

TRANSCRIPT

Season 1 Episode 3: Colt Pixie Confrontation

The mystery of the Colt Pixie picks up the pace as Aiden races to Holmsley campsite following the discovery of some rather ominous recordings...

Content Warnings:

Depiction of audio distortion, a missing child and a child in danger.

Cast:

Finn Cresswell as Aiden Summers
Alexandra M. Barrow as Katherine Moore
Mark Varndell as Chris
Marley Alford as Joseph
S. J. Monalith as Rowan

Written and produced by Finn Cresswell and Alexandra M. Barrow.

Content warnings can be found in the episode description.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

Soft silence of THE WYRD SIDE recording room.

AIDEN: Welcome. Let's pick up where we left off, mid-way through our Colt-Pixie investigation. My name is Aiden Summers.

KATHERINE: And I'm Katherine Moore. Welcome to The Wyrd Side.

THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC

INT. BNB - EVENING

The ambient silence of the BnB. Aiden calls Katherine's number. Tense moment as the phone rings and then:

KATHERINE'S ANSWERING MACHINE: You've gotten through to Katherine Moore's phone. I'm not available to take your call, please leave a message after the beep.

Phone beeps.

AIDEN: *[worried]* Kitty? I know you'll think I'm overreacting but you have to be careful out there. There is something in Holmsley. Something dangerous. I know it.

Phone beeps. Call drops.

AIDEN: What... What the hell do you mean lack of signal? I haven't moved! Okay, breathe. Think about things logically. It's fine. She's fine.

Aiden's laptop starts to replay the recording. Sudden scramble as Aiden fumbles with his laptop and recorder.

AIDEN: *[surprised]* Okay, you need to go off now.

Aiden unplugs and makes sure his recorder is off.

AIDEN: Take a breath, take a breath. *[Shaky breath out]* Holmsley. Damn it.

Aiden dials Rowan's number.

ROWAN'S ANSWERING MESSAGE: Hey, it's Rowan. Leave a message after the beep.

Phone beeps.

AIDEN: Hi Rowan. Aiden here, from The Wyrd Side. Something happened in the New Forest when we were out there. Something really similar to- There was a phone, fog. I need you to know that you're not alone in your experiences. Please if you can, take comfort from that. I need to go to Holmsley Campsite to make sure Kitty is okay, but, please, keep safe.

Aiden scrabbles stuff together, flings a recorder into his bag. before running out of his room to the BNB front desk.

AIDEN: *[During the movement]* Damn it. Damn it. Damn it.

Aiden arrives at the front desk.

AIDEN: *[in a rush]* Hi, can I get a taxi please?

EXT. HOLMSLEY CAR PARK - EVENING

Recorder clicks on. Katherine closes her car door closing, crunch of feet on gravel.

KATHERINE: I just called Chris, no answer. He said he'd be around at the campsite, but I can't see anyone just yet. I'm going to take a look around, see if I can find him. *[Katherine glances at her phone]* Oh. Missed message

Katherine takes out her phone. Part of Aiden's message played through phone speakers, the static covers up most of the call.

AIDEN: *[On phone]* Kitty? I know you'll - *[static overtakes the entire message, the same static on the recorder]*

KATHERINE: Well that was useless.

Kitty phone buzzes.

KATHERINE: Aiden?

Static buzzes on the line.

KATHERINE: Aiden, hello? I can't hear you. *[beat]* Come on... *[beat]* Right, if you can hear me, I'm at the campsite. I can't get through to Chris, so I may be late back. I'll have a look around. If you need me, try calling again.

Katherine hangs up the call. Footsteps crunch on gravel as Katherine heads towards the main campsite building.

KATHERINE: *[worried]* If I have to drive these country roads in the dark.

CHRIS: *[In far distance, shouting]* Jo? Joseph!

CHRIS spots Katherine in the distance.

CHRIS: *[In far distance, shouting]* Hey! Hey you!

KATHERINE: Everything ok?

CHRIS: *[approaching]* You haven't seen my son run this way?

CHRIS runs towards Katherine, out of breath.

KATHERINE: A kid?

CHRIS: My boy, Joseph. He's ten. Yea high, a red rugby shirt on, glasses, dark hair.

KATHERINE: No, sorry. I've just got here.

CHRIS: *[visibly desperate]* Damn it.

KATHERINE: When did he go missing?

CHRIS: Uh... About half an hour ago.

KATHERINE: I'll help you look. Where did you see him last?

Katherine and CHRIS start to walk quickly away from the car park, into the brush.

CHRIS: *[growing panic]* In our camp. He said he saw lights. Up on that hill. *[pointing]* The one over there. I said I'd finish cooking and we could head up afterwards.

KATHERINE: *[noise of agreement]* When did you realise he was missing?

CHRIS: I didn't notice at first. I was tending the fire for a minute, and then I turned around and he was gone. He's never done this before! He's never run off like this.

KATHERINE: We'll find him. Wait, are you Chris?

CHRIS: Yeah?

KATHERINE: I'm Katherine. This is yours.

Katherine hands over the phone.

CHRIS: *[relief]* Oh! I can call Jo...

CHRIS dials a number. Phone beeps and the call drops.

CHRIS: *[relief turning to desperation again]* Goddammit! Useless thing. Okay....

KATHERINE: Where did you that say Jo saw those lights?

CHRIS: Just up this way. These trees. Just up here. Right in the centre of them.

They stride uphill for a few more seconds before entering the copse.

CHRIS: Jo, you there?

KATHERINE: Joseph?

CHRIS: Jo? Come on! This isn't funny now, please come back. Please.

KATHERINE: He's not here.

CHRIS: *[searching for words]* Maybe... Maybe he's gone back to the campsite. Jo!

CHRIS sprints off, back down the hill.

KATHERINE: Chris? Meet you back in the carpark. And he's gone.

KATHERINE: Are those lights?

Distant sound of a car driving over gravel into the carpark. A car door slams.

KATHERINE: Hang on. Aiden? *[shouting]* Aiden! Up here!

Katherine takes a few seconds to examines the copse, rustling through the underbrush.

KATHERINE: *[calling out]* Jo? Jo! *[she continues to walk around]* Jo's definitely not here. I don't think anyone else has been either. There's no signs of any recent activity.

AIDEN: *[out of breath]* Kitty?

KATHERINE: Aiden?

AIDEN: For Gods' sake, we need to go. Something is really wrong.

KATHERINE: Aiden there's a child missing.

AIDEN: Then they're in danger.

KATHERINE: I mean yes -

AIDEN: No. No. More than normal. I think whatever was out in the fog is now here. In Holmsley.

KATHERINE: What are you talking about?

AIDEN: Hopefully nothing. Hopefully I am just overreacting, but let's find this kid.

KATHERINE: His name's Joseph, dark hair, red shirt, glasses.

AIDEN: Got it.

KATHERINE: His dad thinks that he went to investigate some lights in the copse up there, but we've just been up and there's no sign of him.

AIDEN: Did he say where they were at the time?

KATHERINE: By their tent.

AIDEN: Well. If I was a kid, and I didn't want to be seen by either my parents or whatever-

KATHERINE: Whoever.

AIDEN: - whoever was making the light. I wouldn't use a trail. I'd use something like... There! That deer path. Over there!

They move faster through the underbrush. There is no birdsong now.

KATHERINE: What are you doing here Aiden?

AIDEN: I...I tried to call you, to warn you about Holmsley.

KATHERINE: I got your message. Well, the first three words.

AIDEN: Ah.

KATHERINE: I called you back.

AIDEN: Yeah, it was just completely garbled on my end.

KATHERINE: Same.

AIDEN: *[musing]* Like the recordings.

KATHERINE: Recordings?

AIDEN: Damn. This is getting worse and worse.

KATHERINE: What do you mean?

AIDEN: I'll explain later. See anything yet?

KATHERINE: No. You?

AIDEN: No.

Very distantly, a large campervan pulls into the campsite. A dog barks.

KATHERINE: Okay, let's get over to the next dell. If he's not there I'll head back to an area with signal and call the police.

AIDEN: Got it.

As they walk, the faint sound of a phone rings out across the moors.

KATHERINE: That could be Jo's phone.

AIDEN: Or the Colt - No. You're right.

The phone continues ringing.

KATHERINE: That way.

They start running towards the phone ringing out from the fog, which is now starting to dampen sound.

AIDEN: Godsdamn it, the dell is choked with fog.

EXT. IN THE FOG - ???

JOSEPH: *[distantly]* Help!

AIDEN: No. *[calling out]* Joseph?! Is that you?

KATHERINE: *[calling out]* Jo? Can you hear us? Call out to us. Where are you?

They run down the slope into the fog. The phone stops ringing.

AIDEN: *[slightly distant]* Jo?

KATHERINE: Aiden. I can't see a thing. Just hold up.

EXT. IN THE FOG - ???

A couple of seconds pass as Katherine and Aiden stop, almost holding their breath. Footsteps loom into the soundscape. Rowan runs up to the pair, slightly out of breath.

AIDEN: Who's there?

KATHERINE: Chris?

ROWAN: It's me.

KATHERINE: *[incredulous]* Rowan? What the hell are you doing here?

ROWAN: Aiden's voicemail.

KATHERINE: What?

ROWAN: Look, I got your message, something didn't...

The phone starts ringing again in the fog, dancing around the soundscape.

ROWAN: This can't be happening again.

AIDEN: It is. And there's a child out there.

ROWAN: Oh. Oh no.

Aiden moves closer to Rowan. Puts a hand on their shoulder.

AIDEN: If we don't do something -

ROWAN: I know. *[they take a deep breath]* Okay.

AIDEN: Okay.

ROWAN: Find the kid. I know what I need to do.

KATHERINE: Stick close to us.

ROWAN: No, I can't come with you.

KATHERINE: *[frustrated]* What the hell are you playing at?

ROWAN: I'm doing what I can to make sure we all get out of this alive.

Rowan runs off into the fog.

KATHERINE: *[angry]* Rowan?!

AIDEN: Let them go. Let's find Joseph.

KATHERINE: *[curtly]* Fine.

A horse neighs distantly.

ROWAN: *[fading into the fog, their words distant underneath Katherine and Aiden's, their voice gets increasingly muffled as they move into the mist]* You hear me Colt-Pixie. You hear me Barrow-Horse. I do not fear you any longer. My past has no power over me. This child's future is bright and without your fog.

JOSEPH: *[distantly]* Help!

KATHERINE: Jo! Hang on!

JOSEPH: *[distantly]* Here! Help!

Katherine and Aiden move into the mist, a very faint whisper of a ghostly voice. Rapidly all sound but their footsteps becomes muffled and faded. Now only their breath and footsteps echo around.

AIDEN: Where did you hear him last? Jo!

KATHERINE: Over there. To the right.

JOSEPH: *[distant]* Help!

AIDEN: Yes. Hang on!

ROWAN: *[distant, muffled]* You are my past, no longer leading me down dangerous paths. You took my friends from me, stole their futures from them. It wasn't fair, it wasn't right. But I will not bear your noose any longer.

KATHERINE: What are they doing?

AIDEN: Buying us time.

KATHERINE: Fine. Let's just... *[calling out]* Jo! Are you stuck?

JOSEPH: Yes! I'm over here! Over here!

KATHERINE: Where... There. I see him!

AIDEN: He's knee deep.

JOSEPH: I'm stuck! Help!

AIDEN: Don't move! We're coming to help! Stay as still as you can!

They run closer.

KATHERINE: We'll throw something out to you.

AIDEN: Right.

ROWAN: *[distant, muffled]* James, I'm sorry I brought you into danger, and couldn't lead us out.

Aiden shrugs off his jacket, it flaps as he moves quickly through the bog.

AIDEN: If he moves, he'll sink further.

KATHERINE: That won't reach. Here.

Katherine takes her jacket off as well.

AIDEN: Okay, Jo. Can you see us?

ROWAN: *[distant, muffled]* Becca, I'm sorry I couldn't find you in time. You deserved better.

JOSEPH: Where?! Yes! Here! Help!

KATHERINE: We'll get you out of this. *[quietly worried]* He's so far out.

AIDEN: We can reach him, if I... *[grunt of discomfort]* Jo! Look at me. It will be okay.

Splashing as Aiden moves to the edge of the bog.

AIDEN: I'm going to lay down here and throw you my jacket.

Aiden lies down with a squelch.

AIDEN: *[quietly]* Kitty, be ready to pull me out.

KATHERINE: Ready.

AIDEN: *[calling out]* Okay, here goes! Are you ready to catch the arm?

JOSEPH: Uhuh.

ROWAN: *[distant, muffled]* Francis, I'm sorry I let go of you when you trusted me to bring you to safety. I didn't mean to leave you behind.

Aiden throws his jacket towards Joseph. It lands with a wet squish.

KATHERINE: You're doing great Jo. Hold on real tight.

AIDEN: I'm going to start pulling now, okay?

Distant neighs and furious barking of a large dog in the distance. Grunts as Aiden starts to pull Joseph out of the mud, fabric starts to strain.

ROWAN: *[distant, muffled]* I can't carry this guilt any longer. I need to let it go. I choose to honour your memories by living, and carrying you forwards in my heart. I love you. Goodbye.

KATHERINE: Nearly there, Jo!

AIDEN: Keep holding on. That's it!

Joseph is pulled from the bog with a final heave. A distant whinny.

AIDEN: You're safe now. It's okay. You're okay.

KATHERINE: Let's get out of here. I can see the way back.

AIDEN: Fog's lifting. Rowan did it.

KATHERINE: Did what?

AIDEN: I-

JOSEPH: Where's my dad?

AIDEN: Come on, let's find him.

Rowan and Leo run up to the group. Leo is panting.

AIDEN: Are you okay?

ROWAN: I'm... Yes.

AIDEN: Good. I'm glad you're-

KATHERINE: Can we save this for later?

ROWAN: Of course.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

Soft silence of The Wyrd Side recording room.

AIDEN: It's a couple of days after the fact and we've all had some time to digest what happened. We're back in the studio, and Rowan has kindly agreed to join us for a bit of a debrief.

ROWAN: Hi. Thanks for having me.

KATHERINE: Joseph was reunited with his father shortly after we found him.

AIDEN: They, very understandably, decided to head home immediately after. Joseph was shaken, but thankfully otherwise unharmed.

KATHERINE: He had a very lucky escape.

AIDEN: As did we.

KATHERINE: Speaking of, can we get a brief rundown of what happened out there? Rowan, why did you come to Holmsley?

ROWAN: It was Aiden's voicemail. It sparked something.

KATHERINE: That's quite a trip to make after a single phone call.

ROWAN: Well, talking to you both about my experience... It was liberating. I felt able to think about my friends and my childhood for the first time in a long, long time. Then Aiden called me, clearly in distress, and said something similar was happening again, had happened again.

AIDEN: I'm sorry if my message came across a little frantic.

ROWAN: No, that's okay. It wasn't just your words. There was this static, a buzz on the line, almost like there were other voices behind your voice. I felt like I was standing back in the New Forest, engulfed in the clinging fog. I knew I needed to return.

AIDEN: Huh. And having listened to the recordings of our hike, do you think it was the same interference?

ROWAN: Yes. Almost exactly. It was a stark reminder that I had unfinished business. That was the moment I never realised that I was waiting for.

KATHERINE: How so?

ROWAN: After my friends died and we moved away, my parents and I never spoke about it. Ever. Like it never happened. I never got a chance to face up to my guilt.

AIDEN: I'm pleased you found the space to do so, and for what it's worth, I do think you helped.

ROWAN: Thank you.

AIDEN: When we were in the fog, I heard you calling out.

ROWAN: Yeah...

AIDEN: Would you like to expand on that at all?

ROWAN: Sure. I never really thought of myself as particularly spiritual, but I've done a little bit of research here and there. Not on what happened, but on things like the Colt Pixie, ghosts and stuff.

AIDEN: Okay. And did you find anything that chimed with you?

ROWAN: Yes and no. Not about what exactly was out there. But a big part of what I found was... well, about reclaiming myself. The idea of active choice. So, I chose to acknowledge the unfairness of what happened to me, the hurt, the loss. I couldn't ignore it anymore. And whatever was in that fog knew it too. I felt like it was judging me, weighing my words in the balance. My reactions. So I said goodbye to my friends. I told them I loved them, and I still do. Always will.

AIDEN: That's... an interesting way of looking at it. Do you feel it's helped?

ROWAN: Yes. That being said, this is only the first step on a long road to processing things. I've still got a lot of work to do to be okay with everything that happened. If I can ever really be. But it's a start.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

AIDEN: Firstly, I want to thank Rowan again for having a chat with us. Whatever happened out there, Joseph was okay in the end and Rowan got at least some of the closure they needed.

KATHERINE: Both good things, but we need to take a look at what evidence we actually have for the investigation.

AIDEN: Well, you listened to the recordings.

KATHERINE: And while they were weird, you said yourself: it's most likely a technical glitch.

AIDEN: Hmm.

KATHERINE: They were all recorded outside. We don't have a lot of experience of recording in the field and we don't know what damage the fall could have done to any of our kit.

AIDEN: What about the EVP on the recordings? Holmsley? It's pretty damn clear.

KATHERINE: If it even is EVP. Again, outdoors. Could have been wind, noise from other hikers being picked up. We wanted to hear something on that recording. We were looking for patterns in the static.

AIDEN: It clearly says Holmsley.

KATHERINE: I hear Holmsley too, but just because we heard what we wanted to hear, that doesn't confirm the existence of the Colt Pixie. Are Will-o'the-Wisps or Colt Pixies known for EVP activity?

AIDEN: I think ours was the first investigation to use this sort of techniques and equipment in relation to the Colt Pixie, or Will-o'the-Wisps.

KATHERINE: Then we should make a note of it, but by no means is this confirmation.

AIDEN: Tantalising nonetheless. Okay, the Holmsley EVP to one side, we picked up two more sounds that we both heard, that could have more supernatural connotations. The phone and the horse.

KATHERINE: Well, the horse is an easy one.

AIDEN: Indeed, the Colt Pixie, you know, the ghostly pony?

Katherine scoffs lightly.

AIDEN: I know I didn't see any horses near us for the entirety of our search for Joseph.

KATHERINE: Were you looking for them?

AIDEN: No, but had they been there, we would have seen them.

KATHERINE: Maybe, but several humans shouting and running around would spook most animals, even if they're not in the immediate area.

AIDEN: Hmm, but the whinny sounded really close. Like right in the fog.

KATHERINE: Yes, in the fog.

AIDEN: Okay, fair enough. And the phone? It wasn't Joseph's. Chris confirmed that.

KATHERINE: I've got a few ideas. We were near a campsite, there must have been other people around.

AIDEN: Not that many, we didn't see any other tents pitched and if they were around, they probably would have helped in the search for Joseph.

KATHERINE: It only takes one person to get a call. Maybe they were helping, and that's why they were in the area.

AIDEN: But Chris didn't mention anyone else.

KATHERINE: Chris had other things on his mind.

AIDEN: Granted. But honestly, every time. Every time we've had fog, these possible encounters, it's been the same. There's always been a phone. It can't just be a coincidence.

KATHERINE: But we found our phone. One of them at least. And it was Chris'. Not some paranormal apparition.

AIDEN: *[insistent]* The phone led us to the next encounter! The phone led us to Holmsley.

KATHERINE: I hate to sound like a broken record, but that doesn't necessarily mean anything. Sometimes coincidences are just coincidences. We need something more.

AIDEN: Solid evidence. Yeah.

KATHERINE: Exactly. So, what's our angle?

AIDEN: Well, although it's not conclusive proof of the supernatural existing, we've got some sort of evidence. Let's see what our audience makes of it.

KATHERINE: You have our evidence. You have the testimonies. You heard the stories.

AIDEN: All told, the Colt Pixie, known for luring travellers off the path and into danger has proven elusive, and perhaps still very dangerous. We've caught a glimpse of the unknown. Of something on the foggy moors. Whether or not we've come into contact with this trickster spirit of the New Forest remains uncertain. But, I know there is more to find out there. So join us next time -

KATHERINE: where we start a new investigation into the haunting of the Rufus Stone and the thousand year old unsolved murder of the Red King.

THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC

GHOSTLY WHISPER: Holmsley...

The Wyrd Side will return. If you enjoyed the programme, please help support the podcast by giving us a follow on social media @thewyrdside on Twitter and Instagram, leaving a review on Spotify or wherever you are listening to this, and sharing it with anyone who might enjoy it! As a small production, this really helps us out.

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