

TRANSCRIPT

Season 1 Episode 2: Lost and Found

Katherine Moore and Aiden Summers continue to investigate the Colt Pixie, retracing the steps of Rowan's hiking party across the treacherous moors of the New Forest.

Content Warnings:

Depiction of isolation, injury (fall), becoming lost in the wilderness, jump scares and audio distortion.

Discussion of death.

Mention of alcoholism.

Cast:

Finn Cresswell as Aiden Summers

Alexandra M. Barrow as Katherine Moore

Eddie Chapman as Brian

Robin Denis as The Librarian

Mark Varndell as Chris

Written and produced by Finn Cresswell and Alexandra M. Barrow.

Content warnings can be found in the episode description.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

Soft silence of The Wyrd Side recording room.

AIDEN: Welcome. If this is your first time tuning in, we'd recommend you listen to the previous episode. Then, you'll be up to speed with everything that's happened so far. I'm Aiden Summers.

KATHERINE: And I'm Katherine Moore. Welcome to The Wyrd Side.

THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC

EXT. CASTLE HILL - DAY

New Forest, UK. Outside Burley, nearing the centre of Castle Hill, an iron age hillfort. There is no birdsong, only a light wind and something sinister playing on the frequency just in the range of hearing. Two sets of walking feet crunching through underbrush and fallen leaves.

AIDEN: *[worried]* Kitty?

KATHERINE: Yes?

AIDEN: When did the birdsong stop?

KATHERINE: Hm. I hadn't noticed. Do you want me to check the recording?

AIDEN: No, it doesn't matter right now. Let's just get down the other side.

KATHERINE: Sounds like a plan. Hm. Didn't Rowan mention they heard no birdsong?

AIDEN: *[very worried.]* Yes. But I'm really trying not to think about that right now. Okay, I'm going to get to the marker, we should be able to see our best way down from there.

KATHERINE: Okay. Right behind you.

Footsteps over leaves and damp ground. Rustle as Aiden gets a paper map.

AIDEN: *[In the background]* Right, the map says... hmmm... Then that's Smuggler's Road off in the distance... So we can get down, maybe here?

KATHERINE: *[aside, standing by marker/recorder]* Castle Hill, no bird song. Once is happenstance, twice is coincidence, three times is a pattern. All we need is some fog.

AIDEN: Pardon?

KATHERINE: Just a thought.

AIDEN: Anything you want to share?

Aiden folds the map under one arm and returns to the recorder.

KATHERINE: Our circumstances are remarkably similar to what Rowan experienced.

AIDEN: Yeah. It's a little concerning, but, this could mean we're onto something.

KATHERINE: *[doubtful]* Or, this just isn't a popular roosting spot for birds.

AIDEN: In all these trees? Doubtful.

KATHERINE: Then where are they?

AIDEN: Hm. Not too sure. Okay, let's start down then. Carefully.

KATHERINE: That's pretty steep.

AIDEN: Step where I step.

The footsteps slow and are more disjointed as Aiden and Katherine start to walk down a steep trail.

KATHERINE: Mm.

AIDEN: Wait.

Small impact as Katherine steps into Aiden.

KATHERINE: Ah. Sorry. Why are we stopping?

AIDEN: Fog.

KATHERINE: Oh. That's on me for only looking at my feet.

AIDEN: No... Not really, it came out of nowhere.

KATHERINE: *[excited]* That's a pattern.

AIDEN: A white wall. Just like... Okay, can you turn around?

KATHERINE: *[trying to turn]* Just um... Could you... Could you hold this?

AIDEN: Yeah. Sure thing.

Katherine hands her recorder to Aiden, tries to turn, loses her footing, exclaims in surprise.

AIDEN: Ah! I got you-

A branch cracks under Aiden's foot as Katherine thumps into him. He cries out in alarm and tumbles down, into the fog.

KATHERINE: *[increasingly distant]* Aiden!

Aiden falls for two seconds. Impact. All noises cut out. A dull electric silence that stretches for a moment.

Click as Aiden's recorder comes back on, Katherine brushes some dirt from the surface.

KATHERINE: Okay, yours works. I think my recorders had it.

AIDEN: *[In pain]* Ow.

KATHERINE: Do you still work?

AIDEN: Well, I can move everything that should move and not move anything that shouldn't. But I'm going to be nursing some proper bruises though.

KATHERINE: You sure nothings broken?

AIDEN: As sure as I can be.

Katherine brushes off leaves and mud from his raincoat.

AIDEN: I'm okay.

KATHERINE: *[disgruntled nonbelief]* Hm.

AIDEN: Well. At least some of our kit works after that. Though your recorder looks in a worse state than I do.

KATHERINE: You haven't seen you.

AIDEN: Oi.

KATHERINE: Are we okay to keep using your recorder?

AIDEN: Yup. If it works.

Aiden stands up, grimacing in pain, and picks up his rucksack.

AIDEN: Ouch.

KATHERINE: Oh. Could you stick mine in the side pocket of my bag?

AIDEN: Of course. Hang in there, little guy. Right, no escaping the fog then. Gods it's creepy.

KATHERINE: We were looking for creepy.

AIDEN: Sorry for asking you to climb back up.

KATHERINE: Sorry for pushing you off the hill.

AIDEN: *[joking]* It was deliberate was it?

KATHERINE: *[joking]* I'll never tell.

Aiden chuckles.

AIDEN: Well. It seems like it was a shortcut.

KATHERINE: To?

AIDEN: There. It's the path! We're not lost just yet.

EXT. IN THE FOG - ???

Sound is muffled.

AIDEN: I can't even see Castle Hill anymore. It should be visible for miles.

KATHERINE: Hm. Do we want to turn back?

AIDEN: I... I'm not sure we can.

KATHERINE: What d'you mean? We're still on the path.

AIDEN: We should have reached a crossroads by now. We must have taken a wrong turn at some point. Here.

Rustle of paper as Aiden points out the missing crossroads on the map.

KATHERINE: We can't have taken a wrong turn. See? The only possible turns at the crossroads, and we haven't reached that yet.

AIDEN: It doesn't change the fact we should have reached it by now. Hell, I saw it from the top of Castle Hill.

KATHERINE: Okay. Let's check your phone.

AIDEN: *[reluctant]* I've been putting that off.

KATHERINE: What do you mean?

AIDEN: I...I didn't want to jinx anything.

KATHERINE: Now would be a good moment to check.

Aiden pulls out his phone from his pocket.

AIDEN: Yeah... That's what I was afraid of.

KATHERINE: Is it dead?

AIDEN: It's not turning on.

KATHERINE: Really?

AIDEN: Nope.

KATHERINE: Did you land on it in the fall?

AIDEN: The screen's not cracked or anything. It looks almost spotless.

KATHERINE: Okay. Let me check mine.

Katherine pulls her phone out of her pocket.

KATHERINE: It works.

AIDEN: Good.

KATHERINE: Hm. No signal.

AIDEN: Less good.

KATHERINE: Not great.

AIDEN: I'd prefer to continue forwards rather than double back. As long as we stay on the path, we'll end up somewhere.

KATHERINE: Probably the crossroads.

AIDEN: Keep an eye on where you're stepping, there are some really boggy areas around here.

The pair walk in silence for a few moments.

AIDEN: *[to himself]* It was made by those who are dead...

KATHERINE: Beg pardon?

AIDEN: I... uh. Nothing. Just quoting something.

The pair walk in silence for a few moments.

Eerie, hollow sound of a phone ringing. The sound bounces around, disjointed, disoriented, hollow.

AIDEN: *[scared]* Oh no...

KATHERINE: Where's it coming from?

AIDEN: I can't tell. Over there? Wait. No. There?

KATHERINE: It can't be that far off the path.

AIDEN: Kitty, no. We can't.

KATHERINE: I didn't say anything.

AIDEN: You didn't have to. You want to find it.

KATHERINE: If we can't tell where it's coming from, we can't find it. So listen.

The hollow ringing continues incessantly in the background, the sound starts to coalesce in one direction.

KATHERINE: There.

AIDEN: This is a really bad idea. Have you never seen a horror movie in your life?

KATHERINE: Yes, but...

AIDEN: *[interrupting]* And Rowan's experiences? That are lining up exactly like our own?

KATHERINE: *[determined]* Exactly. This is our chance to work out what happened.

AIDEN: Hmm.

Hollow ringing stops.

KATHERINE: *[disappointed]* Well, now I guess we'll never know.

AIDEN: Let's just keep moving.

Aiden walks forwards. Kitty pauses for half a second.

KATHERINE: Okay.

Katherine jogs to catch up with Aiden.

KATHERINE: Hey. Hey. Are you okay?

AIDEN: Bruises aside? I'm not... I'm just a bit worried.

KATHERINE: Aiden. Aiden, just stop for a second.

Both footsteps stop.

KATHERINE: We shouldn't-

Eerie phone ringing starts up again, slightly louder than before.

KATHERINE: It's coming from over there. I can see the light.

AIDEN: But-

KATHERINE: This is an opportunity we can't pass up. I'm getting it. I can go on my own.

They face each other, whilst the phone rings in the background

AIDEN: *[deep breath]* Like hell you are. I'm coming with you.

KATHERINE: Really?

AIDEN: Mhmm.

KATHERINE: You sure?

AIDEN: I've got your back. Though, I take no responsibility if we get mauled by an angry Colt Pixie.

KATHERINE: Stick close then. Let's go.

The pair start to move off the path.

AIDEN: We're going to die out here.

Phone ringing increases in volume as the pair approach. They push their way through some spiky gorse bushes.

KATHERINE: *[hiss, slightly annoyed]* Damn gorse. Get out of the way.

Katherine pushes through the gorse.

AIDEN: Hang on, let me help.

Aiden holds the gorse to one side.

KATHERINE: *[to herself]* Hm. An unknown caller. *[To Aiden]* I'm going to answer it.

AIDEN: What? No. Wait.

KATHERINE: Hello, who is this?

No answer.

KATHERINE: Is this your phone?

Pause as Katherine waits for an answer.

KATHERINE: Hello? *[pause]* It's just static. *[Static builds up slightly before the phone call cuts off abruptly]* The calls just dropped.

AIDEN: Huh. Let's head up back to the path.

KATHERINE: Hang on. Just let me...

AIDEN: What?

KATHERINE: It's locked. I can't check out their contact list.

AIDEN: Put it in the bag and we can take a proper look at it later.

KATHERINE: So, what do you think happened?

AIDEN: Can we save this discussion for when we're back and safe?

KATHERINE: Okay, I'll just switch this off to save battery.

Recorder clicks off.

EXT. IN THE FOG - ???

Sound is muffled. Footsteps on gravel and occasional puddle. Recorder clicks on.

KATHERINE: We've been walking for an hour and a half and we're not getting out of this any time soon. Time to have that discussion?

AIDEN: Yeah, you're right. On record?

KATHERINE: Yes. Keep everyone in the loop. Did you want to start?

AIDEN: Lead us in.

KATHERINE: We still haven't reached the crossroads.

AIDEN: No, we haven't. Despite walking up and down some valleys, which are not on my map. Not that the map s much use anymore really.

KATHERINE: We must have taken the wrong path after your fall.

AIDEN: There's only one path that goes around the base of Castle Hill.

KATHERINE: *[gestures to the path they're on]* Then what's this?

AIDEN: Our only way out of this. Hopefully. Hey.

KATHERINE: What?

AIDEN: Do you think the fogs lifting?

KATHERINE: No.

AIDEN: Yeah. Me neither.

KATHERINE: *[sensing Aiden's discomfort, she backtracks]* I mean. It might be a little brighter over there?

AIDEN: Maybe.

The pair walk for a moment in silence.

KATHERINE: So. The phone. What's your take?

AIDEN: Well for one, I'm glad it hasn't rung again.

KATHERINE: That would mean signal.

AIDEN: Hmm, maybe less glad then. But, I'm concerned with how closely this all ties back to the stories we've heard.

KATHERINE: Very similar. I've been thinking. The phone, or rather, the phones.

AIDEN: Oh? Phones plural?

KATHERINE: Yes. Phone one. Rang, then stopped. We couldn't pinpoint its location, but it was distance away from us.

AIDEN: Okay...

KATHERINE: Phone two. The one we picked up. It had a clear direction, it was much closer to the path.

AIDEN: Could we not have just wandered closer to the first phone without knowing?

KATHERINE: Well, yes... Or. *[getting excited]* Perhaps this is a drop for someone?

AIDEN: The New Forest?

KATHERINE: Yes! County lines. Modern smugglers.

AIDEN: Modern smugglers... Should we turn the phone in to the police then?

KATHERINE: We need to get out of here first.

AIDEN: Yeah, let's. I'm just glad us getting the phone didn't end up with us knee deep in a bog.

KATHERINE: We might've ended up like those bog bodies you looked into last month.

AIDEN: Yeesh. No thank you.

KATHERINE: Although, that would've implied we were sacrificed right?

AIDEN: Yeah, pretty brutally as well.

KATHERINE: Nasty way to go.

AIDEN: You know, bog have always been a liminal space.

KATHERINE: In what way?

AIDEN: Well, they're neither here nor there, the stage for the dance between water and land, giving way for both and neither at the same time.

KATHERINE: I'm planning on sticking to dry land.

AIDEN: Unlike Marshall Street?

KATHERINE: Urgh. I got absolutely soaked.

AIDEN: You chose where to put your sleeping bag.

KATHERINE: I chose poorly. *[teasing]* I wouldn't have got much sleep anyways, what with your snoring.

AIDEN: Hey! I don't snore... *[pause]* Do I?

KATHERINE: You can't pass that one off as a possession.

Aiden laughs but is cut off by a soft crunch in the fog, a few feet in front of them, barely perceptible to the recorder

AIDEN: *[motions to stop - footsteps stop]* Kitty.

KATHERINE: *[echoing Aiden's tone]* Yeah.

AIDEN: *[softly]* Did you hear that?

KATHERINE: Hear what? A phone?

AIDEN: No. A branch snapping.

The pair pause for a second, listening out for any noise.

AIDEN: Hmm. Nothing.

KATHERINE: Alright, no use in us standing around getting soaked. Let's keep moving.

AIDEN: Sure.

Static starts to build on the track. Footsteps start, slow, cautious and steps resume for a few seconds.

KATHERINE: *[gasp of surprise]* What the- ?

AIDEN: What?

KATHERINE: *[urgently]* Do you see that? There's something just off the path ahead.

AIDEN: To the left?

KATHERINE: No, there.

AIDEN: I don't... I can't make anything out in this bloody fog!

KATHERINE: It was just there a second ago. A figure, or...

Loud crunch and a loud rustle to the left of the path.

KATHERINE: *[Calling out]* Hey.

AIDEN: *[worried]* Kitty.

KATHERINE: *[Calling out]* Who's there?

AIDEN: *[worried]* Kitty, I don't think we should be shouting.

KATHERINE: *[urgently]* There was someone there, Aiden. Standing right next to that bush.

AIDEN: But..

KATHERINE: *[Calling out]* Hello?

AIDEN: Please stop yelling. We don't want to anger whatever's out there.

KATHERINE: *[doubting herself]* If there even was anything out there. I... I was probably mistaken.

AIDEN: If you said that you saw something I trust that you did, and I -

Ominous rustle gets louder, closer to them.

AIDEN: We need to move. Now.

They run forwards together, their breath loud in the mist. Gravel turns to grass and earth.

KATHERINE: *[frustrated]* Damn. Where the hell's the path?

AIDEN: *[breathing heavily]* It's... It's gone. Just more bloody gorse now. We can't get back to it.

KATHERINE: *[frustrated]* Where the hell have all of these come from? Wait. There, there's a break in the gorse. Through here.

Crunch of footsteps continue as they head forward into the shelter of a gorse bush. A neigh can be faintly heard in the background. Scrape of branches on jackets.

KATHERINE: *[frustrated]* No. It's a dead end. *[angry Katherine noise]* I can't even see where we came from.

AIDEN: No, no, you were right! Here, it's a bit thorny, but I think we can get through.

KATHERINE: Go, I'm right behind you.

Scraping of jackets on gorse bush as the pair squeeze through a small gap in the gorse. Both Aiden and Katherine shout in alarm and surprise as a crow bursts out of the gorse bush, cawing and flapping of wings. Crow cawing fades into the distance.

KATHERINE: *[catching her breath]* It was just a crow. A very large, very loud, very angry crow.

AIDEN: *[out of breath]* A very angry crow. He almost took my eyes out.

KATHERINE: We probably disturbed its nest. *[pause]* And, look, I think I know what the figure could have been.

AIDEN: What? Where?

KATHERINE: That... That hawthorne tree, looming out of the fog. Hey! There's a pond over there.

AIDEN: Yeah! The fog's lifting. Gods that's a lot of gorse around us. A proper maze of the stuff.

A car passes in the near distance. Katherine gasps.

AIDEN: *[questioning]* Huh. Are we? No.

KATHERINE: Near a road? Yes.

AIDEN: *[questioning]* We are. But what road?

KATHERINE: Does it matter?

AIDEN: This can't be right. The raised ground just up there. The pond...

KATHERINE: *[urgently]* Aiden, the road. We need to go. Now.

AIDEN: *[coming to a realisation]* Kitty. I know where we are.

KATHERINE: Okay, where are we?

AIDEN: Colt Pixie Cave. About 13 miles from where we started.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

AIDEN: Colt Pixie Cave is a round barrow near the town of Lyndhurst, quite a ways east of Burley.

KATHERINE: It was not on our planned route.

AIDEN: About ten miles off our planned route.

KATHERINE: We flagged down a car and they kindly gave us a lift.

AIDEN: Not before I left an apple by the barrow, to thank the Colt Pixie for letting us leave.

KATHERINE: The drive back only took twenty minutes.

AIDEN: Ah! There were no roads!

KATHERINE: That is worth mentioning. Neither of us remember crossing any road or track at all on the hike.

AIDEN: And any route from Burley to Colt Pixie's Cave would have required us crossing several. Which is why I am firmly in the "something weird happened out there" camp.

KATHERINE: I'll give you that it was weird. But paranormal?

AIDEN: I mean, the similarities between Rowan's experience and our own are not insignificant.

KATHERINE: Yes. We had a remarkably similar experience. But, did we not go out with the express purpose of replicating the hike?

AIDEN: Yes, and the results were almost identical. There's something out there. I mean, you even thought you saw something in the fog.

KATHERINE: I did at the time.

AIDEN: And?

KATHERINE: Now? I don't think so. I was scared. The trees looming out of the fog looked like figures, and I misinterpreted what I was seeing.

AIDEN: And the noises we heard?

KATHERINE: Could have been any manner of animals. At least we know now where the birds were hiding.

AIDEN: Until we disturbed them.

KATHERINE: Exactly. Everything that happened while we were out there has a rational explanation.

AIDEN: Well let's look at the other evidence then.

KATHERINE: Mhmm.

AIDEN: I've had a scrub through the audio from our recorders. Oh, and here.

KATHERINE: Is that my recorder?

Aiden rummages on the desk and hands Katherine her recorder,

AIDEN: Not quite as good as new, but I think I've got it working again.

KATHERINE: Thanks.

AIDEN: No worries. Now, back to the audio from mine. I've come across a file that neither Kitty nor myself recorded. *[excited]* I think we may have captured what's called an electronic voice phenomenon, or EVP.

KATHERINE: For our listeners, what exactly constitutes an EVP?

AIDEN: An EVP is a type of sound found on an electronic device, where the recording device picks up sounds we can't hear on location. I think what we have here is an attempt at communication, see what you make of this.

Aiden plays the recording - bursts of static punctuated with some garbled words, as if someone is speaking very far away from the recording device.

KATHERINE: Now before anyone gets too excited, EVPs have been widely discredited.

AIDEN: With that in mind, what did you hear?

KATHERINE: Some really unpleasant static.

AIDEN: Aside from that?

KATHERINE: At a stretch? Holmsley...

AIDEN: And where was it that Albert said he saw his mysterious glowing pony?

KATHERINE: "Out Holmsley way".

AIDEN: Indeed! And that leads us rather neatly onto another mystery. Albert.

KATHERINE: Yes. Albert. When we got back to Burley, we popped into the Green Pub to see if he was around for a chat.

INT. GREEN PUB - EVENING

Recorder clicks on. Background clint of glasses and the low hubbub of several conversations, all hushed.

BRIAN: Haven't seen him.

AIDEN: He hasn't been in today?

BRIAN: No

AIDEN: At all?

BRIAN: No.

KATHERINE: Do you know where he lives?

BRIAN: Even if I did, I wouldn't give it to a pair of grockels who do nothing but ask questions.

KATHERINE: I'm sorry?

AIDEN: *[interrupting]* Could you at least take a message for the next time he is in? Could you tell him that we want to talk mo-

BRIAN: Can't see how it's any of your business, bothering any clients of mine, past or present. Now, I have paying customers to help. Goodbye.

Recorder clicks off.

INT. THE WYRD SIDE RECORDING STUDIO

KATHERINE: Aggressively unhelpful.

AIDEN: We asked around the village and even popped round to the Scalded Cauldron the next day and Mary, the owner, was off apparently, so no luck there either.

KATHERINE: We couldn't talk to Albert directly, so we settled for the next best thing.

INT. BOURNEMOUTH LIBRARY - DAY

The rustle of paper and the gentle tap of distant keyboards, the occasional faint beep of machines registering or checking out books. The building is large, but quiet, with only a few people moving around.

KATHERINE: I've come to Bournemouth Library on a mission. They have a back-catalogue of local New Forest newspapers stretching back at least thirty years.

A person approaches and places a stack of paper next to the recorder on the table.

MARK: Here you are, Burley News dating from the nineties up to the early two thousands. Anything past 2004 already digitised, you can access them online.

KATHERINE: Thanks.

MARK: Well, almost everything has been digitised. Some issues are missing and some just won't scan in.

KATHERINE: For any particular reason?

MARK: It's much more common in the earlier issues that weren't always saved, but to be honest, they were most likely lost in the building renovations. As for the ones that won't scan? Apparently it's a formatting thing. The database just doesn't like it for whatever reason. I've marked them up.

KATHERINE: Great, thanks for that.

MARK: Happy to help. Let me know if you need anything else dug out from the archives.

KATHERINE: Will do.

Mark walks away.

KATHERINE: *[relishing the upcoming task]* Okay, so there looks to be several hundred issues here. Hmm. The librarian wasn't kidding, there are quite a few that didn't scan.

Katherine flicks through the issues.

KATHERINE: Lights in the sky, submitted by... Huh. Albert... Black dog, Albert... Shadow figures in the trees, Albert. *[increasing disbelief]* Albert, Albert. Most of these are Albert's stories. No wonder we hadn't come across them until now, they weren't online. This might take some time - Aiden, I hope you're having fun with the recording. I'll let you know what I find.

Recorder clicks off.

Recorder clicks on.

KATHERINE: Right, I was only expecting to find a couple of Albert's stories when I got here. I was wrong. He features in about half of the issues that I've skimmed so far in the fortnightly Burley News. Just over *[the rustle of paper and a pause as she counts]* Ten... Twenty... Forty letters, columns, or other notes. I'm surprised they haven't put him on the payroll by now. Most of the stories are similar to the one that he told us, a brief encounter with something, from forest faeries, to something called Tyrrell's hound. Hm. Some of these have been uploaded alright, others, not so much. I can't see a pattern just yet. Just something to be aware of, he mentions that he'd been at the Green Pub at the start of most of these, no matter the time of day or night. Make of that what you will. He last wrote in to the paper three weeks ago. He mentions something called the, uh... Ah. The "Watcher on the Moor" but that the Colt Pixie drove it off before he was taken by them. As far as I'm aware this 'Watcher on the Moor' hasn't come up in our research yet. Could be one to look into for a future episode.

A pause, as Katherine considers what to say next.

KATHERINE: Often, the Colt Pixie isn't the main focus in Albert's stories. This following letter, sent in fifteen years ago, is one of his more Colt Pixie-centric stories. I'll paraphrase the start, or else we'll be here all day. He was walking an unusual route for him, up to Lyndhurst, to meet a friend, an air force buddy from his youth. *[amused]* Sounds like the plot of the Sittaford Mystery.

Katherine scans down the long letter, skipping the longer sections.

KATHERINE: Anyway. He reportedly saw the Colt Pixie manifest as a white New Forest pony walking parallel to him just off the path. Albert continues, and, oh, you'll like this bit Aiden. *[clears her throat]* I quote "As I watched and walked forward with an unsteady gait, the Colt-Pixie, for fairy horse it was, seemed to shimmer and shudder, as if something was shaking up the very spirit of its being. I was naturally terribly alarmed at this sudden turn and so picked up my pace, wishing it a good day. But for another mile or so it followed me down the track. I passed a bend where twisted branches leant down out of the sky like wizened

fingers reaching out to grab me and looked back to see if it followed, but it simply wasn't there anymore. It must have been scared off, as not a moment after it left, a phone started ringing". He didn't investigate the phone further. He says he felt guilty about leaving it behind, but was also worried about the radiation, which was a concern of his back then. He then finishes on a lengthy tirade about people leaving their rubbish behind.

Recorder clicks off.

INT. BNB - AFTERNOON

AIDEN: Well, he certainly has a flair for the dramatic, I'll give him that. What do you think the Colt-Pixie was doing? Shaking and shuddering like that?

KATHERINE: I don't know horses all that well, but that's not healthy.

AIDEN: Hmm. Poor animal. Colt Pixie, or regular pony.

KATHERINE: What else could it have been? That close? You know all those stories about strange deer-like creatures in the states?

AIDEN: You mean the Not-Deer?

KATHERINE: Yes, those.

AIDEN: Didn't I tell you about those?

KATHERINE: You did. I looked into it further after our conversation, but turns out it's just the result of a disease, Chronic Wasting Disorder.

AIDEN: And you are saying this pony was the same?

KATHERINE: *[unsure]* Hm. Impossible to say from a third-hand source. I did however, find several mentions of similar diseases that would make horses shake like that, with cases in the New Forest.

AIDEN: Could be. But there's the phone again.

KATHERINE: I'll grant you that is strange.

AIDEN: Three times a pattern?

KATHERINE: Hah. But of what? People leaving their phones behind in the New Forest? And even then, of all Albert's stories that I read, only one mentioned a phone at all.

AIDEN: Right. I've got a theory forming.

KATHERINE: Shoot.

AIDEN: We're not dealing with a Colt Pixie, maybe not even a Will-o'the-Wisp.

KATHERINE: *[Unsure where Aiden's taking his theory]* Okay.

AIDEN: It could be a spirit of some sort that pretended to be a phone to lure in its victims.

KATHERINE: *[unimpressed]* A spirit.

AIDEN: Think about it! Modern ghosts! It's not like they stopped manifesting after the 20th century. So much folklore is about ancient spirits and old stories. What about new spirits? New beings? What if there's a link between the phone Rowan found, and the phones we heard, and something laying in wait out there.

KATHERINE: *[unimpressed]* You're saying this phone *[pointing at the phone they found]* is haunted.

AIDEN: I'm... well, I'm still working on the theory. But! Whilst you were out at the library, I had a look through some more of the audio and there's something off about our recordings.

KATHERINE: Off? Interference? Static?

AIDEN: Something like that.

KATHERINE: Was the interference only in the outside recordings?

AIDEN: Unfortunately for my theory, yes.

KATHERINE: Okay, well, I can think of a few possible explanations.

AIDEN: Happy to hear them.

KATHERINE: Firstly, it's a cool concept, don't get me wrong. But, what about the Colt Pixie? Did it leave? I also don't see the connection between the phones and our dodgy audio.

The phone rings, shrill and out of tune, Aiden exclaims.

KATHERINE: Shall we put your theory to the test?

Katherine picks up the phone.

AIDEN: Wait!

KATHERINE: Hello?

Mumbled replies on the phone can only just be made out.

KATHERINE: Yes we got cut off earlier, the signal was bad. We found this phone by Castle Hill.

UNKNOWN CALLER: muffled reply.

AIDEN: Who are you talking to?

KATHERINE: *[shushes Aiden]* Sorry, I didn't quite catch that.

UNKNOWN CALLER: muffled reply.

KATHERINE: Of course. Did you say you were at a campsite? Which one? I can swing by.

UNKNOWN CALLER: muffled reply.

KATHERINE: No trouble. I'll give you a call to let you know when I get there.

UNKNOWN CALLER: muffled reply.

KATHERINE: Right, bye.

Katherine hangs up the phone.

AIDEN: Was that the owner?

KATHERINE: Yes. So much for my county lines theory...

AIDEN: *[disappointed]* Damn. I really thought I was onto something. I guess that settles that. Where are we returning the phone to?

KATHERINE: *[reluctantly because she knows what Aiden is about to say]* Holmsley campsite.

AIDEN: *[eyebrows raised]* Mhmm.

KATHERINE: Don't look at me like that. It's not like it was a Colt-Pixie on the other end.

AIDEN: Well, shall we head out now?

KATHERINE: No point in both of us going, I'll be quick. Are you ok to you keep looking at the recordings while I drop it off?

Katherine gets up and shoulders on her coat.

AIDEN: Yeah can do.

KATHERINE: I'll stop off and get dinner on the way. Pizza ok?

AIDEN: Heck yeah.

KATHERINE: Great. You know I expect a fully recorded EVP conversation with a spectral pony on my return.

INT. BNB - AFTERNOON - AFTERNOON

Recorder clicks on.

AIDEN: I've got stuck into cleaning up the rest of the recordings from our expedition. It was mostly squelchy footprints and the odd curse, but there are a few... interesting sections I'd like to get on record.

Aiden clicks a button on his laptop. Recorded audio plays. Squelchy footprints through mud, and occasionally on grass. Static builds throughout the track.

AIDEN: *[from a distance]* There's more mud than path here. Wait. Kitty?

KATHERINE: *[from right next to the recorder]* Give me a minute! *[crackle of almost imperceptible static]*

Aiden catches up to Katherine.

AIDEN: Oh thank goodness.

KATHERINE: You walked right into my recording.

AIDEN: Ah sorry. Recording?

KATHERINE: I'm making the most of being out here. I thought we could add it to the library.

AIDEN: If we get out of here.

KATHERINE: When we get out of here.

Aiden pauses the recording.

VO RECORDING END

AIDEN: This static interference turns up on multiple recordings across our trek. As well as the Holmsley EVP, I've also found four separate recordings that neither myself, nor Kitty made. They're short, just little bursts here and there. It could just be the recorder switching on by being bumped, but I can't shake the feeling that we were being listened to.

Aiden double clicks a button on his laptop. Recorded audio plays. Static plays for a few seconds. Aiden pauses the recording.

AIDEN: All these tracks have the same static build up across them. This could be a technical glitch, but all our studio recordings are fine. I guess one to chalk up to the difficulties of recording outside? But every time I play it back, or try to edit the static out, it gets worse. Have a listen.

Aiden double clicks a button on his laptop. Recorded audio plays. The recording is covered up by interference, garbled voices sound like they are being played through an old radio with poor signal. Similar to the EVP track, there are some whispered words that couldn't previously be heard.

AIDEN: *[from a distance]* There's more mud than path here. Wait. Kitty?

KATHERINE: Give me a minute!

Aiden catches up to Katherine.

AIDEN: Oh thank goodness.

KATHERINE: You walked right into my recording.

AIDEN: Ah sorry. Recording?

KATHERINE: I'm making the most of being out here. I thought we could add it to the library.

AIDEN: If we get out of here.

KATHERINE: When we get out of here.

Aiden clicks a button on his laptop.

AIDEN: That's new. The end of the track. Is that Holmsley again?

Aiden clicks a button on his laptop. Recorded audio plays. Katherine and Aiden's voices can barely be heard over the interference. Similar to the EVP track, there are some whispered words that couldn't previously be heard. They are louder and clearer than the last time Aiden played the track.

AIDEN: *[from a distance]* Kitty?

KATHERINE: Give me a minute!

Aiden catches up to Katherine.

AIDEN: Oh thank goodness.

KATHERINE: You walked right into my recording.

AIDEN: Ah sorry. Recording?

KATHERINE: I'm making the most of being out here. I thought we could add it to the library.

AIDEN: If we get out of here.

KATHERINE: When we get out of here.

Aiden clicks a button on his laptop.

AIDEN: *[spooked]* Okay that was definitely Holmsley and there were other words in there. Holmsley. Kitty. Oh hell.

Aiden picks up his phone and calls Katherine's number. Tense moment as the phone rings and then:

KATHERINE'S ANSWERING MACHINE: "You've gotten through to Katherine Moore's phone. I'm not available to take your call, please leave a message after the beep"

Phone beeps.

THE WYRD SIDE MUSIC

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