

THE BUGGANE OF ST TRINIAN'S

Inspired by The Buggane of St Trinian's Folk Tale

Written by Ben Hackman

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE BUGGANE'S CAVE - DAY

A perfectly symmetrical cross-section of a cosy, warmly lit underground cave. THE BUGGANE, a large, furry, but immaculately groomed ogre, sits in a plush burgundy wingback chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the Buggane. Despite local legends painting him as a bloodthirsty monster, he actually prefers a quiet Tuesday, a cup of Earl Grey, and absolute silence.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

A pair of tiny metal tweezers delicately holds a single wooden matchstick. It is gently placed onto the deck of a massive, mathematically perfect matchstick galleon. The rough wood grain and dried glue are highly visible.

Suddenly, a deafening "CLANG" shakes the cave. Dust falls from the ceiling. The Buggane's hand twitches. He accidentally snaps the matchstick in half. He slowly turns his head to look directly into the camera lens, utterly expressionless. He sighs heavily.

2 EXT. ST TRINIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

A flat, top-down shot of a wooden table. Three MONKS are intensely studying the ARCHITECTURAL BLUEPRINTS. The camera lingers on the tactile, tea-stained paper, the bleeding medieval ink, and the meticulously drafted lines.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Meanwhile, on the surface, the local monastic order had decided to construct a church. They were highly enthusiastic, though historically terrible at structural engineering.

MONTAGE - STOP MOTION TIMELAPSE:

A rapid, stuttered sequence of the stone church being built. Brick by brick, it rises in perfectly symmetrical framing. It concludes with a massive iron bell dropping into the belfry with an obnoxious THUD.

3 EXT. ST TRINIAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The Buggane emerges silently from the soil in front of the finished church. He stares at the new roof. He takes a deep

breath and casually blows. The entire roof lifts off the walls and flies off-screen. It makes a faint, comical whistling sound as it disappears into the night sky.

Before leaving, the Buggane pulls a piece of paper and a rusted nail from his pocket. He neatly hammers it into the wooden door.

CLOSE UP: The FORMAL NOTICE OF NOISE COMPLAINT.

The camera holds on the textured, creased paper, the uneven typewriter ink, and a faded red official stamp.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He left a polite, yet firmly worded formal complaint. It was summarily ignored.

4 EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

A SIGN SAYING 'MAROWN' is shown in the foreground and in the background, part of the church roof lands with a thud.

5 EXT. ST TRINIAN'S CHURCH - DAY (MONTAGE)

The Monks return. They read the notice. They stare at the camera, completely blank. They shrug in unison. A comically oversized wooden crane is wheeled in. The roof is dropped back onto the walls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Monday evening. The Buggane removed the roof.
The Buggane blows the roof off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tuesday morning. The Monks replaced the roof.
The crane drops it back on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By Wednesday, it had become a tedious war of attrition.

6 EXT. ST TRINIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

The Monks are utterly defeated. They sit in a row on a low stone wall, sipping tea from tiny ceramic mugs. A TAILOR strolls into frame. He is sharp, angular, and stands perfectly upright.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Enter Timothy. A local tailor with an inflated sense of self-confidence and an aggressive deadline.

The Lead Monk leans over and whispers to the Tailor. The Tailor nods sharply. He pulls out a heavy LEATHER BOUND MEASUREMENT NOTEBOOK and a textured fabric measuring tape.

CLOSE UP:

The worn leather, hand-stitched spine, and handwritten ink measurements inside the notebook.

7 INT. ST TRINIAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The Tailor sits cross-legged inside the roofless church, illuminated by a single flickering wax candle. He is furiously sewing a pair of breeches. Thick, fibrous INDUSTRIAL THREAD runs from his wooden spool, crisscrossing up to the rafters, acting as a makeshift drying line for his fabrics.

The ground rumbles violently. The floorboards splinter. The Buggane bursts through the floor, towering over the Tailor. The Buggane takes a massive inhale, swelling his chest. He exhales violently toward the ceiling. The roof creaks, but it does not move.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

The Tailor's heavy industrial thread, pulled taut, securely anchoring the wooden rafters to the heavy stone walls. Visible stray fibres strain under the tension.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Realising he had been structurally bested by haberdashery, the Buggane opted for petty vandalism.

The Buggane stops. He looks slightly embarrassed. He glares down at the Tailor, who hasn't stopped sewing for a single second. Out of pure spite, the Buggane leans forward and gently blows out the candle.

The screen cuts to PITCH BLACK. Only two sets of blinking white eyes remain visible in the dark.

TAILOR (V.O.)

Damn. Now I cannot find my needle.

*The rapid, comical sound of footsteps sprinting away
into the distance.*

8 INT. THE BUGGANE'S CAVE - DAY

We cut back to the perfectly symmetrical cave. The Buggane is sitting in his wingback chair. He looks incredibly smug.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, peace was restored.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

The Buggane uses his tiny tweezers to place a final matchstick on his brand-new project. The camera pulls back slightly to reveal a flawless, mathematically perfect miniature replica of St Trinian's Church... completely missing its roof.

[FADE TO BLACK]