

Oswald Scrute and the Magical Items Shoppe Love (or a Lack Thereof) on Short Wyre Street

Oswald Scrute and each of the magical items suggested by Mike Carey Esq.
Story - David Baillie

1. Close up of Oswald. He's all ears. By which I don't mean he's listening- his head is composed mostly of two giant ears.
Glum.

Caption:

Oswald Scrute was one of those men that you look at, and suddenly feel very grateful to be who you are and not him. Unless, of course, you're Oswald Scrote and you're looking in a mirror.

2. Introducing his love interest... Marian is a hottie. She's working in 'Short Wyre Bakers'. Oswald presses his face against the window as she stacks some buns. (Not a euphemism.)

Caption:

Marian Lovelocket, on the other hand, was one of those girls that is so pretty, it actually hurts to look at her. Oswald spent as much of his day as possible with sore eyeballs.

3. As Marian leaves Short Wyre Bakers Oswald ambushes her with flowers in one hand and chocolates in the other. She doesn't even notice him - she has an mp3 player blaring tunes in her ears and is looking the other way.

Oswald:

Marian, I've been admiring you from afar for quite some time and... er...

4. Oswald gets drunk in a pub called The Purple Dog (there's a banner somewhere which tells us the name of the establishment). A barman (bald, wearing a t-shirt which says 'I heart Colchester Girls') looks on pityingly.

Barman:

I think you've had enough, pal!

Oswald:

I shinkyoo maybee rightsh but why duntsche likemee?

5. The Barman has a glint in his eye as he tells Oswald about the shoppe.

Barman:

Woman trouble, eh? You seem like a nice guy, so I'll let you in on a secret. Have you heard of The Witching Hour Shoppe?

Oswald:

The... Watchsyou say?

Barman:

It sells magic stuff. Never know - they might have something that'll impress her!

6. Oswald in the shoppe. The guy behind the counter seems friendly enough.

Oswald:

So you see – she really is the prettiest girl in all of Colchester and I need something to win her over.

7. The owner gives Oswald the standard warning.

Shoppekeeper:

Well see here, kid – it's never as easy as that. You start messing in magic you just never know what'll 'appen.

Oswald:

I mentioned she was **hot**, right?!

8. From the POV of Oswald – he's in the Bakery, his hand is extended and waving at Marian. She looks at him, horrified.

Caption:

OK – well here you go. They call this a coat of many collars. Anyone who wears it...

Oswald – (Off Panel):

Coo-ee! Hello Marian, it's me – Oswald!

9. (Still in the bakery) Oswald is wearing a long buttoned-up jacket with five collars. From each of the collars sprouts a clone of Oswald's smiling head.

Caption:

Will find the loveliness of their countenance multiplied. (It's even adjustable!). Maybe go with five to start with... Don't want to freak her out!

Oswald:

Five heads are better than one, right?

Marian:

Aaargh!!

10. Oswald has returned to the shoppe. The owner offers him a Hand of Glory. This is the dried and pickled hand of a dead man. The owner holds it out as he explains to our witless hero why this might do the trick. Meanwhile, Oswald is handing over a stack of cash.

Shopkeeper:

That didn't work? OK – well try this. It's a Hand of Glory – a highly rare and sought-after item. Taken from a thief on the gallows at the moment of death. Whole host of magical properties and an ideal token of your love!

11. Oswald smiles as he presents the putrefied hand to his love. She freaks out.

Marian:

A dead bloke's hand?!? Are you kidding me? Blurrgh!

12. Oswald toots away on the pied pipe – but Marian can't stand it and covers her ears (but, worryingly, he is followed by a couple of dancing kids)

Caption:

OK, kid. Time to pull out all the stops! How about a Pied Pipe, as made famous in Hamelin. Just play any old tune and she'll be all yours!

Marian:

What a racket! Get away from me, you freak!

13. Oswald, wearing a Lord of the Rings type cloak – Marian, arms crossed turning him down again.

Caption:

Huh... Thought that one'd work! Right – time for the Cloak of Inevitability.

Marian:

Inexorably no!

14. Oswald in the shoppe again, shoppekeeper looking on. Using the Subtle Knife Oswald carves a slit in reality, through which he will soon step. Another stack of cash on the counter.

Shoppekeeper:

The Subtle Knife... You can use this to cut a hole in reality itself and enter a parallel universe! Maybe the Marian there will be less fussy.

15. But she's not – arms still folded, as Oswald approaches, knife behind his back.

Marian:

Nice try, but it's still **no**!

16. A close up of the Shoppekeeper, exasperated. He's handing over the Not-So-Subtle Knife.

Shoppekeeper:

OK then – this is a **Not-So-Subtle** Knife, it'll take you to a universe where she definitely **will** say yes!

17. She does – but not to him! In this universe Oswald's counterpart is handsome and witty! Our Oswald looks on from behind a tree as his Other Self (who is much more handsome!) woos young Marian.

Oswald:

Oh no – she **has** said yes... But to my counterpart in this reality. And no wonder, he has rockstar good looks. Grrr... It makes me so angry!

18. Back in the shop, Oswald grabs the Bloody Obvious Knife (which is big and scary) from the shoppekeeper's hand. He's now a man on a mission!

Shoppekeeper:

Yes, I do have a Bloody Obvious Knife, but why would you want – Oh!

19. In a lovely park with a castle far in the distance. Handsome Oswald swats the giant knife from out of Our Oswald's hand. Handsome Oswald sports a huge toothy heroic grin and Marian swoons behind him!

Handsome Oswald:

Kill me, would thee, Ugly One? I'll have this weapon, thank you!

Marian:

Swoon!

Our Oswald:

Poocakes!

20. Our Oswald rushes into the shoppe, sweat exploding from his head. He brandishes another wad of cash.

Oswald:

Quick – I need something to help me get away from a big, scary bloke who I might have just threatened with a knife.

Shoppekeeper:

Seven league socks? Every step will be approximately 24.166 miles long.

Oswald:

Bloody **perfect!**

21. Oswald bounds through the countryside – mid-air, as every step takes him 24 miles. In the distance the silhouette of a town with a castle. He's miserable.

Oswald (thought):

I'll never find love now that I've been force to flee my beloved Colchester!

22. Oswald, sitting on a hill moping – each of the magical items lying useless at his feet (upon which he has his seven league socks). A hot young lady walker appears over the brow of the hill, carrying a cream cake.

Hot girl:

Phwoar- would you look at the socks on that?*

Caption:

* It's a little-known fact that girls who do a lot of walking have a sock fetish.

23. Oswald – dotted line from his eye towards the cream cake.
Girl – dotted line from her eyes to his socks. A loveheart floating above both of their heads.

Caption:

And that's when Oswald realised that it wasn't Marian he loved, but baked goods. And that's okay, because when you think about it – we're all a bit peculiar when it comes to affairs of the heart!

THE END

