HAUNTING

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - DAY

The Manor House is large and derelict, situated in an acre of overgrown garden surrounded by a high stone wall. Around the immediate perimeter of the house, Herras fencing has been erected. Builders are busy unloading scaffolding off of a lorry and stacking it next to a large pile of sand. Various pieces of building equipment are dotted around site, wheel barrows, cement mixer, scaffold boards, etc.

We close in on the open front door of the house.

Half a dozen builders come running out in a state of panic, shouting to the others. The men who were unloading the lorry hesitate and then run from site. A man jumps into the lorry cab and pulls off with the tail gate still down.

STEVE HENSHAW (30's) dressed in helmet and Hi-Vis jacket, is the last out. He slams the door shut and pulls the keys from his pocket. He tries to put the key in the lock, but his hand is shaking too much to locate the keyhole.

> STEVE (Terrified) <u>Come on</u>... Please, please, please, please, please.

STEVE gives up and runs to his car and with wheels spinning, speeds away as fast as he can.

INT. STEVE HENSHAW'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

STEVE lies on his back awake in the darkened room, his sleeping wife next to him. His fear filled eyes dart from side to side, searching the darkness for any sign of movement. He is alert to every sound, every creak of floorboard, as the house settles. A sudden noise outside the bedroom door makes him jump.

STEVE

Aghh!

STEVE'S wife JUNE (30's) almost jumps out of her skin. She sits up, wearing a startled expression.

JUNE What the bloody hell... The sounds of a toilet flushing and little footsteps running back to another bedroom. JUNE turns to STEVE a look of exasperation on her face.

> JUNE It's just TRISH going for a pee!

JUNE pounds on her pillow to fluff it up, then turns her back on STEVE in a huff and lies back down.

JUNE We can't go on like this. You're gonna have to do something.

STEVE lies back down, eyes wide, pulling the covers close.

INT. WESTBANK PRODUCTIONS (MEETING ROOM) - DAY

Seven members of the Haunting show are sat around a large table discussing the falling ratings. The cast and crew are already bickering and trying to assign blame.

KEN REYNOLDS (Late 30's) the producer, tries to settle them down.

KEN Come on now people, let's get real.

MARJORIE MCDONALD (MARGE) a tall (40's) stout woman, with DON KING style hair and strange piercing eyes, is fuming.

MARGE I can't believe it. I really can't. All that work... Poor ROBERT!

GARY PINNER (30's) backs MARGE up.

GARY MARGE is right KEN. We almost lost ROBERT closing the portal at the PEBBLES.

ZOE LEIGHTON a very pretty (20's) blonde, nods in agreement.

KEN Unless I'm much mistaken GARY; BOB is already lost! He's been <u>bloody</u> <u>lost</u>, since the Germans shot him at Flanders. MARGE Just because a spirit guide is dead, doesn't mean he can't be hurt.

KEN (Astounded) Surely that's exactly what it means.

RUPERT BOWER (50's) an intellectual looking man interjects.

RUPERT

The theory is, that beings that dwell on the astral plain, or spirit world, can still be harmed by elements in their own environment.

KEN gives RUPERT a disgusted look and holds his hands up. He's had enough.

KEN

Ok! Let's look at it again.

KEN picks up a remote control on the table and turns his chair to look at a very large television screen sat in the corner. The other members of the cast and crew settle down to watch.

The television screen flickers on.

We close in.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE SCENE - NIGHT

The scene opens on the shows backdrop; a darkened arch in a medieval castle, lit on the camera's view with huge candles.

MARCUS STEVENSON (30's) the show's handsome presenter, steps through the arch from the darkness and into the candle light.

MARCUS Tonight on Haunting we have one of the most frightening and possibly the most dangerous investigations ever undertaken by the team. (pause) Led by the renowned psychic and medium MARJORIE MCDONALD. MARGE, looking suitably mysterious, materialises next to MARCUS.

MARCUS (CONT'D) And her assistant ZOE LEIGHTON.

ZOE materialises next to MARGE.

MARCUS (CONT'D) With paranormal investigator GARY PINNER and parapsychologist and sceptic RUPERT BOWER.

GARY and RUPERT materialise.

MARCUS (CONT'D) The team try to rid a family of ghostly apparitions that have crossed over through an open portal to the afterlife.

The scene changes to a mass of moving lines, as KEN fast-forwards.

The picture steadies.

INT. HOUSE (THE PEBBLES) - NIGHT

The scene opens in a darkened bedroom with NIGHT-CAM VISION. The members of the team look ghostly white, with shining eyes. MARGE is sat on a bed with GARY intently looking at a wall. GARY has an electro magnetic field detector in his hand, which lights are flashing wildly as he passes it from side to side.

MARGE Can you feel them GARY? They're coming! Oh my God, the smell!

ZOE (O.S.) Aaaaaaaagh!

The camera turns to ZOE, who was out of shot and is now fleeing the room and running down the stairs.

The screen goes black.

INT. WESTBANK PRODUCTIONS (MEETING ROOM) - DAY

KEN switches off the screen.

KEN

Now, can someone tell me what's wrong with that?

There are a few murmurs and shakes of heads.

KEN (CONT'D)
It's the bloody <u>highlight</u>! That's
what's a matter with it.
 (pause)
A seven man crew, not including
cast and I've got twenty seconds
of film I can actually use.

MIKE PALMER (30's) the production manager becomes defensive.

MIKE We can only capture what's there.

GARY and MARGE both look astounded by the statement and are about to protest.

KEN That's my point. Whatever made us think an ordinary house in an ordinary street was ever going to be any good?

KEN and MIKE both turn to SAMANTHA ROWE, an attractive woman in her (40's) and the show's researcher.

SAMANTHA I carried out all the usual research. GARY and MARGE were both convinced the GRAHAM'S were

MARGE

genuine.

They were genuine!

GARY They were. There was loads of paranormal activity at the PEBBLES.

KEN picks up a pen on the table and tosses it into the air. The pen bounces off the suspended ceiling tiles and back onto the table, before clattering to the floor.

KEN You spent nearly an hour sat on a bed with MARGE, staring at a wall. MARGE Until the clearing, that's where the portal was. GARY The E.M.F was off the charts. KEN Was it? KEN turns to RUPERT. KEN (CONT'D) Why don't you tell them what you found RUPERT? Tell them your closing statement to our viewing public. RUPERT Well... It was a wall. MARGE and GARY eyes widen. KEN A wall... (pause) So I've got MARGE, GARY, ZOE and dead BOB, up in a child's bedroom, battling demons from the great beyond. And what do you say? (Squeaky voice) It's a wall. RUPERT There was no evidence of anything else. MARGE Oh come on, you're supposed to be open minded. GARY What about the readings?

> ZOE You said the PEBBLES scared you.

RUPERT

E.M.F isn't proof.

RUPERT

Me being frightened isn't evidence. I'm as prone to suggestion as everybody else.

KEN

(Addressing RUPERT) Let's get this straight! What you're saying is, if Old Nick himself appears and shoves a pitchfork up your arse; we've got to wait until the hospital pulls it out, before you'll say it's paranormal?

RUPERT

I wouldn't put it quite like that; but essentially...

Everybody tries to speak at once. KEN brings a halt to it.

KEN Enough! Ok? Enough!

KEN CONT'D) The PEBBLES is out! That means we've still got one more show to do before end of season. (pause) That gives us five days. <u>Five</u> <u>days!</u> (pause) Let's take a break.

INT. WEST BANK PRODUCTIONS (MENS TOILETS) - DAY

KEN is washing his hands and looking in the mirror over the wash basins, when MIKE walks in. MIKE heads straight for the urinals and we here him unzip his flies.

MIKE turns his head towards KEN.

MIKE

How bad is it?

KEN

Bad! We've lost our exclusivity. Zoe running around screaming every time there's a bump or a bang just doesn't cut it anymore.

MIKE zips his flies and walks over to the basins.

MIKE What you qonna do?

KEN What can I do?

MIKE starts to wash his hands, staring at KEN in the mirror trying to gauge his reactions.

MIKE You could get creative.

KEN Fake it? (pause) They'd never go for it.

MIKE What they don't know...

INT. WESTBANK PRODUCTIONS (MEETING ROOM) - DAY

Everyone has retaken their seats and a number of photographs of Overton Manor are spread out on the table.

MARGE No background... History?

SAMANTHA Not yet! It's one of the ones we

were looking at for next season.

KEN nods. Impressed!

KEN It looks the part.

RUPERT Why do we think there's activity?

SAMANTHA Builders were chased off by... Something!

RUPERT Imagination, Hysteria...

KEN

These are builders RUPERT. Ghetto blasters, arse cleavage. If it's not scoring goals on Saturday, or showing its tits on page three, it doesn't exist. KEN (CONT'D) (addressing GARY) Go for broke on the gadgets. Temperature, E.V.P, E.M.F. We'll put static cameras in every room. If a mouse farts in that house, I want to hear it. (addressing MARGE) I want a séance with an Ouija board.

MARGE

(concerned) We don't do that. It's irresponsible. Anything could come through.

KEN That's exactly what I'm hoping for. <u>Provoke!</u> Get BOB to send written invitations. Anything!

 $$\operatorname{MARGE}$ This is supposed to be a serious show.

KEN It doesn't get anymore serious than this MARGE. We don't get this right; the only thing that's going to be residual around here, is us.

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - DAY

Several mobile units have been moved onto the grounds, including toilets and a burger-van type canteen. The Herras fencing and most of the building equipment has been removed and technicians are busy carrying cables, camera and sound equipment into the house.

MIKE PALMER beckons two of the men over, giving a -- time for a cuppa -- signal.

MIKE The obs unit boys, five minutes.

MIKE collects three teas from the canteen and heads for a trailer.

INT. OBSERVATION UNIT - DAY

The observation unit is set up like a low tech sound studio, with the exception of four large TV screens. Two of the screens show four split pictures, giving eight static camera angles, in various rooms. The other two screens will be used for mobile night and thermal cameras. Two headsets rest on the keyboards.

MIKE is sipping his tea when the two men enter.

MIKE DON, JIM, sit down! Grab your tea. (pause) What can you do for me?

DON (20's) a gangly looking roadie type, pulls out a black cylindrical object from his pocket; it's about a half inch in diameter and three inches in length.

DON You're gonna love this.

He places the object upright on the consol and pulls out a key-fob sized remote. He presses the button. A long puff of white smoke shoots out of the end and as it disperses, is lit up by a green light that lasts for about two seconds.

> DON Doesn't look much in the light. Bloody effective in the dark.

MIKE picks up the remote.

MIKE How close do you have to be?

DON Five yards, maybe six.

MIKE Nice! What you got JIM?

JIM (40's) an amiable plump man reaches into his tool belt and takes out a black box, containing four little black discs and a remote.

> JIM Sound's easier.

Jim removes the discs from the box and peals off a thin layer of film on the back of each one.

JIM (CONT'D) These are sticky back, so you can place them anywhere.

JIM places one in front of MIKE, one to the right of him and the other two spaced out behind. JIM takes out a tiny remote and hands it to MIKE.

JIM

Press one!

MIKE presses a button and each of the discs emit a sound like a click or a knock in surround sound, one after the other.

MIKE (amazed) Footsteps!

JIM Press two!

Mike presses two. The discs emit two sets of noises in succession and what you hear sounds like someone walking up and whispering "HELLO" as they pass you.

MIKE Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! The hair on the back of my neck is stood up.

DON We can do more...

MIKE No! RUPERT'S not stupid. If we overdue it, he'll smell a rat. (pause) I think I'd better bring a spare pair of panties tonight; ZOE'S going to need to change her underwear.

The three men chuckle.

INT. VILLAGE LIBRARY - DAY

The village library is light and cheerful, with a large Georgian window at the front. There are chairs and tables in front of the book shelves and people are sat laughing and chatting. SAMANTHA approaches the reception desk, where a silver haired librarian -- everybody's favourite grandmother type -- hums softly as she stamps books. A young female assistant is stood behind the librarian, holding an armful of books. She smiles as SAMANTHA approaches. The librarian looks up and beams.

LIBRARIAN

(Devonshire accent) Hello me dear, what can I do for you?

SAMANTHA Hello! I'm SAMANTHA ROWE, a researcher for the Haunting show.

SAMANTHA waits for recognition. There isn't any.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D) We're doing a piece on one of the local properties. I'm looking for records. I don't suppose you could point me to the right section?

LIBRARIAN And what property would that be me dear?

SAMANTHA

Overton Manor.

(beat)

All conversation in the library stops dead. The people sat at the tables turn and stare warily at SAMANTHA.

The assistant gasps, raising her hands to her mouth. Letting the books she was holding fall to the floor.

LIBRARIAN

(vicious) You'll find nothing here on that house.

SAMANTHA looks startled by the change of mood.

SAMANTHA There must be...

LIBRARIAN

I said nothing! (voice rising) Now get ocouut!

EXT. VILLAGE LIBRARY - DAY

Walking hurriedly away, SAMANTHA turns and looks warily at the library. The people have gathered at the window and stare out at her.

SAMANTHA quickens her pace.

INT. OVERTON MANOR - DAY

The Manor's interior is a typical B-movie haunted house; complete with oak panelling, twisted chandeliers, creepy portraits and a thick layer of dust and cobwebs covering the furniture and ornaments.

DON is in the hallway up on the stair half-landing, levering up a floorboard.

INT. SUBTERANEAN ROCKY HOLLOW - DAY

Deep beneath the house, in a rocky hollow strewn with tree roots and dripping water, a floating dark mist groans. The centre of the mist grows denser, the outer vapour being drawn inwards like debris to a black hole.

A thick black smoke punches upwards through the earth, past roots, dirt and human skeletons; buried beneath the basement floor.

The smoke hurtles through the structure of the building, along pipes, up cavity walls and beneath floors. In the darkness; raked by light through the gaps in the floor boards, we see a shaft of unbroken light. The black smoke races towards it like a freight train.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (HALF LANDING) - DAY

DON slams the floorboard into place and starts hammering home a nail. The floorboard jumps beneath his knees.

DON Ugh... Rats!

DON quickly hammers home the remaining nails.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (UNDER FLOOR) - DAY

In the darkness we get a glimpse of the cylinder attached to the underside of the board. (long sigh) The smoke moves forward and upwards.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (2ND BEDROOM) - DAY

JIM is busy hiding the tiny speakers. He bends down placing the last one behind an old radiator. The wall behind him ripples. The sound of heavy breathing can be heard.

JIM

Oh, very funny.

JIM steps out of the bedroom and sees DON down on the halflanding, inspecting the floorboard he has just replaced.

JIM

Twat!

DON (surprised) What?

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

Fresh from her encounter at the library, SAMANTHA ROWE gingerly approaches the local vicar; who is busy placing hymn and prayer books onto pews.

SAMANTHA

Hello.

VICAR

(beaming) Hello.

SAMANTHA

I'm doing some research. Is there any chance of me having a look at your parish records?

VICAR

Of course! We have extensive files. Anything in particular?

SAMANTHA Births, marriages, deaths.

VICAR

Family name?

SAMANTHA

(faltering)
I'm not absolutely sure.

VICAR Did they live locally?

SAMANTHA

Uh... Yes!

The vicar smiles, waiting for SAMANTHA to elaborate.

EXT. LOCAL CHURCH - DAY

With a shocked expression on her face, SAMANTHA is hurrying away from the church. The door slams in the background behind her.

INT. RUPERT'S CAR - DAY

A carefree RUPERT is travelling down a winding, tree lined, country road, singing along to the ARCHERS theme tune (Barwick Green) on radio 4.

> RUPERT DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DA-DA.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

From high in the branches of a tree that overhangs the road, RUPERT'S car can be seen approaching in the distance.

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY

MARGE, in a silk robe, is sat at her dressing table putting on her makeup; deep in conversation with an invisible ROBERT.

> MARGE They don't understand ROBERT. They have no idea of what's involved. (pause) Yes I know GARY say's he understands, but does he? (pause) If I didn't have you...

MARGE picks up a framed drawing of a handsome First World War soldier on the dressing table and smiles.

MARGE (CONT'D) Does this drawing really look like you? (sigh) You must have been so handsome. MARGE (CONT'D) I'd better get a move on, or we're going to be late. (turning) You'll have to excuse me ROBERT, I need to get dressed.

MARGE waits for a second, then turns back and undoes her robe. MARGE'S ample breasts are barely contained by her bra. She adjusts the straps and looks into the mirror.

> MARGE (Chastising) ROBERT!

INT. VILLAGE PUB - DAY

SAMANTHA is sat in a corner seat by the window, with her lap-top open on the table. She sips a glass of wine as she checks out the web for information. The locals stare at her with ill disguised suspicion.

She finds a newspaper article. A long horned picture of the devil in the guise of a goat appears on the screen; quickly followed by numerous mystical symbols and black and white photographs of bodies being stretchered out of the Manor. SAMANTHA'S eyes widen, as she reads the article.

A loud bang at the window makes SAMANTHA jump. A young boy outside has his face pressed to the window, the glass distorting his features as he scowls.

A second loud bang makes her jump again, as the barman slams a plate full of triangular sandwiches on the table. He stares directly into her eyes as he slowly skewers the sandwiches with a cocktail stick.

> SAMANTHA Uh... Thanks!

INT. TAXI - DAY

MARGE is in the back of a taxi being driven to the Manor. She opens her mobile and calls ZOE.

MARGE ZOE it's MARJORIE. I've just got off the phone with SAMANTHA. There's more to Overton Manor than we thought. We're going to need protection. MARGE (CONT'D) (pause) No we're not having a party afterwards. (pause) No a thong won't do. Oh for god's sake!

MARGE slams her phone shut and shakes her head.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

From high in the branches of a tree overlooking the road, we see RUPERT'S car approaching. It's a lot nearer now.

INT. RUPERT'S CAR - DAY

RUPERT still sings merrily along to the theme tune, as he drives down the tree lined road.

RUPERT DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DUM-DUM-TE-DUM-TE-DA-DA.

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - EVENING

KEN has arrived on site and is walking with MIKE, giving last minute instructions to cameramen and sound technicians.

Lap-top in hand, a concerned looking SAMANTHA hurries towards them.

INT. OBSERVATION UNIT - EVENING

MIKE and KEN are sat listening as SAMANTHA shows them her findings.

KEN Excellent! Get everything over to the studio! MARCUS can start working on the intro tomorrow. (pause) Nice job SAM. KEN (CONT'D) (turning to MIKE) Are we set up for the séance in the cellar? MIKE nods. SAMANTHA looks like she's about to protest, thinks better of it and leaves; still wearing a very concerned expression.

> KEN Everything else set up?

MIKE

Oh yeah!

MIKE puts his arm conspiringly around KEN'S shoulder.

INT. OVERTON MANOR - EVENING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) GARY is pointing out camera positions and explaining electronic voice phenomena, as he places the digital recorders around the house. A cameraman and sound technician in close attendance.
- B) MARGE and ZOE are in the dining room. MARGE carrying out psychometry on various ornaments and photographs. ZOE asking for dates and names, looking suitably astounded at MARGE'S mystical clarity.
- C) RUPERT, being filmed in the observation room with the screens behind him. Explaining his role as a psychologist and sceptic.
- D) The darkened basement, where space has been made amongst spooky remnants and bric-a-brac for a small round table and three chairs. An Ouija board with an upturned glass, sat in the centre of the table.

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - NIGHT

One by one, the lights go out in the Manor; until the entire house is swathed in darkness.

MIKE and RUPERT can be seen through the window of the observation unit, wearing headsets and watching the screens.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (1ST BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The scene opens in NIGHT-CAM VISION. MARGE, ZOE and GARY are in a dilapidated bedroom. Large areas of plaster have fallen from the walls and ceilings and all that is left of the curtains, is a few tattered rags that flutter by a broken window.

MARGE and ZOE are stood looking down at a collapsed iron bed, whilst GARY checks the room with his E.M.F meter. The fallen plaster crunches beneath their feet as they move.

> MARGE I don't like this. Not just this bedroom; the whole house feels wrong. Evil!

The camera closes on ZOE, who looks around wide eyed and fearful as she shivers.

GARY 0.6, 0.7. 0.9.

MARGE Something's happened in this room.

ZOE It's getting colder.

GARY waves the meter over the top of the broken bed, the lights on the top begin to flash.

GARY

2.8, 3.3, 4.6, 5. Are you getting this RUPERT? The E.M.F's spiking.

RUPERT (V.O.) It may be the iron, or the wiring above you. Move away from the bed!

GARY moves away from the bed.

GARY

5.2, 6, 6.4. Still climbing.

ZOE

I'm freezing!

GARY (addressing RUPERT) Anything on the thermal? INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

MIKE and RUPERT turn to look at a screen showing the same room through a thermal camera.

GARY, MARGE AND ZOE show up as blazing yellow figures, surrounded by darker reds and blues. The colours darkening on the colder spots.

A mass of pure black drifts from a wall and into the collapsed bed.

MIKE What was that?

RUPERT The window's smashed in that room, probably just a draught.

MIKE looks less than convinced.

RUPERT (addressing GARY) Nothing conclusive!

INT. OVERTON MANOR (1ST BEDROOM) - NIGHT

MARGE'S eyes widen.

We get a vision of the bedroom as it was in the past.

An obese woman dressed as a dominatrix, wearing a black masquerade mask; straddles an emancipated old man. Using a riding crop, she whips the naked figure, as her enormous bare-arse slaps up and down on him; bumping and grinding him into submission. The bed collapses and she lets out a loud dirty laugh.

Still straddling the old man, she turns and removes her mask. Her face is a twisted version of MARGE.

GARY (O.S.) Anything MARGE?

MARGE snaps back to the present. With a strange look on her face, she turns to GARY and ZOE.

MARGE No! Absolutely nothing! INT. OVERTON MANOR (1ST FLOOR HALLWAY) - NIGHT

As KEN leads the cameramen and crew out into the hallway, to film the investigators leaving the 1st bedroom; he reaches into his pocket and readies the remote.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (2ND BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The 2nd bedroom is clear of furniture, with bare boards, peeling wallpaper and an old radiator.

Seen in NIGHT-CAM the team enter, with GARY leading. GARY circles the room with his meter. MARGE stands in the centre of the room and lets out a long sigh, feeling the vibes. ZOE, as always, just stands with MARGE looking pretty and terrified.

ZOE Can you feel anything?

MARGE (trance like) Show me ROBERT. Give me a name.

GARY The readings are increasing!

MARGE

Something's coming!

GARY'S E.M.F meter begins to flash wildly.

The footsteps begin. The voice sounds.

VOICE

"HELLO..."

Then directly in front of ZOE.

VOICE "I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU."

ZOE let's out a long piercing scream.

INT. OBSERVATION UNIT - NIGHT

MIKE'S expression is a mixture of surprise and concern, as he watches the screens and listens through his headset. INT. OVERTON MANOR (1ST FLOOR HALLWAY) - NIGHT

KEN smiling; tucks the remote back into his pocket. The sound of ZOE still screaming in the background.

Knocking a cameraman out of the way, ZOE flees the bedroom and heads for the stairs.

KEN reacts fast! He gives instructions to the crews.

MIKE (pointing) You two, stay with MARGE and GARY! You and you, on ZOE!

KEN pulls out the second remote.

A cameraman (STILL FILMING) and sound-tech break off after ZOE.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) We hear heavy breathing and see bouncing pictures in NIGHT-CAM, as the crew descend the stairs.
- B) On seeing a ghostly cloud of green mist, ZOE screams again and does an about turn. She starts to run back up the stairs, straight into the path of the descending crew.
- C) In NIGHT-CAM VISION, a screaming ZOE heads straight for the camera. The green mist dissipating behind her. The shot and the sounds bump and blur and we get a quick glimpse up ZOE'S skirt, as she climbs over the cameraman she has flattened on the stairway.

INT. OBSERVATION UNIT - NIGHT

MIKE turns from the carnage being displayed on the screens.

MIKE

Do you believe this?

RUPERT turns and smiles.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (DINING ROOM) - NIGHT

The cast and crew have gathered in the dining room. Cameramen and sound technicians mill around, adjusting equipment. MARGE and GARY are comforting ZOE. KEN is stood to one side talking into his radio. KEN Tell me we got it!

MIKE (V.O.) Everything!

KEN

RUPERT?

RUPERT (V.O.) I'll have to review the evidence, but it certainly looks promising.

KEN makes a -- TOSSER -- signal with his hand.

RUPERT (V.O.) We should press on with the séance. MARGE maybe able to contact whatever's there. It'll help the investigation.

KEN ponders this for a second.

KEN

Ok!

INT. OVERTON MANOR 1862 (VISION) - NIGHT

By the light of flickering candles, the crimson robed figure approaches the alter. Acolytes chant from the surrounding darkness.

The naked young woman cries and pleads, as she struggles with her bonds.

The ceremonial dagger is raised and plunged deep into her chest.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

MARGE gasps and clutches her chest. Her eyes wide and fearful.

GARY

You alright!

MARGE nods, still trying to catch her breath.

The basement is lit by temporary floodlights. KEN is deep in conversation with the crew, adjusting camera and sound positions. MARGE, ZOE and GARY are stood by the table making ready for the séance.

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MARGE This is a mistake.

KEN (loud) Ok everyone. Positions!

The team take their seats.

KEN

Lights out in three, two, one.

The basement is plunged into darkness.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A phone rings in the darkened bedroom. A bleary eyed SAMANTHA switches on a bed-side lamp and picks up the receiver.

SAMANTHA

Hello? (pause) That can't be right, I was with him earlier.

SAMANTHA sits up in bed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D) It has to be a mistake. (pause) Oh!

SAMANTHA replaces the phone. Her eyes dart from side to side, trying to process the information.

She picks the phone back up and dials a number. There's no answer. She dials another number. Again no answer.

SAMANTHA jumps out of bed.

INT. OBSERVATION UNIT - NIGHT

MIKE is watching a screen showing NIGHT-CAM VISION, with MARGE, ZOE and GARY about to start the séance.

MIKE

It's looking good.

RUPERT smiles. Removing his headset as he stands.

RUPERT Yes It is... Time I was joining them.

RUPERT dissolves into a pillar of dense black smoke that towers menacingly over MIKE, before passing through the wall and heading for the Manor.

MIKE

KEEEEEN!

INT. OVERTON MANOR (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

A whistling static noise blasts through KEN'S ear-piece. He quickly pulls it out and waits for it to stop.

He taps it a couple of times before replacing it.

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - NIGHT.

As the boiling mass of black smoke passes into the house, the front door slams with a terrible finality.

THE PREVIOUS DAY:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

RUPERT'S car nears the trees overhanging the road.

(beat) Like a medieval-knight's lance in a jousting competition; a long thick branch lowers towards the approaching car.

INT. RUPERT'S CAR - DAY

The branch crashes through the windscreen at a forty-five degree angle; impaling Rupert through the chest and passing straight through the driver's seat and into the rear.

As the blood soaked branches drip onto the floor and upholstery, RUPERT'S body twitches and jerks in rhythm to the theme tune still playing on the radio.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

Seen through NIGHT-CAM VISION, the séance begins.

Holding hands, the team bow their heads as if in prayer.

MARGE nods and fingers are placed on the glass.

MARGE If there's anybody there? (pause) Give us a sign! Through us, use your energy to move the glass. (pause) Is there anybody there?

The glass slowly circles before heading for YES on the Ouija board.

. MARGE

Can you give me a name?

The glass moves across the board and starts to spell.

In unison, the team repeat each letter the glass selects.

MARGE, GARY, ZOE F-A-T-T-A-R-T

ZOE F-A-T-T-A-R-T. Fattart! Could it be an Arab name?

There is a stifled laugh from one of the crew.

KEN

Quiet!

MARGE (annoyed) Is that the best you can do?

The glass circles once, then heads straight for NO.

The glass, then the table begin to shake and are slowly lifted off the floor.

The team quickly pull their hands away, as the table continues to rise.

Zoe begins to whimper. Even MARGE and GARY gasp with astonishment.

With a sudden burst of acceleration, the glass and table are pulverised against the basement ceiling.

The walls begin to glow red and an evil, deep-throated, laughter reverberates around the basement.

There is a moment of total silence.

Then mayhem ensues.

CONTINUOUS:

The cast and crew knock over chairs, equipment, bric-a-brac and each other, as they scramble for the narrow wooden staircase leading out of the basement.

Amidst cries and screams, the throng burst out onto the ground floor landing and head for the front door.

The crew pound, kick and shoulder charge the front door, which stubbornly refuses to budge.

Similar scenes are played out at all the exterior doors.

In the dining room, a member of the crew swings a chair with all of his might at the large glass window.

The chair shatters, without making a dent.

A diligent GARY tries to get an E.M.F reading. Only to see his meter light up and burst into flames.

ZOE looks down in horror, as invisible hands begin to undo her coat, then her blouse.

Carrying a small torch, a decidedly pale KEN grabs two of the crew.

KEN

(urgent) Is there a toilet in here?

A shaking cameraman points to one of the doors in the hallway.

CAMERAMAN

There.

KEN (forceful) Wait outside the door for me! Do you understand? (grabbing his lapel) Don't move!

The two men give nervous nods.

The door closes. Quickly followed by the noises of a man whose anal-nerve has just given up.

The cameraman and sound technician exchange disgusted looks, as the plops and raspberries run their course.

Aaaagh...

A loud BANG comes from behind the door.

The two men look at each other with wrinkled nose expressions.

All goes quiet from the toilet.

The men exchange another glance. The sound technician nods. The cameraman opens the door and we see the light from the small torch on the floor.

The cameraman picks it up and shines it towards the bowl.

KEN'S trousers and one shoe are still on the floor, but no sign of KEN.

As the torchlight tracks upwards we see a large gaping hole in the ceiling.

The second shoe drops down through the hole and lands in the toilet bowl with a muted splash.

The two men step backwards and out of the toilet, just as a topless ZOE runs past them screaming in the hallway.

CAMERAMAN We've got to get the fuck out of here.

INT. OVERTON MANOR (DINING ROOM) - NIGHT

MARGE is deep in concentration in the dining room, imploring her spiritual guide for help.

MARGE We need your help ROBERT! I know how brave you are. You must help us!

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - NIGHT

With gas-mask and Enfield slung over shoulder, a ghostly figure of a young 1st world-war soldier can be seen running away as fast as he can.

EXT. OVERTON MANOR - DAWN

The morning sunshine is interwoven with the flashing blue lights of the emergency services.

A team of Paramedics tend to the injuries of the cast and crew.

Wrapped in blankets and suffering from shock, ZOE is led to the back of an ambulance.

Policeman organise the site traffic and take statements.

Firemen emerge through the shattered remains of the Manor's front door, carrying KEN on a stretcher. Paramedics rush in and begin their work.

MARGE, SAMANTHA, GARY and MIKE follow the stretcher.

A disorientated KEN regains consciousness and sits up in the back of the ambulance.

Ripping the oxygen mask from his face, he calls out to his assembled colleagues.

KEN Did we get it?

A shocked MIKE nods.

KEN Fucking A!

SAMANTHA KEN! RUPERT'S dead!

KEN (addressing MARGE) Get BOB to bell him! See if he's still up for it!

A paramedic replaces the oxygen mask and pushes him back down. The rear-doors close and the ambulance pulls away.

SAMANTHA He's delirious, doesn't know what he's saying.

MARGE Let's hope not!

The four turn and walk away.

INT. SUBTERANEAN ROCKY HOLLOW - DAY

A ghostly RUPERT is sat on a rock, staring up at the black column of swirling smoke.

RUPERT Of course; this doesn't really prove anything!

The smoke let's out a long mournful groan.

DAYS LATER:

INT. WESTBANK STUDIOS - DAY

Two production assistants sit at a table with lap-tops open and headsets on. Reviewing the visual and audio evidence acquired at the MANOR.

One of the assistants removes his headset and turns to the other.

ASSISTANT Listen to this!

He leans forward and pulls the jack from the computer.

A rasping deep-throated voice, sounds out of the speakers.

VOICE DUMMM-TE-DUMMM-TE-DUMMM-DUMMM-TE-DUMMM-TE-DAAA-DAAA. (pause) I love this one.

The titles roll to the Archers theme tune.

TITLES

THE END