

Lockwood and Co: 62 Sheen Road

written by

J. David Raven

EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - EVENING

A forlorn, seemingly abandoned house surrounded by mist. Two children of about 13 - ANTHONY LOCKWOOD and LUCY CARLYLE - stand on the porch, dwarfed by the building. Behind them, an overgrown garden and quiet road. LOCKWOOD leans forward and pulls on a bell pull. Somewhere inside, the echoes of a bell.

LUCY

Okay, remember our new rules. Don't blab about everything you see. Don't speculate openly about who killed who, how and when. And above all, don't impersonate the client. It never goes down well.

LOCKWOOD

That's an awful lot of don'ts Lucy.

LUCY

Oh, I've plenty more.

LOCKWOOD

You know I've got an excellent ear for accents. I copy people without thinking.

LUCY

(exasperated)

Then copy them quietly after the event. Not loudly, not in front of them and especially not when they're a six-foot-six Irish dockworker with a speech impediment and we're a good half mile from the public road.

LOCKWOOD

Yes. He really was quite nimble for his size. Still, it's good exercise. Sense anything?

LUCY

Not yet, but I'm hardly likely to out here, am I? You?

Lockwood adjusts his coat collar nervously. Lucy is half-listening to him, half-listening to the house.

LOCKWOOD

Oddly enough, I have. There's been a death in the yard sometime in the last few hours. Under that laurel halfway up the path.

LUCY

And I suppose you're going to tell me it's only a smallish glow?

LOCKWOOD

Yes, about mouse-sized. Could have been a vole. I expect a cat got it or something.

LUCY

So possibly not part of the case then?

LOCKWOOD

(hesitantly)

Probably not.

A movement inside the house.

LUCY

Here we go. She's coming. Remember what I said.

Lockwood bends down to pick up a duffel bag, and the two move back slightly, smiling pleasantly.

The door stays shut as they wait. Lockwood opens his mouth to speak, but hears slow footsteps behind him. This is MRS MARTIN, early 40s. As the two turn around, she increases her pace.

MRS MARTIN

I'm so sorry! So sorry! I was delayed. I didn't think you'd be so prompt.

LUCY

Mrs Hope? Good evening, madam. I'm Lucy Carlyle, and this is Anthony Lockwood of Lockwood and Company. We've come about your call.

Mrs. Martin stops on the top step, regarding the two with uncertainty and no small amount of fear. She eyes flick between them, assessing them; their rapiers, their heaving bags, their neatly brushed hair. The two seem unfazed by this, used to it.

MRS MARTIN

Just the two of you?

LUCY

Just us.

MRS MARTIN  
You're very young.

LOCKWOOD  
That's the idea, Mrs Hope. That's  
the way it has to be.

He smiles brightly, and she involuntary responds with a wan smile of her own. The smile suddenly vanishes and she is suddenly anxious again.

MRS MARTIN  
(apologetically)  
Actually, I'm not Mrs. Hope. I'm  
her daughter Suzie Martin. I'm  
afraid Mother isn't coming.

LUCY  
But we arranged to meet her. She  
agreed to show us around the house.

Mrs. Martin looks away as speaks.

MRS MARTIN  
I know. I'm afraid she's no longer  
willing to set foot here. The  
circumstances of Father's death  
were horrible enough, but recently  
the nightly... *disturbances* have  
become too persistent. Last night  
was particularly bad and Mother has  
decided she's had enough. She's  
staying with me now. We'll have to  
sell, but obviously we can't do  
that till the house is made safe...

She pauses, confused. She does not entirely trust these children.

MRS MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Which is why you're here. I'm  
sorry, shouldn't you have a  
supervisor? I though investigations  
always required an adult to be  
present. How old are you?

LOCKWOOD  
Old enough and young enough. The  
perfect age.

LUCY

Strictly speaking, madam, the law states that an adult is only required when the agent in question is undergoing training. It's true that some of the bigger agencies always use supervisors, but that's their private policy. We're fully qualified and independent and we don't find it necessary.

LOCKWOOD

In our experience, adults only get in the way. But, of course, if you want to see our licenses -

MRS MARTIN

No, no, that won't be necessary.

She runs a hand across her hair, stressed.

MRS MARTIN (CONT'D)

(measured)

Mother wanted you, I'm sure it's fine.

LUCY

Thank you, madam.

Lucy glances back at the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Just one thing - is there anyone else home? When we rang the bell -

Mrs. Martin meets Lucy's eyes suddenly, handing an envelope from under her arm to Lockwood, who tucks it into his coat.

MRS MARTIN

No. That's quite impossible. I have the only key.

LUCY

(unconvinced)

I see. I must have been mistaken.

MRS MARTIN

Well, I won't delay you. Mother's filled out the form you sent. She's hopes it's useful.

LOCKWOOD

I'm sure it will be. Thank you very much.

(MORE)

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

We need to get started now, but  
tell your mother we'll be in touch  
in the morning.

An awkward pause as each waits for another to respond.

MRS MARTIN

We'll, I'd best be off. I suppose I  
should wish you luck.

She glances over her shoulder.

MRS MARTIN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

So very young! How terrible the  
world should come to this...

Mrs. Martin hands them a ring of keys and hurries back down  
the path. It's darker now, and it's much more urgent that she  
gets inside and safe.

LOCKWOOD

Good night, Mrs. Martin.

She does not respond. Lucy waits until she is out of sight  
and out of earshot before speaking.

LUCY

She's not happy. We'll be off the  
case by tomorrow morning.

LOCKWOOD

Better get it solved tonight, then.  
Ready?

She pats the hilt of her rapier.

LUCY

Ready.

The two turn back to the door. Lockwood steps up, grins to  
himself, and dramatically turns the key.

INT. HOPE HOUSEHOLD MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lockwood and Lucy enter quickly and with as little hesitation  
as they can manage. They have clearly done this many times  
before and know not to linger.

The room is long and narrow, but very high, extending into  
darkness towards the end. Doors stand open on either side,  
and in the middle, a steep, straight staircase.

There are electric lights, and a switch by the front door, but Lucy only briefly brushes her hand against it before stopping herself from using it, leaving the two in darkness.

The two stand in silence, Lucy listening intently, Lockwood's eyes darting about. Lucy leans in.

LUCY

No heating.

LOCKWOOD

Mm-hm.

LUCY

Something else too, you think?

LOCKWOOD

Mm-hm.

He strolls slowly towards the stairs, still looking around, occasionally looking back at the base of the stairs. Lucy goes to follow but stops.

Still listening, Lucy begins to look around, noticing smaller details now - a little polished table by the stairs, a bowl of potpourri, paintings and photographs of country landscapes on the walls. The room is pleasant but marred by its abandonment and the general solemnity of their conversation.

Lucy, apparently hearing something, picks up her bag and walks to the end of the stairs.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Heard something?

LUCY

Yep. A little knocking sound. Comes and goes. It's very faint, and I can't tell you where it's coming from. But it's scarcely dark, so it should get stronger. You?

LOCKWOOD

You remember what happened to Mr. Hope?

LUCY

Fell down the stairs, broke his neck.

LOCKWOOD

Exactly. Well, there's a tremendous residual death-glow right here, still lingering three months later.

(MORE)

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)  
 Should've brought my sunglasses,  
 it's so bright. So what Mrs. Hope  
 told George over the phone stacks  
 up. Husband trips, tumbles down,  
 hits the ground hard.

He looks up the staircase.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)  
 (absently)  
 Long, steep flight... Nasty way to  
 go.

Lucy bends down, examining the tiles at the base of the  
 stairs.

LUCY  
 Yeah, look how the tiles have  
 cracked. He must have fallen with  
 tremendous for-

She is cut off by two enormous crashes on the stairs, air  
 moving against her face, and the noise of something soft and  
 heavy landing where she stands. Lockwood doesn't seem to  
 notice.

She jumps back, snatching her rapier from her belt, standing  
 against the wall, weapon raised, eyes darting about the room.  
 She is surprised to see nothing at the bottom of the stairs,  
 just Lockwood with a raised eyebrow, leaning casually against  
 the banister.

LOCKWOOD  
 (unconcerned)  
 You alright, Lucy?

LUCY  
 No. I just got the echo of Mr.  
 Hope's last fall. It was very loud  
 and very real. It was like he  
 landed right on top of me. Don't  
 laugh. It's not funny.

LOCKWOOD  
 Sorry. Well, something's stirring  
 early tonight. Should get  
 interesting later. Time?

Lucy glances at a little analogue watch on her wrist with  
 illuminated face.

LUCY  
 Not yet five.



LOCKWOOD

Fine. Plenty of time for a cup of tea. Then we find ourselves a ghost.

INT. HOPE HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The sun has set and the kitchen is dark. A kettle boils somewhere and an oil lamp burns on the table whilst the two methodically unclip and check several items from their work-belts - bags of iron filings, rapiers, small glass canisters handled with great care.

Satisfied, they replace everything on their belts. Lucy prepares the teas and brings them over to the table, whilst Lockwood extracts a packet of biscuits from his bag, before placing a small notepad in front of Lucy and a gossip magazine at his own place - distractions from their surroundings.

Lockwood reads some of his magazine whilst Lucy absently sketches, before he pulls up his coat collar, takes a sip of his tea and sighs.

LOCKWOOD

Let's see what Mrs. Hope has to say for herself.

He reaches for the folder lying on the table and flicks through, occasionally skimming a sheet of paper. Meanwhile, Lucy unclips a thermometer from her belt and inspects it.

LUCY

15 degrees celsius.

She jots this down on her notepad underneath her sketch, and briefly writes a short note about her experiences so far.

Lockwood tosses the folder aside dismissively, frustrated but forcing himself to stay calm.

LOCKWOOD

(snorting)

Well, that was useful.

LUCY

Really?

LOCKWOOD

No. I'm being ironic. Or is it sarcastic? I can never remember. That's George's department.

LUCY

Irony's clever, so you're probably being sarcastic. What's it say?

LOCKWOOD

Absolutely nothing of any use whatsoever. Might as well have written it in Greek for all the good it does us.

He takes back the folder and rifles through, occasionally placing something on the table.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

(tersely)

Lived here for the past two years. Before that they were down in Kent somewhere. Goes into a lot of irrelevant detail about how happy they were. No curfews, ghost-lamps barely needed, go for an evening walk and only meet your living neighbours, that kind of thing. Don't believe a word of it myself - according to George, it's had the worst outbreak outside of London.

LUCY

It's where the Problem began, I always thought.

LOCKWOOD

Well, you would. Anyhow, they moved up here, all fine, no trouble in the house, no manifestations... House had been empty for a good fifty years beforehand... Husband changed his job apparently, started working from home about six months ago. Still nothing. Then he fell downstairs and died.

LUCY

Hold on - how did he fall?

LOCKWOOD

Tripped, if I remember rightly.

LUCY

No, what I mean is, was he alone?

LOCKWOOD

According to Mrs. Hope. She was in bed. Happened during the night.

(MORE)

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

She says he was a bit distracted the few weeks beforehand. Thinks he got up to get a glass of water.

LUCY

(noncommittally)

Right.

LOCKWOOD

You think she pushed him?

LUCY

Not necessarily. But it would provide a strong motive for the haunting. Husbands tend not to haunt wives without reason. Pity she didn't want to talk, we could have sussed her out.

LOCKWOOD

Well, you can't always tell by looking. Did I ever tell you about the time I met the notorious Harry Crisp? Sweet-faced man he was, soft-voiced and twinkly-eyed. Very good company, very plausible, and even got me to lend him a tenner. Yet it turned out in the end he was the most appalling murderer, who liked nothing better than to -

Lucy holds up a hand.

LUCY

Yes, you did tell me that. Maybe a million or so times.

LOCKWOOD

Oh. Well. Well, point is, he could be coming back for all sorts of reasons other than vengeance. Something left undone, a will he hasn't told his wife about, some stash of money hidden under the bed...

LUCY

Yeah, maybe. So the disturbances begin after he dies?

LOCKWOOD

A week or two later. She was mostly away from the house at that point.

(MORE)

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

When she came back, she began to be aware of an unwelcome presence.

He taps the file.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Anyway, she doesn't describe it here. Says she gave a full account to our 'receptionist' over the phone.

LUCY

(not entirely upset)

Ooh, George won't like that. Well, I've got his notes here with me, if you want me to read them.

Lockwood sits back expectantly.

LOCKWOOD

Go on then, what's she been seeing?

Lucy removes a small folded sheet of paper from her coat pocket, unfolds it, smooths it out on her knee, skims and clears her throat.

LUCY

Are you ready?

LOCKWOOD

Yes.

LUCY

Mrs. Hope saw 'a moving shape'.

With great ceremony, she refolds the paper and goes to put them back, as Lockwood blinks, outraged.

LOCKWOOD

'A moving shape'? That's it? No further details? Come on. Was it big, small, bright, dark, or what?

LUCY

It was, and I quote, 'a moving shape that appeared in the back bedroom and followed me out across the landing.' Word for word, that's what she told George.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

He's even drawn a little frowny face next to it.

LOCKWOOD

Hardly the finest description of all time, is it? You wouldn't want to try and sketch from it.

LUCY

Well, she's an adult, what do you expect? It's never going to be any good. The sensations are a bit more revealing. She says she felt as if something knew she was there and was looking for her but couldn't find her. And that the thought of it finding her was more than she could bear.

LOCKWOOD

Well, that's a little better. She sensed purpose, which suggests it's a Type Two. But whatever the late Mr Hope's been up to, he's not the only one at work in this house tonight. There's us too. What say we have a look around?

Lucy drains her tea and sets the mug down on the table.

LUCY

I think that sounds a very good idea.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) Kitchen - Lockwood and Lucy pick up their bags and leave. The oil lamp, along with several candles remain burning, to keep the room bright. A torch is left on, and matches are left out.

B) Scullery - Lockwood and Lucy glance in, flashing their torches in. They find only a pile of sprouting onions and move on.

C) Dining room - The two, again, glance in, and find only piles of old newspapers on the dining table, and move on.

D) Main hall - Lockwood shudders slightly, and Lucy checks her thermometer. It reads 9 degrees now.

E) Lounge - Lucy checks the temperature here too. 15 degrees again.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy checks the temperature again as Lockwood looks around the room. Down to twelve degrees. Lucy closes her eyes, prepares to listen -

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

Lucy, look! There's Mr. Hope!

Lucy starts and turns around, drawing her rapier. Lockwood, however, is simply stooped casually and looking at a small picture of Mr. Hope.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Mrs. Hope's here too.

LUCY

You idiot! I might have run you through.

LOCKWOOD

Oh, don't be so grumpy. Take a look. What do you think?

Lucy peers more closely at the picture. The Hopes, both in their sixties, are stood in their garden holding hands.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Seem cheerful enough there, don't they?

LUCY

Got to be a reason for a Type Two though. George says Type Two always means someone's done something to someone.

LOCKWOOD

Yes, but George has a nasty gruesome, little mind. Which reminds me - we should probably find a phone and call him.

LUCY

You left a message on the table, didn't you?

LOCKWOOD

Even so, he'll be worrying about us.

LUCY

One thing at a time. Let's finish  
the survey first. Upstairs.

INT. HOPE HOUSEHOLD MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lucy begins to climb the staircase, and the knocking sound immediately returns, increasing with each step.

LUCY

Knocking sound's back.

Lockwood is walking behind her, checking his thermometer regularly.

LOCKWOOD

Getting nippier, too. Thirteen...  
Twelve... Nine... Seven... Six...

Lucy stops briefly and fumbles to zip her coat up at this, staring ahead. Placing one hand on her rapier hilt, she continues into the darkness. Lockwood follows, still checking temperature.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Six... Five... And four.

They have reached the landing, in complete darkness. The knocking abruptly stops. Lucy checks her own thermometer to confirm. Lockwood brushes past, flicking his torch around the landing. He snorts slightly at the sight of a 'Home Sweet Home' embroidery.

The two pause briefly to listen and look.

LUCY

Nothing. The knocking noises are  
stopped too.

LOCKWOOD

(heavily)  
No death-glow's either.

He sighs. The pair are both sluggish and slower now. The house is affecting them.

LUCY

You feel that? Malaise.

LOCKWOOD

Not a good sign. Okay, thinking happy thoughts, thinking happy thoughts, thinking happy thoughts...

(more energetically)

Well, ladies first. You pick a door.

LUCY

Not me. I picked a door in that orphanage case and you know how that turned out.

LOCKWOOD

You were fine, weren't you?

LUCY

Only because I ducked.

She goes to sigh, but stops herself. She can't afford to get annoyed.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll take...

She points to the nearest door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That one. But you're going in first, okay?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two enter the bathroom and listen and look. Sensing nothing, Lockwood checks temperature, finds it unimpressive, and the two leave.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

An incredibly messy study - bookcases line the walls, stacks of paper on the floor and desk, a battered leather armchair with the covering peeling away. Lucy checks temperature. It's two degrees.

Lucy goes to open the curtains. Lockwood is nudging at a rug on the floor.



LOCKWOOD

Old pressure marks. Used to be a bed here before Mr. Hope took over... Maybe he came back to sort out his paperwork.

LUCY

This is it. This is where the Source is. Look at the temperature. And don't you feel heavy, numb? That'll be malaise.

LOCKWOOD

Plus, this is where Mrs. Hope saw her legendary 'moving shape'.

A door slams shut somewhere in the house, making the two jump.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

(decisively)

I reckon you're right. This is the place. We should rig up a circle.

LUCY

Iron filings or chains?

LOCKWOOD

Oh, filings. Filings'll be fine.

LUCY

Are you sure? It's only nine, and it's already quite strong.

LOCKWOOD

Not *that* strong. Besides, whatever Mr. Hope wants, I can't believe he's suddenly turned malevolent. Filings are more than adequate. Also...

LUCY

There's an also?

LOCKWOOD

I forgot to bring the chains. Don't stare at me like that. You do weird things with your eyes.

LUCY

(incredulous)

You forgot to bring the iron chains? Lockwood -

LOCKWOOD

Well, George took them out to oil them and I didn't check he'd put them back. So it's George's fault really. Listen, it doesn't really matter. We're competent agents, we don't really need chains for a job like this, do we? You get the filings set up while I check the other rooms. Then we focus on in here.

Lockwood has more to say but Lucy interrupts him with a sigh.

LUCY

Well, don't get in trouble. Last time you wandered off on a case you trapped yourself in a toilet.

LOCKWOOD

A ghost shut me in, I keep telling you.

LUCY

So you keep saying, but why exactly a gho-

But Lockwood is gone.

INT. STUDY - LATER

Lucy has moved the stacks of paper and rug to the side of the room. She is now scattering a bag of filings sparingly on the floor in a circle. She peers at the filings, assessing. She comes to a decision.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Lucy comes out onto the empty landing.

LUCY

(calling)

I'm just going down to get more iron.

LOCKWOOD

Fine. Can you put the kettle on?

LUCY

Sure.

She glances at the bathroom and goes to go down the stairs. Putting her hand on the banister she gasps slightly - it's freezing. She stops, listens hard, and continues. A few steps down, she stops again, listens hard, hears a rushing noise this time. Turning back, she sees nothing and continues.

INT. HOPE HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kettle is on and Lucy is struggling to open the door, both duffel bags in her hands and biscuit in her mouth.

INT. LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy slowly ascends the stairs. The house is silent, Lockwood still checking the bedrooms. Lucy awkwardly heaves down the bags. She lifts her head to call to Lockwood, and is confronted by the sight of a young woman standing in the study - ANNIE.

Lucy freezes, partly through shock, partly through the effect Annie is having on her - paralysed with despair, not really caring why Annie is there.

However, Lucy is used to this, and she responds immediately. Wrestling sharp breaths, she shakes the feeling away with some difficulty, forcing herself to ignore Annie and avoid showing fear.

Lucy's hand slowly moves towards her belt, and she inspects Annie more closely. Annie is faint, but dimly lit from nowhere. She wears a slightly outdated summer dress and no shoes, and her feet are sunk partially through the floor. Her hair is fair, but her face is in complete darkness.

LUCY  
(singsong)  
Lockwood? Oh, Lockwood? Oh,  
Lockwood!

No response.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, Lockwood! Please come here!

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)  
Hold on, Luce, I've got  
something...

LUCY  
Jolly good! And so have I...

Annie has moved slightly closer, and is now on the landing.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 (to Annie only)  
 What do you want?

ANNIE  
 (quietly)  
 I'm cold. So...

The end of her sentence is too quiet to hear, as Lucy seems to have expected.

LUCY  
 (still sing-song)  
 Oh, Lockwood! It's urgent!

LOCKWOOD  
 (slightly annoyed)  
 Just wait a sec, Luce. Something really interesting. I've picked up a death-glow - a really *really* faint one. Something nasty happened in the front bedroom too! It's so hazy I almost missed it, so presumably it's very old. But, you know, I think it was traumatic... Which means - it's only a theory, this, I'm just playing with ideas here - there might possibly have been two violent deaths in this house, an early cluster maybe. What do you say to that?

Lucy laughs hollowly. Annie, sensing Lucy's agitation, begins to slowly drift towards Lucy. Lucy, in response, puts one hand on her rapier and the other on a canister in her belt.

LUCY  
 (no longer lighthearted)  
 I say, it's a theory I can help you with if you'll only come out here.

LOCKWOOD  
 The thing is, I don't see how the first death has anything to do with the Hopes. They were only here for two years, weren't they? So perhaps the disturbances we're experiencing aren't -

LUCY  
 Aren't actually caused by the husband? Yes, well done!

A pause. Lockwood is listening now.

LOCKWOOD

What?

LUCY

I said, it's not the husband,  
Lockwood! Now get out here!

Lockwood emerges from a bedroom and stops dead, seeing Annie.  
Lucy nods grimly.

LOCKWOOD

Ah.

LUCY

Yes, and next time I call you while  
in an operative situation, do me a  
favour and get your butt in here  
double-quick.

LOCKWOOD

Sorry. But I see you've got it well  
in hand. Has she spoken?

LUCY

She says she's cold.

LOCKWOOD

Tell her we can sort that for her.  
Don't fiddle-faddle with the  
rapier, that'll only agitate her.  
Tell her we can sort it, we can  
find whatever she's lost.

LUCY

(unsteadily)

We can help you. You're cold, we  
can help. We can find what you've  
lost.

Annie does not respond, not much to the pair's surprise.

LOCKWOOD

She's not changing form, are you  
sure she heard?

LUCY

She heard.

ANNIE

I'm cold.  
(louder)  
Lost and cold.

She is now only a foot from Lucy.

LOCKWOOD

What's she say?

LUCY

Same thing. Less like a girl this time though. Deep and hollow and echoey.

LOCKWOOD

Well, that's never good is it.

LUCY

We should probably take it a sign.

The two both draw their rapiers and stand facing Annie on both sides, waiting to study its behaviour.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Can you see her face?

LOCKWOOD

No. Very strong visual echo and it's very bright but the face is veiled. Surprising it's manifested as it was. I think it's -

Lucy lifts up a hand, cutting Lockwood off, as Annie begins to speak.

ANNIE

(barely audible)

I'm cold. Lost and cold. Lost... and cold... and DEAD!

The light flares and the veil over her face lifts before the light goes out. Annie rushes towards Lucy, arms outstretched. Lucy is pushed back towards the top of the stairs by a gust of icy air. Stumbling, she topples backwards, dropping her rapier and grabbing the corner of the wall to stop herself falling. She hangs there, her fingers slipping as the figure draws closer.

Suddenly, Lockwood jumps between the two, cutting an unnecessarily complex pattern in the air with his rapier, causing Annie to rear up, hand across her face. Lockwood again uses his rapier to hem Annie in on several sides. Annie shrinks back and darts into the study, followed by Lockwood.

The landing is empty. Lucy pulls herself up and sinks to her knees. Rubbing her hurt arm, she grabs her rapier. Lockwood returns, scanning the landing and bending to speak with Lucy

LOCKWOOD

Did she touch you?

LUCY  
No. Where'd she go?

LOCKWOOD  
I'll show you. You sure you're  
alright, Luce?

LUCY  
Of course.

She brushes her hair away from her eyes and forces the rapier  
back into the belt. Her shoulder is in pain, but not much.  
She starts towards the study.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
So, let's get on with it.

Lockwood holds up a hand to stop her.

LOCKWOOD  
In a sec. You need to rest for a  
bit.

LUCY  
(impatiently)  
I'm fine.

LOCKWOOD  
You're angry. There's no need to  
be. That assault would have caught  
anyone out. I was surprised.

LUCY  
You didn't drop your rapier. Look,  
we're wasting time. When she comes  
back -

LOCKWOOD  
She wasn't directing it at me. It  
was all at you. She wanted to pitch  
you over the stairs. Now we know  
why Hope fell down the stairs. My  
point is, you need to calm down.  
She'll feed on your angry. We can't  
afford to make her any stronger.

LUCY  
Yeah, yeah, I know.

She closes her eyes and concentrates on taking deep breaths  
to calm herself down. Regaining control, she stops to listen  
to the house again. Nothing, just a heavy, oppressive  
silence.

Lucy opens her eyes. Lockwood is standing, hands in his coat pockets.

LOCKWOOD

Well?

LUCY

I'm feeling better.

LOCKWOOD

Anger gone?

LUCY

Not a trace.

LOCKWOOD

If you don't feel steady, we can go home?

LUCY

We're not leaving now, Lockwood. They're not going to let us in here again. They think we're too young. If we haven't cracked the case by tomorrow, she'll take us off it and get Fittes or Rotwell in. We need the money. Our reputation is bad enough...

LOCKWOOD

(defensively)

We've never been more successful! We were the ones who drove out the Mortlake Horror! We were the ones to destroy the Grey Spectre of Aldgate! We stopped the Clattering Bones! We saved Mrs Andrews from the Creeping Shadow!

LUCY

And yet half a dozen people died, the Mortlake Horror moved half a mile away and Mrs Andrews disappeared. In a variety of ingenious ways, we've succeeded in mucking them all up. Not a single one of them has ended as neatly as we'd have liked. We need this case. We finish this tonight, Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

Most nights I would agree with you, but parameters change.

(MORE)



LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

It's not some old boy haunting his widow, it's almost certainly the ghost of a murder victim. And you know what they're like. You want to improve our reputation, we're hardly likely to do it here. If your head's not in the right place...

LUCY

Yeah, but it's not really me that's the issue, is it?

Lockwood frowns.

LOCKWOOD

Meaning what?

LUCY

Meaning the iron chains.

LOCKWOOD

Oh, come on. That's hardly -

LUCY

Those iron chain are standard equipment for all agent, Lockwood. They're essential equipment when facing a dangerous Type Two. And you forgot them.

LOCKWOOD

Only because George insisted on oiling them! At your suggestion, if I remember rightly.

LUCY

Oh, so it's my fault now, is it? Most agents would sooner go out without their trousers than go without their chains, but you somehow managed it. You were so keen on rushing out here, it's a wonder we brought anything at all. George even warned us not to go. He wanted to do more research. But no. You overruled him.

LOCKWOOD

Yes! I'm leader, it's what I do! It's my responsibility -

LUCY

To make stupid decisions? I suppose  
it is.

The two stand in silence, arms folded and glaring across the  
landing. But then, he grins.

LOCKWOOD

So... How's your anger management  
going, Luce?

LUCY

Well, at least I'm annoyed at you  
now. That's different.

LOCKWOOD

Is it though?

Lockwood sighs, making his decision.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Look, I take your point about the  
money. You win. George'll hate it,  
but if you're sure we can risk it,  
I've driven her away for the  
moment. We've got a little  
breathing room. If we're quick, and  
let's face it, when have we not  
been quick, we can be done in half  
an hour.

LUCY

Just lead me to the place.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Lockwood leads Lucy to a stretch of wall on the far side of  
the room, between bookcases. A large map of the geology of  
Britain hangs on it, and the bottom is concealed with a stack  
of geology magazines. Mr. Hope was a geologist.

Lucy inspect the bookcases, notices how the wall between the  
two protrudes outwards.

LUCY

Old chimney breast? She went in?

LOCKWOOD

She was fading by the time she  
reached it, but I should think so.  
Would make sense if the Source was  
somewhere inside.

LUCY

Mm-hm. Lots of space. Could be anything.

INT. STUDY - LATER

The magazines have been moved away from the wall, and are spread around the room and even on the landing, whilst the map is leant against the desk. Lucy's original circle is intact, but another semicircle has been formed next to the wall, rough, large and perhaps not as secure as it could be. Inside, several small lanterns from the kitchen illuminate the wall. Lockwood and Lucy stand looking at the wall, which they have stripped of wallpaper. Lockwood is inspecting the wall closely, lantern in hand.

LOCKWOOD

Want to hear my theory?

LUCY

Thrill me.

LOCKWOOD

She was killed in the house decades ago - so long ago she grew quiet. Mr. Hope sets up his study in here and it triggers her somehow. So it stands to reason something of hers is still concealed in here, something she cares about, makes her hang on.

LUCY

Her Source.

LOCKWOOD

Exactly. Clothes, maybe, some sort of possession, perhaps a gift she promised someone. Or -

LUCY

Or something else.

LOCKWOOD

Yes. But something's acting as her source, and it still hasn't been sealed.

LUCY

And that's why we're here. That's why agents exist.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Act as consultant, provide defences, and find and seal any sources, whatever that might be. That's our God-given task.

LOCKWOOD

That's a funny name. I'd have just said Marissa Fittes or Tom Rotwell like a normal person.

LUCY

Oh, well, look at who finally did his history homework. You'd think he'd remember the ones who invented the job.

LOCKWOOD

In any case, something's in there, holding her or letting her through from somewhere or something. Question is, what is it?

LUCY

You reckon 'personal organic remains'?

She glances at him. He is staring, eyebrows raised.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, blame Marissa Fittes or Tom Rotwell. Like a normal person, hmm? It's their funny name.

LOCKWOOD

(to himself)

73 per cent of Sources, they say.

(to Lucy again)

There was a cavity here at some point. A big one. Been filled in by this point. See how the plaster's a different colour?

LUCY

Think we can get in?

LOCKWOOD

Shouldn't be too difficult. All quiet?

He removes a crowbar from a bag and another for Lucy, whilst Lucy looks back at the darkened room, listening. Mounting pressure, but no noise.

LUCY

Okay for the moment, but it won't last.

LOCKWOOD

Better get on with it then.

He swings his crowbar at the wall.

INT. STUDY - LATER

Lockwood and Lucy have torn down most of the wall. The fronts of their clothes are coated in plaster, and they have exposed a set of wooden boards studded with nails. Lucy is listening whilst Lockwood is looking around again.

LOCKWOOD

Some kind of boards. The front of a box or cupboard or something. Looks like it fills the whole wall space.

He steps back slightly, knocking some of the filings out of position.

LUCY

Watch the filings.

Lockwood takes a deep breath and begins to swing his crowbar, whilst Lucy bends down and brushes the filings back into place. Having done so, she stops, crouched down for maybe a minute with one hand on the floor, listening.

She stands up and checks on Lockwood, who has damaged one of the planks but not broken through. She taps his arm.

LUCY (CONT'D)

She's back. Three thuds and a soft thump. Mr. Hope falling down the stairs.

LOCKWOOD

Okay. Doesn't change anything. Keep watch and don't let it unsettle you. That's what she's aiming for. She recognises you're the weak one.

LUCY

I'm sorry?

LOCKWOOD

Luce, this isn't the time. I just mean emotionally.

LUCY

Oh, yeah, like that's any better.

LOCKWOOD

Look, all I'm saying is, your kind of Talent is much more sensitive than mine, but, ironically, that very sensitivity leaves you more exposed to supernatural influences, which might be a problem in cases like this. Okay?

A beat.

LUCY

You sound like you've been listening to George.

LOCKWOOD

Lucy, why would I ever listen to George?

The two turn away from each other - Lockwood continuing to work at the wall, whilst Lucy draws her rapier and stands guard.

Suddenly, a crack as Lockwood manages to wedge his crowbar behind a plank and tries to force the plank away with all his strength. One of the lanterns very slowly flickers, falters and begins to die out as the other lantern flares up. A gust of wind, papers blow across the desk.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

You'd think she'd want us to do this. You'd think she'd want to be found.

A door bangs somewhere.

LUCY

Apparently not.

More doors banging down stairs, seven in a row, glass breaking somewhere outside.

LOCKWOOD

Boring! You've done that! Try something else!

The house suddenly falls silent.

LUCY

How many times have I told you not to taunt them? It never ends well.

LOCKWOOD

Well, she was repeating herself.  
Get a seal ready, I'm getting  
close.

Lucy rummages through her bag, looking through the various seals - boxes, tubes, nails, pendants, chains, bands, all made of silver or iron. Eventually, she digs out a small chain-net, tightly fused and carefully folded small enough to fit into her hand.

Turning to check on Lockwood, she finds one board nearly forced away, darkness behind. He is straining to pull it all the way back, dangerously close to knocking the filings back.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

It's coming.

LUCY

Good.

She turns back to the room, finding Annie standing just behind the line clearer than ever, inches away but unable to move forwards. Lucy stares disdainfully, imagining the girl in life. Annie's face is blank but she is furious.

Lucy raises the net in a mock-salute, and is met with a gust of wind, scouring her face and even knocking a few filings back.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I would highly recommend finishing  
this!

Lockwood gasps as the plank cracks, about to break away. Another sudden gust of wind, howling and blowing papers across the room. Annie is unaffected by this wind, and simply stares through Lucy at the wall. The filings are shifting ever so slightly now.

LOCKWOOD

Got it! Give me the seal.

Lucy turns and gives him the net just as the board finally gives, bringing another two planks along with it, attached by wooden spurs. Unprepared, Lockwood loses his balance and Lucy is forced to grab him to stop him from falling out of the circle. They hang, just inside the circle, dangling slightly.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Thanks, Luce. That was almost bad.

He grins and she nods.

The boards of the wall fall forward, exposing something. The shock of the boards hitting the floor cause the two to topple over, entangled, just over the line of iron filings.

Inside the wall is Annie's body, choked up with cobwebs and dust. Her hair and dress and still clear, her body is barely recognisable as human with age.

Lockwood rolls off of Lucy, who kneels up. She is still holding the net but has dropped her rapier and is looking frantically. The iron fillings are completely scattered. She looks to Lockwood, struggling to pull his rapier out...

And Annie hovering over him.

LUCY

Lockwood!

Lockwood glances up and sees Annie. He won't be able to free the rapier in time. As Annie drops toward him, Lucy, without a second thought, tears a canister from her belt and chucks it at Annie, as a last resort. It passes straight through her and hits the wall, where the lid smashes and the contents immediately ignite, throwing iron and salt and blinding light out, causing Annie to disappear once more. Lockwood throws himself sideways.

Several papers have been ignited by the fire and the flames are slowly spreading. A wail of pain from somewhere in the study - Annie. A sudden gust of wind from Annie and the fire redoubles, burning papers blown across the room, igniting hundreds of smaller fires.

Lockwood stands, frees his rapier and stares at a corner where Annie is reforming.

LOCKWOOD

Lucy! Plan E! We follow Plan E!

Lucy is confused, half distracted by the fire beginning to reach near the landing, half trying to remember Plan E.

LUCY

Lockwood, the door -

LOCKWOOD

No time! I'll draw her off, you deal with the Source!

Lucy remembering Plan E now, Lockwood skips almost insolently across the room towards Annie, ignoring the fires. Annie rushes towards him and he raises his rapier to defend himself. Cutting at Annie around himself, he retreats steadily to the landing, away from the chimney breast.



Lucy now rushes forwards to the body, now free. Air slams into her, screaming, sparks spitting and flames reaching at her, almost slowing her to a standstill. She continues. The bookshelves are now alight, fire spreading across the floor. The hole in the wall is nearly completely black, the body barely visible.

Lucy shakes the net loose, still walking forwards, looking down to avoid looking directly at the corpse's face, choosing instead to look at the dress, the bony neck, the spiders and something glittering - a thin golden necklace.

Lucy has reached the hole, fire around her, net ready. She hesitates for a moment, staring again at the necklace. Annie wanted to look nicer, and now the necklace is still here. She pities Annie.

LUCY

Who did this to you?

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

Lucy!

Lucy turns to find Annie rushing towards her through flames, arms outstretched. Blindly, Lucy thrusts the net through the hole. It snags on a piece of wood, and Lucy sobs slightly as she pulls it free and drapes it over Annie's body.

Annie stops in midair, frozen. She sighs, moans, shudders. Her light dims, her face darkens and she winks out of existence.

A sudden release of pressure. The wind stops and both Lucy and Lockwood's ears pop. The fire rages on, but the Source is sealed. Lucy listens for a moment. The fire roars, blocking the door to the landing, but no ghost.

Lockwood is at the window, waving at Lucy. She nods, and, almost without thinking, snatches the necklace from around Annie's neck, stuffs it in her pocket before zigzagging through the fires to the window. Lockwood has kicked it open and is kneeling on the windowsill. Lucy joins him.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

You alright? Something happen by the hole?

She gives a wan smile.

LUCY

No. Nothing. Another case solved.

LOCKWOOD

Yes. Won't Mrs. Hope be pleased?  
True, you did set off a can of Greek  
Fire in an uncontrolled environment  
and burned down her house, but at  
least it's ghost-free. So.

LUCY

So.

Lucy peers out, looking for the ground. It's still too dark  
to be seen.

LOCKWOOD

It'll be fine. I'm almost sure  
there are some whopping bushes down  
there.

LUCY

Good.

LOCKWOOD

That and a concrete patio.

He pats her arm.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Come on, Luce, turn and drop. It's  
not like we have a choice.

She looks back at the fire. The floor is almost entirely  
flames, and the fire has reached the chimney breast. The body  
and net will be incinerated. She sighs.

LUCY

Okay. If you say so.

Lockwood just grins.

LOCKWOOD

In six months, when have I ever let  
you down?

Lucy opens her mouth, about to respond, when the part of the  
roof collapses onto the desk right behind them. Something  
hits Lucy on the back of the head, knocking her out and over  
the window. Lockwood reaches to grab her, but loses his  
balance and falls too. The ground rushes to meet them.