

SILO

by

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INT. SILO

The ancient room sits in silence. Dirty blood red walls and floor penetrates the darkness and the thick layer of dust that lies heavily on every surface.

Through the gloom a lump sits in the centre. Difficult to make out at first, it slowly grows in clarity becoming a MAN (late 40's) hunched, cross legged and barely moving.

The man is covered in the same thick layer of dust as the rest of the room. A weak beam of light shines dully, lighting his hands as they work diligently on their task.

Around him lay scattered broken curls of twisted lifeless threads.

Closer now, the man gouges out the last embroidered thread from the body of a black leather wallet. The golden thread falls to the floor joining its dismembered siblings and rapidly dies of all colour before fading into the gloom.

A small joyful snigger escapes the man's throat, until a golden light bursts from the wallet.

He raises his arms in defence.

As the light fades to a dull warm glow, the man's face fills with hatred.

Muttering low to himself the man begins his work once again.

He turns the pocketknife blade to the embroidered golden letter "H". Thread by thread he hacks at each strand.

A rising hum echoes in his ears and the man shakes his head trying to remove the increasing noise. He recognises what is to come and hesitates listening behind him.

Hearing a scrape he increases his speed and focuses only on his task.

From the surrounding blackness TWIN GIRLS conjoined at the waist, awkwardly crawl into the gloom. They approach the man showing their ghastly faces.

The twin's pale cracked skin shines against their sunken and bruised eyes. Their hollow gaze peering through their long dark hair that is dragging thick lines in the dusty floor.

The humming stops and the eerie silence makes the man swallow hard. The twins whisper closely in the man's ears.

TWIN #1

Alone.

TWIN #2

Always alone.

Twin #2 hisses through her teeth into his ear.

TWIN #1

Lost.

The man cringes but continues steadily removing the golden thread.

TWIN #2

Always lost.

Twin #2 licks the side of his cheek with a long black tongue.

TWIN #2

It tastes of defeat.

TWIN #1

Defeated. Forever lost. Forever alone.

Twin #2 sniggered cruelly.

The man digs harder at the wallet gouging out each strand.

TWIN #1

It thinks it will win.

Together the twins laugh hauntingly.

TWIN #2

The defeated don't win. Must fight.

The last thread removed the twins begin to fade but their final taunt echoes through the darkness.

TWIN #1 & TWIN #2

(Together)

The defeated die alone.

The man sighs his relief but quickly hardens. He looks to his next attacker, the golden strands of the letter "O".

Steadying himself he cuts through the first strand and instantly spies a floating spark hanging delicately in the air.

The man grimaces and quickly begins cutting the threads.

The burning spark travels through the air, faster and faster until there is a burning spinning circle. An "O".

Spying the completed circle the man desperately quickens his pace.

The centre of the circle darkens to pitch and begins to swirl, spiralling into a violent black hole.

Dust and fallen strands begin to fly through the air entering the burning ring and vanishing from existence.

The man works furiously now. His hair and clothing flap wildly towards the violence of the vortex.

The furiousness of the ring tugs him across the floor threatening to engulf him whole. He gouges out the final strand, holding it high in the air in conquest.

Silence.

The "O" destroyed, the vortex vanished and the room returned to its original dusty state. The man sits panting, his arm raised and holding aloft the final fading strand of the "O".

Letting it drop to join the others, he looks apprehensively at the next golden letter, "P".

Pressing the blade tip to the first strand he pushes gently to separate it from the others. Pushing harder the thread snaps and a bloodless gash opens on the back of his hand.

Holding back his muffled cries he gouges into the letter. With each stroke new bloodless wounds open across his arms, hands, face and neck, exposing bloodless muscle and sinew.

His face the picture of silent agony but he is determined to finish his mission. As he pulls the final thread he cries out in torturous pain.

It quickly dies in his throat but continues to echo through the silence. The "P" destroyed and his wounds repaired, he is whole once again.

He glares down at the final letter. The golden "E" shines back daring him to begin.

He digs the blade into the first strand, snapping it off the spine. He pauses briefly waiting for his next torment.

Nothing.

Confusion rolls across his face. He cuts another strand and pauses.

Nothing.

Joyous relief sweeps over the man and he digs hard at the wallet and the final letter.

His relief short lived he glances up and jumps in horror at an unknown torment. A doppelganger sits opposite him.

The doppelganger appears to be dead and decomposing at first. Its sunken black eyes stare angrily from ghostly greying flesh. Its pale cracked lips open, exposing a hollow darkness inside.

It speaks with a deep concerned growl.

DOPPELGANGER

Stop this.

The man steels himself, knowing that he has the upper hand. An evil smile cracks his face and he pushes the blade into the wallet.

The doppelganger shakes its head in disappointment.

DOPPELGANGER

Fool.

With only the base stroke of the "E" remaining, the doppelganger leans forward and touches the man on the forehead with its three middle fingers.

Images of the past instantly race into the man's mind's eye.

FLASHBACKS BEGIN

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The man is a young adult (25) standing next to a car loaded for the road trip. TWO FRIENDS are climbing inside when a PRETTY GIRL approaches the man.

She smiles warmly placing a hand knitted scarf around his neck and kisses him goodbye.

INT. CAR - MOVING

The man sits in the back, sharing his seat with a large cooler.

They are all laughing and singing along with the radio as the country flies past the window.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - DAY

It's late in the afternoon and the man stands next to the car once again, staring hard at an abandoned farm house with an attached makeshift silo.

His friends are laughing and heading into the farm house to check it out, waving for him to follow.

But the man is drawn towards the silo.

INT. SILO DOOR - DAY

The man steps through the lightened doorway into the darkness.

Looking up into the dark expanse of the roof, he is unable to see the end.

The door slams shut blocking out the light and trapping the man inside.

He rushes the door pushing his body hard against it. The door doesn't budge and he calls out for help.

MAN

GUYS! HEY GUYS! THE DOOR SHUT! I'M
STUCK IN HERE!

Stopping he listens hard for an answer or movement outside the door.

Loud slamming of doors echo in the distance and his friends muffles voices call out to each other.

The man pushes more frantically on the door but it still won't budge.

In frustration he punches the door and expecting a solid impact, he pulls back his fist with a wet sucking sound.

Confused he inspects the blood and slime covering his hand. Reaching out with the same hand he touches the door.

His hand squishes into the newly transformed surface, a living pumping bloody tissue. The walls move with the contact and he pulls away quickly in disgust.

A rumble rolls through the walls, shaking the room and vibrating in his ears.

He can hear his friends cry out, first in fear and then in agony as the house butchers them. The sound of screams and cracking bones are heard along with the rumble of joy from the silo walls.

Desperate for escape the man searches the walls but only finds the same living tissue. The walls move inwards towards him and he jumps back, panting frantically.

Standing in the middle of the room, he sees the walls bend inwards, searching for their missing prey.

Alone and terrified the man curls into a squat in the middle of the floor and cries.

INT. SILO

The man lies on his side, surrounded by the oozing walls and floor of the silo beast. He's exhausted his tears but his terror remains.

A single beam of light appears, piercing the darkness and lighting a leather wallet beside his head.

He picks up the wallet and turns it over to reveal the four golden letters shining brightly, "HOPE".

Holding it close to his chest the vileness of the room begins to dry up, first from the centre beneath his seat, then spreading out.

With renewed hope in escaping the man rushes to the door.

He reaches out making contact, but the wall lunges back with fleshy grabbers. The man pulls back in fright, falling backwards.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SILO

The man falls backwards and throws his arms up in defence. In his shock he slices through his palm with the pocket knife.

Standing, he clutches as the wound tightly and sees the changing room. His doppelganger is gone.

The room is waking. No longer is it a dried out and dirty shell, it now beats with a foul, oozing red slime.

A glow emanates from under the flesh surface of the walls casting their own shadow of sickening pulsating veins.

Releasing the grip on his injured hand his blood pools in his palm.

Spying the discarded wallet lying lifeless at his feet, he snatches it up with bloody hands. Turning it over, the last golden thread falls slowly down into the foulness of the floor.

Recognising his mistake he shakes it, willing the return the golden letters and its protection from the room.

MAN

Come on. Once more. Please.

A single drop of blood falls from his hands onto the corruption surrounding him. The floor quivers from its impact and a deep rumble rolls through the floor.

Abandoning the wallet he spies the faded scarf discarded nearby, the same parting gift from his loved one. Wrapping the scarf around his hand he tries to stop the blood flow inadvertently being given to the beast.

The vibration runs through the room again. The pressure in the room builds making the man dizzy and weak. He stumbles, clutching at his head but he does not fall.

The vibration increases to a rumbling laughter. The man presses harder against his head trying to stop the noise.

The blood coming from his hand trickles steadily down his arm. The trickle quickly becomes a continuous flow. He wraps the scarf tighter around his hand but the flow is not abated.

The beast laughs in ecstasy.

A sudden calm waves over the man. He looks down upon the wallet lying in a pool of his blood. The outlined indentation of the letters remain but the scattered threads of hope lay lifeless all around.

MAN

No hope. The defeated die alone.
There is nothing else.

Accepting his end he removes the scarf. Blood spurts wildly from his hand and raising his arms outstretched he accepts his imminent death.

The once stifled flow increased to a gushing wild river filling the room.

The beast's deep booming laughter, constant with the pumping of his blood, but the man no longer cares.

In moments the room is filled with blood.

The man floats in the warm blanket of his own life's blood. He no longer struggles or fights the inevitable, but allows his end to seep into his lungs.

He shows indifference to the rumbling vibration through the fluid, and to the violent shudder that racks his body. He has accepted death.

A shining light appears in the thickness of the fluid. A burst of golden threat dances in the liquid, twisting and turning, weaving together to form a single word.

The man smiles knowingly.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE OUT