The Fifth Island

by

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Figure 3
Figure 2
Figure 1
The Fifth Island

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Film Script

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Creative Writing Project (Dissertation) 2023

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Lampeter

FADE IN

EXT. SKY - DAY

A bright midday sky. Buzzards ride the air currents in search of prey.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

The verdant Welsh countryside extends for miles.

A secluded, well-maintained double-storey manor house stands by itself surrounded by fields bordered with trees.

THREE cars are parked in the driveway. A set of porch stairs lead up to the entrance of the house.

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – FRONT DOOR

A Christmas wreath hangs on the front door.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK: AUDIO

A crackle of wood burning. The sound grows louder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - END OF A DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dim glow breaks the darkness.

Flames penetrate cracks around the corner edge of a closed bedroom door on the first floor.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR

The increasing glow reveals a row of doors on either side of the corridor. Stairs lead down to the main entrance hall.

MIDDLE CORRIDOR

A bedroom door opens. OSTARA, 9, emerges, clutching a doll tightly to her nightdress.

INTERCUT – MIDDLE CORRIDOR/END OF CORRIDOR

Ostara peers down towards the illuminated end of the corridor. Flames spread across her parent's closed bedroom door. Ostara looks on in shock. Cries out.

OSTARA

Mum?... Dad!

INT. BEDROOM – OSTARA'S PARENTS' ROOM

The air is thick with smoke. Barely visible in the grey haze, an outline of two scantily clad figures on the bed. Ostara's parents, AERON and ALISON, mid-20's are oblivious to the flames and smoke. They embrace in sleep. Two cognac glasses and an empty bottle stand on a bedside table. An overturned ashtray lies on the carpet between the bed and the bedroom door on fire.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Ostara stands riveted just outside her bedroom. She sobs.

SERIES OF SHOTS – OSTARA IN THE CORRIDOR

A) Smoke seeps through the gap under the door on fire towards her.

B) She glances the other way. The corridor at the other end is unaffected by the fire.

C) Ostara edges her way towards her parents' bedroom on fire, rubbing her eyes, smarting from tears and smoke.

D) She stops outside her parent's room. Coughs. Part of their door is covered in flames.

E) She peers again towards the end of the corridor away from the fire. A door jerks open opposite her room.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. CORRIDOR

Ostara's grandparents, BRANWEN, and GERALD EVANS, 40's, emerge from their bedroom opposite Ostara's room. They gasp. A thin film of smoke engulfs them. Gerald grips Branwen's shoulder.

GERALD
(shouts)
Everybody out. Quick.

Just then, a faint yell penetrates the haze.

OSTARA (O.S.)

Nain... Nain.

Branwen and Gerald hasten towards the cries.

INT. CORRIDOR – DOOR ON FIRE

Branwen grabs Ostara. Holds her close.

GERALD

Get her out. Wake Harold and Esmeralda.

Gerald kicks the partially burning door. Bits of wood crash to the ground. Dark smoke whirls out towards them.

INT. CORRIDOR

Branwen rushes down the smoky corridor tugging Ostara with her. They pass both their bedrooms, a few closed doors and one more room that has its door ajar. She peers in.

BRANWEN
(calls out)
Harold, Esmeralda?

The haze thickens. An expression of anguish clouds Branwen’s face. Ostara starts to cough and covers her eyes and nose with her hands. Branwen casts a concerned glance at her granddaughter. She grabs Ostara’s wrist and tugs her towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DOOR ON FIRE

Gerald raises his hand to shield his face. He barges into the room and disappears into the smoke.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS

Just before Ostara heads down the steps, she turns around. Rubbing her eyes and squinting through the dense greyness, she tries to peer down the corridor. Ostara calls out.

OSTARA

Grandad? Grandad?

Just then there is a sudden loud sound of wood crashing against the floor somewhere in the haze. Smoke gushes towards Ostara. She loses her footing. Falls. One side of her forehead hits the edge of the bannister.

Ostara shuts her eyes tight, overcome by the pain from the wound and stinging smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN - HIGH-RISE FLAT – BEDROOM – NIGHT (2025)

A dark room except for the orange glow of a flickering salt lamp on a corner desk.

OSTARA, a successful surgeon, mid-30’s, lies asleep in her bed. She is a slender, pleasant-looking woman except for the dark rings around her eyes.

She tosses restlessly.

Ostara wakes. Sweating.

She turns on the bedside reading light. Her eyes narrow. She scans the room, then scrambles out of bed.

Her oversized T-shirt hangs loosely down to her knees, the letter ‘N’ printed on the front.

Ostara scurries across the room to her desk.

DESK

A mirror hangs above the table. Near the salt lamp lies a framed photograph of her dead parents Aeron and Alison, her wallet, a medical journal, and a book on sailing.

She switches off the lamp. The picture catches her attention. Her eyes well up with tears.

INSERT – PHOTOGRAPH

Ostara’s parents, in their twenties, stand in front of her grandparents Branwen and Gerald’s old manor house.

BACK TO SCENE

She gazes at the picture, then stares bleakly at herself in the mirror above the desk.

After a long pause, she slowly smooths back her hair, revealing an old wound above her hairline on one side of her forehead.

Ostara runs her finger over the scar. Flinches. Takes a step back. Still facing the mirror, she stares at the letter ‘N’ on her T-shirt. Tugs at it. Scowls. Wrenches the garment off. Throws it aside. Beneath she wears a strappy vest and boxer briefs.

From the desk drawer, she removes a silver pill case. Opens it. Stares at the tablets. Changes her mind, closes the box. Returns it to the drawer. Sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. OSTARA’S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The cooker clock displays 4:30 am. Windows look out on other high-rise buildings. Distant lights shimmer.

Ostara switches on the electric kettle. Puts a teabag into a mug.

INT. OSTARA’S BEDROOM

Ostara sits at her desk. Nearby, an open window with curtains.

She reaches for her mug. Knocks the picture onto the floor. Sound of shattering glass.

OSTARA

Damn!

Ostara picks up the picture. Places it back on the desk.

A sudden gust of wind squalls into the room. Sound of curtains flapping. Ostara heads for the window.

OPEN WINDOW

The drapes blow about relentlessly. She grabs the casement handle to close the window. Something outside catches her attention. Gapes.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. BALCONY OPPOSITE OSTARA'S FLAT - DAY

A couple lean intimately against each other. The man, NICK, 30's, Ostara's recent ex-boyfriend has his arm around the WOMAN'S waist. They kiss.

OSTARA (O.S.)

Nick?

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. OSTARA'S BEDROOM – WINDOW – BACK TO PRESENT DAY

She hurriedly takes a step back. Eyes wide in disbelief. She looks out of the window again. Rubs her eyes.

Nobody is on the balcony. Ostara shakes her head.

INT. OSTARA'S BEDROOM – DESK

She reaches for her wallet and removes a business card. Ostara stares at it. Thoughtful.

INSERT BUSINESS CARD

Dr Regina Kelly M.D., MBBS, DO
Psychiatrist

Ostara places the card on the table and pulls out her silver pill case from the drawer. Opens it.

OSTARA

Fuck it!

Places a pill on her tongue. Swallows.

BED

Ostara crawls into bed. Curls into a foetal position. Shuts her eyes tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

A blue-grey sky. Seagulls ride the thermal currents.

EXT. SEA

A bird’s eye view: Vast Ocean. A small motorboat with Ostara’s grandmother, the older DR BRANWEN EVANS, sitting in it. She in her early 70’s, lean, relatively athletic. Branwen isn’t using the boat’s motor but is rowing along the shores of LINDYSYN, a small island off the coast of Wales. A narrow strip of sea separates this land mass from CALLWEN on the mainland.

The boat stops.

EXT./INT. BOAT

The bow of the boat and Branwen, face the island. She wears an old pair of shorts and a T-shirt. Tangled masses of floating garbage push against the vessel. She stows the oars under her seat.

A sudden roar of a jet overhead.

EXT. SKY

The plane billows out contrails that streak across the sky.

INT. BOAT/EXT. SKY

Branwen glances up at the aircraft. Grimaces. She turns round in her seat. Her gaze follows the plane’s path.

EXT. SKY

The jet flies towards Callwen.

INT. BOAT

Branwen shakes her head with regret. Then turns round to face the bow again. She reaches under her seat and pulls out a long wooden pole with a spike and iron hook at the end.

She scowls at the floating refuse.

BRANWEN

Tossers!

All her attention and strength are now fully focused on clearing the sea of rubbish.

EXT. SEA/INT. BOAT

Branwen scans the water with impatience. She grits her teeth. With exceptional energy for her age, she raises the pole. In one swift action, she shoves it hard into the litter, hooking the mass out of the water and into a sack on the boat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ostara hastens down the corridor, a newspaper tucked under her arm. She glances at her wristwatch.

OSTARA
(mutters)
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Ostara’s appearance suggests she has dressed in a hurry. Her buttons don’t line up right and her shirt is only half tucked into her skirt. She stops outside her office door, waves her ID over the card reader and scurries in.

INT. HOSPITAL – OSTARA’S OFFICE

A doctor’s white coat hangs on a peg. Ostara chucks the newspaper onto her desk. Makes a call. She glares at the front page. Winces.

The ringing on the other end continues. Ostara, frantic, fidgets with her hair while she waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFSHORE LINDYSYN – CONTINUOUS

Branwen in her boat, is busy clearing refuse from the sea. Her mobile in her shorts pocket rings continuously. Branwen scowls. Answers.

INTERCUT – TELEPHONE CONVERSATIION

BRANWEN
(growls)
What is it?

Ostara moistens her dry lips with her tongue.

OSTARA

Nain, you're making the news...again.

BRANWEN

I'm in my boat.

OSTARA

We need to stop them...

BRANWEN

We will.

Ostara chokes back her tears. She speaks rapidly with a low tone.

OSTARA

We can't let them take Lindysyn.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – OSTARA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ostara muses as she shuffles through patient files. Her face conveys a troubled expression.

The hospital phone rings. She startles.

OSTARA

For fuck's sake...

She grabs the phone.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

Yes. Dr Ostara Evans.

There is a knock at the door. JESSICA CLARKE, a nurse, and Ostara's close friend, in her 30's, a likeable woman of Jamaican descent, walks in.

OSTARA (CONT'D)
(into phone, growls)
You'll have it this afternoon.

Jessica observes Ostara with surprise.

Ostara replaces the receiver.

Jessica gives Ostara an empathetic smile.

JESSICA

Hey, I'm joining a few friends at *The Bulldog* this evening. Coming?

Ostara shakes her head.

Jessica points at Ostara's shirt.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Your buttons...sweetpea. You look like something the cat dragged in.

Ostara rebuttons with a sheepish grin.

DOOR

Jessica is on her way out. Stops. Looks at Ostara.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You know I'm always here for you...yeah?

Ostara smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFSHORE LINDYSYN - CONTINUOUS

Branwen clutches her phone. She stares out to sea with anxious concentration.

A motorboat can be heard in the distance. Branwen's face relaxes into a smile. The sound of the engine is familiar.

EXT. SEA

Roaring towards her is PETE, 40's, the delivery man.

EXT./INT. BRANWEN AND PETE'S BOAT

Pete aligns his boat with Branwen.

PETE
(beaming grin)
Afternoon.

BRANWEN

Hey Pete.

Pete hands over a shopping bag.

PETE

Some of the hardware items weren't easy to get...

Pete leans over and places two sacks marked birdfeed in Branwen's boat. Pete grins. Reaches to start the motor of his boat. Stops.

PETE

Fuel?

Branwen lifts one of her oars. Waggles it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Did you hear?

BRANWEN

What?

PETE

A couple of immigrants escaped from Tywlly yesterday.

BRANWEN

I'd do the same. That place is bloody horrible!

PETE

They took Jacob's boat. The police are everywhere...

Pete starts the engine. Waves.

BRANWEN

Thanks, Pete.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – OSTARA'S OFFICE

Ostara's mobile rings on the table. She stares at the phone screen. Answers.

OSTARA

Hello Dr Kelly.
(listens as she makes a note on her writing pad)
5 pm, Thursday 09th. Perfect.

Call ends. Ostara leans back in her chair, looking unsure. She continuously taps her pencil on her desk as she stares at the sheet in front of her.

A knock on the door. Ostara tears out the sheet from her pad, stuffs it into her bag and sits up straight, business-like.

DOOR

The door swings open. Jessica barges in, beaming with excitement, waving a letter.

JESSICA

I've won, I've won!

BACK TO SCENE

Jessica rushes up to Ostara. Shows her the letter. Ostara reads.

Ostara reciprocates with the same excitement as her friend, successfully masking her dilemma.

OSTARA

A week in London. And at the Shard!
Wow.

JESSICA

Wanna come?

Ostara looks uncertain.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFSHORE LINDYSYN

Branwen rows towards the island, her back to the shore. She looks over her shoulder.

EXT. LINDYSYN

On one side of the shore is a pier. She pulls strongly towards it.

EXT. LINDYSYN – PIER

Branwen ties the boat to the wooden post. Climbs out. She places the bags into a bike trailer, parked on the beach end of the pier.

EXT. LINDYSYN – CLIFF PATH

Branwen pushes the trailer up a path that leads from the pier to the cliff top.

STELLA, her boxer, bounds up to her. She smiles.

BRANWEN

Hey Stella.

EXT. CLIFF TOP

An idyllic flat plateau. Trees, plants, birds, butterflies.

Branwen’s humble stone house overlooks the sea and the pier. Alongside the cottage, a polytunnel and a barn converted into a make-do animal clinic.

Branwen stops to catch her breath. She smiles at the scene before her. A grateful look. Then, she hurries up the well-used track.

INT. BARN

Branwen enters. The make-do clinic is semi-dark, lit only by one small overhead light above the examining table. On a counter, a kettle, and a tin of biscuits.

She checks on the birds cawing and cooing, recuperating in their coops.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – WESTMINSTER, LONDON - DAY

Big Ben’s clock fills the screen. The time is three thirty pm.

STREET-LEVEL

The roads and pavements are busy with afternoon traffic and people.

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES OPPOSITE PARLIAMENT SQUARE

HAROLD EVANS, early 50’s, Branwen’s eldest son, dressed in a dark suit and tie, stands behind security barriers outside Parliament. He is married to Esmeralda, for whom he has no time or regard. He is also Ostara’s uncle and was her guardian when she was a child. A shrewd business entrepreneur and owner of Evans Construction, he has a no-nonsense expression. He is preoccupied reading emails on his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The old manor house, restored after the fire stands alone and isolated, surrounded by a bleak landscape devoid of trees. From the main gate, a driveway leads up to the porch.

A large industrial shed with the name EVANS CONSTRUCTION occupies the area alongside the house. Monstrous construction machinery dominates the yard.

An SUV is parked in the driveway at the porch steps.

INT./EXT. SUV

ESMERALDA, Harold’s jealous wife, early 50’s, sad-faced woman with a look of constant apprehension.

She sits upright, tightly clutching the steering wheel to steady herself. She leans across, opens the passenger glove compartment, and pulls out a hip flask. Takes a swig. She looks at her reflection in the rear-view mirror. Pats her cheeks.

Esmeralda scrambles out of the car. Unsteady on her feet she staggers up the porch steps.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - KITCHEN

A well-appointed kitchen. An open window. Esmeralda sips her wine as she eats some leftover pizza at the kitchen table. A large handbag on the floor.

Esmeralda retrieves her mobile from her bag. Makes a call.

ESMERALDA
(slurs, inquisitive tone)
Harold. W-w-where're you?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES OPPOSITE PARLIAMENT SQUARE

Harold stands beside the barriers. Mobile to his ear.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

HAROLD

The House. Waiting for bloody
Richard Wright.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES OPPOSITE PARLIAMENT SQUARE

ARMED POLICE gather around the security barriers in front of the Houses of Parliament. A FEW PROTESTERS assemble outside with pickets, yelling slogans. Harold moves closer to the police.

FEW PROTESTORS
(loud chants)
No more lies! Freeze energy prices
not the poor!

A PASSER-BY yells in between the chants as he walks past the security barriers.

PASSER-BY

Return illegals!

BARRIERS

Harold stifles a grin.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - KITCHEN

Esmeralda presses her mobile to her ear.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ESMERALDA

When'll you be home?

HAROLD

Listen, I'll be staying a bit longer, a construction offer has come up...

ESMERALDA

I'm sickofyourshit.

HAROLD

Got to go.

ESMERALDA

Waiiit! Yerknow this plaze ...spooksme...

Harold disconnects.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Seated at the table, Esmeralda looks forlorn.

A sudden draught from outside slams the window shut. Esmeralda startles. She scans the room. Nothing.

She reaches across for the wine bottle and glugs down several mouthfuls. As she leans back in her chair, Esmeralda plays with her wedding ring. After a pause, she picks up the leftover pizza and hurls it against the wall. From her bag, she pulls out a pen and her diary. Flicks it open and begins to scrawl across the page.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ostara preps for surgery. She looks at herself in the mirror above the sink. Her hair is neatly tucked under her surgical head cover. A part of her scar on the side of her forehead is visible. She looks down at her hands. She scrubs faster and harder. A NURSE stands beside her.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE–DRIVEWAY (CHRISTMAS 1998)- NIGHT

The front corner of the country manor house is on fire. A Christmas wreath hangs on the front door.

FIREFIGHTERS shoot continuous jets of water at the flames raging out of the upper floor bedroom window.

AMBULANCE

In their night clothes, Ostara, 9, and Branwen, 40, sit in shock on the retractable step of an ambulance. Ostara huddles up against her grandmother, a dressing on one side of her forehead. Only **TWO** cars are parked in the driveway.

OUTSIDE MAIN GATE

HAROLD AND ESMERALDA, mid-20s, smartly dressed, have returned from an outing. They step out of their car, parked just outside the main gate.

NURSE (O.S.)

Ostara... hey, Osei?

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Ostara jolts out of her reverie. The nurse grins. Ostara forces a smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD WRIGHT,50’s, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, walks towards Harold on the other side of the security barriers. He has an old-fashioned air about him. His shirt, under a stylish suit, is neatly pressed and a

handkerchief, matching his tie, fits snugly in the breast pocket of his jacket. His shoes shine.

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES

Harold waves to Richard.

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT – CARRIAGE GATES (OPPOSITE PARLIAMENT SQUARE)

Richard walks up to the barrier where Harold stands. Armed police manning the barrier let him out. Richard gives Harold a condescending smile. His aversion towards Harold is apparent.

RICHARD

Harold....

Harold knows the look. He responds with a dry smile. They both start walking away from the barriers and crowds.

The press and some of the crowd notice the two men. They clamour around them. Cameras flash. Police surround Richard and Harold.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SECURITY BARRIERS

The police usher Richard and Harold towards the security barriers that cordon off a side street.

The crowd and media follow. JOURNALISTS thrusts their microphones towards Harold and Richard, shouting over each other, asking questions.

JOURNALIST 1 pushes his microphone at Richard.

JOURNALIST 1

Energy prices are exorbitant... your net-zero objectives, are hurting millions of people. Anything you want to say to the people watching this?

Richard looks into the camera.

RICHARD

It is our collective responsibility to ensure we provide a healthier world for our children...

JOURNALIST 2 near Harold pushes his microphone towards him.

JOURNALIST 2

Any comment on the failing asylum policy Mr Evans?

Harold winces. The police usher Richard and Harold into the cordoned-off street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK LANES

Away from the protesters, press and police, Richard leads the way in silence through the narrow-cobbled lanes. He looks straight ahead with an air of superiority, his shoulders back, chest out. Harold follows.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WELLINGTON CLUB - MACMILLAN BAR ROOM

Private members' club. Ornate décor. An impeccable quietness lingers. Just a few MEMBERS. In one secluded corner, Harold and Richard sit at a table. Their jackets draped on the back of their chairs. A waiter places two whiskeys on the table and leaves.

RICHARD

This snap election means a change of plan.

HAROLD

Well, things are moving fast...faster than expected.

RICHARD
(mocking)

Seems the Prime Minister has chosen to open the windows...let a bit of fresh air in...

Harold holds Richard’s cynical stare with defiant eyes.

HAROLD
(laughs smugly)
I’ll take strength from your encouraging analysis.

RICHARD

Don’t be smart with me. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Sort your mother out.

HAROLD

I’ll handle Branwen.

RICHARD

Then bloody well do it...and do it quick. The Prime Minister has expressed full confidence in you. You want to change that?

Harold looks pressured. Rubs his brow with his hand.

HAROLD

Y’know what my real concern is... getting it all completed before the election.

Richard gives a haughty smile.

RICHARD
(intimidating tone)
Just saying... Evan Construction has two months before you’re a public face of the party.

Harold’s glare lingers on Richard’s smug expression. He leans back in his chair in frustration.

RICHARD (CONT’D)

Most of the building work’s completed anyway... at least on four islands. What’s the bloody fuss. Think of the optics.

HAROLD

These bloody immigration prisons are a nightmare. They'll be the death of me.

Richard zeros in on the bar.

INT. MACMILLAN BAR ROOM - BAR

JOSH GODDARD, mid 50's, Richard's boyfriend enters. He sits down at the bar. He spots Richard, smiles.

INTERCUT - INT. MACMILLAN BAR - CORNER OF ROOM/BAR

Richard looks again towards the bar.

Josh is ordering a drink. Richard drains the dregs from his glass.

RICHARD
(to Harold)
Another?

Harold nods. Richard smooths down his shirt, straightens his tie a fraction. He gets up. Heads off.
BAR

Richard stands beside Josh. Orders from the BARMAN.

RICHARD
(to Josh)
Give me ten mins.

INTERCUT - INT. MACMILLAN BAR ROOM – CORNER OF ROOM/BAR

Richard returns to the table with a fresh round of drinks. He raises his glass. Harold copies.

RICHARD

A toast to Project Island?

Richard looks at his watch.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I've got to go. Janet whines if I'm out too late.

HAROLD

I'll hang around a bit longer.

RICHARD

Sure.

HAROLD
(conciliatory tone)
Er...listen, I agree... let's get this done.

Richard acknowledges, looks at the bar, notices Josh has gone, guzzles down his whisky. Leaves. Forgets his jacket.

INT. MACMILLAN BAR ROOM – CORNER OF ROOM

Harold sits alone. Frowns. He spots Richard's jacket on the chair. He grabs his and Richard's. Rushes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WELLINGTON CLUB

It's still light outside. Harold hurries down the empty cobbled street and rounds a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET

Harold stops in his tracks.

He ducks behind a tree. Watches. He takes pictures with his mobile.

HAROLD

Bloody Hell!

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Josh and Richard hold hands, laugh, nudge each other, hug. A quick kiss. They turn the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLINGTON CLUB - ENTRANCE

Harold stands outside the club, Richard's jacket over his arm. Makes a call. A ringing sound from Richard's jacket pocket. Harold sighs.

INT. WELLINGTON CLUB - RECEPTION

Harold hands Richard's jacket to the receptionist.

Richard walks in. Harold looks at the receptionist.

HAROLD

It's his.

The receptionist hands Richard his jacket.

RICHARD

I wondered where it was.

The two move away from the reception desk. Harold glares daringly at Richard.

HAROLD

I've been doing some thinking.
It'll cost more...

Richard stares at Harold with a puzzled expression.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

...to complete the work... before
the election.

Richard condescendingly pats Harold on the shoulder.

RICHARD

We'll talk tomorrow.

Richard heads out.

Harold pulls out his phone. Scrolls through the images. His lips curl into a smirk of bitter scorn.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - LINDYSYN – DAY

Branwen is repairing the boards on the boardwalk, Stella beside her.

There is the sound of a motorboat roaring towards the island. Branwen stops. Looks up.

The boat arrives at the pier.

Branwen walks up to it.

MAN#1 dressed in a suit, climbs out. Stella growls. He hands Branwen a large brown envelope. She signs for it. Tears it open. Pulls out an official document. Begins to read.

Man#1 climbs into his boat. Stella snaps at the man's ankle. He pulls out a treat from his pocket. Steals a look at Branwen.

She is preoccupied with reading. He drops it on the pier. Stella gobbles it down. Branwen does not notice.

There is a revving sound of the boat's motor. Branwen looks up.

She waves the envelope angrily at Man#1.

CUT TO:

INT. DR KELLY'S WAITING ROOM

Ostara fumbles through the pages of a magazine.

A door opens. DR KELLY, 40s, steps out, smiles.

DR KELLY

Ostara Evans?

Ostara approaches.

DR KELLY (CONT'D)

Can I call you Ostara or would you prefer Dr Evans?

OSTARA

Er...Ostara... Ostara's fine.

INT. DR KELLY'S OFFICE

The psychiatrist's office is neat.

Dr Kelly ushers Ostara over to two chairs, side by side in front of her desk. She gestures Ostara to sit in one of them.

Ostara gives the doctor an awkward grin. Sits down.

Dr Kelly reciprocates with a reassuring smile. She sits in the second chair.

OSTARA

I've never done this kinda thing before.

Ostara looks at her anxiously. Dr Kelly asks with a comforting smile.

DR KELLY

Tell me about yourself, Ostara. Describe your routine... what you do...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - BRANWEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Simple décor. Branwen is lying in bed. She stares at the ceiling with a troubled and tired gaze.

There is a sudden whimpering sound. Branwen sits up. She spots Stella lying on the carpet salivating.

Branwen checks the dog over.

BRANWEN

Hey, Stel?

The dog attempts to get up. Branwen puts her arm under Stella's head to cradle her and examine her face.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - RICHARD'S HOUSE – LONDON - DAY

Typical Georgian style house. Luxurious décor. Richard and his wife JANET, mid-40's, are finishing their breakfast. A cold

silence. Richard's mobile is near the morning newspaper beside his coffee. He glances at the news. Grimaces. Makes a call.

JANET

Do you have to?

Richard ignores her.

HAROLD (V.O.)
(voicemail greeting)
Harold Evans. Leave a message.

Richard rolls his eyes, irritated. He gulps down his coffee, picks up the newspaper and his mobile. Walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT - BATHROOM

Harold in the shower, allows the water to cascade over his face.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S CAR

Richard is in the backseat reading documents. The CHAUFFEUR concentrates on the road ahead.

EXT. BACK ROAD BEHIND THE HOME OFFICE

Richard's car passes a CYCLIST wheeling his bike down the road. The Cyclist hops onto his cycle and follows Richard's car, keeping his distance.

EXT. BACK GATE HOME OFFICE

The car halts at the back entrance. The cyclist, as he rides past, throws an egg at the car window. Shouts.

CYCLIST

This one's for Branwen Evans!

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Richard's back is to the door. He glares out, his shoulders straight, his face taut.

Harold walks in.

HAROLD

Morning.

Richard doesn’t turn around. The sound of his voice is firm and cold.

RICHARD

I had an egg thrown at me today. It was one of your mother’s bloody supporters.

HAROLD

Uh...what?

RICHARD

You’ve done fuck all so far. We’ve had no progress on Lindysyn. Fuckin do something.

Harold grimaces. He clenches his fist.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA

Harold speeds towards Lindysyn in his boat. As he approaches the island, he switches off the motor and glides towards the pier.

INT. LINDYSYN ISLAND - BARN

The sound of birds squawking in their coops is deafening. Harold watches Branwen working deftly on the hutch. Her back is to him. She has not heard him enter. He creeps up behind her.

Just a few feet away from Branwen, Harold steps on something. He stumbles.

Branwen swings around, holding onto her power drill.

BRANWEN

What the...

Harold casts her a hostile look. Moves closer. His straight lips curl in an unpleasant smile.

HAROLD

You and I need to talk.

Branwen angrily gestures towards the barn door.

BRANWEN

Get...the hell...off my property!

Harold moves still closer, his glare cold, unsympathetic.

HAROLD
(teeth clenched)
Just give them what they want.

Harold tries to grab Branwen by the shoulders. She ducks out of his way.

BRANWEN

You're full of shit.

Harold grasps Branwen's shoulders. Yanks her close.

BRANWEN (CONT'D)
(winces)
If you think, I'll let you turn Lindysyn into an Alcatraz for immigrants... think again!

Branwen sticks the idle drill bit against his side. He tries to grab it. She steps back, powers the drill, and brandishes it threateningly.

The drill bit whines. Their eyes lock.

Harold, glaring, steps forward. Branwen strikes out with the drill. It grazes against his left arm. A deep gash. Blood.

Stunned, Harold backs off. Heads for the door. Branwen follows close behind wielding the drill.

INT. DR KELLY'S OFFICE – DAY

Ostara is in the middle of another therapy session with Dr Kelly.

OSTARA

I was only nine. He was so controlling... Harold. I ran away once.
(ponders)
I feel so stuck. The island...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK – EXT. LINDYSYN ISLAND – DAY

Ostara recalls:

OSTARA (V.O.)

...is part of who I am.

MONTAGE - OSTARA'S CHILDHOOD AND ADULT YEARS ON LINDYSYN.

-- Ostara,11, and Branwen, mid-40's examine limpets attached to large boulders in rock pools.

-- Ostara, 13, and Branwen observe butterflies settle in the sandy ravines.

-- Ostara, 19, ties the gauze holding down a splint on a gull chick's wing in the make-do clinic. Branwen by her side, observes.

-- Ostara 25, and Branwen 50's, chatter as they plant seedlings in the rows of raised beds in the polytunnel.

END OF MONTAGE

END FO FLASHBACK.

INT. DR KELLY'S OFFICE – DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Dr Kelly looks at the clock.

DR KELLY

Ready for next time, can I ask you to write down some of what you remember?

OSTARA

No! Esmeralda logs everything, everything. It seems teenage to me.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARD HOTEL – LOBBY - NIGHT

The lift door opens onto the lobby. CATRINA CRAWFORD, mid-40s, an attractive stylishly dressed woman steps out. She is the daughter of Alec Stewart hedge fund owner and tycoon,75 years of age. He works closely with Richard providing funds for government projects in exchange for public contracts assigned to him worth millions.

The HOTEL MANAGER greets her and accompanies her to reception.

INT. SHARD RECEPTION

RECEPTION staff greet Catrina. One hands her the room swipe card.

RECEPTIONIST

Room 454

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT – LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Harold, dressed in a bathrobe, sits on his bed. He scans the brightly lit skyrise buildings. He switches on the TV, flicks through the channels, then turns it off and walks over to the bathroom.

INT. HAROLD'S BATHROOM

Harold fills the bathtub. Removes his bathrobe. The sewn wound on his left arm is visible. Gets in. Reclines. Closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARD - CATRINA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catrina reclines in the bathtub, her eyes closed. Soft music filters through from the bedroom.

INT. SHARD BAR

Catrina enters the hotel's dimly lit bar. Tables of people talking. Soft music plays. She heads for the bar.

BAR

Harold sits at the bar, alone, drinking a scotch. Catrina sits a seat down from him. Harold does not notice. His back half turned towards her, he reads messages on his phone.

BARTENDER DAN tends to Catrina.

BARTENDER DAN

What can I get you Mrs Crawford?

CATRINA

A tequila sunrise, Dan. Thank you.

Harold looks up from his phone. Catrina and Harold look at each other with surprise and pleasure.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Omigod, Harold?

HAROLD

Catrina! I thought I recognised that voice.
(gives her a kiss on her cheek)
You look stunning.

CATRINA

Thanks. You don't look bad yourself.

Harold sits down on the seat beside Catrina.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Still have the house in Mayfair?

HAROLD

Nope. A flat...in Mayfair Spire. But I live in the country now. I thought you couldn't be dragged from the bright lights of San Francisco.

CATRINA
Need some space. Going through an ugly divorce.

HAROLD

Uh, I'm sorry.

CATRINA

Don't be. Try twenty years with Laurence. He's got himself mixed up with a twenty-year-old. And Esmeralda...is she here?

HAROLD

No.
(laughs)
I need my space too.

They both laugh.

CATRINA

I never did think she was right for you.
(squeezes his arm)
I'm looking for property... somewhere nice.

HAROLD

Whereabouts?

CATRINA

Grosvenor, around there.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harold wakes up in his bed. He hears the shower. The water stops. Catrina appears, wet hair, in his robe.

Harold goes for a shower. Catrina bustles around, getting ready.

Harold calls out from the bathroom.

HAROLD (O.S.)

What're you doing this evening?

INTERCUT - INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM

Catrina brushes her hair outside the open bathroom door.

CATRINA

Mm... nothing.

Harold steps out of the shower, grabs a towel and dries himself. Gently dabs the gash on his arm.

HAROLD

Want to come over? I'll make dinner.

CATRINA

(a fond gaze)

Still playing chef then. Only if you make your signature lasagne.

HAROLD

I can do that.

Harold gives Catrina a warm smile. He wipes the mirror and combs his hair.

INT. BEDROOM

Catrina sits in front of the dresser. She stares at her reflection, snaps out of it, applies her makeup.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR ON CALLWEN ROAD - DAY

Ostara drives through Callwen, passing high-rise blocks.

INT. OSTARA'S CAR

Ostara concentrates on the road ahead. Branwen is in the passenger seat.

BRANWEN

And the worst part...I didn't hear him. He just sneaked up...from behind.

OSTARA

This time he’s way over the fucking line.

BRANWEN

Don’t you do anything stupid.

OSTARA

Was it his... y’know that fella... that henchman... d’you think it was him who poisoned Stella?

BRANWEN

Probably.

CUT TO:

EXT. VETS - DRIVEWAY

Ostara pulls into a driveway passing a sign ‘Veterinary Services’.

INT. VET’S WAITING ROOM

Owners with pets are waiting their turn. Ostara and Branwen are amongst them.

WAITING ROOM SURGERY DOOR

The surgery door opens. A VETERINARIAN emerges with Stella.

Branwen and Ostara join the vet. Stella jumps up on Branwen licking her. Much excitement as the three unite.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA CAR PARK

Ostara’s car pulls up into a parking space overlooking a typical marina moored with yachts and small boats. Branwen and Stella are in the backseat.

Ostara manoeuvres her car into a space opposite the yachts.

INTERCUT - INT. OSTARA’S CAR - FRONT SEAT/BACK SEAT

Ostara looks worried. She observes Branwen in her rear-view mirror. Her grandmother is unbuckling Stella’s seatbelt.

BRANWEN

Kelly’s sessions... are they helpful?

OSTARA

Somewhat.

Ostara stares out of the window, deep in thought as she speaks.

OSTARA (CONT’D)

Seriously though...I’m scared.... (scowls)
Look what they did to Capel Celyn.
The people had no say.

BRANWEN

C’mon, can’t miss the ferry.

EXT. JETTY

Ostara, Branwen, and Stella head towards the jetty. The ferry is moored alongside. People are lining up to board.

Further up, close in front of Branwen, not far from the jetty stands an ELDERLY MAN.

She notices him struggling to light a cigarette with his lighter.

She remains focused on him.

Just as they are about to pass the elderly man, his lighter flares.

Branwen looks at Ostara.

BRANWEN

Something doesn’t quite sit right with me about that night.

OSTARA

What d’you mean...?

Branwen looks lost in her own train of thought as they walk.

BRANWEN

Esmeralda’s diaries... does she still have them?

OSTARA

She’s a hoarder. She kept them sealed...in a box... in the loft.

Branwen reflects, her face hard.

BRANWEN

Aeron was on the receiving end. Something happened that night. I’m going to find out. And maybe that will help with our other issue...

OSTARA

I’m sure I’ll find her diaries... she’s drunk or asleep most of the time. What’s bothering me is...

Ostara looks at Branwen with uncertainty.

OSTARA (CONT’D)

...is that the inquest ruled out any sort of foul play.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN HOSPITAL - WARD (RECEPTION) - DAY

Ostara is checking a patient’s folder. Jessica approaches. Joins Ostara.

OSTARA

All set for tomorrow?

JESSICA

Carl’s spent Sunday planning lots of sightseeing.

OSTARA
(pensive)
Harold's in London...y'know.

JESSICA
(jokes)
If we see him, I'll set Carl on him.

OSTARA

Does Carl know him?

JESSICA

No... neither of us do. Seriously though. Poor Branwen.

OSTARA

Wish we could do something to stop him.

CUT TO:

INT. HEDGE FUND COMPANY - DAY

Highly polished brass letters STEWART AND STEWART INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT - FLOOR 30 are displayed on a wall.

Holding a briefcase, Harold follows a plush carpet down a corridor into a well-appointed lobby.

A CLIENT RELATIONS OFFICER, a woman, mid-20's, walks up to him.

CLIENT RELATIONS OFFICER

Mr Harold Evans?

Harold nods.

CLIENT RELATIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Please follow me.

The woman leads the way.

Harold walks past offices behind glass walls bustling with activity. BROKERS are busy in front of screens.

INT. ALEC STEWART'S OFFICE

An impressive office with panoramic views of London.

Behind an enormous desk sits Catrina's tycoon father ALEC STEWART, 75 years of age, white-haired, distinguished-looking, dressed in a well-cut expensive suit. Owner of one of the largest Hedge fund offshore corporations and Security Guard Companies he works closely with Richard, extracting public contracts from him worth millions. In exchange he provides funds for government projects.

Harold, settled in a roomy chair in front of the desk, glances at the photograph of Catrina on the table. Alec observes Harold.

ALEC STEWART

How's the wife?

Alec narrows his eyes. Harold flinches. Adjusts his tie.

HAROLD

Esmeralda's well.

Alec removes a single paged document from a black leather folder lying on his desk. He pushes the paper across the table towards Harold.

ALEC

I have something for you.

Harold picks up the document. His expression conveys surprise. As he reads, he looks sceptical.

Places it back on the table.

HAROLD

What the fuck's this?

ALEC

It's there. Just like you asked.

HAROLD

You're financing the project? I thought they didn't approve.

ALEC

When the government says ‘No’ they mean ‘Yes.’

Harold points at the document on the table.

HAROLD

This isn’t enough!

Alec pulls out another document from the folder and hands it to Harold.

ALEC

With due respect....

Harold is going over the document.

ALEC (CONT’D)

It’ll be all yours...in two months, once the work’s done.

HAROLD

Off-the-books?

ALEC
(smirks)
Uh-huh... Cash for some. The rest...Richard’s taken care of.

HAROLD

And you... what’re you getting out of this?

Alec shoots Harold a cagey look and passes him the black folder.

ALEC

You know better than that.

Harold places the documents into the black folder and slips it into his briefcase.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARD LOBBY - NIGHT

It’s late. No guests or visitors are present.
The lift door opens onto the lobby. Jessica steps out with her partner, CARL, mid-40’s.

RECEPTION

The RECEPTIONIST greets Jessica and Carl. She hands Jessica the room swipe card and a check-in form.

RECEPTIONIST

Room 458 ma’am. Congratulations!

Jessica beams. She gives the form to Carl to fill in as she observes everything around her in excitement.

Catrina walks up to the reception. She stands beside Jessica.

CATRINA

Room 454, please.

Jessica promptly looks down at the number on her own swipe card. Looks up and smiles at Catrina who pays her no attention. Jessica rolls her eyes.

The receptionist hands Catrina the swipe card for her room. Just as Catrina turns to leave, Harold arrives. They smile at each other.

Jessica recognises Harold immediately and looks at him intently. She raises her eyebrows as she watches them both depart together.

She smiles mischievously. Takes a photo discreetly on her mobile.

INT. CATRINA’S SHARD HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting up naked in bed, under linen sheets, Harold has a concerned, distant look. An eager Catrina tries to playfully get Harold’s attention. She nibbles his ear. Kisses his neck. He doesn’t respond. She sits back. Looks at him questioningly.

CATRINA

We don’t have to do this y’know.

HAROLD

Sorry. It’s just me...

Catrina ruffles Harold’s hair.

CATRINA

Hey, listen... I’ve an idea.

Catrina reaches for Harold’s shirt on the floor and throws it at him.

CATRINA (CONT’D)

We’re going to Casey’s party...

Catrina pulls a slinky designer dress over her head. Looks in the mirror. Pats herself down.

Harold wearily tucks his shirt into his trousers.

HAROLD

I’m going home. It’s nearly midnight. You go...I’m tired.

CATRINA

Tomorrow’s Saturday.

Catrina gives him a peck on the cheek. She removes a mirror and a small paper wrap from her bag. Looks at Harold. Smiles. Unfolds the paper. Places some white powder on the mirror. He sits down beside her. She makes two lines with her room card. They both snort.

INT. SHARD CORRIDOR

The corridor is deserted. Closed guest room doors on either side.

Catrina slips her arm into Harold’s as they walk the short distance to the lift.

Catrina stops. Then wipes away some residue of white powder from under Harold’s nose. She whispers into his ear. They both laugh as they walk down the corridor, past room 458.

INSERT

Room door with number 458

INT. ROOM 458

Jessica and Carl are both reading in bed. The sound of laughter filters into their room. Jessica sits up. Listens. Walks to the door.

She looks through the door peephole. Gently opens the door. Peers out.

INTERCUT - INT. SHARD CORRIDOR-OUTSIDE LIFT/DOORWAY ROOM 458

Catrina and Harold stand facing the lift doors. The corridor is directly behind them. Catrina leans her head against Harold's shoulder. They continue to laugh and banter -- their words are muffled.

Jessica silently observes the couple as she peers down towards the lifts.

Catrina pulls Harold close, kisses him on the mouth. Harold kisses her back, his hand resting provocatively on her bottom.

Jessica stares, mouth open. She slips back into her room.

Catrina and Harold continue, lost in passion.

Jessica reappears. She stands silently in the doorway of room 458, clutching her mobile.

She zooms in and clicks several shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION – PLATFORM - DAY

A two-carriage train pulls into the station and stops. Ostara is the only passenger to disembark. She has an overnight bag.

Esmeralda eagerly rushes towards her. Ostara gives her aunt a polite hug.

INTERCUT - EXT. STATION CAR PARK/INT. SUV

Esmeralda staggers over to the car, climbs in behind the wheel.

OSTARA

Let me drive.

Esmeralda pats the passenger seat.

ESMERALDA

C'mon, get in.

Ostara sits down warily beside her aunt.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The SUV speeds down the road past open country. The landscape is given over wholly to dreary, lifeless, dry grass.

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – DRIVEWAY

The SUV pulls into the driveway. Stops at the porch steps. Both women step out of the vehicle.

Ostara looks up at the manor. Shudders.

She points into the distance at an industrial shed.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SHED

'Evans Construction' is displayed above the entrance. Machinery parked alongside the building dominates the area.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – OSTARA'S OLD BEDROOM

Esmeralda and Ostara stand by a table near the door. The room has a bed, a rug, and a sealed-up fireplace, with an iron poker lying flat on the hearth.

ESMERALDA

I've made changes. I come here to relax on occasion.

Ostara shifts her gaze to the fireplace. She grips the edge of the table by her. Esmeralda notices Ostara's reaction.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I had it sealed. The tiniest bit of wind chills the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDYSYN BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Branwen strolls along the beach. A beach bag hangs from her shoulder.

Her attention is divided between the gulls circling above and Stella hanging about in rock pools.

Branwen stumbles. Falls near two large boulders.

BRANWEN

Damn!

EXT. BOULDERS

Branwen spots a red-checkered fabric caught between the rocks.

She tugs the cloth free and holds it up. It’s a traditional checkered head scarf. She tucks the scarf into her bag.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Esmeralda glugs down some wine as she watches a movie on TV with Ostara. Her diary lies on the coffee table, a pen stuck between its pages. Beside it, an empty wine bottle.

The film comes to an end. Esmeralda reaches for her diary, yawns, and drops it on her lap.
Ostara picks up the empty bottle.

OSTARA

More wine?

Esmeralda nods. She stretches out on the sofa.

Esmeralda yawns. Dozy.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – KITCHEN

Ostara selects a bottle of wine.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - LOUNGE

Ostara returns.

Esmeralda is asleep on the sofa. Ostara removes a throw draped over the back of the couch and covers Esmeralda.

She spots her aunt’s diary between the cushions. She retrieves it.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – OSTARA’S BEDROOM

Ostara flicks through the diary from the beginning. She stops midway at the last scribbled entry. A look of frustration. She places the diary in the bedside table drawer.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC

A dark attic. Ostara switches on the light. Old furniture and other paraphernalia stacked everywhere. Ostara delves through the items. Finds nothing.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - HAROLD AND ESMERALDA’S BEDROOM

Ostara rummages through cupboards. Looks under the bed. Nothing.

There is a loud CRASH outside in the corridor. Ostara startles. She rushes out of the room.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR – TOP OF STAIRS

Esmeralda lies on the floor in a drunken stupor.

Ostara crouches next to Esmeralda.

OSTARA

C’mon, let’s get you to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – HAROLD & ESMERALDA’S BEDROOM

Ostara tucks Esmeralda into bed. She leans forward, checks if she is asleep. Satisfied, she leaves.

INT./EXT OLD MANOR HOUSE

Ostara hurries down the corridor.

SERIES OF SHOTS – OSTARA’S SEARCH FOR ESMERALDA’S DIARIES

A) Ostara searches her parent’s old bedroom. Nothing.

B) She looks around the living room. Nothing.

C) She hunts around the dining room. Nothing.

D) She digs through cupboards in the kitchen. Nothing.

E) She delves through the crates and other paraphernalia in the shed. Nothing.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - OSTARA'S BEDROOM

Ostara paces up and down. She is on her mobile.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Branwen cooks cowl as she talks on her mobile.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BRANWEN

What about the shed?

OSTARA

I've looked.

Stella barks frantically.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

She could've binned them.

BRANWEN

What's that?
(yells)
Stella... stop!

Stella continues.

INT BRANWEN'S LOUNGE

Branwen, holding her mobile to her ear, stands in the doorway.

Stella at the window, snarls at something outside.

BACK TO TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BRANWEN

Got to go love... Speak later.

OSTARA

All okay.

BRANWEN

Yeah, yeah. You be careful.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BRANWEN'S LOUNGE

Branwen hurries to the window. Stella growls. The visibility outside is low.

BRANWEN

What is it?

From a wall of fog, the tall, hefty figure of an unkempt MAN#2, mid-30's, and a GIRL, 6, emerge. They are creeping past the house.

Branwen startles. They turn and stare at her, wide-eyed and anxious. Branwen and Man#2 eyes lock.

The fog closes in. Very little is visible. Man#2 and the girl slip away from sight.

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Branwen grabs a torch from a drawer.

EXT. LINDYSYN

Stella runs towards the pier. Branwen follows close behind.

EXT. PIER

Man#2 is climbing into Branwen's motorboat. He is alone. He yanks the motor cord. It fails. Yanks again. Nothing. He scrambles into the rowing boat he came in, moored alongside. He starts rowing away.

EXT. BRANWEN'S BARN

Branwen hastens after Stella. The dog claws at the shut door.

INT. BARN

Branwen enters, closing the door immediately after, shutting Stella out. She switches on a small overhead light.

BRANWEN

Hello?

A rustling sound from behind a coop.

Branwen spots the girl’s shadow on the wall.

COUNTER

She removes a pack of wafers from a tin on the counter.

COOP

Branwen approaches the girl. The child peeks around the coop.

Branwen lays the wafers on the ground.

The child grabs the packet.

Branwen moves in closer. Extends her hand to the girl.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – OSTARA’S BEDROOM - DAY

It is early morning. Ostara is dressed. She kneels on the cotton rug to zip up her overnight bag on the rug. An iron poker lies flat on the hearth of the sealed fireplace close by.

As she struggles to zip up the bag, the rug moves to reveal gaps between a couple of loose floorboards.

She shines her phone’s torchlight through the gaps.

Ostara reaches for the iron poker, prises the floorboards up. Retrieves a box covered in dust from the gaping hole.

BEDROOM DOOR

Ostara locks the door.

INTERCUT: INT. ESMERALDA AND HAROLD'S BEDROOM/CORRIDOR/KITCHEN

Esmeralda lies asleep in her bed. Wakes. Rubbing her forehead, she crawls out of bed.
Esmeralda staggers into the corridor and down the steps into the kitchen. Fills a glass with water. Small sips.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – OSTARA'S BEDROOM

Ostara crouches in front of the open box. The poker is leaning against her bag nearby. A few diaries are stacked beside her. Each diary has its cover bound in different coloured canvas. She extracts another - a crimson diary. Examines the year.

INSERT CRIMSON DIARY

The year 1998 is embossed on the cover.

BACK TO SCENE

Euphoric, Ostara stands up, knocking the poker onto the floor.

A loud clanging sound echoes through the room.

OSTARA

Shit!

There is a knock on the door. Ostara gathers the diaries. Throws them into her overnight bag.

ESMERALDA (O.S.)

Are you up?

Ostara hastily places the box into the cavity, the floorboards over the opening, and then pulls the carpet over the hole.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)(O.S.)

Can I come in?

OSTARA

Just a sec.

DOOR

Ostara unlocks the door and lets Esmeralda in.

ESMERALDA

You're not leaving?

OSTARA

The hospital called...I'm sorry.

ESMERALDA

I'll call a cab.

Esmeralda reaches for Ostara's hand.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I wanna come...with you?

OSTARA

Um...it's not the best time.

Esmeralda's face conveys a look of rejection. Ostara rubs her aunt's arm.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

Soon...yeah. Promise.

Esmeralda nods.

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – DRIVEWAY

Ostara places her bag in the cab. Esmeralda gives Ostara a tight hug. As she does, she looks at the Manor before her.

Her eyes express desolation and emotions of sadness. She quickly looks away and without indication climbs into the cab. Ostara looks on in surprise.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE RAILWAY STATION – TICKET COUNTER

Ostara and Esmeralda are at the ticket window, located on the platform. The TICKET SALESMAN looks at his PC screen and then at Ostara.

TICKET SALESMAN

It arrives in 2 minutes. It's quite a full train. The next train is in an hour.

Esmeralda smiles at Ostara. She then turns to the ticket salesman.

ESMERALDA

She'll take the later train.

Ostara looks at her aunt, then glances down at her overnight bag with Esmeralda's diaries. She pushes sterling notes through the ticket window.

OSTARA

The earlier train, please.

The ticket salesman hands Ostara her ticket. There is the sound of a train pulling up to the platform.

TICKET SALESMAN

Better hurry.

Ostara grabs the ticket and her bag. Barges out onto the platform.

EXT. VILLAGE TRAIN STATION – PLATFORM

The two-carriage train is heaving with passengers. Ostara opens one of the carriage doors. She boards, squeezing her way in.

INT. TRAIN

The train is packed beyond its capacity. Ostara stands jammed into a corner near the door. She tries to reach for her phone in her bag, but the passengers are pressed tightly against her and each other.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S HOUSE – POLYTUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Branwen and the girl are watering the plants. Branwen's mobile rings.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN – TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM

A busy platform. Ostara has just arrived. She talks into her phone.

INTERCUT – TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

OSTARA

I have them.

BRANWEN

Brilliant. Where're you?

OSTARA

Callwen Station. I'm going to walk down to the marina. Can we meet there?

BRANWEN

You should've called.

OSTARA

The train was chockka.

BRANWEN

Well... something's come up. Can you come here?

OSTARA

Damn, Nain. Okay. I'll take my boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA LINDYSYN PIER

Ostara concentrates as she steers her boat across the choppy sea. Her overnight bag containing the diaries is beside her on the seat.

EXT. LINDYSYN PIER

Ostara arrives at Lindysyn. Moors alongside the pier.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S LOUNGE

The girl watches television, huddled in an armchair next to Branwen. Ostara enters the lounge with her overnight bag. Stella, lying on the carpet, greets her with a lethargic wag.

BRANWEN
(pats Stella)
She's still recovering.

Ostara stares at the girl.

OSTARA

And she is...?

BRANWEN

Dunno. Found her in the barn.

Ostara shoots an anxious glance at the girl.

OSTARA

Bloody hell Nain... What were you thinking? Her picture's everywhere!

Branwen watches Ostara place the diaries on the sofa. The girl watches too.

BRANWEN

Let's first get this done...yeah?

Branwen sighs, selects the crimson 1998 diary from the pile. As she does, there is the sound of men talking as they approach the house. Branwen rushes to the window. Stella barks.

WINDOW

Branwen looks out. Anxious expression.

BACK TO SCENE

Branwen drops the crimson diary onto the coffee table.

BRANWEN
(to Ostara)
Watch her.

She rushes out of the room.

WINDOW

Ostara looks out of the window. Apprehensive, she bites her lower lip.
She thoughtfully glares at the girl.

BACK TO SCENE

The child seems enthralled by the television programme.

Ostara rushes out of the room, locking the door behind her.

INT. BRANWEN'S LOUNGE

The girl clambers off the armchair.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Fascinated by the crimson diary's bright colour, she begins to play with it.

B) She yanks out all the pages.

C) Using one of the sheets, the girl makes a paper aeroplane.

D) She throws it into the air.

E) It flutters down behind the cabinet.

F) Giggling, she tears the rest of the torn-out pages into small pieces and scatters them over Stella

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. LINDYSYN – PIER

Ostara joins her grandmother who is in mid-conversation with the COASTGUARD #1 and COASTGUARD #2.

COASTGUARD #1

All's good here then?

BRANWEN

Yes...yes. You lads do a good job.

Coastguard #1 and Coastguard #2 smile. Nod. Leave.

OSTARA

What was all that about?

BRANWEN

Oh... the same old, same old...
See, you don’t have to worry.

OSTARA

Did they ask about the girl?

Branwen gives Ostara a mischievous grin.

BRANWEN

No, why would they?

INT. BRANWEN’S HOME - LOUNGE

Branwen and Ostara return. They stand dazed. Bits of torn paper everywhere.

The girl gazes up at them. She sits placidly, holding onto the crimson cover.

Ostara yanks the cover out of the girl’s hand. Stares at it.

All the pages have been ripped out.

The child cowers behind the armchair.

Branwen sits down, exhausted.

Ostara rummages through the shredded paper.

OSTARA

We’re fucked.

BRANWEN

Read anything?

OSTARA

How could I?

BRANWEN

On the train?

OSTARA

I told you it was packed...

BRANWEN

How careless of you.

OSTARA

That’s a mean thing to say. I barely had room to breathe!

BRANWEN

I... I’m sorry.

OSTARA

Forget it.
(after a short silence)
Has it ever occurred to you that I may not want to know the gory details?

Branwen puts her arms around Ostara. She pulls away.

OSTARA (CONT’D)

You can be so insensitive. Harold’s like that.

Branwen looks away, trying to hide her hurt expression.

OSTARA (CONT’D)

Let get this done.

INT. BRANWEN’S HOUSE – LOUNGE

The child is asleep on the sofa. Branwen skims through the other diaries on the coffee table. Ostara sticks bits of pages together.

OSTARA

Fuck this. Just call Harold. You must know something!

BRANWEN

It was too long ago.

OSTARA

C’mon...think...

BRANWEN
(thinks)
Um...I don’t know...um...I saw them...

OSTARA

Who?

BRANWEN

Harold and Esmeralda. Yeah...I saw them...just after it started... I saw them through the window... leave.
(thoughtful)
Fire is a horrible death.

Ostara sniffles.

BRANWEN (CONT’D)

I... I shouldn’t have said that.

OSTARA

No... no... it’s me.

Branwen holds Ostara close.

OSTARA (CONT’D)

I remember them at the gate...getting out of the car...

Branwen pats her shoulder.

BRANWEN

Tea? Some of my bara brith?

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Branwen switches on the electric kettle. A drained look. She places some Welsh cakes and bara brith on a plate.

Ostara charges into the kitchen. She places a page from the diary on the counter and smooths out the aeroplane folds creased into the paper.

BRANWEN

What's this?

OSTARA

It was behind the cabinet! The kid retrieved it.
(Reads)
"Ironically, the fire has helped. There's some semblance of peace now. In my mind it justifies what happened."

Branwen casts her eyes over the sheet.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

Maybe this is it... Seems Esmeralda's convincing herself Harold's done the right thing.

BRANWEN
(sceptic)
Dunno.

OSTARA

C'mon, Nain. Take a chance. It's all we have.

Ostara hands Branwen her phone, picks up a bara brith and bites into it. Branwen waves her away.

BRANWEN

I need to do this alone.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT – CONTINUOUS

Harold and Catrina cuddle on the sofa. Harold's phone buzzes.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Harold answers.

BRANWEN

Harold, we need to talk. Remember Christmas 1998? I have your wife's diary.

HAROLD

What?

BRANWEN

It'll make a big story in the UK Express.

HAROLD

Is this some kinda joke?

BRANWEN

Withdraw the CPO, Harold.

Furious, Harold disconnects.

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT - LOUNGE

Harold leans back on the sofa. Rattled.

CATRINA

Who was that?

HAROLD

Bloody Branwen.

CATRINA

Of course. Lindysyn was in the news today.

Harold rubs the back of his neck.

HAROLD
(mutters)
I'll fix her.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Branwen and the girl at breakfast. Ostara is not down yet. The faint sound of a motorboat in the distance. Stella barks. Branwen looks out of the window at the pier below.

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Branwen turns to the girl at the table.

BRANWEN

Stay here.

Branwen hurries out of the back door. Shuts it. Stella is stretched out on the floor.

EXT. BRANWEN'S HOME – PATH

Harold's Man#1 stands at the top of the path leading down to the pier. He hands Branwen a large envelope. She signs for it.

EXT. BRANWEN'S HOME

The girl slips out of the front door. She runs towards Branwen. Ostara appears. She chases after the child.

EXT. BRANWEN'S HOME – PATH

The girl reaches Branwen and Man#1. Ostara, close behind, grabs the child's hand. Ostara rubs Branwen's arm gently.

OSTARA
(feigns)
Nain... c'mon back to bed.
(to Man#1)
My nain needs to rest. Leave.

Man#1 looks at the girl. Scoffs.

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Branwen studies the letter she has just received. Ostara stands beside her. The girl plays with Stella.

OSTARA

What does it say.

BRANWEN

They're gone be here on the 31st ...with their bloody bulldozers. My appeal's been thrown out!

OSTARA

No way. They can't do that! This kid's gotta go.

Ostara retrieves her phone.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

I'm calling Billy.

CALLWEN COAST GUARD OFFICE

Office phone rings. Coastal Operations Officer, BILLY, 40's, answers.

BILLY

Hey, hey...Ostara. I was about to call Branwen.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BILLY (CONT'D)

We're looking for a six-year-old. She's not from here. We've got her father...he'd escaped from Tywlly. He says she's on one of the islands.

OSTARA

She's here, on Lindysyn. I'm calling about that.

BILLY

I'll be damned! A patrol boat is on its way.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Ostara stares out of the window. Branwen looks at the girl playing with Stella. The child wears the checkered scarf. Branwen reaches for her and gives her a hug.

OSTARA

They're here.

Ostara takes the girl's hand. Branwen watches them as they leave through the back door.

EXT. LINDYSYN – PIER

A patrol boat is moored alongside the pier. Ostara hands the girl to coastguard#1.

INT. LINDYSYN – BARN - CONTINUOUS

Branwen spoons birdfeed into bowls. Dizzy, she grabs the edge of the table. Sits down. Ostara walks in. Branwen conceals her light-headedness, busying herself with the bowls.

BRANWEN

Girl's okay?

OSTARA

She'll be fine.
(mobile buzzes)
It's Jessica.

Ostara scrolls through images on her mobile. Shows them to Branwen.

INSERT

Intimate images of Harold and Catrina in the Shard corridor.

BACK TO SCENE

BRANWEN
(weary tone)
It's never easy...figuring a way around all this.

OSTARA

She'll make copies and slip them through his mailbox.

Branwen rubs her back wearily.

OSTARA
(glances at her wristwatch)
Better go. Work tomorrow
You rest.

INT. BRANWEN'S KITCHEN

Branwen places her mobile on the counter. She fills a glass with water. Then heads for the stairs with the drink, forgetting her phone.

INT. STAIRS

Branwen struggles up the steps.

INT. BRANWEN'S BEDROOM

Breathless, she slowly crawls into bed, coughing. Closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – HAROLD AND ESMERALDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Esmeralda in bed, her eyes red from crying, has her mobile to her ear. Leaves a message.

ESMERALDA

Harold answer. It was Ostara.

She zeros in on a suitcase on top of the cupboard. Grabs the bag. Throws some clothes into it.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
(furious, mutters)
Bloody Ostara....I'll teach her!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Esmeralda contemplates, staring at her train ticket. She spots the CONDUCTOR making his way down the aisle towards her. She quickly makes a call.

HAROLD
(voicemail greeting)
Harold Evans. Leave a message.

Esmeralda scowls in anger. Disconnects. The conductor arrives at Esmeralda's seat.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket.

ESMERALDA

Mine's to Callwen, can I change it to London?

CONDUCTOR

Sorry, ma'am. This train goes to Manchester. Suggest you get off at Cardiff. There's a train to Paddington at 14:45. You can buy your ticket on the train.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Catrina lounges on the sofa in her new flat. She spots Harold's jumper on the backrest. She rubs her cheek against the knit, her desire apparent. Makes a call.

CATRINA

Hey Harold... why don't you spend the weekend here, with me...in my lovely new flat?

Catrina sits up. Listens

CATRINA (CONT'D)

If you're going home first, get a couple of your Blu-ray movies...

INT. PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON – CONTINUOUS

Esmeralda queues for a taxi.

EXT. WESTMINISTER PIER – CONTINUOUS

Harold disembarks the ferry with his briefcase. He loosens his tie. Skyscrapers tower around him.

INTERCUT – EXT. WESTMINISTER PIER/LONDON STREETS

Harold hops into a taxi at Westminster Pier.

HAROLD

Mayfair Spires please.

Esmeralda is stuck in traffic in a black cab on a narrow street.

DRIVER

It'll be faster to get off and walk Ma'am. It's fifteen minutes from here.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT - BEDROOM

Harold folds his clothes into a suitcase. Adds a few Blu-Ray movies. He removes a small key from under a lamp on his work desk. Unlocks the top drawer. Pulls it open. Inside lies a stack of files. From his briefcase, he removes the black folder Alec gave him and places it on top of the files. Locks the drawer. Tucks the key back under the lamp.

INT. MAYFAIR SPIRE – INSIDE LIFT

Harold watches the floor indicator numbers switch from 5 to 4 to 3. Stops at 3.

INT. MAYFAIR SPIRE - FOYER

Esmeralda compares two lifts heading down. One has stopped on floor 3, the second is heading for the ground floor. The second lift arrives. The doors open. Esmeralda steps in. The lift door shuts.

The other lift arrives. The doors open. Harold steps out. He heads to check his mailbox near the entrance.

MAILBOXES

A row of mailboxes. Harold unlocks box 111, retrieves a beige envelope, slips it into his briefcase.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – BEDROOM

Catrina and Harold lost in passion. Then, Harold slowly rolls off her. Satisfaction on both faces. Catrina reaches for her champagne glass and shares its contents with Harold.

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – KITCHEN

Harold is cooking dinner. Catrina enters, places a sealed packet on the counter, and then slips her arms around him.

CATRINA

I'm hungry.

HAROLD

What's the packet?

CATRINA

Ahh...it's from Dad.

HAROLD

He knows I'm here?

CATRINA

No silly. He asked me to drop it off. But as you were coming here...

HAROLD

Right. The fish's done.

Catrina fetches two plates. Harold serves.

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – KITCHEN

Catrina stacks plates in the dishwasher. Harold opens the sealed packet. He removes a key with a Victoria Station 'left luggage' tag.

HAROLD

I won’t be long.

CATRINA

Take my key.

EXT. CATRINA’S FLAT – STREET

Harold steps out of the building. Hails a cab.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA STATION – LUGGAGE STORAGE ROOM

Harold stands in front of locker 420. Opens it.

INSERT LOCKER 420

Inside, a leather holder. He unzips the bag. The bag is filled to the top with sterling notes.

BACK TO SCENE

Harold zips up the bag. Shuts the locker. Walks out with the bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA’S FLAT

Harold shuts the front door silently behind him.

SPARE BEDROOM

He hides the bag in a cupboard beneath some blankets.

CATRINA’S BEDROOM

Catrina is in bed, reading a book. Harold enters. She startles.

CATRINA

God, you scared me.

Harold leans over and kisses her. She pulls him down.

His phone rings. Doesn’t answer.

He glances at the screen as he embraces Catrina.

INSERT MOBILE SCREEN

Missed call – Esmeralda
Missed call – Esmeralda
Missed call – Esmeralda
Missed call – Esmeralda
Missed call - Esmeralda

BACK TO SCENE

He returns his attention to Catrina.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT – DAY

A quiet lull.

DINING ROOM

An untouched table, set for a romantic dinner for two. Unused wine glasses.

LOUNGE

A pile of books on the coffee table. Esmeralda, still in her fancy evening attire from the night before, sleeps on the couch. Her cheeks are smudged with mascara. Empty wine bottles lie on the floor near the sofa.

Esmeralda wakes. Drags herself off the couch. Staggers to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harold is at the front door with the bag of cash and his briefcase. He steps out.

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT - BEDROOM

Esmeralda, just out of the shower, wet hair, bathrobe, steps on something sharp. Swears. Picks it up.

INSERT – EARRING

A stud earring.

INTERCUT - INT. HAROLD'S FLAT – LOUNGE/HALLWAY

Esmeralda sprawls on the sofa in her bathrobe.

A sound of a key turning in the lock of the front door. The door opens, then shuts.

Esmeralda sits up.

Harold enters the lounge holding his bag of cash and briefcase. He stares at Esmeralda in shock. She glares at him balefully.

HAROLD

What are you doing here?

ESMERALDA
(vicious)
So, who is she?

Esmeralda picks up a book from the coffee table. Throws it at Harold. He drops both bags on the floor. He approaches her threateningly. She steps back and picks up an empty bottle of wine. Just as she lifts her hand to hurl it, he grabs her wrist and removes the bottle. He pushes her down onto the sofa.

Harold picks up both his bags. Turns to go.

HAROLD

I’ll be back for my things.

Esmeralda tugs at his arm.

ESMERALDA

It was Ostara. She showed them to Branwen. It was her. She stole my diaries.

Harold glares at Esmeralda, his face rigid with hate.

HAROLD

Oh, grow up. This isn’t about the diaries.

Esmeralda drops heavily onto the sofa.

Harold walks into the hallway, opens a cabinet and slips the bag of cash in. Locks it. Slips the key into his pocket. He slams the front door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS

Harold tries to read a newspaper. He folds the paper away. Opens his briefcase, places it inside. He notices the beige envelope. Opens it. Pulls out a stack of photographs. Shock.

INSERT – PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs of Harold and Catrina intimate in the Shard corridor.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the photographs back into the envelope. Grimaces. Thinks. Makes a call.

INTERCUT - INT. BRANWEN'S BEDROOM/STARBUCKS

A distant sound of a phone ringing downstairs. Branwen struggles to sit up in bed. She flops back onto her pillow. Her face pales. Closes her eyes.

Harold, phone to his ear, waits. No answer.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT – LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Harold and Catrina flick through the photographs. Agitated expressions.

HAROLD

I'm fucked.

CATRINA

Bitch! Why drag me into this? Poor dad

Catrina paces. Stops.

CATRINA

Show him the pictures.

HAROLD

I dunno.... Richard weasels his way out of everything.

CATRINA
(wrings her hands)
Y'know Hancock and Gina's photos were everywhere!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – DINING HALL - DAY

Jessica and Ostara are having lunch. Ostara makes a call. No answer.

JESSICA

You should go... it's unlike her.

Ostara calls Branwen again. No answer.

OSTARA

Can you sort out my 2 o'clock?

Jessica nods.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANWEN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ostara shuts the front door behind her. Stella comes bounding down the stairs.

OSTARA

Nain... Nain...

Ostara rushes upstairs.

INT. BRANWEN'S BEDROOM

Branwen is lying in bed.

BRANWEN

It's my left side.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDYSYN

An air ambulance is parked not far from the house. Two medics carrying Branwen on a stretcher emerge from the front door. They are heading for the helicopter. Ostara and Stella follow close behind. The medics haul the stretcher into the aircraft. Ostara and Stella climb in behind them. Doors shut. Propeller

blades whirl round. A strong wind. The air ambulance lifts off the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S FLAT – BEDROOM - DAY

Esmeralda broods on her bed.

Her focus is suddenly drawn to the lamp on Harold's desk. She removes the key from under the lamp. A spiteful smile. She unlocks and pulls open the top drawer. Inside, lie Harold's black folder and files.

Esmeralda dumps all the drawer's contents into her suitcase along with her clothes. Then, flicks through the files, including the black folder, places them back in the suitcase, and shuts the lid.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALLWEN - OSTARA'S FLAT – STREET - NIGHT

Esmeralda waits outside Ostara's building, standing in the rain getting soaked. The hospital bus pulls up. Ostara steps out.

Esmeralda marches up to her with impatient strides. Water drips off her hair and overcoat. Ostara walks away. Esmeralda grabs her arm. People stare.

ESMERALDA

Can we talk?

OSTARA

Not here.

INT. OSTARA'S FLAT – LOUNGE

Ostara and Esmeralda are hanging up their wet coats on hooks near the front door.

Esmeralda stares across the room.

A few bottles of alcohol are placed on the drinks cabinet, which stands against the wall near the seating area.

Ostara looks at her aunt.

OSTARA

Help yourself.

DRINKS CABINET

Esmeralda pours herself a triple shot of vodka. Downs it. Pours another.

SEATING AREA

Esmeralda sits down, leaning her head wearily against the back of the sofa. Ostara sits opposite her.

ESMERALDA
(angry tone)
What do you make of all this stuff with Harold?
(sits up)
Y'know he's leaving me.

OSTARA

You're better off. Honestly.

ESMERALDA

I haven't been able to sleep. I can't believe it...thirty-three years, gone. Just like that. For what...some floozy.

OSTARA

He's selfish. Ruthless. No regard for family. It may seem awful now... but you will get through it.

ESMERALDA

You're right.
(a short silence)
Two can play the same game. And only you can help me do it.

OSTARA
Me?

Esmeralda nods.

ESMERALDA

I deserve some compassion...for a change.

She pulls out the black folder and a few others from her suitcase. Arranges them on the sofa.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

He's gonna miss these.

Ostara reaches for one of the folders. Reads.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

So?

Ostara shrugs.

OSTARA

Where'd you get all this?

Esmeralda picks up the black file. Hands it to Ostara.

ESMERALDA

Look at this.

Ostara browses through the file.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Seriously. There's no way he's getting out of this so easily. Cheat. Treating me like a fool.

Ostara examines the file's content closely.

OSTARA

What a bunch of crooks! This will change everything.

Ostara scans the document with her mobile.

CUT TO:

INT. CATRINA'S FLAT

Harold sits alone browsing, through some business documents in the lounge. His mobile pings. He reads the message. Scowls. Ponders. Makes a call.

RICHARD WRIGHT
(voicemail)
Wright here. Leave a message.

HAROLD

It's hit the fan. We must meet.

Catrina walks in just as Harold disconnects.

CATRINA

You've spoken to Richard?

HAROLD

I've left a message.

CATRINA

I just thought...if you could drop a hint. Let Richard know you know certain things. Like... he gave my dad a ten-year government contract to provide Herefordshire Police with extra security...

Harold listens.

HAROLD

How much for?

CATRINA

Two hundred million!

HAROLD
(furious)
Bloody hell! How come?

CATRINA

To fund the Island Project.
Taxpayers' cash remains untouched.
Less media scrutiny, you see.

HAROLD

So, Alec gives me forty mill to expedite the work....
(thoughtful)
In exchange, Wright finances your dad's security guards business...rewarding him with a two hundred million contract!
Did Alec tell you this?

CATRINA

No. I just know.

HAROLD

How?

CATRINA

Email exchanges. I help Dad with his paperwork. He doesn't let his PA handle sensitive stuff.

Catrina shows an email print to Harold.

HAROLD

You're a dark horse...
Why didn't you tell me...

CATRINA

I don't interfere.

HAROLD

Wow! Who would've imagined.

CATRINA
(unsure)
...not quite what you expected...eh?

HAROLD
(grins)
Come here you.

Harold grabs Catrina. They kiss, long and hard. Harold pulls away. Gives Catrina a long stare.

CATRINA

What?

HAROLD

The Victoria station locker key...
you knew.

Catrina grins.

Harold shows Catrina Ostara's message on his phone.

CATRINA

How'd she get it? You and Dad are
in super trouble.

Harold's phone rings.

HAROLD

Ahh, Richard. 6 pm it is.

CUT TO

INT. WELLINGTON CLUB - MACMILLAN BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sitting with Harold, Richard flicks through the pictures of Josh and himself.

RICHARD
(sarcastic)
Admirable!
(scoffs)
Janet knows. And I'm going public.
These don't make the slightest
difference.

Richard gets up to leave.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Lindysyn remains part of the
project.

HAROLD

Ah. Not so fast. Shall I take your discreet 'pay off' to the party? Not very good is it. A two hundred million contract to Alec Stewart to sponsor the Island Project.

RICHARD
(squirms)
What? This is ridiculous. I don't know what you're talking about. The contract's legal.

HAROLD

As a pay-off to sponsor the Island Project? I don't think so!
(smiles)
I have the emails.

Harold shows Richard a copy. Richard sits down.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What gets me is...I get a pittance to get the project done in two months...and you pay him off with a ten-year, two-hundred-million security guard contract.

RICHARD

What Alec pays you is his business.
(stern)
And I think talking to the party...that would be a big mistake. For both of us.

HAROLD

Probably. The question is... are you willing to run that risk? Just drop Lindysyn from the project.

RICHARD

What I can't put my finger on is... this sudden concern for Branwen?

HAROLD

Neither of us want to be dragged through the shit, do we?

RICHARD

By Branwen?

HAROLD

She'll do what it takes for Lindysyn. She has supporters.

Harold gets up to leave.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And yes... I'm still running for Parliament. Don't even contemplate pulling the rug. If I go down, you go down.

CUT TO:

INT. OSTARA'S FLAT – LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Esmeralda sits beside Ostara. She leans close.

ESMERALDA
(contemptuously)
The son of a bitch. What if I tell you something... but first, promise you won't tell...anyone.

Ostara nods hesitantly.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

That night he wanted your dad dead... he was with me.

.

OSTARA

Wha... come again? He wanted my dad dead?

ESMERALDA

Put yourself in Harold's shoes. Gerald and Branwen always favoured Aeron. It's true.

OSTARA

Nain's not like that.

ESMERALDA

After your father returned from the Gulf War...it became worse. Aeron's PTSD was their excuse. It really pissed Harold off.
(narrows her eyes)
Midway through dinner...

Esmeralda leans back on the couch.

FLASHBACK – INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – DINING ROOM – (CHRISTMAS 1998)- NIGHT

Branwen, Gerald, both mid-40's, Harold, Esmeralda, Aeron, and Alison, all in their mid-20's, and Ostara 9, are midway through an extravagant Christmas dinner -- turkey, roasted vegetables, potato salad, cranberry sauce. A continuous flow of red wine.

ESMERALDA (O.S.)

...Aeron let slip something about the manor being left to him... Harold freaked out, y'know... lost control.

DINING TABLE

Harold leans across the table. Grabs Aeron by the collar.

HAROLD

You better fuckin let go of any thoughts of owning this house. It won't happen.

Aeron blinks rapidly, trembling. Harold lets go. Aeron drops back into his chair, shaken.

Harold glares at Branwen and Gerald. They both look at him with awkward expressions.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
(sneers)
Did you think you could keep this secret?

Harold storms out of the room. Esmeralda follows.

EXT. BACKYARD

Harold bites the cigarette in his mouth.

HAROLD
(incensed)
I wish Aeron was dead. If he was, that'd teach them a lesson.

Harold sits down on the steps outside the back door. Esmeralda joins him. She gazes at Harold with empathy. She gets up.

ESMERALDA

It's cold. I'll get our coats.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is dark. Esmeralda creeps in through the backdoor.

INT. HALLWAY

Dimly lit hallway. She lurks near the lounge door. Sound of voices. Peers in. Watches.

INT. LOUNGE

Gerald looks exasperated as he admonishes Aeron in one corner of the room. Branwen and Alison sit on the couch in silence.

GERALD

What were you planning to get out of it? Stop making it worse for yourself.

Gerald looks at Aeron with exasperation.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Christ. Why feel so intimidated by your brother...? Was that what it was all about...?

AERON

Anything else?

Aeron stalks away from Gerald in a huff towards the lounge door.

AERON (CONT'D)

Alison, coming?

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE

Esmeralda slips back into the kitchen. She peers into the hallway, hiding behind the kitchen door.

HALLWAY

Alison and Aeron make their way up the stairs.
Branwen and Gerald follow.

KITCHEN

Esmeralda pulls out two glasses and two bottles of cognac from the cupboard.

STAIRS

She tiptoes upstairs.

INT. HAROLD AND ESMERALDA'S BEDROOM

Esmeralda sets the glasses and one bottle of cognac down on a table. Pockets a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. Heads for the ensuite bathroom with the other bottle.

INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM

Esmeralda opens the medicine cabinet, removes a bottle of tablets and with a glass crushes the contents into a fine powder. She transfers the powder into the cognac bottle.

INT. AERON AND ALISON'S BEDROOM

Aeron is alone with Esmeralda. She is holding the spiked bottle of cognac and two glasses.

ESMERALDA

Hasn't been a great night...has it?
I thought you might need this.

She places the glasses and the cognac on the bedside table. Shakes her head.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

First Harold...then your father.

From her pocket, she pulls out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. Hands them to Aeron. Smiles at him.

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – GARDEN

Harold sits in the garden gazebo, smoking. He gazes into the distance, pensive.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

A row of bedroom doors on either side of the dimly lit corridor.

Esmeralda tiptoes down the corridor.

SERIES OF SHOTS – ESMERALDA CHECKS ON EVERYONE

A) Esmeralda stands in the dimly lit corridor outside Branwen and Gerald's bedroom. She peers through the keyhole.

B) The couple are getting ready for bed.

C) She peers into Ostara's bedroom as she slinks down the corridor.

D) Alison is tucking a blanket around Ostara as she sleeps.

E) Esmeralda returns to her and Harold's room. Rummages through Harold's trouser pockets. Pulls out a set of keys. Sound of footsteps. She looks towards the open doorway overlooking the corridor.

F) Alison walks past Harold and Esmeralda's bedroom.

G) Esmeralda skulks down the dimly lit corridor to Alison and Aeron's bedroom, following Alison.

H) She hides in the shadows just outside Alison and Aeron's bedroom door, watching and listening to them through the open doorway.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – AERON AND ALISON'S BEDROOM

Aeron pours cognac into two glasses. A cigarette sits between his lips. Alison looks at Aeron, heads for the ensuite bathroom.

ALISON

What in the world's wrong with you? Your mother will kill you.

AERON

Hush. I've had a bad night.

ALISON

Where'd you get them from? I thought you got rid of your stash.

AERON

Esmeralda. Making up for Harold's appalling behaviour.

INT. BATHROOM

Alison undresses in front of the mirror.

INT. BEDROOM

The bathroom mirror is visible from the bedroom. Aeron catches a glimpse of Alison undressing.

He watches, captivated.

Aeron pulls off his shirt, waiting for Alison. She joins him. Picks up her glass. Sips. Walks to the bedroom door, shuts it.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – GARDEN GAZEBO

Esmeralda returns with the coats.

HAROLD

What took you so long?

ESMERALDA

I was looking for the car keys. It'd be nice to get away from this place. But if you prefer...

Esmeralda retrieves a bottle of brandy and two glasses from under the coats.

ESMERALDA

...we could have this, here.

HAROLD

What are they doing?

ESMERALDA

Gone to bed.

Harold reaches for the brandy.

HAROLD

We'll go to the pub later.

Esmeralda sits, leans against Harold. She pulls out her cigarette holder from her pocket and attaches it to her cigarette. Lights up. They gaze at the starry sky.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

A shooting star streaks across the sky.

ESMERALDA (O.S.)

Make a wish.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - GARDEN GAZEBO

Harold nudges Esmeralda.

HAROLD

C'mon silly. I need my wallet.

ESMERALDA

I need to pee.

She stubs out her cigarette, removes the holder and slips it into her pocket.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE – HAROLD AND ESMERALDA'S ROOM

Harold picks up his wallet off the bedside table. The sound of the running tap in the ensuite bathroom can be heard. He calls out to Esmeralda.

HAROLD

I'll wait in the car.

Harold leaves.

Esmeralda steps out of the bathroom. Picks up the bottle of cognac on the table.

INT. CORRIDOR – OUTSIDE AERON AND ALISON'S BEDROOM

Esmeralda peers through the keyhole in the door.

Esmeralda turns the doorknob, pushes the door open.

INT. AERON AND ALISON'S BEDROOM

Aeron and Alison embrace in sleep. Two glasses and half a bottle of cognac stand on a bedside table next to an ashtray with a few stubs.

SERIES OF SHOTS – ESMERALDA STARTS THE FIRE

A) Esmeralda pours all the cognac from the untampered bottle onto the carpet between the bed and the bedroom door.

B) Places the empty bottle on the bedside table.

C) She tips the ashtray onto the carpet.

D) Then attaches her cigarette holder to an unfinished cigarette on the carpet. Lights up. Removes the holder.

E) Leaves the lit cigarette on the carpet. It smoulders.

F) She lights a far corner of the carpet with her lighter.

G) She hurries out with the tampered bottle of cognac. Closes the door behind her.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - KITCHEN

Esmeralda hurriedly empties the tampered cognac down the sink and rinses out any remaining alcohol. Dumps the empty bottle into the bin. She rushes out through the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL VILLAGE PUB - CONTINUOUS

Harold and Esmeralda socialise with the local people in the pub. They are seated near the window.

INSERT WINDOW

Through the glass, the dimly lit street is visible. The wailing sound of a siren grows louder. A fire engine whizzes past. Then another. And another.

BACK TO SCENE

Esmeralda rushes out. Harold follows.

EXT. PUB CAR PARK

Esmeralda hastens towards the car.

ESMERALDA

C'mon, they're heading for the manor.

HAROLD

How d'you know?

INT. CAR

Esmeralda grins.

ESMERALDA

Does it matter? Your wish...it's come true.

HAROLD

What d'you mean?

INTERCUT - EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE MAIN GATE/DRIVEWAY

Harold and Esmeralda's car stops at the main gate. Firefighters shoot continuous jets of water at the flames raging out of the upper floor window.

INT./EXT. CAR

Harold jumps out of the car. Esmeralda slips her coat over her evening dress.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Harold rushes over to Branwen and Ostara sitting on the protracted stairs of the ambulance.

HAROLD

Mum, what happened? Where's Dad?
(looks around)
Aeron, Alison?

Esmeralda joins them.

END OF FLASK BACK.

INT. OSTARA'S FLAT – LOUNGE - BACK TO PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Ostara stares at Esmeralda on the sofa opposite her in stunned silence.

ESMERALDA
(nervously)
What are you thinking? All bad I suppose. I didn't want to do any of it...

OSTARA

You're one twisted fuck. Nobody made you do it.

ESMERALDA

What could I do? I just wanted him to be happy. All he cared about was his business. He didn't want to hear any of it.

OSTARA

I have nothing to say to you.

EMERALDA

You're not going to tell anybody?

Esmeralda grabs Ostara's arm but she pulls away.

Ostara's phone rings.

OSTARA

Jessica.
(listens)
I'm on my way.

Just then the apartment's intercom for the building's main entry door buzzes.

ESMERALDA
(nervous)
Who's that?

Esmeralda stares at her niece with a frightened expression as Ostara heads for the front door.

OSTARA (O.S.)
(into intercom)
Uh...Bob... My Nain's in hospital.
Can Stella stay at the centre
tonight?
(listens)
No, it's a heart attack. Right.
Thanks Bob.

Esmeralda raises her eyebrows in disbelief as she listens to her niece.

Ostara returns to the lounge seating area. Esmeralda glares at her in shock.

OSTARA (CONT'D)

As though you care. I want you gone
when I get back.

Ostara hurriedly picks up all of Harold's files and folders. She rushes out of the apartment with them, slamming the door behind her.
Esmeralda wearily sits down.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN HOSPITAL – OPERATING THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Branwen is undergoing heart surgery. Doctors surround the table. The wave on the monitor flatlines. A doctor uses an external defibrillator to resuscitate. He fails with each attempt.

Ostara enters. The doctor stares at her, shakes his head. Ostara grabs the defibrillator. The doctor restrains her.

CUT TO:

INT. OSTARA'S FLAT - BALCONY

The balcony overlooks skyscrapers. A wicker chair, a small table and plenty of potted plants occupy the space. Esmeralda stares into the distance. A troubled expression. She pulls her mobile out of her pocket. Contemplates. Places it on the table. Keys a message into her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN HOSPITAL – OPERATING THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Nurses and doctors surround Branwen. Ostara urges the doctor to persist with the defibrillator.

He tries again. Still no success. Another last try.

The monitor shows Branwen's heart pumping again. Relief all round.

INT. OSTARA'S FLAT - BALCONY

Esmeralda, seated in the wicker chair, picks up her phone off the table. Keys in a message.

CUT TO

INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL – RESTAURANT

Catrina and Harold are having lunch in a busy restaurant. A waiter pours wine into Catrina's glass as she slices through a bloody steak.

Harold's phone beeps. He retrieves the message.

HAROLD

Branwen's in hospital.

CATRINA

Oh...Was that Ostara?

HAROLD

Esmeralda.

CATRINA

Hmmm. Go visit.

HAROLD

Yeah... I've a couple of important conferences tomorrow and the next day. After that... I should be good.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLWEN HOSPITAL – ICU - BRANWEN'S ROOM

Branwen sleeps. She is hooked up to an I.V. and a monitor. Ostara sits beside her. She looks drained.

Jessica enters. Checks on Branwen.

JESSICA

Go rest. Get a coffee or something.

Ostara nods and gives Branwen a peck on the cheek.

OSTARA

I think I will. It's been a long three days in here... I'm just relieved.

Jessica pats down the sheets.

JESSICA

Yeah. Branwen's doing really well. She'll be happy to be back in her regular room tomorrow.

INT. CALLWEN HOSPITAL – CAFE

Busy with visitors. Ostara sits at a table with a coffee. Her mobile buzzes.

OSTARA
(exasperated, into phone)
No. Don't. Her phone's at home, Esmeralda.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – WARD - OUTSIDE BRANWEN'S ROOM - DAY

Harold is outside Branwen's room. The door is slightly ajar. He is peering in.

INT. HOSPITAL – WARD - BRANWEN'S ROOM

Branwen sits comfortably in bed propped up by pillows. Ostara gently touches the IV tube inserted into her grandmother's hand. Branwen grimaces. Ostara adjusts the tape holding down the tube.

OSTARA

Is that better?

Branwen nods. Ostara pulls her chair close to the bed and sits down.

INT. HOSPITAL – OUTSIDE BRANWEN'S ROOM

Harold keys a text message into his phone. Finishes.

He peers into the room again.

INT. HOSPITAL - BRANWEN'S ROOM

Ostara's phone pings. She reads the message on her mobile. A beaming smile.

She reaches for Branwen's hand.

OSTARA
(jubilant)
Nain, it's withdrawn... the CPO's finally been withdrawn!

Branwen raises her eyebrows. Smiles.

BRANWEN
(feeble voice)
How do --

OSTARA
(cuts in)
Harold just texted.

Ostara kisses her grandmother on the cheek. Branwen smiles again.

INT. HOSPITAL – OUTSIDE BRANWEN'S ROOM.

Harold lurks just outside the door. He watches his niece and mother.

Blinks back a tear.

INT. HOSPITAL – WARD CORRIDOR/OUTSIDE BRANWEN'S ROOM.

Esmeralda looks down the corridor towards Branwen's room.

She spots Harold standing alone, in front of Branwen's door, peering into his mother's room.

INT. HOSPITAL – WARD CORRIDOR

Esmeralda sneaks up directly behind him.

She stands on her toes to peer over his shoulder, loses her balance and lightly bumps against him.

Harold turns around. He glares at her coldly.

Esmeralda stands her ground, undeterred. Raising her head smugly, she stares straight back at him and then through the gap in the door.

ESMERALDA
(growls loudly)
Get out of my way.

Ostara opens the door and steps out of Branwen's room. A withering glare.

OSTARA

Leave...both of you!

Ostara proceeds to close the door. Harold hurriedly wedges his foot in the gap.

HAROLD

I want my files back.

OSTARA

I'll text you.

Esmeralda tries to push past Ostara into Branwen's room. Harold grabs his wife's arm. Esmeralda struggles, then gives in.

HAROLD

You're coming with me.

Harold and Esmeralda leave. Ostara steps back into Branwen's room. She shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – BRANWEN's ROOM

Ostara sits on Branwen's bed.

OSTARA

Harold and Esmeralda were here.
Thank God they've gone.

Branwen acknowledges with a soft voice.

BRANWEN

Yeah.

Ostara holds her nain's hand.

OSTARA

I bet you can't wait to get back to
Lindysyn and Stella.

Branwen nods and smiles.

FADE OUT:

THE END

Research Essay

The Fifth Island

My Master of Arts dissertation explores the topics of land expropriation and the ethics of utilitarianism presented through the screenplay *The Fifth Island*. This spec script, written for a mainstream feature-length film, endeavours to capture the repercussions of such socio-political incidents on familial life.

The essay examines and critically reflects on the creative practice, research processes, methodology and screenwriting techniques adopted to produce the work. The categories below identify the steps employed to secure a viable plot, narrative framework, and screenplay format so that they meet industry expectations.

1. Genesis of an idea

The concept for *The Fifth Island* arose from a sense of empathy for victims of past and present socio-political experiences of property expropriation that span the globe.[1] In my pursuit of ideas on the subject, Nicola Boyd's essay on research methodology opened potential avenues. Merging her 'spiral approach' with a combination of diverse research practices, helped generate ideas.[2] These included both online and print research examining factual content, exploring fictional material, analysing creations of other screenwriters, and studying the craft of screenwriting. Some of these were recorded in my personal journal (See Appendix 1). Land expropriation issues, disregard for our environment, immigrants confined to islands and the ethics of utilitarianism piqued my interest. Dymphna Callery's chapter on

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[1] Rolf Künnemann & Sofia Monsalve Suáres, 'International Human Rights and Governing Land Grabbing. A view from Global Civil Society, in *Land Grabbing and Global Governance,* ed. by Matias E. Margulis, Nora Mc Keon, Saturino M. Borras Jr. (Abingdon, Routledge, 2014), p.123-40 (p.129), Fortin, Elizabeth & Ben Richardson, 'Certification Schemes And The Governance Of Land', in the *Land Grabbing And Global Governance,* ed. by Matias E. Margulis, Nora Mc Keon, Saturino M. Borras Jr. (Abingdon, Routledge, 2014), pp.143-158, Home Owners Alliance, 'Compulsory Purchase Orders – what you need to know', *Home Owners Alliance* <https://hoa.org.uk/advice/guides-for-homeowners/i-am-selling/compulsory-purchase-orders-what-you-need-to-know/> [accessed 15 August 2021].

[2] Nicola Boyd, 'A Creative Writing Research Methodology: new directions, Strange Loops and Tornados', AAWP, 2009, p.1-12, (p.10).

'Writing from Research', proposed an effective strategy.[3] She advises using 'historical incidents', locations, 'procedural' methods, and 'technical sources', all of which informed my creative path. [4] The central character's dilemma of losing her home and the seizure of Lindysyn for housing immigrants were influenced by: (a) the tragic submergence of Capel Celyn, a Welsh Village, despite fervent opposition; [5] (b) immigrants being quarantined on Ellis and Christmas Islands[6] and (c) the impact on the people affected by these decisions made by corrupt politicians.[7]

2. Craft of Screenwriting

My comprehension of writing screenplays and narrative structure has been derived from studying Philip Parker, David Trottier, David Howard, and Edward Mabley.[8] Their recommendations ensure *The Fifth Island's* final draft meets industry standards as outlined below.

(a) Narrative Approach

Genre and Theme

Generically, the film merges political thriller and domestic drama, presenting relationships, conflict, and death within a family.

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[3] Dymphna Callery, 'Writing from research', in *The Writer's Workbook,* ed. by Jenny Newman, Edmund Cusick & Aileen La Tourette, (London, Arnold, 2000), p.154-161.
[4] Dymphna Callery, 'Writing from research', p.155.
[5] Hywel Griffith, 'Water Under the Bridge? Nature, Memory and Hydropolitics', *Cultural Geographics,* Issue 3, July (2013) pp. 449-473, (452-55), Matthew Green, 'The Village of the Damned: Capel Celyn', in Shadowlands-*A Journey Through Lost Britain*, (London, Faber & Faber, 2022), pp. 328-48. National Screen and Sound Archive of Wales, *A Village Condemned To Die*(1968) <https://player.bfi.org.uk/free/film/watch-a-village-condemned-to-die-capel-celyn-in-the-treweryn-valley-1968-online> [accessed 12 November 2021].
[6] Lorie Conway, 'Forgotten Ellis Island – The Extraordinary Story of America's Immigration Hospital' *PBS* < *https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUyBnbIsVTo* > [accessed 19 June 2020].
[7] New UK, 'Locals on the Welsh Village 'Tryweryn drowned' by a reservoir', (22 October 2015)<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y2N2iIMDVsY> [accessed: 10 November 2021], Hernandez, Cesar C.G., 'Ellis Island Welcomed Thousands To America – But it was also a Detention Centre', *Time,* 01 January 2020. <https://time.com/5752116/ellis-island-immigration-detention-center/> [accessed June 2020].
[8] Philip Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing* (Exeter, Intellect, 1998), pp.7-198., David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible – A Complete Guide To Writing, Formatting And Selling Your Script*,6th edition (Los Angeles, Silman-James Press, 2014), p. 147-423, David Howard and Edward Mabley, *The Tools Of Screenwriting* (London, Souvenir Press, 2011), pp. 14-274.

Early introduction of both genres follows Parker's guidelines.[9] This strategy gears the audience towards the kind of story to expect.[10] The opening sequences establish the crucial characteristics of this hybrid genre. The first few scenes depict a family in danger. Shortly after, the audience learns of the imminent acquisition of the island, and the pursuit of escaped immigrants by police. Public protests opposite Parliament House followed. These demonstrations mimicked actual events.[11] Themes of justice and individual rights are central. Parker asserts that familiar human experiences such as 'injustice' capture the audience's attention.[12] *The Fifth Island* examines the ethics of expropriation. Branwen and Ostara disregard their moral principles and resort to blackmail and theft to save Lindysyn. This characteristic enhances the dramatic element as well as being part of the thriller convention. As Parker suggests, other themes emerge as the story unfolds.[13] They present themselves through the characters' thoughts and actions in conflicts of greed versus moral principles, anger against injustice and powerfulness over vulnerability.

Content Research for Genre and Theme:

The Fifth Island focuses on the ethics of utilitarianism ignored by powerful politicians, thus separating it from other screenplays of the political thriller genre. Many films concentrate more on internal political scandals rather than social injustice.

(i) Expropriation: Scripts and films on government expropriation were scarce. Therefore, films on unethical social practices inflicted on a community by powerful corporations and the elite were explored. Examples are *Promised Land* and *The Skin Games*.[14] These sources helped dramatise Branwen and Ostara's conflict against their opponent. Their anger, struggle, and determination to win were influenced by the townspeople's

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[9] Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing*, (Exeter, Intellect, 1998), p.163.

[10] Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing,* Exeter, p.162.

[11] Aamna Mohdin and Damien Gayle, 'Parliament Square Crowd Protests Against Policing Of Sarah Everard Vigil', *The Guardian,* 14 March 2021 < https://www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2021/mar/14/parliament-square-crowd-protest-policing-sarah-everard-vigil> [accessed 10 October 2021]., Gareth Milner, 'Protestors Clash With Police At Parliament Square On Bonfire Night, *GB News*, 05 November 2021 <https://www.gbnews.com/news/protestors-clash-with-police-at-parliament-square-on-bonfire-night/154225>, [accessed 05 November 2021].

[12] Philip Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing,* (Exeter, Intellect, 1998), p.19.

[13] Philip Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing* p.19

[14] Sant, Gus Vant (dir.), *Promised Land* [Film], (United States, Pearl Street Films, Sunday Night Productions, December 2012), Alfred Hitchcock, (dir.), *Skin Games*, (Film), (United Kingdom, British International Pictures,1931.

opposition to their land being taken. Documentaries on environmental and residential loss include *Lost Along the Line* and *Tryweryn, the Story of a Valley*.[15]

(ii) Immigration: Documentaries including Forgotten Ellis Island and articles such as Inside Christmas Island provided a template for portraying immigrants quarantined on Lindysyn.[16] The immigrants escaping from Tywlly in the screenplay reflect the desire for freedom from such centres, as displayed in the feature film The Immigrant and the TV series Stateless.

(iii) Political: TV series and film dramas with government sleaze and political corruption such as *Roadkill, All the President's Men* and *House of Cards* demonstrate the popularity and audience interest in my central topic.[17]

(iv) (iv) Domestic: Films on unsuccessful family dynamics referenced such as *Krisha and Kaleidoscope (2016)* are equally popular.[18]

Audience

As a serious but straightforward narrative, the screenplay targets a generic audience demographic of Generation X and Boomers in the UK. In today's world of easily accessible information, stories centred on social, political, psychological, environmental, and relational issues drive intrigue and reflect everyday experiences of these British audience demographics. [19] Therefore, *The Fifth Island's* storyline will, hopefully, resonate.

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[15] Jimmy Cape (dir.) Lost Along the Line (Film) < https://www.lostalongtheline.com/> [accessed 10 November 2022], National Screen and Sound Archive of Wales, *Tryweryn, the Story of a Valley,* (1965) <https://player.bfi.org.uk/free/film/watch-tryweryn-the-story-of-a-valley-1965-online>, [accessed: 12 November 2021].

[16] Lowrie Conway, 'Forgotten Ellis Island – The Extraordinary Story of America's Immigration Hospital', *PBS* < https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUyBnbIsVTo>, [accessed 19 June 2020].

[17] *Nixon* is among some of the raw material that provided the sleaze and corruption associated with politicians. Michael Keillor, (dir.) *Roadkill* [Film], (United Kingdom, The Forge, November 2020), Alan J. Pakula (dir.), *All the President's Men* [Film], (United States, Wildwood Enterprise, April 1976), Paul Seed, *House of Cards* [TV Series], (United Kingdon, BBC, December 1990), Oliver Stone (dir.), *Nixon* [Film], (United States, Hollywood Pictures, December 1995).

[18] *Silver Lining Playbook* is another resource that provides material on family issues. Trey Edwards Shults, (dir.), *Krisha,* [Film], A 24, United States, March 2018, David O. Russel (dir.), *The Silver Lining Playbook* [Film], The Weinstein Company, November 2012, Rupert Jones (dir.), *Kaleidoscope (2016)* [Film]. (United Kingdom, Dignity Film Finance, Longships Film, Stigma Films, November 2017).

[19]. Northern Alliance and Ipsos Media CT, 'Opening Our Eyes: How films contribute to the culture of UK', in *Audiences* (2011) pp.1-78 (8, 19)<https://www.bfi.org.uk/industry-data-insights/reports/audiences>., BFI, *Film Forever*, (2019) p.1-23(p.8)<https://www2.bfi.org.uk/sites/bfi.org.uk/files/downloads/bfi-statistical-yearbook-audiences-2018-12-17.pdf>, [accessed August, 2021]., Anna Cremin, Perl & Dean & Mitchel Tull, 'Understanding the UK Market', *Cinema UK Market* (2020) <https://www.cinemauk.org.uk/wp-

(b) Story Design

The plot's linear pattern of events reveals the 'elements of story, theme, genre, and style'.[20] Each character has obstacles and conflicts to resolve. Following Howard and Mabley's advice, the screenplay provides a protagonist with a defined goal, a powerful antagonistic force, a crisis, the final clash and an uplifting emotional ending.[21] Several rewrites and edits led to a final polished draft. My storyboard helped bridge story gaps and rearrange scenes (See Appendix 2).

Three Act Structure

Act 1: The first act introduces the story, theme, mood and all the main characters. Their worlds and the main conflicts are revealed. In the first 10 pages, the viewer comprehends Branwen and Ostara's background and the potential danger they face over Lindysyn. Ostara's phone call on the subject is the catalyst. Rewritten scenes enhanced both characters' backstories. Televised news on Lindysyn's seizure was deleted to erase exposition. A flashback showing the past incident of Ostara spotting Nick on the balcony opposite was used to replace a coincidence. This amendment enabled me to introduce Ostara's reflection on her need to consult a psychiatrist. Subplots later introduced include Harold and Esmeralda's strained relationship and Harold's exposure to Josh and Richard's affiliation. Overly descriptive scenes were shortened or removed to enhance structure and create a pragmatic story, feasible for production. For example, a specific portrayal of Lindysyn's setting was removed as it limited the choice of location. Jessica's character was changed from a transgender person to a woman of Jamaican descent to avoid misconceptions. Influenced by the unethical treatment of animals in the making of *Free Willy*, *The Fifth Island's* original opening dolphin scene was deleted. The Act ends with both a turning point and dramatic irony. Branwen receives a further expropriation notice and Stella is poisoned. Thus, the first 25 pages terminate in suspense.

Act 2: The second act presents intensifying moments of conflict and clarifies the obstructions the characters must encounter to accomplish their objectives. Branwen and Ostara plan to blackmail Harold with Esmeralda's diaries. The turning point occurs in the middle of the act

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content/uploads/2020/03/Understanding-UK-Cinema-audiences-v.pdf> [accessed August 2021]., Film Data and Education, 16 January 2017 <https://stephenfollows.com/what-older-cinemagoers-are-watching>, [accessed 10 October 2022].

[20]Philip Parker, *The Art and Science of Screen Writing* (Exeter, Intellect,1998), p.128.

[21] David Howard and Edward Mabley, *The Tools of Screenwriting* (London, Souvenir Press, 2011), p.23.

when Ostara discovers the diaries. Further subplots evolve that twist the plot. These include Jessica's visit to London, the immigrant girl's presence on Lindysyn, Harold's affair, and the deals made between Harold, Alec, and Richard. Ideas for some of these scenes originated from real events. Published intimate photographs of Matt Hancock and his girlfriend in the *Sun* sparked Jessica's role in the Shard.[22] Alec's deal emerged from the Mandelson Hinduja scandal and the Lincolnshire Police deal. [23] The film *Anatomy of a Scandal* helped study deceit in characters.[24] The TV series *Hustle* on corrupt politicians assisted with dialogue and settings.[25] The girl's presence on Lindysyn raises the stakes for Branwen and Ostara. The child destroys their evidence, which sets back both grandmother and granddaughter's plans. Their conflict over the incident reveals their flaws, making them rounded characters. Scenes were rewritten to create a compact narrative. The solicitor and detective were omitted as they diluted the storyline. Introducing earlier scenes portraying Jessica inviting Ostara to stay with her at the Shard, familiarised the audience with Jessica's visit, thus side-stepping the coincidence of Jessica and Catrina residing at the same hotel. Equipping Esmeralda with prior knowledge of where Harold hid the desk key erased another coincidence. The act ends dramatically three-quarters of the way into the screenplay with Branwen sick and alone on the island.

Act 3: The main and subplots are gradually resolved in the third act. Ostara's discovery of Branwen's ill health creates a critical turn of events. The scenes were shortened, improving the pace. Esmeralda cuts ties with Harold which influences Ostara's final choice to accomplish her goal. Rewrites of their dialogue resolved exposition. Concerned about her privacy Catrina provides Harold with vital information to blackmail Richard. Harold confronts Richard, who finally capitulates. The act provides a plot twist towards the end, an idea derived from the film *Witness.* Esmeralda confesses that it was not Harold but her who started the fire. A

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[22] Pattinson, Robert and Harry Cole, 'Cheating Hancock: Matt Hancock's secret affair with aide Gina Coladangelo is exposed after office snogs while COVID raged on', *The Sun,* 25Jun 2021, <https://www.thesun.co.uk/news/15388014/matt-hancock-secret-affair-with-aide/> [accessed 21 December 2021]

[23]Derek Brown and Julian Glover, 'Peter Mandelson and the Hindujas' in *The Guardian* (09 Mar 2001) < https://www.theguardian.com/world/2001/mar/09/qanda.derekbrown> [accessed 10 June 2022], BBC News Lincolnshire, *Theresa May denies Conflict of Interest in Lincolnshire Police Deal*, (17 May 2012) <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-lincolnshire-18101548> [accessed 10 June 2022]

[24] S.J. Clarkson (dir.), *Anatomy of A Scandal* [Film], (United States, 3dot Productions, April 2022).

[25] *Corrupt Politician,* (BBC Drama Crime (London BBC One television, S5.E5, 05 Feb 2009) < https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jkb85YcdTW0> [accessed 09 June 2022]

pivotal point occurs when Branwen's health deteriorates. The screenplay draws to a close with reconciliation. Harold informs Ostara Lindysyn has been dropped from the project. She joyfully reassures Branwen that she will soon be back at home with Stella.

Character Building

Examples of character inspiration include Ostara and Branwen mirroring the resilient women of Tryweryn. Ostara's desire to save the island stems from her impulse to protect her grandmother. As her journey progresses, she grows into a confident, self-reliant, and courageous woman. She pursues her fight against Harold with a determination to win. To ensure realism, her actions were rewritten to reflect her engagement in daily activities and her frustration. Her grandmother Branwen is a compassionate and fiercely independent woman. She fights the establishment to retain her island home. Though collaborative, she is the decision-maker. Her heart attack necessitates handing the reins to her niece. The protagonists in the films *Norma Rae, Silence of the Lambs* and *Erin Brockovich* provided me with the moral yet rebellious qualities from which Branwen and Ostara evolved.[26]

Harold and Richard are modelled on the principal antagonistic force portrayed in researched material. Harold, initially an angry, lonely person, develops into a less bitter man when Catrina enters his life. At the end of the screenplay, to his surprise, he blinks away an empathic tear. Predominantly, Harold and Richard are corrupt ambitious men who control their choices through greed, power, and unjust action. *Primary Colours* and *Nixon* are among some of the films that provided raw material on the sleaze and corruption among politicians.[27]

Time & Space

After the opening sequence showing nine-year-old Ostara, the scenes jump to the year 2025. Branwen and Ostara's domestic past is portrayed. The spatial aspect of the film centres around two contrasting images. Lindysyn is an unspoilt island, whilst both city landscapes, Callwen and London denote despairing skyscrapers and a lack of natural habitat.[28] The comparison allows an environmentally aware audience to align their empathy with the

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[26] Martin Ritt (dir.), *Norma Rae* [Film], (United States, 20th Century Fox, March 1979). Demme Jonathan, (dir.), *Silence of The Lambs* [Film], (United States, Strong Heart Productions, February 1991), Steven Soderbergh(dir.), *Erin Brockovich* [Film], (United States, Universal Pictures, March 2000).

[27] I am concerned here with any questions on character building. A full character list and description is provided in Appendix xxx, Mike Nicholas (dir.), *Primary Colours* [Film], (United States, Universal Pictures, March 1998), Oliver Stone (dir.), *Nixon* [Film], (United States, Hollywood Pictures, December 1995).

[28] Brian Macdonald, *Wildlife Diary: A year in the Old Welsh County of Meirionnydd,* (Cornwall, TJ International, 2016), pp. 11-63.

loss of Lindysyn. The manor's lush countryside progressively turns bleak depicting our planet's neglected environment.

Dialogue and Exposition

Conversations between characters were continuously re-edited to reveal personality, mood, emotions, and their world. In earlier scenes, Ostara's limited exposition on Lindysyn's expropriation creates intrigue for the audience and delivers her fears. Excessive plot exposure was edited out in Harold and Richard's initial discussions. Pete's conversation was altered to sound like gossip. The constant reworking of dialogues created 'naturalistic' conversations and conveyed character perspectives subtly. [29] Branwen and Ostara's exchanges were reduced to create life-like conversations. *The Meyerowitz Stories* film written by Noah Baumbach captures realistic dialogue among family members.[30] *12 Angry Men* and *Silence of the Lambs* aided my understanding of how personality, tone, and mood are presented through dialogue.[31]

Dramatic Irony

Howard and Mabley advocate dramatic irony in film.[32] Both *Modern Times* and *Wait Until Dark* influenced me.[33] This plot device enables the audience to know more about the situation than the character, encouraging audience participation. The poisoning of Stella without Branwen knowing, Harold and Esmeralda both heading for Mayfair Spire and Branwen lying sick on the island, all create suspense through dramatic irony.

(c) Screenplay Structure

David Trottier's *The Screenwriter's Bible* provided formatting techniques to ensure meeting industry standards.[34]

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[29] Rib Davis, *Writing Dialogue for Scripts* (London, A&C Black Publishers Limited, 2002), pp. 35-6.
[30] Noah Baumbach (dir.) *The Meyerowitz Stories* [Film], (United States, IAC Films, October 2017)
[31] Reginald Rose, 'Twelve Angry Men', *The Script Savant* <https://thescriptsavant.com/movies/12_Angry_Men.pdf> [accessed 11 October 2021), pp. 1-116), Sidney Lumet (dir.), *12 Angry Men* [Film], (United States, Orion Nova Productions, April 1957), Ted Tally, 'The Silence of the Lambs' *The Script Savant,* <https://thescriptsavant.com/movies/Silence_Of_The_Lambs.pdf> [accessed 11 October 2021), pp. 1-130., Demme Jonathan, *Silence of the Lambs* (dir.), [Film], (United States, Strong Heart Productions, February 1991).
[32] David Howard and Edward Mabley, *The Tools Of Screenwriting*, *– A Complete Guide To Writing, Formatting And Selling Your Script*,6th edition (London, Souvenir Press, 2011), pp.68-70.
[33] Charlie Chaplin (dir.), *Modern Times*, (United States, United Artists, February 1936), Terence Young (dir.), *Wit Until Dark* [Film}, (United States, Warner Bros – Seven Arts, October 1967),
[34] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible*, pp. 147-423.

Form & Length

The screenplay is for a stand-alone feature film. I have been guided by Trottier, who states that '90 to 120 pages' is the required length of a spec script for a feature film.[35]

Structure

Title, page formatting, pagination, master scene headings (slug lines) and time indicators are clearly depicted. If the master scene had separate units, secondary headers were used.[36] The opening sequence starts with a dramatic structure with a sequence of contrasting scenes, from buzzards to manor, to a black screen to audio of fire crackling. Flashbacks, a montage of memories, and a series of shots were also used for conciseness.[37] Inserts enabled small-scale props to be seen in full frame.[38] Intercuts indicated scenes happening simultaneously.[39]

3. Future Aspirations

As an aspiring screenwriter enthused with ideas, I will continue to write screenplays, applying the knowledge, tools and expertise I have acquired as a Creative Writing student. *The Fifth Island* and four of my human-interest spec-scripts drafted at university will empower me to launch my screenwriting career.[40] With eager anticipation, I look forward to entering the industry as a professional screenwriter.

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[35] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible – A Complete Guide To Writing, Formatting And Selling Your Script*,6th edition (London, Souvenir Press, 2011) p.60.
[36] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible*, pp. 170-73.
[37] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible*, p. 175-80.
[38] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible*, p. 181.
[39] David Trottier, *The Screen Writers Bible*, p. 183.
[40] Prithi Shukla, *The Unsanctioned Child,* (BA unpublished Screenplay BA Independent Project, UWTSD Lampeter, 2019), Prithi Shukla, *Fibonacci's Children, (*BA unpublished Screenplay BA Independent Project, UWTSD Lampeter, 2020), Prithi Shukla, *Cara's Note* BA unpublished Screenplay Assessment, UWTSD Lampeter, 2020), Prithi Shukla*, The Fifth Island,* MA unpublished Screenplay MA Dissertation, UWTSD Lampeter, 2023)

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APPENDIX 1

Excerpts from Personal Journal

Both digital and hardcopy repositories of visual and written research and ideas allowed me to collate a combination of photographs, observations, notes, sketches, article samples, excerpts from books and inspiration from films, which were used to develop my screenplay.

'Historical Incidents'[41]

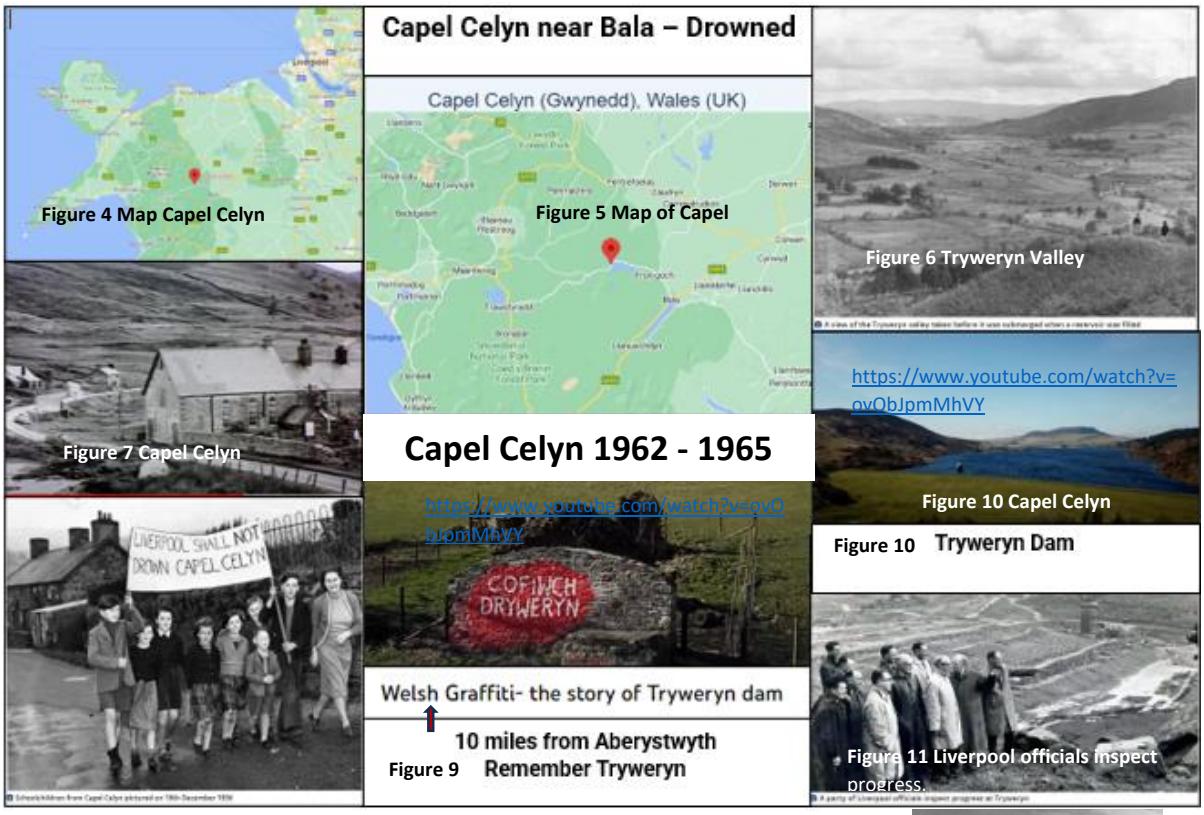


Figure 8 Children of Capel Celyn

https://www.peoplescollection.wales/items/61

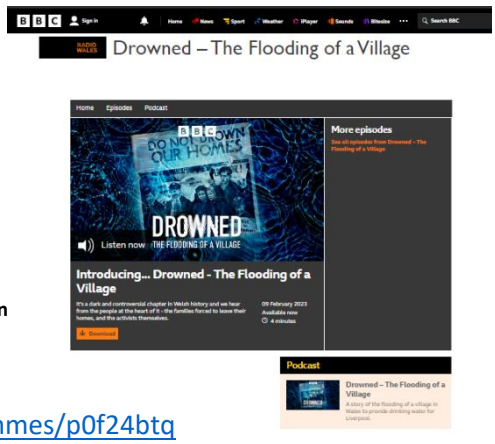


Figure 12 BBC podcast on Capel Celyn

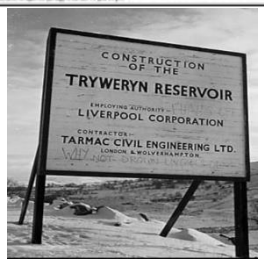


Figure 13 Tryweryn Reservoir Construction

https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p0f24btq

[41] Dymphna Callery, 'Writing from research', in *The Writer's Workbook,* ed. by Jenny Newman, Edmund Cusick & Aileen La Tourette, (London, Arnold, 2000), p.155.

Capel Celyn continued…

Protests – Capel Celyn Drowning

https://www.dailypost.co.uk/whats-on/whats-on-news/tryweryn-hundreds-march-rally-mark-10280983

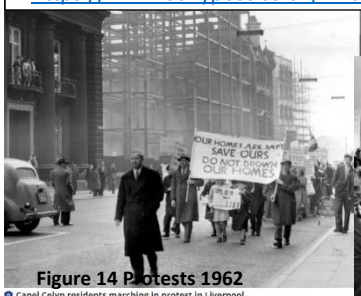


Figure 14 Protests 1962

Capel Celyn residents marching in protest in Liverpool

Figure 15 Protests 1962

Protest in Tryweryn over the flooding of the village

Figure 16 Protests 2015

The last days at Capel Celyn School

https://www.peoplescollection.wales/items/61

Figure 17 Capel Celyn School

Figure 18 Capel Celyn post office

Mr Jones Parry, the postmaster, outside his post office at Capel Celyn in 1956

Figure 19 Capel Celyn Video

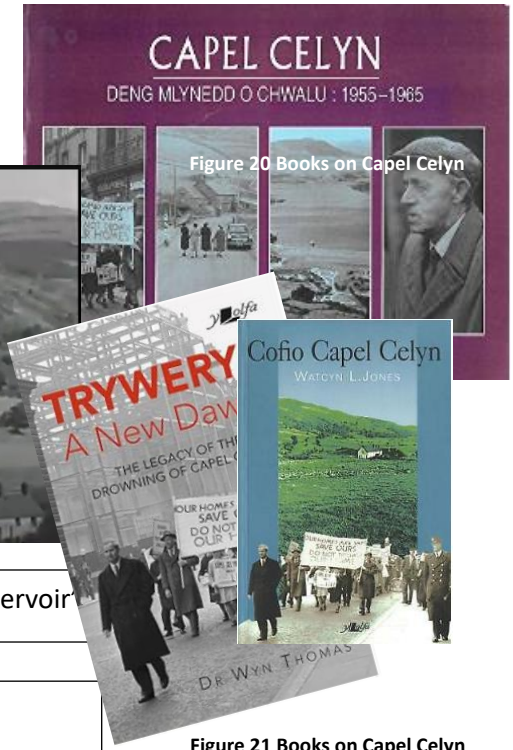


Figure 20 Books on Capel Celyn

Figure 21 Books on Capel Celyn

Tryweryn Locals on the Welsh village 'drowned' by a reservoir

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y2N2iIMDVsY

Quarantined on Ellis Island and Christmas Island

Figure 22 Ellis Island

Quarantine Stations (Plague houses)

http://www.ellisisland.se/english/quarantine_island

History of the "Plague houses" in the harbour of New York.

What do you know about the so called quarantine stations in the New York harbour?

During the time of different kind of deseases, the people who arrived by ships to the New York harbour were quarantined on special Islands.

"In an act to prevent the bringing in and spreading of infectious distempers in the colony, and stipulated that vessels having small-pox, yellow fever or other contagious diseases aboard should stop on their way to the city at these Island and there be quarantined, under heavy penalties for disobedience".

Figure 23 Ellis Island

Figure 24Ellis Island

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AuPZr68T_fg

HISTORY • OPINION

Ellis Island Welcomed Thousands to America—But It Was Also a Detention Center

TIME

An immigrant family on the dock at Ellis Island, N.Y., looking at New York's skyline while awaiting the ferry to take them there, in 1925.
Bettmann Archive/Getty Images

BY CÉSAR CUAUHTÉMOC GARCÍA HERNÁNDEZ JANUARY 1, 2020 11:00 AM EST

Every year, roughly 4 million people visit the Ellis Island immigration station, wandering the manicured museum grounds and gazing at the nearby Statue of Liberty. But today's experience visiting the tiny speck of land off the southern tip of Manhattan is a far cry from what Ellen Knauff saw there in 1948. "The whole place [had] the look of a group of kennels," she wrote in her memoir years later.

Figure 25 Ellis Island

Figure 26 Ellis Island

Figure 27 Ellis Island

Emigrants Held for Deportation

https://time.com/5752116/ellis-island-immigration-detention-center/

Christmas Island – Australia's Immigration Detention Centre

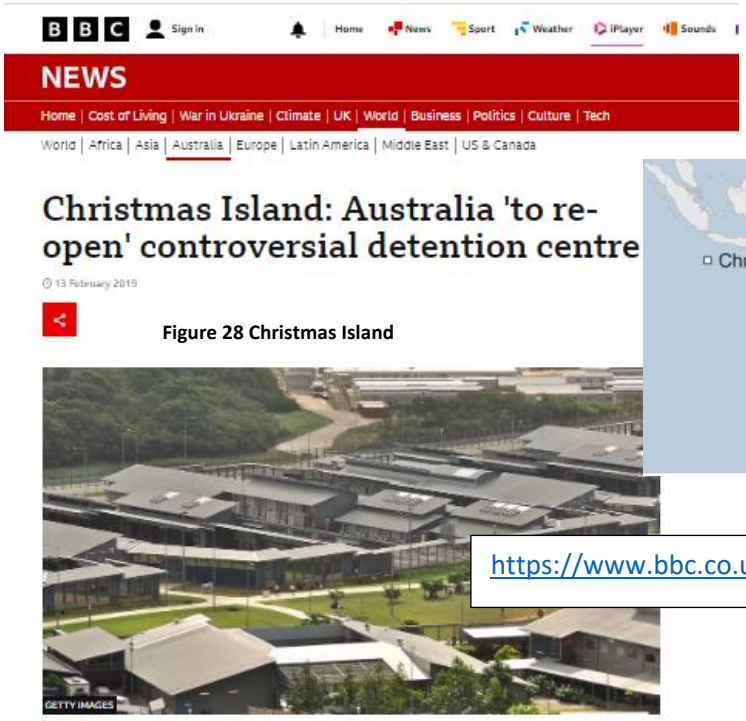


Figure 28 Christmas Island

Figure 29 Christmas Island

https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-australia-47221362

Figure 30 Christmas Island

Figure 31 Christmas Island

Figure 32 Christmas

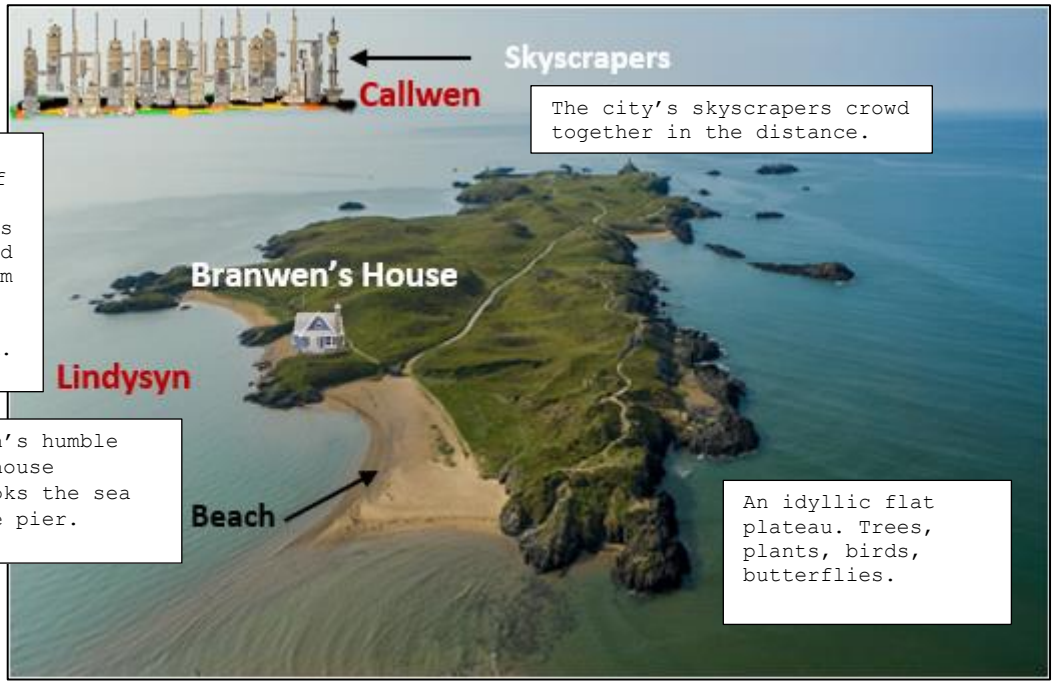
https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2020/jan/26/inside-christmas-island-the-australian-detention-centre-with-four-asylum-seekers-and-a-26m-price-tag

'Geographical Location'[42]

Lindysyn

A small island off the coast of **Wales.**

Figure 33 Island



https://greyarro.ws/t/llanddwyn-island-and-lighthouse-added-to-coastal-scenery-in-wales/20273

Old Manor House - The lush Welsh countryside extends for miles.

A secluded, well-maintained double-storey manor house stands by itself surrounded by fields bordered with trees.

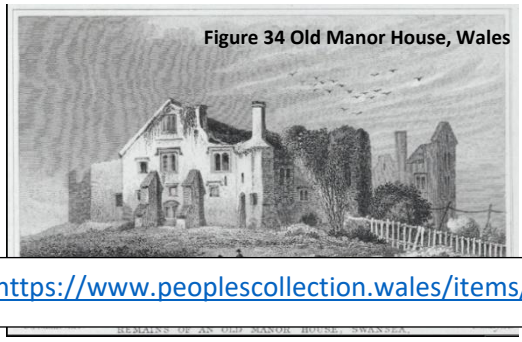


Figure 34 Old Manor House, Wales

https://www.peoplescollection.wales/items/20318

Figure 35 Old Manor House, Wales

https://www.facebook.com/118274274935643/posts/-old-coach-manor-chepstow-wales-wwwthebigdomaincomlarge-housesold-coach-manora-g/1923080407788345/

Figure 36 Big Ben London

https://www.pexels.com/search/big%20ben/

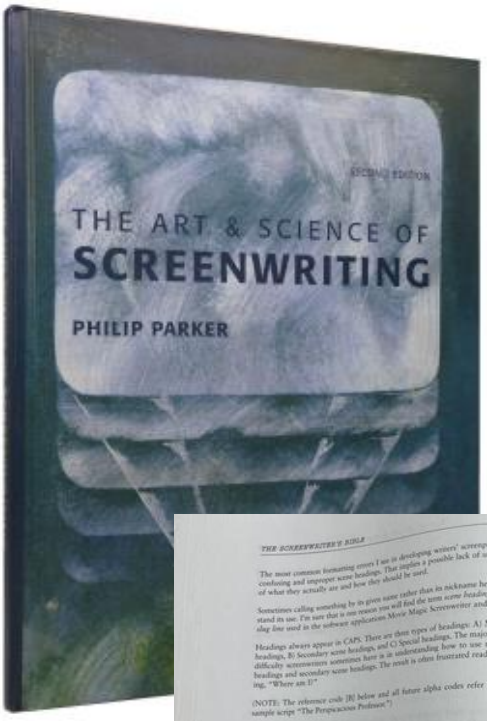
https://english.alarabiya.net/News/world/2022/06/18/Big-crowds-take-to-London-streets-to-protest-soaring-

Figure 37 Big Ben London

[42] Dymphna Callery, 'Writing from research', p.155.

‘Technical Sources’[43]

Figure 38 The Art & Science of Screenwriting



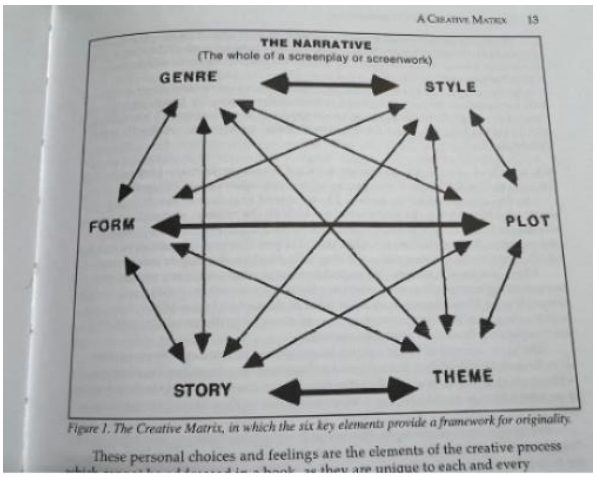
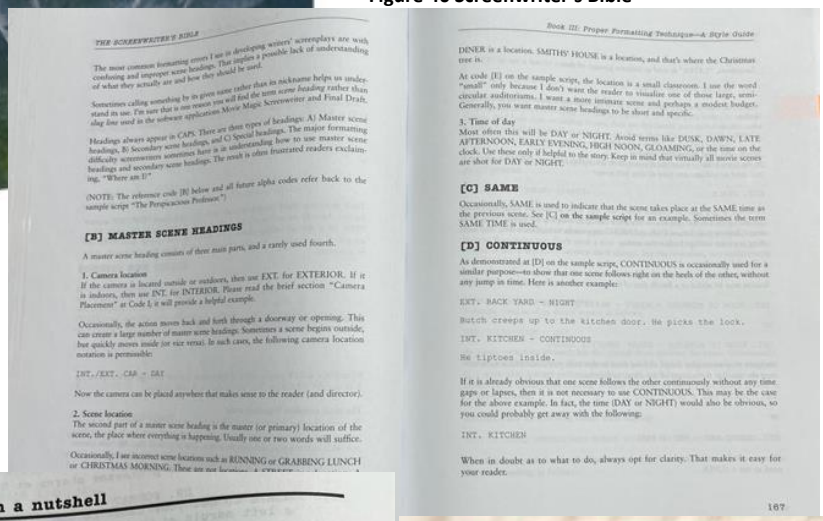


Figure 39 The Art & Science of Screenwriting

Figure 40 Screenwriter’s Bible



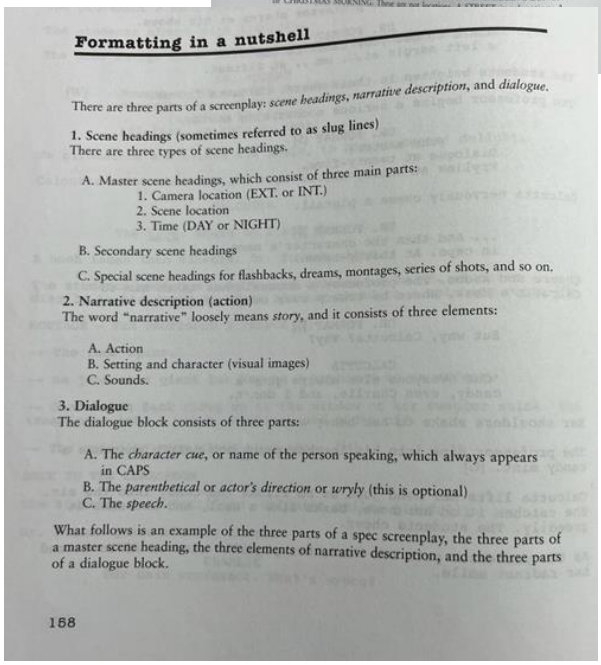


Figure 41 Screenwriter’s Bible

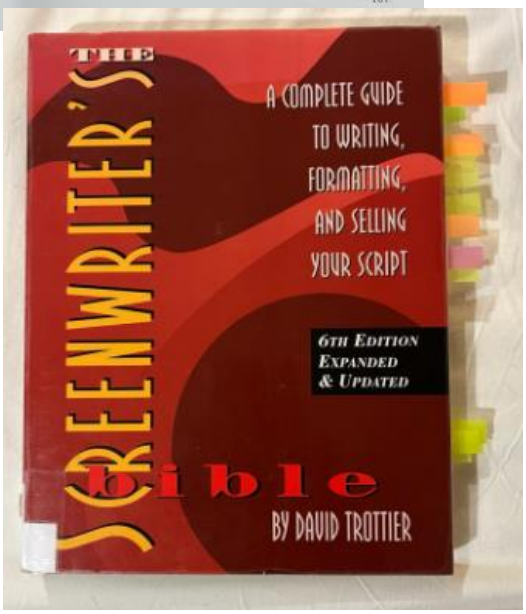


Figure 42 Screenwriter’s Bible

[43] Dymphna Callery, ‘Writing from research’, p.155.

Cover

Designed and created by the author. The butterflies change colour from blue to yellow to represent transformation to freedom from suppression through justice.

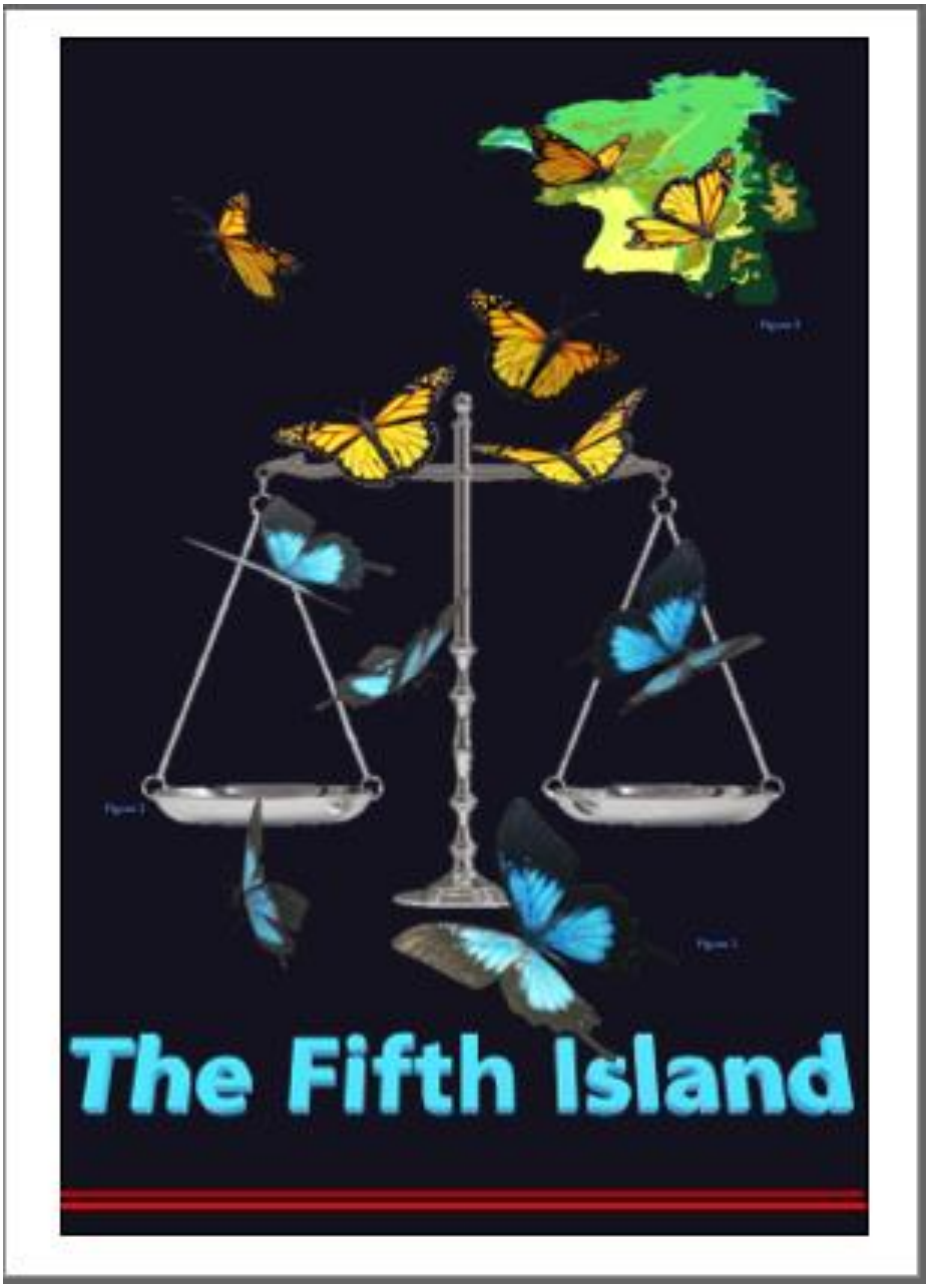


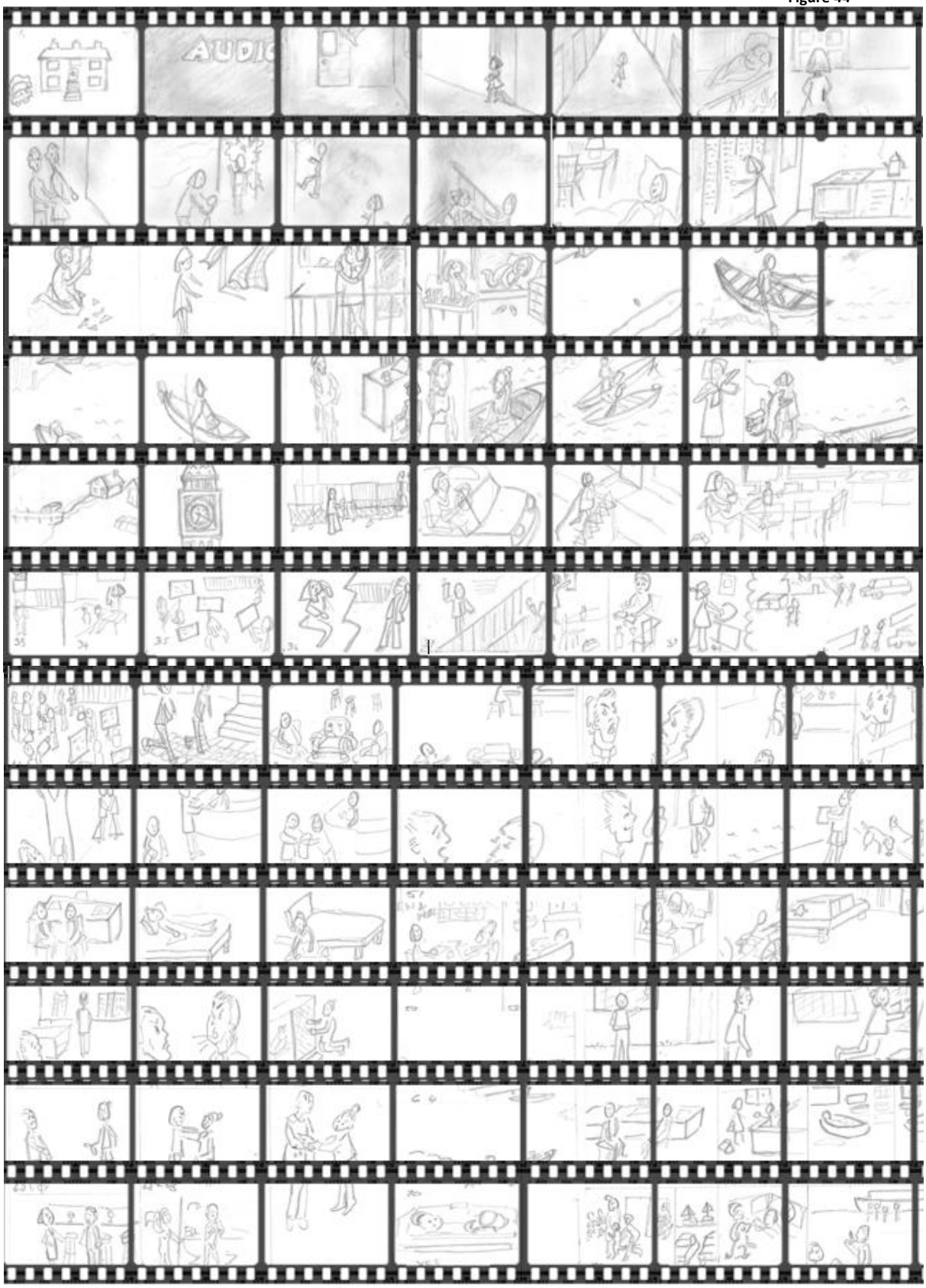
Figure 43

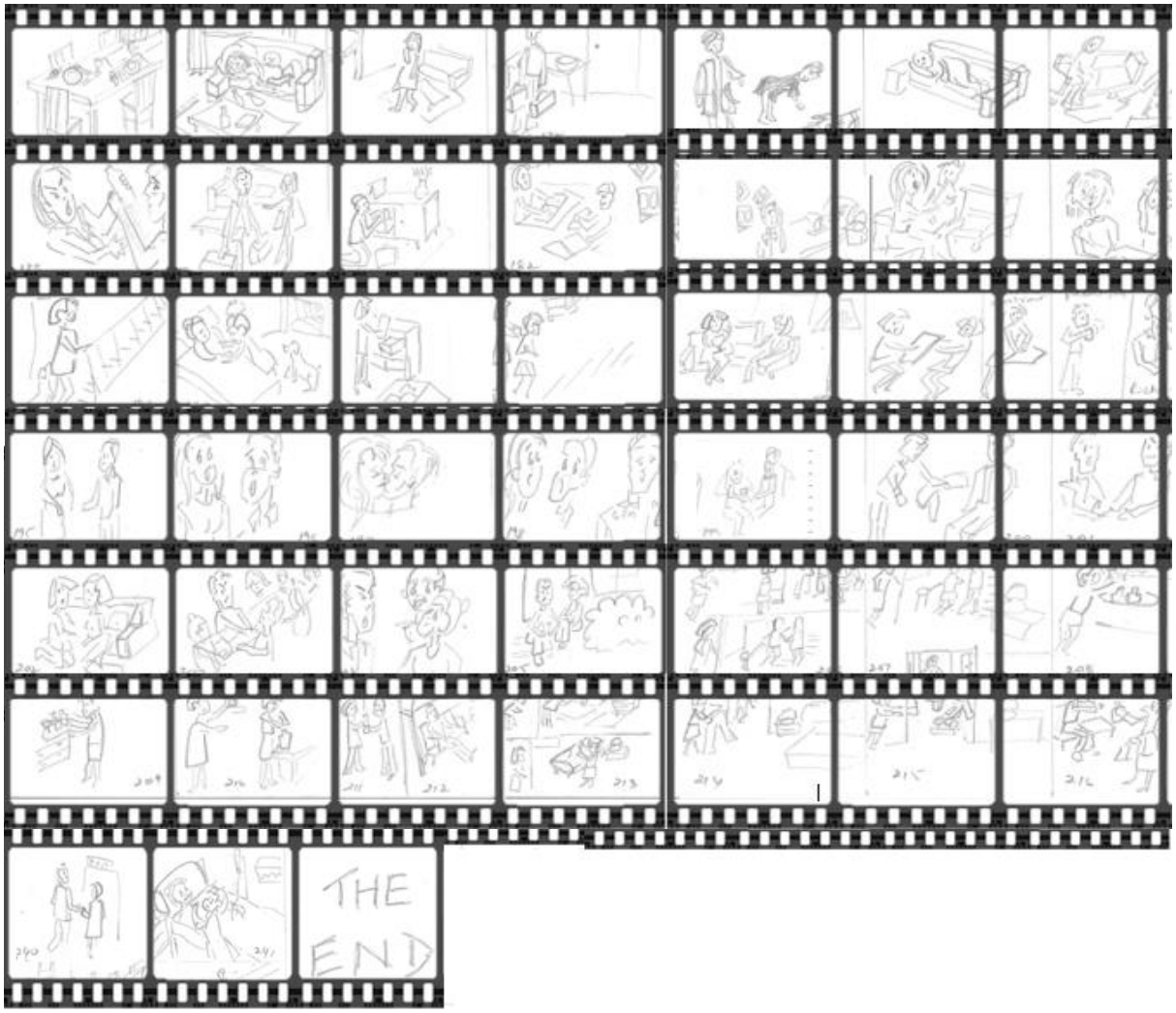
APPENDIX 2

Storyboard

The storyboard helped me rearrange scenes and fill gaps in the storyline.

Figure 44




THE
END

APPENDIX 3

TREATMENT

The Fifth Island

Logline

Ostara and her grandmother Branwen team up to thwart her politically influential uncle's plans for converting their pristine island Lindysyn into a detention prison for undocumented immigrants.

Characters

OSTARA: **(mid-30s)**

Orphaned as a nine-year-old, Ostara is a woman invested with resilient qualities even though she initially doesn't recognise them. When she was a child, she witnessed the death of her parents and grandfather. The incident magnified her feeling of duty to protect her grandmother, Branwen. This sentiment instils in her a tendency to panic over Branwen's safety. She dwells on the idea that the only absolute fondness she holds, remains for Branwen and Lindysyn, her grandmother's pristine island, rich in flora and fauna. They are, after all, a part of who she is. Her short vacations on the island were the only peaceful happiness she secured as a child. Her grandmother is her hero, refuge and strength. Always prepared to climb a mountain for Branwen, this feat soon becomes far more challenging than she bargained for. When Lindysyn is listed by the government to become a detention prison for undocumented immigrants, her world turns upside down. She assists Branwen to oppose the authorities and her politically influential uncle Harold. He proposes the idea just to win favours from the political elite, gain business for his company and pay back Branwen over the manor. Ostara does not mask her bitter loathing for her uncle and his reckless lack of concern for his mother. Harold is Ostara's father's brother and Branwen's eldest son. Ostara is constantly at odds with him. Under his custody as a child, she despised his stifling control over her. The fact that her parents Aeron and Alison were killed in a fire at Branwen's manor, while spending Christmas there with her, was pivotal in the courts assigning Harold as her legal guardian. Caught between flashes of her traumatic experience and prompted by her battle to

save Lindysyn, her falling out with her boyfriend Nick and caring for her ailing grandmother, Ostara discovers her strengths and identity. Ostara has few friends, as she has always focused on her profession as a surgeon, is busy with her plants at home or spending time at her grandmother's. Her only friend Jessica, to whom she is very attached, helps her triumph over her uncle's merciless plan. With Jessica's support and encouragement, Ostara eventually finds herself and Branwen free from Harold's intimidating control over their lives. Ostara's journey to save the island does not start from what she is accountable for but from her desire to save her grandmother. As the narrative progresses, she becomes truly proactive, independent, and brave. She strives to raise her position to achieve an equal level with the conniving male politicians she is fighting against. She also reduces her dependency on her grandmother and begins to make independent decisions. She activates and maintains the course of action as Branwen slows down, due to her ailing health. Her positivity and courage finally help her break out of her depression and suicidal ideation.

BRANWEN (early 70's)

Few people can be as exemplary as Branwen. She is a compassionate woman with a conscientious lifestyle, closely interconnected with nature. Her heightened awareness of self and the environment initiates her ethical philosophies, opinions and activism. Her approach, in tune with her surroundings, invokes her respect for nature. Though she was renowned for her conservation and ecology work in her earlier years, she preferred to stay out of the public eye. However, she has inadvertently become a celebrity in the eyes of many British activist groups who share her values, after Lindysyn is listed to become a detention prison for undocumented immigrants. The island, rich in flora and fauna, is one of the few sanctuaries left. Her battle against the authorities won her followers, much to the chagrin of the politician Richard Wright and her son Harold. She often regrets Harold's bitter feelings against her and his father George. But she consoles herself with the hope that time will bring peace between them. However, with his persistent attempts to destroy her and the island, Branwen realises she must fight back. Knowing Harold is running to be an MP in the snap election, she collaborates in a plan with Ostara, her granddaughter, to threaten to expose him for the man he truly is. He cannot afford any liabilities, as he needs the votes. Branwen, aware of Esmeralda's habit of keeping a diary, seeks her granddaughter Ostara's help to save Lindysyn. After the fire, Branwen's whole purpose in life is to preserve the island's flora and fauna, enjoy her granddaughter Ostara's company and care for Stella, her dog and loyal companion on

Lindysyn. Branwen is her granddaughter's champion and strength. Her wise kindness, soft heart, exemplary knowledge, commanding personality, compassion and humble existence on the island win Ostara's awe, love and admiration. A self-reliant woman, she doesn't let age slow her down. Her journey takes her from being a fiercely independent person to someone who allows her granddaughter to take hold of the reins.

HAROLD (early 50's)

Harold has his reasons for being a condescending man. He's accustomed to success. His well-established business enterprise, Evans Construction, has a promising deal with the government to build detention prisons on five British islands to stop the influx of undocumented immigrants to the mainland. The evidence of his raging anger is the consequence of jealousy and contempt for his younger brother Aeron. For some reason, he believes his mother Branwen and father George held more affection and concern for Aeron than they did for him. Harold assumes his subordinate sibling, who was frightened of everything, both as a child and then as a veteran of the Gulf War, had always been the spoiled, petted darling of the household. He postulates that Aeron's fears and insecurities did not only win his parents' sympathy but also the keys to the old manor house! For his part, Harold's objective in life is to take possession of the manor and never quit expanding his success and privileges. Entering politics, for this reason, for him is a no-brainer. All his conduct is prompted by his arrogance and the self-preservation of his ego. Because Branwen chose to alienate him from the manor, he decides to separate her from Lindysyn. With Project Island as a business responsibility he must fulfil, he cannot resist the temptation to strengthen his political position by obtaining Lindysyn for the government. At the same time, he can punish his mother. He has no empathy for her. No love is lost either between Harold and Ostara. He was Ostara's legal guardian as a child. From her account of events, she was unhappy living under his control. His positive relationship with Catrina is not reciprocated with others. He maintains fondness from their past, old, association. Because he is connected to her, he finds himself once more living in a world where he can find affection. The renewal of their intimacy brings him feelings of remarkable satisfaction. Catrina's presence as his soulmate influences him to develop a cold indifference towards his ill-matched wife Esmeralda. He despises her dim-wit ways, drunken approach to life, lack of finesse and peculiar outbursts of hysterical emotion. Harold regrets their marriage. Though Harold holds no admiration for men like Richard Wright or Alec Stewart, as an upcoming politician he is inspired by and drawn towards

their manipulative ways. He enjoys being acquainted with their superiority and feels he gains immeasurable power through their interactions. He envisages that he too could one day master their commanding qualities and combine these skills with a conniving imagination to attain triumph. His journey takes him from being an unhappy, lonely man to someone who finds himself again amid the fervour of love and affection after reuniting with Catrina. The harmony between the pair distinctly subdues Harold's need to always be in control. His renewed acquaintance with Catrina helps him to relax and accept her decisions on several occasions without any persuasion. His resentful heart, which now seems more receptive, enables him to connect with his mother and niece at the hospital. Although he doesn't humble himself, he is pleased to see them happy when they learn Lindysyn has been saved from destruction. He is surprised to find himself tearful but pulls himself together quickly.

RICHARD (50's)

Richard Wright, Secretary of State for the Home Department, has distinguished himself in his career. He is a product of the political establishment, weaselling his way up to the top. Though he seems to have a charming, honest, style about him which attracts voters, he is immersed in a pit full of devious politicians. These political personalities are at the disposal of a diehard bunch of non-regulated tycoons who control entire cities and counties. Alec Stewart is one of them. Richard can be oppressively influential even when he is wrong. He proclaims to be a man of the people, yet his uncompromising tactics nearly cost Branwen her island home, Lindysyn and Ostara her sanity. He is callous and ambitious. Richard's need to be the blue-eyed boy of the PM, injects him with dread of losing his position to the newly favoured Harold. He contrives without effort to inflict on Harold, the bitter task of completing the detention prisons on the islands within two months, before the snap election. It's his way of establishing his authority and power. He hopes to win support from the public in the run-up to the elections. A small-minded man, his profound egotism leaves him feeling degraded and bruised when his car is hit by an egg thrown by a rebellious protestor. As he sees it, the terrible crime is the consequence of Harold's failure to curtail Branwen's resistance. Richard finds his married life insufferable. His obsession with his boyfriend Josh has replaced his affection for his wife Jane. For the moment his infidelity remains hidden. A marriage scandal before the snap election will mean bad optics for the party and poor judgment on his part. His wife is unaware of the clandestine affair. Destined to at some time pay for his unscrupulous schemes, Richard finds he can't stop Harold from exposing his 200-million-

pound security contract, to bribe Alex Stewart. In exchange, the tycoon funds Project Island. This move is a tactic to avoid negative publicity for the party.

CATRINA (mid-40's)

Catrina is a woman who is elegant in her manners and eloquent and liberal in her thinking. While divorcing her husband, she escapes to London to start afresh. She meets Harold, her old love, and asks him to help her find a home. Despite the long interval that has elapsed between them, she is still perfectly charmed with him. They revive the past in an instant, resuming their affection for each other. Her energetic persuasive nature and reasoning is an attribute Harold enjoys. As an intelligent and amiable companion, she is marvellously responsive to his needs for love and friendship. For him, Catrina's passionate and wild intense impulses heighten her charm. She is, indeed, a woman who manages with admirable success to share with her man in all his toils and sympathise with him over the problems that dog his mind. As the daughter of Tycoon Alec Crawford, she has learnt ways to exercise her sharp mind to overcome hurdles that could harm them both. She provides solutions to rid them of possible threats. Harold prompts her instincts of tenderness and compassion. They have both endured unpleasant marriages with ill-matched partners. Catrina feels a sense of relief after coming clean with Harold, letting him know she is aware of his dealings with her father. Harold is happy she is not as perfect as she appears to be.

ESMERALDA (50's)

She is sad-faced, lonely woman with a look of constant apprehension. For most of her waking hours, she guzzles alcohol to numb the pain she feels from lack of companionship. Harold, her husband, despises her. She had once been so loved by him, and she loves him still. But after the fire, his fondness for her disappeared. Day after day she broods for the tenderness of the past. Jealousy prompts her to constantly enquire about his whereabouts with a tone charged with accusation. A serious and pensive woman with a fragile mind, ill at ease, she can burst into a frantic fury of sobs or disturbingly cold laughter. When alone or with others, she always dwells on her sorrow and unpleasant solitary refuge at the manor. Her only solace from her aching life is her diaries. Esmeralda's habit of keeping a diary becomes the focus of Branwen and Ostara's mission to resolve their problem over Lindysyn. They blackmail Harold with its content. Harold thinks it's Esmeralda who gave them the diaries. He cuts off ties with his wife. He ignores her calls. His silence compels Esmeralda to visit London. After she discovers Harold is having an affair with Catrina, Esmeralda provides Ostara with one of Harold's shady deals

with the tycoon. She is aware of the documents in a drawer in their London flat. She then confides in Ostara. Esmeralda reveals it was she who set Aeron and Alison's bedroom on fire, killing them. Her only purpose is to gain Harold's gratitude forever. He can now take possession of the manor. Since then, Harold despises her for her inane actions. However, he must protect the family name and his association with her, so he does not expose her crime. Esmeralda assists Ostara by providing her niece with Harold's file to blackmail him. A few days later, Branwen and Ostara win their battle over Lindysyn.

Jessica (30's)

Jessica, a woman of Jamaican descent, is Ostara's close friend and ally. She works with the surgeon as a nurse in Callwen Hospital. She supports Ostara and Branwen in their struggles with Harold's overwhelming schemes. Jessica assists Ostara to combat her uncle's ruthless endeavour to secure Lindysyn by sending her friend condemning photographs of Harold and his lover Catrina. Jessica, as in all narratives, is the protagonist's helper, allowing her to overcome hurdles, driving the story forward.

Story Outline

ACT 1

A bright midday sky in the Welsh countryside. Buzzards ride the air currents in search of prey above a secluded, double-storey manor house. The edifice stands by itself, amidst trees and fields. **THREE** cars are parked in the driveway. A set of porch stairs lead up to the entrance of the house. A Christmas wreath hangs on the front door.

That Christmas night, at the manor:

In a long, darkly shadowed corridor, nine-year-old Ostara steps out of her room into a haze of grey smoke. The crackle and smell of burning wood startles her. Her parents' bedroom at one end of the corridor seems to be on fire. She watches the low flames spread across the closed door, dimly illuminating the area around it. Confused, she rushes towards the blaze. Feeling the heat, Ostara remains rooted to the spot, staring horrified at the dreadful scene before her. She anxiously looks down to the other end. Finally, a door opens opposite her bedroom. Her grandparents, Dr Branwen Evans and George Evans, in their 40's, emerge. Taken aback by the smoke, they stand silent... horrified. Ostara peers through the haze at their familiar forms. She yells. Her frantic cries startle the couple. They hasten towards her.

Branwen tightly embraces Ostara as George rushes past, urging her to take the girl outside and wake their eldest son Harold and their daughter-in-law Esmeralda, on the way out. Both are in their 20's. In a desperate effort to save Ostara's parents and their younger son Aeron and their daughter-in-law, Alison from the burning room, George kicks in the smouldering door. Charred bits of wood crash to the ground. Smoke whirls out towards them. He barges into the room. Branwen grasps Ostara's hand and hurries towards the staircase leading down to the main hallway. They pass a bedroom with its doors ajar.

At the top of the stairs, Ostara abruptly stops. Turns around. She calls out to her grandfather. The air is thick with smoke. She stumbles. Her forehead hits the edge of the bannister. Ostara shuts her eyes tight, overcome by the pain.

2025, Twenty-seven years later:

Ostara, a slender, 30-year-old pleasant-looking woman, is asleep in her bed in her high-rise Callwen flat. She tosses and turns. The constant flickering orange glow from the salt lamp on her desk disturbs her. She wakes, sits upright, uneasy. She scurries across the room and switches off the light. The framed picture of her dead parents grabs her attention. Repressing

a sob, she stares at herself in the mirror above her desk. For a moment she hesitates, then, scarcely knowing why she does it, she smooths back her short hair, revealing an old wound above her hairline on one side of her forehead.

In the early hours before dawn, Ostara finds herself in a somewhat restless mood. Everything seems to be going wrong for her from the moment she wakes. She spills her hot tea on her desk, knocks the framed picture of her parents onto the floor, shattering the glass. Then, she thinks she spots Nick, her ex-boyfriend, in the arms of some woman on the balcony opposite. Discouraged, still haunted by the past and her present dilemma of loneliness, she contemplates seeing a psychiatrist. She swallows a pill, crawls into bed and shuts her eyes tight.

It's early morning. Under a blue-grey sky, with seagulls riding the thermal currents, elderly Dr Branwen Evans, Ostara's grandmother, now in her early seventies, rows her boat along the shores of Lindysyn, her island home. The conservationist is attempting to clear the offshore ocean of garbage. A narrow strip of sea separates this land mass from Callwen on the mainland. The sudden roar of a jet overhead prompts her to glance up at the aircraft. She winces. The plane billows out contrails that streak across the sky. Her gaze follows the plane's path. The jet flies towards Callwen's skyscrapers. The land over there is bleak, stripped of all its vegetation. Branwen shakes her head with disappointment and then resumes her chore.

Meanwhile, it's past the normal morning check-in time for work at Callwen Hospital. Ostara, newspaper tucked under her arm, rushes down the sanitised corridors. Her appearance suggests she has dressed in a hurry. On entering her office, she throws the paper onto her desk and makes a call. Frantic, she fidgets with her hair, hoping her grandmother Branwen will answer. Finally, she does. Ostara breaks the news. Branwen, still in her boat clearing refuse from the sea and unable to talk, is short. She growls into her mobile at Ostara, not wanting to discuss the situation at present. Ostara chokes back her tears. She speaks rapidly with a low tone.

'We need to stop them. We can't let them take Lindysyn'.

After the call, it's evident from Ostara's musing and troubled expression that her nerves are strained to breaking point. She shuffles through a stack of patient files. The phone on her desk rings. Ostara curses and answers. Just then Jessica Clarke, a nurse in her 30's, Ostara's close friend and a likeable woman of Jamaican descent, walks in. Ostara waves her to sit down. Ostara's sudden growling tone into the phone as she ends her call also alarms

Jessica. Jessica invites her friend for a drink at the Bulldog, but she declines. Feeling Ostara's need for space, Jessica starts to exit, but before she does, she stops at the door and reassures Ostara that she's there for her.

All the while, Branwen clutches her phone, still in her boat, staring out to sea with anxious concentration. There is something ominous about Ostara's call. It distracts her from clearing the refuse. Lindysyn has been a constant pressing conundrum she's faced in the last few months. The roar of a motorboat in the distance pulls her away from her thoughts. She smiles. It's Pete her delivery man. He never fails to deliver her ordered provisions but also enjoys a bit of gossip. This time, it's about a couple of immigrants who've absconded from Tywlly detention prison and the police's search for them. They escaped by stealing a local person's boat. Branwen commiserates, her empathy lying with the escapees.

Back at the hospital after Jessica's departure the phone rings. It's Dr Kelly, a psychiatrist calling to confirm Ostara's first appointment. Once the call ends, Ostara contemplates whether she has made the right decision. After all, she's never been to a psychiatrist before. Just then, a knock on the door. Jessica barges in waving a letter. Her face radiates with a beaming smile. She's won a week's holiday at the Shard, a five-star hotel in the centre of London. Ostara reciprocates with the same excitement as her friend, successfully masking her own dilemma. Jessica invites Ostara to join her, but her friend looks uncertain, she's got more pressing concerns to deal with - there's the problem of Lindysyn and now her meeting with Dr Kelly.

In the interim, after Pete's delivery, Branwen rows towards Lindysyn. On one side of the shore is a pier. She ties the boat to a post. Placing the bags into a bike trailer, she pushes it up a path that leads from the pier to the cliff top. Stella, her boxer, delighted beyond measure, bounds up to her. Branwen smiles, happy to see her only companion on the island and loyal friend. On reaching the top, an idyllic flat plateau greets her. Trees, plants, birds, and butterflies are abundant everywhere. She smiles - Lindysyn is so different from the mainland.

Not far from where Branwen lingers, stands her humble stone house. It overlooks the sea and the pier. Alongside the cottage, there is a polytunnel and a barn that has been converted into an improvised animal clinic. Branwen hurries up the well-used track and heads for the barn. Inside the semi-dark make-do clinic, an overhead light hangs above the

examining table. On a counter, a kettle and a tin of biscuits. She removes the sacks of birdfeed from the trailer, then checks on the birds cawing and cooing, recuperating in their coops.

The next day, Branwen's eldest son, Harold, now in his 50's, a shrewd business entrepreneur, eager to get into politics, is in London. He was Ostara's guardian when she was a child. His visit to the city requires him to be away for a few days from his home, the old manor house in Wales. The tall, burly man, dressed in his usual dark suit and tie, his overcoat slung over one arm, stands behind the security barriers, outside the Houses of Parliament opposite Parliament Square. The roads are busy with afternoon traffic. The businessman has an appointment with Richard Wright, the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Back at the old manor house, Harold's jealous wife, Esmeralda, in her early 50's, a sad-faced woman with a look of constant apprehension, tightly, clutches the steering wheel of her SUV. The car's parked on the driveway at the porch steps. The manor, now restored after the fire, stands alone and isolated, surrounded by a bleak landscape devoid of trees. From the main gate, a driveway leads up to the porch. A large industrial shed with the name *Evans Construction* occupies the area alongside the house. Monstrous construction machinery dominates the yard. Esmeralda leans across, opens the passenger glove compartment, and pulls out a hip flask. Takes a swig. She looks at her reflection in the rear-view mirror. Pats her cheeks, scrambles out of the car. Unsteady on her feet, she staggers up the porch steps to her well-appointed kitchen. A sense of satisfaction spreads over her face as she bites into a leftover pizza and sips her wine. Esmeralda, lonely and suspicious over her husband's visit to London, calls Harold. Her slurred voice aggravates him. Harold mentions that he's meeting Richard Wright.

While Harold talks on the phone, a few protestors gather outside the Houses of Parliament with pickets, yelling slogans. Harold moves towards one end of the barrier, closer to the police. There is a continuous loud chant from the campaigners against the net zero policy:

Esmeralda and Harold's call ends abruptly as soon as Richard Wright appears at the gates. A married man in his 50's and the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Richard has an old-fashioned air about him. His shirt, under a stylish suit, is neatly pressed and a handkerchief, matching his tie, fits snugly in the breast pocket of his jacket.

Upset at the call being cut short, Esmeralda munches on a slice of pizza. Then, a sudden draught from outside slams the window shut. Esmeralda startles. She looks around

the room. She picks up the bottle of wine, glugs down several mouthfuls and starts to play with her wedding ring. From her bag, she pulls out a pen and her diary. Flicks it open. Begins to scrawl across the page.

Back at the hospital 'Ostara preps for surgery. She looks at herself in the mirror above the sink. Her hair is neatly tucked under her surgical head cover. A part of her scar on the side of her forehead is visible. She curses. Looks down at her hands. She scrubs faster and harder. A fleeting picture of the old manor house flashes through her mind. Firefighters shoot continuous jets of water at the flames raging out of the upper-floor bedroom window. In their night clothes, Ostara, 9, and Branwen, 40, sit in shock on the retractable step of an ambulance. Ostara huddles up against her grandmother, a dressing on one side of the girl's forehead. Only **TWO** cars are parked in the driveway. Outside the main gate Harold and Esmeralda, mid-20s, smartly dressed, have returned from an outing. They step out of their car, parked just outside the main gate. Ostara watches Harold and Esmeralda with a timid and uncertain look as they approach. She clutches onto Branwen. Her pent-up anguish results in tears. A nurse standing beside Ostara, calls out to her, bringing the surgeon out of her reverie.

At Parliament Square, journalists and protestors notice the home secretary walk down the pavement with Harold. They rush towards them. The police usher Richard and Harold towards the security barriers that cordon off a side street. The crowd and media follow. Journalists thrusts their microphones towards Harold and Richard, shouting over each other, asking questions. The police usher Richard and Harold into the cordoned-off street.

Away from the protesters, press and police, Richard leads the way in silence through the narrow-cobbled lanes towards the Wellington Club, a private members' club visited by the political elite. He walks with an air of superiority. Harold follows.

At the ornate Club's bar room, an impeccable quietness lingers. In one secluded corner, the two men sit opposite each other at a table. Their jackets drape on the seats near them. Harold watches Richard intently. A waiter places two whiskeys and a couple of plates of hors d'oeuvres on the table and leaves. Richard speaks with an arrogant, smug tone while his cold eyes scrutinise Harold. He warns him that the snap elections mean a change of plan – Project Island needs to be completed before the election. As Harold is soon to be an MP, his company needs to finish building the detention prisons for undocumented immigrants on the selected five British islands in two months. Richard is especially angry as Harold has been unsuccessful in starting work on Lindysyn due to his mother, Branwen's resistance. She has

been rejecting the government's offer to purchase Lindysyn. Hers is the fifth island that has been chosen to house the influx of immigrants arriving on the shores of the UK in their dinghies. Lindysyn is perfect – its location, separate from the mainland.

Halfway through their conversation, Harold retaliates. The time he must accomplish the task is too short. In the midst of their cold exchange, Richard notices his boyfriend Josh enter and seat himself at the bar. After a short while, Josh leaves. The Home Secretary, having delivered his objective, hurriedly follows his clandestine lover out of the bar. He forgets his jacket.

Harold sits pondering the evening. His gaze sweeps the room with a despairing look. Then he spots Richard's jacket on the chair opposite, grabs it and charges out of the Club onto the cobbled streets. He turns a corner. Stops dead in his tracks. He ducks behind a tree. Watches. He takes pictures with his mobile. Josh and Richard hold hands, laugh, nudge each other, hug. A quick kiss as they stroll down the street. They then turn the corner. Harold returns to the club, Richard's Jacket over his arm. He calls Richard. There's a ringing sound. It comes from Richard's jacket pocket. He sighs. Just then Richard appears. Takes his coat. As Richard turns to leave, Harold, knowing he now has an advantage over Richard, cheekily demands more money to complete Project Island.

ACT 2

The following day, Branwen is on the pier at Lindysyn repairing the boardwalk. A motorboat arrives and moors alongside. Harold's man hands Branwen a large brown envelope. She rips it open and starts to read. As the man climbs back into his boat Stella snaps at his ankles. Desperate, he pulls out a contaminated treat. He steals a look at Branwen. She's too preoccupied with reading. He drops it on the floor. Stella woofs it down. Branwen doesn't notice.

Back at Callwen, Ostara is at Dr Kelly's, her first visit to a psychiatrist. Overwhelmed, she answers the doctor's queries about herself with nervous apprehension.

Later that evening, Branwen is lying in her bed. She stares up at the ceiling with despair. Just then, a whimpering sound. She sits upright. Looks around. She spots Stella lying on the carpet salivating. Branwen checks the dog over. But Stella continues to whimper.

The next morning, Richard, in his luxurious, Georgian-style house dining room, joins his wife Janet for breakfast. Seated at the table, a cold silence lingers between them. Richard's

mobile is on the morning newspaper beside his coffee. He glances at the news. Grimaces. He calls Harold but the man doesn't answer. Richard rolls his eyes, irritated. He gulps down his coffee, picks up the newspaper and his mobile. Walks out.

Harold meanwhile has just woken up in his high-rise Mayfair flat in London. His bed overlooks the view of London's skyrise buildings. He glances at his mobile. Shakes his head at the missed call-in exasperation. He heads for the bathroom to shower and shave.

Richard on the other hand is on his way to the Home Office. The chauffeur deviates from the normal route. Protestors are gathering in front of the building campaigning against Project Island. The driver first takes a side road and then makes his way down the back road of the office building. A lone protestor is wheeling his bike down the back road. He sees the car and hops onto his bike. He throws an egg at Richard's car as it stops at the back entrance. He shouts:

"This one's for Branwen Evans!"

Richard is irate.

At the office, he glares out of the window. He waits for Harold, his shoulders straight, his face taut. Harold walks in. Richard doesn't turn around. With his ego bruised, he speaks with a firm yet angry tone and enquires about the progress of securing Lindysyn. Harold feels sheepish. Branwen hasn't yet given in to their demands.

That evening it's dark as Harold speeds towards Lindysyn in his boat. Branwen is mending a broken door of an empty hutch in the barn. A feeble light hangs down from the ceiling. The loud squawking of seagulls and other birds in their coops is overpowering. Stella is not with her.

As Harold approaches the island, he switches off the motor and allows the boat to glide towards the pier. He fastens the vessel to the wooden post and stealthily climbs up the cliff path to the top of the island. A dim light in the distance catches his attention. He heads for the barn. Through the partially ajar door, he watches Branwen. Gingerly he creeps up on his mother, but he stumbles on something. Branwen whirls around with the power drill still in her hand. Opposite her stands her son. There is something sinister about his cold glaring eyes. His straight lips curl in an unpleasant smile. She closely studies this tall, burly man as he looms over her. She glares up at him. Trying not to disclose her fear, she orders him off her island. He barks back, demanding she surrenders Lindysyn. As he stoops over to grab her, Branwen thrusts the idle power drill against his side. He reaches for her. She steps back and

waves the switched-on electric drill in the air. Harold attempts to hold her arm. His arm grazes against the whizzing drill bit. A deep gash. Stunned, Harold retreats and heads for the pier. Branwen follows behind, brandishing her drill. He scrambles into his boat and speeds away from the island. She sighs, finally rid of her son.

Another day passes. It's afternoon and Ostara is in the middle of a therapy session with Dr Kelly. As she examines her own situation with the psychiatrist, the awkwardness she feels is broken. She relaxes. With emphatic eloquence, Ostara reveals her dark past. She explains that she despised Harold's control over her as a child, especially after he was appointed as her guardian after the blaze at the manor. She even attempted to run away once.

Her long hours of worry over Lindysyn have been followed by fear of losing the island. Ostara divulges she's stuck in a situation where she feels incapable of helping Branwen win her fight. Ostara represses a sob as she reflects on how the island sums up the best part of her life. As the session nears the end, Dr Kelly asks Ostara to make notes, but she refuses. After all, keeping diaries is what her crazy Aunt Esmeralda does.

In London, Catrina Crawford, in her 40's, an attractive stylishly dressed woman, checks in to the Shard. She is the daughter of tycoon Alec Stewart (he features later). The lady, chance-encounters Harold in the bar. Being sweethearts in the past, it doesn't take them long to kindle the dying embers of an old romance into a full-blown passionate relationship. The problems that plague them are forgotten when they are with each other. As she is divorcing her husband in San Francisco, Catrina asks Harold to assist her find a home in London. Harold agrees happily.

It's morning. In Callwen, Ostara drives Branwen to the vet to pick up Stella. On the way, Branwen shares the chilling encounter she had with Harold in the barn. Ostara fears for her nain's safety on the island, but Branwen reassures her. At the vet, there is a great deal of excitement when the three reunite. On their return to the marina, Ostara parks not far from the jetty. Branwen is catching the ferry back to the island. Affected by the awful probability of losing Lindysyn, Ostara expresses her fears. Perhaps, much like the villagers of Capel Celyn who had no chance of saving their village from the government's plot to flood it, they too will be unsuccessful. Branwen and Ostara finally agree to thwart Harold's plans of winning the election. They will threaten to go public with something vile he's done if the Compulsory Purchas Order on the island is not withdrawn. With the upcoming elections, he can't afford

any liabilities. As they walk towards the ferry Branwen focuses on an elderly man who struggles to light a cigarette with his lighter. Just as she approaches him, his lighter flares. The flame sets her thinking about the night the manor caught fire. Though she has no evidence, she has her suspicions about who set fire to the manor. With luck, Esmeralda's diary may indicate what happened as she logs everything. Branwen admits, that though her plan to blackmail Harold is not rock-solid and hinges on suspicions, she cannot let Harold get away with his resentment and deceit anymore.

The following day at Callwen Hospital Jessica and Ostara are together in one of the wards. They discuss Jessica's upcoming trip to London with Carl, her boyfriend. They plan to do a lot of sightseeing. Ostara informs her friend Harold is also in London. Just before their conversation comes to an end, Jessica expresses her empathy for Branwen's apparent plight.

Meanwhile, in London, Harold is at Stewart and Stewart Investments, a hedge fund company. He has an appointment with the owner Alec Stewart, one of the diehard tycoons who control the government through his investments in public projects. Harold is led down an impressive corridor. Office rooms behind glass walls bustle with activity. Harold enters a spectacular office with panoramic views of London. Behind a desk sits Alec, 75 years of age, white-haired, distinguished-looking, dressed in a well-cut expensive suit. A photograph of Alec and Catrina, his daughter, is displayed on the desk. Alec removes a single-page document from a black folder and pushes the paper across the table. Harold looks surprised and then sceptical as he reads. Alec Stewart is helping finance the extra costs to accelerate the completion of Project Island in two months. Harold reviews the second document handed to him. It confirms Harold will receive the balance payment in two months after the project is completed. Alec assures Harold that Richard Wright has taken care of any concerns that may arise as a tax issue. Curiosity gets the better of Harold. Thinking he might draw out something from his enquiry, he asks what Alec's deal is with the government. But the tycoon just gives Harold a cagey look and declines to answer.

Later that night, Jessica and Carl check into the Shard. The receptionist hands Jessica the swipe card for the room. The suite number is 458. Catrina walks up to the reception a split second later and asks for her room swipe card. It's room 454. She's unaware that the couple at the reception are staying on the same floor as her. Harold appears on the scene. He waits for Catrina as she gets her room key. Though Jessica does not know Harold, she recognizes

him as he is a public figure. She is surprised to see him and discreetly takes photographs of the couple as they head for the lift.

It's mid-morning. A bright cloudless sky. Ostara and Branwen stroll down Lindysyn Beach in silence, both absorbed in their thoughts about the following day. Stella trails behind. It's the young surgeon who expresses her concern first. She fears that as the inquest ruled out any sort of foul play, the diaries probably may not hold what they're looking for to threaten Harold. Branwen admits, that though she has no explanation about what happened that Christmas night, she has her suspicions.

Back in London, Catrina tries to engage Harold in having sex but he's too preoccupied with worry over Branwen not succumbing to the government's demands. Catrina, a considerate lover, comprehends Harold's dilemma. He needs a distraction, a change of ambience. So, she proposes they go to her friend Casey's party. Harold resists but after a bit of cajoling from Catrin with some cocaine he gives in.

Outside their room in the corridor, dressed for the party, Harold and Catrina head for the lift. Catrina looks around. No one is about. She wipes some white residue from under Harold's nose. They both laugh as they pass Jessica's room. Jessica looks through the peephole and then quietly opens the door and peers out. Catrina and Harold have their backs to the corridor while they wait for the lift. Catrina pulls Harold close and kisses him on the mouth. Harold kisses her back, his hand resting provocatively on her bottom. Further down the corridor, Jessica takes pictures of the two lovers with her mobile.

The next day, Ostara arrives at a small country railway station not far from the old manor house. A tipsy Esmeralda, who is not very steady on her feet, is there to receive her and drive them back to the manor. On the way, Ostara notices the landscape is given over wholly to dreary, lifeless, dry grass.

The SUV turns into the driveway and stops at the porch steps. Ostara looks up at the manor. Shudders. The edifice brings back sad memories. The shed is much larger with monstrous machinery everywhere.

Meanwhile, Branwen is strolling along Lindysyn Beach. Her attention is divided between the gulls circling above and Stella hanging about in rock pools. Branwen stumbles and falls onto the sand near two large boulders. She spots a red-checkered fabric caught between the rocks. She tugs the fabric free and holds it up. It's a traditional checkered head scarf - a kaffiyeh.

That night at the manor after dinner, and with Esmeralda asleep in a drunken stupor, Ostara starts her search for the diaries. Despite a thorough search through cupboards, boxes, under beds and even the shed she is unsuccessful. She calls Branwen in disappointment.

Back on Lindysyn, Branwen on her mobile, listens to her granddaughter, whilst making suggestions of where else to search. Just then Stella's persistent growls compel Branwen to end the call. She investigates. Stella is in the lounge snarling at something outside the window. The visibility is low. Then from a wall of fog, a tall, hefty figure of an unkempt MAN#2, in his mid-30s, and a GIRL, 6, emerge, creeping past the house. Branwen startles. They turn and stare at her, wide-eyed and anxious. Branwen and Man#2 eyes lock. The fog closes in. Very little is visible. Man#2 and the girl slip away from sight. Branwen runs to the kitchen and grabs a torch from a drawer. Outside, she follows Stella to the pier. Man#2 is climbing into Branwen's motorboat. He is alone. He yanks the motor cord. It fails. Yanks again. Nothing. He scrambles into the rowing boat he came in, moored alongside. He starts rowing away.

Stella charges towards the barn. She claws at the closed door. Branwen enters shutting Stella out. Branwen spots the girl's shadow on the wall. She entices the girl out with a bag of wafers and takes her back to the house.

Early the next morning, back at the old manor house, Ostara is dressed, ready for the day. She kneels to zip up her overnight bag on the rug. An iron poker lies flat on the hearth of the sealed fireplace close by.

As she struggles to zip up the bag, the rug moves to reveal gaps between a couple of loose floorboards. She shines her phone's torchlight through the gaps. Ostara reaches for the iron poker and prises the floorboards up. Retrieves a box. Inside, a stack of diaries bound in different coloured canvas. As she rummages, she picks up a crimson diary. The year 1998 is embossed on the cover. Euphoric, Ostara stands up, knocking the poker onto the floor. A loud, clanging sound echoes through the room. Just then there is a knock on the door. It's Esmeralda. Ostara gathers the diaries. Throws them into her overnight bag, covers the hole and lets her aunt in. Esmeralda is surprised to see her niece packed and ready to leave. Ostara explains there's an emergency at the hospital.

Ostara is on the train back to Callwen. The train is overcrowded and packed beyond its capacity. There is no room to move. Passengers are pressed up against each other. She calls Branwen when she arrives at Callwen station to let her know she has the diaries.

It's afternoon. Ostara walks into Branwen's lounge with her overnight bag. She stares at the girl huddled in an armchair next to Branwen. Ostara shoots an anxious glance at the stranger. It dawns on her. The child is the escaped immigrant kid from Tywlly detention prison. Ostara looks at her grandmother in astonishment. For all of Branwen's smartness, how could she be so stupid? She tells Branwen so. The girl's picture is everywhere. Branwen appears indifferent to the news and insists they look through the diaries before they call the coast guards. Ostara removes the colourful diaries from her bag. Branwen watches Ostara place the diaries on the sofa. The girl watches too. Branwen sighs, selects the crimson 1998 diary from the pile. She flips through the pages. As she does, the sound of men talking as they approach the house gets louder. Branwen rushes to the window. The Coast Guards have arrived. She drops the diary on the coffee table, orders Ostara to stay with the girl and leaves. Anxious, Ostara looks out of the window, glares at the girl, rushes out of the room, locking the door behind her. She joins her grandmother and the Coast Guards. To her relief and Branwen's, they were checking if everything's all right on the island.

Back at Branwen's lounge, the girl gazes at the attractive, crimson-coloured diary with the year 1998 embossed on the cover. The temptation is great. She clambers off the armchair and scrambles over to the coffee table. The girl begins to play with the diary, yanking out all the pages. Using one of the sheets, she makes a paper aeroplane. Throws it in the air. It flutters down behind the cabinet. She then tears the rest of the torn-out pages into small pieces and scatters them over Stella.

Branwen and Ostara after their brief encounter with the coast guards, return to the lounge. They stand in a daze. There are bits of paper everywhere. Ostara yanks the cover out of the girl's hand. Branwen sits down, exhausted. Ostara starts to go through the shredded pages. Branwen enquires if Ostara if she's has had the chance to read any of it. Branwen struggles to contain her anger when she discovers that Ostara has not. She accuses her granddaughter of lacking interest in her parents' story. Ostara dejected by her grandmother's harsh words, faults Branwen of being insensitive and mean like Harold. With no time to waste, they soon put their hurt emotions aside and decide to focus on the job at hand. Ostara sorts the torn pieces. Branwen looks through the remaining diaries. After hours of no success, Ostara in her frustration, insists unreasonably, that Branwen call Harold as she must know something that they can condemn him with. If Branwen doesn't, she can make something up. Branwen remembers seeing Harold and Esmeralda leave the manor before the fire. She hints

that their disappearance confirms her suspicions. Without thinking, she expresses that fire is a horrible death. Ostara begins to sob. Branwen consoles her granddaughter before she makes some tea.

While Branwen potters in the kitchen, Ostara rushes in and places a page from the diary on the counter. She starts to smooth out the aeroplane folds creased into the paper. It's the page that fell behind the counter. Ostara insists Branwen call Harold even though the page does not reveal much.

Catrina and Harold are at his flat when his phone buzzes. It's Branwen. She reminds Harold of Christmas 1998. She threatens to publish pages from Esmeralda's diary in the UK Express. Harold disconnects, flabbergasted by his mother's attempt to blackmail him. After a short angry outburst, he decides to discipline Branwen.

The next morning, a boat pulls up along the shores of Lindysyn. MAN#1 dressed in a suit, climbs out holding onto a large brown envelope. Branwen hurries out of the back door. Man#1 has already made his way up to the top of the path. He hands Branwen the envelope. Unknown to Branwen, the girl has followed her out of the house. Ostara, who is pursuing the child, finally grabs the girl's hand. It's too late. She's by Branwen's side. Ostara demands the man leave. The man scoffs and departs. Grandmother, Granddaughter and girl return to the house. Branwen reads the letter. Her appeal against the Compulsory Purchase Order on Lindysyn has been rejected. Construction work on Lindysyn is to commence by the 31st. Ostara and Branwen are at sixes and sevens with the discouraging news. Overwhelmed with nervous apprehension, Ostara calls the coast guards and informs them about the girl. It's not long before they arrive. Ostara takes the girl down to the pier without her grandmother.

In the interim, Branwen is in the barn carefully spooning birdfeed into bowls. Feeling dizzy, she grabs the edge of the table and sits down. Ostara walks in. Branwen quickly conceals her light-headedness focusing on the task at hand. As they talk, Ostara's phone begins to ping continuously. A stream of Images from Jessica pops up on her screen.

Branwen and Ostara scroll through the photographs in shock. The pictures are intimate images of Harold and Catrina in the Shard corridor. Ostara gives Jessica the chore to print them and slip them through Harold's mailbox. With work the next day, Ostara leaves.

Soon after Ostara's departure, Branwen fills a glass of water from the kitchen tap and heads for the stairs with the drink, forgetting her phone. Breathless, she slowly crawls into bed, coughing and closes her eyes.

Mid-morning at the manor Esmeralda is in bed. Her eyes are red from crying. Harold hasn't been answering her calls. She has left him several messages explaining, that it was Ostara who stole her diaries and gave them to Branwen. Angry, she decides to visit Ostara at Callwen and tackle her. On the train, she calls Harold again. He doesn't answer. His silence bothers her so instead she travels to London.

That afternoon, Catrina lounges on the sofa in her new flat. She spots Harold's jumper on the backrest. She rubs her cheek against the knit, her desire apparent. Catrina invites Harold to spend the weekend with her...in her lovely new flat. As he is going home first, she asks him to bring with him a couple of Blu-Ray movies. Harold agrees.

Esmeralda has arrived at Paddington. She hops into a taxi and heads for her and Harold's London flat, Mayfair Spire. Harold at Westminster Pier, hails down a cab. He is also on the same mission; unaware his wife is heading for the same destination. Esmeralda though gets stuck in traffic for a while. The driver advises her it'll be quicker for her to walk as the building is only fifteen minutes away.

Harold arrives before Esmeralda at the flat. He folds his clothes into a suitcase in the bedroom and drops in a couple of Blu-ray movies. Then pulls out a black folder from his briefcase, removes a key from under a lamp on the desk and opens a desk drawer. He places it in the drawer with his other files and replaces the key under the lamp. In the lift, Harold watches the floor numbers switch from 5 to 4 to 3. The lift stops at 3.

Esmeralda is in the foyer of the same building, Mayfair Spire, waiting for the lift. She compares two lifts heading down. One has stopped on floor 3, the second is heading for the ground floor. The second lift arrives. The doors open. Esmeralda steps in. The lift door shuts. The other lift arrives. The doors open. Harold steps out. He heads to check his mailbox near the entrance. Harold unlocks mailbox 111, retrieves a beige envelope, slips it into his briefcase. He heads for Catrina's.

At Catrina's flat, after a passionate round of sex, Harold makes dinner. Catrina leaves a sealed packet for him from her father Alec on the counter. He opens it after the meal and empties the content into his palm. A key with a Victoria Station 'left luggage' tag drops out. Harold makes excuses and leaves for Victoria Station. At the luggage storeroom, he opens locker 420, removes a bag filled to the top with sterling notes and heads back to Catrina's flat. He hides the bag in one of the cupboards in the spare room, then heads for Catrina's bedroom. She starts but is happy to see him. Harold leans over and kisses her. She pulls him

down. His phone rings. He doesn't answer. A glance at the screen shows 5 missed calls from Esmeralda.

ACT 3

The next morning at Harold's London Flat, amidst an atmosphere of silence, the untouched dining table is still set for a romantic dinner for two. Unused wine glasses and clean china plates and an unopened present tied with a red bow present a sorry picture of despair. Esmeralda is asleep on the couch dressed in her fancy evening attire from the night before. Her cheeks are smudged with mascara. Empty wine bottles lie near the sofa. She wakes. Harold hasn't returned home. She had organised a surprise dinner for him. Shattered and dejected, she drags herself off the couch and staggers to the bedroom.

Harold meanwhile is on his way out from Catrina's flat with the bag of cash and his briefcase.

Esmeralda, at Harold's flat, is just out of the shower. She steps on something sharp. Swears. Picks up the earing and stares at it. Upset, she sprawls on the sofa in her bathrobe. A sound of a key turning in the lock of the front door startles her. She sits up. The door opens, then shuts.

Harold enters the lounge holding his bag of cash and briefcase. He stares at Esmeralda in shock. She glares at him balefully and confronts him about the earring. Harold looks fiercely at her, his face rigid with hate. Unable to tolerate Esmeralda's extreme outbursts and childish behaviour he decides to leave. He informs her he will find her another place in London. He hides the bag of cash in the cabinet at the far end of the hall, locks it and leaves.

Disturbed by the morning's events, Harold seats himself at a table near the window in Starbucks and attempts to read the newspaper. Soon he folds the paper away, opens his briefcase, and places it inside. He notices the beige envelope. Opens it. Pulls out a stack of photographs. Shock. The pictures are of Catrina and himself kissing and fondling each other in the Shard corridor. Angry, he calls Branwen, but her phone just rings.

At Lindysyn, Branwen's face pales as she struggles to sit up in bed. There's a distant sound of a phone ringing downstairs. She flops back onto her pillow. Closes her eyes.

Back in London, Harold has returned to Catrina's flat. She is in a flutter as she flicks through the embarrassing photographs. Harold who is sitting beside her is just as distraught. He contemplates he shall lose his candidateship if the pictures are published. Catrina has

other concerns. Both she and her elite father's public image are at stake. Feeling trapped, Catrina paces up and down the lounge trying to find a solution. And then there it is. The photographs of Richard and Josh canoodling in the backstreets…of course, Harold can use them...show them to Richard. They too can use the same blackmail tactics. But Harold feels unsure.

At the dining hall in Callwen hospital, Ostara gives a despairing gaze at Jessica as she calls Branwen. This is her fourth call but her grandmother's phone just rings. Jessica recommends Ostara visit Lindysyn…just in case.

That afternoon, Ostara is at Lindysyn. Branwen is in bed unable to get up. Ostara checks her over and decides Branwen must be admitted into hospital. Stella will stay with her at her flat in Callwen. She'll ask Pete to look after the birds and the island in her absence.

The next day at Harold's flat in London, Esmeralda dumps clothes into her suitcase. She's had enough. Her trip to London has brought her utter misery. Her focus turns to the lamp on the desk. She removes the key from under the lamp and opens the desk drawer. She empties its contents into her suitcase before she skims through the black folder and other files.

With nowhere to go besides the manor, Esmeralda decides to visit Ostara at Callwen. After all, she has a bone to pick with her niece. It's late evening by the time she arrives. Esmeralda waits outside Ostara's building. The hospital bus pulls up. Ostara steps out. Esmeralda marches up to her with impatient strides. Grabs her arm. People stare. Embarrassed by Esmeralda's behaviour Ostara invites her aunt up to the flat.

In the lounge, Esmeralda guzzles down a couple of vodkas. With that done…the aftermath of Harold's affair and impassioned words take their toll. Esmeralda confides in Ostara about Harold leaving her. Then, as if a thought passes rapidly through her mind, she sits upright. Her lips curl into a peculiar smile. She asks Ostara to help her. With an angry expression, she opens her suitcase, pulls out the files and hands Ostara the black folder.
The folder contains confidential information about 'Stewart and Stewart' and Harold's cash deal. Ostara examines the content, scans it with her mobile and sends it to Harold.

At Catrina's flat, Harold's phone pings. He's alone. He retrieves Ostara's message. His brow furrows. He ponders, calls Richard Wright. Because he doesn't answer, Harold leaves a message asking Richard to call back. Catrina enters the room as Harold disconnects. She suggests Harold inform Richard about Alec Stewart's ten-year security contract with

Herefordshire Police. Confused about how this would help, Harold presses Catrina further. Catrina reveals the two-hundred million contract spreads over ten years. In return, Alec will fund Project Island to foot the extra costs of 40 million to expedite the project and complete it within two months before the election. She provides Harold with evidence in the form of printed email exchanges between Wright and Alec. She confesses she assists her dad with his paperwork as he feels uncomfortable allowing his Personal Assistant to handle any sensitive business. Harold is relieved Catrina has a dark side to her. She is happy she has shared her secret with Harold. The revelation brings the couple closer together. Harold shares Ostara's message. Catrina wonders how Ostara could have obtained the documents. Richard Calls Harold back. The appointment between the two is fixed for that evening. Catrina reminds Harold he must ensure Richard drops the CPO on Lindysyn. She doesn't want the embarrassing photographs, or the document handed over by Alec to Harold, published.

Harold that evening meets Richard at Macmillan Bar. He shows Richard the photographs taken outside the private club. But the Home Secretary doesn't seem troubled by them. According to him, his wife is aware of his affair, and he plans to address the media with a statement anyway. As he gets up to leave, Richard asserts with a smirk, that Lindysyn will remain part of Project Island. Harold warns him he will reveal the bribe Richard paid to Alec in order to secure funding for Island Project. Richard gives in.

Back at Ostara's flat, Esmeralda starts to reveal the mysterious circumstance of the fire. As the narrative unfolds, it seems Harold is determined to acquire the manor. That dreaded Christmas night he wants Aeron dead. Ostara listens intently as Esmeralda's story flashes back to 1998. The whole family are midway through an extravagant Christmas dinner. Branwen, Gerald, both mid-40's, Harold, Esmeralda, Aeron, and Alison, all in their mid-20's, and Ostara 9 are present. Aeron lets slip that the manor is being left to him. Irate, Harold leans across the table and grabs Aeron by the collar. He warns his brother to discard any thoughts of possessing the old house. Harold glares at his parents, Branwen and Gerald. He derides them for their inability to keep their secret hidden from him. Harold storms out of the house into the backyard. Esmeralda follows. She gazes at him with empathy as he sits venting on the steps outside the back door. A chill in the air gives her an excuse to get their coats. She quietly enters the hallway and lurks near the lounge door, observing and listening attentively. Gerald looks exasperated as he reprimands Aeron. Branwen and Alison sit in silence. Aeron walks away from Gerald in a huff with Alison following closely behind him. Esmeralda slips

back into the kitchen. She peers into the hallway, hiding behind the kitchen door. Aeron and Alison make their way up the stairs. Branwen and Gerald follow. Esmeralda pulls out two glasses and two bottles of cognac from the cupboard. She tiptoes upstairs. Esmeralda sets the glasses and one bottle of cognac down on a table in her and Harold's bedroom. Pockets a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. Heads for the ensuite bathroom with the other bottle. Here, she opens the medicine cabinet, removes a bottle of tablets and with a glass, crushes the contents into a fine powder. She transfers the crushed pills into the cognac bottle. Esmeralda makes her way to Aeron and Alison's room. He is alone. Esmeralda hands Aeron the spiked bottle of cognac and two glasses. From her pocket, she pulls out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. Gives them to Aeron. Harold in the meanwhile, sits in the garden gazebo, smoking. He gazes into the distance, pensive. Upstairs in the manor, Esmeralda tiptoes down the corridor. Outside Branwen and Gerald's room, she peers through the keyhole. The couple are getting ready for bed. She looks into Ostara's bedroom as she slinks past the open door. Alison is tucking a blanket around Ostara as she sleeps. Esmeralda returns to her and Harold's room. Rummages through Harold's trouser pockets. Pulls out a set of keys. The sound of approaching footsteps grabs her attention. She looks towards the open door. Alison walks past. Esmeralda stealthily follows Alison down the corridor to Alison and Aeron's bedroom. She hides in the shadows just outside their room, observing and listening to them through the open doorway. Aeron pours cognac into two glasses. A cigarette sits between his lips. Alison heads for the ensuite bathroom. She undresses in front of the mirror. He watches, captivated.

Aeron pulls off his shirt and waits for Alison to join him. She finally arrives and picks up her glass. While taking a sip, she walks across to the bedroom door and shuts it.

Esmeralda joins Harold under the Gazebo. She retrieves a bottle of brandy and two glasses from beneath the coats draped over her arm. Harold reaches for the brandy. Esmeralda sits and leans against her husband. She pulls out her cigarette holder from her pocket and attaches it to her cigarette. Lights up. They gaze at the starry sky. As Harold stands up, he gently nudges Esmeralda and heads inside for his wallet. Esmeralda follows. Harold retrieves his wallet off the bedside table in his room. Esmeralda is in the ensuite bathroom. The sound of a running tap can be heard. He calls out to Esmeralda. Tells her he'll wait in the car. Harold leaves the room. Esmeralda steps out of the bathroom. Looks around. She spots the bottle of cognac on the table. Picks it up and leaves.

Esmeralda lurks outside Aeron and Alison's bedroom, quietly observing through the keyhole. She turns the doorknob and pushes the door open. Aeron and Alison embrace in sleep. Two glasses and half a bottle of cognac stand on a bedside table next to an ashtray with a few stubs. Esmeralda pours all the cognac from the untampered bottle onto the carpet between the bed and the bedroom door. Places the empty bottle on the bedside table. She tips the ashtray onto the carpet. Then attaches her cigarette holder to an unfinished cigarette on the carpet. Lights up. Removes the holder. She lights a far corner of the carpet with her lighter. She hurries out with the tampered bottle of cognac. Closes the door behind her. In the kitchen, Esmeralda hurriedly empties the tampered cognac down the sink and rinses out any remaining alcohol. Dumps the empty bottle into the bin. She rushes out through the back door.

At the local village pub, Harold and Esmeralda socialise with the local people in the pub. They are seated near the window. Through the glass, the dimly lit street is visible. The wailing sound of a siren grows louder. A fire engine whizzes past. Esmeralda looks up at Harold and rushes out into the car park. He follows. Esmeralda hastens towards the car. She asks him to hurry as the fire engines are heading for the manor. Surprised, he asks her how she knows. In the car, Esmeralda grins and says, "Your wish has come true." Harold looks at her puzzled. Harold and Esmeralda's car stops at the main gate of the manor. Firefighters shoot continuous jets of water at the flames raging out of the upper-floor window. Harold jumps out of the car. Esmeralda grabs her coat from the back seat. She slips the garment over her evening dress as Harold rushes over to Branwen and Ostara. He looks around for his father, Aeron and Alison. Esmeralda joins them. Esmeralda's flashback ends.

Ostara sits upright on the sofa and stares at Esmeralda in shock. She now understands why Harold did nothing to withdraw the CPO. Ostara's phone rings. It's Jessica. Branwen has taken a turn for the worse. Ostara is about to leave when Bob from the kennel calls about Stella. Ostara requests him to keep her for another day as her nain's in hospital.

At Callwen hospital Branwen is undergoing heart surgery. Doctors surround the table. The wave on the monitor flatlines. A doctor uses an external defibrillator to resuscitate her. He fails with each attempt.

Ostara enters the operating theatre. The doctor stares at her, shakes his head. Ostara grabs the defibrillator. The doctor and nurses restrain her.

Esmeralda, still at Ostara's flat is on the balcony. She has a troubled look as she looks out into the distance, past the skyscrapers. She ponders over making a call.

Back in the operating theatre, Ostara urges the doctor to continue using the defibrillator. He tries again. But still no success. Another last try. The monitor shows Branwen's heart pumping again. There is relief all round.

Esmeralda unable to restrain herself from contacting Harold sends him a message informing him Branwen's in hospital.

In London, Harold and Catrina are lunching at the Dorchester. Harold receives Esmaralda's message and decides to visit after he attends a couple of conferences.

In her hospital ICU room, Branwen sleeps. She is hooked up to an intravenous. The monitor is by her bed. Ostara sits beside her. It's been a few days and her grandmother seems to be recovering well. Ostara looks drained. Jessica urges her to take a break.

At the hospital café, Ostara receives a call. Ostara informs Esmeralda Branwen's mobile has been left at Lindysyn. But she is safe and has successfully undergone surgery.

Branwen is out of ICU and is in a regular private hospital room when Harold visits. Branwen's room door is slightly ajar. He peers in. Harold sends Ostara a message. Peers in again. Inside the hospital room, Ostara sits beside her grandmother who is awake. Ostara is reading a message on her mobile. She looks jubilant. She informs Branwen the CPO has been withdrawn.

Harold, outside Branwen's room, is observing his mother and niece. Despite his resentment towards his mother, he feels overcome with emotion and hastily blinks away a tear.

Harold takes a step back, accidentally bumping into Esmeralda who is standing behind him. He growls at Esmeralda. She retaliates, cursing loudly. The noise draws Ostara out of Branwen's room. She orders them both to leave. Harold asks Ostara for his files. Esmeralda attempts to enter Branwen's room, but Harold intervenes. He grabs his wife's arm. She struggles, then gives in. They both head down the corridor towards the ward exit.

Back in Branwen's room, Ostara informs her that Harold and Esmeralda were at the hospital. Branwen acknowledges she's glad they have left. Ostara then holds her nain's hand and reassures her.

"I bet you can't wait to get back to Lindysyn and Stella." Branwen nods and smiles.

THE END

APPENDIX 4

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