

# THE CLEANER

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TITLE THE CLEANER SEASON 2  
EPISODE THE SHAMAN

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BASED ON "DER TATORTREINIGER"  
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BLUE SHOOTING SCRIPT  
(24/10/22)

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## SHUK

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1                   **EXT. COUNTRY LANE / GATES OF HOUSE - DAWN**                   1

Wicky drives his van along a country lane and pulls through the gates of a STATELY HOME.

2                   **INT. VAN - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   2

Wicky is singing along to a song on the radio. He's in good spirits. He has an open packet of crisps and a sandwich on the seat next to him. He lifts the top slice of bread off the sandwich, puts some crisps in, replaces the bread, then takes a bite.

Suddenly -- BAM! An owl hits the windscreen. Wicky screams, swerves and slams on the brakes. The van skids. Wicky braces himself for impact.

3                   **EXT. GROUNDS OF HOUSE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   3

The van comes to a halt after hitting a tree on a grass verge.

4                   **INT. VAN - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   4

Wicky is in shock, breathing heavily. The engine has cut out but the song is still playing on the radio. He sees crisps and sandwich all over his dashboard and floor.

He turns the key in the ignition. It won't start. He sighs and closes his eyes. Opens them, anger and frustration etched across his face.

He takes a crisp off the dashboard, pops it in his mouth and opens the van door.

5                   **EXT. GROUNDS OF HOUSE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   5

Wicky exits his van and assesses the damage - a dent in the front bumper and grill. It could've been much worse.

He notices a couple of feathers on the windscreen, instantly remembers what caused the crash and then looks around, tentatively, for a dead owl. Nothing. He's relieved.

He looks across the grounds. There's a foreboding house looming on the other side of some overgrown woodland. It's going to be a massive hassle to carry all his gear there.

He takes some cleaning equipment from the van and starts walking up the road / through the woods towards the house.

6                   **EXT. GROUNDS OF HOUSE - DAWN - A FEW MINUTES LATER**                   6

Further up the lane, Wicky hears a rustling in some bushes. He stops for a moment. Nothing. He continues walking.

As he walks past some trees, a branch brushes across his face. Wicky jumps. He's on edge.

7                   **EXT. DRIVE TO HOUSE - DAWN - A FEW MINUTES LATER**                   7

Wicky walks up the drive of a huge but dilapidated old house. Like something from an old horror film. The camera cuts to a high wide shot and we see the back of an owl in the foreground, seemingly watching Wicky.

8                   **INT. HOUSE. WINDOW - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   8

Handheld camera looking out the window at Wicky approaching. We hear breathing. Whose POV is this?

9                   **EXT. HOUSE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   9

Wicky takes out a key and opens the front door.

10                  **INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   10

The front door opens slowly, with a creak. A rat scuttles past Wicky as he enters. He tries a light switch. It doesn't work. The windows are papered over so it's quite dark, but cracks let through shafts of sunlight. He hears footsteps.

WICKY

Hello?

He takes a few more steps.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Anybody there?

Nothing. He shakes his head at himself and forces a slight grin, which only lasts a second as he hears the sound of footsteps. He puts his equipment down slowly and quietly. He picks up a spray bottle (containing cleaning chemicals) and a scouring brush and tip toes down the hall towards the cellar. He looks left, sees something, panics and raises the scouring brush. It's his own reflection in a dirty mirror. He composes himself and creeps down the cellar staircase. More footsteps.

11                  **INT. HOUSE. CELLAR CORRIDOR - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**                   11

He moves, slowly but with intent, down the cellar corridor.

12

**INT. HOUSE. CELLAR / STORE ROOM - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**

12

We are looking through the crack of a door at Wicky as he walks through the cellar, ever closer. We hear breathing.

Now Wicky's POV as he looks around the cellar, peering into doorways, round corners. We cut back and forth from this to inside the store room, the tension and dramatic score building until Wicky opens the store room door and then --

CU of Wicky screaming then the reveal of... a fox, screaming. A man's scream. A man with a fox head for a hat. He looks up. He has stripes painted on his face. Both he and Wicky look utterly terrified as they scream in each other's faces.

Wicky raises his chemical spray and scourer.

WICKY

(shouting)

There is an awful cocktail of chemicals in this bottle! One spray of this and you'll have a face like a plate of surf and turf!

Fox man - DAN-MANGKUKULAM - puts his hands up.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

There is no violence in this heart.

He starts to move forward. Wicky is slightly less panicked but still wary.

WICKY

Stop. What's that in your hand?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

A Himalayan crystal rock salt lamp.

WICKY

Not that. The other hand.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

An indigenous woodwind instrument.

He gives the didgeridoo a quick parp.

Wicky takes a moment to assess the danger and work out his next move. He slides the scourer handle under his belt but he's still holding the spray like a gun.

WICKY

They could still be used as weapons but I can see you have no upper body strength so come forward... slowly.

Dan does. Still holding up the crystal lamp and didgeridoo.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Why are you here?

WICKY

I'm asking the questions!

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Sorry. Continue.

A beat as Wicky tries to think of his own question.

WICKY

Why are you here?

Wicky looks at him suspiciously.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I have been charged with escorting  
a soul from purgatory to a peaceful  
plane.

WICKY

What? Are you a squatter? Because I  
know a team from the council that  
see chucking dream catchers and  
bongs in to a skip as a sport.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

No. I live in a yurt.

WICKY

Stop the press.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Why have you flooded this space  
with negative chi?

WICKY

I'm here to clean. They told me  
this place would be empty.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

(melodramatically)

Oh, this house is far from empty.

He turns and raises the fox head to the sky. Wicky stares  
incredulous. Wicky rolls his eyes.

WICKY

Oh yeah, I need you today don't I?

12A

**INT. HOUSE. ROOM TBC - MORNING**

12A

A photogenic but yet to be determined room. Dan is stirring a  
pot over a portable gas stove. He's making tea with twigs and  
leaves in it. Wicky sits, his chemicals and bags at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
(smells tea)  
Hmm. Needs more mugwort.

\*  
\*

WICKY  
(Irritated, sarcastic)  
Yeah I thought that, more mugwort.  
Sorry who are you?

\*  
\*  
\*

With some sense of ceremony Dan announces himself.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
I am Dan-Mangkukulam.

WICKY  
What?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Dan-Mangkukulam.

WICKY  
That's your name?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Yep. Dan-Mangkukulam.

WICKY  
And that's on your passport is it?

The following is quick-fire:

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Hmmm?

WICKY  
And your utility bills?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Similar.

WICKY  
Not your real name is it?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Reality is merely a construct.

WICKY  
Yeah but what is it?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
I've told you.

WICKY  
What's your name on your birth  
certificate

Dan is broken

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Daniel Watson

WICKY  
Jackpot.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
I don't recognise my 'given' name  
when I'm psychopomping.

WICKY  
Oh God, when you're what?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Performing a psychopomp.

Wicky looks at him blankly.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)  
Escorting newly deceased souls from  
earth to the afterlife.

WICKY  
(Sarcastic)  
Of course. Psychopomping, you're a  
psychopomp. Why not?!

Dan hands him a small cup of the 'tea' he has been brewing.  
Wicky absentmindedly takes it.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Something to refresh before your  
journey home.

WICKY  
EH? I'm not going anywhere.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
(matter of fact)  
Oh, I can't have a cynical presence  
whilst I work. You'll have to  
leave.

\*  
\*

WICKY  
Okay, listen carefully. I'm going  
to clean. A homeless man was found  
dead in the house right?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
A lost soul took shelter here, yes.  
He needs help to cross to a place  
where time is meaningless. For  
that, he'll need more than a  
cleaner.

WICKY  
...a crime scene cleaner.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
What crime? Death is not a crime!  
(he raises his voice in  
incredulity)  
You would see one step on the  
ladder of a soul's journey to be  
criminal? You would reduce  
ascendance to petty misdemeanour?!

WICKY  
It might not be a crime. We do all  
sorts. Not just murders. Suicides,  
natural causes... why am I  
justifying myself to you fox head?!  
Who sent YOU here?

(CONTINUED)



12A

12A

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

The new owners engaged me. They  
wish this portal to the next life  
closed.

He brings up a wooden flute from OOV and plays a single  
haunting note. Wicky just stares at him for a beat.

WICKY

Maybe I'm overtired, maybe I'm  
imagining you.

He sips Dan's tea as a full stop to his statement. His face  
creases.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)

Mate, this is the worst thing I  
have ever put in my mouth and I was  
runner up in a welk-eating contest.  
FYI, the winner died.

Dan walks to the stairs (or corridor)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Finish your tea, it will bring you  
equilibrium. And then for the sake  
of a man's soul leave the cleaning  
to those with a higher purpose.

\*

\*

He walks out and Wicky follows him to the door.

12B

**INT. HOUSE. THE CORRIDOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

12B

In the corridor, Wicky stops Dan:

WICKY

Listen, I don't need this. I've  
driven all the way out here only to  
find a man dressed like a mad  
Eskimo...

\*

\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

(Correcting but almost  
under his breath)

Inuit.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

You know it! And I crashed my van  
after hitting a bloody owl before  
the day even began so you had  
better...

\*

Dan gasps and cuts him off.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Wait!

Wicky stops talking

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Did you say... An owl?

WICKY

Yes?

Dan looks panicked.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You shouldn't be here!

He brings up his wooden flute again to play a note but Wicky  
pushes his arm down before he can.

WICKY

And you shouldn't punctuate your  
statements with a flute.

\*

\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You clearly don't know the  
significance of a collision with an  
owl...

WICKY

No they didn't offer GCSE horseshit  
at my school.

Dan gasps.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

What became of it?

WICKY

I don't know! From the way it hit  
my windscreen I assume it's dead.  
It sort of bounced off.

\*

Dan leans in, real urgency

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Bounced?! Did it hoot as it fell  
away?

Wicky shrugs. He is baffled.

WICKY

I don't remember a fall away hoot.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You need to go back.

WICKY

I do. To get the rest of my stuff.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You need to locate the owl. It must  
not be left in pain... finish it.

WICKY

You go and find it if you're so  
keen on acts of roadkill mercy.  
Probably how you got the hat. Go  
and make yourself an owl glove,  
I'll clean up while you're gone.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I cannot leave the space until my  
work is done.

WICKY

What, so you sip hot mystic piss I  
have to murder an owl with a  
shovel!

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I didn't suggest you use a shovel!  
The most humane thing to do would  
be...

Dan puts one fist on the other and turns them in opposite  
directions while making a clicking noise.

WICKY

Wring its neck? It's an owl! I'd be  
twisting all night.  
(He mimes twisting its neck)

Dan looks disgusted with Wicky, shakes his head.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Then you must take the astral  
consequences.

He leaves. Wicky puts his hand to his face.

12C

**INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM - LATER**

12C

Wicky walks into a dirty room with a soiled mattress on the floor. this is the 'Main Room', where the deceased passed away. It's two large rooms that have been knocked through; Wicky will be cleaning 'Wicky's area' of the room, where the dead man's mattress is, while Dan conducts his rituals in 'Dan's Area', the other half of the room with various sad possessions and detritus where a homeless man made camp.

Dan is taking various mystical-looking nonsense from a bag.

WICKY

Gross, that's going in a skip for a start.

Without looking he raises a hand.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

No physical objects may leave the space.

Wicky shakes his head, time to take a different tack. He pulls up a stool near Dan.

WICKY

Look. How long do you need?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Depends

WICKY

Best case scenario?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

20 mins.

WICKY

Worst?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

21 days.

WICKY

(hard in)

Okay, enough. I'm not going to wait around for ages while you dance around the room with your nads out, or whatever it is you do. You've got the time it takes me to go back to the van.

Dan draws himself up ostentatiously, 'centres' himself, and starts taking exaggerated steps around the room and chanting. \*

Wicky laughs. \*

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Sorry? What's funny?

\*

WICKY

Nothing.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Sorry? There's nothing funny about  
ushering the spirits of the dead to  
their eternal rest.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WICKY

Yeah sorry mate, you're right. You  
crack on. It's just, I'm not really  
a believer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I'm sad that you will never know  
the comfort of knowing there is an  
afterlife.

\*  
  
\*  
\*

Dan self-righteously resumes his chanting.

\*

WICKY

I'm walking back to the van now. So  
chant faster.

\*  
\*

Wicky turns and walks to the door. When he turns back for one  
last look Dan is inexplicably right next to him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Dan holds up a handful of herbs and leans in meaningfully to Wicky.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Sacred sage from the Mohave desert.

WICKY  
And?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
For your van?

WICKY  
It needs a panel beater and a mechanic not a big herb.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Burn the sage, extinguish despair.  
And chant these words: Hey Hey, Hey  
Hey, Hey min-ga-la. You may then  
drive your van once more.

Wicky looks raises his eyebrows for an explanation

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)  
It's a Native American wolf chant.

WICKY  
Of course it is. Why have I wasted  
money on servicing the van when I  
have got fennel and a bean from a  
man with a fox on his head.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Foxes are a conduit to wisdom

WICKY  
Are they being wise when they wake  
me up by shagging in bins.

Dan smiles patronisingly and chants slowly.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Hey Hey, Hey Hey, Hey min-ga-la.

Wicky rolls his eyes and exits.

Wicky exits the house and starts to walk down the drive. He hears an owl hoot. He stops for a moment and shakes his head. Almost got drawn in to this nonsense for a second. He continues walking.

14                   **INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM: DAN'S AREA - DAY**                   14

Dan prepares the room. He sets out his sacred objects and instruments with precision and obsession; Straightening some items again and again.

15                   **INT/EXT. WICKY'S VAN - DAY**                   15

Wicky tries to start the van. Nothing. He tries again. He gets out, opens the bonnet and stares in. He has no idea what he's looking for. He checks a few of the larger pipes and parts are secure by grabbing and shaking them slightly, shuts the bonnet and gets back in the driver's seat.

He tries the ignition again. No joy. He goes to get out, thinks for a moment, then pulls the sage out of his pocket and looks at it. He reaches over, opens the glove box and rummages through it. It's full of empty crisps packets, sandwich boxes, paperwork, napkins, an old sat nav... he finds a lighter.

He's holding the lighter in one hand, the sage in the other. He shrugs, lights the sage and wafts it around.

He looks around and then mumbles the chant, very self consciously.

WICKY  
Hey Hey, Hey Hey, Hey min-ga-la.

He turns the key in the ignition and the car starts. He smiles with relief and delight.

WICKY (CONT'D)  
Shut up!

He raises his eyebrows then frowns and shakes his head as he clearly dismisses the idea the sage had anything to do with it.

16                   **EXT. HOUSE - DAY**                   16

Wicky's van pulls into the drive and parks in front of the house.

17                   **INT. VAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS**                   17

He turns the engine off. Then starts it again. Raises his eyebrows, turns it off and gets out.

18 EXT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

18

Wicky exits the van. He picks up some cleaning equipment and stops. He can hear music. He listens and recognises 'Sweet Like Chocolate' by Shanks and Bigfoot.

19 INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM: DAN'S AREA - DAY

19

Wicky opens the door to find Dan chanting and dancing wildly. He is singing a song that is reminiscent of a Native American one. A ghetto blaster in the corner has clearly been hurriedly turned off.

WICKY

(Surprised)

It's funny because I *thought* I could hear 'Sweet Like Chocolate' by Shanks and Bigfoot.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

*This is a shamanic chant.*

WICKY

THIS is yeah!

Dan fixes Wicky with a steely grin.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

It started didn't it?

Wicky tries to brush it off by changing the subject.

WICKY

Look, are you done? Can I clean or what?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Did you burn the sage and do the  
chant?

WICKY

I think the starter motor was just wet...

Dan smiles warmly.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Don't fight it. Feel it.

Wicky is unsettled by Dan's confidence.

WICKY

I don't want to be here all night.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I have a spiritual conduit to build  
in the other room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

You may potter around in the  
shallow waters of human  
consciousness.

He sweeps by, as he passes the two men lock eyes.

WICKY

Is that a direct Shanks and Bigfoot  
quote?

The shaman puts his hand on Wicky's face. He breathes in  
deeply.

DAN

Your sadness is a heavy burden to  
carry.

Wicky nods at the vacuum he is carrying.

WICKY

It's an industrial vacuum and I've  
not ruled out sticking it up  
your...

The scene CUTS TO:

**INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM: WICKY'S AREA / DAN'S AREA - DAY**

MUSIC: PRIMAL SCREAM - DON'T FIGHT IT. FEEL IT.

A sequence cut to music as Dan and Wicky both go about their  
'cleansings'.

We cut between the two - Dan lights a match, Wicky's halogen  
lights fire up. Dan burns sage, Wicky sprays chemicals. Dan  
wafts the chemicals away with a piece of cardboard. Dan  
sprays even more. Wicky sprays liquid on the carpet. Dan  
sprinkles 'holy' water from a Wicca pagan bowl.

Wicky pulls a mattress back and underneath, it's crawling  
with maggots. Wicky sighs, shakes his head then walks over to  
his equipment, picks up a bottle containing a pinkish liquid,  
a dustpan and a scrubbing brush, then returns to the upturned  
mattress. Dan is walking past the doorway, looks inside, see  
the maggots, realises Dan is about to exterminate them.

The next sequence is all in slow motion, like a scene from  
Platoon. Dan runs into the room, shouting 'Nooooooooo!' Wicky  
turns in shock, Dan kicks the bottle out of Wicky's hand,  
drops to his knees and with tears in his eyes, he picks up a  
handful of maggots and holds them like a child might hold a  
pet hamster it thought it had lost.

The music stops. We're back to normal speed. Dan and Wicky  
are both breathing heavily. The maggots are crawling in Dan's  
hands. He looks down at them.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

What are you going to do with them?

A fly buzzes and lands on the floor between Wicky and Dan.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Liberate them. So they can fly  
free. If you take their earthly  
life you condemn them to a  
spiritual half way house.

Wicky squashes the fly with his dustpan without breaking eye  
contact with Dan. Dan picks up the fly and starts to cry  
hysterically.

WICKY

I'm having a break.

The shaman stops crying immediately.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

As am I. After I bury this little  
one.

Wicky rolls his eyes once again.

**INT. HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY**

Wicky and Dan sit on the staircase in the hall. Wicky is  
having a cup of tea from a flask, Dan is sucking on a piece  
of lemon grass root.

WICKY

What's that?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Lemon grass root.

WICKY

Have a penguin mate for God's sake.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Sorry?

Wicky pulls two chocolate penguin bars from his pocket.

WICKY

I've got a spare.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

No thanks. Sugar is a path to  
weakness.

WICKY

Penguins are a path to a delicious  
mouth.

They sit in silence for a moment. Wicky is struggling to understand him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

So... Do you get paid for this?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Of course. Do you think Himalayan rock salt lamps grow on trees?

WICKY

No, but it wouldn't surprise me if you did. How much are you getting for this job?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Money means nothing to me.

WICKY

Nevertheless. How much, go on, I'll tell you.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Four hundred and fifty pounds.

WICKY

Four hundred and fifty?!! Are you joking...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Are you paid less cleaner man?

WICKY

(Hesitates)

Four seventy five. Because... well. It's... For real...

Wicky catches himself and calms down

WICKY (CONT'D)

How did you learn this then? I may as well psychopomp while I wipe blood up. Double bubble.

Dan lets out a patronising half-laugh.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

It's not something you learn. Even as a child I could sense spirits.

WICKY

Like that kid in Sixth Sense who could see Bruce Willis when he was dead?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I've not seen it and now I don't need to.

(CONTINUED)

Wicky garbles

WICKY

Sorry, I didn't realise you were so far behind, spoiler alert, ET goes home.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You are irritated by people with an alternative belief system aren't you?

WICKY

I think it's all made up. Spirituality, religion the lot...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

By who?

WICKY

By people who needed to believe it.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Perhaps if your local vicar had managed to start your broken van...

Wicky chuckles as finishes his off penguin bar and then groans/sighs as he stands up.

WICKY

I'll leave you to your fairy tales .

(Sarcastically)

Managed to chat to any ghosts yet?

Dan looks suddenly serious

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Perhaps you might believe your own eyes. Perhaps I should make contact.

WICKY

With the dead tramp?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He is one of the spirits present. Let me try.

Dan stands up and heads towards the main room.

Dan picks up a tattered photograph.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Is that him?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Yes. I find sometimes it can speed up the connection.

WICKY

Like my wifi after ten o'clock.  
Next door's always watching  
conspiracy theory videos on  
Youtube... we share the same  
wifi... but he's got the router...  
I steal my internet. Not sure I've  
admitted that before. You are  
magic.

Dan is ignoring him, fixed in concentration with his eyes shut. His head jolts and he howls.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Hello? Do you want to come through?

WICKY

Oh come on...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

(In an old lady's voice)

Ooh, hello duck. Muriel here.

Wicky looks baffled.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

I was a housekeeper here in 1872  
for two years and six. It was hard  
work. Especially drying all the  
sheets in the mangle. Cos it needed  
fixing and the rollers weren't as  
close together as they should've  
been so it didn't ring the water  
out of them as much as it  
should've. I did tell the master  
but he said I had to make do.  
Anyway, nice chatting to you. Ta  
ra. (Reverts to his normal voice)  
Thanks Muriel. Goodbye.

Wicky stares at Dan with a smile on his face.

WICKY

Is that it?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I don't control how long the  
spirits make contact for?

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

So Muriel's made contact from the spirit world and then just used the opportunity to moan about a faulty mangle from 150 years ago.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

It clearly still rankles.

WICKY

Mate, I need to get on...

Suddenly, Dan starts making gargling noises and his eyes roll back. He then wears a wide-eyed expression with slightly flared nostrils. He talks with a high-pitched posh boy's voice.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Help me get to the other side please. My name's Sebastian, third and youngest son of Clarence and Julie...

WICKY

Julie? For God's sake.

Wicky looks increasingly cynical.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Yes. Julie. But I called her Mummy. (He coughs). She was ever so upset when I got TB (coughs again). I went to the sanatorium for a while but then they could do no more for me (cough). So I came back home for my final days. (Normal voice) Seb...Can I call you Seb? (Sebastian's voice) I'd rather you called me Sebastian (Normal voice) Sorry, Sebastian (Sebastian's voice) Yes? (Normal voice) Would you like me to assist you in getting to the other side? (Sebastian's voice) Yes please. Although Mummy told me not to go anywhere with strangers (normal voice) I won't be going with you. I'm not ready yet. (Sebastian's voice) Oh, she'll probably be fine with that then. (Normal voice) Can you see that light Sebastian? (Sebastian's voice) Yes. It's very bright isn't it? (Normal voice) Yes, it is. Just walk towards it Sebastian. Walk towards it. Then you will be reunited with your Mummy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21A

CONTINUED: (3)

21A

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

(Sebastian's voice) Oh, that's  
nice. Thanks a lot. All the best.  
Goodbye.

Dan lets out a breath and puts his head in his hands. Wicky  
suppresses a laugh.

WICKY

Can I hire you to come down the  
pub. The lads would love this.

Dan has closed his eyes.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Alcohol leads to nowhere.

WICKY

It leads me to dance like a funky  
bitch.

Dan ignores him. Wicky pauses for a moment then gets up.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I'm going to crack on. If my nan  
swings by could you ask her where  
the keys to her garage are? I want  
to get that mower sold.

Pleased with himself, Wicky walks away towards his area. Dan  
is left standing, thoughtful: he hasn't managed to break  
through Wicky's scepticism, but he isn't beaten yet.

22

**INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM: WICKY'S AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

22

Wicky assesses his area of the room. He is about to start  
taking equipment out when Dan rushes after him.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You shouldn't be here. You're a  
negative presence... the owl was a  
sign. I should have known.

WICKY

I've heard enough! The game's up  
mate, you're not a shaman. I heard  
you listening to 'Sweet like  
Chocolate' by Shanks and Bigfoot!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Dan turns to Wicky and hisses like an angry cat. Wicky is startled.

\*

WICKY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! What are you doing?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Your aura.

Dan sniffs repeatedly around Wicky.

WICKY  
Stop sniffing my aura!

\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
It bears the heavy stench of  
regret. You distress the spirits of  
this place. If you are to stay, I  
need to cleanse you.

\*

\*

\*

Wicky looks to the skies.

WICKY  
Oh god!



DAN-MANGKUKULAM

\*

Please!!!! It's the only way we can  
bring peace to the house! I beg  
you!

Wicky rolls his eyes. Anything to get out of here.

WICKY

What does it entail?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I'll use my hands to deliver good  
energy to your body while  
simultaneously extracting any  
negative vibrations.

WICKY

Like Reiki?

Dan laughs (slightly maniacally) for five seconds.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

(Straight)

A bit. It is a bit like Reiki.

(beat)

Pop your shoes off and lay back.

Wicky does so, reluctantly. Dan rubs his hands together to  
warm them up.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Wicky closes them for a second then opens one of them a tiny  
bit. Dan's head is down so Wicky can only see the fox's head.  
He look concerned. Dan puts his hands on Wicky's stomach.  
Wicky flinches.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Too intimate?

WICKY

Just get on with it.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You've had your appendix out.

WICKY

(Impressed)

I have actually. You can tell that  
just by touching?

Dan pulls Wicky's shirt back down over an appendix scar.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Shhhh.

(CONTINUED)

Dan chants. It starts slow and calm but begins to build into something much more ominous. Wicky is scared.

Dan sounds like a man possessed, his chant is staccato and aggressive. Sounds are spat. Finally Dan cries out in pain, steps away from Wicky and looks at his hands, terror on his face. He inhales deeply and in a deep voice turns to Wicky.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)  
Someone doesn't want you here.

WICKY  
Yeah, me! I don't want me here!

Dan sits up, alert again.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Keith? Keith, is that you?

Nothing

WICKY  
I don't know a Keith for God's sake...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Welcome Keith Patterson.

WICKY  
(frowns)  
Hang on, I did know a Keith  
Patterson! Years ago, when I was a  
kid!

\*  
\*

Dan smiles knowingly. Wicky reaches over and picks up the photo Dan was holding in the previous scene. The picture is of a boy with his Mum and Dad, clearly from the late 1970s.

\*  
\*

WICKY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god! It's him. Hang on. This  
is a wind up isn't it. Weasel's put  
you up to this hasn't he!

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
(accusatory)  
Keith remembers you from... school?

WICKY  
But this can't be...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
He says you didn't call him Keith  
Patterson back then.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

No. He used to wet himself all the time. Pissy Patterson. PP. Urine Geller. Slash. The lemonade trousered kid. Milk milk lemonade around the corner Patterson's pissed himself, Wee Willy Patterpiss, Duck Billed Platterpiss, Pissy Hynde, Packet of Pispis

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Why did you bait the child so?

WICKY

Well...because. This is ridiculous, as if you're talking to him!

Wicky gets up, clearly rattled and walks away, crossing into Dan's area of the main room.

**INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM. DAN'S AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Wicky enters and then stands and takes it all in. Looks at the mattress, and Keith's other few, sad possessions. He's in shock. Dan approaches Wicky.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Are you ok?

WICKY

It's just really sad. You know, how life turns out for some people. How long had he lived here?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Only a few weeks according to St Benedict's shelter.

Wicky takes this in.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Did you know him for a long time?

WICKY

Yeah. We went to the same schools and he was in cubs. He was really into Shakin' Stevens.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Good friends?

WICKY

With Shakin Stevens? Never met him, he lives in Wales I think.

They smile at Wicky's lame joke.

(CONTINUED)

WICKY (CONT'D)

He was a good lad... bit weird...  
but harmless. He used to get fits of  
giggles, we'd make him laugh and  
tickle him and then...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Then what?

WICKY

He'd... he'd go off like a soda  
stream.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You used to make him wet himself.  
For your own amusement?

WICKY

No, we'd just...

He trails off.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

When did you last see him?

WICKY

He left at the end of the third  
year. Changed schools or his family  
moved away or something. We were in  
an end of term production of The  
Wizard of Oz. I was the scarecrow,  
he was the tin man. He was nervous.  
We were standing in the wings,  
about to go on and Matt Bainbridge,  
who was the lion, started trying to  
make him laugh. Got Keith to pull  
his finger, all that...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Then what happened?

Wicky looks at Dan but doesn't want to continue. Dan keeps  
looking at him until he does.

WICKY

Just a little trickle at first but  
then it got stronger. And louder.  
He was the tin man. It sounded like  
someone was filling a watering can.  
Then there was a puddle. All the  
kids watching started laughing. And  
Keith stopped.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Laughing?

(CONTINUED)

WICKY

Yeah. And pissing. We were supposed to do one more performance but it got cancelled because Keith had a migraine...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Now it all makes sense.

Dan exits. Wicky follows.

**INT. HOUSE. MAIN ROOM. WICKY'S AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Wicky follows Dan in.

WICKY

What makes sense?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

The bad energy. I told you. You shouldn't be here. If you died and wanted to pass to the other side, would you want to do it in the presence of a man who routinely humiliated you?

Wicky bows his head

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Poor Keith Patterson.

Dan is suddenly alert. The picture, propped up, falls over. Wicky's startled.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)

Keith Patterson? Is that you?

Dan nods at Wicky.

WICKY

I don't know how you're doing this but stop.

Wicky thinks for a second, then shakes his head. He's still not buying this.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He's here. He wants to speak to you.

Wicky still clinging on to the idea he's making it all up.

WICKY

Well good luck. I can still remember exactly how he spoke. Really high pitched with a strong lisp. So let's hear it.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He say's he doesn't want to speak  
through me. He's shy.

\*

WICKY

A shy ghost yeah? You've got some  
front I'll give you that.

\*

Dan glances at Wicky and thinks for a moment. He then starts  
making gargling noises. Then stops.

\*

\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

(to Wicky)

Is your name Paul Wickstead?

Wicky gulps and shakes his head furiously. He's in shock.

WICKY

Yes. (beat) Hang on... no. How? I  
haven't told you my name.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You haven't. He has.

Dan screws his face up.

WICKY

But he known me as...

\*

With ceremony.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Wicky. (a beat whilst he enjoys  
Wicky's shock). He says you  
preferred to be called Wicky.

WICKY

Bloody hell.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Yes, Wicky... he says your school  
wasn't too far away from here...

WICKY

No. A few miles away.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

You had a friend called... D...  
D... David?

WICKY

Daniel.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Sorry, Daniel... it's a bad line...  
and a Matthew... Bain something...

Wicky is now totally drawn in.

WICKY

Bainbridge! Yes, he was the lion in  
the Wizard of Oz...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

How would you have liked to be  
known as the pisstrict nurse'?

Wicky chuckles.

WICKY

I don't remember that one.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He says he's glad you find the  
theft of his childhood so  
hilarious. He never recovered. You  
and those boys lit a touch paper  
that lead to a life of problems.

A music change. The mood darkens.

WICKY

No...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

I'm afraid so Wicky. Talk to him.

Wicky looks devastated.

WICKY

I'm sorry. Keith... we... I thought  
we were just having a laugh, cos  
you were always laughing but I  
didn't really think about how it  
made you feel.

He looks at Dan for a response but gets nothing.

WICKY (CONT'D)

It was wrong. My God even putting  
that cow pat under your pillow at  
cub camp seems so sick now. I hope  
you can find peace.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He didn't know about the cow pat.

WICKY

Damn it.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

But he forgives you. For everything. (beat) He says he'd really like you to attend his funeral.

\*

WICKY

Oh. No problem. Of course.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

And... he'd like you to organise the wake. He'd like a party at St Benedict's.

\*

\*

WICKY

Sorry, what?

\*

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He said, if you're really sorry, you'd do it.

Wicky thinks for a moment.

WICKY

Ok. Yeah. I'll organise that.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He'd like a really nice big send off with all his friends... white table cloths, candles on the tables...

WICKY

Ok.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

A free bar.

WICKY

Is that wise at a homeless shelter?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

And a Shakin' Stevens tribute act.

(CONTINUED)



WICKY

Wow.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He says you probably wouldn't be able to get the real Shakin' Stevens at such short notice. But the least you can do is find a reasonably priced tribute act.

WICKY

Tell him I'll do my best. And can you please tell him...

Dan looks at his watch.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

He actually said he's got to go now, I'm afraid.

WICKY

Can I just...

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Yes Keith.. can you see the light? Yes, just walk towards it... that's it... keep going..if You need to go, go... better now than on the journey... ok if you think you can hold it... yes... and... you're in.

Dan suddenly winces and looks in pain. Wicky is concerned.

WICKY

What's happened?

Dan stands up.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM

Cramp.

He stretches.

WICKY

(on phone)

Right, so the 16th then? I'll get Melvin to do one of his curries. White tablecloths, candles, the lot...

Dan enters from a side room dressed in 'normal' clothes. Jeans, trainers, t-shirt and a jacket. He's carrying a suitcase and wiping off his face paint with a wet wipe.

Wicky looks surprised

WICKY (CONT'D)  
You off then?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Yeah. I'm meeting some friends.

WICKY  
At Stonehenge or something?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
No we're going to Zizi's. Shamans  
have to eat.

WICKY  
He's definitely got through?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Yes, he's a peace now.

WICKY  
And he definitely contacted you and  
said those things?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Keith wants you to be at peace too.

WICKY  
Right (pause). So see you at the  
funeral then?

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
What? Oh... yeah... wouldn't miss  
it for the world.

A moment.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you Paul.

WICKY  
Wicky.

DAN-MANGKUKULAM  
Wicky.

Dan shakes Wicky's hand, opens the front door and exits.

Dan walks round to the side of the house and gets in his car -  
a 2018 Ford Focus (or similar). As he starts the engine, we  
hear a blast of 'Sweet like Chocolate' by Shanks and Bigfoot  
before he turns the volume down.

As he drives off, he beeps his horn and waves at Wicky, who is standing just outside the front door with two black bin liners. Wicky nods and half smiles but he's numb and still in shock at what's just happened.

As he takes a step, one of the bin liners splits and rubbish spills out. Wicky sighs, bends down and starts to pick it up. He notices an empty plastic wrapper. He picks it up and looks at it. Close Up on the empty plastic wrapper. 'ALDI SAGE'. Wicky looks up after Dan's car, disappointed. We see Dan's car pull out of the drive.

Wicky turns back inside the house and shuts the front door. Then, in a nod to the end of Usual Suspects, Wicky sees a council newsletter on the floor and focusses on the name Muriel Anderson. We hear Dan from earlier - "Ooh, hello duck. Muriel here." Wicky thinks.

Then he sees a newspaper with the headline, 'HEALTH TRUST PANIC AFTER TB CASE - Twelve year old Sebastian...' We hear "I'd rather you called me Sebastian". Wicky's eyes narrow.

He picks up a letter from Clarence Baron Estate Agents. He walks back into the living room, shaking his head as we hear, "Third and youngest son of Clarence and Julie". As he picks up a piece of equipment, it's next to a pile of books and on the top of the pile is 'Miss Julie' by August Strindberg.

He spots something from St Benedict Homeless Shelter. An outreach letter. 'Dear Keith Patterson, We can help...' (or similar thing with Keith's name on it).

Finally, he looks at one of his equipment boxes. On the label is printed, 'Paul Wickstead'. **There is something else with 'Wicky' written on it.** Wicky's both annoyed at being duped but relieved the supernatural events were a hoax. A rat scuttles past him. He's not startled.

As he continues to pack his stuff, he notices the photograph on the floor. He picks it up and takes a long, guilty look at Keith Patterson.

**INT/EXT. ST BENEDICT HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT**

A few tables with white table cloths and candles. On one of them is the picture we saw of a young Keith with his parents, blown up and framed. Wicky and another man (MELVIN) are serving curry to some homeless men and women.

The camera moves and reveals the music we can hear playing is 'you drive me crazy', performed by an incredibly authentic Shakin' Stevens tribute act.

We move outside, where something is watching the scene. It's the owl, and if you didn't know better you'd think it was listening to Shakey's performance. And enjoying it.

It turns its head 180 degrees to the camera, turns back, then flies off into the night sky.

**END**