

SuperTed: The Boys

\$SUPER TED



In the wind-scoured Highlands, decommissioned cosmic bear SuperTed is unwillingly reactivated by exhausted mam Donna and her half-broken boys led by Patch, as the failing Ministry system that once stored him now hunts them all.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

In the wind-scoured Highlands, decommissioned cosmic bear SuperTed is unwillingly reactivated by exhausted mam Donna and her half-broken boys led by Patch, as the failing Ministry system that once stored him now hunts them all.

Treatment

Act 1. On a rain-lashed caravan site outside Fort William, Donna works double shifts at the care home while her three boys scavenge the old MoD ranges. Patch, the eldest at nineteen, drags home a locked steel crate he found half-buried after a storm. Inside is SuperTed, a moth-eaten cosmic bear whose spots have faded to dull rust and whose voice box wheezes when they force the key. The boys treat him like a joke until the bear speaks in a low, reluctant Scouse rasp and warns them to put him back. Donna comes home to find the crate in the kitchen and the boys already changed: Rab suddenly stronger, Calum's limp gone. She tells them to get rid of it. The Ministry truck arrives at dawn looking for decommissioned assets.

Act 2. SuperTed tries to stay inert but the boys keep turning the cosmic key for small miracles-fixing the generator, winning a fight at the pub. Patch wants more; he wants the bear to make them untouchable so Donna can stop working nights. The Ministry, represented by a weary case officer, explains the reactivation protocol was never switched off; the bear's power source leaks into anyone who uses the key. Rab starts having seizures. Donna confronts Patch in the caravan, her voice raw from years of holding everything together. SuperTed tells them the system was always broken; he was meant to be scrapped because the side-effects were known. Midpoint reversal: Patch uses the bear to stop a Ministry raid, but the power surge hospitalises Calum. The boys turn on each other. Donna finds the case officer's file showing SuperTed was one of dozens stored across Scotland.

Act 3. SuperTed agrees to one last activation to draw the Ministry away from the site. In the dark of the ranges, with wind screaming through the heather, the bear confronts the case officer while Donna and the remaining boys destroy the crate and the key. The power that leaks out kills SuperTed's voice for good. Dawn comes on an empty caravan. Donna stands in the doorway holding the last faded spot from the bear's cape. Nothing is fixed; the Ministry will return, but the boys are still hers and the system has lost this one small fight.

Beat Sheet

- p. 1 Opening Image**
A rusted Ministry crate half-buried in heather, wind tearing at the faded red cape visible through the lid.
- p. 5 Theme Stated**
Donna tells Patch the system only ever takes; it never gives anything back that doesn't cost more later.
- p. 10 Setup**
The caravan, the three boys, Donna's exhausted returns from the care home, the old MoD ranges where they scavenge.
- p. 12 Catalyst**
Patch drags the steel crate into the kitchen and forces the cosmic key.
- p. 15 Debate**
SuperTed wheezes that they should lock him away again; Patch argues the bear can fix everything.
- p. 25 Break Into Two**
The boys use the first small activation to mend the generator and win a fight.
- p. 30 B Story**
Donna notices the changes in her sons and begins asking what the bear actually is.
- p. 30 Fun and Games**
Small miracles around the caravan site, the bear's reluctant voice guiding them, the first Ministry truck sighted.
- p. 55 Midpoint**
Patch stops the raid with a surge; Calum collapses from the leaking power.
- p. 60 Bad Guys Close In**
Ministry case officer explains the protocol; Rab has seizures; the boys turn on one another.
- p. 75 All Is Lost**
SuperTed's voice box fails after the last forced activation; the crate is found empty by the Ministry.
- p. 80 Dark Night of Soul**
Donna sits alone in the caravan with the remaining boys, realising the bear is dying and nothing will change.
- p. 85 Break Into Three**
SuperTed offers one final activation to draw the Ministry onto the ranges so the key can be destroyed.
- p. 95 Finale**
Bear confronts the case officer in the heather; Donna and boys burn the crate and key.
- p.110 Final Image**
Donna stands in the caravan doorway at dawn holding one faded spot from the bear's cape while the wind continues.

Opening Scene

EXT. MO D RANGE - NIGHT

Wind screams across sodden heather. A steel crate lies half-sunk in mud, one corner pried open. PATCH, nineteen, skinny and already wind-burned, drags it with a rope. RAB and CALUM, younger, follow with torches that barely cut the dark.

PATCH

It's locked. Proper locked.

RAB

Leave it. Mam'll go mental.

PATCH

She's on nights. Help us.

They heave. The lid shifts. Inside, matted fur, a red cape gone to rust, a plastic key still in its chest. The bear's eyes are glass. One ear is missing.

CALUM

It's a teddy.

PATCH

It's not. Look at the key.

He turns it. Nothing. He turns it again, harder. A dry wheeze comes from the bear's chest.

SUPER TED (voice box)

...leave it...

Characters

SuperTed **PROTAGONIST**

ageless

LOOK Anthropomorphic decommissioned cosmic bear with faded yellow fur, rust-coloured spots, a moth-eaten red cape and a cracked plastic key still lodged in its chest. One ear is gone; glass eyes are clouded.

VOICE Low, reluctant Scouse rasp that wheezes when the voice box strains. Halting, never more than necessary.

Sounds tired of being awake.

ARC Starts as inert and warning the boys to leave him buried. Wants only to be decommissioned again. Learns the system that stored him will never stop hunting the boys, so he chooses one final activation to protect them even though it kills his voice.

Donna **DEUTERAGONIST**

early 40s

LOOK Human female, early 40s, wind-chapped face, cheap care-home uniform always creased, hair tied back with whatever band she found that morning.

VOICE Raw Highland accent, sentences that trail off when she is too tired to finish. Swears softly, never shouts until the end.

ARC Begins exhausted and trying to keep the boys safe by ignoring what they drag home. Realises the Ministry system has always known about the leaks and still sent the bear. Ends holding the last piece of the cape, knowing nothing is fixed but the boys are still hers.

Patch **ANTAGONIST**

late teens

LOOK Human male, late teens, thin frame already stooped from scavenging, knuckles always scabbed, eyes that flick away when Donna speaks.

VOICE Fast, defensive, the accent of a boy who learned to talk over adults. Uses the bear's name like a weapon.

ARC Starts wanting the bear to fix the family's life. Uses the power without care. Breaks when Calum collapses, then tries to hide the key instead of destroying it.

Rab **SUPPORTING**

mid teens

LOOK Human male, mid teens, broader than Patch, always in the same too-small hoodie, new bruises appearing daily after the key is turned.

VOICE Quiet, short sentences. Starts slurring when the seizures begin.

ARC Uses the first activation to win a fight. Suffers the side-effects first. Ends hospitalised, the cost made visible.

Calum **SUPPORTING**

early teens

LOOK Human male, early teens, slight limp that vanishes after the first activation, eyes wide with the sudden strength.

VOICE Still has the voice of a child. Laughs too loud when the power works.

ARC The youngest, most eager. The first to pay with a seizure that lands him in hospital.

Locations

The Caravan INT.

Tiny static caravan, plastic sheeting taped over one window, Ministry crate now sitting where the kitchen table used to be, Donna's uniform hanging from the door.

Dim sodium light, condensation on every surface, the constant low roar of wind.

MoD Ranges EXT.

Miles of heather and rusted fencing, old concrete bunkers half-collapsed, the wind never dropping, distant lights of the Ministry trucks.

Grey-green murk, sudden clearings where the heather has been burned back.

Care Home INT.

Night shift corridor, Donna pushing a trolley, fluorescent strips flickering, the only warm room the staff kitchen where she eats cold soup.

Yellow light, institutional quiet, the sound of the wind still audible through thin walls.

Style

PALETTE

sodium-vapor yellows, heather greys, rust reds on faded yellow fur, bone-white steam from breath in the dark, deep teal shadows inside the caravan

REFERENCES

Lighting like Kill List - practical sources only, faces half-lost. Pacing like Sightseers - long static holds then sudden jagged cuts. Composition like A Field in England - symmetrical caravans against open moor, figures small and exposed.

TONE

Mundane British life that lurches without warning into folk-horror dread; the laugh at a boy lifting a fridge cut straight to the seizure that follows; never stable, never reassuring.

SOUND DESIGN

Wind as constant low frequency that never resolves. Voice box wheeze treated as musical motif. Foley prioritises plastic keys turning, cheap caravan doors, distant Ministry engines. Long silences where characters simply breathe before the next tonal ambush.

Director's Vision

I want the audience to feel the wind on their faces and the damp in their bones. The film starts in the register of a Jack Thorne social drama about a single mother holding a family together on zero hours. Then the crate opens and the tone fractures. SuperTed is not a hero or a villain; he is a decommissioned asset whose power leaks into children the same way benefits sanctions leak into lives. The Highlands are not picturesque; they are the place where the Ministry hid its mistakes. I want viewers to leave understanding that the system will keep sending trucks, that the bear's sacrifice changes nothing structural, yet still feel the small, stubborn victory of Donna keeping the boys for one more night. The comedy is in the awkwardness of turning a cosmic key in a caravan kitchen; the horror is in the silence after it stops working.

Dialogue Samples

> Donna: You don't get to keep the miracles. They always send the bill later.

> SuperTed: Put the key back. I was meant to stay shut.

> Patch: It fixed the generator. It can fix us.

> Rab: My hands won't stop shaking. Make it stop.

> Calum: I lifted the whole fridge. Did you see?

> Donna: The boys are still mine. The rest of it can burn.

Screenplay

Title: SuperTed: The Boys
Credit:
Author:
Draft date:
Contact:

FADE IN.

EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT

Wind screams across sodden heather. Rain needles sideways, soaking the ground to black mud. PATCH, nineteen and already wind-burned, leans into a rope tied round a steel crate half-sunk in the peat. The crate shifts an inch, then sticks. Behind him, RAB and CALUM pick their way with cheap torches that throw weak yellow circles and die at the edges.

PATCH

It's locked. Proper locked.

RAB

Leave it. Mam'll go mental.

PATCH

She's on nights. Help us.

They heave together. The rope creaks. Mud sucks at the crate's corners. CALUM's torch slips; he curses under his breath and rights it. The lid lifts a fraction. Something red flaps once in the gap, then vanishes.

PATCH (CONT'D)

Again.

They pull harder. The lid grinds open on rusted hinges. Inside lies matted yellow fur clotted with dirt. A red cape, faded to rust, is snagged on one plastic paw. A cracked key sticks out of the chest like a forgotten ignition.

CALUM

It's a teddy.

PATCH

It's not. Look at the key.

He reaches in. His fingers close round the key. He turns it once. Nothing. Turns it again, harder, until the plastic groans.

A dry wheeze rattles from the bear's chest. The voice that follows is low, reluctant, Scouse, every word costing something.

SUPER TED (V.O.)

...leave it...

The boys stare. The wind keeps screaming. The crate sits open between them, the

bear's clouded glass eyes fixed on nothing. Patch's hand stays on the key.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Wind hammers the plastic sheeting over the window. The door bangs open. PATCH drags the steel crate across the lino, rope cutting into his palms. RAB and CALUM push from behind, torches swinging wild beams across the damp walls.

PATCH

Shift it left. Table's in the way.

RAB

Mam'll see it straight off.

PATCH

She's not back till five. Help us or get out the road.

They heave again. The crate scrapes the floor, leaves a long dark mark. It thuds against the kitchen units. Condensation drips from the ceiling onto the metal lid.

CALUM

It's heavier than it looks.

PATCH

Cos it's full of something.

He crouches, studies the lock. Rust flakes under his thumb. Inside, through the cracked lid, a scrap of faded red fabric shows.

RAB

Leave it. It's MoD stuff. They'll come looking.

PATCH

They left it. Storm dug it up. Finders.

He pulls a rusted screwdriver from his pocket, jams it under the hasp. The metal groans. CALUM leans in, eyes wide.

CALUM

What if it's a bomb?

PATCH

Then we're rich or dead. Either way.

The hasp snaps. PATCH lifts the lid. Inside, matted yellow fur, rust spots, one glass eye clouded. A cracked plastic key sits in the chest. The red cape is threadbare, edges chewed.

RAB

It's a teddy.

PATCH

No it's not.

He reaches in, fingers the key. Turns it once. Nothing. Turns it harder, both hands now. A dry wheeze rattles from the bear's chest, like air through a punctured lung.

SUPER TED

(voice box, low Scouse rasp)
...leave it...

The three boys freeze. The wind outside drops for a second, then surges again. Water drips somewhere in the pipes.

CALUM

It spoke.

PATCH

Do it again.

He twists the key once more. Another wheeze, longer this time.

SUPER TED

(voice box)
Put me back. Before they find you.

PATCH

Who's they?

The bear's chest rises once, slow. No answer comes. Rain starts on the roof, steady and loud.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Wind rattles the taped plastic over the window. The crate sits where the kitchen table used to be, mud still streaked across the lino. PATCH kneels by it, breathing hard, rope still looped round his wrist. RAB and CALUM stand behind him, torches lowered, faces lit sodium-yellow from the single bulb.

PATCH

It's in. Help us shift it.

RAB

Mam'll see.

PATCH

She's not back till six. Turn it.

CALUM

It's a teddy bear, Patch.

PATCH

Look at the key. It's not plastic, it's something else.

He grips the cracked plastic key lodged in the bear's chest and twists. Metal grinds. The bear's faded yellow fur twitches once. A dry rasp comes from somewhere inside the matted torso.

SUPER TED

(voice box wheezing)
Leave it. Lock it. Put the lid back on.

The boys freeze. CALUM takes a half-step backward and nearly trips over his own foot.

RAB

It talked.

SUPER TED

You shouldn't have dug it up. The Ministry'll come for what's theirs.

PATCH

(quick, defensive)

You're ours now. We found you.

SUPER TED

I was meant to stay buried. The key leaks. It always did. Turn it again and they'll feel it in the next county.

CALUM

Say something else.

SUPER TED

Put me back in the ground.

PATCH

No. We need this. Look at us. We're skint and she's killing herself.

He twists the key harder. The voice box crackles, then settles into the same low Scouse rasp.

SUPER TED

You don't listen. None of you ever listen.

RAB

It's broken.

PATCH

It's not broken. It's talking to us.

SUPER TED

Lock the crate. Walk away. That's the only thing left that doesn't cost you.

The three boys stare at the bear. Outside, the wind drops for a second, then finds the gap under the door and starts again.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Wind hammers the plastic sheeting over the window. The sodium bulb above the sink flickers once, then holds. Donna steps inside, uniform creased at the elbows, hair pulled back with a rubber band that has already snapped once. Her boots leave wet prints on the lino. The crate sits where the table used to be.

She stops. Sees the bear. Sees the key still in its chest.

DONNA

What the fuck is that.

PATCH

Found it on the ranges. After the storm.

RAB

We dragged it.

CALUM

It's heavy as anything.

Donna does not move closer. She sets her bag down by the door, slow. The boys stay where they are, shoulders tight.

DONNA

Get it out.

PATCH

Mam-

DONNA

Now. Before it wakes the whole site.

SuperTed's voice box clicks. A low rasp leaks out, Scouse, tired.

SUPERTED

Told them already. Put it back.

Patch flinches but stays between her and the crate.

PATCH

It works. We turned the key once. Generator's running proper for the first time.

CALUM

Look.

He lifts the fridge one-handed. The caravan tilts a fraction on its blocks. Rab laughs, short, then stops when Donna's face does not change.

DONNA

Put it down, Calum.

Calum obeys. The fridge settles with a soft thud. Silence stretches. Wind finds every gap in the seals.

DONNA

That thing's Ministry. You can smell it on the metal. They don't leave things like that unless they want them back.

PATCH

We need it. You're doing double shifts for nothing.

DONNA

The system only ever takes, Patch. It never gives anything back that doesn't cost more later. You leave it here, they come for it, they come for you. Same as last time with the bikes. Same as the social.

She rubs her eyes with the heel of her hand. The motion is small, automatic.

DONNA

Get rid of it. Or I'm calling the number on the crate myself.

SuperTed wheezes again, softer this time.

SUPERTED

Listen to her.

Patch's jaw works. He does not answer. The wind outside drops for a second, then returns, steady, low, unending.

EXT. THE CARAVAN - DAWN

Wind still claws at the plastic sheeting over the window. The caravan sits crooked on its blocks, sodium light from the single street lamp pooling yellow on the wet gravel. PATCH stands by the open door, smoking, eyes on the track. RAB leans against the side, hoodie zipped to his chin, while CALUM kicks at a loose stone with his good leg.

A low diesel rumble cuts through the wind. Headlights sweep the heather. A Ministry truck, white with the faded blue stripe, rolls slow toward the site.

PATCH

Fuck. Inside. Now.

He drops the cigarette, grinds it flat. RAB straightens, already moving.

RAB

Mam said leave it.

PATCH

She's not here. Move.

They pile through the narrow door. The crate sits where the table was, steel edges catching the weak light. CALUM's foot catches the step and he stumbles but keeps going.

CALUM

It's too heavy for just us.

PATCH

Shut up and lift.

They grab the rope still looped round the crate. The key in SuperTed's chest is half-turned, a faint wheeze leaking out when the crate shifts. PATCH yanks the rope harder. The boys drag it toward the back, past Donna's uniform hanging from the door hook.

Outside the engine idles. A door opens, boots on gravel.

RAB

They'll see the tracks.

PATCH

Then we say we found nothing. Same as last time.

CALUM

What if it talks again?

PATCH

It won't. Not if we don't touch the key.

They heave the crate the last foot into the tiny bedroom space. The caravan

rocks on its blocks. PATCH straightens, breathing hard, and pulls the curtain across. Through the gap the Ministry truck sits twenty metres off, lights still on, two figures in high-vis stepping down.

RAB

We should've left it in the range.

PATCH

Too late now. Stay quiet.

The wind rattles the sheeting. Inside, the only sound is three boys breathing and the low tick of the cooling engine outside.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAY

The sodium bulb above the sink flickers once then holds. Condensation runs down the taped window in thin streams. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, lid pried back, the red cape inside now the colour of dried blood. PATCH kneels on the lino, the plastic key already between his fingers. His knuckles are raw from the night before.

He turns it.

The mechanism clicks. Outside, the generator coughs, catches, settles into a low uneven rattle that vibrates through the floor.

SUPERTEDE

(voice box wheezing)

Leave it.

PATCH

You said that last time.

SUPERTEDE

And you didn't listen then either.

Patch turns the key again, slower. The bear's glass eyes stay clouded. One paw twitches against the rust spots on its chest.

SUPERTEDE

The power's not free. Never was.

PATCH

We need the lights on. Mam's shift finishes in an hour. She'll come back to a cold kettle and nothing cooked. You want her doing that on top of everything else?

SUPERTEDE

I want to stay in the crate.

PATCH

You were in the crate. Look what good that did.

The generator outside hiccups, then steadies. A thin line of steam rises from the exhaust visible through the open caravan door. Patch sits back on his heels, watching the bear's chest.

SUPERTEDE

The boy with the limp. He won't thank you when it starts costing him.

PATCH

Calum's fine. Rab's fine. You're just saying what they told you to say before they buried you.

SUPERTEDE

They didn't bury me. They parked me. Same as they'll park you when the seizures start showing on forms.

PATCH

We can fix the door with this. Fix the roof. Stop her coming home with that look like she's already lost.

SUPERTEDE

You think the Ministry leaves things that fix themselves?

PATCH

I think you're scared of what happens if we stop needing you.

The key sits half-turned. The voice box makes a soft scraping sound, like breath dragged over rust.

SUPERTEDE

Put it back. Before the next one pays.

PATCH

They're my brothers. Not yours.

He turns the key the rest of the way. The generator outside rises in pitch, steady now. Light from the single working strip above the sink strengthens, then holds. Patch stands, wiping his hands on his hoodie, and does not look at the bear again.

INT. CARE HOME - NIGHT

Fluorescent strips buzz and flicker along the corridor. Donna pushes a plastic trolley stacked with folded sheets and half-empty water jugs. Her care-home uniform is creased at the elbows, hair pulled back with a frayed elastic band. Wind rattles the thin windows at the far end.

She stops at the first door, checks the chart, moves on. Her eyes stay on the linoleum. The trolley wheel catches and drags.

DONNA

(soft, to herself)

They were up before me. All three.

She keeps pushing. The next strip light dies for three seconds then stutters back. Donna slows outside the staff kitchen hatch, looks at the cold soup still in its plastic tub from her break four hours ago.

DONNA

Patch had that crate open like it were his. Rab lifting it without a word. Calum... walking straight.

Her hand rests on the trolley handle. She does not move for a long moment. The wind outside finds a gap in the frame and whistles low.

She wheels the trolley into the kitchen, parks it against the counter. The soup is untouched. She picks up a spoon, puts it down again.

DONNA

Whatever that thing is, it's already started taking.

She leans on the counter, wind still audible through the glass. The corridor light flickers once more behind her.

EXT. MOD RANGES - DAY

Wind cuts low across the heather. The boys stand at a sagging stretch of rusted fence, the wire bowed and half-buried in peat. PATCH carries the bear under one arm, the plastic key already turned half a notch. The fur smells of damp caravan and old oil.

PATCH

Right. Here. This panel.

RAB

Mam said stay off the ranges.

PATCH

She's not here. Calum, grab that end.

CALUM

It's proper heavy though.

Patch sets SuperTed down on a flat stone. The bear's glass eyes stare at nothing. Patch twists the key another quarter turn. A thin wheeze leaks out.

SUPER TED

(voice box straining)

Don't. Not for this.

PATCH

Shut it. We just want to see.

He nods at the fence. Rab and Calum take hold of the nearest panel, fingers hooked through the mesh. They heave together. The rusted bolts shear clean. The whole section lifts like balsa, six foot of steel and wire rising without effort. Calum's feet leave the ground for a second.

CALUM

(laughing, too loud)

It's light! Rab, feel it.

RAB

(quiet)

Aye. It is.

They set the panel down again, gentle, like it might break. Patch grins, knuckles white around the bear.

PATCH

Told you. Told you it works.

SUPER TED

(rasping)

It costs. Every time. You'll feel it later.

Patch ignores him. He turns the key back a notch, just enough to quiet the voice box. Calum is still smiling at his own hands. Rab rubs his wrist, slow, like something already aches underneath the skin. The wind picks up, flattening the heather around the lifted fence.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Wind hammers the plastic sheeting over the window. The sodium light above the sink flickers. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, its lid half-open. SuperTed slumps against it, one glass eye reflecting the bulb.

The door bursts inward. Rab stumbles in first, knuckles split and raw, grinning wide. Patch follows close, breathing hard. Calum limps after them but the limp is gone now.

RAB

Did you see his face? Did you?

PATCH

Shut the door. Mam'll hear.

RAB

She's not back yet. We did it. We fucking did it.

Calum laughs too loud, the sound bouncing off the condensation on the walls. He pulls three cans from the cupboard and cracks one. Beer foams over his wrist.

CALUM

You dropped him in one. Like he was nothing.

RAB

Felt like nothing. Like I could've kept going.

He turns the cosmic key in SuperTed's chest. The bear's voice box wheezes.

SUPER TED

Stop. Please.

PATCH

One more. For the bruise on his jaw.

Rab turns the key again. SuperTed's faded spots catch the light for a second, rust on yellow.

SUPER TED

(voice thin)

It's not free. Never was.

RAB

Worth it though.

The boys clink cans. Rab drinks deep, then coughs, shoulders twitching once. He shakes it off and laughs again. Patch watches the twitch.

PATCH

You all right?

RAB

Better than all right.

Donna appears in the doorway, uniform creased, hair damp from the walk. She stands there a moment, taking in the crate, the open cans, the blood on Rab's hoodie.

DONNA

What happened to your hands?

RAB

Nothing. Pub was busy.

DONNA

Busy doesn't split knuckles.

She steps inside, closes the door against the wind. The caravan feels smaller with all of them in it. She looks at SuperTed.

DONNA

He told you not to.

PATCH

He's ours now. We're just using what's there.

Donna sets her bag down. Her hands stay on the strap a second too long.

DONNA

Rab, sit down.

RAB

I'm fine, Mam.

He sits anyway. His leg jumps under the table. Calum stops laughing. The wind fills the silence, low and steady through the taped window. SuperTed's chest rises once with a dry click.

SUPERTED

Put the key back. Before it starts taking more than bruises.

Patch turns the key one last time, slow. The bear's voice dies to a rattle. Outside, an engine idles somewhere on the road to the ranges. Donna listens to it. She doesn't move to stop them.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Sodium light from the single working strip flickers over the condensation on the windows. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, its lid now shut. Donna's care-home uniform hangs from the door, still damp. Wind hammers the plastic sheeting taped over the broken pane.

Donna stands in the narrow kitchen space, keys still in her hand. Patch sits on the edge of the bench seat, eyes on the floor.

DONNA

They're different.

PATCH
What?

DONNA
Rab. He lifted the fridge this morning like it was nothing. Calum's walking straight. No limp.

She sets the keys down. They clatter against the formica.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Don't tell me it's the air.

PATCH
Maybe they're just... getting on with it.

DONNA
Patch.

She waits. He doesn't look up.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Where did you find it?

PATCH
Ranges. After the storm.

DONNA
And you brought it here.

PATCH
It was locked. I thought-

DONNA
You thought what? That it would help?

She leans against the sink, too tired to stand straight.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Rab had a nosebleed last night. Wouldn't stop. And he's slurring again.

PATCH
He's fine.

DONNA
He's not fine. None of you are. That thing spoke to you.

PATCH
It's just a bear.

DONNA
It's not just anything. You turned a key in its chest and now my boys are stronger than they should be. What is it?

Patch stands. The bench scrapes.

PATCH

It fixes things. That's all you need to know.

DONNA

No. Tell me what it is.

PATCH

It was buried. Ministry stuff. Old.

DONNA

And they buried it for a reason.

She steps closer. Her voice drops, raw.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I work nights so you lot can eat. I come home and the generator's running, Calum's not limping, and you're all looking at me like I'm the one who's slow. What did you do to them?

PATCH

Nothing they didn't want.

DONNA

They're children.

PATCH

Rab's sixteen.

DONNA

And you're nineteen and still dragging home things that don't belong to us.

She presses her fingers to her temples.

DONNA (CONT'D)

The Ministry will come looking. They always do.

PATCH

Not if it works.

DONNA

Works for what?

PATCH

For you. So you don't have to-

DONNA

Stop.

She looks at the crate. The wind outside rises, rattling the door.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Put it back. Before whatever's leaking out of it takes more than it gives.

Patch's jaw tightens. He doesn't move.

EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT

Wind rips across the heather in long, low sweeps. Three figures crouch behind a half-collapsed concrete bunker, breath steaming white against the dark. PATCH

holds the cosmic key in one fist, the plastic worn smooth. RAB rubs at his temple. CALUM shifts his weight like the ground is still moving under him.

PATCH

You feel that?

RAB

Aye.

CALUM

(laughs once, too loud)

My leg's not even tired. It's mental.

PATCH

Keep it down.

Headlights cut across the moor two hundred yards out. Not search beams. Just the slow sweep of a Ministry truck on the old track, sodium yellow sliding over the heather then gone again. The engine is a distant rumble under the wind.

RAB

Is that them?

PATCH

Don't move.

The truck stops. A door opens. A torch flicks on, sweeps once, then clicks off. Nobody gets out.

CALUM

They're looking for the crate.

PATCH

They don't know it's us yet.

RAB

Mam said-

PATCH

Mam's not here.

The torch flicks on again, lower this time, checking the ground. Steam rises from the boys' mouths. PATCH's knuckles are white around the key.

CALUM

(quieter)

We should tell SuperTed.

PATCH

He'll just say put him back.

Another sweep of the lights. The truck idles. The wind carries the faint crackle of a radio.

RAB

My head's started again.

PATCH

We're going.

He pulls them both down lower as the torch swings their way. The beam stops short of the bunker, then moves on. The truck door slams. The engine turns over. The lights begin to recede down the track.

CALUM

They're leaving.

PATCH

For now.

They stay crouched until the sound is gone. Only the wind remains, and the three of them breathing.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAY

Rain hammers the roof. Water drips steadily through a split seam above the sink, pooling on the lino. The Ministry crate sits where the table was, lid open. SuperTed lies inside, fur matted, red cape stiff with dried mud. The plastic key remains in his chest.

Patch stands over him, rope burns on his palms. He glances at the door, then back at the bear.

PATCH

Just once more. Roof's pissing in.

He kneels. His fingers close around the key. SuperTed's glass eyes stay clouded.

SUPERTED

(voice box wheezing)

Don't.

PATCH

You fixed the generator. Do the roof.

SUPERTED

It costs. Every time.

PATCH

Mam's on double shifts. We can't sleep with it dripping.

He turns the key. A low grind. SuperTed's chest rises once, shallow. The wheeze deepens.

SUPERTED

Leave it buried. Like they told you.

PATCH

They're not here. Turn it.

Patch twists harder. The key clicks. SuperTed's voice scrapes out, thinner now.

SUPERTED

One more and I won't speak after.

PATCH

Then speak now. Fix the leak.

Wind rattles the plastic sheeting over the window. Condensation runs down the glass in slow lines. Patch waits, breathing through his mouth. SuperTed's spots look rustier in the sodium light from the single bulb.

SUPER TED

You'll pay. Not me.

PATCH

We already pay. Every day.

He turns the key again. SuperTed's body jerks once. The drip from the roof slows, then stops. A faint steam rises from the seam. Patch watches it close.

SuperTed's rasp comes out broken, almost lost under the rain.

SUPER TED

That's it. No more.

PATCH

You said that last time.

Patch stands. He touches the now-dry ceiling with one finger. The bear lies still again, key half-turned, voice box silent for the moment. Outside, the wind keeps on.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAY

Condensation streaks the plastic sheeting taped over the window. Sodium light from the single bulb catches the rust on the Ministry crate where it sits in the middle of the floor. The wind outside never drops; it rattles the door in its frame.

Calum stands in front of the crate, his weight on his good leg. The plastic key is already in his hand. He looks at the bear, then at the key again.

CALUM

You fixed Rab's hand last night. Patch said.

SUPER TED

(voice box wheezing)

Leave it.

CALUM

Just once. For my leg.

He turns the key. The bear's chest clicks. A low hum fills the tiny space, then fades. Calum straightens. He takes a step without the limp, then another. His eyes widen. He laughs, too loud, and does it again.

CALUM

It's gone. Look.

He walks the length of the caravan, turning at the sink, coming back. No drag on the left side. He stops in front of SuperTed and crouches, face close to the glass eyes.

CALUM

Can you make me stronger too? Like Rab?

SUPERTEDE

It leaks. Every time.

CALUM

Patch says we need it. Mam won't have to do nights if we're all right.

He turns the key again, harder. The hum returns, longer this time. Calum's hands shake once, then steady. He stands and lifts the edge of the crate with one arm, testing. The metal shifts an inch.

SUPERTEDE

Stop.

CALUM

You're working though. Patch was right.

He lets the crate drop. The sound is dull against the lino. Calum grins and turns the key a third time. The voice box wheezes longer now, a ragged scrape.

SUPERTEDE

They'll come for it. For you.

CALUM

Not if we're strong enough.

He steps back, testing the leg once more, then moves toward the door, already planning the next turn. The bear's eyes stay on him, clouded and still.

INT. CARE HOME - NIGHT

Sodium light flickers over the staff kitchen. A single strip above the counter hums. Outside, wind rattles the thin glass. Donna sits alone at the plastic table, still in her creased uniform, sleeves rolled to the elbows. Her hair is pulled back with a frayed elastic. A bowl of cold soup sits in front of her, the spoon resting against the rim.

She lifts the spoon, lets it drop again. The soup barely moves. She rubs at a spot of dried food on her sleeve, then stops, hand resting on the table edge. Her eyes stay on the window, where the heather beyond the car park bends flat under the gusts.

DONNA

They'll have moved it by now. Won't they.

She picks up the spoon again, stirs once. The metal scrapes the bowl. She sets it down and leans back. Her shoulders drop. One hand stays near the phone on the table, though she never touches it.

DONNA

Patch said it was just a crate. Just something they found.

She exhales through her nose, slow. The wind outside rises, then settles. A door somewhere down the corridor clicks shut. Donna watches the soup cool, the surface going still. She presses her thumb into the wood grain of the table, leaving a faint mark.

DONNA

Whatever's in it... they shouldn't have brought it home.

She stands, carries the bowl to the sink without emptying it. The tap runs cold for a moment before she turns it off. She stays there, palms on the edge of the counter, listening to the wind push against the building. Her reflection in the dark window shows only the yellow light behind her and the outline of her own tired face.

EXT. THE CARAVAN - DAWN

Wind cuts low across the heather, flattening the grass in long grey sweeps. The caravan sits square on its blocks, plastic sheeting flapping at one window. A Ministry truck idles fifty yards off, its lights still on though the sky is already paling.

A knock sounds on the thin door. Three firm raps.

PATCH stands inside the open doorway, one hand on the frame, the other gripping the crate. His eyes flick to the truck then back. DONNA steps out behind him, uniform still creased from the night shift, hair loose. SUPERTED lies on the kitchen table, key half-turned, cape spread beneath him like old rust.

DONNA

Who is it?

PATCH

Don't answer.

The knock comes again, slower.

MINISTRY CASE OFFICER (O.S.)

Donna MacLeod? We're looking for a decommissioned asset. Won't take long.

Donna moves to the door. Patch blocks her with his shoulder.

PATCH

Mam. Wait.

He turns the key the rest of the way. The voice box wheezes once, twice.

SUPERTED

Patch. Don't.

PATCH

They're here for you. Not us.

Donna grabs his wrist.

DONNA

Put it down. Now.

The surge starts low in SuperTed's chest, a dry rattle that climbs. The sodium light above the sink flickers hard. Outside, the truck's engine cuts out. A second knock, then the door handle turns.

Patch leans over the bear, voice low and fast.

PATCH

Make them leave. All of them. Make it stick.

The key clicks again. The wheeze becomes a thin, continuous tone. Donna's hand flies to her mouth as the air inside the caravan thickens, tasting of hot plastic and heather smoke.

SUPERTEDE

It's not free. It never was.

The surge hits the walls like pressure. The Ministry officer outside staggers, hand to his head. The truck reverses without warning, tyres spinning on wet gravel. One headlight pops. The tone from the bear cuts dead.

Patch breathes hard, knuckles white on the crate. Donna stares at him, the raw sound of the wind the only thing left between them.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAWN

Sodium light leaks through the taped plastic sheeting. The Ministry crate sits open on the floor where the table used to be. Condensation runs down the windows. The wind still hammers the roof.

CALUM stands in the middle of the room, arms out, laughing too loud. His eyes are bright, the limp gone completely. RAB watches him from the narrow bench seat, knuckles raw. PATCH holds the cosmic key, breathing hard.

PATCH

It worked. You saw it work.

CALUM

Felt like nothing. Like I could just-

He takes one step toward the sink. His legs buckle. He drops straight down, head cracking the cupboard door on the way. A thin sound comes out of him, not a word.

RAB

Calum?

Rab is already on his knees. He rolls Calum onto his side. Calum's eyes are open but nothing moves behind them. Foam at the corner of his mouth.

RAB

Patch. Patch, do something.

PATCH

I didn't- it was only meant to-

SUPERTEDE

(voice box wheezing)

Told you. Leaks.

The bear sits propped against the crate, faded yellow fur catching the low light. One glass eye is filmed over. The plastic key in its chest ticks once, then stops.

DONNA

What did you do?

She stands in the doorway, uniform still creased from the night shift, hair pulled back with a rubber band. She doesn't raise her voice. The words just land.

DONNA

I said what did you do to him.

PATCH

He wanted it. We all did.

RAB

Don't put it on him. You turned it. You always turn it.

PATCH

Because you were getting beat every week. Because she was doing doubles and still-

DONNA

Stop.

She moves past them, kneels by Calum. She puts two fingers to his neck, waits. Her hand shakes once, then steadies. Calum's breath comes in short wet pulls.

DONNA

We need the phone. Now.

PATCH

They'll trace it.

RAB

So we let him die in here?

PATCH

You saw what happened outside. The truck turned around. It worked.

SUPERTEDE

Worked until it didn't.

The voice box catches, a dry rasp that fills the small space. Everyone goes still for a second.

DONNA

Get out.

PATCH

Mam-

DONNA

Both of you. Outside. Now.

Rab stands. He looks at Calum once more, then at the bear. He wipes his nose on the sleeve of the too-small hoodie. Patch doesn't move. Donna stays where she is, one hand on Calum's chest, feeling the shallow rise and fall.

The wind finds a gap in the sheeting and whistles through.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAY

Sodium light leaks through the taped window. Condensation beads on the plastic sheeting. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, lid still forced. DONNA stands in her creased uniform, hair half-fallen from the band. PATCH paces, knuckles raw, eyes flicking to the floor.

PATCH

He came by the ranges. Said the protocol never got switched off. They knew the key leaks. Knew it from the start.

DONNA

Leaked into who?

PATCH

Anyone who turns it. Rab's already... he said the seizures are the first bit. Then worse. They logged every crate they buried. Every one.

Donna's hand rests on the sink. She stares at the crate.

DONNA

And they left it there anyway.

PATCH

They were waiting. For someone stupid enough to dig it up. He showed me the file on his phone. Side effects logged in '96. They just... moved the storage.

She swallows. The wind rattles the caravan wall.

DONNA

You told him we'd give it back.

PATCH

I told him nothing. He already knew the boys used it. Said the power's in them now. Can't just hand it over.

Donna turns. Her voice is low, tired.

DONNA

You wanted this. Said it'd stop me doing nights.

PATCH

I thought it would fix-

DONNA

It doesn't fix. It takes. Same as the care home rota. Same as the benefits they cut last year. You think a bear changes that?

Patch stops pacing. He looks at the crate, then at her.

PATCH

Calum's limp's gone. Rab won that fight at the pub. We could-

DONNA

Rab's hands were shaking this morning. You seen that?

Silence. Only the low roar of wind outside. Donna rubs her eyes.

DONNA

They'll come for the rest of you next. Not just the bear.

PATCH

What do we do then?

Donna doesn't answer. She sits on the narrow bench, uniform creasing further. The crate looms between them.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Wind hammers the plastic sheeting over the window. The sodium lamp above the sink throws a flat yellow across the cramped space. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, SuperTed half-slumped inside it, key still in his chest.

RAB sits on the narrow bench seat, hoodie damp from the ranges. His hands shake as he tries to roll a cigarette. Donna stands at the sink, still in her care-home uniform, rubbing at a stain that won't lift. PATCH leans against the door, arms folded, watching his brother.

RAB

Can you... can you pass the... the thing.

He gestures at the tobacco pouch. The words come out thick.

DONNA

Rab?

RAB

I'm fine. Just... tired from the...

He stops. His jaw tightens. A thin line of spit trails from the corner of his mouth.

PATCH

Mam.

Donna turns. Rab's eyes roll back. His body jerks once, hard, then again. The bench rattles. His head cracks against the wall.

DONNA

Patch, get his shoulders. Now.

Patch moves, grabs Rab under the arms. Rab's legs kick out, catching the crate. SuperTed shifts, glass eyes catching the light.

SUPERTED

Don't hold him down.

Donna ignores the bear. She kneels, trying to get Rab onto the floor without banging his head again. His breath comes in short, wet gasps. Foam gathers at his lips.

PATCH

What's happening to him?

DONNA

I don't know. Rab, love, stay with us.

Rab's back arches. A low sound comes out of him, not words. The hoodie rides up; new bruises bloom across his ribs, dark against the skin.

SUPER TED

It's the key. Told you it leaks.

PATCH

Shut up.

DONNA

Patch.

She says it without looking up. Her hands stay on Rab's chest, feeling each convulsion. The wind outside rises, rattling the caravan door. Rab's body starts to still, but his eyes stay open, unfocused. A small wet patch spreads on the bench beneath him.

Donna sits back on her heels. Her uniform sleeve is soaked. She wipes Rab's mouth with the cuff, gentle, like she's done it before.

DONNA

We need to get him to the hospital.

PATCH

They'll ask where the bruises came from.

DONNA

I don't care.

She looks at the crate. SuperTed's voice box wheezes once, then settles. The only sound left is Rab's breathing, shallow and uneven, and the wind still pushing at the walls.

EXT. MOD RANGES - DAY

Wind cuts low across the heather. Two figures move between rusted fence posts and half-collapsed concrete. PATCH drags a length of copper pipe. RAB walks three steps behind, one hand pressed to his temple. The Ministry crate sits open on the tailgate of their battered van, the cosmic key glinting inside.

PATCH

You're walking like you're eighty.

RAB

I'm fine.

PATCH

You're not. You were fine yesterday. Before you had another go.

RAB

I didn't ask for another go.

PATCH

You took it. Same as the rest of us.

RAB

Calum's still in the hospital. Mam hasn't come home.

PATCH stops. He turns, pipe still in his fist.

PATCH

You think I don't know that? You think I'm enjoying this?

RAB

You're enjoying what it gives you. The rest of us just get the shakes.

A long gust rattles the fence wire. RAB sways once, catches himself on a post.

PATCH

Put the key back if you're scared. Go home. Sit with the telly and wait for the next Ministry letter.

RAB

I'm not leaving you out here with it.

PATCH

Then stop moaning. We need the pipe for the generator and we need whatever's left in those bunkers. That's it.

RAB

That's never it. Not with you.

PATCH steps closer. His voice drops.

PATCH

You were the one who wanted to lift that fridge. You were laughing.

RAB

I couldn't feel my legs after.

PATCH

We fix the caravan. We keep Donna off nights. That's the only way any of this stops.

RAB stares at the open crate. Steam lifts from his breath in short bursts.

RAB

It's not stopping. It's just getting louder in my head.

PATCH looks away, across the ranges toward the distant truck lights on the main road.

PATCH

Then keep your mouth shut and walk. We're not going back empty-handed.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Sodium light from the single bulb catches the condensation on the windows. Wind presses against the plastic sheeting taped over the broken pane, a low constant roar that never lifts. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, lid still open, empty. Donna's uniform hangs from the door, still damp from the last shift.

She stands in the middle of the floor in her socks, the case officer's file open in her hands. The pages are thin, photocopied too many times. She turns one slowly, then another. Her thumb leaves a small smear on the paper.

DONNA
(soft)
Christ.

She sits on the edge of the bench seat without taking her eyes off the file. The names are listed in columns, reference numbers beside each. Some have dates. Most do not. She traces one line with a finger, then stops.

DONNA
(quieter)
They knew.

Another page. A map of Scotland with red dots marked across the Highlands, the islands, the old bases. She counts under her breath, stops at twelve, keeps going. The wind shifts the sheeting and the light flickers for a second.

She leans forward, elbows on her knees, and reads the same paragraph twice. Her shoulders have dropped. The raw skin on her knuckles shows where she's been gripping the pages too hard. She folds the corner of one sheet, unfolds it, folds it again.

DONNA
They put them out there anyway.

She closes the file but keeps one hand on the cover, fingers spread. The caravan creaks as the wind finds a new gap. Donna stays still, staring at the crate, the empty space where the bear used to be. Her breath fogs once in the cold air between the table and the door.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

The sodium lamp above the sink flickers against the taped plastic on the window. Condensation runs down the glass in thin lines. The Ministry crate sits where the table should be, lid half-open, the red cape inside now streaked with mud. Donna stands by the door in her creased care-home uniform, keys still in her hand. Patch paces three steps in the narrow space between the bunks. SuperTed sits upright on the crate, glass eyes clouded, one paw resting on the plastic key in his chest.

SUPERTED
They knew. The Ministry. They logged every activation. Every leak.

He stops. The voice box wheezes, low and reluctant. Rain ticks against the caravan roof.

SUPERTED
Protocol said decommission after three uses. They kept us anyway. Cheaper than proper disposal.

DONNA
(quiet, Highland accent thick with tiredness)
We never asked for any of it.

PATCH

We didn't know. How could we-

SUPER TED

You turned the key. That's all they needed. Side effects were in the file. Rab's seizures. The boy's leg. They wrote it down.

Patch stops pacing. His knuckles are raw.

PATCH

So what? We hide it again? That's your big answer?

SUPER TED

It was meant to be scrapped. I was. They stored us because the system doesn't scrap anything that might still be useful. Even if it kills the useful thing.

Donna sets her keys on the counter. Her hand stays there a moment.

DONNA

And now it's in my boys.

SUPER TED

It was always going to be. The moment you dragged the crate out of the heather.

The wind pushes against the caravan wall. A loose sheet of plastic flaps outside. Patch looks at the bear, then at his mother.

PATCH

We can still use it. One more time. Fix what's already-

SUPER TED

One more time and the next seizure might not stop. That's how they wrote it.

Donna sits on the edge of the lower bunk. Her uniform sleeve catches on a loose thread. She doesn't pull it free.

DONNA

We put it back. Tonight.

PATCH

Mam-

DONNA

No. Listen to him. The thing's already dying. We're just next.

SuperTed's paw slips from the key. The voice box clicks once, empty. Outside, an engine turns over somewhere on the access road, low and distant.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAY

Dim sodium light leaks through the taped plastic sheeting. Condensation runs down the windows in long streaks. The Ministry crate sits where the table was, lid open, the faded red cape crumpled inside. Wind hammers the roof in steady low bursts.

Rab lies on the narrow bench seat, body rigid, eyes rolled back. His hoodie is soaked at the collar. A low moan builds in his throat then cuts off.

Donna stands over him in her creased care-home uniform, one hand hovering, not

touching. She breathes through her mouth, counting under it.

RAB

(through clenched teeth)

Mam...

His back arches. Legs kick the cupboard door once, twice. The cheap caravan frame shudders.

Donna drops to her knees. She slides a folded tea towel under his head, fingers shaking.

DONNA

All right. All right, son. I'm here.

The seizure takes him harder. Rab's breath stops. Donna's face tightens but she stays low, voice flat.

DONNA

Breathe when it lets you. That's it.

From outside, hurried footsteps on gravel. Calum's voice calls something urgent, the words lost under the wind. A car door slams. The engine turns over once, twice, then catches.

Donna glances at the window but does not move from Rab. Her free hand stays on the edge of the bench, knuckles white.

RAB

(gasping)

Can't... feel...

DONNA

I know.

She reaches for the old towel on the floor, wipes the foam from his mouth with the corner. Her movements are small, practised. The wind drops for a second, then returns louder.

Through the open caravan door the distant shape of a car pulls away toward the care home road, Calum's outline just visible in the passenger seat. Donna watches it go, then turns back to Rab as the seizure eases and his limbs loosen.

She stays on the floor, one hand still on the bench, breathing with him. The crate sits empty behind her.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

The sodium bulb above the sink flickers. Condensation runs down the taped window. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, lid pried back, key still warm in SuperTed's chest. Patch kneels over the bear, both hands on the plastic key. His knuckles are raw.

PATCH

Just this once more. That's all. Then we leave it.

SuperTed's glass eyes are dull. The faded red cape is twisted under his matted fur.

SUPER TED
(voice box wheezing)
Don't.

PATCH
They're on the ranges already. I heard the engines.

He turns the key.

A low hum rises from the bear's chest, then cuts short. SuperTed's mouth works once. Nothing comes out. Patch turns it again, harder. The hum stutters and dies.

SUPER TED
(rasping)
Patch-

The voice box clicks, a dry plastic catch, then nothing. Only the wind against the caravan walls. Patch keeps twisting the key. The mechanism grinds.

PATCH
Say something. Come on.

SuperTed's chest rises once, shallow. The wheeze is gone. Patch sits back on his heels. His breath fogs in front of him. Outside, two sets of boots crunch on the gravel path. A torch beam sweeps across the lower window, catching the empty space where the crate's lock used to sit. The beam moves on. Patch watches it go. He does not move to hide the bear. He just stays there, hands still on the useless key, listening to the scouts' radio crackle and fade into the heather.

INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT

Sodium light leaks through the taped plastic sheeting. Condensation runs down the windows in slow lines. The Ministry crate sits where the table was, lid open, empty. Wind slams the caravan side every few seconds.

Donna stands at the sink with her back to the room. Her uniform is still damp from the rain. Patch sits on the narrow bench, knuckles raw. Rab is on the floor, hoodie pulled up, one hand pressed to his temple.

DONNA
He's gone quiet.

PATCH
He's resting. That's all.

DONNA
That's not resting. That's the box giving out.

She turns. Her face is half in shadow, the other half yellow from the lamp.

DONNA
Rab?

RAB
I'm fine.

DONNA

You're not. You're slurring again.

RAB

Just tired.

PATCH

We can fix it. Once we get the key back from Calum's stuff-

DONNA

No.

She says it soft. The wind fills the gap.

DONNA

We're not fixing anything. We're just waiting for them to come back and take what's left.

Patch stands. The bench creaks.

PATCH

Mam, if we just-

DONNA

You saw what it did to him. To both of them. And the bear told you. It was never meant to last.

PATCH

We could make it last.

DONNA

Patch.

She looks at the empty crate. One rust-coloured spot of fur still clings to the inside lip.

DONNA

He's dying because we kept turning it. And when he's gone they'll still come. The system doesn't care we're tired.

Rab shifts on the lino. His breath fogs in front of him.

RAB

So what do we do?

Donna doesn't answer straight away. She wipes her hands on a tea towel that's already stiff with old tea.

DONNA

We sit here. We wait for the morning. And we don't pretend this changed anything.

The wind hits again, harder. The caravan rocks once, then settles. Nobody moves toward the crate.

INT. THE CARAVAN - PRE-DAWN

Wind rattles the plastic sheeting over the window. Sodium light from the single

bulb catches on condensation running down the walls. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, lid open, the bear slumped inside it like something left out in the rain. DONNA stands by the sink in her creased uniform, arms folded tight across her chest. PATCH leans against the door, knuckles raw, eyes on the floor. The bear's one good ear twitches.

SUPER TED

They'll come at first light. Same as before. Only this time they know what they're after.

Donna rubs her face with one hand. The motion is slow, like she's moving through treacle.

DONNA

We burn the key. That's what you said. We burn it and they've got nothing to track.

SUPER TED

They'll still come. The protocol doesn't need the key. It needs the source. That's me.

Patch looks up, fast.

PATCH

No. We're not doing that again. Look what it did to Calum. Look at Rab.

SUPER TED

One more turn. Not for you. For them. I walk out onto the ranges, they follow the signal. You take the key out here and you finish it proper.

The voice box wheezes on the last word. SuperTed's glass eyes stay half-lidded.

DONNA

You're already half gone. You said that yourself.

SUPER TED

Aye. And the system still wants the rest of me. Better they get that than keep coming back here for your lads.

Patch pushes off the door, steps closer to the crate.

PATCH

You're asking us to watch you die so we can pretend this is over. It's not over. They'll just send another one.

SUPER TED

Then you'll know what it looks like. And you'll hide the next one better than you hid this.

Silence stretches. The wind finds a gap in the sheeting and whistles through it. Donna's shoulders drop a fraction, the fight going out of them.

DONNA

Tell me straight. If we do this, will they leave the boys alone tonight?

SUPER TED

Tonight. Maybe tomorrow. After that it's down to you.

Patch stares at the bear, jaw working.

PATCH
Mam.

Donna doesn't look at him. She keeps her eyes on the faded red of the cape.

DONNA
Get the rope. We'll need to carry him.

EXT. MOD RANGES - PRE-DAWN

Wind cuts low across the heather. The sky is still black but the dark has started to thin at the edges. Donna leads, her care-home uniform jacket buttoned wrong, hair loose. Patch follows two steps behind, the steel crate between him and Rab. Calum carries the key in both hands like it might bite.

DONNA
Keep it level. If it tips again I'm not stopping.

PATCH
It's heavier than it was.

RAB
My arms are shaking.

Donna stops, turns. The wind pushes her jacket open.

DONNA
Then put it down a minute. Nobody said you had to carry it the whole way.

PATCH
We leave it here they'll find it before we even get to the bunker.

CALUM
I can take Rab's end.

RAB
No you can't. You'll drop your half of the key.

Calum looks at the plastic key in his hands. It's cracked deeper than yesterday. He shifts it to one arm.

DONNA
We're not arguing about who carries what. We're just getting there.

She starts walking again. The others follow. Boots sink into the wet ground.

PATCH
He said it'd work. One last turn and they'll all come running this way instead of the caravan.

DONNA
He's not coming with us.

PATCH
I know that.

They walk in silence for twenty yards. Rab's foot drags once, then corrects.

RAB

Mam.

DONNA

What.

RAB

If it leaks again.

DONNA

It won't. We're not turning it.

CALUM

But what if we have to.

Donna stops again. She looks at each of them in turn, face half-lit by the grey that's coming.

DONNA

We don't. We walk to the bunker, we break the key, we leave the crate. That's it. The rest is his problem.

PATCH

He's already dying.

DONNA

Then let him.

She turns back to the path. The wind rises, carrying the sound of a distant engine that might be nothing or might be Ministry. They keep moving, the crate swinging between the boys, the key held tight against Calum's chest.

EXT. MOD RANGES - DAWN

Wind cuts low across the heather, grey-green under a sodium sky. The crate sits open in a shallow burn, its steel lid already warped from the night. DONNA kneels beside it, feeding dry heather into the base of a small fire she has built in the peat. PATCH stands a few feet off, the cosmic key turning over in his palm, eyes flicking toward the treeline where the Ministry engines will come.

SUPER TED lies on his side in the wet, one arm twisted under the faded cape. His voice box clicks once, twice.

SUPER TED

Leave the key in it. Both of you. Walk back the way we came.

DONNA does not look up. She blows on the flame until it catches a strip of plastic sheeting.

DONNA

You said that already.

SUPER TED

This time I mean it.

PATCH steps closer. His knuckles are raw again.

PATCH

They'll find the crate anyway. If we burn it first they'll know we had it.

SUPERTEDE

That's the point.

The bear pushes himself upright with effort. One ear flaps in the wind. The key in his chest turns half a notch on its own, a dry wheeze escaping.

SUPERTEDE (CONT'D)

They're looking for the leak. Not the box. Not you. I stay here, they follow the signal. You finish what you started with the fire.

DONNA sits back on her heels. Her uniform is streaked with peat and soot.

DONNA

And when they take you?

SUPERTEDE

They already did that once. Didn't stick.

PATCH laughs once, short, then stops.

PATCH

You can't even stand proper.

SUPERTEDE

Doesn't need standing. Needs the key turned all the way.

He reaches out with the remaining paw. The plastic is cracked, yellowed. PATCH looks at DONNA. She nods once, small.

DONNA

Do it quick then. Before the light's full.

PATCH kneels. He slots the key into SUPERTEDE's chest and turns it, slow. The bear's glass eyes cloud further. A low static hum rises from the fur.

SUPERTEDE

Go. Now.

DONNA stands, pulling PATCH by the sleeve of his hoodie. They move away through the heather, the fire beginning to take the edge of the crate. SUPERTEDE remains, voice dropping to a rasp that barely carries.

SUPERTEDE (CONT'D)

System never forgets its own. Tell her that when she asks.

The hum cuts. The voice box gives a final click and falls silent. The bear's head drops forward. In the distance, an engine coughs to life.

EXT. MOD RANGES - DAWN

Wind tears across the heather, flattening the grass in long grey waves. The steel crate sits half-upright in a shallow burn, its lid pried wide. Donna stands a few feet back, arms folded tight over her care-home tunic. Patch

crouches with a plastic jerrycan, pouring petrol in short, careful glugs. Rab sways beside him, one hand pressed to his temple. Calum watches the liquid darken the rust, eyes still too wide.

PATCH

It won't catch proper if the wind keeps turning like that.

DONNA

Just get it done.

Patch strikes a match. The flame jumps sideways, nearly dies, then catches on the soaked edge. Fire climbs fast, orange against the pale sky. The plastic key inside pops and twists.

RAB

(quiet, words thick)

Can feel it in me head still. Like it's not finished.

CALUM

Mam, look. The spots are going black.

Donna steps closer. One faded red patch from the cape lifts on the heat, then vanishes into the smoke. She doesn't reach for it.

DONNA

Leave it. All of it.

PATCH

We could have kept one piece. For when they come back asking.

DONNA

They'll come back anyway. The bear said as much.

The fire cracks louder. Rab flinches at the sound, shoulders hunching. Calum moves to stand against Donna's side without touching her.

CALUM

Rab's eyes went funny again on the way up.

RAB

Shut it.

PATCH

It worked though. For a bit. He lifted that beam like nothing.

Donna watches the crate buckle. The wind carries the smell of burning plastic straight into their faces. She coughs once, soft.

DONNA

And now he's slurring before breakfast. That's the bit that stays.

Patch stands, wiping his hands on his jeans. The flames lean toward him, then snap away again.

PATCH

So we just walk back down? Pretend we never found it?

DONNA

We walk back down. The rest was never ours to keep.

She turns toward the track that leads to the caravan site. The boys stay a moment longer, watching the last of the crate collapse into itself. Rab wipes his nose on his sleeve. Calum picks up a small stone and throws it into the fire, just to hear it hiss.

PATCH

(low)

Nothing changes then.

DONNA

(from a few paces off)

No. Nothing changes.

The wind catches the last of the smoke and drags it across the heather. They start walking, single file, heads down.

EXT. MOD RANGES - DAWN

Wind cuts low across the heather, flattening the stalks in long grey waves. The sky is the colour of dirty bone, sodium light from a distant Ministry truck bleeding over the horizon. SuperTed lies on his side in the mud, one paw still clutching the cracked plastic key. His red cape is torn, rust spots bleeding into the yellow fur. The bear's glass eyes stare past the heather toward nothing.

His chest rises once. The voice box clicks.

SUPERTED

(rasping, each word thinner than the last)

Told you... leave it buried. System don't... forget.

A low wheeze builds, then catches. The sound fractures into static.

SUPERTED (CONT'D)

Donna... she'll... keep them. Longer than I did.

The rasp dies mid-syllable. The final syllable is only air and a plastic rattle. SuperTed's paw loosens. The key slips from his grip and lands face-down in the mud. His body settles, inert, the remaining spots on his chest dulling further in the dawn light. The wind keeps moving the heather around him. No other sound.

INT. THE CARAVAN - DAWN

Wind presses against the plastic sheeting taped over the window. Sodium light from the single working strip flickers once, then holds. The Ministry crate sits where the table used to be, its lid open, the interior empty except for a smear of rust on the foam lining. Donna stands in the open doorway, one hand on the frame, the other closed around a small circle of faded red fabric. Her care-home uniform is still damp from the night. Her hair has come loose at the back.

She breathes out. The steam rises and is torn away by the wind that never stops. Outside, the heather is grey in the half-light. Distant engine noise has gone. Only the low frequency of the wind remains, moving through the metal of the caravan like it owns it.

Donna steps inside. The door swings shut behind her but does not latch. She

walks to the sink, opens her hand, and lays the spot on the draining board. It is the last piece of the cape. The colour has gone to the same rust as the spots on the bear's chest. She looks at it for a long time, then at the empty crate, then at the uniform hanging from the back of the door.

Her fingers rest on the edge of the sink. She does not cry. She simply stands, shoulders rounded from the double shift, eyes on the small red circle as if it might still move. The wind finds every gap in the caravan. The plastic sheet lifts and falls. The spot stays where she put it.

Dawn light reaches the floor. Donna remains in the doorway, the door half-open again, the wind moving her hair across her face. She does not look away from the spot.

Shot List

```
{ "shots": [ { "scene": "EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT", "shot": 1, "type": "WIDE", "movement":
"STATIC", "lens": "wide", "subject": "Wind screaming across sodden heather, rain needling sideways,
symmetrical caravans absent but open moor exposing Patch leaning into rope around half-sunk steel crate
under sodium-vapor yellow torch circles", "intent": "Establishes folk-horror dread on the ranges with
practical sodium lighting and figures small against the peat, setting the mundane struggle that will lurch into
the voice box wheeze" }, { "scene": "EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT", "shot": 2, "type": "MEDIUM",
"movement": "HANDHELD", "lens": "normal", "subject": "Cut to: Patch, Rab and Calum heaving the rope,
mud sucking at the crate corners, cheap torches throwing weak yellow circles that die at the edges", "intent":
"Same-space continuation from the establishing wide; handheld jitter builds tension as the lid lifts a fraction
and something red flaps" }, { "scene": "EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT", "shot": 3, "type": "CLOSE",
"movement": "STATIC", "lens": "tele", "subject": "Patch's hand closing round the cracked plastic key in
matted yellow fur clotted with dirt, red cape faded to rust, bone-white steam from breath in deep teal
shadow", "intent": "Reaction to the red flap in prior shot; tight focus on the key turn that triggers the reluctant
Scouse wheeze" }, { "scene": "EXT. MOD RANGES - NIGHT", "shot": 4, "type": "CLOSE", "movement":
"STATIC", "lens": "tele", "subject": "The bear's clouded glass eyes fixed on nothing as the dry wheeze rattles
from its chest", "intent": "Cause->effect after the key turn; the voice box motif lands, freezing the boys under
the screaming wind" }, { "scene": "INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT", "shot": 1, "type": "WIDE",
"movement": "STATIC", "lens": "wide", "subject": "Wind hammering plastic sheeting, sodium bulb
half-lighting damp walls, the steel crate dragged across lino leaving a dark mark, deep teal shadows inside the
caravan", "intent": "New scene establishing shot; symmetrical caravan interior like A Field in England,
practical sodium source only" }, { "scene": "INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT", "shot": 2, "type":
"MEDIUM", "movement": "HANDHELD", "lens": "normal", "subject": "Cut to: Patch, Rab and Calum
heaving the crate against kitchen units, torches swinging wild beams, condensation dripping onto the metal
lid", "intent": "Same-space continuation; handheld follows the scrape and thud, building to the hasp snap" },
{ "scene": "INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT", "shot": 3, "type": "CLOSE", "movement": "STATIC", "lens":
"tele", "subject": "Patch jamming rusted screwdriver under the hasp, rust flakes under his thumb, scrap of
faded red fabric visible through the cracked lid", "intent": "Reaction to Calum's "bomb" line in prior shot;
practical lighting half-loses Patch's face" }, { "scene": "INT. THE CARAVAN - NIGHT", "shot": 4, "type":
"CLOSE", "movement": "STATIC", "lens": "tele", "subject": "The voice box wheezing "...leave it..." from the
matted yellow fur as the boys freeze", "intent": "Cause->effect after the key turn; the Scouse rasp cuts the
silence, wind dropping then surging" } ] }
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SOME HEROES WERE NEVER MEANT TO WAKE UP

SUPER TED: THE BOYS

\$SUPER TED

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SUPER TED: THE BOYS

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Characters

5 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS



PROTAGONIST

ageless

Anthropomorphic decommissioned cosmic bear with faded yellow fur, rust-coloured spots, a moth-eaten red cape and a cracked plastic key still lodged in its chest. One ear is gone; glass eyes are clouded.



DEUTERAGONIST

early 40s

Human female, early 40s, wind-chapped face, cheap care-home uniform always creased, hair tied back with whatever band she found that morning.

CHARACTERS

P

ANTAGONIST

late teens

Human male, late teens, thin frame already stooped from scavenging, knuckles always scabbed, eyes that flick away when Donna speaks.

R

SUPPORTING

mid teens

Human male, mid teens, broader than Patch, always in the same too-small hoodie, new bruises appearing daily after the key is turned.

CHARACTERS



SUPPORTING

early teens

Human male, early teens, slight limp that vanishes after the first activation, eyes wide with the sudden strength.

Locations

3 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



INT.

Tiny static caravan, plastic sheeting taped over one window, Ministry crate now sitting where the kitchen table used to be, Donna's uniform hanging from the door.

Dim sodium light, condensation on every surface, the constant low roar of wind.

LOCATIONS

■

EXT.

Miles of heather and rusted fencing, old concrete bunkers half-collapsed, the wind never dropping, distant lights of the Ministry trucks.

Grey-green murk, sudden clearings where the heather has been burned back.

LOCATIONS



INT.

Night shift corridor, Donna pushing a trolley, fluorescent strips flickering, the only warm room the staff kitchen where she eats cold soup.

Yellow light, institutional quiet, the sound of the wind still audible through thin walls.

Storyboard

26 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6



STORYBOARD

FRAME 7



FRAME 8



STORYBOARD

FRAME 9



FRAME 10



STORYBOARD

FRAME 11



FRAME 12



STORYBOARD

FRAME 13



FRAME 14



STORYBOARD

FRAME 15



FRAME 16



STORYBOARD

FRAME 17



FRAME 18



STORYBOARD

FRAME 19



FRAME 20



STORYBOARD

FRAME 21



FRAME 22



STORYBOARD

FRAME 23



FRAME 24



STORYBOARD

FRAME 25



FRAME 26

