

## CV

Caroline Wookey: Writer

(Caroline Greville-Morris: Production Designer)

From 1984-Caroline Art Directed and Designed some of the most iconic music videos of the era, shaping the style of pop culture for over a decade. As the directors she worked with turned their hand to the world of advertising, so did she, spending the 90s working on campaigns around the world from Adidas to Vodaphone.

She has Designed an eclectic roster of feature and TV films, and recently worked on two high end TV dramas as Art director and Set Decorator. Projects include the following

2022 – ATOWN CALLED MALICE / Nick Love / Vertigo / Sky / as Set decorator  
2021 - LIVING WITH LUCY / Alex Dickenson / Keo Films for Channel 4  
2020 - 2021THE GREAT /Series 1 and 2 Hulu / as Snr Art director  
2019 - THE INVESTIGATION / Bruce Goodison/ Story Films/ ITV  
2018 - DOING MONEY / Lynsey Miller / Renegade / Warner Bros / BBC2  
2017 -THE BOY WITH THE TOPKNOT / Lynsey Miller/ Kudos and Parti Productions for BBC 2  
2014 -BREAKING THE BANK / Vadim Jean/ Mobfilm  
2010- WILD TARGET / Jonathan Lynn / Magic Light  
2009 -BOOGIE WOOGIE / Duncan Ward / Autonomous Films  
2007 -MUTANT CHRONICLES / Simon Hunter / Edward R Pressman  
2005 -SURVIVORS: DAYS OF DARKNESS / Jenny Ash / Unique TV-ITV1  
2004 -SPIRIT TRAP / David Smith / Archangel Films  
2002 -DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE / Maurice Phillips / Working Title TV Clerkenwell Films  
1999 -LADY AUDLEY’S SECRET / Betsan Morris Evans / Warner Sisters  
1998 -Vigo / Julien Temple / Impact Films-Film Four  
1995 -INTIMATE RELATIONS / Philip Goodhew / Paragon

### Writing Projects

2012 – Cloverlea Jack. Feature Film Script.  
2015 HERTFORD UNIVERSITY. Visiting Lecturer on Film and TV Course. 2<sup>nd</sup> Year  
2016 – Write adaptation of Cinderella. Pantomime. Produce and direct.  
2017 -Write sequel ‘Finding Buttons’. Produce and direct.  
2018 -Adapt Cloverlea Jack into Bootleg Jack TV Series for Rocliffe, BAFTA  
2018 – Finding buttons performed by Bristol Dramatic group.  
2019-22 Writing Rom com ‘25 Things About You That I Love’ with John Hamilton

Member of the WFTV Writers Group

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James Little at Screen Talent. 0207 729 7477

BOOTLEG JACK  
8 PART 30 MIN TV DRAMA  
TEENAGE SUPERNATURAL ECO ADVENTURE  
EPISODE 1

A troubled teenage boy and the ghost of an 18th century  
smuggler team up for coastal adventures, including exposing  
secretive fracking, people smuggling and polluting

Written by

Caroline P Wookey

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1 EXT. AT SEA. DAY. FLASHBACK 1812

We glide across a glittering sea towards a harbour town. Quaint buildings cling to a steep hillside, boats moored along a harbour wall.

A pilot boat 'The Pegasus' under full sail speeds alongside its course looks set to smash into the harbour wall. A moment from destruction it jibes and stops dead.

JACK (V.O. LIKE TV PRESENTER) \*  
He was legendary, hench and heroic. \*  
Possibly the fastest pilot in these \*  
waters... \*

A roguish smiling young man jumps ashore, BUCKO LOVELL (20).

JACK (V.O. LIKE TV PRESENTER) (CONT'D) \*  
...possibly the most daring \*  
smuggler the bay has ever known. \*  
Bucko Lovell was his name.

2 EXT. MAP. DAY.

The South West of England. Central is a long peninsula with fields, farms, a manor house and harbour drawn in detail. 'Welcome to Bootleg Point'.

JACK (V.O.AS HIMSELF)  
He lived where I do now, on  
Bootleg Point, a dead end dump  
surrounded by sea and full of  
losers.

The map morphs into live action.

3 EXT. STREET. DAY.

Not much has changed since. The pub and the quaint cottages are all still there.

JACK (V.O.)  
Nothing ever happens, it's just a  
picture postcard shit hole where  
grockles drop litter and scratch  
their fat cars in thin lanes.

On a steep hill lined with crooked little shops, our boy hero JACK (14), exits the bakery with a skateboard under one arm and a massive cake box balanced in both hands. He pushes the woolly beanie he wears all the time up from his eyes, and drops the skateboard. Before he can stop it, it careens down the hill.

EXT.HARBOUR. DAY

Jack finds schoolmates AL, SILAS and HOLLY (14). Al holds the skateboard.

AL  
You still on climate strike?

JACK  
I've had Covid you...

SILAS  
Is that for your fat mother?

JACK  
No, I'm a cake-aholic, give me my board.

HOLLY  
Hand over the gateaux.

There is an awkward pause. Al drops the board into the harbour. Immediately a terrifying, toothless, unshaven head pops up from the harbour wall, it belongs to BILL SILVEY (75)

BILL  
Curse you little bastards! Nearly had me head off you lazy tossers.

Al Holly and Silas run away laughing. Beyond them, four men drag a trailer loaded with a 12' tall articulated wooden chicken. Jack just accepts.

4 EXT. PUB. DAY.

The pub sign 'Tattooed Arms' depicts two grinning smugglers and a wench.

5 INT. PUB. DAY

Jack puts the cake on the bar. TAMSIN, Jack's graceful tomboyish mother playfully pulls his hat off, Jack jams it back on, reaches for a bag of crisps.

TAMSIN  
Do you feel up to going back to school today?

Jack ignores her and continues through the old bar eating.

TAMSIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And crisps are not breakfast.

Jack stops at a large painting of a young man in the prow of a boat. A sign above reads 'Bucko.' The scene morphs liquidly to the same spot in 1812.

6 INT. PUB. FLASHBACK 1812

BUCKO LOVELL, slams a coin on the bar and is handed a distinctive silver tankard. A FARMER gestures to a curtain.

FARMER

Be vigilant Bucko. Rashleigh's at his vittals there.

Behind it, the ostentatiously wealthy and powerful LORD RASHLEIGH, greedily bites into a lamb leg, his nervous valet stands by.

BUCKO

He's paid his shilling. Don't think for a minute he turns away from his cut of the ventures round these beaches.

A PRIEST steps in beside Bucko at the bar.

PRIEST

I shouldn't but if it gets one over on that double dealer, count me in.

He pushes a few coins towards Bucko who takes a small book from his jacket and writes.

BUCKO

Nathan Tatterdean, two shillings. Let's hope I double it for the children's sakes.

7 EXT. PUB. FLASHBACK 1812

Feet and wheels fight for space. Bucko nods at passing people.

JACK (V.O.)

Bucko had a genius plan. Everyone in Bootlegs buy a share of a load of tin from a local mine...

A feisty aristocratic girl, TIERNY RASHLEIGH (18) skips up to Bucko. He pulls her out of the way of six marching red coated TROOPERS.

JACK (V.O.)

Which he and his gang were run out to a Spanish ship that very night. The Spanish pay a huge amount of cash, avoiding the King's tax.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A share of a million pounds in  
 today's money for everyone in  
 Bootleg.

Tierny kisses Bucko.

BUCKO  
 Tierny Rashleigh! His lordship's  
 inside!

TIERNY  
 Hang my father! I have a gift for  
 you, all the way from London.

Lying in her yellow hankie is a beautiful compass. Bucko  
 closes her fingers around it.

BUCKO  
 You keep it safe for tonight my  
 lovely, I know my way.

Three decorated wagons pass. Everyone waves at the children  
 in their ragged costumes. At the window of the Inn, Lord  
 Rashleigh watches the couple with rage and disgust on his  
 face.

JACK (V.O.)  
 It was carnival time, bit like now.

Lord Rashleigh's grease stained face is red with rage at the  
 window.

RASHLEIGH  
 Arrest him! Ambush the buffoon  
 tonight.

VALET  
 On what Charge your lordship?

RASHLEIGH  
 Putting his grubby fish stinking  
 hands on my daughter you oaf!

9 EXT. FLASHBACK MONTAGE 1812. NIGHT

Sparks fly into the sky. Tin bars loaded into barrels. Bucko  
 hands over money. Horses hurtle through darkness. A gun shot,  
 a horse rears, Bucko falls.

10 EXT. RASHLEIGH HALL. FLASHBACK 1812

TWO TROOPERS hold Bucko upright, another pokes a branding  
 iron into a red hot brazier. The tin bars lay on the ground.  
 Rashleigh holds Bucko's notebook.

RASHLEIGH

Well, well, mister Lovell, a  
masterful plot to defraud the  
crown. The crown and the law that I  
represent as magistrate!

Bucko spits at Rashleigh.

BUCKO

The corrupt law for fat pigs!

RASHLEIGH

The dog can write. Stone me! And  
what a pretty list. Madran,  
Tatterdean, Fred the mason, Polly  
the milk maid, my Valet? On my life  
every man woman and child listed  
here will be deported for their  
part!

Bucko struggles furiously grabbing his book while warding  
Rashleigh and his men off with the branding iron.

BUCKO

You can send me to hell Rashleigh,  
but I'll go alone!

He plunges the book into the fire with his other hand. Flames  
leap up, he does not flinch. Bucko removes his smoking hand  
from the embers, ash and paper scatter like confetti. In his  
defiant eyes flames burn.

11 EXT. CLIFF TOP. NIGHT FLASHBACK 1812.

A massive tree on the cliff edge, a blood red sky beyond.

JACK (V.O.)

Bucko paid for his attitude with  
his life. No trial, no courtroom,  
just Rashleigh's men and a rope.

A small group of dejected men and crying women wheel a cart.

JACK (V.O.)

It was a black day for Bootleg.

A charm placed round Bucko's dead neck, a SHAMAN marks the  
body with clay.

JACK (V.O.)

The story goes that some witchcraft  
got involved. But what do I know?

Tierny and the SHAMAN hold hands and chant.

TIERNY

On Bootleg's blackest day appear  
dark deeds will be avenged  
Make good this promise made in fear  
When you are summoned to appear, by  
Bootleg's fearless son.

12 INT. JACK'S ROOM. DAY.

Jack turns his music up and digs around in a pile of clothes. His room is a mess. Games, books, comics are strewn on every surface. The walls are plastered with 'Sea Shepherd' and 'Surfers Against Sewage' posters, Extinction rebellion fliers. Tamsin stands in the doorway.

TAMSIN

Turn that down, I can't hear myself think. Are those the clean clothes I asked you to put away on Monday?

JACK

They are away. I know where everything is.

Tamsin folds T Shirts, a mother auto pilot.

JACK (CONT'D)

Leave those, I'll do them. I thought you were so busy all the time. Leave them!

TAMSIN

You've got two weeks assignments to catch up on.

JACK

What's the point?

Tamsin attempts to tidy some books on a desk.

TAMSIN

You won't become a marine biologist with that attitude.

JACK

Don't stress, I've got a system.

Tamsin's mobile phone rings, she takes the call.

TAMSIN (INTO PHONE)

Ken. Hi. Glad you called, is there time for another rehearsal?(TO JACK) Izzy's downstairs.

Jack pushes past Tamsin as she natters away into her phone.

JACK  
Why didn't you just say?

TAMSIN (TO NO ONE)  
I've got to love you, but I don't  
like you.

JACK (O/S )  
And I don't like you.

13 EXT. HARBOUR. DAY.

IZZY RASHLEIGH(14) a pretty teenager with attitude, expertly  
baits a row of fish hooks beside a rusty, clapped out old  
motor boat. Jack stomps towards her.

IZZY  
Ooh. Thunder face.

JACK  
Mum's all bent out of shape. How  
come you're not at school?

IZZY  
The higher the fees the shorter the  
term.

JACK  
Lucky you.

BILL pops his head up from the tiny wheel house.

BILL  
Got your board on board Jack. Chuck  
us those crates Izzy. We can cut  
and run.

JACK  
Where you going?

A hippyish guy GUS (40) in a postman's uniform ambles up  
waving a letter.

GUS  
Bill Silvey, special delivery.  
You're not actually going out to  
sea in that tub are you Izzy  
Rashleigh?

IZZY  
I might be. But if anyone asks you  
haven't seen me. OK Gus?

Gus puts Bill's letter on some wire crates and walks off.  
Izzy secures her fishing rod, Jack stands unsure what to do.

BILL  
Jump in if you're coming then.

Izzy reaches her hand out for Jack, he jumps aboard grinning.

14 EXT. OUT AT SEA. DAY

The motor boat chugs along the stunning shoreline. Jack ties blue marker buoys to lobster pots and drops them over the side. Izzy lands another fish.

BILL  
I honestly believe you could catch  
a fish with a bent pin.

JACK  
And a reel that cost a grand.

IZZY  
It's the bait. Tactical baiting is  
an art you know?

JACK (MOUTH FULL)  
And a reel that cost a grand!

IZZY  
No it didn't! You're warped. Look!  
Behind you!

A pod of porpoises surface nearby and play. Izzy reels in her hooks.

BILL  
A rare sight these days.

IZZY  
Phocoen Phocoena to be precise.

Jack points his phone at Izzy.

JACK  
Hold still! I can get them jumping  
through your head.

The little boat chugs in a circle followed by the porpoises in the aquamarine sea.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Can I drive? Bill? Can I?

Bill is not sure, holds onto the wheel.

JACK (CONT'D)  
There's nothing to crash into!

BILL

Don't tell Tamsin. I don't need a mother's tongue lashing at my age.

Bill lets Jack to take the helm, points out to sea.

BILL (CONT'D)

Head out to the buoys.

15 INT. RASHLEIGH HALL. OFFICE. DAY.

A manly space packed with heirlooms, portraits and antique 'Rashleigh Salt' graphics. A photo of Izzy on the desk. CRAWFORD RASHLEIGH, late 40s, impeccably dressed, wipes his greasy mouth and puts down a sandwich. MITCH (23), Harvard Graduate, clips an old map onto a huge computer screen, and lines up the outline of Bootleg Point with the computer graphic version.

CRAWFORD

What a perfect sense of the circular nature of fate, the thread through time and the meant-to-be-ness of everything.

MITCH

Is that what you see?

Crawford points to four marks on the ancient document, near the Rashleigh Hall Estate. The map is crisscrossed with lines and notations.

CRAWFORD

I'm psyched that those old mines, instrumental in establishing our wealth, will cough up again. Cough up gas no less, in these fuel starved times.

MITCH

That's an awesome family business you got there.

Izzy's mum INDIA pops round the door.

CRAWFORD

Mining wasn't the family business. Killing Frenchmen was the family business.

INDIA

And marrying well. Your ten o'clock's here. Two are in the green room and the rest in the games room.

Crawford gives her a quizzical look.

INDIA (CONT'D)  
 Joking. They're all in you know,  
 the hall.

India Rashleigh closes the door after himself.

MITCH  
 Before you get side tracked, I need  
 to stress to you, in my legal  
 capacity, that the procedures to  
 extract, or test for gas must not  
 commence until you have...

CRAWFORD  
 Not even a tiny test?

MITCH  
 We need to absolutely watertight.  
 Documents in our hands.

Crawford points to an area of sea on the map.

CRAWFORD  
 Not even way out here?

MITCH  
 Especially not out there. We don't  
 know how unstable the sea bed is,  
 and cannot draw attention. When  
 everything is neatly tied with  
 legal ribbon, we'll start.

Hold on the map, the peninsular and the sea.

16 EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY

Four massive buoys float above the waves bristling with  
 warning signs. Jack steers towards them and comes alongside.

BILL  
 You want be giving those buoys a  
 wide berth Jack.

A splash hits Jack as the porpoises swim away at speed in  
 close formation. Bill scans the sea, a concerned look on his  
 face. Bill looks around for his markers.

BILL (CONT'D)  
 I could've sworn...(I dropped them  
 here)

JACK  
 Is that what you're looking for?

Jack points ahead, a blue marker floats in the centre of the  
 warning buoys.

# CHANGEOVERS

Written by  
CAROLINE P WOOKEY

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6 x 60-minute  
Character driven family Drama

An Englishman's (second) home is his castle, cabin,  
yurt, loft, chalet.

## CHANGEOVERS

Set in a picturesque holiday destination in the West country, CHANGEOVERS is a character led drama series exploring the conflicts between city and country, wealth and poverty, property ownership (and the obsession with it )and the housing shortage. Themes of Greed, community and localised jingoism.

Art School graduates now holiday let cleaners Andy and Lucy want to stay where they live. Their children would quite like to stay there too, but second homeowners, B and B landlords, wealthy city types and feuding locals are conspiring to make this impossible. Only when eccentric retired spy Derek dies and the ownership of his sprawling old farm comes into question, does the barefaced greed, entrenched prejudices, and outrageous gossip threaten to split this hitherto altruistic and neighbourly community, and reveal just how far Andy and Lucy will go to keep a home here.

As the village becomes more desirable to outsiders their tactics become more extreme, sending them on an obsessive and ironic journey to stay where they are. Debt, friendships, and family can all be sacrificed on the altar of property and place until they realise that security is something you have within yourself.

Over 6 x 1 hr episodes meet and learn to love and loathe this community. A mixture of locals born and bred, long standing incomers, newbies and the dreaded DFL. (Down from London.) What they have in common, and for very differing reasons, is they all rent out a property or part of a property to make a living. We would be introduced to them by their BnB listing, for instance:

Matt and Dawn : Organic small holding : 2 yurts, composting loo, fire pit, wild swimming.

Fred and Fred : Retired HGV drivers : chalet in garden , BBQ, no dogs.

Jean and kids : Care worker : Room in house with en-suite, breakfast, sorry about the mess.

The Ashurst's; Second home: only friends allowed but rarely come.

With each episode of CHANGEOVERS there is the surprise element of the guests that staying, enable the series to introduce a varied diverse array of characters to trigger our core group.

Tone: Call My Agent meets Doc Martin via Schitts Creek.

Quirky, big hearted, shocking and bucolic.



Statement:

Caroline Wookey. Bridport Dorset.

Design is a narrative tool.

In my 30-year career as a Production Designer for film and television (using my maiden name Greville-Morris) I have exercised this motto on every job, discovering and creating clever visual ways to enhance the script. Using colour to exaggerate mood or tension; constructing the deep back stories of a location by layering wallpaper and props; giving characters visual clues to their personalities, and giving underwritten characters memorable moments with an eccentric collection or disturbing handbag!

I am therefore very used to working collaboratively, not only with the visual departments such as camera and costume, but with the writer and director to find ways to visually interpret their concepts and create visual shorthand to accentuate a sense of time, place or character. I have always found it is the most rewarding and stimulating aspect of the production designer's job. I am not precious about my ideas and relish the input of my co-workers.

I started to write scripts encouraged by a producer who watched me working with a director in the ways I mention and spent several years learning the craft writing a feature film script about a boy and the ghost of a smuggler. I recently reconfigured it into a TV series for the Rocliffe new writers' competition run through BAFTA.

I have written two plays that I produced and directed and am collaborating on a rom com feature film script that has been well received by the producers who have seen it so far.

The last two years have found me working in the Art Dept on two high end TV drama series, The Great, and A Town Called Malice, specifically to get closer to the writers and show runners and learn more about the nuts and bolts of making and creating such episodic content. The experience has been invaluable giving me hands on understanding about the production structure, budgeting and script form. It also served to make me hungrier than ever to become part of a team that develops such shows and take them from page to screen.