FADE IN:

INT. POLICE WATCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The holding cell is at the end of a corridor. Light from the front desk is visible as two CONSTABLES tackle paperwork.

REG(19) sleeps in the cell, on a grubby mattress. A stained, steel toilet is the only other feature of the cramped space.

SUPER - LONDON    ENGLAND JUNE 2012

Suddenly, a green ball of light appears near the barred door. A low HUM resonates. The light vanishes, and a figure pops out of nowhere!

This is OLIVIA(22). She's very pretty, despite the drab dress and tattered shawl she wears. A pointed, wide-brimmed hat tops it off.

Olivia examines her surroundings, stamps her foot in anger. She sees Reg on the mattress. Stands over him, nudges him with her foot. He stirs, mumbles.

OLIVIA
Awaken, gutter rat. I am in need of directions.

Reg rolls over, settles again. He FARTS, quietly but it lasts awhile...

OLIVIA
Foul maggot!

She kicks him hard. Right in the buttocks. That wakes him; he YELLS, sits up.

REG
'Ere, what the fuckyer doin'? 

He frowns, looks Olivia up and down. A VOICE floats down the corridor.

P.C JONES(O.S)
Keep it down, lad. You'll be let out soon.

Reg stands up, winces at the butt ache. He blinks, takes in her beauty.

REG
Where did you come from then, darlin'?
OLIVIA
I have traveled further than your turnip brain could imagine. Now, I am in haste. I ne__

REG
I bet you're from Norwich.

OLIVIA
I...how are you aware of that?

REG
Well, you're dressed like you're from Norwich. But you talk different...so you could be from Liverpool!

Olivia bristles. He eyes blaze. Reg grins.

REG
However, the good news is...you make that old fishwife outfit look bleeding good, sweetheart.

OLIVIA
I tire of this. Aid me or suffer the fullness of my wrath.

REG
Ooh, I'm scared. Say, do ya realise your eyes change colour when you're angry? I bet you're a real raver on the dance-floor.

OLIVIA
You have been warned.

She stands very still. An unseen force permeates the cell.

REG
Now, lets see...I'm free most nights. We can start off simple. Quiet night at the pub, a curry later...

Olivia seems to grow taller, looms over him.

OLIVIA
SILENCE!

Electricity surrounds her like an aura. Reg grins, unfazed.

REG
Ok, ok...we can have kebabs then. I'm easy.

(beat)
I got it! You're a magician. Like at kid's parties?
OLIVIA
I have not passed through time
to bandy words with a plague-
sore. Now feel the witch's power.

She holds a hand close to Reg's face.

REG
Ah, a witch. I see...early
Halloween party, was it?

Suddenly, he disappears. Gone, just like that.

On the floor sits a tiny, steaming brown thing. It looks
remarkably like a...piece of shit. Olivia shrinks to her
normal self. Its all quiet.

REG
I...'ere, what the hell you
done to me?

His voice emanates from the excrement.

REG
God...this must be a bad dream.
I'll close my eyes and I'll be
at home. Or in the cell by
myself, yes.
(beat)
Aargh! It didn't work. I'm
still a pile of shit.

Olivia allows herself a smirk.

OLIVIA
Mayhaps your form is more
fitting now?

REG
You...mayhaps? Ok, enough with
the Shakespeare crap please.
How can I help you after you
change me back, if I can't work
out your 'Olde English'?
(beat)
You are gonna turn me back,
aren't you?

The VOICE again from the corridor...

P.C JONES(O.S)
Reggie, shut it. You're acting
like a little turd!

Reg SIGHS.

REG
Don't I know it...
OLIVIA
I will transform thee back. I need your help with the quest I am charged with.

She makes another hand gesture.

REG
The boys at the Courtfield will never believe this.

Olivia frowns amidst her spell weaving. Reg re-appears.

REG
Oh thank you. Whoa...I pong severely.

He stretches, circles Olivia slowly.

REG
So, a real live witch, hey? From Norwich...or perhaps Liverpool.
(beat)
The speech and the clothes could almost be a Manchester thing...

OLIVIA
Verily you have not heeded my earlier words. I am from.__

Reg holds up a hand, cuts her off.

REG
Before we continue...you need to do something about yer talk. Do yer have some kind of, I dunno, language conversion spell?

Olivia SIGHS, nods. She rummages in a small bag tied to her dress, pulls out a foul smelling, black onion.

OLIVIA
This will make thee understand me. My speech will become of this forsaken time.

REG
Oh no...I'm not eating that, forget it.

OLIVIA
Nay, I must eat it...

She closes her eyes, bites into the onion. A rank stench fills the cell.
P.C. ADAMS (O.S.)
Oi, Reggie! Go easy on our bog, hey?

LAUGHTER from both constables. Reg backs away.

REG
Jesus...

Olivia chews a mouthful of the onion, then packs away the remainder. She swallows, eyes screwed up in pain. Reg watches silently, holds his nose.

Olivia opens her eyes. A shudder goes through her body. Finally...

OLIVIA
Fuck me drunk, that tastes 'orrible. The things I do for grubby little arsewipes like you...

She spits on the floor, near Reg's foot.

REG
That's more like it, darlin'. You sound like a Billingsgate fishwife already.

OLIVIA
Now I'm the one who can't understand the language...

REG
You'll get by. Ok, what's this about a quest? Sounds important.

OLIVIA
It is. Mankind's very existence hinges upon it.

REG
Wow. Lucky you met the Reg-man then.

He rubs his hands together, keen for it.

REG
So what's the story?

OLIVIA
It's no game, I'm afraid. I need to find a man...

Reg raises his hand, hops about like a horny schoolboy.

REG
Ooh, pick me miss.
OLIVIA
...and perform a ritual on him.

REG
Hmm...well, as long as it doesn't involve sacrificial knives and the like, I'm still in!
(beat)
I'll even put up with being covered in chicken entrails.

OLIVIA
It's nothing like that. I have to ha__

Footsteps ECHO along the corridor.

REG
Shit. It's the boys in blue. They'll go spare trying to work out where you come from.

OLIVIA
Leave it to me.

REG
Ah...'persuasion' spell?

OLIVIA
Sort of.

REG
Top! The old Jedi mind fuck!

He bows.

REG
The witchy force is strong with you, Obi-wan.

OLIVIA
Shut the fuck up or I will sacrifice you.

P.C. JONES (O.S)
What the bleeding hell? Who are you, girlie?

The constables appear. P.C. Jones is in his fifties; the other mid twenties.

P.C. ADAMS
How did you get in here? Reg, what you been up too?

Reg glances at Olivia, jumps back in feigned surprise.
REG
Hey, what? Where the fuck did she come from?
(beat)
I swear, she wasn't there a minute ago.

P.C. ADAMS
Give it up, Reg. Bleeding clown.

P.C. ADAMS
This is serious. Breaking into a police station...what do you have to say, missy?
(to P.C. Jones)
Look at the gear. Probably E'd to the hilt.

OLIVIA
Oh hello constables. You brought me in here, remember?

She makes furtive hand gestures.

OLIVIA
And now its time to release us.

P.C. JONES
Now look here...

His face goes blank. So does his companion's.

P.C. JONES
...yes, we did.

P.C. ADAMS
We did?

P.C. JONES
Yes. I remember now.

P.C. ADAMS
I...yeah...yeah, we did.

Reg is almost cackin' himself in delight.

OLIVIA
Well, you can unlock the door now.

P.C. JONES
Sure. No problems, Miss...?

OLIVIA
Olivia.
(beat)
Olivia the witch from fifteen forty two.
P.C. ADAMS
Ah...from Norwich?

P.C. JONES
I would've thought from Manchester.

OLIVIA
No matter. We'll be on our way.

P.C. Jones pulls out a key chain, unlocks the cell door, and slides it back. Reg and Olivia step through. Suddenly, the two police shiver, and look about.

P.C. JONES
Hey, what is this? Who the hell are you, lady?

P.C. ADAMS
Reg! Get back in the cell. NOW!

Olivia makes another hurried gesture. The two constables vanish. Where they stood are now two toads! Reg LAUGHS as he steps over them.

REG
Nice one! See ya later, lads.

OLIVIA
It'll wear off in a few minutes.

REG
Will they remember it?

OLIVIA
You remember being a turd, don't you?
(beat)
I doubt they'll ever tell anyone.

The two make their way down the corridor. The toads sit side by side. Soon, the constable's voices emerge...

P.C. JONES
You gotta be kidding me.

P.C. ADAMS
She...she turned us into bloody toads!
(beat)
Damned witch. Norwich...I fucking knew it.

P.C. JONES
I always said this area was attracting the weirdos.

He hops towards the wall.
P.C. ADAMS
What the fuck are yer doing?

P.C. JONES
I've spotted a cockroach. I'm starvin'.

P.C. ADAMS
I...so am I. Halvies? Please?

P.C. JONES
No way. Find yer own vermin.
You were meant to get the place fumigated last week anyway. Its a pigsty.

He stalks a cockroach, pounces on it.

P.C. ADAMS
You've changed. You really have.

P.C. Jones ignores him, starts chewing on the cocky. P.C. Adams hops over to him, suddenly charges! The two toads collide, fighting, clawing...

P.C. JONES
See......what we've...been reduced to...?

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Olivia and Reg hurry down the watch house steps. Traffic RUMBLES past.

OLIVIA
...alchemists discovered the secret of time travel. The Witches Council determined to send me here to the future.

REG
And you have to find this guy?

OLIVIA
Yes.

REG
So what's this ritual?

OLIVIA
I have to...I have to make love to him.

Reg grins.

REG
Wa-hey! Lucky sod! You sure its not me?
OLIVIA
Of course not. His name isn't Reg, for a start. You mentioned a tavern before? In the cell?

REG
Tavern? Oh, you mean the Courtfield? My local, yeah. Its just down the street here. Why's that?

OLIVIA
This man...he can be found there.

REG
Ouch! I got heaps of mates that drink there. So hit me with this lottery winning bastard's name.

Olivia halts. She gazes at the city around her.

OLIVIA
Byron. Byron Talbot. You know him?

Reg winces.

REG
Yeah, I know him.
(beat)
So you have to shag him to save the world?

OLIVIA
Yes.

REG
Well, we're fucked then. Byron bats for the other side. Even a honey like you won't have a chance of enticing him.

OLIVIA
I...I don't understand.

Reg thinks for a moment.

REG
He prefers warlocks to witches.

Olivia digests this. Her face slumps.

OLIVIA
Fuck.