

TEASER

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Dank, dark and oppressive.

Two HENCHMEN drag a battered, bruised and whimpering REINARD (46) through the cellar and dump him in a puddle on the floor. They stand guard either side of him as they wait.

Reinard shrinks away from them, cringes against the wall, a once imposing figure now just pitiful.

REINARD

Please... I didn't do anything.

The Henchmen say nothing, they're not paid to talk.

Footfall reverberates ominously in the silence as someone descends the stairs. Reinard tries to sink further into the brick of the wall but there's nowhere to go.

MR GEMMELL (55), tall and weasel like in a snappy suit, strides menacingly towards Reinard. Mr Gemmell stops a few feet short, stares down at Reinard who cowers before him.

REINARD (CONT'D)

I didn't...

From Mr Gemmell's sad smile, Reinard knows he can see right through him. He fidgets as the silence grows, can't help himself, has to fill it.

REINARD (CONT'D)

(rapid, terrified)

It was only a couple of amulets,
just for my wife and daughter. I
didn't think anyone would miss
them.

Mr Gemmell squats down in front of Reinard, reaches out. Reinard flinches defensively. Mr Gemmell, slowly and with great care, brushes a stray strand of Reinard's hair away from his eyes.

MR GEMMELL

He did!

REINARD

Tell him I'm sorry... please! Tell
him I'll do anything. I just want
them to be safe.

Reinard shakes pitifully, tears in his eyes. Mr Gemmell nods in understanding, grips the back of Reinard's neck in reassurance.

MR GEMMELL

Shush! You don't have to worry about them anymore...

Mr Gemmell smiles with genuine kindness and compassion. Reinard sees a glimmer of hope.

MR GEMMELL (CONT'D)

...because I burned their fragile, pathetic little lives from them.

Shock... then crushing despair.

Mr Gemmell whispers a word of power and his hand glows white hot. Reinard screams as the fire burns through hair, flesh, bone and grey matter, until there's nothing left of his head but an empty, silent, smoking shell.

Mr Gemmell stands, brushes the ash from his hand, turns and walks away, leaves the Henchmen to dispose of the body.

TITLE SEQUENCE - something dark, foreboding, a representation of hopelessness, despair and the worst of humanity.

EXT. VILLAGE CONVINIENCE STORE - ESTABLISHING

A small village nestled in a mist shrouded valley in the Scottish highlands.

A scattering of whitewashed houses fed by narrow country lanes lined by dry stone walls. Small and inconspicuous, the convinience store sits unobtrusively at the edge of the village.

INT. VILLAGE CONVINIENCE STORE - DAY

A cheerful RAIN REILLY (26), mixed race and fiercely intelligent, the kind of person who sees the best in everyone she meets, serves an elderly, feeble looking MRS MCDUFF at the till.

RAIN

Five pounds ninety, please.

Mrs McDuff fumbles in her purse with arthritic fingers and removes a handful of coins.

MRS MCDUFF

Oh... I only have five... can I
leave tha biscuits?

Rain removes a packet of digestives from Mrs McDuff's bag, takes the offered cash, runs it through the till and hands over the change.

While Mrs McDuff fumbles her change back into her purse, Rain sneaks the biscuits back into her bag before handing it over.

RAIN

Have a lovely day, Mrs McDuff.

MRS MCDUFF

You too, dear!

Mrs McDuff shuffles out of the shop. Rain digs into her pocket, drops enough coins for the biscuits into the till.

DEBBIE (46), a short, red-faced woman enters from the back, a precariously balanced tower of crisp boxes in her arms.

One box slips, drops to the floor. Debbie mutters a swear word under her breath, uses her foot to shuffle the box along the floor in front of her as she disappears down one of the aisles.

RAIN

Do you wan' a hand with those?

DEBBIE (O.S.)

No, I'm good. You get off now.
Thanks for staying tha extra hour.

RAIN

No problem.

Rain grabs her backpack and exits on to...

EXT. VILLAGE CONVINIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

...the pavement. She slips the backpack on.

The distant shriek of a Red Kite. Rain looks skywards, tries to locate it. But it's still too misty here in the valley to see it.

Rain quickly checks she's unobserved, then runs across the road, summersaults Jedi-like over a dry stone wall into a field and vanishes into the mist.

EXT. SCOTTISH FOREST - DAY

Rain runs through the trees, flicks the occasional glance up in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the Red Kite as she continues into a clearing.

The RED KITE circles above her on the air currents. Rain finally spies it through the gap in the canopy of leaves, halts and watches it in awe.

She smiles, closes her eyes, breathes out, relaxes, focuses and connects her mind with the Red Kite.

Rain becomes one with the bird of prey, witnesses the Scottish landscape through its pale yellow eyes, circles high above the forest, celebrates its freedom and the breath-taking views.

Rain glances down at her body in the clearing, watches as a RABBIT bounds up and sits at her feet.

Rain reluctantly returns to her body, sighs in disappointment as the connection breaks and opens her eyes, which look like the Kite's for a brief second before she blinks and they return to her normal brown.

She glances down at the Rabbit, doesn't bat an eyelid when it speaks with the distant voice of an old woman.

MORAG (V.O.)

(ethereal)

Yer mam wants ta know if yer gonnae
be eatin' at ours tonight?

RAIN

Aye, Nanna, I'll be there.

MORAG (V.O.)

Dinnae be late then.

RAIN

No, Nanna.

Rain turns on her heel and runs away through the trees. The Rabbit shakes its head in confusion, gets its bearings, then bounds off into the undergrowth.

INT. REILLY COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

A wondrous collection of herbs, potions and all manner of witch's ingredients stored lovingly in this abundant, Aladdin's cave of a kitchen.

In the centre of the room a large, solid, worn oak table around which the Reilly family share a meal and have done for generations - Rain; MUKANTAGARA (MUKA) (49), a passionate, thoughtful and level headed High Priestess; MORAG (73), a wise prophetess and a force to be reckoned with; CRAIG (53), second in command and a stickler for the rules.

MUKA

(African accent)

...the loch was polluted with nutrients, agricultural runoff. It's taken us a couple of days to clear and we'll need to keep an eye on the farm, but hopefully we've done enough to prevent it happening again.

CRAIG

(accusingly, at Rain)

It would have gone a lot quicker if we'd had yer help.

Rain shifts uncomfortably, throws her mother a 'does he have to?' look. Muka apologetic. Morag ignores the comment, deliberately brings Rain into the conversation.

MORAG

(to Rain)

How's life in tha village?

RAIN

Kevin Grey... tha vet... broke his leg. Tripped over his cat, Dot. I offered ta deliver his groceries for him so he doesnae have ta hobble ta tha shop.

MORAG

An' how's he doin'?

RAIN

Good! I mixed a healin' spell in ta his milk ta help him along.

An exhalation of displeasure from Craig.

CRAIG

Something you shouldnae have done.

MORAG

Och, donnae be a sourpuss. It was thoughtful of her.

CRAIG

And yer tha last person who should
be encouraging her, with yer
frequent, ill advised trips south.

He doesn't even try to disguise his disgust at Morag's
defiant streak. Like mother, like daughter.

MORAG

It's good she cares.

CRAIG

An' I donnae? It's no about caring,
it's about tha code...

Muka indigent that Morag has stirred up a hornet's nest.

RAIN

It's only about caring. If
we have tha power ta help
we shounnae be afraid to do
so without exposing
ourselves. Like we
should've done during the
pandemic.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

...it's there ta protect
them an' us. They cannae be
trusted with such power...
What do you mean, afraid?
Fear has nothin' ta do
with...

Morag shrugs, smiles mischievously in reply.

MUKA

Craig!

CRAIG

...it. An' who was ta blame for tha
pandemic..?

MUKA

Craig!

RAIN

It doesnae matter who was
ta blame, people died an'
we should've intervened.

CRAIG

People meddling with
nature. They deserved
everything they got.

MUKA

(firm)

Enough! Both of you.

Rain and Craig glare at each other across the table.

MUKA (CONT'D)

For once, can we have a family meal
without you two arguing over
politics?

Both admonished, they sulk into their meals. A reluctant
truce.

EXT. REILLY COTTAGE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The cottage sits in the middle of heathland mostly obscured by trees. The rear garden overlooks the valley, the twinkling lights of the village far in the distance. A half moon visible in the sky.

Rain sits on a log facing a fire pit, reads a news app on a cheap tablet with one weak bar of 3G connection. The headlines all doom and gloom, death, wars, etc.

Wrapped in a blanket Morag approaches, lowers herself down on the log next to Rain. She nods at the tablet.

MORAG

I wouldnae let yer father see you with that.

RAIN

(defiant)
I'm no a child.

MORAG

I know.

RAIN

Does he?

Rain slips the tablet into her backpack.

RAIN (CONT'D)

Why wouldnae he listen ta reason?

Morag, a mixture of regret and disappointment. Rain's oblivious to it.

MORAG

(poignant)
Maybe because he fears the consequences such ideas bring.

RAIN

But why? What harm could it do?

Plenty, by the looks of Morag's face.

MORAG

It wasnae so long ago they were burning our kind at the stake in the name o' their god. That's why some still wrap themselves so tightly in the protection o' the code. There's a reason we donnae share our magic with them.

RAIN
Humanity has evolved since then.

MORAG
Has it?
(beat)
Yer Da, he...

Morag pauses. For a moment it looks like she might say more... but she quickly closes herself off, forces a smile.

MORAG (CONT'D)
I'm returning ta London at first
light.

RAIN
(disappointed)
So soon?

MORAG
A short visit this time.

RAIN
Why, when you know it antagonises
him?

MORAG
Why do you insist on living an'
working in tha village amongst
normal folk?

Touché! A shared smile.

MORAG (CONT'D)
I've got ta check on...
something...

The change in Morag like the flip side of a coin, a dark, deeply troubled air which Rain has no trouble picking up on.

RAIN
Check on what?

MORAG
(evasive)
It shouldnae take me long. Yer've
got ma number if you need me.

But Rain's not letting go.

RAIN
What is it, Nanna?

MORAG
 (dismissive)
 It's nothing...

A disarming smile as she leans in conspiratorially.

MORAG (CONT'D)
 Donnae say anything ta yer father.
 I'll be back before tha full moon,
 I promise. I may even bring you a
 wee something from Camden Market.

Rain smiles too, she'd like that. She hugs her grandmother, lets it drop. Behind Rain's back Morag's smile slips, replaced by that darkness and worry once more.

EXT. NIGHT'S SKY - TIME LAPSE

The half moon gradually dissolves into a full, giant, blood-red moon as time passes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAIN'S COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

That same blood-red moon shines through the curtainless window, casts a red glow through the thick mist settled over the village. Rain sleeps fitfully in the bed. We descend into her fractured nightmare...

...shattered, fleeting nightmare images of a gothic London drenched in blood...

...of the dead rotting in their skins as they go about their business, unaware they're dead...

...Rain screams as they pass, desperate to warn them of their plight... but they refuse to listen, prefer to continue on in ignorance...

...in the distance Rain spies a mournful Morag silently looking to her for help... Rain rushes towards her...

...but no matter how fast Rain runs Morag is always agonisingly just out of reach...

...a scream of pain, of desperate terror. Rain gives it everything she's got, reaches out to Morag in one last desperate attempt to reach her. But her hand slips through empty air...

...it's only then that Rain realises she isn't the one screaming, but her grandmother... as Morag is sucked backwards into the darkness, arms out, pleading...

MORAG
(desperate)
Help me, Rain... help me..!

Rain snaps awake, disturbed, her breath rapid and heavy. She falls out of bed, staggers to the window, looks up at the blood-red full moon.

As her breathing eases, it does nothing to diminish the feeling that something is terrifyingly wrong.

INT. PHONE BOX - MOMENTS LATER

Rain, the receiver to her ear, listens nervously in the dark, enshrouded by mist, wills her grandmother to answer as the phone rings...

...and rings...

...and rings...

...and rings...

Rain's worry grows more intense with every unanswered ring.

EXT. REILLY COTTAGE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

Rain, rucksack slung over her shoulder, appears out of the mist as she walks towards the cottage. She halts in front of the back door, a hand-written note in her hand.

She hesitates a moment, torn, conflicted emotions. A decision. She steps forward, slips the note under the door, turns and quickly disappears back into the mist.

INT. EUSTON STATION - DAY

The dirty, smelly, rat infested, festering cesspool that is London.

A bewildered Rain stands at the centre of a sea of PEOPLE, some wearing face coverings, most not, all competing to get to where they need to be.

She struggles to get her bearings as People barge past her on their way to somewhere important.