

GOLDEN SUN, MISTER MOON

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EXT . REAR GARDEN [SOL'S FLAT]. NIGHT

The night is still.

The back door opens slowly, and out walks ISIS, a pretty twelve year old girl with deep-sea blue eyes and long flowing golden blonde hair. She looks up in wonderment at the platinum moon. She smiles and gives a little wave.

ISIS

Hello Mister Moon. And how is my best friend tonight? [beat]. I've got so much to tell you.

OUTER SPACE -

We're travelling through the stars...

There's a jingle - like 'Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket.'

For just a second a meteorite flies across the screen,

EXT . GYPSY CAMP .NIGHT

A cauldron of soup hangs over s stove, with flames from a campfire burning bright.

Before the hills, there's a natural POOL, half the size of a football pitch.

A dozen GYPSY CARAVANS are parked near the pool. THREE GYPSY MEN are drinking and fooling around by the fire.

A CRIPPLED LEG limps heavily, dragging its crippled foot along the ground behind it.

OUTER SPACE -

Travelling through the stars...the jingle - 'Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket.'

Again it comes into our view, this METEORITE, and for a second it flies across the screen. Then it's gone.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP . NIGHT

HAROLD (50's), with a stick in one hand and a bottle in the other approaches the three Gypsy men.

GEORGE

Here's hobbling Harold with his little hobble stick!

The three Gypsy men chuckle at Harold, as he stands next to them staring ahead at the pool.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Fancy a swim, Harold?

HAROLD

Not in there. I've seen what you do in it.

Laughter.

The jingle 'Catch a falling star...' - on a shot of the starlit dark night sky.

George suddenly snatches Harold's stick and waves it in-front of his face, teasing him. He impersonates Harold, and the Gypsy men roar with laughter.

The jingle '...save it for a rainy day' - on another starry night shot.

George points Harold's wooden stick into the fire.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Don't you dare!

Harold's stick catches fire.

George dances around the fire as Harold hops about in chase. At the same time the 'jingle' continues as if it too is giving chase.

GYPSY MAN 2 sticks out a FOOT, bringing Harold to the ground and into the fire. The bubbling pot topples onto his leg. He SCREAMS in agony.

OUTER SPACE -

...on the METEORITE...the split second it enters the EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE [on Harold's scream). -

Shock waves create EXPLOSIONS; a yellowy, orangey, ruddy FIREBALL is rotating, fragmenting, vaporising, sending out a SONIC BOOMS on its journey through the stratosphere.

EXT . GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

The three Gypsy men frantically carry Harold towards the pool.

EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT

The METEOR, packed full of kinetic energy...MELTDOWN.

EXT . GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

Harold is thrown into the water - SPLASH!

The three Gypsy men laugh hysterically as Harold attempts to tread water.

Suddenly, Harold's eyes are terror stricken as the meteor plummets towards him. The GOLDEN FIREBALL bombs into the pool.

UNDER THE WATER -

The METEOR'S SINKING...SINKING...

...and comes to rest on the bed of the pool, fragmenting. We focus on a single golden glowing pebble.

The pebble slowly metamorphosises into a skull.

ABOVE WATER -

Harold is struggling to stay afloat.

A gathered crowd of awestruck Gypsies have fallen silent.

UNDER THE WATER -

A golden gaseous liquid hovers inches above the pebble.

ABOVE WATER -

Harold wades to the pool edge. Limping out he exchanges a petrified stare with George.

Suddenly the ground begins to shake.

The CARAVANS rattle.

The Gypsies are terrified as the rumbling grows in intensity.

Then, directly from the centre of the pool, up shoots a hundred foot tall fountain of GOLDEN GLITTERING LAVA. It lights up the night sky like a fantastic firework.

The gypsy crowd watch in amazement.

Suddenly Harold's not scared. It's like a sixth sense has overcome him. He hobbles to the pool edge and drops his body into the golden lava.

Fully submerged for a moment, his head pops up, covered in the golden lava. A glow illuminates his body and a beautiful aura surrounds him. He splashes about, joyfully as the gypsy folk look on in bewilderment.

HAROLD

Here is the bird that never flew  
Here is the tree that never grew  
Here is the bell that never rang  
Here is the fish that never swam!

Suddenly, all is still and the pool glimmers with a golden tint covering the surface.

The golden tint slowly disappears. Harold stands alone in the pool, the crackling, popping golden lava that clings to his body is the only evidence that the magic show ever happened.

FADE TO BLACK

INT . SOL'S FLAT [LIVING ROOM] . DAY

ISIS holds a CUT-THROAT razor, carefully shaving her father's face.

As she does, a bold black patterned tail-like tattoo begins to reveal itself.

Isis manoeuvres the razor slowly around her father's chin. He trusts her completely. She shaves with confidence as she has done this many times before.

ISIS [V.O.]  
My Daddy's a handful.

SOL (42) sits rigid in a chair, dressed in pyjamas. A fan spins above. The room is dark with the bright sunlight shut out by drawn curtains.

ISIS [V.O.] (CONT'D)  
He has a condition; it's called Ankylosing Spondylitis. It sounds complicated, but basically, he's a man reduced to the status of a terminally ill arthritic shell.

Sol's chin doesn't move.

ISIS [V.O.]

Imagine walking barefoot over broken glass. Well that's the sort of pain he gets, every day; every time he tries to move.

Isis stops shaving for a moment. She opens a small bottle and places a yellow capsule onto Sol's tongue.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Indomethacin; a no steroidal anti-inflammatory drug. 'Big Time' aspirin, as he puts it.

Isis lifts a cup and the tablet to Sol's lips.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Daddy.

Sol struggles to take the cup.

Isis guides her father's crippled hand to the cup. Each finger has a unique identity; bent and twisted at varying angles. His fingernails are discoloured, and some overgrown.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Got it?

SOL

Yeah.

Sol grits his teeth as he lifts the cup to his lips.

ISIS [V.O.]

My Daddy is my world. He's my golden sun.

Sol takes a sip and then lowers the cup.

ISIS (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got it.

Isis puts down the cup and takes a biscuit to Sol's mouth.

ISIS

Chocolate chip.

Sol manages a small bite. Isis puts the remainder of the biscuit onto the table and picks up the razor again. The tattoo's becoming clearer; it curls around Sol's right cheek, along his jaw and down his neck.

ISIS [V.O.]

He's biding time without mission or purpose, so he says, spending his time listening to the radio; it's an unrivalled intimacy for him since mum died.

ISIS

Finished! And a pretty neat job, if I say so myself.

Sol attempts a smile.

The tattoo stretches from Sol's forehead all the way to his Adam's Apple, where a snake's open mouthed, fanged head snarls.

ISIS [V.O.] (CONT'D)

I hate that tattoo.

He had it done when mum died. She had the same thing around her tummy, and when she was pregnant it looked like the snake was alive.

I never knew my mum; she died when I was born. She was called Isis; the Egyptian goddess of the moon, sky, and magic.

Everyone has stories and scars, but does he have to wear his on the outside?

EXT. LEISURE CENTRE . DAY

Next to a brand new logo'd signpost, at the steps leading to the Leisure Centre, stands a middle aged COUNCILLOR. He is dressed in a suit in a vain attempt to look important.

A PHOTOGRAPHER is present, as is LAKE, a handsome, twenty one year old lad with deep-set brown eyes.

ISIS [V.O.]

That's my friend, Lake. He lives nearby. I met him during one of my many, many hospital visits. He has Cerebral Palsy. He doesn't like being in a wheelchair. Daddy says he hasn't accepted, hasn't adapted and that he has a big chip on his shoulder. He says his head is full of dreams. Daddy says my head is full of dreams too.

But what do Daddies know?

As Lake offers his hand, the Councillor pats his head. Lake sits pathetically in his motorised wheelchair.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, can we have a few photographs, Councillor Tanner?

The Councillor plumes himself for a close-up.

Lake's eyes wander to the short-skirted girls walking up the steps.

COUNCILLOR

Ah, of course; both of us?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well, it is Lake's story; he did design the new logo for the Leisure Centre.

COUNCILLOR

Of course.

The Councillor stands about a foot away from Lake and smiles.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Closer.

The Councillor shuffles an inch or two.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Do you think you could crouch, Councillor Tanner? To Lake's level?

Reluctantly the Councillor agrees.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Okay, lean in a little. Lake, give us a smile?

[beat]

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Nice. Now, Councillor, can you rest your hand on Lake's chair for me?

[beat]

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Perfect! Big smiles. Excellent!

CLICK - CLICK.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you; got my shot.

INT. SOL'S FLAT [LIVING ROOM] . DAY

The curtains are drawn.

In a corner of the room Isis sits at a computer.

On a website called 'Based on a True Dream' she clicks into 'Robert's Dream'.

ISIS [V.O.]

My name is Robert. I am twelve years old and live at Shingwellish Children's hospital with twelve other kids. Like me, they all have Cerebral Palsy. My dream is that Doctor Zish would wave a magic wand

and that we could all be cured. I'd really like to walk, and to stop dribbling over my computer.

EXT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL . DAY

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE - Shingwellwish Children's Cerebral Palsy Hospital.

Establishing shot - A few small isolated buildings sit amidst a picturesque landscape of hills and trees.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL[GYM/PLAYROOM]  
. DAY

Children play together as DOCTOR ZISH and a smart suited HEALTH SPONSER look on.

DOCTOR ZISH

This hospital is carrying out pioneering treatment for children with Cerebral Palsy. Their symptoms can affect different areas of the body and vary in severity from child to child, but our collective results are very positive. We're encouraged.

The Health Sponsors watches the children.

DOCTOR ZISH

With the proper funding in place, we could do so much more for these kids.

HEALTH SPONSER

What exactly would you use the private funding for?

DOCTOR ZISH

To replace the recent NHS cuts.

We need our own hydrotherapy pool, so the children can use it every day. The

nearest pool is thirty miles away. I can only take them once a week.

HEALTH SPONSER

Hydrotherapy pool?

DOCTOR ZISH

A pool offering a whole-body treatment that involves moving and exercising in water; essentially physiotherapy in a pool. Heated to body temperature, it allows the children's muscles to relax, which in turn increases their mobility...tremendously. With an hour each day, they can throw away their crutches and wheelchairs and play like other kids.

HEALTH SPONSER

Could you ever cure them completely?

In the background, NURSE BLOCKLEY calls to one of the children.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Robert, stop looking out the window at the Gypsy children. They're not your friends.

ROBERT

But Jacob's my friend.

DOCTOR ZISH

Cure? Cerebral Palsy?

HEALTH SPONSER

One day? Maybe?

DOCTOR ZISH

Do you believe in miracles? The first thing a parent will hear after a physician says "Your child has cerebral Palsy," will likely be the words "At present, there is no cure". Now that doesn't mean the diagnosis is dire,

but other than a miracle, it's about management...that's why the costs are high.

HEALTH SPONSER

And you continue, regardless?

DOCTOR ZISH

These kids parents can't afford treatment in the US. This is Scotland; average salaries haven't increased in two years, and this isn't Aberdeen.

Continuing is what I do. Until we find a miracle.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. DAY

Harold's running in the sunshine.

HAROLD

It's a miracle!

As he passes, Harold whips a ragged cap off a shocked George's head. He throws it into the pool.

Harold hurls himself into the water, jumping and splashing about in joy.

George looks on, bemused.

HAROLD

The water! The water!

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM . DAY

FOUR STUDENT MALE DOCTORS and ONE STUDENT FEMALE DOCTOR huddle around a bed upon which, stripped to the waist, lies Sol.

DOCTOR 1  
Have you had any replacement joints?

SOL  
Two knees, two hips..and counting.

DOCTOR 1  
Do you get pain?

Sol gives the Doctor a look - 'are you kidding or what?'

SOL  
Do you get hungry?

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)  
Where's the pain?

SOL  
In my replacement joints.

Actually, I don't have a single joint that hasn't been affected.

DOCTOR 4  
Even your toes?

SOL  
Yeah.

DOCTOR 4  
Curled up like your fingers?

SOL  
Yeah.

FEMALE DOCTOR  
How about your jaw?  
Can you show us how wide your jaw can open?

The Doctors watch.

DOCTOR 2  
[to the other Doctors]  
There's about fifty percent loss of movement. [to Sol]. Can you tell us your

usual pain level on a scale of one to ten, with ten being the equivalent of having one of your limbs amputated without an anaesthetic by an old rusty saw?

SOL

It's a ten. For anybody with a severe arthritic condition, believe me, what you've just described is only about a seven.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Did this condition begin in your spine?

SOL

Yes.

DOCTOR 3

Can you stand for us?

SOL

Will try, if you stand back and give me some space.

The Doctors look uncertain at what Sol is about to do, but they are captivated as he swings his body around like a plank of wood, then rocks back and forth on the bed before finding the momentum to spring himself onto his feet.

The Doctors almost feel obliged to give Sol a round of applause. Sol grits his teeth through the pain.

DOCTOR 5

Can you move your neck at all?

SOL

About a millimetre.  
I try avoid car crashes and pub brawls.

DOCTOR 1

Can you touch your toes?

Sol painfully demonstrates, his fingers just reach down to his knees.

DOCTOR 4

How's your shoulder movement?

Again Sol fights through the pain to demonstrate, but his breathing is heavier after putting his body through the movements.

DOCTOR 2

Can you walk for us?

SOL

[mumbles mainly to himself]

Wanna throw me a fish? I'll see if I can catch it in my teeth for you.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Take your time. (She picks up Sol's black walking stick).

SOL

(taking the stick)

Thank you.

The Doctors watch in fascination as Sol takes tiny steps. With his body rigid from head to toe, he holds the stick just a few inches in front of his feet, like Charlie Chaplin.

A few yards on and Sol turns, slowly and carefully. His journey back seems a little easier.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Does the pain ease with exercise?

SOL

Yes.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Is the pain worst in the mornings?

Sol takes a pause. He's sure she knows.

SOL

Yes.

DOCTOR 1

Were you born with this condition?

SOL

No. I was nineteen.

DOCTOR 4

Please, sit again.

Sol lowers himself slowly onto the bed. He squeezes his eyes shut for a second or two.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Sore eyes? Inflammation?

SOL

Yes.

DOCTOR 2

Those glasses seem to have very strong lenses. What can you see without them?

SOL

Nada..hardly.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Ankylosing Spondylitis.

ISIS [O.S.]

We already know that much.

The Doctors turn around to see Isis standing before them. She's dressed in a special material spaceman type outfit, with every inch of skin fully covered, except for her hands and face. She has a see through face visor lifted up.

ISIS

The question is, can you cure my Daddy?

The Doctors look at each other; sympathetic, embarrassed...and somewhat defeated.

FEMALE DOCTOR

I think you know the answer, my  
sweetheart. I'm sorry, we can't cure your  
Daddy. We can just give him treatment to  
ease some of his pain, but it's...

Isis pulls a pair of gloves from a pocket. They're  
made of the same special spaceman suit material.

ISIS

It's about 'management'; yeah, I know.

Isis pulls down her face visor, pulls on the gloves,  
then reaches out her arm.

ISIS

Home time, Daddy. We'll manage.

Sol starts to walk towards Isis's outstretched arm.

Their HANDS JOIN.

SOL

Good idea to get the heck outta there.  
But couldn't you tell that was my idea?

ISIS

I know it was your idea,  
but it was my idea to use your idea.

We'll manage.

INT SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [EDUCATION  
ROOM].DAY

The sun shines through the open window. Robert sits  
at a computer, reading the 'Based on a True Dream'  
website. Doctor Zish plays with the other children.

Robert's face suddenly lights up.

ROBERT

[yells out]

Hey everybody, somebody's replied to my  
dream!

He immediate gets their attention.

Eight year old LUCY turns in her motorised wheelchair.

LUCY

Who Robert?

ROBERT

She's called Isis. She's twelve years old and she's ill like us.

Eight year old Rhiannon looks around.

RHIANNON

An older woman, Robert! What's wrong with her?

ROBERT

She has an allergy called [struggles to pronounce] Xeroderma Pigmentoseum. She can't ever go out in the sunshine else she'll burn and blister and frazzle up.

EXT. SOL'S FLAT [FRONT DRIVEWAY]. DAY

Sol takes painful steps down the drive to the waiting taxi.

Isis follows, wearing her spaceman suit; full-face visor on with gloved hands.

ISIS [V.O.]

Having Xeroderma Pigmentoseum means that my skin will burn easily if I allow the sun or other things that have ultra violet rays in them to touch it. As you get older it can lead to hearing loss, poor coordination, difficulty walking, movement problems, loss of intellectual function, difficulty swallowing and talking, and seizures....so the internet says. Oh, and it can also cause cancer.

Taxi driver, BERNIE pushes back the passenger seat and reclines it. He's familiar with his customer's needs.

Sol and Bernie exchange a welcome, and wiping the sweat from his forehead, Bernie passes a comment about the heat. Isis is on her phone.

ISIS

(on mobile)

Hi, it's Isis Cadabra. We're just about to get in the taxi. That'll take about ten minutes, and we'll be there in ten minutes.

Sol climbs into the taxi slowly and awkwardly.

ISIS [V.O.]

[as Sol climbs in the taxi]

I watch every movement my Daddy makes. Thank goodness Bernie's clock doesn't begin until we're off.

I can't allow him to fall, it could mean months in hospital. His bones and joints are so delicate, like they're made of eggshells.

INT. DENTIST'S SURGERY. DAY

Various STAFF go into the routine of closing blinds, hanging sheets over windows and doorways, and turning off lights in the corridors and rooms.

CUT TO:

Isis is laid back in the dental chair, with a DENTIST pointing a dimly lit torch into her open mouth.

DENTIST

So, how's my little Princess of Darkness?

The DENTIST continues to peer into Isis's mouth and she's unable to reply.

The DENTIST then turns to the computer.

ISIS

Hating the summer.

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN. DAY

George sits at the table, eating.

In the kitchen area, his WIFE is cleaning.

From behind the half open bedroom door appears Jacob, a beautiful dark haired eleven year old.

George glances up from his plate. Looking awkward he begins to eat again.

The right side of Jacob's face is burned, scarred and grotesquely disfigured. He has a discoloured eye and a scalp that refuses to grow hair anymore.

George glances again at Jacob.

GEORGE

Tell him to stop looking at me.

WIFE

Him?

GEORGE

Tell him to get back in his room whilst I'm eating.

George rises in anger and throws his plate against the caravan wall.

His wife trembles. Jacob is gone. Custard and sponge cake drips from the wall.

INT. SOL'S FLAT (LIVING ROOM). DAY

A low wattage light bulb dimly illuminates the room. A fan spins.

Isis and Lake are at the table, playing chess.

LAKE  
d5 to b7.

Isis reaches out and grab a black pawn. She moves it forward.

Sol is sat on the sofa reading.

ISIS  
Ha ha...opens up your King.

LAKE  
Isn't it time for you to put your cream on?

ISIS  
Not for another hour.

LAKE  
[to Sol]  
Has she always been this precocious?

ISIS  
Since I'm not allowed to go out in the daylight, not allowed to go to school, Daddy is responsible for my education. Chess improves one's powers of concentration and strategy.

Isis takes hold of her Queen and sweeps her over the board, placing her down on an attacking square.

ISIS (CONT'D)  
Check! [beat] You could always resign.

LAKE  
I'll fight on, thanks...to the death!

IN-CLOSE on Lake's eyes.

EXT. A FIELD. DAY

NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND.

It's a beautiful summers day.

Lake and a young blonde haired man stand back to back, holding pistols. The young man's GOLD TOOTH glimmers as he smiles.

A masked girl with LONG CURLY DARK HAIR is tied to a pole. She struggles to set herself free.

Lake and the young man step ten paces, then turn and SHOOT!

Gold Tooth falls to the ground. The girl screams out in triumphant relief.

Lake looks up to the BURNING SUN.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Perched on the windowsill, Robert is looking out into the dark night sky. Nurse Blockley walks in.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Come away from the window Robert. Time to go to sleep.

Robert looks around, his movements made awkward through Cerebral Palsy.

ROBERT

I'm watching out for the golden fountain.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Oh, you won't see that again. That was in your dream. Come on, into bed.

Robert reluctantly curls up under the bed sheets.

Nurse Blockley kisses Robert on the forehead.

ROBERT

We will. [beat] One day.

Nurse Blockley smiles and leaves. Robert closes his eyes.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [CORRIDOR].  
NIGHT

Nurse Blockley notices a door open on the other side  
of the corridor. She hears a voice.

LUCY [O.S.]  
And you must have seen it.

Nurse Blockley pokes her head into Lucy's room to  
see her looking out of her window. Her motorised  
wheelchair is beside the bed.

LUCY  
Because up that high you must get to see  
everything!

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Lucy, who are you talking to?

LUCY  
Mister Moon. Isis's best friend.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Isis?

LUCY  
Our new friend.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
No golden fountain?

LUCY  
Only Robert saw the magic golden fountain.  
But the rest of us are looking out for it.  
It'll come again, you wait and see.

Nurse Blockley steps back into the corridor -

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
[calls out]  
Bed, Lucy...sleep tight.

Nurse Blockley continues her walk.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

[sighs to herself]

So it's a MAGIC golden fountain now is it?

Nurse Blockley turns a corner to see two bedroom doors open across the corridor.

She peeks inside the first room to find RHIANNON looking out of her window. By her bedside sits WOOF, an old stuffed dog on a wheeled frame.

Nurse Blockley then peers into the second room, where nine year old JONAH, his body twisted and twitching with muscle spasms, stares into the night sky.

As Nurse Blockley turns, she notices Doctor Zish is still working in his study. Sat at his desk, head bowed, he is deeply engrossed in a book.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Doctor Zish.

Doctor Zish looks up, surprised.

NURSE BLOKLEY

Try and fall asleep in your bed tonight,  
instead of at that desk again.

Doctor Zish offers an acknowledging smile.

Nurse Blockley continues down the corridor.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

George grips Jacob's ear, pulling him along. His son is squealing like a pig being dragged to slaughter.

A small crowd of Gypsy folk watch as George brings Jacob to the pools edge.

JACOB

Get off! You're hurting!

GEORGE

In there!

JACOB

No way. You pee in there!

GEORGE

In!

George throws the screaming child into the water.  
The onlookers roar with laughter.

Jacob surfaces, standing waist deep in the water.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I hate you!

GEORGE

Get your freak ugly face under that water,  
you filthy runt.

JACOB

No!

GEORGE

Do as I say or I take my belt to you.

Jacob stands defiant.

George whips his belt off.

Jacob ducks his head under the water.

Harold is now standing next to George.

HAROLD

You need the golden water to cure your  
son.

George grabs Harold by the scruff of his neck.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

HAROLD mimes the ringing of a bell in front of  
George.

HAROLD

Here is the bell that never rang.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [CORRIDOR].  
NIGHT

An excited Doctor Zish hurries towards Nurse Blockley.

DOCTOR ZISH  
Can you hear it Nurse Blockley?

Nurse Blockley stands listening.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
I don't hear anything.

DOCTOR ZISH  
Exactly! Every child is asleep. And that's what it will be like every single night when we have our own hydrotherapy pool.

Doctor Zish opens the door beside him.

DOCTOR ZISH  
Take a look at Jonah.

Nurse Blockley walks inside Jonah's room to see him fast asleep in bed.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Yes, he's asleep.

DOCTOR ZISH  
He's relaxed. No twitching. No spasms. Water; just plain simple warm water!

INT. ISIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Isis is sat on her bed in a world of her own.

ISIS [V.O.]  
The night's my favourite time of the day. If can't have the sun, I give myself candles.

There must be fifty lit candles, standing on shelves, the floor and on her window ledge.

ISIS [V.O.]  
Night light is my sun.

EXT. STREET. DAY

It's a baking hot day. Lake guides his motorised wheelchair along the pavement.

A FLASHY OPEN TOP CONVERTIBLE with a sun tanned GUY at the wheel, honks its horn, and comes to rest alongside Lake. There are two pretty girls in the car too.

POSER GUY  
Hey, how you doing dude?

Lake's embarrassed. He doesn't want this conversation.

POSER GUY (CONT'D)  
Not seen you around lately. Have you been ill? Not able to get out and about?

LAKE  
I've been around.

POSER GUY  
Not out and about, but around!  
I've been in the States, man; Florida Keys.

Oh, sorry; this is Sally, and that there in the rear is Sandy.

Sandy smiles.

SANDY  
And what's your name?

LAKE  
I'm Lake.

SANDY  
Well Lake, we're gonna stop off at a bar and get us a 'coool' beer. Wanna join us?

GUY

Can't get a wheelchair in, can we?

LAKE

I have an appointment.

GUY

He's got some medical thing.

LAKE

Explain to me how you having a problem  
with  
me is my problem?

POSER GUY (CONT'D)

Ne'vr mind, dude. Look after yourself.  
See you 'around'!

The convertible pulls away.

LAKE

See ya. But please, get over  
yourself. Get over this weird  
need to be morally superior to  
me. I got wheels too.

Lake pushes his control stick and trundles off.

SANDY

(shout's to Lake's back]

Don't be a stranger, sexy eyes!

On that declaration Lake's wheelchair stops dead.

Lake moves on.

GUY

Are you desperate? He's in a wheelchair.  
Can't get up, let alone get it up.

INT. SOL'S FLAT [ISIS'S BEDROOM]. DAY

The curtains are drawn.  
Isis stands, naked. She is apprehensive.

A NURSE is putting on her rubber gloves.

ISIS [V.O.]  
This is the bit I dread.

The NURSE takes the lid off a large jar and sinks her long fingers in, scooping a huge dollop of cream.

ISIS [V.O.]  
Every morning without fail, even through the winter the Nurse comes to put on my sun resistant cream.

Isis screws her face in disgust as the Nurse squelches cream onto her naked back.

ISIS [V.O.]  
She covers every inch of my skin, head to toe. And as she does, she examines it, checking for blisters, sores, cracking. If she finds just one tiny thing then I'm straight down the hospital, and I'm praying that I haven't got cancer.

INT. DARKENED ROOM. DAY

TAROT CARDS are spread upon a table.

A female TAROT READER examines.

TAROT READER  
Golden cups, Lake.

Lake sits in his wheelchair, curious.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)  
Water. Emotions.

The Tarot Reader lays her hand down on a card.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)  
The Hanged Man. Again. Your present a state of being that is imprisoned.

Lake slaps his hands on either side of his wheelchair.

LAKE

Yeah...ok.

The Tarot Reader lays her hand on another card.

TAROT READER

The Death card.

LAKE

That's encouraging.

TAROT READER

Represents change. Total change. [beat]  
I see a journey.

LAKE

Can you make it to the Florida Keys?

TAROT READER

A spiritual journey.

LAKE

Great!

TAROT READER

Of healing. The Magus and the Priestess cards appear in the same spread. I feel supernatural forces at work. In a moon phase.

LAKE

Please don't suggest I take a ritual bath with a pinch of Rosemary.

TAROT READER

Powerful energies are emerging. And there's a girl.

LAKE

Now we really are entering the realms of fantasy.

TAROT READER

An Angel.

LAKE

An Angel? Blondes and wheelchairs somehow just don't seem to go together.

TAROT READER

You need to look further a field, Lake. There are planets, universes and forces at work that we know nothing about.

LAKE

I often wonder why we spend so much time looking for intelligent life on other planets, when we struggle to find it here.

TAROT READER

Lake, your chair is not the reason. Your chair is just your excuse. And you need to look into infinity, not eternity.

Lake is despondent.

TAROT READER

And she's not a blonde. She has long, curly dark hair.

IN CLOSE on Lake's eyes - FLASHBACK to his DREAM.

EXT. A FIELD. DAY

NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND.

Continuing the dream from the previous flashback, Gold Tooth lies dead on the ground.

The girl remains tied to the pole, her face masked.

A handsome able-bodied Lake steps towards her. His fingers reach out to caress her long curly dark locks.

TAROT READER [V.O.]

(to above description)

She's your guiding star, Lake. Follow her. Big changes are about to take place in your life.

You are not alone. You are strong. You have a voice. You are beautiful. You are perfect.

LAKE [V.O.]

I don't want to be perfect. Let me be imperfect. I assure you, my imperfections drive me to improve. I just want to be normal.

EXT. SOL'S FLAT [BACK GARDEN]. NIGHT

Isis looks up at the moon.

She lifts up her old Polaroid camera, points and CLICKS.

The photo pops out.

Isis watches it gradually develop. The moon in the image is brighter than ever. The sky is full of stars.

ISIS (V/O)

Promise me something, will you? If I die, and find myself with Mum, you must promise me this is the picture you'll put out in the newspaper. Promise?

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL  
[CORRIDOR].NIGHT

Rhiannon pushes her stuffed dog, Woof along the corridor.

Nurse Blockley comes out of her room.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Rhiannon, it's way past your bedtime.

RHIANNON

Woof wanted to go for a walk. He's acting strangely tonight; been barking like a mad dog.

Nurse Blockley 'tuts' to herself as Rhiannon walks Woof off into her room.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

SPLASHING into the pool falls a single stream of liquid.

George stands at the pool side. He's been drinking and is urinating into the water.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL (ROBERT'S ROOM). NIGHT

Robert gazes out of his window into the starry night sky.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

George zips up his flies and stares up at the sky.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL (LUCY'S ROOM). NIGHT

Lucy gazes out of her window into the night.

LUCY

What do you see Mister Moon?

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

George gives up star gazing and spits into the pool with disdain - splash! It lands on the moon's reflection.

CAMERA TRAVELS - UNDER THE WATER - TRAVELLING DOWN TO THE SEA BED.

On the little pebble - we're waiting.

...waiting.

...waiting.

THEN - a golden glow.

CHIME - 'save it for a rainy day.'

From the pebble, a gaseous, golden lava appears.

ABOVE WATER -

George is walking away from the pool, and ...

Suddenly there's a RUMBLE. The hills SHAKE.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM].NIGHT

Robert's wide-eyed; startled as objects in his room rattle and shake.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

Silence.

SUDDENLY, another TREMOR; bigger, louder.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM].NIGHT

Robert's reaction is a mixture of terror and wild excitement.

Silence.

ROBERT  
[yells out]  
Did you hear that?

FROM THE CORRIDOR.

LUCY [O.S.]

We heard it Robert. We're all awake.

CHILD 1 [O.S.]

My Grandma would have heard that, and she's deaf in one ear, and sleeps in a night cap!

RHIANNON [O.S.]

Woof heard it, and he's cloth eared!

ROBERT

Doctor Zish and Nurse Blockley have to believe us now.

LUCY [O.S.]

What about the magical golden fountain?

ROBERT

Hold tight. It's coming...just wait.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. NIGHT

Harold runs up to a stunned George.

HAROLD

What are you doing just standing there?  
Get Jacob. It's about to happen.

Without warning, George and Harold are thrown to the ground by the force of a massive EXPLOSION. A golden fountain erupts from the pool and the night sky is filled with a golden glow.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL (ROBERT'S ROOM). NIGHT

Robert stares out of his window, captivated by the distant golden fountain lighting up the night sky. It's like the most fantastic firework display.

IN THE CORRIDOR -

Young voices scream and yell in wild excitement.  
Wheelchairs are whizzing about. Rhiannon holds on to  
Woof as she opens the corridor curtains.

Suddenly, darkness again.

The children fall silent.

CHILD 1

Is that it?

ROBERT [O.S.]

[from Robert's room]

That's it. It's finished.

There's another roar of wild excitement.

CHILD 2

That was fantastic!

RHIANNON

The world turned golden!

LUCY

Even Mister Moon looked frightened!

CHILD 3

Maybe it'll happen tomorrow night?

Jonah appears at the doorway in his motorised  
wheelchair to a chorus of cheer.

JONAH

[speech slightly slurred]

Maybe every night?

IN THE CORRIDOR -

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Those kids are getting out of control.

DOCTOR ZISH

Something must have frightened them.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

They don't seem very frightened to me.  
Sounds like they've broken into the meds  
store.

Off-Screen excited children's voices fill the air as Doctor Zish and Nurse Blockley TURN the CORRIDOR CORNER.

A startled CHILD jumps from the open doorway to hide in Robert's room. Voices fall silent as the children wait, huddled together. Nurse Blockley appears at the open doorway with Doctor Zish close behind.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

What's going on?

ROBERT

The golden fountain!

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Not that one again.

RHIANNON

Didn't you see it?

CHILD 4

You must have heard the earthquake?

LUCY

It was magical!

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Well come on then, how about you show Doctor Zish and I this magic.

The children all look at each other questioningly.

RHIANNON

What do you mean?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Magic is pulling a white rabbit from a top hat. So where's the white rabbit?

The children look bemused.

ROBERT

She's right! [beat] The golden fountain came for a reason!

DOCTOR ZISH

Come on children. They'll be no more golden fountains tonight. Bed.

There's a collective sigh, as the children reluctantly make their way out of Robert's room.

LUCY  
[looks back at Robert as she leaves]

What reason Robert?

Robert smiles in deep wonderment.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP. DAY

It's a blistering hot day, and a CARNIVAL atmosphere has taken over the camp. A jubilant George leads the procession. Upon his shoulders sits a proud Jacob, with a beautifully cured, smiling face with lovely brown locks of hair and baby soft skin.

INT. ISIS'S BEDROOM. DAY

Curtains are drawn. A fan spins. Isis is sat at her computer. On the screen appears a message:-  
'Wingsail requests chat.'

Excitedly, Isis turns on her web cam and waits.

ISIS  
Hi Veronica! How are you doing?

The face of twenty seven year old Veronica is seen on the computer screen. It's a face prematurely aged with sores and blisters.

VERONICA  
I'm in good spirits. A little sore with sunburn, but I'm happy.

ISIS  
Sunburn? You can't get sunburn. A person needs to go OUT in the sun to get sunburn.

VERONICA  
I know.

Isis is momentarily confused. Then it dawns on her.

ISIS

You've been out in the sun?

VERONICA

At three this morning. In the dark I sat in my garden. I lay on the grass and waited...for sunrise. I couldn't help it.

ISIS

But you protected your skin, right?

VERONICA

With sun cream.

ISIS

I'm talking about your special protective clothing and your face visor.

Veronica doesn't respond.

ISIS

Veronica!

VERONICA [V.O.]

(We see what Veronica describes)

At five the darkness started to fade. Colours began to emerge; a pale, ashen soft blue sky appeared. I heard the dawn chorus...and slowly, slowly...

ISIS

You actually SAW the sun?

VERONICA

6 a.m.

ISIS

The sun!

(We see a SURREAL scene of what Veronica describes, full orchestra dramatics)

She begins to rise.

VERONICA [V.O.]

Willow fingertips parted those golden locks, revealing a face of porcelain purity. And slowly her head rose, and I

saw her pinky, purple magenta eyes.

(Golden fingertips part the hair to reveal a terrifyingly beautiful human female face)

Lifting her chin she stretched out her long sinuous neck. Her Majesty took command of the skies. Her bare shoulders rose; her naked arms conducting all the colours and hues.

The earth and every being within crowned with a beam of warm sunrise. [beat] And then I saw long shadows cast. And my guardians were building a temple for my body to hide.

ISIS

Run for the shadows Veronica! They're your friends. Only the shadows. Run!

VERONICA [V.O.]

(We see Veronica in her garden)

I had no fear. And when my newfound friend beamed a smile just for me, I caught it in my open palm. I put it in my pocket, and preciousy inhaled my treasured gift...my gift of freedom.

IN GARDEN - [to above V.O.]

The sun shines down on Veronica. Suddenly, an electrifying life force shoots through her body. Momentarily we see her true outer beauty; her skin is soft, unblemished...smooth as silk.

INT. ISIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Isis is panic-stricken.

ISIS

Veronica, listen to me. This happened today, right?

Although Veronica's outer body is skin scarred and clearly suffering, she has an inner calm. A warm delicate smile envelopes her weary lips.

VERONICA

At 6 a.m.

Isis glances at her bedroom clock. It's 1 p.m.

ISIS

One minus six hour time difference. [beat - Isis calculates] That's seven - seven a.m! This just happened!

VERONICA

I'm never going to close the curtains on my friend again. She can beam for all eternity.

ISIS

Veronica, have you lost your mind? You have Xeroderma Pigmentoseum. The sun is your enemy. It gives you skin cancer. IT WILL KILL YOU!

VERONICA

Look at my skin, Isis. I'm twenty-seven years of age; twice you and more. This is what XP has done to my skin. I spend twenty four hours of every day in darkness. Isis, I have about two months left. Time to let the bird out of its cage, don't you think?

The thing is, Isis, everything impermanent doesn't matter. And everything is impermanent.

ISIS

You can't just give up!

VERONICA

Remembering things like the long hot  
summers of your childhood,  
at the blurred edge where reality appears  
to become more interesting than it could  
ever possibly be...

ISIS  
Stop!

Isis leaps out of her chair, and out of web cam  
view. She bursts into tears and runs out of her  
bedroom.

ISIS (CONT'D)  
Daddy! Daddy!

In floods of tears, Isis bursts into Sol's bedroom,  
where she finds her father doing his swinging and  
rocking exercises.

ISIS (CONT'D)  
[spins in circles, frantically  
screaming]  
You've got to help me talk some sense into  
Veronica, she's trying to commit suicide!

Sol springs upright off the bed and onto his feet,  
letting out a strangled cry of pain.

ISIS (CONT'D)  
Careful Daddy!

Isis grabs hold of Sol, frightened he might fall.

SOL  
Who's Veronica?

ISIS  
My friend in Texas. She's online now!

Sol stands, looking perplexed. His right eye is half  
closed. He looks awkward and in pain.

ISIS (CONT'D)  
Talk to her, please.

INT. ISIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Sol's sat in front of the computer, his reading glasses sliding down his nose. His right eyelid is still half closed.

SOL  
Veronica, hi. How you doing?

VERONICA  
Flying high. Is that a tattoo on your face?

SOL  
Yeah.

VERONICA  
That's incredible!

Isis is stood at Sol's side.

ISIS  
It's horrible.

VERONICA  
I've got a tattoo. Nothing as spectacular as that. But if you want I'll show it to you.

ISIS  
No! Tattoos are self-mutilation! It's like a person with Xeroderma Pigmentoseum going sunbathing!

The conversation falls silent.

VERONICA  
Okay! Ice out Isis!

SOL  
Veronica, I take it you're diagnosed XP?

VERONICA  
At four years of age. Group A!

Silence again.

ISIS  
His name's Sol.

VERONICA  
I'm riddled with cancer, Sol.  
Are you winking at me?

SOL  
I have an eye condition. I have to put in  
five different eye drops and eye  
ointments, in both eyes, every day.  
[beat] I guess I got a bit lazy; my eye  
got inflamed and now my eyeball is stuck  
to my eyelid. Silly, huh.

ISIS  
I've told him to go eye clinic, but he  
doesn't listen to me. Why does nobody  
listen to me?  
Listening's a lot more than just about  
hearing.

SOL  
Isis is afraid that you seem to be on some  
kind of last adventure, Veronica? Is that  
so?

VERONICA  
I hadn't felt the sun on my skin since I  
was five years old, Sol. I just wanted to  
watch the sunrise...it's time. And I did.

Sol's sympathetic.

ISIS

Daddy, tell her. Like you tell me.

VERONICA

I've got all the windows open. All the curtains drawn back. The sun is just gushing through. I feel wonderful.

ISIS

Daddy! Tell her! [beat] She can't just give in!

In Sol's left eye a tear is forming. He closes his eyes. His right eyelid begins to wriggle, gradually working to unstick itself from it's eyeball...flickering, blinking - both eyes open!

Veronica smiles enchantingly.

VERONICA

It's opened!

SOL

Wow!

There's a trio of laughter.

Isis puts her arm around her Dads shoulder and hugs him tightly and tearfully, pressing her cheek up to his.

SOL (CONT'D)

It's time to put your cream on little lady.

ISIS

(sighs)

Yes, Daddy.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [CORRIDOR].  
DAY

Nurse Blockley marches along a corridor with an envelope in hand, eventually arriving at Doctor Zish's office.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Doctor Zish?

As Nurse Blockley enters Doctor Zish lifts his body from the pile of books on the desk. He has clearly had an arduous night of work and had fallen asleep. He stretches and straightens his spectacles.

A disapproving Nurse Blockley hands him the envelope.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

It's postmarked London.

DOCTOR ZISH

The funding?

NURSE

Only one way to find out.

Doctor Zish is already tearing open the envelope. Pulling out the letter, he opens the paper and reads.

His face slowly disintegrates into a frown.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

No Hydrotherapy pool?

DOCTOR ZISH

What am I going to tell the children?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

The truth; Cerebral Palsy doesn't warrant miracles.

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN. DAY

A REPORTER sits at a table facing George.

REPORTER

Can I see Jacob?

George takes his time.

GEORGE

Jacob. Here boy.

Jacob steps out of his room. His Mother is nearby in the kitchen. Jacob nervously walks up to the table.

REPORTER

Can you tell me what happened the other night at the pool, Jacob?

Jacob looks to his father. George nods.

JACOB

The golden fountain made my burnt skin better and my eye see again.

The Reporter glances at family photos on a shelf, noticing a photo of a young Jacob before the scars had appeared. He then looks to George.

REPORTER

I need to see a photo of Jacob with his burn scars.

GEORGE

There are no photos.

REPORTER

Just one will do. You must have one.

GEORGE

None.

REPORTER

Why not?

GEORGE

Would you take a photo of a son of yours  
if he was an ugly freak?

The Reporter pauses for thought.

REPORTER

Mr Farrow. No photo, no story. I'm sorry.  
And no story, no fat cheque.

An angry George turns to Jacob.

A terrified Jacob looks to his Mother.

George turns his piercing stare to his wife.

GEORGE

Get a photo!

WIFE

There are no photos.

George slams his fists on the table.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL [TV ROOM]. DAY

All the children are sat waiting quietly. The  
television is switched off. Nurse Blockley is  
watching over them.

Doctor Zish enters and stands before the children,  
taking his time. He is apprehensive.

ROBERT

What's wrong, Doctor Zish?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Doctor Zish has something to tell you all.

LUCY

We haven't done anything wrong, Doctor  
Zish,  
have we?

DOCTOR ZISH

No Lucy. You couldn't do - [beat] [mostly  
to himself]. Sometimes I wonder if you  
kids are the only thing right about this  
world.

The children look worried. Nurse Blockley sees Doctor Zish is clearly struggling.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
It's about the funding for the hydrotherapy pool.

Jonah's body begins to twitch and go into spasm.

Doctor Zish hurries over to Jonah and kneels before his chair, holding his arm to calm him.

JONAH  
[speech slurred]  
Doctor Zish, when do we get our pool?

Even Nurse Blockley is finding this difficult.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
There's been a delay.

ROBERT  
We're not going to get our pool, are we?

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Robert, it's just a delay.

SUDDENLY - At the window behind Nurse Blockley, there's a face; the cured perfect skin face of Jacob. He smiles and waves.

The children are speechless, in complete shock.

Noticing the astonished looks on the children's faces, Doctor Zish and Nurse Blockley turn to the window, but Jacob dives to the floor.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
What? What did you see?

ROBERT  
Nothing, Nurse Blockley.

Nurse Blockley scans the faces.

LUCY  
Nothing, Nurse Blockley.

CHILD 1  
Nothing, Nurse Blockley.

Nurse Blockley pauses for a moment and then leaves.

Doctor Zish follows, looking back as he exits.

DOCTOR ZISH  
Rhiannon? Woof saw something, didn't he?

Rhiannon nods her head in confession.

The other children's hearts skip a beat.

DOCTOR ZISH  
What did Woof see, Rhiannon?

A long silence fills the room.

RHIANNON  
It was a huge big cat. Up in a tree,  
Doctor Zish...shall we call the fire  
engine?

Doctor Zish smiles. He leaves.

Robert struggles over to the window and knocks on  
it.

ROBERT  
Jacob?

Jacob springs up to once again, revealing his  
beautifully cured face.

The children scream with delight.

ROBERT  
[yells to window]  
What happened?

JACOB  
[yells through window]  
The golden fountain!

Jacob presses his face to the window as Robert's  
fingertips touch the glass.

LUCY  
[to herself]

The reason!

The children are hurrying to put their hands to the window as Jacob moves about, pressing his face to the glass so all the children can touch.

'Wow!' 'It's magic!' the children cry out.

ROBERT

[to himself]

White Rabbit. What date is it today?

ISIS (V/O)

It was June the first...and the adventure  
was  
about to begin.

INT. SOL'S FLAT [LIVING ROOM]. DAY

LAKE'S hand lets go of an open newspaper. It drops onto the chessboard, knocking over some of the pieces to Sol's and Isis's game.

ISIS

Lake, you've just ruined our game!

LAKE

Read that, read it to your Dad.

ISIS

Gypsy cure?

LAKE

Read.

Isis lifts up the paper. Sol stands nearby.

ISIS

In the Highlands of Scotland, in the small town of Shingwe- [screams out]  
Shingwellwish! That's where my new friends live!

LAKE

Read on.

ISIS

A healing miracle is said to have taken place, in a natural pool. A travelling troop of Gypsies had set up camp by the pool and have witnessed sightings of a golden fountain, erupting like a volcano.

Sol, sweating in the heat, puts a cool drink to the side of his face and chuckles.

LAKE

Carry on....

ISIS

Spurting out a golden lava that has magical, healing qualities.

SOL

Fly, fairy, fly....

Isis is reading to herself now.

ISIS

Daddy, it says a Gypsy boy with badly burnt skin, and who was blind in one eye, had both his skin and sight cured!

SOL

Remember when you were four years old and I broke your heart by telling you that Santa Claus didn't exist?

ISIS

But what if it's true?

SOL

Then we're living in an improbable universe.

LAKE

We could all go there...in my minibus... for a holiday.

ISIS

[raises her arms, screams in  
delightful agreement]  
A holiday! To see my new friends. YES!

SOL  
In the hottest summer this country's had  
since '76, with a young girl who has an  
allergy to sunlight and a partially  
sighted guy with a severe arthritic  
condition who's bound to a motorised  
wheelchair? Let me get my credit card.

LAKE  
And a one-armed guy for a driver.

ISIS  
[in delight]  
Leo!

SOL  
All in search of a Gypsy myth about a  
golden magical healing fountain? [beat]  
Forget it, it ain't going to happen.

CUT TO:

BLACK

BLACK SCREEN: VOICES FILTERED ON TELEPHONE.

ISIS [O.V.]  
Robert, did you see it in the paper?

ROBERT [O.V.]  
The paper?

ISIS [O.V.]  
The magical golden fountain of  
Shingwellwish.

ROBERT [O.V.]  
I don't believe in destroying the  
rainforests, so I read it online. But  
we're that near we saw it in the sky. Our

friend Jacob even got cured! Did you read that in the paper?

ISIS [O.V]

The Gypsy boy? Wow! I've just got to persuade Daddy, and then we're coming to Shingwellwish.

INT. SOL'S FLAT [LIVING ROOM]. NIGHT

Sol sits at a table, alone and studying a chess position.

ISIS [O.S.]

[calls out]

Daddy?

SOL

No. It doesn't matter how many times you ask little lady. The answer is 'no.' And 'no' means 'no'. I have their punk math rock on my computer, and you're welcome to listen.

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY

A beautiful sunny day.

A MINIBUS thunders along the road. An upbeat tune can be heard from the hi-fi.

ISIS [V.O.]

I always get my own way with Daddy.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOME [DR ZISH'S OFFICE  
.DAY

Doctor Zish is reading yesterday's newspaper as Nurse Blockley stands nearby.

DOCTOR ZISH

[reads aloud]

In the Highlands of Scotland, in the small town of Shingwellish, a healing miracle is said to have taken place in a natural pool that has...

NURSE BLOCKLEY

[interrupts]

For goodness sake...

DOCTOR ZISH

Have the children seen this?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

They showed this to me.

Doctor Zish smiles.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

They're...wildly excited, Jonah especially.

Let's get them in the bus.

Dr Zish's phone rings. He answers.

As Doctor Zish listens, his smile disappears.

DOCTOR ZISH

[on phone]

But the children are all ready to get in the bus. [listens] How long? [listens] Bye.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

It's broke down again?

DOCTOR ZISH

The filters.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

How long this time?

DOCTOR ZISH

Until they have the funds to repair it.  
[beat] How long is a piece of string?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

And they leave us with the job of breaking  
the hearts of children.

INT. LAKE'S MINIBUS [TRAVELLING]. DAY

LEO, a good-looking, twenty five year old biker type  
has one hand on the steering wheel, whilst his right  
arm (that ends as a stump) beats to the rhythm of  
the music.

ISIS [V.O.]

This is Leo. I like Leo. He makes me  
laugh. The One Armed Bandit, I call him.  
Daddy says that Leo is an angry young man  
with a very mixed up head that's not  
accepted, or adapted to losing an arm in a  
motorbike accident.

Daddy says the chip on Leo's shoulder is  
ten times bigger than the chip Lake has on  
his shoulder.

But Daddy's a 'chips with everything' kind  
of guy.

Isis is sat in her spaceman suit, smiling.

Sol looks sick as a dog.

A road sign ahead reads NORTH.

Lake's asleep, dreaming.

UNDERWATER - LAKE'S DREAM

Lake and his long curly dark haired mystery girl are swimming naked. Surrounded by shoals of beautifully coloured tropical fish they gaze in wonderment and awe.

INT. CAFE BAR. EARLY EVENING

The group are sat at a table.

LEO

So, I'm supposed to believe that water from this pool is going to grow back my arm so that I have an elbow, a wrist, a hand with four fingers and a thumb... yeah?

ISIS

And you know how useful a right hand will be?

It's golden magical water!

A waitress in her late teens is carrying a tray with four cups to Lake's table.

ISIS

Once upon a time, trillions of years ago there was just a little dot. Now we have - [spreads her arms open wide] the universe!

So, you can't knock the idea of a magic lake.

Can you Lake?

Lake smiles.

The waitress approaches with a tray of cups.

WAITRESS

Four strong black coffees.

The Waitress uncomfortably feels Lake's eyes perusing her body.

In the background - GOLD TOOTH enters the café bar.

Lake notices Gold Tooth.

GOLD TOOTH

(shouts out)

Angel!

On the sound of 'Angel!', Lake's jaw drops.

ANGEL jumps in shock almost spilling the cups on the table.

Her hands tremble.

Isis places a comforting hand gently on Angel's.

ISIS

You're scared of that man. Don't let him frighten you.

LAKE

Angel? Is that your real name or just what he calls you?

ANGEL

My real name.

LAKE

Is that guy your boyfriend?

Angel doesn't respond.

Lake pulls a piece of newspaper from his pocket and begins to unfold it. His arms and hands struggle with every movement.

LAKE

Will you come to Scotland with us? [beat]  
Today? Now? [beat] Please, read this.

Lake passes the 'Gypsy cure' article towards a stunned looking Angel.

In the background - Gold Tooth, a MOUSTACHED MAN and a GOAT BEARDED MAN have sat down together at a table.

GOLD TOOTH

(yells out]

Hey Angel. How about getting over here and giving us some service.

Angel instantly obeys.

As she arrives at the table, Gold Tooth wraps his arm around her tiny waist.

GOLD TOOTH (CONT'D)

Angel!

Lake whizzes over to the table.

LAKE

Let her go.

Lake halts his chair a couple of feet directly in front of Gold Tooth, who seems to be refusing to acknowledge him.

LAKE (CONT'D)

I said let her go.

ANGEL

Brad, you're hurting me.

GOLD TOOTH

Pardon me.

Gold Tooth releases his arm, and Angel leaves.

LAKE

Now say sorry to Angel.

Gold Tooth stops laughing.

GOLD TOOTH

You're lucky you're sat in a wheelchair,  
mate.

LAKE

Don't give me that shit. Apologise.

Gold Tooth takes a pack of CIGARETTES from his  
pocket.

GOLD TOOTH

I'm going to excuse your rudeness.  
(opens the cigarette pack)  
On the grounds that I don't believe that  
somebody in your condition...  
(pauses, removes a cigarette)  
could know much about sexual  
relationships.

Gold Tooth pops the cigarette into his mouth, and  
pulls out a lighter.

LAKE

And don't smoke either.

Gold Tooth gives Lake the hard stare.

LAKE (CONT'D)

That blond girl over there has a medical  
condition where her health would be  
seriously damaged through the effects of  
passive smoking.

So, please..

GOLD TOOTH'S TABLE

LAKE

Angel, Mr 'sat down' Pretentious has an  
apology for you.  
(to Gold Tooth)  
It's in the dictionary. Look it up.  
[beat] Under P for...

Gold Tooth presses the spark button and within  
seconds the cigarette's burning.

ISIS'S TABLE

LEO  
He's smoking.

ISIS  
I'm out of here.

Isis and Leo are already on their way out as Sol  
rises to stand.

Angel's trying to make herself busy cleaning.

LAKE  
Angel, come over here. [beat] Please.

ANGEL  
I've work to do.

Sol's on his way out.

SOL  
Lake, we're going.

Gold Tooth exhales smoke rings that hang in the air  
as he eyes Angel.

Golden Tooth straightens his chair, which Lake is  
firmly pressed up to.

GOLDEN TOOTH  
(looking at Lake)

(looks back at Angel)  
The face, some people would describe that  
as plain, but...

Lake's hand reaches down to his footplate.

In the background Leo has opened up the rear doors to the minibus and the hydraulic lift is lowering.

GOLD TOOTH [CONT'D]

The fact that she rarely wears make-up only goes to strengthen this illusion, don't you think?

Lake's fingers fiddle about struggling with his footplate.

Gold Tooth looks back on Lake, who's paused from his physical struggle, and is listening with interest.

GOLD TOOTH

Have you ever seen an Angel smile?

Angel stops her mopping and looks up.

Gold Tooth is looking at her. Everyone is looking at her.

Angel doesn't smile.

GOLD TOOTH (CONT'D)

Ouch. For all the guys who think a woman's place is in the kitchen, remember that's where the knives are kept.

As Gold Tooth demonstrates the smile he's expecting, Lake has miraculously found the strength and dexterity to propel his metal footplate like a juggernaut straight into Golden Tooth's mouth, sending him crashing to the floor.

The Café is silent.

Lake looks in disbelief at his own arm, which has now returned to its un-coordinated weak and twisted state.

Angel crouches at Gold Tooth's head, distressed at the sight of the broken teeth.

ANGEL

I'll get the mop.

Lake lifts a lock of Angel's long curly hair from her shoulder, caressing it delicately in his fingertips.

Suddenly, from the corner of the café bar an OLD STYLE 50's/60's JUKEBOX makes up its own mind work.

GOAT BEARDED MAN

(on mobile)

Reece we're at the Café. Brad's been hurt.  
(puts mobile away, looks up at Sol)

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFE BAR.DAY

The hydraulic lift has descended, and Lake is hastily being wheeled into the minibus.

Isis stands at the rear, holding onto the lift operation control stick.

Sol looks on.

ISIS

Daddy, Lake's arm was a miracle!?

SOL

Just press the button.  
(To Lake)

Haven't I told you never to get into fights  
with numbskulls; they have nothing to lose.

CUT TO

INT. CAFE BAR. DAY

Angel is on her knees, staring at Lake's footplate that lies on the floor before Brad's bloodied face.

She picks it up.

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ. DAY

The hydraulic lift is fully raised. Everybody's inside the minibus except for Isis who's stood at the back of the bus about to close the rear doors.

ISIS

Daddy, there's men heading our way and I don't much like the look of them.

SOL

Get in!

CUT TO

INT. CAFE BAR. DAY

A MOP splashes onto the blood soaked floor.

Angel dances a little to the old Motown song as she mops.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAFE BAR. DAY

TWO MEN are sprinting towards the minibus.

INT.BUS.DAY

Isis climbs aboard.

SOL  
Shut the door, Isis!

ISIS  
She'll come.

Leo looks out of the window; the men are yards away.  
He puts the bus into gear.

LEO  
Okay doors shut; we're moving!

Sol's hobbling over to Isis, screaming at her.

SOL  
Get away from those doors!!

As Isis looks over at Sol, a HAND grabs the one  
closed rear door.

There stands Angel, footplate in one hand, bag over  
her shoulder.

The bus takes off with a jolt making an unsteady Sol  
fall back into a nearby seat.

Angel runs after the bus.

Lake's screaming; he can't help.

SOL  
Lake, what the hell were you thinking of?

LAKE  
I was only trouble shooting.

Isis reaches out her arm. Fingertips touch.

SOL  
The problem with trouble shooting is that  
trouble shoots back. Isis, leave her.

Isis is pulling Angel in, only her foot sticks out the rear door, a MAN'S HAND GRABS it.

The bus is picking up speed.

The man's not letting go of Angel's foot.

Isis pulls the metal footplate from Angel's hand. She looks at it for a moment, hesitating..

ACTION FREEZES -

ISIS [V.O.]

What a road trip, huh? But, as they say, difficult roads often lead to beautiful destinations...and sometimes in life, you have to make a choice.

ACTION CONTINUES -

ISIS

Eat metal, knucklehead.

Isis throws the footplate into man's face. He loses his grip and falls to the ground as the minibus speeds off.

ISIS

(smiling at Angel)

How do you handle a difficult situation with a rude customer.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL  
[CORRIDOR].NIGHT

Nurse Blockley pokes her head around Jonah's door.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Goodnight, Jonah.

Jonah lies still, eyes closed.

A curious Nurse Blockley enters Jonah's room.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Jonah? It's not like you to be asleep this  
side of midnight when you haven't been to  
the pool.

Nurse Blockley bends over Jonah's bed.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
Jonah?

Nurse Blockley takes hold of Jonah's body, shaking  
him in a mad panic.

NURSE BLOCKLEY  
[screams out]  
Jonah! Oh my...Doctor Zish!

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

The moon hangs low in the night sky.

Surrounded by woods, little cabins are dotted  
around.

INT. HOTEL CABIN. NIGHT

In a cabin doorway stands Isis, looking up into the  
night sky.

ISIS [V.O.]

Today was the day that Lake's arm worked like magic. His fingers too; two fingers up — no the other way!

EXT. WOODS. NIGHT

Lake is sat in his wheelchair. Frustrated, he's trying to make his fingers, hand and arm work like they did for that split second in the café.

ISIS [V.O.] [CONT'D]

It was like watching for the first time a magician pulling a white rabbit out of a hat. It was a sign. I knew it meant something. Lake knew it meant something.

Angel stands beside Lake, watching him trying to move that crippled useless arm.

ISIS [V.O.] [CONT'D]

Daddy called it a 'freak occurrence,' but I knew that deep down, even he was beginning to open his mind a little to this magical adventure that we were on.

ANGEL

Maybe it'll happen again tomorrow! Maybe, day by day you'll get a little better, until one day ...

LAKE

(interrupts)

I have Muscular Dystrophy. The form I have is named Duchene. The prognosis isn't good.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDRENS HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Doctor Zish sobs profusely as he staggers down the corridor holding Jonah tightly in his arms. A distraught Nurse Blockley follows.

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

A SCIENTIST examines a sample under a microscope with the Reporter looking on.

REPORTER

Anything?

SCIENTIST

H2O, along with the usual pollutants you'd expect to find in a natural open pool. Nothing out of the ordinary.

REPORTER

Nothing toxic, radioactive or explosive?

The Scientist gives a shake of the head.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Anything golden?

The Scientist chuckles.

The Reporter bends over close.

REPORTER

[mostly to himself]

There's a story here. [beat] A damn big one.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS. DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SUNRISE.

INT. SOL, LEO AND LAKE'S ROOM. DAY

Isis, dressed in her spaceman outfit stands over Sol's bed with a breakfast tray in her hands.

ISIS

Breakfast Daddy; toast, black coffee and tablets. Come on.

Angel's sat on the edge of Lake's bed watching him sleep.

ANGEL

Wakey, wakey sleepyhead.

Lake opens up his eyes and smiles.

Angel's embarrassed, she fancies Lake.

ANGEL

What?

LAKE

I didn't say anything. [long beat] I'm just Angel gazing.

Angel's smiles and glances away.

Isis is feeding Sol his breakfast and medication.

ISIS

You're in a lot of pain this morning.

SOL

Fingers, hands, wrists, elbows, shoulders. My left wrist is frozen stiff, throbbing. Ahh.

ISIS

Let's get it moving.

Angel watches in heart-felt fascination as Isis takes hold of Sol's left arm and gently begins to massage his wrist.

Sol winces

Angel walks over.

ANGEL  
(as she takes hold of Sol's  
wrist)  
Here, let me help.

Angel sits on the edge of Sol's bed massaging his wrist.

Isis continues to feed Sol his breakfast.

Lake sits up.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
[to Sol]  
Am I hurting you?

ISIS  
There's no other way.

SOL  
It's ok.

Angel looks to Isis.

ISIS  
You're doing fine. (beat) Look, it's  
moving.

Sol's wrist comes to life. Angel and Isis exchange a beaming smile.

Leo walks into the room.

LEO  
You not told them yet?

SOL  
Told us what?

LEO

Bad news. (looks Lake's way)... that bus of yours.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS. DAY

The minibus sits parked with knife-slashed tyres. A gob-smacked Lake with the aid of his control stick circles the bus in his chair; all four tyres are slashed.

The rest of the gang look on.

FADE TO: SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

The hydraulic lift rises with Sol stood on it.

Everybody is aboard the new tyred bus, apart from Isis.

As Sol looks out at the surrounding woods, Isis, dressed in her little spaceman outfit, with face visor on, studies him.

ISIS' [V.O.]  
[on Sol looking out to the  
woods]

The day of the mystery of Lake's slashed tyred bus wasn't that much of a mystery to Daddy. I could see it in his eyes. I could see where he was looking, and I knew who he was looking for.

As Sol walks into the bus, Isis folds up the lift and shuts the rear doors. She turns and looks into the woods.

ISIS  
(yells)

We know you and your stupid brothers are out there, Brad! Just what is it you think you can do that's going to hurt us?

Isis removes her face visor, opens her arms out and holds her face to the sun. She begins to spin herself around and around.

Leo gets out of the bus and walks towards Isis.

ISIS (CONT'D)

(yells out whilst spinning)  
If I'm not even scared of the sun hurting  
me...  
(Leo opens one back door of the bus)  
then what the...  
(Isis screams as Leo snatches her into the  
air with his one arm)  
hell makes you think...  
(Leo throws Isis in the back of the bus)  
that I would consider being scared of...  
(Angel, in pretty new summer's dress,  
slams the second door shut)  
you and your half wit brothers!

Leo gets back in the bus and starts the engine.

LEO

Let's not tempt fate...come on Isis.

The bus pulls away.

From the woods appears drives a rusting convertible  
with Brad sat in the passenger seat. His battered  
face is a mess. REECE is sat in the driver's seat,  
with DWAIN [bloodied face, wearing a neck brace] in  
the rear.

TIME PASSAGE SHOTS - of the minibus travelling.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM]. DAY

Robert lies on his bed as Lucy wheels her chair through the open doorway.

ROBERT

I don't want to talk about Jonah, Lucy.

LUCY

He was my friend too.

ROBERT

I don't know why Jacob can get cured yet Jonah has to die.

Lucy wheels herself to Robert's bedside.

LUCY

Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to walk, without crutches. Or get about with a wheelchair. I imagine walking across a field of on a sunny day. And then I try to run. But it doesn't work, all I can do is walk. [beat] How do I run, Robert?

Robert looks at Lucy.

EXT. FIELD [FLASHBACK]. DAY

Robert stands on his crutches looking up in wonder at an EAGLE gliding across the blue sky. It SWOOPS at head height before landing.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM]. DAY

ROBERT

It's about freedom. To run is to be free. You need to see the most spectacular sight in the whole wide world.

Lucy's excited with wild curiosity.

LUCY  
What's that Robert?

ROBERT  
You need to see an Eagle in flight. [beat]  
See it swoop, and see how it glides just a  
couple of feet off the ground; and in the  
space of that moment you'll know what it  
feels like to run.

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

The MINIBUS is travelling along when the battered  
convertible catches up.

Angel looks out of the bus window.

ANGEL  
Oh no.

Gold Tooth, with his hand mimics a gun shooting  
straight at Lake.

INT/EXT. MINIBUS/BLONDS CAR/WINDING COUNTRY ROADS.  
DAY

CONVERTIBLE

GOLD TOOTH  
Take them out.

REECE  
Angel's in there.

GOLD TOOTH  
Yeah (beat) like I said, take them out.

MINIBUS -

ANGEL  
They're going to ram us.

LEO

That ram this?

There's a jolt as the car rams into the bus.

Isis screams.

Looking out of the front window Isis suddenly notices a road sign reading 'Shingwellwish.'

ISIS

Shingwellwish; we're here!

Lake yells in celebration.

OUTSIDE - the bus is swerving through narrow winding country roads.

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. DAY

CRICKETERS all dressed in white.

The BATSMAN smashes the ball out the field and into an adjoining field.

ON THE ROAD -

Leo's one-armed driving skills are being put fully to the test as the car rams again.

ON THE CRICKET BALL - Magically whizzing through the air.

MINIBUS -

SOL

Leo, slow the bus down!

OUTSIDE - Ram, jolt, swerve, skid!

ON THE CRICKET BALL - falling in height, falling more, packed with kinetic energy.

MINIBUS -

Leo looks out at the boys in the convertible, all smiling and laughing at him.

Leo swerves and rams into the car.

SMASH!

Reece takes the full force of the cricket ball straight in the head.

Gold Tooth grabs the steering wheel.

MINIBUS -

Out of the window Isis spots a steep hill.

ISIS

The pool! It's just beyond that hill!

Leo's panicking as a motorcyclist is heading for the bus.

SPLIT SECOND FLASHBACK - Leo crashing on his bike in the accident that left him with just one arm.

A crash is inevitable; convertible is swerving all over with Gold Tooth driving it from the passenger seat.

SOL

Leo, stop the bus now!

Leo swerves the bus vigorously to avoid the motorcyclist.

SSSKKKIIIDDD!!!

SLOWMO: The bus spins off the road and crashes into bushes.

ISIS

Can I confess something? I think you'll understand. Sometimes, I have this sudden impulse to take the wheel quickly, head-on into the oncoming vehicle. I can anticipate the explosion. The sound of shattering glass. The flames rising out of the flowing petrol.

I think this was all my  
fault.

Sol's head smashes into the side of a seat, his neck  
making a CRUNCHING noise.

The bus comes to rest, toppled over.

Everyone inside are motionless from the impact.

Angel opens her eyes.

Isis opens her eyes.

Angel sniffs the air.

ANGEL

Shit, petrol! (beat). Isis, open the  
doors!

A stunned Isis crawls over to her unconscious Daddy.  
Her hands gently cup his face.

Angel begins to drag Lake; he awakes and begins to  
crawl to the door.

The engine's on fire.

Isis's hands tremble around Sol's face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Isis - doors!

Isis delays a moment, then responds. She's at the  
rear doors, trying to open them. They're not  
budging.

Lake's crawling.

Angel's pulling Sol.

ISIS

They won't open!

ANGEL

Pull your Dad.

Angel takes a running jump at the rear doors,  
ploughing her cowboy boots heavily into the metal.

The doors won't open, but they've definitely budged a little.

Isis tries with all her strength to pull Sol to the doors.

Angel's on her back, kicking rigorously at the rear doors with both heels.

Finally they open.

Lake crawls onto the grass, exhausted.

Angel helps Isis pull Sol out.

ISIS

You have to be careful with his joints!

There's a loud explosion; the engine's fire grows fiercer.

ISIS (CONT'D)

What about Leo?

ANGEL

I've got only one pair of hands!

Angel keeps pulling Sol until he's clear out of the bus.

Lake's laid out flat on the field.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Keep crawling Lake, it's about to explode.

Angel looks back; Isis is nowhere to be seen.

Angel gets up, her eyes frantically searching.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Isis, where are you?

Suddenly, Angel sees Isis in the minibus trying to pull Leo's body from the front seats.

Angel dives in and slaps Leo's face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Leo, wake up!

Isis and Angel tug violently at Leo. Finally freeing him from between the seats, they drag him towards the open rear doors.

Another engine explosion wakes Leo. He's moving on his own accord now. They all exit the rear doors as another heavy explosion shoot plumes of black smoke into the country air.

Isis cradles Sol in her arms, crying.

ISIS

Daddy!

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY

CAMERA SCANS over GRAVES.

In the distance - A funeral is taking place. We see the backs of a gathered crowd.

CUT TO:

CHILDREN'S FACES - CRYING.

The distraught faces of Doctor Zish and Nurse Blockley.

Suddenly, Robert's eyes look up. He sees it flying high in the sky.

ROBERT

[yells out, pointing to the  
skies]

Look Lucy, everybody; an Eagle!

Lucy's eyes look up to see the Eagle in flight. It swoops, glides low and lands on a headstone. It watches over the children just yards away.

All eyes are on the Eagle.

LUCY  
It's here for Jonah.

ROBERT  
Maybe it is Jonah!

DOCTOR ZISH  
Ssshhh! Children.

Lucy's eyes twinkle.

EXT. GOLDEN GRASS FIELD [SURREAL]. DAY

SLOW MOTION - An ecstatic Lucy is RUNNING!

ISIS [V.O.]  
Golden eggshells. [beat] He'd always been  
so damn careful. [beat] Every step, every  
movement he made.

INT. HOSPITAL (SOL'S ROOM). DAY

ISIS [V.O.] [CONT'D]  
Not to slip, not to bump himself, not to  
fall, not to fail.

Sol's asleep in bed. Isis takes hold of his hand.  
Tenderly lifting it to her face, she studies his  
fingers.

ISIS  
Look at these twisted, beautiful fingers.

INT. HOSPITAL (LAKE'S ROOM). DAY

Lake's asleep with Angel sat by his bed. She's looking at his hand. She reaches out her fingers. As their hands make contact a magical moment occurs sending Lake into a picturesque dream.

EXT. GOLDEN SANDY DESERTED BEACH. DAY

Magenta Sunset. Rolling waves.

Lake rides horseback, with Angel sat behind, her arms clinging on, wrapped tightly around Lake's waist.

INT. HOSPITAL (LAKE'S ROOM). DAY

Lake stirs. Angel promptly removes her hand as Lake's eyes open.

LAKE

You're our Guardian Angel!

INT. (SOL'S ROOM). DAY

Sol awakes to see Isis holding his hand.

ISIS

Okay, Daddy?

Sol immediately starts to move HIS limbs. He's looking in wonder at his joints moving with much more freedom and ease.

SOL

Where's the pain gone?

Isis smiles.

ISIS

They pumped you full of steroids.

SOL

Did they say how long it would last?

ISIS

Not long, at full strength.

SOL  
How are the others?

ISIS  
Everybody's fine, thanks to Angel.

SOL  
Have I got my glasses?

Isis reaches over to the bedside table and picks up his spectacles.

ISIS  
(as she places Sol's glasses on him)  
You've got your distance glasses on. Your detail glasses went up in smoke with everything else in the bus.

SOL  
Your face is red.

ISIS  
I caught the sun a little. They checked me over. They're putting my cream on every few hours.

SOL  
We've got to get to that pool.

ISIS  
What?

SOL  
It's just over that hill.

ISIS  
Daddy, we're in Glasgow, in hospital...it's eighty miles from the pool.

Sol jumps out of his bed with almost pain free ease.

Isis looks at her Dad in amazement; it's like he's fifty per cent cured.

SOL  
What the hell did they bring us here for?  
We were there; it was just over that hill!

ISIS

Daddy, you don't believe in the magic healing pool.

SOL

It's what YOU believe. (beat) We've got to get ourselves a bus.

Isis looks in disbelief at the sight of Sol scurrying off at a speed she's never seen before.

ISIS

Daddy!

Isis runs after Sol who is scuttling down the hospital corridor. As he approaches a corner, Leo appears and they bump into each other.

SOL

Leo!

LEO

Sol; man, you're up, you're (beat) moving!

SOL

Steroids; the pain's gone.

LEO

So why don't they do that all the time?

SOL

Side effects...psychological too.

BEAT

SOL

Don't ever put the safety of my child at risk again.

Isis has now caught up.

LEO

Yeah, sorry.

SOL

We need a new bus.

With a smile Leo dips his hand into his pocket and pulls out a set of keys. He dangles them in front of Sol's sparkling eyes, teasingly.

INT. HOSPITAL (LAKE'S ROOM). DAY

Lake's in his bed with Angel at his side.

Leo enters, followed by Sol and Isis.

ISIS [V.O.]

[to above description]

Adults baffle me. Daddy and Leo seemed even more determined than Lake and me in getting to the pool, even though they still insisted that the magical golden fountain was just some Gypsy fairy story. Such a shame that growing up sees reality contending with the very dreams we should be chasing.

Leo places a chair either side of Angel.

Sol and Leo sit either side of Angel.

Isis stands at the end of Lake's bed.

SOL

Okay, I've had a word with the Doctors and Nurses, they are sorting out our meds. In a few hours we'll be ready to go.

There's a stunned silence.

LAKE

Go? Go where?

ISIS [V.O.]

Lake was tired. He wasn't keen on going anywhere until he'd had a good rest. But Daddy was buzzing. I'd never seen him so alive.

LAKE

It's just a fairy-tale, remember?

SOL

Spin you for it?

LEO

Can't say fairer than that.

Leo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten pence piece. He walks centre of the room.

Sol sets his challenging eyes on Lake.

SOL

Your call.

Lake looks over to Angel.

LAKE

Angel?

ANGEL

Your call.

Lake's cornered.

SOL

Spin it, Leo.

SPIN - the COIN flies through the air.

LAKE

Heads.

Everybody watches - the coin starts to FALL...

IT LANDS. SPINNING, miraculously on ITS SIDE, steadily slowing - LAKE'S EYES - SOL'S EYES - spinning slow now - ISIS'S EYES - still on its side - ANGEL'S EYES, LEO'S EYES - the coin stops, balancing on its edge.

Then the coin starts to roll...

It's heading for the open door.

Everybody starts to follow.

Lake's out of his bed, stumbling.

The coin rolls through the open door, into the centre of the corridor and stops, resting on its edge.

VOICES are heard, medical talk, FOOTSTEPS; closer, closer, voices louder, clearer.

Four pairs of feet walk past. We lose sight of the coin.

Then the feet are gone.

The coin IS ON its edge - spinning again.

The five are at the open doorway.

The coin slows to a STOP, resting again, balancing on its edge.

ISIS

It's ANOTHER miracle!

LAKE

It's a sign.

SOL

We're outta here!

EXT. WINDING SCOTTISH COUNTRY ROADS. TWILIGHT

With window curtains open, and smiling faces peeping out the minibus passes another road sign that reads 'Shingwellwish.'

FADES - into a couple more country roads, night falling. The bus pulls up to a stop.

The rear doors are flung open and out leaps Isis, staring straight across the road at the STEEP HILL.

She starts to walk. Blocking her path is a gate to the field, with a sign on it reading 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.'

Voices from the bus are calling back to Isis. She ignores them. She also ignores the barbed wire and the sign. She makes it over the fence and into the field.

Angel leaps out of the bus, takes a look back at the others, and laughs.

ANGEL  
We'll see you at the top!

Angel slams the rear doors shut.

IN THE MINIBUS -

LAKE  
How the hell are WE supposed to get to the  
top? That's the problem with the  
countryside, too few disabled facilities.

IN THE FIELD -

Angel's climbing the fence.

With determination, Isis walks up the hill.

IN THE BACKGROUND -

The minibus is being manoeuvred to face the fence.

UP THE HILL -

Isis is picking up her pace.

Angel's running.

IN THE MINIBUS -

LEO  
Hold onto your hats.

Leo drives the bus CRASHING through the gates.

UP THE HILL -

Isis is running, arms outstretched; fingers grasping  
for her dream.

Angel's catching up on Isis.

The minibus ploughs up the hill.

IN THE MINIBUS -

Euphoric screaming.

UP THE HILL -

Isis trips and falls.

Angel reaches out a hand to lift her up.

Running together and holding hands, they finally reach the top together. Breathless, their eyes look down in wonderment.

Angel collapses to her knees, her face now at the same height as Isis's. They look to each other. Stars light up their eyes. They're smiling.

Below there are scores of caravans, tents and motor homes. Burning fires and a crowd of people with every illness or disability known to mankind circle the MAGIC POOL.

ISIS [V.O.]

And that was the moment that I first realised.

There's lots of us out there. And it doesn't matter what age, what colour or whatever...we're all just crazy dreamers.

But there it was...

The minibus reaches the top of the hill and grinds to a halt.

Sol, Leo and Lake gaze out of the bus windows.

ISIS (CONT'D)

(shouts to below)

My name is Isis Cadabra. I have Xeroderma Pigmentoseum. I'm here to be cured.

Down below, there are cheers and greetings.

From out of the darkness, Isis feels a presence a few feet from her.

JACOB

You're Isis.

ISIS

Who are you?

JACOB

I'm Jacob.

ISIS

Jacob!

Isis runs up to Jacob and softly places her palm on the right side of his face.

JACOB

This side of my face was all burn scarred.

Isis is spellbound; her hand touch the place where magic happened.

JACOB

Do you want to see some duck eggs?

ISIS

Errrm...okay!

JACOB

Robert, Lucy, Rhiannon, all the other kids, and Woof are dying to meet you!

Isis is charged with wild excitement.

ISIS

And Jonah!

The delight on Jacob's face suddenly fades.

JACOB

You don't know about Jonah?

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY

The Minibus is parked amongst the caravans.

ISIS [V.O.]

When I told Daddy about Jonah's death he said something about having to lose battles to win wars. But even though it was Daddy saying it, that didn't make much sense to me, except it's about achieving something much more important.

A TENT goes up next to the Minibus. There are cheers.

Isis is quiet.

ISIS [V.O.]

Jacob said to look for the Eagle in the sky, for there we shall find the soul of Jonah. That made a lot more sense, and something much more important.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOME [ENTRANCE]. DAY

Isis stands in her spaceman suit, protected from head to toe, face visor and gloves included. Sol, Lake, Angel and Leo are with her. The new minibus is parked in the background. Nurse Blockley answers the door.

ISIS

Hi, I'm Isis. I'm here to see Robert and all the other children - and Woof!

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Do you have an appointment?

ISIS

Do we need one?

NURSE BLOCKLEY

I'm afraid so.

Isis holds out an envelope.

ISIS

We heard about Jonah. We're sorry. This card is for all of you.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

Thank you. I'll see the children get it. Goodbye.

Nurse Blockley closes the door.

SOL

Okay your five minutes in the sun is up. Back in the bus.

ISIS

It was that horrible tattoo on your face; it scared her.

The all make their way back to the minibus.

ISIS

I need a phone. I have to have some way  
to communicate with Robert.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MINIBUS [PARKED AT CAMPSITE]. DAY

Isis sits with her phone to ear.

ISIS [V.O.]

Like I say. I always get my own way with  
Daddy.

ISIS

[on mobile]

Robert!

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOME [TV ROOM]. DAY -

Robert is sat with the telephone to his ear. The  
television is on in the background with all the  
children watching.

ROBERT

Hey everybody, it's Isis!

EXT. THE SHINGWELLWISH POOL.DAY

CAMERA ON the POOL.

ISIS [V.O.]

We agreed to meet at the day of the next  
golden fountain. We could wait. We knew  
it wouldn't be long.

CAMERA PANS UP to show crowds of people all waiting,  
surrounding the pool.

ISIS [V.O.]

Sunrise. Sunset. Sundown. The hottest  
month in Scottish history. Every day,  
more and more people arrived.

CAMERA travels through caravans and tents. We see  
the faces of hardship.

ISIS [V.O.]

[we see what Isis says]

The campsite became a huge hygiene hazard. People all around were going down with sickness; diahorrea and all kinds of viruses and infections. There were massive queues for what few toilets we had. But we did have our dreams...although for many, that wasn't enough.

[Shots of the dejected, the hopeless, leaving]

And there were many that left like Jonah did. We took great strength from the ones whose last words were to still talk of their dreams.

[Shots of the dead leaving. Family's tears.]

Every time we hit a real low, there was always something or someone that would pick us back up again and give us fresh hope.

EXT. CAMP SITE. NIGHT

Sol is sat on a seat outside the rear doors of the minibus.

ISIS [O.S.]

Daddy! Daddy!

Sol looks up.

CLOSE SHOT - Isis's hand holds on to a woman's bandaged hand.

Sol stands with a surprised smile on his face.

Isis and Jacob stand with a weary smiling Veronica beside them.

There's a look exchanged between Sol and Veronica; no words are needed.

FADE TO BLACK

ISIS [V.O.]

Sunrise. Sunset. Sundown. Sunrise.  
Sunset. Sundown. Day after day. Again  
and again. Getting hotter and hotter.  
And still we waited.

EXT. CAMPSITE. NIGHT

Establishing shot - amongst caravans and tents.

Camera travels towards Lake's minibus and the gang's tent.

INT. TENT. NIGHT

Isis and Jacob are sat on the ground.

ISIS

Daddy's going through a lot of pain.  
Having to rough it out on a campsite isn't  
good for him. The steroids are wearing  
off. But we have to wait.

Jacob takes a small piece of card from his pocket  
and places it in Isis's hand.

Isis gasps in bewilderment. She's looking at a  
photo of Jacob's burn scars.

EXT. CAMP SITE. NIGHT

Sol and Veronica are sat in chairs at the pool edge.

Nearby, Lake sits in his wheelchair with Angel sat  
on the ground by his side, her cheek resting on his  
thigh.

Leo plays skimming pebbles along the water surface.

SOLOMON, a big twenty something runs up to Leo,  
holding out his right hand, excited, smiling.

SOLOMON

Arm wrestle?

LEO

Not again, Solomon...

Solomon hurries off towards Lake.

Hundreds of the sick, ill and disabled are at the pool edge - watching, waiting.

VERONICA

How many days? Weeks? Or could it be months are you prepared to wait, Sol?

SOL

I'm not the one who's waiting.

VERONICA

Okay, so why the tattoo?

SOL

To re-direct the focus of stares.

VERONICA

Isis hates that tattoo.

SOL

Oh yeah this tattoo gets the blame for almost everything. Mum leaving. The sun rising.

Veronica laughs.

Leo picks up another pebble and tosses it into the water.

INT. TENT. NIGHT

Jacob hides the photo back in his pocket.

JACOB

This photo is our secret.

Isis smiles as she tosses her long hair back.

Suddenly, Jacob's eyes fill with shock as he notices a small blister on Isis's neck.

ISIS

What?

Jacob's silent a moment, before shaking his head.

JACOB

Nothing.

EXT. CAMP SITE [POOLSIDE]. NIGHT

A FULL MOON hangs in the night sky, reflecting a silvery varnish onto the lake.

Angel places her left hand into Lake's hand. She then rises to her feet.

ANGEL

[calls]

Solomon.

As Solomon turns he sees Angel's outstretched right arm reaching out towards him.

ANGEL

Hold hands!

Solomon chuckles.

ANGEL

Come on Solomon, we're going to make a circle.

Solomon hurries over to Angel and grasps a hold of her hand.

ANGEL

Now reach your other hand out to Veronica.

Veronica and Solomon's hands join.

Veronica looks to Sol.

Sol takes hold of Veronica's hand, and lifting it to his lips he places a gentle kiss. Veronica's eyes well with tears.

ISIS [O.S.]

What's going on?

Angel looks around to see Isis and Jacob nearby.

ANGEL

We're going to make a huge circle spanning the whole pool. I need your help. Come on!

Leo tosses another pebble into the water.

SLOW MOTION - The pebble SKIMS across the surface of the pool; once, twice, a third time. It SPLASHES, RIPPLES. Then the pebble SINKS into the WHITE WORLD of the moon's reflection.

The pebble SINKS...DEEP...DEEPER.

INTERCUT [as the pebble skims and sinks] - Angel, Isis and Jacob are running the circumference of the pool calling on everybody to join hands and form a huge circle.

Isis's face is beaming as she sees hundreds of hands beginning to take shape.

SINGER

[sings song to pebble sinking]  
Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket. Save it for a rainy day. Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket...

The pebble sinks to the bottom of the pool and gently comes to rest on our little magical pebble, the contact triggering off a golden glow and a CHIME...Save it for a rainy day.

EXT POOLSIDE. NIGHT

The circle's EXPANDING. More and More people are leaving their caravans and tents to join the circle.

Solomon looks strangely at Leo's stumped arm. Leo's reluctant. Then they both smile, as Solomon completes his part of the circle by taking hold of Leo's stump.

Jacob stops as he sees his Father nearby with his two Gypsy friends.

JACOB

Dad. Join hands, we're making a circle!

After a moment hesitation George's two Gypsy friends walk towards the circle to join hands.

George turns his back and walks away.

JACOB

I hate you! You'll never change!

George looks back, giving his son a piercing stare. Jacob runs back to the pool.

JACOB

Come on everybody! Join hands!

UNDER WATER -

The pebble emits a plume of golden gases and liquids.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Robert is staring out of the window.

EXT. POOLSIDE. NIGHT

The last two hands unite to complete the circle that surrounds the pool. Angel, Isis and Jacob are all holding onto the hands of people who were strangers to them just a few moments ago. There's near on a thousand smiling faces. Angel stares directly at the pool.

ANGEL

[quietly between herself and the pool]

Now work your magic.

[shouts at pool]

Come on! We want our miracle!

Isis looks directly into the water.

ISIS

We want to see some magic!

JACOB

Give us the golden fountain again!

Suddenly there are hundreds of voices screaming in anger, hope, belief and desperation, either pleading or commanding the pool to work the magic.

SUDDENLY, the earth rumbles. At the centre of the pool, a quick single squirt of golden lava rockets up high into the night sky.

Hundred's of eyes watch, amazed.

Then there's a second squirt of golden lava.

Shooting up into the darkness, a third jet of the golden glowing lava.

Then a forth, and a fifth.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOME. NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS - of different children's faces watching the distant golden flying glows.

EXT. POOLSIDE. NIGHT

SPLODGE! - A big blob of flying golden lava splashes down onto Isis's long golden flowing locks.

She looks in awe at the golden lava trickling down over her face, and dripping off into her open palms.

SPLODGE! SPLODGE! SPLODGE! Falling blobs of lava are splattering people.

In the excitement and joy few have realised the explosions of lava have ceased.

Dozens of people are already in the pool.

ANGEL  
Keep the circle!

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [ROBERT'S ROOM].NIGHT

The room is full of excited screaming children.

Robert stands, with the aid of his crutches, at his open doorway, looking down the corridor.

ROBERT  
Here he is!

[screams down the corridor]  
Hurry Doctor Zish! Run!

Doctor Zish scoots down the corridor, dressed in his pyjamas.

ROBERT  
Look out the window!

Doctor Zish enters, hurrying to the window with a dozen screaming children bellowing.

DOCTOR ZISH  
Ssshhh children!

All goes silent as Doctor Zish looks out the window  
-

Waiting -

Waiting -

Waiting -

DOCTOR ZISH  
There's noth -

Doctor Zish halts mid sentence as he stares out the window at a golden fireball racing through the darkness.

The children are screaming again.

ROBERT

Don't you see Doctor Zish? It knows. It's giving us time to get everybody in the bus!

SUDDENLY, there's a TREMOR lasting a few seconds. The room SHAKES.

Then silence.

DOCTOR ZISH

Children, I don't pretend to understand what's going on here, but...

SPLAT! - on the window, right next to Doctor Zish; a big blob of golden lava clings, dripping down the window.

There's a shocked pause.

LUCY

Can we get in the bus now, Doctor Zish?

EXT. POOLSIDE. NIGHT

The circle has broken and more and more of the sick and disabled are entering the pool. Yet the able-bodied still hold hands, at least keeping together the shape.

Lake is hauled over Solomon's shoulder as his aid wades through the water. Angel looks on.

ANGEL

Be careful with him, Solomon.

Isis is running along the edge of the pool just inside the circle as the earth below her tremors to every shooting rocket of the magical lava.

ISIS

Daddy!

Isis sprints over to Sol.

SOL

Well come on then; get in there!

ISIS

Not without Robert and the other kids.

SOL

What?

ISIS

Daddy, I promised!

INT. MINIBUS. NIGHT [TRAVELLING] [MINUTES LATER] -

Leo is driving. He has a little smudge of golden lava on the end of his nose.

In the rear passenger seats sit Veronica, Angel and Jacob, all laughing joyfully and speckled in gold.

Isis is still covered with the golden lava. She laughs hysterically as she runs her fingers through her long locks and the lava SNAPS! POPS! CRACKLES! EXPLODES!

ISIS

Come on Daddy. Your turn now!

SOL

No way, you don't know what...

Sol halts mid-sentence as Isis places a smudge of the golden lava onto his nose.

There's a silence. Everybody's waiting.

ISIS

Three, two, one -

Sol has a startled expression as his nose glows golden and CRACKLES and POPS.

Everybody laughs.

EXT. THE POOL. NIGHT

There's hundreds in the water.

Lake is floating, a rubber ring around his chest, with Solomon nearby.

An occasional spurt of golden lava spits out of the pool centre.

A golden blob floats on the waters surface near to Lake's spellbound eyes. His hand reaches out of the water, and grabs the lava. He holds his lava-covered fingers up to his eyes.

EXT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. NIGHT

The minibus doors are open and the hydraulics are lifting the first of the motorised wheelchair users in. Doctor Zish is thumb pressing down hard on the lift button.

There's a queue of five other motorised wheelchair users, followed by Robert and other children. Woof is there too, eagerly waiting his turn.

There's another slight earth tremor. Robert watches a golden fireball zoom through the night sky, leaving a golden path.

ROBERT

Doctor Zish, can't you make it go any faster?

DOCTOR ZISH

No Robert, I can't.

Lucy, one place ahead in the queue of Robert, looks at him and smiles.

LUCY

You can have my place in the queue if you want, Robert.

ROBERT

Thanks for the offer, Lucy. You keep your place.

SUDDENLY, there's hopeful looks from the children as Leo drives the new minibus into the car park. The rear doors are flung open and out leaps Jacob. The children cheer ecstatically.

Isis follows.

Robert's eyes light up.

ROBERT

Isis!

ISIS

Robert!

Isis runs to Robert, wrapping her arms around him.

CHILDREN

[all together]

Isis!

EXT. POOL. NIGHT

There are a hundred or more disabled bodies in the pool, reaching out for the golden lava.

EXT SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. DAY

Angel, Doctor Zish and Leo are trying desperately to lift one of the children in a motorised wheelchair onto the minibus. The front wheels are perched on the edge of the bus. Isis and Jacob are in the bus, arms outstretched. They are hoping for the chair to move forward a couple of inches so they can grab ahold and help.

Jacob's eyes suddenly light up in amazement at the sight of his father, with Harold and two other Gypsy men.

JACOB

Dad!

The four Gypsies take charge to jubilant cheers.

INT. MINIBUS. DAY

Veronica is wearily sat at the back, almost asleep.

Sol looks concerned.

SOL

Veronica, are you okay?

VERONICA

Sleepy.

SOL

Don't you dare die on me.

The bus rattles from another earth tremor.

The four Gypsy men lift a second wheelchair onto the bus.

ANGEL

Okay, all you kids not in a chair, all aboard.

There's rapturous applause as more six kids, with crutches or sticks, board the bus. Woof is there too.

EXT. POOL. DAY

Lake's in the water, surrounded by hundreds of magic believers. He looks back, eyes searching.

LAKE

[shouts loudly]

Angel? Sol? Isis? Where are you?

Suddenly there's a HUGE TREMOR and the earth around the campsite begins to crack.

At the centre of the pool - KABOOM!!! This time, it's bigger; a thunderous fountain of GOLDEN GLITTERING LAVA that shoots into the night sky.

Lake's startled and totally awestruck.

The golden lava showers down over everyone.

The Reporter and his cameraman are poolside, amazed and awe inspired.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

A TREE blocks the road.

Lake's minibus, followed by George's old battered car, pull up.

Just passed the tree is the hospital minibus.

Angel looks at the tree, puzzled.

The sky is a wash of golden.

The pool is now only a couple of hundreds yards away. They're at the edge of the campsite.

Isis and Jacob open the rear doors of the minibus and look at Lake.

ISIS

What are we going to do?

ANGEL

You drive on. We'll figure something out.

Isis looks back at the children inside the hospital minibus.

CHILD 1

We're not leaving them.

CHILD 2

It's all of us, or none of us.

George and his Gypsy friends have got out of their car, and are lifting the children out of Lake's bus and carrying them towards the tree.

Everybody is getting involved in the task of shipping the children over the tree.

EXT.POOL.DAY

Hundreds of gold bodies party in the pool.

The hospital minibus is now at the pool edge.

The rear doors are flung open and Jacob and Angel leap out.

Jacob's smiling with delight at the sight of his father arriving, with Robert in his arms.

George, Harold and the other Gypsy men arrive, each carrying a child in their arms.

Isis follows, holding on to her Daddy's hand. Sol limps, struggling with pain.

George carries Robert into the water.

Angel and Leo help Veronica out of the minibus.

Doctor Zish lifts Lucy out out of her chair.

Harold and the other Gypsy men carry children into the pool. Rhiannon is in the water, with Woof looking on, bemused.

Angel helps Veronica into the pool as Isis and Sol arrive, hand in hand.

Veronica reaches her arms out to Sol. They hug tightly.

Lake sees a face he's been waiting for.

LAKE

Angel!

Angel swims to Lake. They hug.

The Gypsy men carry the last of the children into the water.

Doctor Zish is in too, with Lucy in his arms. They are covered in golden lava.

George is smiling, holding a child in his arms. Jacob swims up to his father. They hug.

Amidst the bathers the golden lava pops and flickers; once, twice, a third time...and then gone.

Silence.

EXT.CAMPSITE.DAY

A collection of disability aids lie in a heap, as part of a bonfire. A GYPSY BMAN stands pouring

petrol onto the mass of wheelchairs, artificial limbs, spectacles, hearing aids, neck braces, medicine and tablet bottles.

GYPSY MAN

Any old rag and bone!

The DISABLED Crowd look on and applaud jubilantly.

Four of the wheelchair user children sit in delight, clapping and cheering. Solomon is by the children, copying their every action.

Doctor Zish hurries around with a worried look on his face. He runs up to Isis, Jacob, Angel, Lake, Leo and Robert, who's stood up on his crutches.

DOCTOR ZISH

What am I going to do? I've lost seven children!

ROBERT

We're not lost Doctor Zish. We've only just been found!

The Reporter and his Cameraman are getting every shot.

Isis walks approaches the bonfire and throws her special protective clothing into the flames. Jacob smiles.

Angel and Leo support Lake to his feet. Solomon lifts Lake's wheelchair high above his head and tosses it into the roaring flames.

SOLOMON

[holds arm out towards Lake]  
Arm wrestle?

LAKE

Tomorrow Solomon.

INT. SOL'S GROUP TENT. NIGHT

Sol and Veronica chuckle as they pick golden lava out of each other's hair.

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN [JACOB'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Jacob and Isis scoop lava off themselves and drop it into a bucket of water.

The water crackles and pops, and slowly begins to turn golden.

Jacob is taking eggs out of a shoe box filled with straw, that has been hidden under his bed.

He carefully lays four eggs on the water surface.

They wait.

EXT. CHILDREN'S MINIBUS. NIGHT

An anxious Doctor Zish supervises the children being brought back. They are being carried by George, Harold and friends.

DOCTOR ZISH

Lucy, where are your wheelchairs?

LUCY

On the bonfire Doctor Zish.

DOCTOR ZISH

Oh, great. DO you have any idea how long that took me to get monies for?

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN [JACOB'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Jacob and Isis remain watching the four eggs.

EXT. BONFIRE. NIGHT

Robert is being held up with Angel's arms around him, as Leo throws Robert's crutches into the flames.

Robert smiles, as does Lake, who is sat on the ground.

In the background the minibus is being loaded with children and Woof.

DOCTOR ZISH  
[shouts out]  
Come on Robert, you're the last one.

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN [JACOB'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Isis and Jacob are watching the floating eggs. A tiny crack appears in one of the shells.

JACOB  
Look!

Isis gasps.

More cracks appear as the two watch in wonder. Four little ducklings begin to hatch from their shells.

Exclamations of WOW, from the two enchanted children.

INT. SOL'S GROUP TENT. NIGHT

Sol is sat on the edge of his camp bed, playing with the golden lava. He tosses a ball of it into the air and it explodes into tiny pellets.

Then appears a golden fairy.

The fairy flutters her wings in front of Sol's bedazzled eyes. She stops before his nose, hovers and lifts a finger to her lips signalling a 'ssshhh'.

She winks at Sol, then vanishes into thin air.

Sol sits spellbound. Suddenly he feels a presence.

At the tent entrance, stand Golden Tooth and his two brothers.

INT. CHILDREN'S MINIBUS. NIGHT

Doctor Zish drives the bus away from the campsite. Robert is sat in the front passenger seat. Children are waving goodbye.

ROBERT

Doctor Zish, have you forgotten that straight around this bend there's a huge tree blocking the road?

Just as Robert finishes his sentence the bus rounds the bend and..

DOCTOR ZISH

It's gone!

ROBERT

Where's it gone Doctor Zish?

Doctor Zish is in deep thought.

LUCY

It's another white rabbit!

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN [JACOB'S ROOM]. NIGHT

Isis has fallen asleep on Jacob's bed. The ducklings are paddling in the water.

Jacob carefully lifts Isis's head and places a pillow underneath. He pushes back her long golden hair to see the small skin blister is still there. He puts his hand on her head and lays down beside her.

EXT. DESERTED FARM BUILDING. NIGHT

Sol's asleep, being propped up by Reece and Dwain.

Gold Tooth slaps him about the cheeks.

GOLD TOOTH

Wakey, wakey!

Sol's eyes slowly open.

GOLD TOOTH (CONT'D)

Ahh...we're here.

The brothers are manhandling Sol to keep him awake. Sol is struggling; it's like he's been injected with a massive dose of a sleeping drug. Gold Tooth pulls Lake's wheelchair footplate out from behind his back, and brandishes it in front of Sol's eyes.

GOLD TOOTH (CONT'D)

Remember this? [beat] Now if you ain't going to tell us where your little friend is, then you're just going to have to take the punishment for him.

Sol's sleepy.

GOLD TOOTH

[to his brothers]

Get a firm hold of him.

Gold Tooth swings the footplate and with all his might, sends it smashing into Sol's chin.

CRUNCH! A bone SNAPS in Sol's neck.

The brothers drop Sol to the ground.

He lies motionless, bone protruding from his broken neck.

We hear the sound of Sol's heart -

...beat.... beat.....beat. [getting faint now].

.....beat.....beat [ever so faint].

.....beat.

FADE TO BLACK

ISIS [V.O.]

Every now and again in life, a white rabbit moment occurs, you know? Most of them go unnoticed, simply because they happen in a flash, and we're all too busy to take the time to stop and wonder. Now keep your eyes wide open, and watch...ever so ever so closely... noses up to the screen; you're about to see the whitest white rabbit you've ever seen.

FADE TO: DAYLIGHT.

EXT. FARM BUILDING. EARLY MORNING.

The most beautiful golden sun is rising over Sol's twisted broken body.

ZOOM IN CLOSE - on the tattooed side of Sol's face.

One dot, amongst thousands, of the big heavy snake tattoo ...disappears.

ISIS [V.O.]  
[whispers]

Did you see it?  
Keep watching.

Ink is disappearing.

Sol's awkward twisted body begins to free itself from the chains that have bound it in pain for so many years.

Fingers untwist and straighten. Crippled joints begin to heal themselves.

We hear Sol's heart! ...beat...beat  
[stronger]...beat [louder].

THEN - Sol's breathing!

INT. GEORGE'S CARAVAN [JACOB'S ROOM]. DAY

Sunlight shines through the curtained window onto Isis's face.

Slowly, she opens her eyes.

In the bucket on the floor the four ducklings paddle about in the water.

EXT. POOLSIDE. DAY

Twisted bodies are untwisting.

Dead paralysed limbs are living, moving.

Blind eyes see.

At this moment, we're watching a hundred previously crippled, pain filled bodies being re-born; re-created.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOME [DOCTOR ZISH'S OFFICE]. DAY

With ease, and without stiffness, Doctor Zish picks himself up from his chair and puts his spectacles on.

He then immediately takes them off, and looks curiously around the room.

He raises his glasses to his eyes.

To his eyes, away from his eyes. To his eyes away, from his eyes.

Doctor Zish throws his spectacles into the bin, and leaps over his desk with a newfound athleticism.

INT. LAKE'S MINIBUS. DAY

Leo wakes, and lifting his body from the steering wheel, notices his new right arm. He sits there, simply bewildered.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [CORRIDOR].  
DAY

Doctor Zish races down the corridor, checking in each child's room as he goes. There's the odd wheelchair or pair of crutches about.

But no child to be found.

Doctor Zish looks into Rhiannon's room. Woof is the only occupant.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY

Isis sprints across the field, arms outstretched, with her face to the sun.

ISIS  
Daddy, I'm cured!

Suddenly, she stops, and stares ahead of her, in shock.

Ten feet in front of Isis stands Veronica next. She is a vision of beauty and serenity, with a perfect complexion.

ISIS  
Veronica?

Veronica appears vague; confused and dreamy as she looks toward Isis.

A spellbound Isis treads anxiously forward.

ISIS  
Veronica. You're cured! Your skin.  
You're beautiful. [beat] Where's Daddy?

VERONICA  
Don't know. We lost him last night.

From the closed tent, Isis hears giggles and erotic groans.

ISIS

Is that? -

VERONICA

Lake and Angel.

ISIS

Is Lake? -

VERONICA

Oh yeah. He's been up on his feet and leaping around like a spring lamb.

ISIS

Veronica, are you okay?

VERONICA

Have you ever been in the middle of a dream, and you know it's a dream, but you just can't wake yourself out of it?

ISIS

Veronica, come on!

[drags Veronica along with her].  
We need to find Daddy!

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY

Sol's wandering towards the tents as the minibus pulls up. Leo reaches out his new arm from the driver's window. He smiles at Sol.

LEO

Give me five man!

Sol smiles as he slaps his right hand into Leo's.

LEO

What the hell happened to the tat?

SOL

The tat?

LEO

Yeah, it's vanished. [beat] Bad news, the tat was cool.

INT. SHINGWELLWISH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL [GYMNASIUM].  
DAY

An amazed Doctor Zish looks on in delight as twelve children run, climb and leap about in joy. Nurse Blockley enters the gym.

NURSE BLOCKLEY

What in...?

Nurse Blockley's jaw drops at the sight of the children playing.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY

At the top of the hill Lake's minibus is parked, with Leo sat on the bonnet. Sol stands on the rooftop with his arms raised to the sky. It's a beautiful sunny day. He spots Isis in the distance, running towards them.

SOL

Isis!

Sol smiles as he hears a voice scream back.

ISIS [O.S.]

Daddy!

Isis is sprinting up the hill, arms out-stretched, with Veronica not far behind.

Sol takes a mighty leap from the roof. He tumbles to the ground, rolls and springs back to his feet with his arms open wide.

Isis leaps into his arms and he lifts her high into the air.

Veronica puts her arms around Sol and places a warm, loving kiss upon his lips.

CHILDREN'S VOICES [O.S]

[screaming]

Isis!

Isis looks down to the bottom of the hill to see twelve children sprinting up, led by Doctor Zish.

Isis waves and runs to the hill top where Leo gives her a right hand up, which she grabs with great delight, before climbing onto the minibus rooftop.

Isis lifts her arms up high, her face to the sun.

ISIS

[screams out]

Hello Golden Sun!

Isis gives a tiny secretive wave.

ISIS

[whispers to herself with a  
tinge of sadness]

Goodbye Mister Moon.

Lake and Angel walk up the hill, hand in hand. They have big smiles on their faces, as they watch the twelve children run around the minibus, climbing to the rooftop one by one and hugging Isis.

Jacob is walking up the hill with his father and his Gypsy friends.

On the minibus rooftop, Robert looks up high in the sky, and something suddenly catches his attention.

ROBERT

[points out and calls]

Jonah!

An Eagle flies high in the sky. The children are mesmerised.

CHILDREN

[all calling]

Jonah!

As Jacob makes it onto the minibus roof, Isis gives him a hug. He pushes back her long golden hair to look at the back of her neck - the blister has disappeared.

The Reporter stands halfway up the hill, with his cameraman capturing the moment on the hilltop behind him.

REPORTER

On the thirty first of June the miracle of Shingwellwish happened...

CUT TO: BLACK SCREEN.

Following voice over is superimposed white writing on black screen.

ISIS [V.O.]

Of the 1,024 people that entered the pool that night, 126 of them were diagnosed with a terminal illness. They are all living healthy lives today.

The 328 wheelchair users are all walking.

768 people reported to have been cured of a major illness or disability.

Hundreds of others who entered the pool, for no other reason than being family members, friends or carers of the sick and disabled, reported improvements in their sight.

474 Smokers quit their habit.

ALL 1,024 people are alive and in good health to this day. [beat]

The 'Miracle of Shingwellwish' never happened again.

But never say never...

FADE TO BLACK

