

PRESERVATION

written
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BLACK SCREEN:

SFX: Wind fades in.

CAPTION:

"If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration" - Dr Nikola Tesla, Physicist.

FADE IN:

EXT. THREE WELLS INN. DUSK

A huge, old, mansion-style, three-storey house; a rusty red stone and ivy-clad building surrounded by dense trees.

Two female BACKPACKERS, 20s, approach the building. They tentatively KNOCK on the door.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, BEDROOM. NIGHT

A large dimly lit room, French doors open onto a patio roof fringed by a faded marble balustrade.

The young women are sleeping in a large double bed; a white sheet draped over them.

One of young women is restless. She stirs and slowly wakes. She looks up at a metal-blade ceiling fan that is spinning above the bed. She sits upright and stares up at the fan blades, she looks fascinated.

She nudges her friend who slowly awakens. They both stare upwards. Somehow, mesmerised, they both slowly stand up on the bed drawn to something they have seen in the fan blades.

C.U: On their faces, viewed from above. They suddenly look horrified.

C.U: On their clothes and backpacks at the side of the room.

O.S: We hear their SCREAMS. There is an electrical BUZZ and a gurgling, sickening, watery FIZZ. The sound ECHOES.

FADE TO BLACK:

The SQUAWK of bird of prey as it soars high above...

EXT. RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE. DAY

PANORAMIC AERIAL SHOT: Vast, open countryside. A warm, sunny but breezy day.

CAPTION: THE PRESENT

A picturesque vista of hills with rocky outcrops, trees and a river snaking through green fields.

EXT. A STEEP ROCK FACE. DAY

C.U: A woman's hand, strong fingers, white and dusty with French chalk, reaches for, then firmly grasps a craggy outcrop of rock.

Reveal SUZANNE TATE, 20s. She is a seasoned climber, svelte, strong and athletic, wearing figure hugging climbing gear and shoes.

She is performing a *Clean Ascent*, climbing up the rock unaided. She precariously clings to rock with her fingers then flexibly raises her leg high up to find a new footing. She is working hard. There are beads of sweat on her body.

Suzanne dips her hand into a pouch of French chalk hanging from her belt, she stretches up the rock face, takes hold and then easily pulls herself up the rock.

DISSOLVE TO:

She reaches the top of the rock, exhales and stands on the edge, admiring the view.

CUT TO:

The top of a rock face, now wearing a harness, Suzanne grips safety ropes that hang between her legs and are looped over her shoulder. A safety CLIMBER signals to her. She grips the ropes, which are taut and anchored to the rock. She leans back over the edge of the rock face with her legs locked straight. She then skilfully abseils down.

CUT TO:

She reaches the bottom and starts to uncouple herself from the rope. There are several SHOUTS from other climbers and onlookers standing nearby. Suzanne looks around. An elderly MAN and WOMAN, are anxiously looking up at the rock face. Suzanne follows their line of sight.

High up on the rock a teenage GIRL is dangling from her safety rope having lost her footing. The girl is panicking. Suzanne reacts quickest and speedily re-climbs the rock. Other climbers also start to ascend. Suzanne slowly approaches the girl.

SUZANNE
Give me your hand.

The girl looks around and reaches out. Suzanne pulls the girl towards her and places her hand on a craggy outcrop in the rock.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Grip hard!

The young girl does so and pulls herself close to the rock. Her foot scuffs and scrambles for a hold and she places it down onto a small ridge of rock.

C.U: The rock beneath the girl's foot begins to crumble. Her foot slips, Suzanne reaches out but the girl drops. Her Grandparents GASP. The girl plummets down the rock face.

The SAFETY MAN at the top of the rock pulls hard to slow her descent but her head hits the rock face, knocking her unconscious.

The rope vibrates with tension as it finally breaks the girl's fall. The climbers above hold the girl's weight. Suzanne looks down and is distressed by the girl's fall and her inability to prevent it. Out of frustration, she gently head butts the rock.

CUT TO:

The badly injured girl is strapped into an air-lift stretcher by PARAMEDICS flanked by her FAMILY. We hear and then see a rescue helicopter. The girl is carried towards the waiting aircraft.

Suzanne looks on, consoled by a few other CLIMBERS. The helicopter's engine increases in speed and it lifts off. The chop and whirl of its rotor blades ECHO and fade.

INT. APARTMENT, SUZANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY

Suzanne looks at herself in the mirror. She pulls on and zips up a lycra sports top. She moves to her bed and packs clothes into an overnight bag. She holds up a blue evening dress, considers it, is about to hang it up, but changes her mind and places it in her overnight bag along with a pair of heels, a make-up bag and hairdryer then zips up the bag.

Next to the overnight bag is an outdoor backpack and her rock climbing gear including a long coiled rope with collapsible grappling hook attached, a long chisel-edged rock hammer and other climbing paraphernalia.

She starts to pack her climbing gear into the bag when her phone RINGS. She checks the phone screen then answers.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Hi Lana.

LANA O.S

Hi Suzanne. Looking forward to the weekend?

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE. DAY

LANA BELL, 20s, pretty, petite, casually dressed in a tee-shirt and shorts, is working at a computer. She has her legs up on a chair and is twisted round to face the computer screen, with her phone wedged between cheek and shoulder.

INTERCUT

SUZANNE

Not really, no, I've not climbed since that girl's accident.

LANA

How is she?

C.U: On Lana's computer screen. She is using graphic design software to manipulate the layers of an image. We see a snowboarder leaping over an icy ledge, with the caption:

TAKE YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS... AND FEET!

SUZANNE

Recovering slowly.

LANA

Don't blame yourself.

SUZANNE

It's hard not to.

Lana continues to work on her computer.

LANA

Look, if you're up for it please can we get the shots I need. I can't hold off my editor anymore.

SUZANNE

Yeah, I need to get back on the horse. Helping you out will be a nice distraction.

Lana stops work, sits up in her chair and winces slightly.

LANA

Listen...

Suzanne packs a long climbing rope.

SUZANNE

What?

LANA

Would you... would you mind if
Jenny came?

Lana grits her teeth. This could be tricky. Suzanne clamps
the phone between her cheek and shoulder.

SUZANNE

Not party girl Jenny?

LANA

Yeah, yeah, she's good fun.

SUZANNE

She's a pain!

LANA

She can be but she wants to come.

SUZANNE

Didn't have her down as the
outdoor type.

Suzanne flicks open a collapsible grappling hook. Its
three pointed barbed hooks glint in the light.

LANA

She's split with her boyfriend,
again. I thought it would help her.

Suzanne closes the grappling hook.

SUZANNE

Well okay, as long as she doesn't
take over or get in the way.

LANA

She won't, trust me. Thanks a lot.

Suzanne looks dubious.

EXT. UNIVERSITY. DAY

Establishing shot. A large campus with red brick buildings.

DR COLLINS O.S
 Conjecture and speculation cloud
 much of our thinking in this area.

INT. UNIVERSITY, CORRIDOR. DAY

A sign reads:

*PARAPSYCHOLOGY: FACT OR FICTION?
 LECTURE BY DR PAUL COLLINS*

INT. UNIVERSITY, LECTURE THEATRE. DAY

A darkened auditorium with a large white screen lit by a projector. DR PAUL COLLINS, black, a psychiatrist, 30s, is standing at a lectern next to the screen. Students look at the screen, others make notes.

DR COLLINS
 Some pretty serious scientists have
 thought about the issues.

A slide appears on the screen showing a photograph of the Physicist Gerald Feinburg.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Physicist Gerald Feinberg suggested
 telepathy, ESP, psychokinesis may
 exist due to elementary particles.

Another slide appears on the screen with artistic impressions of Psychons and Mindons.

DR COLLINS O.S (CONT'D)
 He called these particles Psychons
 or Mindons.

Dr Collins looks up from his notes at the students.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Particles which could be
 transmitted to and from people.

He looks at the students intensely.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Others have suggested they could be
 the very energy that drives the
 human soul.

He holds his gaze as the Dean of Faculty, MR PRIESTLEY, 60s, quietly enters. He politely waves to Dr Paul who moves away from the lectern and turns on the lights.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Let's continue after the break.

All the students stand and slowly leave except for LOUISE, 19, pretty, bespectacled and bookish. She is still writing up notes. Dr Collins sees her.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Don't you want a break?

LOUISE
I started my dissertation on mythical creatures and beings. What do you think?

DR COLLINS
Hmm, what about primary research? You'll need some first hand accounts.

LOUISE
(smiles)
I was hoping you could help. Any leads?

DR COLLINS
Give me your email address. If I find anything I'll let you know.

Louise looks pleased, she writes her email address on a piece of paper and gives it to Dr Paul. She exits as Mr Priestley approaches. Mr Priestley watches Louise leave.

MR PRIESTLEY
Nice to see such enthusiasm from your students.

DR COLLINS
Thanks. Parapsychology is a fascinating subject but I'm sure you're not here to discuss that.

Mr Priestley smiles and approaches the lectern. He flicks through a text book.

MR PRIESTLEY
No indeed. We need to talk to you about funding.

Beat. Dr Collins waits. Mr Priestley closes the book abruptly

MR PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)
 More precisely, funding cuts.
 The vice chancellor says your
 research budget can no longer be
 justified.

DR PAUL
 By its nature this area of research
 is always slow and can be tenuous.

MR PRIESTLY
 More theoretical than empirical?

DR PAUL
 True.

MR PRIESTLEY
 Look, if can you produce some hard
 evidence soon...

DR PAUL
 I'm trying.

MR PRIESTLEY
 I know and I'll try to maintain
 your funding. On that point I saw
 this and thought of you.

He reaches in his pocket and hands Dr Paul a magazine
 clipping.

MR PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)
 This guy sounds interesting.

DR PAUL
 (smiles)
 Have you been reading Fortean
 Times?

MR PRIESTLEY
 No it's from Paranormal Review. It
 might be worth a trip to meet him.

Mr Priestley leaves Dr Paul to considers the magazine
 clipping. C.U on the paper, it reads:

*Ghost hunter makes bold new claims.
 Dr Craig Hansen will be holding a
 seminar at the Newton Glen Hotel...*

EXT. WOODLAND. DUSK

A pair Backpackers, a BOYFRIEND and GIRLFRIEND, 20s, emerge from woodland. They look up at the Three Wells Inn that looms up amongst the trees.

The couple walk around the building. The Boyfriend notices one of the shutters across a window is warped, revealing a gap. He uses his hiking pole to lever open the shutter. It splinters as it breaks open and reveals the window behind.

The man pushes at the top of the window frame. To their surprise it slides open. The couple look around then climb inside. They pull shutter back against the window frame.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, BEDROOM. NIGHT

The young couple are sleeping in the large, rickety-looking, double bed; a white sheet draped over them.

The girlfriend stirs and slowly wakes. She looks up at a metal-blade ceiling fan that is slowly spinning above the bed. She sits upright and stares up at the fan blades, she looks fascinated. She nudges her boyfriend who slowly awakens. They they stand up on the bed drawn to something they have seen in the fan blades.

C.U: On their faces, viewed from above. They suddenly look horrified.

Blue electrical flashes light up the room. The young backpackers SCREAM as their bodies are locked rigid, in an electrical vortex that arcs from the fan to the floor.

C.U: On their clothes and backpacks at the side of the room.

O.S: There is an electrical BUZZ and a gurgling, sickening, watery FIZZ.

Reveal the bed is empty, the young couple have disappeared.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Suzanne and Lana drive along. Suzanne is at the wheel and watches the road ahead. Lana flips down the sun visor and uses the mirror to apply make-up.

SUZANNE

(Laughs)

We're off to the country, not a night club.

LANA
 You never know who we might meet.
 Rich, single, country gent.

Suzanne smiles then shakes her head.

LANA (CONT'D)
 You're not looking for a handsome
 hero then?

SUZANNE
 A woman has to be self-sufficient.

Lana calls a number on her mobile phone which is still attached to the charger.

INT. SHOE SHOP. DAY

C.U: A woman's foot slides into a killer high-heel shoe.

Reveal JENNY HOWE, 20s, curvaceous, pretty, sun-tanned. She has several piercings and tattoos including Gothic font Latin inscriptions down her forearms. She is squeezed into a short skirt and tight top and poses in the shoes admiring her figure in a full length mirror.

JENNY
 To die for!

O.S: We hear her phone RING but she ignores it.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 What do you think?

Reveal a young man sitting nearby watching her in the mirror. This is ROSS COLE, 20s, good looking, well-built also sun-tanned and tattooed.

ROSS
 Wicked babe.

Jenny smiles. Ross is dressed in flip flops, denim shorts and a sports vest, he is holding a small sports shoulder bag and is minding Jenny's little, shiny black suitcase. Jenny walks back towards Ross and takes off the shoes. She slips on her own slingback heels.

JENNY
 I want them...

Jenny places the killer heels back in the shoebox.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 But they're more than I want to
 pay.

She looks back towards the rear of the shop.

Jenny's POV: The SHOP ASSISTANT is busy helping a MOTHER
 try shoes on an unruly CHILD. Jenny nudges Ross.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Come on.

Jenny walks swiftly towards the door carrying the shoes and
 exits. Ross looks around then follows her. The Shop Assistant
 is still preoccupied with the child. Jenny and Ross look back
 through the shop window. Jenny takes out her phone, checks
 the display and makes a call.

EXT / INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Lana and Suzanne have pulled over and are waiting.

SUZANNE
 Where the hell is she? We need to
 get going.

Lana's phone RINGS. She looks at the display and answers.

LANA
 It's her. (Into phone) Hello.
 Where are you? (Pause, listens)
 Okay... See you in a minute.

CUT TO:

Suzanne's car pulls up. Jenny and Ross walk towards the
 vehicle smoking cigarettes. Jenny is wearing the shop-lifted
 shoes. They look ill-equipped for the weekend away.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Suzanne and Lana see Jenny. Suzanne's jaw drops.

SUZANNE
 They do know we're going climbing
 not clubbing?

LANA
 (Laughs)
 That's Jenny.

Ross takes hold of Jenny's tiny, shiny black suitcase.
 They both approach the car.

SUZANNE

I thought she'd broke up with her boyfriend.

LANA

She has.

SUZANNE

So who's that then?

LANA

No idea. Another himbo?

Jenny waves and smiles at Suzanne and Lana. Ross reaches the car and opens the boot (trunk). He places their bags inside. Jenny opens the car's rear door and climbs in, shuffling her way across the back seat. She breathes out smoke in Suzanne and Lana's direction.

JENNY

Hi girls.

Suzanne wafts away the smoke and gestures to Jenny to get rid of the cigarette.

LANA

What kept you?

Jenny opens the window and flicks out the still smouldering cigarette which hits a passing CYCLIST.

JENNY

Just grabbing some last minute bits and pieces.

Ross stubs out his cigarette on a lamp post then gets into Suzanne's car, next to Jenny. He smiles confidently.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This is Ross.

ROSS

Hello ladies.

Ross offers his hand. Suzanne looks at Lana. Lana looks back at Jenny. Beat.

LANA

Sorry, no disrespect Ross, but we didn't agree to this Jenny.

Ross shrugs.

JENNY
I know we didn't but I thought it would help me get over Jamie. Ross has been a rock.

ROSS
I was there for her after she broke it off with Jamie.

LANA
I bet you were.

ROSS
Cost me my friendship with Jamie though. You win, you lose.

JENNY
(Pointed)
Having a guy around might stop us all getting too bitchy, eh Lana.

There is another awkward silence.

SUZANNE
Guys. This screws up the room situation. I only booked a single when Lana said you were coming Jenny.

JENNY
We'll work something out.

Jenny squeezes Ross's thigh.

SUZANNE
We're doing lots of outdoor stuff.

JENNY
We could try that. Eh Ross.

Ross nods agreement.

SUZANNE
(To Jenny)
Not dressed like that.

JENNY
This is my formal look. I've packed some shorts and trainers for casual stuff.

ROSS
I've done triathlon.

SUZANNE

(Smiles)

Before the cigarettes I take it?

Suzanne looks at Lana. Beat. They all look at each other. Stalemate.

LANA

Let's get moving.

Suzanne puts the car into gear. It pulls away.

Ross takes out his mobile phone, slips his arm round Jenny and cups one of her breasts with his hand. She looks down at his hand and laughs.

JENNY

What're you doing?

He holds his phone at arm's length to take a 'selfie' photo of the two of them.

ROSS

Making Jamie jealous. I'm gonna send him this.

Jenny looks up and pouts. Ross grins inanely at the camera and presses the screen. SHUTTER sound.

C.U: On phone screen. The image of Ross and Jenny appears. Ross presses his phone display.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Wish you were here, Jamie. Not.

Jenny and Ross kiss. Suzanne watches them in the rear view mirror, then looks at Lana who is embarrassed.

EXT/INT. CAR, MOTORWAY. DAY

Suzanne's car motors along. Jenny is leaning forward between the two front seats.

JENNY O.S

On top of everything else Jamie was really selfish in bed.

Suzanne watches the road ahead. Lana is in the front passenger seat using a laptop.

LANA

(Half listening)

That's most men isn't it?

Ross is listening to music, looking out of the window.

JENNY

He did get me this though.

Jenny shows the girls an expensive looking bracelet. Ross sees the girls looking at the bracelet.

ROSS

(Shouts over music)

He broke the bank for that!

SUZANNE

No need to shout.

JENNY

Anyway, I've got Ross now. Look at him. He's so hot.

Jenny snuggles up to Ross.

INT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION. DAY

A coffee stand. Suzanne and Lana are queuing.

A shop. Ross and Jenny are virtually entwined, browsing together. Ross gestures to an item on sale. Jenny shakes her head and tries to lead him away but he pulls her back. They kiss and he surreptitiously lifts a couple of items from the shelf behind her back.

EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION, CAR PARK. DAY

Suzanne and Lana are standing next to the car drinking their coffee. Jenny and Ross approach.

SUZANNE

What kept you?

ROSS

Shopping.

JENNY

Not much choice though.

LANA

It's not a mall.

Ross reaches in Jenny's handbag and takes out the items he lifted from the shop shelf.

ROSS

As we're going to the country, you might need these.

Suzanne is handed a compass and a folding knife.

SUZANNE
Come on let's get going.

They all get back in the car.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Suzanne reaches over from the driver's side, opens the glove box and places the the knife and compass inside. She closes it.

EXT / INT. CAR, COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Lush, green, open countryside; trees, hills, fields. Suzanne's car winds its way along a tree-lined road.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

C.U: On a mobile phone screen. A photograph shows Ross in a tight little posing pouch, flexing his biceps on a stage. His muscular body shiny with oil.

ROSS O.S
That was me at the natural
bodybuilding championships?

Reveal Lana holding the phone. Ross and Jenny are looking over her shoulder at the images. Suzanne occasionally glances over. Jenny LAUGHS.

JENNY
(Shrill, excitement)
Look at that body. Oh my God.

The screen goes dark. Lana goes to hand it back.

ROSS
Nineteen, ninety seven... Year I
was born.

Lana enters the code on the phone's keypad. The screen and the photograph re-appear. A 'selfie' photo of Ross and Jenny seemingly naked and pouting at the camera appears on screen.

JENNY
You said you deleted that one.

Lana looks at Suzanne who rolls her eyes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

The car winds its way through beautiful, lush, green countryside, trees, hills and fields .

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Suzanne is relaxed. Lana is reading. Ross is sleeping. Jenny is leaning forward between the front seats.

JENNY (CONT'D)
You couldn't live here though
could you?

SUZANNE
Why not?

JENNY
Nothing going on.

LANA
You mean no nail bars or boutiques,
zero night clubs and wine bars.

JENNY
Exactly.

SUZANNE
Precisely the reason we love it.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DRIVEWAY. DAY

Suzanne's car enters the grounds of a large, smart looking country Hotel.

INT. NEWTON GLEN NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, LOBBY. DAY

The group enter the lobby carrying their bags. They approach the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST is sitting at a computer. She looks up and smiles.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Hello there, Suzanne Tate. I made
a reservation.

The Receptionist nods and checks her computer screen.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah yes, it's a double?

SUZANNE
Twin actually but I added a single.

Suzanne nods towards Jenny. Ross pets Jenny and plays with her hair. Jenny leans in towards Suzanne.

JENNY
(Quiet, to Suzanne)
We need a double.

Suzanne SHUSHES Jenny. The receptionist scrolls through the bookings.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah yes here we are.

She stands up and reaches for the room keys hanging on a board. She hands the keys to Suzanne.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
They're both on the first floor.
Stairs are that way.

She points. Suzanne, Lana, Jenny and Ross head towards the stairs.

RECEPTIONIST O.S (CONT'D)
Just a moment.

They all stop and look back at the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
There are four in your party. I
only have a booking for three.

Lana gestures to Jenny and Ross.

LANA
(Rhetorical)
Yeah they're going to squeeze
into a single.

The receptionist shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah-ah, that breaches our health and
safety rules.

They walk back towards the receptionist.

SUZANNE
Well have you got anything else?

RECEPTIONIST
We're fully booked. You were
lucky to get the single.

JENNY
So what're we gonna do?

SUZANNE
 (To Receptionist)
 Any other places nearby?

RECEPTIONIST
 Not that I'm aware of but I guess
 you can look.

LANA
 (Sarcastic)
 Thanks.

Another COUPLE approach the desk. The receptionist deals with them. Jenny sulks.

JENNY
 This is so not happening.

Suzanne looks around the foyer, which is busy with GUESTS coming and going. Lana clasps Suzanne's arm and takes her to one side.

LANA
 Look, Suzanne, you take the room
 here but let's try and find another
 place for me and those two.

SUZANNE
 Why you as well?

LANA
 It's my fault. I invited her.

SUZANNE
 What a pain!

LANA
 I know. Kind of messes things up
 but we can still do our stuff.

Suzanne considers this then seems agreeable. Jenny and Ross approach Suzanne and Lana.

ROSS
 So what's happening ladies?

Suzanne ignores Ross and Jenny and returns to the counter.

JENNY
 (To Ross)
 So rude.

SUZANNE

(To receptionist)
I'm going to stay here but we'll
try and find a room for our
friends.

The receptionist gestures to the couple at the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

In which case would you be okay
to keep the single and give up your
twin for these lovely people.

The couple smile expectantly at Suzanne.

EXT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL. DAY

Suzanne exits looking sternly ahead. Lana follows then Jenny
scurries after them followed by Ross.

JENNY

What's going on? I really need to
shower.

LANA

(Snaps)
What did I say about behaving
yourself?

JENNY

(Offended, unapologetic)
Wow! Sor-ry.

Suzanne opens the boot and they all place their bags
inside.

ROSS

Come on ladies, let's all be nice
to each other.

Suzanne gets in the driver's seat. The others get in the car.
Its respective doors are slammed. The car pulls away with a
wheel spin SQUEAL.

MONTAGE

- (1) The car winds and weaves along country roads.
- (2) Suzanne and the others gaze through the windows, looking,
searching for somewhere.
- (3) The car pulls up outside a small Bed and Breakfast.
- (4) Jenny and Ross walk towards the car shaking their heads,

thumbs down.

(5) The car whizzes over a small bridge across a river.

(6) Lana walks back to the car from a small cottage-like building in background. She shakes her head.

EXT/INT. CAR, COUNTRY ROAD. LATE AFTERNOON

Suzanne's car drives along the road. Lana, Jenny and Ross are wearily looking out of the car windows. The road is higher than woodland to the side and allows them to look down across the trees.

POV: some way off but visible is the large moss-covered roof of a building sitting amongst the dense woodland.

JENNY

Look, there's a place.

Suzanne, Lana and Ross peer through the windows.

SUZANNE

Is it a hotel?

JENNY

I don't know.

SUZANNE

Bit out of the way.

JENNY

Of course it is! It all is, we're in the fucking country.

Suzanne grips the steering wheel and grits her teeth.

EXT. DARK, NARROW, TREE-LINED, BUMPY TRACK. LATE AFTERNOON

The car slowly moves along, there are pot holes and branches strewn around. The car's wheel sinks into a pot hole with a CRUNCH.

JENNY O.S

Jesus Christ!

SUZANNE O.S

Are you sure about this?

LANA O.S

Worth a look.

INT. CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

Lana spots what looks like a sign attached to a tree but it is not clearly visible, obscured by vines.

LANA
Stop the car!

Suzanne breaks hard throwing Jenny and Ross forward. Jenny SCREAMS in Suzanne's ear. The car stops abruptly. Suzanne sharply looks around at Jenny.

SUZANNE
(Gritted teeth)
Is that really necessary?

JENNY
(Snaps)
I could've hit the windscreen.

LANA
(To Jenny)
Bullshit!

Ross shakes a finger in his ear.

ROSS
(To Jenny)
You've got a hell of a scream babe.

INT/ EXT. CAR / DARK, NARROW TRACK. LATE AFTERNOON

Lana gets out of the car and walks to the sign. She pulls back leaves and vines. It is old, worn and the paint is flaky but it reads:

Three Wells Inn. Travelers rest here

Lana holds the sign up towards the car

LANA
Bingo.

JENNY
Thank God.

Lana walks back to the car and gets in. The car continues on its way.

EXT. DARK, NARROW TRACK. LATE AFTERNOON

The car passes a partly hidden, faded and tattered sign lying at the side of the road. It is half covered with leaves and other fallen detritus. We can just make out the words:

DEMOLITION ORDER

INT/EXT. CAR, FRONT OF INN. LATE AFTERNOON

Suzanne's car wheels CRUNCH the pebbles and stones of an overgrown driveway to the Inn.

Reveal the large, old, three-storey, rusty-red stone brick and ivy-clad building we saw at the start. It has a more desolate, run-down appearance than earlier. The windows are in tact although obscured inside by heavy wooden shutters. They group look up at the building.

SUZANNE

No way it's open.

JENNY

Oh my God, it's a shit hole!

Jenny gets out of the car. Ross follows her. Suzanne opens her window and looks out. Lana looks on.

ROSS

Sometimes little gems are hidden away. Like that cosy wine bar I took you to the other night.

JENNY

Durgh, bit of a difference.

Suzanne and Lana watch as Jenny and Ross approach the building.

Jenny totters on her stolen high-heels. She stops to take them off and carries the shoes, tentatively picking her way across the stones.

SUZANNE

(To Lana)

Such a practical woman.

Jenny and Ross reach the front entrance to the Inn. They politely KNOCK on the heavy, thick, wooden door.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

OVERHEAD SHOT: A dark, gloomy space, there is a wooden reception counter and staircase.

INT. SMALL ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

C.U: A pair of eyes slowly open and stare straight ahead.

INT/EXT. SUZANNE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

Jenny looks over at Suzanne and Lana, sticks her tongue out then gives a self-assured smile. She holds hands with Ross.

LANA

Look at her. So depressed.
(Mimics Jenny) She's come away
to get over Jamie...

Suzanne smiles.

SUZANNE

Yeah, and get under Ross.

They both laugh. There is no answer at the front door. Jenny pushes it but it stays closed. Ross pushes the door, then puts his shoulder into it, banging against it a couple of times. Suzanne leans out of the car window.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Told you, no-one there. Let's go.

They determinedly try to push the door again.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

C.U: A woman's hand, pale and frail, places a large black key in the front door lock and quietly and slowly turns it.

EXT. INN, FRONT ENTRANCE. LATE AFTERNOON

Jenny and Ross are still pushing the door. Suzanne leans from the car window.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Try pulling it!

They look at Suzanne indignantly, then both pull hard on a large metal handle. The door opens, moving outwards, causing them to stumble backwards. Ross catches Jenny. Suzanne and Lana shake their heads. Jenny and Ross recover their composure and enter the Inn.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

Suzanne and Lana get out of the car and look around.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Bit creepy huh?

LANA

Or just quiet.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

Jenny looks around, she holds onto the wall to steady herself and puts her heels back on. Ross looks around.

ROSS

This is so cool, babe. Sort of romantic in an old school way.

JENNY

You're weird.

The hallway is large with a high ceiling and domed glass atrium which is the only source of light. Ceiling lights fade and flicker in the gloom. The decor is dirty, off-white, dusty and musty, but the place looks just about habitable.

There is a wooden floor and large sweeping staircase to one side, beneath the stairs is another wooden door. Byzantine-style paintings of nudes and violent scenes adorn the walls.

There is a large, painting above the door that leads to a bar. It is *Lilith* by John Collier, a striking image of a nude woman, with long, luscious red hair, entwined by a python. Jenny approaches a wooden reception area counter opposite the stairs.

She leans and stretches to look over and behind the counter. Her bottom points up in the air. Ross playfully SLAPS his hand across it and Jenny lets out a shrill YELP.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

Suzanne and Lana look at each other. They run to the front door.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

Suzanne and Lana enter at speed. Jenny is rubbing her bottom.

LANA

What's wrong?

Jenny pushes Ross who smiles inanely.

JENNY

Him! Dicking around.

FEMALE VOICE O.S

Hello my dears.

They all look around. Reveal MURIEL, 60s, standing in a doorway next to the reception desk. She is a tall, thin, pale, elegant woman, somewhat frail with long, silver-grey hair. She is dressed rather incongruously in a bottle green evening dress.

MURIEL
I'm Muriel. You are welcome.

ROSS
Do you have any vacancies?

MURIEL
Yes.

ROSS
Sweet. (To Jenny) See babe we're good.

Muriel slowly moves across the hall.

ROSS (CONT'D)
I'll get our bags.

JENNY
Can we check the rooms first?

Ross keeps walking.

ROSS
(nonchalant)
She's got vacancies. It's cool.

He exits the Inn.

SUZANNE
(To Lana)
Are you okay with this?

LANA
It looks fine Suzanne. You go.

Lana kisses Suzanne's cheek.

SUZANNE
I still feel bad about the other place.

Lana clasps Suzanne's wrist.

LANA
Let's start enjoying this weekend.

SUZANNE
I could cancel the other place and stay here with you?

Lana smiles.

LANA
Please don't. Go and relax.

SUZANNE
Catch you later. Call yeah.

Suzanne exits the Inn. Lana looks up around the hallway. It looms high above her. She walks towards the bar.

INT. INN, BAR. LATE AFTERNOON

Three bags rest next to the bar. Jenny, Lana and Ross are sitting at the bar with drinks. Muriel tries to open a bottle of red wine. Her hands shake. Lana looks around.

LANA
Do you have any other guests?

MURIEL
Not at the moment.

Lana notices she is struggling to open the bottle of wine.

LANA
Let me do that.

She takes the wine bottle and opener from her.

JENNY
Being stuck out here doesn't help.
We nearly missed you.

MURIEL
But thankfully you didn't.

Lana POPS out the cork in the wine bottle.

ROSS
Is there anything to eat around
here?

Lana hands the wine back to Muriel and she places the bottle on the bar.

MURIEL
Let me get you something.

Muriel exits.

ROSS
She's cool. Cheers ladies. Well
this is nice eh.

He toasts Jenny and Lana. Jenny scowls at him.

JENNY

Please can you stop pretending it's
the Savoy.

Ross slides his arm around Jenny's waist and pulls her
towards him.

ROSS

Babe, it doesn't matter where we
are, you're still beautiful.

They kiss. Lana looks irritated.

LANA

Should I leave?

EXT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL DRIVEWAY. EVENING

Suzanne's car returns and she parks up. She gets out, grabs
her bag from the boot (trunk) and enters the hotel.

INT. INN, FIRST FLOOR ROOM. EVENING

The door is unlocked, opens and Muriel enters. Reveal the
room, it is empty. Muriel goes to a corner of the room. We
see a pile of dusty looking backpacks and suitcases. Two of
the bags are the ones we saw at the start that belonged to
the young couple.

Muriel unzips one of the backpacks and searches through it.
She takes out a packet of biscuits and dried fruit. She opens
another bag and removes a bar of chocolate and some nuts.

EXT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL DRIVEWAY. EVENING

A taxi pulls up and Dr Paul Collins gets out. He pays the
driver, takes his bag, looks up at the hotel then enters.

INT. INN, STAIRS TO FIRST FLOOR. LATE AFTERNOON

Muriel slowly leads Jenny, Ross and Lana upstairs and along a
narrow hallway. There are more lurid paintings depicting
nudes and hedonistic scenes.

The interior of the house is very dark, old-fashioned, with
bare stone walls. Muriel unlocks a door and shows them
inside.

MURIEL

Here we are. It's not much but
it's...

ROSS
 (Laughs)
 Cheap?

Muriel looks at Ross pointedly.

MURIEL
 It's home!

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

They inspect the room, it is the same one as we saw at the start. The decor is shabby and faded. It has a large metal-framed bed and bedside table and lamp, positioned beneath a large ceiling fan. Jenny looks up at the fan. It is motionless.

JENNY
 I need a shower.

On the bed we see the food that Muriel took from the bags, biscuits, dried fruit and chocolate.

ROSS
 (laughing)
 I see room service have been.

MURIEL
 I hope it suffices.

LANA
 No chance of a cooked meal then?

Muriel looks at Lana who then grabs a bag of dried fruit.

LANA (CONT'D)
 Joke. It's fine.

There is a door to an en-suite bathroom, a large wardrobe, a wooden chair and French doors that open onto a flat roof terrace.

The light outside is fading. The sky looks crimson, beautiful, yet ominous. Jenny opens the door to the en suite bathroom

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM, EN SUITE BATHROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

Jenny enters and looks around.

JENNY
 Oh my God! Look at this.

Reveal a rather sparse, grimy toilet and a shower above a dirty bath. The shower curtain is covered in black mildew mold.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Seriously, I cannot stay here.

Ross looks around the door frame.

ROSS
 I've stayed in worse.

JENNY
 You are taking the piss!

Muriel moves past Ross into the en suite close to Jenny.

MURIEL
 You seem unhappy.

She clasps her wrist and turns her forearm to read her tattoo. Jenny is surprised by the physical contact.

JENNY
 Hey!

C.U: Her forearm has a Latin inscription inked in Gothic font that reads:

Vive celeriter, morietur puer

Muriel reads it.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 It's Latin. It says, you only live once. YOLO, yeah.

Muriel shakes her head.

MURIEL
 No, it says live fast, die young.

Jenny re-examines the tattoo.

JENNY
 But my tattoo artist said...

MURIEL
 So have you lived fast?

Muriel looks at Jenny. Jenny looks at the tattoo, confused. Lana looks around the door to the bathroom.

LANA
 (To Muriel)
 Can I see my room please?

Muriel turns and smiles at Lana.

MURIEL
 Of course.

Muriel and Lana leave. Jenny is still figuring out how her tattoo went wrong. Ross slides his hands round her waist and nuzzles her neck. Jenny rolls her neck to the side.

ROSS
 It's all fine babe?

Ross kisses Jenny's neck.

JENNY
 Okay, we'll just stay tonight.
 Let's shower.

INT. INN, TOP FLOOR BOX ROOM. EVENING

Lana looks at the room. It has a single bed, wardrobe and dressing table and wooden chair. There is a skylight in the sloping ceiling formed from the apex of the main roof. The little window has bars across it. Lana looks around.

MURIEL
 The bathroom is downstairs.

Muriel smiles thinly and leaves.

LANA
 Thank you.

Lana places her case on the bed.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. EVENING

The shower is running though the water has a brown tinge. Jenny and Ross watch the water gurgle down the plug hole.

JENNY
 Is it alright? Looks like shit.

ROSS
 It's fine. Just old pipes I guess.

INT. BOX ROOM. EVENING

Lana starts to unpack her clothes and hang them up in the wardrobe.

She then changes her mind and leaves only a few items out. The rest gets placed back in the case. She takes out a toilet bag and dressing gown then slides the case under the bed.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

Ross is now lying in bed holding his phone as Jenny exits the en suite bathroom with a towel wrapped around her.

JENNY

I don't feel very fresh after that.

She starts looking for something. Ross photographs her again with his phone. She ignores him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Have you seen my bracelet?

ROSS

Which one?

Jenny is still looking round the room.

JENNY

The one Jamie gave me.

Jenny looks around the floor for her bracelet. He puts down his phone.

ROSS

No, but I've got something else for you.

Jenny looks up at Ross. He is crudely stroking himself under the sheet.

INT. INN, LANDING. EVENING

Muriel approaches the door to the double room, she stops and listens outside.

JENNY O.S

(annoyed)

So I'm supposed to drop everything 'cause you've got the horn.

ROSS O.S

That's the plan.

JENNY O.S

One track mind.

Muriel walks off.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

Jenny is still searching for the bracelet. Ross watches her. She brushes by him and he grabs her wrist and pulls her down towards him.

ROSS
You're so hot.

She smiles and sits down on the bed. He sits up and kisses her neck.

JENNY
What about my bracelet.

He tears off her towel. He quickly grapples her down onto the bed and turns her, pinning her to the mattress by her wrists.

ROSS
We'll find it later.

Ross lies on top of her. Jenny smiles.

JENNY
Promise.

ROSS
If we don't I'll steal a new one.

They laugh, then kiss.

INT. HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. EVENING

Muriel appears somewhat younger, her hair now dark grey, she is more animated and energetic. She is sitting at a big, old, wooden desk.

She opens her hand and reveals the bracelet that Jenny was wearing. She slowly spins it around a finger.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

C.U: On Jenny and Ross's faces. They are having sex.

The bed CREAKS and Jenny giggles at the noise it makes.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Shush... you're putting me off.

INT. HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. EVENING

Muriel is still spinning the bracelet. She appears to have further rejuvenated looking visibly younger. Muriel GASPS. The bracelet stops spinning abruptly.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

Ross rolls away from Jenny who looks disappointed. Ross breathes heavily and gently strokes her hair and smiles. Jenny looks up at the ceiling. The fan is slowly turning.

INT. INN, DRAWING ROOM. EVENING

Muriel unlocks a draw. She takes out a small, wooden box and places the bracelet inside.

It contains other pieces of jewellery; rings, bracelets, necklaces. She locks the box and places it back in the drawer.

INT. SMALL BOX ROOM. EVENING

The room is empty. Lana's clothes lie on the bed.

O.S: There is a BUZZ and SNAP.

In the corner of the room, little sparks dance around then disappear.

Lana enters, wrapped in a white towel, hair still wet from a shower. She takes a smaller towel and dries her hair. She sits on the bed, takes out her mobile phone and punches in a number.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, BAR. EVENING

Suzanne is finally relaxing. She sits at the bar sipping a glass of wine. Her phone RINGS. She checks the display and answers.

INTERCUT

SUZANNE

How're you doing?

We hear WHITE NOISE interference on their call

LANA

Just showered. What was that?

SUZANNE

How's your signal?

Lana checks her phone. The screen flickers.

LANA
That's odd. My phone is playing up.

SUZANNE
But how's your room?

LANA
Bit rough and ready but it'll do.

SUZANNE
(Laughs)
You've not killed those two yet
then.

INT. INN, TOP OF STAIRS TO BOX ROOM. EVENING

Muriel quietly approaches the door and eavesdrops on Lana.

INTERCUT

LANA O.S
Jenny can be quite selfish.

SUZANNE
I can't see her enjoying the
outdoors.

LANA
Well she can please herself.

Muriel eases away from the door.

SUZANNE
I'll pick you up at nine AM.

LANA
Great. Sleep well.

SUZANNE
And you.

Suzanne nods and hangs up. Lana looks at her phone the screen flickers again. She takes out her charger cable and plugs it into the wall next to the bedside lamp.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, BAR. EVENING

BACK TO:

Dr Collins enters and looks around. He orders a drink. He looks around the room at other GUESTS sat drinking and chatting.

Suzanne finishes her drink and looks along the bar at Dr

Collins. Their eyes meet, he politely nods and smiles at her. Suzanne reciprocates as she stands up and leaves the bar. Dr Collins checks her out as she leaves. He looks impressed.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Silence and stillness. Jenny and Ross are soundly sleeping. The door to their room slowly swings open. A blue spark ARCS across the ceiling. A light breeze sweeps across the room and blows the curtains at the French windows. The ceiling fan turns at a faster pace.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM. NIGHT

Lana, wearing a vest and shorts, is sitting on the bed working on her laptop. She gets up and plugs the laptop into a wall socket. Lana notices this affects the intensity of the bedside light. The bulb brightness fluctuates then fades.

She quickly unplugs the laptop and the bulb glows again. She closes her laptop and puts it in her bag then gets into bed. She reaches over, turns out the light and settles down to sleep.

INT. INN, DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

Muriel, wearing a bathrobe, exits to another room. We cannot -see what is beyond a large, panelled wooden door.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne exits a rather more elegant en suite bathroom in a tee-shirt and shorts. She slides onto the bed and looks at a copy of the sports magazine Lana works for.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM. NIGHT

Lana is fitful as she tries to sleep.

C.U on her phone. The screen flickers, glows bright, sparks CRACKLE around the phone, it then abruptly goes dark.

Lana sits up, she looks uneasy. She glances around the room, quickly gets out of bed, grabs a chair and wedges it under the door handle. She tests to see if the door moves, but it is firmly closed. She gets back into bed and pulls the sheet around her.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne puts the magazine down and pensively stares straight ahead. She lies down, turns out the light and slowly closes her eyes.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM. NIGHT

There is a BUZZ and CRACKLE. Electrical sparks arc along the ceiling.

Lana GASPS and fumbles for the light switch. She hastily clicks it back on. It slowly flickers and illuminates. She sits up and looks around the room.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Jenny and Ross are sleeping. Sparks BUZZING along the ceiling around the fan which turns at speed.

INT. BOX ROOM. NIGHT

C.U: On Lana. She lies awake, staring at the fluctuating glow of her bedside light. She slowly closes her eyes.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL ROOM. MORNING

SWISH. Suzanne opens the curtains, dressed in her Lycra climbing clothes. Sunshine pours in through the window.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM. MORNING

Lana is getting dressed, putting on her outdoor gear. She looks tired and unsettled. She checks her phone. It doesn't come on.

INT. INN, DOUBLE BEDROOM. MORNING

The door is still open. Watery sunlight, diffused by curtains light across the French windows, lights Jenny and Ross who are still sleeping. The ceiling fan gently rotates.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, BREAKFAST ROOM. MORNING

Hotel GUESTS come and go, others sit eating breakfast or serve themselves. Suzanne pours a coffee.

She looks around. Dr Collins is standing next to her pouring cereal. He has a laptop clasped under his arm and bag over his shoulder. He smiles.

Suzanne moves to a table. She sits down. Dr Collins takes his bowl and looks round the room. He walks towards Suzanne.

DR COLLINS

Morning, mind if I join you?

She beckons him to sit down and they shake hands.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Paul Collins.

SUZANNE
Suzanne Tate.

Dr Collins sits down.

DR COLLINS
On holiday?

SUZANNE
Weekend rock climbing. My friend
is doing a feature for a magazine
and needs some photos.

Dr Collins looks around.

DR COLLINS
Where is he?

SUZANNE
She! She's staying at another
place. I'm picking her up shortly.
Are you on holiday?

DR COLLINS
Alas, no, work. Research actually.

SUZANNE
Oh really, research into what?

He takes the magazine clipping from a notebook and shows
Suzanne. She reads it.

DR COLLINS
My interests are Parapsychology,
telepathy, precognition,
psychokinesis. Apparently he is
speaking here today. I hope to pick
his brains, get a few leads.

She hands the clipping back to Dr Paul.

SUZANNE
Isn't it all bullshit, like
astrology or aromatherapy?

DR COLLINS
(laughs)
Ah, I see we have a skeptic.

She looks him in the eye.

SUZANNE
I just need physical proof before I
believe anything.

Dr Collins opens a bag and places an EMF meter on the table.
She looks at it, then back at Dr Collins.

SUZANNE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What's that?

DR COLLINS
It measures EMF, electro-magnetic
fields.

SUZANNE
What does that prove?

DR COLLINS
The key characteristic of places
that have reported paranormal
activity is unusual EMF readings.

SUZANNE
So, weird reading equals ghost at
home yeah?

DR COLLINS
(Intense)
No, no, maybe a residual haunting.
Energy cannot be created or
destroyed, only changed from one
form to another.

Suzanne smiles and gestures to his breakfast bowl.

SUZANNE
Speaking of energy. How's your
cereal?

DR COLLINS
It can wait. In theory when we die,
the life force that drives us has
to go somewhere else.

SUZANNE
Life after death?

DR COLLINS
Possibly, or some other
manifestation.

He takes a mouthful of cereal. Suzanne smiles, stands up from
the table and grabs her bag.

SUZANNE

Well this beats talking about the weather. Good luck with with your meeting today. I hope it's not a fool's errand.

DR COLLINS

Thanks, good luck with the climb.

Suzanne turns to leave. Dr Collins watches, then stands up.

DR COLLINS O.S

Suzanne!

She turns. Dr Collins stands and approaches her.

DR COLLINS O.S (CONT'D)

Not sure how to put this but...

SUZANNE

I'll be back around six.

DR COLLINS

Maybe we could have dinner?

SUZANNE

That would be lovely.

Suzanne leaves. Dr Collins smiles to himself. Suzanne also looks quite pleased. There is a connection between them.

INT. INN, LANDING. MORNING

Lana is dressed in her rock climbing gear with a camera case and back pack hanging from her shoulders. She walks along the narrow hallway and approaches the door to the double room. She sees it is open. She peers round the door into the room.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny and Ross lie motionless in bed, a white sheet draped over them. Lana slowly approaches the bed.

LANA

(Whisper)

Jenny.

No response. She leans closer.

LANA (CONT'D)

(Soft)

Jenny, wake up!

Jenny GASPS and sits up clasping the sheet around her.

JENNY
Fuck! What are you doing?!

LANA
Are you coming climbing?

Ross stirs.

ROSS
What's up Jen?

JENNY
Are we going climbing?

He smiles, eyes still closed.

ROSS
Fuck that shit!

Lana rolls her eyes. Jenny closes her eyes, turns and snuggles up to Ross.

JENNY
We're just chillaxing.

LANA
(irritated)
I hate that word.

Lana heads for the door.

JENNY
Whatever.

Still hugging Ross and without looking at Jenny, she gives a flappy 'go away' hand in Lana's direction.

Lana leaves, closing the door behind her. Little sparks jump around the door frame.

Jenny and Ross start to kiss and caress again. Ross abruptly stops, Jenny pulls a face.

ROSS
Hang on.

He grabs his mobile phone. Presses the screen to open the camera app.

JENNY
You're spoiling the mood.

He rests the phone on the bedside table leaning against a lamp.

ROSS

Wait babe.

C.U on phone screen: It shows a reverse shot of the room, the top of the bed, Ross on top of Jenny with the door in the background. Ross's arm reaches and his finger presses the phone's screen.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Little memento. We can watch it later.

JENNY

(Laughs)

Dirty boy.

Ross laughs. They kiss and cuddle up.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL FOYER. MORNING

Dr Collins is waiting by the door. A group of apparent GHOST HUNTERS, various nationalities, start to congregate around him. They are all carrying EMFs and other ghost hunting paraphernalia. Dr Collins looks curious, he nods at them. Craig HANSEN, 40s, a bespectacled, bearded nerd, approaches.

CRAIG

Go-o-o-d morning ghost hunters.
Ready to be spooked.

The group collectively say 'WOOH!' then laugh. Dr Collins looks surprised and embarrassed.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. MORNING

Lana crosses from the stairs to the front door. Muriel slowly comes out from the office behind the counter. She appears visibly younger, like a woman in her 50s. Her hair grey but darker, she has more colour in her face.

MURIEL

Leaving already?

LANA

Morning. No, no, I'm meeting a friend. We're going climbing. You look better by the way.

Muriel nods towards the stairs.

MURIEL
What about the others?

LANA
They're staying here. Did you
colour your hair?

O.S: The sound of Suzanne's car arriving, its engine revs and
tyres CRUNCH on the pebbles and rubble of the Inn's driveway.
Lana starts to leave.

LANA (CONT'D)
Anywhere to get breakfast?

Muriel ignore Lana and goes back into the office and closes
the door. Lana shrugs and heads for the front door.

EXT. INN, DRIVEWAY. MORNING

She exits the Inn as Suzanne's car pulls up.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. MORNING

Suzanne watches the road ahead. She looks at Lana who seems
distant.

SUZANNE
You okay?

LANA
Didn't sleep too well.

SUZANNE
Rubbish bed?

LANA
The place just feels old and
miserable and weird stuff too.

SUZANNE
Weird?

LANA
I don't know. Some sort of sparks.
Dodgy electrics I guess. My phone's
shorted or something. It's not
working anyway.

SUZANNE
Did you tell the woman?

LANA
No, it stopped. It's only for
another night anyway.

SUZANNE

So Jenny didn't fancy climbing.
What a surprise. Can't say I'm
sorry.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Sunlight pours in through the curtains.

O.S: We hear sex sounds. Jenny's SIGHS and Ross's GRUNTS.

C.U: On Ross and Jenny's faces as they make love.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM - MORNING

A dimly lit, bare stone room.

C.U: On Muriel's eyes. Her pupils dilate.

C.U: On a Muriel's feet. A robe drops around them.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

C.U: Jenny's head moves back and forth. Ross's lies on top of her, his head buried in the pillow, his shoulders rocking as he thrusts into Jenny.

Ross looks up at his phone screen, childishly grins and sticks his tongue out.

Unnoticed by Jenny and Ross, sparks CRACKLE and arc across the ceiling and the fan starts to increase its speed.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. MORNING

A dimly lit, dank, bare stone room. Reveal Muriel kneeling down, looking at a bath size pool cut into the stone floor.

The dark water is still, a few bubbles break the surface. The water seems to be an electrolyte. Large electrodes are attached to the edge of copper sheeting which runs down the side of the pool into the water. The electrodes are attached to cables that are bolted directly to the wall of the Inn. Muriel stands and leaves the room.

INT. THREE WELLS INN. MORNING

Throughout the entire house, sparks CRACKLE and dance around the ceiling and doorways.

In the hallway, along the landings, the reception area and the bar. They then die down and dissipate.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Ross rolls off Jenny, sweating and breathing heavily. He strokes her hair. She is irritated and bats his hand away.

JENNY

I was just getting going.

ROSS

Sorry babe. Give me a minute.

INT. INN, HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Muriel approaches Ross and Jenny's room. She listens at the door.

JENNY O.S

Don't be a selfish lover?

ROSS O.S

What's that supposed to mean?

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny is sitting up in bed, the sheet clasped around her. Ross turns to face her.

JENNY

I have needs.

ROSS

We had sex, what's wrong?

JENNY

Oh my God...

Jenny reaches for her bag, takes out a cigarette and lights up. She inhales deeply, annoyed with Ross. He leans over and kisses her shoulder.

ROSS

I'm sorry babe.

She exhales but lets him continue for a moment.

JENNY

That's better.

He sits up and nuzzles into her neck. She smiles.

ROSS

(soft)

Now can I have a cigarette?

Jenny jumps out of bed realizing his ruse.

JENNY
You asshole!

ROSS
What!

JENNY
Are you using me?

INT. LANDING, OUTSIDE DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Muriel listens intently. She is enjoying the conflict. Sparks CRACKLE along the walls.

ROSS O.S
You're imagining things.

JENNY O.S
Really, so I imagined you have no consideration for my pleasure?

Muriel smiles, she is wearing Jenny's bracelet and strokes it.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

The ceiling fan is now spinning at high speed. Ross snaps, he jumps out of bed. He grabs a towel and wraps it around his waist.

ROSS
Jamie was right, you are spoilt.

Jenny is shocked. She stares in disbelief.

JENNY
You've been talking about me!

ROSS
Course we have. It's what guys do. Just like girls talk about guys. He told me all about you.

JENNY
Oh my God! What did he say?

Ross raises an eyebrow and moves towards the en suite.

ROSS (CONT'D)
You don't wanna know.

JENNY
Tell me!

Ross stops, turns and looks her in the eye.

ROSS
 Alright then... Princess, little
 Miss Me-me, then there's bitch from
 hell and... (smiles) easy ride.

INT. INN, LANDING OUTSIDE DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Muriel is still listening at the door.

INT. Inn, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny is furious, she throws one of the stolen shoes at Ross as he enters the en suite and slams the door.

JENNY
 Agh! I'm leaving!

ROSS O.S
 Really, how are you getting back!

JENNY
 I'm not staying here. Fuck you!

Jenny grabs her case and throws it onto the bed. She hurls clothes into it but then throws some down in frustration.

She petulantly sweeps everything onto the floor, lies down on the bed and pulls the sheet over her head; ashamed, angry and indignant.

EXT. ROCK FACE. MORNING

Suzanne is standing on a rocky ledge. She snaps open her collapsible grappling hook and swings the rope.

Lana watches her, some distance below, camera poised.

LANA
 How are you doing?

SUZANNE
 I'm okay, I think. It's good to
 climb again.

Lana photographs her as Suzanne releases the hook and rope.

The hook lands on top of the rock face and is pulled back. It catches hold on a rocky outcrop.

Suzanne is wearing gloves. She starts to hoist herself up the rope, seemingly walking vertically up the rock.

LANA

This'll make a great shot!

Lana smiles and takes more photographs.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM, EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross is shaving, he laughs to himself, reflecting on the argument with Jenny.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny pulls the sheet down from over her head. She has been crying; her lip quivers, her pride hurt. She stares up at the ceiling fan.

C.U: The blades of the fan are rotating at speed.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, CORRIDOR. MORNING

Craig Hansen leads Dr Collins and the group of a dozen ghost hunters along a corridor. Dr Collins closely follows Hansen.

DR COLLINS

But I was led to believe you're offering strong evidence on the paranormal. That's how you're presented in the magazine.

Hansen SHUSHES Dr Collins and turns to face the group. They gather around.

HANSEN

Ladies and gentlemen, this part of the hotel is of particular interest to us. Sighting of the original owner has been reported by several guests. He died in 1998.

The group break out video cameras, audio recorders, ghost hunting devices and paraphernalia. Dr Collins looks annoyed.

DR COLLINS

I was hoping for a compelling discussion and proper evidence not a circus sideshow.

Hansen turns to Dr Collins.

HANSEN

Sir, this building is of great interest to paranormal enthusiasts.

DR COLLINS
I'm a serious academic but this...

HANSEN
In which case check out my book,
it's full of great anecdotes.

Hansen and the group walk off down the corridor. Dr Collins lets them go.

DR COLLINS
This is a total sham! You're a fake
Hansen, do you hear! A charlatan!

A hotel MAID approaches with a trolley, Dr Collins is blocking the hallway.

MAID
Excuse me, can I get past please.

Dr Collins looks at her glibly.

DR COLLINS
So are you an apparition as well?

EXT. ROCK FACE. MORNING

Suzanne is near the top of the ridge. Lana, take a rapid succession of shots of her with the camera.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross is showering. He massages shampoo into his hair and starts to SING.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny has calmed down, she appears mesmerised by the blades of the fan.

C.U: The blades of the fan rotate at speed making a soft F-F-F-F-F sound as they slice through the air.

C.U: Jenny's face, her eyes looking up.

E.C.U: On Jenny's eye. The spinning fan blades are reflected in her iris and pupil.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross is showering, still singing to himself.

INT. ROCK FACE. MORNING

Suzanne is near the top of the rock. She stops and looks down at Lana.

SUZANNE
(Shouts)
How's that?

Lana gives her a thumbs up. Suzanne hops back down the rock using the rope.

Lana continues to snap away with her camera. Suzanne YELLS with delight, her confidence has returned.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

C.U: The blades of the fan blades rotating.

SFX: A distant, distorted SCREAM, hardly audible.

Jenny's eyes are closed. They flicker open. She gazes at the fan, heavy-eyed. Her eyes slowly close again.

C.U: The blades of the fan rotate, F-F-F-F-F-F

SFX: A distorted SCREAM, less distant, more audible.

Jenny is disturbed. She opens her eyes again. She catches sight of something in the blades.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross stands with his head facing down towards the plug-hole. Water runs through his hair and down his face. He blows water away from his mouth and nose.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny's POV: The whirring fan blades.

She is alarmed and pushes herself up onto her elbows. She stares up at the fan, mesmerised.

Jenny's POV: The whirring fan blades.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Jenny closes her eyes, then opens them quickly, closes them, opens them. Now she is scared.

JENNY
(Shouts)
Ross!

She has seen something in the blades of the fan.

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross is still in the shower. He lifts his head and listens, then turns off the shower.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Jenny sits, then stands up on the bed. She drops the bed sheet.

OVERHEAD POV SHOT: Looking down on Jenny, as she stares up through the rotating fan blades, fearful, yet fascinated.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(Shouts)

Ross... Come... Look at this!

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross dries himself and smiles.

ROSS

Change of heart eh babe?

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

We view Jenny from behind, she is naked, standing on the bed, gazing up into the fan blades.

C.U: On Jenny's face, she suddenly looks horrified and SCREAMS.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM, EN SUITE BATHROOM. MORNING

Ross is drying his hair, he cringes at Jenny's piercing cry.

ROSS

(CONT'D)

Woah, Jeez! (Shouts) I'll be out in a minute.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

C.U: On Jenny's clothes, suitcase and the stolen high heels. Blue flashes reflect across the floor.

O.S: There is a gurgling, visceral FIZZ and BUZZ.

Reveal Jenny's body held in an electrical vortex that arcs from the fan to the floor. Her eyes roll backwards, she shakes violently and begins to foam at the mouth. Her life force appears to be sucked from of her physical form.

Jenny's body rapidly ages. Muscle and tissue waste away. Her now decrepit, pale, withered body collapses back onto the bed.

She lets out a final GASP, death rattle. Her body rapidly decomposes, turning green, then blue and black, before mummifying, then skeletalising.

Her remains disintegrate to dust which is blown into the air by the fan blades and out through the French windows which open spontaneously then close. Jenny has gone.

The fan turns at high speed and electricity crackles and sparks around the room.

INT. COUNTRY CAR PARK. MORNING

Suzanne and Lana throw their gear in the back of the car. They high five and embrace.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Ross enters from the en suite. He looks but there is no sign of Jenny. Her clothes, shoes and case are still there.

The fan rotates at high-speed. The door to the room is still closed. Ross looks confused. He quickly dresses. Sparks still CRACKLE across the ceiling. Ross sees them and is alarmed.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. MORNING

A dimly lit, dank, bare stone room. Reveal Muriel viewed from behind. She is naked and stands in front of the bath size pool cut into the stone floor.

The electrolyte fizzes with energy. Muriel slowly emerges herself in the water. The pool begins to glow. Tiny blue sparks dance around the edge. She lowers herself into the water and smiles.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Throughout the entire house, sparks CRACKLE and dance around the ceiling and doorways. In the hallway, along the landings, the reception area and the bar. They then die down and dissipate.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DR COLLINS ROOM. DAY

A disgruntled looking Dr Collins enters and throws his bag onto the bed. He sits down and opens his laptop.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, HALL. MORNING

Ross, dressed in vest, shorts and flip-flops, bounds down the stairs. The building is still dark, shutters over windows still locked.

He goes to the reception counter. He looks through the office door behind the counter. No sign of Muriel.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Hello!

MURIEL O.S
Yes.

Ross jumps and turns.

ROSS
Jesus! Who are you?

Reveal Muriel. She looks much younger, 30s and shapely and her hair is dark and lustrous. She is also wearing a more revealing dress which Ross notices.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Have you seen a girl, Jenny?

MURIEL
She was very upset after your argument.

ROSS
I was only joking. Where is she?

MURIEL
She didn't think so.

Ross notices Muriel is wearing Jenny's bracelet.

ROSS
Where d'you get that?

MURIEL
It was a gift.

ROSS
It looks like Jenny's. She lost it.

Muriel smiles.

MURIEL
Can I get you a drink?

Ross looks concerned.

ROSS
I'd better call her.

MURIEL

She'll come back, once she's calmed
down.

Ross looks at Muriel who looks at him seductively.

ROSS

Yeah?

MURIEL

She needs you more than you need
her.

Beat. Ross thinks for a moment.

ROSS

Actually, yeah, yeah, you're right.
Little princess. I'm not the one
who stormed out.

Muriel smiles and walks into the bar. Ross is drawn to her.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

Suzanne is driving. Lana checks photos on the camera's LCD
screen.

C.U: Spectacular action shots of Suzanne climbing the rock
face.

LANA

These are great.

SUZANNE

So how about we climb for fun
tomorrow?

LANA

I feel bad about Jenny. She's a
pain, but she's a mate.

SUZANNE

And your loyalty is admirable.

LANA

What are we doing tonight?

SUZANNE

Ah.

LANA

What?

SUZANNE
I've got a date.

LANA
Jeez, you work quick.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, BAR. DAY

Ross is sitting at the bar. Muriel stands opposite him. They are laughing together. Ross slowly stands up.

ROSS
Let me call Jenny.

She clasps his hand.

MURIEL
But we're having a good time.

ROSS
I know but I feel...

Muriel kisses Ross passionately and grabs his crotch. They break.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Woah! Fast worker.

MURIEL
Little princess doesn't need to know.

They kiss again and Muriel leads Ross from the bar.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DR COLLINS ROOM. DAY

Dr Collins is sitting on his bed working on his laptop.

C.U: On the screen, checking emails. He notices there is one from the student Louise. He opens it, it reads:

*HI DR COLLINS, RESEARCH COMING
ALONG WELL. ANYTHING YOU
CAN ADD PLEASE CALL ME ON
07090888776. LOUISE*

Dr Collins smiles and nods. He closes the email, puts down the laptop, checks his watch, stands up and starts to take off his shirt.

EXT/INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

The car approaches along the track to the Inn.

SUZANNE

Tell you what, let's all meet up tomorrow and do something before we head back so it's not been a total waste.

LANA

Okay, I'll speak to Jenny.

The car pulls up outside the Inn. Lana gets out.

LANA (CONT'D)

Enjoy your date.

SUZANNE

You know how first dates are, awkward...

LANA

Or awesome.

Suzanne smiles and drives away. Lana looks up at the inn.

FADE OUT:

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, SUZANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Suzanne exits the shower in a bath robe. She takes some clothes from a small suitcase. She holds up the blue dress.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. EVENING

Lana enters and looks around. All is quiet. She checks the bar but it is empty. She slowly heads up the stairs.

INT. BOX ROOM. EVENING

Lana stripped down to her crop top and shorts and sits on the bed. She takes a sandwich and a bottle of water out of her bag and starts to eat it. She looks at her phone and tries to turn it on. The screen stays black. The phone dead.

JENNY

Fuck!

She throws the phone down on the bed.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, SUZANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING

C.U: Suzanne's bag sits on the bed. We see Lana's charger cable is coiled up inside.

Suzanne dries her hair oblivious to Lana's plight.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. DAY

The fan is spinning hard above the bed. Reveal Ross on top of Muriel on the bed. They are making out and Ross is working hard.

MURIEL

Did you fuck her in this bed?

Ross looks down at Muriel pushing into her.

ROSS

Oh yeah, babe, but this is so much better.

Ross grips Muriel's wrists but she suddenly grips Ross's hands and instantaneously flips him over. She pins him to the bed and controls him.

ROSS (CONT'D)

So it's like that is it.

He struggles to free himself but Muriel is too strong for him. He looks concerned and the corners of the bedsheets animate and entwine Ross's wrists and ankles holding him spread-eagle on the mattress. Muriel gets off the bed and looks down at Ross dominantly. He laughs nervously.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Let me go babe

INT. INN, BOX ROOM, TOP FLOOR. EVENING

Lana sits on the edge of the bed, looking at her dead mobile phone. She searches in her bag.

INT. INN, FIRST FLOOR ROOM. EVENING

Muriel stands over Ross. The metal blade fan spins at speed above his head.

ROSS (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

She firmly clasps his head and points it up towards the fan.

MURIEL

Look at it!

Ross looks up at the fan. He struggles against Muriel's grip but she is too strong. He tries to look away. Muriel forces his head back, roughly holding his eye lids open with her fingertips. He stares at the fan, entranced, then terrified.

A vortex of light FLASHES down and strikes him between the eyes with a visceral, watery FIZZ and BUZZ. Muriel lets go.

The vortex draws out his life force and he instantly begins to age, grey hair, muscles atrophy. The light burns deeper into him, as if sucking out his soul, his body jolts, wracked by its energy.

Ross grows pale, turns into a wizened and feeble wreck. He lets out a final GASP and dies. The body rots then completely disintegrates and turns to dust, whisked away by the fan, leaving no trace of his body.

The electrical vortex ceases abruptly. Muriel smiles. The fan continues to WHIR at high speed. SPARKS arc and shimmer across the ceiling.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM, TOP FLOOR. EVENING

Lana walks to the door and exits.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, SUZANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Suzanne zips up her blue evening dress. She looks completely different. She has styled her hair and applied make-up. She slips on some heels and inspects herself in the mirror, smoothing down the dress.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

Lana slowly approaches the doorway to Jenny and Ross's room. The door is wide open. She looks in.

The bed is unmade, no sign of Jenny or Ross. Their clothes, cases and personal belongings have gone.

The fan above the bed rotates at speed. Lana goes to the French windows. They are locked but the key is in a door. She turns it and walks outside.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. MORNING

A dimly lit, dank, bare stone room. Reveal Muriel, she drops her gown and steps into electrolyte pool in the floor.

Tiny blue sparks dance around her body. She slowly starts to grow more youthful. She smiles with satisfaction.

EXT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, ROOF TERRACE. EVENING

The sun is setting. It is an idyllic and peaceful scene but Lana looks incredibly vulnerable, half-dressed and barefoot. She walks across the flat roof terrace.

She looks over the balustrade. It is a sixty feet, sheer drop to rough gravel and stones below. Vines cover the wall. Lana warily moves back from the edge.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, SUZANNE'S ROOM. EVENING

Suzanne is checking her make-up, she looks amazing but an element of doubt registers on her face. There is a gentle TAP-TAP on the door. She smooths down her dress then opens the door.

Reveal Dr Collins wearing a sharp, slim fit suit, shirt and tie. He looks Suzanne up and down.

DR COLLINS

You look amazing.

SUZANNE

Thank you. (smiles) You're not so bad yourself. Nice suit.

DR COLLINS

Thank you. Shall we go?

Suzanne smiles, grabs her keys and phone from her bag and they leave.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, HALLWAY. NIGHT

They walk down a plush carpeted hallway. Dr Collins offers his elbow and they link arms. A handsome couple.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. EVENING

Lana enters the room from the roof terrace. She closes and locks the door, leaving the key in the lock.

She is about to leave then double-takes on Ross's mobile phone which is still propped up against the lamp on the bedside table. She picks it up and looks at the phone. The screen is black. She presses the home button and remembers the code he disclosed to her earlier. She enters it: 1-9-9-2.

C.U: On the phone screen. The battery life shows 30% left. The video camera App is still open.

She checks the phone's CALL LOG and scrolls through the numbers dialed. JENNY's name appears.

Lana calls the number. We hear the phone go to VOICEMAIL and the greeting starts. Lana listens.

JENNY O.S
 (voicemail greeting)
 Hi this is Jenny. If it's good news
 leave a message. If it's bad, call
 someone else.

We hear the voicemail greeting BEEP. Lana looks around.

LANA
 Jenny this is Lana. My phone's
 dead. Call me on Ross's phone
 as soon as you can. It's urgent.

Lana hangs up and looks at the phone. She accesses the latest
 videos on the phone, scrolls through them, presses play and
 watches the last video in the list.

She reacts with surprise. We hear the sounds of Jenny and
 Ross having sex. Lana realises Ross video'd their session.

LANA (CONT'D)
 Perv!

She moves the play head forward through the video. She
 presses play again. We hear some of the argument they had.

Lana moves the cursor forward once again, then presses PLAY
 and we hear Jenny calling to Ross.

C.U: On the mobile phone screen in Lana's hand.

View of the bed. We can only see Jenny's legs, she is
 standing up on the bed. We hear Jenny SCREAM.

Lana jolts as she watches the screen.

Lana's POV on screen: A bright FLASH of light. Jenny's legs
 quiver and waste away.

Lana watches as Jenny's body disintegrates to dust which
 blows away under the fan blades. Lana GASPS, horrified.

She drops the phone in shock, it hits her foot and skims
 under the bedside table. Lana dashes out of the room and
 along the corridor.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, RESTAURANT. EVENING

C.U: Wine glasses full of red wine CHINK together.

DR COLLINS
 Good health.

Suzanne and Dr Collins are seated at a small table. They smile and each takes a sip of wine.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

So how was your day?

SUZANNE

Great fun.

DR COLLINS

Fun is not a word I'd associate with dangling off high things.

SUZANNE

It's all about being in control.

DR COLLINS

Just seems like you're asking for trouble.

SUZANNE

I can happen but if you have the right gear and know how to use it correctly. You should try it.

Suzanne smiles and seductively sips her wine.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I can show you.

Dr Collins takes a sip of wine and smiles.

DR COLLINS

Well, when you put it like that.

SUZANNE

Come out with us tomorrow.

He looks at her. She smiles.

DR COLLINS

Promise it's safe?

SUZANNE

Of course there are risks but I'm experienced.

EXT. INN. EVENING

Light is fading around the building and trees. Eerie shapes and shadows are formed by the trees as light fades

INT. INN, BAR. EVENING

Lana rushes into the bar but Ross has gone. She dashes out into the hallway.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. EVENING

Lana desperately pushes and pulls at the front door but it is locked. She is now panicking. She opens a window and tries the shutters covering them but they are locked fast.

She hears a door start to open in the hallway and looks round. She quickly scampers back up the staircase, running so fast she has to use her hands on the steps to steady and propel herself forward.

Muriel comes out of the door behind reception looking even younger, 20s, toned and athletic, long, lustrous, black hair. She is wearing white trousers and a halter neck top.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, RESTAURANT. EVENING

The Waiter serves Suzanne and Dr Collins with some Hors d'oeuvres.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

How's the research coming along?

DR COLLINS

Let's just say, if I hadn't met such a beautiful woman this weekend, it would've been a complete waste of time.

Suzanne is flattered.

SUZANNE

Thank you. So what happened

DR COLLINS

I'm too embarrassed to tell you.
Let's just eat.

They tuck into their food.

INT. BOX ROOM. EVENING

Lana runs into the room, closes the door and leans against it. She gazes up and sees the barred skylight. She looks at the old bulky wooden wardrobe, rushes to it and strains to push it with all her might.

O.S: We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching down the corridor. The wardrobe scrapes along the floor as Lana slowly slides it in front of the door.

O.S: The footsteps stop abruptly.

Lana holds her breath. There is a sharp KNOCK at the door.
Lana jumps and clasps her mouth. Beat.

MURIEL O.S

Hello.

Lana's heart is pounding she backs away from the wardrobe
and cowers on the bed.

MURIEL O.S (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I said...

Lana tries to compose herself.

LANA

Yes! I'm here. I'm going to bed.
Early start.

Lana stares at the wardrobe in front of the door. Beat.

O.S: We hear Muriel's foot steps slowly moving away.

Lana grabs her phone again, she presses the button under
the screen, but it stays black. She throws it down on the
bed and quietly curses.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, HALLWAY. NIGHT

Dr Collins walks Suzanne back to her room.

SUZANNE

Thanks for a lovely evening.

DR COLLINS

No, thank you. Can we do it again?

SUZANNE

(smiles)
We've got to climb first.

They reach Suzanne's doorway.

DR COLLINS

Bit nervous.

SUZANNE

Don't be, I don't bite.

DR COLLINS

No I mean...

SUZANNE

I know.

He offers his hand to shake, but instead Suzanne slowly leans forward and kisses him on the lips. He gently caresses her arms with his hands. Suzanne breaks away, smiles and puts her key in the door.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Good night.

Suzanne enters and looks round the door as she closes it.

DR COLLINS

Sleep well.

He walks away looking rather pleased with life.

INT. BOX ROOM. NIGHT

Lana sits on the bed, leaning against the wall, hugging her knees, staring at the wardrobe in front of the door. She nervously chews the inside of a cheek, thinking.

EXT. ROCK FACE. MORNING

C.U: SLAM, a climbing boot finds a footing on a rock.

Reveal CLIMBERS going about their business on a large crag. Suzanne and Dr Collins are standing with a small group of climbers. An INSTRUCTOR stands in front of them. Dr Collins is dressed in not quite correct climbing clothes; jeans, waterproof jacket and walking boots.

INSTRUCTOR

Good morning and welcome. First thing we need to discuss is Preservation. Your safety goes without saying. I'm referring to the rock in front of you.

He gestures to the high crag behind him.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Rocks are huge, hard and immovable? Correct. Nothing the climber can do will hurt it in any way? Wrong. We humans have a terrible cumulative effect on this type of environment. So please, no chipping...

SUZANNE

(to Dr Collins)
Can't use this then.

She shows him her formidable looking rock hammer with its long, sharp, chisel-edged head. She places it back in her back pack.

INSTRUCTOR

Not only does it leave horrible scars on the cliff face, it ruins it for experienced climbers by making artificial holds.

Dr Collins looks over at a GROUP OF CLIMBERS preparing to abseil whilst looking around and admiring their beautiful surroundings.

INSTRUCTOR O.S

Use as little chalk as possible, as large amounts can discolour certain rock faces.

Dr Collins looks back at the instructor.

INSTRUCTOR

Finally, please take all your crap home with you. No bottles, food wrappers and rubbish. Okay, let's buddy up and check our gear.

The group disperse and start looking over their equipment. Suzanne and Dr Collins take hold of their ropes.

SUZANNE

Stick with me. Do everything I say.

DR COLLINS

Your arena. I'm not arguing.

INT. BOX ROOM. MORNING

Daylight pours in through the skylight in the roof. The light falls on Lana. She looks peaceful. She slowly stirs and wakes up, realising where she is. For a moment she looks relieved. She quickly stands up from the bed and slowly starts to slide the wardrobe away from in front of the door.

EXT. ROCK FACE. MORNING

Suzanne helps Dr Collins up the last few feet. He looks exhilarated.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

(Breathless)

Wow!

He laughs.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Look at me!

SUZANNE
Well done. You did it and thanks
for helping me.

They high-five each other, then embrace then look into each others eyes.

DR COLLINS
What did I do?

SUZANNE
I had a situation a few months ago.
A girl had a climbing accident. I
sort of blamed myself, so it was
good to help a novice.

Dr Collins takes in the view and inhales, smiling at Suzanne.

DR COLLINS
As they say, let mistakes make you
better not bitter.

He picks up a chunk of rock.

INT. INN, BOX ROOM. MORNING

Lana carefully unlocks the door and looks out into the corridor. She listens and waits. It is quiet and clear. She exits and slowly walks along the dark corridor.

EXT. ROCKY HILL TOP. MORNING

Dr Collins has ropes attached to his harness by the Instructor ready for the descent. He is still holding the chunk of rock in his hand.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
So what kind of rock is this?

INSTRUCTOR
Igneous. Basalt. You interested
in Geology?

DR COLLINS
I'm an academic, I like to know
things.

INSTRUCTOR

Tough stuff. Most of the old buildings around here are made from it.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Lana goes to check Ross and Jenny's room. She finds the room door wide open. Their bags, clothes, every sign of them gone. The room is tidy. The bed is made.

The French windows are open, sunlight pours in, the curtains gently waft in the breeze. The ceiling fan turns steadily. It could otherwise be a beautiful day.

Lana checks drawers and the wardrobe. Both empty. She sits down on the bed then looks up at the whirring ceiling fan.

C.U: On Lana's face, she stares at the ceiling fan.

C.U: The blades of the fan rotate, F-F-F-F-F-F

Lana becomes entranced by it. She slowly lies back on the bed.

E.C.U: Lana's eyes. We can see a reflection on her iris and pupil of the ceiling fan rotating. Lana's eyes grow heavy, her eyelids blink slowly.

C.U: The blades of the fan rotate.

SFX: A distant, distorted SCREAM, hardly audible.

Lana stirs, her eyes flicker open. She gazes up at the fan, still heavy-eyed. Her eyes slowly close again.

C.U: The blades of the fan rotate, F-F-F-F-F-F

SFX: A distorted SCREAM, less distant, more audible.

Lana GASPS and opens her eyes. She sees something in the fan blades. She closes her eyes again. She quickly opens them. She jolts herself upright.

She stares intently at the fan, she closes then opens her eyes. Closes them, then opens them again.

She blinks rapidly looking at the fan blades creating a strobe effect with her vision.

She GASPS. She stands up and backs away from the bed. She thinks for a moment, then exits.

EXT. ROCKY COUNTRYSIDE. MORNING

Suzanne and Dr Collins are walking back to her car, carrying their gear.

DR COLLINS

That was fantastic, not as tough as I thought.

SUZANNE

It's classed as moderate, only grade two. (smiles) Baby steps.

DR COLLINS

Well that's me put in my place.

SUZANNE

A good place to start though.

She clasps his hand. He looks at her and smiles.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I must call Lana. See what they're up to.

INT. DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Lana returns carrying her camera. She edges towards the bed again and lies beneath the fan. She takes multiple shots of the ceiling fan blades.

She reviews her shots, clicking through the images on the camera's LCD viewer. She looks closely and scrutinizes the images. Not sure of what she is seeing.

MURIEL O.S

Why are you in here?

Lana is startled. She looks round. Muriel is standing in the doorway. She looks even younger and stronger, 20s, more muscular definition, like an athlete. Lana is shocked at her appearance.

LANA

Fuck! What's happened to you?

Lana gestures to the roof terrace.

LANA (CONT'D)

Erm... It's a great view. Thought I'd get some shots. I'm waiting for Ross.

MURIEL

He's gone.

Lana stands up.

LANA
I'd best leave too then.

She heads to the door. Muriel blocks her way and gently strokes her shoulder and smiles.

MURIEL
You're so pretty. Fresh and sweet,
(scowls) not like that other one.

Lana is totally creeped out.

LANA
(smiles politely)
Well thanks but I'd better go.

Lana leaves. Muriel walks to the the French windows, closes and locks the door but leaves the key in the lock.

INT. INN, TOP FLOOR, BOX ROOM. MORNING

Lana quickly starts to dress but changes her mind and instead anxiously grabs her clothes, throws some into the case and gathers up her belongings. In her haste to get her things together she knocks her camera onto the floor.

LANA (CONT'D)
Shit!

The heavy impact with the floor causes the camera's SD card port cover to pop open. The card PINGS out of the camera and skims across the floor under the bed.

Lana picks up the camera and inspects it. Realising the SD card is missing she gets onto her hands and knees and looks under bed. She spots the card.

POV: We view her under the bed, crawling towards us. She reaches for the SD card.

Behind her we see the door to the room swing open and Muriel's feet and legs appear.

C.U: Lana's fingers move towards the SD card.

She is about to grab it when she is dragged out from under the bed at speed. She SCREAMS. Her shocked face moving rapidly away from us.

C.U: On the SD card.

INT. COUNTRY CAR PARK, SUZANNE'S CAR. MORNING

Suzanne and Dr Collins approach her car carrying climbing gear and bags. Suzanne is listening to her telephone. She looks puzzled, looks down at the display and hangs up.

DR COLLINS

Are you okay?

SUZANNE

Lana's not answering.

(Remembers)

Damn! She said her phone died.

They reach the car and place the gear in the boot. Suzanne looks troubled.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be meeting her.

Dr Collins acknowledges Suzanne's anxiety.

DR COLLINS

Let's go and get her.

Suzanne nods and closes the boot. They get in the car. Dr Collins places the piece of rock he picked up from the crag in the console. Suzanne turns the ignition key and revs the engine. A spark ARCS from the car console to the rock with a CRACKLE.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

See that?!

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. MORNING

A sparsely furnished room. Muriel looks at herself in the full-length mirror. She looks the youngest we have seen her. She is pleased with her appearance.

She has long, dark lustrous hair, her skin is smooth, her figure, curvaceous, athletic and toned. She wears a white, halter neck top and trousers. She adjusts a silk scarf tied around her neck and turns around.

Reveal a terrified Lana strapped to the bed by her wrists and ankles beneath a whirring ceiling fan.

EXT / INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DAY

The car motors along. Suzanne is focused on the road ahead. Dr Collins looks down at the piece of rock sitting in the console.

INT. INN, SMALL DIMLY LIT ROOM. DAY

Lana strains at the ties. The metal blade fan spins at speed above her head. She looks up at the fan, then turns away. Muriel roughly grabs Lana's hair and pulls her head back.

EXT. INN, FRONT ENTRANCE. DAY

The car approaches the front of the Inn. They get out, look up at the building and approach the door. They pull the door but it is locked. They KNOCK on the door.

INT. INN, SMALL DIMLY LIT ROOM. DAY

Lana tries to resist Muriel. The metal blade fan spins at speed above her head. She looks up, then turns away. Muriel roughly grabs Lana's head and points it up at the fan. Lana closes her eyes. Muriel tries to open them with her finger tips.

MURIEL

Look at it bitch!

LANA

(crying)

I don't want to!

O.S: There is a loud KNOCK at the front door. Muriel releases Lana's hair. She quickly fastens the scarf from around her neck, tight around Lana's mouth. Lana looks exhausted.

EXT/INT. INN. DAY

The door opens. The youthful Muriel smiles at them.

SUZANNE

I've come to collect my friend... friends.

MURIEL

Friends?

SUZANNE

I dropped them here the other day. I think it might have been your Mother I saw?

MURIEL

My Mother? (thinks, smiles) Ah yes. Please come in.

They enter.

INT. INN, GROUND FLOOR HALL. DAY

They look around the dimly lit space.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

There's no-one here.

DR COLLINS

You just said your Mother was with them.

MURIEL

I didn't, she said that.

She gestures to Suzanne.

DR COLLINS

Look don't play games.

SUZANNE

Where's my friend Lana?

MURIEL

She left... they all left.

SUZANNE

When?

MURIEL

Earlier, in a taxi? Now can I get you a drink?

SUZANNE

Why would they leave without me.

Dr Collins winks at Suzanne over Muriel's shoulder.

DR COLLINS

Hey, let's get a coffee.

They walk towards the bar. Suzanne looks deeply troubled

INT. THREE WELLS INN, BAR. DAY

Muriel pours coffee into cups and pushes it across the bar to Dr Collins and Suzanne. They stir their cups.

MURIEL

I'm afraid there's no milk.

Dr Collins takes a sip and pulls his face.

DR COLLINS

How long have you had that stuff?

Suzanne pushes her cup away.

MURIEL

I don't get many requests for coffee.

DR COLLINS

Got any sugar?

Dr Collins nods and Muriel turns her back momentarily. Dr Collins looks at Suzanne then nods to the bar door.

Suzanne looks, then looks back at Dr Collins. He silently gestures, pointing upstairs.

With her back still turned to the couple, Muriel's eyes looks sideways, aware of the scheming. She grabs the sugar and turns round.

SUZANNE

Do you have a toilet I could use?

Muriel turns back to face them.

MURIEL

In the hallway next to the desk

Suzanne gets up and exits.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, HALL. DAY

Suzanne walks towards the door next to the reception desk, she stops and looks around. She can't be seen from the bar. She quickly and lightly runs up the stairs.

INT. THREE WELLS INN, BAR. DAY

Dr Collins sips his coffee. He smiles at Muriel who is staring at him.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Is she your wife?

INT. INN, FIRST FLOOR, HALLWAY. DAY

Suzanne tries door handles. They are locked. She quickly passes along the hallway, checking behind her all the time. The other doors are locked.

INTERCUT

Lana looks at the door as the handle is turned. She tries to cry out but her call is muted and muffled by the gag Muriel tied on. She struggles against her ties.

Suzanne moves on and goes upstairs to the second floor of the Inn.

INT. INN, BAR. DAY

Muriel plays with her hair then touches Dr Collins hand.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
You're very good looking.

DR COLLINS
Thank you.

She leans over the bar towards him.

MURIEL
Do you like me?

DR COLLINS
You look like a nice woman.

MURIEL
You will make someone a good husband.

DR COLLINS
My Mother says I'm married to my job.

Muriel LAUGHS, Dr Collins obliges and laughs too.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. DAY

Suzanne tries the door and it opens. She turns on a flickering light and notices SPARKS arc across the ceiling. She examines the room which is clean and tidy, the bed is made up, no sign of Ross or Jenny.

INT. INN, BAR. DAY

Muriel moves her hand near Dr Collins' hand but he deftly moves it away.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
We're just friends.

MURIEL
You have the chemistry of lovers.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, DOUBLE ROOM. DAY

Suzanne looks up at the ceiling fan which is turning, steadily. She examines the room more closely for any signs of Jenny and Ross's presence. She looks under the bed.

Nothing. Satisfied the room is clear she closes the door and leaves.

INT. INN, BAR. DAY

Dr Collins sips his coffee. Muriel watches him. He smiles at her. Muriel plays with her hair then touches his hand.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
Do you find me attractive?

DR COLLINS
Pardon me?

She strokes her body. Dr Collins looks ill at ease.

MURIEL
Am I a woman you desire?

DR COLLINS
Wow, what is this, speed dating?

He gets up from the bar and walks towards the door.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
I wonder what's keeping her?

Dr Collins moves out into the hallway and calls out.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Suzanne, are you ready?

He touches the bare stone wall and receives a STATIC belt of electricity. He JOLTS and recoils.

He rubs his hand then moves it near the wall again. Electricity ARCS across from the wall to his hand. He again JOLTS. He is fascinated. Muriel appears at his shoulder.

MURIEL
Where is she?

Muriel clasps DR Collins' arm, he breaks free.

DR COLLINS O.S
(shouting)
Come on! We really need to get moving! Suzanne!

INT. BOX ROOM. DAY

Suzanne hears Dr Collins calling. She quickly opens the door, turns on the light. SPARKS arc across the ceiling.

The room is clean and tidy, the bed is stripped. She searches for signs of Lana's presence.

She quietly and deftly looks under the bed, double-takes. She spots the SD card from Lana's camera, she reaches under the bed and grabs it. She stands up and examines it more closely.

DR COLLINS O.S (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Hurry up!

Suzanne quickly turns out the dim, flickering light and leaves.

INT. INN, GROUND FLOOR, HALLWAY. NIGHT

Dr Collins moves into the hallway towards the front door. Muriel moves to grab him by the throat as Suzanne bounds down the stairs. Muriel turns to face her.

MURIEL
What were you doing upstairs?

Dr Collins goes to the front door, turns the key which Muriel has left in the door and pushes it open.

SUZANNE
Go!

He rushes out, Suzanne follows him. Muriel walks to the door but she makes no attempt to catch them.

EXT. INN. DAY

Dr Collins and Suzanne run to her car. She points her key fob and triggers the central locking. They get in.

Suzanne starts the engine. There is another SPARK that arcs from the car to the rock. They both look at it and then look back. Muriel is standing in the doorway watching them.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Why isn't she following us?

DR COLLINS
(puzzled)
I don't know.

The car pulls away, wheels spinning on the gravel.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY

The car motors along the road.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
What did you find?

SUZANNE
The rooms on the first floor are
all locked. No sign of anyone on
the second floor.

Dr Collins looks at Suzanne concerned.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
I found this too.

She hands him the SD card. There is another SPARK from the
car to the rock.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Lana mentioned sparks in that
place.

Dr Collins picks up the rock and looks at it curiously.

INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM. DUSK

Muriel pushes open the door. Lana is still strapped to the
bed. Muriel closes the door and locks it. She walks away.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DR COLLINS ROOM. DUSK

Dr Collins and Suzanne hastily enter the room. He grabs his
laptop and boots it up.

DR COLLINS
How do you know this is from
Lana's camera?

The start-up screen appears. Dr Collins pushes the SD card
into a slot on the side of the machine.

SUZANNE
I don't. I'm just hoping it is.

Dr Collins navigates to the SD card and opens its content.
They see the images Lana took of Suzanne rock climbing.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Yes!

They skim through the images. They pass through the rock
climbing images and what appear to be blank shots,
photographs with a grey/white background, appear. There is
a black circle in the centre.

Suzanne and Dr Collins lean in towards the laptop screen.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

What is that?

On closer inspection of the images eerie ghostly shapes can be seen at various positions around the black hub.

DR COLLINS

Looks like... a propeller or something.

Suzanne clicks on more images.

SUZANNE

No, it's a fan... fan blades.

They speed through the images which creates a Stop-motion animation effect in the blades like an old zoetrope toy.

The images are grainy and fuzzy but show a view of the room beneath the fan reflected its blades.

The grainy faces of several young women and men appear to grow in size, staring out from the blades. Their faces then melt down to skulls and disintegrate.

DR COLLINS O.S

Fascinating.

SUZANNE

What is that?

We then see a grainy impression of Jenny's silent screaming face appear in the blades.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Is that Jenny!

Jenny's face rapidly ages, the skin shrivels then falls away revealing her skull, this then crumbles to dust. The sequence of grainy images loop and repeat, over and over. Suzanne is shocked and distressed.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Shut it down.

Dr Collins looks again at the sequence of images.

DR COLLINS

This is incredible. Are you okay?

SUZANNE

No, I'm fearing the worst.

Dr Collins looks closely at the laptop screen.

DR COLLINS
(sotto)
What the hell is that?

He sits back and thinks for a moment, then minimises the photo viewer and opens some other files on his laptop.

SUZANNE
What are we going to do?

DR COLLINS
(thinking out loud)
Residual hauntings.

SUZANNE
You mentioned that before, what about it?

Dr Collins searches through his documents on his laptop.

DR COLLINS
Physical objects such as buildings and even furniture...

He browses a document

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
...can absorb psychic energy.
Record past events. It's called Stone Tape theory.

SUZANNE
Even if that's true how does it help us?

Dr Collins is still browsing through his document.

DR COLLINS
Here we go. The Villisca Axe murder house.

Suzanne stares at Dr Collins.

SUZANNE
I don't like where this is going.

DR COLLINS
(reading)
The energy released by this dreadful event left an indelible impression on the building in the form of apparitions, strange lights, disembodied voices.

SUZANNE

Is that what we were looking at?

DR COLLINS

In the absence of any other explanation, yes.

SUZANNE

So is Lana dead?

DR COLLINS

I don't know. Something bad has happened in that place and frankly... it's still going on.

Suzanne remembers something and gets up.

SUZANNE

I need to check something.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, RECEPTION FOYER. DUSK

Suzanne approaches a sign attached to a pillar that reads:

YOU MAY CALL A TAXI HERE

There is a phone sitting on a tiny shelf beneath the sign. Suzanne lifts the receiver.

INT. CAB OFFICE. DUSK

C.U: photograph of a smiling fisherman holding a massive fish.

Reveal a CAB CONTROLLER, 50s, sitting in a tiny office reading an Angling magazine. The phone RINGS. He slowly answers the phone.

INTERCUT

CAB CONTROLLER

Car service.

SUZANNE

Hi, I'm trying to find out if you've taken a booking from my friend.

CAB CONTROLLER

When?

SUZANNE

In the last few hours.

CAB CONTROLLER
Dead quiet tonight. Name?

SUZANNE
Lana Bell.

The Cab Controller checks his bookings in a book.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DR COLLINS ROOM. DUSK

Dr Collins is browsing the internet on his laptop.

C.U: He types *ENERGY QUALITIES OF BASALT* into the search engine.

He reads. Beat. He sits back and remembers his lecture.

DR COLLINS V.O
Psychokinesis may exist due to elementary particles.

Dr Collins gets up and walks around the room.

DR COLLINS V.O (CONT'D)
Psychons or Mindons.

Dr Collins looks at himself in the mirror.

DR COLLINS V.O
(CONT'D)
Particles which could be transmitted... the very energy that drives the human soul.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. DUSK

Suzanne is still on the telephone.

INTERCUT

CAB CONTROLLER
Nope, no Lana Bell.

SUZANNE
What about Jenny Howe? And a guy called Ross?... don't know his second name.

The Cab Controller moves his finger down at list.

CAB CONTROLLER
Erm... no Jenny and... no Ross.
Sorry.

He continues to look down the page of the book.

CAB CONTROLLER (CONT'D)
Where were the fares being picked
up from?

SUZANNE
Three Wells Inn.

The cab controller flicks back over previous pages.

CAB CONTROLLER
Sorry, don't know it.

SUZANNE
Are you the only cab office round
here?

CAB CONTROLLER
We are indeed.

INT. INN, SMALL DIMLY LIT ROOM. DAY

Muriel examines the electrolyte bath. The bubbling is less
intense. She starts to remove her clothes.

INT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL, DR COLLINS ROOM. DUSK

Suzanne enters. Dr Collins is working on his laptop, he
looks excited.

DR COLLINS
I've found some incredible stuff on
Basalt. Its metaphysical
properties.

He looks at Suzanne, she is deep in thought.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Sorry, any luck?

SUZANNE
Nothing.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
We've got to search that place.

DR COLLINS
This could be dangerous.

SUZANNE
No shit! Lana's dead isn't she?

DR COLLINS
I don't know. I just think there's
something unnatural about that
place.

SUZANNE
Supernatural?

DR COLLINS
Supernatural! Yes! Hold that
thought.

He grabs his laptop and quickly opens his emails. He
scrolls to the message from Louise that he opened earlier.

SUZANNE
My friend is dead or at least in
danger so you check your emails. I
like your sense of urgency.

He dials a number and holds up his hand to Suzanne.

INT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION, LOUISE'S ROOM. DUSK

Louise is sitting by her open window, reading a book and
smoking a joint. Her mobile phone RINGS. She answers.

INTERCUT

LOUISE
Hello.

DR COLLINS
Louise. It's Dr Collins. This is
really important.

Louise stubs out her joint.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Any examples of supernatural
beings that draw energy from their
surroundings?

Suzanne rolls her eyes in disbelief.

LOUISE
Okay. Well... there's the Duende.

A demonic house spirit.

DR COLLINS
What form do they take?

LOUISE
Like a Goblin.

DR COLLINS
(impatient)
Goblin! No, no, no, that's not it!

Suzanne glares at Dr Collins.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. DUSK

Lana slowly raises her head and looks at the door. She tries to loosen the ties holding her on the bed but gives up and quietly YELLS through the gag out of desperation.

EXT / INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. DUSK

Suzanne car bombs along the road. Dr Collins is excited.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Louise thinks we're dealing with
some kind of Succubus.

Suzanne is unimpressed she focuses on the road ahead

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
It's a female demon. In folklore it
takes the form of a woman who
seduce men and feeds on human
energy.

He laughs to himself.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
It all makes perfect sense.

SUZANNE
I'm glad you're happy.

DR COLLINS
It is my supposition that the
house, and, the woman in it, are
one entity. She feeds off the
energy the house absorbs. The
greater the energy the stronger she
gets. What's the greatest release
human energy?

He grabs Suzanne's arm.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Death! The release of the human
spirit. Suzanne, we could be on the
cusp of an incredible breakthrough.

He looks down the road.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Where're are going by the way?

INT. INN, SMALL DIMLY LIT ROOM. NIGHT

Muriel is submerged in the electrolyte bath, but its bubbling has subsided. She looks dissatisfied. She grabs a towel and starts to climb out.

MURIEL
One more I think.

INT. SMALL, VILLAGE POLICE STATION. NIGHT

Suzanne's car pulls up. Suzanne and Dr Collins get out and walk to the door.

DR COLLINS
The Police can't do anything about this?

SUZANNE
Let's see shall we.

They try the door but it is locked. They KNOCK. No response. Suzanne KNOCKS again.

They turn to leave when the door opens. A rotund, uniformed Police SERGEANT, 60s, smoking a pipe opens the door.

SERGEANT
Lost are you?

INT. SMALL VILLAGE POLICE STATION. NIGHT

A tiny room. Old crime prevention posters adorn the walls. Suzanne and Dr Collins are leaning against a counter. The Sergeant is sitting opposite them stirring a mug of tea.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Missing person. (sighs) I'd have to get a search team up from the nearest town thirty miles away. Won't be tonight.

SUZANNE
When?

DR COLLINS
Told you, it's a waste of time.

SERGEANT
Tomorrow, at the earliest.

SUZANNE
Rapid response eh.

SERGEANT
I don't appreciate the sarcasm.
It's hardly a hotbed of crime
round here. Hence the skeleton
service. Pardon the pun.

SUZANNE
Tomorrow will be too late. We
need to go there now. At least
check it out.

SERGEANT
Look, I'll see if anyone can come
tonight.

SUZANNE
Thank you.

The Sergeant sucks on his pipe but it has gone out. Suzanne and Dr Collins twitch with frustration. The Sergeant taps out the old tobacco into an ashtray, sips his tea, then picks up the phone.

SERGEANT
Which place is it anyway?

SUZANNE
Three Wells Inn.

The Sergeant hangs up.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Don't say you've never heard of
it.

SERGEANT
That place closed years ago.

The Sergeant re-loads his pipe with tobacco.

SUZANNE
But I took them there. I saw them
enter. I met the owner.

The Sergeant looks up.

SERGEANT

Sweetheart, the owner's dead!
That's why it closed.

Suzanne turns to Dr Collins, concerned.

DR COLLINS

Told you.

The Sergeant puts down his pipe. He slips on a high-visibility police jacket.

SERGEANT (CONT.)

I suppose a little visit wouldn't
do any harm.

The Sergeant takes a torch out from under the counter and checks it works then fastens on a truncheon and hand-cuffs.

INT. INN, RECEPTION. NIGHT

Muriel is now dressed. She makes her way up the staircase to the first floor.

EXT. VILLAGE POLICE STATION. NIGHT

The Sergeant locks up. He looks at Suzanne and Dr Collins. They look at him, then at each other.

DR COLLINS

(to Sergeant)
Where's your car?

SERGEANT

I've only got a bicycle.

SUZANNE

Fine. I'll drive.

They get in the car and Suzanne drives off.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. NIGHT

Suzanne's car headlights illuminate the dark, murky country road. The police Sergeant sits next to her, carefully watching the road. Dr Collins is sitting in the rear, leaning forward between the front seats.

SERGEANT

Over the years we've had reports
of various sorts going missing.
(looks at the speedometer) Watch
your speed sweetheart.

SUZANNE
Various sorts?

SERGEANT
You know, backpackers, hitchhikers,
itinerants. (nods ahead) Easy round
this bend. (pause) Usually young
women and a few men. They've never
found anything though.

Suzanne and Dr Collins look at each other.

DR COLLINS
Where did they look?

SERGEANT
Everywhere.

DR COLLINS
What about Three Wells Inn?

SERGEANT
Yes, there as well. Place has
been derelict for years. (yawns)
Which leads me to believe this is
a wild goose chase.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM NIGHT

The fan whizzes round overhead. Muriel is standing over Lana who is still gagged and strapped to the bed. Lana looks up at Muriel, who smiles at her.

INT / EXT. INN, DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Suzanne's car pulls up a short distance from the Inn, she turns off the engine and headlights. Suzanne and Dr Collins start to get out of the car.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

SUZANNE
Going to investigate.

SERGEANT
This is my jurisdiction.

SUZANNE
But I really...

SERGEANT
Not on my watch.

They stay put and the Sergeant gets out.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Wait here.

DR COLLINS

What about back up?

SERGEANT

Back up? Shut up.

He turns his torch on and walks away from the car.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. NIGHT

Suzanne and Dr Collins watch as the Sergeant approaches the Inn. His torchlight casts a beam across the front of the building.

DR COLLINS

This is brilliant.

SUZANNE

Well I'm glad you're excited about my friend going missing.

DR COLLINS

Sorry... what I meant was, I find it utterly intriguing.

SUZANNE

Well it's creeping me out.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

The fan whizzes at high speed. Muriel as Lana's head clamped between her hands and jolts her her back to point at the fan.

MURIEL

Look at it!

LANA

No!

Lana closes her eyes. Muriel tries to force them open with her fingers. Lana shakes her head vigorously. Muriel gives Lana's face a violent SLAP, knocking her unconscious.

O.S: There is a LOUD KNOCK on the front door.

Muriel hears it and replaces the gag tightly around Lana's mouth and chin.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. NIGHT

Suzanne and Dr Collins look towards the Inn.

POV: The front door of the Inn opens out. The Sergeant appears to be talking to someone. He goes inside and the door closes.

SUZANNE

So, using his brilliant powers of detection he's established it's not derelict.

DR COLLINS

At least he'll believe that part of the story.

INT. INN, BAR. NIGHT

The Sergeant removes his hat and sits on a stool at the bar. Muriel pours him a Whisky. He takes a slug.

SERGEANT

(puzzled)

So how long have you been here?

MURIEL

A few weeks.

SERGEANT

I thought they were going to pull the place down.

MURIEL

You're a very handsome man.

The Sergeant looks flattered. Muriel looks beyond him at the ceiling fan WHIZZING at speed above his head. She smiles at the sergeant and refills his glass.

INT. SUZANNE'S CAR. NIGHT

Suzanne drums the steering wheel with her fingers, fixated on the Inn. Dr Collins checks his watch.

DR COLLINS

What's keeping him.

Beat. Suzanne has had enough. She bolts out of the car and opens the boot. Dr Collins looks at her, then quickly gets out.

INT. INN, BAR. NIGHT

Muriel has dragged the Sergeant to the floor. They struggle but she is much stronger than him. She drags him beneath the ceiling fan which spins above them.

C.U: On the sergeant's horrified face. He looks at the fan.

A vortex of electricity arcs from the fan to the floor stunning the sergeant. There is an electrical BUZZ and a gurgling, sickening, watery FIZZ.

EXT. INN. NIGHT

Suzanne and Dr Collins, carrying back packs, stealthily but quickly approach the rear of the building on foot. They slip down the side.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. NIGHT

A dimly lit, dank, bare stone room. Muriel drops her gown and steps into the electrolyte pool in the floor. Tiny blue sparks dance around her body.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. NIGHT

Muriel is reclined in the pool, eyes closed. The electrolyte FIZZES all around her.

INT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Suzanne takes out a climbing rope with a grappling hook. She whips it around her head then releases the rope and it hits the top of the metal rail and bounces back. Dr Collins jumps out of the way of the falling hook and rope.

Suzanne catches it and tries again, this time the hook catches on top the balustrade on roof terrace. She checks it will take her weight then starts to grapple up the side of the building.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. NIGHT

Muriel stirs. Hers eyes half open. She sits forward in the electrolyte pool and strains to listen.

INT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Suzanne reaches the balustrade leading onto the flat terrace roof. She straddles the wall and climbs over. She signals to Dr Collins and he begins his ascent.

INT. INN, SMALL HIDDEN ROOM. NIGHT

Muriel looks strong and athletic. She finishes dressing in white trousers and halter neck top, which she smooths down, then leaves, closing the door behind her.

EXT/INT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Suzanne pulls herself up onto the roof then reaches over and grabs Dr Collins arm. He climbs over the balustrade and they lightly run towards the French windows. Suzanne takes out the rock hammer and TAP-TAPS the corner of a small pane of glass.

It CRACKS and Suzanne gently eases the chisel edge of the hammer into the crack and pries one half of the pane towards her, the glass SNAPS and Dr Collins removes it He reaches inside to feel for a key. It is still in the door. He turns it, opens the door and they enter the double room.

They look up at the ceiling fan which is spinning steadily. They ignore it and exit the room.

INT. INN, HALLWAY. NIGHT

Muriel exits and walks out into the downstairs hall. She looks around and listens.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR, HALLWAY. NIGHT

Suzanne and Dr Collins carefully and quietly move along the darkened hallway trying door handles. The rooms are locked.

SUZANNE

(soft)

We need to open them.

Dr Collins nods and Suzanne moves him to one side. She then forces the chiseled edge of the rock hammer between the door and frame. It splinters and a piece of door comes away, the wood is dry and brittle.

A little more work with the rock hammer and Suzanne forces the lock, the door springs open. They look inside.

INT. INN, FIRST FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne shines her torch into the room. It is empty with bare floorboards, no furniture and wooden shutters. They close the door and move on.

INT. INN, BAR. NIGHT

The bar is empty. The ceiling fan which whirs round a high speed. Sparks CRACKLE around it.

Muriel closes the door and locks it. She moves away. Reveal the Sergeant's hat still lying on the bar.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. NIGHT

Suzanne forces open another door and she enters followed by Dr Collins. She shines her torch around the room and spots two bundles, wrapped in bedsheets.

They edge towards the bundles. Suzanne pulls at the bed sheet and Jenny and Ross's cases and clothes are revealed, neatly folded and piled up. The stolen high heel shoes are sitting on top of Jenny clothes.

INT. INN, STAIRS TO FIRST FLOOR. NIGHT

Muriel listens at the foot of the stairs and slowly starts to climb them.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

They exit the room. Dr Collins starts to move back down the corridor.

DR COLLINS

(soft)

I think we should leave.

SUZANNE

(soft)

Not without Lana. I'm gonna check the other rooms.

DR COLLINS

(soft)

I'll keep a look out.

INT. INN, STAIRCASE AND FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY. NIGHT

Muriel reaches the first floor landing and pauses to listen along the hallway.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne chisels at another door with the rock hammer. It splinters around the lock and she uses her shoulder to force it open.

She enters the room and looks around. The room is dark. Suzanne shines her torch and illuminates Lana strapped to the bed. She is motionless. Suzanne rushes towards her and touches Lana who looks up and upon seeing Suzanne bursts into tears. Suzanne tears off the gag around Lana's mouth.

SUZANNE

Paul, I've found Lana! Paul!

INT. INN, STAIRCASE TO SECOND FLOOR. NIGHT

Muriel hears Suzanne as she moves to the top of the stairs. Her eyes narrow.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne unties Lana and helps up from from the chair.

DR COLLINS O.S

Let's go!

LANA

(Sobs)

She's going to kill me?

SUZANNE

No way. Your safe now.

Suzanne helps Lana up out of the chair and hugs her. She unzips and takes off her lycra climbing jacket and puts it round her shoulders.

INT. INN, CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Dr Collins looks down the corridor and see Muriel's shadow on the corridor wall. Muriel sees him and heads towards him.

DR COLLINS

Oh shit!

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne hears Muriel approach she quietly leads Lana towards the door and they hide behind it. Muriel peers into the room and sees the chair is empty. She moves on towards the double room.

INT. INN, FIRST FLOOR ROOM. NIGHT

Suzanne leads Lana out out from behind the door and she peers round the door frame looking down the second floor hallway.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Dr Collins enters and closes the door. The ceiling fan is turning. He puts his hand to the door lock expecting to find a key but there isn't one. He quickly moves towards the French windows they opened on the way in.

The door flies open and he spins round. Muriel enters and approaches Dr Collins, he notices the ceiling fan increases in speed, affected by her energy.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Dr Collins opens the French doors and backs out onto the roof terrace. He looks towards the ropes still hanging from the rail on top of the roof terrace wall. Muriel follows him.

Suzanne and Lana enter the double room and sees Muriel threatening Dr Collins out on the roof. She opens her bag and takes out the rock hammer. Lana looks around the room.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Muriel lunges at Dr Collins and cuts his arm. He re-coils and rushes across the roof terrace.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Lana grabs a wooden chair and rushes out onto the roof terrace.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Dr Collins looks back over the low rampart wall to gravel sixty feet below.

Suzanne rushes Muriel and swings the rock hammer but Muriel side-steps her and Suzanne forward momentum makes her lose her footing and stumble over. She instantly gets to her feet and faces Muriel.

Lana approaches Muriel from behind. She swings the chair and crashes it down onto Muriel, it SMASHES and splinters.

Lana looks at the chair in surprise. Muriel grabs one of the chair legs which has broken off to form a sharp stake. She lunges at Lana with the makeshift weapon. Lana tries to side-step her attack but Muriel drives the stake into the Lana's abdomen, above a hip, it exits through her lower back. Suzanne watches in horror.

SUZANNE

No!

A shocked, Lana shudders and stumbles backwards holding the chair leg stake, still jutting out of her. She falls against the French windows smashing some glass panes.

Suzanne swings the rock hammer at Muriel. She manages to block the attack and grab hold of the hammer then snatch it from her.

Dr Collins looks at Lana slumped against the French windows. She pulls at the embedded chair leg and WAILS in agony. Suzanne looks briefly then focuses back on Muriel.

DR COLLINS

(to Lana)

Leave it Lana, it'll bleed more.
Wrap something round it.

He looks back at the fight. The two women are slowly circling each other, poised for action.

Muriel lunges at Suzanne with the rock hammer. Suzanne quickly side steps her and blocks the strike with her forearm, grabbing Muriel's wrist of the hand holding the hammer. She tries to shake it from her grip. Muriel swings her other arm round and SLAPS Suzanne across the face. She stumbles sideways, pulling Muriel with her.

Dr Collins wants to assist but cannot find an opening to join in. Lana slowly removes Suzanne's climbing top and wraps it around the wooden stake that has impaled her in an attempt to staunch the bleeding from her wound.

Still gripping Muriel's wrist Suzanne pivots on her heel, sweeping her leg away and striking her across the throat with the forearm of her other arm, jolting her head backwards. Muriel falls to the ground with a THUD. The skin of Muriel's back erupts and green fluid squirts out. Dr Collins is momentarily amazed.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Succubus!

Muriel checks the wound with her fingers. She launches herself at Suzanne who pushes her away. She falls against the French doors smashing more of the glass panels.

SUZANNE

(To Dr Collins)

Climb down!

DR COLLINS

Not without you two.

SUZANNE

Do it!

Muriel stands up and leaps at Suzanne, landing on top of her. They fall backwards onto the roof terrace.

Dr Collins pulls the rope tied to the balustrade to test its sturdiness.

Lana agonizingly pulls herself up onto her feet still clutching the wooden chair leg. She slumps back down against the French windows.

Muriel moves towards Dr Collins, her hand raised, wielding the rock hammer, ready to bring it down on his head. Suzanne is still grounded but whips and sweeps her leg round and takes Muriel's legs out from under her. She collapses backwards onto her neck and shoulders. Dr Collins straddles the balustrade.

Muriel flips back onto her feet like a gymnast. She stands up and raises her arm to hit Suzanne with the rock hammer but Suzanne heel-kicks her in the stomach and she stumbles backwards.

Dr Collins is standing on the edge of the wall holding the rail in one hand and rope in the other, looking down. Lana looks on, still staunching her wound.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
 (To Dr Collins)
 Get out of here.

Dr Collins is torn between fight or flight. He slowly starts to lower himself down the high wall. Muriel stands up and looks at Suzanne determinedly, breathing hard.

MURIEL
 Your spirit is great.

Suzanne looks at her grappling hook hanging on the metal rail.

MURIEL (CONT'D)
 You'll make me stronger.

SUZANNE
 No chance.

She tries to reach the grappling hook and rope. Muriel is enraged. She rushes towards Suzanne who tries to move, but not quickly enough.

This time Muriel's crashes the rock hammer chisel into Suzanne, just beneath her collar bone, near her shoulder. Suzanne YELLS in agony. Lana is helpless to assist and looks on, horrified at her friend's suffering.

Dr Collins is slowly and carefully inching his way down the side of the building. He hears Suzanne's CRY. He stops and looks up.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Lana slowly crawls back into the double room on all fours. The broken chair leg jutting out of her. She sees Ross's phone lying where she dropped it earlier.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Muriel pushes Suzanne back against the wall, her rock hammer embedded in her shoulder up to the handle. Suzanne grits her teeth in agony as Muriel slams her into the French doors. Muriel GASPS with excitement.

MURIEL

Oh, yes!

Muriel pulls the rock hammer from Suzanne's blood soaked shoulder and grips her by the throat with one hand. C.U: Muriel's sharp, fingernails puncture the skin and Suzanne's blood seeps out. Suzanne chokes and weakens. Still gripping Suzanne with one hand.

INT. INN, DOUBLE ROOM. NIGHT

Lana slowly reaches for the phone and retrieves it. She presses the button and enters Ross's code '1-9-9-7' The screen lights up.

C.U: The phone's battery life shows it still has 10% She opens the camera App then looks up through the French windows at the fight. She raises the phone.

C.U: The fight between Suzanne and Muriel appears on the screen.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Muriel raises the rock hammer to strike again. Suzanne raises her arms and forcefully drops her elbows onto Muriel's arm causing it to bend and her body to move forward.

Suzanne head butts Muriel, smashing her on the bridge of the nose which bursts open, squirting out green fluid. She drops the rock hammer.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

My beautiful face!

Muriel responds by slamming her arm into Suzanne's neck, knocking her sideways. Suzanne collapses from the blow, stunned.

Muriel looks around and sees the rope attached to the rail, pulled taut and vibrating.

Dr Collins is still slowly lowering himself down the wall. He suddenly realises he is being pulled back up. He hangs on. Muriel has grown in strength. She shakes the rope vigorously and Dr Collins swings around and starts to lose his grip. Muriel LAUGHS.

Dr Collins quickly lets go and clings desperately to the vines growing up the side of the house.

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. NIGHT

Still clutching Ross's phone, Lana slowly crawls out of the double room. She leaves a blood-smearred path in her wake.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Suzanne is in poor shape, bleeding badly from her shoulder wound, stunned from the blow to her neck, but she's tough and quickly recovers some strength.

She looks over at Muriel who is still peering over the edge of the roof terrace wall.

Muriel hoists the rope back up and Suzanne sees Dr Collins is not on the end.

Suzanne sees her other rope with the grappling hook still hanging from the rail.

She quickly scrambles over the roof terrace and reaches for it, opens the three prongs of the collapsible grappling hook. Muriel turns to face Suzanne.

She uses the weight of hook on the rope as a whip. She spins the rope above her head, lasoo-style, hurls it at Muriel.

C.U: the grappling hook whizzing

Muriel grabs it and pulls the rope, causing the rope to friction burn Suzanne's palms and she quickly lets go.

Suzanne gathers the rope again GRUNTS and pulls back hard, this time ripping the rope from Muriel's hands. She inspects her palms. Her hands well up with green blisters.

The grappling hook whizzes past her head, she swerves to avoid being hit by it.

INT. INN, STAIRCASE. NIGHT

Lana is still holding Ross's mobile phone. She slowly and painfully makes her way down the stairs.

EXT. INN, ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT

Suzanne backs off towards the roof terrace rampart wall. Muriel moves towards her, she sees the rock hammer and picks it up. Again she lashes out at Suzanne with the chisel edge.

Suzanne whips the rope and hook round her head hurtling it at speed to build momentum as Muriel approaches, ready to strike.

Suzanne unleashes the grappling hook and it flies towards Muriel, uncoiling the rope as it travels. It whips and wraps around Muriel's neck.

C.U: Two prongs of the hook embed in Muriel's neck causing more green liquid to SPRAY out in pulses.

SUZANNE

How about that, bitch!

Muriel begins to age. Her hair turns, her skin dulls. Muriel tries to free herself but Suzanne pulls hard and runs with the rope, then pivots round on her heels causing Muriel to slam into the low terrace wall.

Suzanne looks over the wall and sees Dr Collins clinging hard to the vines, trying to lower himself.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Hang on!

He looks up.

DR COLLINS

I'm trying to!

Suzanne grabs the other rope attached to the rail and is about to climb over, to lower herself down, when Muriel grabs her ankle.

Suzanne kicks Muriel in the face causing her head to snap backwards but maintaining her grip and pulling Suzanne back onto the roof.

Suzanne looks at Muriel, then looks over the edge. She grabs the rope attached to the rail and then grabs the loose end of the rope which is still wrapped tightly around Muriel's neck.

She firmly ties that rope to the rail then jumps up onto the rampart wall again, she loops both ropes round her hands and grips them tightly.

Suzanne leaps backwards off the edge. Dr Collins looks up and sees Suzanne fly off the edge gripping the ropes.

The ropes tighten. Suzanne swings back towards the Inn wall and breaks her fall by slamming her feet into the vines growing up the side.

Suzanne's falling body causes Muriel to slam against the balustrade. She breaks her momentum with her hands, slapped on top of the balustrade, but she is holding Suzanne's body weight round her neck from the embedded grappling hook and rope noose.

Muriel struggles hard to release the rope that is tearing the flesh of her neck and she is slowly choking with Suzanne's body weight tightening the rope.

Muriel begins to age further. Her hair becomes white, skin dull and crepe like.

Dr Collins watches as Suzanne twists and turns, gripping the rope, to adjust her body, dangling precariously high above the ground. She moves towards him.

SUZANNE

It's okay. Give me your hand.

Dr Collins turns to look at Suzanne.

FLASHBACK

Dr Collins face morphs to the face of the teenage girl who fell from rock. Suzanne looks determined.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Give me your hand!

Dr Collins reaches out to her.

C.U: Their hands clasp together.

Suzanne pulls Dr Collins towards her and guides his hand to the rope.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Grip hard!

Dr Collins seizes the rope and pulls himself close to the wall. Suzanne looks relieved. She looks up and sees Muriel leaning out over the edge. Suzanne pushes herself out from the wall, locking her legs. She tries to abseil, looping the rope over shoulder and between her legs.

Muriel finally loses her grip on the rail and is pulled forward over the edge. She hurtles past Suzanne.

SLOW MOTION

Suzanne suddenly flies backwards, away from the wall, pulled away from it by Muriel's body weight.

Muriel's body slams into gravel below with a visceral THUD. The rope WHISTLES then pings taut and starts to coil up on top of her.

Suzanne crumbles down on top of Muriel. Letting out a RASPING breath. Both women lie motionless.

Dr Collins looks down at the scene and continues his descent. He jumps off the rope near the bottom and slowly walks towards where Muriel and Suzanne lie.

Dr Collins fears the worst. He approaches Suzanne and she suddenly GASPS for air and sits bolt upright.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
(Breathless)
What happened?

Dr Collins holds out his hand.

DR COLLINS
You won.

Suzanne looks round and realises she is sitting on Muriel who looks a mangled, lifeless mess. Dr Collins checks her pulse.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
She's dead.

Dr Collins helps Suzanne to her feet and they embrace.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go.

SUZANNE
Where's Lana?

INT. INN, HALLWAY. NIGHT

Lana staggers from the stairs to the front door, her vest, shorts and legs soaked in blood, the wooden chair leg still embedded in her abdomen. She feebly tries the door handle but it is still locked.

She slumps down the wall next to the door and slowly passes out from her blood loss. Ross's mobile phone rests in her lap.

EXT. INN, FRONT ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Suzanne grips her wound and has her arm around Dr Collins as they emerge from round the side of the Inn. Suzanne doubles over in pain. Dr Collins puts his arm round her and bends forward. They stand up slowly and he embraces her.

DR COLLINS
We're gonna be okay.

SUZANNE
Where's Lana?

DR COLLINS
I'll find her.

Suzanne winces with pain.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Give me the car key.

She fumbles in her pocket and hands him the car key. He slowly lowers her to the ground and runs off to get the vehicle. Beat.

MURIEL O.S
You're not leaving.

Suzanne looks round and sees Muriel, still with the grappling hook in her neck and the rope trailing back round the side of the Inn. She looks hideous, skin shed, glistening and green, sinew and muscle exposed.

Suzanne tries to get up but Muriel quickly loops a length of the climbing rope round her neck jolting Suzanne back towards her.

SUZANNE
(choking)
Paul!

Suzanne pulls at the rope that is biting into her neck desperately trying to loosen it. Muriel pulls with all her might on the two ends of the rope. Suzanne's face turns purple.

EXT. INN, DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Dr Collins reaches the car. He gets in and turns on the headlights. He can see the two women struggling. He drives towards them, bringing the car to rest with a SCREECH of brakes.

Dr Collins notices Suzanne's climbing rope is still attached to the house.

Suzanne passes out and crumples to the floor. Muriel releases her grip. She turns and looks at Dr Collins and SNARLS.

MURIEL

Dead! I am very much alive.

Dr Collins punches Muriel in the head, hurting his hand but causing a chunk of flesh and hair to tear away from her head, exposing her skull.

Muriel releases her grip on Suzanne who slumps forward. Dr Collins grabs and pulls the rope attached to the grappling hook still embedded in her neck. He drags Muriel further away from the house.

DR COLLINS

She's still attached to the house!

Suzanne rubs her neck and looks round. She sees Dr Collins dragging Muriel away from the house. Muriel tries to stand upright but is scuffing along the ground she reaches out and grabs Dr Collins ankle, pulling him over. He looks towards Suzanne.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Cut the rope!

Suzanne gets to her feet. Muriel crawls up Dr Collins and grabs him by the throat, her nails dig in and blood oozes from the wounds. Dr Collins grabs her hands and they struggle.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

(Gasping)

CUT IT!

Suzanne staggers to her car. She looks inside for something. She suddenly remembers and opens the glove box. She sees the bag containing the knife Ross bought that was thrown in there earlier. She grabs it, takes out the knife and opens the blade.

Dr Collins battles with Muriel who is still gripping his throat. He pulls at her hands. He punches her face and more flesh flies off. She SNARLS at him.

Suddenly Muriel grimaces and contorts, arching backwards, frozen, as if wracked through her entire body by an electric shock.

C.U: Suzanne's hand, holding Ross's pen knife.

Suzanne holds the cut end of the rope. A spark ARCS across the two cut ends of the rope.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Get her away from it!

SUZANNE

What!

DR COLLINS

The house! She's getting energy from the house.

Suzanne looks at Muriel and then back at the house. She drags Muriel away from the house using the rope that is still attached to her via the grappling hook. Muriel SCREAMS in agony.

As she is dragged away she bumps and bangs along the floor and slowly starts to decompose. Fluid oozes, the skin on her body starts to discolour, turning green and blue. Flesh begins to flake off.

In a last desperate attempt to stay near the house Muriel manages to grasp hold of a shrub, gripping its branches tightly.

Suzanne GRUNTS and pulls hard, tearing Muriel's rotting body away from her arms, which continue to clutch the shrub.

The arms quickly desiccate then skeletalize; flesh crumbling and turning to dust.

Suzanne drags the now armless remains of Muriel, bumping her along the driveway. Her abdomen swells and ruptures, spewing her glistening, dark brown, rotting innards onto the gravel drive. Green slimy entrails are strewn behind her.

Suzanne throws down the rope. Dr Collins catches up with her. They watch as Muriel's remains start to dessicate then skeletalise. Green flesh dries and turns to dust. The skeleton disintegrates and blows away in a breeze.

Suzanne squats down on her haunches, exhausted. Dr Collins leans against a tree nursing his injuries. He drops to his knees and looks at Suzanne. Dr Collins embraces her.

EXT. INN, FRONT ENTRANCE. DAY

Police cars, a Fire Engine, Ambulances, parked outside the Inn. A pale and unconscious Lana is wheeled out on a stretcher by Paramedics.

DETECTIVE O.S
Sergeant Dickens logged a call.

Police officers in white SOCO (CSI) overalls, carrying boxes of equipmet, come and go from the house.

SUZANNE O.S
He must have been zapped like the others.

INT. INN, SMALL DIMLY LIT ROOM. DAY

SOCOs examine the electrolyte pool and take sample.

DETECTIVE O.S
Zapped?

SUZANNE O.S
The Inn absorbs human energy.
Stores and transfers it.

The SOCOs (CSI) notice SPARKS BUZZING around the edge and take photographs.

DETECTIVE O.S
Look at it from our perspective...

SUZANNE O.S
(exasperated)
Dr Collins can explain it better than me!

INT. INN, BAR. DAY

Another SOCO (CSI) finds the Sergeant's hat and places it in an evidence bag.

DETECTIVE O.S
...Three witnesses, that's fine,
but no suspects, no bodies and a
missing police officer...

INT. HOSPITAL, SIDE ROOM. DAY

Suzanne, battered and bruised is lying on the bed in tee-shirt and shorts. Her shoulder is heavily strapped and an arm is in a sling. A DETECTIVE and a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER are sitting at her bedside. The Detective considers Suzanne.

DETECTIVE
We have to view your claims with
some degree of suspicion. So I say
again, can you...

A uniformed POLICE OFFICER enters.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry to interrupt Sir. There's
something you should see.

INT. LARGE TOWN, POLICE STATION. DAY

The Detective walks along a corridor with a FEMALE DETECTIVE
colleague.

FEMALE DETECTIVE
Twenty percent blood loss but looks
like Lana's going to be okay. She's
got some strong evidence to back up
their claims.

INT. LARGE TOWN POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY

C.U: On Ross's mobile phone, shaky, hand held footage Lana
shot, looking out from the double room onto the roof terrace.

It shows the fight between Suzanne and Muriel. Suzanne head
butts Muriel, smashing her on the bridge of the nose which
bursts open, squirting out green fluid. She drops the rock
hammer.

DETECTIVE O.S
What the hell is that!

Reveal a group of Detectives viewing the phone's screen.

POLICE OFFICER
None of us know. Not a clue.

They continue watching in disbelief. Reveal Dr Collins
sitting at the table. He takes a sip from a tea cup.

DR COLLINS
Ladies and gentlemen, that is a
supernatural entity known as...

EXT. NEWTON GLEN HOTEL. DAY

Suzanne exits, lots of cuts and bruises to her face and body.
Her right arm in a sling. She slowly and carefully carries
her bags. Dr Collins exits.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Suzanne.

She stops and looks. He catches up with her and takes her
bags.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Let me help.

SUZANNE
Thank you.

DR COLLINS
We didn't say goodbye.

SUZANNE
Don't you want to see me again.

DR COLLINS
Of course, but I wouldn't blame if
you didn't want to see me again
after what we've been through.

SUZANNE
I put you through it as well.

DR COLLINS
How're you getting back? You
can't drive with that injury.

Suzanne smiles.

SUZANNE
Would you like to drive?

Dr Collins smiles and she hands him her keys.

DR COLLINS
(Smiles)
No back seat driving though.

He opens the car boot and places their bags inside.

SUZANNE
Absolutely. I'm riding shot gun.

They get in the car and pull away from the NEWTON GLEN HOTEL.

EPILOGUE

DR COLLINS O.S
And so the evidence in this case
is conclusive...

INT. UNIVERSITY, LECTURE THEATRE. DAY

A darkened auditorium full of students. Dr Collins is standing at a lectern next to the screen. Police crime scene images of the Inn appear as a slideshow. The sequence ends on an image of the electrolyte pool.

DR COLLINS

Psychic energy absorbed by the Inn
had been harnessed and transferred
via this powerful electrolyte bath.

We move along the front row. Reveal Suzanne, Lana, Louise
and Mr Priestley, the Dean of Faculty, who looks on
approvingly.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

The mother of all health spas.

There is a murmur of LAUGHTER.

DR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Put simply, energy can neither be
created nor destroyed, but can
change form... Any questions?

Several STUDENTS raise their hands.

STUDENT 1

Who built the pool?

DR COLLINS

We can only surmise the owner. They
perhaps understood the conductive
qualities of the basalt but who
knows.

STUDENT 2

Where did the creature come from?

DR COLLINS

(smiles)

Ah-ha... I'll refer you to one of
my Masters students to answer that.

Dr Collins defers to Louise, who smiles and nods.

DR COLLINS (CONT.) (CONT'D)

She's writing her dissertation on
that very subject. Louise.

Louise enthusiastically stands up and faces the audience.

LOUISE

It was a type of Succubus, a female
demon or supernatural entity
seemingly attracted to the energy
the building could absorb...

Dr Collins smiles at Suzanne who reciprocates. Lana notices
and nudges Suzanne. Louise's voice fades.

LOUISE O.S (CONT.)
...and which it could emit and
transfer. As a predator, she used
the inn to entrap...

FADE OUT:

EXT. DARK, NARROW, TREE-LINED, BUMPY TRACK. DAY

A workman erects a sign that reads:

DANGER DEMOLITION IN PROGRESS

EXT. THREE WELLS INN. DAY

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

Demolition Workmen, bulldozers and diggers slowly and steadily reduce the Inn, to a pile of bricks and rubble.

DISSOLVE TO:

C.U: On a rocky chunk of the Inn wall. Its crystalline texture glistens in the sunlight.

A SPARK ARCS from the surface to another piece of rock lying nearby.

C.U: A hand claps the lump of rock.

Reveal a male RAMBLER, 50s, examining the lump of Basalt. The demolition workers and gear have gone.

The Rambler places the rock in his back-pack then re-joins a group of rambles. They walk off into the trees.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS.