

(This has been updated to show what was changed in editing in addition to containing the new opening.)

"WARLOCK GAMES" BY DOMINIC DOVE

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE

On a PC screen, an IM window flashes open. A message from ADAM appears: 'Get over here quick, man, sunchairs!!'

JEFF replies, 'Kl, be right there, Zepp with you?'

Adam replies, 'Yeah, he's bloody tired, get here ASAP!'

A new message from Adam reads, 'And come across the forest, it's quicker!'

JEFF

Right.

Jeff gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE

Jeff locks the front door, Jeff walks down the street, Jeff comes to the edge of the forest, and walks in.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FOREST

Jeff is lost, so checks his watch as he races through the trees.

JEFF

(Panicking)

ELF! ELF! WHERE ARE YOU?

(Speaking volume)

Oh, where am I?

He comes to a small path, where he sits down hopelessly.

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?

*

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.

*

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.

*

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?
(MORE)

B (CONT'D)

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 'Yellow egg'.

*

A

Oh.

B

What's this, his name?

A

No, his location. It's a plant, 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 anybody who's ever seen it has disappeared.

*

*

There is silence.

B

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.

*

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.

*

Zepp goes over to Jeff, and lifts the log under which he is trapped. A and the NSW fight, before Jeff picks up the pen, and throws it straight at the NSW. Blood spurts and covers Zepp and Jeff in blood, while the NSW falls to the ground. A joins the others.

*

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*

NASTY SOUTHERN WARLOCK

But you never did ask what
happened to 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.