

Ruby Bay

by

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**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Huge black clouds gather in the sky above the beach.

Through the gloomy half light the shape of a

**RUINED TOWER.**

Waves crashing against the base of a

**LIGHTHOUSE.**

**EXT. CAVE - DAY**

The entrance is littered with beer cans and cigarette packets.

A **SEAGULL** flies towards the outline of a small

**ISLAND** with steep cliffs.

On top of the cliffs stands the ruins of an old

**ABBEY.**

The seagull circles the abbey before it comes to roost in an arch where a window had once been.

**EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

A path bordered with well kept flower beds, bird tables, water features, and gnomes lead to an ornate metal gate.

The flowers begin to droop and die.

**RUBY BAY COTTAGE**

There's a hole beneath the name -- something is missing --

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Dusty shelves filled with bric-a-brac and well-read books.

Black and white photographs of fishing boats and fishermen, old pubs and men and women in hats and bonnets.

A copy of **FOLK TALES OF ANCIENT FIFE** sits next to an empty, worn armchair.

**EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY**

LIAM, a baby-faced eleven year old, crouched in a doorway with his head in a book - **Myths and Monsters**.

He keeps his head down as THREE BOYS approach.

Liam hears their voices and laughter but keeps on reading until they are right on top of him.

BOY 1  
Whatcha' doin' book boy?

Liam doesn't answer. He just turns the page.

BOY 2  
Word worm.

Liam sighs and closes the book. He's been here before...

BOY 3  
Library loser.

Liam smiles.

LIAM  
Excellent use of alliteration.  
You've been paying attention in  
class haven't you?

The boys look confused.

BOY 1  
No, I haven't.

BOY 2  
Let's make him eat his words.

Two of the boys grab Liam and the other one grabs his book. They rip a page from the book and scrunch it up.

BOY 1  
Open wide book boy.

Liam struggles, arms and legs a whirlwind as he fights to free himself. He catches one of the boys in the face with his boot and as the boy lets go.

Liam sprints across the playground and out of the school gates.

The boys laugh and shout...

BOYS  
Swimming tomorrow book boy!

Once he's clear, Liam slows down to a walk.

**INT. DINING ROOM - DAY**

Napkins. Best plates. Shiniest cutlery. Potatoes, carrots, peas, cauliflower, cabbage, sprouts...and a huge lump of meat.

Seats for eight, food for twenty, set for three.

Liam at one end, head in a book, fork poking aimlessly around a plate.

PAM, early 40's, dressed for a night at The Ritz, fusses around checking cutlery and serving spoons.

Her plate has a spoonful of peas, a sprout and tiny floret of broccoli.

MALCOLM, ill-fitting pin-stripe suit, rolls of sausage like fat spilling out over his collar, throws thick chunks of meat onto his plate.

MALCOLM  
You're a growing lad. You need  
more meat on you. That's no plate  
for a boy.

Liam shakes his head while still reading his book.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
You need to eat more meat son.  
You're growing. You need more  
strength. You've got high school  
after the summer. You'll need to  
toughen up for that.

LIAM  
I don't want more meat.

Pam scoops up a spoonful of cabbage and hovers over Liam's plate.

PAM  
Nonsense. It's the greens the lad  
needs. It's the goodness from the  
greens that he's needing.

Pam dollops the greens on Liam's plate.

Malcolm slices a chunk of meat and marches over to Liam's seat.

He throws the meat onto Liam's plate.

Gravy splashes onto Liam's shirt.

MALCOLM

It's the meat woman. He needs meat. The boy needs some blood in him. He needs the iron to toughen him up. He's too weak.

Pam throws some broccoli onto Liam's plate.

PAM

Greens. Goodness from greens. Not blood. Greens. He's got enough blood. He's got a body full of blood and no goodness. That's his problem.

Malcolm throws an even bigger chunk of meat onto Liam's plate. The gravy splashes Liam's book.

MALCOLM

Blood. Blood. Blood. The boy doesn't have enough blood. Not proper red blood. The blood he's got is rubbish. That's why he sits with those bloomin' books and doesn't play rugby like normal boys.

Malcolm and Pam take turns throwing meat and vegetables onto Liam's plate.

Liam looks up from his book. Bemused and bored.

LIAM

What's for pudding?

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Piles of make-up scattered all over the room. Pam busily fills bags and ticks off checklist as she packs the bags into boxes.

Liam sits in the corner of the room with his head buried in a book.

Malcolm stomping around the room shouting into a phone.

MALCOLM

For goodness sake you useless little maggot. I told you I wanted that yesterday. Not tomorrow. Tomorrow's too late. Today was too late. I needed it yesterday. No, no I don't want to hear your side of the story. That's your problem, your doctor can worry about that. Not. My. Problem.

Malcolm's face is sweaty and blotchy. He looks around for something or someone to take out his temper on.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You still reading? Can't you find something better to do? I'm fed up seeing you with your head in those stupid books. Go and do something normal.

**INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

A GOLDFISH swims around a tiny bowl. The bowl is crammed full of ornaments. Shipwrecks, mermaids, treasure chests.

Liam is almost hypnotised by the fish.

**INT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY**

With one hand, Liam holds a book, the other rummages around in a packet of crisps. Liam is oblivious to the football game going on in front of him.

Until

**BANG**

The ball misses his head by inches and bounces off the wall above him.

He looks up, just for a second, then goes back to his book.

**BANG**

**BANG**

**BANG**

Liam realises it's no accident. He closes his book. Folds over his crisp packet. Picks up his bag and walks calmly away as the football continues to fly past him.

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

A school swimming lesson.

TWENTY CHILDREN, all about ten years old stand on the edge waiting to jump in.

LIAM, skinny in over-sized shorts, hops from foot to foot. Tears forming in the corner of his deep, dark eyes.

The other kids jump in and begin splashing around.

LAUGHTER echoes around the pool.

Liam clenches his fists, closes his eyes and wishes he could be somewhere else.

Liam looks down into the pool.

The water begins to swirl.

Liam can see

**FINS, TAILS, TEETH.**

**A SEAMONSTER**

He looks concerned for the children in the pool.

*Can't they see the monster?*

TWO BOYS look up at Liam. They start a chant.

BOYS

Liam! Liam! Liam!

The chant is taken up by most of the kids in the pool and continues until the LIFEGUARD blows her WHISTLE.

The kids swim to the side of the pool.

Liam has gone.

**EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

Liam, still in his trunks sprints out of the building.

Bare feet, he runs on his tiptoes to avoid the broken glass and dog dirt on the ground.

He runs across the road without looking, causing cars to brake suddenly.

PASSERS-BY stop and stare, but Liam doesn't notice them.  
He just runs and runs and runs.  
In his swimming shorts.  
Through the town until...

**EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - DAY**

Liam bangs on the front door.

Tears on his face and shivering.

Malcolm, pin stripe suit and slippers answers the door. He's in the middle of showing a CLIENT out of the house.

MALCOLM

So, if you get those documents to me next week, that would be....Liam?

The client looks at Liam...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Oh, my son, he's in, er, training for an er...triathlon. How's it going son? Good times?

Liam barges past and runs into the house.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Liam throws himself onto his bed.

Face down. He sobs. He snorts. He sniffles.

He sits up. Deep breath. Grabs a book. Pulls up his duvet and begins to read.

Quiet. Calm. Peace.

**SLAM**

The door bursts open.

Malcolm fills the doorway. An intimidating figure except for his slippers.



MALCOLM

See? This is the kind of behaviour and general oddball freakishness that comes when you're not getting enough meat.

Liam sighs and puts his book down.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Running through the streets in your trunks? I mean, if you had a body to be proud of...if you'd been getting more protein and developed your core...Maybe if you had one of those six-packs...then I could maybe see why. But your skinny little stick of a body running through the streets of the town. You're a joke Liam. And you know what's worse. You being a joke makes me a joke. And I do not want to be a joke.

Malcolm turns to leave.

He pauses.

He spins around.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Bacon, sausage and black pudding for breakfast tomorrow. No arguments.

Liam watches as Malcolm stomps out, he leaves the door open...

Liam waits...

Malcolm turns around and

SLAMS the door.

Liam takes a deep breath and is about to pick up his book when he looks over to the goldfish bowl.

The ornaments are there. The fish has gone.

**INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Liam and Pam both stare into the goldfish bowl.

PAM

You see love, I was in here cleaning, because somebody has to. Your pants don't just wash themselves you know. I was dusting and I'd just finished vacuuming and I looked at that fish.

LIAM

Odysseus?

PAM

Yeah, that fish. I looked at him and I thought, that's weird. He's got a big long string coming out of his bum.

Liam looks at her and waits for her to continue...

PAM (CONT'D)

And I thought, that's not right. And I kind of panicked and I thought he looked like he was in pain...

Liam raises an eyebrow...

PAM (CONT'D)

So I thought, poor little fish, he's suffering, and that's not right...

LIAM

So?

PAM

So...I kind of flushed him down the toilet...

LIAM

You flushed Odysseus down the toilet?

PAM

Yeah. Yeah I did. It was for his own good. He wasn't right. It wasn't fair to leave him like that.

LIAM

He was having a poo. You flushed Odysseus down the toilet because he was having a poo?

PAM

A poo...Is that what it was?

Liam nods.

PAM (CONT'D)

Oh well...I'm sure he'll be happier  
wherever he's gone.

Liam looks at the fish bowl.

LIAM

Yeah...he probably will

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Liam standing in the doorway.

Malcolm and Pam on the sofa looking up at him.

MALCOLM

Sit down.

Liam slowly does as he is told and sits in between Malcolm  
and Pam on the sofa.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

As you know, I don't mince my  
words. So...

PAM

It's like this Liam. Your dad  
likes you. He does. He really  
does. But me? I'm not so keen. I  
mean, I know you're your dad's son.  
But me and you, we just don't have  
that blood thing to bind us. Do  
we? I'm sure you feel the same  
about me.

Liam doesn't know where to look. He just stares at the  
floor.

MALCOLM

You're too soft son. Too soft.  
You read too much. Not enough  
meat. No rugby. You don't speak  
to people. You don't eat enough  
meat. You're not really giving me  
a choice. Something needs to  
change. Me and...I've decided  
that...

Liam looks up.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We're sending you away. We've got your...I've got your best interests at heart. It's one of those tough love things. No pain, no gain...

Liam waits for more information...and waits...and waits....

PAM

Look on it as personal development. It'll be the making of you. You'll look back when you're older and thank me...us.

Malcolm stands up and looks down on Liam.

MALCOLM

You're going to your grandparents. You either change and stop all the reading and eat more meat, get good at sports and be...well...a little less rubbish. And over there, you can get down to the beach. Surf, go kayaking. There's loads for you to do.

LIAM

Or?

MALCOLM

Or you don't come back.

Liam mulls over what he has heard...

LIAM

And what if I come back and I'm still....rubbish?

Pam stands up.

PAM

Well that's in your hands Liam. You've got to the end of the summer. Just don't come back rubbish. It's up to you.

MALCOLM

We've talked it through Liam. It is for your benefit. It's painful for us...but we care about you.

PAM  
Yeah, you don't want to go to high  
school and get bullied like your...

Malcolm stands up.

MALCOLM  
Grandad's picking you up this  
afternoon. Go and pack a bag.

Liam nods and shrugs his shoulders.

PAM  
And there's no point complaining.  
Me and your dad fly out to Dubai  
tomorrow don't we sweetheart?  
We're desperate for a break.

Malcolm nods.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Living with you is just driving us  
a bit nuts. We need a break don't  
we Malcolm? It really takes it out  
of us being around you

Liam ducks as Malcolm tries to ruffle his hair.

MALCOLM  
Just come back a bit less rubbish.

Liam stands up.

PAM  
And don't even think about crying.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Liam packs his bags. One bag is full of books. Liam zips it up and then tries to lift it. He can barely lift it off the ground.

His other bag has a few t-shirts, some underwear and a pair of jeans.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Malcolm and Pam are in the middle of giving a list of instructions to GRANDAD DARREN, a very fit and young looking late 60's, dressed in an Addidas tracksuit and baseball cap.

MALCOLM

And he absolutely must have meat with every meal. Do you understand?

GRANDAD

He must have a meal with every meal. Two meals with every meal? Gotcha.

PAM

No. MEAT. With. Every. Meal. Ok?

GRANDAD

Oh, no meat with every meal? Is he one of those veterinarians?

Malcolm face palms.

MALCOLM

For goodness sake! Meat. Meat. Meat. The boy needs meat.

GRANDAD

Who does the boy need to meet?

Liam is standing in the doorway, bag packed, giggling to himself.

PAM

That's another thing. He needs to get and meet people.

GRANDAD

Get out and eat people? No. That sort of thing doesn't happen by the seaside. That's more of a big city thing isn't it?

Pam and Malcolm are exasperated.

PAM

Just take him. We've got a flight.

Malcolm approaches Liam. Liam stifles his giggles.

MALCOLM

Just come back a little less rubbish.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Liam stares out of the window at Malcolm and Pam as the smile and wave.

Grandad HONKS the horn and then presses PLAY on the stereo  
FIGHT THE POWER by PUBLIC ENEMY

Grandad **SLAMS** his foot down and the car flies out of the street.

Liam grips the door handle and grimaces.

**EXT. CAR - DAY**

The Bass **BOOMING** from the car as it makes its way around the streets of the town and finally out into the countryside.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Grandad turns the sounds down on the stereo.

Liam relaxes his grip on the door handle sits back in his seat.

GRANAD  
They think I'm daft.

He looks at Liam for a reaction.

GRANDAD  
They think anyone who's not like them is daft.

Liam smiles.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
I haven't completely lost my marbles y'know. I know what your dad is like. Not sure about her though.

LIAM  
She's just as bad.

Grandad takes a hand off the wheel and squeezes Liam's arm.

GRANDAD  
Well you'll get a nice break from them at the cottage. Get out and have some adventures, spend time in my library. It'll be good.

Liam smiles to himself.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Malcolm and Pam have changed into their purple leisure wear. Pam sits in the driver's seat while Malcolm loads bag after bag into the car.

PAM

Did you pick up the passports?

Malcolm slams another bag into the car.

MALCOLM

No. Passports were your responsibility.

Pam gets out of the car and SLAMS the door.

PAM

Oh no. That was your job. I gave you a list of your responsibilities and that was top of the list.

Malcolm throws a bag onto the floor.

MALCOLM

For goodness sake! I'll go and look. You just wait in the car.

**EXT. CAR - DAY**

The car making its way along a coastal road.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Liam, looking a little queasy as Grandad tells him stories. Grandad puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out two **PASSPORTS**.

GRANDAD

Ooops! How did they get there?

Liam looks shocked - then laughs.

Grandad and Liam exchange glances and smile at each other.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Oh well. Never mind. Anyway, we'll be there soon. Y'know the Largo Law story don't you?

Liam nods. He'd prefer to sleep...



Grandad's telling the story anyway...

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
Y'know, there's so much gold in  
that hill they say it turned the  
sheep yellow.

Liam stares blankly.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
You don't believe that do you? I  
thought you liked all those all  
stories. I've got my books ready  
for you.

Liam looks green. He takes deep breaths.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
They're more than just stories you  
know.

Grandad puts his foot flat down as the car races along  
country roads.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
But you understand that don't you?

Liam watches as the scenery flies past in a blur.

LIAM  
I just like the stories Grandad.  
But that's all they are.

Grandad smiles to himself.

GRANDAD  
Sure son, just stories.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

The kitchen in chaos

Clothes scattered all over the floor. Pam and Malcolm  
rummaging angrily through suitcases.

PAM  
You. You're just as useless as your  
son. You can't do anything.

MALCOLM  
I booked the holiday, I paid for  
the holiday, I organised the  
holiday.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You were supposed to find the passports and you couldn't even do that.

PAM

I had them. You must have put them somewhere. Why do you have to be so rubbish?

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Grandad hops out of the car and heads through the gate.

He leaves Liam to get his bags out.

As Liam struggles towards the garden gate he notices the sign saying "**Ruby Bay Cottage**".

He stops and stares for a moment.

Grandad fumbles for the right key.

LIAM

Where's the ruby gone?

Grandad tenses.

He drops the keys.

Grandad opens the door and ushers Liam into the

**HALLWAY.**

GRANDAD

Usual room son. Your gran made up the bed.

Liam bashes the walls with his suitcases as he struggles through the door.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Take your time to settle in. There's no rush to come back down.

**INT. GRAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

GRANNY JEN, a frail-looking early 70's, but with a real sparkle in her eyes.

She pulls herself up as GRANDAD enters. He busies himself adjust her blankets and pillows.

GRAN  
Is the boy ok?

Grandad strokes her forehead tenderly.

GRANDAD  
The boy's fine.

Gran nods.

GRAN  
Do you think he's ready?

GRANDAD  
Ready? Who is ever ready for anything?

GRAN  
I just worry about him.

GRANDAD  
No point worrying love, things happen. Good and bad. Things just keep happening and we have to just keep on.

Gran nods and closes her eyes.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Liam engrossed in building a model of a boat.

Grandad stands in the doorway for a moment and watches.

GRANDAD  
I'll get the paint in from the garage in the morning.

Liam is too busy holding bits of model boat together to notice.

Grandad sits down on the bed and tries to stop himself from interfering.

LIAM  
Where has the ruby gone?

Grandad stands up and begins sorting pieces of the model.

GRANDAD  
It's just gone missing. That's all you need to know. For now.

Grandad takes the glue and begins sticking bits of model boat together.

LIAM  
Is it serious? Gran being  
sick...Can I see her?

Grandad looks as though he's performing heart surgery, not sticking pieces of plastic together.

GRANDAD  
She'll be fine son. Best just to  
let her rest for now.

Liam watches Grandad's nimble fingers in admiration.

**INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Liam lost in a daydream, staring out of the window at the sea-view.

He doesn't notice his Grandad standing behind him.

GRANDAD  
Anything interesting out there  
today son?

Liam jumps.

LIAM  
No. Nothing. Just tankers.

Grandad joins him at the window.

GRANDAD  
You mum and dad will kill me if I  
let you stay up here all day.

LIAM  
She's not my mum.

GRANDAD  
Sorry. The Wicked Witch.

Liam turns and smiles.

LIAM  
How's Gran today?

Grandad sucks his teeth.

GRANDAD

Not great son. You're old enough  
to understand...she's talking a  
lot...she's not always  
making...she's saying strange...

Liam tries to take this in his stride, he nods maturely, the way he's seen his parents do.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

She's struggling son.

Liam turns back to the window, not because there's anything to see, but to hide the tear trickling down his cheek.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

She's going on about that ruby.  
Saying once it's back then she'll  
get better.

Liam wipes his tear.

LIAM

Does she really believe that?

Grandad smiles.

GRANDAD

Oh aye son. She thinks that thing  
has...we both...probably just  
coincidence, but whenever it  
goes...

Liam waits for him to finish the sentence...

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Breakfast time son. I'll get you  
the full monty. You're going to  
need it.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Grandad prepares a huge breakfast. Smoke everywhere.

Liam wanders in and grabs a banana.

GRANDAD

I told you, you're gonna' need more  
than that son.

Liam looks at the mountain of eggs, bacon and sausages.

He takes a bite of the banana.

LIAM

Was it the same kids as last time?  
Who took the ruby...

Grandad cracks another egg.

GRANDAD

I think so. We're a bit too old to  
go chasing after it now though.

LIAM

You never told me how you got it  
back last time.

Grandad dances around as fat splashes from the frying pan.

GRANDAD

It's not for you to worry about.  
We got it back again, that's the  
important thing.

Liam finishes his banana and picks up a sausage.

LIAM

You know you said Gran thinks the  
ruby keeps you safe?

Grandad jumps around as he dodges splashes of fat.

Liam spreads a lump of butter on a piece of toast.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Does it?

GRANDAD

We all need something to believe  
in.

Grandad opens the fridge and rummages around. Liam waits  
patiently for an answer.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

You do want eggs don't you?

Liam realises he's not getting an answer.

LIAM

Is that ok?

Grandad cracks an egg into the frying pan.

GRANDAD

Your gran isn't well. She says  
strange things. Don't you worry.

Liam chews a piece of toast and avoids eye contact with Grandad.

The egg begins to smoke and splatter.

Liam jumps over to the cooker to turn it down.

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

A shaft of sunlight beams down on a pile of dusty old books next to the bed.

Liam lies on his bed on his stomach, completely engrossed in one. He has no idea he is being watched.

Grandad stands in the doorway. He shakes his head as he watches Liam.

GRANDAD

You need to get out. Out in the real world. Meet some people. Do some things. Not because they said, because it will be good for you.

Liam jumps up. He slams the book shut.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

A boy your age should be out down the beach. Playing cricket or talking to girls.

Liam smiles as he tries to disguise his embarrassment.

LIAM

I just want to read for a while.

GRANDAD

When I was your age, I was never in. As soon as the sun came up I was out. Didn't come back until the sun went down. A boy needs adventure.

Liam starts to put the books back on the shelves.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Mind you put them back right now.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grandad stares out of the window at the pumpkin moon balanced on the sea.

Gran sits up and shuffles as she tries to get herself comfortable in bed.

GRAN

Did you speak to the boy?

Grandad pulls the curtains and turns to help his wife plump up her pillows.

GRANDAD

No. Not yet.

GRAN

Well you need to.

Gran puts her head on the pillow and closes her eyes.

GRANDAD

I know. But it's hard. He's just so...so young.

It's a battle for Gran to open her eyes...she manages to open one.

GRAN

He needs to know Darren. He needs to.

Grandad strokes her head as she closes her eyes again.

GRAN (CONT'D)

This isn't about you or me. It's about the boy.

GRANDAD

How do I find the words?

With her eyes still closed, Gran manages to speak...

GRAN

You will. You will.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Grandad finishes packing a rucksack for Liam.

GRANDAD

Now that should keep you going for the day.

Liam produces a book from behind his back.



LIAM

Can I take it? I might get bored  
with all that surfing and sailing.

Grandad smiles and rolls his eyes. He picks up the rucksack  
and walks to the

**FRONT DOOR** with Liam.

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Grandad fiddles with the strap as Liam looks down towards the  
beach.

GRANDAD

Why do they make these things so  
complicated? You'd think in this  
day and age there would be an easy  
way.

Liam smiles and starts fiddling with the straps too.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

It's maybe not my place to be  
giving advice son. The last thing  
you want is some old codger telling  
you about life.

Liam is too polite to reply.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

But I've been around for a few  
years now...and as daft as I am, I  
have learned a few lessons.

Grandad pulls the straps again...they still won't budge.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Things happen. You might not like  
them. You won't want them to  
happen. But they will.

The straps begin to move. Grandad lifts the rucksack onto  
Liam's back.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

It's the way that you deal with  
those things that's important.  
That's what's going  
to...to...define the kind of man  
you'll become.

Liam shuffles and pulls the rucksack over his shoulders.

Grandad tightens the straps, when he's satisfied, he pulls Liam around to face him.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

Life is full of traps. Some you'll avoid, some you won't. Some will be be easy to see, others will catch you by surprise. Just be aware.

Liam nods.

LIAM

Ok. See you later Grandad.

Liam tries to walk away, but he feels Grandad's grip on his shoulder tighten.

GRANDAD

Sometimes the traps are necessary. Sometimes you have to go through them to move on. Understand?

Liam pulls his most serious 'I understand' face, and nods.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)

When the ground opens up and you're flat on the back. When all seems black. That's when you discover who you really are. It's the making of some people. But it's the breaking of others.

Liam nods again.

LIAM

Can I get a fish supper later?

Grandad smiles.

GRANDAD

Of course son. Of course.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Groups of KIDS having fun on the beach. Some are sailing, others windsurfing.

Some just hanging out around fires.

Liam looks on from a distance. He tries to read but is distracted by the noise and the activity of the kids.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam down on his knees at a **ROCK POOL**. He pokes around, lifting stones and watching tiny crabs scurry through the water.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Grandad flutters around the kitchen. Sweeping the floor one second, scrubbing surfaces the next. A bundle of nervous energy.

Soup bubbles over on the cooker. He drops the brush and cloth and slides over to rescue the soup.

Once the soup is safe, he has a moment to himself.

GRANDAD

Breathe Darren. Breathe.

He puts his hands on his stomach and begins taking deep breaths.

DARREN

In for four....hold for  
seven....and out...

Once he's satisfied that he has calmed down, he ladles soup into a bowl.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam on his hands and knees combing carefully through the sand.

A group of COOL KIDS approach.

KID 1

Hey, it's Indiana Jones!  
You looking for treasure Indiana?

Liam ignores them and continues digging.

They walk away sniggering.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran sitting up with a mountain of pillows at her back. Grandad sitting on the bed with her.

He holds the bowl of soup in one hand and the spoon in the other.

He gently blows on a spoonful of soup before feeding it to gran.

GRANDAD  
Mulligatawny.

Gran has the tiniest slurp, then closes her eyes.

Grandad prepares another spoonful.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
You need to keep your strength up.

Gran makes an attempt at nodding. She manages a whisper.

GRAN  
We both will.

Grandad puts the soup down on the bedside cabinet.

GRANDAD  
We'll try again later.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam poking around in a rock pool again. He watches as a crabs scurries along the bottom and hides under a large stone.

Liam bends over and tries to move the stone.

It doesn't budge.

He tries to roll it over with his foot.

It doesn't budge.

He bends down and tries to move it with two hands.

It's not moving.

He gets down on his hands and knees. He grabs it with both hands. It moves slightly.

He digs his hands into the sand beneath the rock. Slowly it tips back. Liam pushes it right over and the rock falls back with a

**SPLASH.**

The splash muddies the water. As the sand swirls around the pool Liam looks up at the sky.

**STORM CLOUDS** have appeared from nowhere.

The cool kids run for shelter.

Liam looks back to the pool.

The water has cleared. Liam's eyes widen as he gazes down at  
a **HUGE RED RUDY**.

Liam plunges his hand back into the water and digs frantically.

He pulls it out.

As it pops out the massive black clouds open up.

Torrential rain pours down onto the beach.

Liam runs to the **CAVE** in the corner of the beach for shelter.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Grandad at the window watching the storm over the beach.

**INT. CAVE - DAY**

Liam watches the rain fall into the sea.

This is more than just a shower.

Liam reaches into his pocket and feels for the ruby.

As he pulls the ruby from his pocket

**BANG**

The floor opens up.

Liam falls through.

**INT. TUNNEL - DAY**

Fingers stretch out.

Then an arm.

Elbows bend.

Slowly and carefully Liam begins to pull himself up from the ground.

He brushes himself down as he struggles to understand what has happened.

He remembers. He reaches for the ruby. It's gone.

He hears **FOOTSTEPS** scurrying away.

Although Liam has spent most of his life worrying about something or other, this is different.

He's scared. Too scared to move. He glances around.

He sees flames dotted along the walls of the tunnel.

Liam knows he must move - but has no idea which way.

His mind is made up when he hears rough whispers.

Liam's legs spring to life and he darts the opposite way.

He runs in short sprints. Stopping at each flame to check for the whispers.

Although tired and a little sore, he gets an energy boost when he spots the light at the end of the tunnel.

He pushes himself the final twenty yards out into the light.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Blinding light.

Liam collapses onto the sand.

Out of breath, he rubs his eyes.

Once he has focused he looks along the beach and up towards the town.

It's gone.

There are buildings. Some recognisable from earlier.

But it's changed. Dramatically.

Confused, Liam's eyes dart across the beach.

The sailing boats and windsurf boards have gone - replaced by **FISHING BOATS**.

Utterly disorientated, Liam wanders across the beach in the direction of the town.

His focus returning, he looks up to where his Gran's house should be.

It's gone.

He pauses.

He turns around and heads for the ruined tower.

The tower is no longer ruined.

It stands proud and pristine. Metal grids cover the windows.

Liam stops and stares.

Tears in his eyes, Liam takes a deep breath and heads towards the tower.

Liam notices smoke coming from the top of the tower.

**EXT. TOWER - DAY**

Liam shuffles towards the tower.

He stops dead as he hears

**A BELL RINGING.**

A well dressed young man, TOM appears in the tower doorway.

Tom strides out from the tower, he rings the hand held bell dramatically and aggressively as he strides towards Liam.

Liam is too tired and too bewildered to run.

He freezes as Tom approaches him. He continues ringing the bell. Tom's face becomes more threatening as he enters Liam's personal space.

He holds the bell up and rings it right in front of Liam's face.

Liam stands firm, not through bravery but because he has nowhere to run.

Tom, obviously not used to this kind of reaction, stares into Liam's eyes.

Liam is not intimidated. He stares back.

TOM

I don't know who you are. But you really should be on your way.

LIAM  
Should I?

It's Tom who is looking worried now. His plan A has failed and he doesn't have a plan B. He looks back towards the tower.

TOM  
I have the bell.

LIAM  
The bell?

TOM  
She'll be out imminently. She will not be pleased. You do know that?

Liam looks over Tom's shoulder to the tower. He's just thinking that it looks a good place to get some sleep.

LIAM  
She? She who?

TOM  
Lady Anstruther. This is her bathing time. If she sees you, she will have you hung.

Now Liam looks worried.

LIAM  
Hung?

TOM  
By the neck. You'll be buried before the next sunrise.

Tom begins to realise that Liam is no threat. He retreats from Liam's space just as

LADY ANSTRUTHER appears in the doorway of the tower. Striking, head of flaming orange hair and a swimsuit that leaves everything to the imagination - even arms and legs.

She strides purposefully over and immediately dominates the conversation.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
Hung? Oh no, I won't have him hung. Drowning is my thing now. I'll have him tossed to the fish and the gulls.



LIAM  
 But your high...your hon...Mrs...I  
 don't understand...I'm just...I'm  
 lost...

Lady Anstruther looks him up and down.

She glances at Tom.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 He's lost?

Liam's well rehearsed puppy-dog expression routine kicks in.

He lowers his head and raises his eyes...

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
 Well you do look rather...strange.  
 Where have you come from?

Liam looks towards where his Grandparent's house should be.  
 He hears how stupid that would sound...

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
 What are you? A stowaway? A  
 ragamuffin? A rascalion?

Liam looks at her with pleading eyes.

LIAM  
 I'm just lost.

Lady Anstruther reaches out to Liam. She ruffles his hair  
 gently.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 Of course I won't have you killed.  
 What kind of Barbarian do you think  
 I am? You can stay if you like. Do  
 you want to stay child?

Liam shakes his head.

LIAM  
 That's very kind, and thank you,  
 but I just want to go home.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 What beautiful manners you have  
 boy. So polite and pleasant. How  
 delightful. Your parents must be  
 awfully proud of you.

Liam turns and walks away from the tower in silence.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam trudges across the sand. He gazes up at the town and watches as FISHERMEN in the distance go about their business.

He looks out to sea and watches as the sun slips below the horizon.

Liam climbs into a battered old rowing boat and snuggles up into a ball.

He collapses.

Exhausted.

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

A SWIMMING GALA.

Screams and shouts echo around the pool as a race is about to finish.

In the pool Liam's fingertips touch the side of the pool.

He's won!

Liam raises a fist in celebration.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam still sleeping in the rowing boat. He tosses and turns and punches the air.

Lady Anstruther and Tom watch as Liam slowly opens one eye.

He looks up at them. He opens his other eye.

A look of disappointment on his face.

He pulls himself up.

LADY ANSTRUTHER

Tom's brought you bread. We thought you might be hungry.

Tom steps forward with a basket loaded with food.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)

Feed the boy Tom.

Liam looks down at the basket.

LIAM  
I'm not hungry.

Lady Anstruther reaches into the basket and pulls out some bread.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
You're going to need some sustenance boy.

Liam climbs out of the boat and dusts himself down.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
You are still wanting to leave aren't you?

Liam nods.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
Well you can't very well continue on your way on an empty stomach can you?

Liam looks at Tom, who is kneeling down at a huge picnic hamper.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
Come on Tom. The boy's hungry.

Later...

Liam wipes crumbs from his face

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
You're such an infuriating boy. Do you know that?

LIAM  
Liam. My name's Liam.

Lady Anstruther raises an eyebrow.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
Oh, you think I don't know your name boy?

She looks at Tom.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
What a card this one is Tom. Don't you think?

Liam looks uneasy.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
 I have a great memory for names  
 don't I Tim?

Tom smiles.

TOM  
 Yes you do lady.

Liam stands up straight and brushes himself down.

LIAM  
 This was very...

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 Nonsense boy. I was having a  
 picnic anyway. Tom can get me more  
 food later.

LIAM  
 Well I'd better be...

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 What you had better be boy is  
 brave. Not stupid. Not reckless.  
 There is a difference.

Liam pauses to listen.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
 Oh be scared. Be very scared.  
 There's plenty to be scared of. But  
 being brave is being scared but  
 doing what you need to regardless.

The words seem to resonate with Liam, he is now hanging on every word.

LADY ANSTRUTHER (CONT'D)  
 Just be careful who you speak to  
 boy. Very careful.

Lady Anstruther grabs Liam's hand and gives it an enthusiastic shake. She walks away leaving Liam speechless. Tom hurriedly gathers up the last of the picnic hamper.

TOM  
 Good luck Liam. You do believe in  
 luck don't you?

Liam pauses, unsure how to reply.

LIAM  
 I don't think I have a choice.

Tom and Liam exchange smiles.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran fast asleep. Erratic breathing.

Her eyes OPEN.

She stares at Grandad.

He squeezes her hand.

GRANDAD  
Look after him.

She closes her eyes again.

**EXT. MARKET - DAY**

The streets are lined with **MARKET STALLS**.

The noise of **CHICKENS, GOATS** and **DUCKS** fills the air.

**CARTS** filled with **CARROTS** and **POTATOES**.

Liam peers out from a side street. He pauses for a moment as he takes in the scene. He scans the street for a friendly face or somewhere safe to move.

Liam takes a tentative step into the market.

His 21st century clothes ensure he is the centre of attention, he becomes more self-conscious than ever.

The stares of the **VILLAGERS** and **STALLHOLDERS** send Liam scurrying back down the side street.

**EXT. BACK STREET - DAY**

Liam rubs his eyes and is just about to cry when he looks down and notices a blanket-covered figure on the floor. The figure throws the blanket off and stands up.

This is WESLEY, a 14 year old Oliver Twist with a knife.

WESLEY  
And what's your business?

Liam freezes, Wesley stands nose to nose with him.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Well?

Liam takes a step back.

LIAM

I'm just a bit lost. I'm looking  
for my grandad's house.

Wesley takes a step back. He looks Liam up and down.

WESLEY

You look like you're in need of a  
Guinea or two. Do you have a  
Guinea?

Liam just looks confused.

LIAM

No, I'm just a bit lost. I need to  
get back home.

Wesley looks shifty. He scans the street.

WESLEY

If it's help you need...

Liam leans in...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You don't need to pay me. Although  
if you do happen to have a Guinea  
or two...

Wesley puts an arm around Liam and steers him through the  
streets. Liam has no choice but to allow himself to fall  
under the control of Wesley

**EXT. STREET -DAY**

As Wesley steers Liam through the streets Liam seems to have  
disappeared. People just going about their business, paying  
no attention to him.

The calm is shattered though as they arrive at:

**EXT. PUB -DAY**

DRUNK MEN rolling around on the floor.

Drunken attempts at fights. BOTTLES and GLASSES fly and SMASH  
against the wall

BURLY MEN flailing around as they try in vain to punch somebody, anybody, anything.

Wesley carefully guides Liam through the mayhem and into..

**INT. PUB - DAY**

Liam flinches at the wall of NOISE as he enters.

Assorted FISHERMEN, VAGABONDS and WENCHES nod at Wesley as he leads Liam to the back of the pub.

SEYMOUR DALGUISE, a little ferret of a man, sits at a table with a pile of papers.

He stands as Wesley and Liam approach him.

SEYMOUR

Oh, young Wesley. Hope God is taking care of you. How's your mother and father?

Wesley smiles and nods towards Liam.

WESLEY

Mr Seymour Dalguise is a wit.

SEYMOUR

So Wesley, are you going to introduce me to your acquaintance?

Seymour stands up.

WESLEY

Oh of course. This is...

Liam takes a step back as Seymour walks towards him.

LIAM

Liam...

Seymour stands still and looks Liam up and down. He grabs Liam's hand and shakes it vigorously.

SEYMOUR

Surprisingly clean.

Liam tries to pull his hand back, but Seymour clutches it tightly.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)  
I don't think these hands have  
sliced whale meat have they?  
Gouged eyeballs? Removed organs?

Liam scans the room for an escape route.

LIAM  
I once helped mum carve a chicken.

Seymour walks around Liam.

Liam freezes.

SEYMOUR  
I'll give you 2 guineas for it. It  
looks like it could survive a bit  
of cold. But no guarantees.

Seymour looks deep into Liam's eyes.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)  
I've got whaling ship leaving  
Dundee in a couple of days. But  
you'll need to get your sea-legs. I  
can have you out on the sea this  
very evening.

Seymour hands Wesley a couple of coins.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)  
Take it down to the harbour. Find  
Robert, but tell him I want it back  
in one piece. This one could be a  
good earner. Could get a few trips  
out of this one.

Liam looks terrified as Seymour beckons over a couple of  
HUGE, BEARDED MAN MOUNTAINS.

WESLEY  
There's no need for that. This one  
is too stupid and weak to escape.

Seymour raises an eyebrow.

SEYMOUR  
Very well. On your head be it.

**EXT. PUB -DAY**

Liam flinches as DRUNKEN BODIES come flying out of the door.



Wesley takes it all in his stride, neatly sidestepping the drunks littering the floor.

Liam looks around, scanning for an escape route.

A DRUNK jumps up, he grabs Wesley by the arm. Wesley stays cool.

DRUNK

Wesley!

Wesley tries to shake him off. The drunk wraps his arms around him.

Liam sees his chance to escape

He goes for it.

He hurdles the drunks and disappears along the road.

Wesley wrestles with the drunk, but is forced to watch as Liam escapes.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Liam, breathless and sweating, slows down. He looks out to sea.

Forlorn, he sits down and puts his head in his hands.

He picks up a shell and writes

**HELP**

in the sand.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Grandad strokes Gran's hand. She opens her eyes.

He leans in and whispers to her.

GRANDAD

The boy. Where is he? Is he ok?

Gran smiles and nods her head.

Grandad runs the back of his finger down Gran's cheek until she closes her eyes.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

The sun already high in the sky. Voices of people and squawking of seagulls fill the air.

Liam, curled up in a rowing boat, rubs his eyes.

A FIGURE standing over him.

He rubs his eyes again.

TWO FIGURES

He rubs his eyes frantically and then widens them, struggling to focus.

THREE FIGURES. They are becoming clearer. Long blonde hair. Curves. Dresses.

Women.

Relief on his face, Liam pulls himself upright.

Only to see that these three women all have

Handlebar moustaches.

A look of shock on Liam's face. His jaw drops.

These women are known as the TACHE HAGS.

TACHE HAG 1

Child. Are you the stranger that we await?

Liam spellbound by their facial hair.

TACHE HAG 2

The boy is no use to us. Look at him. He's as scared as a starfish. Look at that mouth.

Liam closes his mouth.

TACHE HAG 3

Let's just steal what he's got. He looks rich. Let's take what he has and be on our way.

Liam begins to wake up.

TACHE HAG 1

Wait. Let's not be hasty. Have you been sent to take us back?

(MORE)

TACHE HAG 1 (CONT'D)  
We've waited a century for this. Is  
it really you?

LIAM  
I'm sorry...

TACHE HAG 1  
The ruby? Do you have the ruby?

Liam brushes himself down.

LIAM  
Ruby?

Liam feels the pressure of the gaze of the Tache Hags.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
No. No. I don't know about a ruby.

TACHE HAG 2  
The boy's just a stowaway. Look at  
his clothes. Poor mite. The boy is  
in need of help.

LIAM  
I'm just...

TACHE HAG 3  
Well child. If you don't have the  
ruby what do you have?

Liam climbs from the boat and brushes himself down.

LIAM  
I don't have anything.

The Tache Hags exchange glances.

TACHE HAG 1  
So you haven't been sent?

LIAM  
Sent? No, I'm just lost.

TACHE HAG 3  
I don't believe you. Just hand it  
over.

Tache Hag 3 GRABS Liam.

Liam stands still and puts his hands in the air.

TACHE HAG 3 (CONT'D)  
Check the boat!

Liam stands calmly as Tache Hag 2 frisks him.  
She doesn't find anything and steps back.

TACHE HAG 3 (CONT'D)  
Where is it? Where have you hidden  
it?

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS circle over head.

LIAM  
I've told you. I don't know about a  
ruby. I'm just lost. I just want to  
go home.

The Tache Hag's attitude softens.

TACHE HAG 1  
We can't help. If you need help you  
need to get yourself out there.

She points enigmatically out to sea.

TACHE HAG 2  
The Abbey on the island. You need  
to see the witch.

LIAM  
Witch?

TACHE HAG 3  
You don't know? Really? Oh...If  
you're too scared you can stay  
here.

LIAM  
I'm not scared.

The Tache Hags exchange glances.

TACHE HAG 1  
Well if you're as brave as you say  
then you could be back before noon.

TACHE HAG 3  
You might not be back at all  
though.

Liam looks out to the outline of the Abbey standing on the  
island.

TACHE HAG 2  
I'm not sure he's brave enough.

Liam has made his mind up.

LIAM  
I'm going.

Liam grabs the boat and begins to try to pull it into the sea.

The boat doesn't move.

The Tache Hags watch him for a moment.

Liam pushes and pulls the boat. It fails to move.

The Tache Hags grab the rope and pull it easily into the sea.

Liam smiles his thanks.

TACHE HAG 1  
Good luck.

Liam hops into the boat and wobbles as he tries to sit down.

Tache Hag 2 grabs Liam by the hand.

TACHE HAG 2  
Whatever you do. Don't scream.

Liam grabs one oar and pushes the boat out to sea.

TACHE HAG 3  
Can you row?

He picks up the other and tries to row.

Liam gets frustrated as the boat spins in circles.

A SEAGULL lands on the boat.

Eventually Liam lines up the oars and the boat bobs through the waves towards the Island.

**EXT. SEA - DAY**

Liam, half-way there tired, miserable and sore. His blistered hands find it impossible to grip the oars.

The boat bobs around aimlessly.

Something catches Liam's eye. A shadow underwater.

He watches and waits.

Nothing.

He notices BUBBLES in the water.

**BANG**

The boat shakes as it is rammed from beneath.

Liam loses his grip on the oars completely. He watches in horror as they slip into the sea.

Liam looks around, waiting for the next attack.

Silence.

SQUAWKING of seagulls above distracts him for a moment.

BANG

The boat is rammed again. The damage is done this time.

A CRACK in the boat begins to let water in.

**BANG**

This time the boat SPLITS down the middle.

Liam looks to the island. He's only 100 metres from safety. SEALS and SEABIRDS watch Liam from the rocks.

The boat is going down.

Liam watches the SHADOW circle around beneath the waves.

The flock of seagulls above has grown to hundreds.

Liam shivers as he slips into the water.

Suddenly the 100 metres looks like 100 miles.

Liam panics as his eyes frantically search for the shadows.

The seagulls swoop down over Liam.

The shadow appears in the water. The seagulls swoop down and frighten the shadow away.

Liam manages to compose himself enough to begin swimming. His aching arms and legs struggle to cut through the swelling waves.

The effort takes its toll. Liam cries as he pulls himself through the water.

His strength gone. Liam rolls over onto his back.

The CURRENT seems to be dragging him towards the shore.

Liam reaches shallow water and drags himself to his feet. As he stands he takes a deep breath and pauses as he looks back at the remains of the boat being tossed about in the waves.

Liam stumbles through the water and onto the beach.

The seagulls circle overhead a couple of times before flying away.

**EXT. ABBEY - DAY**

Dripping with seawater and pulling seaweed out of his trousers, Liam sighs as he looks up at the next part of his task.

The Abbey stands on the top of sheer cliff.

He looks around the tiny beach. He looks up again. He steps back into the sea to see if he can get around. But spots the remains of the boat still being tossed about.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran tossing in turning in her bed. Grandad mops her brow with a cloth.

He whispers in her ear.

GRANDAD  
Look after him.

**EXT. ABBEY - DAY**

Liam standing at the bottom of the cliff. He takes a step back and looks up.

His brow furrows as he prepares himself for whatever is about to happen.

LIAM  
I am not rubbish.

A picture of focus and determination, Liam grabs a stone in the cliff.

He pulls it. Solid.

He takes his first step. His hand reaches out for another stone to grasp. He finds one and pulls himself up.

Feet digging into the crumbling earth, Liam continues to pull himself up the cliff.

Fingers raw and muscles aching. He makes the mistake of looking down.

The size of the drop makes him shudder. His grip loosens. Earth begins to crumble and pour down onto his face.

He grabs a clump of grass. It holds. He digs a foot into the cliff and manages to heave himself onto the cliff ledge.

As he pulls himself up he is faced with...AGNES ADAM - her knotted hair and filthy face make it impossible to put an age on her - somewhere between 40 and 80 years old.

Liam looks her up and down. He thinks he should be scared. He's not. She doesn't look like a witch. She looks just like some of the homeless people he's seen in town.

The dirt on her face cracks as she smiles. A warm, welcoming smile, until her crooked, cracked and yellow teeth appear.

Liam takes a step towards her.

AGNES  
No further child.

Liam freezes.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Who sent you here?

Liam attempts to move...

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Halt child.

LIAM  
I don't...I'm not sure...I'm lost.  
Three women said...

Agnes moves closer. She wags a finger in his face.

AGNES  
Enough. I know who sent you. I know  
why you're here.

Agnes beckons him with a bony finger. On the finger is a bright red ruby ring.



Agnes smiles as she catches Liam looking at it.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Not the one you need child. This one is mine. So don't even think about it.

LIAM

They said you'd help me.

AGNES

They did?

LIAM

They said the old witch would help.

Agnes smiles again. She watches as Liam squirms as he waits for her reply.

AGNES

Oh. You've only just met me and you think I'm a witch? How charming!

LIAM

I don't...I'm not sure...They said to come to the island...and you would, you might help me.

AGNES

Oh, *they* think I'm a witch. They treated me like a witch. The things they did to me.

LIAM

They?

AGNES

The people over there. The good people. You're just a child. You shouldn't know. You wouldn't understand.

Agnes softens...

AGNES (CONT'D)

Come with me child.

Liam responds to her change in attitude and follows her towards the Abbey.

AGNES (CONT'D)

So tell me, are you one of the good people? Or are you a good person?

LIAM

I don't know. I'm not very good in school. My teacher said I was bad. My dad and his girlfriend said I was bad. I don't feel bad...They think I'm rubbish...

Agnes laughs.

AGNES

People? Don't listen to people. They're all stupid. All of them. They all follow each other and nobody has any thoughts of their own.

Liam follows Agnes into the Abbey

**INT. ABBEY - DAY**

The Abbey is a complete shell. Although the walls and windows are intact, there are absolutely no fittings. Just a small fire and a pile of rags.

Liam looks into the flames. Hypnotised for a second.

AGNES

You expected a cauldron, a pointy hat and a broomstick didn't you?

LIAM

Well...

AGNES

This way child.

Liam follows her into a tower. No stairs, no fittings. Just an empty tower.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Is this what they told you about? Is it? The test? They told you about it child?

LIAM

They did say something. But they didn't...

AGNES

It's really quite simple child. You pass the test and I help. You don't and...

Agnes points at a SEAGULL perched on a window ledge. Liam takes a moment before he realises what she means.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'm not quite as nice as I appear.  
So? Are you brave enough child?  
Brave enough or desperate enough?

Liam strains his neck as he looks up to the top of the tower.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Do you believe in magic child? Do  
you believe in special powers?

LIAM  
I...I suppose I do. I think I have  
to. Don't I?

AGNES  
So do you believe I'm a witch?

The seagulls begin to SQUAWK. They take to the sky.

LIAM  
I don't know.

AGNES  
If you don't know, why are you  
here? You need a witch to help. Am  
I a witch or not?

Liam gulps. He's terrified of giving the wrong answer.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Were the good people right to do  
what they did? Were the right to  
torture me and banish me to this  
island? Well?

Liam summons up the courage to speak.

LIAM  
I hope you're a witch. I was told I  
need a witch to help me. If you are  
witch then you can help me. So,  
yes. I think you are. You're a  
witch.

Agnes smiles and raises her eyebrows.

AGNES  
You're not as stupid as people say  
you are. Are you? People do call  
you stupid don't they?  
(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

Back in your world. They make fun of you. You will get stronger. But before you do.

Agnes screws her face up. She stares at Liam. Her eyeballs bulge.

Liam is frozen. He can't even try to move.

She holds out a claw like hand, she looks at Liam.

Liam tentatively holds her hand.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You were expecting spells and cauldrons. I don't work like that. Now, you will be able to speak in just a second. You can say yes or no. If you pass the test then I will help you. If you fail, then you are a coward and you can join them.

Agnes points at the flock of seagulls flying overhead.

AGNES (CONT'D)

So. Do you want to take the test?

LIAM

Yes.

Liam is immediately sent shooting upwards. He stops as he leaves the tower. His body is still frozen. Only his eyes move.

Liam looks out over the sea to the town and the beach on the mainland.

He cast his eyes down to see the figure of Agnes down below.

Liam drops like a stone.

He stops a foot from the ground. His expression has not changed.

AGNES

No screams? I'm surprised. Surprised but very impressed. Again?

LIAM

Yes. He shoots upwards again.

The seagulls have gathered around the open top of the tower.

They circle Liam's head as he looks down at Agnes again.

AGNES

There's more to you than meets the  
eye child.

Liam slowly drifts back to the ground.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You will find what you need in the  
highest nest on the island.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran is sitting up in bed. Grandad paces up and down the room.

GRANDAD

Are you sure he'll be ok?

GRAN

Stop worrying.

Grandad gazes out of the window and out to sea.

GRANDAD

I'm just not sure I did the right  
thing. I'm not sure he was ready

Gran slips down into the bed and closes her eyes.

GRAN

You did the right thing. The boy  
was ready for adventure.

**EXT. ISLAND - DAY**

Liam strains his neck to look up at the tallest trees. He scans the branches for nests.

He thinks about climbing one, but realises the first branch is out of reach. He changes his mind.

Liam walks around the trees, checking for any possibility of a way up.

Unable to find a foothold, he sits down with his back against a tree and thinks.

Thinks some more and mumbles to himself.

The silence is shattered by the sound of WINGS flapping above him.

He freezes as he follows the sound.

Slowly, he gets to his feet. His eyes dart around trying to locate the sound again.

He looks up.

Leaves RUSTLE.

A RAVEN is perched on a branch directly above him.

Liam looks closer. He strains his eyes and he stares.

The outline of a NEST is just about visible through the leaves.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran slowly sips a spoonful of soup while Grandad watches.

GRAN

You've got stop your worrying

Grandad shakes his head.

GRANDAD

I'm not worried. Just nervous.

GRAN

You are worried. You don't think  
he's up to it.

Grandad chews on a sweet.

GRANDAD

He's just a boy. He shouldn't have  
to go through things like this.

GRAN

But he's not just a boy. Is he?

**EXT. ISLAND - DAY**

Liam still looking up at the nest, trying to work out a way to get off the ground.

He wraps his arms around the tree trunk. Pulls tight then puts one foot on the bottom of the trunk.

Slowly, he begins to shuffle up the tree, unsure of how he's managing it he finds himself climbing up to the first set of branches.

It's all easy from here.

Until he looks down.

Liam suddenly becomes unsteady.

He stands upright on a thick branch. His hands holding onto a branch above.

He takes deep breaths and speaks to himself.

LIAM

Keep looking up. Don't look back.  
Look up.

Once he's composed, he continues his progress up the tree.

Much more confident.

He looks up again. The NEST is just visible.

Liam stands on tiptoes to try to peek in. He's not quite tall enough.

He tries reaching a hand up and over. He can't reach over the top. He looks down looking for another branch to stand on. None. He wraps his legs around the tree and tries to pull himself up the extra few inches.

He makes small, but very unstable progress. His arms and legs wrapped around the tree.

Liam has made up the few inches. But now his arms and legs are stuck.

He has now choice but to release an arm and try to reach into the nest.

**SNAP**

Something in the nest nips his fingers.

The shock sends Liam slipping down the tree. His fall is broken by branches a few feet below.

The SQUAWKING from the nest has brought the RAVEN back to tree.

Liam looks up as she sits in the nest and looks out.

Liam brushes himself down and begins to climb again.

Scratches on his hands and face. But a grim determination in his eyes.

The raven spies him and SWOOPS down.

Liam clings close to the tree and begins shuffling.

The raven pecks at his head, and his hands.

Liam SWIPES it away. He catches it with a fist and sends it tumbling down.

He takes advantage of the temporary respite and hauls himself up to the nest. He manages to peer in.

The CHICKS SQUAWK and FLAP.

There it is!

Liam reaches in and pulls the **RUBY** out.

He begins scrambling down the tree.

Bumping and scraping limbs. He winces with every movement.

Until at last he's back on the ground.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Grandad leans over Gran and gives her a kiss.

GRAN  
We'll all be ok.

GRANDAD  
All of us?

She squeezes his hand.

**EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY**

The excitement of finding the ruby has worn off.

Liam is now faced with the reality of getting back to the mainland with no boat.

He peers out into the distance at the mainland.



He grips the ruby tightly in his hands.

LIAM  
Come on. You're supposed to be  
magic.

He closes his eyes as he struggles to think of a plan or  
magic to happen - something, anything!

**EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY**

The ruby safely in Liam's hands.

Except - -

Liam is sound asleep on the beach surrounded by THREE  
PIRATES: RENATO, HENRI and LUIS. These are not Jonny Depp  
pirates, these are old men, ragged and scarred.

RENATO  
We could just take the boy and the  
jewel.

HENRI  
What use is the boy? He's of no use  
to anybody. Let's take the jewel  
and leave the boy.

LUIS  
We could just slit his throat while  
he sleeps. Then take the jewel.

Liam's eyes flicker.

He's wide awake.

His eyes dart around. No escape. He clutches the ruby  
tighter.

Not tight enough to stop Henri pulling it from his grasp.

LIAM  
But I need that. It's mine.

The Pirates laugh.

LUIS  
Oh, sorry young Squire. In that  
case then I shall return it to your  
ownership presently.

HENRI

Where did you learn to speak like that?

LUIS

That's how I speak when I'm not out pirating and looting.

RENATO

You sound like a real gentleman.

Liam watches on - bemused.

LIAM

So can I...?

The pirates look down at Liam.

Oh I'm not sure...we'd need something in exchange. We can't go back to the ship empty handed. That just wouldn't do now would it?

Liam still unsure whether to be frightened or not. He gazes at the ruby.

LIAM

It's not actually worth much. I just want it for my gran...

LUIS

Oh, your Gran! Well young sir. Is she on this island? This Gran of yours? Is she? Has she brought her entire collection?

LIAM

No, no. She's a long...she's not here...

Liam decides to stop talking.

HENRI

Listen here sunshine. Here's how it is. You seem like a decent fellow. But, with us being Pirates an' all. We've got to take your stuff. Nothing personal against you or anything. It's just, well, it's just what we do.

LIAM

I understand. Sometimes you have to do stuff you don't want to. I don't hold it against you. In fact, I'm happy to help.

Renato thinks about giving Liam a hug - - he doesn't.

HENRI

I've never felt guilty stealing before. It doesn't feel right.

LUIS

Why don't we just slit his...

RENATO

One hundred gold pieces!

LIAM

What?

RENATO

I don't want to steal it. So you give us one hundred pieces of gold and you can have it back. That's fair.

LIAM

But the ruby was mine.

HENRI

You are dealing with Pirates squire. Did you forget that?

LUIS

We could just slit your throat remember...

LIAM

No. No of course not...just one thing?

RENATO

Yes?

LIAM

Can you take me back to the mainland?

**EXT. ROWING BOAT - DAY**

Liam in the middle of the boat as the Pirates row across the sea.

HENRI

I do admire your bravery boy. You come face to with three dangerous killers and you have the courage to not only defy us, but to ask us for a ride. That is either courage or stupidity.

**EXT. PUB - DAY**

Liam follows the Pirates to the door. As they open the door they turn to Liam.

LUIS

You want that ruby young sir, then be here before falling over time with one hundred pieces of gold.

LIAM

What if come back and you're not here.

PIRATE 2

Oh we'll be here. Don't sail until sunrise.

The pub door SLAMS shut. Liam is left alone. Again.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Liam trudging through the field. Tired but determined.

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Grandad sips a cup of tea as he flicks through a selection of books. He picks up **FIFE FOLKLORE** and scans the contents page until he comes to:

**THE LEGEND OF LARGO LAW****EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Liam's determination is disappearing fast. His pace has slowed and he struggles up the hill.

He sits on a rock and stares at the hill. He looks back out over the hills to the sea. He scans the sea thinks...

He's come this far...

Liam pulls himself up. Looks at the hill. Takes a deep breath and begins his ascent.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran on her Ipad. She sips Lucozade as she loads up Google Maps.

She searches for "Largo Law" and zooms in.

GRAN

Stay strong son. Stay strong.

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Grandad finishes his cup of tea. He puts it down carefully and walks to the window. He gazes out to sea.

GRANDAD

You can make it son. You can make it.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY**

Liam trudges up the hill. **SHEEP** scatter as he heads towards them.

His strides shorten with each step he takes. He's shattered.

He looks around him for a sign...anything.

Nothing.

Liam turns around and looks out to sea. There's nothing for it. He has to plod on.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Grandad busily tidies Liam's room. He picks up the books that are scattered across the floor and puts them back on the shelves.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY**

Liam stops and rubs his eyes. He's not sure if he's seeing things.

A FIGURE in the distance.

Liam is too tired to flee. So he stays still and waits as the figure slowly approaches him.

The figure gets closer.

It's a SHEPHERD, a hood covers his head and most of his face. He stops a few yards from Liam and beckons him with an index finger. Liam freezes.

SHEPHERD

Reckless? Foolish? Brave? Which one?

Liam doesn't answer.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Perhaps all three?

LIAM

I don't mean to...I'm sorry if I scared your sheep.

SHEPHERD

Oh, they're not the ones who are scared.

The Shepherd holds Liam's gaze. Liam shifts his eyes first. He looks down at his shoes...then looks across at the Shepherd's feet...**HOOVES!**

LIAM

I'm er...just passing through. I'm on my way to my gran's.

The Shepherd just stares at Liam.

SHEPHERD

Well you should be on your way then Liam.

Liam is taken aback.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Does it surprise you that I know your name?

LIAM

I'm not surprised by anything now.

SHEPHERD

And my name?

Liam shrugs his shoulders.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

They call me Old Cloutie. Some call me Cloutie. Others call me Horny or Old Horny.

The Shepherd pulls down his hood and ruffles his hair to reveal two devils horns.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

I think you would call me The Devil. I don't really care what I'm called. But I'm not too keen on the prefix of 'old' with any of my names. I find that quite offensive.

Liam's confusion has turned to fear.

LIAM

Well...Sir...Mr Devil...It's nice to meet you...but...I really need...

SHEPHERD

You can call me Cloutie. I think we could get on. Don't you?

Liam nods.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

I know of your predicament. Fortunately for you, I am in a position to be of assistance to you.

Liam grimaces. He has no idea what to say.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Would you be willing to make a deal with the devil Liam?

Liam looks around. Lost. Alone. Tired and hungry.

He doesn't seem to have a choice.

LIAM

Deal? What kind of deal?

The Shepherd bangs his crook on the ground.

POOOOF!

A PLUME OF SMOKE.

The Shepherd transforms into what we think of as The Devil.

Liam is too tired to be truly terrified. His eyes widen and he takes a step back. Much to the disappointment of The Devil.

DEVIL

Oh. I see. Brave are we?

LIAM

No. Not really. I'm a wimp.

DEVIL

A wimp? I don't know what that means, but never mind. Here's the deal.

LIAM

Just tell me. I'll do it. I need to get home.

The Devil leans into Liam's face. Liam just looks impatient.

DEVIL

Many have tried and many have failed. You must succeed or you'll be impaled.

Now Liam looks worried.

LIAM

Impaled? Really? Why?

The Devil laughs a thoroughly Devilish laugh.

DEVIL

Do I really look like the kind of person who would impale a young child?

Liam decides it would be better not to answer...

DEVIL (CONT'D)

I like you. You're braver than you look. So, I'm happy to make a deal.

LIAM

Deal?



DEVIL  
I'll give you the gold.

LIAM  
Really?

DEVIL  
Of course. But...I need you to do something for me. That's how these deals work. Especially when you deal with the devil himself.

LIAM  
Will it help me get home?

DEVIL  
If you succeed.

Liam weighs up his options...he doesn't really have any.

LIAM  
What do I have to do?

The Devil begins to walk away. Liam watches him for a moment before following him.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
What is it? What do I need to do?

The Devil sits down on a rock. He beckons for Liam to join him.

DEVIL  
You don't seem to be afraid of me.  
Why is that?

LIAM  
I don't think I'm scared of anything anymore.

The Devil smiles.

DEVIL  
Lady Anstruther. Are you aware of her?

Liam is reluctant to give too much information away.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
The tower on the beach. You are aware of that?

LIAM  
I have seen it.

DEVIL  
Well the boy who protects her. He  
has a bell.

Liam nods.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
The bell wards off evil spirits.

The Devil stands and stares into Liam's eyes.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
Some would say I'm an evil spirit.  
Would you agree with that?

Liam doesn't flinch.

LIAM  
I don't care. I just want to go  
back.

The Devil tries to put an arm around Liam. He shrugs it off.

DEVIL  
Bring the bell to me and the gold  
will be yours.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran is out of bed. Standing at the window staring out to  
sea.

**EXT. TOWER - NIGHT**

A line of burning torches provides a path to the tower door.

Liam, breathless and sweating stops running as he reaches the  
torches.

As he tries to get his breath back, Tom appears in the  
doorway, burning torch in one hand and the bell in the other.

TOM  
You? You're still here?

Lady Anstruther appears behind Tom.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
The boy!

TOM  
You came back?

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 You must come in. How are you? How  
 have you survived all alone? Do you  
 need help?

Liam nods.

LIAM  
 I do. I need the bell.

Lady Anstruther and Tom exchange glances.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 The bell?

**INT. TOWER - NIGHT**

A tiny wooden table in the middle of the room. A pot sits  
 over the fire.

Tom busily devours a hot bowl of something brown and meaty  
 while Lady Anstruther and Tom stare at him. They allow Tom to  
 finish chewing before they eventually speak to him.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 The very fact that you have  
 survived suggests that you are  
 indeed a special boy.

Tom looks up from the stew.

LIAM  
 Special?

Lady Anstruther and Tom exchange glances.

TOM  
 You really don't know?

Liam pushes his bowl away.

LIAM  
 I'm not special. I'm useless. I'm  
 rubbish. I'm weak.

Lady Anstruther and Tom giggle to themselves.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
 Young man, people have been waiting  
 a long time for you.

Tom puts a hand on Liam's shoulder.

TOM  
What is it you need?

Liam looks at the bell.

Tom takes his hand off Liam's shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh...

Liam doesn't understand.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
The bell? Oh, I don't think so.

LIAM  
But I need it. I have to.

Tom picks the bell up and holds it to his chest.

TOM  
This bell, this bell is our life.  
It keeps us alive. It has done for  
the past hundred years.

Liam looks confused.

LIAM  
A hundred years?

Lady Anstruther snatches the bell back. Tom stands empty handed and confused.

LADY ANSTRUTHER  
The boy's need is greater than  
ours. Go fetch Lazarus.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Tache hags making their way along the beach towards the cave.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Gran and Grandad making Liam's bed.

GRAN  
The boy will be hungry when he gets  
back. He'll need something to eat.

GRANDAD  
He'll be tired. He'll be in need of  
a good night's sleep.

They finish making the bed.

GRANDAD (CONT'D)  
He will be back won't he?

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Liam a million miles away from hero status as he struggles to mount a HORSE, like a mouse climbing on a dog.

He tries

He falls

He tries

He falls

He eventually gets his balance, clings onto the reins and waits for Tom to mount behind him.

TOM  
What kind of a hero has never  
ridden a bold steed?

LIAM  
I am not a hero.

Tom and Lady Anstruther laugh, Tom grabs the reins from Liam, boots the horse in the side and they're off!

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

The huge full moon illuminates the beach as the horse gallops along close to the shore.

**EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT**

Liam has managed to pull himself upright, but still looking terrified, as the horse gallops through woodland.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT**

Liam hurriedly dismounts. He stretches his legs while Tom ties Lazarus to a tree.

TOM  
You must not return without this.

Tom hands Liam the bell.

LIAM

But I need it. He wants it for the gold.

TOM

You'll understand. You'll think of something.

Tom puts an arm around around Liam.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Liam, dishevelled and tired, begins his ascent of the hill.

**EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT**

The Devil, perched on a rock, watching as Liam tramps towards him.

The Devil stands and walks towards Liam.

He greets Liam with a sinister smile.

DEVIL

I am surprised. But very pleased.

LIAM

I want the gold.

DEVIL

Don't you worry. I keep my word.  
Come.

Liam has no choice but to follow. The devil leads him around the hillside. He stops suddenly at a large rock.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Come see. Or are you suddenly frightened?

Liam grips the bell even tighter.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

So it's gold you want? Watch this.

The Devil drops to his knees and scratches at a patch of earth next to the rock.

Liam watches on anxiously.

The Devil begins to dig faster.

Liam is now full of doubt.

The Devil digs frantically.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

It was here. It was here.

Liam moves closer to look.

The Devil's fingers strike something hard.

He looks up at Liam and smiles.

Liam watches the Devil scratches around in the ground before carefully prising out a piece of gold the size of a golf ball.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

And there's plenty more boy.

He throws the piece of gold to Liam, but Liam, reluctant to let go of the bell, lets the gold drop at his feet.

LIAM

They said I need ten.

The Devil turns and stands upright. His expression now fierce.

DEVIL

Then ten you shall have.

The sound of THUNDERING HOOVES

Tom, astride Lazarus, galloping furiously towards Liam.

Before he knows what has hit him, Liam is dangling from the horse, holding onto Tom's hand for dear life.

The pair manage to scramble onto the horse's back while the horse bounds through the countryside.

Liam, breathless, is close to tears.

LIAM

The gold. The gold. I didn't get the gold.

TOM

Don't worry. I've taken care of that.

The horse gallops downhill towards the beach with Liam unsure and forlorn while Tom boots the horse ever faster.

**EXT. TOWER - NIGHT**

Lady Anstruther is waiting to greet Tom and Liam.

Liam falls off the horse and struggles, exhausted, to his feet.

LADY ANSTRUTHER

Well?

LIAM

Ask him.

Tom jumps elegantly from the horse.

Liam looks out to sea.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That was my only hope.

Tom approaches him carefully. He puts an arm gently around his shoulder.

TOM

I know.

Liam sighs and looks at his feet

TOM (CONT'D)

Well it's just lucky I got you  
this...

Tom reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a VELVET BAG.

He holds the bag in front of Liam's face.

Liam is almost dazzled.

LIAM

Where did you...?

TOM

Never you mind...The Devil doesn't  
have all the tricks.

Tom holds the bag out for Liam.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here. Take it. It's yours.

Liam looks in the bag again.



LIAM  
But I only need ten pieces.

TOM  
Take it. You've earned it.

Liam takes the bag and hands over the bell to Tom.

LIAM  
Does that really work?

TOM  
It depends how much you want it to.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

The Tache Hags sprinting along the beach.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

The Tache Hags up to their knees in water as the tide comes in.

They begin to get excited as they see Liam in the distance.

Liam clutches the RUBY in his hand as he wades through the water.

The waves begin to get bigger and stronger as Liam struggles through the rising sea.

He looks up and sees the Tache Hags waving frantically at the entrance to the cave.

He looks back to the safety of the land, but decides to continue battling through the water.

Suddenly Liam stops. He looks down. A SHADOW in the water.

Liam is frozen.

The SHADOW gets closer. The water rises. In seconds it's up to his chest.

Liam looks up the sky. He takes a deep breath. He forces himself underwater.

He opens his eyes. The water is crystal clear. Liam swims in a circle.

Nothing.

Liam swims back to the surface.

As his head emerges, the tide begins to recede.

The water is down to his waist. Liam begins to wade towards the Tache Hags.

The Tache Hags jump up and down excitedly as Liam approaches.

TACHE HAGS  
Hurry up! He's getting closer!

Liam looks up to see Cloutie striding towards him. Liam glances back towards the tower.

Tom rings the BELL frantically. Lady Anstruther stands aloof and blows Liam a kiss.

As Liam emerges from the water he is set upon by the Tache Hags.

TACHE HAGS (CONT'D)  
We knew you were the one. We knew  
you were special.

They practically drag Liam into the cave.

#### **INT. CAVE NIGHT**

Liam begins to push the walls. Nothing happens.

He jumps around from wall to wall. Pushing, slapping, kicking the walls.

Still nothing.

Liam freezes.

He turns around.

Cloutie is in the entrance.

Liam clutches the RUBY as he looks Cloutie in the eye.

LIAM  
I'm not scared. You don't frighten  
me.

WHOOSH

The ground has opened up.

Liam and the Tache Hags tumble through the darkness.

THUMP

**INT. CAVE. DAY**

Liam, on his back on the floor of the cave. Not moving.

One eye opens. Then the other.

He slowly pulls himself up.

He dusts himself down and squints as he looks out of the cave towards the

**BEACH**

Sunshine and blue skies.

Liam slowly edges his way out of the cave. Scared of what sights might greet him.

He looks up at the tower. It's ruined.

No fishing boats on the sea.

Groups of kids kayaking and windsurfing.

Liam closes his eyes.

LIAM  
I made it.

**INT. GRAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Gran sitting up in bed. Colour back in her cheeks, looking ten years younger. A huge smile on her face as Liam enters the room.

Liam leans over and kisses her on the cheek. She grabs his hand and gives it a squeeze.

Liam smiles back at her before taking a seat at the side of the bed.

LIAM  
Are you feeling better gran?

Gran nods.

GRAN  
Oh yes son. I owe you a big thank you.

Liam looks confused.

GRAN (CONT'D)  
The ruby. Grandad said you managed  
to find it.

Liam blushes.

LIAM  
Oh yeah..the ruby.

GRAN  
So, tell me the story of how you  
found it...Where was it? Was it  
easy to find? What happened?

Liam wriggles in his seat.

LIAM  
I think I was just lucky. I just  
had to explore the beach a bit...

GRAN  
And you just stumbled across it?

LIAM  
Yeah...something like that...I  
think Grandad is shouting me...

**INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - DAY**

Liam sitting on the window ledge staring out to sea. Trying to make sense of his adventures, but quietly proud of himself.

He's disturbed from his dream by the sound of an engine approaching.

Liam looks down from the window and sees Malcolm arriving.

Liam listens as Malcolm rings the door bell.

DOWNSTAIRS

Grandad answers the door as Liam watches on from the top of the stairs.

GRANDAD  
I thought you were in Dubai.

Malcolm invites himself in and slams the door behind him.

MALCOLM

Should have been. Pam lost the passports. Stupid old...

GRANDAD

Oh dear. That's not good. So you're not going away then?

MALCOLM

No. No we're not. Cost me a fortune as well.

GRANDAD

Is Pam still in the car? Invite her in.

MALCOLM

Pam's gone. She's gone back to Barry. She was no good anyway. It was never going to work.

GRANDAD

Oh that is a shame. You can stay for tea if you want.

Malcolm spots Liam at the top of the stairs.

MALCOLM

That's very kind, but I'm just here to take the boy home.

An awkward moment as Liam descends the stairs.

Malcolm goes to give him a hug. Liam takes a step back.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You not got a hug for your old dad?

Liam steps forward into a very uncomfortable embrace. He doesn't return it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm here to take you home son.

Liam looks at Grandad...

LIAM

I'm not sure...I think I like it here.

MALCOLM

But it'll just be me and you now. All boys together!

LIAM

I think I need to stay a while longer, maybe at the end of the holidays. I might come back then. If you're a bit less rubbish.

Malcolm takes a moment to compose himself. The words hurt.

MALCOLM

No. You're right. I need some time to myself. Get myself together.

Liam and Grandad watch on as Malcolm continues to convince himself.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Yeah, you stay here with Grandad. I'll sort myself out while you have some more adventures. Does that sound like a plan?

LIAM

That sounds like a plan dad.

Liam steps forward to give Malcolm a real, genuine hug.

Malcolm tries to wipe away a tear without being seen - but Grandad has spotted it.

MALCOLM

Well, I'd better go. Remember lots of meat and exercise.

LIAM

Yeah, right dad.

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Grandad and Liam watch as Malcolm walks along the garden path. As he walks along, FLOWERS begin to emerge from the ground.

LIAM

See you soon dad.

As Malcolm stops. He spots a FLOWER growing up right next to his foot.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

Grandad and Liam watch as Malcolm gets into his car and drives away.

**FADE OUT**