

**Pembroke Investigations**

Episode 4

Written by

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INT. - MUSEUM - NIGHT

CHARLIE  
(Surprised)

It's you.

Letting go of ANNA's clothing.

ANNA  
(Annoyed and shocked at his behaviour)

What the hell, Charlie. What do  
you think you're doing?

CHARLIE  
(Surprised, apologetic)

Oh, um, i'm sorry. Someone was.  
Someone was chanting and then they  
were at the window and ...

ANNA  
(Annoyed)

What the hell are you talking  
about Charlie?

CHARLIE  
(Suppliant, quickly trying to explain  
himself)

I'm so sorry, Anna. I was in the  
archive room tidying up and then I  
heard chanting coming from the  
museum. It was weird. I thought it  
was from one of the exhibits but  
then I saw someone outside. Dark  
clothing and a hood and they were  
chanting the same thing.

ANNA  
(Annoyed and concerned)

I've just come from the other side of the street and there was no-one there, Charlie. No one at all.

CHARLIE  
(Surprised)

There was someone outside. I saw them, Anna.

ANNA  
(Concerned about Charlie)

Maybe you've been working too hard on this Charlie. Too much of the occult and that Crowley man. You need sleep. Let me walk you back to the hotel and you can get some sleep. I'll tidy up the archive in the morning, okay.

CHARLIE  
(Calmly)

Yeah, you're probably right. It's been an interesting few days.

ANNA  
(Concerned)

Let me get the alarm.

Anna WALKS across and sets the alarm on the keypad. The alarm BEEPS. The door CLOSES.

FADE OUT

EXT. - BOLESKINE HOUSE - DAY

Ambient birds, wind, trees rustling. Charlie WALKS up the driveway to the house, first TARMAC and then across GRASS.

CHARLIE  
(Professional)

This is voice note 005, for case number fa7638. I am outside Boleskine House again. This time to find a way inside to see if there's any evidence of Jamie. The board over the window looked like it had been moved and I think I can wedge it open and get through. Yesterday I wasn't prepared but with the crowbar I might just be able to get it open.

Charlie moves the metal railing which groans. He APPROACHES the house and PRIES open the wooden board which comes off and FALLS to the ground. Charlie CLIMBS in through the window. He WALKS cautiously through the rubble strewn room.

I've entered the property through an old window opening. It looks like this part of the building has been gutted by fire. Clear evidence of smoke damage and significant damage to the roof. Which has mostly collapsed. There are remnants of fire damaged beams. I'm heading north east into the next room. It looks like it used to be a long reception room, the wall at the far end has partially collapsed and there are bushes growing in the next room. There's something behind those bushes. Something on the very back wall.

(Pause)

WALKING through rubble and debris. Ambient birds and wind.

What is that?  
(Pause)

He BRUSHES the bushes aside.

There is a drawing in paint on the wall. Looks newish. Maybe a few weeks maybe a few days. It is a hexagram, a diamond shape with two arrows pointing inwards coming from each side. In the centre there looks to be a  
(Pause)

A five leafed flower at the centre. I've seen this image before. In the notes in Jamie's room. Is this where he saw the image or was it made after?  
(Pause)

There's another painting here.  
(Pause)

Charlie PULLS away the ivy from a crumbling wall.

It looks like a naked woman with her feet and hands on the ground arching over some smaller figures and what look like stars above and on her. What is that? I'll take some photos of the images for later.  
(Pause)

Taking phone out of jacket pocket. Buttons being pressed, camera shutter sound. Repeat camera shutter sound three more times.

It doesn't look like there are any more

Charlie STEPS on a plastic bag.

What the  
(Pause)

There is a blue plastic bag on the ground. Under the image of the arched woman. It is in a small indentation in the ground. It looks like it has been partially buried.

Charlie opens the plastic bag and TAKES OUT some candles.

There are three candles in the bag. Small votive candles which have been used.

Charlie REMOVES a box of matches from the bag.

There is a box of matches.

Charlie REMOVES some books from the bag

There are several books, they look old. Leather bound. The Konx om Pax, Magick in theory and practice, the blue equinox, the book of Thoth and a copy of the book of the law: Liber al Vel Legis.

Charlie opens the Books and flicks through them.

Occult books, all of them. There's also  
(Pause)

Charlie REMOVES some loose leaf paper from the bag.

Paper, with some writing. I can't make it out. It looks like the same paper from Jamie's room. Similar colour and feel. I wonder if Jamie had taken these from the library Brother Ambrose would be know. If he'll talk to me again, he was hardly helpful the first time. One of the papers has a diagram of

(Pause)

It's a large rectangle with small boxes in rows and two large box that both have gaps on the edges. Another large enclosed box with the same hexagram shape that is on the wall.

(Pause)

The boxes look like buildings with doors. But i'm not sure what the small boxes are. It could be a garden? A plan for a garden for this house perhaps? Or a town, no the large boxes wouldn't make sense.

(Pause)

It could be ...

(Pause)

The cemetery. The cross points to, I think, the mort house. Worth another look.

Rustling and stones falling.

CHARLIE  
(Surprised)

What was that? Hello?

Someone climbing several rooms away.

CHARLIE  
(Shouting)

Hey, whoever you are i have a weapon.

Charlie WALKS through the rubble, MOVING bushes out of the way. Someone CLIMBS over a wall and LANDS on the grass outside the building.

CHARLIE

(Shouting)

I know you're there.

Climbing back out the window and through the metal railing, he RUNS across the grass.

CHARLIE

(Shouting, panicked)

Hey, you, come back. I only want to talk to you.

Running over grass. Running in the distance.

CHARLIE

(Panting)

Jeez, i'm unfit.

(Shouting)

Hey, I only want to talk to you.

(Breathing heavily, professional)

What looked like a man in black clothing, running south away from the house. They were inside the building. Possibly coming to collect the things i found. I can't chase them. Too fast.

TAPE CLICKS OFF



INT. - THE INN - DAY

FADE IN.

Background noise from the bar through a glass door, music playing. The door to the inn OPENS.

NOAH

(Busy and somewhat flustered)

Afternoon, mate. How are you doing?

CHARLIE

(Inquiring)

Good, Noah. Thanks. Been a busy day.

NOAH

(Contrite and tired)

Any word on the stolen envelope?

CHARLIE

(Sympathetic to Noah's stress)

Haven't heard a thing but don't worry about it Noah.

NOAH

We're so sorry about that again.

CHARLIE

I've been more careful with the window.

NOAH

(Thankful and tired)

Good thinking. Oh, we got a package for you.

LOOKS through a drawer for the package.

NOAH  
(Slightly frustrated)

It's definitely here. Mora took it  
in. Give me a second.

OPENS a cupboard, CLOSES it and OPENS another. TAKES a  
box from the shelf.

NOAH  
(Happy)

Found it. Here you go, mate.

CHARLIE  
(Casually)

Thanks, Noah.

NOAH  
(Quickly ending the conversation)

Have a good evening, mate.

CHARLIE  
(Cheerful)

See you later.

Charlie WALKS away toward his room.

**FADE OUT**

**EXT. - BOLESKINE CEMETERY - EVENING**

The distant CALL of birds as the wind WHIPS through the trees. The cemetery is QUIET, save for the occasional RUSTLE of leaves. Charlie WALKS slowly, his footsteps CRUNCHING over gravel and grass. His recorder CLICKS on, breaking the silence.

CHARLIE

(Into the recorder, professional tone)

This is voice note 007 for case FA7638. I'm at Boleskine Cemetery, looking into the connection between Jamie Sinclair's disappearance and the ritualistic elements we've uncovered. I've just reached the Mort House, a small stone building on the far edge of the grounds.

Charlie pauses, the recorder picking up the sound of the WIND and the eerie stillness around him.

CHARLIE

(Continuing)

A Mort House... built centuries ago, originally used to store bodies before burial. It was designed to prevent grave robbers from stealing the freshly dead. There's an odd sense of stillness here--like the place itself is frozen in time.

Charlie STEPS forward, the CRUNCH of gravel underfoot LOUDER now. The wind HOWLS faintly, but it seems to WHISPER through the cracks in the stones of the Mort House.

CHARLIE

(Lower, uneasy)

It's abandoned now, but you can still see the stone shelves inside... empty now, but you can imagine how many bodies must've rested here, waiting for burial. No one comes here anymore--too much history, too many ghosts. But... it feels like there's more to it. Something lingering.

A CREAKING noise as Charlie moves closer to the heavy wooden door of the Mort House. He PUSHES it slightly, the old wood GROANING under the pressure.

CHARLIE  
(Quieter, almost to himself)

The door's still here... barely. Old, rotting. It doesn't take much to imagine what this place looked like when it was in use.

Charlie pauses, the wind picking up again, howling as it sweeps through the cemetery. He hesitates, his voice a little more tense as he continues into the recorder.

CHARLIE

There's something unsettling about this place. It's more than just the history. I don't know... maybe it's the isolation, but there's an energy here. And I'm not alone.

A moment of eerie silence follows, the wind dying down as if listening with Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(Tense)

Wait... something's moving.

The faint creak of a gate echoes in the distance. Charlie freezes for a second, holding his breath.

CHARLIE  
(Whispering into the recorder)

There's someone at the cemetery gate.

Footsteps quicken slightly as Charlie turns to look towards the entrance of the cemetery. The sound of the gate opening and then closing with a heavy thud. A distant figure stands by the gate for a brief moment.

CHARLIE  
(Into the recorder, voice picking up pace)

There's someone here--at the main gate. They're... they're leaving.

A sudden burst of movement. The figure darts away, the gate clanging shut behind them. Charlie breaks into a run, the sound of his breath and footsteps mixing with the wind.

CHARLIE  
(Shouting after them)

Hey! Stop!

The figure disappears, their hurried footsteps fading into the distance, swallowed by the wind. Charlie slows, his breath heavy, as he reaches the gate.

CHARLIE  
(Panting, frustrated)

They're gone... I didn't get a clear look. Could've been anyone--Anna? Jamie? Or someone else entirely...

He pauses, his breath calming as he looks out into the darkening cemetery, the gate creaking slightly behind him.

CHARLIE

(Into the recorder, more collected)

Whoever it was, they didn't want to be seen. But they were watching. I'll have to come back to the Mort House tomorrow, maybe find some more answers. For now... there's more going on here than meets the eye.

A distant gust of wind sweeps through, rattling the leaves and the old cemetery gate. Charlie's footsteps retreat as he walks away from the Mort House.

FADE OUT

INT. - CHARLIE'S ROOM - EVENING

FADE IN.

CHARLIE  
(To himself)

Right open this and get a shower.

RIPS envelope open.

CHARLIE  
(Muttering)

A black jewellery box, there's a  
letter inside.

(Pause)

Mr Pembroke, this is the box from  
the amulet, stolen from the  
museum. We must talk. Meet me at  
7pm at Urquhart castle tower. Wait  
at the railings.

(Pause)

(Quietly to himself, tense)

It's 5o'clock now. Where is  
urquhart castle?

He REMOVES his phone from his pocket, quickly checks a  
map. His face tightens.

CHARLIE

No buses, no trains. 25 minutes by  
car. Is there a car rental?

PHONES RECEPTION. It RINGS briefly.

NOAH  
(Cheerful but sounding a bit worn)

Reception, Noah speaking. How can  
I help?

CHARLIE

It's Charlie Pembroke, is there a  
car hire in Fort Augustus?

NOAH

(Hesitates briefly, then answers)

Not at this time of day, mate.  
Everything's closed up. Where're  
you heading?

CHARLIE

Urquhart castle.

NOAH

(With mild suspicion)

Urquhart Castle? Bit late for  
sightseeing, isn't it, mate? Place  
closes soon.

CHARLIE

(Tense, evasive)

I got a message to meet someone  
there, it's important. Is there a  
taxi i can book?

NOAH

(Pauses, a hint of concern creeping into his  
tone)

This about that museum business,  
Charlie?

CHARLIE

(Surprised)

... Sort of. Why?

There's a longer pause on Noah's end, as if he's weighing  
something.



When he speaks again, his voice is light, but there's an undertone of something else--something more careful.

NOAH

You're a good guy, Charlie. Tell you what--how 'bout you take my car? You got a license, yeah?

CHARLIE

(Caught off guard)

I couldn't Noah, that's too much. A taxi would be fine.

NOAH

(Insisting, though with an edge of something more urgent)

Mate, I insist. We're heading out tonight anyway. All i ask is that you fill up the fuel. Deal.

CHARLIE

(Hesitant but grateful)

If you're sure, Noah. That's incredibly nice.

NOAH

(Briskly, almost too fast)

Not a problem, mate. I'll pop up with the key.

CHARLIE

Thanks again, Noah. I owe you.

NOAH

(A bit quieter, more serious)

Not a problem, mate.

Phone hanging up.

FADE OUT

Ext. - URQUHART CASTLE - EVENING

FADE IN.

Charlie walks along a gravel path.

CHARLIE  
(Professional)

This is voice note 026, for case  
number fa7638. I am in Urquhart  
Castle, heading towards the tower.  
It is nearly 7pm and i have a few  
minutes to meet with the person  
who claims to have information  
about the amulet.

Charlie walks into the tower and up the stairs. The  
castle is quiet but there are tourists walking and  
talking.

CHARLIE  
(To himself)

The railings are the meeting  
point. Let's wait and ...

The person is below the railing and their voice is  
distant.

PERSON  
(Casually)

Mr Pembroke  
(Pause)

CHARLIE  
(Looking around)

See which one of these people  
is ...

PERSON

(Louder)

Mr Pembroke.

CHARLIE  
(Confused)

What the ...  
(Pause)

PERSON  
(Loud)

Mr Pembroke, I'm down here.

CHARLIE  
(Unsure)

Hello?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

Good evening.

CHARLIE  
(Irritated by the theatrics)

Who are you?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

That doesn't matter. I need to  
tell you ...

CHARLIE  
(Annoyed)

And if I come down there?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

Then I'll be gone before you get here. So don't move and I can tell you what I know.

CHARLIE  
(Calming down)

Okay, what do you want to say?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

Stop looking for the amulet and stop looking for Jamie. Take a bus tomorrow and leave.

CHARLIE  
(Serious almost threatening)

That's not happening.

PERSON  
(Calmly)

This doesn't concern you. The amulet is needed.

CHARLIE  
(Irritated)

Needed for what?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

We are the children in the Age of Horus. We have worked tirelessly for 100 years to bring about the individualism of our time. To ensure that humanity moves ever closer to the glorious understanding of our progenitor.

The infantile cults of our time  
must be stopped: fascism,  
capitalism, communism, pacifism,  
occultism in nearly all its forms  
and religions. The Age of Horus  
will come to be the defining  
ideology for the sake of  
humanities future. For humanities  
sustenance. For humanities  
endurance. Liberty stirs once more  
in the womb of time.

CHARLIE  
(Curious)

What has that got to do with the  
amulet?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

The amulet is the key to the  
doorway of our universe. It is the  
meeting point of Isis, Osiris and  
Horus. It will unlock the portal  
to the understanding of our age.  
To unlock our inner angels as  
Jamie has done before us.

CHARLIE  
(Agitated)

Jamie. What do you know about  
Jamie?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

He was our first messenger. He is  
on the path to enlightenment. He  
found us the key master and will  
bring him to us.

CHARLIE  
(Shouting)

Where is he?

PERSON  
(Calmly)

He is on his path of  
enlightenment.

He is in the nether. He is below  
us and around us. He is on his  
path of ...

CHARLIE  
(Trying to appease)

Enlightenment. I understand. Look,  
he's missing. People are worried  
about him. His family is  
devastated. Where, on this earth,  
is he.

PERSON  
(Calmly)

He is in the nether and will  
surface at his time of  
enlightenment. He has brought us  
the key master and he will receive  
his reward.

Charlie steps back and runs down the stairs. The gravel  
crunches and his heavy footsteps on the stairs then  
trampling on grass.

CHARLIE  
(Shouting)

Stop. Stop now.

PERSON  
(Calmly)

You will not stop the new age, you  
will bring it about.

Running on gravel and then sand. The person walks into  
the water.

CHARLIE  
(Professional)

Where are you going? It's a loch.  
There's nowhere to go.

The person wades deeper into the water.

PERSON  
(Calmly)

You will not stop the new age.

CHARLIE  
(Concerned)

Stop, please. It's freezing.

Motorboat revving in the distance.

PERSON  
(Calmly)

We will achieve the enlightenment,  
Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(Shouting)

Stop. Come back.

Charlie moves towards the person. The person turns and  
dives into water, swimming away and climbing onto the  
motorboat. It powers away over the loch.

CHARLIE  
  
Son of a ...  
(Pause)

The motorboat gets more distant.

FADE OUT