

Dry Spell

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE WATCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The holding cell is at the end of a corridor. Light from the front desk is visible as two CONSTABLES tackle paperwork.

REG(19) sleeps in the cell, on a grubby mattress. A stained, steel toilet is the only other feature of the cramped space.

SUPER - LONDON ENGLAND JUNE 2012

Suddenly, a green ball of light appears near the barred door. A low HUM resonates. The light vanishes, and a figure pops out of nowhere!

This is OLIVIA(22). She's very pretty, despite the drab dress and tattered shawl she wears. A pointed, wide-brimmed hat tops it off.

Olivia examines her surroundings, stamps her foot in anger. She sees Reg on the mattress. Stands over him, nudges him with her foot. He stirs, mumbles.

OLIVIA
Awaken, gutter rat. I am in
need of directions.

Reg rolls over, settles again. He FARTS, quietly but it lasts awhile...

OLIVIA
Foul maggot!

She kicks him hard. Right in the buttocks. That wakes him; he YELLS, sits up.

REG
'Ere, what the fuckyer doin'?

He frowns, looks Olivia up and down. A VOICE floats down the corridor.

P.C JONES(O.S)
Keep it down, lad. You'll be
let out soon.

Reg stands up, winces at the butt ache. He blinks, takes in her beauty.

REG
Where did you come from then,
darlin'?

OLIVIA

I have traveled further than
your turnip brain could imagine.
Now, I am in haste. I ne__

REG

I bet you're from Norwich.

OLIVIA

I...how are you aware of that?

REG

Well, you're dressed like
you're from Norwich. But you
talk different...so you could
be from Liverpool!

Olivia bristles. He eyes blaze. Reg grins.

REG

However, the good news is...you
make that old fishwife outfit
look bleeding good, sweetheart.

OLIVIA

I tire of this. Aid me or
suffer the fullness of my wrath.

REG

Ooh, I'm scared. Say, do ya
realise your eyes change colour
when you're angry? I bet you're
a real raver on the dance-floor.

OLIVIA

You have been warned.

She stands very still. An unseen force permeates the cell.

REG

Now, lets see...I'm free most
nights. We can start off simple.
Quiet night at the pub, a curry
later...

Olivia seems to grow taller, looms over him.

OLIVIA

SILENCE!

Electricity surrounds her like an aura. Reg grins, unfazed.

REG

Ok, ok...we can have kebabs
then. I'm easy.

(beat)

I got it! You're a magician.
Like at kid's parties?

OLIVIA

I have not passed through time
to bandy words with a plague-
sore. Now feel the witch's power.

She holds a hand close to Reg's face.

REG

Ah, a witch. I see...early
Halloween party, was it?

Suddenly, he disappears. Gone, just like that.

On the floor sits a tiny, steaming brown thing. It looks
remarkably like a...piece of shit. Olivia shrinks to her
normal self. Its all quiet.

REG

I...'ere, what the hell you
done to me?

His voice emanates from the excrement.

REG

God...this must be a bad dream.
I'll close my eyes and I'll be
at home. Or in the cell by
myself, yes.

(beat)

Aargh! It didn't work. I'm
still a pile of shit.

Olivia allows herself a smirk.

OLIVIA

Mayhaps your form is more
fitting now?

REG

You...mayhaps? Ok, enough with
the Shakespeare crap please.
How can I help you after you
change me back, if I can't work
out your 'Olde English'?

(beat)

You are gonna turn me back,
aren't you?

The VOICE again from the corridor...

P.C JONES(O.S)

Reggie, shut it. You're acting
like a little turd!

Reg SIGHS.

REG

Don't I know it...

OLIVIA
I will transform thee back. I
need your help with the quest
I am charged with.

She makes another hand gesture.

REG
The boys at the Courtfield will
never believe this.

Olivia frowns amidst her spell weaving. Reg re-appears.

REG
Oh thank you. Whoa...I pong
severely.

He stretches, circles Olivia slowly.

REG
So, a real live witch, hey?
From Norwich...or perhaps
Liverpool.
(beat)
The speech and the clothes
could almost be a Manchester
thing...

OLIVIA
Verily you have not heeded my
earlier words. I am from__

Reg holds up a hand, cuts her off.

REG
Before we continue...you need
to do something about yer talk.
Do yer have some kind of, I
dunno, language conversion spell?

Olivia SIGHS, nods. She rummages in a small bag tied to
her dress, pulls out a foul smelling, black onion.

OLIVIA
This will make thee understand
me. My speech will become of
this forsaken time.

REG
Oh no...I'm not eating that,
forget it.

OLIVIA
Nay, I must eat it...

She closes her eyes, bites into the onion. A rank stench
fills the cell.

P.C. ADAMS(O.S)
Oi, Reggie! Go easy on our bog,
hey?

LAUGHTER from both constables. Reg backs away.

REG
Jesus...

Olivia chews a mouthful of the onion, then packs away the remainder. She swallows, eyes screwed up in pain. Reg watches silently, holds his nose.

Olivia opens her eyes. A shudder goes through her body. Finally...

OLIVIA
Fuck me drunk, that tastes
'orrible. The things I do for
grubby little arsewipes like
you...

She spits on the floor, near Reg's foot.

REG
Thats more like it, darlin'.
You sound like a Billingsgate
fishwife already.

OLIVIA
Now I'm the one who can't
understand the language...

REG
You'll get by. Ok, whats this
about a quest? Sounds important.

OLIVIA
It is. Mankind's very existence
hinges upon it.

REG
Wow. Lucky you met the Reg-man
then.

He rubs his hands together, keen for it.

REG
So whats the story?

OLIVIA
Its no game, I'm afraid. I need
to find a man...

Reg raises his hand, hops about like a horny schoolboy.

REG
Ooh, pick me miss.

OLIVIA
...and perform a ritual on him.

REG
Hmm...well, as long as it
doesn't involve sacrificial
knives and the like, I'm still
in!

(beat)
I'll even put up with being
covered in chicken entrails.

OLIVIA
Its nothing like that. I have
to ha__

Footsteps ECHO along the corridor.

REG
Shit. Its the boys in blue.
They'll go spare trying to work
out where you come from.

OLIVIA
Leave it to me.

REG
Ah...'persuasion' spell?

OLIVIA
Sort of.

REG
Top! The old Jedi mind fuck!

He bows.

REG
The witchy force is strong with
you, Obi-wan.

OLIVIA
Shut the fuck up or I will
sacrifice you.

P.C. JONES (O.S)
What the bleeding hell? Who are
you, girlie?

The constables appear. P.C. Jones is in his fifties; the
other mid twenties.

P.C. ADAMS
How did you get in here? Reg,
what you been up too?

Reg glances at Olivia, jumps back in feigned surprise.

REG

Hey, what? Where the fuck did she come from?

(beat)

I swear, she wasn't there a minute ago.

P.C. ADAMS

Give it up, Reg. Bleeding clown.

P.C. ADAMS

This is serious. Breaking into a police station...what do you have to say, missy?

(to P.C. Jones)

Look at the gear. Probably E'd to the hilt.

OLIVIA

Oh hello constables. You brought me in here, remember?

She makes furtive hand gestures.

OLIVIA

And now its time to release us.

P.C. JONES

Now look here...

His face goes blank. So does his companion's.

P.C. JONES

...yes, we did.

P.C. ADAMS

We did?

P.C. JONES

Yes. I remember now.

P.C. ADAMS

I...yeah...yeah, we did.

Reg is almost cackin' himself in delight.

OLIVIA

Well, you can unlock the door now.

P.C. JONES

Sure. No problems, Miss...?

OLIVIA

Olivia.

(beat)

Olivia the witch from fifteen forty two.

P.C. ADAMS
Ah...from Norwich?

P.C. JONES
I would've thought from
Manchester.

OLIVIA
No matter. We'll be on our way.

P.C Jones pulls out a key chain, unlocks the cell door,
and slides it back. Reg and Olivia step through. Suddenly,
the two police shiver, and look about.

P.C. JONES
Hey, what is this? Who the hell
are you, lady?

P.C. ADAMS
Reg! Get back in the cell. NOW!

Olivia makes another hurried gesture. The two constables
vanish. Where they stood are now two toads! Reg LAUGHS as
he steps over them.

REG
Nice one! See ya later, lads.

OLIVIA
It'll wear off in a few minutes.

REG
Will they remember it?

OLIVIA
You remember being a turd,
don't you?
(beat)
I doubt they'll ever tell anyone.

The two make their way down the corridor. The toads sit
side by side. Soon, the constable's voices emerge...

P.C. JONES
You gotta be kidding me.

P.C. ADAMS
She...she turned us into bloody
toads!
(beat)
Damned witch. Norwich...I
fucking knew it.

P.C. JONES
I always said this area was
attracting the weirdos.

He hops towards the wall.

P.C. ADAMS

What the fuck are yer doing?

P.C. JONES

I've spotted a cockroach. I'm starvin'.

P.C. ADAMS

I...so am I. Halvies? Please?

P.C. JONES

No way. Find yer own vermin. You were meant to get the place fumigated last week anyway. Its a pigsty.

He stalks a cockroach, pounces on it.

P.C. ADAMS

You've changed. You really have.

P.C. Jones ignores him, starts chewing on the cocky. P.C. Adams hops over to him, suddenly charges! The two toads collide, fighting, clawing...

P.C. JONES

See.....what we've...been reduced to...?

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Olivia and Reg hurry down the watch house steps. Traffic RUMBLES past.

OLIVIA

...alchemists discovered the secret of time travel. The Witches Council determined to send me here to the future.

REG

And you have to find this guy?

OLIVIA

Yes.

REG

So whats this ritual?

OLIVIA

I have to...I have to make love to him.

Reg grins.

REG

Wa-hey! Lucky sod! You sure its not me?

OLIVIA

Of course not. His name isn't Reg, for a start. You mentioned a tavern before? In the cell?

REG

Tavern? Oh, you mean the Courtfield? My local, yeah. Its just down the street here. Why's that?

OLIVIA

This man...he can be found there.

REG

Ouch! I got heaps of mates that drink there. So hit me with this lottery winning bastard's name.

Olivia halts. She gazes at the city around her.

OLIVIA

Byron. Byron Talbot. You know him?

Reg winces.

REG

Yeah, I know him.

(beat)

So you have to shag him to save the world?

OLIVIA

Yes.

REG

Well, we're fucked then. Byron bats for the other side. Even a honey like you won't have a chance of enticing him.

OLIVIA

I...I don't understand.

Reg thinks for a moment.

REG

He prefers warlocks to witches.

Olivia digests this. Her face slumps.

OLIVIA

Fuck.