

# SO WICKED

by

Mikey Jackson

Episode 1

TV drama-comedy-supernatural pilot

[www.mikeyjackson.com](http://www.mikeyjackson.com)

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

Meet EBONY MORGAN, 19, black, West Indies descent. She sits slouched before the PROPRIETOR'S desk.

Behind the girl, stacked cases of various grocery stock.

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.

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

REECE GRANT. White kid, 22, all "streeted up" in sportswear, baseball cap, the works.

A nearby sound system blasts out grime beats at a zillion decibels. A neighbour thumping on the wall is ignored.

REECE sits on his bed, nodding to the bassy vibes, the serving tray on his lap populated with plastic baggies containing what appears to be cocaine.

He picks up an empty baggie. Then he 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, heh, he's going to make a killing.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

The roar of an engine and the screeching of tyres welcomes a speeding car to our eyeballs. It's driven by --

**INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

-- BAILEY MORGAN, 21, brother of EBONY, having so much fun doing his Top Gear test-drive reconstruction thing.

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

BAILEY

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

**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. My supervisor lost an argument with a family-sized trifle.

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?

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY'S "borrowed" car shoots past.

We concentrate on a brick wall adorned by a strange shapeless shadow. As we look closer, the shadow eerily moves, slithering snake-like along the brickwork. WTF?

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OPENING CREDITS.

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

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

As the PUNTER walks away, a chuffed REECE fans out banknotes like playing cards.

There's an ominous shadow on the wall behind him, just like in the other street, slithering closer and closer towards an unsuspecting REECE. And as he pockets his cash --

-- the shadow behind him 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. Then --

-- a familiar car screeches to a halt nearby. It's BAILEY.

BAILEY

Yo, Reece.

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

REECE

Bailey! Wh'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.

**EXT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

EBONY. Walking through the subway.

A few metres up ahead, a shadow on the wall moves.

She halts. Squints at the shadow. Zero movement. Shrugging it off, she continues her journey.

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

Again, the girl halts, seriously rattled.

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

EBONY. Petrified.

**INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY and REECE, enjoying the joyride.

BAILEY  
Hey, you still dealing sherbet?

REECE  
You know it.

BAILEY grins, doubting his mate's sanity.

BAILEY  
Oh, man. Serious death wish.

**EXT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

The three shadow creatures grow and inflate, oozing out of the walls, each one growing 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.

**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?

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

A terrified EBONY dashes free of the subway. She turns a corner and runs into the road.

Oh, heading straight for the girl is BAILEY'S fast-approaching car. EBONY freezes on the spot.

**INT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

BAILEY clocks EBONY in the road --

BAILEY  
Oh, shit!

-- and twists the steering wheel.

**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 then look past the girl. Their faces sink with dread. BAILEY points in that direction.

BAILEY  
Do they... do they look like that?

EBONY twists around.

The three shadowy figures stand on the other side of the road, watching them.

She then redirects her attention to her brother, her face scrunching a WTF.

EBONY

Did you seriously need to ask me  
that question?

A police car screeches to a halt in the middle of the road.

Two POLICE OFFICERS alight from the vehicle and swagger  
over to the three worried youths, clearly unaware of 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 #1

Is that a threat?

REECE

No, man, look behind you!

The POLICE OFFICERS chuckle.

POLICE OFFICER #1

You really think we're likely to  
fall for that old --

A shadowy figure lays a palm flat upon POLICE OFFICER #1.  
He wheezes for breath (think drowning man rising from the  
depths for much-needed air), then drops dead.

POLICE OFFICER #2 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. The shadows then give chase, sliding along the ground.

**EXT. TOWER BLOCK - AFTERNOON**

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

**INT. TOWER BLOCK - LOBBY/LIFT - AFTERNOON**

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

Oh, God, hoping and praying for the lift doors to open, they glance back at the main entrance.

Uh-oh, the three shadows seep like goo through the fissure surrounding the door.

At last, the lift doors slide open. The youths pile inside. Again, BAILEY prod-prod-prods buttons, any buttons, desperate for the lift 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 shadows slide along the floor towards them. Then --

-- the doors slide shut. The lift powers up. Phew, 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 of the lift as the first two shadows slither along the left and right walls respectively, the third taking the ceiling.

Arms, hands, fingers sprout from the shadows.

Oh, thank God, the lift 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.



**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 --

**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 --

**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, then slide down the door onto the carpet and begin to grow.

WILSON and RONICA'S mouths flop open as the expanding 3D shadows morph into two humanoid figures we now know so well.

WILSON then 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. Wow, 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 swings the sword towards the first approaching figure, the blade making contact with its neck, the creature disintegrating on impact into wispy plumes of smoke, fading to nothing.

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 in order to touch him, but --

-- RONICA leaps free of 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.

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

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

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

WILSON stands nearby.

BAILEY

So... you basically... slay demons  
and monsters.

RONICA

Slaying 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. Pretty  
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 sideline.

EBONY

How can you two be wielding swords  
and slaughtering shadow things? I  
mean, no disrespect, but you're  
old and everything.

RONICA

That's a very ageist comment,  
young lady.

REECE

What were those creatures, man?

WILSON

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

There then comes a knock on the front door. The three youths trade concerned looks.