

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

CIARA, a pale, mousy woman in her 20s, pushes a cleaning trolley along the corridor of a hotel.

Up ahead in the corridor a room door opens and a portly middle-aged woman, MARY, storms out. Mary has an indignant air and is dressed in the old-fashioned glamour of a fur coat.

MARY

(American accent)

I can't stay here, David. I didn't think it would be a problem but it is.

Her husband DAVID, a skinny, beleaguered-looking, grey-haired man, walks out behind her, pulling two large and heavy-looking roller suitcases.

DAVID

(American accent)

Okay, okay, Mary. Don't make a big deal of it. We'll find someplace else.

David follows Mary down the corridor to the lifts, dragging both their roller suitcases behind him.

Ciara carries on pushing the trolley up the corridor. She stops by the door David has left open and looks into the unspoiled, empty hotel bedroom.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

Ciara talks to the receptionist, an attractive female in her early 20s with a salon tan.

CIARA

Those guests in room 405. Why did they leave? They'd just checked in.

RECEPTIONIST

Dim old bat was saying something about ghosts. Didn't think anyone would take the tourist guff that seriously.

The hotel manager FLANAGAN marches across the foyer and up to the desk.

FLANAGAN  
Ciara, can I see you?

He walks back to his office without waiting for a reply.

CIARA  
Of course, Mr Flanagan.

INT. FLANAGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ciara stands as Flanagan sits behind his desk and talks at her. He has spreadsheets open on his desk and appears more interested in them than Ciara, barely glancing up at her.

FLANAGAN  
I'm sorry it didn't work out. It takes you too long to get through a floor.

CIARA  
I can try harder, Mr Flanagan.

FLANAGAN  
We've given you every opportunity, Ciara. Sorry. There's nothing more we can do.

Flanagan gives her a mildly apologetic look, then resumes obsessing over his spreadsheets. Meeting over.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Ciara, minus her cleaning apron, exits the hotel.

She looks about her, deciding which way to go, then walks lethargically up the street.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Ciara sits in the corner table of a café. She reads the horoscope pages of a tabloid, a sandwich and cup of tea in front of her.

Over the top of her paper she spots David walking through the café. He exits.

Ciara follows him with her eyes as he crosses the road.

She looks back across the café. She sees Mary drinking a cup of tea at a table by herself, her and David's bags beside her.

Ciara watches her for a few seconds, thinking.

She rises and approaches Mary.

CIARA  
Excuse me.

MARY  
(Looking up)  
Yes?

CIARA  
I work in the Fitzmaurice.

MARY  
That place.

CIARA  
You wouldn't stay in room 405.

MARY  
That room. It's...

CIARA  
Haunted.  
(Beat)  
There was a murder there in the  
1930s.

MARY  
Yes. I know.

CIARA  
You read it in the guide book?

Mary looks at her intently.

MARY  
I felt her.

Ciara looks at her, intrigued.

MARY  
The spirits of people who die  
prematurely are very powerful,  
especially if they die violently.

Ciara sits down.

CIARA  
I've never liked that room.

MARY  
I wouldn't blame you. The  
paranormal energy there is very  
intense.

CIARA  
You know about... the spiritual  
world?

MARY  
Ever since I was a child I've had  
the gift.

CIARA  
I've always gotten a bad feeling  
from that room. Like there's  
something cruel there.

MARY  
Some of the dead have unfinished  
business in this world. That's why  
they stick around.

David arrives in. He glances at Ciara curiously, then  
addresses his wife.

DAVID  
I've got us a new hotel.

MARY  
(Smiling at Ciara)  
Excuse me, dear.

Mary gathers up her coat. She leaves her bag for David to  
pick up.

On her way past Ciara she stops and addresses her.

MARY  
I'd be careful in that room.  
The spirits of the murdered  
are more powerful than the  
person was during their  
lifetime.

Mary walks on out. Ciara watches her leave the café, David traipsing behind her with both their bags

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ciara arrives into her apartment.

BRENDAN, gym-fit, darkly handsome, a few years older than Ciara, preens himself in the mirror. Brendan is fresh-shaved and kitted out in a new designer shirt and designer jeans.

Ciara puts her coat on a rack.

CIARA

When will you be back?

BRENDAN

You not going to ask where I'm going?

CIARA

You wouldn't tell me if I did.

BRENDAN

I won't tell you when I'll be back either.

Ciara walks over and sits on the couch. She picks up a TV guide and absently flicks through it.

BRENDAN

You could do with cleaning that bathroom while I'm out.

CIARA

I'm tired.

BRENDAN

Don't know what you're tired from. You don't last more than a week in any job.

CIARA

I was busy this afternoon.

BRENDAN

Wonders never cease.

He pours a drink for himself from a bottle of whiskey on the sideboard. He swigs from his glass, grimaces, then takes another swig.

CIARA  
The library is hiring.

BRENDAN  
So?

CIARA  
I went and put in an application.

BRENDAN  
Layabout wanted. Apply within. Was that it?

CIARA  
Tsk. And there's that internet course I'm doing.

BRENDAN  
More bullshit.

CIARA  
It's accredited.

BRENDAN  
By who? The fairy godmother?

CIARA  
There's money in it.

BRENDAN  
Making fortunes telling fortunes, is that it?

CIARA  
Tarot card reading is an established profession.

He smirks.

CIARA  
It's more honest than some careers.

He glares at her, gritting his teeth beneath locked lips. She doesn't notice his reaction.

She gets up and walks towards the TV.

BRENDAN

You can't even earn your keep  
around here, for fuck's sake. See  
to that bathroom while I'm out.

CIARA

I'll do it tomorrow.

She is about to switch on the TV.

Brendan deftly grabs her by the throat with one hand and  
lifts her up so she's on her tippy toes.

She chokes in his grip. He watches amused.

BRENDAN

You didn't see that coming, did  
you? Some fortune teller.

She gags, her face going pale.

BRENDAN

Haha. When will I let go? Now?

(Beat)

Now?

(Beat)

Now.

He lets go.

She staggers back onto the couch, sucking in air  
desperately, rubbing her throat with her hand.

He smirks mockingly at her as he puts on his coat.

He turns back on the TV for her with patronizing  
contempt.

He heads to the door and opens it. As he steps out into  
the corridor of the apartment building he looks back at  
her one last time as she gasps for air on the couch.

BRENDAN

Face it. What can YOU do in this  
life?

He slams the door shut after him. We hear his steps  
recede.

Ciara struggles for breath on the couch, tears welling up  
in her eyes.

INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ciara soaks in the bath. Her eyes are red raw from crying.

She stares up at the ceiling numbly. There is a razor blade on the side of the bath.

MARY (V.O.) (FLASHBACK)  
The spirits of the murdered are  
more powerful than the person was  
during their lifetime.

Ciara puts her fingers to her jugular vein and feels her pulse.

She takes the razor blade from the side of the bath. She examines it.

She takes a deep breath, puts her eyes up to the ceiling and runs the blade deep across her throat.

Blood pours down into the bathwater.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door of the apartment.

Heavy footsteps outside. The jingle of change as keys are fumbled for in pockets. The key fitting into the door.

It opens and Brendan staggers in. He is plastered drunk.

He takes the glass and the bottle of whiskey from the sideboard and walks to the bedroom.

BRENDAN  
(Calling out)  
Ciara, I'm sorry.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He is surprised to see the bed empty.

He notices the bedroom window open, the curtains billowing out into the night.

He goes to the window and looks out.

The apartment is at the top floor of a high-rise apartment block. The pavement is a narrow strip several stories below.

He scans the room, curious as to Ciara's absence. He sees the light coming from the en suite bathroom.

He approaches the bathroom. He puts the bottle and glass down on a drawer before he enters.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He steps in. Immediately he recoils in horror.

Ciara's dead eyes stare up at the ceiling, her body submerged in bathwater thick and red with her blood. The gash across her throat is appallingly vivid, almost laughing.

He covers his mouth and suppresses the urge to vomit. He staggers back into the corner.

He closes his eyes.

He opens them, as if trying to awake from a nightmare.

But her dead eyes still stare up at the ceiling.

He sinks down to the floor and groans. He drops his head into his hands.

He sits like this for a few seconds.

He gets up and goes to the side of the bath.

He hunkers down beside Ciara and lifts her lifeless arm. He lets go and it drops back into the bath. He checks her pulse, her temperature. She's dead. No mistake.

He rises wearily and pulls the shower curtain across the bath, hiding her.

He retreats out of the bathroom, pulling the door across behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He stops at the drawer and pours himself a whiskey. He downs it in one, pours himself another.

Behind him we see the entrance to the bathroom. The door is open slightly and frames a narrow section of the bathroom, the bath itself out of sight.

Brendan stands motionless, clutching his whiskey glass absently. He looks into the middle distance, numb, the realisation of what he's just seen hitting him. A dread silence envelopes the room.

And then the CASCADING SWOOSH of water being disturbed comes from the bathroom.

Followed by the METALLIC SCRAPE of the shower curtain being slowly pulled back.

The LOUD DRIPPING of water on tiles.

Brendan's face is drained white. He is frozen still, chilled to the bone.

We hear the gentle slap of a bare foot hitting tiles, the dripping of water.

Brendan turns and looks towards the bathroom, a section of it visible through the partially open door.

Bloody water laps across the tiled bathroom floor and out into the bedroom.

The glass of whiskey falls out of Brendan's hand.

Footsteps approach the doorway. Slow, methodical. The awful sound of water dripping onto tiles accompanies each step.

Brendan backs away. He can't bear to look, to see what's about to emerge from the bathroom. What's nearly in sight.

He scrambles back and finds himself at the open window.

He looks out and down, sees the pavement below.

He looks back to the door of the bathroom.

The footsteps continue. Water dripping. Nearly in sight.

A female leg, deathly pale and streaked with blood, steps out past the jamb.

Brendan turns away quickly, terrified to look, to see what's coming for him.

He climbs up onto the window sill.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

POV - FROM THE PAVEMENT BELOW

Brendan flies out the top window.

His arms flail, his legs kick vainly against air as he falls down towards us.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT - LATER

Brendan - spread-eagled face down on the pavement, dead. Blood pools around his head.

A suited detective hunkers beside him. He pulls back a tarpaulin draped over the corpse to examine Brendan's face. It is frozen in an expression of abject terror.

A second detective stands the far side of the body.

SECOND DETECTIVE

Wife's in the bath with her throat cut. Guess he killed her before he jumped.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Another murder-suicide.

SECOND DETECTIVE

Look on the bright side. At least it's case closed.

The second detective walks off.

The first detective takes a last look at Brendan's curiously frightful expression before pulling the tarpaulin back up over his head.

He rises and follows his colleague off screen.

We linger on the outline of Brendan's frame beneath the tarpaulin.

FADE OUT