

INT. ISOLATED BARNS, HIGHLANDS - EVENING

A retro village hall interior, with glossy wooden floors and poorly installed fluorescent lighting. A jukebox plays old hits from the fifties and sixties.

A long line of WOMEN in their twenties, dressed in shapeless dusky-white dresses, with hoods, all sway to the music.

Spread across the floor is a giant scroll of paper, it stretches from one side of the room to the other.

Ana and Lisbeth are the last to sign their names at the bottom, the top is taken up by serious pronouncements.

Lisbeth and Ana kneel and prepare to scrawl their names. Their simple signatures join girlish scripts with smiley faces, hearts and flourishes.

Lisbeth lifts her head, looks around the room for a moment. The world seems to have dulled and slowed to treacle, leaving the hall in sharp, painful focus.

The beat of the women's heels against the floor, the juke-box music jangling, the sloshing of drink, the high-pitched nervous laughter - it's all baring down on her.

LISBETH

(to Ana)

Need some air.

In the long shadows at the back of the room, she can see the strings holding up these puppet-women who seem to sway, but instead are moved by giant marionette rods.

Lisbeth darts between the women. She's hurried, disorientated; their skirts slap at her legs as she passes them, as she pushes them out of her way.

They turn and stare steely eyed back at her, accusative, as she pushes through, she waves them off, breathing quickening, head to the ground.

LISBETH (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

She flings open a side-door, pulls herself through and lets it THUD behind her.

EXT. BARNS - EVENING

Lisbeth sucks in a great breath of air, her hands shaking. She lights up a cigarette and breathes out a big cloud of smoke.

Ana pushes the door ajar, squeezes her foot through, but doesn't leave the confines of the barn.

ANA
(whispers)
They don't know the rules.

Lisbeth keeps focussed on her nicotine fix.

LISBETH
Lucky them.

ANA
They need you. I need you--

Lisbeth takes another great breath of air and closes her eyes a second. She flicks her cigarette out into the night, and steps back inside.

INT. BATHROOM - MYERS FARMHOUSE - DAY

A darkened, cracked mirror over a dirty sink reflects back Lisbeth's face. Her hair is matted, her face is dirty. She's alone, her hood removed, her brown hair trails down her back, while her cold blue eyes stare herself down in the mirror.

She swallows hard and glances to her side.

LISBETH'S POV:

TWENTY WOMEN in the same hooded greyed dress surround her. Their blue eyes sullen, their skin pale white.

Lisbeth's hands shake as she splashes cold water across her face.

She can still feel the presence of the women.

She looks again in the mirror and it's just her. Alone.

She vomits in the sink and claws open the cabinet in front of her, pulls out a bottle of pills.

Two remaining. She downs them both.

She looks at the ghostly figures around her.

She rips off the dress, turns to walk to the shower, having to push through the women, brushing past their skirts, feeling their eyes turn on her and flash with anger. Her own eyes stinging with tears.

LISBETH
Sorry, sorry, sorry.