

Unquiet

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - WEST COUNTRY - DAY

Fade in top down on a battered hatchback driving between hedges. Driving rain of an English summer. American country music, all dust and deserts, wildly incongruous.

I/E. ALASTAIR'S CAR - COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Music shifts from heterodiegetic to homodiegetic, playing through radio. ALASTAIR, mid-50s, heavy-set, Scottish, in the driver's seat. MICHAEL, early 20s, slim, good-looking, in the passenger seat, elbow on the window ledge and chin resting in his palm. He's bored.

MICHAEL

(turning to look at Alastair)

Could we change the music?

ALASTAIR

(eyes on the road, after a pause)

Aye, we could.

It's clear he's just expressing a possibility, not giving permission. Michael sighs and resumes staring out the window.

They turn into a long driveway, passing over a large bump so that Michael's jolted out of position. An open gate, half-submerged in the hedgerow, passes by the window.

MICHAEL

This is the place?

It's a long driveway. The music fades as Michael stares at a passing tree, the trunk deeply scored with knife scratches. No particular pattern - just mutilation. Smashed bottles and furniture are next - unnecessary destruction. Finally they pass a lawn, dotted with

circular patches of scorched earth. An empty jerry-can lying on its side.

MICHAEL

(softly, partly to himself)

This *is* the place.

ALASTAIR

Perhaps.

MICHAEL

You don't think Dr Lal is right?

ALASTAIR

It pays to keep an open mind.

EXT. THE TALBOT HOUSE - DAY

Alastair's car carefully noses into a parking spot next to the Talbots' car. We pull back to see the house: well-proportioned, with a couple of acres of garden. Would be idyllic were it not for the grey skies and the rain.

I/E. ALASTAIR'S CAR - THE TALBOT HOUSE - DAY

Alastair puts the car into neutral, pulls up the handbrake and turns off the engine. All his movements are slow, deliberate, perhaps a little weary. The music dies, leaving the sound of the rain.

MICHAEL

So, what's the plan?

ALASTAIR

*(still staring through the windscreen,
not looking at Michael)*

Same as always. We just talk.

MICHAEL

And if it's one of them?

ALASTAIR

(finally turning to look at Michael, the seat creaking beneath his bulk, regarding Michael calmly for a few seconds)

Are you hoping it is?

MICHAEL

(looking away, uncomfortable, sighs)

I mean... we've been... I guess so, yeah.

Alastair doesn't say anything, continues staring at him. Michael finally cracks.

MICHAEL

(getting more emphatic, worked up)

OK, it's been three months now, right? Th... We haven't come across *anything* that says we're actually on the right track. It would be nice to see...

(becoming more subdued, taking a breath)

It would just be nice to see our work paying off, that's all.

Alastair nods slowly, understanding.

ALASTAIR

Our work does pay off, though. We listen. Even if we don't find what we're looking for, it doesn't mean it's all for nothing.

MICHAEL

Sure, I guess.

ALASTAIR

Good.

Alastair takes the keys out of the ignition, moves to open the door.

EXT. THE TALBOT HOUSE - DAY

Alastair and Michael exit the car into the pouring rain. Michael hunches over, popping up his collar to shield himself from the rain as he half-runs around the car towards the front door. Alastair doesn't react to the rain at all. They both stop under the shelter of the porch.

ALASTAIR

Now - you stick to the script, right? You don't speak out of turn.

MICHAEL

Sure, yep.

ALASTAIR

Even if things get out of hand. You leave it to me.

MICHAEL

Got you.

(beat)

ALASTAIR

Alright, then.

Alastair reaches up and rings the doorbell.

A dog barks inside. HARRY's voice, muffled, telling it to be calm, but it ignores him.

The door opens a crack. Leaning slightly into the crack is Harry Talbot - mid-50s or early 60s, salt-and-pepper hair that's thinning on top, stubbled, jowly, wearing square-frame glasses and a plaid shirt. An unthreatening man, but apparently unperturbed by Alastair's bulk. The dog continues to bark intermittently.

HARRY

(looking them up and down)

Can I help you?

ALASTAIR

We're here to see Claire Talbot. We rang a couple of days back.

MICHAEL

Tuesday.

Harry looks like he doesn't know what they're talking about. One hand is still on the edge of the door, like he's ready to close it.

ALASTAIR

It's about what she hears. Who she hears. We said we'd talk to her.

Still Harry doesn't respond. The dog barks more frantically.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Who is it, Harry?

ALASTAIR

(cutting in before Harry can)

We've come to see you, Claire! Like we promised.

We hear Claire behind Harry, patting the dog and telling it to shush. It does. She steps beside Harry and pulls the door open the rest of the way. She's in her 50s, dishevelled ash-blonde hair, strained face that might once have been cheerful, colourful fleece and jogging bottoms. She throws Harry a quizzical look: Why didn't

you invite them in? He doesn't seem to notice, stepping back to give her space.

CLAIRE

Oh that's right, isn't it? Well come on in, then, don't stand out there getting wet.

I/E. THE TALBOT HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

General bustle as Alastair and Michael enter, remove coats which Claire takes from them and hangs up. Harry stands awkwardly to one side. A Doberman snuffles at Michael's crotch.

MICHAEL

(uneasy, trying to avoid the dog)

Er...

CLAIRE

Don't mind her - soft as wool, that one. Come right through. Harry'll put the kettle on.

Claire suddenly stops, listening. Alastair and Harry observe her closely; Michael is still preoccupied with the dog.

HARRY

The sitting room, love.

CLAIRE

(coming back to herself, but still a bit dazed)

Oh, right... Just... through here...

The door closes behind them.

INT. THE TALBOT HOUSE - SITTING ROOM

Plastic spoon stirring a teacup, pulling out, scraping the runoff on the rim. Heavy, workman's hands, nails marked with flecks of white paint, a scar on the flat edge, could be a burn. Pull back to see Harry, all his focus on the spoon he's setting down by the saucer, shutting out the world because he doesn't know how to deal with the situation (his is the only plastic spoon). All four seated around a coffee table, Claire and Harry on the sofa, Alastair (still in his coat) squeezed into an armchair, Michael on a straight-backed wooden chair that seems part of a dining set. What could have been a comfortable room, if a bit frayed, but the lighting is off: just dark enough to need the lightbulb on, but the curtains are open and the grey light from outside is coming in, too. Clock ticking on the mantelpiece. The dog is lying beside Claire's chair.

They're waiting for Michael, who is fumbling with a messenger-bag as he hunts about for a pen, pad waiting on his knee. Alastair leans forward, creaking, half-turning to take in the room.

ALASTAIR

It's a lovely place you've got here, Claire.
Cosy.

She gives him a weak smile. He turns back to a painting that caught his eye - a harbour in summer.

CLAIRE

It's Casablanca.

ALASTAIR

Oh?

CLAIRE

One of Harry's. We went there on our anniversary.

ALASTAIR

Really?

(turning to Harry)

So you paint, do you?

HARRY

Mmm.

Alastair regards him for a moment, sees the strain. Michael finally finds a pen, plonks it down on the pad, drops the messenger bag beside his chair. Pen and pad almost slide off his knee, and he barely catches them.

MICHAEL

Right, OK. So, shall we get started? (beat)
OK, Claire, so as we discussed on the phone, I'm going to ask you a couple of questions, but they're more just prompts really, feel free to answer however you like, you know, as much or as little as you're comfortable saying, it's up to you.

CLAIRE

And this will help with your study?

MICHAEL

Oh yes, absolutely. Personal testimony, collecting first-person accounts, getting people to talk about what they hear, it's all...

He flounders.

ALASTAIR

It's so we can get a broader picture.

Claire nods, sitting forwards and smoothing out her dress. She's ready.

MICHAEL

(pen poised over the pad)

OK, so... You've said that you hear voices -
what kind of voices? What are they like?
What kind of things do they, you know, say?

Claire tilts her head to one side, thinking.

CLAIRE

Weeeelllll... There's a few different ones that
talk to me. One's my nan, she passed about
nine years back.

As she talks, Michael scribbles furiously on the pad, trying to take
it all down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Then there's Norman - well, I call him
Norman, I don't know what his name is, he's
never actually told me, but you know, he
just feels like a Norman, if you know what
I mean.

*(She lets out a little laugh, and
Michael joins her.)*

You know, like: 'Oh, that's just Norman,'
sort of thing. I say that sometimes, don't
I, love?

HARRY

Mmm.

She waits, expecting more, but Harry carries on staring at his cup.

MICHAEL

And are those the only two?

Claire looks up at the ceiling, sighs.

CLAIRE

Well the last one hasn't really got a name,
you see. He can be a bit difficult

sometimes, so I don't like to give him too much mind.

MICHAEL

Right.

CLAIRE

Like he's not all bad, you know, I don't think he's all bad... Just sometimes he can be a bit nasty. I mean he'll give us hell for this, you know, talking about it all.

ALASTAIR

Is he talking now?

CLAIRE

(listens a moment)

No, I just know he will.

ALASTAIR

So what sort of things will he say?

CLAIRE

Oh, just that I'm stupid, that I'm a waste of space, that I'm wasting your time, that sort of thing. Doing me down. (beat) But he's not always like that, you know? Sometimes it's more like he's... I don't know... He can be quite- quite childish, really. Like he's just having a strop and he's taking it out on me.

MICHAEL

But the other two are nice?

CLAIRE

Well, my nan is. She gives me little bits of advice sometimes, you know, the sort of

things she said when she was alive. And Norman's just... well, Norman.

She lets out a little half-laugh. Michael smiles at her.

CLAIRE

He's just like a bit moany, you know? Like he's one of those people who're always complaining about things. 'Oh, this is boring, oh, this is all rubbish, when are we going to go home,' that sort of thing.

ALASTAIR

He sounds like a teenager.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

Yeah, he is a bit like that. But I'd always thought of him like an old grandad who just likes complaining.

ALASTAIR

Well, the two can be quite similar sometimes.

CLAIRE

But now you mention it, he doesn't sound old.

ALASTAIR

Oh?

CLAIRE

No, he... You know, I don't know how old he is, I always just thought of him as old. But maybe he isn't.

MICHAEL

Is that why you called him Norman? It's kind of like an old man name.

CLAIRE

Yeah, he's just sort of... I dunno, Norman seemed to fit.

ALASTAIR

Names are important. It's why you don't meet many Judases.

MICHAEL

Or Adolfs.

CLAIRE

Well imagine what it would be like in the playground...

She breaks off, staring off into space.

(beat)

MICHAEL

(finally catching up with his note-taking, looking up at Claire)

And are those the only three?

HARRY

You've had others.

CLAIRE

Oh, yes, those are only the three that are sort of, always there. Well, they're not *always* there, they just turn up a lot. But there are also the, um... Whisperers.

Michael listens more intently.

CLAIRE

Just at night, I kind of hear like, this whispering. And it's always just where you can't hear it properly, you know. So you're lying there in bed, and you can hear this whispering, but if you try actually listening to it then it seems to fade out.

Michael tries to hide it, but he's disappointed.

HARRY

You've also heard me a couple of times.

CLAIRE

That's right, I've also sometimes heard Harry when he's not said anything. Or even when he's in the room, when we're watching the telly or what have you, and I'm sitting next to him, I'll sometimes feel like he's said something to me from behind.

They all pause for a moment as Michael catches up, Alastair nodding understandingly.

MICHAEL

And are those... are those all of them?

CLAIRE

That's all.

Michael glances at Alastair, but he's still looking at Claire.

HARRY

Well... there's also your funny turns, isn't there, love?

CLAIRE

Oh, right... He calls them my 'funny turns', but I don't remember them.

MICHAEL

Really? Can you describe them?

Claire raises her eyebrows.

CLAIRE

I mean... no. I don't remember them.

ALASTAIR

Of course not, aye. So is it more that you just find yourself in a place that you don't expect to be? Just a blank spot in your memory?

Claire considers this.

CLAIRE

No, it's not like that really. To be honest, I wouldn't know I had 'em at all if Harry didn't tell me. You know when you just sort of, zone out for a bit when you're watching the telly or looking out the window, that sort of thing?

HARRY

That's it, she'll just stop doing what she's doing for a bit, and wander off, and then come back and sit down where she was before.

CLAIRE

Yeah... I wouldn't know it had happened at all if Harry didn't tell me about it, to be honest! (she gives a slight laugh - how ridiculous)

Michael glances at Alastair again, but if anything he's even more focused on Claire.

ALASTAIR

And what sort of things do you do when you're having one of your turns?

CLAIRE

Well that's just it, I don't know! Like I'll always come back to where I was before, exactly the same place, like Harry says. And then I suppose I must switch myself back on again. But I really -

HARRY

(interrupting her)

She goes outside, sometimes. Breaks things.

He looks incredibly uncomfortable, and the words come out with difficulty.

CLAIRE

Yeah, you said as I'm the one that burned those patches on the lawn. I mean, that's quite frightening, isn't it?

She doesn't seem that frightened - more just amazed something like that could happen.

MICHAEL

And that's not something any of your voices told you to do?

CLAIRE

No! Not even the mean one, he's just mean to me, really. And Norman, well, Norman only ever gets annoying, but never nasty, you know?

MICHAEL

And I take it your nan...

CLAIRE

Well, she did get put away for arson.

Beat. Michael gives Alastair a significant look, but he's still look at Claire with a slight smile. Claire suddenly laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, the look on your face!

MICHAEL

Oh!

CLAIRE

Nah, she was a sweet old dear, really. I've thought about it lots, but to be honest, doesn't really make any sense. Nothing any of them says is about that. And if it is them, then they're very careful about it. I mean, I wouldn't even've known I'd done it, they didn't get any lighter fluid on my dress or any soot or anything, and when I saw them later - you know, the burned bits - they're like perfect little circles, aren't they? It's all a bit daft, really, but I don't think they mean any harm, it's just a bit worrying because... well, because I don't remember. Because I don't like to think of how... I might not be in control.

She does look troubled now. She glances at Harry for comfort, but he's staring rigidly at Alastair and Michael and doesn't even seem to have heard her.

MICHAEL

Must be quite scary.

CLAIRE

It is, yeah.

(beat)

Alastair finishes his tea with an air of finality, leans forward.

ALASTAIR

Nothing like a fine cup of tea on a day like this. Especially when it's made properly.

(to Claire)

Never shall the milk touch the teabag, am I right?

CLAIRE

Oh of course!

ALASTAIR

There's some people who think that you can put the milk in first.

(glowers at Michael)

Heathens.

Michael looks confused.

CLAIRE

Would you like another?

ALASTAIR

You know what, I would love another, Claire, if it's not too much trouble.

HARRY

(half rising)

I'll do it.

CLAIRE

You know what we said. I'm fine to do it.

Harry sinks back down, and as Claire gets up the dog rises too. She gives it a pat.

CLAIRE

Come on, Sookie! Good girl.

Claire and the dog leave the room. Harry stares down at his hands.

ALASTAIR

I appreciate you putting yourself out like this. Going short.

Harry looks up at him, confused. Alastair raises the metal spoon from his saucer, looking pointedly at the plastic spoon in Harry's own.

HARRY

'S no bother.

ALASTAIR

Guessing you don't get so many visitors, being all the way out here. No need for an... abundance of cutlery.

HARRY

Mmm.

Alastair looks around the room, hands drumming on the armrests, making a play of casting about for something to say. Michael watches, nonplussed.

ALASTAIR

So what do you do then, Harry?

HARRY

'M a decorator. Part-time now.

ALASTAIR

Is that how you burned your hand?

Harry glances down at his burned hand, looks back up at Alastair. Their gazes lock.

HARRY

Chip pan.

O.S., the sound of a kettle on the boil. The jangle of a cutlery draw opening. Alastair nods to himself.

MICHAEL

(to Harry)

Does Claire talk to you about -

HARRY

(to Alastair)

I think you should leave.

ALASTAIR

Of course we wouldn't want to distress you or your wife.

He doesn't move. Michael looks between the two, uncertain.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

We'll just finish up with Claire and leave the three of you be.

HARRY

(alarmed - his secret discovered)

What?

ALASTAIR

You, Claire, and... Sookie.

Harry stares daggers at Alastair, doesn't say anything.

MICHAEL

(quietly, to Alastair)

So are we leaving, or...?

Alastair lets the question hang. He's still matching gazes with Harry.

O.S., the sound of footsteps, a tea tray rattling.

ALASTAIR

(to Harry)

How long have you been lying to your wife?

Before Harry can answer, Claire re-enters with tea, Sookie beside her. She hands out the cups, then sits down with a sigh as Sookie lies down on the floor next to her. She doesn't appear to notice the tension in the room, since Michael and Alastair turn their attention to her. Harry sits frozen, staring at Alastair.

CLAIRE

Now, where were we?

MICHAEL

Er...

(glances between Alastair and Harry)

You told us about your Nan, about Norman...
and then there was the third voice...

CLAIRE

(instantly becoming grave)

Oh... yes, I suppose I ought to talk about that.

MICHAEL

Only if you feel you can.

CLAIRE

Well, it's not a nice voice. He's kind of just mean to me a lot of the time, you know, just saying mean things. Makes me doubt myself. And he's mean about Harry, too. Says he's cheating on me, that sort of thing. I don't believe it, mind..

(glances reassuringly to Harry)

It's just saying whatever it thinks will be hurtful.

MICHAEL

Yeah, you were saying... But you said it's not like that all the time?

CLAIRE

No, not all the time. Like I said, it's sort of like he's having a strop, like you know when teenagers... Like you get them shows on the telly where you've got these kids with worst behaviour, and they're always having a go at their mums and that, doing them down...

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CLAIRE

It's like that, really. I mean he's never been actually nice, but you know, I just get the feeling that he's in a mood. So sometimes I'll ask him, like, 'What's got you all het up today? Why are you being so moody?'

MICHAEL

Does he answer?

CLAIRE

Nah. But you know, there are times when I feel like I need to talk back to him, stand up for myself. He doesn't, like, talk to me properly or anything, though. Just with the abuse.

MICHAEL

That doesn't sound like much fun.

CLAIRE

No, you're right there.

ALASTAIR

(watching Harry)

And how long has this been going on for, Claire?

CLAIRE

What? Oh, about five, six years.

Alastair keeps his eyes on Harry, looking for reactions.

ALASTAIR

And the blackouts? Are they something more recent?

CLAIRE

Funny you should say that. Yes, they only started about half a year back... I mean, they could've been happening for longer, couldn't they, if I don't remember them I couldn't say when they started for sure, but Harry started noticing them around then, I think...

ALASTAIR

Aye, that makes sense.

CLAIRE

Really?

ALASTAIR

I just wonder if we could talk to Harry alone here for a bit now. Getting a full picture, as it were.

Michael looks at him in surprise - he's breaking script.

Claire also seems a bit surprised, but amenable.

CLAIRE

Oh, well if that's a part of it... That all right with you, love?

Harry gives a curt nod, not looking at her.

ALASTAIR

We'll only be a minute. If you don't mind us... monopolising your living room for a moment.

CLAIRE

No, no, you're alright... more than welcome.

She's a bit baffled by Harry's reaction, and the situation in general.

ALASTAIR

Very kind.

Claire leaves, shutting the door behind her.

ALASTAIR

(to Harry)

Well, now... You've had some time to think about your answer.

HARRY

What do you want?

ALASTAIR

To help. Both of you. Though it might be easier if I spoke to your... passenger directly.

Michael shifts in his chair. This is what he's been waiting for.

HARRY

(quietly, cowed)

He wants to know... what gave it away?

ALASTAIR

Mostly that it didn't fit with Claire's story. But there were little things. The spoon - iron. And the way Sookie avoids you. And the burn on your hand. But aye, it was a bit of a shot in the dark.

HARRY

You're not going to tell her?

ALASTAIR

No reason we should. But the game is up. It has to know that by now. Oh, it was very clever, using her as camouflage - hiding amongst all that noise - but now we've found it, and it's time to go.

Harry nods, swallowing. He's tense, but not with anger now - this is difficult.

HARRY

I can't... It's not...

ALASTAIR

Just tell us what it's saying to you.

(beat)

HARRY

He says, 'Why shouldn't I stay? I'm comfortable here.'

ALASTAIR

Really? Is that what all the burning and the breaking and the scarring of trees is about? Doesn't sound like you're comfortable. Sounds like you're frustrated.

Harry pauses to listen before replying - he will often do so when relaying the voice, like a translator.

HARRY

'It's been a good hiding place,' he says.
'Better than most.'

ALASTAIR

Aye, but a hiding place that's been discovered is not much good as a hiding place anymore, is it?

HARRY

'Why do you care? Why couldn't you just leave me be?'

ALASTAIR

Because there are two people here who have enough to deal with already. And they don't deserve you making things more difficult for them.

Harry flinches.

HARRY

He's... He's laughing. He says that...

ALASTAIR

Go on.

HARRY

He says, 'I can see the shape of his mind. He was going to leave her. Just run away like a coward. I made him stay.'

ALASTAIR

Maybe you did, maybe you didn't. Thoughts don't always turn into actions.

HARRY

(tears beginning to flow)

'He was thinking "What have I done to deserve this? Why do I have to spend the rest of my life looking after a sick person?" So weak. So selfish. I gave him strength.'

ALASTAIR

But I'll wager he was having those thoughts long before you ever showed up. And he was still there, with her. Still doing his part.

Harry nods vigorously.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Because he made a promise to her. And if what you found were his thoughts of breaking it, that doesn't show he was weak, it shows he was strong. Because he didn't. But if you're making him have to deal with hiding you rather than looking after her, you're making him fail in his promise, his duty. So

don't try to pretend your being here is for his benefit or for hers. It's time for you to leave.

HARRY

'You can't make me.'

ALASTAIR

Aye, that's right, I can't.

MICHAEL

But we can help you. We can -

ALASTAIR

(interrupting, warningly)

Michael...

Michael slumps back in his chair, chastised.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

(to Harry)

What the lad says is true. We can at least try to help.

(beat)

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Is he still talking?

HARRY

He's saying... 'Why should I believe you?'

Alastair looks down and picks up his spoon, stirring it in his tea, making it scrape against the side of the cup. Harry's eyes fix on it. Finally, Alastair taps the spoon a few times against the rim and sets it down beside the cup.

ALASTAIR

There is a much worse alternative. One where everybody loses. But I don't want to have to go there.

Harry nods, swallows nervously.

HARRY

He wants to know what you're offering instead.

ALASTAIR

You stay here, and he comes with us. And then we'll look into trying to get him back where he belongs.

HARRY

He says... there's only one way he can leave.

ALASTAIR

Aye, I know that. He's a passenger - can't walk out of here on his own two feet. We'll be taking him.

Harry closes his eyes, breathing heavily, gripping the arms of his chair. After a moment he relaxes, opening his eyes, looking at Alastair.

HARRY

He says he can't... you've got the wrong sort of mind.

ALASTAIR

Aye, well - I've worked at making it that way. I'm not exactly hospitable to his kind.

(beat)

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

Why do you think I brought him?

Both he and Harry turn to look at Michael, who suddenly gets it.

MICHAEL

What? I'm not -

ALASTAIR

You said you wanted to help.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but -

ALASTAIR

In this time, in this place, this is what helping looks like.

Michael shakes his head violently, shrinking back into his chair.

MICHAEL

Come on, please. Don't - don't make me do this.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

We're all bound by our promises, Michael. Harry made a promise to Claire. And you made a promise to me.

Michael continues shaking his head, terrified.

HARRY

Please, Michael. You said you would help us.

Michael stops. He is shaking, but he seems to have been swayed by Harry's entreaty. Finally, he nods, meeting Harry's gaze.

MICHAEL

Alright, then, I'll... I'll do it. So what -

Suddenly, the lights go out. We're not plunged into darkness - the dim light of the summer storm still fills the room - but all we can see is the three silhouettes in their chairs. O.S., something breaks, and Sookie starts barking madly.

CLAIRE (O. S.)

Oh!

The lightbulb flickers back to life. Harry slumps back in his chair, exhausted but relaxed, giving Alastair a faint smile. Alastair turns to look at Michael, who sits straight with his eyes closed.

ALASTAIR

Michael?

Slowly Michael opens his eyes and raises his head, turning to look at Alastair.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

How are you feeling, lad?

With slow, deliberate movements, Michael looks down at the pad on his knee, tears off the top page and begins folding it several times.

MICHAEL

(cold, not looking at Alastair)

He's in here.

ALASTAIR

And are you -

MICHAEL

We did what we came for.

HARRY

I'd better go see to Claire.

ALASTAIR

Aye, sure.

MICHAEL

We'll see ourselves out.

EXT. THE TALBOT HOUSE - DAY

The rain is little more than a light drizzle now. Alastair and Michael walk to the car, stopping on either side. Alastair digs for his keys as Michael stares into the distance.

MICHAEL

You always knew this would happen, didn't you?

Alastair stops, looking across at Michael but not saying anything. After a moment, Michael nods to himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Right. Why else would you have brought me?

ALASTAIR

If there'd been another way...

MICHAEL

But you knew there wasn't. Not if we were going to get it out of there.

He finally looks at Alastair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You said we'd all made promises. What about you? Who did you make a promise to?

ALASTAIR

Which of you wants to know?

MICHAEL

Does it matter?

ALASTAIR

I guess not, aye. Well, to myself, mostly.
A long time ago. But that's -

MICHAEL

A story for another time. I get it.

Alastair takes out his keys, unlocks the car. Michael easily swings himself inside.

Turning back to the house, Alastair sees Harry standing at a window, watching them. Harry raises a hand, and Alastair nods to him.

The country music starts up again, heterodiegetic, as Alastair swings himself into the car and shuts the door. The car noses out of its parking spot and sets off down the driveway, almost as if we're about to close.

I/E. ALASTAIR'S CAR - THE TALBOT DRIVEWAY - DAY

The music becomes homodiegetic, issuing from the car's speaker system. Michael looks towards the stereo, considering.

MICHAEL

I don't like country music.

Alastair shoots him a glance, but Michael wasn't really talking to him.

Decisively, Michael reaches forwards and turns the radio off.

The End