

'til Death

by Aaron Wayne

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARAH (mid-30s) is slumped on the sofa, her feet up on the coffee table. With the curtains drawn, the room is dark although her glum face is harshly lit by the flashing of the TV she is watching.

From the TV comes the sounds of people having fun and joking which breaks a smile onto Sarah's face. She laughs, looking to her side for recognition but no one else is on the sofa. She is alone.

She turns back to the TV. It's a small, boxy thing connected to a VHS player.

ON THE TV:

Crowds are gathered outside on a sunny day, all in formal attire.

END ON THE TV

The doorbell rings. Sarah hurries to answer.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sarah opens the front door, squinting in the sudden flood of daylight.

A man (50s), evidently a postman, is standing holding a cardboard box about the size of a microwave. The box is zealously tapped and covered with an odd array of stickers.

POSTMAN

Morning Sarah.

SARAH

Morning.

POSTMAN

Hefty delivery you've got here.

The postman bounces the package, drawing attention to its weight.

SARAH

They're antiques. Need a lot of packaging.

He stops bouncing it and refers to the shipping label.

POSTMAN
Ooo, from Iran.

SARAH
Mm.

POSTMAN
Pretty are they?

SARAH
Dunno yet.

POSTMAN
Ah, right. Well I'll pop them on the side for you.

SARAH
Oh, no, I'll take it. Don't worry.

POSTMAN
You sure?

Sarah takes the delivery from him, assertively.

SARAH
I'll be fine. Thanks. See you soon.

POSTMAN
Alright. Well. How you been since, you know, Tommy--

SARAH
I've been fine. See you later, mate. Thank you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrying the delivery in two-handed, Sarah awkwardly flicks the light on. The room is revealed to be filthy, weeks of neglect. The TV is still making noises, noises of crowds talking.

She places the box on the edge of the coffee table before sitting back on the sofa next to it.

The table is full of food wrappers and takeaway boxes. She swipes them aside and brings the box to the centre. Using a nearby set of keys she cuts it open, lifts the lid, and peers in.

Her eyes widen. She gets up to briefly peek through the closed curtain. Returning to the sofa, Sarah pulls from the box an old, ornate dagger. Twisting it in her hand, its golden designs eerily glisten. The sounds of the TV fade as the dagger seems to hum some dark chorus. Sarah

hastily sets it aside and the noise of the room returns to normal.

Next from the box comes an ancient tome (a large, heavy book) which is decorated similarly to the dagger, engraved gold metal. She flicks through the pages which are full of grim diagrams and strange lettering. One page in particular shows a cutaway illustration of the ornate dagger being plunged into a person's head, through their skull and into their brain. She recoils slightly before putting it down and taking another book from the box.

This book is much more modern: "Translating Ancient Arabic for Dummies". Its pages are, partially, full of the same strange lettering as the last book, only these have accompanying English translations.

As she fans through its pages, her face and shoulders slump. She lowers the book and looks forlornly to the floor. The indiscernible chatter coming from the TV comes into focus.

TOMMY (FROM TV)

--us part.

Sarah looks up.

ON THE TV:

Sarah is in a wedding dress, reciting vows and holding hands with her groom, Tommy, (mid-30s).

SARAH

And I, Sarah Nielson, take you, Tommy Hensley, to be my husband, from this day forward till death do us part.

END ON THE TV.

Watching herself on the television, Sarah's look fades to one of resolve and concentration. She nods, slaps her knee, and rises from the sofa.

ON THE TV:

Having recited their vows, Sarah and Tommy kiss. Tommy firmly pulls Sarah in for a hug as he points and laughs with the offscreen crowd.

PRE-LAP: Metal harshly scratches, repeatedly, into wood.

Sarah looks up at him adoringly.

END ON THE TV.

CUT TO:

LATER

Sarah is scratching the wooden floor of the living room with the old dagger. Scratch after scratch. Great swooping ones and ones more precise. Tall candles are lit; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. She stands up, exhausted, and looks over what she has made.

In her hands is the tome and on its open page is depicted a demonic pentagram, surrounded in sigils, ancient Arabic text, and candles. Sarah lowers the page, revealing the same ritual now carved into the floor.

She kneels in the centre of the pentagram and places the tome, open, beside her. From it she begins to recite a demonic incantation with the cadence of someone trying to order foreign food, ending it with a small nod.

Looking up, Sarah finds nothing has changed but then, suddenly, the interior wall to Sarah's side is blown apart as Tommy's naked and battered body barrels through it. At a high speed, he tumbles across the space in front of her and into the opposing wall where he is flattened against the masonry becoming a mess of black blood and organs.

Sarah's shock quickly builds to a scream but it is immediately stifled by gagging. The gagging is prolonged, coming in waves every time she takes a glance at Tommy's pulverised body.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sarah's gagging continues.

SUPER: "til' Death"

Her gagging fades away.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

More than just general detritus, the living room is now strewn with blackened human remains, even the ceiling oozes. In the corner there is a large standing whiteboard, equally a mess with notes

Sarah walks in, her clothes also covered in black stains. She has a fresh cup of tea in one hand and, in the other, a dictaphone.

She clicks the record button and puts the dictaphone to her mouth.

SARAH

Er. So this is week two of trying to resurrect Tommy from hell?

She places her tea on the coffee table next to myriad other cups, all some state of half-drunk. A dollop of black goo drops from above into one of them. She begins to pace in front of the whiteboard.

SARAH

I say *resurrect*. That's not technically the right word. Turns out, Hell isn't some spirit place or another dimension, it's literally *down there*, underground.

On the whiteboard is a hand drawn cutaway of Earth, labelling Hell as being somewhere in the outer mantle. Sarah points, drawing a line, from Hell to a crude drawing of the UK.

SARAH

What the spell actually does is *teleport* Tommy from there to here.

Seen through the hole in the hallway wall which Tommy had created before, Sarah continues to pace with the dictaphone to her mouth.

SARAH

That'd be why, on me first few goes, he was flying about the gaff like a toddler's dinner. The rotational speed of the Earth is obviously slower near the core, *relative velocity* or whatever.

Sarah flicks through the tome, stopping at a page depicting tall candles.

SARAH

Oh, also, five fancy pig-fat candles? Bollocks. The spell works just fine with pound-shop tealights. On that note. There's something I wanna try.

PRE-LAP: Sarah grunts as if lifting something heavy.

Sarah inspects how the whiteboard attaches to the stand.

CUT TO:

LATER

Sarah is lifting the whiteboard from its frame. Once loose, she places it on the floor.

SARAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Should make this all a lot easier.

She's drawing a pentagram onto it with a marker pen. A demonic pentagram exactly like the one she had carved into the flooring.

Sarah kneels in the centre of the newly fashioned whiteboard-pentagram, putting the tome, and this time the dagger, at her side. She begins to recite the incantation, her fluency much improved.

A distant thud can be heard. Sarah nods, grabs the dagger, gets up, and walks to the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sarah's footsteps can be heard approaching. On the ground is a headless body. Sludgy, black blood pools from the neck stump onto the tiles.

Staying in the doorway, Sarah notices the mess. She grimaces but isn't shocked. She looks up. There is also a black stain in the ceiling, increasing in size. She quickly turns and marches away.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Again Sarah's footsteps approach. She enters with a little trepidation but her manner quickly becomes more relaxed once she sees what, exactly, is waiting for her.

SARAH

Oh Tommy.

The room is lit by a tall lamp. The lamp is next to a bed which is covered by a stained tarp. In the centre of the floor, upright on the filthy matted carpet, is Tommy's crudely decapitated head.

He groans, dazed. Sarah kneels down beside him and strokes the hairs which remain between the burns and scars.

SARAH
Can you talk?

Tommy gasps, wordlessly.

SARAH
Oh, yeah. Lungs. Obviously.

Tommy almost seems to roll his eyes, either in a daze or in disdain.

SARAH
Sorry. I am trying to sort this. I promise I'll get you back here, like, all together. Okay?

He gasps again.

SARAH
Okay. Love you.

Sarah puts one hand over Tommy's twitching face and raises the dagger with her other. She plunges it into his skull. His jaw goes slack. Getting up, she pulls the dictaphone from her pocket. It clicks as she begins to record herself.

SARAH
So, bad news, the stuff I added to the spell hasn't worked. After reciting the incantation, he's still popping up anywhere within, like, a fifteen foot radius. Ideally, you know, he'd appear right in front of me.

The room shows signs of Tommy's other remains, multiples of them, including within the walls. Sarah sits at the end of a bed on top of the stained tarp.

SARAH
Good news though, drawing the pentagram on the whiteboard worked. So now the whole setup's kinda portable. I can go outside to solve the problem. More room, less stuff in the way. I'm not sure where outside exactly.

Sarah walks to the window and pulls back the curtain. She looks out.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW:

The garden has been half dug up and, at the far end, a bonfire smoulders.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll think of something. For now,
bed.

END OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

Sarah's black, bloodied clothes are gently placed over Tommy's dead head as she takes them off. She gets into the bed covers, tarp included.

PRE-LAP: A truck engine struggles but eventually ignites.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRE-LAP: A truck is driving.

FADE TO:

INTERCUT - EXT/INT. SARAH'S TRUCK & A RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A truck is travelling down a rural road, densely lined with trees. In the truck bed, the pentagram-covered whiteboard and a shovel rattle.

Sarah looks uneasy behind the wheel.

Elsewhere along the road, a deer is grazing calmly by the curb.

A set of headlights appear in the far distance. The sounds of a running engine can just be heard.

Sarah's gaze is fixed on the road, concentrating, concentrating.

The deer continues to graze, still calm, the headlights nearer now and the engine noises louder. It raises its head and begins to walk into the road.

Sarah is still focused, focused. Until she gasps. The truck screeches to a halt, tyres locked. The deer slowly walks across the road, illuminated by the truck's lights but safe, unfazed, many metres ahead.

Sarah pants, her arm bracing the empty passenger seat. She looks to her side but no one is in the passenger seat. She is alone.

PRE-LAP: Continuing but different panting, louder. Something is being dragged through dry leaves and dirt.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

By torchlight Sarah is dragging the whiteboard between imposing trees. She is wearing a backpack.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

She emerges at a clearing and lets the whiteboard fall to the ground, pentagram up. From the backpack she scoops handfuls of tealights onto the floor before taking out the tome.

With the aid of her torch and some matches, she lights the candles; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The constant breeze threatens to blow them out but they stay strong. She opens the book, now adorned with sticky notes and highlights, to the page she needs. Some fine adjustments are made in marker pen to the sigils and text of the pentagram.

She takes a breath and recites the incantation. There's a gasp. Tommy falls from fifteen-ish feet up, naked and battered as ever, most of his limbs breaking when he hits the ground in front of her.

SARAH

Fuck, fuck. That's not right.

Despite being a shattered mess Tommy's head is relatively intact and he is able to speak - just about.

TOMMY

Ugh?

SARAH

Shit, I'm sorry. You're in front of me at least.

TOMMY

Sarah?

SARAH

Yes Tommy. It's me babe, don't worry.

TOMMY

Fuck you, Sarah.

SARAH
I'm sorry. This is only temporary.
I'll have to appearing safely.

Tommy groans.

SARAH
Is it just your arms and legs?

TOMMY
My ribs.

SARAH
Right... right.

Sarah takes the dagger from her backpack. It hums ominously as she carries it with her to Tommy.

SARAH
Everything's going to be fine. Okay.

She stabs his head and he goes limp. She drags the body aside before taking a moment. The moon overlooks. There is a stillness before it begins to rapidly (at least by the standards of the moon) move across the sky.

MONTAGE of Sarah summoning Tommy multiple times:

- By torchlight, Sarah scans through pages of the tome and the accompanying translation book.
- Holding a marker pen, her hand hits the whiteboard and begins to scrawl.
- Sarah fumbles with matches, trying to relight candles as the breeze blows them out.
- She recites the last few demonic words of the spell.
- Tommy falls violently onto the ground.
- Sarah is splattered with black blood.
- She makes more adjustments to the incantation on the whiteboard.
- Tommy falls violently onto the ground.
- More candles.
- Tommy falls violently onto the ground.

- Sarah's torch runs out of batteries as she's reading. She hurls it in frustration.
- Tommy falls violently onto the ground.
- She closely reads the tome by candle light until the flame sets her hair on fire.
- Tommy falls violently onto the ground.
- She pats out her enflamed hair.
- The moon is moving even more rapidly across the sky.
- She stabs Tommy's head.
- Stabs Tommy's head.
- Stabs Tommy's head.
- She drags Tommy's body onto a pile.
- Drags Tommy's body onto a pile.
- Drags Tommy's body onto a pile.
- The moon continues to move across the sky.
- Sarah, wearily, recites the spell again, the demonic words thereof continuing over the rest of the MONTAGE.
- Sarah yawns as she pours through the tome with a candle, this time her hair tied back.
- She makes fine adjustments to the whiteboard.
- Fresh candles around the pentagram. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
- Back to her reciting the spell, finishing the last words.

END MONTAGE.

Tommy appears in front of her, falling only a few inches to the ground and remaining in one piece.

SARAH
Yes! Fucking, get in!

TOMMY
Ugh.

Sarah goes to Tommy on the floor and pulls him into a seated position.

SARAH
Are you okay? Can you talk?

TOMMY
I can talk. You finally sorted it?

SARAH
Yeah. Yeah. I think so. How do you feel?

TOMMY
Thank fuck.

SARAH
It took a while but--

TOMMY
Mm.

Tommy looks at his surroundings, spotting the pile of his various remains. He lingers, silently, on it.

SARAH
Yeah... Must be odd. Take a moment, whatever you need. I've gotta go get the shovel anyway. I'll be back. Yeah? I'll be back.

Sarah waits for a response which doesn't come, before walking away.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Sarah heads back to the truck by torchlight, dictaphone to her mouth. She has a noticeable spring in her step.

SARAH
It's done. Finally. Tommy's a bit out of it but that makes sense, being in Hell's probably messed with his brain.

Birds caw from the nearby blackness. Sarah takes the shovel from the truck bed.

SARAH

I can't wait to catch up on the time we've lost. Watch all the films together that he's missed. I Made sure to tape all his football as well.

She makes for the clearing, the shovel resting on her shoulder, her figure passing between dark trees.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

SARAH (CONT'D)

His dad'll be over the moon. His mum will probably--

A look of panic forms on Sarah's face. She drops the shovel and dictaphone before running over to where she left Tommy.

SARAH

Tommy! What's wrong?

He is slumped, lifeless, on the floor.

SARAH

Tell me what's wrong.

Sarah kneels and cradles his limp body. For all her patting and exasperation, there is no life in him.

SARAH

No, I fixed it. I did everything. No, no, no.

She prods and slaps at him, bends and unbends his arm as if checking a newly installed cupboard door.

Her harsh examination causes his mouth to open. She looks in. It's gross; blackened, slimy, largely toothless. Sarah sheepishly leans in further for a sniff. She sharply recoils.

The leaves and grass whistle in the wind as Sarah wonders for a moment. Just a moment, before she rolls Tommy's body away from her, gets up, and starts marching about.

SARAH

It better not be what I fucking think
it is. Ugh, mate!

Sarah, small in the open clearing, stamps around in a tantrum, her annoyance audible even from a distance.

There is the sound of a tape being placed into a dictaphone and the record button being pushed.

SARAH (V.O.)

This is getting a bit much now. Don't
know if I've got it in me.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - DAY

A hint of morning light surrounds the treeline. Sarah shovels earth to one side.

She begins rolling Tommy's bodies into the newly dug hole; one body, two bodies, three, four, and so one.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whatever. No. I'll figure it out. I
owe him.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Despite her dragging along a shovel and an ominous whiteboard, whilst wearing bloodied clothes, various passersby greet Sarah pleasantly as she heads back to the truck.

All those she passes are a pair: school children holding hands by a tree, lovers out jogging together, a middle-aged couple walking their dog.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And it is hard, you know, being
alone. It needs to be sorted.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is asleep on the sofa, shovel and backpack lent against it too. The wedding tape is playing on the TV.

ON THE TV:

Tommy is standing at a bar, holding up a pint, as a barman looks on timorously.

TOMMY

What's that mate? Five grand I'm paying for all this and I can't even get a decent pint.

Tommy's friends laugh with an unpleasant bluster.

TOMMY

I could have you sacked. Go on, have another go.

The group laugh again.

END ON THE TV.

Sarah carries on sleeping.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think I know what the problem is.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

At a library table with several large books open, including the tome, Sarah is drawing something onto a piece of paper.

A man walks past and peers at what she's up to. He's slightly taken aback by whatever he sees.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Five minutes and sixteen seconds. That's how long he's staying alive for, I timed it. Must be a round number on the demon clock or something.

She places the textbooks, relating to medicine and human anatomy, down on the counter to be checked out. Although she keeps ahold of the tome which, of course, she already owns.

The receptionist stops her and gestures accusingly at the tome as if it belongs to the library and Sarah is trying to steal it.

Sarah gestures back to imply that she brought it in with her.

SARAH (V.O.)

Whatever. The point is, it's now a medical issue. Physics, maths, and all that, I can get to grips with. But biology.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah is sitting on the sofa, studying the Yellow Pages on the coffee table. With a highlighter, she circles something on the open page.

MONTAGE of Sarah making plans:

- She is halfway through a phone call, reading details from a credit card.
- She hangs up.
- The highlighter mark on the Yellow Pages is revealed, it encircles a telephone number and beside it reads: 'Benfleet Boating Supplies'. It is hidden again though, when an Ordnance Survey map is placed over the top.
- Sarah studies the map, vast, draping over all edges of the table.
- To her side, on the sofa, are stacks of other OS maps. She bites at her highlighter between more intermittent circling.
- The circles are around lakes. They are obscured by another map which is placed over the top.
- She circles again.
- More lakes. Another map is placed over the top.
- She circles again.
- More lakes. Another map is placed over the top.
- And another.
- And another.
- And another.

END MONTAGE.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is gonna take a lot of work, a lot of summoning. And I ain't digging another mass grave. Need to think of something else.

Sarah leans back on the sofa, exhausted.

SARAH (V.O.)
I can fix him.

She stays sat, reclined, on the sofa, staring off.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Sarah is dressed casually and holding a modest flower bouquet as she walks the pathway of a cemetery, her heels clacking against the stone floor.

She stops at a gravestone, plain, unremarkable. "Tommy Hensley, 1961 - 1995". After placing the flowers on it, Sarah stands for a moment in silence until an old woman (80s) approaches her from behind.

OLD WOMAN
Friend, was he?

SARAH
What? Oh, erm. No. Husband.

OLD WOMAN
Ah. I'm sorry for your loss, dear.

SARAH
It wasn't your fault.

OLD WOMAN
My Nigel died twelve years ago now.

SARAH
Oh, I'm--

OLD WOMAN
Don't worry. He became a right git towards the end. It was a treat when he finally went. Rearranged the house how I like, have the girls round for bridge. You know I went on holiday, a proper holiday, not just bloody Pembrokeshire.

Sarah half-smiles in response. The pair look down at the grave, the old woman's demeanour becoming more solemn.

OLD WOMAN

Shame he went so young.

SARAH

Yeah.

OLD WOMAN

It gets easier. So they say.

SARAH

Feels like I'm making it quite hard for myself at the moment.

OLD WOMAN

Make sure to do what's right by you. Don't mind no one else, certainly not little old me. I'm sure your Tommy would agree with that. I bet his spirit's still here, looking out for you.

They continue to stare at the grave for a moment.

SARAH

No.

OLD WOMAN

Hmm?

SARAH

No, spirits don't hang about. I've been going over this a lot lately, think I've finally got my head round it.

The old woman looks confused. Sarah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a single sheet of paper which she then unfolds.

SARAH

Look, I drew it.

On the paper, drawn crudely in pen, is a diagram showing the cycle of death and resurrection, a circular series of arrows running between distinct figures. There is a pen line running horizontally through the middle of the page, representing the ground. On top of that is a stickman with a smiling face. From him runs an arrow to another stickman, also above the groundline, with two crosses for eyes. From him a dotted arrow runs to the bottom of the page, below the groundline, where

there is an unhappy stickman in a crude drawing of Hell. From him, another arrow runs back to the first stickman. Next to all of this, above the groundline, is an unhappy stickwoman on her knees. Looking at this diagram, the old woman's confusion isn't dispelled.

SARAH

So. When you die, your spirit leaves your dead body and zips off to wherever it has to go, in this case Hell.

Sarah traces the arrows with her finger, from the happy stickman, to the one with crosses for eyes, to the one in Hell.

The old woman looks on.

SARAH

Once you get there, they give your spirit a new body to live in. They can do that, obviously. It's the same as the one you had on Earth, just in better nick. So, for example, yours would probably be younger.

The old woman goes to say something but has no words.

SARAH

But they ain't doing that just to be nice. They want you to have a fresh body so that they can do all their torturing. Generally, they like to burn your insides to fuck.

Sarah's finger traces circles around a crudely drawn demon who is prodding the unhappy stickman.

SARAH

Well, I know what you're thinking. What if you die while you're down in Hell from all the torture? Where do you go then? Well you can't. See these demons ain't stupid. They have some kinda satanic magic down there which keeps you alive.

Sarah points to little stars and swirls she's drawn around her depiction of Hell. Incidentally, there is also a drawing of a clock with "1 Hell Hour \approx 5.5 Earth Hours" written above it.

SARAH

Round the clock torture. Unless you escape, I suppose. Or someone gets you out. But, even then, you'd end up outside of Hell's magic field which was keeping you alive and the effect would wear off.

Sarah's finger traces the last arrow which leads back to the first stickman. The arrow is surrounded by the same little stars and swirls but they diminish as the arrow heads upwards.

SARAH

All the torturing they did will suddenly kick in proper and you'll die from, like, the fact you haven't actually got any organs left or whatever. Your spirit will float out of you again. Back down to Hell. New body. More torture. Maybe you escape.

Sarah traces the entire loop again.

SARAH

You could just do that cycle over and over. More and more bodies. Never really coming back.

She runs her finger round and round the page, several times.

SARAH

Maybe if there was some way of fixing all your manky blood and intestines, you could get out of Hell and stay alive after.

Sarah taps at the paper in resignation.

SARAH

That'd be pretty tricky though.

She looks to the old woman who says nothing.

SARAH

Weird innit.

Sarah refolds the diagram and puts it back in her pocket.

SARAH

You say you went Pembrokeshire? Nice lake's there? Quiet?

OLD WOMAN
Er, yes. Quite nice.

SARAH
Long drive is it?

OLD WOMAN
Five, six, hours?

Sarah's face scrunches in contemplation. The old woman goes to fill the awkward silence.

OLD WOMAN
Nice flowers you've chosen.

SARAH
Thanks. And thank you for the talk, you've helped me think through some stuff.

OLD WOMAN
Okay. Well. You take care, dear.

Sarah continues to ponder while the old woman shuffles off in a polite hurry.

PRE-LAP: Traffic on a busy road, horns beeping.

The flowers lay on the grave haphazardly, still wrapped in their supermarket plastic, £1.50 sticker proud on the side.

FADE TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: A gentle breeze laps the water around a rowboat. Sarah recites the incantation, her demonic diction now scary in its precision.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROWBOAT ON A LAKE - DAY

Tommy, having just been resummoned, flashes into existence and drops into the end of the rowboat. Naked and covered in burns and scars, as usual, he looks around.

TOMMY
Where the fuck are we?

The boat is in the middle of an isolated lake, surrounded by hills and fog.

At the other end of the boat is Sarah. She is sat atop the whiteboard which has been lashed to the hull, its edges overhanging the water. The space between them is full with bags of tealights, snacks, books, the dagger, and other miscellaneous objects.

SARAH

Pembrokeshire. Nice, innit. Lots of lakes. Lynns, they call them.

TOMMY

You drove to Wales?

SARAH

Needed somewhere out of the way. I can dispose of your bodies easier here, just tip them in.

TOMMY

Mmm.

SARAH

Remember. I've gotta fix all your organs and stuff, stop you keeling over. It's gonna take a few goes though, so brace yourself.

TOMMY

Let's get cracking then.

SARAH

We've still got a couple minutes..

Tommy doesn't respond. He turns his eyes away and squints out over the water.

SARAH

How you been?

He Lingers his gaze across the lake a moment longer before looking back.

TOMMY

I'm in Hell, Sarah.

SARAH

Yeah... yeah, of course... Astaroth still got it out for you, has he?

TOMMY

He was vomiting lava directly into my arsehole. Like, literally two minutes ago, just before I got here.

Sarah notices the wood of the rowboat smouldering slightly where Tommy is sitting.

TOMMY

But how are you? Enjoying Wales, yeah? Having a nice time? The drive go okay?

Sarah doesn't respond.

TOMMY

That's what I thought... So... Can we get a move on?

Sarah nods. She picks up the dagger and sidles to Tommy. He stares at her as she prepares to stab him, forcing her to look away as she does it.

The dagger is plunged through his skull and he goes limp. Sarah rolls the body overboard.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's body falls, from above, into the water, a trail of black blood swirling from his head. Fish follow the body down while some others swim by casually.

The movement of the fish suddenly goes into fast forward. Similarly sped up, more of Tommy's body's fall down into the water: 1, 2, 3, 4 of them..

PRE-LAP: Sarah grunts as she rolls another of Tommy's bodies.

...5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

EXT. ROWBOAT ON A LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah finishes heaving one of Tommy's bodies overboard. She raises the dictaphone to her mouth and hits record.

MONTAGE of Sarah trying to fix Tommy's various ailments:

- Screaming and clawing at himself, Tommy is at the end of the boat, his skin slipping off of him like hot wax. Sarah looks on before averting her eyes downward to casually scan the medical textbook.

SARAH (V.O.)

My friend's husband's a doctor. He went to school for ten years and now he's making six figures.

- She stabs Tommy in the head and tips his body into the water.
- With a marker pen, Sarah makes adjustments to the pentagram on the whiteboard.

SARAH (V.O.)

Wanker, I always thought.

- Tommy reappears, this time with skin several inches thicker than it should be; it's extremely sore, cracking at the joints. The additional weight of him hitting the boat causes it to bob. Sarah's 5 ritual tealights are thrown about.

SARAH (V.O.)

Fairplay to him though, this medical lark's a ballache.

- She stabs Tommy in the head and has to lever his overgrown body into the water with a plank of wood.
- Tommy is at the end of the boat disjointed and lanky, his skeleton all wrong. Sarah grimaces.
- Tommy is at the end of the boat screaming as he appears to boil from the inside. Sarah grimaces.
- Tommy is at the end of the boat fully gangrenous and oozing. Sarah grimaces.
- Sarah's finger traces the words of a medical textbook: "The average adult human heart is around 300 grams". In her other hand is a heart which she bounces slightly, as if checking the weight. It's clearly oversized. Tommy looks on, wide-eyed, from the other end of the boat, before his chest explodes.

SARAH (V.O.)

I think I got a C in biology.

- Sarah, determined, makes adjustments to the pentagram. She relights candles. Recites the incantation. There's the sound of Tommy appearing at the end of the boat. Sarah recoils in alarm.

Tommy's black and convulsing internal organs, trachea, lungs, intestines, everything, are prolapsed from his throat. He lets out the only scream he can.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO BLACK.

TOMMY (V.O.)

What the fuck are you playing at Sarah?

FADE TO:

LATER

Tommy and Sarah are sat across from one another in the boat. Sarah looks dishevelled. Tommy's complexion looks a little better than it has been but he is still battered as ever and, also, his arms are coming out of his back rather than his shoulders.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This is worse than being in Hell.

SARAH

I'll sort it. Just gonna take some work.

TOMMY

My arms are coming out of my back.

SARAH

Your skin's cleared up a bit though. That's what I've been concentrating on.

TOMMY

My skin? What about all my organs? My brain?

SARAH

I'm gonna sort it. I have had a go at some of that stuff. Not the brain, I'm leaving that til' last, reckon it'll be difficult. Haven't got that far in the book yet either. But I will sort--

TOMMY

You've not read it all?

SARAH

Not quite. A big chunk of it.

TOMMY

You dopey twat. Why wouldn't you read the whole fucking thing first?

Sarah holds open the book for Tommy to see, all its ancient Arabic on display.

SARAH

Look at this shit, Tommy. Cunt couldn't even write straight.

TOMMY

You're a fucking idiot.

Sarah begins to silently fume.

TOMMY

You're actually fucking stupid!

SARAH

You know what. Yeah. I am. I could've brought back anyone. Cleopatra, Einstein, Marvin Gaye. But instead I chose you.

TOMMY

What. Your husband, you mean?

SARAH

Ah ha. No. *Til' death do us part*. You stopped being my husband- what? Four months ago?

TOMMY

Get fucked, Sarah. You--

SARAH

And I've spent those four months of my shit life trying to give you back yours. And have I even had a fucking thank you? No.

TOMMY

I've literally been in Hell. Sorry if I come across like a little bit of an asshole.

SARAH

You've always been an arsehole, Tommy. This isn't new. Why do you think you're down there in the first place?

TOMMY

Cos you killed me.

SARAH

What?

TOMMY

Well you did, didn't you.

SARAH

It was an accident.

TOMMY

You insisted on driving. You, the girl that shits herself if she has to leave second gear.

SARAH

You were drunk.

TOMMY

Bet I still would have seen that lorry coming.

Sarah is tearing up.

TOMMY

You know I didn't die straight away. I could hear you screaming like a fucking baby. Don't know why, turns out you were obviously fine. I hope--

Tommy is interrupted by Sarah who jumps at him with the dagger, stabbing him over and over in the chest. His backwards arms prevent him from stopping her as she continues, teary eyed. She hurls him into the water.

Sarah curls up and cries at the side of the rowboat. The wind blows gently. It's only when, a few moments later, she catches a glimpse of something in the water that she quiets her sobbing.

She looks out over the edge of the boat. In the blackened waters below, there is a distinct streak of red blood. She looks at the dagger's blade, it is also covered in red. She begins to smile. She wipes some of Tommy's blood from her face and looks at it on her fingers, also red. She looks down into the water again.

SARAH

Fucking told you I could sort it,
prick.

Sarah sits in her little triumph for a moment. There is the sound of the dictaphone button being pressed.

LATER

MONTAGE of Sarah fixing Tommy's various ailments.

- Looking quite pleased with herself, Sarah rummages through Tommy's open torso. He's dead as she holds up his internal organs for examination.

SARAH

It's coming together a bit.

- Sarah's finger underlines a passage in a biology textbook saying that "The human body can function with only one kidney". The textbook is lowered to reveal two kidneys laid out on the rowboat, one healthy the other black. Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

It's still tricky, don't get me wrong, but every time I solve something it all gets easier.

- Sarah is examining a length of Tommy's small intestine, running it through her hands. It extends far into the water on either side of the rowboat.
- Sarah's finger underlines a passage in a biology textbook saying that "Even when damaged, the liver can continue to process blood quite effectively." The textbook is lowered to reveal a slightly mangy looking liver. Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

Although the lungs took a bit of work, to be fair.

- Sarah has her hand on Tommy's chest as he breathes. It inflates and deflates correctly. She looks pleased. Tommy, conversely, seems unimpressed. She takes his pulse.

SARAH

I'm not convinced I've sorted his heart entirely but it's getting there. But the big one.

- Sarah's finger underlines a passage in a biology textbook saying that "The brain is capable of rewiring itself after being damaged. People have been known to live normally with only one intact hemisphere." She raises the dagger. Sarah is chipping at Tommy's head, using the dagger, along with a heavy book, like a hammer and chisel. She twists his scalp off, taking a moment to appreciate all the hair that is now on it, before looking at his exposed brain. It's perfectly healthy. She looks disappointed.

SARAH

I didn't even have to do anything to it. All that worrying and, this whole time, his brain's been working how it's supposed to.

- Tommy and Sarah are sat, silently, across from one another on the boat. Sarah is looking at a stopwatch. She begins to cheer and celebrate as the stopwatch beeps. Just as she does Tommy begins to violently splutter and choke before keeling over. Sarah continues cheering.

SARAH

Anyway, the big news. He's staying alive past the five minutes and sixteen second mark! Now he's just dying of, like, regular stuff. Multiple organ failure or whatever, but I'll get that sorted. I'll get that sorted.

END MONTAGE.

FADE TO BLACK.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Thanks for doing this, Sarah. You've done well.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROWBOAT ON A LAKE - NIGHT

Tommy and Sarah are sitting on the boat. It is darker now, night having begun to set in. Although still naked, Tommy is looking healthy.

SARAH

Oh, erm. That's alright.

TOMMY

No, I appreciate it. Just being sat here. You don't know how horrible it is down there. Be glad you don't.

SARAH

Yeah, I'm--

TOMMY

Wouldn't wish it on anyone. But you know what got me through it?

Sarah waits for Tommy to continue.

TOMMY

Go on. Guess.

SARAH

Oh, sorry. I dunno.

TOMMY

It was you. I knew you'd get me outta there. Thinking of you gave me the strength to keep going.

SARAH

Thanks.

TOMMY

That's nice, innit.

Sarah doesn't respond.

TOMMY

Still, when this is all done though, I'll drive us home this time, yeah?

Sarah tries to reply but is too flustered.

TOMMY

I'm joking babe. I'm joking. But seriously.

Tommy looks her keenly in the eye.

TOMMY

You've taken care of me. And I know, I know you always will.

Sarah breaks his gaze, looking out over the water. Tommy eventually does too. Their silence is filled by the soft lapping of waves and blowing wind.

TOMMY

How long's it been?

Sarah looks at the stopwatch.

SARAH

One hour and twenty-four minutes.

TOMMY

That's good, yeah? Am I sorted?

SARAH

Even if you're not, it's long enough to get you to a hospital. If there's anything I've missed they'll spot it won't they.

TOMMY

Right. How am I gonna go to hospital though, Sarah? I'm registered as dead. They're gonna ask questions, ain't they.

SARAH

Oh, yeah. Hadn't really thought of all that.

TOMMY

Mm. That's alright. Now I'm back I can make sure all that stuff gets done.

The boat gently bobs.

TOMMY

Did you get the life insurance money at least? It'd be nice to have something good out of all this shit.

SARAH

Yeah.

TOMMY

The lot. In your account?

SARAH

Mm.

TOMMY

You've got the money, Sarah?

SARAH

Yes, Tommy.

TOMMY

Good... Well. Maybe we can have a holiday or something. Where was it you--

SARAH

It's going on fixing the house.

TOMMY

What's wrong with the house?

SARAH

Do you not remember?

TOMMY

What have you done to it?

SARAH

All the times I got you back, early on. You always ended up in a wall, the ceiling. Half the electrics and plumbing are knackered. That's ignoring the mess.

TOMMY

You idiot. Why would you do it in the house?

SARAH

You honestly don't remember? I put a lot of work in, tried really hard.

TOMMY

Right. Whatever. I mean, okay. Guess we're sorting the house then... Really though, that could have been so easily avoided. It's alright but just try to not make stupid mistakes like that again. I want things to be nice now, you know? Clean slate.

As she listens, Sarah rolls the dagger in her hand. It begins to hum its dark chorus.

FLASHFORWARD TO THE HOUSE:

Sunlight bathes the house as Sarah helps renovators undo all the mess and damage that has been made.

END FLASHFORWARD TO THE HOUSE.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you thought to record the football? It's fine if you haven't, me mate Mike would have done. You seen him about? You know he was having problems? I should see how he's getting on.

The dagger hums louder in her hand.

FLASHFORWARD TO THE HOUSE:

Sarah watches as renovators take all the detritus from the house, in large bags and bins, out of the front door, one after the other.

END FLASHFORWARD TO THE HOUSE.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that'll be the first thing I do. We can both go, his wife's a dab hand in the kitchen. You listening, Sarah?... Sarah?!

The dagger hums louder still, Sarah's fingers wrapping gently around it.

FLASHFORWARD TO THE HOUSE:

Sarah stands in the newly stripped house, clean, empty, and white. Bright sunlight continues to flood through the windows. She smiles.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END