

# TWISTED

Written by: Kevin Beckles

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Contact: Kevin Beckles – [kevinbeckles@gmail.com](mailto:kevinbeckles@gmail.com)

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## EPISODE 1 – GHOSTS

### COLD OPEN

#### EXT. BATHSHEBA RAILWAY TRAIL – NIGHT

A full silver moon hangs fat in the sky, casting long shadows across the cliffside. Waves crash below with rhythmic violence.

A narrow, crumbling path winds through thick bush, the remains of the Bathsheba leg of the BARBADOS RAILWAY.

Twisted iron rails cut through the earth like scars, mostly buried in coral rock and creeping vines.

**GREGORY THOMPSON** (39) tall, dark-skinned. Built like a man who is no stranger to late nights and missed workouts – not quite fit, but far from out of shape. He walks slowly, phone in flashlight mode. Faded jeans, maroon cricket cap, knapsack. He scans the path ahead, every footstep crunching with reluctant purpose between the rusted tracks.

A faint RUMBLE vibrates beneath his boots.

He stops. Listens.

A WHISTLE. Distant. Shrill. Somewhere behind him. He spins just as a SINGLE HEADLIGHT cut through the trees ahead, unnaturally bright, floating above the track.

Then the shadow of a massive shape barreling forward.

Gregory's breath catches. He stares.

A beat. Then...

GREGORY

(whispers)

What the...

He throws himself into the bush just as the train roars past, the sound muffled, otherworldly. Like hearing thunder underwater.

He lands hard in a thick patch of prickly shrub, face first. Thorns rake his skin.

His phone skitters away, flashlight beam spinning wildly.

Gregory groans, rolls over, breathing hard.

From where he lies, he watches the train pass.

It is mostly translucent, flickering at the edges. Silent now.

Hard to make out details except for flashes in the windows:

- A white family in formal Sunday wear
- A nanny with a lace umbrella
- Farther back, black labourers, dirt-streaked and weary
- A barefoot boy in suspenders gripping a biscuit tin

Their clothing, unmistakably early 20th-century Barbados.

Then... nothing. Only the wind.

Gregory remains half-sitting in the bush, oblivious to the scratches on his arms and face. He stares at the empty rail line, chest heaving.

His phone lies on its side, the beam catching a flicker of white. Something fluttering in the wind before settling beside him.

He picks it up, then reaches for his phone.

In the light, he sees it clearly, a newspaper.

The Barbados Beacon.

Crisp. New.

His breath catches as he reads the date:

**INSERT - NEWSPAPER**

The flashlight beam steadies.  
Crisp black ink on fresh newsprint.  
THE BARBADOS BEACON

Below it, bold type:  
SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1915

A beat. The date lingers in the frame.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**TITLE SEQUENCE: TWISTED**

**EXT. BARBADOS BEACON BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON**

A low-slung mid-century building set back slightly from the bustle of the Bridgetown street, half-concealed by overgrown hedges and tired shrubbery.

The red-brick facade is weather-worn, with a faded blue sign that reads: The Barbados Beacon - Est. 1891.

White concrete fins jut from the flat roof, casting shadows on the perforated block wall that lines most of the front of the building.

A lone Barbados flag flutters, defiant against the modern world pressing in.

**INT. BARBADOS BEACON NEWSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

A battered newsroom. Ceiling fans creak. The open plan bullpen is past its prime like many of the current staff.

**GREGORY** sits at his workstation, typing furiously. His notes are spread in layers throughout his desk.

**INSERT - DESKTOP SCREEN**

Headline: How Are The Guns Getting Here?

Across from him:

**BRANDON CARTER** (22), thin, baby-faced. Well-dressed in a slim-cut shirt and ankle-length dark jeans. Fresh fade glinting under overhead lights. Ears decorated with designer earbuds as he lounges, legs stretched out, thumbing through social media with practiced ease. A phone charger snakes out of his pocket like an umbilical cord.

**MELISSA HOYTE** (37), pretty, caramel-toned skin. Shoulders squared in a tailored navy blazer, her high bun neat and purposeful. She pores over a printout, lips pursed in concentration. Subtle gold earrings catch the light as she shifts. A well-worn charm bracelet jingles softly as she flips the page with clinical precision.

BRANDON

(reading from his phone)

Burst main in Worthing again. That's what... third one this year?

(rolls his eyes)

And why is it always at month end when traffic is already a disaster?

MELISSA

You know the water authority party line: hundred-year-old pipes can't handle modern demands.

BRANDON

Yeah, well I've been hearing that since I was at school. Not a damn thing done about it. Just patch pipes, rinse and repeat.

Waste of taxpayers' money.

GREGORY

(not looking up, sarcastically)

Hmmm. If only you had a platform to highlight that injustice and effect change through the power of public opinion.

MELISSA

(chuckles)

The only way Brandon would write something like that is if a pipe burst outside Rihanna's house and she posts about it on TikTok.

BRANDON

(mock offended)

Ha ha. I write hard hitting stuff too.

GREGORY

Sure you do Brandon. Barbados is still abuzz from your investigative piece on the best fish cutters on the island.

Gregory and Melissa laugh. Brandon smiles wryly.

BRANDON

I notice that both of you started buying fish cutters from Cuz on Hilton Beach since that article, so... public interest, bitches.

They all laugh.

MELISSA

(to Gregory)

We're laughing but you know his articles are beating ours in online clicks, right?

GREGORY

(sighs)

Yup. Remember when those were fluff pieces? Something to break  
up the serious news?

MELISSA

(nods)

Now, we cross our fingers that a celebrity scandal brings  
attention to a serious story on the missing NIS funds or  
something. Sad days.

Brandon looks at the two of them in turn, then replaces his  
headphones and returns to his phone.

BRANDON

(mutters)

I work with dinosaurs.

GREGORY

Kid, I'm a few months short of 40. Melissa is two years  
younger than me. We can't be dinosaurs yet.

BRANDON

(eyes on his phone screen)

Said the T-Rex. Roarr!

Gregory and Melissa laugh and return to their screens.

**NEVILLE WARD** (late 50s) pokes his head out from his corner  
office. Pale, blotchy skin that rarely sees the sun. Square  
jaw, salt-and-pepper stubble and reading glasses perched low  
on his nose. His button-down shirt is creased, a faint ink  
smudge darkening the pocket. When he speaks, his voice carries  
the weight and authority of decades in the newsroom.

NEVILLE

Gregory. A minute.

MELISSA

Ooh, that's his serious voice.

Brandon takes out his headphones and mock salutes.

BRANDON

For those about to die, we salute you.

Gregory rises, playing along.

GREGORY

(smiling)

If I'm not back in ten, start the revolution without me.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NEVILLE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Yellowed clippings curl behind cracked frames on the wall. A once-green fern wilts in a corner, long surrendered to neglect.

Stacks of old papers crowd the filing cabinets. Coffee rings tattoo the desk pad. A desktop sign proclaims "EDITOR-IN-CHIEF".

**NEVILLE** is at his desk fidgeting with a pen when **GREGORY** enters. He looks up and points at the door.

NEVILLE

Close the door, Gregory.

Gregory does so and sits.

GREGORY

(mildly)

What's up, boss?

NEVILLE

You've been here what, seventeen years?

GREGORY

(smiling)

Eighteen next month, actually. My first full time job.

His smile fades as he notices the white envelope on Neville's desk, his name printed neatly across the front. Neville slides it towards him.

NEVILLE

(exhales)

Sorry Gregory, but the board voted to cut staff by 50%. Hits every department.

GREGORY

(struggling for composure)

Wait... *I'm* being cut?

NEVILLE

It's... first in, first out, I'm afraid. The company is under real pressure to cut costs and, frankly, veteran staff carry the heaviest overhead.

(beat, leans back)

And, well... you know better than anyone... the game's changed.

Gregory looks at the envelope without touching it.

GREGORY

(dryly)

Are you sure those are the only reasons?

Neville shifts in his chair.

NEVILLE

You haven't exactly made yourself popular, Greg. Always digging your heels in.

GREGORY

If standing for truth and journalistic principle makes me stubborn, then yeah. Guilty.

NEVILLE

(sighs)

You know we can't even give away the physical paper anymore. Clicks, banner ads, sponsored content – that's our lifeblood now.

(leans in)

The kinds of stories you love? They're not pulling Gen Z. And sometimes... those stories cost us.

Gregory says nothing for a few moments. Then he picks up the envelope.

GREGORY

You know, Brandon just called me a dinosaur as a joke. I guess he was right.

NEVILLE

(shakes his head)

No. It's this paper that's the dinosaur. This business. Extinction is imminent.

Gregory stands.

GREGORY

Boss, if you had let me, I would have gone down with the ship,  
fighting all the way

Neville rises.

NEVILLE

That's the thing, Gregory. We don't need fighters anymore. We  
need navigators to set a new course and sail away from the  
battle.

They shake hands. Quiet. Respectful. Two men acknowledging the  
truth, each in their own way.

**FADE OUT.**

**EXT. GREGORY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

A modest brick house on a quiet crescent in a middle-class St.  
George neighbourhood. Off-white walls, clay-tiled roof and a  
front porch with a dingy, sagging hammock.

A single bulb glows above the front door, casting a tired pool  
of light across the short walkway and potted plants – most of  
them dead or struggling. The lawn is patchy but trimmed.

**INT. GREGORY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The room glows with the last light of day filtering through  
slatted blinds. It's modest – well-worn, faintly cluttered.  
Framed headlines hang crooked on the walls. Books and old  
files spill from every shelf. A coat rack leans under the  
weight of press passes and canvas bags.

**JANELLE** (41), shoulder-length hair pulled into a loose  
ponytail, face clean and makeup-free. She stands at the sofa,

folding laundry with practiced efficiency. A plain grey T-shirt hangs softly over faded jeans. Neatly stacked clothes form a modest pile beside her.

The steam from a whistling kettle curls into the air from the kitchen, catching the light. The room is warm, lived-in, cushions slightly askew, a folded blanket draped over the armrest.

The front door creaks open.

**GREGORY** steps inside, battered leather bag slung over his shoulder. His face is drawn; the weight of the day etched in the tight set of his jaw and the heaviness behind his eyes.

JANELLE

(softly)

You're early.

GREGORY

Actually left work hours ago. But... I stopped to walk a bit.

Clear my head.

JANELLE

(still folding)

You eat anything?

GREGORY

Had a cutter from Cuz. Got one for you too.

He reaches into his bag and produces a grease-stained brown paper package. He offers it to Janelle, who regards it for a moment before accepting.

The house is quiet except for the occasional flap of folded laundry.

JANELLE

You want some tea?

GREGORY

(nods)

Please.

She moves to the kitchen. He watches her as she works in the dim light.

JANELLE

How was your day?

Gregory doesn't answer immediately. Then, without drama, he reaches into his bag and places the white envelope on the dining table.

JANELLE

(turns, sees it)

That what I think it is?

He nods.

GREGORY

(softly)

Said it was for financial reasons, but also... truth doesn't trend apparently.

She pours the hot water, sets the mug down in front of him.

JANELLE

Are you okay?

GREGORY

Not really. I knew something was coming. Just not... this.

He picks up the mug and takes a sip. Silence sits between them.

JANELLE

What are you going to do?

GREGORY

(shrugs)

I don't know. Maybe freelance. Maybe restart the blog.  
Write for the sake of writing.

JANELLE

That's noble.

(beat)

But noble doesn't pay the bills, Greg.

He sighs. She moves back to the laundry. Finishes folding a shirt, then walks past him toward the hallway.

GREGORY

You're quiet. What's up?

No response.

He begins to follow her and freezes. By the bedroom door: a small suitcase. Zipped. Upright. Waiting.

His mouth opens, then closes. He walks toward it slowly.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

You going somewhere?

She doesn't answer right away. Then...

JANELLE

Somewhere I don't have to beg to be seen.

GREGORY

(confused)

Janelle...

JANELLE

You're having the worst day, and I don't mean to pile on.

(turns to him)

But I've just... been living with a ghost. For a while now.

GREGORY

(quietly)

A ghost?

JANELLE

You stopped being here a long time ago, Greg. Really here. And when you do notice me, I feel that all you're seeing is a criminal or a source.

He leans against the doorframe, arms folded tightly.

GREGORY

It's the job, Nell. It takes a lot out of me. Well... it did. But it mattered. I thought you understood.

JANELLE

I did. For a long time, I did.

(pause)

But I can't keep building a life around a man who's still at war with a world that's already moved on.

She grabs her suitcase and steps toward the door.

GREGORY

You're really leaving? Now?

She turns.

JANELLE

I'll be at my mom if you need me. But try not to need me.

GREGORY

(softly)

Nell...

JANELLE

(at the door)

Figure out who you want to be, Greg. Before you become just another byline in an archive.

She opens the door. Faint, watery light spills in. And then she's gone.

Gregory stands alone. The tea mug steams silently beside him. The envelope and Cuz's fish cutter both remain unopened.

**FADE OUT.**

**INT. AURA'S SOUL - WEST COAST BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Inside the restored chattel house bar, jazz-tinged calypso hums low through ceiling speakers. A gentle breeze lifts the gauze curtains in the open windows. Replicas of Arawak relics adorn the wall. A mix of locals and tourists mingle quietly, the mood mellow.

**GREGORY** sits slouched at a high-top near the back, nursing a glass of Mount Gay neat.

Across from him, **JOHN PAUL "POPE" MILLER** (40) sits, fair-skinned, trim, built like a swimmer. Charismatic, fast-talking, half-wise and half-wild.

He wears tortoiseshell glasses, leather sandals and a button-up printed with King JaJa of Opobo. He sips a coconut water spiked with dark rum.

A shared platter of fish cakes and chicken tenders sits half-eaten between them.

POPE

Man loses his job *and* his woman in the same afternoon?

(shakes his head, leans back)

That's biblical, Greg. Job-level pain.

GREGORY

(sighs)

God must have a serious plan for me then, Pope.

(sips)

She said I don't see her anymore.

POPE

(smiles faintly)

You always had that head-in-the-clouds thing – always scanning for the next big story. Ever since Form Two at Harrison College, remember?

GREGORY

(chuckling)

What? When I tried to start that school newspaper? *Kolij Kronicles*?

POPE

With one copy. One!

(bursting out laughing)

And Miss Griffith read it aloud to the class. Called you "a disruptive delusional dunce." Man, I nearly pissed myself.

GREGORY

Yeah, well... at least I didn't nearly burn down the chem lab like you did, Pope.

POPE

That was not me! That was Roger Small. With my matches.

They both laugh quietly. Gregory relaxes for the first time all evening. His smile fades slowly.

GREGORY

She said I look at her like she's either a criminal or a source.

POPE

(chuckling)

Brother, I teach Form 3 history. I see the same thing in my students every day. I try not to take it personally.

GREGORY

Seems like Nell did, though.

(beat)

And she had every right to.

POPE

(sincerely)

Maybe. But it's not like you meant to stop noticing her.

GREGORY

(breathes in and out deeply)

The stories took over, man. I thought what I was doing  
mattered.

POPE

It *did*. But news is entertainment now.

Gregory drinks. Quiet.

GREGORY

I didn't lose her today, Pope. I think... I've been losing her  
for years.

POPE

You don't think there's a chance for reconciliation?

Gregory contemplates this for a moment.

GREGORY

I don't know. She usually acts, decisively, after considering  
all options. I don't know that I can change her mind.

POPE

(leans back)

Well decisiveness runs in the family.

GREGORY

Family? She's like your third cousin twice removed.

POPE

Still family. And I don't know if I'm due credit or blame, but  
I *did* introduce you two.

Gregory nods, eyes distant.

GREGORY

Yeah. Boatyard. I was just standing there, awkward as hell,  
holding a beer and watching her dance.

POPE

She had on those yellow tights.

GREGORY

Lord, have mercy – she looked good. I remember thinking, *I'm  
going to marry that woman.*

POPE

Marriage was not what you had in mind that night at all.

They chuckle.

POPE (CONT'D)

Truth is, Greg... you've always been chasing something bigger  
than you.

GREGORY

(sighs)

I don't even know what I'm chasing anymore.

POPE

(sits forward)

So what now? What's the next chapter in the Book of Gregory?

GREGORY

(sighs)

I need to clear my mind. You know... delete the cookies.

(thoughtful)

And I need a diversion. Something new to throw myself into.

POPE

How about something old?

GREGORY

(eyes him suspiciously)

Eh?

POPE

I may have a solution to achieve both your goals.

(quieter)

You know, every 20 years or so somebody in Bathsheba talks about seeing... ghosts maybe. Something that doesn't make sense.

I've told you about this.

Gregory narrows his eyes.

GREGORY

Yeah. What does this have to do me?

Pope leans back and raises his glass.

POPE

You're a journalist, go journal. Take the trip out to Bathsheba and talk to the old folks. They'll give you a whole history of strange sightings.

(takes a sip)

And walk the old train track. The fresh air will do you good.

Gregory contemplates this for a moment.

GREGORY

(smirking)

Am I going to need a priest?

POPE

Sure. Just make sure he's Anglican. I don't trust Pentecostals  
around ghosts.

They laugh.

GREGORY

You know what... I'll do it. Change of scenery... change of pace.

POPE

(slaps the table)

Excellent!

A brief pause. They sip their drinks.

POPE (CONT'D)

But for real, Greg... this is a temporary diversion. Don't use  
the past to avoid the present.

Gregory looks down at his glass, the ice now melted.

GREGORY

(mutters)

Honestly, what's the difference anyway?

The two sit in silence, sipping their drinks, picking at the  
food.

A steelpan version of **RAGGA RAGGA** by **RED PLASTIC BAG** plays  
from the DJ booth.

**FADE OUT.**

**MONTAGE - GREGORY INTERVIEWS LOCALS IN BATHSHEBA AREA - DAY TO DUSK**

**EXT. BATHSHEBA COASTLINE - MORNING**

Wide shot of crashing Atlantic waves. The cliffs loom.  
Fishermen pull in their lines. Birds cry overhead.

**INT. SOUP BOWL - SMALL RUM SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

**MARCELLE** (70's), colourful bonnet, floral dress, gregarious.  
She leans forward, sipping rum and Coke.

**GREGORY**, phone in hand, listens attentively.

MARCELLE

(softly)

It did 'round '83 or '84. I was up early hanging clothes. Hear  
a train whistle, clear as day.

(sips)

I swear I see a train run straight through the bush... and  
just vanish.

Gregory looks over the remains of the train track in the mid-  
distance as he records.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SOUP BOWL - BRICK AND WOOD HOUSE - VERANDA - LATER**

**REYNOLD** (60's), long salt and pepper beard, bald head  
gleaming, surly expression. He gazes at the ocean in the  
distance.

**GREGORY** stands nearby, phone in hand. Waiting.

REYNOLD

It's all nonsense.

Gregory frowns.

GREGORY

What is?

REYNOLD

All of it. There's no ghost train. No ghosts. That's just  
superstitious *nonsense!*

Gregory looks puzzled.

GREGORY

I'm sorry. I was told you would have information...

REYNOLD

(snaps)

Then somebody set you up!

He walks over to a railing. Behind him, Gregory can see the  
top of a faded beige SUV flanked by rows and rows of unkempt  
foliage.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

It's gullible idiots like you that got all sort o' people  
tramping 'round Bathsheba, tearing it up.

GREGORY

Sir, I...

REYNOLD

Look, get to hell off my property before I drop a shot in yuh  
rass.

He storms to the door, turns and faces Gregory.

REYNOLD

I've seen enough out here without... ghosts!

He steps inside, slamming the door behind him.

Gregory stops recording and walks away.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BATHSHEBA PARK - LATER**

**GREGORY** sits on a wooden bench with **MR. CLARKE** (80's) clean shaven and well-groomed grey hair. Clipped, correct, enunciating like a former teacher, which he is.

MR. CLARKE

I was a young boy back in the late '50's or early '60's. Some friends and I saw what I believe to this day to be Arawaks.

(beat)

Creeping stealthily through the coconut grove over there.

(points)

Saw us and stopped. They just... looked at us. Then they vanished.

Gregory holds the phone closer.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TENT BAY - STEP OF A CHATTEL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**GREGORY** records a conversation between a barber, **SETH** (30's), in shorts, Lakers shirt and an old Raiders cap; and his customer, **JABARI** (13), in khaki school uniform.

JABARI

(giggling)

Seth say he see a astronaut by Atlantis Hotel.

SETH

(snorts)

I tell wanna already, it wasn't no astronaut.

(pause)

The man clothes did shiny... a silver, shiny material. And he had like a dark visor on he face.

(stops cutting)

He walk into the hotel... but it wasn't Atlantis. Another building was there. And then, poof. The man gone, the building gone... Atlantis back there like normal.

JABARI

(laughing)

Astronaut.

SETH

(annoyed)

Mind I don't cut yuh with this shaver.

(resumes cutting)

Anyway, the building did mek out of glass...

Gregory smiles and continues recording the entire exchange.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TENT BAY - BUS SHELTER - SUNSET**

**SHANI** (20's), pretty, in a short skirt and slippers, sitting under the shelter with a toddler in her lap.

**GREGORY** stands nearby recording.

SHANI

I was walking home from church last week and I swear I see three men in chains out by the Atlantis Hotel, over there.

She points to the hotel in the distance. Gregory follows her gaze.

GREGORY

What were they doing?

SHANI

Nothing. They were just standing there looking back at me.

(pause)

They seemed tired and sad. And then, poof, they're gone.

She leans forward and whispers.

SHANI (CONT'D)

I think they were slaves.

Gregory nods and ends the recording.

GREGORY

Thank you, Shani. You've been helpful.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF MONTAGE.**

**EXT. BATHSHEBA RAILWAY TRAIL - DUSK**

The sun has set. A full moon is rising over the ocean.

**GREGORY** stands alone at the Atlantis Hotel outside of which the Barbados Railway once ran through. Backpack in one hand, his phone in the other.

He listens to a voice note.

MARCELLE (V.O)

*I swear I see a train run straight through the bush... and  
just vanish.*

He hits stop. Slips the phone into his pocket and reaches into the backpack, pulling out a maroon cricket cap. He studies the West Indies crest for a moment, then puts it on.

He looks down at the barely visible rusted tracks. Ahead, the trail curves along the coastline.

He starts walking, plucking the phone from his pocket. He plays another voice note.

POPE (V.O.)

*Barbados Railway – opened in 1881. At its peak, it ran from  
Bridgetown to Belleplaine, snaking through sugar estates,  
gullies and coastal bluffs. It moved people, cane, letters and  
livestock, often cutting travel time in half.*

Gregory kneels, brushing away dirt. A corroded stretch of rail emerges.

POPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*But it was always fighting the island. Landslides. Salt air.  
Erosion. Corrosion. Due to safety concerns, it stopped taking  
passengers in 1934 and they shut it down altogether in 1937.*

He walks further. The rail vanishes beneath coral rock and vines.

POPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Up north, St. Nicholas Abbey brought a piece back. Heritage  
tourism, baby. Smiles and selfies. But the rest? Just rust and  
silent memories.*

(pause)

*You're welcome, Gregory. I'd ask you to cut me a cheque for my input, but sadly, you are now officially a Broke Ass Bitch.*

*Later.*

Gregory smiles at his phone.

Even with the full moon, it's too dark to see the detail of the tracks. He turns on his phone flashlight app and keeps walking, following the trail.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHRUBS BESIDE THE RAILROAD TRACK - LATER**

Moonlight filters through the tangled branches, casting fractured silver across the ground.

**GREGORY** lies sprawled in a nest of wild bush and broken twigs, his chest rising and falling in sharp, uneven bursts – adrenaline still roaring in his ears.

The ghostly train fades into the night, its final echo swallowed by the wind.

His eyes are wide, unfocused, caught somewhere between awe and terror.

The beam from his phone illuminates the ground, focussing on the newspaper lying against the leaves.

Gregory crawls forward. Picks up his phone.

The light hits the page – fresh, crisp, edges sharp as if it were just delivered. Bold black ink. No yellowing. No decay.

He lifts the paper slowly, as if afraid it might vanish.

His mouth falls open, breath caught mid-thought.

**INSERT - NEWSPAPER**

THE BARBADOS BEACON

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1915

Ghosts of Bathsheba

By G. Thompson

Gregory freezes. Reads again.

**INSERT - NEWSPAPER**

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1915

He stares at the byline.

**INSERT - NEWSPAPER**

By G. Thompson

He looks closer. Right next to the byline - a photo.

**INSERT - NEWSPAPER**

It's his own face.

A little older. But it *is* his face.

Staring back at him from 1915.

GREGORY

(softly)

What the actual f...

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

**TO BE CONTINUED.**