

Ruby Bay Episode 1

By

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EXT.BEACH - DAY

Huge black clouds gather in the sky above the beach.

Through the gloomy half light the shape of a RUINED TOWER.

Waves crashing against the base of a LIGHTHOUSE.

A CAVE.

The entrance is littered with beer cans and cigarette packets.

A SEAGULL flies towards the outline of a small ISLAND with steep cliffs.

On top of the cliffs stands the ruins of an old ABBEY.

The seagull circles the abbey before it comes to roost in an arch where a window had once been.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

A line-dancing evening is in full swing. EIGHT WOMEN all over 60, hands on hips step this way and that way in their own time.

One of the women, SANDRA, Liam's Gran, stands out as she moves a little more freely than the rest. Well she does until she puts her hand to her stomach and leaves the line.

EXT.GARDEN - DAY

A path bordered with well kept flower beds, bird tables, water features, and gnomes lead to an ornate metal gate.

RUBY BAY COTTAGE

There's a hole beneath the name -- something is missing --

INT.COTTAGE - DAY

Dusty shelves filled with bric-a-brac and well-read books.

Black and white photographs of fishing boats and fishermen, old pubs and men and women in hats and bonnets.

A copy of FOLK TALES OF ANCIENT FIFE sits next to an empty, worn armchair.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

LIAM, a baby-faced eleven year old, crouched in a doorway with his head in a book - *Myths and Monsters*.

LIAM (V.O)

This thing I'm doing now. This is a voice-over. I talk about the stuff you're watching and it lets you know what I really think. I won't do it all of the time. They can get very annoying. I'll do it for a little while, just until you get to know me a bit. Then I'll stop. I don't want you to get to know me too well. I don't want to be your friend or anything.

He keeps his head down as THREE BOYS approach. Liam hears their voices and laughter but keeps on reading until they are right on top of him.

BOY 1

Whatcha' doin' book boy?

Liam doesn't answer. He just turns the page.

BOY 2

Word worm.

Liam sighs and closes the book. He's been here before...

BOY 3

Library loser.

Liam smiles.

LIAM

Excellent use of alliteration. You've been paying attention in class haven't you?

The boys look confused.

BOY 1

No, I haven't.

BOY 2

Let's make him eat his words.

Two of the boys grab Liam and the other one grabs his book. Boy 1 rips a page from the book and scrunches it up.

BOY 1
Open wide book boy.

Liam struggles, arms and legs a whirlwind as he fights to free himself. He catches one of the boys in the face with his boot and as the boy lets go, Liam sprints across the playground.

LIAM (V.O)
They don't really find this funny. They just do it because they're scared not to. It's quite sad really.

BOY 1
Swimming tomorrow book boy!

Once he's clear, Liam slows down to a walk.

LIAM (V.O)
Just two more days of this to go. Then six weeks of freedom. Reading books, reading books and reading books. There is a downside though, there's always a downside. The downside to my holidays are my parents.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Napkins. Best plates. Shiniest cutlery. Potatoes, carrots, peas, cauliflower, cabbage, sprouts...and a huge lump of meat.

A table for eight, food for twenty, set for three.

Liam at one end, head in a book, fork poking aimlessly around a plate.

PAM, early 40's, dressed for a night at The Ritz, fusses around checking cutlery and serving spoons. Her plate has a spoonful of peas, a sprout and tiny floret of broccoli.

MALCOLM, ill-fitting pin-stripe suit and slippers, throws thick chunks of meat onto his plate.

MALCOLM
You're a growing lad. You need more meat on you. That's no plate for a boy.

Liam shakes his head while still reading his book.

MALCOLM

You need to eat more meat son. You're growing. You need more strength. You've got high school after the summer. You'll need to toughen up for that.

LIAM

I don't want more meat.

Pam scoops up a spoonful of cabbage and hovers over Liam's plate.

PAM

Nonsense. It's the greens the lad needs. It's the goodness from the greens that he's needing.

Pam dollops the greens on Liam's plate.

Malcolm slices a chunk of meat and marches over to Liam's seat. He throws the meat onto Liam's plate. Gravy splashes onto Liam's shirt.

MALCOLM

It's the meat woman. He needs meat. The boy needs some blood in him. He needs the iron to toughen him up. He's too weak.

Pam throws some broccoli onto Liam's plate.

PAM

Greens. Goodness from greens. Not blood. Greens. He's got enough blood. He's got a body full of blood and no goodness. That's his problem.

Malcolm throws an even bigger chunk of meat onto Liam's plate. The gravy splashes Liam's book.

MALCOLM

Blood. Blood. Blood. The boy doesn't have enough blood. Not proper red blood. The blood he's got is rubbish. That's why he sits with those bloomin' books and doesn't play rugby like normal boys.

Malcolm and Pam take turns throwing meat and vegetables onto Liam's plate.

Liam looks up from his book. Bemused and bored.

LIAM
What's for pudding?

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gran sitting up in bed. A pile of magazines at her side. Bunches of grapes untouched on the bedside cabinet. Gran picks up a magazine, she flicks through it without even looking.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Piles of make-up scattered all over the room. Pam busily fills bags and ticks off checklist as she packs the bags into boxes.

Liam sitting in the corner of the room with his head buried in a book.

Malcolm stomping around the room shouting into a phone.

MALCOLM
For goodness sake you useless
little maggot. I told you I wanted
that yesterday. Not
tomorrow. Tomorrow's too
late. Today was too late. I
needed it yesterday. No, no I
don't want to hear your side of the
story. That's your problem, your
doctor can worry about that. Not.
My. Problem.

Malcolm's face is sweaty and blotchy. He looks around for something or someone to take out his temper on.

Liam.

MALCOLM
You still reading? Can't you find
something better to do? I'm fed up
seeing you with your head in those
stupid books. Go and do something
normal.

INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

A GOLDFISH SWIMS around a tiny bowl. The bowl is crammed full of ornaments. Shipwrecks, mermaids, treasure chests.

Liam is almost hypnotised by the fish.

INT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

With one hand, Liam holds a book, the other rummages around in a packet of crisps. Liam is oblivious to the football game going on in front of him.

Until

BANG

The ball misses his head by inches and bounces off the wall above him.

He looks up, just for a second, then goes back to his book.

BANG

BANG

BANG

Liam realises it's no accident. He closes his book. Folds over his crisp packet. Picks up his bag and walks calmly away as the football continues to fly past him.

INT.SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A school swimming lesson.

TWENTY CHILDREN, all about ten years old stand on the edge waiting to jump in.

LIAM, skinny in over-sized shorts, hops from foot to foot. Tears forming in the corner of his deep, dark eyes.

The other kids jump in and begin splashing around.

LAUGHTER echoes around the pool.

Liam clenches his fists, closes his eyes and wishes he could be somewhere else.

Liam looks down into the pool.

The water begins to swirl.

Liam can see

FINS, TAILS, TEETH.

He looks concerned for the children in the pool.

Can't they see the monsters?

TWO BOYS look up at Liam. They start a chant.

BOYS

Liam! Liam! Liam!

The chant is taken up by most of the kids in the pool and continues until the LIFEGUARD blows her WHISTLE.

The kids swim to the side of the pool.

Liam has gone.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Liam, still in his trunks sprints out of the building.

Bare feet, he runs on his tiptoes to avoid the broken glass and dog dirt on the ground.

He runs across the road without looking, causing cars to brake suddenly.

PASSERS-BY stop and stare, but Liam doesn't notice them.

He just runs and runs and runs.

In his swimming shorts.

Through the town until...

EXT. LIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Liam bangs on the front door.

Tears on his face and shivering.

Malcolm, pin stripe suit and slippers answers the door. He's in the middle of showing a CLIENT out of the house.

MALCOLM

So, if you get those documents to me next week, that would be....Liam?

The client looks at Liam...

MALCOLM

Oh, my son, he's in, er, training
for an er...triathlon. How's it
going son? Good times?

Liam barges past and runs into the house.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Liam throws himself onto his bed.

Face down.

He sobs. He snorts. He sniffles.

He sits up. Deep breath. Grabs a book. Pulls up his duvet
and begins to read.

Quiet. Calm. Peace.

SLAM

The door bursts open.

Malcolm fills the doorway. An intimidating figure except
for his slippers.

MALCOLM

See? This is the kind of behaviour
and general oddball freakishness
that comes when you're not getting
enough meat.

Liam sighs and puts his book down.

MALCOLM

Running through the streets in your
trunks? I mean, if you had a body
to be proud of...if you'd been
getting more protein and developed
your core...then I could maybe see
why. But your skinny little stick
of a body running through the
streets of the town. You're a joke
Liam. And you know what's
worse. You being a joke makes me a
joke. And I do not want to be a
joke.

Malcolm turns to leave.

He pauses.

He spins around.

MALCOLM

Bacon, sausage and black pudding
for breakfast tomorrow. No
arguments.

Liam watches as Malcolm stomps out, he leaves the door
open...

Liam waits...

Malcolm turns around and

SLAMS the door.

Liam takes a deep breath and is about to pick up his book
when he looks over to the goldfish bowl.

The ornaments are there. The fish has gone.

INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liam and Pam both stare into the goldfish bowl.

PAM

You see love, I was in here
cleaning, because somebody has
to. Your pants don't just wash
themselves you know. I was dusting
and I'd just finished vacuuming and
I looked at that fish.

LIAM

Odysseus?

PAM

Yeah, that fish. I looked at him
and I thought, that's weird. He's
got a big long string coming out of
his bum.

Liam looks at her and waits for her to continue...

PAM

And I thought, that's not
right. And I kind of panicked and
I thought he looked like he was in
pain...

Liam raises an eyebrow...

PAM

So I thought, poor little fish,
he's suffering, and that's not
right...

LIAM

So?

PAM

So...I kind of flushed him down the
toilet...

LIAM

You flushed Odysseus down the
toilet?

PAM

Yeah. Yeah I did. It was for his
own good. He wasn't right. It
wasn't fair to leave him like that.

LIAM

He was having a poo. You flushed
Odysseus down the toilet because he
was having a poo?

PAM

A poo...Is that what it was?

Liam nods.

PAM

Oh well...I'm sure he'll be happier
wherever he's gone.

Liam looks at the fish bowl.

LIAM

Yeah...he probably will

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liam standing in the doorway.

Malcolm and Pam on the sofa looking up at him.

MALCOLM

Sit down.

Liam slowly does as he is told and sits in between Malcolm
and Pam on the sofa.

MALCOLM

As you know, I don't mince my words. So...

PAM

It's like this Liam. Your dad likes you. He does. He really does. But me? I'm not so keen. I mean, I know you're your dad's son. But me and you, we just don't have that blood thing to bind us. Do we? I'm sure you feel the same about me.

Liam doesn't know where to look. He just stares at the floor.

MALCOLM

You're too soft son. Too soft. You read too much. Not enough meat. No rugby. You don't speak to people. You don't eat enough meat. You're not really giving me a choice. Something needs to change. Me and...I've decided that...

Liam looks up.

MALCOLM

We're sending you away. We've got your...I've got your best interests at heart. It's one of those tough love things. No pain, no gain...

Liam waits for more information...and waits...and waits....

PAM

Look on it as personal development. It'll be the making of you. You'll look back when you're older and thank me...us.

Malcolm stands up and looks down on Liam.

MALCOLM

You're going to your grandparents. You either change and stop all the reading and eat more meat, get good at sports and be...well...a little less rubbish. And over there, you can get down to the beach. Surf,

MALCOLM
windsail, go kayaking. There's
loads for you to do.

LIAM
Or?

MALCOLM
Or you don't come back.

Liam mulls over what he has heard...

LIAM
And what if I come back and I'm
still....rubbish?

Pam stands up.

PAM
Well that's in your hands
Liam. You've got to the end of the
summer. Just don't come back
rubbish. It's up to you.

MALCOLM
We've talked it through Liam. It
is for your benefit. It's painful
for us...but we care about you.

PAM
Yeah, you don't want to go to high
school and get bullied like your...

MALCOLM
Grandad's picking you up this
afternoon. Go and pack a bag.

Liam nods and shrugs his shoulders.

PAM
And there's no point
complaining. Me and your dad fly
out to Dubai tomorrow don't we
sweetheart? We're desperate for a
break.

Malcolm nods.

MALCOLM
Just come back a bit less rubbish.

Liam stands up.

PAM

And don't even think about crying.

Liam just turns and walks out.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Liam packs his bags. One bag is full of books. Liam zips it up and then tries to lift it. He can barely lift it off the ground.

His other bag has a few t-shirts, some underwear and a pair of jeans.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liam stares out of the window.

GRANDAD, dressed in tracksuit and baseball cap, checks the mirrors...

Liam looks worried.

He's right to be. Grandad slams his foot down and the car flies out of the street.

Liam grips the door handle and grimaces.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liam relaxes his grip on the door handle and tries to tune into whatever it is that Grandad is on about...

GRANDAD

Y'know the Largo Law story don't you?

Liam is too queasy to speak.

He nods.

Grandad's telling the story anyway...

GRANDAD

Y'know, there's so much gold in that hill they say it turned the sheep yellow. That's why no sheep graze there now.

Liam stares blankly.

GRANDAD
You don't believe that do you? I
thought you liked all those all
stories. I've got my books ready
for you.

Liam looks green. He takes deep breaths.

GRANDAD
They're more than just stories you
know.

Grandad puts his foot flat down as the car races along
country roads.

GRANDAD
But you understand that don't you?

Liam watches as the scenery flies past in a blur.

EXT.COTTAGE - DAY

Grandad hops out of the car and heads through the gate.

He leaves Liam to get his bags out.

As Liam struggles towards the garden gate he notices the
sign saying "Ruby Bay Cottage".

He stops and stares for a moment.

Grandad fumbles for the right key.

LIAM
Where's the ruby?

Grandad tenses.

He drops the keys.

Grandad opens the door and ushers Liam into the

HALLWAY.

GRANDAD
Usual room son. Your gran made up
the bed.

Liam bashes the walls with his suitcases as he struggles
through the door.

GRANDAD
Take your time to settle in.
There's no rush to come back down.

INT. GRAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gran does her best to look lively. She's struggling to keep her eyes open as Grandad makes himself comfortable on the bed beside her.

GRAN
Is the boy ok?

Grandad strokes her forehead tenderly.

GRANDAD
The boy's fine.

Gran nods.

GRAN
Do you think he's ready?

GRANDAD
Ready? Who is ever ready for anything?

GRAN
I just worry about him.

GRANDAD
No point worrying love, things happen. Good and bad. Things just keep happening and we have to just keep on.

Gran nods and closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam engrossed in building a model of a boat.

Grandad stands in the doorway for a moment and watches.

GRANDAD
I'll get the paint in from the garage in the morning.

Liam is too busy holding bits of model boat together to notice.

Grandad sits down on the bed and tries to stop himself from interfering.

LIAM

Where has the ruby gone?

Grandad stands up and begins sorting pieces of the model.

GRANDAD

It's just gone missing. That's all you need to know. For now.

Grandad takes the glue and begins sticking bits of model boat together.

LIAM

Is it serious? Gran being sick...

Grandad looks as though he's performing heart surgery, not sticking pieces of plastic together.

GRANDAD

She'll be fine son.

Liam watches Grandad's nimble fingers in admiration.

INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liam lost in a daydream, staring out of the window.

He doesn't notice his grandad standing behind him.

GRANDAD

Anything interesting out there today son?

Liam jumps.

LIAM

No. Nothing. Just tankers.

Grandad joins him at the window.

GRANDAD

Pam will kill me if I let you stay up here all day.

Liam nods.

LIAM

How is she today?

Grandad sucks his teeth.

GRANDAD

Not great son. You're old enough to understand...she's talking a lot...she's not always making...she's saying strange...

Liam, tries to take this in his stride, he nods maturely, the way he's seen his parents do.

GRANDAD

She's struggling son.

Liam turns back to the window, not because there's anything to see, but to hide the tear trickling down his cheek.

GRANDAD

She's going on about that ruby. Saying once it's back then she'll get better.

Liam wipes his tear.

LIAM

Does she really believe that?

Grandad smiles.

GRANDAD

Oh aye son. She thinks that thing has...we both...probably just coincidence, but whenever it goes...

Liam waits for him to finish the sentence...

GRANDAD

Breakfast time son. I'll get you the full monty. You're going to need it.

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Grandad prepares a huge breakfast. Smoke everywhere.

Liam wanders in and grabs a banana.

GRANDAD

I told you, you're gonna' need more than that son.

Liam looks at the mountain of eggs, bacon and sausages.

He takes a bite of the banana.

LIAM
Was it the same kids as last
time? Who took the ruby...

Grandad cracks another egg.

GRANDAD
Don't worry about it. It's fine.

LIAM
You never told me how you got it
back last time.

Grandad dances around as fat splashes from the frying pan.

GRANDAD
It's not for you to worry
about. It just turned up again,
that's the important thing.

Liam finishes his banana and picks up a sausage.

LIAM
Y'know Gran think the ruby keeps
you safe?

Grandad jumps around as he dodges splashes of fat.

Liam spreads a lump of butter on a piece of toast.

LIAM
Does it?

Grandad opens the fridge and rummages around. Liam waits
patiently for an answer.

GRANDAD
You do want eggs don't you?

Liam realises he's not getting an answer.

LIAM
Is that ok?

Grandad cracks an egg into the frying pan.

GRANDAD
Your gran isn't well. She says
strange things. Don't you worry.

Liam chews a piece of toast and avoids eye contact with
Grandad.

The egg begins to smoke and splatter.

Liam jumps over to the cooker to turn it down.

INT.COTTAGE - NIGHT

A shaft of sunlight beams down on a pile of dusty old books next to the bed.

Liam lies on his bed on his stomach, completely engrossed in one. He has no idea he is being watched.

Grandad stands in the doorway. He shakes his head as he watches Liam.

GRANDAD

You need to get out. Out in the real world. Meet some people. Do some things.

Liam jumps up. He slams the book shut.

GRANDAD

A boy your age should be out down the beach. Playing cricket or talking to girls.

Liam tries to disguise his embarrassment.

LIAM

I just want to read for a while.

GRANDAD

When I was your age, I was never in. As soon as sun came up I was out. Didn't come back until the sun went down. A boy needs adventure.

Liam starts to put the books back on the shelves.

GRANDAD

Mind you put them back right now.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandad stares out of the window at the pumpkin moon balanced on the sea.

Gran is trying to get herself comfortable in bed.

GRAN

Did you speak to the boy?

Granddad pulls the curtains and turns to help his wife plump up her pillows.

GRANDDAD

No. Not yet.

GRAN

Well you need to.

Gran puts her head on the pillow and closes her eyes.

GRANDDAD

I know. But it's hard. He's just so...so young.

It's a battle for Gran to open her eyes...she manages to open one.

GRAN

He needs to know Darren. He needs to.

Granddad strokes her head as she closes her eyes again.

GRANDDAD

How do I find the words?

With her eyes still closed, Gran manages to speak...

GRAN

You will. You will.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Granddad finishes packing a rucksack for Liam.

GRANDDAD

Now that should keep you going for the day.

Liam produces a book from behind his back.

LIAM

Can I take it? I might get bored with all that surfing and sailing.

Granddad smiles and rolls his eyes. He picks up the rucksack and walks to the

FRONT DOOR with Liam.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Grandad fiddles with the strap as Liam looks down towards the beach.

GRANDAD

Why do they make these things so complicated?

Liam smiles and starts fiddling with the straps too.

GRANDAD

It's maybe not my place to be giving advice son. The last thing you want is some old codger telling you about life.

Liam is too polite to reply.

GRANDAD

But I've been around for a few years now...and as daft as I am, I have learned a few lessons.

Grandad pulls the straps again...they still won't budge.

GRANDAD

Things happen. You might not like them. You won't want them to happen. But they will.

The straps begin to move. Grandad lifts the rucksack onto Liam's back.

GRANDAD

It's the way that you deal with those things that's important. That's what's going to...to...define the kind of man you'll become.

Liam shuffles and pulls the rucksack over his shoulders.

Grandad tightens the straps, when he's satisfied, he pulls Liam around to face him.

GRANDAD

Life is full of traps. Some you'll avoid, some you won't. Some will be be easy to see, others will catch you by surprise. Just be aware.

Liam nods.

LIAM

Ok. See you later grandad.

Liam tries to walk away, but he feels grandad's grip on his shoulder tighten.

GRANDAD

Sometimes the traps are necessary. Sometimes you have to go through them to move on. Understand?

Liam pulls his most serious 'I understand' face, and nods.

LIAM

Can I get a fish supper later?

Grandad smiles.

GRANDAD

Of course son. Of course.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Groups of KIDS having fun on the beach. Some are sailing, others windsurfing.

Some just hanging out around fires.

Liam looks on from a distance. He tries to read but is distracted by the noise and the activity of the kids.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Liam down on his knees at a ROCK POOL. He pokes, lifting stones and watching tiny crabs scurry through the water.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Grandad flutters around the kitchen. Sweeping the floor one second, scrubbing surfaces the next. A bundle of nervous energy.

Soup bubbles over on the cooker. He drops the brush and cloth and slides over to rescue the soup.

Once the soup is safe, he has a moment to himself.

GRANDAD
Breathe Darren. Breathe.

He puts his hands on his stomach and begins taking deep breaths.

Once he's satisfied that he has calmed down, he ladles soup into a bowl.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Liam on his hands and knees combing carefully through the sand.

A group of COOL KIDS approach.

KID 1
You looking for treasure?

Liam ignores them and continues digging.

They walk away sniggering.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gran sitting up with a mountain of pillows at her back. Grandad sitting on the bed with her.

He holds the bowl of soup in one hand and the spoon in the other.

He gently blows on a spoonful of soup before feeding it to gran.

GRANDAD
Mulligatawny.

Gran has the tiniest slurp, then closes her eyes.

Grandad prepares another spoonful.

GRANDAD
You need to be ready. You need to
keep your strength up.

Gran makes an attempt at nodding.

Grandad puts the soup down on the bedside cabinet.

GRANDAD
We'll try again later.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Liam poking around in a rock pool again. He tries to turn over a large stone.

He tries to roll it over with his foot. It doesn't budge.

He bends down and tries to move it with one hand. It's not moving.

He gets down on his hands and knees. He grabs it with both hands. It moves slightly. He digs his hands into the sand beneath the rock. Slowly it tips back. Liam pushes it right over and the rock falls back with a splash.

The splash muddies the water. As the sand swirls around the pool Liam looks up at the sky.

Storm clouds have come from nowhere.

The cool kids run for shelter.

Liam looks back to the pool.

The water has cleared. Liam's eyes widen as he gazes down at a

HUGE RED RUDY.

Liam plunges his hand back into the water and digs frantically.

He pulls it out.

As it pops out the massive black clouds open up.

Torrential rain pours down onto the beach.

Liam runs to the corner of the beach for shelter.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Grandad at the window watching the storm clouds gathering over the beach.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Liam watches the rain fall into the sea.

This is more than just a shower.

Liam reaches into his pocket and feels for the ruby.

As he pulls the ruby from his pocket

BANG

The floor opens up.

Liam falls through.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Fingers stretch out.

Then an arm.

Elbows bend.

Slowly and carefully Liam begins to pull himself up from the ground.

He brushes himself down as he struggles to understand what has happened.

He remembers. He reaches for the ruby. It's gone.

He hears FOOTSTEPS scurrying away.

Although Liam has spent most of his life worrying about something or other, this is different.

He's scared. Too scared to move. He glances around.

He sees flames dotted along the walls of the tunnel.

Liam knows he must move - but has no idea which way.

His mind is made up when he hears rough whispers.

Liam's legs spring to life and he darts the opposite way.

He runs in short sprints. Stopping at each flame to check for the whispers.

Although tired and a little sore, he gets an energy boost when he spots the light at the end of the tunnel.

He pushes himself the final twenty yards out into the light.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Blinding light.

Liam collapses onto the sand.

Out of breath, he rubs his eyes.

Once he has focused he looks along the beach and up towards the town.

It's gone.

There are buildings. Some recognisable from earlier.

But it's changed. Dramatically.

Confused, Liam's eyes dart across the beach.

The sailing boats and windsurf boards have gone - replaced by FISHING BOATS.

Utterly disorientated, Liam wanders across the beach in the direction of the town.

His focus returning, he looks up to where his Gran's house should be.

It's gone.

He pauses.

He turns around and heads for the ruined tower.

The tower is no longer ruined.

It stands proud and pristine. Metal grids cover the windows.

Tears in his eyes, Liam takes a deep breath and heads towards the tower.

The tower is no longer ruined.

It stands proud and pristine. Metal grids cover the windows.

Liam notices smoke coming from the top of the tower.

EXT. TOWER - DAY

Liam shuffles towards the tower.

He stops dead as he hears

A BELL RINGING.

A well dressed young man, TOM appears in the tower doorway.

Tom strides out from the tower, he rings the hand held bell dramatically and aggressively as he strides towards Liam.

Liam is too tired and too bewildered to run.

He freezes as Tom approaches him. He continues ringing the bell. Tom's face becomes more threatening as he enters Liam's personal space.

He holds the bell up and rings it right in front of Liam's face.

Liam stands firm, not through bravery but because he has nowhere to run.

Tom is obviously not used to this kind of reaction. He gazes into Liam's eyes.

Liam is not intimidated. He stares back.

TOM

I don't know who you are. But you really should be on your way.

LIAM

Should I?

It's Tom who is looking worried now. His plan A has failed and he doesn't have a plan B. He looks back towards the tower.

TOM

She'll be out imminently. She will not be pleased. You do know that?

Liam looks over Tom's shoulder to the tower. He's just thinking that it looks a good place to get some sleep.

LIAM

She? She who?

TOM
 Lady Anstruther. This is her
 bathing time. If she sees you, she
 will have you hung.

Now Liam looks worried.

LIAM
 Hung?

TOM
 By the neck. You'll be buried
 before the next sunrise.

Tom begins to realise that Liam is no threat. He retreats
 from Liam's space just as

LADY ANSTRUTHER appears: striking, head of flaming orange
 hair and a swimsuit that leaves everything to the
 imagination - even arms and legs.

She strides purposefully over and immediately dominates the
 conversation.

LADY ANSTRUTHER
 Hung? Oh no, I won't have him
 hung. Drowning is my thing
 now. I'll have him tossed to the
 fish and the gulls.

LIAM
 But your high...your hon...Mrs...I
 don't understand...I'm just...I'm
 lost...

Lady Anstruther looks him up and down.

She glances at Tom.

LADY ANSTRUTHER
 He's lost.

Liam's well rehearsed puppy-dog expression routine kicks in.

He lowers his head and raises his eyes...

LADY ANSTRUTHER
 Well you do look
 rather...strange. Where have you
 come from?

Liam looks towards his Grandparent's house should be. He
 hears how stupid that would sound...

LADY ANSTRUTHER
What are you? A stowaway? A
ragamuffin? A rascalion?

Liam looks at her with pleading eyes.

LIAM
I'm just lost.

Lady Anstruther reaches out to Liam. She ruffles his hair gently.

LADY ANSTRUTHER
I won't have you killed. You can
stay. Do you want to stay child?

Liam shakes his head.

LIAM
I just want to go home.

Liam turns and walks away from the tower in silence.

EXT.BEACH - DAY

Liam trudges across the sand. He gazes up at the town and watches as FISHERMEN in the distance go about their business.

He looks out sea and watches as the sun slips below the horizon.

Liam climbs into a battered old rowing boat and snuggles up into a ball.

He collapses.

Exhausted.

FADE OUT