

FOLKTALE

written by

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Address
Phone

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, 1977

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. MORNING.

A vast and uneven sea of green grass with a dense fog back drop. Hills are divided by fences and stone walls.

SUPER: 1977

EXT. FARMLAND. MORNING.

A FARMER looks over his SHEEP and RAMS that chew at the floor bed joylessly, hidden amongst the heavy dew.

The Farmer is JODIE THOMPSON, 45, a thick grey beard, an old vacant stare that lingers along the highland grounds.

Jodie looks almost hypnotised as he looks out into the dreary morning air filled with damp melancholy.

The stare that HOLDS Jodie drops when a sheep BAAA's at Jodie.

Jodie attempts to recapture the alluring stare but can't seem to find it, or know what he was looking at in the first place.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

A cosy little cottage farmhouse. Muddy grounds leading up to the front passage, white walls that show this house to be an old one.

Water rushes down a river along past the farmhouse walls...It disappears into the wooded area a hundred feet away from the house...

Jodie leaves the farmhouse with fishing equipment, rods, tackle, spare parts etc.

DOUGLAS THOMPSON, 8, a little boy wearing a small hand knitted sweater underneath a thick windbreaker, carries tiny fishing rods out of the house alongside his father.

Doug and Jodie place their equipment into an open PICK UP TRUCK.

Attached to the PICK UP is a wooden BOAT, small, enough to fit two people, three maximum.

Jodie ruffles Doug's hair messily as he struts away to gather more essentials for their boating expedition.

EXT. CAR PARLK / LOCH. MORNING.

TRUCKS and MOTORS park up at the LOCH car park, beside a large sign that reads: LOCH NESS 227 meters deep - be **damn** careful!!

Jodie's pick up truck pulls up to the Loch and parks in a space.

EXT. DOCK / LOCH. MORNING.

Jodie and Doug set up their little wooden boat, Doug holds the lunch hamper as Jodie props the boat into the water and encourages Doug to get in.

Doug hops into the boat. Doug puts down the hamper and Jodie hands little Doug the fishing rods. He puts them down beside him.

Jodie crawls into the boat, makes sure not to fall into the Loch or tip the boat.

EXT. LOCH. MORNING.

The fog crawls across the Loch waters surface, its ominous presence creeps around Jodie's boat.

Jodie and Doug sit on the Loch with their little boat. They are the only ones on the Loch.

A grumble reverberates from beneath the Loch...The echo sends the water to shake and subside quick.

EXT. BOAT / LOCH. MORNING.

The two sit in stillness, eyeing their own fishing line, hoping for a catch...

Doug's little line begins to jolt and move... he points eagerly for his fathers attention.

Jodie smiles as he motions with his hands for Doug to reel it in...

Doug reels it in with much haste, it doesn't work... The line goes limp and Doug reels in nothing but a snagged line and moss.

Doug is upset, Jodie comforts the boy, rubs away his tears and gives him another hair ruffle.

Jodie ties another hook to Doug's rod and casts it for the little boy. Doug now has a determined face.

EXT. LOCH. MIDDAY.

A buoyant yellow plastic bubble bobs in the water...it bobs begin to happen faster...until...it is fully submerged.

EXT. BOAT / LOCH. MIDDAY.

Jodie holds onto his fishing rod as he looks out into the open waters. He turns to Doug, his son.

Doug's no longer holding onto his rod or even looking in its direction. Completely disinterested. Tucking into a tuna sandwich, he isn't all too sure he enjoys...

Jodie sees Doug's line, it is being pulled, nudges Doug who notices and takes immediate action, reels it right in.

It takes the little boy some effort as the fish zig zags. Doug pulls...and pulls...the fish jumps out the water and is hoisted into the air by Doug.

The fish isn't all that big. Impressive for a boy of Doug's age though. Jodie props a net on a pole underneath the hovering fish and commands Doug to drop the fish.

Doug lowers the fish into the water and into the net where the fish tries to redeem itself with new found false freedom, pulls against the net to no avail.

Doug looks so proud as the netted fish is being dropped into the boat by Jodie.

Doug tries to pick it up, but the fish slips from his fingers. Jodie is too adored by his son to see his own line is being pulled.

Doug points his wet fingers at Jodie's rod, Jodie spins around and reels the BAD BOY in. Doug cheers his dad on.

The BAD BOY FISH pulls very hard and fast. The line sinks deeper and deeper, leaves little wire above water.

Jodie's eyes widen as the rod becomes difficult to maneuverer.

The boat starts moving from its fixed position in the Loch. The line drags the boat through the waters, it gains speed quick.

Jodie holds on for dear life, but sees Doug. Doug shivers; terrified.

Jodie throws his fishing rod into the waters...The rod is devoured by the water as the BAD BOY FISH drags it deeper and deeper, obscuring the rod until it descends into the dark depths of the Loch.

The Farmer watches it disappear...looks to his little boy who covers his eyes from fear...Jodie's shows a troubled expression at his son.

A large splash from where Jodie's rod disappeared can be heard...Jodie turns to witness IT...The BIG BEAST of the Loch. He stares deep into IT's black eyes...IT's slimy SKIN.

Water drips down off the BIG BEAST's back and splashes into the Loch, sending ripples out that collide with Jodie's boat.

Jodie is frozen in place. The BEAST of the Loch looks over him and a shrill echo returns that sends goosebumps all down Jodie's arms and neck.

Jodie silently screams at the BEAST but it buys him no favour in the eyes of the BEAST.

FOCUS ON DOUG:

Doug's fingers wrap tighter over his face, a mask that shades him from death, fear and the BEAST.

Silence.

Doug's grip loosens. His little eyes scan the boat. Jodie has gone. No where to be seen.

DOUG

Dad?

The Loch is still. The fog wraps around Doug. He shivers from the cold.

Doug is thrown from the boat as the thing capsizes and lands upside down in the water...Doug fights the water.

EXT. DOCK / LOCH. MIDDAY.

Doug surrounded by FRIENDLY PEOPLE. They pat him dry with towels and cloths, as he remains unresponsive.

The people speak to him but he doesn't respond. Consumed by shock. The boy's gaze is to the Loch...The Loch that had taken his father...an echo can be heard coming from the Loch...Ripples turn to waves...

INT. BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

A bed's springs creak, blanket sheets rustle as DOUG wakes up, sweat gleaming off the 40 year old man, dark ringlets encircle his blue startled eyes, beads of sweat drip from his scraggly brown hair, as well as the tuft of beard growing in.

SUPER: 2009

Doug surveys the room to make sure he isn't back at the bottom of that Loch again. The amount of water dripping from him would suggest otherwise.

The room is littered with a different assortment of beer bottles, cans, fizzy juice, fast food and papers scattered all over. A real depression pit, that Doug sadly looks all too accustomed to.

Doug now secure that he is in no immediate danger keels back into bed and rubs his wet temples as his bony elbow knocks over a few beer bottles by his bedside cabinet. One smashes against the tile floors.

Doug slaps his forehead in agitation.

DOUG

Shit.

Doug sees the time via a little alarm clock by his bedside table: 06:14.

The bed dweller gets up and gets changed into a pair of denim work trousers, a long sleeved white shirt, big sturdy steel toed boots and blue coveralls.

Doug observes a big corner desk in his bedroom. The desk has piles and piles of notes and blue paper drawings just sat atop the mahogany wood collecting dust.

Doug tries to organise the piles, one blue print exposes plans for a new boat for him to build. The new boat with a great big V-shaped HULL, a water BALLAST system in the HULL and sharp long BILGE KEELS.

Doug grabs at the blue print and throws it to the ground with petty hatred for the miscellaneous object.

EXT. ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

Green hills and cottage homes are connected by HORSE and DONKEY rode gravel trails, SHEEP and COWS wander onto the trails as FISHERMAN make their way to the HARBOUR.

SUPER: ISLE OF LEWIS

EXT. HARBOUR / ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

FROM AFAR:

FISHERMEN begin to stack crab boxes and fishing nets onto their boats at the PORT OF NESS HARBOUR. FISHERMAN in bright orange and yellow coveralls.

A BLONDE WOMAN, mid 20's follows the FISHERMEN. She stumbles about, out of place of the HIGHLAND MEN in their outfits, with their gruff and workman appearances.

The Blonde Woman is zipping up her coveralls, catches her hair on her zipper, tugs harder, it pulls at her hair. The FISHERMEN laugh, the OLDER MAN there stops to help her out.

EXT. MINCH / ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

The Minch is a large open body of water connecting both the INNER and OUTER HEBRIDES (smaller islands of Scotland). The Minch's deep waters are dark and mysterious.

Ocean foam wraps around a FISHING BOAT that sails against the waves through the Minch's waters. Jellyfish's stinging tentacles sway as they swim through the water.

EXT. ABOARD SAINT WULLY. MORNING.

"ABOARD SAINT WULLY" is a CREEL FISHING BOAT. The V shaped hull is dirty with grime, with great water damage to the orange paint along the side of the boat.

The OLDER MAN that was last seen speaking to the Blonde Woman is, HARRIS, 48, auburn hair, a messy, but maintained beard and just a real handsome fella.

The BLONDE WOMAN is SHEENA, deep blue eyes, a broad but gorgeous face, and a clumsiness with everything she does. Sheena speaks with Harris as he tries to get on with the usual work that goes in to catching WHITE and FLAT FISH.

HARRIS

Wully catches all sorts of different fishes. You've got Cod, Haddock, Pollock, Flounder. Stuff like that. Stuff you'd pick up at the super market, ken?

Sheena nods.

SHEENA

I heard that you know a lot about the "Blue Men of the Minch?"

Harris drops whatever he was doing and gets closer to Sheena. Harris gives her a stern look.

HARRIS

Aye? Why do you ask?

SHEENA

Well, I'm writing a book on myths and folktale of Scotland. Just wanted to know from some of the locals of the Isle of Lewis what they knew about the myth.

HARRIS

It's no myth, Lass.

SHEENA

Little blue mermaids that swim about the waters of the Minch?

HARRIS

No. They aren't mermaids.

SHEENA

And do you all believe in mermaids? All the fisherman?

ANGUS, a stocky ginger guy sets up nets a couple feet away from Sheena and Harris.

ANGUS

Not all, just the ones with zero sense.

The rest of the FISHERMEN on *Aboard Saint Wully* guffaw at the Ginger Fisherman's jest.

HARRIS

(to Sheena)

Look.

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Sheena, I did this as a favour to your Daddy. Stop bringing me grief.

SHEENA

(zero conviction)

I apologise.

HARRIS

OK.

Harris continues to set up a CREEL BAITED TRAP as Sheena looks out into the Minch, boredom forces her hand to speak further.

SHEENA

What magical rules do people have to follow?

HARRIS

Come again?

SHEENA

Rules. These folktale myths tend to have rules that you or they must abide to.

HARRIS

Well...You have to exchange rhymes until they let you past, if they outsmart you, they set a plague of storms onto the Minch to send you asunder.

Sheena smiles, and Harris begins to chuckle softly.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I get how it all sounds now. But I'm serious. There's *things* in the **Highlands** that cannot be mocked are ridiculed.

(sincere)

Try not to throw rubbish in the Loch's or waters.

SHEENA

(uncaring)

Sure.

HARRIS

Here. Why don't you ask your Dad about all this stuff, isn't he all about myths and legends.

SHEENA
 (gotcha!)
 Ah! Myths!

Harris manoeuvres the creel into the Minch waters.

HARRIS
 Am I wrong about your Dad?

SHEENA
 No, he just only cares about one
 fucking myth. Sick of hearing about
 it. Arsehole can't think about
 anything but the Beast of Loch
 Ness.

HARRIS
 Nessie, aye?

Sheena rolls her eyes to the back of her head and right round again.

SHEENA
 ...Yes.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. AFTERNOON.

A SHIPWRIGHT construction zone just outside the HARBOUR. Metal frames hold up the stainless steel ribs of what will be a big boat.

Doug is overseeing the building of the boat. GREG, 30's, tanned, bulky gruff dude, carries aluminium sheets.

GREG
 Doug. Are we using aluminium sheets
 or stainless steel for this bad
 boy?

Greg gestures to the stainless steel ribs.

DOUG
 We'll stick with stainless where we
 can.

GREG
 Do we have a client out for this
 boat?

DOUG

No. Auction, I believe. Boatyard will be moving it out of the harbour and sailing it down to England. A lot of Danish buyers are coming down for the show.

GREG

Very show-off-ey. Should we add some more style and design to the interior?

DOUG

You know the Danish. Minimalists.

Greg chuckles.

GREG

How's Sheena doing? Not heard from her for a few years now.

DOUG

She's away writing some book. I don't know. She doesn't keep in much contact with me anymore.

GREG

That's ashamed. What's the book about?

DOUG

I don't know. I only heard about the book when her publicist phoned my house because it was the only phone number they had of hers that they had on record.

GREG

Should give her a call, get her to come up and see everyone.

DOUG

No. She's stuck doing her own thing, would be useless to bring her out of whatever delusions she's got herself in.

Greg nods and starts moving towards the rib cage, ready to apply some metal sheets to the frame of the boat.

An aluminium sheet is discarded by Greg as he retrieves a stainless steel sheet from a pile of slanted sheets.

Greg slows before he reaches a step ladder anchored onto the frame of the ribs and turns back to his boss, Doug.

GREG

Doug.

DOUG

Aye?

GREG

Me and a few of the harbour boys were going down to the Loch-ee tonight for a swalley.

DOUG

Have a good time.

GREG

You not wanting to come, like?

DOUG

No. Got stuff I have to do tonight.

GREG

Right.

Greg moves up the step ladder and begins welding metal plates onto the boat as Doug watches on supervising. Doug sighs from the back as some other MEN in the harbour assemble pieces of boat to the ribs.

There is a longing in Doug as he detaches his eyes from the MEN as they laugh jovially at one another.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

A casual Friday nights Scottish Highlands Pub, locals slosh back pints of Tennents and Guinness, a small TV in the corner of the Pub plays a match game of a football team half a continent over.

Harris sips at a half-pint of Tennents while he sticks fries from a little poke on the table in his mouth. Across from Harris is Sheena who drinks from a glass of wine, doesn't bother with the chips.

Both Harris and Sheena are out of their fishing gear, sporting dungaree like overalls, Sheena has a Wooley jumper on, Harris wears a white turtle neck t-shirt.

SHEENA

Do you know any other folktales?

HARRIS

A few.

Sheena comes closer to hear what Harris has to say, but he doesn't say anything, he just eats away at the chips.

SHEENA

Well, go ahead. I'm not wanting to stay in the Isle forever.

HARRIS

Ask me and I'll tell you what you want to know.

SHEENA

I just did. Ugh. Ok. Is there any other creatures in the Isle of Lewis?

HARRIS

There's some I know of. There are the Bean Nighe-

SHEENA

What's that?

HARRIS

A washerwoman. They are seen around the rivers and ponds. Washing blood stained clothes. They foretell death and mortality.

SHEENA

Do you believe in Bean Nighe?

HARRIS

I don't know. I respect them, I don't know for certainty of their existence.

SHEENA

Aye, why respect them if you don't believe in them.

HARRIS

Better to be respectful than ignorant.

EXT. WOODS / ISLE OF LEWIS. NIGHT.

The WOODS are lit up by a cosy campfire that emits a throbbing warm light through the treeline.

A BAND of MEN in their mid 20's drink beer near the campfire.

SUPER: ISLE OF LEWIS - 1982

HARRIS (O.S)

I know a couple men that went to the Falkland's in the 80's. The night before they went off to fight, they encountered a washerwoman in the woods.

One MAN, let's call him JACOB goes for a piss away from the other MEN that chuckle at his departure.

Jacob ventures over to a river, the stream masks the other sounds of nature.

As Jacob pulls his cock out, his eyes stare hauntingly at the river...A WASHERWOMAN stares back at him, her face twisted and convulsed to look unnatural, eyes wide with pain and fear, in her hands are wet rags covered in blood.

SHEENA (O.S)

If they died, how do you know that?

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Harris bites down onto another chip, cleans the residue off his fingers and onto his dungarees.

HARRIS

They came back fine. Right at the back end of the very short war.

EXT. FALKLANDS. MIDDAY.

MEN shoots ARTILLERY at ARGENTINIAN RECLAIMERS, dirt is shot and speckles of mud hit the SOLDIERS in the face.

SUPER: FALKLANDS WAR

JACOB amongst the SOLDIERS, takes shelter behind a man made structure.

EXT. ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

The clouds part as rays of the sun cast down on the ISLE OF LEWIS, a warm day of springtime.

WOMEN wave amongst themselves from little cottage homes, they have BIG PROTRUDING BUMPS on their bellies. They rub them lovingly as they head back inside.

HARRIS (O.S)

They made sure to leave their wives pregnant before heading off.

INT. COTTAGE HOME. EVENING.

An orange hue bursts through the window panes and into the cottage home, chaos is at the fore front of the living room.

A bathtub has been placed in the centre of the main room, a WOMAN screams with her legs apart, underwear still around the ankles.

The ISLAND DOCTOR holds onto the WOMAN's hand as she screams and wails in pain, her grip gets tighter and vocal chords louder, until both subside and the bath pools obnoxiously with thick blood.

HARRIS (O.S)

All of their wives had died in child birth when they were away to war.

The Island Doctor rubs his forehead with a towel he has already in his hands and vomits to his side.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Sheena leans forward in absolute horror of Harris's story.

SHEENA

Fucking hell.

HARRIS

Father of two. Widowed. I don't like to think of none of that either.

SHEENA

Have you got any less soul crushing stories?

HARRIS

Erm. They are all quite sad actually.

SHEENA

Any not about dead babies?

HARRIS

Yes.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. EVENING.

A HOME sits at the SHORES of the ORKNEY ISLAND.

An ORKNEY SHIPWRIGHT, 50's, smashes a nail into a wooden boat, the final touches to his mini masterpiece.

The SHIPWRIGHT has a cute little FISHERMANS HAT on.

Waves collide together in the background and air swirls frantically, it picks up sand and throws it in the SHIPWRIGHT's face. He wipes it off.

HARRIS (O.S)

I know of a little man that lived up Orkney. A strange little man, no God on his side. Heart set on building a little boat and fishing for the rest of his days.

SHEENA (O.S)

Cute.

EXT. ORKNEY WATERS. EVENING.

The SHIPWRIGHT casts his fishing rod and almost instantly reels in a fish from the waters. Then another. Then another. His boat is full of fish.

HARRIS (O.S)

He went out and caught a boatload of white fish from the Orkney waters. Not too far out from the harbour. The man was sheepish, you know. Didn't want any current sweeping him out into the sea cause it was a wee boat he made.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. EVENING.

SHIPWRIGHT carries a bucket of FISH from the boat and onto the sand of the shore.

The SHIPWRIGHT falls as he stumbles with the bucket, exhausted, turns back around and places the bucket of fish onto a big boulder by the shore.

HARRIS (O.S)

The little man decided that there would be no harm in leaving his bucket outside, not many wildlife hung around this shore, and the sea was already out so there was no worry of the bucket being swept away.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. MORNING.

The SHIPWRIGHT comes out of his home. STRETCHES out his arms as he approaches the bucket he left on the boulder.

The bucket was tipped on the ground, empty. No fish in or around the bucket or the shore.

HARRIS (O.S)

Something had taken all of his fish however.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Sheena keeps one eye on Harris as he speaks, as her lips wrap around the cusp of her glass, wine parts down into her mouth.

HARRIS

But he wasn't sure, and he did this over and over. He got too exhausted and left it out on the boulder, and it would be eaten. So one day, he decided that he would leave it out, and keep an eye on it from his window.

INT. HOME / SHORE. EVENING.

The SHIPWRIGHT stands on his tippy-toes as he peers out of the WINDOW...Something shocks him.

SHIPWRIGHT'S POV:

A HALF-MAN/HALF-HORSE CREATURE clops through the sand, RED of skin, HAIRY of legs and EVIL in appearance. The Half-man/Half-horse Creature lifts the bucket and raises it over its head, devours the fish as it falls from the bucket and into its gullet.

HARRIS (O.S)

A Nuckelavee, a beast of half-man and half-horse.

(MORE)

HARRIS (O.S) (CONT'D)

An evil water sprite known only for its wicked deeds and pestilence. It had been eating his fish whilst he slept and starved.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Sheena's legs are crossed as she sips more of her wine.

Harris empties his pint glass and slams it back down onto the table.

SHEENA

What did he do about it?

Harris beams with some resemblance of pride; he has bested her at her own manipulative ways.

HARRIS

He's not real, what do you care?

Sheena laughs.

SHEENA

Get on with the *story*.

HARRIS

He stopped fucking going out fishing.

They both laugh.

SHEENA

Is that it?

HARRIS

And you wouldn't stop after that?

SHEENA

I don't know, I just thought their would be more to it. Thought his heart was set on this little fisherman life?

HARRIS

Well. My version is that he gave up, knew when to quit. Happy isn't it? Not having to fight against any demonic creature.

SHEENA

OK. OK. But what's the real version.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. MORNING.

The SHIPWRIGHT ventures out into the waters again with his little boat.

EXT. ORKNEY WATERS. MIDDAY.

The SHIPWRIGHT reels in tons of fish just like the times before.

HARRIS (O.S)

The little man does what he usually did, went out, brought a sizeable amount of white fish back to the shores. But this time he does it differently.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. EVENING.

The Little SHIPWRIGHT carries the bucket from the boat and drags it with all his might through the thick sands and mud back to his little home.

HARRIS (O.S)

He took the fish home.

INT. HOME / SHORE. EVENING.

The SHIPWRIGHT stares out of his window at the boulder...the Half-Man/Half-Horse Creature trudges through the sand and over to the familiar boulder...no bucket for him.

The Half-Man/Half-Horse Creature struts away and off the shores...

The SHIPWRIGHT dances with joy...a FLAME from the cooker comes on...The SHIPWRIGHT throws a fish onto a pan and begins cooking his dinner.

HARRIS (O.S)

The Nuckelavee left.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Sheena looks at Harris unbelieving, her empty wine glass still in her fingers, lip stick smudges along the rim.

SHEENA

Just like that?

HARRIS

Yup. And the little man went right
back out to fish.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. MORNING.

The little SHIPWRIGHT drags his boat back into the
waters...it glides through the sand and bobs in the water as
he jumps in eager to catch more fish.

EXT. SHORES / ORKNEY ISLAND. EVENING.

The evening sun dwindled along the ocean, weak beams of light
illuminate the sand and the little home.

FOCUS ON FISHERMAN HAT:

The SHIPWRIGHT'S FISHERMAN HAT washes up on shore as it is
brought out and in, out and in.

HARRIS (O.S)

He didn't come back in. His boat
caught a current that dragged out
his little boat into the middle of
a storm. The Nuckelavee is a water
sprite I think I mentioned. Anger
it and you will be at the butt end
of a real mean fucking.

INT. BOAR'S MOUNT PUB / ISLE OF LEWIS. AFTERNOON.

Both Sheena and Harris have finished their drinks, their
empty tumblers sit next to each other.

SHEENA

Not a happy ending.

Harris shakes his head: no, not a happy ending.

HARRIS

It tells you that sometimes you
have to let go of things, no matter
how much you want them.

SHEENA

But how else was he meant to live?
As you said he was starving?

HARRIS

I'm sure there was a farmers market
nearby.

SHEENA

He didn't seem loaded from what you told me.

HARRIS

Nothing stopping him from moving somewhere else, he probably stayed there because of the great amount of fish there that belonged to the sprites.

SHEENA

When you've got your heart set on something, it's not so easy to just let go, believe me.

HARRIS

I know. I used to want to be a cyclist. I did a couple triathlon runs about ten years ago. So, I believe you.

Sheena looks at Harris, genuinely intrigued.

SHEENA

Really?

A BARTENDER approaches Harris and Sheena's table, puts down another half-pint of Tennents and a glass of Rose wine, they take their poisons.

HARRIS & SHEENA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The Bartender leaves them to their conversation.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I Ended up buckling my ankle on the pedal, it still bends whenever I put my full weight on it.

SHEENA

(cheekily)

I'm sure there's other things you can get up to that get you moving.

HARRIS

I've still got the stamina I had from back then.

SHEENA

Is that right?

Sheena raises an eyebrow at Harris as she takes a sip of her second glass of wine. Harris smiles as he replaces his pint on the table.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Want to leave this place, go back to my hostel?

HARRIS

Aye. But we will go back to mines. Don't want caught sneaking into some hostel in my own village.

Sheena titters as the two leave their drinks behind and leave the Boar Pub, intoxicated and playful.

INT. BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

The room is sombre with the evening sun shining through into the farmhouse bedroom. As messy as before, Doug sits at his cluttered desk, there are droplets of acrylic paint on the table.

Doug holds in his fingers a miniature boat, it resembles the blue print he scrunched up and threw on the ground. The opposing hand holds a paint brush. The bristles lick the hull with dark blue.

A series of KNOCKS at the front of the house disturbs Doug who works away at the model.

Doug gets up and sets the model boat down onto a wall shelf, it sits next to a painted model of NESSIE.

Doug goes through the farmhouse to investigate the knocks.

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

Doug pulls open the door to reveal Greg with a pack of beers around his finger and a sly smile on his face. Doug doesn't seem to happy to see him, but waves him inside.

Greg shuts the door behind him, the loud back he makes scares him and he jumps in fear.

DOUG

What happened to the Loch-ee?

GREG

The Pub gets boring after awhile.

DOUG
In here doesn't get much better.

GREG
Can't be too bad.

Doug sighs.

DOUG
Follow me.

Greg follows Doug through the home.

Greg's eye catches a glimpse of the bedroom through the open door. Greg shows he's grossed out by the mess, but not scared off.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

Along the walls are framed painting of the Loch Ness Monster.

Greg follows the line of framed pictures with his eyes.

Doug plants himself on the old raggedy couch as Greg follows suit.

GREG
Cool paintings.

DOUG
Painted them myself.

GREG
You've got a real talent. You should sell them, you'd make a good side income from that.

Doug peels a beer from the pack in Greg's lap, hands him it and takes another for himself.

DOUG
Why are you here Greg?

GREG
Just wanted to check up on you. Some of the boys are worried about you.

DOUG
Worried or want to know how the reclusive drunk lives? Are you going to report back to them at how my home looks? I know its a mess.

GREG

Doug. No one cares about those things. You never go out for a pint. You're divorced. Your daughter doesn't speak to you anymore. You're a moldy loaf away from killing yourself.

Doug rips the cap of the beer bottle off with his teeth. Downs the bottle as the cap pings off and lands on the ground.

DOUG

Thanks for the curiosity.

GREG

Are you doing well.

Doug laughs as he takes another sip from the bottle.

DOUG

Do I look like I'm doing well?

GREG

No. I haven't known you long. But you can't have been like this forever.

DOUG

You'd be surprised.

GREG

And you're okay with this? You've got rats. Rubbish fucking everywhere.

DOUG

Its home, Greg.

Doug mimics someone feeling comfy and cosy.

GREG

It's gross, Doug. You need to get out of this depression pit or you'll throw yourself off a cliff and down onto the Rockies.

DOUG

I'll be thinking about you and the boys as I do it. Does that make you feel better?

GREG

Come down and have a pint with me
and some of the boys.

DOUG

Thought the Pub got boring.

GREG

Come on, Doug. You might like it
down there.

Doug downs the rest of the bottle and THROWS it HARD against
the wall beside Greg.

DOUG

I'm fine.

Greg looks at Doug like he's a mad man. Doug looks unfazed,
takes another bottle, in fact he takes the two left in the
cardboard wrapper.

Greg gets up from the couch and shakes his head in fury. Greg
stops at the door frame of the living room, near the door.

GREG

You need to have a hard think and
re-evaluate your life, because this
is living in squalor.

DOUG

That door has a mean kick to it
when it closes, be careful.

Greg storms off and disappears from the living room. The
door's mean kick can be heard as Greg slams it closed.

Doug bites off another bottle lid and drinks from it.

INT. BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

Doug heads into the bedroom, its quiet and cold in there.

Doug's eyes move toward a phone, the cord hangs down low on
the floor.

Doug touches the phone, his fingers tremble...he bends down
and pulls the cord out of the socket.

The phone is disregarded to the side.

Doug glances down at his foot, his foot has come to blows
with a crumpled up piece of paper. The blue print for the big
boat.

The Shipwright bends over and picks up his boat drawing, unravels it.

Doug drops the piece of paper onto the desk...He goes back to writing annotations to the drawing and sketches out on different pieces of paper.

Doug gets devoured by his ideas and creations, his pen goes at hyper-speed to keep up with his thoughts.

VIEW OF THE WINDOW:

The light disappears as the milky moon ascends the clouds...the circular signal of sleep rotates around and the sun peaks back up from the horizon...

BACK TO DOUG:

Doug, slumped over his desk, a fresh new pile of paper, saliva drips down his lips and onto the blue print he was just working on.

An ALARM wakes him up...06:30...Doug jumps up and slams his wrist against the alarm...

Doug puts the phone cord back into the socket and dials a number...ring...ring...ring...ri-

INT. BEDROOM / HARRIS'S HOME. MORNING.

Harris is bed wrapped in his silk white duvet sheets, asleep, but smiling like an asshole.

Sheena (trying not to wake Harris) is reached over her one night stand, flip phone - flipped - at her ear.

SHEENA

Yea?...Right...OK.

(sighs)

I'll see if it's possible to come back at some point this week...thanks.

Sheena places her phone back down and cautiously attempts to exit the bed without causing any noise.

She makes it out of the covers and darts out of the room. She tiptoes backwards and grabs her belongings: purple purse, grey joggers, green blouse and a pair of black headphones.

Harris honks and mee-mees unbeknownst of Sheena's departure.

EXT. FERRY / ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

A ferry glides through the Minch as jelly fishes catch up with the speed of the boat.

Sheena looks over the edge and into the murky depths, amazed by the sea life below.

The ferry is headed for ULLAPOOL...Sheena can see the harbour in the close distance.

EXT. ULLAPOOL. MORNING.

Beautiful green landscapes, great big mountainous hills and rivers that run all along the hillside, rich with farmland, forestry and travellers.

INT. COACH / ULLAPOOL. MIDDAY.

A warm coach with leather seats, recliners, USB chargers and Sheena, she takes in the scenery of Ullapool.

Sheena's hand holds down a pen and jotter, the jotter has a ton of scribbles and writings on it...her eyes trail off and back to the page...she continues to write.

EXT. TRAIN STATION / INVERNESS. MIDDAY.

A wind picks up and forces the shivering Sheena to wrap herself in her green blouse.

A TRAIN wooshes by and Sheena's eyes look up at the TRAIN PROMPTER above her...

INT. TRAIN / LOCH NESS. MIDDAY.

The train comes to a close at Loch Ness Station...Sheena doesn't notice this, still scribbling in her jotter...music plays in her headphones.

VOICE (O.S)
Calling at...Loch Ness Station.

Train comes to a dead stop. Sheena looks up, tears her headphones off her head and looks out the window.

Sheena gets her things packed up and moves out of the train along with a handful of other passengers.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MIDDAY.

A satchel smacks off of Sheena's stomach as she rushes to the farmhouse...the door swings open as she gets five feet from it...

Doug darts out the front door. Sheena halts where she is. Doug sees Sheena but continues past her.

DOUG

What are you doing here?

Sheena's neck contorts to follow her Dad as her body lags behind, the rest of her body turns around to Doug who has moved about fifteen feet away from the farmhouse now.

SHEENA

Just thought I'd come see how you were doing.

Doug discontinues his walk, looks at his Daughter with suspicion.

DOUG

Did Greg phone you?

SHEENA

No...

Doug shakes his head unconvinced.

DOUG

There's fish in the freezer.
Haddock. Lemon juice in the fridge.

Doug stops small talk, spins back and continues his journey.

SHEENA

Where are you going?

DOUG

I've got a meeting.

SHEENA

With who?

Sheena keeps up with her Dad who has a satchel banging off his waist.

DOUG

Council.

SHEENA

What for?

DOUG
Nothing.

SHEENA
Well, I'll come with.

DOUG
If you like.

SHEENA
Slow the fuck down.

DOUG
Just stop.

SHEENA
Stop what?

DOUG
Whatever you're doing.

SHEENA
Huh?

DOUG
Just go back to the city and leave
your awful Dad alone.

SHEENA
Stop being a dickhead.

DOUG
Why would I stop now.

Sheena lets her Dad pass her and walk on forward.

Sheena stares at Doug as he makes it down the cobble stone road out of the countryside and into the little town.

Sheena's stern irritation turns to a curious bitterness and she hauls ass after him.

INT. LOCH NESS COUNCIL MEETING HALL. MIDDAY.

THREE COUNCIL MEMBERS sit behind a blue table with individual microphones to signify each Council Member in the COUNCIL MEETING HALL. Each member looks like someone they just plucked from the streets.

MARVIN, 50's, steely grey hair, wisps of ginger through his beard and head that show signs of earlier youth. GEORJI, 62, she has a short bob of jet black hair, too much makeup and chews on bubble-gum like its going out of fashion.

GRAEME, 30's bright redheaded man, a shadow of what Marvin might've looked like in the past.

Doug stands poised for the Council Members who are ready to hear him speak, awkwardly silent as suspected.

The meeting hall isn't big enough for Doug to require a mega phone or microphone, he just lets his voice bound outward as he speaks.

DOUG
 (to all three of the
 Council Members)
 Thank you council Members for
 joining me in such short notice.

Graeme's heavy lidded eyes look to his older counterpart, Marvin, who sighs. Georji moves closer to the microphone at the centre of the desk.

GEORJI
 Get on with it.

DOUG
 Right.

Doug exhales deep. Nerves are shaky as he pulls from his satchel a series of papers and documents.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Here. I have documents for each
 member.

Doug approaches Graeme, Marvin and Georji and hands them over a about five documents. They look at the nonsensical scribblings and drawings.

GRAEME
 What are these?

DOUG
 They are plans for a great big
 fishing boat.

MARVIN
 And you want funding for this?

Sheena appears by the door of the Council Meeting Hall, her attendance alerts Doug who looks even more nervous.

DOUG
 It would be fitted in with state of
 the art sonar equipment and
 designed by yours truly.

MARVIN

You good?

DOUG

Excuse me?

MARVIN

You good. At designing boats.

DOUG

I'm one of the best Shipwright's in the Scottish Highlands.

GEORJI

Just the highlands?

DOUG

Well, you don't catch a fuck ton of them in the cities.

GEORJI

Language.

Doug nods in compliance, but fails to apologise.

Georji gives Marvin a concerning look, her eyes open wide for a brief second and back to normal.

MARVIN

What's it for?

GRAEME

Why does it need sonar?

DOUG

I want to hunt Nessie.

Sheena watches from the side-lines, her open palm slaps against her forehead.

All three of the board members laugh at Doug who's eyebrows are furrowed and head low.

MARVIN

The Loch Ness Monster?

GRAEME

You can't be serious?

MARVIN

Is this some sort of humanitarian protest, are you fighting to save the whales?

DOUG

I couldn't care less about no whales, no fish, no bird, not insect, nothing, other than the Beast of the Loch.

MARVIN

Why would we fund this? I mean seriously?

GEORJI

I can't believe you've made me miss TV for this.

Doug shakes his head.

DOUG

The Council funded a Deep Scan of the Loch two years ago! This Deep Scan uncovered underwater anomalies from over 500ft deep.

GEORJI

A venture that lost Loch Ness thousands of pounds, with a substantial lack of tourist attention.

MARVIN

No one cares.

GRAEME

The Loch Ness Monster is gone. In public interest. There would be no point in starting this project up unless you had the public backing you, or outsider investment.

GEORJI

Which I doubt he has, or will get. Let's call this meeting to and end. I am old and tired, and want to watch my SOAPS in bed.

Doug's dark eyes hit the floor, he watches as the Council Members get up and leave.

The Council Members put there coats on and exit the building.

DOUG

Fucking bastards.

Sheena strolls over to Doug, she slow claps.

SHEENA
What a performance.

DOUG
Fuck off. Why are you here?

SHEENA
I already told you.

DOUG
Well, you've seen how I am doing.
Goodbye.

SHEENA
OK. What's for dinner.

Doug looks down at his feet.

DOUG
Haddock.

SHEENA
Tasty.

DOUG
I wish you weren't my Daughter.

SHEENA
OK?

DOUG
You're so damn persistent.

Sheena chuckles as they leave the Council Meeting Hall.

INT. KITCHENETTE / LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

A fish is placed into an oven...Doug strikes a match...watches the flames for a second before he places it into the oven...

Sheena inspects the box of matches...

SHEENA
Has the sparker in your cooker gone out?

DOUG
Aye.

SHEENA

Jesus christ, matches? It's like going back to the stone age. Go phone a sparkie.

Doug rolls his eyes as he strikes another match-

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

-The living room contains wicker candles that flicker onto the inhabitants of the room.

Sheena and Doug sit on the couch, Sheena's knife creates incisions into fish that sits on a paper plate.

Doug also holds a paper plate with an untouched fish on it, not hungry.

A TV spits out very little light, Sheena watches whatever is on. The TV's static creeps through onto the audio and visuals of the TV program about FISHING.

Doug puts his paper plate to his side and glances between Sheena and the TV.

DOUG

You still writing?

SHEENA

Yes.

DOUG

Have you got a job?

SHEENA

No.

DOUG

How do you afford to do anything.

SHEENA

Mum sends me money whenever I need it.

DOUG

You should leave your Mum alone. Get a job, settle down. Grow up.

Sheena giggles.

SHEENA

OK. Says the man that dedicated his life to a mythical tourist attraction.

DOUG

It's real.

SHEENA

You have no place trying to give me advice.

DOUG

At least I don't mooch off your Mother.

SHEENA

Can I just eat my - fish, in peace.

Doug stays quiet.

Sheena sees the shards of glass on the floor beside the wall - the wall that also has a small damp stain patch.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Why's there glass on the floor?

DOUG

Don't know.

(changing subject)

How long will you be here for?

SHEENA

Wasn't planning on being long, just a check up. You've been enough hassle already.

DOUG

Me? A hassle? You're not the one that has to explain to everyone that his daughter grew up but her brain forgot to follow suit.

"What's Sheena up to these days?"

"Oh, she's a writer." "What she made?" "Nothing."

(serious)

Nothing.

SHEENA

Is that how it is? Because I haven't been successful at 20 that you have a problem with?

(pissed)

(MORE)

SHEENA (CONT'D)

You're lucky you have me as a daughter, because I don't speak about you to people at all. You're don't even exist in some circles I speak to.

DOUG

I don't care.

SHEENA

Oh. I know you don't. Asshole. Do you remember when I was five you sat in a boat in the middle of the Loch for a whole fucking **week** because you couldn't handle it anymore. Your **weak little** brain gave up. You couldn't handle that your Dad **drowned** when you were little so you clung to this notion that the Loch Ness Monster came after him...you fucking belong to the Looney Bin.

DOUG

Finished?

Sheena nods.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That's lies. You were **seven!** Not five.

SHEENA

Un-believable.

Sheena throws her plate and the remnants of the fish onto Doug's lap.

Sheena leaves the room and disappears into her old bedroom.

Doug sits in place to ruminate in the messes he has made over the years, trash and turmoil equally.

Doug stands and wipes the crumbs and fish guts from his lap onto the floor.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Deep blue wallpaper peels at the edges of the walls, coffee stains and a rugged carpet that badly needs replaced.

Sheena lays in the dishevelled bed in all of her clothes still.

Sheena eyes up her satchel and grabs for it, she begins to stuff her purse and skirt into it.

The sound of a door slamming shut loudly can be heard outside the bedroom.

The noise startles Sheena who jumps and goes to investigate.

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT

Sheena's head peaks out of her bedroom to see nothing.

Sheena ventures out further into the hallway, she opens the door and looks out into the darkness of the night.

EXT. DIVACH FALLS. NIGHT.

A long wide stream travels down and leaps off DIVACH FALLS, the water falls into the Loch.

Doug stares over the falls and into the Loch. The cliff edge is enticing as it is picturesque.

Doug looks hypnotised by the stream that disappears as it descends downwards.

Sheena pops up behind Doug, twenty feet away, the moon light shines on the two through shrubbery and treeline.

SHEENA

Dad?

DOUG

Go away.

SHEENA

Don't kill yourself.

DOUG

Why'd you think I would?

SHEENA

You're edging closer to the end of a cliff.

DOUG

What do you care?

SHEENA

Don't be so melodramatic.

DOUG
I'm.... just done.

Doug stops looking at his Daughter...he gets closer to the cliff...

SHEENA
You can't be. You've not looked for
Nessie yet.

Doug takes a step backwards...looks at Sheena.

DOUG
What?

SHEENA
I'll help you look for the Loch
Ness Monster if you don't jump off.

DOUG
But you don't believe in it?

SHEENA
Well, I'm giving you the best
fucking opportunity I'm ever going
to give you to prove me wrong.

Doug smiles.

DOUG
But how?

SHEENA
We'll figure out how to. Just come
away from the cliff.

Doug nods, comes away from the cliff edge and Sheena approaches, she puts an arm around Doug.

DOUG
What now?

SHEENA
Pub?

Doug nods, wipes a tear from his cheek. Sheena doesn't catch it happen.

SHEENA (CONT'D)
Is the Loch-ee still open?

DOUG
Aye.

The two walk along the stream together.

DOUG (CONT'D)
How did you know where to find me?

SHEENA
The stream. It leads from the
farmhouse to here. Mum used to tell
me about how you'd come here
whenever you had a drink.

DOUG
Yeah.

SHEENA
Is there a reason why here
specifically?

DOUG
Not really.

INT. LOCH-EE PUB. NIGHT.

A warm Pub with LOCAL PATREONS sat in big groups drinking
away as they make loud commotion and conversate on trivial
matters. Beer spills and crisps and nuts cover the floor.

Greg is one of the LOCAL PATREONS.

Sheena and Doug are seated at a booth at the far back of the
Pub. Sheena has a glass of wine, her Dad, a pint of Tennents.

DOUG
I'm going to see if I can start an
event on in the middle of town.

SHEENA
Don't bother. The people in town
could care less about Nessie. They
get an earful by tourists already.
I'll get us started on an online
forum, I'll try to generate some
sort of online presence for our
cause.

Doug smiles.

DOUG
Thanks. I didn't understand a word
of that, but I'm sure it will be
better.

SHEENA

Yep. It's like a media campaign we will want to start. Get the council members to see that there is interest in this.

DOUG

I see. I see.

Doug downs his glass of Tennents.

Sheena guzzles down half of her glass of wine.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I appreciate this. Even after all I've said - I love you.

Sheena takes another sip, she tries to ignore what Doug just told her. But she can't...her cheeks flush (not from the alcohol), her eyes shut and fill with tears. She ugly cries.

Doug doesn't know how to respond, looks at his daughter who tries to drink wine through tears.

Sheena puts down her glass, she goes to speak, she stops. She tries once more.

The tears keep coming as she falls into her Dad's side. Doug wraps his arm around his Daughter. She puts her other arm around his shoulder and the tears flood in.

Doug just pats Sheena's back as she cries into Doug's shoulder.

From the group of commotion, Greg looks over and sees Sheena crying into Doug's shoulder.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER OVER BLACK: 2 weeks later

INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Sheena sits at a Library desktop, she roams the mouse across the mouse pad.

On the desktop screen we see a website named in big **bold** letters: "LOCH NESS MONSTER: Support The Hunt For Nessie!"

Above the letters reads: "edit" and "website views: 006". Sheena focuses on the "006".

Sheena's head drops into her hands, she leans straight and exits the website.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

A fully operable boat now, still propped on a brace, metal panels adjusted, mechanical parts added and sea worthy.

The SHIPWRIGHT's all gaze at their glorious brand new boat. It looks pristine.

Doug looks at it with pride, but there is still hesitation to his pride, there's something going on in his head.

Greg comes up to Doug and rests his hands on his hips, there is no reluctance to the pride that radiates from Greg.

GREG

It's a beauty, Doug.

DOUG

Yeah.

GREG

Shame some Danish millionaire is going to buy the thing to sit in some big yacht garage.

DOUG

Nah. They get built, they get shipped, we get paid. I don't care outside of that last factor.

GREG

Not any pride in your work, Doug?

DOUG

I wouldn't do it if it were free.

GREG

Well, I could see this thing going on Boating Weekly.

Doug scrunches his face and turns to Greg.

DOUG

Boating Weekly?

GREG

It's a boating forum online.

DOUG

Forum?

GREG

It's like an online newspaper. They show boats and yachts, everything you could think of. It's mostly for boat fanatics and the richest of us.

Doug thinks for a second.

DOUG

Could you...show me this online forum paper?

GREG

Sure. You interested?

DOUG

Yes...I think so.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

Doug is on the phone connected to the wall, he paces to and fro as the spiral cable twists and stretches with each stride.

The phone rings and rings and rings...

INT. BOATING WEEKLY / CHICAGO. MIDDAY.

MICHAEL CANDY, 33, the best suit a man could possess, a charming man with a golden Rolex.

Michael Candy answers the phone from an office desk. The office has a gorgeous view.

MICHAEL CANDY

Michael Candy here, Boating Weekly Manager, who's this?

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. EVENING.

Doug tightens the phone and holds the phone closer to his ear.

DOUG

Hey, this is Douglas Thompson. I was wondering if I could get a slot posted onto your forum.

INT. BOATING WEEKLY / CHICAGO. MIDDAY.

Michael Candy smiles.

MICHAEL CANDY
What were you thinking?

INT. ROYAL BANK OF LOCH NESS. EVENING.

FEMALE BANKER, 20's, sits behind her desk, she taps away at the keys of her desktop.

Doug sits across from the Female Banker, he fidgets nervously.

FEMALE BANKER
What can we do for you here at Royal Bank of Loch Ness?

DOUG
I want to re-mortgage my house.

EXT. WESTMINISTER / H.O.C / LONDON. DAY.

An establishing shot of House of Commons Chamber in Westminster.

It is a particularly hot day in London, big red buses drive past and commotion amongst MPS as they enter the chamber.

INT. H.O.C. / PARLIAMENT. DAY.

The House of Commons is overloaded with MP's shouting over and at each other with untethered furiousness.

PM - DESIREE CARSWELL, 53, dirty blonde shoulder length hair, saggy eyes, scorched lips and a general lack of energy.

Desiree Carswell stands at the podium, she watches the BACKBENCHERS lampoon on the FRONTBENCHERS.

At the back keeping quiet and to HIMSELF is FRONTBENCHER MP CHARLES DOOMIHAGAN, 68, bald spot amongst his white hairs.

Desiree SLAMS her palms onto the podium...the room is then distilled with growing silence.

DESIREE
Thank you. I am glad I still hold some authority amongst you lot.

Desiree's CABINET MEMBERS chuckle.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Now. If you are all done squabbling like lily livered chickens, I would like to let you all know that a deep and thorough investigation will be going into the misappropriation of Government funding.

MP - DANTE KING, CABINET MINISTER, 35, handsome, dressed well, stands up.

DK

PM Desiree Carswell, the Cabinet would like to mention that we do not enjoy being apart of this blame game.

MP - P.T SULLIVAN, a BACKBENCHER gets up from the backbench, shoots a disapproving finger point to Dante King and it sways over to the rest of the CABINET MINISTERS.

SULLIVAN

You're all behind this. This couldn't have come from the rest of the Conservative Party!

The House of Commons erupts into arguments.

Desiree watches on at the MP's looking completely vexed and exhausted...Desiree's gaze lands upon Charles Doomihagan...Charles looks back and shrugs.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET / LONDON. DAY.

The infamous number 10 Downing Street, a black door with the big white numbers.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET. DAY.

Desiree Carswell, arms crossed, speaks with Charles Doomihagan. She doesn't look all too pleased, Charles looks like he couldn't give a damn.

DESIREE

They've really got it out for me, you know.

CHARLES

Doesn't quite look that way. But we've covered our tracks well.

DESIREE

Doesn't matter. If we don't come up with a culprit then they'll pin it on the Party. And me. Then you, anyway. We need a scapegoat...

Charles nods...Desiree stares at Charles...he catches on...

CHARLES

Me? I am not going to be your scapegoat. You started messing with funds, just be lucky I caught you and not some other prick who can add 4 and 4 together and come up with £5,000,000 of diverted taxes.

DESIREE

Come on Charles. You're not exactly going to take over party, and with enough convincing and greasing palms I'll be sure to make you a lifetime peer.

CHARLES

No. No. No.

DESIREE

You'll still be able to scrutinize legislate and put your vote in.

CHARLES

I said no. It's not happening.

DESIREE

Charles. It's not like you're in much running for MP next year. Do you really think that you'll beat *Samantha Collins* a second time? You almost suffered a heart attack competing against her, just for it to be neck and neck.

Charles doesn't speak he just sneers at the PM.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

If you hand back whatever money **You** took, then it'll guarantee peer ship. Your spin doctors could write up a sympathetic story for you.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

I mean how many of your aides do you have now working on your team?
- They got you out of that whole SA debacle.

CHARLES

I am not resigning and going to the House of Lords. That's like going from a Riva speedboat to a shitty fucking wooden Dory.

DESIREE

Speaking of, you're going to have to sell that Riva.

CHARLES

(completely calm)

I want you to know with great fucking fury and determination. I will drag you so far under the bus with me that you can kiss goodbye to a second run. You're not **OBAMA**.

Beat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

And I won't be selling my fucking Riva.

DESIREE

Fuck you, Charles.

CHARLES

I've got a wife for that. But your ass does look fantastic in that suit.

DESIREE

Well here's your last look at it, Charles. Because I will make sure that there is hell to pay.

Charles watches her walk off, stares at her ass the whole time.

CHARLES

Oh yeah, one more thing, Prime Minister.

Desiree stops and turns around with her arms still crossed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

If you do even try to throw me under the bus, I have all the receipts ready proving you and you alone, as the culprit. Just be lucky I am not vindictive.

DESIREE

You are vindictive.

CHARLES

Keep going. I want to see that ass one more time.

Desiree walks off in a flurry of anger.

Charles reveals a cheeky smile.

INT. STUDY / CHARLES'S HOME. NIGHT.

Charles sits up at his desktop doing his taxes. Little spectacles sit on the bridge of his nose as he reads digital receipts.

Charles rubs his eyes, tired...clicks off the receipts and searches up "BOATING WEEKLY".

BOATING WEEKLY highlighted in purple, Charles clicks the page and it pops open. Pictures of all sorts of speedboats, yachts and grand sealine cruisers appears.

JANEEN DOOMIHAGAN, 62, greying bob of brown hair wanders over to Charles...Charles quickly clicks off of BOATING WEEKLY.

JANEEN

Just doing taxes?

CHARLES

Uh. Yes. What's up, Darling?

JANEEN

I'm just wondering what BOATING WEEKLY has to say about our tax returns.

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES

I'm sorry. I had some spare time, I've really eaten a big chunk out of them, thought I could do with a break.

JANEEN

You can break once it's over,
you've been away sailing all month.
You can't put them off forever.

Janeen kisses Charles on the forehead.

JANEEN (CONT'D)

I'm away to bed. Get the taxes
finished, before you check out the
newest, stylish, richest boats in
the Mediterranean, Atlantic,
Pacific sea.

CHARLES

You're right.

JANEEN

As always. Goodnight.

CHARLES

Goodnight.

Janeen disappears upstairs.

Charles switches back to the desktop...opens back up BOATING WEEKLY.

Charles scrolls, wincing his eyes at boat descriptions and opening his eyes wide at awesome and expensive cruisers...

Charles scrunches up his face...blue prints appear on screen for a fishing boat, a big one, it's Doug's blue prints...Charles smirks at the thought...looks at the tab reading: Tax Returns - RECEIPTS...

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Sheena walks into the living room...her bag packed and swung over her shoulder...

Doug sits on the couch, a chalk board on a tripod, he draws an outline of a big fishing rod and the spin mechanism.

DOUG

Away somewhere?

SHEENA

I'm heading out. I'm going to see
Mum.

DOUG

We haven't finished.

SHEENA

We haven't gotten more than twenty views on the website, Dad. There's no point.

DOUG

Give it time, I've been waiting years for this.

SHEENA

Aye, and you've gotten no further than you did since I was little.

DOUG

I can't.

SHEENA

What do you mean, you can't?

Doug sighs.

DOUG

I've put all of my money and this house for a spot on Boating Weekly.

SHEENA

You what?

DOUG

One of those boat websites that advertise to the 1%, if someone sees it they can call the number I paid to be put there so that they can reach out.

SHEENA

Are you fucking stupid?

DOUG

No. I am devoted. I won't give up, not again.

SHEENA

Stop being delusional.

DOUG

Me? Delusional. You're the one who thinks they can become rich and famous.

SHEENA

Haven't we had this conversation before?

The wall phone rings.

Sheena picks it up and puts the ringer to her ear.

SHEENA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello? Yes it is.

Sheena smiles.

SHEENA (CONT'D)
You are? That's excellent news.

DOUG
What is it?

Sheena puts the phone to her chest to mute her words.

SHEENA
You're a dickhead.

Doug looks even more confused.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. NIGHT.

The night falls upon the Loch...moonlight sends ripples of glare across the hectic waters.

Sheena and Doug stand at the harbour, their feet touch the edge where the Loch meets the raised harbour bed.

EXT. LOCH. NIGHT.

A Riva Speedboat pierces through the wakes caused by the boat, as it sends out a *brrrr* vibrating noise.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. NIGHT.

The Riva comes into the harbour at idle speed until it is dead in the water...Charles Doomihagan his arms spread out in a *wallah!* stance.

Charles Doomihagan wears a stripey blue and white collar T-shirt, and white kaki shorts. A fisherman's hat over his grey hair.

Next to Charles sat down is his BODYGUARD MATT, 30's, shades cover his eyes, a plain dude in appropriate wear for boating.

Sheena and Doug watch with not much reaction.

CHARLES
 (shouting loudly)
 Sorry, I am one for grand
 introductions.

Charles brings back speed and edges the boat closer to Sheena and Doug.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 She's shipshape and Bristol
 Fashion. A real beauty.

SHEENA
 (motions to MATT)
 Who's G.I Joe?

CHARLES
 He's my bodyguard.

DOUG
 He's an MP.

Sheena looks as though she's just been slapped with new information.

CHARLES
 I am an investor.

SHEENA
 With a severe interest in finding
 the Loch Ness Monster?

CHARLES
 All hands on deck. I'll go over
 everything.

Sheena looks at Doug, he shrugs and motions forward.

They join Charles Doomihagan on the Riva Speedboat.

EXT. LOCH. NIGHT.

Ripples in the water spread out in the masses, the Riva shocks the water as it amps up speed increasingly.

Sheena's hands grip the interior of the Riva tight for stability. Doug holds on with barely any strain.

Bodyguard Matt doesn't bother to hold anything, his ass planted on the wide Riva seat.

DOUG

I take it you have a separate angle to Nessie?

CHARLES

You're clever. I am an investor in your boat. That's all. But I do understand the practical reason for it.

DOUG

Capturing the Beast.

Charles laughs as he speeds up more.

CHARLES

You are a nut, aren't you?

Charles turns to Sheena.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Isn't he?

DOUG

Say what you want.

CHARLES

I don't have unlimited amounts of money. But I do know people in the sea boat community. Some that own sonar equipment used for submarine recovery detail.

DOUG

What's the catch?

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES

I like you.

DOUG

Well?

CHARLES

Before I fund fuck all, I need proof that there's something down there before I spend a shit ton of money on your fishing boat.

The Riva slows as it reaches the middle of the Loch...Sheena peers over the edge, nervous.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Isn't it fun out here. I've come here about 55 times in my lifetime. I don't believe in "The Beast" yet if you look over the edge of the boat and into the murky depths, a sense of dread and fear sets in and makes you want to full throttle back to shore.

SHEENA

It's catastrophic thinking.

CHARLES

It's the curse of the deep. Anything with depth is scary. We humans like something simple and easy to understand.

SHEENA

Fear of the unknown.

CHARLES

Yes.

DOUG

It's fear of the known. It's down there. We know what could be down there. That's what's scary.

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES

It's that "Could" part. Unknowing. I will have deep sea machinery - multi-beam tech which I've heard should scan every millimetre of this Loch and then some. If we don't find anything - I'm out.

DOUG

Sounds good to me.

Charles and Doug shake hands.

Sheena looks somewhat vexed.

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Sheena and Doug make it back in from the boat ride. The door slams shut and Sheena jumps from it.

SHEENA

You should get that fucking door fixed. Oh yeah, you can't because all your money is going into the bank.

DOUG

I thought we covered this? It worked? Charles is covering everything.

SHEENA

Only if you convince him that the Loch Ness Monster.

DOUG

I still have to convince you, don't I? Two birds with one stone. Without him I have no stone.

SHEENA

You can't keep putting all your chips on this. You have to make sure life is worth living if this falls through.

Doug chuckles.

DOUG

I'm going to bed. I trust Charles.

SHEENA

I don't. He's a politician.

DOUG

And investing his own money. I trust that he is corrupt enough to care about his money.

SHEENA

I don't like this. But I see I don't have much of a say.

DOUG

I'm glad that you're slowly figuring that out. This is my first real chance in awhile, and we aren't going to scrutinize his legislate as he funds our hunt.

Sheena flips her Dad off as she departs for her bedroom.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Sheena plants herself on the edge of the bed. She rubs her eyes and stretches her face to massage her facial muscles.

Sheena's journal sits by her pillows, she picks it up and finds an empty page amongst articles she wrote on all sorts of Scottish Folklore such as *Blue Men of the Minch*, *Nuckelavee*, *Red Cap*, *Bean Nighe*, *Kelpies*, *Banshees* and *Brownies*.

Sheena finds a new page and scribbles hard the words: **Loch Ness Monster.** Underlined hard.

Sheena writes notes and notes, sketches out a drawing of one and keeps at it...the sun rises as beams of light creep through the window. She doesn't stop.

INT. BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug wakes up with a feverish burst of fear, he grips intensely to the duvet cover and pillows, sits himself up straight, he drips with sweat, his buggy eyes scan the bedroom.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug's knuckles wrap the bedroom door...Sheena is keeled over the bed, unmoving. She is conked out completely.

DOUG

Sheena. Wakey time.

Doug steps into the room. Sits next to her and kisses her head as she sleeps. Gets up and leaves the bedroom.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. MORNING.

A huge Lorrie drags a big blue and white RESEARCH VESSEL SHIP, it looks like an expanded version of a bath toy that a child might play with.

Doug gazes up at The Goliath ship as it is rolled off the Lorrie and into the Harbour.

Charles stands beside Doug and slams his open palm into the back of Doug and guffaws.

Matt keeps a wary eye on Doug as Charles speaks with him.

CHARLES
The Goliath Research Vessel.

DOUG
It's big.

CHARLES
Think bigger.

Charles gets behind Doug and sets his hands onto Doug's shoulders and grips them in excitement.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
It's all exciting.

Doug shakes Charles off him.

Matt follows Charles away from The Goliath and over to a small GROUP of PEOPLE.

EXT. THE GOLIATH RESEARCH VESSEL / LOCH. MORNING.

The Goliath sits above the waters surface with a twin Catamaran Hull design and a big Bulbous Bow right between then twin Hulls.

Charles, Doug and Matt stare out onto the Loch from the exterior section of the Pilothouse.

CHARLES
It's a shame your Daughter couldn't join us.

DOUG
I know.

CHARLES
We will make it up to her, show her all of our findings.

DOUG
Exactly.

Doug smiles as the breeze hits his face, splashes of water collect in his beard.

CHARLES
Magnificent isn't it.

The RESEARCHER - FJORD, 30's, long braided ginger hair tied back, thick heavy beard, a blue woolly jumper, walks up to the three men hanging over the banister of the Pilothouse.

Charles throws a hand onto Fjord's shoulder.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Doug. This is Fjord. He runs this Vessel's Research team. Fjord operates the sonar equipment and will be the one to tell if we can find anything down there, am I right?

FJORD

That's right.

Doug and Fjord shake hands.

DOUG

Keep it simple, Fjord. I don't want a translate every time I need to know something.

FJORD

I'll keep it dumb for you.

DOUG

All I ask.

CHARLES

Glad we got that sorted.

DOUG

How long does all this take?

FJORD

There are four sections of the Loch that we will send out pings. Wait for the sound waves to come back and tell us what's below us.

CHARLES

(to Doug)

Not too difficult for you, is it Doug?

DOUG

It's fine.

Charles claps.

CHARLES

Excellent.

(to Fjord)

Fjord. Get us to section one!

FJORD
We are on track for it.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / T.G.R.V / LOCH. MORNING.

Fjord bends down reading from a RECEIVER UNIT on a small rectangular screen in the Pilothouse.

The CAPTAIN, a big buff, 40's dude, steers the wheel and pulls on a lever.

CAPTAIN
(to Fjord)
We are at Section one.

FJORD
(to Captain)
Bring them in.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / T.G.R.V / LOCH. MORNING.

Fjord points at visualisations of sound waves on the rectangular screen that would be emitting from the Transducer.

Doug, Charles and Matt follow the Researcher's finger, not so much his words.

FJORD
These sound waves are being sent via the Transducer, they bounce back and feeds data into this Receiver Unit...In real time...Just pay attention and I'll point if there is anything out of the ordinary.

CHARLES
The ship's like one big Dolphin then?

FJORD
That's right.

CAPTAIN
Less horny I hope.

The Pilothouse inhabitants chuckle.

FJORD
I forgot, Cap over here was molested by a Dolphin as a boy.

The Captain's shakes his head and keeps his eyes on the Loch ahead.

CAPTAIN
(a laugh bursting out)
Shut the fuck up.

DOUG
What was that?

Doug points to the screen, but there's nothing where Doug's finger is on screen.

FJORD
I don't see anything?

DOUG
It dipped into view and then
drifted to the side.

CHARLES
I took my eyes of the screen for
not more than five seconds. I saw
nothing.

FJORD
It's natural to see little blips,
that's usually fish, natural
structures on the Loch floor. With
Lochs, there are usually worries of
attenuation, but Loch Ness is said
to be relatively clean, so we
should get the best accurate scan
there will be. We just need to give
the sonar equipment about twenty
minutes or so to get all the
information then we will move on to
section two.

They all nod at Fjord. Except Doug.

DOUG
What about if we take our eyes off
the screen? We could miss
something. Do we need to keep our
eyes glued to the screen?

FJORD
No. Every second our Receiver Unit
takes a snapshot of the still frame
as to keep evidence of the reading.
There's no worry of anything like
that.

DOUG

...OK.

FJORD

You can all go back and I'll let you know if we come across anything.

DOUG

No...I think I'll just stay through here and watch with you.

CHARLES

Speak for yourself. Me and Matt will be watching the Loch, feeling the wind in our hair.

Charles guffaws and exits with his Bodyguard.

EXT. LOCH. MORNING.

The Goliath Research Vessel picks up speed and begins for Section Two of the Loch.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / T.G.R.V / LOCH. MORNING.

Fjord shakes his head as everyone's (Charles, Doug, Matt and The Captain) focus in on the Receiver Unit. There are no anomalies.

FJORD

Nothing over here. This next section - section three is our best bet because its the deepest area of the Loch.

EXT. THE GOLIATH RESEARCH VESSEL / LOCH. MIDDAY.

Doug meets with Charles outside, Charles looks bored, he rubs his forehead and yawns.

CHARLES

I pray you haven't wasted my time. And reputation.

DOUG

We'll find something.

CHARLES

You better hope so. Or I'll get Matt to slug you.

DOUG

We will find something. Don't you worry about that.

CHARLES

I'm glad you're confident.

Charles walks back into the Pilothouse.

In the distance Doug can see Sheena...She shrugs her shoulders angrily at him.

Doug looks down at his thumbs resigned.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / T.G.R.V / LOCH. MIDDAY.

Doug and Charles are both looking closely at the Receiver Unit to find some sort of anomaly, but come up empty.

FJORD

Now remember, we shouldn't be hopeless if we don't find anything because that just means that we have to wait until after to look through each panel and make sure there's nothing we missed.

CHARLES

I won't be involved doing that. We either see something today, or to fuck with it-

Doug jumps at the Receiver Unit.

DOUG

Shut up, look!

Doug's finger lands on a particularly large blip on the screen - in the deepest part of the Loch. It spans about 50-60 feet in length and moves about a millimetre every second.

FJORD

Holy shit. That's something alright.

DOUG

Something? That's the fucking beast. Caught.

CHARLES

Can it be anything else?

FJORD
It could be all sorts of sea life.

Charles crosses his arms and looks to Doug disappointingly.

FJORD (CONT'D)
But not any you'd find in this
Loch.

Charles drops his arms.

CHARLES
So is this the damn Loch Ness
Monster or isn't it?

FJORD
I don't know, but it's pretty
fucking impressive.

Fjord is beaming with a smile, the rest of the MEN are grinning with delight.

FJORD (CONT'D)
Captain?

CAPTAIN
Aye?

FJORD
Take us to Section four. That's
where the blip is headed.

CAPTAIN
OK.

The Captain sets the Vessel's propellors on and they head for Section Four.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / T.G.R.V / LOCH. MIDDAY.

The Blip on the Receiver Unit dives deeper and deeper down into the Loch until it disappears below the Loch floor.

CHARLES
Where did it go?

DOUG
The Loch has caves, it could've
disappeared into one?

FJORD
Weird.

CHARLES

Well, you know what this means,
Doug?

DOUG

What?

CHARLES

I'll fund your boat. I've been
dreaming of it. I know just the
crew to do it.

Doug smiles.

DOUG

Thank god.

Charles gives Doug a big manly bear hug.

Fjord switches the Receiver Unit off.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

The crew depart The Goliath Research Vessel, Doug, Charles,
Matt and Fjord all laugh like friends enjoying the highs of
summertime.

Sheena storms up to Doug who's happiness turns to dismay.

SHEENA

What the fuck? Why didn't you take
me with you?

DOUG

You were asleep. I wasn't going to
wake you.

SHEENA

And why not?

DOUG

Because its not my fault that
you're incapable of going to sleep
at a reasonable time like the rest
of us. You knew what was going to
happen today and you decided to
sleep in.

Sheena tears up.

Charles, Matt and Fjord don't stop with Doug.

SHEENA

This was meant to be *our* thing.

DOUG

It's **my** thing. You knew that from the beginning.

Sheena shakes her head in disappointment.

SHEENA

So, will you give up on this thing now?

Doug's head sways side to side.

DOUG

No.

SHEENA

Why not? I thought Charles was only going to do it if you found Nessie?

DOUG

Yes. We did.

SHEENA

What?

DOUG

We found something with the sonar! Isn't that exciting.

Sheena just looks at Doug with absolute shock.

SHEENA

(insincere)

Yeah. Sure.

DOUG

You don't look excited?

SHEENA

No. I am. I'm happy for you.

DOUG

We are all going to the Loch-ee tonight. Celebrations. Open tab - Charles's treat.

Crosses her arms in protest.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Be there?

SHEENA

OK. Fine.

DOUG

I'll make it up to you. I'm sorry.
I should've woke you up. I didn't
realise you would've wanted to be
here.

SHEENA

You better make it up.

INT. LOCH-EE PUB. NIGHT.

Charles stands at the head of a table with the CREW of The Goliath, Doug sits close to Charles alongside Sheena, Fjord and Matt.

Greg and a couple of the SHIPWRIGHT MEN are amongst The Goliath Crew, sloshing pints down their throats.

CHARLES

Wooo! We have come to a great
conclusion today! In the next week,
we will create a gigantic fishing
boat, the perfect and most buoyant
boat with a big rod in the middle
for catching whatever lays beneath
the Loch!

DOUG

And no one believed me.

CHARLES

Well, I believe you my friend. And
for that I say we drink! To our new
boat! To Charlies Dream!

Charles raises his glass in toast, everyone joins him.

DOUG

And to Nessie!

Everyone clinks glasses and gulp down their poisons.

SHEENA

(to Doug)

So you actually did find something?

DOUG

I told you we did. But you didn't
believe me. You called me all
sorts.

SHEENA

And I'm sorry. Can I see some proof of it?

DOUG

Proof.

Doug guffaws.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Always so sceptical. Always think your old man is talking shit, don't you.

SHEENA

No. It's just so hard to believe.

DOUG

Why? That your Dad isn't a nut. That his life wasn't a waste. That every bad thing about me was a lie.

SHEENA

Calm down, Dad. Enjoy this.

DOUG

Yeah, yeah.
(to Fjord, angry)
Show her the fucking photos.

Fjord moves uncomfortably to reach for the picture print outs of the Receiver Unit and hands it to Sheena who scans the print outs.

SHEENA

Cool.

DOUG

Cool? That's all you have to fucking say. Cool? Jesus Christ.

GREG

Doug, fucking leave it, sir.

DOUG

Who are you to speak?

GREG

Just leave it alone. Can't you be happy.

SHEENA

Can we all just leave it, fucking hell.

Charles shuffles awkwardly, signals his Bodyguard Matt.

CHARLES

Matt, let's leave I have a wife to
Poach.

Matt gets up and leaves with Charles, Charles gets to the door before he turns back and waves to Doug.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Doug, I'll be back to speak to you
soon.

Doug waves Charles off.

EXT. LOCH-EE PUB / BEER GARDEN. NIGHT.

Sheena and Greg are alone in the Beer Garden of the Loch-ee, cigarette plumes are spit into the air as they share a fag.

SHEENA

He's just going to get worse the
more he drinks. That fucking
Charles just gave him the open bar
and dipped to leave us with the
aftermath.

GREG

I know. Your Dad can be a handful.

SHEENA

Yep. Wish you hadn't called me.
He's been a pain in the ass.

GREG

He needs some sort of family around
him. Do you know if he's had
suicidal thoughts?

SHEENA

...No. Nothing like that. Just
really wants to catch that fucking
tourist attraction.

GREG

You not believe in it?

SHEENA

Oh my god. And you do?

GREG

They did find something using that
Sonar.

Sheena chuckles, it turns into a cough as she chokes on smoke.

SHEENA

That little crumb on the paper.
Could've been anything.

GREG

True.

Greg steals the cigarette from Sheena's fingers, he inhales from the butt end.

GREG (CONT'D)

Your Dad tells me you're writing a
book? What's it about?

Sheena's face beams in delight.

SHEENA

(feigned lack of interest)
Oh. It's nothing.

(amped up excitement that
betrays her previous
remark)

Well, it's about all these myths
surrounding Scotland and it's
highlands. There's a lot of cool
shit that you couldn't believe that
people believe in.

Greg inhales one more time.

GREG

Tell me about it.

Sheena smiles, retrieves the cigarette back from Greg and smokes it.

SHEENA

There's a shit ton of cool stuff
I've written down in my notes. I
can show them to you sometime.
There's stuff about England too,
but that might be for a second
book.

GREG

Oh. You think far ahead, don't you.

SHEENA

I wish. It's just when I'm writing.

GREG

What myths does England have?

SHEENA

A lot of Anglo-Saxon God's and Myths. Nordic and Germanic origins.

GREG

I'd like to impress you by knowing what any of those mean, but I don't.

SHEENA

What you trying to impress me for?

Greg looks away shyly.

GREG

I don't know.

Doug from inside the Pub collapses and brings a table down with him. Beer spills all over Doug.

Laughter from within radiates, Sheena places a hand of shame on her face.

GREG (CONT'D)

What's the plan with him? Why stay?

SHEENA

I just want him to get over the whole thing.

GREG

Think this will make him come over it?

Sheena nibbles at her untouched nails.

SHEENA

I hope so.

Retracts her fingers from her mouth, Sheena smiles as Doug uses two tables to help himself get up, both tables capsize inwards and leave him hitting the ground.

Greg and Sheena stand there in silence watching Doug get up, caked in beer, sweat and idiocracy.

GREG

Why do you care whether he gets over this? He's an asshole.

SHEENA
Why did you phone me?

Greg stutters as he speaks, rubs at his eyebrow gazing at Doug who downs another chalice of beer.

GREG
Welfare check.

Sheena chuckles, follows Greg's eyes that fall upon her Dad.

SHEENA
He needs it that's for certain.

GREG
The man threw a beer bottle at the wall last time I tried checking on him.

Sheena bellows out a drunken laugh that Greg shakes his head at it with furrowed eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)
(serious)
I'm not joking. He's not right. Be careful with him.

SHEENA
(not laughing anymore)
Wait. He actually did?

GREG
I just hope this hasn't enabled him to act like that more.

SHEENA
He was in a bad place before I came.

GREG
And he's in a better place now?

SHEENA
Yes.

GREG
What was that at the table then?

Sheena doesn't react.

SHEENA
He was worse.

GREG
Just be careful.

SHEENA
He's my Dad, I'll be fine.

GREG
If you say so.

Greg exits the beer garden area and leaves Sheena alone...

Sheena rests her head upon her hands as she watches Doug slump onto a chair and sling his head right back.

EXT. PATH ALONG THE RIVER. NIGHT.

Along a river path, Sheena and Doug link arms as muted laughter echoes down the river as they try to speak through stomach cramping guffaws.

SHEENA
I go to Mull all the time. It's quite nice up there...Scenic.

DOUG
Do you just go about...travelling every day?

SHEENA
Not every day. I mostly head back to Mull. Ben More. That's where I write most of the time. Or just to clear my head. It's peaceful.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Doug gets Sheena to lay down onto the couch. He throws a blanket over her body and tucks the covers into her sides, she falls asleep all snug.

Doug leaves his Daughter to sleep and goes off somewhere, returns with a black bin liner and begins disposing all the rubbish into the bag.

Sheena tosses and turns in her sleep...Doug rubs her hair and kisses her on the head...she stops struggling and peacefully fades into deep sleep.

Doug looks down at Sheena with adoration, and sits beside her head, he props his arm over the couch...

MORNING.

...Sun shines down on both of the couch dwellers...time has passed, Doug's head slings back, dried drool at the corners of his mouth, snores like a pig.

Sheena awakes to the sight of Doug asleep beside her, she sees in his hands is a bin bag full of rubbish...Sheena takes the bag from him and clears the living room of any garbage.

Doug stays asleep unawares of his Daughter cleaning his home.

INT. BEDROOM / CHARLES'S HOME. MORNING.

Janeen rolls over underneath the fresh linen, her hand smacks a pillow where Charles's head should be...

Her eyes pop open to see the empty sweat stained imprint of her Husband Charles.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS / CHARLES'S HOME. MORNING.

Janeen stumbles downstairs sleepily in her pinkish purple nightgown. She wraps it tightly around her slender waist and searches for Charles.

INT. STUDY / CHARLES'S HOME. MORNING.

Charles waits by the printer as paper slowly gets excreted out from a wife opening...

Janeen watches him prop a hand underneath the paper as sheets of white and blueprint paper falls unto his palm.

JANEEN

What are you doing?

CHARLES

(nervous)

Nothing.

Charles neatens the pile and leans them away from Janeen so she can't make out what they are.

JANEEN

Show me.

Janeen cranes her neck and moves around Charles as he moves away from her.

CHARLES
 (unconvincing)
 It's top secret from the PM
 herself!

Janeen rips the paper from his hands...she reads through the notes and plans for Doug's big boat.

JANEEN
 (hurt)
 You're not doing this again?
 (genuinely hurt)
 You're fucking doing this again?
 After last time?

CHARLES
 I have the money.

JANEEN
 Where do we have the money?

CHARLES
 (lying through his teeth)
 The party is helping fund this.

Janeen crosses her arms...

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 I swear. This is why it's being
 done.

JANEEN
 What's with all the secrecy then?

CHARLES
 Look how you just reacted. That's
 exactly why I didn't do it.

Janeen's temper has subsided, Charles wraps his arms around his wife's hips. His lips nuzzles into her neck as she tries to swoon away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 OK. I apologise for not telling
 you.

JANEEN
 I just want you to be straight
 forward with me and not keep
 secrets.

CHARLES

There are no more secrets.
 (forcing a big animated
 smile)
 I love you.

Janeen smirks.

JANEEN

I love you.

They embrace.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

The air around the Harbour is frosty...Ice crystals form in the atmosphere and on cars window shields.

A great BIG TRUCK unloading a shipping container rears into the Shipwright's Harbour...

SHIPWRIGHT's go about setting up site for construction.

Charles Doomihagan smiles as another TRUCK and another TRUCK begin driving down the road and into the Shipwright's Harbour.

Doug walks up to Charles from behind and stands beside him as these TRUCKS rush in with materials.

DOUG

(to Charles)

You're quick, Doomihagan. Wish you politicians were as hands on with your policies.

Charles laughs, moves away from Doug.

POLICE SIRENS.

Blue POLICE lights THROB as a green POLICE CRUISER rolls up to the construction team.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS, PC JIM BUCKLY, 38, mean and hairy, and PC MCKENZIE, 34, charming but dim, speak to a couple SHIPWRIGHT MEN.

Charles and Doug take notice of the Police Officers, Jim and McKenzie see Charles and walk up to him.

PC BUCKLY

(stern)

Are you Charles Doomihagan?

PC MCKENZIE
(dim, eager)
You're the MP!

CHARLES
I am. How can I help you two boys?

PC BUCKLY
We call for a cease and desist on
all and any construction.

CHARLES
From who?

PC BUCKLY
Council.

DOUG
(to Charles)
Fucking cunts. They said as long as
I had funding I was good to go.

CHARLES
Doug get everyone to halt their
production. We'll have to just do
construction somewhere else.

PC BUCKLY
The council also want you to know
that the blueprints for the boat
you're going to be building will
not be touching that Loch's waters.

CHARLES
Why not?

PC BUCKLY
Safety reasons.

PC MCKENZIE
No public interest neither.

CHARLES
It's a great big fucking boat,
everyone I know would love to come
and see this.

PC BUCKLY
Well, you round up everyone you
know and send them to the council.

PC Buckly whacks PC McKenzie in the stomach to gesture leave.

PC BUCKLY (CONT'D)
(to PC McKenzie)
Let's go.

They do as said and go, back in their cruiser and drive out of the Harbour.

CHARLES
Fuck sake.

DOUG
Christ, what are we gonna do now?

CHARLES
Don't worry about it. I've got something figured out.

DOUG
That is?

CHARLES
Insider Secrets. How we win the big political competitions.

DOUG
What?

CHARLES
Don't worry about it. It's a neat little cheat.

Charles dives into his pocket and retrieves a cell phone, flicks it open and dials a number, departs with the phone up to his ear.

Sheena pops up to Doug with a confused look on her face.

SHEENA
They're saying that we've been ordered a cease and desist on the boat?

DOUG
We aren't to worry about it.

SHEENA
Why?

DOUG
Charles says he knows a guy that will sort it out?

SHEENA

Yes, his corrupt friends in
Parliament.

DOUG

Leave it alone, he's alright.
Anyway, he just needs attention
from the public, something a well
known MP can do.

Charles pockets his cell phone.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Is it sorted out?

Charles nods.

CHARLES

Should be soon.

SHEENA

What did you do?

CHARLES

Just an old campaigning trick. I
won't bore you with the details.

DOUG

So what do we do now?

CHARLES

Wait a couple days and continue
construction. We will get
everything shipped off here and
that'll be it done.

DOUG

Brilliant.

CHARLES

Isn't it.

SHEENA

This is all a bit suspect. What are
you up to?

CHARLES

Funding your little adventure.
Goodbye.

Charles departs.

Doug gives Sheena a growling look of disapproval.

INT. LOCH-EE PUB. NIGHT.

Doug and Charles mull over glasses of RED WINE at a booth in the Loch-ee Pub...it's a quiet night in, with little arousal from locals.

Doug sneers at the Red Wine his fingers are curled around on the table...makes a disingenuous sip and recoils at its bitter note.

Charles takes a sip and enjoys the crimson liquid as it touches his tongue...mmm...a hint of something nice it seems.

DOUG

I don't think I like this.

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES

A man with a little pallet.

DOUG

What?

CHARLES

It does take years to gain a liking for this stuff.

DOUG

Does it take years to reach so far up your own arse.

CHARLES

You and that daughter of yours take my goodwill and charity for granted.

DOUG

Goodwill? You love my boat. You can't wait to build it. I reckon I could fling shit at you, and you'd be picking it out your eyes telling me how lovely the hull will look with a turquoise colour.

Charles humphs, stares at Doug as if he just spoke out of turn.

CHARLES

(good spirit)

You've got me there. I do like that boat.

DOUG

Speaking of. When will we be able to start building it?

CHARLES

It's your council, I'm not getting involved, I already paid a heavy fee to keep my name out of any of this.

DOUG

Why?

CHARLES

Well, man to man, you can keep it a secret? A true Scotsman knows his friends so don't go running your mouth, you seem a genuine lad.

Doug nods his head in full agreement.

DOUG

Here, spit it out before I go get myself a pint?

CHARLES

Right.

Charles laughs as if he's about to tell some jolly tale.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I've recently caught the PM misappropriating funds from public Tax money.

Doug's eyes bug out in surprise.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I've extorted her for silence, so any breath of this and I'll have the IRS up my ass faster than a faggot on poppers.

DOUG

So this whole thing's being funded with illegal tax fraud investments?

CHARLES

Yes. You seem surprised? I thought you hated politicians?

DOUG

Aye, but now I'm accessory to it.

CHARLES

Are you going to turn me in like?

DOUG

Are you going to pull out of funding this?

CHARLES

Not anytime soon.

DOUG

Then I don't see why I would.

Charles and Doug laugh. Charles slaps Doug on the shoulder as Doug gets up and fetches a pint.

Charles takes out a pack of fags and lights on, smokes it balefully into the pub air.

DOUG (O.C) (CONT'D)

Pint, please. Gillian.

AT THE BAR:

The BARTENDER, GILLIAN, blonde, 50's pulls a pint for Doug who eagerly waits as the foam settles at the top of the rim.

Gillian looks over at Charles who sits gayly smoking a cigarette.

GILLIAN

(pissed off, at Charles)

Get that fucking cigarette out or you'll be put out.

Charles pretends to be upset and frightened, puts his hands up as if he was encountering a gun itchy police officer. The cigarette dangles from Charles's loose fingers and descends onto the carpet, where Charles's foot readies and rubs it out.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

(still pretty pissed, to Doug)

Tell your fucking pal to behave or you'll both be barred. I can't have him putting out fucking fags on the carpet.

Gillian hands the sloshy pint to Doug, who sips on the foam that overfills the tumbler.

DOUG

Sorry. I'll curse him out.

BACK TO THE BOOTH:

Doug sits beside Charles, Charles takes another drink of his wine as Doug downs a good quarter of the pint, thirsting for the yeasty liquid that he slams down onto the table without releasing from his fingers.

CHARLES
What's her issue?

DOUG
Just doesn't like people putting
out cigarettes on the carpet.

CHARLES
You're fun.

DOUG
You're a nuisance.

Charles dips into his pockets and retracts his cellular device, it pings twice.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What's that?

CHARLES
Our ticket to setting sail across
the Loch to hunt after the Beast!

DOUG
Feel free to express yourself.

CHARLES
Huh?
(realising)
Oh. Right.

Charles points his finger at his phone...Doug has a look...

FOCUS ON:

Charles's phone...Doug and Sheena's website...the visitor views are going up to the thousands, reaching the ten's of thousands.

DOUG
Is that our website?

CHARLES
Yes.

DOUG
How'd you do that?

CHARLES

Do what?

DOUG

Get the numbers to go up?

FOCUS BACK ON DOUG AND CHARLES:

CHARLES

Another industry secret. Heh. It's how we win the public elections and votes. Targeted ads through services.

DOUG

Services?

CHARLES

A Canadian web company, a Chinese web company, Indonesian web company. They reach out to us to target ads and media attention on us, it's like door to door sales, handing out leaflets, being there for you, while we're actually at our timeshare in Brazil, Cuba, Spain, a cigar in our mouths, hookers on our cocks, and a nice pair of shades to hide us from that devilish blinding sun, while they - you - sit under the grey clouds wondering who out of three parties will bring that good weather back with them.

Charles guffaws to himself, a witty man he so is.

INT. LOCH NESS COUNCIL MEETING HALL. DAY.

Doug stands in front of the Council Members once more, a big wide screen on a stand with wheels behind him showing the website and the rising views that are now in the late hundred thousands with an added "**INTEREST!**" bar atop the website alongside the view screen that has over a hundred thousand likes.

The Council Members sit there bored, their interest still not spiked whatsoever, they couldn't care less...Doug points at the flat screen and speaks to them, we don't hear the words but they look desperate.

The Council Members all collectively wait for Doug to stop speaking...and they look at each other and shake their heads...no.

Doug, exhausted from the debacle hangs his head low, inhaling and exhaling like they were his last breaths on Earth...

EXT. LOCH NESS COUNCIL MEETING HALL. DAY.

Doug smokes a cigarette outside of the Council Meeting Hall...full of resentment...paces as he holds up a phone to his ear with his other hand...glances through the window at the Council Members.

DOUG

*Pick up, pick up, pick up, pick
fucking up!*

The person on the other end of the phone call picks up...It's Charles...

CHARLES (O.S)

Yes? How'd it go?

DOUG

They're not going with it. They aren't going to take down the desist, the bastards. They were never going to do it.

CHARLES (O.S)

OK. Doug. Just calm down. I'll handle it.

DOUG

You will?

Charles goes silent for a minute...

DOUG (CONT'D)

Charles?

CHARLES (O.S)

Yes.

The phone hangs up.

INT. MARVIN'S HOME. NIGHT.

Marvin sits at home with his arm over his WIFE MILDRED, 40's, looking younger than her age, light makeup on and a sleepy look on her face as she yawns a belter.

The TV flickers as they watch some SOAP drama.#

MARVIN

You sleepy? Want to go to bed?

MILDRED

Yes. I'll make us tea, go upstairs
and set the bed.

MARVIN

Peppermint, babe.

Marvin kisses his spouse on the neck as she enters into the kitchen...

Marvin gets up and heads to the stairs for the bedroom...

Mildred props the kettle on, takes two cups from the cupboard and throws peppermint tea bags into the cups.

She goes through into the living room and switches the television off.

A CRACK and POP noise startles her as she looks for where the sound comes from...outside in their DRIVEWAY.

A HOODED MAN smashes a BASEBALL bat into MARVIN'S CAR windshield. Mildred recoils in fear and runs for the stairs.

MILDRED

Marvin!!!

EXT. GRAEME'S 2ND FLOOR FLAT. NIGHT.

Graeme looks outside his flat window, sees his car being bashed in by the Hooded Man...

GRAEME

Oy! Fucking stop that. Get away
from my car!

INT. BEDROOM / GEORJI'S HOME. NIGHT.

Georji sleeps all alone in her bed by herself...she snores lightly into her pillow as a loud CRASH comes from somewhere in the house.

This wakes her up at once and she slowly creeps out of bed...a walking stick by her chest of drawers she wields as a weapon...

INT. LIVING ROOM / GEORJI'S HOME. NIGHT.

The living room is empty, other than her old person style furniture and little box TV.

She approaches the centre of the room...goes over to the window...She jumps up in pain as she's just stepped on...glass...

She sees her window has been smashed in and the curtains are flailing half in and half out...She crawls backwards afraid of the SHADOW that lingers not too far away from outside her window...

EXT. LOCH. DAY.

A CIGAR burns brightly beneath the bright sun as disturbed water kicks up in the air from the propellers of Charles's Riva Speedboat.

Charles puffs away as the plumes of Cigar smoke spread across his focused face.

Doug sits in the back with his arms wrapped around the boat. Matt sits across from Doug keeping a watchful eye on Doug.

DOUG

What are we doing out here?

Doug looks to the Riva's floor where five large BUOY like TORPEDO shaped items lay.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And what are those?

Spits out a puff of smoke.

CHARLES

You'll see.

Charles brings the Speedboat to a gradual stop...grabs one of the heavy Buoy Torpedo's and launches it into the water...

FOLLOW THE BUOY TORPEDO:

The Buoy Torpedo descends down into the Loch deeper and deeper, a small circular green light beeps and throbs until it can no longer be seen.

BACK TO THE SURFACE - SPEEDBOAT:

Charles heads back to the Riva Speedboat's accelerator.

DOUG
You gonna tell me now?

Charles turns around, hands stabilizing him.

CHARLES
We are throwing these Bad Buoy's
down into the Loch. These are SONAR
BUOY's, they emit pings, just like
the ones on Fjord's boat. We are
dropping them off at the furthest
away points from each other to give
us the most accurate and vast
description of what's going down in
the Loch.

DOUG
Shouldn't we wait until the Council
grant us permission. We could get
fined for doing this.

CHARLES
What do you care?

DOUG
I don't have any money left.

CHARLES
If it's money you need I'll give
you a bob or two.

Charles grunts and puts the speedboat back into a full stop.
He unloads a second Sonar Buoy into the Loch.

Doug looks to Charles sceptical of what to make of the
situation.

DOUG
Have we got the permission from the
council?

CHARLES
We won't need to get permission
from them no where, they won't be
an issue.

DOUG
Great! How did you convince them?
Bribe?

Charles takes a moment to answer, takes one last sip of his
Cigar then launches it into the water...

The Cigar floats on the Loch's surface for a half a second before it bobs and disappears.

CHARLES

Something like that - yes.

Doug shrugs it off.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

Shipwright's harbour has quadrupled it's CREWMEN, with just under a HUNDRED MEN working on the almost finished BOAT that looks very close to Doug's original fishing vessel blue prints.

SUPER: Five months later.

Doug walks past with another TEN CREWMEN, a crane begins to attach itself to the boat.

This crane lifts the boat from the Shipwright's warehouse and into the harbour...it drops with a splash...

CREWMEN cheer! Doug is TRIUMPHANT! High fives someone! The boat is sea worthy...the boat begins to slowly sink to down and down, no one notices other than Doug.

DOUG

No! No! Up. UP! It's going down.

The CRANE CREWMAN switches a button and pulls down...the boat is lifted from the harbour...lifted out and above the CREWMEN on the harbour.

Greg approaches underneath the boat alongside Doug.

Greg points to the welded on steel sheet metals...a large gap between one of the panels that was leaking water inside.

GREG

There. Would have fucked with the buoyancy with water leaking in.

DOUG

FUCK!

Doug throws down the clipboard in his hand and struts off.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(yells)

No one tell Charles that this thing nearly sank!

Everyone nods and cheers in agreement. Doug smiles at the comradery.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (still yelling)
 Alright. Well, let's get this thing finished. We've got tomorrow until we show it to the world. It just needs to look good!

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug gets ready to head out for the day, sticks a Hat over his head, checks himself out in a mirror and nods.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap...Tap. Tap tap.

Doug opens the door to Sheena's room where he pokes his head into the room.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Sheena sits on her bed tapping away on a RETRO TYPEWRITER...she taps hard and fast.

Doug's eyes peer in and she stops.

DOUG
 You're fucking loud with that typing.

SHEENA
 Sorry. I'm almost finished, last chapter!

Doug stands there not knowing what to say, knocks the door with his skin of his knuckles, and exhales.

DOUG
 Time to go. Come on.

Sheena places the typewriter to her side and gets up.

SHEENA
 What's going on?

DOUG
 We are going down the the harbour to unveil the ship. It's finished.

Sheena smiles.

SHEENA

Congrats!

She comes in for a hug, and takes Doug by surprise, he embraces the hug.

DOUG

OK, enough of this. Let's get down there.

SHEENA

Will Charles be there?

DOUG

Luckily for you, no. He doesn't want his name attached to the boat.

SHEENA

Why not?

Doug shakes his head as he tries to come up with some made up reason to hide his knowledge of the truth.

DOUG

Uhm...He's just camera shy.

SHEENA

Politician? Camera shy?

DOUG

Aye.

SHEENA

OK then.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

The CAMERA MEN from STV and BBC approach the harbour in their big NEWS VANS...they park just a hundred or so meters away from the large SHIP.

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

THIS WHOLE SCENE IS SHOWN THROUGH THE CAMERA OF THE BBC / STV CREW THAT ARE RECORDING LIVE TO THE UK.

ON DOUG:

Doug is beside a YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER with her hair up and a bright smile, a foam microphone touches her lips as she speaks.

YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER

Doug Thompson has come up with the plans for this boat. Through years of perfecting his craft working up here in Loch Ness, he now has something to show for all his hard work. Doug, how do you feel unveiling this to the public?

DOUG

Just a normal part of the plan for this beast of a boat. The public interest for this boat has grown over the months and I just thought it would be validating for those interested to see the thing!

YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER

Now. Is it true that you have a mysterious millionaire backing this project?

DOUG

Uhm. I'm not free to disclose anything like that.

YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER

And why not?

DOUG

Because...

Doug thinks...places a hand over the camera and pushes the CREW out the way.

DOUG (CONT'D)

...Get that camera off me.

ON SHEENA:

Sheena holds the microphone in front of her face...An OLDER MALE REPORTER stands beside her.

Sheena props the microphone to the REPORTER's mouth...

OLDER MALE REPORTER

This is the daughter of the architect of this boat-

Back to her.

SHEENA
 (butting in)
 He's a shipwright, that's what its
 called.

Back to him.

OLDER MALE REPORTER
 Yes -- sorry. Now. Does this boat
 have a name yet?

Back to her.

SHEENA
 A name? It's a boat, not a dog.

Back to him.

OLDER MALE REPORTER
 Yes, well, it's bad luck to set
 sail on a boat without a name,

Sheena's eyes shrink as she tries to come up with a rebuttal.

Back to her.

SHEENA
 Fever dream.

Back to him.

OLDER MALE REPORTER
 Sorry?

Back to her.

SHEENA
 The name of the boat. Fever dream.

Doug butts into the INTERVIEW.

Puts his hands over the cameras.

DOUG
 (hiding his face)
 That means the interview is over
 for today. Fuck off now.

THROUGH FOOTAGE FROM THE BBC / STV:

Sheena on a large ladder, she begins to paint in big bold
 letters "**Fever Dream**".

She smiles down at Doug who gives her encouraging **!Thumbs up!**

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

The NEWS VANS shoot off away from the harbour having collected their footage and interviews.

Doug smokes a cigar as he rests his butt on a large rusty dock cleat.

Sheena walks past speaking to a HEAVY SHIPWRIGHT CREWMAN, Doug stops her and jumps up from the cleat.

DOUG
Sheena. Come here.

Sheena gestures goodbye to the Heavy Shipwright Crewman, stops and glances oddly at the cigar in Doug's side lip grasp.

SHEENA
Cigars?

DOUG
Yeah?

SHEENA
Not like you.

DOUG
They're good. Look classy.

Sheena chortles.

SHEENA
You? Classy? You've been hanging around our benefactor too often.

DOUG
That I agree with you on.

SHEENA
What did you want?

DOUG
Fever dream?

SHEENA
It was on the spot. Plus it fits.

DOUG
In what way does it fit?

SHEENA
Do you want me to spell it out for you?

DOUG
I was never good at spelling, help
me out would you? Please?

Doug makes puppy dog eyes.

SHEENA
It's your dream that you've worked
feverishly to get.

DOUG
Actually I quite like that. Good
job.

Sheena beams happily.

SHEENA
Thank you.

She moves away from her Father as her smile falters to
nothing.

Doug leans across the cleat and gazes over at the new ship -
FEVER DREAM.

DOUG
Fever dream.

CHARLES (O.S)
Fever what?

Doug turns--

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. NIGHT.

Charles puffs on his cigar and grunts at Doug with a cigar in
his mouth as well.

DOUG
Fever dream.

Charles takes a puff and a ponder at the name...

CHARLES
Diabolical name.

DOUG
Sheena came up with it.

CHARLES
She's creative I'll give her that.

Charles sits down on the cleat and bellows out more plumes.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We might get copyright fucked by the Fevre river packet company, but they've been out the waters for ages.

DOUG

We should be sea worthy in another five months.

CHARLES

Why? The thing is built isn't it?

DOUG

Not quite. It still needs the appropriate checks.

CHARLES

Throw the rod on it and dump it into the water.

DOUG

We can't rush this stage.

CHARLES

We can or it won't go on the water at all.

DOUG

Its not safe.

CHARLES

Its safe enough. Don't push me Doug. It's sea worthy.

Doug punches Charles in the nose...it breaks and blood leaks down from his nostrils.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You punched me.

Charles begins to laugh...hysterically.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You actually punched me.

DOUG

What do you find so funny?

CHARLES

That you broke my nose, and probably think that nothing's going to happen. Like there's no consequences.

Matt comes up from behind Doug, HOODED with a BASEBALL BAT in his hands.

SMACKS Doug over the HEAD with the BAT sending the Shipwright down to the floor.

Charles LAUNCHES his foot into Doug's STERNUM...a POP comes from Doug's chest as his ribs break.

INT. A&E / LOCH NESS. NIGHT.

Doug lays back on a reclined and padded bed...Charles holds an ice-pack to his nose and one to his bare foot...the foot used to kick Doug in the sternum.

Doug's upper chest area holds tough bandages over his bare chest...

Sheena rushes into the A&E ROOMS to see both of them there.

SHEENA

How in the fuck did you two get mugged?

CHARLES

Look. It was quick, they came from behind us.

SHEENA

Uhuh. Well then. Did they say you're all good, Doug?

DOUG

Eh. Aye.

SHEENA

Let's go then.

CHARLES

(to Doug, with a false happy look)
Remember what I told you before the mugging!

Sheena aids Doug onto a wheelchair and carts him out of the A&E.

EXT. A&E / CAR PARK. NIGHT.

Sheena wheels Doug through and out into the car park.

SHEENA

So what really happened?

DOUG

I said over the phone.

SHEENA

He has a broken nose, you have a foot sized hole in your ribs and he has a broken foot. You have a broken head.

Doug sighs; caught.

DOUG

Civil disagreement that I escalated.

SHEENA

You escalated?

DOUG

Yes.

SHEENA

Makes sense, you punch him in the nose. He gets you down, maybe Matt his bodyguard did it. Smacked you over the head, the ever so ego driven asshole Charles kicked you when you were down.

DOUG

We made up after he realised the extent of my injuries and we took each other to A&E.

Sheena nods; it checks out.

SHEENA

What was the disagreement?

DOUG

Nothing. It was just he wanted to set sail in a a few months and I wanted to sail it in a few weeks.

SHEENA

Have we done the appropriate tests and... shit?

Doug nods.

DOUG

Oh yeah.

SHEENA

So what did you's agree on?

DOUG

We are sailing in a few weeks. He said my endurance to a beating was a sign of a dedicated man who knows what he's doing.

Sheena nods absent mind idly.

SHEENA

At least you know not to bonk him on the nose again.

Doug doesn't respond, just grumbles and grimaces at his fist.

INT. LIVING ROOM / CHARLES'S HOME. NIGHT.

Janeen comes into the dark living room cast completely in darkness, she's in her nightgown...she switches the lights on to see-

Charles sat on the couch snoozing with a bandaged up foot, and a plaster over his nose...

Janeen shrieks at first...but stops and looks down at her husband...shakes her head in disappointment and switches the light back off.

She returns upstairs heavy footed.

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Sheena helps her ailing Father up into the house on his weak legs...She sets him through in the living room onto the couch.

She goes out and comes back with the wheelchair.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Doug groans at his injury...Sheena gives him some magical pills from a metal popping sheet titled "**Codeine**".

Doug takes the pill and gulps it down his dry mouth and grunts.

SHEENA
That should make you feel better,
it's *codeine*.

DOUG
OK.

SHEENA
Take one every four or so hours or
just whenever you feel sore.

DOUG
Noted.

SHEENA
I'll be away out.

Doug cranes his neck to look at Sheena.

DOUG
Away out?

SHEENA
Yeah. Do you remember Kirsty?

Doug makes the most oblivious face ever as he shakes his head.

SHEENA (CONT'D)
Well, she's treating me to some
drinks with her girlfriends.

DOUG
Lezbo?

SHEENA
No. Her friends that are girls.
It's an expression.

DOUG
OK. Have fun.

Doug rolls over and falls asleep.

Sheena smiles and rubs her Dad's unconscious head.

EXT. FARMLAND. NIGHT.

Sheena heads out for her date with Kirsty and her girlfriends. She shuts the door as quietly as she can but it still slams shut.

INT. LOCH BISTRO. NIGHT.

Sheena enters the Loch Bistro, she comes upon a WOMAN behind the counter.

WOMAN
Hey. Do you have a reservation?

SHEENA
Uhm. I am not sure...I'm waiting
for-

Greg appears from behind her and nuzzles on her neck.

GREG
(to the Woman Behind the
Desk)
Yes. We have a reservation.

Sheena smiles like a kid given sweets.

WOMAN
Right this way then.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Doug stands up and leans against a table. He picks up the packet of codeine, takes a single pill and drops the pack.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Doug stumbles in and picks up the manuscript from Sheena's desk, he lifts it and eyes up the title: 'Monster And Myths'.

DOUG
(grumbles)
Monsters And Myths.

Doug sits down on her bed, and begins to read...

MONTAGE OF DOUG READING SHEENA'S MANUSCRIPT:

-Doug reads it on the edge of her bed...

-Doug lays down reading on her bed...

-Doug flicks through the pages of the manuscript on the couch in the living room...

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Sheena tiptoes through the marsh in high heel shoes...she holds the side of her head in pain...

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Sheena shuts the door quietly as possible and heads straight for her bedroom...

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Sheena closes her bedroom door and rests on the edge of the bed, rubs her headache away and slowly glances towards her manuscript...its missing...

She gets up and has a rough look around...what goes from a miss placed look around, becomes a disorientated panic search.

Sheena peeks beneath her bed for her Journal...missing as well...

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Sheena crawls into the living room fearing the worst...

Doug is sprawled over a chair beside a table...drools...A match box in his hands...Ash on his chest...

She sees the near empty packet of Codeine on the table and three empty beer bottles.

A TIN BUCKET sits on top of the table...An aura of smoke bellows from it...Ash and suit around the rim and all over the table...

Sheena looks to the bottom of the bucket...remanets of her BURNT MANUSCRIPT and a HANDFUL of MATCHES.

She slowly walks backwards in absolute shock...she doesn't speak a word...she just begins to sob...

EXT. LOCH NESS STREETS. MORNING.

The birds chirp as the day breaks and the sun has risen higher...

Sheena struts through the streets cobble road...she heeks her blue heels off and discards them by the roadside...

In Sheena's limp hand is a petrol can that spills all over Sheena's clothes...

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. MORNING.

Seagulls stalk prey and rubbish from bin lorries...Sheena walks aimlessly through the Shipwright's Harbour...

She comes across the large boat with the paint marks of FEVER DREAM stained on the boat...her words meaningless now...joy gone.

Sheena opens up the DIESEL CAP from the Fever Dream boat...FILLS it petrol from the can...Tosses the can.

Strikes a match...goes to throw it into the boat's fuel tank...her hand goes to do it...she stops...she pulls it away unable to pull through with it.

Sheena collapses to the floor and cries...she can't do it.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MIDDAY.

Doug wakes with the tin bucket over his head half hanging from his seat...he collapses to the floor disorientated, his head batters the floorboards as he tumbles.

Gets himself up, the tin bucket still in his head, he removes it and places it on the table...

Goes through into Sheena's bedroom.

INT. SHEENA'S OLD BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MIDDAY.

Opens Sheena's bedroom door to find an empty soulless room with no more of Sheena's items...she's left and won't be coming back.

Doug looks down at his feet and rubs his tired and sore face as he leaves her room frustrated with himself.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MIDDAY.

Doug swings the noisy door wide open and leaps down to his knees onto the boggy ground...his knees squelch in the wet mud...

Doug cries into the mud pathetically...

DOUG

Sorry...

He whimpers in the cold. A SHEEP and a RAM approach his half naked body...they nudge on his sides.

Doug tries to push the Sheep and Ram away, but they are persistent...they bash on his head. Stomp on his heels and legs, they don't let up until he is shaking in the mud surrendering to the two animals...

EXT. SHIPWRIGHT'S HARBOUR. DAY.

Doug and Charles gaze up at the FEVER DREAM BOAT...it's big body dips in the water...a rope extends from the rear tied down to a cleat on the harbour.

A large fishing rod extends outwards from the front...

CHARLES

I told you she was sea worthy.

DOUG

Let's just get going.

CHARLES

You don't seem as chipper.

DOUG

I just want to get that beast and kill it.

CHARLES

We will. We will. In due time,
Douglas my boy.

Greg walks past the two men, stops and speaks to Doug.

GREG

Doug. You heard from Sheena? We were meant to meet up last night but she's gone AWOL.

DOUG

She's away, Greg. She won't be back.

GREG

Aw. Alright.

Greg's usual can-do spirit looks like it had just been ripped from him, the Shipwright now deflated walks off...

Doug pushes past Charles and climbs onto the boat.

Matt walks up to the steps.

CHARLES

Matt. Come here.

Matt does as asked.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I don't think you'll be needed on this one - besides I've got better things for you to be done. My wife wants to go to that fancy opera show down in London. Go accompany her.

MATT

Are you sure?

CHARLES

I'll be fine, our boy Douglas knows who's boss. I'll have him calling me cap'n' in no time.

Charles chuckles a belly full and slaps his man Matt on the back as he continues without him onto the Fevre Dream Boat.

EXT. FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

The Fever Dream bobs along the Loch's unsteady buoyancy...Charles controls the main dashboard of the boat in the Pilothouse, the de facto captain. Doug controls the mains for the fishing rod on the exterior...

Fjord comes on board the Fever Dream Boat, equipment in hand...He wipes his hair to his side.

FJORD

Are we ready to go or what?

DOUG

Aye.

FJORD

Right. Let me set up in the pilothouse.

DOUG

Tell Charles's he's a nob.

Fjord continues to walk past Doug to the Pilothouse.

FJORD
 (shouts)
 Oh. I'm sure he's aware.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Charles pulls a lever that sets the Fever Dream onwards through the waters of the Loch Ness.

Fjord sets up his equipment down by the side of Charles.

FJORD
 We need to be underneath those buoy sonar's you dumped down there to be able to connect to them and read their pings from here.

CHARLES
 I placed them roughly where each section was.

FJORD
 Good, then it should be all fine.

Charles rubs his chin and full throttles the boat's engine...

EXT. FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Charles bursts through the pilothouse doors, Doug looks over at Charles, who throws his hands out in showman ship.

CHARLES
 We should sail this thing down the Mississippi River!

DOUG
 Let's stick to the Loch for now.

CHARLES
 "Cap'n"!

DOUG
 What?

CHARLES
 Call me "Cap'n"!

Doug waves away at Charles, his eyes set on the Loch...the deep blue sea...the darkness descending downwards...it's haunting to Doug...he is transfixed...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Doug!

DOUG

(shakes his head)

Aye?

CHARLES

I asked, how's the controls on that thing?

DOUG

Good. Smooth. Could be smoother.
But smooth anyway.

Charles nods pleasant.

Fjord bursts out from the Pilothouse.

FJORD

Guys! I've picked up the pings from section 3. We are right above it.

CHARLES

OK. That's a start. Have you been able to pick up anything.

FJORD

That's what I'm saying. It's right below us...

CHARLES

It...is?

FJORD

Yes...

Fjord looks to Doug who's face drops...he switches on a button on the control panel...the giant hook from the front of the Fever Dream Boat descends into the Loch's depths.

FJORD (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

DOUG

Fjord, read where the pings and tell Charles where to go. Charles, get behind that fucking controls and get ready.

Charles smiles...waits for it...

Doug rolls his eyes lamely...

DOUG (CONT'D)

Cap'n'.

Charles continues back to the Pilothouse.

BELOW THE WAVES. UNKNOWN. DARK.

A FISH swims into view...it kisses at a...LARGE HOOK...the one from the Fever Dream...

SOMETHING knocks the Large Hook, it scares the Fish away...air bubbles rise to the surface...

EXT. FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

The Fever Dream Boat is yanked through the Loch...the fishing rod's thick copper wire rope lifts higher as it is stretched out over the loch and goes completely tight...

INT. PILOTHOUSE / FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Charles pulls a lever on the boat...Fjord holds on tight as the boat rocks hard, in motion.

CHARLES

Oh no you don't.

Charles presses a button...the boat begins to slow down and pulls against the force of whatever's dragging it forward...

EXT. FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Doug presses a button marked "RETRACT", the copper wire rope begins to retract and spin around the metal rim high up...the spindle wraps around, but weakly...it slows down...the copper wire stops retracting and slowly undoes...

DOUG

(shouts to Charles)

We don't have control of the rod!

CHARLES (O.S)

(shouts through the window)

Release the rope!

DOUG

I can't.

CHARLES (O.S)

Why not?

DOUG
 (quieter)
 Because I can't...

Doug jumps onto the front of the boat...hops on top of the rails and hangs on the rope from the rod.

The boat once at a halt...now keeps moving...

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Halt the boat.

INT. PILOTHOUSE / FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Charles looks down nervously at the dashboard...all the levers have been pulled...a red dome begins to flash bright red...an alert rings and rings...

CHARLES
 (to himself)
 There's nothing more I can do.

EXT. FEVER DREAM BOAT. DAY.

Charles bursts out from the Pilothouse and storms over to Doug's station. Doug goes to stop him, as Charles's big fat hand lands on the "RELEASE" button...Doug is able to tackle him down before he gets the chance...

CHARLES
 Doug. Get off of me. We are going to be taken down and drown if you don't let the rope go...

DOUG
 I have to get the damn thing! I have to! This is the only thing I've ever wanted. I can't let you ruin this! This is all I have!

Fjord jumps down from the Pilothouse and separates the two men...

CHARLES
 Doug. This isn't about you.

DOUG
 This isn't about the boat. This isn't about finding the monster. It's about killing it. Avenging my Father. It can't get away.

CHARLES

It'll take us all, just like it did
your Dad.

DOUG

I don't care!

Fjord goes for the button, but Doug kicks Fjord in the leg
and he keels to the boat's floor.

CHARLES

I should've brought Matt on here. I
knew you were too unstable for
this.

DOUG

Quit it.

Charles tries getting up, but his leg hurts too much from his
broken foot...Fjord is on his back...he rubs a lump on his
head...

DOUG (CONT'D)

This is what needs to be done...

CHARLES

You pathetic bastard!

A loud ECHO shocks the water and sends splashes onto all of
three men aboard the Fever Dream...

Doug as if hypnotised stares out into the Loch...his eyes
glued to...nothing in particular...until...

FJORD

Wait...Did no one else notice we
aren't moving any more...

They look around together to confirm it to be true.

Water falls from something big that comes from the Loch's
surface...It hovers above the men...it's haunting presence
fills the men with dread...

It's big milky eyes searches the inner part of the souls of
each men...

Doug is the only man standing...he stares deep into the
creature...His hand levitates over the "RELEASE" button.

CHARLES

(to Doug)

Release the rope.

Doug's anger has subsided for fear...his irises become pinpricks... his breathing becomes less steady...we hear a subtle heart beat rhythm getting louder and louder as another ECHO sends air shooting from the beast of the Loch...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Press the damn button...

The monster descends below the water...the rope disappears with it...it's presence still not having left...the men stay in place as if sealed in wax...

Doug's glassy eyes are washed with more tears from his eyelids...he doesn't press release...

Charles tries to get up again and fails...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Please!

FJORD

I'll do it!

Fjord crawls up to the mains and presses the button...The rope releases...but its already caught in a naught and doesn't bother releasing...

CHARLES

Doug, you bastard. It's going to drag us to the bottom. And I can't swim!...Doug?

The spindle rips through the wood and metal as easy as if it were lard. This drags the rest of the front sheet metal and exposes the hollow interior below. Water sloshes inside and fills up the boat's belly. Fevre Dream is plunged down into the Loch from the weight from inside.

Doug falls head first into the Loch...Charles slides down the boat and tries to hold on for dear life...Fjord scrambles as he is thrown into a metal hand railing and WHACKS his head...limps off the boat...

Doug swims amongst the wreckage of the Fever Boat...Charles's head bobs up and down as he gasps for air...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Doug! Help me! I can't swim.

Doug sees Charles...But swims away in a hurry...the fear drove him deaf and blind to aiding Charles...Fjord is nowhere to be found...

EXT. DOCK / LOCH. DAY.

Doug sits in wet clothes...the Loch having swallowed the Fever Dream...No screams or shouts from Charles any more...no more gurgling of water...Just echoes...

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Wet foot prints cover the floorboards and rug in Doug's living room...

The wet prints lead to Doug looking over the metal bucket...the ash from within...

INT. KITCHEN / MAGGIE'S HOME. DAY.

MAGGIE MCCLAUGHLIN, 40's, cute, in a little grey blouse, glasses over her nose that she doesn't bother looking through half the time...

She pours herself a cuppa tea from the kettle on the stove...She moves through the house with her cup and jumps at the shadow of a man's figure in the front door window...

The Shadow knocks...

DOUG (O.S)
Margaret? It's Doug.

INT. LIVING ROOM / MAGGIE'S HOME. DAY.

Doug sits himself on Maggie's couch...She hands him a cuppa tea...

MAGGIE
Now. What could you possibly want?

Doug takes a sip of his tea...it burns his lip and he retracts it in pain...

DOUG
I wanted to know where Sheena is?

MAGGIE
Why should I know? And Why would I tell you?

DOUG
OK. I know, everything I've done.
I'm a horrible cunt. And I don't
deserve a second chance?

MAGGIE

A second chance? You don't deserve
a thousands'th chance!

Maggie laughs.

Doug cowers.

DOUG

I haven't been the most present
father-

MAGGIE

-And when you were present you
weren't pleasant.

DOUG

Aye. I know. I've been a right
cunt. But she's all I've got.

MAGGIE

Why don't you form some other
relationship to ruin and stop
trying to destroy your daughter
more. I bet you don't even realise
she's writing a book.

Doug shakes his head confused.

DOUG

I do.

Maggie rolls her eyes as she sips her tea.

MAGGIE

I bet you do.

DOUG

Look. I need to see her. I want to
speak to her. To tell her I love
her.

MAGGIE

You don't love her. You don't love
anyone. All you can think about is
yourself...and that fucking Myth.

DOUG

Look. I've gone through something-

MAGGIE

-And so did she. So did I.
Divorcing you was my single best
decision. Marrying you being the
opposite.

DOUG

I deserve this. But she doesn't. I
can be present. I can be pleasant.
I just need one more chance. I've
fucked things up real good.

MAGGIE

Go one, how have you fucked things
up?

DOUG

Ok. Well as you know Sheena's been
staying with me the past half year-

Maggie looks absolutely starstruck by this.

MAGGIE

-She's what?

DOUG

Been staying with me. Helping me
get my boat made.

Maggie's eyes tear softly...She holds her heart.

MAGGIE

That dumb little girl.

DOUG

Well, that boat's been destroyed.

MAGGIE

Through no fault of your own.

DOUG

I am aware.

MAGGIE

And why is she no longer staying at
yours? Did she have enough of you.

DOUG

Kind of.

Maggie stays silent, awaiting a proper answer.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I burned her book. The finished one.

Maggie shakes her head in anger...

MAGGIE

She wasn't helping you make your boat. You stupid, stupid man. She was trying to have her Father back in her life. And you've ruined it for good.

Doug's pleading eyes stare at Maggie for one more chance. She shakes her head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I don't know where she is, but wherever she is. It's a better place than being here with you. I know for sure.

EXT. FERRY SERVICE / ULLAPOOL. EVENING.

Doug runs up to a CASHIER and hands them a few coins, they hand him back a ticket and he boards a large FERRY.

A COMPUTER MONITOR overhead reads: "ISLE OF LEWIS..."

EXT. FERRY / ISLE OF LEWIS. NIGHT.

Doug looks over the edge of the Ferry and vomits into the sea...the deep blue water below sends him back from the rails and on the ground...fear in his eyes as he can't get himself up...he crawls around the floors worried. People point and laugh.

EXT. FERRY SERVICE / ISLE OF LEWIS. NIGHT.

Doug scatters from the Ferry into the Service Officer where he vomits once again into a BUCKET.

EXT. HARBOUR / ISLE OF LEWIS. MORNING.

The CREWMEN of the ABOARD SAINT WULLY are preparing the BOAT for setting for the Minch again.

Harris in a big puffy high viz jacket carries a crab box onto the BOAT.

Doug watches from a close distance...he sees Harris and Harris sees him back...

They come together and meet in the middle.

DOUG
You got my message.

HARRIS
I did indeed.

DOUG
Is she here?

HARRIS
Nope. Only when she was first here asking about the Blue Men.

Doug bites his lip. All this journey for nothing.

Harris turns back around and returns the crab box to the BOAT.

Doug follows after him to inquire further.

DOUG
Did she ever tell you where she was going? Or would maybe go after this?

HARRIS
No I don't. I told you everything I know about Sheena.

ANGUS
(to the CREW and Harris)
Sheena? Is that no that pretty lassie you shagged?

The CREW laugh.

DOUG
What?

Harris stands there anxiously.

HARRIS
(to Angus)
Now, Angus, don't be rude. This is Sheena's Father. I'd like you to be a bit more respectful.

Harris turns back to Doug.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

Doug's fist JUMPS in the air and CRACKS Harris in the nose...BREAKS Harris's nose...He clings to the injury as blood flows down just like Charles's did.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You broke my fucking nose!

Harris falls down from the pain and nausea.

DOUG

I don't want you near my Sheena.
Fucking fish farmer.

Doug spins around and leaves the harbour. The CREW aid Harris in getting back to his feet, Harris glares at Doug.

EXT. FERRY SERVICE / ISLE OF LEWIS. MIDDAY.

Beaten. Doug. Stares at the Ferry Service. Ready to give up.

To his left is the door. To his right is a large map of Scotland on the offices walls.

Something catches Doug's attention. He suddenly gets an IDEA!

INT. FERRY SERVICE OFFICE / ISLE OF LEWIS. MIDDAY.

Doug approaches the Ferry Service Office counter and speaks with a CASHIER.

DOUG

Do you's have Ferry going to Mull?

CASHIER

I'm sorry. No we don't take you that far.

DOUG

Shit.

Doug once again beaten. Shrugs and leaves.

EXT. FERRY / ISLE OF LEWIS. MIDDAY.

Doug slumps down on the floor...beside a HOMELESS MAN with a golden tooth...he smiles at Doug who is over taken with tire and depression.

HOMELESS MAN

(to Doug)

Where you wanting to go, Buddy?

Doug recoils like the Homeless Man's inquisition was a jump scare...

DOUG

Erm... Mull. Why?

HOMELESS MAN

I can take you if you like.

DOUG

Aye? How you going to take me?

HOMELESS MAN

I've got a boat.

Doug chuckles.

DOUG

You've got a boat?

HOMELESS MAN

Yup.

DOUG

No way you have a boat.

HOMELESS MAN

You going to keep asking me if I have a boat or are you going to trust me and come to Mull.

DOUG

I don't have a ton of money left.

HOMELESS MAN

Why would I need money?

DOUG

For a Greggs? I don't know what homeless people spend money on. Drugs?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm not homeless.

Doug is taken aback.

DOUG

Oh?

NOT-HOMELESS MAN (?)

C'mon.

EXT. HARBOUR / ISLE OF LEWIS. MIDDAY.

Doug follows the Non-Homeless Man into the Harbour...Their legs knee-deep in salt water of the Minch...

Doug sceptical...eyes up a little tiny wooden boat...Doug is reluctant to get in...

NON-HOMELESS MAN

Get in.

EXT. MINCH / ISLE OF LEWIS. MIDDAY.

The little wooden boat sways side to side as it swims through the Minch...

Doug lays down anxiously, unable to look over the edge...he holds his arms out to hold on tight to the boats edges...

NON-HOMELESS MAN

Close your eyes.

Doug closes his eyes...he drifts off overtime and sleeps...

EXT. OCEAN. NIGHT.

Doug is the only one on the little wooden boat as it crashes into waves...water sprays on him as the boat is bustled about.

Doug wakes up from the water and rocking of the boat...he screams...all alone...BLUE MEN of the MINCH try to board the boat...he cries as they reach for him...he smacks away their hands...

DOUG

No! Get off me. Stop it. Please.

The Blue Men dive back into the water...the ocean swirls and shakes the boat into a swirling wormhole in the water...the deep abyss...rain THUNDERS down onto Doug...He stands on the boat looking deep down into the centre of the hole...

EXT. MULL. DAY.

Doug awakes on his back, the little boat rocks back and forth on the shores of Mull...The tide washes the boat in and out...

The Non-Homeless Man gets out the boat, pushes it onto the grass shore.

Doug sits himself up...shades his eyes from the sun...gets out the boat.

NON-HOMELESS MAN
Alright, Buddy. I'll be seeing you.

DOUG
Where you off to?

NON-HOMELESS MAN
I don't know. I forget where. I just drift about with the waves.

DOUG
OK.

Doug shakes hands with the Non-Homeless Man who smiles, his golden tooth gleams from the sun's reflection.

The Non-Homeless Man trails the boat into the ocean...he disappears...Doug doesn't wait much longer...

EXT. BEN MORE / MULL. DAY.

Doug crawls up the Ben More hill...his body weak, starving, tired and exhausted.

AT THE TOP:

Doug falls to the ground...the grass clings to him like Velcro...ants crawl all over him...

Clouds shade Doug from the sun as he breaths in calmly.

TIME PASSES:

Sheena climbs the hill with a laptop bag around her shoulder, and a rucksack over her back...

She gets to the top and sits down...looks out at the hills around her and smiles...fetches inside her rucksack and pulls out a sandwich...her smile fades as the dark clouds rein over her.

Snores can be heard nearby. Honks and meemee's. Sheena looks about wondrously...she gets up leaving her belongings where she was...

Sheena almost stumbles down the hill when she comes across... Doug...bathing in the shade.

SHEENA

Doug!?

Doug wakes up in a heavy sweat. Shocked. Jumps out of his skin. Crawls backwards away from Sheena. Until he notices that he is no longer sleeping in a nightmare...looks around...he calms.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Doug. What the fuck, why are you here?

DOUG

I wanted to say sorry.

SHEENA

I'm sorry but that ship has sailed.

DOUG

I know I don't deserve it. You deserve a dad that doesn't belittle you. Who appreciates the things you do.

SHEENA

And that's not you.

DOUG

I can be.

SHEENA

No you can't. I've given you chance over and over.

DOUG

I'm not perfect. But I'm working on it.

Sheena scoffs.

SHEENA

I wasn't looking for someone to be perfect. I'm still not.

DOUG

Then what do you want?

SHEENA

A Dad. I wanted someone to love me,
without making life 10x shittier in
the process.

DOUG

I'm...sorry. I shouldn't have
burned your book. I know that now.
I was on meds. Drunk.

SHEENA

That's no excuse. What about the
times before that? Are you going to
blame them on being drunk and high?

Doug can't keep eye contact.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

No. I don't think so. You can't
just be in my life now that it
suits YOU.

Sheena swipes the hair from her head...she lets a single tear
roll down her cheek, but not much else.

SHEENA (CONT'D)

Just leave. Please.

Doug does as she wants...turns around and leaves. He stops.
Turns back.

DOUG

I love you. Don't forget me.

Sheena is so shocked by this she laughs nervously, and
loudly.

SHEENA

(still shocked laughing)
I love you too.

Doug leaves.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE / LONDON. DAY.

All CAMERAS and REPORTERS have their eyes on Janeen, she's
dressed up nice, hair and makeup done, her face is long and
sad... Everyone sounds like they are trying to speak over
Janeen whilst listen at the same time. She fights through the
commotion with every word.

JANEEN

(to Reporters)

As I'm sure most of you know. My husband was found drowned in Scotland at Loch Ness, after the boat Fever Dream's engine blew up.

REPORTER #1

Janeen! What's your thoughts on the Prime Minister Desiree's most recent statement mailed this morning that the tax scandal was all Charles.

Janeen looks into the crowd with blind eyes...uncaring and emotionless.

JANEEN

I don't care to comment on things at the moment.

REPORTER #2

Janeen! Is it true that Charles's is the Fever Dream's mysterious hidden investor? Are the investments for the boat the stolen tax money?

Janeen shakes her head and turns to the SPIN DOCTOR, MICHAEL MATHERS, 50's who stands in Janeen's spot at the PODIUM as she leaves the Press Conference.

M. MATHERS

OK. That's all for today. Thank you.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER OVER BLACK: ONE YEAR LATER.

INT. BEDROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug's bedroom is neat and tidy with little to no clutter. His bed is made, new sheets. Cleaned. Clothes all put away.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug's living room has been refurbished, new wallpaper, new lick of paint. There's no mess, just like his bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug stands in the mirror, looking at his trimmed beard. He neatens the bottom of his beard with a blade...he looks fresh.

The door knocks...Doug sets the blade on the ceramic sink. Goes to answer the door.

INT. DOOR / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug opens the door to a DELIVERY MAN. The Delivery Man hands him a package.

DOUG

Thank you.

DELIVERY MAN

Sign this.

The Delivery Man shows Doug a digital iPad to sign, he signs it and the Delivery Man leaves.

Doug lets the door shut and it slams. Doug doesn't jump. He just tears into the package...It's a book. It's Sheena's book.

Myths and Creatures: Scottish Folklore. By Sheena Thompson.

Doug smiles.

INT. KITCHENETTE / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug opens the fridge to a four pack of ALCOHOL-FREE BEER. He rips one out of the cardboard and opens it.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Doug sits down with the beer in his hand and sips it. He opens the book:

"TO DOUGLAS THOMPSON, the loon that inspired this book."

A chuckle erupts from Doug as he flips to the next page.

The **END**.