

Beyond Doubt

By

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Based on the novel:
"The other daddy - a world away"

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FADE IN:

INT. EDAY - ABANDONED WORLD WAR II AIR-RAID SHELTER

SUPER: 2003.

BLACK SCREEN.

STRAINED HEAVY BREATHING.

EXT. HOSPITAL LANE - DAY

SUPER: 2011.

Two CARS travel blind in a THICK GREY MIST.

INT. EDAY - ABANDONED WORLD WAR II AIR-RAID SHELTER (CONT'D)

HEAVY BREATHING.

A steel door CREEKS, slams shut -

BANG!

SCREAMS of panic - Hands frantically SCRATCH on metal -
BANGING of fists.

EXT: HOSPITAL LANE - (CONTINUOUS)

A SILHOUETTE of a large structure emerges from the mist,
barely visible - it's a 18th century building - WHITFIELD
HOUSE. The cars pull up outside.

INT. EDAY - ABANDONED WORLD WAR II AIR-RAID SHELTER (CONT'D)

SCREAMS of panic.

Banging stops.

SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE.

WHIMPERS.

A match is LIT, revealing the profile of two girls huddled in a corner - KATIE McMAHON, 15, and GEORGINA MAC, 15.

The match extinguishes.

DARKNESS.

EXT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - ENTRANCE (CONTINUOUS)

Parapsychologist DR ANDREW MCGREGOR, 36, handsome, Scottish, and associate, MARK REYNOLDS, 32, get out the car. They take a look around - only the entrance of the house in view.

A CAR DOOR opens and closes.

Andrew turns, his colleagues, TOM FOSTER, 45, and eccentric, hippy, HELEN BAILEY, 42, heading his way.

They stand in awe, ogling at the historical architecture.

MIKE

This looks like the place.

Suddenly - A CROW SHRIEKS, flaps it's wings above their heads. They duck, covering their heads until - The crow flies away.

They look at one another with a sigh relief. Tom lets out a quiet guffaw.

Helen shivers.

Andrew takes a step forward, looks up, taking in the building with sheer amazement, turns to Helen, smiles.

ANDREW

Are you ready?

INSERT TITLE CARD: EDAY - 2003.

INT. MRS FISHWICK'S STUDY - EDAY - MORNING

A beautiful rehearsal of CHOPIN - NOCTURNE. YOUNG FINGERS dance across piano keys. Stood by a teenage female STUDENT is MRS FISHWICK, 60, a skinny, peculiar lady. She rocks back and forth in a trance.

Numerous CATS lie around the room, one lies on the piano. Framed photographs hang on the wall. One of two girls - Katie McMahon and Georgina Mack pose holding a diploma.

EXT. EDAY - THE MOORS - MORNING

A team of LAND-ROVERS head up the moors. LOCALS pin up posters of the two missing girls in the shop windows. An army of POLICE OFFICERS with sniffer dogs search the area. They knock on doors, ask questions, make notes. A lot of pointing up the road and hand signaling.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A dull atmosphere. RESIDENTS cram inside. ANGUS McMAHON, 42, DAVID and IRENE MAC, 45, sit at the front of the congregation. Irene wipes away her tears whilst David holds her.

DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR IAN MCEWEN, 52, and DETECTIVE SERGEANT SIMON KAVANAGH, 29, are stood at the back, observing. At the front, the VICAR stands ready to start the service.

INT. MRS FISHWICK STUDY (CONTINUOUS)

The student misses a key.

Mrs Fishwick JOLTS, coming out of her trance.

MRS FISHWICK
All right stop!

The student stops playing. Startled.

MRS FISHWICK (CONT'D)
Play it again, but this time pay
more attention to the dynamics and
phrases.

The student re-starts.

Mrs Fishwick heads to her window, spots several REPORTERS outside in the rain. She sighs with frustration and pulls the curtains to.

EXT. CHURCH (MOMENTS LATER)

The congregation filter out of the church.

NEWS REPORTERS gather around the steps.

Angus, David, Irene, step outside.

The Reporters catch a glimpse of them. Pushing and shoving to secure prime position.

REPORTER

Angus McMahon when was the last time you saw your daughter and her friend?. David and Irene, do you believe the girls are alive?

McEwen steps in front of the Reporters.

MCEWEN

This is nae the time or the place. Kindly move on!

REPORTER

DCI McEwen, is it true that you have been brought over from the mainland to lead the investigation?

MCEWEN

Aye that's right. Myself and Sgt Kavanagh will be doing a press release - so you can ask your questions then.

McEwen and Kavanagh escort Angus, David and Irene to their car.

Angus, David and Irene get in and drive off.

Over the terrain - A LIGHTHOUSE stands in the distance.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING-ROOM (LATER)

Angus walks to the window, cup of tea in hand - Reporters linger outside. He sighs.

ANGUS

Nae respect, the lot of them.

Irene and David perch on the sofa, drinking tea, they watch the news. Angus still in his coat parks himself next to David.

A PICTURE OF GEORGINA AND KATIE appear on the TV screen.

TV SCREEN:

NEWS REPORTER

The teenage girls reportedly went missing on Friday the 5th of March, exactly two days ago. The last sighting of Katie McMahon and Georgina Mac, both aged fifteen years old, was at approximately three thirty pm as they left Eday secondary School.

BACK TO SCENE:

Angus takes swig of tea his hands shake, eyes red and sore from crying.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O)

It is believed they were on their way to a piano lesson only a fifteen minute walk from the school, but failed to turn-up...

Irene turns off the TV.

IRENE

I canae listen to any more.

Irene weeps.

Angus cries, rocking back and forth.

David puts an arm around Irene.

Angus SLAMS his fist unexpectedly on the table. The tea cups rattle. Irene JUMPS, David places a hand on Angus's shoulder.

ANGUS

Why haven't the police found them yet? Fur Christ sakes.

DAVID

They're doing their best, Angus. We need to be patient.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: 2011.

FUZZY/DISTORTED Children's SHOUTING.

CALLUM, 7, Blonde curly hair, blue eyes, sits, caught in a daydream, staring out the window.

EXT. EDAY - BEACH - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Waves lap against a sandy dune, bright sunshine, a clear blue sky.

A GIRL, 15, wears thick winter clothes running along a beach in SLOW MOTION. She flies a bright red kite, looks over her shoulder - LAUGHING. Her LONG AUBURN hair covers her face in the wind.

A lighthouse stands in the distance.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. CLASSROOM (CONTINUOUS)

MISS TURNER, early 30s, youthful but dresses older than her years, is stood at the head of the class.

MISS TURNER

Quiet!

She CLAPS her hands.

Callum BLINKS coming back to reality - He looks at Miss Turner.

The room falls quiet.

Miss turner coasts from desk to desk handing out pictures.

MISS TURNER

I've got some paintings here from our field trip to the forest at the beginning of the year. As we now have a new theme, you can take your paintings home and give them to your mums and dads or grannies and Granddads, or whoever you want to give them to.

Miss Turner gives Callum his picture.

A chubby girl, SALLY SMITH, 7, sits next to Callum.

SALLY

Who are you going to give yours to, Callum?

Callum ignores Sally, stares blankly at his picture.

SALLY

Callum?

He turns, looks directly into her eyes.

CALLUM

I want to give it to my other
daddy.

Returns to his picture.

SALLY

Have you got two daddies as well,
then?

CALLUM

Yes.

Miss Turner eavesdrops.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

I never see him though.

SALLY

Why not.

CALLUM

He lives too far away.

SALLY

Have you got another mummy too?

CALLUM

I did but she lives in heaven now.

MISS TURNER

Right, Callum, Sally, I think
that's enough chatting.

Miss Turner turns to write on the board.

INT. BANK - DAY

Phones constantly RING. CUSTOMERS chat with STAFF. A large
desk sits in the corner with a brass name plate - LOUISE
THOMPSON MORTGAGE ADVISOR.

LOUISE THOMPSON, 33, Tailored, sits at a desk with her
colleague, EMILY RILEY, 35.

LOUISE
I find it so hard sleeping now
since Jack left.

EMILY
You poor thing. How is Callum
coping with the separation?

LOUISE
He seems fine. Jack comes to get
him every Friday, he wishes he
could see him more but...

Louise's mobile RINGS.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Louise Thompson.

MISS TURNER (V.O)
(On phone)
Mrs Thompson this is Miss Turner,
Callum's teacher.

Emily mouths the words "see you later" and leaves the room.

MISS TURNER (V.O) (CONT'D)
I wonder if you could come in to
see me. I'd like to talk to you
about Callum's behaviour.

LOUISE
(Surprised)
Behaviour? He's been naughty?

MISS TURNER (V.O.)
It's not easy to explain over the
phone.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Fast FINGERS tap away on a keyboard.

Louise coming straight from work sits waiting, she stares at
- A SECRETARY at the desk.

A DOOR opens.

Miss Turner appears.

MISS TURNER
Mrs Thompson?

Louise gazes up and smiles.

MISS TURNER (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming.

Miss Turner motion Louise to step inside.

INT. CLASSROOM

Full of natural light and brightly coloured PICTURES. Small tables and chairs scattered all over.

Miss Turner sits behind her desk with Louise opposite.

LOUISE
You said you were concerned about
Callum's behaviour?

MISS TURNER
Yes, but I must stress he's not
been naughty.

MISS TURNER
He's not himself at the moment. I'm
aware of your recent separation,
Callum has told me. A separation
can often affect a child's
behaviour.

LOUISE
Yes I know it can.

Miss Turner pulls out a folder marked "ART WORK CLASS 2B"

She takes pictures from the folder.

MISS TURNER
I wanted to show you these.

Miss Turner places the pictures one by one in front of
Louise.

IMAGE: A BOY AND GIRL CRYING, COVERED IN BLOOD.

*IMAGE: A PERSON LOCKED IN A ROOM, THE WORDS "SMOKING DEN"
ABOVE IT.*

BACK TO SCENE.

Miss turner pulls out more drawings, similar to the person locked in a room, the words "FOR MY "OTHER" DADDY" next to it.

Louise is taken aback. She sifts through the drawings for a clue.

MISS TURNER

Sorry to point out the obvious but on every single one of them he has written "my other daddy".

Miss Turner flicks to the back of a file and takes out more.

MISS TURNER (CONT'D)

If you look at these ones from a couple of months ago, they are very different. Normal, happy, just as you would expect from a typical seven year old.

Louise isn't listening.

LOUISE

Other daddy?

MISS TURNER

Yes. I thought that was a little odd too. Mrs Thompson, forgive me for asking, but does Callum have another daddy?

Louise stares right through her.

LOUISE

No, no he only has the one Father.

MISS TURNER

I over heard Callum earlier say to Sally smith who he sits next to about another mother who has gone to heaven.

LOUISE

Another Mother? I have no idea what Callum is talking about?

Miss Turner in thought, is Louise hiding something?

MISS TURNER

It's not only the comments he makes or his drawings that bother me, Callum's been very withdrawn

(More)

MISS TURNER (Cont'd)
 recently. He doesn't seem to want to mix with other children. It concerns me that he sits alone during playtime's. I've tried to encourage him to play with the others but he doesn't want to. It's like he's in his own little world. Has he been acting any differently at home or mentioned anything?

INT. BURGER KING - EARLY EVENING

FLASHBACK:

A children's birthday PARTY over power one end of the restaurant.

Louise and Callum sit in a quiet corner, eating. Callum looks preoccupied. Louise studies him, concerned.

LOUISE
 So how's school?

Callum shrugs - Suddenly he remembers something.

CALLUM
 I've got a new friend. His name's Jeremy.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. CLASSROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Louise talking with Miss Turner.

MISS TURNER
 Jeremy? Sorry, I don't know who you mean?

LOUISE
 I'm sure Callum said "Jeremy"

MISS TURNER
 Well, as far as I know, there is only one Jeremy in school, but he's in year six, and he certainly wouldn't be playing at the same time as year two.

INT. CLASSROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Louise and Miss turner continue the conversation.

LOUISE

Yesterday he grazed his knee,
playing football. He said his
friend pushed him by accident. You
put a plaster on it. Do you
remember?

MISS TURNER

Yes I do. I saw him trip whilst he
was running for the bell. He was
definitely on his own.

Louise's baffled.

A deafening SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

Miss Turner stands. SHOUTING over the bell.

MISS TURNER

I have to go now Mrs Thompson. I
will keep a close eye on Callum,
but perhaps it might be an idea to
take him to the doctor for a
check-up?

LOUISE

A check-up? Miss Turner, do you
think there's something wrong with
Callum? I mean, with his mind?

MISS TURNER

I think he could be a little
unsettled. Look, I'm sorry, I don't
wish to be rude, but I really must
go.

Miss turner puts her folder away and exits.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Low ceilings, minimal light, bare stone walls make for a
nice feature but give off a cold and damp ambience.

Mike leads the way with Andrew, Tom and Helen in toe. He
motions them forward in the direction of the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Low ceiling and continue through, a small table in the centre, the bare necessities such as a kettle and oven on display - they have seen better days.

MIKE

Well, welcome to Whitfield house.
As I'm sure you have been
informed...

Mike looks at both Tom and Helen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We are here to film a documentary
about paranormal sightings. This
building in fact used to be an old
prison hospital for over seven
thousand French prisoners of the
Napoleonic wars. It is said that a
nurse carrying a lantern roams up
and down the lane and haunts this
house.

Helen shivers, pulls her throw over her shoulders.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Of course it is up to us to prove
this is true or not.

Tom rolls his eyes. Mike undeterred by Tom's lack of
interest and continues regardless.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Anyway, after reading many of Dr
McGregor's case-studies I am
confident we will at least catch
something on film.

Andrew smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let me show you around. I thought
we would start in Mrs
Whitfield-Jones's bedroom, then the
attic and then the cellar. These
are the rooms that have repeatedly
experienced the most paranormal
phenomena.

Mike escorts them out the kitchen.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - STAIRCASE (MOMENTS LATER)

LIGHT seeps through from a bedroom door left ajar. It's steep and narrow, royal-blue carpets cover the steps.

Mike leads the way, the stairs CREAK with every stride.

A mobile RINGS.

The group JUMP.

ANDREW

Sorry. You guys carry on. I have to take this.

Mike, Tom and Helen continue upstairs.

Andrew answers his phone.

ANDREW

Hi Jess. It's not a great time to speak chat now...

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

JESSICA, 35, attractive, well kept, sits opposite a NAIL TECHNICIAN having her nails filed whilst on the phone.

JESSICA

It never is. Caught any ghosts yet?

ANDREW (V.O)

We haven't seen any evidence of paranormal activity yet but we've only just...

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - STAIRCASE (CONTINUOUS)

Andrew on the phone.

JESSICA (V.O)

Come home Andrew. You've missed Amy's ballet show again?

A look of guilt emerges.

JESSICA (V.O)(CONT'D)

Amy's getting tired of you not being around and I can't say I

(More)

JESSICA (V.O) (CONT'D) (Cont'd)
 blame her. While you're busy
 chasing ghosts, we're left at home.

ANDREW
 I have to go where the work is,
 Jess. You know that.

INT. NAIL SALON (CONTINUOUS)

Jess now having her nails painted.

JESSICA
 Will you be home by tomorrow?

ANDREW (V.O)
 With a bit of luck, all being well.

JESSICA
 I'm serious Andrew. It's Mummy and
 Daddy's silver wedding anniversary.
 We've got to be at the Crown Hotel
 for their party at seven pm.

ANDREW
 Seven pm. I should be done by then.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - STAIRCASE (CONTINUOUS)

Andrew on the phone.

JESSICA (V.O)
 You better had. If you don't it
 will be the last straw. I'm at my
 wits end now. I mean it Andrew,
 don't be late

ANDREW
 Jess, don't be like that...

The phone line DIES.

Andrew pockets his phone, faces down, wonders can he take
 any more of this?

Mike returns, rushing down the stairs.

Andrew forces a smile.

ANDREW

Mike, What's happened?

MIKE

I didn't even get a chance to finish the tour and Helen has already felt a presence in the master bedroom. I need to get my camera's.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM (MOMENTS LATER)

Open elaborate drapes are pinned to one side allowing DAYLIGHT to seep in. A king size bed with matching creamy toned bedspread is showered with cushions. An expensive dressing table with a mirror sits by the window. A few opulent paintings hang on the walls.

Mike sets up a camera facing it towards the bed.

Helen wanders around the room, shivering.

Tom and Andrew stand to one side, rubbing their hands together.

TOM

Nippy, isn't it. Mrs W J could do with turning on the heating.

ANDREW

How are we looking, Mike?

Fiddling with the Camera.

MIKE

Nearly there. Looks like Helen maybe ready soon.

All eyes turn to Helen who ponders around, her eyes are shut, sensing something.

Mike finishes setting up, presses a button on the camera, it starts rolling. He speaks into it.

MIKE

Interview one. We are at the Whitfield house in Hampshire. In Mrs Whitfield Jones' bedroom. With me is Parapsychologist Dr McGregor,

(More)

MIKE (Cont'd)
 scientist Tom Foster, Myself Mike
 Reynolds and Helen Bailey our
 medium. The date is the second of
 the third two thousand and eleven
 and the time is...
 (checking his watch)
 ...twelve, twenty pm.

Mike moves aside and watches Helen.

Helen turns, nonchalantly - back to reality. She points to
 the bed.

HELEN
 May I?

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Go ahead. Look, if you can feel
 anything...

HELEN
 Shush!

Andrew stands in the doorway, hands over his mouth, focused.

ANDREW
 Can you feel anything, Helen?

Tom yawns.

HELEN
 (whispering)
 Yes. Please don't talk.

Helen opens her eyes, immediately fixated on an invisible
 object. A spirit maybe? She tries to make out what it is
 saying.

HELEN
 I... I don't understand. Do you
 speak English?

Mike and Andrew exchange a look of uncertainty.

Tom rolls his eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 E^tes-vous Francais?

Helen eyes widen.

INSERT CUT: A FRENCH SOLDIER IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY UNIFORM, HIS ARM BADLY WOUNDED AND DRIPPING WITH BLOOD - PAINED EXPRESSION. HE STRETCHES OUT HIS OTHER ARM REACHING FOR HELEN.

BACK TO SCENE.

Helen blinks. Everything and everyone is normal, nothing happened.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - CALLUM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Typical boys' bedroom - decorated with planets and space motifs.

Louise enters in her dressing gown.

Callum's bed is a mess - he's not there.

She frowns.

Muffled NOISE from a Television downstairs.

She leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Louise enters.

Callum is stretched across the sofa watching cartoons.

Louise steps closer noticing Callum's red cheeks and runny nose. She places her hand on his forehead.

LOUISE

You're burning up. No school today,
Mister, you're not well enough.

She heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Louise stands in the doorway, shocked - The cupboard DOORS and DRAWERS are left wide OPEN.

She heads back to the lounge.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Louise strolls in.

 LOUISE
 Callum, were you searching for
 something in the kitchen?

Callum calmly looks up.

 CALLUM
 It was Jeremy.

 LOUISE
 Jeremy? What the boy from school?
 He was here?

 CALLUM
 Yes, when you were in bed.

Louise checks her watch.

 LOUISE
 But it's only seven thirty in the
 morning. What was he doing here?
 And more to the point, what was he
 doing in the kitchen looking
 through all the cupboards and
 drawers?

Callum shrugs his shoulders and carries on watching TV.

Louise grabs the REMOTE, switching off the TV.

 LOUISE
 Callum, Miss turner didn't know who
 Jeremy was when I spoke to her the
 other day. Does he really go to
 your school?

 CALLUM
 Sometimes.

 LOUISE
 What do you mean, "sometimes"? He
 either goes to your school or he
 doesn't.

 CALLUM
 Sometimes.

Callum sneezes and coughs.

Louise fills with guilt, she envelopes him.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sunlight pours in.

Andrew's on the phone, leaning on the worktop. A number of web camera's lie on the breakfast table beside his laptop.

ANDREW
(on phone)
Good morning, Pumpkin. You OK?

INT. MCGREGOR KITCHEN - DAY

AMY MCGREGOR, 14, dressed in her school uniform sits eating cereal. She dumps her spoon in the bowl.

AMY
(on phone)
Now you call me. What lame excuse do you have for me this time?

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Andrew takes a seat at the breakfast table, back to the door.

ANDREW
I'm so sorry, Aimes. I got caught up in work and I...

AMY (V.O)
Forgot. You always forget. Why can't you just have a normal job like other dads?

INT. MCGREGOR KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Amy plays with her cereal, not really listening.

ANDREW (V.O)
I'm sorry, I promise I'll make it up to you.

AMY
Just come home so mum can stop being so moody. She's so pissed off with you.

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

ANDREW

Amy. Don't swear. Just because I'm not at home doesn't mean you can be a foul mouth.

Mike enters.

MIKE

Caught anything yet?

Andrew turns around. Mike stops talking, realises Andrew's on the phone, mimes the words "Sorry"

ANDREW

Listen Aimes, I'm going to have to go but...

The phone dies.

Andrew sighs, guilty. Puts the phone to one side, then continues to work on the laptop.

Mike leans over his shoulder, looking at the screen.

MIKE

So any luck?

ANDREW

We will soon find out.

MIKE

Do want me to place these camera's in the master bedroom and bathroom?

ANDREW

No, Tom's upstairs setting up.

Mike heads for the door.

Helen appears in the doorway, handbag over her shoulder, ready to go.

MIKE

Well, me and Helen are off to get some breakfast. Are you sure you don't want to join us?

ANDREW

I might catch up with you later. You go on without me.

Mike and Helen leave

The DOOR SLAMS.

SILENCE - Andrew taps away at his laptop.

WHISPERING.

Andrew turns, facing the exit, no one there - the whispering STOPS.

He turns back around, confused. Shivers.

A WASHING MACHINE sounds next door.

Andrews JERKS, startled, then rises to investigate.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

The washing machine fills with water. Andrew approaches. Suddenly it accelerates in HIGH-SPEED SPIN. He searches for the STOP button and turns it off. He opens the port-hole door - EMPTY.

Tom enters.

TOM
Oh, there you are.

Andrew JUMPS.

ANDREW
I thought you were upstairs?

Andrew stares back at the washing machine, baffled.

Tom steps closer holding a camera.

TOM
I have one left, where do you want it?

ANDREW
In here.

TOM
Something wrong?

ANDREW
No, nothing at all.

Tom sets up the camera in the corner.

TOM
I could do with something to eat
too. I'm going to nip to the
bakery, do you want anything?

ANDREW
Just a roll or some sort, please,
Tom.

TOM
Right I won't be long.

Tom leaves.

INT. KITCHEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Andrew sits at his laptop watching the utility room from the
computer screen.

SILENCE.

WHISPERS.

Andrew turns - no one there again. He looks around, takes a
deep breath and heads outside.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING-ROOM - DAY

Callum stares at the TV screen. Vacant.

INT. DARK ROOM

FLASHBACK:

A STEEL DOOR slowly opens.

SILENCE.

A YOUNG HAND reaches out to shut the door.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - DAY

Andrew reaches for the handle and opens a little BLACK DOOR.

INT. CELLAR

Andrew steps down a narrow corridor, flicks on a LIGHT, casting a dim, yellow haze.

An old bicycle and broken wooden chairs sit in the corner. He stands in the centre with his arms folded. Looks around, notices a BROWN TRUNK on the dusty floor and pokes around inside - Nothing but an old teddy bear, children's clothing, magazines and old photographs.

Andrew sits, flicking through the photographs. He stops, a black and white picture of an attractive NURSE. He turns it over, reading the name "ANNE" He stuffs the picture in his jacket pocket.

The light bulb FLICKERS, then -

DARKNESS.

Andrew FUMBLES around in his pocket. KEYS jingle.

A GREEN SPOTLIGHT from his keys.

Andrew directs the light trying to find his way out.

CREAK from behind.

Andrew turns, shines his light behind him. Nothing. SILENCE.

CREAK.

WHISPERS.

TWO VOICES WHISPER NOW. They get closer, as if whispering by his ear.

Andrew hurries to the door. He bolts it up the stairs.

Whispers get LOUDER and LOUDER.

Andrew pushes the cellar door, it won't open.

The VOICES are clear, they shout "GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT"

Andrew burst through the cellar door.

Tom approaches, holding a paper bag from the bakery.

TOM
Cheese and tomato, OK?

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING-ROOM - DAY

Callum lies on the sofa, BLINKS, coming out of a hypnotic state, he focuses on the TV.

Louise enters, sits next to Callum, places her hand on his forehead.

LOUISE
Are you feeling better now?

CALLUM
Yes.

Callum's eyes are glued to the TV.

Louise looks at the TV - Callum has seen this program a million times.

LOUISE
Do you want to carry on watching this, or shall we look for something else?

CALLUM
No, I like this.

An ADVERT appears on the television.

Callum sits up straight, concentrating.

TV
If you would like to learn a language, subscribe today and we will send you our easy-to-learn starter pack containing a CD and text book. With over twenty different languages to choose from, you can be sure to find the one you have always dreamt of learning - French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish are but a few.

Callum turns and faces Louise.

CALLUM
Hablo Espanol.

Louise frowns.

LOUISE
What did you say?

CALLUM
Hablo Espanol. It means I speak Spanish.

LOUISE
That's very clever, Callum. Who taught you that?

Callum shrugs his shoulders.

CALLUM
I don't remember, but I can speak Spanish.

LOUISE
Well, you can say "I speak Spanish" so that's a good start.

CALLUM
No, I can say more than that.

Callum points at the CURTAINS.

CALLUM
Las Cortinas.

Then to the CARPET.

CALLUM
La alfombra.

Then to the COFFEE TABLE.

CALLUM
La mesa.

Louise is dumbfounded.

LOUISE
Wow! Did Daddy teach you that? Is he learning Spanish?

CALLUM
No, Daddy doesn't speak Spanish.

She glares at him, challenging.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
I think it's time for something to eat. What type of soup would you like, sweetheart?

CALLUM
Sopa de pollo.

LOUISE
What does that mean?

CALLUM
Chicken soup.

Callum turns and resumes watching TV.

EXT. MRS FISHWICK HOUSE - EDAY - DAY

McEwen and Kavanagh walk up the garden path.

PIANO MUSIC: DOLLY SUIT - BERCEUSE plays from inside.

McEwen searches for a doorbell or knocker, can't find one.
He uses the letter box instead.

Mrs Fishwick opens the door.

Awkward SILENCE.

MCEWEN
Mrs Fishwick. DCI McEwan and Sgt.
Kavanagh.

They flash their ID BADGES.

Mrs Fishwick gives them the once over from head to toe.

MCEWEN (CONT'D)
I wonder if we could just have a
quick word with you?

MRS FISHWICK
I'm busy.

MCEWEN
It won't take long.

MRS FISHWICK
You'd better come inside.

INT. FISHWICK HOUSE - LOUNGE

Several CATS are dotted around the room. One large, fat CAT lies stretched on the sofa.

Kavanagh's face scrunches.

Mrs Fishwick picks up the fat cat makes her way to Kavanagh

MRS FISHWICK
Something wrong Sgt? Do you not
like cats?

She enjoys his discomfort.

KAVANAGH
I uh... I.....

She steps closer.

MRS FISHWICK
Say hello to Mr Tibbs Sgt. He won't
bite.

Kavanagh coughs nervously and tugs at his collar and tie, then instinctively rubs his eyes.

McEwan jumps in.

MCEWEN
Mrs Fishwick I was surprised not to
see you at the prayer service
yesterday.

MRS FISHWICK
Were you DCI McEwen? I'm touched
you noticed.

MCEWEN
I presumed a pillar of community as
yourself, a much respected member
of this Island, you would have been
there to show your support. After
all Katie and Karen are your
students.

Mrs Fishwick walks over to the coffee table and picks up a packet of menthol cigarettes, opens the packet and offers them one.

Kavanagh shakes his head, still trying to cope with his allergy.

Mrs Fishwick lights a cigarette and looks over at McEwan.

MRS FISHWICK

I have you down as more of a cigar man, DCI McEwen. Am I right?

MCEWEN

I enjoy the odd cigar now and then.

MRS FISHWICK

I thought so.

She inhales, closing her eyes, enjoying the moment.

MCEWEN

Mrs Fishwick? Why didn't you attend the prayer service yesterday?

Mrs Fishwick opens her eyes and looks at him squarely.

MRS FISHWICK

I was teaching, life must go on. Besides I'm not a gossip-monger.

KAVANAGH

Gossip-monger?

MRS FISHWICK

Yes gossip monger, Sgt. The only reason why most of Eday turned up yesterday was to be nosy. And what with the pesky media hounding us day and night. Do you know those rats have been scurrying around outside of my door since the girls went missing? I don't know why you lot don't do something about it.

McEwen moves across to the window and looks out onto the lane - no one there.

MCEWEN

They're nae there now.

MRS FISHWICK

Too busy hounding the poor girls' parents I dare-say. It's either me or them.

MCEWEN

We're making a reconstruction of the girls leaving the school and their journey to you. We were hoping you might have remembered something about that day.

MRS FISHWICK
Like I said before to your
colleagues, no I didnae see them.

MCEWEN
Were they normally on time for
their lesson?

MRS FISHWICK
Nae. They were invariably late,
which I'm afraid I find most
irritating.

Kavanagh makes a quick note in his pocketbook.

MCEWEN
Do you have any idea why they were
often late?

MRS FISHWICK
I have nae interest in what my
students get up to outside of my
lessons.

MCEWEN
Mrs Fishwick if you are with-
holding information may I remind
you it is a criminal offense.

MRS FISHWICK
Aye. I am well aware of that DCI
McEwen, so it's just as well I'm
not.

Mrs Fishwick smiles sardonically.

MCEWEN
Is this the room you teach in?

MRS FISHWICK
Nae, I teach in my study next door.

KAVANAGH
Were they good students? Apart from
being late of course?

MRS FISHWICK
They weren't bad. Katie received a
diploma last year. It's all down to
good teaching of course. With a
reputation like mine, it's hard not
to succeed.

McEwen nods.

MCEWAN

Thanks for time Mrs Fishwick.

MRS FISHWICK

Nae bother. Do drop by again
sometime.

Kavanagh glares at Mr Tibbs who sits on the tip of his foot,
looking up.

MCEWEN

Come Sgt, no time to play with the
nice cats, we've work to be done.

Kavanagh throws an incredulous look at McEwen. McEwen tries
to suppress his amusement.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF FISHWICK HOUSE

McEwen and Kavanagh walk to their car.

Piano music plays from inside the house.

KAVANAGH

She gives me the creeps. She's not
all there, Sir. How on earth do
people trust her with their kids.

MCEWEN

Oh Kavanagh, she's a little
eccentric but I'm pretty sure she's
harmless.

KAVANAGH

I'm glad you thinks so. And all
those cats. It stunk in there.

MCEWEN

Did it? I didnae notice. Her
menthol cigarettes reeked more than
the cats.

INT. CALLUM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callum asleep, tossing and turning.

BLACK SCREEN.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

FISTS BANGING frantically on a corrugated iron door.

HARROWING SCREAMS.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

BACK TO SCENE:

Callum wakes up clutching his teddy bear, distraught, sobbing.

Louise rushes into the bedroom.

LOUISE

Hey! What's the matter sweetheart?

Louise sits down on the bed and holds him.

CALLUM

I want my daddy.

LOUISE

You'll see Daddy tomorrow. Mummy's here darling.

CALLUM

Daddy needs me, mummy's gone.

LOUISE

Callum, mummy's right here. Look I'm here. It was just a bad dream.

Callum dazed, confused, stares at her vacantly. She feels his forehead. He has a fever.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You're burning up. Stay right here.

Louise dashes out the room.

Callum sits shaking, hugging his bear.

Louise returns with a bottle of medicine and a teaspoon.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Right. Here we go.

She pours the medicine onto the spoon.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Open wide.

Callum open his mouth, swallows the medicine, coughs and cries again.

CALLUM

I want Daddy.

LOUISE

Callum come on. You will see Daddy tomorrow.

CALLUM

Not that daddy, my other daddy.

Louise cradles him, calming him down.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Louise on the phone.

LOUISE

Thanks Emily. I'll see you Monday.

She dials another number.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Jack it's me. Callum's not well. He's full of cold so you won't be able to see him today, I'm afraid.

Frowns.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

How dare you, of course he's ill. You know I would never stop you from seeing him. No I'm not willing to talk about more access right now. Go through my solicitor.

Louise SLAMS the phone down.

Callum stands in the doorway.

She sighs.

LOUISE

Are you all right sweetheart?

CALLUM

Daddy's angry cause I'm not going to see him today, isn't he?

LOUISE

No. He knows you're poorly. He's just disappointed, he was looking forward to seeing you. But if you get plenty of rest today, you might be well enough to see him tomorrow.

CALLUM

Jeremy won't be happy I'm not at school, he won't have anyone to play with.

LOUISE

Jeremy? So your friend at school is called Jeremy?

CALLUM

Yes. Why?

LOUISE

Miss Turner didn't seem to know who Jeremy was. She said you haven't been playing with any one at playtime's.

Callum shrugs.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Callum? Callum if something is bothering you can tell me. Why were you pretending?

He gazes at Louise emotionless, vacant.

EXT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - DAY

Andrew stands, leaning against the wall. He lights a cigarette, pulls out his phone.

ANDREW

(on phone)

Hi Jess, can you please pick up your phone. I know Amy isn't happy with me but can you get her to give me a call, I want to say sorry. I love you, bye.

Andrew pockets the phone.

Mike appears at his side. Andrew looks guilty.

ANDREW

Been trying to give up.

Mike smiles, sparks up.

MIKE

Helen has just nipped off to the Library to see if she can gather more research on this place.

ANDREW

That would be helpful.

MIKE

I've just had the most amazing conversation with her. She told me in great depth about the French soldier she saw yesterday.

ANDREW

Her description of him certainly fits with the era of the hospital.

MIKE

But there was not even a glimmer of him caught on film. I don't understand why we couldn't see him and she could.

ANDREW

Seeing a spirit is a bit like tuning in on the right wave length of a radio station or channel on TV.

MIKE

What do you mean?

ANDREW

Well I believe, and this is not everyone's belief of course, but the spirits are just in another dimension to us. Some of us can tune in and see them and others can't. Songs are still being played on the radio, the DJ still does his show, only we can't hear it if the radio is turned off.

MIKE

So you think there are spirits all around us, but we just can't see them or hear them unless we have the ability to tune in like Helen does.

ANDREW

Exactly.

They enjoy their cigarettes for a moment until -

ANDREW (CONT'D)

So what's next, Mike?

Andrew stubs out his cigarette.

MIKE

I'd like to interview Helen properly on film, do you think she will agree?

ANDREW

I'll have a word with her.

MIKE

I've just set up a camera in the cellar. I'll also leave a couple running in the main house over night tonight.

ANDREW

The cellar would be a good place. I went down there earlier. I definitely think we are in with a chance of catching something on film in there. Anyway, I thought you were here just for the night?

MIKE

It was meant to be. But Mrs WJ had decided to stay away another night. You can stay over again too if you like. Don't fancy spending a night here alone.

Andrew contemplates the idea.

ANDREW

I have to head back to Cambridge. Parents-in-law silver wedding anniversary tonight.

(Checks his watch)

(More)

ANDREW (Cont'd)
In fact I should be heading back soon.

Tom rushes out of the house, interrupts them.

TOM
You two better get in here. It's the cellar.

Andrew and Mike follow Tom.

ANDREW
Bloody hell Tom you look like you've seen a ghost. That would be something, seeing as you don't believe in them.

MIKE
What do you mean he doesn't believe in them? He's part of your team.

ANDREW
He's a scientist. Need I say more.

TOM
Have you two quite finished?

INT. WHITFIELD HOUSE - CELLAR

Tom swings open the cellar door. They dash downstairs.

Andrew and Mike are shocked in disbelief. The camera is SMASHED, parts scattered all over the room.

A POOL OF DARK RED SUBSTANCE next to a pile of debris.

Mike walks into the centre of the room and picks up a piece of camera.

MIKE
What the hell happened to my camera?

Andrew stares at the pool of sticky liquid near his foot. He touches it and sniffs it.

ANDREW
Smells like blood.

Tom moves closer, dips his finger in the liquid.

TOM
Yes it's blood alright.

MIKE
Blood? How? Where did it come from?

ANDREW
Your guess is as good as mine.

TOM
I'll get a sample of this for the
lab.

ANDREW
I'll call Helen.

Andrew fishes out his mobile from his trouser pocket. He
leaves to get signal.

MIKE
So what's your theory on what
happened here?

TOM
Someone or something has smashed up
your camera and probably cut
themselves in the process.

MIKE
Something....?

TOM
An animal or something.

Andrew returns.

ANDREW
Helen's on her way.

Tom rolls his eyes.

Andrew checks his watch again.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to have to cut this short
but I must head off. Look if there
are any developments, anything at
all, call me.

MIKE
Of course.

ANDREW

And Tom, don't leave until Helen has finished here too.

TOM

OK. I'm just going to get a couple of samples.

ANDREW

If I don't hear from you before, I'll be in touch tomorrow, Mike.

Andrew leaves.

Tom puts on a pair of surgical gloves and takes a sample of the blood. He holds it up and inspects it. His tube a quarter full. He puts it away in his brief-case, then bags up a piece of camera debris.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

A clock ticking - It's 10pm.

Louise pacing up and down, Mobile to her ear. Her friend, MEGAN, 32, sits observing.

LOUISE

It's gone to voice mail again.

Louise hangs up.

LOUISE

That's it! Megan, I'm going to call the police. I can't bear it any longer.

MEGAN

And say what? Callum is with his father, the police won't be interested, he's only four hours late.

LOUISE

Only?

MEGAN

I know it feels an age but in the eyes of the police it's no where near long enough to be reporting him as missing.

JACK
Jeremy, your friend from school?

Jack looks in the mirror at Callum's face, who smiles.

CALLUM
Yes.

JACK
Do you mean for a sleep-over one night?

CALLUM
No. I mean for a week or two. He gets bored in the summer holidays.

JACK
One or two weeks is quite a long time, you'll have to ask Mummy.

CALLUM
Mummy said I have to ask Daddy.

JACK
Did she.

CALLUM
She said Daddy's the boss.

Jack smiles, wryly.

JACK
Not any more, you'll have to ask Mummy.

CALLUM
My other daddy always says yes whenever Jeremy wants to stay.

Jack frowns. He glances back at Callum through his rear view mirror with urgency.

JACK
What are you talking about Callum? You don't have another daddy.

CALLUM
Yes I do.

Jack pulls over and stops the car. Upset. Turns to face him.

JACK

Callum if your mum is seeing someone else that doesn't make him your daddy. I am your Daddy and always will be, do you understand me?

Callum nods, continues to stare at the raindrops.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE the house. TYRES CRUNCH on the gravel.

Louise bursts out of the front door. Megan follows.

Jack gets out the car.

LOUISE

Where the hell have you been? I've been going out of my mind with worry.

Louise spots Callum sitting in the back seat, she smiles at him, relieved. Callum gives a small wave. Jack pushes past Louise and opens up Callum's door. He gets him out. Louise grabs Callum off Jack. She glares at him, hugging Callum tightly.

JACK

The car broke down, I had to get the RAC out.

LOUISE

How convenient, Jack. And what about your phone? I left a dozen messages.

JACK

The battery died.

LOUISE

So hiw did you call the RAC?

JACK

The battery died after I called them. Look, can we stop with the interrogation.

Megan is left feeling awkward.

MEGAN
I...I should be heading back.

JACK
Yeah, floor shows over, Megan.

MEGAN
Oh shut-up Jack.

LOUISE
Don't speak to Megan like that.

Louise musters a small smile of gratitude.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming over Megan,
see you tomorrow.

Megan heads off towards her car.

Louise wanders inside with Callum. Jack rushes indoors after her.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Jack and Louise glare angrily at each other over Callum's head.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Callum go and put your pyjamas on
and I'll come and tuck you in.

JACK
Night mate. Do I get a kiss?

Callum kisses Jack, then runs off upstairs.

JACK (CONT'D)
You didn't let the grass grow under
your feet.

He stands close to Louise.

LOUISE
What do you mean?

JACK
This new fella you've got on the
go. You could've gave it five
minutes before you let our son call
him Daddy.

LOUISE
 What fella? I've no idea what
 you're talking about.

Jack doesn't buy it.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 You might be a cheating, lying
 bastard but you are still his dad
 and I would never take that away
 from you.

He sighs, heads to the lounge.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - STAIRS

Callum, upset, ready for bed, sits on the stairs listening
 to Jack and Louise argue. He wipes away his tears and runs
 off to his room.

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Andrew arrives at a reception out of breath. He's greeted by
 the pretty RECEPTIONIST, early 20's.

ANDREW
 Which room is the silver wedding
 anniversary party in, please?

The receptionist, looks blankly at him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Margaret and George Moore. They
 have a silver wedding anniversary
 party here.

RECEPTIONIST.
 Sorry, I'm new...I...I'll just find
 out.

Andrew is left tapping his fingers.

RECEPTIONIST. (CONT'D)
 Downstairs first on the left.

ANDREW
 Thank you.

Then dashes to the room.

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Andrew opens the door - Wrong room. It's a book signing party for author, Diana James.

A WAITRESS holds a tray of champagne - offers him a glass, he politely declines and closes the door.

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL - HALLWAY

Andrew looks down the hall, notices a SIGN -

"GEORGE AND MARGARET MOORE'S SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY"

He rushes towards it.

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL - PARTY

Andrew throws open the door with gust.

A sit down meal. At least 50 people.

Stunned SILENCE.

ANDREW

Apologies!... sorry I'm late.

MARGARET MOORE, 59, GEORGE MOORE, 59, watch him disapprovingly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Margret...George.

Andrew clumsily makes his way over to Jessica on the far side of the room. Jessica's not impressed. She TUTTS and MURMURS.

Andrew finally sits down.

JESSICA

(whispers)

You just can't help yourself can you?

ANDREW

(Whispers)

I'm sorry. I got delayed, the traffic was bedlam.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - CALLUM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callum tosses and turns in bed.

EXT. EDAY - BEACH - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE:

BLACK SCREEN.

A MATCH reveals a set of EYES. They stare, then BLINK.

A DOOR SLAMS.

DARKNESS.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - CALLUM'S BEDROOM

Callum wakes up SCREAMING.

INT. THE CROWN HOTEL - PARTY (LATER)

A live band play old rock 'n' roll tunes. Couples jive on the dance floor.

Andrew sits alone, bored, drinking a mineral water. Jessica stands at the bar flirting with the BARMAN. She's had a few too many.

Andrew rises and goes over.

ANDREW

Jess, I think it's time to go home.

JESSICA

Andrew you are such a party pooper. Relax and have a few drinks. The night is young and so are we.

ANDREW

I'm driving.

JESSICA

Yeah driving me mad. Oh come on Andrew we can get a taxi home.

She pouts her lips and pulls on his tie. He grabs it away from her.

ANDREW

I don't want to get a taxi home. I need my car in the morning. Anyway, I think you've had more than enough.

He tries to take away her glass, but she is not having any of it.

BARMAN

Are you alright madame? Is this gentleman hassling you?

Andrew looks at him incredulously.

ANDREW

No I am not hassling her. And for the record I'm her husband.

JESSICA

Yes you are hassling me.

Andrew tries again to remove the glass. They wrestle, red wine accidentally SPLASHES over the barman.

The band stop playing.

All eyes on them.

Andrew and Jessica SHOUT causing a scene.

JESSICA

Look what you've done now. Piss off Andrew and leave me alone!

Andrew reaches for some tissues on the bar and hands it to the barman. The barman far from impressed.

ANDREW

Look, I'm sorry I didn't mean to cause any trouble.

BAR MAN

I think it's time you went.

JESSICA

Couldn't agree more.

Turns and faces the barman with a smile.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Same again, when you're ready.

Andrew shakes his head.

George walks over.

GEORGE
What the hell's going on.

ANDREW
Your precious daughter is out of control, that's what's going on.

Andrew storms off.

INT. CALLUM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Louise stands in the doorway holding a washing basket, shakes her head in despair - WARDROBE OPEN, CLOTHES on the floor, each drawer spilling over - TOYS scattered all over.

She sighs, picks up a few items of dirty clothing, then dashes out of the room.

A RED BOUNCY BALL lies on the floor.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Callum sits at the table munching his cereals. Louise throws the washing basket down on the floor.

LOUISE
I'm not happy with you. Your bedroom is in a terrible mess. As soon as you have finished your breakfast, you can go and tidy it up.

Callum frowns. Not happy. He pushes the spoon and dish of cereal away.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that, it's your mess.

CALLUM
It's not my mess, it's Jeremy's mess. He was looking for something.
(More)

CALLUM (Cont'd)

A little bouncy ball. I told him I didn't have it but he didn't believe me. He threw everything on the floor.

LOUISE

Callum, I'm so tired of these stories. They have to stop. Jeremy's not real. You know that and so do I.

CALLUM

But he is real.

Louise takes his breakfast bowl away leaving a glass of orange juice.

He eyeballs the juice, rubbing his arms. Nervous.

LOUISE

Drink your orange juice.

Callum folds his arms and pulls a disgruntled face.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Come on drink up or we'll be late for school.

He pushes the glass away.

CALLUM

I'm not drinking it. I'm allergic to orange juice.

LOUISE

Allergic? Of course you're not allergic to orange juice, you drink it nearly every day.

CALLUM

It gives me spots on my arms and legs.

Louise loses her patience.

LOUISE

Whose been filling your head with that rubbish?

He HUMS to himself to drown her voice.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
I want to know, who it was.

Callum shakes his head and then cries.

CALLUM
I do get spots, I do!

He gets down from the table. Louise rushes over to him and pulls him back.

LOUISE
You're going no where until you
finish your orange juice.

Callum drinks the juice, sniffing and whimpering. He manages half a glass.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Oh for goodness sake just go and
put your shoes on, it's time for
school. You can clean up your room
when we get back.

INT. BANK - DAY

Louise sits at her desk, going through paperwork.
Her mobile RINGS, she fishes it out of her handbag.

LOUISE
Louise Thompson.

MISS TURNER (V.O.)
Mrs Thompson, it's Miss Turner.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

DR.PATEL, Indian, 48, examining Callum's arms and legs. The rash is a SMALL CLUSTER OF RED SPOTS.

Louise watches apprehensively.

DR.PATEL
And you say he's never had an
allergy to orange juice before?

LOUISE

No never.

CALLUM

I told you Mummy I was allergic to orange juice.

DR.PATEL

So you've had a rash like this before then, Callum?

CALLUM

Yes.

LOUISE

I'm sorry Dr. Patel but I have never known Callum to have a reaction to orange juice. Never.

DR.PATEL

Can you remember when it happened last time Callum?

CALLUM

It was a very long time ago.

Callum looks at Louise cautiously.

DR.PATEL

We should run a few allergy tests, just to confirm it is orange juice that has done this.

LOUISE

Right. OK.

DR.PATEL

Apart from the rash has he been alright in himself?

LOUISE

Not exactly. There's something I would like to speak to you about, only it's a little difficult in front of...

Louise slyly jolts her head towards Callum.

DR.PATEL

Callum, would you like to sit over there and make me a picture?

DR. Patel hands Callum a pen and piece of paper. Callum sits down on the other side of the room, and draws.

LOUISE

My husband and I have recently separated and Callum has been finding it a bit difficult. His behaviour has changed at home and at school.

DR.PATEL

It is quite normal for children to become unsettled under such circumstances.

LOUISE

I'm not talking about the obvious like being naughty or wetting the bed. He talks about people that don't exist.

DR.PATEL

Imaginary people?

LOUISE

Exactly. He talks all the time about a boy called Jeremy and he also says he has another daddy. I have no idea why.

DR.PATEL

Children often invent imaginary friends. He might have invented this other daddy to compensate for the one he's lost.

LOUISE

But he hasn't lost his father. It's not like he's dead or anything. He's sees him every week.

DR.PATEL

In Callum's mind it's a type of loss.

LOUISE

What do I say when he talks about these imaginary people? Do I go along with it or ignore it?

DR.PATEL

Pay no attention. He will get bored eventually.

Louise forces a smile.

DR.PATEL (CONT'D)
Callum, have you finished my
picture yet?

CALLUM
Yes.

Callum hands him the picture. Dr Patel glances at it.

DR.PATEL
That's lovely, thank you. You can
go home now, but don't drink any
more orange juice OK.

CALLUM
I won't.

LOUISE
Thank you Dr Patel.

Louise takes Callum's hand and exits.

A drawing left on the desk.

*IMAGE: A SMALL HOUSE AND TWO STICK-MEN STAND OUTSIDE. THE
WORDS "JEREMY AND MY OTHER DADDY".*

EXT. EDAY - THE MOORS - DAY

Two POLICE OFFICERS come across an old abandoned croft.

INT. HALLWAY - CROFT

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Police officers enter.

Full of cobwebs and dust.

They shine their torches into each of the derelict rooms.

A SHEEP sprints out from a room.

They jump, then continue to move down the hall.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Angus sits at the kitchen table with his head buried in his hands.

INT. GEORGINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kavanagh and McEwen bagging up Georgina's belongings.

Irene and David stand in the doorway. Irene cries. David embraces her. She sobs uncontrollably in his arms.

INT. RESEARCH CENTRE - LABORATORY - CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT

Tom opens his case, pulls out a SPECIMEN TUBE. Holds it up to inspect it - It's CLEAN.

He places it down and goes back to his case. Checking he picked up the right one. All specimen tubes are clean.

TOM

That's impossible. Where's the blood?

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

MUFFLED SOUND OF A TV from the lounge.

Callum walks downstairs in his pyjamas. He reaches the bottom step, suddenly - the landing LIGHT SWITCHES OFF and a door SLAMS.

Callum turns, looks upstairs, TUTTS and heads back up.

INT. LANDING

Callum switches the landing light on, opens the bathroom door, turns on the light, pokes his head around the door - Nothing.

He switches the light off and shuts the door, then rushes to his bedroom.

INT. CALLUM'S BEDROOM

Callum bursts into the room, witnesses the wardrobe door CLOSE.

He huffs. Not in the mood to play.

Creeps closer to the wardrobe, puts both hands on the door handles, flings open the doors - NO ONE THERE, just his clothes.

He moves and ruffles a few clothes, confused.

The bed springs SOUND and the WINDOW suddenly flies opens.

Callum turns, heads to his bed, it's CREASED as if someone has trodden on it.

He pulls back the curtains, looks out the window and scans the garden.

INT/EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - GARDEN

A SWING moves back and forth erratically.

LOUD HIGH-PITCHED CREAKING echoes around the garden.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE