

Bell Tolls

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In one of two single beds, GWEN, 30s, sleeps restlessly.

DING! -- her tired eyes burst open.

FLASH -- INT. OLD MAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shows a bedside table sideways on. -- END FLASH

Gwen sits and strikes a light switch.

DING! FLASH -- Higher view of the bedside table. Focus on a family photo.

From the other single bed REESE, 40s, leaps up.

REESE

Talk!

GWEN

Dark room. Photo with three kids--

DING! FLASH -- Door behind the table, twisting to look down, an old man's wrinkled hand.

GWEN

An old man. Wedding ring.

Reese throws on a vicar-esque robe.

REESE

More!

Gwen twinges anger, closes her eyes, twists her head.

DING! FLASH -- Her view swings over the corpse of the OLD MAN and focuses on his face.

GWEN

It's too dark. I don't know him.

Reese sweeps up a bag with a hatchet tied to its side. He stares at Gwen, alarmed.

She sets her eyes closed and gracefully twists her head.

DING! FLASH -- Recessed window frame silhouette with a clear yellow glow through it.

GWEN

Late nineteen fifties build, a street light, center of the window.

REESE

Great.

Ding! FLASH -- The bell rings softly and the image blurs.

Gwen slumps in pained fatigue.

GWEN

That was it. Six. It was six, you have some time.

REESE

I'll need it. There's a hundred houses in that estate. Was it a left or a right?

Gwen concentrates, swoops her head sideways, reaches out.

GWEN

The door was... It's left.

Reese pulls Gwen's phone from her hand bag and pointedly places it beside her. She nods.

He crashes out.

Gwen pushes down her covers, pulls up a crippled leg, and lowers it over the bedside.

Listening, she hears a car door slam, and a car speed away.

With a struggle, she pulls herself up onto a walking frame.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gwen pops a pill and splashes her face.

PHONE RINGS. Troubled, she searches around. Knocking the door open she sees--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- her phone still at her bedside.

With a wrenching effort, she clatters across the room. Collapses over the bed to grasp the phone.

GWEN

(to phone)

Yes.

EXT. 1950'S BUILT HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

Reese runs headlong, holding papers.

REESE
(to phone)
I've not found it. She'll be here
soon. I need more.

INTERCUT

Gwen grimaces.

REESE
I know you don't like it. Just get
on with it.

Gwen gazes at a dressing table mirror with strange powders
and tools arrayed at it. She rolls that way.

Reese slows to check his papers, an old man's details.

REESE
This one.

Stowing his phone, he leaps over the low wall and jumps high
up the side of the left hand house of a semi-detached pair.

Gripping the window ledge, he pulls himself up and peers at a
couple in a tender sleeping embrace.

In the seat at the dresser, Gwen stirs a chemical mix,
sending up a thin smoke that pains her nose.

Clutching icons, she's disturbed by Reese on speaker phone.

REESE
I don't have time to go to all the
other possibilities.

Refocusing, Gwen stares at herself in the mirror, shivers,
mist marks her breath.

REESE
Anything?

Clenching her teeth, she's fixed on her own eyes, but over
comes fear to gaze over her reflected shoulder.

Swirling clouds and pin points of light hover behind her.

A cloudy form swings her way and glides up to loom intimately
close to her cheek. The Old Man's face.

GWEN
Moustache, glasses, eighties,
gaunt.

Reese flicks through his papers.

Gwen smiles and leans in close to the mirror, eyes entrapped.

REESE
Got it! Come back, turn away.

Gwen's close to the mirror.

REESE
Gwen! Speak to me! Gwen!

She blinks back to herself. Peels her eyes away, making the spirit cloud suck out of the reflection.

GWEN
I'm here. Save the soul.

Reese streaks to another house.

A SHRIEKING HOWL spears from the dark sky.

Wide eyed he vaults the low wall, glancing up at BANSHEE's swirl of tormented white robes swooping at the window.

Reese crashes through the door and--

INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

-- up the stairs, deafened by SHRIEKS.

INT. OLD MAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Banshee's face framed with swirling white robes closes in on the space over the dead body of the Old Man.

Reese smashes open the door and against a wall of SHRIEKS, throws water out over the bed.

Some water hangs in the air, caught on the hovering soul.

Water sears the robes of the Banshee. With fierce anger, she swirls out the window.

Reese collapses back against the wall.

REESE
Go in peace, old-timer. Go in
peace.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gwen gazes into a room at a sleeping BRANDON, 16. Reese staggers in.

REESE

Another one she didn't get... You okay?

She nods, adjusts her balance on her walking frame.

REESE

Come on. Let's get you off your feet.

She allows him to take the weight of her crippled leg side.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Gwen edges through her front door. Shuffles toward their four-wheel drive, spot-lighted truck.

Brandon pushes out past her. She wobbles.

BRANDON

Steady Mum.

He hurries into the street spotting a hot hatch burning rubber around the corner.

Gwen stares uneasily at the car arriving, stupid yellow dice and all, with DYLAN, WIM, and THOMAS, all 17, on board.

DYLAN

Yo, Mrs Andrews.

Brandon glances at his Mum, who fumbles with the truck door.

BRANDON

One minute.

He hurries back and helps her into the passenger side.

GWEN

Back before nightfall.

BRANDON

I know.

He turns to hurry away.

GWEN

Brandon. Thanks.

She smiles at him and the others as he leaps in and they speed away. Reese strides out to the driver's side.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

At the checkout Gwen rebalances. The cashier, FIONN, 18, flowing white blonde hair tied with an oversized white bow, sneers at the growing pile of unbagged shopping.

FIONN
You gonna bag it?

GWEN
You know I can't.

Fionn grumbles and begins bagging.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Gwen sits on a bench waiting with her shopping. Reese pulls the truck up alongside and waves at pressurized tanks in the back.

REESE
Got it. Fresh batch of seawater.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen sits and fidgets with a vial hanging from her neck. Reese sharpens his hatchet.

REESE
Stop worrying. The boy's getting older. I was battling spirits at his age.

GWEN
I was chained up in the asylum. The only thing that ever visited swooped over me and shrieked.

REESE
Well, you're getting even now.

Gwen looks at the door. Eyes widen.

DING! FLASH -- INT. HOME BATHROOM - NIGHT

Collapsed woman on a bathroom floor, bag bound tight over her head, white bow disheveled in blonde hair. -- END FLASH

GWEN
It's Fionn. In a bathroom.

REESE

What else?

He stares at her expectantly. Gwen closes her eyes, waits. Nothing happens.

GWEN

That's it! She's only been given one. All she deserved.

REESE

I know where she lives. I have to try.

Grabbing his bag he races out.

INT. FIONN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Reese bangs through the door, seawater in hand, and stops in alarm at seeing an empty floor. He phones--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- Gwen, who answers.

GWEN

Yes?

REESE

(on phone)

I'm too late and she's taken the body as well as the soul.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

The hot hatch with four lads on board is flagged down by a wild looking Fionn with one hand behind her back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen rubs her leg and listens out. Clutches the vial hanging on her neck. Eyes widen.

DING! FLASH(D) -- INT. HOT HATCH - NIGHT

Yellow hanging dice bang around. -- END FLASH

Gwen grips her crippled leg.

GWEN

No!

DING! FLASH(D) -- Scans down, a steering wheel, a sword blade pointing out his chest retracts back through Dylan's body.

Gwen alarmed.

DING! FLASH(W) -- In the back seat, Fionn's shrieking face, her hand flashing away to the side, image begins to tilt.

DING! FLASH(D) -- Dylan's bloody hands at his chest.

Gwen screams.

DING! FLASH(W) -- Fionn brings her short sword swooping around and begins a thrust, image rolls over up side down.

DING! FLASH(D) -- Dylan's view turns to see Thomas open the passenger door, one foot out, blade skewers Thomas under his rib cage.

Gwen grips her chair arms.

GWEN

Brandon!

DING! FLASH(W) -- View rolls, Fionn's out reaching arm, left rear door opening, Brandon hunched low trying to slide out.

DING! FLASH(T) -- Thomas's view along Fionn's sword arm across the car, Dylan gazing lifeless from the driver's seat, Wim's decapitated head rolling in the air.

DING! FLASH(D) -- Dylan's view slumps against the steering wheel watching the sword rip back out of Thomas.

DING! FLASH(W) -- Fionn's elbow strikes the rolling viewpoint, Wim's headless body, fabric of the rear seat.

DING! FLASH(T) -- Door frame, falling back night sky.

Ding! FLASH(D) -- Blurring and part blocked by steering wheel, Gwen's bungalow seen through the front window.

Gwen clutches her walker.

DING! FLASH(W) -- Rolling through door sill, night sky, Fionn sweeping over headless body, tarmac.

Ding! FLASH(T) -- Night sky, lowers to blurry Fionn with sword raised over Brandon.

Gwen springs up, grips her walker, but falls over in a heap.

GWEN

No!

DING! FLASH(W) -- Rolling view, sword swoops in at Brandon and is hooked by hatchet, sky, bungalow.

Gwen scrambles across the floor towards a window.

Ding! FLASH(T) -- Reese's leg slashed by sword, blurs as he propels Fionn over the car.

Gwen shattered on the floor, but pulls herself up to look through the window.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The hot hatch surrounded by devastation.

Reese falls unable to walk.

REESE

Keep running, Brandon!

Brandon flees down the street.

Reese spots Gwen at the window, waves her down.

Across the car Fionn swirls up, catches sight of Gwen, and lets loose a SHRIEK.

She sweeps at the bungalow.

Reese tries to chase, but can't.

Fionn pauses.

He clutches his hatchet. Hurls it.

She moves and it clatters down close to the truck.

Fionn SHRIEKS her triumph to the night sky.

Reese fixes a look at Gwen, pulls out a small dagger, and to her horror plunges it into his own heart.

Lowering down he forces his eyes open at the bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Gwen falls back away as the sword flashes through the window.

She rips the vial from her neck. Flings it to smash against the wall. Water sears Fionn's arm.

DING! FLASH -- EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Reese's view, Fionn snaps back, paces outside. -- END FLASH

Gwen pulls herself up on a chair.

DING! FLASH -- Fionn lifts her sword and approaches the door.

Gwen clambers across furniture and grips her walker.

DING! FLASH -- Fionn steps back away.

Gwen gathers the walker and edges to the door.

DING! FLASH -- Fionn kicks in the door.

Timing it just right, Gwen throws herself, walker first out the doorway.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Fionn slashes a leg off the walker leaving a sharp point, and SHRIEKS in surprise at being knocked backwards.

DING! FLASH -- Gwen drives Fionn hard against the truck piercing the walker leg through her stomach, pins her to the truck.

Fionn recovers from shock and lets out a laughing SHRIEK at Gwen, who collapses in a heap.

Gwen grasps the hatchet and Fionn stops laughing.

Fionn tries to swing her sword arm, but finds it trapped.

Gwen propels up raising the hatchet.

Ding! FLASH -- Blurred view of Gwen taking a wild swing.

Gwen misses Fionn and falls back.

Fionn pushes against the walker, loosens it, SHRIEKS with laughter.

GWEN

Laugh it up.

Gwen points to the hacked off valve of one of the seawater tanks as it bursts open.

Seawater sprays all over them both.

Fionn's physical body dissolves away.

The Banshee writhes, SHRIEKS and swirls. Spirits explode away from her. She also dissolves into the water.

Gwen lies back, savors the fresh shower.

FADE OUT.