eyes fade back to normal, and she faints. Adam holds her up. Lucy takes the opportunity to rush to Jamie's side.

He looks in a very bad way, twisted awkwardly, skin very pale, his lips a bluish shade.

Lucy instantly feels for a pulse on his neck, feels, feels, feels again. Can't find it.

She rips his top open, hands on his chest, pumps down on his lungs, tries to give mouth-to-mouth, pumps on his chest again. Tries again and again, desperation overtaking her.

Finally, she stops. Looks around her, seeing Michelle, Adam and Sophie looking back, sadness permeating their faces. She looks back at Jamie, her face a mixture of shock and despair.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (6)

LUCY

No...can't be...no...

She beats at his lifeless body with her fists.

LUCY (CONT'D)

NOOO!!!

24 TO BE CONTINUED...

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