# 14 (Fortean)

Ву

Samuel Clark

Pilot Episode

THE BEAST OF BODMIN MOOR

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Fortean - Definition: pertaining to extraordinary and strange phenomenon and happenings.

NOTE - There will be an "interactive moment" placed within each episode whereby Angie will take a picture of the "monster of the week" and post the picture on her twitter/facebook feed. Audience members will have a window to download the picture before it is deleted by MI6/Project 14 operatives. A race against time, so to speak. It will be indicated by "TWITTER/FACEBOOK UPLOAD" and "TWITTER/FACEBOOK TAKEDOWN" in the script.

#### **TEASER**

CLOSE ON- A SCROLL

Under candlelight, a quill writes...

"At a time of great turmoil, seas will rage, the earth will shake and humanity will live in fear. Born out of darkness, 14 events will occur. A new form of life will dawn. Hope, will breathe anew."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

Bathed in moonlight, a rustic and long abandoned stone farmhouse nestled halfway up a hill. Rain pours and a harsh wind blows across the wild and vast expanse of grassy marshland.

SUPER - BODMIN MOOR. CORNWALL. UNITED KINGDOM. NOVEMBER 1ST, 2011

UNKNOWN POV- From a LOW ANGLE we see-

CATTLE huddled against a stonewall boundary, sheltering as best they can from the harsh conditions.

We approach the COWS very slowly, step by step. A LOW GUTTURAL GROWL. One of the cattle glances up, stares right at us. It HUMS in fear.

That LOW GUTTURAL GROWL turns into a ROAR as we rush forward.

The CATTLE run every which way. We pick out one cow, its run slow and lumbering. The UNKNOWN POV catches up with it, quickly. Leaps.

A HUGE CLAW slashes at its hide. The COW SCREAMS. Blood sprays. And we...

BLACK OUT:

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - MORNING

The wind has softened to a light breeze and the rain has stopped.

An S.U.V. rumbles along and slows to a stop.

A FARMER, 50s gets out of the vehicle. He freezes on the spot, staring in shock at...

The CATTLE lying dead on the field, mutilated, covered in their own blood.

UNKNOWN POV- From a considerable distance we see the farmer hurry into the field toward one of the dead cows.

That LOW GUTTURAL GROWL softens to a satisfied PURR.

END TEASER:

# TITLE SEQUENCE

"Unmarked Helicopters by Soul Coughing" plays over... A CLICK and a WHIR as each photo is taken. Colour stills of each cow flash up on screen. They fade to grainy black and white newspaper photographs.

14 (Fortean)

Event 1
The Beast Of Bodmin Moor

END TITLE SEQUENCE

#### ACT ONE

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Bright, dazzling lights, the London Eye, Big Ben, etc...

We focus on- the green glass building of MI6.

SUPER - MI6 HEADQUARTERS. LONDON. 11TH NOVEMBER, 2011.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

SAMUEL SAMUEL, in his early 30s sits behind his desk. Boxes and boxes of files piled up all around him in a disorganized fashion.

Samuel reads through a letter, finishes. He stands, moves over to a photocopy machine at the back wall. Where he places the letter under the scanner and pushes "copy". The copy slides out into the tray.

Samuel sighs, glances up to the clock, mounted on the wall... The hands read 5 p.m.

He grabs the copy and places it in his open briefcase on the desk, on top of a lot of other photocopies. He closes the briefcase. Grabs the original letter, folds it up and files it in the nearest cardboard box. All done he grabs his briefcase and leaves the office.

EXT. MI6 BUILDING - NIGHT

Samuel crosses the street and enters...

INT. THE ROSE PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Samuel sits at a back table, a nearly empty pint on the table in front of him. He reads one of the photocopied documents.

At the bar, sitting on a stool, ANGIE FOX, late 20s, large framed glasses perched on her nose. Cute, she has the look of an awkward geeky science chick, but remains cool" with it. She sips a glass of wine and takes occasional glances at...

Samuel, engrossed in the document he's reading. He reaches for his pint and catches Angie looking at him. She averts her gaze.

Samuel pays her little mind and continues reading.

Angie taps the bartop with her fingers as if playing the piano, her knee trembles. She gulps back the rest of her wine. Takes a moment, breathes and gets up off the stool.

Hi.

Samuel looks up, curious.

SAMUEL

Hello.

ANGIE

Would you, um, would you mind at all if, if I joined you?

She pushes her large framed glasses against the bridge of her nose with a nervous smile.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

My name is Angie Fox.

Samuel peers at her as she pulls out the chair opposite and sits down.

SAMUEL

Do I know you? Your name sounds familiar.

ANGIE

I wrote to you, that is, I have been writing to you.

Samuel thinks on this.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

About Bodmin Moor. And other things. For a year now.

Samuel looks at her, still thinking.

SAMUEL

I get a lot of letters, I'm sorry.

ANGIE

Oh.

An awkward silence.

SAMUEL

Don't you have better things to do on a Friday night?

ANGIE

Nope.

(smiles)

Let me buy you a drink. Same again?

Samuel peers at her again, suspicious. Angie jumps out of her seat and makes her way to the bar.

Samuel watches as she orders a glass of wine and a pint. As she waits, she picks up a small rucksack and straps it across one shoulder. The barman places the two drinks in front of her. She carries them across.

Places the drinks on the table. Samuel is utterly confused. He watches her as she pulls out a dog eared file folder from her rucksack. Inside, newspaper clippings and print outs. She presents them to Samuel.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I've been tracking the story ever since it happened.

Samuel looks through the clippings.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It's worth investigating isn't it?

SAMUEL

Investigate? Investigate what?

Angie looks at him, as if he should know. A silent beat.

ANGIE

The beast of Bodmin. It's back.

Samuel peers at her, "Oh, she's one of them".

Angie pauses, disappointed, she perks up again.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Look at the photos, look at the reports.

She slides them across the table. Samuel picks up one of the photographs.

INSERT- A grainy newspaper photograph of the mutilated cattle we saw in the opening scene.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And there's something else.

She hands him an old article clipping from "The Bodmin Examiner".

ANGIE (CONT'D)

A young boy walking along the river Fowey. He found something.

EXT. RIVER FOWEY - DAY (FLASHBACK - 1995)

The YOUNG BOY, 14, He cycles along the dirt track alongside the river. His feet pushing on the pedals as fast as he can.

POP. His tire explodes, punctured. The Boy tries to control the bike but fails. He falls to the floor in a heap.

The boy picks himself up, dusts himself off. As he moves toward his bike to examine the damage his eyes lock on something nestled in some long grass.

A SKULL. He walks over to it. Peers down at it. The skull is like that of cat, but much larger, much larger.

BACK TO:

INT. ROSE PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Samuel reads the article.

SAMUEL

That was over 15 years ago and they concluded it was a young leopard. It didn't die on British shores.

ANGIE

I have a theory.

She presents him with another printout. He takes it but doesn't read it.

SAMUEL

Angie, is it?

She nods.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm not sure who you think I am or what you think I can do. You should go home, go out, spend time with your friends, watch movies.

ANGIE

But the evidence, it's all there.

SAMUEL

This isn't evidence. This is the over active imagination of a girl that needs to get out more. I'm sorry I can't help you.

He gets up, picks up his briefcase, places the letter in the inside pocket of his suit jacket. Angie recoils in disappointment at his abruptness. Samuel is about to walk away.

ANGIE

I'm going down to Cornwall.

SAMUEL

Have a nice time.

Samuel leaves the pub. Angie sips her wine, furrows her brow, a little hurt. She shrugs it off and gathers her "evidence" together.

INT. SAMUEL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Samuel enters, dumps his briefcase on the floor. The size of the apartment is difficult to ascertain. It's littered with stacks and stacks of cardboard boxes.

On one wall, a huge map of the UK. Push-pins dot the entire map, the vast majority are blue, only a few red ones. He takes a fresh pushpin (blue) from a box close by and pushes it into the north eastern section of Cornwall.

He plucks the letter from his suit pocket, turns to the piles of boxes. He finds a specific box, opens the lid, flicks through the files contained within it. He pulls out a file marked with the number- F14-000234. "The Beast of Bodmin Moor" scrawled underneath in marker pen. He places the document inside. All done, he replaces the file.

He pauses for a moment. Thinks, realises something. He hunts through the boxes and finds one marked,

"PROFILES".

He pulls it out, sets it down on a nearby table. He fingers through the files within. Stops on one earmarked. "Angela Fox". He plucks it out and walks through the reception room into a kitchen.

After a beat he exits with a bottle of beer, he continues into...

THE LIVING ROOM

More files cluttered on a desk around a laptop and an old newspaper, the headline reads...

"MI6 agent loses secret papers and laptop on a train."

Samuel stares hard at the newspaper article. He picks it up stuffs it in a rubbish bin and flops down on the couch.

He opens the file. A picture of Angie. Underneath.

"Potential candidate for "14", approach on completion of doctorate -- Specialising in Cryptozoology."

Samuel glances up, in thought.

He cracks the bottle of beer open with his teeth and takes a long swig and loosens his tie at the collar. Next, he grabs the remote, flicks through the channels with considerable disinterest. Turns the TV off. He picks up another remote and presses a button. "One by Three Dog Night or Filter" plays. Samuel lays out on the couch and closes his eyes.

His phone RINGS. Samuel ignores it. The answer machine clicks on.

SAMUEL (ON ANSWER MACHINE)
You've reached Samuel Samuel Samuel.
Before you say anything, my parents
weren't very imaginative. Now that's out
of the way, please leave a message.

BEEEEEP.

ANGIE

Hi, Samuel, Samuel, it's me. Angie Fox. If you've changed your mind I'm taking an early train tomorrow morning. You can reach me on 0-7-7-9-5-3-6-3-4-5-5, any time. Oh the train leaves Paddington at around 6... I think. I'll check.

(long beat)
Yeap, 6.23 a.m. Hope to see you. B-bye.

The machine clicks off. Samuel looks to Angie's file again, sips his beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

Angie- rucksack on her back, stands before the bank of screens displaying arrivals and departures. She checks her wrist watch.

Looks around searching for Samuel. He's nowhere to be found..

LATER

She sits atop a railing underneath the bank of departure and arrival screens. Once again she looks around at...

The throngs of people, coming and going. Still no sign of Samuel.

She fishes her iphone from her pocket. She dials. It rings. She waits.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

How did you get my home number?

Angie looks up, smiles faintly on seeing Samuel.

ANGTE

The internet is a wonderful tool, if you know how to use it.

Samuel furrows his brow. Angie looks him up and down as she replaces the iphone in her pocket.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna need some more practical clothing.

Samuel looks down at his ill-fitting department store suit.

SAMUEL

I'm not much of an outdoorsy person.

ANGIE

Don't worry, I'm sure there'll be an "outdoorsy" store once we get there.

Angie hops off the railing.

TRAIN STATION ANNOUNCER

Platform 5 for the 6:23 to Penzance, calling at Reading...

ANGIE

They're playing our song.

She walks off toward PLATFORM 5. Samuel hesitates, unsure, follows her.

EXT. TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - DAY

The train shoots through the rolling tors, hills, farmland and moors.

INT. TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Samuel sits opposite Angie in a four seat booth. He looks out of the window at the scenery whizzing by. Angie fishes out her file folder and a scruffy dog eared notebook, it screams... "NERD". Samuel watches curiously as she writes. She finishes, looks up. They catch each others gaze.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry if I was rude before, in the pub. I'm a little... not used to...

ANGIE

It's okay, no problem, comes with the territory.

(smiles)

What changed your mind?

SAMUEL

I... well, I don't get out of London much and I couldn't let you go out on those moors alone.

ANGIE

That's very thoughtful.

Samuel shrugs.

SAMUEL

And it's better than staring at the TV with a beer.

Angie pulls an iphone from her rucksack, checks it over.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

So what do you do when you're not out on the weekends "ghost-hunting"?

ANGIE

I'm studying a Ph.D. in cryptozoology. It's the study and search for species thought to be extinct or part of mythology and legend. It's on the fringes of science. I mostly just catalogue and file new variations on insects or birds.

SAMUEL

So this beast of Bodmin thing...

ANGIE

Yeap. I'm sure it's not a <u>new</u> species, but imagine if it is?

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'd call it the "Angie-Cat".

She grins. Samuel smiles too.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Working at MI6 must be exciting?

SAMUEL

Not really. I deal with the letters and emails sent by every crackpot in the country who thinks they've seen a paranormal event or entity.

ANGIE

You mean crackpots like me?

SAMUEL

Well... um... Yes, I suppose so. Sorry.

ANGIE

I'm not actually a crackpot, I do look for the science involved. The empirical evidence. I take it, you're not a true believer.

SAMUEL

I was once. I'd like to be, but truth be told there's no magic or mystery in the world. It's just cold, hard explainable reality. All the evidence to the contrary is...

ANGIE

Evidence, what evidence have you come across?

SAMUEL

None.

ANGIE

She must've really hurt you.

Samuel, caught off guard.

SAMUEL

What?

ANGIE

That kind of deep cynicism only ever comes from loss. Who was she?

Samuel fidgets in his seat.

SAMUEL

I... I...

ANGIE

Sorry, none of my business. I'm a little too forward for my own good sometimes.

She gets up.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Coffee?

Samuel nods. Angie walks down the centre aisle toward the food and drinks carriage. Samuel gazes at her as she does.

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY

The UNKNOWN POV watches- Two MEN unhood their HAZMAT suits and climb into a large white van. It starts up with a rumble. Makes its way along the narrow country road.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - DAY

The large white van passes-- Angie, all geared up in hiking boots and a brightly coloured windbreaker. She studies a map as she walks.

Samuel trails behind walking awkwardly in his new gear. He winces as he takes each step. He steps aside letting the van pass.

ANGIE

Are you all right?

SAMUEL

We're not gonna find anything out here.
And couldn't we have hired a car?

(to himself)

I should've stayed in London.

Angie stops walking, checks her compass. Samuel catches up, he's out of breath.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

My feet hurt. Are we there yet?

ANGIE

Yeap.

She points to...

The field of grassy marshland, the mutilated cows long gone, and that stone farmhouse half way down the hill. A large red sign stands outside the gate.

"NOTICE - FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE - CONTROL MEASURE PROTECTION ZONE - KEEP OUT!!!"

Angie ignores it and walks through.

Samuel peers at the sign looks up at-

Angie, walking into the field.

SAMUEL

(to himself)

Where angels fear to tread.

He walks through the gate.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Didn't you see that sign?

ANGIE

Pardon?

SAMUEL

The sign.

(points)

It says keep out.

ANGIE

Did you see any other signs on the way up here?

(beat)

No. It's a lie.

Angie plucks out her iphone from her pocket. She takes photos. Of the ground.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

We're through the looking glass, there's no book to play by. Not if we're going to find something.

Angie continues taking pictures. Samuel watches her, bemused and frustrated. He looks around at the surrounding moor that's covered in a thin mist. His look locks on the small farmhouse. He stares at it for a beat, walks toward it.

Angie glances up, looking around for Samuel. She spins around. Sees him approaching the farmhouse.

Angie hurries down the hill and joins him.

Samuel peers at the dark entrance, wigged out, afraid to step any further. He looks down at the ground, notices a thin line of scattered salt grains at his feet.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You think it lives in there?

SAMUEL

I have no idea.

ANGIE

Only one way to find out.

She steps forward. Samuel grabs her by the upper arm.

SAMUEL

Wait!

ANGIE

What?

Samuel puts his finger to his lip.

SAMUEL

Listen.

She does. A soft wind. Then SCURRYING and SHUFFLING, coming from inside the farmhouse, a soft GRUNTING and PURRING.

Angie's eyes widen with excitement. She's about to say something.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Shhh.

They listen some more, for a long, long beat. Silence.

FARMER (O.S.)

OI!

Samuel and Angie jump out of their skins. Both turn their looks to see...

The Farmer, making his way down the hill, a shotgun in hand a sack in the other. His SUV parked up on the narrow road behind him.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Get away from there.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry sir, we-

FARMER

I don't want your apologies, I want you off my land. I've had enough of this.

ANGIE

Enough of what?

The Farmer peers at her.

FARMER

Outsiders interfering in my business, asking questions.

ANGIE

And who exactly has been asking questions?

FARMER

I've already lost my livestock, I've been grilled by the police and those other guys and I certainly won't be grilled by you. Now hop it!

He grips his shotgun. Samuel eyes it. Angie goes to ask another question but Samuel steps forward before she can.

SAMUEL

We are genuinely sorry, sir. We were just hiking and lost our way.

Samuel grabs Angie by the arm and ushers her up the incline toward the narrow road.

The Farmer eyes them as they do. He turns to the farmhouse. He fishes something from the sack, RAW MEAT, its covered in salt. He checks back up the hill.

Samuel dragging Angie by the arm, they leave through the gate and walk past the SUV.

Excited GROWLING and shuffling comes from the farmhouse as the Farmer enters.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Angie frees herself from Samuel's grip.

ANGIE

I'm going back down there.

SAMUEL

No, you're not, we're taking the first train back to London tomorrow morning.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

We're way past the point of common sense here.

ANGIE

I don't care. That Farmer knows something.

SAMUEL

Yeah, that pissed off farmer, with a shotgun.

ANGIE

You heard that growling as well as I did.

SAMUEL

For all we know it could've been rats, or mice or rabbits.

Angie glares at him. Rabbits?

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You really want to prod at an angry Farmer? You're liable to get shot in the face. Not only that, you saw what that "something" did to those cows and you wanna go poking around in its lair?

Samuel glares at her. She relinquishes.

ANGIE

Okay, okay. But I'm not going back to London until at least Monday morning. If you want to leave before then...

Samuel walks away.

Angie hangs back, looks back down the hill, she fishes her iphone out of her pocket. A CLICK and a WHIR.

INSERT: A picture of the farmhouse and the FARMER leaving through the open doorway.

Angie hangs there for a beat, considering, thinking. She turns and follows Samuel along the road.

The farmer circles the farmhouse pouring salt out of a bag. Creating some sort of boundary.

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

EXT. BLISLAND VILLAGE - BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

Establish the small picturesque village. And a pub, the Blisland Inn.

SUPER - BLISLAND VILLAGE, CORNWALL.

INT. BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

The pub is reasonably busy, LOCALS sit around tables, eating talking, drinking.

Samuel sits opposite Angie at a table. Angie stares at him, considerably miffed. An awkward silence hangs between them. Samuel sips at a pint.

WILLIAM BURNS, 31 the pub's owner, carries plates of food across the pub floor.

ANGIE

If I didn't know better I'd think you were part of the cover up.

SAMUEL

How can you be sure I'm not?

Angie pauses. She nervously pushes her large framed glasses against her nose.

ANGIE

I, well, I... because...

William arrives at the table. He lays the two plates before them.

WILLIAM

Nice day out on the moor?

Angie and Samuel look at each other.

SAMUEL/ANGIE

Yes, thank you.

They look at each other again.

WILLIAM

Well if there's anything my wife and I can do to make your stay here more informed.

(addresses Angie)
Don't hesitate to ask. Enjoy.

He walks away. Angie watches him as he does, intrigued.

ANGIE

What do you suppose he meant by that?

Samuel shovels chips into his mouth.

SAMUEL

Meant by what?

ANGIE

He used the word "informed". Seems unusual, no?

SAMUEL

Probably just the vernacular around here.

Angie glances across the bar at William, he looks back, they lock eyes again.

Samuel, shovels more chips into his mouth. Angie turns back to Samuel, pensive.

ANGIE

Are you really leaving in the morning?

Samuel pauses in the middle of chewing, a chip hanging out of the corner of his mouth. He doesn't answer.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

By the way, you eat like a pig.

EXT. BLISLAND - NIGHT

The village bathed in moonlight. Autumn leaves blow in a moderate breeze across the pub car park.

INT. ROOM - BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

Angie in the bed looks up at the ceiling in thought. Faint FOOTSTEPS outside the door. Angie glances toward it.

She gets out of bed, goes to the door. Peers out.

INT. CORRIDOR - BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

Angie watches William Burns walk along the corridor approaching his room. He senses something, glances back, sees Angie.

WILLIAM

Is everything okay?

Yes, it's fine. Actually no. What did you mean earlier, about being informed?

William pauses outside his bedroom door. Pensive, pondering.

WILLIAM

Meet me downstairs in 5 minutes.

Angie raises her eyebrows, intrigued.

INT. BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

The pub is empty. Angie sits at a table waiting. William pours himself a glass of whiskey and Angie a glass of wine. He comes out from behind the bar and takes the seat opposite Angie.

WILLIAM

You're here about the phantom cat. On the moor?

Angie remains coy silent. She nods.

ANGIE

How could you tell?

WILLIAM

Not hard, geeky awkward science chick. Guy in a bad suit. Sorry for not including your friend in this. I get iffy around those guys.

ANGIE

Who are you?

William pauses.

WILLIAM

I found that skull 15 years ago, on the river fowey.

Angie's jaw almost drops to the floor.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

And before you say anything, it wasn't a leopard. That thing was weird. Okay, so I was 14 and didn't know a leopard skull from a banana. But, I'm telling you it had a seriously strange vibe about it. Like it wasn't, wasn't of this earth.

But the people at the natural history museum, the zoologists, they concluded it was leopard skull.

He glances around the pub, swigs back his glass of whiskey.

WILLIAM

And you believe that?

ANGIE

Why shouldn't I?

WILLIAM

Maybe they switched it en route, who knows. I don't know. Do you know? Do you believe?

ANGIE

Believe what?

WILLIAM

You saw the photos I took? The mutilated cattle?

Angie realizes... nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You think a leopard could do that?

ANGIE

Well, yes.

WILLIAM

And what if I told you, three men came here the night after those photos were published, ransacked my house and "confiscated" my camera, my laptop and my PC. The next day they went down to the offices of the Bodmin Examiner and stole... I mean confiscated the same things. What if I told you that?

ANGIE

Well I would say, someone is trying to hide something.

WILLIAM

Someone? Who? And why?

The Farmer? Who owns the land? He was extremely aggressive when he found us outside that farmhouse.

(beat)

Perhaps we could go up there. Tonight?

WILLIAM

I can't get involved, I'm sorry. My wife, Catherine, she's pregnant. And I've had about enough of guys in suits and national security and psychologists deeming me crazy or disturbed. All I'm saying is... This isn't just about a farmer having his cows mauled to death.

He gets up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Promise me you won't tell your suit friend. At least don't tell him it was me who told you this.

Angie nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You can finish the bottle. If you'd like.

He leaves. Angie sips her wine, gazes out of the window at the dark moorland.

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

The moor bathed in moonlight. A bitter wind blows. The dilapidated stone farmhouse sits on the hill.

INT. DILAPIDATED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Pitch dark. RUSTLING. Excited scuffling. We catch glimpses of something on all fours as it scurries over the dirty hay lining the floor. That LOW GUTTURAL GROWL.

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DILAPIDATED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV- It watches the farmhouse. Steps forward across the ground. On reaching the entrance it stops... Looks down at... The boundary of salt grains. It hangs there for a beat. Then turns and WHOOSH. The Unknown POV zooms up the hill, jumps over the gate.

INT. BEDROOM - BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

Angie quietly scurries around the room, gathers things together in her rucksack. iphone, note book, torch. She throws on her jacket and heads for the door.

Angie steps out of the room as quietly as possible.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV- We bound along the road, the hedgerows and darkened scenery around whizzes by. We slow to a stop. Scan the area. A PURR as we lock our gaze on...

A FARMHOUSE, a few lights on.

UNKNOWN POV bounds across the fields, charging toward the farmhouse.

EXT. ANOTHER NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Angie, torch in hand hikes up the road, banked by darkened farm fields on either side. An eerie soft wind blows...

WHOOSH! SOMETHING leaps across her path, clears the road, over both stonewalls and THWUMP lands in the field.

Angie fumbles in her pocket for her iphone. She lines up the shot of...

The shadowy form of a giant big cat pounding across the dark moors.

INSERT- A click and a whir as she takes a picture. But it's blurry and no distinct shape can be made out.

She glances down to the screen. Looks at it.

ANGIE

Crap. This is not happening.

She glances up. Darts left, clambers over the stone wall and into the field.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The farmer enters, dressed in a night gown. He yawns as he saunters over to the kettle on the kitchen unit. He flicks it on, tosses a tea bag in a mug.

EXT. MOOR TO FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The PHANTOM BIG CAT pounds out a path toward the farmhouse, tearing along at a super fast speed, so much so its paws barely touch the ground.

A LONG WAY BEHIND

Angie chases, but her puny human legs can't keep up.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The farmer opens the fridge door, plucks out a carton of milk. The kettle boils.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The phantom cat, still running at a blistering speed.

A boundary of salt on the ground, forming a large circle around the farmhouse.

The phantom cat runs across the boundary and DISAPPEARS into nothing as it does.

Angie running, catches up, she slows to a walk. Listens. Nothing. She looks around confused.

ANGIE

No. Damn it, this is not happening. This is not happening.

After her fit of frustration she looks down and sees...

The salt circle. She crouches down, takes some on her fingertips. Tastes it. She looks up at...

The Farmhouse, the kitchen light spilling out onto the grounds around it.

She takes a step forward. Her FOOT disturbs the salt, breaking the circle a little. As she does A LOW GROWL.

Angie looks all around, nothing.

Her feet further disturbing and breaking the salt.

FARMER (O.S.)

OI! Get away from there! NOW.

The Farmer in the doorway. He hurries toward her.

Angie steps backward. The break in the salt circle now completely disrupted.

The GROWL grows louder and WHOOSH out of nowhere. The Phantom Cat appears. It charges toward the...

FARMER... He screams out. Tries to defend himself against the sweeping claw attacks and bites. It's hopeless. Blood sprays. The Farmer slumps to the floor, dead.

Angie looks on, amazed, stunned.

The phantom cat turns and stares hard at...

Angie- she quivers with fear. She scrambles for her iphone, pulls it out of her pocket and manages to take a photograph.

The phantom cat GROWLS and WHOOSH! Charges toward her... and we...  $\,$ 

BLACK OUT:

INT. BEDROOM - BLISLAND INN - NIGHT

Samuel wakes up. He sits up, blinks himself awake. The digital clock on the nigh stand by his bed reads 3:14am.

He gets up out of bed. And leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - BLISLAND INN - CONTINUOUS

Samuel trudges along the corridor headed for the bathroom. He passes the room next door to him. Stops, notices the door slightly ajar.

He turns, pushes the door open further and sees...

Angie'S ROOM

The bed is empty. He also notices -- Angie's rucksack and iphone are gone too.

Samuel grabs his phone, dials, it rings.

VOICE (ON PHONE)

We are sorry the subscriber you are trying to reach is unavailable. Please try again later.

He turns back along the corridor. Knocks on the door to the Burn's bedroom, harder and harder.

The door cracks open. William blinks, peers out.

SAMUEL

Angie. The girl I was with. She's gone.

WILLIAM

Gone, what do you mean gone? And do you know what time it is?

SAMUEL

Do you have a car?

William yawns a little, blinks.

WILLIAM

Yes, why?

SAMUEL

I need to borrow it.

WILLIAM

What for?

SAMUEL

I think she's gone out onto the moor. To find...

He trails off.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Her life could be in danger. Please.

William regards him, in thought.

WILLIAM

Meet me outside.

EXT. BISLAND INN - NIGHT

A LAND ROVER, William drives, Samuel in the passenger seat. The lights blink on and the engine roars to life. The car rolls out onto the road.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

The Land Rover rumbles along, headlights cutting through the darkness.

INT. LAND ROVER (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

William drives, while Samuel looks all around.

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DILAPIDATED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Land Rover pulls up. Samuel hops out looks into the darkness before heading off into the field.

SAMUEL

Angie? Angie are you out there?

There's no answer. William gets out too, scans the area with a torch.

Samuel hurries across the field down the incline to the dilapidated farmhouse. William follows, he's a little spooked out.

Samuel reaches the farmhouse, looks down at the salt circle boundary around it. William joins him.

WILLIAM

What's that?

Samuel crouches down, takes some on his fingertips, tastes it.

SAMUEL

Salt.

William flashes the torch through the door. It highlights a layer of hay and some abandoned fatty meat edges.

WILLIAM

It's in there, isn't it?

SAMUEL

What?

WILLIAM

You know.

SAMUEL

No. I don't.

WILLIAM

What is it with you men in suits and denial?

Red and blue lights bounce off the scenery on the road below. Distant sirens. Samuel looks toward them.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Looks like they're heading for old farmer Joe's place.

SAMUEL

The farmer that owns this land and those cows?

William nods. Samuel runs back up the hill toward the car.

WILLIAM

Hey.

William peers back inside the farmhouse... A SHUFFLE and a GRUNT.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

There's something in here.

Samuel ignores him, climbs in the Land Rover. William takes another look inside.

UNKNOWN POV - Watches William run back up the hill from a distance. A PURR. It looks to the dilapidated farmhouse. A GROWL.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angie, visibly shaken, she pushes her large framed glasses against the bridge of her nose, her hand trembling.

She toys with her iphone, selects the "gallery" and posts the picture on facebook and twitter. (TWITTER/FACEBOOK UPLOAD).

Her look flashes sideways toward... HEADLIGHTS, she squints as the bright light fills the room. Tires rumble on the gravel.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Two POLICEMEN get out of the car.

Angie appears at the doorway of the farmhouse. The Policemen approach.

ANGIE

He's over there, I didn't touch anything.

She points toward the Farmer's body, a bloody mess. The Policemen peer down at it, shocked.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I saw the whole thing. It's still out there.

They glare at her.

POLICEMAN #1

It?

ANGIE

Yes, the phantom cat, the beast of Bodmin.

POLICEMAN #1

What's your name?

ANGIE

Angie Fox.

POLICEMAN #1

And what exactly is it you think you saw?

Angie hurries over to the salt boundary. The Policemen follow, torches in hand.

I was sanding right here. See where the salt line is broken. It came out of nowhere. Charged at the farmer and... and...

(beat)

I think this salt is some kind of spell.

They regard her, dubious.

POLICEMAN #1

Spell?

ANGIE

Necromancy, the summoning of the dead. This could be a magic circle. It's usually drawn in blood, it attracts the spirits of the undead, the circle focuses the necromancer's power while protecting him from the spirits that he's conjuring. We found the same thing in the other field. But because this is drawn in salt, I think it's just a protection spell.

The policemen regard her again. Even more dubious.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'll show you.

Angie darts back to the farmhouse. Leaving the two policemen. They look at each other, both have the same thought. She's nuts.

Angie races back out of the farmhouse, carrying her iphone. She hands it to Policeman #1.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

We should go to the other field. I think...

Policeman #1 grabs her, clasps handcuffs around her wrists.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing?

POLICEMAN #1

You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention, when questioned, something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

He ushers her toward the car. Policeman #1 glances over his shoulder addresses Policeman #2.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

I'll call it in. Wait here.

Policeman #2 nods.

Policeman #1 opens the rear door of the car.

ANGIE

You can't do this. I didn't kill him. It was the cat.

He pushes her head down forcing her into the rear seat.

The car starts with a roar. Reverses.

A distant HOWLING. Policeman #2 glances around, spooked.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

William's Land Rover hurtles down the incline, headlights cutting through darkness.

INT. LAND ROVER (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

William drives. Samuel in the passenger seat.

WILLIAM

There was definitely something in that hut, that's why you're here isn't it? It's about that skull I found 15 years ago. Isn't it?

Samuel glances across, surprised at this revelation.

SAMUEL

That was you?

William nods. Sees something up ahead. Samuel sees it too.

The POLICE CAR pulls out of the driveway.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Slow down.

Samuel stares ahead, sees...

Angie in the rear seat of the police car.

WILLIAM

Isn't that your friend?

Samuel nods.

SAMUEL

Follow them. But keep your distance.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - NIGHT

The Land Rover trundles along following the police car as it makes its way over the rolling hills.

EXT. BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Land Rover pulls up on the road outside.

Samuel hops out.

The Land Rover starts up and pulls away passing...

A conspicuous white car parked outside. Inside the car a woman with long auburn hair, she will only be known as THE SHADOW WOMAN, 40s. She eyes Samuel as he enters the police station.

INT. RECEPTION - BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Another Policeman sits behind the reception desk, feet up, gently dozing. Samuel enters, the policeman soon wakes. He blinks.

SAMUEL

I need to speak with the officer in charge. It concerns a young girl. She was just brought in.

The Policeman peers at him.

POLICEMAN #3

And who might you be, exactly?

Samuel plucks out his MI6 id card, presents it to the officer.

SAMUEL

It's a matter of national security.

POLICEMAN #3

Oh another one of you people. It's about those cattle mutilations, right?

SAMUEL

Please, it's a matter of great urgency.

A door opens along the hallway out steps Policeman #1, he glances left, catches Samuel's look.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

The girl you just arrested, Angie Fox?

Policeman #1 approaches. Samuel presents his MI6 ID again.

POLICEMAN #1

Let me guess, it's a matter of national security.

SAMUEL

Have you formally charged her?

POLICEMAN #1

Not yet.

SAMUEL

I'd like to speak to her.

POLICEMAN #1

Go right ahead but you won't get much sense out of her. She's a conspiracy nut.

Samuel goes in.

INT. OFFICE - BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Angie sits at the police officers desk, hands cuffed, a worried expression written across her face. It drops when Samuel enters. He takes the seat opposite.

SAMUEL

At first I thought you were just naive, looking for a bit of adventure.

ANGIE

And what do you think now?

SAMUEL

You're stupid, irresponsible and reckless.

ANGIE

I'm just looking for the truth.

SAMUEL

Do you realise the magnitude of this? How much trouble you're in?

They haven't charged me with anything yet. And there's no evidence. I'll be okay. They can only hold me here for 24 hours without charge.

Samuel stares at her, exasperated.

SAMUEL

It's a murder charge!

ANGIE

I saw it.

Samuel glares at her.

SAMUEL

Saw what?

ANGIE

I have pictures in my rucksack. They can't deny it for much longer.

EXT. BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The conspicuous white car, parked outside The Shadow Woman, listens on a spying device.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Enough! As soon as they release you I'm taking you back to London.

ANGIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

What are you so afraid of?

INT. OFFICE - BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Samuel, confused by the question, he regroups.

SAMUEL

I'm afraid of you going to prison. Losing any chance of a normal, happy life. I'm afraid that this will consume you and become an obsession. And for what? Proof of a myth that will appear in some tabloid.

ANGIE

You know it's out there.

SAMUEL

No. I don't.

ANGIE

You've seen the same things I have. Why are you so intent on denying them?

A long awkward pause, Samuel doesn't have an answer.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

They said it was a weather balloon.

Samuel glares at her, utterly confused.

SAMUEL

What are you going on about now?

ANGIE

Roswell, New Mexico, 1947. They said it was a weather balloon.

(beat)

Plausible denial. You can hide your head in the sand all you want, hide behind sense and reason, but the truth will come out whether you like it or not and you'll have no choice but to deal with it. Why put off the inevitable? You said you wanted to be a true believer, yet the evidence is staring you right in the face and you choose to turn away.

Samuel drops his stern glare and thinks on this for a moment. His stern glare returns.

SAMUEL

There is no evidence!

He gets up out of his seat.

ANGIE

Great people didn't pave the way by being sensible and responsible.

Samuel just glares at her, confounded. He exits. Slams the door behind him.

Angie turns to face the empty seat left by Samuel. She pushes her large framed glasses against the bridge of her nose.

INT. CORRIDOR - BODMIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Samuel closes the door behind him and bounds down the corridor running into...

POLICE OFFICER

Did you get anything out of her?

SAMUEL

I need her rucksack, her bag.

POLICE OFFICER

What for?

SAMUEL

Evidence.

POLICE OFFICER

Evidence of what?

SAMUEL

Her innocence.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Samuel waits behind a desk. The police officer fetches Angie's rucksack from the shelves. He plonks in down in front of Samuel.

Samuel fishes around and pulls out, her iphone. He scrolls through...

THE VIEW SCREEN - A number of photographs. The farmhouse in the background, the farmers body laid out below... The shape of a giant Panther or Puma. The photo is dark and shadowy, but the shape of it can be made out, as well as it's glowing yellow eyes. Staring at us.

Samuel glances up from the iphone, perplexed.

SAMUEL

You didn't see these and we were never here.

POLICEMAN #1

What?

SAMUEL

If you file this, make a report, make an arrest in connection with this. I promise you, the military, MI5, MI6 will rain down on this town. And they will threaten you. Foot and mouth disease, mad cow disease. You want to be responsible for the collapse of the towns economy?

Policeman #1 raises his eyebrows in shock.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

So... you didn't see these and we were never here. Okay?

Samuel glares at him, he's damn serious.

POLICEMAN #1

Okay. Okay.

SAMUEL

I'll need you to hand over custody of Angie to me. I'm taking her back to London.

POLICEMAN #1

But what about Joe, the farmer?

A brief pause, Samuel doesn't answer. Looks down at the iphones view-screen again.

SAMUEL

I assume you have access to the internet, email?

Policeman #1 nods.

EXT. BODMIN POLICE STATION - DAWN

Samuel and Angie exit the main entrance.

ANGIE

Thanks.

Samuel flinches, surprised at the gratitude.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So what now?

They walk across the car park and out.

SAMUEL

Now we leave and we forget the whole thing. Didn't you listen to anything I said to you back there?

ANGIE

We can't just leave. That farmer was killed for a reason, and so were his livestock.

Samuel goes to say something else, but notices.

The Shadow Woman in the car across the street. She locks eyes with Samuel. Starts the car and pulls away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Sam?

SAMUEL

What? Look, I put myself at considerable risk to get you out of there. If they find out I'm just a file clerk I could lose my job. We're getting a bus back to Blisland and then... we're going home.

Samuel bounds away along the footpath. Angie follows.

ANGIE

Sam?

SAMUEL

What now?

ANGIE

My bag.

Samuel hands it to her.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

POLICEMAN #2 unravels POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS tape, across the driveway entrance. All done, he glances up, sees...

Two cars and a white van, screaming along the narrow country road toward him.

They rumble closer, the lead car swings off the country road, snapping the POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS TAPE.

Policeman #2 jolts backward, avoiding the other car and the white van screeching to a stop. The Shadow Woman gets out of her car.

She approaches the startled Policeman #2. She flashes her ID badge at him.

SHADOW WOMAN

Sir, this is now a quarantined area.

Policeman #2 blinks.

POLICEMAN #2
Quarantine? Quarantined from what?

SHADOW WOMAN

Please, if you'd like to come with me, we'll have you examined.

He looks on, very confused as two men in HAZMAT suits exit the large white van. They approach the FARMER'S dead body.

Policeman #2 looks on...

...as they unzip a bodybag and bundle the farmer's body inside.

SHADOW WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sir, please.

POLICEMAN #2

But he was murdered.

SHADOW WOMAN

If we stay here much longer you could be at risk.

The Shadow Woman ushers him toward her car as...

The men in Hazmat suits carry the farmer's body toward the large white van.

The Shadow Woman's car starts up and pulls out of the driveway. Policeman #2 glares out of the window as the car passes...

The rear of the white van, the door lifts open and two men in HAZMAT suits slide the body into the rear. One of them lifts out a stand alone sign. He sets it down at the gate.

"NOTICE - FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE - CONTROL MEASURE PROTECTION ZONE - KEEP OUT!!!"

They jump back in the van. It starts up with a rumble.

The mini fleet of cars rolls away down the narrow country road.

EXT. BLISLAND INN - DAY

A bus, it starts up and trundles away. Revealing Samuel and Angie. They walk across the street toward the pub.

INT. BLISLAND INN - LATER

Angie sits at a back table with a coffee. She reads through the old newspaper clippings and printouts.

Samuel approaches and sits down opposite her.

SAMUEL

The train leaves in two hours.

Angie hunts around in her rucksack, plucks out her iphone. She scrolls through the pictures, furrows her brow in confusion. She looks up.

ANGIE

Where are they? They were here, I'm sure they were.

SAMUEL

Pardon?

ANGIE

The photos, the proof.

SAMUEL

We should get our things together.

Angie glares a him.

ANGIE

You deleted them.

Samuel says nothing.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you? What's your game?

SAMUEL

Game? I have no game?

ANGIE

Then why did you delete the photos?

SAMUEL

I didn't.

Angie glares at him again, huffs.

ANGIE

I knew I shouldn't have trusted a "suit".

She bundles the printouts and newspaper clippings back in the file folder.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I posted them on twitter anyway. So, they still exist.

SAMUEL

Twitter? What the hell is that?

Angie glares at him for a beat.

ANGIE

Have you been living on Mars for the past 5 years or something?

(beat)

Anyway, I'm <u>not</u> going back to London. Last time I checked it's a free country and I can do what I want.

SAMUEL

Not while you're in MI6 custody.

ANGIE

What?

SAMUEL

I lied to the police to get you out. If you go roaming about the moor again I could...

ANGIE

...Lose your job, I know, I know.

A pregnant beat.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

The only way you're getting me back to London is if you physically force me on that train.

(beat)

Or... You come with me back to that farmhouse and we get the evidence to clear my name and prove that is was the phantom cat that killed him. Do you want to be a great man or some file clerk hiding away in a basement office?

Samuel regards her, considering the choice. He sighs.

END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - BODMIN MOOR - DAY

Wind HOWLS across the moor, rain pours. Samuel and Angie hike along the road.

They reach the farmhouse driveway and the sign. Angie regards it with destain.

ANGIE

More lies.

She pushes the gate open and steps through. Samuel follows.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

Angie looks down at the ground at... Tyre tracks and a mess of footprints.

ANGIE

There's nothing left.

Samuel scans the area in thought.

SAMUEL

Strange. Shouldn't there be a slue of cops and forensic scientists?

Angie raises her eyebrows.

ANGIE

I told you there was more to this.

(beat)

They said it was a weather balloon.

SAMUEL

Don't even start with that.

ANGIE

If there's a murder investigation they'll find out it was the cat.

SAMUEL

So, why cover it up, what have they got to lose?

Angie shrugs.

ANGIE

They're your people. Maybe they don't think the public can handle it. Maybe they don't want to cause a mass panic.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's easier to assign blame to a person.

SAMUEL

Which is why we should go back to London. If they do assign any blame it'll be to us. We're setting ourselves up for a fall just by being here.

ANGIE

And that's why we need hard evidence. To protect ourselves. So if we are formally charged, we can present it.

SAMUEL

And you think a court will actually hear that? You'll be deemed insane.

ANGIE

No. The proof will be undeniable. We just have to find it.

SAMUEL

How?

ANGIE

Lets start in there.

She trots off across the grounds toward the farmhouse.

Samuel waits behind, unsure. He shivers a little in the cold. Follows her.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Angie strolls around the kitchen, searching, looking for something, anything. There's not much here. She continues on into...

LIVING ROOM/STUDY

A wall of books, a desk and a lounge chair. All set up for one person. Angie looks around again. She addresses the wall of books, scans the shelves. Works of fiction, fact, all sorts. Her finger locks on a large black tome. She plucks it out, opens it.

A family album. A family tree on the inside cover. A very thin family tree. At the bottom, two names.

Robert Farmer ---- Joe Farmer

ANGIE

A brother?

Samuel enters.

SAMUEL

What?

ANGIE

He has a brother. The end of the family line.

Samuel pauses, as if to say so what?

Angie clicks through the pages of the album a variety of pictures.

-Two young boys, 5 and 8, with their mother. The boy on the left (the youngest) is hideously deformed, long matted hair covering most of his face.

Angie continues leafing through the album, finds more photos. The boys getting older.

-A picture of Joe working the land.

-A picture of Joe with his mother, all smiles. Outside the farmhouse, a sunny day.

She leafs through more pages and finally stumbles upon some really old sepia toned photographs.

-A circus ringmaster standing proudly, chest puffed out next to... A caged black panther. A banner behind him reads... "Homer's Travelling Circus." Writing underneath the photo reads "Homer - July, 1917."

Angie glances up from the album, thinking, puzzling things together.

SAMUEL

Angie?

ANGIE

Look!

She shows him the sepia toned photo of Homer and the panther.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

His grandfather.

Samuel raises his eyebrows. Angie turns the page backwards to Joe and his brother.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

His brother.

He looks at her, confused.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And it might explain the salt circles.

SAMUEL

How?

Angie pauses, scans the shelves again, finds nothing of note.

ANGIE

It's a protection spell. Necromancy. It doesn't conform completely, but maybe the farmer adapted it. And used the spell to protect himself and his brother for all these years.

She looks back to family album, flicks through the pages.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What if this Homer mistreated that Panther until it died and now it's looking for vengeance against his descendents?

SAMUEL

A Panther coming back from the dead? Really?

ANGIE

Sure, why not?

SAMUEL

Because it's ridiculous.

ANGIE

If you have another explanation, I'm all ears.

SAMUEL

Well maybe this brother of his killed him and you've mistaken him as this phantom cat.

ANGIE

If that's true where is his brother?

Samuel thinks on this a moment. Gets an idea. He charges out of the room. Leaving Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Sam?

She follows him into...

KITCHEN

Samuel hunts around the kitchen units. Finds... A rack of keys. He plucks a bunch off the rack. And heads out, just as Angie enters. She chases after him...

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

Samuel darts out of the farmhouse and heads straight for the SUV parked up in the driveway.

A beat later Angie follows.

ANGIE

Sam? Where are we going?

SAMUEL

The other farmhouse. Out on the moor.

A distant ROAR! Samuel and Angie flash fearful looks around.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

It's not a cat that's killing these people... and cows. It's his brother.

He runs over to the S.U.V. and climbs inside. Angie does too.

Tyres churn up gravel and mud, the engine roars to life and the S.U.V. rolls forward.

EXT. BODMIN MOOR - DAY

UNKNOWN POV

Outside the dilapidated farmhouse door. We stare through the doorway inside, but it's too dark to see anything clearly, except... A FIGURE shuffling around, grunting and whimpering.

The RUMBLE of the SUV engine. The UNKNOWN POV flashes its look toward it, sees...

The SUV come to a stop outside the gate. Samuel and Angie get out. LOW GUTTURAL GROWLING.

END UNKNOWN POV

Samuel and Angie march down the hill.

They reach the entrance to the farmhouse. Angie peers down at the salt boundary. It's thinning out.

Samuel steps cautiously through the doorway, shotgun in hand. Angie follows.

INT. DILAPIDATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

The floor is littered with hay and fatty and rotting meat rinds. Spacious.

Samuel steps inside, winces.

Angie winces too. Cups her hand over her nose.

A soft GRUNTING. Samuel and Angie stare wide-eyed toward...

A dark corner, where a FERAL MAN cowers and huddles, full of fear. His long matted hair covers his face and most of his dirty torso. He's emaciated and hideously deformed. He whimpers.

Samuel steps closer, very slowly. Angie fishes in her rucksack and plucks out her iphone. She lines up a shot. Samuel steps closer.

The Feral Man shrivels backward against the stone wall, he whimpers again.

A CLICK and a FLASH. Samuel looks back to Angie, iphone held aloft.

The Feral Man SCREAMS charges from the corner, grabs Samuel and throws him across the room.

Samuel smacks against the far wall and slumps to the floor.

Angie drops the iphone to her side. She stares in wide eyed fear at the Feral Man. He growls and grunts. Angie takes a few steps backward. She glances around. Sees...

The SHOTGUN lying on the hay covered floor.

The Feral Man advances toward Angie, slowly, his movements, predatory, animal-like.

Samuel murmurs, delirious, he blinks and groans.

Angie takes more tentative steps backward. The Feral Man glares at her.

A ROAR!!! Comes from behind Angie. She spins around.

In the doorway. THE GIANT PHANTOM CAT! Its ghostly form shimmers, stood behind the...

SALT BOUNDARY. A gust of wind howls, blows some of the salt asunder. Rain beats down, melting the salt away, a break in the boundary.

The Feral Man scurries backward.

Angie just stares wide-eyed, frozen in disbelief at...

The PHANTOM BIG CAT! Its eyes glow yellow. It ROARS. Charges forward and LEAPS through the air.

Angie cowers, defenceless.

But the cat PASSES RIGHT THROUGH HER.

SCREAMS, GROWLS, GRUNTS as the Phantom Cat mauls, bites and slashes at the Feral Man, blood sprays. The Feral Man slumps dead. Murmurs his last breath.

Angie recovers stands up straight, she sways on her feet, feeling a little queasy.

The Phantom Cat glimmers again. And gradually it's ghostly form turns REAL and solid. It turns to face...

Angie, she trembles with fear. Swaying on her feet.

Samuel blinks again, coming out of his brief delirium. He looks to...

The GIANT CAT, bearing down on Angie. It purrs, softly but with menace.

Samuel clambers to his feet. He runs across as...

The Giant Cat charges toward Angie...

Samuel charges too, rugby tackles Angie to the floor. Her iphone flies through the air, SMASHES against the wall.

The Giant Cat leaps onward. It turns again, staring at...

Samuel laid on top of Angie, eye to eye, nose to nose. A beat. Samuel snaps out of his trance. Looks to...

The GIANT CAT and THE SHOTGUN on the floor between him and the Cat. Samuel grabs it.

The Giant Cat ROARS leaps forward...

Samuel FIRES.

The Giant Cat slides to the floor. Coming to rest just before Samuels feet.

Samuel keeps his aim on the cat, trembling, panting with fear. The cat whimpers, blood pools on the floor.

Angie murmurs, she blinks, it looks like she's struggling to breathe.

ANGIE

(whispering, strained)
They... They said it was a weather
balloon.

She passes out.

## ACT FIVE

EXT. LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SUPER - TWO WEEKS LATER.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Angie, unconscious in a hospital bed, breathing apparatus and tubes coming out of her. Flowers and cards on the night stand beside her.

Her mother, PEARL FOX, 50s sits beside her bed, staring off into the distance, filled with worry. The door opens and insteps, a DOCTOR. Pearl looks to him.

PEARL

Anything?

DOCTOR

Frankly we're baffled, her tests continue to come back normal. There's just no medical reason she should be in a coma. It's as if she's sleeping but she won't wake up.

Pearl looks from the Doctor to...

Angie- Her eyes blink open and she murmurs. Pearl's eyes light up in hope.

PEARL

Doctor. She's awake.

The Doctor turns back into the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Angie sat up in bed. She reads a get well soon card.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

Angie, I'm very pleased and relieved to hear you're making a full recovery. You're a sweet girl, determined, spirited and willful. But I think it's for the best that we not be friends anymore. I don't want to feel responsible for putting your life in danger and I don't want to take away any chance you have at a normal life and all the wonderful things that entails. You should stay away from me. I'm sorry. Yours... Samuel.

Furrows her brow on finishing. Looks off into the distance.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Pearl stands opposite the Doctor.

PEARL

Is she going to be okay?

DOCTOR

Everything seems fine.

PEARL

Seems?

DOCTOR

We'd like to keep her here for a few more days, some of her tests are... are... well, frankly they're strange.

PEARL

Strange? But you said her tests were normal.

DOCTOR

Yes, while she was in the coma, now... (sees the worry in Pearls eyes) It's nothing to worry about. Honestly. She's fine.

The Doctor walks away, Pearl watches for moment. Shrugs it off and goes back into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl enters, beams a smile. Angie smiles back, but reluctantly.

EXT. MI6 BUILDING - DAY

Establish.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MI6 BUILDING - DAY

Samuel sits at a desk, alone. Opposite him...

FIVE SUITED MEN also sit behind a row of desks. Files and documents before them. A STENOGRAPHER taps at keys as they talk.

SUITED MAN #1

Please state your full name for the record.

SAMUEL

Samuel, Samuel. Samuel.

The suited men glare at him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

My parents weren't very imaginative.

SUITED MAN #1

This young girl, Angie Fox. How do you know her?

SAMUEL

I don't, really, she approached me in a pub. Told me of her intention to go to Cornwall to investigate...

He trails off. The suited men await.

SUITED MAN #1

Investigate what?

SAMUEL

I didn't, I couldn't let her go there alone. I wasn't acting in an MI6 capacity. Is there a law against going to Cornwall for the weekend?

Suited Man #1 references a document, looks back to Samuel.

SUITED MAN #1

A Constable Graves testified that you took Ms. Fox into MI6 custody. To me, that sounds like you were acting in an MI6 capacity.

Samuel doesn't have an answer. Suited Man #4 refers to another document.

SUITED MAN #4

This statement you gave to the police. It refers to some very "out there" claims. A phantom cat becoming real. A feral man being imprisoned in a farmhouse?

Samuel remains silent.

SAMUEL

I thought this was a code of conduct tribunal.

A silence hangs in the air.

SUITED MAN #4

It may <u>significantly</u> benefit your case here today if you could provide us with any evidence that may shed some light on what happened in Cornwall. And considering your previous record...

Samuel eyes him, in thought. He takes a moment.

SAMUEL

Don't you already have the evidence. The three bodies?

The five men remain silent.

SUITED MAN #4

There is no record of such.

Samuel glares at them in disbelief.

SAMUEL

But...

(beat)

I'm sorry I can't help you.

SUITED MAN #4

You're sure about that?

Samuel takes another moment. He nods.

SUITED MAN #1

Then it is the finding of this tribunal that you... Samuel, Samuel, Samuel have acted without authorization and falsely used your MI6 position and credentials in an inappropriate manner. You are to be suspended for three months without pay, pending further investigation.

Samuel nods.

SUITED MAN #1 (CONT'D)

You do of course have the right to contact your union representative, if you feel it necessary to do so.

INT. SAMUEL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Samuel enters and hangs up his jacket. He walks toward the giant map of the UK, sets down his briefcase on a table nearby. He takes out the blue pushpin in the north eastern corner of Cornwall. Plucks a red pushpin from a box and places it where the blue one used to be.

He opens his briefcase, takes out HARD COPY PHOTOGRAPHS of the phantom big cat. He turns to the stacks of cardboard boxes. He finds a specific box, opens the lid, flicks through the files contained within it.

He pulls out a file marked with the number- F14-000234. "The Beast of Bodmin Moor" scrawled underneath in marker pen. He places the photographs inside. Replaces the file and walks through the reception room into a kitchen.

After a beat he exits with a bottle of beer, he continues into...

LIVING ROOM

Samuel approaches his desk and the laptop on it, that unusual searching program still running. He pushes a button on the phone next to it.

ANSWER MACHINE (V.O.)

You have. 17. New messages. Message 1.

ANGIE (ON PHONE)

Hi Samuel. I'm sorry. I know you said not to contact you but... I just...

Samuel pushes another button.

ANSWER MACHINE (V.O.)

Message. Deleted. Next message.

ANGIE (V.O.)

You can't do this, we're onto something here. We're close and we could get closer...

Samuel pushes the button again.

ANSWER MACHINE (V.O.)

Message. Deleted. Next message.

He gives up. Slumps down on the couch. Sips at the bottle of beer, stares across the room into nothing.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Please, can't we just talk about this. I know what you said. I should live out a normal life etc etc, blah, blah, blah. I don't want that. I never will. This is my life. And I'm aware of the consequences...

The phone RINGS interrupting the message. Samuel bolts up off the couch. Snatches up the receiver.

SAMUEL

Do you want me to file an injunction against you? Do you want a criminal...

SHADOW WOMAN (ON PHONE)

Mr. Samuel?

Samuel pauses, not the voice he was expecting.

SAMUEL

Hello, who is this?

SHADOW WOMAN (ON PHONE)

Is this a secure line?

SAMUEL

Of course. Who are you?

SHADOW WOMAN (ON PHONE)

We need the hard copies.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry you must have the wrong number.

SHADOW WOMAN (ON PHONE)

Mr. Samuel this isn't just about a suspension anymore. It could result in you losing your job, even your life. Possibly your friend's life.

Samuel freezes, remains silent.

SAMUEL

Are you threatening me?

SHADOW WOMAN (ON PHONE)

The British government doesn't make threats, Mr. Samuel.

(beat)

Meet me on platform 2 of the Oval tube station. Midnight, after the last train to Morden has gone.

She hangs up.

INT. PLATFORM 2 - OVAL UNDERGROUND STATION

A TRAIN squeals along the tracks, thunders through into the tunnel, revealing...

Samuel standing there, waiting. Alone. He glances left and right along the platform. No one else there. He checks his watch.

FOOTSTEPS. Samuel flashes his look left, sees...

The Shadow Woman making her way along the platform, strikingly beautiful, in her late 40s, dressed in a pant suit. Power and authority in the way she carries herself. She stands next to Samuel, faces the tracks.

SHADOW WOMAN

The hard copies?

Samuel fishes in his pocket, plucks out a number of photographs hands them to her. But doesn't let go. She looks into his eyes.

SAMUEL

I have soft copies in an email account.

He lets go. She places the photographs in her pocket.

SHADOW WOMAN

It's already been taken care of. Consider yourself reinstated.

She smiles. (TWITTER/FACEBOOK TAKEDOWN)

SAMUEL

What's this about? Why all the cloak and dagger?

The Shadow Woman smiles.

SHADOW WOMAN

You shouldn't abandon your friend so quickly. She can help you.

SAMUEL

Help me? I just want to protect her from a life she can't get back to and might... will regret.

SHADOW WOMAN

Those are her choices to make. She has the tenacity to never give in. You... well... She'll be good for you. Good for the country and the world. Its future.

A gust of wind and the distant sound of a train. The Shadow Woman flashes a look around, paranoid.

SAMUEL

What are you talking about?

SHADOW WOMAN

I didn't come here just for the benefit of my employers.

Samuel glares at her, expectant.

She smiles.

SHADOW WOMAN (CONT'D)

Don't give up on her. She'll open the right doors. Doors you've been afraid to open for a long time.

(beat)

It was nice meeting you, Mr. Samuel.

She turns and walks away.

Samuel watches her, in thought, perplexed.

The Shadow Woman takes her hand out of her pocket, as she does something drops to the floor. A white key card.

SAMUEL

Hey, you dropped something.

The Shadow woman glances over her shoulder. She smiles. Continues along the platform... exits.

Samuel walks across the platform and picks up the...

KEY CARD - 14th FLOOR ACCESS and numerous MI6 signatures, a barcode, etc, written on it.

He looks from the card to the tunnel, where she exited.

EXT. MI6 BUILDING - DAY

Establish. Nothing much happening so we...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Samuel sits at his desk. He turns the key card over in his palm, taps it on the desk. He stares up at the clock on the exposed brick wall. 4:58 p.m.

He stands up, closes his briefcase and exits his office.

INT. ATRIUM LOBBY - MI6 BUILDING - DAY

EMPLOYEES all walk to wherever they're going. We pick out Samuel making his way to the exit. He stops mid walk, looks to...

The lifts to the upper floors. People exit. The lift doors close.

Samuel fishes in his pocket for the card. He stares at it in thought. Turns, walks toward the lift.

Where he pushes the "call lift" button. The doors slide open. He enters.

INT. LIFT - DAY

Turns, faces the number panel, pauses. Pushes "14". The doors slide closed and the lift begins travelling upward.

Samuel paces.

INT. 14TH FLOOR - RECEPTION - DAY

The lift doors slide open and Samuel steps out.

The reception desk is empty and the hallway is suspiciously devoid of other people. A sign by a big BLUE DOOR at the end of the corridor reads...

14th Floor. RESTRICTED ACCESS

Samuel stares down the hallway. Hesitant. He walks along the corridor toward the...

Big Blue door. And a MILITARY OFFICER sat at a desk beside it.

MILITARY OFFICER

Password?

Samuel pauses thinks, has no idea. The Military Officer glares at him, waiting, growing suspicious.

SAMUEL

There is no password.

MILITARY OFFICER

You can go through.

Samuel turns to the door. He slides the KEY CARD through the sensor by the door. The red light. He glances back at the Military Officer. A tense beat. The red light turns...

Green.

He clasps the door handle, turns it. Pauses before going inside.

FADE OUT

## TO BE CONTINUED

"Unmarked Helicopters" by Soul Coughing plays over the...

END CREDITS