

Tagr Tales I - A cure for Kirsty

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Following a tragic car accident that leaves his daughter in terrible shape, a troubled father makes an arrangement with a mystical woman to try and save her setting off the most unique of road trips.

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EXT. CAR ACCIDENT HELICOPTER VIEW - NIGHT

INDISTINCT POLICE RADIO CONVERSATION, SIRENS, SHOUTS. Mayhem, flashing amber and white lights, staff BUZZ around emergency vehicles, an over-turned convertible. 3 women in fancy dress hang by their seat belts; a queen, a reindeer, an elf, a fourth crushed by the dashboard, blood DRIPS on her.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH - DAY

Fancy dress soccer match. The "Probeta" (say probe it) ladies "Santa's helpers" versus "Santa Claus" men's team. A local TV crew film, a festive crowd, a corner, a crowded goal box.

Referee ROB (42) gangly in highland regalia, think Rob Roy, WHISTLES. SALLY (28) buxom big nosed reindeer, winks at Rob. The ball hurtles, head high, players rush to it. KIRSTY (19), slim elf stoops, Sally leaps, a melee, bodies spill. WHISTLE.

EXT. OVERTURNED BMW INTERIOR - NIGHT

Amber lights flash. White spotlight on Kirsty in a rear seat. Hands reach up, another, another, her seat belt released. She slumps, falls, caught gently, lifted out onto a gurney.

COP

Got her, elf in safety.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH-DAY

SALLY

Goal!

Kirsty lies on the goal line, players rally around, Sally kneels, drips blood from her broken nose. Crowd rushes over.

EXT. OVERTURNED BMW INTERIOR - NIGHT

Lights flash. ANNE (45), blond, torso pulped, DRIP, a blood spot, DRIP, on a pretty face, a hand shuts emerald eyes.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH WORMS VIEW - DAY

Sky, obscured by tears. Children, jump, SHOUT, jiggle two colourful bobbing balloons, Sally face, obscured by blood.

EXT. CAR ACCIDENT HELICOPTER VIEW - NIGHT

A semi opaque football sized double heart wreathed in sinewy tendrils - a TAGR, throbs, writhes, oozes, floats above the car. A bagged body is pushed away, 2 gurneys rushed to an ambulance by frantic medics. Medics fuss, buzz around a body.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTY (O.C)
Mom? Is that you? Is that me?

EXT. SOCCER PITCH WORMS VIEW - DAY

A blurry red misted sky, a hand wipes, two bobbing balloons. Sky sharpens. Grass, boots, ankles. A hairy leg, a bare bottom. SHOUTING. Grass, a crowd, a wheelchair. Robs face.

EXT. CAR ACCIDENT HELICOPTER VIEW - NIGHT

Tagr tendrils undulate, stretch, wrap around Kirsty's neck, torso, it flexes, beats. A cardiac paddle BUZZES, charged. A ZAP, Kirsty jerks, medics nod, grin, thumbs up. The Tagr now a coruscating crimson, swells to dog size, soars up, away.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH - DAY

Rob stoops, lifts Kirsty gently in his arms. She stares, her left hand grabs, stabs at the bobbing balloons. He calms her.

KIRSTY
Mom! Mom!

EXT. CAR ACCIDENT GURNEY VIEW - NIGHT

Kirsty's bloody left hand, stabs, points, obscures the Tagr.

KIRSTY (O.C.)
Lo! Loo! The!

A worried medics face obscures the sky, the swaying Tagr. Medic is intimately close, she's lifted, jostled, calmed.

PARAMEDIC
What is it? It's OK, you're OK.
Just relax.

The medic looks down, the sky bounces along, the Tagr drops low, sports Anne's grotesque smiling face, a hand reaches up.

KIRSTY (O.C.)
Mom! Mom!

EXT. SOCCER PITCH - DAY

Rob carries Kirsty, pecks her temple gently. Bloody Sally, the children, balloons, and crowd trail. Princess Anne, a tiara, worried, rushes up to Rob. CARLA (27), slim full figured jogger - Anne 20 years younger, pushes a wheelchair.

ROB
Kirsty has fallen foul of Sally.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Kirsty, what have they done to you?

Kirsty stretches a hand to mother Anne, she takes it, holds it to her enhanced bosom, Anne's emerald ring and eyes glint.

KIRSTY

Mom, Please no, not Pete, not Pete.

ROB

A collision, fell foul of Sally,
babbling, maybe a little concussed.

Rob lowers Kirsty in a wheelchair, whispers to her, looks up.

ROB (CONT'D)

Anne, are you OK? You look flushed.

Rob reaches, Anne looks away to the Mezze tent, nods, bites her lip, forces a smile, grips Rob lightly, strokes Kirsty.

ANNE

No, I'm fine, everything is just
dandy. Something I ate I guess.

Rob frowns, pecks Kirsty, hugs Anne. Anne comforts Kirsty.

ROB

We two should talk, after the game.

Anne nods. Rob runs to the pitch. WHISTLE. Game re-starts.

EXT. CAR ACCIDENT GURNEY VIEW - NIGHT

The sky, amber lights sweep by. White light blinds, jerk to a stop. A cop smiles, a flash light. Sky jiggles, the Tagr dances, swept into an ambulance. DOORS BANG, ENGINE ROARS.

EXT. SOCCER PITCH - DAY

WHISTLE. Rob and teams CHEER, hug, trudge off. Crowd APPLAUD. PETE (45) a slob in a Fez, djellaba and slim ballerina DIANE (40) are interviewed. Buff BEAU (20) gestures "rabbit ears", the TV crew SHOUT, restart. Beau laughs, ferries alcohol into a tent, mother PAM (42) a poor, fake "Marilyn Monroe" trails.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Dripping, towel bearing, CHATTERING naked women emerge from the steamy showers. Anne pushes a protesting wheelchair bound Kirsty. A tipsy Pam and Carla follow chatting, pause, stare.

CHANTING -- "PRobete, PRobete then frigging fill it"

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

He can't possibly be in here?

ANNE

Wait and see, the girls love him.

KIRSTY

And vice versa, with emphasis on vice as far as Sally is concerned.

ROB (O.C)

Well HELLO ladies!

Rob, Santa hatted, grins down from a clothing draped bench.

ANNE

Oh Rob, please! This whole fancy dress event was your and Diane's brainchild so hurry up and join us.

ROB

It's for CHARITY! Just ensuring our girls some extra exposure. Cheers!

Rob waves a glass and cocktail shaker, pours a Bloody Mary.

ANNE

And you're drinking already?

ROB

Virgin Mary's! Beau assured me.

Rob grins, crosses himself inaccurately. Kirsty giggles. Anne hooks her thumb, OUT! Rob shrugs, downs the drink, throws the shaker over his shoulder. HOLAY, RAUCOUS CHEER, LAUGHTER.

SALLY (O.C)

Now who would believe that?

ROB

Everyone knows MY girls come first.

Raucous girlish LAUGHTER and SQUEALS. Anne shakes her head.

ANNE

Rob, please. What's got into you?

CARLA

Typical alpha male on a high, thinks best with his dick.

Rob's manic, grinning, Santa hatted head pops out the side of the bench. He sizes up Carla, winks lewdly. Anne sighs deeply

ROB

Good choice. MY favourite organ too. And whose monkey are you?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Rob, please, that's crude and so unlike you. This is Carla, she helped me with Kirsty, she's a

CARLA

A psychologist, I also practice enhanced physical therapy.

ROB

Ooh! Physical! Enhanced! Hands on!

Rob dances inanely on the bench, bare arms wave childishly.

KIRSTY

Dad! Please, don't be such a fool. Carla's nice, she and Mom have bonded big style, like sisters.

Rob pouts, sighs. Anne and Carla despair, shake their heads.

ROB

I guess I'm just over excited. Are YOU feeling better now? Your head?

KIRSTY

I'm fine, just a big headache, you!

Rob frowns, sighs. Kirsty stands, bows, leaves. Rob grins, Anne smiles, blows a kiss to Rob, leaves. Rob swings down, naked. Carla sniggers, grabs his hat, pops it on his erection

CARLA

Not much of a brain either I guess.

Waist height, a nail varnished hand reaches out, grabs at Rob. Sally's head, one antler, swollen nose, follows.

SALLY (O.C)

A Christmas cracker. Let's pull it.

INT. MEZZE TENT - DAY

The Probete fancy dress team make merry with the press and assorted dignitaries. Beau serves drinks, Anne a Bloody Mary.

ANNE

Ooh! Spicy! Kirsty remind your father to meet us here, and soon.

KIRSTY

OH, he's in trouble if he's father.

Kirsty keys --- "meet in mezze tent, just Kirsty & Anne"
Predictive sends --- "meet in Mystic tent, just carry on"

Anne grins, nods, passes a drink to Kirsty. They circulate.

EXT. CARPARK - TWILIGHT

The group stir around a classic BMW 3 series convertible, a new upmarket AUDI. Princess Anne sighs, looks at her left wrist, watch, emerald ring, her fingers curl and uncurl.

ANNE

Where is he? It's so out of character for Rob to be so late.

SALLY (O.C)

He had time to give me a mouth full

PAM

It's such a pity Rob didn't make his own interview. The PRobete team on TV is really good publicity.

Sally giggles, hugs Beau drunkenly. Pete and Anne frown.

ANNE

Pete, you and Diane did well.

PETE

One quick drink he said! I knew he wouldn't find the lesbian tent!

Beau, drunk, dressed as a polar bear teases reindeer Sally.

BEAU

Lebanese dad! Jeez, you are a dick!

Pete glares. Sally giggles, Beau GROWLS, fondles Sally. Kirsty, jealous, bites her lip, tugs boyfriend Beau away.

KIRSTY

Dad will be partying with the team, he was hyper! I'll go find him.

BEAU

Are you still playing away too dad?

Pete shakes his head, looks daggers at son Beau, he shrugs.

PETE

We'll find Rob, you go to ER.

KIRSTY

I'm fine now, Dad won't be far.

SALLY

Pete, I'm hurt too! Kiss it better?

ANNE

I'll take Kirsty, Sally too, Rob's car, I only had some Gluwine.

Pete ignores Sally, she crawls, sprawls suggestively into the back of the BMW, winks. Beau hops on top of her, grins, hips thrusting indecently, Sally SQUEALS delight. Kirsty scowls.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTY

Beau, no! You been at the punch?

PAM

What about Beau's bloody Mary's?

ANNE

Virgin Mary's! You my keeper now?

Sally kicks out Beau, he laughs. Kirsty clambers in, edges lolling Sally aside, belts up. Anne sighs, takes the wheel.

PETE

Pam, Beau with me.

Pam, drunk, sneers, shakes her head, Anne shrugs.

PAM

I'm with Anne, we have woman's business to discuss.

Anne frowns, sighs opens the passenger door, tiara tumbles.

BEAU

Mom, come with us, please. Dad, Mom should be with us! Mom, Anne was

Beau grabs at his Mom, she pulls away, curtseys, stumbles into the car, pops the tiara on, SLAMS the door. Pete sighs.

PETE

Beau I said enough, just get in!

Pete pushes Beau, he clambers in the SUV, stares wistfully as Anne ROARS off in a GRIND of gears, SQUEAL, skid and a wave.

EXT. FAIR TENT - TWILIGHT

Rob staggers against the tent, passers-by skirt him. He stumbles over the guide ropes, reads a cellphone message, nods, pulls back the flap, stumbles inside, on his knees.

INT. FAIR TENT - TWILIGHT

Rob hangs on the flap, blows out, relieves himself, sighs. He turns, looks outside, both ways, back, head down, stares up.

ROB

(Shouts)

Rob Roy of the Rovers in the house.

MORAG (O.C.)

I'm who you seek, please come.

ROB

But we haven't been introduced.

(CONTINUED)

MORAG, 30's, exotically feminine in translucent veils, dances erotically. She gestures to a chair, a tapestry covered table and ball. He staggers, slips, falls, cellphone spins away.

MORAG

Do not be so coarse, sit here.

She laughs, pulls back the tapestry, a crystal ball. Rob clambers on the chair, slips off, kilt flares, he sits.

MORAG (CONT'D)

Sit, watch. You have pain beneath the liquor. Tell me what you see.

ROB

But nothing beneath the kilt!

Rob flaps his kilt. She waves a hand, a bright image plays.

-- "A twilight highway, a classic BMW 3 series convertible swerves away from a truck, hits the kerb, mounts it, spins down an embankment, halts upside down, safety bar deployed. Three women, in fancy dress hang by their seat belts, a fourth crushed against the steering wheel drops down."

ROB (CONT'D)

My car! What is this?

MORAG

Reality. Kirsty is damaged. Anne lost, but you knew that.

Rob stands drunkenly, stares wildly. Morag gestures stay.

MORAG (CONT'D)

Wait, tell me what you see?

-- "Police, ambulances arrive, personnel run to the BMW. Amber and white lights flash. Gurney's rushed towards the BMW. A Tagr rises from it (invisible). The police and medics extract the women carefully, treat them, bag a dead blond."

ROB

The crash! Medics? I must go.

Morag frowns, nods, passes him a small draught of liquid.

MORAG

Drink, you will see more clearly.

Rob sniffs, drinks, shudders, stares, sober, a bad hangover.

ROB

What's that? What are you?

Rob steps close to the image, ROARS. He reaches for the Tagr, claws at it, shakes his head, grabs Morag. She grinds against him, kisses him, closes his hand around something. He gasps.

(CONTINUED)

MORAG

Take this, it explains. Now go!

Morag strides to the exit, turns to him. The image vanishes.

MORAG (CONT'D)

I will save you, her. Restore her soul. Find me when you are ready.

Rob grips, peers at the coloured glass Tagr shape USB stick.

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

Morag strides through the melting crowd, touches no one. Rob follows, all back off. Young men laugh, women nudge, GIGGLE, point to his proud kilt. An elderly couple frown in distaste.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A gnarled, arthritic clenched fist, a gold chain dangling, reaches up to a smiling HASSAN, he leans in to MARY, closer.

MARY

Keep this safe, for Iain, my grandson, give it to him. I will be gone when he arrives.

HASSAN, an orderly, opens Mary's fist, double takes on the gold gem encrusted crucifix, he looks around, pockets it. Her hand shakes, claws, points at him, she spasms, GURGLES. Mary stares at a clock 05:15, gasps, dies angry, betrayed.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rob pushes through the gurneys, staff and crying visitors. He SHOUTS, bats, maniacally at (invisible) Tagrs drifting above the dying, the dead. A quartet of security staff trail Rob, surround, bait him. Rob cowers, ROARS, jumps into them, is grounded in a swirl of tartan, limbs, GRUNTS and OBSCENITIES.

A Tagr settles on a bound, hooded Rob, tendrils wrap tight around his head, neck. He tenses, wriggles, shakes to shrug it off. A guard strikes him, Rob grunts, tumbles, CRASH.

ROB

Iain!

The Tagr POPS in a blaze of light. Rob GROANS, fouls himself. The guard CURSES, gestures to an attendant. Rob SNORES.

INT. OPERATING ROOM (OR) ANNEX - NIGHT

Rob sobs, handcuffed to a chair. A nurse attends a fresh gurney, frowns, covers the body, a Tagr emerges, pulsates.

(CONTINUED)

Another gurney, a Tagr clings, tendrils tight. The nurse charges a cardiac paddle, shocks the woman, she jerks. The Tagr throbs, beats. She shocks again, the body still. The Tagr drifts away. The nurse sighs, Rob stands, chair BANGS.

ROB

Look! Can't you see them? They're everywhere! With the dying! Can't you see? Can't anyone see them?

Rob slumps, sobs. A nurse comforts him, he points to OR.

INT. OPERATING ROOM (OR) ANNEX - NIGHT

A masked surgeon bursts through the doors, shakes his head at the nurse, they talk, she glances at Rob, sighs, approaches Rob. He wipes his tears, stands clumsily, the chair with him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Rob shambles, collides with Hassan pushing a wheelchair. Rob stares, locks gazes with him. Rob shudders, grabs a passing nurse, speaks urgently, points to Hassan. The nurse frowns, nods, gestures Rob sits. Rob sits, waits, watches Hassan.

The nurse returns with 2 security guards, they recognise Rob.

ROB

He has a crucifix, it belonged to Mary O'Hallaran, died 05:15, here.

A guard shakes his head, takes the nurse by the arm.

GUARD

This guy is crazy, look at him. He went berserk, he was restrained.

ROB

And you struck me when I was hooded. There are witnesses.

Guard crumbles, realises his risk, nods to the nurse.

GUARD

We will get him.

The guards walk to Hassan, begin a heated exchange. Hassan tries to run, they restrain, search him, take something, walk him to Rob, now joined by a doctor. Hassan shrugs them off.

HASSAN

My mothers, I carry it for luck.

ROB

So you're a Catholic? Your name Iain? Describe it, the inscription.

(CONTINUED)

Hassan feigns outrage, looks smug, the doctor frowns at Rob, the guard opens his hand, looks at something cupped in it.

HASSAN
Gold crucifix, emeralds and rubies.

The guard nods YES, Hassan grins, the doctor frowns at Rob.

ROB
The inscription?

HASSAN
How can I remember that? To Mary?

Hassan shrugs, looks nervously around. Rob grins coldly.

ROB
May the father protect as his son
guides you. Now go find Iain.

The guard turns the crucifix, reads, eyebrows rise, hands it to the doctor, he reads, nods sadly to Rob. Frowns at Hassan.

DOCTOR
You shame us, our hospital.

Doctor nods to the guards, they grip Hassan, he struggles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Have him arrested, find Iain.