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When the Lights Went Out

By Pat Holden

BASED UPON TRUE EVENTS

What was wrong with the old place?

Where do I start?

I liked it.

Good. You can stay there.

Very funny.

- Can we put some music on, please?

- Or we can just have me.

- How much do we pay the movers?

- 20 pounds.

Cheeky sons.

- When are Brian and Rita showing up?

- When it's too late to help.

- Typical Brian.

- Typical Rita.

- I hate it.

- You don't know how good your life is.

- What's that spastic doing here?

- Who?

There, from school.

She smells like piss.

Pretend you're in an old people's home.

- Cavalry has arrived!

- And the trouble.

Don't panic, Len.

- I've got a job for you.

- Bugger, I thought we missed all that.

- A housewarming present.

- I had a day off.

No rest for the wicked.

The first three are yours.

- First three?

- Yeah.

The bath is that way, love.

Come on, look like you are happy.

- You get that thing in the bedroom?

- Cheeky dog.

Hey, that's why I've got a darkroom.

You can come down anytime.

Catlefield Woods.

I've been in there.

- So?

- It's right mysterious.

Turn around.

Come on!

What's with that long face?

I can cheer up, but you'll
always be awkward.

- Did you hear that?

- Come in. The camera is blocked.

Come on, girls.

Show me.

Beautiful. Beautiful, girls!

That's how we do it, you see?

You two share.

- To the new house!

- To the new house! Cheers!

Cheers.

The bubbles got up my nose.

Show us some love.

Beautiful.

What's up, love?

- I thought you were happy.

- I'm more than happy, Len.

- That's just sick, isn't it?

- I think it's nice.

- Shouldn't you be getting home?

- Relax, not so fast.

- I should've been a model.

- Lovely. Once again. Watch the birdie.

- Dad?

- Yes, love?

Did you just move my stuff?

You're kidding, aren't you?

Put it back before your mum sees it.

- Avocado?

- What?

Avocado. That would

be nice, wouldn't it?

Don't you mean green, love?

- You don't have a sense of style, Len.

- Or more pertinently, money.

- Come on, cheer up, love.

- You alright?

I don't like this house.

It gives me the creeps.

The light moved on its own last night.

- Did you leave a window open?

- Buckaroo went off.
- He's supposed to do it, isn't it?
- By itself?
- You don't believe me, do you?
- Time for school.

Subsequently led to the demise
of the Catholic Church in England.

The monasteries were
closed by which king?

Mr Price?

Sir.

Sir?

She's drawn a picture of you, sir.

She fancies you, sir.

Look, she's gone red.

Right, girls. That's enough.

Bring out, Sally. Come on, let's see it.

It's really good.

I would say it's excellent.

If this was an art class.

And you got my hair wrong.

Detention.

Right, can someone tell me
who closed all the monasteries?

- Henry VIII, sir.
- How many wives did he have?
- I'm not staying here on my own.
- We won't be out long.
- There's 10 shilling on the shelf.
- There's somebody here.

Stop it, love. You're a big girl now.

Behave like one.

If I'm a big girl, why can't I come?

Because you're too young.

- I can't win, can I?

- No.

- Bye, love.

- See you.

Sod off then.

It's your round, isn't it?

Here you go. With a coaster.

We're civilized, right?

0 So? Settling in all right?

- Kind of.

Sally got in her mind that we're not alone.

What do you mean?

We've got a ghost there.

She is just a child.

- I thought I saw something myself.

- Don't tell her that, it'll be the end.

Ladies. Is it okay?

Cheers, love.

You bless.

That was 'Limmie And The Family
Cooking' with 'The Walking Miracle'.

I hope our charts is to your liking.

Jimmy Osmond went up ten places.

Sunny with her 'Doctors Orders'
went up nine places.

That's our Sally.

- She is soaked through, the poor thing.

- What are you doing out here?

Come, love.

Mum, I saw it.

A child's toy coming down the stairs
doesn't mean we've got a ghost.

It's late. We're all tired.

Bed.

I believe you.

- She went mad.

- Did she?

She'll ask for you next time.

- Another bloody power cut?

- Would be nice to get some notice.

Next-door still got their lights on.

- You've got candles?

- I don't know where they are.

- Jesus, what was that?

- I'll give you one guess. Right, ma'am.

What do you all think you're doing?

You little sod!

- That was the ghost!

- My ass it is!

- I'm not staying in here.

- I'm gonna see if she's okay.

Get the torch.

Rita! Behind you!

What's going on?

Some welcome in here...

What's happening?

Look, it wouldn't be the first time she would play tricks, would it?

- This was different.

- How?

It just was.

What about the lights?

- Switched off with the mains.

- The noises?

- Just a kids recording, that's all.

- The tap?

- It needs a new washer, love.

- And the grandfather clock?

- Did it fall?

- Or was it pushed?

- Hard to tell.

Look, it's obvious.

She doesn't want to be here, right?

It's just a form of protest.

- You don't believe me, do you?

- No, not at all.

- Where is mum?

- She is tired, she's still in bed.

- I'll take her tea up.

- I don't want her upset, love.

You don't mind if I am?

- What are you doing? Get off!

- It's all sticky.

- What is it?

- Nothing, sir.

Get on with it, then.

Look what I've found in the library.

It says old spirits chill down rooms, throw stuff and turn lights off.

- You know what I think?

- What?

- There's a rational explanation for this.

- Yes, you've got a ghost.

I think Len had a point.

- Blame it on the kid?

- We had a few drinks.

You don't get that from a few baby-champs and a woman-pep.

I'm sure it's not just wishful thinking.

You believe in all that stuff.

I felt it, you felt it, she felt it.

It wasn't wishful thinking,

or a kid playing tricks.

- You don't know what she's like.

- But I know what I saw.

Maybe if you had a kid on your own,

you would understand.

I'm sorry, love. I didn't mean to say that.

- It's alright.

- I just want everything to be nice.

- I know.

Watch it, stupid sod!

You're just like all the rest, are you?

- Don't go.

- You've hurt me today.

I'm sorry.

- Do you really fancy Mr Price?

- Not your business.

- Yes.

- He's quite nice, isn't he?

- He's like John Denver.

- He's not like John Denver.

- 'You fill up my senses. Like a night in... '

- Stop it.

- I like him too.

- Hands off.

- I best go in.

- Not yet.

Alright. Would you like

to blow up a Cindy doll?

You bugger, is that my coat?

Wait until I get my hands on you.

I hope that's not you, Sally.

Open up!

Sally, open the door!

There's something in here.

Go away!

Sally, I'm warning you.

Bloody open this door!

- Dad, what's up?

- You shit!

I'm sorry, darling.

- What are you gonna do now?
- Leave.
- Oh, are you?
- What else we're gonna do?
Where to? It was hard enough
finding this place.
- You are on the bottom of the waiting list.
- But if we tell them about the ghost...
- They won't believe us.
- What about father Clifton?
It's been years since we go to the church.
He'll slam the door in my face.
You're always welcome at mine.
I'm not being driven out.
And that's final.
Who are you?
A friend...
Well, you can bugger-off.
What do you want?
Avocado? She doesn't mean green?
If you can't afford it,
you can't afford it.
That's the kind of logic
if she wants something.
- I hear you've got a spook?
- What about it?
- You told the papers yet?
- I don't need that. All the reporters.
There might be a few bucks in it for you.
A mate is working for the 'Express'.
I can call if you want.
You think I wanna be in the papers?
- It could help if we decided to move.
- What if they think it's all fake?
They won't. Besides, they'll pay
good money if they like the story.
Tell them it's off.
It's too late for that.
- This is where it came at me.
- What did, Mr Maynard?
It was like a presence.
A ghostal manifestation.
- Did you see it?
- No.

- Did it touch you?
- No, but...
I was terrified, Mr Smith.
I bet.
I don't think there's anything here
that'll interest our readers.
Everybody likes a ghost story.
You'll need a ghost for that.
- What are you saying, Mr Smith?
- I am a reporter.
I don't see anything to report on.
- If you stuck around...
- I'll see myself out.
Well done, soft ass.
Shut up.
Really, Mr Maynand,
I'm a very busy man.
Look at my hair in that picture.
It's awful, isn't it?
And they don't even bloody mention me.
- It's not fair, is it, love?
- It sure isn't.
Can we come see it?
My mum doesn't like people
coming into the house.
- She says so?
- My father does.
- No, it's not true.
- How much are the papers paying you?
- Leave her alone, she is tired.
- Go away.
- Jerk.
- Wetpants.
Who are all those people?
Idiots.
What's going on here?
- A ghost performance.
- Costs a pound, but it's worth it.
Shift out.
This is my bloody house!
This is my daughter's room.
Not a lot happens in there.
I'll be right back.
- What the hell you are playing at?

- I'm making us a quid, love.
- Get rid of them.
- You wanted a new kitchen, or not?
Now!
- Are we next?
- No, the show is over. Go away.
Dad.
Dad!
- What?
- Can I have ten shilling, please?
- Sod off.
- Angry money.
A pound?
I thought you were putting it up,
not taking it down.
I didn't do it.
Where did you get that?
I nicked it from the shop.
It's horrible.
You thief, give it.
- It tastes like honey.
- Like liquid acid.
I can't spit it out.
- Who wants to talk to me?
- Nobody.
Then thou must bugger off.
- I'm tipsy.
- Me too.
You've ever been drunk before?
Yeah, sometimes I take a bit
of sherry of my mum.
Are you coming to my birthday?
- Of course, if I'm invited.
- Of course.
Was that you, at the town hall?
You look pretty.
Knock it off.
Get off me.
Stop it.
What are you laughing at?
- What do you think it is?
- What?
- It.
- I don't know.

A girl, maybe a boy.

- That makes it easier, doesn't it?

- What do you think then?

I'll tell you what I think it is.

What?

Evil.

- Where were you tonight?

- With Lucy.

Good. I'm glad you found a friend.

An alive one, that is.

Don't know what you're on about.

And then these bodiless hands
come around the door...

Wearing our daughter's gloves
and start conducting...

Yeah, you were good and all.

Get the right timing.

- And your family?

- Got them fearing out.

Sure they appreciate having a big
tough guy like you around them?

- Who are you then?

- A friend.

Well, friend, maybe it's time
you buggered off home.

- I could suggest the same to you.

- Yeah?

- You fucking twat!

- Len, leave it.

Leave it.

I can't fucking believe it.

Fucking asshole.

- Maybe he had a point.

- What? I thought you were my mate.

That's why I'm saying
you should be home.

We had a row.

So? Go home and make it up to her.

- I don't even know how.

- You're married, lad. You don't need to.

You bastard.

- Am I that bad?

- Not you.

- You've been drinking.

- Not so much you'd notice.
Look what he did.
He wants to split us.
He's done a good job, isn't it?
Only if we let it.

- Hello, you must be Sally. Come in.
- Hello.
Am I the first?
Did Lucy not mention that, sweetheart?
It's just the two of you today.
Happy birthday.
What's up?
Don't you like it?
I can always take it back.
I love it.
Your nose.
Where's your dad?
Ran off with a scarlet woman.
Mum tells everyone he's on nights.
Sally, love, come here.
Sit down, love.
Can you do me a favour, please?
Can you make sure Lucy
doesn't go in your house?
- Promise?
- Promise.
- Thanks, love.
- Is it because of the ghost?
Yes, love. Yeah.
Sally, come here!
Go on, then.
Let's pretend we're 'The Sweet'.
I'll be the drummer.
You can be Brian Connolly.
Why are you crying?
- Are mum and dad in, sweet?
- No.
- Do you mind if I wait, then?
- What is it about?
You've got an evil spirit
and I can get rid of it.
If you wanna get rid of it, that is.
Tell them to call me, will you?
Alright.

Leave it, Len.

That's enough.

Yes, love?

What is it, love?

What's going on?

- Who is it and what does it bloody wants?

- Leave me alone. I'm tired.

You know more than you're
telling me, young lady.

- Get dressed. We're going to Father Clifton.

- I'm not going anywhere.

- Go as you are, then.

- Little bitch!

I'll deal with you later.

It's 4 in the morning, love.

He is not up.

I don't bloody care.

- Shall I go?

- Yeah, you go.

The whole fucking community
knows about us.

The ghost of a young girl, is it, Jenny?

Why didn't you come to me before?

I thought you would
chase me out of here.

- What do you want me to do?

- Get rid of it, Father.

From what you've told me,
that would require an exorcism.

An exorcism?

It's a very serious undertaking.

I would need to get permission
from the bishop.

Jesus! So what are we gonna do now?

I want a word with you.

- I'm sorry.

- It's alright.

I was a bit harsh last night.

Forgiven?

You know, maybe he'll go
on his own account.

You never know, he might
be gone already.

Here we are, boys and girls.

Nearsby Monastery.

- Who goes first? Oliver definitely.

- Come on, guys.

And here was the refectory.

Which was?

- Where the monks had dinner and tea, sir.

- Very good, Lucy.

They had two meals a day in summer and only one in winter.

What did they eat, sir?

Just the essentials.

Vegetables, meat and bread.

Although they kept bees for the honey.

Sugar hadn't been invented yet.

- What have you got?

- Mustard.

- What the bloody hell is wrong with you?

- I like it.

Lesbians!

Come on.

I'm off for a pee.

Try not to get it in your knickers.

- What is it?

- I'm not allowed in.

- Why not?

- Because of the ghost, sir.

You don't believe in that nonsense, do you?

Come on.

It's real, sir.

She told me.

He wakes her up at night and plays with her. That's why she's tired, sir.

- You're watching too much TV, young lady.

- We don't have a TV, sir.

How are you feeling, Sally?

- I'm alright, sir.

- Are you sure?

Lucy is gonna look after you, till your mother gets back, okay?

She's not supposed to be here.

Yes, but just this once won't hurt her.

See you later.

- You don't have to stay if you don't want.

- No, it's okay.

- Where's your lav?

- Upstairs.

Are you incontinent?

- I used to have to wear a nappy.

- So did I.

Not when you were 10.

- Black-out.

- I have to go.

- Is that you, Sally?

- What?

Nothing.

- Sally! Please!

- I'm trying!

What's up?

Lucy, come back!

Hello, Sally.

You know why I'm here, don't you?

Didn't you listen to what I said the other night? You promised me, didn't you?

- Is she gonna be okay?

- I had to take her to the hospital.

- Can I see her?

- No, you can't see her.

And you won't be seeing her again if it's up to me, young lady.

- Do you understand me?

- Yes.

She thinks you're the world.

You were her only friend.

What's going on?

Your bloody daughter,

that's what's going on. I've asked her...

not to let Lucy in the house.

She promised me.

- I had to get her to the hospital.

- I had no idea.

Well, you do now.

- Mum, I didn't... I didn't mean to...

- You wicked little cow!

- I'm sorry.

- How could you do that?

Bitch!

Do something to her.

Don't. Stop it.

Stop it. Please, don't.

Please... Please, don't.

Jenny, oh my god.

Come on.

- Did the bell go off?

- Yes.

- I gotta go pee.

- That pee can wait five minutes. Sit down.

I wanna chat.

Lucy mentioned something

about you and the...

presence.

Everybody is frightened of her,

because she does scary things.

But I just think she's lonely.

- 'She'?

- There's a painting of her in the town hall.

It's not as bad as it looks, love.

What's up, love?

What happened?

Go on, cry.

Like you made my mum cry.

Love?

Sally, you'll catch your death.

That's where he found me.

He took something from me.

Sally, come inside now. Please.

It's lonely in there.

And it's always night.

I'll get you away.

I'll get you both away.

Don't get near her, she's a witch.

Lucy is off because of her. She put a spell

on her that made her wee herself to death.

Just give it a chance, will you, love?

- It's ghost-free.

- But I'm not moving in.

Well, we're just gonna sit and wait?

- What else can we do?

- I'm worried about our Sally.

So am I.

But just not enough to give up

your dream home, is that it?

You bastard. It's always
someone else's fault, isn't it?
I suppose I brought this on us, didn't I?
- It's not my fault there's a ghost.
- It never is! Take some responsibility!
- That's what I'm trying to do now!
- Try a bit harder! Look at it!
- You're a hard man to find, Mr Maynard.
- And who might you be?
Your daughter's teacher.
She asked me to find out
about the ghost.
What I found... She was the
daughter of the local land owner.
Her carriage lost a wheel
in the Castlefield Woods.
She wandered off and they
found her the next morning.
Strangled and half dead.
She also had her tongue cut out.
She was 13 years old.
Just like your daughter.
- And this is in our house?
- From what Sally tells me, yes.
- So?
- So what?
You could think of moving.
I thought of nothing else.
- What's stopping you?
- You've met my wife.
I'm sure she'd see sense,
if you told her what I've just told you.
Well, that's our business, isn't it?
- So what's your interest in this anyway?
- A teacher is concerned for his pupils.
One I happen to be fond of.
Sally is a very special girl.
I see.
- It's like that, is it?
- Like what?
It won't be the first time a teacher's
taking a shine to a pretty young girl.
I'll leave that. In case you don't
remember tomorrow morning.

What are you looking at?

- What's the verdict, Father?
- He doesn't feel there are enough grounds.
- So, that's is it, isn't it?
- I'm afraid so.
- We'll have to move.
- That wouldn't be the end of the world.

Don't be a stranger.

The church can be a great comfort...

But you have to do something.

And be kicked off?

You would like that, eh?

I found out some stuff about your ghost
and tried to talk to your father.

Come on, get in.

Will you be okay?

I'll see you tomorrow.

I'm sorry you got murdered.

But it's time for you to leave me alone.

Come. love.

An item belonging to the deceased
would be of great help.

This is what is in our house.

We need your help.

- I already gave my answer to you wife.
- Well, he wants another one.

Out of the question.

I could loose my collar.

You'd loose that anyway
if we made this public.

- Who took these?
- That's not important.

Yeah, the light's a bit off on that one,
but what can you do?

Blackmail is a very serious offence,
Mr Maynard.

- So is shagging your housekeeper.
- If you're a catholic priest.
- What's she doing on this one?
- That one? I think she is kneeling.

Please speak to us.

Do you understand us?

Then why don't you speak to us?

Are you dumb?

Will you go into The Light?
Is there something unfinished here?
Who with?
Oh, love.
Is she in danger?
Who from?
Tell me.
No!
Get off her!
- Get her out.
- Come, love.
Come, quick!
We'll go to my house.
I'm sorry.
I failed you.
They were too much for us.
- 'They'?
- There's more than one spirit in the house.
I felt a positive presence.
And there's another one.
And the positive presence
is a young girl...
who has caused most
of the poltergeist activity.
In an attempt to drive you away.
Not to harm you,
but to protect you.
What does the other one want?
She wasn't the first.
There were others before her.
Peasant girls.
They were all rendered dumb.
Just like her.
Tongue cut out.
But she was educated.
Before she passed away, she managed to
give a written description of her attacker.
So, who was it?
It was a monk from the
Nearsby monastery,
praying on the innocence of young girls.
He could have caused great
embarrassment to the church.
That's why he was trialled,

hung and buried in secret.

- Thanks for telling us.

- I'm telling you now.

- What's up?

- I'll best be off, eh?

- I thought you were gonna help us out.

- I've done my bit, okay?

What's Rita gonna say, when

I tell her you chickened out?

You're a very ruthless man, Len Maynard.

Don't mess with the responses.

Or we'll be in trouble.

Let us proceed.

All holy saints of God.

- Respond.

- Pray for us.

Free us from all evil, Lord.

From all sins, from sudden
and unforeseen death.

Deliver us.

Listen to our call for help.

Strength terror, Lord.

The beasts that destroy thy vineyard.

See the cross of the Lord.

Run, enemy powers.

- It's freezing here.

- Close your top button, softy.

Freaking hell.

Go on, after you.

- It's your bloody house.

- Get up.

It's gone in there.

No matter.

You place is loneliness.

Your home is in a serpent's nidus.

Go back to where you cam from!

Do I have to wait for you here

all night, you bunch of idlers?

Be gone, seducer!

The blood of the martyrs command you!

Go on.

The Force of the exalted Christian

faith commands you!

The exalted Christ commands you!

- Thanks, Father.
- No heart feelings, eh?
The negatives.
If any of these gets out,
I'll skin you alive.
I'm sure he'll see the
funny side of it later.
Give me one of that.
You still here, aren't you?
Mum!
Mum!
Mum! Dad!
Sweetheart.
I'm gonna get you out!
Oh my god, sweetheart.
Mum, dad, help!
Help me!
Mum!
Mum!
Mum!
Oh my god, Sally. You alright?
Come on, love.
We're gonna get you out of here.
- Quick.
- Come on.

THE MAYNARD GHOST IS SUPPOSED
TO BE HE MOST BRUTAL
IN EUROPEAN HISTORY
MRS MAYNARD LIVES IN THE HOUSE UNTIL TODAY.
SALLY STILL DOESN'T DARE TO GO
INTO HER FORMER BEDROOM
THIS MOVIE IS DEDICATED TO IRENE HOLDEN