

WILLING SPIRITS

by

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Episode 1

"Grace and Favour"

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SCENE 1. INT. STUDY — BRIAR COTTAGE

FX: MILLIE IS LEAFING THROUGH SOME PAPERS. THE RADIO IS PLAYING THE BACKGROUND.

RADIO: "This is BBC Radio 4. The news at six o'clock. Prime Minister Chris Evans said in the Commons today..." (fades)

MILLIE: Sam! Where have you put my notes?

SAM: Haven't touched them. Must be buried under all that paper.

MILLIE: It really is chaos in here.

SAM: Artistic disarrangement, I think you mean, Millie.

MILLIE: No. I mean shambles.

FX: IAN AND NATALIE ENTER

IAN: Greetings, earthlings! Written anything spooky today?

SAM: (MUTTERS) Give me strength.

NATALIE: (SHE HAS AN ALMOST EXAGGERATED COCKNEY ACCENT) I wish you'd write something romantic for a change. Then I could read it. All that scary ghost stuff gives me nightmares.

SAM: Look, we're ghost writers — not ghost story writers.

IAN: Right. Hey, I've got an idea for a story. There's this little girl,

right, who lives in a cottage with her old grandmother and their little dog.

NATALIE: Ooh yes. I like that.

IAN: But unfortunately, one day the little dog gets rabies and rips her throat out.

NATALIE: Stop it, Ian. That's horrible.

IAN: And the thought of losing the child benefit makes the granny choke on her false teeth and she expires in a slowly spreading pool of saliva.

NATALIE: Sometimes, Ian, you really make me Hampton.

MILLIE: Hampton?

NATALIE: Yeah. Hampton Wick. Sick.

SAM: Hang on – that's not right...

MILLIE: Cup of tea anyone? Let's go through to the kitchen – we can't all crowd into the study.

FX: THEY START TO GO.

SCENE 2. INT. KITCHEN – BRIAR COTTAGE

NATALIE: You forgot to open that French, Millie.

MILLIE: What's a French?

NATALIE: Letter, stupid.

MILLIE: Oh... Thanks, Natalie. Not a bill, I hope.

FX: MILLIE OPENS THE LETTER.

SAM: So, how's the world of – what is it you do?

IAN: Coding, man. I tell you that every day.

SAM: Yes, yes of course...

MILLIE: I don't believe it. Sam, this is a solicitor's letter.

SAM: Eh?

MILLIE: It seems to be giving us notice to leave Briar Cottage.

SAM: It can't be. Give us it here.

FX: MILLIE HANDING HIM THE LETTER.

SAM: (READS) Dear Ms Waters, Following the recent passing of your aunt, Mrs. Celia Burton, and in view of the provisions of her will, your grace and favor residency at Briar Cottage will cease in seven days from the service of this notice. For details, please read the enclosed document.

STUNNED SILENCE.

IAN: I think that's what you'd call a stunned silence, man.

MILLIE: Seven days. What's the date on it?

SAM: Twentieth of June. That was five days ago.

MILLIE: What are we going to do?

SAM: Well, um... We'd better ring the solicitor first thing in the morning.

FADE

SCENE 3. INT. KITCHEN — BRIAR COTTAGE

FX: SAM IS PUTTING THINGS INTO THE DISHWASHER. THE RADIO IS ON IN THE BACKGROUND. MILLIE ENTERS.

RADIO: "This is the news at nine o'clock. Chancellor Richard Hammond says he is confident that interest rates will continue..." (FADES)

SAM: I wish those two would clear up their own breakfast things for once. Bloody lodgers.

MILLIE: Right. I've had a word with the solicitors. The bad news is that my aunt has left this place to some cousins I don't even know.

SAM: Any good news?

MILLIE: Well, she's left her own home to us. It's called — let me see... 5, Oak Court.

SAM: That's the good news? Sounds like a retirement flat in a block somewhere.

Where is it exactly?

MILLIE: Well, thankfully only about thirty miles away. In a village called... um... Fair Oak.

SAM: Never heard of it.

MILLIE: No, me neither. Oh, it's terrible that we never visited Aunt Celia there.

SAM: Right. Then we'd know where it was.

MILLIE: No, Sam. I feel bad — it's nearly two years since I went to see her. I suppose because she'd got married again I thought she was all right.

SAM: It's strange. If this Henry of hers was so rich, why didn't they live in a big house?

MILLIE: Does seem odd.

SAM: You did phone her quite a lot.

MILLIE: I know. It's not the same though.

SAM: Maybe that's why she's punishing us by making us move out of here into some soulless block.

MILLIE: Oh Sam, I thought we were going to be here for ever. I'm stunned. And what are we going to do with Ian and Natalie?

SAM: We can't just dump them, I suppose?

MILLIE: No, Sam.

SAM: (MUTTERS) Worse luck.

MILLIE: We'll have to put them up for the time being until they can find somewhere else.

SCENE 4. INT. CAR

FX: THE CAR RADIO IS ON:

JAMES O'BRIEN: This is James O'Brien here with you this morning, and it's my great pleasure to have in the studio the new Defence Secretary, Chris Eubank. So tell me, Mr Eubank, as one of the few people in the country with their hand close to the nuclear button, how does that make you feel?

CHRIS EUBANK: Well, James, I'm glad you asked that, because it's essentially a recipe for peace.

JAMES O'BRIEN: How so?

CHRIS EUBANK: Well, you see, James, it's hard to press the nuclear button with boxing gloves on – too fiddly." (FADES)

SAM: Keep an eye out for signs to Fair Oak, everyone.

MILLIE: I just hope the removal people don't get there before us.

NATALIE: I think I'm going to be sick.

SAM: What do you mean, you think you're going to be? Either are or you aren't.

MILLIE: Wouldn't it be better stop the car instead of talking about it?

SAM: Well, it's important to express yourself clearly. I mean, has anyone ever thought they were going to be sick and then found out they were wrong after all?

IAN: Good point, man. I know when I need to blow chunks there's no mistaking it. Especially when someone else chucks up near me. Gross or what?

MILLIE: Sam. Stop the car!

IAN: Yeah right. Don't want bits of tomato skin all over the seats, do we?

FX: THE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT AND THE DOOR OPENS.

SCENE 5: EXT. COUNTRY LANE

FX: CAR DOOR OPENS.

MILLIE: It's ok. Come out and just relax. You're doing fine.

NATALIE: I think I'm ok, actually. False salami.

SAM: (MUTTERS) Make up your bloody mind...

SCENE 6: INT. CAR

**FX: CAR DOOR CLOSSES. ENGINE STARTS UP AND
THEY MOVE OFF.**

SAM: Right, Ian. You're navigating. Where to?

IAN: (FADES) Keep going straight on till we get to the village.

SCENE 7: EXT. COUNTRY LANE

**FX: CAR DOOR OPENS. ALL EXCEPT NATALIE
CLIMB OUT.**

SAM: If there's anyone in this house, they might be able to point us in the right direction.

NATALIE: I'm staying in the Jimmy if you don't mind.

MILLIE: The Jimmy?

NATALIE: Jimmy Carr – car.

MILLIE: Of course.

SAM: Looks like a porter's lodge. This long drive must lead up to some sort of stately home.

IAN: Looks a bit derelict to me. If anyone's living in that, I reckon they must be dead by now.

SAM: Well done, Einstein.

MILLIE: There seems to be some kind of sign

on the gate pillar. Let me just clear away some of this ivy.

FX: MILLIE PULLS AT THE IVY.

MILLIE: What does it say? Something U – R – T
... It's court, I think. Oak Court. I don't believe it. Five Oak Court.

IAN: Blimey.

SAM: Let's go!

FX: THEY JUMP INTO THE CAR, THE ENGINE STARTS, AND THEY ROAR OFF TO SOME STIRRING MUSIC.

SCENE 8: INT. CAR

IAN: (SINGS) "We're on a highway to hell!"

NATALIE: Can you slow down please, Sam. You know I get –

SAM: Uncle Dick?

NATALIE: No, scared.

SCENE 9. EXT. FIVE OAK COURT

FX: THEY GET OUT OF THE CAR. DOORS SLAM.

NATALIE: Oh my giddy...

IAN: Shiver me nads!

SAM: Some retirement block.

MILLIE: It's like the Addams Family house.

MILLIE: Those must be the oaks – over there.
Five of them. Magnificent. They must
be hundreds of years old.

**FX: CRUNCHING OF GRAVEL AS THEY WALK
TOWARDS THE HOUSE.**

**FX: LOUD ROLL OF THUNDER FOLLOWED BY
CRACK OF LIGHTNING.**

MILLIE: Oh no. I hope it doesn't start to
rain.

SAM: What a pile! How are we ever going to
keep up a house this size?

IAN: You better write a lot more stories.
Looks just like the kind of place
writers like you would live in.

SAM: Ian, I don't know how many times I've
told you, we're ghost writers.

IAN: Right.

SAM: Not ghost story writers.

IAN: So you write about dead people. Woo!

SAM: No, we write about living people.

IAN: The living dead?

SAM: No... the... living living.

IAN: I think you might be missing the
point, mate. No wonder you're so
poor.

SAM: (TO HIMSELF) Hmm, so poor I have to

take in lodgers like you.

IAN: What did you say?

SAM: I said, but fortunately we're blessed in having lodgers like you.

**FX: FADE OUT OF THEIR CONVERSATION AND
INTO THE ONE NATALIE AND MILLIE ARE
HAVING A FEW STEPS BEHIND.**

NATALIE: I don't like this. It's creepy. I want to go home.

MILLIE: Natalie, this is home now. We'll have to get used to it. Look on it as an adventure.

NATALIE: It's all right for you. You like this sort of thing.

MILLIE: Do I?

**FX: CAR PULLING UP AND PEOPLE GETTING
OUT.**

BRETT: Hi!

SAM: Er, hi.

BRETT: Are you the owner of this beautiful house?

MILLIE: Yes... yes we are – just.

BRETT: Brett. Brett Belcher. My beautiful wife, Nancy.

NANCY: Pleased to meet you. Nancy Belcher. And you are?

MILLIE: Oh, er. Millie Waters. And my husband, Sam.

NANCY: Delighted to meet you.

SAM: Where exactly are you from?

BRETT: Philadelphia. Ever been there? You should. It's beautiful.

NANCY: You must just love this place.

NATALIE: No, we hate it.

MILLIE: Don't mind Natalie. We're only just moving in.

NATALIE: It's really typhoid.

NANCY: (AGHAST) Typhoid?

NATALIE: Typhoid Mary. Scary.

NANCY: I see... Well this is so exciting! We've heard so much about this place.

SAM: Really? What have you heard?

BRETT: Well about the ghosts, of course.

MILLIE: Ghosts?

BRETT: Of course. Everyone in America knows about Five Oak Court.

NATALIE: I think I'm going to wet –

MILLIE: No, don't wet yourself, Natalie. I'm sure they've got the wrong place.

NATALIE: No. Wet paint – faint.

MILLIE: Please don't. Not until we've settled in, anyway.

BRETT: Is it open to the public?

SAM: No.

BRETT: Mind if we take a look around?

SAM: Well, we're only just moving in.
Would you mind coming back another time?

BRETT: Sure. How does tomorrow morning sound?

SAM: Well —

BRETT: That's fixed then. See you at nine thirty.

SAM: (ASIDE) Gordon Bennett.

**FX: THEY WALK AWAY, GET INTO THE CAR AND
DRIVE OFF.**

SAM: Right then. Let's go in and have a proper look. Have you got the keys there, Millie?

MILLIE: No, you've got them.

SAM: I gave them to you.

IAN: Don't need 'me, mate. The door's half open.

FX: CREAKING OF ANCIENT DOOR.

SCENE 10. INT. OAK COURT HALLWAY

FX: ECHOEY FOOTSTEPS AS THEY ENTER.

MILLIE: Look — at — this.

**FX: SHE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND SWEEPS
BACK THE HEAVY CURTAINS.**

IAN: Sick.

SAM: Seems to be furnished anyway.

NATALIE: Yeah. By Uncle Fester.

MILLIE: Could do with a bit of a dusting, but
otherwise it's not in bad shape.

SAM: I reckon you two should fit in nicely
here, being gothics.

IAN: Goths, man. Not gothics.

SAM: I don't understand how you two can
claim to be of a nervous disposition
while dressing like vampires.

IAN: Nervous what?

SAM: Disposition.

IAN: I'm sure I never said that.

SAM: No of course. It's got four
syllables.

NATALIE: We're not vampires, Sam. These are
just our clothes.

SAM: Tell me, do you share a black
lipstick, or do you have one each?

FX **THEY MOVE OFF.**

SCENE 11. INT. OAK COURT HALLWAY

MILLIE: Well, that's the downstairs. Let's
 have a look upstairs.

FX: **THEY START TO GO UP THE CREAKY**
 STAIRCASE.

SCENE 12. INT. OAK COURT. UPSTAIRS
LANDING

SAM: Ok. Millie and I get first pickings
 on the bedroom. After that, you two
 can select any one you like. There's
 certainly plenty of choice.

MILLIE: (WHISPERS) Oh my god. Sam, did you
 see that?

SAM: What's that, Mill?

MILLIE: I swear I just saw a pale, shadowy
 figure at the end of the landing.

NATALIE: Stop it, Millie. You're doing it on
 purpose.

IAN: (WHISPERS) No. I saw something move
 too.

SAM: (CALLS) Hello!

IAN: I'm going to check it out.

FX: **IAN RUNS DOWN THE LANDING.**

IAN: Oi! Excuse me, mate!

MILLIE: There is someone there. Hello!

FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS COME BACK TOWARDS
THEM.

DUNNIT: Good day to you. Can I assist you?

SAM: Er, yes. Might we ask who you are?

DUNNIT: My name is Dunnit. I was butler to
the late Mrs. Burton, and to the
family for many years before that.

SAM: I see. So do you live here?

DUNNIT: As you would expect, sir. And might
one inquire who you might be, and the
purpose of your trespass?

MILLIE: Well, yes. Er, I'm Millie Waters,
this is my husband Sam and these are
Ian and Natalie.

NATALIE: We're the Artful Dodgers.

DUNNIT: Indeed?

IAN: She means lodgers. She's from London.

DUNNIT: I should coco.

MILLIE: We're the new owners — Mrs Burton has
left the house to us. We're just
waiting for the removal van,
actually.

DUNNIT: Indeed...

IAN: Hey! I get it. The butler Dunnit.

DUNNIT: I'm sorry, sir?

IAN: I bet you get that a lot. Butler done it. Classic.

DUNNIT: No, sir.

MILLIE: Stop it, Ian.

SAM: So, are you retired or...

DUNNIT: Or am I what, sir?

SAM: Or are you... not retired? From your dress, you look as though you're still –

IAN: Buttlings?

MILLIE: Ian!

DUNNIT: One must maintain standards, sir – even when the rest of the world has loosened its stays, so to speak. However, since the passing of Mrs Burton, one is in a position no longer to have to perform one's former duties.

NATALIE: (ASIDE TO IAN) He's weird.

SAM: You're retired then?

DUNNIT: Indeed, sir.

MILLIE: Might I ask where you live?

DUNNIT: One has rooms above what was once a coach house, madam. Occupancy has been bequeathed for the remainder of one's mortal term.

MILLIE: I see. Well, lovely meeting you.

I expect we'll be crossing paths from time to time – neighbors and all that. Let us know if there's anything you need.

DUNNIT: Madam.

FX: HE WALKS AWAY, MAKING A SLOW AND STEADY CREAKING AS HE GOES.

IAN: What a freak.

NATALIE: Never seen anyone so pale. He's like a blinking ghost. Frightened the life out of me.

IAN: I hope he won't be creeping about the house all the time now we're here.

MILLIE: Why don't we have an explore, choose our rooms and meet downstairs in the morning room when we're done. I've brought the kettle and some basics, so we can have a nice cup of tea while we wait for the van to arrive.

SAM: Good plan.

FX: THEY MOVE OFF DOWN THE LANDING.

SCENE 13. INT. OAK COURT

FX: DOOR OPENS ON AN ECHOEY ROOM.

MILLIE: Another reception room of some kind – a billiard room, I think.

SAM: It seems to go on for ever. It would

take a whole day to get round all of this place.

MILLIE: I wonder if we should seek out old Dunnit. He might have some useful information on the place.

SAM: We're certainly going to need some help with cleaning and maintenance and so on. Lord knows how we'll afford it, but still.

MILLIE: Where do you suppose we can find him?

SAM: Dunnit says he lives over a coach house. We could start there.

SCENE 14. EXT. OAK COURT GARDEN

DUNNIT: Gideon, would you come here a moment, please? I need a word with you.

GIDEON: You talking to me, Mr Dunnit?

DUNNIT: Yes, Gideon. Who else would one be addressing?

GIDEON: Could be anyone called Gideon, I suppose. Except there's no one else of that name here.

DUNNIT: Exactly. Gideon, I don't know if you are aware, but the new owners have taken up residence. They appear unfamiliar with the ways of an establishment such as this, and may at times need assistance. There could be work for you.

GIDEON: Work, sir? Pleased to hear that, sir.

DUNNIT: Mr Waters does not appear especially practical – any more than the rest of his household, I'll be bound. They may well require the services of a handyman.

GIDEON: That's me then, isn't it, sir?

DUNNIT: Indeed, Gideon. One did not specify that it need be a good one.

GIDEON: Coincidence... Shall I go up to the house and have a word, sir?

DUNNIT: No, it would be better for me to effect an introduction.

GIDEON: Yes, sir.

**FX: FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING AS SAM
AND MILLIE COME OUT.**

SAM: The clouds seem to be lifting anyway.

MILLIE: It looks a whole lot different with a bit of sunshine.

DUNNIT: (SOTTO) Gideon. There are the new owners. They seem to be walking round the side of the house. Perhaps we should hang back for a moment, then follow them.

GIDEON: (IN AN EXAGGERATED WHISPER THAT IS LOUDER THAN NORMAL SPEECH) Good idea, Mr Dunnit.

DUNNIT: (SOTTO) Keep it down, Gideon.

GIDEON: (MORE QUIETLY, BUT ONLY JUST) Sorry
Mr Dunnit.

DUNNIT: They would appear to be going towards
the stable yard. Keep behind me,
Gideon, and stay close to the hedge.

GIDEON: Yes sir.

FX: RUSTLE OF THE HEDGE AS THEY COME OUT.

SCENE 15. EXT. STABLE YARD

MILLIE: Here we are.

SAM: It all looks a bit derelict and
overgrown.

MILLIE: I wonder which coach house is
Dunnit's?

SAM: If you see bats hanging from the
eaves, that's probably the one.

DUNNIT: (SOTTO) A jester, indeed. I've a
premonition that Mr Waters and I may
not be destined to get along. (CLEARS
THROAT) Can I assist you, sir? Madam?

MILLIE: Oh my goodness, you gave me a fright!

SAM: We were wondering if we could have a
chat.

DUNNIT: A chat, sir?

SAM: Yes, Dunnit. We thought a general
talk about the place – things we
might need to know. Things you might

be able to help us with.

DUNNIT: When would you like this "chat", sir?

MILLIE: Well, now would be as good a time as any.

DUNNIT: In the stable yard, madam?

SAM: Perhaps you might like to pop in and have tea –

DUNNIT: Pop, sir?

MILLIE: You know, chew some things over.

DUNNIT: Chew, madam?

MILLIE: Well...

DUNNIT: If sir or madam would like to discuss matters regarding the house, might one suggest that the morning room would be more suitable – perhaps after breakfast tomorrow?

MILLIE: Yes. Yes, that would be good. Thank you, Mr Dunnit.

DUNNIT: Will that be all, sir? Madam?

SAM: Yes. Absolutely. See you tomorrow at, say, nine thirty?

DUNNIT: Very well, sir. Good day to you.

GIDEON: Sir. Madam.

**FX: CRUNCHING OF GRAVEL AS MILLIE AND SAM
WALK AWAY.**

GIDEON: Quite jumpy, aren't they, sir?

Reading between the lines, sir, I'd say those two are hiding something. But just what, Mr Dunnit, I ask? Just what?

DUNNIT: Don't overdo it, Gideon. And make sure you put on clean white overalls tomorrow.

SCENE 16. INT. KITCHEN

FX: BREAKFAST NOISES.

MILLIE: Good morning, you two. How did you both sleep?

NATALIE: Bit creepy. And you nearly need a ladder to get into the four-poster.

IAN: But brilliant all the same.

MILLIE: Oh, I'm so glad you liked it.

SAM: I should think it gets nasty and cold in the winter here. Lord knows how we'll afford to heat it.

MILLIE: Well, let's not think about that just yet. We'll find a way. Let's get settled in and make the most of it for now. Anyway, the good news is the van finally arrived after you'd gone to bed, so all your things are here now.

FX: ENGINE NOISE AND CRUNCHING OF TYRES OUTSIDE.

SAM: I wonder who that can be.

NATALIE: It's those bottles. They're back.

MILLIE: Bottles?

NATALIE: Yeah. Bottle banks.

IAN: Yanks.

SAM: Oh no. I'd forgotten they were coming. Early of course.

FX: HEAVY DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKS.

SCENE 17. INT. OAK COURT HALLWAY

BRETT: Hey! Stan.

SAM: Sam.

BRETT: Good morning. We're back.

NANCY: Just like we promised.

BRETT: I brought the camcorder, if you don't mind.

SAM: Yes, well – as I mentioned, we're just in the process of moving in.

BRETT: Mind if we have a poke around?

SAM: Um... certainly... poke away.

NANCY: It would be so wonderful if we could actually see a spectre while we're here.

BRETT: My beautiful wife Nancy used to be a medium.

SAM: (ASIDE) Well she's definitely a large now.

BRETT: Excuse me?

SAM: I said, "That's interesting."

NANCY: I'm a little rusty. You have to keep practising to keep up with the other side.

IAN: Like football.

MILLIE: Can I offer you a cup of tea?

NANCY: English tea? How wonderful! I expect you have a butler to serve it.

IAN: Yes —

SAM: No!

BRETT: Ain't that a shame.

MILLIE: How do you like your tea?

NANCY: Oh, the English way, of course.

MILLIE: I'm not quite sure what you mean.

BRETT: Oh, that's so funny! You people really break me up.

NANCY: We've heard all about your famous irony, but that takes the cake.

BRETT: Cake! See, we can do it too.

MILLIE: Builders' it is then.

FX: SHE GOES.

SCENE 18. INT. OAK COURT MORNING ROOM

FX: MILLIE RETURNS WITH THE TEA.

MILLIE: Here we are. I'm afraid we'll have to do with mugs – we haven't unpacked properly yet. I hope that's all right.

NANCY: If it's ok with the lady of the manor, it's ok with us. Isn't that right, Brett?

BRETT: I'll say, Ma'am.

NANCY: Say, could I ask a small favour of you?

MILLIE: Well that rather depends....

NANCY: I'd like to see if I still have the art. Summoning the departed.

NATALIE: You have got to be having a Turkish.

NANCY: A Turkish?

THEY HUDDLE TOGETHER FOR A MOMENT, MUMBLING AND TRYING TO WORK IT OUT, LIKE IN A QUIZ – eg "TURKISH RUG", "TURKISH SLIPPER", etc..

SAM: Er... er... er... Turkish barf!

NATALIE: That's it. Laugh.

ALL: Damn!... Oh yes of course!... etc.

IAN: Count me out, man.

MILLIE: I rather think –

NANCY: I brought my things just in case.
Light this candle for me, would you,
Bretty?

BRETT: Here we go.

**FX: BRETT STRIKES A MATCH AND LIGHTS THE
CANDLE.**

NANCY: And draw the curtains, please, honey.

BRETT: Certainly, my dear.

FX: BRETT DRAWS THE HEAVY CURTAINS.

BRETT: I'll just set up the camcorder here,
then we're all set.

NANCY: And we have food for the spirits,
since Mrs Waters has so thoughtfully
brought some nice cookies.

IAN: Garibaldi are not cookies. They're
not even nice.

SAM: Hold on. We haven't agreed to this.
Would you mind not –

NANCY: (SEMI-WHISPER) Ok. I will now close
my eyes. Can we all join hands,
please?

NATALIE: No way!

IAN: Come on, Nat. We're offsky.

NANCY: No matter, it might work without.

**FX: NANCY STARTS TO MAKE STRANGE NOISES,
INCLUDING LOUD INHALATION, EERIE**

MOANS AND SO ON.

NANCY: Is there anybody there?

SCENE 19. INT. OAK COURT HALLWAY

DUNNIT: (SOTTO) Nine thirty exactly. It seems they are already in the morning room, as arranged. Remember, Gideon. Only speak when you are spoken to.

GIDEON: (WHISPERS) Yes, Mr Dunnit, sir. I won't even say a single word on any subject whatsoever unless –

DUNNIT: Quite.

GIDEON: I'm saying nothing, Mr Dunnit.

DUNNIT: Good.

GIDEON: Nothing whatsoever at all.

DUNNIT: Quiet, Gideon. I shall knock at the door and enter ahead of you.

SCENE 20. INT. OAK COURT MORNING ROOM

NANCY: If you can hear me, knock once for yes and twice for no.

FX: SINGLE KNOCK AT THE DOOR. NATALIE, MILLIE, IAN AND SAM REACT.

NANCY: My goodness! Was that a "yes"?

FX: DOUBLE KNOCK AT THE DOOR. NATALIE, MILLIE, IAN AND SAM REACT MORE FORCEFULLY.

BRETT: That sounded like a "no" to me,
honey.

NANCY: Can you hear me, spirit?

(THERE IS A MOMENTARY SILENCE.)

FX: DUNNIT KNOCKS AGAIN TWICE.

NANCY: Two knocks. It can't hear me.

**FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND DUNNIT AND
GIDEON ENTER SLOWLY.**

NANCY: Wraith! I hear thy footsteps. Do you
have anything you would like to say
to me?

DUNNIT: (IN A LOW, RESPECTFUL VOICE) Forgive
me, madam. Another time, another
place, perhaps.

NANCY: No, no! Speak, phantasm! I can hear
from your voice that you are
troubled. What ails thee, dear
spirit?

GIDEON: Well the ales are best in the Black
Dog.

NANCY: Did you say Black Dog?

GIDEON: But the spirits are dear, it's true.

DUNNIT: Enough, Gideon. Madam, we shall
return.

NANCY: Oh I do hope so!

FX: DUNNIT AND GIDEON WALK BACK TO THE DOOR.

BRETT: Open your eyes, Nancy!

NANCY: Oh me oh my! Never in my life...

**FX: DOOR CLOSSES AS DUNNIT AND GIDEON
LEAVE.**

MILLIE: This is enough now!

FX: SHE SWEEPS THE CURTAIN BACK.

NANCY: Did you see, Brett, the way they
turned in the doorway? Fixed us with
a look, the like of which I shall
never forget.

NATALIE: This is hairy. I'm off.

IAN: Me too.

FX: NATALIE AND IAN SCRAMBLE OUT.

NANCY: Did you catch that on the camcorder,
dear?

BRETT: I did, sure as heck. Just checking
now.

NANCY: Well, there it is. The one, a strange
man in clothes from a long past age –
and pale as ash. And the other, a
youth – staring eyes and dressed all
in white. Oh, this place sure is
everything they say it is!

SAM: Look here, this is too much. We'd
like you to leave. Immediately
please.

MILLIE: You don't understand. That man is

the butler.

BRETT: But you said there wasn't one.

SAM: Well, he's not our butler. He's been in the house a long time.

BRETT: He sure has!

SAM: I'll see you out.

FX **BRETT AND NANCY LEAVE WITH SAM.**

NATALIE: Well that was properly weird. I won't be able to sleep a wink tonight.

IAN: Yeah. You'd be terrified that Dunnit bloke will come in and feed on your blood in the night.

NATALIE: Stop, Ian. You're freaking me out.

SCENE 21. EXT. OAK COURT

GIDEON: Something queer going on in there and no mistake, sir.

DUNNIT: Rum indeed. Perhaps we should conceal ourselves behind this hedge and see what's afoot... Here they come.

FX: **THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AS THE PARTY EMERGE.**

SAM: How many times do I have to say it? There's a perfectly rational explanation for all of this. Now, if you wouldn't mind, we've got a lot to do.

GIDEON: What are they saying, sir?

DUNNIT: I'm not entirely sure. Perhaps if we edge a little closer...

NANCY: There they are again! Quick, Brett! The camcorder.

BRETT: Doing it, dear.

DUNNIT: Back, Gideon. I fear we have been spotted.

GIDEON: I don't know what their intention is, sir, but I think we'd better get going.

FX: THEY START TO MOVE OFF SWIFTLY.

BRETT: Goin' after 'em!

FX: BRETT CHASES AFTER THEM WITH THE CAMCORDER.

DUNNIT: Quick, Gideon. Through this gap in the hedge.

FX: RUSTLING OF HEDGE.

BRETT: Well how do you like that?
Disappeared right into thin air!(CALLS TO SAM AND MILLIE AS HE WALKS TOWARDS THEM) Sir. Madam. Thank you so much for your time. Here is our card. If you should ever wish to open for guided tours, we know a lot of people who would pay well for the privilege.

SAM: Thanks but no thanks.

MILLIE: No, wait. Thank you. That's very kind.

SAM: Millie!

MILLIE: It's been an absolute pleasure meeting you.

BRETT: You too.

NANCY: Goodbye. And please do keep in touch.

FX: THEY WALK ACROSS THE GRAVEL TO THEIR CAR, CLIMB IN AND DRIVE AWAY.

SAM: Millie. Are you out of your mind? Why the sudden gushing friendship?

MILLIE: Don't you see? If they have friends who are into all that "beyond" stuff, we could do guided tours. Could bring in a bit of cash. We're going to need to do something.

SAM: I wonder... I wonder if we could enlist that Dunnit and his strange friend to play their parts again.

MILLIE: Perhaps we could do vampire tours as well.

SAM: Good idea – enlist Ian and Natalie.

MILLIE: I was thinking of you, actually.

FX: CRACK OF THUNDER, FOLLOWED BY HEAVY DOWNPOUR OF RAIN.

END MUSIC