

“Drag Me All the Way Down”

A Feature Film Script

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MA by Research in Screenwriting

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Abstract

Drag Me All the Way Down is a story about how we define ourselves by our relationships, how we deal with grief, and what can happen if we let ourselves become consumed by both.

It is, at its core, a gothic horror story.

Since her husband committed suicide six months ago Sally Markham has struggled to cope both mentally and financially. After visiting his art studio for the first time since he died, Sally is struck by supernatural occurrence – she sees her husband, John. This prompts her to accept an offer of work from John’s former agent, much to the dismay of her best friend Diane. With hopes that she will uncover more about who her husband really was she ventures to a place he kept secret from her in order to finish his final painting.

Plagued by nightmares, horrific visions and preternatural monstrosities, Sally ventures deeper into her husband’s past and risks losing her sanity – and possibly her life.

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Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as References.

Adam Holloway

DRAG ME ALL THE WAY DOWN

Written by

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INT. UNDERWATER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of the ocean.

A large double bed rests between two nightstands. Two wardrobes adorn one wall.

Everything seems normal - except that the whole room is filled with water.

It is as though the whole room has been excised from its true location and sunk beneath the ocean.

Every piece of furniture is held in place by it - frozen in time by it.

There is an ethereal, dreamlike nature to the scene.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

There are things in this world that
can pull you down, sinking deep
into something else.

On one nightstand there is a photograph framing a YOUNG WOMAN and a YOUNG MAN on their wedding day - they are happy.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Sometimes these things happen to
you - they're tragedies. Sometimes
they're people.

On the flooring by the bed is a dark stain in the wood.

Unlike the stillness of the rest of the room, this mark secretes a vibrant blood-red liquid into the water...

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You can try so hard to understand
them, but you never will. You have
no control. Because they only exist
in your head.

The red droplets float upwards into the room and dance around in the water.

WOMAN'S VOICE

They aren't real.

Clinging to the ceiling where the droplets are heading, barely visible in the dark, is the silhouetted SHAPE of a man.

The stillness of the room is disrupted by the loud sound of waves rushing violently away.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The waves fade away and are replaced by the hard ticking of a metronome.

The room is large and sparse of furnishings, except for a glass desk with a chair, and a patient's chair facing it.

Behind the desk the wall is filled with framed certificates, and a large painting of the Paris city skyline.

Sitting at the desk is the THERAPIST - early thirties, female. She taps a pen in rhythm with the metronome.

She looks to the occupied patient chair.

THERAPIST

Where'd you go just now Sally?

The woman in the patient chair snaps to attention. This is SALLY. She's in her mid-to-late thirties, but her tired eyes and exhausted demeanour make her seem older.

She wears a wedding ring.

She is the Woman whose voice was heard in the previous scene.

SALLY

Oh - I was just admiring your painting.

The Therapist turns in her chair to look at the Paris skyline painting.

THERAPIST

Lovely isn't it? It's a photograph really but I don't think you can tell the difference -

She pauses and smiles.

SALLY

I almost had you didn't I?

The Therapist turns back around and Sally adopts a more uncomfortable, defensive posture.

THERAPIST

You know these sessions aren't mandatory don't you?

SALLY

I'm sorry. I really am trying.

The Therapist shakes her head.

THERAPIST

People who are trying don't typically try and trick their therapist into talking about themselves for half an hour every week.

SALLY

In my defence I'm not sure many therapists would fall for it.

Sally smiles softly, and the Therapist smiles back.

THERAPIST

Humour is about as good a defence mechanism as distraction. I am sorry to say it but unless we make progress today towards some tangible solutions I don't think there will be any benefit to any future sessions.

SALLY

I really want to try though. I mean, I am trying.

Sally adjusts herself in her seat, trying to make her postures more "open".

SALLY (CONT'D)

Please - what were we talking about?

THERAPIST

We were talking about your medication. Are you still taking it?

Sally makes eye contact and keeps it.

SALLY

I am.

THERAPIST

Good - and the last time you were here we discussed some anxieties you were having over your finances. How have you been dealing with that?

SALLY
I've been looking for work - lots
of applications.

THERAPIST
Any promising leads?

SALLY
Not... No. Not yet.

THERAPIST
Well the important thing is that
you're looking. And it's been -
(She looks down at a piece
of paper on her desk)
- about six months you've been
visiting me.

Sally begins to rub her wedding ring.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
This will be the difficult part.
Sally it's time we talked about
what happened. To your husband.

Sally opens her mouth to respond and can't find the words.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
For us to continue these sessions I
need to understand what happened,
and to see whether or not you
understand what happened.

Sally shakes her head.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Have you spoken to anyone about
what happened to John?

SALLY
I -

Sally looks away from the counsellor and gestures towards the
painting.

SALLY (CONT'D)
- I can tell the difference. You
should get a real painting.

The Therapist sighs.

Sally's posture slackens.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

The Therapist neatens up papers on her desk and shakes her head.

Sally focuses on the metronome as the sound of it ticking intensifies.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT LIVING AREA - NIGHT

The metronome fades away and is replaced with a rhythmic dripping sound.

A studio apartment with an open plan kitchen, dining area and living room.

The décor is split between retro-comfort and art deco styles. Worn leather chairs are placed around a large glass coffee table.

A vintage answering machine and corded phone sit idle on a cabinet. A loving space where everything has its place.

Dim light bounces off photo frames - fragments of a life shared between Sally and her husband JOHN.

At one end of the hallway is the wide open door to the master bedroom.

There is a shocked gasp from the other side of the door.

Sally begins wailing.

It builds to a raw, primal scream of grief.

A coarse grating sound begins to build up under the cacophonous scream as slowly flashing bright blue lights begin to flood the room from the open doorway.

The grating sound grows in intensity and one last wail begins
-

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- The wail is cut short but the grating continues.

The blue lights have gone.

This is the "UNDERWATER BEDROOM" as it really is.

Sally is kneeling down by her double bed and scrubs mercilessly with a wire brush at a deep red stain on the wooden flooring.

A bottle of bleach is on the floor to her right. She stops scrubbing and pours some of it onto the stain.

She starts to scrub again, harder this time. Her eyes begin to well up with tears.

Sally pushes hard on the brush and it slips from under her hands - causing her to roughly scrape her knuckles along the hardwood floor.

She cries out as blood begins to seep from the cut and runs down her fingers and over her wedding ring.

She puts her head in her hands and cries - marking her face with blood as she does so.

From outside the room the corded phone begins to ring. Sally doesn't move.

She slips the wedding ring off of her finger and turns it around in her hand.

The ringing stops, and the answering machine takes over.

JOHN (V.O.)
(Answering Machine
Message)

Hello, you've reached the home of John and Sally Markham. We aren't around right now, but leave us a message and I'll make Sally call you back.

SALLY (V.O.)
(Answering Machine
Message)

No!

The answering machine versions of John and Sally laugh - playful and happy.

Sally raises her head and smiles a little.

The message beeps and cuts to the incoming phone call.

DIANE (V.O.)

Hey Sally. Long time no see. I know you're avoiding the outside world, so this is just a courtesy call to let you know it'll be breaking down your door shortly!

CLICK.

Sally hastily gets to her feet.

SALLY

Diane! No no no no no -

She runs out of the room.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sally rushes in from the bedroom doorway and towards the apartment door - in her haste she drops her wedding ring unknowingly.

SALLY

- no no no no!

She passes the cabinet with the answering machine - and spots a bottle of medication on it.

She grabs it, and hastily tosses it in an open drawer before slamming it shut.

She runs towards the apartment door.

She goes to place her left hand on the doorknob - and sees the still-fresh blood on it. She hides that hand behind her back.

She takes a deep breath before opening the door revealing DIANE - around thirty-years old, with short stylish hair and great attention to detail placed on her outfit.

She stands with one leg poised in a mock-threat to kick-down the door.

In her hands she holds a bottle of red wine.

DIANE

The door lives another -

Diane's eyes widen. She drops her joking pose.

SALLY

What?

Diane looks at the blood stains on Sally's face.

DIANE

Oh boy.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT LIVING AREA - NIGHT

The wine bottle and glasses have been placed on a glass coffee table in the living room area of the apartment - unopened.

Sally stands by the sink. Diane hovers around her.

DIANE

Let me help.

SALLY

It's just a scratch.

Sally fumbles with some paper towels, and struggles with the cold water tap.

She twists it, but it just sputters and vibrates.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Come on...

DIANE

I brought the wine so you could relax for a bit -

SALLY

I just need some water Diane.

DIANE

For the cuts, sure.

Sally grasps the tap tighter.

SALLY

It's just a little -
(She twists the tap hard)
- scratch!

The head of the tap twists off in her hand and the tap blasts forth a jet of brown water.

Sally and Diane jump.

The tap splutters again and then the stream of water dies.

Sally takes a deep breath.

Diane reaches over and takes the paper towels and presses them softly onto Sally's hand.

DIANE

Sally -

Sally looks at her.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Wine.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sally sits at the coffee table with a full glass of wine in front of her.

Her hand is wrapped in blood marked paper towels.

Diane stands in the kitchen area, and is wiping down the sprays of brown water from the kitchen sides.

DIANE

So you cut your hand cleaning?

SALLY

My hand slipped.

Diane inspects the kitchen counters and turns back to Sally with a confused look on her face.

DIANE

But not in here right?

Sally looks over to her.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Because Sally, this kitchen is not clean. How do you cook in here?

SALLY

Very funny.

Sally smiles and shakes her head and looks at her wine glass. She swirls it.

DIANE

I'm just kidding. Mostly. But I'm here to help.

Diane looks over to Sally - and seeing her distracted by her wine - kneels down behind the kitchen counters out of sight.

She opens a cupboard and sees it is mostly empty - a few cans of food, but not enough for even a person living alone.

SALLY

Is that why you came over?

She frowns and stands back up.

DIANE

How's the therapy going?

SALLY

That's confidential.

DIANE

Oh please.

Sally sighs.

SALLY

Well, it was confidential. She's now my former therapist.

Diane begins to tidy items on the kitchen counters.

DIANE

How did that happen?

SALLY

It just... Wasn't working out. She didn't think I was trying hard enough.

Diane begins to make her way over to Sally.

DIANE

Bullshit. Do you need me to talk to her?

SALLY

No Diane - it's fine. She was right.

Sally unwraps the makeshift bandages on her hand. They both look at the cut.

DIANE

It's stopped bleeding.

Sally's eyes widen.

SALLY

Shit!

She jumps to her feet.

DIANE
What is it?

SALLY
My ring - I - I've dropped it and -

Diane holds her panicking friend gently.

DIANE
Sit. Relax. I'll find it.

Sally looks around and then looks at Diane.

Diane gives her a stern but friendly look.

SALLY
Fine. Thankyou.

Sally sits back down and hugs her knees to her chest.

Diane turns and heads over towards the hallway.

DIANE
What are friends for?

She turns a corner in the room. Now unseen by Sally, she looks from the open bedroom door to another door in the hallway.

Its doorknob is marked with paint.

SALLY
Were you avoiding my question before? About why you came?

DIANE
No? Why would I?

Diane cautiously reaches out to the door handle and gives it a subtle twist.

It doesn't move.

SALLY
I don't know. Sorry.

Sally laughs awkwardly.

DIANE
Hey, where do you keep the key for your studio?

SALLY

Why?

DIANE

I thought you might've dropped the ring in there.

SALLY

I don't go in there. It was John's studio.

Diane shakes her head and she moves back from the studio door and faces Sally again.

She leans on the wall.

DIANE

You haven't thought about starting again? Painting?

Sally shakes her head.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You were always so good. And so passionate.

SALLY

That was a long time ago. I don't think I've painted since -

She lets the sentence trail off into nothing.

DIANE

Since you met John?

SALLY

No - I painted for a little while after that. In the studio.

DIANE

With John.

SALLY

For fun. I didn't need to stress about trying to do it professionally anymore. John was already successful when we met. Talented.

Diane looks as though she might have chosen a different word, but decides against saying it.

DIANE

What was that landscape he did? I liked that one.

SALLY

John didn't really do landscapes.

DIANE

Sure he did - Adam gave me one once.

SALLY

He didn't do any that I ever saw. I did landscapes. John's focus was always more... Well, my point was that his work got us all of this -

She gestures around the apartment.

SALLY (CONT'D)

- I didn't need to compete or anything. I found other things. I was just happy. You know what it's like.

Diane looks around the room.

DIANE

(under her breath)

"Other Things".

(To Sally)

I just thought if you needed the money then you could always pick up a brush again.

SALLY

I don't need the money Diane. Aren't you supposed to be finding my ring?

She sips her wine. Diane nods her head and stands up from the wall.

DIANE

I'm back on it.

Diane sighs to herself.

She looks over to the cabinet with the answering machine on it.

She walks over to it and kneels down inspecting the machine.

DIANE

So you're sure you aren't having
money problems?

SALLY

Yes Diane, I am absolutely sure.
Why do you keep asking?

Sally shakes her head and begins to top up her wine and pour
one for Diane.

Diane turns around holding the ring in one hand and the
letters in the other.

She walks towards Sally and drops the letters onto the table.

Sally sees them and her eyes widen. She gently places the
wine bottle down.

She doesn't look at Diane.

Diane kneels down and hugs her.

DIANE

You know you don't have to lie to
me.

She lets go and moves over to the free chair and sits.

Sally looks up at her, but can't quite meet her eyes.

SALLY

I didn't want to worry you -

DIANE

I'm well past worried, so you don't
have to be concerned about that.

SALLY

You don't have to be.

DIANE

Sally what exactly is it that
you're wanting to achieve by
struggling with this on your own?

SALLY

I - Nothing. I don't want anything.

DIANE

Sally...

Sally adjusts her posture and clears her throat.

SALLY

I just have so many questions for him - even just about him. I don't even know where he worked when he wasn't here. Diane I didn't even see that he was so -

She struggles for a moment to find the word and then gives up.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I let him down.

Diane struggles to hold back tears.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I used to feel like my future - our future - was just one big clear picture laid out before me. And now he's gone. I know I'm not going to get closure. He's never coming back. It all went with him. And the picture in my mind, it's just unfinished - forever.

Diane stands up and heads towards Sally. She kneels by her chair and embraces her.

DIANE

You're going to make yourself sick bottling all this up.

Sally nods.

SALLY

And now I'm going to lose our home. I can't even look after myself anymore.

Diane breaks the embrace and looks at Sally.

DIANE

I have something that can help with that.

SALLY

I'm not taking -

DIANE

- and I'm not offering. I know you too well. Listen. We - well Adam - has a plan. For an exhibit. Of John's work.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

And there was supposed to be a big final piece to be the headline.

Sally pulls back a little from Diane.

DIANE (CONT'D)

But the piece isn't finished. Adam thinks it might be here. In the studio.

Sally pulls back firmly from Diane and stands.

SALLY

Are you asking me if you can pick apart his studio?

DIANE

No - I know it sounds like a bad idea - Adam was going to display the piece in its unfinished state but I thought you could...

She takes a deep breath.

DIANE (CONT'D)

... Finish it.

SALLY

That's why you came here?

DIANE

I know you can do it, and there would be a substantial payment - and I think it would be cathartic for you to -

SALLY

No. I don't go in his studio. And I don't paint.

DIANE

You need the money Sally.

SALLY

You're right.

Diane begins to smile.

SALLY (CONT'D)

This was a bad idea.

Sally turns from Diane and heads towards the door. She opens it.

Diane stands awkwardly. Sally doesn't look at her.

Diane moves towards her and stands in the doorway.

DIANE

I'm sorry -

SALLY

Please, just leave me alone.

DIANE

I know I shouldn't have asked -
Adam's just desperate. And so am I.
Seeing you like this kills me. I
want to help and I don't know how.

Sally looks her in the eyes.

SALLY

Okay.

DIANE

Please. Think about it.

Sally looks away again.

SALLY

Goodnight Diane.

Diane leaves the apartment. When she's beyond the door she turns to look back at Sally.

Sally shuts the door on her.

She looks around her apartment. She takes the remainder of the wine and the letters from the coffee table and heads to her room.

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally lays on the bed on her side - the side furthest from the stain on the floor.

She flicks through some of the bills and rent demands.

Sally casts them over to her late husband's side of the bed, and rolls over to face where he once laid.

She stares longingly until tears begin to fill her eyes.

She rolls over once more, to face the wall.

She closes her eyes.

Laying still, taking deep breaths, she falls asleep.

The sound of shuffling sheets come from behind her.

An ARM emerges from the sheets - a man's arm, it's edges shimmering lightly but full of life.

It reaches slowly over her shoulder and holds her.

Sally begins to smile.

The lights in the room begin to grow in brightness.

The skin of the Arm begins to grow grey - pallid and moist. The veins grow black, and become more visible under the skin.

The light reaches an almost painful brightness -

- Sally snaps open her eyes. The lights are off.

She sits bolt upright in the bed.

The Arm is gone.

She looks at where the Arm was, and breathes deeply.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sally makes her way cautiously out of her bedroom into the darkened space and looks around.

Behind her is the corridor leading to the studio door.

A faint light emanates from behind it, but as Sally turns to face it the light vanishes.

She leans on the wall shakily and makes her way towards the door.

She reaches for the paint-stained doorknob and turns it.

It clicks and sticks but it turns - the door is unlocked.

She opens the door.

INT. JOHN'S STUDIO - NIGHT

This room has been neglected for some time.

Thin layers of dust coat the cluttered artefacts of the room. A half empty wineglass sits beside a used paint palette - the contents of both equally crusty.

Sally steps forward into the dim room and approaches a covered easel. She moves around it and pulls off the cover to reveal -

JOHN'S PORTRAIT. A dark, twisted self-portrait. The style is grotesque, and bleak. It is also clearly unfinished - the majority of the face is missing.

Sally takes a step back.

SALLY
Is this really how you saw
yourself?

From behind her comes a soft whispering voice -

JOHN (O.C.)
You don't think it's too bright?

Sally spins around to face the voice -

INT. JOHN'S STUDIO - PAST - NIGHT

- and is transported to a previous time in the studio, when Sally shared the space with John.

The room is brighter and more vibrant - Sally's clothes and demeanour have likewise changed.

She blinks and smiles. Standing before her is JOHN - although we do not see him clearly.

Sally turns back to the easel to see it's now holding a different painting - a PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE.

SALLY
Maybe it's a bit bright for some
people -

She gestures to a countertop covered with paintings of John's - all grotesque and dark.

SALLY (CONT'D)
- but not for me.

JOHN
That so? Are you going to paint a
little girl with a scruffy puppy
over there? Complete the kitsch
picture?

Sally rolls her eyes.

SALLY

You don't like any of my paintings.

She smiles insincerely and glances over to the side of the room.

There on the floor propped against the wall are a set of paintings - all bright in colour, and more tranquil in nature than John's works.

She turns her attention back to the canvas and gently and precisely lays a stroke of paint on it.

She doesn't notice the edges of the room have begun to lose their solidness - they blur and run, like viscous oily liquids.

JOHN

(as if his throat is
beginning to fill with
liquid)

Well, don't worry.

John lays a hand on her shoulder, his breath on her neck. His hand has the same shimmering fluidity as the edges of the room.

The room around Sally now fully devolves into melting, dark oil-paint like substances and colours.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You'll do better this time.

Sally freezes mid-brushstroke. Her eyes widen.

John's hand pulls back from her shoulder.

SALLY

What?

Sally hears an inhuman choking sound from behind her.

She turns at rapid speed -

INT. JOHN'S STUDIO - PRESENT - NIGHT

- to find herself back in the studio as it really is - neglected and decaying.

She stands still. She looks down at her hand to find she is holding a cracked and aged paintbrush.

She slowly turns to look back at the canvas to find -

John's Portrait - she has begun to paint in the missing face.

She drops the brush to the floor - it clatters.

She backs up hard into a counter behind her, knocking over brush holders and the solitary wine glass - it falls and shatters.

She clutches her head with one hand - leaving paint marks on her cheek.

Pained tears begin to run down her face.

With her free hand she reaches into her pocket and produces her medication.

She opens the bottle and looks at it - before hurling it across the room.

A low animalistic gurgling - the sound of a throat filling with liquid, drowning out a scream of pain - begins to fill the room.

Sally cautiously adjusts her gaze, her eyes wide with fear and red with tears, to the source of the sound - John's Portrait.

The paint on the canvas is shifting and bulging - the colours warp and contort like living paint.

Sally stares at it.

She presses herself hard into the counter, instinctively grabbing a paintbrush and holding it like a knife.

The surface of the painting begins to bubble in spots - a thick red liquid, unlike the dark colours it comes from, bleeds out across the Portrait.

On Sally's face, the paint mark also begins to bubble and writhe.

The gurgling builds into a choked scream.

MONSTROUS VOICE

Sally...

Sally, panicked, leaps forward brandishing the paintbrush as a weapon.

As she strikes the Portrait it does not tear - her hand sinks through the canvas - and the colours run over her hand and up her arm coating her in the thick oil paint.

She begins to scream as the liquid fills her mouth and the room dissolves around her and she is absorbed by the colourful oil-like substance.

EXT. WATERY ABYSS - NIGHT

Sally opens her eyes.

She is floating down through dark and clouded waters.

From above her is a small beam of light - illuminating her slowly descending body and some of the darkness around her.

At the edges of where the light reaches are oily black tendrils reaching out towards her. She doesn't look at them.

Instead she focuses on a FIGURE further down in the water below her. It's a man, floating limply into the abyss.

She is stunned for a moment - but then a look of realisation overtakes her features.

She begins to panickily swim down into the abyss towards the Figure - JOHN.

Around her she hears fragments of disembodied voices - muffled, as though talking through water.

DIANE (V.O.)
- seeing you like this -

JOHN (V.O.)
- You'll do better this -

DIANE (V.O.)
- you'll make yourself sick -

SALLY (V.O.)
- I let him down -

As she descends deeper, towards the dark where the light cannot reach, the patch of light grows smaller.

The grasping tendrils grow closer to her.

She finally sees them just as John is consumed by the darkness.

Then so is she.

The light closes entirely, and Sally falls -

INT. JOHN'S STUDIO - NIGHT

- onto the floor of the studio. In her hand she clutches the paintbrush.

She stares semi-conscious at the Portrait on the easel above her.

There are no traces of the red liquid on the Portrait - but it has been slashed.

The DAMAGED PORTRAIT has been cut through the centre.

Sally coughs, choking on something.

A sound of dripping comes from somewhere hidden in the darkness of the room.

Something moves in the shadows.

Sally sits up on the floor unsteadily and looks towards the movement.

SALLY

John?

Silence.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A cookie-cutter middle-class kitchen. Designer appliances all shine like new. Pristine stools rest by a marble breakfast bar.

A man, far too well dressed for this hour in the morning with a formal shirt, tie and waistcoat combo, makes coffee and talks on his phone.

This is ADAM, in his mid thirties and already beginning to comb over his receding hairline.

ADAM

I know he's dead. But if this works financially we'd be in the clear. And the art's still here. Really that's -

The doorway to the kitchen opens a crack.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll call you back. Tomorrow. Trust me.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
(He hangs up the phone)
You're up late.

Diane enters.

She wears pyjamas, and her face betrays that she has been crying.

DIANE
I can't sleep.

Adam checks his phone.

ADAM
Actually you're up early. It's technically already tomorrow.

Diane shifts uncomfortably.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What is it Di?

DIANE
I just wanted to apologise.

Adam shrugs.

He takes his coffee and proceeds to exit the kitchen past Diane.

ADAM
Adam -

Diane turns and follows him.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cookie cutter middle-class living room. Leather sofas that look unused are lit by a marble electric fireplace - burning synthetic wood.

Adam enters with his coffee, eyes glued to his phone. Diane follows.

DIANE
I don't know what you want me to say -

ADAM
What's done is done Diane.

DIANE

She didn't want to do it, I
couldn't force her!

Adam stops walking and Diane follows suit, maintaining a distance.

ADAM

Who said anything about forcing her? Offering Sally this opportunity was your idea, Di. What about closure? Remember how we talked about that? Did you talk to her about closure?

DIANE

I did but -

ADAM

You wanted to give her a purpose - and I agreed. Now, it's three in the morning - and I can't sleep because I have to fix this.

He turns and starts walking - heading for another door out of the room.

DIANE

That's not fair.

Adam exits through the door and Diane goes after him.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Adam walks through the corridor towards another door. Diane struggles to keep up.

ADAM

I know it's not Di. But I'm not mad at you. I really wanted to help Sally as well. But now I have to go make awkward apologies to people who I had previously given assurances too.

He gets to the door and pauses.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And that's going to make me look a bit foolish isn't it?

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

I lose my biggest talent - and friend - and then I tell a whole art gallery's worth of directors and executives I have found his final artwork - miraculously finished!

He turns to face Diane.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And what do I tell them now? My mistake - turns out the blank patches weren't actually "as intended by the artist", oh dear!

DIANE

I'm sorry.

ADAM

Like I said I don't blame you.

He turns and opens the door and gets halfway through as Diane tries to follow him.

He shuts the door slightly and hugs her as she moves forwards.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I really don't blame you. But you know I need my privacy to work - to think. I need to come up with a way around this.

Diane steps back from the doorway. She smiles.

DIANE

I understand. Are the plans for the exhibit going well at least?

Adam smiles back, he goes to close the door when -

FRANTIC KNOCKING comes from the distance in the house.

Diane turns towards the living room.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Are you expecting anyone?

ADAM

I should hope not. Whoever it is - get rid of them. And try and get some sleep okay?

He smiles. And shuts the door - leaving it open just a crack.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adam uses the mostly closed door to block himself from view.

He peers through the gaps and watches Diane in the corridor head off toward the living room.

He cocks his head curiously and listens.

DIANE (O.S.)
(From a distance)
Hello - Oh god -

The sound of the door to the house opening.

DIANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What - you're soaked -

SALLY (O.S.)
- We need to talk -

Adam's eyes open wide. He shuts the office door.

He looks around the room.

Adorned on the walls are several HUNG PAINTINGS of John's - each bearing his dark, grotesque style.

The focal point of the room is a work desk, complete with a computer and piles of documents. A chair rests on either side - one for Adam and one for clients.

Adam runs over to the desk, and looks at one of the pages. PROSPECTIVE BUYERS headlines the page, and is followed by a list of names.

He opens a drawer and hastily puts the papers, and all the others accompanying it inside.

He moves away from desk, but then doubles back and opens another drawer.

After looking inside he opens another and another.

Then he finds what he's looking for. He produces a picture frame - a photo of himself and John.

He places it on his desk and smiles.

He leaves the room - opening the door cautiously before tiptoeing out into the corridor.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Adam heads towards the partially closed doorway to the living room.

DIANE (O.S.)
- I don't understand Sally.

SALLY (O.S.)
The point is I found the painting.

DIANE (O.S.)
But the rest of it -

Adam stands by the doorway and listens intently.

SALLY (O.S.)
I know what I saw Diane. It felt so real - and then I was painting and it felt... Different. Like I could feel him with me.

Adam smiles.

DIANE (O.S.)
And then you cut it up?

Adam stops smiling.

SALLY (O.S.)
No I - I don't know what happened
it just - was damaged.

Adam straightens his posture and walks through the door -

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- and into the living room, a look of concern on his face.

Before him stands Diane, arms folded and looking deeply worried, and Sally, drenched with rain.

ADAM
Sally? What are you doing here -
are you okay? Is everything
alright?

DIANE
She -

SALLY
- I found the painting.

Adam looks surprised.

ADAM
That's great news!

SALLY
Not exactly.

Adam looks from Sally to Diane.

SALLY (CONT'D) DIANE
It's damaged. She says she saw John.

Sally glares at Diane who looks sympathetically back.

DIANE (CONT'D)
You're not well Sally -

ADAM
Di, why don't you make up the guest
room.

DIANE
What?

ADAM
I don't think Sally should be going
anywhere right now, in this state.
Sally, why don't you come sit down
and talk to me. We'll see if we
can't figure this out.

He smiles at Sally, and nods at Diane.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Adam enters, holding the door open for Sally who follows.

She looks around the walls of the room at John's paintings.

Adam smiles and heads over to his desk and sits on it.

Sally walks over to one of the paintings.

ADAM
He really was one of a kind wasn't
he?

SALLY
I don't think I ever saw any of
these in his studio.

ADAM

They were from the second studio most likely. They're some of my favourites. I couldn't bring myself to part with them. Not now especially.

Sally looks from the painting to him, he smiles sympathetically at her.

SALLY

Where even was his second studio?

She spots the photograph on the desk. Adam catches this.

ADAM

Oh - sorry. I thought I'd put this away.

He picks up the photo and looks at it, sighing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I can't believe it. Even now. You know, he used to talk about you all the time.

He looks back at Sally.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He used to think so much of you - as a wife of course - but also as an artist.

SALLY

Really?

ADAM

Oh yes, all the time. Incessantly. He's say "Sal could do more on a postcard than I could on the roof of the Sistine Chapel."

SALLY

He never called me Sal.

Adam stands and moves behind his desk to sit in the chair.

ADAM

Well, not to your face. He was probably embarrassed to use a pet name with you.

SALLY

He could be like that. I feel like I barely knew him at all.

ADAM

I find that hard to believe.

He watches her intently as she looks over the paintings.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I bet you've never seen so many on display before.

She shakes her head.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He always did prefer private collectors to gallery exhibits. So secretive. That's why I wanted to change that I suppose. Now he's... Well. We wanted to have you finish the piece and have it dedicated to his memory. "Completed by his loving wife, Sally Markham".

Sally looks back to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I really wanted this exhibition to commemorate him. Keep him alive. I hung a lot of hopes on that final piece. Now that it's not only unfinished but it's also destroyed - I'm at a bit of a loss.

Sally heads over to him, he gestures for her to sit in the client chair.

She does.

SALLY

I could fix it.

ADAM

Really?

SALLY

I know how.

ADAM

Well then it would still be unfinished.

SALLY

What if I could do that as well?

ADAM

Do you think you're up to it?

SALLY

I couldn't do it at home. The studio isn't... It's not the same now.

Adam cocks his head.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You mentioned the second studio before - if you told me where it is I could spend some time there and complete the portrait on my own.

ADAM

I hadn't thought of that. It seems like a lot of hassle and Diane would never feel comfortable with you going alone. Why couldn't you just paint it here?

SALLY

Adam, please. I need this. I need to know more about my husband. I need to feel close to him again. If I could see his other studio - I can

Adam leans back in his chair and rubs his temple.

He smiles.

EXT. ADAM AND DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

An expensive modern home.

The driveway curls from the front doorway and is flanked by a perfectly manicured garden.

Sally struggles to lift an overlarge TRAVEL TRUNK into the boot of a nice (but used) car.

In the distance by the doorway of the house stand Adam and Diane.

She watches Sally with concern. He taps his foot.

DIANE

I don't think this is a good idea.
She's clearly not well and she
might be -

Adam begins to head over to the car.

ADAM

People grieve in their own way, you
need to try and be supportive.

He runs over towards Sally, and Diane stands still.

Diane turns and goes into the house.

Adam reaches Sally and kneels down to take the other end of
the Travel Trunk.

Together they heave it into the boot of the car. Adam shuts
it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Looks like you're ready.

Sally reveals the keys and jingles them.

SALLY

As I'll ever be. Thanks again. For
all of this.

Adam smiles and holds open the car door for her. She gets in.

He leans through the window.

ADAM

Now don't forget - I have a few
properties down there, you're
looking for the one right on the
edge of the plot. And I've had it
checked out recently, so you're
going to have no problems.

Sally nods and adjusts a satnav on the dashboard.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's already hooked up, and the
place is keyed in. So you're good
to go.

He glances back to the house.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I really think this is going to be
good for you.

SALLY
And Diane?

ADAM
She'll understand.

He leans back from the window and pats the roof of the car.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Alright then - oh, hold on.

He looks back towards the house to see Diane emerge from the doorway once again holding a box. She makes her way towards the car.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What is it now?

Sally looks to Diane as she barges past Adam and leans through the car window.

She holds out the box.

SALLY
What's this?

DIANE
Another present. Insurance.

SALLY
An insurance present?

Sally takes the box and opens it - it's a new smartphone.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I can't take this.

DIANE
It's not just for you. It's for me too. I don't know why you have to go -
(She glances back to Adam)
- but since you're so set on it, I need to know that you can reach me if you need to.

She looks at Sally pleadingly. Sally smiles and places the phone on the passenger seat.

SALLY
Thankyou.

DIANE

It's got Bluetooth and everything.
Not that that means anything to
you. But you'll figure it out. You
know you don't have to go, don't
you?

SALLY

Diane -

DIANE

I know. I couldn't help myself. I
hope you find what you need to.

Adam places a hand on Diane's shoulder firmly.

ADAM

Come on Di, we're burning up all
her good driving light.

DIANE

Call me when you get there.

Sally smiles and nods to Diane.

Diane pulls back from the window, Adam's hand still on her
shoulder.

Sally turns the keys in the ignition, and begins to pull out
of the driveway.

Diane waves to her.

ADAM

I told you I'd come up with a way
around this.

DIANE

I don't like this.

ADAM

She's going to be fine. This is
what she needed.

Sally leaves the driveway and begins to turn onto the road.

DIANE

How can you be sure?

ADAM

I've never been wrong before.

DIANE

You were about John.

Sally's car disappears out of sight.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - DAY

Sally drives.

She checks the fuel gauge - almost full.

She turns on the radio - a song begins to play, something soft and melodic - romantic but melancholy.

As she does the scenery around her changes, urban roadways become motorways and then increasingly isolated country lanes.

The light from the sun changes as time passes by. Sally doesn't notice. To her, the drive feels to last only minutes, not hours.

It begins to rain. She flicks on the windshield wipers - they form a rhythm alongside the music and rain.

The music stops.

She looks down to see the radio has been turned off.

A voice comes from the passenger seat.

JOHN (O.C.)
What are you doing here?

Sally looks out the window at the rain.

SALLY
I used to love long drives. It feels like forever since I've been behind the wheel.

JOHN (O.C.)
And here you are.

SALLY
And here I am.

JOHN (O.C.)
Alone. What are you doing here Sally? Do you really think you can -

LOUD RINGING erupts from the car itself. Sally jumps.

She turns sharply to see no one is beside her but the phone Diane had gifted her. Diane is calling.

Sally reaches over to phone unsteadily and accepts the call.

SALLY

Hello?

DIANE (V.O.)

(From the car speakers)

Sally! How's the drive?

Sally shakes her head.

SALLY

It's only been half an hour. I'm doing fine.

DIANE (V.O.)

You've been gone for three hours - where are you?

Sally's eyes open wide.

SALLY

That's not right...

She looks to the fuel gauge. It's close to empty.

She looks out of the window and sees a turning in the road - one sheltered entirely by an overgrown treeline. A sign for the turning is broken.

She slows the car to a stop along the country lane she finds herself in. There are no other cars, or people, around.

DIANE (V.O.)

Sally - where are you?

SALLY

Just hold on -

Sally reaches to the satnav and clicks the screen.

It indicates briefly she should take the turning in front of her but then -

- It displays the words SIGNAL LOST. The screen glitches and shuts down.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Diane's voice begins to crackle as the phone's signal begins to drop.

DIANE (V.O.)
Sa--- -re you sure ---?

SALLY
Diane I can't hear you.

She taps the phone.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You're breaking up.

DIANE (V.O.)
You need to stop driving if
you can't -

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

The call cuts out completely.

She looks at it for a moment, chewing her finger.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Where am I?

Sally looks out the rain soaked window towards the turn off.

She sighs.

She grips the wheel, and starts driving into the turning.

EXT. OVERGROWN SINGLE-LANE ROAD - DAY

The tarmac on the road is cracked. Vines have begun to grow along the edges where the road meets the foliage.

Trees rise up on either side of the road, their overgrown tops blocking out the sun - save for some gaps in the leaves providing moving specks of light.

Sally's car pulls into the lane and she drives it cautiously - the poor visibility and narrow space prompting caution.

Up ahead a human sized SHAPE moves by the edge of the roadside.

It moves into the road.

The car pulls to a stop -

INT. SALLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

- Sally leans forward in the driver's seat and squints out the window at the Shape in the road.

As she pushes forward she accidentally triggers her car's full-beam lights -

EXT. OVERGROWN SINGLE-LANE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

- illuminating the Shape.

Hunched in the centre of the road is a person formed of black oil - its frame shifts and changes in the light, giving it the effect of a three-dimensional painting.

The Shape is kneeling and reaching out towards a small, SCRUFFY DOG - who runs away from the sudden burst of light.

The Shape turns its head towards Sally.

It rises to its feet.

It begins to shamble towards the car.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally falls back into her seat.

She stares at the Shape as it approaches.

It raises its arms towards her.

Sally accelerates the car, narrowly avoiding the Shape in the road.

As she passes it she turns in her seat to look at it through the back window -

A CAR HORN blares from ahead of her.

She snaps her attention back to the road to see the lights of an oncoming vehicle.

She swerves onto the side of the road, foliage grinding apart under the wheels.

The vehicle passes her.

She accelerates out of the overgrown road into -

EXT. INN CARPARK AND LANE - CONTINUOUS

- a car park by the side of the road, screeching to a halt in one of the spaces.

The rain has cleared up.

A passing OLDER COUPLE WITH A DOG look at the car and shake their heads before heading inside the building by the carpark.

A sign by the door reads THE NEW INN.

A large HEAVY-SET MAN slowly walks over to the car.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally shakes in the driver's seat.

There's a heavy KNOCK on the window.

She jumps, and attempts to compose herself before winding the window down.

The Heavy-Set Man, in his late sixties at best and sporting an unkempt beard, stands a respectable distance from the window.

He speaks with a thick Dorset accent.

HEAVY-SET MAN

In a hurry?

Sally blinks and clears her throat.

SALLY

I'm lost.

The Heavy-Set Man pauses for a moment.

He nods.

EXT. INN CARPARK AND LANE - DAY

Sally stands by her car. She shakes a little.

She clutches one end of the Travel Trunk, and with her free hand fumbles with her phone and car keys.

Still keeping his distance the Heavy-Set Man watches her, his thumbs in his pockets.

SALLY

Are you sure it's okay mister -?

HEAVY-SET MAN

George. Come pick it up later. When you're more settled.

He looks to the car - still packed with luggage.

Sally drags the Travel Trunk a few inches.

GEORGE (HEAVY-SET MAN)

You sure you want to be dragging that one with you?

SALLY

I can't leave this one. It's sentimental.

GEORGE

Suit yourself.

Sally nods and smiles awkwardly.

George grunts begins to walk back towards the inn.

Sally turns around - left and right - and then back towards George.

SALLY

Sorry - Which way was it?

George doesn't turn to face her - but he does stop walking.

GEORGE

Footpath on your right.

SALLY

Right.

Sally nods and sets off dragging her Travel Trunk.

GEORGE

Steer clear of roads. You don't seem to handle them too well.

Sally sighs and makes her way towards a dirt path framed by hedges.

George turns back to see her leave through the path - and sees that on the floor are a set of car keys.

He shakes his head.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Sally drags the Trunk across the uneven dirt floor.

The pathway curves and twists but has no exits - it is framed entirely by hedgerow.

She looks around at the green hillsides and old-fashioned coastal homes dotted around her.

She stumbles over some errant rocks and drops the Trunk to the ground.

She collapses on the floor by it, breathing heavily.

She rubs hers temple.

RUSTLE

A few metres ahead of her the hedgerow moves.

She looks to the sound and presses herself back into the Trunk.

The Scruffy Dog (the one who had ran away on the road) emerges from the hedge.

Sally laughs.

SALLY

Hey you - are you scared little
man?

Sally reaches out a hand towards the Scruffy Dog who growls in response.

She whips back her hand.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's about right.

She clambers to her feet and lifts up the Trunk again.

She starts to drag it along the path once more - giving the Dog as wide a berth as she can manage.

It watches her go, and cocks its head curiously.

EXT. CHALET PLOT - DAY

The plot rests on the edge of a short cliff drop overlooking a dismal stony beach.

The sun is going down as Sally emerges from the footpath by the plot.

She stops at the edge of the grounds and looks around.

There is more empty space on the plot than anything else. A large oval field separates the isolated chalets.

The grass grows unchecked.

Of the few chalets that occupy the plot, only a couple are finished. The rest remain in various states of completion, each with their own "For Sale" sign.

Sally looks to the chalet nearest the cliff's edge.

There are few windows on the front of the building, and its exterior paint has been worn down badly by the sea air.

Sally looks around the empty grounds.

The sound of wind through the grass.

She drags the Trunk towards the cliffside chalet.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

CLICK. CREAK.

The doorway to the chalet opens and Sally enters dragging the Trunk behind her.

She surveys the mess of the room.

The inside of the chalet has taken on the function of an impromptu art studio.

Thick patches of paint line the floor and some of the walls. A folded up easel rests against a wall, and a cloth covered stand has filthy paintbrushes piled on it.

There is a small kitchenette / dining area - dirty plates and glasses clutter the sink and sides.

Joined to that section is what would once have been the living room - but is now the focus of the majority of the art paraphernalia.

In a corner of the room rests a single armchair by a glass patio door / window and an open doorway to the bedroom.

Through the glass of the patio door is a view of the ocean.

Sally's shoulders sag.

INT. CHALET BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is bare - devoid of any touches of personality or comfort. A double bed, with an uncovered duvet and a desk lamp are all that really occupy the space.

Sally hauls the travel Trunk up and onto the bed with some effort.

She clicks the latches open and lifts up the lid.

Inside the trunk is packed tight with protective fabric wrapped carefully around something.

She peels back the layers of cloth to reveal the Damaged Portrait.

A large gash through the centre - neatly.

Sally looks down at it.

She moves to take it out of the trunk - but then pulls her hands back at the last moment.

She shuts the lid.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Sally kneels in the studio area, hair tied back, scrubbing at the paint marks on the floor.

They don't come off.

She wipes her brow.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Sally clears the kitchenette sides - washes dishes and cleans glasses.

She looks behind her for a moment towards the open bedroom doorway - the Trunk rests on the bed.

She turns back to the sink and continues to clean.

The light from the patio window is growing dim.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sally sets the easel up in the centre of the room.

She sighs and takes a step back - leaning against the wall. She slumps down beside the cloth covered stand.

The room is neater now - still paint smeared in patches, but otherwise much more clean.

She leans against the cloth covered stand by her side and it topples.

She removes the cloth to reveal a multitude of framed paintings - stacked one on top of the other.

She pulls the paintings out one by one and inspects them.

They are all of different subjects and of different styles - but some of them have been painted over with a grotesque and dark style more similar to John's.

She runs her hand over one of the paintings - down to JOHN'S SIGNATURE.

She puts the painting down and rubs her eyes.

She falls asleep.

EXT. OCEAN DREAMWORLD - NIGHT

Sally wakes up standing on the surface of a calm ocean.

She looks upward and sees a dark blue sky with no stars - but instead there are splotches of colours flashing in and out of existence

She looks around her and sees the coastline. A small cliff stands against the water, and atop that the chalet.

A shadowed Shape stands by the chalet, watching her.

Sally takes a step towards the coastline, and her footsteps send slow ripples out across the surface of the water.

She picks up the pace and the ripples grow more chaotic.

Black, oily SHADOWS move beneath the surface of the water.

The more she moves towards the coastline - the further away it seems to get.

She begins to run now - growing frantic.

The water stops holding her weight and begins to cling to her - sticking to her feet like thick oil.

The Shadows under the water grow larger.

Sally opens her mouth to scream - no sound comes out.

Her foot sticks deep in the now thick oily waters.

She struggles to pull it free.

The Shadows in the water beneath her merge together - forming something large and black.

It begins to rise rapidly.

She reaches an arm out towards the Shape atop the cliff and screams once more - still silence.

There is the thunderous sound of a tidal wave as the large force beneath the waves strikes -

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Sally wakes up on the floor of the studio area.

She pushes herself up.

Her face is slick with sweat.

She blinks, clearing her eyes.

The light of the rising sun shines in through the patio windows.

Standing on the other side of the glass sits the Scruffy Dog.

It eyes her curiously.

Sally smiles through her exhaustion.

She stands and makes her way to the kitchenette.

She gets a coffee mug and a bowl.

The dog continues to watch.

She prepares herself a coffee and a bowl of water for the dog.

She heads outside through the patio.

Behind her, through the doorway to the bedroom, the Trunk rests on the bed - open.

On the floor, propped against the bed is the Damaged Portrait.

EXT. CHALET PORCH - DAY

Sally places her coffee on a wall.

She puts the bowl of water down on the floor.

The Scruffy Dog cautiously approaches her.

SALLY
No growling okay? I bring
refreshments.

The Scruffy Dog sniffs her hand tentatively and allows her to stroke him.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Stray?

He looks at her.

SALLY (CONT'D)
That's okay.

She smiles and looks up from the Scruffy Dog to see - her car, parked beside the chalet.

She walks over to it and finds a note placed under the windshield wiper.

SALLY (CONT'D)
"Look after your keys. George."

She heads back over to her coffee.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Surly. But nice. Like you.

She looks to the Scruffy Dog who paws at the water bowl and whimpers softly.

She picks up her coffee.

Looking down over the cliff she sees someone on the beach - George. He stands staring out at the ocean.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Must be peaceful living this close
to the sea.

She sips her coffee absentmindedly.

She spits it out.

She looks from the coffee to the dog bowl.

She kneels down and smells the water.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Is that seawater?

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - DAY

Sally walks along the coastline, her phone in one hand
pressed to her ear.

The other arm waves about freely as she strolls.

ADAM (V.O.)
I don't know what to tell you Sal,
it's a relatively rustic property.

SALLY
Rustic properties don't typically
have saltwater in their pipes.

The Scruffy Dog runs up to her with some driftwood.

ADAM (V.O.)
I can try and get someone out - but
if you can get yourself some
bottled water for now I can cover
the tab for you, no problem.

She takes the driftwood from the Scruffy Dog.

SALLY
(To the Scruffy Dog)
Thankyou.

She makes a show of throwing it down the beach.

The Scruffy Dog chases after it.

ADAM (V.O.)
How are you doing? You sound busy?

SALLY

Well, I'm still not sleeping great.
I'm still having these dreams. But
I think I'm starting to feel
better, actually.

Adam clears his throat.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You mean how am I doing with the
painting. It's going fine.

ADAM (V.O.)

Fine is better than bad, I suppose.

The Scruffy Dog returns with the stick. Sally collects it,
and swings it in her hand as she walks.

The Scruffy Dog follows the stick.

SALLY

Actually - there's something I
needed to ask you about. I found
some paintings.

Adam pauses for a moment.

ADAM (V.O.)

More of John's?

SALLY

Maybe. They looked different. They
weren't in his style. Not wholly
anyway.

ADAM (V.O.)

I don't know anything about-

SALLY

Do you think he was...

Sally stops walking. The Scruffy Dog loses interest in the
stick and takes off after some stray seagulls.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Do you think he was trying to
change?

ADAM (V.O.)

His style?

SALLY

Yeah... Or himself? Maybe he knew things were getting worse and he tried to - fix it?

ADAM (V.O.)

Hey you know what just occurred to me?

SALLY

What?

ADAM

There's a wine cellar under the building you know. The pipes run through there. John said something a few times about the water pooling inside. He even used it in his work! Yes that's right. Added some texture he said.

SALLY

Adam you don't mix oil paint with water, let alone whatever is in those pipes. It just doesn't -

From Adam's end there's the sound of a door opening.

DIANE (V.O.)

(through the phone, in the background)

I brought you some coffee.

ADAM (V.O.)

Got to go, call me with an update soon.

SALLY

Wait is that Diane -

The phone call cuts off.

Sally looks down at the screen for a moment - and then to the Scruffy Dog who is running about aimlessly.

Sally whistles and he turns to attention.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Come on Scruff. We've got work to do.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Adam sits at his desk - his phone laid flat on it. The photo of John and himself is gone.

His collar is undone, as if he had been nervously fiddling with it.

In the doorway stands Diane, with a cup of coffee.

DIANE
Sorry, is everything alright?

ADAM
Fine - just some things I forgot to move around. I thought we talked about you barging into my office.

Diane takes a step back.

DIANE
Well I -

She looks at the walls of the office - they are bare.

On the floor are some hardwood boxes - the kind used for transporting paintings.

DIANE (CONT'D)
- What happened to your paintings?

Adam leans back in his chair.

ADAM
Oh. I've boxed them up. For the gallery.

DIANE
I thought you were keeping those?

ADAM
Well it didn't seem right. They'll fit in there.

DIANE
Right. Of course.

She heads towards the desk with the coffee.

DIANE (CONT'D)
It's just you always said how much they meant to you, and with John being your friend I assumed -

Adam stands up and moves around his desk, blocking her view of his computer and preventing her from moving any further forward.

Diane notices the attention to the computer.

ADAM

Diane you really can't just walk in here when I'm working.

DIANE

Right. Sorry. I was going to go call Sally anyway, so I'll get out of your hair.

ADAM

Oh she just rang. She says she's doing great. Well rested. Enjoying the sea air.

DIANE

Oh - that's good. If she's free then I'll -

ADAM

No, she's gone back to work on the painting. She doesn't want to be disturbed. Practically kicked me off the phone.

He sips his coffee.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Speaking of which.

Diane nods and smiles.

DIANE

I'll leave it then. I'll talk to her next time she calls you.

Diane moves to leave - but before she gets out the door she turns.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Do you remember you once gave me one of John's paintings?

Adam shrugs.

ADAM

Can't say that I do. Are you sure you're remembering that right?

DIANE

A landscape? Never mind. I was just thinking if I found it might make a nice gift for Sally.

ADAM

Or the exhibit.

Diane smiles.

Adam returns to his desk.

She leaves and shuts the door.

Adam sighs.

He looks at his monitor.

The page open is one for an online private auction.

The items pictured are the paintings from the walls of his office.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Beside the easel in the centre of the studio space Sally has laid out an assortment of tools (a CRAFT KNIFE, a small bottle of GLUE, a fresh BLANK CANVAS, some BRUSHES and a bottle of TURPENTINE).

By the wall rests the Damaged Portrait.

Sally pours some bottled water into a new dog bowl on the floor. Scruff waits patiently until the bottle is empty.

SALLY

All the had little man, drink it up.

As the last drop falls into the bowl Scruff leaps for it and drinks messily.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I feel you.

She turns to the art supplies.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Now, pay close attention.

Scruff stops drinking and pads over to the studio area and lays himself down in a makeshift bed of clothing.

He watches Sally.

SALLY (CONT'D)
The first step is to examine the
extent of the damage.

She reluctantly places the Damaged Portrait in front of her.
She looks at it, and traces the slash mark with her finger.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

She clears throat.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Nothing we can't fix.

She turns the Damaged Portrait over and places it carefully
on the floor - perfectly flat.

She looks over to Scruff.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You have to fix it from the back.
We can't do any more damage, and we
can't show any damage.

She reaches for the Blank Canvas and places it over the back
of the Damaged Portrait - measuring it by eye.

SALLY (CONT'D)
"Every blank canvas overflows with
its own potential" - I have no idea
who said that. But this canvas's
potential is going to be as a
saviour to our damaged one.

Sally lays the Blank Canvas flat beside her.

She takes the Craft Knife and slices the Blank Canvas cleanly
and methodically.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Don't need this, or this... Every
little cut is permanent. There!

She holds up the newly CUT CANVAS PIECE, and places it
delicately onto the back of the Damaged Portrait.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Now the stressful part.

She picks up the Glue.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Don't let me catch you huffing
this, Scruff.

She carefully glues along the edges of the Cut Canvas Piece
and then refits it over the back of the Damaged Portrait.

She seals it with great care.

When she is done she holds up FIXED UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Now all we have to do is wait. And
then -

She sighs.

SALLY (CONT'D)
- to finish the painting.

She leans the Fixed Unfinished Portrait up against the wall.

She looks back at the cut pieces of canvas on the floor.

SALLY (CONT'D)
All this waste for one simple
mistake.

She wipes her brow and looks at Scruff.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Do I seem dehydrated to you?

INT. CHALET WINE CELLAR - DAY

The door at the top of the stairs opens with a creak. Sally
enters and flicks a light switch.

The lighting hums to life - and continuous to hum.

The floor is littered with a variety of debris and detritus.

One side of the room is fully occupied with wine racks.

Beyond them is a water tank - an assortment of pipes run from
it. On the floor by the water tank is a MAINTENANCE HATCH.

SALLY
Okay Sally, time to do your own
plumbing.

Sally heads down the steps and past the wine racks - they are
sparse but not depleted - towards the water tank.

She inspects the tank - and sees the Maintenance Hatch.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I have no idea what any of this is.

She kneels down and opens the Hatch - revealing that underneath is a hole filled with a thick, oozing black substance.

She covers her nose.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Or what that is.

She reaches for a nearby bit of detritus - she moves to poke the substance with it -

CRACK-SPLUTTER

Sally jumps to her feet.

From behind her one of the pipes on the wall rattles - the pipes are coated in rust, and a mould-like oily substance.

It's begun to seep onto the walls.

She shuts the hatch and frowns.

Looking back to the top of the stairs she sees Scruff watching her.

He cocks his head. She cocks hers in response.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY

Sally sits on a bench in the garden of the New Inn. From here she can see the hills and coastline - and the chalet lot.

Scruff rests on the floor beside her.

Looking around the garden she sees the Older Couple with a Dog from the previous day.

Their Dog sits on the bench beside them and they treat it like a child.

Sally looks down at Scruff and shakes her head.

George enters the garden carrying a tray with coffee, milk and sugar cubes - as well as a glass of water.

SALLY

Thankyou - for the car. And the coffee, obviously.

She smiles.

GEORGE

Welcome. Try not to lose them again.

SALLY

Do you own the inn?

GEORGE

Mhm. Why?

SALLY

I was just hoping you might know some good repairmen in the area then?

GEORGE

Isolated out here. If it needs doing, I do it myself.

He turns to walk away.

SALLY

It is pretty out-of-the-way here isn't it. It's peaceful, especially with the sea so close. I saw you there this morning.

He stops in his tracks.

SALLY (CONT'D)

If I lived here I think I'd try to get down there for the sunrise. It's so... Calming. Especially by yourself.

GEORGE

You'd do well not to spy on people.

SALLY

Excuse -

GEORGE

Or pry into their personal business.

SALLY

I wasn't -

GEORGE

My advice? You'd do well to mind your own. And if you've got something that needs doing, you best get on with it. Like everyone else does. By yourself.

He walks away.

SALLY

I was just -

He goes back inside the inn.

SALLY (CONT'D)

-trying to make conversation.

Sally sits in shock.

She takes out her phone and calls Diane.

It rings for a moment -

ADAM (V.O.)

Hey Sal, everything okay?

SALLY

Oh. Hi, Adam. Where's Diane?

ADAM (V.O.)

She's kind of busy right now - can I help?

SALLY

No - I just wanted to speak to her.

ADAM (V.O.)

Sorry - I'll let her know. How's the painting going?

SALLY

Great.

ADAM (V.O.)

Fantastic. I'll call you later.

Sally hangs up.

She looks down at her coffee - and then over towards the chalet in the distance.

Scruff whines.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - NIGHT

The sunlight streaming through the patio windows grows dim.

Sally storms into the chalet - Scruff trailing behind her.

She heads straight into the cellar. Scruff follows her cautiously down the steps.

Moments later he runs back up, followed by Sally who clutches a bottle of wine.

SALLY

Best get on with it by myself then.

She moves to the studio area, and places the Fixed Unfinished Portrait on the easel.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Because no one's going to do it for me. I'll just handle it myself.

She grabs her brushes and paints.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Like I always do.

She begins to paint, and as she paints she drinks from the wine bottle.

Scruff whimpers and scurries out of the living area - into the bedroom.

Sally paints with passion and precision.

Behind the Portrait is the armchair - and it sits a shadowed figure - the Shape. It oozes - physically and vocally.

Sally never takes her eyes off the painting.

JOHN (O.C.)

Do you need help?

SALLY

No.

JOHN (O.C.)

I think you do.

Sally tuts at herself - a misplaced brushstroke.

JOHN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Mistake?

She continues to paint - filling in the blank patches of canvas.

SALLY

Nothing I can't mend. I have
experience fixing broken things.

The Shape leans forward in the chair - the movement accompanied by various squelching sounds.

JOHN (O.C.)

You didn't mend me though did you.

SALLY

You were never like this.

Sally paints furiously.

JOHN (O.C.)

You let me die.

She grits her teeth.

SALLY

This isn't you. This isn't what you
were like.

JOHN (O.C.)

Did you ever really know me? Maybe
it's all your fault. Maybe it
always has been.

Sally throws down her brush.

SALLY

All I ever did was put my heart
into everything for you! And now I
have nothing left because you took
it all with you!

She looks away from the canvas towards the armchair - no one is there.

She turns angrily back towards the NEW PORTRAIT.

It's brighter than it was - Sally has painted her colour palette over John's.

It is still a surrealistic portrait of a man, but the light and colour of it now shines through.

She stares at the work - and moves to touch the face in the painting.

The sounds of the room begin to fade away and they are replaced by an unnatural stillness - the complete absence of natural atmospheric sounds.

And then, waves...

EXT. OCEAN DREAMWORLD - NIGHT

Sally stands once more on the ocean waters.

Her hand is still outstretched as if the New Portrait was in front of her - It isn't.

The sky is a swirl of colours, merging and dancing together - like oil paints mixing on a canvas, never really blending.

She looks back to the shore.

She turns away from it.

She wanders further out onto the ocean.

Beneath her she sees the swirling oily Shadows forming again.

She stops walking. She sits and then lays down on the surface of the water.

The oily Shadows beneath the water form more tendrils, which themselves grow and writhe.

They reach up towards her and grasp at her, pulling her slowly under the surface of the water.

A hollow distorted scream echoes as all becomes darkness.

Silence.

And then -

FRANTIC BARKING.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - DAY

Sally wakes up on the beach, retching on the pebbles.

Scruff sits nearby barking at her, panic stricken.

Her clothes are soaked. She looks at the dog but doesn't smile.

GEORGE (O.C.)
Got yourself a guardian angel
there.

Sally turns to see George stood beside her. His clothes are wet, and his hard features show deep concern.

INT. INN BAR - DAY

Sally, now in a change of clothing, sits at a table inside the inn. Scruff sits dotingly by her leg.

A fireplace crackles nearby, its mantle covered in photographs.

George enters from a doorway behind the bar counter carrying food and coffee - the latter in a worn mug, not the kind she had been served earlier.

He places it on the table in front of Sally and nods towards it with a small grunt.

To Sally's visible surprise he pulls out a chair opposite her and sits.

GEORGE
Knew you had that look about you,
when you said you were lost.

Sally begins to eat her food and watches him speak.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I used to look like that. It
follows you about. Loss.

He shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's tough.

She sips the coffee and gives him a sympathetic look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
My wife.

Sally pauses.

SALLY
My husband.

He nods.

GEORGE
She drowned.

SALLY
I'm sorry. Was it an accident?

George stays quiet for a moment. He doesn't make eye contact.

GEORGE
No.

Sally looks down at Scruff, who looks back up at her.

George stands from the table and heads over to the mantelpiece.

He takes a photograph from it and hands it to Sally before sitting back down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That's her. Florence.

Sally looks at the PHOTOGRAPH OF FLORENCE - she stands in front of the New Inn. She's young in the photo.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's an old one, but I like that one best.

Sally smiles - and then stops.

SALLY
How do you do it?

George looks at her curiously and she gestures around the room.

SALLY (CONT'D)
All of it... Carry on like nothing happened?

GEORGE
I don't. It happened. And it kept happening, and it just never stopped. I was still here, only now she weren't. So I kept on living like I had to, and I don't plan on stopping any time soon.

SALLY
I don't know if I could do that.

George sighs.

GEORGE

You have to. There was good and bad, and then more bad - and soon there'll be more good again. You've got to remember both parts though.

Sally puts down the Photograph of Florence.

SALLY

I came here trying to find my husband. Finish his work. Commemorate him. Save our home. But sometimes I'm not even sure why.

GEORGE

Maybe it's time then.

George leans forward in his chair and smiles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time you do something for yourself and not for your husband.

Sally opens her mouth to speak - and realises she doesn't know what to say.

She shakes her head.

She gets up from her chair and Scruff stirs.

SALLY

Sorry, I just don't think - Nothing. It's fine. Thankyou for... The hospitality and everything. But I have things that need to be done.

George frowns and watches as she heads to the door, Scruff following.

GEORGE

Whatever you do kit, just make sure you're looking after yourself first.

Sally pauses at the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Grief is a lot like getting stuck out on the water. You'll tire yourself out if you're not careful. Then you sink.

Sally leaves. George watches her go, a look of sadness and concern on his face.

He picks up the Photograph of Florence.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Diane sits on a sofa reading a book.

Adam enters from the hallway and moves towards the front door.

DIANE
You're finishing early.

ADAM
I have to go meet some clients.
About the exhibit.

DIANE
I was hoping to see some posters
for that by now. I thought I could
send a picture to Sally.

Adam shrugs.

ADAM
These things take time.

He heads over to Diane and gives her a kiss on the head. She half-smiles.

He heads back towards the door and opens it.

DIANE
Oh - have you seen my phone?

Adam doesn't turn around.

ADAM
No - is it missing?

DIANE
Probably not.

He looks over his shoulder at her.

She shifts in her seat uncomfortably, but waves him goodbye.

He leaves.

She waits a few moments before placing the book down and running over to the window.

Through the window sees Adam getting in his car and driving away.

She heads through door to the hallway.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Diane enters the room and makes her way over to the desk.

There are even more painting storage boxes on the floor now.

She sits at the computer and turns the monitor on - it is locked.

Diane thinks for a moment and then types her name.

It doesn't work. She tries a different submission, and then another. Nothing.

She sits back and chews her nail.

She sighs - and types "1-2-3-4"

The computer logs on.

She shakes her head.

DIANE

Genius.

The screen loads up.

The auction site.

Diane's mouth falls open.

She clicks through pages of the paintings - all of them listing John's works for sale or sold.

A sound of something vibrating against metal comes from beside her.

She jumps.

The sound is coming from one of the drawers of the desk.

She opens the drawer to find - her phone.

Sally is calling.

Diane stares at it for a moment before reaching down and picking it up.

She answers.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Sally?

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Scruff paws at his empty water bowl while Sally paces the room with her phone to her ear.

SALLY
Diane it's finished. The painting's finished.

Sally turns to the now covered easel.

DIANE (V.O.)
Sally I have to tell you something -

SALLY
I tried to call Adam but he didn't answer - but it's done. I did it!

DIANE (V.O.)
Are you alright? You don't sound good -

Behind her, the door to the cellar opens - just a crack. She doesn't notice - but Scruff does.

SALLY
I'm panicking about some choices I've made. In the style.

Scruff cocks his head towards the door to the cellar and pads his way over to it.

DIANE (V.O.)
Sally listen -

SALLY
I mean I'm just fretting over nothing maybe but -

INT. CHALET WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Scruff pads down the steps to the cellar - sniffing the air.

SALLY (O.S.)
- I'm starting to worry that maybe
I've done this all wrong - the
colours I mean - Diane will you
please listen to me!

A bubbling sound comes from the Maintenance Hatch.

It opens.

Scruff moves towards it.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

SALLY
I think I've done it how I would do
it, not how John would do it - and
if it's meant to commemorate him,
shouldn't it be closer to his
style?

Sally unveils the painting.

She takes a step back.

The painting has reverted back to it's unfinished state - as
it was before Sally started to work on it.

DIANE (V.O.)
Sally you don't understand what I'm
trying to tell you here!

Sally drops her phone and moves toward the Unfinished
Portrait.

She reaches out and touches where the face should be.

DIANE (V.O.)
Sally! There's isn't an exhibit!
Adam's made the whole thing up!
He's just selling -

SALLY
How did this happen...

DIANE (V.O.)
- Sally? Are you there?

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Diane looks at her phone.

She looks at the computer monitor again. She locks it again.

She puts her phone back in the drawer.

She heads to leave the room - but then pauses.

She goes to the boxes on the floor, and looks through them.

She finds a small one, and opens the sealing.

Inside is a DARK LANDSCAPE PORTRAIT - a nature scene, but in John's unique style.

She takes a deep breath.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Sally stares at the painting.

SALLY

I did everything right. But this is
all wrong - what did I do wrong?

A whining sound comes from the basement.

Sally turns and sees the open basement door.

INT. CHALET WINE CELLAR - DAY

Sally runs down the stairs towards Scruff who is lying on the floor by the open hatch - black ooze coats his muzzle and drips from his mouth.

He convulses and whines - clearly in a bad state.

Sally moves without thinking.

She sprints back upstairs -

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

- and to the kitchen sink.

She fills Scruff's bowl with saltwater from the tap.

INT. CHALET WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally kneels by Scruff, his head on her knee. She whispers to him and tries to soothe him.

She holds the water bowl to his mouth and tries to get him to drink.

SALLY

Please...

He laps at the water, head still lolled to one side.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Please work...

Nothing happens.

Sally closes her eyes.

The dog retches - black oil coming from his mouth.

Sally opens her eyes - tears stream down her cheeks.

She lets out a sigh of relief as Scruff licks her arm - the obtrusive mess now out of his system.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You're such an idiot!

She strokes his head.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You lovely, stupid idiot! Why would you even -

She looks to the hatch - the black oil substance swirling within.

Her eyes open wide.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam walks from his car to the front door, chatting on his phone.

ADAM

You don't have to worry. It's a John Markham original. Yeah - found it after he died. You know how that affects the price right? Good - so long as we're both clear here.

He opens the door of his home to see -

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Diane in the centre of the room, with full suitcases.

ADAM

- I'll have to call you back.

He hangs up the phone and puts it away.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's this?

DIANE

I need the car. I'm going to see Sally.

ADAM

It's getting late. What's the rush?

DIANE

She called. She sounded like she wasn't very well so I want to go make sure she's okay.

ADAM

I thought you'd lost your phone?

DIANE

She called the house.

ADAM

How'd she get the number?

DIANE

I put it in her phone - for emergencies.

Adam stares at her. She shifts uneasily.

He smiles.

ADAM

I'm sure it's nothing - I'll call her.

He moves to take out his phone.

DIANE

She said the painting's finished.

He freezes.

ADAM

Really?

She nods.

DIANE

So if we go now, we can pick it up
and check on her - make sure
they're both alright.

She tries to smile - but it falters slightly. Adam sees it.

ADAM

Why don't I drive us both down
tomorrow? Like I said, it's late.
Could be dangerous.

DIANE

I really think -

ADAM

It'll be dangerous to drive when it
gets dark. I'll take us both
tomorrow. I insist.

Diane looks away from him, and then smiles and nods.

DIANE

You're right. Fine.

ADAM

I always am.

He smiles back.

INT. CHALET STUDIO AREA - NIGHT

Through the open door to the bedroom, Scruff rests on the bed
- watching Sally in the studio area.

Sally stands by the easel with her tools - and a glass of the
thick, oily liquid from the basement beside her.

SALLY

Mixing this shouldn't work - they
shouldn't go together. Not at all.

She mixes some of the liquid with her oil paints - the effect
is strange - a shimmering darker colour palette is created.

SALLY (CONT'D)

So what is this? Why does it work?

She takes up the brush tentatively and makes the first stroke
on the canvas.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I think I know how you felt now.

She looks to the armchair - it is empty.

She paints without the frantic passion she previously had.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I've been losing my mind. I've felt
alone and lost. Terrified and sick.

The door to the bedroom shuts slowly and quietly.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry it took me so long.

Beneath her, the gaps in the floor begin to fill with black oil - it rises up from the cellar.

Tiny black tendrils writhe and twitch.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I must have been so selfish before.

Wet, dripping footsteps come from behind her - she doesn't turn - something is coming up from the cellar. When it speaks, its voice is wet and wretched.

JOHN (O.C.)
It works because you need it to. I
forgive you.

The Shape - John's inhuman form - walks up behind Sally.

Black, oily arms - not fully solid or formed - wrap around her tenderly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're improving.

SALLY
You taught me how.

Sally makes a final brushstroke as the liquid of John's arm envelops her own.

She turns her head and pushes her cheek lovingly into the shifting mass of his "face". This too begins to absorb her.

The tendrils from the floor grasp at Sally's feet. As her form is fully subsumed.

I love you SALLY (CONT'D) JOHN
I love you.

INT. CHALET BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scruff pushes himself under the bed - away from the doorway.
In the gap under the door oily tendrils dance.
Scruff barks worriedly.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - DAY

Adam drives with Diane in the passenger seat.
Diane stares out the window, avoiding eye contact.
Adam winds down a window.

ADAM
Smell that sea air. Wonderful.

He looks to Diane.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey - are you alright? You haven't
said anything the whole trip. Three
hours is a long time to sit in
quiet.

DIANE
I'm just worried.

ADAM
She'll be fine.

He pats her knee - she flinches.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Ah - here we are!

EXT. CHALET PLOT - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Diane pull up in their car to the chalet opposite
Sally's.

As soon as the car hits a complete stop Diane exits and runs
straight over towards Sally's chalet.

Adam gets out of the car and waves his arms in protest.

ADAM
Di! Give her a chance to wake up at
least before you go knocking the
door down!

She continues to run - ignoring him.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing Diane?

Adam takes off after her.

Diane reaches the door and knocks.

No response.

She knocks again, harder.

DIANE
Sally!

Adam arrives behind her.

ADAM
Di - let's unpack the car before
you lose your mind over nothing!

Diane glares at him.

She twists the door handle and it opens -

Scruff bolts out through it and runs halfway across the field
between the chalets and stops.

He turns and faces the couple.

DIANE
Sally?

Diane heads through the door and Adam sighs following her.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Diane and Adam enter the chalet and look around. The studio
area is once again a mess - cluttered and dirty - but there
are no signs of any oil or ooze.

The armchair has been moved to the centre of the room and
faces out the patio window.

The easel rests nearby, once again covered.

A hushed but sharp whispering sound comes from the direction
of the armchair.

DIANE
Sally?

Sally's arm comes out from the side of the chair, and then her face peeks round the side.

SALLY

Oh. I wasn't expecting you.

Sally stands up from the chair and approaches Adam and Diane.

Diane heads straight over to her and freezes - Sally has bags under her eyes, her skin is pallid and moist.

Adam heads over to the covered easel.

ADAM

Is this it?

SALLY

It is.

Adam carefully removes the covering.

DIANE

Sally you look sick.

SALLY

I feel great. I feel complete again.

Adam looks at the FINAL PORTRAIT.

It is good - maybe even a masterpiece. It is grotesque, dark and twisted. It is a self portrait still - but now it is of a woman.

ADAM

This is fantastic...

DIANE

Sally... What did you do?

Sally smiles softly. Adam claps his hands.

ADAM

This is better than I imagined.
This exactly what the exhibition
needed! When people see this
portrait -

DIANE

- There isn't any exhibition!

Sally looks at Diane curiously. Adam looks at Diane furiously.

ADAM

What are you -

DIANE

He's selling the paintings online. All of them. Everything he still had a hold of. All going to private bidders.

ADAM

Diane -

DIANE

Enough of the bullshit Adam! You lied to Sally - your lied to me. He was never going to credit you for the painting. He was already selling it off as John's. He was only going to pay you a fraction of what it was all worth - weren't you?

Adam rubs his temple.

ADAM

You absolute -

DIANE

Sally I'm sorry! I tried to tell you on the phone but -

She looks at Sally and pauses.

Sally smiles at her.

Adam looks confused.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Sally - do you understand what I'm telling you? He never planned on memorialising John. You have to believe I had no idea.

SALLY

I understand. It doesn't really make a difference does it.

DIANE

What?

Adam regains his composure.

SALLY

The painting is done, and since it doesn't have an owner for the moment I think I'd like to keep it.

ADAM

Well I mean -

SALLY

Now you have the proof I can provide the work, well. There can always be more "lost pieces" to discover can't there?

Diane takes a step back from her friend.

Adam takes a step towards her. He laughs.

ADAM

John really did rub off on you didn't he?

DIANE

Sally - don't you even care -

SALLY

About what? Now John can live on forever. There will be more work - and Adam and I can agree on payments beforehand.

ADAM

That sounds like a fair deal to me! Sally - dinner, tonight, our place just across the way. We'll make this official. I have to make some calls!

Adam claps his hands and walks out the chalet.

DIANE

Sally - this isn't right -

SALLY

Yes it is. It's just not what you thought was right Diane. You should head after your husband - I don't think you have anywhere else to go.

Diane stands in silence and watches as Sally turns around and heads to her armchair.

Diane looks to the floor and heads out of the chalet.

Sally stares out of the patio windows at the ocean.

A slither of black moves around in the corner of her eye.

EXT. INN BEER GARDEN - DAY

Adam sits at one end of the bench on his phone, not looking at Diane who sits opposite him.

Adam is jovial - Diane looks utterly defeated.

ADAM

No honestly it's fantastic - offers
will be streaming in. Yeah, Yeah.
It's great.

He looks at Diane.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Just a second. What's the matter?
With the stunt you pulled you're
lucky to be here.

DIANE

I just don't believe this.

ADAM

Believe it Di - you were wrong
about her. Seems like Sally got
just what she needed - thanks to
me. And now everyone gets what they
wanted.

DIANE

No, you got what you wanted.

ADAM

Look, if you can't be happy for us -
be happy for your friend! She's
finally found a purpose.

He turns his full attention back to the phone call.

Diane shakes her head and gets up.

She heads inside the bar.

INT. INN BAR - DAY

Diane heads over to the counter, where George tends bar.

Her eyes stay confused on the floor.

GEORGE

Fight?

DIANE

Are you offering?

GEORGE

No. With the husband?

DIANE

Not exactly. Well, there should have been. But I lost before it even started.

George nods.

GEORGE

Staying long?

DIANE

No. We're just visiting a friend. I wanted to bring her back but now - now I think she'd rather stay. She's been working on a painting. It's a whole long story.

George's eyes light up.

GEORGE

Your friend... wouldn't be Sally would it?

DIANE

You've met her?

GEORGE

Nice girl. Sad.

DIANE

Wow. I didn't realise she'd been even getting out of the that dump. Maybe I was wrong after all. Maybe she is doing better.

George's expression turns grave.

GEORGE

I'm not so sure about that.

Diane looks at him in the eyes.

He sighs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sit down. I'll fix you a drink.

EXT. CHALET PLOT - NIGHT

The sun is going down and there is a light misty rain.

Sally's dress flutters softly as she walks from her chalet to Adam and Diane's.

She acts blissful, but her strained features and tired eyes show she is unwell.

Nearby on the grass Scruff watches her.

SALLY
The rain reminds me of
brushstrokes.

She twirls tiredly across the field.

SALLY (CONT'D)
They're all individual - but they
seem to happen all at once... All
together.

She laughs - and spots Scruff.

She heads towards him and kneels down.

Scruff whines and sniffs her hand.

Sally smiles at him - and the grin is stretched and pained - it doesn't meet her eyes.

Scruff growls and backs away.

Sally withdraws her hand and her expression grows stern.

JOHN (V.O.)
That's what you get for helping
strays. You should know better.

SALLY
Sorry.

She continues towards Adam and Diane's chalet.

INT. ADAM AND DIANE'S CHALET - NIGHT

The chalet is nearly identical in layout to Sally's but has a functional living area - the table and chairs make the room more suited for hosting than painting.

Diane sits quietly on an armchair. Adam sets out three empty champagne glasses and holds a bottle of champagne.

ADAM

Still going to play the hurt heroine?

Diane looks away from him.

He fills only two of the glasses.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Sally enters - letting herself in.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Here she is - the woman of the hour. Come in, have a drink. I think Diane's had enough.

Sally walks over and takes a glass.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Adam and Sally clink glasses. Diane watches.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ah - I wanted to get you some of the figures for the sales. I think the unfortunate nature of our earlier conversation might have given you some concerns, so I intend to put them at ease. One moment.

He moves to leave the room, but not before turning to Diane.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't sour the mood while I'm gone Di.

He exits.

Diane turns to Sally.

DIANE

I spoke to George. He says you've not been well.

SALLY

I don't know anyone named George. Maybe you're the one feeling unwell?

DIANE

He said you wandered into the sea at night. That you could have drowned.

She looks at her friends face - hard.

Sally shrugs and sips her champagne.

DIANE (CONT'D)

This is all my fault isn't it? If I hadn't have trusted him, opened my eyes a bit more, then you'd have been safe. This was all too much.

SALLY

I'm fine Diane. You might want me to be broken, but sadly I'm not. Sorry to disappoint.

Diane sighs.

DIANE

I don't want you to be broken Sally. If you won't be open or honest with me, then fine. I've made a mistake. But I brought you something. I hope that at least shows that I'm happy for you, if you are happy.

Diane moves behind a counter and reveals a paper wrapped PRESENT.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I brought this with a sales receipt from Adam. In case you needed proof of what he was up to. But since that's not an issue anymore -

She hands it to Sally.

DIANE (CONT'D)
- maybe it can just be a gift.
Something to remember John by. And
for me to say I'm sorry.

Sally opens the present to reveal the Dark Landscape
Portrait.

Her eye twitches.

DIANE (CONT'D)
I told you John did landscapes.

Diane smiles.

Sally stares at the painting. Her body tenses up.

Swirls of black dance in her eyes.

SALLY
(almost a whisper)
I painted that.

DIANE
Hmm?

SALLY
That's mine. I painted that.

Sally glares at the Dark Landscape Portrait - it is the
Picturesque Landscape she had painted - only John has painted
over it.

SALLY (CONT'D)
In his studio - I painted it - and
he hated it - he told me I should
do better.

DIANE
No this is one of John's - see?

Diane gestures to the artists signature in the corner. It's
John's.

SALLY
He painted over my signature. He
painted over my painting.

Adam re-enters with some documents.

ADAM
Okay so some of these are just
speculation but -

He sees the painting they're holding. Sally clenches her teeth.

SALLY
You knew about this didn't you?

ADAM
Where'd you get that?

DIANE
You'd better start explaining.

SALLY
John stole my artwork and then you sold it as his - didn't you? Say something!

ADAM
Oh please - we would never have sold it without John's name attached.

Diane looks at her husband with disgust.

SALLY
He told me I wasn't good enough.

ADAM
There was just such a demand! Let's not overreact here.

SALLY
You stole from me. You both did.

ADAM
Oh come now - this is no different than what we're doing now with the new piece is it? Let's not get hysterical.

SALLY
Except that I didn't have a choice then - and now I do.

Sally struggles to her feet, shaking.

She holds a hand to her nose - a streak of black leaks out.

She runs out of the chalet.

DIANE
Sally!

ADAM

Oh please, her own husband came up
with the idea okay! I'm not the bad
guy.

Diane turns to her husband and clenches her fists.

DIANE

You're a fucking bastard.

EXT. CHALET PLOT - NIGHT

Sally sprints across the field in the rain. Her expression is
one of pain.

She falls onto the grass.

SALLY

I trusted you!

JOHN (V.O.)

I never lied.

Sally coughs and retches - black spots of oil splashing from
her mouth and onto the back of her hand.

The spots form tendrils and sink back into the flesh.

She grits her teeth and gets back to her feet.

SALLY

You told me I wasn't good enough.

She runs towards her chalet.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sally bursts through the door.

JOHN (V.O.)

You just don't understand!

SALLY

I always understood.

Sally clutches her chest, oil on her lips as she staggers -
using the wall for support.

Black blotches begin to form on her dress - the oil seeping
through her skin.

JOHN (V.O.)
I was sick!

SALLY
So was I! We still are. No more
excuses.

She makes her way to the sink. Her skin moves - shifts - as
it is separating from the oil.

JOHN (V.O.)
What are you doing!

Sally grabs a glass from the side.

She struggles against her body to bring the glass to the tap
and turn it on.

As the glass fills with the salt water, she has to use both
hands to hold it steady.

SALLY
You took who I am from me.

She drinks the water.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I'm taking it back.

She collapses to the flooring - spewing forth the black oil.

The tendrils continue to form on her skin.

She steadies herself on the kitchen counter.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You made me think I was worthless.
Well, what are you now?

She grabs a paintbrush from the counter and heads towards the
Final Portrait.

JOHN (V.O.)
You can't!

SALLY
Watch me.

She slashes at the painting, digging hard through the canvas.

JOHN (V.O.)
My work!

SALLY

My work.

As she cuts the painting the room is filled with guttural, wretched cries of anguish. She stabs again.

And again.

And again - until the sound dies away. Sally's flesh stops bubbling.

She drops the brush.

She pants.

She holds a hand to her eyes and wipes them.

She looks down at her hand - the tendrils are still there.

Her eyes widen.

From behind her - a GURGLED LAUGH.

She turns around to see -

Nothing.

The Final Portrait behind her is unharmed - and it shimmers and warps.

The Shape - John - lunges forth from the painting - its flesh formed of the oil of the paint.

It grabs her from behind and pushes her down - choking her.

Its voice is a monstrous drooling gargle.

JOHN

Sally!

She struggles against the creature as it holds her down.

Her hand reaches desperately for the paintbrush.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You need me!

Sally chokes as the oily hands grasp tighter around her throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You will paint it again!

Sally gasps.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You are mine.

The paintbrush skitters from her reach.

SALLY

Not anymore.

Sally's other hand grabs the Turpentine, and she splashes it on John's face.

He reels backwards howling in pain, his face melting - the multiple colours of oil bursting forth and being eaten away through the layers of "face".

Sally clambers to her feet, and grabbing the Portrait, runs out of the door.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - NIGHT

Sally runs barefoot along the stones of the beach, stumbling.

Her flesh still writhes with its own oily tendrils.

JOHN (O.S.)

Sally!

She forges onwards - making it to the water.

She drags herself and the Portrait into the crashing waves.

The tendrils begin to fall from her flesh and into the water.

There is a heavy sound of violent water as a powerful wave crashes over her and drags her under.

EXT. ABYSS - NIGHT

Sally struggles - the water knocking her around.

Below her, the Portrait sinks down to the depths - but in her hand she clutches a jagged fragment of the frame.

As she twirls in the tide the oil leaks from her skin - separating and drifting off around her.

She looks down toward the painting as it drifts into the darkness.

She regains her strength and begins to swim towards the surface.

An oily hand grabs her ankle - John. The water is pulling its form apart - but it still holds her back.

It pulls her down as the oil dances around them.

Sally screams soundlessly at John, who screams back. She raises the fragment of frame and stabs it down into the monster's face.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - NIGHT

Scruff runs anxiously by the waves - barking at the ocean.

He whines and barks - but nothing happens.

He sits and lowers his head into the stones and closes his eyes.

SPLASH

He looks up alert - Sally emerges from the waves - exhausted but fighting onwards.

Scruff rises to his feet and barks excitedly.

She makes it out of the water and collapses to her knees.

Scruff runs to her and excitedly licks her face - barking and making a fuss.

She looks to him and laughs, embracing him.

She looks back out to the water.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Somewhere, out on the waves, small black patterns of oil dance under the surface - before fading away entirely.

INT. CHALET STUDIO - DAY

Time has passed. WORKMEN move around the building - in and out of the cellar, working on the wiring and pipes.

Through an open patio door comes a voice.

SALLY (O.S.)
- I understand completely -

EXT. CHALET PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sally stands on the patio, leaning casually against a wall. She has a phone pressed to her ear.

She has a smile on her face, and a well-rested look about her.

Beside her Scruff sprawls out in the sun.

SALLY

- I've had some issues with representation in the past, so I appreciate the honesty. I look forward to hearing from you.

She hangs up and smiles at Scruff.

She heads back inside the chalet.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The workmen depart.

SALLY

Thanks guys.

As the last of them leaves, Sally sees Diane stood in the doorway.

She shifts uncomfortably on her feet.

She walks in cautiously.

They smile at each other.

INT. CHALET LIVING AREA - DAY

Sally is stood by her sink with two empty glasses. Diane stands nearby, leaning against a counter.

DIANE

It's going well. I mean, smoothly. He's not fighting it. He has a reputation to worry about, I suppose. But it's still hard.

Sally nods.

SALLY

Well you're welcome to stay here with me.

Diane smiles and looks around the room. Hung on one of the walls is a NEW PAINTING.

DIANE
How're you finding the place?

SALLY
Great. We like it. And I have a standing reservation for dinner at the inn, so there's that.

DIANE
And you're starting to work again?

Diane gestures to the painting.

Sally turns towards the sink.

SALLY
Yeah. We'll see. I'm... optimistic.

Diane smiles.

Sally turns the tap on.

It begins to shake...

She turns it off and turns around.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Wine?

DIANE
I thought you were never going to ask.

Diane heads for the door and Sally follows her.

But before she leaves she turns and looks at the painting on the wall -

It's a Picturesque Landscape Portrait - repainted once more to how Sally wanted it.

It is bright, vibrant and scenic. And in the scene, is a young woman with a dog.

She smiles and heads out the door.

EXT. ABYSS - NIGHT

Deep in the quiet, still water...

SALLY (V.O.)
There are things in this world that
will try and drown you.

... A scrap of canvas drifts along the seabed...

SALLY (V.O.)
It doesn't matter what they are, or
if you understand them.

... And down in the dark, resting on the sands deep under the
water - are the REMAINS OF A SELF-PORTRAIT, fading away.

SALLY (V.O.)
They are real. But you can beat
them. Because you have to.