

LADY IN THE FENS



90-MIN FEATURE FILM

FEMALE-LED FOLK HORROR EXPLORING ENVIRONMENTAL AND CULTURAL DESOLATION THROUGH HAUNTOLOGY AND LOCAL MYTH.

WRITTEN BY

CIERAN RYAN

Image - Dreaded Bog Witches (unknown), retrieved from <https://wrathofzombie.wordpress.com/2013/12/15/the-bogwood-swamp-a-hubris-territory/>

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A climate scientist's excavation is stalled when the preserved body of a witch is uncovered on the site.

Folk-horror, to me, is digging up deep-rooted superstitions and confronting them; all the while being brought to task on our ignorance of these in modern life. Another process I find synonymous is the discussion around climate change, something often buried when the truth of it is conflicting with our current way of life. The climate emergency is also a direct result of human industrialisation and truthfully, greed. This story is of a vengeful spirit, reminding us that while change can be hard to face, inevitably, we must.

The murky, vast flatland of the Fens has long been a backdrop for dark stories: the shaggy 'Black Shuck' dog is thought to have inspired the Hound of the Baskervilles, and historically the area was the setting for the horrors of Matthew Hopkins' 'witch hunts' in the 1640s and the English Civil War of the same period. It's also one of the great turning points in the climate story: In the 1800s, on the brink of the industrial revolution, much of the Fenland was bought by private investors, drained and turned into farmland. This released huge amounts of CO₂ stored in the natural peat and took away the land's efficiency for storing carbon.

Nowadays, the Fens present a great step forward in rewilding, reversing some effects of climate change by acting as a natural carbon sink. According to UN Environmental Programme, "peatlands store twice as much carbon as all the world's forests" but in *The Lady In The Fens*, plans for an invasive digging process called "Carbon Capture-Storage" could threaten this...

In environmental science, the new process of CCS is to capture carbon gases at the point of emission, separate the CO₂ from other gases, compress it and drill deep into the earth to deposit the compressed gas. In our story, Jo Ward (Female, 30s) returns to the Fens, the area she grew up in, working for an energy company. They're rushing a contract with the Fens for CCS before the government changes to secure long-term investment, selling shares in "Carbon Credits": a modern 'greed' reflective of the 1800s investors. *The Lady In The Fens* challenges the mentality of allowing fossil fuels to keep producing emissions and hiding it in the earth, literally 'sweeping under the rug', rather than progressing to cleaner energy.

The spirit in the story materialises once its body, mummified in peat, is incinerated to avoid delays in the CCS project. This 'Lady in The Fens' stalks the industrial digging team, dragging their bodies into the peat bog to drown. The spirit is malevolent: a symbiotic creation of the evil attached to the land – the greed of the rich, the bloodshed of the civil war and the spirit's own persecution in the witch trials. [Jo must learn that the peat lay undisturbed for millennia for a reason: it was keeping this spirit dormant, now it has been set free.]

Jo's only hope of reverting this curse is in reconnecting with her childhood friend Patrin Chapman (Male, 30s), a member of the local Roma community who have lived on the land for centuries. With his intuitive, spiritual understanding of the land, and Jo's research into the history of the Lady in the Fens, the two find the source of the spirit's anger: [an unmarked mass grave?] and use [environmentally-positive methods?] to exorcise the spirit, locking her back in the earth and shelving the CCS project in favour of funding for a local history and information centre.

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Character biographies



Jo: Female, 30s – *Curious, driven, something-to-prove intellectual.* An investigative protagonist – trying to solve the mystery while learning more of the history and traditions of the community around her.

Full name: Joyce Ward. Surname meaning guard, watchman or keeper; popular surname in the area.

In terms of the horror genre, Jo is set up as our ‘final girl’, following tropes that show her as “more intelligent and resourceful than the other victims” (TV Tropes, n.d.). In the fake-out ending, however we see this trope inverted, where the survivor is in fact the monster, posing as Jo.

Jo’s childhood was spent in the fictional Fenland town of ‘Ouseford’, similar to Ely or King’s Lynn. Save a handful of farms and the village traditions of wicker-trap eel-fishing, there was little to do in Ouseford. The slow life grated on Jo – making her and local Roma boy PATRIN fast friends in adventure and mischief among the dykes and marshes.

Jo left as soon as she could to pursue ambitions of environmental biology and climate science in London. Having seen the effects of climate change, overfishing and industrial farming in her area, she was enthused to make a change, along with her mark on the world.

When an opportunity for a new climate research excavation comes up in her hometown, Jo is put forward by her company to lead the project. Convinced of its benefits, though not a little hesitant to return home for the first time in years, she accepts.

Jo is a ghost-story protagonist of one with no ties; no-one to lose (she thinks) but searching for something to live for. Her tie to mortality will be tested, as she discovers more than just a body in this excavation – she discovers a connection with the earth itself.

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Jez: Male, 60s – *No-bullshit, seen-it-all grafter from Yorkshire.* An antagonist to Jo, often rushing her decisions and fighting for an easy job. His weakness is greed, and he quickly succumbs to the Lady’s curse.

Full name: Geoffrey Wright.

Jez has worked on a number of drilling projects for the company over the years, including oil mining in the north sea and fracking. He represents a short-sighted view of climate and environmental preservation, seeing any of his work a small drop in the ocean. Jez absolves himself from any responsibility, “If they paid me the same to plant wind farms, I’d do that instead”.

In terms of horror tropes, Jez fulfils the “Older and Wiser”, “Dirty Coward” and “Greedy” tropes, lining him up for an early screen death. (TV Tropes, n.d.)



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Patrin: Male, 30s – *Charming, wilful, spiritual member of the local Roma community.* Growing up as a child of the traveller community has been a completely different upbringing to Jo – drawing them together as children, and distancing them as adults.

Full name: Patrin Chapman. Chapman is a common Roma surname in the area, associated with it's meaning of 'hawker' or 'trader', as many Roma were when they first moved to the area. It was one of the many English surnames adopted by Roma families, along with the famous Smith family, while preserving their traditional forenames. Patrin is one such Roma forename, literally meaning 'leaf', and is a reference to "a handful of leaves or grass thrown down at intervals by Romany people to indicate their course" (Merriam-Webster, n.d.).

While it's clear a flame still burns for Jo, it's never acted on. Patrin is married, and puts his family first: they strongly oppose Jo's work in Carbon Capture Storage – claiming it "wounds the earth". Patrin's family turn out to be the voice of reason by Act 2 and Patrin, along with his family, set Jo on the path to defeating the Lady.



The Lady In The Fens: Female, 400 year-old spirit – *A malevolent, stalking horror. Tied to the Fens, and the very earth itself by the horrors of Matthew Hopkins' witch hunts.* The Lady appears as a lithe, withered peat mummy; her skin tarred black by the bog. A discernible feature we see repeated as motif is her long, sharp double-jointed fingers, showing a case of hypermobility for which she was persecuted in life.

While her body is incinerated at the peak of Act 1, the Lady materialises climbing out from bogs, marshes, dykes – anywhere with dark, murky water. She targets members of the excavation and those helping Jo when they exhibit acts of greed, dragging them into the bleak mires and drowning them in the mud.



The Lady's history reveals her to have been a member of an early travelling community – an accomplished herbalist, respected – though not fully understood – by the local townspeople. An easy target for Hopkins, she was called to trial as a witch and found guilty of dealing with the devil. Her herbal salves and tonics were denounced as proof of her witchcraft, and her hypermobility seen as proof of allowing the devil to possess her. She was seen as a dangerous entity and drowned in a peat bog, tied to a pole upside-down.

This cruel persecution and treatment of her otherness leaves a dark mark on the peat and the land itself, cursing it to become dry and brittle, and all who worked on the land to fall sick. In reality, this is a representation of the historical draining of the Fens, causing the peat to release carbon gas stored in the wetland.

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Moses Chapman: Male, 60s – *Convivial, charismatic, spiritual. Father to Patrin and the head of this Roma community.* Moses is inviting and warm – a welcoming host when Jo is introduced to the community.

Living through Roma culture in the UK through the 70s and 80s, Moses is a figure of UK Roma past – seeing himself as one of a fading culture, he is not afraid, as Patrin’s generation are, to be bold with his heritage.

Jenica Chapman: Female, 20s – *Elusive, curious, quiet. Wife to Patrin.* Patrin’s inherited charisma sets Jenica as the opposing piece – soft-spoken and wary, Jenica is spiritually close to the earth, and is the first to notice signs of unrest.



Jenica often chooses to speak Romany to Patrin in Jo’s company, and while she doesn’t deliberately oppose Jo and Patrin’s reunited friendship, she questions Jo’s place in their community.

Gabriela & Miri: Female, 50s – *Tense, traditional, insular. Patrin’s aunts.* These sisters are rarely seen apart. Close-knit and observing, they are the seed of doubt in Jo’s involvement in the community.



Patrin’s mother, the elder of these three sisters, died when he was young. They have attempted to raise him traditionally, while Moses has encouraged his son to a liberal life – free to make his own decisions about his heritage. The sisters and Moses often disagree over this.

Mr. Moorley; National Trust Representative: Male, 70s – *Dour, ruthless, no-nonsense.* Mr. Moorley comes in late into Act 3, bringing with him bulletproof authority and a get-stuff-done attitude.

He is seemingly unempathetic towards Jo, the CCS project, the energy company or the Roma people. His only focus is making the right decision for the land he is protector over. He disregards any spiritual nuance, calling any claims of the Lady’s killings to be “over-exaggerated accidental deaths”.

Mr. Moorley tidies up the whole issue with such precision, we’re left thinking his apparent lack of any superstition is too convenient – perhaps he knew what the peat was hiding all along?



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Synopsis (6-7pg)

“You write scripted work of marketable quality, with presentation of material in an arresting and fresh manner. You show outstanding approach towards structure in your writing work demonstrating a focused understanding of craft principles. Excellent mastery of character, tone, style and theme.”

A climate scientist's excavation is stalled when the preserved body of a witch is uncovered on the site.

Drills fire into soil. Turf and bracken churns. Heavy machinery shears and tugs at the earth. We're at a carbon storage site in the Fens, East Anglia, present day. Another steel claw of the JCB rakes at the carbon grave. The vehicles are on planks to protect them from sinking in the peat. Suddenly, a voice shouts out to cut the power! The claw clanks to a halt, and stillness ripples across the site. Peering into the hole in the peat, the JCB driver leaning out his cab, the gaffer taking off his hardhat: laid motionless, black as coal in the side of the peat bank is the body of a woman, buried upside down.

JO (30s) examines a 3D imaging of the peat body. She looks up from her screen to the seen-it-all operation gaffer: hatless again, he, JEZ (60s) pours milky teas, muttering about NT's commission from The British Museum. It's a money thing. He warns Jo to “settle in” – this is going to be a long game. She's restless, though – “the project can't just stop”, but Jez has seen this before on a rewilding job that “ended in an episode of Time Team.” Jo looks at the 3D model again. There's a strange character to the face: it's hard to make out, but it seems familiar. She snaps away from it. “If we call Police we'll be done for by tomorrow.” marks Jez. “What do you mean, ‘If’?” Jo fires back. Jez asks Jo where there is to go for a drink round here? She did grow up nearby after all...

In the pub Jo hears out Jez's heart of darkness: he pitches to dig up the body. Deal with it. “How?”, but Jo wishes she hadn't asked: he's thought of that too. The carbon furnaces – breaking down the carbon gases and compressing them, to store in the earth. Everything about this makes Jo feel sick, but right on cue – a call from head office tirades the “shitshow” they're in once a new government is likely to take charge at the next election; making her future with the company clearly hinged on getting this project completed, and fast.

Early evening. A gazebo has sprung around the dig site – to protect the excavation? More likely to hide their sins, as three HI-VIS WORKMEN (20s – young, naïve) pick, shovel and lever clumps of peat and bone into buckets. Some parts are recognisable: sharp fingers, ribs, hair attached to parts of a skull; it's a visceral desecration. Jez watches over on the edge of the dig, smoking. “Dig around her. Make sure you get it all.”

Dusk. The horizon's so flat, you can count the seconds as the sun drips its rays down and over the edge of the earth. Bright brick-buckets of peat are loaded into a flatbed van. Gloved hands lift and shove them to the back. Jez throws a tarp over, already shifty. A Workman is about to open the driver's door -- “I'll take the van.” Jez intercepts. “To the museum?” the Workman asks – the others looks at him... surely he doesn't really believe..? “Sure”, replies Jez, taking out a money clip, “local's not far. Get yoursen's a few in.”

Midnight: pitch black, cut through with fumbling phone-torches. A drunken stumble of workmen head back to site accommodation from the pub. Others have taken advantage of the hiatus, and a herd of some ten meander down long flat tracks between endless marsh. They hop

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across a dyke, “I’m sure it’s this way...” looking for a shortcut, but one is sheared from the group as he turns to piss in the murky drainage. A ripple in the black water stalks toward him... He’ll be the first victim.

Rise and shine! Jo is groggy – so is Jez, but as he hands her a morning brew, his face is grave – “you’re gonna want to see this.” Moments later, a stone’s throw from the dig site: Jo leans over the edge of a dyke with grey dread – it’s “not my preferred start to a morning, no.” she elaborates over a vape with Jez. The grim realisation that they have to alert the police. A final revealing glimpse of the dyke shows the mangled, muddy corpse of the young Workman from last night.

“Shit.” Jo mutters as she starts to look over the paperwork for reporting this. Red and blue flash outside. She glances over – OFFICERS are interviewing Workmen by the car. Taking notes. Jo looks back to her desk: stacks of reports, worker records, statements; all pushing back her project. She’ll lose her position, stepped down after this. Regardless of the project’s success, the taint of fuck-up will follow her career. And after the sacrifice she made last night! Oh God, she thinks – what if they find out about the peat body? Would the workmen talk?

A knock at the cabin-office door answers all this. The OFFICER (Female, 40s – stern, curt) addresses Jo, “Do you have the employee records?”, Jo hands them over – along with her statement, “And there’s some business reports if you need--”, the Officer cuts her off: “That’s not necessary. He was heavily intoxicated...” She explains there’s CCTV of him leaving The Wicker Trap at midnight – falling into the door as he does. Open and shut: drunk workman drowns in Fenland bog. Jo’s amazed, then remembers not to show it. “Of course, my condolences to the family.” She nods and follows the Officer out.

Outside, Jo stands with Jez as the Officers chat a distant conversation with a grim tweed-clad old man – MR. MOORLEY (70s, dour and loveless). Jez fills Jo in, “The National Trust representative. He owns half the Fen.” Though far off, Moorley seems to catch Jo’s gaze, returning a stony look. The Officers get back into their car and leave. Moorely stands for a moment. We note the only smear on his pristine outfit: dark mud covers the bottom 4 inches of his wellies. He breaks the stare and mounts his Land Rover, making his exit onto the long flat road. Unblinking, Jez softly breaks the silence, “They didn’t gas. They’re good lads.” – Jo can barely manage a nod. “I’m going to walk it off, I think”, she announces, gathering herself. Jez heads back to the dig – “Crack on, love. We’ll be alright.”

Jo wanders through small tracks surrounded by fields of tall reeds. Biofuel, she notes, as she walks past a “Toxic; GM Crop” sign. Suddenly, out of the grass, a man emerges on a colourfully saddled horse: he’s Romany – Patrin (30s, few years younger than Jo) – wearing a weathered tracksuit and a trilby, gold rings on his tough working hands. A brown goat is in tow on a loose rope. He leans down to Jo and begins to pack a smoking pipe. “You digging for gold back there?” He jokes, “nothing left here now but mud and cow shit.” – “No, nothing that exciting.” Jo searches for words, somehow she wants to admit everything to him— “just geological surveying...”: she doesn’t. “All right. See you around then, Jo”, a twinkle in his eye that she’s recognising. “Sure...”, she nods, and he pulls off into the next field, drawing her stare for a slow moment. Wait—she knew him.

Leading his goat through the tall biofuel grass, Patrin smiles to himself and smokes his pipe. He looks for the goat and tugs the rope, pulling it back empty. The goat has strayed to drink at a marsh pool. Through the reflection in its big black eyes we see a shape soaring quickly through the water... Patrin hears the cry of the goat and pulls the horse around – he spots the

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goat rearing up and heads over to find it stomping at the water with its hooves. Floating, in the water, a European eel, its head caved in. “Good job, Petchka!”, Patrin dismounts and stuffs the eel in a saddlebag. The black water ripples away from them, something else there retreating.

Back at the dig, work continues. Drills thunder and working men call out to each other. Among the hubbub, a smaller conversation happens between two workers taking geological readings with a thin spike, their accents spot them as East London-born: “Oh- here we go.”, “What’s that, leakage?” – the two follow the tracker on the screen, pinpointing a location. One steps onto a peat flat, and the mud crust crumbles under his boot, plunging him into deep marsh. A blast of fumes burst out, watering the other’s eyes red – backing him off, clutching his eyes and covering his mouth. The unlucky worker in the peat is worse off: face already blue with gas poisoning; hand reaching out, but at the last moment something seems to yank him down, and under.

Jo returns to the dig site, once again stagnant – the same Officers taking statements. An ambulance carrying bodies inside – one in critical condition, the other motionless and grey. Jez strides up to Jo, fuming – “we’re done for the day, they’re bringing health and safety.” There’s something more in his eyes too – “What is it?” Jo asks, “Pub.” Jez reponds.

In the pub: The Wicker Trap. Jo comes over with a lager and a G and T. She’s on the lager. Jez reveals his suspicions of the local people – the farmers, Mr. Moorley. Jo is not fully with him, but entertains it... In his tirade of finger-pointing, Jez comes round to the Roma. His views are not hers, and Jo dismisses these claims. She takes another sip in the silence and heads to the bathroom.

In the stall, Jo looks uncomfortable, she checks the paper – has she come on? The paper isn’t stained with blood, but a black, oily spot of tar. As Jo looks, the tar burns out from the middle, smoke coming from it – she recoils, dropping the paper, cold sweat painting her brow. On the floor, the paper is pure white again, no sign of her hallucinations.

Jo splashes water over her face and looks into the bathroom mirror. She’s tired. The days here have been long. She begins to stare, picking at sleep in her eye, when a crow lands with a CRASH! by the bathroom window. The sudden flap of wings and scratching of feet makes Jo jump again. She sees the crow and is frustrated by her nerves. Slamming her palm on the sinks, as a VILLAGER walks in right on cue. Embarrassed, and stressed, Jo leaves.

Back of the ambulance: two PARAMEDICS sit with the Workman, struggling for breath. The other’s body lies on a stretcher, bagged and silent. They administer something to help him relax, but the hands still clamp and twitch aggressively. “He’s going,” one calls to the driver, “How soon can we be there?”. The driver taps and zooms the vast void of his navigation maps – nothing for miles around. “I think from here we’re 40, 30 minutes...BANG! The ambulance dips into a pothole and skids over a dyke, he slams the breaks and headbutts the wheel – out cold. The paramedics in the back launch forward, along with the beds, then rebound back slamming into the door. They rush out to check the driver, leaving the doors open for a second. The van has spun into a dense field of tall, skulking reeds. When they bring the driver into the back to treat him, the bed is on the road, and the Workman gone. As the paramedics look around in disbelief – a wider view shows slow movement through the reeds, disappearing away from the van and into the distance.

Later, at the incinerator: Jo and Jez have headed up that night to check the security footage. Through glitchy black and white camera feeds, we see the deed for the first time:

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Putting on gas masks. Jez opening the door to a furnace. Shovelling the buckets in to the furnace. Jez coughing from the smoke... and Jo finishing the job! Emptying the last of the bucket in and slamming the furnace door shut. The feed glitches around this point, suddenly showing a grainy image of a woman tied to a pole, upside down, in a blink-and-you'll-miss-it flash. Jo notices and rewinds to the moment, but the image doesn't play again. "Just interference" Jez reassures. Neither believe it. They scrub the tapes and get out of there quick. They don't want this getting out of hand – or their names attached to the deed.

Back at the site, their machinery is in disrepair: vandals. Jez immediately suspects the Roma. Jo fights their cause, letting slip she knows one of them – Jez jumps on this and argues that if she does, she should visit them and find out what happened. She's boxed in, if she doesn't agree Jez will bring the police in – and she knows that will be worse.

Now, Jo knows she must find Patrin. She sets off in her car – soon, along a long, flat road, tall reed fields either side, a group of people emerge from the reeds ahead. Jo drives slowly as she pulls up to the site – past the faces of Gabriela & Miri, sternly looking on, past Jenica staring wide-eyed at Jo, into her soul. Patrin emerges from a caravan, darting up to her with a rush of positive energy – "Jo! Remembered me then?". His appearance relaxes the whole scene, as Jo is invited to meet Moses: the leader of the camp.

In Moses' caravan; a cacophony of colour and style. Ornaments dominate every surface and bright cloths drape the walls. Jo explains the problem with the machinery – "Ha! No, that was Moorley's boys." Moses regards, "Seen them come last night with fencing mallets", Patrin adds. Jo learns that Moorley has more stake in this place than she knew: while he is suspected in covering up the deaths, he brought in the project investors himself: it's his land. Why would he sabotage the work then? – this much is discussed with Moses and Patrin. Jenica enters and changes the mood. She speaks only to Patrin, in Romany, all the while staring glances at Jo. Patrin replies to her in Romany – we get the gist of a kind, but dismissive response. Jenica retreats to the back of the caravan. Patrin and Moses look serious, then paint the convivial face back: "Why not stay, eat with us?" Moses suggests.

Jez sits in a white van outside The Wicker Trap. Two Workmen in the front seats with him. Lights off. A man steps out of the pub and into a Land Rover parked across the road: it's Moorley. Jez watches closely. As the Land Drover heads off, he turns the ignition and sets up to follow.

Silent and tense down long, dark country roads. It's night now and Jez is tailing Moorley from a fair distance. He doesn't want to get seen and divert Moorley's path. As the trail heads further up, Moorely pulls into a side road and Jez loses him in a crossing of a tractor ahead blocking his sight. A lone, stone church is next to the crossing – looming darkly into the night.

Things begin to happen faster from here. Back at the traveller site, Jo speaks with Jenica (Patrin translating), learning more of her spiritual side. She opens up about the hallucination... and finally, it all comes out: the project, the deaths, and the Lady's body. Jo is confessing, broken and lost. Jenica tells of the history of the Lady, recognising the way in which she was buried. Jo finds out she was condemned as a witch by the townspeople and trialled in 1646. Finding her guilty, she was buried in the peat, alive. If this spirit is really haunting Jo, they will need to lure the Lady with a ritual. Jo is still sceptical, but plans begin to form.

In a tense ritual, the Roma attempt to summon/lure the Lady – Jo finally sees and believes: a dark shadow in the reeds. The Lady sees her too... Patrin's horse bucks, and he

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rushes to calm it. His goat bolts from the site. The Lady seems startled from this and disappears into the reeds.

Back with Jez, in the van. A call from higher-ups puts a time lock on the project – another body means they need this wrapped up and gone by the end of the week. The company is paying double to get as many carbon credits deposited as possible before they have to wrap up. Jez takes up the greed and works with the men through the night. At the dig site, the Lady appears to him and the workmen, butchering them.

The bloody mess has gotten out of hand. Mr. Moorley steps into the CCS site and has his men 'handle it'. Biohazard-clad workmen from the “Waterways Commission” move onto the site in number. Some carry bodies towards a store of compressed gas, while others spray down the bloody site with power hoses.

My Moorely waits by his Land Drover, looking on sternly. Satisfied, he gets in. The Biohazard Workmen pile into vans and Moorely drives off. As we see him leave down the lane, a huge explosion blasts from the dig site. Moorley is unphased, not even a flinch, just a sinister curl of his lip.

A radio plays in the Roma site, as Jo pours over an ancient book of Moses'. Suddenly, breaking news: 'An explosion from one of the compressed gas canisters puts: 11 dead in dangerous Fenland carbon storing program.' Aware of the time slipping away, Jo agrees to assist in a ritual at the place of the Lady's burial; Jenica will drink a potion and ritual to release her spirit from her body and find out what the Lady wants.

Gathering ingredients for the potion and setting up the ritual, Jo makes peace with the more suspicious Roma and promises to rid them of this Spirit. The potion is brewed to a success and Jenica conducts the ritual for Jo – Patrin watches earnestly. Suddenly, the Lady appears at the site: causing alarm and destruction. Jenica is caught up in the fight and cruelly dragged into the mud. It's now or never, Jo downs the potion and her spirit floats above the scene. Jo's body lies limp... dead? Patrin holds Jo's body earnestly, hoping for a sign of life – suddenly, she breathes – and the mud that seems animated sinks back to the mires. It seems all is calm and normal. Jo claims all is done: the Lady's spirit sent to the beyond.

Days later, Jo has returned to her London office, project a success, promotion to head many similar operations in the area, their “Sister sites” – in very specific spots... a glance over an ancient book on Jo's desk has locations marked on a map. In a final shot we see Jo banging on the new site officer's trailer window, while work goes ahead for a new drilling into the peat. Cutting to the SITE OFFICER (Another Jez-like grafter), he looks up, to an empty window. The real Jo is trapped in the spirit world, and the Lady has taken her body.

THE END.

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