

1 INT. OLD HOUSE. DAY. (FLASHBACK) 1

ANGLE ON: a LITTLE GIRL, about six years of age, in a pretty white frilly outfit.

In these opening scenes, a sense of the past is tangible in the washed out, green-tinted image, blurred at the edges.

The LITTLE GIRL stands with her arms by her sides, looking up at an overbearing presence.

CU: a fearsome-looking woman, hair pulled back tightly, black dress buttoned up to the neck: the LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER.

MOTHER
(sternly)
You musn't go into your father's
study? Do you hear me? He wouldn't
want you to!

CU: LITTLE GIRL. Her eyes on the floor, she nods dutifully.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(offscreen)
Rememeber that! No playing in your
father's study!

CUT TO:

2 INT. OLD HOUSE - CORRIDOR. DAY. (FLASHBACK) 2

TRACKING C.U. The LITTLE GIRL's feet, from behind, as she rushes down the CORRIDOR pulling a plastic CART containing soft toys behind her in f.g..

CU: A TOY RACING CAR lying in the shadows further down the CORRIDOR. The LITTLE GIRL, approaches at speed from b.g.

TRACKING C.U. The LITTLE GIRL's feet.

SIDE ANGLE ON: The TOY RACING CAR.

SFX: Little running footsteps and the rattle of the cart.

The LITTLE GIRL runs past frame. Her CART trundles along behind her but catches the TOY RACING CAR and buckels, upsetting its cargo.

ANGLE ON: The LIITTLE GIRL, who promptly stops in her tracks.

She looks down at the soft toys spilled on the floor. And looks back over her shoulder.

LITTLE GIRL P.O.V.: A vast oaken DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: The LITTLE GIRL. She hesitates, but moves towards the DOOR.

ANGLE ON: The DOORKNOB.

The LITTLE GIRLS's HAND reaches into frame, and turns the DOORKNOB, which yields with an unpleasant squeak.

The LITTLE girl hesitates again, and casts a look down the CORRIDOR.

CUT TO:

3

INT. OLD HOUSE - STUDY. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

3

The STUDY is very tidy, its bookshelves lined with an impressive array of antiquated books.

The curtains are drawn, but a dim light seeps through them to pick out a very heavy cloud of dust hanging in the air.

ANGLE ON: The corner of the DOOR. It creaks open slowly. The light from the room escapes into the CORRIDOR.

The LITTLE GIRL's foot and lower leg come into view, her full shadow cast on the CORRIDOR wall in b.g..

OTS: The LITTLE GIRL. She casts a long, steady look across the room.

There are several volumes lying on the desk. A thick layer of dust is noticeable on them, and on the desk itself.

LITTLE GIRL P.O.V.: An ANTIQUE GLOBE stands next to the desk. It too is caked in dust.

The LITTLE GIRL ventures into the room towards the GLOBE.

She reaches her hand towards it. But pulls it back.

CU: The LITTLE GIRL. She looks away from the globe. But looks back, with a fascinated but guilty glint in her eyes.

The LITTLE GIRL reaches out again.

Just before her HAND reaches the GLOBE, it starts to spin very slowly.

CU: The LITTLE GIRL, her expression one of puzzlement.

ANGLE ON: The DOOR as it suddenly slams shut of its own accord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: Back of LITTLE GIRL's head. She spins round, terrified.

SFX: an accelerated fluttering noise.

ANGLE ON: The LITTLE GIRL. She turns her head slowly back towards the desk.

FOCUS PULL reveals the origin of the sound. A massive book on the desk lies open, its pages flipping over at high speed, by themselves.

The LITTLE GIRL screams in fright.

ANGLE ON: The GLOBE: it is spinning at high speed, with such force that its base rocks dangerously.

TRACKING SHOT: fast along the wall. All the books are suddenly and violently flung from their shelves in a mexican wave.

The LITTLE GIRL cowers from the deluge with tears streaming down her face.

ANGLE ON: The GLOBE, spinning so fast it is practically a blur.

An impossible wail turns into another piercing scream.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: PANIC ATTACK.

FADE IN:

4

EXT. PITTENWEEN HARBOUR. MORNING.

4

(OPENING CREDITS over the next scenes)

It is just another day in the pretty coastal village of Pittenween.

Although it is raining, the morning light breaks through the cloud and precipitation and reflects off the Firth of Forth.

It catches the fronts of the pastel-coloured houses that line the main street with a breathtaking quality. The street is empty save for a few locals going about their business.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAR. MORNING.

5

From the dashboard of a vehicle as it travels down the Shore Road of Pittenween. We cannot see much through the windscreen on account of it being so dirty, the rain, and the constant visual interruption of the windscreen wipers.

The car slows, and comes to a rest at the HARBOUR.

The engine is turned off, and the movement of the windscreen wipers is halted. We are afforded time to take in the view across the Firth from Pittenween, albeit through a grubby pane of glass.

A large rainbow stands out against a grey sky.

ANGLE ON: the DRIVER.

The DRIVER sits thoughtfully for some moments without doing anything. He is about 30 years of age and is good-looking with classically chiselled features. He is DOUG McCLELAND.

DOUG chews his lip, and cautiously glances up the road. He taps the steering wheel with his finger, and looks down at the passenger seat.

DOUG P.O.V.: A simple white card lies on the passenger seat with the equally simple message: PITTENWEEN HARBOUR, SATURDAY 8th JULY, 9 a.m.

CU DOUG: he glances across at the HARBOUR.

DOUG P.O.V.: A charmingly shabby tugboat is moored at the DOCK.

ANGLE ON: DOUG. He reaches to adjust the rear view mirror.

DOUG P.O.V.: his hand repositions the mirror, the surface of which has been deliberately scratched away almost beyond reflectivity.

We can still make out enough to see DOUG shifting to open the door.

SFX confirm the opening of the door.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. PITTENWEEN HARBOUR. MORNING.

6

DOUG gets out of his vehicle, a muddy off-roader. He opens the boot, takes out a bag, and sets off towards the dock.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. PITTENWEEN DOCK. MORNING.

7

The tugboat bobs very gently on the water. A crusty old FISHERMAN stands at the helm.

DOUG approaches the tugboat. He is about to call out to the FISHERMAN, but notices a rainbow design painted on the bow.

DOUG looks to the back of the boat, and can see people on the deck. He looks across the small and otherwise empty HARBOUR.

DOUG makes his way down the gangway to board the tugboat.

DOUG P.O.V. Three life jackets hang on hooks on the hut-like housing of the tugboat cabin.

DOUG looks to the side.

DOUG P.O.V: there are four people on deck, all wearing life jackets.

Looking fidgety and displeased is GEORGE ULLMAN, a short, slight man of about 50 years of age. He is standing apart from a small trio at the far end of the deck.

This trio comprises TESSA LITHGOW, KATE MATHESON and MORRIS NAYSMITH. TESSA and KATE are standing talking to each other.

MORRIS sits nearby, but is not part of the conversation. An overweight, bespectacled man in his late thirties, he is turned away, looking nervously across the water, as if seasick. He clasps his hand repeatedly.

TESSA is in her late thirties, quite ordinary in appearance next to KATE, a twenty-something woman who is effortlessly attractive.

KATE's attention strays from TESSA's conversation when she notices DOUG, who now dons his life jacket.

DOUG
(to GEORGE)
If this is Doctor Soutar's party,
then where is Doctor Soutar?

GEORGE
I wish I could tell you. You have
any idea where we're going?

DOUG
No. You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE
(irritably)
We're all in the dark.

A loud female voice alerts DOUG and GEORGE to the arrival of JOANNA BRYCE.

She approaches the tugboat, pulling a small valise on wheels with one hand, a mobile phone in the other. She is a tall and striking woman in her early thirties, dressed in the apparel of a business executive, carrying a laptop bag.

JOANNA
(on phone)
Well, Harold, you should have had it ready by last week. "Don't shoot the messenger" isn't going to work this time. Because, Harold, I will shoot you. Have it done by the time I get back. Monday morning. No excuses.

JOANNA stops to look around the dock. The tugboat is her only available option.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You've got to be kidding me.
(into phone)
Look, Harold, I've got to go... Yeah, I'm at the dock now. Well, it's not exactly the Royal Yacht fucking Britannia, I can tell you that much.

JOANNA ends her call. She eyes the tugboat with incredulity.

She studies a white card before calling out to the FISHERMAN.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Are you expecting me to get on this boat?

The FISHERMAN does not answer.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Where's Dr. Soutar?

The FISHERMAN does not answer.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(getting annoyed)
I'm here for the Rainbow Programme?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOANNA pauses, still waiting for an answer. None is forthcoming. Her tongue flits lightly over her teeth and she shakes her head.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(matter-of-factly)
I'm not getting on this boat.

VOICE (O.S.)
It may not be the Caribbean cruise
you were expecting, but what's the
harm in a little boat trip?

JOANNA turns to regard a young man in his mid-twenties, casually dressed with a small bag slung over his shoulder. He is CHARLIE SCOTT.

JOANNA
You're here for Dr. Soutar's
retreat?

CHARLIE
(playfully)
Yes. And I've packed marshmallows.
It's all very exciting. As it
doesn't look like he's here, I
expect the good doctor will be
meeting us at our intended
destination.
(shimmying)
Bermuda? Bahama?
(reaching down)
May I?

CHARLIE picks up JOANNA's valise.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(extending his free hand)
I'm Charlie.

JOANNA eyes him dubiously. CHARLIE smiles at her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Come on, where's your sense of
adventure?

CHARLIE winks at JOANNA. She rolls her eyes, but consents to follow him on board.

CHARLIE takes a life jacket, and hands the last one to JOANNA.

8 EXT. TUGBOAT - ON DECK. DAY.

8

The FISHERMAN starts the engine, and the boat pulls away from the dock.

The seven strangers mingle on deck, although MORRIS is removed from the central cluster, chewing at his thumbnail.

JOANNA
So where exactly are we going?

GEORGE
We don't know.

JOANNA
You mean to tell me *no-one* knows where this guy is taking us?

KATE
I just got sent this.

KATE holds up her white invitation card. On the back, a small rainbow emblem.

CHARLIE
I wasn't sure about the exact connotations of the rainbow. But then again maybe I'm homophobic. If I am, no doubt Dr. Soutar will cure it!

JOANNA's mobile phone goes off. She answers.

JOANNA
(angrily)
Hello?

ANGLE ON: MORRIS, looking more than a little worse for wear. He resumes the business of clasping his hands over and over again.

ANGLE ON: CHARLIE. He has drifted away from the pack and is leaning on the railings of the side gangway.

He is rolling a joint. He hesitates, as if puzzled, before delving into his pocket to retrieve his invitation card. He removes a corner and uses it for roach to complete the task at hand.

He lights up, and enjoys the view as the tugboat cuts its way across the estuary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: JOANNA. She has stepped away to take her phone call.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(still angry)
This is fucking unbelievable,
Jeremy. I have no idea where we're
going and the guy taking us doesn't
even seem to speak English. You
tell Wallace this is the last time!

JOANNA ends the call, very irritated.

GEORGE
(equally irritated)
This guy Soutar's a right piece of
work. I want to know what's going
on.

TESSA
(smiling calmly)
It's not unlike him to introduce an
element of mystery into the
weekend, is it?

GEORGE
What makes you say that?

TESSA
Well, you know Dr. Soutar!

GEORGE's blank face suggests that her assumption is wrong.

TESSA (CONT'D)
(confused)
Don't you?

GEORGE
I've only met him once. You're a
patient of his?

TESSA
I've been with him six months. I
thought we were all patients of
his?

DOUG
I've only had one consultation with
him.

KATE
Me too. I was referred to him by my
herbalist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

Well, our 'Doctor' seems like a
real cowboy, if you ask me. Where
in God's name are we being ferried
to?

DOUG

(gazing in the direction
the boat is taking)
I'd say that small island is a good
bet.

DOUG P.O.V.: The tiny ISLE OF MAY, an isolated island in the
middle of Firth of Forth.

JOANNA

(looking at the island)
This...
(shaking her head)
... is beyond a joke.

ANGLE ON: MORRIS. He has to stop himself from throwing up.

He bends over to put his head between his knees, wringing his
hands with fury like an amateur Shylock.

CUT TO: