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"THE OTHERWORLD"

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FADE IN:

SCENE 1: EXT. DAY. ON TOP OF THE CAMPSIE HILLS LOOKING DOWN ON CITY.

We see a redheaded woman dressed for walking is climbing up the mountainside. She stops, sits down and surveys the valley below her. We zoom in to see her, study her face. We see the valley from her POV: the city sprawling.

KIARA

VOICE OVER

Is it possible we never truly notice the transition from unenlightened to transcendence; that the profound is so wrapped up in layers of banality it surrounds us everyday and we cannot see it? Or perhaps the mind cannot cope with the miraculous; it lets it slip by never being consciously perceived. People say they've seen angels. I don't know about angels, what I...we have been through puts angels to shame.

I can't say when it really began, that's what I mean when I say perhaps we never notice the transition. I missed it. Maybe it was when Connor died or maybe it was before. What is it they say, a circle starts anywhere? Maybe stories are like that. In its own way this is mine...ours.

SCENE 2: INT. NIGHT. THE ABDUCTION NIGHTCLUB

We see, a body placed on a trolley and taken away by an ambulance crew. Behind them police are questioning clubbers. The club's decor is dark with fluorescent alien heads on the walls. One wall has a large number of video screens, another

a large bar area in the design of some large space ship computer console. Dance floors are on different levels, ramps leading to them. The top most floor is the DJ booth. A huge 'grey' head hangs above it. The lights are up and the screens blank. We move closer to an interview between a policeman and a woman with red hair.

POLICEMAN

So you'd just come here for the opening night party?

KIARA

Yeah, that's right. Mark knew someone who works here and got free passes.

POLICEMAN

What did you do before you came to the club?

KIARA

Went to the pub, The Scotia, Blackfriars, somewhere else. We went to several pubs I guess.

POLICEMAN

So did your friend (looks at notes) Connor take drugs? You know Ecstasy or whatever?

KIARA

Not as far as I know. I've never seen him touch 'em, wouldn't even smoke a joint. No Connor just got hideously drunk...much like the rest of us.

SCENE 3 INT. NIGHT. THE FRIENDS FRONT ROOM IN THEIR FLAT.

This is a large room with seats for five. A gas fire on one wall with a fireplace. TV in the corner. It is an old tenement flat, large bay windows. Some mellow music is playing vaguely Irish/Folk stuff. The group of friends are sprawled on the settee giggling at something. The table in

the middle has a half-drunk bottle of whisky and several empty lager cans. One is being used as an ashtray.

MARK

So he's tied to the lamppost bollock naked. I haven't a clue who this bloke is, but whatever he was before he was stone cold sober now, I mean it must have been 3am or something, and its not like I was the paragon of sobriety myself. The street was empty just him and me and he says 'Mate you don't by any chance have any keys for a set of handcuffs on you by any chance?' Course I was seeing Mary at the time, so as it happens I did. So I says 'Do you proposition everyone you meet like this?' Well he seemed a bit gobsmacked by this. So I set him free and he legs it off towards the West End without a by your leave.

KATHERINE

Like we're supposed to believe that shite.

MARK

It's true I tell you why do you think Mary had to come and ask Connor for a key to set me free from a warmer and considerably more pleasurable predicament?

CONNOR

Well it did happen, but she said she'd lost it in a poker game.

MARK

Why do you think I had it? Wasn't all she lost in that game I'll tell you.

SCOTT

No spare us, I don't think I can take anymore.

KIARA

Me neither. Scott I thought you promised to do a séance for us?

SCOTT

I did just didn't realize you meant tonight.

KATHERINE

Yeah why not Scott it'll be a laugh.

CONNOR

IN MOCK PREACHING VOICE

Do not mess with the forces of Satan or your souls will burn in hell.

SCOTT

It's hardly Satanic. I think Satan gets too much free press. Okay everyone get in a circle and hold hands. I'll go and get the Ouija board and find a spare glass.

SCOTT leaves the room. KIARA moves the table. The friends gather on the floor and sit cross-legged, holding hands. SCOTT returns carrying a board under his arm and a small sherry glass.

KATHERINE

So what do we do now?

SCOTT sits down with them and places the board in the center of the circle. Puts the sherry glass upside down in the center of the board. He joins hands with the others.

SCOTT

Close your eyes, concentrate, empty your minds. Reach out to touch the world around you with your thoughts. Spirits hear my call and heed my summons. Answer our questions as is your will. Spirits please aid us in our search for knowledge. Guide our glass and answer our call.

Okay put your fingertips on the glass.

Each of them breaks the circle, and reaches out to place their index fingers on the glass bottom. Nothing seems to happen.

MARK

Nothing seems to be happening,
Scott.

CONNOR

Maybe we should try calling them
again?

KIARA

Maybe we should just stick to
Tarot cards.

SCOTT

Okay join hands and we'll have
another go, try not to doubt too
much this time eh, guys? Spirits
hear my call and heed my
summons. Answer our questions as
is your will. Spirits please aid
us in our search for knowledge.
Guide our glass and answer our
call.

Fingers on the glass again. What
do we want to know?

KATHERINE

Was Mark telling the truth?

MARK

Hey, you doubt me?

KATHERINE

Yes.

Nothing happens. Scott looks a little worried. Mark shrugs.

MARK

Looks like you'll never know
now.

KATHERINE

Got any other tricks you can do,
Scott?

SCOTT

Well there is this summoning
ritual I've been preparing,
based on some of Yeat's work,
course I still haven't had a

look at the original papers yet and its not quite finished but I can improvise where necessary. It'll take a lot more effort.

CONNOR

How the hell did we get mixed up in this new age bollocks? This is getting silly.

KATHERINE

Are you in or not, no point sulking, it was probably your fault the Ouija didn't work.

CONNOR

Yeah I'm in.

KATHERINE

That's better.

SCOTT

I'll go and get the stuff. You better roll up the carpet and make some space.

SCOTT leaves the room. KIARA and KATHERINE begin moving furniture.

KIARA

Kathy you've known Scott longer than the rest of us, how did he get mixed up in all this?

KATHERINE

I dunno exactly, its just been one of his interests. He tends to keep it to himself cos he knows folk like Connor here will just get all sceptical or take the piss. He does have a very strong idea of what it is he's doing, you know sort of some psychological theory, apparently he's got permission to write his thesis on it. Bit like all those guys doing LSD stuff in the 60s to help psychiatric patients, so he says. Could mean a revolution in our understanding of the mind and how we know ourselves. Don't get him started.

MARK and CONNOR roll up the carpet showing the boards beneath.

MARK

I can't believe I'm doing this.
I'm too drunk to care about
moving a carpet. Did he say what
we were going to summon? Azrael
or an archduke of Hell. That
would be interesting.

CONNOR

I don't know what Yeats has to
do with this I thought he was a
poet. Guess I should have paid
more attention in my lectures.