

TEASER**INT./EXT. MARY'S CAR. A QUIET BACK ROAD. NIGHT**

A quiet country road lined by trees, a huge black sky stretches over them filled with stars.

MARY Woodhouse, 37, drives along a quiet country road.

Mary, a wild child forced to grow up too quickly, well-meaning but prone to fumbling the dismount - parenting wise.

NORAH Woodhouse, 17, sits in the passengers' seat leant against the door as she stares out into the night.

Norah, dark and brooding, she isn't good at letting people in. Not when she doesn't trust herself around others. She wants to connect but being cold just feels easier.

Norah has her arms crossed and a far away, sad expression.

Mary gives her daughter a gentle but contemplative look, which is a hair's distance from anxious.

However, when the "HOGARTH" Town Sign appears in the distance, Mary shakes off the negative atmosphere. She smiles hopefully.

MARY

I think we're going to like it here.

Norah turns and raises a sceptical brow, which Mary breezes over with her characteristic enthusiasm.

MARY (cont'd)

A fresh start is just what we need.

Mary glances at Norah hopefully.

MARY (V.O.)

Come on, Norah, you gotta give me something.

Norah hears this thought and gives a weak smile, Mary beams.

Speckled lights in the trees could easily be mistaken as eyes. The town glow reflects in the windscreen as they drive into...

INT./EXT. MARY'S CAR. HOGARTH OUTSKIRTS. NIGHT

Hogarth, a normal small town, seemingly without quirks. Not yet at least...

Mary puts her hand on Norah's shoulder for emphasis and takes her eyes off the road.

MARY
You'll see. A small town where everyone knows your name, no drama, no surprises--

Mary turns her head just in time to swerve around a man, STEVE, 50s, who is stood in the road with a bin bag.

MARY (cont'd)
--Jesus!

Mary corrects the car and looks out of the back window to see Steve glare at them as he puts his rubbish into the bin.

MARY (cont'd)
That guy came out of nowhere!

Mary glances at Norah, who has a shocked expression, and smiles apologetically as she turns back to the front.

MARY (cont'd)
I should probably keep my eyes on the road...

Norah smirks slightly as Mary puts both hands on the wheel and drives onward. Meanwhile...

EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

An unassuming middle class suburb. Just rows of similar detached houses set back from the road.

Steve, a cantankerous old fart with anger issues, shakes his head incredulously and slams his bin lid down.

STEVE
Women drivers.

He shakes his head all the way back to his house and enters...

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE. LOUNGE. NIGHT

A lonely, unkempt room that is kept without pride. Unadorned, save for a small Graduation photo of his son,

which has been displayed without much care above the fireplace.

Steve stomps straight to his well-worn armchair, dumps himself into it and plants his eyes onto his comically massive HD TV.

He sees the screen is in static and frowns as he snatches up the TV remote and aggressively mashes its buttons.

When this doesn't work he beats the remote against his hand until suddenly the broadcast cuts back in on a GAME SHOW.

Steve rolls his eyes but hasn't the energy to try for a different channel and so just sinks into his chair resignedly.

ON SCREEN, a PRESENTER, 30s, a Ken Doll type in a sharp suit beams a disturbingly white Colgate smile.

PRESENTER

Glen, you are really flying ahead on points tonight. How are you feeling?

The camera switches to contestant, Glen, 30s, whose dishevelled and dirty appearance seems out of place on TV.

Glen, balding and schlumpy, with thick glasses but most unattractive is his bitter 'woo is me' attitude, entitlement and distinct lack of empathy.

Glen raises a smarmy eyebrow to the Presenter.

GLEN

I'm just doing the best I can.

They cut to a wider angle to reveal a second contestant, CAROLYN, 20s, who looks like a living Barbie Doll.

Yet, everyone seems to stare at Glen like he is God's gift as they, and the audience, break into rapturous applause.

PRESENTER

Let's see if he can keep it as we go into our next round.

A light sequence cues in the next round and the studio lights dim to leave only spotlights on Glen and Carolyn.

PRESENTER (cont'd)

For 100 points - What magical being has dominion over the dead?

Glen instantly buzzes in and Carolyn's spotlight dims.

GLEN
Necromancer!

PRESENTER
Correct!

The studio lights go back up.

PRESENTER (cont'd)
Who'll be joining us next, Glen?

Glen buzzes then turns to look out from the TV screen.

GLEN
You are, Steve.

Steve eyes widen transfixed on the TV screen.

GLEN (cont'd)
Would you like that?

Transfixed, Steve nods. He coughs with a tickle in his throat.

GLEN (cont'd)
Why don't you join us, Steve?

Steve cough harder and harder until they become wet but his eyes never leave the screen.

Blood trickles from Steve's mouth and he gags. He falls onto his hands and knees and coughs.

Doubled over in pain, his eyes remain fixed on the TV, as he retches onto the carpet and throws up chunky blood goop.

Steve lets out one last gasp and smiles at the TV before he collapses face-first into the puddle of goop.

Glen stares directly into the camera's lens and grins.

GLEN (cont'd)
Welcome to the show...

Glen, Carolyn and the Presenter all burst into hysterics, as Steve lies dead in a pool of his own viscera.

Suddenly the TV broadcast cuts back to static.

CUT TO: BLACK

END OF TEASER