

Acheron Films

AfterDeath

Written

by

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**"Anyone who advocates infinite punishment or infinite reward
for finite crimes and deeds is morally inferior."**

-- Matt Dilahunty.

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Sounds. The ocean laps gently upon the shore. Wind rises and falls.

POV THROUGHOUT: A hand, palm down, rises and falls with the water.

The wind becomes a WHISPER. Swirling around us. Circling. Honing in.

Whsh-whsh-whsh-whsh-whsh-whsh-whsh...

And then a THICK BLACK SHADOW passes overhead--

Vision lurches up, our POV host awakes with a start! And a yell -- a female voice. Anxious breathing.

We scramble to a standing position. Look around. A beach, moonlit, deserted. Thick with night's shadows.

We look down at ourselves -- a more-smart-than-causal for-the-office dress. Ruined. Rubbing cold arms, shivering breath.

Looking around for anything. Aside from the ocean, this land seems dead. Ahead there's a RISE leading to scrubland.

We look down and across -

Just beyond our feet: footprints. Several sets. All coming together and headed to the scrub.

We shake our head hard, repeatedly, trying to clear it. Rub our face with our hands.

ROBYN
(pep-talking herself)
Come on. Comeoncomeoncomeon.

And with a deep breath we heard for the rise.

As we turn from the beach, a SHADOW flies past, corner of the eye. And maybe something else, a flash of something bright and blue and tiny.

When we turn back, it's gone.

We clamber over the rise.

Look around -- trying not to be frantic, only half managing. This place isn't right.

We look ahead. Two objects stand clear.

To our left, a tiny BEACH HOUSE. A thick black rectangle.

To her right, in the distance, a LIGHTHOUSE. Its light strangely pointed inland.

ROBYN
It can't be...

As we watch, the lighthouse turns its BRIGHT WHITE BEAM on the house.

And there are sounds. Far away, but...is that screaming?

We lean forward, yet don't take another step. Listening, turning an ear towards the sound.

Then the WHISPERS. Loud and incredibly close.

We turn to face it, but now it's behind us again. Shadows move across the scrub, black over the blue, as if made by clouds overhead.

Frantic now. The whisper. And other sounds. Something skittering, clicking, flapping. Something weird and alien and wrong.

And no matter where we turn, we can never quite find it.

ROBYN's breathing. Terrified.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
(gathering bravado)
What is...what is this?!

She's making herself angry -- because that's better than plain being scared.

The whispers cohere to a wind...and fly away.

We turn back to the beach in time to see a SHADOW, thick and ever-changing, slither away, down the rise.

Gone.

We look past it. Beyond the rise, scratched in ugly, straight, deep strokes - letters in the sand. A message:

EVEN THE GOOD ARE DAMNED

ROBYN gasps.

We look down at our arms. Deep breaths, ROBYN steeling herself. Two shaking fingers go to a wrist - checking for a pulse.

We jolt in shock. A gasp. Checks again, even more fearful.

EXIT POV:

We look up from the wrist to see ROBYN -- formidable, 30-ish, hair cut short. Confused, frightened, her mouth trembles, her hands shake.

Behind her, the lighthouse beam falls away from the beach house and is gone. The screams cease. She doesn't notice.

Oh. Oh no.

CUT TO:

TITLE: AfterDeath

3

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

3

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

Minutes later and ROBYN is making her tired way to the house. MUSIC is pumping from inside. Indistinct, a beat and volume.

She looks at the place aghast -- something clearly familiar about it as she approaches. As fear creeps over her she grits her teeth and shakes it off. No.

There's a porch, but this is beat-down, run-down place. Crumbling corners and a rushed paint job. And clutter aplenty.

She looks to the sides of the building, checking, then steps onto the porch. There's light from inside, and that music.

A crafted sign -- carved in that same gouged, straight-line script as the beach message -- hangs on the outer wall. The house name:

TABULA RASA

ROBYN
(looking to the sky)
We might be dead, but NOBODY'S
SPEAKING LATIN ANY MORE!

She's angry because she's scared. Taking control of it.

She looks to a window. Sees a SILLY FACE DRAWN IN WHITE WINDOW-MARKER. A child's drawing, a spiky-haired cartoon face laughing (or screaming). She bites her lip -- more recognition.

She knocks on the door. Nothing. Tries again. Of course not. Not with that noise.

She pushes the door firmly. It opens.

ROBYN steps tentatively inside. The MUSIC POUNDS. Thick, dubsteppy, hellish, overwhelming.

It's a living room/dining room and kitchen all in one. A mess of design. No two pieces of furniture match. Two sofas facing each other, a dining table forced into a corner. Knickknacks, framed pictures, what looks like the back seat of a car. Nothing that goes together.

And dim. Underlit. Yellow glow comes off lamps in corners. It should be warm but it feels...unsettling. Sickly.

And - even over the din - heavy, enthusiastic sex noises.

On one sofa, a darkly good-looking YOUNG GUY, SEB, is having the time of his life -- sex with TWO WOMEN. (All early 20s.)

Dark blue silk shirt torn open, muscled chest proudly displayed, smart trousers around his ankles, he's totally focussed on maximising his pleasure. Doesn't notice as they knock over an empty vodka bottle.

It hits a half-full one. They've had a few.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN -- PATRICIA -- rides him for all she's worth, green dress pulled down, and pulled up, to her waist. Knickers pulled aside, bra almost removed, hanging off one shoulder.

PATRICIA

Grab them. Come on.

PATRICIA grabs his hands and puts them on her breasts.

And a PRETTY, SWEET WOMAN -- LIVVY -- is beside them kissing the guy's mouth and chest. Her pink clubbing dress is still mostly on.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

She pulls on LIVVY's neck, brings her mouth in to kiss. LIVVY's going with it...but maybe only that.

ROBYN looks around - what's she supposed to do?! She looks to the door behind her - not going back out there...

SEB slides a hand off Patricia and between LIVVY's legs. LIVVY smiles, wriggles...and PATRICIA pulls his hand away, puts it on her backside.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Grab me, come on now.

The politics of the threesome are laid out: Patricia's running the show, Livvy's struggling to get much. Then SEB gives LIVVY an almost apologetic look:

SEB
Maybe suck her tits?

LIVVY, in for a penny, does as she's asked.

ROBYN opens her mouth to speak -- then looks up.

The BLACK SHADOW is circling the three of them. Riding the walls, the edges of objects. Under the music she hears the whispering. Maybe the only one who does.

ROBYN gasps, taking a step back unconsciously.

What to do?!

She looks around for the stereo and finds it in the far corner - an old, 70s-looking thing.

As she walks over, LIVVY notices movement and, surprised, starts to cover up, back away.

SEB's just wondering what's going on when ROBYN TURNS OFF THE MUSIC.

The shadow flies away.

PATRICIA, riding hard, eyes closed, is the last to notice.

PATRICIA
Come on, I'm nearly -- what's...?

SEB points to ROBYN. PATRICIA looks, they all look.

ROBYN looks around nervously. The shadow's gone. Good. She takes a breath, turns her attention to the others:

ROBYN
Hi. I'm Robyn.

LIVVY instantly stands and straightens herself up.

LIVVY
Sorry we were, we were --

PATRICIA
She knows.

Still astride SEB, PATRICIA holds a hand out to ROBYN. A lot of middle-class education in her voice.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I'm Patricia. Never Pat, always Patricia.

ROBYN
 (bemused)
 Hi...

ROBYN shakes her hand, trying not to look at her naked chest.

LIVVY
 God, my face is so red.

There's a mouth-first side to Livvy. She's a working-class girl, salt of the earth -- but not its smartest export.

SEB rolls his eyes. Offer's ROBYN a super-casual wave.

SEB
 Seb.

ROBYN
 Seb.

For a moment there's a look between them. Recognition? But:

LIVVY
 (baffled by the calmness)
 It's like your mum just walked in on us.

SEB
 That's...what was your name?

LIVVY
 Livvy! I told you, Livvy. It's short for --

ROBYN
 It's nice to meet you, Livvy.

LIVVY
 ...hi.

PATRICIA has reached down and seems to be massaging SEB's junk with both hands. He's loving it. ROBYN notices.

ROBYN
 (to Patricia)
 Would you mind --
 (makes 'covering up gesture')
 -- it's just...distracting.

PATRICIA gives a "For god's sake" eye roll and sigh and starts to tug her clothes back on. SEB's displeased, he was enjoying that, and reaches for the half-full VODKA BOTTLE.

SEB
 (to Robyn, sincere)
 You okay?

ROBYN
 (points to walls)
 There was a... Do any of you know
 ...where we are?

All three burst out laughing.

SEB
 Sorry. Sorry, I'm sorry -- it's
 not... I guess we've had time to
 get used to it.

He stands, tugs up his trousers. ROBYN tries not to look.

A CRY. A weeping, plaintive wail -- female, young -- startles her. LIVVY, PATRICIA and SEB look at each other.

PATRICIA
 Christ, she's off again.

ROBYN
 What?

There are two doors on the west wall. ROBYN follows the sobs to the one nearest the entrance, the south-west corner room.

5 INT. BEACH HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

ROBYN pushes the door open tentatively.

It's a kids room, small with bunk beds. Cheerfully decorated and lit with an eerie coloured light from a lava lamp.

ROBYN
 Hello?

On the floor, curled up, is ONIE - small, all of maybe 18 and scared to death.

She has a small kitchen knife to her forearm. Cutting, cutting, cutting, cutting.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 Hey hey hey! No no!

She dives in, separates knife from arm. Onie lets it happen.

Robyn looks at Onie's arms. No blood. Old scars and new scars, no blood.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 Oh. Oh, of course.
 (to Onie)
 No blood. Does it hurt?

ONIE nods tearfully.

PATRICIA
 (leaning in)
 How's the nutcase? Killed herself
 yet?
 (to Onie)
 That's not gonna work is it? You
 know where you are.

ROBYN takes a deep breath - fight or flight. She chooses:

ROBYN
 Pat, was it?

PATRICIA
Patricia.

ROBYN
 (quickly)
 Pat, do me favour. I thought I saw
 a calendar out there. Can you grab
 it, flick through, and see if it's
 Heartless Bitch Day? Cos I think
 you've got the dates mixed up.

PATRICIA
 We tried to talk to her. She was
 freaking out -

ROBYN
 She still is.

LIVVY
 (leaning in)
 And she keeps doing that... 'foomp' thing.

ROBYN
 That what?

PATRICIA
 You'll see.

The girls wander away. ROBYN helps ONIE to her feet.

ROBYN
 Okay, let's go. You're not the only
 one freaking out. Shoulda seen me,
 shaking and yelling at the sky.
 Come help me figure this out?

ONIE shrugs.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 What's your name?

ONIE
 (pronounced: "Onn-ee")
 ...Onie. It's Onie.

She rolls down her sleeve, covers the scars.

ROBYN

Onie. Bet you have to spell that
for everyone, huh? I'm Robyn, with
a Y.

She gives Onie a reassuring hug. Onie takes it but doesn't reciprocate.

6

INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MINUTES LATER

6

ROBYN fixes her hair up, using her reflection in the kitchen window. Her eye flits briefly, sadly, to the FACE DRAWING.

ONIE is on one of the sofas, chewing on her fingernails, nervous. PATRICIA, sat on the same sofa, sees what she's doing and rolls her eyes, disgusted.

In the kitchen, SEB opens a PLASTIC PICNIC COOLER. On each of its sides is A LOGO: JJ's.

SEB pulls a frosted, cold VODKA bottle - it's the expensive stuff - from the cooler, puts the unfrosted half-full one back in. He twirls the cap and takes a swing.

ROBYN eyes the cooler. Recognition, and surprise, cross her face. LIVVY looks from Robyn to the cooler and back, noticing.

SEB

(catching Robyn's look)
What?

ROBYN

(improvising)
No glasses?

SEB

Loads. Why?

He grins. She smiles a little at his teasing. She shakes her head. He puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder, holds her eye - "You all right?" She nods.

He heads back and sits down next to LIVVY.

ROBYN

So, I guess everyone's got an idea
of --

SEB/PATRICIA/SEB

We're dead.

ONIE

...We're all dead.

ROBYN
And, realising that, you
just...thought "threesome"?

LIVVY
It happens.

ROBYN
It happens?

LIVVY
My mate Chelsea caught these blokes
trying to nick her purse once.
Kicked right off. Screaming,
swearing. All three of 'em got
kicked out of the pub. Half an hour
later she ends up back at their
place with one in each hole.
(giggles)

She finds it far funnier than everyone else.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
So, y'know... (peters out)

ROBYN
(to Seb)
Do you remember arriving here?

SEB nods.

7 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

7

Scattered and random, a collection of images and impressions.

MUSIC OVER:

- ONIE is on her back in the shallow water. She wakes with a start.

- PATRICIA is on the shore, only her legs and lower dress wet. She wakes and immediately scrambles the rest of the way out of the water.

- Face-down, SEB has his arm around the WHITE COOLER, cuddling it like a waking drunk.

- ONIE sits up, looks around. She spots a figure in pink, laid sideways to the surf. LIVVY.

- SEB stands. (His shirt is buttoned here.) He grabs the cooler and puts it up beyond the reach of the tide.

- ONIE skitters over, brushes the hair away from LIVVY's face. Looks at her, curious, compassionate, then lifts her head from the water as the tide splashes in once more.

- LIVVY's eyes open wearily.
- SEB grabs LIVVY up and carries her out of the water.
- As she's taken away, ONIE sees LIVVY'S RIGHT HAND has a BLUE INK STAMP on it: JJ's. She looks at the same stamp on HER OWN RIGHT HAND.
- SEB helps PATRICIA to her feet - taking her right hand, which also has a STAMP ON IT. She looks at him, liking what she sees.
- PATRICIA smooths her dress down, looks at herself as best she can. Checking the damage, most likely.
- SEB checking each of the girls is okay. ONIE notices his hand also has a STAMP.
- ONIE checks her neck for a pulse. Terrified, she covers her face with her hands.
- The four head up to the SCRUBLAND.

Letting them go, we TRACK down the beach a little...an unconscious ROBYN lays there, unseen, just as we discovered her at the start. She doesn't move.

8	OMITTED	8
9	OMITTED	9
10	OMITTED	10
11	OMITTED	11
12	INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE	12

INSERT: ROBYN hearing this story, her left hand goes to the back of her right. There's NO STAMP THERE.

LIVVY notices this but says nothing.

Something dark moves behind ROBYN. There's another WHISPER. She flicks her head, like she's been bitten by an insect. Looks behind her - nothing.

Back as before, everyone gathered.

SEB

You wake up dead. That's about as bad as things go, right? But there's booze, there's girls and all you want --

PATRICIA
You want to feel good again.

LIVVY
Plus -- no rubbers!

SEB
Not likely to catch anything here,
right?

ROBYN
Or maybe once you catch it you're
stuck with it for eternity.

She's mostly kidding, just making a point. But LIVVY looks
genuinely horrified.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
What about the shadow?

PATRICIA
Shadow?

ROBYN
The thing that was...it was on the
beach. It made a noise. It was here
when you three were...when you
were...

ONIE
Fucking.

They all turn to her --

ONIE disappears! Sudden, immediate. The tiniest 'Foomph'
sound as she goes.

ROBYN jumps, startled.

ROBYN
What the fuck?!

And yet none of the others look remotely surprised.

CUT TO:

13

INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

13

SEB fills a plastic washing up bowl with water from the tap.

SEB
She keeps doing it. She goes, she
comes back. Right where she was.

ROBYN
How often? For how long?

He shrugs, shuts off the tap and hands the bowl to LIVVY.

SEB
Never the same.

LIVVY puts the bowl down on the floor roughly where ONIE was standing when she vanished.

PATRICIA
Towards me a bit, that's it.

ROBYN looks to SEB.

SEB
Gotta make your own fun.

ROBYN
(all business)
So do you all remember how you died
or...?

PATRICIA
One second. I don't mean anything -
Rob, was it?

ROBYN
Robyn.

PATRICIA
Rob, yeah. But the interrogation
thing's getting kinda tired.

ROBYN
What should I be doing? Knocking
back a few and humping the first
dead guy I meet?

PATRICIA
Ex-fucking-scuse me?

ROBYN
Look! I'm sure I didn't mean to
interrupt whatever you've got going
on here. If you like it, fine. But
I wanna get home.

LIVVY
Do you think we can? Get home?

ROBYN
The way we work that out is
gathering information and look to
find a practical solution.

SEB
Oh Jesus, you're in management...

ROBYN doesn't reply but her reaction says it all: he's right.

SEB (CONT'D)
 No, fine, carry on.
 (to Livvy)
 I'll get a flip chart and some
 pens.

LIVVY giggles.

14

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Stood on the porch, the four look at the house name: TABULA RASA. ROBYN and LIVVY taking it seriously, SEB and PATRICIA just following, indifferent.

LIVVY
 What does it mean?

SEB
 "Clean Slate". (smug) It's Latin.

ROBYN
 Everybody knows that.

It puts him back in his place. PATRICIA is yawning, bored.

LIVVY
 (confused)
 Which country do they talk Latin?

ROBYN
 How long have you been here, can
 you remember?

PATRICIA
 Couple of hours.

SEB
 'Bout all night.

LIVVY
 (overlapping)
 Like a day.

SEB
 And what you were saying before --
 we remember exactly how we died.

PATRICIA
 (holding up her hand
 stamp)
 Jayjays.

We start to hear the SOUNDS OF A NIGHT CLUB. People, music.
 Almost subconscious...

15 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 15

Another grabbed, erratic sequence, taken from soon after their arrival at the house: SEB, LIVVY, PATRICIA and ONIE on the sofas, sharing their story with each other.

LIVVY
The club was was chocka.

ONIE
I had all the girl's coats.
Queuing.

SEB
Me and Jase were after impressing
these two girls on a birthday. I
nicked that from behind the bar.

He points at the cooler, now sat in the kitchen.

PATRICIA
Someone bumped me. I spilled my
drink. You couldn't move.

LIVVY
I remember this girl kept sticking
her elbows in me. I gave her a
shove -- it was like dominoes. She
fell into a guy who fell into
someone...(laughs)

16 OMITTED 16

17 SCENE CONTINUES 17

SEB
They just kept letting more and
more people in. It was rammed.

LIVVY
I saw one bloke's glasses come off.
He went to pick them up and...never
saw him get up.

ONIE
And the music was so loud...

SEB
Duhm-duhm-duhm-duhm--

PATRICIA
Everyone was shouting to everyone
else, or trying to get to someone.

SEB
Duhm-duhm-duhm-duhm--

SOUND EFFECTS under everything mirror what's being described...

LIVVY
You felt the floor go, under your feet. Couldn't hear it.

SEB
Duhm-duhm-duhm-duhm--

LIVVY
I thought I'd broke a heel. Fell over. Someone trod on my hand.

ONIE
Then it went.

BACKGROUND SOUNDS -- rubble, collapse, screams. Then they CUT DEAD.

18 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AS BEFORE

18

ROBYN listening to the story recounted.

PATRICIA
Floor came down. Then the ceiling.

SEB
Wham!

PATRICIA
Crushed us all.

LIVVY
You too?

ROBYN nods.

19 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

19

The group head inside.

SEB
D'you...think Jase is okay? If he's not here...

ROBYN shrugs and shakes her head: don't know.

SEB looks at her.

SEB (CONT'D)
Have we met?

ROBYN
I've seen you there.

SEB nods, probably right. They sit.

LIVVY
Why did they keep letting people
in?

She seems to be asking ROBYN -- who can only shrug and shake her head.

SEB
The evil of money, ladies. Welcome
to hell.

ROBYN
It's not hell.

SEB
Think they hang that kinda art in
heaven?

He indicates a huge, framed painting on the wall.

ROBYN heads to it. SEB follows.

Painting One depicts a white, writhing hell. It's impressionistic, stylised, but the hundreds of bodies and faces in torment are unmistakable. Far from the usual reds and blacks, this hell is BRIGHT WHITE, white hot. One dark corner has gates around it, the rest is unadorned hell.

ROBYN stares at the picture, lost in it. She can almost hear the pain inside it...

Suddenly there's another gentle 'Foomph' and ONIE reappears, exactly where she was. There's a tiny splash sound.

The others look at her. ONIE is for a moment disorientated, scared...and then she realises where she is.

She looks down. Her foot is in the bowl of water.

ONIE
Oh come on....!

SEB, LIVVY and PATRICIA laugh.

ONIE steps out of the bowl, sits down and takes off her shoe and sock.

ROBYN
Is that reason number two? Hell is
other people?

SEB looks to the far window. He sees the WHITE LIGHT of the lighthouse approaching across the dark scrub behind the house.

SEB

No. Reason number two is this -

20 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 20

The lighthouse beam falls on the house, smothering every part of it in focused, white light.

21 INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 21

And the room is BATHED IN WHITE LIGHT.

It pours in through every window. Gets far beyond anything light should be able to do. Shadows are reduced to simply less-bright. It BLAZES.

And they SCREAM.

It's like physical pain and metal cruelty all at once. It's so bright we can only just see them -- but they're all suffering unimaginably.

They yell, but there are only odd words, never full sentences.

LIVVY SEB
Don't! AARGH! Not! Not! WAAAAH! Stop! Fuuuck!

PATRICIA
Just! Noooooaagh!

They're fighting it - even ONIE, who's balled up and weeping through gritted teeth.

But it's ROBYN's first time. She can't fight. She can only scream. And scream. And scream.

22 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 22

We hold for a long time on the still, unmoving image of the light on the house. Calm from so far away, the screaming nevertheless continues.

And then the light moves --

23 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 23

-- and the room is plunged back to its dingy gloom.

All five are collapsed, exhausted, sweating. Tears streak their faces.

ROBYN looks up slowly, painfully.

SEB is on his elbows, looking at her.

SEB
 So, whaddya think -- hell? Still
 not sure?

24 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

24

A short while later. SEB is laid on a sofa. ONIE leans against a wall chewing her hair.

LIVVY and PATRICIA stand together -- and ROBYN hands them COATS from a load that are hung inside the door.

PATRICIA
 I'm not going out there.

ROBYN
 Because it's so warm and cosy in
 here?

PATRICIA
 It was. Between the light it's --

ONIE
 The most unimaginable pain I've
 ever felt.

But she says it factually, there's no sorrow. It's been intellectualised. LIVVY, though, is scared:

LIVVY
 We never know when it's going to
 come back.

ROBYN
 I've got life, a job, a brother
 I'll miss like crazy and four-
 hundred other things I wanna live
 for. I'm not staying in the beach
 house of the damned. I'm going
 home.

ONIE
 I don't think we can...

ROBYN
 (to Onie)
 But you don't know.
 (hands her a coat)
 Let's find out, okay?

PATRICIA
 You're ridiculous.

ROBYN
 Look, common sense --
 (indicates Onie)
 (MORE)

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Where's she going? When she
disappears.

PATRICIA
(handing back her coat)
Who, really, cares?

SEB
You think she's going...back?

ROBYN
Yes.
(to Onie)
Onie, I think maybe you're still
half alive somewhere -- in the
rubble, or maybe in hospital by
now. Time's maybe not--

PATRICIA
You just want to think that.

ROBYN
Don't people say they see a white
light, hmm?

PATRICIA
Look at you, working it all out -
oh, you're just Doctor Who's best
companion ever.

LIVVY
I like that robot dog thing.

Everyone ignores this -- except ONIE, who stifles the first
smile we've seen from her.

ROBYN
Have you even looked anywhere else?
What about the lighthouse? What
else is up the beach? Maybe there
are more like us. Seb?

SEB
(waves his bottle)
I'm fine, thanks.

PATRICIA
My dad always says people who
demand to be listened to are the
ones with nothing to say.

PATRICIA heads for the sofa. ROBYN watches her take the
bottle from SEB and swig, eyes fixed on his. A come-on.

ROBYN
Fine. Come on.

She ushers LIVVY and ONIE out the door, steps out -- then peers back in.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Oh, watch out for a dark,
whispering shadow with a mind of
its own. Let us know if it does
anything interesting.

And with that 'fuck you', she leaves. SEB and PATRICIA are, as intended, unsettled.

25 OMITTED 25

26 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT 26

ROBYN looks anxious as they walk towards the lighthouse. LIVVY's struggling with her high-heeled shoes in the soft ground.

LIVVY
Fuckssake, these cost a bomb.

ONIE walks behind, clutching herself, looking around nervously. ROBYN looks to her and notices, drops back.

ROBYN
Onie?

She looks up.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
When you disappear -- do you
remember anything?

ONIE
...my dad's aftershave.

ROBYN
Like he's there with you?

ONIE shrugs -- dunno.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
It's a good sign. You hang on to
that.

LIVVY lets out an irritated grunt. Her heel's sunk right into the ground.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SCRUBLAND - MOMENTS LATER 27

ANGLE: LIVVY holding her shoes. Her feet now bare.

The three walk on.

28 INT. BEACH HOUSE, ADULT BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

Dubstep music POUNDS.

The door flies open and SEB and PATRICIA burst in, wrapped up in each other, all systems go.

Clothes are being pulled off and aside. (Seb's shirt has never been closed - clearly they tore off the buttons the first time!) They slam against the wardrobe.

29 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT 29

ROBYN and LIVVY walk, eyes on the lighthouse. ONIE trails behind.

LIVVY
Is it me or is that lighthouse not
getting any closer?
(to Onie)
You keeping up?

ONIE trots up to join them --

-- and vanishes. Foomph!

ROBYN
Oh balls.

30 INT. BEACH HOUSE, ADULT BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

The dubstep POUNDS ON.

Tangled together, pawing and animalistic, SEB and PATRICIA collapse onto the bed.

And something black and incorporeal wooshes suddenly, loudly, across the wall.

SEB and PATRICIA don't see or hear it.

31 EXT. SCRUBLAND - AS BEFORE 31

ROBYN and LIVVY, arguing.

LIVVY
You can't just keep going!

ROBYN
We have to find out what else is
out here. Onie can --

LIVVY
 She'll come back. She always comes
 back. You can't be mean!

ROBYN
 I'm not "being mean"...

LIVVY
 You can't be mean here! They'll
 know! We have to be nice or --

ROBYN
 Livvy, I don't think--

LIVVY
 (starting to sob)
 I don't understand religion, all
 right? "Forgive us for trespassing
 will be prosecuted"? I never got
 it! I thought I was okay. I'm nice
 to my mum, I look after my dog. I
 don't even have a go at Mr Osram at
 work when he grabs my bum. I don't
 deserve this! I don't deserve to be
 here! I don't want to be in hell!

This has been boiling inside Livvy since she arrived. ROBYN
 takes it in. LIVVY gets her breath back, calms a little.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 If we're not here when Onie comes
 back she'll be on her own.
 (folding her arms)
 We wait for her.

ROBYN looks at the lighthouse. It still seems just as far
 away. She tilts her head, surrenders.

32 INT. BEACH HOUSE, ADULT BEDROOM - AS BEFORE

32

SEB is knelt on the floor, head buried between PATRICIA'S
 thighs. She's very happy about it.

The shadow glides around the room...then dives under the bed.
 There's a curiously solid THUMP!

SEB looks up.

SEB
 Whassat?

PATRICIA
 Don't stop!

She puts a hand on his head and pushes him back into
 position. Takes away her hand.

Something black, leathery, dry, alien - something like a tail? - is fleetingly glimpsed slipping across PATRICIA's upper thigh. She instinctively scratches where it was.

She moans hard. SEB stands, yanks down his trousers, presses down on her. Her knees rise for him.

A thing like a claw grabs his buttock.

SEB grins. He thinks it's her hand.

33

EXT. SCRUBLAND - AS BEFORE

33

LIVVY and ROBYN stand there. They never stop looking around.

The sounds. Every woosh or howl makes one turn that way.

LIVVY
Have you got a fag?

ROBYN gives her a look. She takes a moment to spot it.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
What, are they gonna kill me?

ROBYN turns back to look at the way they came.

ROBYN
Can't see the house.

LIVVY looks, too.

Behind Livvy, an EMACIATED HUMAN-LIKE HAND on a SPINDLY ARM reaches out. It's bizarre, like reaching through reality's thin rubber -- it distorts the background behind her. The creaking, rubbery sound is quiet under the low wind...

The HAND curls around Livvy and a GAUNT, ERODED FACE appears over her other shoulder. The same rubbery look - pushing against the reality of the background like it was a painting on cloth.

It's MOUTH OPENS WIDE --

ROBYN turns. She sees it!

ROBYN (CONT'D)
LIVVY!

She reaches for LIVVY's hand, but LIVVY turns, following her look.

FACE to FACE. Livvy SCREAMS!

The HAND reaches out. A FINGER REACHES INTO HER OPEN MOUTH.

ROBYN GRABS HER, pulls her back --

They turn back where they'd come --

And ONIE APPEARS right in front of ROBYN! Foomph!

All three jump and yell.

ONIE
What's --

ROBYN
Later!

ROBYN looks in all directions. Makes a fast decision.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Come on!

She grabs ONIE's hand and runs the way they were headed -- to the lighthouse.

LIVVY
Not that way!

ROBYN
Yes, this way!

LIVVY hesitates a second, but she there's no way she's going anywhere alone. She RUNS AFTER THEM.

34 INT. BEACH HOUSE, ADULT BEDROOM - AS BEFORE 34

PATRICIA is wrapped around SEB. They're going hard at it.

The shadow passes over them.

SEB
Oh yes! You're fucking mine! Take it! Take it! Fucking take it you bitch!

Between two thrusting bodies, just for a moment, we see a glimpse of TWO BLUE EYES in the darkness behind them. Then it's gone.

PATRICIA, nonplussed by Seb's dialogue, wrestles him onto his back and rides him.

SEB (CONT'D)
Go on. Go on. Go on.

The shadow again. PATRICIA puts her hands on SEB's chest, up to his neck...

...and then one hand onto his mouth. Touching his lips, a finger between them, two fingers, three...

...her whole hand pushing into his mouth. Stretching it, forcing, reaching down...

SEB starts to freak the fuck out.

35

EXT. SCRUBLAND - AS BEFORE

35

ROBYN, ONIE and LIVVY run. Run. Run.

And slow... ROBYN looks back, nothing chasing.

They slow to a jog.

ONIE sees it long before the other two.

ONIE

Robyn...

She points ahead.

ROBYN

What's --

(she looks)

Oh, you have to be joking...

They stop dead.

LIVVY

What?

The lighthouse is still as distant as it ever was.

But something is closer -- a building.

ROBYN

That's ridiculous.

They walk again. It's pretty clear what it is. Except to:

LIVVY

What? What is it?

It's the BEACH HOUSE. That same dull glow from the windows.

ONIE

We're back.

ROBYN

The same one.

LIVVY

It's not the same one. That's back there.

(points; then, superior:)

We haven't walked around the entire planet have we.

ONIE
Who says we're on a planet?

ROBYN
Who says we're on anything? Who
says this is anything real at all?

36 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

36

ROBYN enters first, the other two behind.

Something is wrong.

The DUBSTEP is stuck - the same two-second chunk over and over and over. A wrong rhythm, a bad sound.

LIVVY
It can't be the --

ROBYN
Shhh!

ROBYN closes the door quietly. Suddenly the room seems too dark, too many shadows. She looks around carefully.

ROBYN holds a hand to the girls -- wait.

She steps carefully, slowly to the stereo. Switches it off.

SILENCE. Horrible silence.

ROBYN looks to the bedroom doors - the adult bedroom door is slightly ajar. A line of light streaks out.

A SHADOW flashes across the light! ROBYN covers her mouth quickly to stop from crying out.

ROBYN heads for the bedroom door.

ONIE reaches out, tries to take ROBYN's arm, stop her. ROBYN walks on. ONIE turns to LIVVY, who puts a comforting arm around her.

ROBYN creeps to the bedroom door, breathing shallow...

The BEDROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN --

-- and the SHADOW -- something that for a moment has teeth and blue eyes like gas fire -- shoves past her. It has heft, weight, somehow. She's pushed, as if by a rushing pedestrian, and stumbles to the floor.

SEB and PATRICIA are in the bedroom looking out; him on the floor, her on the bed. Both frightened and dishevelled.

The SHADOW circles the walls.

ONIE runs for the adult bedroom and LIVVY quickly follows. ROBYN stays to watch -- so SEB slams the door.

The shadow circles once, twice, and dives into a black ATTIC HOLE in the ceiling.

36A INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

36A

The adult bedroom door opens tentatively and four faces peer into the main room.

ROBYN, back to the main door, is looking at the attic holes.

ONIE is rubbing her scarred arm anxiously. SEB's doing all he can to avoid PATRICIA, who's fidgeting madly, anxious. He can't stand it.

SEB
Fuckssake --

He pushes out, all manly, turns to the ATTIC HOLE above the bedrooms, starts pulling himself up, bodily, trying to get a look in...

ROBYN
Be careful.

He ignores it, looks deeper. Everyone holds their breath -- he's gone direct for the danger. A whisper...

ONIE
Boo!

SEB jumps and loses his grip, almost falling over. ROBYN stifles a smirk.

SEB
(angry)
Do that again. I fucking dare you.

He gives her an angry shove and sulks off.

ONIE reaches over to her knife, out on the kitchen counter.

ROBYN gently takes her hand away from it. Rubs her arm compassionately.

ROBYN
Come on -- let's tell them what happened outside.

37 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

37

ROBYN holding court to a miserable bunch. The ATTIC HOLES - one on the east wall, one of the west - haunt everyone.

PATRICIA is pacing, freaking out. SEB's gone the other way, he sits still...but his leg jiggles nervously.

PATRICIA
You walked in a circle.

ROBYN
No, we were always going towards
the lighthou--

PATRICIA
You walked in a circle, you must
have. My dad always says, the
simplest explanation --

SEB
Oh put it to sleep, Pat.

PATRICIA
PATRICIA! My name is Patricia!

LIVVY slaps PATRICIA. For a moment there's silence.

LIVVY
Ha! That really works! I always
wondered.

PATRICIA's about to say something when SEB catches her eye. He rubs his mouth and jaw, pained by what happened in the bedroom. She puts a lid on it. For now.

ROBYN
(to Seb)
What happened?

SEB shakes it off. ROBYN looks at him -- challenging him to say more. There's mistrust there. SEB's uncertain.

PATRICIA
Something was in there with us.
It...took over.

ROBYN picks up one of the vodka bottles.

ROBYN
(mock-management speak)
So, thanks for coming. This is
gonna be a terrific weekend of team
building and great, creative
exercises.

She gives SEB a look - wanna mock now? He doesn't.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
To summarise: We can't walk out of
here. We've got a hell-light coming
to torture us, creeping, grabbing
things on the edge of reality.
(MORE)

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 And there's a shadow-demon-troll-
 bastard trying to get us to...kill
 each other or something. So,
 question --

She takes a swig from the bottle.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 -- Is anyone still not up for
 Robyn's "Get the hell out of hell"
 plan?

38 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 38

Time cut. But, of course, time here doesn't seem to move on.

39 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 39

ONIE and PATRICIA are sat, the others stand.

SEB
 This is my flat. This room, the
 sofas, the tables, the kitchen.
 It's exactly like the place I
 shared when I was student. Same
 shitty furniture.

ROBYN
 But not the cooler.

40 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 40

We see SEB waking up hugging the cooler once again.

41 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE 41

SEB
 No. That's mental. It's like I
 brought it with me.

PATRICIA
 (sarcastic)
 Nice place.

SEB
 Thanks slag.

LIVVY
 (moving on)
 The bedroom -- this bedroom --

She opens the adult bedroom.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 This was my mum and dad's bedroom.
 Is. Was. Is. (gives up)

ROBYN
 So this place is built from places
 we know?

ONIE
 (the kids room)
 Me and my sister's first bedroom.
 Before we moved to England.

PATRICIA
 (points)
 The bathroom's mine. That's from
 the community centre, my church
 group.

ROBYN
 Church group?

PATRICIA gives her a "Yeah, so? What's your point?" Look.
 ROBYN raises a hand -- "Okay, whatever."

ROBYN takes a look inside the bathroom. Horrible.

SEB
 (to Patricia)
 Bible thumper, huh? No wonder
 you're pissed off, winding up here.

PATRICIA
 Look around, does this feel like a
 Christian thing to you?

SEB
 You're the expert.

ONIE
 (to Robyn)
 What's your bit?

42 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42

We see ROBYN come to the window - the WEIRD FACE DRAWING.
 ONIE and LIVVY follow, SEB and PATRICIA lurk behind, less
 interested.

ROBYN
 That is. The outside. The house.
 (points to the lighthouse)
 And the lighthouse. Mum used to --
 it was just me and mum -- she took
 us to Devon every year. My granddad
 had a friend who'd let us use it.
 (MORE)

ROBYN (CONT'D)
I remember it bigger, but you
always do.

She taps the DRAWING on the glass.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
(casual)
This was a bedroom window. My
little brother drew that. Had one
of those special pens. He's a
teacher now.

43 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

Determined not to be lost in memory, ROBYN turns to the two
attic holes.

ROBYN
We should nail something over
those.

44 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 44

SEB searches the kitchen cupboards.

45 INT. BEACH HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 45

ONIE looks around the room, under the bed, in the drawers.

46 INT. BEACH HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 46

PATRICIA takes a look around the barely-furnished room.
Nothing to look for. She sighs, frustrated - what's she doing
in here?

47 INT. BEACH HOUSE, ADULT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

ROBYN and LIVVY go through the room's cupboards and drawers.

LIVVY
I want my mum.

ROBYN
Yeah.

LIVVY
I still live at home, just me and
her. Work in the same supermarket.
Put up with grabby Osram.

ONIE comes to the door.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Brilliant on birthdays, my mum.
 She's got great taste, y'know --
 always gets me vouchers.

It's a Livvy joke. ONIE loves it -- she smiles where ROBYN barely listens.

48

INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

SEB slams closed the final kitchen cupboards.

SEB
 No hammer, no nails. Anyone think
 this thing would struggle to get
 past a couple of forks and a tea
 tray?

Everyone returns to the main room. ROBYN returns to Painting One.

SEB (CONT'D)
 (to Robyn)
 Did you see the other painting?

LIVVY
 I don't like that hell one.

LIVVY's eyes go to Painting One. SEB points ROBYN to ANOTHER PAINTING.

SEB
 Fucking hell-art, man. This wasn't
 ours. We had a Predator poster up
 there for a while, and then some
 woman pulling her knickers aside.
 Shaved.

ROBYN rolls her eyes, but looks over this second painting.

Painting Two shows a bubble floating in a void. Like a snow-globe. Inside it is a simplified depiction of where they are: water and beach in the foreground, black strip of land, silhouette of a beach house on the left, and the lighthouse on the right.

Behind the bubble is another one, smaller. And a few others smaller yet. Like a community of bubbles.

ROBYN
 "You are here..."

LIVVY
 Other beaches - look! Other houses.
 So it's not just us.

ROBYN
I don't think so...

Why not? LIVVY

ROBYN
This house, the whole beach, is
built from us. It's made for us
specifically. Let's try something --
what did we do to deserve this?

PATRICIA

What?!

SEB

Are you kidding?!

I didn't... ONIE Shitloads! LIVVY

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Look, if we're being punished
someone thinks we did something.
Maybe figuring out what we did...

PATRICIA
I'm not dredging up --

LIVVY
Oh yeah, Truth or Dare!

LIVVY goes to the kitchen.

ONIE
I really haven't done anything...

SEB
We're not gonna --

ROBYN
It's okay. We're all in the same...
metaphysical beach house.

LIVVY returns. She holds up three vodka bottles.

LIVVY
Only one way to play this game.

She sets the bottles down next to two already on the table.

MUSIC KICKS IN as we head into --

49 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

49

MUSIC CONTINUES. A while later - everyone's relaxed a bit.

MONTAGE - the gang natter and we catch snippets, disjointed fragments, a line here, a quick exchange there, the odd visual moment:

Everyone chinks vodka bottles together and takes a swig.
Seb's not as into it as the rest.

SEB
Every week he'd turn his back and
we'd grab what we could from the
pick 'n' mix.

CUT TO:

ONIE hates the taste of vodka. She swallows it deliberately,
wincing.

ONIE
It's a strict house to grow up in.
You can't move and not break a
rule, or... "Oh, Onie, we're just
disappointed in you. Again."

CUT TO:

LIVVY
He could afford it, and I needed a
new phone.

CUT TO:

ONIE
I used to pull her hair to make her
scream. It's what sisters do.

CUT TO:

LIVVY trying to read the vodka label.

LIVVY
Are there calories in this?

PATRICIA snorts at this.

CUT TO:

ROBYN belches hard. Amused overreactions from all.

CUT TO:

PATRICIA
Lustful thoughts. Thousands and
thousands.

SEB
I second that.

ROBYN is looking at SEB, uncomfortable.

LIVVY
Me too.

ROBYN

Yep.

ONIE

I was never...very interested in that. Sometimes when I read a book...

CUT TO:

SEB

-- didn't wear a condom, so I crushed up a morning after pill, put it in her coffee...

CUT TO:

LIVVY pops up behind ONIE with a knife making the Psycho screech. (Badly.) ONIE screams...but it's as much relief and laughter as she realises it's just Livvy playing.

CUT TO:

ROBYN

Sometimes I'll have to push through a contract early. Fudge the dates.

A black shadow flits behind ROBYN. Everyone's too preoccupied to notice.

Then LIVVY looks up. It looks like she's got something for a second there. Then it's gone.

SEB

Woh, steady on there. Cheating the paperwork -- you're starting to close in on the Belgian's erotic literature.

ONIE

I'm not from --

ONIE disappears. Foomph! They take this in their stride.

CUT TO:

PATRICIA

Always second helpings. Third if I could get them. Gluttony's one of the big seven. My dad says I must've been born with a black hole for a stomach.

During this LIVVY shifts and reclines, unconsciously, into ONIE's old seat.

CUT TO:

ROBYN

Took another woman's boyfriend. I didn't know he had one until he left her but-- actually I kinda did.

CUT TO:

ONIE reappears -- on LIVVY. Awkwardness follows.

CUT TO:

SEB

Drugs. Fuckloads of lovely drugs.

LIVVY

Bit of coke, bit of weed.

ROBYN

Nothing. Asprin.

PATRICIA

Never.

ONIE

I tried glue.

CUT TO:

SEB spills vodka down himself.

CUT TO:

PATRICIA

Lied to my parents. And school. And work. A lot of not-really-sick days.

CUT TO:

LIVVY

Oh, I totally borrow stuff without giving it back. I think I forget. And then I find it and think "It's been that long, they probably don't even care."

CUT TO:

ONIE

-- used an old student's paper to pass my coursework --

A weird claw touches ONIE's neck from behind the sofa. She jumps, spins around. Nothing.

CUT TO:

LIVVY
-- set fire to the bin by mistake --

CUT TO:

SEB
-- she had tits like this, and just
out there, you can't not have a go--

The SHADOW passes behind SEB.

CUT TO:

PATRICIA
-- didn't even clean it, just said
I did, nobody knew the difference --

CUT TO:

ROBYN
-- fifteen parking tickets, but I
always pay them...

CUT TO:

They all slump back, knackered. An empty bottle rolls off the table and onto the floor.

SEB
This is pointless. I'm not sure I'm
even getting pissed.

ROBYN
How can we get pissed when we don't
have a pulse?

ONIE
How can Seb get a stiffy?

SEB doesn't like the reminder of his recent sexual suffering.
ROBYN's reminded of something. LIVVY laughs.

LIVVY
Ha ha! Hell's hard-on! Good point,
little devil!

PATRICIA
Don't say devil.

SEB
Don't say "Don't say devil."

She looks at him, annoyed. He give a 'come on then' that she chooses to ignore. They have no time left for each other.

ROBYN
(trying to lead him)
Seb?

SEB

Robyn?

ROBYN

D'you wanna -- you've skipped kind of a big one.

SEB

(a nervous pause)

What's that?

ROBYN

They interviewed me. As a witness.

SEB

As a witness?

ROBYN

Yeah.

SEB stares at her for a long time. Eventually he announces to the others:

SEB

I was accused -- accused, mind you -
- of some assault.

ROBYN

Of rape.

SEB

What are you supposed to have witnessed?

ROBYN

I was w-- I saw you leave the club with her.

SEB

What, and she was drunk?

ROBYN

And you weren't.

SEB

You can tell by looking?

ROBYN shrugs.

SEB (CONT'D)

She consented, right? And the way you know that is that I wasn't charged.

ROBYN

Do you remember her name?

SEB
No. Do you?

And then THE LIGHT COMES AGAIN.

The music ends. The volume of the light is, bizarrely, enormous. Fighting at first, they're soon driven to the ground, screaming and wailing. Souls boiling in acid.

50 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 50

The light on the house. The screams.

MIX TO:

51 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 51

The light has just gone. They lay back for a while, exhausted and panting.

SEB
Robyn.

ROBYN
Hmmm?

SEB
A word.

ROBYN
"Bollocks"?

SEB
"Outside".

52 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 52

ROBYN is looking in every direction, wary.

SEB
Looking for scary faces?

ROBYN
Yes.

SEB
Wanna see one more?

He leans in. Too close.

52A INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 52A

PATRICIA, alone in the room, arms folded, goes to the mirror. We don't see what she sees, but she seems...tentative about it. Like it takes nerve to look at herself.

53 INT. BEACH HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 53

ONIE is on the top bunk. LIVVY stands, leaning, chatting. She toys with a piece of EMBROIDERED CLOTH.

LIVVY
What do you do?

ONIE
Student. Pure mathematics.

LIVVY
And super-strict parents, huh?

ONIE
Two.

LIVVY
Oh, sure. Pure mathematics.

It's a Livvy joke. ONIE smiles.

ONIE
Actually that's applied maths.

LIVVY just looks confused. Which ONIE kinda loves.

54 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AS BEFORE 54

ROBYN and SEB on the porch. They argue in hushed, harsh whispers -- tension rising, SEB angry.

And something far off is watching them in lurking POV.

ROBYN
It's a sin, right? It's...it's a big fucking --

SEB
That I didn't do. I gave her one, sure. Two, as it goes. But she knew. She was awake, she was talking, she wanted to.

ROBYN
You're sure.

SEB
(sarcastic)
No, I'm actually confused about it.
(MORE)

SEB (CONT'D)

You know, right? A guy knows. She's given him the look all night, she's let him take her home. You don't drink too much with a bloke unless you want him to help you get home.

ROBYN

Uh-huh.

SEB

I played along with your game, okay, now move the fuck on.

55

INT. BEACH HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - AS BEFORE

55

ONIE and LIVVY.

ONIE

They kept me sheltered, y'know? I'm a student, older than everyone else, but I still had to be home prompt. Like a kid.

For a moment she's not sure she's going to do it..then she does:

ONIE (CONT'D)

A few weeks ago I freaked out, locked myself in the bathroom...

She tugs at her hair...and it comes away. A WIG. Underneath her hair's short, dyed.

ONIE (CONT'D)

(starting to cry)

But this...this doesn't feel like me either. Not at all.

LIVVY leans in to ONIE and points at her arm.

LIVVY

I had a friend who used to hurt herself in school. Her boyfriend said...he said she never felt like she belonged anywhere.

ONIE bites her lip. That's it exactly.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

She didn't want to kill herself. She just...didn't want to be anywhere. Maybe if, now you're here, if you decided you wanted to be...oh, I don't know. Here.

LIVVY tugs the wig back onto ONIE's head. ONIE allows it, glad of the affection.

It's wonky. LIVVY stifles a laugh as she brushes a strand from ONIE's face.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
I think you'd better--

ONIE touches LIVVY's cheek. Affectionate, romantic even.

LIVVY recoils. Wow, no. She steps back.

56

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AS BEFORE

56

ROBYN and SEB. Tensions high, voices hushed.

ROBYN
Whatever you did --

SEB
I didn't!

ROBYN
-- to that girl. Whatever it was,
we're connected. Maybe we're here
because of --

SEB
Maybe we're here because of you!
Huh?

And for a second...ROBYN blinks, reacts. For a second she's hiding something.

The POV of something lurks not far away...

ROBYN
We have to --

SEB
We don't have to do anything! Not
because you say so! I went through
hell cos that slag grassed me up.
You say one more fucking word and
I'll --

He punches the wall.

ROBYN
Seb --

SEB
I'm fucking serious. One word --

PATRICIA opens the door.

PATRICIA
Is there --

SEB
 Oh, yes. Choke me, bitch!
 (to Robyn)
 You heard this one? "We could stay
 here, it's nice".

LIVVY and ONIE appear behind PATRICIA. ONIE's got her wig
 back as it should be.

PATRICIA
 You colossal prick.

SEB
 Woh, judgmental.

SEB leans on the door frame.

SEB (CONT'D)
 (leaning in)
 This is what you get with fucking
 god-botherers. You lot, you made
 this place, y'know. Fucking chanted
 it into existence.

ROBYN
 All right, stop now.

SEB
 (to Robyn)
 I. Did. Nothing.
 (to Livvy)
 Ask her, she went for me. I didn't
 have to get permission. You know.
 (to Robyn, re. Patricia)
 This one, an'all. I'm fucking a
 Christian in the afterlife and she
 wanted it. Look where we are!
 (to Patricia)
 Aww, didn't get it right, though,
 did you? No harp for you. Stuck
 here screwing your last with the
 rest of us. A fuck-buddy in the
 hell-light. That's what you're here
 for -- I get it now. To make my
 death miserable.
 (he looks across them all)
 Hell is other bitches.

PATRICIA -- and there might be a bit of calculation to this --
 slams the door.

-- Right ONTO SEB'S HAND.

He SCREAMS. And screams and screams. Drops to his knees.

PATRICIA opens the door.

We get one quick look at SEB'S MANGLED HAND. A couple of fingers bent at odd angles.

ROBYN steps towards him. SEB stumbles to his feet. Tears stream from his eyes. Agony. But he holds his good hand up - "stay away".

LIVVY
Oh that looks --

SEB fixes her with a look. LIVVY goes quiet.

SEB snatches the EMBROIDERED CLOTH from her hand and starts striding away from the house, towards the beach.

ROBYN
Seb, don't --

SEB
Oh yeah, I'll beware of the scary faces. I bet the light doesn't even hit you out here, you think of that?!

ROBYN's about to speak...then realises she's no idea.

SEB's wrapping the CLOTH around his BROKEN FINGERS.

ONIE
Don't...go too far!

SEB
Ha ha! Too far! We're in fucking Pac-Man, remember! Get to the edge you come right back around!

He does the Pac-Man gobbling noise. Jesus, he's lost it.

They head inside.

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT 58

SEB is approaching the rise, the beach, and muttering to himself.

SEB
"Oh yeah, I've done loads, guess I deserve to be here." "Well you definitely raped her." "Whoops, were those your fingers? Why don't I just choke you." (jams fist in mouth in imitation)

He reaches the rise and looks out to the beach.

The tide has come and gone. SEB looks to where, unknown to him, the message was written.

The tide has washed away all words but the last: DAMNED.

He scoffs -

SEB (CONT'D)
Pfft. Fucking bitch.

And then the WHITE LIGHT HITS HIM.

59 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

59

LIVVY takes an angry ROBYN aside.

LIVVY
Did he do it?

ROBYN
Never came to being charged,
but...oh, if you'd seen this girl.
She came and thanked me for saying
what I saw. Which was nothing,
but...she was broken. He broke her.

LIVVY
I knew it. He had...

ONIE
Rapey eyes.

LIVVY
Exactly.

ROBYN shrugs away and past the mirror. And stops dead.

ROBYN
Has anyone looked in a mirror?

PATRICIA
Yes. LIVVY
Yes.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
(she looks at herself)
This...this isn't what I look like.

60 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - FLASHBACK

60

Again from the group's first hours here, without Robyn. SEB and LIVVY admire themselves in the mirror. ONIE peers in, too. PATRICIA stands off to one side, sliding her hands up and down her body, her dress, delighted with what she's got.

61 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

61

ROBYN
It's me but...better. Idealised.

PATRICIA
('old news')
We know...

LIVVY
I like it.

PATRICIA
(as if it's tiresome)
It's like Facebook, right? You pick
the best picture, pose to hide a
chin, airbrush the spots.
(mock-advert)
Now you're the perfect you.

PATRICIA snorts. ONIE joins ROBYN at the mirror.

ONIE
Do you like it?

ROBYN
Yeah. Yeah. It's just...weird.

ONIE
I have a really blobby nose. I
prefer this. But I wish they'd
fixed my hai--

And then she VANISHES. Foomph! ROBYN looks at where she was,
thinking.

62 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT

62

The HELL-LIGHT FADES. SEB drags himself from the ground, sits
up. Panting.

And utterly fucking furious.

63 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

63

ROBYN paces, talking to PATRICIA and LIVVY.

ROBYN
Onie's the way out, she's gotta be.

PATRICIA
Maybe you should stop figuring
stuff out for a bit. You're already
driving people away.

ROBYN glances at the FACE DRAWN ON THE WINDOW.

ROBYN
I'll stop when I'm home.

PATRICIA
(to Livvy)
Management.

64 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT

64

SEB on the rise -- he turns back to the house. Empty fist clenching and unclenching. Bandaged hand hanging limp. Most of what he mutters is hard to grasp, just odd words:

SEB
Stupid...cock-teasing cunt...Shove
it up you so hard...

65 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

65

ROBYN
What about the blank slate? Is
that...Do you think we were given
one, a fresh start, when we got
here?

PATRICIA
I hope not. I just broke a guy's
hand, remember.

LIVVY
Doesn't count. Probably.

PATRICIA
I wanted to hurt him. That counts.

Suddenly the overlapping, whispering chatter begins again. Immediately loud, immediately everywhere.

And the SHADOW lurches out of one of the ATTIC HOLES. Pings around the wall a moment then shoots for the closed door, barging it open as it goes.

ROBYN
Seb...!

The door slams shut -- and the WHITE LIGHT strikes again.

66 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT

66

SEB takes a few steps toward the house.

And then sounds. Skittering, whispering, wind.

SEB, startled but hiding it, stands. And turns. And turns.

It's always around him, close but never in sight. A shadow sometimes swoops across the ground behind him.

SHADOW
(whispers among a swirl of
noise and voice)
...cock-teasing cunt... Shove it up
you so hard... Stupid...Stupid and
cruel...

SEB starts to run - down the scrub, toward the ocean --

67 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

67

He's running hard, but can't escape the sounds. He sees a shadow -- maybe or maybe not The Shadow -- and zigzags to avoid it, almost losing his footing...

He hits the water. Runs into it. Pushes against it --

68 EXT. SCRUBLAND - CONTINUOUS

68

-- and immediately he's back running on SCRUBLAND! He's behind the house, not too far from it. It's spotlit by the lighthouse's white beam.

SEB stops...and stumbles over his own legs, the change too unnatural to deal with --

He reaches out with his hands...and immediately SCREAMS when his weight is put on his WOUNDED HAND.

SEB
Ahhhhh! Fuck! Fuck it! Fuck!

The WHISPERS return. Swirling around. Now in front of him.

He lets out a PATHETIC, SQUEAKY CRY and turns back the way he came. Running --

69 EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

69

-- and he's back in the ocean.

He falls again. Hands out again. Screams again.

A claw - sort of, maybe more a hand and nails, but small - reaches out and grabs the fabric of his shirt. It TEARS OFF HIM.

SEB yanks free and keeps going...

...kicking through the water, back to the sand, going...

70 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

70

The white light has once again exhausted them. ROBYN wipes her brow and gets uneasily up.

ONIE reappears, just where she was. Foomp!

LIVVY

Onie!

ONIE looks around, gets her bearings.

ONIE

(disappointed)

Oh.

LIVVY

What's that?

She points to ONIE's hand. ONIE raises it --

She's holding a COPPER ARTHRITIS BRACELET.

71 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT

71

Shirtless, SEB crests the rise from the beach, exhausted...

...but he's no strength left. He falls.

And avoiding his bad hand, his face hits the ground.

Whispers and sounds reach fever pitch...

Something, something black and uncertain, looms over him.

SEB SCREAMS as unseen cloth tears and something forceful drives itself onto his prone body.

72 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

72

ROBYN is looking at the bracelet as ONIE holds it up.

ONIE

It's...it's my dad's. For his
arthritis. I think you're right --
I might be...

She can't quite say it.

LIVVY

Alive somewhere.

ONIE

Dad must have been...holding my
hand, or...I don't know.

ROBYN

And you brought this back. Which means --

The noise then -- skittering, whispering --

And the door FLIES OPEN. The BLACK SHADOW arrives.

It circles, circles -- wall and floor, settling down --

ONIE yelps and throws the BRACELET.

By chance more than design it hits the SHADOW as it cruises across the floor.

And the SHADOW SCREAMS. And for a moment, just a moment, we see SOMETHING ELSE.

A shape. Small, limbed, black and awful.

The scream kills the whispering noises. For a moment there's just the nails-on-chalkboard sound of the screech.

The FIGURE -- solid, but with shadow swarming around it -- lurches, leaving a smoke behind where the bracelet hit, like an acid burn to the shadow.

It lurches into THE SECOND PAINTING, knocking it off the wall.

Then the shadow is full again, nothing solid left. It dives for an ATTIC HOLE and is gone.

Silence.

ROBYN looks at the BRACELET. Walks over to it cautiously. Picks it up.

ONIE

Robyn...?

ROBYN

Onie. If you could bring this here, what if...?

She turns to ONIE, serious as anything.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

What if you could take us back there?

ONIE looks uncomfortable -- but ROBYN's clearly thrilled.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

What if you could take us home?

She holds ONIE's hand, and in the other holds the bracelet.

She grins.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
We've got a weapon -- and a way
out.

73 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 73

It feels like the wind may have settled. Calm. Utter calm.
It's as close to victory as we're going to get.

74 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 74

ONIE is sat on a sofa looking incredibly disconcerted - ROBYN and PATRICIA are sat either side of her, each holding one of her hands. LIVVY stands nearby.

We hold for an uncomfortably long time as they wait. And wait. And wait. Then LIVVY huffs.

ROBYN
(to Livvy)
Just...hold onto her ankle or
something.

LIVVY
It makes me uncomfortable, okay?

ONIE and LIVVY share a look. It makes ONIE sad, this reaction.

ROBYN
This could be our way home and
you're --

ONIE
Phobic.

LIVVY
(lightly)
'God hates fags'. I read there
somewhere. That's a thing.

PATRICIA
Weren't we just having a threesome?

LIVVY
So?

ROBYN
Sucking Patricia's nipple is pretty
gay.

LIVVY

Seb was there! It's different when there's a man there. (gives up) Oh!

In frustration she stands behind the sofa and puts a hand on ONIE's shoulder.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

Happy?

ONIE rolls her eyes.

PATRICIA

I like your waiting-and-holding-hands plan, Robyn. Best plan yet.

ROBYN

Do you like it here or something?

PATRICIA

I'm making the best of -- look, my dad --

ROBYN/ONIE/LIVVY

(overlapping)

"My dad says..."

PATRICIA

(ignoring)

...told me about heaven, okay. And he was an academic, he knew what he was talking about. My aunt Nadine died, my mum's sister. She was the best; all sneaky gifts and trips to the zoo -- I was nine. She died of a brain...thing. I was so upset that she'd just...not be around any more. After her funeral I asked my dad if she's gone to heaven. And he laughed at me.

She's got everyone's attention now.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Laughed and laughed. His face went red, his eyes watered, he spilled his drink. He said "Don't be stupid, Patty. She was a monster. She made her money stripping bankrupt businesses. Ten people at her funeral! You and your mother were the only people she cared about." I started crying -- y'know, that's when dads are supposed to comfort their little girls. She was nice to me -- surely that was something? Surely they'd let her in for that?!

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

The next day he showed me a book. I can't remember exactly, but...the pictures. He said the pure go to heaven. I remember that. "The pure". No-one stained, no-one tainted. Not ever. And I was going (kids voice) "Maybe she can sneak in...?" He laughed again -- spat as he laughed -- pointed to the book. "No sinner sneaks into the house of god! If one ever did the whole afterlife would dissolve, collapse, rot in an instant. The sinner's a cancer." He called it Eternity Insurance. "Your aunt Nadine's burning, Patty. That's all their is to it."

ROBYN

Jesus...

PATRICIA

I've sinned. So there's no way I'm getting up there. But I've spent my life scared of what hell might be. This? Compared to a nine year-old's nightmare, this is paradise.

LIVVY

"Eternity insurance"?! (sniggers)

Her laugh makes LIVVY and ROBYN laugh. PATRICIA shrugs, it is kinda daft.

ONIE

Your dad's a dick.

And SEB BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR! Shirtless, filthy and dishevelled.

SEB

Where is it? Where the fuck is it?!

The girls are baffled.

SEB (CONT'D)

It comes back here -- did you send it?

He leaps for one of the ATTIC HOLES. Tries to scramble into it.

Nothing. Just black. He can't see a thing.

SEB (CONT'D)

Some here! Come here you fucker!
You fucker! YOU FUCKER!

The girls have stood and separated, all watching.

ROBYN
(approaching him)
Seb!

SEB turns -- and immediately SHOVES ROBYN TO THE WALL.

SEB
This is all down to you!

ROBYN
I didn't!

SEB
It came after me! Because of what
you said!

PATRICIA
She said what?!

SEB
It came to the beach, okay. It
chased me, it pinned me down --

ONIE
Oh God...

SEB
-- and then it...it fucked me.

A pause. Silence.

Then PATRICIA laughs -- a loud bark.

SEB relaxes his grip on ROBYN. LIVVY lets out an nervous
breath.

SEB (CONT'D)
It's not funny!

PATRICIA
(concealing a smile)
It raped you? Right up the...?

Now LIVVY barks out a laugh. ONIE shakes her head.

SEB
FUCK!

He hits the wall to the side of ROBYN's head. ROBYN shoves
him away, towards the front door, scared.

SEB (CONT'D)
(to Robyn)
Because you had to talk about it.
Women always have to talk about it.
You bitch.

LIVVY and PATRICIA laugh. SEB snarls, storms out the door --
-- and instantly emerges at the rear window, outside, close
to the glass.

The girls turn with the sound of him. Huh?

And then they see him at the window and laugh again.

SEB (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

He turns back and walks away from the window -- and emerges
through the front door.

He slams the door, furious.

PATRICIA and LIVVY and cackling now. They can't contain it.

ONIE's getting nervous, though, and ROBYN -- who never
laughed -- is looking worried.

ROBYN
Stop it! STOP IT!

SEB starts towards LIVVY but she holds up her hands, back
away. Strong women everywhere -- except one. He GRABS ONIE BY
THE THROAT.

SEB
You're not laughing. Isn't it
fucking funny?!

LIVVY
Hey!

He smacks ONIE on the side of the head.

SEB
What if I fucked you, huh? What if
you said no and I fucked you? Is
that funny?!

LIVVY darts up, pulls on SEB.

PATRICIA's eyes look around the kitchen for something.

ROBYN
Seb!

SEB is wrestling with LIVVY and ONIE. LIVVY's trying to get
herself between them. ONIE's hand grabs onto LIVVY, LIVVY has
a hand holding SEB's arm.

SEB
(to Livvy)
Wanna go again, sweetheart?
(MORE)

SEB (CONT'D)
I'm up for it. Ready or not,
either's good for me. I'll have you
all.

ROBYN
Seb let them go!

SEB
It listens, right? It listens to
us! It knows what we did!

LIVVY
Get off!

SEB
I'll kill you! I'll fuck you all!
I'll be the king of hell before I
let you do this! I will not be puni-
-

Then ONIE VANISHES -- Foomph!

SEB BLINKS, a "What the fuck?" reaction. But then he's got
LIVVY.

SEB (CONT'D)
Fine.

He grabs for her backside, pulling her in --

And then he stops. Dead.

REVEAL: PATRICIA has driven the kitchen knife into the side
of his head.

SEB drops to the floor. Hard.

A pause. The women look at him, eyes open, on the floor.

PATRICIA
(asking their opinion)
Okay?

75 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

75

LIVVY's curled up on a chair.

SEB's body lies where it fell. PATRICIA is looking down at it
-- she can't stop looking at it, at what she's done.

PATRICIA
Can we move him?

She looks up to ROBYN, who's stood with the FRONT DOOR OPEN.

ROBYN looks out. There's the porch, the small, overgrown
garden, the scrubland beyond.

She reaches out an arm --

-- and inside, they all turn when there's a tap at the glass behind them. ROBYN's hand at the back window.

ROBYN looks over her shoulder, arm still out the door.

The hand touches the glass. Strokes it. Taps with a knuckle.

Everyone fascinated, confused.

A ROTTED FACE accompanied by two OUTSTRETCHED, EMACIATED ARMS reach out for ROBYN from the doorway. The BACKGROUND DISTORTS with them.

ROBYN yanks her arm back, SLAMS the door.

She swallows hard.

LIVVY

Robyn, what's --

But ROBYN holds up a hand -- not now -- and walks slowly, deliberately, to PAINTING TWO, the bubble world.

She picks it off the ground, holds it, concentrates.

For a long time she just stares at it. The little world in a bubble. The other snow-globe worlds behind it, all with the same contents.

She runs a finger across the painting. And then --

ROBYN

Oh no...

LIVVY

What?

PATRICIA had been staring at the body, this snaps her back.

PATRICIA

What is it? Robyn!

ROBYN snaps out of it. She brings the framed picture, stands it on the floor and points.

ROBYN

This is us. This is all us. Look.
The bubbles are smaller, right?
Each one smaller than the last.

PATRICIA

It's perspective.

ROBYN

It's not. Look at the size of the house -- it's the same in all of them. It's not perspective. It's...it's a cartoon. It's a flick-book. It's what's happening to the space around us.

The girls look. Eyes flick from bubble to bubble.

The first bubble. The second. The third, fourth, fifth. We look from one to the next to the next. Faster and faster --

We each bubble in sequence, almost a flick-book animation: the house the same size, but each time the bubble smaller.

LIVVY puts a finger inside her cheek and makes a "pop" sound.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

When we started, we got to the edge and came back around -- and it was big. But it's shrinking. We can still see the beach and the --

LIVVY

The light! (hopeful) Do you think the lighthouse will be gone?!

PATRICIA

No fucking chance...
(off their looks)
You could never get to it in the first place. I'm not sure it was ever really 'there'. Like it's just...painted on the background.

ROBYN

(nodding)
The bubble's closing and the house is at the centre of it. You reach the edge you come back around. But now the edge is right outside these walls.

PATRICIA

Time's running out.

She says it dead flat. The truth of it strikes them all.

LIVVY

What happens when the bubble's gone?

ROBYN

The things outside? Pushing on the edge of the bubble.

LIVVY shudders at the memory.

ROBYN looks at the void on Painting Two.

Then at the tortured souls in Painting One.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Those...people. I think that's
what's outside the bubble.

And when they look at the painting this time...

...it's almost like they can hear the distant screams.

PATRICIA looks at SEB's body. Her voice only a whisper:

PATRICIA
I'll be damned...

76 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

76

ROBYN pulls the knife out of SEB's head. Scrrrrape. Ewwww.

She puts it aside and ROBYN and PATRICIA grab one of SEB's arms each.

PATRICIA
Seb's...the woman he... Was she
someone you knew?

ROBYN shakes her head. She sees what PATRICIA needs, though.

ROBYN
He wasn't good people, Patricia.

77 INT. BEACH HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

77

They shove SEB's body inside.

PATRICIA
Bastard.

She kicks his body, spits on his face. They close the door.

78 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

78

ROBYN
No more stabbing, okay?

PATRICIA does a little 'scouts honour' gesture.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
I should've warned you about him.
It could've --

And ONIE reappears -- Foomph!

LIVVY, relieved, beams and goes to her.

ONIE
(looking around)
Where is he?

LIVVY
Bathroom. Patty killed a dead guy.
What about that?

She's keeping it light. ONIE smiles. But ROBYN's realising...

ROBYN
Oh, Onie...

LIVVY
Robyn? What is it?

We see hope drain from ROBYN. Her mouth falls, her eyes empty. She starts to shake her head imperceptibly.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
What...?

ONIE
(to Livvy)
I was holding on to you and Seb.
But when I went...

LIVVY
You foomphed.

ONIE
And you stayed.
(to Robyn)
I'm sorry it didn't work.

A pause. ROBYN stands there, staring. She's saying "no no no" over and over but it barely has breath behind it.

And she's not the only one scared this leaves them hopeless:

LIVVY
Robyn...?

ROBYN looks at LIVVY's frightened eyes. She has no idea what to say. PATRICIA see's ROBYN's losing it.

PATRICIA
Hey Robyn.
(louder)
Robyn!

ROBYN turns to her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Want to see something?

ROBYN looks at her, confused.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Come here.

She leads ROBYN to the MIRROR.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I never liked seeing myself in
mirrors.

ROBYN looks at the reflection --

ROBYN's reflection is normal. But PATRICIA's shows someone who looks...a bit like her. But she's vast, enormously overweight.

And it's more than just that, she's just not looked after herself. Bad skin, filthy hair. A girl of 21 who's already given up. A sad picture of a life already missed.

When she speaks and moves, the mirror-Patricia matches the real one.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Who wakes up in hell and throws
herself at the first man she finds?
Who sees it as a chance to have
great big fantasy sex?

ROBYN touches the glass. Mirror-Patricia looks back at her.

ROBYN
Someone who never had the chance
before.

PATRICIA
Imagine being one thing, then
waking up one day and you're --
you're who I am here. I feel
amazing, I look amazing.
(indicates bathroom)
His tongue was hanging out of his
mouth.

79 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

79

As shown in their wake-up scene: PATRICIA smooths her dress down, looks at herself as best she can. We now realise what this is: seeing her new body for the first time.

80 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - FLASHBACK

80

PATRICIA looks at her bigger, old self in the mirror...then scurries away when the LIVVY comes to take a look, beckoning SEB and ONIE others to join.

TIME CUT: As seen before, SEB, ONIE and LIVVY look at the mirror, but PATRICIA stands off to one side, sliding her hands up and down her body, her dress -- delighted with what she's got...but also casting a fearful glance to the mirror.

81 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

81

PATRICIA
To see yourself seen that way.

ROBYN nods.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Two friends dragged me to the club.
I hope they're...I guess they're
okay. But everyone looked so good --
so thin and pretty and...

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I was kinda glad when the ceiling
came down.
(taps the glass)
Fat...Pat. "Fat Pat."

The name. ROBYN gets it now.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(to Livvy)
I'm so jealous of people who look
like you.

And then the BLACK SHADOW flies from the attic hole!

It circles the mirror. PATRICIA screams. Circles, circles.

And then it shoots away again. Back where it came.

LIVVY gets to her feet and grabs the BRACELET, waving it around just in time to be no use at all.

ROBYN looks at the mirror, at scared and upset PATRICIA.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
What does it want?!

ROBYN
Shhh.

LIVVY
Robyn --

ROBYN
Shush!

She's working it out...

ROBYN (CONT'D)
It's attacked Seb twice -- the
bedroom and out there. Both sexual
violence...both targeted at a
rapist.

LIVVY
Men are pigs.

ONIE
S'what I've always said.

It's a rare joke from ONIE. LIVVY smiles.

PATRICIA
What about just now?!

ROBYN
What did you say to Livvy? Jealous?
You wished you looked like her?

PATRICIA looks to LIVVY --

ROBYN (CONT'D)
No, look away! Stop!

PATRICIA, confused, does.

ROBYN stands under one of the attic holes.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Seb was right, it is watching us.
And it comes when we're --

LIVVY
Screwing?

ROBYN
No -- "sinning".

PATRICIA
If it turned up any time any of us
did that it'd never fuck off.

ROBYN
Right. So what if it's specific?
Something we've been guilty of
before, some particular...

PATRICIA
Jealousy.

They share a look. Yeah, like that. ROBYN goes to the mirror.

ROBYN
Why put this here? We see
ourselves, more or less. It's like
it's there to...remind you?

ONIE
It's like self-harming.

Everyone turns. Huh?

ONIE (CONT'D)
I hurt inside, so I hurt myself
outside. To feel better, and
because I want someone to notice. I
want someone to realise. I'm
telling them something.
(to Robyn)
You think it's clever. It's not.
It's an animal. It wants us to know
what we are.

PATRICIA
Sinners.

ONIE
Hurt to explain. It's the worst way
to communicate but...we know to
fear sin.

ROBYN
It's trying to talk to us?

LIVVY
Like the paintings, and the message
on the beach.

ROBYN
(a beat, resolute:)
Then we should answer back.

82 INT. BEACH HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 82

SEB'S BODY, his EYES WIDE OPEN. We track in...and in...and
in...over the body, up to his face...

Nothing.

We track on, and up. Panning past his face, and --

Just as his EYES ARE LEAVING FRAME they BLINK!

83 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 83

ROBYN opens the COOLER from the kitchen, yanks out the TWO
VODKA bottles in there.

ROBYN
As you sure Seb brought this with
him?

PATRICIA

He had it on the beach.

LIVVY and ONIE are on a sofa, watching. They're curled up together for comfort.

ROBYN

These are given out to VIPs who
want to buy a lot at once but keep
it cold.

LIVVY's watching this -- she's working something out.

ROBYN holds up the BRACELET.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

I don't think little shadow demons
are meant to touch real things. The
bracelet hurt it -- more than that,
it made it 'solid'.

PATRICIA

Eternity insurance in reverse --
keeps the sinners out of heaven,
keeps the demons away from earth.

LIVVY

(all in a fast run,
realising as she talks)
Hey, maybe all our clothes would
hurt it, cos we were wearing these
when we died and -- oh, no, we're
not actually here are we? We left
behind dead bodies with clothes on.
We're facebook pictures, I remember
now.

(after a beat)

So that plastic thing will hurt it?

ROBYN

More than that, I think it'll hold
it.

(holds up a bottle)

Anyone ever tried waterboarding?

LIVVY and ONIE drop to private whispers as PATRICIA and ROBYN
collect up the other bottles.

ONIE

(re. Robyn)

She wants to go home so badly.

LIVVY

Don't you?

ONIE shrugs.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Nah. You don't want to be anywhere.
 I dunno, Onie. If I could see my
 mum again...

84 INT. BEACH HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 84

SEB's hand twitches. Twitches. Moves. Heads up his body.
 And slowly, awkwardly, wipes the spit from his face.

85 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 85

LIVVY
 There's a whole thing with you
 where you don't think you're any
 good. But you are. What I think is,
 as soon as you believe that, you'll
 get to pick. Then when you
 'foomph', you'll go for good.

PATRICIA and ROBYN are talking in the kitchen.

PATRICIA
 Why me?

ROBYN
 We need someone to do...whatever it
 is the demon comes out for. Seb's
 dead -- again -- so you're the only
 one who knows for sure what'll draw
 it to us.

PATRICIA
 You're aware, I suppose, that I'm
 entirely fucking terrified?

ROBYN
 You could...I dunno, have a pray
 first?

PATRICIA gives her a sarcastic look.

ONIE and LIVVY are still talking:

ONIE
 (after a pause)
 I wish I had taken you with me.

LIVVY
 All right, Lesbo, don't get clingy.

ONIE
 I know you don't...it doesn't
 matter. I just like you.
 (MORE)

ONIE (CONT'D)
 I mean, from the minute I pulled
 you out of the water I --

WHAM! A sound makes them all turn --

The SHADOW flies again! The whispers, the movement. Slipping
 around the walls --

-- focussed on ONIE.

Screams and shouts. Then:

ROBYN
 Who said what?! What did it!

LIVVY
 What?!

ROBYN
 It's chasing the...the "sin".
 Whatever. Who said --

PATRICIA
 (with huge relief)
 Onie! Onie was talking!

ROBYN
 Onie, I need you in the kitchen!
 Now!

ONIE, terrified of the thing whirling around her, starts to
 creep to the kitchen. She rubs her (covered) scarred arm
 anxiously.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
 Faster!

ONIE
 I didn't mean to!

ROBYN
 What did it?!
 (beckoning her)
 Come on...

LIVVY
 She was talking about when we got
 here. She pulled me out of the
 water.

PATRICIA
 She didn't. Seb did.

ONIE cringes.

ROBYN
 Oh -- it's taking credit!

ONIE

What?!

ONIE reaches the kitchen. The Shadow circles and circles her.

LIVVY

Onie! Why did --

ONIE

I just wanted to impress you!

ROBYN

You took credit for something you didn't do! Like you cheated on that exam! You used someone else's --

ONIE

That's ridiculous!

The shadow's circling the room now, unfocused, no target, giving up.

ROBYN

Stand here.

She positions ONIE...and picks up the COOLER.

PATRICIA

Oh Christ...

ROBYN

(to Onie)

Now, I want you bring it in. Tell us about other times.

ONIE

(scared)

No...

ROBYN

It won't hurt you.

LIVVY

You don't know that!

ROBYN

Give it a try. Please?

LIVVY

It's a plastic box!

And then -- bless her -- ONIE digs deep and finds what they need inside her.

ONIE

Once...I told my dad a Christmas present was from me, it wasn't. He really liked it.

(MORE)

ONIE (CONT'D)
 There was...I got thanked for
 organising a party but I was just a
 guest.

The swirl becomes focussed again. Like it was blind to her
 and she's become visible.

ONIE (CONT'D)
 I bragged online that I'd met
 Stephen King, but I only sent him
 fan-mail. I farted and blamed it on
 a friend's dog - is that the same?

During this the swirl has become furious, surrounded her.

ROBYN splashes some VODKA at the swirl --

-- There's a PAINED HISS! --

-- It drops lower, ground level, circles ONIE's feet. Round
 and around.

ROBYN
 Pat!

PATRICIA doesn't bristle at the name. ROBYN tosses her a
 vodka bottle, points to an area.

ONIE
 I just wanted to be liked! I just
 wanted people not to hate me!

ROBYN and PATRICIA start splashing the vodka around, soaking
 areas around the swirl.

The HISSING rises!

ONIE (CONT'D)
 And I did, I cheated! I got an old
 essay and scanned it and handed it
 in like it was mine. I cheated!

ROBYN slams the COOLER into the ground, side down, open end
 forwards.

ROBYN
 LIVVY!

LIVVY comes forward. ROBYN hands her the COOLER LID.

Christ, the whispering, skittering, hissing wind.

ONIE
 I cheated! I cheated! I FUCKING
 CHEATED!

ROBYN beckons PATRICIA over, gets her to hold the COOLER. She
 grabs the BRACELET.

ROBYN

Now!

ROBYN slams the BRACELET down into the path of the circling SHADOW.

A screech -- and something solid in the shadow --

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Patricia!

The momentum of the shadow drives it clumsily forward --
-- into the waiting mouth of the cooler.

PATRICIA

Livvy!

ROBYN

Livvy!

LIVVY slams on the lid and flips the catches.

Instantly it's moving, pulling. An angry animal in a cage.
Furious. Wrestling. The sounds muted.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Hold it down!

LIVVY and PATRICIA look at each other - what other idea is there?

They SIT DOWN ON THE COOLER. PATRICIA on the left, LIVVY on the right.

It's still moving powerfully, it's hard for them to stay on it. And there are language-free screams of pain and frustration coming from inside.

ONIE

It's working!

The side of the COOLER cracks. CRICK!

And again -- CRACK! A chunk of plastic splinters away. A sliver we can see through, into the cooler.

ROBYN

Calm the fuck down!

And, dropping to her knees, she tosses some VODKA into the gap. HISSSSSSS!

A SCREECH -- but smaller this time, contained, and fearful more than pained -- and then a weird, hissing pant. A trapped animal.

The gang all look at each other. Um...now what?

ROBYN knows.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Can you speak?

Nothing.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
You've been listening, you know us.
You must understand.

Silence. Silence. Then, as the girls fear the worst, it comes:

DEMON
(slow, painful)
Yes. Speak.

Shared looks.

ROBYN
What's going on?

Nothing.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
What's going on here? You have to tell us.

Nothing.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
TELL US!

She tosses some VODKA into the gap. HSSSSSSSSSS! The girls share looks -- Robyn's ferocity is unsettling them.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Talk to us! Tell us! Is this hell?!

The DEMON laughs. ROBYN peers at the crack. Something's moving in there but it's impossible to see what. Something dark...

...and then it turns. Two BLUE EYES -- like bright gas fire -- look at her, fix on her.

ROBYN jumps but doesn't back away.

DEMON
This. Hell.

PATRICIA
Two word answers.

ROBYN
I doubt it gets a lot of conversation.
(to the demon)
(MORE)

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Can you hear me? Are you listening?
Hey!

DEMON
Hey. Yeah.

Odd word choice. Looks are shared.

ROBYN
I can hurt you, you understand
that.

She goes to splash the crack again, and they hear (and Patricia and Livvy feel) it flees to the back of the cooler.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
(confident)
You understand.

ONIE bites her lip -- she's impressed by Robyn's badassery.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
You stop me, correct me, when I'm
wrong. Got it? Interrupt me when
I'm wrong.

Nothing.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
GOT IT?!

PATRICIA
('work it out')
Robyn...

ROBYN realises.

ROBYN
You've got it. Okay. This is what
we know: We're in some bubble.
Hell's right outside it. And it was
made just for us, from us, from our
memories.

A pause. She waits to be contradicted.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
That's right.

PATRICIA
You call it Tabula Rasa, this house
-- it's a clean slate, a fresh
chance. Do we get that because
we're...special?

Heheheheheh... Pained LAUGHTER from inside the cooler.

DEMON
Not. Special.

ROBYN
Then why --
(realising)
Because we all died together. Just
good timing.

PATRICIA sags.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
The bubble's shrinking. Will it
stop? When it's closed do we...do
we get to go home?

More LAUGHTER.

LIVVY
Robyn you know what happens then.

DEMON
Hell. Light.

PATRICIA
All the time. Forever.

At that ROBYN's frustration peaks and she splashes the vodka
again. The DEMON SCREAMS.

DEMON
Helped! You! Helped! You! Helped!
You!

ROBYN
Help us? You want to help us?!

ONIE
It's saying "helped". It's helped
us.

ONIE crawls to the cooler. It frightens her beyond all reason
but she does it anyway.

ONIE (CONT'D)
You've been trying to help us all
along?

Silence.

LIVVY
(knowing it's a good sign)
No answer.

ROBYN
So why hurt us with the light?

DEMON

Not. Meant.

ROBYN

The light's not meant to get through?

(working it out)

It's outside the bubble. But you can't stop it getting in. Not completely.

ONIE nods. That's it.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

This isn't planned, this isn't organised. How can it be -- you're an animal. It's not meant to be like this it's...

PATRICIA

He built it.

ROBYN looks at her. PATRICIA nods to the cooler -- "ask".

ROBYN

Did you make all this?

Silence.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sa--

She goes to splash the vodka at the crack again.

Then stops.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

You're staying silent. Patricia's right.

A pause. Then:

DEMON

Heaven. Empty.

The voice surprises them.

A finger curls out of the crack and points. They follow it to the FIRST PAINTING, the white, writhing hell.

ROBYN runs and yanks it off the wall, brings it back.

The TOP CORNER. Dark, cloudy...but calm. But there's nobody there, no trapped souls. It looks...peaceful. Gates trimmed in gold, though side on and obscured, make the symbolism pretty clear.

ROBYN
That corner? That's heaven?

LIVVY
There's nobody there...

PATRICIA
My dad says...that no sinner ever
gets into heaven -- ever.

And inside the crack ROBYN sees the eyes, and one imagines
the head supporting them, nod.

ROBYN puts the painting down.

86 EXT. SCRUBLAND - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

86

From the beginning: Scratched in ugly, straight, deep strokes
are letters in the sand. A message.

EVEN THE GOOD ARE DAMNED

87 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

87

And ROBYN realises:

ROBYN
Nobody goes to heaven. Because
everybody's a sinner. "Even the
good are damned."
(getting angry)
You get jealous, you feel pride,
you have a lazy day, gluttony,
wrath, lust...everything people do,
all the time, every day. You see a
fit guy and wanna cheat with him,
you take a sickie, you steal a
parking space, you wish you could
do better, be more like other
people. A baby cries -- demands
food or warmth -- and that's it:
selfish, sinner. Can't think but
it's already going to hell.

PATRICIA kicks the box with her heel. Again. Again.

PATRICIA
You fuckers. You stupid, stupid
fuckers.

ROBYN holds up a hand, trying to calm PATRICIA.

ROBYN
(to Demon)
We must be such a disappointment to
you. You made this, wiped us clean.
(MORE)

ROBYN (CONT'D)
All we had to do -- all they had to
do was be good.

LIVVY
I was good!

PATRICIA
You know lust is on the list,
right?

LIVVY sinks. ONIE puts a hand on her shoulder.

ONIE
We just had to stay good until the
bubble closed?

ROBYN
(to demon)
A load of clubbers, a private
house, a pile of fear and a box of
booze? WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU THINK
WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?!
(takes a breath)
You don't understand people at all,
do you?

Silence.

88	OMITTED	88
89	SCENE CONTINUES	89

PATRICIA
Why couldn't you just...why
couldn't you take us to heaven? If
that's what you really wanted, to
help us. Why couldn't we just --

DEMON
Eternity. Insurance.

PATRICIA's eyes widen. That phrase again.

SLAM!!!!

THE BATHROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN!

SEB strides out!

SEB
Hey bitches! Guess who can't die
twice!

He looks at the scene: PATRICIA and LIVVY sat on the COOLER,
ONIE behind, ROBYN stood nearby.

And a slither of something -- a finger, a wing, a tail -- through the crack in the cooler.

SEB (CONT'D)

Bastard!

ROBYN

Seb!

SEB launches himself forward. He KICKS the COOLER. The crack splits wider.

LIVVY and PATRICIA yell but sit firm.

SEB

Come out! Come out of there! You
fucker! You bastard!

SEB kicks again.

The plastic's splintering.

ROBYN

Seb, don't!

Seb shoves her aside like she was nothing. But she stands firm, fights back.

SEB grabs ONE OF THE BOTTLES and swings it at her. She swerves it.

But some of the VODKA flies ONTO THE COOLER and INTO THE GAP.

HSSSSSSSS!

LIVVY and PATRICIA don't know what to do -- they have to stay sat here, but --

SEB looks at what's in his hand, what's happened, deducing.

HE PUNCHES ROBYN and she flies back, down.

ONIE has the knife, she wields it at him.

SEB

Fucking seriously? Boo!

ONIE's terrified, and this makes her jump. She can't do it. The knife drops from her hand.

SEB (CONT'D)

Go look after your little friend.

He points to ROBYN. ONIE scurries to her.

SEB turns to LIVVY and PATRICIA, gets on his haunches.

SEB (CONT'D)
Don't. Move.

He's close. Breath on their faces, one word to each.

SEB grabs a second vodka bottle.

SEB (CONT'D)
Are you in there, little mate?
Little fuck-buddy?

He flicks vodka in from one bottle. A scream, a hiss. He does it from the second bottle. Another hiss, scream.

SEB (CONT'D)
We've got eternity, right?

Splash, hiss, scream. Splash hiss scream.

PATRICIA and LIVVY don't know what to do. Move or stay?! LIVVY starts to move, but then the box lurches and -- no coice. Keep it contained.

SEB (CONT'D)
(to Patricia and Livvy)
Don't fucking move.

Splash hiss scream. Splash hiss scream. Splash hiss scream.

ROBYN dives at SEB!

He stumbles, falls.

ROBYN and ONIE hold him down as he writhes.

PATRICIA
(to Livvy)
What do we do?

But LIVVY has her own agenda. She leans down to the box.

LIVVY
Can you hear me?
(thinks hard)
I don't think you can hear me.

DEMON
I. Hear.

LIVVY
Okay. Is it true? Eternity insurance? If one of us got into heaven would the...the whole afterlife be destroyed?

Silence.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Does that mean I'm right?!

SEB's back up. He's on top of ROBYN. He kicks ONIE away.

He grabs up a fresh bottle. The last one. Wrangles off the cap.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
(to Demon)
Why did you do this? Can you tell
us? Why does...whatever you are,
why do you decide to help anyone?!

SEB starts POURING VODKA in through the crack.

SEB
Drink up! It's on me!

LIVVY
Tell me! Please! Why?!

And two strangled words make it through the hissing and pain:

DEMON
Not. Fair.

Then it SCREAMS! Deafening, sharp and horrible.

The DEMON SHADOW pours out of the gap, lurches onto SEB -
into him. He's knocked to the floor.

The BOTTLE drops from his hand.

He's infested with the shadow, Possessed by it.

SEB looks up. His eyes glow with the same blue fire.

The COOLER collapses into pieces under LIVVY and PATRICIA.
They fall.

SEB stands, rocks, totters. Then gathers himself.

ONIE
Seb...?

SEB-DEMON
(voice both Seb and Demon)
Part. Seb.

He smacks her and she drops to the ground.

PATRICIA is standing. SEB-DEMON sees her -- grabs for her.

PATRICIA screams as he grabs her BY THE THROAT, swings her
around and drives her to the floor.

SEB-DEMON (CONT'D)
I'll choke you, you BITCH!

PATRICIA
Already...dead...good...luck...

She struggles against him.

ROBYN, ONIE and LIVVY are up and moving to help. They pull the SEB-DEMON from PATRICIA --

-- when the WHITE HELL-LIGHT COMES AGAIN.

The room is flooded with light. And everyone falls, screams.

Everyone EXCEPT THE SEB-DEMON...

The hell-light doesn't affect the possessed, it seems -- and ROBYN notices this even as she writhes in agony.

He's intent on strangling PATRICIA. But she's already writhing. And -- of course -- in no need of breathing.

The SEB-DEMON grabs her again...and a GREYNESS, an energy, flows from him to her, connects them. PATRICIA stops the hellish writing, the light NOW NOT AFFECTING HER.

But it's no good, he's so strong. The SEB-DEMON pushes down with its thumbs. Something firm but fleshy C-R-U-N-C-H-E-S inside PATRICIA's throat.

SEB-DEMON turns PATRICIA over, even as she screams, and PUNCHES HER HARD AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE.

Even in the WHIRLWIND NOISE of hell-light, we hear a BRUTAL CRACK.

The SEB-DEMON sneers horribly.

Then SCREAMS!

LIVVY has dragged herself, even in her agony, to his side -- and pressed the BRACELET against him. As high as she can reach -- his crotch.

Bright light and hissing smoke hide what, exactly, is happening there. But the burning fabric and flesh sounds, and something wet and fleshy, imply the worst.

The FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN. Light pours in through it.

The SEB-DEMON turn to ROBYN -- and the lights in its eyes dim. Low, not gone.

It grabs her wrist. She struggles...but as the greyness infects her and she becomes immune to the light, she lets it happen.

SEB-DEMON

We're joined. I see what it knows.
It sees what I did. What we all
did.

And for a moment such...terror crosses SEB's face that he's
hardly the same person at all. A frightened, weak child.

SEB-DEMON (CONT'D)

I...I'll be punished forever.

His sorrow is palpable...then he yanks ROBYN close:

SEB-DEMON (CONT'D)

You. Too.

-- then the SEB-DEMON lurches away.

It slams itself into walls, down onto the floor -- the demon
inside thrashing the body intentionally, breaking it.

We hear crunches and breaks.

And then it's hurled out the door, into the light.

Swallowed by the light. It's gone.

And then the light is gone, too.

Silence.

Except for ONIE weeping.

ROBYN

Patricia!

ROBYN runs over to PATRICIA. LIVVY's there.

LIVVY

He...I think he broke her back.

PATRICIA tries to speak. She can't...then, with LIVVY leant
in close:

PATRICIA

He was...so ugly...

She drops. It's too much effort.

ROBYN

I don't know what to do.

And, just for a second, the enormity of that sinks in.

89A EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

89A

A melancholy ROBYN looks out of the window...and then down at the FACE drawn on the glass.

She puts a hand to it, starts to smear it...then changes her mind. She leaves it, smudged but still clear.

90 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

90

ONIE wets a cloth and takes it through. ROBYN follows and sits at the back of the room, on the floor, arms over knees, downbeat, contemplative. Inactive -- the opposite of all she's been.

LIVVY sits with PATRICIA, now laid out on the floor between the sofas, coffee table out the way. ONIE lays the cloth on PATRICIA's head.

ROBYN

What good will that do?

ONIE

I'm just trying to make her comfortable.

ROBYN

Pfft.

PATRICIA, from her eyes, looks grateful. She can hardly speak, she can barely move. But she waves a hand and ONIE takes it.

ONIE

Did you see what happened when it...went into Seb?

ROBYN

It possessed him.

ONIE

But it was still him. His hate and his rage, his cruelty. Amplified.

LIVVY

Uber-Seb.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

Can't believe squiggly the demon was trying to help us...

ONIE

Of all the people it had to go into...

PATRICIA sighs and waves ONIE's hand away.

LIVVY
Ha - Uber-Seb. And I thought I
didn't know any Latin.

LIVVY smiles to herself and starts picking up PIECES OF THE COOLER in the kitchen, gathering them together noisily.

ROBYN
(sick of her daftness)
It's German, Livvy. 'Uber' is
German.
(hearing the sounds)
Is she tidying?!

ONIE
She can do what she likes.

PATRICIA says something in her pained whisper. ONIE leans in to hear. ROBYN waits for the translation:

ONIE (CONT'D)
(to Robyn)
She says 'Uber' comes from the
Latin.

Tiny 'fuck you' delivered, PATRICIA gives a smug, satisfied smile. ONIE strokes her hair once and smiles back.

91 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

91

Silence.

ROBYN is at the back window. There's a FACE there, stretched through the fabric of reality like the others. From behind the glass it eyes her with curiosity.

LIVVY and ONIE put the gathered fragments into a plastic bag. They share a series of looks -- hope gone, nothing left to do, regret...all sorts.

LIVVY puts the bag in a bin.

ONIE takes out the bracelet. Turns it over in her hand.

She looks to LIVVY, offers it. LIVVY touches it -- for a slightest second it's like some weird wedding ceremony between them -- then she steps away. She's no use for it.

ONIE puts it on the side. Thoughtful.

ROBYN wanders over, eyes on the kitchen window.

ROBYN
It's nearly done (corrects herself)
-- dawn. Look.

Dawn is coming up.

ONIE
Sunrise.

ROBYN
That's not the sun.

LIVVY
(trying hard)
It's gonna be a hell of a day...

ONIE looks from LIVVY to the bracelet. From that to the bin.
A thought occurring...

And 'Foomph!' She vanishes.

ROBYN
Maybe she won't come back...

ROBYN ambles away, still rejected. LIVVY looks pensive.

92 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAWN

92

We're looking out at the sky. There's real blue there now.
It's not daylight yet, but it's on the way.

ROBYN is looking at Painting One, the suffering souls.

She hears a door close, turns and looks over to LIVVY.

LIVVY
Ready to be freaked out?

She walks into the adult bedroom --

-- and immediately emerges from the bathroom door.

ROBYN
It's just this room now. Bubble's
closing up.

LIVVY looks at the painting with her.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
That's going to be us. Those
poor...
(she nods to the back
window)
No wonder they reach out for us. No
wonder they press against the
bubble. Compared to what they're
in, this must look like heaven.
(nods to Patricia)
Maybe Patricia had it right all
along.

LIVVY goes to PATRICIA, laid up.

LIVVY
Can I do anything?

PATRICIA shakes her head as best she can.

ROBYN
I wish I'd called my brother before
--

ONIE reappears - foomph! - just where she left.
She's holding a HOSPITAL BLANKET.

LIVVY
(half excited)
What the buggery?!

ONIE
I've got you a present.

ROBYN looks...rolls her eyes and turns away.

LIVVY
I don't know what to say.

She literally doesn't. What's this for?

ONIE ushers LIVVY to one side, draws her in close.

ONIE
You take this and use it.

LIVVY
For what?

ONIE
Seb was the worst person to be
possessed. To be amplified. But
what if it was someone who wanted
to help us...?

They look to ROBYN. LIVVY's nervous.

LIVVY
You know it's just a blanket.

ONIE
And that was just a drinks cooler.

LIVVY shrugs, 'sure', dismissive...but then she looks to
ROBYN and then back to the blanket. Something crosses her
face...and ONIE sees it.

ONIE (CONT'D)
There it is. I'm sorry I can't help
more. I feel it coming, but...

Suddenly she grabs LIVVY by the neck -- affectionate but categorical, unlike anything she'd usually do -- and kisses LIVVY on the lips. Fast, firm, loving. LIVVY too surprised to react.

ONIE (CONT'D)
I know I've made the right
decision.

LIVVY
...decision?

And ONIE DISAPPEARS. A different sound this time. Bright, high pitched, cheerful.

ROBYN looks up.

LIVVY's left stunned for a moment, looking at the space where ONIE used to be.

She waits.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
I...I told her if she just realised
she was worth something. She could
choose where to be. She chose to go
home!

And then LIVVY bursts -- confused combination of laughter and weeping. Pleased she's safe, sad to lose her.

Huge, exhausting, wonderful, upsetting.

ROBYN steps forward...angry, frustrated. ONIE's gone, she hasn't. Dammit.

LIVVY waves her away and heads for the kids bedroom --
-- and emerges from the bathroom.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Oh Christ...

She's teary and upset. She goes to the kitchen and, with nothing else to do, SLAMS a couple of cabinet doors.

LIVVY is in the kitchen, stood against the work surface, arms braced against it. Tense. She breathes deep and slow. Deliberate, focused. Working herself up to...something. FINGERS in a fist around the BLANKET.

PATRICIA licks her lips, tired, in pain. ROBYN is flicking through books on a shelf.

LIVVY
There won't be anything there.

ROBYN
I'm killing time.

LIVVY
Uh-huh.

LIVVY starts to wander behind ROBYN. Never meets her eye as she keeps looking at the books.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Stupid thing that happened to us.
JJ's.

ROBYN
Hmm?

LIVVY
A plane crash, sure. A train. A
bomb. I died holding a pink drink
with an umbrella in it.

There's a whisper. Very low, you'd barely hear it.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Stupid. Like me.

ROBYN
You're not. Don't.

LIVVY
I am. I have little clothes for my
dog. I get my mum to look after my
bills. My pin number's one-one-one-
one. I don't get jokes and nobody
laughs at mine.

ROBYN
Onie did.

LIVVY
And Onie's back in the real world.
That world's not gonna miss me.

On ROBYN. The whisper growing.

LIVVY casts an eye to one of the attic holes. She keeps
going.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
But sometimes all you want is an
answer, right? You just want it
make sense.

The skuttling noise. ROBYN hears it. PATRICIA, too. LIVVY
pretends not to.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Patricia and Onie, they wouldn't
 even have been at JJ's normally.
 Me, clubbing three nights a week.
 Seb, always on the lookout with his
 rapey eyes.

ROBYN's looking to the holes --

ROBYN
 Livvy!

LIVVY
 I just wish I knew why we died.
 Really. Don't you?

ROBYN
 Livvy it's coming!

LIVVY
 Oh, it had better be!

And with that the DEMON SHADOW lurches from it's attic hole
 and swirls, circling for ROBYN.

ROBYN looks around. The BRACELET is on the side.

She grabs it.

Circling and swiping at the shadow, trying to keep it away.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 (stepping back)
 I figured out your sin, Robyn. I'm
 sorry, but...ha, I've got a plan!

ROBYN flails desperately.

She starts getting hits, slicing the shadow -- SQUEALS!

And it hisses with each slice. An acid sound.

ROBYN
 Help me!

LIVVY
 Nuh-uh.

ROBYN
 Where's the blanket?!

LIVVY
 Yep, that'd hurt it all right.

She picks up the blanket...and hangs it over her arm.

From her prone position, PATRICIA looks terrified.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Patricia's waiting...

ROBYN
 Shut up!!

LIVVY
 (to herself)
 Come on...come on...

ROBYN dives on the shadow, bracelet first.

It's like she's PINNED it to the floor. It writhes around her.

Then TEARS itself -- an audible riiiiiiip -- from the weapon...and DIVES INTO ROBYN.

The bracelet drops to the floor.

ROBYN flies backwards, sliding to the adults' bedroom door.

The shadow fills her up, takes her over. He EYES GLOW WITH BLUE FIRE.

LIVVY looks down, somehow unsurprised.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 That'll do.

She advances with the blanket, throws it over --

-- missed! The ROBYN-DEMON rolls out the way!

The corner of the blanket grazes the ROBYN-DEMON's leg. It hisses in pain!

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Fuck.

LIVVY grabs up the blanket.

94 EXT. BEACH - DAY

94

The SUN - but not; it's white, not yellow - crests the horizon.

Its rays push out across the land.

95 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

95

Pale white light -- not the full force, but the beginning -- hits the house.

96

INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

96

Light BLASTS in through the window.

LIVVY shrieks. It's not the agony that will come, but it hurts.

The ROBYN-DEMON stands. It doesn't feel the light.

LIVVY

Robyn! Are you in there?!

It snarls.

Lunges for her.

They chase around the room. LIVVY uses the BLANKET to keep it away, but doesn't dare throw it again.

And she's in pain. Or god, she's in pain. She grits her teeth. Come on.

LIVVY grabs the BRACELET as she runs past it.

The ROBYN-DEMON misses her again.

MORE LIGHT now.

LIVVY, sweating, holds it together. But the will it takes. Oh god...

She has the bracelet and blanket now. Back to the toilet door.

The ROBYN-DEMON stands before her. A stand off.

Or not.

A little smirk hits LIVVY's face, even through the pain.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

Catch!

She tosses the BRACELET. The ROBYN-DEMON dodges to the right.

LIVVY turns --

-- and heads through the toilet door, blanket first --

-- appearing from the adult bedroom door BEHIND THE ROBYN-DEMON!

The blanket goes over her.

She SCREAMS! LIVVY holds it tight around her.

THEY FALL to the ground. Roll. But LIVVY ain't letting go.

And the GREY crawls onto LIVVY. Protects her from the hell-light.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Robyn! Robyn! Robyn! I know you're
 in there! Listen!

The ROBYN-DEMON is rocking in pain, we're hearing something sizzling...

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Listen!

LIVVY is on top of her. Holds her down.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 Robyn I know why you're trying to
 save us all! It's because you
 killed us all! You killed us all
 and you hid it! Your secret is your
 sin!

HARD CUT TO:

97 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 97

PREVIOUS SCENE. ROBYN opens the COOLER from the kitchen,
 yanks out the TWO VODKA bottles in there.

ROBYN
 They're given to VIPs who don't
 want to keep coming back to the
 bar.

98 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 98

PREVIOUS SCENE. Meeting everybody.

SEB
 Oh Jesus, you're in management.

99 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 99

PREVIOUS SCENE. ROBYN picks up one of the vodka bottles.

ROBYN
 (mock-management speak)
 This is gonna be a great weekend of
 team building and great, creative
 exercises.

100 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 100

PREVIOUS SCENE. ROBYN paces.

PATRICIA
 (to Livvy)
 Management.

101 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 101

PREVIOUS SCENE. The truth discussion.

ROBYN
 Sometimes I'll have to push through
 a contract early. Fudge the dates.

A black shadow flits behind ROBYN. LIVVY looks up.

102 OMITTED 102

103 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 103

PREVIOUS SCENE. ROBYN listening to the story recounted.

PATRICIA
 Floor came down. Then the ceiling.

SEB
 Wham!

104 INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAWN 104

Back as before -- LIVVY on top of ROBYN.

LIVVY
 Who keeps letting people in? Who
 just wants there to be more money,
 more money, more money?

The light, brighter again. LIVVY Weeps with the pain - the
 room is getting flooded.

PATRICIA, also in pain and unmoving, hears. Her eyes widen.

105 OMITTED 105

106 OMITTED 106

107 SCENE CONTINUES 107

LIVVY
 The giveaway, though? That you
 worked there?

She holds up the back of her hand - the STAMP.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 You never paid to get in.

She grabs ROBYN's wrist -- holds up the plain hand.

The ROBYN-DEMON quiets. It continues to shift uncomfortably, but LIVVY's getting through.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 (lighter)
 Oh, and also -- the outfit. That dress. Giveaway.

PATRICIA grabs the ROBYN-DEMON. Somehow she's pulled herself all this way. The GREY infects her and the hell-pain ceases.

ROBYN-DEMON looks at her...and guilt floods in. Their eyes stay locked for a moment.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 There you are, Uber-Robyn. Stand up.

CUT TO:

107A INT. BEACH HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

107A

LIVVY stands defiantly before the ROBYN-DEMON, holding its wrist. PATRICIA holds its ankle. Both protected from the rising hell-light.

LIVVY pulls the blanket off the demon like a warrior holding up a sword in surrender. Gently, carefully.

LIVVY
 I'm sorry I hurt you.
 ('is that you?')
 Robyn?

ROBYN-DEMON holds out a hand: so-so.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 I drew you into the person who wanted to help us the most.

PATRICIA looks concerned. The ROBYN-DEMON hard to read.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 When Seb was...possessed, it was the demon, but it still him too. If you're Robyn as well as... whatever you are, then you want a plan, right? Yes? Are you listening?

The ROBYN-DEMON nods, head still cocked.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 You are going to take me to heaven.

The ROBYN-DEMON immediately shakes its head, a "this is insane" smile emerging.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
 You are. Eternity Insurance. You take me there and the whole afterlife is done. Every stupid, unfair thing. People get to live their lives and that's it.

ROBYN-DEMON
 (both voices overlapping)
 You. Stupid. Cunt.

LIVVY's face falls.

ROBYN-DEMON (CONT'D)
 I want to see my brother. I want to go home.

PATRICIA purses her lips -- she had an instinct about this.

The blue light dims in the ROBYN-DEMON's eyes.

ROBYN-DEMON (CONT'D)
 I see what it can do, Livvy. It can go anywhere. I can hold it inside me. The power is...enormous. What if I can use it to go home?

LIVVY
 No, Robyn!

ROBYN-DEMON
 It's a thing. I'm stronger, I'm smarter. I can use it. I know I can. They possess people.
 (the Demon's voice says
 'infect')
 There's got to be a way.

LIVVY
 Robyn you have to let go of this. Please! We have a chance to save everything! Everyone!

ROBYN-DEMON
 I miss being alive.

Her eyes go to the window -- the drawing.

A TORMENTED FACE pushes through the wall next to LIVVY's shoulder. The face turns to look at her. Livvy ignores it. A HAND pushes out over the other side, then an ARM - threatening to wrap itself around Livvy's neck.

ROBYN-DEMON impassively lets LIVVY's grip be tugged from her arm.

LIVVY is instantly hit with the agony of the hell-light. LIVVY screams as hell's arms grab at her.

ROBYN-DEMON watches LIVVY's torment, tearing up inside. And watches...and watches...

And PATRICIA, grabbing upwards and using all her dead weight, PULLS HER DOWN.

The ROBYN-DEMON drops to her knees.

PATRICIA gets as close to the ROBYN-DEMON's ear as she can. To its credit, it leans in, listening.

We go in close. Hear the whispers behind the roar.

PATRICIA
Go back and you'll live every day
knowing what's waiting here. Every.
Day.

PATRICIA and ROBYN-DEMON lock eyes. ROBYN, in there somewhere, is seeing what she might become in PATRICIA.

Suddenly she bursts into life, races to LIVVY, beats away the tormented ghouls -- slashing at them like a clawed animal, more demon than human.

PATRICIA, left behind and disconnected, gets the force of the hell pain.

ROBYN-DEMON, visibly shaking, pulls LIVVY into the centre of the room -- the demon's grey once again protecting her. LIVVY grasps ROBYN's shoulders in pride. PATRICIA grabs her leg once more.

It's mostly Robyn right now and...the ROBYN-DEMON steels itself, like she always did. She looks direct at LIVVY and plays the double meaning for all it's worth:

ROBYN-DEMON
Fuck. My. Life.

The WINDOW PICTURE disappears -- the paint peeling away and rising like ashes in a fire.

LIVVY can't speak yet, too much pain has passed. But her face spills out relief, and gratitude.

For a moment peace...and then the ROBYN-DEMON's eyes BLAST WITH FRESH BLUE FIRE and it kicks PATRICIA away.

The FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN. Light blasts in.

PATRICIA is sucked out of the door -- sliding along the floor and away.

LIVVY

Patricia!

She loses concentration -- for a moment lets go of the ROBYN-DEMON's wrist and reaches out to her.

But she's gone --

-- and LIVVY yells in pain. The hell-light.

She spins around, whipping the BLANKET around -- and getting it over the monster's shoulder's.

The ROBYN-DEMON hisses again...but LIVVY holds tight, fists clenched, holding it. Holding the pair of them face to face. Close enough to kiss.

ROBYN-DEMON tilts its head. Now what?

LIVVY (CONT'D)

Robyn?

The blue fire fades in its eyes again.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

Will it help us? Destroy the afterlife?

ROBYN-DEMON

No. This is its home.

(The Demon half of the voice says "my" not "its".)

LIVVY laughs. And laughs.

She shakes it roughly by the blanketed shoulders.

LIVVY

Wake up and listen to me!

The blue fire returns fully. LIVVY speaks calmly, logically, slowly, moving in closer and closer, tenderly.

LIVVY (CONT'D)

I dunno about religion and stuff. I dunno anything. But you said life wasn't fair. And you're right. People get judged on stuff they can't even control! People can't help being people. I don't want to be bad. I don't think I am. But when one mistake can... can send you to hell, what chance does that give you?

The ROBYN-DEMON nods.

ROBYN-DEMON
Not. Fair.

LIVVY
It isn't. I agree.

And she gathers up everything she's got left, fighting through, for this:

LIVVY (CONT'D)
So why did you build another world
just like it?!

The ROBYN-DEMON looks confused. LIVVY yells in its face.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
You stupid wiggly shit! Born with a
clean slate? Judged for what we do?
Punished if we don't succeed?
That's exactly the fucking same as
the place we left! The place you
say is unfair!!

The ROBYN-DEMON is rocked to its core.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
You just made us go through it
again! You're not saving anyone!
You just made yourself god!

ROBYN-DEMON
I. God?

It can't make sense of it. Doesn't want to.

LIVVY
Of a bubble in hell! You utter
wanker!

And for a moment she lets that hang there. She looks at its blue-fire eyes.

ROBYN-DEMON
Tried. Save.

LIVVY
That's guilt. You feel it? That's
yours, and Robyn's. You know how
you can save us and everyone who
ever died. Every soul out there --

She turns them to look at the door.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
-- every soul ever. A suicide run
into heaven, and I'm the bomb!

ROBYN-DEMON
End. Afterlife.

LIVVY
End the afterlife. Patricia's dad
always says no sinner gets into
heaven. Wouldn't it be brilliant if
just once, just to finish it, one
did?

A long pause. LIVVY can't wait it out -- but does anyway.

ROBYN-DEMON
Yes. Yes.

LIVVY
Yes!

And we see on the ROBYN-DEMON's face something like pure
calm. Relief.

ROBYN-DEMON
Take. You.

The light, brighter again. It's getting hard to see anything.
And it's LOUD, too. You can hear it.

LIVVY
Can I talk to Robyn?! Is she still
there?

ROBYN-DEMON
Still. There.

Something...drains from ROBYN-DEMON, the blue light fades --

And ROBYN is back -- neck straight, near-normal eyes wide
again, just a fleck of blue --

ROBYN
...Livvy...it hurts...

LIVVY, carefully, slings the blanket aside, but keeps hold of
ROBYN's hand. They have to yell over the roar.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
Going to heaven?

LIVVY
So your friend says!

ROBYN
Be interesting to see it!

LIVVY
I don't think it's gonna be there
very long!

Light, light, light -- it's filling the room.

ROBYN
We never found out. What was your
sin? What one did he pick for you?

LIVVY thinks.

LIVVY
Does it matter?

Blatantly not.

More LIGHT...

ROBYN
It's nearly time!

LIVVY
Yeah. Hold tight -- it'll be over
soon! Ready?

ROBYN steels herself. Nods.

The world is filling white now. No walls or floors, just the
faint figures. And the noise.

LIVVY looks up, light bathing her face...then turns back to
ROBYN.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Hey, Robyn! My name! I never told
you what Livvy was short for!

ROBYN
What is it?!

LIVVY
Deliverance.

ROBYN
(after a beat)
Seriously?!

LIVVY
No, I'm kidding! But can you
imagine?!

That was a good one. They laugh.

ROBYN takes LIVVY's other waiting hand. Grabs for dear life.

LIVVY (CONT'D)
Call it!

ROBYN nods...but just for a second there's a look of terror
on her face. She doesn't want to let it all the way back in.
But she will.

ROBYN is filled by the demon. The blue eyes start to glow...

...and ROBYN shakes it off for just one more second. She pulls LIVVY close, two women embracing, and whispers into her ear:

ROBYN

If you see god -- tell him we're
really pissed off.

And then her EYES BLAZE again with blue fire.

Almost nothing else now in the white. The faintest faces and figures.

Whiter...

LIVVY

Come on then, big boy. Take me to
heaven.

WHITE OUT.

108

EXT. WHITE - ANYTIME

108

For a long time there's nothing else. Even the wind disappears.

And then and sound.

A distant roar.

...and then, small, very small, very far away, a black mark.

A meteor. A rocket. A black comet headed vertically. Headed straight up.

Sinner and demon - going straight to heaven.

THE END