

"WARLOCK GAMES" BY DOMINIC DOVE

EXT. OUTSIDE A FOREST

A
Lost.

B
Yes.

ZEPP
How lost?

B
(Thoughtfully)
Very.

A
Where?

B and ZEPP turn to A, with strangled expressions on their faces.

B
How on earth do you suppose we're
meant to know that?

A
I dunno - you were able to find
that tiny little German whisky
bottle that one time in all of
this, weren't you?

B
Yes, that's because *I* was the
one who'd left it *there* just
the afternoon before.
(In a dignified manner)
I'd left it safely in a bush.

ZEPP
(Interested)
What did you leave it in a bush
for?

B
I was drunk, how should I know?
Besides, your friend is lost and
I've got to be somewhere in half
an hour.

A
How thoughtful.

B
Hey, I wasn't the one who told
the Northerner to get to my house
by crossing the forests, was I?

A
I thought he could ask for
directions if he got lost.

B
Who from?!

ZEPP
The-

B
For the last time, trees don't
bloody talk, Zepp.

Zepp shies away.

B (CONT'D)
He could be anywhere. Let's go.

Camera pulls away as they enter the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FOREST

Overlay: 'EARLIER THAT DAY'

ELF pops up into frame.

ELF
Hello, I'm your lovely little elf
friend, full of fun and laughter,
here to help you on your way!
Follow me, tired one, and we'll
be laughing and eating edible
food in no time!

JEFF is lying in the dirt, looking dishevelled and rough.
Mud is around his mouth and he is attempting to eat a small
log.

JEFF
(Northernly)
Ooooh, at last! Why didn't you
come earlier, like? I've been
stuck here since like 'alf past
twooo, man!

Overlay: '14:42'

The elf smiles and blinks. A montage of happy dancing and
running takes place.

Then, a NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK, watching from his high tree, casts his magic. Jeff becomes stuck under a log in a dramatic flurry of shots, with the elf continuing obliviously.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Nooo-oo-oooo! Wait, come back,
man! Noo-ah! Noo-ah! Noooo-ah!

The elf disappears.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Come on, man, yoo can doo it. Yoo
can make it, man, football's
coming hoo-am, it's coming hoo-
am...

Looks to the sky.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Dear Ant and Dec, please help
meh...

A single sheet of paper floats gently to the ground in front of him. A pen falls abruptly shortly after. Jeff looks again to the sky, in amazement.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Thank Saville!

He starts writing. Then he screws up the paper, and limply chucks it in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. A AND ZEPP'S BACK GARDEN

A and Zepp are sunbathing when suddenly(!) a paper ball hits A on the head. He opens it, to reveal a message: 'ELF GONE. STUCK IN WOOD. THERE IS A LOG.' Zepp is reading it as well. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST

The three guys are going through the forest.

B
A log? He said there's a log? How
about a tree or two and some nice
heather cuttings as well? That
should narrow it down to
about...five hundred different
places he can be, wherever should
we start first?!

A
I know this small path where-

B
If you say any of the words
'green', 'tree', 'grass',
'shrub', 'wood', 'bush',
'heather' or 'dirt', including
variations of said words, they'll
be all you'll be able to say for
the rest of your life, got it?

A
...where it takes us into this
dark, narrow passageway of
natural goodness and marvel,
which then leads to a-

ZEPP
Wait, look at this!

Zepp has turned over the paper and, upon seeing the words
on the back, has stopped in his tracks. The words read
'***'.

A
Oh.

B
What's this, his name?

A
No, his location. It's someone's
tag, and I know for a fact that
it's only in one place in the
entire forest.

B
How do you know that?

A
Because the guy whose tag it is
disappeared shortly after.

There is silence.

B
(To camera)
Ominous, isn't it?
(Away from camera)
Well do you know where it is?

A
Sure, it's not even fifteen
minutes from here.

B
 (A little confused)
 Lead the way.

The nasty southern warlock, nearby in the trees, slowly backs away.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE FOREST

A, B and Zepp are navigating through some trees.

B
 Are we close?

A
 Yeah, getting there, we just need to, um, take a right over there after passing the-

A bumps into the nasty southern warlock.

A (CONT'D)
 ...warlock!

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK
 (Deep, rumbling)
 No.

A
 Pardon?

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK
 (Checking nails)
 The Northerner's mine, I can't allow you to have him.

ZEPP
 Come on, let's just go this-

Zepp bumps into the nasty southern warlock. B, scared, runs away in a different direction, but also bumps into the warlock. The warlock is everywhere. He raises his staff, and attempts to attack A, who fends him off. Battle battle battle shots shots shots la de da boring unnecessary action-scene logistics ensue.

A wristwatch alarm is heard.

B
 Oh, pardon me, sir, Mr Warlock, I have to be going now, I have a ...southerners-only council meeting to get to.
 (MORE)

B (CONT'D)

I don't know the way back though,
would you mind just, um, showing
me back to the main road perhaps?

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK

Ah, yes, certainly - where are my
manners? - I hear this one's
going to be ruddy good, they're
going to be passing some banking
legislation that'll really put
the south back on its feet...

B and the nasty southern warlock lead off. A and Zepp remain. They look blankly around, and at the bloody stump on Zepp's arm, from where his hand was cut off. That was a small detail I left out earlier thanks to a) boring description being boring and b) me only just thinking of a practical and agreeable way in which to create a bloody stump, not to mention the fake hand I have somewhere...

In this little bit, Zepp picks up his now demanified (is that right?) hand, and scratches his back with it. A looks decidedly unsatisfied with all the effort.

A

(Walking out of shot)
Bloody forest urchins...

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FOREST

A and Zepp come out from some trees. There they spot Jeff. A looks around cautiously, begins to tip toe, then charges towards Jeff, before bumping into the nasty southern warlock, who also appears behind Zepp.

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK

Thought I'd be tricked that
easily?

Battle. NSW gets foot stuck in root of a tree. What a n00b.

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah, crap. Well that really balls
things up, doesn't it? Bloody
hell. What be-eautiful irony,
gentlemen. I spend all my life
forest-prowling-

Zepp laughs.

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK (CONT'D)

Shush, you - all my life forest-
watching and look what happens,
nature gets me back.

(MORE)

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK (CONT'D)
Well thanks a bunch, fan-bloody-
tastic, gentlemen...

A goes over to Jeff, and lifts the log under which he is trapped. Then a crunch is heard. The NSW has freed himself, and charges at the guys, before Jeff picks up the pen, and throws it straight at the NSW.

JEFF
(Proudly)
Thanks, Ant and Dec!

A and Zepp gather around him.

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK
Congratulations, guys. But you
never did ask where I left your
friend...

Lightning flashes and silly sounds as:

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FOREST

B is lying with his eyes open, all bloodied up. Dead.

--THE END--