

"Title"

by

Your Name

1234 Your Street
City, State Zip
Phone
e-mail

FADE IN:

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM. PAGAN ARTIFACTS ROOM. DAY.

The 2001 theme plays (Also Sprach Zarathustra)

What looks like the large bronze hilt of a sword is pointing downwards.

In SLOW MOTION the image turns 360 degrees until it is clear we are looking at a large bronze phallus attached to a statue.

A slender and pale manicured hand slowly reaches out towards the impressive shaft. Just as connection is about to be made, the music stops and normal speed is resumed.

MUSEUM GUARD (OFF CAMERA)

Miss... Hey you...Don't touch!

Sara-Jane, 41, is standing in front of the large bronze statue of Pan, Pagan god of fertility. In his hand he holds his pipes, his cloven hooves pointed, lost in some ancient dance.

Hearing the voice, she retracts her left hand and thrusts it into the pocket of her dungarees. She turns round to confront the approaching guard.

SARA-JANE

OK, OK. I didn't mean any harm.
It's just so...

She trails off, looking round once more at Pan's package, lost in reverie.

The guard seems to recognize her. He puts his hand on her shoulder and spins her round.

MUSEUM GUARD

I thought it was you. I've warned you before about this. The Museum will refuse you entry if I catch you again.

Sara-Jane pushes his hand off her shoulder. The action of doing this causes what looks like a chisel to fall out of her dungarees pocket. It clatters on the marble floor.

Both she and the guard look down in disbelief at the tool, and then back up at each other.

The guard reaches for his walkie-talkie.

MUSEUM GUARD (INTO RECEIVER)
Jackson to security, over...

Sara-Jane doesn't wait to hear the rest. Leaving the chisel on the floor she runs headlong out of the room.

EXT. ENTRANCE STEPS OF BRITISH MUSEUM. MOMENTS LATER.

Sarah-Jane continues her manic run out of the building and down the long flight of stone steps.

DOCTOR CARVER (VO)
Sara-Jane Parker is a case in point.
A most intriguing subject for study...

Sara-Jane reaches the bottom of the steps but continues to run out of the grounds and down the Bloomsbury street.

DOCTOR CARVER (VO)
...When she was first referred to me, the symptoms she presented were typical of body dysmorphism with possible transgender issues...

Sara-Jane arrives at a small grassy area and leans against the black railings. Catching her breath, her right hand grips one of the spikes as she stares at the shaft.

DOCTOR CARVER (VO)
...But as she opened up to me, I began to realize that this was no common or garden Freudian Penis-envy. Well, it's a type of Penis-envy, but very specific.

Sara-Jane looks round her to make sure she's not been followed, then takes out her mobile phone. She presses the redial button to make the call.

SARA-JANE
Jeff, it's me. No... no a bloody guard caught me. I don't have it. I really need to see you. I don't give a fuck... I need to see you now dammit.

She snaps the phone shut causing a nearby squirrel to scuttle off.

DOCTOR CARVER (VO)

She has become obsessed with a sculpture at one of the London Museums. I believe it is an original carving of Pan, spirit of nature. The Pagans believed he was responsible for fertility and conception. For an, as yet undetermined reason, Sara-Jane has become fixated with a certain, shall we say, aspect of Pan.

INT. SARA-JANE'S FLAT. BELSIZE PARK, LONDON.

Sara-Jane perches nervously on her sofa. The room is full to bursting with books, old tribal masks and various artifacts. Photos on the wall show her in happier days on holiday. In one photo she is in Africa leaning against a Jeep with a smiling, tanned man. This man, now looking ten years older and ten times less confident and happy, now enters carrying a tray with digestive biscuits and two mugs of tea.

SARA-JANE

Argh! That fucking jobsworth guard. Another minute and I'd have got it. It just isn't fair.

Jeff slides the tray onto the old oak coffee table, displacing a couple of well-thumbed baby magazines onto the floor. Sara-Jane looks annoyed at this and quickly retrieves them, brushing off some imaginary dirt.

JEFF

I know dear, I know. It must have been horrible for you...

SARA-JANE

You've no idea.

JEFF

Never mind dear, I guess you tried and we'll just have to forget it now, move on, as it were. Cheer up old girl... have a digestive.

Sara-Jane picks up a biscuit and with genuine anger throws it at Jeff's forehead.

SARA-JANE

Don't placate me like I'm one of your fucking students. You know what this means to me. I have to have it.

Jeff sits down on the sofa next to her picking off traces of the digestive from his hairline. He reaches under the coffee table and pulls out a thick old book, the title of which reads "Pagan Rituals - a step by step guide to invocation". He thumbs through the pages, not really reading but trying to avoid a confrontation.

JEFF

I'm sorry but I'm all out of ideas.

SARA-JANE

How typical of you. Well, don't worry my love, I found this in the free paper on the walk over here... look.

She pulls out a copy of Metro from her back pocket and unfolds the job page. She points to a small advertisement offering Tour Guide jobs at the British Museum.

She triumphantly stabs the ad repeatedly with her index finger.

SARA-JANE

There! See! I'll get a bloody job there. Work it from the inside. What do you think to that, eh?!

Jeff attempts a feeble smile.

FADE OUT.