

Spooked

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE. DAY

A modern sleek office tower overshadows historical buildings.

INT. SLEEK OFFICE. DAY

CLEANER polishes marketing awards and turns on vacuum.

INT. OFFICE - MEETING ROOM. DAY

An occupied sleeping bag laid on a table twitches. TUDOR ANDREWS, a naive but determined 22-year-old with boyish looks, pops his groggy head out of the bag.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Tudor, dressed in pyjamas, sneaks past the vacuuming cleaner.

INT. OFFICE - RESTROOM. DAY

Tudor washes his face and armpits in sink.

He sprays deodorant all over with extra time on his boxers.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Tudor re-enters dressed in a suit. He puts his sleeping bag into a filing cabinet and takes out a box of cereal.

INT. OFFICE - KITCHEN. DAY

Tudor places a disposable cup by a newspaper with headline: Lord Downey In Brothel Shocker.

Tudor pours cereal into cup, fills it with a handful of single serving coffee creamers and eats.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, an insincere friendly man, 40s, enters.

COMPANY DIRECTOR

Nice and early Tudor, we do love an eager intern. Not too much of a commute I hope?

TUDOR

It's pretty easy.

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Our new owner is inspecting the
offices this morning-

TUDOR
Lord Downey is coming here?
I know him!

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Everyone knows him, he's in the
newspaper everyday.

TUDOR
Yeah but I really know him.

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Really?

TUDOR
Yeah! Well, no, not really. I'm
from Parish Falls. I could see the
Downey estate from my bedroom.

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Clear away any unsightly headlines
and offer him a drink on arrival.
Do you have shoes? Slippers are a
bit too informal. People will think
you live here.

TUDOR
I don't!

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Ha! No... Of course not.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Now full of busy employees. Elevator doors open revealing
LORD DOWNEY, 50, a charming rake with good looks weathered by
hard-living. He tours the hallway with Company Director.

DOWNEY
So I said, she's a prostitute,
she's not my prostitute.

Company Director laughs on cue. Late laughter from Tudor.

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Here's our keen intern now. Can we
get you a drink?

DOWNEY

Brandy.

Tudor stares in wide-eyed panic.

DOWNEY (CONT'D)

Thought as much.

(to Company Director)

Order a drinks cabinet.

TUDOR

I can do coffee.

DOWNEY

Irish coffee?

TUDOR

Um... I'm afraid not.

DOWNEY

See what you can do.

Downey and Company Director head off. Tudor catches up.

TUDOR

Mr. Lord Downey- Um, Lord Downey, I just wanna say this is the right company to relaunch your image--

COMPANY DIRECTOR

Tudor!

TUDOR

Sure, younger royals get all the attention with charities and happy marriages and you may have been shunned from the Royal Wedding but we'll get you back on top.

A horrified Downey turns to Company Director as Tudor pulls out a folder full of cut outs and notes.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

See here, If we get a photo shoot at your Parish Falls estate-

DOWNEY

That dump? It's been holding me back all these years. Can't sell the Estate as it's full of wood rot. Not to mention the dullards in that decrepit village.

COMPANY DIRECTOR
I'm terribly sorry Lord Downey.

DOWNEY
Who is this?

TUDOR
I'm Tudor Andrews... Tea boy.

DOWNEY
Not anymore. The world needs risk-takers like you Mr. Andrews.

Tudor smiles.

DOWNEY (CONT'D)
From now on, the world is welcome to you.

Tudor's smile fades.

INT. OFFICE - ELEVATOR. DAY

Company Director escorts a shell-shocked Tudor in.

TUDOR
I'm sorry. I thought...

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Goodbye Tudor.

TUDOR
But I can come in tomorrow right?

COMPANY DIRECTOR
You must learn to accept when something is over. Gracefully.

TUDOR
But I have a degree!

COMPANY DIRECTOR
Ha! We'll miss your sense of humour around here.

Elevator doors close.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. DAY

Tudor shoves his big bag overhead and plods down across from EVE, 21, strong minded and pretty. He smiles at her.

TUDOR

Hello.

Eve rolls her eyes and looks at her phone. The train jolts and Tudor's bag falls on his head.

INT. PARISH FALLS TRAIN PLATFORM. EVENING

Tudor and Eve step off the train in unison. Tudor grins. Eve gives a suspicious look asking: Do I know you?

Tudor reads a sign: Bus Route Cancelled.

He sees Eve exit the platform and jogs toward her.

TUDOR

Excuse me!

A panicked Eve pepper sprays Tudor's face. He falls in pain.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

Ah!, Eve what the hell!

EVE

Tudor? Oh, I'm sorry. Are you okay?

INT. EVE'S MOTHER'S CAR. NIGHT

Eve holds a damp cloth on Tudor's face as EVE'S MOTHER, 60s, drives. Half concerned, half watching the road.

EVE

I'm so sorry. It was dark. I got this stalker-vibe from you.

TUDOR

This isn't necessary. I'll make my own way home-- What stalker-vibe?

Eve's Mother makes a sharp turn.

EVE

Mum, where are you going?

EVE'S MOTHER

To the police station dear.

TUDOR

Home will be fine. I'm not interested in making a report.

EVE'S MOTHER

I bet you aren't!

TUDOR

Well, if you insist.

EVE

Mum, it's Tudor from school. We sat next to each other in Geography.

TUDOR

That was history.

EVE

It wasn't that long ago.

TUDOR

No, we sat together in History class. We partnered on a Geography project.

They drive by an old mill. Sign: Button Museum closed.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

The button museum closed? But where do they host the Harvest Festival?

EVE

It was cancelled. You've not been back for a while have you?

TUDOR

Three years. I left this dump as soon as I could.

EVE

You've not even been home for Christmas?

TUDOR

I don't do Christmas anymore.

EVE

Oh right, yes. I'm sorry. Things are a bit different since you were last home.

EVE'S MOTHER

Eve are you sure you're safe back there with your attacker?

TUDOR

I was asking for directions!

EVE'S MOTHER

The justice system will give you
all the direction you need.

TUDOR

I can walk from here.

EVE'S MOTHER

To the police station? Do you think
I'm daft boy?

EVE

Mum, I attacked him!

Eve's Mother turns the car with a screech.

EVE'S MOTHER

Oh Eve, you should meet boys at a
disco like a normal girl.

EVE

What have you been doing with
yourself?

TUDOR

I work at a marketing firm in
London. It's pretty great.

EVE'S MOTHER

Eve's an investigative journalist!

EVE

I'm a researcher for a paranormal
investigation show. Ghost Chasers.

Tudor smirks then corrects himself. Eve's hurt.

EVE'S MOTHER

Well you do all the investigating
so I say that makes your an
investigative journalist.

TUDOR

You visiting too?

EVE

I live here and work in London.

TUDOR

Really? That's an hour train
journey each way.

EVE

Parish Falls is worth it. But Mum's moving soon so I guess I'll have to find a place in the city.

EVE'S MOTHER

Where can I drop you off young man?

TUDOR

The bed and breakfast.

EVE'S MOTHER

The old bed and breakfast?

EXT. B&B. EVENING

As Eve and her mother drive off Tudor stares at the tall crusty old building. He turns to a For Sale sign.

INT. B&B - RECEPTION. EVENING

An unsure Tudor enters. He examines unfamiliar cracks in the walls and worn carpets. He looks down the long hallway.

TUDOR

Dad?

FAINT VOICE

There is an eerie feeling. A presence has entered the room.

Over the counter Tudor sees an old TV. On screen DOUG MCQUEENIE, 50s, a booming man with a grey beard filmed in night-vision.

FAINT VOICE/DOUG MCQUEENIE

It recognizes me from the TV... Yes I am the star of Ghost Chasers... Oh, you're too kind--

Tudor turns the TV off.

TUDOR

Dad! The prodigal son has returned. Where's the Fatted Calf?

MORTIMER ANDREWS, 62, polite yet glum, suddenly shows up.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

Ah!

MORTIMER

It closed.

Mortimer extends his arms to hug but Tudor gestures to shake hands. They trade positions. Embarrassed, they both retreat.

TUDOR

What closed?

MORTIMER

The Fatted Calf. That pub's been closed since August.

TUDOR

I didn't mean... You shouldn't sneak up like that Dad you'll scare the customers.

MORTIMER

Ha, yeah, if only. You been crying?

Tudor wipes his sprayed red eyes.

TUDOR

It's nothing.

MORTIMER

Are you hungry? Is that why you wanted a fatted calf? You look hungry. I've got sausages.

TUDOR

What's with the for sale sign?

MORTIMER

We're for sale. The estate agents say a sign helps.

TUDOR

You can't sell this place.

MORTIMER

We've got no customers. Since the new motorway bypassed the village we've lost passing trade.

TUDOR

I meant who would buy it?

MORTIMER

What brings you home?

TUDOR

I was fired.

MORTIMER

But you have a degree!

TUDOR

At least I get my choice of rooms.

MORTIMER

Your stuff is stored in the basement so I made a bed there.

TUDOR

In case we have guests?

MORTIMER

Ha, yeah. Nice one son, not laughed like that in ages. We can make a more permanent arrangement later.

TUDOR

I'm just here temporary.

MORTIMER

Of course. Welcome home son.

Tudor exits not seeing Mortimer's open arms.

INT. B&B - BASEMENT STAIRWELL. NIGHT

Tudor turns a door handle but no luck. He budes, bangs and kicks it until it opens revealing a dark and cluttered room.

INT. B&B - BASEMENT. NIGHT

Tudor enters as the door swings shut. He fights it open and leans a broom against it to stay open.

TUDOR

At least it's a bed.

EXT. B&B. DAY

The grey and old B&B looks even worse in daylight.

INT. B&B - BASEMENT. DAY

Distant vacuum noise awakens Tudor.

INT. B&B - RECEPTION. DAY

Tudor reads sign: breakfast is served from 9 am.

INT. B&B - DINING ROOM. DAY

Tudor wiggles at a table with eyes on the grandfather clock. It strikes 9 o'clock. Mortimer bursts through kitchen door.

Tudor grasps a menu but Mortimer rushes out to reception. Mortimer's head pops back through the door.

MORTIMER

We have a house viewing. I need you to get cleaning supplies. This place has to sparkle.

Mortimer lets go of the doorway. His hand is now black and the doorway has a hand-shaped clean spot.

MORTIMER (CONT'D)

But I'd settle for the viewers leaving as clean as they arrived. Are you hungry?

TUDOR

Yes!

MORTIMER

Help yourself to cereal.

INT. B&B - KITCHEN. DAY

Tudor lifts a milk carton from the fridge like it's the holy grail. He pours gross blobs of expired milk over his cereal.

Frustrated, Tudor slams the fridge door shock-revealing LLOYD, 13, thin and easily influenced.

TUDOR

Lolly! What are you doing here?

LLOYD

I do your old job. Uncle Mortimer said we're to shop for supplies.

TUDOR

Right, of course. Sorry, you're not ten anymore Lolly.

LLOYD

Lloyd. No-one calls me Lolly anymore.

TUDOR

Oh yes, I see, all grown up now.

LLOYD

Or because I'm not as sweet as I
used to be?

TUDOR

Or cause you don't have a huge head
in proportion to your body. You've
grown out. Good for you.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY

Tudor, followed by Lloyd, heads towards the corner shop
crossing a quaint square surrounded by green hedges, grey
brick homes, and small empty store fronts.

LLOYD

So is it good to be back? Are you
staying long? We should go hiking.
Do you like cycling?

TUDOR

No, no and no.

CONSTABLE BAILEY, 52, a relaxed policeman enjoying the quiet
life, passes.

CONSTABLE BAILEY

Keeping out of trouble Tudor?

TUDOR

Naturally Constable Bailey, smelt
anything fishy lately?

CONSTABLE BAILEY

In Parish Falls all you can smell
is the baked goods. We're a quiet
village.

Tudor drops his false smile until GROCER, a tubby man in his
mid-50s with sideburns, crosses his path.

GROCER

Is that Tudor Andrews I see before
my eyes!

TUDOR

It is indeed. How's the grocery
business?

GROCER

Things don't pick up soon my
veggies will be compost.

Tudor returns to straight-faced slouching.

LLOYD
Must be nice to be remembered.

TUDOR
I'd rather they mind their own
business. Bunch of dullards.

REVEREND DAVISON, 60s, a happy man of the church glides by.

REVEREND DAVISON
Mr. Andrews, the rumors are true. A
last visit before we're gone?

TUDOR
Where's everyone going?

REVEREND DAVISON
Ah optimism. Such a rare gift.

Reverend Davison passes a row of buildings with 'for sale'
and 'closed' signs.

INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY

Tudor and Lloyd enter navigating through the cramped aisles.
Tudor sees MRS. WELLS, a sweet old lady in her 80s, perched
behind a counter. He gives a genuine smile.

TUDOR
Mrs. Wells!

MRS. WELLS
Yes dear?

TUDOR
It's me Tudor. So good to see you.

Behind an aisle Eve watches Tudor.

MRS. WELLS
Who dear?

TUDOR
Tudor!
(sotto to Lloyd)
Her hearing must be going.

MRS. WELLS
My hearing's fine. Do I know you?

TUDOR

Oh poor thing doesn't recognize anyone anymore.

MRS. WELLS

Stand up straight Lloyd.

LLOYD

This is Uncle Mortimer's son.

TUDOR

Tudor!

MRS. WELLS

Are you sure?

TUDOR

Positive. I hope you're not selling up too.

MRS. WELLS

My husband, God rest his soul, always said never give up! The General doesn't retreat.

TUDOR

That's the spirit.

Tudor and Lloyd examine cleaning supplies and see Eve.

TUDOR (CONT'D)

What no pleasantries? No mace?

EVE

Mrs. Wells is out of stock.

TUDOR

Is your mum completely clear on what happened last night? I don't want her referring to me as your attacker in public.

At the counter Mrs. Wells' interest perks.

MRS. WELLS

When did you become an attacker Tudor? It's that London isn't it?

Tudor turns to Eve.

EVE

That's on you.

TUDOR

Just a misunderstanding Mrs. Wells.
You won't pass that on will you?

Mrs. Wells thinks.

MRS. WELLS

How are you with window displays?

Mrs. Wells holds up a prepared box of Halloween props.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DISPLAY WINDOW. DAY

Tudor and Lloyd set up a Halloween display.

TUDOR

A Halloween display? If I was her
age I'd want to think a little less
about death.

Tudor holds up a skull.

LLOYD

That's a bit grim Tudor.

TUDOR

(referring to skull)
It's attention grabbing.
Marketing's about standing out. Be
unique. Be a purple cow.

They continue to decorate while talking.

LLOYD

A purple cow?

TUDOR

It's marketing speak. Cows all look
the same but a purple cow stands
out amongst the herd. If we can
make this Halloween display the
most unique one in the village then
that's good marketing.

LLOYD

It's the only Halloween display.

TUDOR

Forget the display. Look at Parish
Falls. No tourists come because
it's like every other village.

LLOYD
So we... paint it purple?

TUDOR
You make it stand out amongst the herd.

LLOYD
My mum likes the beach. We could re-name it Parish Falls-On-Sea.

TUDOR
There's no sea for 50 miles.

LLOYD
There's no waterfall either.

TUDOR
Loch Ness has the monster, Brighton has the gays, Rochester has Charles Dickens. Parish Falls needs a unique selling point.

Tudor examines the Halloween dressing.

TUDOR (CONT'D)
You re-brand Parish Falls as haunted. The most haunted village would stand out amongst the whole country.

LLOYD
Are we haunted?

TUDOR
Who cares? You'd simply act out a few stories and it spreads.

LLOYD
The villagers won't fake ghosts.

TUDOR
They wouldn't be faking.

LLOYD
So, are we haunted or not?

TUDOR
In the nineteen seventies Cape Town journalists wrote a fake story about a large shark sighting. The next day the newspaper switchboard went crazy with shark reports.

LLOYD

People don't visit shark-infested beaches do they?

TUDOR

It wasn't tourist related. The point is get one ghost story out there and the village does the rest of the work. We'll become the most haunted village in Britain.

LLOYD

But we'd scare people off.

TUDOR

Some people. But a lot of people love ghosts. Horror movies, Stephen King, that Ghost Chasers show, Halloween!

LLOYD

So we can save the village?

END OF SAMPLE.

INDUSTRY PROFESSIONALS MAY REQUEST THE FULL SCREENPLAY BY
E-MAIL: scameron.uk@gmail.com