

# **SO WICKED**

by

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Episode 1

**1 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Meet EBONY MORGAN, 19, of Jamaican descent, slouched upon a chair before the PROPRIETOR'S desk. Her sneer could curdle milk.

Behind the girl, cases of grocery stock, piled high.

Sitting opposite, the PROPRIETOR is far from happy.

PROPRIETOR

Ebony, Ebony, Ebony. How do you think your first day with us has gone so far?

EBONY

Not my fault, he disrespected me.

PROPRIETOR

Care to explain your beef with my son, your supervisor?

EBONY

The twat called me a porn category.

REVEAL: The humiliated SON, mid-20s, sits next to EBONY, his face splurged with a family-sized trifle; gooey splotches of custard and jelly dripping onto his once-white shirt.

EBONY

So I trifled him.

**2 INT. THE GRANT FLAT - REECE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

REECE GRANT, white kid, 22, "streeted up" in sportswear.

He sits on his bed, a serving tray on his lap. So many tiny plastic baggies of what appears to be cocaine.

He picks up an empty baggie. Then produces --

-- an opened Barratt's Sherbet Fountain, carefully pouring a portion of its white powdery contents into the baggie.

Proud of his handiwork, REECE holds the baggie aloft, wow, it looks so genuine, he'll make a killing.

**3 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

The roar of an engine, the screeching of tyres, the speeding car is driven by --

**4 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

-- BAILEY MORGAN, 21, brother of EBONY.

His mobile phone shrieks for attention. Caller: EBONY. He's driving, but fuck it, he takes the call.

BAILEY  
Yo, wassup, sis? How's the new job going?

**5 EXT./INT. SHOP-LINED STREET/CAR - AFTERNOON (INTERCUT)**

EBONY marches along the street, phone to ear.

EBONY  
What job? I'm officially an unemployment statistic. Again.

She clocks the background engine drone. Stops dead.

EBONY  
Bailey, are you driving?

BAILEY  
Borrowed a car for the afternoon. Forgot to ask permission from the owner.

EBONY  
You can't use a mobile phone behind the wheel. It's illegal.

BAILEY  
You realise I'm joyriding, right?

**6 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY'S "borrowed" car shoots past.

Across the road, on a brick wall, a strange shapeless shadow springs to life --

-- slithering snake-like down the brickwork and onto the pavement, onto the road, heading straight for us --

-- getting closer and closer and --

-- cue the **OPENING TITLES**.

**7 EXT. STREET CLOSE TO HOUSING ESTATE - AFTERNOON**

It's REECE with a PUNTER, trading cash for his "coke."

Deal closed, a chuffed REECE fans out banknotes like playing cards.

Behind him on the wall, another ominous shadow slithers closer and closer in full stalking prey mode.

And as he pockets his cash --

-- the shadow oozes out of the wall --

-- a dark grey three-dimensional blob --

-- morphing into an arm, a hand, fingers and thumb --

-- reaching out, its outstretched digits almost touching its intended victim.

Nearby, a familiar car screeches to a halt. It's BAILEY.

BAILEY

Yo, Reece.

REECE steps forward, the arm shrinks back into a 2D shadow.

REECE

Bailey! Wha'appen, bruv?

BAILEY

Got myself wheels for the day.

REECE

Banging.

REECE trots over and climbs in. One wheel-spin later, the car is going places.

# 8 EXT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON

EBONY ambles alone through the subway.

Up ahead, a shadow on the wall moves.

EBONY stops. Squints at the shadow. Zero movement. Shrugging it off, she continues her journey.

Then a dark grey blob sprouts from the wall. Once again, it's an arm, a hand, five digits.

The girl halts, seriously rattled.

From a shadow on the opposite wall comes a second 3D arm. Further ahead, a third limb bursts free with grappling fingers.

It's all playing out like a freaking zombie movie.

# 9 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

BAILEY and REECE, enjoying the joyride.

BAILEY

Hey, you still dealing sherbet?

REECE  
You know it.

BAILEY  
Oh, man. Serious death wish.

10      **EXT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

The trio of shadow creatures grow and inflate, oozing out of the walls, each one sprouting a head, a body, a second arm, one leg, then another leg, until --

-- three shadowy humanoid figures detach themselves from the walls, zero facial features, ghostly 3D silhouettes.

All three "ghosts" turn to face EBONY. They make their approach, not walking as such, for their legs don't move, it's an eerie slide.

Snap decision made, EBONY turns and runs. Fast.

11      **INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY, still driving. REECE, still passengering.

REECE  
There was this new user, right? He came up to me and I swear to you, man, this was his genuine query. Is cocaine... suitable for vegans?

BAILEY bursts into laughter.

REECE  
I was, like, whaaaaa?

12      **EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE/ROAD - AFTERNOON**

A terrified EBONY dashes free of the subway. Turns a corner, runs into the road --

-- right into the path of BAILEY'S fast-approaching car.

13      **INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY clocks EBONY in the road --

BAILEY  
Oh, shit!

-- and twists the steering wheel.

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**EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON**

The car lunges to the left, narrowly missing EBONY, instead colliding with a parked car, CRASH!

Sharp exits from BAILEY and REECE, they're okay, zero injuries, but BAILEY isn't best pleased with his sister.

BAILEY

Ebony, what the fuck? My ride is totalled.

EBONY

Bailey, I'm being chased. By shadow things.

BAILEY

Shadow things?

REECE snorts his amusement.

REECE

Sounds like your sister's necked too many psychedelic paracetamol.

EBONY

I'm telling you the truth. They, like, oozed out of the subway walls.

Both BAILEY and REECE look past the girl, their faces sinking with dread. BAILEY points in that direction.

BAILEY

Do they... do they look like that?

EBONY twists around. Across the road, three shadow figures. Standing there. Watching them.

She looks back at her brother, her face a true WTF.

EBONY

Did you seriously need to ask me that question?

Cue the police car screeching to a halt.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS step out the vehicle and swagger over to the three youths.

They don't seem to notice the approaching 3D silhouettes.

POLICE OFFICER #1

We've had reports of joyriding in this vicinity.

He peers past the gang at the crashed car. A smug smirk at the prospect of a potential arrest.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Know anything about it?

Behind them, the eerie figures slide closer and closer.

BAILEY  
Seriously, guys, you need to get  
back in that car and drive away as  
fast as you can.

The POLICE OFFICERS trade glances.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Is that a threat?

One figure is dangerously close to POLICE OFFICER #2.

REECE  
No, man, look behind you!

POLICE OFFICER #2  
You really think we're likely to  
fall for that old --

The figure touches his back and --

-- he wheezes for breath, a drowning man rising for air from  
the depths --

-- then drops dead.

POLICE OFFICER #1 gawks at his deceased colleague, confused,  
disorientated. He can't see the figures closing in, they're  
invisible to the copper.

He suffers the same fate -- gasp!! -- his lifeless body  
plummeting groundwards.

Without hesitation, BAILEY, EBONY and REECE leg it.

The three figures melt like thawing snowmen, morphing into a  
trio of shapeless 2D shadows on the road. Giving chase, the  
shadows slither along the ground.

**15 EXT. TOWER BLOCK - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY, EBONY and REECE sprint over to the main entrance of  
the tower block. They burst through the door and --

**16 INT. TOWER BLOCK - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON**

-- find themselves in the lobby. They head straight for the  
elevator. BAILEY prod-prod-prods the request button.

Hoping and praying for the elevator doors to open, they  
glance back at the main entrance.

The three shadows seep like goo through the fissure surrounding the door.

At last, the elevator doors slide open. The youths pile inside. Again, BAILEY prod-prod-prods buttons, any buttons, desperate for the doors to close. They don't.

REECE

Shut the doors, man!

BAILEY

That's what I'm trying to do!

More frantic button jabbing as the three 2D shadows slither across the floor towards them. Then --

-- the doors slide shut, the elevator powers up. They think they're safe --

-- but no, the shadows begin to seep through the centre fissure of the double doors.

The cowering youths back into the rear wall as the first two shadows slither along the left and right walls, the third taking the ceiling.

Arms, hands, fingers sprout from the shadows.

The doors swish open.

BAILEY

Go, go, go!

They surge forward, ducking low, three sets of grappling fingers narrowly missing them as they make their escape.

**17 INT. TOWER BLOCK - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY, EBONY and REECE gallop down the corridor until they reach the front door of a flat.

BAILEY rifles through his pockets, fishes out a set of keys, opens the door --

**18 INT. THE MORGAN FLAT - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

-- and they're inside, door slammed shut. Not that it'll do any good. They scoot along the hallway and head into --

**19 INT. THE MORGAN FLAT - LOUNGE - AFTERNOON**

-- the lounge. Door closed, they twist around to face --



-- WILSON and RONICA MORGAN (BAILEY and EBONY's parents), both mid-40s, sitting on the sofa, the daytime TV gameshow they were watching disturbed.

WILSON

What's up with you lot?

RONICA

You look as if you've seen a ghost.

BAILEY

We have. A whole gang of them.

Confused looks from WILSON and RONICA as BAILEY, EBONY and REECE canter over to the opposite side of the room, not once taking their eyes off the door.

A tense wait. Then --

-- two of the three shadows pour through the fissure, sliding down the door and onto the carpet.

WILSON and RONICA stare aghast as the expanding 3D shadows morph into two humanoid figures we now know so well.

WILSON stands up, his face taut and determined.

WILSON

Let me handle this.

Out of his back pocket comes a tubular piece of cast metal. One sharp downward flick of his hand and an impossibly massive blade shoots out.

It's now a medieval-esque sword.

WILSON readies his weapon, attack stance, adept, practised, as though he has done this a thousand times before.

He whacks the first approaching figure, the creature reduced to wispy plumes of smoke.

The second figure lurches forward. Another swish of the sword, another shadow creature slayed.

Now at ease, WILSON lowers his sword and turns to face the gobsmacked trio, his face oozing severe smugness.

WILSON

Now that is how we deal with evil  
in this household.

Without warning, the previously unseen third figure dangles upside down from the ceiling.

WILSON recoils, falling on his arse, dropping his sword.

The creature stretches one arm to an impossible length to touch him, but --

-- RONICA leaps off the sofa, flicking open her own sword.

With one swish of the weapon, she thwarts the creature's plans, disintegration, wisps of fading smoke, history.

RONICA offers a hand and helps WILSON to his feet. They both flick up their swords, the blades retracting into the hilts.

The youths struggle to work out what just occurred.

BAILEY

What. The. Fuck?

RONICA slaps her son on the back of the head.

RONICA

You wash your mouth out with soap, young man! There will be no foul language under my roof.

BAILEY rubs his head, pouting like a scolded child.

WILSON

I believe we owe the three of you an explanation.

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**INT. THE MORGAN FLAT - KITCHEN - EVENING**

BAILEY, EBONY, REECE and RONICA sit at the dining table. WILSON stands nearby.

BAILEY examines his father's retracted weapon in his hands, like he's an expert on the TV show "Antiques Roadshow."

BAILEY

So... you basically... smash demons and monsters.

RONICA

Violence is always a last-resort strategy. We prefer our given job title: defenders of the human race.

WILSON

The Underworld is situated directly beneath London. Understandable, I guess, when you think about it.

BAILEY

Mum, this is mental. We thought you worked at Tesco.

RONICA

I do. This is kind of a side-line.

EBONY

How can you two be wielding swords  
and slaughtering shadow things?  
You're our parents, not video game  
characters.

REECE

What were those creatures, man?

WILSON

Assassimorphs. Demonic assassins.  
One touch and your life-force is  
sucked clean out of you.

A knock on the front door rattles the three youths.

WILSON

I'll get it.

EBONY

No, no, Dad, what if it's  
reinforcements?

WILSON

You really think they'd knock?  
Relax. I know who the caller is.

WILSON leaves the room. BAILEY indicates to the hilt.

BAILEY

How did such a massive blade shoot  
out of something so compact?

RONICA

Dark magic. Ordinary weapons would  
have been useless against them.

EBONY

Dark magic? I thought you two were  
on the side of good.

WILSON returns with DEVINIA GRANT, mid-40s, smart clothes,  
business-like. Wouldn't look out of place as a contestant on  
the TV show "The Apprentice."

REECE stands up, confused.

REECE

Mum?

DEVINIA clocks the object in BAILEY'S hands.

DEVINIA

Ah. Looks like our little secret is  
out.

REECE

Jesus, are you in on this as well?