

"THE DEATHLY INHERITANCE"

CREATED & WRITTEN BY

DANNY STRACHAN

EPISODE ONE

Based on the novel "The Deathly Inheritance" written by myself. Events are fictitious, and in no way should offend anybody.

Based loosely on the novel - by myself.

Characters

(In order of appearance.)

Annabel Parker	(Main cast)
Voice-Over	(Guest occurrence)
Patricia Oliver	(Main cast)
Air Hostess	(Guest occurrence)
Martyn Ventrosa	(Main cast)
Faye McBride	(Main cast)
Sage Oakland	(Main cast)
Young Woman Pushing Pram	(Guest occurrence)
Gloria Brown	(Guest occurrence)
Tannoy System	(Guest occurrence)
Security Guard	(Guest occurrence)
Bus Driver	(Guest occurrence)
Lee Shannon	(Main cast)
Bartender	(Guest occurrence)
Waitress	(Guest occurrence)
Old Woman in the café	(Guest occurrence)
Hot Guy	(Guest occurrence)

FADES IN:

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

Over a black screen:

"THE DEATHLY INHERITANCE"

WRITTEN AND CREATED BY

DANNY STRACHAN

BASED ON THE DEATHLY INHERITANCE

(A NOVEL)

FADE TO:

EXT. HAVEN HILL CITY/MOUNTAIN-TOP - NIGHT.

ANNABEL PARKER (30) stands on a MOUNTAIN-TOP, overlooking HAVEN HILL CITY which is the far distance. There's a FULL MOON high up in the pitch black SKY, with one or two STARS dotted on it. Lightning crackles.

TITLE CARD: EPISODE ONE.

TITLE CARD: WRITTEN BY DANNY STRACHAN.

Tall GRASS blows in a slight breeze. ANNABEL PARKER stands there, about six foot tall, wearing a brown parker coat right down to her knees. She has long-flowing ginger hair (freshly washed that night) and wears thick-rimmed black GLASSES. It's like she is summoning the weather with some sort of powers. But we don't know ANNABEL'S story yet.

She's has come to get peace, but she's not going to get that.

ANNABEL PARKER.

My name is Annabel Parker... I live in a nice house with my four friends in a nice suburban part of the city...

She bends over and groans in pain.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

Not again...

(BEAT.)

I might as well say, you'll only find out anyway... It's less dangerous if I tell you and you only... You must promise me not to tell anybody else...

(CONT'D - BEAT.)

And I mean **anybody**...

(BEAT.)

I'm here to tell you about the story that I and my friends will go through...

(BEAT.)

This story I discovered about long before anybody did...

(BEAT.)

I get Premonitions, visions... Visions of the future, visions of the past... I believe that these visions are pieces of a puzzle, which I have to work out...

(BEAT.)

Before something terrible happens...

There's a flash of lightning in the SKY above, and ANNABEL'S eyes roll up, showing the whites. Squiggly red lines (blood lines) appear.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

All we can see is a haze of thick fog. It slowly begins to clear so that the VISION can play out. ANNABEL finds herself in a large ROOM.

ANNABEL stands as a silhouette, the light falling from the ceiling like rays coming from heaven. She's witnessing what is happening in the VISION. It takes a moment for her eyes to get adjusted (by adjusting her GLASSES.)

The large ROOM comes into focus, and then we notice that it's a LIBRARY. There are tall BOOKSHELVES, towering high up into the CEILING. They're filled with BOOKS of all different titles.

In a cloud of black smoke, another silhouette of a PERSON appears. ANNABEL stands shocked, and gasps at such power that has been used. The look on her face tells us that she doesn't believe in magic or anything like it.

Her look then tells us she's slightly interested in what's happening.

In a flash of bright, white light, the silhouette turns into a PERSON. From the back, she's a YOUNG WOMAN in her late twenties or early thirties. She is smallish in size, and has thick, fuzzy brown hair. She's wearing blue jeans, and a thick, fuzzy pink cardigan.

ANNABEL looks as if she knows the YOUNG WOMAN, but that's got to be impossible, because she has just received this vision.

The YOUNG WOMAN walks across the carpeted ROOM in flashes of white light. But if we look closer, she isn't walking, more like floating across the ROOM. It's very creepy and sends shivers right down your spine.

She swoops over to one of the SHELVES in a flash of light, and then stops. She lands on the ground softly.

She holds out her hands, and the entire stock in the LIBRARY flies from the SHELVES in a Telekinetic blast. One lands in her hands.

It is made of blood red leather, and is very old. It has symbols, stars, pentagrams, all that have been drawn by the Devil's own hand.

She lets go of the BOOK and it hovers on a pocket of air. She waves her hands and the PARCHMENT PAGES flip-and-flip until they stop at the one that she needs.

It's made of yellowed PARCHMENT, with an incantation written on it, in a scrolled handwriting. The language predates modern times.

There is suddenly a blast of mysterious blue light, and a hole rips through the GROUND. The YOUNG WOMAN falls to the GROUND and so does the BOOK. She lies still like a PLANK OF WOOD. Bits of carpet and WOOD fall like snow.

There's a flash of white light, and ANNABEL fades out of her vision.

FLASH TO:

EXT. HAVEN HILL CITY/MOUNTAIN-TOP - NIGHT.

We fade back to ANNABEL'S face, which has the look of pain on it. Her eyes roll back to their normal positions. Lightning crackles above her head.

She groans in pain, as if she hasn't eaten for a few days. She falls forwards, and nearly falls and rolls down the MOUNTAIN. She steadies herself.

ANNABEL.

It might have been a good thing falling over the side of the mountain, because only I...

(CONT'D - Distant.)

...For now...

(BEAT.)

Know what that vision means...

VOICE (V.O)

In time the people around her would figure out what Annabel's vision meant...

(BEAT.)

But that's not for a **long** (making 'long' last quite long, but not stupidly) time yet...

(BEAT.)

Destiny was at work, planning out set times for everything...

(BEAT.)

Annabel would have to wait until Destiny dealt the hand of fate for her friends...

ANNABEL.

And they won't be too pleased when they find out what will happen...

She breathes in-and-out deeply. If we listen closely, we can hear her heart thudding against the walls of her chest, trying to get out.

Her heart thuds-and-thuds until she's finally calm enough and so that it returns to its normal pace.

She walks to the edge of the MOUNTAIN slowly, and looks down at the CITY below. Lights flash, and zip this-way-and-that, the CITY is alive.

ANNABEL looks down, and suddenly seems lost.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

We look down from the MOUNTAIN-TOP overlooking HAVEN HILL CITY, over the CITY. ANNABEL'S standing there, with a shocked look on her face as she looks at what has happened.

When we look, we see that the CITY has been destroyed. Everything has been crushed into the GROUND. There's nothing left whatsoever. There's an eerie feeling.

FLASH TO:

EXT. HAVEN HILL CITY/MOUNTAIN-TOP - NIGHT.

We fade back to the MOUNTAIN-TOP overlooking the CITY, to ANNABEL, who looks as if she is going to be sick.

ANNABEL.

Oh dear... See what happens when you can see things like I do?

(BEAT.)

I've been getting these visions for years, and at times they get stronger...

(BEAT.)

But there's a reason to why I get them, and I believe that reason is to stop bad things from happening...

She looks down at the CITY below, and she gulps. She closes her eyes, and suddenly throws herself off the MOUNTAIN. As she flies downwards, her arms just out, like she's a bird.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLOOMSBURG MANSION/PATRICIA OLIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT.

TITLE CARD: ABOUT A MONTH AGO.

The BEDROOM is very dark, and the moonlight shines through the curtains, which have a slight gap in them. The FURNITURE around the dark ROOM can just be made out.

ANIMALS chirp outside the WINDOW, CRICKETS etc. Thunder and lightning crashes and rain lashes down. Beyond the ANIMALS of the night, there's the sound of a drumbeat.

A GLASS, filled with WATER sits on the BEDSIDE TABLE. A pair of false teeth floats in it, cleaning for the next day.

Based loosely on the novel - by myself.

The PERSON on the BED (a woman in her late fifties/sixties - later to be known as Patricia Oliver) tosses and turns. She wakes up suddenly, when she believes that she can hear screaming, and a sickening crack against the GROUND.

She picks up her WATCH from the BEDSIDE TABLE.

PATRICIA OLIVER (V.O)

My mother gave me this watch before she died...

The illuminated HANDS glow "3:00 A.M."

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

Not again... Why is it you always wake up on the Demonic Witching hour?

She groans, and rolls over into the empty space on the BED beside her, and strokes the shape, pressed into the mattress.

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

He can't come back now... He has been gone long enough...

She lies there for a while, smelling the CUSHIONS, remembering the happy times that she had with her husband.

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

Old Spice, his favourite aftershave...

A tear rolls down her eye.

She lies there for what seems like hours, listening to the beating drums outside of the WINDOW, getting louder, as if they're heading towards the HOUSE and her BEDROOM, to get her, to consume her.

The HOUSE groans beneath her, and she feels as if it will fall down at any moment. She lies there, trying to shut out the noise outside, but she just can't. She can't even close her eyes, and feels like the darkness will kill her if she finally does fall asleep.

The drumbeat makes her shiver.

FADE TO:

INT. BLOOMSBURG MANSION/PATRICIA OLIVER'S ROOM - MORNING.

The bright morning sunlight shines through PATRICIA OLIVER'S BEDROOM WINDOW. The FURNITURE'S simple. The DOUBLE BED is made, with an open SUITCASE. Two BEDSIDE CABINETS each have a LAMP on, and the other a closed BOOK.

She wears a red cardigan and trousers that both just fit her. She looks out of the WINDOW as she takes items of clothing from the CHEST OF DRAWERS and looks out of over the GROUNDS of the MANSION. A low mist hangs on the GROUND.

PATRICIA (V.O)

Did I just see a tiger jump to catch a butterfly?

She shakes her head.

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

I think my eyes are deceiving me again... I really need to get glasses...

(BEAT.)

I'm getting too old...

(BEAT.)

But you know that you're not mad... The house plays tricks on people's eyes... I have heard rumours that there are exotic creatures in the gardens...

(BEAT.)

I've never seen any...

She shivers.

PATRICIA (CONT'D.)

It's a little cold... Is the heating broken again?

She carefully places the items in her SUITCASE, and sighs.

PATRICIA (CONT'D.)

I love being in this house... I have been here for years... Cleaning and cooking for the family... But it's good to get away for a while, to relax...

(BEAT.)

And be with my friends...

She closes the SUITCASE over, and zips the zip around it. She flicks all the SWITCHES off, grabs the SUITCASE, and leaves the ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BLOOMSBURG MANSION - NIGHT.

PATRICIA zips around the HOUSE that has stood overlooking the ISLAND OF KLINBURN for centuries, flicking off switches, and checking everything that should be off is.

PATRICIA.

I don't want anything burning down...

Darkness creeps in through the WINDOWS. She hears the HOUSE groaning, the foundations settling, and steps out of the DOOR.

A FULL MOON is high up in the SKY. It's got the tiniest tint of blue to it. She wears a black trench coat, yet still manages to shiver. Mist hangs low to the GROUND swirling around her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

Being sucked up my trousers...

She puts her SUITCASE down, and takes her large, golden KEY out of her pocket. She pulls the FRONT DOOR closed, and turns the KEY to lock it. She sighs. Something howls. She shivers.

PATRICIA (CONT'D - V.O)

I hate the night...

Checks her WATCH.

PATRICIA (CONT'D.)

I have got to get to the airport... Before I miss my flight...

She picks up her SUITCASE, and gets scared before she thinks something rustles in the TREES. She disappears in a flash of golden light.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. AEROPLANE - MORNING.

The larger, white AEROPLANE flies through the SKIES, over a long stretch of deep, blue OCEAN.

KLINBURN ISLAND falls away in the distance, being swallowed by a thick mist that seems to have come from nowhere. The SUN rises into the SKY, burning over the horizon.

PATRICIA lies in a comfortable SEAT inside, taking a sip from a GLASS of champagne. She nibbles at a bar of chocolate, and laughs contentedly, and at the small TELEVISION in the back of the SEAT in front of her. A smartly dressed AIR HOSTESS walks over, holding a TRAY, filled with an array of PLATES. She hands one to PATRICIA.

PATRICIA.

Thanks...

AIR HOSTESS.

If you need anything else Mrs. Oliver, please ask...

PATRICIA.

I will do just that...

She walks away down the AISLE, and PATRICIA settles into the SEAT. She smiles.

FADE TO:

EXT. HAVEN HILL CITY - DAY BREAK.

TITLE CARD: TWO DAYS BEFORE THE JOURNEY.

We fade from the credit sequence to the CITY as day breaks. The SKYLINE is a mixture of different colours. Beautiful and peaceful.

The TALL CITY (metropolitan) BUILDING'S jut out through a thick fog. The SUN rises up into the SKY, rays piercing through little bits of the fog.

We fade from the rising SUN to a small, suburban area, away from the hustle and bustle of the CITY, as it wakes to start a new, beautiful day.

A STREET SIGN says: "PARKER'S DEN."

The NEIGHBOURHOOD is very serene, and the morning BIRDS chirp their morning songs. A RIVER runs through the NEIGHBOURHOOD, rushing down from the MOUNTAIN. The WATER flows gently.

The HOUSES are beautiful and exquisite. All the HOUSES are expensive looking miniature MANSIONS, all over three or four floors. It's a place where teachers, doctors and university lecturers live.

Fancy, fast and expensive CARS sit on the DRIVEWAYS. The LAWNS here are cut everyday, and the FLOWERS are beautiful and blooming in front of our eyes.

A pair of hands grab at two MILK BOTTLES sat on the STONE STEP of a beautiful, white-washed HOUSE over three floors of Edwardian style. ANNABEL stands in the open DOORWAY, wearing a fluffy red nightgown and slippers to match. Her hair's messy, and she looks as if she's not had much sleep the previous night. Her GLASSES are lopsided on her face.

She yawns, looking up into the SKY at the SUN high up. She smiles.

ANNABEL (V.O)

It'll be a beautiful day...

Her NEIGHBOURS are heading out early, BUSINESS MEN and DOCTORS etc, all with busy days ahead of them. She sighs, and steps backwards into the HOUSE. She closes the DOOR behind herself.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - MORNING.

SUN streams through the STAINED GLASS WINDOWS of the Edwardian HOUSE. There's a shiny HARDWOOD FLOOR, and a few PICTURES in FRAMES on the WALL. Music comes from the KITCHEN.

MARTYN VENTROSA steps off the STAIRCASE. He's the same age as ANNABEL. He wears black jeans and a black shirt. He's good looking, and goes to the gym quite a lot. His hair is spiked.

He takes the MAIL which slips into METAL BASKET attached to the DOOR, and walks down the HALLWAY, straightening a PICTURE that has slipped sideways before entering the

KITCHEN, which is covered with DISHES that ANNABEL is preparing for the mornings breakfast.

The KITCHEN is modern with nice EQUIPMENT and airy. ANNABEL opens the DOOR of the OVEN on the WALL and checks on something.

MARTYN VENTROSA.

Anne, do you know why that picture of my Uncle was lopsided?

ANNABEL.

No idea dear... It seems to be like that every morning...

MARTYN shrugs, places the MAIL down on the COUNTER.

MARTYN.

Need any help with the breakfast?

ANNABEL.

I've nearly done... You could butter the toast though... Are the others up yet?

MARTYN.

I heard noises...

ANNABEL.

Is that Lee in his bedroom? He didn't come in last night...

MARTYN.

He isn't, I'm afraid... He probably crashed on a mate's sofa; you know what he's like...

ANNABEL.

...He'll be home when he's ready... Blahdy blah...

MARTYN grabs the MARGARINE off the COUNTER and a KNIFE, and begins to butter the (un-burnt) toast.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING.

MARTYN, ANNABEL and two other's are sat in the DINING ROOM. It's painted in a light or a mint green. The large FRENCH DOOR WINDOWS look out onto the GARDEN and let the SUN stream through.

FAYE MCBRIDE and SAGE OAKLAND, both the same age as the others.

FAYE'S pretty, wearing a nice silky top, with her flowing brown hair past her shoulders, and black trousers.

SAGE is wearing fluffy red top and red trousers, with fuzzy blonde hair, and round, horrible GLASSES on her face.

MARTYN gets up from the TABLE.

FAYE MCBRIDE.

Where you off to?

MARTYN.

I have got to open up the club early... I got an email this morning to tell me that there was a window broken last night...

ANNABEL.

(Almost fainting.)

Oh dear god...

MARTYN.

It wasn't that bad... It's probably nothing...

ANNABEL'S face is drained of the colour.

FAYE.

What's wrong with you?

ANNABEL.

I had a dream about this last night...

FAYE looks as if she's about to laugh at her friend.

FAYE.

You still don't believe you can see 'visions' do you? Get a grip woman!

ANNABEL.

I know what I can see! I'm not dumb!

FAYE.

Don't get me started on how dumb you are!

MARTYN.

Be quiet, both of you! Does anybody need dropping off in town?

FAYE.

I need to get to the bank before I head in to the newspaper office...

ANNABEL.

And I and Sage have got to do some stocktaking...

SAGE places a hand to her head in a dainty fashion, and pretends she's unwell.

SAGE OAKLAND.

(Dramatic.)

I feel a fever...

ANNABEL rips SAGE'S hand off her head.

ANNABEL.

Don't start that again...

SAGE.

I've got back pains again... I don't think I can go in...

ANNABEL.

Patrick'll kill you if you don't go in today Sage...

SAGE.

Fine! I'll go in!

They get up from the TABLE.

ANNABEL.

Lee can do the washing up when he gets in...

They walk out of the ROOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - DAY.

MARTYN steps out of the FRONT DOOR, and pulls it closed. CHILDREN of all ages are walking down the STREET, dressed in School uniforms. PARENTS are shooing them to hurry up. MARTYN smiles.

He closes his eyes for a moment or two to remember something.

FLASH TO:

Based loosely on the novel - by myself.

FLASHBACK. EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - DAY.

A REMOVAL VAN pulls up on the DRIVEWAY of MARTYN'S HOUSE. The HOUSE is empty. A SIGN pushed into the LAWN reads: "FOR SALE." A STICKER placed over it reads "NOW SOLD."

The SUN'S high in the SKY, and it is summer-time, although autumn is coming, because the LEAVES on the GRASS are slightly brown and red.

TITLE CARD: MARTYN & FAYE'S MOVING IN DAY.

TITLE CARD: AUGUST 1997.

MARTYN drops out of the front of the VAN, 20 or so years of age. He's dressed in a white shirt and blue jeans.

FAYE climbs out of the other side of the VAN, about the same age as MARTYN. Her hair's tied back, and she's wearing tracksuit bottoms and a grey t-shirt.

FAYE.

(Happily.)

I love it! It's beautiful!

MARTYN.

Welcome to **our** beautiful house ms. McBride...

He chucks her a SET OF KEYS, which she grabs.

MARTYN (CONT'D.)

Go and check it out...

She runs up the PATH, and MARTYN walks around to the back of the REMOVAL VAN. He says 'hi' to one of the NEIGHBOURS, who pushes a PRAM.

MARTYN (CONT'D - V.O)

I have known Faye for years... We grew up together... We went to the same high school together... And the same university...

FLASH TO:

EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - DAY.

TITLE CARD: MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - 2007.

The SCENE continues as before, MARTYN stands on the DOORSTEP, smiling at the fond memory. The HORN beeps. He's pulled out of his own little world.

He turns the KEY in the lock, and then walks down the STONE PATH to the CAR, a nice black sports CAR, and gets in.

FAYE.

What's wrong with you?

MARTYN.

Just thinking about the day that you and I moved in...

FAYE smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY.

MARTYN steps inside the NIGHTCLUB, to find that WORKMEN are working at fixing two rather large WINDOWS. Music thumps as he walks down STEPS and steps into the BAR AREA. BAR STAFF dressed in black do work, cleaning TABLES etc and somebody works behind the BAR.

A SIGN attached to the WALL behind the STAGE says "VENTILATION" and is made of GLASS. It flashes different colours. The V and N are broken, so it flashes "ENTILATIO." MARTYN just has to chuckle to himself.

Somebody drops a GLASS, and it smashes. A WOMAN a little younger than MARTYN, pretty, with short blonde hair rushes over, dressed in black jeans and a t-shirt. She is called GLORIA. MARTYN reaches them.

MARTYN.

Problem here?

The WOMAN almost faints, scared because of the voice behind her.

GLORIA BROWN.

Martyn, you scared me... Come on guys, stop breaking things eh? It's going to be big tonight... We have too much to do...

She gets up, and they both walk across the FLOOR, into the OFFICE. It's very posh, with dark stained WOODEN WALLS, FILING CABINETS pushed up against a WALL, with documents for the CLUB in it. There's a LEATHER SOFA, like you get in a Therapists office underneath the WINDOW. Several small TELEVISION SCREENS flicker from image-to-image of the CLUB (CCTV.) And there's a mahogany DESK, with a white, expensive COMPUTER sat on it. (A Mac.) There's a nice CHAIR, and attached to a WALL a PLASMA TELEVISION.

MARTYN.

So, what did happen here last night?

GLORIA.

The storm... The window must have broken because of the lightning or something...

MARTYN.

Hmm... Probably... Look, I know this is short notice and all, but I've been thinking about going away for a while...

GLORIA.

Sounds nice... Where to?

MARTYN.

I'll have to take it up with my friends of course, but I've been thinking about popping over to Klinburn for a couple of months... Get away from the city...

GLORIA.

(Shivering.)

You own a house over there don't you?

MARTYN.

I wish... (To himself.) I'd have to operate the Government... (To Gloria.) My Uncle owns the house... Not that he's ever around... But I think I'll go over... And I know Tom's going over to New York tomorrow...

GLORIA.

(Gets drift.)

And you want me to look after this place?

(Not so sure.)

I'm not so sure Martyn... I've got the wedding to plan for, and that's stressful enough...

MARTYN.

I'll pay you extra...

GLORIA.

(Face lights up.)

Well, depends how much you know... OK, ya twisted my arm... I suppose I'll have to...

MARTYN.

Thanks... It means so much to me... I'll print off all the details for you... Passwords etc...

GLORIA.

Thanks... Look, got stuff to do in the bar... Coffee?

MARTYN.

I'd love one... Thanks...

She walks out of the OFFICE and closes the DOOR. MARTYN presses a button on the COMPUTER and sighs.

MARTYN (CONT'D.)

Another busy day...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY.

The SHOPPING CENTRE is very bright, filled with SHELVES upon SHELVES of TELEVISIONS, BLEACH, and CEREAL etc. CHILDREN scream at the top of their lungs, not happy about being strapped into the SEATS in the TROLLEYS. They would rather be at home playing with their toys. SHOPPERS do their weekly shopping, not happy at all.

ANNABEL holds a CLIPBOARD in her hands, and is dressed in a green uniform. She's quite smart, and is deep in thought as she scribbles things down.

SAGE wears the same uniform and is unhappily as she cleans the FLOOR with a mop.

SAGE.

I so hate doing this...

ANNABEL.

(Laughing.)

It serves you right you know...

SAGE.

Don't laugh at me *bitch.

*'tch' gets cut off by a TANNOY SYSTEM.

TANNOY SYSTEM.

£5.99 off your shopping when you use our new store card...

ANNABEL.

What's wrong with you anyway?

SAGE.

I told you this morning... I felt sick...

ANNABEL looks at SAGE, and a sympathetic look crosses her face.

ANNABEL.

You do look quite sick... Go and see Patrick in the office... See if you can go home...

SAGE drags the BUCKET away, a smile crossing her face. ANNABEL looks a little worried for her, but, at the same time, she knows that her friend is playing a game to get out of work.

ANNABEL (V.O)

Probably just trying to get out of work...

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

The NIGHTCLUB is lively. A BAND performs on the STAGE, thudding out their music on GUITARS etc. CUSTOMERS dance on the FLOOR and CUSTOMERS are seated at TABLES and the BAR, chatting to each other.

MARTYN.

(Rubbing temple.)

Lively tonight...

GLORIA.

It always is at this time... Something wrong Martyn?

MARTYN.

It's just a migraine... It'll pass soon...

GLORIA.

I've got some aspirin in my bag in the office... Do you want me to go and get you some?

MARTYN.

It'll be fine for half-an-hour... I think I'll go home soon...

She looks worried.

GLORIA.
Only if you're sure...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SHOPPING CENTRE/BUS - NIGHT.

ANNABEL walks out of the SHOPPING CENTRE that she works at, wearing her brown parker coat. She has got hundreds of BAGS in her hand, and has done the shopping for that night's meal. She looks tired, and has had a busy day working.

Rain pours down as soon as the AUTOMATIC DOORS close shut. It's torrential. Thunder grumbles in the SKY above.

She passes a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD.
Night Annabel...

ANNABEL.
Night Jim...

She walks down the STREET, and PEOPLE push past her, rushing to get home and out of the rain. She passes other small STORES, now closing for the night.

A BUS pulls into a BUS STOP, and PEOPLE get on (nobody gets off at all, because they aren't that dumb.) ANNABEL gets there just in time, and pays the DRIVER.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)
Parker's Den please...

She walks up to the BUS, and finds a SEAT after quite some difficulty, because the BUS is so full. The DOOR closes shut, and the BUS pulls out onto the STREET.

It moves along for a bit, and then stops at a TRAFFIC LIGHT.

ANNABEL breathes onto the WINDOW, and writes a message with her finger. "WHY DOES IT ALWAYS RAIN ON ME?"

CARS outside the BUS have angry DRIVERS in them, beeping their horns.

Based loosely on the novel - by myself.

WORKMEN dig the ROAD in the pouring down rain, which is why the traffic takes quite a while.

ANNABEL takes her MP3 PLAYER out of her pocket, and plugs herself in. She presses the button to turn it on.

LIGHTNING flashes up in the SKY and her face lights up. The SCREEN of the MP3 PLAYER glows blue, and says "LOADING."

SOUNDTRACK: BONNIE TYLER - TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

(Miming.)

...I don't know what to do and I'm always in the dark...

The BUS moves on ahead, and then turns a STREET. PEOPLE (those stuck in the rain) rush past. STORES are closing for the night, the ELECTRONIC SHUTTERS rolling shut.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

(Miming.)

One upon a time I was falling in love... And now I'm only falling apart...

She looks at her WATCH, and we see that it has just turned 5:00 P.M. From outside the WINDOW, it doesn't look like it at all.

They get stuck at another TRAFFIC LIGHT, and the PEOPLE sigh loudly.

She looks out of the WINDOW and sees that PEOPLE are being ushered out of the SHOPS. They're angry of course. ANNABEL laughs to herself. DOORS slam shut behind them, and the SHUTTERS fall closed.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

There's nothing I can do... A total eclipse of the heart...

The TRAFFIC LIGHT turns green, and the PEOPLE cheer.

ANNABEL (CONT'D - V.O)

You wouldn't cheer if what I saw turns out to be true...

The BUS heads along the STREET.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

A total eclipse of the heart...

She closes her eyes, and she suddenly falls into a deep sleep.

FADE TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT.

ANNABEL lurches forwards, waking from her deep sleep. She realises that she has just missed her stop.

ANNABEL.

Not again...

She presses the BELL and it buzzes.

She grabs her BAGS, and she runs to the front of the BUS, just as it pulls into the side of the ROAD at a BUS STOP.

BUS DRIVER.

G'night ms...

ANNABEL.

Goodnight...

She steps off the BUS. The DOORS swing shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

The BUS pulls away from the ROAD. The MOON is high up in the SKY over the CITY. The BUS drives off, and ANNABEL looks across the ROAD, at a PARK. It is eerily quiet. ANNABEL shivers.

As she begins to walk up the STREET, the heavens open, and rain pours down onto her. She cries, and looks up into the SKY.

ANNABEL.

Why is it always me?!

She walks up the STREET, huffing because it's raining, huffing because she has about a million CARRIER BAGS in her hands. She passes a CAR, and it splashes WATER from a PUDDLE on the ROAD. It just misses her.

VOICE (V.O)

It was like she had averted it with some sort of powers... Just by looking at it with her eyes...

There's a flash of lightning, and a growl of thunder follows. She turns into "PARKER'S DEN."

As she walks up the STREET, she looks at the NEIGHBOURS HOUSES. They aren't beautiful anymore. They're evil-looking.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

Why did I miss the stop?

(Yawning.)

I really need to get some sleep...

She stops outside her own HOUSE, and sees that all the lights are off.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

I will kill that Sage Oakland...

She pushes open the GATE, and it squeaks. It needs oiling.

She drops the BAGS, and rifles through her pockets. She eventually pulls out a SET OF KEYS, sticks them in the LOCK on the DOOR, turns, and pushes it open. She steps into the darkness, and closes the DOOR behind herself.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

We hear the WASHER whizzing away in the KITCHEN, and music thumps out of the STEREO.

The FRONT DOOR pushes open, lightning flashes in the SKY, and FAYE walks in. The way she does it would make anybody scream.

In the KITCHEN, ANNABEL danced round the ROOM like a madman. The KITCHEN'S covered in BOWLS and PLATES with all sorts of ingredients for the meal. ANNABEL'S wearing a Chinese styled apron, saying "FOK YOU." She waves her hands in the air like she just doesn't care.

FAYE'S wearing a long, black coat. She carries hundreds of CARRIER BAGS. All the names are expensive department stores.

She closes the DOOR, and places the BAGS at the foot of the STAIRCASE. She sighs, and walks down the HALLWAY.

ANNABEL chops potatoes with a long KNIFE. She stirs the PAN with a WOODEN SPOON on the lovely HOB COOKER.

FAYE flicks on a LAMP on a TABLE, which has a PHONE charging in a CRADLE.

FAYE.

Can you not pick up the damn phone? I have been calling for an hour-and-a-half...

She enters the ROOM, and sees ANNABEL dancing. She sniggers.

ANNABEL stops, almost drops the SPOON, and looks embarrassed.

ANNABEL.

I am sorry... The phone hasn't rung here...

FAYE.

The wiring must be all funny then... I haven't been able to connect to the Internet at work for most of the day...

ANNABEL.

(Worriedly.)

Is that where you have been up until now?

FAYE.

There, as well as doing a bit of shopping in town... I didn't think we had that many people living in the city...

ANNABEL laughs.

FAYE (CONT'D.)

I had to get the bus back... The underground was mostly flooded...

ANNABEL.

Oh well... You're home now... Dinner will be ready in about another half-an-hour... I was quite busy today...

FAYE.

Take your time... I've got a column to write for the morning...

ANNABEL.

If you've got some washing for me to do, then dump it down the chute... I'll get to it when I have a chance...

FAYE.

Thanks... I don't know what I would do without you...

ANNABEL.

You'd probably starve to death...

FAYE.

(Laughs.)

Is Sage in yet? I got something to talk to her about...

ANNABEL.

She got away from work earlier, saying she was ill... She should be home...

FAYE.

Probably down the graveyard or something knowing her...

(BEAT.)

Anyway... I'll go and get some work done...

She walks out of the ROOM, ANNABEL presses a button on the expensive STEREO SYSTEM, and it moves to the next song. She goes back to dancing like a madman. FAYE smiles to herself.

She looks at the PHOTOGRAPH of MARTYN'S UNCLE on the WALL, and sees that it's lopsided again. She straightens it and shrugs.

She picks up her BAGS, and looks up the STAIRCASE. Lightning flashes through the STAINED GLASS WINDOW as she looks up into the darkness above. She switches on the LIGHT SWITCH, but the LIGHT doesn't go on. She gulps. She takes the STEPS one at a time.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT.

FAYE walks up the STAIRCASE, turning a corner. The UPSTAIRS HALLWAY is dark and eerie. It seems to stretch out before her, DOORS all the way down. She gulps, and steps onto the last STEP. Lightning flashes through a WINDOW.

She walks down the HALLWAY, and turns a corner, where there's a BEDROOM (her own) and the AIRING CUPBOARD or STORE CUPBOARD. She screams when SAGE steps out of the darkness, eerie and scary looking.

FAYE.

For fucks sake Sage... I nearly pooped my pants...

SAGE.

Why didn't you turn the light on then?

FAYE.

Tried that... But it wasn't working... It must have blown...

FAYE looks into the CUPBOARD and SAGE suddenly slams the DOOR shut. FAYE jumps a little.

FAYE (CONT'D.)

What are you doing in there?

SAGE.

(Scatterbrained.)

Nothing...

(Sorting herself out.)

Nothing... Stop nosying at things that don't concern you...

FAYE.

Excuse me Sage, I live here...

SAGE.

What-ever... I'm going downstairs... I'll tell Annabel about that light bulb...

FAYE.

You do that...

SAGE begins to walk away.

FAYE (CONT'D.)

(Remembering something.)

Sage, you haven't... Have you? My computer seems to be running a little bit slow lately...

SAGE.

No I haven't!

She storms off down the HALLWAY, and down the STAIRS. She almost slips and falls down them.

FAYE.

What a weirdo that is...

She gets the sudden urge to open the DOOR to the CUPBOARD, and she does it slowly, trying not to make it creek.

She gets hit by a sudden blast of blue light, slams the DOOR shut, and hurries into her own ROOM, slamming the DOOR behind herself.

SAGE steps off the last STEP, and grins wickedly to herself. She clasps her hands together.

SAGE.

(Mr. Burns like.)

Excellent...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

MARTYN'S SPORTS CAR pulls up onto the DRIVE. The rain has stopped for now, and a slight chill hangs in the air, which he feels when he gets out of the CAR. He shivers. There are PUDDLES on the GROUND, and the STREET LAMPS light up eerily, flickering every-now-and-again. He closes and locks the DOORS, then walks up the PATH. He opens the DOOR, and steps into the HOUSE.

Sounds come from both the KITCHEN and the LIVING ROOM. He closes the DOOR, and pops his head round the LIVING ROOM DOORWAY, and sees SAGE and FAYE sat on the SOFA, watching "Egg Heads" or "University Challenge" on the expensive, flat-panelled TELEVISION. They are shouting out the answers.

He chuckles at them, and walks up the HALLWAY, and into the KITCHEN. He shrugs at the lopsided FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH, and sees that ANNABEL'S ladling some food onto PLATES.

ANNABEL.

How was work?

MARTYN.

Okay I suppose... A fight broke out... And the window was down to the storm... Couldn't make it into work then?

ANNABEL.

You gave me time off remember?

He sits down at the TABLE, a blank expression on his face.

MARTYN.

Did I? I couldn't remember... Anyway, I paid that money into your account...

ANNABEL.

Thanks... God knows I can do with some cash right now...

MARTYN.

Oh... Cash-flow problems?

ANNABEL.

Yeah... A bit... There are rumours that the centre's going to close down...

MARTYN.

If you need money, just tell me...

ANNABEL.

No... It's fine... Anyway, wash-up... Dinner's just nearly ready...

He walks over to the SINK, and runs the TAP. WATER splashes out into the BOWL. He squirts SOAP from the DISPENSER on the black WORKTOP and then scrubs his hands.

He looks out of the WINDOW into the back GARDEN, and onto the FORREST beyond. He seems to get lost as the rain trickles down the GLASS.

He thinks he sees a blue mist swirling around on the GROUND, and a DOG moving through it.

ANNABEL turns around, and sees MARTYN staring out of the WINDOW, lost in another world. And sees the steam from the hot WATER rising.

She clicks her fingers.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

Martyn!

MARTYN snaps back into the current world, and cries out because the hot WATER is burning his hands.

He turns off the TAP, and ANNABEL looks worried.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

The four of them are in the LIVING ROOM. ANNABEL, SAGE and MARTYN watch a film on the TV, and FAYE sits in the corner, tapping away on a KEYBOARD (growling under her breath) of the expensive COMPUTER SYSTEM.

The LIVING ROOM'S simply dressed. There are two leather SOFA'S, a COFFEE TABLE with several items like NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, REMOTE CONTROLS, a BOWL OF POPCORN and a BOWL OF POT PURRI.

BOOKSHELVES are pushed against the WALLS, and are filled with BOOKS and DVD'S etc. Thunder growls and lightning flickers across the curtains at the WINDOW.

ANNABEL, MARTYN and SAGE drink from steaming MUGS, and eat popcorn every-now-and-again, making sure to check that it isn't the POT PURRI.

MARTYN.

I thought you had a computer Faye?

FAYE.

It's running a little slow hon...

MARTYN.

It probably contracted a virus... (Glares at Sage.) Have you downloaded any suspicious files?

FAYE.

(Looking over at Sage.)

I don't know...

MARTYN.

Send it down; I'll have a look at it...

SAGE.

(Changing subject,

a little embarrassed.)

Why's it like this? I hate it when it storms...
It's the end of summer... It should be hot... I
should be sunning myself on the beach...

MARTYN.

You should check the weather reports every-now-
and-again Sage... There are storms up-and-down
the country...

(BEAT.)

It's lucky we haven't been washed into the
ocean with all that's being going on...

ANNABEL.

It's that Global Warming thing...

FAYE.

You don't believe in that rubbish do you? The
Government made it all up... To get money and
to brainwash people... It's bloody Big Brother
I tell you...

SAGE.

Thought you didn't 'believe in all that rubbish
Faye?'

FAYE.

Shut up you... Annabel, she was upstairs all
along... She was hiding in the cupboard
again...

SAGE.

(Glaring at Faye.)

What-ever...

MARTYN.

Anyway... I have got an announcement to make...

The TELEVISION goes off instantly, and so do the LAMPS on
the TABLES in the corner of the ROOM. So does the
COMPUTER. FAYE throws her hand up in protest.

FAYE.

(Sarcastically.)

That there isn't any electric?

SAGE.

I blame Lee, isn't he supposed to pay that bill?

MARTYN.

We'll sort that out later Sage... It's not what I wanted to discuss...

(BEAT.)

I've thought about this all day... I've got cover at the club... You guys should all get cover at work...

SAGE.

(Glaring at him.)

Get on with it... We're dying to know...

MARTYN.

I wrote an email to Patricia, whether or not she'll receive it is a different matter...

(BEAT.)

I have made a decision that we should all take a vacation... I thought about the Island of Klinburn...

ANNABEL.

(Pleased.)

It sounds lovely already Martyn...

FAYE.

And it gives us some time to relax and unwind...

SAGE.

(Gulping.)

I am not so sure that we should go after all...

ANNABEL suddenly shivers as if she knows the reason why they shouldn't go.

SAGE (CONT'D.)

It is a seven hour journey by ferry after all... We'll be bored about an hour-and-a-half into it...

MARTYN.

And where would you like to go then?

SAGE.

San Francisco... New Orleans... New York...

MARTYN.

And they're about the same to travel to... Like Faye said, it gives us some time to relax while we're over there...

(BEAT.)

Besides, we haven't been over to the Island for ages...

(BEAT.)

And I need to relax... If we went to 'Frisco or New Orleans, we'd be partying it up all the time... I'm not up to that right now...

SAGE goes into a 'huff.' MARTYN rubs his temple.

ANNABEL.

Something wrong?

MARTYN.

I've been getting headaches all day... I probably just need a good few hours sleep...

(BEAT.)

Anyway, I say that we all have a vote...

FAYE.

(Shoots hand into the air.)

Klinburn!

ANNABEL.

I second that.

SAGE glares at ANNABEL.

SAGE.

And I thought you were my friend...

ANNABEL sticks her tongue out at SAGE.

MARTYN.

It's three against one I'm afraid Sage...

SAGE.

(Pissy mood.)

And what about Lee? Doesn't he get a vote?

ANNABEL.

He didn't come home for dinner... So I think that he loses his right to vote...

(BEAT.)

Do you know how long I spent at the shopping centre for the right ingredients for that meal?

MARTYN.

He wasn't at work... He's probably on a pub crawl or something... You know what he's like...

ANNABEL.

You're probably right... Sage, are you feeling better?

SAGE.

A little... I think it's a tummy bug that I've got...

ANNABEL.

You should take a hot chocolate upstairs... It'll soothe your stomach...

All the ELECTRONICS flicker back on.

FAYE.

(Yawning.)

I am going to try and get this column finished...

MARTYN gets up from the SOFA and stretches.

MARTYN.

And I've got something to do in the office...

(BEAT.)

I almost forgot... We're going in two days time... We'll take the ferry over... It'll be nice to have seven hours of doing nothing...

FAYE.

You expect me to do my shopping in a day?

MARTYN.

(Laughing.)

I'm sure you'll manage...

FAYE switches the COMPUTER off, and MARTYN turns off the TV. They head out of the ROOM, and ANNABEL flicks a SWITCH off on the WALL. All the LAMPS go off.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/FAYE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

FAYE'S BEDROOM looks like a tart's boudoir or a brothel. The WINDOW'S covered in silky drapes, pink and purple.

The BED is covered in pink silky blankets and pillow cases. An array of clothes, all colours under the sun and more spill out of the walk-in WARDROBES.

There are BOWLS filled with potpourri, and incense sticks burn in JARS on the BEDSIDE TABLES and the CHEST OF DRAWERS. Her DESK is filled with PAPERS and FOLDERS. Flickering LAMPS light the ROOM. Lightning flashes across the drapes, the storm battering down outside.

FAYE lies on the BED, dressed in silky underwear. She giggles as she types into the expensive LAPTOP, on a chat room or something.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/MARTYN'S STUDY - NIGHT.

The STUDY is painted in white, and it is more of an OFFICE. There's a long WOODEN DESK with expensive COMPUTER EQUIPMENT on it.

There's a small 15 or so inch TELEVISION sat on a TABLE, playing a late-night news programme like "News Night" or "Question Time."

There are FILING CABINETS and old KITCHEN CUPBOARDS pushed up against a WALL. MARTYN sits on a CHAIR, drinking from a MUG.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/SAGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

SAGE sits against the pillows on her BED, covered by a blanket. The BEDROOM is quite a mess ('tip' putting it nicely.) Clothes are strewn across the FLOOR, and MAGAZINES and BOOKS are stuffed into SHELVES, which look as if they're going to topple over at any given moment.

A LAMP sat on the BEDSIDE TABLE lights the ROOM, but barely gives off any light at all. It's probably covered in seven or eight year's worth of dust.

She seems to be in a trance, muttering a jumble of words to herself. She draws symbols on a NOTEPAD (like those in ANNABEL'S vision) and writes loads of words.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

It's about two/three o' clock in the morning. LEE SHANNON (30) stumbles up to the HOUSE. It is very dark, and there are eerie sounds coming from near the RIVER. He's quite drunk (and has probably drunk a lot pints or whatever it is he likes to drink, as he has been to several pubs around the CITY.) He is good looking, if to say so. It is because he hasn't shaved in at least three days. He wears rain-soaked brown cargo pants. He sings to himself.

He stumbles up the PATH, and stops at the front DOOR. He points a finger to his mouth, indicating to be quiet. He pulls a SET OF KEYS out of his pocket, which he then drops on the FLOOR.

He sighs, knowing that this is going to be a long night. He bends down, and there's a tearing sound. It's then he realises that he's torn his trousers.

He picks the KEYS up and puts them into the LOCK. He gets the wrong KEY. He tries several times more until he finally gets the right one. He pushes the DOOR open.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT.

The FRONT DOOR flies open, and knocks into the WALL. LEE falls into the HOUSE, kicking the DOOR shut as he goes. He falls into a small TABLE, knocks a LAMP (on) which falls onto the FLOOR and sparks of electricity come off the BULB. The PHONE flies through the air, and lands somewhere near the KITCHEN DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Moonlight streams in through the KITCHEN WINDOW, where ANNABEL is tidying up from that night. The WASHER spins slower-and-slower, until it finally stops. She wipes the WORKTOPS down with a cloth.

She turns around when she hears something smash in the HALLWAY.

ANNABEL.

What the hell...?

She drops the cloth in the SINK, and stalks slowly out of the KITCHEN, grabbing a ROLLING PIN that rolls on the WORKTOP. It's as if it knows that she needs it.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT.

LEE gets up from the FLOOR, stumbling slightly.

LEE SHANNON.

(To the lamp.)

Ssh... You will wake the whole house up...

ANNABEL slips quietly through the KITCHEN DOORWAY into the HALLWAY. She walks slowly, sort of stalking, like a predator, hunting down her prey. She's just a shadow, a ghost because the moonlight lights her up from behind.

LEE notices the ghost, and screams at the top of his voice like a scared little girl.

ANNABEL does, but it's not screaming like LEE. She's like a member in an African tribe, calling out to declare war. She twirls the ROLLING PIN in the air like a BATON or NUN CHUCKS.

She reaches LEE and smacks out with the ROLLING PIN. We don't see it hit him, and he falls to the FLOOR. He hits the BANISTER with a thud.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/MARTYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

MARTYN lies asleep on his BED. The moonlight filters through the net curtain that blows gently at the open WINDOW.

He wakes up suddenly, hearing screaming downstairs. To him it sounds like a parrot or another type of bird being strangled.

He looks at the ALARM CLOCK on the BEDSIDE TABLE, and it glows "3:00 A.M."

He rolls over and falls out of the BED. He thinks he has hit his head on something.

It takes him a while to realise that he hasn't hit his head and got concussion. He gets up from the FLOOR and flies out of the ROOM, grabbing something from a TABLE before he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - NIGHT.

MARTYN flies down the STAIRCASE, and stops a few STEPS down from the top when he sees two figures downstairs; making the noise that woke him up. They're fighting with each other.

He flicks on the LIGHT SWITCH, and it takes a while for his eyes to come into focus. He sees that it is ANNABEL and LEE fighting, and in his hand he is holding a TENNIS RACQUET.

He looks past them and sees that the TABLE has been knocked on the FLOOR, the LAMP has been broken, the PHONE CRADLE'S wrapped around the BANISTER, swinging, and the PHONE'S near the KITCHEN DOORWAY.

He sees that LEE is knocked against the BANISTER, and he has a throbbing red mark on the side of his head. There's a lump, like he's growing another head on his shoulders. ANNABEL is prodding him with the ROLLING PIN.

MARTYN.

What the hell is going on here?

ANNABEL.

He was trying to break in.

MARTYN.

If you switched on the light before you suspect a robber trying to break in, you'd realise it was Lee...

(BEAT.)

What the hell are both of you doing up at three o' clock in the morning anyway?

LEE.

I was out drinking at a pub...

ANNABEL.

And I couldn't sleep... I was doing some cleaning to try and take my mind off some... Things...

MARTYN.

Speak to me about it in the morning... Do whatever you both want, but try not to wake everybody up, eh?

(BEAT.)

I was having a nice dream about relaxing on a beach, with the waves washing over my feet...

(BEAT.)

Now I'm going back upstairs, to go try and go back to sleep... I doubt it'll happen though...

He storms off back up the STAIRCASE with the TENNIS RACQUET, and a DOOR slams shut.

LEE.

I should have just stayed out... I wouldn't have caused all this trouble if I did...

ANNABEL.

No you shouldn't have. You had us all worried sick...

(BEAT.)

Anyway... Let's go upstairs, to bed...

They hug, and then walk up the STAIRCASE.

LEE.

I'm really sorry about coming home late... I just lost track of time when I was out...

ANNABEL.

It's all water under the bridge... I'm sorry for battering you with the rolling pin...

LEE.

And I'm sorry for scaring you...

ANNABEL switches off the LIGHT SWITCH and the DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY fades to darkness once again. They step onto the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, and walk past FAYE'S BEDROOM, where a loud snoring sound comes from. They say goodnight before they step through their own DOORS.

SAGE steps out of the CUPBOARD, and locks the DOOR with a KEY. Her hair's a mess, as if she stuck her fingers in a plug socket. Her face is as white as a sheet. She stumbles to her own BEDROOM and closes the DOOR.

Underneath the CUPBOARD DOOR, there's a glowing blue light. There's a very evil, deep laugh.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - MORNING.

TITLE CARD: THE DAY BEFORE THE JOURNEY.

Sunlight streams through the STAINED GLASS WINDOWS next to the DOOR as mail slips through the METAL BASKET. The TABLE has been set upright, and the PHONE is now charging in the CRADLE. The LAMP has been cleaned away. There's a whirring noise coming from the KITCHEN.

The CAMERA PANS down the HALLWAY, into the KITCHEN, to find MARTYN dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, standing at the WORKTOP, mixing something in a BOWL, with an ELECTRIC WHISK. The STEREO plays his favourite music, and he smiles.

ANNABEL steps off the last STEP, and looks as if she hasn't had any sleep at all. Even though she has had a shower, she still looks half asleep. She's dressed in a blue top cut-off at the shoulder, and blue jeans.

She takes the mail out of the BASKET, and walks into the KITCHEN, humming to the music, and letting herself sway to the beat of the music. She places the mail down on the COUNTER.

MARTYN.

Good morning...

ANNABEL.

Is it? (Yawns.) I am so tired...

MARTYN.

You shouldn't have stayed up until three o'clock...

ANNABEL.

I usually don't get to sleep until four anyway...

MARTYN.

What's wrong? You usually have so much energy..

ANNABEL.

That's the coffee that gives me that... I don't know what's wrong... I keep getting these stomach cramps...

MARTYN looks at her.

MARTYN.

Only I and you are up... You can tell me you know...

(BEAT.)

It isn't like I don't know anyway...

ANNABEL.

Fine... It's the visions... They're bugging me... (Changing subject.) Do you need any help?

MARTYN.

Fine... If you want to play it that way... Get us a few eggs out, and you can do the toast... Oh, the table still needs setting...

ANNABEL sighs as she crosses to the FRIDGE-FREEZER. She opens the FRIDGE DOOR, and takes out two EGGS from the HOLDER.

MARTYN drops a slice of bacon into the FRYING PAN, and it sizzles in the oil. He's got a worried expression on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING.

MARTYN and ANNABEL are in the DINING ROOM, setting up the TABLE. Sunlight streams through the WINDOW, and ANNABEL looks out, looking lost.

ANNABEL.

(Sighing.)

I would so love to jump in the pool right now...

MARTYN.

Well then, why don't you?

ANNABEL.

Maybe later...

SAGE walks into the ROOM, her hair is freshly frizzed. She wears a fluffy yellow jumper, and white jeans. She sits down on her CHAIR, and starts piling food onto her PLATE. She sighs deeply.

MARTYN.

What's wrong with you?

SAGE.

I had this really weird dream last night... I dreamt that Lee arrived home really early in the morning. Annabel hit him with a rolling pin, and you came down with a tennis racquet, and started shouting at them both...

ANNABEL laughs.

SAGE (CONT'D.)

What's so funny?

MARTYN.

Sage, that wasn't a dream that you had... It really happened...

SAGE.

Oh well...

She stuffs her food into her mouth. MARTYN sits down, pulls the morning NEWSPAPER towards him, and ANNABEL walks out of the ROOM.

MARTYN.

You don't know where the key to the upstairs cupboard is do you?

SAGE.

(Thinking of an excuse.)

No... Ask Annabel... Why?

MARTYN.

I just wanted to get in there... There's a box of files that I need...

SAGE gulps, and busies herself with her food. MARTYN takes a sip from his CUP, and looks at her.

ANNABEL walks into the ROOM, with FAYE behind her. She wears a sunny yellow dress, and her hair is down. She sits daintily down.

FAYE.

Do you know how much fat is in this breakfast? We eat this every day...

ANNABEL.

And you ask for it every day... And it's grilled, so there's less fat...

ANNABEL sits down, and ladles food onto her PLATE.

ANNABEL.

Where's Lee?

LEE (O.C)

Here...

He walks into the ROOM, and sits down at the TABLE. He begins to eat quietly. His face has got a big, angry red lump on it.

MARTYN.

Annabel, do you know where the key is for the cupboard upstairs outside Faye's room?

ANNABEL shrugs her shoulders.

ANNABEL.

I have no idea hon...

MARTYN.

Does anybody else know where it is then?

FAYE.

I'd ask Sage... She was messing about in there the other day...

SAGE.

(Snapping.)

Shurup Faye! I wasn't all, and you can't prove it!

FAYE.

And what are you going to do about it if I don't?

SAGE (V.O)

I have plans for you...

SAGE (CONT'D.)

Just you wait and see...

FAYE.

Being watching Buffy again?

SAGE.

And what's it to you if I have?

MARTYN.

Every morning this happens... You two are both babies... Can't we eat breakfast in peace without having an argument every morning?

Both SAGE and FAYE glare at each other, snarling like wolves underneath their breath.

ANNABEL.

Is your face still sore Lee?

LEE.

A little... It's fine though... Just leave it...

ANNABEL.

I really am sorry about hitting you with the rolling pin...

FAYE.

Is that who was fighting last night? I thought it was next door again...

MARTYN.

Now they're noisy buggers...

FAYE.

Tell me about it...

LEE.

It's fine... Honestly... Can we just forget about it?

ANNABEL.

If you say so... (Getting up from her seat.)
Just let me get you some ice for it...

LEE.

Sit down! I said it was fine!

She sits down. They eat in silence for a few moments. ANNABEL stares out into the GARDEN, seeming lost.

MARTYN.

Anyway, what are you guys doing today?

FAYE.

Well, I emailed into work... I managed to get some time off... I'll probably go shopping... There's a new store opened...

ANNABEL.

The stores closing down I'm afraid, so I've got nowt to do... So I think I'll just have to go shopping with Faye...

FAYE seems happy. MARTYN turns to SAGE, and looks a little sick.

MARTYN.

It's not like I don't know... But don't do too much of it, okay? BT'S been sending letters out, wanting to know why we're over the download limit again... They're starting to suspect that I'm pirating DVD'S...

SAGE.

I was actually going to pack! If that's fine with you?

MARTYN.

Sorry... I just thought...

SAGE.

Never presume when you're around me... Anyway, I'm trying to wean myself off it...

MARTYN.

(Smiling.)

And I'm pleased...

ANNABEL pats her arm, and smiles, happy for her friend.

LEE.

Pack for what Sage? Take time off for what Faye?

MARTYN.

Oh, I forgot that we didn't tell you... We're going to the Island tomorrow...

LEE.

And this is news... You have left it a bit late, haven't you? I have got to pack... I have got to go to the bank... I've got too much to do in a day you know...

MARTYN.

(Laughing.)

Relax mate... You've got enough time...

SAGE.

Got a bone to pick with you... Lee's not voted yet...

FAYE.

It's not like it makes a difference Sage...

LEE.

I vote for Klinburn of course... It's been ages since I've been there...

SAGE goes into a 'huff' again.

MARTYN drains his CUP whilst tearing open an ENVELOPE. He takes one look at it, and hands it to ANNABEL. He looks at his WATCH.

MARTYN.

Well, I know it is early... I do like to get an early start anyway... It's usually busy... I'm heading to the club... If anybody needs a lift, I'm leaving in five...

FAYE.

It's never too early to shop! How dare you say that?

MARTYN.

(Laughing.)

Are you coming into the club Lee? If not, I'll pay your wages into your account... Docking yesterdays pay of course...

LEE.

I guess it's only fair of course... But no... I need to pack...

MARTYN.

It's fine... It's not like I need to go in myself, because I'll be home around lunch anyway...

SAGE.

I'll try to have lunch ready then...

They head out of the ROOM.

ANNABEL.

Sage, could you do the washing in the chute for me?

She heads out of the ROOM before her friend can protest.

ANNABEL (CONT'D.)

Thanks!

SAGE.

Urgh! Does she expect me to do bloody everything around here?

LEE.

Are you dumb or something? It's the other way round... We take her for granted; expect her to do everything... Just do something for once will you?

He rushes out of the ROOM, and SAGE throws an envelope angrily at him. When she thinks that he has gone, she pulls the KEY out of her pocket.

SAGE.

I must keep this in a safe place...

LEE comes back into the DINING ROOM, and grabs something he left on the TABLE. SAGE stuffs the KEY back into her pocket.

LEE.

Why are you so jumpy?

SAGE.

It's nothing to do with you!

LEE.

What-ever... I'll be upstairs if you need me...

He walks out of the ROOM. SAGE growls.

SAGE.

You must be careful Sage... You don't want the secret getting out too soon...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARTYN'S CAR - DAY.

We dissolve from SAGE'S face to MARTYN'S CAR, which is stuck in a slight traffic jam. WORKMEN are digging up the same patch of ROAD from the night before. They're listening to the radio, and CARS in the line honk their horns.

SOUNDTRACK: PINK - U + UR HAND.

They all sing along, pretending that they hate it, but deep down, they really love it.

The TRAFFIC LIGHTS turn green, and they pass the ROADWORK'S eventually, and turn a corner.

They park in a PARKING SPACE in a CARPARK. It's across from loads of well-designed, GLASS-fronted BUILDINGS. This is next to a busy RIVERSIDE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY.

They get out of the CAR, and close the DOORS. There's lots of noise. BUILDING'S are being erected, WORKMEN drilling and hammering etc.

They step onto the PATH, and MARTYN presses a REMOTE CONTROL on the CAR KEYS. LIGHTS blink on the CAR, indicating that it is locked.

They pass FOUNTAINS spurting out WATER. PEOPLE sit on their edges, mostly STUDENTS heading to the UNIVERSITY. They chat to each other.

MARTYN.

I'll be heading back to the house at lunchtime, if you want a lift that is... But if not, then there's the underground or the bus...

(BEAT.)

It's a nice day after all...

ANNABEL.

We'll probably get the bus back anyway... But thanks...

MARTYN.

Oh well then... I'll see you later...

They head off in different directions. FAYE laughs at something funny ANNABEL has just said.

MARTYN drops a COIN into one of the FOUNTAINS, and closes his eyes for a few seconds, wishing. He opens his eyes when the COIN splashes in the WATER. He smiles.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN'S NIGHTCLUB/MARTYN'S OFFICE/BAR - MORNING.

MARTYN'S sat at the DESK in the OFFICE, working on a document that is open on the COMPUTER MONITOR. He takes a sip from his steaming white MUG (that matches the COMPUTER.) Some soothing music plays from the SPEAKERS.

TOM TORTOLA walks into the OFFICE, dressed in a black suit. He's about the same age as MARTYN, and is very fit looking.

MARTYN.

I have to catch that flight to New York now Martyn... If I don't get there on time, my sister will kill me...

MARTYN.

I'll see you when I get back then... I'm catching the ferry in the morning... I've decided it's time that I should take a vacation myself...

TOM.

Klinburn I bet?

MARTYN.

(Laughing.)

Got it in one... How did you guess?

TOM.

I've been told that I'm psychic... But it all sounds good... After I've finished in America, I may just take a detour and come over and visit you...

MARTYN.

That'll be fine by me... It'll probably be okay by Patricia if she's staying there... I'll see you whatever you do...

TOM.

See you then mate... I'll call you whatever I do...

MARTYN.

Looking forward to it...

He walks through the OFFICE DOOR, and through the BAR, where PEOPLE are working. WORKMEN are still fixing the SIGN on the WALL on the STAGE. GLORIA is cleaning the BARTOP.

GLORIA.

Are you away then Tom?

TOM.

I am Gloria... I'd love to stop and chat, but I will definitely get killed by my sister... You know what they're like...

GLORIA.

I do... Have a good time then.

TOM.

Will do...

He walks across the FLOOR, up the STAIRS and out of the DOOR. GLORIA walks into the OFFICE.

GLORIA.

Do you want a bun from the baker's Martyn? I'm heading into town for about half-an-hour... I must pay the gas bill...

MARTYN.

Only if you pass the bakers... Could you post this letter for me?

He hands her quite a large ENVELOPE.

GLORIA.

Will do... Anything else that you want me to do?

MARTYN.

Not that I can think of...

She walks out of the OFFICE.

MARTYN (CONT'D.)

Make sure it's choccy éclair that you get me.

GLORIA (O.C)
(Laughing.)

Will do...

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY.

ANNABEL and FAYE make their way through a large DEPARTMENT STORE. Music pipes through SPEAKERS, and it is upbeat, like Rihanna or something. They are in the CLOTHING DEPARTMENT, with PEOPLE around them, browsing the explosion of clothes. They're made of expensive materials.

They're holding piles of clothes in their hands, and ANNABEL'S is smaller than FAYE'S.

FAYE.

I like this song...

ANNABEL.

It's good... I really cannot decide what to get...

FAYE.

You'll decide... You've got ages yet... Have you got enough cash? I can lend you some if you wish...

ANNABEL.

I don't want your money... Martyn pays enough...

FAYE stuffs a wad of cash into ANNABEL'S hand.

FAYE.

I don't care... I owe you money for the rent I couldn't pay when I was out of work... There's the money that I didn't pay last week, and there's next month's rent in advance...

ANNABEL.

Are you bloody mad? I'll get mugged if people see all of this cash...

FAYE.

They wouldn't dare... I'll fly-kick their arse's...

FAYE.

I told you that you didn't need to pay me back for the time that you were out of work...

FAYE.

Take the money Annabel...

ANNABEL sighs, and stuffs the wad of notes into the pocket of her jacket.

ANNABEL.

Because you always pay back your debts... Fine! It can pay for some food...

They stop at a RAIL, and madly search through the clothes to find anything that catches their eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. MARTYN'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY.

The PRINTER on the DESK whirrs as it starts to print. Several SHEETS have already printed. MARTYN taps something into the COMPUTER. A BAR STAFF, dressed in black cargo pants, and a black t-shirt with a logo of that of the SIGN on the WALL at the back of the STAGE. He is quite cute looking, and is about 25 or so years of age.

MARTYN.

Yes David?

BARTENDER.

I was checking the stocks, and there are two or three bottles of red wine missing...

MARTYN.

I thought they were accounted for? Well, I'll sort that out... I took them out for a friend of mine...

BARTENDER.

Oh, alright...

MARTYN.

Well, I have to get going... I'll be going away for a while... All the details are left with Gloria and Tom...

BARTENDER.

Going anywhere nice?

MARTYN.

Just to Klinburn...

The BARTENDER shudders.

BARTENDER (V.O)

Oh no...

BARTENDER (CONT'D.)

Where is it you're staying?

MARTYN.

Bloomsburg Mansion... Nice place... My Uncle owns it...

The BARTENDER looks like he'll drink himself to death.

BARTENDER.

Have a nice trip then...

MARTYN.

I will do thanks...

He presses a button on the KEYBOARD, and the COMPUTER shuts itself down. MARTYN grabs his things, and leaves the OFFICE.

As soon as he walks out of the DOOR, the BARTENDER faints on the GROUND.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ - DAY.

FAYE and ANNABEL are sat in a CAFÉ, eating their lunch. It's quite busy. CUSTOMERS are seated at TABLES chatting to each other, and in the KITCHEN at the back, noise is happening. Clatters of EQUIPMENT etc. there are hundreds of CARRIER BAGS around their feet, and both have spent about as much as each other.

ANNABEL.

I think I've done enough shopping for today... That last shop was way expensive...

FAYE.

Tell me about it... It had a beautiful selection of clothes though...

ANNABEL.

Gorgeous selection of clothes Faye... But you'd need a small fortune to buy them...

FAYE.

We should be getting home soon... We've got loads of packing to do... And you know what Martyn's like... He'll moan at us for packing too much like last year...

ANNABEL suddenly grabs the edge of the TABLE. She shakes, which makes the TABLE shake like there is an earthquake.

A MUG falls over, spilling coffee. It falls over the edge of the TABLE, and splashes on the FLOOR. ANNABEL closes her eyes.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

The mist clears, and ANNABEL'S vision comes into focus. We see ANNABEL and FAYE running through a busy STREET in the CITY, pushing PEOPLE out of the way. They have hundreds of CARRIER BAGS, and don't lose any or throw them at PEOPLE and give them concussion.

They run down an ESCALATOR, instead of riding it, flailing their arms.

They reach the bottom and land in a mass of PEOPLE. They just manage to knock them all out of the way and reach the TRAIN. The DOOR'S slide shut after an alarm sound. The TRAIN rushes away.

FLASH TO:

INT. CAFÉ - DAY.

There's a flash of bright light, and ANNABEL'S vision ends. ANNABEL takes a while to come to and sees FAYE sat opposite her, staring at her. Her eyes roll forwards, and she breathes heavily. Manly.

FAYE.

What's wrong?

ANNABEL.

Nothing... Nothing at all...

Everybody's watching them, and FAYE glares at them.

FAYE.

Mind your own business!

They go back to chatting to their friends, and a WAITRESS comes rushing up to the TABLE. She bends down to clean the mess up on the FLOOR. FAYE grabs napkins and bends down to help her.

WAITRESS.

Are you okay ms?

ANNABEL.

(Lying.)

I'm fine...

WAITRESS.

Can I get you anything else?

FAYE.

Two coffees please.

She gets up from the FLOOR, red-faced and her hair all over the place. She slops the wet napkins onto a TRAY that the WAITRESS is holding, and sits back down on her SEAT. She sorts her hair out. The WAITRESS walks away.

FAYE (CONT'D.)

Are you okay A? You seemed out of this world a few seconds ago...

ANNABEL.

I'm fine.

She slaps her hands down on the TABLE, and a VASE filled with FLOWERS on the COUNTER shatters into about a million PIECES. GLASS rains down everywhere. Somebody screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY.

Outside the CAFÉ, the STREET is busy, with PEOPLE chatting on MOBILE PHONES and rushing about. There's a scream inside the CAFÉ, and the WINDOW shatters. PEOPLE on the STREET scream, and throw themselves to the GROUND for safety, as if it's a terrorist attack.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ - DAY.

Inside the CAFÉ, one of the FLOWERS, a ROSE, from the shattered VASE on the COUNTER lands in an old (50/60) WOMAN'S hair. She's very upper-class, and her hair is greying, and is tightly kept together with a pin.

OLD WOMAN.

Ouch!

FAYE rubs her neck as if someone has just tried to slash it open with a KNIFE. Her heart is pounding. She feels as if someone's just tried to shoot her, but got the VASE instead.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY.

The white AEROPLANE touches down on the RUNWAY of an AIRPORT, the tires screeching, with steam coming off them as it slows to a stop. Tall MOUNTAINS stand high and proud in the distance. There's an exotic BEACH, with the blue waves splashing over it near the AIRPORT'S TERMINAL BUILDING. There are PALM TREES along the PROMENADE. The SUN beats down high in the SKY.

PATRICIA walks through the AIRPORT TERMINAL, humming a song she has got stuck in her head, and suddenly bends over in pain.

PATRICIA.

Oh dear god...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - DAY.

It's late afternoon, and ANNABEL and FAYE drag their BAGS up the STREET, a little out of breath. FAYE giggles at a GUY that she finds fit, dressed in tight-fitting shorts and a football top on the LAWN of a HOUSE a few HOUSES down from their own. He's sportily built.

FAYE.

How could you possibly believe that you knew we were going to miss the train?

ANNABEL.

I saw it happening...

FAYE.

Are you mad or something? Are you on about that
'vision' crap again?

They open the FRONT DOOR, and walk into the HOUSE.
ANNABEL kicks it shut.

ANNABEL.

It's not crap Faye!
Thy walk down the HALLWAY, to find that the HOUSE is very
quiet. MARTYN'S sat on the SOFA in the LIVING ROOM. The
TV is on, and he's working on his LAPTOP.

MARTYN (O.C)

I've got one here thanks...

ANNABEL.

Okay hun...

They walk into the KITCHEN, and drop their BAGS down.
The WORKTOPS are covered in neat piles of clothes, and
everything's gleaming.

FAYE.

What-ever Annabel... You've been hanging around
with Sage too much...

(BEAT.)

I could have watched Neighbours if it wasn't
for that train... I want to see if Pepper's
managed to get out of that Mary's house yet...

ANNABEL.

And you accuse Sage of watching too much TV?
Hypocrite or what?!

FAYE.

Her head's filled with enough damage already...
She doesn't need the silly programmes she
watches filling it up even more...

ANNABEL.

What-ever... Do you want a tea?

FAYE.

I could do with Vodka after that café
incident...

ANNABEL.

Tell me about it...

FADE TO:

EXT. LAWN AT THE BACK OF A SPA - DAY.

A CIRCLE of WOMEN, fourteen, ranging from their fifties to seventies are sitting on the rolling LAWN of a health SPA. There's a beautiful BEACH, crammed with holidaymakers. The SUN beats down high up in the SKY above.

The GRASS is green, and they're all chanting. They have TOOLS for WICCA between them all. There are Athamès and BOWLS etc. There is a BOOK OF SHADOWS open on the PAGE that they're chanting from.

FADE TO:

EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

The upstairs WINDOWS of the HOUSE are all dark, and the downstairs are all lit. CRICKETS chirp in the night.

PULL IN:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

The DINING ROOM is very dark, the only light coming from the lit CANDLES in HOLDERS and that of the MOON filtering through the GLASS in the WINDOW. The TABLE has got an array of PLATES, all filled with delicious foods, which get smaller and smaller as each second passes.

They clink their knives and forks, and drink red wine from GLASSES.

ANNABEL.

How far packed are you Faye?

FAYE.

Not at all yet... I just cannot choose what to pack... I love all my clothes...

MARTYN.

Just remember not to pack too much... There won't be much room in the minibus once we've got ourselves and our gear in...

FAYE and ANNABEL laugh.

FAYE.

See what I mean?

ANNABEL.

I think you're more psychic than you believe...

They both guffaw.

MARTYN.

What's so funny?

ANNABEL.

Private joke...

FAYE.

It's not a joke what you were saying was it Martyn?

MARTYN.

You can pack things, but only four or five cases...

FAYE.

(Sigh of relief.)

Phew! Five or six cases should be enough for me!

MARTYN shakes his head.

FAYE (CONT'D.)

Guess what happened whilst I and Annabel were having lunch earlier? Annabel whigged out, and blew up a vase of flowers...

ANNABEL.

That was a coincidence... I'm not Piper Halliwell in Charmed... I merely placed my hands on the table, and the vase shattered... It was warm in that café...

FAYE.

You smashed a window too... Explain that one...

ANNABEL.

I don't know how that happened...

FAYE.

It was funny when that flower poked the old woman in the head though... She left with it still attached...

They both burst out laughing.

ANNABEL.

Yeah, that was quite funny...

MARTYN.

Okay... You two are weird... Nice meal
Annabel...

ANNABEL.

Thanks, but Sage did most of the work... She's
really talented...

SAGE.

Hey! I do put thought into my work!

(BEAT.)

I studied cookery at school... When I left, I
was offered a job as a chef in London...

MARTYN.

And you turned it down? Were you mad or
something?

The CANDLES turn a seductive shade of red, as if a ghost
story is about to be told.

SAGE.

Things happened then... I had to look after my
sick mother...

(BEAT.)

Let's talk about something else...

A tear comes to her eye.

MARTYN.

You all need to be packed by half-past eight in
the morning... We've got to catch the ferry at
eleven...

LEE.

Almost done...

They eat for a few minutes more until they're finished.
MARTYN sits back in his CHAIR, and pats his stomach.

MARTYN.

I couldn't possibly eat anymore... Well, I'm
going to finish packing, get a shower, then an
early night... Goodnight everybody...

ALL.

Goodnight...

He walks out of the ROOM.

ANNABEL.

Well, I'm going to do a few things before tomorrow...

SAGE.

And I need to make a phone call...

They all walk out of the ROOM, and ANNABEL is left alone, the way that she likes it. She hums a song to herself, and stacks the PLATES etc so that she can put them in the DISHWASHER.

She turns around when she hears something rustle. Something flits past the WINDOW, but she shrugs, thinking it's a leaf.

She blows the CANDLES out, wets her finger, and then pinches the wick. She leaves the ROOM wheeling a TROLLEY out of the ROOM with her as she walks.

Outside the WINDOW, a CAT appears. It meows, and flashes glowing blue eyes. The CANDLE'S smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

The DISHWASHER washes the DISHES, and moonlight streams through the WINDOWS. ANNABEL wipes the WORKTOPS down and places some items into a CARRIER BAG. She drops the cloth into the SINK, and rinses it out with cold WATER. She suddenly grabs the SINK, and she gets a vision.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

The mist rolls so that the vision can be played out. ANNABEL walks out of a thicket of TREES, into a wooded clearing, and sees something really strange. She sees naked PEOPLE, dancing around a roaring fire, throwing white powder into the flames. There's a FULL MOON in the SKY. She realises that they're witches.

FLASH TO:

ANNABELS VISION.

The witches are being lead away by MEN dressed all in leather. Jackets. Trousers. Boots. Their eyes glow red, and they have short spiky hair.

The witches are tied together, and are being put into CARTS, which roll away. These MEN are WITCH HUNTERS.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

The witches are tied to STAKES in the GROUND. The GROUND beneath them is lit with burning torches.

There's a crowd gathered watching, cheering, cheering because the wicked witches are being burnt. The WITCH HUNTERS grin wickedly.

FLASH TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

ANNABEL realises that she's in the KITCHEN when her vision ends. She feels sick, and runs the TAP to fill a GLASS with WATER.

She gulps the WATER down, sloshing most of it down her face. She cannot believe what she has just seen, and she feels like throwing up.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT.

ANNABEL makes her way carefully, almost stumbling up the STAIRS. She is still a little shaky from her vision. She steps onto the last STEP, and walks past FAYE'S BEDROOM. She hears a slight banging against the WALL.

ANNABEL.

The beat of the drums is out to get you again...

She hurries down the HALLWAY to her own BEDROOM, and doesn't notice the glowing blue light underneath the DOORWAY to the CUPBOARD.

CUT TO:

INT. FAYE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

FAYE'S BED bangs against the WALL. She's pushed up against the pillows. Clothes are dropped on the FLOOR. Silky negligees and boxer shorts. She's being screwed by the hot GUY she was giggling at earlier, and she giggles, which means she's enjoying it.

HOT GUY.

I've got a wife you know...

FAYE.

Do I look like I'm bovered?

They fall onto the BED, groaning, satisfied and full. And lay there for a while, with the CRICKETS chirping outside and the moonlight streaming through the CURTAINS.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Underneath the FRONT DOOR, there's a flash of blue light. LEE makes his way up the STAIRCASE with a GLASS OF WATER, when there's a raspy, evil laugh. He makes a noise, and runs up the rest of the STAIRCASE.

FLASH TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/ANNABEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

ANNABEL tosses and turns on the BED, muttering to herself. The curtains blow at the open WINDOW. If we listen closely, we can hear a drumbeat pounding erratically.

FLASH TO:

ANNABEL'S VISION.

A FULL MOON in the SKY, and we PULL DOWN to reveal a WOODED AREA, where there are naked PEOPLE, dancing around a roaring fire. They chant incantations, and throw powder into the flames that shoot high into the SKY. They beat drums, and snake-charmers charm SNAKES out of their BASKETS.

FLASH TO:

INT. MARTYN VENTROSA'S HOUSE/ANNABEL'S ROOM - NIGHT.

ANNABEL is pulled out of the vision, and wakes up suddenly in her BEDROOM in a sweat. She screams the whole house down.

In bold letters, the words appear on the SCREEN:

To be continued next week.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE.