

Ghosted
Episode 2

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MUSIC

BETH

When I bought the light house - thank you gran, RIP - everyone said I was mad. 'It's such a lonely spot, Beth.' I told them there's a village nearby. 'But you're not from there, they'll treat you like an outsider.' 'I don't care if they do. I've always been an outsider anyway. I'll be fine.' No-one believed me. Mum sent me an article from a science magazine. It talked about how social isolation decreases the lifespan of the fruit fly. I said, 'I'm not a fruit fly, mother.' So she sent me another article about what happens to our brains after long periods on our own. How we form new neural pathways that warp our perception of reality. Time speeds up, the days lose distinction, become dreamlike. We imbue pets and objects and buildings with human thoughts and feelings. And we hallucinate. Not just visual hallucinations. Auditory. Even smell. In all these ways, we invent company. We create comfort. And maybe that's what ghosts are. Just lonely people creating new friends.

INT. LIGHT HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

An OWL HOOTS outside.

RAIN. The WIND RATTLES the window panes from time to time. Despite the hostility of the weather, inside the light house, the atmosphere is convivial.

The sound of COOKING. Something BUBBLES on the hob. Beth BUSTLES around.

BETH

I can't believe you're a professional writer. I remember you paying me to write your coursework.

KEIRA

Oh yeah! Twenty quid. Bargain.

BETH

You'd hand it over, and then borrow it right back.

BUBBLING intensifies.

KEIRA

The pot's boiling over.

BETH

Ohhh!

KEIRA

So what's for dinner then?

BETH

Gazpacho. Seabass. Fondant potatoes. A white miso sauce. Are you sure you don't want to relax upstairs while I do this--

KEIRA

--No no no, I like watching you cook. Takes me back to uni.

BETH

Going to borrow twenty quid off me, then?

KEIRA

Ey! Cheeky. This is better.

BETH

Than what?

KEIRA

Than earlier. When you saw me and shat yourself.

BETH

Did I shit myself?

KEIRA

(clears throat) Yeah, you did.

BETH

Yes, maybe I did. And then that bloody seagull... I'm not used to this much excitement.

KEIRA
Surprised it didn't bring on a
migraine. Do you still get those?

BETH
Mmm. And the rest.

KEIRA
The rest?

BETH
Oh, little things. Stomach problems,
and... I think it's all linked,
actually, but my GP's no help. It's
always, 'have you been feeling any
stress recently?' 'Yes, right now
actually, because you won't listen!'

She SLAMS a drawer open.

BETH (cont'd)
Sorry, you don't want to hear about
that. I'm talking too much. Babbling!
Maybe mum's right, I don't speak to
enough people.
Sooooo... why don't you write under
your own name? Who's this Marjorie
woman?

KEIRA
Oh, Marjorie. An older lady with a
comforting, maternal energy. It was
my agent's idea. Marjorie sells more
of my genre than I would.

BETH
Oh, what do you write? Romance
novels?

KEIRA
(laughs) Romance! What makes you
think I--

Cut short by -

An INDISTINCT THUNK from from one of the floors above.

KEIRA (cont'd)
What was that?

BETH
Hmm? Just the light house again. It
never shuts up.

KEIRA
Sounded like something heavy.

BETH
It's nothing. Just try to ignore it.
Or else your mind invents all kinds
of things.

Beth POURS SOUP a teeny bowl.

BETH (cont'd)
Gazpacho. Et voila.

KEIRA
Oooh, a tiny thimble of soup.

BETH
I should give you two portions,
really. Your agent booked you into
the honeymoon deal.

KEIRA
She did? Why would she do that?
God, who'd come here for their
honeymoon? I mean, no offense. It's
just a bit... bleak.

BETH
Bleak?

KEIRA
Nono, sorry, sorry, it's not bleak!
Just a bit... grim.

BETH
Noo!

KEIRA
Only the location! Not the... rest of
it.

BETH
It's not grim! It's romantic. In a
kind of 'doomed love' sort of way.

KEIRA
We went to the south of France for our
honeymoon.

BETH
Oh. You're married, Keira?

KEIRA
Ah. Sort of. How about you?

BETH

No. Nonono.

KEIRA

Just a career girl with a thriving business, and fabulous hair.

BETH

What's wrong with my hair?

KEIRA

I just said you have fabulous hair!

BETH

My hair is exactly the same as it's always been. Neglected. Which means you're taking the piss.

KEIRA

(laughs) I like your hair! Even if no-one else does.

BETH

(amused) Oh shut up. Same old Keira.

KEIRA

Same old Beth. With her crap hair.

BETH

Haaa.

KEIRA

Remember that argument we had?

BETH

What? Argument? Which one?

KEIRA

'Which one'? Which one! We didn't argue much!

BETH

Except we did.

KEIRA

We bickered, we didn't argue. Except at that party at the end of the second year, remember that.

BETH

Are you ready for the main course? And then I think I better go.

KEIRA

That night, I asked if you fancied
Wez--

BETH

--I don't remember.

KEIRA

You wouldn't answer me.

BETH

Oh? I don't remember.

KEIRA

And I got angry, because you shut me
out. How can you not remember this?

BETH

Such a long time ago.

KEIRA

Did you, though? Fancy Wez?

BETH

Oh my God, I don't know. Probably
not. But you wouldn't have believed
me if I'd said no, anyway, would you?
So what was the point of saying
anything.

KEIRA

So you do remember.

BETH

No, I don't, but I remember what you
were like! I mean...

KEIRA

Ohhh, interesting.

BETH

I mean, what WE were like. All that
pressure.

KEIRA

To do what?

BETH

To tell each other everything. All
the time. Nowhere to hide, no escape!

KEIRA

But you did. You escaped. You left
me.

Another INDISTINCT THUMP from above.

BETH
Fucking hell! What was that?

KEIRA
What?

BETH
That noise.

KEIRA
You said it was just the light house.

BETH
I should go check.

KEIRA
Don't, Beth. Stay here. Speak to me.
Is it why you left?

Beth panics.

BETH
Keira... why are you... it wasn't
personal...

Keira LAUGHS LIGHTLY.

KEIRA
It was dramatic. Quietly dramatic;
very you. Disappearing in the middle
of the night. Poof! Thought we were
better friends than that. And the
note you left! No details, just 'bye
bestie'. A note. Who does that,
unless they're going to... y'know.

BETH
Oh no. Is that what it looked like? I
didn't realise.

KEIRA
It's OK. I called your mum to check
you were alive. Did she tell you I
rang?

BETH
I...I can't remember.

KEIRA
Your memory. Shocking.

BETH

It's the tablets, and the migraines,
I don't sleep well, I have brain fog.

KEIRA

But you remember why you left?

BETH

The thing is, I mean, I just don't
think there's any point dwelling on
the past. We were kids...

KEIRA

Twenty two, twenty three? I'd love to
know, to finally know--

BETH

--And so much has happened since. Why
don't we talk about *that*?
Tell me about your writing. And you
said you were married?

KEIRA

I'm a widow.

Beat.

BETH

Oh. Shit.

KEIRA

Shall we open the wine?

BETH

Mmmmhuh. Yes. Yes! Wine. Where's the
cork screw... must organise this
kitchen better... ahhh...

Beth BUSTLES. Grabs the corkscrew. It SQUEAKS against the
cork.

BETH (cont'd)

Shiraz? Chardonnay? Both?
I'm sorry about your husband.

KEIRA

You're sorry? Did you murder him?

BETH

What? No! Oh God, he was murdered?

KEIRA

No, just playing. Do you need any
help with that..?

Beth HEAVES at the cork. SQUEAK SQUEAK.

BETH
(grunts) It's a bit tight. It's OK!
It's coming...

KEIRA
I was married to Wez.

With an AGGRESSIVE POP, the cork comes out of the wine bottle.

Followed by a profound moment of silence. Even the wind outside and the sizzling of the frying pan are muted. Keira's voice becomes distant.

BETH
Wez?

KEIRA
Give it here. I'll pour.

BETH
You married Wez?
Wez is dead?

The FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

KEIRA
Oh!

BETH
Shit!

KEIRA
(shouts) I think the fish is ready.

BETH
It's on fire!

Beth hastily removes the frying pan from the heat.

BETH (cont'd)
(shouts) Open the window!

Keira OPENS the window, Beth GRABS the fire alarm.

BETH (cont'd)
Turn off, turn off, you bastard.

Beth wrenches the batteries from the alarm. The ALARM DIES.

A HARSH SIZZLE as the pan is thrust under water.

KEIRA
 (coughs) I'm fine with just potatoes.
 Woo. Lotta smoke.

BETH
 I'm so sorry. What a disaster. Look
 at this fish.
 How did he die? Wez, I mean, not the
 fish. Sorry, don't answer that.
 Insensitive. Potatoes! Potatoes.

Beth CLATTERS the plates onto the table.

BETH (cont'd)
 God, my hand's shaking.

KEIRA
 Have some wine.

BETH
 I can't. Migraines. Stomach, too.
 Just... pain.

Keira POURS it anyway.

KEIRA
 Beth, you can ask about Wez. I don't
 mind. You did know him.

BETH
 But I didn't stay in touch. I didn't
 even know you two were married.

KEIRA
 Are you surprised?

BETH
 Yes! Everything's a surprise. All of
 it. I can't believe it. When did you
 start dating? And when did he..?

KEIRA
 Kick the bucket? Three years ago.

BETH
 Poor Wez.

KEIRA
 He's alright, he's dead. It's the
 ones left behind that suffer.
 Here. Drink.

Keira hands Beth a wine glass.

BETH
I really can't.

KEIRA
Go on. A toast to Wez.
Cheers.

Beat.

BETH
To Wez.

They CLINK GLASSES and DRINK.

KEIRA
Mmm. Oh, that's nice.
Let me top you up.
After he died - sorry, do you wanna
hear this?

BETH
Oh please, yes, go ahead.

KEIRA
A few months after he died, I started
writing. Because I found I had
nowhere else to put the grief. They'd
deny this to the grave, but friends,
family, work mates, they just didn't
want to hear it anymore. They
expected me to be upset. In fact, you
have to cry, or you're a monster. But
after a while - and it's not long -
they'd rather you put on a brave face
because you're making them
uncomfortable, and it's such a
downer, you're just not fun anymore,
have you tried processing the grief a
bit faster?
So I put on a brave face because I
didn't want to lose every single one
of my friends, and I wrote it all
down instead. And then I sent the
manuscript to an agent, and they
made me edit it into something that
would sell. And they gave me a pen
name and stuck a fake photo in the
sleeve. And the whole thing became a
lie again.

BETH
Oh Keira. That sounds so... shit.

KEIRA
 Lucrative though. Big business,
 healing.

POURS wine.

KEIRA (cont'd)
 'Grief and the Journey to Emotional
 Ease' by Marjorie Whiteman. Cha-
 ching.
 I'm supposed to finish the sequel
 this week. That's why I'm here.
 What does Marjorie know now that she
 didn't before? What new comfort can
 she bring?

Keira DRINKS a slug of wine.

KEIRA (cont'd)
 Help me. What did you learn?

BETH
 Me?

KEIRA
 From Gabby's death.

The light flickers. BZZZZT.

BETH
 Oh. Gabby. Right. Umm. I don't know.
 I don't think I learned anything.
 Just that... grief is uglier than you
 think. More visceral. Like a
 parasite, scratching away at your
 insides, draining all your energy and
 hope.

KEIRA
 Eech. (laughs) That won't sell. My
 agent suggested I try out a range of
 healing activities and write about
 how effective they are. Y'know,
 acupuncture, reiki...

BETH
 Juice cleanse? Book club?

KEIRA
 Exactly, exactly. Become a pro-active
 participant in your own healing.
 Ceramics class. Glass blowing. Make-
 overs! She really wants me to have a
 chapter on make-overs.

BETH

After my father died, my aunt suggested I treat myself to a manicure.

KEIRA

Course she did.

BETH

I was all over the place, so I thought, 'yeah, why not?' I was at his funeral with two inch acrylics. Bright red. I looked like a vampire.

They CHUCKLE.

KEIRA

I'm not going to write about make-overs though. I thought a healing activity Marjorie could try is spiritualism.

BETH

Spiritualism?

KEIRA

Yeah! What could be more pro-active than making contact with the deceased.

Beat.

BETH

Is that a joke?

KEIRA

Course not. As if I'd joke about that!

BETH

If you're not joking, that's even worse. Fucking hell, Keira! You came *here* to write a book about *spiritualism*?

KEIRA

I didn't know you'd be here. My agent chose this place. She thought it might inspire me... the stories... the Keeper...

BETH

So you're here because it's *haunted*?
Amazing. Don't tell me you believe in
ghosts!

KEIRA

Maybe! Maybe! After what happened?
Yes!
And, y'know, it's a hook.

BETH

A 'hook'. To sell books. To grieving
people.

KEIRA

I'm not exploiting anyone, Beth. I'm
helping! You know what it's like when
you lose someone, you'd do anything
to ease the pain, including lie to
yourself. What's the harm?

THUMP.

BETH

What's the *harm*?? Oh, I don't know,
the agony of false hope?

THUMP.

BETH (cont'd)

The horror that it might actually
work?

KEIRA

You were a special case.

THUMP.

KEIRA (cont'd)

What happened was weird and gross and
I'll tell people how to *avoid* that.
We did everything wrong.

THUMP.

KEIRA (cont'd)

If you don't take it seriously, or
you break the circle, you can invite
some very dangerous...

BETH

Shut up shut up shut up shut up!

KEIRA

Beth, please.

BETH

I wish you hadn't told me any of this.

KEIRA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have. I just wanted... full disclosure. I want... if you don't want me here, tell me, and I'll go.

THUMP.

KEIRA (cont'd)

Or if there's anything I can do to make this better...

THUMP.

BETH

Oh I can't bear it! What IS that noise? For God's sake!

Abruptly, Beth leaves the room, STOMPS up the stairs.

KEIRA

Beth? Should I come with you? Beth?

No reply. Beth's FOOTSTEPS fade.

KEIRA (cont'd)

(sotto) I'll just wait here then.

She POURS more wine.

THUMP.

KEIRA (cont'd)

(mutter) In vino veritas. Cheers.

THUMP.

KEIRA (cont'd)

(calls) Beth? What is it? Did you figure it out?

Silence.

KEIRA (cont'd)

(calls) Beth? Was that you? Did you fall? Are you alright?

Beat.

CLICK of a window closing.

Beth's voice is abrupt when it comes, cutting through, echoing off the tiles in the bathroom.

BETH
(calls) The window was open in the bathroom! It was thumping against the sill!

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Beth re-enters.

BETH (cont'd)
You need to keep the windows shut. They're old, they could shatter.

KEIRA
I didn't open it.

BETH
Well, Merta must've then.

KEIRA
OK.

BETH
I'm going back to the cottage now. Don't worry about cleaning up, Merta will deal with that tomorrow morning.

KEIRA
Ummm. What about the burnt fish? It's a bit... smelly.

BETH
I'll take it. Margot might want it.

KEIRA
Oh yes! Your parrot. Can't believe you called her Margot. The Good Life, yeah? I'm glad you got to keep birds, you always liked them. I saw the aviary, ah, beautiful--

BETH
--OK, I'm going now.

KEIRA
I meant it, Beth. If you want me to go, I will. I don't want to cause trouble.

BETH

Don't be daft. You've paid. I just ask that you don't do anything stupid.

KEIRA

Of course.
Can I hug you?

BETH

Oh, what? Erm--

Keira seizes Beth in a hug.

KEIRA

I'm sorry. I am.
(small laugh)
I forgot how much you hate hugs.

BETH

I just need warning, that's all. A few days warning. With a written application.

Keira CHUCKLES.

BETH (cont'd)

I need to go.

KEIRA

Tomorrow, do you fancy a walk on the beach?

BETH

Keira, we don't have to hang out.

KEIRA

Please? I'll come down to the cottage. After breakfast?

BETH

(sighs) No, no. I'll come to you.

KEIRA

Great. I'll see you then. Thanks for dinner.

Beth OPENS the door. The WEATHER makes itself known. RAIN.

BETH

Keira.

KEIRA

Yeah?

BETH
How did you know Margot's a parrot?

KEIRA
What?

BETH
I didn't say who Margot was. You knew she was a parrot.

Beat.

KEIRA
She's on your website.

BETH
Ah. Yes. She is.

KEIRA
You'll have to introduce us.
Freezing with the door open.

BETH
Good night, Keira.

KEIRA
Night. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

Door SHUTS.

A ghost of distant MUSIC.

INT. LIGHT HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

A very different atmosphere to the night before. The weather has cleared. The RADIO is on, playing an old crooner (ARE YOU A MEMORY?).

Merta is SINGING ALONG, getting at least 30% of the words right.

MERTA
(sings) Give us a smile love! Doo doo
doo doo doo.
(speaks) Sing along!

KEIRA
(laughs) I don't know the words!

MERTA
That never stops me. (sings) Give us
a smile love! Doo doo doo doo doo.

KEIRA
Cup of tea, Merta?

MERTA
Go on.
They played this song at the dances
when I was a girl. When it came on,
you'd choose a fella and give him a
look - 'he's no Pat Boone, but he'll
do'. He'd come over, ask you to
dance. That was how the good girls
did it; the boy made the first move.
Even though he didn't.

KEIRA
Ahh! Make the victim think it was
their idea.

MERTA
Exactly.
(sings) Give us a smile love! Doo doo
doo doo doo.

The DOOR OPENS on this jolly scene. In walks Beth.
She instantly feels like she's in the way.

BETH
Hello hello. What's all this, then?

MERTA
Keira love, turn the radio off.

BETH
You can keep it on, I don't mind.

Keira TURNS THE RADIO off.

A beat of silence.

KEIRA
Cuppa tea, Beth?

BETH
No, thanks. Thought you'd be gone by
now, Merta?

MERTA
I got chatting to your lovely guest.

KEIRA
She tried to make me breakfast. I
said, 'absolutely not, sit down, I'll
do it for the both of us.'

MERTA

She was very insistent. I said,
'that's not what boss lady's paying
me for'.

KEIRA

And I said you wouldn't mind.

BETH

Course I don't!

KEIRA

Did you know Merta is 88?
You look amazing, Merta.

MERTA

Oh, stop!

KEIRA

(laughs) And she *cycles* here.

BETH

I know. I have offered to pick her up
in the car, but--

MERTA

I'm like a shark, Keira. If I stop
moving, I die.

Keira LAUGHS.

MERTA (cont'd)

But I must confess, it is nice,
having someone else make me
breakfast. Since Bobby died, it's
just been me... not that he ever
cooked, lazy bastard.

KEIRA

We bonded over dead husbands.

BETH

That's nice.

MERTA

Talking of the dead, have you heard
about the Keeper, Keira?

BETH

She knows.

KEIRA

Barely. Just something about...
what's it called? A seal that turns
into a human?

MERTA

That's right. Selkies. That's what
makes our ghost so unusual. It's not
just some unfortunate soul who
plunged to their death. Though that
is part of the tale.

Beth SIGHS.

KEIRA

It's just a story, Beth. It's not
real.

MERTA

Who knows how much truth these old
legends contain.

MUSIC

MERTA (cont'd)

Selkies, when taking human form, are
said to be very attractive. Seducers,
drawn to the lonely, the unsatisfied.
Oftentimes, that would be a newcomer
to a place, or a fisher woman
awaiting her husband's return, or a
widow... or a light house keeper.
So one day, many moons ago, a selkie
emerged from the sea, shed her grey
seal skin and transformed into a
person of such beauty, that when the
light house keeper laid eyes on her,
he instantly fell in love.

BETH

Bit shallow really.

MERTA

The keeper and the selkie spent a
fabulous night together, and the
morning after, the selkie retrieved
her skin and returned to the sea.
From then on, every seven years, the
keeper would stand on the Widow's
Walk, look to the shore and weep, and
as the seventh tear drop fell, the
selkie would knock on his door
clutching her seal skin.

(MORE)

MERTA (cont'd)
And again, they would enjoy a night
of unfettered passion.

BETH
(mutters) Couldn't have been that
good if she only showed up every
seven years.

KEIRA
Shhh!

MERTA
But once every seven years wasn't
enough for the keeper. And while he
aged, the selkie stayed young and
beautiful, and would surely lose
interest soon enough. So on the third
occasion the selkie emerged from the
sea, the keeper waited until she
slept, crept from the bed, and burned
the seal skin in the flame of the
light house lantern.
The next morning, the selkie was
frantic. Desperate! 'Where is my
skin? You've taken it!' But the
Keeper swore he'd seen a gull enter
steal the skin and fly away. The
skin, he said, was lost forever.
Trapped in human form, the selkie
remained at the light house, and
spent each and every day on the
Widow's Walk, gazing out to sea. But
in time, the Keeper persuaded the
selkie to embrace a human life. He
taught her to tend the flame and
guide the ships from the rocks. He
taught her to mend clothes, and cook,
and clean. The selkie became a great
comfort to the Keeper. But deep
inside, the creature's yearning grew
and grew, until she could stand it no
more. She went up to the Widow's Walk
and threw themselves off the side.
But that is not our ghost. It's not
the selkie who you see today standing
on the Widow's Walk. It is the
Keeper, looking for his lost love.
That is our ghost.

A beat.

BETH
How depressing.

KEIRA

What happened to the keeper? Did he die of a broken heart?

MERTA

Oh no. Died of old age. Bastard.

KEIRA

Typical.

BETH

OK! Do you want me to run you home, Merta? I think it's going to rain again.

MERTA

No. I'll cycle.

BETH

Of course you will.

Merta GETS UP, collects her things.

MERTA

You girls enjoy your fossil-hunting.

BETH

Fossil hunting? I thought we were just going for a walk?

KEIRA

Ah. Merta and I got talking about the fossils found along the coast?

MERTA

My niece found one that looked like a cumberland sausage made out of stone. See you tomorrow, Keira dear. And you, Beth.

KEIRA / BETH

Bye!

DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

KEIRA

She's great. What a storyteller.

BETH

That is the most I've ever heard her speak in our entire acquaintance. I get nothing out of her.

KEIRA
You're kidding!

BETH
How did you do it? What did you say?

KEIRA
I dunno. I just talked to her.

BETH
I tried that. One time she pretended she'd left her hearing aid at home *when I could see it in her ear.*

KEIRA
Wow, she hates you.

BETH
You should see her face when I try to help with the cleaning - I pick up a duster, and you'd think I'd dropped my trousers and weed all over the floor.

KEIRA
Ahhhh. I see.

BETH
What? See what?

KEIRA
You implied she couldn't do her job.

BETH
She is, as you pointed out, 88 years old.

KEIRA
And no longer of use? Oh dear.

BETH
But you just cooked for her! You cooked her breakfast!

KEIRA
Mmm. True. Maybe it's how you approach it.

BETH
You mean, my tone of voice? I did wonder that. Or is it my face, I never know what to do with my face, if I'm smiling too much or not enough.

KEIRA
Actually, I know what it was.

BETH
What? What what what.

KEIRA
I said Wez was dead and that I used
to cook breakfast and I really missed
doing that for him. And then I burst
into tears.

Beat.

BETH
Yeah, I can see how that might work.

A wave of DIZZINESS washes over Beth.

BETH (cont'd)
Oooh. Just sit down for a mo.

KEIRA
Are you OK? You look exhausted.

BETH
Mmm. Didn't get much sleep.

KEIRA
You're getting a migraine.

BETH
You can tell?

KEIRA
Yeah. I remember. This is my fault,
isn't it? The stress of last night...

BETH
No, no... maybe. Yes. Yep.

KEIRA
What stage? Auras? Is it flashing
lights?

BETH
Mmmm. Stomach hurts. Woozy. Feel
sick.

KEIRA
Do you need to lie down?

BETH
I just need some air.

KEIRA

Are you sure? Are there drugs..?

BETH

I've taken them already. They'll kick in soon. If I took them on time which I might not have done. Are you ready? We should go while it's not raining.

Keira OPENS the door. It's raining.

KEIRA

It's raining. Let's wait til it stops. Cuppa tea?

BETH

If we wait for it to stop raining, we will never go.

Beat.

KEIRA

Wait. Sorry. Before we go. Beth. There's something I... I need to tell you.

BETH

Do you have to? Can't we just...

KEIRA

No. Sorry. Something needs to be done about it.

BETH

Does it though?

KEIRA

Beth. There's a dead seagull on the Widow's Walk.

WHOOOOOSH, FLASHBACK TIME.

INT. KEIRA'S UNI BEDROOM

The GLASS SCRAPES between letters.

KEIRA

...A. Y. Stay.

It stops.

BETH

Can't. Stay. Can't stay?

WEZ

How convenient.

KEIRA

Maybe it's an in-joke? Beth? Is it something you and Gabby used to say to each other?

BETH

No.

WEZ

Maybe she's got an appointment.
'Can't stay. Got a driving lesson.'

KEIRA

Maybe the connection's weak.

WEZ

I've got full bars.

KEIRA

Wez! Shut up.
Maybe they're scared of getting trapped here.

WEZ

What??

KEIRA

Back home, the vicar in my village had to do an exorcism at the local pool. It was--

WEZ

Keira, is this bullshit?

KEIRA

No!

BETH

Is it too late to go to the pub?

WEZ

No.

KEIRA

Beth, you gotta ask something.
Something easy. A yes or no question.

BETH

Like what? I can't... I can't think...

KEIRA

Anything! Quick!

BETH

I don't know!

KEIRA

Just, like, 'are you OK?' or something.

GLASS SCRAPE.

Everyone holds their breath.

BETH

It's moving.

WEZ

Yeah, we can see that.

BETH

'No'? (upset) No?

KEIRA

This is so dark. So fucking dark. Ohmygod.

BETH

So she's *not* OK?

WEZ

It's not real, Beth. This isn't your friend. We must be pushing the glass without realising.

KEIRA

And spelling out whole words? A *name*?

WEZ

You must be doing it.

BETH

Me??

WEZ

I didn't know about this girl. Nor did Keira. So it *must* be you.

BETH

Why would I do that?? I'm not doing anything!

WEZ

Not on purpose! Like a subconscious thing. Because it's the one thing you didn't want to see or something, I don't know.

KEIRA

Or maybe it's actually Gabby. We don't know, do we? I'm just saying! Beth, ask another question. Or I could?

BETH

No. No, I'll do it.

KEIRA

Good. Hurry. In case she leaves.

BETH

'Gabby, is that really you?'

Beat. HEAVY BREATHING.

Nothing.

BETH (cont'd)

It didn't work.

And then... SCRAPE.

BETH (cont'd)

Oh no...

KEIRA

'Yes'! It's on 'yes'!

BETH

(distress) Oh.

WEZ

OK. I'm out.

Wez GETS UP.

KEIRA

Don't break the connection! Sit down!

WEZ

Nah. Sorry. Fuck this.

BETH

Wez. I think it's worth seeing where this goes.

WEZ

(incredulous) You want to keep going?

BETH

I don't know.

KEIRA

Come on, Wez. Don't tell me you're not curious where this is going.

BETH

Just a couple more questions. Just in case. Please.

Wez SIGHS. Sits.

WEZ

Alright. Fine.

KEIRA

It might be too late now. She might have left.

BETH

Are you still there, Gabby?
Gabby? If you're not OK, is there anything I can do?

Beat. And then... SCRAAAPE.

KEIRA

It says yes!

BETH

What? What can I do?

SCRAPE.

KEIRA / BETH / WEZ

J. O. I. N. Join.
M. E.

WHOOSH.

End of episode 2.