

GHOST-TRAIN-SPOTTING

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FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY LINE 1 - DAY

NORMAN is a trainspotter. He stands by the railway line wearing a grey anorak, bottle-bottom glasses, cords and sandals with socks. He holds a data book listing numerous engines, each with a checkbox beside it.

Norman turns his head as if following a passing train, although none can be seen. Satisfied, he ticks one of the checkboxes.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE 2 - DAY

Different railway line. Different weather. Same dorky outfit.

Norman watches a non-existent train go by and ticks another box.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE 3 - DAY

The same again in a different location.

EXT. DISUSED RAILWAY LINE - DAY

Norman waits beside the railway line. His list of engines is only missing one tick. He checks his watch.

A bespectacled man approaches wearing a high viz jacket - KEITH.

KEITH

You shouldn't be down here. There's a £200 fine for trespassing on the railway, you know.

NORMAN

I think you'll find this line is closed, my friend. Has been since The Flying Welshman crashed here precisely 27 years ago today.

KEITH

It's still private property.

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NORMAN

I shall be out of your hair momentarily, have no fear. As soon as I have been able to place a tick in the appropriate box.

KEITH

Oh, a spotter, are you? And what exactly do you hope to spot on a line that's been closed for 25 years?

NORMAN

27 years, my friend. The Flying Welshman, of course. What else?

KEITH

You're a couple of wagons short of a goods train.

NORMAN

*Au contraire, mon amis.* The Flying Welshman crashed on a railway line that was built on a magnetic leyline. Therefore she is doomed to repeat her final journey every year.

KEITH

Right, so why isn't everyone out looking for spectral steam trains?

NORMAN

I'm given to understand that some find the noble pastime, shall we say, lacking in excitement. Not to mention that you cannot see the supernatural without 4D glasses.

KEITH

Alright, enough's enough. Come with me.

Keith makes to grab Norman's arm, but Norman dodges.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Don't make things difficult for yourself, sir.

Keith lunges at him again. Norman stumbles back and trips over the rails, falling between them.

With a piercing whistle like the screams of the damned, a huge black steam train comes thundering past. Keith watches in horror as it ploughs through Norman.

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But Norman is completely unharmed. Keith looks at the receding train. Unable to believe his eyes, he takes off his glasses - and the train is gone. He puts them back on - and the train is there again, puffing into the distance.

Calmly, Norman gets to his feet, smoothes down his anorak and ticks the final checkbox on his list.

The clouds overhead part and a beam of godlight strikes Norman. As if gravity has released him, he floats up into the heavens.

Again Keith removes his glasses - and Norman is gone. He puts them back on - and there's Norman ascending into the clouds.

Keith stares at his glasses, shrugs and walks off - passing a shrine of dead flowers and rain-blotted tribute notes. One reads: "IN MEMORY OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FLYING WELSHMAN DISASTER". Amongst the photos is a picture of Norman.

THE END.