

Ghosted
Episode 1
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INT. KITCHEN, LIGHT HOUSE

A CREAK of a door opening, the CLATTER of hasty footsteps.

A strange ECHO on Beth's words -

BETH
(calls) Keira! Are you up there?
I've called the police! They'll be
here soon!

CREAKS from above, as of someone slowly descending the wooden stair.

CREAK.

BETH (cont'd)
(calls) Keira? Is that you?

CREAK. CREAK.

BETH (cont'd)
I'm going to wait in my car for the
police.

More CREAKS, closer together, and louder as they near the kitchen.

BETH (cont'd)
Keira? If it's you, say something!
(whisper) Wez?

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

Keira's MUFFLED voice from beyond the door tot he stairs.

KEIRA
(calls) Beth...

Beth releases the breath she was holding.

BETH
Keira.

KEIRA
I found something. Upstairs.

BETH
There's blood on your hands.

KEIRA
I think you need to come see.

BETH
Keira? Why is there blood on your hands?

AN UNEARTHLY sound effect that abruptly CUTS OFF.

MUSIC.

VO
Long Cat Media presents Ghosted.

INT/EXT. LIMINAL SPACE

BETH (V.O.)
A man from the village told me about the light house the first week I moved here. I think he was trying to scare me. Or flirt with me. It's hard to tell the difference sometimes. He sat himself down in the pub, too close, and he said there were the usual stories from the old days, of ghost ships and storms, and those driven mad by isolation. But when the light house was decommissioned in the 60s, new stories emerged. Less gothic, but just as dark. When they removed the beacon, it shattered and a shard hit a worker. He bled to death in the lantern room. And in the shadow of the light house, grazing sheep would amble off the side of the cliff as if they couldn't see the edge. People stopped bringing their dogs here for walks for the same reason.
And then he told me of a figure that appears on the high walkway looking out to sea. You must ignore it, he said. If you go to see who it is, if you speak to it, or try to help...

INT. LIGHT HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Beat.

MERTA
What? What happens?

Merta SPRAYS wood varnish onto a cabinet. The cloth SQUEAKS over the surface as she cleans.

BETH
I don't know, he wouldn't say. He just shook his head and said, 'the light house is angry. It once had a purpose. Now it's useless. An impotent, lonely phallus...'

MERTA
A lonely phallus!

BETH
That's what he said.

Another SPRAY and SQUEAKY RUB.

MERTA
He was trying to flirt with you.

MARGOT THE PARROT
Lonely phallus.

BETH
Sssh Margot! Of all the things to pick up.

SQUEAKY RUB.

MERTA
There: you can see your face in that.

She CLICKS the cap back onto the wood varnish can.

BETH
Anyway, I told him, 'it's not lonely or useless. It's a 'charming, quirky boutique hotel that offers a much-needed escape from the hustle and bustle of contemporary life. Perfect for a romantic mini-break getaway or solo retreat.'

MARGOT THE PARROT
Mini break!

BETH
Sshhh, Margot.

MARGOT THE PARROT

Get away!

BETH

Go on, out you go.
Fly back to the cottage. Go on.

She OPENS the window. Margot FLIES out.

As she goes-

MARGOT

Getaway! Mini break! Mini break!

BETH

That's how I describe it on the website. What do you think? Too generic?

MERTA

(noncommittal noise)

BETH

Maybe I'll change it. Lean into the fact it's a light house, not just another boutique hotel in the middle of nowhere.
So is it true about the shattered beacon? And the sheep?

MERTA

Oh yes. And there is The Keeper...

BETH

Ugh. It's the only time anyone speaks to me in the village, to tell me about the bloody Keeper.
Maybe I should put him on the website? Do you think he's a selling point? It's not, is it.

The landline RINGS downstairs. Beth ignores it.

MERTA

The phone's ringing.

BETH

Mmm. It'll be the heavy breather again. Three times this week.

MERTA

You should report that.
Right. That's me done.

Merta GATHERS her things to leave.

BETH
Are you leaving, Merta?

MERTA
Unless you want me to do anything
else?

BETH
Oh no no, not at all! Everything
looks spic and span! Thank you. I'll
see you out.

They HEAD DOWN THE STAIRS. The RINGING gets louder as they
approach.

INT. STAIR WELL

BETH
Although... do you want a cup of
coffee before you go? Or tea?
Peppermint? PG? Rooibos?

MERTA
No thank you. If I leave now, I'll
beat the rain.

BETH
Oh you don't want to be caught in the
rain! I'll give you a lift.

MERTA
You have a guest coming.

BETH
Not for a couple of hours.

MERTA
They might arrive early.

CREEEAK of internal door. The phone RINGS.

INT. KITCHEN

BETH
They're never early. And if they are,
they'll just have to wait.

MERTA
They won't like that.

BETH
Trust me, no-one's ever early. They
always get lost - sat nav takes them
miles away.

CREAK of door to the outside.

EXT. THE LIGHT HOUSE

The ringing phone is still audible, but further away.

MERTA
My bike won't fit in your car.

BETH
Yes it will.

MERTA
There's no need. Really. I'll cycle.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

BETH
I'll give you a lift.

The rain gets HEAVIER.

MERTA
I don't want to be a bother.

BETH
It's no problem, Merta! Let me go and
get my car keys from the cottage
and--

Phone stops ringing.

MERTA
No! I want to cycle. Please!

Beat.

BETH
Of course. Yes! Absolutely. Very good
for you, isn't it. Exercise. So I've
heard! Quite refreshing too, I
imagine, cycling in the...

Another CRACK of thunder.

BETH (cont'd)
...rain. Are you quite sure..?

MERTA

See you tomorrow, Ms Williams.

BETH

Beth. Call me Beth. It's been eight months, I think we can drop the formali...

Merta has already walked off.

BETH (cont'd)

...and you've walked off.
 (calls) Bye Merta!
 (to self) She hates me. Why does she hate me.
 (calls) Mind how you go!
 (mutters) Don't drown.

RUMBLE of THUNDER

BETH (cont'd)

Shit, I've got to cover the aviary!
 Shit!

She RUNS to the aviary at the side of the light house.
 TWEETING INTENSIFIES.

BETH (cont'd)

Ugh! Can we just have five minutes where it's not bloody raining!

She grabs the TARPAULIN, drags it across.

BETH (cont'd)

(coos to birds) Hello my darlings!
 I'm so sorry! Please don't die! Oh, you're cross with me, I'm sorry.
 Sorry for the nasty rain.

Beth GRUNTS as she hauls the tarpaulin over the aviary.

The sound of an APPROACHING CAR. It HONKS twice.

BETH (cont'd)

Who the hell's that?

BEEEP.

BETH (cont'd)

Oh God, the guest. They ARE early.
 Ohhh! Are you bloody kidding me.

SEAGULLS CRY.

She SQUELCHES down the hill towards the car.

BETH (cont'd)
 (calls) Hi! Just park over there!
 Over there! Just park over there!
 Next to my car!
 (mutters) Oh for God's sake. Where
 are you going?
 (shouts) Park over there! Where I am
 pointing! Look at my finger,
 pointing! My arms, waving!

INT. CAR - CONT.

The rain HAMMERS the windscreen.

Keira MUTTERS to herself as Beth flails around outside. The distant sound of Beth SHOUTING.

KEIRA
 (mutters) Yeah, yeah yeah. Hang on.
 I can't hear you.
 What does that mean? I don't... What?
 What do you want me to do? Oh my God.

A WHIRR as she lowers the window.

KEIRA (cont'd)
 (calls) Hello! Is this Bijou
 Lighthouse boutique stays?

BETH
 (distant) Park next to my car!

KEIRA
 (calls) Oh. OK! Thanks!

BETH
 (distant) Just over there!

WHIRR as the window goes up again. Keira drives into the space.

KEIRA
 (mutters) Ughhh, this is so bleak.
 Well done, Keira. Could've gone to
 Greece. But no. No no no. Luxury UK
 mini-break! Yeah, lovely.

She PARKS, opens the CAR DOOR, gets out.

KEIRA (cont'd)
Jesus Christ.

BETH
(calls) The door's open! Get inside!
Quick!

KEIRA
My suitcase..!

BETH
Get it later!

SPLOOSH.

KEIRA
Ah! Shit!

BETH
Mind the puddles! It can get a bit
'Battle of the Somme' around here.

They RUSH into the light house with much SQUELCHING of shoes. The door SLAMS behind them, shutting out most of the weather.

Once inside, Keira LAUGHS.

KEIRA
Brrr, oh my God, it's so cold in here.

Beth bustles around...

BETH
I was going to light the wood burner before you arrived! But you're early! Which is fine! I'll do it now. Where've I put the clickety-click lighter thing...

KEIRA
Ugh, my sneakers! Ughh.

BETH
It's here somewhere... got it! Right.

KEIRA
The window's open!

BETH
Oh no!

KEIRA
It's OK, I've got it.

She wrestles it SHUT. The weather recedes further.

BETH
Good work.

CLICK CLICK of wood burner clickety click thing.

BETH (cont'd)
Come on, you bastard. Light, dammit.
Why won't you light?

KEIRA
It's really coming down out there.
God, look at it. Can't see where the
sky ends and the sea begins.

BETH
I'd say it's not always like this,
but it is *always* like this.

KEIRA
Oh.

BETH
What? No, I was joking. This is rare.
Normally the rain is very gentle.
Like a fine vertical mist.

KEIRA
That seems... unlikely.

CLICK CLICK of wood burner clickety click thing.

BETH
Come on! Why won't this catch? Come
ON--
Yes! It's going. It's lit. Phew.

KEIRA
Good.

Beth CLANGS SHUT the wood burner door and turns to Keira for
the first time. She goes into her spiel.

BETH
So! Let's start again, shall we?
Hello! Welcome to Bijou Light House!
Very nice to meet you, my name's
Bethany--

Beth clocks Keira properly, and vice versa.

KEIRA
(shock) Beth? *Beth?*

BETH
Keira? What the fuck are you doing here?

The sound DISAPPEARS, leaving a brief VACUUM.

And then, WHOOSH. Into a flashback.

INT. UNI HALLS - NIGHT

A student halls party. DUBSTEP music.

STUDENTS
Chug chug chug chug etc!

CHEERS. Above the noise, barely -

GIRL
(muffled) Can you turn the music down please? I've got coursework due tomorrow! None of you care.

BOY
Was this your first choice? I wanted to go to Sheffield but I got a D in maths so... I looked around the Sussex campus as well...

We head down a hallway.

A door OPENS and SHUTS. The music recedes.

INT. KEIRA'S UNI BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KEIRA
Beth, stop being a wuss and hold my hand.

BETH
I don't want to do this. What if we channel some bad energy or spirits or...

KEIRA
I didn't think you believed in that.

BETH

No. I don't. I think. I don't know.
Do you?

Keira makes a 'maybe' noise.

BETH (cont'd)

You do!

KEIRA

Well. I've seen things...

Before she can elaborate, Wez INHALES deeply on his jazz ciggy.

WEZ

The ouija board's drawn with a biro.
It's not like it's gonna work.

BETH

No point in trying, then, is there?

WEZ

What's the point in trying anything?

KEIRA

Ughh! Fine. Shall we just go to the
pub?

BETH

No. No, let's do this.

KEIRA

You just said you didn't want to.

BETH

I don't want to go to the pub either.
Too many people.

WEZ

I vote for the pub. I need a drink.

KEIRA

I've got a bottle of tequila. Grab
it, Wez... it's behind you, it's on
my night stand.

WEZ

Legend.

KEIRA

Let's do shots! (dad voice) And then we can... *channel the spirits*. Eh? Eh?

WEZ

Ah fucking hell...

KEIRA

Do you get it? Do you?

BETH

Oh Keira, stop it. (dad voice) I don't know what *possessed you to say that*.

GROANS.

KEIRA

High five, Brian.

BETH

Yes Brian.

They high five.

WEZ

I do not understand you two.

Wez UNSCREWS the cap.

WEZ (cont'd)

Eyyy look, it's got a hat on! You know the tequila's good when the bottle's wearing a little sombrero.

KEIRA

My cousin ate the tequila worm once and I had to take her to A&E.

WEZ

No you didn't.

GLUG of shots poured.

KEIRA

I did! I did! She got really sick!

WEZ

They don't put tequila worms in 10 quid bottles of tequila.

KEIRA

It wasn't a ten quid bo... oh shut up, you weren't there. Give me my shot.

WEZ

Here. Beth...

BETH

No thanks. I've got cocoa.

KEIRA

Beth!

BETH

If I drink at this stage of my menstrual cycle, I'll get a headache. (baby voice) And an upset tummy.

KEIRA

Ugh. Please don't do that voice.

BETH

(extreme baby) My tummy hurt so bad.

KEIRA

Oh stop it.

WEZ

Keira. On three. One, two, three.

Beth and Wez DOWN SHOTS, and GASP and YELP from the burn.

BETH

Mmm cocoa.
So what do we do now? Close our eyes?

KEIRA

Yes. Yes. Everyone close your eyes. Breathe deep and relax. Open the channels to the spirits. Listen to my voice. Breathe in. Breathe out. Relax. Relax.

The eerie sound of three people doing deep breathing.

KEIRA (cont'd)

(shouts) I SAID RELAX!

BETH

Keira! Ow! Right in my ear! That's not funny.

WEZ

(agrees) It's not funny. You're not funny.

KEIRA

Haha, your face. You were like 'wahhh'.

BETH

Yeah, cos you SHOUTED in my face.

KEIRA

OK, OK, sorry. Geez. Let's start again. OK? Clear your minds of petty grievances. And relax.

BETH

I'm keeping my eyes open. I don't trust you.

KEIRA

Noted. Breath in. Out. In. Out. In. And--

BETH

Shall we just give up?

KEIRA

No! We're going to sit here and do the ouija. Someone ask the spirits a question.

BETH

What kind of question?

KEIRA

I dunno. Something like, erm, 'what--

WHOOSH. Back to present day.

INT. KITCHEN, LIGHT HOUSE

BETH

(alarmed) --the fuck are you doing here?

KEIRA

(flustered) I have a reservation. What are YOU doing here?

BETH

It's my light house!

KEIRA

Is it? You own this place?

BETH

Your name wasn't on the booking form.
Who the hell's Marjorie Whiteman??

KEIRA

That's my pen name. Is that what she
put? Sorry, my literary agent booked
this. I don't know why she put
Marjorie--

BETH

--I don't believe this.

KEIRA

Me neither! This is fucking bizarro!

Giddy, Keira LAUGHS, then stops when she clocks Beth's
expression.

KEIRA (cont'd)

Is this... is this a problem? Do you
want me to go?
(beat)
Oh God, you do!

BETH

No. No, of course not! Don't be
silly. I'm just in shock, that's all.

KEIRA

Yeah. Me too. How long's it been?

BETH

Years.

KEIRA

Over ten years since we graduated.

BETH

Jesus. Fuck!

KEIRA

I didn't think I'd ever see you
again. Or I thought, if I did, we'd
be in London, or--

BETH

(interrupts) --Bag. You said you had
a bag.

KEIRA
Oh. Yeah. It's, it's in the car.

BETH
I'll go get it. I'll go get it now.

KEIRA
What?

BETH
Car keys?

KEIRA
Beth, please, you stay here, I'll get it.

BETH
No, it's fine. You're the guest. Part of the service. Need some fresh air anyway. Car keys?

KEIRA
Uh. Here.

JINGLE of car key as she hands it over.

KEIRA (cont'd)
Are you sure..?

BETH
Course.

Beth OPENS the door. It's still RAINING hard.

KEIRA
I'll alert the lifeboats if you're not back soon.

BETH
(dad voice) Very good, Brian!

KEIRA
(confused) Brian?

BETH
Never mind. I'll be right back.

SLAM of door. We follow Beth into the outside. The rain LASHES down. Beth lets her hysteria out.

BETH (cont'd)
 Ahhh! Calm down, calm down Beth! It's fine! It's fine! Shit, shit shit, shit SHIT!

...WHOOOOOSH, back to the past.

INT. KEIRA'S UNI BEDROOM

WEZ
 'Should I have taken a gap year?'

KEIRA
 'What's your favourite colour?' No, that's crap.

WEZ
 I could've been in Thailand instead of here right now.

KEIRA
 If you'd taken a gap year, you'd never have met us.

WEZ
 (considering) Sliding doors.

BETH
 Hasn't the first question got to be like... 'is anybody there?'

The shortest of WINDY GUSTS, followed by the SPLUTTER of wax.

KEIRA
 The candle's gone out!

BETH
 Maybe there's a draft.

WEZ
 It's colder. Do you feel that? It's not just me, is it.

BETH
 Oooh!

KEIRA
 (unnerved) Very funny.

WEZ
 It wasn't a joke.

BETH
It is colder.

KEIRA
Put a jumper on then.

WEZ
Shall I relight the candle?

BETH
No. Don't. It might work better in
the dark.
(clears throat) 'Is anybody there?'

WHOOOOOSH, back to present day.

INT. STAIR WELL, LIGHT HOUSE - DAY

The muted sound of the WIND and RAIN outside.

CREAK, CREAK, CREAK of footsteps on wooden steps.

BETH
(shouts) The boiler's on if you want
a bath!

Inside the room, Keira gives a little SHRIEK of surprise.

KEIRA
(calls) Fucking hell!

BETH
Sorry. Did I scare you? Sorry! If you
want a bath--

KEIRA
It's fine! I've only just got dry.

BETH
Are you sure? It's a very nice bath!
It has these beautiful copper claws
on each corner... looks like it could
scurry away at any moment! And I can
put your wet clothes in the spin
dryer while you--

KEIRA
--What? I can't hear you, Beth.
You can come in if you want to.

BETH
 Oh! Right. Yes.
 (sotto, to self) It's fine. It's
 fine.

Beth OPENS the door. CREAK.

BETH (cont'd)
 Hello!
 You're in the dark! You changed in
 the dark!

KEIRA
 Couldn't find the light switch.

BETH
 Why didn't you say? It's here -
 CLICK. BZZZT.

BETH (cont'd)
 (jolly) That's better!
 The light flickers. BZZZT BZZZT BZZZZT.

BETH (cont'd)
 Oh, stop it. Stupid light.
 So what do you think of the bedroom?
 Beth BUSTLES around, showing it off.

BETH (cont'd)
 Coffee machine. Extra blankets here.
 Bible in the bedside cabinet.

KEIRA
 Retro.

BETH
 And of course... a 360 degree view!

KEIRA
 Wow, yeah. Do the windows open..?

BETH
 Only that one there.
 And look - a 360 degree bed!

KEIRA
 Ooh! Bit different!

Keira sits on it, and the SPRINGS CREAK.

BETH

This is where the lantern used to be when it was a working light house. So I thought: a circular bed with a yellow bedspread.

KEIRA

Very clever.

BETH

A nod to the spirit of the place. Big round bed doesn't leave much room, of course, and it's a devil to fit the sheets.

Keira TAPS her mobile phone.

KEIRA

Huh. No phone reception up here?

BETH

No, sorry. There's a landline in the kitchen, and if you hang out the bathroom window on the first floor, you can get a couple of bars...

EERIE GROAN

BETH (cont'd)

...but other than th--

KEIRA

Shhhh!

BETH

Oh! (whisper) Sorry. Am I being too loud?

KEIRA

Do you hear that? What was it?

BETH

(whisper) Hear what..?

CREAK.

KEIRA

That groan.

A LOW GROAN from the light house.

BETH

Oh, that! It's an old building, it does that. You'll get used to it. I heard it all the time when I was renovating - sanding wood until my back ached, painting into the night, varnishing, god, it used to make me ill - anyway, I used to think the light house was moaning like an old man. (groans) 'What are you doing to me? Fairy lights? Scatter cushions?'

Keira CHUCKLES.

BETH (cont'd)

I think it likes it, now. Its new look.

KEIRA

Mmm. It's lovely. Like a pub.

BETH

(put out) A pub?

KEIRA

A modern one. They all look like this now, don't they? Brass and velvet, dark walls. It's nice. It just doesn't seem...
Never mind.

BETH

What?

KEIRA

Oh, nothing.

BETH

No, go on. What doesn't it seem?

KEIRA

It doesn't seem very you?

BETH

What does that mean?

KEIRA

You know, this kind of shabby chic for the trendy middle class. It's just not very you.

BETH

Trendy and middle class?

KEIRA
Your room at uni was like a prison
cell. Bare walls, stained duvet.

BETH
(annoyed) Well, yes, I was a child,
wasn't I. One changes.

KEIRA
Sorry, yeah.

BETH
And I wasn't well, you know, I'm
still not, but back then I could
barely sort myself out let alone--

A sudden, ALMIGHTY THUMP on the window. A SQUAWK, a clash
of CLAWS and BEAK and SEAGULL MEAT on GLASS.

The women give a SHRIEK of alarm.

Fast -

KEIRA
Oh my God! Did you see that?

BETH
What was that??

KEIRA
A bloody great bird!

BETH
Where??

KEIRA
It flew straight into the window!
It's still there! It's on the
walkway! Look!

BETH
Oh no!

KEIRA
I think it's a seagull! Should we
help it?

BETH
No! It's a *seagull*!

KEIRA
We can't just leave it there!

BETH

Yes we can! Look, look, it's fine.
It's just stunned, it'll fly away
soon.

KEIRA

It doesn't look fine to me. Does this
window open?

BETH

No! Don't. You can't go on the
Widow's Walk.

KEIRA

'Widow's Walk'?

BETH

It's unstable. Even with the
scaffolding.

A SAD SEAGULL WHISTLE.

KEIRA

Oh no.

BETH

Was that the seagull?

KEIRA

I think so. Why's it called THE
'Widow's Walk'?

BETH

What? Oh. Because you stand on it and
look out for ships. Like a woman
waiting for her husband to return.
Who doesn't know she's a widow yet,
presumably. Otherwise what's she
waiting for?
Is it still there? It's still there.
Ohhh! Get up! Shoo! Shoo!

KEIRA

I don't want to go to bed with a
dying seagull *right there*.

BETH

It's not dying! Nothing kills
seagulls. We just need to leave it
alone.

KEIRA

Leave it alone?

BETH

It'll fly off soon. Let's go down to the kitchen. Nice cup of tea... come on.

Still freaked out, they head down the spiral stairs. Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

INT. STAIR WELL

KEIRA

OK. God, I'm shaking. My knees are shaking!

BETH

Not far.

KEIRA

It was massive. Like a dinosaur. I need a drink.

BETH

Well, you're in luck! There's wine in the kitchen! L
All part of the package deal. Booze, breakfast, and a welcome dinner.

KEIRA

Do you really think it'll fly away? Wait, I paid for the package deal?

BETH

You did!

KEIRA

Did I?

BETH

A local woman cooks breakfast. Merta. That's her name. And I make dinner.

KEIRA

A local woman? Do you think she'd know what to do about the seagull?

BETH

Keira, just stop thinking about the seagull. It'll go away, I promise.

DOOR opens.

INT. KITCHEN

BETH

Kitchen! This is the kitchen. Which you know, because we were here earlier. Anyway. Let me show you the wine rack.
Here. Here is the wine rack.
You know what? I 'll leave you to it. If you need anything else, just pop down the hill to the cottage.

KEIRA

Wait, Beth.

BETH

Uh huh?

KEIRA

This dinner. Do we eat together?

BETH

No! No. I just cook and run.

KEIRA

Your specialty.

Beat.

KEIRA (cont'd)

Cooking, I mean. Not running.

BETH

Except you didn't mean that, did you?

KEIRA

Yeah. Sorry. It just came out.

Keira gives an AWKWARD LAUGH.

BETH

What a very peculiar day this has been.

KEIRA

I shouldn't have said anything. I've made it weird.

BETH

No.

KEIRA

Yes I have.

BETH
Yes. But it was already weird, wasn't it.

KEIRA
So what do we do now?

BETH
Nothing. I'm fine if you are.

KEIRA
It might help to talk about it--

BETH
(interrupts) --OK! I'll see you tonight!

Beth OPENS THE DOOR to leave. Keira matches Beth's tone. It rings hollow.

KEIRA
For dinner? What time?

BETH
I normally serve around seven. But if you'd prefer later--

KEIRA
No, no. Sounds good. You can stay for coffee afterwards? To ease me into the crushing isolation of this place!

Beth gives a DRY, SHAKY LAUGH.

BETH
Nothing prepares you for that.

Door CLOSES.

WHOOOSH.

INT. KEIRA'S UNI BEDROOM - NIGHT

The distant sound of PARTYING.

WEZ
(whispers) Nothing's happening.

KEIRA
Maybe we're doing it wrong?

BETH

I don't think we're supposed to hold hands. I think we have to touch the glass.

KEIRA

Oh my God, Beth! Why didn't you say that before? We've just been sitting here in the dark like idiots.

BETH

This was YOUR idea!

KEIRA

So what do we do, then? Like this? With our fingertips?

WEZ

But someone will nudge it.

BETH

Yeah, Wez. That's how it works. The spirit pushes it to the letter it wants.

WEZ

I meant one of us will push it.

BETH

Well, let's promise not to. OK? I promise not to push the glass.

WEZ

OK.

BETH

Now you two say it. Go on!

WEZ / KEIRA

I promise not to push the glass.

WEZ

OK, let's do this. Come on, fingers on the glass.

The SOFT SCRAPE of the glass as it moves.

WEZ (cont'd)

Fuck. It's moving!

BETH

Wez. Stop it!

WEZ
I'm not doing it! Are you?

BETH
No!

KEIRA
Then it's working. Isn't it? It's working.

SOFT GENTLE SCRAPE. They hold their breath.

SCRAAAAPE.

BETH
It's a bit slow.

WEZ
Shall we tell it to speed things up?

KEIRA
Shhh! Where's it going! Is that E?
No, G!

WEZ
G.

SCRAAAAAAPE.

BETH
This is really rather unnerving. I'm really rather unnerved right now.

KEIRA
A!
G. A. Ga... that's the symbol for Gallium.

WEZ
Yeah, that's definitely what it means.

KEIRA
It's moving again!

SCRAAAPE.

BETH
C or B? It's in-between.

KEIRA
(sotto) B?
G. A. B.

(MORE)

KEIRA (cont'd)
 Gab. Gabriel? Like, the arch angel?

BETH
 And lo, he appeared unto us, pushing
 a pint glass we nicked from the pub.

KEIRA
 Don't take the piss. You'll scare it
 off.

WEZ
 It's going back to B.

KEIRA
 Double B.

WEZ
 (mutters) Gabb.

SCRAPE.

KEIRA
 Y. (beat) It's stopped.

BETH
 Gabby.

KEIRA
 That's a *name*. *Fuck!*
 Or maybe it's feeling gabby, like, a
 chatty mood. Maybe that's what it
 means? Like, 'heyyy guys, feeling
 gabby tonight, what's the goss.'

BETH
 (quiet) I know a Gabby.

Something in her voice alerts the other two.

KEIRA
 You do? Who?

BETH
 My best friend.

KEIRA
 I'm your best friend.

WEZ
 Not everything's a competition,
 Keira.

KEIRA

I know it's not a competition. Where did that come from? Who's Gabby? You've never mentioned her before.

BETH

Because she's dead. During A Levels. Road accident.

Beat.

KEIRA

(hushed) Fuuuuuck. It's your *dead best friend??*

WEZ

Holy shit.

KEIRA

Woah! Do you really think it's her?

WEZ

This is fucking weird. Can we stop.

KEIRA

Uh, no? Why would we do that when it's working? Beth, Beth; speak to her.

BETH

It's not her.

KEIRA

Maybe it's another spirit. Maybe it's pretending to be her? Oh, that's really creepy.

BETH

I don't like this.

KEIRA

Ask it something. Say, 'tell us something only Gabby and I know'. Then if it does--

SCRAAAAPE. The GLASS STARTS TO SCRAPE ACROSS THE BOARD.

KEIRA/BETH/WEZ

Fuuuuuck...

END OF EP 1

ADVERTS .