

Demon Seed (S01 Ep5)

By

Talky: Danny Davies
Lookie-See: James Harper

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Panel	Description	Dialog
1.1	<p>INT: NEWSAGENTS - DAY (ALTHOUGH YOU WOULDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT- IT'S DARK AS FUCK IN THERE) DRILL BOY is at the counter, buying scratchcards. The teetering magazine racks are stuffed with all sorts of crap - largely devoted to Biltong. So you've got Biltong Buyer, New Biltong Express, Biltong Format, BQ... Whatever takes your fancy... The counter is strewn with Biltong. And in fact is made from Biltong. This would be a good moment to mention that it's actually Tom Chinn's paper shop, wouldn't it... And he's wearing the famous 'I REALLY LOVE WWII' T-shirt. With some military medals.</p>	<p>DRILL BOY Could I have a scratchcard, please, Mr Chinn?</p> <p>TOM CHINN A quid to you, squire... You OK for Biltong? I can cut you a deal on half a dried bison...</p>
1.2	<p>CU: A 'LUCKY OWL' SCRATCHCARD Could this be part animated? Just DRILL BOY scratching off three owl panels, to reveal... MYSTERY PRIZE Call for details!!! In the meantime, TOM CHINN is still crapping on...</p>	<p>TOM CHINN (VO) ... I'd hate for such a supple gent as yourself to be caught wanting for Biltong... Did I ever tell you about the time my uncle Jobey caught AIDS off a penguin...</p> <p>DRILL BOY (VO) BONANZA!!!</p>
1.3	<p>INT: HOME DRILL BOY is sitting, excited, on the sofa. HQ. GRILL is in the background wearing a crown and drinking from a Lil Jon style diamond Crunk Juice goblet.</p>	<p>Caption: 10 Working Days Later...</p> <p>DRILL BOY: When's the post due, Grill? The Lottery people said my prize should be here today.</p> <p>GRILL (TO HIMSELF): Man, we're going to be loaded! Lord Grill, they'll call me. I'm gonnae have my nuts GOLD PLATED!!!</p> <p>Caption: FX: Doorbell</p> <p>DRILL BOY Oooh! That'll be them!</p>

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1.4	Thru the front door, over DRILL BOY's shoulder. Outside is CLAIRE BONBONS.	<p>DRILL BOY Alright, Claire?</p> <p>CLAIRE BONBONS Hello, you! What's this effing great tank outside your house?</p> <p>DRILL BOY Oooh! That'll be my prize!!</p>
1.5	EXT: Outside front door. There is a huge glass vat, with a suspiciously pearlescent fluid in it. A huge label, loosely applied on its side reads: NICKY CAMPBELL'S SALIVA - 200 GALLONS (FOOLSCAP IF IN SPAIN). DRILL BOY, GRILL (on a huge extension lead) and CLAIRE BONBONS look on, except that CLAIRE BONBONS is now mildly pregnant	<p>DRILL BOY Hmm. The word 'underwhelming' springs to mind.</p> <p>GRILL Aye. That and 'fucking swizz'.</p>
1.6	MEDIUM SHOT: DRILL BOY & CLAIRE BONBONS. CLAIRE BONBONS is now enormously pregnant. DRILL BOY's mobile	<p>CLAIRE BONBONS (LOOKING AT PREGGY TUM) Err... How the toilet duck did that happen?</p> <p>DRILL BOY (ON PHONE) Hang on a sec... Hello?</p> <p>PHONE (VO) Hello - Mr Crimea? This is Camelot...</p>
1.7	CU: GRILL is up by the tank, nosing aboutThe loose label falls away to reveal... Another label. A Hazchem one. Which reads thus: DANGER. VOLATILE SEMEN REPOSITORY. SOURCE: JUDE LAW DO NOT REMOVE FROM STORAGE Property of B. McFadden	<p>PHONE (VO) There's been a horrible mix-up with your prize... Do NOT approach the tank under any circumstance.</p> <p>GRILL The DIRTY SOD! He must have a prostate like a marrow!...</p>

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1.8	<p>Again - slightly animated? Side on shot of GRILL, looking into the white hell contained within the giant jar and tapping on the glass. After GRILL's line, the liquid reveals a single, bloodshot-eyed, puppy-sized Jude Law faced SPERMATAZOOM leering mephitically through the glass. It then speaks its line. (To be frank, writing this down this way will probably fucking ruin it for anyone who decides to read the script before reading the strip. But fuck them! Yeah I said it FUCK YOU SPOILER-HOUNDS! What, do you search your house for Xmas gifts as well, eh? WAIT UNTIL IT'S READY, FUCK-KNUCKLE!) But I digress... 'Cause the final bit is that the glass jar starts to shatter... Yes.</p>	<p>DRILL BOY: Oh... I think it may be a little late for that...</p> <p>GRILL It's like a phone box full of chowder...</p> <p>SPERMATAZOOM: Wooooooooommmmmmbbbbb!</p>
1.9	<p>Pull back. The jar and its thousands of viscous, vicious, Jude Law Man-Fat creatures, slithering through the shattering glass, much more than should be there. Must be like some kind of physical Stuffit Deluxe thing or other... Oh physics... I like you but not like that... Anyway, they're all over the frame, and entering mouths and ears of our three protagonists. The ones going in GRILL's gob, obviously, get nicely burnt. All the SPERMATAZOA (for that is the correct plural) chant in unison.</p>	<p>SPERMATAZOA Wooooooooommmmmmbbbbb!!!</p> <p>Caption: TO BE CONTINUED....</p>