

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

The Zoo
Pilot

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TEASER

EXT. STERTREE - MORNING

Sun rises over a picturesque, seaside town in Devon. White cottages. Thatched roofs. Post office, bakery, florists, news agents, grocery shop, fish market, town hall.

EXT. STERTREE DOCK - SAME MORNING

A serene fishing dock. FISHING BOATS bob on the waves. They are brand new and painted bright white.

PATRICK BURKE, rotund, mid-fifties, STEPHEN WILLIAMS, innocent-looking, mid-twenties, and GRAHAM WILKINS, stocky, bearded, pony tail, early-forties, are on one BOAT, the 'Queen Bee'. All wear bright yellow overalls over navy jumpers, wellies and raincoats.

They load fishing nets from the dock onto the boat.

ARTHUR CLARK, lanky, bespectacled, mid-forties, approaches. He waves.

ARTHUR

Morning, chaps.

Patrick jumps down onto the dock. Grins. Slaps Arthur on the back.

PATRICK

Morning, Art. Ready for another day in paradise?

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR

Looking forward to getting some use out of this new equipment.

Gestures to the nets.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

The Big City has been kind to us.

Arthur and Patrick step onto the boat.

INT. STERTREE DOCK - THE QUEEN BEE - MORNING

Bright white boat. 'Queen Bee' painted in black on one side. Creaks when Arthur steps on. Sways.

Arthur steadies himself. Picks up a net. Tosses to one side.

ARTHUR

(nods to Stephen)

Stephen, how's your sister? I heard the sickness got to her brain.

Graham shakes his head. Chuckles. Runs a hand over his beard.

Stephen laughs.

STEPHEN

Yeah, got to her brain alright. Mags wasn't right. She's gone now. In a better place, I'd say. She had a good life.

Arthur pats Stephen on the shoulder.

ARTHUR

Good man.

Arthur turns to Graham.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

How's the baby?

GRAHAM

Perfect. He's an angel. Even when he cries, we're thankful that he's with us. Nora's beside herself. Never seen that woman so in love. Not even with me.

Graham chuckles.

ARTHUR

Glad to hear it.

He gestures to the boat.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

Shall we?

Graham salutes.

GRAHAM

Ay ay, Captain.

Arthur walks up to the control deck.

Patrick unwinds the casting ropes. Stephen helps push the boat away from the dock.

Graham hooks fishing nets onto the front of the boat.

Arthur starts the engine. It bolts forward. Arthur tries to regain control. Grabs steering wheel.

Graham falls off front of boat. Boat collides with the dock. Graham is crushed between the boat and the dock. A crunch is heard. Blood splatters up the boat.

Arthur turns off the engine. Runs down to main deck.

Arthur, Stephen and Patrick stare down at the blood.

Patrick peers over side of boat.

Graham's arm is trapped between boat and dock. Broken. Bone showing.

PATRICK

Oh dear.

Arthur rubs his chin. Bends down. Wipes blood with his finger. Looks at it. Stands. Wipes on overalls.

ARTHUR

Accidents happen. Even brand new boats have faults.

Stephen shrugs.

STEPHEN

At least he got to see the birth.

Arthur nods.

ARTHUR

Would've been a shame to miss that.

PATRICK

In a better place now.

STEPHEN

Like my Maggie.

Arthur walks up to the control deck. Starts the engine.

Patrick and Stephen push the boat away from the dock.
Arthur steers the boat away. Drives away from the dock.
Graham's body floats to the surface. Red pools around him.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: THE ZOO

ACT ONE

INT. CLARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

A picture-perfect kitchen, as if it is taken from a country cottage magazine. Big, wooden table in the center. Large stove. Wooden paneled ceiling.

HEATHER CLARK, mid-forties, rollers in her hair, apron around her waist, rubber gloves on, the perfect housewife, is washing up.

DAISY CLARK and ISLA CLARK, identical twins, thirteen-years-old, matching birthmarks on their necks, clear the table.

Arthur enters. Removes raincoat and wellie boots.

Heather's face lights up. Removes her gloves. Pecks Arthur on the lips.

HEATHER

Welcome home, darling. There's a plate of food in the oven for you.

Daisy hugs him.

Isla ignores Arthur. Picks up a tea towel. Dries a plate.

Arthur sits at the head of the table.

Heather takes a plate from the oven. Places it in front of him.

Heather sits next to him.

HEATHER (cont'd)

How was work today?

Arthur puts a forkful of food in his mouth.

ARTHUR
(mouthful of food,
nonchalantly)
There was an accident. Graham's dead.

Heather sighs.

HEATHER
Oh dear. Well, everyone's got to go
at some point.

Isla turns to look at them. Raises her eyebrows.

ISLA
A man died and that's what you say?

Heather smiles.

HEATHER
He had a good life, dear. That's all
anyone can hope for.

Isla huffs. Throws the tea towel down. Exits.

HEATHER (cont'd)
(calling to Isla)
Isla, come back and finish the
washing please.

Daisy looks after Isla. Picks up the tea towel. Dries a
plate.

ARTHUR
You can go, Daisy. Me and mum will
finish up here.

Daisy puts down the plate and tea towel. Exits.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM

A bedroom painted entirely pink. It's as if the tooth fairy
and a unicorn took up interior decorating.

Two single beds along either wall. A chest of drawers
scattered with photos of the Clarks. A desk in front of a
window is piled high with books.

On the door 'Daisy & Isla' is written in big pink letters.

Isla sits at the desk. Head in a book.

Daisy enters. Sits on her bed.

DAISY

Isla, what was that about?

Isla puts the book on the desk. Sits next to Daisy.

ISLA

Don't take the Vitamin tonight, Daiz. Hold it under your tongue and spit it out when we get home.

Daisy smiles.

DAISY

You're so funny, Isla. Why would I do that? The Vitamin stops us from getting sick. I don't want to get sick.

Isla groans. Falls back on the bed. Runs her hands over her face.

HEATHER (O.C.)

Girls, it's time to go. Come and get your shoes on.

Daisy stands.

Isla bolts up. Grabs Daisy's arm.

ISLA

Please, listen to me.

Isla reaches out with her free hand. Touches Daisy's birthmark. Touches her own.

ISLA (cont'd)

Twin intuition. Listen to it.

Daisy pulls her arm free. Laughs.

DAISY

You're acting so weird this week.

She leaves the room.

EXT. CLARK HOUSE - EVENING

Cream, stone bricks. A chocolate box cottage. Thatched roof. Archway over a blue door. Trellis with roses growing up it either side.

Pansies grow in the windowsills. White shutters open either side of the windows.

Heather, Arthur, Daisy and Isla step out of the front door.

Arthur shuts door behind them.

NORA WILKINS, early-forties, sweet-looking with a motherly demeanor, exits the house next door, identical-looking to the Clark House. She carries DANIEL WILKINS, three months old, in a sling around her front.

Two POLICEMEN, in classic cartoon-style blue uniforms, exit after her.

NORA
Thank you so much, officers.

The Policemen smile. Tip their hats.

Isla frowns. Stares at them. They stare back. One-by-one their teeth drop out of their smiles. Their uniforms fade to grey. Holes burn into their jackets.

Isla blinks.

The Policemen look normal again.

Isla turns to Daisy.

ISLA
Did you see that?

DAISY
See what?

Isla shakes her head.

HEATHER
Lovely evening, Nora!

Hugs Nora with one arm.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Glad to hear Graham's gone to a better place.

They all walk down the street.

NORA
I'm just so happy he got to see Daniel. And the police have been so helpful.

She strokes Daniel's head.

HEATHER

They deal with death so wonderfully.

Isla trails behind. Arthur gestures for her to hurry up.

NORA

It's genius really. Taking all his things out of the house. Perfect way to get over him. And it means Daniel will never have to know his daddy.

HEATHER

Happy wife, happy life.

They laugh.

Isla looks between Nora and Heather. Frowns.

Nora looks down at Isla. Nora smiles. Her eyes are watery.

They turn a corner.

EXT. STERTREE TOWN HALL - EVENING

A grand, white building. Pillars line the front. White steps lead up to a huge, wooden door.

A QUEUE OF RESIDENTS, young and middle-aged families and couples, trail up to the steps.

THE REPRESENTATIVE, mid-thirties, bright white hair and a mustache that curls at the ends, dressed in a black suit, stands at the top of the steps behind a microphone stand.

A MAN IN WHITE, late-twenties, white suit, and a WOMAN IN WHITE, mid-thirties, white dress, stand either side of the Representative. Both have slicked back hair and wide grins.

There are two tables behind them. Small white cups are lined up on them.

Two POLICEMEN stand by the door.

The Clarks, Nora and Daniel stand at the back of the queue.

The Representative clears his throat. Taps the microphone.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Good evening, residents of Stertree.
And what a wonderful evening it is.

(MORE)

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
As always, each family will come up
and take the wonder that is the
Vitamin. I'd like to thank the Big
City for this gift.

Isla rolls her eyes.

Daisy looks at her. Frowns.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Let us begin.

The Representative picks up a clipboard from the table.
Moves back to the microphone.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
The O'Neill family.

EXT. STERTREE TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Nora stands at the top of the steps. Bounces Daniel in her
arms. He gurgles.

She takes a cup and Vitamin from the Representative.

She swallows the Vitamin. Drinks water. Hands the cup back.

The Representative pats Daniel on the head.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
What a delightful young man.

Woman in White hands the Representative a small bottle.

The Representative hands it to Nora.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Put a little of this oil into a
bottle tonight and he should sleep
soundly.

Nora smiles.

NORA
Thank you so much.

The Representative nods.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Have a lovely evening.

Nora walks down the steps. Nods to Heather as she passes.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER
See you later.

Nora nods. Waves Daniel's hand.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
The Clark family.

Arthur leads Heather, Daisy and Isla up the steps.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Good Evening, Clarks.

He looks at the clipboard. Ticks their names.

Woman In White hands out cups of water.

Man In White hands out cups containing a small, blue Vitamin.

Focus on Isla. Stares into cup.

The Representative smiles at Isla.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Is there a problem?

Isla looks up at him. Smiles.

ISLA
Not at all.

Puts the Vitamin in her mouth. Drinks water. Swallows.

Arthur, Heather and Daisy do the same.

Woman In White takes the cups.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
(smiling)
Have a wonderful evening.

The Clarks walk down the steps.

The Representative watches them. Frowns. Glances at Policemen. They nod slightly.

INT. THE CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daisy and Isla lie in their beds.

Heather kisses Daisy on the forehead. Tucks the duvet up.

Kisses Isla on the forehead.

Heather exits. Closes the door behind her.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Pastel blue painted walls. Matching cream carpet and sofa. Fluffy, white rug. Ornate, mini chandelier lights up room. Large TV on wooden stand.

Arthur sits on sofa. TV is on.

A NEWS REPORTER on TV, woman, late-forties, pin-stripe suit, bleached blonde hair, stands in front of a large white building.

NEWS REPORTER

Retirement homes like this one are being built all over the country. The government say they plan to house every pensioner in a comfortable, beautiful environment by the end of this month.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Isla gets out of bed. Tiptoes out of the room.

Daisy watches.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

White and turquoise theme. A stereotypical bathroom for a seaside town. Seashells and paintings of boats.

Isla enters. Shuts the door behind her.

She spits into the toilet. The Vitamin lands in the bowl.

Isla flushes it.

She looks in the mirror. It cracks down the centre. She reaches out to touch it. A drop of blood falls from her finger and down the mirror.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isla enters. Gets into bed.

Daisy sits up.

DAISY
(quietly)
What did you do, Iz?

Isla sits up.

Beat.

Isla rubs her nose.

DAISY (cont'd)
What did you do?

Isla sighs.

ISLA
I spat it out. I've been doing it for
a week now. I hide it under my tongue
then I spit it out when I get home.

Daisy laughs, softly.

DAISY
But, that's silly. You'll get sick if
you don't take the Vitamin.

ISLA
Says who?

DAISY
The Representative, the scientists
who made it. They made the Vitamin
for us.

ISLA
(scoffing)
That's what they want you to think.

Daisy pulls her knees up. Hugs them to her chest.

DAISY
What do you mean?

ISLA
The Vitamin doesn't stop us getting
sick. It stops us from feeling sick.
(MORE)

ISLA (cont'd)

It stops us from feeling anything.
Anything that isn't happy.

DAISY

Stop it, Isla. You're just being
silly. You're not feeling well
because you spat it--

ISLA

No, I'm fine.

Isla gets out of bed. Gets into Daisy's bed.

Daisy shuffles over.

ISLA (cont'd)

In fact, I'm more than fine. I feel
angry and sad and stressed and afraid
because we're supposed to have more
than one emotion.

Isla sits cross-legged facing Daisy.

ISLA (cont'd)

Think about it. Dad's friend, Mr
Wilkins, from next door, he died
today. He was killed and all they
could say was 'He had a good life'.

Daisy bites her thumbnail.

ISLA (cont'd)

Don't you think Dad should care that
he watched one of his best friends
die? Mrs Wilkins was happy. That's
not right. She should be holding onto
his things. Not giving them away to
the police.

DAISY

The Policemen are helping her move on
and forget. It makes it easier.

ISLA

That's bullshit, Daisy.

Daisy gasps.

DAISY

If Mum heard you use language like
that--

Isla grabs Daisy's hands. Isla's expression is pleading.

ISLA

I need you to see what's really happening.

Daisy pulls her hand away. Bites at her thumbnail again.

DAISY

Why is it a bad thing to be happy all the time?

ISLA

Yes. But, it's not just how we feel. The Vitamin changes what we see. Our house, I've seen what it really looks like.

DAISY

What do you mean, what it really looks like?

ISLA

You know The Wizard of Oz?

Daisy nods.

ISLA (cont'd)

The wizard makes everyone wear green glasses to change how the Emerald City looks. That's what the Vitamin does. It makes everything look bright and shiny and new, when it's actually a shit hole.

Daisy rips the skin on her nail. Winces. Tucks thumb into her fist.

DAISY

How did you figure this all out?

Isla takes Daisy's hand. Examines the bleeding nail.

ISLA

This hurts, right? Do you feel sad that it hurts?

Daisy shrugs.

DAISY

I'm not really sure what sad feels like. It hurts. It was silly of me to pick at it.

Isla drops Daisy's hand.

ISLA

Sad is a weird feeling in your stomach. It makes you feel like everything is dark, just for the time that you feel like that.

Daisy puts her hand on her stomach.

DAISY

I don't know how to tell. But, if what you're saying is right, then the Vitamin should stop me from feeling sad that I hurt myself. So, if I feel sad now, then my Vitamin is broken.

Isla nods.

ISLA

I've thought about this. I wanted to know why I started seeing things how they really were, even just for a second, later in the day. I don't know why, but the Vitamin doesn't seem to work as well on us kids. Have you noticed anything strange when we've been walking to the Town Hall? I think it's because it's wearing off. When I started seeing things more and more in the evenings, that's when I decided to experiment and stop taking it.

Daisy looks down.

DAISY

I -- No, it's nothing.

ISLA

What?

Daisy looks up at Isla.

DAISY

I think I saw something, but I thought it was just my imagination.

Isla sits up straight. Eyes wide. Excited.

ISLA

What did you see?

DAISY

I saw Jimmy's dog have a wee on a Policeman's shoe the other day, when we were walking to the Town Hall. I thought it was funny, so I laughed. The Policeman looked at me and all his teeth fell out. I felt weird, so I walked away really quickly.

(giggles)

The policemen wouldn't try to scare me. And why would all his teeth just fall out? It's impossible.

ISLA

You only see what you want the Policemen to look like. It's the same with the town. Our house is falling apart. The Town Hall is ugly and grey and has mould growing up the walls. Dad's boat is full of holes and dodgy mechanics. That's why they had to give him a new one. And even then that one was still broken. That's why Mr Wilkins died.

DAISY

You have a crazy imagination.

ISLA

It's not my imagination. It's real. Haven't you noticed that people keep disappearing too? Dad's friend, Stephen, his sister is gone now.

DAISY

She was sick.

ISLA

Not as sick as everyone made her out to be. The postman went last month as well. There one day, gone the next. Where do they all go?

Daisy crosses her arms.

DAISY

I'm tired now, Isla. I need to sleep. We have school tomorrow.

Isla touches her own birthmark. Touches Daisy's.

ISLA
Remember, twin intuition. Listen to
it.

Isla gets into her own bed.

ISLA (cont'd)
I have a plan.

DAISY
(yawning)
That's nice, Iz. Tell me tomorrow.

Daisy rolls over.

Isla lies on her back. Stares at the ceiling.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. LILLY STREET - CLARK HOUSE - MORNING

Heather, Isla and Daisy exit the house.

Heather shuts front door.

Two POLICEMEN hammer a 'Sold' sign in front of Nora's house.

Isla frowns.

ISLA
That was quick.

HEATHER
What's that, dear?

Isla gestures to 'Sold' sign.

ISLA
Mrs Wilkins moved. I didn't know
houses could sell that quick.

Heather ruffles Isla's hair.

HEATHER
She wanted a change of scenery. A
fresh start. She needs to move on.

Isla brushes her hair down with her fingers.

ISLA
But it was yesterday.
(whispers to Daisy)
See.

Raises her eyebrows.

Daisy frowns.

HEATHER
(shrugging)
We must always take the opportunities
that change presents us.

Beat.

Heather looks at 'Sold' sign. Smiles. A look of nostalgia.

HEATHER (cont'd)
I did.

Heather walks away. Daisy follows.

Isla walks a few steps. Stops. Scrunches her nose. Confused.

ISLA
What do you mean, 'you did'?

Isla walks quickly to catch up to Heather and Daisy.

ISLA (cont'd)
What do you--

Two POLICEWOMEN walk past. Tip their hats to Heather.

Heather smiles at them.

HEATHER
Officers.

ISLA
Mum?

Heather holds up her hand.

HEATHER
Enough questions, Isla. We'll be late
for school.

Isla scowls.

EXT. STERTREE - MAIN STREET - MORNING

A bakery. Window display shelves empty. 'For Sale' banner stuck across window. Closed sign swings from the door.

A florists next door. Painted pink and blue striped.

Two POLICEMEN exit. One carries a single rose.

Heather, Daisy and Isla walk past.

Isla looks at the bakery.

ISLA

Mrs Wilkin's house is sold and her bakery is for sale.

HEATHER

Like I said, she wanted a fresh start. Someone will take on the bakery, I'm sure.

Daisy leans towards Isla.

DAISY

(whispers)

Stop it, Iz.

Daisy stands straight. Smiles sweetly.

Isla looks back at the bakery.

EXT. STERTREE SCHOOL - MORNING

A picture-perfect red brick building. White roof. White roses growing up the walls. White gates leading onto a playground.

Hopscotch drawn on concrete in white chalk. Flowerbeds around the outside. Rows of white flowers.

Heather, Daisy and Isla walk through the gates.

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand either side of the gates. They smile. Tip their hats.

Heather nods to them. Smiles.

Heather, Daisy and Isla stop in the playground.

Heather kisses Daisy's head. Kisses Isla's head.

HEATHER

Have a good day. I'll meet you here
after school.

Heather waves. Walks towards a smaller red brick building.
Sign outside reads, 'Stertree Pre-School'.

Isla looks at the Police Officers. Looks back at the school.

Red bricks fade away. Replaced with grey concrete. Bars on
windows. Shattered glass. Barbed wire on the gate and fence.
Flowers droop and wither.

Focus on Isla's face. Blank expression.

Daisy walks towards school. Looks back at Isla.

DAISY

You coming, Iz?

ISLA

Yeah.

School fades back to red bricks. Flowers bloom. Bars
disappear.

INT. STERTREE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Brightly-coloured paper pinned to the walls. Chalk board at
the head of the classroom.

MRS JAMES, mid-forties, severe-looking, hair scraped into a
tight bun, stands by the chalkboard.

STUDENTS, all dressed in blue blazers, white shirts, blue
ties, sit in rows behind wooden desks.

JEN, thirteen, ginger, covered in freckles, sits near the
back. Daisy and Isla sit behind her.

MRS JAMES

Now that I've gone over the formula,
please turn to page eighty-two in
your text books and complete the
exercises shown.

The Students open textbooks.

Isla leans over to Jen.

ISLA
(whispering)
Did you do it?

Jen nods.

Isla smiles. Leans back in her chair.

Daisy nibbles a pen. Glances at Isla.

A bell sounds. The Students stand.

'All Things Bright and Beautiful' plays from speakers.

STUDENTS AND MRS JAMES
(singing)
All things bright and beautiful--

Isla and Jen don't join in. Stand still. Stare forwards.

Coloured walls fade to grey concrete. Paper peels off. Nail marks down the chalk board. Scratch marks appear in the desks. School uniforms fade.

Students continue to sing.

INT. STERTREE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Classroom is in tatters.

The Students write in notebooks. Only sounds are pen on paper and a clock ticking.

Mrs James sits behind her desk. Watches the Students.

Isla looks up at the clock.

A knock at the door.

Mrs James sits up straight.

MRS JAMES
(cheerfully)
Come in.

Door opens.

HEADMASTER GREEN, late-fifties, small, with a little too much enthusiasm, enters. Pushes his glasses up his nose. A crack is in one lens.

He is followed by a WOMAN IN WHITE, mid-thirties, dark hair, wearing a pressed white dress. She stares around. Sinister smile. Missing teeth.

Door shuts behind them. Classroom fades back to colour.

HEADMASTER GREEN
May we borrow Isla Clark?

Mrs James smiles.

Everyone turns to look at Isla.

Isla exchanges a look with Jen. Gets up. Walks to the front of the classroom.

Daisy watches. Chews her pen.

Isla looks back at Daisy. Touches her birthmark for a split second.

Headmaster Green, the Woman in White and Isla exit.

Door shuts.

Sounds of a struggle outside.

ISLA (O.C.)
(muffled)
Hey! Let go! What are you--

Loud thump.

Mrs James looks at Students. Smiles. Claps hands together.

MRS JAMES
Now, back to your books children.

Daisy looks at the door. Looks down at the text book. Picks up a pen. Starts writing.

EXT. STERTREE SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

Daisy stands by the gates.

Jen approaches.

JEN
Daisy?

Daisy turns to Jen. Smiles.

DAISY
Hey, I'm just waiting for mum and
Isla. Want to walk home with us?

Jen looks down. Looks back at Daisy. A worried expression.

JEN
Daisy, I don't think Isla's coming
back.

DAISY
What do you mean? Of course she is.
She had a meeting with the Headmaster
and she'll be coming to meet me in a
second.

Jen shakes her head.

JEN
I don't know where she's been taken,
but I know it isn't good.

Jen steps closer to Daisy.

JEN (cont'd)
(low)
I don't know how much Isla told you
about what's going on, but anything
she said is true.

Daisy smiles.

DAISY
I think you're both trying to trick
me. Where's Isla?

JEN
No tricks, Daisy. Isla's gone. I'm
serious. Tonight, I'm going to prove
it.

DAISY
Isla was just messing about.

Beat.

DAISY (cont'd)
Wasn't she?

JEN
Think about--

Heather approaches.

HEATHER

Jen! How lovely to see you. Are you walking home with us today?

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

I've got to go.

Jen hurriedly walks out the gates.

Heather watches her go. Smiles.

HEATHER

What a nice girl.

Heather looks down at Daisy.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Anyway, how was your day, sweetie?

Daisy looks behind her. Looks at the school.

DAISY

Where's Isla?

Heather walks towards gates. Daisy follows.

DAISY (cont'd)

Mum?

Heather continues through gates.

EXT. STERTREE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy follows Heather away from Stertree School.

DAISY

Mum?

Daisy catches up to Heather.

Heather looks down. Smiles.

HEATHER

We have to get home quickly and tell your father.

DAISY

Tell him what? What's happened?

Heather stops. Holds Daisy's shoulders. Smiles.

HEATHER

Isla has been sent to the Big City.

Daisy scrunches her nose.

DAISY

Why?

HEATHER

Headmaster Green told me that Isla's been hand-picked by the Representative to go to a special school in the Big City. It's for children who are particularly clever or talented in certain areas. Apparently one child has been picked from every town across the country.

Daisy frowns slightly.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Don't be disappointed that you didn't get chosen, dear.

Daisy smiles.

DAISY

I'm not. I'm very happy for Isla.

(beat)

When will she be back?

Heather starts walking again. Daisy follows.

HEATHER

I'm not sure. Probably not for a while, so she can settle in. We aren't allowed to visit either. It will help with the adjustment process.

Daisy nods.

DAISY

It'll be strange not having her around.

HEATHER

Yes.

(beat)

What would you like for dinner?

Daisy frowns. Chews her lip.

DAISY
Sausage and mash?

HEATHER
Good choice.

Daisy smiles.

A hearse drives slowly past them. Black and shiny.

Daisy glances at it. Double take. Focus on Daisy's horrified expression.

Focus on back of hearse. Rotting corpse. Dead flowers surround it.

Daisy blinks.

Corpse is gone. Replaced by ornate, black, shiny coffin. Roses bloom around it.

Daisy touches her birthmark. Frowns.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STERTREE TOWN HALL - EVENING

Beautiful sunset over the Town Hall.

RESIDENTS queue outside.

Arthur, Heather and Daisy are in middle of the queue.

Patrick stands in front of them.

Heather puts her arm around Daisy's shoulders. Daisy looks up at Heather. Heather smiles.

Daisy looks at the Town Hall. Bites her thumbnail.

The Representative, a MAN IN WHITE and a WOMAN IN WHITE, both mid-thirties, stand by the doors to the Town Hall. The two Policemen stand behind them.

A microphone stand is at the top of the stairs.

The Representative steps up to it. Beaming smile.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Good evening, citizens of Stertree.
And what a beautiful evening it is.

Daisy squints. Frowns slightly.

The Town Hall fades away. Replaced with a grey, concrete building. No windows. Large metal doors. Green moss and sludge slide down the walls.

The Representative scans the crowd. Large smile. He, the Man In White and Woman In White remain unchanged.

The Policemen's uniforms are black and tattered. Their faces droop and weather.

Daisy shakes her head.

Everything returns to normal.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)

As per usual, each family shall ascend and take the gift that is the Vitamin.

He looks down at his clipboard.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)

And, this evening, we have another special thank you to make to the Big City. They have blessed us with a delightful home for the elderly.

He claps. Residents follow suit.

He holds up a hand. Applause stops.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)

Without further ado, let us begin. I wish you all a lovely evening.

Patrick turns to Arthur.

PATRICK

What do you think of all these elderly folks homes?

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR

I think it's wonderful. A lovely addition to our little town.

PATRICK

Only one town in every county was chosen to have one. We're quite lucky, you know.

Heather nods.

HEATHER

If my mum was still with us, she'd be delighted. Her and dad were desperate to go into a place like that near the end. If only these homes had been around back then.

ARTHUR

It was a good job they died when they did.

Heather smiles. Nods.

HEATHER

Exactly.

Daisy frowns.

PATRICK

Won't be long til I get to having a look in there.

Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR

You've got a few more years yet.

JEN (O.C.)

(shouting)

You can't poison my brain anymore.

The Residents, Clarks and Patrick turn to the Town Hall.

GRACE, mid-forties, red-head, MARK, mid-forties, greying, and Jen are at top of steps.

Jen takes cup of water from Woman In White. Throws it in the Representative's face.

Heather and Arthur are expressionless. Daisy frowns.

Man In White hands the Representative a tissue.

The Representative wipes his face. Smiles.

Jen turns. Runs down steps.

The Representative nods to the two Policemen.

Grace and Mark turn to watch Jen. Marks sighs. Grace tuts.

The Representative puts his hands on their shoulders.

The Policemen run down steps after Jen. One grabs her arm. Pulls her back.

JEN

Get off me! You can't keep secrets
from them forever! I know the tru--

The Policeman puts his hand over her mouth.

Jen bites him. He doesn't flinch. Blood drips down his wrist. Seeps onto the cuffs of his blazer.

Jen punches his arm with her free hand. Kicks her legs.

The Policeman yanks her arm. She falls backwards. Her head bounces on a step. Blood drips down her face. Her body goes still. Eyes roll back.

The Policeman drags Jen up the steps by her arm. Leaving a blood trail on the steps.

The Second Policeman takes Jen's legs. They carry her to top.

Woman In White picks syringe up from the table. Injects into Jen's arm.

Man In White and Woman In White open the Town Hall doors.

The Policemen carry Jen inside. Doors slam shut. Echoes.

Grace and Mark turn to the Representative. Both smile.

GRACE

Sorry about that.

MARK

Our Jen, such a fire cracker!

The Representative nods.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Teenagers can be difficult.
Especially at this age.

Grace and Mark chuckle.

Woman In White hands them cup of water.

Man In White hands them cup with Vitamin.

Grace and Mark take the Vitamin. Drink the water.

GRACE

Thank you.

The Representative pats her shoulder.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Don't thank me. Thank the Big City.

Grace and Mark bow their heads. Walk down steps.

Daisy watches them.

Heather squeezes Daisy's shoulder.

HEATHER

She won't get into the special school
with scenes like that.

Arthur nods.

ARTHUR

Isla's very lucky.

Daisy smiles.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK

Bet you're glad you've only got one
teenager to deal with now.

Arthur and Heather laugh.

EXT. STERTREE TOWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick stands at top of steps. Takes Vitamin from Man In
White. Swallows it. Drinks water.

Patrick jogs down steps. Waves to Arthur.

PATRICK

See you tomorrow, Art.

Arthur waves.

The Representative looks down at clipboard. Looks up.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
The Clark family.

Arthur nudges Daisy.

ARTHUR
Looks like it's our turn.

Arthur takes Heather's hand. Leads her up steps.

Daisy follows.

The Representative smiles.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Good evening, Clarks. So happy to
hear about...

Looks down at clipboard.

Focus on Clipboard: List of names. Heather, Arthur and Daisy
have ticks next to their names. Isla's name is crossed out.

The Representative looks up at the Clarks.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
...Isla. You must be so proud.

Heather and Arthur smile at each other. Look at the
Representative.

ARTHUR
So proud.

Woman In White hands out cups of water.

Man In White hands out the Vitamin.

The Clarks take the Vitamin. Drink water.

The Representative glances at Daisy.

Daisy smiles at him. Swallows.

The Representative bends down to meet Daisy's eyes. Puts his
hand on her shoulder. Smiles.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Are you proud of your sister, Daisy?

Daisy nods. Smiles.

DAISY
Very much so.

The Representative stands. Nods to Heather and Arthur.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Have a lovely evening and a safe walk home.

Heather and Arthur smile.

HEATHER
Thank you.

ARTHUR
Thank you.

Heather takes Daisy's hand.

The Clarks walk down the steps.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Such a lovely man.

Daisy looks up at Arthur.

Arthur ruffles her hair.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Let's get you home. If we're quick,
I'll read you a story before bed.

Daisy smiles.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

Red and white hallway.

Framed photos hang on the wall. One of Arthur and Heather.
One of Daisy. An empty gap between them. Shadow of a frame
in the space.

Below is a dark wooden bureau. Pulled slightly away from
wall. Vase of rainbow tulips sits on top.

Arthur opens front door. Enters.

Daisy and Heather follow. Heather shuts the front door
behind them.

Daisy runs upstairs.

ARTHUR
(calling after Daisy)
You pick out a book and I'll be up in
a moment.

He chuckles.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Teenagers.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy runs into bathroom. Opens toilet lid. Spits. Vitamin
lands in bowl.

She flushes it. Stares into toilet. Watches Vitamin swirl
round bowl. Water settles.

Grey hue sweeps over the bathroom.

Toilet seat chips away. Cracks in the porcelain. Yellow
drips down sides.

Floor and wall tiles crack.

Daisy goes to the sink. Looks into mirror. Crack forms down
centre. Distorts her face. Tears fall down her cheeks.

In the reflection over Daisy's shoulder we see Daisy &
Isla's bedroom door.

Letters on door say, 'Daisy'. Faint outline of letters,
'Isla'.

Focus on Daisy. She touches birthmark on her neck.

Heather appears in doorway.

HEATHER
Ah, there you are. Brush you teeth
and I'll read you a story if you
like? Dad's got some things to do, so
you've got me tonight.

Daisy wipes her eyes. Turns to Heather. Smiles.

Heather steps into bathroom.

HEATHER
Have you been crying, dear?

DAISY

Only a little bit. Happy tears. So happy for Isla, that's all.

Heather pulls Daisy into a hug. Strokes her hair.

HEATHER

You're such a kind girl. I'm very proud of you too, you know. You're clever in your own special way.

Daisy sniffs.

Heather pulls back. Tears off toilet paper. Hands it to Daisy.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Of course, not clever enough to get into a special school in the Big City. But still clever.

Heather cups Daisy's face in her hand.

Daisy smiles.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Wipe you eyes, Daisy, darling. It's time for bed.

Daisy nods.

Heather exits.

Daisy wipes her eyes. Deep breath.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM - MORNING

Sun shines through a gap in the curtains onto a sleeping Daisy.

Daisy squints. Rubs her eyes. Pulls the duvet over her head.

Heather knocks on the door. Opens it. Pokes her head round.

HEATHER

Daisy?

Heather enters the room. Crouches next to the bed. Pulls duvet back.

Daisy opens her eyes. Squints.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Good morning, sleepy.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Now, I know it's the weekend...
(stands)
...but your dad and I think it would be best if you get out of the house today. Seeing as it's such a lovely day, why don't you go to the dock with him?

Daisy yawns.

DAISY
Sure.

HEATHER
Good girl. Now, breakfast is on the table. Come down before it gets cold.

Daisy nods. Smiles.

Heather exits.

Daisy sighs. Closes her eyes. Pulls the duvet over her head.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Heather, dressed in a white blouse and apron, stands at the stove. A pancake cooking in a pan.

Arthur sits at the table, dressed in his fisherman's overalls. Picks up a newspaper.

Daisy enters. Stops in the doorway. Shocked expression. Wide eyes. Stunned.

Counter-tops are plain plywood boards. Rust forms on the stove. Table has damp, moldy marks. Scratches on the surface. Chairs are uneven. Splintering. Paint peels off the walls.

Arthur looks up at Daisy. Smiles.

ARTHUR

Morning, dear.

Daisy sits at the table. The chair wobbles.

A plate and a glass of orange juice in front of her. Glass has a crack in the side.

Daisy looks at Arthur. Quickly smiles.

Arthur's overalls fray. Holes appear.

DAISY

Morning dad.

Arthur folds up the newspaper. Puts it down on table.

ARTHUR

We need to leave soon, so eat your breakfast and get dressed quickly. It's a lovely day out. God bless.

Heather brings the pan to the table. Slides a pancake onto Daisy's plate.

Daisy looks up at Heather.

Heather's apron fades. Her blouse frays at sleeves.

Daisy smiles. Tight-lipped.

DAISY

Thanks.

Daisy picks up a bottle of syrup from the table. Squirts some onto the pancake. Picks up knife and fork. Fork has two prongs missing.

Heather sits at the table.

Daisy nibbles at the pancake.

HEATHER

Arthur, darling, make sure you take Daisy past Cherry House.

DAISY

(mouth full)

What's Cherry House?

HEATHER

Finish your food before you speak, please.

Daisy swallows.

DAISY
Sorry, mum.
(to Arthur)
What's Cherry House?

ARTHUR
It's the name of the new home for the elderly. You know, the one the Representative was talking about.

Daisy nods.

HEATHER
I'll take my jogging group past this afternoon to have a look.

DAISY
Why doesn't every town have one?

ARTHUR
Only one town in every county chosen. We were one of them.

DAISY
Yes, but why?

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR
Look at you, full of questions today. I'm not sure why. Apparently, they'll be bringing elderly folk in from all over. Giving them homes in the different towns, even if they didn't live there originally.

He taps the paper.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
I was reading about it this morning.

Heather puts her hands to her chest. Smiles.

HEATHER
It's so wonderful. The elderly can die happy.

Heather stands. Moves to the counter. Picks up two rusty, metal lunchboxes.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Now, I've made you both some lunch to take with you. There's a cheese sandwich each and an apple. That should keep you going for the day.

Heather places lunchboxes on table. Leans down to Arthur. Pecks his lips.

ARTHUR

Thank you, darling.

HEATHER

Daisy, you hurry along and get dressed. You don't want to make your dad late.

Daisy nods. Puts down fork. Stands.

DAISY

Will I need a jumper?

ARTHUR

Bring one just in case.

Daisy nods. Exits.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Carpet is pulled away along edges. Paint peeled back.

Daisy enters.

Tulips on bureau turn brown and droop as Daisy walks past.

Daisy stops. Looks up at the framed photos. Looks down at bureau. Notices gap between it and the wall. Tries to push the bureau back. It doesn't move.

Daisy looks behind it.

A photo frame is jammed between wall and bureau. Daisy bends down. Picks it up. Looks at it.

The glass is broken. It's a school photo of Isla.

Daisy touches the photo. Drop of blood falls onto it. She winces.

Daisy walks towards the stairs. Stops in the living room doorway.

I/E. CLARK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy stands in the doorway.

Grey walls. Mould and damp appears in the corners.

Diamonds fall from chandelier. Shatter on carpet. Disappear.

Carpet is stained with brown patches. Fluff in rug falls out in patches. Red stain appears in middle of rug.

Television shrinks. The stand collapses into a small wooden table.

Holes and scratches appear in the sofa.

Daisy sighs. Moves away from the doorway.

INT. CLARK HOUSE - DAISY & ISLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paint on the walls peels. Curtain rail hangs off of wall.

Daisy enters.

Daisy places the photo frame on her bed.

She moves to wardrobe. Pink paint is badly chipped.

Daisy opens the wardrobe. Doors creak.

Inside wardrobe half of the hangers are empty. Other half have Daisy's clothes on.

Daisy reaches up. Pulls down a jumper. Looks at the empty hangers. Eyes watery.

She steps back. Shakes her head. Closes doors.

One door sags off its hinges.

EXT. CLARK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Daisy stand outside front door. Arthur has a satchel over his shoulder. Daisy has a backpack on her back.

Heather stands under the archway.

Daisy stares up at house.

Roses wilted. Paint on the shutters and front door peels away. Windows crack. Holes in the roof. Mould grows between now grey bricks.

Daisy touches a rose. All the petals fall off. She watches them fall to the floor.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER

Don't ruin my roses, dear. I spent all of last Sunday tending to those.

Daisy drops her hand.

Heather looks at Arthur.

HEATHER (cont'd)

You've got your lunches?

Arthur chuckles. Pats his satchel.

ARTHUR

Yes, dear. We've got everything we need.

A dirty, white removal truck pulls up. Stops in front of Nora's house. Now in a similar state to the Clark's house.

Arthur looks at the van. Smiles.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

Ah, the new neighbors are moving in! I wondered if it would be today.

HEATHER

We must introduce ourselves.

JIM, late-forties, bald, and PAULA, late-forties, brunette, smiley, get out of the truck.

Arthur waves.

ARTHUR

You muse be our new neighbors! Welcome!

Jim and Paula approach.

JIM

Good morning. I'm Jim and this is my wife, Paula.

Paula smiles.

ARTHUR

Arthur.

Arthur holds out his hand. Jim shakes it.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

And this is my wife, Heather, and our daughter, Daisy.

HEATHER

Lovely to meet you both.

Paula bends down to Daisy's eye level. Grins. Most of her teeth and hair falls out.

PAULA

Hello, my dear. I hope you aren't going to cause us any trouble.

Jim pulls on Paula's arm. She straightens up.

Jim glares at her.

HEATHER

Our Daisy won't be causing any trouble. She's a perfect angel.

Paula smiles.

PAULA

Of course.

ARTHUR

Where have you moved from?

PAULA

We--

JIM

Out of town. This really is a lovely place. I'm sure we'll like it here.

Paula nods.

PAULA

Lovely.

HEATHER
What do you both do?

PAULA
Jim's a fisherman and I'm a baker.

HEATHER
Ah! What a coincidence. Arthur's a fisherman. And the previous owners of this house were a fisherman and a baker too!

JIM
A small world.

Paula nods.

PAULA
I'll be--

JIM
Anyway, enough chit chat. I'm sure you have places to be and we must unpack! It was great to meet you.

Paula looks down.

ARTHUR
Yes, of course. We don't mean to keep you.

Jim smiles.

JIM
See you around.

Jim and Paula enter their house.

HEATHER
They seem nice.

Arthur nods.

ARTHUR
Lovely people.

Arthur kisses Heather on the cheek.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
We'll see you at dinner, dear.

Heather smiles. Kisses Daisy's cheek.

HEATHER

Be good. Have a lovely day.

Daisy nods.

Arthur and Daisy walk away from house.

Heather waves them off.

EXT. STERTREE - VARIOUS - SAME MORNING

Daisy and Arthur walk through Stertree.

Picturesque town is gone. Falling apart and derelict. Grey hue over everything.

Daisy stares around. Wide-eyed.

Arthur whistles a tune.

Litter scattered around the street. Weeds growing up sides of pavement.

Bakery sign is missing letters.

Florists flowers wilt.

Post office window smashed.

Daisy trips. Looks down. Gags. A dead cat at her feet. Flies all over it. It's guts spilled out.

Arthur looks down. Smiles.

ARTHUR

That's not a clever place to sleep,
is it Mr Cat?

Arthur bends down. Strokes the cat. Blood covers his hand.

Daisy puts her hand to her mouth.

Arthur looks up at her.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

What's the matter, Daisy? Not afraid
of this little thing are you?

Daisy shakes her head quickly.

DAISY

Of course not. I just don't think you should pet cats that you don't know.

Arthur stands. Chuckles.

ARTHUR

He's harmless. Plus, he's asleep.

Arthur wipes his hand on his overalls. Blood and entrails stain his overalls. He walks on.

Daisy looks at the cat. Looks at Arthur. Follows after him.

EXT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

Small, white building. Paint peeling off outside. Sign above door reads: Pharmacy Supplies.

Small white van parked outside. Two MEN IN WHITE unload boxes from back of van. Boxes are labeled 'Vitamin'. They stack them outside Pharmacy.

Daisy and Arthur walk past.

Arthur smiles at the Men in White.

ARTHUR

Morning, chaps.

MEN IN WHITE

Good morning.

They smile. Rotting and missing teeth.

Daisy shudders.

ARTHUR

Keep up the good work.

Arthur waves over his shoulder.

They wave back.

Daisy looks at the ground.

EXT. CHERRY STREET - CHERRY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cobbled street. Low, grey stone cladding wall runs along one side.

Arthur and Daisy turn around a corner onto the street.

ARTHUR
Ah, here we are.

They stop by the wall. Arthur stares at what's behind it. He grins.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Isn't she a beauty?

Large, black, iron gates. 'Cherry House' in swirled letters on them. A stone lion sits either side.

Road leading away from gates and up the bright green lawn. Lined with Pink blossom trees.

At the end of the lawn is a huge mansion. White pillars along the front. Rows and rows of windows. Huge oak doors under a white archway. Two turrets on the roof.

Gates creak open. A shiny black van drives through.

Arthur watches it.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Must be a new resident. How exciting!

Daisy watches the van drive up to Cherry House.

Echoed screams are heard.

The grass turns brown as the van drives past. Blossom falls from trees.

Wall in front of Daisy and Arthur crumbles.

Stone lions fall from the wall and smash.

Pillars crumble away to nothing. White exterior fades to grey concrete. Bars appear on windows. Black smoke puffs from the chimney. Tiles fall from turrets.

Daisy stares. Mouth parted slightly.

DAISY
Yeah, a beauty.

Van stops outside Cherry House. Door opens. A MAN IN WHITE, late-twenties, white suit, gets out. Opens back of van.

He wheels out Jen, wearing a white hospital gown, face mostly covered by surgical mask, in a wheelchair. Her head hangs to one side.

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR

I hope she has a happy final few months in there.

Daisy frowns.

DAISY

How do you know she only has a few months?

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR

Don't be silly. She's at least ninety. Even the Vitamin can't save her now. Come on, enough gawking. I'll be late for work.

He beckons to her. Walks away down street.

Daisy watches Man in White wheel Jen to door.

Daisy squints.

DAISY

Is that...?

Daisy shakes her head.

DAISY (cont'd)

I'm going crazy.

Man in White knocks on door.

The Representative opens it.

Daisy gasps.

DAISY (cont'd)

It's the--

ARTHUR (O.C.)

Daisy, come on!

Man in White and Jen enter Cherry House.

The Representative shuts door. Slam echoes.

Daisy runs after Arthur.

EXT. STERTREE DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Boats bob on water. Some are slightly lopsided.

Paint chips away. Rust burns into the sides.

Slats missing from the pier. Fishing nets scattered around. Large holes in them. Rotting fish inside.

The Queen Bee at front of dock. Letters have peeled away. Now reads, 'Q EE BE '.

Patrick and Stephen are on the Queen Bee. Patrick untangles nets. Stephen scrubs blood off the side of the boat with a sponge. A bucket of water next to him.

STEPHEN

This stuff just won't come off. Might have to repaint.

Patrick chuckles. Rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

Our brand new boat. Typical of Graham to make a mess that we have to clean.

Stephen laughs.

STEPHEN

Always was the least hard-working of the lot of us.

Daisy and Arthur approach.

Patrick looks up at them. Grins.

PATRICK

Finally! What time do you call this?

Looks at his watch.

Arthur rolls his eyes. Smiles.

ARTHUR

I call it rather late. Really sorry, chaps.

Patrick wags his finger at Arthur.

PATRICK
(teasing)
Don't make it a habit.

Arthur salutes.

ARTHUR
Ay, ay, Captain.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
Enough of that. I see you've brought
us a helper.

Arthur pats Daisy on the back.

ARTHUR
Thought she could use the fresh air.

Stephen looks up. Smiles at Daisy. Waves the wet, bloody
sponge.

STEPHEN
Morning, Daiz.

Daisy smiles. Tight-lipped.

DAISY
Morning.

Daisy glances down at a nearby fishing net.

Rotten fish inside. Eyes bulging. Guts out. Flies swarm it.

Daisy puts hand to her mouth. Suppresses a gag.

Arthur steps onto The Queen Bee. Turns to Daisy.

ARTHUR
You can help Patrick untangle these
nets. Then we can head out and get
fishing.

Stephen stands. Drops sponge into bucket.

STEPHEN
Sounds like a plan. This can wait
'til later.

Daisy looks at rotting fish. Looks at Arthur.

DAISY
I think I'm going to take a walk
around the town. If that's alright?

Arthur shrugs.

ARTHUR
Sure, whatever you like, dear. We'll
be back in a couple of hours.

Daisy smiles. Puts her hands in her pockets.

DAISY
Meet back here for lunch?

Arthur gives her a thumbs-up.

ARTHUR
See you later.

Daisy turns away. Turns back. Smiles at Arthur.

DAISY
Stay safe, Dad.

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR
How could I be anything but on this
marvelous vessel?

Pats the side of The Queen Bee.

PATRICK
Right you are.

DAISY
Of course.

Daisy walks away. Sighs.

DAISY (cont'd)
(quietly)
I wish you could see.

Pier creaks under her feet.

A slat falls away behind her as she walks away. It splashes
into sea.

EXT. STERTREE - VARIOUS - SAME MORNING

Daisy walks back through town. Hands in pockets. Head down.

A seagull falls from the sky. Lands in front of Daisy.

Daisy jumps back. Gasps. Looks down at it. Some of its feathers are blackened. Blood down its face.

Daisy bends down to look. Coughs. Holds her nose.

DAISY

What the...?

Daisy stands. Looks around. Another seagull falls a few feet away.

Daisy frowns.

DAISY (cont'd)

What is going on?

Paula and Jim turn onto the street. Paula spots Daisy. Smiles. Rotten, missing teeth.

Daisy sighs.

DAISY (cont'd)

(muttering)

Great.

Paula and Jim approach.

PAULA

Hey, Daisy, wasn't it?

Daisy nods.

DAISY

Yeah.

JIM

Where are you off to?

DAISY

Just going for a walk. I really should get going.

PAULA

We're going for a walk too! We wanted to get a real feel of the town.

JIM
Perhaps you could give us a tour?

PAULA
Great idea!

DAISY
Umm... Yeah, maybe another time. I
really have to get going.

Paula frowns.

PAULA
Of course, another time then.

Daisy smiles politely.

Walks around them and down the street quickly.

PAULA (cont'd)
Okay, see you around!

JIM
(muttering)
Keep an eye on that one. Don't want
her turning out like her sister.

Paula nods.

Jim takes her hand. They walk away.

EXT. CHERRY STREET - CHERRY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy turns onto Cherry Street. Pauses. Looks up Cherry
House.

Blossom on the trees have fallen away completely. The
branches bare.

A bird falls from a nearby tree.

ISLA (O.S.)
(echoed)
Twin intuition.

Daisy touches her birthmark. Frowns.

A CAT, black, scrawny, patchy fur, jumps onto wall in front
of Daisy. Meows.

Daisy pets the Cat's head. It hisses.

Daisy retracts her hand.

Cat meows.

Daisy pets it again. Cat licks her hand.

DAISY
You're about the only thing here that
isn't dead.

Cat meows.

DAISY (cont'd)
Want to come home with me? I'll clean
you up a bit.

Cat meows.

DAISY (cont'd)
I'll take that as a yes.

Daisy picks him up. Looks at Cherry House.

Cat hisses.

Daisy looks at Cat.

DAISY (cont'd)
No, I don't like it either.

Daisy walks away from Cherry House.

END OF ACT FOUR

CODA

INT. CHERRY HOUSE - CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Blindingly white from floor to ceiling. The white florescent lights add to this.

Three doors on both sides of the corridor. Small gold plaque on each.

Elevator at the end. Two small gold buttons next to it.

Buttons light up. Elevator pings. Doors slide open.

Reveals a Man in White and an unconscious Jen in a wheelchair, white hospital gown, no mask.

Man in White wheels Jen down the corridor.

They stop at the door labeled 'Surgery 1'.

Man in White knocks on the door.

NURSE, late-forties, black hair, black beard and mustache, contrasting his bright white scrubs, opens the door.

MAN IN WHITE

New patient.

Nurse nods. Takes the wheelchair. Wheels Jen through the door. Door shuts.

Man in White walks back to the elevator. Presses a button. Elevator dings.

INT. CHERRY HOUSE - SURGERY THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER

White hospital bed in the centre of a white room. No windows.

The only other furniture is a metal table with a syringe on top.

Nurse wheels Jen to bed.

A WOMAN IN WHITE, early-fifties, bleach blonde hair blending with her white dress and apron, enters.

Nurse and Woman in White lift Jen onto bed.

Nurse picks up syringe. Injects it into Jen's arm.

INT. CHERRY HOUSE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Door 1 opens. Woman in White wheels Jen out. Her face is now wrinkled and sagged. Hair is grey. No longer a teenager. An old woman.

Woman in White wheels Jen to the elevator.

Pushes a button. Elevator dings. Doors open. She wheels Jen inside.

Doors close.

INT. CHERRY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A large living room, with the kind of decoration found in the houses of rich grandparents. Lots of floral patterns and oak furniture.

A vase of red roses on every window sill.

Bookcases line the walls. All are empty.

A record player plays quietly in the corner.

Several RESIDENTS, men and women all in their nineties, or at least look like they are, sit in wheelchairs around room. Blank stares.

A few Residents sit in wheelchairs facing a blank television.

Isla, grey hair, wrinkled, sits looking out a window. Blank eyes. Not the thirteen-year-old she once was.

The door opens. A few Residents look up.

Woman in White wheels Jen in.

Jen is awake. Dazed. Eyes blank. Mouth slightly open.

Woman in White wheels Jen over to the window.

WOMAN IN WHITE

There you go, dear. I'll pop you next to Isla. I'm sure you two will get along nicely.

Isla looks up at Jen.

Woman in White kneels next to Isla. Smiles.

WOMAN IN WHITE (cont'd)

Isla, I've brought you a new friend. This is Jennifer.

Isla slowly moves her hand to her birthmark.

ISLA

J... J...

Woman in White smiles.

WOMAN IN WHITE

That's right, Jennifer. I'll leave you two to get acquainted.

Woman in White pats Jen's hand.

Exits.

Isla slowly reaches out to Jen. Takes her hand. Squeezes it.

Jen's fingers move slightly. Her eyes flicker to Isla.

A tear rolls down Jen's cheek.

Isla's eyes are watery.

END OF PILOT

Written by Laura Wilson